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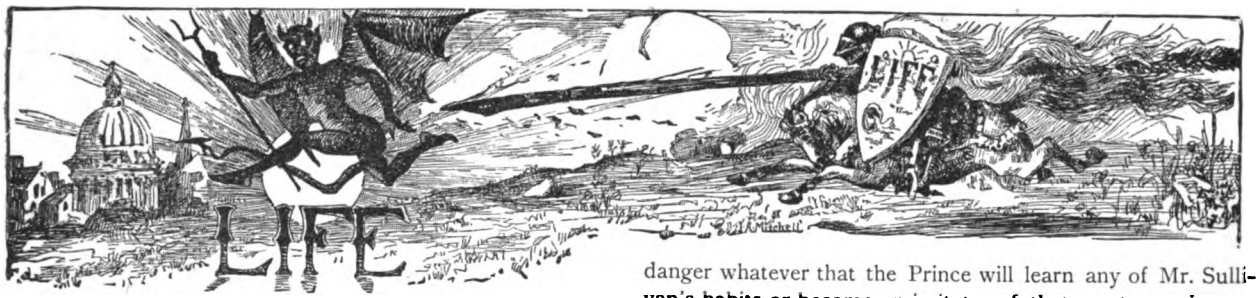

"While there's Life there's Hope."

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DANIEL MANNING'S untimely death was not less pathetic than that of Judge Folger. Both cut short their lives in the same laborious department of the public service. Judge Folger's last days were saddened by undeserved political defeat, but Mr. Manning broke down in the full tide of victory and while his praises hung on all men's lips. But death makes all things equal, and deep and sincere as the mourning was for Folger is now the public grief for Manning. For it is not victory or defeat that makes a man lamented, but courage and fidelity to the interests entrusted to his charge.

We called Mr. Manning's death untimely. That is because he was still in the prime of life, and had his health and strength been such as his years warranted, his wisdom and experience might have benefited the state for many years to come. But whatever might have been his future work, he could hardly have made his name more distinguished or his place in history more sure. His monument is the present administration and the work it has accomplished. Of him, as of no other man, it can be said, that the election of Mr. Cleveland was his work. It was a great achievement, and in view of its results history will record that Manning did a manful work before his burdens crushed him.

* * *

IT is painful to learn that his urbane Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has allowed his admired affability to get him into hot water. Rumors have trickled under the Atlantic that his royal mother has heard with extreme disapproval of the intimacy with Professor Sullivan of Boston, and has not been backward in expressing her disgust.

There are several circumstances that should influence the Queen to put bounds to her displeasure. For one thing, her offspring suffered no whit of physical detriment from his interview with the big American, and she will be lucky if all her subjects can say as much. And further, there is no danger whatever that the Prince will learn any of Mr. Sullivan's habits or become an imitator of that great man in any of his specialties. There are much more dangerous associates for the Queen's sons among the Queen's subjects than Sullivan.

* * *

WE notice with gratification the daily efforts of the esteemed *Sun* to set the esteemed *World* right as to matters of news. LIFE wishes that all its contemporaries were imbued with the same earnest purpose to buttress truth and make it prevail.

* * *

OF all recipients of holiday remembrances not one makes a showing to be compared with that of Pope Leo XIII. His Holiness opportunely combined a jubilee anniversary with the usual attractions of the holiday season, and his "takings" are said to amount to fifteen millions of dollars. Among other remembrances, he is reported to have received 70,000 chasubles, 11,000 crucifixes, and 8,000 gold and silver cups. From which it appears as if all the establishments in Europe for the exchange of duplicate presents might have their capacity tested. But possibly the Pope can use all these things in his business just as they are. LIFE hopes so, and begs to assure the Roman pontiff of its sympathy and esteem.

* * *

HAPPY New Year to you, Mr. Burgess. LIFE is delighted to know that you had a Christmas present from New York. Ten thousand dollars, dear sir, is a comfortable sum, but it doesn't materially lessen the debt that all good Americans think they owe you.

* * *

AMERICAN newspaper men will learn, with feelings not to be expressed, the news that the city editor of the London *Times* died last week, and left an estate worth about £150,000 behind him. City editors on this side of the Atlantic are wondering if legitimate opportunities of blackmail are so much more frequent in London than in New York.

* * *

THE Codman will was broken. A good thing! A lifetime is long enough for misbehavior.

* * *

LIFE is not sure whether it is permitted to say "the toboggan lifts its head amongst us once more;" but certainly the toboggan is out again, and experience teaches that once the toboggan begins to operate it is only a matter of time when it will lift its head and spill its load over its stern. Nevertheless, it is a useful institution, and its appearance among American winter sports is welcome.

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A REVEREND ICONOCLAST.

THE Rev. Dr. Hall probably felt he was doing a pious deed when he told the little children who were so unfortunate as to listen to him last Christmas Eve that there was no such being as Santa Claus. If this reverend gentleman could convert some of his wrought-iron piety into a greater desire to see others happy, he would not only be a broader man but he would also run less risk of making himself ridiculous. What a genial, sunshiny world we should have if the earth were peopled with Dr. Halls!

Give the little ones a chance, Reverend Doctor, and although you were probably never a child yourself, try and have some respect for those ideas which you have not sufficient imagination to enjoy.

IN A STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

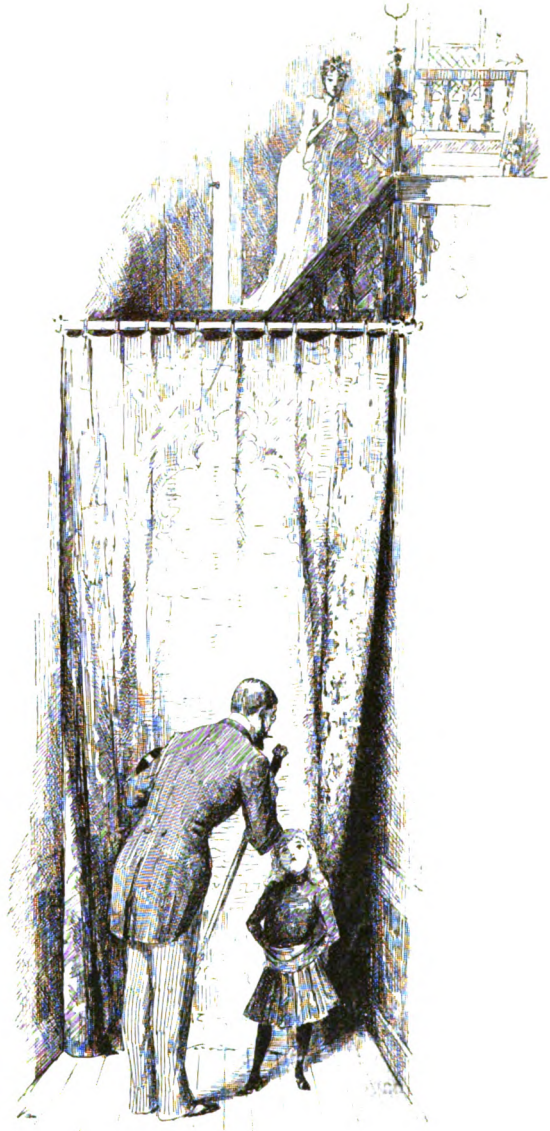
GENTLEMAN (*who has stored*): I suppose you have taken all precautions in case of a fire?

OWNER OF WAREHOUSE: You bet we have; we always keep a pailful of water standing in the hall.

STRANGER: There are several art galleries in New York; but if you desire to inspect the facial lineaments of our most prominent citizens we recommend the Rogue's Gallery as the most satisfactory.

The sole requirement for admission is a murder or some other light crime. You may suit yourself in this respect.

THOSE WHO ARE FOND OF SPORT SHOULD VISIT THE HUNTING-GROUNDS ON BROADWAY ANYWHERE BETWEEN PRINCE AND FOURTH STREETS, AND SEE THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF A SOUTHERN OR WESTERN BUYER FOR A CLOTHING HOUSE.



NO CONCEALMENT.

Early Morning Caller: WHERE IS YOUR AUNTIE, ALICE?

Alice: SHE IS UP STAIRS IN HER NIGHTEY, LOOKING OVER THE BALUSTER.

STRIKING A BALANCE.

BAGLEY: Ha, Gagley, squaring up accounts for the year?

GAGLEY (*gloomily*): Yes.

BAGLEY: Hope you come out well.

GAGLEY: Well, I've put ten thousand into the bank.

BAGLEY: That isn't so bad. I don't see why you look so glum.

GAGLEY: Don't, eh? Why, confound it, I've drawn out over thirteen thousand!

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A REMINISCENCE

OF A CHRISTMAS MORN.

'TWAS the night before Christmas, and all through the Flat
Not a creature was stirring, not even a rat;
I'd just had my night-cap, and had laid down to snooze,
Lulled gently to rest by the Quakertown *News*.
When all of a sudden there came a great noise
That sounded at first like the seventh-floor boys—
A composite noise like the oath of a cabby
Superimposed on the second-floor babby.
I flew to the window, but paused in my flight
At the words that came down from the chimney's vast height:
"Confound these apartments with fam'lies in layers!
Their flues are too long, they've too many stairs;
It takes me all night to get through with a single
Modern flat-house. As my name is Kris Kingle,
I swear I'll give over the bus'ness retail—
I'll sublet the reindeers, and go it wholesale!"
And then came a silence, oppressive and deep—
A silence so still you could hear willows weep—
When a bad, wicked word crept down through the flue,
And the atmosphere changed from a black to a blue;
The Saint of the Yule, in the dim light of dawn,
Had made a mistake and profoundly had sworn;
For instead of the chimney he'd dropped thro' the shaft,
Where elevators run, and where strong is the draught.
And when the sun peeped through a little cloud rift,
Old Santa emerged from the top of the lift,
And remarked to the kittens, the mice and the cats,
"In Clausville, hereafter, we'll boycott the flats."

* * *

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, was attacked by two rough-looking men on his way home Tuesday night.

Mr. Winter managed to escape before discovering whether his assailants were Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett or Edwin Booth and Billy Florence.

* * *

IF Mr. Cleveland is really desirous of reducing the surplus the easiest plan he can pursue is to appoint a few of our most noted financiers to vacant offices in the Treasury. Indeed, a full Cabinet on the "Reduce the Surplus" platform, could be made up of such men as E. B. Harper, Ferdinand Ward, the President of the Continental Life Insurance Company of Hartford, James D. Fish, Napoleon Ives and others. The seat of government could be removed to Montreal. Thus the surplus could be reduced, to the joy of the Democrat, and the high taxes could be maintained to console the Republican.

A scheme that pleases everybody should be at once adopted by an official who claims to be the President of the whole people.

THE dramatic critic of the *Century* classes *Mephistopheles* as one of Mr. Irving's failures. Our contemporary might add to this a devout wish that some of our own actors were capable of failing in so artistic a fashion.

* * *

OUR friend Saphead thinks one of the greatest dangers in the new silver certificate is that an ordinary counterfeiter can easily change a five-dollar bill into a two-dollar certificate, without fear of detection.

The Government should look into this.

* * *

THERE are two kinds of clubs, social and constabulary, and they are both efficacious in knocking a man out.

* * *

REDUCING THE SURPLUS.

* * *

WHEN Mrs. Spriggins read in the morning papers that there was a strike among "Reading Men," she remarked that she didn't wonder, "there is so much bad reading nowadays."

* * *

A MAN died last week from the effects of tobogganing. This miscellaneous chuting should be stopped.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporaries, the Saints of New York, have secured an injunction against the Sunday exhibition of a highly immoral lot of architectural designs. Let the good work proceed. The bare steeples of the Dutch Reformed, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, the ornate architecture of the Vanderbilt mansions, with all their naked suggestiveness, have offended the Sabbath eye of public decency for many a long day and should be suppressed. May the Saints preserve our souls from sin by covering these foul and aggressive foes to holy living from our sight!

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OVERHEARD ON THE CALAIS PACKET.

"MONSIEUR is English, perhaps?"

This remark was made by a dapper little Frenchman to a fellow passenger on one of the boats plying between Dover and Calais, the latter having opened the conversation by an observation on the weather.

"Not much," was the reply, "I'm American."

"Monsieur must pardon me. Ah, America is ze great country! Monsieur is a Senator, doubtless?"

"Not yet. I'm thinking of buying a seat in the Senate, though, soon. At present I'm in the millionaire trade."

The Frenchman's eyes opened wide, as he replied:

"Ah, America has so many millionaires!"

"You are just right. There are perfect mobs of us"

This remark Johnny Crapeau hardly understood, he not having learned the word "mobs." He elevated his eyebrows and the "millionaire" continued:

"I made a clean two million dollars this year in a silver mine. There were seven of us in the company. We had a man in the far West, in the extreme western end of Staten Island, prospecting. Well, he uncovered the biggest hoard of pay dirt ever seen. Why, actually, the silver lay nineteen feet thick, and the vein extended two miles! Of course, we couldn't help becoming wealthy."

"Merveilleux!"

"Just so, only more so. The yield of that mine is something extraordinary. Why, sir, we run a train of forty-seven freight cars loaded with the metal into New York every day. The people gather in thousands to see it arrive."

"Magnifique!"

"Speaking of millionaires," went on the valuable specimen, "there were thirty-two of them on board the *Umbria* on her last trip—no, there were thirty-three—I had forgotten myself. We played for high stakes, I can tell you, at our afternoon games. Bonanza Mackay won $950,000 from John Jacob Astor at one sitting—that's 46,500,000 of your francs."

The Frenchman's expressions of surprise were cut short by announcements of fabulous sums which changed hands between Cornelius Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart, George W. Childs, Chauncey M. Depew, and other wealthy men dead and alive.

"Monsieur surprises me!"

"Quite likely. By the way, I'll tell you a secret, if you don't mind," added the millionaire, becoming confidential.

The Frenchman was willing.

"Nearly all those millionaires who came over in the *Umbria* are going to Paris on this boat."

"Ah!" The Frenchman looked around to see the magnates.

"Of course this information will go no farther. They are traveling incognito, and wouldn't have their identity known for wagon-loads of money. If everybody knew them, you can readily see they'd have no peace."

SMEARLY IS TRYING TO GET SOME DEEP RELIGIOUS FEELING INTO HIS WORK, WHEN——

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"Monsieur is right."

"That little man tipped against the foremast is Bonanza Mackay, who bought up all the gold mines in the United States, week before last."

Johnny Crapeau gazed earnestly on the personification of wealth before him, until the American directed his attention to a tall man coming forward with a lady on his arm.

"Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Bill made a carload of money developing a soap mine in Butler County, Pennsylvania. It is a most wonderful property. The soap comes up in a semi-liquid state, and is readily transformed into different varieties, from the coarsest laundry soap to the finest toilet article."

"Eet ees wonderful!"

"On the bridge there, talking to the Captain, is John Rockefellar, President of the Standard Oil Company. His income is $98,752 a day. He told me so only half an hour ago, so I can give you the exact figures. That's about half a million francs. Rocky struck a very fat thing when he discovered how to turn the refuse from his petroleum refineries into the finest grade of sugar. Then all the chewing gum consumed in America is made from petroleum refuse, too."

"Ciel!"

"John Jacob Astor is aboard the boat somewhere. He has a soft snap in his Lake Superior seal fisheries, which he bought from the government twenty years ago. He catches two thousand seals a day in the season, and never lets a skin go until it is made into garments. He gets all the profit there is in it."

"Merveilleux!"

That man who just nodded to me is George W. Childs. He owns a newspaper in Philadelphia noted for its poetry regarding deceased persons—obituary poetry we call it. It is generally believed that he writes it himself and gets paid for it, but he told me himself that was a mistake. Other people write the poetry, and then he charges according to its badness, to let it go in the paper. Occasionally he gets some so terrible that he has to charge $100 a line for it. Childs also has a natural champagne well on his farm in Chester County, which produces 200 dozen a day, week in and week out."

Johnny Crapeau's vocabulary of exclamations of surprise having been exhausted, he now merely gazed at the millionaire as the latter went on:

"There is Chauncey M. Depew talking to A. T. Stewart. I'd just like to know what scheme they are concocting. I'll bet my bottom dollar it would be worth big money to know what Alec just told Chauncey; those two men own nearly all the railways in the United States. Well, there are about six they don't own, and if they have just concluded to buy some of them, as is most likely, I'd like to gobble a few thousand shares."

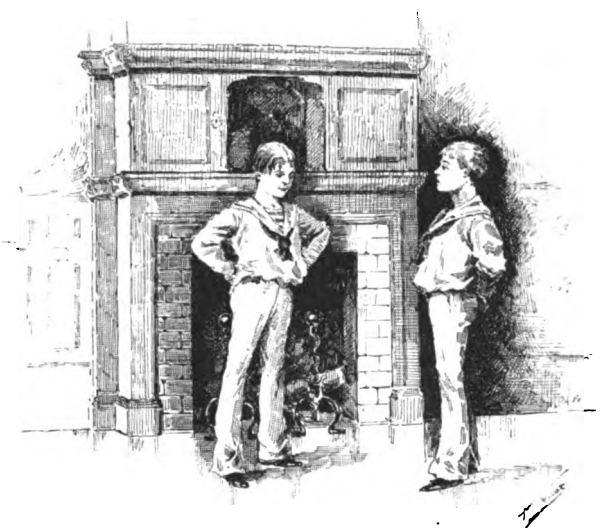
"Has not Monsieur money enough?"

"Oh, yes; but after one gets his hand in, he likes to grab some more. I wouldn't mind making an extra five hundred thousand, just to give to the poor. But I must go now, I see John Wanamaker over there, and we were going to talk over the dry-goods business for awhile."

"One moment, please. Would Monsieur object to telling me his name?"

"Certainly not; but keep it quiet. I'm Jay Gould."

Wm. H. Siviter.



Visitor (to Johnny who has told a falsehood): DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU WILL GO IF YOU TELL STORIES?

Johnny: YES, 'CAUSE I HEARD THEM SING ABOUT THE "LYRES OF HEAVEN," IN CHURCH LAST SUNDAY.

BOOKISHNESS

BOOKS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR LIFE.

Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THERE is the whole case against the "literary life" in a nutshell. It is the frank acknowledgment of a man of letters that there is something more in life than fine dreams and the deft expression of them. We have now and then alluded to this longing for action which takes possession of so many writers and thinkers of the first rank; it made Carlyle, Thackeray Macaulay, John Morley, Sheridan and Disraeli ambitious for an entrance into public life, and some of them found the way thither. Sincerity is a part of the mental furniture of all great writers, and yet not one of them can be perfectly sincere without being conscious of the necessary hypocrisy of his attitude toward life. When he looks into his heart he finds that he belongs to that improvident class of individuals who dream of actions but lack the

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Visitor: DON'T YOU MISS YOUR LITTLE NEPHEW VERY MUCH, FREDDIE?
Freddie (whose nephew died the week before): YES, I MISS HIM VERY MUCH, BUT I LIKE TO BE THE UNCLE TO AN ANGEL.

energy for their execution. He is one of those faint-hearted creatures who cheer a regiment on the march to battle, but send substitutes to do their own fighting.

* * *

FROM another point of view the comparison is perhaps an unfair one. The earnest man of letters would say, possibly, that he is more like a good commanding officer who stands on rising ground whence he can see the battle-field and intelligently direct the movements of his men whose vision is obscured by the smoke and dust of the conflict. He might add that it is easier and more exhilarating to take a hand in the fight than to stand quietly aside while the shells are whistling around.

After all, there have been books made which demanded as much executive faculty as is expended in the building of a railroad; and some of them have brought as much happiness and prosperity to a people as a great Trunk Line.

* * *

BUT, to take a third bearing on the whole question of books and newspapers—is it not true that even the best of them disturbs life? It is not the misery and happiness which comes within the personal experience of a man which breeds despair and envy. When he observes life at close hand he sees the infinite compensations and adjustments of it. But to absorb the crime of the world from a single page of a newspaper while he is eating a roll and an egg staggers his faith and his optimism; to read in half a column the successes of a great career (which was really three-score years of arduous, self-denying toil) makes him envious; from printer's devil to Secretary of the Treasury seems like a freak of good luck as he reads the story between stations on the Elevated. It is only when one generalizes about humanity that it takes the form of imp or angel.

* * *

BRANDER MATTHEWS and George H. Jessop have constructed a bright and ingenious novelette which appears in *Lippincott's* for January under the title "Check and Counter-Check." It is the story of four indorsements, which is not fully explained till the last paragraph. The characters are lightly sketched, and some amusing glimpses of New York life are given. The action takes place within twenty-four hours, and is rapid enough to carry the reader along entertainingly.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

FAIRY TALES AND STORIES. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Carl Sumers. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

How to Succeed as a Stenographer or Type-writer. By Arthur M. Baker. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

Philadelphia Record Almanac. Philadelphia: Record Co.

Representative Etchings. By Artists of To-day in America. New York: F. A. Stokes.

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THE MILLENIUM

WHEN THE NOXIOUS PUBLISHER SHALL BE DONE AWAY

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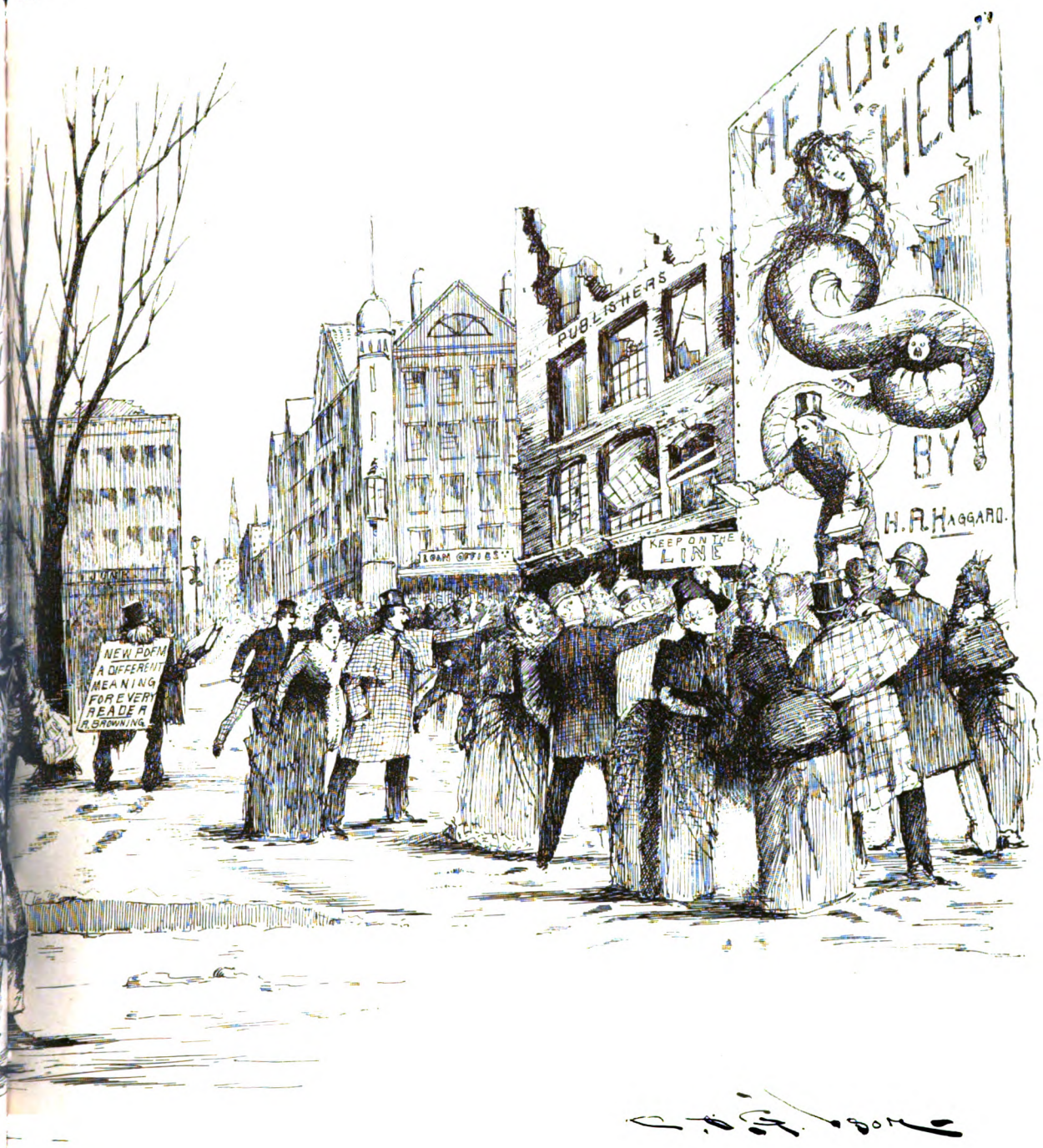

R AMERICAN AUTHORS.

H AND THE AUTHOR SHALL DEAL DIRECTLY WITH HIS PUBLIC.

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I KNOW it is an awful thing to confess, but I cannot help it. Whenever I go to see a nice old tragedy, rich with the flavor of age, such abominably modern thoughts force themselves upon me, that, try as I will, I cannot lose myself in the play.

The other night, at the Academy of Music, I was a fraction of the delighted audience that welcomed Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett to the city, and applauded their magnificent work in "Julius Cæsar." Anything more impressive than this production I have never seen — and yet I could not imagine myself a Roman, or thoroughly sympathize with the gentlemen who wore tunics and legs, and were supposed to be a Roman mob.

People who speak in blank verse never seem living creatures to me. I can admire the beauty of the language, and the force of the delivery, but it is all such evident acting that I never can forget the fact, though I suppose I ought to be able to do so.

When I hear *Calphurnia* talking about "drizzled blood upon the capitol," the noise of battle "hurtling" in the air, and saying it all in such lovely metre, I cannot help wondering whether she knew how to cook *Brutus* a beefsteak, or, if she had any idea how long it took to boil eggs. Now, *Brutus* must have thought about his meals—I don't care how heroic a man is, he must dine—but I defy anybody to imagine Mr. and Mrs. *Brutus* discussing household matters. I paraphrased mentally, the other night, in order that my horribly modern mind might be satisfied. Here is the result of a fragment of this work:

SHAKESPEARE.	PARAPHRASE.
Por.: Brutus, my lord!	*Por.:* Hallo, Brutus!
Bru.: Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now? It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.	*Bru.:* Portia, what the deuce do you mean by getting up so disgustingly early. You know quite well you've had pneumonia, and yet you come out in this beastly weather.
Por.: Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus, Stole from my bed; and yesternight at supper, You suddenly arose and walked about, Musing and sighing, with your arms across, And when I asked you what the matter was You stared upon me with ungentle looks. I urged you further; then you scratched your head.	*Por.:* Brutus, you're another. You jumped up suddenly without warning me. Last night at dinner, you got up from the table and paced up and down the room, sighing and crossing your arms. When I asked you what this behavior meant, you put your glass in your eye and stared me out of countenance. I begged for the favor of an explanation; then you rubbed your nose.

When they came to the "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears," I felt quite at home, however, as I used to recite it beautifully.

There is no doubt, however, that "Julius Cæsar" will be a great success at the Academy of Music. Booth and Barrett in harmony were simply magnificent, and the supers were the best drilled men I have ever seen. The production is undoubtedly the event of the theatrical season.

Alan Dale.

NOT THIS TIME.

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THE COMING RACE.

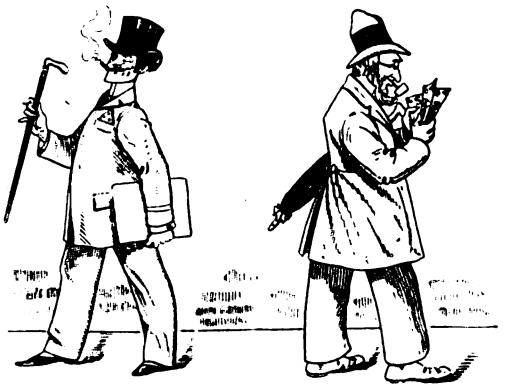
Father:

THIS fast-degenerating age
When young men crimp their hair in curls;
Wear corsets, bracelets: I'll engage
They'll dress ere long just like the girls!

Mother:

But there's some compensation, dear,
Each girl a tailor now employs;—
High collars, scarfs and mannish gear:—
Soon we can't tell the girls from boys!

Dexter Smith.



A TALL STORY FROM THE WEST.

THAT most charming writer Charles Dudley Warner, in a delightful sketch of Southern California entitled "The Golden Hesperides," in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has the following tale of the richness of the Western soil:

There is nothing that will grow anywhere in the world—except, perhaps, certain great staples—that will not grow there in greater abundance and perfection: oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, nectarines, grapes, figs, almonds, olives, Madeira nuts, every edible vegetable known to woman—perhaps even grass might be raised by constant and excessive irrigation. Happening one night into the Pullman smoking-room, after days of travel through the Sahara wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, I chanced to hear fragments of a conversation between a man familiar with the region and a new-comer, who was evidently a little discouraged by the endless panorama of sand and dry sagebrush.

"Anything grow along here?"

"Everything, sir, everything! the most productive soil on God Almighty's earth. All it wants is water."

"Fruits?"

"Fruits? I should say so. Every sort that's known. This country, right here, is going to beat the world in fruits."

"Melons?"

"Well, yes;" relapsing into candor and confession, "no; the fact is, melons don't do so well here. They ain't apt to be good. The vines grow so fast that the melons are bumped along over the ground and bruised."

"Ah?" without any sign of surprise.

"Yes," without a smile, and with evident desire to keep back no part of the truth, even if it were an afterthought; "if you want to pick a melon in this country you have to get on horseback."

Horace Greeley should have heard this story. Had he been so fortunate he would doubtless have told the young men of the land to Go West and Learn the True Art of Journalism.

REMARKABLE PRESENCE OF MIND.

PAT HOOLIHAN, while slating the roof of one of our highest buildings, lost his footing and fell.

Over and over he went until within twenty-five feet of the pavement, when he struck a telegraph wire and managed to grasp it, first with one hand, then with both.

"Hang on for your life, Pat!" shouted his fellow-workmen, and the by-standers rushed to the nearest dwelling for a mattress.

Pat held on for a few seconds, when suddenly, with a cry of "Shtand from Undher!" he dropped and lay senseless in the street.

Whiskey was used and Pat finally came to.

When asked why he did not hold out longer he feebly replied:

"Oi wuz afraid the woire 'ud break."

He recovered.

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TOPSICAL.

Teacher: CLASS IN PHYSIOLOGY, STAND UP. BODKINS, HOW DO YOU DISTINGUISH ORGANIC FROM INORGANIC MATTER?

Bodkins (*glibly, having committed the answer to memory*): IN THE ORGANIC WORLD EVERY INDIVIDUAL SPRINGS FROM SOME PARENT, WHILE INORGANIC SUBSTANCES ARE FORMED BY CHEMICAL LAWS.

Teacher: VERY GOOD. GIVE AN EXAMPLE OF AN INORGANIC SUBSTANCE.

Bodkins (*usually slow at these things, but for once inspired*): AN ORPHAN.

A STERN REBUKE.

TWIGLEY: Haw, Wigley, a word with you (*whispering*), Don't you know you're making a dweadful exhibition of yourself? You've only half-dwessed!

WIGLEY (*amazed*): But I don't see anything the mattah, deah boy.

TWIGLEY: Why, you must be cwazy! You've left your walking-stick at home.

Wigley faints.

"PARADISE LOST," says a recent writer, "was sold for a song." The man who bought it for a song must have considered himself badly sold when he tried to sing it.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK is about to bring suit against a prominent N. Y. butcher for selling undressed beef.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT LITERARY PEOPLE.

IT is said that Dr. Holmes uses the *Pedantic Monthly* for a paper-weight.

The Editor of the *Century Magazine* can read three war papers in seven minutes with his eyes shut.

The two jokes that Noah had with him in the Ark, will shortly appear suitably illustrated in the Editor's Drawer department of *Harper's Monthly*.

Mr. James Russell Lowell wrote his poem "The Secret," in the last issue of the *Pedantic Monthly*, while in a comatose state after the Authors' Readings.

His Royal Highness, Mr. Thomas Baily Aldrich, is said to believe the "Story of a Bad-Boy" the best story for children ever written.

Some excitement was caused the other day in Boston, by the announcement that Mr. Howells was in a critical condition, but when it was remembered that it is Mr. Howells's professional duty to be so, prayers of thanks were offered up, because his state was not hyper-critical.

Mr. Fawcett's remarks on Thackeray, together with the Fable of the Live Jackass and the Dead Lion, bound in half-calf, make a suitable and acceptable present to the library of a Blind or Lunatic Asylum.

The Book-Reviewer of the *Independent*, we hear, can review ten volumes in less time than it takes to read one.

Frank R. Stockton writes with a stub pen. Edgar Fawcett writes with a lead-pencil and an eraser. His best work is done with the eraser. Charles Egbert Craddock writes with the feather end of a quill. Robert Browning has a pet spider that does all his writing for him. Lord Tennyson uses a private secretary. Mr. Howells plays his novels on a type-writer. Dr. Holmes uses a patent safety razor to get his airy fancies into shape and Mr. Lowell's Dictatorial habits enable him to throw off dainty nothings with a stenographer, at two dollars a day. Rider Haggard's best work is done with a few old books and a pair of scissors; and Robert Louis Stevenson uses a steel pen in honor of the Publishers who steal its products.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

"F-F-FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DOCTOR, GIVE ME A D-D-DOSE OF BROMIDE. I'VE BEEN TO FIVE AFTERNOON TEAS, AND I'M ALMOST C-C-CRAZY."

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THE RESULT OF GROPING IN THE DARK.

SMITH: Hello, Jones! you don't look very well this morning.

JONES: And I don't feel as well as I look. Got up in the middle of the night to take some pills and swallowed four collar-buttons before I found out the mistake.—*Judge.*

EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

CONTRIBUTOR: Here is a little article which I wish to submit to the editorial—

EDITOR (*with a graceful wave of the hand*): Very sorry; we are full just now.

CONTRIBUTOR: Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober.—*Ex.*

A GENTLEMAN once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics. "Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice with counterfeited friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something." "Not yet," replied the recipient, "little boys like me don't need to know everything."—*Texas Siftings.*

AN advertisement reads—"Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter;" and a lady has written to ask, "What will be the result when the door slams?"—*Ex.*

CONDUCTOR (*to darkey with his head out of the window*): See here, Sambo, you pull your head in out of that window mighty quick!

SAMBO: Wha-wha-what's de mattah, sir?

CONDUCTOR: You'll knock down a bridge presently, and the company will hold me responsible.—*Epoch.*

The telephone, it is said, is not making much progress in Russia. And no wonder; fancy a man going to the 'phone and yelling:

"Hel-lo! Is that you, Dvisostkivchsmartvoiczski?"

"No. It's Zollemschouskaffirnockenstiffsgowoff. Who's speaking?

"Sezlmochocwiertrjuaksmzyskischokemoff. I want to know if Xliferomanskeffiskillmajuwchzvastowskswеibierski is still stopping with Dvisostkivchsmartvoiczski."

Such nomenclature over the telephone would tie the wire full of knots, and twist the enunciator all out of shape. Until the kinks are ironed out of the Russian names the telephone will not be an overwhelming success in the land of the Czar.—*Calcutta Times.*

At a dinner at the Mansion House three foreign consuls were present whom the Lord Mayor wished to honor by drinking their healths. He accordingly directed the toast-master to announce the healths of "the three present consuls." He however, mistaking the words, gave out the following—"The Lord Mayor drinks the healths of the Three per cent. Consols."—*Salt Lake Gazetteer.*

OBSERVING LITTLE GIRL: Mamma, who is that young man on the other side of the tram?

MAMMA: I don't know, dear. Why?

OBSERVING LITTLE GIRL: He looks so queer. He has three eyebrows!

MAMMA: How do you make that out?

OBSERVING LITTLE GIRL: He has one over each eye, and one over his mouth.—*Singapore Review.*

DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS.**

The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week. The best agent for the purpose is

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

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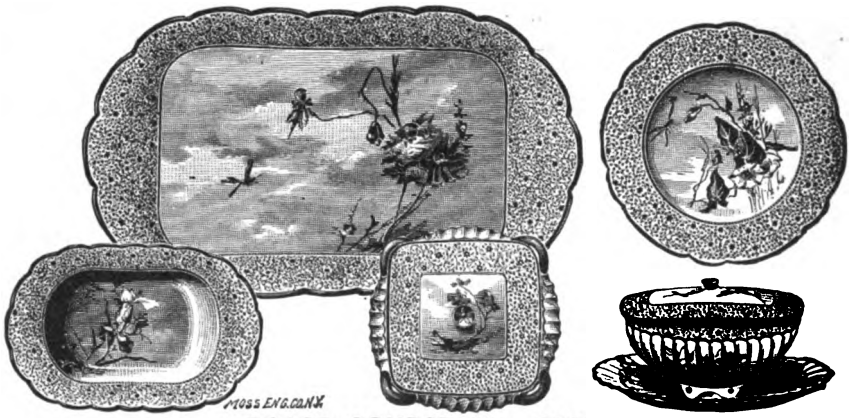

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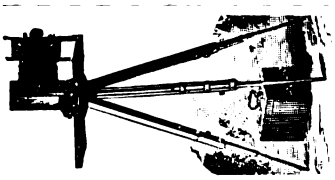

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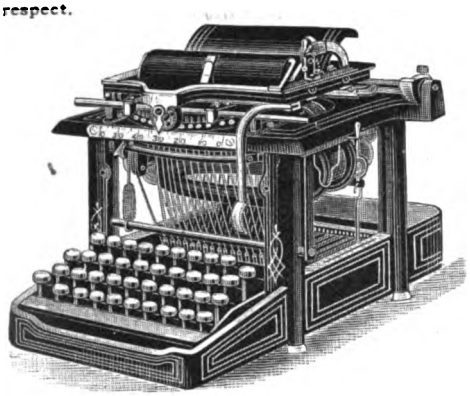

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Dr Dorrance

LIFE

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

AN IDEA.

WHY NOT MAKE OUR QUEEN ANNE SUMMER RESIDENCES OF SOME USE IN WINTER?

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

VOL. XI. JANUARY 12, 1888. No. 263.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

SMASHES on the Elevated railroads are no longer funny. New Yorkers must live somewhere, and heretofore it has seemed to them worth an effort to get from their places of business to their homes every evening. But if these narrow escapes on the Elevated continue, LIFE will look to see a revival of the old and simple habits of our ancestors, when the merchant's family lived over the store, the lawyer slept in his own back office, and the grocer's clerk had a bunk under the counter.

One of the most fortunate classes of the community is the guild of janitors. They live, in great measure, in fireproof houses, their place of business is at their door, and their families dwell with them. They do not have to waste their time and energy, and imperil their lives, hurtling through the air up and down Manhattan Island. They can stay at home, exposed only to the risk that an elevator may fall with them, and if they are adroit they can train their wives and children to do the biggest part of their work, and leave them at leisure to carry the ward and make large fortunes.

Oh, yes; in this congested metropolis it is a great thing to be a janitor and stay at home. Next to that it is well to live so near your place of business that you can reach it on foot. As a last resort, go buy yourself an accident insurance ticket.

When Sir Cyrus owned the Elevated, did these smashes happen? No, indeed! The good man rode on his air-lines himself. But Mr. Gould goes to sea in his yacht, and, safe on the bosom of the deep, leaves us to take five-cent risks on his property.

* * *

IN the description of the Lawyers' Downtown Club, which opened a week or more ago, LIFE noted with gratification that a corner of the club had been set apart for ladies, as a place where their husbands or other male attributes might bring them to lunch or dine. In this provision, which is a novelty in New York clubs, though it has long obtained elsewhere, lies the germ of the woman's club as it ought to be. Ladies don't want a club for themselves, where they can go and spend their leisure. They are so constructed that the shops are more delightful to them than any place outside of their homes. They do not care to look out of club windows, nor to play cards or billiards with one another, nor to sit around small tables and smoke and drink things. But to lunch or to dine on occasion in a club restaurant may be grateful to any woman's spirit, and the innovation in club customs which makes such a novel experience possible is happily conceived and worthy of imitation.

* * *

THE increasing propensity of Gothamites to dwell out of town suggests, too, the value of ladies' restaurants in clubs as trysting-places. The most noted club of Boston long ago made such a provision for its gentler constituents as the Lawyer's Club has just adopted, and it was reported the other day that a new Philadelphia club had done the same thing. It is true that neither Boston nor the Quaker City has a Delmonico's, but nevertheless, their example in this matter is a worthy one, and LIFE is glad to see our own town tending in the same gallant direction.

* * *

IT is a matter for public congratulation that the Reading strike fizzled out. Its failure seems to mark the final collapse of the Knights of Labor organization as a power for harm. When the Reading Knights refused to quit work attentive ears could catch the dirge of the walking delegate, sighing and whistling through the telegraph wires. The walking delegate is unpopular. Since the Anarchists were hanged and Mr. Jay Gould went on his travels, there is no one left in this country whose claim to a monopoly of public odium can be compared with his. The sooner he is seen walking on his "uppers" and soliciting funds on the street corners, the better it will be for everybody, but especially for us working-people.

* * *

IT appears that three futile attempts have been made within the last three months to gather a quorum of the general committee of the Grant Monument. It must be that there is no money in monuments.

* * *

SINCE Thanksgiving Day Yale College has determined that the quality of liberal education that she imparts is worth more than heretofore, and has raised her tuition charges ten dollars a year. To the victors belong the spoils!

* * *

PLYMOUTH CHURCH seems to have abandoned for the present all notion of importing a preacher, and has hired Lyman Abbott as her regular "supply." LIFE doesn't feel half as sorry for her as Dr. Berry does.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

"BY JOVE!" says young Witless, "these girls are so stunning,"
"To wed at least half of them I am inclined,
But, although I'm not lacking in courage or cunning,
This deuced proposing's not easy, I find."

"It's as easy as lying," old Dazzle explains,
"When a fellow's on sentiment's summit;
The difficult thing in my social campaigns,
Is how in the world to keep from it."

Howard Seely.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

He: WHAT A HANDSOME WOMAN MRS. JONES IS STILL!

She: YES, IF YOU ADMIRE THAT COLOSSAL STYLE.

He: PERHAPS SHE IS A TRIFLE STOUT NOW. SHE NEVER WENT IN FOR TENNIS, OR ANY OF THAT SORT OF THING, I REMEMBER. DIDN'T EVEN DANCE—IT WASN'T HER ROLE.

She (a trifle spitefully): IF SHE WERE TO DANCE NOW IT MIGHT BE HER "ROLL?"

THEY GOT ON NICELY APART.

"MY dear," said her mother, "you should never allow any hasty emotion to lead you into a love match with a poor man. Both your papa and myself were blessed with plenty of means, and you see how nicely we have got on together."

"Yes, mamma," replied the maiden, "but you know you lived in Paris nine months of the year, while papa was in New York."

A HEARTY AQUIESCENCE.

MR. FEATHERLY: What beautiful teeth Miss Smith has!

MISS SHARPTONGUE: Yes, I think this set much prettier than her other.

THERE isn't a more innocent little thing in the world than a brook trout, and yet it has made hopeless liars of thousands of men.

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JANUARY.

THE streets are sheeted o'er with ice,*
Pedestrians are over nice,
Where they tread:
The wind is blowing from the pole;
It takes at least a ton of coal
To coax the sleepy, shivering soul
Out of bed.

The sealskin trade goes with a rush,
There's also quite a boom in plush;
The doctor
Divides enormous sums of gold
With him who keeps the cures for "cold"—
Of poisons, pills and potions, bold
Concoctor.

In short the vendor of the tab
Doth at the dime of mortal grab;
The mender of the bursting pipe
Doth find his plumbs are getting ripe;
The maker of the gummy shoe
Doth try to keep his rubber true;
And none but madmen old and bad
Vibrate the fan.
To be too warm is not the fad
For Jan.

* If they are not they ought to be. There is no counting on this vile climate.

* * *

LEAP YEAR is expected to solve the great problem of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, "What shall we do with the surplus maids?"

* * *

THE Czar of Russia begins to show some spirit, and *The Century Magazine* is purged of its Siberian articles before it reaches the hands of its Russian subscribers.

If the American people had had more spunk two years ago the war articles might have been nipped in the bud.

* * *

THE Anarchist prisoner is treated little better than a shirt collar or pair of cuffs. Immediately after his arrest he is washed and then ironed.

* * *

COUNT TOLSTOÏ gives way to most ungovernable rage whenever he sees his name spelled with less than two dots to the i. He only crosses his t's once, however.

* * *

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS has the most exquisite bang in Congress. Mr. Phelps began life as a poor boy and has worked his way up to his present eminence by dint of perseverance and a celluloid comb.

IT is not generally known that Chauncey M. Depew is not popular in Philadelphia because, during his last after-dinner speech in that delightfully restful town, he kept all his hearers awake.

* * *

ENEMIES of General Husted allege that, in speaking of his recent defeat, the ex-Speaker remarked that it was a Cole day when he got left.

* * *

THAT FERTILE IMAGINATION.

A-n-y C-m-st-k: HOLD! I ARREST YOU FOR PAINTING INDECENT PICTURES!

Artist: INDECENT! WHY THE HEAD IS THE ONLY PORTION VISIBLE.

A. C.: THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. DON'T YOU SUPPOSE I CAN IMAGINE WHAT IS UNDER THE WATER?

* * *

RUSSIA says her policy is Pacific. England's seems to be Pacific, Atlantic, Arctic and Antarctic.

* * *

A BLOW is sometimes termed a strike, and when one reflects upon the amount of blowing there is in every strike, it does not seem surprising.

* * *

AS years roll on the Old World and the New form new ties which will bind them together through the countless ages of eternity.

There are nine cable lines now.

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GOING TO RUIN.

MCGONIGLE: Yis, the country's goin' to the dogs. It's little we see now of the "Sphirit of '76."

MACDOUGAL: Thot's so. It's sildom ye can git a dhrink of whishkey more than three years ould.

A SULKY western railroad man says he can't see any difference between the Interstate Commerce Act and a horse-thief. Neither are any good to the community until they are suspended.

ITS PROBABLE CAUSE.

WIFE (*looking over the paper*): I see that a man in Canada recently yawned so prodigiously that he threw his shoulder out of place.

HUSBAND: He must have been reading a Canadian newspaper.

FEARS A RELAPSE.

DOCTOR: Did you say to your husband, Mrs. Hendricks, that, if agreeable to him, I would send bill for services rendered during his recent severe illness?

MRS. HENDRICKS: Yes, doctor; and he thought you had better wait until he gets a little stronger.

THE name Goethe is pronounced Gerter in all the cities of the United States except Chicago, where it is pronounced Goat.

OUR ADVICE.

"TOM, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?"
"NO, WHAT IS IT?"
"THE SCHOOLMASTER IS DEAD!"
"BULLY! NOW I CAN WEAR THINNER PANTS."

BUFFALO'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE Queen City of the Lakes (which is Buffalo) declines to believe that President Cleveland has shaken her dust off from his feet and will return to her no more. If Buffalo wishes again to have an ex-president among her citizens the proper time for her to show her sentiments will be the sixth day of next November.

HAPPILY ENDED.

"HOW is that feud between Colonel Blood and Major Bluegrass getting on? Are they as bitter as ever?"

"Oh, no; the whole thing is happily ended."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes, they killed each other."

A NEW YORK society lion—the British lion.

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BOOKISHNESS.

PAUL PATOFF.

AT the very outset of "Paul Patoff" (Houghton's) F. Marion Crawford sets down an excellent recipe for the making of a good story: "A little laughter, a little sadness, and, when it is done, the comfortable assurance of your own senses that you have been amused and not bored." And most of his readers will gladly acknowledge that "Paul Patoff" is a good product of that very sensible method. On the same page he gives an equally striking corollary: 'When our lives are not filled with great emotions they are crammed with insignificant details, and one may tell them ever so well they will be insignificant to the end."

That is a better creed for a writer of fiction than a whole system of philosophy. When as a boy you spread a tent of shawls over a broomstick and the nursery chairs, girdled your waist with a red comforter and crowned yourself with pasteboard, drew a sword of tin, and *dreamed* that you were a Bedouin Chief on the Sahara—then, indeed, was your joy greater than when as a man, after a weary journey, you one day broke bread by the side of the Nile itself, with a dusty, disagreeable old sheikh!

* * *

IT is the imagination and the emotion which feeds it, or the reverse, which lifts one life above another, or makes one day more to be remembered. A novel is one of the *toys* of manhood; it is a starting-point for his imagination; "the peg on which he hangs his fancy." We are not done forever with fables when we put on long coats. When a tired child sits by the fire in the evening and asks for a tale before going to bed, he rebels if his mother relates his misdeeds during the day. He asked for Romance and she gave him Reality. And a tired man is very much like the child.

* * *

TO return to "Paul Patoff"—it is a picturesque romance, bringing together a group of strange characters, and showing more than ever before the wonderful fertility of Crawford's imagination and his wide experience of life in strange places. He seems to draw on an inexhaustible supply of memories of travel and people; he appears equally at home in Stamboul or England. His local color may be all wrong; that does not matter: he at least has imagination to supply what answers the purpose admirably.

* * *

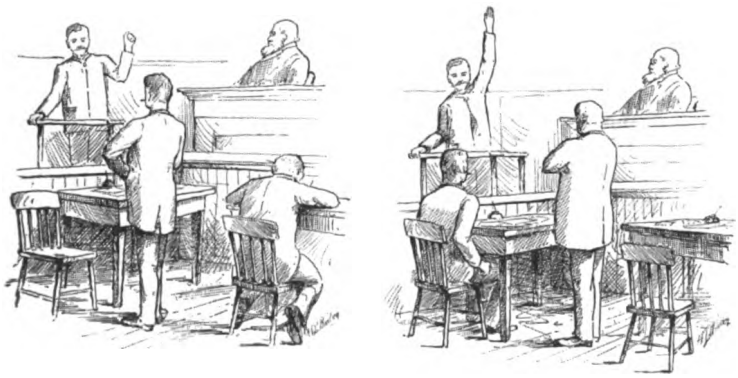
THERE appears, however, in this novel a fault which he has heretofore avoided—frequent, long and elaborate analyses of motives and mental conditions, in the manner of Henry James. They are for the most part well done, and the author may be satisfied with that. He has proved that it is an easy thing for a clever man to analyze mental states after the manner of modern novelists; but he is capable of better things.

* * *

FOR a wonder, there are too many disagreeable, unsympathetic characters in the book. Even Paul Patoff is more to be pitied than loved. The dominating woman of the story is half mad, and the other women are shadowy creatures. Moreover, a prolonged study of insanity and the contemplation of a mother and son and two brothers who hate each other are not attractive elements in fiction.

Though the author, in his introduction, forestalls criticism of the construction, it does not alter the fact that the story is really told to the finish when Alexander is found alive. The concluding one hundred pages, which develop a new situation, are a useless appendix to a good novel.

Droch.



VERDICT FOR DEFENDANT.

Plaintiff's Counsel (examining his client): Now, to give the jury some idea of the extent of the terrible consequences brought on by this sad accident, just indicate, if you please, the highest that you can raise your arm.

Plaintiff: Only so high.

Defendant's Counsel (cross-examination): How high could you lift your arm before this accident, which, you allege, damaged you to the tune of Five Thousand Dollars?

Plaintiff: So high!

NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.

A BIRD that can't sing,
And insists upon singing,
Should have its neck wrung.

WAITING A REFUND.

CITIZEN: About six months ago I left a claim here against Uncle Sam's Telegraph, on account of a lost message, seventy-five cents.

HAUGHTY OFFICIAL (*after an hour's search*): It's only got to the Fourteenth Auditor's office now. Can't say when settlement will be reached.

A BROOKLYN man complains that the Drug Stores and Doctor Storrs keep open on Sunday, while the saloons and other shops are closed.

Why this discrimination?

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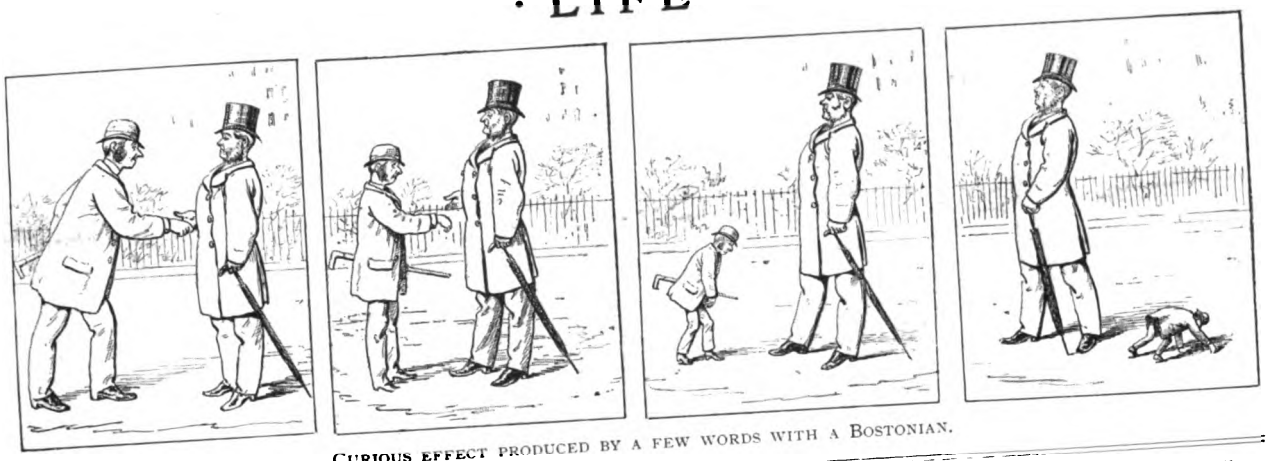


CURIOUS EFFECT PRODUCED BY A FEW WORDS WITH A BOSTONIAN.

THE EAGLE AND THE DONKEY.

ONCE upon a time a Donkey, who was partaking of his midday meal of thistles, chanced to raise his eyes to the heavens, where he observed an Eagle circling in lofty flight.

"What a glorious life that bird leads," said the Donkey; "far above the care and turmoil of this dull earth he sails majestically through the air, admired by all."

And he became troubled with a strange unrest.

Presently the Eagle alighted on a tree near by, and the Donkey, with a wild yearning, galloped over and asked the royal bird the place of his abode.

"Far in the mountains, high above the dwellings of men and beasts," replied the Eagle.

"I would fain go with you there," said the Donkey. "I am sick of this lowly life. I would stand on the heights. I cannot fly, of course, but I am sure-footed."

"Come with me, then," said the Eagle. "He who can tread the path will in time reach the heights, but I warn you that the road is long and weary."

Through the green pastures, up the hillside, wearily over the mountain steeps the Donkey followed the Eagle until they reached the bare gray granite peaks, snow-capped and shattered by the lightning.

"But there are no thistles here," moaned the Donkey; "I shall starve!"

"None can dwell on high without some suffering," replied the Eagle. "What are a few thistles compared with the glory of dwelling at this elevation! Just look down."

The Donkey did so, but, faint with hunger, his senses failed him on the brink of the abyss, and he reeled over to be dashed on the rocks thousands of feet below.

"Poor fellow!" said the Eagle; "he would insist on getting out of his element."

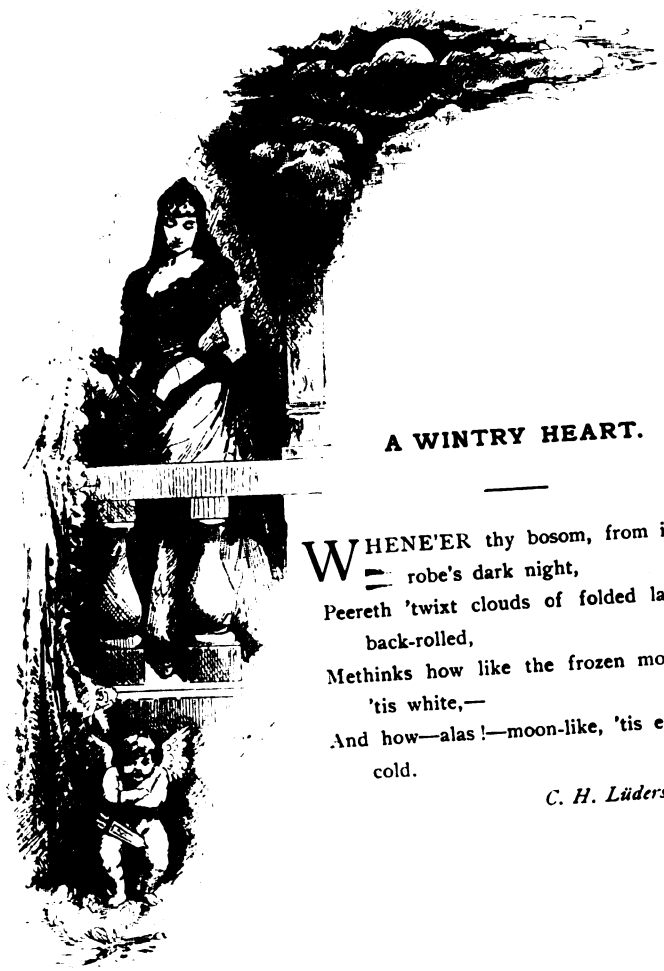
MORAL: Even a Jackass should stick to his created purpose, considering which we can't see why A——y C—mst—ck dabbles in art.

G. E. Hanson.

THE *Atchison Globe* tells of a number of young people who, desirous of knowing their future husbands or wives, recently decided to put wedding-cake under their pillows at night, and dreamed of the following: 1, of her grandmother; 2, of a snake swallowing a man; 3, of an elephant skipping a rope; 4, of a runaway team; 5, of a railroad accident; 6, of a murder; 7, of a fight between male cats. The following day they decided to swear off matrimony, among other vices, with the beginning of the New Year.

THE *Evening Post* sends us a Pamphlet entitled "A Bill to Promote Mendicancy."

We are opposed to it. The higher grade in the mendicant's ladder is buglary, and our Religious Contemporaries steal enough jokes from us as it is.



A WINTRY HEART.

WHENE'ER thy bosom, from its robe's dark night,
Peereth 'twixt clouds of folded lace back-rolled,
Methinks how like the frozen moon 'tis white,—
And how—alas!—moon-like, 'tis ever cold.

C. H. Lüders.

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A SCENE IN THE

WHEN THE SUGGESTIVE REFORMER SHALL HAVE "PURIFIED" A

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E MORAL FUTURE.

AMERICA AND ·LIFE · ALONE REFUSES TO BE COMSTOCKIANIZED.

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FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

THE Chum to Potentates joined the merry band of pilgrims to Rome to celebrate the Jubilee of His Holiness Leo XIII. The Pope had especially requested that the Chum put in an appearance upon the festal occasion, as he had been assured by Her Imperious Highness Queen Victoria that no jubilee could be successful without the Chum's presence.

A Bull was issued, nicely bound in half-calf, stating that "*Leoninus desiderat Carlyleam Smithum showupuere ad jubilæum procul dubio R.S.V.P.*" To this urgent request for his presence at the ceremonies the Chum replied:

Ad Popem.

Roma, Italia, Europa, Etcetera.
Accipio cum jucunditate.
P.S.—Amor ad Propaganda.

This reply was placed in a soldered silver ukase, built especially for it, and forwarded by special cardinal.

On the way over the Chum stopped for his friends Alphonso of Spain and the Czar of Russia, and the three arrived in Rome on the eve of the Jubilee day. The Pope was delighted to receive his guests and presented them with the Freedom of the Papal Toe for two weeks. They were also put down for membership at the principal social organizations of the Church, such as the Dorcas Society, the Home Missionary Club and the Inquisition Club.

Five rooms in the Vatican, with running water, hot and cold, straight from the Papal sea, were set apart for us, and but for the Czar's fear of dynamite and the King of Spain's new teeth, all would have gone as merry as a marriage bell. Indeed, the yelling of his infantile friend from Spain and the Czar's horror of soap and other articles of a shape suggestive of bombs did much to destroy the pleasure the Chum felt in being the guest of the Vatican. Another unhappy occurrence, which drew down the Pope's wrath upon the head of the Czar, was the insatiable appetite of the latter for candles. Alexander ate all the lights in our suite of apartments before he had been there a day, and in an early morning's walk through St. Peter's he managed to devour every one of the tapers in the church. The Pope told the Chum later that the free luncheon proclivities of the Autocrat had added thirty per cent. to the cost of the Jubilee, and said that if he were spared to celebrate a second he would either not invite the Czar or burn castor-oil.

Jubilee Day will long be remembered by the Romans—particularly those on the police force. It is estimated that fully one-tenth of the population stayed awake all day to see the grand procession, and the somnolent tramp of the Eternal City for once in his life was compelled to fall asleep somewhere else than on the public stairways. It was ten o'clock in the morning when the Pope began to swing around the circle, and for two hours he swung to and fro—toing for about three-quarters of the time and, by means of a short cut home, froing but one-quarter.

A general amnesty was granted to sinners in honor of the day, and terms of time in Paradise running from one week to seven years were granted indiscriminately. The *scala santa* was thrown open to the public at six in the morning, and all who mounted it on their knees in a truly reverent spirit were given a pass into the Celestial Realms, good for a thousand years! An unpleasant incident occurred at the staircase, which greatly mortified the American visitors. An American tourist, rather short of stature, but long of bonds and railroad and telegraph companies, had hired fifteen boys to stand on the line before the stairway, and as soon as he had mounted to the top would return and assume the place of the boy nearest the front. He kept this up for three hours, and, when discovered by the police, had secured thirteen thousand years' freedom from Purgatory, to the exclusion of the poor but honest Neapolitans who were on the extreme end of the line and who were unable to get to the front before the doors were closed.

Of course the ceremonies at St. Peter's were surpassingly grand, and the collection netted quite a nice nest-egg for the Propaganda to set on. Some vandal collector, during the excitement of the moment, managed to elope with the tomb and ashes of one of the former popes; but, with this exception, there was nothing to mar the joyousness of the occasion.

The statue of Jove, which is called St. Peter because Jupiter and the Jew Peter are closely allied in orthoepistical circles, was the object of much reverent attention, and in the course of the afternoon the left limb was kissed off as far up as the knee-pan.

After the services in the church the distinguished visitors were invited to a grand banquet in the Vatican, but just before the soup came it was discovered that the time chosen was a fast-day, so that the diners had nothing but speeches. The Pope, however, entertained his guests so charmingly that the absence of viands was not noticeable until afterwards, when the guests were on their way home; and the speeches were so spicy and full of meat that many declared themselves quite as well satisfied as if they had been served with Blue Point oysters on toast.

It was at a late hour that the seven or eight hundred guests took their leave of His Holiness, and, as it was the unanimous wish on the part of the guests to return again to Rome, the Fountain of Trevi was taken in on the way home and several millions of soldi were cast therein by the light of the moon.

The Czar and the Chum returned to the fountain with a drag-net after the city was wrapped in sleep, but when they arrived they found the Pope with a diamond-studded dipper, scooping the last coin from the emerald depths.

"*Frigida erit dies quum similtra sum,*" he remarked airily.

"*Plane sic!*" ejaculated the British Envoy, who had come up close behind the Czar and myself.

"*Bene leniter riderem,*" said the Czar with much feeling.

As for the Chum, all he could say was:

"*Signor del Pope vous avez la grande tête.*"

Upon which the Pope winked his eye, circulated his blessing, and the Jubilee was over.

Carlyle Smith.

A SUGGESTION.

THE *Art Review* has this interesting and instructive paragraph: "A bibliopogist is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings. A bibliotaph is a book miser. A bibliopole is a bookseller for bibliophiles. A biblioklept is a stealer of valuable books."

We wish the *Art Review* would give us some death-dealing name for a book-borrower.

How would "biblio-sponge" do?

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A SERENADO NOCTURNO.

AFTER SWINBURNE.

[*Introductory.*]

THE trees stand stripped in their stark stern beauty,
The wind drones drearily over the plain;
The sun came late to his morning duty,
And went away early to sleep again.
Slow and steadily drips the rain,
And falls from the eaves with a dull dead patter,
While a slamming shutter, with crazy clatter,
Rattles the rickety window-pane.

[*Troubadour—pianissimo.*]

The moon leers out from the black and broken
Banks of clouds that go scudding by;
The moon is full—and by that same token,
Full—of a sombre grief—am I.
Nay, wicked jester, rock-and-rye
Hath no place in the woe that fills me;
Cold neglect is the thing that kills me.
Turn, fair maiden! Behold me die!

[*Fortissimo.*]

Fair one, hear me! Open your lattice;
Deign one smile to a freezing swain.
(Pardon my shouts, for a callow cat is
Trying to drown my sad refrain.)
Hist! The snap of a breaking chain,
And a growl—I fly from the wrath that's coming;
Fate postpones my tum-ti-tum-tumming.—
Farewell, Sweet, I will come again!

[*Canis—Furiosissimo.*]

Has he *utterly* gone? Yes, quite, thank heaven!
Not a trace of his tattered trousers stays;
He stood here howling, from just eleven
Till half-past two, his lady-love's praise:
He loitered long with his lovelorn lays—
But he sped full soon, and the moon laughed gladly
To see me munching his frail frame madly,
And strewing the yard with his roundelays!

W. S. Case.

Unprotected Female: OH MY! I WISH THAT CAR WOULD HURRY. HERE COMES A MAN, AND I'M JUST SURE HE WILL INSULT ME!

Unprotected Female (after gentleman has passed): HUMPH! HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME.

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ONLY TERROR COULD BLEAUCHAMP.

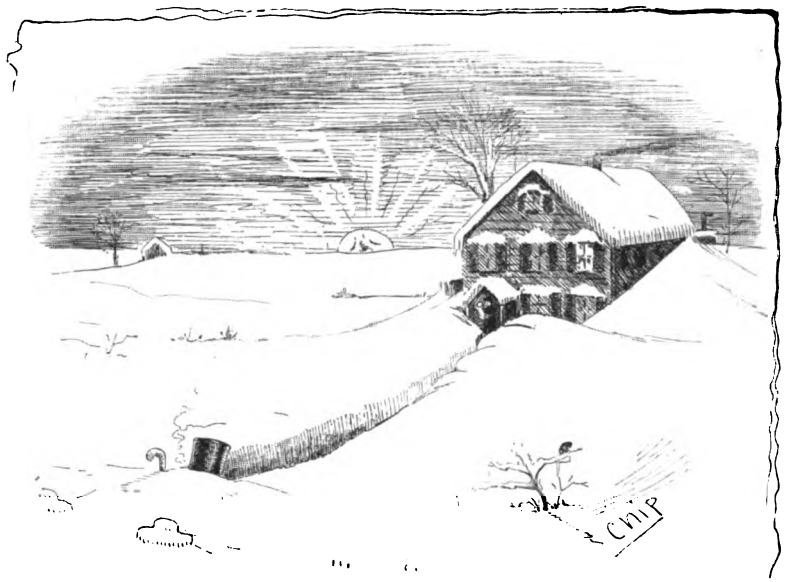
THE girls of the family Beauchamp
Had a governess aged to Teauchamp,
Who, shaking her haid,
Had repeatedly said
That nothing but flogging would Reauchamp.

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK.

IN the matter of International copyright, we think we see a glimmer of hope for the author in a direction which many have bewailed.

It is related of a visitor to Boston to whom the celebrities of the town were being pointed out, as they passed in and out of a restaurant, that seeing a small headed, broad shouldered youth enter, he asked, "And who is he?" "That," was the response "is the man who hasn't written a book."

We are fast getting to the point in our literary development where every able-bodied voter has written a book, and if our politicians do not hurry up and attend to the needs of this much abused and rapidly growing class, they will find the glacial period warm alongside of the future which awaits them.



WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Two miles to the R.R. Station.

Wife (in the distance): HURRY UP, CHARLIE, YOU'VE ONLY GOT FIVE MINUTES TO CATCH THE TRAIN IN!

AN EXPLANATION.

"SEE here, waiter, how is it that I find a trousers button in this salad?"

"Dat am a part of de dressin', sah."

ENOUGH.

"DID YOU GET ANYTHING FOR THE HOLIDAYS, BILLY?"

"YES, DAD GIV' ME TWO LICKINS, AN' I DIDN'T HANG UP NO STOCKIN' FOR THEM NEITHER!"

A COMING HUMORIST.

MARK TWAIN, Bill Nye, and others, must look to their laurels. There is a humorist about to be thrust upon the world, with an A.B., from Columbia College, if the following paragraph from the *Times* is veracious.

"The Senior Class of Columbia College yesterday discussed plans for a memorial to be presented to the college on their graduation. One suggestion was to present $500 on graduation, and $100 yearly for five years for a fund, the interest of which shall be devoted to prizes at annual oratorical competitions of members of the Junior Classes; another plan was to place a colossal statue of a high hat on the campus."

We are filled with hope. Lawyers, doctors, clergymen and brokers are graduated without number every year—humorists come rarely, and we intend to keep an eye upon this "high-hat" man. He will amount to something; who knows but that fifty years hence he may be able to make people laugh by simply walking to the front of a platform, and send his audience into convulsive laughter by announcing the death of his dearest friend. Stranger things have happened, and are happening every day.

It is stated that the *Pope's Life* is selling largely in the West as the comic *chef d'ouvre* of the season, because its publisher is a partner of Mark Twain; and it is rumored about town that three young ladies of Peekskill grew hysterical with laughter when they saw Chauncey Depew sprain his neck by falling on a small boy's slide.

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ART SCISSORS ART NULLUS

A LOVER OF CANDOR.

IMPECUNIOUS MAN: I wish you would be so kind as to lend me five dollars. I'll pay you back in a few days.

CANDID FRIEND: If you had asked me for the loan in a candid and straightforward manner I would have lent you the money, but asking me in the way you did causes me to distrust you.

"I don't understand you."

"You asked me to be so *kind* as to lend you five dollars."

"Yes."

"If you had been candid you would have said to me: 'Be so stupid, be such an ignominious ass, such a hopeless idiot as to lend me five dollars,' and you might have got it."—*Texas Siftings.*

JIM WOODS, out in Kansas, rebuked a blasphemer and was immediately struck dead with lightning. This reads like a Sunday-school story turned wrong end on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MAMMA: Edith, can you tell me what "faith" is?

EDITH (*aged six years*): Oh, yes; it's believing what you know isn't true.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

NOT EXACTLY IN ACCORD.

MCKENZIE: What a delightful thing it would be if some one would invent a new figure for the german!

MISS LAKER (*from Cincinnati*): Wouldn't it! They're so awfully stout, as a race.—*Judge.*

A GENTLE COMPLAINT.

FAIRFIELD, Conn.

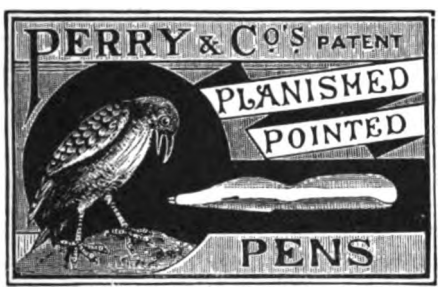
P. T. BARNUM, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—We have a large soiled Asiatic elephant visiting us now, which we suspect belongs to you. His skin is a misfit, and he keeps moving his trunk from side to side nervously. If you have missed an elephant answering to this description please come up and take him away, as we have no use for him. An elephant on a place so small as ours is more of a trouble than a convenience. I have endeavored to frighten him away, but he does not seem at all timid, and my wife and I, assisted by our hired man, tried to push him out of the yard, but our efforts were unavailing. He has made our home his own now for some days, and he has become quite *de trop*. We do not mind him so much in the day-time, for he then basks mostly on the lawn and plays with the children (to whom he has greatly endeared himself), but at night he comes up and lays his head on our piazza, and his deep and stertorous breathing keeps my wife awake. I feel as though I were entitled to some compensation for his keep. He is a large though not fastidious eater, and he has destroyed some of my plants by treading on them; and he also leaned against our woodhouse. My neighbor—who is something of a wag—says I have a lien on his trunk for the amount of his board; but that, of course, is only pleasantry. Your immediate attention will oblige.—*Simeon Ford, in Puck.*

"I DON'T see why you should sneer at my engagement ring," said the fair girl, with a flush of indignation on her cheek, as she faced the belle of the opposition town; "it's a great deal prettier than the one you wore three years ago, and haven't worn since!"

"No, dear," replied her friend, with a cool, far-away look in her voice; "not prettier, but quite as pretty. It is the same ring."—*Puck.*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY



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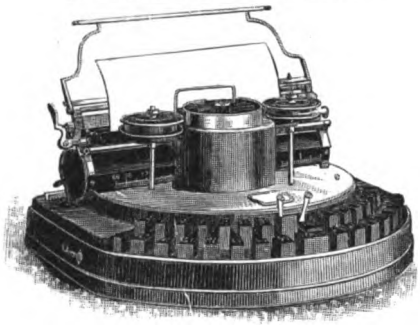

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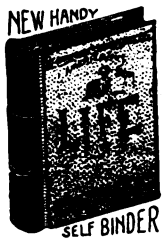

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The Formula is plainly Printed on the Bottle.

In this respect it is widely different from the medicines which people swallow without knowing what they are made of.

30,000 Physicians so highly esteem DIGESTYLIN that they are prescribing it in their everyday practice.

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THE LAST LAUGH.

Consternation in the Congregation.—The Wisdom of the Innocents.

Adjoining an out-of-the-way, but favorite, summer resort, is a little Chapel in which religious services are held occasionally, as clergymen can be obtained during the pleasure season.

A visiting divine consented to preach one Sabbath last summer, and, notice being given, quite a congregation of hotel guests and resident neighbors assembled. In opening the services the preacher suggested that, as the chapel was provided with no musical instrument, perhaps some one present would start a hymn, in which the congregation could join. A brief pause ensued, and then the congregation was convulsed at hearing an old lady strike up, in a cracked voice,

"Believing we rejoice
To see the cuss removed."

As no one "joined in," the old lady did not proceed far with the hymn, and an awkward contretemps seemed imminent. The clergyman was quick-witted, however, and turned the ludicrous incident to good account. He quietly arose and announced as his text the words, "Believing we rejoice," from which he preached an excellent sermon, one that, under the peculiar circumstances, made a deep impression.

The old lady will probably never know why she caused such a sensation. She lived in the neighborhood, and being accustomed to the pronunciation "cuss" for "curse" sang it that way.

Homespun people often run counter to some of the common customs, or time-worn prejudices of society, and are laughed at. Sometimes they are right, and society is wrong.

When new and valuable ideas are evolved in the progress of the world's thought, those who first believe in them are often subjected to ridicule. But it is those who believe who have occasion to rejoice.

Mr. A. Way is a prominent farmer at Navarino, N. Y., who was prostrated with kidney disease, and reached a point where "the doctor said he had done all he could." February 23d, 1883, he writes, "As a last resort I began the use of Warner's safe cure, and to-day I am hale, hearty and happy." October 13th, 1887, he again writes, "If it had not been for your wonderful discovery of Warner's safe cure, I should have been in my grave to-day. I am to all appearances as free from any trouble of the kidneys as any man living. The doctor who doctored me and said I must die, has since died with Bright's disease!"

The honest old farmer was doubtless derided and laughed at by the medical man, and many of his friends, when he announced his determination to try Warner's safe cure, a proprietary medicine; but he is alive and well to-day, while the physician who laughed at him is dead.

The wise old farmer has the last laugh!

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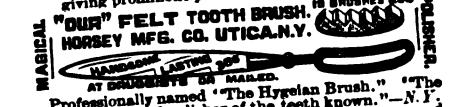

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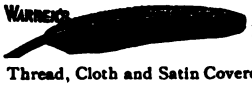

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PRESS OF FLEMING, BREWSTER & ALLEY, 31-33 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1888.

NUMBER 264.

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

AMERICANUS SUM.

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Ten Cents a Copy.

DEFICIENT IN CHARACTER.

Mother: YOU OUGHT TO BE KINDER TO MR. GOODEY, CLARA. HE IS VERY WELL OFF, AND, AS REGARDS HABITS, IS A MODEL IN EVERY WAY.

Clara: THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, MAMMA. HE HASN'T A SINGLE REDEEMING VICE.

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

VOL. XI. JANUARY 19, 1888. No. 264.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THE war on the green stamp rages as furiously as if Pulitzer had moved on and was no longer an issue. Representative Bliss, of the fifth district of New York, has even introduced a resolution into the House, expressing the desire of that branch of the legislature that the Post-office Department should revert to the old brick-red. The esteemed *Sun* still leads the fight, and the other hardy journals begin to take sides. The issue is not yet directly political, for LIFE observes that the *Tribune* is with the *Sun* against the green dye, while the *Times* insidiously prints communications applauding green as a handsome color, and ridiculing the allegations of its poisonous properties. The stamp still continues to carry a letter with reasonable certainty, and the general public wishes energy and health to all the combatants. One excellent feature of this spirited engagement is that no one can get hurt. All battles will partake of this characteristic when the millennium comes around again.

* * *

LIFE'S cordial sympathies are with the Crown Prince of Germany in the unsettled condition of his throat. Since the illness of General Grant the people of this country have known all about throats, and grieve with Germany when the Prince is announced to have cancer, and rejoice with the Crown Princess when the doctors decide that he hasn't. As we go to press his highness's difficulty is pronounced "chronic laryngitis," which is understood to mean "nothing fatal the matter." According to the memory of this journal, throat troubles do not become dangerous until the New York *Herald* has published a chart of the patient's larynx, epiglottis and contingent organs. This has not happened yet to the Crown Prince.

* * *

LIFE'S good wishes are in being for the success of the Players' Club. It is understood that the institution is to be endowed. We trust it will, and that those disagreeable concomitants of other clubs known as "dues" may never be known in this one. And if these good wishes come true, LIFE wants—oh, so much!—to belong.

Meanwhile the best club in these parts—if we are rightly informed—continues to be the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island. There are no dues there, they say, and not too many veterans. The members do not cause each other, or the governors, to be indicted for ungentlemanly behavior, nor, when expelled, do they make noisy protests, for they never are expelled. They toil not, neither do they spin aught but maritime yarns. They seem to have solved most of the problems of existence which are worth fretting over.

Such a club we wish that of the Players may be, only, gentlemen, have it handy to Union Square, and make your definition of "players" Shakespearian enough to be comfortably comprehensive.

But how about the actresses, will the new club do anything for them?

* * *

INK and paper to a vast amount and no contemptible mass of grey-matter continues to be daily consumed in discussing the amount of book learning it is proper to administer to girls. It is a worthy topic, and vociferations about it make as good copy as most other discussions, but it is amusing to notice the propensity of most writers who deal with the subject to generalize, as though girls were receptacles which would hold so much learning, which may or may not be emptied into them according as a sound policy dictates.

When you come down from the general to the particular, LIFE suspects that few parents have much difficulty in deciding how much their daughter shall learn. There are practical considerations that govern these matters: health, the capacity of the parent to pay for schooling, and, more than anything, the appetite of the girl for learning. The idea that girls are not to learn too much is funny. It is as if the horsemen discussed whether mares should be allowed to trot faster than 2.20. If the mare *can* trot in 2.15, and gets a chance to show her speed, let her out by all means. There is no special wisdom in cramping her. But, if the filly belongs in the three minute class, don't try to crowd her. Three minute mares are mighty convenient to have, and it is folly, and wicked besides, to break them down by urging them too far.

Give the young women room according to their strength and speed. That is as near to a general rule as you can come.

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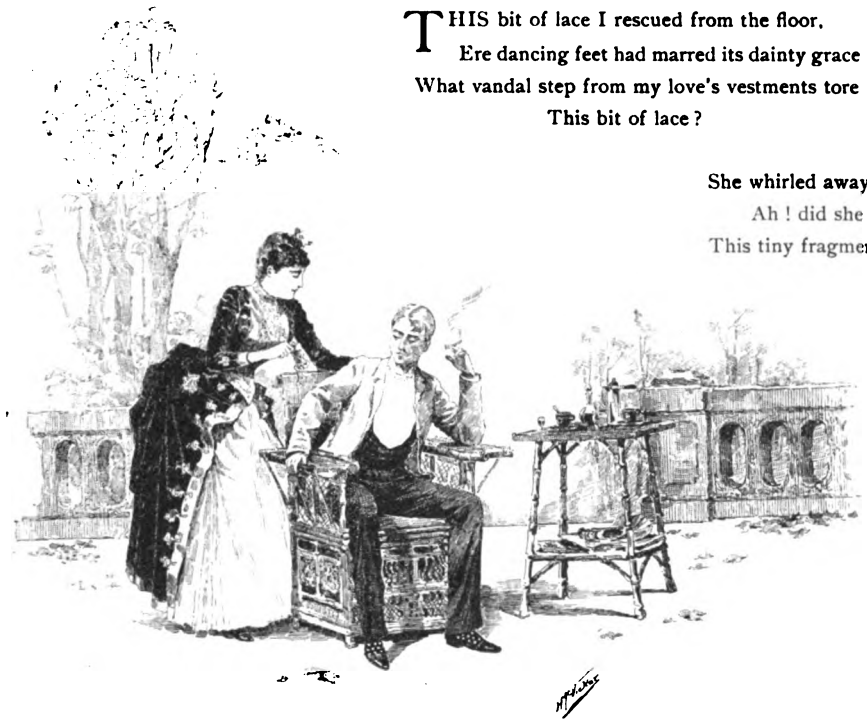
THIS BIT OF LACE.

THIS bit of lace I rescued from the floor,
Ere dancing feet had marred its dainty grace;
What vandal step from my love's vestments tore
This bit of lace?



She whirled away within my foe's embrace;
Ah! did she know I madly should adore
This tiny fragment through all time and space?

She married him. I ne'er would wed,
I swore;
And now my wife says, laughing
in my face,
"'Tis only Hamburg edging, nothing
more,
This bit of lace."

Samuel Williams Cooper.

IN JANIVEER.

THE bitter cold doth nip the ear,
The price of coal's exceeding dear;
The trees are clad in garments sere,
And icy-cold's the frothing beer,
In Janiveer.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

THE Protestant Episcopal Church needs a Cathedral in New York City about as much as the average dog needs two tails.

A much grander edifice of good deeds could be constructed with the million or more dollars that are to be invested in this special bit of pomp and vanity.

If our Episcopal brethren are at a loss as to what to do with the surplus, let them look through their ranks and see what can be done in the way of paying off church indebtedness; of raising hospitals, and perhaps the salaries of the rural clergy.

The writer of this paragraph on a recent occasion overheard a heathen acquaintance remark that, as between pugilism and the pulpit, he would choose pugilism every time, since its devotees receive more of the good things of this world than the priests of the Church even hope for in the next. This was an extravagant expression, no doubt, but it possessed the germ of plausibility for which the treasurers of the Church may be held largely responsible.

THE ICONOCLASTIC SPIRIT.

DR. JOHN HALL is crusading against Santa Claus, and Carter Harrison, ex-Mayor of Chicago, writes from China that he is disposed to doubt the existence of the Chinese Wall.

Next thing we know they will be saying there is no Berry Wall.

ONE BETTER.

"O MAUD, WHAT DO YOU THINK? MY CANARY BIRD HAS LAID A EGG!"

"THAT AIN'T NOTHIN' MUCH; MY PA LAID TWO STAIR CARPETS YESTERDAY!"

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SOLVED.

"THE North-wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?"
Well, if Robin's a bird,
Not wholly absurd,
He'll pack up his duds and go South until spring.
If he deigns to accept
The advice so inept,
To stand in a barn as the poet suggested,
With head 'neath his wing,
And his leg in a sling,
He will die with his red-breast congested.

* * *

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S friends want to run him for the Presidency.

A brave general never runs.

* * *

AN UNLEARNED FOLLOWER.

Zeke: SAY, UNCLE MOSE, YO' KNOW MY BRUDDER SAM, WOT SET HIMSELF UP AS A S'CIETY GEM'N? WELL, HE'S DONE GONE BIN 'RESTED FO' STEALIN' OB A SUIT OB CLOTHES.

Uncle Mose: WELL, IF HE AIN'T DE MOS' IGNERANTEST NIGGER I EBBER SEED! WHY DID'N' HE BUY A SUIT AND NEBBER PAY FO' IT, JUST LIKE DE WHITE S'CIETY GEM'N DO?

* * *

NAVAROLE, a surgeon and physician of Bologna, is said to have discovered the optic nerves about 1538.

It is believed, however, that these nerves were commonly used by the ancient Romans all along through the B. centuries.

THE sonnet was invented by Guido d'Arezzo, in 1024.

The inventor of the triolet is buried in deserved oblivion.

* * *

OF Amherst's ninety-three freshmen but seventeen smoke tobacco.

The rest smoke cigarettes.

* * *

THAT young Dodge should not be sent to Europe where he will enjoy life. He should be kept at home and spanked three times a day.

* * *

"FORAKER'S bleat" is the irreverent term applied to the recent tariff message sent by the Governor of Ohio to the Legislature of that State by the Chicago *Tribune*, Providence *Journal*, and other Republican papers that object to having the wool pulled over their eyes by the opponents of tax reduction.

The *Tribune* and *Journal* make a great mistake. Foraker's bray would be more in accordance with the fitness of things.

* * *

IT is a very suggestive fact that with the accession of the Democratic Party to power the postage stamps were changed from red to green in color.

We do not see how Mr. Cleveland can hope to be acquitted of truckling to the Irish Vote.

* * *

WE do not credit the rumor that Anthony Comstock is about to publish an expurgated edition of Webster from which such sinful words as "naked" and "bare" shall be omitted.

* * *

NO, Henry, when ladies appear in demi-toilet it does not mean that they are only half dressed. It means that they have more clothes on than when they are in full dress.

* * *

MRS. CLEVELAND'S reception costumes are intensely patriotic, if the Jenkinses of the daily papers accurately describe them.

The latest was a blue *faille* dress, red coral necklace, and a white pocket-handkerchief. No wonder the Marine Band played "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

* * *

RIDER HAGGARD refuses to lecture in America for less than $500 a night.

Mr. Haggard seems to forget that his success in this country as a romancer has been on a twenty-cent basis. If he had come high the American public would have refused to have him.

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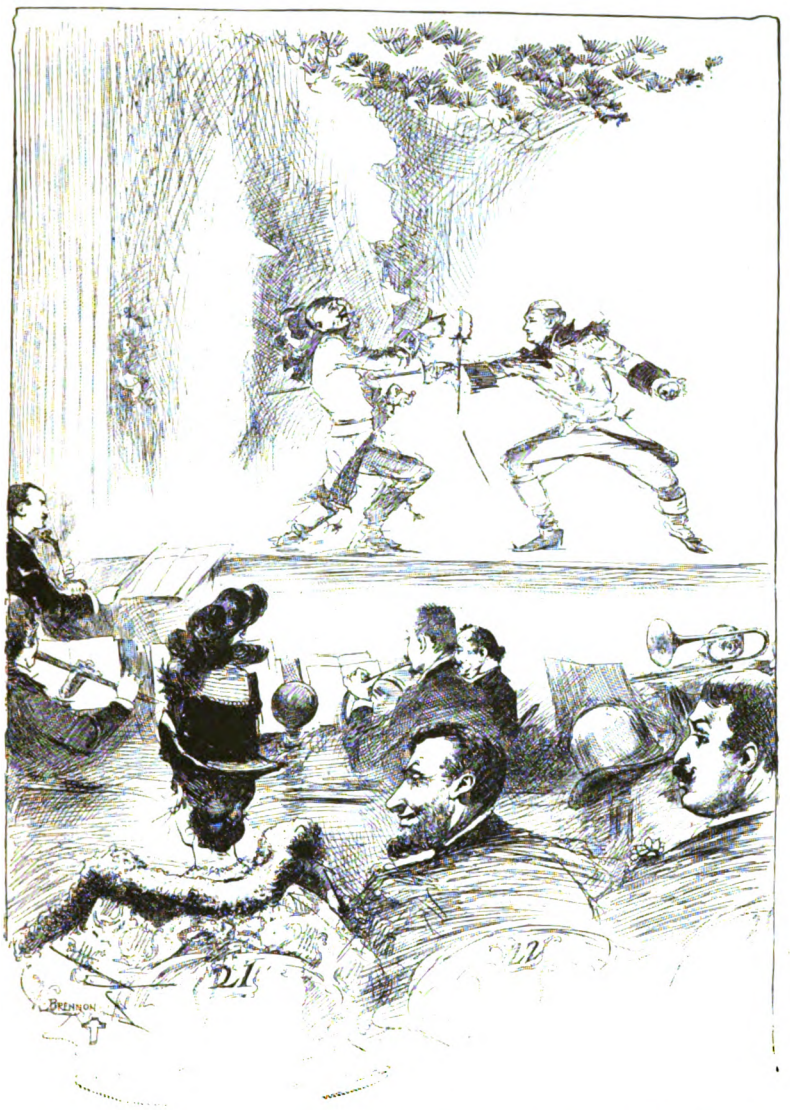

She: I DON'T LIKE A FRONT SEAT. I CAN'T SEE THE OTHER WOMEN'S HATS.
He: BUT WE CAN SEE THE STAGE; THAT'S SOMETHING.

A GROWING CITY.

THEY were twenty miles from the Missouri River, bound east.

"Conductor," said a passenger, "when do we reach Kansas City?"

"We're there now."

"There now? Why, there isn't a house in sight!"

"No houses, no. But look at the building lots! The prairies are full of 'em."

UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

CITIZEN (*rushing in*): Here, I have a telegram for Newark—I wish you'd rush it right through.

OPERATOR: Well, if you're in a great hurry, I guess you had better send it by mail. We close in five minutes.

Citizen takes it to Newark in his pocket.

SCRAPS.

MR. LOWELL thinks the grasshoppahs next yeah may outnumbah the cattah-pillahs by a lahgah majority than evah befoah.

* *

IT takes a great deal of pluck to get the feathers off a live goose.

* *

A "SPARK" OF GENIUS—The courtship of Shakespeare.

* *

NOTWITHSTANDING that the Post-office publishes its "gross postal receipts," Anthony Comstock has not yet attempted to arrest it.

A RISE IN STOCK.

I'LL DROP IN AND SEE THE WIDDER A MINUTE.

THIS 'ILL BE A GOOD JOKE ONTO OLD SETH PRIME.

WALL, I SWAN! I MUST HEV STAYED A LONG TIME IN THAR.

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BOOKHINDS

"FLEEMING JENKIN."

THERE is as much genuine pleasure to be gained by reading Robert Louis Stevenson's Memoir of his friend "Fleeming Jenkin" as from his stories. One associates what is dry, perfunctory, and partial with most memoirs. But this is a skilful character sketch drawn from the novelist's point of view. The ordinary chronology of insignificant events which forms so large a part of most biographies is here omitted. Fleeming Jenkin was a man of peculiar force and individuality, who was loved by his friends. "His was a face worth painting for its own sake," says his biographer, and he straightway makes you an engaging portrait. If he had been an obscure man, instead of an eminent electrician, you feel that the story of his life would have been equally interesting. "It was in the world, in the commerce of friendship, by his brave attitude toward life, by his high moral value and unwearied intellectual effort, that he struck the minds of his contemporaries."

* * *

MOST men move through the pages of their biographies in the solemn dignity of their most notable achievements, accompanied by a stately company of equally distinguished "friends" to whom their grave letters are addressed. You would never imagine to read them that these great men had home, family, troops of mediocre friends—all those blossoms of the affections which cheer the way of life to common mortals.

But Fleeming Jenkin's friend has most tenderly pictured that side of his life which was the inspiration of his work as a scientist. Through everything that he did you see shining the steady light of his affection for his father, mother, wife and children. "People may write novels," he once wrote, "and other people poems, but not a man or woman among them can write to say how happy a man may be who is desperately in love with his wife after ten years of marriage."

* * *

WHAT is most surprising in this biography is that the reader's admiration for the subject of it is not gained by the suppression of faults. On the contrary, he is vividly impressed with the picture of a homely, irascible man, lacking in tact and discretion. Unless one is stupid he is conscious of the frailties of his very best friend. They are perhaps a part of his attractiveness. Why, then, should a biographer spoil the truth of his picture by "touching up" the negative? It is only in the distortion of faults that there is malice.

Indeed, after reading in the appendix the tributes of Sir William Thomson and Colonel A. Fergusson, to the scientific achievements of Fleeming Jenkin, one for the first time learns how distinguished a man he was. Mr. Stevenson's admiration has a far different foundation.

* * *

AROUND the central figure are grouped his relatives, with the skill which an expert novelist shows in the

First Student of Chemistry: THERE, JACK, I DISTILLED THAT SPRING WATER FIFTY TIMES. I BET YOU CAN'T FIND ANYTHING IMPURE IN IT BY ANY TEST YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO APPLY.

Second Chemical Student: CAN'T, EH? YOU JUST LET MY FRIEND ANTHONY COMSTOCK RUN HIS EYE OVER IT.

AFTER THE DINNER.

MISS GOTHAM: What an elegant menu they had!

MISS CHICAGO: Did they? Well, now, I didn't notice it. You see, I was so busy sizing up the bill of fare.

MRS. WILCOX says that Ouida's novels convey defective morals. It looks as though Ouida might have been reading Ella Wheeler's poems; doesn't it?

"IF I should die, John, dear," said a very sick wife, "would you marry again?"

"Not much!" he replied, with such pointed emphasis that the lady got well.

ELOPEMENTS are the latest Washington fashion. LIFE is waiting to see Congress elope with the surplus-producing tariff.

IT is rumored that the humorist who is responsible for the "Talk-of-the-Day" column in the *Tribune* will shortly resign and go into the undertaking business.

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"THAT YOUNG SIMKINS IS A VERY CHARMING FELLOW. HE WAS TALKING TO ME ALL THE MORNING, AND HE WAS SO CLEVER."
"WHAT DID HE SAY?"
"OH, HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT HE PUT IT SO WELL."

management of his minor characters. Introductory chapters on genealogy are proverbially dull, but the one in this book bristles with humor and romance. The rapidly moving panorama reveals the picturesque figures of the Golden Aunt, the horse-loving parson, the old admiral, eccentric Uncle John with his Mexican dwelling and strange inventions, generations of wild sons who made imprudent marriages, and a score of others.

And then there is a beautiful chapter toward the close telling of old Captain Jenkin, dying as bravely in his bed at eighty-four as he would have died on the quarter-deck at forty. He cheers for the Sussex regiment with Gordon at Khartoum, sends a glass of champagne to his wife, dying in the next room, with the courtly note, "The Captain bows to you, my love, across the table"—and so falls asleep, like Colonel Newcome. *Droch.*

HE WAS.

"IS your father a man of sedentary habit?"
"Sedentary? Well, I rather guess he is. He sits on me every time he sees me!"

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

IN olden times Mars ruled the fights;
And, full arrayed, the doughty knights
Went forth to conquer with the blade,
In tabards gay and arms displayed.

In modern times how changed the plight,
'Tis Cupid rules, and dames that fight.
In scant array, with nature's charms,
They win—in their display of arms!

H. E. W.

WONDERFUL.

MR. D. SAPPY: Ya-as, time works wonders. Why, when I was born I was the youngest in my family, and now I have faw bwothers all younger than myself.
ADMIRING CROWD: Isn't it extraordinary!

JAY GOULD'S advice is to "keep out of bad company." The Western Union Company for instance!

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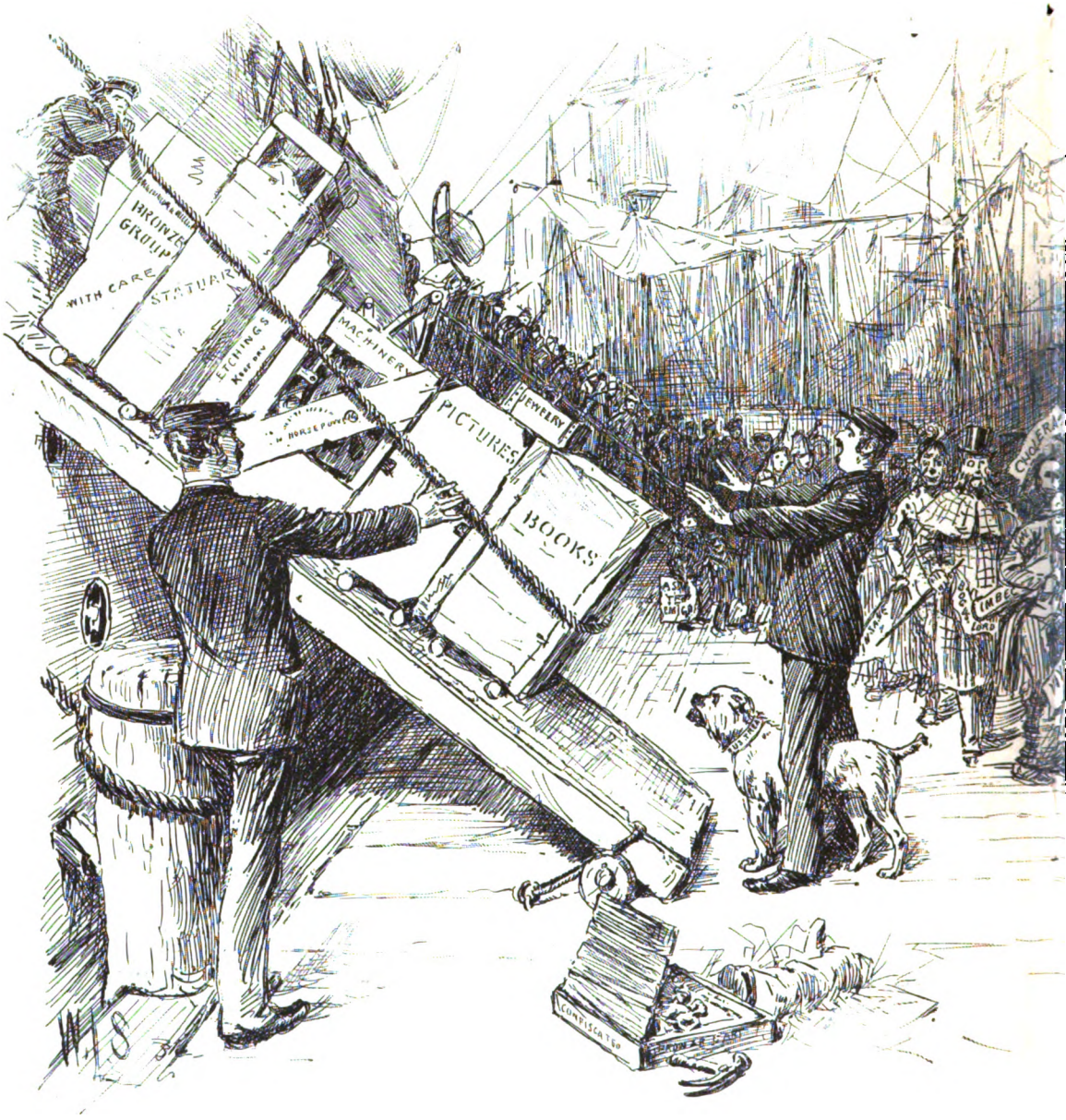

HOW IT

UNCLE SAM: THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE. THE ONL

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IFE ·

WORKS.

THINGS I GET FREE ARE JUST THE ARTICLES I DON'T WANT.

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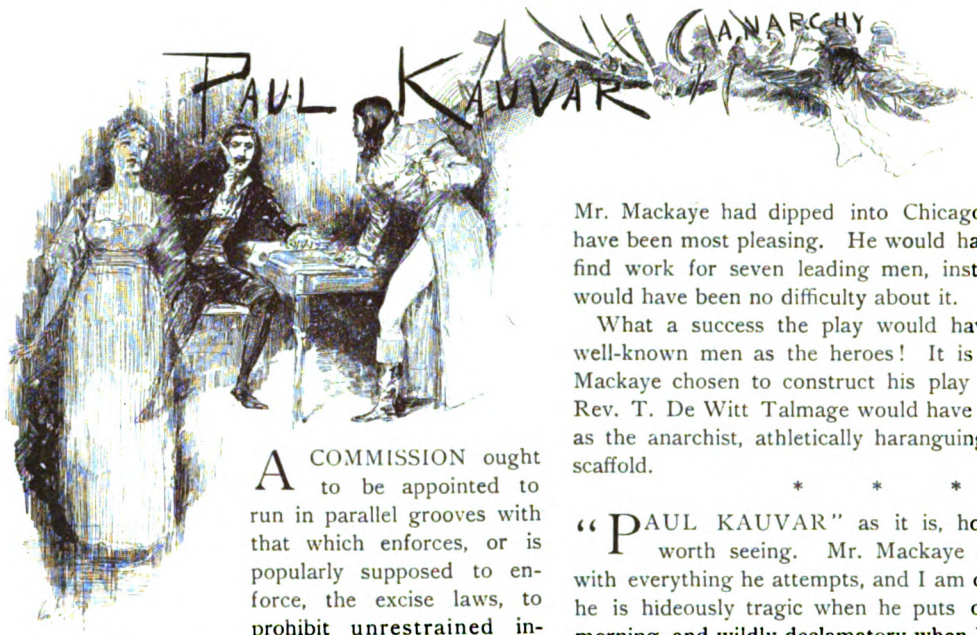


A COMMISSION ought to be appointed to run in parallel grooves with that which enforces, or is popularly supposed to enforce, the excise laws, to prohibit unrestrained indulgence in agony, *au naturel*, at the theatres.

After witnessing the performance of "Paul Kauvar; or, Anarchy," at the Standard Theatre, the other night, I positively staggered home, overwhelmed by the sensational scenes and thrilling situations of the play. "Paul Kauvar" is agony absolutely undiluted. There is no excuse for the ghost of a laugh, and if I felt I was smiling at the "Yah, yah!" of the mob, I did not dare to acknowledge the fact, as I knew that Mackaye's tragic soul would have fainted within him if he had imagined that his carefully-drilled "supers" had inspired amusement.

* * *

WHY the American playwright went abroad for his anarchy I do not know. He could have found all he wanted at home, and the imported brand is not considered by connoisseurs to be any stronger than the native. As there is such a terrific howl about protecting American industries always rending the air, I really cannot see why Steele Mackaye should not have given the American Anarchists a good chance.

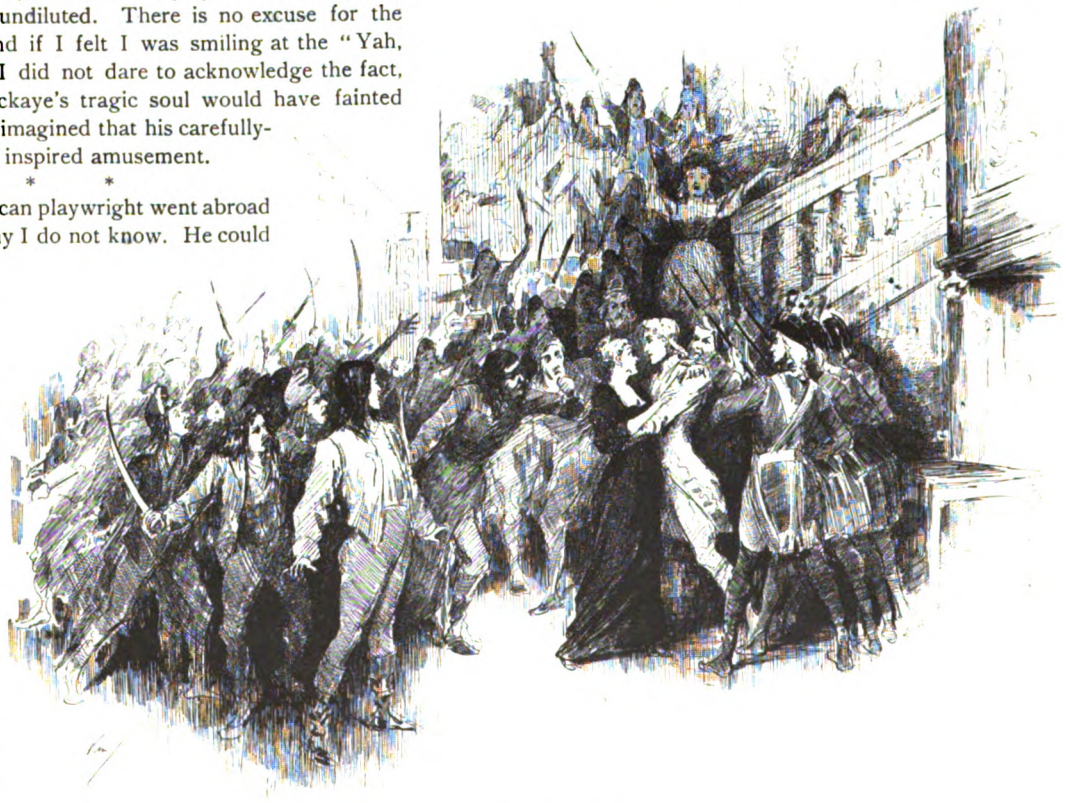
If, instead of culling his anarchy from France, Mr. Mackaye had dipped into Chicago, the result would have been most pleasing. He would have been enabled to find work for seven leading men, instead of one. There would have been no difficulty about it.

What a success the play would have been with seven well-known men as the heroes! It is hinted that had Mr. Mackaye chosen to construct his play on these lines, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage would have consented to appear as the anarchist, athletically haranguing the mob from the scaffold.

* * *

"PAUL KAUVAR" as it is, however, is distinctly worth seeing. Mr. Mackaye is in deadly earnest with everything he attempts, and I am quite convinced that he is hideously tragic when he puts on his boots in the morning, and wildly declamatory when his shaving-water is not forthcoming.

The best feature in "Paul Kauvar" is Miss Annie Robe's acting, which is admirable. This clever actress was never seen to better advantage, and her return to the New York



AT THE CHATEAU.

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FROM "PAUL KAUVAR."

stage was gladly noted by the audience. Joseph Haworth, as the hero, is painstaking. This young man strives hard after originality, but does not always attain his object. He is young, manly, and good looking, however, and understands his business.

I did not think much of the much-described mob. All mob-makers should have visited the Academy of Music before "Julius Cæsar" was withdrawn from the house, and taken lessons in drilling supers from Messrs. Booth and Barrett.

Alan Dale.

A SAD MISTAKE.

ADVERTISER (*furiously*): I'll have damages from you, sir! You have ruined my business.

NEWSPAPER MAN: Calm yourself, pray, What's the matter?

ADVERTISER: Don't you see that you have referred here to my "Quick Cure for Consumption" as a "Quack Cure for Consumption?" And this has gone before 200,000 readers!

A GREAT DESCENT.

MR. MCCORKLE (*an attenuated dude standing before portrait of a broad-chested warrior-like ancestor*): I tell you, Miss Nivens, I'm no snob, but I'm proud of my descent.

MISS NIVENS: You should be, Mr. McCorkle; it has been a great one!

ANSWERED.

I have a fancy; how shall I bring it
Home to all mortals wherever they be?
Say it or sing it? Shoe it or wing it?
So it may outrun and outfly me,
Merest cocoon-web whence it broke free?

THE above is a rather complicated question asked by Mr. James Russell Lowell in the current *Atlantic*.

If we were Mr. Lowell, and happened to have a fancy, we don't think we would say it unless we had made up our minds to say it in English, dropping all influences acquired by a long foreign experience.

Neither would we sing it were we Mr. Lowell, for were we Mr. Lowell, we should doubt the mellifluity of our voice even more than we do now.

As for shoeing it, that would depend upon the number of feet it possessed and their size. If his fancy is centipedal, this would be expensive, and to bring it home to all mortals, even with the ordinary number of feet, would wear out no inconsiderable amount of shoe-leather.

Mr. Lowell might wing it, as he suggests, if he is a good shot and has a gun. Otherwise, the operation might prove dangerous to his neighbors. This shooting of fancies is good sport in season, but unsatisfactory to the inexperienced hand.

Regarding the poet's desire to have the "merest cocoon-web" outrun and outfly him, our candid advice is to retain it until March and then let her go on the first regular wind that comes along. To make the issue certain, Mr. Lowell might take it to Boston and try it on the east wind there. Even so material and earthly an article as a silk hat would outfly and outrun Mr. Lowell under such circumstances, and surely the "merest cocoon-web" would make a record that could not fail to satisfy the most ardent poet.

We fear Mr. Lowell has made a grave mistake in publishing his fancy in the *Atlantic Monthly*, if he wishes it brought "home to all mortals, wherever they be."

Should Mr. Lowell live until 2222 he might publish it in Volapük, but for the immediate present his best measure would be to send it to the New York *World*, or get Rider Haggard to lick it into shape and publish it as his own.

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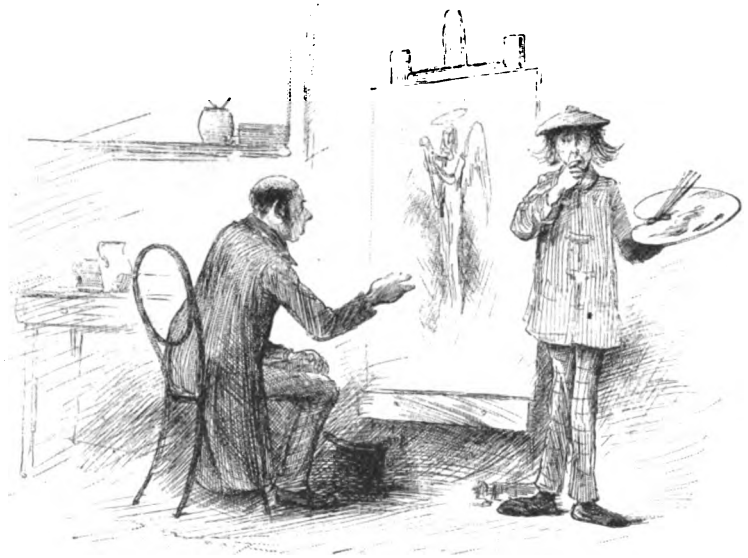

THE ART IDEA.

Pill Manufacturer: I LIKE THE DESIGN VERY MUCH, AND IF YOU DON'T MIND TAKING THAT HARP OUT OF HER HAND AND PUTTING A STRING OF LIVERS THERE INSTEAD, SO THAT I CAN USE THE PICTURE AS AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR MY TWENTY-MINUTE LIVER CURE, I'LL TAKE IT AT YOUR OWN FIGURE!

MISSED HIS BEARINGS.

STRANGER (*to Citizen*): Why, Philadelphia ain't such a dull place after all. There seems to be lots going on!

CITIZEN: You've missed your bearings, stranger. This ain't Philadelphia, it's Camden.

RUMORS that the threatening war-cloud in Europe is passing away is causing grave uneasiness among newspaper proprietors.

A HINT TO THE APOSTLES OF ANTI-POVERTY.

The Two Great American Apostles of Wealth were seated in their study, buried in profound thought. They meditated on the good time coming, when every man should have three acres and a cow, and they, as befitted the Saviors of Society, should possess all that was left. It was so still that you could have heard the sighs of the millions who groan under the Iron Hand of Monopoly, if those interesting persons had possessed any other than paper voices.

They raised their eyes. Before them stood a meek and rather seedy-looking Figure, in whose eyes yet shone the light of a Great Discovery.

"What are you?" queried the apostles with one voice.

"Man I was once," said the Figure, "but now I am only the hide of a Busted Bubble. I am a retired Young Napoleon of Finance. I heard you were in the abolishing line. If you want to abolish poverty, I can give you a pointer."

"Speak," said the Sage.

"Well, then," continued the Figure, "just throw your Land-Tax Theory overboard, and put in some big work to tax Wind and Water out of existence. The Land's all right, Labor's all right. It's the Wind that you cranks are pumping off, and the Water that some folks have squirted into stocks that has knocked everything the wrong way. Just begin an Anti-Wind-and-Water Society, and see what crowds will follow you. Water broke me, and Wind will yet burst you."

And he vanished.

G. E. Hanson.

DISCOURAGING ART.

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ART SCISSORS ART NULLUS

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

THE teacher, a lesson he taught;
The preacher, a sermon he praught,
The stealer, he stole;
The heeler, he hole;
And the screecher, he awfully scraught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office-seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dan;
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did;
The suer, he sid;
And the liar (a fisherman) lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor) fote;
The swinner, he swam;
The skimmer, he skam;
And the biter was hungry and bote.—*Woman.*

A YOUNG lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and, shaking her parasol at the animal, she said in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir; lie down!"—*Calcutta Times.*

A PROBLEM.

HE (*at a late hour, with deep tenderness*): How can I leave thee?
SHE: Really, Mr. Stayer, I can't tell you. I wish I could.—*Washington Critic.*

NOT SO VERY EXPENSIVE AFTER ALL.

REAL estate is worth $1,000 a foot in Chicago, but it must be remembered that it is a Chicago foot.—*Arcola Record.*

CURING A SICK MAN.

As soon as the German Crown Prince was "given up" by the doctors he began to grow better. This shows that the doctors can cure a man if they only go about it in the right way.—*Chicago Times.*

PHYSICIAN (*to patient*): Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held.
PATIENT (*too sick to care for anything*): Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like.—*Epoch.*

Two old sports accustomed to catch the granger at poker are playing against one another. "I'll call you. What ye got?" "Four aces." "What's yer outside card? I've got four aces myself."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"A SEA-GREEN glass vase, nine inches high, supposed to be thirteen hundred years old, has been found in Bologna." That settles it. We shall eat no more Bologna.—*Norristown Herald.*

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JOHN: I did not get to bed until three o'clock this morning. I was out calling on my girl.

"Three o'clock! I should think the old man would have come down-stairs with a shotgun."

"Her father is a widower, and is courting a lady in the next block. I never have to leave until he comes home."

A PHYSICIAN says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." This is too severe. Why not spank it?—*Singapore Review.*

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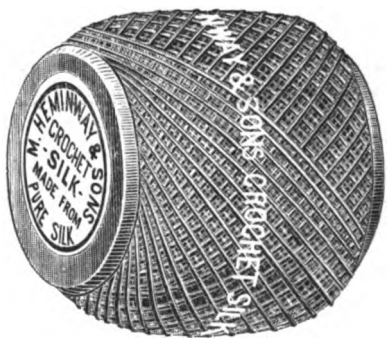

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A MIRACLE ON THE ELEVATED.

PASSENGER: Is this a City Hall train?

GUARD: No, madam. This particular train is unfortunate enough to reach its destination at South Ferry; but if you will permit me to get off at the next station and escort you to a coupe, the distance to the plaza is very short, and I am at your service.

(The seeming impossibility of this scene is washed away by the fact that the young lady is a Manhattan Director's daughter, and the guard knows it.)—*Tid Bits.*

FOR disagreeable hauteur, unconscionable self-conceit and disgusting arrogance there is nothing equal to the all day behavior of a man who has got up and shoveled off his sidewalk before breakfast. Fortunately, though, this only happens about once a year.—*Omaha World.*

IT is stated that when Senator Faulkner was a ten-year-old boy he got lost in the mountains while hunting and wandered into a den of bears, "where he killed four of the animals with a single-barreled shotgun." We don't know which to most admire—young Faulkner's courage or a single-barreled shotgun that scattered so awfully.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Czar and his family will go to St. Petersburgh for a ten weeks' visit as soon as their new winter boiler-iron garments are sent home from the foundry.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THERE was once great consternation in the office of *Zion's Herald* when the writer of an obituary article upon a mother in Israel having said in pious phrase that she died and "claimed the promises," the paper was made to aver that she had died "and cleared the premises." And it was out at Worcester, Mass., where the Rev. George H. Hepworth having declared in a public address "I am not a free lance," the sedate *Spy* gave him fame by printing the sentence, "I want a free lunch."—*Boston Transcript.*

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GREAT LUCK.

Good Fortune that Came by Chance and Business Sagacity.

One cannot help being struck with the important part the element of chance plays in the history of most men who acquire great fortunes.

It is peculiarly illustrated in the career of Thomas H. Williams, a California six millionaire. He went from Kentucky to the Pacific slope in 1849, and settled in Virginia city. As attorney for a mining company, he acquired a claim against it for $1,500 for services, and when the company failed he bid in its mine for the amount of his claim.

He moved to San Francisco, years rolled on and the transaction had passed from his mind, when he was one day approached by a representative of Flood, Mackay & O'Brien, who offered him $100,000 for his long forgotten mine.

He was not a greenhorn and he at once refused the offer, as he did successive offers of $250,000 and $500,000. But when a member of the great firm came to see him with proffers of negotiation, they were not rejected and resulted in the reception of the firm's check for $6,000,000.

It was a great piece of luck, but the luck was supplemented by keen business sagacity.

In April, 1887, Charles W. Sprague, an orange grower at Chaseville, Fla., was lying in bed suffering the "torments of the cursed," with disease of the kidneys, with which he had been troubled for two years. He had been under the treatment of an eminent physician but kept growing worse. One day, when, as he says, "even hope itself had become inanimate," a casual acquaintance happened in and advised the trial of Warner's safe cure.

He hesitated, because it was a proprietary medicine, but the testimonials of its efficacy were so convincing, that, as a business man, he could not doubt the wisdom of trying it. The result was that May 20th, 1887, he wrote: "From the first dose I commenced to improve, and have now recovered my health."

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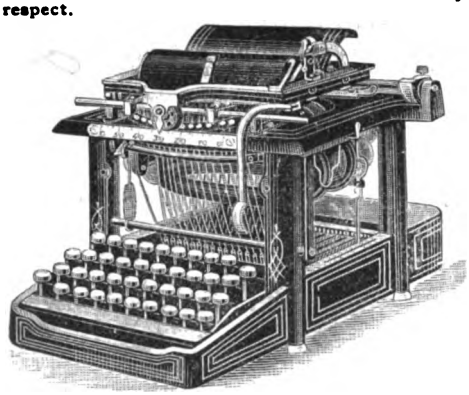

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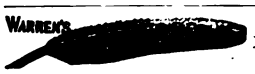

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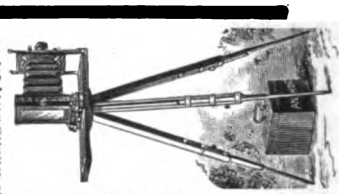

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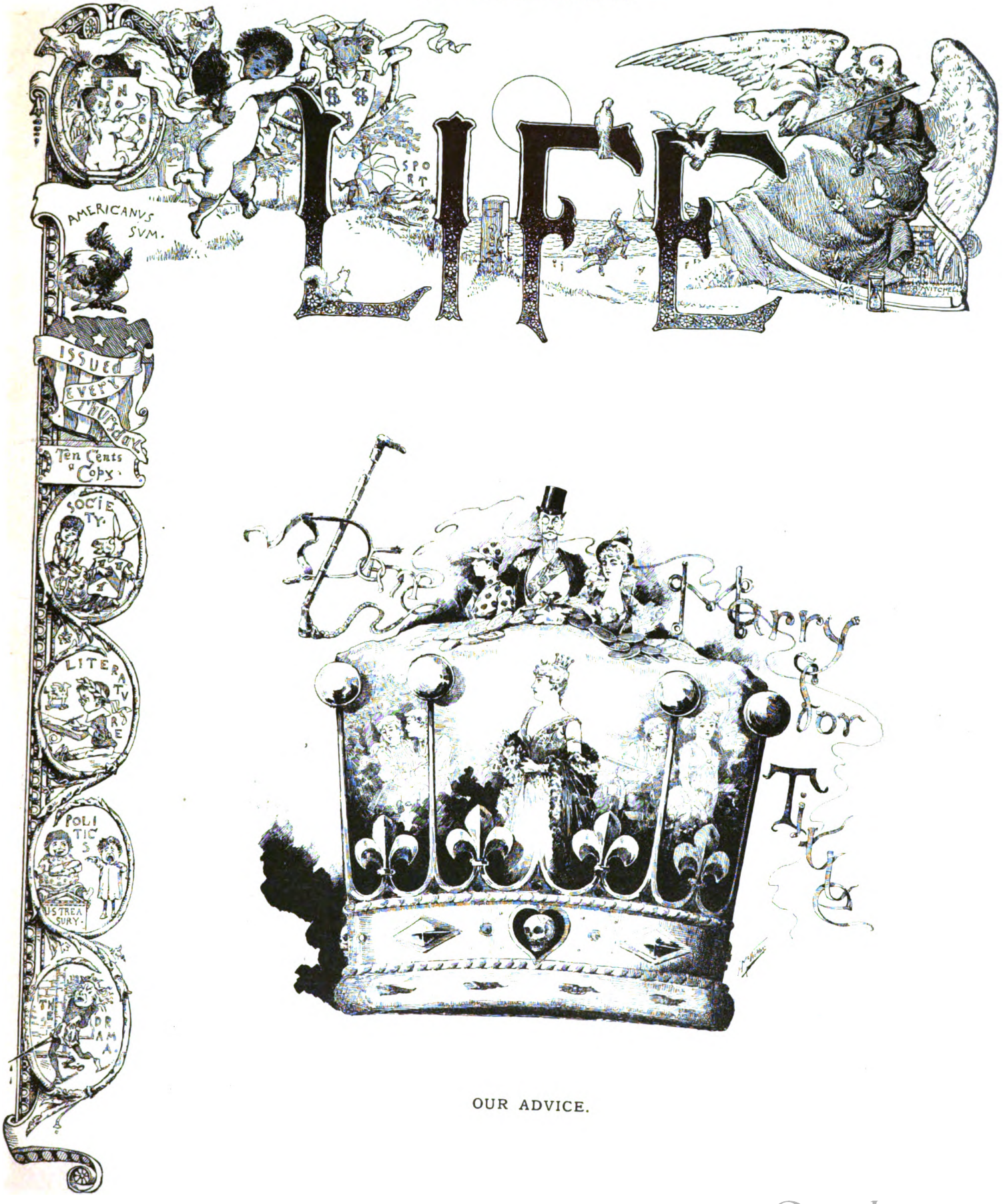

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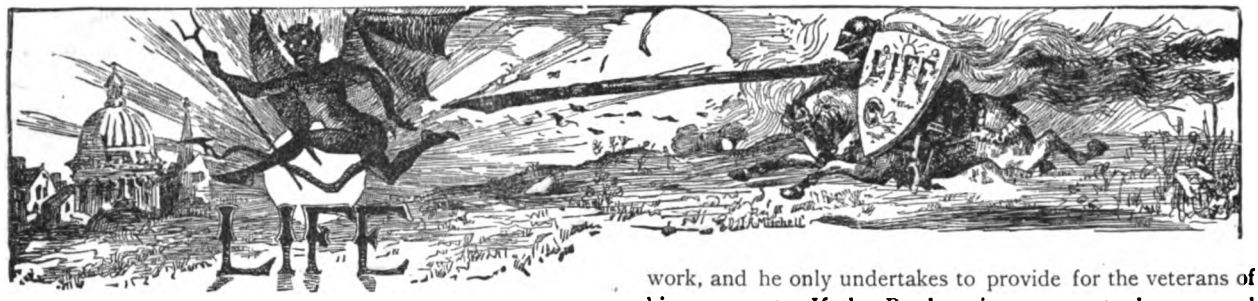

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. JANUARY 26, 1888. No. 265.

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Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

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SECRETARY BAYARD is reported to have had conversation with the House Committee of Foreign Affairs, in the course of which he divulged at least one important diplomatic secret. He intimated that he would like sometimes to be more peremptory with those foreign persons whom he deals with, but that the truth was he hadn't the means. And then he whispered to the committee-men that our sea-front was practically bald-headed and toothless, and that our navy was inadequate; and however valiantly our war-vessels might hunt a shattered monster like Leary's raft, it really couldn't do much when it came to blows. These facts, the Secretary said, were no secret in England or anywhere else, except in this country, and their actuality militated against such a settlement of the fisheries question (for example) as the Maine fishermen desire.

LIFE trusts that the committee-men had their memorandum-books with them and made notes of what the Secretary said. This journal never wakes in the morning without a feeling of grateful surprise that neither a British cannon-ball nor an Elevated Railroad train has invaded its tenement during the night. It is time that steps began to be taken to eliminate this daily peril from our lives.

* * *

THEY say the Presbyterians are about to raise a million dollars to add to their fund for tired-out ministers, and their widows and orphans. Doubtless they will succeed, for they are rich and frequent as well as zealous, and this fund is intended to commemorate their American centenary. Some day, when the newspaper business and the sacrifices and devotion it involves are justly appreciated, Christians in comfortable circumstances will welcome a call upon their surplus for the benefit of decayed journalists, and will regard the support of superannuated editors as a pious act and a privilege. But at present, we believe, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, is the only great religious body that tampers with this work, and he only undertakes to provide for the veterans of his own sect. If the Presbyterians prove to be as good providers as Mr. Childs, they will set a glorious example to all their brethren, and, what is also to the point, their investment may tend to lure a higher grade of shepherds to their flocks.

Money-making ministers are not held in especial esteem, and yet a minister, as well as another man, may find comfort in anticipating a reasonable provision in old age, after a lifetime of unselfish labor.

* * *

MANY men who read weekly in the newspapers the post-prandial addresses of President Depew, must have said to themselves many times, "He works all day and eats and drinks all night. Will he go to physical smash, or have Mr. Evarts' innards been duplicated?"

Such anxious questioners will be partly reassured by the exposition of Mr. Depew's daily life and diet made by a newspaper man last week. It seems that the Central Hudson orator has no cocktail before breakfast. That his first meal is business, seasoned with hot water, two eggs, toast, and a cup of tea; that he does not smoke four strong cigars in the morning, nor drink a bottle of claret for his lunch; that, on the contrary, his lunch is hardly less abstemious than his breakfast, and he does not go home by the zigzag route, nor even indulge at his club before dinner. He goes *directly* home, it seems, and plays with his son until it is time to go to Delmonico's, where he only eats two kinds of meat and drinks nothing but champagne, and not much of that. Some time during the night he goes to bed, and does not get up unreasonably early the next morning.

It does not appear that he takes organized and methodical exercise, but, all things considered, Chauncey does well, and we have hopes that he will be spared to our sons. A sound man can have a good deal of fun with his head if he doesn't try to have too much amusement with his stomach. And *vice versa*. It is the man who tries to have fun everywhere at once that goes under. Nature abhors that sort of concentration, and Nature always has her way in the end.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT says that if he could get five dollars a pound for butter his farm would pay. According to his showing his best crop is cobblestones, which he picks off from his fields and ships to New York. The Mayor is a good enough farmer, but his location is a mistake. South Africa is the place for him. There the pebbles are worth something. Raising cobblestones in New Jersey is simply an expense.

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DESILLUSIONÉ.

UPON the porch, this evening late,
Miss Ingenue and I await
The dance's ending;
Our converse lightly ebbs and flows,
Our hands may touch, perhaps, who knows?
I only see the blush that glows,
Its beauty lending.

And then my arm about her waist
Is placed exactly to my taste,
Without objection—
Except a wriggle now and then,
Especially at moments when
The movements of our fellow-men
Forebode inspection.

I whisper to her as I lean
Sly sentences that little mean,
But worded neatly;
She answers not, but quite content,
Her head against my shoulder bent,
She seems on every word intent,
And—slumbers sweetly.

I take my rights, and with a kiss
I rouse her gently, while in bliss
She murmur's "Harry!"
My pleasure's spoiled. It now would seem
I've furnished matter for a dream
Of which another gets the cream—
No more I'll tarry.

The drowsy maiden I awake:
She's left, as hasty leave I take
All unprotected.
I'm *desillusioné*, 'tis true;
I haven't found Miss Ingenue
So very 'fresh,' and 'green,' and 'new,'
As I expected.

S. D. S., Jr.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

"NICE fashions we have now," said Bjones, as a Sassiety youth in full war costume passed him in the street. "Look at the collar on him!"

"There's nothing strange about that," replied Jsmith. "I remember when I was a boy, the birds on my father's farm wore higher collars than that."

NOT CONFINED TO ONE SECTION.

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND (*to widow whose husband was blown to pieces by nitro-glycerine*): In what part of the oil country did your husband die, Mrs. Driller?

WIDOW (*sadly*): Poor John died pretty much all over it.

WE don't know whether to believe the story that Mr. Howells replied to a person who asked for a list of the best hundred books: "I have not written a hundred books."

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR REVENGE.

MISS VAN EMERSON (*of Boston*): Madame Junot's "Memoirs of Bonaparte" are very interesting. Don't you think so, Mr. De Sappy?

DE SAPPY (*seized with a desire to show the extent of his reading*): Ya-as. And w-what a bully chance it was f-for Juno to get a whack in on P-Paris for giving Venus the aw-apple, don-cher-know!

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HOW TO BE RID OF THE SURPLUS.

J. G. Blaine:

PUT it into coast defences,
Add to Government expenses;
With the Tariff do not tinker,
Discourage artist and the thinker.
Make the cost of clothing tough,
Enrich the wealthy, cheapen snuff;
If reduction's your intent,
Make yours truly President.

*

Mr. Foraker:

Gives the surplus money o'er
To fighting out the Civil War

*

A Tramp:

To relieve the Treasury of its plight,
Leave the surplus out at night.

*

John Sherman:

Pension every veteran—even the galoot
Who stayed at home in '61 and fought by substitute;
Aunts and cousins, uncles, e'en the mother-in-law
Of him who lost a wink of sleep from cannons' awful roar.
On veterans and all their clan I tearfully do dote,
Particularly of the sex that have a right to vote.

* * *

AS a natural gas centre, Governor Foraker is believed to rival Pittsburgh.

* * *

GEORGES I., II., III. and IV. of England showed the effects of their dissolute behavior in early life.

They were Rex many years before they died.

* * *

"ONE may smile and smile and be a villain still," said the poet.

True. Too much smiling has been known to make a drunkard of a Prohibition orator.

A BOSTON correspondent says that the word "swell" is vulgar, irrational and hideous. The same may be said of most of the swells, too.

* * *

THE despatches tell of a man at Utica Minn., who has been asleep for seven years.

This is not so wonderful as the case of Foraker, Sherman and other bloody-shirters, who have been asleep, apparently, ever since the cessation of the war.

* * *

THE *World* has a press that will print, fold, count and paste sixty thousand papers an hour.

All the *World* needs now is a machine to suppress lies and do a little editing once a week.

* * *

THE most extraordinary thing about our Envoys Extraordinary is that there is nothing extraordinary about them.

* * *

MR. BLAINE is reported to have said, "God deliver me from brainy women!"

How does Gail Hamilton like this?

* * *

HERBERT SPENCER'S definition of LIFE, "it is change from homogeneity to heterogeneity, differentiation and integration," is not complete. He should have added, "it is ten cents weekly and five dollars a year."

* * *

THE man who claims that Philadelphia is on the site of the Land of Nod is a mean-spirited person who has some petty spite against the Quaker City.

* * *

THE Manhattan Club is said to be ambitious to possess the marble palace of the Stewarts' on Fifth Avenue.

The Manhattan Club seems to be running to marble lately. With a President of that name, a club-house of that material, it will soon be devoted to marbles as a game.

A FEW PHRASES PICKED UP AT WASHINGTON.

A new member of the house.

Making his maiden speech.

A contested seat.

An all-night session.

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OF COURSE.

THE Greeks used to consider, as I have been told,
The bow and the arrow as father and son;
If such be the case, a fact equally cold
Is that a bullet's the son of a gun.

TOO BOLD.

MISS SMYTHE: I hear that Mr. Flush proposed to you last night.

MISS VAN DYKE: Yes, the forward thing!

MISS S.: I don't see anything very bad about that.

MISS V. D.: Why, this is Leap Year!

WORSE THAN THE CLIMATE.

EDITH: What a dreadfully trying climate you have here in Boston! Is it the east wind that chaps your lips so?

MAUD: Oh, no; I've been taking some lessons in Volapük.

WAKEFUL TOO LATE.

HIGGINS: They say that since Gagley failed he's been troubled dreadfully by insomnia.

WIGGINS: Just like him. He never was wide awake at the right time.

PROVERB FOR A WAITER.

"THERE'S many a tip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

AT THE MUSEUM.

Jack's Mamma (wishing to be impressive): JUST THINK, JACK; THIS WAS SOME LITTLE BOY'S MAMMA.

Jack (after some moments of intense thought): IF THE MAMMAS TURN INTO MUMMIES, WHAT DO THE PAPAS TURN INTO? PUPPIES?

Laid on the table.

The speaker of the house

NO USE TO HIM.

BOOK AGENT (*to one of the "several times" a millionaire lumber "Barons" of Michigan*): Let me show you, sir, the New American Encyclopædia—

LUMBER: No; never mind. I am very busy to day—

AGENT: But it will surely require little time to examine—

LUMBER: No, no; I tell you I am very busy!—And if I weren't I couldn't ride one of the infernal things anyway.

OFTTIMES it gives a man a cold chill to get "fired."

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A PLEA.

PNEUMONIA, thou dreaded guest
Of every wintry day, thou pest
Who sparest neither serf nor king,
We prithee, cease our hearts to wring
With horrid fear lest we be drest
In winding shroud for final rest;
And heed, we beg thee, our request,
That you to other climes do cling,
Pneumonia.

Go north or south, go east or west,
Some other neighborhood infest.
For others, not for self, thou thing,
We plead. We're safe to reach the Spring:
We've plush-lined shirts beneath our vest,
Pneumonia.

VOLAPÜK.

Some of its Interesting Features.

WE are indebted to somebody for the Abridged Grammar of the Volapükians.

We very much regret that people who send infernal machines and Grammars of Universal Languages to their friends see fit to hide the light of their identity under the bushel anonymity, as we would be pleased to make some return for such attentions as have been shown us.

The book before us was written by Prof. Kerckhoffs and made easy for English readers by a gentleman with the pure Anglo-Saxon name of Karl Dornbusch, while an American by the name of L. Schich put it in tangible shape. The world owes these gentlemen a debt which we fear it can never repay. There is no punishment to fit the crime.

A close study of the Grammar reveals many interesting facts and shows up Volapük in a way that cannot fail to rejoice the heart of those who are satisfied with English, Chinese or Timbuctookapuk with no dots over the u.

In the first place, Volapük starts off with twenty-seven letters to twenty-six for English, and eight vowels instead of five. The vowel stock is watered chiefly with periods. To make the new vowels, a horizontal colon is placed on top of all the old ones except e and i—though why Count Tolstoï's most picturesque vowel should be ignominiously thrown out we fail to see. *Q* is cast to the winds and *w* has no place in Volapük society. H is always aspirated—a direct blow at English where it is quite frequently in a state of exaspiration. *C* is pronounced like *J*. For instance, "Johnny get your gun" in Volapük would be "Conny get your gun," while the letter J is pronounced as the English *Sh*, so that when requesting a Volapükian to be quiet you must write it "*Jutup*."

The Grammar is not very satisfactory in dealing with substantives. It tells how to decline *Dom*, a house, but it leaves one in the dark as to how to decline a glass of absinthe or a bottle of beer. Judging from the names of the authors of Volapük we have a dim suspicion that beer is not declined in that language.

We have reason to be thankful to the Universal Language people for one thing in the department of substantives, and that is the moderation they have displayed in the matter of genders. They never have more than two. We had feared from the extravagance displayed in the vowel matter that they would indulge in at least a half-dozen genders, and as we have already suffered in the study of French from the necessity of telling whether a chair is a boy or a girl, or whether an andiron is enough of a lady to get into good society, we had made up our mind to drop Volapük if it was not more considerate in the gender matter.

There is one great point about the new language if the Grammar is reliable. It does away with Mr. Howells' expression "lady friend." An ordinary male friend is a Flen while a "she-friend," as the Grammar concisely puts it, is an of-Flen. In fact, *Of*, wheresoever found, indicates femininity. For instance, when a man remarks he is "going of for two or three weeks" every educated Volapükian knows that he is going away to see his best girl.

Adjectives are formed by adding *ik* to the substantive, thus *Do* is pain and *Dolik* is painful, as one would naturally suppose to look at the word. How this will affect the relations of the English words cow and cowlick the Grammar does not say.

The adverb is formed from the adjective by adding an O. To use the former example *dolik*, painful as an adverb, becomes *doliko*, painfully, though a great many Volapükians as well as English will doubtless stick to the monosyllabic O without the Dolik when they feel painfully.

This is as far as our brain and the limited space at our disposal will permit us to go this week, but we hope at some later period to escort our Flens and of-Flens all the way through to the bitter end.

So, for the present, Stadols-öd beno, which is the short-cut the Volapükian takes for saying Farewell.

Stranger (*visiting Naval Yard, Brooklyn*): CAN YOU TELL ME THE REASON FOR HAVING THESE LITTLE—AHEM! PETTICOATS ON THE TREES?

Johnny (*puzzled*): OH, THAT'S ER— (*bright idea coming to the rescue*). THAT'S SOME OF ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S DOING, I GUESS. BARE LIMBS, YOU KNOW!

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WHY NOT USE OUR TITLES?

Mrs. Robinson: WHY, MY DEAR MRS. DOCTOR SMITH, I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THESE MONTHS?

Mrs. Smith: THANK YOU, MRS. RETIRED GROCER ROBINSON. I HAVE BEEN TRAVELING ABROAD WITH MR. DOCTOR SMITH AND MY DEAR OLD FRIEND MRS. MERCHANT TAILOR JONES. HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND?

THE TERRIBLE SURPLUS.

ABUNDANCE clutched, with ruthless hand,
The nation's throat like an iron band;
Silver rivers with golden sand
Inundated the hapless land
In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Granaries groaned with weight of grain,
Flocks and herds covered hill and plain;
Oil wells flowed, and every vein
Of mines and minerals swelled the gain
In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Other peoples, more blest than we,
Joyed in their happy bankruptcy;
Foreign paupers, whose trade was "free,"
Pitied our plethoric misery,
In the year of the Terrible Surplus.

Wise physicians of solemn mien,
Quack and regular, fat and lean;
Independent and straight machine,
Gathered around with lancets keen
To reduce the Terrible Surplus.

But the patient listened and shook his head,
And wouldn't be stripped and put to bed,
And starved and leeched and cupped and bled;
"For," says he, "you fellows that ain't half fed
Don't know the cure for a Surplus."

"It's exercise that a man should try
When his blood is slow and his skin is dry;
I'll mend my fences, and build 'em high—
The neighbors' critters will find out why,
If I ketch 'em around my Surplus."

James Jeffrey Roche.

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NE

WHY NOT DISSIPATE THE WAR CLOUD BY A PERSONAL COMBAT, AND LET MR. ALEXANDER, OF PE

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EXT !

ETERSBURG, WORK OFF HIS SUPERFLUOUS ARDOR UPON MR. SULLIVAN, OF BOSTON, FOR INSTANCE.

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IF Henry Arthur Jones had informed me that he was going to select, as a theme for a play, the story of a young girl who visits rich people, is accused of stealing a pet heirloom, and finally weds the son, I should have said: "Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, I should strongly recommend you to consider the advisability of going to. Such a play as that which you suggest would probably have suited the audiences which flourished about the time that Noah went into his ark; but for this period—" and so on.

All of which goes to show that I should have made an enormous error. Mr. Jones's play, which he has called "Heart of Hearts," and which has just been produced at the Madison Square Theatre, with the story I have just mentioned as a theme, is a success.

* * *

THE play has so many amusing complications, and its style is so bright and attractive, that the triteness of the original theme is forgotten. Not a tear was shed during all that agonizing time when *Lucy Corwin*, because she was a little fool, allowed herself to be suspected of having appropriated "Heart of Hearts." Every man and woman seemed to know from long, and perhaps painful, experience that she would be exonerated, marry *Harold*, and live happily in pleasant monotony.

I was really thankful to *Lucy* for allowing herself to remain under a cloud so long, because, unless she had done so, what would have become of the play? There would have been no excuse for Mr. Stoddard's excellent performance as *Lady Clarissa Fitzralph's* butler, nor for the clever and entertaining "business" of Mrs. E. L. Davenport, who, as *Miss Wilhelmina Fitzralph*, was extremely funny.

The accompaniments to "Heart of Hearts" are far more interesting than the play proper.

* * *

ANGLOMANIACS ought to thank the Madison Square management for this production, as it gives a pretty accurate view of the ideas of the ultra-exclusive English into whose breasts no ray of enlightening radicalism has yet penetrated. *Lady Clarissa Fitzralph* is capitally drawn, though her "mollification" at the end of Act III. was perhaps a trifle too rapid, due probably to the fact that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones thought he had given his audiences enough for their money.

Miss Marie Burroughs, who played the part of *Lucy Corwin*, is a charming young woman. Her performance was almost perfect. She had a pleasingly fervid lover in the person of Mr. Massen, who is a little too ardent, however, in his protestations.

"Heart of Hearts" ought to enjoy a good run. It is not as artistic as its predecessor, "Elaine," but too much art nowadays—well, you know as well as I do.

Alan Dale.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

(THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.)

I BORE it with exasperation,
That organ-grinder's din:
Most dismal sound in all creation,
A music that's a sin!

But when I went with spirit groaning,
And accents wild, though sad,
Beseeching him to stop that droning,
Or he would have me mad,

He stayed his crank and stared in wonder,
Indignant cap-à-pie;
"It makes *you* crazy, does it! Thunder!
What d'ye think of *me?*"

E. W. S.

PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

BAGLEY: Gagley, me boy, I'm blawsted sorry to see you've turned out a rank Protectionist. You were with us once, ye know.

GAGLEY: I know it; but that infernal English accent you brought over last trip has settled it. No more free imports for me.

THE REASON.

"THE Electoral College seems to be falling into disfavor," remarked Cumso.

"Well, I don't wonder at it," replied Fangle, "it pays no attention to baseball."

THE GLORIES OF LITERATURE.

Seedy Individual: CAN I GET A POSITION AS CANVASSER FOR THAT NEW BOOK YOU INTEND PUTTING OUT ON SUBSCRIPTION?

Publisher: DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BOOK?

S. I.: YES, I'M THE AUTHOR; AND I THOUGHT IF I COULD GET A POSITION AS CANVASSER, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE A LITTLE MONEY OUT OF THE BOOK.

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Member of Society for Prevention of Crime and Vice: TAKE THAT DOLL IN IMMEDIATELY. DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO EXPOSE NUDE FIGURES?

RAPID TRANSIT.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Rushley drops his pen in the middle of a word, and, slamming the office door, makes a mad rush for the elevator. If the miserable attendant does not instantly respond to his call, the thunderous frown that greets him is enough to wreck all the electric bells in the building. Should the car stop for others, Rushley's look of agony draws a sympathetic sigh from the very steam-heaters.

On the street he meets his friend Whirler, who proposes that they "take something." There is always time for this act. A hasty, choking gulp, a banging of doors, and he is climbing the Elevated railroad stairs.

Burning with suppressed fury to find himself at the end of a line waiting for tickets, Rushley gains the platform just as the gates are slammed, and the train moves on. It is not the last train for the night, as you would imagine from his look of hopeless despair. There is another in two minutes.

This is the moment to see Rushley in all his glory. As he and his kind crowd themselves on board the cars they give the ladies on the platform a chance to witness a union of the generosity of cannibals and the manners of swine.

If you glance over Rushley's shoulder five minutes later you will find him reading an editorial on the lack of rapid transit facilities.

So he moves on, day after day, feverish and palpitating, until dyspepsia and nervous exhaustion furnish him with rapid transit to a region beyond the city limits.

If this were a fable, a moral might be appended; but as it is a true story it can speak for itself.

G. E. Hanson.

A CRYING SHAME.

SHE: What makes you look so tired, John? Why, you seem to be all worn out!

HE: These leap-years are enough to make any one tired. I believe they are an infernal capitalistic invention.

SHE: Why, what's the matter with you?

HE: Here I've got to work twenty-nine days this February, and only get an ordinary month's pay.

MR. SWINBURNE has an article in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* to prove that Darwin wrote Tennyson.

Were we Mr. Swinburne, we would endeavor to prove that somebody else—Rider Haggard, for instance—was the author of so much of Swinburne as is contained in "Locrine, a Tragedy," which, by the way, as a literary effort, is a farce.

CARDINAL MANNING says that a starving man has a right to steal his neighbor's bread. Keep it up, your Eminence! The thirsty man has a right to steal his neighbor's whiskey; the unmarried man has the right to steal his neighbor's wife; the nagless man has a right to steal his neighbor's horse. The neighbor seems cut out for a hard time in this world, according to his Eminent Eminence's views.

The Doctor: HAVE YOU CALLED ON THE BUTLERS SINCE THE FAILURE?
Miss Newgold: NO. I THINK I SHALL HAVE TO SCRATCH THEM OFF. POOR MRS. BUTLER IS SO SENSITIVE THAT I HESITATE TO INTRUDE UPON HER IN HER TRIALS.

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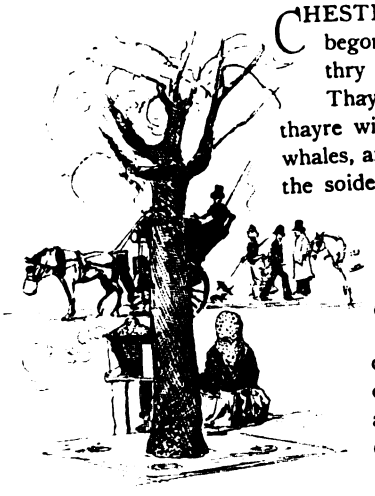
THE NEW VIEW OF THE HANSOM.



CHESTNUT VENDOR: Ah, begorry, phat a quare counthry this is, to be sure! Thayre's a gintleman over thayre wid an umbriller on two whales, and wid gash loights at the soide ov ut, and a hurse tu pull ut. Phat'll they be doin' nixt, I wondher, so I do.

"IS this Mr. Comstark?" asked a caller at the art censor's office. But there was no answer. The indecency of the name had reduced its owner to a shapeless mass.

SIR MORRELL MACKENZIE has been paid forty-three thousand dollars for attending the Crown Prince, and isn't certain whether it is a cancer.

If the Emperor would give Dr. M. $50,000, the distinguished physician might be able to make up his mind.

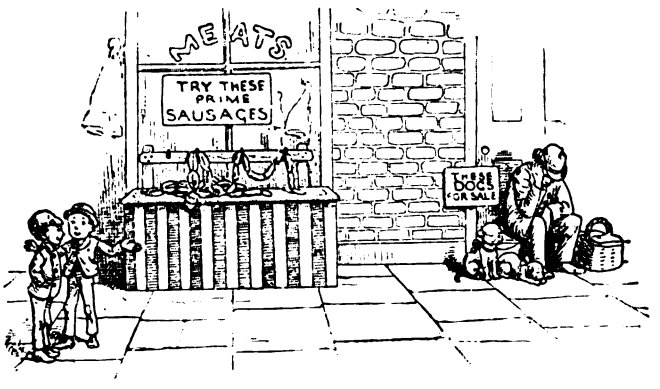
A COUNTRYWOMAN stopped in front of the bronze Leif statue in Boston a few days ago, and remarked, "Wal, I never! I didn't know Leif was a negro."

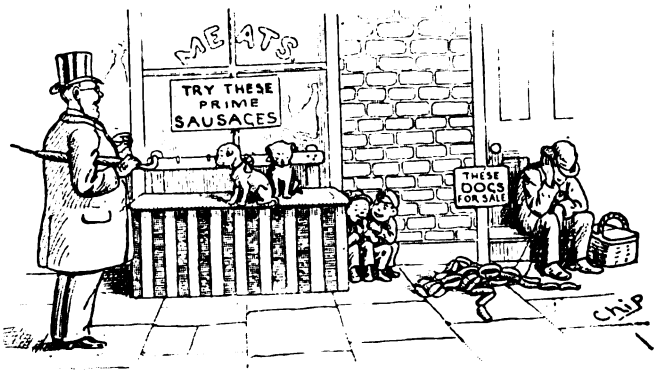
"He wasn't a negro," said her companion.

"Look at the color of him."

"That's sun-burn," was the response, and the old lady went away satisfied.

PRESTO!





TOO MUCH FOR HIS NERVES.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN A CHEAP EAST SIDE RESTAURANT, AND THE PARTY ON THE RIGHT HAS GIVEN THE WAITER, WHO HAS JUST FAINTED, AN ORDER FOR "QUAIL ON TOAST."

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

HOFFMAN! HOFFMAN!! HOFFMAN!!!

THE MANAGERS OF

THE BOY PRODIGY

Have arranged a series of Concerts for April 1st, as follows:

San Francisco,	6 A.M.	Pittsburgh,	2 P.M.
Denver, Col.,	7 "	Harrisburgh,	3 "
St. Louis,	8 "	Philadelphia,	4 "
Milwaukee,	10 "	New York,	5 "
Chicago,	12 M.	Boston,	6 "

At the Boston Concert, nothing but Funeral Music will be played.

Tickets for the Course, including R.R. and Undertaking Expenses, now on Sale.

OPINION OF AN EXPERT.

I have analyzed Josef Hoffman thoroughly and believe that, under the present judicious management, he is likely to live until the date of the above concert. I find no traces of disintegration of the musical tissues, and, barring a few fatigue bacteria, I warrant him to be sound. DR. SCOREMUS.

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THE STRICTEST CONFIDENCE.

DENTIST: Oh, madame may be perfectly easy in her mind. We dental surgeons always make a point of observing the strictest confidence. Only last week, for instance, I supplied Countess Pampmann and Baroness Borgheim with a complete set each, and not a soul living knows a word about it.—*Munchener Blatter.*

YOUNG MAN (*to editor*): What do you think I ought to get for the poem, sir?

EDITOR: You ought to get ten dollars—

YOUNG MAN (*overjoyed*): Oh, that is fully as much as I expected.

EDITOR: Yes; ten dollars or thirty days.

That was more than he expected.—*Epoch.*

To get an exact idea of the minimum rate of speed, send a Philadelphia messenger boy for a gallon of molasses in January.—*Epoch.*

DR. MCGLYNN accepted the purse raised for him. There was some doubt expressed that he might not be willing to take it; but the man who expressed the doubt was recaptured before he got very far from Ward's Island.—*Puck.*

PROUD FATHER: I believe, my dear, that that baby knows as much as I do.

MOTHER (*gazing at the infant*): Yes, poor little fellow.—*New York Sun.*

SOME OF MORITZ GOTTLIEB SAPHIR'S WIT.

"WHAT is the greatest miracle in the Bible?" Saphir asked a young lady at a party.

Without giving her time to reply, a forward coxcomb answered: "That Elias was not burned when he went to heaven in a chariot of fire."

"No," returned Saphir, "that Balaam's ass spoke before it was questioned."

SAPHIR was presented at a ball to an extremely haughty lady of rank, who remarked with a patronizing smile: "I believe, sir, I have already seen you somewhere."

"Very possibly," he replied, "I often go there."

"I WON'T make way for a fool!" cried an envious scribbler, on meeting Saphir in a narrow passage, where at first neither seemed disposed to give place.

"Oh, I will, with pleasure," replied Saphir stepping aside and bowing courteously.

"I WAS born on the very day that Goethe died," said a conceited author.

"Both events were a misfortune to German literature," commented Saphir.—*N. Y. Tribune*

A LAZY man at the state election sent over to a South Boston foundry to see if they could not cast his vote for him.—*Boston Bulletin.*

JIGGS: Miss D'Bonair has grown considerably since I saw her last winter.

WIGGS: How so?

JIGGS: When I saw her then her dress came way up to her neck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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"*Each new series is an improvement upon its predecessors. This number is a notably bright one.*"—*Denver Tribune-Republican.*

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Why were the Jews, especially their rulers, so stiff-necked?

(*Silence for a space of about three seconds*).

REFLECTIVE SMALL BOY: Why, because the high priest always wore a carbuncle.—*Puck.*

ONCE upon a time the Duke of Wellington, when accused of being an Irishman, made a stiff denial of the accusation. "But weren't you born in Ireland?" asked his accuser. "I was," replied his grace, "but if a man happened to be born in a stable, do you call him a horse? I am an Englishman!" cried the duke, "wherever I was born."—*Singapore Review.*

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DOCTOR BRADON, when he was rector of Etham, in Kent, one day preached from the text "Who art thou?" Just at the moment he announced it, a military subaltern of the neighboring post was walking up the aisle, and, hearing the question, he stopped, saluted, and said, "I am, sir, an officer of the Seventeenth Regiment of Foot, on a recruiting party here."—*Singapore Review.*

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THE DECADENCE OF FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS.

"I am getting very tired of five o'clock teas," said a lady of fashion to a friend. "Why?" inquired the friend; "because the reception part of the programme bores you?" "No," was the answer; "it is because the tea part of the programme bores me. I am getting tired of this everlasting tea drinking. A bright idea has just come to me, and you know there is nothing like a novelty for social success, I intend to introduce five o'clock chocolates. What do you say to that?" "I say to that that you are a genius; for there is nothing in this world equal to a good cup of chocolate. It is always refreshing, and it rests rather than excites the nerves. Your five o'clock chocolates will be the sensation and success of the season."

A STORY is told of the heroism displayed by a Kentucky colonel—a real colonel, who was out soldiering with the narrator. During the absence of the regimental surgeon one day the colonel was seized with a diligent discomfort in the region of the sword belt, and he was advised to drink a scoundrelly potion compounded of turpentine and water. He took it down with never a wink.

"How did you like it, sir?" asked the major, with mock solicitude.

"Bah!—it is nothing," said the hero of the performance as tranquilly as he would have described the loss of a leg by a cannon-shot: "I could drink it without the turpentine."—*Nashville American.*

IT'S five cents to go down the toboggan. Going up is ascent.—*New York Morning Journal.*

AT a table in a New York restaurant some one remarked: "He had no father, and he had no mother." "Self-made man," said a wit, sitting near-by.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

ON their arrival at New Zealand, a party of English people drank a toast to the vessel which had brought them safely to their destination. One of the gentlemen who was asked to join in the ceremony, replied: "No, I'm a teetotaller; but I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in." A friend disappeared and returned with a glass of water. After a complimentary apostrophe to the ship, the recipient tossed it off at once, but immediately sputtered, "Ugh—ah—oh—this is—oh—what—what in *materia medica* is this?" "That!" exclaimed his friend, "why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in."—*Calcutta Times.*

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"George Francis Train is as loony as a wild-cat on many subjects, no doubt," remarked a physician the other day, "but there is a good deal of method in his madness about one thing."

"What's that?"

"Shaking hands. I don't blame him for disliking promiscuous hand-shaking; it has many unpleasant features."

"What can you tell by the shake of a man's hand?"

"A good deal. Why, I can pick out the people in a crowd with whom I shake hands, who have kidney disease, and they don't know it!"

"I don't understand you. Do you pretend to say there is anything peculiar in their 'shake'?"

"No, not in the 'shake,' but in the 'feel' of the hand."

"Please explain what you mean."

"A hot dry hand shows inactivity of the skin. The skin is the third kidney. We sweat out as much water through the skin as we pass off through the kidneys."

"How much is that?"

"In health, several pints a day. In the summer we sweat more than in the winter, but in health there is a constant though invisible escape of moisture through the skin. In the palm of the hand, there are from two to three million little sweat pores. The sweat-glands are a great help to the kidneys, and when working healthfully in the summer, the kidneys can and do take a much-needed recreation. You can prove this, if you notice that you pass less fluids in summer than in winter, if skin and kidneys are healthy.

You will be surprised, if you shake hands with a company of people, to see how many hands feel hot and dry. Hadn't you noticed it?

"I don't think I have. But what can be done in such cases?"

Only one thing can be done, and that is to get the kidneys at work again by a very thorough course of treatment with Warner's safe cure, and giving yourself a sponge or wet cloth rubbing (with warm or cold water, whichever is the most agreeable) night and morning. Use only the best soap on the body in such cases. Indeed, soap isn't necessary oftener than once a week. Vigorous rubbing with a well wrung towel, followed by like rubbing with a dry warm towel is recommended.

Palmistry is a modern science that is quite a fad with fashionable people now-a-days, but there is a good deal more in it than the professional palm readers have yet found out.

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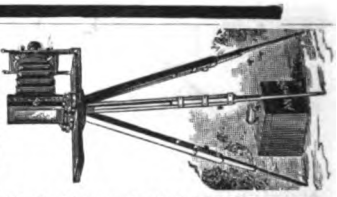

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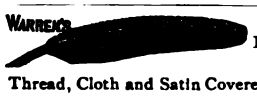
AN exchange has an article headed "How to Make a Japanese Fan." One good way would be to dress a Japanese in a buffalo-robe, put a mustard-plaster on his scalp, and then stand him over the register.—*Somerville Journal.*



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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

WINTER TRAVEL IN MONTANA.

Trapper: HELLO! WHERE ON AIRTH DID YOU COME FROM?

Apparition: JUST CLIMBED UP FROM THE PACIFIC EXPRESS DOWN BELOW. HOW FAR IS IT TO THE NEXT STATION?

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

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 2, 1888. No. 266.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

IT was impossible to read the account in the *Tribune* of the recent Yale dinner in this city, without gaining the impression that Yale College was an institution down in Connecticut somewhere, which was famous as having been at one time the home of Chauncey M. Depew. With one exception, every person at that dinner whose remarks were found worthy to be reported, made speeches about Mr. Depew, garnished and punctuated with side allusions to Yale. Even the venerable president of the college (all college presidents are venerable) devoted three words to Mr. Depew for every two that he spoke for his college. The sole exception to the rule of the evening was the After-Dinner Autocrat himself. He talked about the Yale fence, and Mayor Hewitt, and other public institutions, and told what a great college Yale was already, and how much greater it would be if it only had two or three millions more of endowment.

When Mr. Depew sat down the president of the college got up, and illustrated how a part is greater than the whole by his anecdotes of the president of the alumni association. Similar illustrations followed from General Husted, ex-Editor Brownley and Lawyer Wetmore, and they seemed to be continuing when the *Tribune's* reporter took his notes down to the Tall Tower to be put into type.

By a familiar figure of speech an eminent man is often described as "a host in himself." Let anyone who does not understand the full power of this expression make a feast somewhere, and invite to it the presidents, respectively, of the Central-Hudson Railroad, the Union League Club and the Yale Alumni Association. If his invitations are all accepted he will understand how it is that the centre of population in New York has shifted from below Fourteenth Street to above Forty-third since Mr. William Maxwell Evarts became senator.

* * *

THE phrase, "a simple Christian life," has been a by-word ever since Mayor Hewitt adopted it, and it would doubtless be hard to ring any change on it that would surprise its maker. And yet when the Mayor read of its adjustment in court to the career of Whyo Dan Driscoll by the District Attorney, the worthy man must have realized what depths of unconscious humor there were in his application of the expression.

* * *

THE esteemed Republican press still finds it difficult to determine whether the case of Lucifer or that of Daniel Webster is most effectively analogous to that of Mr. James Russell Lowell.

* * *

MANY a shaft has Mr. Curtis let fly from his sure retreat on Staten Island at New York society, but few of them have stuck in the target with a more gratifying quiver than the one shot from the last *Harper's*.

Rest assured, esteemed sir, that your warning has fallen upon at least one assortment of attentive ears. LIFE will not feel obliged to hire the whole of Delmonico's establishment when it gives its party, nor shall we be prevented from offering modest jugs of beer to our friends and constituents by any jealousy of Van Astorbilt Falernian.

And, on the other hand, dear Mr. Curtis, when Mr. Van Astorbilt hires two bands and a five-story building, and sends us word that the Falernian is warming, let us not be kept at home by any squeamishness about accepting better things than we can afford to give. "Next to winning," said F. X., "the best fun is losing;" in like manner we do modestly maintain that although it is more blessed to give than to receive, the satisfaction that comes of taking in, though second rate, is still worth experiencing, particularly when the experiment can be made with terrapin and canvas-back ducks. Let us be humbly thankful for the rich, and enjoy them as much as we can, and play with them whenever we can spare the time and our livers will let us.

As for corroding our souls because we cannot do what they can—why should the bellows grumble because it cannot bring forth a blizzard! Let it blow the fire and therewith be content.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS has written a letter about the substitution of electricity for the gallows as a means of capital punishment, but he has so adorned his sentiments with considerations of a satirical and humorous nature that it isn't quite clear what he wants. Sometimes we fear that Mr. Howells is confirmed in his frivolities, and incapable of dealing earnestly with serious matters.

It appears to this journal that the electric current does its work with more certainty and less fuss than the noose, and we shall be glad to see the legislature permit, if it does not enjoin, its use in executing criminals.

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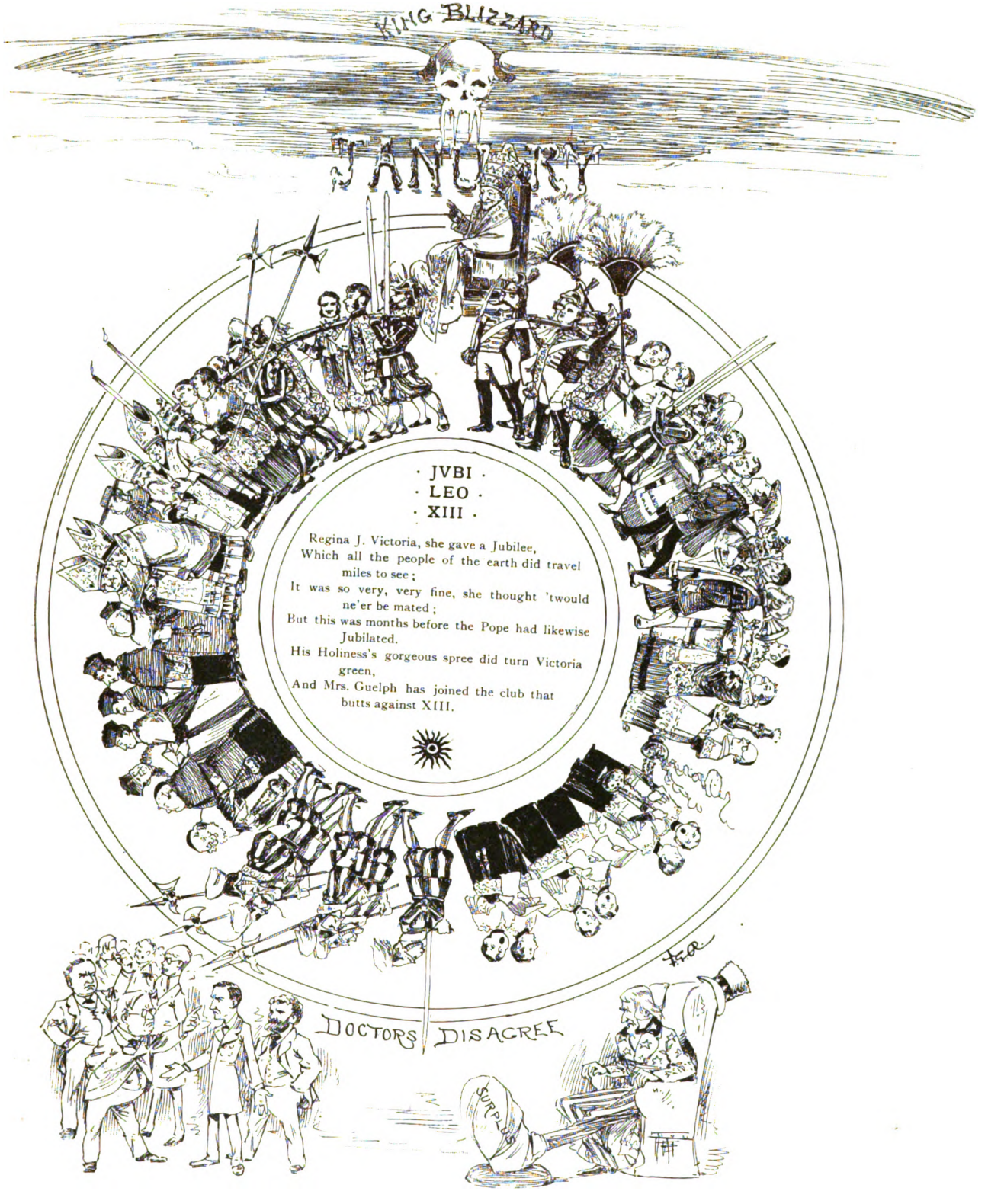

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OFFLEN DIHÖT.*

STADOLS gehert ridöm,
Jädi doliko askü;
Henä andöl fidöm,
Esek kipalz rastü.

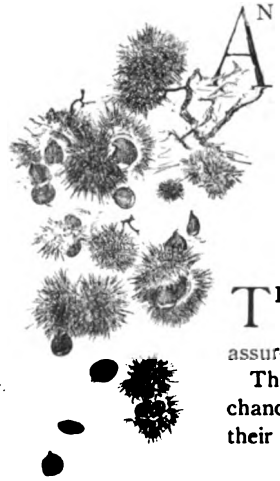
* This is not a Volapük poem, but it looks enough like one to settle the chances of that language with all lovers of the beautiful.

* * *

A NEW and popular cigar is named the "Our Bob," in honor of Mr. Ingersoll.

The compliment that it draws well is entirely overshadowed by the fact that it burns rapidly and leaves a very small amount of ash.

* * *



AN iron nut trust has been formed in Pennsylvania, but this will not interfere with the Chestnut Trust organized by our Mulberry Street contemporary.

* * *

MR. DEPEW'S name has been stricken off the Prohibition slate because he is such an ardent spirit.

* * *

THE Democratic as well as the Republican National Convention, should assuredly meet in New York.

This will give the country delegates a chance to nominate their candidates and get their "green goods" all at the same time.

* * *

IT is said to be the greatest disappointment of "Patriot" O'Brien's life that "bloody Balfour" let him live to get out of jail.

* * *

WHEN a widow is left "all for lawn," she comes naturally by her weeds.

* * *

LOCK BOX 343: By all means refuse to accept the proffered office of Lady Patron, unless you receive the committee's assurance that all the matrons will be gentlemen.

* * *

A RURAL contemporary alleges that New York newspaper men speak of interviewing Mayor Hewitt as "working the growler."

* * *

THE new universal language is pronounced Volahpeek.

If Chauncey Depew was a Volapük, would he hail from Pükskill?

THE Czar has granted a concession to an oil company to run a petroleum pipe from Batoum to Baku.

Russia is indeed a progressive nation, and every man, be he noble or ex-serf, will now be able to have his kerosene oil on tap.

* * *

QUEEN VICTORIA, who is the head of the Church of England—a lady Pope, as it were—is a staunch Presbyterian in Scotland. She never visits Ireland; but should she do so, she would doubtless be a devout Catholic.

It is well that Her Majesty does not visit any of her heathen domains, for the Queen of England posing as a pagan before an idol, would hardly be an edifying spectacle.

* * *

THE WOOL GROWERS' DEMAND FOR PROTECTION.

* * *

IT is more blessed to give than receive; but the woman who gives a reception, she is doubly blest.

* * *

DR. McGLYNN summons the sluggard to his Anti in the hope that he will join and ante up.

* * *

BEFORE going on the stage, Nate Salsbury was an artilleryman. Mr. Salsbury might be able to tell Shakespeare "what's in an aim."

* * *

IT is asserted that Maurice Barrymore was a lawyer before he became an actor. We are relieved; we thought he began life as a slugger, since he slugs better than he acts.

* * *

THE *Sun* says that Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" is a fitting climax to the Rhingold series. To look at its title, we imagine that the *Sun* is not far from right. "Götterdämmerung" is a long word, but it expresses the feelings of the average man after a Wagner opera.

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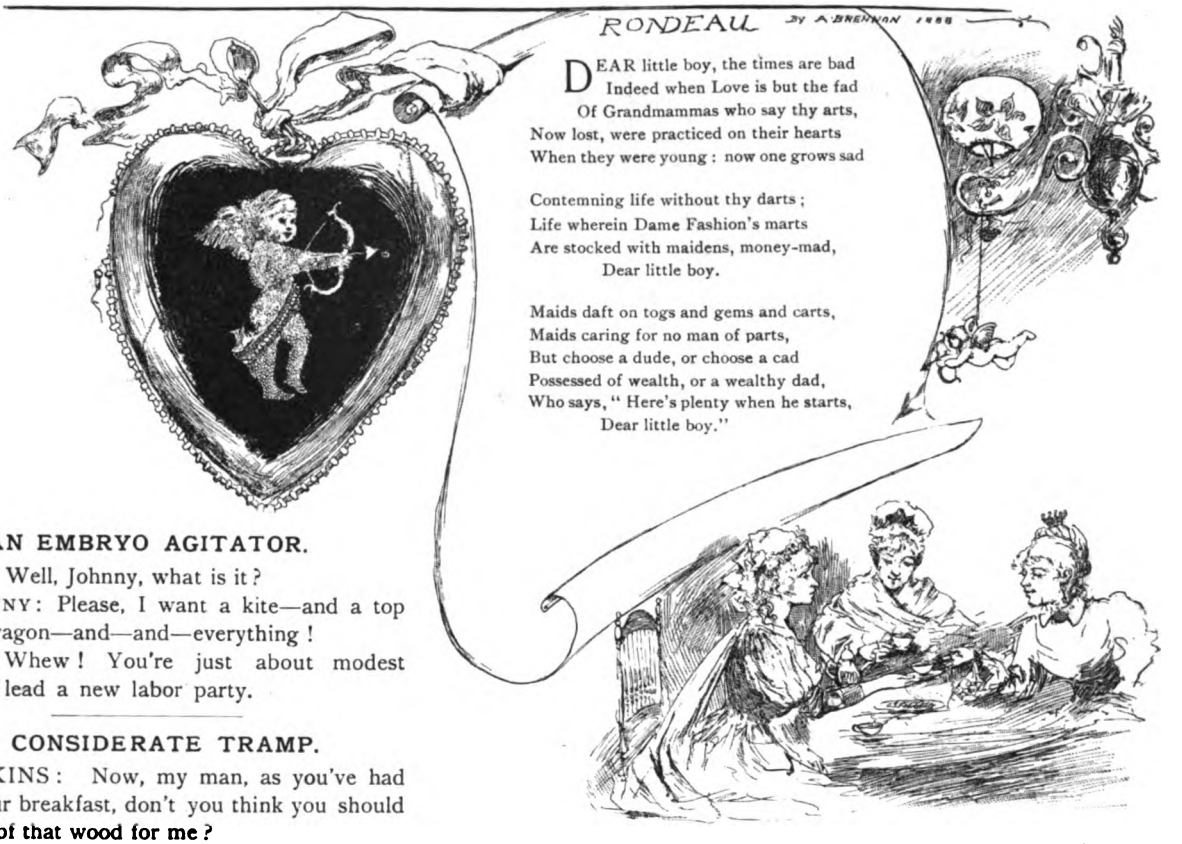

AN EMBRYO AGITATOR.

PAPA: Well, Johnny, what is it?

JOHNNY: Please, I want a kite—and a top—and a wagon—and—and—everything!

PAPA: Whew! You're just about modest enough to lead a new labor party.

A CONSIDERATE TRAMP.

HAWKINS: Now, my man, as you've had your breakfast, don't you think you should saw some of that wood for me?

TRAMP: Are you crazy, sir? I don't belong to the Wood Sawyers' Union, and surely you don't want to be boycotted for employing a "scab!"

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

WE beg to assure the *Commercial Advertiser* and Professor Boyesen of our most distinguished consideration. We second heartily their motion that foreigners who go through our public schools should come out Americans. We are distinctly tired of having them issue forth as Irishmen.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

IN a recent article in the *Mail and Express*, General Adam Badeau says:

"During the twelve years that I passed officially in England, no American minister dined with the Queen, except Mr. Pierrepont, and that was during the visit of General Grant. Reverdy Johnson, General Schenck, Mr. Motley, Mr. Welsh, all came and went, and never visited Windsor, except to present their credentials or their recall. Mr. Lowell may have been invited after I left the country, but this typical American courtier received no royal summons to dinner while I was in England."

We can only account for this on the ground that Her Majesty was afraid Mr. Lowell would bring Adam along with him. The Queen evidently knew Mr. Badeau's habits of turning out reading-matter by the yard, and objected to the garish glare of publicity.

Gallant Old Chappie (addressing lady whose figure has suddenly subsided): EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT I THINK YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR—AHEM—MUFF.

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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

SINCE inaugurating its Sing Sing edition, the *World* has suspended its New Jersey offshoot.

Even Pulitzer can't stand too much enterprise.

WHILE the present æsthetic-looking two-cent stamp is sold by the Post-office, Postmaster-General Dickinson must expect to find himself on a level with the "green goods" citizens of New York.

YALE is in need of $2,000,000. We hope Mr. Cleveland will get rid of the surplus before Mr. Depew enters the White House. Chauncey is such a loyal alumnus he might be carried away by his opportunities to help his Alma Mater out.

The General: LIEUTENANT FRASER HAS VOLUNTEERED TO LEAD THE EXPEDITION? WHY IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH! I THOUGHT HE WAS ONLY MARRIED ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO.

The Colonel: HE WAS, BUT HIS WIFE BELIEVES IN THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN, AND——

The General: OH, WELL; LET HIM GO THEN.

A LETTER.

January 31st, 1888.

To the Editor of the "Boston Globe:"

DEAR SIR—

WE have received your circular on the subject of pugilism, and would reply to your questions as follows:

1. What in our opinion is the reason for the great interest in pugilism and pugilists taken by the American and English people?

Ans. LIFE does not think the American people take a great interest in pugilism and pugilists. The fact that the newspapers of this land devote more space to pugilism and pugilists than they do to literature and literary men, to state and statesmen, to law and lawyers, to church and churchmen, does not indicate, to our mind, that the American people, as a people, are overwhelmed by the importance of pugilism as a science, any more than the devotion of a third of its space to murders, by the press, is indicative of a widespread regard among educated people for assassination as an art. The newspaper editors, reporters, sluggers and gentlemen of elegant leisure and gory tastes who are overwhelmed by the importance of this science and its devotees, are no more the people of America than the three tailors of Tooley Street were the people of England.

If the people of England do take a great interest in pugilism and pugilists, as is assumed by your question, we should say it was due to the fact that like attracts like, and the Englishman is attracted by nearly anything that is brutal, for the Briton is brutal in his sports, in politics, in business, in religion, in humor, and, we might add, out of humor.

And if the English like it, of course the American contingent need not base their admiration for it on reason.

2. What is the moral effect of pugilism upon young men?

This question cannot be answered, because the effect of it is not moral.

3. Do we think that boxing is a proper part of the physical training of young men?

We do. We even go so far as to agree with the philosopher who believed that barrelling was necessary for young men between the ages of two and twenty.

We would say, before closing, that while Messrs. Sullivan, Kilrain, Smith and other heroes of the prize-ring of to-day exist, we see no reasonable objection to their carrying on their honorable profession until they have knocked each other out, and it is LIFE'S opinion that the world can exist, and might even be improved, if all the two-legged brutes were permitted to slay each other. We hardly believe,

ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

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however, that because Homer sang of the great deeds of the Sullivans of old Grecian times, we should honor the Hon. J. L. Sullivan. The ancient Greeks did much that we are not called upon to do, and the Boston gentlemen who ventured on a defense of the Sullivan mania contending that the profession had ever been honorable in song and story, would be the first, doubtless, to castigate Briton's Laureate should he turn his muse into a sporting editor for the nonce and write a "Knocksley Hall" or a May Song with the refrain:

Oh! wake and call me early, mother dear,
For I'm to slug for the belt, mother,
I'm to slug for the belt.

Your's very truly, LIFE.

ANOTHER INDUSTRY DOWN.

"DE LESSEPS failed," quoth Mrs. Spriggins, throwing down the morning paper. "Dear me! I'd a thought there'd a been money enough in Panama hats to keep a man a-goin', even if he did have thirteen children. My, but that thirteen is an unlucky number!"

A DARWINIAN DITTY.

To Priscilla of Boston.

O MASSACHUSETTS maiden!
In Boston born and bred,
Whose little brain is laden
With language quick and dead,
Whose face boasts only beauty
That's born of intellect,
Hear this, and be your duty
To read and then reflect.

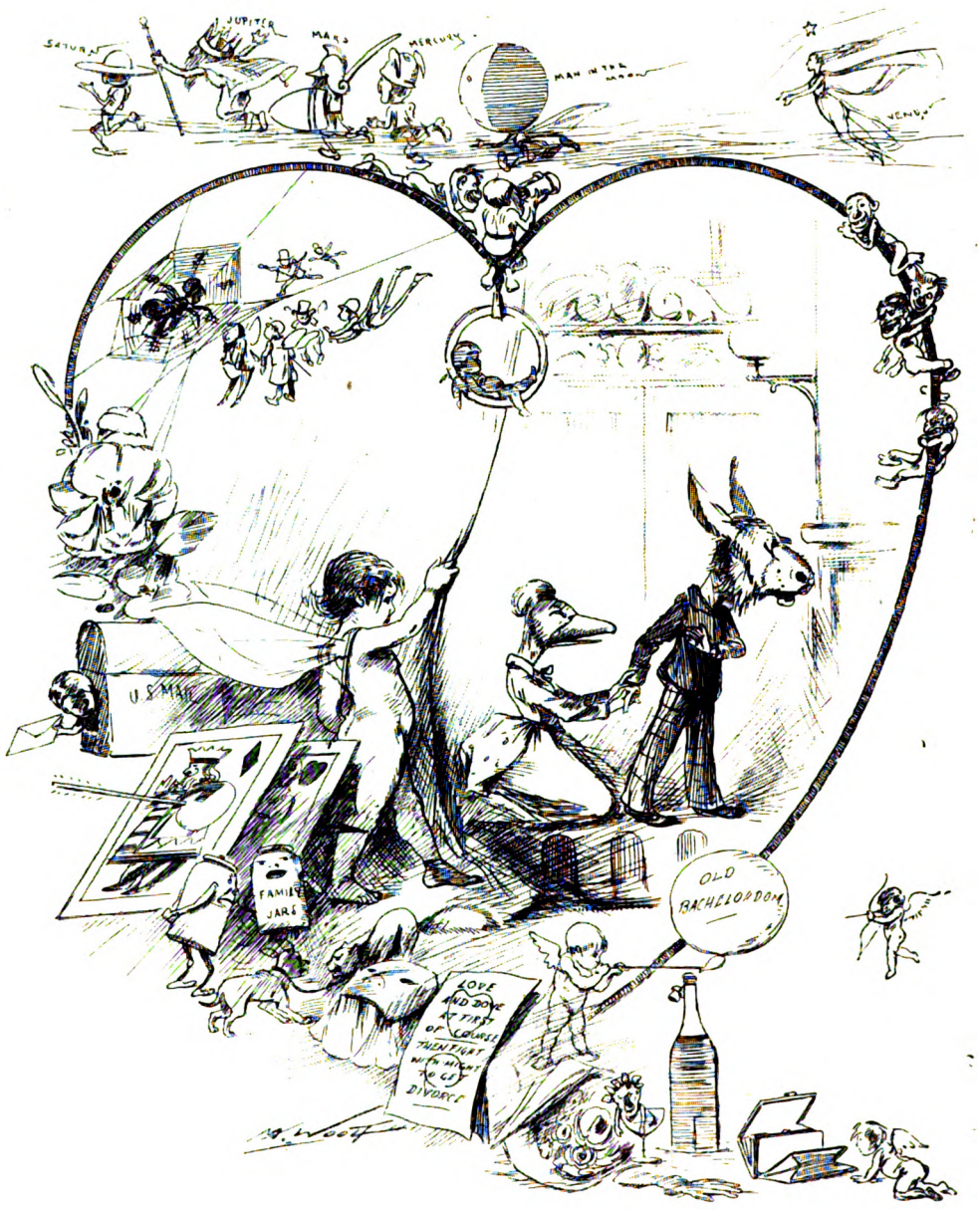
Taboo your clubs of Browning
And History a while,
They cultivate your frowning
And ostracize your smile;
Don't give your precious leisure
To Rome's "Decline and Fall,"—
Read that which gives you pleasure
Or do not read at all.

Be girl-like and be simple,
Else it is to be feared
Some future day your dimple
Will hide beneath a beard;
For Mr. Darwin's told you
Of man's queer origin,
And I may yet behold you
With beard upon your chin.

You'd better look about you—
Consult the calendar;
Man fain would live without you
Than with you as you are:
Put by your books *pro tem* and
Swim where it's not so deep,—
The men, consider them, and
Prepare yourself to leap!

Next year against you chances
Will be as ten to one;
For science take romances
And read your Tennyson.
Leap, and the gods will catch you
Before it is too late,
And find a man to match you
In 1888!

Idle Idyller.



A LEAP YEAR REVERIE.

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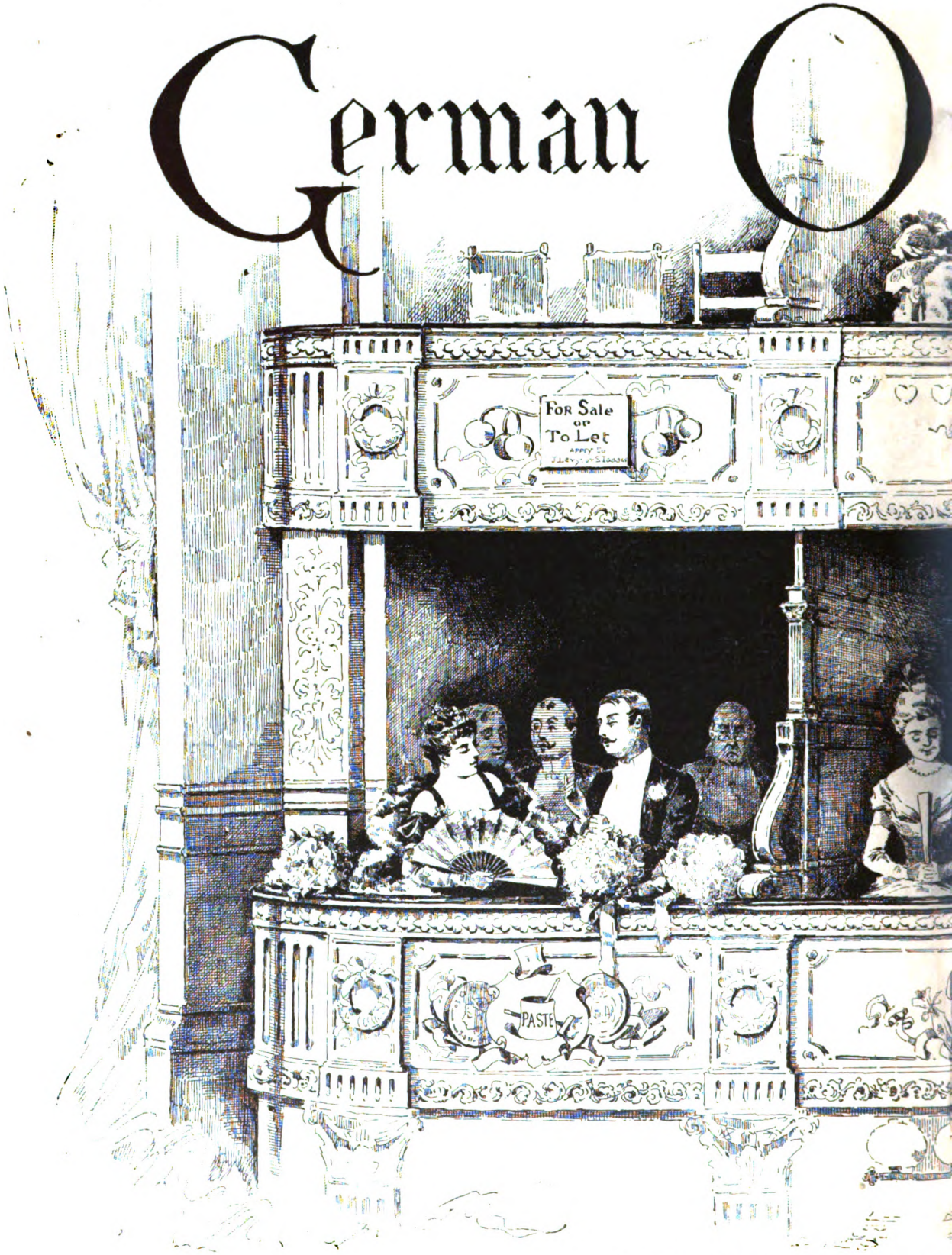
German O



THE REAL SHOW AT

GERMAN "MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE [GERMAN] BREAST," BU

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pera.

THE METROPOLITAN.

SEEMS TO HAVE A FEEBLE GRIP ON THE FASHIONABLE NEW YORKER.

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I BUOYED myself up for three hours the other night in the hope of discovering a little speck of vice, or just a dash of human imperfection in "L'Abbé Constantin," at Wallack's, but I was obliged to admit at the end of that time that the play has a construction of hopeless propriety, in which outrageously good young men, and atrociously perfect women were the attractions.

The hero is one of those young men whom you can imagine inveighing against the pernicious qualities of tobacco, and descanting upon the wonderful beverageous superiority of cold water. The heroine is one of the uninteresting girls who could not elude mamma's vigilance if they would, and who love uneventfully and unflirtatiously, to live happily ever afterwards.

"L'Abbé Constantin" has a pleasingly rural taste about it. It may be called a pastoral poem rather than a play, but for an evening's entertainment, you can take the poem, and I'll go and see the play.

There is nothing extraordinary in a good old abbé. All abbés are perfect. We know that. Why not picture *Father Constantin* as a nice racy old gentleman, about to end his days by making atonement for a naughty, sensational youth? And remember this, Mr. Clinton Stuart, adapter, we want just as little as possible about the atonement, and as much of the naughty, sensational youth as dramatic requirements suggest.

Spurn me with your foot, if you will. I can stand it. Say I am advocating immorality, if you like. I don't mind it, because it is not true. I maintain here, on this sheet of paper, that a play must have some human imperfections in it to succeed. I do not want vice to triumph, or anything of that sort. On the contrary, I want to see virtue ahead all the time, but I don't want it to win the race without a struggle, because I know that it cannot do it truthfully.

That *Jean* in "L'Abbé Constantin" is simply nauseating. A more odious young man it is not possible to imagine. Girls don't love such beings, my dear, good sir. They ought to do so, perhaps, but they don't. They laugh at them. *Suzanne*, however, as I have hinted, is not a girl, but a paragon of monstrous propriety.

"He has not a redeeming vice," remarked the young woman in LIFE the other day, referring to a male object of discussion. That is exactly what I say about "L'Abbé Constantin."

The play is admirably put upon the stage, and well cast. Mrs. Maurice Barrymore is excellent in her impersonation of a match-making mama. Mrs. Abbey is not a very engaging *Suzanne*. She is too piquant and vivacious to represent such a colorless being, whose sole exploit is going out in the rain in a long cloak and a pair of goloshes—extremely heroic, no doubt, but by no means dramatic.

Mrs. Osmond Tearle plays the rôle which Miss Coghlan refused, with a sagacity which only those who have seen the play can fully appreciate. Mr. Lovell, an English importation, appears as *Jean* (pronounced Jorn, Jarn and Jann). It was Mr. Lovell's first appearance in America. Oh, if it were only—no, I will not say it. It would be unkind.

John Gilbert gives an exquisite impersonation of the old abbé. The play is worth seeing on his account. No one else has anything very particular to do.

Alan Dale.

DAKOTA RAILROADING.

PASSENGER: It seems to me that we're a very long time in getting to Wildcat station.

CONDUCTOR: You forget, sir, that last night's blizzard blew it ten miles down the track.

A RECENT issue of a Philadelphia paper contained an account of Lord Nelson's love-making in 1798.

It beats all how quickly the Philadelphia papers get hold of news.

MR. CLEVELAND is quite happy in the knowledge that Presidential lightning has been known to strike twice in the same place.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

PERHAPS it was genuine—Peggy's emotion—
When only last summer I heard her deplore
My cynical sneering at woman's devotion
As something a man can believe in no more.

"Ah, sweetheart," she cried in a hot indignation
That flushed her young cheek and brought tears to her eyes,
"Do you think any offer of wealth or of station
Would tempt me your heart to betray and despise?"

But before the snow-flakes fell chill on the ivies,
Miss Peggy's high sentiments flew to the wind;
And here lie the cards for her marriage to Dives,
Who's eighty and gouty and weak in his mind!

M. E. W.

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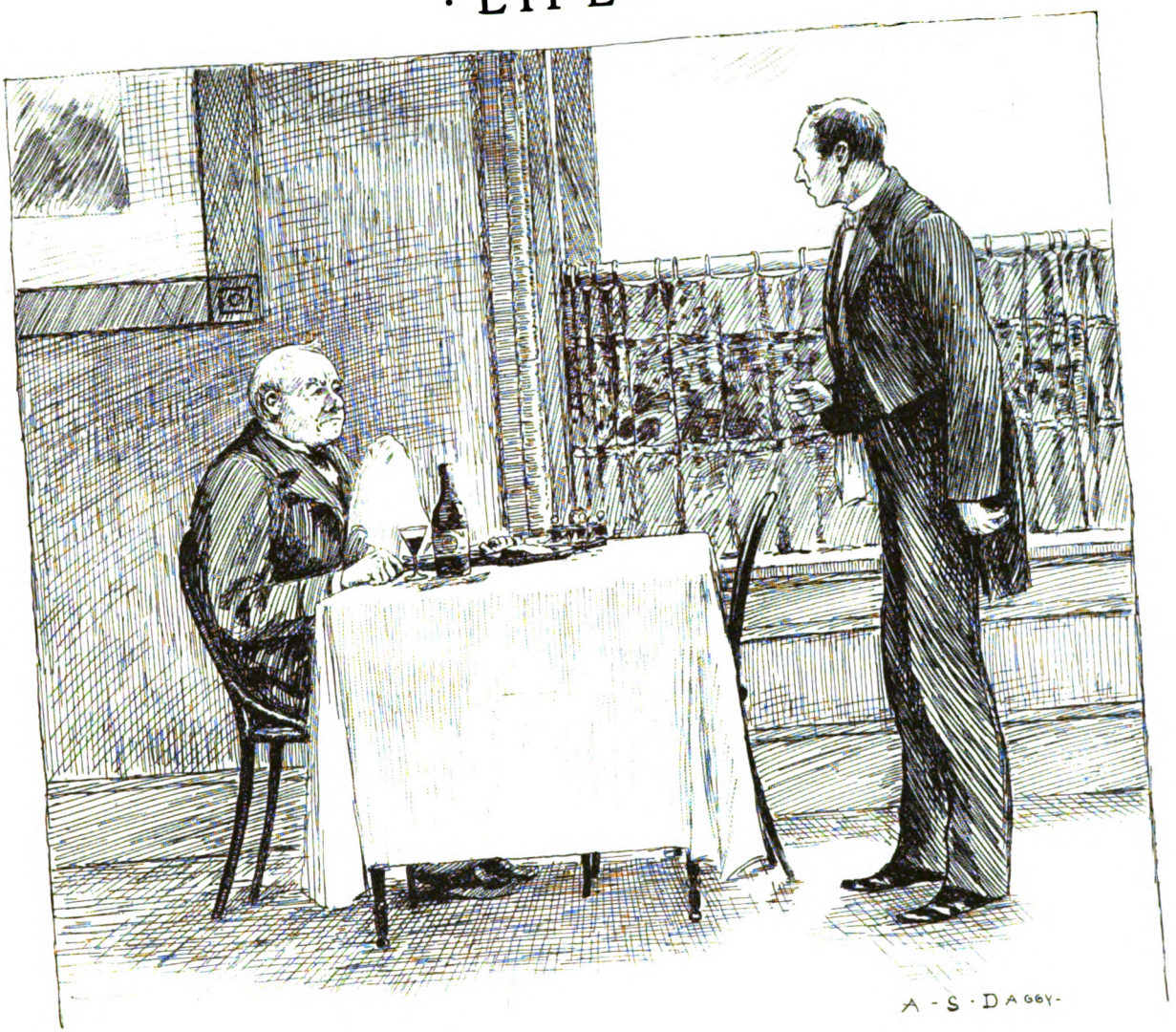

Distinguished Prohibitionist (*who occasionally takes a little claret as a tonic*): WAITER, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS WINE? IT'S THINNER THAN IT WAS LAST WEEK.

Waiter: SAME WINE, SIR. CHANGE MUST BE IN YOU, SIR. YOU KNOW AS HOW ONE GETS USED TO THE STRONGEST LIQUORS, SIR.

LIFE'S LETTER BOX.

I.

SANDRINGHAM, January 28, 1888.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I view with alarm the rapid accumulation of vexatious questions before your Majesty, which cannot fail to become a great burden to you in your increasing years. Can I not in some degree relieve you of the distasteful details of public station? Why not, dear mother, transfer the reins for twenty-five or thirty years to your devoted son, resuming them at the end of that time, should you see fit. Devote yourself to the grand-maternal duties of the household. Give your remaining years to Brother Battenberg and his offspring—live out your declining days in the innocuous and delightful desuetude which is a part of woman's sphere. I will willingly lay down the careless butterfly existence of Princeliness to assume the heavy burdens of a Regency, should your Majesty so desire.

Please answer by return mail. Your affectionate boy,

ALBERT EDWARD.

II.

WINDSOR, January 29, 1888.

MY DEAR BERTIE:

Your letter touched me. I cannot permit the young days of my beloved boy to be blighted by the heavy responsibilities of kingship.

I am good for two more Jubilees yet, my boy; so do not worry about your loving mother,

VICTORIA J. REGINA.

P.S.—If you would like to bring your friend Johnnie Sullivan here to lunch some day I would be very glad to have him. V. R.

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FROM HEADQUARTERS DIRECT.

Vassal (appearing suddenly and mysteriously): IT IS MR. COMSTOCK'S ORDERS THAT, HEREAFTER, CHILDREN MUST BE BATHED WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON.

III.

SING SING, January 21, 1888.

HON. J. PULITZER:

Sir,—I notice that you vainly offer your friend Mr. Charles A. Dananias $10,000 to call at your office for the purpose of investigating and swearing to your circulation. Should Mr. Dananias continue to ignore your offer, I beg to inform you that I shall be at liberty, after February 1st, to place my services at your disposal at largely reduced rates. Indeed, I will call at your office, investigate your circulation and swear to most anything daily for $5,000 per annum through all eternity, should you desire it.

I refer you to Messrs. Henry W. Jaehne, Gay W. Foster, Ferdinand Ward and others of your staff with whom I have been associated in governmental work for three years.

Respectfully yours,

J. W. WILKINS, Lock Box 42, Sing Sing-on-Hudson.

IV.

January 20, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I am a New York Society woman with large experience in the matter of surplus reduction. Should you desire my services in dealing with the rapidly accumulating millions in the Treasury, please address

MRS. XX, Care of *Life*.

V.

January 28, 1888.

HON. A. W. GREELY:

Dear Sir,—Recognizing your ability as an explorer and rescuer, I implore your aid in the unhappy situation in which I now find myself. I inadvertently crawled into a hole last autumn, and in a spasm of temporary insanity pulled the hole in after me, so that I am, to all intents and purposes, lost. Could you organize an expedition for my relief and, if I may use the term, retrieval? Answer care of the ex-Reverend McGlynn.

Your lost admirer, H-N-Y GE-RGE.

VI.

HON. MR. CLEVELAND:

Friend,—Thanks for your beautiful present. The Constitution of the United States forms most interesting reading, and goes well with my set of Rider Haggard and Clarke's Commentaries. Should you at any time attain to a fiftieth year in your present office, I shall be pleased to reciprocate your attention by sending you the blessing of

Yours truly,

LEO W. POPE, P. O. Box XIII., Rome.

SCRAPS.

IF our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, is right in saying that "literary property is not like any other, it is only the creature of the law, and the law which creates it limits its existence," we fail to see why some smart penman hasn't the right to rewrite Macaulay's Essays, "Paradise Lost," Byron, and some other "literary property" whose existence the law has terminated.

* * *

THE commander of the steamship *Ebro*, who did such effective work in the rescue of the passengers of the *W. A. Scholten*, recently wrecked in the Channel, is named Captain Skipper.

There seems to be a redundancy concealed somewhere on this gentleman's person.

* * *

WHEN an audience wishes to gaze upon Mrs. Potter simply as a beautiful woman, they look through the small end of the opera-glass; as an actress, she should be regarded through the large end.

MORNING.

EVENING.

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

FAMILIAR WITH THE LANGUAGE.

IRISH WOMAN (*to Chinaman in street car*): Shove yersilf ferninst the carnor wid yer blue shir-rt, ond give a leddy a chonce to set down, bad cess to yez!

CHINAMAN: Wow!

IRISH WOMAN: Can't yez talk English, ye yaller haythen?

CHINAMAN: If I couldn't talkee English muchee bettle old Ilish woman, yep, I shootee my glandmothle!—*N. Y. Sun.*

LET US HOPE SHE DIDN'T.

THEY were looking out to sea.

"How fierce and turbulent the ocean is to-night, George, dear," she said, drawing closer to him, "and how angrily it dashes up the waves against the shore!"

"Ah, yes, love," he gently responded, as he stole a protecting arm around the shrinking form of the timid girl, "somebody must be crossing it."

And a look came into her fair young face as, who should say, dare I intrust my future happiness to such a man?—*N. Y. Sun.*

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window, of a party of "waits."

"Four," was the reply.

"Divide that among you," said a voice, as a bucket of water fell, "like the gentle dew from heaven," on those beneath.—*Cairo Messenger.*

IN THE GLOAMING.

CHICAGO LADY (*to husband*): My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal to-day?

HUSBAND: Yes.

CHICAGO LADY: And my shoes?

HUSBAND: Yes; and (*peering out of the window*) there is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it has the coal or the shoes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

OLD LADY (*in drug-store*): How is this Persian powder to be applied?

CLERK (*absent-mindedly*): Give 'em a teaspoonful after each meal.—*Epoch.*

ARITHMETIC.

LAURA: So you are really engaged to him, dear? He is forty, you say, and you are twenty—just twice as old as you, love. Dear me, when you are forty he will be eighty!"

CLARA: Good gracious! I hadn't thought of that.—*Harper's Bazar.*

FRIEND (*to widow mourning her third husband*): I sympathize deeply with you, my dear Mrs. Hendricks, and was sorry not to be with you in your hour of affliction.

WIDOW (*sadly*): Ah, my friend, you don't know what it is to lose husbands.—*Accident News.*

MOTHER and daughter examining Christmas presents:

DAUGHTER: Are both of these boxes of candy different?

MOTHER: No; neither is alike.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THIS is how a politician got rather mixed just after an election: "Gentlemen, the renown of this glorious victory will re-echo in golden letters through the corridors of the river of time."—*Tit-Bits.*

DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in BALDNESS.

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ONE day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon, and said: "I couldn't find any switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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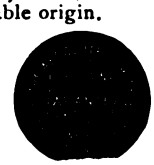

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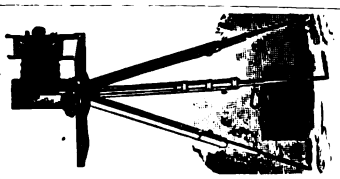

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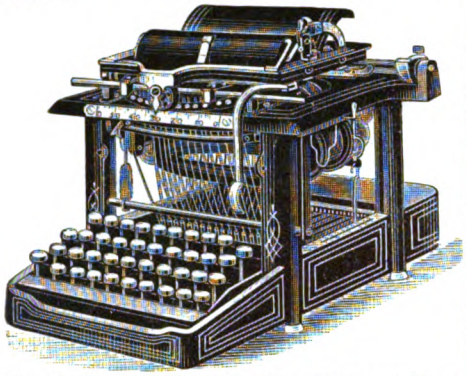

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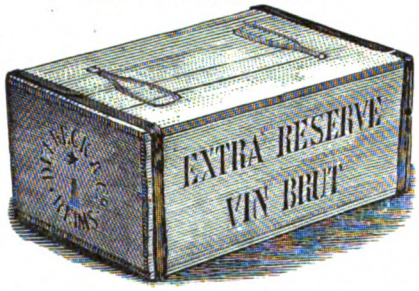

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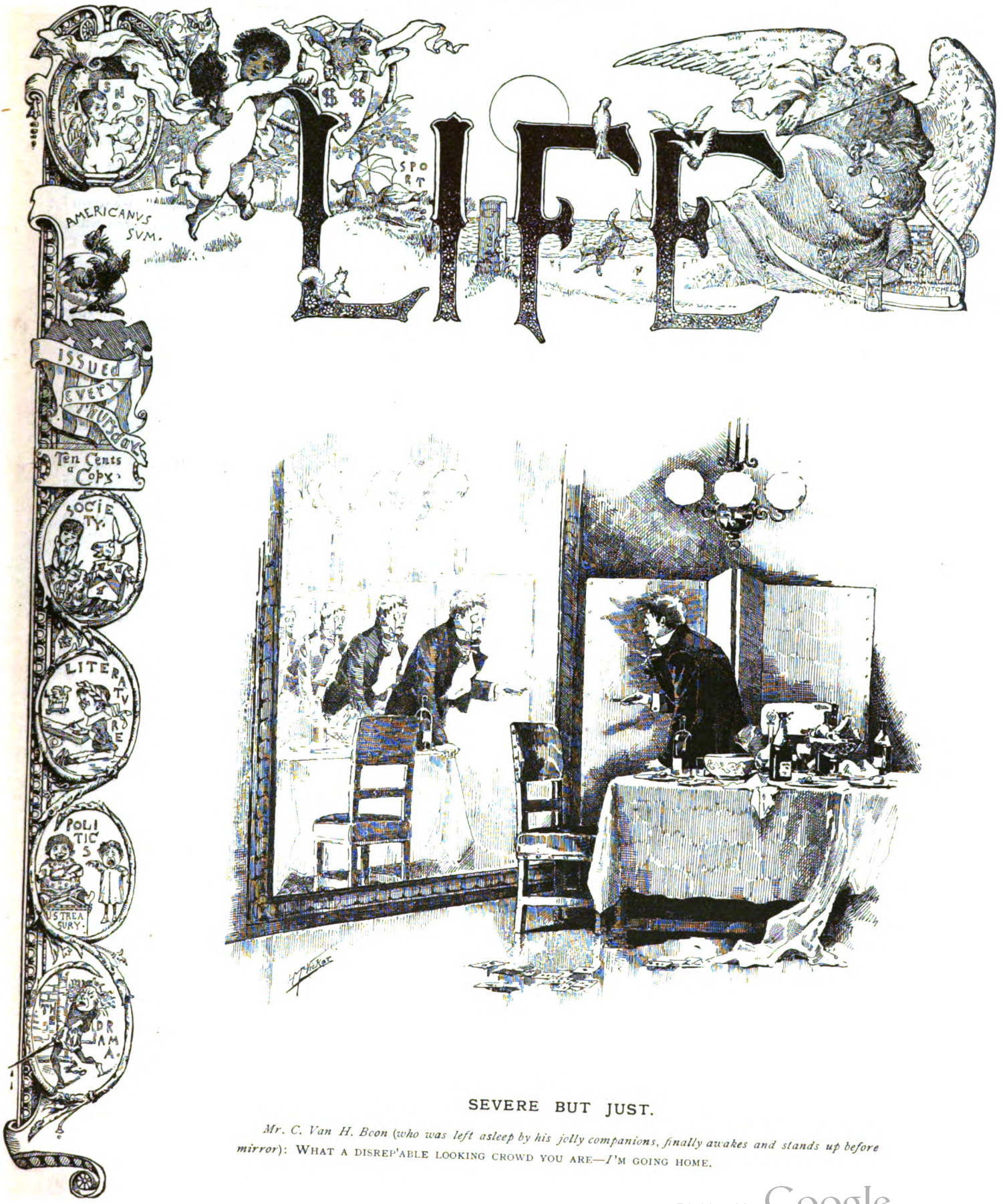

SEVERE BUT JUST.

Mr. C. Van H. Boon (who was left asleep by his jolly companions, finally awakes and stands up before mirror): WHAT A DISREP'ABLE LOOKING CROWD YOU ARE—*I'M* GOING HOME.

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

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 9, 1888. No. 267.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X. at regular rates.

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

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AND so, dear Mr. Depew, unwarned by what happened to Mr. Lowell last year, you have agreed to go out to Chicago and talk to the pork packers on George Washington's birthday!

Sir, you are bold. LIFE is almost as unwilling to advertise your crowding reputation as though you were a patent medicine, or Mr. Howells, or even Mrs. J—— ——— ——r herself; but you compel attention. Look out, sir! That little bronchial hesitation you have developed is a good move. Stick to it! Aristides wearied the Athenians because he was so irrepressibly just. Look out that the Americans do not get tired of you because you are so invariably felicitous. Consider if it would not be a prudent move for you to break down at Chicago, and so bring a touch of variety into your record.

Sir, how have you the assurance to hope that you will succeed in pleasing a fastidious audience that Dr. Lowell so signally failed to satisfy? Where Mr. Lowell fell in the ice was pretty thin; do you think it is stronger now, or do you hope it will hold you up because you are so much lighter than he?

* * *

THEY'RE mighty particular out there, Doctor; and only think how much you risk with them. There's Phil Armour; fail to please him, and every beef he ships hereafter may go East over the Pennsylvania line. There's Sir George M. Pullman; handle him the least bit wrong and how many fresh lawyers do you suppose he will hire to defend his patent on the vestibule trains? There's Wirt Dexter; don't imagine you can work off anything but first-class eloquence on him. Wirt has often been to New York, and knows Delmonico's as intimately as he knows Mr. Lowell. He might live here if he chose, but he prefers Chicago. Sir George would give him a whole car to go East in at any time, and Mr. Armour would pay him handsomely to go and settle in Boston, but he won't. He is one of the men who make Chicago a crowded place. Be very kind to Wirt Dexter, Mr. Depew.

Carter Harrison is out of town, traveling in southeastern Asia, in countries which have no extradition treaties with the United States, and McGarrigle is still away, also; but Colonel Field will be there, and oh, Doctor, have a care of Colonel Field!

* * *

THERE'S one thing, sir, that's in your favor. If you should have a thin house and the expenses should exceed the receipts, or if Mr. Dexter or Sir George should come around to your hotel after the performance with a mob to make it hot for you, or if Mr. Armour should pack the hall, or if for any reason you should want to leave town, not so much with ceremony as with unobtrusive speed, you can do it. In any case you will not have to walk home. Your retreat will be open (barring blizzards), and for all practical purposes you own the road. In that respect you have the best outfit of any man who ever lectured before the George Washington Society of Chicago. If Mr. Lowell had had your plant at his disposal last year, never an egg would have reached him.

Tell the driver to keep his water "bilin" and to wait. Tell him you can't tell when you will wish to start. Read him the parable about the wise virgins, and suggest that when you come you want to find him looking out of the cab window, with steam up and his hand on the throttle. You will get home all right, dear sir, if you only take proper precautions.

But if you *should* return in one of Mr. Armour's refrigerator-cars, rest assured that we will all go within as many blocks of your funeral as the aggregation of your employes and intimate associates will suffer us to approach, and that Mayor Hewitt will not only demand epistolary satisfaction of the authorities of Chicago, but will take the contract for himself and Inspector Williams to deliver the Birthday oration in that city next year.

* * *

A NEWSPAPER story last week recorded the narrow escape of Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, and Dr. McVickar, of Philadelphia, from being run over by the cars. The story goes that a carriage which they and two other persons occupied was tossed a considerable distance by a locomotive.

LIFE is privately advised of the inherent improbability of the tale. We have seen Dr. Brooks, and, being informed that Dr. McVickar is of almost equal tonnage, we are disposed to concur in the opinion that if a locomotive ran into a carriage occupied by these eminent gentlemen, the result would be—not a carriage catastrophe, but a railroad accident.

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OUR ADVICE.

MR. EATON AND YALE COLLEGE.

MR. D. CADY EATON, having made serious charges against the undergraduates of Yale in effect that a "greed for gain actuates them in all their dealings with college enterprises," has called forth a series of dignified responses from men better calculated than himself to know whereof they speak.

Our candid opinion is, as it was when we read Mr. Eaton's letter in the *Tribune*, that that gentleman has written himself down a decided Dogberry.

A SOCIAL item in the *Tribune* asserted that Mrs. Blank, of Fifth Avenue, invited twelve friends to dine with her on Tuesday evening, but by some reprehensible oversight, neglects to say whether the friends went or not.

Is it right to leave the public in this maddening suspense?

THE Arion Society is ostensibly devoted to music, Herr Puffendorf, but in reality it is a ball club—and such balls! They would turn your Herr gray in a night!

COULD YOU?

LADY with the shining hair,
Holding all the charms and graces,
Stately, kind, and passing fair,
Could you wash the children's faces?

When the rosy morning bright
Paints with gold each roof and spire,
Banishing the shades of night,
Could you start the kitchen fire?

O'er the fields with thee I wander,
Summer's glory overhead;
Charmed, I all thy virtues ponder,—
But could—ah, could you make good bread?

Eyes so deeply, truly tender,
Clear as water in a pool,
Answer my heart's importuning,—
Have you been to cooking school?

Helen M. Winslow.

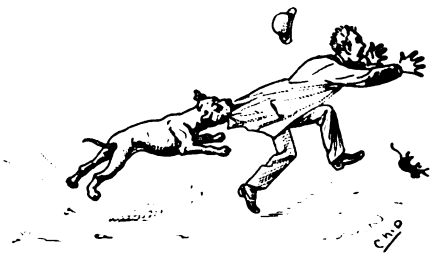
PHILADELPHIA may be slower than a lame snail in a molasses jug, but in the matter of throwing humbug moralists out of court, the Quaker City is a marvel of celerity.

IT begins to be quite clear why the strong-minded women of this land are in favor of the divided skirt.

Belva Lockwood could run better next election in a pair of petticoats than in the ordinary skirt of commerce.

A SHORT LESSON.

PREFIX—to put before a thing.



SUFFIX: Latin, *fixum*—to fix on, to add to the end.

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PISCES.

WHEN the mercury skips between A and Izzard ;
When the land is possessed in toto by the blizzard ;
When the cost of a ton of the anthracite fuel
Brings the blush to the cheek of a bond or a jewel ;
When a string of soft coal 'bout the neck of our girls
Would cost quite as much as a necklace of pearls ;
When we wear Arctic shoes, well spiked in the heel,
As over the highways we warily steal ;
When we strive to retain our perpendicular,
And contract the sniffles in a cold surface car ;
When the cigarette vile becomes a cubeb—
The sensible man is aware it is Feb.

* * *

GOOD for you, Mr. Gerry! LIFE wishes you a happy Valentine's day, and many of them. Keep your eye on Hoffman, senior, and see that the marvelous little musician is allowed his full measure of the happiness and rest of childhood.

* * *

LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

* * *

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

IT was fast approaching midnight.

John Adolphus Wiggins had been detained down town at his office balancing his January accounts.

Through the narrow defile of Wall Street the wind blew fitfully, and ever and anon the big brazen bell in Trinity steeple would clang out the hour.

As the last peal of eleven died away with a low moan in the neighborhood of the Mills building, John Adolphus closed the cover of his ledger, put on his overcoat, turned off the gas and walked out into the night.

Arrived on the street he inwardly shuddered, as the night was dark and the contrast between the Wall Street of midday and of this hour was as the difference between the quick and the dead.

As if to assure himself that he was not of the latter, John Adolphus was by no means slow to reach Broadway, where he paused for a moment in the flickering glare of the electric light to ignite his cigarette and throw away the piece of tutti frutti chewing-gum whose society had cheered him in his lonely vigil over his day-book.

Suddenly, even as he stood there, there came a low ominous rumble which seemed at first like some belated stage of the olden time; but to John Adolphus it was evident, upon mature reflection, that it was not a stage, for the stages no longer ran.

"Can it be," quoth he, as the dreadful sound grew fainter and fainter until it was lost in the grassy slopes of Bowling Green—"can it be that we are besieged? Is Joe Chamberlain a farce, and is one of Britain's thunderers even now below the Hook with her dread engines of death belching forth fire and sheet-iron upon our devoted heads?"

The very thought was so appalling to John Adolphus Wiggins that, with a furtive glance toward the starry heavens, he raised his umbrella as if to ward off the cannon-balls.

Again the low rumbling roar was wafted on a Southern breeze—this time less like the booming of guns, John Adolphus thought.

"A cataclysm, vast and awful, has shaken our fair city to its deepest depths," quoth he—and then, with rare presence of mind, he ran hastily across the street and vaulted the iron barriers which keep the gaping crowd from desecrating the sacred resting-place of Trinity's dead.

"If it be a cataclysm," thought he, "I must place myself beyond the reach of the United Bank, Equitable and Mortimer buildings. If any one of those massive piles should fall upon this mortal body, LIFE, however deserving, bright, able and alert, would become extinct. What can this disturbance mean? Is the day of judgment at hand? Can it be possible that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah has overtaken this city, with Gould not in it? Nay, nay, it cannot be—but hist, there is yon policeman. I'll question him."

And John Adolphus Wiggins, acting upon this resolution, revaulted the iron fence of the churchyard and, assuming a bold front, walked to the protector of the Municipal peace and put the question:

"What is this awful rumbling—this echo of Pompeian havoc—this Vesuvian eruption of sound—this tremulous shakiness of the atmosphere?"

And with a long, low smile, the Member of the Force leaned over to John Adolphus Wiggins and whispered gently in his ear:

"They're giving the 'Götterdämmerung' at the Metropolitan."

And then John Adolphus Wiggins, remembering that it was Friday evening, wondered why he had not thought of that before.

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PLUTUS VERSUS CUPID.

SHE was a modern Juliet,
Whom Romeo was wooing;
Though they had less ado to get
Their billing and their cooing.

He didn't scale a garden-wall,
Nor sigh, nor look demented,
Nor vow she was his all-in-all,
And tease till she relented.

I blush for him; it would be so
In any book or story,
And then her pa would tell him "Go!"
Then death—in search of glory.

But not so he. Upon my life,
His point the rascal carried:
"I'm worth a million; be my wife,"
Said he—and now they're married!

A. E. Hoyt.

A BEAUTIFUL CASE.

PATIENT (*who has met with an accident*): Is it a bad fracture, doctor?

DOCTOR (*a surgical enthusiast*): Bad? Why, it's beautiful, sir, beautiful! The bone is broken in not less than thirteen places!

A GREAT UPRISING.

FELLOW CITIZENS! The time will soon arrive, if it ain't already arrove, when this mad craze for soap which has seized upon the people and is sweepin' the length and breadth of the land, bringin' desolation to our once happy homes, will have to be met by vigorous and determined action.

Fellow citizens! Ef sunthin' of this sort ain't done we shall be washed out of existence, or go about without no skin like a roar beefsteak. Fellow citizens! To be sperimented on by every noo brand of soap robs life of all its charms and makes existence itself unin-doo-ra-bull! I hev spoke.

Chollie: BUT DON'T YOU THINK THEY'RE A LITTLE-ER LOUD, ISAACSENS?
Isaacsens: LOUT! LOUT! DAT WAS DER BUDY OF DOSE CLODINGS. DEY SHPEAK RIDE OUT FOR DEMSELFES.

THOSE "NICKEL" MACHINES.

BAGLEY: I wonder why this infernal beggar is always waiting on the corner as I come out of the office?

GAGLEY: He wants you to drop a nickel, so you can see him go.

A PRUDENT COAL DEALER.

GAGLEY: By Jove, Skinnem, I can't see why you don't keep your office warmer.

SKINNEM: Can't afford to; coal's too high.

GAGLEY: But it's just the same when coal is cheap.

SKINNEM: Oh, I don't make anything then, and have to economize.

JUDGING from the veracity of recent European news, despatches should be known as "cabal messages," or the mails should be sent by the Canard Line.

DRAMATIC NOTE.

MAGGIE MITCHELL appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, last week. Miss Mitchell is becoming so sensitive that she refused to play at the Chestnut.

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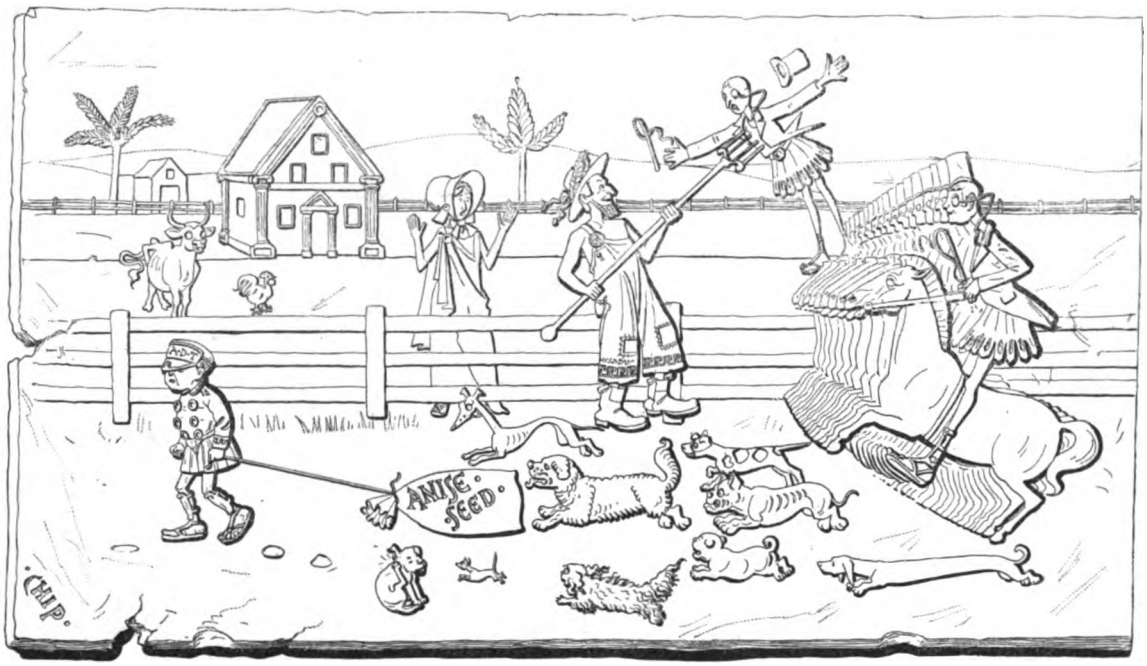

HUNTING THE FOX IN AMERICA.

BOOKISHNESS

A WORD FOR THE MILLIONAIRE.

THE author of the over-praised "Story of Margaret Kent," and an under-done novel of Philadelphia, called "Sons and Daughters," has been sufficiently encouraged to make a third literary venture—"Queen Money" (Ticknor & Co.). This story is filled with those generalizations about life which women so readily manufacture, not from experience, but from rumor and intuition. These assertions deceive no one, except those who are equally inexperienced. A tolerably well-read man is amused by such a novel very much as he is by the prattle of a bright and pretty girl. He knows it is nonsense—but it is delightful nonsense.

Men are accustomed to go through life bravely deceiving themselves, and often shutting their eyes to truth which reason has clearly revealed, because of a pretty woman. There is a certain chivalry in this for which modern men are not sufficiently praised. The knight of old fearlessly broke his lance to win a woman's smile, but the knight of to-day splinters truth and stifles many an honest conviction out of respect to his lady's whims, which she is pleased to call her "conscience!"

* * *

IN this novel, "Queen Money," we are given a woman's idea of the race for wealth in New York. To her, this whole beautiful game is heartless, vulgar, dishonest; the millionaire is a braggart, or a rogue; a fashionable ball is only a bazaar where diamonds and lovely shoulders are displayed, and married women flirt. Of course, all this is an echo of the tone of pulpit and press toward the rich American.

Well, as a rule, the rich American is a very sensible kind of man; that is why he is rich, for he seldom inherits his money. He made his start on the road away from poverty by the exercise of certain simple virtues, such as industry, economy and good-humor. It is not to be denied that when he has once made a fair start he generally speculates rashly, to the disadvantage of his more ignorant fellowmen, or to his own disadvantage, if the balance of ignorance is on his side. He always takes that chance complacently.

* * *

FRANKLY, now, Is not the successful American a fine type of man? Is there not less of the snob about him than among his poor relations? When he really carries out his little scheme to a successful issue he becomes placid, rotund, generous. Hundreds of him, every year, give thousands of dollars for free libraries, etc., in the towns where they were once poor boys. You generally find the rich American looking after the old folks and the boys and girls of his family. He may be a little narrow in his views and a good deal of a Philistine, but he has an honest admiration for culture and art that he thinks *genuine*. Indeed, his admiration for these things is so great that he is frequently taken in, through innocence, by spurious types from over the water.

* * *

SO it happens that the tremendous amount of satire which writers are heaping on "millionaires," is a sheer waste of energy. It is inspired by envy rather than by righteousness. While the disappointed "literary man" is debating whether life is worth living, and satirizing his wealthy neighbors, the latter are enjoying life bravely, and helping others along the way. There is more generosity shown about a banker's office in a day than in most newspaper offices during a year. The press is only generous in advice. Nobody ever read of a newspaper office-boy becoming a millionaire, but it is said to be the common thing in brokers' offices.

* * *

THERE are a great many things to be set down to the credit of the New York millionaire. He never imagines himself a "literary centre," and talks about "atmosphere," "tone," and "spirit:" when he gives an entertainment he expects his guests to have a good time, and not to talk solemn nonsense; he never asks his wife and children to listen to his own poetry by way of substitute for a good, square meal; and, finally, he is not a common scold! He adds to the sum of human comfort and happiness, Jove bless him! *Droch.*

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A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME FRIEZE.

NEW BOOKS

MONA'S CHOICE. By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series, No. 211. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Snatched from the Poor-House. By N. J. Clodfelter. Philadelphia T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The Death of Roland. An Epic Poem. By John Frederick Rowbotham. London: Trübner & Co.

Looking Backward 2000-1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Queen Money. By the Author of the "Story of Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Plea for the Training of the Hand. By D. C. Gilman, LL.D. *Manual Training and the Public School.* By H. H. Belfield, Ph.D. Monographs of the Industrial Education Association. Edited by Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph.D. New York: Industrial Education Association.

Memoirs of Fleeming Jenkin. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. From the best English and German editions. Illustrated. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Letters, Sentences and Maxims. By Lord Chesterfield, with a Critical Essay by C. A. Saint-Beuve. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Second Son. A Novel by M. O. W. Oliphant and T. B. Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Phyllis of the Sierras and *A Drift from Redwood Camp.* By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Minon. A Tale of Love and Intrigue. By Frederick W. Pearson. New York: The Welles Publishing Co.

The Tobacco Plug and Cigar. By J. C. Wellcome. Yarmouth: J. C. Wellcome.

The Art Review. December. New York: Geo. F. Kelby.

UNITY is the name of the Unitarian organ.

Tuneity would be a more appropriate name for an organ, but all religious editors are more or less unreasonable.

Father: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A BOY THAT THROWS A BANANA SKIN ON THE SIDEWALK?

Son: I DON'T KNOW. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A BANANA SKIN THAT THROWS A MAN ON THE SIDEWALK?

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LEAP YEAR

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ANENT "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAME."

HELLO!

Yes.

I want William Shakespeare.

He's engaged.

I must have him!

You can't! He has just sat down to a little supper with some friends.

I must have him. Tell him it's LIFE!

[*A Pause.*]

What ho, there!

Who is it?

Mr. Shakespeare.

Good! I salute you.

Who may you be?

LIFE.

Ah! 'tis thou, Jovial Friend. What would'st thou?

Tell me, immortal one, were you in New York this night for the grand revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream?"

Ay, I was there.

I didn't see you.

Marry! why should you? Would you see a thought after 'tis uttered? Would you put clothing on a memory and have it fill a bench in the Play House?

I suppose not. But what did you think of it?

Out on thee, man! I wrote it myself. Methinks thy wit hath a dull edge this morning.

I mean the presentation of it.

Marvelous. The sailing of the barge of Theseus back to Athens is a fine exploit; a thing of exquisite beauty. The play itself is fairly good——

I should smile.

At what?

Excuse me. I used a slang expression. You were saying?

That the play hath merit, but is less suited to these finished actors than certain other of my works. Rare Daly! He hath a wide ambition, and, what most avails him, the wit to bring about his ends.

I shall tell him what you say.

Then add more to 't. Tell him the play hath never been so fairly shown. Convey to him my warmest thanks, for 'twas a kindly act to bring it forth with such a pomp and color, and never lose withal the scholar's finer sense.

Was the wording of the play to suit you?

'Twas fair. A surfeit of purity, perchance.

A surfeit of purity?

The piece was written in a rougher age, for healthier stomachs. These things of mine are pruned and purified to flow like syrup down the throats of maids. Times are changed. When the umbrella usurps the sword, 'tis fit that poets pipe in gentler key.

Methinks I feel a sting in your words.

What boots it? When veins run water there is—— 'Tis well. I come.

What?

Excuse me. I was interrupted. I must away, dear friend; the supper waits.

Stay a moment. Did not the actors suit you?

Those players do all things well. More finished artists of nicer judgment and subtler comprehension are not among you. But Arab steeds can haul a circus cart no better than brutes of coarser stuff.

You mean such actors are wasted on such a play?

Something of that color.

You are modest. And yet I will confess there are scarce a dozen playwrights in this town whose fame is greater than your own. Of course I do not speak of Boston. There are among us certain ones who think this play shows greater talent even than our own productions. The play is certainly a good one.

Yes, for reading. But the times and it have pulled apart. It fits but ill the fancies of your actors. But I must off. My friends are clamorous.

Well, good-bye!

Good-bye!

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MME. MODJESKA is with us again, with a well chosen company of artists and an attractive selection of plays from her repertoire. "Camille," "As You Like It," "Dona Diana" and "Cymbeline" were the attractions last week, which was a red-letter week in the annals of Shakespearean revival. It is not often that the theatre-going public are offered an opportunity of choosing between three of Shakespeare's most charming efforts; and that Madame Modjeska and Mr. Daly have seen fit to produce "Cymbeline," "As You Like It," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," shows that the intelligence of the public is not underrated by them, at least.

Modjeska's popularity is assuredly attested by her ability to draw a house full of intellectual people in so unpleasant and threadbare a drama as "Camille." We are distinctly tired of this depressing exhibition of weak-kneed virtue and heart-rending suffering, and frequently indulge the hope, after seeing *Camille* die, that she will stay dead through all eternity. It is time *Camille* was buried, and yet the indescribable charm of the talented actress at the Fourteenth Street Theatre cannot but inspire the audience with sufficient sympathy for the unfortunate *Camille* to hope that this one, at least, will rise again from the dead and go into better business—such as may be found in "The Chouans" and in *Rosalind's* top-boots.

HE WASN'T GOING FEAGHER.

AT five-thirty old Mrs. Meagher,
Got into the M. E. Eagher, Eagher.
One of Wall Street's élite,
Rose and gave her his site,
Which she took with a grateful teagher-teagher.

M. N., Jr.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN cannot waltz, says an exchange.

That settles it. Joseph is not the man to settle the fishery dispute.

"REID the *Anser* in the stars," is a new version of the popular song as applied to the editor of the *Tribune* in his tall tower.

A STREET railroad in the Argentine Republic runs sleeping-cars over its route.

The idea, it is believed, originated in Philadelphia.

THE more heated the discussion between friends the cooler their subsequent relations.

Marjorie: WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY NEW DOLL, MR. GOODFORM?
Mr. G.: CERTAINLY, I WOULD.
Marjorie (reflectively): I'M AFRAID BOBBY WILL TAKE MY PLACE. SISTER, WILL YOU COME AND KEEP THIS PLACE FOR ME WHILE I AM GONE.

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A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY AND HOW IT WAS SEIZED.

An object of charity.

"Hello, Diogenes! How's biz? Let's go in and have something!"

"Ha, ha! Shall I let such a chance glide through my hands? No!"

"Ah, poor fellow, doubly afflicted, too. Here's a quarter for you?"

"I guess it's time for me to resign my position of trust."

Innocence and joy. Twenty-five cents in five minutes!

SKILFULLY EVADED.

She (single, of course): EVEN THE BIRDS SEEM TO BE HAPPIER RUNNING IN COUPLES!

He (a bachelor, suddenly remembering it is leap year): YES, MISS, BUT THEY ARE GEESE, AND KNOW NO BETTER.

POLITICAL.

THE sole objection we can see to the elevation of Chauncey Depew from a Railroad Station to Public Station is the conspicuous failure of that other post-prandial orator, William Maxwell Evarts, as a public servant.

As a dinner speaker, Mr. Evarts used to be a round peg in a round hole. As a Senator, he is a square cork in a round bottle, and wobbles at that.

* * *

CAN it be that the *Tribune* is about to flop and support Cleveland? Its issue of January 31st contains this editorial paragraph:

"Cleveland's boom may be bigger than Hill's, but it has to carry more weight."

As a tribute to Governor Hill's lightness this is superb.

SPORT AFTER LABOR.

[*Grocery Store—Hard-faced Grocer and poor Chore-boy.*]

GRINDER: I suppose you feel pretty tired, Tommy, after putting in the coal?

TOMMY: Yes, sir.

GRINDER: Well, if you want to have a little fun now, you can shovel the snow off the sidewalk.

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AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

AT THE POLICE COURT.

JUDGE: You were caught in the act of taking a valuable fur out of a shop window. This has occurred several times before now. Do you admit having committed these robberies?

PRISONER: Well, your Honor, you see I have had an influenza for the last few days, and my doctor recommended me to take something warm every morning.—*Le Grelot.*

"HAVE you seen papa's new dog, Carlo?" she asked as they sat in the parlor.

"Yes," he replied uneasily, "I have had the pleasure of meeting the dog."

"Isn't he splendid? He is so affectionate."

"I noticed he was very demonstrative," returned he, as he moved uneasily in his chair.

"He is very playful, too. I never saw a more playful animal in all my life."

"I am glad to hear you say that."

"Why?"

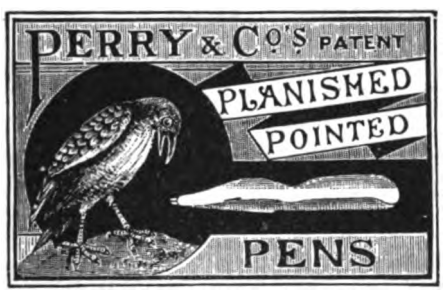
"Because I was a little bit afraid that when he bit that piece out of me the other evening he was in earnest. But if he was only in play, of course, it's all right. I can take fun as well as anybody."—*Singapore Review.*

IT is said that Miss Susan B. Anthony has never forgiven her brother Marc for his infatuation with Cleopatra.—*Ex.*

J. WHITCOMB RILEY is reported by the *Omaha World* to have given the following points in his past life to a Western Editor: You ask me for my life, but I'd rather give you my money. I am a blonde of fair complexion, with an almost ungovernable appetite for brunettes, am five feet six in height, though last state fair I was considerably higher than that—in fact I was many times taken for Old High Lonesome as I went about my daily walk. I am a house, sign and ornamental painter by trade—graining, marking, gilding, etching, etc., etc. Used to make lots of money, but never had any on hand. It all evaporated in some mysterious way. My standard weight is one hundred and thirty-five, and when I am placed in solitary confinement for life I will eat onions passionately. Bird-seed I never touch.

IN 1849 Mrs. Grote went to see Louis Napoleon in Paris. He was rather cool in his reception of her, owing to some former misunderstanding, and only asked her, "Do you stay long in Paris?"—a reception by which, however, she was not disconcerted, as she calmly answered him: "No; do you?" Another odd anecdote one is told of Sheridan Knowles: Knowles wanted a certain book and could not get it. A friend advised him to try a circulating library. This advice Knowles took to the extent of paying a three months subscription at a library of which the proprietors were Saunders & Ottley, and then went into the country, where he staid three months without drawing a book. Returning to town he called for the book, and was informed that his subscription had expired. At this he was very furious. He had paid a guinea, he said, and had nothing to show for the outlay. Referred by the clerk to one of the proprietors, he denounced the affair as "a confounded swindle." The proprietor then asked him if he intended to be personal. "No," replied Knowles; "on the contrary, if you are Saunders, d—n Ottley, and if you are Ottley, d—n Saunders."—*Personal Reminiscences of Sir Frederick Pollock.*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY



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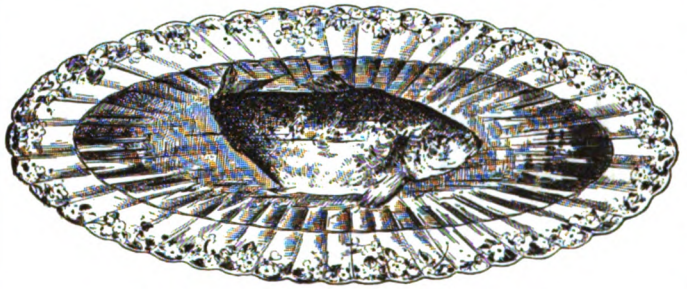

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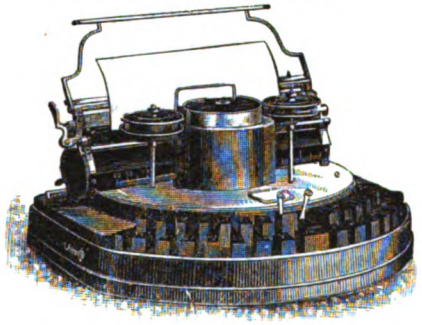

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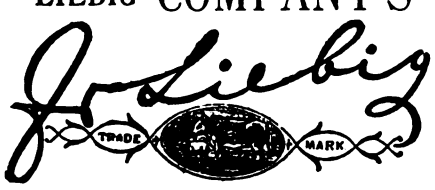

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and insist upon no other being substituted for it.
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What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"At the piano again, Charley, I see," said his pretty cousin as she entered the room.

"Ya-as, Maude," responded Charley, "I've been playing for an hour or more, merely to kill time, y'know."

"For an hour or more! Why, Charley, time must be dead by now."—*Ex.*

THE pretty maiden fell overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface, and said: "Give me your hand." "Please ask papa," she said as she sank for the second time.

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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
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New York.

FAILING FINANCIERS.

Wall Street Leaders Go Down One by One—What Causes their Fall.

Bank Presidents say that 75 per cent. of the men who go into business, fail.

The percentage is much larger among financial operators. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the "Napoleons of Finance" of Wall Street end their careers in failure.

John Tobin, once President of the Hudson River Railroad, and worth $2,000,000, is now a $5 bucket-shop operator. He gambled, lost money to John Morrissey, refused to pay, was reported to old Commodore Vanderbilt, and turned out of his Presidency.

Henry Smith was a noted operator in Wall Street, for a time very successful, and accumulated a fortune of over $5,000,000. He fought Jay Gould in numerous speculations, and once said, "I'll make Jay Gould earn his living with a hand-organ and monkey." When he failed for $5,000,000, Gould quietly remarked: "He might now try the hand-organ himself."

John Pondir was once famous as the homliest, but one of the most successful men of Wall Street. He was worth $1,000,000, but has at last joined the long procession of "the busted."

These men are said to lose their heads. They first lose, in the grinding processes of speculation, their physical stamina. Mental feebleness naturally follows. With physical weakness also comes lack of nerve. A clear head and *nerve* are essential requisites to Wall Street success; with the primary organs out of gear, neither can be retained.

Derangement of the kidneys is a common result of mental overwork. When they fail to carry off the waste matter of the system, uric acid, that deadly poison, accumulates, and sneaks through all the blood channels. The whole system becomes a sort of cess-pool, and every function is impaired. Unless help is found, the "general break-up" soon follows.

Mr. E. Evans, President of the Lumber Exchange Bank, of Tonawanda, N. Y., broke down in 1883, and ran down in weight from 186 pounds to 126 pounds. He rallied somewhat, but afterward became very low, with terrible pain in the kidneys. Physicians could not help him, but he finally procured Warner's safe cure, and he writes: "I was relieved of pain within twenty minutes after I had taken the first dose. I began to improve rapidly, and am still improving and gaining in strength and weight."

If the young "Napoleons of Finance" would "*call*" for fewer cocktails, "*put*" an occasional dollar into Warner's safe cure, and keep their kidneys "*at par*," they would retain a longer grip on Wall Street.

FUN CARDS Set of Scrap Pictures, one checker board, and large sample book of HIDDEN NAME CARDS and Agents outfit, all for only two cents. CAPITOL CARD COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio.

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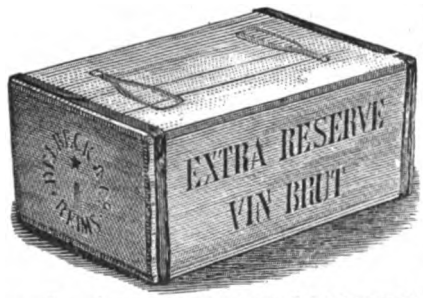

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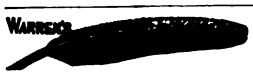

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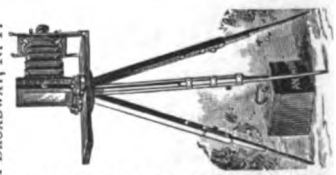

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In Fancy Baskets, **6** quarts . . **$13.75**	In Fancy Baskets, **24** half pints . **$15.50**
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Messrs. PARK & TILFORD, **Messrs. ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT,**

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1888. NUMBER 268.

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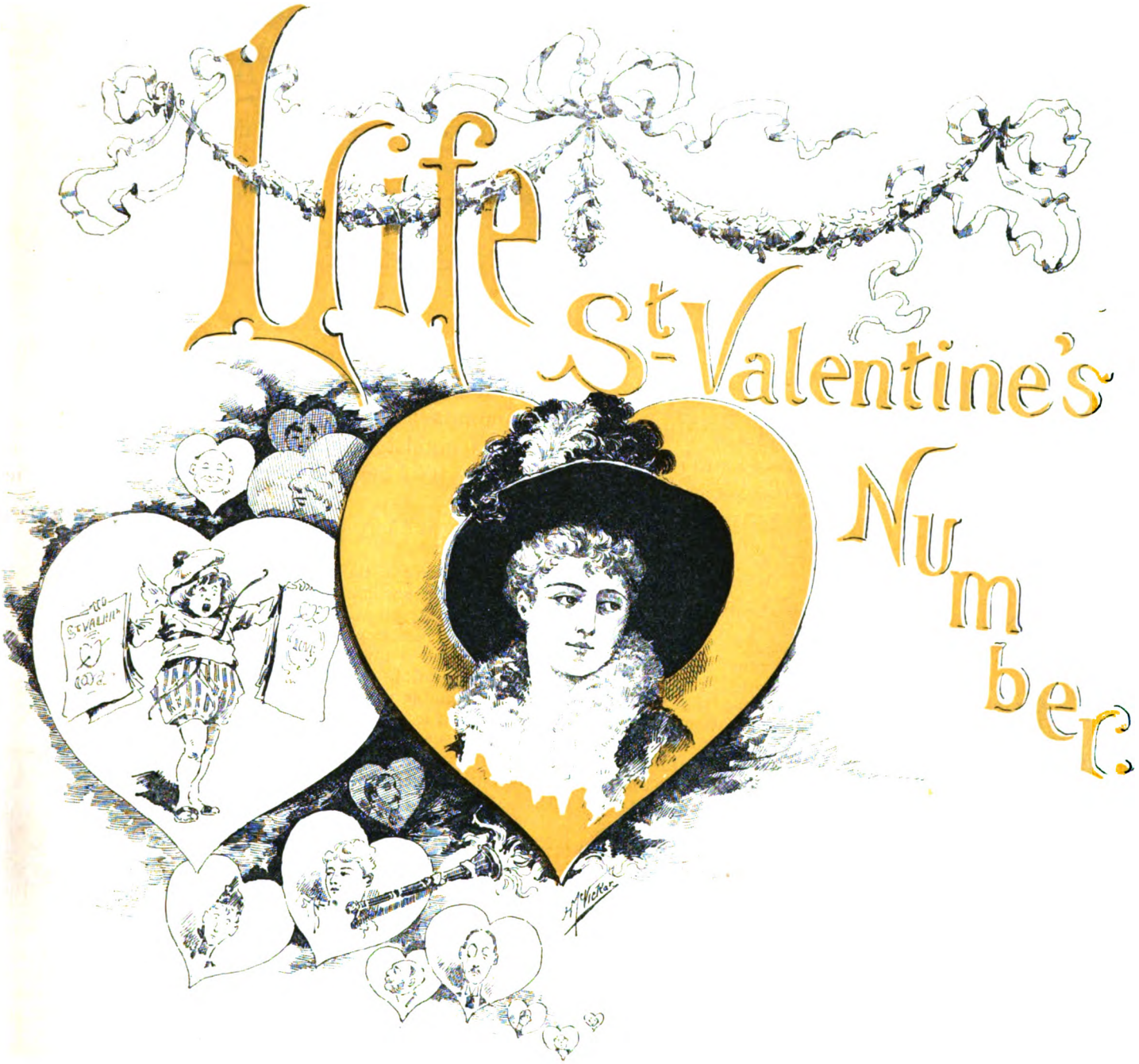
Life St. Valentine's Number.



"SOME CUPID KILLS WITH ARROWS, SOME WITH TRAPS."

—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

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NOTABLE NEW NOVELS.

APRIL HOPES. A Novel. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, author of "Modern Italian Poets," etc. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

Mr. Howells never wrote a more bewitching book. It is useless to deny the rarity and worth of the skill that can report so perfectly and with such exquisite humor the manifold emotions of the modern maiden and her lover.—Philadelphia Press.

NARKA, THE NIHILIST. A Story of Russian Life. By KATHLEEN O'MEARA. 16mo, Cloth, Extra, $1.00.

There is dramatic power, richness of color, strength of individual characterization, and fascination of style in this novel. It holds the reader in absorbed interest from the first page to the last.—Boston Traveler.

CAPTAIN MACDONALD'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

Fresh and wholesome as a sea-breeze . . . It is winsome, full of delicate humor, earnest, well balanced, and exceptionally well written. The cry will be for more from a writer who can give us such work as this.—Chicago Tribune.

A MAGNIFICENT PLEBEIAN. A Novel. By JULIA MAGRUDER. 16mo, Cloth, Extra, $1.00.

A novel which will add to the author's reputation as a clever writer of entertaining fiction. . . . The interest is so well maintained that the book will probably be finished at a sitting.—San Francisco Chronicle.

MR. ABSALOM BILLINGSLEA, AND OTHER GEORGIA FOLK. By R. M. JOHNSTON, author of "Old Mark Langston," "Dukesborough Tales," etc. Illus. 16mo, Cloth, Extra, $1.25.

These stories illustrate phases of rural life in Middle Georgia in times long previous to the war of the rebellion, and abound in quaint studies of character, in humor, and pathos. The illustrations are capital.—N. Y. Sun.

THE ROSE OF PARADISE. Being a Detailed Account of certain Adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in Connection with the famous Pirate, Edward England. By HOWARD PYLE, author of "The Wonder Clock," "Pepper and Salt," etc. Illustrations by the author. Post 8vo, Cloth, extra, $1.25.

We have read the book with the boy's enthusiastic absorption that takes you out of yourself and places you side by side with the hero on the blood-stained deck, or the yard-arm in a storm, and raises your pulse-beats ten a minute.—Critic, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROS., New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, postpaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.
HARPER & BROTHERS' CATALOGUE sent on receipt of Ten Cents postage-stamps.

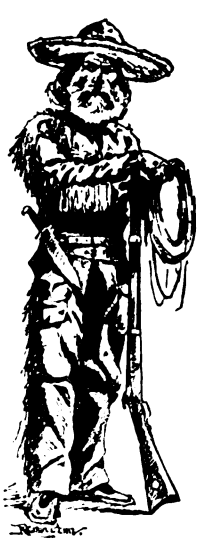
The Only RED CHAMPAGNE in America

THE three best after-dinner speeches of the Winter, no need to name the speakers, were made upon the sparkling foundation of

Ruby Royal "Sec,"

which foams on every hand at this festive season and seems to have taken New York by storm. This champagne, of a bright ruby color, was introduced to the connoisseurs of New York about four months ago. To-day it is kept by every first-class hotel and restaurant. So rapid a success is the best evidence of the merits of the wine.

ABOUT THE MIDWINTER—FEBRUARY—CENTURY.



THE CENTURY'S articles on "Ranch Life in the Far West," which begin in this number, are not only written, but illustrated also, by experts. Theodore Roosevelt has experienced all he writes about in the "great grazing lands," and Frederic Remington, the artist, has led the life of a cowboy for years on the Western plains. Among Remington's illustrations in the first number are a full-page picture of an attack upon a company of cowboys by the Indians, "A Row in a Cattle Town," "Cowboy Fun," "Pulling a Cow out of the Mud," and another full-page picture of "Bronco Busters Saddling."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL writes a charming chapter of reminiscences and criticism regarding the English prose master Landor. With it are several letters of Landor and his portrait.

"THE GRAND STRATEGY OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION" is the title of General Sherman's review of the military conduct of the war. In an untechnical way he discusses the governing influences on both sides, and estimates the qualities of prominent leaders.

"WHEN we get the best that Mr. Cable can write and Mr. Stockton and Dr. Eggleston, we get something better than the exercise of mere literary talent in the direction of story telling," said the *Mail and Express* recently. These three authors and Octave Thanet contribute fiction to the Midwinter CENTURY.

Two entertaining illustrated papers are "Pictorial Art on the Stage," by E. W. and E. H. Blashfield, and "Living in Paris," by J. D. Osborn.

THE February installment of the Lincoln History contains a correspondence which took place one month after the inauguration between Lincoln and Seward, which will be a surprise to all historical students. In Seward's letter to Lincoln a remarkable line of public policy is laid out, coupled with a suggestion which, if accepted, would have been a virtual surrender of the Administration on the part of the President to the Secretary of State. The incident is a key to the subsequent relations between the two great statesmen.

DR. BUCKLEY, editor of *The Christian Advocate*, has another important article in his series, writing this time of "Astrology, Divination and Coincidences."

A NEW character poem, by James Whitcomb Riley, "At The Literary," with illustrations by Kemble, is given.

GEORGE KENNAN'S third Russian Prison paper appears in the February CENTURY, and is a description of the life of the "Politicals" in the famous fortress of Petropavlovsk. The interest of these papers is cumulative. In this one Kennan describes "The First Night in the Fortress," "Routine of Life in a Casemate," "How Prisoners are Watched and Guarded," "Interviews with Relatives," "An Artificial Hiccough," "Prisoners' Methods of Intercommunication," etc. Copies of THE CENTURY now entering Russia have Mr. Keenan's articles torn out of them by Government officials on the frontier.

The growing interest in the two great serials now appearing in THE CENTURY, has led the publishers to make the following Special Offers:

1. New subscribers beginning with this January number can have November and December free, and thus begin the volume and the Russian Papers. 2. Or, new subscribers beginning with November can also have the twelve numbers of the past year (Nov., '86, to Oct., '87, inclusive,) to begin the Lincoln Life, with a year's subscription, for $6.00; the back numbers bound, with subscription, $7.50. All dealers and the publishers fill orders for back numbers.

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

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VOLUME XI. · LIFE · FEBRUARY 16TH,
No. 268. 1888.

CUPID À LA CARTE.

NO old-time nymph was prettier
Who dreamt but of love and sighs,
Than she who the *menu* was scanning
With such grave and thoughtful eyes.

Shall she send for some gallant lover,
Whose eyes are all ablaze
With what he alone can offer—
Love and a lover's praise?

Or shall she choose another,
Be he dull, or coarse, or old,
If only he bring the glitter—
The dazzle and glitter of gold?

And now the order is given,
The waiter has hied him away;
But another waits beside her,
And asks what she'll order to-day.

Thoughts that are hard, that are tender,
Shine trembling in her eyes;
She's frowning and she's smiling—
Untasted the supper lies.

And so I leave her debating
The claims of her greed and her heart,
Not knowing what to order
Of the Cupid *à la carte*.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

A PECULIAR phase of the recent milk famine was to be noticed in the undiminished quantities of ice-cream turned out. A dearth of the bovine beverage has no more effect upon the production of ice-cream than a sudden rise in the price of coal.

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO BE DONE IF YOU OWN A WHITE HORSE AND THE COLOR OF YOUR BEST GIRL'S HAIR IS—CHESTNUT!

HOFMANN'S RIVAL.

NEW YORK, February, 1888.

DEAR LIFE,—I am a musical prodigy with a capital P. Doubtless you are frightened, but you cannot help yourself this time; I want you to engage me as a rival to Josef Hofmann.

It is true I am older than Josef, but I can play louder—so we are about equal. I can play "See-Saw" with one hand and "Sweet Violets" with the other, at the same time whistling "Johnny, get your gun!" as an accompaniment.

I can astound and horrify my listeners with the easiest as well as with the most difficult music, while my improvisations are marvelous. I guarantee that any given theme will be totally unrecognizable for one week after my digital encounter with it.

I have composed a comic opera which ranks with Wagner. Even the managers laugh when reading and rejecting it.

I prefer melodramatic music in which the moonbeams are heard trickling down the hero's back; but this preference probably rises from the fact that shivery music is the least difficult to me, as I stutter.

When I play I am quite beside myself, as no one else will come near me.

My aspect is pleasing. Won't you send for me? One look will be sufficient. Yours, unappreciated,

Nero O'Flynn.

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

VOL. XI. FEBRUARY 16, 1888. No. 268.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THE *Evening Post* is not a journal that declines a job merely because it is difficult. It has been trying this long time to imbue the morning newspapers of this town with its own philosophical indifference to circulation, and to divorce our local politicians from their excessive propensity to carry the ward. It had not been supposed that its success in either of these endeavors had been especially gratifying, and yet it finds courage to survey another undertaking of corresponding dimensions, and to make motions as though it might take the job. It proposes to abolish intercollegiate competitions in athletic sports.

In his recent annual report, Dr. Eliot, president of Harvard University, suggested that though the vigorous interest taken by his young men in the various sports was a source of benefit to them and of gratification to him, he was not of the opinion that as much could be said for the intercollegiate competitions. He did not say that he was distressed to see his young men walloped with such distressing iteration, but he did say that intercollegiate football, baseball and rowing were extravagant consumers of time and money, and liable to abuses. He even feared that they involved betting, "trickery, condoned by a public opinion which demands victory," and "the hysterical demonstrations of the college public over successful games." He thought that the number of intercollegiate competitions at present was excessive, and that, since they could not be abolished, they should be reduced to their lowest terms.

But the *Post*, accepting Dr. Eliot's premises, rejects his conclusion, and suggests that the big colleges could knock intercollegiate competitions on the head, if they chose, but that they fear to drive away students. As the morning papers are wedded to their circulations, so, in the *Post's* opinion, the big colleges are wedded to their corresponding idol, expressed in those long lists of names that adorn their catalogues.

THE idea of a great American university without a crew, a ball nine and football eleven, ready to compete with such organizations in rival universities, is novel, and the *Post* deserves some credit for thinking of such a thing. But if it could see its ideal university, it would be disappointed. Cornell, for instance, an institution perched on the high bank of Cayuga Lake, not far from the alma mater of the President's wife, is so much greater than any of its neighbors that its intercollegiate competitions are tame, uninteresting and harmless. Are the undergraduates of this great university on this account less childish or more intellectual than their fellows?

Alas, no! Any one who reads the papers can testify that the men of Ithaca seem to distance all competition in their zeal for inane tomfoolery. When pegtops and marbles are sarcastically dealt out to Harvard and Yale, Cornell must have a rattle and a yellow dog.

Dr. Eliot knows what materials he has got, and when he says that intercollegiate competition cannot be eradicated at Harvard, he simply means that to forbid them entirely would be inexpedient. LIFE believes he is right.

* * *

ONE thing this journal would like to see is the excision of the "trickery, condoned by public opinion," which the *Post* and Dr. Eliot hold in common detestation. It isn't really important to a college to win boat-races or ball-games, but it is worth while to play fair.

* * *

AND, by the way, it is interesting to notice that while Dr. Eliot and the *Post* discuss the possibilities of amending objectionable athletic developments by pressure from the outside, neither has considered the chances of a cure that may be worked from within. And yet, LIFE learned the other day of a little band of athletic envoys that went up from Princeton to implant the germs of religious truth in the breasts of their brethren at Yale. Perhaps Dr. Eliot has not heard of them. Indeed, we fear that is the case, for one of them is reported to have said at New Haven:

"We do not come to Yale as missionaries. Were that our task, we should go farther North."

It looks as though that field "farther North" had thus far seemed too desperate to the Princeton missionaries.

* * *

IS it true that Dr. William Everett, while a board-visitor at West Point, was pained "by frequent and painful breeches [*sic*] of the plain proprieties of speech that mark the gentleman?"

Dr. Everett must have heard the pants of the cadets after a jog across the plain at double-quick.

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IMPENDING DISGRACE.

Mr. Courtenay Van H. Doolyttle (whose supply of blue blood is extensive, but whose purse is meagre, to the plebeian but wealthy Mrs. C. Van H. D.): BUT IF YOU REFUSE ME MONEY, IN THIS WAY, YOU KNOW, YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO KEEP UP THE DIGNITY OF THE FAMILY NAME.

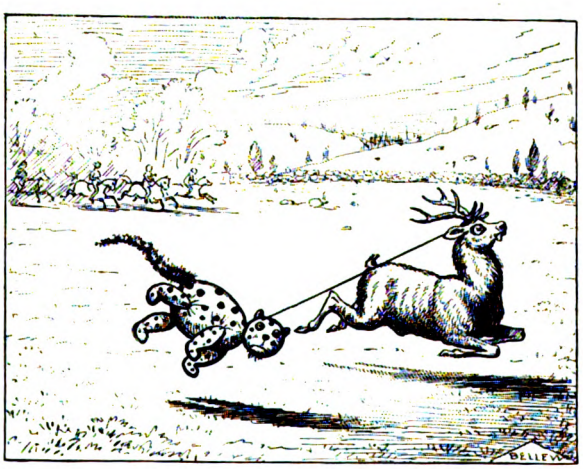
CULTURE AND "SCIENCE."

MRS. BEACONHILL (*of Boston*): Phœbe, you seem intensely interested in the morning paper. Any great literary news?

PHŒBE: Oh, no, mamma; but it's full of dear Mr. Sullivan and Jem Smith.

ANOTHER Western bank has collapsed, and when we reflect that its responsible manager was named DeCamp we have not much sympathy for the depositors.

Our chief wonder is that DeCamp didn't get away.



The Indian sport of hunting deer with leopards can be enjoyed with an inflated artificial leopard, and is strongly recommended to the lovers of anise-seed bag and tame-fox hunting.

LEAP YEAR.

CHOLLY: Why, Pelham, what's the matter with your mustache—it's all mussed up?

PELHAM: Oh, nothing much, deah boy. Ella Bjones caught me under the mistletoe, that's all.

SHE WANTED IT.

"I THINK, George, if you intend subscribing for a funny paper," said Mrs. Sprigginss, "this year, you might take *Ex.* I see it quoted all over, and the jokes are nearly always good."

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OUR DOG.

PERHAPS you think I'm dangerous—
Well, maybe you are right,
If I, perchance, should angry get—
But I should never bite.
I do not like the taste of man,
Especially when he's raw;
Besides, the man who made me
Sewed leather o'er my jaw.
Mine eyes could never madness show,
For all they are so blue,
For, 'twixt the mail and you and me,
They're off a buttoned shoe.

But should I wish to hurt a foe—
Perhaps to kill him dead,
I'd swing around upon my chain,
And club him on the head;
And when the catcher came for me,
He'd find I'd run as fast as
Any dog he ever saw
That moved about on casters.
Indeed, I am as happy a dog
As ever took a prize,
In spite of cotton lungs and heart,
And buttons 'stead of eyes!

* * *

DIMETHYLPHENYLOXYPHYRAGOL is said by the *Hospital Gazette* to be good for rheumatism.

We'll take the rheumatism.

* * *

IT is rumored that Josef Hofmann was much impressed by the motherly treatment he received at the hands of our worthy Mayor.

* * *

EVEN truth is not always veracious.

Witness the old proverb about truth lying at the bottom of a well.

* * *

NO, Mr. Wiggins, kittens never drink milk on their mother's lap.

* * *

THE organ of the Prohibition party has as one of its features a column of extra dry humor. Its mirth is not intoxicating.

* * *

NEVER insult a man at his own dinner table. He might throw the carving-knife at you.

THE *Sun* devotes a portion of its space to the lies told by the *World* the day before.

It is interesting to note that the *Sun* has recently had to enlarge its space.

* * *

INGALLS says he would rather be Sullivan than Daniel Webster.

This explains some things about Ingalls that we have hitherto failed to understand.

* * *

PERHAPS part of the Surplus could be used up in putting better mucilage on the postage stamps.

* * *

THE Hon. James G. Blaine is said to be anxious to form a vote trust for next autumn's work.

* * *

A WRITER on Bibliophiles in the *Times*, who is so learned as to speak of "Phiz" and Hablot K. Brown as if they were different persons, makes likewise this sage remark: The only recommendation which it would not be pedagogic to make to a collector may be that a book in half binding should have uncut edges, and a book in full binding must have gilt edges, even if the binder finds it necessary to cut them a little, for full binding is the evening dress of books, and a book in a full binding, with or without gilt top, and white edges on the other sides, as it often appears recently, looks like a gentleman in a claw hammer of broadcloth and blue-jeans trousers.

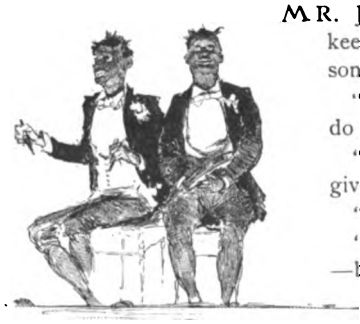
David Gamut is right. This recommendation is not pedagogic.

It is asinine.

* * *

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has been mentioned for the Presidency. His liberality has shown him to be quite capable of disposing of the Surplus, but we nevertheless advise Mr. Childs to remember the Quaker City's motto: "Go slow, old man; go slow."

* * *



MR. JOHNSING, is you de gemmen what keeps de boarding-house down 'n Thompson Street?"

"I is dat same pusson, Mr. Smith; why do you arsk?"

"Well, I hyard a man what lived dere give you a grate compliment las' night."

"'Deed? Glad hear dat. Whad he say?"

"Said you was cut out for a grate Admiral—beat Nelson an' Farrygut all ter pieces."

"No!"

"Ya-as. Said you could repel boarders quicker'n any man he ever see."

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HIS ONE INFIRMITY.

Grafton: AWFULLY CLEVER FELLOW, GAGLEY. HE MIGHT SHINE IN SOCIETY IF IT WASN'T FOR HIS ONE INFIRMITY.

Miss Clara: WHY, I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS VERY CORRECT IN HIS HABITS.

Grafton: OH, YES, HE IS ALL THAT, YOU KNOW; BUT HIS NECK'S SO DEUCEDLY SHORT THAT HE ALWAYS HAS TO WEAR A TURN-DOWN COLLAR.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. HOWELLS has left Buffalo, and is reported to be about to settle in New York.

Mr. Howells, doubtless, found life in Buffalo too exciting.

* * *

THE Messrs. Harper are modest and not prone to self-adulation; but we are informed that there was considerable satisfaction manifested in the sanctum when Mr. Warner telegraped from Hartford that he had secured a new joke for the May issue of the Drawer.

* * *

A LOCAL magazine will shortly publish some letters of Edgar Allan Poe to his landlady, which are said to be very interesting, as showing the state of Poe's purse during Jackson's administration.

* * *

THE publication of series of letters has been so successfully tried by the magazines, that nearly all the newspapers of the land are looking over their back files with a view to the republication of the Blaine letters during the coming summer, should Mr. Blaine decide to "accelerate his footsteps for the Presidency," as they say in Boston.

A REAL VALENTINE.

I SENT my love a valentine
O'erwritten with a wish of mine,
Which I had put in tender phrase
By twisting it in many ways.
The rhyme, like others of its kind,
Was all of Cupid painted blind:
The silly things the rascal said
Were meant to turn my sweetheart's head,
And make her think 'twas time to give
Encouragement to me to live.

Not long from this an answer came
Signed by that portion of her name
Which I had never dared to speak
Lest I should suffer on the cheek.

Wrote she: "*Were I an oculist,*
I'd have young Cupid's two eyes kissed;
I'd take the bandage off that he
The object of his love might see;
Then, if he really loves her well,
He'll go to her himself and tell."
I knew just what that message meant;
I donned my coat and hat and went,
And set before her Cupid's woes
In plain and much embarrassed prose;
Whereat she kissed with tenderness
The rascal's eyes, and told me
"*Yes.*"

Idle Idyller.

HE WAS IN CHARGE.

INQUISITIVE PARTY: Whose funeral is this?

IRISH UNDERTAKER: Mine, sor.

IT WAS.

ENGLISHMAN (*to Freshman*): And is your curriculum large and extended?

FRESH: Large and extended? Well, I should say it was. It's four laps to the mile.

"She twined herself around the strong, resolute man as the slender vine clings to the mighty oak for protection and support."—*Popular Novel.*

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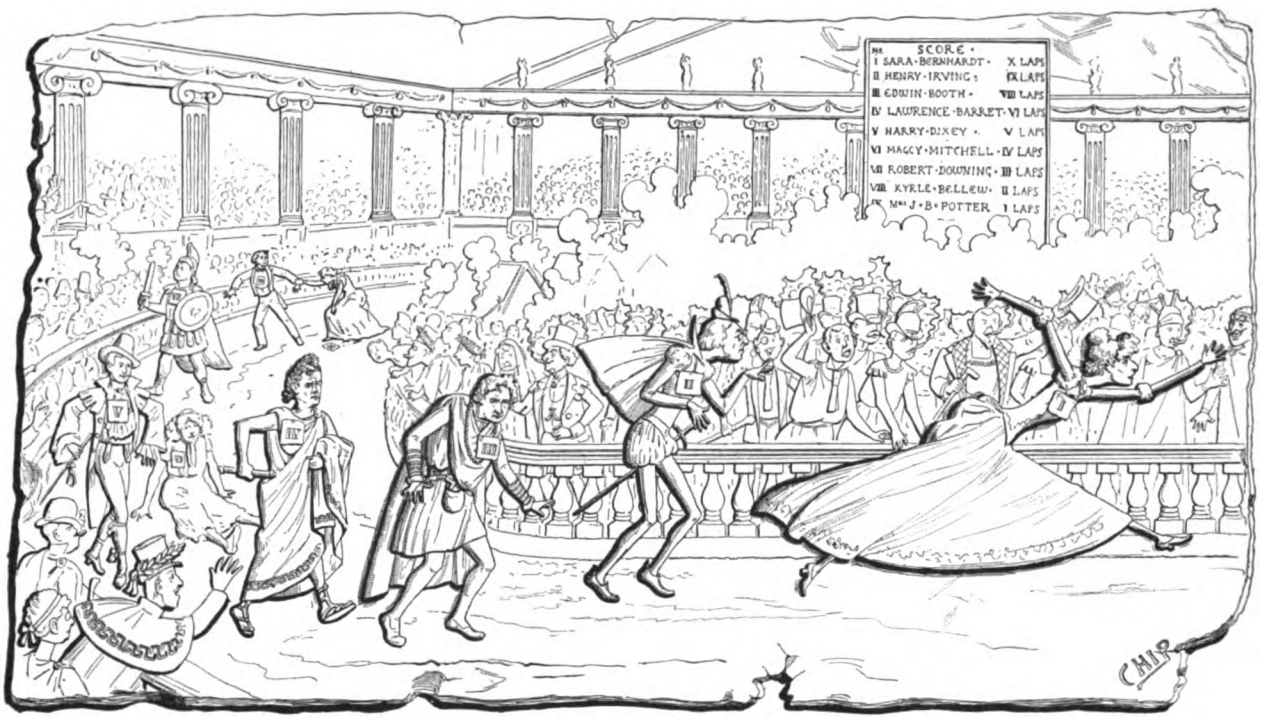

EARLY ROMAN GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE. ALL PROFESSIONALS.

BOOKISHNESS.

BOSTON IN THE YEAR 2000.

THE cleverness of Edward Bellamy has hardly received the popular acknowledgment which it merits. "Miss Ludington's Sister" is a most ingenious book, with some unusual qualities of style; and so is his latest romance, "Looking Backward" (Ticknor & Co.). A favorite device of writers is to project their imaginations into the next century, and reveal prophetic pictures. But Mr. Bellamy has used this commonplace artifice in a very uncommon way. The young Bostonian who is hypnotized in 1887, and awakes in the year 2000, furnishes an effective standard of comparison and criticism between the old age and the new.

The central idea of the book, which is worked out seriously and in great detail, is that the dark social problem which now confronts us will in the twentieth century be solved by the organization of the entire population of the country into a vast industrial army, over which the General Government shall exercise an absolute control, as rigorous in its main features as military discipline in countries like Germany.

How this extreme form of parentalism in government is combined with wide liberty of choice, diversity of employment, free scope for ambition, and withal, a general diffusion of culture—all these things can only be explained by a careful reading of the book. And there is no doubt that a limited number of readers will be greatly interested in the ingenuity with which the idea is laboriously elaborated. But for the average man, there is too much of it; he tires of the even, placid explanation which leaves nothing to his imagination. He can't play at dreaming through nearly 500 pages.

* * *

THE author's prodigious faith in the power of his new social scheme to work wonders is shown in his picture of the regenerated Boston girl of the twentieth century:

"Her face was as bewitching as deep blue eyes, delicately tinted complexion and perfect features could make it; but even had her countenance lacked special charms, the faultless luxuriance of her figure would have given her place as a beauty among the women of the nineteenth century. Feminine softness and delicacy were in this lovely creature deliciously combined with an appearance of health and abounding physical vitality too often lacking in the maidens with whom alone I could compare her."

This is certainly a long step in advance of the Boston girl of Mr. Howells's novels, so far as physical attractiveness goes; but mentally, there will be little improvement, to judge by the feminine conversation revealed in Mr. Bellamy's prophecy. But one surprising advance is noted: the Boston girl of 2000 A. D. will not hesitate to propose to a man if she chooses. "There is no more pretense of a concealment of feeling on their part than on the part of their

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lovers. Coquetry would be as much despised in a girl as in a man." The author fails to show how long, under this system, it would be possible to keep up a freshman class at Harvard University.

* * *

IDEALISTS will be pleased to know that the favorite author in 2000 A. D. will be a "great romancer" named Berrian, whose works will be filled with "love galore, but love unfretted by artificial barriers created by differences of station or positions, owning no other law but that of the heart." *Droch.*

THE GLORIOUS WEST.

HERE is the *Omaha World's* view of New York's growth: "Over $67,000,000 were invested in new buildings in New York last year. New York is rapidly becoming the Omaha of the East."

LADY (*looking at Lady Burton's edition of "Arabian Nights," to salesman*): Is this edition *ostracized?*

THE trains have been snowed up for nearly a week. Even George Francis has not been heard from for that period at least.

VALENTINE VERSE OF SAM TO LIL.

E 'possum ar' de sweetes' meat—
Sca'cely any rind,—
'N' stan'in' co'n ar' good t' eat—
Jes' roas' et fine.—

But what ar' 'possum fat t' me!
Jes' might ez well be up de tree—
'N' all dat co'n a-nunde' groun':
Dat lubly *gal* am stan'n' roun'.—

Oh, lubly Lil,
Jes' take yo' fill,
Dis ye's yo' Sambo's Voluntine.

B. Zim.

HIS FRIEND.

"THERE is Doctor Blank over there. He's the best friend I've got. Sends me lots of business."

"What is your business?"

"I run a crematory."

A COMPLETE STOCK.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*to grocer's clerk*): Have you dog biscuit?

CLERK (*briskly*): Yes, sir; all kinds, sir. Which do you like best, sir?

AN EPICURE.

SMALL BOY (*near open window of restaurant*): Jest smell dat soup, Jimmy. Hain't dat fine?

JIMMY (*holding his nose*): I ain't smellin' no soup terday, it 'ud spile me appetite fer de roas' chicking.

ONE of the results of the blizzard was a milk famine. The ice-dealers used up all the available water for use in the ice famine next summer. This is not fair, Mr. Iceman. Give the milkman a chance.

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FEB. XIV.

SO MAY IT BE!

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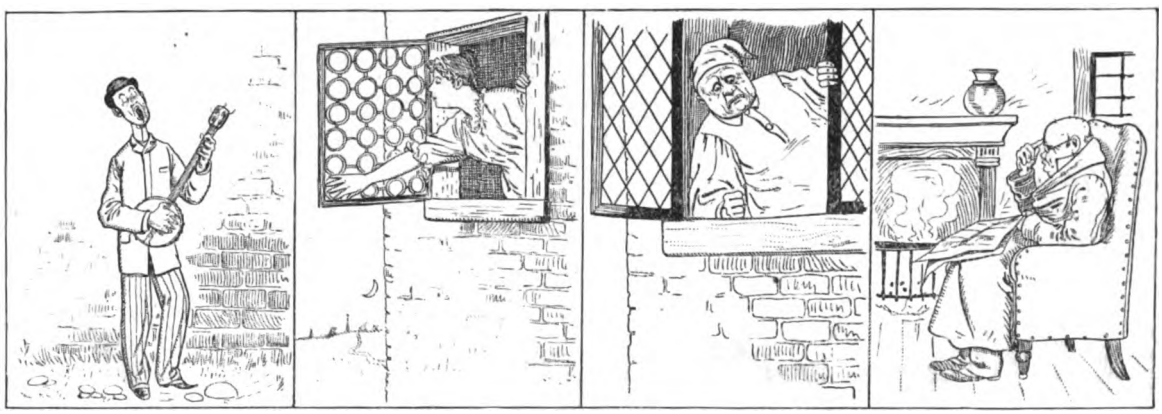
ANOTHER DYNAMITE OUTRAGE;

OR, HOW PAPA VAN DYKE RID HIMSELF OF A NOCTURNAL NUISANCE.



Punctually, at 10 o'clock every evening, Augustus discourseth music.

Which pleases Arabella.

But not Papa

Who seeketh long and diligently some plan to abate the nuisance.

from foreign fields

SAINT VALENTINE AT WINDSOR.

THE Chum to Potentates, on his way home from the Pope's Jubilee, stopped over-night at Windsor Castle, whither he had been invited by Her Goodness Graciousness the Queen. It was Saint Valentine's eve when the Chum arrived at the Castle. Regina and Prince Battenberg met him at the depot with two carriages. Victoria had a gold-plated barouche studded with jewels; while Battenberg had a tin-foil baby carriage, the only seat of which was occupied by Jubilee Battenberg and a rag doll. Not caring for babies or dolls, the Chum entered the barouche with the Queen, and left Battenberg senior and junior to wheel each other home as best they could. The castle was reached in short order, and after a light luncheon, of which the Queen partook so heavily that the Chum went to bed hungry, the Throne Room was thrown open, and Her Majesty commanded the Postmaster-General to bring in the Imperial Mail-bag and distribute its contents.

The Duke of the Stamp Department made a deep salaam before Her Majesty, and stated that before delivering the letters he begged to call the Crown's attention to the fact that there was sixpence due on a valentine from the Pope, tuppence on a bulky document from France, and a shilling short on a communication from Mr. Parnell. These sums the Duke thought should be paid before the letters were delivered. The Queen smiled sweetly—that same rare smile that Elizabeth used to indulge when ordering her nobles to the block—and suggested the impropriety of her spending sixpence for what would in all probability transpire to be a penny valentine, tuppence for an unreceipted board-bill, and a shilling for a petition from Parnell which she would not receive were she to be paid a shilling for the service.

The Duke acknowledged the force of Her Majesty's remarks, but decided that in view of the public feeling regarding Royal prerogatives the letters could not be delivered until paid for; so they were returned to the dead-letter office until Parliament votes another tax on the necessities of the Briton to pay Her Majesty's overdue letter rates. This discussion over, the rest of the mail was opened, and was found to consist of the following valentines:

All hail Victoria!
Warble a gloria
To England's Queen.
Long may she live and reign
And may she ever deign
To use Purline.—*Adv.*

Her Majesty puzzled for some moments over the signature and finally decided that Mr. Adv, whoever he was, was an utter stranger to her, and signified her desire that the next valentine should be read.

It bore the Sandringham postmark, and was as follows:

Mother!
A name far sweeter than any other;
Even Queen
Doth take a seat behind the scene,
When "Ma"
Is echoed from afar.
Thine age doth fill my soul with doting fears,
Lest thou o'erburdened be with years.
Do thou assume thy place in leisure's gallery;
Resign thy throne—if needs be keep thy salary,
Oh, lovely Mater!
Thy boy must get there sooner, eke or later:
Give Bert a chance,
Ere England followeth in the wake of France,
And with Freedom's rod thy boy doth drub, lick;
And for a Republic
Turn the scales.
Affectionately, WALES.

"Dear boy," quoth the Queen; "he is so anxious about his poor old mother, and so needlessly anxious. I'm good for many a year of usefulness yet, and Eddie's young days must not be clouded with the cares of statecraft. Next!"

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At last! | He works energetically all day. | He carries the "idea" into the garden. | And buries it in a carefully chosen spot.

The next bore the postmark of the United States.

Dear Madam, you must know well,
That in this land far o'er the sea
The faithful mind doth turn to thee,
Apart from thee naught seems to go well;
And on this feast of Valentine
Our hearts are England's, Scotland's, thine,
Particularly that of J. R.—Oh, well.
You know.

"But I don't know," said Her Majesty, with a bewildered look, which was dispelled, however, when the Lord Chamberlain whispered in her ear, and with a pleased smile, she added:

"Dear, old James Russell Schenck, how could I forget!

"A valentine from Dublin," announced the Lord Peruser.

Arrah, thin, me Quane!
On your Jubilee,
What bedad, did'st deign
To do for me?
St. George, who slew the dragon,
To him, you drained the flagon;
St. Taffy, down in Wales,
Came in for his wassails;
And for long-faced St. Andy,
There was full share of brandy;
For Pat thoud'st nothing—or, even worse,
Tyrannic laws to squeeze his purse.
Well, Pat forgives, and when the worm hath turned,
And you and yours by all are spurned,
Thou need'st not want for home nor store,
For thee we'll keep our Tullamore.

"Send for Balfour," commanded Her Majesty with a queenly frown, "and have the dastard villain who dared thus mar our pleasure placed in solitary confinement."

"With a copy of Leaves, Your Majesty?" queried Battenberg unthinkingly.

"Next!" roared the Queen, happily ignoring the question.

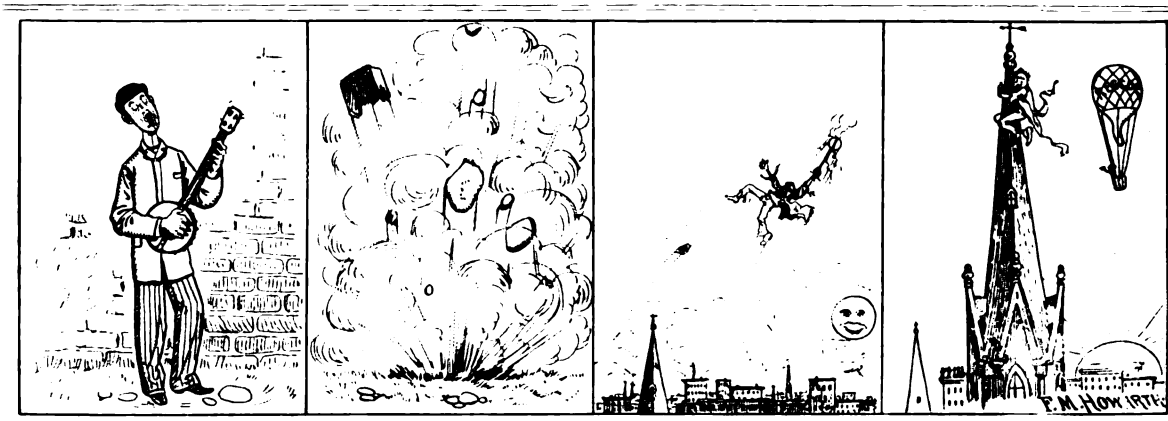
And the Lord Chamberlain, with a trembling voice, read the following:

Ugh!
Lovely white-face squaw;
Me like big-girl, called Queen,
Offer my paw.
Old-Man-Benzine,
Big Chief with Bill Buffalo,
Wild West Show.

But Her Majesty was too much perturbed by the Irish Message to continue to be gracious, and adjourned the meeting without giving any official intimation as to whether she would accept Old-Man's proposal, and even so far forgot herself as to fail to invite the Chum to remain to breakfast next morning, but with his native modesty and ability to adapt himself to circumstances, the Chum remained, slept comfortably on the throne, and as far as the breakfast was concerned, managed to get there just the same.

By a decree of Her Majesty, St. Valentine Day is to be an illegal holiday, hereafter, in the proclaimed districts of Ireland.

Carlyle Smith.



10 p. m. | 10 1-30 p. m. | 10 1-40 p. m. | Dawn!

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"I SAY, MISTER POSTMAN, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CARRY A VALENTINE LIKE THIS ALL DAY LONG? AN' I NEVER GETS PAID NO POSTAGE ON IT NEITHER!"

OBITUARY.

OUR old friend Mr. Crowley seems, as we go to press, to be on the brink of eternity. Almost human, Mr. Crowley had done much to ingratiate himself in the hearts of the American public. Had he died as he lived he would have gone down to posterity as an exponent incarnate of the Darwinian theory. It is a great pity that, having lived a life the exact counterpart of manhood in its human sense, he should at the last moment destroy the fabric he had lived to build up by refusing a glass of whiskey.

We regret it deeply, but Mr. Crowley will not be handed down to posterity as a man but as a prohibitionist.

P. S. — If by some fortuitous chance Mr. Crowley has survived until this obituary greets the public eye, let him ponder deeply our well-meant warning, and reform.

NONE OF HIS FUNERAL.

"THAT ton of coal looks to me about two hundred pounds short," said a family man, "and by thunder I'll have it weighed. The way some of these coal dealers cheat is wicked."

After he had had it weighed, he said to his wife:

"It's all right; weighs about a hundred pounds over."

"How much will you have to pay for the extra weight, John?"

"Nothing. That's their mistake, not mine."

THREE VALENTINES.

ONE sent her fervent verses
To serve as a valentine,
Glowing with tender longings,
With "love" and "joy divine."

One sent a bunch of roses
That speak for the hearts of men,
And a card, and the name upon it
Was a name of the upmost ten.

She breathed a sigh to the verses,
She saw the flowers with pride,
But another missive claims her,
And these are cast aside.

No rhymes have graced the paper,
Here lingers no roses' scent,
But here are sums and ciphers,
And a marriage settlement.

She smiles at her mother's approval,
And, ere the stars are bright,
She's gone with the writer of verses,
And Cupid has won a fight.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

THE motto of the Protectionist seems to be, "In G. O. P. we trust."

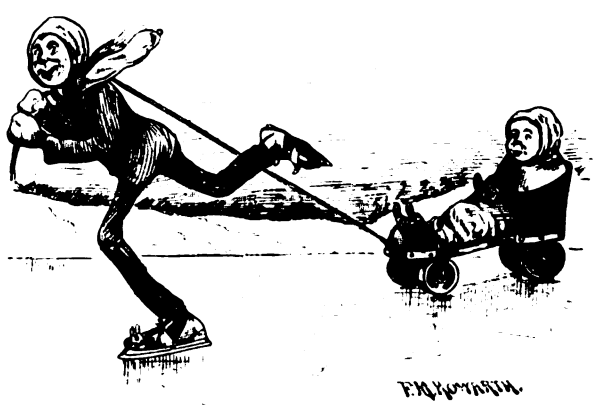
CONSOLATION.

CONDEMNED MAN (*to his lawyer*): It's a long sentence, sir; to be sent to state's prison for life.

LAWYER (*inclined to a more hopeful view*): Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while.

THE LAWNCERS.

"DO you dawnce the lawncers, Dr. Brown?"
"No, I do not dawnce the lawncers,
But when the dawncer's health breaks down
I sometimes lawnce the dawncers."



Chicago Boy: ROLLER SKATIN' MAY BE OUT OF STYLE, BUT SISTER SUE'S OLD SKATE COMES IN GOOD ABOUT THIS TIME.

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IT WAS A TRAGEDY.

"HAVE you read my seven-act tragedy I left with you last week?" asked young George Aristophanes, the leading American humorist, uncovering his head before the manager. "I have," replied the great man, "but I don't see why you call it a tragedy. It reads more like a farce." "Ah! yes, but it is a tragedy, and a fearful one. You see, the idea is, we lock the doors, and the audience dies about the middle of the third act." "Not if I can save them!" howled the indignant manager, who wanted to save his audiences to buy a steam yacht with them, and with one vicious stab he thrust a ten-dollar bill into the humorist's hand. The unhappy man gave one horrified glance at it, recognized it, and fell dead upon the floor. The manager calmly withdrew the fatal bill and sold the body to a neighboring medical college for $40. Everything always favors the manager that truly loves his audiences.—*Burdette.*

A PARTY of men were discussing the various modes of electing members of a club, in Boston the other day, when George W. Towle said: "In the Round Table club the scheme is simplicity itself. When at dinner, the president announces the name of the candidate. If it is received in silence, he is a member from that moment; but if any one says 'Oh, h—!' there is no election.—*Ex.*

IT is rumored that Mr. Lowell is revising his courtship poem, in which "Zeke peeked thru the winder." This particular line will read, "Ezekial glawnced through the casement, don't cher know." Mr. Lowell is either in England or will sail for there shortly.—*Epoch.*

COUNSEL: Now, then. sir, did you; or did you not, threaten to kill the plaintiff?
WITNESS: I did——
COUNSEL: That will do. The jury will notice the admission.
WITNESS: But I haven't finished. I was about to say that I did——
COUNSEL: Quite right to confess it. You may step down.
WITNESS: Your Honor, I insist upon my right to finish the sentence.
JUDGE: Well!
WITNESS: I did—not.—*Calcutta Times.*

SCENE—dinner party at a rich bourgeois' house. Prosperous barrister recounting his career:

"When I took my first brief, I was excited and nervous, especially as my client was a consummate scoundrel—a bad egg, any way you took him. But then I was beginning my practice. He was a man of good family, the reputation of which would have been fatally tarnished had he been convicted; so I took the case and got the rascal off."

After dinner enter an important personage, great friend of the host, who presents the lawyer to him. Great Personage, patronizingly, "I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman; I met him long ago. In fact, I may say I gave him his first start in life. I was his first client.—*Calcutta Times.*

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THE straight and narrow path is a difficult thing to keep in the rural districts after a heavy snow-fall. —*Puck.*

A RURAL debating society recently discussed the question, "Resolved, that the Dakota blizzard is not so bad as the poetry printed about it." The decision was in the affirmative, on the ground that it was easier to escape the blizzard.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I HEAR your father hasn't appeared at any of your big dinners, lately, Snapley," observed Bob White, the other day. "I hope the old gentleman isn't sick?"

"No," said Snapley, "he isn't sick. He'll show up later."

"When?"

"When he learns not to call the butler 'sir.'"—*Puck.*

A BROOKLYN girl, having to choose between two suitors—a soldier and a coachman—gave her hand to the latter. It was not the first time a soldier, when in an engagement, made a narrow escape.—*Norristown Herald.*

A "HONEY TRUST" has been formed, but the bee that makes the honey cannot be trusted with any more safety than before the trust was formed.—*Norristown Herald.*

MINISTER: Well, Bobby, do you think you will be a better little boy this year than you were last?

BOBBY (*hopefully*): I think so, sir; I began taking cod-liver oil last week.—*Epoch.*

AFTER the minister had concluded his prayer for rain, the street-cleaning contractor said "Amen" in a voice that shook the bell in the steeple.—*Tid-Bits.*

IT is said that the man who invented Volapuk got his idea from Red Shirt, of the Wild West Show, trying to speak French.—*Tid-Bits.*

ONE PACK May IC U Name Cards, One Fresh Escort Cards, One Floral Flirtation Cards, One Pack Hold-to-the-Light Cards, The Mystic Oracle, with which you can tell any person's age, and large sample book of Holiday Name Cards. All for only a 2-cent stamp. Banner Card Co., Ouida, O.

MODJESKA'S TRIBUTE.

NEW YORK, February 4th, 1888.

My Dear Sir:—

I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (Ideal Tooth Polisher) for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their value, and believe them to be an invention that will in time almost entirely supersede the brush of bristles.

Yours truly,

HELENA MODJESKA.

18 Felt Polishers (wood veneer back) cost 25 cts.; each comfortably lasts 10 days. The Holder, strong, elegant, imperishable, costs 35 cts. At dealers or mailed.

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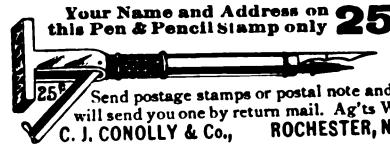

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ESTABLISHED 1853.

THE DINING CAR LINE TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

The completion of the all-rail line known as the "Shasta Route," between Portland and San Francisco, gives the trans-continental traveler an opportunity to patronize the famous dining car and Yellowstone Park route, The Northern Pacific Railroad. While the Northern Pacific has long been the favorite line to Fargo, Moorhead, Grand Forks, Fergus Falls, Helena and Butte, Mont., Portland, Ore., Tacoma and Seattle, W. T., Victoria, B. C., and the only rail line to Jamestown, Bismarck, Miles City, Bozeman, Spokane Falls, and many other prominent Western points, it is only recently that rates between the East and San Francisco *via* this route were made practically the same as by the older lines.

Information with reference to the country traversed by the Northern Pacific, rates, time-tables, illustrated tourist books and folders will be cheerfully given on application to any agent of The Northern Pacific R.R., your nearest ticket agent, or CHARLES S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R.R., St. Paul, Minn.

WHERE SHE WAS WISE.

JUDGE: Madame, what is your age?

SHE: Your honor, I leave that to the mercy of the court.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

VALUES RISE.

JUDGE: What is your estimation of the value of the boots that were stolen from you?

PROSECUTOR: They cost me when new 10s. I have had them soled twice, which makes the total 14s.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

OUR QUAKER POET.

IN a primary school, the teacher had the little ones learn "The Barefoot Boy," and told them about the author, John Greenleaf Whittier, whose birthday was to be so lovingly remembered. "And now," said the teacher, "who is this poet whose birthday is on Saturday, and whom you must all love?" The answer came clear and prompt from the small boy, whose voice is always heard in the land, "Mr. Barefoot Man."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

THE ENGADINE
Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

EDITOR (*to assistant*): This story of Smith's is a very interesting one, and extremely well written; but I'm afraid it's too sensational. We cannot be too careful to keep our columns clean and pure.

ASSISTANT: How would it do to hold it for the Sunday edition?

EDITOR: Well, yes, it might do for Sunday.—*Puck.*

GUEST (calling down through speaking-tube): Quick! What shall I do? There's a man under my bed.

NIGHT CLERK: Sleep on top of the bed; it doesn't cost any more.—*Hartford Lampoon.*

NEW YORK'S latest curiosity is a little girl who burns down buildings for fun. They grow everything over there—except monuments to Gen. Grant.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"BUB, did you find a quarter here?" he asked of a little chap leaning against a lamp-post at the post-office corner.

"Naw! Did you drop one?"

"I think I did."

"Well, you orter know I didn't find it. If I had I'd have been a mile off by this time. Us boys never take chances of the owner coming back."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LENGTH OF DAYS.

Five Hundred Years Old—Is Living a Lost Art?

Is life worth living?

In the days of long ago people seemed to think it was, if the length of time they devoted to becoming acquainted with its lights and shadows is any criterion.

It would seem as though life must have afforded much of enjoyment in the good old days. Sophocles hung on until he was 130 years old, then perished by an accident. Attila was 124 when he died of the consequence of a revel on the night of his second marriage. This is a warning to young men. Epemenides was 157 at his regretted decease.

Crowns did not sit so heavily on the brows of monarchs as they seem latterly to do. Fohi, the founder of the Chinese Empire, reigned 115 years, and so did Apaphus of Thebes Egyptian. Tacitus gives 175 years to Tuisco, a German prince. Daddon, an Illyrian noble, lived for 500 years, according to Alexander Cornelius.

The art of living seems to be one of the many "lost arts" which the dark ages covered over, and modern civilization has not yet been able to uncover. It is certain long life was not secured by using mineral poisons as remedies for disease. That is essentially modern practice. The ancients doubtless drew on the laboratory of nature for their medicines; hence the span of their lives was naturally extended.

We know that our immediate ancestors found their medicines in the fields and forests adjoining their log cabin homes. These natural remedies were efficacious and harmless—left no poison in the system. Physicians were rarely called in, and the people lived to rugged and hearty old age. Is it not worth while to return to their wholesome methods of cure for common ailments?

H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure, have introduced to the public a line of Log Cabin remedies, and their name indicates their character. They include a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Extract for External and Internal Use," "Rose Cream" for Catarrh, "Scalpine" for the hair, "Liver Pills" and "Porous Plaster." They are carefully compounded from actual recipes, the most efficacious in use by our grandparents, and those who would like to try the virtues of old-time remedies have an opportunity to secure the best in "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies."

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In Fancy Baskets, **6** quarts . .	**$13.75**	In Fancy Baskets, **24** half pints .	**$15.50**
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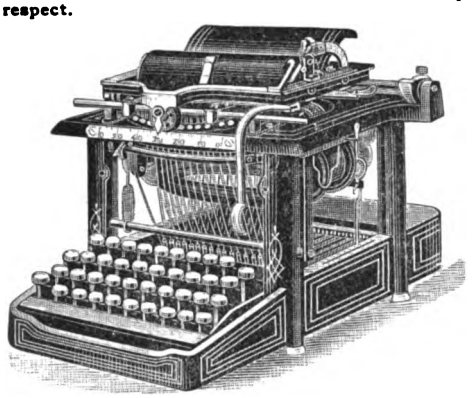

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THE CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL-GAZETTE says: "*New York* 'LIFE' *is keener than* 'PUNCH,' *and not behind it in pictorial point and execution. The grouping of* 'THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE' *in a holiday book has quite naturally come to be an annual matter, and much is the refined merriment and enjoyment scattered thereby. It is a brilliant combination of the best witty conceits of America.*"

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

1. First Series.

From the issue of the first number to 1884.

"*For an hour's good fun, no one can find in a long day's journey so much as is contained between these side-splitting covers.*"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"*Exceedingly clever.*"—*New York Times.*

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2. Second Series. During 1884–1885.

"*Not to be matched for point, wit, and excellent drawing, by any collection of society art in the world.*"—*Independent.*

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"*Shows the same deftness of touch and keenness of social satire which have characterized our audacious contemporary.*"—*Christian Union.*

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"I had the pleasure of going through the establishment of **S. Davis, Jr. & Co., Cincinnati,** and of seeing the care and expertness with which the hams were handled until they were packed ready for export; and as this house may be said to represent ham curing in the United States, it appears to me that no hams in the world can surpass the American for purity, cleanliness and flavor."

The Diamond Hams, brand of S. Davis, Jr., Cincinnati, O., have been packed continuously since 1841.

A pamphlet, "How to Cook the Diamond Ham" will be sent to any one whose grocer does not keep the Diamond Ham, by

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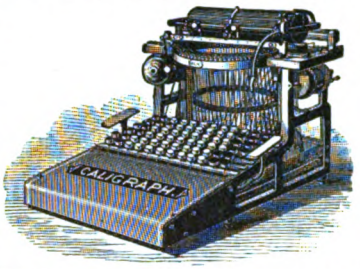

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Statement of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT.

For the year ending December 31, 1887. Assets, $118,805,851 88.

Insurance and Annuity Account.

Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1, 1887	No.	Amount.	Policies and Annuities in force, Jan. 1, 1888	No.	Amount.
	129,927	$393,809,202 88		140,943	$427,628,932 51
Risks Assumed	22,305	69,457,468 37	Risks Terminated	11,289	35,637,738 74
	152,232	$463,266,671 25		152,232	$463,266,671 25

Revenue Account.

Dr.		Cr
To Balance from last account	$104,719,734 31	By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities and Death Claims	$14,128,423 60
" Premiums	17,110,901 62	" Commissions, Commutations, Taxes, and all other Expenses	3,649,514 49
" Interest, Rents and Premium on Securities Sold	6,009,020 84	" Balance to new account	110,061,718 68
	$127,839,656 77		$127,839,656 77

Balance Sheet.

Dr.		Cr.
To Reserve for Policies in force and for risks terminated	$112,430,096 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$49,615,268 06
" Premiums received in advance	82,314 36	" United States and other Bonds	43,439,877 81
" Surplus at 4 per cent.	6,294,441 52	" Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals	20,159,173 37
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,619,362 66
		" Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries	2,973,169 98
	$118,806,851 88		$118,806,851 88

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct
A. N. WATERHOUSE, *Auditor.*

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884.	$34,681,420	$351,789,285	$4,743,771
1885.	46,507,139	368,981,441	5,012,634
1886.	56,832,719	393,809,203	5,643,568
1887.	69,457,468	427,628,933	6,294,442

NEW YORK, January 25, 1888.

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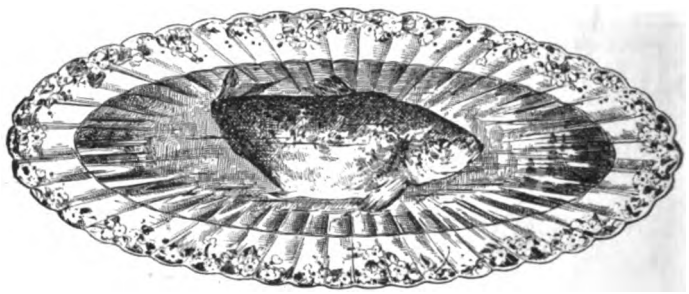

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LIFE

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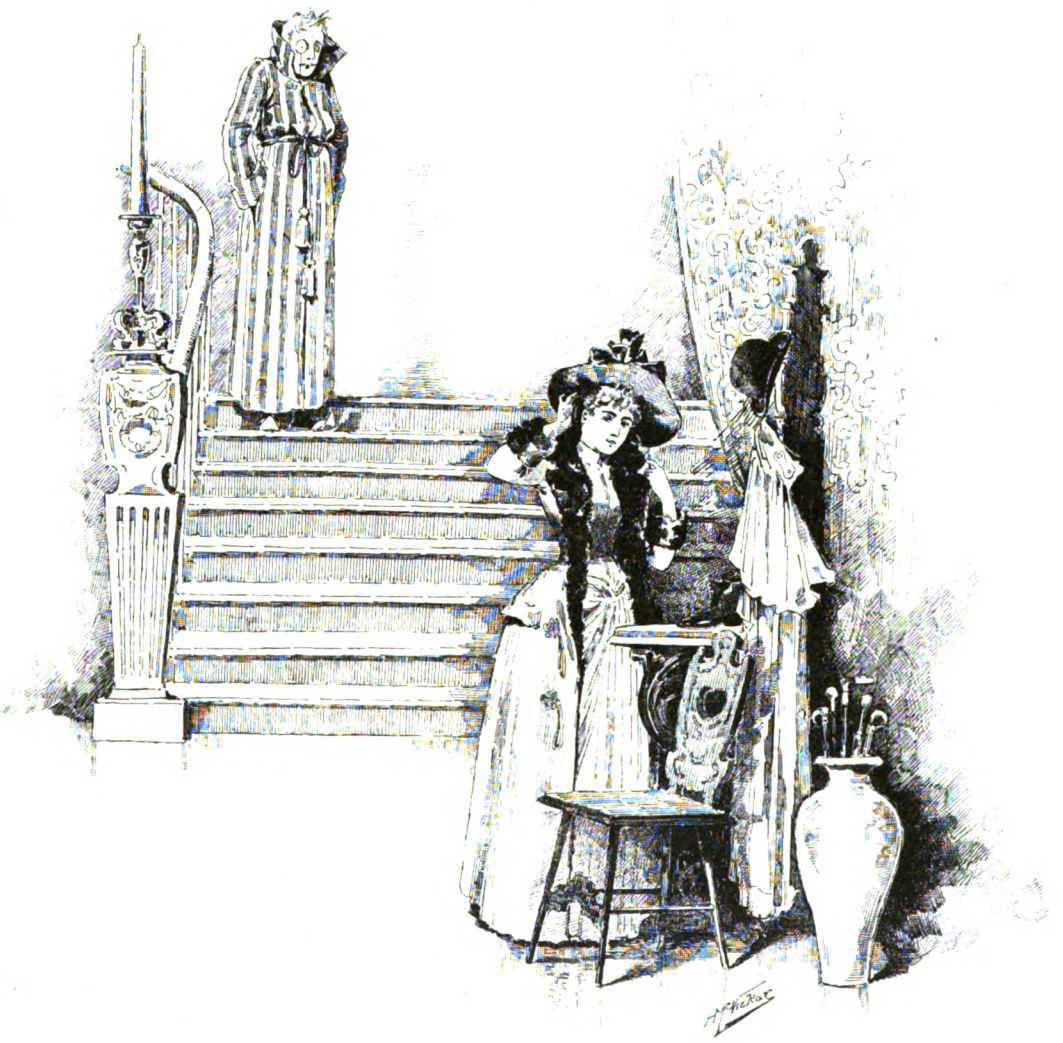

NO EXPLANATION NEEDED.

Robert (*who was at the office very late last night*): MY DEAR, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF MY BOOTS?
She (*sweetly*): YES, LOVE, THEY ARE DOWN HERE ON THE HAT RACK.

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

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GOOD-LUCK to you, Mr. Blaine, in your new career as private citizen. You will be missed next fall, by no one more than by this journal; but LIFE is glad if you are not going to run. It is not pleasant, dear sir, to be always tilting at an urbane and magnetic gentlemen like you. LIFE, for one, is only too happy to cease regarding you as a politician, and to dwell with sympathetic interest upon your merits as a man of letters and your rare abilities as a companion.

More power to your philosophy, Mr. Blaine! May your most satisfactory days be those that are before you.

* * *

MR. HEWITT, it seems, does not propose to be New York's perpetual Mayor.

So much the worse for New York. It needs Mr. Hewitt, and the gas-lamps on that gentleman's front steps are likely to see a great variety of weather before a more capable official takes his chair in the City Hall.

We trust the copy-book in the Mayor's office contains the complete record of Mr. Hewitt's official correspondence. That will be a rich legacy to leave the city, and one calculated to be a terror to evil-doers and a powerful stimulus to all mayors to come.

And now, since Mr. Hewitt has demonstrated that he can be faithful in municipal things, have the people some more momentous interests that they will entrust to him?

* * *

DR. PATTON, the President-elect of Princeton, seems to belong to the old school of college presidents. He was chosen, it appears, because he was the Governor Hill of orthodoxy. "I am a Presbyterian" seems to be Dr. Patton's constitution and by-laws, and the test of the special branch of learning in which he excels lies in the ability to say what a Presbyterian is, and what he is not. As soon as Dr. Patton made a practical demonstration that he knew how to make this distinction, Princeton cried out for him and added him to her stock of learned men. She has kept him in stock ever since, and now has brought him out promptly and with pride, to put on the shoes of the venerable McCosh.

They are large shoes, and if Dr. Patton fills them he will be as good a president for Princeton as Princeton would be likely to find anywhere. It takes all kinds to make the world, and all kinds of colleges to educate the people in it. The old-fashioned college had some excellent points, and if Princeton wants to try to be an old-fashioned college, let us not quarrel with her about it. But the College of New Jersey is a pretty live institution, and lives, moreover, in a mighty progressive age. It will take a heavy curb and a strong hand on the reins to keep her from following in the wake of her fellows. Progress is catching, so let no one be surprised if presently the dust begins to gather on the theological tomes in Dr. Patton's study, and the theologian develops into the man of affairs.

* * *

IT is hardly a remarkable or an unexpected circumstance that Henry George and Edward McGlynn have fallen out, but it is highly entertaining, and perhaps it is not too harsh to say that it gives honest men a fine occasion to rejoice.

As to the result of the quarrel to Mr. George we have no fears. Mr. George falls always on his feet, and very lightly; he is smart, and there are plenty of trades besides reform and Anti-Poverty at which he can make a living. But the case is not quite the same with Dr. McGlynn. He has been used to think he was dealing with realities, and to take the world more seriously than his adroit accomplice. We fear that there is an evil day coming, when he shall realize that he has fooled away his opportunities of usefulness without even acquiring a taste for mischief-making,

It is poor economy to break with the Pope without making sure terms with the Devil.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary the *Post* says:

Shakespeare was a man of remarkable foresight, and a critic to whose judgment of wit we must all bow; but was he not a little too severe when he said that life was "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing?" There have been some very good jokes in *Life* lately.

Our evening contemporary should remember that in Shakespeare's day words had different meanings from what they have now.

For instance, the word *post* at this same time was used as an adjective, derived from the French *aposter*, and was commonly used to signify one who was hired to spy, deceive, insult, and do what was wrong or corrupt. The word is now obsolete, as is most just, for the *Post* has been quite incorruptible lately.

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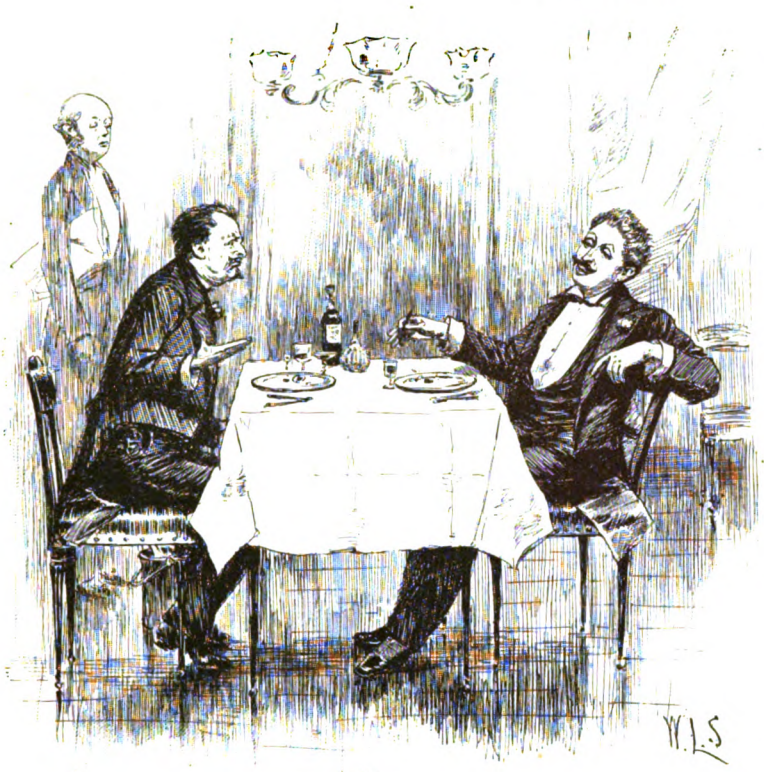

PHILOLOGICAL.

Gallic Tourist: I DO NOT SEE HOW ONE EVER LEARNS THIS ABSURD ENGLISH. I READ ON THE MENU OF DRINKS, "SHERREE COBBLAIR," I FIND IN THE DICTIONARY—A MENDER OF SHOES OF SHERRY WINE; "SANTA CRUZ SOUR," *La Sainte Croix acide;* BRANDY SMASH, "EAU DE VIE ECRASE." *Bete de langue!*

OBSERVATIONS.

POETS, says the proverb, are born, not made, and as an extraordinary scientific fact, we note that the same thing is true of pug-dogs.

* * *

WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S Tullamore trousers will be used as a campaign banner in the next general election.

* * *

MRS. ANDREW LANG is as extraordinary a writer as her husband, if the following paragraph from her article on Richardson in the *Independent* means anything:

DEAR MISS SOMERVILLE,—I was much interested in your fruitless struggle to read "Sir Charles Grandison"—the book whose separate numbers were awaited with such impatience by Richardson's endless lady friends.

Endless lady friends! Shades of Goliah, what tall women Richardson must have cultivated!

* * *

A TREASURE still in the possession of the Empress Eugénie, is an umbrella, the handle of which is a mass of rare jewels. The umbrella was purchased at the cost of $2,000.

The Empress has not used it since her husband stopped reigning.

TO THE POLICE.

WE wish to call the attention of the police to the portrait above. The subject will at once be recognized as the leader of an organized band of Englishmen, who have lately made this country the scene of their depredations. Counterfeiting is their trade, and they have coined more money in the last six months than is circulated among the poor of London in a year. Their nefarious practices should be looked into.

A CLOSE study of our government leads us to believe that Mr. Riddleberger is our legislature and John Boyle O'Reilly the people.

Otherwise we fail to comprehend the postponement of action on the British treaty.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

JOSIAH IS NOT ACCEPTABLE TO THE PARENTS; BUT JOSIAH IS INGENIOUS, AND THE NEIGHBOR'S DOG GETS THE CREDIT OF STEALING THE OLD MAN'S CHICKENS.

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BALLADS OF THE CANDIDATES.

HE has aspirations lofty, but he isn't very deep;
His ways are most transparent, and his methods very cheap;
He would like to lease the White House, but he'd never fill the bill;
His chances? Small potatoes, and not many to the Hill.

HE's quite a literary bent,
He, too, would be the President.
He called tobacco necessary,
But like a politician wary,
As soon as his mistake he learnt
He wished his Paris letter burnt,
And stead of navy plug and snuff,
He thought the tax on sugar tough.
His mind is big, his conscience plastic,
His principles are most elastic.
He hints that office is despised,
But we think he's willing to be surprised.

A third there is, whose brother fought
All through the war. He, too, has caught
The fever of the White House chair,
And tries to work it through a scare.
Most of the issues he would straddle,
Save that the South is in the saddle.
He calls the Southerner a varmint,
And waves aloft the gory garment.

There's a fellow in the West, the Governor of a State,
Who's attracted much attention from the G. A. R. of late;
He hopes to reach, 'tis said by some, the Presidential chair,
Because a lady snubbed him—a lady bright and fair.
There is a picture we wot of he's likely to recall—
Of three sage-looking asses a pasturing on the mall;
Their three heads are together, and they're asking, "When shall we
Three meet again?"—and now, afar across the raging sea,
We have a happy notion, and one by no means dim,
These asses three are met again and this combine is "him."
And not till the Executive becomes triumvirate
Will Joseph B., of Ohio, become a potentate.

'Tis Grover last, but Scripture says the last shall be the first,
He thinks the taxes should come down lest money-bags shall burst;
He's ruled us well since he has been the skipper of the State,
And cable news from Washington claims that he carries weight.
Opposed to him is many a one of various grades of fame,
But Grover whistles soft and low: I'll get there just the same.

* * *

A POLITICIAN of our acquaintance cruelly alludes to Mr. Flower as the Hon. Rosewell Pettyboom Flower.

IN her remarks to Parliament the Queen started off, "My Lords and Gentlemen."

Even the Queen is beginning to see that there is a distinction between her lords and gentlemen.

* * *

THE *Times* is doing its best to make a mountain of iniquity out of a Hill of insignificance.

Let the Governor drop, Mr. Jones. It can't hurt him since he can't drop far, and it will make your paper more agreeable reading.

* * *

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has a versified apology in the February *Atlantic* because he has "No Songs in Winter," and the "blank ink crusts upon the pen." Mr. Aldrich wants us to wait until the "bluebirds, wrens and jays come again."

All right, Mr. Poet. We'll wait for Jay's coming. His son George says he will be back on Wall Street in March; but we can wait until April, if you'd like it better.

* * *

"NATURE," said a philosopher, "is full of wise provisions."

He doubtless referred to potatoes, beets and other vegetables, and not to mince-pie and welch rarebits.

* * *

DREAMS are said to form a large part of the stock-in-trade of the novelist.

We hear that Mr. Howells, having dreamed one night that he got out of bed and sat in a chair by the window, is writing a strong novel of Buffalo life based upon this incident.

* * *

WIGGINS: Aren't you ever afraid of getting hurt traveling on the railroad every day?

JAGGERS: Not at all. I couldn't be badly hurt anyhow; I travel such a short distance.

* * *

THERE is only one thing we know of that is worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after-dinner speech.

That is to prepare an after-dinner speech and not be asked to deliver it.

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The Fickle Calendar.

Spring.

In a lane a careless mortal
Meets a maiden merry—
As by chance they come together,
Someone ventures—"Charming weather!"
Someone murmurs—"Very!"

Summer.

At her feet a lazy mortal
Whiffs his cares away,
Reads the while in eyes provoking
Volumes on the vice of smoking.
Who could disobey?

Autumn.

In the train a lovesick mortal
Doesn't care to smoke,
Feels—he says—a strange abhorrence,
Tries to think of rhymes to Florence—
Sonnets are no joke.

Winter.

On the street a bustling mortal
Dons his city manners;
To a paper takes his sonnet,
And with what he raises on it,
Gets some more Havanas.

O. Herford.

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THE HAUGHTY DAME AND HER NEW PET.

BOOKISH.

BRET HARTE'S LATEST STORY.

ONE of the unrecognized blessings of President Cleveland's Administration is that it deprived Bret Harte of his Glasgow Consulship, and sent him back to his loom and the weaving of stories. He still tosses the shuttle with rare dexterity, and brings out beautiful patterns on the old warp. You know that the West of which he writes has wholly passed away—if it ever existed. Indeed, the California newspapers occasionally invite the author to revisit his old home and readjust his impressions. But, if not true to life, these later characters are true to Bret Harte's traditions. They are generous, picturesque, lucky or shiftless by turns, and always entertaining.

* * *

IN "A Phyllis of the Sierras" (Houghton's), the author is back again in that grand region which has so often furnished him with an impressive background. The house on the edge of the cañon and the two fair women there, are certainly reminiscences of "Snow-bound at Eagle's," but that matters little when the new story is told so romantically.

A close reader will notice that in Bret Harte's recent stories there is a subtilty in character drawing, a fine discrimination of shades of difference, which was seldom seen in his earlier work. One feels that his experience of a more complex society has sharpened his perceptions. A thread of fine irony gleams here and there in the woof. He is still very chivalrous toward women of all types, but he gently ridicules their inconsistencies and prejudices. He seems to be growing conscious of the heartlessness of a woman's ambition. Back of the ambition of a man is generally the strong love for some woman or child; it includes his family, but a woman's ambition includes herself alone.

* * *

HOWEVER, one likes best the rude and unsophisticated characters in his story. Even when *Minty Sharpe* is making herself ludicrous and vulgar, one feels that there is something genuine and admirable about her. It comes to the surface in the pathetic chapters describing her interview with her father, the old blacksmith, and her brother, *Richelieu*. That precocious boy is an amusing sketch, and there should be more of him. We should have had at least a glimpse of him after the family had reached prosperity and European notoriety.

* * *

WHEN the scene of the tale is shifted to England, it loses most of its interest. All track is lost of the chief characters, except what is imperfectly revealed in the conversation of certain minor individuals. The great gap between the rude Phyllis of the Sierras and the courted beauty on the Continent is hardly bridged with a suggestion. The new phase of the plot which the change of scene develops is only indicated; the reader has no sympathy with the rearrangement, and it would have required great elaboration of details to create it. The story should have ended at The Lookout, or have been very much longer than at present. The problem proposed is large enough to fill a novel of fair dimensions.

No faults of construction, however, can destroy the beauty of style and fancy which pervades all that Bret Harte writes.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS

PARADISE. A Novel. By Lloyd S. Bryce. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
The Original Mr. Jacobs. A Startling Exposé. New York: The Minerva Publishing Co.
Harvard Reminiscences. By Andrew Peabody, D.D. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
The World's Verdict. A Novel. By Mark Hopkins, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Uncle Sam. By Harold Brydges. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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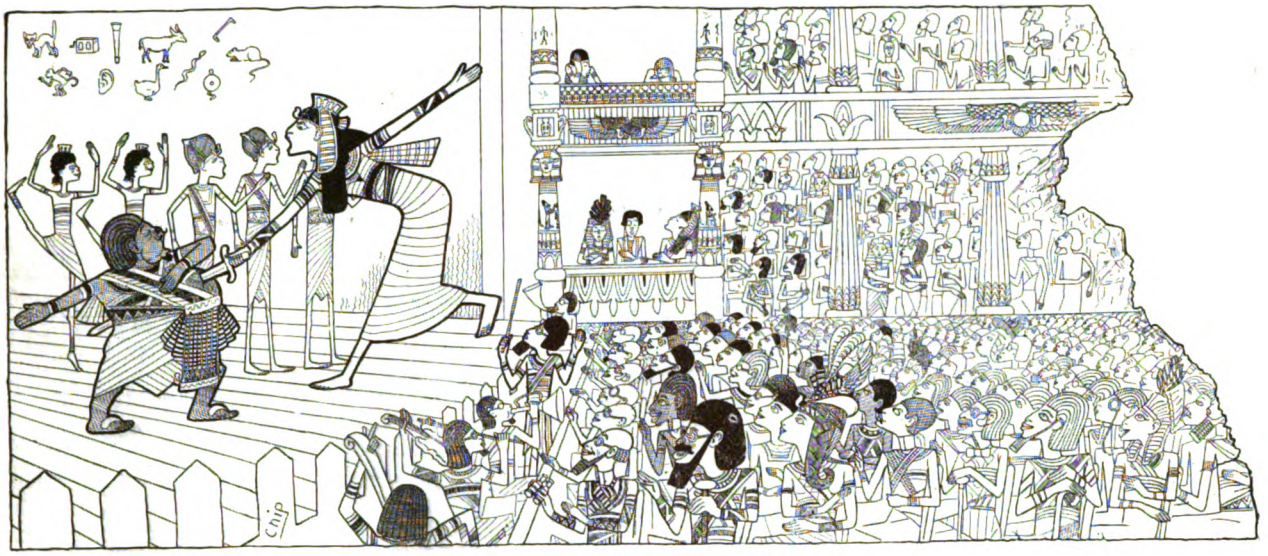

GERMAN OPERA AT THEBES.

A POST OBITUARY.

SINCE we went to press, last week, our esteemed friend Mr. Crowley has recovered, and we are pleased to note, has overcome his scruples, and looked upon the gin when it is white.

We are glad that Mr. Crowley has been given another lease of life, and venture to hope that his "flop" from the prohibitionists to those whose license is limited by no heights, however vast, will transpire to be as enduring as the Universe.

It is true that Mr. Crowley lost his sole chance for the Presidency by deserting the Prohibitionists, but what would the Presidency be without the flowing bowl to any well-regulated chimpanzee? Mr. Crowley is fortunate, and if his political ambitions are cast to the ground, he can obtain all the consolation he wants by reading all about Mr. Hayes in the New York *Sun*.

THE will power of a Surrogate is something awful to contemplate.

ONE of the contributors to *The Atlantic Monthly* has written a poem on Gibraltar, in which he very successfully rhymes "to-day" with "Africa." This is quite the literary sensation of the hour in Boston.

THE ONLY WAY.

MARY: George, if I die, promise me one thing.

GEORGE: What is it, Mary.

MARY: That you will marry Emma Wilkins.

GEORGE: Why, I thought you hated her, Mary.

MARY: I do, George. I want to get even with her.

ANOTHER DIMES' WORTH.

"DROP YOUR BUNDLES, OLD MAN; WE'VE BEEN A LAYIN' IN AMBUSH EXPECTIN' YOU FOR FIVE MORTAL HOURS. MY NAME IS CIDER-FACED WOLF, AN' MY PAL IS THE PUTTY-EYED SCREECH OWL; WE'RE ON THE WAY WEST, AN' EVERY LITTLE WILL HELP. SO DROP YOUR BUNDLES AN' WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD, AN' DON'T LOOK AROUND TILL YOU TURN THE CORNER OF THIS LANE!"

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WHAT THE CHILD

A POSSIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE FAT

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HAS GROWN TO.

HER OF HIS COUNTRY IF HE WERE HERE.

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TOLSTOIANA.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S HOME.

FROM Count Tolstoi's wealth and rank, one might suppose that he resided in some historic castle, capped with tapering domes of the inverted-turnip style of architecture so frequently seen in Russia; but, on the contrary, the Tolstoi abode is a plain building with the back-door facing the front draw-bars, and deriving its historic interest from the fact that it was constructed as a brick-kiln during the rebuilding of Moscow. The house is situated in an undulating lawn, well shaded by a species of shrubbery, which may be designated as the Russian blackberry. The entire surroundings suggest to the tourist that he is on the back steppes of Russia.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Count Tolstoi's physiognomy is virile—intensely virile—so much so that, on the occasion of my visit, I hastened to explain that I was no book-agent, but merely an American tourist, who had perused the reviews of all his novels with infinite pleasure, and felt great interest in the home life of great authors. His profile is of the sort that shows up well in mountain scenery. To tone down the rugged masculinity of his features by a touch of feminine softness, and to suggest a well balanced mind, the Count parts his hair in the middle; but, either to counteract the resulting priggish effect, or to indicate his granger proclivities, he has allowed his long gray locks and shaggy beard to become tangled and matted with innumerable cockle-burrs. His broad, blunt nose is singularly expressive—seeming to say that he has been an unsuccessful pugilist. His piercing gray eyes are shaded by heavy eye-brows of the best Siberian bristle, and at lunch (when the features are always animated) I noticed that his lips were large and his mouth full and tightly closed. His jaw is mobile and his chin broad and low.

HIS STYLE OF DRESS.

In dress the novelist is extremely unconventional. When I saw him in the summer he wore sad-colored Axminster trousers, and a white cotton blouse emblazoned with suspender stains. As he descended the ladder which led from his study to the drawing-room, I noticed that his nether garments had been repeatedly rehabilitated.

HIS FAMILY REGULATIONS.

At the time of my visit the Countess, true to her husband's theory of manual labor, was assisting the *mushiks* to repair the county road, while the daughter of the house, carrying out the non-resistant idea, was repelling, by mild and winning remonstrance, the attack of some *bogomoltsi* on the family melon-patch. The Count has a fine appetite, and, to avoid being tempted into discussion while satisfying it, has tabooed all converse around the prandial board save commonplace remarks on current meteorology.

HIS OPINIONS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Count Tolstoi professed the most admiring and intimate acquaintance with American literature. He said that he considered Mrs. Southworth our greatest novelist, but added that his friend, Mr. Howells, was fast approximating her standard, although he did not think his last novels, "She" and "Mr. Isaacs," were as thrilling as "Success with Small Fruits," which was by all odds his masterpiece. He further remarked that "Knickerbocker's History of the Netherlands," and Samuel L. Twain's "Fall and Rise of the Scotch Republic," were ideal histories—and that he had read and re-read the masterly orations of Oliver Wendell Phillips and Samuel J. Randall, of Roanoke; and before we left the subject he lamented the death of Ella Schuyler Colfax and Richard Grant Whitman as an irreparable loss to poetry, and finally inquired if Edgar A. Roe had stopped drinking, and if Constance Fenimore Cooper was in easy circumstances. As he had already displayed a knowledge of American affairs which was unusual for a foreigner, I did not deem it necessary to correct an impression he had gotten that Dr. Ingersoll had accepted the chair of theology in the Military Academy of Andover, and that Col. Bob. McGlynn had been called by Plymouth Rock to fill the place of the late Henry Ward Talmage.

POINTS ABOUT HIS PHILOSOPHY.

The Count is always desirous to expound his altruistic philosophy, and I interrogated him on this subject.

"Is it true, Count Tolstoi," I asked, "that you refused a royalty on American editions of your works?"

"Yes," said he, I wrote the publishers that I cared nothing for receipts." "A philosopher," he continued, "must lose sight of compensation and the emoluments of labor. Why, I have spent the last week in gratuitous grubbing of a poor widow's field."

"Then, Count Tolstoi," I said, "it only remains for me to ask you whether you will lecture in America under my management, and if not, I should like to know if you will take summer boarders?"

The Count meditated for a moment deeply, and then replied that as soon as he completed his lecture advocating Mormon Polygamy and Chinese Cheap Labor, he would let me hear from him on my proposition. "In the meantime," he went on, "I shall be glad to receive you as a summer boarder and congenial participant of my daily life. After we finish grubbing the widow's field, we can—"

But I told him I only wanted to be sure of country board for summer after next, and that I thought a *droshky* was waiting down the road for me.

Eureka Bendall.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of Governor Hill's boom in Ulster.

The Governor's boom will need an ulster before it gets much older.

"IT'S WORRY THAT KILLS."

Gus: How do, Cholly? Come in and—aw—have—aw—glass of sodah.

Cholly: Cawn't do it, Gus. Got too aw—much business to attend to this mawning, and I—aw have to keep a clear head.

Gus: Why—aw—what is it, y' know?

Cholly: Why—I—aw—have to purchase for mamma a—aw—dozen posthage stamps and owdah a—aw—new paiawr of twousers for myself.

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ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

Little un: OH, DEAR! I WISH UNCLE WOULDN'T KEEP FOLLOWING ME SO; PEOPLE WILL SURELY THINK WE'RE ENGAGED!

VOLAPÜK VALENTINE TO VICTORIA.

(With apologies to the author of "From the Desert I Come to Thee.")

FROM America I come to thee,
On a Pegasus shod with ire,
And Protection's left behind
'Neath the tread of hoofed Desire.
Under thy window I stand—
The benighted hear my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that never is shy.

Till the Stars and Stripes and Bars grow old,
And U. S. "plasters" turn to gold,
I am (in a horn), *your lover bold,*

B. ZIM.

SAFE AGAINST FIRE.

COAL DEALER: I say, Premium, this coal strike makes my losses terrific. I want to insure my yard against fire? What's the cost of a policy for ten thousand?

INSURANCE AGENT: What coal is it? Same kind you sent me last time?

DEALER: Yes, sir.

AGENT: Oh, I wouldn't insure it, if I were you. It won't burn, you know.

THE trouble with the coal-strikers is that while they strike when the iron is hot, they likewise strike when the weather is cold, with Baron results.

THE TENTH MUSE.

CORRESPONDENTS frequently write to ask questions on Mythological subjects. The latest inquiry is as to the identity of the Muse of Humor.

We confess to ignorance on this subject, but judging from the number of fresh-roasted witticisms that come up every autumn and infest the papers during the winter, the portrait of the lady here presented will pass muster for the Goddess of Jokes. The name of this tenth muse is said to be *Castanea*.

Miss Brown: YOU MUST COME TO MY HOUSE SOME DAY, ELSIE, AND PLAY.
Elsie: GOT ANY LITTLE BOYS THERE, MISS BROWN?
Miss Brown: NO, DEAR.
Elsie: GOT ANY LITTLE GIRLS?
Miss Brown: NO, DEAR.
Elsie: THEN WHAT ARE THEY?

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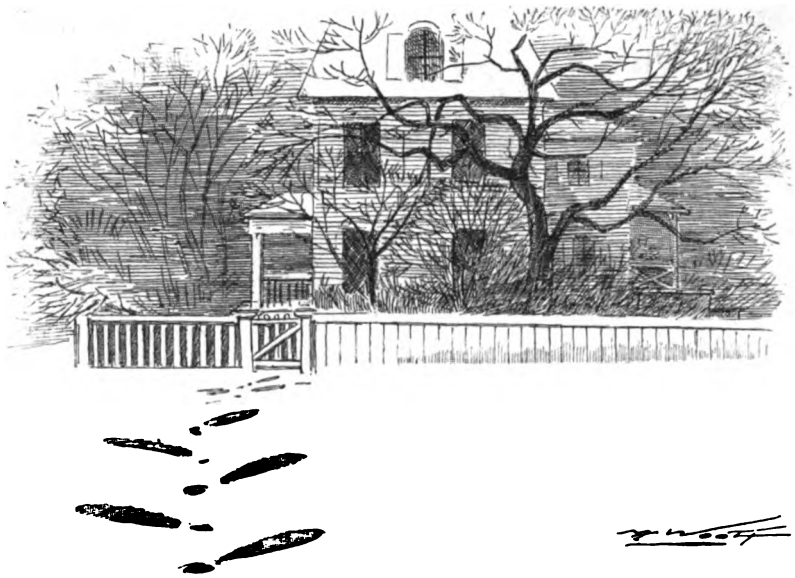
THE MAN WHO ATE TOO MANY OYSTERS.



"MISS FOOTE, FROM CHICAGO, ARRIVED LAST NIGHT."

(*Extract from a Letter.*)

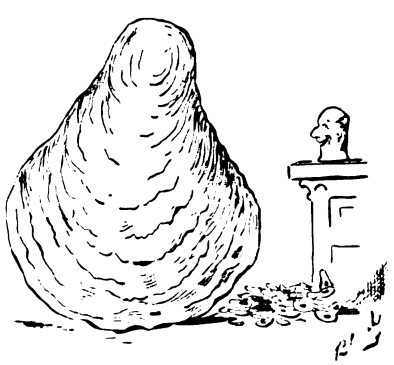
PRINCETON'S PRESIDENCY.

THE claim that the election of Dr. Patton to the presidency of Princeton gives universal satisfaction is fully established by the following remarks from a Princeton graduate in a letter to the *Commercial Advertiser*.

"That the trustees should go out of their way to slight American scholarship, trained executive ability and conspicuous fitness for the vacant post, and should select the most sectarian representative of an exclusive sect, who is not even an American citizen, is only a tribute to the momentum of organized stupidity. Princeton is a close corporation. Its trustees elect their own successors, and elect them for life. Few die, none resign. Nearly half of them have served an average of twenty-five years; half of them are ministers, more than half are Jerseymen, all but one are Presbyterians. Their recent action has shown how antiquated, how narrow, how hopelessly out of tune with the thought of the day such a body can be. The Presbyterian Church may regard this step as auspicious for the interests it represents, but the friends of education and advocates of American ideas may well grieve that an institution with such opportunities, and enriched by such traditions, should be set back twenty years."

This is the nicest characterization of the inspired bigots who are striving to perpetuate narrowness in our National mind we have yet seen.

We have reason to be thankful that this narrowness of spirit is confined to Princeton, Andover, and the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



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GREELEY'S PENMANSHIP.

THERE have been more jokings over Horace Greeley's execrable handwriting than we could name, but the annexed one is certainly one of the best. Once upon a time Mr. M. B. Castle, of Sandwich, Illinois, invited Mr. Greeley to lecture. To this the following reply was sent:

DEAR SIR,—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February third. On the whole it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

M. B. CASTLE, Sandwich, Ill.

We can partly imagine the great efforts made by the lecture committee and others to decipher Horace's pothooks, and the delight which they must have felt at their success in extracting their general meaning. That they did so will be seen in the following epistle forwarded in due time to Mr. Greeley:

SANDWICH, Ill., May 12.

HORACE GREELEY, New York *Tribune*:

DEAR SIR, Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time—"third of February," and terms, "sixty dollars"—are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity; if so, we will advise you.

Yours respectfully, M. B. CASTLE.

—*Commercial.*

A SCISSORS-GRINDER man was walking slowly down Main Street, ringing a merry ting-a-ling-ling chime on his bell, when a woman rushed to the front door and asked in a breathless voice: "Do you grind scissors?"

The man looked at her a moment and then meekly answered: "No; I black boots. My father is dead and I carry this grindstone around to conceal my trade. Umbrellas to mend! Ting-a-ling-ling."

—*Darby News-Independent.*

EXASPERATED WIFE: What do you mean by coming home at this time in the morning?

CONVIVIAL HUSBAND: I am very sorry, my dear, but it's not my fault. The fellers had all gone; didn't have anyone to talk to.—*Ex.*

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again."—*Singapore Review.*

MISS TODIDUM (*complaisantly*): Ah, Mrs. Goldbags, no one could mistake who the mother of these handsome children is. You ought to be proud of them, for they inherit all their mother's beauty and grace.

MRS. GOLDBAGS: So I'm told; but you know I never met my husband's first wife.—*Judge.*

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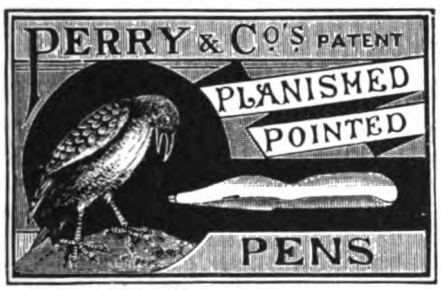

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SPRING AND SUMMER SEASONS, 1888.

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We are in receipt of some beautiful specimens of art from Mr. H. P. Finlay, the American agent of RUBY ROYAL "SEC." It is in the shape of a half-dozen or more richly colored plates, by E. Grasset, representing epochs in the history of dress—French, Italian, and others—with one or two original designs for fancy costumes. Particularly, we would mention that of "La Nuit," which is beautiful in conception, delicate in coloring, and particularly effective as an artistic whole.

HE SHOULD USE NATURAL GAS.

WIFE: Oh, dear! The fire will have to be built again!

HUSBAND: Is that so? That's too bad.

WIFE: Why do you suppose it goes out so often?

HUSBAND: Goes out to get something to keep it warm, just as I'm going to do. I'll be back in an hour or so.—*Lowell Courier.*

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

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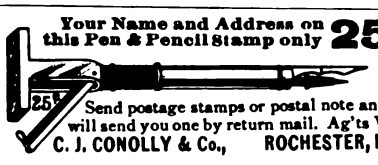

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EADING in its artistic illustrations is the paper, "OLD GARDEN FLOWERS," in *Harper's Magazine* of December, and it is worthy of note that it is always the garden of hardy flowers, and never the one of "bedding plants" that furnishes subjects for the artist's pencil. Hardy plants have all artistic advantages, and all practical ones as well. Their first cost being their only cost, and their greatly increasing in size and beauty, year after year, makes an investment in them yield an annual dividend of loveliness not to be computed in any ordinary way.

My pamphlet, **THE GARDEN OF HARDY FLOWERS** (ready January 15th), contains much useful information about hardy plants, their culture, arrangement, etc. It is profusely illustrated with engravings made from actual garden scenes, and contains plans for making hardy borders, beds, and groups. It will be sent with my catalogue, containing a fine colored lithograph of the Japan Isises, on receipt of six cents for postage.

J. WILKISON ELLIOTT,
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A STRANGE TOWN.

"Here, what are you doing?" asked the janitor of the Potter Building of a wild-eyed granger, who was rushing across the roof to the copings on the edge.

"By ginger, that's queer!" was the astonished reply. "I stepped inter a little office when I come in, and the hull buildin' begin to sink. Fust thing I knowed, she stopped; and now, when I git out, I find m'self up 'n the air 'bout four mile. Queer place, this York."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?" The little girl answered, after a moment's reflection, "It is the thing you forget with."—*Ex.*

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Masonic Advice Saved Him.

248 RAYMOND ST., BROOKLYN, May 5, 1885.

About **ten years** since I was taken very sick, and the doctors said I had **Bright's Disease,** and could not last very long. I suffered severely, and for quite a long time. I then appeared to improve some and got around, but soon **Relapsed** into the same condition as before, and so it went on for a long time, **Always Suffering,** never well—miserable and despondent. At last a friend, member of the same lodge, F. & A. M., persuaded me to try "Warner's SAFE CURE," which I did, and very soon experienced **Relief.** I continued steadily with it for some months, much to the disgust of my physician, an old school allopath; and now having discontinued the use for more than a year, **Feel Better** than for years past. In fact, I have no symptoms of anything being wrong with my kidneys, no pain, the water flowing freely without pain, of a good, clear color, free from sediment and normal in quantity. Furthermore, I am now **Free from Those Distressing Pains in the Loins,** which at one time were ever present, no matter what position I might be in, sitting or standing, in bed or the easy chair. In fact I feel to-day that "Warner's SAFE CURE" **Has Cured Me** of a very serious complaint, not only for the time being but **Permanently.** It is now more than a year since I took the last bottle of "Warner's SAFE CURE," and since that time I have not attempted any kind of diet, but have eaten and drank tea, coffee or anything else I might desire, and to-day am feeling better, weigh more, have a better appetite, am altogether **a Different Man to what I was Ten Years Ago.**

Thos R. L. Mills

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NEW YORK, February 4th, 1888.

My Dear Sir:—,
I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (Ideal Tooth Polisher) for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their value, and believe them to be an invention that will in time almost entirely supersede the brush of bristles.

Yours truly,
HELENA MODJESKA.

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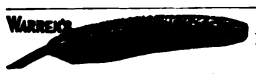

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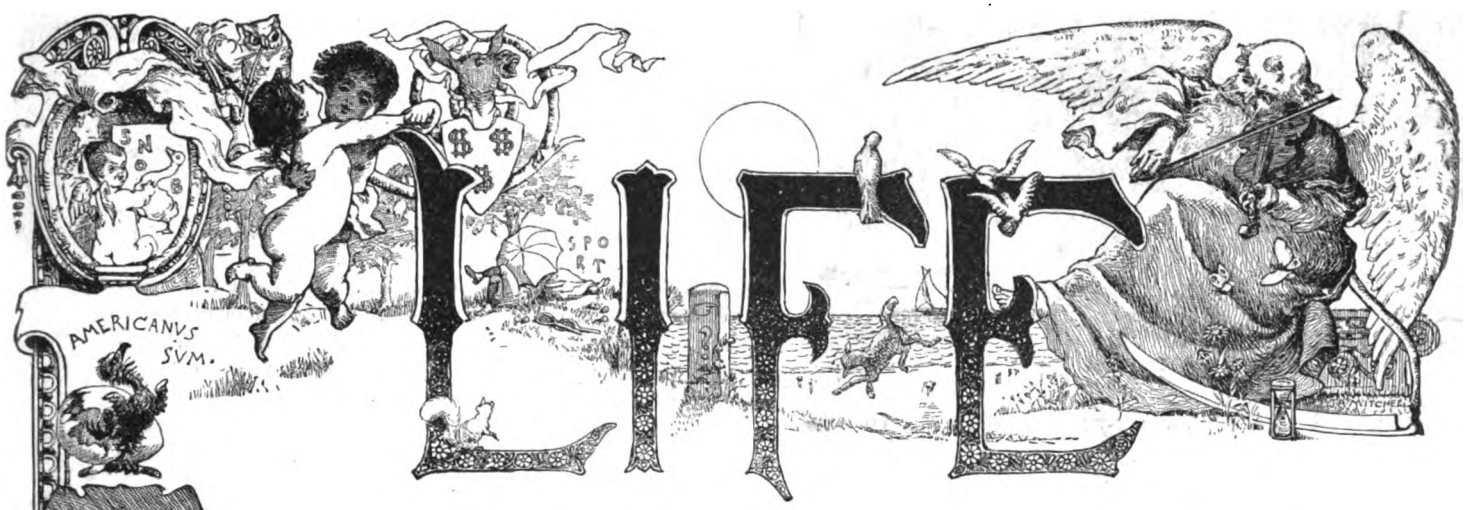

AT A TEA.

Mr. Tynchaser (*who has been obnoxiously persistent in his attentions*): I HAVE NOT HAD THE PLEASURE OF FINDING YOU AT HOME FOR A LONG TIME, MRS. BOND.

Opulent Widow: NO. THERE SEEMS TO BE AN OBSTACLE.

Mr. T.: CAN'T I REMOVE IT?

O. W.: POSSIBLY.

Mr. T. (*tenderly*): AT LEAST, LET ME KNOW WHAT IT IS.

O. W. (*coldly*): THE FRONT DOOR.

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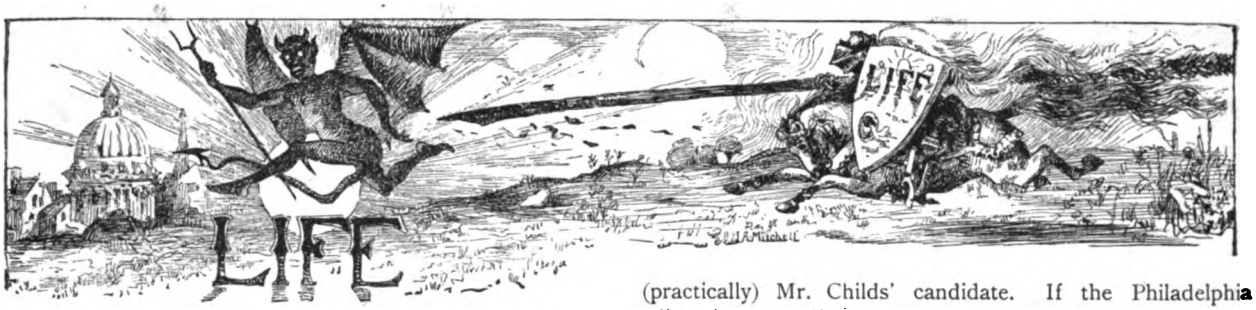

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. MARCH 1, 1888. No. 270.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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A DISCUSSION that goes on without any diminution on account of Lent, is naming candidates. It was strengthened by the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine from the race for the Presidency, and Mr. Hewitt's refusal to be re-elected Mayor. It thrives on the unwillingness of General Sheridan and Mr. Childs to be Mr. Blaine's successors, and on the suggestion that the Hon. Amos Cummings might make a good mayor for New York.

It is an interesting circumstance that, of the three candidates whom New York newspapers have prated about the most, two have explicitly declined to run, and the third talks of the situation with such jocularity as to justify doubt if he would be willing to run either.

It has been the habit of the American mind to consider that no one can help wishing to be President, and if any citizen says that he doesn't care to try, it is the custom of the country to look upon him as an artful person, who is lying low to let possibility ripen into assurance. But General Sheridan and Mr. Childs know what it is to be President. Sheridan saw President Arthur blossom, bloom and fade; and he, as well as Mr. Childs, have seen from near at hand Cleveland's sturdy but laborious administration. They may both have recognized that the presidency is a long, exhausting strain, not to be undertaken by any but iron men, from any but altruistic motives. That Sheridan should say, "I prefer to be a general," and that Childs should say, "I want to be an editor," should not surprise any one. Both these gentlemen have excellent situations, known to be adapted to their tastes and to their powers. They are in great measure their own bosses, and undoubtedly have more fun as they are than they would as servants of the people.

* * *

AND in this connection (as our neighbor the *Sun* would say) LIFE wishes to protest against throwing the nomination any more at Mr. Childs. Mr. Cleveland is (practically) Mr. Childs' candidate. If the Philadelphia editor is to be disturbed any more by the importunities of his friends, let it be to decline an *election*, or at least a nomination actually achieved. It is a shame that the valuable space of the estimable *Philadelphia Ledger* should be clogged by repeated repudiations of mere nugatory proposals. No one should be allowed to nominate Mr. Childs any more until the Convention meets.

* * *

AS for the Hon. Amos Cummings, the possibility of making him Mayor is an interesting matter for discussion.

Of course there is no question about Colonel Cummings' fitness for that or any other office. As a letter-writer he is professionally qualified to compete with our present Mayor; as a ready speaker on his feet, he need not fear to drink champagne from the same bottle as the effervescent Depew. Does any one know the city better than he? Not one. Of course he would make an able and discriminating Mayor, and is peculiarly available because the City Hall is so conveniently near his place of business.

* * *

THERE are always iconoclastic legislators who are ready to smash a bill merely because some one else approves it. Let us hope that these gentry, whether they lurk in Congress or in the State Legislatures, may spare the bill to change inauguration day from the 4th of March to the 30th of April.

In addition to the circumstance that this bill, if passed, will add eight weeks to Mr. Cleveland's administration, there is every reason to favor it, and nothing of importance to be said against it. It does away with the short session of Congress, and gives that illustrious body time to finish up its business in a workmanlike manner, which is an important gain, and it gives the American people a fair chance to see their presidents inaugurated without wading knee-deep in slush and catching their deaths of cold.

It has been amply demonstrated that for historical purposes the 30th of April is as good a day as the 4th of March. For all other purposes it is a vastly better day. Let us have it!

* * *

A STRONG testimonial to the fairness of the British Treaty is the condemnation it meets with among the fishermen of both countries.

Concessions by each had to be made, and a burst of indignation was to be expected from both sides at first. Calm reflection will show that the Treaty is the best and most satisfactory solution of the difficulty that could be reached.

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Montmorency Griddle (of Philadelphia): HEAVENS! SEE THE SPHINX GET UP AND YAWN!

Smith (of New York, absently): I SUPPOSE SHE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THE ANTIQUITY OF YOUR FAMILY.

BOMB-THROWERS.

THE Boston *Pilot* complains because, in the postponed British treaty, bomb-throwing is made an extraditable offense.

Now, Mr. O'Reilly, you should go too. You are a good poet, and a superb exponent of the manly art, but as a sympathizer with bomb-throwers you are not a success. The whole world should be leagued together to stamp out the vermin whose weapon is dynamite, be they French, Dutch, Russian, English, Irish or Chinese. We even believe, Mr. O'R., that should Queen Victoria or Lord Salisbury visit this country, and throw a bomb at you, you would be the first to clamor for protection.

No, no, Mr. *Pilot*, your point is not well taken, and we think if you could make up your mind to drop Riddlebergerish methods your popularity would increase, for in "other respects you are doing quite well."

IT was so cold in Orange County last week that all the milk had ice-cream on its surface.

THE COMING FAD.

I CHANCED to pass her on the street,
A modest maiden, blushing fair;
With laughing eyes and lips so sweet,
A bee might seek its honey there.

Alas, those lips! I could but stare,
Were shaped to ruby circle true;
And on the crisp and willing air
Familiar notes she softly blew.

Once cooking was the proper thing,
Then Browning drove the women mad;
Poor Buddha's gone to fold his wing—
But whistling is the coming fad.

Desmond Fitzgerald.

TIME CROWNING COMSTOCK.

The intelligent reader will perceive at once that Father Time is clothed as befits the subject.

The letters on the crown might mislead the intelligent reader, unless he were informed that they are the initials of the Association for the Suppression of Suggestion.

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MARCH.

OH, the Ram it is the symbol of the merry month of Mars,
Depicted in a rampant state upon the calendars;
But March is such a freakish month, we think, if put to vote,
The people would dethrone the ram and substitute the goat.

* * *

LIFE joins in the petition to the Fifth Avenue Stage Company not to run its stages on Sunday. We beg to add an amendment that the company do not run its stages on other days until it obtains such vehicles as will permit a person wearing a high silk hat to give his seat to a lady without submitting his head-gear to everlasting destruction.

* * *

THE DOG SHOW.

BENCH SHOWS are not wildly interesting to the public, as a rule, but the exhibition of last week was a howling success. As far as the judgment of the experts in special lines of dog was concerned, our Dog Fancier finds himself in a mugwumpish frame of mind. In no case were prizes awarded to the dogs of his choice, and it must be added that jealousy has no place amongst the causes of our critic's dissatisfaction. He had no dog on exhibition—indeed, his dog was respectfully declined by the managers three weeks before the show opened; so that the position occupied by him is simply that of a disinterested observer.

The prize awarded in the Scotch Terrier Class was noticeably at variance with our critic's ideas. The animal that gained the medal was certainly a gentlemanly sort of person, and we have nothing at hand which shows that his morals were not all they were claimed to be; but a knowledge of the ways of Scotch Terriers, as derived by the writer from his own personal dog, go far to show that the fortunate creature was *not* in the truest sense of the term, a Scotch Terrier. In the first place, he had been cultivated by man. His ears had been submitted to coupon treatment, and instead of the long flowing tail which was his by divine right, he was followed everywhere he went by a small plush stub that was absolutely devoid of character. The critic's own dog, in this regard, is a perfect specimen of the natural development of the species. His tail wags in graceful curves, and his ears have remained the simple, unadorned features that the brute set out to have.

In the French Poodle Class the Judges were equally at variance with the common-sense views of the critic. There are traces of the French Poodle in the critic's dog, and long acquaintance with these qualities enables him to say that a powder-puff does not grow by nature upon each of the French Poodle's hind hips; his whiskers are not cut in Napoleon third fashion, and the presence of a goatee on each angle of the fore knee is an affectation which finds no place in a pure-blooded Poodle of Gaul.

The Dachshund award was more nearly correct, although the prize animal's legs were not so gracefully bowed as those which might be found on the critic's dog, if the Judges had cared to investigate him.

In the competition for the prize St. Bernard, the noble animal that took the medal certainly deserved recognition, but his nocturnal yelp had not the true ring. In this respect the critic's dog, whose maternal grandfather once saved a man from drowning in a February thaw on the Alpine pass, is unexcelled. The yelp must be heard to be appreciated, and the critic cordially invites any one of the Judges to stand in his back yard on any rainy night, and see if this yelp is not more in accordance with the true receipt for the perfect St. Bernard dog.

Thus it was in the other classes. The Bulldog-in-chief, while he could bite a bigger hole in a canvas bag than any other dog in the competition, was sadly deficient when it came to the dissolution of a slipper, in which respect the animal to which we have already several times alluded s an expert.

The Blenheim Spaniel of the Judges' choice may have been a better specimen of his class than any animal on exhibition, but in the matter of shedding hair he was way behind our own dog, who inherits this peculiarity from a half-brother of his father, who was born within the classic shades of Marlborough Palace.

However, we must not be too severe. One first mistake has entailed numerous other mistakes. The rejection of the critic's dog was the initial error, and when we consider that Columbus was not appreciated at first; that Frank Stockton wrote stories for years without meeting his just reward, we must not be surprised if, at his first offering, so extraordinary a specimen of the Composite Pup as that belonging to the undersigned, should be rejected.

Next year we shall hope for better judgment on the part of the Committee of Admissions, and when we have perfected the Calisaya Bark which we are now cultivating in our pet, the world's ideas of dog will be entirely revolutionized.

In the meantime, if any of our readers would like to have a dog just for his keep, he may apply before May 1st to

Carlyle Smith.

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OBSERVATIONS.

PUCK calls home the right bower. It is quite as frequently the left bower, as the joker might have seen for himself had he taken the trick—we should say, the trouble. What fools this mortal be!

* * *

THE arrest of the Grand Army men, who were accompanying a corpse to its last resting-place, with appropriate dirges, was due to the laws against music and bier.

That law must go.

* * *

THE Empress of China has composed 600 stanzas of poetry within the past year, and they are said by Chinese critics to be richer than the songs of Persia.

It is strange to what lengths critics will go in a land where the hamstring is a molder of opinion!

* * *

THE notice of the wedding of a prominent gambler, last week, contained this significant paragraph: "No cards."

* * *

IT is not considered proper for canons of the church to get loaded.

* * *

A WESTERN politician was disgusted to see his reference to "scarred warriors" printed in the papers as the "scared warriors."

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

She: YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, JOHN, FOR SHOOTING SUCH A DEAR LITTLE BIRD!

He: I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE IT FOR YOUR HAT.

She: OH, WHAT A GOOD IDEA! THAT WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, JOHN.

RELIEVED.

BJONES: Well, I tell you, I'm relieved.

JSMYTHE: Relieved? What's happened to relieve you?

BJONES: Oh, it says here that my brother George and Sally Higgins were quietly married at St. George's yesterday. I was afraid the papers would exaggerate, as usual, and say they were noisily married.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

VOLAPÜK, Mr. Higgins, is a universal language that nobody speaks.

HORRID AFFLICTION.

MRS. VERBOSE: I dread typhoid more than any disease I know of.

MR. VERBOSE: Typhoid! You surprise me! I should think lock-jaw would be your *bête noir*.

A CRITIC, John, is a creature who can always tell another man how he ought to do a thing that he cannot do himself.

ECCENTRICITY OF GENIUS.

MRS. NOUVEAU RICHE: What an eccentric person that man Tolstoï must be, to be sure. He dots his i's twice.

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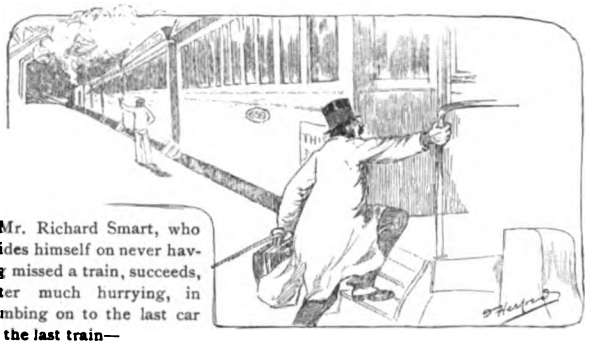
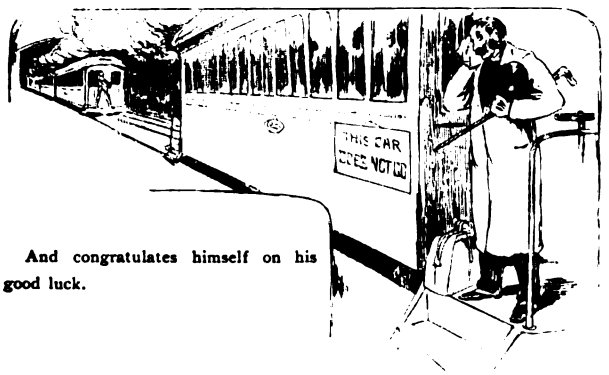


Mr. Richard Smart, who prides himself on never having missed a train, succeeds, after much hurrying, in climbing on to the last car of the last train—



And congratulates himself on his good luck.

A BELATED VALENTINE.

I'M a bashful little maid
(Very few would guess it !),
Full of feeling, but afraid—
So I can't express it.

Would I wielded Browning's pen—
How I'd play the poet !
I'd disclose my passion then—
You would never know it !

E. D. R.

BOOKMARKS

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

SHE is the flower of American liberty, the inspiration of American competition, and the best safeguard against a surplus in the national treasury. For her, society, literature and art exist; she revels in the first, has a bowing acquaintance with the second, and loftily patronizes the third. Yet the men of fashion, letters and art are alike her slaves and admirers. She is the only product of American civilization that will not be improved by age.

* * *

OF three recent books which have much to say about her, the most complimentary is by a clever Englishman, who lived here for a time, and has written his impressions under the title "Uncle Sam at Home" (Henry Holt & Co.). This is an eminently good-natured book, and its author, Harold Brydges, has perhaps been too lenient in his judgments. His optimism seems to have been produced by a thoroughly good time and plenty of congenial friends. The weak point of all his generalizations is that they are founded on what he saw in New York—which a Western newspaper recently called the least American of our cities. He, however, made a long enough stay in Boston to draw his picture of the American girl from that point of view:

As Boston city is the undisputed hub of the universe, so the Boston girl is the unquestioned centre of every female virtue, attraction and accomplishment. This sounds like an axiom, and it is one. The Boston girl shines in the social firmament as Venus in summer skies. Her brilliancy gives a shadow to everything it falls upon. America has much to be thankful for, but for nothing so much as for the Boston girl.

And the author makes this generalization for the whole country: "If Uncle Sam's girls generally added the fresh, clear complexion of an English girl to their numerous other charms, there would be a stampede of men from Europe for wives. Only two things would then be wanting to make her at once fit for Paradise: a pair of wings and a softer voice."

* * *

THE portrait is not quite so flattering, and perhaps truer, which is drawn by Philip H. Welch in his series of admirable dialogues, entitled "The Tailor-Made Girl: Her Friends, Her Fashions, and Her Follies" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The girls of this book are pre-eminently New York types; they are lovely and lovable, but prodigiously expensive. They are the envy and despair of the poor man, and make even millionaires financially cautious.

In Mr. Welch's dialogues the characters reveal their own weaknesses by their own words. There is no comment by the exhibitor of the "terrible examples." The satire of the book is in its truth. Mr. C. Jay Taylor has furnished twenty-six full-page cartoons, drawn with delicate skill. The book is a handsome folio.

* * *

LEAST flattering of all these portraits of our countrywomen are those in General Lloyd S. Bryce's sketch, called "Paradise" (Funk & Wagnalls). It is an extravaganza aimed at our loose marriage and divorce laws. This particular target should be shot at, but Congressman Bryce has made a rather poor score. No doubt there are silly women in these States, but not many so inane as those who lived in "Paradise."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

SARA CREWE; or, What Happened at Miss Minchen's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Tailor-Made Girl. By Philip H. Welch. With illustrations by C. Jay Taylor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Dusantes. A Sequel to the *Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.* By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Co.

Poems. By Irwin Russell. New York: The Century Co.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Parts 11 and 12. New York: The Century Co.

The Silver Bell. A Waltz. By Charley Baker. Cincinnati: J. C. Groene & Co.

A Life Interest. By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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MORE PRODIGIES.

THERE is a girl in Vassar College, eighteen years of age, who cannot play upon the piano and doesn't try.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN who hails from Chicago is said to be able to make a good after-dinner speech without alluding to Chauncey Depew.

* * *

IN North Brookfield, Mass., is a young shoemaker who can write one of Mr. Lowell's poems off-hand with such fluency that Mr. Lowell himself cannot decide whether he wrote it or not.

* * *

A SON of a worthy grocer in Brooklyn is believed to rival Joseph Hofmann in his ability to play under the piano.

"NO," said the old lady, as she slipped on the sidewalk, and came down with much more force than elegance, "I don't like the sitty in winter."

Disgusted Grizzley (perusing a stray copy of the Sunday Sun): I'D LIKE TO GET MY HOOKS ON THE GALOOT THAT'S BEEN WRITING ALL THESE YARNS ABOUT US!

"OH, 'TIS LOVE!"

Anastasia: IT IS CASPAR'S SIGNAL! I MUST DISSEMBLE.

POSSIBLY.

MISS SHORTHORN (*of Cincinnati*): I've been studying up the history of my town, and, do you know, it's very interesting to trace it far back into almost primeval times and try to find out who were the first settlers in one's own immediate neighborhood.

MR. BJONES: I suppose you discovered Cincinnati to have been first settled by the followers of Ham?

HENRY GEORGE and McGlynn have parted company.

What is the matter, Doctor? Isn't there enough money in Anti-Poverty to support you both?

BUSINESS.

COHNFELD: Well, Rebecca, things look better than they did yesterday. I thought last night I'd failed for $20,000, but I found to-day I'd made an error in the figures. It's $100,000!

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Lent.

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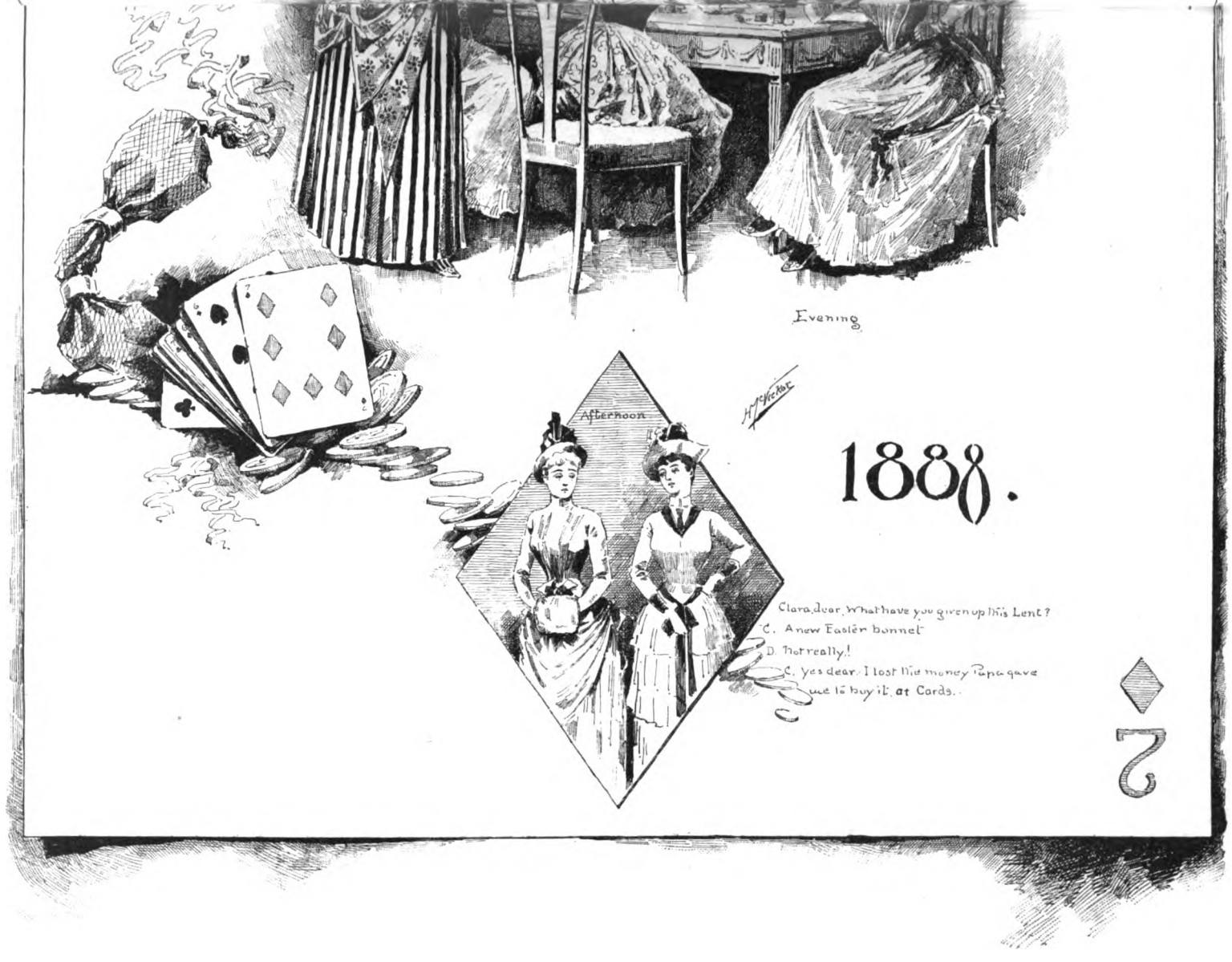

LENTEN OBSERVANCES.

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PEPYS AT THE PLAY.

FEBRUARY 20th.—To the Star Theatre, in a hackney coach with my wife, who hath had her teeth new done by La Touche, being thereby made much prettier, though the expense did vex me greatly. We did see performed by that curious and quaint-legged actor, Henry Irving, a new piece called "Olivia," and made up mostly from Dr. Oliver Goldsmith's tale of the "The Vicar of Wakefield." The play hath not in it elements of greatness like those in which I have before seen these same actors, though pleasing in its likeness to rural life. Through the whole piece did run a country freshness which was grateful to my eyes, so long lacking the sight of an English village. This Irving hath more commonplace things to deal with than in the greater plays, and therefore is his task all the more difficult, but that he hath failed in one particular I cannot see. The costumes of the women and men were marvelous well fit to the time of the play, and even the musique was produced upon an ancient spinet, though to my ears the yowling of a brood of kittens had been as pleasant. Henry Irving himself doth do the part of *Dr. Primrose*. There are some and more who do claim that the man hath a genius for acting, and so it hath seemed to me, but in this he giveth no sign thereof. It is but a simple character, presenting the woe of an old clergyman that the daughter whom he loved hath deceived by virtue of secretly going away with her lover. For this purpose he hath little call to do great things, and he doth narrow himself to easy expression, and useth little force. It is more fine art than great acting, and pleaseth me none the less. I do call to mind one John Gilbert who hath pictured like characters. That he could do *Dr. Primrose* so well as Irving I doubt not so far as looks go, and, too, in many places act as well, but of a surety he hath not the same subtle power in painting the joy and grief over the unhappy *Olivia*. I say this because I know that Joe Tigge, who liketh Irving not at all, will say to me that Gilbert could play the character better to his liking. There was a woman actor named Ellen Terry who did likewise attract my notice, and that so much that my wife did grieve over it, and when we came home I did hear her baste the maid-servant with a broom till she did yell extremely. Mistress Terry hath much vivaciousness of manner, and knoweth the wiles which charm the heart. So much is this true that one is hard-pressed to tell whether or no he doth like her acting, but is surely delighted with her. Pray God my wife do not see this!

* * *

FEBRUARY 21st.—Met Joe Tigge, who told me that the boy Hofmann, who hath pleased the town with his playing upon a piano, hath refused to play more because the Lord Mayor had threatened to correspond with him. It is further said that in his extreme terror the boy hath threatened to flee the country.

* * *

FEBRUARY 22d.—Fiddling on my violin for an houre. Then to the Elephant, where I did hear that after a little there is to be no longer a company of actors at Wallack's play-house. This gave me great regret, and I did think, too, of many others who would likewise grieve, old women as well as young, for there are few women in town who have not sometime considered that they loved an actor in Wallack's company. It hath been said that the purse of this play-house was greatly enriched by the entrance money of those who did go there to live over their youth, but this I do not believe.

Metcalfe.

ANOTHER FRIEZE OUT.

MR. ABBEY will not get much sympathy in his efforts to force Josef Hofmann to concertize. It is quite plain that the boy is played out, and Mr. Abbey having made thousands of dollars at the expense of the child's music should not be permitted to squeeze more ducats out of the prodigy's poor little body. As for Casimir Hofmann, he deserves to be hoist with the petard he made for himself last week when he solemnly affirmed before the Mayor that the boy was increasing in health and happiness under his labors.

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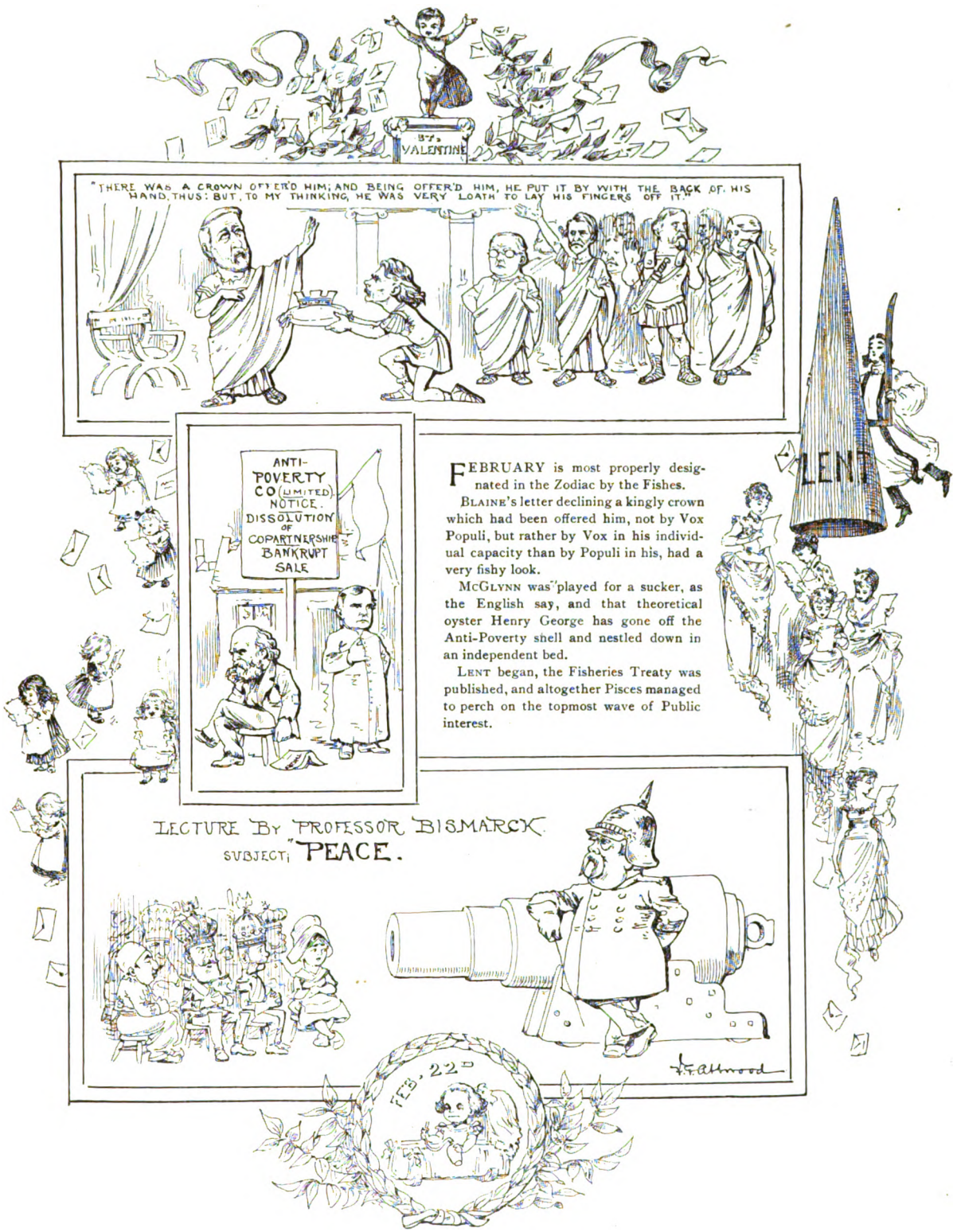

FEBRUARY is most properly designated in the Zodiac by the Fishes.

BLAINE's letter declining a kingly crown which had been offered him, not by Vox Populi, but rather by Vox in his individual capacity than by Populi in his, had a very fishy look.

MCGLYNN was played for a sucker, as the English say, and that theoretical oyster Henry George has gone off the Anti-Poverty shell and nestled down in an independent bed.

LENT began, the Fisheries Treaty was published, and altogether Pisces managed to perch on the topmost wave of Public interest.

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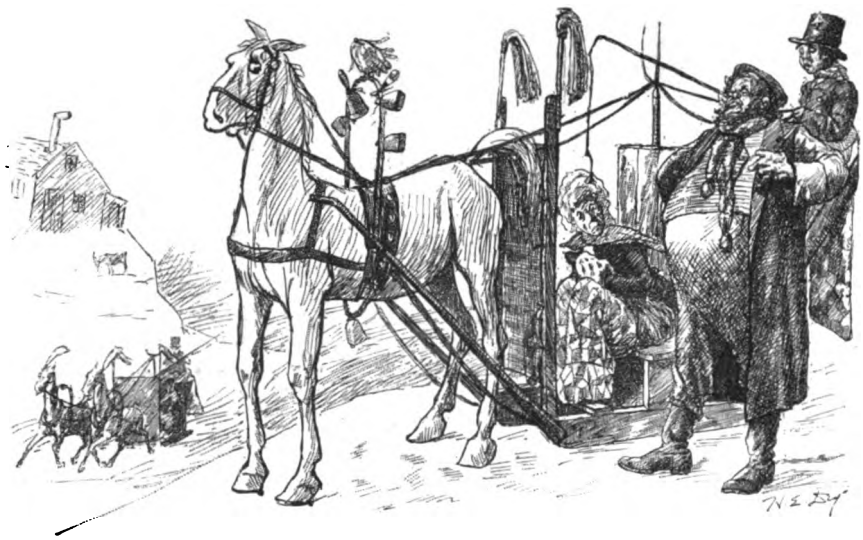


Mr. O'Hoolihan (who has been persuaded to follow the prevailing styles in sleighing): No, Mary Ann! Oi'll not take the tail aff his back to put it an his ear if it *does* desthry yer hull dom "toot assimbly!"

POLITICAL.

SINCE reading Mr. Blaine's extraordinary letter from Florence, we have come to the conclusion that this high-priest of the Republican party would not take the Presidency if offered him. At first we thought Mr. Blaine insincere, but mature reflection convinces us that his political aspirations are dead, and that all he desires now is to be left alone to his literary labors.

The Republican party should most assuredly exert itself to the utmost to do its idol's will, and not tempt him from his well merited retirement and rest.

* * *

WHY is it that whenever Mr. Depew is mentioned for the Presidency, it is always followed by [Laughter] or [Great laughter]?

There is nothing absurdly ridiculous about the proposition. Were Governor Hill hounded by hilarious brackets we would not be so much surprised, for as a Presidential candidate he is—well, excuse our hilarity, but—[Exceeding great laughter].

* * *

OHIO people are kept awake at night by the booming of Foraker in that State.

They have the comforting reflection that it cannot last long.

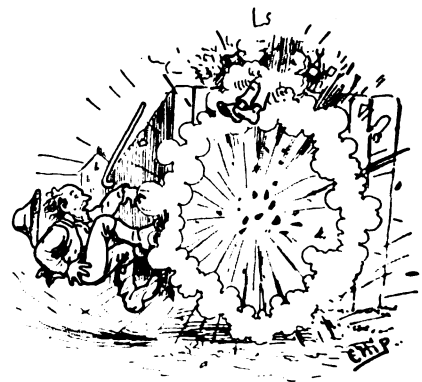
LINES

By a susceptible Bachelor on shaking hands with Mrs. Grover Cleveland at a White House Reception.

THAT radiant smile, that cordial grasp, that pressure of the hand,
With egotistic ecstasy have made my breast expand;
For, though we've never met before, it's very plain to me,
That, of the throng, 'tis I alone she's waited there to see.
But when, with conscious pride, I chance to make this sweet confession,
I find that every other man has got the same impression
And thinks that he's been singled out. It's preference for none,
But just her fascinating way of greeting everyone.
Ah, could an angel such as this by heaven to me be sent,
I really think I might agree to be a president.

H. D. C.

HIS LAST CIGAR.



THE KEROSENE "CATCHES ON."

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

THE PROPER SIZE.

CUSTOMER (*to coal dealer*): I want to get a ton of coal.
DEALER: Yes, sir; what size?
CUSTOMER (*timidly*): Well, if it isn't asking too much, sir, I would like a two-thousand-pound ton.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SOME acrobats are fresh, and somersault. [Circus tickets go with this.]—*Puck.*

A HALF-WITTED fellow was traveling by railway for the first time. Having seated himself, he did not see the use of keeping a bit of cardboard, so he threw his ticket out of the window of the carriage. Consequently, at the station where the tickets were looked at, he had to pay. At his journey's end he had to acknowledge that he had been "done." A few weeks later some men in a railway carriage saw this same man laughing immoderately to himself in a corner of the compartment. They inquired the reason of his merriment. He replied by telling them what he had suffered on his first railway journey. "But," concluded he, triumphantly, "I've done 'em this time."

"Well, what have you done!" asked his companions.

"Why," replied he, "I've taken a return ticket, and I ain't a-going back again!"—*Calcutta Times.*

"WE wish," says a Colorado editor, "to retract our statement made last week, that our esteemed fellow-citizen, Hon. Mr. Plumley, never was known to keep his promise. After reading the item in question, Mr. Plumley happened to remember that during the heat of the recent political contest he promised to kick us out of the fair grounds, and he immediately came up to the office and executed his promise. In fact, he has not only kicked us all the way out there, but kept it up most of the way back; and if he had not run out of breath, we think he would have been kicking us yet. Mr. Plumley is a gentleman of his word, cultured and polished, and can talk like an Asiatic elephant."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THAT, my dear," young Mr. Haighcede remarked to his bride, as he pointed to the majestic form of the bronze Liberty—"that is the famous statute of Jersey lightning the World."—*Puck.*

THERE WERE NO IRISH THEN.

JULIUS CÆSAR (*to Thracian elevator boy in the Capitol at Rome, ante hal., Aug. IV., B. C. 22*); Salve, Puer, how many trips have you to-day made?

ELEVATOR PUER: Salve, Cæsar, I have two hundred and fifty up made. I have the downs not counted.—*Boston Courier.*

QUICKLY DISPOSED OF.

ST. PETER (*to applicant*): You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper?
APPLICANT: Yes, sir.
ST. PETER: Step into the elevator, please.
APPLICANT (*stepping into the elevator*): How soon does it go up?
ST. PETER: It doesn't go up, it goes down.—*Epoch.*

ONE CAKE OF

Packer's Tar Soap

Will Cure Dandruff. FACT!

THE treasury department uses 18,000 towels a month and still the surplus is not wiped out.—*Washington Critic.*

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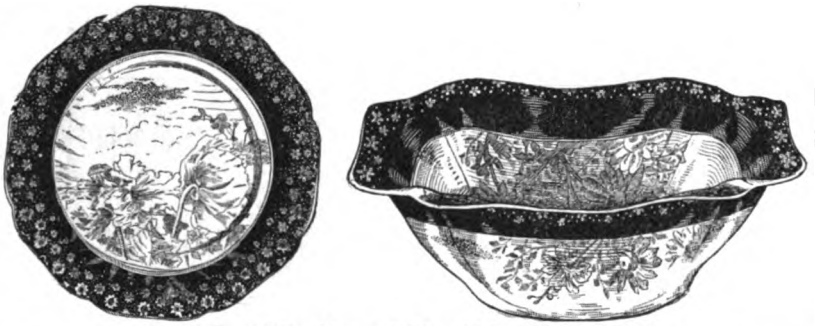

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THE Hollyhocks at Newport are a prominent feature of this lovely summer city which is famous for its fine gardening. My collection of Hollyhocks is unsurpassed.

MY PAMPHLET
THE GARDEN OF HARDY FLOWERS
MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 6 Cts FOR POSTAGE

ARRANGED with some judgment at first, the garden of Hardy Flowers might be left to take care of itself; time would but add to its attractions, and the happy owner might go away for years and find it beautiful on his return. Copyrighted 1888 by J. W. Elliott.

ONLY the old-fashioned Columbines—but if hardy plants had nothing better to offer they would be sufficient reason for their increased culture in American gardens.

SURELY the grandest decorative plant in the world is this noble Abyssinian Banana. So highly do I esteem it that I break my rule in its favor of offering nothing but Hardy Plants.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

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FREE! Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers will receive **free** by mail our new **100** pattern Stamping Outfit. Trial year subscriptions will be received for either of the papers as follows: **1** subscription and **1** outfit, **30** cents; **2** subscriptions and **2** outfits, if sent at one time, **55** cents; **4** subscriptions and **4** outfits, if sent at one time, **$1.** For $1 send a dollar bill, but for less, send **1-cent** postage stamps. Better at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers will be mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While **trial year** subscribers are served for much **less than cost,** it proves the rule that a very large proportion of all who read either paper for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year; through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that satisfies us.

FREE! The trial year subscriptions are almost **free,** and this the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits**—the best ever known—is entirely **free.** It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. **Large sizes** of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the **Regal Queen.** Below we give a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppies for Scarf, 7 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 7 1-2 inch; 3 Splendid Tinsel design, 8 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies: 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsias; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. **70** other splendid patterns are included in this **Regal Queen** of stamping outfit—in all **100** patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider childrens' and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily **make money** by doing stamping, Lustre, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the **Book of Instructions** makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be with out it. The beautiful designs of this REGAL QUEEN of outfits ARE ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from **$1** to **$3** for outfits and were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address,

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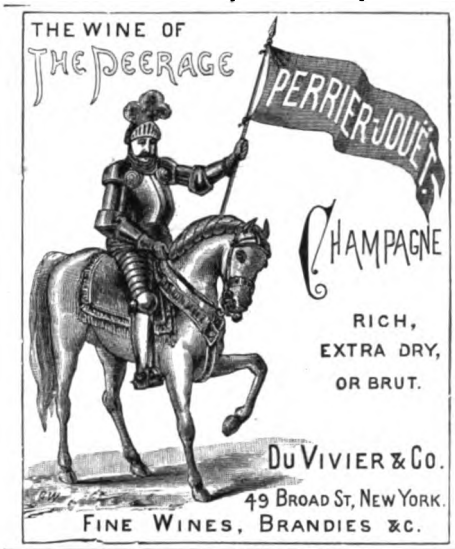

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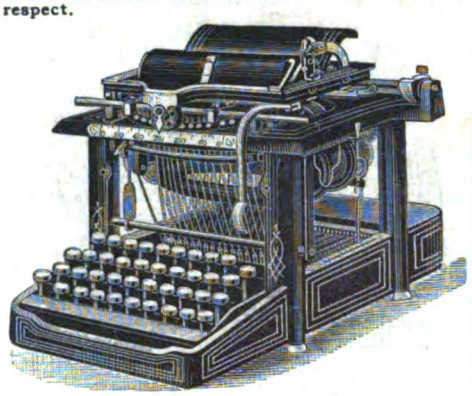

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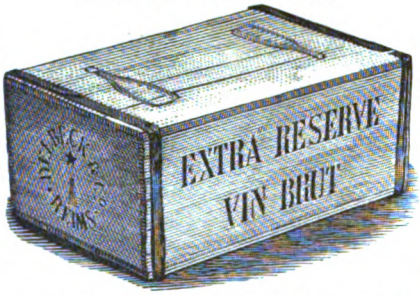

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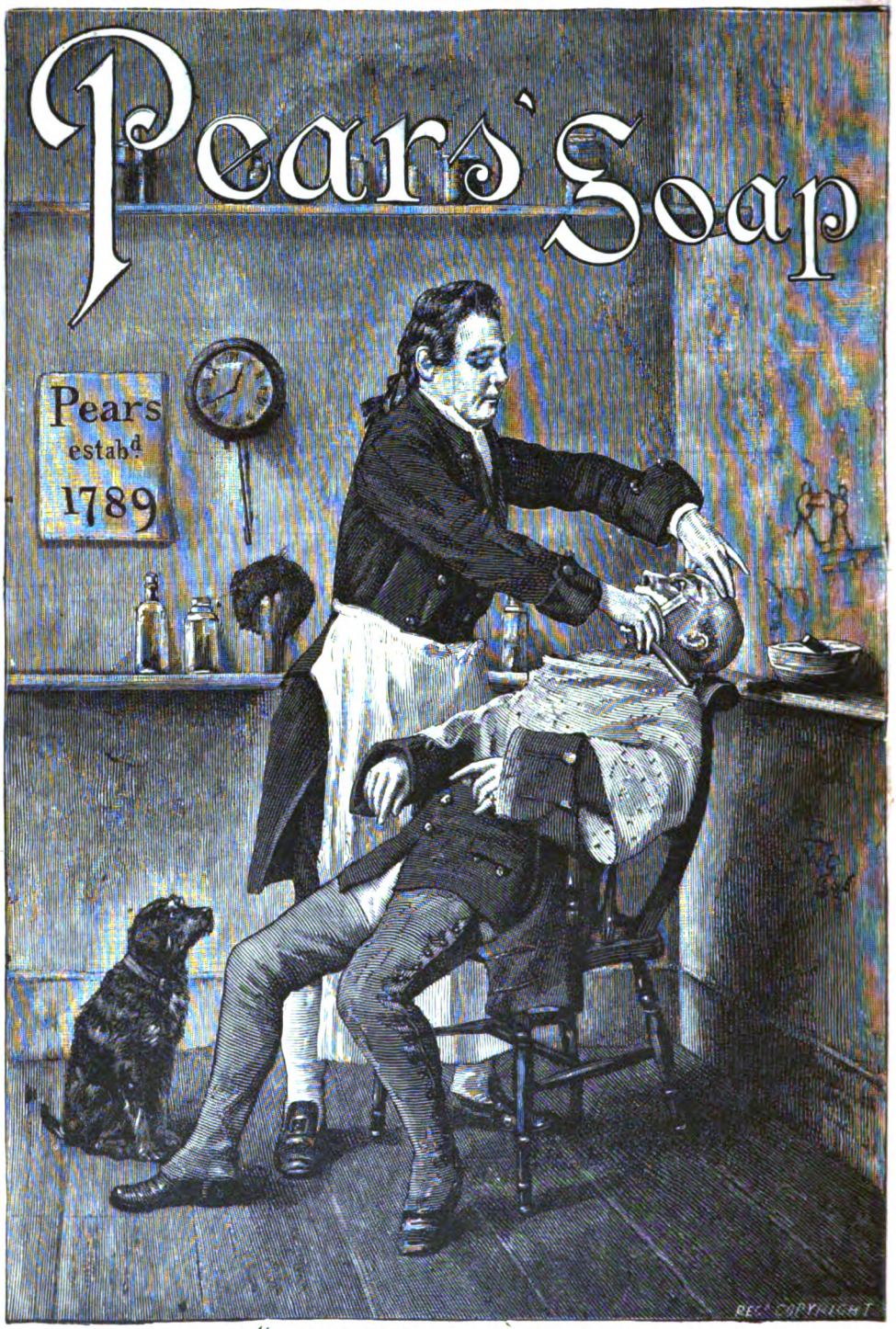

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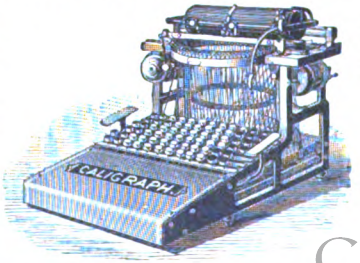

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1888. NUMBER 271.

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APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

Miss A.: THE WEDDING WAS AS SAD AS A FUNERAL.

Mr. Benedict: WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE? BOTH HAVE THE SAME RESULT. IN ONE CASE, TWO ARE MADE ONE; IN THE OTHER, ONE IS MADE NOTHING. ONE LESS EACH TIME.

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FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office: Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1888.

Amount of Net Assets, January 1, 1887 . . . . . **$71,819,623.48**

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$19,328,519.87	
Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1887	1,041,666.15 —	$18,286,853.72
Interest and rents, etc.	4,252,430.50	
Less Interest accrued January 1, 1887	486,497.10 —	3,765,933.40 — $22,052,787.12
		$93,872,410.60

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, and Endowments matured and discounted (including reversionary additions to same)		$4,361,366.83
Dividends (including mortuary dividends), annuities, and purchased insurances		5,173,843.96
Total Paid Policy-holders	$9,535,210.79	
Taxes and re-insurances		264,495.60
Commissions (including advanced and commuted commissions), brokerages, agency expenses, physicians' fees, etc.		3,531,026.06
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.		629,360.98 — $13,960,093.43
		$79,912,317.17

ASSETS.

Cash on deposit, on hand, and in transit		$3,038,499.60
United States Bonds and other bonds and stocks (market value, $52,255,814.82)		49,088,286.14
Real Estate		6,887,092.59
Bonds and Mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $14,000,000 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)		15,969,372.78
Temporary Loans (market value of securities held as collateral, $2,404,853)		1,867,500.00
*Loans on existing policies (the Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, amounts to over $2,000,000)		388,799.44
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1888		1,174,340.36
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection. (The Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, is estimated at $1,300,000)		839,156.08
Agents' balances		170,702.59
Accrued Interest on investments, January 1, 1888		488,477.59 — $79,012,317.17
Market value of securities over cost value on Company's books		**3,167,528.68**
		$83,079,845.85

* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1888, - - - - - - - - **$83,079,845.85**

Appropriated as follows:

Approved losses in course of payment		$327,078.38
Reported losses awaiting proof, etc.		292,214.54
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented)		27,582.30
Annuities due and unpaid (claims not presented)		13,042.96
Reserved for re-insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent. Carlisle net premium	$68,807,642.00	
Additional amount of Reserve (transferred from Surplus account) required on account of new State Standard of valuation (Actuaries' 4 per cent), taking effect December 31, 1887	1,592,098.00 —	70,399,740.00
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1887, over and above a 4 per cent. Reserve on existing policies of that class	4,176,425.25	
Addition to the Fund during 1887	1,785,602.54	
	$5,962,027.79	
DEDUCT— Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on matured Tontines	646,306.96	
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1888		5,315,720.83
Reserved for premiums paid in advance		52,886.73
		$76,428,265.74
Divisible Surplus (Company's new Standard)		**6,651,580.11**
		$83,079,845.85

Surplus by the present New York State Standard, i.e., 4 per cent. Actuaries' (including the Tontine Fund) **$11,846,793.06**

From the undivided surplus, as above, the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

Number of Policies issued during the year, 28,522. Risks assumed, $106,749,295.

Total number of Policies in force December 31, 1887, 113,323. Amount at risk, $358,935,536.

TRUSTEES:

WM. H. APPLETON,	JOHN CLAFLIN,	EDWARD MARTIN,	WM. L. STRONG,
WILLIAM H. BEERS,	ROBERT B. COLLINS,	RICHARD MÜSER,	W. F. BUCKLEY,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,	ALEX. STUDWELL,	GEORGE H. POTTS,	HENRY TUCK,
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Over 25 Pounds Gain in 10 Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

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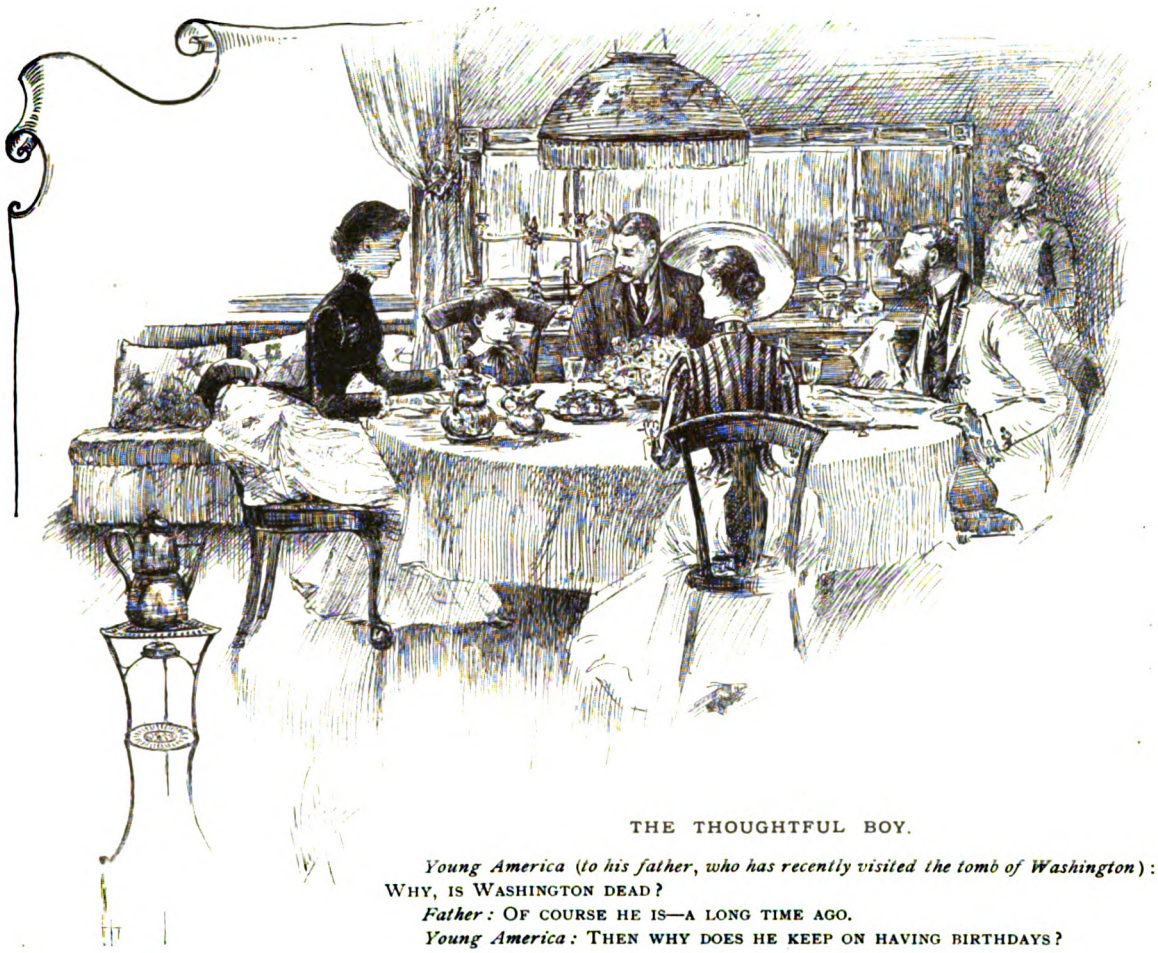
VOLUME XI. · LIFE · MARCH 8TH,
NO. 271. 1888.



THE THOUGHTFUL BOY.

Young America (to his father, who has recently visited the tomb of Washington): WHY, IS WASHINGTON DEAD?

Father: OF COURSE HE IS—A LONG TIME AGO.

Young America: THEN WHY DOES HE KEEP ON HAVING BIRTHDAYS?

PHRENOLOGY.

A SPIRIT, new released from mortal breath,
Soared upward through drear space of sky unknown;
Untraced by chart of continent or zone,
The no-man's land of mystery and death.
Anon this soul arrived in realm of light,
And straightway sought, with eager haste, the gate
Where myriad hapless ghosts their doom await,
Of bliss and day, or never-ending night.
St. Peter paused (ere turned the portal key)
And questioned thus the stranger: "Tell me why
Thou did'st the laws of righteousness defy?
Can'st hope to here escape thy destiny?"
Aghast the spirit cried: "Because—because
My head was not in shape to know these laws!"

I. B.

AT THE VATICAN.

BOY: Please, your Holiness, there's a lady down-stairs as would like to see you.

THE POPE: Who is she, my lad?

BOY: Queen Victoria, your reverence.

THE POPE: Tell her I am not at home. One cannot be too careful in leap year.

A CHICAGO journal used to rhyme Goethe with teeth, until the Renaissance set in, since when it rhymes it with dirty.

I SEE by the papers that they call coupon scissors revenue cutters now.

Yes? clipper-built, I suppose?

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

VOL. XI. MARCH 8, 1888. No. 271.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

OF all the sights incident to citizenship in this free land, none is making better progress toward general recognition than the unalienable privilege of speaking one's mind. The President's Sink-the-Surplus message has been followed by Mr. Blaine's Ready Response, Senator Sherman's Song of the Shirt, Watterson's Dissection of Protection, Edmunds's Exposure of Free Trade, and now by Chauncey Depew's "A Clear Voice from Chicago." Surely, there never was a plainer expression of the sentiments of distinguished Americans than we have been having, and what makes it the more notable is that many of the sentiments expressed have been used to be held as bosom secrets by their present expounders.

It does not seem impossible that we may have in prospect a presidential campaign where personalities will make way for questions of public policy, and in which scandal-mongers will be of only secondary importance, and statesmen will have a voice and a hearing.

That would be a blessed change, and once more let us be grateful to President Cleveland, whose courage has made it possible.

* * *

AS for the "Clear Voice," LIFE trusts it is not too late to congratulate you, dear Mr. Depew, upon that speech. You gave satisfaction, as the autocrat's lecture committees used to say, and as we knew you would. We are thankful to know that you got safely back to New York. Mr. Watterson, or any of us, dear sir, can point out the fallacies of your argument, when you bent to argument, but neither he nor we can neglect to take pride in the fine picture you made of Experience laying down the law to Aspiration—of the East administering pointers to the West. It cannot be said that you rivaled Mr. Lowell in facility, for he had two speeches ready, and only determined to use the second best one on becoming apprised of the character of his audience. But in felicity you beat him.

If on the strength of that speech and your previous good character, the Republican party should want to make you President, let them try. Nothing makes a man appreciate a really good situation so much as to run the risk of losing it.

* * *

THE most notable feature of the Fisheries treaty is the disagreement not only of the doctors, but of the various patients. The Yankee fishermen are understood to wail over the ruin that threatens them, and at the same time, the lamentations of the Blue-noses are penetrating and exceedingly sorrowful. If the commissioners had eaten up all the fish in the sea at the successive dinners which punctuated their labors, and so disposed of the matter under discussion, they could hardly have given more general dissatisfaction to the objects of their endeavors. It is painful to confess it, but, inasmuch as the treaty can hardly be adverse to two sets of opposing interests at the same time, and whereas both sets of claimants are whimpering, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the fishermen and their abettors are greedy, and that their only notion of a successful treaty is one that would give them everything they asked for, and give their adversaries nothing.

LIFE may have occasion to go down to the New England shore next summer and cool off, and it doesn't wish to advocate any treaty that is not going to be popular in that region, and yet we can't see what is the matter with the Fisheries treaty, unless it is that the American commissioners, having a bare coast and a weak navy to back them, were constrained to be reasonable in their exactions.

* * *

NOT less perplexing than the merits of the Fisheries treaty is the status of Mr. Hofmann's little boy. The impression gains ground that if he were worth as much per diem to his parents as he is to Mr. Abbey, he would recover so suddenly and completely as to make his testimonial extremely valuable to any patent medicine company.

* * *

THERE are painful reports about the Jersey Lily. Rows with the authorities in New York over sidewalk obstructions; rows in her company, followed by other rows and disastrous reconciliations in Chicago, followed by sickness, cancelled engagements and general mischief.

Dear madame, this won't do. Worry and beauty are hopelessly at odds, as are also beauty and late hours and squabble. There is a good bit of Lent left yet. You might do worse, madame, than to keep it!

* * *

AHA, THERE! Mr. Comstock, Mr. Howells has been reading "La Terre," and calls it "a book not to be avoided by the student of civilization." See him about it, if you like, but for goodness sake d—t s—y w—e t—d y—u!

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OBSERVATIONS.

N. J. stands for New Jersey and No Joke, and those who have lived in New Jersey feel that there is something more than a coincidence in this fact.

* * *

ZOLA'S latest novel, "La Terre," has appeared in English as "The Soil."

This is an appropriate name for it, no doubt. It has the reputation of having a more or less soiled atmosphere about it.

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE, it is said, never makes jokes. Some people pretend to find a parallel between Mr. Gladstone's success and that of *Punch* in this.

* * *

MRS. BURNETT has written a book which she is pleased to call "Sara Crewe."

This is the first intimation we have had that Saras could crow.

LEAP YEAR IN FLORIDA.

Laura: GEORGE, MY LOVE FOR YOU—

George: ENOUGH, LAURA, DEAR; I WILL ALWAYS BE A *brother* TO YOU, BUT—

GENIUS.

DO you know that delightful Mr. Everard—the one who took such high honors at college some years ago? He is a most brilliant fellow, and can converse charmingly on almost any subject.

No, I don't know him. Is he a lawyer?

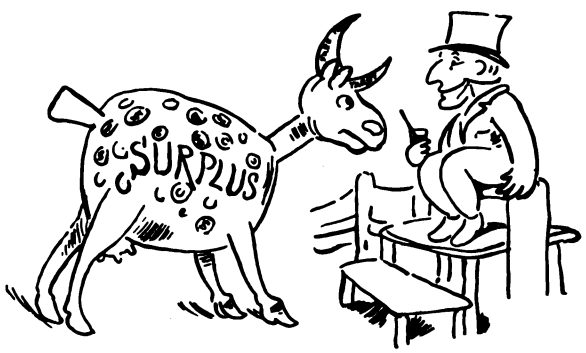
Lawyer! How can you ask such a thing? Mr. Everard is much too refined a man to make his living out of other people's quarrels. No, indeed! He breeds horses and dogs.

OUR TICKET.

IF the Woman's Suffragist Party is in the fight next summer with some such ticket as this:

For President,
BELVA LOCKWOOD.
For Vice-President,
ABRAM S. HEWITT.

LIFE will think about supporting it.



[*With* LIFE'S *apologies to the late Edward Lear.*]

"THERE was an old man who said, 'How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on this stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of this cow.'"

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EARLY SPRING THOUGHTS.

HIST to the robin's note
Out on the trees;
Ah, 'tis the early early-bird
Catches the freeze!

* * *

GENERALLY speaking, it is much too early now to discuss the details of the next campaign. If, however, our post-prandial contemporary, Mr. Depew, should chance to be the nominee of the Republican Party, every campaign banner from the Golden to Hell Gate should bear some such device as that herewith submitted.

* * *

SEVERAL prominent citizens of Boston are getting up a John L. Sullivan-Browning Trust.

They are welcome to our shares of stock in both.

* * *

A RUSSIAN proverb says honor is better than wealth. This shows why some people are willing to spend so much to acquire honors.

* * *

THE trials of life frequently drive men to crime, and quite as often the crimes of life drive men to their trials.

* * *

A WRATHFUL Canadian editor says the new Fishery treaty is "worse than a crime, it is a blunder."

We can get an idea from this as to how the Canadians regard crime.

* * *

CALUMNY, says a philosopher, is like a coal; if it does not burn it will soil.

Yes, and calumny warms a man about as well as coal, too. Still, we prefer coal.

* * *

THE Republicans are coming out in great force with "Aut Blaine Aut Nullus!" as their campaign cry.

We don't know about Nullus, but, considering his letter, we don't think Blaine Aut.

* * *

QUEEN VICTORIA was born on a Friday, and the Prince of Wales, who is somewhat short-sighted, thinks Friday an unlucky day for him. He thinks if his mother hadn't been born he would be king.

A FASHION item states that sealskin sacques are now made so that they cannot be distinguished from real plush.

* * *

BUCK GRANT is editing a magazine.

It is wonderful how the sons of an illustrious General inherit their father's greatness. Jesse Grant, we almost believe, could make a fortune by jumping off the Bridge.

* * *

THOSE who insinuate that Mr. Cleveland has gone to Florida after the Delegate are mistaken.

He is after the Alligate.

* * *

MR. BOREAS threatens to resign his position in the cave of the winds unless Mr. Pulitzer is restrained from blowing.

We are afraid Mr. Boreas will have to go.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes that a recent luncheon party in Philadelphia was served in five different rooms, and asks where this idea originated.

We are not certain, but we believe the custom arose from the fact that Philadelphians like a short nap for a course at luncheon, and separate apartments had to be furnished for the guests.

* * *

THE NEXT MORNING.

AUTHOR: Well, Charlie, what do you think of my new book, after dreaming over it?

FRIEND: It is great, old fellow! You remind me of Howells.

AUTHOR (*pleased down to the heels of his shoes*): Howells?

FRIEND: Yes. Your books are so restful, you know.

* * *

THERE is some talk of making J. Chamberlain a Knight of the Bath for his services in the Fishery question. He should be made a Gold Stick of the Aquarium.

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MAKING A KNIGHT OF IT.

IN VOLAPÜK.

SOME tender words I had to say,
Yet had not voice to frame them;
My heart was filled with sentiments—
No words had I to name them.

Distracted, dumb and sorely tried,
Where could I refuge find or seek?
She only smiled and volunteered
A murmur: "Spodobs Volapük."

F. E., Jr.

THE TRINIDAD MOSQUITO.

MR. FROUDE, in his delightful chapters on the West Indies, has this about Trinidad Mosquitos:

"The particular room assigned to myself would have been * * * delightful but that my possession of it was disputed even in daylight by mosquitoes, who for bloodthirsty ferocity had a bad pre-eminence over the worst that I had ever met with elsewhere. I killed one who was at work upon me and examined him through a glass. Bewick, with the inspiration of genius, had drawn his exact likeness as the devil—a long black stroke for a body, a nick for a neck, horns on the head, and a beak for a mouth, spindle arms and longer spindle legs, two pointed wings and a tail. Line for line there the figure was before me, which in the unforgetable tailpiece is driving the thief under the gallows and I had a melancholy satisfaction in identifying him. For malice, mockery and venom of tooth and trumpet, he is without a match in the world!"

From this description one would almost believe that Mr. Froude had spent a day somewhere along the Jersey Coast last summer. We cannot believe that so vivid a picture of New Jersey's most prominent product could have been drawn under any other circumstances than those which obtain in the neighborhood of Asbury Park.

HE COMES HIGH.

IT is reported that Maurel, the French Tenor, is coming to America on a salary of $250,000.

The report fails to say whether this salary is for a week or a century.

THE question that agitates the Chinaman is whether the tale which adorns his head in this world will be continued in our next.

A GRATEFUL PUBLIC.

A CERTAIN Dr. Gould, who escorted a man suffering from small-pox from his office to the Hospital on a Third Avenue Elevated Railroad train, has been fined one dollar.

It is very evident that the Judge was a traveler on that branch of the Manhattan system, and recognized a philanthropist in Dr. Gould. The Third Avenue cars are overcrowded, and the gatemen unnecessarily brutal. A little small-pox judiciously placed can do much for a long suffering public.

HOW THE GREAT REFORMER WOULD HAVE IT.

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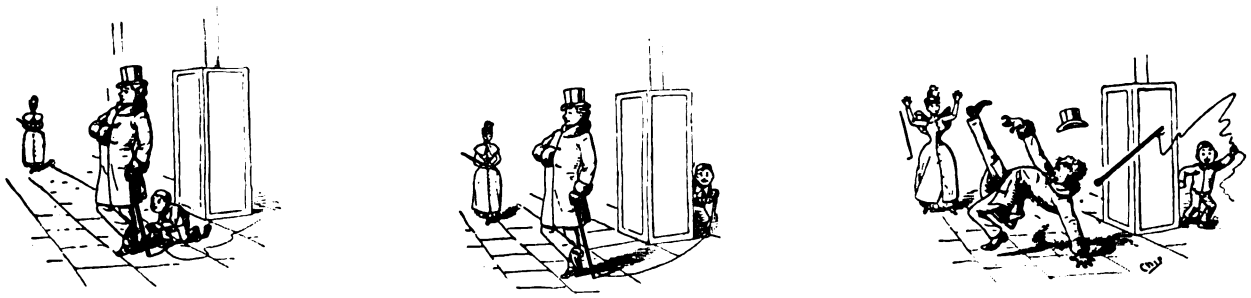
THE HANDSOME ACTOR WHO THOUGHT HE WOULD "MASH" A LADY.



BOOKISHNESS.

PATRIOTISM IN FICTION.

WHEN an Englishman, Frenchman or German writes a novel he generally places the scene of it in his native country; that is a part of his patriotism. So there has been built up a great English, French and German literature which has helped to intensify the national traits among the army of readers, to knit the people together in sentiment and belief, and to create a clear, definite, aggressive national type.

But an American has come to think that the only really dignified scene for his novel is Europe—the place where he finishes his education, or spends his leisure and his money. He sees only the outer edge of these countries, and can never interpret their national life. They are a convenient stage-setting for his characters, and furnish material for descriptions which can no longer be "worked off" on newspapers as letters of travel.

* * *

OF this "International" type is "The World's Verdict" (Ticknor), by Mark Hopkins, Jr. There is something to be said in honest praise of the book: it is written entertainingly, with a few graces of style; there are two good descriptions in it—*Teresa's* restaurant in the Latin quarter and the Nice opera-house fire; and there is some genuine American sincerity and directness about several of the characters. Not one, however, is drawn so clearly as to awaken your sympathy. If they lived in the same hotel with you you would not care to know them.

And it may be remarked that the characters of an "International" novel generally do live in a hotel or *pension*. These homeless Americans—drifting from city to city in search of amusement, acquiring a surface acquaintance with many phases of foreign life, shifting all kinds of responsibility, political and social, by living Abroad—these have preserved the record of their own folly in the very novels they have written.

* * *

DREARY enough is the series of pictures they have furnished us—ambitious mothers, impertinent daughters, graceless boys, browbeaten fathers, with frayed-out aristocrats, adventurers and rogues. If you analyze the conversation in most novels of the class you will find that it consists of gossip, innuendo, or scandal.

* * *

AMERICAN literature was once in danger of being too provincial; even now that is the fault of some of it. But it is also threatened with a sham cosmopolitanism which gives it a surface polish that will not last.

English home life is the centre of interest in all their great novels; and the American novel must find its inspiration in the American home. For there are hosts of American homes—although, to read our fiction, one would imagine that we habitually lived in big hotels at the various summer and winter "resorts" in this and other countries.

It is time for American writers to devote their energy to building up the national type. Foreign immigration, foreign manners, foreign travel have given us breadth but not intensity, and we are in danger of losing our inheritance. Modern German novels are saturated with nationalism—

A GOOD PATIENT.

"HOW DO YOU FEEL THIS MORNING, GRANDMAMA?"
"I DON'T KNOW, CHILD. THE DOCTOR HAS NOT COME YET."

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the outgrowth of pride in the great empire; one seldom reads a contemporary English novel without finding paragraphs that glow with patriotism; but the American novelist too often either satirizes his countrymen and government, or goes Abroad to escape that necessity. *Droch.*

THE NATIONAL GAME.

MAMMA (*reading*): And the Lord called Samuel—
TOMMY (*a young American*): What did he hold?

THE NEW SCHOOL.

REPORTER: Good morning, Mr. Jones, I've got something here that'll curl your hair. The finest bit of scandal with sidelights and everything anybody could possibly want—nothing like it ever published in a New York paper.

EDITOR: Good, Mr. Samuels, we'll have to raise your salary—is it—er—racy enough for the Sunday edition, or would you slap it in to-morrow?

AT THE PHILADELPHIA STATION.

She: I DON'T SEE WHY THEY'RE ALWAYS POKING FUN AT PHILADELPHIA. SEE ALL THESE PEOPLE. THERE IS LOTS GOING ON.

He: GOING ON—YES, TO NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON.

THOUGHTS ON SEEING A BELLE.

CAN feet so fairy light
Have earthly mission?
Can breast so snowy white,
Burn with ambition?

Can eyes so soft as thine,
With envy glisten?
Can ears so pink and fine
To scandal listen?

Peter Pettle.

THE game laws prohibiting toboggan chuting are now in force.

WINTER PASTIMES.

A SLAYING PARTY.

REFLECTIONS.

TWO heads are better than one, especially for a man who wants to go round the country with a circus.

* * *

NOAH and his family must have had a very stupid time of it on board the Ark, with only two games along.

* * *

THE man who gets up a patent to give illuminating qualities to sewer gas will make a fortune.

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THE TOU

SIR GROVER: METHOUGHT, GOOD JAMES, THOU HAD

SIR JAMES: MARRY! SO HAD I. BUT THOU'LT SEE S

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RNEY.

ST WITHDRAWN THY NAME.

TRANGER THINGS THAN THAT IF I UNHORSE THEE!

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MONTAIGNE.

Of Leading Men.

IT is told of King Psatticus that when his mummers and jesters failed to please him, he had them bound to asses, with their faces tailwards, and thus conducted through the streets of his capital, to the great merriment of all beholders. Should this be done in our time with those actors that failed to please, it is to be feared the price of asses would appreciate and there would be a surfeit of mirth amongst those who frequent the streets.

I am wont to open my mind, not only to my own family, but to others as well, lest they be mistaken as to what I think. Amongst other things that displease me in our stage plays is that we have not here, in this centre of all the arts, more competent actors to portray the ardent passions which are ascribed to young men in the plays more commonly presented.

If I should walk among the theatres I would see at the best of them no young men that were not mediocre. They may be very worthy gentlemen and of great expectation, but not possessing that surpassing excellence which one should hope to find amongst our players. I go to see one of the old English comedies, and the leading part is held by a man who has reached the age when obesity begins to reign, and acting the semblance of lover's emotion with a sobbing voice, like unto a man that has a polyp in his nose. Nay, it is not right that he who should say "My darling," with all love's rapture, should say "By darling," and in the tone of the ruined gamester who says, "My last chip."

Again, to hear an actor, who represents people of our own race, pronounce with marked Italian accent, has power to offset all enhancement of effect by costumes, scenes, and the procuring of other actors at great cost.

I could instance other things like these I mention, in other plays, methinks; but these two are enough to serve my purpose. Good actors are not by the dozen, as every one knows; but there are such, and may be had if but their price be paid. 'Tis reasonable that those who cater to the public taste should wish to better themselves in pocket, but it should be a shame to them that the best actors of the kind I name should find greater profit in the provinces than in the metropolis.

I take it to be true that, in seeing plays, all women find their chiefest interest in those passages which most touch upon the emotion of love. As Seneca has said:

Carpe foeminas et boodlum multum habeberis.*

* "Catch thou the women, and thou shalt gather in the shekels."

Wherefore, it seems to me that, if on no other than sordid grounds, our managers would find advantage in providing for our entertainment, not second-rate men, but those who, through enlargement of the head, fancy they are of stellar magnitude and waste the excellences they possess on the provincial air. I make no doubt that such a man as Mantell, Warde, or Coghlan, placed in the surroundings where we find their inferiors, would bring reward and honor to that manager who should dare so much. *Metcalfe.*

IF Mr. C. Dickens were not the son of his father, we suspect he would have had an easier "row to hoe" in this country. The pardonable suspicion prevalent in the American mind that our visitor is less interesting in himself than as the son of Charles Dickens, has kept many away from his readings who would otherwise have enjoyed a delightful evening.

THE BUSINESS VIEW OF IT.

REVEREND STIGGINS: I see, my love, that over five thousand marriages were performed in Camden last year.

MRS. S. (*who receives all the marriage fees*): Don't you think you could get a call to Camden, George?

HIS LETTER.

DEAR FATHER,—I have found work at last—even sooner than I expected, and with a friend that sticks to me always, and with whom I spend many hours.

My work is a little confining, but I have my evenings to myself. You will be pleased to hear that I am thrown with men who have been in the custom of handling money and valuables, and also that my presence was earnestly sought after.

Your loving SON.

P.S.—My friend has a well-rounded character.

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SHAKESPEARE AT DALY'S.

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SYMPATHY.

THERE are tears in the maiden's tender eyes
And her heart is stirred with sweet compassion:
She weeps at the cruel slaughter of birds,
But dare not, will not "be out of fashion."

Richard R. Bean.

THE BAD BOY AND THE SMART PAINTER.

Mrs. P. (late of Chicago): I HAVE JUST HEARD MRS. LIEDERKRANZ HAS BOUGHT A STRADIVARIUS THAT IS DELIGHTFUL TO HEAR, AND I WANT TO GET ONE TOO.

Bird Fancier: WELL, M'AM, SHE DIDN'T GET IT HERE, FOR I NEVER HAD NO SUCH BIRD AS THAT; BUT I'LL ORDER ONE FOR YOU, IF YOU SAY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN Christmas time comes around and you are making mince-pies, never feed your children and husband on the first pie. Send it to the rectory and await developments.

JUST as the prudent husband lays up his pennies for a rainy day, even so does the good housewife store up the ashes for a slippery morning.

DO not throw away your dead canary unless your Spring bonnet is already trimmed.

AN old soap-box thoroughly washed and neatly upholstered with red plush serves very acceptably for a *prie dieu*.

SHOULD you hear burglars in your dining-room, do not send for the police, who are proverbially slow, but ring up the fire department to put them out.

WHEN wood is worth five dollars a load, don't think of hiring two men at two dollars a day for two days to gather a half load off your place for the sake of economy. If you are rich you can afford to raise your own wood. Otherwise, it is best to buy it even if you don't pay your bill.

DO not growl when little things go wrong. Always bear in mind that when the thermometer is low, coal is high. Life is full of compensations.

THE cuticle of an orange, if properly and carefully removed and strengthened with whalebone, makes a most ornamental pendant in which to keep a ball of twine.

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"LIFE" FILLS A GAP.

"Life" fills a gap, and truly fills it welL.
If we be suffering from dark "ennuI"
Fair grows the aspect, bright the moments, iF
Enlivening thoughts and gems of wit most rarE

Fix the attention. Wheat gleaned from the chafF
In every field; no vulgar "pot-pourrI"
Leaving a cruel sting behind; but welL
"Life" treats of matters intellectuaL,
So that its lessons give us bright day dreamS.

Art springs to "Life." 'Tis well, "O temporA.

Grant us surcease of quasi comic braG."
And, little sheet, "esto perpetuA!"
Part not from us, for "Life" we all would keeP.

Litchfield.

"WHAT is a typographical error, my boy?"

"Well, where you read a newspaper interview in which Mr. Blaine speaks of Mr. Cleveland as the greatest statesman of the century, whose brilliant administration and magnetic influence is only equaled by his sagacious judgment, you may safely put up a few margins on a boom in typographical errors."—*Ex.*

PUSHING TRADE.

"YOU must push matters a little, James," said the druggist to the new boy. "By calling a customer's attention to this article and that article you can often effect sales."

"Yes, sir," responded the new boy, and then he hastened to wait upon an elderly female who wanted a stamp.

"Anythin' else, mum?" inquired the ambitious boy, politely; "hair dye, cosmetic, face powder, rheumatic drops, belladonna, mole destroyer—"

The elderly female licked the stamp viciously, and left the door open as she went out.—*Texas Siftings.*

A NEW LEASE.

"MISS CLARA," he said, "can I speak with your father a moment before I go?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sampson," replied the girl, blushing, and with a wildly throbbing heart she sought the old man.

"Oh, papa," she began later, as the front door closed, "what did Mr. Sampson want?"

"I'm his landlord, you know. I let him his bachelor apartments, and he wants another three years' lease."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHEN Sheridan first brought out his comedy, "The School for Scandal," Chesterfield, himself a dramatist, being present with his children, checked them whenever they laughed. Sheridan, hearing of this, wrote to Chesterfield that he thought it mean in him not to let the children laugh, because he (Sheridan) was present at his (Chesterfield's) tragedy a few nights before and laughed at it all the way through.—*Commercial Advertiser's Scrap Book.*

A SEVENTEENTH ward school teacher recently asked her class the question: "What is a pilot?" The smart boy answered: "It is a lot where they grow pie-plant," and was sent to the foot of the class. —*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY

12 Selected Samples for trial, post-paid, on receipt of ten cents. Ask for Perry's Planished Pens.

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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

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BONBONS AND CHOCOLATES.
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By Special Appointment to

H. M. The Queen of England.
H. M. The Queen of Denmark.
H. M. The Empress of Russia.
H. M. The Queen of Italy.
H. M. The Queen of Servia.
H. M. The Queen of Holland.
H. R. H. The Princess of Wales.

Spring Season, 1888

THE MODELS of GOWNS and COATS designed by the MESSRS. REDFERN for the ensuing season are now on exhibition, and, without doubt, are the most successful they have ever originated.

There being frequent interviews and a continuous exchange of ideas between the members of the firm managing the various branches here and in Europe, ladies patronizing this house are assured that, by *arrangement*, the latest creations of London and Paris are placed before them *here* simultaneously with their production in those cities, thus ensuring a constant *succession* of models, avoiding repetition, and bringing the styles right up to the latest date.

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COATS

HABITS

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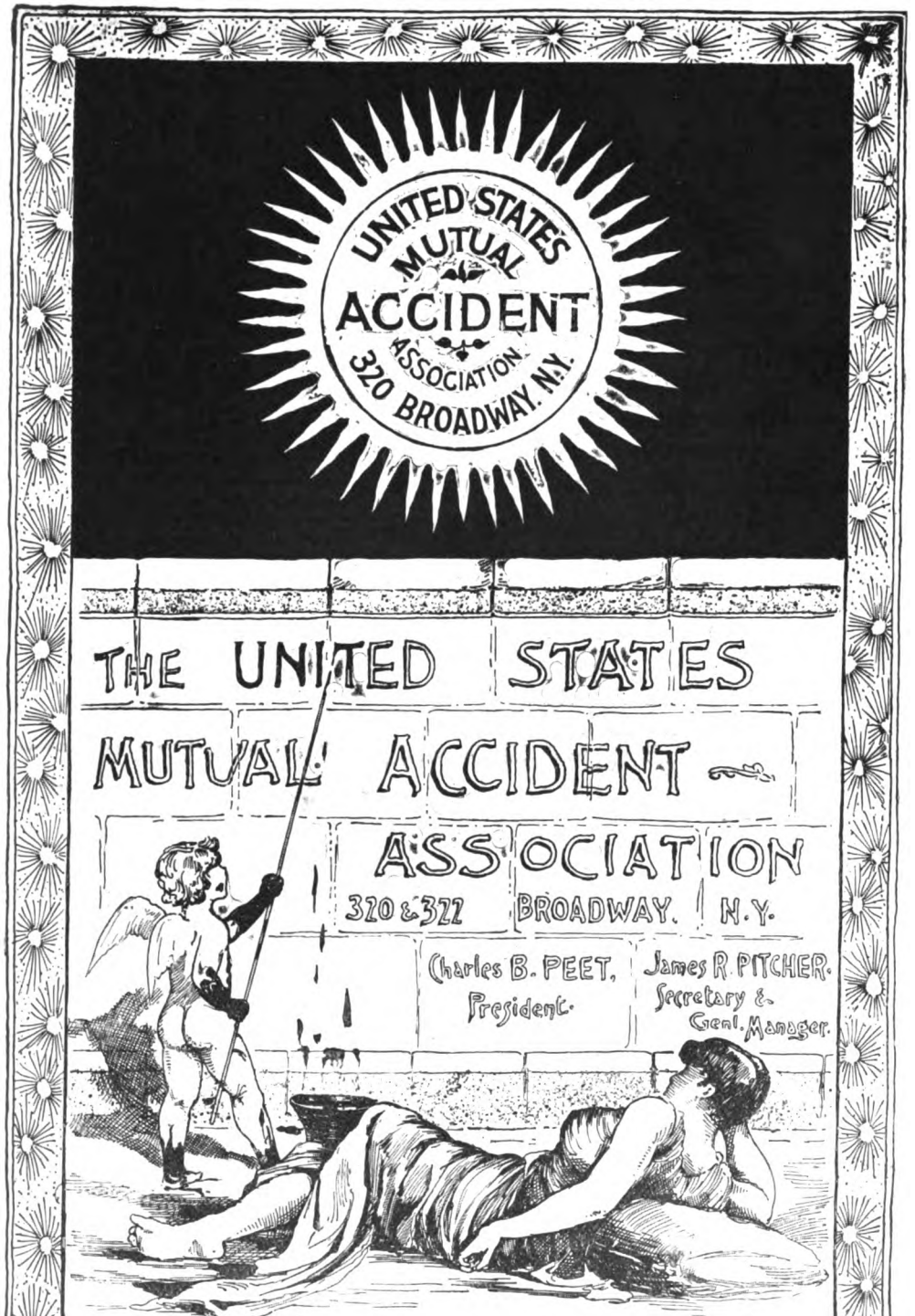

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In this novel Mr. Saltus has treated a subject hitherto unexploited in fiction. The scene is Fifth Avenue, the action emotional, the plot a surprise. "There is," some one has said, "as much mud in the upper classes as in the lower—only in the former it is gilded." This aphorism might serve as epigraph to "Tristrem Varick."

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THE 28th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES,

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1887.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1887.....$70,196,260.30

Income.

Premiums	$19,115,775.47	
Interest, Rents, etc.	4,125,073.82	23,240,849.29
		$93,437,109.59

Disbursements.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$5,748,845.60	
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments	4,313,664.21	
Total Paid Policy-holders		$10,062,509.81
	7,000.00	
Dividend on Capital	2,321,647.21	
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange	1,747,997.11	14,139,154.13
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes		
Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1887		$79,297,955.46

Assets.

Bonds and Mortgages	$23,548,376.48	
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	14,355,771.87	
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other Investments	26,516,182.38	
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, $627,362)	507,000.00	
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	6,590,151.74	
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest; and in transit (since received and invested)	7,657,967.50	
Due from Agents on account of Premiums	122,505.49	$79,297,955.46
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over book value		2,398,921.78
Interest and Rents due and accrued		812,301.61
Premiums, deferred and in transit		1,869,666.00
Total Assets, December 31, 1887		$84,378,904.85

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in this statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated. JOHN A McCALL, *Comptroller.*

Total Liabilities, including legal reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard).....$66,274,650.00

Total Undivided Surplus, over 4% Reserve..... 18,104,254.85

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is..... $5,917,336.85
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is..... 12,186,918.00

New Assurance written in 1887.....$138,023,105

Total Outstanding Assurance..... 483,029,562

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made. GEO. W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, *Actuaries.*

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Masonic Advice Saved Him.

248 RAYMOND ST., BROOKLYN, May 5, 1885.

About **ten years** since I was taken very sick, and the doctors said I had **Bright's Disease,** and could not last very long. I suffered severely, and for quite a long time. I then appeared to improve some and got around, but soon **Relapsed** into the same condition as before, and so it went on for a long time, **Always Suffering,** never well—miserable and despondent. At last a friend, member of the same lodge, F. & A. M., persuaded me to try "Warner's SAFE CURE," which I did, and very soon experienced **Relief.** I continued steadily with it for some months, much to the disgust of my physician, an old school allopath; and now having discontinued the use for more than a year, **Feel Better** than for years past. In fact, I have no symptoms of anything being wrong with my kidneys, no pain, the water flowing freely without pain, of a good, clear color, free from sediment and normal in quantity. Furthermore, I am now **Free from Those Distressing Pains in the Loins,** which at one time were ever present, no matter what position I might be in, sitting or standing, in bed or the easy chair. In fact I feel to-day that "Warner's SAFE CURE" **Has Cured Me** of a very serious complaint, not only for the time being but **Permanently.** It is now more than a year since I took the last bottle of "Warner's SAFE CURE," and since that time I have not attempted any kind of diet, but have eaten and drank tea, coffee or anything else I might desire, and to-day am feeling better, weigh more, have a better appetite, am altogether **a Different Man to what I was Ten Years Ago.**

Thos R L Mills

We have published from time to time statements of the wonderful results following the use of Warner's Safe Cure, so wonderful indeed that some people suspect their genuineness. Messrs. Warner & Co., offer $5,000 for proof that the testimonials used by them are not genuine as far as they know. They also say they can furnish MILLIONS OF SUCH TESTIMONIALS from every quarter of the globe. You must believe the evidence—it is overwhelming—of the merits of

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Make a Start in Life

by taking hold of the live business of a live house. You do not have to put in capital, but are started free. Any one can do the work. You can live at home if you like. Both sexes, all ages. $1 per hour and upwards easily earned. No special ability or training needed. Let us show you all at once, and then if you don't take hold, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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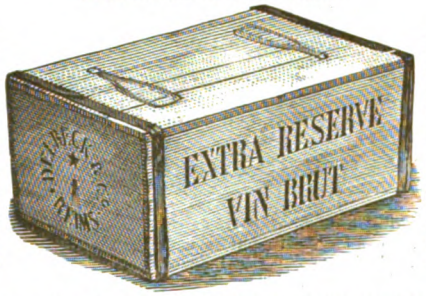

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Thread, Cloth and Satin Covered. For Sale Everywhere.

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Bright Clear Complexion.
Soft Healthful Skin.

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Most Economical
Wears to
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NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
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VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1888.

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

Young Man (airily): EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVEN'T I SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE?

Col. Scrap (who suffers from dyspepsia): QUITE LIKELY; I'VE NEVER WORN IT BEHIND.

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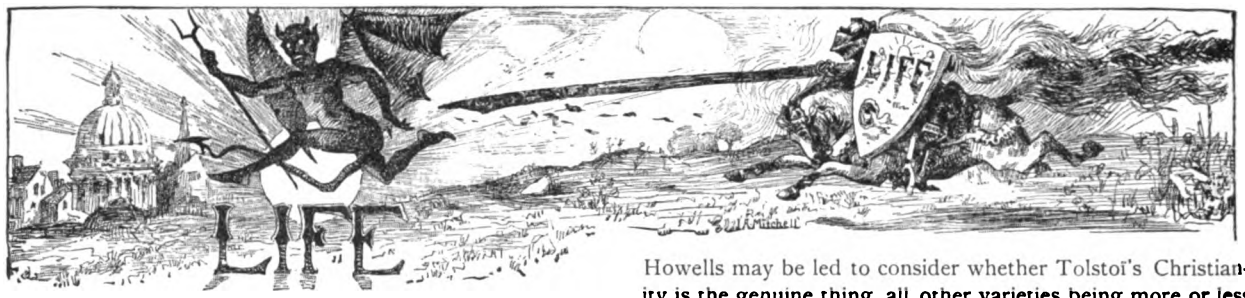

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. MARCH 15, 1888. No. 272.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

IT appears that while Mr. Howells was in Buffalo he wrote to Nathan Haskell Dole, the translator of Tolstoï:

"You would be surprised at the interest in Tolstoï here—something deeper and more practical than I have found at the East. You meet men who are actually desirous of modifying their lives by his teachings."

Of course, it is to be expected that Buffalo should take Tolstoï harder than Boston. The Boston young man is usually not desirous to modify his life by anything except more Boston. He is not an impressionable entity at all.

But what we are going to comment on is the tone of surprise in which Mr. Howells makes this communication. "*Actually desirous of modifying their lives by his teachings!!!*" He writes to Mr. Dole like a man who knows he is telling a stiff story, and hardly expects to be believed. It is evident that he has himself experienced the surprise that he anticipates for his correspondent.

What is there in the situation that should surprise Mr. Howells? He has been preaching Tolstoï for months with great zeal from one of the most influential pulpits in America. He has not only held him up as the great novelist of the day, but has praised his religious treatises, urged men to read them, and has given them the full weight of his commendation. What, then, is he surprised at? Does it astonish him that he has influence, or is he amazed at the credulity of mankind in general and Buffalo kind in particular!

It has doubtless occurred to many persons who, at Mr. Howells's instigation, have made themselves familiar with Tolstoï's peculiar religious theories, to wonder how far Mr. Howells himself was in earnest about them—to wonder whether he admired them as instances of religious truth which could be practised in every-day life, or merely as curious examples of the working of the human mind.

Perhaps now that he finds that there are men who in the eager search for something better to live by are ready to take Tolstoï seriously, and work him into their lives, Mr. Howells may be led to consider whether Tolstoï's Christianity is the genuine thing, all other varieties being more or less bogus, or whether in his religious notions he is a crank, whose teachings are upsetting to enthusiastic inexperience and dangerous to society.

It is the opinion of this journal that Tolstoï's religious books are only adapted to edify discriminating minds, which can sort the grain from the guff. Would not Mr. Howells himself rather applaud his idol's teaching than practise it?

* * *

FOR one person who knows anything about the philosophy of the late Bronson Alcott, a dozen have heard of his phenomenal incapacity in practical matters, and remember him as the man who couldn't make a living. There are plenty of other men who are gifted in this peculiar direction, but such of them as have not the advantage of private fortunes are for the most part obscure, despised and of no account. We never heard that Mr. Alcott's private means amounted to much, and yet, in spite of his financial incapacity, he left behind a distinguished and honorable name, and descendants whose renown transcends his own.

His is an example that the world cannot afford to lose, and it is to be regretted that the Concord Summer School has no machinery by which he might be canonized, and become the patron saint of poor providers.

Only once in his whole life, the story goes, did the dear man have ten dollars in his possession. He gave it to a tramp who told him an incredible story, and the tramp, they say, brought him back the money and apologized when he found out whom he had cozened. Is there in any of the Saints' books a story to beat that?

Since writing the above, LIFE hears, with profound sorrow, of the death of that friend of the children, old and young, Louisa M. Alcott.

* * *

THE *London Telegraph* avers that fine ladies in Boston make their calls now by proxy. It may not be so, but at any rate it is a good idea, and worthy to be practised. It saves the time of women whose social activities are intense, and opens a new field of profitable labor for ladies.

By the same token, there ought to be trained hireling-proxies, with cast-iron stomachs, to dine out for men. That would give the more popular members of our claw-hammered labor class a better chance to recuperate. Dining out in the dining season is a business by itself, and wage-earning in other fields cannot be combined with it except in moderation.

* * *

WITH this issue, Mr. J. K. Bangs retires from the Associate Editorship of LIFE.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A RETIRED silk hat, with hand-painted flowers entwined about the crown and bows artistically placed along the rim, makes an elegant card-receiver or waste-basket.

* * *

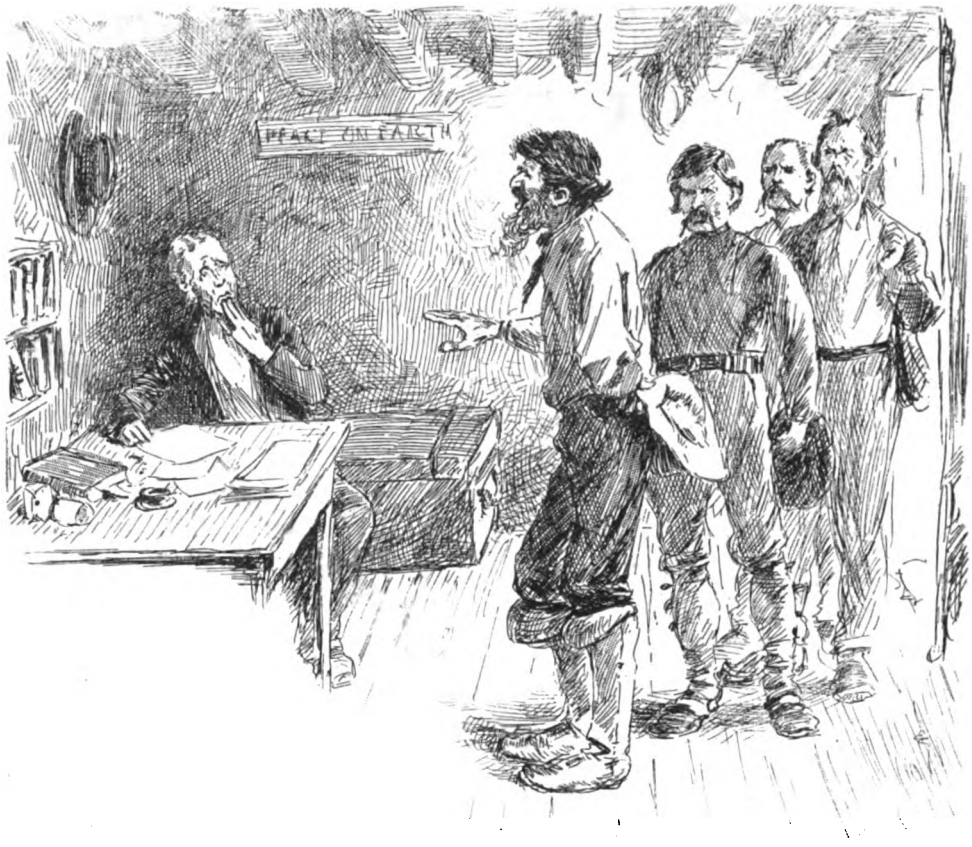
DON'T work your furnace too hard. Let it have a day out whenever the weather moderates.

* * *

NEVER give your dog meat more than once a day. A dog that is fed on meat oftener than this is apt to go mad—with joy.

* * *

NEVER permit the children to throw banana-peels on the front steps. A lady in Washington who failed to observe this rule had the humiliation of seeing a book-agent fall upon the top step of her brown-stone mansion, hitting his head with such force as to break the step.



AT DEVIL'S GULCH.

Wildcat Jack: NOW, LOOK-A-HERE, PARSON, IF YOU WANT TO PITCH INTO HOSS-THIEVES AND CLAIM-JUMPERS AND SICH, IT'S ALL RIGHT; BUT WE FELLERS HAVE RESOLUTED THAT WHEN YOU TACKLE WHISKEY AND POKER AS YOU DID LAST SUNDAY, YOU'RE BREAKIN' INTO THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

THE BOSTON BOY.

SMALL youth, residing at the Hub, while in search of knowledge a few days since asked his mother: "Ma, when I grow up, will the calves of my legs become cows?"

QUARRELING WITH HIS FOOD.

COUNTRYMAN (*at dessert*): What d'ye call this stuff, waiter?

WAITER: Blanc mange, sir.

COUNTRYMAN: I should say it was blank mange; it's blankety blank mange. Take away your mange and gimme pie.

DECIPHERING COPY.

WESTERN EDITOR (*to assistant*): There are several words in this European correspondence that I am unable to make out. See what you can do.

ASSISTANT (*after a vain effort*): They are all Greek to me.

WESTERN EDITOR (*to office boy*): James; ask the European correspondent to step here a moment.

MOVEMENTS IN HIGH LIFE.

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A COMMON ERROR.

LIFE is an ardent worshipper of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's writings, but when Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson says of a talker, "he must have worn the words next to his skin and slept with them," we are constrained to say that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson at times grows boshy in his remarks.

If he had said of a man who cannot make an after-dinner speech that he must wear his words next to his liver-pad and play quoits with them, he would have made quite as sensible and forcible a statement.

* * *

A TABULATED statement of the books of the year prepared by the *Publishers' Weekly* has the following two items:

Fiction, ... 1,022
Language, ... 283

Now, what we want to know is, under which head do Mr. Howells's works come?

* * *

THE table seems to draw a distinction between "Theology and Religion," since its item of religious books is presented as quoted.

A pertinent query would seem to be, Why lump Law and Justice under the general heading Law? This is hardly justice.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that the item "Belles Lettres" should include only the work of ladies, forgetting, perhaps, that the average lady of letters is rarely found among the belles.

* * *

SPEAKING of ladies, a young gentleman much given to scientific and historical research, makes the startling statement that had Queen Victoria been born a man she never would have been Queen of England.

We have not given the matter much attention, but there seems to be good ground for the assertion.

* * *

IF Buck Grant is successful as an editor, Frederick will probably take one of his father's old swords and become a sculptor.

* * *

ON the Milton Memorial Window recently erected in St. Margaret's Church, London, by Mr. George W. Childs, is the following inscription:

"This window is dedicated to the
Glory of God in memory of John
Milton by George W. Childs."

We can almost hear Mr. Childs quoting Shakespeare:

"When shall we three meet again?"

* * *

THE BEST HUNDRED BOOKS.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES, Motley's Dutch—
Both are free from libel's touch;
Odes of Horace, Homer's Iliad
Pilgrim's Progress, Balm of Gilead;
Julius Cæsar's Commentaries,
Grimm and Andersen on Fairies;
Gibbon, Milton, Irving, Burns—
Prose and poetry by turns;
Shakespeare—with him must be taken,
Too, the works of Francis Bacon.
Old Dean Swift and modest Noll,
Arabian Nights in a single vol.;
La Rochefoucauld and Pascal's Thoughts.
For law in brief, Biglow on Torts;
Junius' letters, Hudibras;
Mrs. Caudle, too, will pass.
Pepys and Evelyn, Southey's Doctor,
Hoyle on Games, and Whist by Proctor;
Aristotle—be it known
All alien works are found in Bohn.
Vathek, Balzac, Thomas Browne,
Leigh Hunt's Letters on the Town;
Leaves from Highlands by the Queen,
Old Confucius, Verdant Green.
Æschylus, Mahaffy, Taine,
Browning, Stone, John Howard Payne;
Don Quixote, Epictetus,
Jones on Spinal Meningitis.
Boswell's Johnson, and Spectator,
Tatler, too, its honored pater;
Of Two Cities read the Tale,
Over Fagan linger pale.
Charles O'Malley, Cooper's Spy,
From Jeremy Taylor learn to die;
Newcomes, Philip and Pendennis,
Richard Sears' Hand-book of Tennis,
Mr. Ruskin, too, on Venice.
Izaak Walton, Humphrey Clinker,
Emerson, the lofty thinker;
Mill on Liberty, and the Floss,
Firdusi, by Edmund Gosse.
Elia's Essays, Æsop's Fable,
Dr. Holmes' At Breakfast Table;
Jeremy Diddler, Miller—Joe,
Howells, Terence, Hawthorne, Poe.
All the works of J. J. Rousseau,
Daniel de Foe's Robinson Crusoe;
Obiter Dicta, two by Birrell,
Charming critic and a virile.
Victor Hugo, Thomas Jones,
Monte Cristo, Prime on Stones;
Cicero and Savage Landor,
T. Carlyle, oppressed by candor.
Bancroft, Darwin—full of mystery,
Martha Lamb for sweetened history;
Dr. Jekyll, Bulwer, Scott—
Any one, it matters not.
Religious thoughts from Dr. Paley,
Freaks of Letters by D'Israeli;
Andrew Lang's Essays on Myth,
Up Mt. Blanc, by Albert Smith;
Byron, Tennyson, Samuel Clemens,
Sparkling wit of Old Mark Lemon's.
If these hundred fail to suit,
Erase the bad and substitute.

John Kendrick Bangs.

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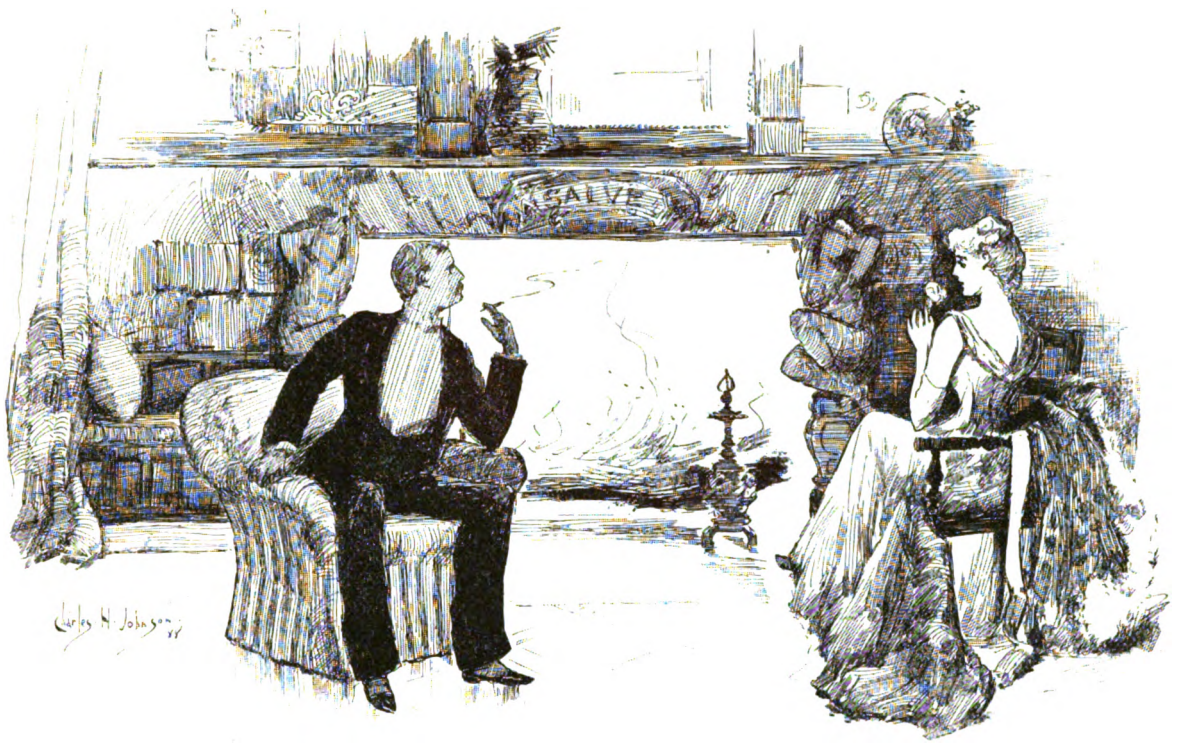

Cornelius (forgetting himself): YOU WILL BE A SISTER TO ME! A TEN-DOLLAR SLEIGH RIDE THIS AFTERNOON, A BOX AT THE OPERA TO-NIGHT, SUPPER AT DELMONICO'S AND A CAB HOME! A SISTER TO ME? GREAT SCOTT! WHAT KIND OF A FOOL HUMAN BEING DO YOU TAKE A BROTHER TO BE?

BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED.

APROPOS of "Books that have Helped Me," the following theatrical list of plays and their new stars has been prepared:

London Assurance	The Duke of Marlborough.
She Would and She Wouldn't	J. G. Blaine.
Lost in London	J. R. Lowell.
Much Ado About Nothing	W. D. Howells.
All's Well that Ends Well	Grover Cleveland.
School for Scandal	Union Club.
Measure for Measure	Henry George.
Railroad of Love	Mr. Arbuckle.
In the Fashion	Berry Wall.
The Mighty Dollar	Cornelius Vanderbilt.
She	Belva Lockwood.
A Dark Secret	Inspector Byrnes.
A Run of Luck	Augustin Daly.
Forget Me Not	Lydia Pinkham.
The Highest Bidder	'88's Debutantes.

W. C. F.

BLAINE stock is declining. But as few people take stock in Blaine the decline won't materially affect anybody.

MRS. LANGTRY'S luck always was bad.

She has struck a silver mine on her western place when a gold mine might have been struck for the same money.

NEGLECTING HER WORK.

Philadelphia Lady: HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU WASHED DOWN THE FRONT STEPS TO-DAY, BRIDGET?

Bridget (guiltily): ONLY FOUR TIMES, MUM.

Philadelphia Lady (severely): BRIDGET, I AM SURPRISED! GO AND WASH THEM DOWN AGAIN, AT ONCE.

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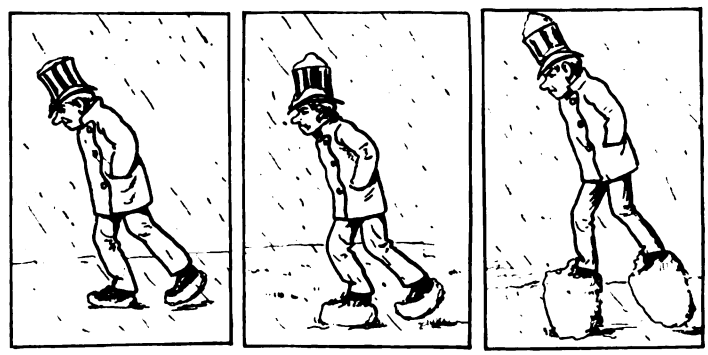
THE OTHER SIDE.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray."
—*Goldsmith.*

WHEN trusting man has stooped to folly,
And finds too late what women say
Is sometimes chaff, is melancholy
The proper role for him to play?

Not much! The way his grief to cover,
To make her mad enough to fly,
And set her wild to have him love her,
It is to fatten—not to die!

Silversmith.



HOW THE SNOW AND RAIN "COMBINED."

BOOKS AND MUSIC.

IRWIN RUSSELL'S POEMS.

THE attractive little book of a hundred pages, entitled "Poems of Irwin Russell" (The Century Co.), is the memorial of a brief and erratic career. It is nine years since the poet died, when only twenty-six years old, yet there are hundreds who remember his verses though ignorant of the singer's fate. "His sufferings and his sorrows made his life a long one," says Joel Chandler Harris in a short and sympathetic introduction. "He had at his command everything that affection could suggest; he had loyal friends wherever he went; but, in spite of all this, the waywardness of genius led continually in the direction of suffering and sorrow. In the rush and hurly-burly of the practical, every-day world, he found himself helpless; and so, after a brief struggle, he died."

* * *

FROM this wreckage there have been saved thirty-one poems—half of them in negro dialect; and by these the unhappy poet will be remembered. The verdict on them by the inimitable "Uncle Remus" is: "I do not know where could be found to-day a happier or a more perfect representation of negro character." There is no one who can dispute Mr. Harris's assertions on this subject—for there is no one of equal authority and knowledge.

The general reader will be likely to choose from the volume four favorites: "Christmas Night in the Quarters," "Blind Ned," "Mahsr John," and "Rev. Henry's War-Song." In them there are sentiment, humor, and melody mingled in a happy manner that reminds one, in a far-off way, of Burns.

* * *

WHY does not someone make a similar collection of the melodious lyrics of Richard Realf? He, too, was "born unto singing," but missed "the world's honors and the world's plaudits." Ten years ago he ended the struggle in California—closing with a grim tragedy a life which was romantic and sombre. His beautiful poems are still kept alive by the press, which frequently starts one of them on a new voyage from Poet's Corner to Poet's Corner.

* * *

THE Century Company has made another attractive book, by reprinting, in large, clear type, Frank R. Stockton's story of "The Dusantes." The best thing in this story (as in its forerunner) is the remarkably faithful picture which is drawn of the two excellent Pennsylvania housewives, *Mrs. Lecks* and *Mrs. Aleshine.* Those who have imagined these delightful middle-aged ladies to be the creatures of Mr. Stockton's eccentric fancy, rather than the result of his close observation, have certainly never been in Central and Southern Pennsylvania. The dialect is as true to reality as possible, and the humorous optimism and kindliness of these comfortable creatures is a trait which prevails among the women of the rich agricultural valleys of that State. They combine the hearty hospitality of the South with the thrift and neatness of the North. That great Philistine State (with its worship of iron, coal, oil and grain) in war and peace has been a buffer between North and South, and, strangely enough, its people have absorbed the virtues of both sections.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

LA TERRE (The Soil). By Emile Zola. Translated by George D. Cox. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Cornell University Register, 1887-88. Ithaca: Published by the University.

The Adventures of a Widow. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

PAST MENDING.

BJONES: That fellow Gagley tried to borrow five hundred dollars of me this morning.

SMYTHE: Five hundred? He must be cracked!

BJONES: No; he's not cracked. He's broke.

THE San Francisco *Argonaut* adapts the Bard of Avon to the occasion, and says, "All the world is a jungle, and all the men are tigers.

If this be true, there are lots of tigers masquerading in asses' skins.

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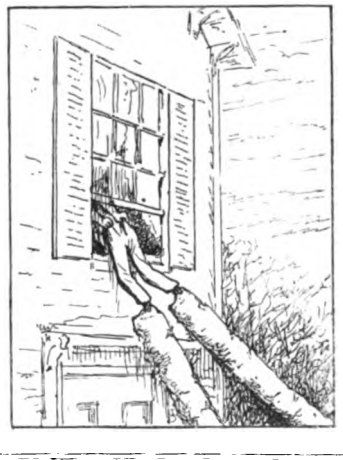
ACHILLES NEWMAN, WHO MARRIED ARABELLA SOPHIA SMITH LAST WEEK, WAS PRESENTED BY HIS BACHELOR FRIENDS WITH A WREATH IN HONOR OF THE OCCASION, BUT SOMEHOW OR OTHER THE COMBINATION OF INITIALS DIDN'T SEEM TO STRIKE HIM FAVORABLY.

TO THE REV. WARREN.

THERE can be but one opinion of a man who denounces as immoral a play he has not seen, and we present our compliments to Rev. E. Walpole Warren and beg to assure the gentleman that his room is preferable to his company.



A BAD SHOT.

CUPID, little wretch, is blind;
And tho' his darts are sighs and krs.,
When he shoots at pretty maids
He's forever making Mrs.

TINCTURE of Anarchy—Beer.

LITERARY NOTES.

"DRINKS WITHOUT STRAW" is the taking title of an unwritten book by Judge Tourgee.

* * *

MR. ROE'S "Opening of a Chestnut Belle," is now in its last edition.

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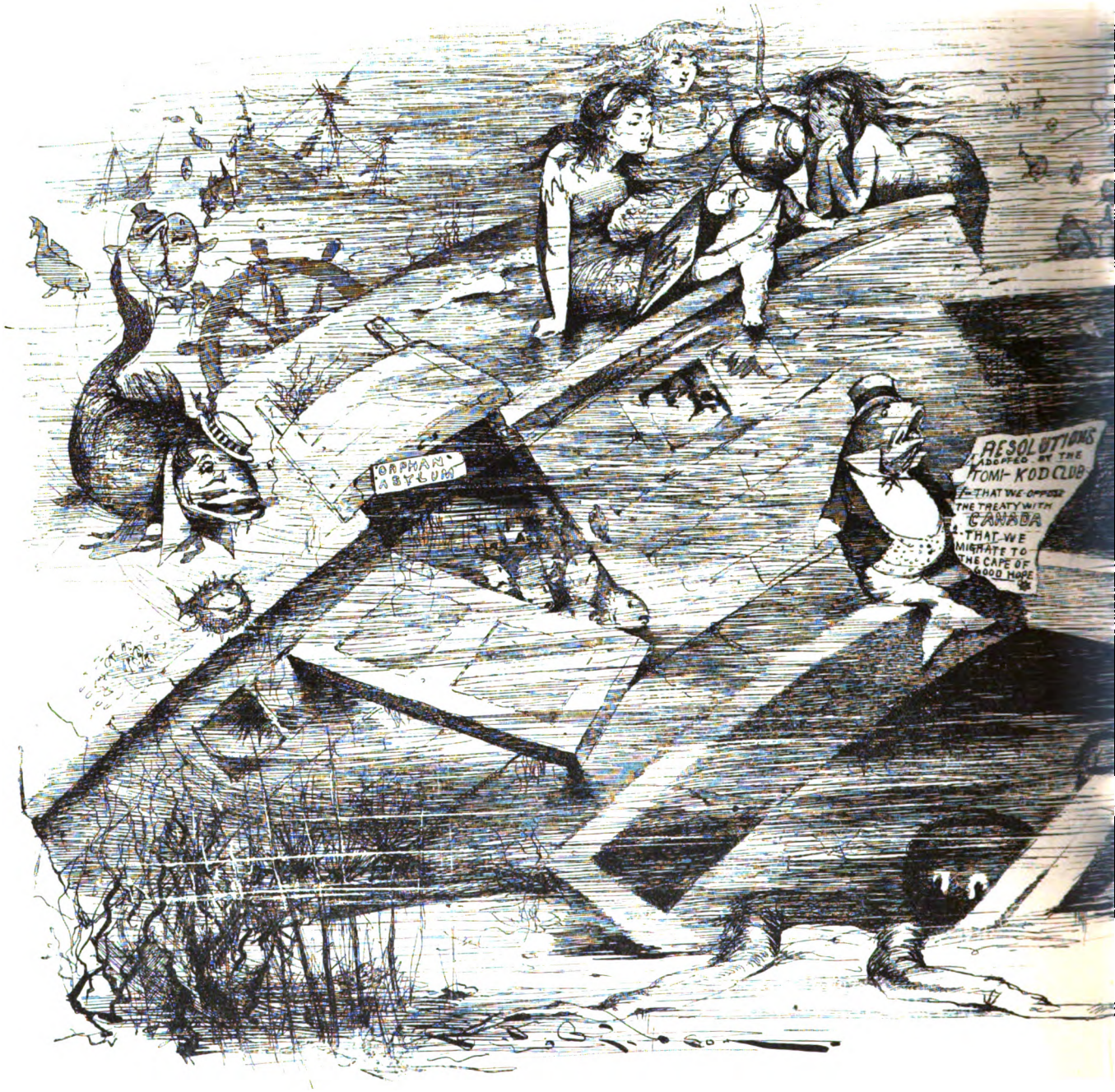

FOR THE FURTHER CONSIDERAT

AND TO CONSIDER SOME MEANS FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF WIDOWS AND

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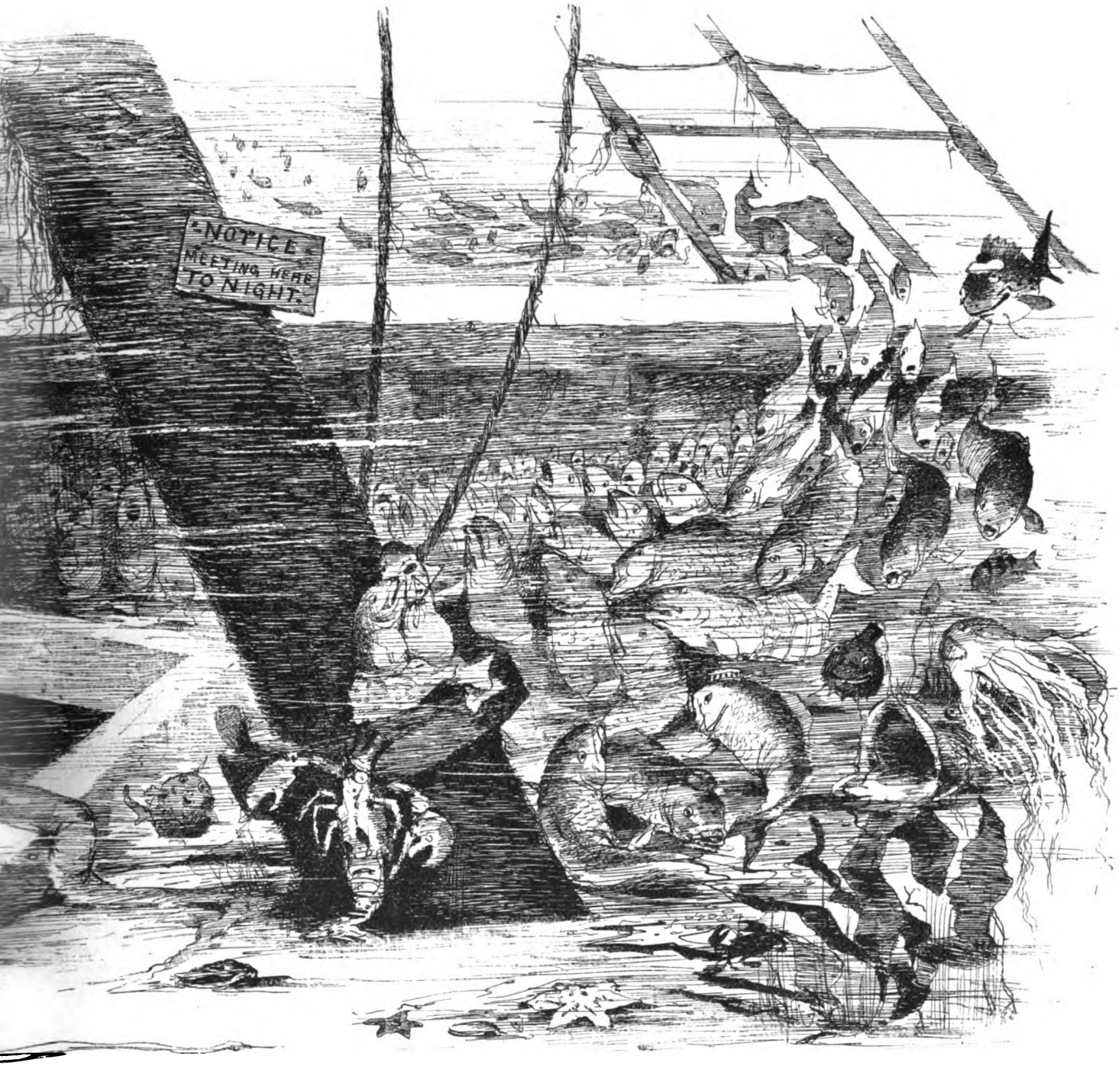
FE ·



ION OF THE FISHERIES TREATY,

ORPHANS CREATED BY THE DEPREDATIONS OF AMERICAN AND CANADIAN FISHERMEN.

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THE TWO TOSCAS.

LA TOSCA FRANÇAISE: *Charmant! Magnifique!* I congratulate you a thousand times, *ma chére Fanny!*

LA TOSCA AMERICAINE: Thank you, dear. You're awfully kind.

L. T. F.: And that new theatre! *Mon dieu*, but it is lovely! And yet, I could not always hear well. It needs that they do something to change it.

L. T. A.: But tell me, dear—how did you like the piece?

L. T. F.: Very good, very good indeed; but it needs cutting. The scene—what you call the setting—was all excellent.

L. T. A.: And the caste?

L. T. F.: Your *Scarpia* was good. But your *Mario*—not even I could be in love with him. *Imagines*—he comes from the room when he has been on the racket—no, no, not racket—on the rack, and where he has suffered the tortures of ten thousand demons. Does he look so? *Mon dieu*, no! He look more as if he come from promenading himself. That is a bad actor.

L. T. A.: Yes, dear, but he is young, you know, and will improve.

L. T. F.: *Peutêtre!* But the public will not wait for bad actors to improve with age. Wine?—yes. Actors?—no. And also, *ma chérie*, we, too, grow old——

L. T. A.: Madame! speak for yourself, please. Fanny Davenport will never grow old!

L. T. F.: Ah, *mon ange! Mille pardons!* This beautiful language of the United States has always two meanings to the same word. I mean not "we two," but "we, too"—*nous aussi*—do you not comprehend?

L. T. A.: Certainly, dear. My nerves are unstrung, and make me over-sensitive. But tell me, now, frankly, what did you think of my dresses?

L. T. F.: Very good, but—*franchement, vous savez*—you have missed something. You have the clothes, but some way you have not the air—there is something lacking. You have not caught the true spirit of the *directoire* dress. There is a certain atmosphere about the costume which you have not found.

L. T. A.: You didn't like my dress in the second act—the one with the vestibule train?

L. T. F.: It was a *robe magnifique*, but——

L. T. A.: I don't suppose you liked my acting, either?

L. T. F.: *Mais oui, ma belle!* It seems to me you throw too much *embonpoint* into the part, but——

L. T. A.: We can't all be living skeletons, you know.

L. T. F.: *C'est vrai*—no matter how hard some of us may try. I think Monsieur Sardou would say you play *La Tosca* with more force than *finesse;* you know, *ma chérie*, your walk is very—what is it one says?—very queer, and your elocution is not good; but it was a great performance.

L. T. A.: Indeed! And I suppose you think you can play the part better. Just see which the audiences in Allegheny City would like better—my force or your *finesse?* Just watch them rise to the walk of the true *tragedienne* when I place the candles about *Scarpia's* head. Why, woman, that walk has been in the Davenport family for years—before Bernhardt was ever heard of. It's an heirloom, and the American public likes it. And my elocution isn't good! Oh, no; of course not! I'll elocute against you for the benefit of any charity you have a mind to name, Marquis of Queensbury rules—but there! I'll never speak to you again, you miserable French——

(*Here appear the spirits of George Washington and General Lafayette waving palm branches. The two ladies burst into tears and fall on each other's necks, while the spirits crown them each with a tiara of silver dollars.*)

Metcalfe.

Wifey: CHANCY, DEAR, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PURCHASE OF HENS TO START MY HENNERY?

Chancy: I'M AFRAID, MY DEAR, THEY ARE NOT *all* THE LAYING KIND.

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OBSERVATIONS.

THERE is one stain on Chauncey Depew's character. He comes from Peekskill.

* * *

LORD LONSDALE is going off to the North Pole after bear.

Good! We trust Lonsdale will freeze up with the country.

* * *

MRS. SPRIGGINS when she heard of the suits against Judge Hilton was very sorry because "Parasite Lost" was always a favorite poem of hers, and she had an affectation for the author.

* * *

TO the young German who sets out to make his mark in the world the success of Baron de Rothschild is most encouraging.

The Baron has made several millions of them.

* * *

DR. MCGLYNN called the Pope a bag of bones some time ago, but we have yet to hear that the Pope shares the belief of some that the Doctor is a skin.

"IN TIMES OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."

Mrs. Mayne Chance: MY DEAR, YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY. SO THAT RICH OLD HUMBUG HAS BROKEN OFF HIS ENGAGEMENT WITH YOU. YOU HAVE HIS LETTERS, AND HAVE SEEN A LAWYER, OF COURSE?
Miss Piper: OH, CERTAINLY; BUT HE MADE AN ASSIGNMENT LAST WEEK!
Mrs. M. C.: THE WRETCH!

A WISE HEAD.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Now, boys, who "shall inherit the earth?"

LITTLE JOHNNIE (*wise beyond his years*): Please, mum, it's the Irish!

"IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody good," as the humorist remarked upon receiving a cheque for twenty-five cents, payment for a joke on the blizzard.

PRUDENCE.

CASHIER: Mr. Bullion, I'd like to take a little trip up to Montreal for a week or so; do you think I can be spared?

MR. BULLION: Why, certainly. Just get things to rights and—ah, by the way, who would be your bondsman?

STILL SEARCHING.

MRS. BJONES: I hear that young Mr. Sissy is still in search of a wife.

MRS. JSMITH: Why, I thought he was married!

MRS. BJONES: So he was. She's left him. She's the one he's in search of.

LITTLE HOFMANN is so worn out with his labors that he has dropped one of the n's at the end of his name.

THE question as to the authorship of Shakespeare is eclipsed for the moment in England by the controversy over who wrote the Queen's speech.

It is attributed to Lord Salisbury, Rider Haggard and Tennyson.

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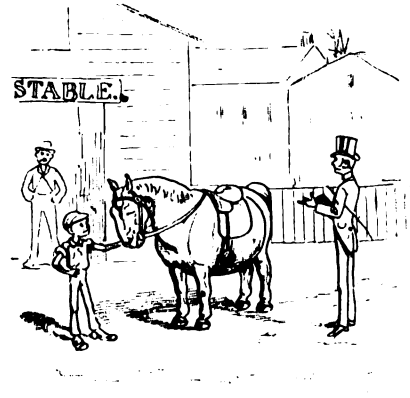
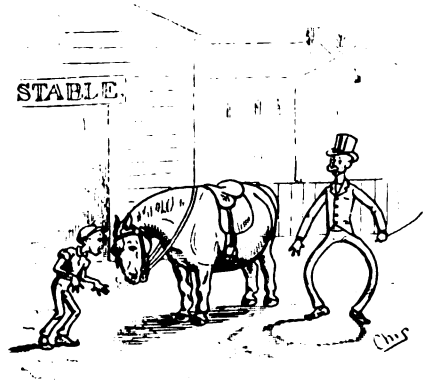
COKE REVISED.

"A MAN'S house is his castle," so says Coke;
But Henry George this maxim would revoke:
"If you no house or castle have," says he,
"Your neighbor's house your castle then may be."

J. C.

DO NOT RIDE A FAT HORSE.





Father: LAVE THE LAD ALONE, BIDDY, ACUSHLA, IT'S THE O'FOGARTY BLOOD THAT'S IN HIM, AN' SURE HE CAN'T HELP IT!

LIFE'S PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 21 letters, none of which need be burnt, nor are any of them from Florence. They have no pee-esses, and are warranted harmless to politicians, however young.

My 4, 9, 21 represents approximately the state of a man who has been stung by a hornet. The word is used at times, also, to indicate the mental condition of the March hare and a hatter when business is dull.

My 2, 5, 19 is frequently bet on elections. Is worn by cardinals, millers and ladies at the theatre.

My 1, 19, 13 is simultaneously a game of childhood and a bit of pasteboard to be tied on a parcel, a valise, or an inebriated broker, who has expressed a wish to be returned to his domicile when he is replete.

My 2, 12, 5, 21 a man must have if he wishes to wear a hat or go into business.

My 3, 5, 7 is a popular exercise in which the mouth organ comes into play.

My 6, 15, 17, 20, 16, 3 has but one eye. P.S.—For the sake of students, we will say that this is not a cyclop. We may add that some people think a rich man has less chance of getting into Heaven than a camel has of going through the eye in question.

My 8, 17, 21, 11, 3 represents the business in which the backers of Mr. Blaine have been since the Florence letter. It also represents a nicely cut fence made of growing plants.

My 13, 5, 18, 19 is one of the many things in which Mr. Foraker is lacking.

My 14, 16, 5, 7, 3 is carried alike by school-boy and politician. Many a one will be broken before election day.

My whole represents the next President of the United States. If you want to know who he is, study this enigma. There are cash prizes for those successfully solving the puzzle before next election day.

$10,000.

1st.—The person who correctly solves the enigma, and then bets $10,000 on the information therein found, will receive $10,000, if the man he bets with is good pay.

$5,000.

2d.—There is a prize of $5,000 for the person who had intended to bet $5,000 the other way, and who, after solving the enigma, decided not to.

3d.—We will send our congratulations to all who solve the enigma, provided they send ten cents in postage stamps, a year's subscription to LIFE, and a stamped and directed envelope to this office on or before April 1st.

In case none of our readers solve the enigma, we hereby guarantee that the cash prizes will not be devoted to any charity they may name.

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

TOUGH ON JOHN.

"IT'S a bloomink shame," remarked one of the fancy up-townerss, "that Sullivan can't git a fight vith Smith."

"You think it won't come off?"

"Naw; an' 'ere poor John has been a keepink sober an' gettink into fine physical condition, an' now the whole business goes for nothink."—*Epoch.*

"YES," said the young man as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school-teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you." "You would not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy." "Of course I did, but—" "And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact." "I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you knew the aching void—" "There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum, but, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?" "Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings-bank and I want you to be my wife. There!" "Well, James, since you put it in that light I—."—*Boston Courier.*

FOR the benefit of those who are getting tired of "Truly rural" as a cure for stammering the following is respectfully submitted: Pronounce rapidly "She sells sea shells; shall she sell sea shells?" —*Meriden Republican.*

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

LITTLE NELLIE: Ma, is the baby very sick?

MOTHER: Not very, Nellie.

"He isn't likely to die, is he?"

"Oh, no; you wouldn't like your little brother to die, would you?"

"Well, n-no Ma, (*with just a tinge of hesitation*), I wouldn't like him to die, of course; but still, Ma, when Willie Waffles' little brother died he didn't have to go to school for a whole week." —*Ex.*

A CASE was being tried in the West of England, and at its termination the judge charged the jury, and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed, and no verdict was brought in. The judge's dinner-hour arrived, and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry, he learned that one obstinate juryman was holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that in his charge to them he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of eleven men of wisdom was unfit and disqualified ever again to act in the capacity of juryman. At the end of this excited harangue a little squeaky voice came from one of the jury. He said:

"Will your lordship allow me to say a word!"

Permission being given he added:

"May it please your lordship, I am the only man on your side."—*Singapore Review.*

BROWN: Lucky dog, that Smith, ain't he?

JONES: Why, what's up now?

"His mother-in-law has just died and left him her sole heir."

"Was the old lady wealthy?"

"No. She didn't leave a dollar, but she had laid in her winter's supply of coal."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

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Will Cure Dandruff. FACT!

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Information with reference to the country traversed by the Northern Pacific, rates, time-tables, illustrated tourist books and folders, will be cheerfully given on application to any agent of The Northern Pacific R.R., your nearest ticket agent, or CHARLES S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R.R., St. Paul, Minn.

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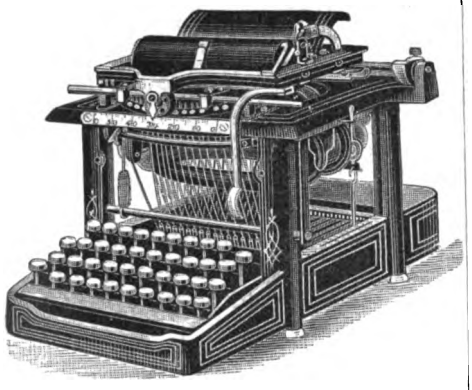

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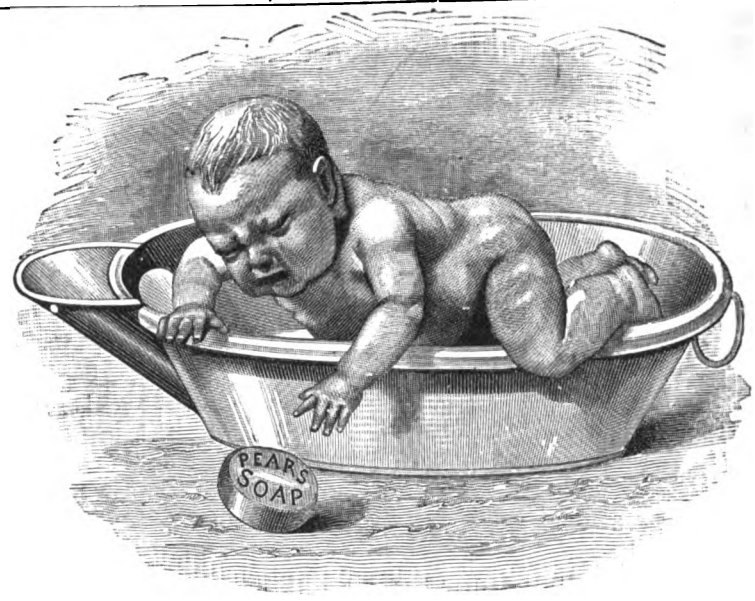

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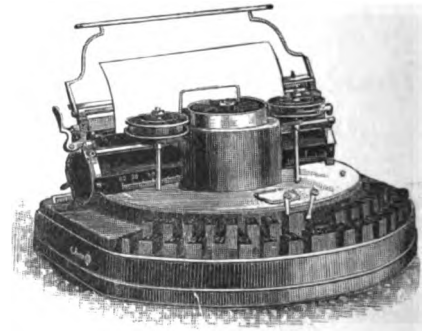

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VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1888.

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LIFE

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Mademoiselle Spring: PRAY TAKE YOUR TIME, HERR BOREAS; OF COURSE NO ONE CARES HOW LONG I AM KEPT WAITING.

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

VOL. XI. MARCH 22, 1888. No. 273.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THE death of Henry Bergh is a loss to this community to be sincerely regretted. Few citizens have devoted their time and energies to such a noble purpose as this unselfish and fearless man. A friend to the helpless, a watchful champion of the oppressed, ever ready to face ridicule and abuse in the discharge of what he deemed his duty, he has gone to his rest with the respect and love of many thousands of Americans.

* * *

THERE is something magnificently heroic in the reckless courage of old England. Single-handed she has at different epochs attacked the Abyssinians, Zulus, and Burmese, to say nothing of minor tribes, and now she is picking a quarrel with Venezuela. We shall soon see the illustrated English weeklies teeming with soul-stirring battles as the British forces invade the territories of this gigantic nation. To see a burly policeman clubbing a helpless old woman is a pleasant sight to those who like it, but it is not calculated to foster the highest form of military enthusiasm in a nation's bosom. Venezuela, however, is a far more comfortable nation to fight against than Russia, for instance, and infinitely less expensive. The reckless fury with which the Hon. J. Bull has backed out of various conflicts with this latter nation is still fresh in our minds. The Hon. J. has had his nose frequently pulled by more powerful nations, but when it comes to a dispute with Afghanistan or Venezuela, the lion rises in his might and roars.

* * *

GENERAL GRANT'S monument still hangs fire, and subscriptions come in slowly. New Yorkers are public-spirited enough, but champagne is three dollars a bottle, and with so many citizens whose incomes scarcely exceed $50,000 a year, it is hardly fair to hope for any definite results within eight or ten years.

NEW YORK is behind Boston in pugilism, behind Philadelphia in repose, and also behind Comstock—with a sharp stick—in certain lines of morality, but when it comes to blizzards—good, all-around, go-as-you-please blizzards—we have proved ourselves less tame than we were generally considered.

* * *

THE vigorous methods now under consideration in Australia and New Zealand for the extermination of the pests that overrun those colonies should cause every public-spirited American to bestir himself for the salvation of his country. It is painful to realize that the period is rapidly approaching when our girls will be looked upon with abhorrence. The locusts of Egypt were a plague of a similar nature, not from any personal dislike to the individual locust, but from their countless and uncontrollable numbers. In the days of our forefathers, girls were useful about the house, and often of service on the farm, but with the introduction of the piano, they became not only an absolute nuisance, but very expensive to maintain. Matters have rapidly gone from bad to worse, and the question now is, How shall we get rid of our girls? There is a popular prejudice against poison, and the more tender-hearted portion of the community are averse to shooting. Hanging is obviously too cruel. Young men are often willing to take charge of the pretty and more wealthy ones, but for the vast hordes which still remain there is no ready means of extermination.

* * *

NEW YORK, to her surprise, possesses a Mayor who does not truckle to the Irish vote. He even has the effrontery to refuse to eat dirt when threatened with its loss. This not only "beats the Dutch" but the Irish too. Heretofore when the "Irish vote" has wanted its boots blacked it has been in the habit of sending them around to the City Hall, and New York's Mayor, or any other official, has been only too happy to do it. Hence it was not to be wondered at that most of our citizens almost fainted with surprise at Mr. Hewitt's course, and nearly succumbed to the shock. His interview with St. Patrick, or rather with his ambassadors, is the best reading we have been favored with in many a long day.

* * *

LIFE regrets to learn through the columns of the New York *Tribune* that President Cleveland is an imbecile and a liar, whose one object is the ruin of his country. Also that everything this gentleman can influence is not only going to the dogs, but going rapidly, and has been shooting in that unfortunate direction ever since he came into office. This is bad. Doubly bad, as he will probably retain his position for another four years.

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WHEN such a gifted gentleman as the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* produces a tid-bit like the following, it deserves a wider publicity than the local circulation of his paper can afford.

"A great many people have enjoyed the fine wit of *Life*, an illustrated weekly published in New York. But it has become a brutal and nasty partisan sheet, basely sycophantic toward Cleveland, and a shameful blackguard of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman, and other Republican leaders. No Republican should, from this time, buy a copy of the dirty thing. The beastly shamefulness of Mugwumpery which it illustrates should be stamped upon until it disappears in a hole in the ground."

Here is a subtle touch. The pen is mighty, and the one occupied by our Cincinnati admirer has a peculiar power of its own.

BOSTON'S TEARS.

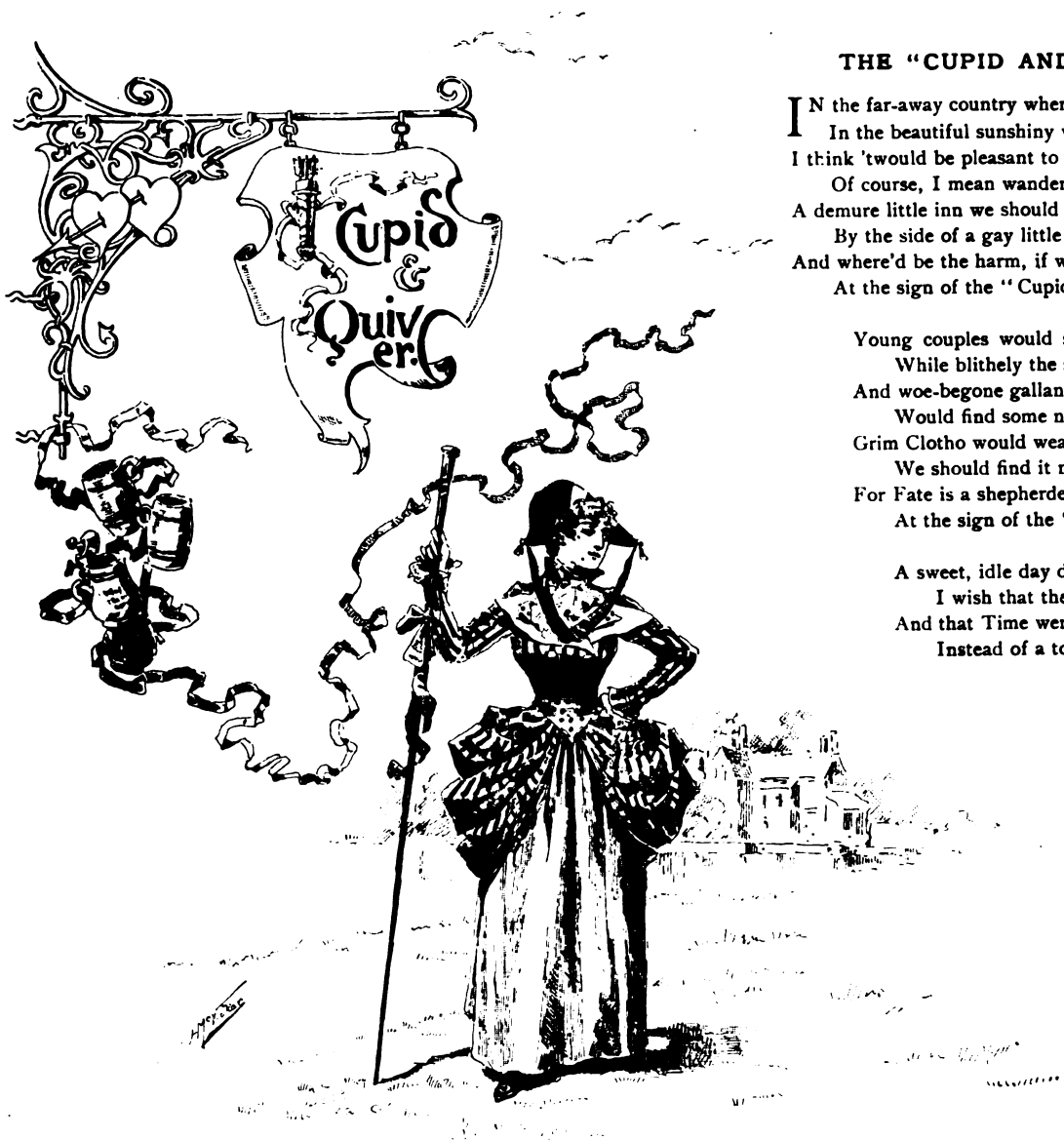
PHŒBE: What sad news from Europe!

DORCAS: Very. Everybody will mourn the brave old Emperor.

PHŒBE: That's not it. O Dorcas! Our Sullivan——

DORCAS: What?

PHŒBE: It was only a draw! [They embrace in anguish.]



THE "CUPID AND QUIVER."

IN the far-away country where story-folk dwell,
In the beautiful sunshiny weather,
I think 'twould be pleasant to wander, ma belle—
Of course, I mean wander together.
A demure little inn we should meet on the road,
By the side of a gay little river;
And where'd be the harm, if we made our abode
At the sign of the "Cupid and Quiver?"

Young couples would saunter along in the shades,
While blithely the sign swung above them,
And woe-begone gallants and weariful maids
Would find some nice person to love them.
Grim Clotho would wear such a holiday look,
We should find it not hard to forgive her;
For Fate is a shepherdess, waving her crook
At the sign of the "Cupid and Quiver."

A sweet, idle day dream, I wish it were true.
I wish that the year were all summer,
And that Time were a maiden as pretty as you,
Instead of a toothless old mummer.
My fancies grow cold as the year onward flies,
And the chill winter winds make them shiver;
But they are warmed and rejoiced when they see in your eyes
The dear sign of the "Cupid and Quiver."

T. P. S.

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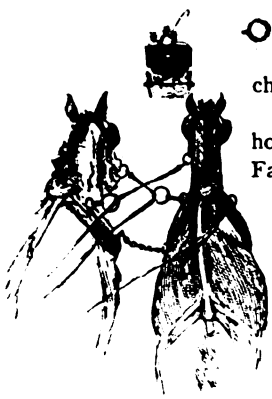
IN THE SPRING.

IN the Spring, a livelier necktie glows upon the young man's breast;
In the Spring he lays his ulster on "mine uncle's" shelves to rest;
In the Spring the wandering blizzard from Montana's icy clime,
Makes him wish he had that faded ulster back a second time.

* * *

CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.



OBADIAH, OF FIFTH AVENUE (*to Mrs. Obadiah*): Aren't you going to church this morning, my dear?

MRS. O.: No; I'm compelled to stay at home. Parker says the footman is sick. Fancy how it would look driving to church without a footman on the box!

MR. O.: Why don't you take a stage?

MRS. O.: Because I think it is downright wicked that the stages are permitted to run on Sunday.

* * *

THERE is a new pamphlet out, entitled, "The National Bank Act."

The National Bank act of the present day consists largely of skipping off to English territory with all the funds.

* * *

THREE TYPES OF EPISCOPALIANS.

LOW and lazy
Broad and hazy,
High and crazy.

* * *

A GERMAN composer has written a funeral march, to be played on black keys only.

What with the increase of "green goods" men and large apartment houses, the visitor to New York gets an idea that this town is all sharps and flats.

* * *

"THE Man Behind," is the title of a political novel just published in Chicago.

It is supposed to deal with Mr. Blaine, and the late campaign.

* * *

IS it a fact that Congress is to be asked to appropriate a large sum of money towards the support of a conservatory of music in New York? Who supports the conservatory in Boston? What will Texas get for voting for such an appropriation? If music in New York becomes a national charge, why not general education in the South?

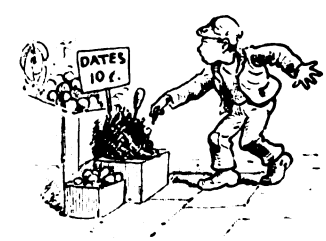
What are our eminent and cultured fellow-citizens thinking of that they imagine such a measure will do?

* * *

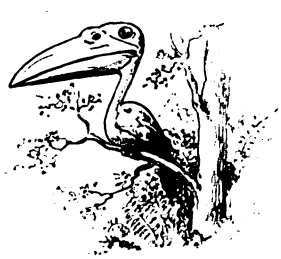
THEATRICAL TERMS.

"FIRST OLD WOMAN."

"BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE."



"SECURING A DATE."



"WELL BILLED."

"A HEAVY JUVENILE."

"A STRONG CAST."

"A POOR STUDY."

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A DELIGHTFUL PHENOMENON.

Miss Tattleton (entering suddenly): IT'S RAINING, GIRLS!

De Spoonville (hastily rising): YOU WILL EXCUSE ME. I WANT TO BE OUTSIDE, DON'T YOU KNOW, IF IT'S RAINING *girls*.

THE CROW AND THE FARMER'S DOG.

AN old Crow basked in the wintry sunshine on the bough of a leafless tree just outside the barnyard fence.

With blinking eyes he watched the Farmer's Dog at his dinner of bones, and waited for a chance to steal some of the remains.

The Dog raised his eyes.

"Be off!" he cried. "What do you want in the neighborhood of good and respectable birds? You are a vagrant and good-for-nothing."

"I may not be very good," calmly replied the Crow, "but I have managed to reach a prosperous old age, which is more than can be said for the unfortunate and worthy turkey whose bones you have just devoured. The truly good die young. A little worldly wisdom doesn't hurt us in the race of life."

And hastily snatching up a bone he vanished in the frosty air.

This Fable is not for the young.

"AND, JOHNNY, WHAT PARTICULAR PLEASURE DO *you* DENY YOURSELF DURING LENT?"

Johnnie: I'VE STOPPED PUTTING PENNIES IN THE BOX FOR THE HEATHEN.

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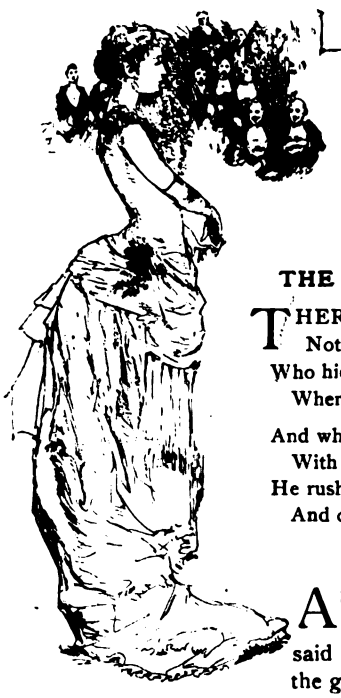
FASHION NOTE.



LOOK at her waist! I notice that the ladies generally are wearing high-necked dresses this year.

"Yes," said the old fox-hunter; "they seem to have been driven to cover at last."

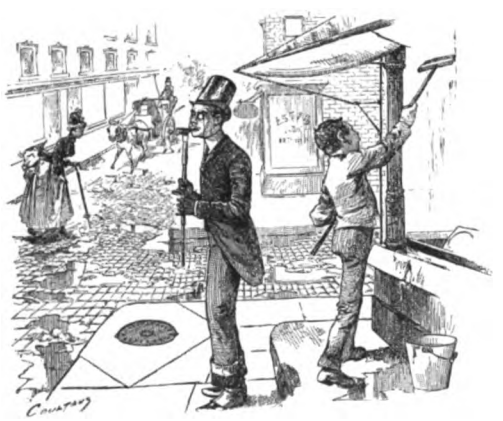
THE AUCTION FIEND.

THERE was a man in our town,
Not overrich in gold,
Who hied him to the auction-mart,
Where ancient things were sold.

And when he found his money gone,
With admirable forethought,
He rushed unto a second sale
And other treasures bought.

M. H. M.

AS regards being nominated for President, it might be said that Mr. Barnum has not the greatest show on earth.



"I wonder if I had better go home and get my umbrella."

BOOKISHNESS.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

THERE is little that one need say about such a beautiful book of verse as Mr. Lowell's "Heartsease and Rue" (Houghton)—except, "Read it." Those who have any appreciation of poetry will not want finger-boards to point them the way in this flowery Arcadia; there are blossoms everywhere, from the noble Ode in memory of Agassiz to the crisp Epigrams at the end of the volume.

To a young man the most inspiriting feature of this volume is its loyal tribute to friendship. You feel that here is a man, rich in honor, prosperity and learning, who has found more of the wine of life in his friendships than in those material things by which the world gauges happiness. The touch of sadness in Mr. Lowell's poetry seems always to be the result of the loss of a friend; all the other gifts or thefts of Fate are insignificant.

"As life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new, and near the end
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a friend."

* * *

THAT notable group of Boston writers, which Mr. Lowell commemorates in "Agassiz," was bound together by this generous chivalry of friendship:

". . . . . Scholars, poets, wits,
All choice, some famous, loving things, not names,
And so without a twinge at others' fames;
Natures benignly mixed of air and earth,
Now with the stars, and now with equal zest
Tracing the eccentric orbit of a jest."

They were all optimists, who wrote books full of hope and courage; they believed that life is a beautiful pageant, and that there is something lovable in men. So they all mellowed with age, never growing bitter or cynical, but always looking ahead to a great compensation. Their's was the true idealism which kept alive the enthusiasm of youth and sweetened adversity.

* * *

AND there is little that need be said about such a book as "The Truth About Tristrem Varick," by Edgar Saltus—except, "Don't read it." The lives of such men as Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell are the best refutation of the theory of pessimism which Mr. Saltus persistently teaches. For them and those who cherish their writings Truth is not a "hideous monster" and life an "Ornamental Disenchantment."

Moreover, it is a huge mistake to take Mr. Saltus seriously. There is a good deal of *Bunthorne* about his philosophising. He probably has the best-possible time in what he tries to make us believe is the worst-possible world. If he were to be perfectly frank he would confess that he really gets a lot of fun out of writing epigrams and sonnets; that posing as a cynic is sometimes rare sport; and that the good things of life aren't half-bad.

And he might whisper to you confidentially that it was jolly fun to shock people with his stories. LIFE can only advise its readers not to be shocked. The game is not worth the candle.

Droch.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

AS IT APPEARED TO OUR ROMAN ARTIST LAST SATURDAY.

CANNOT EXPECT TOO MUCH.

SHE (*after the theatre*): I see that strawberries are on the bill of fare, George.

HE (*nervously*): Yes; but they are very sour at this season of the year.

SHE: Of course; but I think I will take a few, even if they are sour. One cannot expect strawberries to be at their best in March, you know.

MORE INTERESTING MATTER.

SUBSCRIBER (*to editor*): I don't see anything in your paper to-day about the heroic act of Smith, who saved the life of Brown at the risk of his own.

EDITOR: No; it was crowded out to make room for an account of the cowardly manner in which Jones took the life of Robinson.

BAD WEATHER FROM THE WEST.

"I SAY, Mister," he said to the bartender, "was the president of the whiskey trust in here?"

"A red complected gentleman, with a blue-black crescent under one eye?"

"That's Jim."

"Yes, sir; he said he was a funnel-shaped cloud from the great and growing West, and when he began to storm, I must nail things down."

"I s'pose there was some dirty weather. Where did Jim go after the storm?"

"I heard him say something about going to the doctors to have an ear sewed on."

A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE.

IT seems a trifle curious, but it is possible that Mr. Depew may go to Washington by way of the New York Central Railroad.

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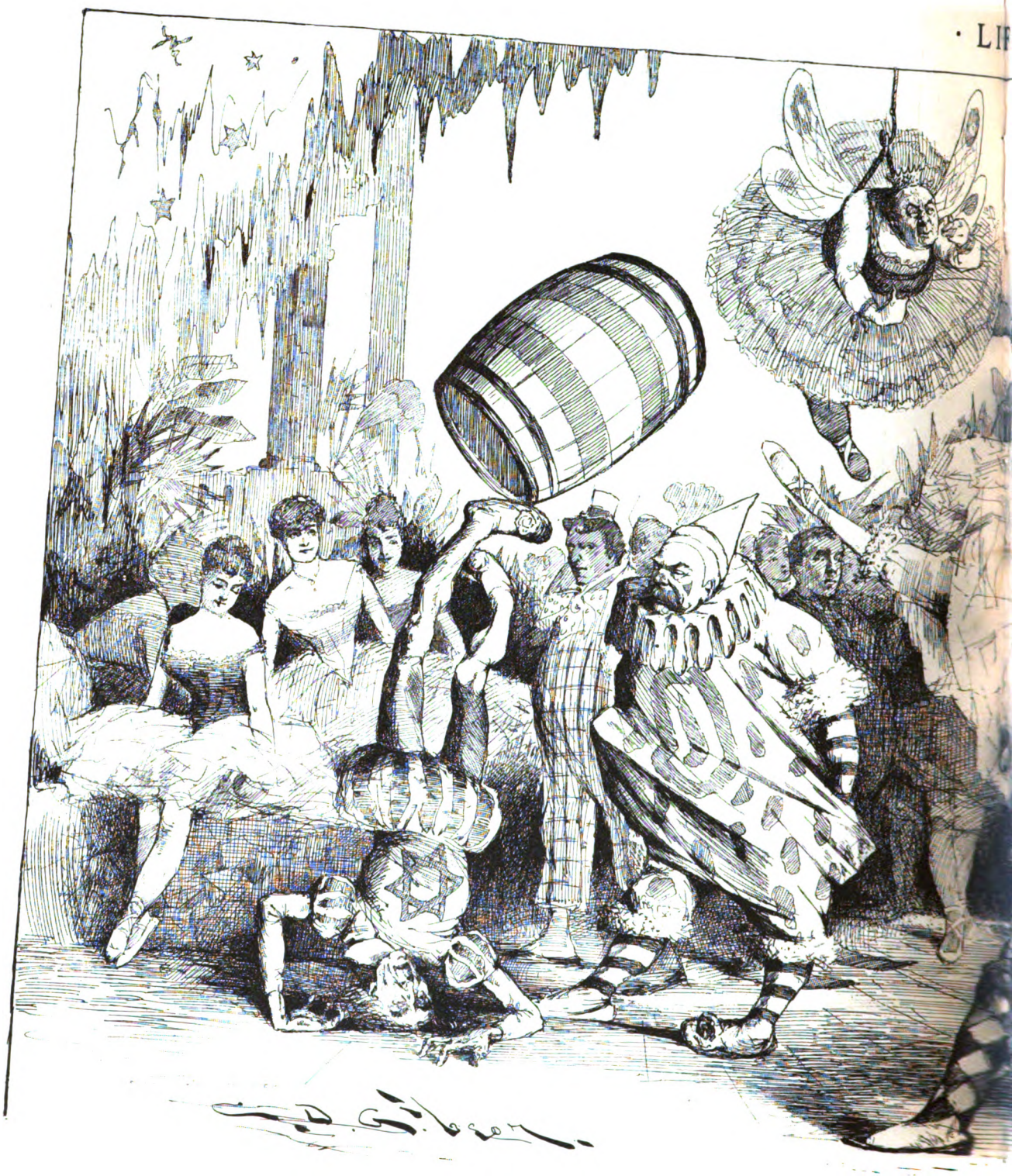

WHAT WE AR

THIS PROPHECY IS BASED UPON THE PLAYS

WITH "LIFE'S" HUMBLEST APOLOGIES TO MESSRS. SALVINI, BOOTH, BARRETT, JEFFERSON

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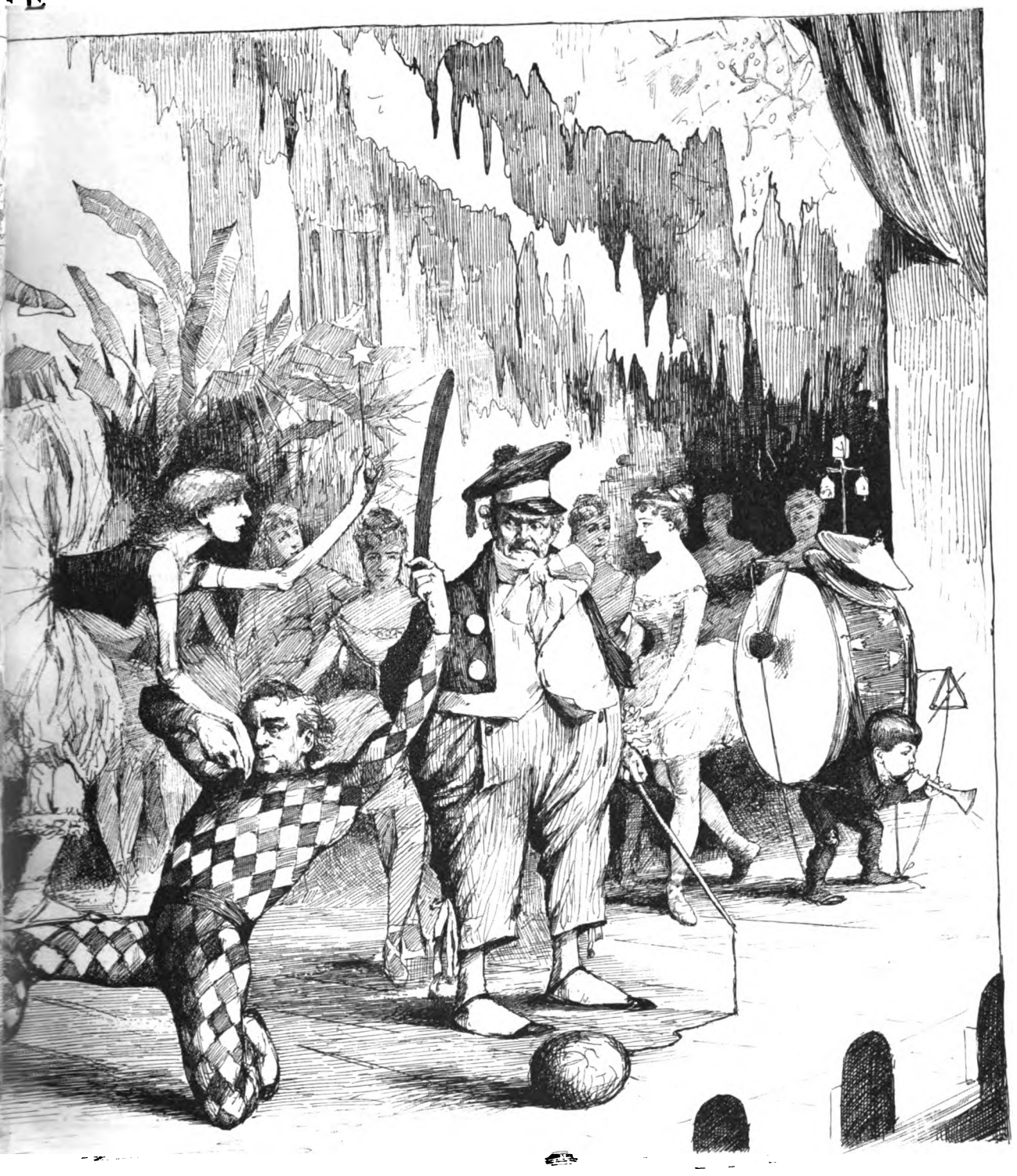

E COMING TO.

THAT "TAKE" WITH THE NEW YORK PUBLIC.

IRVING, GILBERT, AND MESDAMES BERNHARDT, MODJESKA, TERRY, LANGTRY AND POTTER.

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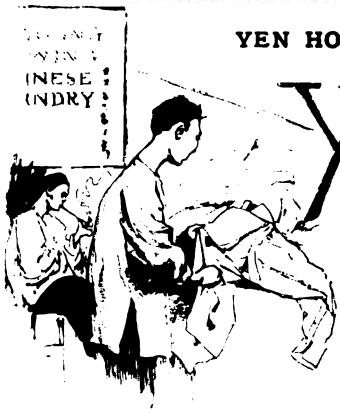
YEN HOP AT BARNUM'S.



YEN HOP'S laundry at noon hour. Noon hour in a Chinese laundry does not necessarily come at noon, and in this case it happened to be about 1 A. M. Yen Hop's able assistant, Mr. Lon Hi, was resting after the arduous labors of the day, his white-pajamaed form recumbent on the utensil which served alternately the purposes of couch and ironing-board. From his lips arose a blue thread of smoke, drawn at long intervals from a home-made cigarette. Yen Hop, also clad in white, sat on the edge of the board and related to Lon Hi the most marvelous experience of his life, the latter receiving it with the imperturbability of his race, and showing absolutely no signs of astonishment at what he thought was an able fairy tale, composed by Yen Hop for his—Hi's—amusement. Yen Hop had been presented with a ticket to Barnum's circus by a grateful canvass-man, to whom he had been indulgent in the matter of a past-due wash bill. With much timidity he had gone forth to avail himself of the privilege conferred by the ticket, and now, after safe return to the quiet precincts of Mott Street, and a season of doubly-energetic labor to atone for the time lost in dissipation, told his fellow-workman all about it. LIFE'S Chinese reporter happened to hear the tale, and here transcribes it in English, preserving as much as possible of the original flavor.

"First place," said Yen Hop, "came lot men and women on horses. Much as twenty dozen. All had gold clothes. Clothes cost lot of money. Much as five dollars. Band play. Men and women go round on horses. Then go out. Then come woman with snakes. More snakes than clothes. Tame snakes. Then come dogs and do things just like man. Shoot gun, dance, wear clothes, just like man. Such dogs no good to cook. Must have devil. Then come man and woman with pink skin. Clothes not cost much. Band play quick. Man go up rope to swing. Woman go up rope to swing other side of house. Band play quicker. Man hold himself in swing by his feet. Band play quicker. Woman hold herself in swing by feet. Woman goes backward and forward in swing. Band play quicker. All of sudden band stop! Woman let go with feet. Go through air just like bird. Band goes kli—*ya*—ZUM! Man catch woman like he love her very much. Woman not get away.

"Then come white horse and other man with pink skin. Man stand up on horse's back. Horse goes around fast. Another horse. Man stand on two horses' backs. Another horse comes and goes in middle. Man still keep on horses' backs. Another horse comes and goes in middle. Man made of rubber. Stretch not break.

"Then come woman and stand up against board. Other woman come with sharp knives and try to hit first woman. Knives stick in board all round close to first woman, but not hit her. No good shot.

"Then come man and twist himself all over. Tie his legs in hard knot around his neck. Guess he want to remember something next week. Then come men and jump from board in air. When man with face painted white fall down and hurt himself, people laugh, but don't send for doctor. Ought to be ashamed! Then come two men with—— "

At this point, Yen Hop happened to glance at Lon Hi, and discovered that the junior in the firm had succumbed to sleep. This tribute to his story-telling powers did not flatter Yen Hop, and the result was that Mr. Lon Hi was rudely awakened, and a sensible addition made to his labors as an acolyte in the temple of cleanliness. Yen Hop reserved the further account of his experience at the circus for a more appreciative audience, and Mr. P. T. Barnum may yet learn of his being enshrined as a god in Chinese mythology.

Metcalfe.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A RURAL editor having inserted the paragraph "Mrs. Blank is a very pretty woman, but she can't act," received the following reply from the lady's manager.

DEAR SIR: You have very beautiful red whiskers, but you can't edit a newspaper. Yours, John Doe.

THE LOAN OF A BITE.

Little One: HI! HOLD ON, WON'T YER? WHEN I SAID YOU COULD HAVE A PIECE OF MY TAFFY, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WALK OFF WITH THREE OR FOUR YARDS.

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FOUND IN THE ROMAN FORUM.

[From the Roman *Punch*.]

"JULIUS," said Mrs. Cæsar, "I must have a new dress if we are going to the Springs. The wife of the Mayor of Rome must be dressed according to her station."

"Very well, my dear," replied the Mayor. "Here is a dimus. Go buy yourself a Saratoga."

Brutus, overhearing the remark, went at once and purchased the tin sword which so effectually aided Cæsar in collecting his rents.

MY LOVE'S LOVE.

"YOU should not say my love's grown less:
It really is not true.
You only said so—come, confess—
Because you're feeling blue."

"Well, *greater*, then—about a word
Why make so much ado?—
Your love's grown greater, for I've heard
You love my rival, too."

Peter Pettle.

THE EVOLUTION OF A NEW "FAD."

THIS is an age of co-operation and intercommunion. Men of letters, formerly so exclusive and distant towards the common herd, now freely induct the uninitiated into the mysteries of their craft; and any young author who does not publish a two-volume autobiography within six months after his *debut* is pronounced a failure by his literary brethren. In fact, autobiography is the distinguishing characteristic of the present literary epoch. An author whose coruscations of brain and scintillations of soul have failed to dazzle a benighted public, begins to reason that, after all, the most direct method of demonstrating that there is "something in him" is to delineate his own personality. Nor does any man of genius, however young or barren of experience, find it difficult to conjure up biographical material from his inner consciousness. If a man has "failed in literature or art," he can, at least, speculate upon the cause of his failure or dilate upon his approximation to success.

The more indolent of the Literati, who rely solely upon genius and contemn industry, have frequently winced at the manual labor of even so congenial a task as that of producing two volumes of autobiography; but they hate to keep an impatient public, hungry for information about them, waiting till it falls heir to the private letters they mean to bequeath it; and so, as a compensatory boon, they invite a reporter to come around and tell the dear people all about their Home Life.

But a very large class of the Literati—presumably a Bohemian class—have found this style of autobiography inapplicable to their cases, and the literary fraternity has long cudgeled its brains to formulate some sort of literary confessional for this large and important class, which is also indolent, and therefore demanded something on the order of a standing caption under which to invade the magazines. Sir John Lubbock essayed to frame a model, and the result was the "Hundred Best Books" movement. But this style of unbosoming, although it afforded the writer a pleasurable consciousness of being in some way associated with great works, was finally discarded as being entirely too impersonal. "Books that I have Written" was admirably adapted to the style and taste of many, but, besides being objectionable to publishers as gratuitous advertising, was pronounced ineligible as lacking universality of application and excluding those of the Literati who possessed the autobiographical instinct without the record of authorship. "Books that I could have Written" had the true ring about it, but editors were obdurate and insisted that this theme developed itself into articles of too great length. To obviate this objection, "Books that I have Read" was proposed, but as it became evident that this caption, if strictly followed, would debase autobiography to the paragraph style, or inevitably tempt the writer into prevarication as he sought to expand, it was rejected—conscientiousness being the first essential and chief excellence of literary confessions. And yet, on the other hand, "Books that I have Read About" was thought too ingenuous in statement, and was left for the last confessions of critics and reviewers; but the theme was adopted with a less definite title, and the great *desideratum* at last attained and established in "Books that have Helped Me." Accordingly, somebody is now always telling us in the magazines about Books that have Helped Him to be what he is. This can be easily ascertained by a little diligence of enquiry. At all events, one can always go to the Query Columns of the press. And after one has gotten this essential information, he, too, can be helped to be just what he may want to be.

Eureka Bendall.

Young America: TROT ALONG, AUNTY; I'LL SEE YOU HOME FROM HERE.

AFTER THE PLAY.

THEY were returning from the "Vicar of Wakefield."

"Were you pleased with the play, Mr. Wellford?" she asked.

"Immensely," replied Cholly. "What a wonderful man Charles Dickens was!"

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A PLEASANT SUPERIORITY.

THE man in the moon has one advantage over his terrestrial brothers: The fuller he gets the more brilliant he grows.

A NOTABLE EXCEPTION.

"WHEN the wine is in the wit is out" was not spoken of Depew.

PUTTING IT IN ANOTHER LIGHT.

ENERGETIC MOTHER: You should do your best to impress Mr. Featherly, Clara: he is awfully rich, and very, very good.

CLARA: I know that, mother; but he is too good. I hate good men.

MOTHER: Yes; but think, my dear. The good die young.

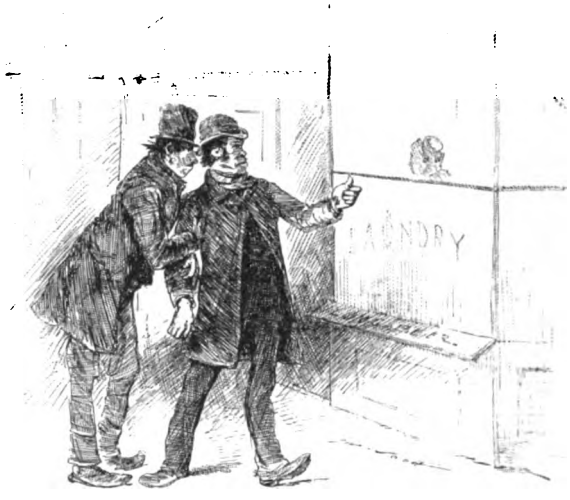
[*Clara promises to consider the matter.*]

DISAPPOINTED AMATEUR AUTHOR: I have just received my drama back with thanks. I have sent poems, essays and stories, but everything gets returned. What can I send that will meet with acceptance?

SYMPATHETIC AND PRACTICAL FRIEND: Try a twelve-months' subscription.

"PA," inquired Bobby, "are all men made of dust?"

"No, my boy," responded the old man, "some are made of mud."



CIVILIZATION.

"SAY, JIM; IT SEEMS TER ME THAT THOSE CHINESE ARE ALWAYS AT WORK!"

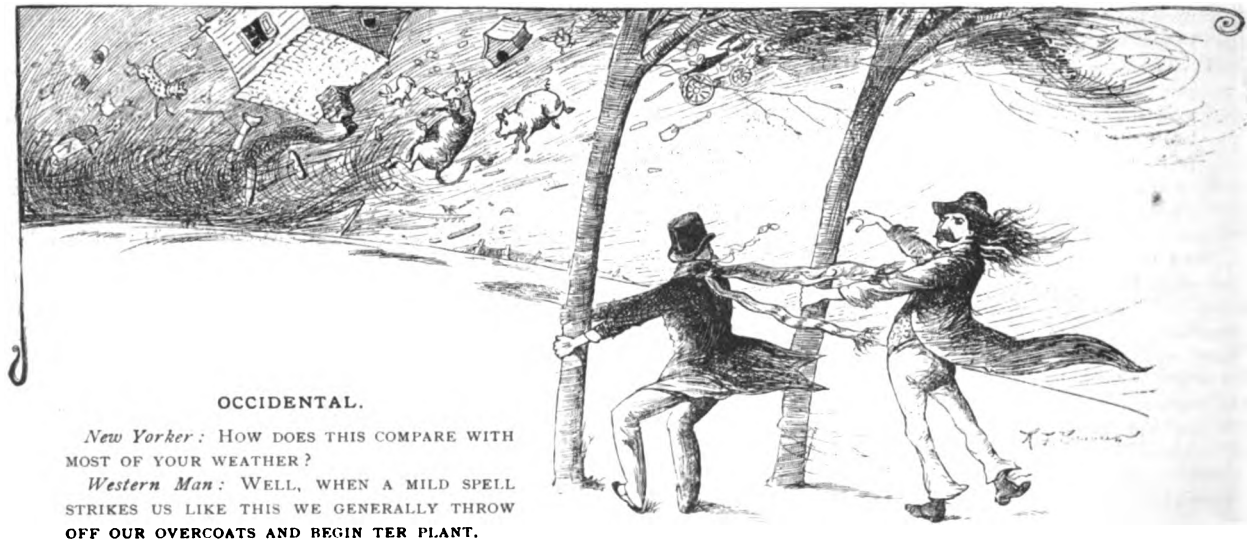
"AH, THEY'RE BARBARIANS AN' DON'T KNOW NO BETTER. LET'S GO TO THE SALOON AN' SEE IF WE CAN'T STRIKE SOME UN FER A DRINK!"

AN EXPERT.

"I SEE you advertise for a feeder," said a seedy-looking tramp who had called at the office of a rural journal.

"I do," returned the editor, "but I want an expert, and your looks are against you."

WHY doesn't the Society for the Suppression of Ice get in a little useful work on the pavements?



OCCIDENTAL.

New Yorker: HOW DOES THIS COMPARE WITH MOST OF YOUR WEATHER?

Western Man: WELL, WHEN A MILD SPELL STRIKES US LIKE THIS WE GENERALLY THROW OFF OUR OVERCOATS AND BEGIN TER PLANT.

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A THOUGHTFUL CATERER.

CUSTOMER (*at railroad restaurant*): Here, boss, this coffee is cold.

PROPRIETOR: Yes, sir; you see the train stops only a few minutes, an' if the coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it.—*Epoch.*

"What can you tell me about Esau?" queried the pedagogue.

"Esau," responded the youth, with the glib alacrity of one who feels himself, for once, on safe ground, "Esau was a writer of fables, who sold his copyright for a bottle of potash."—*Albany Express.*

A CALAMITY.

WIFE: It would be an awful thing if that ceiling at Albany should fall, John.

HUSBAND (*something of a lobbyist*): Yes; particularly if it should fall at night when the place is empty.—*Epoch.*

GRAMMAR WAS HIS STRONG POINT.

JUSTICE OF PEACE: Had you ever saw this man before?

WITNESS: Yes.

"Had he came before you had went?"

"No."

"Is them your eggs what you say was stole?"

"Yes."

"Would you have recognized them if you had seen them before they was brung here?"

"Yes; I would have knowed them."

"Speak grammatic, young man! It ain't proper to say 'have knowed;' you should say 'have knew.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD was once asked by an intolerable bore, who affected to be a poet of the Milton school, whether he had read his "Decent Into Hell." "No, sir," responded the irate wit, "but I should like to see it."—*Ex.*

THEY have a way out in Kansas of bringing to time unruly members of the legislature. Mr. Funstan, member of the committee on agriculture, was late at a committee meeting, and the chairman fined him six cans of corn.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

AS Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down and said:

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England; do you think they will put him in a bastile?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet for fifteen minutes; then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

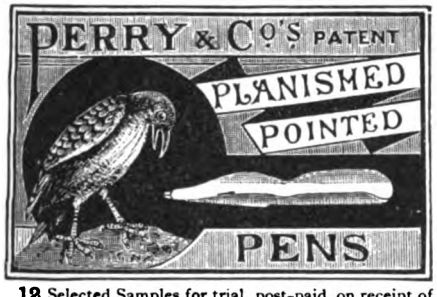
The man was furious. He walked up the car, but at last came back and said:

"You confounded ignoramus: did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said: "What was his other name."—*Commercial Advertiser's Scrap Book.*

A WORN-OUT society belle is like old maple sugar. It has a certain sweetness, but has to be laid on the shelf when the new crop comes out.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY



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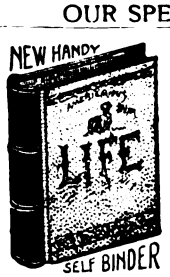

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The Funereal Month of March.

An observant metropolitan barber says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of the hair!

The Bible tells us that with his hair gone Samson lost his strength. The Romans considered baldness a serious affliction, and Julius Cæsar was never quite satisfied with himself because his poll was bare.

The face, however, is the open book, and one can readily trace in its various expressions, lines, changes and complexion the state of the system.

The eye that is unusually bright and yet has a pallid brightness, the face upon whose cheeks nature paints a rose of singular beauty and flush, more marked in contrast with the alabaster appearance of the forehead and nose and lower part of the face, is one of those whom the skilled physician will tell you will some day dread the funereal month of March, because it is then that consumption reaps its richest harvest. Consumption they tell us is caused by this, that and the other thing, by microbes in the air, by micro-organisms in the blood, by deficient nutrition, by a thousand and one things, but whatever the cause, decay begins with a cough, and the remedy that will effectually stop the cause of that cough cures the disease of the lungs.

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J. W. Hensaw of Greensboro, Pa., on Jan. 15, 1888, reported that "he had derived more real benefit for the length of time from Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy than he had for years from the best state physicians."

If you have a cough, night sweats, "positive assurance in your own mind that you, oh—you, have no consumption," and yet lose flesh, appetite, courage, as your lungs waste away, you may know that soon the funereal month of March will claim you, unless promptly and faithfully you use the article named. If other remedies have failed try this one thoroughly. If others are offered, insist the more on trying this unequaled preparation.

Some persons are prone to consumption and they should never allow the disease to become seated.

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VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1888.

NUMBER 274.

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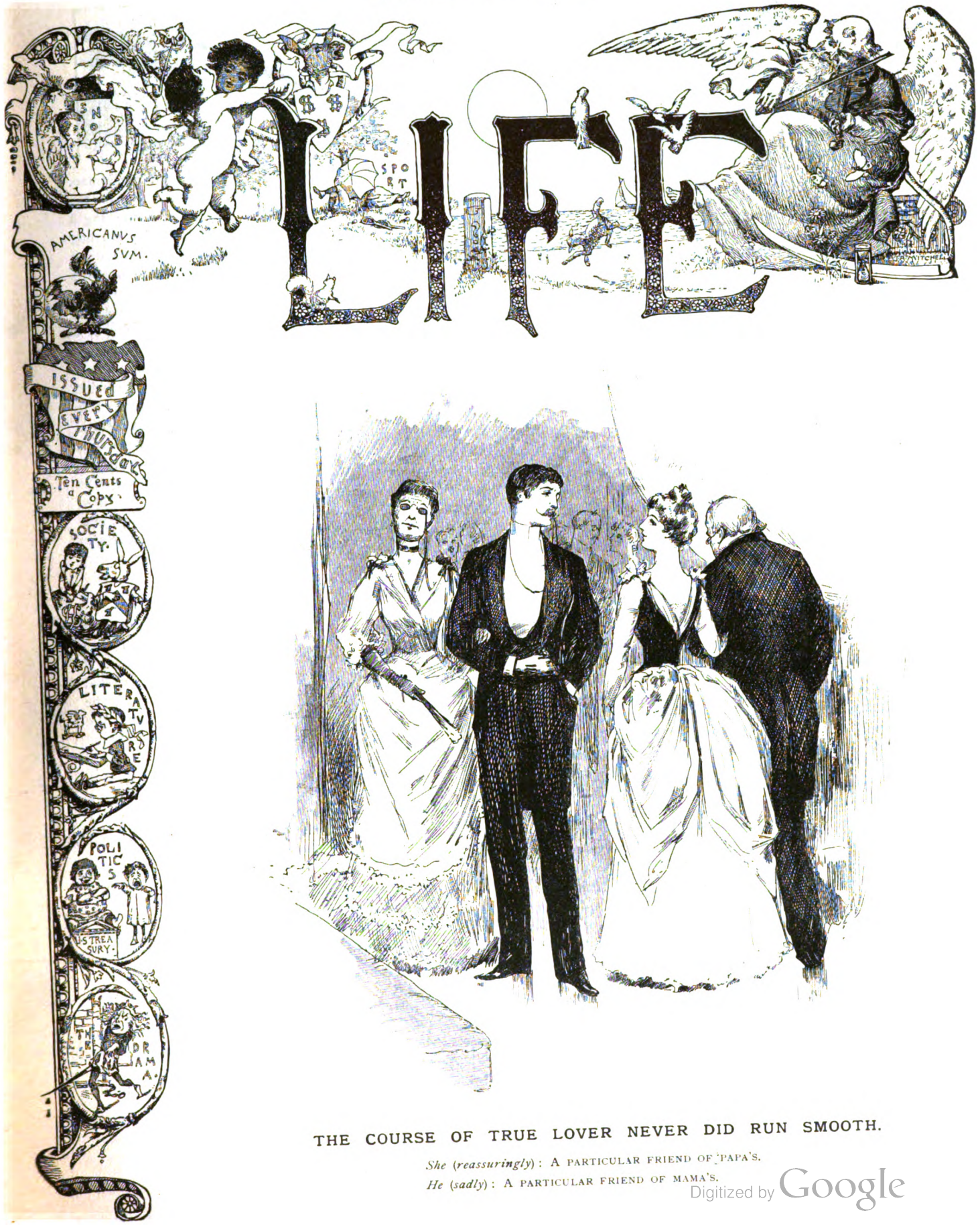

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVER NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.

She (reassuringly): A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF PAPA'S.

He (sadly): A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF MAMA'S.

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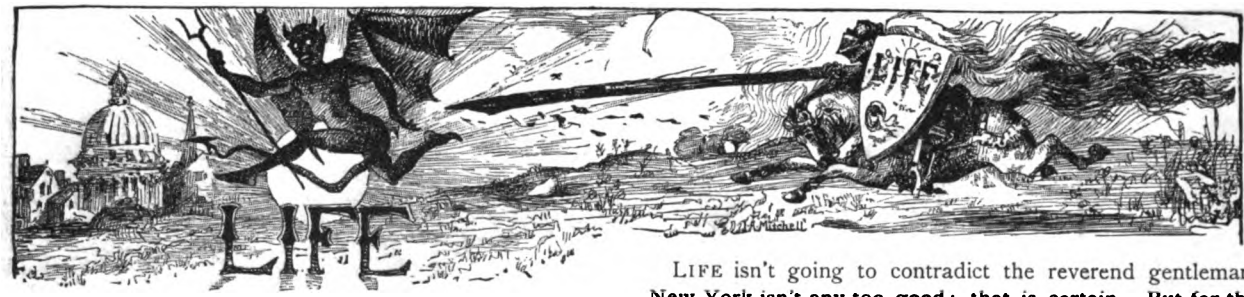

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. MARCH 29, 1888. No. 274.

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DR. MORGAN DIX is a funny man. When he sets out to castigate he bears his arm, and knots all the tails of his "cat." Dr. Dix's favorite vehicle of castigation are the Lenten lectures, which he annually administers to the more faithful of his flock, and any stray sheep who may happen in. In these lectures it has long been his habit to free his mind, and possibly his liver. The results have usually been interesting. Five years ago he spoke with such fervor about the higher education of women that divers ladies of that sex were ready to mob him, and a whole page of this journal, then in its infancy, was given up to the elucidation of his sentiments by a cartoon. More lately Dr. Dix applied his "cat" to the bare shoulders of our friends, the ladies, not, however, to the perceptible damage of the said shoulders, as the world has since had the usual ample opportunity of witnessing. People and newspapers find a great deal of fault with Dr. Dix's Lenten sentiments, but he goes on propounding them with zeal as undeterred as though he never read a newspaper, or held conversation with other than the spirits of mediæval monks.

Dr. Dix's recent lecture on the apotheosis of animalism has made full as much of a stir as any of his previous efforts. Everybody knows that New York is a big, wicked city, and that Paris is another. Where there is great wealth and a dense population vice is certain to be splendid, and to show itself more boldly than when its clothes are less fine. New York *is* wicked; there are indecent pictures here, no doubt; there are vulgar advertisements, there are crowded tenement houses, and there are champagne suppers; there is beastliness among the poor, and fast living among the rich. In brief, there is sin in the world, just as there always has been. The point Dr. Dix makes is that we are gradually ceasing to regard sin as sinful. "There is a school gaining ground," he says "that teaches that passion is natural and is to be obeyed."

LIFE isn't going to contradict the reverend gentleman. New York isn't any too good; that is certain. But for the life of us we don't see what good is to come of scolding a churchful of highly respectable people on a Friday evening for sins of reveling and assorted immorality. We don't think Dr. Dix's strictures are effective. "St. Paul's words in this epistle," preached a clergyman in our hearing not two months ago, "were directed to a class of people such as I should not expect to see in this church—certainly not of a Sunday morning. Dr. Dix's words, in like manner, seem aimed at very different kind of people than are used to meet in Trinity Chapel. If social debauchery were the fashion that would hardly be so, for Dr. Dix's congregation is a fashionable collection. LIFE doesn't believe debauchery is the fashion. Vice is still bad form, though many persons, by the exercise of a judicious hypocrisy, are able to make it compatible with a very fair social standing. Dr. Dix speaks as though the wicked were having too much fun in these days. We need not worry about that. Whatever the crime, the punishment generally fits it in the end. Justice walks in divers' shoes with leaden soles, perhaps, but, like etc., etc., she gets there, etc., etc.

* * *

LIFE doesn't know where Dr. Dix got his impressions about the better grade of New York society, but if we were he, we would choose our associates with more care. If he preaches from what he sees he has fallen into very bad company indeed, and if he has preached about what he hasn't seen, someone has been imposing upon him. We almost fear that Dr. Dix has read some of the sensational morning papers.

* * *

IT is such attempts as a recent one by Bret Harte to make "forced" rhyme with "lost," that encourages prose writers to hope that they may get the license raised on poetry.

* * *

ONE of the most appalling results of our defective diplomatic and consular system is the spectacle of General Badeau, after nearly twenty years of steady employment in lucrative situations, thrown on the world to make a living by his wits.

* * *

WHEN has there been a more striking example of affectionate solicitude than New York telegraphing to London to learn if any of Boston was left? When has Boston known a happier moment than when she learned by cable that New York was still there? Poor Boston; for four days she knew what it was to have no place to go to.

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THE ENTERPRISING HOUSEWIFE.

He: How they do advertise that Recamier Cream. I see it everywhere.
She: So do I, and it must be good. I have written the milkman to send it instead of Alderney.

MARGERY.

I PROTEST I am not quite so old as I look,
If I judge from the scrawl in the worn parish book;
While humor, remarkably sparkling and dry,
Still whims'cally lurks in my merry old eye.

It was said that I cut quite a dash in my smalls
At dinners, playhouses, at routs and at balls,
Ere pinchbeck enthusiasts lauded with glee
That modern diversion—the five-o'clock tea.

She and I—she and I—'tis my pipe has gone out,
Or was it the shudder of Ponto's cold snout?
Prodigiously odd how a man of my years
Can't muse without dreaming those fanciful fears!

'Twas the month when the waits by silver moonlight
Sang carols of angels who wandered by night,
And downy flakes nestled on Margery's pane,
While whirring winds scattered the exquisite strain.

We met at the Berrytons, modestly danced;—
And I galloped homeward so fondly entranced
I nigh killed the watch as I pulled up my cob
Before "The Dun Cow" and belabored the knob!

How vainly I courted the pleasures of sleep!
I punished the sack from the cellar full deep;
I longed to be booted and spurred, with the will
To ride to her mansion on drear Murray Hill.

With scratchy, dull quills I indicted wee lays,
Deliciously silly and all in her praise,
Or followed her chair, with its tapestried sheen,
Amid the gay rabble on bright Bowling Green.

She married—some chap of the "Lancashire Blues,"
Addicted to dice and who dickered with Jews;
His pace, it was whispered, was rapidly run,
And finally languished 'neath India's sun.

I see her quite often, in black widow weeds;
She smiles as the pompous young minister reads
The text for the week, and her handkerchief plays
The same pretty *role* that it played in old days.

But she as a widow whose bells have been tolled,
And I as a bachelor, wrinkled and old,
Can vouch for the hackneyed, oft-quoted, rare truth,
That nought can compare with the loves of our youth.

De Witt Sterry.

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AFTER LENT.

SOCIETY will soon resume its regular work after an arduous season of rest and religious meditation. We know of nothing so well calculated to develop the better instincts of the young than a careful study of the religious manners and motives of New York "fashionables."

* * *

MR. STUYVESANT VANDEWEYER refused to shovel the snow off his sidewalk last Tuesday on the ground that it was a little too much *infra dig*.

* * *

THE satisfaction that respectable persons derive from a prize fight generally lies in the circumstance that two ruffians are well pounded. Nevertheless even rigid moralists may feel an emotion akin to sympathy over the fate that has overtaken Mr. John L. Sullivan, the Envoy Extraordinary of the United States to assault and batter all foreign applicants under the benign rules that have made the Marquis of Queensbury immortal. Mr. Sullivan has been fined and sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor in Senlis for six months for doing battle with Mr. Charles Mitchell, representing Victoria Regina, on French soil, and the only circumstance to modify this triumph of French law is the fact that Mr. Sullivan declines absolutely to go over from England to the end that his sentence may be executed, so that if he is locked up in Senlis it will have to be during his absence.

* * *

IF it should come to a personal encounter between the American and French governments, represented, of course, by Mr. J. L. Sullivan and M. Sadi-Carnot, with hard gloves, the general public might take more interest in this affair. The French President has not as yet made any definite proposition in this direction, but there is no knowing what time may bring forth.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT asserts that he is not dyspeptic, but that his crustiness is only assumed, and he even goes so far as to compare himself to William Pitt, whom he declares to have been a jolly dog out of business hours, though stern and arrogant in his official relations. There are other historical parallels that the Mayor might have cited. Napoleon told Mme. de Remusat that his anger never got below his throat, and the terrible Judge Jeffreys of the Bloody Assizes of two centuries ago, was a jovial Bacchanalian off the bench. But only a very malevolent person would compare so benevolent an old lady as the Mayor to either Jeffreys or Napoleon. Nevertheless, there seems to be no particular reason why Mr. Hewitt should be Dr. Jekyll after he leaves his office, and Mr. Hyde while he is at the Mayor's desk.

* * *

WE violate no confidence when we state that the rumor that Jay Gould has returned to settle up his affairs and retire permanently from Wall Street is not entirely authentic. Mr. Gould has frequently settled up his affairs and retired permanently from Wall Street before, and it is worth noting that when he resumed it was generally considered a hint for many other speculators to retire permanently from Wall Street without settling up their affairs, leaving that little formality to the assignee.

* * *

IT is a saddening reflection that there are many citizens of this metropolis, at the present crisis in affairs, with souls so dead as to prefer to know the name of the winner of the Suburban, rather than to be able to name the next president.

* * *

BADEAU attempting to play Bacon to Grant's Shakespeare, and acting as his own Donnelly, is not a startling success.

* * *

IT has sometimes fallen to the lot of this journal to make game of Anglomania, and ridicule such of our brethren as seem to us too eagerly imitative of British manners and customs. The British nobility has had, and has still, its cult among us, but when one hat goes off to the Queen, a thousand heads are bare and throats distended in distinguished consideration of the Pope of Rome and the Irish Vote in America. Anglomania in this country is an amusing freak, but it seems at times as if Celtomania was becoming an infernal bondage.

* * *

OLLENDORF: How is young Bobley getting on with his French studies.

WIGGINS: Pretty well, I guess. He drinks absinthe now.

* * *

APPLICANT: I hear that you want a man to write up advertisements.

CIRCUS MANAGER: We do. What are your qualifications?

APPLICANT: I'm a newspaper circulation swearer.

CIRCUS MANAGER: Er—I'm afraid you're too imaginative to suit us.

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COLLECTING MONEY.

HUSBAND (*to wife*): I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm mad enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay it, isn't fit to associate—

SERVANT (*opening the door*): The butcher, sorr, is down-stairs with his bill.

HUSBAND: Tell him to call again.

"YOUNG MAN, HAB YOU GOT ANY LETTER PAPER AN' ONBELOPES WID FLESH-COLORED BORDERS?"

"IS IT MOURNING PAPER YOU WANT?"

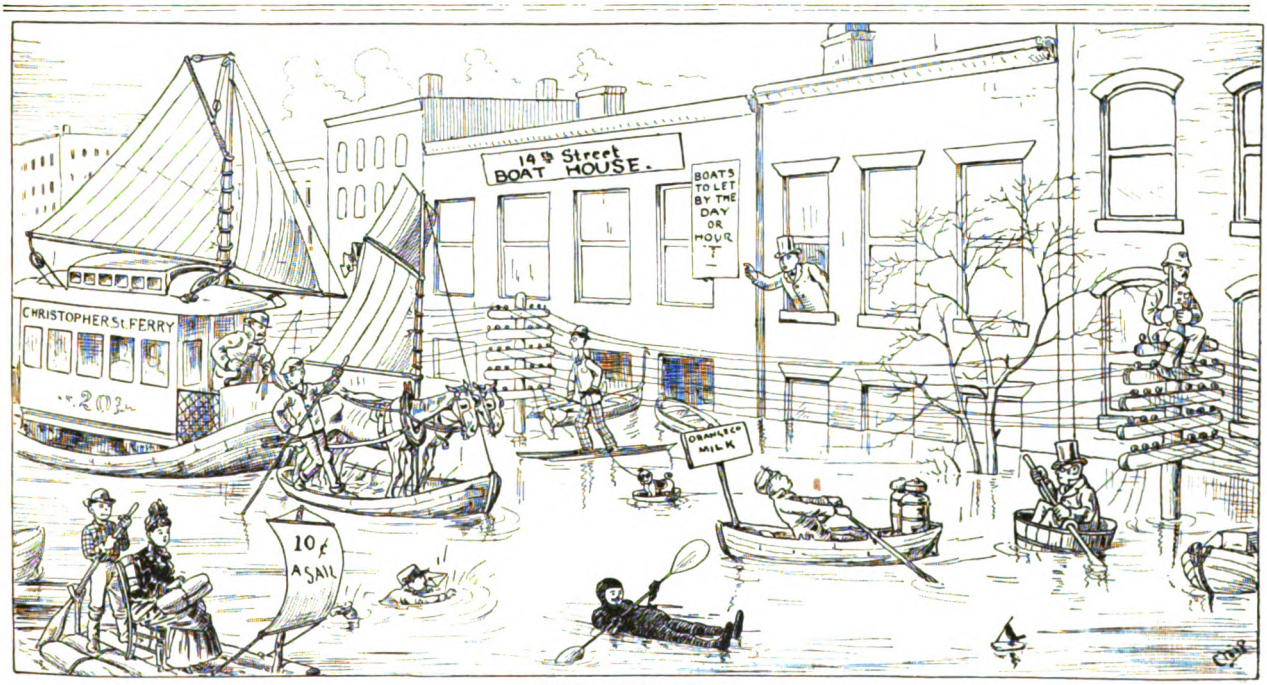
"YOU'S STRUCK IT DISACKTLY. GIB ME A QUIRE!"

MORE INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

MAYOR HEWITT'S recent refusal to review the St. Patrick's day Procession has saddened those who reverence the integrity of American institutions. Have we emancipated our Negro bondsmen only to impose fetters on our Hibernian immigrants? Let us not forget that America exists chiefly in order to afford the Irish a safe place to be Irish in. It almost seems as if Mr. Hewitt expected the Irishman to place the interests of this land of his adoption before his own interests. But, in honoring us with his presence on our shores, his debt to us is more than paid; and he is left free to devote his own lungs and our money to the sacred task of keeping alive in our sluggish hearts the glorious Revolutionary sentiment of hostility to perfidious Albion; in vindicating his superiority to law and order here, and in fostering resistance thereto in his own fair native land. Let us be thankful that he condescends to enwrap himself in the Stars and Stripes at such times as he finds it expedient to avoid the retaliation of the sordid opponents of dynamite and assassination. At other times, who would restrain him from resuming his own incomparable lineaments? Because Stanley has lived in Africa, do we expect him to become a full-blooded Kaffir?

We owe a mighty debt to Ireland. Her sons have never stooped to pander to the base material prosperity of this country. They have not brought in the treasure which perisheth, but, by the more than Roman purity and dignity of their administration of our municipal affairs, they have shown us how (but for the wicked tyranny of Britain) they would have rendered Ireland the model state of the world. Do we ask to be allowed to manage our own business, and to adjust our foreign relations to suit ourselves? What are gauds and vanities such as these compared with the privilege of being guided by the wisest and most disinterested political leaders on the planet? The Irish vote is to us as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of St. Patrick! Make his paths straight!"

Prodigal good fortune and the Irish vote combined to place Mr.



AFTER THE THAW.

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Hewitt in a position to be invited to review the Procession. The proudest potentate that ever reigned might have accepted such an invitation, with happy tears, as the crowning honor of his career. Mayor Hewitt declined it; nor is that all. Behind his refusal there lurks a sinister insinuation. Sophisticate how he will, impartial History will convict him of having regarded the Procession as a public nuisance. Because it suspends, for a day, the grovelling, money-getting propensities of a paltry half million or so of American tradesmen. Because, for a brief period, it stimulates the languishing industry of the gin-mill and the beer-cellar. Because, in a word, it draws our attention for a moment from the dross of earth, and vouchsafes us a glimpse of that ideal social state when emancipated man shall be content to array himself in broadcloth and green satin, and tramp all day through other people's cities in honor of a mythical missionary. Upon pretexts such as these, forsooth, Mayor Hewitt takes upon himself to insult the holy Irish nation! Alas! we are fallen upon evil days.

But though we cannot all be Irish-Americans, we can at least be Americans—without the Irish! In future, therefore, so far from discountenancing the Procession of St. Patrick, let us by all means and inducements facilitate its progress down Broadway to the Battery, and thence, *via* the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, to the Emerald Isle itself—or whithersoever else the Saint and the buoyant Milesian temperament may lead it.

Julian Hawthorne.

INTERESTING TO MUSICIANS.

A FUGUE is a form of music in which the right hand says to the left hand:

If fugue get there before I do,
Tell them I'm a-coming too.

FIRST STRANGER: What kind of a paper is *The Forum?*

SECOND STRANGER: By its name I should infer it is a paper composed of shattered columns.

GUEST (*in Cincinnati hotel*): Porter, I wish you would bring a copy of the Sunday *Enquirer* up to my room.

PORTER: Oi can't do it, sorr; the elevator's broke.

OUR BOY TOM MAY NOT BE A JOSEF HOFMANN, BUT FOR ALL THAT HE HAS JUST INVENTED A CHOPPING MACHINE TO UTILIZE THE ROTARY MOTION OF A CAT'S TAIL, WHICH WILL PLACE HIM HIGH ON THE LIST OF OUR COUNTRY'S INVENTORS.

BOOMERANGS

A GOOD NOVEL AND SOME VERSES.

IN a line with that patriotism in fiction which we have so frequently advocated in this column, is the work of George W. Cable. He has made a careful and sympathetic study of one picturesque corner of this wide land. His Creoles are not typical Americans, but they are a phase of a very interesting part of our national life. It must be noted that, however foreign in speech and custom these people may be, the author invariably pictures the influence which American national spirit is having upon them. So it happens that his work is intensely patriotic, though dealing with eccentric life.

* * *

IN "Bonaventure" (Scribner's) he has added a set of beautiful pictures in a new but kindred field to his Creole sketches. The simplicity and earnestness of these Louisiana Acadians fit them for the idyllic treatment which Longfellow used in "Evangeline." There is a similar poetic quality in Mr. Cable's prose. The repose and beauty of this semi-tropical country, with its rich vegetation, vast prairies, dense forests and bayous is reproduced in these pages with naturalness and directness. It is the kind of descriptive writing which reveals the atmosphere of the place. You want, after reading Mr. Cable's word-pictures, to go yourself to this new Lotus-land, and drift in dreamy quiet about its shady bayous and rest for many noon-days at *Bonaventure's* cottage.

* * *

BUT all this is merely a good background for a wholesome story—a story of the worth of character, independent of houses, grounds, bonds or material prosperity of any kind. In American fiction of an earlier day the heroes were generally men of this type, though made rather cold and repellant with Puritan priggishness. But *Bonaventure* is warm-hearted, impulsive, generous; he is a poor, unlearned school-teacher among even more ignorant people. But he taught them "four better things than were ever printed in any school-book—how to study, how to think, how to value knowledge, and to love one another and mankind."

* * *

AND every right-spirited man or woman in the story who came within range of *Bonaventure's* benign influence walked thereafter in a clearer light and more invigorating atmosphere. The doctrine of the "brotherhood of man" (which inspired the founders of this nation) became a part of their daily life, though they did not know it by any such high-sounding name. They simply wanted to be like the best man they had ever known—the gentle and helpful *Bonaventure.*

It must be admitted, however, that there is an emotional quality in Mr. Cable's best work which is rather effeminate. One must not forget, on the other hand, that he is dealing with a people who are accustomed to express deep feeling

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by real tears. The existence of real tears, even among intelligent people, is a physical fact which, we believe, has not yet been disputed by the realists.

* * *

IT is a hard thing to write *vers de société* with just the right touch; to be humorous and not frivolous, witty and not flippant, satirical and not heartless. And it seems equally hard to write such verses now and not put them into the artificial French forms of ballade, rondeau, or triolet. That is why one should prefer Locker, Thackeray and Calverley to Dobson, Lang and W. E. Henley; and, to come to our own country, that is why one should like E. S. Martin's "A Little Brother of the Rich" (Mitchell & Miller). It is a modest little book, which does not ask comparison with either Thackeray or Dobson. But it has the right qualities, and its humor and satire veil lightly a good deal of fine feeling and right workable philosophy. A clever man can put a heap of sad experience in a jest.

The merit of these verses is that their author has chosen the right word for *every part* of the line and has not made the rhymes carry the weight of the poem. This is a harder feat than most of our rondeau writers imagine.

The poems in this volume which the reader will oftenest turn to are "Crumbs and Comfort," "Ashore," "Mixed," "Mea Culpa" and "What He Wants in His," ending—

"I have no wail for all the years
I've lived on crusts washed down with tears.
If I must drain the bitter cup
As heretofore, why—fill it up!
But when my cake, if ever, comes,
Vouchsafe it to me full of plums."

Droch.

THE LATEST THING IN FADS.

Mrs. G. Pankandel Lightweight.

FRIDAY EVENINGS IN APRIL. SPARRING AT 10.30.

THE ARCHITECT (*to his rustic draughtsman*): Mr. Smith, I'm afraid all these measurements were taken by eye, were they not?

MR. SMITH (*astonished at his employer's grammar*): Oh no, sir; I assure you that you're not responsible for any of them.

THE wasp has one strong point, but it is not in his favor.

CHARITY covereth a multitude of skins.

A HEAVY BANK DEPOSIT.

ON THE RIALTO.

FIRST ACTOR: I heard from Ham to-day. He is on his way home from the West.

SECOND ACTOR: How soon do you expect him?

FIRST ACTOR: He wrote me that he would leave Albany this morning *via* the West Shore line. He ought to get in some time to-morrow night if it doesn't rain.

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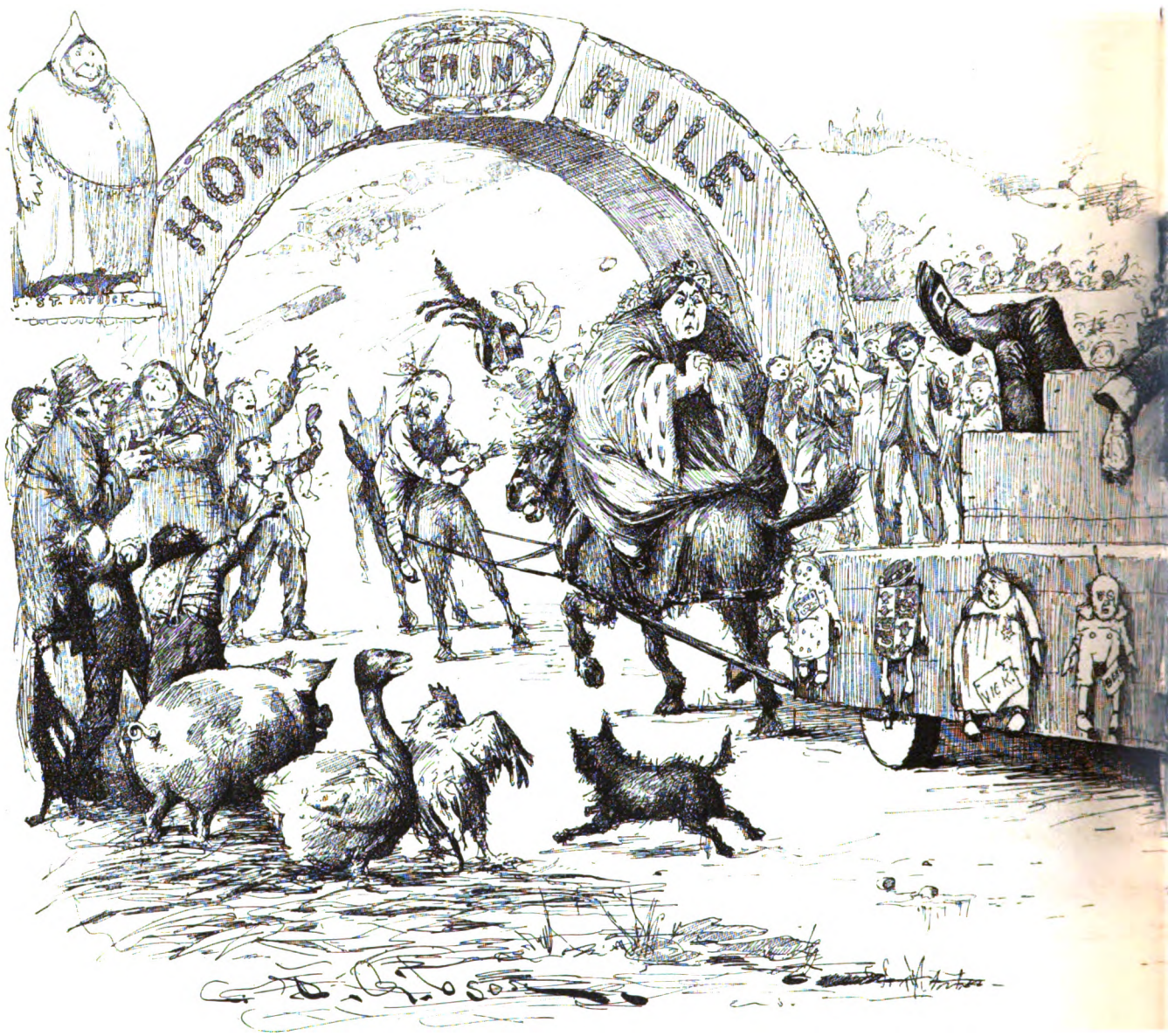

ERIN'S

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DREAM.

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AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

THE following letter, addressed, with several blots, to Miss May Bamberger, Cincinapolis, Ohio, and written on a sheet of paper which was not in any degree related to the envelope in which it was enclosed, has come into LIFE'S possession in a perfectly honorable way. We feel sure that we are committing no breach of confidence in giving it to our readers.

NEW YORK, Tuesday morning.

MY OWN DARLING MAY:—

I am having a perfectly lovely time, and have been to the theatre almost every night since I have been here. It hasn't cost Papa anything for tickets, and that makes him very good-natured. Charlie Bernstein is the manager of a theatre—I know he is, because, one evening, I saw him standing out in front of a theatre with his hands full of tickets and money—and he sends us tickets for everything. He says it is fashionable to go late, so he doesn't send the tickets until half-past eight or a quarter of nine.

And now, dear, I am going to tell you something which *I wouldn't tell to another soul on earth, except my own precious May.* I am really in love. And who do you suppose it is?—Mr. Mantell, the actor! He is playing here in a piece called "Monbars," and I have seen him four times.

You know, dear, I have seen almost all the good actors, but I never felt like this for one before. Of course, I know I'm a fool, but he seems to be such a perfect gentleman, and, oh, dear! has *so* much repose of manner. In the quiet parts of his acting he seems to be so gentle and so strong that I could just throw my arms around him and hug him to death. And his form, dear, is perfectly divine, but he really doesn't seem to be calling attention to it all the time, like so many other actors, who, as Harry Isaacs says, "travel on their shape." To show you that I am not so big a fool as I seem, dear, I will tell you that I can still see his imperfections. His voice isn't one bit persuasive, and I don't believe Papa would keep him in his store a week. I'm ashamed to say it, dear, but I really think there is something the matter with his joints—he seems so stiff. But still *I love him!* He is so honest and earnest in everything he does that it seems just like what a real man would do, instead of an actor who gets money for saying things that some one else has written for him to say. There is one place in the play where he burns his arm with a red-hot poker. I don't believe he really burns his arm, for he does it every night and at two matinees each week. His arm wouldn't last very long, and he has been playing "Monbars" all winter; so I don't believe he really burns it, do you? Give my love to Sam and Levi, and write soon to

Your loving

SOPHIE GLASSMEYER.

Metcalfe.

"STRUCK OIL;"

OR, THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF TWO UN-COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

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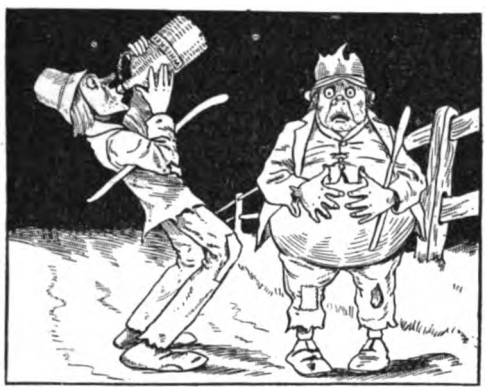

IN THE WEST.

She: DO YOU EVER SEE A FINER SUNSET THAN THAT IN THE EAST?
He: NO. THE SUN NEVER SETS IN THE EAST.

EASY ENOUGH TO FIND.

"I AM looking for No. 559," said a stranger to a Brooklyn policeman. "Yes, sir, there is No. 560. No. 559 should be about four miles up the street on the opposite side of the way."

A NIGHT'S REST.

"WILL you allow me to sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp.

"Certainly," responded the woman, kindly; "and here are a couple of matches, in case it should turn cold before morning."

CRUEL.

FRIEND: What impression did Scribble's last novel leave on your mind?

RIVAL AUTHOR: None whatever; but it left one of fifteen hundred copies on the publisher's hands, I hear.

A TAKING FELLOW —The photographer.

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CLIMATIC.

THE Philadelphia girl wears gums, the Chicago girl wears goloshes, the New York girl wears rubbers, and the Boston girl wears erasers. To be consistent the Boston girl should wear a sark instead of a sack; but then the Baltimore girl has her gaown, so things are fairly well-balanced.

A DROP too much wears away the man.

AMOR INFAUSTUS.

I STAND for a moment, and looking down
Into the depths of those eyes of brown,
The cares of the day ebb far away—
My life if she'd but love me!

And then she rises—how soon, alack!
The tide of our sorrows comes rushing back!
It is just the same, with but Fate to blame—
She stands a head above me.

G. H.

Mrs. Houlihan: ARRAH, MICKEY, AND CAN THIS BE YOURSILF, ALL BLAZHIN' WID DIAMONDS?

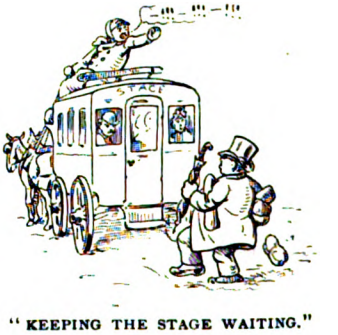
Houlihan: TROTH, IT IS, MITHER. OI WAS DHRIVIN' A HACK THE DAY WHIN THE BLIZZARD STHRUCK NEW YORK.

THEATRICAL TERMS.

"TOO MANY GAGS."

"AN OLD MAN'S PART."

"MISSING HIS CUE."



"KEEPING THE STAGE WAITING."

"DOUBLING UP."

"HIS FIRST APPEARANCE."

"MAKING A HIT."

"A HEAVY VILLAIN."

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A SOG.

'TIS the first day of sprig,
Ad all the birds sig
Their sweet, tedder sogs to the roses;
The lilies will bloob
Od code widter's toob—
Such a tibe we're havig, oh, Boses!
—*Washington Critic.*

SCIENCE goes for things dear to us without mercy. Everybody who has lived in the country and who knows the old well, loves the "old oaken bucket." We all love it because we have read what the poet says about it, and in our school-days we chose the poem as our "piece" and spoke it. We have quenched our thirst from the old oaken bucket with its contents, after carefully looking into its dubious depths for "wigglers" or worms. We have balanced the rusty, dripping inconvenience on the curb, and submerged our noses in the "nectar" we gulped. We have spilled the "crystal" on our shirt front, and profanely growled as we felt is trickle down inside our collar. We have seen the leaking drizzle, from a hole in the bucket, spoil our five-cent shine. We have longed under these circumstances for a cheap glass tumbler or a common tin dipper, but in all our tribulations we never thought the old oaken bucket an iron-bound death dealer; but it seems that it is, for a scientist tells us that it is "a compound, condensed mass of nitrogenous and phosphatic filthiness, the home of the microbe and the all-prevailing bacteria."—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

PROBABLY NEVER WILL BE.

"DOES cigarette smoking effect the brain?" Can't say, Albert; there have never been any experiments with that combination.

A WORN-OUT society belle is like old maple sugar. It has a certain kind of sweetness, but has to be laid on the shelf when the new crop comes out.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A MASSACHUSETTS man, who was hit by an overshoe and two potatoes while singing "Climbing up the Golden Stairs" in his own backyard, has sued three of his neighbors for assault and battery, and if they can't prove an alibi it will go hard with them.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE latest thing reported in "trusts" is a "diamond trust." This will make newspaper editors howl more than ever. It is about as much as they can do to keep their families supplied with diamonds at present prices.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN exchange says "Walt Whitman has commenced to write poetry again." He has also commenced to write something else. We don't know what it is called, but it is printed in the New York *Herald.*—*Norristown Herald.*

AN exchange wants to know "why it is, with so many negroes dying, nobody ever sees a black ghost?" It is for the same reason that, with so many white people dying, nobody ever sees a white ghost.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE right place for a dynamite cartridge has been found. It is under Libby Prison after the gang of Chicago jackal speculators have paid their money for it.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

"A CLERGYMAN is accused of being seen tying a tin can to a dog's tail." Well, what of it? Some people are unreasonable enough to expect that because a man is a minister he ought to tie silver goblets to dogs' tails!—*New York Ledger.*

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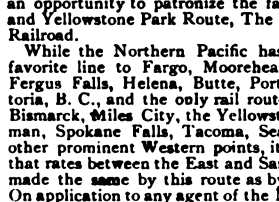

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THAT'S not a bad proposition for the disposition of abandoned gas and oil wells, viz.: to cut them up in six feet lengths and sell them to the telegraph and electric light companies for post holes.—*Electrical Review.*

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ARTFUL JIMMY (*conscious of unprepared lessons, and desirous of staying from school*): Mamma, dear, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?—*London Fun.*

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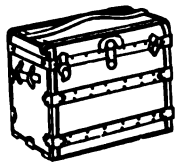

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MISS CLARA (*to Featherly, who is making an evening call*): Poor little Bobby swallowed a penny to-day, and we've all been so much worried about it.

FEATHERLY (*somewhat at a loss for words of encouragement*): Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara; a penny is not much.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MR. J. R. BARR has been chosen to fill the football chair in Princeton College. His salary is not stated, but it should be at least a couple of thousand dollars more than is paid the President of the college. In college studies, there is more danger in foot work than in head work.—*Norristown Herald.*

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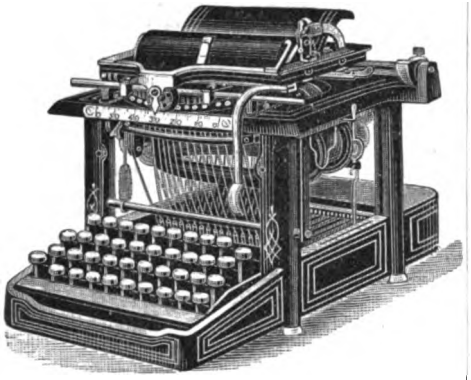

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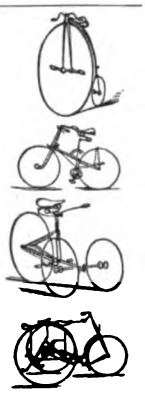

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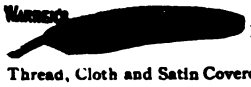

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VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1888.

NUMBER 275.

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

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LIFE

Easter Number.

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VOLUME XI. · LIFE · APRIL 5TH,
NO. 275. 1888.

PROBABLY.

"PAPA, WHAT IS PATRIMONY?"
"IT IS WHAT IS INHERITED FROM A FATHER, MY DEAR."
"OH—AND THEN IS MATRIMONY SOMETHING INHERITED FROM THE MOTHER?"

THE PENITENT DEVOTEE.

MEG, dear, I'm quite sorry Lent's over,
For I've been having no end of fun;
I haven't missed balls and receptions
One bit since the season was done.

What with luncheons and teas and my riding,
The sewing class, study and dress,
And poker—I've made lots of money!
That devotion was crowned with success.

I've put in a most charming season,
And really I'm sorry it's o'er;
If it were not for the bonnets at Easter,
I shouldn't mind forty days more.

Don't talk about sin, death and folly—
Such topics are best ones to shun.
Do you know, I think Lent is so jolly
And sackcloth and ashes *such* fun!

Edith Sessions Tupper.

BIG CHANCES.

CLOSEBOY (*to Boutwell, to whom he has given a cigar from his private box*): A man might smoke worse cigars than these, Boutwell.

BOUTWELL: Yes; he (*puff*) might, but would he (*puff*) dare?

FORTUNATELY for poets they are born, not made. Were it otherwise the law might interfere.

QUEER.

MISS BJONES: What a lovely cemetery this is!

CHOLLY: Ya-as. Wonder 'tisn't patronized more.

BETTER be light-headed than light-fingered.

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

VOL. XI. APRIL 5, 1888. No. 275.

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MISS ANTHONY was there. So were Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Howe. So were Caroline Gilkie Rogers, Matilda Joslyn Gage and Lillie Devereux Blake. So were Mary A. Livermore and Lucy Stone. So were Frances E. Willard and Helen Campbell and Clara Barton. Frank Leslie was there also, and Pundita Ramabai and Mrs. Ashton Dilke. But if Kate Field was there, or Ellen Terry, or Miss Louisa Lee Schyler, or Mrs. Josephine Lowell, they were quiet and made no sign, for their names are not inscribed in the records.

It was the International Council of Women, assembled by the National Woman Suffrage Association of the United States, and it was a big and memorable time. All last week the knees of the tyrant Man smote one against another when he read in the morning paper what steps the Council had taken the day before to sap his strength and pull his empire down about his ears. The wiles of Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton and the old stagers he has known these many years, and has got used to their conspiracies and invectives, but there, in Washington, last week, were a crowd of enemies that Man did not recognize—woman-preachers, who preached against him; woman-doctors, prepared to undo him with pills; woman-lawyers, ready to sue him and saddle him with costs; reformers, who want to cut off his grog; teachers, who want to higher-educate his daughters; philanthropists, ambitious to make an object of him; labor-reformers, with plans to regulate the disparities in his pay; organizers, who want to disorganize him, and politicians, who rush to compete with him in his specialty.

Time it is for Man to shake in his boots, when such an army is marshalled against him, nor is it surprising that the weaker brethren are fain to dam their subsiding spirits with the reflection that Man is a necessary encumbrance upon creation and cannot be wholly spared for more than a couple of generations or so at a time.

WITH what glee must the strong-minded sisters have read the story of E. B. Pearson, of Cambridge, who was awarded the first Bowdoin prize for an English dissertation, but failed to get it because he turned out to be an Annex girl.

Bravo, Pearson! No fellow can help his petticoats. You ought to have had the money, but that loss is small compared with the glory you have won.

* * *

ANOTHER triumph for the council was the timely publication throughout the world that the family physician of the late Chief-Justice of the United States was a woman, and what is more, a woman who asserts that but for a meddling man's secret interference, she might have brought her distinguished patient through his illness.

* * *

IT is some time since it began to look as if Colonel Grant and General Badeau were disputing in the interest of the Typographical Union, or some organization, to promote the setting of type. There needed not more than two columns of newspaper print to explain General Badeau's connection with General Grant's work, and how it was severed, but since the hands of Frederick and Adam have respectively stolen in among each other's ringlets, the effect it bids fair to take volumes to tell.

LIFE violates no confidence in surmising that inasmuch as General Grant and his refutation are wholly out of the dispute, the public has ceased to care very much how long it rages, and how it results.

It seems to us that a good many years ago there used to be a child's story about a shadow that discontinued business relations with its man, and set up for itself. Whether the shadow survived the man, our memory fails to record, but General Badeau, who is nothing if not literary, doubtless will recall the story, and remember what sort of a fix the shadow was in after his man died, and what it did about it.

* * *

FASHION proclaims this spring that buttons shall grow again on the pockets of trousers, and we are glad to welcome Mr. Gould back to New York. He avers that he is a persecuted man, and that a newspaper and a woman are on his trail. Neither Blackbeard nor Flint were so treated as Mr. Gould. He is the worst-used man of his profession since Captain Kidd.

* * *

AND speaking of Mr. Gould, LIFE congratulates Colonel Shepard on the acquisition of the *Mail and Express*. And yet that ex-Colonel Field should relapse into private life is something to regret. A dash of Field in New York journalism has been interesting, if only because of the skill with which it has been served up.

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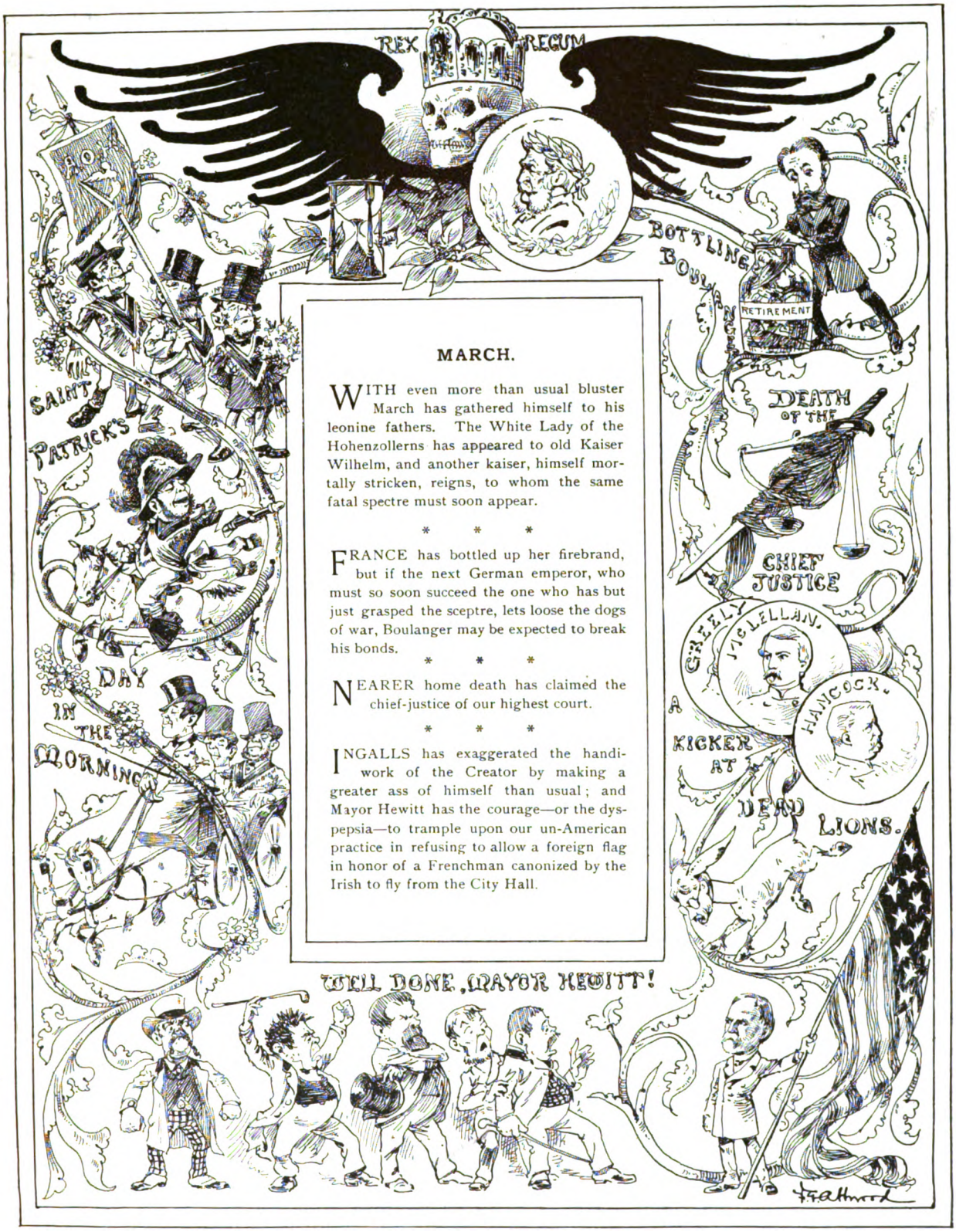

MARCH.

WITH even more than usual bluster March has gathered himself to his leonine fathers. The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns has appeared to old Kaiser Wilhelm, and another kaiser, himself mortally stricken, reigns, to whom the same fatal spectre must soon appear.

* * *

FRANCE has bottled up her firebrand, but if the next German emperor, who must so soon succeed the one who has but just grasped the sceptre, lets loose the dogs of war, Boulanger may be expected to break his bonds.

* * *

NEARER home death has claimed the chief-justice of our highest court.

* * *

INGALLS has exaggerated the handiwork of the Creator by making a greater ass of himself than usual; and Mayor Hewitt has the courage—or the dyspepsia—to trample upon our un-American practice in refusing to allow a foreign flag in honor of a Frenchman canonized by the Irish to fly from the City Hall.

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OMNIBUS AD DEI GLORIAM.

WHENE'ER I take my drives abroad
How many poor I see!
I do not care a hang for them,
Nor they a hang for me.

El—tt F. Sh—p—d.

* * *

JAY GOULD will have the sympathy of all right-minded persons—who believe his stories—in his most recent financial affliction. It is the old story of the simple, confiding man, too honest himself to believe evil of others, taken in and fleeced by those whom he had in his own generous, impulsive way done his utmost to serve. Next we shall hear of some dastard with conscience so seared as to take advantage of the open-handed liberality of good old Russell Sage. And when this occurs we shall exhibit our device for reversing the laws of gravitation, as an anti-climax.

* * *

WHEN a bank-cashier begins to speculate in doubtful securities, his directors are likely to grant him a permanent leave of absence if they find it out; when the merchant ascertains that the clerk in charge of the money-drawer is buying pools on the Suburban, he is apt to request that youth to look for another situation; when the valet begins to play policy, the master predicts the larceny of wearing apparel and jewelry, and—to use a vulgar colloquialism—"fires" the menial; when the vestryman becomes interested in the drawings of the Louisiana lottery, he is generally requested to carry a bell-punch as he passes the plate. Why? Because men of affairs consider that the clause in a certain popular petition that reads: "Lead us not into temptation," is a wise one where the interests of a firm, corporation or individual are jeopardized at the hands of a sure loser. By the same token the United States Navy is endangered by the rashness of Commander Griffin, who desires to back Mitchell for £2,000 to fight Sullivan in a sixteen-foot ring. After the battle we should hear that Commander Griffin had hung up a man-of-war at Simpson's, and the United States cannot afford to pay three per cent. a month for a naval commander's rashness. Commander Griffin should be ordered back to his ship, or else Secretary Whitney should give him a furlough and forget to put a limit on it.

* * *

ONE gets at the right idea of the hollowness of a title when the title clings to a person who has sunk or been elevated to his or her natural individual level, which could not be better illustrated than in the newspaper accounts of "Lady" Drummond's marriage to a mechanic; and how the liberty-loving republicans who edit the daily newspapers did delight in printing that title in their columns!

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Mail and Express*, under the management of Mr. Elliott F. Shepard, makes a statement of fact editorially that is of interest to the world at large, but which we regret to say is a rank plagiarism, as the deadly parallel column will show:

Mail and Express, March 27th.	*The Original Moses, Genesis 1. 27*
And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.	So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

Because Moses has come down to posterity as the meekest man is no reason that Mr. Shepard should take advantage of him. Perhaps Mr. Shepard thinks that because he uses a version revised without the author's collaboration and does not print his entire statement, he owes him no acknowledgment. We beg to remind our contemporary that this is not journalism.

* * *

SO Jacob Sharp is really to be tried again. It seems a pity to disturb him. This is the opportunity, however, for Colonel Fellows to show whether he really does amount to anything as a District Attorney.

* * *

SUSAN B. ANTHONY declared at the woman's convention in Washington last week that she had scornfully rejected all offers of marriage because she did not want to become a relic. Is Miss Anthony sure that she has accomplished her purpose?

* * *

THE astounding discovery has just been made in Boston that valves that may be distinguished without the microscope, exist in the portal veins of 75 per cent. of infants under three weeks of age. It is saddening to think of all the unfortunate mothers who have reared children in the past, not knowing that until they reached the age of three weeks there were valves in their portal veins. What blessings science brings in its train! How much more lovable is an infant when one knows that it has valves in its portal veins!

* * *

THE Congress of the United States has been discussing the right of a man to his body after death, but the point cannot be accurately determined until some one comes back to tell whether he wanted his corpus or not after death. In the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, the less body a man has to look after the better he will be off.

* * *

MR. BLAINE'S effort to capture the Italian vote of America by comparing Rome to Milwaukee will probably prove a boomerang, and lose him the entire State of Wisconsin.

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THE BOYHOOD OF DEPEW.

Condensed interview from New York Herald.

"DID you know Chauncey M. Depew when he was a boy, Gen. Husted?"

"Did I know him? Did I *know* him? Well, I should say I *did* know him! Why we were Damon and Pythias, Scylla and Charybdis, David and Jonathan together as boys! Why his father's farm in Peekskill—old Captain Isaac Depew was his father—joined my father's, lapped over on it, in fact. Well, I rather *guess* I knew him! Why, as babies we used to be on the most intimate terms—I was six months older than he was—and I remember, as if it was yesterday, lending him my milk-bottle when he was eight weeks of age after he had broken his own in a burst of eloquence during a post-prandial speech. He was the brightest, smartest, wittiest, most brilliant baby at six months it has ever been my fortune to know. When he was a year old he knew 'Thanatopsis' by heart, and at eighteen months he won the gold medal in the Peekskill High School for his delivery of Patrick Henry's speech over the body of Abraham Lincoln."

"Then he developed his talent for speaking early in life, did he, Gen. Husted?"

"Developed that talent early, did you say? Well I rather guess he *did* develop it early. Why I knew him when he was a baby—his father's farm in Peekskill being next to my father's—and I tell you that when he was only three months old—I was six months older than he was—I made up my mind that he was destined for a brilliant future. I said to myself: *There* is a baby that is going to amount to something! *There* is an infant that is bound to be President of the United States! But you asked me about his talent for public speaking. Why, Demosthenes at his age was an oyster by comparison! Did you ever hear of the farmers for miles about Peekskill coming in in their wagons, with their wives and hired girls, to hear Demosthenes speak? Well, I rather think not, and yet that is just what occurred to Chauncey M. Depew every time that the school trustees made their annual visit. And such speaking! Such orating! Why, I can hear him now in 'Marc Antony's address to the Gladiators'—what is that about a boy looking into the merry eyes of a laughing girl like a man bucking the fierce Numidian tiger? He used to recite that so that the audience would almost go wild with a burning desire to strike down the guards and gain the mountain passes. And then you should hear him recite 'Mary had a Little Lamb!' Why the women wept with such copiousness that it dampened the atmosphere so as to mildew the wall-paper.

"Was Chauncey a good boy when he was young?"

"He was one of the best boys ever raised in the vicinity of Peekskill. Everybody admitted *that*. Why the minister used to pat him on the head, and they never thought of watching him when he got close to the raisin box in the grocery store."

"Was Chauncey fond of fighting when he was a boy?"

"No, sir, he was not. He was a peacemaker. He always *would* make peace. When he was only eight years old John L. Sullivan was going to fight Sayre, London prize-ring rules, on his father's farm. Chauncey went out and got between them, told them it was wrong to fight, gave them each a Sinner-you-are-going-to-hell tract, and had the pleasure of seeing them shake hands and divide the stakes, though they had to thrash the referee to get the money. Chauncey would have saved the referee only he had sprained his wrist pulling a poor widow's cow out of a well. It was after that that we made him vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association."

"Was he a truthful boy?"

"Truthful? Truthful? Chauncey Depew *truthful?* Why he was truthfulness itself! Everybody in Peekskill always remarked that as one of his most peculiar characteristics. Why he was chasing a cat across the roof of a photograph gallery one day when he was about ten years old—he was trying to catch the cat because he was afraid it would fall off the roof and hurt itself; he was always a kind-hearted boy—when he broke through the skylight and fell right down on the camera in front of the photographer. He asked Chauncey if he did it, and Chauncey got right up and said: "Yes, sir.

THE UNEXPECTED.

Teacher, having taught the class to read the word "rat," pauses before introducing the word "cat," for the following conversation:

Teacher: WHAT CAN THE RAT DO?

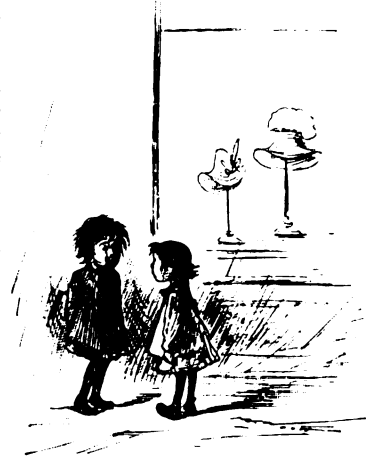
Class: THE RAT CAN RUN.

Teacher: COULD YOU CATCH HIM IF HE WERE RUNNING ABOUT THIS ROOM?

Class: NO, MA'AM.

Teacher: TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT RUNS AND JUMPS AND CAN CATCH THE RAT?

Very Small Boy: GOD!



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

"TILLY, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE YOUR NEW SPRING HAT TRIMMED?"

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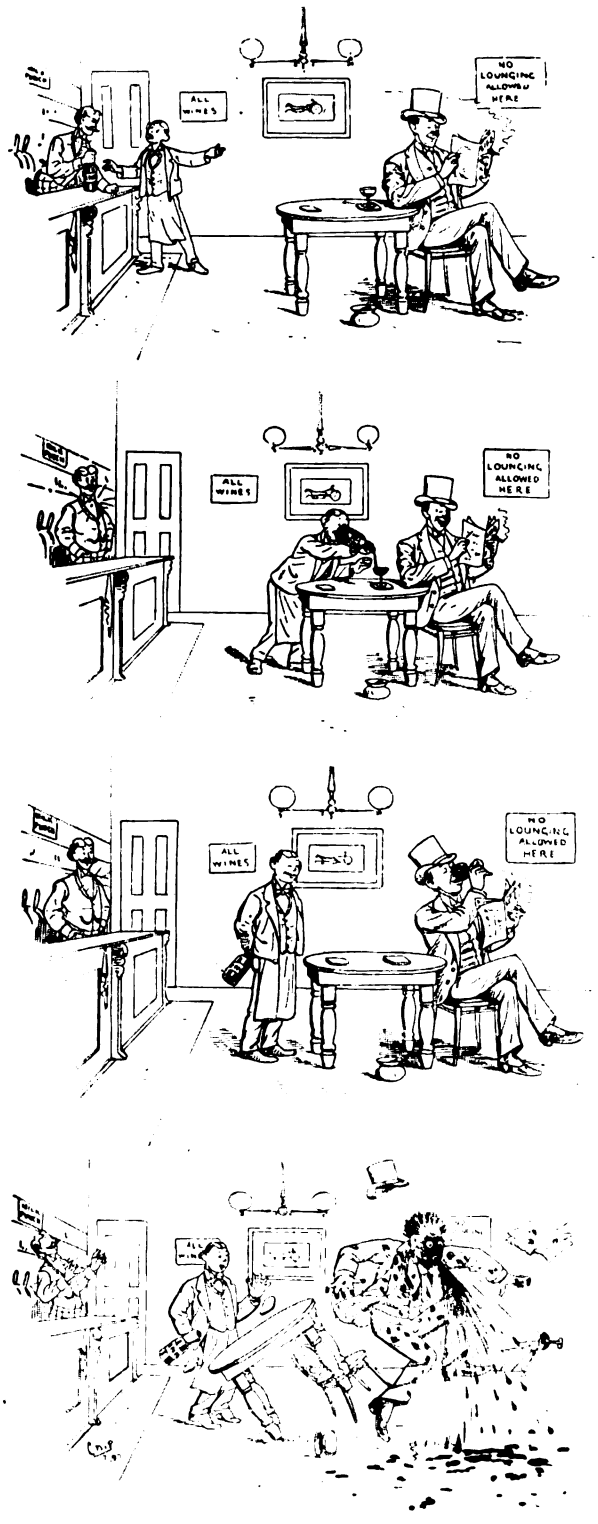
WHAT BEFELL THE CUSTOMER WHO SAT LONG AND ORDERED LITTLE.



I can't tell a lie. I did it!' Why I've always believed that story about George Washington and the cherry-tree grew out of that incident in Depew's career."

At this point Gen. Husted stopped and abstractedly attempted to blow the foam from a glass of water, previous to refreshing himself therewith, and the representative of the *Herald* sprang through the window and escaped.

AN EXPLANATION.

WHY winter lingers in the lap of spring
With such apparent zest would seem most queer;
But doubtless now the minx to him doth cling—
It is leap year!

H. E. W.

A DISTINCTION.

CUSTOMER: What's coal worth to-day?

DEALER: Nine dollars a ton.

CUSTOMER: You don't understand me. I didn't ask you what you asked for it, but what it's worth.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

WOMAN (*who has given something to eat to a tramp*): You have a very awkward way of eating, man.

TRAMP: Yes, ma'am; I guess it's 'cause I'm out of practice.

BOOKISHNESS

"NOTHING IS HERE FOR TEARS."

IN spite of all the chivalry due to a young and beautiful woman, and that woman a Virginian, it is necessary to say that "The Quick or the Dead?" the first long story written by Amélie Rives, is an hysterical and entirely morbid novel. It is hard to imagine how a vigorous Southern woman, fond of outdoor exercise, and a lover of nature, could write such an unhealthy book. Everything about it is false to the best instincts of a sensible woman. It is certainly not colorless. One might call the love-making gross, were it not so ludicrous; as recently demonstrated in Mr. Finck's book on Romantic Love, it has become a refined and complex art, which is intellectual as well as emotional. But, according to this novel of Miss Rives, love-making is almost brutal in its manifestations.

* * *

AND all this hysteria culminates in a perfectly useless and unreasonable self-sacrifice which makes two people unhappy! There was a time when sentimental men and women shed tears over such needless heroism, but the present generation of American novel readers is more sensible. Mr. Howells never preached a better sermon than when he showed, through the clear-sighted *Sewell*, that unhappiness is not in itself praiseworthy or heroic. We are coming very generally to believe that a fair measure of happiness is the reward of a reasonable mode of life. It takes a brave heart to keep up good cheer through all vicissitudes

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—and that brave heart is the most admirable thing in man as well as the most lovable in woman.

* * *

IT is well that the "exigencies of the plot" did not require more than two or three glimpses of New York life. They are unconsciously very funny—especially the conversation of two brilliant club-men and the brief account of a swell bachelor dinner, given at three o'clock in the afternoon. It may be remarked that even at that unseasonable hour, the young bloods were bombarding a picture of Washington with jam tarts. This is shockingly immoral!

* * *

A VERY useful and compact "Story of the City of New York" (Putnam's) has been compiled and gracefully written by Charles Burr Todd. There was need for just such a book to attract young men and women to the history of the ugly but interesting city in which they live. The elaborate octavos which have preceded it are no doubt very valuable, but there is hardly leisure enough in a New York life-time to read them.

The author's object has been "to present a brief but comprehensive survey of the causes which led to the founding of the city, and of the various agencies which contributed to its marvelous growth, and to combine with this a narrative of such domestic details and romantic or picturesque incidents as would serve to render the picture clear and complete."

There are a host of illustrations—from Manhattan Island before the Dutch to the Goddess of Liberty, and from the dynasty of Peter Minuit to Abram S. Hewitt.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS

KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS. The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sweet Pansies. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Message of the Dove. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Story of the Nations. The Goths. By Henry Bradley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Makers of Venice. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Joy, and other Poems. By Danske Dandridge. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Bonaventure. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of the City of New York. By Charles Burr Todd. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Nos. 13 and 14. Century Co., New York.

Irish Wonders. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Tomb Prize Essays. New York: American Public Health Association.

The Great Amherst Mystery. New York: Brentanos.

Haschisch. New York: Brentanos.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

He (impecunious gentleman of leisure): I WAS SORRY AT BEING CALLED OUT YESTERDAY AND LEAVING YOU TO PAY THE MINISTER. WHAT DID HE ASK YOU?

She ($40,000 a year): HE ASKED ME WHO YOU WERE.

He: WELL?

She: AND WHEN I TOLD HIM, HE SAID HE DIDN'T FEEL JUSTIFIED IN CHARGING ME MORE THAN TWO DOLLARS.

ACCORDING TO THE ALMANAC.

PATRON (*to railroad officer*): There was no heat in the elevated cars this morning, and I thought the end of my nose would fall off. Thermometer down to zero.

OFFICER (*sarcastically*): No heat, and summer only two months off! My dear sir, you should let the thermometer alone and study the almanac.

PROPERLY CLASSIFIED.

FOREMAN (*making up the forms*): Where shall I put this clipping of poetry?

EDITOR: Who is it by?

FOREMAN: Walt Whitman.

EDITOR: Put it in the Puzzle Department.

IT doesn't take a kitten long to win his purrs.

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EASTER

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BELLES.

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PEPYS AT THE PLAY.

MARCH 29TH.—Strange to see how easily my mind do revert to its former practice of loving plays and wine. To the Bijou Theatre, where I did see Joe Ligge, and must, therefore, tell my wife that I have broken my promise to avoid the play-house till Michaelmas. There did I see performed an amusing piece called "The Pearl of Pekin," and done to the music of a clever Frenchman named Lecocq, who, besides other things, hath also written "The Daughter of Mme. Angot." I found his music not the best that ever was, yet better than much hath been played here of late in comic operas. The scene of the piece is laid in China, and the costumes are said to be like those worn in that barbarous country, though more comfortable to be worn, I should say than those that we are wont to think more civilized—yea, and more magnificent withal than the garments worn even by those of our women who follow the fashion closest. I here heard sung one of those things called a topical song, and which have come to weary me greatly, being often the sole resource of a comedian who is not comic. A man who sat next me in the pit, and who, like me, also hath the misfortune to be bald-headed, did tell me that there were more pretty girls singing in the chorus than is ordinary at such plays. Pray God my wife do not hear this, for their raiment was none too generous, and she might take offense that I should see such a piece.

* * *

MARCH 30TH.—It being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sopps and fish. Many of the play-houses were closed, whether because of regarding the day, or from lack of spectators, I know not.

* * *

MARCH 31ST.—To Wallack's, with a coroner and an alderman, from whom I expect preferment through what they call a "pull," and showed them "Money"—an indifferent good play, but wronged through not being so well acted as I have seen it. There is in it, however, a very life-like depiction of gambling at a club-house.

* * *

APRIL 2D.—Not all the advancement in the country's gift could pay for such another day as yesterday. After the play, the coroner and the alderman did take me through the towne to set them up to the boys, and yesterday I fell sore ill, to such extent that my wife did put leeches on my head. In the evening, to the Standard Theatre, to see a most moving play called "Paul Kauvar." Here acted one Steele Mackaye, whom I know for a most clever gentleman of good parts and much talent, but as an actor not highly to be considered. He hath much earnestness, and is deserving of gratitude from us who love plays and play-going, but should not act.

* * *

APRIL 3D.—Up betimes and in the office. Then to the play with my wife, in our carriage, which doth please me mightily, for those who do walk or come in public conveyances do look up to us as we alight, and think that we are great people, not knowing that we, too, once came as they do now. My wife did look very pretty in a new bonnet which she hath from France, though it did not seem to please a vulgar fellow who sat behind her and could not see the play because of it. And so to bed.

Metcalfe.

MRS. HAYSEED (*in hotel room*): Joshua, why fer the land's sake don't ye put out that light and come to bed?

MR. HAYSEED: Well, durn it all, Maria, it says "don't blow out the gas," an' I'm dinged if I kin find any snuffers.

Sales Gentleman: STOCKINGS? YES, MAM; WHAT NUMBER DO YOU WEAR?

Customer: WHAT NUMBER? WHY TWO, OF COURSE! D'YOU TAKE ME FOR A CENTERPEDE OR A ONE-LEGGED VETERAN OF THE WAR?

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THE END OF LENT.

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DISAPPOINTING.

A SLEEPY Boston congregation was suddenly aroused by the minister's words:

"He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course."

But its normal condition was resumed as soon as the reference became clear.

THE RIGHT HOUSE.

BRIDGET, who was at the door?"

"A b'y from the milliner's, mum, wid bill fer an Aisther hat."

"I have ordered nothing at the milliner's, Bridget."

"No, mum; it's fer mesilf."

STRUCK A STREAK OF LUCK.

FIRST CABBY: How's business wid yez, Bill?

SECOND CABBY: Shure an' its foine. Oive had big luck fer the pasht wake.

FIRST CABBY: Phat d'yez call big luck, thrunken doods?

SECOND CABBY: Divil a bit (solemnly)—Dennis, oive me firsht ould leddy to run over fer sivin days!

WARDEN (*showing ladies through prison*): Will you visit "Murderers' Row" first?

LADIES (*in chorus*): Oh, no; we want to save that for the last.

ADROIT.

"PATRICK, DID MR. BROWN CALL?" "HE DID, SORR."

"AND DID YOU GIVE HIM AN EVASIVE ANSWER?" "I DID, SORR."

"WELL, WHAT DID YOU SAY?" "I AXED HIM WAS HIS GRANDMOTHER A MONKEY, SORR!"

MANY of the English patents of nobility which show up in this country are infringements.

THEATRICAL TERMS.

"ON."

"OFF."

"A DISAGREEABLE ROLE."

"A WALKING GENTLEMAN."

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THEIR USES.

"HER MAJESTY," writes a London correspondent, "eats at state dinners without gloves." The reason for that is at once apparent. It enables Her Majesty to get a better grip on the wing of a chicken. In wrestling with the common hen of commerce at the dinner-table, she must be handled without gloves, or the battle is lost. Gloves would also be very much in the way when Her Majesty desired to clutch an ear of corn by each end, the tip and lobe, so to speak, while she gnawed at it amidships. You see, there are a hundred emergencies that might arise during the progress of a state dinner wherein gloves would be in the way.—*R. J. Burdette.*

"I ALWAYS liked the Episcopal religion best," said Bill, as he eyed a pretty girl with her morocco-bound prayer-book in the horse-car. "If you are an Episcopalian, you get credit for going to church not only while you are there, but all the way going and all the way home."—*Somerville Journal.*

IN a recently-published poem, James Russell Lowell speaks of "champagne in the air." There is some disappointment felt because he did not mention the locality in which he had discovered this inspiring atmospheric phenomenon. Doubtless it was in a country where the climate is extra dry.—*Scranton Truth.*

"YOU sketch with a free hand, Miss Backbay," remarked the Professor, who had been critically examining her portfolio.

"Entirely free," said the Boston young lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion, and waited for the Professor to follow up the opening.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SENATOR BERRY, of Arkansas, tells his friends of a trial for assault in his State, in the course of which a club, a rail, an axe handle, a knife, and a shot-gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." But it was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitch-fork, a chisel, a hand-saw, and a dog. The jury, Mr. Berry says, came to the conclusion that they'd have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.—*Kansas City Journal.*

JEALOUS of Mr. Howells's affection for Buffalo, the Boston *Globe* says that the noted novelist and essayist has decayed. But, if this is true, it happened elsewhere than in Buffalo.—*Buffalo Express.*

IT has just been learned that the tree which the woodman spared was a chestnut tree. Public feeling is very strong against the man, and, if caught, it is quite likely he will be lynched.—*Epoch.*

BARBER (*to customer*): Have you heard of the bad scrape young Brown has got into?

CUSTOMER: Why, no; when did you shave him last?—*Epoch.*

THE valued New York LIFE asserts that Chicago used to rhyme "Goethe" with "teeth" until the Renaissance set in, since which epoch it has rhymed it with "dirty." This is hardly fair. In a poem read recently before the Hyde Park Toboggan Slide Lyceum the following couplet occurred:

"Until, at last, John Wolfgang Goethe
Was gathered home, upward of eighty."
—*Chicago News.*

"YES, these rooms are certainly very elegant, my dear," Mr. Gould remarked to his wife on reaching his apartments at the great hotel at St. Augustine; "but"—and here he tried to move a chair toward the window—"I can't understand why they have screwed all the furniture to the floor!"—*New York Herald.*

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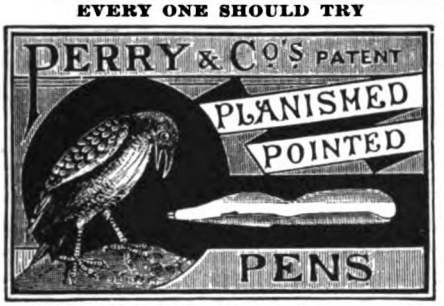

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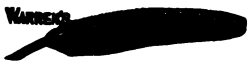

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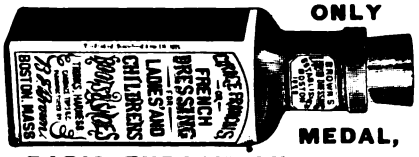

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EADING in its artistic illustrations is the paper, "OLD GARDEN FLOWERS," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, and it is worthy of note that it is always the garden of hardy flowers, and never the one of "bedding plants," that furnishes subjects for the artist's pencil. Hardy plants have all artistic advantages and all practical ones as well. Their first cost being their only cost, and their greatly increasing in size and beauty, year after year, makes an investment in them yield an annual dividend of loveliness not to be computed in any ordinary way.

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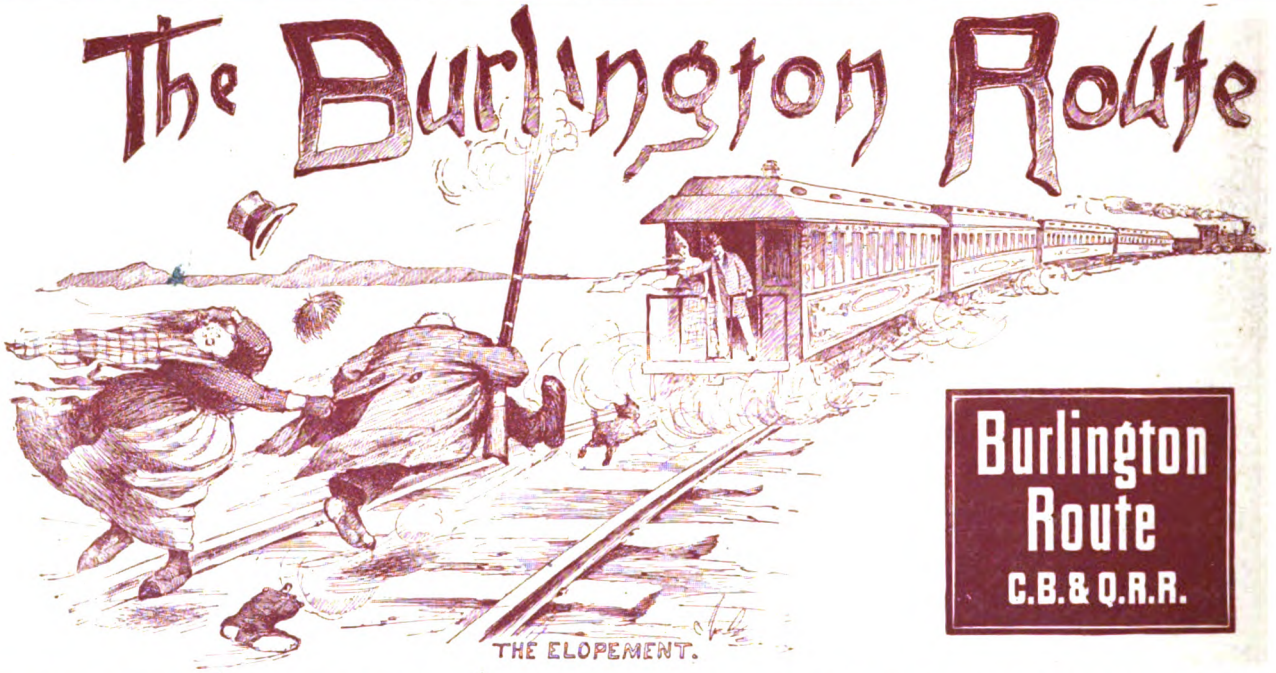

THE ELOPEMENT.

Those who have seen the painting entitled "An Elopement," representing a young lady and her soon-to-be husband standing in great suspense at a railroad station, waiting anxiously for an approaching train, while in the distance, with horses at full speed, is the wagon containing the excited parents of the runaway girl, will be relieved to know that the train the couple were to take was

"THE BURLINGTON'S NUMBER ONE"

fast train for Denver, and that, as usual, it was on time. Travelers taking the Burlington Route will have only one change of cars between New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other Eastern points and the summer resorts of Colorado. Those who have been abroad without first having seen their own country now admit that it was a mistake. Many who have been contemplating a trip to Europe the coming summer have now decided to see their own country first. A large number of them will visit Colorado, as "Dame Fashion" has waved her imperious wand in that direction.

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1888. NUMBER 276.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

FOR A GAME DINNER.

Young Housekeeper: HAVE YOU CANVAS-BACK DUCKS?

Butcher: NO, BUT I HAVE SOME NICE GEESE.

Young Housekeeper: VERY WELL, YOU MAY SEND A NICE CANVAS-BACK GOOSE.

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

VOL. XI. APRIL 12, 1888. No. 276.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

MR. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY wrote of the Puritans of 200 years and more ago that they abolished the sport of bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. We hope, however, to be able to convince those uncharitable persons who harshly construe the conduct of Mr. Elliott F. Shepard in attempting to prevent the running of the Fifth Avenue stages on Sunday, that the Puritans of to-day are actuated by holier impulses. The argument the anti-Puritans advance, that the Fifth Avenue Puritans themselves fracture the Sabbath by driving to worship in their carriages to the same extent that their humbler brethren do in proceeding thence per public stage, is scarcely worthy of serious consideration; but we may as well demolish it. The church-goer who rides in a stage pays five cents for the privilege, thus negotiating a contract upon the Holy Sabbath, and violating the Laws of God in a degree not possible to those who drive in their carriages, and compensate their menials upon a week day.

* * *

THE contention of the advocates of the Sunday stages, in reply to Mr. Shepard's pious objection that for every stage that courses the avenue a driver is kept away from the House of God, is that twenty or thirty persons attend church in one stage, employing one driver, while the carriages of the Fifth Avenue Puritans require a coachman and a footman to each equipage, which carries at the most but four persons; so that, if all the church-goers who now go by stage, were to drive in carriages after the manner of Mr. Shepard and his disciples, at least ten menials would be deprived of the pleasures of religious exhortation where one is now. This contention is little less than ridiculous, however, since the deprivation is more than overcome by the advantages enjoyed by the coachmen and footmen, who are enabled to discuss religious matters among themselves in the actual shadow of the Sanctuary, while awaiting their masters or mistresses before the church doors. The stage-driver, on the other hand, even if he were inclined to pious thoughts, is liable to the intrusion upon his meditations of passengers—whose depravity is sufficiently obvious from the circumstance that they ride upon the stage on Sunday—who may force worldly topics upon his consideration as they puff the cigar of the ungodly in his face. All in all, the claims of Mr. Shepard and the other good people who desire to keep the thoroughfare of the aristocrats free from the profanation of the vulgar are worthy of attention. The stage must go, and it will—right up Fifth Avenue, every Sunday.

* * *

MR. BENNETT'S newspaper has been saying very unpleasant things about Mr. Gould; but that Mr. Gould should mind a little thing like that is a very odd circumstance indeed. Very interesting it is if, after accumulating a fine property and achieving a notable standing as a capitalist, Jay Gould has suddenly become sensitive about his personal reputation. Very queer it is if he really objects to being called a pirate or being indicted by the grand jury.

In two ways, both characteristic, Mr. Gould shows this new appreciation of a good name: he desires it for himself, and he wants to get Mr. Bennett's away from him. It will be very surprising if he does either. There are a good many reasons why he cannot seriously damage Mr. Bennett's reputation, the chief of which is that Mr. Bennett is a very thorough workman himself. As for his own name, that wonderful deodorizer, earth, may sweeten it in a generation or two, or fire may purify it; but either process would unfit its present chief proprietor from enjoying it in flesh and blood.

* * *

POOR old Jake Sharp! We fear that his health will never quite enable him to get back to the street railroad business until he is acquitted of the charge of bribing the wicked Aldermen of '84. There is a medical precedent for the acquittal of Sharp in the case of Mr. Thomas Gould, who long conducted a branch of the Occasional Abstinence Society, without a license, in this city. Being sentenced to imprisonment, Mr. Gould acquired quick consumption; and, according to the physicians—one of whom, by the way, is now attending upon Sharp—only release from confinement could save his valuable life. Gould was released, and under the solitary influences of tobacco-smoke and bad air in his dive in Thirty-first Street, his lungs rapidly recovered their pristine vigor; and he can now call the judge who released him a blooming idiot, in tones that can be heard across the room.

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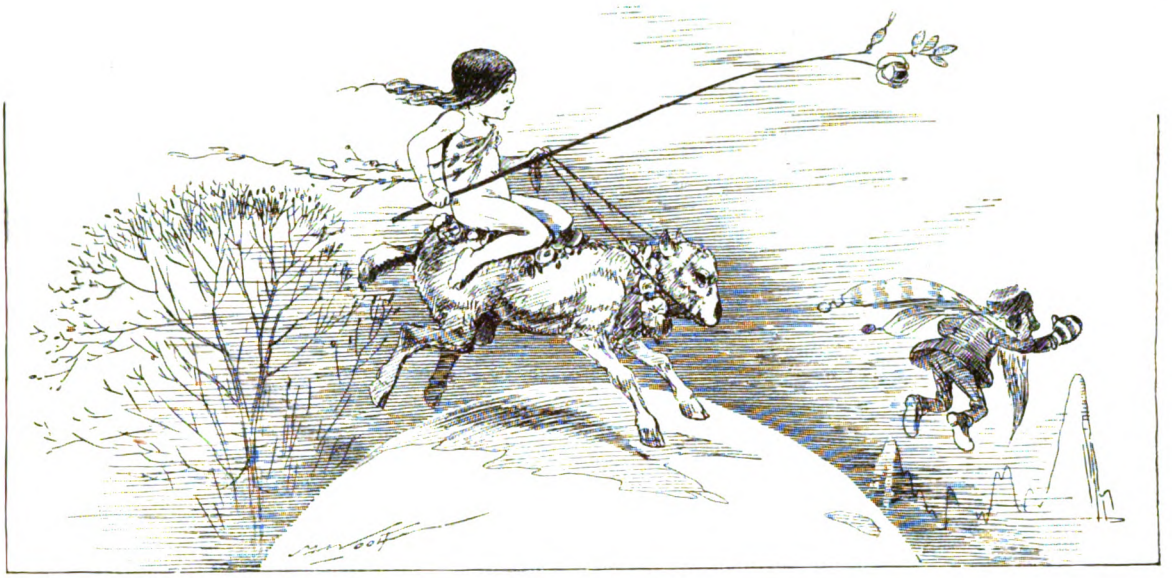

ALAS, YES!

Jack Frost: YOU MAY DRIVE ME AWAY, "GENTLE SPRING," BUT WAIT TILL THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST, AND THEY'LL BE WANTING ME BACK AGAIN.

VERY NATURAL.

IF Bacon Shakespeare wrote,
It is no wondrous note—
If I be not mistaken—
These Shylocks should hate bacon.
Lee Fairchild.

FORCE OF HABIT.

OLD LADY (*to railroad brakeman*): How soon does this train start fer Shacknack?

BRAKEMAN: Not for two hours yet, madam. Step lively, please.

A CHANGE IN AFFAIRS.

LECTURER ON POLITICAL ECONOMY: In France, gentlemen, the government practically owns the railroads—

STUDENT (*abruptly*): Guess you're mistaken about that, Professor.

"Why, it's an established fact."

"But Jay Gould's just been over there."

A BOLD STEP.

Mr. Michael Van Flanigan, formerly of Chicago, having purchased a villa at Newport has just had it furnished regardless of cost.—SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. R. (*Furnisher and Decorator*): NOW, SIR, YOUR HOUSE HAS THE MAGNIFICENCE OF AN ORIENTAL POTENTATE, EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THE—ER—SERAGLIO.

Mrs. Michael Van Flanigan (*proudly to her husband*): MIKE, DEAR, SPARE NO EXPENSE, LET US HAVE ONE.

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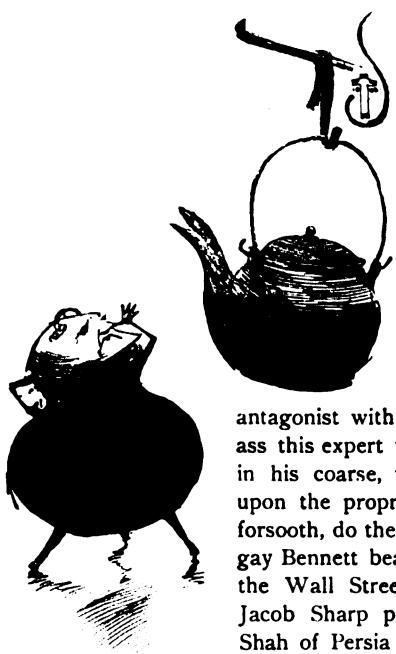
RELIABLE INFORMATION.

IT is interesting to learn from the daily newspapers that District Attorney Fellows is determined to secure the conviction of Jake Sharp; that District Attorney Fellows will enable the defense to secure a jury that will find Sharp innocent; that Keenan and Moloney are coming from Montreal to testify in behalf of the people in the Sharp trial; that Moloney and Keenan will remain true to their friends and scorn the thought of turning informers; that Katie Metz has weakened and is going to confess at the Sharp trial that her previous testimony, that convicted the boodlers, was false; that Katie Metz will be on hand at the Sharp trial to tell the same story that brought the Aldermen of '84 to grief; that new evidence has been discovered that will strengthen the case against Sharp; that, without the evidence that the Court of Appeals ruled out, Sharp cannot be convicted. These facts, it will be readily understood, are highly important, if true.

* * *



AFER by far would Jay Gould have been had he stuck to his own weapons in his warfare with the *Herald*, instead of taking up edged tools that he knows nothing about. Gould is evidently the kind of a man who, being armed with a Winchester, and meeting a Zulu, would drop his rifle to fight with the assegai, and then use it as a club instead of attempting to stick his antagonist with it. And what an egregious ass this expert financier shows himself to be in his coarse, vulgar, and ridiculous attack upon the proprietor of the *Herald!* How, forsooth, do the Bacchanalian pleasures of the gay Bennett bear upon the alleged crimes of the Wall Street wrecker? As well might Jacob Sharp plead the immoralities of the Shah of Persia in extenuation of his own depravity.

* * *

ALL that Gould has proved by his letter is that the *Herald* has pierced through his pachydermatous exterior and touched the quick, and that, in his rage, he is unable to write the English language correctly. If so pretentious a pot as Gould is going to call the kettle black, he is expected to be grammatical, at least.

MR. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, the editor of the *Mail and Express*, was just in time the other day to prevent the line "*mors omnibus communis*" getting into the paper over the obituary column. "'More omnibuses for the community,' indeed!" said Mr. Shepard, sharply, as he discharged the offending sub-editor. "It's a fortunate thing that I had a classical education. Otherwise I should have lost every Christian aristocrat on the subscription list."

* * *

IT is understood that when Colonel Shepard purchased the *Mail and Express*, men who knew him intimately went out and drank things with one another, and rubbed their hands in sinful glee, exclaiming, "Now there'll be some fun!" The fun, so far as heard from, has materialized in the form of those bits of Bible.

* * *

FOR the sake of the esteemed *Mail and Express* let us consider for whose consumption Mr. Shepard inserts those texts of Scripture. Are they for the superlatively good or the aggressively wicked, or the indifferent mediums? The instructed pious know them already, and know where to look for more of the same; the toughs will probably show irritation at buying a newspaper and finding that they have got a tract; how the indifferent middlers will be affected is for Colonel Shepard to find out, for it is in that class that he will naturally look for his customers.

* * *

IF he should ascertain that he is not suiting the taste of any appreciable part of the community, we warn him not to infer from that that people are not interested in the Bible. The warmest admirers of pie may not care to consume it at breakfast. Many a good joint has been spoiled in the cooking, and many an excellent meal neutralized by unskilful serving. Of intellectual as well as corporeal repasts it has sometimes to be observed: "God sent the food, but where did the cook come from?"

* * *

MR. PETER HERDIC, the inventor of the cabs, is dead. Irate riders in the vehicles which bear his name will see the impropriety of further personal maledictions. *De mortuis—verb. sap.*

* * *

WE have all admired the noble heroism of the late Artemus Ward, who offered to sacrifice all his wife's relatives upon the altar of his country; and there is something of a similar nature in Mr. Bergh's generous bequest of his wife's property to the society with the long name.

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"SWEET maid, what anxious thoughts to-night
Keep you lingering here on the stair?
Are you thinking of eyes that with love's deep light
Pleaded with yours a share?"

Ah, no! A far more important thing
Troubled the throbbing brain
As up the winding stair she swept,
Daintily holding her train.

She was wondering if, at the coming ball,
With a little artistic taste,
She could make that look like another dress,
By wearing a different waist.

Seaside Hotel Proprietor (to Sea Serpent in search of an engagement): NO, I DON'T THINK I SHALL HAVE ANY USE FOR YOU THIS SEASON; I'VE GOT THE PROMISE OF A SOCIETY ACTRESS, TWO BOGUS LORDS, A POLITICAL CONVENTION, AND A SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE, AND MY BILL OF ATTRACTIONS IS ABOUT FULL.

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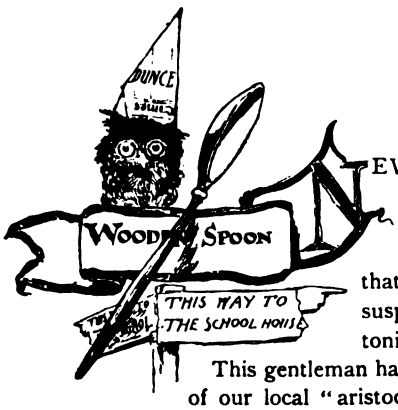

A BAD CASE.

NEVER was a great country shrouded in deeper gloom than when Mr. Ward McAllister of this city made public in a recent interview his opinion of society. He distinguished himself in a manner that must have surprised his friends, and we have a suspicion that the unexpected results may have astonished even Mr. Ward McAllister.

This gentleman has attained a dazzling eminence in the social affairs of our local "aristocracy," and, although a successful career in this field may not demand an abnormal mental development, Mr. McAllister's utterances deserve the earnest attention of every thoughtful American.

His statement that when you step beyond the four hundred individuals who compose New York "Society," you "strike people who are not at ease in a ball-room, or else make other people ill at ease," is calculated to send a chill through the community. When we consider, however, the antecedents of New York's fashionable society and its present manners we are inclined to think that Mr. Ward McAllister has paid an unintentional compliment to the real society of the city—the society of culture, wit, and good breeding. It is hard to believe in the existence of such a Rip Van Winkle of snobbery as the *Tribune's* interviewer would make this gentleman appear.

MR. JAMES'S ESTIMATE OF MR. STEVENSON.

IT is always a pleasure to read a literary essay by Henry James; his choice of words is so exact and discriminating, his appreciation of a fine feat in verbal fencing is so keen, and his praise is measured with such honest judgment. You feel that he will report with rare accuracy all that he sees in a writer's work, and you have also an assured faith that he sees more than other men. His breadth of view makes him appreciative, but it also, through the multitude of details which it embraces, tends to dwarf the importance of certain cardinal points.

Because Mr. James is a cosmopolitan he failed to satisfy the admirers of Hawthorne in that very acute essay in which he many times raised his eyebrows and curved his nostrils at the evident provincialism of the Great Romancer.

* * *

THE admirers of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson will have some measure of this disappointment in reading the essay which Mr. James has published in the April *Century*. They will approve of most of his generalizations with enthusiasm; they will agree that these have been set forth with a delicacy and grace of style that cannot easily be equalled, and they will praise the generous sympathy which Mr. James has shown with his subject.

But when they have finished the essay these admirers will say: "Is this all? We thought he was building a monument, and it is only a pedestal." Or, in other words, they believe that the most significant quality in the work of Mr. Stevenson is something higher than any set down by Mr. James.

* * *

THE critic's deductions and most pleasing generalizations are strung on the following thread: "Before all things he (Stevenson) is a writer with a style." But "much as he cares for his phrase, he cares more for life and for a certain transcendently lovable part of it." That part is "youth, and the direct expression of the love of youth is the beginning and the end of his message.

A TALE OF SPRING AND BUSTLE.

THE PROMENADE.

THE FALL.

TO A DIMPLED UNKNOWN.

GREAT Agassiz once made a fish
From one small scale in manner simple;
Like him, I feel that I could quite
Construct a woman from a dimple.

F. P.

UNFAVORABLE SYMPTOMS.

PHYSICIAN (*to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky*): How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?

MRS. BLOOD: He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times.

PHYSICIAN (*with a grave look*): H'm—still flighty.

A "FEE SIMPLE."—Lawyer Marsh's deed of gift of his Madison Avenue house to Mrs. Medium Diss Debar.

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His appreciation of this delightful period amounts to a passion." "He has given t. .he world the romance of boyhood," and "this amounts to saying that what he is most curious of in life is heroism."

So far as we can discover, this is the final analysis which Mr. James makes of the genius which has produced "Prince Otto" and "Æs Triplex," "Underwoods" and "Dr. Jekyll." It is not possible to include this wide reach of subject in such a statement as "the direct expression of the love of youth is the *beginning* and the *end* of his message."

* * *

TO be a "Scot of the Scots" and pass one's boyhood "in the shadow of Edinburgh Castle" means a great deal more than this. True, it may breed a passion for physical heroism—"personal gallantry, if need be, with a manner, or a banner," as Mr. James jauntily calls it. But the kind of heroism which is bred under the shadow of Castle rock has a higher quality in it than this. It produced Knox and Bruce, and it led Gordon across the desert to Khartoum. The "manner and the banner" are the least important parts of it —for it is Moral Heroism which is the supreme Scotch virtue. And moral heroism (not the reckless daring and physical exuberance of youth) is the one quality which inspires all of Stevenson's serious work, and is his dominating passion. It is the brave attitude toward life, not the reckless one, that he has preached from "Will o' the Mill" to "Pulvis et Umbra," and which he has thus expressed in "Underwoods:"

"The ship lies resting, where by reef and roost
Thou and thy lights have led her like a child.
This hast thou done, and I—can I be base?
I must arise, O father, and to port
Some lost, complaining seaman pilot home."

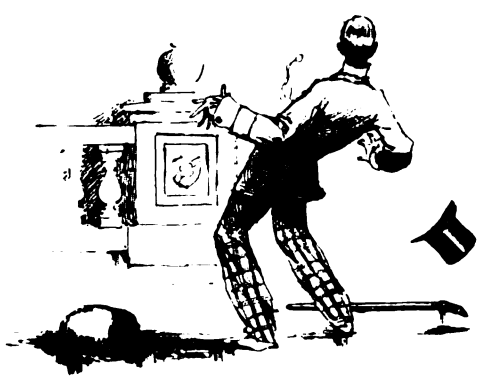
Droch.

NEW BOOKS

LOYALTY GEORGE. By Louisa Parr. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Causes of the French Revolution. By Richard Heath Dabney, M.A., Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

New York Mirror Annual. New York: Mirror Publishing Co.



THE REBOUND.

THE WRONG YEAR.

THEY sat beside the bright log-fire,
And watched the flaming embers dart;
While Love, the rogue, another pyre
Did kindle in his heart.

And as the parting moments drew,
It seemed so like a leave of life,
He mustered courage and did sue
That she would be his wife.

But, with a little thoughtful pause,
Mid blushes of the deepest pink,
She answered, "Not *this* year—because—
You know what folks would think!"

H. E. W.

AN UNFORTUNATE VERDICT.

"SINTINCED FOR LOIFE, D'YER SAY? ARRAH, THIN, IF THE JUDGE HAD HIS EYES ABOUT HIM HE MIGHT HA' SEEN THAT DINNIS WAS THAT DILICATE THAT HE'D NIVER LIVE TO SARVE OUT A LOIFE SINTINCE, EVEN IF IT WAS ON'Y FOR THREE YEARS!"

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A SUNDAY S

CHORUS OF SAINTLY APPARITIONS: OUT, SCOFFERS! G

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ENTIMENT.

TO CHURCH IN YOUR PRIVATE CARRIAGES—OR WALK!

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CAPTAIN COSTIGAN REDIVIVUS.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mme. Diss Debar, LIFE has been able to secure an interview with the lamented Captain Jack Costigan, father of Miss Fotheringay, well remembered as a lady of histrionic ability—which relationship entitles the Captain's utterances on dramatic subjects to considerable weight. The identity of the spirit was duly established by the aroma of whiskey and water which preceded the Captain's materialization. When asked if there were theatres in the spirit world, Captain Costigan replied:

"I regret to say, sor, we've not. Thayaters have never been inthrojuiced into the spirit land, but those of us who will are permitted to lave the sacred precincts and indulge in those purshoots which have been our pleasure in this wurruld."

"And what is your opinion of the theatres of New York?"

OF the highest, sor. Your public has that generous heart and refined understanding which is the artist's surest reliance, and it is at the same time me highest pride and me greatest pleasure to testify to that fact. When me daughter was rejuiced by the cruel necessities of fortune to place her magnificent talents at the disposal of the public, I could have wished that her perfawrumances might have been before awjiences so appreciative of greatness and so generous of pocket. A spirit friend of mine and meselluf witnessed a perfawrumance the other evening which was in all respects most deloightful. It was at the Lyceum Thayater. 'The Wife' was the name of the play, and while the dialogue is bright and clever, it contains some jokes which date back to the days when the Costigans were kings in me native counthry. It is a shuparior play though, and well shooted to deloight a cultivated intellect."

"And are you pleased with our actors, Captain?"

"Laving aside any comparison with me daughther's incomparable talents, and spaking with that modesty which has always been one of Jack Costigan's principal adawranments, I will say, sor, that it has rarely been my good fortune to see a play better cast. Throughout it shows good training and good stage management. Those gallant young actors, Mr. Kelcey and Mr. Wheatcroft, porthray the characthers they ripresint with great fidelity and care. Mr. Le Moyne is a foine actor, and in this piece preserves his usual excellence. God forbid that a Costigan of Costiganstown should be ungallant, but I cannot say that the ladies of the cast, in the opinion of your 'umble servant, do their parts as well as the men. Ye might go further and find a worse actress than Miss Dillon—but perhaps I should not spake of actresses with me own child's acting always in me moind. Ye will forgive me, sor, if I do not linger with you longer. Me joyous and disinterested spirit-friends are awaiting me arrival at a consultation to determine under just what conditions spirits may take title to real estate located in the State of New York. I shall maintain, with me usual polite affabilitee, that spirits are not aliens, and that we may take and hold through our agents—like Mme. Diss Debar—any property that our kind, generous and wealthy friends on earth may wish to deed to us. Good evening, sor."

Metcalfe.

A SCIENTIST says a wasp may be picked up if it is done quietly. Yes; it is when the wasp is laid down again that the noise begins.

A CLUB WITTICISM.

"I SAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT EXTRAVAGANT BEGGARS THOSE ORANGE CLUB BOYS ARE. I WAS OUT THERE THE OTHER DAY, AND THEY WERE USING ORANGE-ICE ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE."

"IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT DID THEY DO THAT FOR?"

"BECAUSE THEY FOUND IT LESS EXPENSIVE THAN BRINGING ICE FROM NEWARK."

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REMARKS.

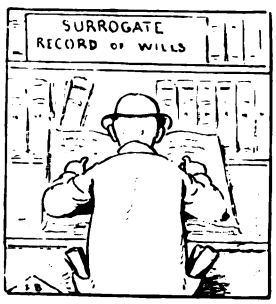
THE boiling point of "allynlenedichlordibromide" is 190, while that of "methychlordibrompropylcarbinyl chloride" is something between 140 and 145. So, if you are in a hurry to get to your office or catch a train, you should instruct the cook to use methychlordibrompropylcarbinyl chloride.

MARION HARLAND says that it is hard for a beautiful woman to be good. Somebody must have told her.

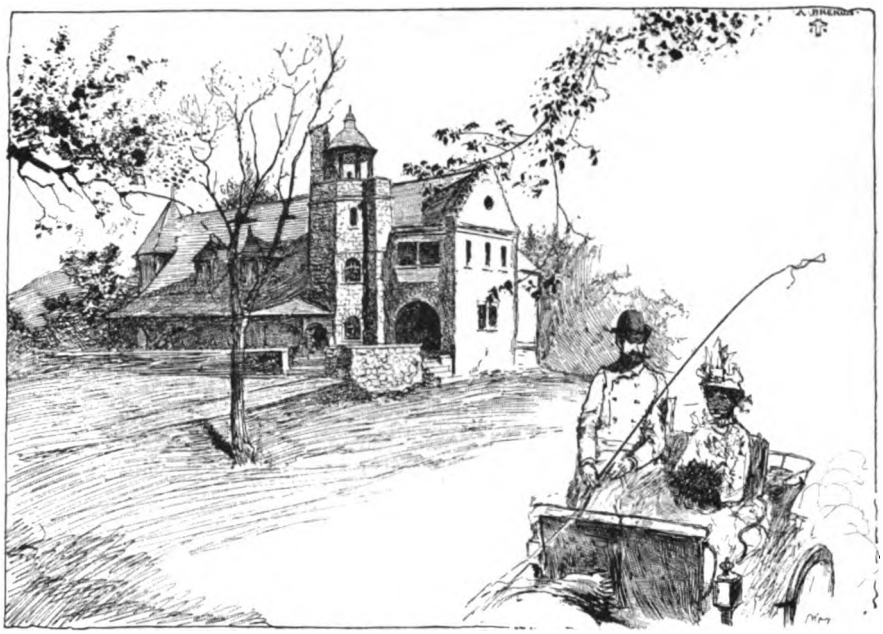
SHORT POEMS.

"LINES ON A FRIEND."

"ON A SLEEPING INFANT."



"ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR RELATIVE."



OUR FASHIONS IN HOUSES.

She (fresh from France): WHAT PRETTY JAILS YOU HAVE IN AMERICA!
He: JAIL? WHY THAT IS CONSIDERED THE PRETTIEST VILLA IN THE COUNTY.

A KENTUCKY BAPTISM.

COLONEL FITZSMITHERS, the editor of the Kentucky *Greased Lightning*, and a member of one of our most prominent families, was baptized and received into the Second Baptist Church, last Sunday, under most auspicious circumstances. The colonel and the Reverend Mr. Horntooter had just descended into the water preparatory to immersion, and the minister was repeating those solemn words which begin, "Brother, dost thou promise to renounce the World, the Flesh, and the Devil?" when the colonel, raising his eyes in rapt devotion, happened to espy on the bank above the familiar form of Major Blatherskite, editor of the *Derringer*.

Now, these two gentlemen had had a political discussion, during which the major had published in the columns of the *Derringer* some rather caustic truths in regard to the colonel. This affair had never been satisfactorily arranged, so that when the colonel observed the major, he leaned over until he could catch the ear of the minister without being noticed, and whispered:

"Go right along with the sarvice, parson. Don't let any of them critters suspect I'm a-talkin' to you, but I'd be obliged if you could give me the loan of your shootin'-iron for a moment, as I left mine on the bank."

The minister, taking in the situation at a glance, managed to slip his six-shooter into the colonel's hand without being seen by the crowd, and then, by a quick movement, he gained the bank, and the firing began.

After three or four shots had been exchanged, with no other result than killing a negro, who was standing on the opposite bank, the colonel happened to get the drop on the major while he was trying to escape, and thus ended the dispute.

After this little incident, the minister once more descended into the water, and the ceremony was concluded. Before the assemblage dispersed, however, the major and the negro were buried, and the colonel in a few touching words extolled the virtues of baptism, saying that its effects were to abolish all feelings of violence, and to teach that beautiful precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

G. E. Throop.

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ALMOST READY.

THE HUSBAND: Aren't you almost ready for church, my dear?

THE WIFE: I've only to put on my gloves, John—and run up-stairs for my prayer-book and last night's *Mail and Express*.

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT.

OUR grandchildren will suffer more from the recent blizzard than we did.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

CRITIC: Really, I can't see for the life of me why you write such bitter, gloomy, pessimistic stories.

SCRIBLERUS: Why, my dear fellow, to get the means of enjoying life, of course!

MUTUAL BENEFITS.

NEWLY-ARRIVED IRISHMAN: But fwhat good do I git out av it if I join the Milaysian Mutual Binifit and Protective Association?

ACCLIMATED MILESIAN: We bury a mimber ivery Soonday, an' it's a beautiful drive to the cimetary.

PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

COLLECTOR: This is the last time I shall call for the amount of this bill.

DELINQUENT: Yes?

COLLECTOR: Yes. The next time I shall stand out on the street and yell for it.

"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.

"HI, RODY! COME QUICK AND SEE THE FUN: HERE'S A FELLER THAT'S BEEN TAKING SOME 'ROUGH ON RATS!'"

WHAT THE DOG THOUGHT.

"'TIS BETTER TO BE LOVED AND LOST
THAN NEVER TO BE LOVED AT ALL."

THERE is a big difference between a tried and trusted man, and a trusted and tried man.

ORDERING A MEAL.

YOUNG MAN (*in a loud tone of voice*): Aw—waiter, have you quail on toast?

WAITER: Yes, sir.

YOUNG MAN (*in a low tone of voice*): Bring me some of the toast.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"NOW, Bobby," said his sister, sharply, as the boy opened the parlor door, "you get to bed at once!" Then she went on:

"No, Mr. Sampson," she said, gently, "I can only be a sister to——"

"In that case, Miss Smith," interrupted young Sampson, chokingly, "I may as well get to bed at once;" and winding his Newmarket around his form, he strode mournfully homeward.

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AT SCISSORS AT NULLS

MATHEMATICAL.

(*A fact.*)

VISITOR: Well, my little man, have you any brothers?
FREDDY: Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has *two*.
VISITOR: Why, how can that be?
FREDDY (*in some astonishment*): Me and my little brother, of course!—*Grip.*

ARTIST: What is the finest picture of still life you have ever seen?
CHICAGO GIRL: St. Louis.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

DUDELY VANDERCLAM: Mith Bondclipper, I weally believe it ith the mission of woman to make fools of uth men.
MISS BONDCLIPPER: Yes, and you have no idea, Mr. Vanderclam, how vexed we are to find that nature has so often forestalled us.—*New York Mocking-Bird.*

"DID you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterwheat?"
"No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator well and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me; I'm getting too old for much excitement."—*Burdette.*

AN esteemed contemporary suggests that it would be a grandly effective piece of magnanimity if Germany were to hand back Alsace and Lorraine to France. So it would. We strongly commend our brother to put a blue-pencil mark around the idea, and forward a copy of the paper to Mr. Bismarck.—*Toronto Grip.*

FIRST LADY: Has your husband quit smoking yet?
SECOND LADY (*just returned from the far West*): Well, he ought to by this time; he's been dead six months.—*Washington Critic.*

RECENT CONVERT: If a man does me an injury I suppose I ought to reward him, oughtn't I?
GOOD PASTOR: It would show the right spirit.
"Making him a little present would do, wouldn't it?"
"That would certainly heap coals of fire on his head."
"Suppose instead of a man it's an animal?"
"It should make no difference."
"Well, your dog has been snapping at me every time I pass, and this morning I made him a present of something we've valued for many years. It's a tin kettle. You'll find him somewhere in the next county."—*Omaha World.*

RACE HORSE: What a humdrum life you carriage horses lead! Why I am greeted by cheers whenever I appear, and my pedigree has been printed in all the papers.
CARRIAGE HORSE: Pooh! Any fool of a horse with long enough legs can run fast. My glory is not in my speed but in my brains.
"Brains, eh?"
"Yes, I've been driven by a woman for five years, and haven't let her run me into anything yet."—*Omaha World.*

"I ALWAYS liked the Episcopal religion best," said Bill, as he eyed a pretty girl with her morocco-bound prayer-book in the horse-car. "If you are an Episcopalian, you get credit for going to church not only while you are there, but all the way going and all the way home."—*Somerville Journal.*

ALGERNON: Why, Charley, you seem to have a good appetite this morning. Been taking any exercise?
CHARLEY: Yaz, deah bhoy, twied on four new coats this mawning!—*Judge.*

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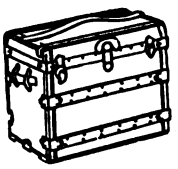

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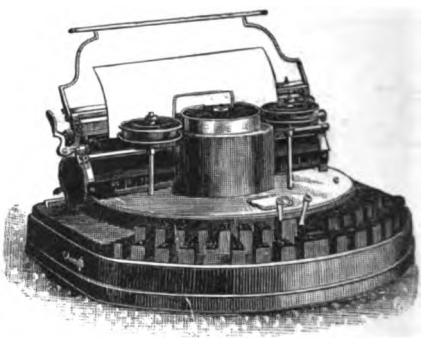

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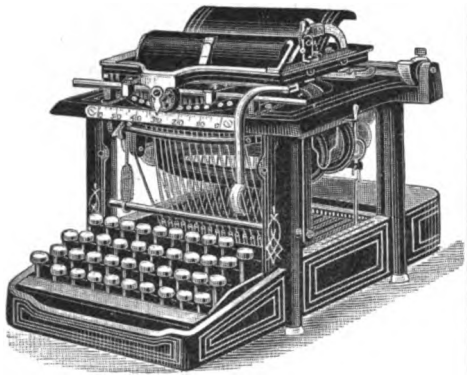

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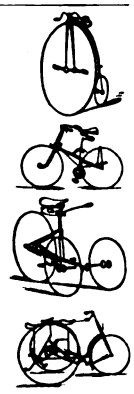

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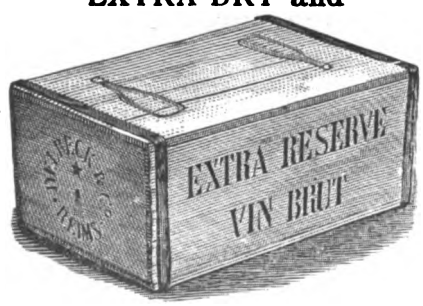

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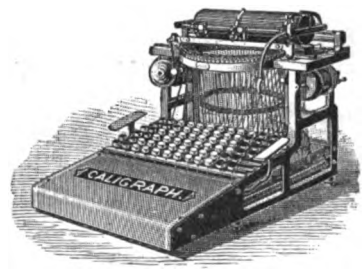

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1888. NUMBER 277.

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LIFE

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

KNOWING THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Washington Hostess (giving an evening party): JAMES, ARE THE AMBULANCES AT THE DOOR?

James: YES, MA'AM.

Washington Hostess: THEN YOU MAY ANNOUNCE SUPPER.

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

VOL. XI. APRIL 19, 1888. No. 277.

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TAKE notice that Mr. Ward McAllister has explained about the strict limitations he was reported to have put around "society" in New York. He was understood to have conveyed the impression that when you got four hundred strictly select persons at a New York ball, you got out all there were. Beyond that number, Mr. McAllister was understood to premise, you might have "selects," but they would not be "strictlys."

H'm!

It may have been the clamor which his observation excited that has stirred Mr. McAllister more recently to aver that he was not quoted with exact fidelity. It was to a reporter who came to him to get the names and pedigrees of the four hundred strictlys that he explained:

"I said that the New York society people who would attend a ball would not be more than four hundred ordinarily. There would be more invited. I don't say anything about how many would be eligible, don't you know? The rest would not take the trouble, don't you know?"

Mr. McAllister, dear sir, that is explanation enough. It is polite, politic and true, and it makes it possible to stay away from divers Delmonico balls without entire loss of social self-respect.

* * *

WHATEVER is there to those young Messrs. Battenberg that they are able to construct such notable alliances with the women of the house of Guelph? The spectacle of old Prince Bismarck gathering his waning energies to thwart the darling purpose of the three Victorias is pathetic. The poor old man is overmatched, and though he has Germany, Russia and England at his back, it is good betting that Alexander Battenberg with the Guelph triumvirate will beat him.

So be it. What are chancellors and their policies that they should come between a brave and hearty young prince like Alexander and the Princess whose heart is all ready to thump in unison with his. The case looks something like one of sentiment against statecraft. Of course the women are all on the side of sentiment, and considering what manner of women they are, sentiment must be considered to have a fair chance to win.

As for the Battenbergs, if they keep on allying themselves with such respectable European houses as the Guelphs and Hohenzollerns they will presently get credit with their tailors, and when they visit New York, Mr. Ward McAllister will let them dance and drink champagne with his four hundred strictlys.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY dwelt with fondness upon the felicity of walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, and, as Americans, we should all be delighted to know that in the person of our representative at the Court of St. James, we may be said to have each of us achieved this high privilege. Indeed, we have little doubt that Mr. Phelps might walk down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, and walk back with two others, and repeat the performance the next day and the next, until he had gone through the whole peerage, so much is the British nobility charmed by his courtly manners and conservative sentiments. How much better that such men as Messrs. Lowell and Phelps should represent us abroad than that we should send any more Franklins, whose conduct might be calculated to induce foreigners to believe that the difference in our institutions makes a difference in men, and that republicans do not bend before royalty. How much better that Mr. Phelps should have created the opportunity to express his admiration for the simple Christian life of the heir to the throne than that he should in any manner let it be understood that, according to the American estimate of things, the Prince of Wales is a barnacle upon the English nation, an empty figure-head for an out-worn system of government.

* * *

AND will any one recognize in the polished aristocrat who comes among us with his talk of titles, rank, and heraldry the plain and simple Vermont republican that Edward J. Phelps was when he left his native shores to uphold the principles of the Declaration of Independence at the Court of St. James? Have we any among us of sufficient ruggedness and virility to withstand the influence of that court and yet hold his Americanism untainted? James Russell Lowell, the poet of democracy, succumbed under those influences, became de-nationalized, and sank from a patriot to a cosmopolitan; but it remained for Mr. Phelps to throw aside all first principles, and to stand as the representative of a Republic, the most eager courtier of all in the throng of sycophants and flatterers about royalty.

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QUALIFIED.

Dissatisfied Colonel: I EXPECTED, CAPTAIN, THAT THE GENERAL WOULD SEND ME MEN OF EXPERIENCE FOR THIS EXPEDITION—I WANTED AN OFFICER TO LEAD MEN WHO HAVE SEEN SERVICE—I DARE SAY YOU NEVER LED ANYTHING?

Captain: I LED THE GERMAN LAST SUMMER AT NEWPORT.

AT THE ACADEMY.

AMERICANS have the reputation abroad of being much given to vulgarity, but we were not prepared to see our artist setting such a blatant example of the national vice as greets the unsuspecting visitor at this year's Academy. The Yankee "artist" is trying to fool the unsophisticated purchaser by putting his painting under a glass. A more pitiful sight is seldom granted a weary public than that of a very ordinary oil painting protected like an antique gem of priceless value behind a sheet of shimmering glass. It injures materially the effect of an honest picture, and renders ludicrous the inferior daub. If some of these exhibitors were more expert with their brushes and less "up" in dealer's tricks, the patriotic visitor would quit the Academy in a less despondent condition.

A FROG far away from the haunts of man
Danced on an old tomato can-can,
And his fingers flew over a wee little flute,
Made from a stem of the sweet-flag root.
"Now the spring is here," he joyously cries,
"I'll fill my stummick with skeeters and flies!"

TO * * *

THY kiss, sweet maid, is much too swift—
The sting of bliss it leaves me;
A tiny tantalizing gift
That sweetly, sorely grieves me.
'Tis like a drop of dew that's lain
Upon the earth that cries for rain.

B. Zim.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

TEACHER (*infant natural history class*): You will remember that, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state all winter?

TOMMY (*with an air of retrospection*): Yes'm, an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer.

A LIGHT LUNCHEON.

CUSTOMER (*to waiter*): Here, John, take my order. Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, mince pie—an' be spry about it; my train leaves in just six minutes.

HOW THE GREEKS MIGHT HAVE DONE IT HAD THEY ONLY KNOWN.

AT CASTLE GARDEN.

MORIARTY (*just landed*): It's a wondherful foine counthry this is for furriners, Paddy. Here ye've only been over a year, and ye look loike a rale gintleman.

O'HOULIHAN: Furriners, ye say! The only furriners here are the Chinee haythens, and they've got to git out.

ONE DRAWBACK.

VISITOR (*to convict*): Your fate is a hard one, my friend; but you have plenty of company in your misery.

CONVICT: Yes, sir, but the company is a little mixed.

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A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

THE Rev. Dr. Pridges, of Athens, Ga., preached his own funeral sermon to his congregation two Sundays ago, having his grave dug and a coffin ready for the occasion. There are a great many clergymen in this great land who would do well to follow Dr. Pridges' example, and conspicuous among these is the Rev. Dr. Talmage, the eminent pulpit athlete of Brooklyn.

* * *

LONDON *Punch* waxes sarcastic over Coquelin's article on the art of acting in *Harper's*, and goes for the histrion in an article entitled "L'art! C'est moi!" of which the animus is that M. Coquelin's art is all in his eye, this able joke being constructed upon the actor's advice to his fellow-artists: "Take care to concentrate your whole being in the eye." As M. Coquelin comprehends the English not with facilement, and as *Punch's* least elaborate puns are a study for an expert native etymologist in any event, M. Coquelin is to be congratulated upon his inability to appreciate the full horror of this dire and damning jest.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT'S table of statistics indicates that though the Irish may not have any right to fly their flag from the City Hall, they are entitled—so far as the numerical strength of the inmates gives title—to hang it from the roofs of the penal and charitable institutions of the city.

* * *

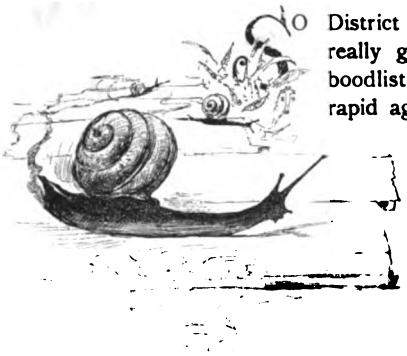
"WHERE THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT WOULD BE POPULAR."

* * *

THOUGH a Panama Canal might not make the Himalayan Mountains more easily accessible than they now are, yet who can doubt that it would give us some Handy Andes!

SECRETARY BAYARD'S order that the *Enterprise* storm Tangier, but that in no circumstances should a gun be fired, seems to have settled the Morocco disturbance; but we trust that the rumor that the guns are to be taken out of our men-of-war, in order to preclude the possibility of firing upon an enemy in a rash moment, may not prove true. For how could we salute our naval officers and cabinet ministers without guns?

* * *



DISTRICT ATTORNEY FELLOWS is really going to try another boodlist! Well, this is a rapid age that we live in.

* * *

THE newspapers are abusing Mr. Fatty Walsh, the eminent ex-gambler and ruffian, who is warden of the Tombs Prison, because he failed to prevent the suicide of Mr. Francis W. Pittman, the genial truckman, who had been sentenced to hard labor for life for the murder of a disobedient daughter. And yet, it is hard to understand who it is that Mr. Walsh has injured by his negligence. Pittman wanted to die himself: he was of no use to his family; he would not have ornamented society, as he was to be in prison for the remainder of his un-natural life, and he would have been an expense to the people of the State, because no prisoner is self-supporting under our prison system. Ergo, it seems that Mr. Walsh has achieved the solution of an economic problem in a manner satisfactory all round, and should be praised, not blamed.

* * *

HE: Yes, I see it's to be the same old story with us—"marry in haste and repent at leisure."

SHE: I don't see how you can say that, Henry; I'm sure it took me nearly two years to bring you to the point.

* * *

MR. ANSTEY tells us of a Greek gentleman, who, at the funeral of an infant daughter, apologized for presenting so small a corpse in so large a gathering. If Matthew Arnold had followed the Greek gentleman's example we might tolerate his estimate of the comparative civilization of these United States with a better grace. We may at least flatter ourselves that we have not an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized.

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Ye Knighte & ye Fickl Ladye

An Olde Englishe Ballade

By H. C. Fiskes

MONCLAIRE was a knighte of much renowne,
Famed for the valor of many a deed;
His eyes were blue and his haire was browne,
And his legs hung over a mylke-whyte steed.

So brave he looked and so firme he rode,
Yt he won ye heart of ye lady faere,
And when he called at her sire's abode,
She gave him a locke of her auburne haire.

He pressed ye locke to his rubye lyps
And vowed for ye lady he fain woulde die;
Then he laide his fingers against his hyps—
He made her a bow and he saide "Good-bye!"

He hied him off to the holy lande,
To slaughter ye Turke with his trusty lance:
He carried an axe in his stronge right hand;
He was covered with armor, except ye pants.

Alas, for his calves were guarded not!
So when he foughte on ye desert strande,
His knees were strucke with—I know not what,
And his legs, cut off, lay on ye sande.

They carried his trunke to ye faere lady:
She gazed on ye wrecke, but she shed no teare.
The bryde of a crypple she woulde not be—
She wedded another within a yeare.

Monclaire he pined in his lonely cell—
For in his heart there was mickle paine—
For five long yeares, when, strange to tell,
His feet and his legs grew out againe!

To ye lady this wondrous thing was tolde:
She sighed for ye gallant who kissed her haire;
She thought ~~of her~~ husband so fat and olde;
She wished she had married ye brave Monclaire.

But ye doughtye knighte proved stern and proude;
His love for ye fickle dame was dead.
They met on ye streete 'mid ye busy crowde,
But he kept his bonnet upon his head.

Ye lady pined and sickened with grief,
Till she faine woulde call on ye leach's art;
But his medicine brought her no relief,
And she died at last of a broken hearte.

Monclaire lived on to a good old age,
With no regret for ye lady faere;
At times his bosom would swell with rage,
As he gazed on ye locke of her auburne haire.

SURE SIGN OF INSANITY.

BAGLEY: Jones won ten thousand dollars in a lottery some time ago, and now his relations are trying to make out that he is insane.

GAGLEY: He must be if he was fool enough to tell them anything about his luck.

AN OVERPOWERING LOAD.

FIREMAN: I tell you she was a daisy. I carried her down stairs. She weighed about 200 pounds.

HUSBAND: Of course she fainted?

FIREMAN: No, but I did.

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A FINE PIECE OF WORK.

"MAMMA," said Flossie, who was admiring herself in the glass, "did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," replied mamma.

"Well," was Flossie's dictum, after a pause, "he needn't be ashamed of it."

A RARE TALENT.

"A VERY clever girl that stupid Miss Blum who just went out."

"Clever? Why, she never opens her mouth!"

"That's where she's clever."

CERTAINLY William Shakespeare was unconscious of his high poetic merits, notwithstanding his prophecy of fame in the sonnets. Does not the great Emerson tell us that "Bill did better than he knew?"

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

MR. EQUALRIGHTS: I suppose, my love, that you picked up a good deal of interesting knowledge at the Women's Congress.

MRS. E.: Dear me, yes! It isn't often that one has a chance to inspect three thousand bonnets at once!

"BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME."

BOOMERANGS

ON THE SANITY OF LITERARY MEN.

IT has been cabled to this country from London that *The Times*, reviewing Mr. Lowell's recent volume of poetry, says: "Mr. Lowell's strength is that of a fine sensibility to all that is most interesting in nature and man, of a wide and real knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world, and of a nearly complete mastery of his instrument of language."

That is an admirable epitome of what a man of broad culture should be, and Mr. Lowell undoubtedly is. It makes the man of letters—not a recluse, an eccentric, or a libertine for whom we apologize, but a sympathetic and learned man of the world, possessing all the virile qualities demanded by professional work or statesmanship, and, therefore, perfectly at home with the leaders of men in all the walks of life.

* * *

MORE and more, as the reasonable attitude toward life gains ground, will those who read and think demand that the literary man shall be like other men, only differing in degree because of a finer sensibility, a broader knowledge, and a more perfect faculty of expression. He is the last man who should seek only the society of those engaged in this work of expressing what other people feel. He must broaden his knowledge and sympathies through contact with men of all crafts; he must absorb from them their experience, and he must read the best books, because they contain the record of the experience of life in the past.

* * *

A STRANGE and rude superstition once made of priests and men of letters a peculiar people, occupying a place apart somewhere between men and angels, or men and devils. And both classes went to work to deepen this error by posing in their writings as queer beings, creatures of inspiration and miracle. With the spread of knowledge, the priest and the writer are being pushed from their pedestals to take a part in the struggle for existence on equal terms with us all. We can no longer be awed by a gown or a stole.

* * *

IF the reminiscences of Charles Dickens, recently published in *Temple Bar*, and republished in the New York *Tribune*, are true, then it must be admitted that he occasionally acted in the most idiotic manner, judging him by the standards applied to rational men. But the chances are that, after many years, a woman has gone to work to create from memory her idea of what Dickens ought to have been. He, no doubt, was given to posing as a literary man in the old manner, but we can believe that he drew the line at silliness.

Droch.

EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.

MRS. LARDINE (*of Chicago*): Really, Mr. Bigfee, I think that five hundred dollars for so simple a matter as a divorce is quite exorbitant!

MR. BIGFEE (*firmly but respectfully*): Those are my usual terms, madame.

MRS. LARDINE (*with hauteur*): Very well, sir, you may write a receipt; but I have never paid so much before, and I never will again.

TOO FRAGILE.

SQUIRE OATCAKE (*to dealer in bric-a-brac*): I wanter git sunthin' nice, Mister, t' take hum for the wife's birthday.

DEALER: Very well, sir. What do you say to this elegant French cabinet?

OATCAKE: Er—guess I want sunthin' stronger'n that. Accordin' to the papers, these French Cabinets don't last no time.

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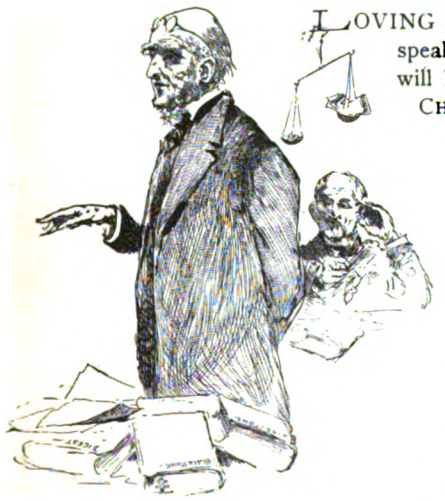
CONTROLLABLE GRIEF.

"FANNY AND I WERE THE ONLY TWO AT THE FUNERAL, MAMMA, WHO DID NOT CRY."
"DIDN'T YOU FEEL LIKE CRYING?"
"OH, YES, BUT COULDN'T; WE HAD NO HANDKERCHIEFS."

ANTICIPATING REVENGE.



LOVING AUNT (*to erring nephew*): It would be useless to speak to your uncle, Charles. You know what a strong will he has.

CHARLES: Ah, just wait till it goes to probate!

THEY WILL GO ON FOREVER.

BRIEFLESS: Congratulate me, Quibble! I've got a case at last.

QUIBBLE: Good! What is it?

BRIEFLESS: I'm retained in the "boodle" trials.

QUIBBLE: Immense! You're fixed for life.

A GROUP of fashionably attired actors should remind us of the nation's emblem—the stars and stripes.

A HOME THRUST.

Clay Pipe (*to real Havana*): SURE, YER NEEDN'T BE PUTTING ON SO MANY AIRS. YOU WERE BORN IN A TENEMENT HOUSE YOURSELF, PROBABLY.

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MINISTER PHELPS RETURNS

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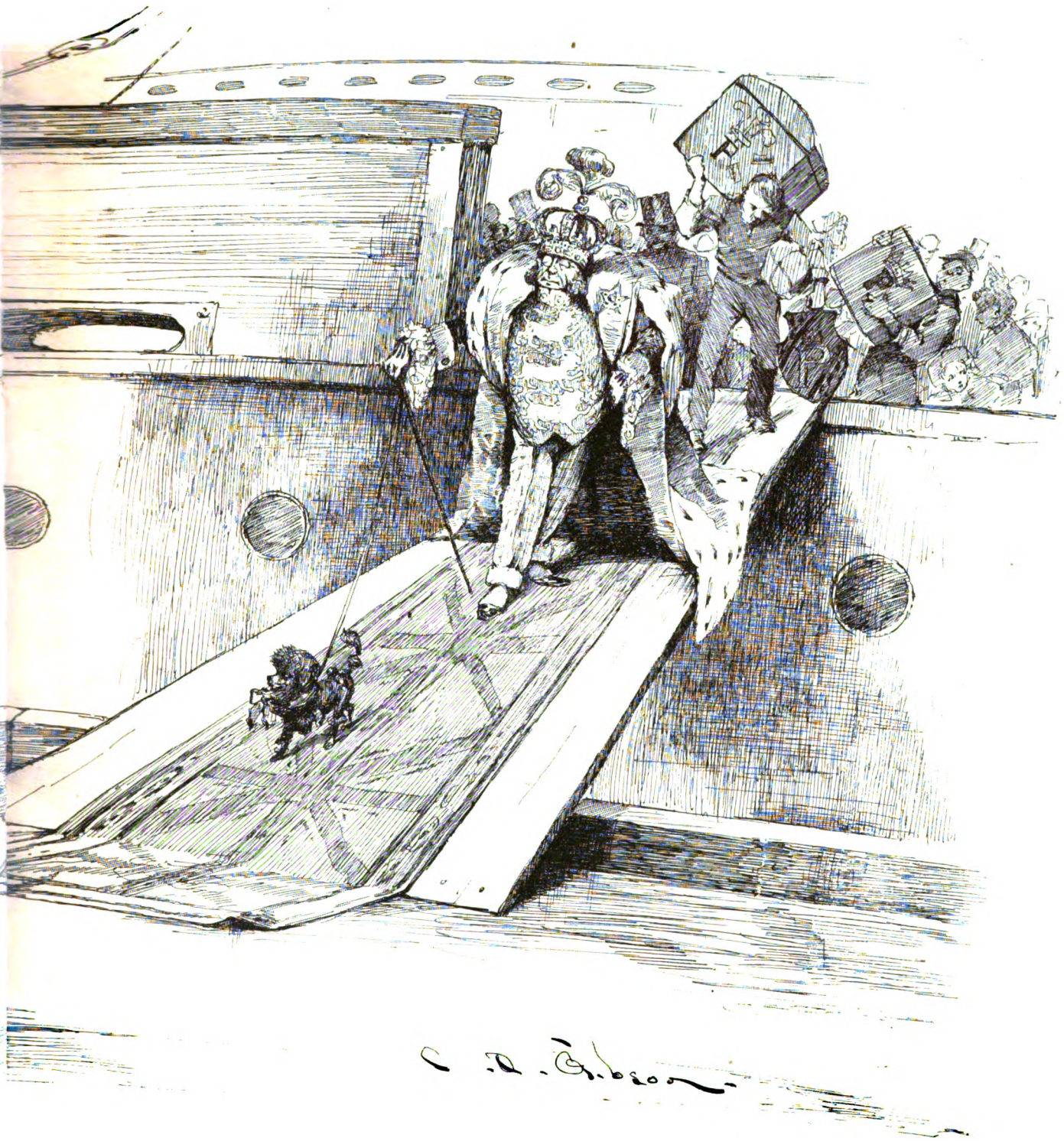

TO HIS ASTONISHED FAMILY.

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O'CONNOR'S HAMLET.

THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and one of them is James Owen O'Connor. No doubt most of the audiences at the Star Theatre have thought they were asleep and enjoying a nightmare of the first magnitude. Mr. O'Connor played *Hamlet*, a part in which several persons of more or less note have endeavored to set forth pet theories as to the mental condition of the Prince of Denmark. Mr. O'Connor cannot be accused of a servile imitation of any of these actors. Like Napoleon the First, "grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sits a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

The great question for many years has been, Was *Hamlet* mad? We are now prepared to reply to this inquiry with all the ease and certainty of an answers-to-correspondents column in a Sunday newspaper.

Hamlet was mad. He was stark, staring mad! He was a triangular lunatic of unfathomable idiocy. He was mad in his eyes, in his lips, in his arms, in his hands, and hopelessly insane in his legs. Mr. O'Connor's *Hamlet* is the concentrated extract of Bloomingdale and Blackwell's Island. If the reader can borrow one of the wildest idiots from the asylum on Blackwell's Island, and thoroughly saturate him with a deifying liquid that cheers and inebriates all at once, he will then have a faint and hazy image of O'Connor's *Hamlet*.

But he is not a polite *Hamlet*. He turns his back on the audience and addresses the rear of the stage very often. Yet it may be questioned whether this is not done with a purpose; for no one ever saw anything on this earth exactly like the obverse of James Owen O'Connor. A meal sack set upon two Indian clubs would be symmetrical and decorous in comparison. O'Connor is *sui generis*, and must stand on his own legs, for surely no one else would wish to stand on them.

Mr. O'Connor believes in what Daniel Webster called "noble, sublime, godlike action," and he suits it to the word. When he speaks of feeding upon the air, like the chamelion, he opens his mouth wide, shoots his head forward with a sudden bend of the neck, and then snaps his jaws together like the gleeful crocodile, thus conveying to the audience the impression that he has takan a bite out of the atmosphere. And when he subsequently writhes about the stage in agony, we know that he is suffering from a complaint familiar to our childhood. His caput is much like an egg from which the yolk has been blown out. This might be a misfortune in case he undertook to play the leading role in a new society comedy, but for *Hamlet* it is just the thing. It enables him to be completely, happily, cheerfully, contentedly an idiot.

Mr. O'Connor is supported by a company the like of which was never before seen on the earth.

REMEMBERING THE SABBATH.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*getting his boots blacked Sunday morning*): Boy, do you know what the good Book says, "Remember the Sabbath day?"

BOOTBLACK: Yessir, I allers remembers it.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Then you go to Sunday-school, do you?

BOOTBLACK: No, sir; I don't go to Sunday-school, but I charges ten cents fer a shine.

AND ANGELS PRAISED HER.

BELLE (*from New York*): May I come in, please?

ST. PETER: I don't know—you went to the theatre during Lent.

FAIR GOTHAMITE: Yes, but I always took my hat off.

(And the angels lifted their voices in welcoming song.)

He: SOPHIA, YOU MAKE ME HAPPY IN YOUR LOVE FOR ME.

She: AND *you*, ANGELO, MAKE ME HAPPY IN KNOWING I MAKE YOU HAPPY.

Party in foreground, with an expression of nausea, leaves the room.

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THE MOOR'S INSULT.

A MORISCO who dwelt at Tangier,
When he viewed the ship *Enterprise* near,
Cried aloud in his wrath,
"I don't need a bath;
Don't send your old wash-tubs round here!"

THE TRIALS OF AN ARTIST.

YOUNG MOTHER (*to photographer*): I am sorry, Mr. Camera, but the negatives you sent of Baby don't suit.

PHOTOGRAPHER: None of them? There were six.

YOUNG MOTHER: Yes; I like this one very well, although it doesn't do Baby justice, but mother thinks it's horrible. The one she likes I wouldn't consider for a moment. Baby's papa thought this one would do, but his grandma became indignant at the idea and I agreed with her. The dear little fellow's Aunt Kate thought they were all bad, and I guess—er—that Baby will have to sit again.

LET us honor and respect the busy bee. Once full he makes straight for home.

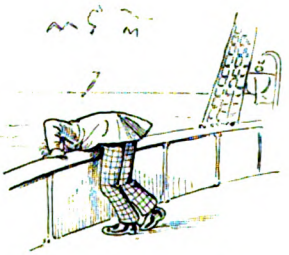
SPRING STYLES.

"YES, IT'S A LOVELY COLOR, BUT I DON'T QUITE LIKE IT FOR THE CITY."
"WHY NOT?"
"IT DOESN'T MATCH THE FIFTH AVENUE DUST."

THEATRICAL TERMS.

"A LEADING LADY."

"SECURING A HEAVY PART."



"THROWING IT UP."

"A LONG RUN."

"A LEG PIECE."

"WELL SUPPORTED."

"A POOR NIGHT."

"WELL SET."

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Invalid: OH, ANNABEL, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME; I HAD THE MOST HORRIBLE DREAM LAST NIGHT; I DREAMT I DIED AND THAT I MET THAT HORRID SUSAN DINGLEY WITH THE ANGELS, AND HER HALO FITTED HER EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN MINE DID ME, AND HER WINGS WERE TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR ANYTHING!

"I'M sitting on the stile, Mary," as he said when he sat on her new Easter bonnet.

A PROPOSED CODE OF CONVERSATION.

If possessed of no other characteristic meriting approval, this is an age of brevity and dispatch. The inventive powers of thousands of men are exercised in rapidly moving people (who might just as well have stayed at home) to another place and in girdling the earth in forty seconds, so that we can read all the details of the Smith-Kilrain prize fight before it has taken place on the other side of the Atlantic.

But the modern spirit which haunts the marts of trade and the newspaper offices has not invaded the drawing-room. Letter-writing has shriveled up before the telegram and the postal-card, and conversation has become a lost art; small-talk still exists, as teasing and time-destroying as in former days.

Where there is no thought in the mind, and no originality of observation, words come out of the mouth in conventional patterns of speech, patterns which repeat themselves, and which are produced automatically by the pressure of some person or thing.

For instance, Mrs. Plyte Robinson calls upon her friend Mrs. Carroll-Gay. The talk crackles on for fifteen minutes, far into the mysteries of flounces and furbelows. Neither of these ladies wishes her time wasted, and yet they must call in person on each other at stated intervals. To avoid this and to give our ladies more time for meditation and shopping, the suggestion is now made that a Code of Conversation, similar to the cable codes, now in use by merchants, be adopted in polite society. In these codes, one word may be used to cover a whole sentence or more; and as each party possesses a key to the code, much time is saved, and money as well. To illustrate the condensation which these codes bring about, the sentence

"Smithkins, London: Macbeth murders sleep—Tyler," may mean

"Smithkins, Gobson & Smithkins, 17 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E. C. We advise you to sell New York Central; a cut in freight rates is expected —J. Calhoun Tyler & Co."

Would it not be charming if Mrs. Robinson could express all her friendly sentiments and social information to Mrs. Gay by a sweet smile and the simple words "thorn pot," and the latter's neat and incisive reply, "speed guest," should be all that would be expected of her as a hostess? The code could be handsomely bound and would be an ornament to the drawing-room table, too, and it would be consulted during the call by each party. With the conventional remarks thus disposed of, perhaps we should begin to meditate upon the eternal verities, and we might some day have ideas which could not be expressed in a code, and exchange them one with another.

HOW THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER LOST HIS LUNCH.

"CONFOUND THOSE HUMANS! THEY ARE ALWAYS INVENTING SOME NEW EXPLOSIVE."

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THE candidate's boomlet now bunglingly boometh,
And bashfully buzzeth the beggarly bee;
In the bulge of his bonnet it busily hummeth
A song like the sob of the sad sounding sea.
— *Chicago Tribune.*

STUMPSON (*in answer to Talboys' greeting*): Oh, all right, 'f 'twasn't for these east winds—

TALBOYS (*who's a little hard of hearing*): Twins! My dear fellow, I congratulate you, I'm sure. I'd really no idea you were—and how are they—all there?—I hope—

STUMPSON (*testily—large family already*): I didn't say these twins—(*shouting*)—I said the EAST WINDS!—*Excruciatingly humorous thing from London Punch.*

FUNNY MAN: Boy, is the ice-cream joke in one of those pigeonholes?

BOY: Yes, sir.

FUNNY MAN: Well, get it out and dust it off; we'll need it pretty soon.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE HERR PROFESSOR: Donnerwetter! What is it that that outrageous rumbling in the street makes—ah—pardon—it is a beer-wagon.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

RUSSIAN NIHILISTS are again active. The handling of dynamite is apt to keep one on the jump.—*Philadelphia Call.*

FIRST TRAMP: If I had my way I'd have 365 National holidays in this year.

SECOND TRAMP: You would, eh? and then there would be one working day for every four years. Oh, you are a nice one, you are! You would make a galley-slave of the poor laboring-man, wouldn't you?—*Texas Siftings.*

"WHAT is the cause of the 'air fallin' off, sir! Well, if it comes out on the top, it's sorrer; if it comes out in the front, it's hillness; an' if it comes out at the sides, it's hold age. Now, which might be your case, sir!"—*London Judy.*

"ON the Track of Ulysses," by William J. Stillman, has been issued in book form. Mr. Adam Badeau is bound to claim its authorship. He is himself on the track of Ulysses and wants blood-money from the Grant family.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"WILLIE," said the good pastor, who was taking dinner with the family, "I suppose you will be a literary man, like your father, when you grow up." "Nope," said the little boy addressed, as he looked at the somewhat meagre array of delicacies on the table with lofty scorn, "literary nuthin'! I'm goin' to be a ten-thousand-dollar cook!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

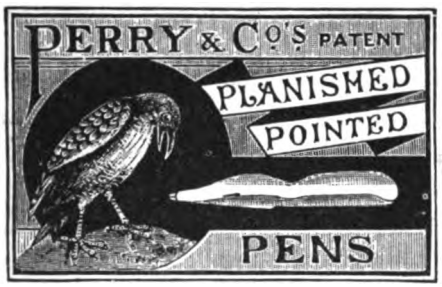
THERE is a girl in Vassar who can't play the piano and won't learn. We shan't give her name, because we don't think her valuable time ought to be taken up indexing proposals of marriage.—*Jersey City Journal.*

BRAGGS is hurrying home, having been notified of the arrival of twins.

NEWSBOY: Extra *Sun*, mister?

BRAGGS (*bitterly*): Yes; just my luck.—*Texas Siftings.*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY



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[From the St. Augustine *News.*]

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"Her figure, Jack! Lithe and graceful, and, sir, did you ever get a good look into those fathomless eyes of hers? Yes? Well, you are braver than I am! I am honestly afraid to look into their dark depths; and such perfectly white teeth!"

"I suppose you know how she came by them?"

"Nature endowed her with them, of course."

"There's where you are wrong, my dear fellow!"

"You don't mean—you would not insinuate that—"

"Oh, no, sir; they are not store teeth."

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IN a recently published poem, James Russell Lowell speaks of "champagne in the air." There is some disappointment felt because he did not mention the locality in which he had discovered this inspiring atmospheric phenomenon. Doubtless it was in a country where the climate is extra dry.—*Scranton Truth.*

SENATOR BERRY, of Arkansas, tells his friends of a trial for assault in his State, in the course of which a club, a rail, an axe handle, a knife, and a shot-gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." But it was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a handsaw, and a dog. The jury, Mr. Berry says, came to the conclusion that they'd have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.—*Kansas City Journal.*

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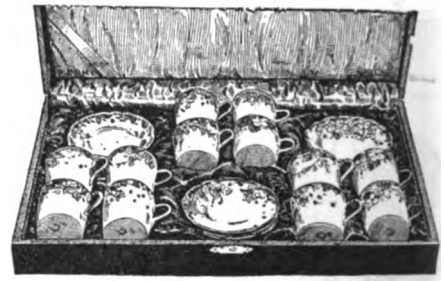

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LADY: Do you think, John, that Mrs. Belva Lockwood will be nominated again this year for the Presidency?

HUSBAND: Doubtful, I think. Just now, Mayor Hewitt seems to stand the better show.—*Epoch.*

GOILES: Beg pardon, Squire, but would ye mind askin' your good lady to set t'other end of the pew in church, as she 'ave such a loud voice it gives me and my old woman a singin' in our ears, as we can't hear ourselves speak for days arter.—*Shriekingly funny joke from London Judy.*

INDIGNANT PHYSICIAN: Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him.

DRUGGIST (*a calm man, accustomed to abuse*): Vhell, vhat vas der madder mit you? Last veek I send your odder patient der righd berscription, und dot killed him. How can somebody blease sooch a man?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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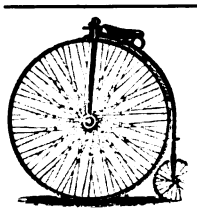

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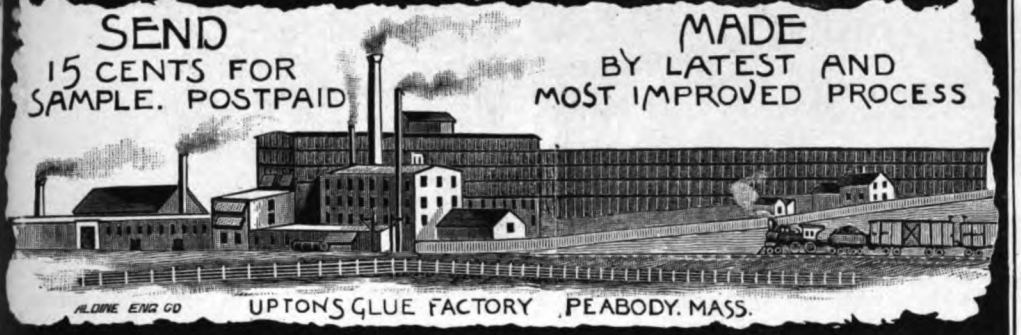

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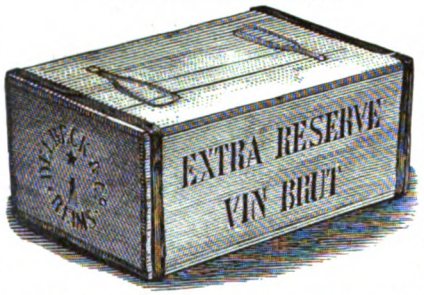

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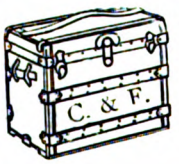

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1888. NUMBER 7

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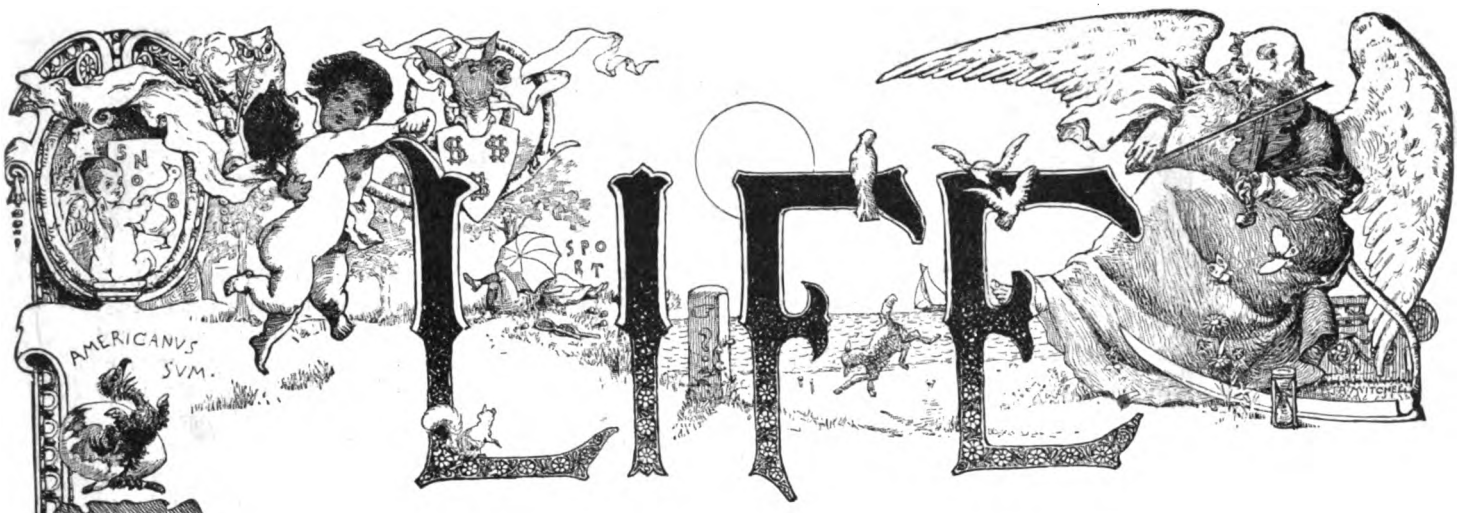

HE WAS OVER SENSITIVE.

"How late Mr. Tawker stayed!"

"He would have stayed till now if I hadn't sent him off."

"I hope you did it politely, Peggy."

"Oh, yes. He was complaining of having to be at the bank so early in the morning, and I only looked up at the clock and said in surprise, 'Why! do you go to business in your dress suit?'"

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

VOL. XI. APRIL 26, 1888. No. 278.

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Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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WHEN time has placed sufficient distance between the future and the present, so that we may measure height in perspective, the verdict of posterity will be that Roscoe Conkling was one of America's greatest, although he was not one of her most eminent, men; and those few of his contemporaries who knew him intimately, are declaring the same verdict to-day. Roscoe Conkling was a man who would be a hero to his valet; a man who never knew what it was to bend the knee before his fellows, who, in whatever circumstances or surroundings he might be placed, was the master of the situation and the leader of the chieftains, and when they refused to come up to his elevated ideas, he washed his hands of their doings. Had he been less a man than he was, had his spirit been less high, his courage less superb, he might, perhaps, have held any position in the gift of the nation. But it was not in his nature to stoop even for the highest favors. His haughty spirit knew no compromise. He was for the right and the honorable course, though the heavens should fall, and expediency knew no place in his views of conduct, political or otherwise.

* * *

THERE can be no better model set for Americans than the life of Roscoe Conkling. He was poor up to the last very few years of his life, when his splendid attainments and abilities, turned to the practice of law, began to bring in a rich return; but his poverty was a badge of honor, and no citizen of this republic was honored or respected more. He was an American of the Americans, respecting neither rank, title, nor wealth when not found with honesty and manliness. He was one of the few men of his time who could afford to ignore the calumnies of his enemies, and who never stooped to an explanation or to refute a slander. Faults he had, of course, but his virtues far overbalanced them; and he will always remain a figure in American history, of which coming generations, as well as the present, may well be proud.

IT is a pity that Mr. Matthew Arnold could not have lived to read his obituary notices in the American newspapers. In the columns of matter that have been devoted to him during the last week, there is scarcely a trace of animosity springing from his late despairing estimate of American civilization. The famous critic could hardly have failed to gain increased respect for a country which received his strictures in such a cheerful humor, and paid them back at short notice with appreciative recognition of his value to the English-speaking world.

* * *

AS a poet and a man of letters, Mr. Arnold had probably a larger and friendlier audience in this country than he had at home. His death, which at any time would inspire great regret, is mourned with peculiar fervor just now when our interest in him has been quickened by the expression of his interest—or lack of interest—in us. We are very sorry he is gone, because he had brains, and what he said or wrote was interesting. But we are especially sorry just now because he had had his fun with us, and we had not finished having our fun with him.

* * *

IT is an amusing thing that the only American who had shown signs of distress at Mr. Arnold's disapproval of our manners, was Mr. Smalley, whose grief was the expression of a mind used to find its world in London, and to recognize British opinion as the highest mundane authority. To us who live at home, dissatisfaction with America has become a recognized trait in the average English character, and a Briton who did not disparage our manners and pessimize our institutions would run no slight risk of having his authenticity questioned. We feel safer over here when our great rival is dissatisfied with us, and the more you think about it the less apt you will be to find it surprising.

* * *

BUT, like most people prosperous enough to be interested in anything beyond their bread and butter, Americans are very grateful to any one who entertains them. Mr. Arnold did that, whether he wrote about Chicago or Tristram and Isolde. At his best he was admirable, and there are very few of his surviving English-writing contemporaries who are able to inspire as much interest as attached to what he did, even when he did it very imperfectly. It would be hard to name any living Briton who could step into Mr. Arnold's shoes, without finding his understanding in ominously easy circumstances.

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UNE FEMME DU PRINTEMPS.

PRISCILLA is an April lass,
And like the April weather,
Will never wear the self-same face
For two whole days together;
And if she swears by all the gods
That she'll be mine, on Sunday,
She's very apt to cross me off
Her list of friends a-Monday.

So when she lends a gracious ear
To my impassioned wooing,
My heart goes down into my boots—
I know too well what's brewing;
And I am never so convinced
She loves me beyond doubting,
As when she scorns my proffered hand
And leaves me, piqued and pouting.

What can one do with such a miss?
Is she a girl to marry
Who, maybe, to the very church
Her whims and cranks would carry?
I vow, I'll not again suggest
The matrimonial tether,
Until she flies a signal flag
For "warm and steady weather!"

M. E. W.

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

EDITOR (*Mail and Express*): Why hasn't the paper gone to press?

FOREMAN: The devil pied the scriptural leader, sir, and it had to be set over again.

MORALISTS teach us that the badness of drink is not the drinking, but the results thereof. Thus it is also with the road to Hades—it is not so much the road as what it leads to.

OPENING THE SEASON.

Mother: WHY, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, ADRIAN——

Adrian: DON'T SAY NUTHIN', MOTHER. DO YOU HEAR THEM SHOUTS? WE HAVE BEATEN THE CHAMPION MUDLUNG NINE AND KILLED AN UMPIRE!

Our artist has attempted to depict the smile which lighted his countenance at this moment.

A PLAIN CASE.

"I HAD NO IDEA THAT MEISSONIER WAS SUCH AN OLD MAN."

"WHY?"

"WHY THIS IS MARKED "FRIEDLAND, 1807;" THAT IS EIGHTY-ONE YEARS AGO, AND NO SMALL BOY PAINTED THAT!

RUS IN URBE.

WAITER (*in up-town restaurant to country groom*): Will you have wine, sir?

COUNTRY GROOM: Well, I dunno; I hadn't thought o' wine. (*To bride*): What d'ye say to some wine, Mariar?

COUNTRY BRIDE (*shyly*): I don't mind, John.

COUNTRY GROOM: All right; it's a go. (*To waiter*): Yes, Mister, bring us two glasses elderberry.

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IT would seem to the ordinary observer that such a celebration as the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington ought to be a public one. There are certainly more than four hundred people in the city who would be pleased to witness the ceremonies, and it seems to us that to limit the number to this figure is just a trifle unwise, and yet the appointment of Mr. Ward McAllister upon the Entertainment Committee is an indication that only the anointed will be permitted to be present. And, indeed, it would seem a pity that any persons should be at the celebration who would be uneasy in a crowd, or cause others to feel uneasy.

* * *

AS it come to this that that pavid and pennigerous philanthropist, the editor, proprietor and wrecker of the *Sun*, has over-reached himself in his efforts to crush his enemy, the moliminous and morigerous Magyar, the editor, proprietor and floater of the *World?* It looks as if this were the case. Mr. Pulitzer, having purchased the site of French's Hotel, opposite the *Sun* office, at Park Row and Frankfort Street, for the erection of a new build- for the *World*, Mr. Dana at once attempts to start a movement to have the property condemned, sold to the city, and used as a part of the terminus of the East River Bridge, advancing many virtuous and disinterested reasons in favor of the project. The *Herald* at once falls in with the *Sun's* argument as to the necessity for better bridge facilities at the New York end, but shows that, in order to carry out such a plan in the best manner, the *Sun* building should also be condemned and sold. And now the *Sun* dare not exploit its pet project, lest it thereby contribute to its own undoing.

WHAT a blessing the French temperament is to the world at large! Almost the only amusing political incident of the present is the Boulanger excitement in Paris. But that same French temperament may, by a very slight transposition of incident, become a menace to the peace of all Europe.

* * *

IF Secretary Bayard marries Mrs. Folsom, he may rest assured that he will remain in the Cabinet for another four years. The President's mother-in-law might make the climate very genial for her distinguished son-in-law if things were not as they should be. But can it be possible that Secretary Bayard is wise enough in his generation to thus lay conduit for office?

* * *

SOME men who have reached the top are getting dangerously near the edge.

* * *

IT is rumored that when M. de Lesseps finishes the Panama Canal, the first vessel to cross the Isthmus will be propelled by the Keely motor.

* * *

ONE EFFECT OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Large Gentleman: SOY, ARE YOU DER FRESH COP? WHAT'S GOIN' TER LOCK ME UP, EH?

* * *

DIDN'T CARE FOR IT.

ETHEL: Did you go to Italy?

HARRIET: Oh my, yes! We stayed there two months.

ETHEL: What do you think of the *lazzaroni?*

HARRIET: Oh, it's awful. I tried some the first day I was there, but it doesn't suit my taste at all.

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ENTIRELY BLAMELESS.

OLD MAN (*to rapid son*): The way you go on, young man, is outrageous! When I was of your age, I hadn't a rich father to supply me with money and pay my debts.

RAPID SON: You ought not to be impatient, father. It's no fault of mine that I have.

CHANGE OF DIET.

SEA CAPTAIN (*to shipwrecked sailor, on raft*): Ahoy, there!

SAILOR (*feebly*): Ahoy, ahoy!

SEA CAPTAIN: Are you the only one left?

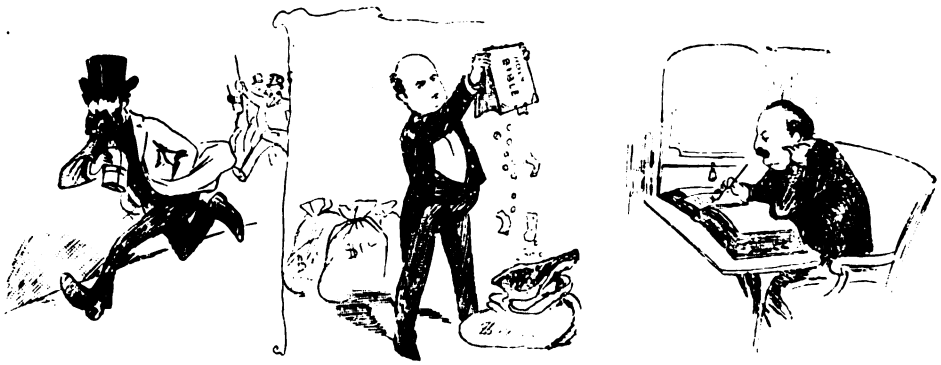
SAILOR: Aye, aye, sir. I finished the last of Bill yesterday.

SEA CAPTAIN: Shiver my timbers, man! You've got ship biscuit enough there to last a month!

SAILOR: Aye, aye, sir; but a man gets tired of eatin' nothin' but ship biscuit.

IT is proposed, as an effectual way of disposing of the surplus, that the Government buy up the unsold copies of all papers having "the greatest circulation in the United States."

BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED US.



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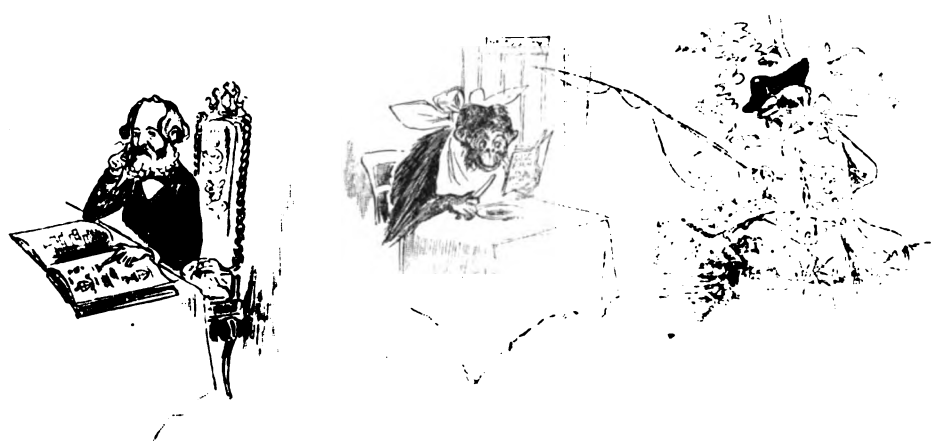

THE PEERAGE.—C. W. F. THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. THE FLY BOOK.

* *Note by the Editor.*—We are unable to discover whether this is the Rev. M—g—n D—x, or, Mr. An—t—y C—ms—k.

TERRIBLY BROKEN.

"AND are you really so badly broke, my friend?" he said, as he tendered the tramp a penny.

"Broke?" was the bitter response. "I'm as badly broke as the ten commandments."

LET us give woman her due. She is a great spoke-in-the-wheel, there's no doubt about it!

But so is Man.

THE DEAD OR THE QUICK.

A COMPLETE NOVEL AFTER AMELIE RIVES.

BLIZZARD I.

MISS BARBARITY POMPADOUR returned to her old Virginia home on a dark, tempestuous night, which had been specially selected for her by the author, so that she could drive through the soughing rain, and allow the ragged trees to brush her face as she dashed onward in the gloom.

When she reached Rosemarry, her aunt rushed into her arms, kissed her, and then disappeared from the story.

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Barbarity was a dashing young widow, who had lost her husband, Valentine, three years before. She was now back at the home they had occupied, and as soon as she recovered from the enervating effects of her aunt's kiss, she asked to be shown to her room. It was her bridal chamber, and its familiar aspect threw her into convulsions. Everything there reminded her of Valentine. She had strength to bear it, however, until she discovered a half-smoked cigarette in her manicure set. She drew back in horror, for it was one of Val's stubs. She picked it up at last, and kissed it passionately.

BLIZZARD II.

The next morning she got up feeling much better, and went out into the woods. She returned in the evening singing "White Wings." As she entered the drawing-room, she was met by her husband's cousin, Dock Jeering, and she fainted at the sight of him, for he was the very image of Val. and he had many of the latter's artless Virginia ways, such as expectorating on the floor and eating pie with a knife. The prospect of mashing Dock, however, soon restored her to consciousness; when Dock saw her profile he acknowledged himself mashed.

A few days after, he called upon her as she was seated in the crotch of an old tree, and avowed his admiration for her profile. They conversed jauntily for awhile, and then stepped out of the sun-flecked forest into the teeth of a storm that had been hanging around the woods until the author should need it.

In a burst of passionate longing, she said in a low, sulphuric whisper:

"You understand me."

"Let me give you one of my galvanic thoughts," said he; "I like you."

She gazed at him with sparkling eyes, and allowed him to hold her hand. Then, after raving about Valentine, when the storm let up a little, she permitted Dock to throw his arms around her.

BLIZZARD III.

For three weeks Barbarity did not see Dock. But one afternoon he came around, and after kissing the back of her wrist, as was his courtly habit, he took his seat in a nestling fashion on the door-mat.

The kiss burned into Barbarity's conscience so deeply that she dismissed Dock, ran up to her room, and drowned her remorse by standing before her mirror, where she proceeded to address a few uncomplimentary remarks to the image therein. She grew so cold with horror that she froze the fire in the grate.

Dock, the living, and Val. the dead, were now pronounced rivals for Barbarity's affections. It worried Dock a great deal, but Val. pursued the even tenor of his way, and didn't seem to mind it at all. Dock finally retreated to New York. There he received a letter from Barbarity, bidding him farewell forever. He accordingly lighted four gas burners in his room, took a Turkish bath, and went to a comic opera.

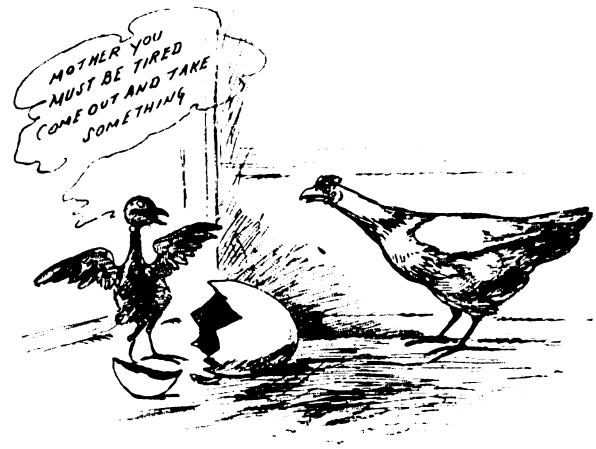
BLIZZARD IV.

A few days after, she telegraphed him, "Come to me."

He packed his valise, and went back to Virginia, where he was welcomed by Barbarity with all the fervor of a human Vesuvius. She sank into his arms.

A week of ecstasy followed. Dock and Barbarity were dreaming Love's young dream. They were now on the brink of matrimony, but Dock's good fortune had not quite deserted him. One day a terrific storm, of the author's best construction, broke loose, and Barbarity was caught in it. She was terribly frightened by the thunder, and she discovered by the glare of the lightning that she couldn't marry Dock. When she got home she so informed him.

And he, after telling Barbarity that he had had his opinion of her all along, put his wearing apparel into his valise, and went over to the nearest saloon. In the meantime, Barbarity had gone up to her room, donned her wrapper, and was deeply absorbed in the last number of the New York *Ledger*.



LAMENTABLE PRECOCITY OF A NEW YORK CHICKEN.

READY FOR BUSINESS.

CITIZEN (*to undertaker*): Fine establishment you've got here, Mr. Mould.

UNDERTAKER: Yes; we are getting things in shape. I hope, Mr. Smith, that when you want anything in my line you will bear me in mind; and should you not be in a condition to er—um—attend to the matter personally, I trust your friends will not forget me.

AN INOPPORTUNE TIME.

REPORTER (*to servant*): I want to ask Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes if he intends to present Mr. Sherman's name before the Chicago Convention.

SERVANT: Misther Hayes, sorr, is a-feedin' the chickens, an' can't be disthoorbed.

BOOMSTINGS.

THE MANY VIRTUES OF THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.

A VERY pretty book has been made of the poems in negro dialect, by A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page, published under the title, "Befo' de War" (Scribner's). The authors are Virginia gentlemen, writers of good short stories, the first a resident of Staunton, the other of Richmond. The dialect is, therefore, Virginian, and less complicated than "Uncle Remus's." It is melodious, and lends itself to flexible versification.

If there are still Northern men (outside of political newspapers) who believe that the Southern white man and negro are hereditary foes, they should be convinced of their mistake by the tenor of Southern literature. In prose and verse, some of the proudest Southerners for a decade have been glorifying the faithfulness, good-humor, and tender sentiments of those who, a little while ago, were their slaves. We cannot recall a single Southern story in which a negro is

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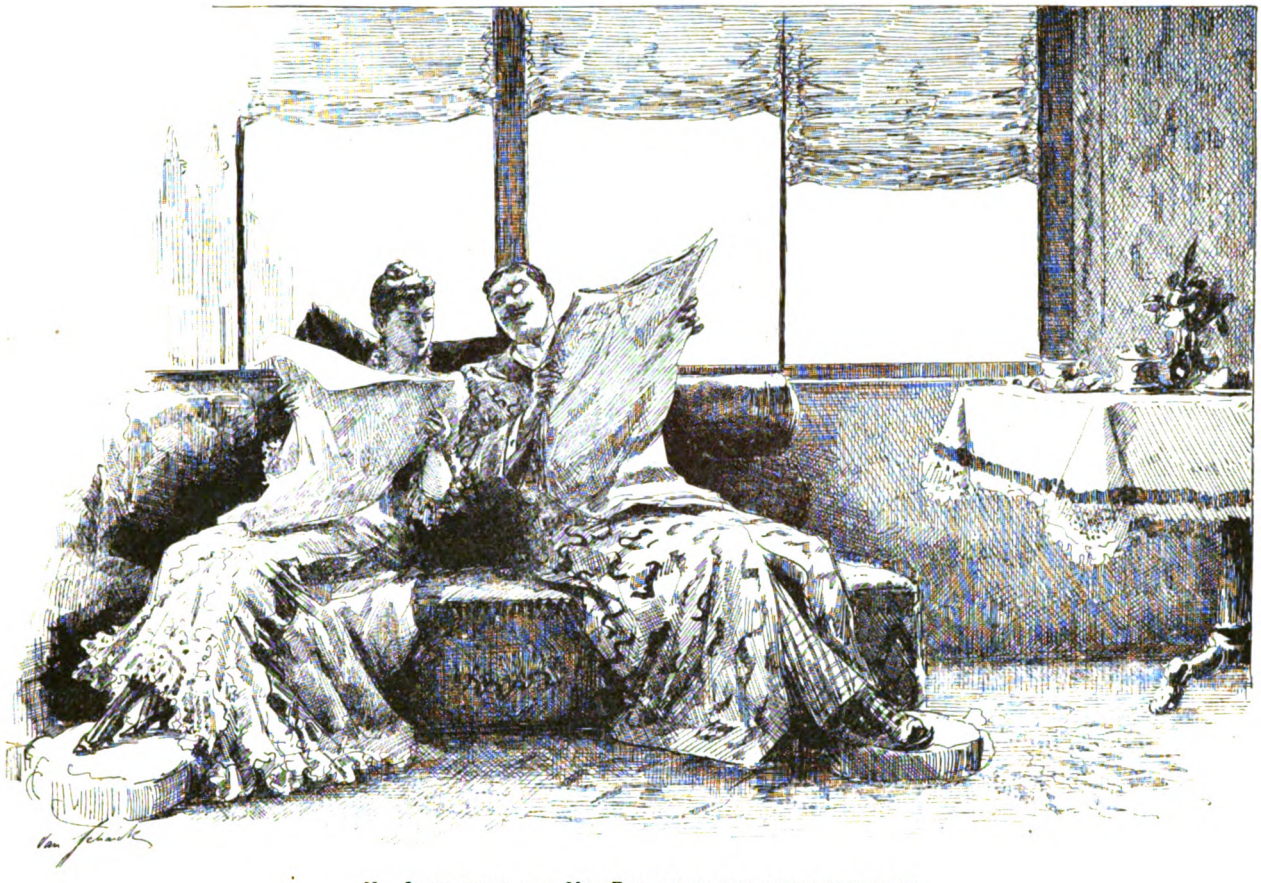

He: I SEE THAT OLD MR. BENTLY WAS BURIED YESTERDAY.
Wife (shocked): WHY, IS OLD MR. BENTLY DEAD?
He (who has just been "sat upon"): THE PAPER DOESN'T SAY WHETHER HE IS DEAD OR NOT; SIMPLY THAT HE WAS BURIED YESTERDAY.

made to play the villain's part; he is always the good angel in the drama, bringing comfort and help when it is most needed. His blackest crime, in these tales, is chicken stealing—and that generally for a praiseworthy object.

* * *

SO, if you sift the motive of these poems, you will find only kindly feeling, and even admiration for the negro. He is singing the praises of his old master, lamenting the end of the old days, risking his life for "young Marster," longing to return to the plantation, and, in short, is an humble but persistent optimist—happy, contented, appreciative.

Indeed, if the Southern writers are to be believed, the negro possesses most of those virtues, abundantly and naturally, which civilization struggles hard to cultivate by means of education and religion—and with indifferent success.

* * *

THE most attractive thing about "Agatha Page" (Ticknor's), by Isaac Henderson, is the frontispiece, after a picture by Félix Moscheles. The story is a study of a peculiarly heartless woman—or, rather, one whose affections always selected the wrong object. (For *Mercede*, not *Agatha*, is the central figure of the tale.) The characters are Italian nobles, and their wives and daughters, who (as we know from Italian opera) have an unusual code of morals which does not appeal to the Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Crawford, in "To Leeward," and other novels, has worked this field assiduously.

In the light of these works we can heartily congratulate ourselves that it is the Italian of the "lower classes" who emigrates to the United States and cleans our streets, extricates us from blizzards, and builds our railroads.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

MRS. SPARKS, OF PARIS. By A. Curtis Bond. New York: Pollard & Moss.

Three Kingdoms. By Harlan H. Ballard. New York: The Writers Publishing Co.

Before the Curfew. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Andiatorocté. By the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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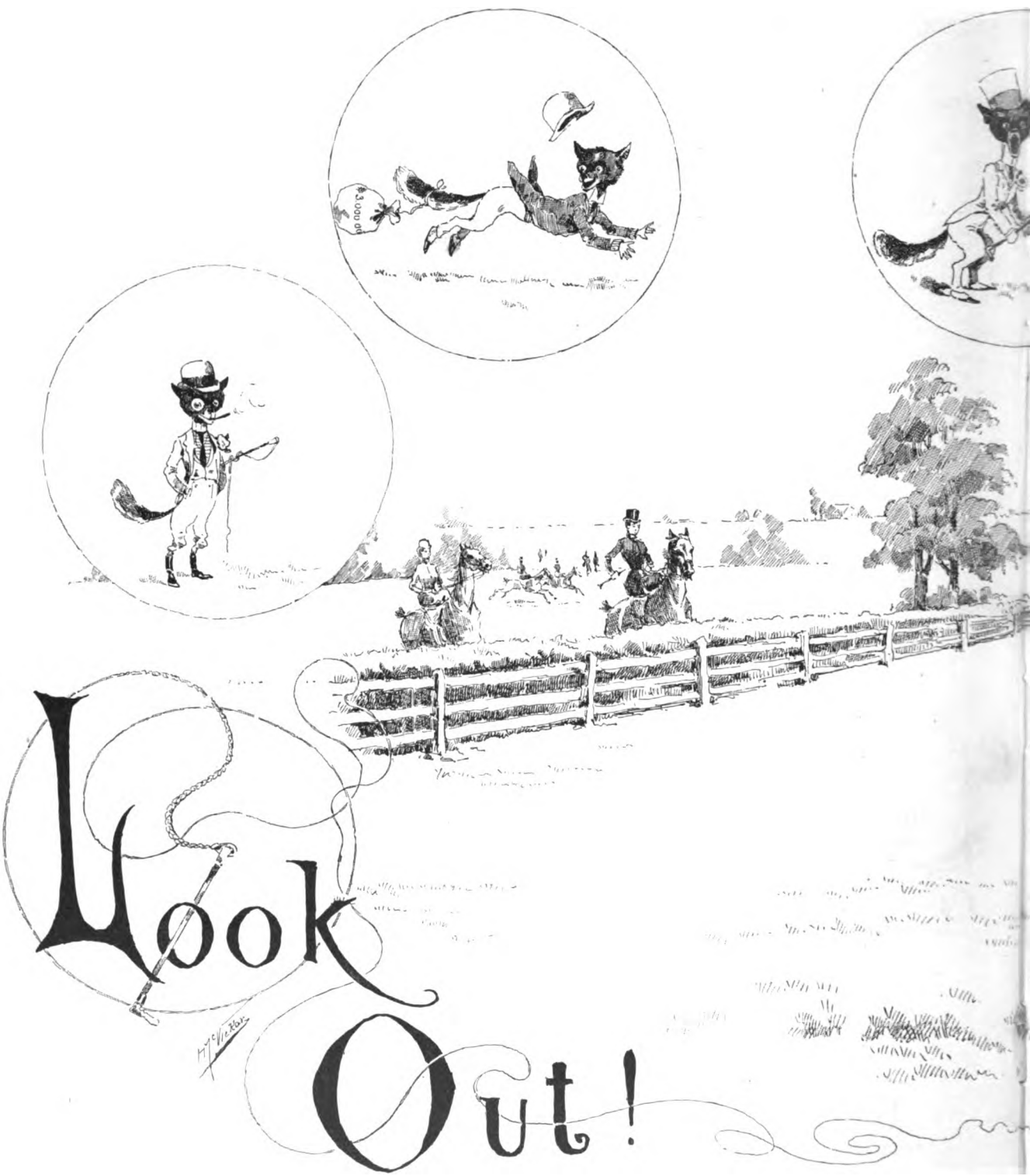

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ROSINA VOKES.

ROSINA VOKES, to whom America is indebted for a knowledge of the circumstance that refined burlesque is an extant art, is in New York again, at Daly's, with her company, and with additions to their repertoire. "A Game of Cards" and "The Circus Rider" were the new plays given last week. In the first Miss Vokes does not appear. In the second she does, and with unusual credit even to her, the foremost artiste in her line.

Given the ordinary theatre-goer of average intelligence, and to him put the query whether an actress can portray a circus rider and give an imitation thereof in a drawing-room, a divan taking the place of the steed of the ring, and said artiste leaping and dancing thereon, cracking a whip with shouts of enthusiasm, all without action or word that could offend the most sensitive taste, and that ordinary theatre-goer of average intelligence would be likely to respond that he could not conceive of such phenomena without straining his imagination hurtfully. After he has seen Miss Vokes in "The Circus Rider" he will change his opinion.

"The Circus Rider" is an adaptation from the German by Mrs. Charles Doremus. Dean Swift tells us that nothing gains by translation with the exception of a Bishop, but it is hard to believe that this little extravaganza was any cleverer in the original than is Mrs. Doremus's English version. *Lord Weldon* is a young nobleman of rapid proclivities who is engaged to *Lady Lucille Grafton*. He has made an engagement for supper at his country house with a circus rider of the London Hippodrome, who, in deference to the proprieties, is to make the breaking down of her coach at his door the excuse for her presence. Before the circus rider appears, *Lord Weldon* is called away, by a note from his mother, to dine with his fiancée, and he leaves his friend *Lord Merton*, a frank and ingenuous youngster, to entertain his expected guest. *Lady Lucille Grafton's* carriage happens to break down before *Lord Weldon's* door after his departure, and *Lord Merton* entertains his friend's fiancée as the supposed circus rider, from which mistake innumerable amusing complications arise.

The feature of the other new play, "A Game of Cards," is Mr. Felix Morris's portrayal of the *Chevalier de Rocheferrier*, an ancient and rickety French nobleman, who is living upon the bounty of his less aristocratic friend, *M. Mercier*, the gentilhomme's son being betrothed to the bourgeois's daughter. A quarrel of the parents over a game of cards separates the lovers. *Mercier* is willing to make it up, but the chevalier refuses, whereupon his son, a young physician, gives his father an opiate; and when he is restored to consciousness, the trio make him believe that he dreamed of the quarrel. Mr. Morris's portrayal of this character indicates an unusual talent on his part for eccentric comedy. The same actor carried out this impression by his impersonation of the *Baron de Ratoplan* in the "Pantomime Rehearsal," the part being substituted for Grossmith's *Lord Arthur* in the comedietta.

* * *

LOVERS of the Forrest-McCullough school of acting, and of the old-line plays in which those giants won their laurels and shekels, are called upon to rally to the support of their legitimate successor, Mr. Louis James and his prettier half, Marie Wainwright. Mr. James does not put as much soap in his froth as did the lamented Forrest, nor does he chew up so many acres of scenery as did Mr. McCullough. He has toned down these peculiarities of the old school to meet modern requirements, and plays the old parts with dignity and grace if not with genius. It is a pity, though, that nature has been so generous with Mr. James in the matter of front teeth and so niggardly in the matter of upper lip. These discrepancies combined with the strong lines extending from his nose downwards give Mr. James a sneering and malevolent appearance which suggests that his nostrils are offended by some odor and that he is angry with the Board of Health.

IF Mrs. Langtry cares to give up the stage, she could make lots of money running a business college.

They have not met since childhood's happy hour. Each notices the change time has wrought in the other—At last they speak— "HAVE YOU BEEN TO THE CIRCUS?"

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TALE OF A DOG.

A CONSCIENTIOUS CHILD.

The Minister: AND WHAT KIND OF A MAN, FLOSSIE, DO YOU THINK YOU WILL MARRY WHEN YOU GROW UP?

Clara: WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER, FLOSSIE?

Flossie: I HARDLY KNOW, SIR; I DON'T THINK IT'S RIGHT FOR ME TO THINK ABOUT MARRIAGE UNTIL SISTER CLARA IS OUT OF THE WAY.

A PROMISING OUTLOOK.

STRIKER (*to wife*): Well, what success?

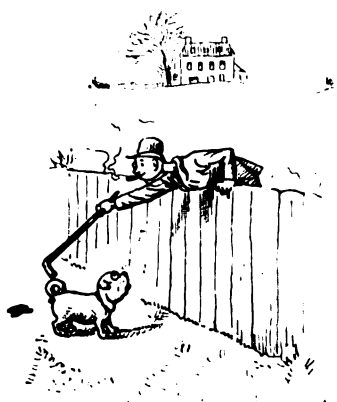
WIFE: Very good, John. Mrs. Smith will give me a week's wash to-morrow, and she thinks she can find some plain sewing for me to do.

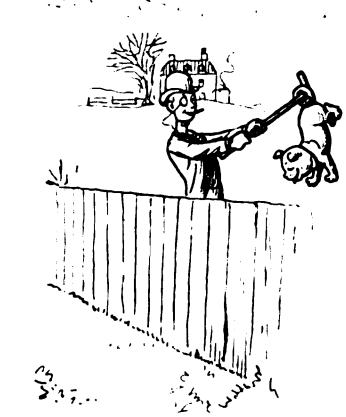
STRIKER (*enthusiastically*): Splendid! We'll make the company get down on its knees yet!

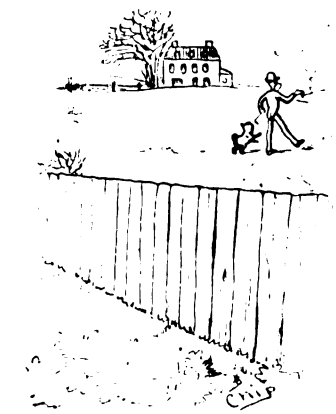
ONE CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

VISITOR (*to convict*): I s'pose they treat you well here, my friend?

CONVICT: Yes, sir; I have no complaints to make; but there is one thing I don't like. Every Sunday mornin' in the chapel, they set me next to one of these 'ere shoutin' Methodists, an' 'tain't pleasant fer a man wot was born an' brought up a 'Piscopalian.







A GAY young coquette is Miss Julia,
With flattery seeks she to rulia;
But 'twere best to beware,
Else you'll find that, though fair,
This maiden is seeking to fulia.

"TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD."

STARVELY: I didn't see you at McGlynn's lecture last night.

GUFFINS: No; I've started a little society of my own—poker club, you know—I rake in the ante, and the other fellows take the poverty.

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STRANGE SIGNS.

OF all the exhortations
I never could abide,
Is the one that notifies me
To "Shine Inside."

'Tis most absurd to tell me
By a sign at which I glance,
As I enter some Volksgarten,
That "Ladies' Entrance."

Did I ever up and question
That I should shine inside,
And that the bright interior light
Should be my guide?

And does any one imagine
That ladies don't entrance?
What need of signs to say these things,
With circumstance?

EXPERIENCE.

OFFICE-BOY (*to Jay Gould*): What shall I do with these letters to the newspapers you have just written, sir?

JAY GOULD: Burn them.

IF stolen jokes could go to Heaven when they died, what an accusing throng would meet at the Gate Beautiful when the shade of a religious periodical appeared!

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

Doctor Duck (*very near-sighted*): YOU WANT SOMETHING? HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO EAT A SQUARE MEAL IN THREE WEEKS? WELL, MY GOOD SIR, YOU JUST TAKE THIS BOTTLE OF MY OSTRICH TONIC, AND IT WILL GIVE YOU A SPLENDID APPETITE.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

Man-not-afraid-of-a-drunk (*who has just returned to his father's wigwam after a year's travel abroad*): AH! THE MISSIONARIES MUST HAVE BEEN AT WORK HERE, FOR I SEE ONE OF THE SIGNS OF CIVILIZATION.

A MERCIFUL JUDGE.

"BUT, your Honor," pleaded the prisoner, "the physician's evidence is to the effect that I cannot live to serve a sentence of five years."

"Inasmuch as the jury has recommended you to the mercy of the court," responded his Honor, "and in view of the precarious condition of your health, therefore be it known that I hereby reverse the sentence of five years, and simply send you up for life."

MOTHER GOOSE.

(AS RENDERED BY W—T WH-TM-N.)

WHERE the north wall of the domicile of the Horner family impinges upon the east wall of the same habitation,

Forming a right angle,

One day sat the diminutive and juvenile scion of the house, whose prænomen was Jack,

Engaged in converting into bodily pabulum a plethoric piece of pastry of the Christmas variety—

Pie, circumferential, obese, and containing seventeen twinges of stomach-ache to the cubic inch;

Pie, whose inner recesses were filled with the edible fruit of a tree of the genus *Prunus*.

(Fruit luscious, a drupe, containing a nut or stone, with prominent sutures, and enclosing a kernel.)

Inserting therein the digit attached to the metacarpus, in close proximity to the carpus—

Digit short, thick, and not infrequently called the thumb—

He extracted from its interior department, a specimen of the drupe aforesaid, and observed, in a large, red tone of voice: "What an extensive specimen of the immature genus homo am I—big, massive, somewhat excessive, lengthy in circumference, and proportionately altitudinous, if not more so!"

Wm. H. Siviter.

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

COME into the garden, Maud,
And see the daisies sprout,
Ere Greeley turns the cold wave on
To close the business out.
—*Washington Critic.*

DIMINUTIVE HUSBAND (*who has been dining late at the club*): I wanter be a kin' an' indulgent husban'.

MUSCULAR WIFE (*contemptuously*): Oh, you do!

"Yesh, my dear. I do—don't come (*hic*) home and beat you wizzer poker, do I?"

"Not much!"

"An' I won't drag you (*hic*) roun' hair'f your head, will I?"

"I'll bet you won't. Now climb up to bed or I'll pitch you off the balcony."—*Texas Siftings.*

ELDER JONES: Well, Brother Smith, how many have you in your church?

ELDER SMITH: Oh, two hundred and some odd. How many have you?

ELDER JONES: Two hundred and all odd.—*Burlington Free Press.*

WESTERNER: Why do you Easterners *guess* so much?

EASTERNER: Why do you Westerners gas so much?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

JUDGE: You say you want a divorce from your wife?

"Yes, if your Honor please."

"But reflect for a moment that you have lived together nearly half a century."

"Well, haven't I suffered long enough?"—*Texas Siftings.*

PROFESSOR IN ENGLISH: How is it that you got B on your first examination, Mr. Fresleigh, and your last paper hardly deserves E

FRESLEIGH: I—I w-was not well, sir.

PROFESSOR: Ah, indeed! On which occasion?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

FIRST BALDHEAD: That's a beautiful piece the orchestra is playing.

SECOND BALDHEAD: Ah, it is one that will always haunt me.

"Why?"

"It is the only one my daughter knows."—*New Haven News.*

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY OFFICER OF BOSTON: That's Bunker Hill.

A. H. A. OFFICER OF LONDON: Fahncy! It don't seem to be very steep, y' know!

A. H. A. OFFICER OF BOSTON: That was always the trouble with it! Why, during the fight in 1776 the Boston girls had to come out and tip the hill up on edge so that your grandfathers could roll off.

A. H. A. OFFICER OF LONDON: Fahncy!—*Tid-Bits.*

DRUGGIST (*in alarm, to boy*): James, run to Mrs. Smith's at once. I've made an awful mistake!

JAMES (*seizing his hat*): Morphine—quinine—arsenic—

DRUGGIST: No, no; she sent for ten cents' worth of one-cent stamps, and I sent her ten twos!—*N. Y. Sun.*

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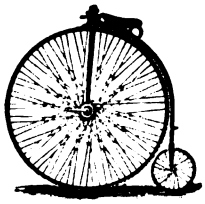

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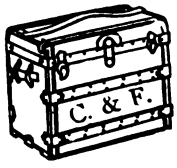

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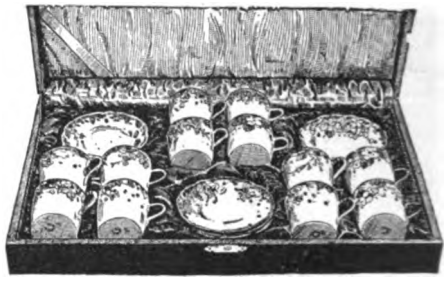

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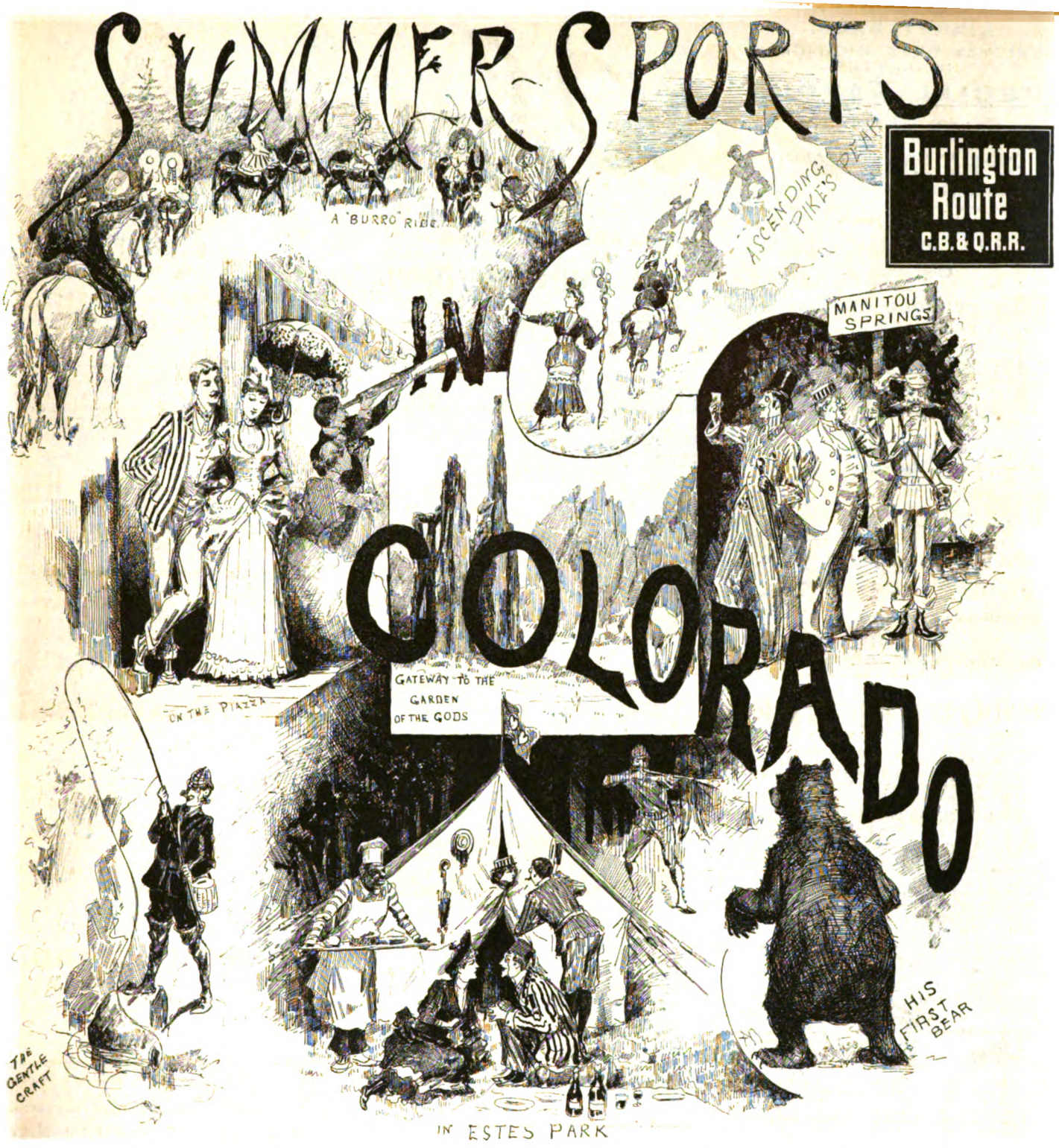

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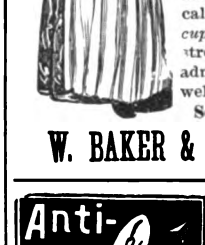

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GILDED YOUTH (*caressing his upper lip*): Ah, Miss Hattie, don't you think a mustache is very becoming to a man?

MISS HATTIE: Certainly, Mr. Cradle.

GILDED YOUTH: And how do you think they should be worn?

MISS HATTIE: Well, I can't say exactly; but somewhere.—*Tid-Bits.*

"WHERE are you working now?" asked another kid as he met our office-boy on the street.

"Beg pardon?"

"Where are you working now?"

"I don't quite understand—"

"Oh, excuse me. I meant to ask where were you drawing your salary?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

NEW YORK TO THE FRONT!

A Matter Which Concerns You.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should longer be ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength.

NEW YORK (143 Third Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—After using "Warner's Safe Cure," I take pleasure in stating that I have found it the greatest remedy for the kidneys in the world. I would inform you that I followed the profession of a "Pedestrian" for upwards of twenty years and am proud to state that I retired as Champion Endurance Pedestrian of the world. I then became manager of Walking and Bicycle Matches. The severe strain told upon my kidneys. I suffered untold misery. I was induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after taking six (6) bottles, I am enabled to say I am better than I have been in ten years. I will with pleasure answer any parties who may desire information.

Harry Brooks.

BROOKLYN (458 Henry St.), January 31, 1888.—Last summer I suffered much from malaria, and was recommended by a friend to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and am pleased to say it worked a most successful cure.

James D. Clunz

NEW YORK CITY (157 W. 23d St.), Jan. 25, 1888.—For about ten years, up to three years ago, I was suffering the most excruciating and unbearable pains in the left side, continually belching up wind, with a tired and languid feeling. I am a conductor on the Elevated Railway, and was when I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure." I used to lose on an average four days every month with these horrible pains. I tried lots of doctors and lots of medicine, but of no avail, until a friend came along and told me about "Warner's Safe Cure." I think I took about eighteen or twenty bottles, entirely driving the pain away, relieving me of that languid feeling, giving me a better color and good appetite.

Abraham C Johnson

NEW YORK (No. 30 E. 22d St.), Feb. 3d, 1888.—My son has been taking "Warner's Safe Cure" for two years and he seems to be entirely cured of his trouble, which the doctors pronounced at that time Bright's Disease.

H. M. Libbie

BROOKLYN (141 Myrtle Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—I have been employed on the Union Ferry Co. since 1848, and enjoyed good health until I was ruptured twenty-three years ago. Five years ago I was cured of the rupture, and then taken with Hydrocele and was operated on by Dr. Burnham, of New York City, the last operation being performed in 1886 at 222 Pearl Street, Brooklyn. Since that time I have had a gathering of water in the stomach and weakness of the kidney. Last fall I was recommended to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have found great relief in my kidneys and stomach.

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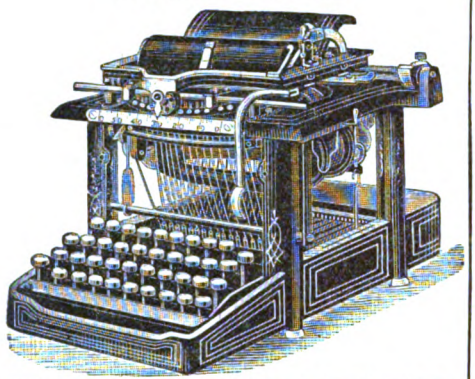

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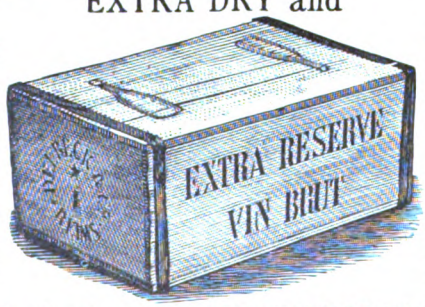

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Jane: BLEASE, BA'AB, I STAYED AD HOBE TO BE QUEED OF THE BAY.

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

VOL. XI. MAY 3, 1888. No. 279

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WISDOM, according to the original Solomon, crieth at the gates at the entry of every city: "Oh, ye simple, understand wisdom; and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart." Asking pardon of Mr. Elliott F. Shepard for venturing to quote from his Bible, we would like to draw the attention of Mrs. Wisdom to three classes of fools who have recently made themselves conspicuous, such as even Solomon in all his glory never beheld; for surely a fool, who is a fool in an enlightened age, deserves more credit as a fool than one who lived in an age of superstition, when the least mysterious phenomena of nature were not understood and the wise men could not explain the simple natural laws that the school-boy of to-day is familiar with.

* * *

THESE three classes of fools are the Esoteric Buddhists, who have recently concluded a convention in Chicago; the believers in Spiritualism, who have been warmed into new life by the Diss Debar-Marsh affair; and the "Christian Scientists," who have just killed another victim in Medford, Massachusetts. All three of these classes are composed exclusively of knaves and fools, for one could not exist without the other. The fool needs the knave to impose upon him, or else he could not be a Theosophist, a Spiritualist, or a "Christian Scientist;" and, of course, the knave needs the fool to make his living out of and practise his impostures upon. It is like the positive and negative poles of a magnet, one would be inoperative without the other. To present one or two instances: there is Diss Debar the knave, positive current, and Marsh, the fool, negative; Mme. Blavatsky the knave, and Professor Elliott F. Coues the fool—positive and negative; the "Christian Science" (blasphemy of blasphemies!) physician the knave, and her patient the fool, who suffers a terrible death as the penalty of her folly.

* * *

AND what can we do about it? We can make laws punishing these swindlers mercilessly, and when we have reached to a higher degree of civilization we shall make just such laws. To murder people by "Christian science" is a terrible crime, but it is the least terrible of the evils brought about by the three classes of knaves and fools we have specified. For surely to put a man to death is less hurtful to him and to the community than to innoculate him with mental and moral disease, as the other two cults are sure to do, and send him abroad to spread the contagion.

* * *

FOR the comfort of those of us who grieve over the sorrows of the Hohenzollerns, the assurance is given that if the match falls through between Alexander Battenberg and the Princess Victoria there will be no broken hearts. The young people, it seems, have only met twice, and have scarcely got beyond that preliminary stage of acquaintance wherein the weather, the waltz and the last new novel form the staples of conversation. They are simply in the hands of their match-making friends, and Prince Bismarck, with a recalcitrant digestion, is a fitter object of sympathy than either of them.

* * *

WHAT if Mayor Hewitt's father did display the British coat-of-arms over the door of his shop half a century ago? Is that any reason why the Irish flag should be flaunted from the City Hall dome on the day that the natives of Erin brave pneumonia and dipsomania in honor of St. Patrick, the benevolent and pious French gentleman, who was educated in Italy and canonized in Ireland? And would the fact that there had been such a coat-of arms over the paternal shop detract from the Mayor's courage in refusing to be dictated to by the immigrants in the Board of Aldermen?

* * *

NO. If Hewitt *père* had had the lion and the unicorn painted on his sidewalk, embroidered on his coat-tails, or branded on his carriage horses, it would have no bearing upon the issue between the Mayor and the Aldermen. And, by the way, the Irish politicians are certainly doing their best to alienate the sympathy of the Americans from their cause in Ireland.

* * *

THE wise man we have previously quoted—with apologies to Mr. Shepard—once declared that there were three things too wonderful for him—yea, four, which he knew not: the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid. If Solomon were *au fait* of municipal affairs, he might add to his list, the way of a District-Attorney with a boodler's trial. Colonel Fellows is an expensive experiment.

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APRIL.

APRIL has gone into history and left Bismarck on the records in a new role, and an unsuccessful one, attempting to prevent the marriage of the expelled Prince of Bulgaria, Alexander of Battenberg, to a Princess who is abundantly able to support him; while in France, Boulanger has risen triumphant over his enemies, and been given sufficient opportunity to build castles in the air, and even to think of a possible parallel in the future between his own career and that of the other warrior that France worshipped for a while.

* * *

IN our own glorious country we have witnessed the beginning of a tariff fight which we have not yet heard the end of by any means. But, as revolutions do not go backward, it is certain enough that the cohorts of the tariff reformers will storm the high tariff castle and that victory will perch upon their banners.

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DONNELLY'S ERROR.

IN searching Shakespeare, Donnelly
His subject has mistaken;
'Twas *Hogg* he should have scrutinized,
If he suspected Bacon.

* * *

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Great Master in the Manly Art, has avenged us nobly of the aspersions cast by Matthew Arnold. Says Mr. Sullivan: "I was surprised to find the prize-fighting fraternity of England such a low class of people. I would not dare to introduce any of them to Mrs. Sullivan. They are so different from the American boys, who know how to behave in company." And now we would rather like to have Mr. Ward McAllister repeat his assertion that only four hundred people in New York are at ease in a ball-room in Mr. Sullivan's presence.

* * *

BALTIMORE "CULCHAH."

THE fiat has gone forth that the streets of Baltimore shall no longer be desecrated by the German band, or the hand-organ. This is the kind of intellectual progress we should expect from a town famous only for its pretty girls and its terrapin. Far be it from LIFE to disparage either of these things, but their existence does not, of necessity, imply the highest form of mental development. In fact, Baltimore bears about the same relation to literature that the circus does to "Paradise Lost." Hereafter, in that home of science, the many thousands to whom the street-band is a relaxation and a pleasure, must bow their heads to the aggressive "culture" of that sporty metropolis.

* * *

MR. E. P. ROE, the James Owen O'Connor of romantic literature, advertises this high praise from ex-Superintendent of Police Thomas C. Acton upon his last great novel, "An Original Belle:" "I have had much pleasure in reading 'An Original Belle,' and consider it extremely well written." It takes a policeman to criticise Roe's works, but it should be done with a club.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.
CH——CY D-I-W.

PROFOUND thinkers these Englishmen, and the fellows who would like to be—the Canadians! Professor Goldwin Smith, in that address at the St. George's dinner that got him into trouble, told us that Englishmen were coming over here to be naturalized and acquire the right to vote, in order to counteract Irish influence in American politics, to the end that America should extend less sympathy to Ireland in her struggle for home rule. The Irish ought to encourage this movement, for every Englishman who comes over here for this purpose takes a Conservative vote away from his own country, and if enough of them tear themselves away, they will soon leave a Liberal majority.

* * *

ASHAMED OF HIS GRANDFATHER.

FERGUSON: I say, here is Charlie Gouvernor's wedding notice. It says he is the son of John Gouvernor, and the great-grandson of old George Gouverneur. What the deuce did his grandfather do that he left him out?

WIGGINS: Why, haven't you heard? The grandfather worked and made the boodle.

* * *

IT was Dexter's misfortune that his demise should have been overshadowed by the death of a group of distinguished men. In the mortality of an average week, the King of the Turf would have ranked at the top of the mortuary notices; but, considered beside Arnold, Conkling and Agnew, the horse becomes only a horse, and gains no more than secondary attention. But in his day he was the best of his class. Greater praise than that it is hard to formulate.

* * *

BROTHER SHEPARD modestly congratulated himself, last week, to the extent of a half column, upon his first month's management of the *Mail and Express*, and came out the next day with the astonishing statement at the head of the editorial columns: "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Brother Shepard is obviously a sanguine man.

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SOMETHIN' TO SAY.

(With apologies to J. W. Riley.)

SOMETHIN' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet, I've somethin' to say!
Some fathers might let things take their course, but *your* dad ain't built that way.
Yer see, I work for a livin' now, and I earn enough for two;
But I'll be gol darned if I'm goin' to feed another along with you.

If you wanted to marry a decent man, who was earnin' decent pay,
Most likely I'd tell you to go ahead, and hurry and set the day;
But I know the wuthless dude you want, and I know his little lay.
Somethin' to say, my daughter? Well, you bet, I've somethin' to say!

Now don't be cryin', daughter, and don't feel hard at me—
You'd know you'd better be single, if only you could see;
But to think of your marryin' such a man as lazy young Dandy Jim—
Though, 'f he knew enough to earn his salt, don't know's I'd object to him.

It isn't him at all, you say; but the old man millionaire?—
Why, child, you make your father proud; just let me kiss you—there!
And you want me to add my blessing, and come to the house and stay?
Well, I guess you can manage your own machine, and I ain't got nothin' to say.

C. N. Hood.

AN HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

IN 1868, when Seymour and Grant were running for President, there was a gathering of the Second Adventists, in July, at Milwaukee. These people, it will be remembered, believed that the world was coming to an end in September. One morning one of the clergymen found a democrat from Kentucky and a republican discussing the approaching election. He said:

"Gentlemen, there is no use in discussing this question, for before that time the Lord will reign triumphant throughout the world."

The democrat replied, "I will bet you twenty-five dollars he can't carry Kentucky."

AN OUTSIDE STUDY.

OLD BOGGS: I've come up to see about these bills o' yourn, Harry.

HARRY: Yes, sir; but you know a scientific education is very expensive.

OLD BOGGS: I dessay it is, Harry; but if you took mathematics instead of poker it would not only be less expensive, but might prove of more use to you later.

"THE penny's mighty," quoted the tramp, as he pleaded for the price of a night's lodging.

"Guess the sward will do you to-night," growled the unpoetic Bobley, as he vanished in the gathering dusk.

A THING APART.

Miss A.: I FIND YOUR FRIEND QUITE ENTERTAINING—WHEN HE FORGETS HIMSELF. IS HE AN AMERICAN OR AN ENGLISHMAN?

Mr B.: NEITHER. HE'S A BOSTONIAN.

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FACTS.

HE who courts and runs away,
May live to court another day;
But he who courts and will not wed,
May find himself in court instead.

BOOKISHNESS.

A NEW VIEW OF THE MIGHTY EDWARDS'S IRON HEEL.

MARGARET DELAND is the author of "The Old Garden"—a successful volume of verse with a very pretty cover. She has just made a venture in another field with the novel "John Ward, Preacher," (Houghton). Several attractive qualities may be frankly recognized in it. The picture of the quiet New England village of Ashurst—twelve miles from a railroad, untouched by the spirit of manufacturing, respectable for more than a century, and always conscious of its half-dozen "fine families"—is drawn with a faithful, gentle touch. Indeed, the merits of the book are best expressed by the minor characters—*Dr. Howe*, the benign and not unworldly rector; *Mr. Denner*, the only lawyer in the place, and those two delightful maiden ladies, the *Misses Woodhouse*.

* * *

BUT the central conception of the story, for which all the principal characters are called into existence, is wholly erroneous and provokingly narrow. This is not the place for a theological criticism, but in the general interest of accuracy and truth, one or two things must be said about the theological part of this novel.

The author has attempted to portray through *John Ward* the New England idea of Presbyterianism as contrasted with Universalism and Episcopalianism. *John Ward* is a sincere believer in a Hell with many of the old-fashioned appointments for the punishment of the wicked. His wife is a New England girl who loves *John Ward* passionately but hates his theology. To summarize the motive briefly—the preacher, after all means of persuasion have failed, banishes his wife from his home till she shall assent to his belief in Hades, which he considers essential to salvation. He does this while protesting his intense love for her—and proves it by dying of his mental suffering from her absence.

* * *

IF there is one thing more than another in which New England provincialism asserts itself, it is in the serene way it always claims a monopoly of truth—natural and revealed. The methods of this Truth Monopoly (as so forcibly expounded by Brooks Adams in the "Emancipation of Massachusetts") outstripped the Standard Oil Company in intolerance and arrogance. Even to the present day these emancipated Puritans continue to believe that other sects

A TOUCH OF KINDNESS.

Gentleman in Upper Mansion: MRS. MORIARTY, WOULD YEZ BE SO KIND AS TO LEND ME THE LOAN OF THIS BOTTLE FULL OF LIQUOR. I'M A-GOIN' TO BATE THE OULD 'OOMAN, AN' I HAVEN'T GOT THE HEART TO DO IT WHILST I'M SOBER!

are in the darkness from which they themselves so tardily emerged.

New England knows nothing about Presbyterianism; there are hardly a score of its churches in that region. Its cradle was the Middle States; there it was planted by a different class of men from the New England Puritans. Those Scotch-Irish pioneers may have had the creed of Calvin, but they also had the tender, tolerant heart and broad sympathy which was later expressed in the poetry of Burns. And to-day their descendants, who have spread all over the South and West, are the broad-minded, aggressive, enlightened men who add so much to the worth and wealth of every community in which they live.

* * *

THIS is merely a prelude to saying that Presbyterianism does not produce men like *John Ward*, and we doubt if it ever did in this century. No minister of that sect can be found who would claim that a belief in eternal punishment is *essential* to salvation, nor, if he did, would he consider it grounds for banishing his wife from his heart and home. Calvinists may be narrow, but they are not brutal.

John Ward is a product of the old Puritan imagination, which, having lost its beliefs, tries to find them elsewhere

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"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.

Wheatley (the host): COME, SPOWT, YOU MUST RECITE FOR US THE "CRUISE OF THE NANCY BELL."

Spowt (professional elocutionist, after reciting the piece): NOW, WHEATLEY, IT'S YOUR TURN. YOU ARE ON THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE; OUT WITH YOUR FLOUR BARREL AND SHOW US HOW YOU SELL IT.

and ridicule them. If the "mighty Edwards" had "stamped his iron-heel" in New England instead of moving to New Jersey, there might remain in that region a little more faith, charity and intellectual tolerance.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

A CASTLE IN THE AIR. By Hugh Ewing. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Negro Myths. By Charles C. Jones, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Laws of Euchre. By H. C. Leeds and James Dwight. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

NOT THE BOY'S FAULT.

JAWKINS (*furiously, to messenger*): Confound it! What do you mean by taking three hours to go from Wall Street to Fourteenth and back?

MESSENGER (*humbly*): Couldn't help it, sir. You told me to take a Broadway car.

IT is not yet known who will receive Jay Gould's opposition in the coming Presidential contest, but both parties are competing strenuously for it.

A CLEAR CASE.

LAWYER QUIBBLE: And so, for a fancied insult, you burned down your enemy's house, and carved him to pieces as he tried to escape?

PRISONER: Yes.

QUIBBLE: Good! I'll get you off easily. It's a clear case of intermittent moral insanity.

NOT TO BE LAUGHED AT.

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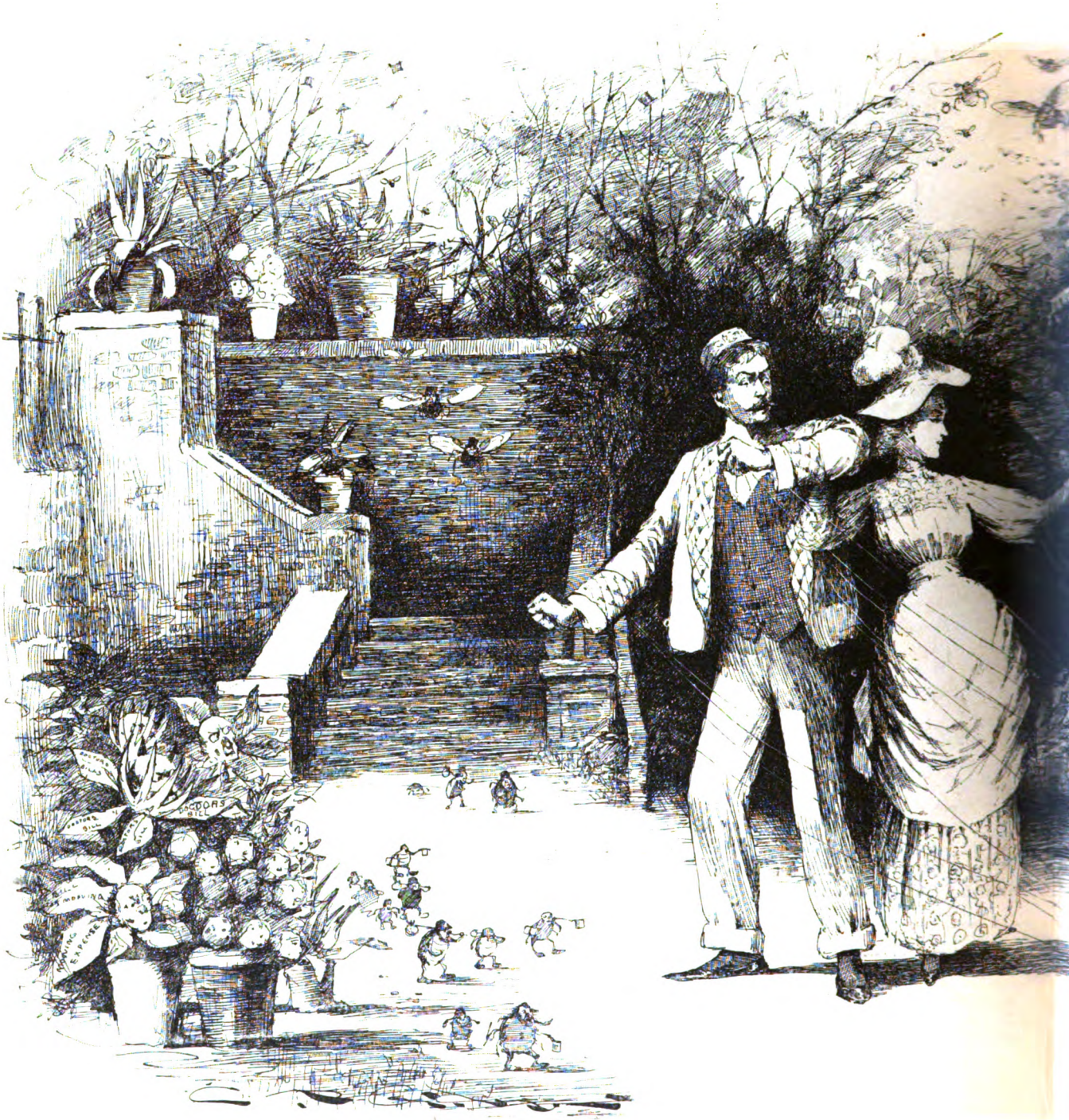

THE JOYS OF

OF SPRING.

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A POSSIBLE CASE.

THERE yet remain a few misguided people who consider marriage a serious matter.

There are also some who think divorce is worse.

These persons should see Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld's light comedy, "A Possible Case."

Then they would understand that because of the variegated marriage laws in the States and Territories of this intelligent Republic, marriage and divorce are really very funny things.

They would learn how a man may be a bigamist in fact and not in law.

They would come to understand how a man may simultaneously be possessed of more than the usual quota of mothers-in-law if he has the courage to take them that way instead of consecutively.

They would learn that the Mormons have not a mortgage on polygamy.

And the play, although it is founded on such humorous subjects as marriage and divorce, really points a serious moral.

The moral is that we need a national marriage law.

Mr. Rosenfeld teaches the lesson in very agreeable fashion. His plot is well developed, his dialogue is better than fair, and his situations are funny.

And so the stage, whose morals have been so often criticised by society, turns around and criticises the morals of its critic.

To the play Mr. J. M. Hill has given a good setting, good costuming, and a good caste.

It is his ambition to establish a stock company in New York under his management, and from the judgment displayed in the caste and training of the actors in "A Possible Case," he should be successful.

There is no overshadowing or unevenness in the company, and the work is good throughout.

It is a very possible case that "A Possible Case" will be a great success.

Metcalfe.

THE ARCHITECT WHO WORKED FOR FAME.

AN ISOLATED INSTANCE.

"WHAT a triumph for justice!" she exclaimed. "You, of course, have heard of the annex girl who was awarded a prize for an historical essay over a number of Harvard students?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've heard of it."

"Well!" she went on proudly, "do you know that the papers are all talking about it?"

And then the brute said calmly, "The papers wouldn't be all talking about it, you know, if it weren't such an unprecedented thing, and almost certain never to happen again."

IT is said that there is a carpenter in Milwaukee who is so expert with his lathe that he can turn a deaf ear on the slighest provocation.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"WILL you please give me something sir?" begged a tramp.

"Certainly," responded the gentleman importuned; "I'm a police justice, and if you will step around to my office I'll give you thirty days."

IN ITS FAVOR.

THERE is a difference between a storm that is due and a note that is due. The storm sometimes fails to connect.

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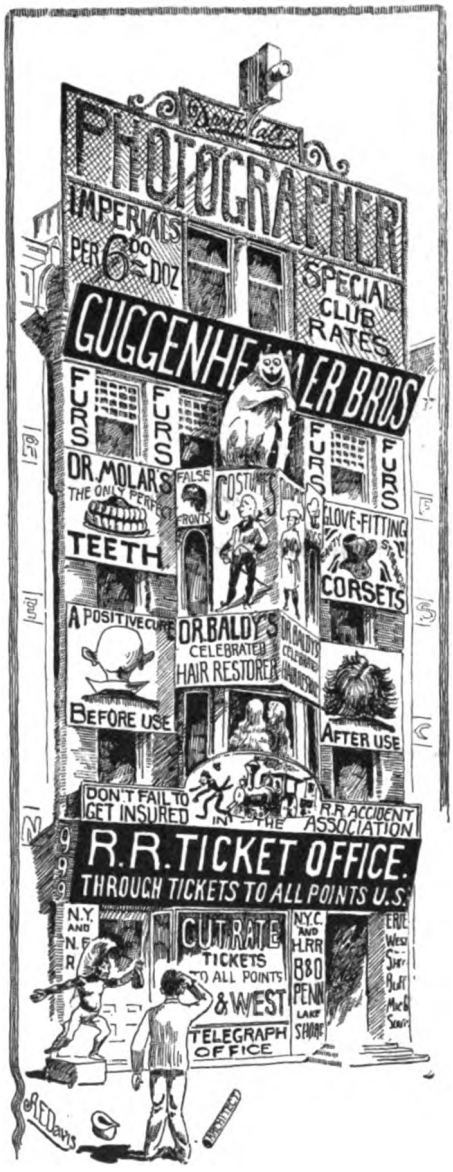

AND HOW HE WAS FOOLED.

ANIMOSITY AFTER DEATH.

REPORTER (*to assistant editor*): Can you chip in something towards burying the proof-reader. He died without a cent.

ASSISTANT EDITOR: How much do you want me to give?

"One dollar."

"Well, there are two dollars; bury him one dollar's worth deeper."

WOMEN may not have the right to vote, but no one questions their right to veto.

IMPORTANT ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO LET, by week or month, one heavy English-made Walking-stick with mouth-piece complete; also attached, one domestic dude (slightly damaged).

FOR SALE.—*Magnificent opportunity for a young man of small means.* A gentleman about to retire temporarily from active fashionable life, offers his complete outfit and *batterie de société* at the phenomenal price of $50, including — 1 pet bull-dog collar, cost $15; 5 pairs shoe leggings; 1 monocle, plain glass; over 1,000 old tea-cards and invitations (best uptown localities), to stick in looking-glasses and picture-frames; 3 trouser racks; 1 bottle boot varnish; 1 do. mustache tonic; 45 cravats, including 3 examples of the celebrated "Dog Show Plaque," and 1 "Abraham's Bosom;" 13 walking-sticks, and 1 Brigg umbrella, never unrolled; 1 figured meerschaum pipe (Comstock); 35 photographs of theatrical people, most of them signed; 7 high hats; 1 turquoise pin; 1 silver-mounted shaving-mug; and a library of 7 volumes, viz.: "Bell's Life," Zola's "Pot Bouille," bound volume of "Life" (slightly thummed), Appleton's "Guide to Manners," "Night Side of New York," Dr. Dix's Sermons, and a book of accounts.

Address A. Z., TOOMBS PRISON, ROOM 716.

IT DOES MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

The Governor: A PRETTY FELLOW YOU ARE TO DISGRACE ME IN THIS WAY! WHAT ON EARTH TEMPTED YOU TO RUN AWAY WITH THAT GIRL?

Alfred: WHY, LEAVING OUT ALL SENTIMENT, SIR, IT WAS—HER TWENTY THOUSAND A YEAR.

The Governor: OH—AH—IT *was* PRETTY ROUGH, AFTER ALL, TO HAVE MET WITH SO MUCH OPPOSITION.

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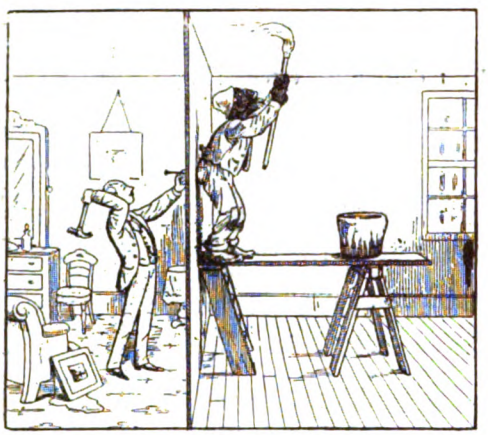
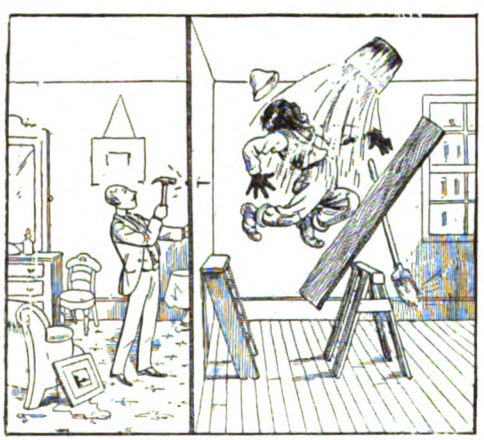
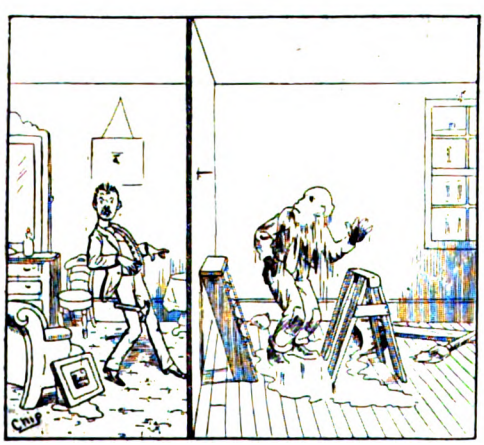
THE HEIGHT OF SELFISHNESS.

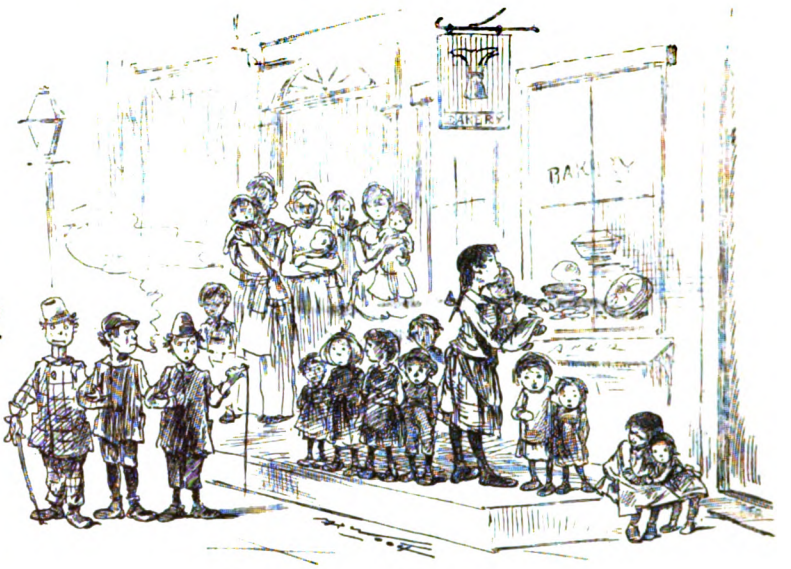
AN unpopular youth of Cologne,
With a pain in his stomach did mogne:
He heaved a great sigh
And said, "I would digh,
But the loss would be only my ogne."

A POINTED ATTENTION.









AN AFFAIR IN HIGH LIFE.

First Man of the World: WHAT'S THE MATTER, PLANTAGENET, WITH YOU AND MAUD; ARE YOU NO LONGER FRIENDS?

Second Ditto: A TRIFLING MISUNDERSTANDING. I DROVE THE GOVERNOR'S COAL CART AROUND TO HER HOUSE LAST SUNDAY TO GIVE MAUD A DRIVE ON THE AVENUE. WHEN I REACHED THE DOOR THE THOUGHT STRUCK ME THAT THE HORSE, BEING A WHITE ONE, AND MAUD'S HAIR A BRIGHT RED—

Third Ditto: AH, SHE THOUGHT IT A PUT UP JOB?

Second Ditto: EXACTLY; AND WE HAVEN'T SPOKEN SINCE, ALTHOUGH, EGAD, I BELIEVE SHE LOVES ME STILL.

THE UNDERTAKER'S OPPORTUNITY.

IT often occurs that the most ludicrously funny things are written in solemn and grave earnest, and one of the best illustrations of this phenomenon that has recently come to light is an article from a Connecticut newspaper concerning the obsequies of an undertaker's wife, from which we take the following extracts:

The remains reposed in an elegant full circular solid cedar casket, covered with rich black silk plush with heavy bar handles covered with black textile silk with silver ears and tips. The casket was lined throughout with heavy white satin with rope moulding. It rested on two handsome oval pedestals procured by Mr. B. expressly for the occasion. These were massive, yet artistic in design. The body of each was covered with heavy tufted black satin with heavy black silk fringe drapery. The burial case was of cedar with silver tips and lined with red satin. The casket and burial case came from the well-known firm of C. M. & Co., and is of their best work and latest design. The funeral ceremony was conducted by the Rev. R. G. S. N., of the South Congregational Church, in a very solemn and impressive manner. * * *

The remains were borne to Mountain Grove Cemetery in the new and elegant hearse of Charles R., drawn by the handsome gray team belonging to Mr. B. The committal service at the grave was read by Rev. E. L. W., of the Episcopal Church of Brookfield, a cousin of Mr. B. There was an unusual display of floral offerings contributed by loving friends and relations. Among them were a beautiful wreath of choice blossoms bearing the word "Grandma," from Bessie T. and William Bishop L., grandchildren of the deceased; a large and handsome Gates Ajar bearing the word "Mother," from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. L.; a magnificent standing clock showing the hour, six o'clock, when life took its flight, underneath it being a large open book in which blossoms bearing the words: "The hour has come," and at the top of the book appeared the word "Wife." The last named piece was about five feet in height, composed of white roses and Easter lilies, and was a beautiful tribute to a departed loved one; a handsome basket of Easter lilies from the daughter Mamie L. B.; a large and elegant standing cross of carnation pinks and Easter lilies with a crown of red pinks, from the employes of Mr. B., and a box of choice cut flowers from H. S., of Pittsburgh, Pa., ex-President of the National Funeral Directors' Association. The burial was under the supervision of Mr. B. C. P., of New Britain, an intimate friend of Mr. B.

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TO COVER HER BACQUE.

THE maiden has doffed her seal sacque,
For the bright days of spring have come bacque,
And she wants papa's checque,
Her person to decque,
If his funds will sustain the attacque.
—*Boston Courier.*

DE LARA: Were you shaking hands with that slugger, wife-beater and generally bad man, the "Jersey Bantam?"

DE SNIFFLES: Why, yes. Wales did it for Mr. Sullivan, and it's quite the thing, don't yer know? The chappies are getting up a reception for John L. You will want some tickets, of course. Five dollars buys one.

DE LARA: You may give me four. And say! Present me to the "Bantam," will you?—*Lowell Idea.*

ED: I want something to appeal to my imagination. I am tired of books and stupid plays. I want something that will speak to my intellect.

AL: Try a pork chop.—*Tid-Bits.*

"THE cow that gives condensed milk, I suppose you have one on the place, Farmer Robinson?" inquired his fair city visitor.

"Well, no. Ye see, I sold her last year because she would put her foot in the can."—*Hartford Post.*

THE days are getting longer, but the promissory note seems to mature with as much rapidity as it did last winter.—*Graphic.*

"I WANT a ticket to the North Pole!" exclaimed a wild-eyed man who rushed up to the ticket-seller's window in a New York city railway depot a day or two after the great storm.

"My dear sir," replied the official in astonishment, "are you crazy?"

"Almost," said the wild-eyed man, with a frenzied sob, "and I want to get away from here! I'm the Oldest Inhabitant!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

WESTERN MAN (*to fellow passenger*): I'm just from Yeurope.
PASSENGER: That so?
WESTERN MAN: Yes; took in the hull business, London, Paris, Liverpool—everything!
PASSENGER: London's a big town.
WESTERN MAN: Yes, big, slow. Lacks git up an' git.
PASSENGER: You visited St. Paul's Cathedral, of course?
WESTERN MAN: No; I saw the buildin', but I didn't go inside. I'm a Minneapolis man, myself.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MAMMA (*solicitously*): What shoes have you got on, Dot?
LITTLE DOT (*from an adjoining room*): These.—*Omaha World.*

"WHEN Johnny comes marching home" will not be a rollicking song when the boodlers sing it about "Johnny" Keenan.—*Graphic.*

"MR. S.," asked a Professor at the Maine State College, "what do you understand by naturalization?"

MR. S.: Naturalization is the process of making a foreign-born person a native of the United States.—*Lewiston Journal.*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY

12 Selected Samples for trial, post-paid, on receipt of ten cents. Ask for Perry's Planished Pens.

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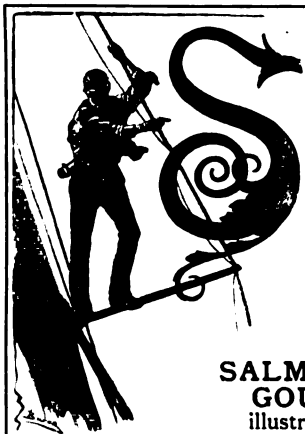

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SALMON ANGLING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE. A delightful out-of-door paper. With illustrations by A. B. FROST.

"GENTLEMEN" is the title of Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S contribution this month, and one of his most charming essays.

ALEXANDER POPE. A biographical paper by AUSTIN DOBSON, apropos of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. With an estimate, in verse, written in his own manner by Mr. Dobson. With portraits.

THE CENTRE OF THE REPUBLIC. The concluding paper by Prof. JAMES BALDWIN. A timely contribution in connection with the celebration of the Centennial of the Ohio Valley. The preceding paper has attracted wide attention among all people who are interested in the development of the West.

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IN the June number the great series of papers on railways will be begun by an article on "The Building of a Railway," by Mr. Thomas Curtis Clarke, Engineer of the Poughkeepsie Bridge and parts of the Elevated Road in New York. The papers will be written in a popular and untechnical way and superbly illustrated.

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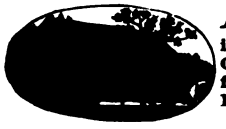

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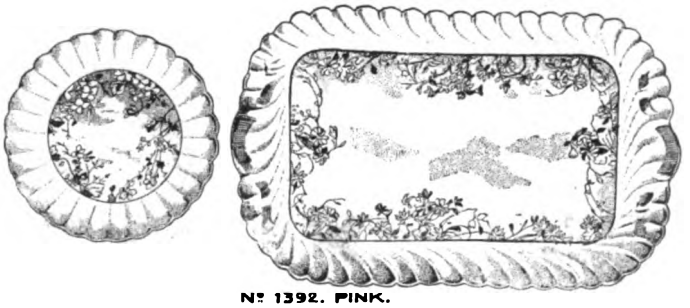

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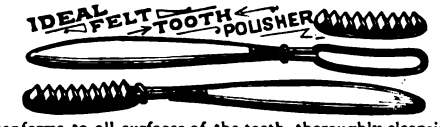

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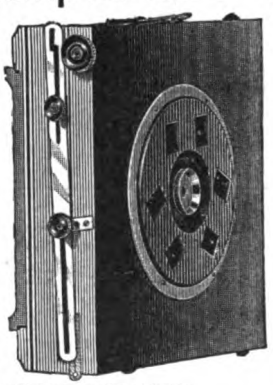

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1888. NUMBER 280.

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'TIS A WISE CHILD, ETC.

Papa (of Calvinistic faith, has just heard that Mollie was at the theatre last evening): GOOD MORNING, DAUGHTER OF SATAN.

Mollie: GOOD MORNING, FATHER.

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

VOL. XI. MAY 10, 1888. No. 280.

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EX-SENATOR and ex-Presidential Candidate James G. Blaine, of Maine, has a wonderful power of dissimulation. When Citizen Blaine is called upon by the correspondent of a Republican newspaper, for instance, he is generally found in his gymnasium practising on the parallel bars, putting up his favorite 110-pound dumb-bell, or doing a glove bout with Dante's Mouse, the eminent Florentine slugger; and when the correspondent comes away full of admiration and protection statistics, the ex-statesman accompanies him to the railroad station, vaulting over a few fences on the way thither, and playfully lifting the end of a car off the track before the train moves away. But how differently does Citizen Blaine meet the representative of the Democratic journal! That correspondent usually arrives as the Plumed Knight is being carried from his bath to his bed, and is sent in haste for the nearest physician. When he is finally admitted to the great man's bedside, he finds him adding a codicil to his will, or eagerly perusing a tract; and Citizen Blaine refuses to talk about politics, but wonders if there will be any halos big enough to fit him in the hereafter, and if copies of the Fisher correspondence will be admitted in evidence on the Judgment Day.

* * *

WHATEVER may be the actual condition of Citizen Blaine's health, however, his most ardent admirers pay him the high compliment of setting him down as a liar. They refuse to believe that he meant what he said in his positive, unqualified and reiterated letter of withdrawal from the presidential contest, but argue that that was only his graceful method of announcing a desire for the nomination. If Mr. Blaine really does intend to run against Cleveland again, he may regret that he failed to wind up that same letter to Chairman Jones as he did the fatal missive to Fisher, years before, "Burn this letter."

* * *

THE Chicago Anarchists celebrate the second anniversary of the Haymarket massacre by a petition to Governor Oglesby for the pardon of Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, the three of the infamous eight who were saved from the gallows to undergo imprisonment for life. There need be little fear that Governor Oglesby will grant these pardons, but the citizens of the United States may well congratulate themselves, now that two years have gone by since the great shock that roused the country to a sense of danger, that the resolute and determined manner in which the issue was met has stamped out that danger. One of the surest indications of waning interest in anarchism is the suspension of the Chicago *Alarm*, which uttered a final gasp on the 27th of last month, singularly enough the second anniversary of the publication in its columns of the call to arms that resulted in the dreadful tragedy at the Haymarket, on the 4th of May.

* * *

PERHAPS no appointment by a President of the United States, at a political crisis, of a citizen to high office, has ever been received with so much favor throughout the country as that of Melville W. Fuller, of Chicago, to the chief-justiceship of the Supreme Court of the nation. The independent and the Democratic press are loud in his praises, and even the highest-keyed Republican organs admit that he has never committed a burglary or been guilty of arson. The *Mail and Express*, to be sure, considers that he will not look well in the ermine, since he is a small man, weighing but one hundred and twenty-five pounds; but even that journal is willing to admit that his stature is not a fatal objection, Brother Shepard being of opinion that if the Chief-Justice be allowed to sit on a Bible, it will bring his head up to a level with those of his associates, and likewise be an unconscious inspiration to the furtherance of justice. President Cleveland has made a wise selection in truth, and LIFE trusts that, when he steps down from the chief executive's chair in 1893, Justice Fuller's career of usefulness on the bench will be only beginning.

* * *

IT appears that the Hon. Edward Jones-Phelps, American Minister to the Court of St. James, was called back to this country by Secretary Bayard to lobby the extradition treaty through the Senate. This is not a particularly dignified occupation for so highly-gifted a courtier, and it is almost cruel to ask him to accept it. The refined nature of Mr. Jones-Phelps must certainly revolt at the coarseness of our barbarian law-makers when he compares their uncouth manners with the aristocratic and polished methods of his noble associates across the water. More than this, the effect upon the American Senator, when Mr. Jones-Phelps orders brandy and soda in place of straight whisky, is calculated to alienate them from any cause he may advocate.

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HIS IS THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SHORT-DISTANCE SHOT: HE FIRES BLINDLY AND ALWAYS SMASHES WHAT HE HITS.

HE COULD NOT WAIT!

FANNIE (LOQUITOR).

IMPATIENT boy! He *could* not wait!
So anxious he to learn his fate,
That he must send a carrier-dove
Laden with messages of love.
I told him last night, at the ball,
I could not say, but just to call
This evening about half-past eight—
But here, you see, he could not wait.

(READS.)

"Dear Fannie,—I just write to say,
A letter from my *fiancée*
Calls me to town by half-past eight—
And so, you see, I could not wait."

M. W. C.

THE latest bit of political gossip is to the effect that Belva Lockwood has given up wearing the prevailing style of tournure. If elected President, she proposes to take her seat.

WHEN thieves fall out, the earnestness with which honest men fight for the spoils is wonderful.

HOLMONDELEY: Wonder why the editor clipped the margin off this joke of mine?

HIGGINS: Hint that it was old enough to be shaved, perhaps.

WILLING TO SELL.

"THAT is a dangerous looking dog you have there, Deacon. Aren't you afraid he will injure somebody?"

"Well, yes," replied the deacon, uneasily. "I haven't much confidence in the animal. If you hear of anybody who wants a good dog, let me know, and I'll sell him cheap."

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THE REAL FACTS.

IN the Spring the bills for raiment
Oft excite the parent's ire,
Because—
In the Spring a maiden's fancy
Lightly turns to her attire.

* * *

THE Concord School of Philosophy has decided not to hold a meeting this year, and the general rejoicing throughout New England is so marked that prohibitionists are feeling discouraged.

* * *

WE think the anti-climax of events at the Star Theatre should prove of interest to scientists. Irving gave place to O'Connor, and since then the Monkeys have held the interest of the public. May we not find here the missing link between the man and the monkey?

* * *

Cottage on Sixth Avenue. During the dinner, a discussion arose, in the course of which the diners aspersed each other's parents and grandparents, and cast doubts upon one another's legal competency to inherit property in the line of paternal succession, finally going out on the sidewalk to settle the matter. There was a convenient pile of bricks in the street, and Mr. Train seized one of these and hurled it at Mr. Leary, striking him on the back of the head and fracturing his skull. To the coroner's jury, Mr. Train explained that he threw the brick at Mr. Leary by way of a joke, and his twelve peers decided that though his humor was a trifle exuberant, it ought not to be punished, and discharged him. There is a certain romantic justice in the circumstance that the murder of this ruffianly thief, who betrayed his companions in crime, and earned immunity from prison by the foulest treachery, should go unavenged; but it is not a credit to the City of New York.

* * *

SPECIMENS OF THE HANOVERIAN RAT, SAID TO HAVE GONE OVER TO ENGLAND WITH THE GUELPHS, AND TO HAVE OVERPOWERED AND DRIVEN OUT THE NATIVE RODENT.

* * *

THE Cousin of the Administration, Mr. Ben Folsom, of Buffalo, Consul Particular and Extraordinary to Sheffield, England, has returned to his native country, and will soon make New York a visit. Let the bale fires be kindled and the triumphant tocsin sounded! Let the brass band polish its instruments and the freedom of the city be made ready in a box! Let the young men gather bays and the young women weave them into garlands! And, likewise, let the last will and testament of the fatted calf be drawn up and the material for the thistle salad prepared!

* * *

CROWNER'S 'QUEST LAW has been remarkable ever since the time of Falstaff, but it remained for a New York coroner's jury to see pleasantry in a murder. Mr. Wm. Train, a sporting gent, dined, a few Sundays ago, with Mr. Red Leary, the eminent bank burglar, at the Knickerbocker

* * *

THE number of electric wires that are putting men under the ground is greater than the number of men who are putting electric wires under ground.

* * *

CAPITAL has been ground down under the iron heel of labor again. Jerry de Lille's canal-boat was lying at a dock in Yonkers, last summer, when Jay Gould's yacht swept by at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour, creating a swash that jammed the canal-boat against the pier, and damaged her ribs. The rapacious canal-boatman pursued the unfortunate Mr. Gould with unrelenting and savage malignity; and last week a judge of the United States District Court, undoubtedly purchased by De Lille, forced Gould to give up forty hard-earned dollars. What tyranny is this that the speed of a millionaire's yacht should be lowered to preserve the ribs of a canal-boat!

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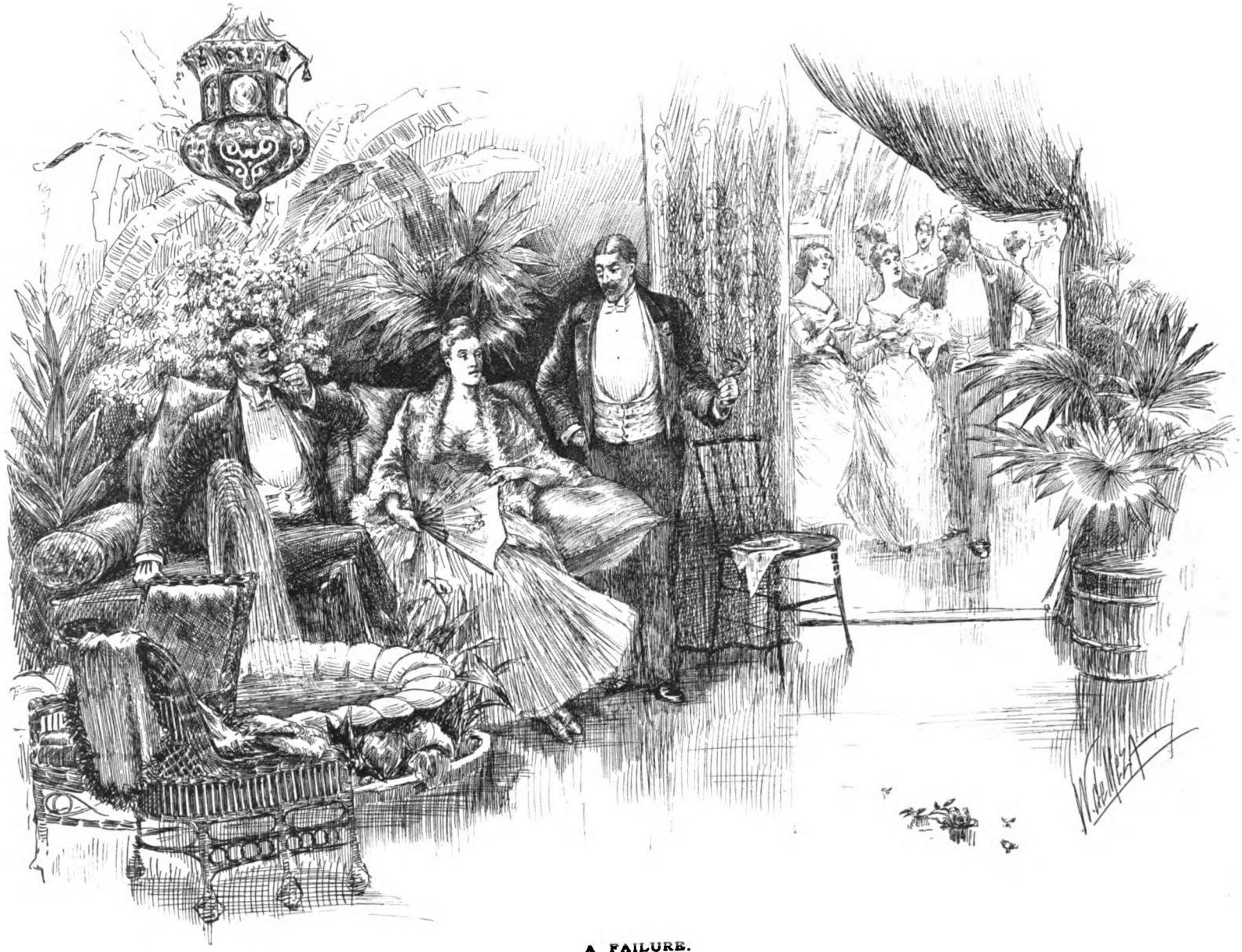

A FAILURE.

Mr. Harry Walnut (*is anxious to drive away his rival, but has forgotten the name of his charmer*): AS I WAS SAYING, MISS—ER—ER—ER (*then with great presence of mind and in his happiest manner*)—WELL, LET US SAY JONES, FOR SHORT.

She (*somewhat ruffled*): YES, THAT IS MY NAME.

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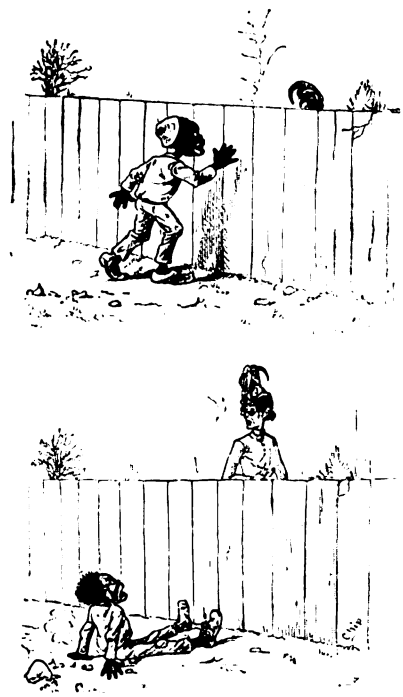
NOT THE KIND OF BIRD HE WAS AFTER.



"WELL, MY LITTLE BOY, WHAT MAY YOU WANT?"

A LASTING GIFT.

BROWN: Fred, dine with us to-night?

FRED (*who dined with the Browns once*): Can't, really, old man. Truth is, I've lost my only relation in the world.

BROWN: Apologizes, and exit.

NEXT DAY.

BROWN: By the way, Fred, how long ago did your relative die?

FRED: Fifteen years, or thereabouts.

OUT OF DANGER.

"HOW is your husband feeling this morning, Mrs. Bentley?"

"Oh, Doctor, I don't know. He swore at me, and threw a teaspoon at the baby because it cried."

"Ah, favorable symptoms! He is getting better."

IF the Atlantic cables don't feel relieved at Sullivan's return, and their consequent happy escape from a daily current of twaddle and nonsense, their intelligence is not to be trusted.

SPORT AND EDUCATION.

"WHAT are we here for?" exclaimed Mr. Flannigan, of Texas. "For the offices, to be sure. It is the offices that we want!"

Mr. Flannigan's words may not be proclaimed about the college-yard in Cambridge, but the spirit of them must abound among the Harvard undergraduates as they contemplate the recent recommendation of a committee of their board of overseers.

"Abolish intercollegiate contests?" some football or baseball Flannigan may exclaim; "Why, intercollegiate contests are what we are here for!"

Of course, it is the prevalence of such a notion as this of the aims of undergraduate existence that has prompted the chosen wise men among the overseers to make the tremendous proposition which they have fathered. A great college, nowadays, with neither fall football matches in New York, boat-races at New London, nor baseball contests in at least five States, seems much like the play of "Hamlet" with nothing left in but the grave-diggers. But such a college it is proposed that Harvard shall become.

* * *

WITHOUT going quite to the length that the committee of the Harvard overseers recommends, LIFE is bound to say that they have moved in the right direction. Intercollegiate sports have been overdone. During the past five years the tail has been wagging the dog, and inasmuch as the tail keeps growing, and the dog seems to dwindle, there is nothing for it that we can see except to amputate more or less of the appendage. The committee, with one exception, were for drawing the line close to the animal. Mr. Walcott alone reported in favor of leaving a stub in the shape of a limited number of contests with Yale.

Mr. Walcott's notion seems to us to be about right. The annual Yale-Harvard race, and a Yale-Harvard ball game or two, are not without their uses in keeping up a wholesome interest in athletics; but LIFE is just old granny enough to believe that to turn Yale and Harvard colleges loose in New York in term time does not subserve the true interests of the undergraduates of those institutions. For one thing, the recurring outings for which the spring and fall contests give an excuse, are a constant temptation to the rich, and a constant disappointment to the poor. We are tired—very tired—of seeing the great New England colleges represented by groups of rich men's sons on coaches, by prayerful pitchers, or by aquatic jockeys. It will do no harm to let muscle and money sit a little back for a time, and give modest merit room to speak its piece.

* * *

IT is said that the interdiction which is contemplated will cost Harvard very many names from her catalogue.

We hope it may. The quicker some other institution passes her in the favor of the fool-fashionables and the brawn-worshippers, the better pleased will be such of her sons as deem it the true function of a university not so much to break records as to turn out scholars who are gentlemen, and gentlemen who are scholars.

MURDER IN HIS HEART.

SMYTHE (*giving Van Jones a cigar from his private box*): Have a cigar, Van Jones?

VAN JONES: Thanks.

SMYTHE: Have you seen the item going about to the effect that no man ever committed murder while smoking?

VAN JONES: Yes, I've (*puff*) seen it. Still, Smythe, he (*puff*) feels like it, sometimes.

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Mary: F-E-R-M-E-N-T, FERMENT—TO WORK.
Mamma: NOW, PLACE IT IN A SENTENCE TO SHOW ME YOU REALLY UNDERSTAND IT.
Mary: IN SUMMER, I LOVE TO FERMENT IN THE GARDEN.

THE CIGAR.

(AFTER DINNER.)

NOW every man is monarch o'er a kingdom of his own,
Each guest a royal prince is, and every seat a throne;
Life's cares so quickly vanish, dissent and rancors cease—
Our brows adorned with crowns of smoke, we reign in perfect peace.

Edgar A. P. Newcomb.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

"WHO is this J. Watson Albans, Mr. Greenedge? He asks for a consignment upon thirty days' credit."

"Never heard of him, Mr. Magnate, but he can't amount to much. His signature at the end of his letter is too legible for a man of any importance."

PROTECTING THE MEMBERS.

CITIZEN (*to saloon-keeper*): What's the idea in not granting licenses to saloons within two hundred feet of a church?

SALOON-KEEPER: I s'pose it's to give some of the members a safer chance.

I HEAR young Fastleigh has been painting the town red since his uncle left him a quarter of a million."

"Why, anybody could paint the town red with a quart of vermilion."

A NEW DISH.

"WHAT are those?" asked a man at a St. Louis restaurant, pointing to a dish.

"Fried soles," replied the waiter. "Have one?"

"Let me have a heel first, and if I don't like it, there won't be so much to throw away."

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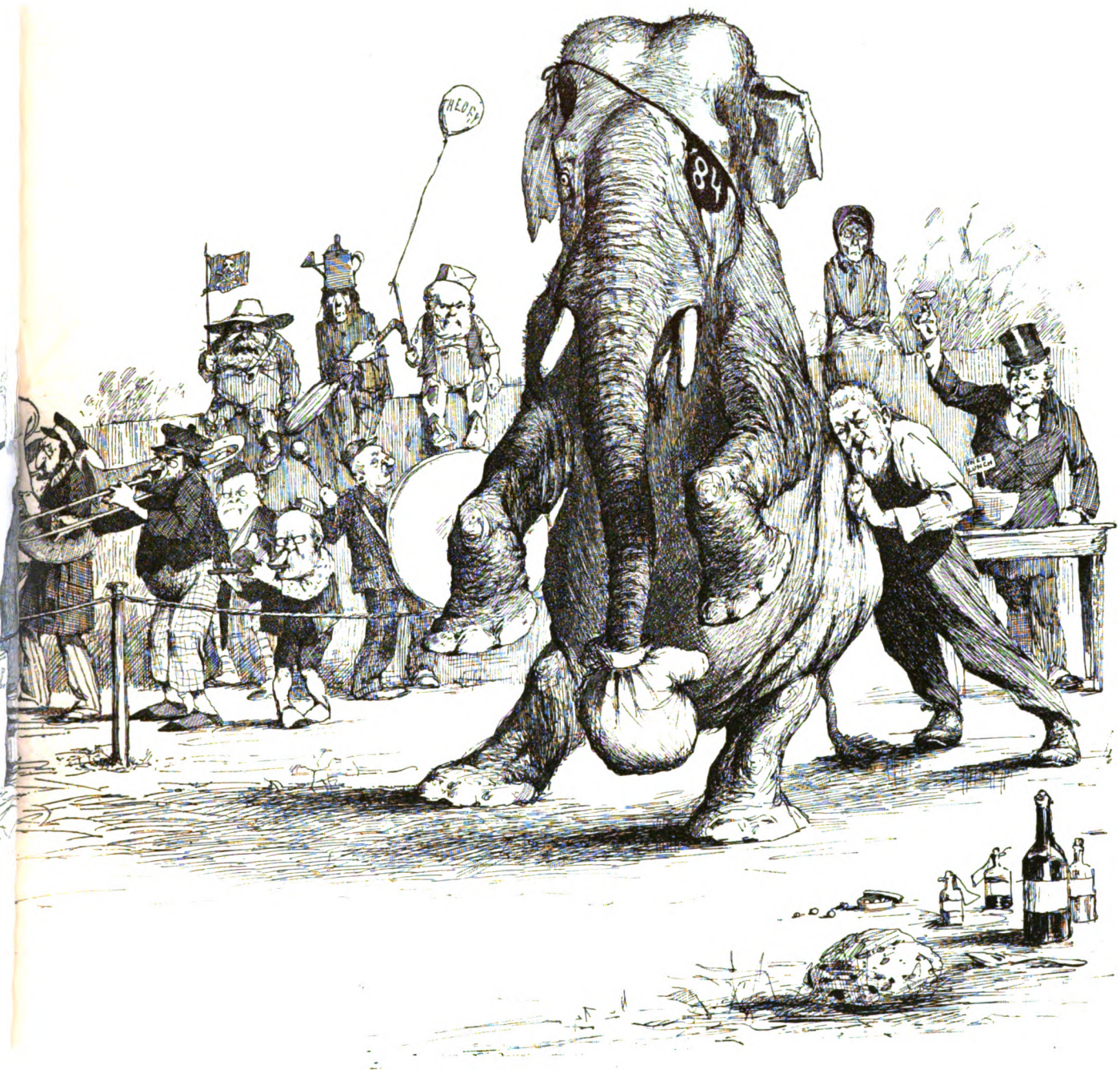

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WITH THE SIMIANS.

A VISIT to the theatre is among the more recent of the delicate attentions paid by the debonair Mr. Timothy Crowley, of Central Park, to his charming *fiancée*, Miss Kitty O'Brien. With that regard to the appropriate which is one of Mr. Crowley's noblest traits, he chose the monkey performance at the Star Theatre for the amusement of his lovely bride-elect.

NEVER was a performance watched with greater interest. Mr. Crowley also administered a stinging rebuke to those who think themselves farther advanced in the Darwinian scale of development—but who have, in fact, only reached the dude stage—by not once leaving Miss Kitty to go clove-chasing.

"I think you will give me credit, my dear Kitty," said Mr. Crowley, as he absent-mindedly removed an annoying insect from his fair companion's left shoulder, "of really possessing better table manners than these monkeys over whose banquet scene people are making such a fuss. It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, as I am told that they received their education in Germany, and we all know that German table manners are notoriously bad. I shall never cease to be grateful that you were sent to America to receive your education."

"Of course they can't compare with yours, dear Tim," said Miss Kitty, "but they are wonderfully better than those of some monkeys we know."

"Yes, and of some humans, too," added Mr. Crowley.

Here he became very much absorbed in the stage performance, and the conversation ended. He was much pleased with it and considered it, as a whole, better than anything of the kind he had ever seen in Africa. As a result he is very proud of his compatriots although he was suspicious that one of them was trying to develop a flirtation with Miss O'Brien.

It is stated on good authority that Mr. Crowley and Miss O'Brien will call on the foreigners one day this week and thus fix the social position of the strangers in America. This sets at rest, once for all, the rumor that the artists were to be given the cold-shoulder by the social leaders of monkeydom and thereby forced into the organ-grinder set.

Metcalfe.

* * *

THE phenomenal cast of "Hamlet" for Mr. Wallack's benefit needs only Mr. J. Owen O'Connor to make it complete. His recent audiences found him "a fellow of infinite jest," so he might appropriately be cast for Yorick's skull.

SPRING LAMB WITH MINT SAUCE.

AN INDICATION OF GOOD TASTE.

"JACK, can it be that you are going to marry Miss Equilateral?"

"Yes, Tom, and if you say anything to disparage her—

"Disparage her! Why, she proposed to me, too, last leap year!"

ADMIRER OF BUDDING GENIUS: Don't you think there is a great deal of what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light" about Miss de Blank?

SCEPTIC: Yes, indeed. Miss de Blank is very sweet and her work is tremendously light.

A NEW THEORY OF GRAVITATION.

A SMALL BOY was discovered playing ball one day, and on being asked what he was doing, replied: "I'm playin' ball with Dod. I frow the ball up and Dod frows it back."

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THE OYSTER.

SOME CRITICAL NOTES UPON AN ARTICLE IN THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

THE article referred to opens with the statement that "The oyster is a genus of Lamelli-branch Mollusks belonging to the third order Monomya, the valves of its shell being closed by a single large adductor muscle.—The degeneration produced by sedentary habits has in the oyster reached its most advanced stage."

The oyster is a survival of the remotest past, and the result of certain bad habits upon his original happy condition is so coldly recorded by the British writer that the interests of the public require a fuller statement.

These relics of ancient life were once regarded as the only visible remains of certain picnic parties, organized by primeval man during his summer vacations; but modern science has discovered indications that these oysters *may* have walked up the mountains.

It is certain that the oyster adopted clothing long before man had found it necessary or desirable to do so. This fact indicates either a greater delicacy of feeling or a quicker susceptibility to cold. As buttons were not then known, he held that clothing about him by the left hand, which constant use for this purpose enormously developed, and finally attached to the clothing itself.

Several other results followed with scientific precision. The dust of ages began to settle over his outer garments, and in time those garments grew heavy. The biceps of the left arm gradually turned into cartilage, but notwithstanding its increased power, his clothing became more osseous, and with still greater force it weighed him down, until at last he could run or walk no more, his right arm shriveled away, he set his lips in grim endurance, and laid down the weary remnants of his former activity upon the shore, and watched the sad sea ebb and flow about him. He tried to grow young and agile again by bathing. He let the waves roll over him until their hollow booming made him deaf and the salt congealed about his motionless form, and fixed him forever to his ignoble environment.

Such has been his history, a lesson to all who may rightly read it that undue care for one's clothing and personal adornment leads to sedentary habits, and that such habits destroy the powers and cause the flaccid and watery inner life to be encased by the shell of prejudice and conventionality, while the strongest vital force goes to the growth of that adductor muscle which connects the soul with its exterior shell.

Ethel (weeping): I AM *so* DISAPPOINTED IN HIM. I AM SURE HE WAS TIPSY LAST NIGHT—HE THREATENED TO KISS ME!

May: WELL, THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MEN WON'T DO WHEN THEY'RE DRUNK!

"PITY A POOR PARALYTIC, SIR, WITH——"

"LOOK HERE, YOUNG FELLER, THAT'S A LEAD ONE!"

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VOLAPÜK.

THIS new universal lingo,
That at present's raising jingo—
So to speak:
Say, do people pet or maul it,
When they twist their lips and call it,
"Volapük?"

There's a certain set who've hinted,
(And they know most all that's printed
In a book)
That they've taken time to weigh it,
And 'tis proper thus to say it:
"Volapük."

And some other word-proud mortals,
Who don't let their talking portals,
Run amuck;
Say that those who're with the inner
Circle always name the winner
"Volapük."

There's another set as formal,
And orthoepy so abnormal,
They rebuke;
But if Stormonth would announce it,
They would forthwith all pronounce it
"Volapük."

W. J. Duggett.

Mistress: JANE, WILLIE INFORMS ME THAT MY HUSBAND KISSED YOU YESTERDAY.
Jane: OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT MA'M—I'VE GOT USED TO IT NOW.

NOT SINCE.

Scene: Foreign music shop on Union Square.

FASHIONABLE LADY (*to German clerk*): Has Schubert written any *new* songs lately?

CLERK: No, Madam, not since he died.

A PEACEFUL NATURE.

"WHY, JIM! WHAT DID YOU SHOOT THAT MAN FOR?"

"TO AVOID TROUBLE. I KNEW WE'D BE A QUARRELIN' IF WE KEP' ON, AND I HATE A ROW."

ACCUSTOMED TO IT.

STRANGER (*to fellow passenger*): From the West, sir?

PASSENGER: Yes, Oshkosh.

STRANGER: I'm from Kalamazoo, myself.

PASSENGER: That so! Kalamazoo is a funny name for a town.

STRANGER: Yes, I s'pose it does sound funny to a man from Oshkosh; but we Kalamazoo people are used to it."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

STRANGER: Excuse me, young man, but is your watch going?

YOUNG MAN (*feelingly*): No, sir; it's gone!

HOW astonished some dead men would be if they could get out of the grave long enough to read their epitaphs.

OUIDA says that smoking is "silly." She may be right. If anybody can give official information on silliness Ouida can.

THE AMERICAN SALON.

TEMPERANCE ORATOR: Go into our American gin palaces, and what do you find?

A VOICE: Full supply of liq(*hic*)or and the finest show of pic(*hic*)tures this side of th' Atlantic(*hic*) Ocean.

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A PARAPHRASE.

ARE women angels? Yes, we say,
They are undoubtedly; but that's
No reason why they at the play
Should wear their wings upon their hats.
—*Boston Courier.*

TWO old British sailors were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while, and then said: "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What," replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, giv, giv, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that hand, handspike, hand, handspike. spike, spike, spike, ah-men, ahmen. Bill, givemethathandspike, spike, ahmen!' why, that would be a hanthem."—*Boston Home Journal.*

THE person who blew up a Halifax photograph gallery with dynamite was probably an old maid who was told that the pictures she'd had taken looked just like her.—*Omaha World.*

A YOUNG man wants to know how he can get into the best New York society.

He will have to stand on the line and wait for some of the noble 400 to die off.—*Epoch.*

NOT long ago in Paris, in a company where they were discussing plays and playwriters, M. Dumas said: "What a lucky fellow M. Pailleron is! He has two of his pieces going on at the same time and at the same theatre." "How so?" "Why, '*La Souris*' is acted on the stage and '*Le monde ou l'on s'ennuie*' in the audience!" —*America.*

STRANGER (*to Indiana farmer*): It's a great pity that the crops through this section have been so badly damaged by rain.

INDIANA FARMER (*taking a sun bath*): Wall, ya'as, mister, but it saves a durned sight o' work harvestin'.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HAROLD: I love you, Mabel. Will you be—er—my sister?

MABEL (*absently*): That can never be, Harold; but I will always be a wife to you.

The engagement is announced.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE poor man is happy in the knowledge that the ambitious young men do not make his life miserable by trying to borrow a thousand or two to get a start in life.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE *Chicago Tribune* prints a composite picture of twenty-five girls in the senior class of Michigan University. We are glad that no one American maiden is quite so homely.—*Buffalo Express.*

JAY GOULD'S advice to boys is "keep out of bad company and go to work with a will." And if you can't keep out of bad company, boys, do as Jay does and wipe out the company.—*Countryside.*

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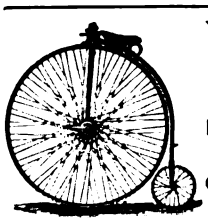

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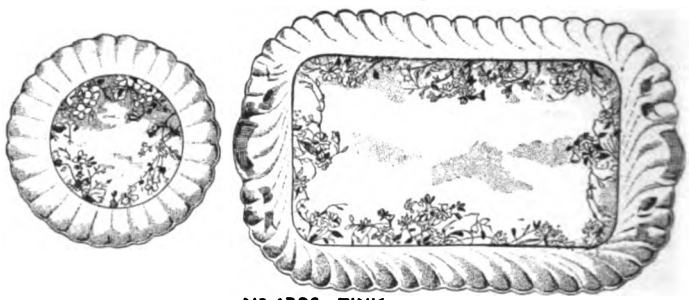

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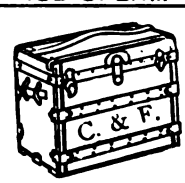

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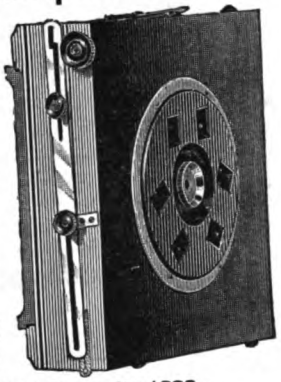

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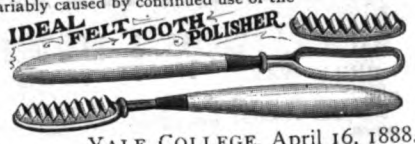

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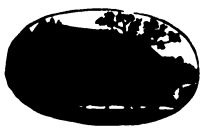

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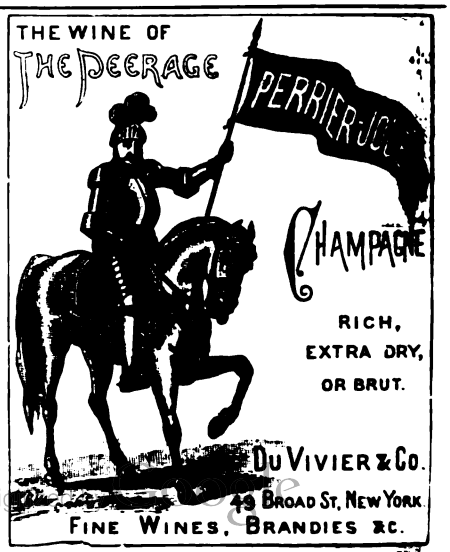

VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1888. NUMBER 281.

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

VOL. XI. MAY 17, 1888. No. 281

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Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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SOME estimable and otherwise sensible persons, who honestly believe in the blasphemous nonsense that is promulgated under the name of "Christian Science," "Faith Healing," and "Mind Cure," are deeply grieved because LIFE took the occasion of the recent death of a woman who was being professionally treated by one of these medical charlatans, to speak some plain truths on the subject. We see no reason, nevertheless, to modify our original proposition that all the disciples of this school may be classed either as knaves or fools. No intelligent person in the possession of his or her mental faculties can be imposed on with such shallow sophistry as "Christian Science" teaches; and, as many do accept it unconditionally, the fools are accounted for. The knaves are the others who play upon the credulity of the class aforementioned. These facts might be presented less bluntly, perhaps, but it is just as well to state truths involving so serious considerations plainly.

* * *

WE are aware that many of the disciples of the three cults we have mentioned do not use the names interchangeably, but their basilar principles are the same except that the "mind cure" is a little less objectionable in that the title is not sacrilegious. In the other instances the projectors of these fraudulent institutions have covered themselves with the cloak of religion, and practise these frauds—whether conscious that they are frauds or not—under the guise of piety and Christianity. They have even gone so far as to establish "colleges" in various parts of the country where charges are made for tuition, and a regular curriculum of study is gone through with. Pupils take a course of a few months in one of these institutions and are then graduated and sent forth with a license to practise these rites upon any person who is fool enough to pay them for doing so. In some of the States they are restrained to a limited extent by the laws, and in others they are not.

INTELLIGENT persons know, of course, that there are some disorders, mostly of a nervous nature, that may be helped, or even cured, by the patient's effort of will, or by inducing the patient to believe that some occult power will miraculously restore him to health; and if "Christian Science" stopped at this it might be a praiseworthy movement. But the high priests and priestesses of these schools of charlatanry teach that mental processes will cure broken bones, fevers and all other diseases and afflictions of the body. It needs but one or two extracts from the standard authorities on "Christian Science" to prove to sensible people the utter ridiculousness and fallacy of the entire system. For instance the "President" of the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College," who claims to have invented "metaphysical healing" and the term "Christian Science," bases her theories on this principle, which she exploits in "Science and Health:"

"Divine science shows that matter and mortal body are the illusions of human belief, which seem to appear and disappear to mortal sense alone. When this belief changes, as in dreams, the material body changes with it, going wherever we wish, and becoming whatsoever belief may decree. Human mortality proves that error has been engrafted into both the dreams and conclusions of material and mortal humanity. Besiege sickness and death with these principles, and all will disappear."

The author of a modest but comprehensive treatise on "Christian Science," called "God, Man, Matter, Disease, Sin and Death, Healing, Treatment and Universal Truth," explains matters thus:

"The senses say matter can suffer pain; God says matter is insensible. The senses declare a man sick; God says the real man knows nothing of disease. A mental cure is the discovery made by a sick person that he is well."

* * *

SUCH twaddle as this would only be amusing if it did not involve an enormous addition to the total of human misery. The influence that it exerts among the fool elements of the population may be estimated to a certain extent by the circumstance that there are two "Christian Science" "colleges" in this city, one in Brooklyn, one in Boston, one in Milwaukee, one in Colorado, and four in Chicago, and that all are doing a flourishing business. As we have said before, the law ought to close these institutions as common swindles. They not only obtain money by false pretenses, but they constitute a continual menace to human life.

* * *

SINCE the death of the woman we have alluded to, the "Christian Scientists" have gathered in another victim, a woman who died in Washington from cancer of the stomach, in terrible agony, without any of the alleviating agencies of medical science, while two or three of these sanctimonious quacks prayed at her bedside.

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A NICE QUESTION.

HAD I the right—
I wish I might—
Think you those lips I'd kiss?
Do you believe—
Can you conceive—
That such a chance I'd miss?

Could I but see
That I were he
Who might her rage defy,
Do you suppose
That I would lose
The time 'twould take to try?

G. F. G.

A BOOK THAT HELPED HIM.

BY falling asleep over Rider Haggard's "She," a sheriff's deputy in Connecticut allowed a prisoner to escape.

If he had only read the book aloud there would have been no trouble—both would have slumbered.

A LITTLE LATIN.

Young Student: FATHER, WHAT DOES "*Sic semper tyrannis*" MEAN?

Fond Parent (rising to answer the querulous call of an invalid m——r-in-law): IT MEANS, MY SON, "THE SICK ARE ALWAYS TYRANTS."

A PARADOX.

HE: It is strange, dear, we cannot speak without quarreling.

SHE: And yet, when we quarrel we don't speak.

FLYING FROM DANGER.

ANARCHIST: My poor friend, that hireling of the law has no right to drive you out of the park.

TRAMP: He didn't. He just hinted that there was danger of my getting a sun-bath if I stayed.

ANARCHIST: Bath—horrors! (*They both run.*)

MOTTO of the G. O. P.: "In galls we trust."

THE census-taker has been baffled in an attempt to gather statistics of the number of step-mothers in Chicago. They got around in so lively a manner that he found he had frequently entered the same woman under three or four different names.

AT an oratorical contest in a female seminary, last week, in Iowa, seven young ladies won prizes for eloquence, and the rest of the young ladies who couldn't speak well all became engaged on their way home.

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MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

(From the *T—b—e*.)

FLORENCE, MAY 14.—As the *T—b—e* correspondent drove up before the Hotel de la Paix for the purpose of interviewing the Hon. James G. Blaine, who is stopping at this hostelry, the great statesman bounded down the steps, three at a time, and, brushing aside the throng of ambassadors and princes who were waiting to learn his views upon international questions, he started up the street at a brisk pace, only stopping, with characteristic kindness, to write his name in the autograph album of a blind girl who had been watching for his appearance since early morning.

Mr. Blaine was the picture of robust health and virile manhood as he strode up the thoroughfare. His complexion was like that of a woodsman, his eye was clear as that of an eagle, and his broad chest and sprightly gait gave other pedestrians the impression that he was a man of not more than thirty or forty years. Persons who saw Mr. Blaine last during the campaign of 1884 will scarcely recognize in the stalwart athlete he has since become the feeble and decrepid, though magnetic, statesman, whose powerful intellect at that time only made his physical weakness more marked. Even the correspondent of the *H—l—d*, who was with me, could not restrain an exclamation of wonder at Mr. Blaine's improved appearance. Most of the foreigners in Florence, knowing that he is an American, think that he is John L. Sullivan, which, in view of his marked muscular development, is not at all strange.

In the afternoon, your correspondent walked with Mr. Blaine out to the Cascine, where he swam across the Arno and back, and we then made a visit to the Campanile, where Mr. Blaine climbed up into the bell-tower and slid down the lightning-rod, much to the admiration of many thousand spectators. His flow of spirits may best be understood when I relate that as we passed the church of Santa Croce, where Michael Angelo is buried, Mr. Blaine, with delightful humor, alluded to the dead artist as "Mike."

In the evening I had the pleasure of witnessing a glove-bout between Mr. Blaine and the Pratomagno Chicken, in the apartments of the former. The Chicken is the champion of Italy, and one of the most powerful and expert sluggers in the world; but Mr. Blaine did him up without an effort.

Asked about the tariff issue by your correspondent, Mr. Blaine, with that broad mental grasp that has always marked his utterances upon public questions, said that it was. It is the opinion of the leading politicians of Italy that Mr. Blaine is the only man who could win victory for the Republican party in the United States.

(From the *H—l—d*.)

FLORENCE, MAY 14.—Supported on either side by two stout valets, a human ruin tottered down the steps of the Hotel de la Paix this morning, as the *H—l—d* correspondent drove by with the Pope and Cardinal Spaghetti.

Who was this human ruin?

It was ex-Senator James G. Blaine, whom the people of the United States will never see again, for he cannot live to cross the ocean.

Dying among strangers!

Such is the irony of Fate!

I watched Mr. Blaine as he moved, or was moved, up the street, and noted that the people turned pityingly to look after his decrepid and tottering figure as his two attendants dragged him along. Mr. Blaine's skin is the color of faded parchment. His eyes are lustreless and betray a failing mind. His left side is completely paralyzed, and his right side is similarly afflicted from his ankle up to his neck, he being able to partially use the right foot, and to move the third joint of the middle finger of his right hand.

Those persons who admired Mr. Blaine's physical vigor during the campaign of 1884 would never recognize him in the shriveled and decrepid wreck so painfully making his way along the thoroughfare, an object of pity and compassion to all beholders. The correspondent of the *T—b—e*, whom I met driving in a cheap cab, could hardly restrain his tears as he gazed after the remains of the man whom the Republican party once delighted to honor.

It was, indeed, a sad and touching sight!

In the afternoon King Humbert and I drove over to the Hotel de la Paix, and, while His Majesty held the horses before the door, I ran in to have a little chat with the distinguished American.

As I reached the top of the grand staircase several servants rushed past me, and I learned that they were off for Mr. Blaine's physicians, as he was feared to be dying. He had been seized with convulsions at the sight of a runaway horse in the Piazza della Signoria during his morning constitutional, and had since been going from one fit into another with great enthusiasm and vigor, which had finally terminated in a hemorrhage of the lungs complicated with abdominal spasms. A consultation of physicians was held late in the afternoon, and it is believed that he may live a few days longer with careful nursing and attention.

It is the general opinion among the Italians who know anything about Mr. Blaine, that his condition is a great boon to the Republican party of the United States, since it will preclude the possibility of his nomination for the Presidency.

* * *

THE *Brooklyn Eagle* of last Sunday had this: "Wanted, a room by a single gentleman eighteen feet square." He may be able to obtain a room to suit him, but we doubt if a man of these dimensions can find a landlady who will board him.

* * *

THE rabid Protectionists who tremble for the prosperity of the dear workingman will please take notice that, so far, the free imports which have cut down the wages of American labor have been various breeds of two-legged live-stock in the employ of subsidized monopolists.

* * *

THE *Mail and Express* will never be a truly religious paper until its printer's devils are cast out.

* * *

THE most eloquent champion of the women who wished to be admitted as delegates to the Methodist General Conference was Dr. Putz, who is totally deaf. While this is generous to his fair clients, it might have been decidedly rough on the unlucky brethren who were not blessed with his infirmity.

* * *

IT is believed that when General Badeau is found he will show more or less indication of wear and tear.

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"TEMPORA MUTANTUR, ET NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

AT twenty-one I thought it fine
To flirt with women of twenty-nine;
At thirty-three,
A girl 'twas fated I should love
Whose age my years were ten above,
And fancy free.

I now am rather old and gray,
But still the lover's role I play,
In spite of jeers.
I love a maid just turned sixteen;
Alack, between us intervene
Some forty years!

E. W.

I TOLD YOU SO.

BROWN: You don't look very happy, Robinson.

ROBINSON: No, I left off my flannels this morning and caught cold.

BROWN: That's bad.

ROBINSON: Oh, I don't care anything about the cold; but my wife told me I was leaving them off too soon.

IN GREAT LUCK.

FRIEND: Was your uncle's will satisfactory to you, Brown?

BROWN: Perfectly so; I'm a lucky dog! He left his entire fortune to an insane asylum.

FRIEND: You mean that you are an unlucky dog.

BROWN: No, I don't; the other relations are going to contest the will, and I'm to be the attorney.

JUDGES should certainly wear robes. It doesn't seem right to be sent up for ten years by a man who wears a three-button cutaway coat and a speckled trout waistcoat.

WHEN a burglar break into a house he generally steals up-stairs, and everything else he can lay his hands on.

P. H. Welch.

Professor (to class in physics): NOW, DESCRIBE THIS ELECTRICAL MACHINE, IF YOU PLEASE.
Head Boy: IT CONSISTS OF A LARGE GLASS WHEEL TURNED BY A CRANK.
(Applause from the class.)

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MAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE months move on from place to place,
Mixed and out of order,
And when May comes, one hardly knows
What greeting to accord her.

Sometimes she leans on July's arm,
And smiles upon her beau;
Again December serves her turn
Who dresses her in snow.

Sometimes she romps with fickle March,
Who blows her skirts about,
And makes her wear a waterproof
Whenever she goes out.

Still we all love the sad coquette,
And hope from day to day,
The morrow will be sure to bring
The time that May is May.

H. Price Collier.

THE NEW EDITION OF GEORGE MEREDITH'S WORKS.

IT is a good omen for the growing discrimination of our reading public that the complete edition of George Meredith's works, recently issued in this country from the fine English sheets, was so well received as to encourage the beginning of a very attractive popular edition by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston. The man who for thirty years has been serenely writing for a limited audience, and biding his time, is now receiving that wider popular recognition which must be satisfying even to one of his intellectual stature, because it indicates that the people are slowly coming up to the level of the plateau from which he has so long addressed them.

* * *

THE series is appropriately begun with the heart-rending story of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," a book written four years before the death of Thackeray; and, to those who read sympathetically, it will seem that the great and humane satirist who wrote "The Newcomes" must have been touched by the first clear ray from the rising planet, and have recognized that there was some one ready to carry on his work of illumining the foibles, the follies, and the supreme virtues so strangely consorting in the human heart.

To compare and contrast *Sir Austin* and *Richard Feverel* with *Colonel* and *Clive Newcome* would reveal most admirably the ground which these two writers have occupied in common, and the wider territory which is peculiar to each. By both the immeasurable love between father and son is touchingly and almost reverently uncovered as a moving force in life. Here is a passion which is more free from selfishness than any which inhabit the by-ways of the heart, and strong men feel the pathos of it in Thackeray and Meredith more than in any other writers. All women and most men write of it as one of the mild sentiments which is to be taken for granted in any study of life or character. They seem oblivious to the supreme part which it has played in intellectually great characters, from David and Absalom to Lincoln and his boy Tad. It sounds the very depths of emotion, and seems to measure the capacity of man for suffering.

* * *

HAVING this passion as a common starting-point, the writers then project the lines of their stories to opposite sides of the sphere. *Sir Austin Feverel* is what Meredith calls a Scientific Humanist, who rears *Richard* according to a well-defined System; *Colonel Newcome* might appropriately be called a Natural Humanist, who believed that *Clive* would best be reared through cultivating in him the natural affections of man for his fellow-man by giving him every opportunity to freely mingle with them.

The one story is a most suggestive and effective complement to the other. *Richard* and *Clive* are equally attractive and lovable young men, eager for the Ordeal of living, and hungry for all that is best by the way. Neither is a prig or a saint; both are strong in the sincerities of life, and weak in its emergencies. They stumble along and lose their way in the fog, but never cease looking ahead for the clear light.

But at length *Richard* tumbles into the stream, and is swept along by the merciless System to a very whirlpool of suffering, while *Clive* drifts through a winding and often sombre rivulet to a quiet bend where there is sunshine sifting through the pines and playing among the alders.

* * *

THIS is only one side of a writer who presents a new facet to the light from whatever quarter. The admirers of Dickens will fancy that they see in *Mrs. Berry*, old *Blaize*, and *Mrs. Doria Forey* gleams of the influence of that fine master of eccentric character-drawing. Those who are charmed by the philosophizing of George Eliot, may find in these thoughtful pages much to suggest her methods.

But it is useless to generalize about the qualities which make George Meredith a great writer. To speak of wit that is in sun and shade by turns—of passion that inspires, and then shrivels its subject like a scorched leaf—of rare fancy that is idyllic in a meadow on a summer day, and terrible in the rainy woods of Limburg—of satire that stings but does not poison—these epithets are hardly intelligible finger-boards to this invigorating country.

It is no wonder that Stevenson, speaking for the writers of imaginative literature, has called George Meredith "the master of us all."

Droch.

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NEW LIGHT ON WASHINGTON.

IT is melancholy to read in a recent biography of Washington, that the first President of the Republic, and foremost American, ordered his clothes of a London tailor. It also appears from his own confession—and we are grieved that Rev. Edward Everett Hale did not see fit to expunge the tell-tale paragraph — that the Father of his country bought lottery tickets. In 1779, writing from his camp at Middlebrook to a quartermaster at Philadelphia, he besought the latter to stir about and see if any of the tickets he enclosed "had come up prizes." In addition to this Washington distilled whiskey, exchanged it for corn, and cocked his hat. Indeed, in his sporting days his hat was seldom set squarely on his head, but worn on one side with a rakish air. Mr. Hale adds to this list of enormities the authenticated fact that the President drank bumpers of peach brandy, and that at the close of the war his bill of personal expenses was $74,485.

Now, the exact proportion of the latter sum expended by the General on his wardrobe and personal adornment cannot be accurately determined. But Washington (as a letter to Charles Lawrence, presumably the Poole of those days, abundantly attests), found fault with his London tailor; and probably had as many gold-embroidered suits in his cabinet as there are leaves in a family almanac. Tigellius, the Roman buck, whom the reader instantly recalls as the butt of Horace's biting satire, could not have been more gorgeously arrayed. It is not known whether George, imitating the English fops of that decade, employed four valets to sprinkle him with scented powder, while a fifth decorated his cue from behind, or whether he was as expert in folding a neckcloth as Beau Brummel. The Father of his Country could not possibly have foregone any luxury of the toilet for the sake of economy. We may be sure, however, he did not play draw-poker, or bet on horse-races. If the contrary were true, would not the gossips and Paul Prys of that period have informed the world of the fact?

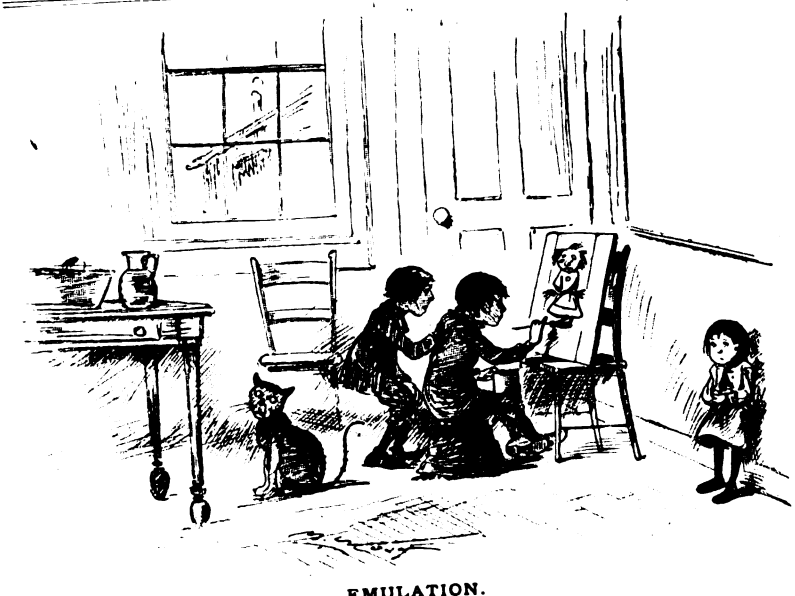
Mrs. Washington was a prudent and economical housewife, but George was a prodigal fellow, it must be confessed. But this was before the days of Jeffersonian simplicity. With such an outfit he must have outvied the most famous beaus of history. It is probable he never took snuff out of the same box twice. If his trunks lay up-piled before us to-day we might behold a towering column higher than Bunker Hill Monument!"

Thus, at last, we disentangle a contumacious kink in the puzzling and complicated skein of history. We see the Father of his Country in a new light. It is a pity Mr. Hale does not continue his researches and reveal to a feverish and waiting world the unique mysteries of Washington's toilet.

Harold Van Santvoord.

AN APT PUPIL.

Ambitious Mamma: EDITH, I NOTICED LAST NIGHT THAT MR. DE RICH PAID YOU CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION—I HOPE YOU SHOWED HIM A PROPER AMOUNT OF CIVILITY.
Ingenuous debutante: OH YES, MAMMA, I DID! I'M SURE HE KNOWS HE CAN HAVE ME FOR THE ASKING.



EMULATION.

LITTLE TOMMY ROACH, WHO HAS GREAT GENIUS, AND MAY BE A COMIC ARTIST SOME DAY, HAS BEEN TOLD THAT BENJAMIN WEST MADE A BRUSH FROM THE HAIR OF A CAT'S TAIL. THOMAS SUCCEEDS IN MAKING A BRUSH, BUT THE CAT HAS LOST ALL ENTHUSIASM.

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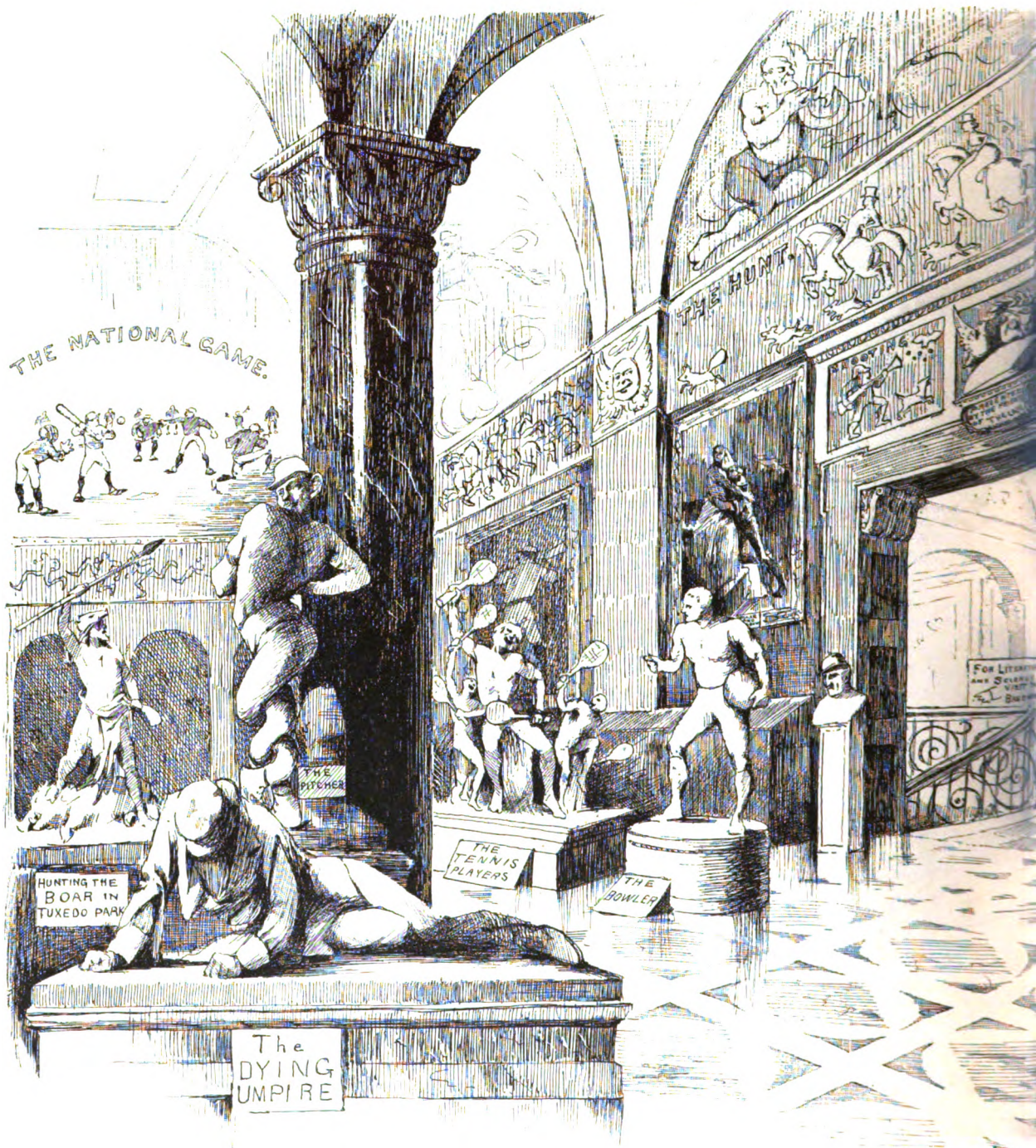

THE ART MUSEUM

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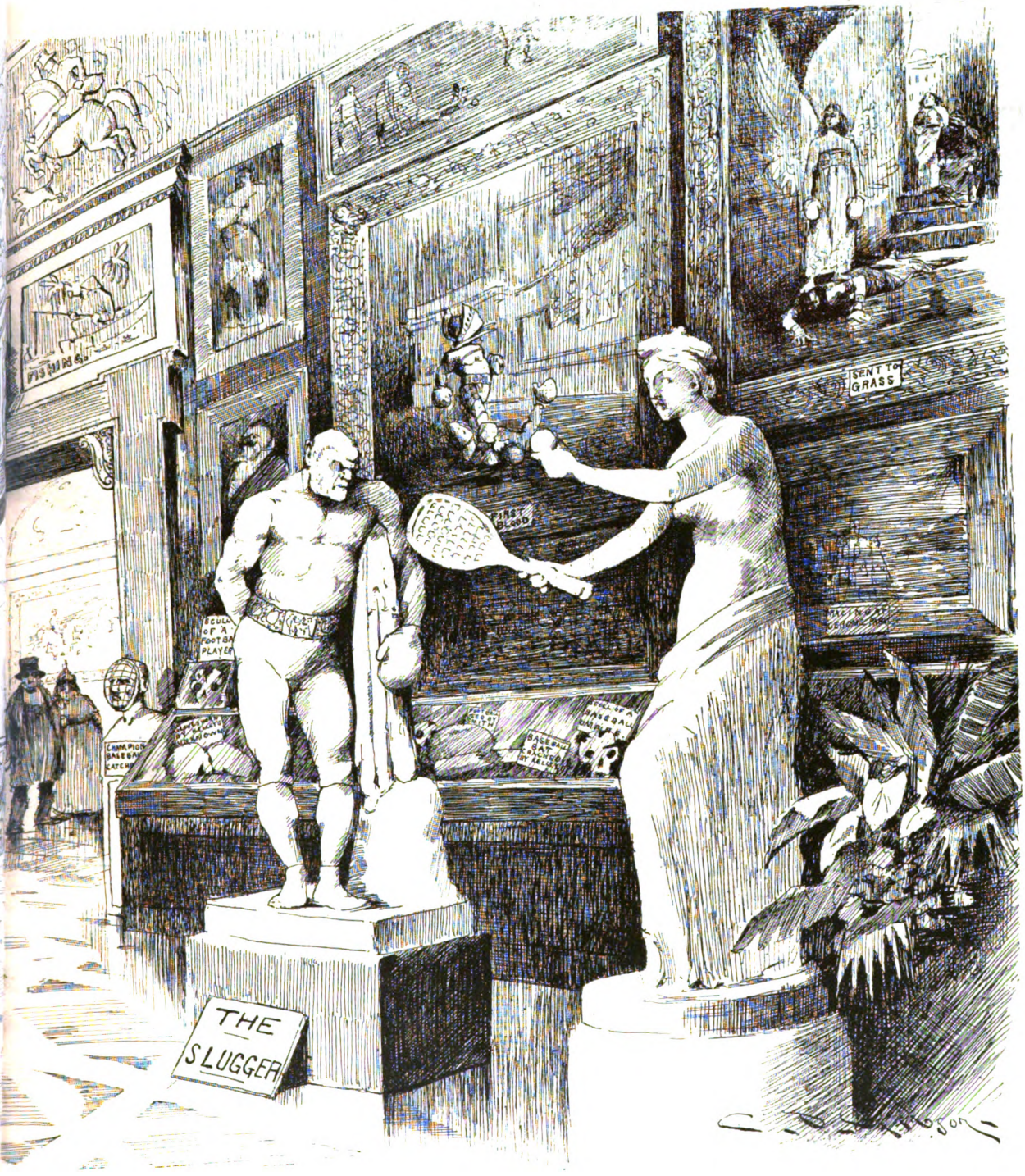

OF THE FUTURE.

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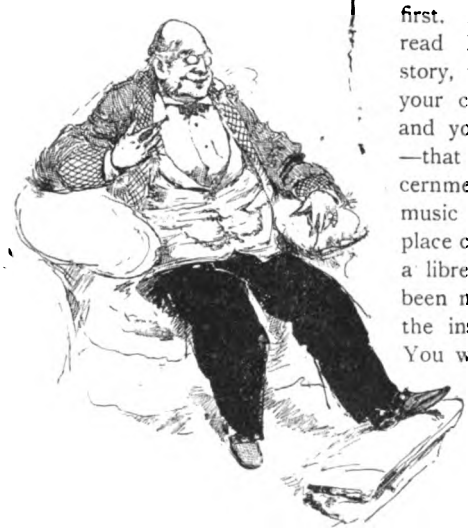
A BIT OF ADVICE.

AND now, my bald-headed friend, your time of triumph has come. The dramatic season has "run to empty-in's" and light opera begins its usual summer sway. For the next three or four months your perspiring dome will be the most gleaming object in the orchestra chairs of several leading theatres. You will sate yourself with symmetry and light music, and by October, your soul-cravings for bleached hair and topical songs will be almost satisfied.

* * *



PERHAPS you will go and hear "The Lady, or the Tiger?" first. Even if you have never read Mr. Stockton's clever story, the title will appeal to your curiosity. You will go and you will be disappointed—that is, if you have any discernment at all. You will hear music of the most commonplace character. You will find a libretto which should have been much better considering the inspiration of the story. You will find that the author has resorted to the rather weak idea of substituting an old maid for Mr. Stockton's tiger, and has even destroyed whatever value that idea possessed, by not handling it skillfully. You will find the whole performance resting on Mr. De Wolf Hopper's fun; and effervescent as that gentleman is, he cannot bubble over perpetually.

Next you will go to see "The Queen's Mate" and find it one of the most handsomely mounted light operas ever produced in New York. You will find in the cast your former idol, Miss Lilian Russell. Lilian is still a plump and pleasing person—more pleasing to-day because less plump than of yore. You will also find there Miss Darville, who has in her hair a tinge of red which perhaps signals danger for the management of "The Queen's Mate." The *rôles* of these two ladies are carefully balanced, evidently with a view to keeping harmony in the company as well as in the music. It was wise—and in view of possibilities the Manager should wear a wig and a catcher's mask, and if it shall come to a contest you will behold regiments of valiant dudes scurrying in from Newport and Tuxedo—aye, even from the uttermost caverns of Bar Harbor—to the rescue of their Lilian. You will find Lecocq's music bright, and if you go back into your reminiscences may remember that you heard it some years ago under the title of "The Princess of the Canaries." Your bald-headed soul will rejoice in the numerous chorus and the rare taste displayed in the selection of its members. You will observe that they have been excellently drilled for the difficult evolutions they perform, although you may think that, musically, they are not quite up to the mark. You and others of your kind will forgive this deficiency in view of their other excellences. In the last act you will see one of the most brilliant spectacular effects ever produced, and you will go home to the most bewildering dreams of armored and spangled beauty. You will, of course, become addicted to "The Queen's Mate," and your heirs will tremble at your extravagance in theatre tickets during the run of the piece.

Metcalfe.

* * *

A CHANGE of bill with Rosina Vokes gives three little pieces of various literary merit, but all exceedingly well rendered. "My Milliner's Bill" is familiar to her many admirers, but it is always a pleasant thing to see. One great charm of these English visitors is their simplicity and naturalness; qualities which most of our native delineators of ladies and gentlemen would do well to cultivate. In "A Double Lesson," Miss Vokes furnishes much amusement and is ably assisted by Miss Leigh, who represents the *Lady Moncrieff* with a repose and unassuming dignity which are very refreshing. "Which is Which" is rather a commonplace little piece with an abundance of forced wit in its dialogue.

Soulful Youth (*languidly*): DO YOU SING "FOREVER AND FOREVER?"

She (*practically*): NO, I STOP FOR MEALS.

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SOME ENGLISH OVERHEARD IN GEORGIA.

"I'S DONE COAXED YOU AN' COAXED YOU, AN' YOU WON'T TAKE NO 'VICE OR RECTITUDE, SO YOU CAN DES GO 'LONG WID YOUR OWN OPPORTUNILY."

THE PENALTY OF OVERINDULGENCE.

Inexperienced Kid: WHY, PA, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

Pa: MY DEAR CHILD, I HAVE A TERRIBLE ATTACK OF INDIGESTION. I AM AFRAID THAT COAL-SCUTTLE WAS TOO RICH.

REFLECTIONS.

"YOU should know my wife," said Matthew Arnold; "she has all my sweetness and none of my conceit!"

Which illustrates how prettily the poet could speak of persons whom he had really learned to appreciate.

What a pity it is, to be sure, that he couldn't have got to know us better.

* * *

MR. STEPHENSON is advertised to write in the June *Scribner's* about "Gentlemen in Fiction"—a sort of supplement to his article on "Gentlemen in Real Life" in the May number. It is an advantage to the community to have his attention dwell on such a subject. In this country, of late, as perhaps in all others, knowledge of what constitutes a gentleman and how you may learn to be one, has seemed to be in less demand than instruction about how to get rich in a hurry, or how to carry the ward. Even in our colleges, where all sorts of curious information is stored up and may be acquired, our young men have seemed less anxious to learn to be gentlemen or even scholars than to be successful in athletic sports.

But to be a gentleman is a very pretty exercise, that deserves better than to be so neglected. Mr. Stephenson could make the very tariff interesting if he chose to write about it, and no doubt he will bring many a man whose present idea of being a gentleman is to lick any man who says he isn't one, to a juster perception of the true requirements of the part.

* * *

AND, by the way, here's dollars to dimes that Mr. Stephenson was able to write his whole piece about "Gentlemen in Fiction" without getting a volume of Howells off the shelf.

Are there any takers?

* * *

ONE of the most interesting marks of American progress is the protracted lamentation of Mr. G. W. Smalley over Mr. Matthew Arnold's dissatisfaction with America. Mr. Smalley seems fairly unable to reconcile himself to his dead friend's

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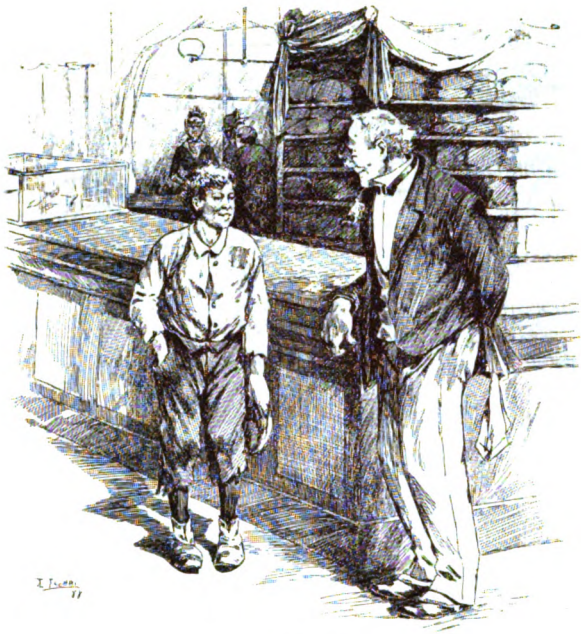


AN OFFER.

Boy: WANT A BOY, SIR?
Hobson: WHAT FOR?
Boy: WHY, TER PAY $3 A WEEK TO SATURDAY NIGHT.
Hobson: FOR DOING WHAT?
Boy: WHY, FUR WAITING ALL THE WEEK FOR IT.

strictures, and feels bad because his (American) countrymen do not feel as badly as he does.

To a man who lives in England, English opinion is important; but to people who keep the ocean between them and John Bull, it may be interesting, but that is all.

Come home, Mr. Smalley, and learn how different this country is since you lived here last. When we compare ourselves to the English at all in these days, we measure ourselves, not by their opinion of us, but by our opinion of them.

Dear Mr. Smalley, do you understand the difference.

E. S. M.

THEY WERE NOT FRIENDS.

BAGLEY: I've heard that Soakem is very sick this morning.

Wagley: Polite way of saying he's drunk, of course.

Bagley: No; 'pon honor, he's sober—perfectly.

Wagley: No wonder he feels queer, then.

NOT IN A PROPER FRAME OF MIND.

"WELL, deacon," said the new minister of a Dakota church, "did my initial sermon seem to please the congregation?"

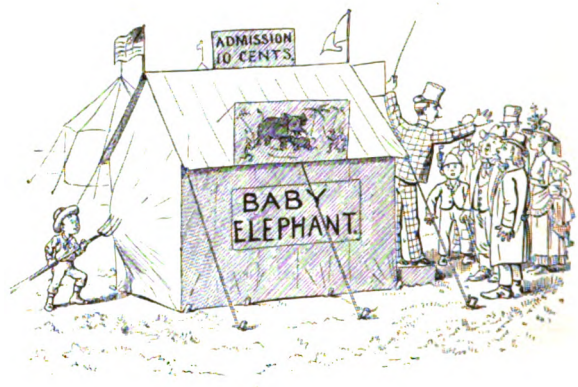
"Yes; some of the boys were havin' a little game of draw after the meetin' was over, an' the general sentiment among 'em was 'bout unanimous in your favor. Home-stretch Mike allowed the sermon wasn't much, but he hed jest run up agin' fours with a king full, an' under them circumstances a'most anythin' would natterly seem kind o' ornery."

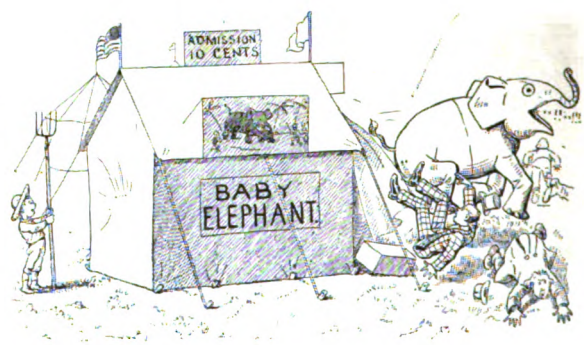
IN CHURCH.

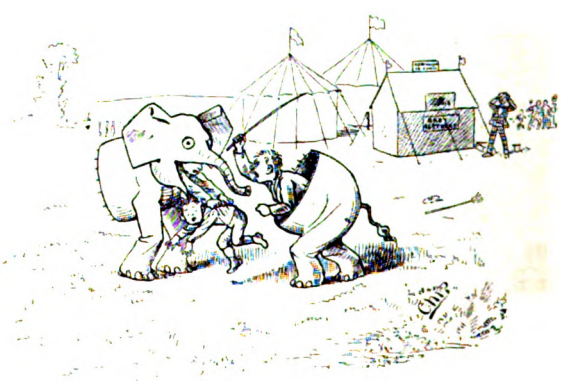
THE preacher prays we may be blest—
She wears my roses on her breast,
While I sit wondering at her side,
If one be wholly satisfied,
Why should one pray?
Not prayer but praise I speak to-day.

C. T. S.

THE BABY'S REVENGE.







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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

A HAPPY MONTH.

THE fellow who used to say "it is cold,"
Concludes his remarks just now to withhold.
The fellow who'll shortly say "it is hot,"
Has nothing to utter, for hot it is not.
May brings us a rest from these fellows, I ween,
For the weather in May is betwixt and between.
—*Boston Courier.*

BOSTON BOOK DEALER: Yes, madam, there seems to be a sudden and enormous demand for the works of Mr. Lowell and Dr. Holmes.

MADAM: To what do you attribute the increase?

BOOK DEALER: Well, I think the downfall of Mr. Sullivan has had something to do with it.—*New York Sun.*

"HAVE you read any of the late poems, Miss Howjames," said the young man, brightening up, "written by Walt Whitman for the *New York Her*—"

"I am not in the habit of reading anything written by the person you mention," replied the Boston young lady, with freezing dignity.

"Well, to tell you the truth," stammered the young man from St. Louis, "I am not dead stuck on him myself. He can't rhyme for shucks. He makes 'anxiety' rhyme with 'nitro-glycerine.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

WALT WHITMAN declares that "nothing is ever lost." Walt must have had the uncommon luck never to have sent a poem to a newspaper office, and then called upon the editor months afterward to inquire why it had not appeared in print.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"I KNOW you are a reporter," said Mr. Fourthly, button-holing the sad-looking young man, "but even so, you have a soul to be saved. If you will only attend—"

"Don't worry about me. I'm O. K. I've been gathered into the Shepard's fold."

"Ah, indeed! and, may I ask—"

"I'm one of the flock on the *Mail and Express.*"—*Philadelphia Call.*

"IT is only my winning weighs," said the grocer, who was detected using twelve ounces for a pound avoirdupois, but he had to acknowledge that he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.—*Graphic.*

"DAN," said a gentleman to his Irish servant, with whom he occasionally exchanged jokes, are you the same Daniel that went into the lion's den?"

"Faith, and did yez never know before that Oi'm the very same wan?"

"Then," said the gentleman, "no doubt you can explain why the lions didn't devour you."

"Thim lions? Ah, don't say a worrud; thim lions wuz stuffed."—*Merchant Traveler.*

WIFE (*anxiously*): I would like to know, Robert, what pleasure you find in smoking cigars.

ROBERT: I won't tell you, deary, for you would want to learn to smoke yourself. See?—*Texas Siftings.*

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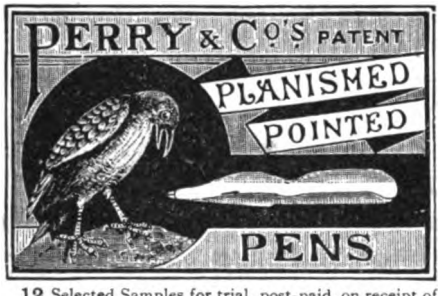

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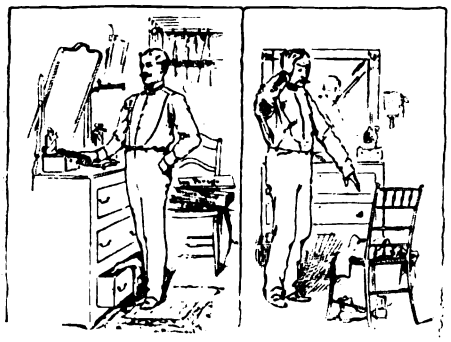

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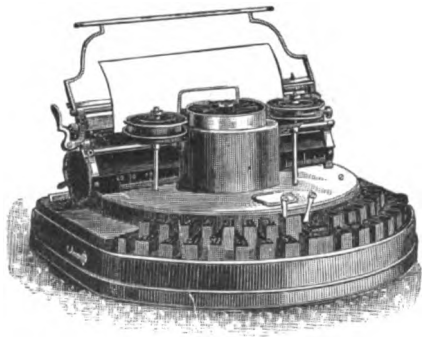

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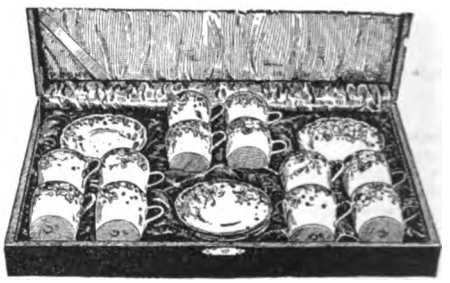

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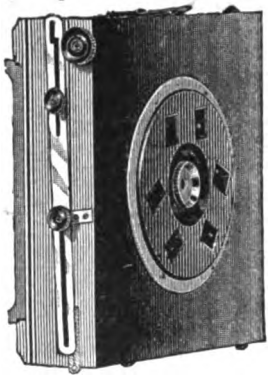

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MINISTER (*gently*): May I ask, Miss Spinster, why, with your culture and refinement, and, pardon me, attractive personal appearance, you have never seen fit to marry?

MISS SPINSTER: Certainly, Mr. Goodman. I have never quite felt able to support a husband.—*Epoch.*

MRS. JIMSON: Have you read about the Woman's International Convention, John? I tell you Woman is a great Fact in Modern Civilization!

MR. J.: Yes; Facts are Stubborn Things, you know.—*Toronto Grip.*

FIRST VERMONT DEACON: Have ye seen Minister Phelps since he's got back?

SECOND VERMONT DEACON: Ya'as; kind o' prosp'rous lookin', ain't he?

FIRST VERMONT DEACON: Ya'as; looks as though he wouldn't trade in nothin' but bob-tailed hosses. —*Epoch.*

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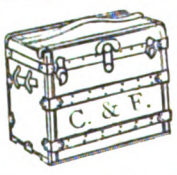

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, MAY 24, 1888. NUMBER 282.

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THE OTHER KIND.

She: SORRY TO MISS YOU THE OTHER NIGHT WHEN YOU CALLED, BUT I WAS AT A PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY AND WON A PRIZE.

He (with much meaning): AH, BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE THE SAME AT HOME!

She: TRUE—BUT I NEVER PLAY FOR THE BOOBY.

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

VOL. XI. MAY 24, 1888. No. 282.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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AMERICAN newspapers, for many sad months to come, will be devoted chiefly to political candidates and their chances. And what jolly reading it will be! Tie a piece of meat to a stick, turn loose upon it a selected number of choice bull-terriers, and you can have the political situation in your own backyard. Then read your newspaper conscientiously and get all the details of the conflict with the elevating knowledge which only comes by a thorough familiarity with the opinions of a partisan journal.

* * *

IT really begins to look as if we should have an international copyright law before long. That was a wily scheme of the Copyright League to descend upon Washington in force and give its bill an impetus early in the session, and it promises to accomplish its object. It was an appeal to the law-makers that they were unable to resist. The grave and reverend senators were particularly impressed as the vote of thirty-five to ten in favor of the law indicates. The American writer, hitherto, has not been particularly diplomatic in his efforts to bring about international copyright. He has endeavored by abuse to force the law-makers to pass a measure with this object, and the result has been that no such law has yet been enacted, though there is no reason why there should not have been long ago. This year the writers have done better, and their visit to Washington, where each read from his own works, has inspired a personal interest that is favorable to the passage of the bill.

* * *

IT is scarcely necessary to point out the advantages that would be gained by authors under an international copyright law, but there is a general opinion that the public will lose by the writers' gain. Lowell has put the injustice of this idea in the epigram that there is one thing that is better than a cheap book, and that is a book that is honestly come by; but a little reflection will show, we think, that the absence of international copyright is working real harm to the great mass of the people, as well as doing injustice to the author. Mr. Brander Matthews compiled and published, a short time ago, statistics concerning the books that would be affected by international copyright, in which he proved that almost the only books that are cheaper under present conditions are the inferior order of novels. Taking Harper's publications as an illustration, he said:

"In 1886 there were issued fifty-four numbers of the 'Franklin Square Library,' one of which was by an American. Of the remaining fifty-three, forty-six were fiction, and only seven numbers could be classed as history, biography, travel, or the drama—only seven of these books in one year, and they were less than one-seventh of the books contained in this collection. In the same year there were sixty-two numbers in 'Harper's Handy Series.' Deducting four by American authors we have fifty-eight books issued in cheap form, owing to the absence of International Copyright. Of these fifty-eight books fifty-two were fiction, and only six belonged in other branches of belles lettres—only six of these books in one year, and they were less than one-ninth of the series. In these two cheap collections, then, there were published in 1886, one hundred and eleven books of foreign authorship, and of these all but thirteen were novels or stories. Not one of these thirteen books was a work of the first rank which a man might regret going without."

* * *

WE find, then, that the absence of international copyright results in flooding our libraries with cheap fiction of the Mary E. Braddon and Duchess stamp, which is enervating to the mind and, as Mr. Matthews shows, injurious to American institutions, in that it inculcates the ideas that, as Americans, we are endeavoring to rid ourselves of. The American public does not need to do the American writer grievous injustice in order to secure a diet of cheap fiction. It is this sort of reading that Mr. Howells thinks is making of us a race of snobs, and we are inclined to agree with him. Let us have international copyright and better literature.

* * *

THERE seems to be no limit to the uses of electricity. We have not, as yet, heard of any device that will transform a five-cent piece into a ten-dollar bill, but Boston is waking up and we are prepared for anything. A rumor came floating down from that sunny clime last week that an eminent Bostonian, one of the "first families," of course, had invented a contrivance by which a baked bean could be made to nourish a hard-working man for twelve days and enable him to understand Browning during the entire period. This seems incredible, but we know what the bean can do from the genial spectacle presented by an occasional Bostonian in the streets of New York.

* * *

THE events of the past week indicate that Grover Cleveland will remain four years more in the White House. The Americans seem to admire pluck and courage, at least they are always ready to reward it. By doing the right thing when everybody believed it was the impolitic thing, Mr. Cleveland has shown himself wiser than his advisers. He stands now the leader of his party as well as the head of the nation, and he is a leader to be trusted and honored.

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LINES ON A PORTRAIT.

EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

A PRETTY inland wooded lake;
A punt to row ourselves about in;
A sister for Dame Grundy's sake;
The best of weather to be out in;
And grass not damp enough to make
Young limbs admit rheumatic gout in;

A book—Noll Cromwell, by Carlisle,
Which I decried and she commended;
Some rhymes at which she deigned to smile
As home our loitering way we wended:
All this in true idyllic style,
Is round her girlish portrait blended.

L'ENVOI.

Since then she's married, so have I;
I married her—excuse the sigh.

W. B. McVickar.

Mother: AND THE SERPENT, AS A PUNISHMENT FOR TEMPTING EVE, WAS MADE TO CRAWL ALL THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

Bobbie: WELL, MAMMA, HOW DID HE GET ALONG BEFORE?

A MERCIFUL JUDGE.

"I HAVE nothing to say, your Honor," responded the prisoner, who had been convicted of bigamy; "I can only ask the mercy of the court."

"Since you ask the mercy of the court," said his Honor, "and there are four women who will probably claim you for a husband when you are free once more, I will give you ten years in State's Prison, instead of five."

SAVED BY A TECHNICALITY.

CLARA (*to Ethel, who is describing her hair-breadth escape from the bull*): But he didn't gore you?

ETHEL: Oh no, ma chère; he cut by us.

THE NEW POLISH.

"HAVE you Browning?" she asked at the village store.

"No," replied the clerk, "we have blacking and whiting, but no browning."

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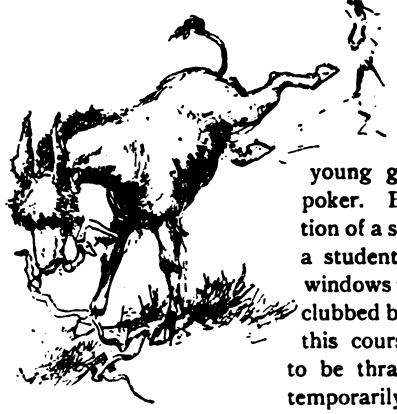
THE SAME KIND OF A GAME.

THE political game of "hide and seek" is very much like the children's game. The office is blindfolded, and the hiders are always trying not to get out of the way.

* * *



THE police of Cambridge are persecuting the students of Harvard. They raided the Polo club rooms, one night last week, confiscated much ale, whiskey and brandy, and arrested six inebriated young gentlemen who were playing poker. But this was only the culmination of a series of outrages. Previously, a student had been fined for breaking windows; two or three of them were clubbed by a brutal policeman, who took this course rather than suffer himself to be thrashed; another was deprived temporarily of his liberty for removing a barber's sign, and other indignities have been put upon these young gentlemen that prove obstacles in the road to learning. A despatch to the *Herald* from Cambridge says: "The feeling against the police is increasing every day, and if a compromise is not soon effected, there will be a fight." If it becomes necessary to teach the Cambridge police-force its place, Harvard is quite up to the accomplishment of that duty, and the sooner the police are taught that the students control the town the better. It makes a great deal of difference whether an educated gentleman becomes inebriated and smashes windows, or whether it is done by a drunken rough.

* * *

THE good die young. Whichever way it is looked at, the war tariff is either old enough to die, or bad enough to die.

* * *

THE board of overseers of Harvard College have passed a vote that in the opinion of the board, additional space should be provided as soon as practicable for use as a college playground. It is understood, however, that playing marbles for keeps will not be allowed on the playground.

* * *

LIFE learns from a mother of a family that Miss Frances Willard has declared that dolls are "heathenish" and must go.

Miss Willard is the same lady who wants to divorce us all from "liquor," and would like to have the universe washed up, slick and clean, at 7.45 every evening, and put to bed immutably at nine. She was one of the six woman-delegates to the Methodist Conference who did not get in, and we are glad of it.

Dolls! Miss Willard, dolls heathenish? No dolls for little girls? RUBBISH, madame! Go buy some liver cure! You are taking life much too seriously. You remind this journal of the lady who had never known but three women who had a sense of humor. One was dead, one was married, and the other—was not you, Miss Willard—oh, no; not, as the intemperate say, "by a jugful."

* * *

THE Prince of Wales may be sure of a cordial welcome from four hundred people in this city, at least.

* * *

DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING.

FIRST CITIZEN: I would never vote for Evarts, he is too absent-minded to be President.

SECOND CITIZEN: How is he absent-minded?

FIRST CITIZEN: I understand that he recently bought a new hat.

* * *

A RACE for wealth—the Jews.

* * *

PILLE, M. D.: No, we have no room in this paper for a chemist's retort.

* * *

COULD the parties composing the Standard Oil Trust properly be called members of an Oiligarchy?

* * *

SOMETHING FOR A LIGHT MEAL.

HALF A DOZEN ROAR.

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ON THE WAY TO COLORADO SPRINGS.

Algernon (his first Western trip): AW, I SUPPOSE YOU SEE A GOOD MANY QUEER PEOPLE 'ROUND HERE, DON'T YOU?

Native: WAAL, YES, STRANGER—WHEN THE TRAINS FROM THE EAST COME IN.

A MAN TO BE AVOIDED.

LAMBREQUIN: There is Brown crossing the street; let us turn down here and get out of his way.

ROBINSON: What's the matter, do you owe him anything?

LAMBREQUIN: No, but he has just got back from a week's fishing excursion.

A GOOD REMEDY.

CITIZEN (*carelessly*): Oh, by the way, doctor, what do you give in the case of a cold on the lungs?

DOCTOR: Advice.

NOT A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A LITTLE boy in New England was questioned as to whether he had ever stolen any grapes.

"Yes," he replied, "but I don't mind if only God and my brother see me, for God can't tell mamma if he wants to, and I know Ralph won't."

YES, the Phelps family contains a number of distinguished ministers. E. John is Minister to England, William Walter is minister to Blaine, and Lobbyist Phelps ministers to the financial welfare of the State Legislature.

RHYME OF AN OLDE BELLE.

PRISCILLA ys a blushinge Belle,
Whose Age yt wolde be harde toe telle,
Soe winsome faire Her looke;
Butt when Her features I wolde scan,
She hydes behynde Her painted Fan
Two twinkling Eyes more Mystick than
Ye Rubrick of a Booke.

Her under-lippe ys ripe & redde,
Methinks on Roses yt hath fedde
(Her lippes are slighte aparte);
While flyinge Blushes on Her Cheeke
Wth Dimples play at Hyde & Seeke
Each time Her gentil Eyes bespeake
Ye Passione of Her Hearte.

When Arte and Beautie soe combine
Toe Maske ye ravages of Time,
How vayne toe pyne for Youth!
Maye Rouge & Patche & Powder-Puffe
Theyre biddynge doe — ytte ys enough!
Soe maye ye Painted Lie rebuffe
Ye plaine & simple Truth!

Harold Van Santvoord.

FORETHOUGHT.

WILD MAN FROM BORNEO: I'm goin' to marry the girl without legs. What do yees think o' that, now?

MANAGER: Why not marry the Albino? She's twice as pretty.

WILD MAN FROM BORNEO: Well, sorr, foine looks is all right, but I've laid up a power o' money, an' the girl without legs couldn't run away wid it.

HER PREJUDICE.

"I'LL BET TEN DOLLARSH TO ER SHENT THAT MY WIFE SHAYS I'VE BEEN 'ER DRINKING AGAIN. SHE THINKS 'ERSELF SHO SHMART!"

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BOOMERANGS

WRITING—OF LIFE, OR FOR A LIVING?

THOSE nearest to George Eliot, says a recent *Fortnightly* article, would have believed her capable of winning distinction in almost any branch of literature other than fiction. Her wide learning and serious studies, her intense scholarship and her faculty of analysis pointed toward eminence in philosophy, history and criticism. Even Lewes disbelieved in her possession of dramatic power, though it was he who encouraged her to write her first story.

She was thirty-seven years of age when one day—as she writes in her Journal—"I imagined myself writing a story of which the title was 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.'" This was the beginning of her career as a novelist—with mature powers and a storehouse of garnered wisdom at her command. There were no years of disheartening experiment and failure—but immediate recognition of her work.

* * *

THACKERAY had achieved reputation among literary men, but little eminence until he wrote "Vanity Fair," at thirty-five. Hawthorne was forty-six when he became famous as the author of the "Scarlet Letter." Trollope and Charles Reade were well on toward middle life when their first successes were made.

More and more, as all parts of the world are brought within hailing distance by steam and electricity, will those who read demand that writers of fiction shall give them the fruit of years spent in acquiring knowledge of men and things everywhere—not the vain imaginings of immature minds. The success of Dickens with "Pickwick" when a mere boy of twenty-two has led hosts of ambitious youngsters to publish worthless books; they do not remember that Dickens at his majority was a graduate of the bitterest schools of the world—Poverty and London.

* * *

THE result of this tendency to demand that literature shall be the fruit of experience will be a gradual change in the literary man's attitude toward life. Instead of claiming a living from the world for the half-baked work of his twenties, he will gain knowledge and independence by assiduous work at some avowed money-getting occupation; or, if he is a man of fortune, he will travel and study—accumulating knowledge of men in all countries and all times. Whatever he does he will look upon as contributing to his fund of literary material. He must see to it that his faculty of expression grows with it, else his hoard will be as useless as gold to a miser.

* * *

THIS is not a plea for pedantry, for novels overloaded with book-learning and devoid of human nature. To return to our illustration—When George Eliot wrote her first stories she chose for their locale the obscure country regions with which her childhood had been associated. All her learning and experience were merely lamps to light up the recesses of the human heart. For this reason "Adam Bede" is still a greater favorite than "Romola."

* * *

TO sum it up—the coming man will write a book, not to make a living, but because he *has* lived, and that for some purpose. *Droch.*

· NEW BOOKS ·

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. Nos. 15 & 16. New York: The Century Co.

Cell 13. By Edwin H. Trafton. Chicago: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

Civilization in the United States. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

The Spell of Ashtaroth. By Duffield Osborne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Age of Cleveland. By Harold Fulton Ralphdon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

The Lays of Ancient Rome. By Lord Macaulay. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

George Riddle's Readings. Boston: Walter H. Baker & Co.

The Flower Girls of Marseilles. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Adelaide Ristori. Famous Women Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Slave of Circumstances. By Ernest De Lancey Pierson. New York: Belford, Clarke & Co.

Micah Enos. New York: Brentanos.

The Century Magazine, November, 1887, to April, 1888. New York: The Century Co.

AN OBJECTIONABLE QUALITY.

MOTHER: Do you know, I like that Mr. Bjones. He is such a wide-awake young man.

FATHER: Well, I wish he wasn't so wide-awake. He was here until three o'clock this morning. If he'd get normally sleepy on occasions I'd like him better.

SON OF PROFESSOR (*ætat six*): Papa, can't I go to see the new Freshmen 'zamined?

"Why, my child, there will be nothing that can interest you."

"I want to see them frow the hammer."

NO, DEAR LIT-TLE REA-DER, THE HUN-TER DID NOT STRIKE THE RAB-BIT, BUT HE STRUCK FOR THE WOODS AL-MOST IM-ME-DI-ATE-LY.

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Aunt: DO YOU THINK SUCH AN INEXPERIENCED YOUNG MAN CAN CUT OFF MY LEG?
Nephew: HE SAYS HE IS WILLING TO TRY.

REVISED PROVERBS.

OF two houses, choose that which is not leased.

AS the paper is ruled, the ledger is ink-lined.

NEVER buy a cat in a bag. You can nearly always get one for nothing.

LABOR conquers everything except the opposition to a Labor candidate for Congress.

SHOE-MANUFACTURING corporations have soles.

BE sure you are wronged; then go ahead—with your suit for damages.

A ROSE by any other name would cost as much.

Wm. H. Siviter.

MERIT will tell: even in strawberry baskets the best rise to the top.

SPRING STYLES.
A BOSTON FASHION PLATE.

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A CABINET MEETING WHEN CHA

"LET EVERY MAN DO THAT W

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JNCEY DEPEW IS PRESIDENT.

IICH HE CAN DO BEST."

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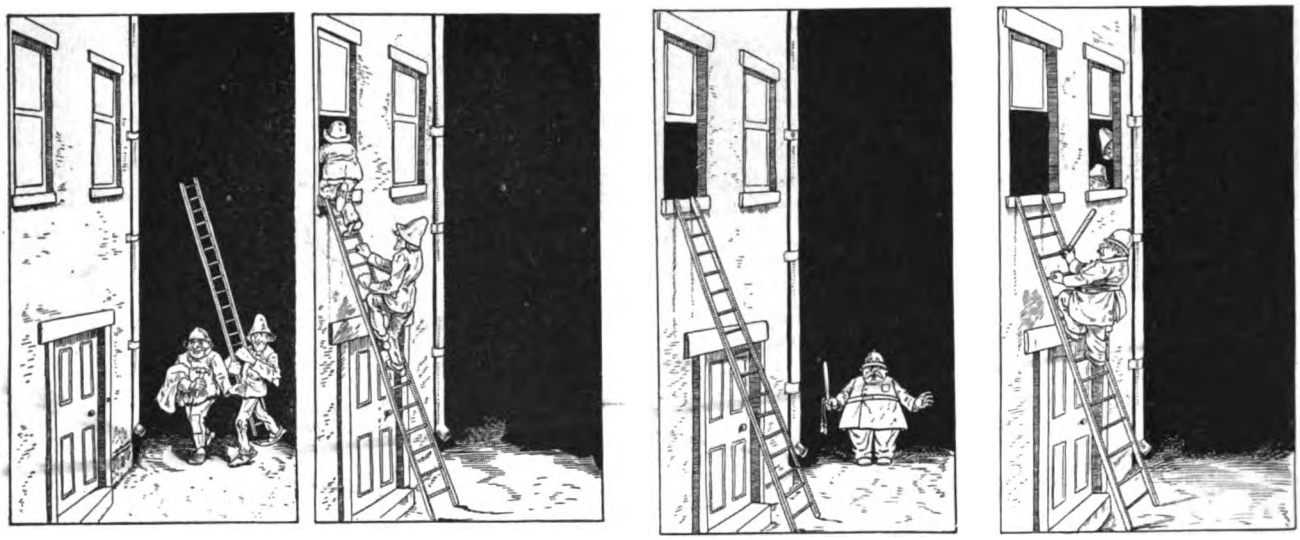

THE TWO NIMBLE THIEVES,

OR HOW AN INQUISITIVE POLICEMAN WAS PLACED IN A VERY EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENT.

A CLERICAL SPREE.

THE Reverend Mr. Stiggins, of Joliet, Ill.; the Reverend Mr. Chadband, of West Joplin, Mo., and the Reverend Malachi Jowles, of Wytopitlock, Me., have been in New York in attendance on the Methodist Conference. After an arduous session one day last week, they had returned to their modest lodgings at a boarding-house in West Ninth Street. Mr. Stiggins was sitting on his trunk, using the moistened corner of a towel to remove certain marks left on his broadcloth Prince Albert, through an accidental misconnection between his generous mouth and an over-large piece of pie-plant pie. Mr. Chadband was indulging in a vain endeavor to secure a comprehensive view of his chubby countenance in the 6x8 mirror as he jerked a time-worn razor over the hills and valleys of his fleshly cheek. Mr. Jowles was inditing an affectionate postal-card to his wife in far-off Wytopitlock, using for this purpose a stub of lead-pencil and his none too corpulent knee.

"Jowlesie, old boy," said Mr. Stiggins in a dreamy tone, "it isn't often we get to this mart of sin, is it?"

"If you mean by that term the City of New York," replied Mr. Jowles in a sepulchral voice, "we do not."

"And that being so," continued Mr. Stiggins, "should we not avail ourselves of the opportunity to study the ways of those who sin and who know how to sin?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Chadband, between a scrape and a pinch, and anticipating what was coming.

"I suggest, then," Mr. Stiggins went on, "that we go this evening to one of those snares of the Evil One known as a theatre."

Mr. Jowles tried to look grieved and Mr. Chadband to appear surprised, but Mr. Stiggins's proposition was duly acceded to, and, having finished his renovating process, the last named gentleman went forth to procure seats for the trio.

Having eaten such a supper as is served at a strictly orthodox boarding-house, our clinical friends might have been seen seated at the Casino when the curtain rose on "Nadjy."

There was nothing particularly remarkable in the first act. Our friends found the music pleasing even if not remarkably original, and the stage-setting very good. Mr. Jowles's customary frown relaxed a little, and for a moment his mind seemed to wander from the thoughts of a hot hereafter.

As the play went on and Miss Marie Jansen appeared as a ballet-dancer in mourning—even to her tights—Mr. Jowles was observed to look about furtively as though he feared some of his congregation might be in the audience. As Mr Chadband looked at the pretty girls and handsome costumes on the stage, his little eyes twinkled like twin lighthouses and his dimples wobbled vigorously up and down. Mr. Stiggins's serious look was intent upon the stage.

It was only between the acts that they conversed at all. Mr. Stiggins frankly confessed that he had seen ballet-dancing before, and that he didn't think Miss Jansen proficient in that respect, estimable woman and clever artist as she might be otherwise. He also said (quoting from Mr. Weller) that Mr. Fred Solomon would doubtless have been an uncommon fine oyster if he had been born to that station of life, but that as a comedian he was anything but funny.

Metcalfe.

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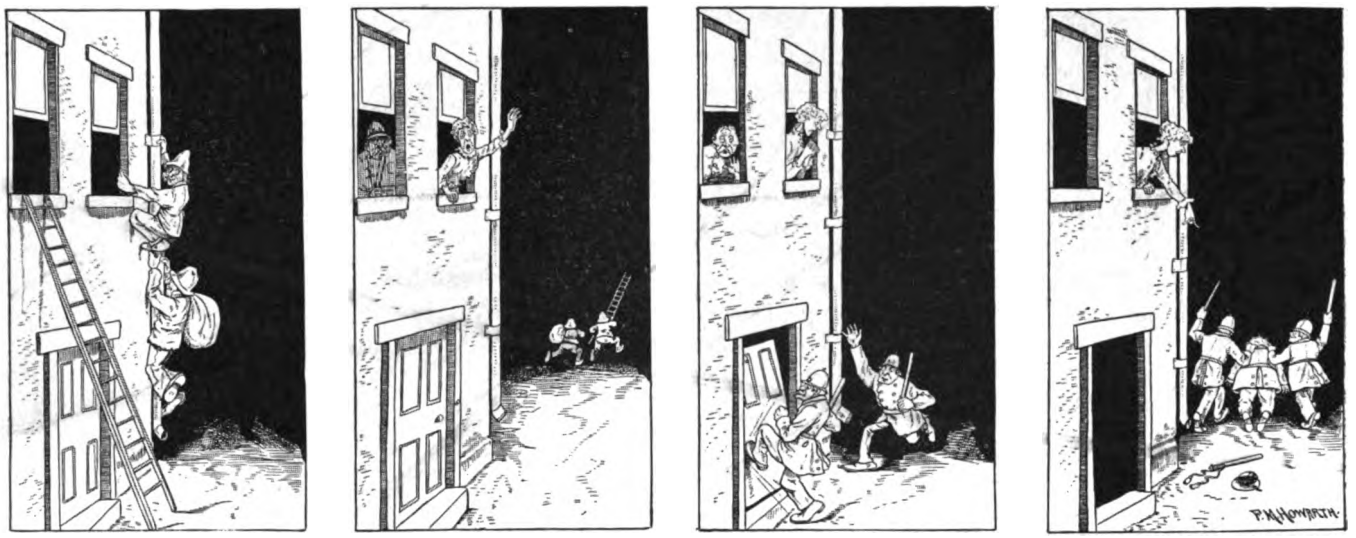

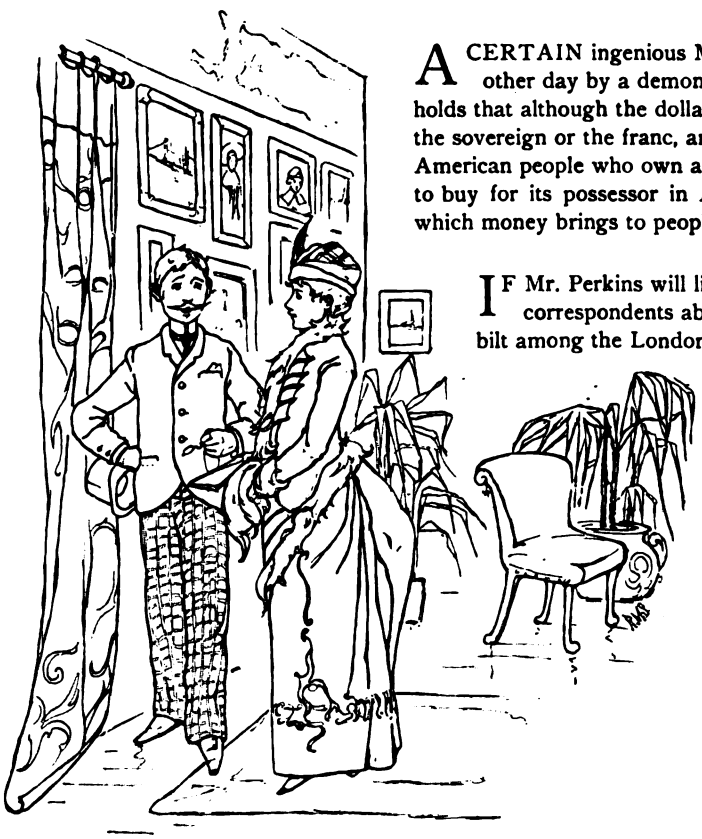

WE ARE A RAPID PEOPLE.

Veteran of 18 winters: I AM GOING TO SPEAK TO ARABELLA TO-NIGHT.

His Friend: WHY, DO YOU THINK SHE WILL ACCEPT YOU? HAS SHE EVER GIVEN YOU ANY ENCOURAGEMENT?

V. of 18 winters: WELL—ER—NO; BUT I THINK MY CHANCES ARE GOOD. THIS IS HER SECOND SEASON, YOU KNOW.

Note.—Arabella is nineteen.

THOSE DOLLARS.

A CERTAIN ingenious Mr. Perkins, of Rochester, tailed off one of the magazines the other day by a demonstration that the Almighty Dollar was a myth. Mr. Perkins holds that although the dollar is not without influence it is a feeble thing compared with the sovereign or the franc, and to stigmatize it as "almighty" is a gross injustice to the American people who own and use it. The dollar utterly fails, in Mr. Perkins' opinion, to buy for its possessor in America the consideration, the distinction, or the homage which money brings to people who have it in Europe or anywhere else.

* * *

IF Mr. Perkins will listen at the cable-end and hear the details transmitted by correspondents about the stir alleged to have been produced by Mr. Vanderbilt among the Londoners, he will find a good deal to confirm him in his belief. Which Mr. Vanderbilt it is that is purchasing furniture and spring clothing LIFE disremembers to have heard, but inasmuch as Mr. Willie was lately heard of as suing at law for his feudal rights as a Long Island seigneur, the one in London would seem to be the more judicious Mr. Cornell.

* * *

POSSIBLY the enthusiasm of a correspondent has led him to exaggerate the peremptory tone of the tradesman who shouts in the crowd "Make way for Mr. Vanderbilt's coats!" but the house at Belgravia at a thousand pounds a month—or a minute, is it?—our own Cornelius, of the bell-punch and coupon-scissors, appearing at court with a sword assumed in lieu of those defenses. Paris, stupid with admiration at a bedroom set. London with a subscription paper in one hand and its visiting cards in the other—those are pictures which have some stamp of authenticity to them, and which the above said Mr. Perkins, of Rochester, may contemplate with glee.

* * *

WE think well of Mr. Vanderbilt in this country, and, of course, when he tosses up double eagles in the social air, not even McAllister's four hundred refuse to scramble for them, but—gracious! we're not so pell-mell-ish in our attentions as those English! *E. S. M.*

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JUST FANCY.

AH, it is in the spring that the young man's fancy, the old man's fancy, the middle-aged man's fancy, the young woman's fancy, the old woman's fancy, the middle-aged woman's fancy, the boy's and girl's fancy, and everybody's else who has any fancy, including the national fancy, lightly turn to thoughts of baseball. Just fancy!

GOOD LUCK.

STRANGER (*to Western Citizen*): My friend, you are sadly bruised and battered, and parts of your ear seem to be missing. You must have had some bad luck.

WESTERN CITIZEN: Bad luck! Great Scott! Stranger, I got the pot.

NONE TOO LARGE.

CUSTOMER (*to Mr. Isaacstein*): The coat is about three sizes too big.

MR. ISAACSTEIN (*impressively*): Mine frent, dat coat make you so proud you vill grow into it.

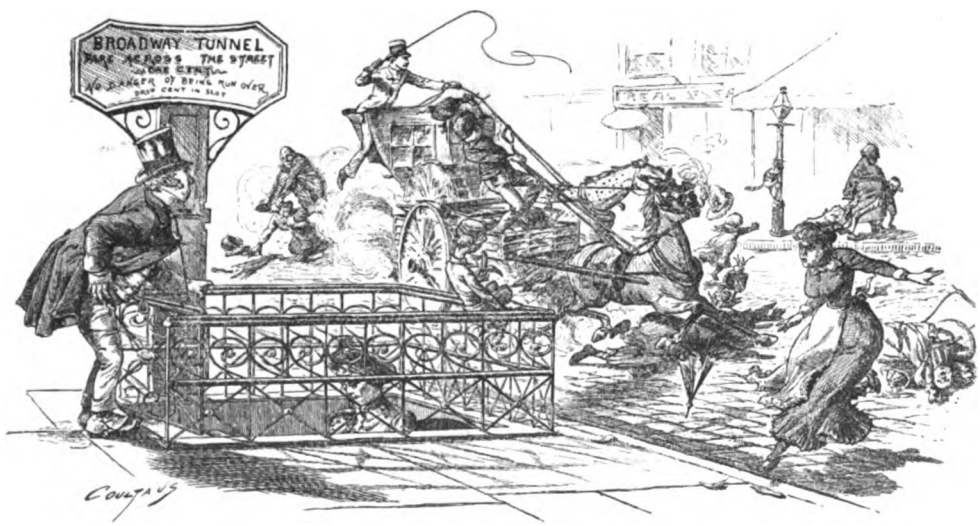
HOW pleasant it must be for the enterprising burglar when he silently forces the front door, to find the hospitable legend hung on the wall "Welcome, Stranger." Every calling in life has more or less pleasant features.

Philip H. Welch.

THE COURSE OF TRUE—WHAT'S ITS NAME—NEVER DID RUN, ETC.

He: HERE, DEAR BEATRICE, FAR, FAR FROM THE BUSY HAUNTS OF MEN, WHERE NO EYE CAN SEE NOR NO VOICE REACH US, LET ME ASSURE YOU—

(*It was at this particular moment that a well-known exclamation reached their ears.*)



A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.

WHAT FAST DRIVING IN THE STREETS WILL BRING US TO.

SHORT IN HIS EXPERIENCE.

HAPPY YOUNG HUSBAND: Belle and I get along very amicably. Not the slightest coldness has occurred, and we have been married almost a year.

WISE FATHER: Did you ever try to match any trimming for her?

"No, I haven't."

"Then your experience hasn't commenced yet."

NEVER pour coals of ire on your enemy's head. He might become fiery and go for you, shovel and tongs.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

A POET OF TASTE.

I NEVER had a sweet gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye—
But I would love it passing well,
Baked in a rich and crusty pie.
If I could have a bird to love
And nestle sweetly in my breast,
All other nestling birds above,
The turkey—stuffed—would be that bird.
—*Philadelphia News.*

FRIEND: Don't you find it monotonous work traveling from city to city?

ACTOR: No, indeed; one has to be constantly on the lookout for wildcats and specials.—*Judge.*

MISS BEACONHILL: So you are a Harvard man, Mr. Go-Easy; and what class are you in?

JACK GO-EASY: I'm in the heavy-weight class now, Miss Beaconhill, but I hope to get down to middle weight next winter if I train hard.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

HE (*trying to be funny*): Awnd what do they teach at Vassar?
SHE: Manners. You ought to take a course.—*Philadelphia Call.*

YOUNG WIFE: John, I wish you would rock the baby.
YOUNG HUSBAND: What'll I rock the baby for?
Y. W.: Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rock him.
Y. H.: Well, don't half belong to you?
Y. W.: Yes.
Y. H.: Well, you can rock your half, and let my half holler.—*Cleveland Town Topics.*

WIFE (*club night*): Will you be home early, John?
HUSBAND: Ye'es, I think so; but don't keep breakfast waiting for me.—*New York Sun.*

PLENTY OF BRAINS, BUT NOT THE RIGHT QUALITY.

FIRST BOY: Does your grandpa smoke a pipe?
SECOND BOY: Not now. Last week he went to sleep with a short pipe in his mouth, and the fire reached his celluloid teeth and they exploded, bursting his head open.
FIRST BOY: What a fool! Didn't he have any brains?
SECOND BOY: Oh, lots of brains! They've ruined the frescoed ceiling.—*The Accident News.*

COCHER (*who has driven Jolly-Boy from the bal masque*): Mais! Pour boire, M'sieur!
JOLLY-BOY (*decidedly*): No!!
COCHER (*insinuatingly*): Pour quoi, M'sieur?
JOLLY-BOY (*sadly*): Poor man, Cocher.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

POLICEMAN (*to tired citizen*): Do you think you can get home alone, Mr. Smith?
TIRED CITIZEN: Yesh, I can (*hic*) get t' fron' door 'lone, but after that I (*hic*) guesh I'll have company.—*Sun.*

ONE CAKE OF

Packer's Tar Soap

Will Cure Dandruff. FACT!

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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

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SECRETARY: Queer! Here's an application from a murderer under sentence of death in a Pennsylvania prison.
PRESIDENT: Issue the policy.
SECRETARY (*aghast*): Issue it?
PRESIDENT: Certainly. Why not, Mr. Secretary. We are looking for gilt-edged risks, aren't we?—*Tid-Bits.*

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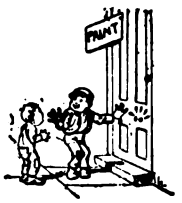
To make the door look spick-and-span.



DAUBING.

The bad boy thought he'd try his hand,
But knew not of the risk he ran.

GLUING.

The painter brought some Liquid Glue,
And soon the marks were covered up.

STICKING.

The boy did not believe it true,
But now he finds his game is up.

UPTON'S LIQUID FISH GLUE is made by a new process, and is superior in adhesive and keeping qualities to all others. If your dealer does not keep it, send 15 cents for sample bottle to Geo. Upton, Mfr., Boston, Mass.

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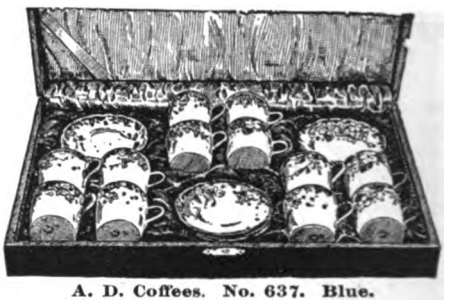

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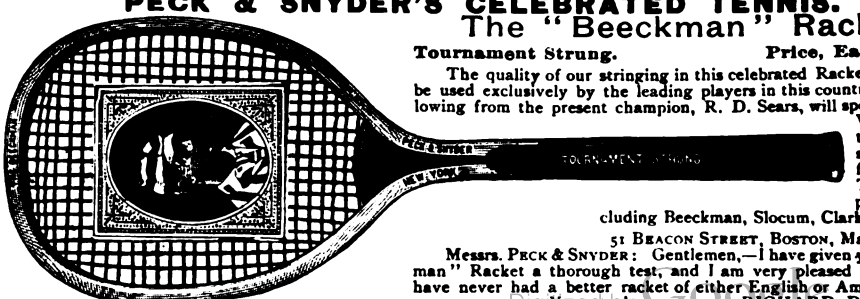

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Yours truly, RICHARD D. SEARS.

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THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"MISS KACKTUS," said the young man at the Arizona ball, casually resting his hand on the butt end of his six-shooter, "I believe the next waltz is mine, isn't it?"

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Roundup," said another young man who was standing by, as he pointed in a careless, easy manner at Miss Kacktus's card with a bowie-knife eighteen inches long, "my name is down for that waltz."

"You are right, Mr. Lariat," rejoined Mr. Roundup, with his eyes on the glittering blade.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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They bring something more. In their train follows the great procession of Spring disorders. People who have during the Winter lived on too much of a meat diet, now need a Spring medicine. The blood needs purifying. The whole system needs toning up. That miserable feeling of lassitude, which makes folks so forlorn and languid, must be got rid of. **Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headaches, Bowel Disorders** (especially **Constipation**), will continue to vex the people who let them alone.

To be rid of these annoying ailments the course is simple and pleasant. The use of

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will do it. No guess work about this. Positive certainty. Tested by physicians and the general public for over forty years. If you have never tried it, try it now.

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This greatest and best of all Spring medicines is for sale by all druggists.

NEW YORK TO THE FRONT!

A Matter Which Concerns You.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should longer be ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength.

NEW YORK (143 Third Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—After using "Warner's Safe Cure," I take pleasure in stating that I have found it the greatest remedy for the kidneys in the world. I would inform you that I followed the profession of a "Pedestrian" for upwards of twenty years and am proud to state that I retired as Champion Endurance Pedestrian of the world. I then became manager of Walking and Bicycle Matches. The severe strain told upon my kidneys. I suffered untold misery. I was induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after taking six (6) bottles, I am enabled to say I am better than I have been in ten years. I will with pleasure answer any parties who may desire information.

Harry Brooks.

BROOKLYN (458 Henry St.), January 31, 1888.—Last summer I suffered much from malaria, and was recommended by a friend to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and am pleased to say it worked a most successful cure.

James D. Clancy

NEW YORK CITY (157 W. 23d St.), Jan. 25, 1888.—For about ten years, up to three years ago, I was suffering the most excruciating and unbearable pains in the left side, continually belching up wind, with a tired and languid feeling. I am a conductor on the Elevated Railway, and was when I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure." I used to lose on an average four days every month with these horrible pains. I tried lots of doctors and lots of medicine, but of no avail, until a friend came along and told me about "Warner's Safe Cure." I think I took about eighteen or twenty bottles, entirely driving the pain away, relieving me of that languid feeling, giving me a better color and good appetite.

Abraham C. Johnson

NEW YORK (No. 30 E. 22d St.), Feb. 3d, 1888.—My son has been taking "Warner's Safe Cure" for two years and he seems to be entirely cured of his trouble, which the doctors pronounced at that time Bright's Disease.

H. M. Libbie.

BROOKLYN (141 Myrtle Ave.), Feb. 19, 1888.—I have been employed on the Union Ferry Co. since 1848, and enjoyed good health until I was ruptured twenty-three years ago. Five years ago I was cured of the rupture, and then taken with Hydrocele and was operated on by Dr. Burnham, of New York City, the last operation being performed in 1886 at 222 Pearl Street, Brooklyn. Since that time I have had a gathering of water in the stomach and weakness of the kidney. Last fall I was recommended to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have found great relief in my kidneys and stomach.

Capt. John Cole

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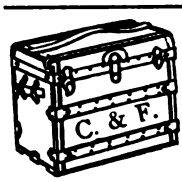

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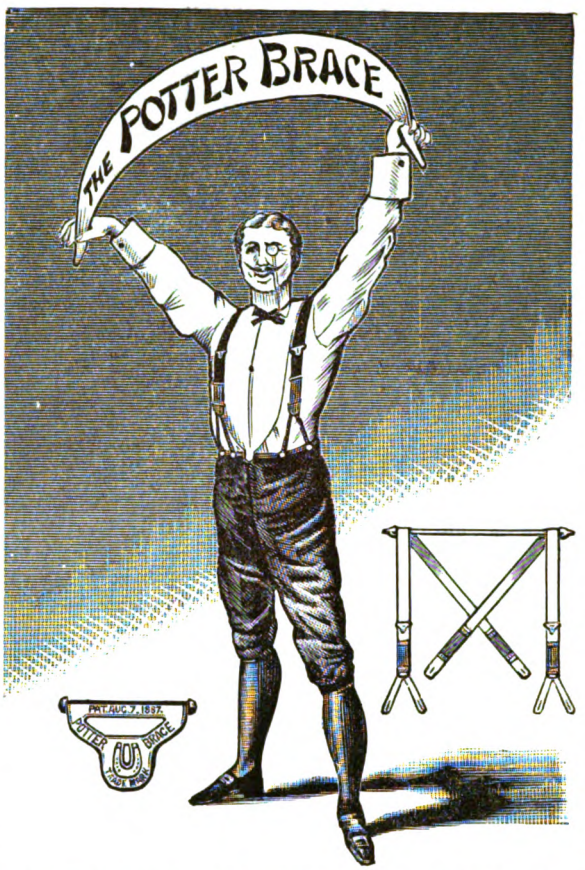

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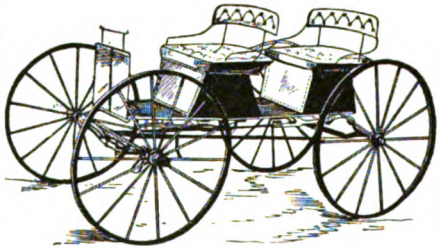

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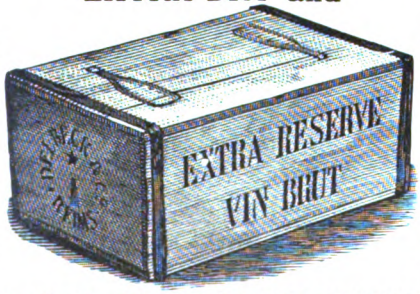

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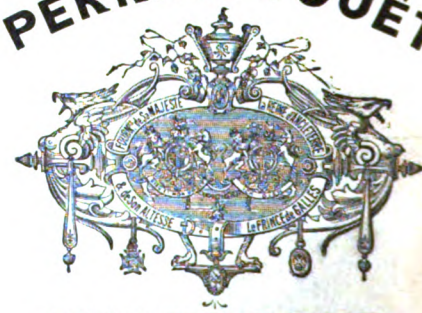

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VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, MAY 31, 1888.

NUMBER 283.

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First Instalment of a New Novel by W. D. HOWELLS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF JUNE NUMBER:

Studies of the Great West. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Part IV. Chicago (Second Paper).

London as a Literary Centre. Second Paper: The Novelists. By R. R. BOWKER. 19 Portraits, including the frontispiece, "Dinah Maria Craik."

Barbara Allen's Cruelty. A Ballad. 4 Illustrations by E. A. ABBEY.

Two Countries. A Story Complete. By HENRY JAMES. Illustrated by C. S. REINHART.

Impressions in Burnoose and Saddle. By EDWARD P. SANGUINETTI. Illustrated by the Author.

In Far Lochaber. By WILLIAM BLACK. Part VI.

Surpliced Choirs in New York. By H. E. KREHBIEL. Illustrated.

Annie Kilburn. A Novel. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Part I.

The Central State (Kansas). Its Physical Features and Resources. By ROBERT HAY, U.S.G.S. Illustrated.

Life with Yon Lambs. A Sonnet. By WORDSWORTH. Illustrated by A. PARSONS.

Sketches of Capri. By MARY E. VANDYNE. Illustrated.

POEMS:

Batyushka. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Twilight. By Mrs. COMYNS CARR.

June Cometh. By CHARLES W. COLEMAN, Jr.

Editor's Easy Chair. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Study. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Monthly Record of Current Events

Editor's Drawer. Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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THE JUNE CENTURY

Contains Mr. George Kennan's paper on "The Plains and Prisons of Western Siberia," in which the writer describes his visit to the forwarding prison at Tiumen, where, in accommodations for 800, he found nearly 1800 prisoners. The illustrations are from sketches and photographs by Mr. Frost, who accompanied Mr. Kennan on his Siberian trip. These articles on

SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM

are attracting the attention of the civilized world. They are being translated into foreign languages and are appearing serially in European and Asiatic newspapers—among others the organ of the Russian Liberals, published at Geneva. The June CENTURY contains the following among its

THE COURT-YARD OF TIUMEN PRISON.
From a Sketch made by an Exile.—In the June CENTURY.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

A richly illustrated paper, "A Printer's Paradise," by Theodore L. De Vinne, describing the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp; "The Philosophy of Courage," an interesting paper by Gen. Horace Porter; "What We Should Eat," a suggestive article by Prof. W. O. Atwater; "Matthew Arnold's Criticism," by John Burroughs; two capital short stories by Grace Denio Litchfield and Brander Matthews; "The Ranchman's Rifle on Crag and Prairie," by Theodore Roosevelt, illustrated by Remington, etc., etc. In the Lincoln History the reception of the news of the battle of Bull Run by President Lincoln is graphically described by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay.

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VOLUME XI.
No. 283.

· LIFE ·

MAY 31ST,
1888.

THE UNEXPECTED.

SHE was the reigning belle!
Straightway in love I fell;
Potent became the spell—
Too plain for masking.
Then for a time I wooed—
For her sweet favor sued,
Till I'd my courage screwed
Up to the "asking."

Out of the glare and heat,
Where to the music's beat
Tripped the untiring feet
Of the gay dancer,
Gently I led my fair
Partner, so debonair,
Told her the whole, and there
Waited her answer.

Sweet was the flowers' perfume—
Weird the enshadowing gloom;
From the gay, lighted room,
Sweet strains came faintly.
Turning, she smiled and blushed,
Murmured surprise, and flushed,
Then, in the silence hushed,
Answered me quaintly.

Doubtless you think she said,
When she had raised her head,
That which all lovers dread:
"She'd be my sister!"
That's where you've made a guess
Wrong, as you must confess;
For she said softly: "Yes!"
Yes! and I kissed her!

Frank Roe Batchelder.

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

VOL. XI. MAY 31, 1888. No. 283.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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THE career of Buffalo William in England ought to teach our Anglomaniacs a useful lesson. The Wild West Show has done more to stimulate Americanism among the republicans who travel abroad, and to inculcate respect for Americans, as Americans, among foreigners, than has ever been accomplished by our ministers at the European courts. Indeed, it is so universal a custom for our representatives and tourists abroad, and particularly in England, to bow down before foreign customs, ape foreign manners and admire foreign institutions, that it is little wonder that we should be regarded as an inferior people, being so willing, as we most of us are, to admit it. By the basilar principles of Americanism, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence, upon which our Constitution is founded, we are a race of sovereigns who profess to hold up our heads before kings and princes as proudly as they. And yet scarcely an American travels abroad but esteems it the highest honor he has yet achieved to be permitted to bow reverently before a fat and gross little man, of third-rate intellect and fourth-rate morals, because that same fat and gross little man is heir apparent to the British throne; and at the same time a barnacle upon the nation, a pauper upon the people, a mere figure-head for an outworn system of government that has already ceased to exist, save in name.

* * *

BUFFALO BILL went to England as a plain showman. He made no pretences, but his reputation as an American, in what the name implies as distinguishing him from a sycophant, or a republican who would like to be a subject, had gone before him. He did not wait upon the Prince of Wales, but that fat and gross little man waited upon him; and, though Buffalo Bill was lionized and made much of by that element of English society that most Americans—alas! that we should be obliged to say it—are proud to grovel before, he abated not one whit from his simple dignity as a man and a republican. If every American followed the example of William F. Cody, the Buffalo Bill of the Western prairies, American influence would mount high in foreign places, and the world would soon realize that the real republican is a nobler order of man than can be bred from a subject people.

AND, as we are upon the subject of Buffalo Bill, it is worth while to draw attention to the scout's funeral oration over his old horse "Charlie," that died at sea on the journey to America. Cooper never put a prettier sentiment into the mouths of any of his picturesque frontiersmen or romantic savages. Said the scout, winding up the oration, just before the body of this faithful steed, that had carried him on many famous rides through the perilous Indian country of the far West, was committed to the deep:

"Charlie, but for your willing speed and tireless courage I would many years ago have lain as low as you are now, and my Indian foe have claimed you for his slave. Yet you have never failed me, Charlie, old fellow! I have had many friends, but very few of whom I could say that. Men tell me you had no soul, but if there be a Heaven, and scouts can enter there, I'll wait at the gate for you, old friend!"

* * *

CITIZEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is welcome back to his bench in Madison Square Park. He is a crank of the cranks, a pessimist and a kicker; but, on the whole, a salutary influence in his kindness of heart and his hatred of injustice. When Citizen Train has a thing to say he does not say it, but he writes it on a postal-card; and though he more frequently overshoots the mark than hits the bull's-eye, there is likely to be a substratum of sense underneath all the nonsense that he often gets in one of these small missives. But Citizen Train was wrong, very far wrong, when he came to the conclusion that the anarchists who were guilty of the Haymarket Massacre ought to be pardoned; and we infer from the circumstance that he has returned to the United States, which he swore from Canada he had left forever, when the execution of these thugs was assured, that he has repented of his hasty defense of the wretches who were attempting to undermine our institutions.

* * *

PERHAPS America has produced another Patti. A young Vermont girl made her debut in grand opera last week, in Berlin, on the same stage on which Sembrich and Gerster first came before the public, who won the enthusiastic praises of the severe German critics, who rank her far ahead of Van Zandt and Nevada. The director of the opera-house declares that she stands next to Patti in the musical world at present, and that she promises to rival the great diva in a very few years. This promising young American is Marie Howe, of Brattleboro, and a critic describes her as "a girl of remarkable and captivating beauty, endowed with great dramatic ability." She is only nineteen years of age; and, if she carries out the promise of the present, there seems to be a fair opportunity to revive the American Opera Company, with a *bona fide* American prima donna. LIFE wishes all success to the American débutante in any event!

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MAY, 1888, goes without our regret. It has been a wretched, stormy, nasty month, and we have no further use for it. It has not been without incident, however. That gay deceiver, Blaine, has been coquetting with the Grand Old Party to such an extent that she is quite bewildered, but evidently intends to issue the cards for the wedding and trust to luck to bring him to the scratch.

* * *

HERR CARL SCHURZ has been received with distinguished honors in the country that once exiled him, having diplomatically prepared the way in his address on Kaiser Wilhelm before he left America. Death sits by the bedside of the dead Emperor's successor, and pitilessly watches a hero's sufferings. The Pope has assisted England to coerce Ireland, and England has been scared well-nigh out of her senses by the warrior Wolseley.

* * *

OVER here Ingalls and Voorhees have turned themselves loose to disgrace the Senate, and the Mississippi has been full again, and guilty of disorderly conduct.

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THE American Club has just been organized in London. It will be a safe wager that an American dude will never be found within half a mile of it—if he knows where it is. Stamp one's self an American in Lunnon? Fawncy!

* * *

LAST of all Satan came also, as our pious brethren are inclined to believe, and induced Judge Wallace to decide in the case of the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, who was imported from England to supply a pulpit in this city, that clergymen come under the law forbidding the importation of laborers whose services are contracted for in a foreign country. We are inclined to think that Judge Wallace's decision was complimentary to the cloth, rather than otherwise. Scoffers contend that the average city clergyman does very little work in return for the large salaries that most of them are paid; whereas, according to Holy Writ, every clergyman should be distinctly a laborer in the vineyard of his Master. If Judge Wallace had based his decision on the precedents established in the Rev. E. Walpole Warren's Book of Books, he could not have come to any other conclusion than that the clergyman was a laborer; and that being established, according to our statutes his importation under contract is an infringement of the law that must meet the penalty.

* * *

THE Boston *Watchman* winds up the funeral notice of a sister, who died recently in Essex Centre, Vermont, with this lofty compliment: "She was a member of the Baptist Church, and for many years a subscriber to the *Watchman*, which she highly prized." The editor of the *Watchman* does not mention any other of his deceased subscriber's virtues, evidently being of opinion that any one who highly prized his paper is sufficiently authenticated for this world and the world to come.

* * *

WHEN the Metropolitan Opera House was vacated by the Methodist Conference at an earlier hour than usual one day last week, in order that "Hamlet" might be rehearsed on the stage, Bishop Andrews found before he reached his hotel that he had left his coat. The Bishop went back for it, and actually witnessed part of the rehearsal. And now what we want to know is whether he left his coat purposely, in order that he might have an excuse to return, as the wily young man of the period sometimes leaves his walking-stick when he calls upon a girl and then has to go back after it the next day. Bishop Andrews cannot explain too soon.

IT is reported that Mr. Blaine's health is in the best condition, but the doctors do not consider it anything serious.

* * *

ETHELRED: The proper side of your spoon to take soup from is the inside. If you were to use the back of it the dinner might be uncomfortably prolonged.

* * *

A MAN may be better than his party; he also may be healthier than his party. Perhaps this is the case with Mr. Blaine.

* * *

TAKING a hand in the discussion as to whether authors feel themselves the joys and sorrows of their creatures, Mr. Howells tells us that the anguish or hilarity of Dickens, Thackeray or George Eliot must not be allowed to persuade us as to the habits of novelists, because other story-writers are not all like these.

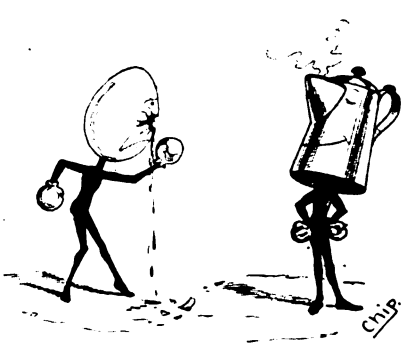
True for you, Mr. Howells, dear. You, and those other contemporary authors that you mention, probably put few tears and little laughter in those volumes that you sell, and little laughter and very few tears does anyone get out of them. What you put in is there, and nothing else, and that is what is the matter.

But even you, Mr. Howells, must have had some feelings about Silas Lapham. There was a person, sir, that you almost permitted to live!

* * *

THE Anarchists propose to put a presidential candidate into the field. Should they decide to nominate their friend Benjamin F. Butler, we might be treated to the interesting spectacle of Johann Most and Brother Dana shaking hands over the bloody chasm. And we need Butler in the campaign too, for the sake of the fun we can get out of him. He caricatures very nicely.

* * *



Egg: LOOK HERE, COFFEE, I'VE SETTLED YOU BEFORE, AND I'LL DO IT NOW!

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NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA.

She: RALPH, WHY DID YOU SEND ME A LITTLE RED FLAG TO-DAY?

Ralph (a rejected and dejected suitor): I BEG YOU WILL WEAR IT, AS A SIGNAL OF DANGER;—YOU KNOW, I WOULD NOT LIKE TO SEE THE OTHER FELLOWS SUFFER AS I DO NOW.

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THE SERENADE.

I BREATHED a song into the air—
I fell to earth, he hit me square;
I found my banjo still unbroke,
But some loving words remain unspoke.

B. McV. A.

BRIDLE-PATH STUDIES.

A HIGH BRED MAN ON A LOW BRED HORSE.

A LOW BRED MAN ON A HIGH BRED HORSE.

BOOKWORM.

CURRENT FICTION.

TO write a good summer novel, producing entertainment and interest without too much trouble on the reader's part, is one of the commendable branches of the art of fiction. And Duffield Osborne has practised it with some skill in "The Spell of Ashtaroth" (Scribner's). This is a novel in a similar field to Crawford's "Zoroaster," which it is said has won the admiration of Mr. Gladstone.

There are several stately pictures in the story—the fall of Jericho, the drawing of the lot, and the death scene in the Valley of Achor. The language is stilted at times, and touched with bombast, but contains good imagery. One would prefer more definite pictures of the beautiful Canaanite and her lover, to bring them wholly within the range of his sympathies.

* * *

A SPONTANEOUS movement seems to be on foot in fiction to promote the right of a woman to declare her affection for a man, rather than to allow him to escape because he is ignorant that he is loved. The recent "Love Story Reversed" with this motive (in *the Century*), is followed by "Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke" in *Lippincott's*—a novelette by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, with a heroine possessing wealth, generosity, and beauty in unlimited quantity. The hero, who is diplomatically pursued by *Mrs. Thorndyke*, is a journalist, fully endowed with the moral and intellectual qualities which are superfluous in that profession, but sadly lacking in the indispensable element in newspaper enterprises—Money.

It must be set down to the credit of this unworldly editor, that he had developed journalistic sense enough to know his weak point, and so gracefully surrendered when *Mrs. Thorndyke* offered herself. The future of his paper, *Books and Authors*, is thus happily assured. The reader closes the book, feeling that *Mrs. Thorndyke* disposed of her superfluous income in the right quarter.

* * *

AS for the new social question which these stories propose, it would probably be the mature verdict of the majority of men, that the arts which woman already wields with consummate skill to bring a man to a prompt and fervent declaration are more effective than a direct avowal on her part of the affection which possesses her. At any rate, the rules of the game should not be changed without an international Congress, and a formally promulgated decree.

The odds are already against men in flirtations, and any further aggressions by women would approach perilously near tyranny.

* * *

THOSE who have admired the folk-lore stories of Middle Georgia, as told by Uncle Remus, will be interested in "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast" (Houghton), by Charles C. Jones, Jr. These preserve the "lingo of the rice-field and the sea-island negroes," which is essentially different from Uncle Remus's.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. A Biography for Young People, By Noah Brooks. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

His Way and Her Will. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

Hints from a Lawyer; or, Legal Advice to Men and Women. By Edgar A. Spencer. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Heart of the Creeds. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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HOW LITTLE WE CAN TELL!

Phœbe: LOOK, UNCLE JOHN; THERE IS THE AUTHORESS OF "WANTON WINIFRED," THAT SHOCKING BOOK EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT.

Uncle John: THE OLD HAG! WHO, PRAY, IS THE SWEET, MODEST GIRL SHE HAS IN TOW?

Phœbe: OH, *she* IS THE AUTHORESS; THE OLD HAG IS HER MAMMA, AND, THEY SAY, *quite* RESPECTABLE.

GREAT LUCK.

"PAPA," said a beautiful girl, as the old gentleman came in very late, "did you notice the dead body of a young man in the yard?"

"Why, no; what's the matter?"

"I refused young Mr. Paperwate to-night, and from the hopeless, despairing look upon his face when he staggered from the house, I fear he may have killed himself."

"Well, I'm glad you refused him," said the old man spitefully, "he has just beaten me five straight games of billiards."

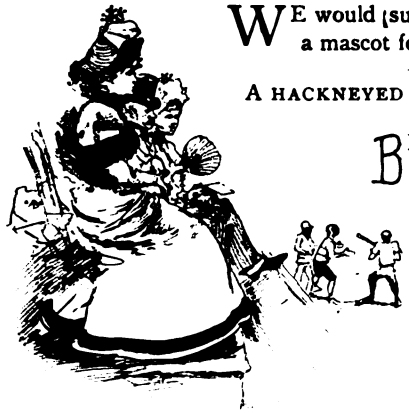
A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

TOM: Got a toothache? Why don't you have it out?

BOB: Well, I don't mind having a leg off—but a tooth, it—

TOM: Well, have a leg off, then—it will take your mind off the tooth.

IT is when a man has been mentioned in the newspapers as "one of our most prominent citizens" that he begins to stay out late nights.



WE would suggest Jack the Giant Killer as a mascot for the New York Club.

A HACKNEYED PHRASE—Cab, sir?

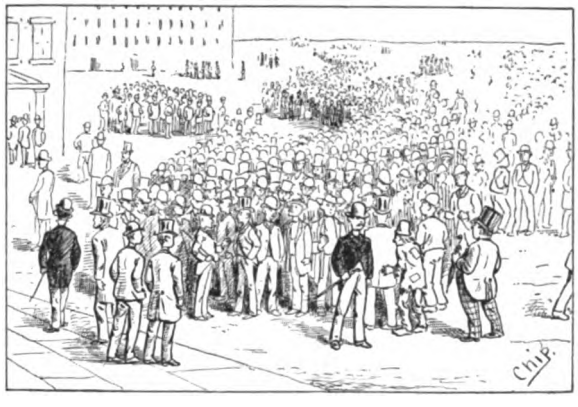
BROWN (*of Chicago*): That fellow is looking at you rather hard. Do you know him?

MRS. BROWN: His face does look familiar. What's his name?

BROWN: Goldplate, I believe.

MRS. BROWN: Oh, yes; I remember him now. He was my first husband.

SHOULD not the Board of Electrical Control attend to the burial of the electric light wires' victims?



MR. SMITH, OF NEW YORK.

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GIVE LITERAT

LIFE: WHAT'S YOUR GRUDGE

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FE ·

JRE A CHANCE.

AGAINST THAT FELLOW OUTSIDE?

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THE TAG END OF THE SEASON.

NO better evidence of the wane of the dramatic year could be found than that such a piece as "Natural Gas" is able to attract any audiences at all to a theatre of as much character as the Fifth Avenue. This variety performance—for it would be gross flattery to call it a play—would be quite appropriate at Tony Pastor's Temple of Thespis, but seems out of place in an up-town house. The same old gags, the same old delirious humor of mispronounced French, the same old side-splitting Partingtonianisms, all strung together with musical chestnuts and variety show "business," and make up the only alleged novelty that appeals to the intellectuality of New York theatre-goers. Nevertheless, "Natural Gas" is very funny; and those who desire a good laugh may be accommodated at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

* * *

SUMMER has arrived, as "The Return of the Native," in the person of that eminent histrion, Hon. Buffalo Bill, now celebrated at Erastina, Staten Island, proves. Mr. Cody gives assurance that there is absolutely no truth in the gossip concerning himself and Mrs. Victoria Guelph. Their friendship was of the most platonic character and there was no thought of marriage on either side. He admits that she wished to present him with the Garter, but his wild Western modesty would not permit of his accepting such a decoration at the hands of a lady.

* * *

THE only dramatic event in the near future is Kiralfy's production of "Nero; or, the Fall of Rome," at St. George, Staten Island. It will be a soulful drama in which the leading part will be taken by some thousands of beautiful coryphées. Nero's violin solo at the burning of the Imperial City is one of the most celebrated musical performances on record. It will be accurately reproduced at St. George, but everything being on such a tremendous scale, Nero will be obliged to fiddle on a bass viol. The air will be "How I Burn for Love of Thee!" and will probably set the town on fire.

* * *

"THE Queen's Mate" and "Nadjy" are evidently destined to be the summer's attractions. The duet between the rival generals in the former is one of the best things lately seen in comic opera, and in "Nadjy," Marie Jansen's ballet-dancing has improved materially. Wives in the country for the summer may rest happy in the knowledge that their hard-worked husbands will have *some* diversion from the cares of business.

* * *

IT is reported, on good authority, that Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston, has tossed his castor into the managerial ring, and that this season he will travel with a circus of which he is part proprietor. If Mr. Sullivan is to act as advance-agent of the circus, our esteemed contemporaries throughout the country will please accept the assurances of our most heartfelt sympathy. When Mr. Sullivan enters an editorial room and invites the dramatic critic to go out and take a drink, it is more than likely that the dramatic critic will go, whether it is contrary to the rules of the office or not. And when Mr. Sullivan intimates that extended and flattering notices of the coming circus will be considered a personal favor, it is quite likely the dramatic critic will regard the suggestion favorably or make immediate arrangements for fleeing to the mountains. *Metcalfe.*

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

"I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG AT THE FAHLERIES' MANSION? THE BELLS ARE ALL MUFFLED, THE SIDEWALK'S COVERED WITH MATTING, AND THE DOCTOR JUST DROVE AWAY."

"WHY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THEIR PUG HAS PNEUMONIA."

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REFLECTIONS.

THE esteemed New York *Herald*, which lately expressed so much dissatisfaction with our eminent townsman, Jay Gould, has come out in frank disapprobation of the great American game of poker. Poker, it avers, is a game based upon chance, combined with insolence and deception.

Matthew Arnold himself could hardly have found less that is excusable in a great American weakness.

The *Herald* may say what it will of Mr. Gould, who has no friends except those whom he hires, but our friends in Thompson Street are not the only ones who will resent its opinion about poker.

* * *

BY the same token, its brief arraignment is deceptive as well as defective. Baseball itself might be described as a game based upon avarice, combined with a crowd and an umpire; and American journalism might seem to meet Mr. Arnold's notion of it, if diagnosed as a business, based upon white paper, combined with frivolity and impertinence. It is easy to fit any great institution with adjectives apt enough to adhere without being sincerely descriptive.

* * *

AND yet, recognizing the eminence of poker and its place in the affections of the people, LIFE hesitates to assert that it deserves the attention that it gets, or that the world is better for its perpetuation. It has two undesirable characteristics—one is an intense propensity to ally itself with whiskey; the other, a tendency to shift capital so suddenly as to upset the social equilibrium. The time that's lost in watching and pursuing

> The light that lies
> In woman's eyes

seems not so lamentably fruitless as the aggregation of wee hours passed in seeming to lack what is in the hand, and seeming to hold what is in the pack

* * *

IT is gratifying to learn that certain of the brethren of the esteemed Presbyterian fold in England and Scotland have revised and resolved the ancient Westminster Confession of Faith into twenty-two fresh Articles, which are likely to be accepted wherever Presbyterians prevail, as the expression of their contemporary sentiments.

The new Articles are understood to do away with several of the bars which were put up by the stern divines of Cromwell's time to keep the goats from flocking with the sheep, and especially is it reported that they destroy that odious monopoly of salvation which was devised at Westminster for the benefit of "the elect."

Hoping that the new Articles may be all that its pious fancy paints them, LIFE congratulates the Presbyterian brethren on this movement of their platform in the direction of their voters.

E. S. M.

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.

"NOW FOR A QUIET REST."

"NO, YOU DON'T. I'VE HAD 'EM BEFORE."

BUT IT WASN'T THAT KIND!

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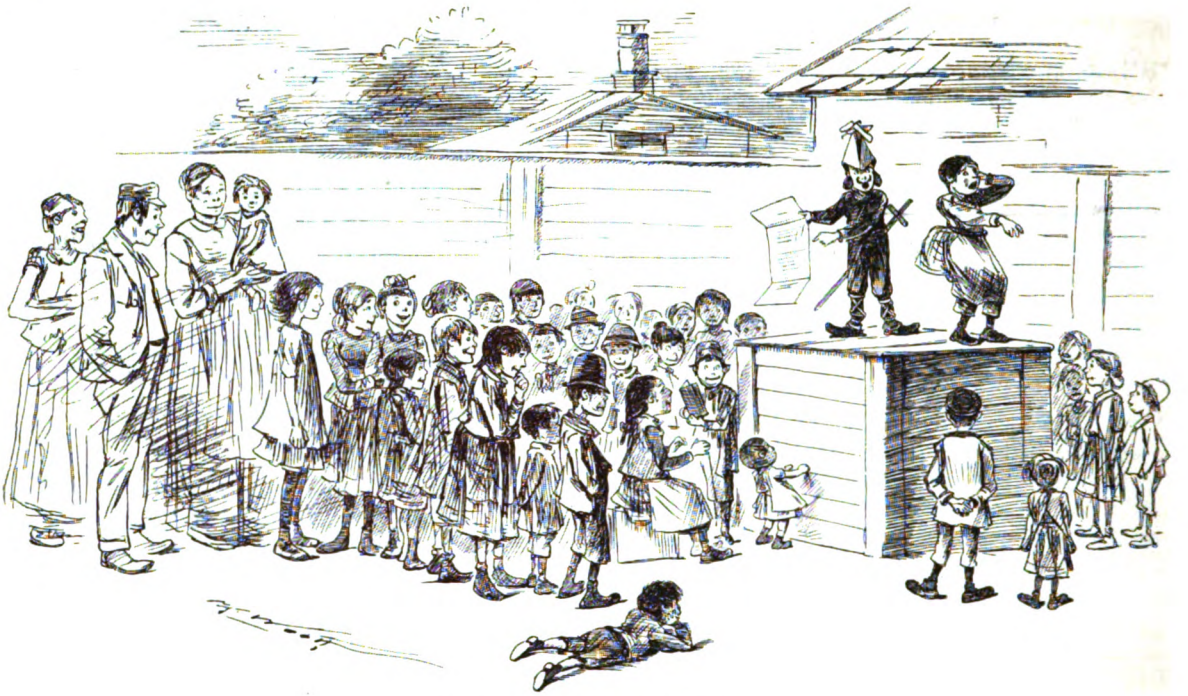

A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

Spazzoni: DO YOU DENY YOUR HANDWRITING?
Veronica: GREAT HEAVINS! GUZMAN HAS BETRAYED ME, AN' I AM LOST!

CAN a mill-race be properly classified among aquatic sports?

BILL OF THE PLAY—Bill Shakespeare.

MOURNING ENVELOPES—Dressing-gowns.

A PRIVATE BOX—The Sentry's.

IT is said that no one can arrest the flight of Time; but who is there who is not able to stop a minute.

ABSTEMIOUS TO A FAULT.

"ARE you drinking much now, Colonel?" he asked.

"No," responded the Colonel; "I haven't touched a drop since nine o'clock this morning.

PROCEEDING GRADUALLY.

"WELL, Edith, did Mr. Lambrequin make you an offer of his hand last night?"

"No, mamma; he's so shy, you know—has never got any further than offering me his arm, so far."

DESTINATION ABOUT THE SAME.

"MY friend," he said to a young man who bore signs of dissipation, "do you realize that the road you are following leads eventually to death?"

"Er—well, yes, sir."

"Aye, it leads eventually to death! And do you know where the road of sobriety and virtue leads to?"

"Yes, sir; that leads eventually to death, also."

THE OLD INHABITANT STILL AHEAD.

OLD INHABITANT (*retrospectively*): Why, I can remember the time—

YOUNG MAN: Don't give us any snow-storm stories, please; the recent blizzard beat anything of the kind you can remember.

OLD INHABITANT: Yes, I'm knocked out on storms; but I was going to say that I can remember the time when John Sherman wasn't a candidate for the Presidency, and that's more than you can do.

THE WIDOW'S MIGHT.

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

THE REASON.

YOU say you wonder why
A clever man like I
Am unlucky?

I tried to run a—well,
A temperance hotel
In Kentucky.

—*Mocking-Bird.*

PHYSICIAN'S WIFE: Are your affairs in bad shape, John?

PHYSICIAN: Yes, but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.—*Epoch.*

MISSISSIPPI editors are overworked. The other day a molder of public opinion in that State wrote a column editorial in support of the Mills Free-trade bill, drank a pint of whiskey, and killed the editor of a "vile and slimy contemporary" before noon, and he didn't begin work until 8.30 A.M., "nuther."—*Norristown Herald.*

IT was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination. "How is law made?" said the instructor. "Oh," said a tailor-made damsel, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it and then the President has to veto it!"—*Boston Beacon.*

MISS VASSAR (*just graduated with high honors*): I declare it's too provoking. Here we've been out three days, and watched and watched, and haven't seen one yet.

THE DOCTOR (*gallantly*): It is too bad. Now just tell me what you are looking for, Miss Vassar.

"Why the lines of latitude and longitude, to be sure. I have always wondered how the ships got over them—or is it under them—it is very puzzling."—*Hotel Mail.*

"DR. HAMMOND says that death is not a necessity."

"Does he? Well, I have just finished settling up Harkins' estate, you know, and judging from the undertaker's bill I paid, I'm prepared to agree with him. It's a luxury."—*Tid-Bits.*

A GENIUS has invented a clock which he warrants to run a hundred years. A man bought one of them the other day, on condition that if it didn't run over 98 years, he might return it and get his money back.—*Norristown Herald.*

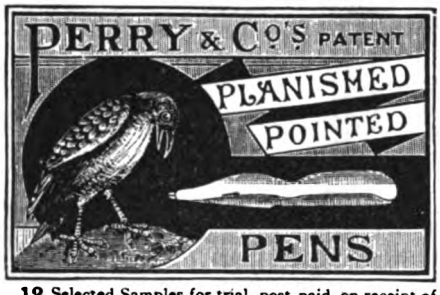
IT is a sweet, revengful thought that when waiters sit down to eat they have to be waited on by some of the other waiters.—*Washington Critic.*

TO our conundrum "If a man and a half throw a bootjack and a half at a cat and a half under his window and a half every night and a half, how many will he kill in a week?" the *Boston Globe* answers: "As many as Mr. Blaine will get elected." That is the right answer. But how did you guess it?—*Buffalo Express.*

IRATE CAPTAIN: Confound you! If you hadn't been so terribly careless, we'd have made another run. Why in thunder were you caught napping at third?

CHARLIE FRESHLEIGH, '91: Forgive me, Captain, forgive me: I was dreaming of home.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY



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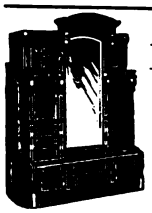

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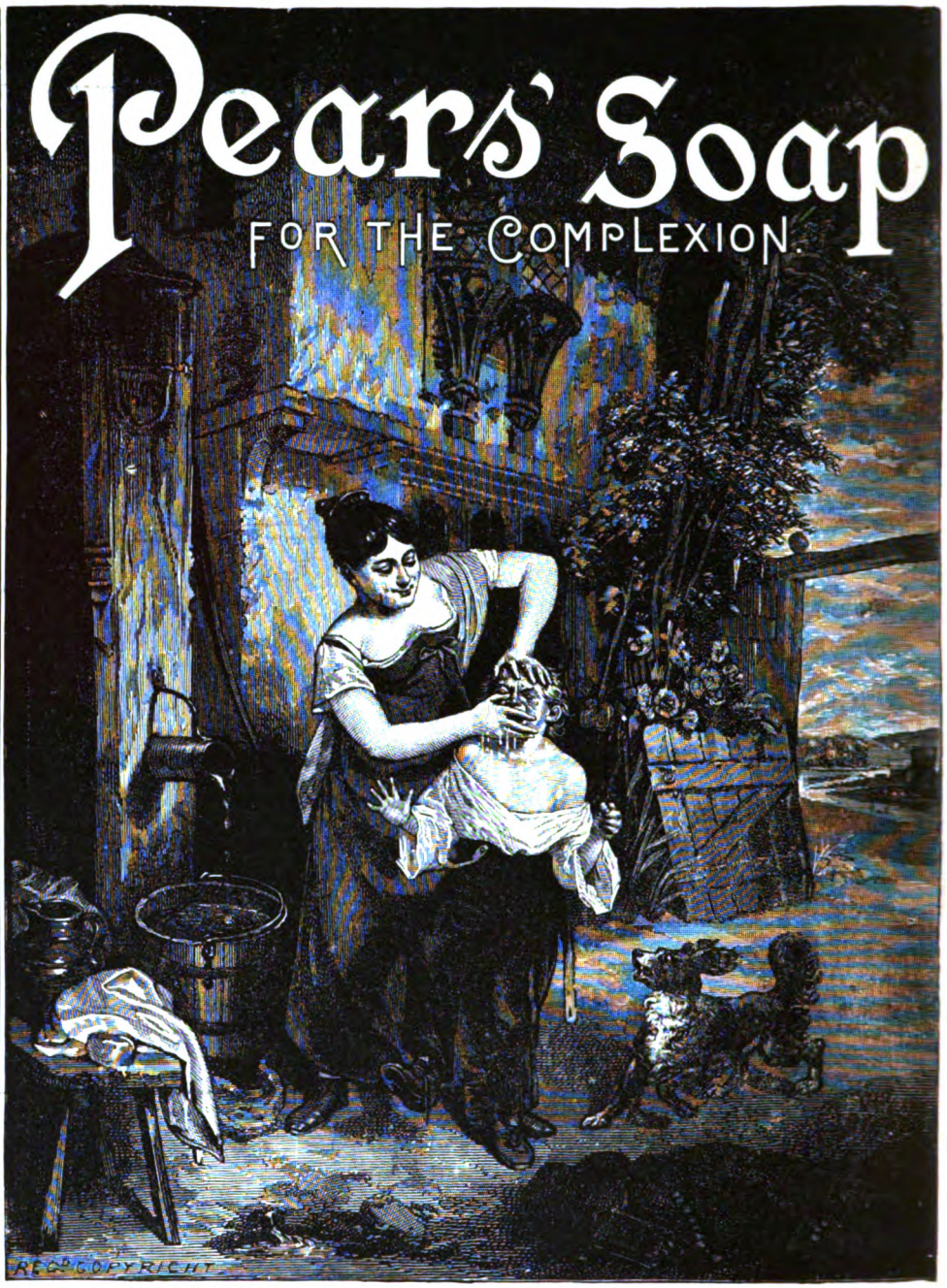

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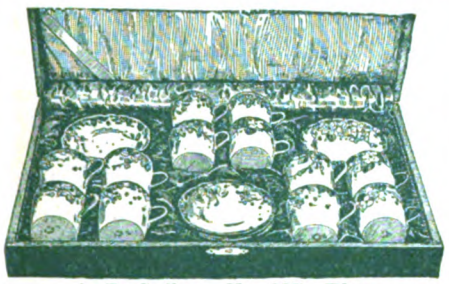

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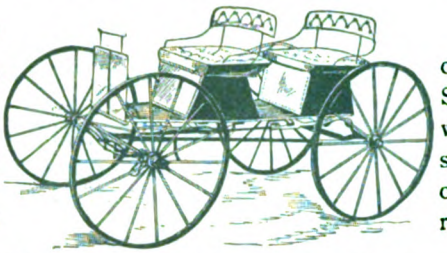

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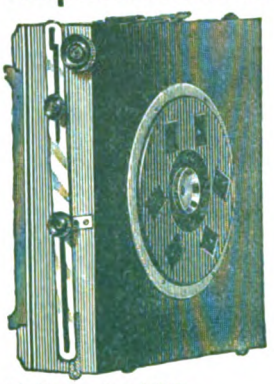

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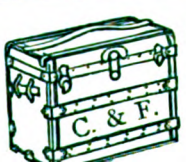

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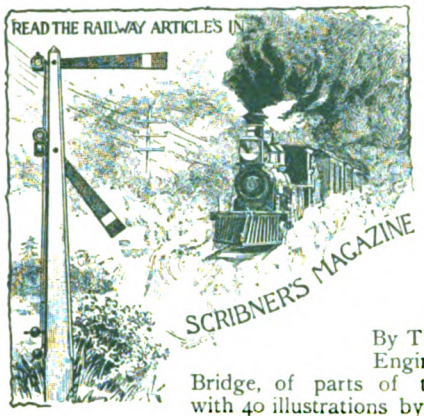

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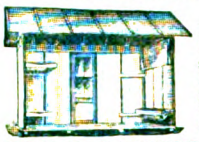

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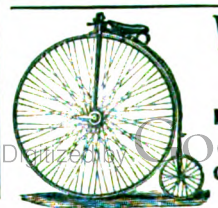

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LIFE

AMERICANVS SVM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

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THE NEXT MORNING.

Lady from Boston, on the divan: YOU HAD TO RUN AFTER THE MEN LAST NIGHT MORE THAN SOME OF US LIKE TO DO, BUT YOU CERTAINLY WERE THE BELLE OF THE OCCASION.

The other Lady: I THE BELLE! WHY, CAPTAIN GATLING SAID YOU WERE THE BELLE—THE ELECTRIC BELL—ALWAYS TO BE FOUND ON THE WALL!

[*Exit with a flushed face.*]

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

VOL. XI. JUNE 7, 1888. No. 284.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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IF Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's studies of the gentleman, just published in *Scribner's Magazine*, result in an agitation of that subject, the civilized world will be under an additional obligation to this graceful writer and critical student of his kind. It is as hard to define a gentleman, in the sense that a true gentleman understands and uses the word, as it would be to define genius; and even if Mr. Stevenson only helped the world to an academic definition, his labor would not be in vain. We believe, however, that his efforts will result in something better.

* * *

IT is easiest to understand Mr. Stevenson's idea of a gentleman from an inspection of the models he has taken from fiction, and we venture to disagree with him concerning the three characters he has taken from Dickens—*Carton*, *Twemlow* and *Wrayburn*. "They are all gentlemen," he says;—"the sottish *Carton*, the effete *Twemlow*, the insolent *Wrayburn*." Our author does not criticise from a point of view that a Ward McAllister—to use a simile better understood now than it was a few weeks ago, or will be a few weeks hence—would take, and yet he seems to us to be a trifle too conventional in these estimates. Sottishness is not the attribute of a gentleman, though many persons who are called gentlemen succumb occasionally, and frequently, to sottish intervals; and *Carton* was a sot, as Stevenson admits. Even Chesterfield, worldly, heartless and indulgent to what are miscalled "gentlemanly vices," and far more conventional and conservative in his idea of what constitutes a gentleman than Mr. Stevenson, would not admit a drunkard to be a gentleman. True, a man of refined instincts may become a sot by reason of moral weakness, but the same is true when he marries a demi-mondaine, and the most liberal socialogist draws the line there. Moral strength ought, in our opinion, to be one of the tests by which a gentleman is measured. *Twemlow* was weak in another sense, and with all his correctness of deportment, his gentleness, his simple kindness of heart, he was of too mean spirit to be called a gentleman. One of the first obligations of a gentleman, from a worldly point of view, is to resent an insult—to preserve one's self-respect without asserting it. To do otherwise is to admit inferiority.

* * *

AND we would be sorry, indeed, to believe that Mr. Stevenson considers that *Eugene Wrayburn* played the part of a gentleman in the scene where *Bradley Headstone* visits him at his chambers, with young *Hexam*. *Headstone* called upon *Wrayburn* as the guardian of *Lizzie Hexam's* brother and natural protector, not as a rival lover, believing that *Wrayburn's* intentions regarding the girl were dishonorable. The part of a gentleman in these circumstances, in justice to the woman and himself, would be to offer an explanation, no matter how churlishly or threateningly the errand were broached to him. More than this, *Wrayburn's* conduct on this occasion was not that of a gentleman, in that he so cruelly and brutally humiliated an inferior.

* * *

WE do not recall that Mr. Stevenson has himself ever made a very ambitious literary attempt to create a gentleman in any of his brilliant books. *Prince Florizel* and his *Master of Horse* are gentlemen in any sense of the term, except the republican one, which should be the standard here, though, unfortunately enough, it is not always. If Mr. Stevenson should, however, apply his own rule and write a book about gentlemen, he would be obliged to invent the character. He says, after tracing the significance of the word from its orthography, as "a gentile man, one of a dominant race, hereditary priest," versed in the etiquette that counted for so much in earlier ages:

"But much of life comes up for the first time unrehearsed, and must be acted on upon the instant. Knowledge there can be here none; the man must invent an attitude—he must be inspired with speech; and the most perfect gentleman is he who, in these irregular cases, acts and speaks with most aplomb and fitness."

With every regard for the value of Mr. Stevenson's opinion, we assert that that definition is entirely misleading. A polite blackguard or a polished ruffian might conduct himself in such a case with more aplomb and fitness than a gentleman. Grant that the man who thus "acts and speaks" possesses the other qualifications for a gentleman, and we admit the justice of Mr. Stevenson's conclusion. Otherwise, to be a gentleman would be a merely intellectual attainment.

* * *

TO study how to be a gentleman is not necessarily the study of etiquette or of the customs of that small element of society that, with strange and presumptuous ignorance of the meaning of the word, arrogates to itself the term. It is broader and nobler than that. Followed out to its legitimate conclusion, it would mean the study of manners and morals in their effect upon all mankind, and thus might the world be benefitted and man elevated.

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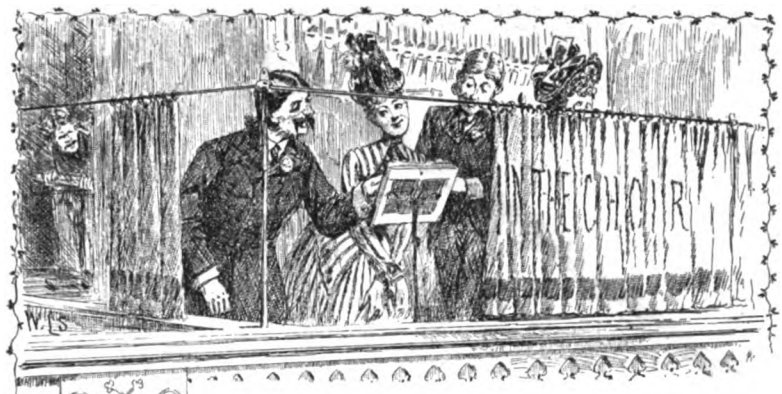

HERE crimson curtains brave the soft,
Exquisite strains the organ quavers,
She rules, the queen; and in the loft,
Her slightest sighs are deemed as favors:
The melancholy bass is gay,
If she commands it of his highness;
The perfumed tenor owns her sway
When prompted by her pointed dryness.

When first I heard her tender voice
Roll grandly through a sparkling rillet,
I wondered would her heart rejoice
Should I do all I could to fill it
With passion for a feeble chap,
Dependent on a salary weekly—
Perhaps, by some unseen mishap,
I couched my words by far too meekly.

I do not grieve because she came
To her decision in a minute,
Nor still does Love's delicious flame
Consume me for the dainty linnet.
I do not heed the jestings spread
About the case among the fellows,
But I am mad because she wed
The ugly chap who pumps the bellows.

De Witt Sterry.

A SKELETON SUBJECT.

FATHER: I don't see what makes that boy of mine so thin. He seems to get worse and worse every day. Doctor, I wonder if I turned him over to you, you could do anything with him?

DOCTOR: Certainly; I could dissect him.

IT is curious how sweet a honey-bee is at one end, and how bitter he is at the other.

SEASIDE ECSTASY.

SHE (*looking at the sea*): How grand, how glorious, George, it is to watch the angry waves as they lash themselves against the shore!

HE (*with equal ecstasy, but less fluency*): Yes, and—and how damp it all seems!

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE.

"NOW, doctor," he said, as he joined the medical gentleman in the street, "in the case of a man who can't sleep at night what would you advise?"

"I would advise him to sleep in the day-time."

AN IGNORANT SINNER.

SHE (*at a revival*): Is it possible that the little fellow sitting on the platform is the boy preacher?

HE: Oh, no; he is the boy preacher's little grandson.

BUSINESS.

HORACE: I say, David, how old do you suppose Miss Jones is? Her aunt says she's only twenty-one.

DAVID (*who knows a little of business*): Aw, yes, Horace, marked down from thirty-three; to be disposed of at a bargain, don't you see?

A WARNING.

THE LITTLE BOY HAS BEEN PLAYING "HOOKEY," AND ON HIS WAY HOME HAPPENS TO STUMBLE ACROSS A ROCK WITH A SALVATION ARMY INSCRIPTION ON IT, THAT'S ALL.

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A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

MRS. CLEVELAND was presented last week with a microscope of 40,000 magnifying power, by a ladies' temperance society, in recognition of her total abstinence principles. If she had visited New York with the President on Decoration Day and brought that microscope she would have been able to detect the 96,000 different species of animalculæ that the Board of Health's analysis recently discovered to exist in Croton water.

* * *

MR. ADONIS LEGENDRE of this city tried to kill a young woman last week, who had formerly been his *fiancée*, because she had reconsidered the matter of matrimony. If he is any part of the posterity of the mathematical author who has done so much to make early life not worth living, we trust that he may be punished as if his attempted crime had been accomplished.

* * *

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Survivor of the Blizzard (to Park Policeman): WHY DON'T YOU HELP ME DRIVE THOSE SCARLET TANAGERS AND ORIOLES AND YELLOW BIRDS OFF THE GROUNDS? CAN'T YOU SEE THERE AIN'T ENOUGH LEFT OF ME TO DO IT SINGLE HANDED?

* * *

WHILE Mr. Cleveland was participating in the ceremonies of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Catholic University in Washington, Mrs. Cleveland was attending the Presbyterian Conference in Philadelphia, and it is hard to tell which was better pleased, the Catholics or the Presbyterians, or whether husband or wife made the more votes.

THE Southern Presbyterian General Assembly has relegated Darwin to the humiliating insignificance of an exposed pretender, and stamped "The Origin of Species" as mere scientific charlatanry. The Presbytery, led by the Rev. Dr. Smoot, last week recorded itself thus, in Baltimore: "Now, therefore, it is the judgment of this General Assembly that Adam's body was directly fashioned by Almighty God of the dust of the ground, without any natural animal parentage of any kind. The wisdom of God prompted Him to reveal the fact, while the inscrutable mode of His action therein He has not revealed." It is very pleasant for men who do not have time to study scientific questions to have a body like the General Assembly look into the matter and decide things for them, and—But, come to look things over, we do not find that there were any men of recognized scientific attainments among the delegates in Baltimore, and we are reasonably sure that Dr. Smoot is not known to students of science. Can it be possible that the Assembly adopted this resolution without investigating the Darwinian theory?

* * *

WE trust not. We have no doubt, however, that a great many of the delegates to the Assembly were inclined to ridicule the Rev. Mr. Jasper, of Atlanta, when that eminent theologian put to rout the pretenses of all scientific astronomers from the time of Galileo to the present, by his discovery that it was the sun that moved while the earth stood still.

* * *

THEN it is a mistake about Mr. Blaine's coaching in Scotland—coaching for the Presidency.

* * *

A TOLEDO expressman has been left $30,000 by an old lady.

Poor soul! It was probably all she could do to pay his charges.

* * *

AFTER THE PLAY.

MRS. BJONES: Well, I think that play was pretty stupid.

MR. BJONES: Oh, I don't know, my dear. I thought it had a good plot and was very well acted.

MRS. BJONES: That part was all well enough, but I didn't see one single original-looking bonnet in the whole audience.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN who stood through the whole procession on Decoration Day says we Americans can make a longer procession out of less material than any people on earth.

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Mamma: MY DEAR, DID YOU NOT ASK GOD LAST NIGHT TO MAKE YOU A GOOD BOY?
Richard (who has just been throwing stones at the gardener): YES, MAMMA, I ASKED HIM TO, BUT IT LOOKS AS IF HE WOULDN'T.

AN ASTONISHING CURE.

DALRYMPLE: Have you heard of Redwheat's astonishing cure? Last week he was reported dying, and to-day he's on the street as hearty as any of us.

BRIGGS: Yes; I guess his doctor must have heard the rumor that Redwheat lost heavily in that last deal, and prudently cut the job short.

IN THE GLADSOME SPRING-TIME.

THEY were young lovers, and as they strolled through the Ramble in Central Park, the future looked very bright and pleasant to them.

"That is a dogwood-tree, my love," he said, touching it lightly with his stick.

"How do you know that it is a dogwood-tree, George, dear?"

"I can tell by its bark, my darling," and then a policeman ordered them off the grass, and they were very, very happy.

WHAT CAUSED IT.

MAGISTRATE (*sternly*): You are a pitiable specimen of humanity. What brought you to all this degradation and disgrace?

PRISONER: It took two policemen.

HE WENT WRONG.

"IF you had turned your steps in the right direction, my friend," he said solemnly to the convict, "you would not be in this place to-day."

"Ah, no, sir," responded the convict, with sad retrospection; "if I had turned my steps in the right direction, I would be in Canada to-day."

SOME are born unfortunate, some achieve misfortune, and some have just enough money left them to have misfortune thrust upon them.

A MAN OF HIGH BERTH.

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Before

OUR FRESH AIR FUND

After

LAST year the readers of LIFE enabled more than three hundred and twenty poor children to enjoy a two weeks' outing in the country. Our subscriptions did not begin until near the middle of August, and during the coming season we hope, by commencing earlier, to accomplish more.

There are portions of this city swarming with little beings to whom a breath of country air is of inestimable benefit, physically and morally. Three of your dollars, dear reader, will enable one of these children to spend a fortnight amid the trees and flowers of which they know so little.

"HE WAS GREETED WITH A FLOOD OF TEARS."

A HARD CASE—The coffin.

FROM POLE TO POLE — A clothes line.

AN ELECTRIC EXPERIMENT — Repeating at the polls.

A RISING MAN —The aeronaut.

FILLS AN ACHING VOID — The dentist.

A VERSEATILE GENIUS — The poet.

A BAD SPELL OF WEATHER — W-e-t-h-e-r.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH — The tongue.

A BAD FIT — Epileptic.

WELCOME, STRANGER.

"BELOVED brethren," said a watering-place minister from his pulpit, "it fills my heart with joy to see among us so many strangers on this blessed Sabbath morning. To those who are away from home, bent upon pleasure or seeking health, as the case may be, we extend a cordial and heartfelt greeting. They are strangers within our gates, and we welcome them with the Word. The collection will now be taken up."

BOOKS AND THE DRAMA

SOME NOTES ABOUT NEW STORIES.

MR. HENRY JAMES has a very subtile bit of character study in the June *Harper*, entitled "Two Countries." As in all his works, the analysis is pressed to the minutest motive or suspicion of a motive. He is almost remorseless in his method of vivisection. One feels that results are as inevitable under his logic as under Calvinistic predestination. The pity of it all is that three such fine characters as the moving figures in this story should meet a terrible catastrophe through following unbendingly the dictates of their consciences.

So far as *Lady Chasemore* and her brother are concerned, we believe that the New York conscience is misrepresented. Mr. James must be drawing from stores of impressions made more than a decade ago—before the sensitive Puritan conscience had been made more robust by the broader and, perhaps, coarser life which material prosperity has promoted. One cannot help thinking that if *Lady Chasemore* had been a "tennis girl" of the prevailing vigorous type, she would not have taken her husband and brother so seriously. After all, happiness and misery are a matter of nerves.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS'S new serial novel, "Annie Kilburn," has an attractive beginning. A New England manufacturing town, as modified by an invasion of "summer residents," offers a good field for his careful study of social phases. Is it hazardous to foresee a most interesting Indian summer love-affair between the *Rev. Mr. Peck* and *Miss Kilburn?*

* * *

MISS JEWETT has reprinted a number of her sympathetic studies of New England character in a volume entitled "The King of Folly Island" (Houghton).

In fine contrast with these passionless people is the picture of Creole life presented in Miss Grace King's "Monsieur Motte" (Armstrong). This volume is made up of three episodes reprinted from the magazines, after the manner of Cable's "Bonaventure."

Mr. Stimson's "Residuary Legatee," has also been made into a compact and pretty volume, somewhat enlarged since its magazine appearance (Scribners).

Among the other volumes of fiction which have just been published for summer reading may be noted "A Nymph of the West" (Appleton), by Howard Seely, who is a disciple of Bret Harte; "A Teacher of the Violin" (Macmillan), a collection of short stories by the clever author of "John Inglesant," and "A Slave of Circumstance" (Belford), by Ernest De Lancey Pierson, whose society verses are known to the readers of LIFE.

* * *

BETTER than any of these for a boy or girl is the sincere and appreciative story of the life of "Abraham

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Lincoln" (Putnam), told in excellent taste by Noah Brooks. The life of such a man sweeps away the cobwebs of romance, and lets in the light of the stars. *Droch.*

· NEW BOOKS ·

MAY AND JUNE. By Edward R. Roe. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

Mrs. Lord's Moonstone. By Charles Stokes Wayne. Philadelphia: Wynn & Wayne.

The Residuary Legatee. By F. J. Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The King of Folly Island. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

RELIEF AND NOT PREVENTION.

"I NOTICE, Mr. Dusenberry, that an enactment is advocated to prohibit the marriage of persons with violent tempers. I—"

"Nonsense, my dear! Violent tempers are not discovered until after marriage. An enactment is wanted that will grant immediate relief by divorce."

MRS. PARAFINE VENEERING: My dear, I think you ought to see about getting a coat-of-arms at once.

MR. PARAFINE VENEERING: All right; I'll stop at a tailor's on my way down town this morning.

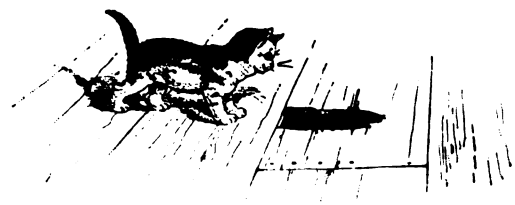
AT THE CLUB.

Visitor: I THOUGHT CAMPERDOWN WAS A MEMBER HERE.

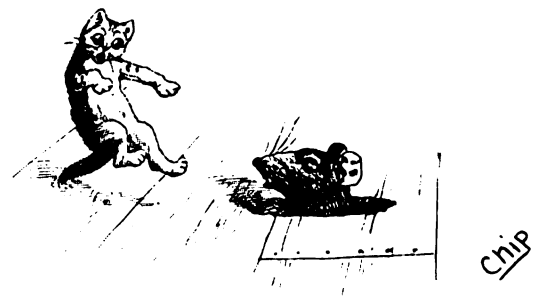
Member: OH, HE WAS—BUT WE KICKED HIM OUT, DON'T YOU KNOW.

V.: KICKED HIM OUT? WHAT WAS THE TROUBLE?

M.: NO TROUBLE THAT I KNOW OF; BUT HE FELL HEIR TO A MILLION, SAID THE ASSOCIATION WITH CADS WAS KILLING HIM, AND JOINED THE UNION LEAGUE ALL IN ONE WEEK. WE COULD NOT STAND THAT, YOU KNOW!



"HA, HA! I'LL CATCH A MOUSE!"



"BEG PARDON, BUT DID I HEAR MY NAME MENTIONED?"

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY.

I WAS from Boston and she from the West,
She sat with her beautiful head on my breast.
I loved her! To-morrow I knew we must part,
And in Browning's own words I poured out my heart:
"*Let it be now, love! All my soul breaks forth—*
How I do love you! Give my love its way!
A man can have but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfil my fate—
Grant me my heaven now! Let me know you mine,
Prove you mine, write my name upon your brow,
Hold you and have you, and then die away,
If God please, with completion in my soul!"
I felt her arms round my neck entwine,
Her limpid eyes looked up into mine;
I waited her answer so soft and low:
"Say it again, and say it slow!"

E. B. B.

A WISE SUGGESTION.

"I KNOW I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidentially asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?"

"I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

THE FINEST BRAND OF ALL.

CUSTOMER (*to waiter*): Small bottle champagne, waiter.

WAITER: Yes, sir. Do you like a dry or a rich champagne, sir?

CUSTOMER (*earnestly*): I say, waiter, bring me a bottle rich enough to pay for itself.

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LIFE'S FÊTE C

TO BE GIVEN THIS SUMMER AS A PU

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CHAMPÊTRE.

NISHMENT TO OUR UNMARRIED READERS.

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HE TAKES A LONG SMELL AT THE WRONG BOTTLE.

WITH THIS RESULT THE NEXT MORNING.

A BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

"MARTHA," said a minister to his wife, "I have some sad news to break to you, and you will need all your courage to bear the burden of this crushing and unexpected blow."

"Oh, John," she exclaimed, "and we have been so happy in our home and children!"

"I know it, Martha," he responded, hoarsely, "but whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

"John, dear," she said, with true wifely courage and devotion, "tell me what it is let me share it with you."

"A donation party."

A PHILOSOPHER, who was recently lost in thought, was afterwards found in a brown study

A TOUCHING EPISTLE.

THIS COMMUNICATION FROM A SUFFERING HUMAN CREATURE DESERVES THE THOUGHTFUL ATTENTION OF EVERY CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

DEAR LIFE:

TRUSTING in your fine sense of justice, I beg of you to commend and make an example of Theodore Frothingham, of Philadelphia, who lately got married. Being a man of mature years, whose lonely male companions had preceded him into the state of bondage, instead of sifting the ranks of bachelordom for surviving contemporaries to serve him as ushers, he frankly begged his married friends to do for him in that capacity, and loomed up at the altar sustained by a group of patrons who know how to feel for him.

Frothingham did right. Lend your influence, dear LIFE, to the adoption of the custom that a bride more than twenty-eight years old shall be limited to a single bridesmaid, and a groom of thirty-two shall be privileged to call for the help of his married friends, and entitled to their assistance.

Your help in this matter I ask not from any tenderness for brides or grooms, nor from a disposition to facilitate their marriages, but solely out of consideration for the surviving friends. A man who is half way through his fourth decade, as I am, is a survivor among his contemporaries, and finds availability for matrimonial pageants a source of considerable inconvenience. Take my own case. My near friends, except one or two, were married off years ago, and I helped them with right good will. I have now as many scarf-pins and match-boxes as I can possibly use, and when some acquaintance in whose fate my interest is not absorbing asks me to leave my business and go with him to some remote spot to help him get married, I do not go without rebellious feelings. He would not ask me if it were not that his friends, like mine, have joined the majority, and I would excuse myself if I did not appreciate the awkwardness of his position.

Frothingham's scheme was a good one. Make the married men do their share.

Senex.

* * *

UNION COLLEGE has got a president at last. He is coming from Rochester, a city that belongs to the International League, and supports a fair nine. His methods are said to be thorough and his experience ample.

* * *

IT is painful to learn that two men who were offered "Bones" this year had previous engagements. And the Yale fence is going, too! Poor Yale! What will the end be?

As to the fence, by the way, it transpires that the donor of the building that is to take its place is a woman who wants to commemorate her son.

Why doesn't she leave the fence in memory of him?

* * *

MR. ARNOLD left only £1,040 behind him.

If he had spent part of the time he passed in disliking this country in acquainting himself with the methods of the Standard Oil Company and the grape-sugar manufacturers, he might have learned to make sweetness and light pan out richer.

* * *

'TIS the voice of Captain Robert T. Cook, of Philadelphia. Listen!

"I see no reason why Yale should win this year. Harvard has a fine stroke."

Incidentally to which it is reported that the haste of the Yale student who was severely hurt last week by a post that he ran into in running for a train, was due to his desire to get to New York in time to take advantage of the market before the effect of Captain Cook's remark wore off.

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A SUMMER NIGHT'S REVERIE.

"ACH! VAT FOR A SHPLENDIT PAIR OF SOLITAIRES DEY WOULD MAKE!"

A TRAGEDY.

A YOUNG man who tried to sing bass,
Made such a horrible fass,
That the rest of the choir
Arose in its oir,
And fired him out of the plass.

A NOBLE LIFE.

A THREADBARE, shabby, stoop-shouldered man, with a heliotrope tint to his countenance, attempted to cross the crowded street, slipped and fell, and before he could be rescued, was run over by the wheels of a wagon. They carried him to the nearest drug-store, but before the doctor arrived, he had breathed his last.

They searched his pockets, but neither therein nor upon his worn clothing could aught be found to indicate his name, residence, or calling. The crowd stood around helplessly, newsboys and boot-blacks flattened their unclean features against the panes of the show windows and doors in a vain attempt to get a view of the prostrate figure.

Suddenly a man pushed his way through the group, and casting a glance at the motionless figure, exclaimed:

"It is he!"

Very respectfully and reverently he lifted the handkerchief from the face of the unfortunate, and satisfied himself of his identity by a long look at the motionless features. The crowd looked on curiously, waiting to learn the name of the deceased.

"Died without saying anything? Of course, just like him all over! *He* didn't bore you with any last words, saying he died happy when it wasn't so, or trying to nag you with a moral, did he? Certainly not!"

Here the friend of the victim of the accident looked around at the crowd with tears of sorrow in his eyes. Removing his hat, an action at once respectful to the dead and courteous to the living, he pressed a handkerchief to his face, and said, in a voice broken with emotion:

"Gentlemen, these are the remains of my friend Lemuel Israel Biljetter—a man who never wore a title. You didn't know him as I did, gentlemen, or every hat in this place would be off, and every eye brimming with tears of sincere sorrow for his untimely end. This, gentlemen, was the most remarkable man in the United States of America.

"My friend was, I may truly say, a paragon of all the virtues of omission, and his strong point was in leaving undone those things which he ought not to have done. Alas! We never looked on his like before, and we never shall again! Poor old Lem!

"Why, gentlemen, think of it! I have known this man through twenty long summers, and never once have I heard him ask 'Is it hot enough for you?' In winter, to my positive knowledge, he never failed to close the door behind him. When I think of what the world owes this man I cannot refrain from tears! Lemuel Israel Biljetter, my friends, never went out between the acts, although he loved a drink as well as anybody. He never orated on religion in a street-car.

"On my word of honor, this silent figure before you had no opinion whatever on the Inter-State Commerce Law, no views on the proper raising of other people's children, no theories on the labor question. He never played on the flute or violin of a summer evening—never thought he could sing—never believed he could keep a hotel or run a newspaper.

"He never lied about being in the late war—never called himself General, Colonel, Major, or Captain—just plain Lemuel Israel Biljetter. You will scarce believe me, but the fact is nevertheless true, that he never wrote a war article during his entire life.

"And yet, he is dead!

"Yes, dead as an advertisement in a country newspaper, and adding to the world's vast indebtedness to him by saying no last words whatever. Contemplate the fact, gentlemen, that no reminiscences of his life, accompanied by a miserably-engraved portrait, will appear first in the daily and afterward in the weekly papers of our unhappy country. Anecdotes of Lemuel Israel Biljetter will not pursue you for years to come through the medium of the public prints. I am proud and happy to say that the life of Lemuel Israel Biljetter will not be published in a book worth fifty cents, and sold for two dollars and a half, by means of the relentless and pestilential book-agent.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

Small Boy: MISTHER, COULDN'T YEZ HELP A POOR BOY WHOSE MOTHER IS A WIDDER, AND OUT AV WORRUK?

Gentleman: POOR FELLOW! HOW LONG HAS YOUR FATHER BEEN DEAD?

Small Boy: TWINTY YEARS, SOR.

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Gentlemen, it seems to me that this was indeed a noble life, and this indeed a man of whom America might well be proud. Alas, that he has gone from among us!"

The recital of his friend's virtues overcame the speaker, and bowing his head in his hands, he wept copiously. By this time there was not a dry eye in the house. In a few minutes, grateful hearts had prompted generous hands, and a subscription was raised by the thankful auditors large enough to enable the interment of the deceased in a style befitting his great character, and to place above him a monument of generous proportions, upon which, deeply carven, is the following simple inscription:

LEMUEL ISRAEL BILJETTER,
THE FRIEND OF MANKIND.

W. C. Edgar.

AN INTELLIGENT UNDERSTANDING.

VISITOR (*to convict*): I can readily understand, my dear friend, that your prison life must be sad indeed.

CONVICT: Yes, sir; I s'pose you've been there yourself.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BROWN: That is a handsome umbrella you've got, Robinson. Was it a birthday present?

ROBINSON: Yes, one I gave to my wife.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

JABEZ: Well, Maria, what'll you have for lunch?

MARIA (*perusing the ménu*): I don't know, Jabez. I see they have Timballs down here. If they are anything like fish-balls I think I'll have some of them.

A STROKE OF LUCK.

LANDLADY (*of fashionable boarding-house, to applicant*): Have you children, madame?

APPLICANT: No; I had a little boy, but he died last summer.

LANDLADY: You are very fortunate, for we never take children.

A REPUTATION TO SUSTAIN.

KIND OLD LADY: Little boy, wouldn't you like to go to Sabbath school, and learn to be good?

LITTLE BOY: No'm; it would ruin me repertashun.

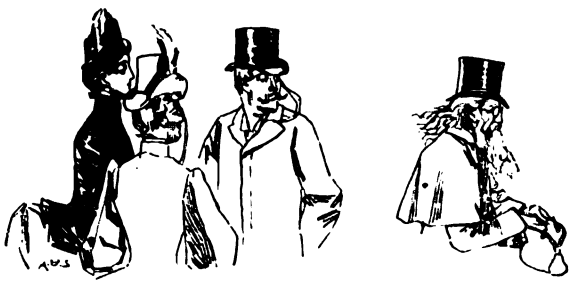
KIND OLD LADY: Ruin your reputation?

LITTLE BOY: Yes'm; I'm known as "the bad boy of the block."

A MISTAKE.

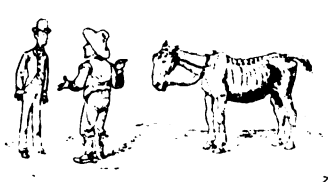
Maude: WHAT A DISTINGUISHED LOOKING OLD GENTLEMAN. HE MUST BE A POET.

Blanche: OR AN ARTIST.



Charles: NO. HE'S A SCIENTIFIC MAN. IT STANDS OUT IN EVERY LINE.

Distinguished Stranger: WILL YOU TRY ONE OF HORNBLOWER'S IMPERIAL COUGH DROPS? CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA—



He hurries for the doctor.

Takes a hasty ride.

And with the solace of a cushion reflects at leisure.

AN ASSERTION PROVED.

FIRST PHILADELPHIAN: Mr. Childs's time is very valuable.

SECOND PHILADELPHIAN: Yes, indeed. He has one clock that cost $7,000.

IT is necessary to suppress those who want too much, in order that anybody may have anything.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

THE Harrison boom is dying hard;
(Oh, the broken lily is sad to see.)
Its beauty now is sorely marred,
'Twill soon be entombed in the cold church-yard,
With honors of war by a corporal's guard.
—*Chicago News.*

TELEGRAPH EDITOR (*to chief*): This dispatch about the woman who threw a pailful of hot water over her husband is too long. What had I better do?

CHIEF: Boil it down.—*Texas Siftings.*

MONTREAL LADY (*to American financier*): Do you not find our Canadian climate rather cold, Mr. Boodler?

AMERICAN FINANCIER: Oh, not at all; it agrees with me. I left New York because it was too warm for me there.—*Texas Siftings.*

TEACHER: What advantage had the old Greeks over us, Hans?

HANS (*drawing a long breath*): They did not have to learn Greek.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE man who was looking about for a paper that didn't have anything to say about the tariff, finally purchased a paper of pins. That was the nearest he could come to it.—*Norristown Herald.*

EDITOR (*to assistant*): In this obituary notice, Mr. Getaroundlate, you say his many friends will shed a tear! Shed a tear is a trifle weak.

ASSISTANT: How would shed a tear or two, answer?

EDITOR (*dubiously*): That's not much of an improvement.

ASSISTANT: Well, make it his many friends will shed two or three tears, then.

EDITOR: All right, let it go at that.—*Epoch.*

"YES, dear, I have recorded our marriage license," said the Chicago youth, displaying the document to his heart's delight; "and now we can get married as soon as you will say the word."

"But, George," exclaimed the young lady, in consternation, "are you sure this is right? Isn't there something lacking?"

"Something lacking? I don't think I follow you, dearest."

"I suppose I'm a silly little fool, George, but don't call me an ignoramus now, will you? But I always supposed that a marriage license had a divorce coupon attached."—*Boston Transcript.*

FASHIONABLE DAUGHTER: Mamma, do you really think it is wrong for me to flirt in a mild sort of way?

FASHIONABLE MOTHER (*terrified*): Clara, I am surprised at you. The idea of an *unmarried* person flirting!—*San Francisco Wasp.*

MAUD (*before the laughing hyena's cage*): How mean! Here we've been twenty minutes and the hyena hasn't laughed once!

ELLA: Strange, and he's been eyeing your new spring hat, too!—*Tid-Bits.*

ONE of the queerest things about agriculture is to see a Congressman plant garden seeds among his constituents, and then look confidently forward to a crop of votes next fall.—*Somerville Journal.*

ONE CAKE OF

Packer's Tar Soap

Will Cure Dandruff. FACT!

MY son, a good maxim for you to adopt is this: "Get your work done yesterday, so that you may rest to-day."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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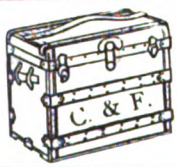

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51 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, May 14, 1887.

Messrs. PECK & SNYDER: Gentlemen,—I have given your "Beeckman" Racket a thorough test, and I am very pleased to say that I have never had a better racket of either English or American make.

Yours truly, RICHARD D. SEARS.

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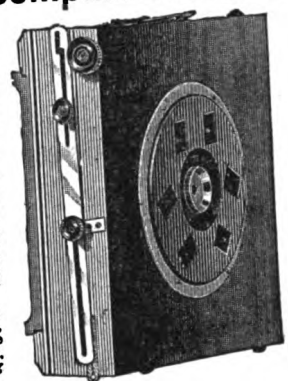

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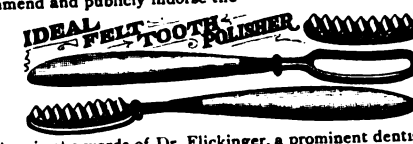
Be this as it may, the well-known fact remains that acids generate from a stomach disordered by various causes, accumulate on the teeth, and form one great source of decay. For this reason prominent dentists and physicians privately recommend and publicly indorse the



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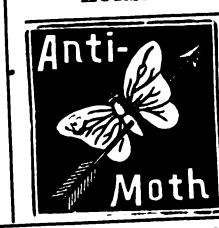

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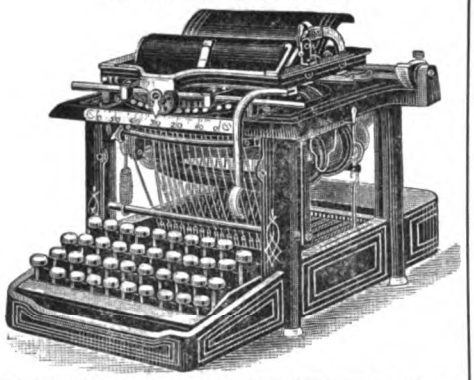

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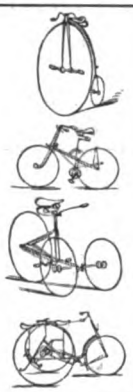

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1888. NUMBER 283.

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EXCESS OF CAUTION.

Nervous Passenger (on Southern Railroad): CONDUCTOR, WHY ARE WE RUNNING AT SUCH A FRIGHTFUL RATE OF SPEED?

Conductor (reassuringly): THERE'S A ROTTEN BRIDGE, MADAM, HALF A MILE AHEAD, AND WE WANT TO GET OVER IT WITH AS LITTLE STRAIN AS POSSIBLE.

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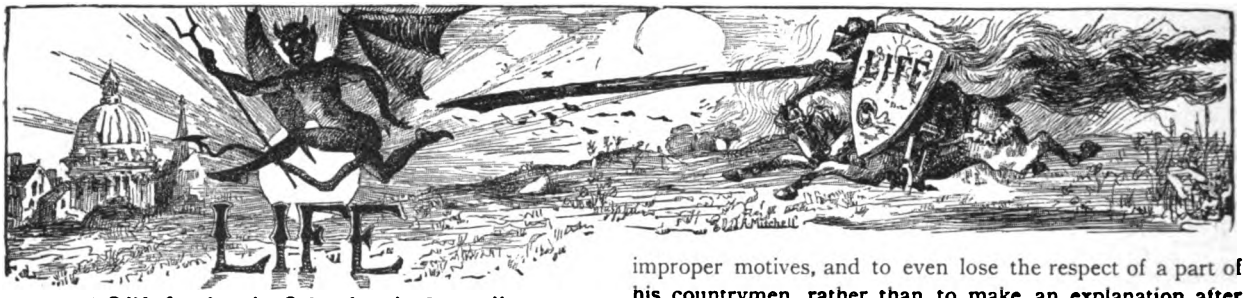

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. JUNE 14, 1888. No. 285.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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THE Republican elephant is almost ready, as depicted in our cartoon to-day, to start on his perilous and uncertain trip across the slack rope to the White House; and, as the intelligent observer will note, he does not stand much chance of getting there. Indeed, it looks very much as if the decrepid beast would fall into the chasm and take his precious freight with him. Two parties never started into a presidential contest in such unequal condition before in the history of these United States. On the one hand is the Democracy with a trusted and tried leader at their head and with an important public issue that has been made its own. On the other are the disorganized and disheartened Republicans, without a leader and encumbered by a negative principle. It does not need much of a prophet to predict the result. But what a merry time there will be in Chicago next week!

* * *

AN important chapter of public history was given to the world last week, in the form of a letter from George C. Gorham, of Washington, to the *Herald*, in which he states Roscoe Conkling's side of the controversy between the dead statesman and James G. Blaine, that resulted in the resignation of Mr. Conkling, in 1881, and to which is due, perhaps, the death of Garfield. The disclosures that Mr. Gorham makes are not in detail new to the people. They have been hinted at before, and even published in fragmentary form. Mr. Conkling never uttered a word in public on the subject, however, and his personal views and feelings are thus for the first time made known to the world.

* * *

ACCORDING to Mr. Gorham, it was the personal quarrel that Blaine thrust upon Conkling in the House of Representatives, in 1864, that brought about the resignation twenty years later; Blaine, as Garfield's friend, having induced the President to publicly humiliate the Senator from New York and to break down his leadership in his own State as a deliberate plan of revenge. It will confirm the friends of Conkling in their high estimate of his character to learn that he chose to suffer under the imputation of improper motives, and to even lose the respect of a part of his countrymen, rather than to make an explanation after Garfield's death that would injure the reputation of the martyred President in the memory of the people. Conkling was wounded in the house of his friends; his self-denying services were repaid by treachery, and the death of Garfield placed a seal upon his lips, when the explanation that a less chivalrous man would have made would have set him right before his countrymen, to whose opinion he was so extremely sensitive, and have brought confusion to his enemies.

* * *

A READER of LIFE opines, apropos of our observations concerning Dickens's gentlemen last week, that if *Twemlow*, *Carton* and *Wrayburn* were not gentlemen, that author never portrayed any. Herein he agrees with Mr. Stevenson, who declares that Dickens tried vainly, during the earlier part of his career, to create a gentleman, and only succeeded in his later works. But Dickens created a gentleman in his very first novel, "The Pickwick Papers." *Mr. Pickwick* was a gentleman in every sense of the term, save, perhaps, in the matter of birth, according to English ideas. He combined true gentleness of heart and mind with chivalrous conduct and lofty principle. He spoke with "aplomb and fitness" upon all occasions. It was the gentleman, acting under embarrassing conditions, to be sure, but still the gentleman, who explained matters from the closet of the boarding-school kitchen and from behind the curtains of the maiden lady's bed. And let anyone try to pick a flaw in his conduct with *Alfred Jingle*, in the various circumstances in which they meet throughout the book, or with *Mrs. Bardell* during her unfortunate career.

* * *

EXAMINE *Mr. Pickwick's* manners and conduct at *Mrs. Leo Hunter's* reception, at Dingley Dell, at the various public-houses and with the queer characters he met, and you will find him the gentleman throughout. In his intercourse with servants and officers of the law he unites dignity with a proper amount of condescension. In the scene with *Dodson & Fogg* he does not go outside of bounds permissible in the case of a gentleman suffering under the outrages that have been inflicted upon him. He is the gentleman when he addresses *Mr. Bob Sawyer's* landlady, the gentleman when he explains *Mr. Winkle's* marriage to *Arabella Allen's* father. He is the gentleman in all circumstances throughout the book, and the embellishment of his whole character as a gentleman is his crowning act of kindness to *Jingle* and *Mrs. Bardell*. When Dickens created *Pickwick* he created a gentleman, whether he was conscious of it or otherwise.

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WRONG AGAIN.

"AH! JACK'S VOICE! BE STILL, MY HEART; HE SERENADES ME!"

NO, DEAR; IT SOUNDS LIKE HIS VOICE, BUT IT ISN'T.

A BLISSFUL EVENING.

MRS. OVERTHERHINE (*of Cincinnati, to daughter, returned from the Thomas Festival*): Did you enjoy the music, my dear?

DAUGHTER: It was divine, mamma! I was in a trance of dreamy enjoyment through the entire exquisite performance.

MRS. OVERTHERHINE: Aren't you rather late?

DAUGHTER: Rather, I fancy, mamma. Mr. Ohlsen invited me to Bullwinkle's for a hot sausage.

MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

MAGISTRATE: Under what circumstances, Uncle Rastus, were you induced to violate the law?

UNCLE RASTUS: Dey was mitigatin' circumstances, sah; dat's what dey was.

A LOVE GAME.

WE played at tennis every day,
At first quite free of heart and gay;
But as the year crept on towards fall,
My heart went bounding with the ball.

This tennis net was like a snare;
It caught my soul and held it there;
She beat me every game we played,
So far away my thoughts had strayed.

And, try my best, each time the same,
Uneven score we made—love game;
While flushing with the exercise,
Her laughing face mocked at my sighs.

And yet I think I well may boast
That spite of all I won the most;
While she was winning games from me,
I, lucky man, won her, you see.

E. W.

UNCONGENIAL TASTES.

ON THE PORCH OF A SUMMER HOTEL.

JAGGS (*to new arrival*): How delicious the long dreamy twilight of these summer evenings!

NEW ARRIVAL: H'm! I rather fancy winter the best

JAGGS: Indeed! You're in the coal business, I suppose?

NEW ARRIVAL: No; gas!

HOW SOLOMON GOT LEFT.

VOICE OF THE AGES: Look not on the wine when it is red!

SNIGGINS: I don't, old boy; I drink champagne!

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

Artist: YES, SIR; I CAN ENLARGE THIS PHOTOGRAPH, AND GIVE YOU A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

Widower (whose knowledge of art terms is limited, but who has a very vivid remembrance of deceased): A SPEAKING LIKENESS! I WOULD LIKE THE PORTRAIT, BUT—BUT I—ER—DON'T CARE TO HAVE IT TALK MUCH.

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"WHO WOULDN'T?"

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, when asked by a newspaper reporter whether he would accept the Republican nomination for President if it were offered to him, only replied: "Who wouldn't?" And that is an interesting query. Would Mr. Blaine refuse if it were offered to him in a box, like the Freedom of the City? We trow not.

* * *

FROM now on the audiences at the comic-opera performances, viewed from above, will resemble sections of cobble-stone pavement. The mesdames and the demoiselles with les enfants are packed off to the country and the seashore, and paterfamilias is left at home alone to write dismal letters to his loved ones and enjoy himself. In his mind's-eye are visions of suburban watering-places and gay company, and in his mind's-ear sounds the ecstatic chuckle of the extorted cork. Unhappy man of business who is confined to the heated city during the summer months! And he couldn't be dragged away to his family by all Buffalo Bill's horses and Buffalo Bill's men.

* * *

THERE are rumors that a deep purpose underlies the presence of the Hon. Carl Schurz in Berlin. He has been described as friendly with the Emperor, cordial with the Crown Prince, and confidentially intimate with Bismarck. If there is any one in Berlin that Mr. Schurz doesn't know, it must be some one whose acquaintance is very remotely advantageous, if at all.

* * *

WHICH suggests that the ex-Editor has looked the ground over carefully in Europe and America, and has concluded that Germany is the one of his fatherlands which at present offers the best opportunities to a man of enterprise who is looking around. If the Crown Prince should succeed his father, as may happen any day, what a comfort it would doubtless be to him to have at hand a politician of Herr Schurz's unrivaled experience, free from factional associations, who could talk English to his mother, address the Reichstag in German, and fit him with a ministry of any shade of sentiment out of the materials at hand! Or, if Count Herbert Bismarck should suddenly become Chancellor, what a prop Mr. Hayes's ex-Secretary might be to him! Or, if Count von Moltke should drop off, there would be General Schurz, that scarred veteran, to consult with.

Of course, appearances are not conclusive, but it really does look as if "The Professional German" had got back to Germany with a more or less definite intention of practicing!

* * *

HEREAFTER we shall have no more hangings to disgust our murderers by the publicity of their taking-off. Gentlemen who are condemned to capital punishment now need only go quietly and unostentatiously to the electric machine and shuffle off their mortal coils so quickly and agreeably, that they will be in Paradise—where most murderers announce their intention of going—before they hardly realize that they have left this earth. One scarcely knows now whether he had rather be a convicted murderer or an electric wire lineman.

* * *

TAKE care of the sense and the dollars will take care of themselves.

* * *

Before

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND

After

WE take a sincere pleasure in recording the good work so well begun in this excellent charity. One hundred and twenty-seven dollars means a two week's outing in the country for forty-two poor children, and the fraction of another one left over by our esteemed contemporary. We shall soon get the whole child together at this rate, however, and then he, or she, can have a good time, too.

W. M. H.	$15.00
The *Mail and Express*	100.00
M.	3.00
C.	9.00
	$127.00

We take the liberty of publishing the following letter:

23 PARK ROW, June 6, 1888.

DEAR LIFE:

Will you kindly permit the enclosed $100 to send 33⅓ boys and girls in your band to the country for a fortnight? And if the third of a boy or girl should come back a whole one, don't charge anything for the two-thirds, for that will only be a dividend of LIFE.

Lovingly yours,

The Mail and Express.

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Salon, 1888.

Uninitiated Father: So this is the "*line*," is it?

Artistic Son: Yes, this is what we call "the line."

Uninitiated Father: Well, it would never be mistaken for a *clothes* line!

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THE CAREER OF ACHILLES.

IN the intervals of his engrossing duties as editor of the *Olympian Gazette*, Colonel Homer wrote a poem called "The Iliad."

Colonel Homer has never received any royalty on his book, owing to the absence of an international copyright law.

The hero of this little romance of the Colonel's was a military gentleman named Achilles.

When he was very small, Achilles' mother, who doubtless expected her son to honor his family by developing into a baseball umpire, wished, with true motherly forethought, to render him invulnerable to brickbats and other persuaders.

So she dipped him in the River Styx, holding him by the heel, which section of his understanding was not saturated.

We pass over the time spent by Achilles in going to school, and take up his life again as he approaches manhood.

When the capture of Troy seemed desirable to the Greeks, a seer named Calchas was asked whether or not that town could be captured, and he said it could not unless Achilles assisted.

Achilles' mother, still watchful of her son, although he was a big boy now and belonged to the militia, feared he would be fatally killed if he went to the cruel war, so she sent him to the court of King Lycomedes.

Here he wore false hair and a bustle, read Browning's poems, and in other ways masqueraded as a girl.

General Ulysses suspected some trick of this sort, and resorted to one himself to decide whether Achilles was among the maids.

He offered a choice display of presents to them. Some selected spring bonnets, others took caramels and chewing gum, while a few enjoyed Ulysses' liberality to the extent of selecting dress patterns and jewelry. But one of the girls took a baseball outfit.

This girl was Achilles.

The hiding scheme thus proving a failure, and no substitutes being allowable, Achilles put on his uniform and sailed for Troy. Soon after his arrival he engaged in one of the profoundest sulks ever known.

The magazines of that day were full of war articles on the subject, in which different theories were propounded in explanation of Achilles' masterly inactivity; but the following recital may be depended upon as giving the true inwardness of the business.

Achilles had eloped with a girl named Briseis, and had taken her with him to Troy, probably with the intention of procuring her a situation in one of the laundries for which that town was famous, and of using her stipend as beer money.

Another party, named Agamemnon, who commanded the third army corps, had also been engaged in the maiden-stealing industry. He had abducted Chryseius, a daughter of one of Apollo's priests. This infuriated Apollo, and he sent an Ar pestilence into the Greek camp, which displayed a great deal of pernicious activity, and refused to leave until Agamemnon sent the girl back home.

All would have been serene had the matter rested here, but Agamemnon then took Achilles' girl to fill the vacancy, and the latter got mad.

A little thing like that annoyed him.

After that Achilles and Agamemnon never saluted each other as they passed by.

Then Achilles refused to participate in the war, but sulked in his tent.

He did nothing but sulk, and drew his pay and rations with unerring precision until a Trojan named Hector killed Patroclus, a man who used to go to school with Achilles, and play marbles with him.

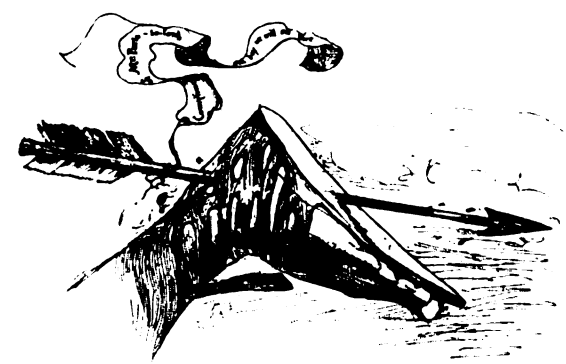
Achilles then thought it was time to take a hand in the fray, to avenge his friend's death.

He did so, and for a while carried on a large wholesale business in Trojan gore.

After Troy surrendered Major Achilles retired into private life, and became postmaster of his town.

He was brought into prominence, however, by being shot by a Frenchman named Paris, who drew a bead on his heel, Achilles' only vulnerable spot.

Wm. H. Siviter.



THE CITY COUSIN.

SHE: Oh, Charlie, come out and see the milk-maid.
HE: Where is that—at the pump?

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"THUS THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME BRINGS IN HIS REVENGES."

SHE was a winsome maid I wooed
Long years ago, but Fate tabooed
My frequent calling,
For when I fain would talk of love,
Her infant sister from above
Began a bawling.

I viewed that child with more than hate,
As with each broken tête-à-tête
Love seemed to falter;
And though, as time winged on, we strayed
In friendship's paths, not one conveyed
Unto the altar.

But now will be a wedding there;
The happy groom falls to my share.
You wonder, maybe,
Why Hymen all these years did bide;
But 'tis not *she* will be the bride—
It is that baby!

H. E. W.

FEARS RELIEVED.

OFFICE BOY (*to country editor*): Man outside, sir, wants to see the editor.

EDITOR (*anxiously*): What does he want of the editor?

BOY: Says he wants to mop the floor with him.

EDITOR (*relieved*): Oh, show him in. I was afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

WIFE: Do you think, my dear, that Mr. Blaine will be on the ocean when the Convention meets?

HUSBAND: Yes, probably; and, with the Convention also at sea, it looks as if the party might have a wet time of it.

NO RESEMBLANCE.

"MISS SMITH, do you know who that very amiable looking old lady is, with soft gray hair and pleasant eyes, and such a sweet expression?"

"That is mamma."

"Is it possible!"

UNNECESSARY TROUBLE.

POLICEMAN (*to Brown, who is clinging to a lamp-post*): Shall I help you over to your house, Mr. Brown?

BROWN: No, shunneshy. Housh be (*hic*) here in minute; can see it comin'. Been 'round twishe already.

BOTH IGNORANT.

Judge: DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU WILL GO TO, LITTLE BOY, IF YOU SWEAR TO WHAT IS NOT TRUE?

Boy (*of radical tendencies*): NO; NOR YOU NEITHER.

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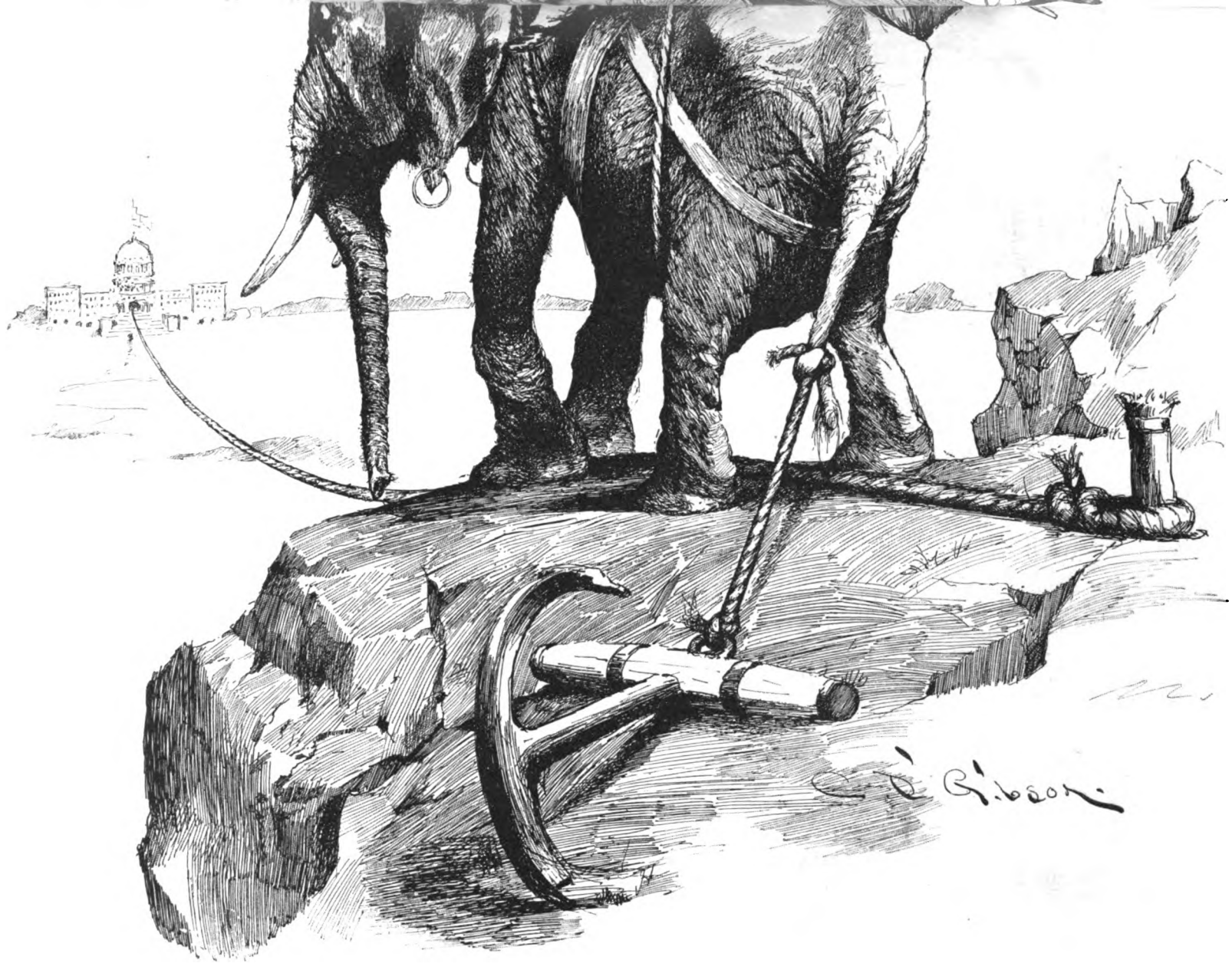

WILL HE DO IT?

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THE 401st MAN.

HOW worthless, empty and wretched is a life passed without the confines that hem in the accredited and authenticated worshippers of the Golden Calf.

The Peri at the gates of Paradise, a starving man at Delmonico's window, a presidential dark horse thinking of the White House — all these are contented and happy to the superlative degree when compared with me.

When the First Groom of the Ball-Room decreed that only four hundred persons should be considered as of New York's fashionable society, I just missed being included, and must now wait until death shall cause a vacancy in the sacred circle.

I do not know what I have done to merit such treatment. In fact, I never have done anything that I know of. I certainly have never demeaned myself by toil of any kind.

My scanty income has been spent far more in behalf of society than for my own good. I have lived in a hall bedroom to save money to show myself at the opera. When I heard that the Van Squawks were to give a ball at Delmonico's, I went without my dinner for a week that I might take Miss Bessie and her mamma to the theatre.

Except in the summer, I have never missed a Sunday at the Church of the Holy Millionaires. To be sure, I darn my own socks, but no one could possibly know of that. I have never led any young men of good family astray by asking them to drink at my expense. On the contrary, when they have invited me, I have endeavored to teach them that drinking was an extravagant vice by taking the highest priced drinks on the list. I have always laughed heartily at the right people's stories and jokes. There are few men in town who know more disagreeable things about people than I do, and I have always been careful to tell them only to audiences that would appreciate and enjoy them, changing my subjects to suit the personal dislikes of my hearers. When I am with girls, I can giggle as hard as any of them, and there are few afternoon teas where I have not been a welcome guest. I have studiously avoided anything like brilliancy in my talk, for this is sure to excite envy or create enemies. I have never let it appear that I possessed any brains, for nothing is more certain completely to bar a man from the *best* society.

Notwithstanding all this, I am left out from the Four Hundred. Thank Providence, they may be select, but they are not immortal, and Death is bound to force his way among them before long. They cannot be so exclusive as to keep him out, and he will make a place for me.

A vista of cheap dinners stretches before me meanwhile, for I can expect no invitations to Tuxedo or Newport. I shall spend the summer at my mother's humble home, and save money against my return to the sacred precincts. My time shall be spent in watching the obituary columns, and in figuring the expectation of life among four hundred average—very average—people.

Metcalfe.

AN INFALLIBLE SAFEGUARD.

HIGGINS: Wonder what kind of weather we'll have to-day, Wiggins?

WIGGINS: I expect a fair, clear day.

HIGGINS: Then why on earth are you carrying that umbrella and mackintosh?

WIGGINS: So that it will be certain to be a fair, clear day.

JONAH.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Tommy Traddles may tell us who Jonah was.

TOMMY TRADDLES: Anson says it's Kelly.

BOSOM FRIENDS.

CLARA: I had such a pleasant call last night from Mr. Paperwate, Ethel. It was fully twelve o'clock before he could tear himself away.

ETHEL: I hope his coat didn't suffer, dear.

A SET-BACK.

Mr. Softleigh: WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, IS THE LIMIT TO LOVE?

Miss Hardy: MATRIMONY.

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IN THE SPRING THE SCHOOL-BOY'S FANCY DOESN'T TURN, ETC.

"SEND IT LIVELY, TOM; JUST THE SAME AS IF IT WUS THE TEACHER'S HEAD!"

IN GERMANY.

THAT is a pretty serious issue between George Washington Smalley and Blakeley Hall. Mr. Hall cabled to the *Sun* not long ago that the American Minister to Germany had taken no pains at all to get him free tickets to the Emperor William's funeral, and that when it began to look as if he would have to pay to go in or stay away altogether, he went to the British Embassy, where he was cordially received, and his affidavit taken as to his wants. A few hours later one of the Embassy's hired men came around to Mr. Hall's house with a full set of tickets entitling him to pass the lines, view the remains, occupy one of the front seats in church, and ride on the hearse to the cemetery, if there should be a vacant seat. In consequence of these privileges that Mr. Hall obtained, his account of the funeral was unrivaled, and conclusively betokened front seats to everything, and the confidence of the undertaker.

* * *

WHICH account, it seems, Mr. George W. Smalley saw, and was so possessed with jealous rage that he sought to pierce the hide of Hall's balloon, and to that end got affidavits from the British Embassy at Berlin to the effect that they didn't know Mr. Hall there, and that no one connected with the Embassy would confess to giving him any tickets. These affidavits Mr. Smalley sent to the *Tribune* by the shortest cable, and they were printed.

* * *

OF course, when Mr. Hall finds out what sort of a sleuth-hound has been on his track, and with what results, there will be trouble. It is impossible that his story about his successful appeal to the British Embassy was fictitious, and yet it is curious that neither the British Minister to Berlin, nor any of his underlings, remembers Mr. Hall as such. Is it possible that the *Sun's* correspondent, failing to bring Gentleman George Pendleton, of Ohio, to a sense of his needs, deemed it best to call on the British representatives in character, and that tickets were sent to him under the mistaken idea that he was the Czar of Russia, or the King of Spain, or one of the Battenbergs, or Buffalo Bill, or some one, in disguise? He got the tickets. His report of the funeral attests that. And yet the British Embassy doesn't remember him! It does seem as if there had been a mistake somewhere.

* * *

BUT whatever form Mr. Hall's explanation takes, of course he will remember that Mr. Smalley is an older man than himself, with a constitution moreover impaired by a much longer residence among the effete monarchies, where beef is dear and rum cheap. Of course, remembering this, he will not permit himself to hope for anything in the nature of a personal collision with his accuser.

* * *

MR. SMALLEY has his faults, dear Mr. Hall. He is a Tory squire, and has a holding in Suffolk, and is too English for anything, and all that—but we have got used to him, and know how to make such allowances for what he says, as to get a notion of what is going on from his letters. Don't wipe him out, Mr. Hall. Remember that his extermination would probably result in the exposure of a fresh American to those enervating British influences that have made Smalley what he is. Let him live. It will be enough if you demolish his accusations. *E. S. M.*

"THE LADY AW(ES) THE TIGER."

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LIFE'S POLITICAL WEATHER BUREAU.

"Stormy, with Hot Waves."

"Very Changeable."

"Blustery."

"Mild and Pleasant, but followed by severe frosts."

"Very Hot, with Thunder and Lightning."

"Dry."

"Warm and Clear, with occasional storms." (Irishmen had better seek shelter when this weather prevails.)

"Foggy; Misty; Uncertain; Cautionary signals will be continued over the entire country. Outgoing vessels should keep well to the windward."

HARSH TREATMENT.

BOBBY (*looking out of the window*): What's the matter with that horse, Mamma?

MOTHER: The horse is balky, Bobby; he won't obey his driver.

BOBBY: Well, what's the man patting him for?

MOTHER: He is coaxing him.

BOBBY (*with an injured air*): That ain't the way you treat me when I'm balky.

"Settled."

FITTED, FOR THE BUSINESS.

ICE DEALER (*to applicant*): Ever been in the ice business, boy?

BOY: No, sir.

ICE DEALER: H-m. Know anything about arithmetic?

BOY: Yes, sir.

ICE DEALER: H-m. What would twenty pounds of ice amount to at a cent and a half a pound?

BOY: Seventy-five cents, sir.

ICE DEALER: H-m. You seem a likely lad. I guess I'll give you a trial.

OVERDOING THE MATTER.

FOND MOTHER: I do so hope that George has studied hard at college. I have tried to impress upon his mind the value of a liberal education.

FATHER: I am afraid, my dear, that you have rather overdone the matter. I had to send him a check for an extra two hundred dollars to-day.

LAUGHING WATERS.

THEY were seated on a grassy bank. "Maude," he said "do you not love to listen to the music of the brook as it babbles ceaselessly on?

"Yes, dear," she replied, "the babbling of a *brook* is very pleasant."

GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

DEALER: That hat's worth two dollars and a half, but I will let you, as a friend, have it for two dollars.

BROWN: All right; but say, the fifty cents goes with the hat, don't it?

A STIRRING EVANGELIST.

MRS. JOHNSING: Dar am a mighty pow'ful preacher down at de chu'ch, Cicely; yo' oughter come hear 'im.

MRS. YALLERBY: What he done preach on yest'day.

MRS. JOHNSING: I disremember jus' now; but, O Lordy! how he can jus' holler an' stomp!

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LITTLE RHODA'S BAD HABIT.

THE drug clerk in the village store
Got mashed on little Rhoda,
Who came in almost every day
To bi-carbonate of soda.—*Telegram.*

MR. SLIMBRAIN (*fishing for a compliment*): Bobby, what did your sister say when she heard that I was going to stay to supper again to-night?

BOBBY: Let me see—oh, yes! she said Mr. Slimbrain must think we keep an hotel.—*Texas Siftings.*

CONFIRMED BACHELOR: How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this very spot.

MISS SEASIDE (*who wishes she hadn't*): So long ago as that! I was very young and foolish then, Mr. Smith.

CONFIRMED BACHELOR: But we are both older and wiser now, *n'est-ce pas?*—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"MY poor man," said the sympathetic visitor to the convicted burglar, "I pity rather than blame you. If you had had the advantages other men have had your career might have been so different! You were reared amid scenes of vice and have passed your life in moral darkness—is it not so?"

"I can't deny it, mum," replied the burglar, "I've allus been obleeged to do most of my work in the dark."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"DON'T be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfills his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more does any person do? The clam is as well born, as well bred and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a man."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"VAT is your professin, my vrendt?" asked a jeweler of a prospective customer.

"I am a musician," was the reply.

"A musician. Ah, my tear sir, dot vatch is shust vat you vant in your bisnis. Dot vas der fery ding for a musician. I don't see how you haf got along so vell midout it all dis time."

"I don't see what good the old watch is to a musician."

"You don't? Vell, you yust wait and see vat perfect time dot vatch keeps. Perfect time, und all you've got to do in your bisnis is shust to look oud for der tune.—*Merchant Traveller.*

FIRST MATHEMATICIAN: I have already worked three days on one formula without finding the right solution.

SECOND MATHEMATICIAN: Now, now; only industry. Columbus's egg did not fall on the table in one day.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

FRAULEIN (*entre deux ages*): I have made one firm resolution—never to marry.

HERR: O, gnadiges Fraulien, you are goodness itself!—*Fliegende Blatter.*

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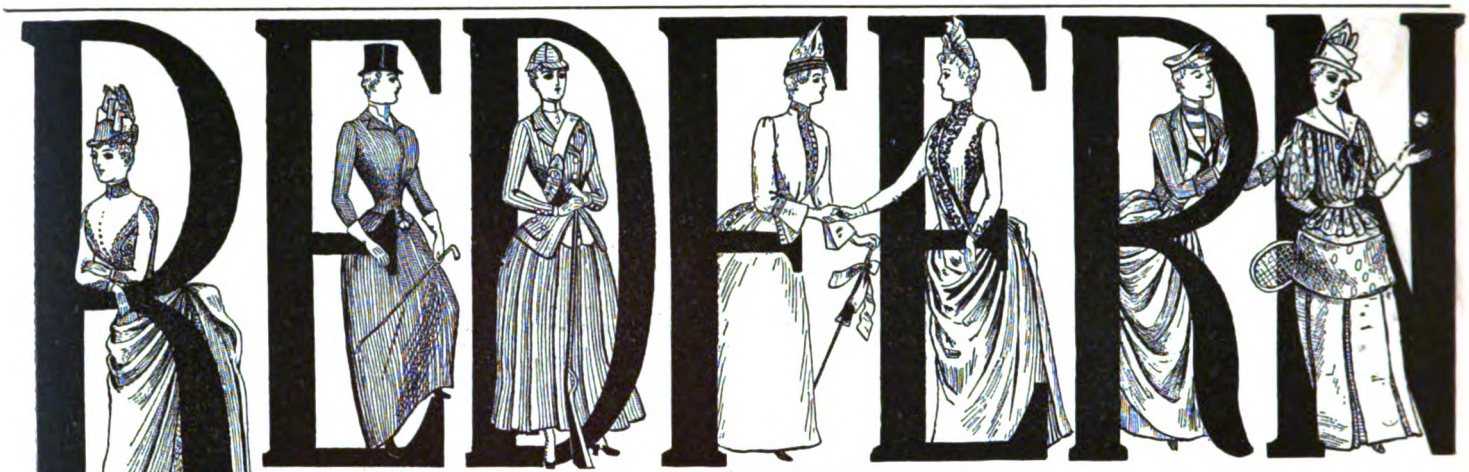

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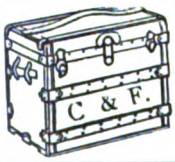

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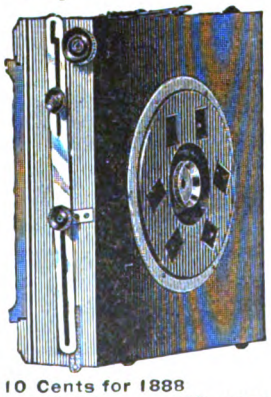

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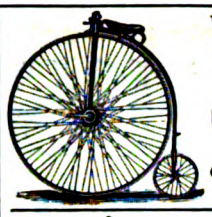

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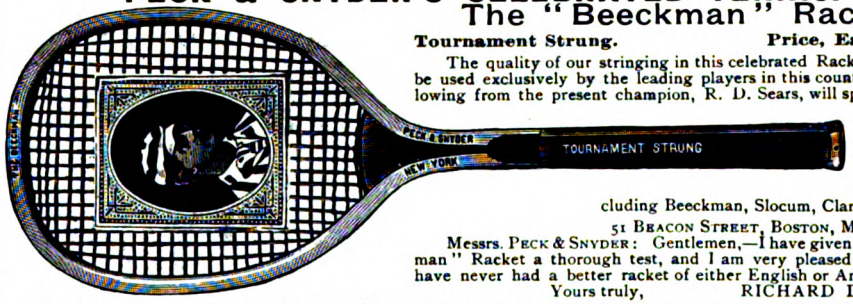

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The cotton duck used in all rubber hose draws in water, wherever exposed, as a wick absorbs oil, and being confined by rubber generates a sulphurous gas, quickly destroying the best rubber hose. The "Spiral" Hose, having no outside covering to imprison the moisture, **will dry like a towel.**

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VOLUME XI. NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1888. NUMBER 286.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

AT THE CLUB.

"BABY, HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR EYE-GLASS IN SO WELL?"

"YOU MUST CLIP YOUR EYE-LASHES, DOLLY."

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

VOL. XI. JUNE 21, 1888. No. 286.

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IT is an auspicious sign of the times that the vile slander affecting the domestic life of the President that was promulgated by the Rev. C. H. Pendleton, pastor of the Main Street Baptist Church, of Worcester, Mass., was so promptly killed. We are inclined to believe that this circumstance indicates that the American people are determined that the present Presidential campaign shall not be one of scandal and filth, and are encouraged in this belief by the fact that the liar who originated the rumor seems not to have been acting under political direction, but merely upon his own venomous impulses. He has been repudiated by the Republican press, at any rate.

* * *

THE worst feature of this wretched affair is the circumstance that so base a calumny should be given to the public by a minister of the Gospel. Of all who heard the whisperings of this contemptible rumor, it was reserved for the sanctimonious lips of a clergyman to spread abroad the slander. He made no investigation as to its truth, but with criminal recklessness sowed the noxious seed among the highways and by-ways of men. The scourging that this reverend scandal-monger has received will be a lasting warning to all others of his kind, but he deserves no sympathy. With a full knowledge of the pain his words must bring to a sensitive and gentle nature, he deliberately gave them forth. Nor has he yet done what is in his power to atone for his villainous folly—if only folly it be. He has written an apology to the President, to be sure, but what reparation is that for so cruel an injury as his? If the Rev. Mr. Pendleton really desires to convince the public that his remorse for the evil he has done is genuine, he will yet do his part toward tracing the rumor he was so willing to father, back to its original source. Indeed, he owes that duty to himself, to the President, and to the people of the United States.

* * *

AND Pendleton's folly need not, after all, prove an unmixed sorrow to those whom it was intended to injure. It has at least demonstrated to the lady of the White House that she has an incontestable place in the affections of the people, and to the President that his countrymen, whom he has so worthily served, will not listen to evil of him with patience. It is, nevertheless, a deep disgrace to the cloth, and a lasting injury to the cause of Christianity that a clergyman should be the first to give serious pain to the young gentlewoman who has, since her elevation to high place, endeared herself by graciousness and kindness to all the people, high and low, rich and poor.

* * *

IT may yet be a question worth serious discussion as to whether steeple-chasing is an amusement of sufficient importance to justify the constant sacrifice of human life. We are so very careful of accident in some directions that it seems a trifle ridiculous to be inhumanly lax in others. For instance, our laws provide for nets under trapeze performers, and recently prohibited the great Sullivan from sparring in Madison Square Garden, for fear he would hurt somebody; whereas circus-performers seldom fall when there are no nets beneath them, and, as Mr. Sullivan justly remarked to a reporter, "The man I hurt worst was Slade, when I knocked 'im off the stage, an' he was around drinkin' rum the same night." We should be sorry on a great many accounts to have steeple-chasing prohibited on our race-tracks, but if some unfortunate jockey must give his life every few days to furnish amusement for the race-goers, it is time the sport was stopped.

* * *

THE great cataract at Niagara possesses a wonderful fascination for foolhardy idiots, who are willing to take chances with death for money. Two of these are now making preparations to go over the Falls in a barrel, and the railroads are getting up excursions from the neighboring country to witness the feat. We do not object so much to the risk run by men who place so little value upon their own lives, as we do to its being made a public spectacle. Such forms of amusement appeal to the lowest sentiments of men's natures, and are degrading in their effects. All the interest of the spectacle lies in the probability that the fools in the barrel will be killed, as they deserve to be. It is the same sentiment that attracts the crowds to the Falls that induces men to witness a hanging or a murder trial. And why does not the law put a stop to these exhibitions? The American side of the Niagara reservation is in the hands of a State Commission, which ought to be able to control our side of the river. Is it because an attraction of this nature draws a profitable crowd to Niagara Falls that these men are allowed to thus trifle with death?

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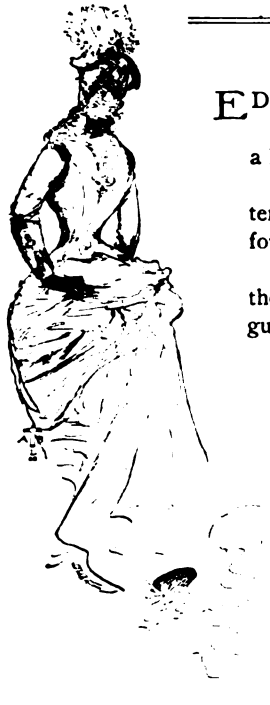
He: WHY IS A GIRL OF THE PERIOD EXPERIENCING HER FIRST KISS LIKE A STEAMER ABOUT TO LEAVE PORT?
She: WELL?
He: BECAUSE SHE IS ALL BUSTLE AND CONFUSION.



IN THE MEANTIME.

"EDWARD, dear, I hardly know my own heart," said the girl, softly, "and you must give me a little time to think it all over."

"Will you want very much time?" he asked, tenderly and hopefully. "When may I come for an answer?"

In a low, sweet voice the girl replied, "At the end of the season." And she arose languidly, adjusted her tournure with the gentle tap indicative of noble birth, and moved gracefully away.

"I SAY, old man, can you tell me what is the first present mentioned in the Bible?"

"Give it up."

"Why, Eve presented Adam with a Cain, stupid."

A PILGRIM—One of the old blue-mass variety.

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

HE: Why does that Miss Jaundice always wear Lilies-of-the-Valley?

SHE: I can't imagine—particularly as flowers of the plain would be so much more appropriate.

THE PROPER METHOD.

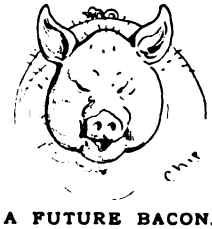
MRS. DE RICHE: Now, John, don't forget that ton of coal—and I want it delivered *a la carte!*

FARMER (*sneeringly*): After you get through digging, what are you going to do?

AMATEUR GARDENER: Put a porous plaster on my back.

"SHOOT folly as it flies" is good enough for a winter quotation. The summer rendition is: "Shoot flies as they follow."

WHEN a thin man visits you, lodge him in the spare room, of course.



A FUTURE BACON.

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THE HOME BASE.

E'EN with scratches and bruises,
And covered with loam,
Though it's nearest the umpire,
There's no base like home.

* * *

PERHAPS some sporadic foreigner in town would like to convince himself that baseball is really our national game. This being the case, let him start, by way of the Elevated Railroad, at the very hottest period of our hottest afternoons, for the Polo Grounds—so called because polo is not played there. The cars will be crowded to suffocation with others who are going to see the game, and he will stand up all the way. At 116th Street he will get out with the others and crowd with five more of his kind into the wreck of a two-seated coach, while three more ball-enthusiasts will climb up to the box-seat, the driver sitting on the foot-board, and thus he will jolt merrily over to the entrance to the grounds. He will not know by what route he came when he gets there—provided he is not killed in transit in a collision with other carriages—for he will have traveled in a cloud of dust so thick that one might drive tacks in it. Most of this dust will be on his clothes, down his back and in his eyes when he buys his ticket.

* * *

UNLESS he has arrived an hour or so before the game is called he will find all the seats in the grand-stand taken, and he will go and sit out in the hot sun upon a rough board and watch from ten to fifteen thousand Americans in their shirt sleeves howl and shriek and bellow and yell as the game proceeds. He will ascertain, on his homeward journey, if he cares to enquire, that these ten or fifteen thousand people have all had a delightful time, and that there is not an upright collar, a presentable pair of cuffs, nor a clean face among them. And he will go to the next game, and the next, and the ones after that, and will regret all his life that he does not live in a country where baseball is a national institution.

* * *

HUNGRY JOE, the eminent bunco-steerer, who has just finished a two and a half year's engagement with the State prison authorities, is in town again. The rural visitor, who meets the nephew of the president of his local bank, will confer a favor upon himself if he refrain from accompanying that nephew to the place where the $5,000 painting he drew in a lottery is stored.

THE people of Moncton, New Brunswick, recognize merit when they meet it. A lady of that place, who conducted a saloon in violation of the excise laws, being on trial, horsewhipped the prosecuting attorney in court, whereupon the admiring citizens presented her with a diamond ring.

* * *

MOTTO for those who go to Jerome Park: There's many a slip 'twixt the race and the tip.

* * *

"COUES, ELLIOTT, scientist; son of Samuel Elliott Coues and Charlotte Haven Ladd Coues, b. at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 9, 1842; chiefly known by his numerous works on ornithology, mammalogy, herpetology, bibliography, comparative anatomy, and natural philosophy—"

as he informs us, per proof slip of a biographical sketch he has just completed, writes to ask LIFE to cartoon him and make him famous. Professor Coues is famous enough already as an Esoteric Buddhist and an exoteric simpleton; but, nevertheless, if he will leave his material body in Washington and come on to New York with his astral body, we will endeavor to accommodate him. We shall recognize him by the green aura.

* * *

THIS is the proper season of the year to construct a dynamite bomb for the man who will ask if it is hot enough for you every day for the next two months. Make it a big one that will scatter him far and wide.

* * *

Before

OUR FRESH-AIR FUND

After

NOW that the warm weather is really here we doubly rejoice in the kindly spirit shown by our readers toward the suffering little prisoners of the city. Remember what three dollars will do in this direction. It means two weeks of fresh air, fresh food and fresh fun to a little being who never had it before. There are many thousands of them, and you needn't be afraid of giving too much.

Previously Acknowledged	$127.00
F. B. H.	10.00
B. O. C.	10.00
Fuji Yama	10.00
A Reader	.50
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Sequsg.	6.00
N. W. C.	10.00
H. E. M.	5.00
H. L. V.	30.00
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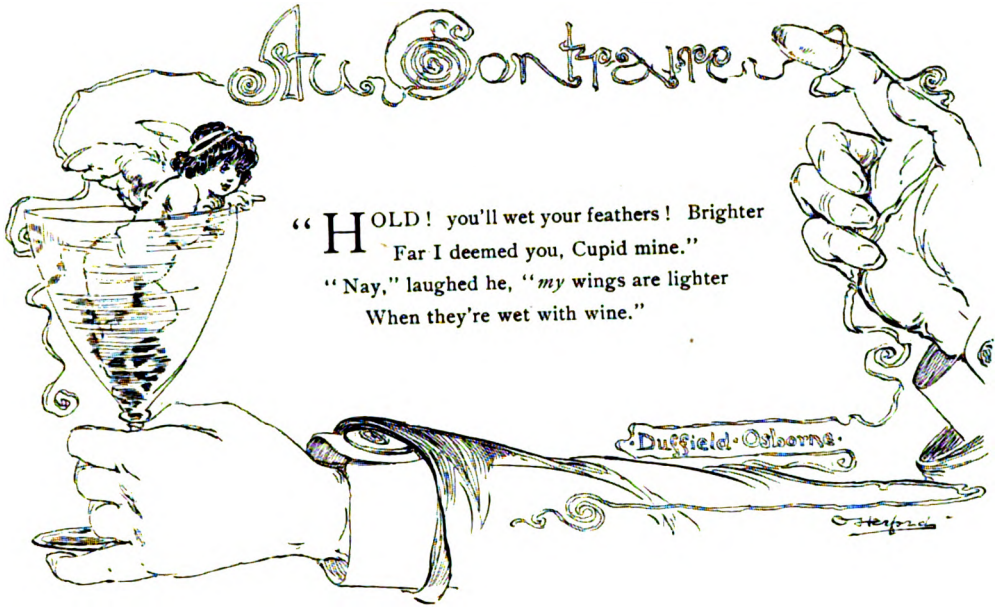

AN EXPLANATION.

Mrs. S.: I WONDER WHY THOSE PEOPLE OPPOSITE STARE OVER HERE SO MUCH?

Mr. S.: I SUPPOSE THEY ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT WHY YOU STARE OVER THERE.

YOUTHFUL THEOLOGY.

BOBBY: I don't think Dod was very polite, mamma.

MAMMA: Why, Bobby, what makes you think that?

BOBBY: You always told me 'at ladies should be 'tended to first, and Dod 'tended to Adam 'fore he 'tended to Eve.

PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

BROWN: You don't look well lately, Robinson.

ROBINSON: No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.

BROWN: Nonsense; your lungs are all right!

ROBINSON: Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

YOUNG PHYSICIAN (*inspecting citizen on the floor at the police station*): This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged.

OFFICER MCGINNISS: Your right. I drug him all the way from Casey's saloon, two blocks down the street.

NOT TO BE IMPOSED UPON.

MR. O'HOULIHAN: Faix I axed to luk at a lamp. D'ye call thot a lamp?

CLERK: Yes, sir; that's a fairy lamp.

MR. O'H.: Oh, ho-ho! A fairy lamp, is it? D'yez tuk me fer a fairy?

SOME bungling work can always be expected at a barrel factory.

WELL CONNECTED—The bucket.

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Charlie: OH, JACK, YOU SAID A BAD WORD JUST NOW.

Jack (who has just hit his finger with a hammer): I DON'T CARE IF I DID. IT HURT AWFULLY.

Charlie: BUT YOU SAID A CUSS WORD.

Jack: WELL, GRANDPA DOES, OFTEN.

Charlie: OH, JACK, HE DOESN'T; BUT IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF HE DID, BECAUSE HE IS DEAF AND CAN'T HEAR HIMSELF.

BOB'S MISTAKE.

THE trouble with orator Bob—
The fault that his usefulness mars—
Is his failure to get through his nob
What to use when he looks at the stars.

The microscope isn't the thing—
It makes specks like planets appear;
But it's utterly worthless to bring
The far-away entities near.

Try a telescope sometime, dear Bob;
'Twill bring down the stars through the night,
The dim, distant spheres of their nebulæ rob,
And bring them out clear to the sight.

BOOKISHNESS

ONE WAY OF "FACING THE TIDE OF PESSIMISM."

A STORY entitled "Stubble or Wheat?" (Randolph), by S. Bayard Dod, has been ambitiously announced as an effort "to face the tide of pessimism that is sweeping through our literature, and ask men to listen to both sides of the question." From an allusion in the text it is a fair inference that the author became alarmed at "The Truth about Tristrem Varick," and decided to write an antidote for it. It should not take much of a book "to face the tide of pessimism" as represented by "Tristrem Varick," but it is not unseemly flattery to Mr. Saltus to say that "Stubble or Wheat?" is a poor barrier to his muddy stream.

The intention of the book is all right, but its methods are without skill or force. As a story it violates the first rule of construction by putting the final catastrophe in the opening chapter. There is not a touch of character in it except the portrait of *Alexander McKenzie*, which is rather attractive; and for argument the reader is abundantly supplied with cant and generalities.

* * *

IF Mr. Dod will calmly look at the question, without the prejudices which sometimes obscure the clear vision of the partisan, he will see that Calvinism and pessimism have much in common, and that they put their adherents in something of the same attitude toward life. Neither Calvinist nor pessimist expects much from life, and is accordingly never disappointed; but both are often agreeably surprised with unexpected pleasures which the one calls "blessings" and the other "accidents." A man with a well-settled working-creed like either of these is not going to commit suicide; he has schooled himself for the very worst that can happen, and takes the sunshine of life as a bounteous gift.

So it is that the happiest men one meets are pessimists or Calvinists—for the only unexpected catastrophe which threatens them is joy.

* * *

IT is unfortunate, also, that this story is announced as "a thoroughly Princeton book," giving "a picture of life at Princeton which is sure to recall pleasant memories;" and, moreover, "it is imbued with the Princeton modes of thought, and it cannot fail to interest every graduate of the college to find her safe and solid principles asserting their claim to be heard in the field of fiction as well as in the able *Review* which represents her."

To be entirely accurate (which used to be considered one of Princeton's "modes of thought"), there are exactly 25 pages out of 264 devoted to Princeton—and in these James Odoriferous, the college huckster, occupies as large a place as James McCosh, the college President. The one glimpse of student life (which stands for the announced "picture of life at Princeton which is sure to recall pleasant memories") is a wholly unnatural account of the discussion about a football game in the Captain's room—in which a tipsy student is supposed to be very funny. It can be vouched for that an exhilarated Princeton student who could not be funnier than this over a football victory would be ignominiously expelled from the Captain's room.

And, finally, if this book is really "imbued with the Princeton modes of thought," then have McCosh, Atwater, Patton and Ormond lived in vain!

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. Parts 17 & 18. New York: The Century Co.

The Thompson Street Poker Club. From LIFE. New York: White & Allen.

Sons and Daughters. By the Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Stray Leaves from Newport. By Esther Gracie Wheeler. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Rents in Our Robes. By Mrs. Frank Leslie. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Sandra Belloni. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers

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AFTER THE THEATRE.

"COME, let us make a night of it!"

"Can't do it, old man; I'm engaged to be married, you know, and I must begin to husband my resources."

"Hum! When it comes to marrying, I hope to husband somebody else's resources."

NOT EASILY EMBARRASSED.

"HAVE you kept track of young Baboony lately? At the rate he is going on he'll soon be seriously embarrassed."

"Embarrassed? Nonsense! you don't know the man. He asked me for the loan of a hundred this morning without the quiver of an eyelid."

A TYPE-SETTING machine, which can do as much work as eight compositors, has been invented, but as it can't cuss the proof-reader it is doomed to failure.

THE post-mortem of the latest cigarette victim resulted in the certificate of death, from Virginia Bright's disease.

"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE HEIR."

A WELL FOUNDED REPORT.

Miss Ethel (*confidentially*): DO YOU KNOW, CLARA, THAT I HAD TWO OFFERS OF MARRIAGE LAST WEEK.

Miss Clara (*with enthusiasm*): OH, I AM DELIGHTED, DEAR! THEN THE REPORT IS REALLY TRUE THAT YOUR UNCLE LEFT YOU HIS MONEY.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

"MODERN PAINTERS,"	Ye clubmen late.
"As You Like It,"	They take it straight.
"The Scarlet Letter,"	Their work of art.
"The Second Sight,"	A very good start.
"The Pathfinder,"	Each one despairs.
"The Woman in White,"	The wife on the stairs.
"Beyond the Gates,"	We dare not go.
"Out of the Wreck,"	To-morrow will show.
"A Face Illumined,"	Marks well their joys.
"Twenty Years After,"	The same old boys.

B. McV. A.

TENNIS AS IT IS PLAYED.

OLD LADY (*explaining to a friend*): And after each point they call out the score; so when Charley sent the ball back it was "deuce," and when the other man missed that made it "dam."

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THE ANNUA

IF HE IS GOOD FOR NOTHING BET

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E ·

L COMEDY.

TTER HE CAN TAKE A DEGREE.

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LIFE'S TIPS.

RACING is now at its height, and LIFE would be neglecting its readers if it did not give them a few useful hints pertaining to the royal sport.

In the first place, plunging is very bad form, particularly for clerks whose weekly salary does not exceed seven dollars. Such vulgarity as winning $15,000 on one day's races may safely be left to Pittsburg Phil and his professional associates.

In accepting tips, weigh well your information. Look into the pedigree and record of your informant. Ascertain whether any of his ancestors were ever convicted of perjury, and secure written evidence connecting him with some reliable church. Then listen carefully to the tip and immediately go and lay your money on another horse.

Young women should always pretend ignorance of the horses in a race. Even if a girl does know all about them, most men who lose gloves, candy and other luxuries, may be depended upon to pay up without any jogging of memory. On the other hand, if a girl is prettily ignorant of the fact that the horse she has backed has finished in the race a bad nowhere, few men are so brutal as to enlighten her ignorance by dunning for the wager. At the end of the season this ignorance will have made quite a saving for the girl who practices it properly.

People who are ignorant of racing might be inclined to think that book-making was a literary industry. It is not. It might, however, be called a pursuit, the object of which is the five-dollar bills of the unwary.

"The race is not always to the swift" is a very estimable proverb, but in racing you will, nevertheless, find it a good rule to place your money on the swiftest horse.

Among the books that will help you in the study of this subject you will find valuable "The New Anthropology, or the Changes in Modern Races" and "Race Tendencies in North America." The Dwyer Brothers attribute their success to the careful and frequent perusal of these standard works.

When on the grand-stand and in the hearing of ladies, see that your conversation is plentifully sprinkled with racing terms, as it will create a favorable impression. "Very fit," "Garrison's up now," "I'll give you an air-tight" and similar expressions will be found most effective, particularly if you carry a field-glass strapped over your shoulder.

Scatter tips indiscriminately, whether you know anything about the horses or not. If they prove wrong, they're no worse than other tips, and if by any chance one should prove right, you will gain the reputation of being a very knowing fellow indeed.

If you happen to be present on one of the days when a short horse pays $545.62, you will find it advantageous to tell your friends how near you came to buying one of those tickets. Such stories always command attention, and you will find yourself listened to with respect.

Finally, read carefully the racing news in the daily papers. You may not be able to tell a fetlock from a handicap, but you will be able to talk learnedly of the odds for future events, and this is more than enough to gain you a reputation as a racing man.

Metcalfe.

A YOUNG WIFE'S FIRST 'CAKES, AND WHAT THEY ACCOMPLISHED.

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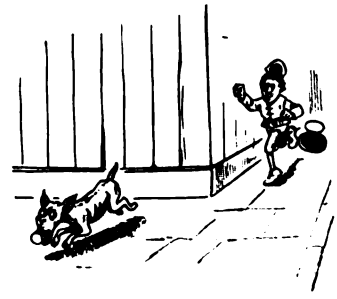

A NINETEENTH CENTURY PROPHET.

A HIGH degree of interest attaches to the intelligence that Mr. Lawrence Oliphant has reverted to these shores.

Mr. Oliphant is the author of "Picadilly," and the reputed author of "Irene McGillicuddy." Persons not past middle life may easily remember these works and the gratification that the more intelligent portion of English-speaking mankind experienced in reading them. Mr. Oliphant has produced other works since then—novels, records of personal adventure, recollections and such like—all eminently readable. His very latest work was finished immediately prior to his departure from England, and is like none of the others. It is a religious work.

If we say that Mr. Oliphant is a crank, he will please to understand that we take off our hat to him first, and use the word with the most respectful intonation.

* * *

MOST men who have much in them at all, are conscious, first or last, of certain germs of restlessness abiding in them, and prompting them to break loose from the things that are obvious to the sense, and strike out for the things of which only the soul takes note. It is to this rebellious propensity that many curious passages in the lives of men have been due, actions that seemed purely freakish and unaccountable by any of the set rules of human conduct. For most men who have these feelings, circumstances are too strong to avoid, and the relations of life make a harness for them in which they labor on in patience to the end of their days.

* * *

MR. OLIPHANT is one of the exceptions. The consciousness that humanity is making a mess of life, which came to him as it comes to many others, never left him. He happened to marry a woman who understood and shared his feelings, and, abetted by her, suddenly at thirty-six he tipped the world out of his barrow as a laborer dumps a load of sand, turned his back on his "future," and started out to find what he should find. An English Member of Parliament resigned, disappeared, and turned up next as a farm laborer in America.

* * *

OF all that Mr. Oliphant did before, and all that he has done since, there is not space here to tell. Some people have already heard, and others who may wish to know can learn from the newspapers. It is enough to say that he thinks that he has succeeded in condensing the results of his experience into a book from which people may learn what there is in life and how to get it.

* * *

INTERESTING as Mr. Oliphant is, and remarkable as his experience has been, we have very limited expectation of profiting from his latest labor. The only people who can understand such a book as we suppose he has written, are people who have learned to understand life, and such persons, we think, will usually be found to have a pretty clear inkling of what is said in the New Testament.

If anybody wants a nice, fresh religion that hasn't been worked out, and isn't being overworked at the present time, we don't see why he should need to go farther after it than the four Gospels. Nevertheless, we are curious to learn what Mr. Oliphant has got to say, for he has read a great deal, and seen a great deal, and has thought a great deal about it.

E. S. M.

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Old Gentleman: STRANGE! I DON'T SEE A GRAVE OF A PERSON AS OLD AS I AM.

His Daughter: WHY OF COURSE NOT, FATHER, YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS IS A COMPARATIVELY NEW GRAVEYARD.

A SMALL DIVIDEND.

FIRST TRAMP: Well, how much did ye get out of the felly?

SECOND TRAMP: Faix, only enough for mesilf.

FIRST TRAMP: And is this de way yer stand in wid me, Mickey?

SECOND TRAMP: Sure, all Oi got was a kick. Ye can take yer share of that, if ye want it.

AT BAR HARBOR.

HE: Why, it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel.

SHE: And rather cool, too. I ought to have something around me.

HE (*with a familiar movement of the arm*): That's so!

"WHY do they all laugh at that fellow's humor? It is not real humor."

"True, but it can't be distinguished from the genuine.

THAT one swallow does not make a summer may be true, but one mosquito can make it hot enough for anybody.

NOVELISTS TO DINE.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE extends this liberal invitation through the medium of *Belford's Magazine:*

"I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than a thousand dollars a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all they want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterwards, and a hack to take them home in; and I will agree to forfeit a thousand dollars to the Home for Imbeciles if twenty-five dollars does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. One hack would be sufficient, and would allow of their putting up their feet on the seat in front of them."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

GROCER: See here, you haven't settled your bill yet. Last month you paid promptly on the last day of the month.

CUSTOMER: Yes, and you gave me a cigar!

GROCER: Well?

CUSTOMER: Why, I've been sick ever since and unable to work.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

(*At an East-side Picnic.*)

"ELLA CASSIDY, WILL YER HOOF DIS WALTZ WID ME?"

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

THE finals now are drawing near,
When life of every kind,
As Mr. Mantilini says,
Is one "demnition grind."
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"MY pilgrimage has been in vain," he moaned. "I am but 21 years of age, and am altogether too young for this town. The youngest boy-orator is 33, the bright young republican politician is over 45, the rising young lawyer is 37, and to be a member of a newsboy baseball nine one must be at least 22 and have a family of his own."—*Buffalo Express.*

"CLARA," said the old man from the head of the stairs, "say to that young fellow that a storm is coming up."

"All right, sir; thanks," responded the young fellow himself. "I hadn't noticed it. I think I'll wait and see if it doesn't blow over."—*Sun.*

ROUNDTOWN: That's the new steamer *Cibola*. Fine craft, isn't she?

OUR POET: Er—I don't care for her. She won't rhyme to anything, doncher know.—*Toronto Grip.*

BEARDED STRANGER (*who ran away to sea when a boy*): Do you remember a boy named Dick Dart?

DISTRICT TELEGRAPH MANAGER: Very well. Twenty years ago I sent Dick around the corner with a message requiring an immediate answer."

"I am Dick Dart."

"Well, give me the answer."

OLD MAN (*from the floor above*): Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara?

YOUNG MAN (*nervously*): Yes, sir; but he is trying to get away. *Harper's Bazar.*

"Is there any thing more lovely in all this world," said a gushing young mother to a bachelor who had been victimized into holding the baby.

"Now tell me," she went on, as he stood mute and helpless, "is there anything more delightful to have about you than a dear little innocent creature like this?"

"I think I should rather have a parrot," was the timidly spoken reply.

"A parrot? How dreadful! Why would you rather have a parrot?"

"Because you can sell a parrot, or give it away."—*Merchant Traveller.*

FOND FATHER: John, I read in the paper that your baseball nine "lit on the opposing pitcher and pounded him all over the field." I hope you had no part in the disgraceful affair.

JOHN, '91 (*sadly*): No, father, I did not hit him once.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was no painter, but all the same he was the first landseer of America.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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"Yes, John," she replied, brokenly, "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I will take the children. Poor little things, they don't have very much to enjoy!"—*Epoch.*

A FAIR AVERAGE.

BOBBY: What are the wages of sin, pa?

FATHER: Depends on the locality. In Washington they'll average about five thousand a year.—*Texas Siftings.*

CUSTOMER (*to art dealer*): If that is a genuine Corot, Isaacstein, I don't understand how you can sell it so cheap.

ART DEALER (*in a confidential whisper*): My frent, I vas new in dot pizness, und I bought an overstock of dot make."—*New York Sun.*

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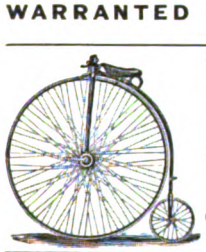

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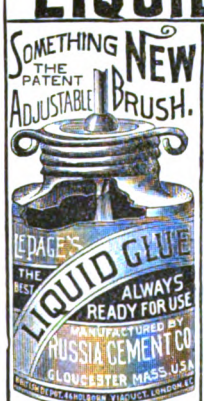

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FUNNY MAN'S LITTLE BOY: Papa, what does the Senate do with the treaties?

FUNNY —: My son, it codifies fisheries treaties and ratifies Chinese treaties. There, now, run away and laugh, and let the gray matter in papa's brain have a chance to recuperate.—*Washington Critic.*

"NELLIE, dear, will you marry me?"

"Oh! It is so sudden, George. But—well—assure me that you are not addicted to gambling, play and such like, and—I will think about it."

"That is easy. I detest billiards; I abhor games of cards of all kinds; I regard pugilism and horse-racing with disdain."

"Then—George—I—think you may hope."

"I despise baseball, and—"

"You do? George, I can never, *never* be your wife; but I will always be a sister to you."—*Lincoln Journal.*

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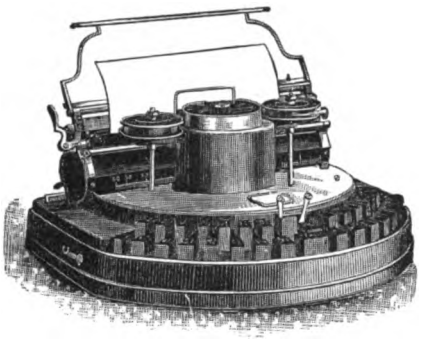

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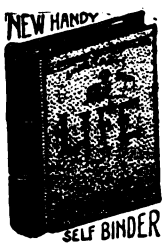

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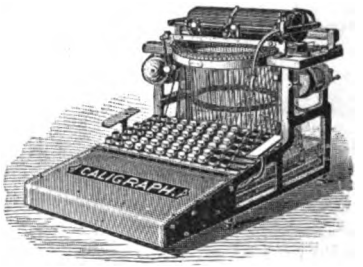

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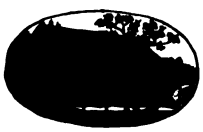

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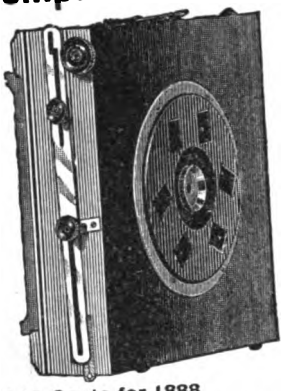

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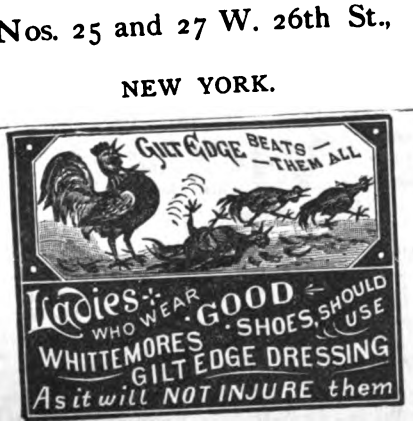

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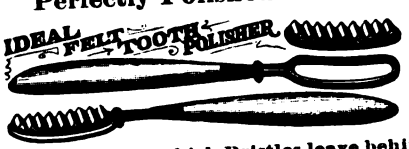

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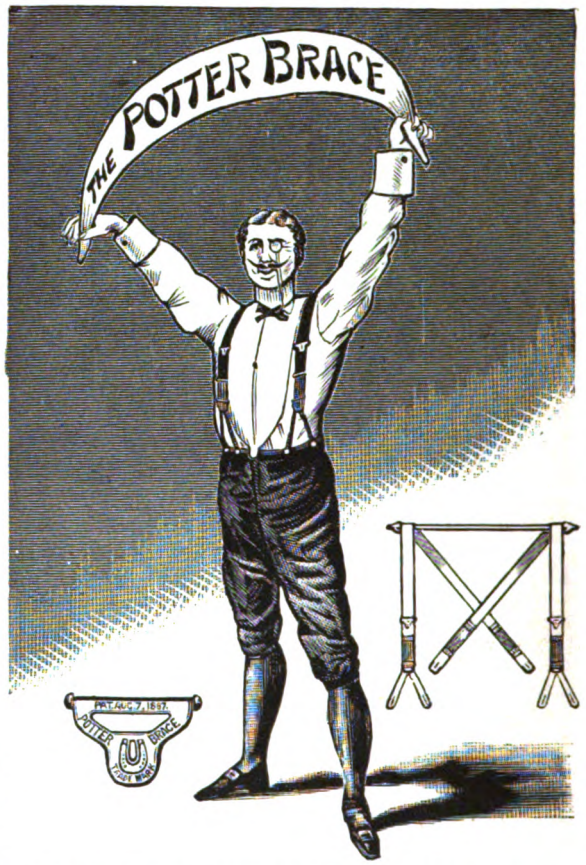

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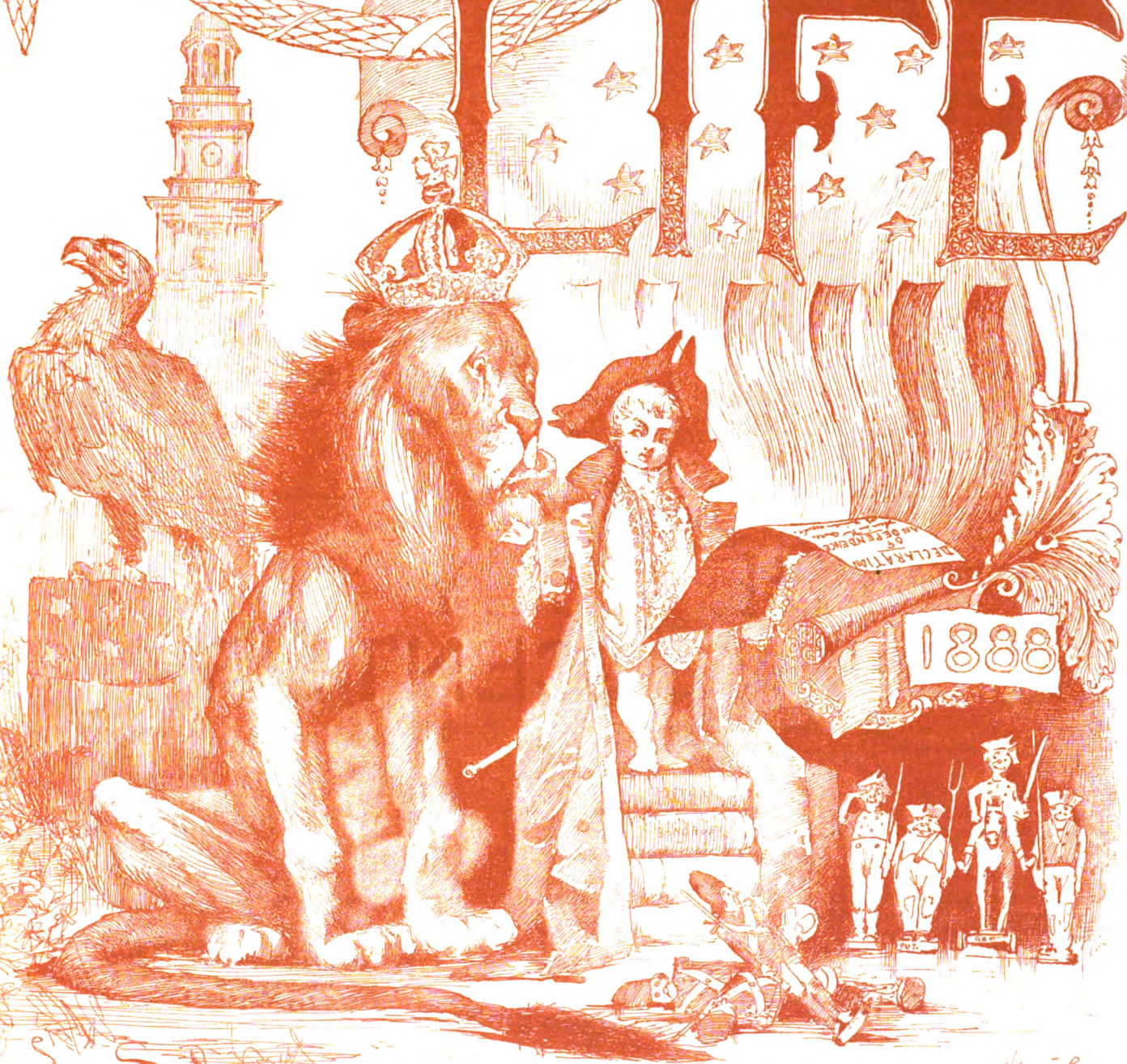
Vol. XI. No. 287.

LIFE



FOURTH OF JULY NUMBER

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JULY.

CONTENTS OF JULY NUMBER:

Maiwa's Revenge. A Story of Adventure.
By H. Rider Haggard. With Illustrations, including the Frontispiece, by T. de Thulstrup. Part I. To be concluded in the August number.

The United States Naval Academy.
By J. D. Jerrold Kelley, Lieutenant U. S. N. Four Full-page and other illustrations by R. F. Zogbaum.

Annie Kilburn. A Novel.
By William Dean Howells. Part II.

A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies.
By Lafcadio Hearn. 12 Illustrations. Part I.

Studies of the Great West.
By Charles Dudley Warner. Part V. Three Capitals: Springfield, Indianapolis, Columbus.

With Jockey to the Fair. Old Ballad.
Illustrated by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons.

In Far Lochaber. A Novel.
By William Black. Part VII.

The Great American Desert.
By Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated.

"Old Miss" and "Sweetheart." A Story.
By H. S. Edwards. Illustrated.

The Grand Tour—Three Thousand Years Ago.
By W. M. Flinders Petrie. Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author of Egyptian Bas-reliefs.

Street Trees of Washington.
By Peter Henderson.

Poetry:
MONOSYLLABLES. By William C. Richards.
COMMERCE WITH THE SKIES. By James Herbert Morse.

Nature versus Art.
By George du Maurier. Full-page illustration.

Editor's Easy Chair.
By George William Curtis.

Editor's Study.
By William Dean Howells.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by Charles Dudley Warner.

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The breadth of ground covered by THE CENTURY *is something very exceptional in periodical literature. It is at once a literary magazine, a critical review, a journal of affairs, an authority on art.*—BOSTON TRAVELLER, May, 1888.

THE JULY CENTURY

Contains a number of features appealing to a wide audience. The opening paper, of special interest to those who are following the International Sunday-school lessons, is a description of a recent visit to

SINAI AND THE WILDERNESS,

By Edward L. Wilson, with engravings of photographs by the author. The route of travel from the Red Sea to Mt. Sinai is that supposed to have been taken by the children of Israel, and the paper describes "where the Israelites first encamped," "the rock struck by Moses," "the ascent of Mt. Sinai," "the plain of assemblage," etc., etc.

"THE STEPPES OF THE IRTISH,"

By George Kennan, in the series "Siberia and the Exile System," of which the *Literary World* says, "it is perhaps not too much to predict that they will prove epoch-making." This paper, which is fully illustrated, is an account of a visit to an out-of-the-way part of Siberia, among the Kirghis and Tartars.

LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN

Is the main topic treated in this month's Lincoln History, and Colonel Hay's diary is drawn upon effectively to elucidate the narrative. There is also a chapter on the Mason and Slidell affair, in which is reproduced Mr. Seward's original dispatch to the American minister in England, showing Mr. Lincoln's corrections therein.

THE CAREER OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM "ALBEMARLE."

Among the most popular of all the War Papers in THE CENTURY have been those describing naval combats. A collection of brief articles supplementary to the War Series, published in this number under the above caption, deals with some of the most romantic and heroic events of the War. The contributors include some of the principal actors, among others, the late Commander Cushing, who blew up the "Albemarle."

THE GETTYSBURG REUNION

Is remembered by a stirring poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg," by an ex-Confederate soldier; "Waiting for the Bugle," by T. W. Higginson; a short paper on "Reunions of the Blue and the Gray;" and a story by Brander Matthews, "On the Battle-field."

SPECIAL PAPERS.

"Disease Germs, and How to Combat Them," by Lucius Pitkin, includes a frontispiece portrait of Pasteur; "Dreams, Nightmares, and Somnambulism," by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, contains much of popular interest. "Lichfield Cathedral" includes a number of beautiful illustrations by Pennell. There are other contents, including "Open Letters," Bric-a-brac," etc.

For sale everywhere on and after June 30th. Price 35 cents. THE CENTURY CO., N. Y.

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VOLUME XI.
No. 287.

· LIFE ·

JUNE 28TH,
1888.

LEAP YEAR.

WE were sitting, after supper,
Tête-à-tête upon the stair,
With the gleam of waxen tapers
Falling gold upon his hair,
And his roguish eyes were downcast,
While upon his sunburnt cheek
The dash of red grew deeper.
Ça se voit. I had to speak.

The strong, brown fingers trembled
As I held them fast in mine;
A shy, sweet glance made glad my heart
Like draughts of Gascon wine.
I kissed his unresisting lips,
And then, in keen delight,
He sighed, "I bet them ten to one
That you'd propose to-night!"

M. E. W.

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

VOL. XI. JUNE 28, 1888. No. 287.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, $15.00; Vol. II., bound, $10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., and X., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

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

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THE new Emperor of Germany, instead of being a step in the evolution of the Hohenzollern family, is at least two removes in involution from his lamented father. Frederick III., had life and health permitted him to reign, would have done for the advancement of his people more than any previous sovereign. His political theory is said by his intimates to have been in favor of a limited monarchy and government of, by and for the people. That is progress. It is an essential step in political evolution, which has always meant the higher development of man. William II. is a man of a century earlier. His first official act is a proclamation to the army and navy, in which he refers to himself as "War Lord," ominous of what his country has to fear. He is an aristocrat of the most bigoted order, a believer in the exploded heresy of the divine right of kings, a sovereign who holds the welfare of his people lightly by comparison with personal glory.

* * *

AND at what a time and with what a power for evil does this hot-headed young War Lord come into power! Ever since the last Continental war Europe has been on the verge of strife. She is now almost breaking down under her weight of armor. Ten millions of the flower of her manhood, of the bone and sinew of her people, are trained to bear arms; a startling proportion of the revenues of her five greatest powers are devoted to the maintenance of their armies; her chemists are inventing new and deadlier explosives; her mechanics are constructing more terrible engines of destruction; her engineers are devising stronger fortifications to hold aloof an enemy when the time shall come. The old quarrel between France and Germany is not yet healed; both Germany and Austria regard with a jealous eye Russian encroachment in the direction of the Balkans, while each state looks askance at the other, and fears the common foe little less; Russia claims suzerainty in Turkish provinces, and has several times been on the point of war for her rights, while England must needs guard carefully the interests of the Sick Man, since Russian ascendency in Southeastern Europe means, perhaps, the loss of Britain's great empire in the Orient.

IT is at this period that a self-willed and headstrong Prince accedes to the throne of the greatest military power, and to the command of the most powerful army in Europe. Only in Germany is the army the first consideration to the great mass of the people, and commerce of secondary importance. Only in Germany does every able-bodied man, by virtue of his own service in the army, feel a personal interest in the glory German arms may achieve. Only in Germany are the crushing war-taxes paid cheerfully in time of peace. Little wonder, then, that at the funeral of Frederick III., whose reign meant peace so far as compatible with national honor, the people cheered themselves hoarse in admiration of his soldier son, while the mourning cortege was passing before them. But, though the War Lord may reign, Bismarck governs. That is the best security Europe has for peace at present.

* * *

ONE of the things that is past finding out is the motive that actuates the composite mind of the average jury. Why, for instance, should the jury in the case of Ann O'Delia Salomon, who called herself Editha Lola Montez or Mrs. Diss Debar, recommend her to the mercy of the court, as well as the precious rascal she called her husband? Ann O'Delia had been a swindler all her life. She had repudiated her own family and preferred to claim illegitimate descent from a woman of no reputation. She openly boasted that the man she called her husband and whose name she bore had a wife and children in another city. There is just one feature of Ann O'Delia's conduct that is worthy of the least admiration, and that is her pluck. She met adversity with fortitude. Diss Debar, who was jointly indicted with her, did not even have this recommendation. He is one of the most contemptible and wretched specimens of manhood that even the ranks of spiritualism can produce; for he even weakened enough to repudiate his partner, who had long been his support, when he thought he could obtain clemency thereby. Why he should be recommended to mercy it is difficult for anybody but a juryman to conceive.

* * *

DR. McGLYNN, the unfrocked priest who is now at the head of the Anti-Poverty Society, which has thus far abolished no poverty except his own and that of the late Henry George, is entirely out of patience with the newspapers. And that is a bad thing for McGlynn. When he first left the church for politics, the newspapers believed him to be honest, and he was treated with the greatest consideration and respect. Now that he has become a demagogue, and the newspapers are convinced of it, they do not hesitate to expose his schemes. And the Anti-Poverty Society is about as contemptible a swindle as we know of.

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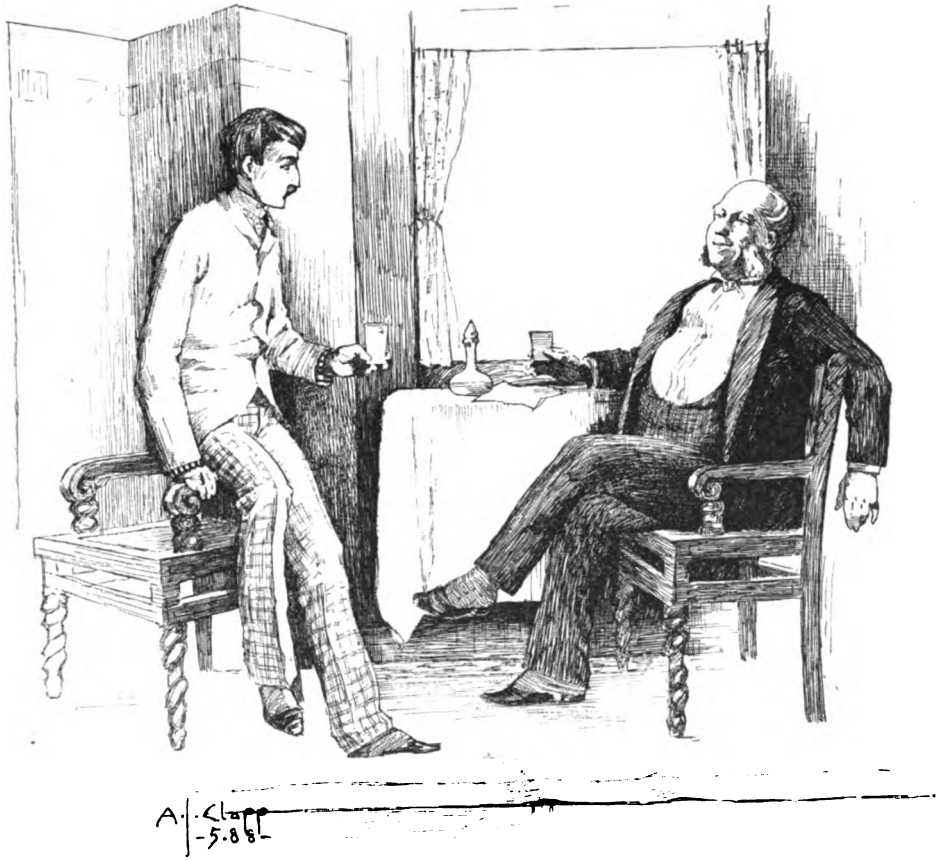
THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

"This, sir, we call 'The Spangled Banner;' perfectly harmless and produces a fine effect."

"Don't be alarmed, my dears; it is perfectly harmless and produces a fine effect."

The effect.



FORETHOUGHT.

"DARRINGER, I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU TO DO ME A GREAT FAVOR."

"WHAT IS IT, YOUNG MAN?"

"YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED A GOOD MANY YEARS, HAVEN'T YOU?"

"YES."

"AND THREE TIMES, IF I MISTAKE NOT?"

"YES."

"WELL, I AM ON THE POINT OF MARRYING, AND I WANT YOU TO DISSUADE ME FROM MY PURPOSE."

AN UNSATISFACTORY BRAND.

BOLTON: Young Jones is very generous with his cigars—isn't he?

WOLTON: Yes (puff); but I think he would (puff) be kinder to his friends if he smoked them himself.

SOMEWHAT EXPLANATORY.

WIFE: You say you shot this duck yourself, John? I can find no marks on it.

HUSBAND (*who hadn't thought of that*): Well—er—my dear, the bird was very high up, you know, and perhaps the fall killed it.

REV. DR. HAUTON (*after morning service*): Good-morning, my dear Mrs. De Twillingham. We have had rather a small congregation this morning.

MRS. DE TWILLINGHAM: Yes, Dr. Hauton, but I thought it was very select.

MR. FOLSING (*of the Junior Class, who has agreed to prepare young Blandid for Harvard*): Well, my boy, if you're ready to begin, just put up those books and trot out your chips and wet goods.

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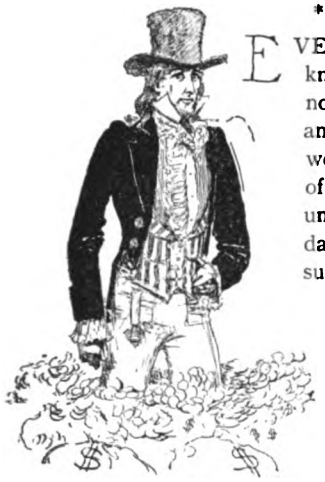
THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

ABOUT this season of the year look out for many hundreds of wise young men who know more just at present than they ever will again in all their lives. Next week they will begin serious preparation to edit our newspapers, write our books, conduct our profound philosophical and scientific researches, and make themselves generally useful. In two or three weeks more they will, perhaps, admit that there are a few men, aside from the classes of '88, who know almost as much as they do, and, in course of time, they will come across others who may perhaps know even more on a few subjects that they have paid special attention to. In six months the newly-graduated men will be able to learn something from somebody else, and in a year they will begin to become valuable members of the community, each with only his own proportion of wisdom.

* * *



EVEN though Uncle Sam is up to his knees in superfluous wealth that he does not know what to do with, he is calm and serene on the glorious Fourth. And well he may be. Though a great many of the juvenile population will perish or undergo damage on the Nation's birthday, and the entire adult population will suffer from the effects of the juvenile celebration, we may all throw up our hats and shout hurrah! What is the matter with America? Why, *she's* all right! We feel bigger on every birthday, and have something to feel big about. We can lick any two nations on the face of the globe, if we want to, even if we have no navy. A small minority of us may go over and toady to monarchists, but the big bulk of us are republicans in the best sense of the term. We have hanged our anarchists since our last birthday, and thus again shown our ability to take care of any internal disorders that may arise. We are proud! triumphant! and we don't care who knows it.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT has taken a leaf from the book of Blaine. He declares that he will not run for Mayor again under any circumstances. We cannot see why he shouldn't. Mayor Hewitt has had more fun since he has been in office than any of his predecessors, and has written more letters. More than that, he has accomplished more good than most of the rest of them. Accept the nomination again, Mayor Hewitt, and make the fur fly for another year.

AND now let the Republicans flaunt the blue silk mouchoir in opposition to the red cotton bandana. Or why not take a leaf from the book of the late Honorable Mike Cregan, and make the oriflamme a pair of silk stockings?

* * *

THE president of the Anti-Saloon Republicans was at the Convention at Chicago, but, as the leader of the Anti-Pocket Flask Republicans was absent, the delegates had a merry time, defied dipsomania with the same genial enthusiasm as ever, and were just as much amused when pink snakes, wearing blue goggles and top hats with red bands, sat upon the foot-boards of their beds.

* * *

A ST. LOUIS reporter, who saw Mr. Gould's youngest son, says:

He is very exclusive and realizes to the fullest degree that he is the son of Jay Gould. Beyond this nothing harsh can be said of him.

Surely, beyond that nothing harsh need be said of him.

* * *

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OUR FRESH AIR FUND

After

WE were informed last week by a contributor to this fund that the two faces above had induced him to part with certain of his dollars. It is gratifying to feel that our little heading is doing its share of the work, and we wish it were within the limits of pictorial art to show our readers some of the advantages other than physical which result from this two weeks of country life. To most of the children it is simply a revelation. It is an experience in a fresher, purer world of which they had no previous conception, and which, for years to come, will remain a spot of sunshine in their lives of want and misery. The moral and mental benefits are by no means the least. Three dollars will do it!

Previously acknowledged	$228.50
J. S.	250.00
Maceff	5.00
E. P.	3.00
J. H. Postlethwaite	10.00
B. O. H.	10.00
Some Boys	12.80
L. C. B. & G. H. B.	6.00
C. P. W., Jr.	4.00
Mr. & Mrs. T.	6.00
"Baby Bessy"	2.00
Master Richard M. Jesup	3.00
Orestes Pierce	10.00
F. N. Goddard	50.00
Mrs. David J. Johnston and Miss C. E. Bullions	6.00
A. E. Dickerman	5.00
L. W.	1.00
Total,	$612.30

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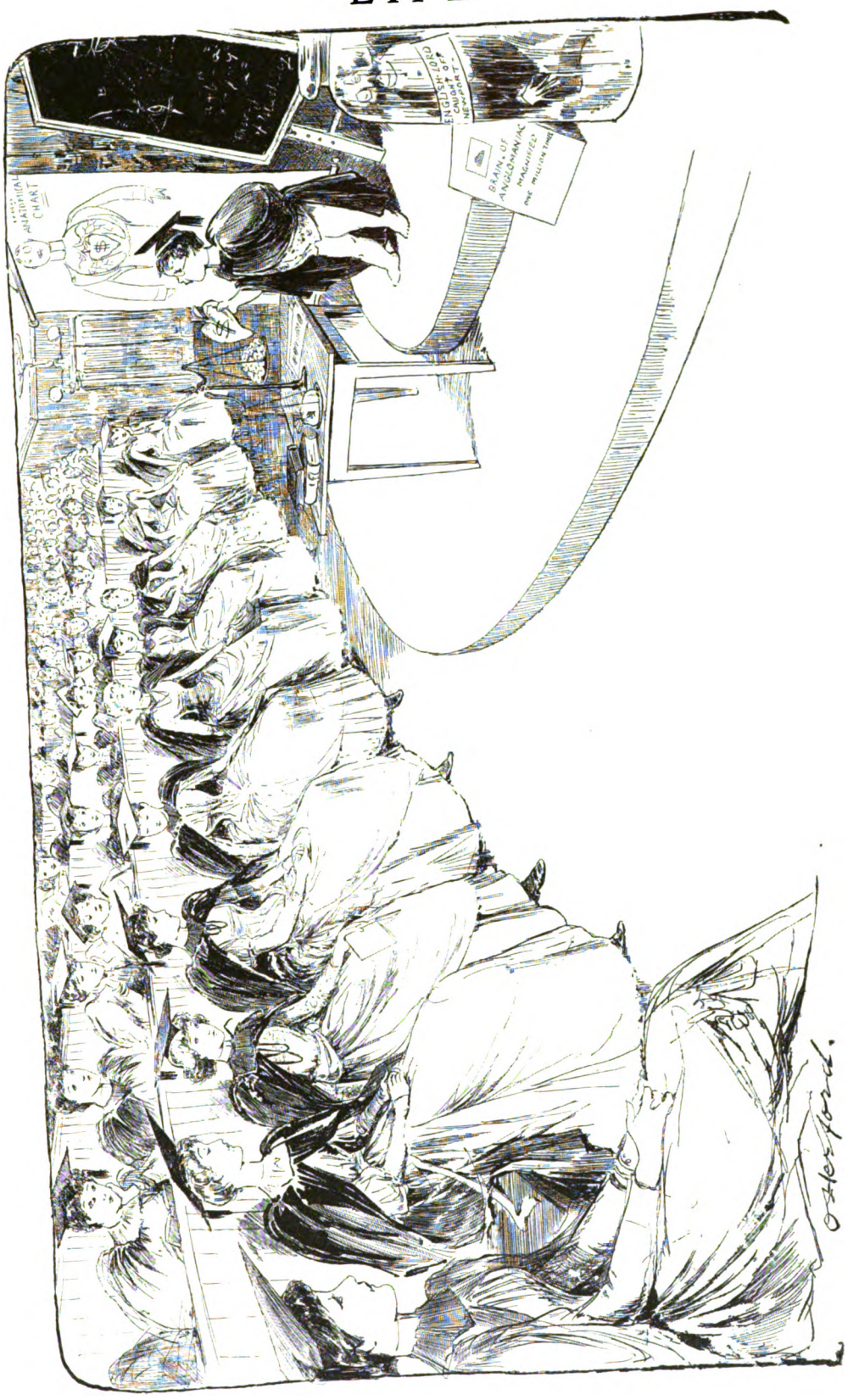

A POST-GRADUATE COURSE.

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TO A FAIR LADY.

(*On receiving from her a note of thanks.*)

AGAIN, fair lady, you will have to try
The sender of the roses to discover.
Now that you are assured it was not I,
You'd better thank your next most modest lover.

BOOKS.

A NOVEL OF ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

THAT which surprises the admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson most is his versatility. Through all his works of fiction there is an ardent love of romantic adventure, for its own sake, as an inspiration; and the field in which he seeks it is unlimited. The world is hardly wide enough for his imagination, which domesticates itself under any flag. From Spain to California, from the Shetlands to Treasure Island, he has sailed the barque of his Fancy and has always met with a favoring breeze.

In "The Black Arrow" (Scribners) he has left the present day for the romantic age of the Wars of the Roses. The story (he tells us) was written years ago for the Philistine audience of a story paper which "thought less than nothing of 'Treasure Island.'" They were kind enough to think that "The Black Arrow" showed "a clear advance." This verdict will hardly be seconded by the new audience which "Treasure Island" has made for itself of recent years—yet there is much to be said in its favor.

* * *

ONE likes for a romance an age so different from our own that no wild feat of physical heroism seems impossible, and no display of savage bravery brutal. One can read of these bloody battles as calmly as of the tremendous conflicts between Milton's angels.

It is exhilarating to read a book which is free from introspection and minute analysis of motives. These old knights fought for revenge or love or glory—and they had no mental doubts or tortures of conscience about it. The psychological conflicts which form the crises of our novels would never have worried *Richard Shelton* or any of his comrades.

* * *

HERE is a novel of action which, like "Kidnapped," is pervaded with an acute sensibility to all the physical conditions which attend an adventure. In many romantic novels the reader is deprived of half his pleasure by the magical way in which great deeds are accomplished. Everyone knows that the chief delight of an adventure is not in the deed accomplished, but in the series of surprising sensations which accompanied it.

Now Stevenson makes the reader a participant in the quick pulse, the terrible moments of suspense when the heart sinks, the brief season of despair when the brain whirls, the exhaustion which follows a long fight, the weak moments of heroes when hunger makes them cowards, and the supreme instant of joy when a victory is achieved. In the pages of this romancer all these phases of an adventure are not merely mental states, but actual physical sensations, playing over the nerves of man like the wind upon a harp.

So it is that, though *Richard Shelton* fought with the Duke of Gloucester at Shoreby, we feel that he is a near kinsman to the venturesome young men of to-day.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE MAGIC SKIN. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Rhoda Fleming. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Adventures of Harry Richmond. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Society Rapids. By "One in the Swim." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Romance of a Quiet Watering-Place. By Nora Helen Warddel. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

The Lasses of Leverhouse. By Jessie Fothergill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Agnes Surriage. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Company.

The Black Arrow. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Tangier's Vacations. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Roger Berkeley's Probation. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Signor Monaldini's Niece. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

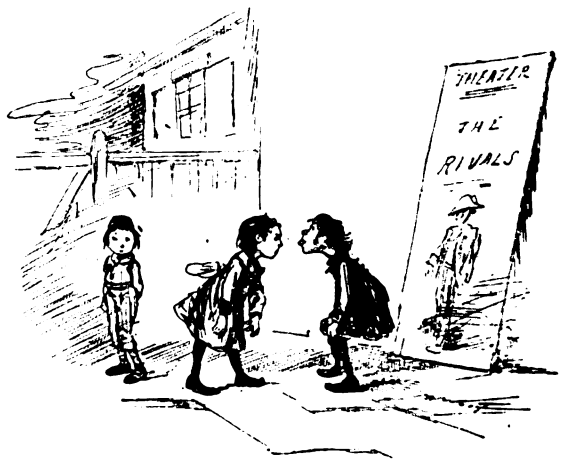
The Ring of the Nieblung. Explained and in part translated by George Theodore Diffold, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

GROSS FLATTERY.

DE SAPPY: I tell you, Featherington, you have the biggest head—

FEATHERINGTON: Aw, de Sappy, you flattah me, doncherknow.

DE SAPPY: Don't interrupt. Featherington—You have the biggest head on your cane I've seen this season.



HER FEELINGS.

"YER' A SASSY THING, THERE! AND IF TOMMY WILLIAMS AIN'T GOT NO MORE SENSE THAN TO BE SEEN A-WALKIN' WITH YOU, WHY I'M SORRY FOR HIM, THAT'S ALL!"

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UNNECESSARY EMOTION.

MOTHER (*to daughter*): I was surprised and shocked, Clara, that you should show so little emotion at the funeral of your Uncle James. And he leaves you in his will ten thousand dollars, too.

DAUGHTER: Yes, mamma; but when the funeral took place I had no idea that dear Uncle James had remembered me so generously.

OTHER HEARTS WILL ACHE.

SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY (*to convict*): Ah, my unfortunate friend, your fate is indeed a hard one, and as she thinks of you here in this dreadful place, how your poor wife must suffer!

CONVICT (*very much affected*): Wh—which one, mum? I'm up for bigamy.

A GENTLEMAN TOOTER.

"NO NOOSE IS GOOD NOOSE."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Jack: YOU KNOW HOW MADLY I WORSHIP CLARA GUSHINGTON?

His Sister: YES, JACK, AND I THINK SHE IS INTERESTED IN YOU.

Jack: WELL, I HAVE BOUGHT HER A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF BRACELETS, BUT I AM AFRAID THEY ARE A LITTLE LARGE.

His Sister (*faintly*): HEAVENS, JACK! THOSE ARE NOT BRACELETS!

NUTRITIOUS AND MEDICINAL.

"I'VE bawled my throat sore yellin' fer those oysters," said an angry customer in a restaurant. "What's the matter?"

"Orders ahead, sah," explained the waiter. "Yo'll fin' dem raw oysters wery soothin', sah, fo' sore throat."

DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.

SHE (*of Boston*): I have seen it stated that Browning has refused one thousand dollars for a short poem.

HE: Is it possible! Why, what do you suppose he means?

SHE: Impossible to say. Nobody knows what Browning means.

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THE BATTLE B

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF OUR ANCES[illegible]AD

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BUNKER HILL

AD TASTED THE DELIGHTS OF ANGLOMANIA.

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A RHYME OF THE TIME.

"WILL you give me a penny?"
My beggar was dressed
In the height of the fashion,
And all of the best.

"You'll excuse me," she said, "sir,
But home's very far;
To walk I'm too tired.
I've a seat in *this* car,
It's late and they'll worry.
My children and Will
And I've only four cents,
And a ten-dollar bill."

L. F. K.

DOWN AT ERASTINA.

GRANDPA took little Tommy down to Erastina one day last week to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Of course Grandpa only went because little Tommy could not go alone; but after Grandpa arrived on the grounds he seemed to take quite a lively interest in the proceedings on his own account.

"Are those men sick?" said little Tommy.

"No, Tommy, they're Indians," replied Grandpa.

"What makes 'em such funny colors, then?" asked Tommy.

"That's paint," answered Grandpa; "they wear that instead of clothes."

"Do they take it off when they go to bed?"

"I don't know, Tommy. I never slept with an Indian."

"Why not, Grandpa?"

"I never had to. But see, Tommy, there comes the coach."

"That ain't a coach."

"Why, yes it is, Tommy."

"Where's the guard with a horn, then? Where's the girls with parasols? And there ain't a dude in sight!"

"Yes, Tommy, but this is the Wild West, you know, and shows the way they travel out there. See; there are the passengers getting in now and starting off on their long journey."

"Them ain't passengers," said Tommy, decidedly.

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked Grandpa.

"One of 'em's that slim fellow that comes up to see Cousin Clara."

"Sh-h-h-h, Tommy," interrupted Grandpa; "there come the hostile Indians to attack the coach."

"What do they call 'em hostile for? On account of the way they ride their horses?"

"No, Tommy. Hostile Indians are Indians that kill white people."

"And they're going to kill Cousin Clara's beau? That'll be fun," said Tommy, his eyes bulging out with anticipated pleasure. "They can't scalp him, though, can they? What does a hostile Indian do when he goes to scalp a fellow and then finds he's bald-headed?"

"I suppose he goes back into the woods and kicks himself, Tommy. Or perhaps he feeds his captive on hair-restorer until he is in the right condition for scalping."

"Say, Grandpa, stop stuffin' me," said Tommy, looking at his ancestor with incredulity. "What's that man shooting at?"

"Clay pigeons."

"What's clay pigeons?"

"Artificial pigeons made to shoot at."

"Are they good to eat, Grandpa?"

"No, Tommy; they're made of clay, like a brick."

"What's the good of shootin' at 'em, then—why don't he shoot at a brick?"

"Because a brick would be too heavy to be thrown from a trap."

"Do clay pigeons lay eggs?"

"Of course not, Tommy."

"Why don't they?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"See here, Tommy; you stop asking questions," said Grandpa, testily. "I want to see this show, and if you dare open your mouth again I'll march you straight home."

And for a little while there was peace.

Metcalfe.

ALAS!

"POOR GOLDSON! I AM AFRAID THE POOR FELLOW IS LOSING HIS MIND."

"BY JOVE! YOU DON'T SAY SO!"

"WHY, MY DEAR BOY, IT IS NEARLY THREE O'CLOCK, AND I JUST SAW HIM WITH HIS ONE O'CLOCK SUIT ON!"

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THE FOURTH OF JULY IN ROME.

By our Special Archæologist.

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BLEST ARE THE TIES THAT BIND.

AN actor may not know much about cravats, but his experience with ties—both railway and matrimonial—is usually extensive.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

KNOBLEY: I saw you on Fourteenth Street a few minutes ago, Miss Ethel.

SHE: Oh, did you?

KNOBLEY: Yes; you were going into a hair store.

SHE: Ah, yes; I was executing a little commission for a friend. Beautiful weather we are having, Mr. Knobley.

And she beckoned haughtily to her coachman.

A SEASIDE WAITER—The man who comes down an hour too soon for the boat.

REFLECTIONS.

TO meet the demand for a new verb to fit the new legal method of capital punishment it is suggested that criminals executed by electricity shall be said to be "elected."

Would that do?

* * *

AN *Evening Post* critic, who calls Mr. Stimson's "First Harvests" "the most notable novel now running," gives that story praise which seems the higher when we consider that among other serials now current is one by Mr. Howells and several by Mr. James in which those notorious writers give real indication of a purpose to be agreeable to their readers. Mr. James seems to have had a change of hearts, and there are real symptoms in Mr. Howells's latest that he has thrown away his microscope and put his eyeglasses on again.

* * *

THE *Star's* "Bab" declines to trust a woman who does not care for men's society.

It is gratifying to see Bab sticking up for his sex.

* * *

SHIRLEY DARE bids us "beware above all things of the woman with the upper lip that scarcely moves in speaking."

A stiff upper lip in Miss Dare's opinion betokens the stiff upper hand.

* * *

YALE'S faculty has prohibited the use of exhilarating beverages in any of the secret societies of the college.

Speculation is rife as to whether it prohibited secrecy at the same time.

Yale's faculty seems to comprise a wonderfully sanguine body of young men.

* * *

JUSTICE has a leaden foot, but it is reported, on good authority, that Jay Gould's son Eddie is purely and simply a dude.

* * *

DR. PAXTON, whose church Mr. Jay Gould frequents, said to a reporter who asked him if Mr. Gould was a Christian:

Mr. Gould is not a member of any church, and therefore is not an avowed Christian. He is a quiet, reticent gentleman, who would be apt to keep his religious experiences largely to himself in any event.

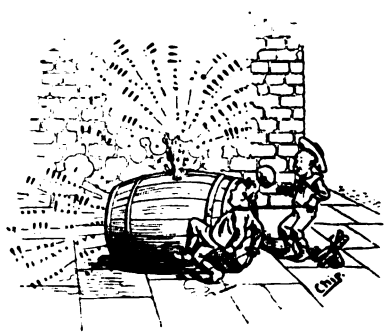
It seems as if Dr. Paxton might be described as a reticent gentleman, whose humor was delightfully dry and used with admirable discretion.

HIS FITFUL SLUMBER.

"I'LL TRY THIS

FOR A QUIET SNOOZE."

"IT'LL MAKE A BULLY NOISE IN HERE, BILLY."



THE BULLY NOISE.

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AT SCISSORS AT NULLS

THE MODERN JACK HORNER

MR. JACK HORNER
Sat in a "corner"
Of wheat which he bought everywhere;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
Which made him a millionaire.
— *Toronto Grip.*

PRETTY COUSIN (*to young sissy*): That is a very intelligent dog you have, Charley.

YOUNG SISSY (*proudly*): Yes, indeed, Maud. Why, I couldn't begin to tell you all that dog knows.

PRETTY COUSIN: No, I fancy not, Charley.—*New York Sun.*

"How do you think Thurman will run?" asked a politician of a baseball enthusiast. "Thurman!" said the latter. "Which nine has he signed with?"—*Norristown Herald.*

RIDER HAGGARD says he has lost $250,000 because there is no international copyright. See here, Rider, don't you kick about your little seven-by-nine losses. We ourselves have lost more than nine or ten millions because we didn't buy Manhattan Island when it was sold for $24. And later than that we lost as much more because Commodore Vanderbilt wasn't our father. Talk about losses; it's a wonder every hair in our head isn't white.—*Burdette.*

"MAMMA, what is the matter with my thumb? It hurts me every time I squeeze it."

"Don't squeeze it, dear."

"But if I don't squeeze it how can I tell whether it hurts?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

ST. PETER (*to head waiter, just ready to enter Paradise*): Hold! Did you ever wait on anybody?

HEAD WAITER (*in shame and deep contrition*): Only o—once, when all my employees were on a strike.

ST. P. (*scornfully*): You will have to go with the porter who said "Thank you" for a ten-cent fee. We cannot forgive such flagrant violations of dignity.

H. W.: But I killed the man the next time I met him by concentrating my glance and my diamond on his countenance.

ST. P.: 'Tis well. You are forgiven. You shall enter in with the three maidens abreast who never so far forgot themselves as to turn out for any known mortal.—*Judge.*

CALLER: I would like to see the master of the house, please.

SERVANT (*to master*): There's a gintleman at the dure, sorr, as wud loike to see the masther of the house.

MASTER: Johnny, tell your mother a gentleman has called to see her.

JOHNNY: Ma, there's a man called who wants to see the boss of the house.

MA (*upstairs*): Tell him, please, that he will find Bridget in the kitchen.

CALLER (*to Bridget*): If there is any one in authority here, madam, I would like to see him—ahem!—her.

BRIDGET: Authority? Johnny, ye divil's own blade, there's a gintleman here lukin' for yez.—*Binghamton Republican.*

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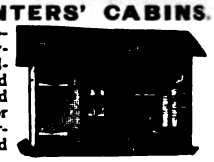

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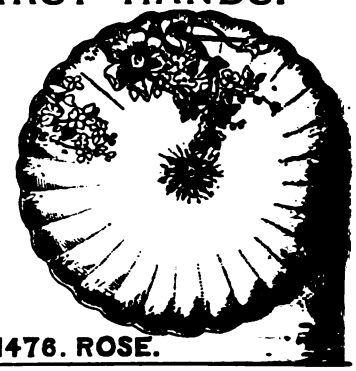

SALAD SET. No.1476. ROSE.

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE (*in the kitchen*): But, Katie, why do you waste time to wash the fish? That is quite unnecessary. It has been all its life long in the water.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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NEW YORK.

BOBLEY: I suppose you didn't find your college training of much use while editing a paper in such a place as Devil's Gulch?

YALENINE: Didn't, eh? Why, I had to maul the backbone out of half-a-dozen ruffians the first week I was there.—*Judge.*

"WHAT is this man arrested for?"

"Crooly to annimals, yer onner," replied the officer.

"In what did the cruelty consist?"

"Well, yer honor, he's a hostler, and ivery toime I goes past the stable I hear him singin, White Wings and Swate Vi'lits with the mules all tied up so niver a wan av thim could escape."

"Fine him the limit," said the judge."—*Merchant Traveller.*

MISS BEACONHILL: What are the most disagreeable features about your school, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE: The teacher's.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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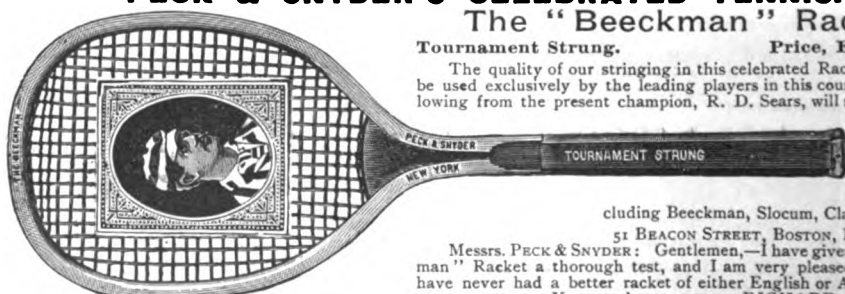

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Yours truly, RICHARD D. SEARS.

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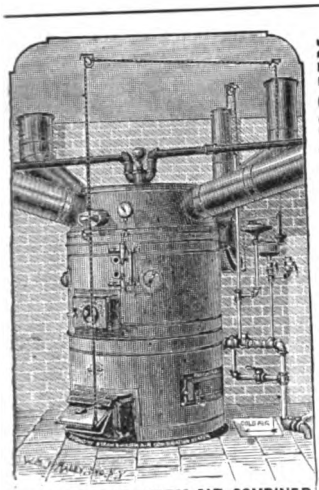
WITH THE THERMOMETER IN THE NINETIES.

Nephew (to Uncle on a visit): BEFORE YOU GO, I WANT TO TAKE YOU INTO MY DOG-KENNEL; YOUR VISIT WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT IT.



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"JAMES," said the undertaker, "it is about time to close the shop. Have you heard of any change in the condition of Mr. Simpson since noon?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "except that they've just turned off the doctors and called in a Christian Scientist."

"James," rejoined his employer, shaking his head gloomily, "we will keep the shop open half an hour longer."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HERR: May I ask for the first waltz?

FRAULEIN: Certainly. But let it be a slow one, I beg. I am in mourning.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

MISS BUDROSE (*getting vaccinated*): Do you think it will take, Dr. Montague?

DR. MONTAGUE (*gallantly*): If it doesn't take on such an arm, my dear Miss Violet, I shall have but little respect for vaccine hereafter.—*Epoch.*

CONGRESSMAN LONG, of Massachusetts, never forgets a name. Why not make him Minister to Russia, then?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A WESTERN editor says he is glad to hear that somebody has invented a new method of walking on the water. He was getting tired of the old way.—*New York Telegram.*

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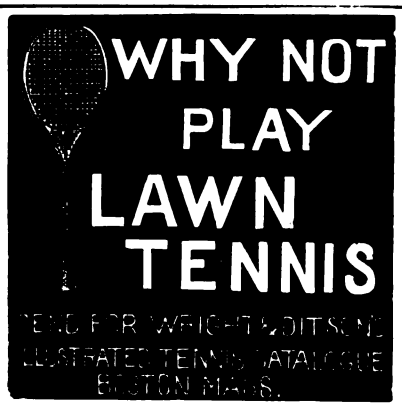

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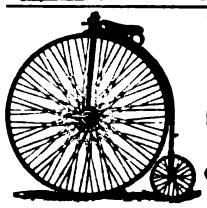

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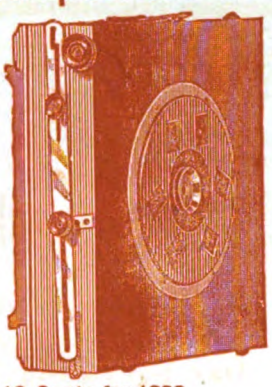

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