

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM



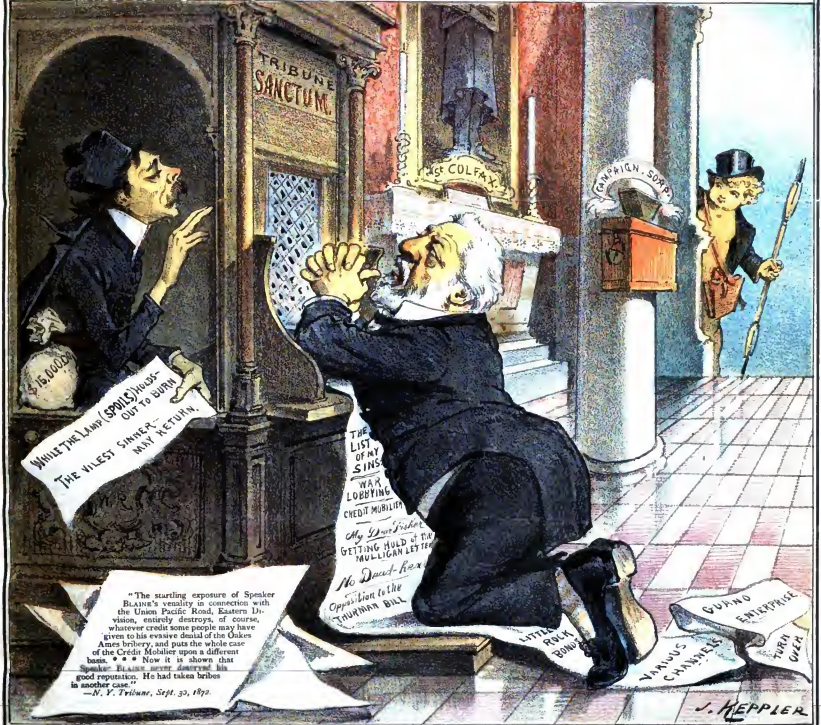
Puck

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"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



WHILE THE LAWYER (SPRINK) THINGS
OUT TO BEING
THE WILEST SINNER
NAVY RETROGRADE.

THE LIST
OF MY
SINNS
WAR
LOBBING
CREDIT MURDER

My Dear Sir,
GETTING HOLD OF THE
MULTIPLICATION LETTER
No. Dumb-Ron
Opposition to the
TAMMANN BILL

"The startling exposure of Spenser
BLAINE's venality in connection with
the Union Pacific Road; Eastern Dis-
vision, entirely destroys, of course,
whatever credit some people may have
given to his evasive denial of the Oaken
Amer bribery, and puts the whole case
of the Credit Mobilier upon a different
basis. * * * Now it is shown that
Spenser, BLAINE, were deserved his
good reputation. He had taken bribes
in another case."
—N. Y. Tribune, Sept. 30, 1872.

GUYARD
ENTRANCE
MORAN
CANNON
TURN OVER

J. KEPPLER

THE ONLY SOURCE FROM WHICH HE GETS ABSOLUTION.

W. R.—"I absolve you! Go forth a pure and a guiltless man!" — Puck (aside)—"But that won't save him on 'Judgement-Day.'"

THE END OF THE SUMMER.



She.

"And so you are going, you tell me, to-morrow?
I'll miss you so much, Mr. Brown;
But the world, as you know, is overflowing with sorrow—
They tell me it's lively in town;
I'm sorry you're off; good-by; thank you kindly
For reading me all those nice books."
(He didn't propose, as I thought he would, blindly;
He's not such a fool as he looks.)

He.

"Oh, yes, it is; I'm going to-morrow;
Good-night and good-by, Miss Grace;
And there's always a bane for the world of sorrow
In thinking of your fair face
Ah, me, but these partings are sad beyond reason!
Don't laugh—it isn't a tear."
(I'm hanged if I come to this place next season—
I've had a close shave this year.)

W. J. HENDERSON.

A NEW METHOD.

At the present time almost every person takes some interest in athletics. Clerks down-town form themselves into boat and ball-clubs, and go away on Saturday afternoons to practise. Young ladies in the suburbs play lawn-tennis, and city men exercise with dumb-bells.

None of these people, however, pretend to derive any great enjoyment from these recreations. They say they do it for the exercise, that they may not be deemed frivolous.

The stout man slaps himself familiarly on the barrel, and says: "I'll ride that all off on a bicycle inside of two months."

Now, assuming that physical exercise is indulged in only with a view to ridding one's self of superfluous flesh, and that only stout people indulge, in the hope of becoming thinner, our thoughts and reflections naturally take in those men who are always thin, year in and year out.

The question which naturally arises is, why are they thin?

The question is easily answered.

It is because they have so much on their minds and shoulders. It is the responsibility and worry that is inseparable from the management of their affairs.

What made Henry Clay so thin that when he walked he looked like a pair of editorial shears in action?

It was the worry he experienced in trying to secure the Presidency.

What makes Everts so thin that he is sometimes picked up by mistake at home for the crimping-irons?

It is because of his great soul-wearing responsibility in carrying on his business.

What makes the cannibal king so corpulent?

Why, nothing but a lack of responsibility and care. The king has nothing to do but become larger all the time. Take that same king and put him in editorial charge of a returnable dramatic weekly with a circulation of four hundred and fifty, and you would be surprised to see how soon he would be too small for his necklace.

And now we come to our new method of

training, which we would like our athletic friends to look into and study at their leisure. We are well aware of the fact that when athletes are out of training they become very fat and clumsy, and that when they want to get into proper condition again they have to resort to the most violent kind of exercise, in which they frequently burst blood-vessels or injure themselves in other ways.

Therefore we say they should be reduced and got into proper condition by care and responsibility, for then they can not injure themselves; and, besides, they can not suffer as they might by taking Turkish baths and running in the sun.

Without taking the reader's time to give the details of our theory for a new method of training, we will give a few imaginary clippings from the sporting-paper of the future, which will give some idea of our system:

William Sheriff and Paddy Ryan met at this office yesterday, and made a match to fight in six weeks for \$2,000 a side and the championship. They will go into active training at once, Sheriff going to Washington to assume the duties of Postmaster-General, and Ryan going out on the road in management of a "Pinafore" troupe.

A number of Hanlan's friends went up to Union Square yesterday, to the office of the *Dramatic Cuspitor*, to see him stand off the sheriff and the type-setters. He had but seventy-five cents. At this rate he will be down to rowing-weight long before the day set for his race with Hagar Pearce.

John Keller having accepted Brynton Jones's challenge to run ten miles, his backers have had him made "devil" in a "rat" printing-office located on the eighth story. He has to wait on all the compositors, and go down the eight flights of stairs at intervals to fetch up pails of lemonade and baker's pie in brown paper.

Patsy Cardiff, the Nebraska Giant, has just accepted the Chief Justice's chair, to get into proper condition for his coming battle with Marlow Bevans.

TRUTH WAS NOT MIGHTY.

A worn and weary tramp entered the office of a banker. The clothes he wore were in a state of worse disintegration than Mr. Blaine's record. The face of the tramp wore a prematurely aged expression, like that of the Bartholdi pedestal. He sighed heavily as he took off his hat, and said:

"Please, sir, give me a few pennies; I am very hungry."

Something in the man's voice caught the banker's attention.

"You don't look as if you'd always been a beggar," he said.

"I haven't, sir. I was getting along very well once; but left my business to go into another, which, according to what I read in the papers, never failed to make men immensely rich. I'm trying now to get a little money to go on so as to go back into my old business."

"What was your old business?"

"I was a portrait-painter, sir."

"And what was the business that you went into?"

"I became a plumber."

The banker rose up and glared upon the tramp.

"Get out!" said he: "you can't come and tell me any such stuff as that. If you'd said you were a plumber and went into portrait-painting, I might have believed you; but I can't swallow that sort of thing. Skip!"

"That's just it," mumbled the tramp, as he went out: "I could get rich, if I'd only lie; but when I tell my true story, no one will believe it. It's all owing to those confounded humorists."

Puckings.



LOOK AT the dangling curls,
And look at the mellow eyes
That peep from beneath her tresses
In childish and glad surprise.

And look at the stunning hat,
And its airy, flowerful charm,
And the nicely rounded shoulder,
And the bit of snowy arm.

I think I should like to be
With her in a garden fair,
And watch the breezes waft on
With those strands of ribboned hair.

I'd like to take her out
A-rowing upon the lake,
And have her smile upon me,
And address me as "Pete" or "Jake."

But this can never be,
And I think it a perfect shame
That I know not the pretty maiden—
I know not even her name.

I met her not by the sea,
Or the mountain water fall,
Or at a swell reception—
I have met her not at all.

It's dreadfully sad to say it,
Ne'er by her side I'll strut;
She dwells on a shelf in the office,
And she's only a fancy out.

VERY FAT—Tammany Hall.

IF THE UNITED STATES ever get another navy, they should be more careful with it, and keep it away from sloops and scows, and other dangerous vessels.

SINCE WAR has broken out between France and China, washen-washen and frogs are higher. People have fallen back on Irish landrags and soft-shell crabs.

THE BEST SPECIFIC for cholera is said to be Paramethylorthoxyhydroethylohimolium. If the patient doesn't die before he can ask for it, he is sure to recover.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Record* says that the nation which is best defended has least occasion to fight. By antithesis, how the United States should be in constant conflict with the nations of the earth!

THE UNITED STATES steamer *Keosauque* has been ordered to make a cruise along the west coast of Africa. If Africa declares war against us, we shall be safe if the *Talapoan* is raised and can get down in time to join in the hostilities.

SULLIVAN, the eminent Bostonian, can not be said to be like lightning. When we make this statement, we do not wish to be understood as saying that he is no swift in "getting there" with his knuckles. When we say he is not like lightning, we mean that he often *does* strike in the same place.

WHAT IT MEANS.

We do not pretend to be an authority on so grave and important a science as lexicography; but it strikes us that words may be uttered in such a way as to have a totally different significance from what they have in the dictionary.

One afternoon, not long ago, while sitting under a tree, looking out on a pleasant little country river, a presumably happy couple came along and walked by. As they passed, the young lady was speaking, and these words floated out upon the air:

"When they were married they didn't have any more money than they required."

According to the strict meaning of the words uttered, the couple in question had just enough and no more. But, divorced from their actual meaning, how much more they meant!

They passed out of sight among the trees, and that was the last of them. The persons of whom they spoke as having no more than they required when they were married were as much a mystery as ever. But the real meaning of those words was more clear than ever.

That little sentence simply meant words. It meant that the girl couldn't go to Newport in the Summer, or have a box at the opera in the Winter. That she made her own dresses, and turned old ones that people might believe she had new ones. That she could cover up a straw hat with bits of velvet and feathers, so that no one would recognize it during the month of January as the Leghorn tile she wore during the heated term. It meant that she didn't have a dozen silk dresses, and half-a-dozen forty-dollar hats, and an opera-cloak, and a saddle-horse, and a country-seat, and three servant-girls and a butler, and an account at the swell dry-goods establishment.

It meant that she hadn't a cottage by the sea in Summer, and a brown-stone front on Fifth Avenue during the Winter, and that she didn't belong to a tennis-club, or go to the races and fashionable balls.

It meant that her husband presided at a ribbon-counter, or ran up the columns of a ledger

for fifteen or ten dollars a week. That he did not belong to any club; that he took his luncheon down to his place of business in a red napkin or a tin pail, and ate it when the whistle blew at noon, and not a minute before. It meant that he never went out riding unless in a horse-car, and that when he went into the country it was to Hoboken or Central Park. It meant that he couldn't keep a servant-girl, and that he trundled the baby around himself in a "perambulator," as Philadelphia calls it. It meant that he put ink on the faded spots on his Derby, and backed the cotton-twine in his shoes to make it resemble a genuine shoe-string. It meant that he wore a silver watch on a brass chain, polished with his tooth-powder to pass for gold. It meant that he had no light overcoat, and that he had his gray Summer clothes dyed black for the Winter, and never went to the theatre, giving as an excuse to his friends that it bored him.

These are some of the things that that simple little string of words meant.

Don't always go to the dictionary for information. If you do, you'll discover a "racket" is a thing you play tennis with; a "schooner" is a two-masted vessel; and a "bat" a stick used in playing ball.

Away with the dictionary—away with it!
R. K. M.

ABOUT THIS period of his existence the humorist humps himself and wrestles with the bank-cashier. He knows there is—or ought to be—another joke somewhere in the cashier; but how to do it is the question.

OLD MOTHER BUNCOMBE,
She went to the cupboard
To get the White House for Ben;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,

And Ben had to try it again.
There isn't much metaphor, nor hyperbole, nor apostrophe, nor originality, nor rhyme, nor other literary trimming about this *marceau*; but G. Washington himself wasn't so full of truth.

LAWN-TENNIS.

The bright sun of the present century has never looked upon anything like lawn-tennis. It is the game of games. A great deal has been written about base-ball and cricket and football, and such familiar and harmless recreations, but no one has ever yet done justice to tennis. I am not going to do it justice any more than the others have, but I feel that I ought to just say a few words in praise of this beautiful game, and at the same time mention one or two of its weaknesses.

A man who wants to play tennis well has got to keep down his desire to show off his muscle. You see, they mark out what they call a court. It consists of lines of whitewash drawn on the grass. Then right across the middle of it they erect a fishing-net three feet high. Then they have some rubber balls, which are covered with chamois-skin and are as lively as an Alderney bull in a ten-acre field. Next they provide you with a kind of bat which is called a racket. It consists of a handle, a wooden frame, and a tightly-stretched net-work of bass-fiddle strings.

When you begin to play you stand on one side of the net, and the other fellow—if it is a fellow—stands on the other. Then he "serves" you a ball. That is to say, he tosses the ball up over his head and hits it a thwack with his racket. It comes over the net straight down toward the ground, and you get back to prepare for a big bounce. But it does not bounce at all. Why? Because he has "cut" it and put such a "twist" on it that it couldn't bounce. Then you don't hit it, and the other fellow smiles like a gibbering idiot and calmly remarks: "Love 15."

You think fifteen is a little early for love, but you don't say anything, and the other fellow remarks:

"Now I'll serve you an easy one."

He taps the ball gently, and this time you get it on a bound. You remember how he sent it at you the first time, and you want to get even; so you hit it as hard as you can, and the next moment you see it up in the air about four blocks away, still going. Your opponent glares at you and hires a boy to go and get it, while he remarks sarcastically: "Love 30."

This proposition startles you a little, and you are silent. He gets the ball and serves you another easy one. You return it right into his racket. He hits it with all his might, and it whizzes over the net and catches you under the chin with a loud crack. Your opponent then falls down on the grass, and doubles himself up in a bow-knot, and laughs as if he had the colic. When he arises, he says:

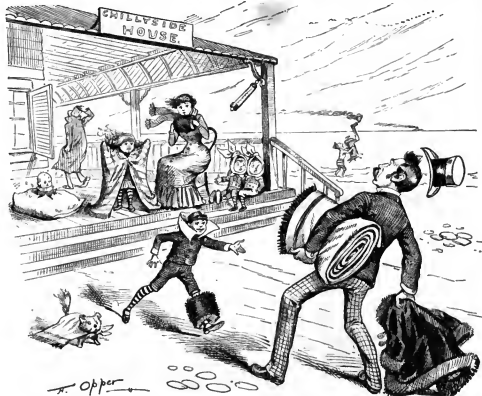
"Aw, I say, de-ah boy, that was a fagah, you know. Love 40."

This is adding insult to injury, and you are determined to do or die. He serves you another easy one; you drive it back right into his face; he catches it neatly with a back-hander, and puts it just in the corner of the court where you are not. Do you feel pleased? No, you do not. Then he blandly remarks: "Love game."

And you say: "No, I'll be hanged if I do," and you throw down your racket and walk away, and it's about seven weeks before any one can get you to try it again.

But there is revenge in store for you. Practise every day until you can play a little—just a little. Then go and get your sister, and tell her you want to teach her the game. There never was a woman who could do more than play at tennis. You'll have lots of fun. It's mean, but it's awfully jolly, you know.

ANOTHER RESCUE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



TIMELY ARRIVAL OF PAPA TO TAKE THE FAMILY BACK TO TOWN.

Now the book-borrower borrows and steals; That is, he forgets to return PUCK on WHEELS.

THE FATE OF A MILESIAN TRAMP.



THE OUTCAST.—"Pon me soul, sorr, Oi haven't ate a bite this day."



THE HOSTELRY PROPRIETOR.—"Well, cully, jes' collar onto that, an' escort it up an' down Broadway several times. That's the way we do business!"



THE OUTCAST.—"Bedad an' its a shkin of a man who can't stand be his banner."



THE OUTCAST.—"Disperasion has overtaken me, an', crazed wid hunger, I must prosade on me home-stretch."



THE GUARDIAN OF THE PEACE.—"Soy, ye hollin' hantie, phwat d'yer mane by walkin' over iverbody? Ain't the city large enough for yer? Come along!"



THE OUTCAST.—"The whole wourd is ag'in me. Oi've niver been able to earn an honest livin' since Oi was born!"

ADVERTISEMENTS AS A MEANS OF CULTURE.

Why should not advertisements be made sources of amusement and information? They would attain their end as well as, if not better than, at present, and would at the same time serve to educate their readers to a knowledge of higher things. With a little thought wondrous can be done. As illustrations of the proposed system, the following are offered:

WINE CONTAINS FROM FIVE TO TWENTY PER CENT OF alcohol. Adulterated wine from ten to thirty-five per cent. The larger percentage produces gout, Bright's disease, etc. There is but six per cent in the Wine of the Storage, which is for sale at all first-class dealers'.

II.—MATHEMATICAL.

THE CIRCLE, ELLIPSE, PARABOLA AND HYPERBOLA ARE the four conic sections. Upon them as bases rest most of the curves of beauty and of grace. All of these curves are used in the new Hamburg edgings just imported this week by Bored & Tailor—Broadway.

III.—ZOOLOGIC.

MALACOPTERYGII ARE REPRESENTED BY THE SALMON; chondropterygii by the sturgeon; lophobranchii by the horse-fish. All of these, besides a fine collection of sixteen-splined fishes, can be purchased at Brackford's, Fulton Market.

IV.—ASTRONOMICAL.

THE EARTH REVOLVES ON ITS AXIS IN 24 HOURS; THE moon in 28 days. The sun rotates in about 25 days; Mercury, 24 hours; Venus, 24; Mars, 24½; Jupiter, 10; Saturn, 10½. Jupiter's velocity, therefore, almost equals that of Kartson's Patent Window-Shade Rollers, without which no house is complete.

It is now that the delicious boug-appeles hang among the green leaves and look so sweet and mellow that the man who never eats apples thinks that he would rather have one of them than anything else. And while he stands in the road looking at them, he observes a small boy look suspiciously around, and suddenly shoot over the fence and commence to eat. And he eats and eats and eats, and never puts one in his pocket, because he has a base-ball in his pocket. And when the farmer comes after him with a club, he will drop the base-ball on the ground, pick it up before the farmer's eyes, and say he has been looking for it in the tall grass for half an hour.

MRS. LANTRY has gone back to England; but then Rhea and Théo and Minnie Palmer have come over here; so perhaps we can grin and bear it.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A STUNNING ARTICLE—A Club.

Shylock.—I will have my bond. *Portia*.—Not if it's Wabash.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY—The Man who Bets a Hat on Cleveland.

THE *Current*, of Chicago, says: "This earth is a ball." In the face of such a great truth as this, stated in such terse and vigorous language, we retire into ourselves and await further developments.

"ABOUT THE MOST uncertain bizness on irth is ritin letters. You kin direct your letter all rite and start her; but you kin never tell where she's gone tew fetch up."—*J. Dillings Logan* to *J. G. B.*

A LITTLE LEAVEN does not always leaven the whole lump. Oh, no. There was a Philadelphia cricket 'leven that went over to England and tried to 'leven the whole lump; but somehow or other the lynch-pin fell out of the scheme.

PUCK'S NATURALIST SEARCHES THE RECORDS.

Our E. C. the *Sun* tells the following interesting tale:

SUSPECTED SUICIDE OF THOMAS CAT.

A large black tomcat hanged itself yesterday in front of 66 Cortlandt street. Its neck was jammed between the iron grating and the marble step.

"This is a clear case of suicide," said one of the tenants: "The cat had made his headquarters in the cellar for about a year, and had for his companion a large black and white cat. The black and white disappeared about eight days ago, and ever since the black cat had been melancholy, and had refused to notice his acquaintances among the tenants."

As cases of felo-de-se on the part of our four-footed friends are not so rare as is commonly believed, Puck's naturalist cites a few of the best-authenticated and most remarkable.—(*Fraser's Chronicles*, vol. V., page 193.)

Sieur Astolphe de Bordeaux, a dear companion-in-arms of mine, had a large dog of the chase, the most intellectual, prompt and subtle of all the world, who was with fleas excessively tormented. The master, kind and generous, tried all the drugs and apothecaries in the realm, but the evil agrandized itself. One evening he said to the brute: "Poor animal, no human skill can avail thee aught." The beast gave a long and desolating howl, and escaped himself from the saloon. He suddenly appeared entirely wet. The company supposed he had been split over with a dish-pan by the cook, and said nothing. But the intelligent hound approached the fire-place, and waved his tail to the flamboyant log. In an instant he was in a conflagration, and all knew he had been to the cellar and had plunged into a tun of Egyptian kerosene. As the last and largest flea was consumed, the brave brute gave a yelp of joy delicious and inspired; whereat all wondered, and the Sieur Lid constructed a monument of marble for the memory of his dog.

(FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED ESSAYS OF GEO. ALF. TOWNSEND, BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.)

Human passions at times appear in the brute creation. A small Skye-terrier in my neighborhood became possessed of a mania for burying bones in the back-yard, and by uniring work managed in the course of a year to accumulate a huge osseous pile of perhaps three hundred pounds. Time and again I've seen the little miser gloating over his treasures. Sometimes in the excess of emotion he would roll over and over among the bones, barking and yelping in delight. One day in his absence his mistress, a thrifty housewife, sold all the bones to a manufacturer of bone-black, by whom they were removed. The dog returned and, as usual, rushed to his treasury. It was empty. He ran about the yard a few minutes, howling furiously. Suddenly he fell the blood gushing from his mouth. With his little remaining strength he painfully dragged himself over to where his treasures used to be, and there fell over dead.

(FROM ELI PERKINS'S MSS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

I once had a cat, the most stentorian and vociferous creature that ever lived. I also had a neighbor, beautiful and cultured, but she played the piano and studied Wagner. Life was becoming unendurable, and my hair was turning gray. That cat and that girl were my nightmare and daymare. I had an idea. I bought a callopie, and one night when the cat and the girl were giving a concert, he on my back-fence and the next door, I turned it on. The next day she moved to another city. At noon I saw the cat approach the callopie. He put up his paw and struck the handle. The steam rushed out and a high C floated through the atmosphere. The cat listened, sighed hopelessly, and then all at once dropped dead. To those who question this story I will state that the callopie was afterward sold to Barnum, who now has it, and the cat is buried in my back-yard.

THE BANKER'S REVENGE; OR, HOW SHE LOST HIM.

AN EMOTIONAL EPISODE IN ONE EP.

SCENE I.—*Parlor of the home of JOHN MACLIVANE SMITH, the wealthy banker, in Fifth Avenue. Bricks, a desk, high-backed chairs, Persian rug, stuffed dog, dry-goods store racks and rosewood furniture scattered about in reckless profusion.* CASTORIA (FRANKINA SMITH, the banker's daughter (not the Union Square version), seated on a rosewood blue upholstered fauteuil—whatever that is. She is engaged in reading a dollar novel and does not see her father, who enters centre door in flut, and feeling his hands behind him and planting his left foot in front of him, stowed his head at her like a wooden mandarin in the window of a Chinese fancy-store.)

OLD SMITH (*medially*).—So, so. She reads—or does she pretend to read? I'll address her.

CASTORIA (*in a pale blue velvet voice*).—Father! O. S.—What are you reading?

CAS. (*bothered*).—Oh, I don't know—a book, I suppose.

O. S.—I knew you could not tell me the name of it. Merciful heavens! Is it for this I have reared you in the lap of luxury and supplied you with everything that heart could desire? Ha! ha! I know how it is! You are thinking of him!

CAS. (*rising*).—Father, what do you mean?

O. S. (*working it up*).—Oh, it is useless to try to conceal it. Base girl, I know you love him. CAS. (*angrily*).—Well, who is he? Give me the tip on that.

O. S.—Oscar Montmorenci Gubbins—me private secretary.

CAS. (*drops her eyelids and then hoists them to slow music and looks right down the old man's throat*).—Yes, father, I do love him.

O. S. (*snay off*).—Ha—a—h! By heaven! I knew it. But he shall not have you. I will drive him forth from the house.

CAS. (*breathless*).—Then, father, I will meet him in the park.

O. S. (*all broken up*).—What, do you dare to defy me?

CAS. (*game as a rooster*).—Yes, father; I love Oscar and he loves me, and nothing shall separate us but death—th—th!

O. S.—We shall see! We shall see! I shall have my revenge!

[*Rushes madly from the house.*]

CAS. (*inserting a caramel between her ruby lips*).—I have given away the snap to the old man; the worst is now over.

SCENE II.—*Same place, same trimmings, same girl. Evening. Cas burning low. Enter OSCAR M. GUBBINS in a state of wild excitement. CASTORIA leaps from the fauteuil.*

CASTORIA (*very shaky*).—Oscar, my own love, what is wrong?

OSCAR (*awfully seedy*).—Castoria, we are doomed!

CAS. (*knocked out*).—Doomed! What mean you?

OS. (*ready to sell out*).—We are to be separated!

CAS. (*puzzled*).—But how?

OS. (*done for*).—Your father—he's a winner.

CAS. (*catching on*).—Great heaven! I have a horrible suspicion!

OS. (*You have it! He has made me cashier!*)

CAS. (*uttering a warrant piercing shriek*).—I see it all! Once cashier, you will succumb to your fate, get away with the boodle and break for Canada!

OS. (*in a sepulchral voice*).—It is destiny!

CAS. (*utters another w. p. shriek*).—My heart is shattered!

[CASTORIA falls senseless upon the previously mentioned fauteuil, and OSCAR rushes forth to doctor up the books and pack his portmanteau. Quick Curtain.]

THEOPHIL.

NO WONDER.



TERRIFIED CITY MILKMAN.—"Great Scott! What's that? Magy, bring the gun quick, there's a wild beast in the yard!"

MARY (*who was once in the country*).—"Why, you old fool, that's a cow!"

T. C. MILKMAN.—"You don't say so!"

ANOTHER ALLEGORICAL PICTURE.



SHOWING THE END OF HOSTILITIES, AND TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN ART AND LITERATURE IN PUCK OFFICE.

"I say," said the Outraged Artist to the Aroused Editor, as they sat together, partaking of their mid-day refreshments in the editorial rooms: "didn't I say something in the last issue about having your gore this week?"

"You did, dear boy," replied the Aroused Editor: "and, what's more, I reciprocated."

"H'm!" said the Outraged Artist; and there was a silence in that office for the space of ten minutes. Then he resumed:

"Look here," he observed: "isn't it time this sort of thing came to an end?"

"What do you mean by 'this sort of thing'?" inquired the Aroused Editor: "hasn't this been a good fight?"

"Well, yes," the artist answered, with some hesitation.

"Isn't the great throbbing populace hanging on the result of the combat?"

"I s'pose so."

"What's the matter, then? Getting tired? Had enough, eh?"

"No, sir," hastily returned the Outraged Artist: "oh, dear me, I like it, you know, so far as I'm concerned."

"Friends telling you you had better come off?" suggested the Aroused Editor, pursuing his advantage with a sneer that would have been malignant in any one of less natural benevolence and magnanimity.

"No, sir!" returned his companion, stung to defiance: "my friends think I've been getting along first-rate, and they're willing to back me against you for any money."

"You'd better go betting against yourself, then," chuckled the Editor, grimly: "and get a show to make something. But what do you want to make up the fight for now, just when we're getting along nice and comfortably?"

"Well, look here," said the Artist: "we began this thing for a little burlesque fight and a guy on the great throbbing public, didn't we?"

"Yes," answered the Editor.

"And you insulted me in the 'Answers for the Anxious,' with a bogus letter?"

"The letter wasn't bogus," interrupted the Editor: "that was a happy coincidence, that letter coming just then."

"Coincidence your grandmother's crinoline," retorted the Outraged Artist, with some warmth: "you've never been able to show me the original copy. Never mind, though. I went for you and showed how the funny business was done in your office—office-boy writing editorials, and all that sort of thing, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"And then you went for me and gave a description of the way I drew my pictures, and said I didn't know how many joints there are in a horse's leg?"

"Yes."

"And then I showed you up as a slimy serpent, didn't I?"

"You did."

"And me with grass on my head?"

"Yes."

"Well,"

"Well, all that was burlesque and irony and whatchumaycallem, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Perfectly pleasant and unobjectionable little lies, weren't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, you look here, old man. First thing we know, one of us fellows is going to get mad and start in telling the truth—the cold, bare, black, North Pole truth. And the fight will be carried on that basis. And then where'll we be, pard, with the great, throbbing populace?"

"Well, where?"

"The Aroused Editor replied in silence for a few moments, and then he raised his head.

"By Jove," he said: "artists can reason, sometimes, for a fact. Let us drown our business extravagance in the flowing bowl. And the fight will be carried on that basis. And then where'll we be, pard, with the great, throbbing populace?"

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Answers for the Anxions.

PIERRE G. W.—"Moon" rhymes with "boom" only in the waste-basket.

MUSIC.—You can't vocalize here—not in this little paper. Do not try it. There is death in every note.

MAUD S.—You have broken the record in this office. There is no doubt about that. You have sent us the worst poem ever made.

JOHN F.—We have received your original paragraphs, and have examined them. We have also handed them over to the Exchange Editor, seeing that they came within his province. And he says they are too old to use.

SCALPEL.—You want us to think there's a fine edge on your wit, don't you? Well, young man, if you are a

scalpel, what do you call the back of a cleaver? The point of your jokes would have to be driven into a plate of corn-starch with a sledge-hammer.

INQUIRING ILLUSTRATOR.—We don't see how we can work a political cartoon up out of your sketch; but we'll tell you what to do with it. Send it to Mr. St. John, and let him publish it just as it is, for a campaign document. It will do very nicely for a temperance tract as a representation of the horrors of delirium tremens.

GAGE OULD.—Oh, dear, what a bright place this world would be without you! You are the awfully funny man—the man who has got to be funny, even if he spoils his suspenders. You ought to be reduced to a strict diet of coffin-nails. Then perhaps you'd be less funny, and your friends would be more cheerful.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Montreal is having a grand time of it. It is just chock-full of scientists—British scientists. The British Association for the Advancement of Science does not find England large enough to discuss the numerous and varied subjects that are worrying philosophers just at present, so it adjourns to Canada, where it is having a splendid time. People must not run away with the idea that the gathering is solely devoted to physical, economic and statistical research. These matters are not always interesting, and would make the proceedings slow.

We have taken great pains to obtain a programme of what is being done, and are quite sure that when the meeting closes the world will be ever so much wiser on many points on which it had doubts.

American scientists are not excluded. The Britishers have given out that any information that may be offered by the scholars who live under the star-spangled banner will be thankfully received and considered. For instance, Professor John L. Sullivan, of Boston, will conduct the Physical Science section, assisted by Professors Jack Kilrain and Mike Cleary. Wonderful revelations are anticipated from this department.

The first paper to be read is by John L. Sullivan himself. It is entitled, "The Status of Queensberry Rules in their Inchoate Relations with Whiskey." It points out that under certain conditions excess of whiskey may interfere with a pugilistic encounter, but not necessarily with the gate-money.

Sir Lepel Griffin has charge of the section devoted to British Social Institutions. The lead covered it a late one. We have examined a paper he has written on traveling which is certain to call forth most interesting discussion. Sir Lepel points out that the system of moving from place to place in Europe is likely to be much impaired by adopting the American plan with respect to the checking of baggage. The use of the "baggage" has been suggested to insure securing one's belongings at a journey's end, is likely to have a very demoralizing effect on the community.

He further observes that it is a mistake to suppose that American oysters are superior to the English product. The coppery taste peculiar to the British bivalve is a source of health, and the country could not get along without it. The rest of the paper contrasts the English practice of dropping *As* with the American style of saying "popper" and "mommer" and "you was."

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has a section conducted in her name by the Marquis of Lorne. It is called "Economic." The subject will receive very comprehensive treatment. The wisdom of giving away India shawls which are not cost anything for presents will be enlarged on. Scientists will further be much interested in the question of royal guests in England having to pay their own hotel-bills, when the monarch does not feel like entertaining them on account of the expense.

Important changes may be made in the official programme, but there is no doubt that papers will be read on the following subjects: "Are the Mulligan Letters and the Letters of Julian by the Same Author?" by James G. Blaine. "The Extra-Mural Psychology of Greenback-Bartram," by Charles A. Dana. "Cowboy Cosmogony," by Matthew Arnold. "A Scientific View of Axes, Axle-trees, St. Mary Axe, and Axminsters," by W. E. Gladstone. "Quaternaries as Applied to the Manufacture of Majorities out of Minorities," by John Kelly.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the Marquis of Lorne contributes a paper on "The Higher Mathematics of Low-necked Dresses."

FUCK.



WHY THEY DISLIKE HIM.—HE WILL NOT PROVE HIMSELF A CAT'S-PAW IN THE ENTERPRISE.



WHY THEY DISLIKE HIM.—HE WILL NOT PRO



VE HIMSELF A CAT'S-PAW IN THE ENTERPRISE.

HE CURED A CURSE.

The various political parties have declared against many evils—intemperance, robbery, intimidation of voters, free trade or protection, whichever happened to be the evil. But the greatest curse of modern times, that which blasts more happiness in a day than all the bliss-mills in heaven can turn out in ten years, which saps joy, hope and life itself from bright-dreaming young married people, leaving a wreck of profanity, despair and madness at last in their stead, has never been mentioned by even a single resolution in any convention. I allude, of course, to the hired-girl.

I have been married and keeping house just seven months, and, as my wife doesn't know a wash-boiler from a biscuit-mould, I have had to run things myself. Meek in spirit, long-suffering and kind, I stood the menial's contempt for a considerable period; but at last I began to puff up and vaunt myself—and then there was the antipodes of heaven to pay, generally.

In the first place she wouldn't get up mornings until two hours after the appointed time, although daily, beginning at six A. M., I patiently pressed the electric bell-button sixty times a minute for half-an-hour at a stretch. Upon investigating, I found that she had sought to improve on the bell by stuffing cotton between the hammer and the gong. This discovery fired my inventive genius, with the following results:

I secretly contrived for her a bed with the slats and mattress divided lengthwise into two equal sections, each section hinged to its respective side-board, and furnished with such powerful springs that it took me and my hired-man two perspiring hours to set the affair after the manner of a bear-trap. Then I attached a stout cord to the trigger, and caused it to hang down through an augur-hole in the floor under the bed into my room, which is directly beneath. The idea being that, when the trigger should be pulled, the two leaves of the bed would unfold themselves without premeditation, but with considerable precipitation and force; which, I humbly thought, was calculated to agitate and, I hoped, to eventually arouse the sleeper.

The first night after its completion and substitution for her old couch I told Delia—as I had told her a hundred times before, only with a trifle more dignity than usual—to be up in the morning by six o'clock, sure; and by six o'clock I did not mean ten minutes nor one minute after, either. She laughed, partly in her sleeve, but more in my face, and vouchsafed not a word.

I slept calmly that night, as befitted my non-chalant nature, and, awaking in the morning at ten seconds past six, I pulled the cord. Immediately I heard such sounds from above as satisfied me that the girl had left the bed. A moment later I felt that something had knocked the breath out of the back-yard, and the next instant the side door-bell rang. I went hastily down-stairs, opened the door, and there stood the girl. She was attired in a very late evening-dress, a scared loo', several gashes and a window-sash, which, if intended for ornament, was, in my opinion, a miserable failure. She came quickly in and took the window-sash back up-stairs—but did not apologize.

I had thought this Kindergarten illustration would have taught her that it would prove imprudent in the end to be slack in anything while working where I was proprietor. But she kept right on during meal-hours staying in the kitchen eight or ten minutes after the table-bell had sounded before appearing sulkily in the dining-room. I had tried tying a rope around her waist and winding her in with a windlass; but she would cut the rope accidentally every day—and rope is expensive.

Now, however, wallowing in success by reason of the patent arousing-bed, I found that there was such a word, at any rate, as flail, and so I attached four sets of flails, with strong springs, to the kitchen walls, in such a manner that in times of promptitude they would lie flat and harmless against the plaster, but, two seconds after the call-bell sounded with no response, by me simply pulling a cord they would reach out, performing like a threshing-machine running away, and fill all the room wherein the hired-girl, and perchance the postman, might be sitting.

I will mention, merely as an incident, that on the first occasion the flails had to go off, the postman, iceman and hired-girl appeared suddenly in the dining-room, simultaneously, neck-and-neck, each seeming to vie with the others in arriving first, which was very gratifying to me, indeed, as I am heartily in sympathy with proper rivalry of any sort.

I now have a perfected hired-girl, and am beginning to enjoy life.

The foregoing inventions are invaluable, I very well know, and at first I did think of advertising that, for the benefit of suffering humanity, on receipt of a self-addressed envelope to my missionary headquarters at the Bible House, together with certificate of marriage, crayon plan of despairful countenance and a stamp, I would gladly send, freight free, one bed and a complete set of flails to every sufferer—but I ran out of lumber. I am a poor man, with no brains but my capital, like Hildebrandt; so, despite my generous ventricles, every fellow will have to furnish his own machines. However, I have filed a caveat—but pardon me, reader, if the word touches a tender spot—perhaps some of you have filed bars. Though whether you have or not, take warning that I shall exact royalty on every machine made.

Pvx.

This is the time when the autograph fender writes to Blaine and Cleveland and St. John and Butler, and tells each one that he would like to go to his collection the autograph of our next President.

ADVICE TO YACHTSMEN.

As the yachting season is about over, and many beginners will be in the field—or water—next season, we offer the following points for their instruction:

Never weigh the anchor in grocer's scales. Always use hay-scales. The anchor will fit them better.

Never shorten sail with a cross-cut saw. It is better to file it down with a metal rasp.

Never reef the mainsail on a coral reef. It is cheaper to use common rock, and you don't have to go so far after it.

Never take the sun in the day-time. Always take it at night. You're sure to get caught at it in the day-time.

Never let go the jib-sheets. If you do, how do you know you'll ever get them back again? Never go to starboard, if you can help it. Stick to port. It costs more than beer, but it's a high-toned sort of drink.

Never keep her full. She might be arrested and sent up for six months.

Never pipe all hands on deck. Take them ashore in New Jersey, where the smell of the pipes can spread abroad among the mosquitos.

Never wear ship on Sunday. Ship is good enough wear for week-days; but you ought to be willing to put on a boiled shirt on Sunday.

Never fish a yard. Always fish a pond; you're a great deal more likely to catch something.

Never blow out the deadlights. Always turn them down low and then put the extinguisher over them.

Never navigate on a rhumb line. You know why.

BULWER SAYS that there is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it. Bulwer never lived in New York and filed his girl with ice-cream.

THE CHICAGO *Current* having stated that this earth is a ball, we now begin to understand why it is that the average political heeler always wants the earth.

A CURIOSITY.



CAPTAIN U. S. N.—“You have run down a United States Navy vessel!”
CAPTAIN OF SHOONER.—“For Heaven's sake, save me a piece of water, Puck. I didn't know there was one afloat.”

THE "IRISH" BARBER ON A ROW

IN THE
FIFTH AVENUE REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE-ROOMS.

(No Connection with the German Barber.)

Good-mornin', sor. Things are gettin' a bit lively now, in pollyticks. Hot weather is it, ye say? Begor! It is, sor; an' they wor very near havin' it a trifle too hot in the Republican Committee-rooms on Fifth Avenue, yisterday evenin'. Ye didn't hear of it? Oh, no, faix, for wance in a life-time thin blaagard reportethers didn't ketch a-hout of it; for if they did, the hull town id know it, an' Mither Fissindin, Mither Donaldson and young Mither Blaine would all be med holy shows of. What was it all about? Well, thin, sit down in the chair, an' while I'm shavin' ye I'll tell you all about id.

Ye see, sor, they's a thrille o' dissatisfaction among the dynamoighters that are after bein' bought up for Blaine; the *Irish World* is cribbin' all the money, an' the other poor fellows are left out in the cold. Well, a cousin o' my own, van Laurence O'Toole, the head o' the Je Brady Imiriginy Fund, bekase he hadn't a newspaper at his back, didn't get a cent, so himself and Jimmy Whyalen, the Savyristy o' the Skull and Cross-bones Imiriginy Defence Fund, dropped into Fifth Avenue jest as Giniral Condon, Ford's man, was goin' in to get an order for some thousands o' the paper for this week. Whin the three patriots met together, begor, there was fire in their eyes. Ford, av course, wants to grab everythin', an' he'd gridge another patriot makin' a dollar out of old Jim Blaine; so my frind Larry Toole up one spoke to Mither Fissindin, axin' him what he meant to do wid him, an' he controllin' so many votes.

"Niver mind that des'nin' blaackguard," says Giniral Condon: "why, Mither Fissindin," says he: "Patrick Ford is adored from Connemara to the Rocky Mountains," says he: "an' on'y the poor man is partially bedridled," says he: "an' I can't see about like other town trapesters, he'd be here in person to tell you what he thinks of himself."

"Why, you hideboubd bla—" began Larry, whin Mither Fissindin commenced a string av oaths that id make yer hair stand on ind, all as one as if I was brushin' it wid the maachine.

"Go down-stairs into the basement, bad luck to ye," bawled out Mither Fissindin; "an' don't make a show o' the house. D'ye see the people passin' by, staarin' in through the windy?"

Well, sor, all the patriots wint down into the basement, an' whin they wor seated below, who should walk down but Mither Donaldson an' young Mither Blaine, an' Mither Donaldson commenced the conf-er-ence wid—

"Bad luck to ye, ye fightin' lot, I'm gittin' more trouble wid the dynamoighters thin all the rest o' the voters put together."

"You'd get no trouble, sor," says Larry: "av id was a thing that you'd on'y give us a straight divvy. There's Ford there gettin' all the money, an' we not tetchin' a cin'."

"But excuse me," says young Mither Blaine: "I heard down in Augusta that this man Ford controlled all the votes o' the dynamoighters." "Arrah! go home, my b'y, to yer dada," says Larry: "an' ax him did he ever hear the name o' Rossa. Why, whin the day o' votin' comes, av Rossa on'y puts up his little finger the divil a dynamoightener 'ill vote for yer faather av he was to go on his knees to him, as he did to Jim Mulligan."

"Look here, Mither Donaldson," says Giniral Condon: "av ye take my advice, ye'll kitch out these scallywags that's on'y huntin' for money for nothin', not like us, that gives the people good sound information on the election.

Whatever we kin get we gives good value for; not like ye, ye set o' beggin', pumpin' scallywags, that on'y want to chissel His Honor Mither Blaine out of his money, an' this thin, begob, go an' vote for Cleveland."

Well, sor, the last few words wor too much for Larry, for between ourselves, although Larry is tryin' to get the money out o' Blaine, he's goin' to vote the ould *Dimicral* ticket.

"D'ye know what it is, Giniral Condon," says Larry: "you an' yer masher have a grate deal o' talk about dyin' marthys; but I'd take me oath all ye want is the money, an' let the poor onychans or honest min go over to England to get kilt. But I'll show ye, gintlemin," says Larry; turnin' around an' addressin' the company: "I'll show ye," says he: "that I'm ready an' willin' this minit to die a marthy," an' wid that Larry makes a dive into his outside pockets, an' dhraags out two big kattridges o' dynamoight: I'll slap these on the haarth-stone," says he: "an' I'll be in fifty million little bits in one minit, an' this house, ay, an', begob, the whole block 'il—"

Well, sor, Larry shivered wid the fright. Mither Donaldson med one jump ciane through the basement windy; Mither Fissindin an' young Mither Blaine med three jumps up the stairs, an' in a minit there wasn't a sow in the house but Larry.

"I knew I'd clear the place," says Larry to me: "thin fellows haven't the sperrit of rats."

What's that you say, sor? Is that story true? Begob it is, sor, jest as true as that I'm shavin' you. And it was rale dynamoight that Larry had, is that what you want to know? Well, to tell you the truth, it wasn't. D'ye think any one would give that crackt blaagard rale dynamoight? No; but 'twas bits o' sticks painted up to look like it; but, in any case, Larry would never do sich a thing. He was on'y jest takin' a rise out o' 'em.

There, sor, that's a nice shave. I'll have a bagful o' news for you next time, for all the heads o' the dynamoighters are patrons o' mine. What's that you say, sor—did Larry call at Fifth Avenue sence? No, then, he didn't; but in any case he could do no harm, as the committee are now after gettin' a policeman to act as a kind o' Custom-house officer; an' every Irishman that goes in there now must have his clothes searched before Mither Donaldson lets him in.

BARNEY O'DYNAMITE.

NO, JANE, cherries are not ripe in the latter part of August; but the Summer-hotel land-lord's bills are. And the worst of them is that you can't pick them before they are ripe. And what is more, they make you a great deal sicker when they are ripe than when they are unripe.

WILL A pair beat a full hand? Is that what you are anxious to know, Jacob? Well, we don't know that a pair ever has done it, but we think it's going to happen in November. Mr. Blaine has a full hand; but we think we know a pair that will beat him.

SIGHS the light and airy roisterer: "The days are getting oyster."

A NEW KIND OF NEW ENGLAND WINTER.

BY A NEW KIND OF ENGLISH WRITER.

[An Extract from the *Nest Dialectic* of H— — —.]

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Dainty lay at the bottom of her steps a moment, to address a panting reproof to her French parlor-maid, Nora O'Gorman, whom she had succeeded in inducing—by such mild but efficacious methods as strict prohibition of "evenings out" and rigid curtailment of potatoes, tea and other Gallic luxuries—to dim the radiance of the flaming aureole with which Nature had crowned her person, by superimposing the coquetish, ruffled *confection* of a well-regulated *femme de ménage*; and then, painfully and with deliberation, she rose from her recumbent posture. Ere her back had been fairly turned, her vivacious *domestique* had closed the door, not with violence, but firmly, and quickly; so that when she hurriedly arrived at the bottom of the steps and looked up again—as she always did, to assure herself that no follower of Nora's was comfortably ensconced behind the front parlor curtains—the closed pilions of her domociliary archway coldly confronted her, carved in relief and shaped as pilions should be, not only presenting a touching evidence of conjugal bad taste, but also suggesting with a charming subtlety the supposed present condition of her late husband, who, following the necessary course of all pious Bostonians, had unavoidably removed to a "new land," taking with him, after the modern fashion, the blessings of his numerous creditors. She stood silent for a moment on the side-walk, reflecting that there was a want of respect in shutting her out so precipitately—it was almost like giving her a push down the steps—and asking herself a question; not that there was anything extraordinary in that, for she had accustomed herself to this habit of merciless self-interrogation, and as she was averse to the labor involved in making answer, she had, as before, been spared any considerable intellectual exhaustion. Mrs. Dainty, therefore, suppressed, as it were her wont, all mental debate, and resolved to impress upon her maid-servant the necessity of conforming, in the future, to the refined conventionalities of civilized life, either by carrying her bodily to the bottom of the steps, or by chaining her to the iron flagpole foot-scraper which rested on the topmost *grade* a little to

DONKEY DUDES.



IT IS THE FASHION AT THE SEASIDE FOR LADIES TO WEAR WISPS OF HAY IN THEIR HATS; SO WE PRESUME THEY ARE FOLLOWED ON THAT ACCOUNT.

the left of a perpendicular line dropped vertically from the bell-pull. In her rapid descent she had had time to observe that all about the house was as well ordered as she could wish; the potted plants, the dark window-shades, the embroidered door-mat, were as green, as fresh, as new as Frogipond himself—perhaps too new for him, she thought, for he had been devoting himself for many years to the study of the antique as exemplified in the best foreign troupes of *opéra bouffe*. And yet there were certain accidental circumstances in the general *ensemble* which could not fail, in her opinion, to produce a favorable impression—certain vague but still recognizable factors in the grand total presented to her view which would inevitably prevent him from feeling *frôissé* at any evident lack of effort to minister to his sense of personal comfort and felicity; for in the lower left-hand corner of the upper right-hand panel of the dexter wing of the front portal was a plainly perceptible scratch, inflicted, as she well remembered, by the umbrella of her late husband in an effort to wind up the door-plate one exceedingly cold morning in February; and upon the German-silver surface of the residential symbol itself was a circular depression or indentation produced by the collision therewith of the aforesaid gentleman's head, upon a similar *jour froid* in January.

It was Frogipond, therefore, whose habits she bore in mind as she walked slowly down Marlborough Street, crossed the public garden, and entered the sacred precincts of that green pocket-handkerchief—that uncommon piece of ground known to all true Bostonians, by an amusing paradox, as the "Common"—and proceeded to ascend the beautiful *promenade* of Beacon Hill, whose golden diadem glittered in the frosty air.

(To be continued in the next seventy-five numbers of the *Centurion*.)

A FIRE-RECORD—The coal-bill.—*Boston Post*.
The best four-in-hand—Four aces.—*St. Paul Herald*.

MARRY ME, DARLINT, TO-NIGHT.

Me darlint, it 's axin' they are
That I goes to the war to be kilt,
An' come back wid an iligant shkar,
An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those
Who die in difense of the right.
I'll be off in the mornin'—suppose
Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There 's nothin' so raises a man,
In the eyes of the wurld, as to fall
Ferinist the oul flag, in the van,
Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear
Some iligant crape on yir bonnet,
Jist think how the women will share
Wid invy whiniver ye don it!

Oh, fawt a proud widdy ye'll be
Whin they bring me carpsa home—not to
minton
The fact we can live (don't ye see?)
All the rest of our lives on me pinion!

—From the *Century Bric-à-Brac*.

The mummy market has fallen very considerably, owing to rich finds at Deid-el-Bahari. Well-preserved specimens, in their original sarcophagi, may be had at from \$25 to \$100. If some poor people were to dispense with a couple of dogs, they might be able to secure a mummy to gladden their homes. Mummies don't eat anything, and with a little ingenuity they can be converted into bric-à-brac-ish hat-racks.—*Norritown Herald*.

HE was giving her an account of the origin of secret societies while she sewed a button on his coat, preparatory to his going out.

"And now, my dear," he concluded: "do you know why we call our section of the society a lodge?"

"I suppose it is because you lodge there all the time evenings," she answered.

He said no more.—*Somerville Journal*.

WEALTHY FATHER.—Who was that ragamuffin I saw you walking with this afternoon on the street?

DAUGHTER.—A very nice young man.
"A nice young man? I should think so! Why, his clothes were all torn and his face and hands were all dirty."

"He can't help that. He had just finished a job and hadn't time to change his clothes."
"But do you consent to make an equal of a common day-laborer?"

"He is no day-laborer."
"What is he?"
"A plumber's apprentice."
"Oh, that makes a difference. I'm glad to see you appreciate true nobility. Ask him around to dinner. I should like to meet him."
—*Rochester Post-Express*.

"EVER had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the East.

"A cyclone? Oh, yes," said his aunt: "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago; but, lawd! couldn't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried it!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"HAVE you ever read Chitty's 'Blackstone'?" inquired a recent graduate of the Columbia Law School of a young lady.

"No, I never did," was the reply: "but I've read Wikkie Collins's 'Moonstone.'"—*New York News*.

"MAKE your husbands comfortable at home, and they will not go out in the evening!" exclaimed a Cincinnati preacher lately. The next day Cincinnati wives were anxiously inquiring about the price of beer by the keg.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"I've seen Coke on Littleton," said an indignant Wall Street lawyer: "but I never saw such a little ton of coke as that gas company sent me to-day. I'll give it a trial; but I do not believe that it will suit."—*New York News*.

—There is nothing mixed or uncertain about Blackwell's Durham Long Cut tobacco. The brand typified by the Durham Hall gives you the purest, sweetest and most fragrant tobacco in the world for your pipe or cigarette.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenis.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marichal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"A WONDERFUL SET OF CHEAP MUSIC BOOKS."
HITCHCOCK'S SEVEN
25 CENT SONG COLLECTIONS,
with music for piano, organ or orchestra. Two new books now ready, each 128 large pages. Sold over summer at 25 cents each; by mail 35 cents.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 8, 9, 10, 16, 25, 33, 38, 45, 46, 50, 53, 54, 56, 60, 62, 77, 79, 84, 85, 87, 88, 108, 109, 122 and 141 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents, and number 26 at 25 cents per copy.

PUCK WILL BE DECIDEDLY ON DECK
DURING THE CAMPAIGN—



which will be an unusually lively and interesting one—and he respectfully begs leave to notify his many friends and enemies that he will take subscriptions during the campaign (from June to November) for any desired number of weeks.

A MAGNETIC STATESMAN.



"DOWN WITH THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC!"

"HERE'S TO MY GERMAN FRIENDS!"

As the train pulled out of Kansas City recently, bound West, a fine-looking old gentleman, who occupied a seat in the smoking-car, was accosted by a rank-looking specimen of Western humanity.

"Goin' far West, stranger?" he asked.
 "Yes, sir," replied the old gentleman, politely: "I am going to Denver."
 "Business or pleasure?"
 "Chiefly for my health."

"Ah, yes, I see. From the East, ain't yer?"
 "Yes; I am president of the Twenty-fifth National Bank of New York."
 "You don't say so!" exclaimed the Westerner. Then he added in a whisper: "Gin us yer hand, old pard. I'm right glad to meet yer. I'm a Missouri train-robbet."—*Drak's Magazine.*

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