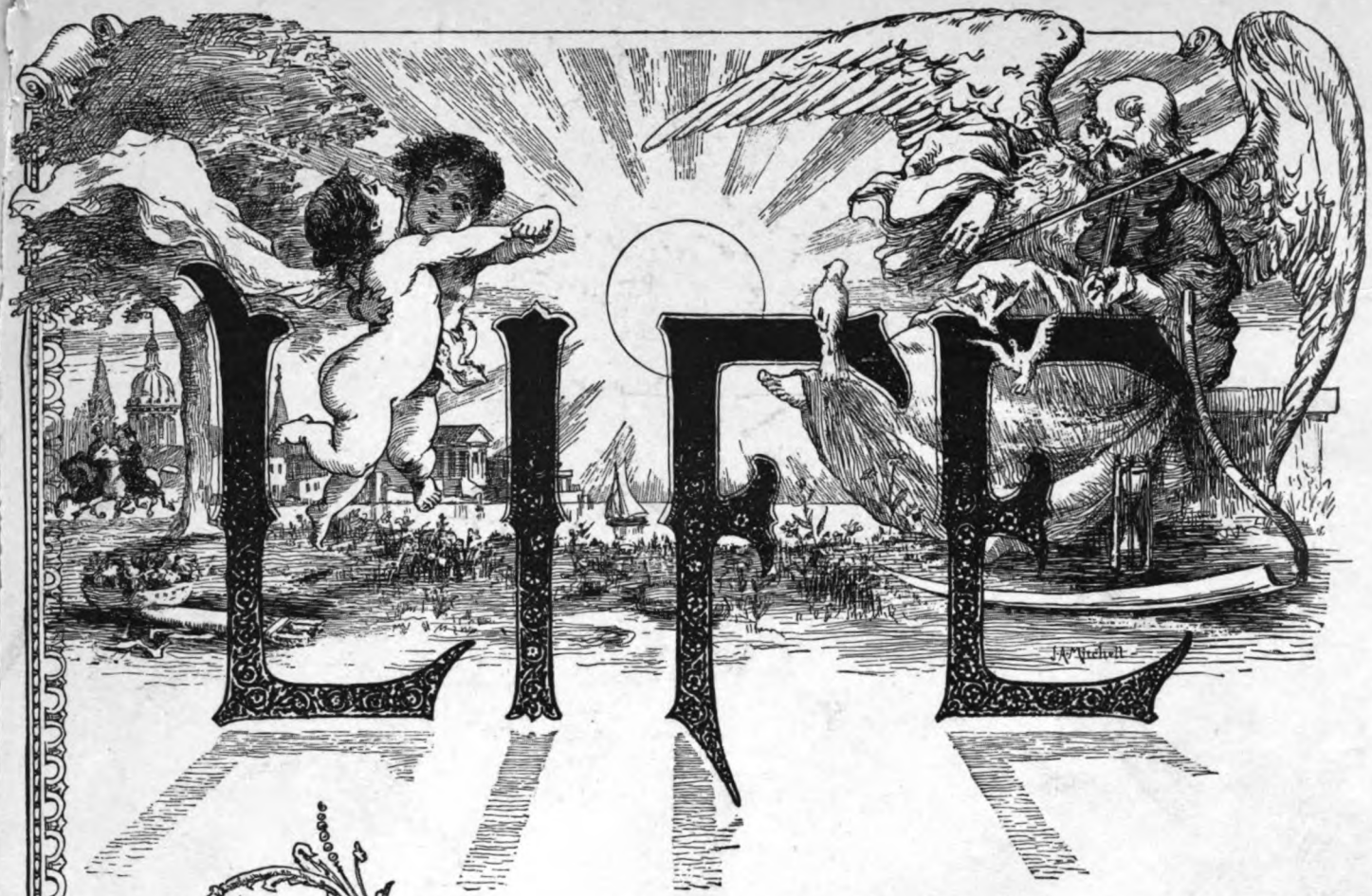

* Volume I *

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A XIX. CENTURY LOVER.

BELLA: So you were engaged to both of us at once! Very honorable, I am sure; and as for me—

AUGUSTUS: O! Well, what's the use of making a scene? Father says our house is going to suspend payment before March, and I knew one of you, at least, would break off with me then, and things would have been all right again.

THE BALLAD OF A BORE.

YES, we shall miss him very much,
Despite his faults, for he was such
A wonderfully, perfect bore;
A human auger, so to speak,
And one that, by a curious freak,
As it grew duller, pierced the more.

The Honorable Alfred Tot—
It was our hero's mournful lot
To bear this tragic name—set sail
Upon a whimsical sea-lark;
His oily words, poured round the bark,
He knew would still the wildest gale.

But his relentless larynx brought
A fate of which he'd never thought;
A few weeks out, the captain died,
By vapid chat completely floored;
The crew fled madly—overbored;
And Tot was left in lonely pride.

Yet he kept up, through sun or fog,
The ship's and his own mono-logue;
He *talked* the storm down, and at last,
With many a pensive, lingering qualm,
Amid a wide and dead-tired calm,
On Patagonia's shore was cast.

The ill-bred natives planned to eat him—
That was the only way to beat him.
They wished to banquet him; and what,
In view of their scant larder-shelf,
Could do more honor to himself,
Than to serve *him* up, smoking hot?

"But," said their chief, "life's very dull;
Take heed, take heed, before you cull
So fair a flower as this. If we
Should slay him now, no doubt it would
Be quite exciting, but how should
We next enliven our *ennui*?"

That saved the captive's life. And now,
Pondering it o'er with thoughtful brow,
I'm led to this profound belief:
We do not kill our bores, because
We know, each time they hold their jaws,
Our *ennui* finds such sweet relief.

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THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

A History of Our Own Times.

CHAPTER I.

I PURPOSE to write the history of our country from the accession of Chet. Arthur down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which in a few months alienated a loyal people from the House of Stalwarts. I shall trace the long struggle between the party of Tweedle Dum and the party of Tweedle Dee; and the manner in which the people eluded both and left them warring lonely on the desert plain. All this interspersed with occasional Songs and Dances.

It was an age not gullible, an era non-assessable, an æon impredicable by any power of Boss. Politics were a wild and Hubbely sea, torn by cyclones and Free Trade winds, whence Blaine and Sherman escaping, looked back upon the raging deep with broken spirits and with contrite 'arts. It was a time of neo-paganism; of Swinburne, Walt. Whitman, and of Oscar Wilde; a time of minor poets and of minor arts. Beecher, like a new Philammon, had left the Five Points of Calvinism for the more elegant Agnostic heights. The *culte* of Venus Anadyomene, rising once more from the Eastern Sea, on the deck of a Cunarder, had been revived. Her worship had not, like other religions, a long and painful origin among the lower classes. Hoary Patriarchs sat at her feet; she all but included the family circle dancing class; her mysterious rites were celebrated by the freshest Cream de la Union Club.

The State House in Boston.

The great Butler was chosen Governor of the Bay State. When, for the first time in his life, he attended church, he was accompanied by the cadets of Boston's noblest familes. Then, indeed, it was said that Massachusetts was rotten to the Corps. Well and truly might the poet sing:

When Butler was asked to account for
The funds of the State on the Bay,
He folded one eye like an Arab
And silently stole *away.*

The influence of the universities, strongholds of conservatism, was as naught. Harvard was compelled by the government to confer upon Butler her highest degree of nobility. With true Attic astuteness the venerable University enacted a law making her degrees revocable, and had him by the hair; for on the evening of Commencement she revoked his LL.D., for disorderly conduct in the yard. But let us not anticipate.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of the rise and fall of administrations, of debates in Congress, of the growth of the American Navy. Other phenomena, equally mighty and far-reaching, are found in the social history of the time. This is no Drum-and-Trumpet history; rather, Pig-and-Whistle. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I succeed in placing before the Wabashers of the twentieth century a true tintype of the America of their grandmothers.

I cannot better close this introductory chapter than by introducing the song and chorus, sung as a Christmas carol, upon the Assembly of the Forty-seventh Congress.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

"GOD help ye, merry Congressman, may nothing you dismay;
"I have a word or two to say,
"I would not wait another day.
"Judge Folger has come back to stay,
"Ship-Chandler wants the navy,
Though most of us have got to go, CHORUS: "Your Excellency, Ave!"

"The Boy stood on the rotting deck, but, tell me, where is he?
"Upon a foreign strand I see
"(In far New Jersey, it must be),
"A carcass bleaching by the sea—"
CHORUS: "It ain't our fault, don't blame us.
"AVE ARTHUR CÆSAR, morituri salutamus!"

"The tariff, now. It needs reform—" CHORUS (*Interrupting*):
"It do! It do, indeed;
"We long have seen that pressing need—"
PRES.: "Then Hubbell's crop has run to seed,
"Long time the shirt has ceased to bleed,
"The Party's atrabilious;
"The River and the Harbor Bill—" CHORUS: "Oh, don't!
You make *us* bilious!"

"And as for Civil Serv—" "O, sir, we loved it as a child!
"We nussed it from a bottle mild,
"Twas in our arms that first it smiled,
"Its infant prattle druv us wild,
"We never were impervious!"
"The G. O. P. was slow, but, oh! we all are snivel-servious!"

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WHAT HINDERS.

DOES the young man love the girl?
Oh, so much!
Will he tell her so?
Not he.
Why not?
Because he is not prepared to follow it up.
State the case.
Let 4x=his income, of which 3x is given to him, and the rest is earned. It costs him for himself alone 5x, yearly, to live, and he is very careful. His grandmother is dead. If he should marry he would have to live in Hoboken and black his own boots. And he could not buy any more flowers.
What is best for him to do?
It is best for him to move on.
And does the young girl think so?
No, but she will, presently.
Would it not have been lucky for these young people if they had been born poor?
Every time.

ESTRANGED.

SIR Hubert, Montressor, Fitz Eustace, Montrose,
From the crown of his head to the tips of his toes
Was as doughty a warrior as never knew fear;—
Provided no foe was unpleasantly near.

The Lady Alicia, Edith, De Vere,
In birth, wit and beauty had never a peer.
Her fortune was large and she was not to blame
If her feet might be characterized as the same.

Sir Hubert was handsome, was gallant, was young;
In a baritone voice, he his madrigals sung.
It could not be termed, with veracity pure,
But an one was deaf, one could barely endure.

The Lady Alicia, 'tis needless to say,
Had suitors in plenty, for favors to pray.
A smile, or a word was sufficient award
To make its recipient as proud as a lord.

Sir Hubert was ogled by maiden and dame;
The story, wherever he went, was the same.
They languished and anguished; they sighed and they pined:
And hated each other it may be divined.

But Lady Alicia, smile as she might,
Had never a ghost of a grin for our knight;
And Hubert, though singing by night and by day,
'Neath Alicia's casement ne'er warbled a lay.

It might have been scorn, and it might have been pique,
That blushes for him never mantled her cheek.
It might have been pique, and it might have been scorn.
That love in his heart for her never was born.

Be that as it may, he ne'er sued for her hand.
But fell a crusader in Palestine land.
Be that as it may, she was wed to an Earl,
Arousing the envy of many a girl.

No sign from the lady!—no word from the knight!
But who knows the torture their hearts held from sight?
Love's secrets are sacred; so draw we the veil,
And leave them to rest in oblivion's pale.

NOTE.—In the writer's private opinion (please enclose stamp for same!), the principal reason they did not coalesce, was that while he died in 1300 and something, she was not born till 1848. Still this is mere conjecture.

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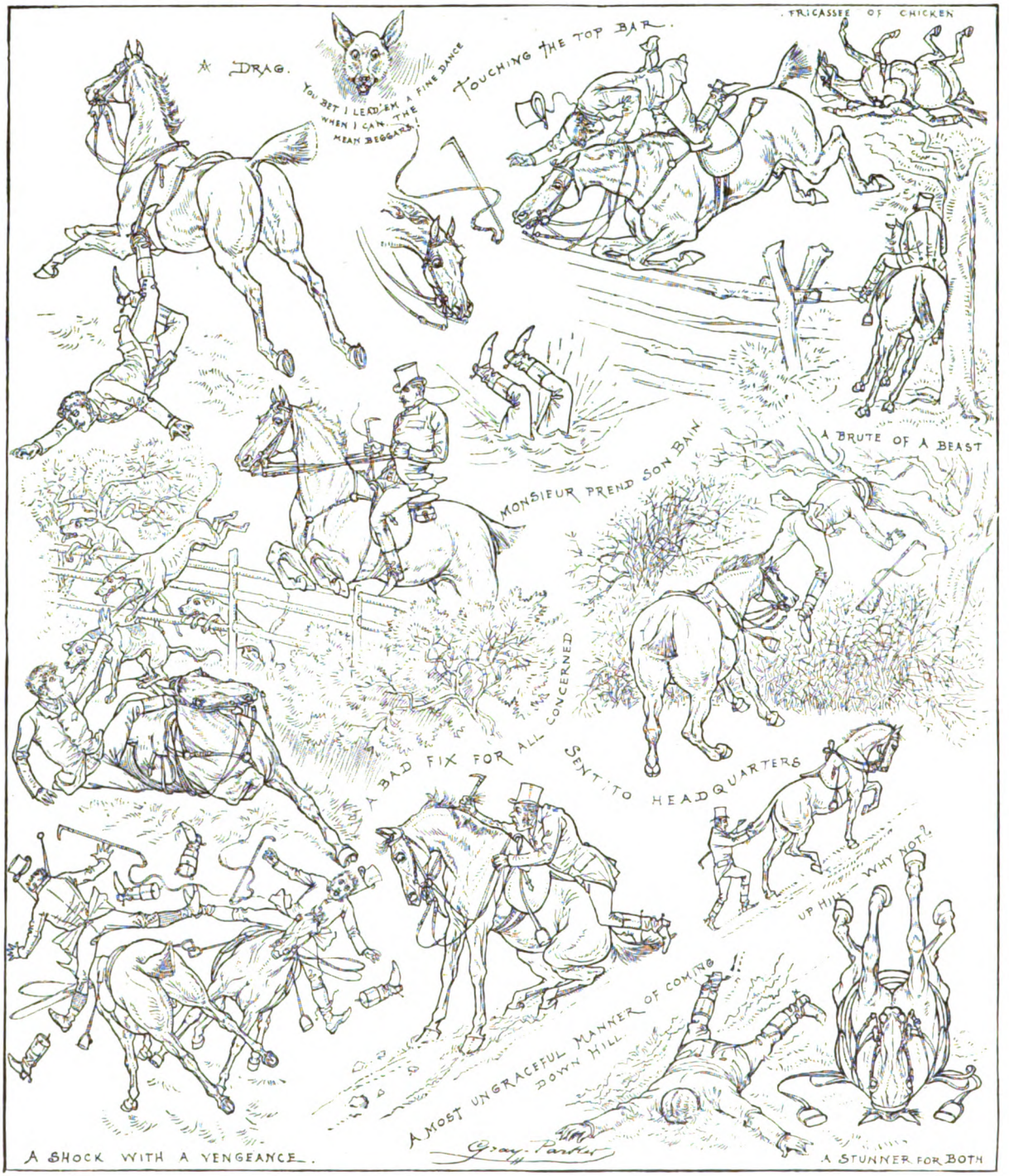

ARE THESE BRITONS?

Or, Is it a Field Day of the M--d-w Br--k Hunt?

Hunting proverb, (*by the fox*)— What's one's meet is another's poison.

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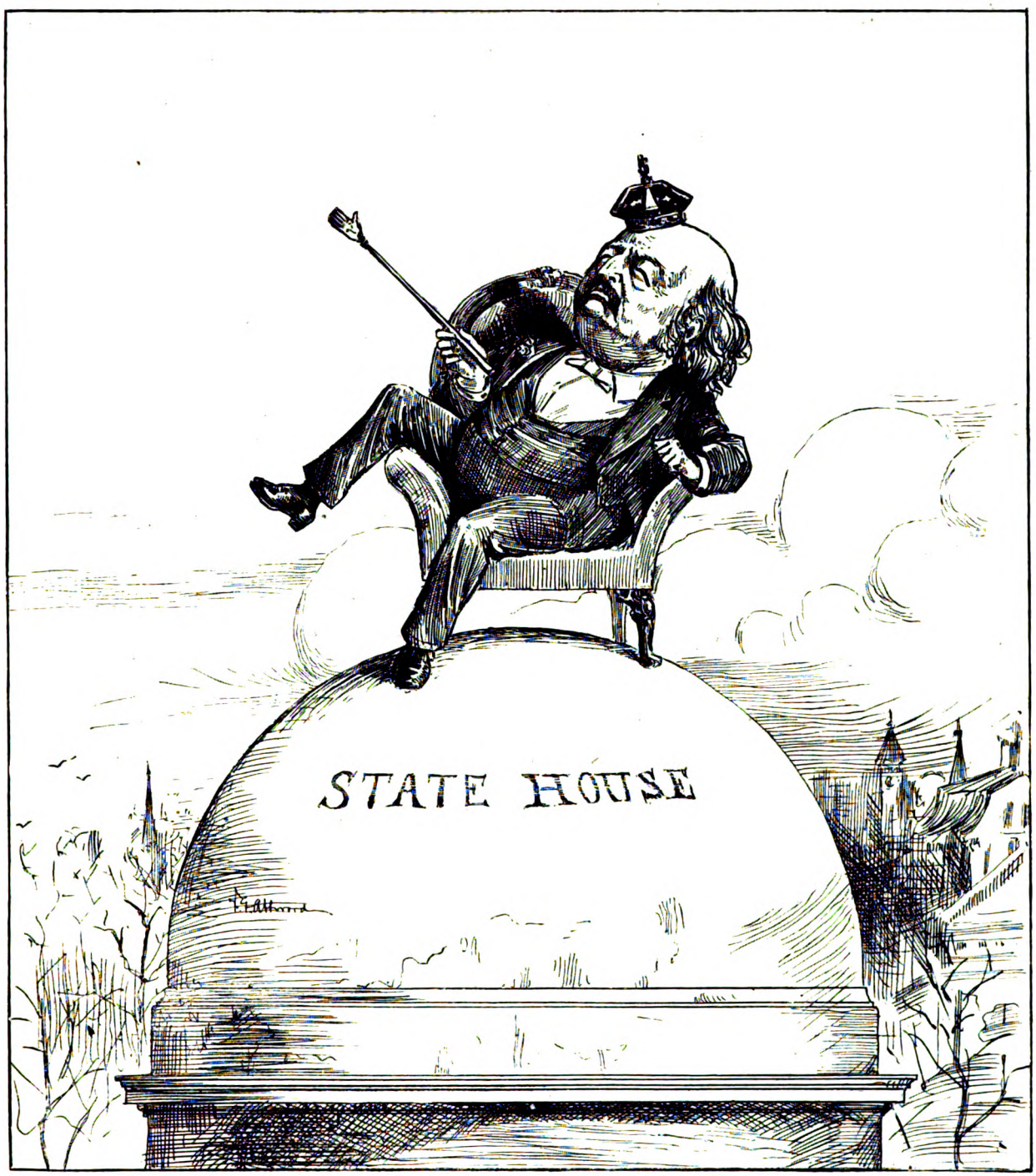

AT LAST.

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NEW YORK:
PRESS OF GILLISS BROTHERS,
75 & 77 FULTON STREET.

1883.

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A XIX. CENTURY LOVER.

BELLA: So you were engaged to both of us at once! Very honorable, I am sure; and as for me—

AUGUSTUS: O! Well, what's the use of making a scene? Father says our house is going to suspend payment before March, and I knew one of you, at least, would break off with me then, and things would have been all right again.

THE BALLAD OF A BORE.

YES, we shall miss him very much,
Despite his faults, for he was such
A wonderfully, perfect bore;
A human auger, so to speak,
And one that, by a curious freak,
As it grew duller, pierced the more.

The Honorable Alfred Tot—
It was our hero's mournful lot
To bear this tragic name—set sail
Upon a whimsical sea-lark;
His oily words, poured round the bark,
He knew would still the wildest gale.

But his relentless larynx brought
A fate of which he'd never thought;
A few weeks out, the captain died,
By vapid chat completely floored;
The crew fled madly—overbored;
And Tot was left in lonely pride.

Yet he kept up, through sun or fog,
The ship's and his own mono-logue;
He *talked* the storm down, and at last,
With many a pensive, lingering qualm,
Amid a wide and dead-tired calm,
On Patagonia's shore was cast.

The ill-bred natives planned to eat him—
That was the only way to beat him.
They wished to banquet him; and what,
In view of their scant larder-shelf,
Could do more honor to himself,
Than to serve *him* up, smoking hot?

"But," said their chief, "life's very dull;
Take heed, take heed, before you cull
So fair a flower as this. If we
Should slay him now, no doubt it would
Be quite exciting, but how should
We next enliven our *ennui*?"

That saved the captive's life. And now,
Pondering it o'er with thoughtful brow,
I'm led to this profound belief:
We do not kill our bores, because
We know, each time they hold their jaws,
Our *ennui* finds such sweet relief.

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THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

A History of Our Own Times.

CHAPTER I.

I PURPOSE to write the history of our country from the accession of Chet. Arthur down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which in a few months alienated a loyal people from the House of Stalwarts. I shall trace the long struggle between the party of Tweedle Dum and the party of Tweedle Dee; and the manner in which the people eluded both and left them warring lonely on the desert plain. All this interspersed with occasional Songs and Dances.

It was an age not gullible, an era non-assessable, an æon impredicable by any power of Boss. Politics were a wild and Hubbely sea, torn by cyclones and Free Trade winds, whence Blaine and Sherman escaping, looked back upon the raging deep with broken spirits and with contrite 'arts. It was a time of neo-paganism; of Swinburne, Walt. Whitman, and of Oscar Wilde; a time of minor poets and of minor arts. Beecher, like a new Philammon, had left the Five Points of Calvinism for the more elegant Agnostic heights. The *culte* of Venus Anadyomene, rising once more from the Eastern Sea, on the deck of a Cunarder, had been revived. Her worship had not, like other religions, a long and painful origin among the lower classes. Hoary Patriarchs sat at her feet; she all but included the family circle dancing class; her mysterious rites were celebrated by the freshest Cream de la Union Club.

The State House in Boston.

The great Butler was chosen Governor of the Bay State. When, for the first time in his life, he attended church, he was accompanied by the cadets of Boston's noblest familes. Then, indeed, it was said that Massachusetts was rotten to the Corps. Well and truly might the poet sing:

When Butler was asked to account for
The funds of the State on the Bay,
He folded one eye like an Arab
And silently stole *away.*

The influence of the universities, strongholds of conservatism, was as naught. Harvard was compelled by the government to confer upon Butler her highest degree of nobility. With true Attic astuteness the venerable University enacted a law making her degrees revocable, and had him by the hair; for on the evening of Commencement she revoked his LL.D., for disorderly conduct in the yard. But let us not anticipate.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of the rise and fall of administrations, of debates in Congress, of the growth of the American Navy. Other phenomena, equally mighty and far-reaching, are found in the social history of the time. This is no Drum-and-Trumpet history; rather, Pig-and-Whistle. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I succeed in placing before the Wabashers of the twentieth century a true tintype of the America of their grandmothers.

I cannot better close this introductory chapter than by introducing the song and chorus, sung as a Christmas carol, upon the Assembly of the Forty-seventh Congress.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

"GOD help ye, merry Congressman, may nothing you dismay;
"I have a word or two to say,
"I would not wait another day.
"Judge Folger has come back to stay,
"Ship-Chandler wants the navy,
Though most of us have got to go, CHORUS: "Your Excellency,
Ave!"

"The Boy stood on the rotting deck, but, tell me, where is he?
"Upon a foreign strand I see
"(In far New Jersey, it must be),
"A carcass bleaching by the sea—"
CHORUS: "It ain't our fault, don't blame us.
"AVE ARTHUR CÆSAR, morituri salutamus!"

"The tariff, now. It needs reform—" CHORUS (*Interrupting*):
"It do! It do, indeed;
"We long have seen that pressing need—"
PRES.: "Then Hubbell's crop has run to seed,
"Long time the shirt has ceased to bleed,
"The Party's atrabilious;
"The River and the Harbor Bill—" CHORUS: "Oh, don't!
You make *us* bilious!"

"And as for Civil Serv—" "O, sir, we loved it as a child!
"We nussed it from a bottle mild,
"Twas in our arms that first it smiled,
"Its infant prattle druv us wild,
"We never were impervious!"
"The G. O. P. was slow, but, oh! we all are snivel-servious!"

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WHAT HINDERS.

DOES the young man love the girl?
Oh, so much!
Will he tell her so?
Not he.
Why not?
Because he is not prepared to follow it up.
State the case.
Let 4x=his income, of which 3x is given to him, and the rest is earned. It costs him for himself alone 5x, yearly, to live, and he is very careful. His grandmother is dead. If he should marry he would have to live in Hoboken and black his own boots. And he could not buy any more flowers.
What is best for him to do?
It is best for him to move on.
And does the young girl think so?
No, but she will, presently.
Would it not have been lucky for these young people if they had been born poor?
Every time.

ESTRANGED.

SIR Hubert, Montressor, Fitz Eustace, Montrose,
From the crown of his head to the tips of his toes
Was as doughty a warrior as never knew fear;—
Provided no foe was unpleasantly near.

The Lady Alicia, Edith, De Vere,
In birth, wit and beauty had never a peer.
Her fortune was large and she was not to blame
If her feet might be characterized as the same.

Sir Hubert was handsome, was gallant, was young;
In a baritone voice, he his madrigals sung.
It could not be termed, with veracity pure,
But an one was deaf, one could barely endure.

The Lady Alicia, 'tis needless to say,
Had suitors in plenty, for favors to pray.
A smile, or a word was sufficient award
To make its recipient as proud as a lord.

Sir Hubert was ogled by maiden and dame;
The story, wherever he went, was the same.
They languished and anguished; they sighed and they pined:
And hated each other it may be divined.

But Lady Alicia, smile as she might,
Had never a ghost of a grin for our knight;
And Hubert, though 'singing by night and by day,
'Neath Alicia's casement ne'er warbled a lay.

It might have been scorn, and it might have been pique,
That blushes for him never mantled her cheek.
It might have been pique, and it might have been scorn.
That love in his heart for her never was born.

Be that as it may, he ne'er sued for her hand.
But fell a crusader in Palestine land.
Be that as it may, she was wed to an Earl,
Arousing the envy of many a girl.

No sign from the lady!—no word from the knight!
But who knows the torture their hearts held from sight?
Love's secrets are sacred; so draw we the veil,
And leave them to rest in oblivion's pale.

NOTE.—In the writer's private opinion (please enclose stamp for same!), the principal reason they did not coalesce, was that while he died in 1300 and something, she was not born till 1848. Still this is mere conjecture.

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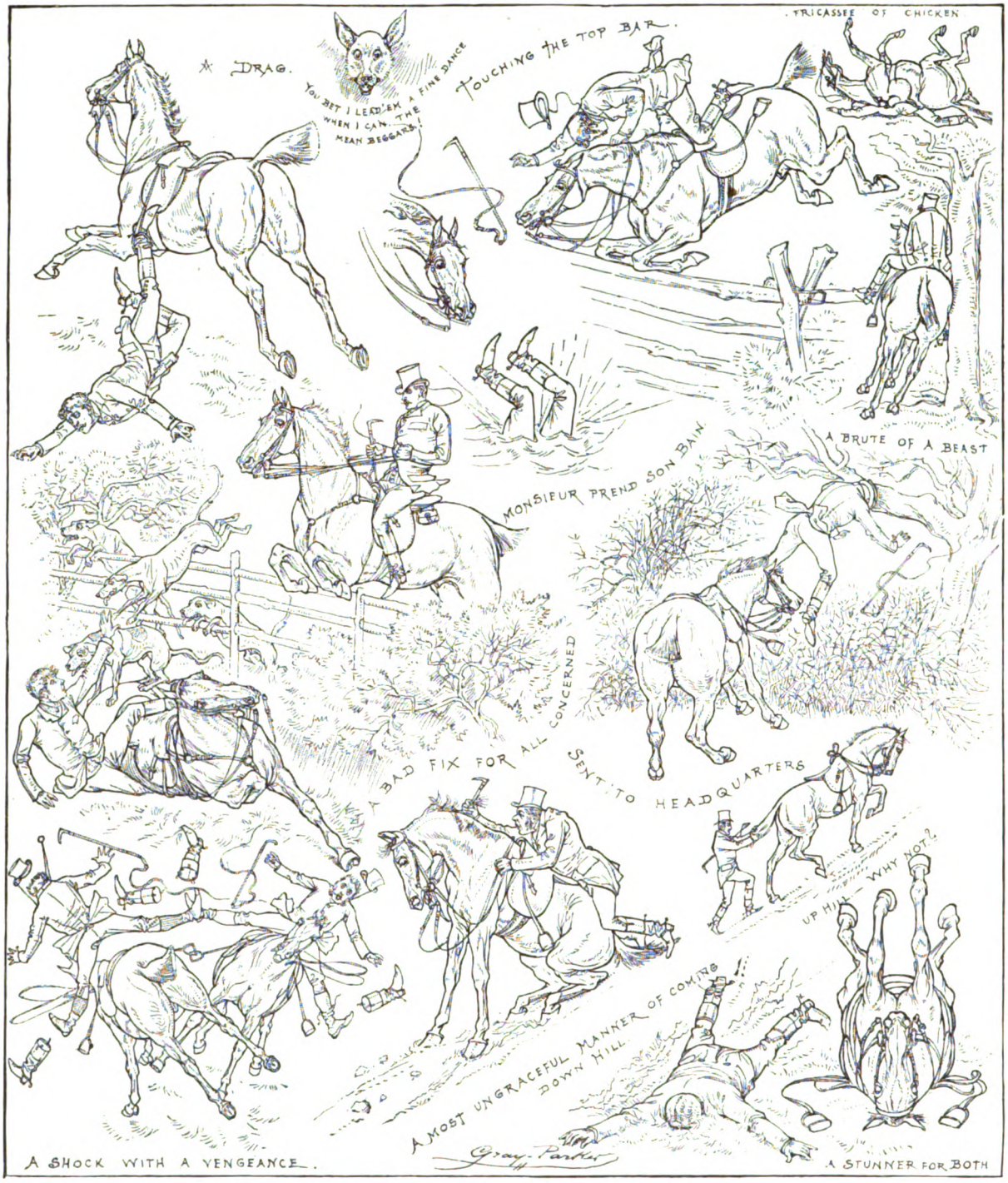

ARE THESE BRITONS?

OR, IS IT A FIELD DAY OF THE M--D-W BR--K HUNT?

HUNTING PROVERB, (*by the fox*)— What's one's meet is another's poison.

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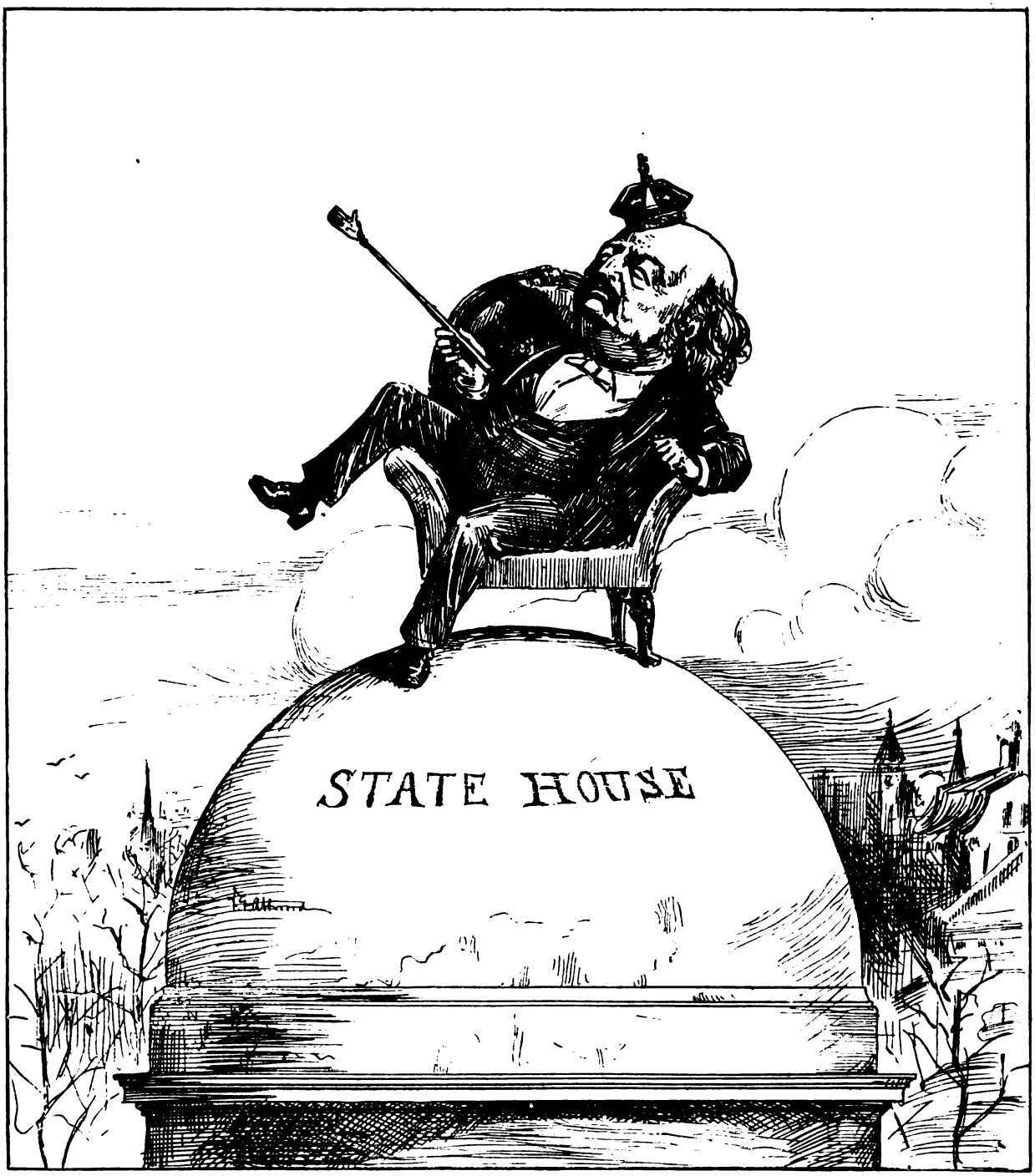

AT LAST.

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QUESTIONS IN HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

B STANDS for Benjamin; Who originally answered to that name?

The favorite son of Jacob the Patriarch.

What became of him?

He went South to visit his relation.

Did his relation make it pleasant for him?

Exceedingly pleasant.

After his baggage had been checked for home what was found in it?

Divers family plate.

Did he attain to special distinction in after life?

There is no record of it.

But is the name he bore still famous?

Yes.

Why?

Because it is the name of a truly great man.

Is he also a truly good man?

Oh, yes!

Why do you think so?

Because he has a right appreciation of the value of truth.

How does he show this?

By making a little of it go a great ways.

Is he a favorite son too?

Yes. He is the favorite son of Massachusetts.

And did he ever go South?

He did.

Did he have an experience like that of his namesake in the matter of family plate?

So it is said.

And what happened to him?

It is said that he got his reward.

And that was—?

Said to be the plate.

Does not this seem to indicate that the world is older than it was?

It does.

Is he a prudent man?

So prudent that it is believed that he does not let his left eye know what his right eye seeth.

And what facilitates this marvellous discretion?

An obliquity of vision.

Which is explained—how?

It is believed that his eye-teeth came through with such a definite impetus as to draw his organs of sight out of focus.

Can he see as much as another man?

Yes; twice as much as most men.

And does he want everything he sees?

Not everything. He does not want Senator Hoar.

Why not?

Because he has no use for him.

Does he get what he wants?

Frequently.

Do you remember what the Patriarch said of the original Benjamin and his tribe?

Yes. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

Now do you think that the favorite son of Massachusetts is a Benjaminite in disguise?

No. Not in disguise?

What is said of Benjamin in Massachusetts?

It is said that he is a liar, a thief and a scoundrel.

Does it hurt Benjamin?

No, it does not hurt him a bit. It makes him solid with the masses.

Do the people love him?

They do.

Because he is said to be bad?

No. Some love him because they think he is better than he looks.

Of those who believe he is a scoundrel do any love him?

Yes.

Why?

Because they believe he is *their* scoundrel.

And are they not afraid he will steal from them?

No! They think he is able to steal from some one else.

Are there any who think Ben. has true religion?

Yes.

Why?

Because he looks out for the Widow.

And the fatherless?

Yes. He is an orphan.

EIGHTY-TWO AND EIGHTY-THREE.

IT cometh in, the New Year,
Welcome to '83!
Farewell to '82! Year
Of blended gloom and glee,
Of foreign stars and sillies,
Of Oscars and of Lilies,
Blaine's policy and Chili's,
Blind pools and A.D.T.

Farewell, war horse and hobby,
(The latter far more fell!)
To Tewfik and to Arabi,
To Gould and to Cornell,
To Tel-el-Kebir's soldier,
To Secretary Folger,
To Chalmers—who'll uphold yer
Hereafter, rebel yell?

Farewell, with heavy heart—a
Final and fond adieu
Unto the grand old party,
Don Cameron, to you;
To Beecher's orthodoxy,
To Mr. French's proxy,
To Superintendent Vaux—say,
Why didn't Lane go too?

Farewell to Field, the censor
Of Sabbath toil unblest;
Farewell to Herbert Spencer,
Evangelist of rest;
Unto the Star Route trouble,
The civil service bubble,
And Mr. Jay A. Hubbell,
Who office-cats assessed.

And here is looking at you,
Young year we henceforth own,
That brings Bartholdi's statue,
And Wiggins's cyclone.
May we all 'scape the latter
(The man's as mad as a hatter!)
And LIFE such shadows scatter
As lie 'thwart the threshold-stone!

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TREES AND STOCKINGS.

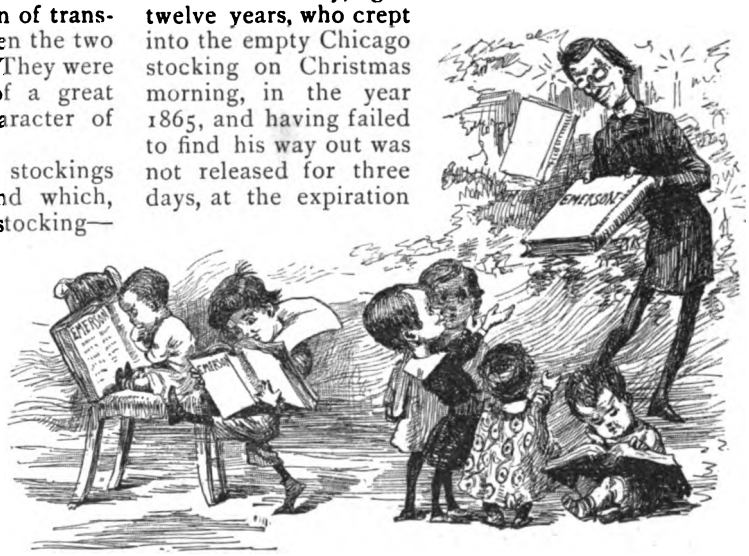
STATISTICS concerning the prevalence of Christmas trees during the recent Christmas season show a marked increase in the number of trees used in New England and in the West, and a decrease in the number of those used in this city and its vicinity.

The Christmas tree is conceded to be German in its origin. Why the Germans originally adopted the fashion of hanging cheap candles and inexpensive presents on small evergreen trees, does not particularly concern us. Probably the thrifty Germans perceived that the Christmas tree was more economical than the Christmas stocking; but in the absence of any trustworthy data in regard to the stockings of the fatherland, it is impossible to arrive at any decision. All that we certainly know is that the Germans invented and used the Christmas tree, and that it was gradually adopted to a greater or less extent by other nations.

The introduction of the Christmas tree into New England followed soon after the introduction of transcendental philosophy. The relation between the two was not, however, that of cause and effect. They were both the results, or perhaps the incidents, of a great change which had naturally altered the character of the New England stocking.

In the early days of New England the stockings which were hung up on Christmas Eve—and which, as a matter of course, was a full-grown stocking—was able to contain a fair and satisfactory quantity of presents. There was room in its extremity for a large-sized apple, and the capacity of the rest of the stocking for gingerbread, candy and small toys was all that could be desired. There was a time, however, when this capacity was so far reduced that the Christmas stocking became an insufficiently hollow mockery. It could contain only the smallest sized apple, and no toys worth having could be crowded into its contracted body. The result was indisputable and growing juvenile dissatisfaction, and as the only possible measure of relief the Christmas tree was introduced. There was no lack of room on its capacious branches, and the New England stocking, conscious of its imperfections, shrank timidly into obscurity. The very name of the Christmas stocking is now held to be improper in the most refined New England circles, and New England children, as they gaze in joy and wonder at their Christmas trees glowing with lights, and blossoming with copies of Emerson's works, and bags of oatmeal and beans, would laugh in derision at the bare idea of a stocking large enough to hold those alluring delicacies.

While the popularity of the Christmas tree in New England is thus easily explained, an entirely different cause has led to the introduction of the Christmas tree into the thriving cities and towns of the West. The Western people are proverbially liberal, but even liberal people, if they are wise, stop short of bankruptcy. The Western mother or sister who undertook to fill her personal stocking with Christmas presents, found the task a laborious and costly one. It is said—on the irreproachable authority of the Chicago press—that in Cincinnati and St. Louis, the pumpkin entirely superseded the traditional apple as the proper article with which to begin the storing of a stocking; and St. Louis papers have pictured with much pathos the Chicago matron in the act of employing pound after pound of candy, and a vast succession of bulky toys, into the insatiate maw of a stocking that no effort could fill. Moreover, when the Western Christmas stocking was partially filled, it required the muscular energy of a strong man to move it, and it was necessary to place it on the floor under the bed of the child for whom it was intended, for the reason that it was unsafe to suspend such a heavy weight to any article of furniture. Accidents of a really serious character often occurred in connection with these overgrown Christmas stockings, and even when they were emptied they were still sources of danger, as was shown by the miserable fate of the small boy, aged twelve years, who crept into the empty Chicago stocking on Christmas morning, in the year 1865, and having failed to find his way out was not released for three days, at the expiration



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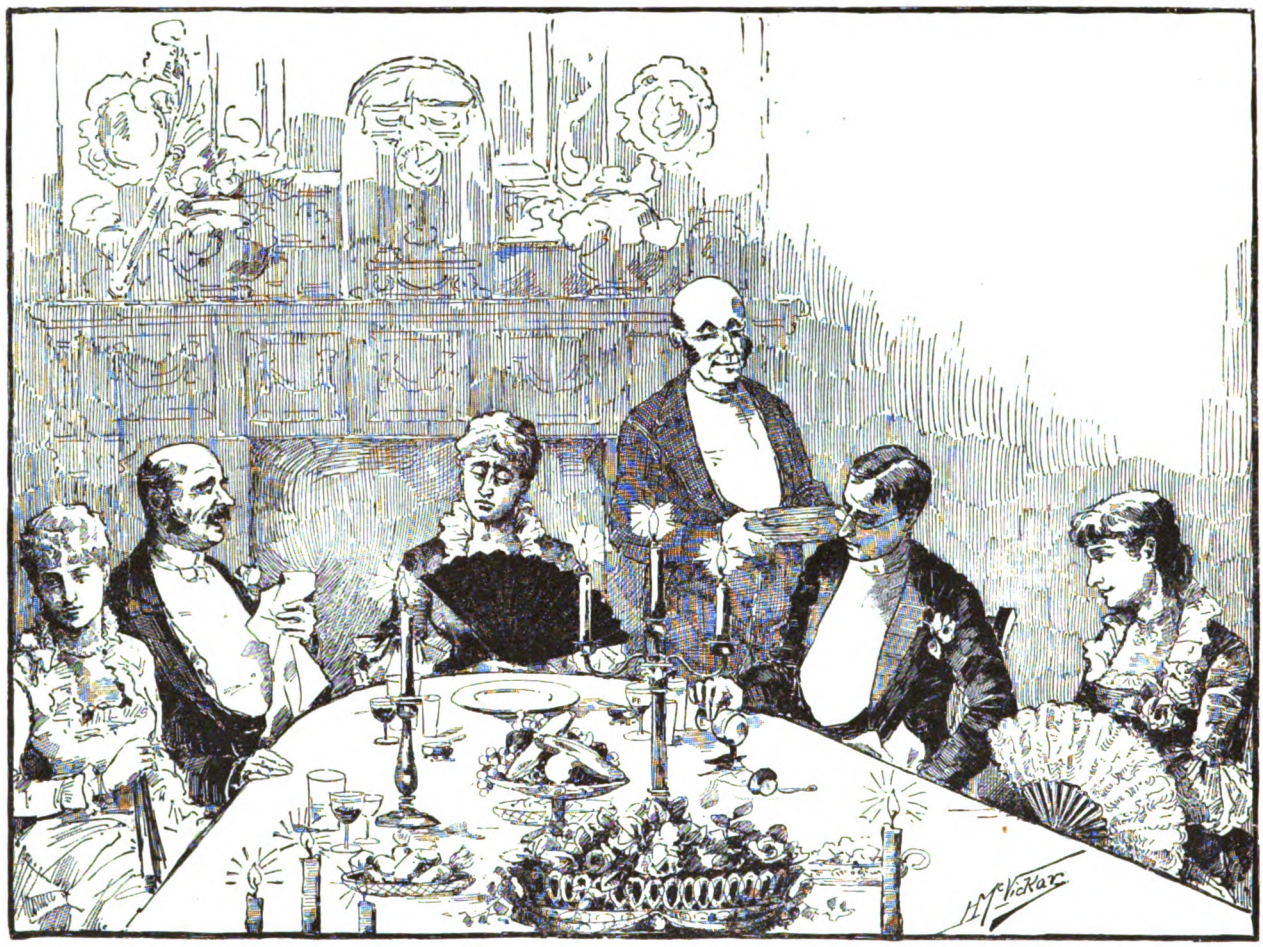

IT IS A POOR RULE, ETC.

[*Horror of* MRS. CLENDENNING DE PEYSTER *at her absent-minded guest, who, having spilled salt on the table-cloth, pours on claret to take out the stain.*]

of which he was fortunately discovered by a washerwoman, and saved from an untimely death by starvation.

That the Western people should, in the interests of humanity and economy, have substituted the Christmas tree for the Christmas stocking, was what might have been expected in view of the intelligence and enterprise of the West. The Christmas tree is now almost universal in all the leading Western cities, and it is only when a fond husband desires to give his wife a sewing-machine, or his daughter a seal skin dolman, that he suggests the hanging of a Christmas stocking. Thus, for reasons utterly dissimilar, the Christmas tree has virtually driven out the Christmas stocking both in New England and in the West, and there is little probability that in either locality the stocking will ever again come into favor.

On the other hand New York has never had any need of Christmas trees. To some extent the Christmas tree has been used in families, where the custom was adopted solely on the ground that it was a German custom, but it has never become really popular, and of late years has been steadily dying out. The stocking in which the Christmas treasures of our small boys and little girls are placed is capacious enough to satisfy any reasonable child, while it is not so large as to overtax the pockets or energies of parents. Could the same sort of stocking be imported and acclimated in New England and the West, Christmas trees would no longer have any excuse for being, and the stocking would be universally accepted as precisely the thing needed to fill every household with juvenile happiness on Christmas morning.

MAY not cleverness be defined as the ability to produce great effects with limited means?

REFLECTION by a Wall street operator:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views by thy hand no speculator done."

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ACT I.

LITTLETON'S CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE. The Imported Mr. William Herbert appears as *Littleton Coke*, who is an imitation of *Charles Surface*. The Imported Mr. Buckstone appears as *Charles, his friend*. The Imported Mr. Elton appears as *Bob*, who is an imitation of *Crispin* of old French comedy. They talk mildly and go away. The Unimported but most Important Mr. John Gilbert, appears as *Jesse Rural*, who is an imitation of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The Imported Mr. Flockton appears as *Tom Coke*, who is the old-fashioned and unfashionable stage Yorkshireman. They talk mildly and go away. Curtain.

INTERMISSION I.

A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*to an old New Yorker*): I beg your pardon, sir, but may I trouble you with a question?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Is this Wallack's Theatre, or have I made a mistake?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*smiling quietly*): There is no mistake; this is Wallack's.

The YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*in great surprise*): But I thought there was a good company at Wallack's?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*calmly*): You are a young man from the country, are you not?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Yes, but—.

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*crushingly*): I thought so.

ACT II.

DRAWING-ROOM AT THE EARL OF POMPION'S.

The Imported Mme. Ponisi appears as the Countess of Pompion, with an Imported Skye Terrier. The Imported Miss Coghlan appears as *Lady Alice Hawthorne*, who is an imitation of *Lady Gay Spanker*. The imported Miss Measor appears as *Miss Rocket*. The Unimported but most important Mr. John Gilbert begins to mix those children up, though not a creature knew it. They talk mildly and go away to dinner. Curtain.

INTERMISSION II.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*taking courage and seeking relief after mental depression*): I beg your pardon, sir, but may I trouble you with a question?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I noticed that the *Countess of Pompion* is acted by a lady called on the bills Madame Ponisi.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Well, sir?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Well, *Madame* is a French word, I know, and Ponisi sounds Italian, I think. Now, is she a foreigner?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Yes, sir. She is an Imported Englishwoman.

ACT III.

DRAWING-ROOM AT THE EARL OF POMPION'S.

The Imported Mr. Herbert imitates the Imported Mr. Charles Coghlan. The Imported Mr. Flockton imitates the yet-to-be-Imported Mr. Henry Irving. The other members of the Imported company show how rude and vulgar the English upper class society may be. The Unimported but most important *Jesse Gilbert* mixes those children up again. They talk mildly and go away to the opera. Curtain.

INTERMISSION III.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I beg your pardon, sir, but may I trouble you with a question?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Have I a sudden defect in my hearing or do the ladies and gentlemen of the company talk indistinctly?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: There is nothing the matter with your hearing. The trouble is that you are not yet used to the Imported English accent.

ACT IV.

DRAWING-ROOM AT THE EARL OF POMPION'S.

The Imported Miss Coghlan briskly makes love to the Imported Mr. Herbert. The Imported Mr. Buckstone feebly makes love to the Imported Miss Measor. The Unimported but most important *Reverend John Rural* mixes them up a little more. They all talk freely and go away to elope. Curtain.

INTERMISSION IV.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: It's my turn now. May I ask you a question?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Certainly, sir.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Why did you come here to-night?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I think the main reason was a paragraph in the paper saying that "Old Heads and Young Hearts" was one of those standard comedies for the brilliant performance of which Wallack's Theatre was famous.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Do you think this a brilliant performance?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*with emphasis*): No. Do you?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*drily*): Do I? Why, I've seen Chas. Mathews as *Littleton Coke*, and John Lester, too.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*with an impertinent curiosity*): Then why did you come here to-night?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: On principle. I believe in the theory of counter-irritants. One great grief off-sets another. I'm going to the dentist to-morrow to have a nerve extracted. So I came here to-night.

ACT V.

EXTERIOR OF GLUEZNEE LODGE.

The Unimported but most Important *Jesse Rural* mixes them up again and yet again. The Imported Mr. Herbert, and the Imported Miss Coghlan, and the Imported Mr. Buckstone and the Imported Miss Measor represent the Young Hearts who mock at his Old Head. Mr. Gilbert does the one really good bit of acting in the whole performance. Mr. Flockton is also good. The other Imported *Dramatis Personæ* marry and are given in marriage. Curtain.

AFTER THE PLAY.

I.

IN THE AISLE.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I beg your pardon again, but may I trouble you with a question?

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THE OLD NEW YORKER (*putting on his coat*): Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I do not know much about plays, and this is the first time I've ever been to Wallack's, but is not this comedy very hard in its morality and very clumsy in its composition?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: It is, indeed, an unpleasant compound of immaturity and cynicism. I have always considered it the work of a young head and an old heart.

II.

IN THE LOBBY.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Who is that handsome old man, who looks as though he owned the place?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*putting on his glasses*): He does. That's John Lester Wallack, himself.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*awed*): Is it, indeed?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: He's going to play here to-morrow. He's just back.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Back from where?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Oh, Brooklyn, perhaps, or Jersey City—one of the suburbs—more likely from the Windsor Theatre down in the Bowery, or the Mount Morris Theatre up at Harlem.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*in great surprise*): Does Wallack act anywhere in New York except at his own theatre?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Don't he? He does, for sure! He acts anywhere. In fact they use him as a sort of disinfectant whenever they turn a variety show into a Temple of the Drama. They get Wallack to play a week, and that consecrates the house.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*passing close to the sole Importer*): What is he standing here for now?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*lighting his cigar*): He is giving thanks. He is inwardly expressing his indebtedness to Providence, which has made him so short-sighted that he is not able to see how very bad to-night's performance was! (*Jumps on the front platform of a passing car, leaving the Young Man from the Country standing in astonishment in the centre of the street.*

ARTHUR PENN.

ALL IS NOT GOLD, ETC.

SCENE—*San Francisco Ball.*

BUDGE, OF BOSTON (*who had been told that the indigenous young man was indigent, and that only waiters ever got new dress suits,*) to WELL-DRESSED STRANGER: Are you a waiter?

W. D. S.: No! Are you?

THE pun is mightier than the sword.

ABSINTHE makes the heart grow fonder.

THE first Christmas was a myrrhy Christmas.

IF all flesh is grass, was Adam the fodder of mankind?

MANY hands make light work—for some of the hands.

MUCH Adieu about Nothing.—Two women bidding each other good-bye at Elizabeth, when one is coming in to New York to do an afternoon's shopping.

"WALL street is, after all, the place," you say;
"There one can make a fortune in a day."
But, my friend, tell me is it quite so clear
One can make there a fortune in a year?

To succeed, it is essential to have at the bottom a bit of indifference. You seldom need it, but when you do, you *must* have it.

It must be fresh and genuine. Bogus indifference is as bad as a bad egg, and is of no use.

It must be very sparingly used. Too much of it devastates life as an onion does an apple pie.

THE FABLE OF THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A CROW, having possessed itself of a tempting Piece of Cheese, flew to the top of a Tree, where it was speedily observed by a Fox, who began to cast about how to obtain the coveted Morsel. Affecting, therefore, a profound love of music, the wily Master Reynard asked the Crow if she would not sing. "Certainly," said the silly Bird, but hardly had she uttered a note when, of course, the Cheese fell to the ground, and the Fox pouncing upon it discovered that it was one of the Limburger variety, and fled for his life.

Moral.—This fable teaches us the folly of unlocking the stable door before we are sure that there is a steed to be stolen which is worth stealing.

G. T. L.

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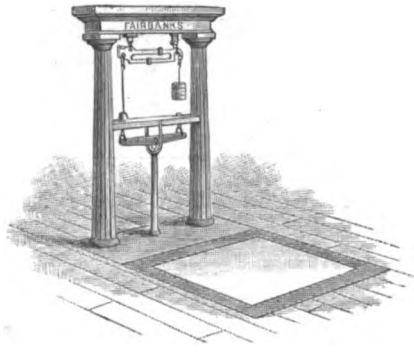

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IN answer to a query as to whether we shall touch upon Science, we would say that if we do our touch will be like that of a moistened finger upon a hot flat-iron, very short and to the point, and remaining no longer than absolutely necessary. There is more science than good digestion in this country already, and one of the objects of our existence is to rectify that evil.

AMONG the things put into Gambetta's coffin was a letter of invitation to his own funeral, signed by his father. Certainly, the French are a polite people. When they give an execution we wonder if it is customary with them to send a perfumed note, with R. S. V. P. in the corner, requesting the favor of the victim's presence.

THE immediate cause of Gambetta's death is said to have been a wound in the hand, received from a pistol ball fired by Mme. Leonie. This woman had committed the indiscretion—we believe it is thought indiscreet, even in France—of leaving her husband in order to live with M. Gambetta, with whom she maintained relations for eleven years, being at last publicly known as the head of his house. Her husband died in due course, and then she expected marriage from her lover. But, it is said, that he, being a very ambitious man, and recognizing that such a marriage was not adapted to further his schemes of advancement, declined to recognize Mme. Leonie's claims, and even contemplated a different alliance.

His mistress quarrelled with him, and in a fit of jealous anger, drew a pistol. He seized her arm, and was shot through the hand. The wound was not in itself a very serious one, but his health was in such a state that it produced his death.

The details of this story may or may not be true, but they do not appear improbable. When Gambetta concluded that on general principles it would not pay to marry Madame Leonie, he showed the same nice perception of the line between theory and practice that had made him famous in other situations. But he did not show it quick enough. It came to him about eleven years too late.

In affairs of this nature, an ounce of previousness is worth a ton of afterthought.

And the moral of this tale is that it is questionable policy to cultivate an irrepressible affection for another gentleman's wife.

BUT Mr. Frederic Gebhardt does not seem to think so. He has written to the press a letter which, while not less creditable to him in orthography than in sentiment, does not lead us to form so high an opinion of his judgment as of his heart. Mr. Gebhardt complains of the impertinent comments of newspapers upon his attentions to Mrs. Langtry, which, he says, are such as any gentleman should, without comment, be privileged to pay to any lady.

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Justice is blind, but we question if it is justice that has upset Mr. Gebhardt's ideas of decorum. For, certainly, as to the handsome Englishwoman, his head is not what is termed level. Mrs. Langtry is here in a public capacity, which subjects her conduct to minute scrutiny. If Mr. Gebhardt so identifies himself with her as to share the publicity which she enjoys, he has no one to blame but himself.

What Mr. Gebhardt ought to do is to turn his notoriety to some account. Not since Oscar Wilde has any young man been so thoroughly advertised. In Mr. Bunnell's interesting collection of living curiosities we have no doubt a salaried position would be offered him: Or he might lecture. But the difficulty is that the young gentleman is a sort of Fortunatus, and has no need—we understand—to earn more money. Something must be done for him. If Othello felt depressed because his occupation was gone, how much worse must be the feelings of a man who has never had any occupation.

Why should not Mr. Gebhardt turn his mind to literature and write for LIFE. With some practice in composition he would be able to get even with all the newspaper men who have criticised him. We shall be happy to place a corner of this paper at his disposal for St. Valentine's Day.

THE pastor of the Pigeon Creek Presbyterian Church, of Nothingham, Penn., has undertaken to discipline his flock for dancing. They have been at it, heel and toe, and he has suspended them from the enjoyment of religious privileges, and threatens excommunication.

It may seem absurd to interfere with the diversions of the country brethren and sisters, while city Presbyterians are debarred neither the waltz, nor the still more unsanctified polka, nor yet the pleasing terrapin and champagne which punctuates the dancing. But there is a reason for thus discriminating.

Dancing in the country is attended with no distressing circumstances sufficiently palpable to be a check upon the sport. People go early to the balls, dance till they are tired and come home betimes. The amusement is so innocent and wholesome that there is danger that it would be carried to excess if now and then a Presbyterian clergyman did not fall afoul of it.

But in town the conditions are quite different. The parties do not begin until very nearly midnight, and continue so late that persons who participate in them either lose their proper complement of sleep, or fail to appear until noon of the following day.

The objections to dancing under these conditions are so self-evident, and the disastrous results which follow are so readily traced to their source, that Metropolitan clergymen, whatever their notions of the propriety of the sport, have long felt it needless to declaim against it.

Efforts have been made, we believe, this season to make social amenities less hazardous in New York by having parties begin earlier. But it will be long, we fear, before the most earnest reformers will make progress enough to do any harm.

WHAT IS SAID OF US.

THERE is a chance for LIFE, a new and not too humorous weekly paper, conducted by John A. Mitchell and Edward S. Martin. It turns a bright, attractive countenance toward the intending purchaser. It fills him up with reasonable fun, sensible comment, clever verses, and still cleverer pictures. LIFE, we take it, is to be made on the lives of the smartest of the college periodicals; and there is a fair opportunity in the bigger world for the sort of wit that has been developed into distinct individuality by certain alert young men at Cambridge and elsewhere. But we find nothing amateurish about the newcomer; it seems to have been born grown up; it is workmanlike in every part. It is fresh, vigorous, gentlemanly, genial, and satisfying. We commend it to at least fifty thousand readers in this town.—*The Sun.*

LIFE is the title of a new weekly devoted to fun, persiflage and sarcastic illustrations of passing events, which its conductors, Messrs. John Ames Mitchell and Edward S. Martin, announce has "come to stay." There is room for it, and the first number is full of artistic and literary promise.—*N. Y. World.*

"LIFE is Glorious."—*A Woman of Judgment.*

A NEW WEEKLY PAPER.

A BRIGHT and crisp little sixteen-page paper, called LIFE, has just made its appearance in this city. If the first number is a forerunner of what is to follow, the reader will not fall asleep over its pages. It numbers among its contributors some well-known *litterateurs* of this city. In addition to the reading matter there are some very creditable illustrations.—*The Graphic.*

LIFE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A NEW weekly paper made its appearance on Thursday, and started well on a prospective course of fun and philosophy. It is pretty and bright in appearance, of convenient size and neat shape, well and clearly printed, and adorned with cuts which are so far ahead of those in other publications of its sort that they seem works of high art. In verse, comment on current affairs, wit and theatrical and social matters, it gives promise of unusual brilliancy and cleverness.—*Mail and Express.*

WHAT HAPPENED TO LORD LOVELL.

LORD LOVELL he stood at his own front door,
Seeking the hole for the key;
His hat was wrecked and his trowsers bore
A split across either knee:
When down came beauteous Lady Jane
In fair white draperee.

"O, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"Where have you been?" said she.
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing you on your head
In an ash-barrel, perdee?"

"I am not drunk, Lady Shane," he said;
"And so late it cannot be.
The clock struck one as I enter-ed;
I heard it two times or three.*
It must be, the salmon on which I fed
Has been too many for me."

"It was not the salmon, Lord Lovell," she said,
With some asperitee.
"You have looked on the wine when it was red,

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NOT A HOMŒOPATHIC DOSE.

Mrs. Stone: IT WAS TAKEN WHEN I WAS EIGHTEEN, DOCTOR; BUT, ALAS! I HAVE CHANGED SINCE THEN.
Dr. Littlebat (*who never allows a wealthy patient to fish in shallow waters*): CHANGED! YES, BUT HOW IMPROVED! EIGHTEEN IS SUCH A LANKY AGE.

Or on the eau-de-vie.
O, woe is me that I ever wed
A man who goes on a spree!"

"You are wrong, my dear," Lord Lovell he said,
As he had a bright idee.
"I know in the papers you must have read
Of the Steam Heat Companee,
Whose pipes beneath the streets are led—
Thash whash the mar'r with me!

"Along the street as I swiftly sped,
Eager for home and thee,
A pipe beneath me exploded,
Most unexpectedlee.
My eyes were blacked, and my nose it bled—
A plague on that Companee!

"Most pitiably were my trowsers shred,—
Lo! View them at the knee!
And I lay in the puddle like one gone dead
Till officer 5-4-3
Happened along and rescuèd
Me from my miseree."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovell," she said,
"To the maritime cavalree;
To your grandam of the hoary head;
To any one but me.
The door is not used to be open-èd
With a cigarette for a key!"

* His condition may be premised from his having assurance enough to repeat this venerable fiction.

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THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

A History of Our Own Times.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE proceeding with the political history, let us for a moment glance at the social construction of the America of the Nineteenth century. Here we are beset with a difficulty at the start, that of repicturing with any degree of certainty the moral state of the people. We can generally predicate pretty closely the manners and character of an ancient race from their literature and drama. But there is no evidence (except the satires of a certain Talmage, which is wholly inadequate) to show that the Americans of the Nineteenth century had any drama

If we turn to literature we are equally at a loss. The mystic and imaginative James gives us the subjective impression which the impulse of a hypothetical being to inchoate action would or might contingently have produced upon its own and the popular mind; he tells us how people struck each other (that is, mentally, not literally), but he never tells us anything that people did. Moreover, it is difficult to conceive that the men whose statues assault us from behind every corner, the men who fought the Civil War, the men who perpetrated the moenad lines of Whitman and the New York Post Office building were in fact so weak and irresolute as James has made them out. Furthermore, there is considerable doubt whether James was an American at all If tradition tells that nine cities claim to be Homer's birthplace, we ourselves have seen one hundred and thirteen towns, all in Europe, claiming to have been the place of residence of Henry James.

When we turn to another popular author of the time—the flamboyant and epic Howells—we meet another difficulty. The licentiousness of his works is such that if, as is claimed, they were once openly displayed upon parlor tables, we can draw but a gloomy inference as to the morals of our grandmothers. There is one book in particular where the hero, in all the sanctity of the domestic fireside, gives himself over to the unbridled consumption of Tivoli beer, offering none to his wife. We may even endure this person; he had one amiable weakness—he could not shoot straight, and perished miserably in Arizona for want of a "draw." But, with every allowance made for heroic fiction, what shall we say of Halleck—a villain before whose designing arts the very Heathcliffs of fiction seem as little children—how excuse the Saturnalia of passion with which the book closes?

However, we hold there is an escape from the sad conclusion forced upon us by the literature of this century. We concur with our great critic, Whitman, in his judgment that James was probably an Italian Jew (a race notoriously mystic and subjective), and that Howells's writings were meant only as *facetiæ*, to be locked in secret shelves in the libraries of the curious.

We are inclined to turn to Oliver Optic as the true exponent of the times in which he wrote. Here, in deed, we find, even in his youthful heroes, that manly self-confidence of masculine character; that glorious independence, combined with true feminine susceptibility, in his girls; and in the boy-lover, aspiring to the heiress's hand, that fine commercial instinct which has made Wabasha what it is. Some will perhaps object that no one ever was so sagacious as Optic's clever urchins seemed—but what of this? Is it not the true romantic glamour of a master of fiction? Optic has but put his action in that fine light of imagination which Wordsworth so well described, and the master hand of Bierstadt so cunningly painted—the light which never was on land nor sea.

A young father returning home one evening found his young wife with the baby in her lap, and surrounded by fragments of crockery. He picked up the handle of a cup and said, "So the baby has broken a teacup of the new set." "There is no harm done," answered the young wife; "he has broken the saucer too."

I crossed," said Mrs. Malaprop, "on the White Star steamer *Rheumatic* and returned on the *Dyspeptic*." "Oh," replied Mrs. Partington, "we went by the *Pneumonia* and came back on the *Neuralgia*."

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NOT A "*MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.*"

Impecunious professional man looking at newly received Dentist's bill: WHEW! I SAY BUSWELL, THE BEGGAR CHARGES TEN DOLLARS AN HOUR FOR TORTURING ME. I WISH I COULD GET THAT FOR MY SERVICES.

Buswell: I DO.

Imp. prof. man (with incredulity in every feature): NO! DO YOU, THOUGH?

Buswell: CERTAINLY, BUT THEN YOU SEE I ONLY WORK A QUARTER OF AN HOUR A DAY.

SLOW rises Poverty by Worth oppressed.

GODLINESS without contentment is great pain.

AN esteemed contemporary asserts that there are no classes in America. True: And the Family Circle Dancing Class is only the exception that proves the rule.

A DOWN town photographer who evidently has not the fear of Cerberus before his eyes, advertises "Photographs of deceased persons taken at their residence."

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

IT appears that the astronomers were all mistaken about the comet. Instead of being a rapid transit comet that will return in four or five months and fall into the sun, it is a long-distance comet that will not reappear to us in more than seven hundred and fifty years, by which time every human being now living, except a few coachmen of Jefferson Davis, and Oldest Living Freemasons, will be safely dead. This is very encouraging, especially since Mr. Ignatius Donelly has just published a book in which he endeavors to prove that comets are very dangerous, and that more than once the earth has been severely injured by coming in contact with a comet.

Mr. Donelly's book is certainly a very ingenious one. He bases his argument in support of the theory that the earth has been struck by comets upon the fact of the existence of the "drift." In various parts of the earth are found immense deposits of gravel and sand, called by the geologists "drift." The geologists have various theories for accounting for the existence of these deposits, all of which theories Mr. Donelly examines and proves to be false—at least to his own satisfaction. He then proceeds to show that the drift is nothing more or less than fragments of comets' tails. These tails, astronomers tell us, are composed of myriads of small bodies that are constantly grinding against one another. Where the tail appears thickest it is composed of pebbles, and where it appears thin towards its extremity, it is composed of sand. The earth has from time to time passed through the tails of comets, and vast quantities of gravel and sand have rained down upon the earth's surface, thus forming the drift deposits.

This is a very nice theory. In fact it is one of the most interesting theories—next to Mr. Pickwick's theory of Tittlebats—that has ever been invented. The only trouble with it is that it is too large. It is a great deal larger than the problem which it undertakes to explain.

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Now, a theory should always fit its subject. If it is too little to explain it satisfactorily, or so large that it explains it too much, it is a failure. Mr. Donelly's theory is far too large, for the origin of the "drift" can be explained with half the trouble and not a third of the expense which his use of comets' tails involves.

Everybody has noticed that people who visit the seashore invariably bring home with them quantities of pebbles. The pebbles of the sea-beach when wet are of many hues and much beauty. Children and women are always attracted by them. Children on visiting the seashore are nearly always supplied with little wooden or tin pails which are always brought home full of pebbles, in addition to the pebbles with which the grown-up people are laden.

Vast quantities of sand are also brought home from the sea side. This sand is brought in the shoes of children and adults, in the hair and the interstices of infantile clothing, and in the lunch baskets of older people. The sand and pebbles thus brought home are thrown away sooner or later, and new drift deposits are in this way constantly forming all over the continent.

From the fifteenth of June to the fifteenth of September, fully 1,500,000 people from New York meet the different sea breezes of Long Island and New Jersey. Now a very moderate estimate of the quantity of pebbles brought back, is a pint for each person; and a pint and a half of sand is rather less than the average amount brought by each one; so that 750,000 quarts of pebbles and 1,125,000 quarts of sand are annually brought into New York city alone. But New York is only one town of many. We should doubtless be perfectly safe in estimating that there are brought from the seashore every year, on the Atlantic slope alone, enough pebbles and sand to cover a tract of fifty square acres to a uniform depth of a foot and seven and a half inches.

Here we have the average of the drift deposits, without making any use of Mr. Donelly's theory. The drift deposits in the interior of the continent were undoubtedly very old, and were brought from the seashore perhaps millions of years ago, where the sea covered the whole of the region now covered by prairies. Of course the people who lived at that period went to the seashore, and of course they brought back with them sand and pebbles. At the rate at which drift is now forming in New York and its vicinity, the whole city will be buried out of sight in less than eighty years, and the only thing that can possibly save us will be some slight increase of prices on the part of the Coney Island restaurant people, which will prevent every body who is not a millionaire from visiting the sea beach.

A WRONG Lane that needs turning (out). The Park Commissioner.

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WARILY, BROTHER!

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SOMEBODY.

I.

I HAVE seen you once or twice ;
I have seen—
Like an image carved in ice,—
You a queen,
Draped in satin, stately statue ;
And I've longed to leap and catch you.
Dazzling diamonds that scratch you
Just between
Neck of rose and hair of gold,
Like twin stars,
I have called them lovers old,—
Venus, Mars ;
One gives kisses and caresses,
One your shapely neck distresses
Warrior-like. Excuse my guesses !
Love unbars
All the barriers that stay
Cupid's speed,
And he gallops fast away
On the steed
Of extravagant emotion,—
Of delight and fond devotion.
Pleasure's boat pays Duty's ocean
Little heed.

II.

I have seen you, dainty,—fair,
Foot the dance
Like some spirit of the air,—
Gay Romance !
Pert, perhaps,—a princess haughty,
When he asked to kiss you,—ought he ?
And I noticed something naughty
In your glance.
Is it strange I stole a look,
Queen of girls,
When the merry laughter shook
Yellow curls—
Sunlit ripples down your shoulder ?
If you'd been a summer older,—
If I'd been a button bolder,—
Giddy whirls
Would have wound you in my grasp
Firm and tight ;
I'd have felt your fingers clasp,—
Slender, slight.
Would your countless conquests miss you
In a space as short as this ? You
Might have let a —— me, me kiss you
Just good-night.

III.

But my fancies are in vain,
Beauty's child !
Like the frostwork on the pane,
Wierd and wild,
Fragile, fanciful, fantastic,—
Jewelled feats of frost gymnastic,
You are sweet, anon sarcastic,—
Mad, and mild;
Yet it matters not to me,
I can find
Only loveliness ; can see
Deep behind
All these masks of mirths or hushes,—
All the soft, exquisite blushes,
And a warm affection gushes
Through my mind.
You're a strange, uncertain sea—
I'm the skiff ;
You're a pipe of peace for me—
I'm the whiff.
See the smoke of adoration !
Smell the fragrant incantation !
Yet 'tis all anticipation
Hung on "If."

IV.

Reader, listen to my rhyme,—
'Tis about
One I worship ; say that I'm
Daft,—devout ;
But remember love will whistle
In the ears of rose or thistle.
Which one hears my brief epistle ?—
There's the doubt !

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THE SUNDAY PENAL CODE.

A SYMPOSIUM.

[The writers of the following essays will be recognized as eminent experts. Their treatment of the subject is calculated to add to their reputation.—ED.]

I.

I WOULDN'T be writing about the thing but, I'd loike to say a wurrud on me own account. Oi'm an Irishman, sorr, and a public character, sorr, and if the two togither, lave alone the one or the other, isn't to be rispicted in New York, phwat the divil is to become of the counthry ?

Now, sorr, I rose in me place in the Board of Aldermen, and I read out me spache (made up for me by as dacint a young gintleman as ye iver see, who, I'm tould, comes from Thrinity College, Dublin).

There was two points in me spache, sorr, that covers the enthire matther of the thaving, ondacint business of closing up the places where a man could get a sup and a shmoke of a Sunday. There was Magna Charta, sorr. I'm tould that this was a sort of a risolution passed in the toime of the Irish Kings (me ancesthors, sorr), and saying that the poor man should have his whiskey of a Sunday, especially if he was the constithuent of an Irish Alderman, and the same was himself in the liquor business. Then, sorr, ye'll not forget me deloight that the next Ligislature was *fortunately* Dimocratic; for, begorra, whin an Irishman wants anything, it's a Dimocratic Ligislature that's the boys to give him it. Shure, sorr, betwane thim and the Aldermen, we'll have a new Magna Charta ; and as for the codes, or whativer ye call 'em, that would kape a man from doing what he loiked of a Sunday, why we'll thrate 'em as me frind Mr. Rossa will thrate the British toirant—*doinamite* 'em, sorr, *doinamite* 'em.

PATRICK DUFFER.
Alderman of the Irish Republic (New York.)

II.

[We translate some obscure Mongolian expressions.—ED.]

That *Lifee* newspaper man you chin chin mi (ask me to) w'litee some ting long (about) that Sunday shuttee shop pidgin (closing business).

Melican man talkee one day wantchee chin chin (Joss worship) talkee mussee (must) shuttee shop. Mi talkee "alla litee" (all right) mi shuttee shop, inside makee washee washee alla same before. Mi thinkee Melican man no talkee t'lue (truly). He alla same foolo. What for so fashion ? Ilishman makee sellum samshoo (liquor seller). That Ilishman no chin chin Joss. That shop had got outside door shuttee alla p'loppa ; 'noder side hab got smallo door open. He go inside catchee (get) plenty samshoo, come mi shop, lickee mi alla same before. So fashion how can do ?

Mi blong you numbah one good flea', alla same you young b'lother.

AH SAM,
China Wash-Man,
No. — Mott Street.

III.

Vell, mein vriend, I haf leetel got to say. Mein bardner he dell me I better don't write one vord, but I say yah, I vill yust a leetel spheak about dat law vich dey call de *Gode*, vich say dat we must on the virst day of de veek no pusiness do—not one goat or bair of drowsers sell. Vell, I dell you vot it ish—I ogsplain to de public. Ven I haf dat law understhand und de bolice dell me I can nicht dot schop on de Sunday open, I feel very pad, I say I blenty pusiness lose, und on Monday I go to de yudge und get an inyunction und serve him on dat boss of de bolice. Und he say "Das ish all recht und I am glad you get him," und de next Sunday de bolice do not near mein shop gome und I do goot pusiness. Dot oder American und English glothing man he say to me "How ihs dish?" und I say dot I do not meinself de *Gode* make, but I got no fault to vind mit him. Dot yudge got a lefel head on him, und he say dot I geep de Saturday, und I must not two days in de veek lose. Das is all recht. I say to meinself dot I alvays one maxim practice, und dot is to do in Rome as de Romans do. I

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A DISTINCTION.

Lucy: UNCLE FRED, IS NEW YORK A HIGH LATITUDE?

Uncle Fred.: NO, I SHOULD SAY NOT, ALTHOUGH IT IS A HIGH OLD PLACE AND THERE IS LOTS OF LATITUDE THERE.

must not on de Saturday mein good gustomers disappoint, so I sell him de goat und de drowsers ven he him vant. Und I dell mein pardner yust vot de leetel poys in de Powery say, dot it vas a varm day ven I get cold.

ISAAC ROSENSHIMMER,
No. —— Chatham Street.

IV.

I ain't much on the write, but I haven't been 'round the streets of New York ten years for nothing, and what I don't know about Codes ain't worth knowing.

This ere code's just ridiculous, anyhow. Lots of men would like to shut up or not work Sundays, but if any one does it, all of 'em in that line must, or they get left. You've got to treat 'em all alike. Then what in thunder's the sense in a man up-town getting his ice cream easy on Sunday, and a poor devil on the East side having to skulk home dodging the cop with a drink of milk for a sick baby? Such foolishness can't last.

People pitch into the police, as if they'd anything to do but mind the cap's orders. I see a man sweeping the snow off his steps last Sunday, and I told him I'd run him in, and he up and tells me he'd been warned that he'd be took up for letting the snow stay. "Young feller," says I, "You're too fresh and I'll run you in for that too." I ain't judge and jury and assemblyman and all. As the soldier told the officer who was sitting on him for getting drunk, "you can't expect all the cardinal virtues for thirteen dollars a month." Now I've got one more word to say. A code that ain't enforced all 'round is worse than no code at all; and for them that's responsible for things as they are now, there's just one plan that's fit, and that's Bloomingdale—and *don't you forget it!*"

JOHN SMITH, Patrolman — Precinct.

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THE FACTS IN THE McKETTRICK CASE.

SOME few weeks ago, the Associated Press sent out the following despatch:

"INDEPENDENCE CITY, OHIO, Dec. 10, 1882.—Palmer M. McKettrick, Cashier of the Spread Eagle National Bank, has gone to parts unknown. Reported deficit in his account $100-000. McKettrick did not superintend a Sunday School."

Except for the last sentence this announcement would have been no more startling than the weather reports, but its paradoxical character excited intense public interest. From a psychological standpoint the facts in this case are remarkable.

Mr. McKettrick lived in a New England town up to the year 1880. From his youth up he had been conspicuously pious, and at Sabbath-school bore away many prizes for excellent deportment. He was a constant attendant at church and at meetings; and regarded the theatre and round dances with unaffected horror. His clothes were invariably black and badly cut, and for a necktie he never wore anything more frivolous than a black butterfly cravat. In fact, McKettrick was such a model of decorum, that he could obtain no situation of trust or responsibility. He had a natural leaning towards the banking business, and sought employment at the local bank; but its directors would not have him, for they had lately trusted implicitly to a deacon, whose silver hair is now kept closely cut at the State's expense. His recommendations were too abundant, and his reputation for vital piety too great. In this awkward position, finding that he had no chance of success at home, he bade farewell to his native town to seek a fortune in the wide, wide world.

He appeared next in the lobby of the hotel at Independence City, dressed in a chain-lightning plaid suit, a vivid purple cravat and a white top hat, adorned with a Bowery weed. Entering the hotel he tossed his gripsack across the counter and took the short cut to the bar-room, where he invited all present to liquor up. The boys cheerfully rallied to honor his proposal, but were struck somewhat aghast when McKettrick poured out for himself three-fingers of brandy which he sprinkled with cayenne pepper, in order, as he expressed it, to make it take hold. In the course of the afternoon he acquired such ascendency over his associates as to make them receive with acclamations his proposal that at nightfall they would break the memorial stained-glass windows in the new Baptist church. When Mr. McKettrick applied for a situation at the bank, the Directors removed their aged cashier and installed the impetuous iconoclast in his place. Such a man was not to be had every day, and they felt it. There began McKettrick's life of hideous hypocrisy; when, beneath a mask of worldiness and dissipation, he concealed his real nature, and passed on to fortune.

On Sunday evenings, when he longed to be at meeting, the need of maintaining his false position compelled him to play draw poker with the Bank Directors, and it is but justice to remark that he played exceedingly well. Wine made his head ache and cigars shattered his nervous system, but he indulged in them manfully. To join in round dances was opposed to all his training and abhorrent to his nature, but at the coffee parties there was no more agile foot than McKettrick's, no arms more hospitable at the fireman's ball. It was odious to him to wear a purple cravat, and he would often shudder as he hung up his plaid suit at night. But when he thought of the sagacious manner in which he was arranging the bank's accounts a pleased expression would come over his face, and he would even smile.

The directors were delighted with him. The town rang with praises of his frank, outspoken manners, and his freedom from cant. One evening a belated reveller saw a very respectable looking man, dressed in sober black, and with a heavy carpet bag, take the midnight train East. He told his friends that it was McKettrick, but his friends replied, "Go to. You have been out with the boys."

But the next morning the bank directors discovered that that institution no longer required the services of a cashier, as the popular Mr. Kettrick had taken all the cash with him to Brazil, which empire has a defective extradition treaty with the United

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States. Pale-lipped citizens of Independence City ask each other "Whom can we trust now?" The bank is in the hands of a Receiver.

REVISED ANECDOTES.

Mahomet and the Mountain.

THE prophet Mahomet, having engaged in some conscientious practical researches into the nature of intoxicating beverages, in order to decide whether or not their use should be permitted to orthodox Mussulmans, felt a strong desire to go to a neighboring mountain, and sleep it off in a cool and shady glen. His legs, however, refusing their office, the Prophet philosophically lay down on the side-walk, with the remark, "If Mahomet ishn't able to go to the mountain, becaush mountain goes round and round, Mahomet had better lie down and let the mountain come to him." Upon recovering, the Prophet put on his favorite night-cap made of the hair of the dog that had bitten him, and composed the well-known chapter of the Koran entitled, "The Snakes," in which the use of wine is forbidden to all true believers.

McPherson, thinking he recognized his Brother-in-Law in front of him, has just muttered in the stranger's ear, "I SHOULD KNOW YOU WERE AN IDIOT FROM THE SHAPE OF YOUR HEAD."

Balliol and the Ant.

THE Scottish patriot Balliol, having concealed himself in a cave, the better to study the natural history of some of King Edward's men-at-arms and royal bloodhounds, became interested in the movements of an ant which had secured a grain of corn much larger than itself, and was endeavoring to convey its prize to the nest. Sixty and nine times the little insect failed in its arduous task, but so far from being discouraged it attempted it yet a seventieth time, and failed again. "I see," said Balliol to himself, "that people can spare themselves a great deal of bother by finding out early in the day what it is they can't do," and hastening to Berwick he made his submission to King Edward, by whom he was loaded with honors and chains. (A garbled version of this anecdote is told of Bruce, but both stories repose on the manifestly absurd theory that the canny Scot would have wasted his time watching the ant when he might just as well have taken the grain of corn.)

G. T. L.

THE petroleum brokers know how the Forty Speculators felt when Ali Baba's slave unloaded some oil upon them.

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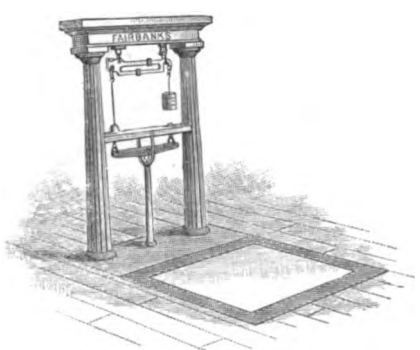

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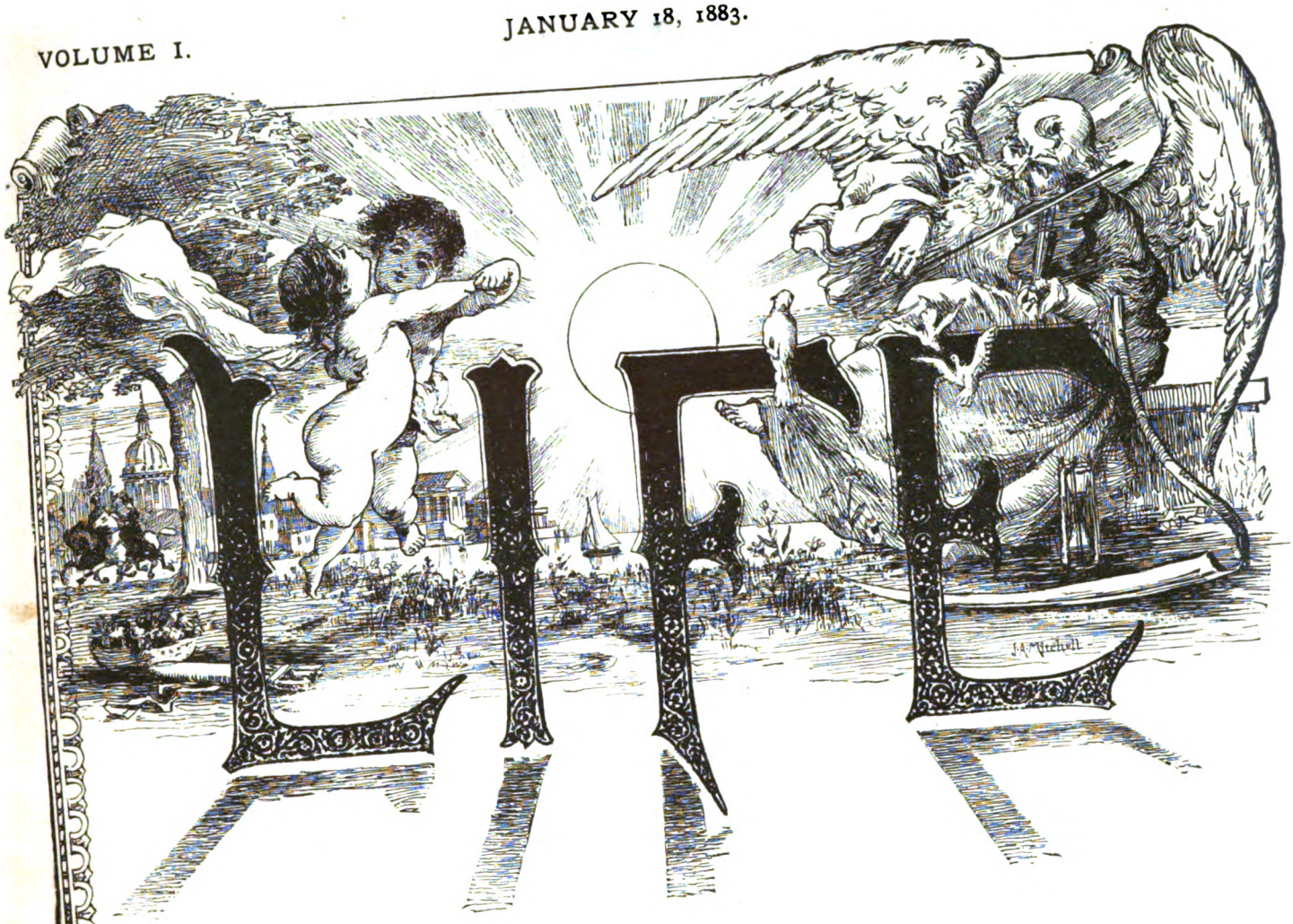

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COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

[*The Sun.*]

THERE is a chance for LIFE, a new and not too humorous weekly paper, conducted by John A. Mitchell and Edward S. Martin. It turns a bright, attractive countenance toward the intending purchaser. It fills him up with reasonable fun, sensible comment, clever verses, and still cleverer pictures. LIFE, we take it, is to be made on the lives of the smartest of the college periodidicals; and there is a fair opportunity in the bigger world for the sort of wit that has been developed into distinct individuality by certain alert young men at Cambridge and elsewhere. But we find nothing amateurish about the newcomer; it seems to have been born grown up; it is workmanlike in every part. It is fresh, vigorous, gentlemanly, genial and satisfying. We commend it to at least fifty thousand readers in this town.

[*N. Y. World.*]

LIFE is the title of a new weekly devoted to fun, persiflage and sarcastic illustrations of passing events, which its conductors, Messrs. John Ames Mitchell and Edward S. Martin, announce has "come to stay." There is room for it, and the first number is full of artistic and literary promise.

[*The Graphic.*]

A BRIGHT and crisp little sixteen-page paper, called LIFE, has just made its appearance in this city. If the first number is a forerunner of what is to follow, the reader will not fall asleep over its pages. It numbers among its contributors some well-known *litterateurs* of this city. In addition to the reading matter there are some very creditable illustrations.

[*Mail and Express.*]

A NEW weekly paper made its appearance on Thursday, and started well on a prospective course of fun and philosophy. It is pretty and bright in appearance, of convenient size and neat shape, well and clearly printed, and adorned with cuts which are so far ahead of those in other publications of its sort that they seem works of high art. In verse, comment on current affairs, wit and theatrical and social matters, it gives promise of unusual brilliancy and cleverness.

[*Buffalo Express*, Jan. 9.]

NEW YORK'S new "funny paper," LIFE, has made its first appearance with a show of contents that speaks well for its future claims on the attention of the reading world. * * * They command already the pens of some of the best known humorists, such as C. T. Lanigan, W. L. Alden, G. P. Lathrop and others. The engravings of the number are contributed by distinguished artists, and are beautifully printed. The general press work and paper are also notably fine.

[*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*]

"LIFE" is the name of a new comic paper started in New York, the first number of which is before us. It is somewhat after the style of the London *Punch*, and gives excellent promise for the future. Its illustrations and subject matter are admirable.

[*Syracuse Herald*, Jan. 7.]

THE first number of the new humorous weekly has appeared in New York city. It is entitled LIFE, and has a very attractive appearance. Its fun is of the sort which appeals to an educated taste, and its illustrations are clever without bordering upon vulgarity. The title page is a particularly happy hit. The list of contributors includes names as well known as William L. Alden, W. H. Bishop, J. Cheever Goodwin, George Parsons Lathrop and J. Brander Matthews. Our good wishes to the newcomer.

[*Brooklyn Daily Times*, Jan. 6.]

LIFE is a sprightly new illustrated paper, published at 1155 Broadway, New York, and edited by John Ames Mitchell and Edward S. Martin. Its prospectus shows the names of some of the best magazine writers of the day, and the contents are cheery, satirical and full of lessons for snobs.

[*Norristown Daily Herald.*]

WE have received the first number of LIFE, a new humorous and satirical illustrated weekly published in New York. Its typographical execution is excellent, and its list of contributors contains many prominent names. * * * Some readers may object that it doesn't give enough for the money—10 cents a copy—but they should remember that "valuable goods come in small parcels."

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THE truth well stuck-to is as good as a lie.

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AND

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

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OF GENTILITY.

A YOUNG wife who had acquired the habit of calling upon her husband for a statement of his receipts and expenditures for the current week, was after a while met with the impatient exclamation, "See here; I support this house, don't I? I earn the money, don't I?" "Yes," answered the young wife reflectively, "but then, you know, I save it."

A CERTAIN precocious baby had been keenly watched by his fond mother, who wanted to discover the first signs of future genius. If he scratched the furniture with a pencil he was to be an author. If he opened a book, and made a noise with his mouth, he was to be a preacher. If he imitated some action of an older person he was to be an actor. One day he had been forcibly emptying the pockets of his "big brother," who, struck by an idea, ran to his mother and cried: "Oh, mamma, I know what the baby's going to be—a pickpocket!"

IT is reported that the obtainer of the Obelisk has been ordered to Alaska. Can it be that the citizens of New York wish to have the North Pole brought here and set up in Central Park?

IF cremationists are in "dead earnest" they should introduce some new, cheap, and effective mode of spontaneous combustion. Then every man could be his own undertaker.

IT is considered vulgar to whistle—probably because it is possible to all, and it is held to be impolite to whistle in the presence of ladies; but a New York lady recently expressed herself in its favor, and declared that when alone in a deserted street she never has any fear of a passing whistler. This statement shows a profound knowledge of human nature, and is purely philosophical. Anything in the world except whistling presupposes some brain action; but the whistler "whistles as he goes for want of thought," and will pipe the latest popular air sixteen times in succession, pleased that he has caught the melody, while all in his neighborhood are in an agony of mind.

NIAGARA FALLS must not be abandoned to manufacturers: Oh no! The Falls must be kept for people to go and look at.

Else, what shall we do with our brides?

Can any one contemplate undisturbed the prospect of allowing the newly married to be turned loose upon the community, with unrestricted liberty as to destination as well as behavior? The horror with which such a prospect imbues us is unaffected and sincere. When we travel, if our attention is attracted by unusual behavior in a fellow-passenger, our annoyance is changed to sympathy if we discover he is going to Utica in charge of a keeper. And in like manner distressing demonstrations are overlooked in persons of opposite genders, whose attire is noticeably new, and whose tickets are stamped "Niagara Falls."

The object of the "Niagara Falls Association" is to promote the restoration and improvement of the scenery of Niagara Falls. We wish the association all success. Has any one suggested to them how effectively it would promote the attractions of the place to have an assortment of its hackman hung about on the trees of its primeval forest?

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LIFE IN SOCIETY.

[NOTE—In view of frequent and earnest requests that it should touch *more suo* on social events, arrangements alike unique and complete have been made towards that end. The information to be supplied is of the most authentic character, and not derived from waiters, musicians or florists. Several of the most accomplished young "mashers" in society have been engaged to report their experiences. Any endeavors to identify them will be wholly futile.

The responsible editor of this column can be seen at any time at this office. He is over six feet in height and a pupil of Heenan. His fighting weight is twelve stone and he has a practicable club within reach. Owing to the lateness of the time at which arrangements were made, we are compelled to put the foregoing into type and then print the reports as they come in.—ED. LIFE.]

I.

During the past week fashion and folly have reigned supreme, or, as supreme as they can reign in a country like America. Those of us who have been abroad know how much greater enjoyment can be had in lands where people in trade are not allowed in society and there is a leisure class. We are delighted to see that signs of improvement are appearing, since several tradesmen are displaying signs in *the* Fifth Avenue stating that they are appointed by the Queen.

[What queen? What does the man take us for? This won't do at all.—ED.]

II.

Everybody who is anybody was present at a ball given by Mrs. Succotash at Delmonico's to introduce the charming Miss Maizena, her husband's first wife's brother-in-law's niece. On this occasion there was a remarkable turning-out of the extensive family connections of the Succotashes and the Van Highstoops, the latter being relations of the maternal branch of the family. There were also present, to grace the occasion and lend it tone, the senior cousins of a lord who claimed to be a Baronet himself and ought to have been if he wasn't. Miss Succotash's costume had an originality of its own, being of chenille cut bias;* but attractive as she was, candor compels us to say that the recipient of the most attention was a young relative of Miss Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who is reported to be the heiress of innumerable millions gained in philanthropic labors for the good of mankind. She wore a *passe partout* trimmed with sunflowers.†

*We fear this is not right.—ED.

†We *know* this cannot be right, and the young man has gone away and we cannot find him before going to press. We are afraid that he will not do. These mashers are not worth a cent. We must find some other sources of information.—ED.

MAXIMS FOR TABLE TALK.

DO not talk on anything more than fifteen minutes: Never talk about your own actual profession unless questioned, and you won't be questioned except by others of your own profession.

Give a local application to the saying of a French journalist who lately said: "Never imagine that Parisians care about *things;* they only care for what can be said of them."

Make logic quite secondary; it often impedes digestion

Cultivate drifting gracefully from one thing to another; from the sublime to the ridiculous, never forgetting the dangerous fact that there is also but one step from the ridiculous to the sublime; for without care one might be sublime at a moment when it would be shockingly bad taste. "Jump and change feet," as we learned at dancing school!

A few anecdotes of travel, railway conversations, and artistic impressions are not unpalatable. Be careful invariably to preface your remarks with "You remember the exquisite view at——," thus presupposing all the company to have had your advantage of foreign experience. Nine out of ten times, even if they have never been outside New England, they won't think it polite to interrupt you to say they are totally ignorant of Tronville or Trente as the case may be.

As to art,—ah, this is an invariable topic for glittering generalism! The cleverest authorities have always talked cant on art, so you will be in good company in your errors. No one has ever satisfactorily defined the common word "Beauty!" Every one feels competent to give his views on art "culture," while he would readily admit his inability to discuss potato cultivation.

Not a bad thing to steer for is an opening to saying that Carlyle ought to have been an American, and Henry James an Englishman. Socially, however, it is prudent to sustain that Daisy Millers *do* exist, and are too often painful realities all over Europe during summer time.

A sensation may be caused by the theory that the absolute good and the absolute bad exist only by convention, and that this convention is a matter of geography and date—that human nature has to make the exceptions of war, and conjugal irregularities to prove the rule that murder and stealing are undesirable in a well organized state of civilization, and called Wrong with a capital W. These figurative rights and wrongs have in lesser matters ever varied according to climate, position, and the A.D. or B.C. degree of the world; just as social etiquette changes. What would Fashion have said three years ago to a man's wearing a pearl pin in a black satin cravat tied in a sailor's knot?

Finally, as to home politics—it is, after all, bad form to talk about them.

To foreigners it is safest to hopefully say that we are in a *transition state* (oh thrice happy expression!)—but keep it to yourself, if you think so, that that last State is worse than the first, and what were formerly good territories have aspired to being bad States.

DESPAIR.

President Eliot of Harvard was the complainant against a gambling hell in Boston. He said that students were ruining themselves there.—*The Sun.*

HOPE.

Pupils in a Philadelphia institution for feeble-minded children gave a performance of "Pinafore," and proved equal to the requirements.—*The Sun.*

ONE TOO MANY AUDITORS.

The State Auditor of Indiana was profane in the presence of a policeman, who immediately dragged him off to a cell.—*The Sun.*

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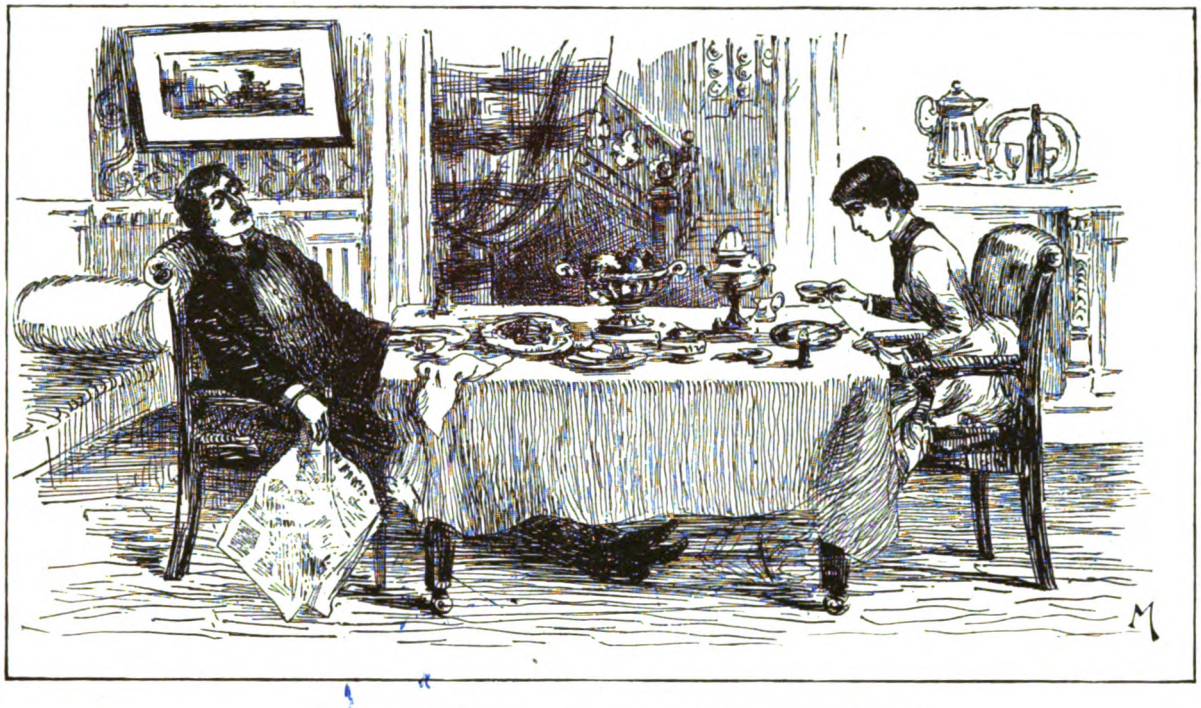

THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

Alfred, who came home very late last night from a bachelors' dinner, and has been "catching it" this morning:
"I HAD A MOST HORRIBLE DREAM LAST NIGHT."
Arabella (sarcastically): DID YOU, INDEED? HOW SURPRISING!
Alfred: DID I WAKE UP WITH A SCREAM, OR ANYTHING OF THAT SORT?
Arabella: NO; PERHAPS YOU HAD EATEN SO MUCH YOU COULDN'T. WHAT WAS YOUR NIGHTMARE?
Alfred: I DREAMED I WAS A BACHELOR AGAIN.

THE FROG.

WHO am I but the frog—the frog!
And my realm is the dark bayou;
And my throne is the muddy and moss-grown log
That the poison-vine clings to—
Where the blacksnakes slide in the shiny tide,
And the ghost of the moon looks blue.

What am I but a king—a king!
For the royal robes I wear—
A sceptre, too, and a signet ring,
As vassals and serfs declare.
And a voice, God wot! that is equaled not
In the wide world anywhere!

I can talk to the Night—the Night!
Under his big black wing
He tells me the tale of the world outright,
And the secret of everything.
For he knows you all, from the time you crawl
To the doom that death will bring.

The Storm swoops down, and he blows—and blows,
While I drum on his swollen cheek,
And croak in his angered eye, that glows
With the lurid lightning's streak—
While the rushes drown in the watery frown
That his bursting passions leak.

And I can see through the sky—the sky,
As clear as a piece of glass;
And I can tell you the how and why
Of the things that come to pass—
And whether the dead are there instead
Or under the graveyard grass.

To your sovereign lord all hail—all hail!
To your prince on his throne so grim.
Let the moon swing low, and the high stars trail
Their heads in the dust to him.
And the wide world sing: Long live the king,
And grace to his royal whim!

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PROGRESS IN BAGDAD.

A NEW ARABIAN NIGHT.

AS EVERY ONE KNOWS it was the custom of the good Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid to wander in disguise through the streets of Bagdad in company with his faithful Grand Vizier. This he did in order to learn the true condition and opinions of his people, and to keep down a tendency to grow fat. Of course he learned a great deal during these excursions, for whenever he spoke to any man, he was always instantly recognized, and the man always remarked that all the people of Bagdad were perfectly happy under the rule of their beloved Caliph, and that as for himself, all he needed to complete his personal bliss was the sum of sixty piastres with which to buy his blind and bedridden mother a copy of the "Campaign Life of Haroun al-Raschid."

In the latter years of his reign the Caliph ceased to take his walk abroad in disguise, and got up a coupé in which he drove in the park in the daytime, reserving the evening for whist and other intellectual recreations. One day he unexpectedly said to the Grand Vizier: "Disguise yourself to-night and we will take a walk as was our custom ten years ago. I hear that there has been a great deal of Progress in Bagdad of late, and I want to find out what it means." The faithful Grand Vizier knocked his forehead on the ground in token of acquiescence, and as soon as it was dark the Caliph and his companion slipped out through the area door, and began their wanderings.

Entering a mosque that was entirely empty of worshippers, the Caliph introduced himself to the priest as an English tourist intending to write a book on Bagdad, and asked him for some information about Progress.

"There has been much progress in religious thought," answered the priest, "as you would have discovered had you read that able work entitled 'Reviews and Essays.' We, liberal thinkers, have shown very clearly that Mahomet never lived, that the Koran is a collection of documents of varying age and authenticity, and, as a whole, deserving of very little respect. We have abolished hell, and demonstrated that there are no houris in Paradise, but that it is a place where peculiar facilities are offered for the study of mathematics."

The Caliph spat on the ground. "The dog blasphemeth," he exclaimed, "and he shall have the bastinado, the bowstring and the Sing Sing paddle to-morrow. Come away, Vizier. It makes my blood run cold to hear this infidel speak of the houris of Paradise."

Proceeding down the street called The Street of the Daisy, the Caliph met a two-eyed Calendar who was lounging in front of a tobacco shop making a pipe. To him the Caliph said: "My good friend, I know that all people are happy who are under the rule of the truly good Haroun-al-Raschid."

"O! what are you givin' us," interrupted the two-eyed Calendar. "There ain't no taffy wanted here. I ain't no last year's Calendar, I want you to understand, but I'm a first-class this year's Calendar, with a full account of all the eclipses and Vennor's predictions. So move on and try your confidence game on somebody else. You hear me."

"But, my young friend," continued the Caliph, "I don't quite understand you. What I want to know is the condition of Progress in Bagdad."

"And you ain't young Drexel, and you haven't drawn a prize in a lottery and don't want me to come and see you cash it?" inquired the two-eyed Calendar.

"Certainly not," said the Caliph.

"Very well," replied the Calendar, "Then I don't mind saying that if we're to have any real progress in Bagdad we must get rid of the bosses."

"Of what?" asked Haroun.

"The bosses—old Haroun and that ridiculous Grand Vizier, and all the rest of those fellows that set up to be superior to other people. We must have universal suffrage, free whiskey, an elective judiciary and a first-class republic all round. That'll be something like progress."

"Come away quickly," whispered the Caliph to his companion. "This is worse blasphemy than the other. May dogs hold circuses upon the grave of the wretched Calendar's father. May his shadow constantly grow less, and may all the other calamities proper to be mentioned by a Caliph overtake him."

"I forgot to say," called out the Calendar, "that we need an elevated railroad"—but the Caliph and the Vizier stopped their ears and fled away.

They soon met a shoemaker who was hard at work at his trade, reading a newspaper. To him the Caliph addressed himself, asking him if he had heard or seen any progress lately.

"We're making progress," answered the shoemaker. "We shall destroy religion, and property, and government, and marriage, and everything else before long, if the price of dynamite goes down so that we can blow everything up."

"By the beard of the prophet, the man is mad!" exclaimed Haroun. "He is even madder than the priest and the two-eyed Calendar. What has the world come to that people want to destroy everything in this world and the next, and call their madness progress? People used to be happy ten years ago, but now——"

Here one of the new Bagdad policeman appeared, and having clubbed Haroun and the Vizier as suspicious persons, took them to the station-house, where they passed a miserable night, vowing never again to walk the streets in disguise, and never to listen to the word "progress."

HINT TO A LAZY MAN.—Endow a free bed in a hospital and occupy it yourself.

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BETTER THAN HE MEANT.

Chaperone (*pointing to her charge*): THERE SHE IS.

Youth (*who has had a reminder from his florist*) *absently*: THE PRETTY ONE, YOU MEAN, WITH SUCH A STRING OF SCALP——. AH— WITH SO MANY BOUQUETS. OH YES; I'LL TELL HER WITH PLEASURE.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—St. Louis Editor (returning from Salvini in the Outlaw):

"There wasn't much in the play. Salvini would come in, crying; fall on a chair, crying; let his arms swing over the back, crying; then jerk up and walk out, crying, because it was all such an infernal shame."

Salvini as the Outlaw usually dies of heart disease; but in St. Louis he found it necessary to take poison and go off in convulsions. Even this failed to make much impression in the land of homicide and Slayback.

FROM A LETTER POST-MARKED "PARIS."

THERE are three things which Frenchmen respect besides the Legion of Honor—the adoration of a son for his mother; the despair of a married woman over her deceiving lover, and the passing of a funeral on the Boulevard.

* * *

THE death of Madame Faubert will increase the already large sale of her recent "Souvenirs," one of the most charming of those books which French women have had the talent and malice to produce. Apropos of the revelations made in this book, it has been remarked: "When a woman is thirty she may flirt; at forty be a gossip; and at sixty, utterly scandalous."

* * *

I SHALL not, of course, give notoriety to the usual crop of sensational, semi-medical, semi-rational works for which there seems ever to be a ready market in this curious city. Merely the titles *curdle one's hair!*

* * *

AT the *Variétés* I noticed above the stage the coat-of-arms of the City of Paris, which represents an armorial ship thumping about in troubled waters like unto a channel crossing in "dirty weather." Thereunto the particularly happy motto "*Fluctuat nec mergitur.*" A celebrated wit during the interim of the acts, gazing at this from his stall, murmured, on recalling the countless political upheavals he has witnessed, "*Soit, mais on y-a diablement mal au cœur quelques fois!*"

* * *

HERE is a pretty Russian Christmas legend told by Tourgeneff in the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*: "Two or three days before Christmas *le bon Dieu* gave a fête in his Azure Palace. All the virtues were invited—the virtues only—no gentlemen; none but ladies. A great many virtues came—great and small. The little ones were more agreeable and charming than the big ones; but they all seemed to harmonize very well, and to know each other intimately. But suddenly *le bon Dieu* remarked two pretty women who seemed not to know one another. The master of the house took one of these ladies by the hand and led her towards the other, '*Charity*,' said he, in designating the former; '*Gratitude*,' he added, in presenting the other. These two virtues were much astonished. Since the beginning of the world they had finally met for the first time!"

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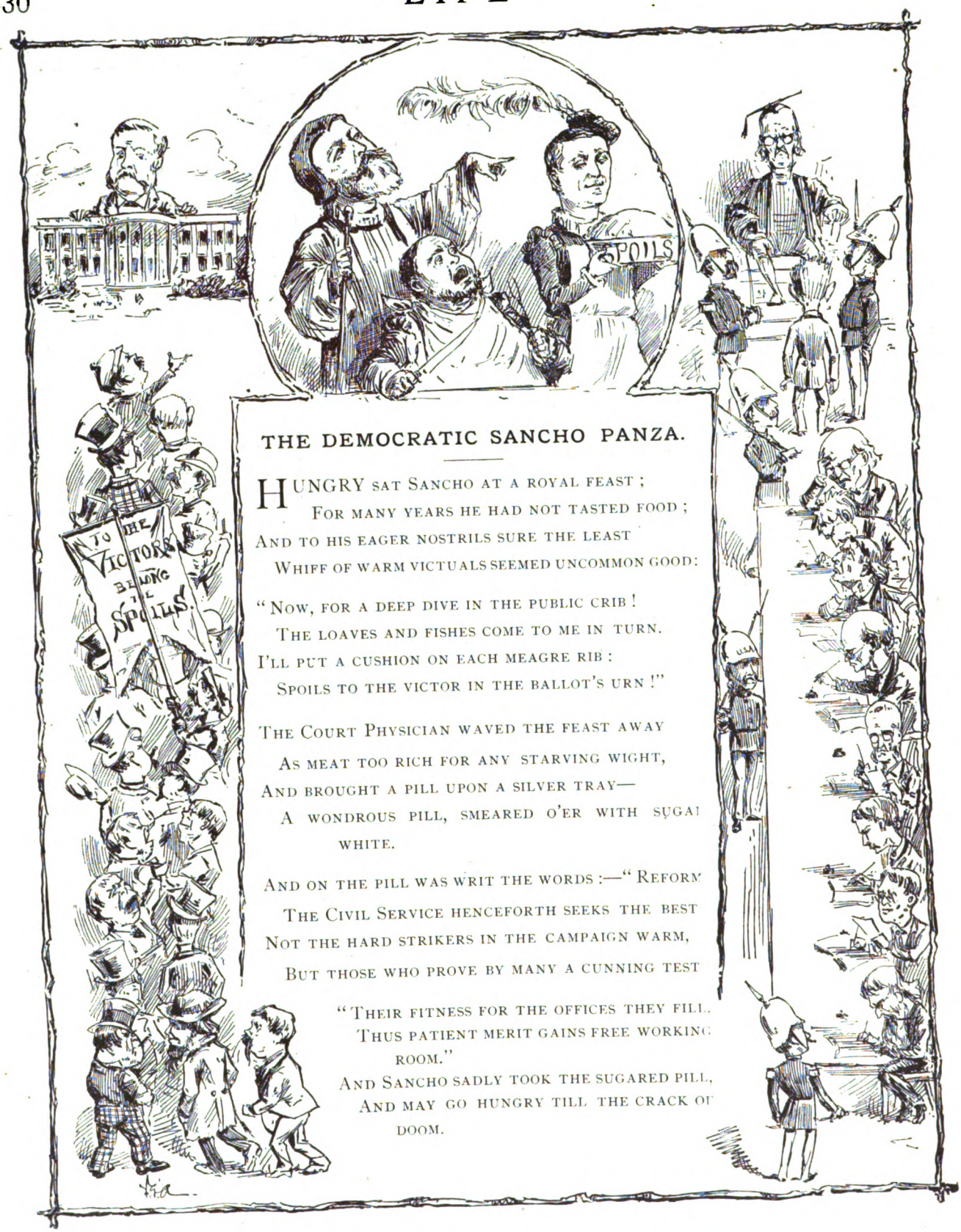

THE DEMOCRATIC SANCHO PANZA.

HUNGRY sat Sancho at a royal feast;
For many years he had not tasted food;
And to his eager nostrils sure the least
Whiff of warm victuals seemed uncommon good:

"Now, for a deep dive in the public crib!
The loaves and fishes come to me in turn.
I'll put a cushion on each meagre rib:
Spoils to the victor in the ballot's urn!"

The Court Physician waved the feast away
As meat too rich for any starving wight,
And brought a pill upon a silver tray—
A wondrous pill, smeared o'er with sugar white.

And on the pill was writ the words:—"Reform
The Civil Service henceforth seeks the best
Not the hard strikers in the campaign warm,
But those who prove by many a cunning test

"Their fitness for the offices they fill.
Thus patient merit gains free working room."
And Sancho sadly took the sugared pill,
And may go hungry till the crack of doom.

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THE MAYOR IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

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THE FATHER AND THE S—N.

AN IMPENETRABLE MYSTERY.

SAY, Father, who is General Gr–nt?
  Whatever did he do
To make the S–N allude to him
  As though he was too-too?
Has he by crimes brought on himself
  All good men's hate and scorn,
Or has he sometime stepped upon
  Somebody's tender corn?

My son, Ul–ss–s S–mps–n Gr–nt
  Fought wisely in the war,
And got enormous recompense,
  And wanted to get more.
In the White House eight years he lived;
  He wished to live there twelve;
The S–N esteemed it to be time
  Ul–ss–s G. to shelve.

And who is R–th–rf–rd B. H–y–s?
  Who seems to set as ill
Upon the stomach of the S–N
  As tho' he was a pill,
Which, often swallowed, still comes up,
  And is not sugar-cased,
But in the S–N's mouth daily leaves
  A disagreeable taste.

That H–y–s, my son, is he who was
  By fraud and sinful guile
With S. J. T–ld–n's cloak endued,
  And wore it for a while.
Men thought that in such garb he might
  For a reformer pass;
But when he let his voice be heard
  He showed—what kind of a hairpin he was.

But, Father, who is R–g–rs? Who
  Is Deacon R–ch–rd Sm–th,
And was he truly good, with bad
  Bold partners—or a myth?
And who is Ch–lds, A.M., the Bard,
  Grief's Quaker City scribe?
Why lauds the S–N these men with such
  Faint praise and half-way jibe?

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R–g–rs, my child, was clerk to H–y–s,
And of the self-same stripe,
A joke at whose expense seems not
Worth setting up in type.
And Ch–lds, although he lacks some sense
Of quantity and rhyme,
Has never, never been found out
In any sort of crime.

But as for Deacon R–ch–rd Sm–th,
And what he can have done,
To figure as the Truly-Good
Forever in the S–N?
Or wherefore he doth in the tents
Of wicked partners dwell?
Ask elsewhere. Come! Arise! Get hence!
I cannot, cannot tell.

MR. AND MRS. RALPH ORMISTON.

(From Mrs. Ralph Ormiston, No. 753 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, to Miss Mary Lee, No. 1125 Charles Street, Baltimore.)

NOVEMBER, 23rd, 188—.

MY DEAR MAMIE:

WE have at last settled down in our beautiful new house, and for the first time in weeks, I have found an opportunity to write to you. Only think, dear, what a lucky chance brought us to Mt. Desert last summer, and the tall, distinguished stranger to my rescue when I sprained my ankle on those horrid rocks at Otter Cliffs. I was fainting, of course, but I could not help thinking of Tom Brown and Mary, as he carried me in his strong arms to our buckboard. Even you were struck with his distinguished bearing, Mamie! And how modestly he withdrew when he had left us at the Rodick House. But, as he took off his hat in departing, it was indeed a shock to see that he was so bald. Still, intellectual men are almost always bald; only iconoclastic brutes like Sampson have bushy heads of hair, and you will remember that he cut his hair to please a woman. Papa had to seek out Mr. Ormiston at his lonely boarding place on the Ovens road to thank him for his gallantry. Mr. Ormiston declared that his services did not deserve any thanks, and it was with the greatest difficulty that papa could induce him to accompany us on the moonlight sail in the "Startled Fawn." I knew that he was a poet, as we sat together that night, oblivious to the chattering crowd around us, watching the moonlight stretching over the waves to the frowning crags of the Porcupines.

And when, in the cool shade of "Bounding Cave," as we sat looking at the throbbing mirage one August day, he told me that I was the only woman in the world for him, I felt that my hour had come.

He told papa, when asking for my hand, that he was a cadet of a noble English family, and that his fortune was so ample that he could devote himself to science; that he lived in this country because he loved freedom, and he chose Boston as his home, because the air there was charged to a remarkable degree with the ozone of liberty.

How well I remember papa's answer; "My dear Mr. Ormiston, in America women only enjoy freedom; my daughter is free to choose her husband." Was it not noble of papa? And then came our wedding last September. What a charming bridesmaid you were, dear Mamie!

Our house is delightfully situated, and the furniture and decorations are in exquisite taste. I expect to have a charming winter; my dresses are perfectly lovely, and all papa's friends have been very polite to us. Dear Ralph is not fond of society, though, and he has not deigned to make the acquaintance of any of the Boston men, except in the most formal way.

He is devoted to his wife and to science. He has reserved for himself the reception room, into which he allows nobody else to enter. It has a heavy oak door, fastened with a combination lock. A double set of lovely olive-green portieres make it impossible for me even to peep into the room, when he leaves me with a kiss to go to his scientific researches at nine o'clock every morning. At ten o'clock he goes down town with a large green bag, like a lawyer's, which always seems to be filled with papers, and at eleven he returns with the same bag, which is never empty. I watch him from my boudoir window as he goes and returns. After luncheon, he is at liberty, and he does not go into the mysterious room until the next morning.

We have everything which the heart can desire, but Ralph will have no women servants in the house. He says that all women, but one, are so inquisitive, that he will not have them around him.

I believe that dear Ralph is perfecting some remarkable discovery in science, which he wishes to keep secret from the world until the proper moment comes for its publication.

Ralph and I are reading Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," and Browning's poems, together, and he reads delightfully. I am getting to guess Browning readily.

Isn't it a queer idea, Mamie, that Ralph should have all his money changed into three-cent postage stamps? His reason for this is that they bear the image of Washington whom he admires above all men who ever lived. It is a bizarre idea, but Ralph must be right, for he always is; but it is awkward, when I am shopping, to make the tradesmen understand it. Ralph keeps the combination of the lock of the reception room, his "dreadful den," as I call it, in the back of his watch. Give my love to all the girls at home. I hope to be on during the winter if Ralph can get away. Do you know anything which will cure baldness? If you do please let me know.

Your loving friend,

LOUISA ORMISTON.

P. S.—How odd it seems to sign my name Louisa Ormiston! I came near writing it Louisa Pinckney. Do you think it would be right for me to go into that room when Ralph has forbidden me?

II.

(FROM SAME TO SAME.)

DECEMBER 21st, 188—.

DEAREST MAMIE:

I HAVE just received your lovely letter. I am so delighted to hear that you have taken pity upon Charley Willis, who told me last winter that he was living in sack-coats and tobacco ashes on account of your coldness to him. You will be so happy together. There will be no mystery about Charley. You have known him from his boyhood, and as he never does anything, you will not be troubled to know what he is doing. Ralph is as dear as ever, and has never spoken one cross word to me; but I forget; he has—one cross word. After a supper at the club at a theatre-party I told him that your father had sent to a "Friend of the Hairless," P. O. box 3,051, Boston, for a receipt to make hair grow on the baldest head in twenty-one days. I begged him to inclose some of his three-cent stamps, to get the receipt.

Dear Ralph turned pale, and told me that I was talking —— nonsense; but he said it with his darling English intonation, and though his harshness grieved me for the moment, I soon forgave him.

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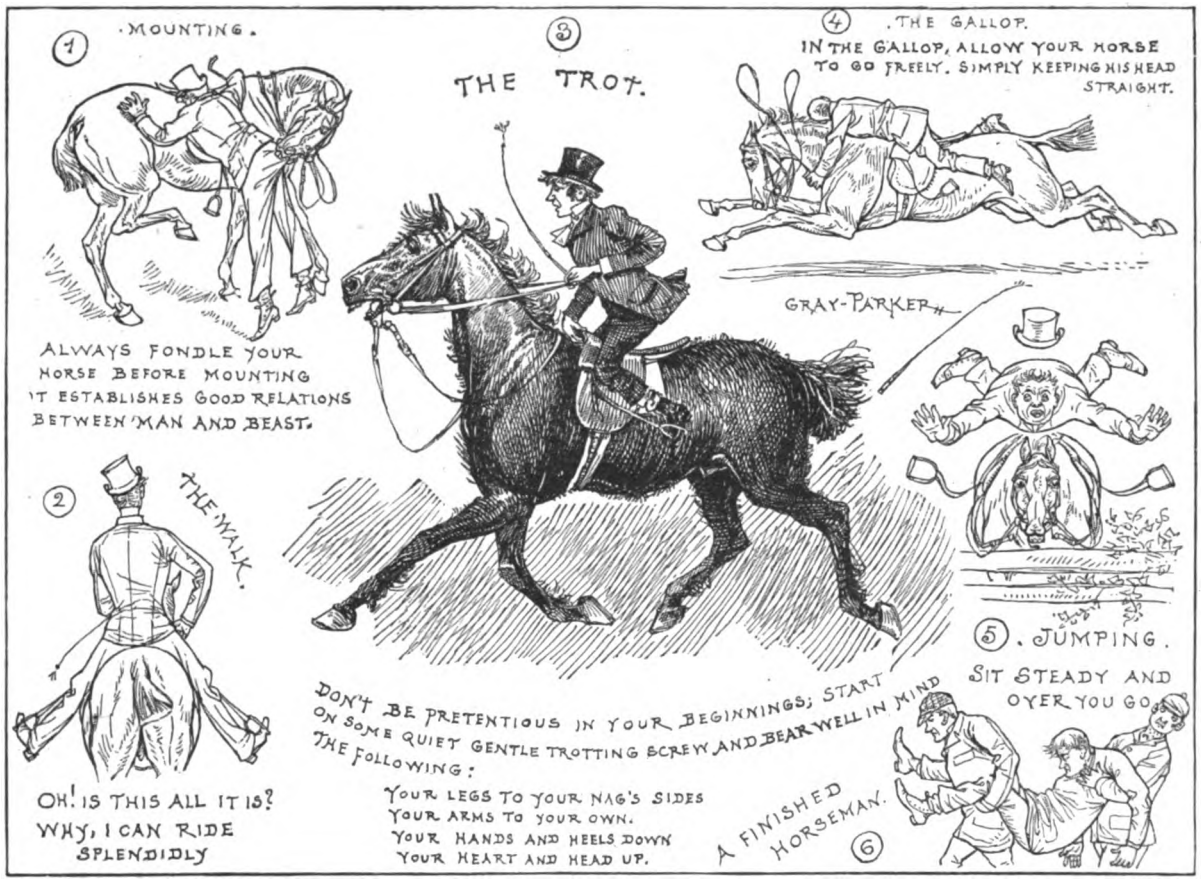

RULES FOR RIDING.

I have an idea that there is some dreadful family secret about his baldness; his family is so old that it must have skeletons in its closets. Perhaps Ralph has a part of the skeleton in his "dreadful den."

Every day I find my desire growing stronger to see the inside of that room.

My visitors ask me why I keep the reception room closed. I answer with a sad, enigmatical smile. Here in Boston every one asks what a man's occupation is. Every man is expected to be busy, so some of the rich young men hire offices and put up signs that they are lawyers, to maintain their respectability; and people are beginning to ask what Ralph's occupation is; I answer that he is a scientist, and they then inquire: "Why does he not lecture at the Lowell Institute?" "What branch of science does he pursue?" I have never asked him what he does in the room, but, as you say, a husband should have no secret from his wife.

But wives have always come to grief when they have pried into their husband's private affairs. Think of Mrs. Bluebeard and poor Psyche. But I can understand how they felt when there was an unsolved mystery in the house. I have written to the "Friend of the Hairless," P. O. Box 3,051, for the receipt to cure baldness, and I intend to rub the mixture on Ralph's head when he is asleep, family secret or no family secret. Give my love and congratulations to Charley.

Your loving friend,

LOUISA O.

P. S.—Ralph has sent his watch to be repaired; I think that I can find out the combination which opens the lock of the "dreadful den" by going to the watchmaker's. Ralph is to go to New York next month to meet an eminent English agnostic. If I find out the combination I shall certainly go into the room. I feel so nervous at the thought that I take bromide every night.

[*Concluded next week.*]

PAUVRE France! Pauvre France! Thy leaders, one by one,
Fall from their thrones of Fame, no more to hold
Aloft before thine eyes those brilliant lights
Of Talent, Intellect, and splendid Power
Which shone for all the nations of the world.
To everlasting rest within the grave
Of late disconsolate thou hast consigned
A statesman, and a warrior, and a son
Gifted to write for other men to read.
All these rude Fate hath borne from thy fond arms,
And snatched from thine embrace, and left thee tears.
Sorrow and Grief brood o'er thy troubled land,
And dark forebodings fill thine anxious soul;
And yet, *Pauvre France*, forget thine every ill!
Be wild and gay—for SARAH LIVETH STILL!

T. D. W.

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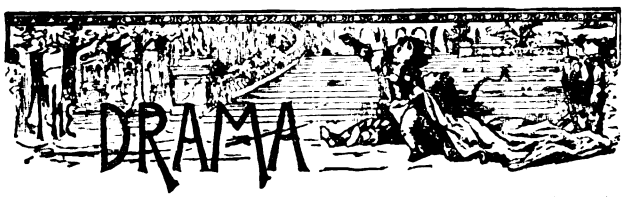

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

MR. A. M. PALMER, DEALER IN FRENCH AND AMERICAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

Play by M. FEUILLET, adapted by M. CAZARUE, entitled
"THE ROMANCE OF A PARISIAN YOUNG MAN."

BEFORE THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

A VERY KNOWING OLD MAN: What can Palmer be thinking of to put a young fellow like Mansfield into an important part?

A YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING: I guess Palmer's getting played out, anyhow.

THE VERY KNOWING OLD MAN: Of course you saw Mansfield at the Standard in comic opera?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING: Of course.

THE VERY KNOWING OLD MAN: Then you see how absurd it is to cast him in a serious part?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING: I agree with you; it is absurd.

ACT I.

A GRAND SALON AND BALL ROOM AT THE HOTEL DE TARGY.
(*Painted and designed by Mr. Richard Marston.*)

The Parisian Young Man is at first a Rich young man, and he gives a Ball, so that his Wife may show off her Voice and her ball-dress of rose-colored velvet over a pale yellow satin petticoat, covered with flounces of white lace and hung with golden grapes and vine leaves. An Operatic Tenor makes love to the Wife. So does a Wealthy and Wicked Banker. The Wealthy and Wicked Banker has a Wife of his own, who has a ball-dress of dead-leaf satin and brocaded silk, with pale pink roses and autumn leaves, and a red velvet vine, combined in the lowest style of Decorative Art. The guests depart. The Parisian Young Man and his Wife talk about his Mother, who appears in a Surah silk dressing gown, trimmed with white lace, and worn under another dressing gown of blue silk plush, lined with old-gold satin and trimmed down the front with grey satin fur. There is nothing mean about the Parisian Young Man, and he is willing to let his Mother wear as many dressing gowns at once as she wants. Judging that the fashionable gaiety of the ball has nerved them for an Awful Disclosure, the Parisian Mother tells the Parisian Wife and the Parisian Young Man that Honor demands that he should pay over his whole fortune to the Wealthy and Wicked Banker.

INTERMISSION I.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MAIDEN: Don't you think the Parisian Young Man is just too lovely for anything?

HER MALE AND CYNICAL ESCORT: Well, I don't know as I should feel called to be quite so high-toned as all that.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC MAIDEN: I think you are just horrid. You've no appreciation of emotional plays at all.

HER MALE AND CYNICAL ESCORT *wisely refrains from all controversy.*

THE ENTHUSIASTIC MAIDEN: And didn't you think they all wore lovely things?

HER MALE AND CYNICAL ESCORT: If I were the Mayor, I should refuse to license such a Fashion Play.

ACT II.

THE PRIVATE OFFICES OF THE BANKER, BARON CHEVRIAL.
(*Painted and Designed by Mr. Richard Marston.*)

The Parisian Young Man gives up all he has in the world to the Wealthy and Wicked Banker, and the Wealthy and Wicked Banker gives the Parisian Young Man a place in his bank. A Giddy Young Thing in the Ballet, in a dress of Pistachio green satin, brocaded in a crimson and lavender design, pays a visit to the Wealthy and Wicked Banker. He gives her points on stocks, and she coppers them, being a young lady of High Moral Principles.

INTERMISSION II.

A SPORTING GENTLEMAN: Did you hear her say she was backing a horse sired by *Rataplan?*

AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN OF THE WORLD: Yes, but I had no idea that ballet girls bet on races or speculated in stocks. I supposed they always supported a younger sister, a baby, a mother, and a drunken father.

THE SPORTING GENTLEMAN (*with due seriousness*): If she's backed any of *Rataplan's* get, I reckon she'll lose her money.

THE EXPERIENCED WOMAN OF THE WORLD (*with curiosity*): Why?

THE SPORTING GENTLEMAN: It must be too old to make the running now. Why, *Rataplan* was foaled in 1849!

ACT III.

THE NEW AND HUMBLER HOME OF THE DE TARGYS.
(*Painted and designed by Mr. Richard Marston.*)

The Parisian Young Man is now Poor, since he is wickedly neglecting the opportunities he enjoys as Cashier to get away with the ill-gotten hordes of the Wealthy and Wicked Banker. The Parisian Mother is happy in her honest poverty. The Parisian Wife repines and is shocked at the sight of a Huge American Castor on a Parisian Dinner Table. The Wealthy and Wicked Banker tells her that he loves her, so she runs away to sea with the Operatic Tenor.

INTERMISSION III.

A BRILLIANT WIT: The Old Barber is after the Ballet Girl, isn't he?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE BRILLIANT WIT: And he has a wife of his own, hasn't he?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE BRILLIANT WIT: And he is after the Other Man's Wife, too, isn't he?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE BRILLIANT WIT: Don't it strike you that the Baron is trying to get married on the installment plan?

HIS FRIEND (*sadly*): Yes.

ACT IV.

GRAND GALLERY AND TERRACE OF THE HOTEL CHEVRIAL.
(*Painted and designed by Mr. Richard Marston.*)

The Wealthy and Wicked Banker, being in bad health, gives a supper to the Giddy Young Thing in the Ballet, and to Friends of her's, also in the Ballet. The Giddy Young Thing wears a pink satin petticoat and a black velvet bodice, pink silk hose and a matador hat. The Wealthy and Wicked Banker, being in bad health, gives the supper in the open air on a frosty night, so the Friends of the Giddy Young Thing in the Ballet came in their undress, just as they have appeared at the Opera. The Wealthy and Wicked Banker has a stroke of apoplexy and dies.

INTERMISSION IV.

AN ADMIRING YOUTH (*to his companion, an Admirable Youth, who was once in Paris for two days when he was fourteen*): I tell you, Charley, that last act was just lively, you bet!

THE ADMIRABLE YOUTH (*who was once in Paris for two days*): This is all very well on the stage, you know, but you ought to see the real thing!

THE ADMIRING YOUTH: Have you ever been to a supper like that?

THE ADMIRABLE YOUTH (*who was once in Paris for two days*): Have I? Well, I should smile! Why, I could tell you things which would make you sick. One night I—(*whispers.*)

THE ADMIRING YOUTH: Did you? Honest? Let's have something. (*They go out gravely*).

ACT V.

GROUNDS OF DR. CHESNEL'S VILLA AT ASNIERES.
(*Painted and designed by Mr. Richard Marston.*)

The Parisian Wife is supposed to have been lost at sea, so the Wealthy and Wicked Banker's Wife is making up to the Parisian Young Man with a view to matrimony, and the approval of the Parisian Mother. The Parisian Wife is not dead, so the Match is off. The Parisian Young Man forgives the Parisian Wife, and overwhelmed with gratitude she dies gracefully in a dark blue dress, leaving him free to marry the Wealthy and Wicked Banker's Wife.

AFTER THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

THE VERY KNOWING OLD MAN: It's a pretty poor play, isn't it?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING: Yes, but it's a mighty good show!

THE VERY KNOWING OLD MAN: Marston and Mansfield have made it.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING: Mansfield made a big hit.

THE VERY KNOWING OLD MAN: I told you I had seen him act before—up at the Standard—in comic opera. It's absurd not to have seen he was a first rate actor even then.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING: I agree with you—it is absurd.

ARTHUR PENN.

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NEWTON AND HIS DOG.

SIR Isaac Newton, the philosopher, had been engaged for twenty-seven years in the composition of a treatise upon the subject of Conic Sections. He possessed a little yellow dog named Towser,* an eminently playful animal to which he had been accustomed to allow the freedom of his study. One morning the great philosopher went out to see a man, leaving (for some unexplained reason) a lighted candle upon his table, upon which (for some unexplained reason) were all the calculations for his great work, which (for some unexplained reason) he had not duplicated and could not reproduce. The dog frisking about upon the table (for some unexplained reason) upset the candle, and the precious manuscripts were entirely consumed without (for some unexplained reason) setting fire to anything else in the apartment. Great was the philosopher's surprise upon his return to discover the catastrophe. "O dem it, dem it!" he explained reproachfully, "thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done! True, I had just about come to the conclusion that I had put down a 1 for a 9 in the first calculation and that consequently, the answer being about 3,467,204,358,912,006 too large, the best thing I could do was to burn the darned thing up; nevertheless, it is hard for a boss philosopher to discover that a twopenny half penny yellow dog knows more in a minute without intending it than he himself could find out in twenty-seven years, ciphering eight hours a day!" The great man thereupon revisited the man whom he had already gone out to see, and being struck by the facility with which apple-jack went down, discovered the attraction of gravitation, by which all bodies are drawn towards the earth, before returning home.

OF GENTILITY.

A MAN may be a gentleman in appearance, in manner, or in feeling, or in all three. If he fulfills either condition he has a title to the name. If he fulfill all of them he will be so fine a creature that the name can do him no good, and if his right to it is questioned, it will not disturb him.

Appearance is largely a matter of attire, which is to be bought for money; but it depends too upon taste, which is much more difficult to purchase, and upon natural gifts, which cannot be bought.

Good manners are either a disguise, or they are the outward evidence of a good disposition. They may be acquired, but it is not easy to buy them, though their absence is readily pardoned in persons who are very rich, very good, very intelligent, or eminently powerful from any cause.

A man who has the feelings of a gentleman is usually born with them. To him they are instincts by which he will regulate his behavior in circumstances where neither his experience nor his reason can guide him. But they may be acquired,—most readily by association with persons who already possess them, and they are fostered by decent living.

A gentleman will have, first of all, self-respect. He will fear self-condemnation more than anything else, except, perhaps, for a different reason, self-praise.

And, as he respects himself as a man, and exacts decent treatment of himself, so will he also respect other men as men, and use them accordingly.

* In the earlier editions the animal is called "Diamond," but, as the reader will see further on, this is clearly an error.

THE MAINSTAY.

Augustus Wall, (who is new to the street and feels his deficiencies): "A MAN NEEDS TO FEEL THAT HE OWNS A PLACE IN THE WORLD AND THAT IN THAT PLACE HE IS AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER MAN, OR BETTER. HE MUST HAVE A SUSTAINING INNER-CONSCIOUSNESS: NOW, EUGIE, WHAT IS GOING TO GIVE HIM THAT:

Eugene Gobelin (who has had experience,) reflectingly: "BLESSED IF I KNOW, OLD MAN; UNLESS—AH! —UNLESS IT'S HIS DINNER!"

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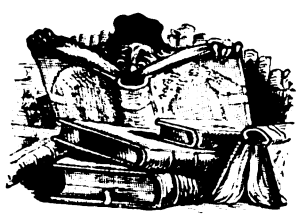

"For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
Than robes riche or fithele or gay sautrie."

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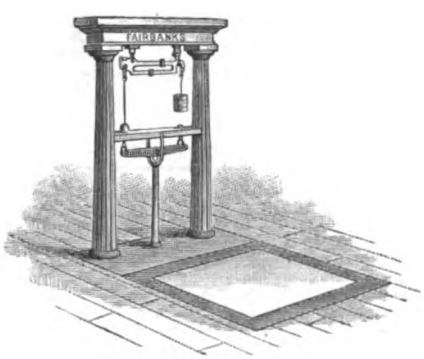

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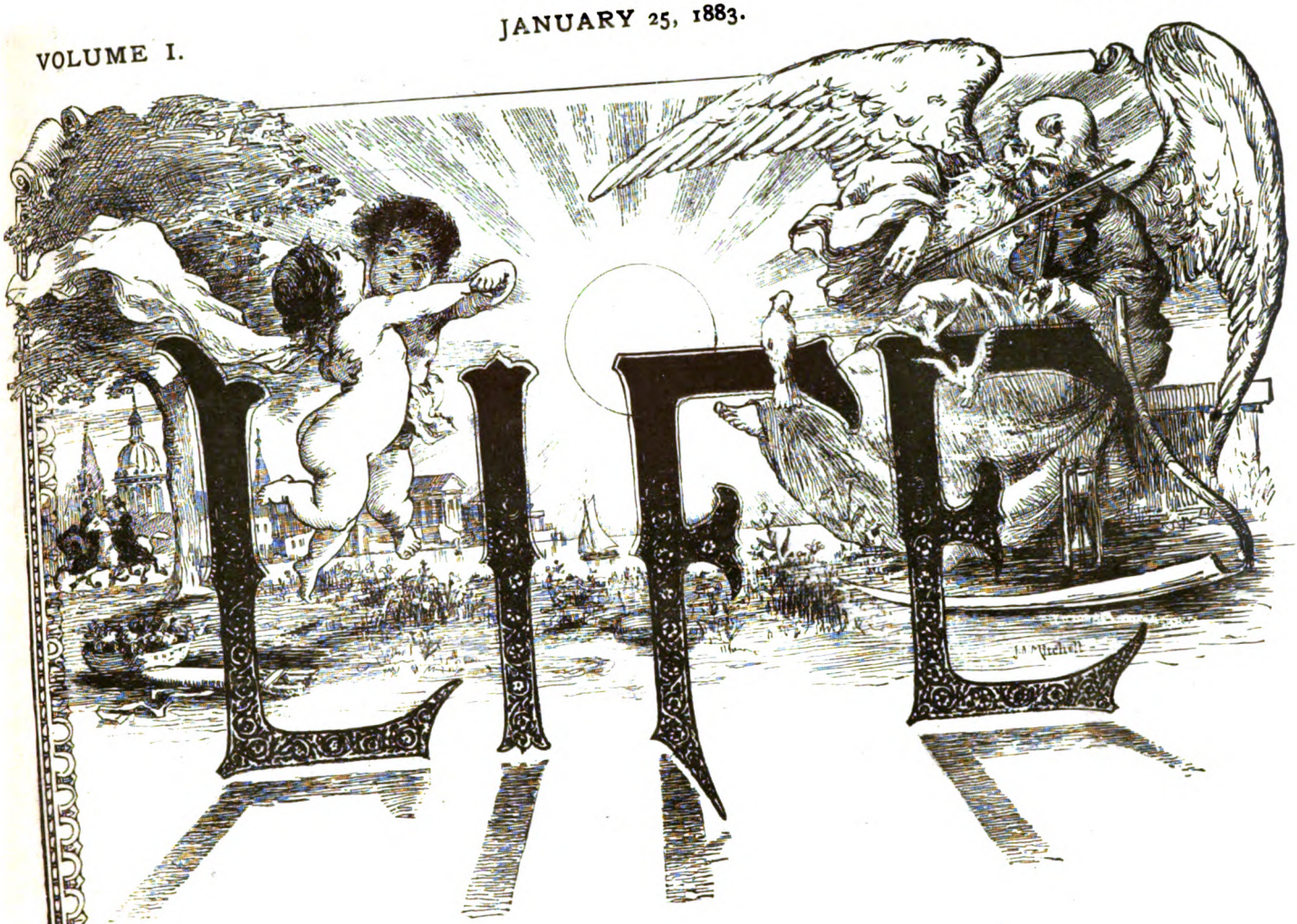

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VOL. I. JANUARY 25, 1883. NO. 4.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONDUCTED BY
JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

NOW or formerly was born of honest parents a male child, who, being duly nourished and clothed, grew to man's estate, learning many things by the way, but nothing in particular. And when it became time for him to choose the calling by which he should live, he said :—

"Certain men I see who sit in a back office and read the paper, and the little boy who sits in the front office writes at a desk, working. But the pay of the boy is small, whereas the man grows rich ; since the boy is paid for what he does, but the man for what he knows, I choose to be a lawyer, and to sit always in a back office, and be paid for what I know."

So there were bought for him books bound in leather, and many days he sat at a desk writing.

But presently he arose, and put on his hat, saying,

"Now I perceive that all men who sit in back offices are superior to me by the accident of birth, being born first. Nor is it probable that I, being thus trammelled by nature, and being but one, and not two-men-and-a-boy, can ever learn enough to be paid for what I know."

So he got thence and went fishing.

And while he fished he reflected and said to himself, "It is better to work with the head than with the hands, since the pay is more ; but it is a grievous chore to know so much and to sit in an office and be sure Let me be a doctor, and know less, and go about making likely guesses."

So he practised riding in a coupé, and hired a skeleton, and entered himself at a medical school. But presently he discovered that it was as before, and that the doctors who drove about in carriages making likely guesses were such as beat him by the accident of being born before him.

And he was much discouraged. And he fished again, and thought long and deeply.

And at length he said, "True, it is for *thinking* that men are paid best, but to think and be sure takes knowledge that comes not to the young ; and to think and make likely guesses takes long practice. But, peradventure, even a young man can think and *talk*.

So he was a clergyman, and for a while he prospered, and all he thought he freely spoke. But presently he was cast out, and he knew then that there also his elders were wiser than he, since they know what not to say.

So when his tradesmen pressed him very sore, he took ship and went into a far country, and then came down to hard pan, and earned his bread honestly, now carrying bricks up a ladder, and again reporting for a morning journal, and many other things in their turn.

And when there had elapsed the period set down in the Statute of Limitations he returned to his native land with all his savings, and hired himself an office and bought paste and a pair of scissors. For he said, "I have now no friends and much experience. I will be an editor." So he issued a journal. And presently one come to him and said "Your sheet is dull." And another, "It is indecent." And another, "It is goody-goody." And another, "It reads like a tract." And another, "It is blasphemous." And so on through the dictionary. And to each in turn he listened and said : "Yes, it is true—but wait. We will fix all that." But his brow did not wrinkle, nor his cheek subside, but he bought more gum and went on. "For being down," he said, "how can one fall ?"

Only every day he looked to see what other editors said of his journal, and seemed not to find what he sought.

But presently one morning the office boy heard a strange sound coming from the editor's desk, and approaching he looked, and lo, the editor was reading in a newspaper a passage marked in blue lead, and was weeping. And seeing the lad he called to him, saying: "Come hither, my child, and fret not, for these are tears of joy. For to me who have wandered in many paths, seeking where best I might walk, has come the assurance that I have struck it at last. Listen," and he read him a notice.

"But," said the lad, when he had heard it, "this is unfavorable!"

Then the editor explained to him that as beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so does praise in the recipient's ear. And as to the eye of love much that is not beautiful appears so, so to the discriminating ear what seems like censure sometimes pleases more than praise.

"There are those," he said, "whose support is the presage of disaster, and from whom criticism is welcome in proportion to its severity.

"We have escaped a great peril. The notice I have read to you means our Assured Success, and now that it has come, and is such as it is, we need no longer withhold our hand, but can go on and be as clever as we may, without fear of ill-omened commendation.

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"Here is a trifling sum of money; go out and amuse yourself, that you may remember the day with pleasure always."

So he said, and the office boy understood perfectly how it was when he observed that the notice read was from the *Spr-ngf--ld R-p-bl-c-n.*

QUIXOTE IN AMERICA.

ONLY a little while ago, I met, in Spain, an old acquaintance who had long been supposed to be dead. Travelling by railroad train, I woke up a little after midnight while we were crossing the plains of La Mancha, and found that a stranger had entered my compartment and taken a seat in one corner of it.

He was very tall, and wrapped in a huge cloak. By the light of the stars, however, I saw that he had long, lank jaws and a melancholy visage. While I was wondering where I had met him before, his cloak fell partly aside and disclosed around his neck something which strangely resembled the gorget of a mediæval knight.

"Pardon me, sir," I began; "but is armor still worn in these parts?"

"No, señor," said the traveller, carelessly. "I used to wear armor; but what you see is merely a celluloid collar. Practically, however, that is the same thing."

"Ah," I said, drawing back; "I suppose I was thinking of Don Quixote."

"Cavalier!" instantly exclaimed the gentleman, by way of salutation, and touching his hat. "Such is my name; I am at your service."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Are you the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I'm the original Don."

"Excuse me, sir," I here interposed; "but aren't you just a little of an anachronism? I thought you were dead?"

"No, sir; I'm as much alive as ever I was." As he spoke he lifted one of his long hands and struck it proudly against his chest, which rattled response with a hollow sound like that of a coffin-lid or a political platform.

"Why, then," I asked, "don't we hear something of your exploits now-a-days?"

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A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

Mrs. Percey Ballavoine Tubbs: TOM HAS HAD AWFULLY BAD LUCK—POOR FELLOW!

Mr. P. B. T.: WHAT RUBBISH! BAD LUCK MEANS BAD MANAGEMENT. A MAN OF SENSE KEEPS HIS WITS ABOUT HIM AND HIS EYES OPEN, IS PREPARED FOR BAD LUCK, AND SEES IT COMING. IF HE HASN'T INTELLIGENCE ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF ITS WAY HE DESERVES ——*for reasons explained above the argument was discontinued at this point.*

"Well," he explained, "the misrepresentations about me go around so, that they ruined my usefulness, and now I have to do my work quietly—or under an assumed title.

"I'm not idle, I assure you. I've headed several revolutions here in Spain, and last summer I acted as adviser to Arabi Pacha. My influence extends even to America. Perhaps it is not generally known that I prompted Cyrus Field to put up that monument to the English spy, Major André; and I have repeatedly given my protection to the infant iron industries of Pennsylvania."

On my imforming him that I was a citizen of the United States, he went on to confide to me that his operations here had become very large, and that he had some thought of emigrating. "D'Oyly Carte," he added, "is now in treaty with me to go to the States on a lecturing tour.

I urged upon him that he ought to make an American tour, if only for the sake of publishing his impressions.

"Ah!" sighed the Don. "Willingly would I go thither, but that I fear I am more needed elsewhere. That which is most incumbent upon me is to champion the fair; and in your country, I am told, men are so gallant towards women that there would be little occasion for my services. But, were I once assured that it is otherwise, gladly would I put my lance in rest on behalf of your countrywomen."

Here he drew out from under his cloak what appeared to be a walking-stick, but was really, as he explained, a modernized lance, arranged to shut up or draw out, on the telescopic plan. As gracefully as I might, without too greatly damaging the reputation of the American male, I hinted that perhaps he could find use for this weapon, even in the United States, in the vindication of woman's cause. That appeared to decide him, for he said he should come over immediately. "And will you bring your famous steed, Rosinante?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Rosinante heaved her last breath long ago—she had had the heaves for some time; but fortunately she left me a winged colt, sired by Pagasus, who makes great speed, though he hasn't much bottom. I call him Poetaster, and it will probably be on his back that I shall cross the Atlantic."

Accordingly I was not surprised, soon after my return, to see the Don one day rambling up from one of the ferries, astride of Poetaster, with his huge turn-down celluloid gleaming in the sun. He had just arrived, and, seeing what excessive attention his horse attracted from the passers-by, I induced him to have the steed put up at a livery stable, where we got him taken by explaining that he was a trick-horse. His knightship

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was induced to enter a hack, and—after the manner of all great stars—would have been "driven rapidly to his hotel," had he not, before we had gone far, caught sight of an over-loaded street-car, in which a number of ladies were seen standing.

This so excited him that, putting his head out of the window, he ordered the hackman to stop, and at once began a tirade against the conductor. "Ha, caitiff!" he cried. "What mean you by such base conduct? Is this a fit way to treat the better half of mankind! Stop that car at once and turn the men out, or, by heaven——"

The conductor faced him with a weary air: "Oh, hire a hall, can't you?" said he coldly.

Hereupon Don Quixote burst open the hack-door with violence and, elongating his patent lance, ran at the terrified conductor, crying at the same time in a loud voice: "Now, by the memory of Amadis de Gaul, this shall not be while I am near!"

But before he could do his intended victim any harm, the latter opened upon him in a series of sharp detonations from his bell-punch; which, though it acted with a terrible recoil upon the man's own salary, had the effect of stunning Don Quixote, who did not know what to make of it.

While he still stood amazed, a policeman had been procured by diligent search of the by-standers, and, with much reluctance on his part, was brought up to arrest the disturber. This he at length did, though for a time he was unable to decide whether or not the Don came under the new code; and so the hero of La Mancha was "run in" at the nearest station. G. P. LATHROP.

WE had thought that the Milwaukee fire was a horror that had no humorous side, but Mayor Stowell has written in acknowledging Mr. Jay Gould's gift of $500 to the relief fund in Milwaukee—"It is timely, and should rank you with the noble philanthropists who distinguish this age above all previous eras in the world's history."

MR. HENRY JAMES, the philosopher, had a younger son, who, being prosperous in business, excused himself from being one of his father's legatees.

Mr. James, the novelist, would do well to put his brother into one of his books, even at the risk of being accused of a creation so improbable as to be bad art.

IN the February *Century*, Mrs. Burnet's novel, "Through One Administration," still drags its lively length along, although this is its sixteenth installment. It is still believed, however, that the fair authoress will be able to say her last word on or about the date originally fixed by her title—before the end of President Arthur's first term.

THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER III.

HE Paris journals of the first half of this century kept always set up, in permanent type, the following phrases, to begin the leading editorial of every day: *All up to now has been but rot and stubble. An era now commences.* In America, on the first of January, 1883, this was true. Things in general were upon the threshhold of a new era, at the same moment that men in general were upon the back stoop of oblivion. There were but two kinds of politicians—War Horses and Old Hosses—and both of these were oozing into the black mud of eternity, at a time when the infant Scholar in Politics saw snakes in its cradle but to strangle them. There were no statesmen.

For a salient pattern of each type let us turn to Massachusetts, a State which led in mediocrity as erst in other qualities, a State which, having long crowned its pygmies, had now no giants left to crown. The war horses lived in the past; they harped, like Welsh bards, upon old battles; they gloried in "bluggy" swords, and garlands that were crimsoned o'er with human gore. Hoar was one of these. He sniffed the battle from afar, ever backwards to the year sixty-one; a War horse, Hoar, of the War horses, though there be no instance recorded of his having said Ha-ha. Withal, a merry fellow, and a clever, but for one unlucky trick—he was always seeking midday at fourteen o'clock. Close, not open to conviction, only strong-minded women found his soft spot; he wore no heart upon his sleeve for Dawes to peck at.

Butler was an Old Hoss. Amid much cheering he announced, on being elected Governor, that the government belonged to his friends; that is, to the Fellow and to his fellow creatures. At this time he belonged to the party of Tweedle-Dum; so called, because they called their opponents damned fools; while the more fastidious Tweedle-Dees put a modest dash between the D's, when referring to the Dums. From the clash of these two great parties Wabasha has arisen.

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In a lucid interval between two accesses of *mania a potu*, Alg–rn–n Ch–rl–s Sw–n–burn– produced the following:

I.

VANDERBILT, what of the night?
The market will do for a turn;
The divvy the road did not earn
Looks well enough in a report;
Have we no figures to write?
Statements to swear to at need?
Then, when we sell the stock short,
Say, let the Public be d—d.

II.

GOULD, what of the night?
Pools and lawsuits and war,
Earnings that cease to grow more,
Chromos of beauty, not use;
The Public no longer will bite,
Though we all have inserted our pegs—
We have cut up the sanguine goose,
The goose of the golden eggs.

III.

CONKLING, what of the night?
Far in my own countree,
Hunting the counsellor's fee,
Reading in papers strange words—
Slogans, absurd for a fight.
A deil of a note they sing,
More like some mocking bird's
Than the true Senatorial ring.

IV.

BEECHER, what of the night?
Go not the Gospel blind;
An orthodox straddle, I find,
Novel, remunerative,
Safe and sensational, quite;
In these days of a flock well read,
Ingersoll, Whitman, alive,
And Edwards and Emerson dead.

V.

BUTLER, what of the night?
Night is the demagogue's noon,
Ignorance pipes the tune.
The State is Cleon's baud,
And shall dance for his delight;
Insolence, envy and greed,
Folly and sloth and fraud
Yield me a Senator's meed.

VI.

Dead men, what of the night?
Hear a voice from the grave;
See that ye keep what we gave,
Union and honor and rest.
We that are dead for the night,
Cry from the grey of death—
See that ye follow the best,
See that ye lead those beneath.

WHOM the gods would destroy they first make other people mad with.

A PRUDENT MAIDEN.

Ah! Who is this? IT IS THE MAIDEN WHOSE HAND THE POOR YOUNG MAN HAS ASKED IN MARRIAGE.
What! Did he ask it then, after all? HE DID.
But did he not know better? OH, YES; HE KNEW MUCH BETTER.
Why, then, did he do it? BECAUSE HE COULD NOT HELP HIMSELF.
How was that? WELL—SHE LOOKED AT HIM.
And did he come to time? VERY PROMPTLY.
Has she aswered the poor young man? NOT YET.
Is she thinking about him now? YES; SHE IS SIZING HIM UP.
And will she give him her hand? PROBABLY NOT.
Because she does not love him? NO; BUT BECAUSE SHE FEARS HE WOULD NOT BE A GOOD PROVIDER.
Must she marry a Good Provider? YES: FOR SHE WAS RAISED A PET, AND CANNOT TAKE IN WASHING.
Is it a prudent maiden? MOST DISCREET.
But why did she look at the young man if she does not want him? IN ORDER TO TEACH HIM SELF-CONTROL.
Was not that kind in her? AWFULLY KIND.

INGENUE, clambering up the staircases in a tall building, to her male companion.—"These stairs are ever so much more wearisome than those in the Post Office."

He.—"Why."

She.—"Because there they have an elevator, you know."

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SUGGESTIONS FOR SLEIGH RIDING.

Showing how both the rich and the poor may be diverted; the one by making the show, the other by watching it.

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THE ANACONDA AT HIS MEALS.

From the Koran (revised version).

"THERE IS NO BOSS BUT KELLY, AND EDSON IS HIS MAYOR."

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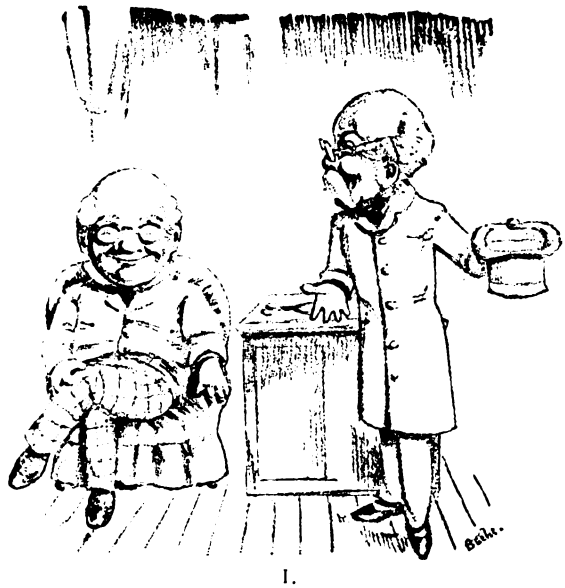
A BALLAD OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS.



I.

IT was a noted citizen of Gotham town who lied
An editor's retreat unto, and locked the door inside.

II.

"Grace unto thee, good editor, to you the news I trust—
To-morrow morning Gotham town shall learn that I have 'bust.'
I am a pillar of the church, and President of banks;
In the communities' esteem no man my place outranks.
I have embezzled ten trust funds wrecked twenty business houses,
In fourteen different wards I have got families and spouses,
Nightly 'twas my delight to buck the tiger in his lair,
To draw unto the bob-tailed flush, to bluff on nary pair.
That woman in East River found, her throat cut ear to ear,
She was my twelfth or thirteenth wife—I was her murderer!
In brief, if I shall not be lynched, but tried for all my crimes,
I shall be to the gallows sent about a dozen times:
Commuted, if my sentence is, I'll drink the cup of tears,
And eat at Sing Sing sorrows' mush for some ten thousand years!
Here are the documents to prove my sad recital true;
I'll wait for the police at home till ten o'clock. Adieu!"

III.

Then happy was that editor, and in the morning he
Printed the banker's direful news in full, exclusively.
And then he rubbed his hands and smiled, for thinking of the beat
Made at the joint expense of each and every rival sheet.
And all his editorial page brimmed o'er with scoffs and laughs,
From double leaded leader down to minor paragraphs.
But of the ways of journalists, in truth, he did not know
One half as much as the merchant-prince; the sequel proved it so.

IV.

For when the next day's sun uprose, no paper, great or small,
Alluded to the banker's crash, or noticed it at all.
But, in due time, one journal said that a coeval sheet
Had swallowed a story long disproved, and known in every street.
Another righteously remarked the screed did nothing show
That it had not itself laid bare months upon months ago.
A third asked if the banker's foes did not, in truth, combine
To bring the weak invention out at fifty cents a line.
The louder that that editor discoursed about his feat,
The more enthusiastic grew his rivals' generous heat;
And all with one accord agreed to put beneath the ban
Judge, jury, lawyer—who essayed to hang a guiltless man.
And when for trial by his peers at last the banker came,
He left the court 'mid deafening cheers, with an unspotted name!

V.

That of the ways of journalists that editor knew less
By far than did the merchant prince—the sequel proved, I guess!

EVERY distinguished Englishman who has viewed the States for six weeks from the windows of a sleeping-car or hotel, writes his "Impressions of America," upon his return to his native land and derives general laws from isolated examples in the most unscientific manner. An American, who should judge English gentlemen from the bag-men whom he chanced to meet in a tavern would be laughed at; but the manner of the smoking-car and barroom are attributed unhesitatingly to all Americans by our Transatlantic cousins. One of our observing Englishmen, we may imagine, was at Aiken, South Carolina, a few months ago, when Mrs. McCook gave her ball. There was a blood-feud raging between the Wilkins and Staggers families. Judge Staggers came to the ball prepared to get the draw on General Wilkins, and the military gentleman was prepared to honor his draft at sight. After paying their respects to the hostess, the two gentleman began shooting at each other; their relatives joined in the fun, and in a few minutes four people were shot, two stabbed, and another thrown down stairs. The hospitable old mansion of the McCook family was burned to the ground. Our Englishman, in his book, writes as follows:

"While in Aiken, Georgia, I went to a ball at Mrs. McCook's house. The Lord Chancellor and a distinguished army officer had a murderous conflict. Many people were killed, and the house burned down. Balls in America always end in bloodshed and arson."

To show how one-sided the Englishman's view is, we give the account of the affair in the local newspaper.

"There was an elegant party at Mrs. McCook's last night. All the beauty and chivalry of the city were there. Judge Staggers, a type of the true Southern gentleman, and General Wilkins, had a little argument. Some of our proudest families are in mourning. Mrs. McCook has purchased, of the Judge's widow, the old Staggers manor. General Wilkins is to entertain the coroner's jury at dinner to-night."

THE deputation that waited on a doorstep returned with a very unsatisfactory report.

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MR. AND MRS. RALPH ORMISTON.

(CONCLUDED.)

III.

THE "DREADFUL DEN."

MR. ORMISTON had hardly left his house on the morning of the twenty-second of January, 188—, to take the train to New York and keep his appointment with the eminent agnostic, when his wife, a fair-haired, slender woman of the Southern type, walked stealthily to the door of the reception-room. She held in her hand a memorandum of the combination of the time-lock which she had taken at the watchmaker's shop on the previous day. She bent over the bit of paper and tried the knob of the lock. She grew very pale. She could hear the wheels of the cab which was taking her husband to the station, and she pictured his dark, mysterious face, blankly facing the vacant seat before it. No answer had come to her letter to the "Friend of the Hairless," and her parting request to her husband was that he should consult an eminent dermatologist in New York. His brow contracted, as she spoke to him, and a cold light seemed to flash from his eyes; he asked her never to mention that subject again. She felt surer than ever that some dreadful family secret made any allusion to baldness painful to him. And now, perhaps, she was to find out the secret, and certainly she was to ascertain the scientific affairs at which Ormiston daily busied himself. As she slowly revolved the combination lock, the bare thought that her husband might suddenly return and find her prying into his secret gave her a nervous start. What would he do? Would her happiness, like Mrs. Bluebeard's, be gone forever? and she had no sister Ann to sit upon the housetop and look down the avenue for approaching horsemen. Mamie Lee would not think it proper to sit upon the housetop, even if she were here. She turned from the door, and, going to her parlor, took up her embroidery, a smoking cap for her husband. In a few moments she put down her work and indecisively walked to the head of the stairway. Yes, she would get into the room; it was her duty. If she were but taken into her husband's confidence, she might help him so much. She could write such a good hand and would make a capital amanuensis, she felt sure. It was her desire to help her husband and not curiosity which led her to open the door, she argued to herself. She slowly set the knob at the letters marked in the combination, and with difficulty pulled open the heavy door. She hastily closed it, turned the inner knob and pulled aside the heavy portieres. It was absolutely dark, as the window facing upon the street was covered with a dark curtain. She groped her way to the mantelpiece, and, feeling cautiously along the shelf, her hand struck against a box of matches. The darkness was appalling; she hastily struck a light, as she feared to move in the dark lest she might knock over some delicate scientific apparatus. As the gas illumined the room she was startled at perceiving that it contained nothing except a large, black-walnut rolling-top desk and a chair. "Ralph is writing a book," cried his wife, delighted to find that he was not a scientific man, who believed in Darwin and in nothing else. "He may be the author of Guerndale!" she exclaimed, with a thrill of pleasure. Her soft Southern voice sounded oddly in the silent room. She sank into the chair and gazed with eager curiosity around the apartment. The walls were covered with a plain paper and the floor with a soft Turkish rug. The fireplace bore signs of being used daily. She had got into the room but not into the secret. She tried to pull up the cover of the desk—it was securely fastened; then she pulled at the drawers, but they too were locked. Impatiently she gave the bottom drawer a sudden twitch, and, to her great surprise, she pulled it out. In it was a photograph album and an envelope. The envelope was square and of fashionable make. The album was bound in shabby black leather. Mrs. Ormiston felt that a crisis in her life was at hand, and her heart fluttered as she opened the book. The first picture in the book was a large cabinet photograph of a beautiful woman, and below it was written in her husband's bold hand, "Clara O., London,* 1852." "Poor fellow, his dead sister," sighed Mrs. Ormiston as a tear fell upon the beautiful sad face of the picture, half shaded by a bridal veil. Turning the leaf, Mrs. Ormiston, to her surprise, found the picture of another bride, and on the leaf the inscription, "Gretchen O., Vienna,* 1855." Turning hastily over the leaves she found the pictures of four other women in bridal attire, and under the pictures in Ormiston's handwriting: "Regina Cecilia O., Calcutta,* 1867." "Celeste O., Paris,* 1870," "Bettina O., Lima,* 1873." "Daisy O., New Orleans,* 1879."

A cold hand seemed to clutch her heart as she turned the last page of the album and saw her own picture, taken in her wedding dress at Ormiston's request. Dropping the book, she leaned over and picked up the envelope. It was postmarked Boston and directed in her own writing, not to Ralph Ormiston, Esq., but to the "Friend of the Hairless," P. O. Box 3,051. It contained her request that the receipt for baldness be sent her, but it did not contain the ten three-cent postage stamps which she had enclosed. Her letter had reached its destination. The horrible certainty crushed her. The unhappy woman rushed to the door, and tried to pull it open. Her one thought was to fly to her father. The door was closed. She tried to set the lock at the combination, but she could not remember it. The memorandum was not to be found. In her despair she rushed to the window. Tearing the heavy curtain aside, she perceived that the window was secured by heavy iron bars. She tried to wrench out the great bars with her delicate hands. As she stood pulling at the grating and beating upon the window in the hopes of bringing some passer-by to her aid, a cab drove up and stopped at the door. She saw in the window of the cab the dark cruel face of Ormiston. He recognized that she was in the forbidden room, for he lifted his hat to her in a mock polite bow, uncovering his conical bald head. Mrs. Ormiston fell as if dead upon the floor.

IV.

(SLIP CUT FROM *Boston Daily Advertiser*, JANUARY 24TH, 188-.)

"ORMISTON.—In this city, on the 23d inst., suddenly, Louisa, beloved wife of Ralph Ormiston and daughter of Carrol Pinckney, Esq., of Baltimore, Maryland. [Friends are requested not to send flowers.]

The body of John Howard Payne is on its way from Tunis to America.—*N. Y. Herald.*

His longings for a Home he set
To such a soothing measure,
It made a homeless man's regret
To every home bring pleasure.
The only home himself could gain
Was *omnibus communis;*
For every tune got out of Payne
Ere Payne got out of Tunis.

IN most well regulated country households the old saying, "Speed the plow," has now given place to "speed the piano."

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SHOCKING!

Miss Wreckless to Old Scruple, who is looking at a plaque of her painting: NOW, THAT'S MAMA; SUCH A BOTHER AS SHE WAS; WE HAVE NO OVEN AND HAD TO HAVE HER FIRED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

And Scruple, who is not versed in the technicalities of china painting, goes off in doubt whether it is worse to be unfilial or to talk slang.

COASTING.

A WINTER POEM, WITH A MORAL.

DOWN from the top,
Faster and faster;
Shrieks, crash! A stop
And a disaster.

Sled overturned;
Struggling humanity;
Some unconcerned.
Some—well, profanity.

Joy turned to woe;
Awful confusion;
"Beautiful snow"
All a delusion.

Dresses all torn;
Bump on your forehead;
Boys look forlorn;
Girls say "It's horrid."

Snow down your neck,
Colder than charity.
Sled a bad wreck;
Ditto hilarity.

Wind like a knife;
Every one grumbles.

MORAL.

Well, such is life,
Every thing tumbles.

D. C. HASBROUK.

THE Hot-bed of Fashion.—Chickering Hall last Friday evening.

A HOLOCAUST of Fashion.—Something to be expected at Chickering Hall.

DISASTER succeeds disaster. Hotels burn; floods devastate; Oscar Wilde comes and goes; Gambetta dies; Mr. Gebhardt escapes being slaughtered; and now a steamer has sunk, with dreadful loss of life.

PARABOLIC PARABLES.

I.

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who would be a poet, so he gathered the works of all the great poets of the world, and read and studied them attentively for many years; and at length, having written a long and beautiful poem, he took it to an editor and said, "I prithee print this in thy magazine." And the editor said, "Leave it"; and he left. But, like the bread cast upon the waters, after many days it was returned to him, with a polite note, saying, "Your MS. has been read with interest, but there is that about it that savors of Shakespeare, Browning, Dusenberry, Pope, Hood, Stedman, Bret Harte, Spenser, Byron, Smith, Brown, Jones, David and others. It also seems slightly lacking in originality. Perhaps some periodical of a more eclectic character will find use for it." And so with others. And the young man was wroth. And he quit reading until he had forgotten more than he had ever known. "Now," said he, "I can become an original poet," and he wrote another poem, longer and more beautiful than the first, and he took it to the editor of the magazine, saying, "What think you of that?" And the editor said, "Have you read the last number of my magazine?" and he answered, "I have not." And the editor said, "If thou hadst, thou wouldst not have written this poem; for, lo! it is identical in plot with some verses I myself did last month to fill out a page." And he laughed him to scorn. And the young man went out and wept bitterly, and went into the dry-goods business. Now, this is a true story up to this point. And the young man became in a short time a millionaire and married a million heiress.

N. B.—There is no moral.

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MANAGERS DALY AND WALLACK are at present playing old English comedies as a sort of sop to the public, before they force down their throats the more highly spiced "Serge Panine" and "The Silver King".

I STRAYED into Daly's the other evening and saw Colley Cibber's delightfully impossible "She Would and She Would Not," done by Mr. Daly's "clever young people," in light wigs, in spite of the fact that the scene is laid in Spain, where it is popularly supposed that brunettes prevail. This play was evidently selected to show how much better Mr. Daly's emotional soubrette can act the man than did Modjeska and Mrs. Langtry. Without going into any comparisons, Miss Rehan gave a delightful impersonation of the gay young masquerader, and was a far greater success as a dashing Cavaliero than John Drew, who seemed painfully conscious of his short allowance of trowsers, and who acted in little spasms in three time.

MR. WALLACK has made a better choice of a play; and Goldsmith's ever vernal comedy, "She Stoops To Conquer," is being thorough Wallacked (which ought to, but does not, imply that it is Wall-ack-ted*) by the Wallachian company. The veteran himself takes the part of old—I beg pardon—young Marlow, and while his acting has lost none of its finesse, it does take a little stretch of the imagination to see the bashful gallant in our youth of sixty summers. John Gilbert is always good; Madame Ponisi, as usual, quite artificial; Rose Coghlan wrongly cast; Adela Measor bright and vivacious, and Elton an amusing *Tony Lumpkins*.

JOHN T. RAYMOND has another good part in another bad play. The Grand Opera House is a big theatre, but it won't hold all the people who want to see Mulberry Sellers as a Western Editor.

"MCSORLEY'S INFLATION" has proved a beneficent measure for the treasury of the *Comique*. It is to be hoped that Harrigan will take this success to Hart, and that their next venture will be just as much of a frolic and a little more of a play.

CHARLES R. has indeed proved a Thorne in the flesh to Manager Stetson, who, after having billed him as a star in the "Corsican Brothers," found him to be but an *ignis fatuus*. Always equal to every emergency, the great manager augmented the Variety Contingent, and the play is still drawing crowded houses.

PENDEXTER NIBBS.

*Positively last appearance of this pun.

AN engraving of a statue in plaster, by Claude Marie Devenet, entitled, "The Mother," is published in *L'Art*. The mother is represented as holding in her lap "baby, cradle and all." The cradle was apparently made out of a champagne basket, but unfortunately for the purposes of the advertiser, the picture was taken from the wrong side of the statue, and it does not appear whether the champagne was that of Mumm, or Piper Heidsick or New Jersey.

"A WOMAN'S Reason"—Because I do!

What is the young girl doing?

SHE IS MEASURING THE INTENSITY OF THE YOUNG MAN'S PASSION.

What does it amount to?

CIRCUMFERENCE 47 INCHES. 60 BUDS.

A PROSPECTIVE JUNKET.

"MAMA!" said the young man, "I am not going to work any more."

"Ah, my son!" shrieked the agonized parent, "do you intend that I shall take in washing?"

"No, indeed, dear mama; I shall have no need to work. How can you doubt me! Have I not often told you that, while you had a crust, I would share it with you?"

"Yes, noble boy, you have," sobbed the proud parent.

What is more unsacrificing than a mother's love?

"I have struck a bonanza," continued the youth, fondling his golden moustache. "The East River Bridge. It has cost $17,000,000. Every day I shall go to it, break off a piece of the precious metal of which it must be composed, send the bullion to the mint, and receive gold coin of the United States in return. Cheer up, dear mother, dark is the hour before the dawn."

Idée Napoléonienne.—Whatever your hand finds to "scoop," "scoop it in."

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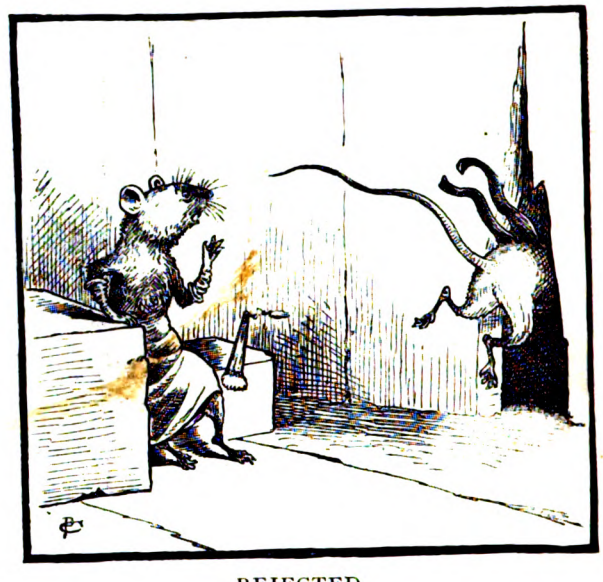
A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

THE PROPOSAL.



REJECTED.

OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC.

(Calculated for the latitude of New England, and found among the assets of a gentleman farmer, lately insolvent.)

Oct. 1. Glorious day.

Nov. 15. Reminds us all of Heaven.

Nov. 15 (evening). It grows cold.

Nov. 16 (morning). It grows extremely cold.

Nov. 16 (evening). Winter sets in.

Dec. 1. Winter begins.

Dec. 15. "Fine winter weather."

Dec. 25. It grows wintry.

Jan. 5. Blizzard.

Jan. 6. Real winter now.

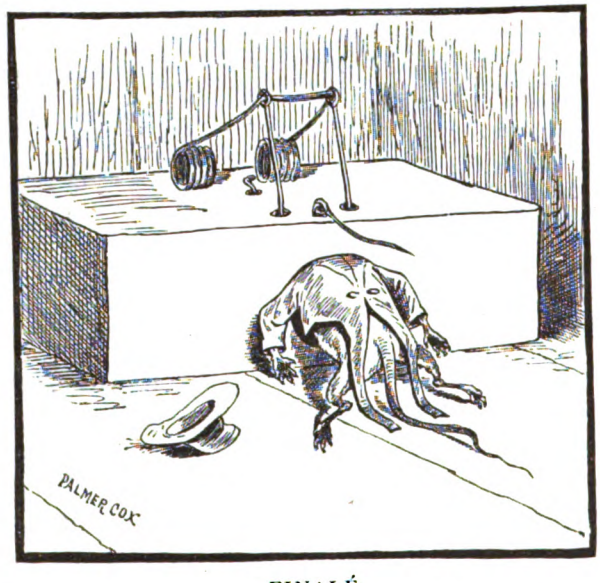
Feb. 20. G. P. (Grand Pause.)

Feb. 28. The abomination of desolation commences.

May 19. The abomination of desolation goeth off in spots.

May 20. Hot as perdition.

May 21. Much warmer.



FINALÉ.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Solomon anticipated the modern lamb in Wall street when he described the fool going to the correction of the stocks.

EVERY man is a valet-de-chambre to his hero.

TENDER greeting.—Offering a creditor payment in Trade dollars.

LITERARY NOTES.

"ANIMALS and Their Masters," by Sir Arthur Helps, is a new English book. If Sir Arthur helps a Kentucky animule once, he need write nothing more than an autobiographic obituary.

"THE Imperial Dictionary" is the name of an English work, which evil disposed American publishers are trying to dispose of to a confiding public. But we do not take any Englishman in our Dictionary. Daniel Webster is good enough for us.

We want a book with all the modern improvements, containing "boom," and "blizzard," and "readjust," and other Americanisms.

RAGNAROK is the Twilight of the Gods.—So says a new book. What then is Rok an' rye?

DELAWARE'S Senatorial watchword.—Saulsbury *for ever!*

FAVORITE Cannibal Soup.—A broth of a boy.

OLD saws must have teeth perforce, hence the phrase, "A biting jest."

A PARIS correspondent asserts that "Sara Bernhardt *is not* flourishing." Then *is* doomsday near?

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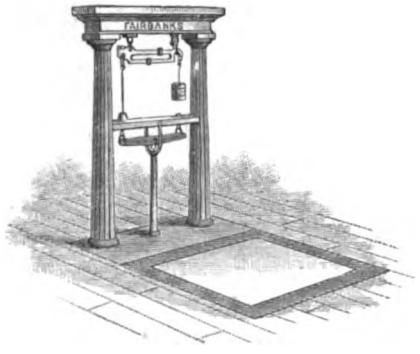

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VOLUME I. FEBRUARY 1, 1883. NUMBER 5.

Issued every Thursday

Ten Cents a Copy.

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"THE latest addition to our E. C.'s is the illustrated, brightly written and handsome looking paper called LIFE. Three numbers have already appeared, and we see no reason why one a week should not be looked upon as indispensable for many a year to come, to lovers of refined, light and airy literature."—*Puck.*

"ITS typographical execution is excellent, and its list of contributors contains many prominent names. * * * Some readers may regret that it doesn't give enough for the money—10 cents a copy—but they should remember that 'valuable goods come in small parcels.'"—*Norristown Herald.*

"The new comic paper, LIFE, has been successfully launched on the world, and if the first number be a criterion, it is bound to enjoy a long life and a merry one. The illustrations are very good, the fun pointed, and its typographical appearance is all that could be asked."—*Boston Evening Star.*

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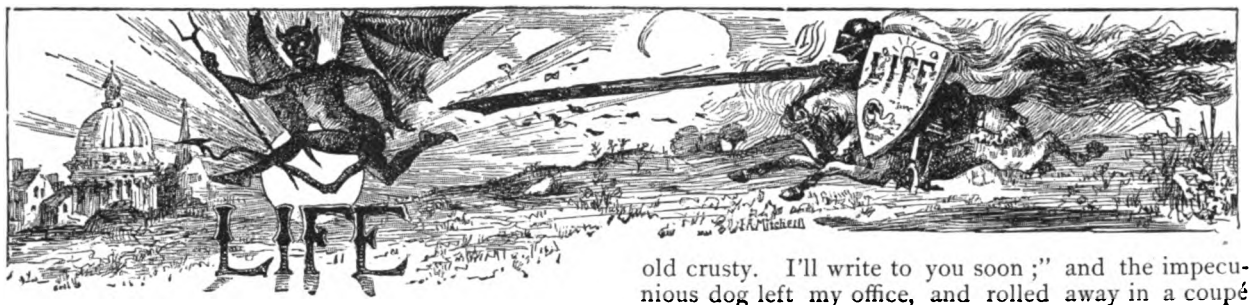

VOL. I. FEBRUARY 1, 1883. NO. 5.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

RES ANGUSTÆ DOMI.

Y dear boy, don't think of going to Mount Desert," said I to Tom Davidson. "You say you are a misogynist, and that you are going to that summer paradise of American girls. The result will be inevitable."

"Result inevitable? What do you mean?" asked Tom, sacrilegiously tilting back in one of my chairs.

"I mean just this. You are very young, and just out of the medical school. You are as poor as Job's turkey, and you say that you are a misogynist. Now my experience has taught me that when a young man declares that he is a misogynist he is sure to be married within a year. I was a misogynist once myself—but there are chords—" My voice faltered a little, and Tom considerately looked aside at my law-books.

"It's all bosh!" he said, in his brusque, explosive way, "to say that I should not go to Mount Desert because there are women there. Why, hang it, they are everywhere. There are seventy thousand more of them than there are men in this very Commonwealth!"

"Yes," said I; "but there are no buck-boards, nor little row-boats, nor rocks, nor moonshine here. Young man! you are rushing into danger. You are such a good fellow that you will never marry a girl with money, and just think what your position will be. A married man with no income, and butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers jumping up like sheeted ghosts in every direction."

"Humbug," said Tom. "I'm off! I shall shoot, row and fish, and never talk to a woman. Good-bye, old crusty. I'll write to you soon;" and the impecunious dog left my office, and rolled away in a coupé which had been waiting for him.

During the next six months I received the following letters from and concerning Tom, which, for convenience, I annex hereto, labelling them respectively "A," "B," and "C."

"A."

BAR HARBOR, MT. DESERT, August 13th, 188–.

DEAR BUSCOTT,—I have just got back from a row around to Southwest Harbor and up Somes' Sound with Will Prescott, the oar. I am as fit as a fiddle. I have managed to get a little fishing, and have climbed up all the hills. The place swarms with girls in every conceivable eccentricity of costume. Most of the men are idiots enough to devote their whole time to them. I went sketching the other day, and couldn't find a nook unoccupied for three miles. The coast should be partitioned off like oyster-stalls. One or two of us have sufficient strength of mind to improve our muscles and not to lose our heads. Hearts are not lost here, I believe. I was entrapped the other day into a picnic. The number of picnics here is extraordinary. Murray Hill says that it is a place of forty picnic power a day. I couldn't get out of it. I didn't have *aplomb* enough to evade my hostess. I was compelled to sit for three hours next to a girl. I believe that her name was Frazer. Somebody said that she was from Philadelphia. I talked to her about vivisection at first and then about Shelley. Or rather she talked about Shelley. She is called pretty. I am going fishing to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS A'BECKETT DAVIDSON.

(This is endorsed in my characteristic legal hand "Hooked.")

"B."

MT. DESERT, Sept. 10th, 188–.

DEAR OLD BUSCOTT,—I know that you will laugh, and say, "I told you so," when I tell you that I am engaged to be married to Miss Caroline Frazer, of Philadelphia. I am the most fortunate man who ever lived. I suppose that you are smiling sardonically, but you are a shallow worldling.

Yours,

T. D.

(Endorsed "Landed.")

"C."

MR. and MRS. CLEMENT FRAZER

Request the honour of your presence at the marriage of their daughter CAROLINE to THOMAS A'BECKETT DAVIDSON, at ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH, on Friday, November sixteenth, at noon.

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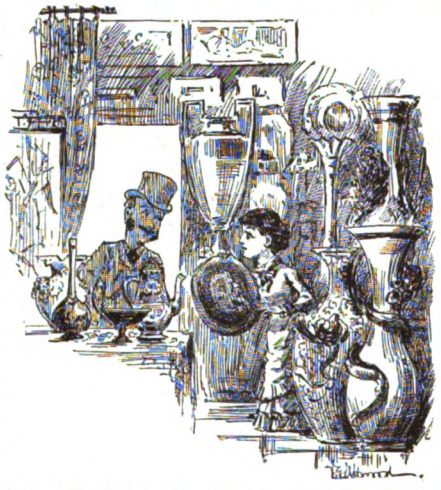
(Endorsed—As my engagements did not permit, I did not go to Tom's wedding.)

He sent me his address in New York and told me that he intended to practise there. The next January I found myself in that alleged metropolis, and having finished my business, I bethought myself of Tom and his wife.

But as I looked through my pocket-book for their address, I remembered that I had forgotten to send them any token of affection at the time of their wedding. So, I scoured Broadway for a suitable gift. A year ago I had given to Dan Cobb, who was to take his bonny bride to a ranch in Dakota, an exceedingly ornamental plaque; and I wished to avoid a like mistake this time. To find anything suitable for a pair of impecunious turtle-doves, was a problem for my great legal mind.

I was about giving it up in despair when I saw in a neat little window a most attractive array of objects of *bijoutrie* and *vertu*. Walking in, I was surprised at the charming taste shown on every side. A dark, gray carpet covered the floor, and the walls were stained so as to form a good background for numberless brass sconces, etchings and mirrors with frames of wrought metal. A carved sideboard at the back of the shop was brave with cut-glass and shining silver. On neat shelves behind the little counter,



were rows of brass inkstands, dragon candle-sticks, copper kettles, silver coffee-spoons, and the thousand and one trifles sacred to the hymeneal altar. A young and pretty woman glided towards me, and asked me in a voice full of the music of the South:

"Can I show you anything?"

"I am looking for something to give as a wedding present," I stammered.

"How does this suit you?" she asked, pointing to a rococo French clock.

"I do not think that quite suitable," I said. "I want to get something useful ——"

"For a wedding present?" laughed the fair shopkeeper.

"It was a foolish fancy of mine, I will, after all, admit. I will take that brass plate with the head of Charlemagne beaten into it. It will give a great deal of pleasure to a young Benedict, who dosn't know where his next dinner is coming from. How much is it?"

The angelic shopkeeper mentioned a price which would have pleased Charlemagne, and I walked out of the shop with a polite bow, carrying the plate done up in a neat bundle under my arm.

Davidson's residence proved to be in a very nice apartment house on a side street.

"A penniless man always lives well," I thought, as I shot up in the "lift." I was shown into the Doctor's office and smiled at a cheerful skull for a few minutes. The Doctor soon appeared with a most important air, as if he intended to look into me with a laryngoscope and percuss my chest. As soon as he recognized me, he shouted: "Why, old Buzzy, I am almost as glad to see you as if you were a patient."

"Then take this thing off my hands, will you," I said, handing him the head of Charlemagne. "It's a foolish thing which I have brought for your wife."

"Awfully good of you, old man," he said. "You'll stay to dinner of course. Mrs. D. is out shopping, but she will be back soon. Dinner of herbs, you know."

He had untied the plate by this time; he looked at it, turned pale and sank into a chair.

"You don't like it," I said. "I don't know what it's good for. You might shoot at it."

"It's very pretty, very pretty indeed," said Tom, putting it upon the table. "But it's time for you to be getting ready for dinner. Come and part your hair with a towel."

"I didn't like Tom's manner, nor the way in which he received my gift. Of course, nobody wants a brass plate with the head of Charlemagne beaten into it, but the gift-horse shouldn't be looked in the mouth in the donor's presence at least. As I stood brushing my hair, which is really almost bushy, I heard a sound like a kiss in the little parlor.

"Dear Tom," said a sweet voice. "Sixty dollars, to-day!"

"Good enough!" said Tom.

"A poor man pleased at his wife's wasting sixty dollars shopping in a single day. What madness!" I thought.

I walked into the parlor, and Mrs. Tom stepped forward to greet me; when I came into the light, she started and covered her face with her hands. Tom gave a great laugh. She was the enchanting little shopkeeper of the pretty shop.

"Buzzy," said Tom, as we lighted up our weeds after dinner, "you could have knocked me down with a feather when you gave me that Charlemagne. It was our wedding present from my great-aunt Lyman."

——

MARDI-GRAS.

FEB. 7TH, 1883.

THEY do not know the Frenchman's law
Who rashly speak of Mardi-Grau;
They do still worse, alack, alas,
Who sharply hiss out Mardi-Grass;
And they pronounce down below par,
Who hail the day as Mardi-Grar;
Sweller are they, more lah-de-dah,
Who aptly call it Mardi-Grah;
Safer it is, though rarely used—eh?
To print it simply thus:—Shrove Tuesday.

A. Z.

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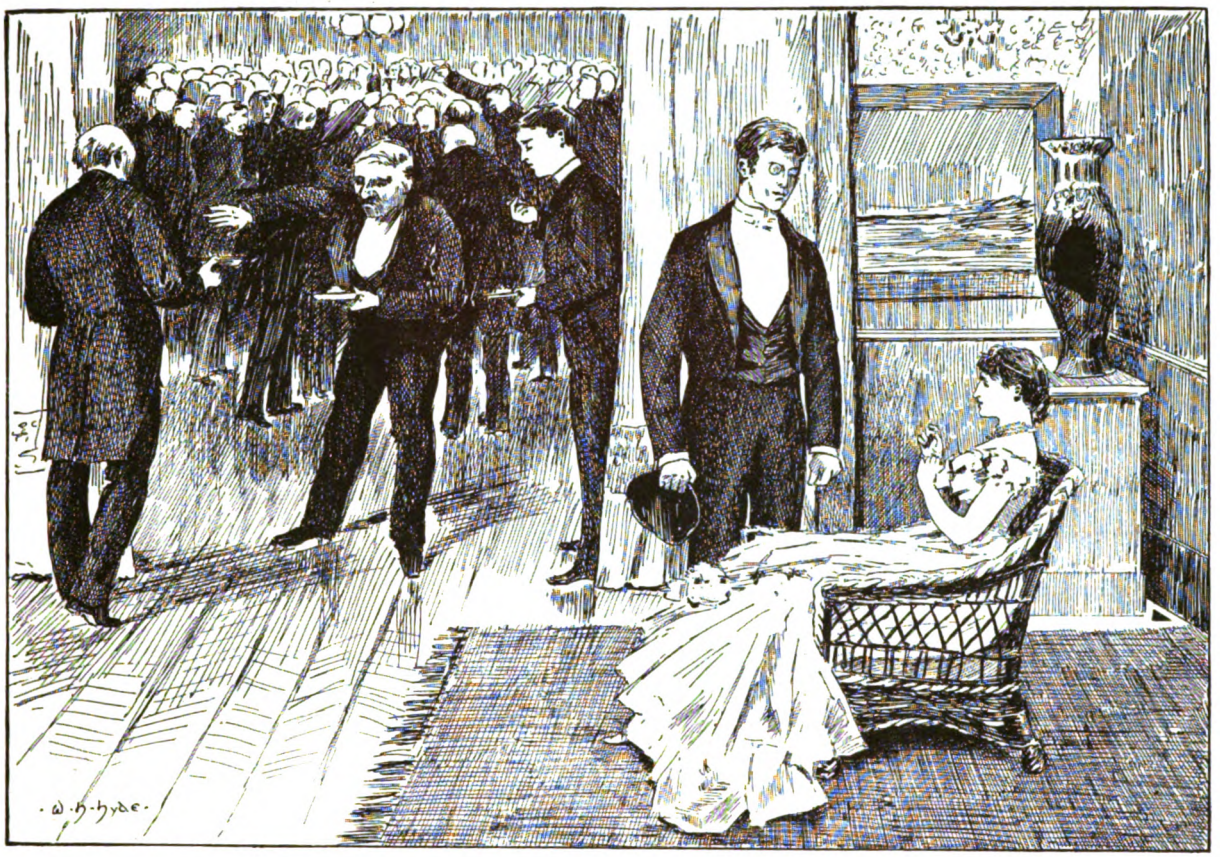

SO THOUGHTFUL!

She: I WONT TROUBLE YOU TO BRING ME ANY SUPPER, MR. DODGETT; JUST BRING ME A GLASS OF WATER, PLEASE. (*And we all know how easy that is.*)

PROF. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, has written to General Spinner at Jacksonville, Fla., that he is thinking of sending the Fish Hawk to St. John's River, Fla., this winter, to try the experiment of hatching shad there.—*Exchange.*

The hatching of shad by Fish Hawks, is, we suppose, what some politicians might term, "a new departure" in Pisciculture—but, then, this is an age of surprises! Should the Professor's experiment prove successful, the time may not be very far distant when we may expect even greater results from this theory of crossing the species—such, for instance, as hatching colts from horse mackerel or the breeding of southdown mutton from sheepshead. Pass along the seven-league boots of science, and (speaking after the manner of some newspaper men) "give the Professor a show." He deserves it.

A NEW beverage of great healing power is now vended under the style and title of "Serkyss Tea." If it is not much more potent than circus lemonade it is not likely to do harm.

ADVICE to profane men.—Swear off.

MISS OR MRS. MARY PRYOR HACK hast jûst put forth a book entitled "Self-Surrender." If Miss or Mrs. Mary Pryor Hack were a Western poetess or editress instead of an Englishwoman we should surmise that she had been giving away a mule.

"THE House that Jill Built" is the alluring title of a recent truly rural and truly architectural romance. Our own impression is that Jill built a house with thirteen closets, eleven cupboards, five stationary wash tubs, seventeen mirrors—and no stairs.

THE Rev. J. B. Gross has written a book called "What Makes us Unhappy?" If Mr. Gross were a grocer, it might be because he forgot to sand the sugar. As he seems to be a clergyman, it is perhaps because so many deacons are leaving for parts unknown with the money of the heathen.

"TIMOTHY" is the name of a new novel just published in Philadelphia. The fair authoress not knowing where to go for a title, has gone to grass.

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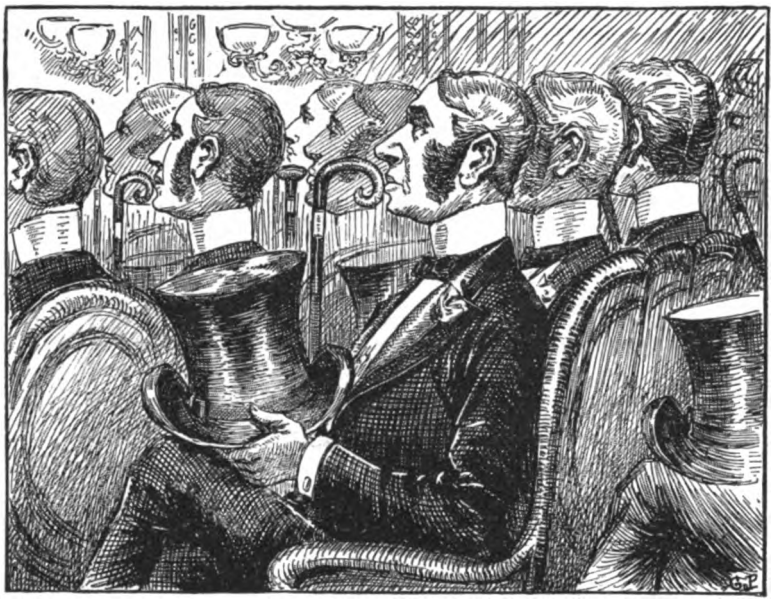

OUR ANGLOMANIAC No. 1.

Why does he carry his stiff, high hat to the theatre when he has a crush hat at home?

BECAUSE IT IS THE FASHION IN ENGLAND.

IN praise of Miss H–L–N GR–Y O'C–NE (falsely and ignorantly spelled *C–ne*) whose "Song of Sir Palamede" appeared in *The Century*, February 1883:

Ochone!
Miss O'C–ne,
Be brave now and own
That you've tried all your might to be funny;
But cultchaw has breathed on your maidenly lyre,
And has cramped your style badly, my honey.
Wid your sneers and your snarls,
At poor Algernon Charles,
You've forgotten *he* always sings sweetly;
Whilst *your* song limps along like a *diable boiteux*,
And your feet (you'll excuse me) are often too-too
Yes! *quite* too immense to fit neatly.

Ochone!
Miss O'C–ne,
DON'T be funny alone.
You're too much for your wit—you depress it.
Don't assume such a highly superior tone;
Try and manage your feet—(you'll excuse it) I own
They strike me as large. Come, confess it!

PHILIP HAY.

HUMILITY.

She set light to the fire with thy aid, Kerosene!
She rapidly rose through the ether, I ween,
And she sings as she sits on the topmost cloud:

MORAL.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

A. Z.

NORTHERN ENNUI.

"OH! Oh! Oh!"

Miss Bowie was sighing. Whatever she did, she did with all her might, and that is why this tale begins with three consecutive Ohs.

If she had been a Northern girl she would have sighed less emphatically, and used but one, but Miss Bowie lived in Alabama. She was romantic. Had always loved to read over and over again sweet, softly-told tales of beauteous heroines who had gallantly slaughtered at a single blow myriads of uninteresting rivals. Not only had she read of such splendid tragedy in books, but she had seen it with her very eyes. Why then did she sigh? Because she is visiting in the North.

"Juliet," she sighed. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Juliet! Have you never been in Alabama?"

"No!" whispered her companion very contentedly.

"Never in Alabama? And with such a name, too!" said Miss Bowie pathetically. "That's just the place for such a name. In Alabama you could be a *real* Juliet. You could run away and get married! You could have duels fought about you! You could weep and groan, and feign to be happy when your heart was really breaking! Yes, and at the last you could take *real* poison, and die *real* hard! Isn't it splendid?" And Miss Bowie clasped her little hands in enthusiasm.

"Quite," said Juliet, and a shudder agitated her slender form.

"Life up here is so monotonous!" continued Miss Bowie. "There's nothing interesting in the newspapers except the Southern despatches, and those always make me home-sick. Occasionally some Northerner gets a little chivalrous and does something almost heroic, but it don't amount to much, and isn't often done outside of Chicago. I don't believe that in your whole country they ever did anything half so fine as in our little village the other day. Oh, that was grand! Really worthy of the age of knights and tournaments. It caused me for a moment to shake off this terrible *ennui* of your Northern climate. And, do you know, Juliet, it served as the foundation stone on which I engraved a verse of real poetry. It's only a wee bit of a fragment, but a perfect little pet, I think. Hush! I'll recite it to you:

"I long for my southern home,
The land of my fairest dreams,
Where libel and slander stir up *real* dander
And wielded sword blades gleam;
Where petty discussions and strife
Are settled without litigation,
And villains are served in a way they've deserved
By immediate strangulation.
Where cannons and Winchester ——

"But, quick! quick! Bring fans and water! Juliet has fainted! I'm so sorry—No! I'm not, either. That at least *borders* on real life."

T. D. W.

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THE FATE OF THE BRINDLED GNU.

FORTH sailed from port the pirate craft ;
Her colors were black and blue ;
Brass guns nine-pound along her frowned,
And her name was the Brindled Gnu.

Her captain bold was a dry-goods clerk ;
His name was Lehigh Cole ;
The iron of a quite stupendous blight
Had entered into his soul.

His salary was a foolish thing,
Inadequate to the wants
Of one of those who love to pose
In first-class restaurants.

He saw the window glasses stained,
And the lustre streaming wide ;
He smelled the drink and heard the clink
Of the goblets—from outside !

God pity those whose souls aspire
To things that may never be ;
The fervid soul of Lehigh Cole
Was bothered grievously.

At last in recklessness he bought—
His misery to appease—
A pair of boots of the style that suits
A pirate of the seas.

And then he chartered him a ship,
And gathered an outlaw crew ;
And thus, alas ! it came to pass
That there was a Brindled Gnu.

He sailed up into Newark bay,
By way of an episode,
When some hirelings braw let down the draw
Of the Jersey Central Road.

That was years ago ; the Gnu
Still sails that lonely bay,
And the captain knows and the crew suppose
That she never can get away.

By day the timid clammers fly
Whenever she draws near ;
It is by night a painful sight
To mark her scrimped career.

The chilled and fevered natives point
Out ever as thing of dole
The Brindled Gnu with her pirate crew,
And her Captain, Lehigh Cole. E. D. B.

TUM-TUM.

IN moments of strong feeling, the civilized æsthete and the untutored aboriginal draw near each other in expression. We are told in a late *Atlantic* of an Oregon Indian girl, who resisted the blandishments of white men until she met one Pomeroy. As soon as she met him, she surrendered, because she knew he was her "tum tum man." This phrase ought to have a success. When Frederic, gazing fondly on fair Lulu, tells her that she's really "too too," she'll promptly answer "O, my tum tum!" Then, while the bulbul sings its plaintive "boo boo," they'll plan to build their little hum, hum.

A BLIGHTED BEING.

Who is this young man? IT IS HE WHOM THE PRUDENT MAIDEN HAS REJECTED.

Does he feel badly? HE SUFFERS INEXPRESSIBLE ANGUISH.

What does he take for it? CIGARETTES.

Do they diminish his pain? TEMPORARILY ; BUT THEY WILL FLOOR HIM IF HE KEEPS ON.

Is it wise for him to smoke them? OH, NO ; BUT HE IS NOT TRYING VERY HARD TO BE WISE. HIS AMBITION IS MORE MODERATE. HE WILL BE SATISFIED IF HE CAN KEEP FROM MAKING A DREADFUL FOOL OF HIMSELF.

What is in the bottle? RUM.

Does he drink much of it? NOT MUCH.

Why not? Does he not love it? YES, HE LOVES RUM DEARLY ; BUT HE IS WISE ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT IF HE TAKES MUCH OF IT HIS MODERATE AMBITION IS NOT LIKELY TO BE SATISFIED.

Is, then, the young man doing well? FAIRLY WELL.

And does he think he will feel better after a time? NO, HE DOES NOT THINK SO NOW.

But will he? HE WILL.

DOUBTFUL compliment.—Having your health proposed at the age of forty-five as "a promising young man."

A POOR RELATION (especially to be avoided).—Telling a story badly.

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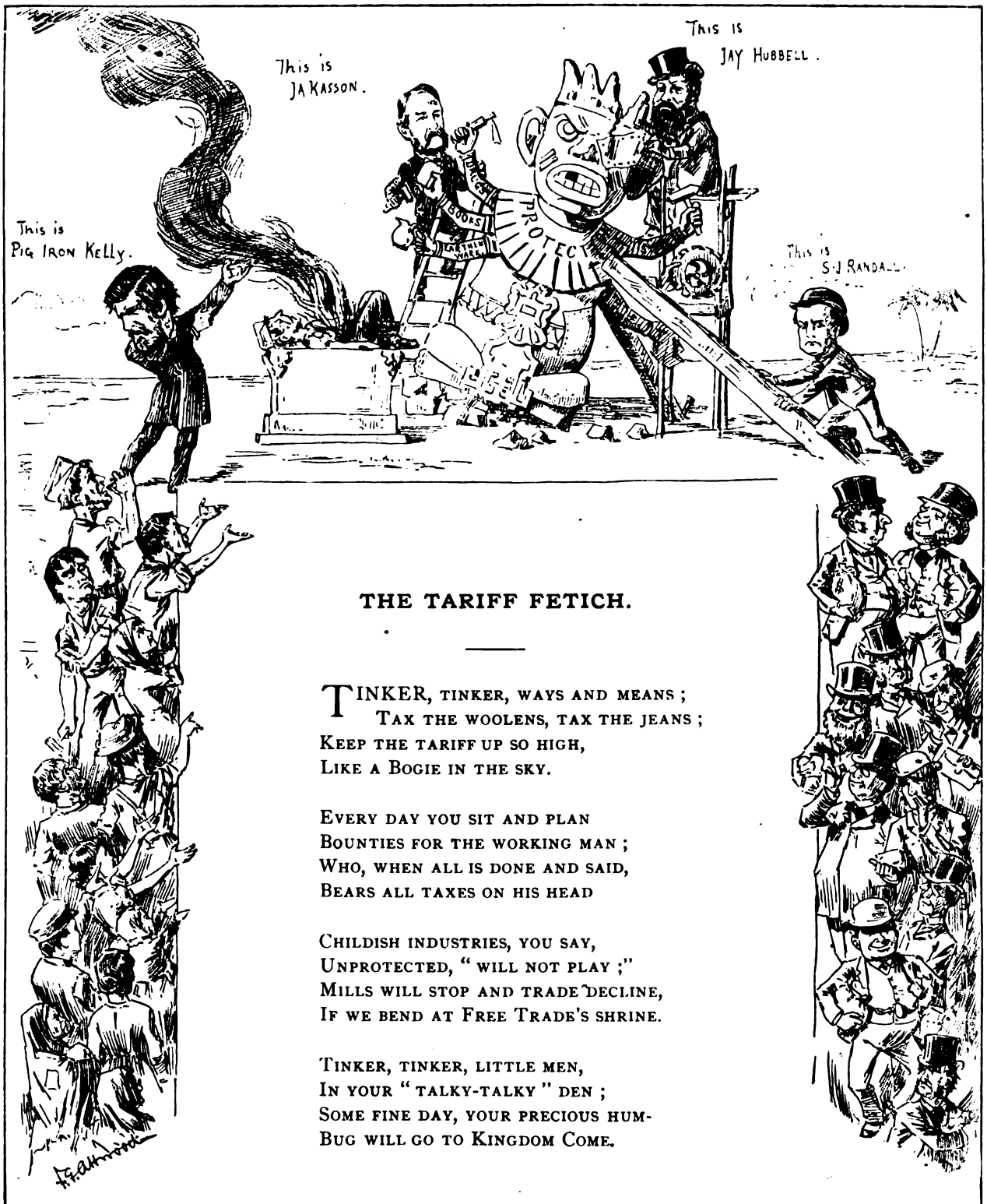

THE TARIFF FETICH.

TINKER, tinker, ways and means;
Tax the woolens, tax the jeans;
Keep the tariff up so high,
Like a Bogie in the sky.

Every day you sit and plan
Bounties for the working man;
Who, when all is done and said,
Bears all taxes on his head

Childish industries, you say,
Unprotected, "will not play;"
Mills will stop and trade decline,
If we bend at Free Trade's shrine.

Tinker, tinker, little men,
In your "talky-talky" den;
Some fine day, your precious hum-
Bug will go to Kingdom Come.

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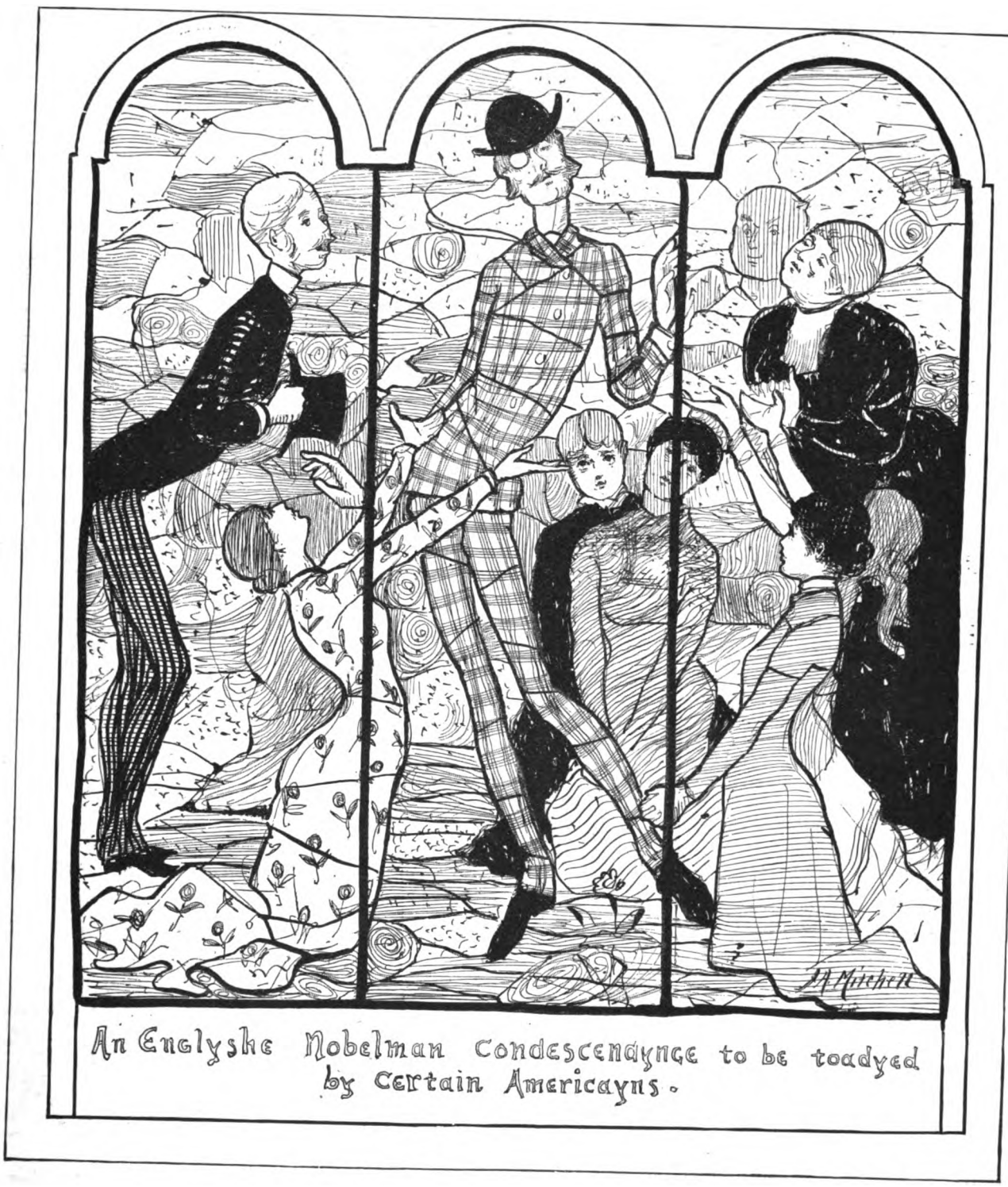

· DEDICATED TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

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LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO.

OH, the cow-puncher Budge has come in from the West;
In all Colorado his ranch is the best;
And, barring a toothbrush, he baggage had none,
For he came in some haste, and he came not for fun;
Nor vigils nor gold to his quest does he grudge—
On an errand of love comes the cow-puncher Budge.

A telegram reached him; he called for a horse;
He rode ninety miles as a matter of course;
The last twenty-seven he galloped, and then
Just caught the Atlantic Express at Cheyenne.
He staid not to eat nor to drink, for he knew
He could pick up a meal on the C. B. and Q.

He got to Chicago the second day out,
But right through Chicago he kept on his route,
Nor staid to buy linen, not even a shirt;
He liked flannel best and he didn't mind dirt.
With trowsers tucked into his boots, said he "Fudge—
Small odds—if I get there," said bold Robert Budge.

* * * * *

From Worth, the Parisian of awful repute,
Had come divers gowns to Angelica Bute,
And parcels from Tiffany daily were stowed
Away in strong rooms of her father's abode;
But she languished, nor heeded she hint, cough or nudge;
She was bound to Fitz James, but she cottoned to Budge.

But hark! 'Tis the door-bell! A symptom of joy
Lights her eye—"Ah! at last!" 'tis a messenger boy;
The maid brings a message; she takes it, half dead
With mingled excitement, hope, eagerness—dread.
"*Mayor's house, on Thursday, at nine; let me judge*
What next; only meet me there
faithfully,
Budge."

* * * * *

On Thursday at nine, to the house of the Mayor,
Two persons came singly, but left it a pair.
A man, and a bride in a travelling dress,
Went Westward at ten on the Lightning Express.
A wedding at Grace Church which should have occurred
At twelve, was, for reasons not given, deferred.

The dowagers called it the greatest of shames;
The men said, "It's rough on that fellow Fitz James;"
The damsels declared it was awfully nice,
And vowed they could do it and never think twice.
"It's a chore to get housemaids; you may have to drudge
At the start; but—I love you," said cow-puncher Budge.

THE gentleman who was unsuccessful in rounding a corner, has finally succeeded in turning a conversation to the admiration of all his friends.

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QUIXOTE AND THE INTERVIEWERS.

HIS TESTIMONY ON CORNERS.

WHEN Don Quixote found himself incarcerated in the cell of a police-station, he looked about him, and began to utter encomiums on the place. "What a happy Republic!" he cried. "This, I take it, is one of those halls where you confine legislators in order that they may meditate on the most desirable laws. An admirable arrangement!"

We had to break it to him gently that, though many of the persons he alluded to ought to be there, they were absent from their post.

"Shame upon those recreant knights!" he exclaimed. "Doubtless, then, they are feasting somewhere at the public expense, when they should be availing themselves of the privilege here afforded. This contrivance of bars is excellent for keeping off intruders." And he shook the grating behind which he had been locked, as if rejoicing in its protection.

Just at that moment, however, a shadow fell upon the floor at the foot of the steps we had descended. I knew by its inky hue that it must be the shadow of an interviewer. This proved to be the case; and behind him stood a second interviewer; behind him a third, and so on. A policeman at the top of the stairs told us that the line extended to the street, and that it could be seen gathering numbers as much as a block away. "They're comin' thick," he added; "thick as buzzards!"

Nevertheless, all the officers on duty brought their clubs to a "present," and bowed submissive before these press representatives.

On they came with measured step, and when the first one stopped in front of the Don's cell, the rest continued to "mark time" carefully—on their note-books. (They intended to charge it to the office as "expenses.")

"Have you anything to say?" asked the leader, glaring in at the imprisoned knight.

The captive was impressed. He looked up. "Are you a deputation of the learned men of the country?" he inquired.

"We are," said the interviewers in chorus. "We know more than any other class of men in the Union, for we are reporters."

"Alas, then," said Don Quixote, dropping his head upon his hands, "how hopelessly illiterate the rest of the nation must be!"

"Do not be discouraged," said the first interviewer, in a voice of surpassing sweetness. "You shall see. Have you any views? If not, I can supply you some, cheap. I have often done the same for for other distinguished men." Lowering his tones, he continued: "Don't you talk with the other boys. If you close with me, I'll guarantee to drive 'em all away."

"What sort of views do you deal in?" asked the prisoner.

"Assorted mental photographs," answered the reporter, producing a quantity.

Don Quixote appealed to me, and I advised him to strike a bargain. He therefore paid a small sum, upon which the sable column of interviewers about-faced, with a shout of triumph, and departed to obtain a beer dividend from the leader, and write out their paragraphs.

This matter being settled, the next point was to bring the illustrious Don before the police justice. But there had not even been time to get him into court when he received a summons to go before the Senate Committee on "corners."

Having a weak conscience, Don Quixote thought he ought to obtain a little experience of "corners" before stating his opinion about them. "That is not at all necessary," one of the Senators explained to him. "But, to gratify you, we will allow you one day for preparation."

Accordingly he went down to Wall Street, had a conference with some brokers, and obtained permission—as a visitor of unusual renown—to go upon the floor of the Exchanges. He decided to make a corner in railroad stock, first. In the morning, just before the Board opened, he was on hand with his winged steed Poetaster; and, to every one's astonishment, he proceeded to *ride* into the Exchange. The door-keepers told him no animals were allowed on the floor. The knight wearily muttered something about bulls and bears being admitted; and the door-keepers were so prostrated by fatigue on hearing this joke that they became powerless to oppose his intrusion.

Then there occurred a thrilling episode. Don Quixote, heading on horseback a band of chosen brokers, rushed into the arena of speculation with loud cries. Those who entered by the opposite door were appalled at the sight; but before they had time to escape the hero and his followers had charged them, and captured a number of the most prominent. These they dragged into one corner—the Don carrying a couple at his saddle-bow—and there compelled them to sell large masses of stock at very low prices. "This," he announced "is what is called a forced sale!" His next move was to make another raid on the enemy, and oblige some of them to buy back at an enormous advance what he had just acquired.

When he left the scene, the neighboring streets were strewn with the ruins of small speculators, who had been destroyed by his manœuvre. "It seems cruel," he observed, "but they have perished in a good cause. For have I not illustrated the principle of corners, and at the same time simplified their process?"

Although some objection was being made to him as one of the "big and bold European operators" whom Mr. Henry Clews

QUIXOTE BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE.

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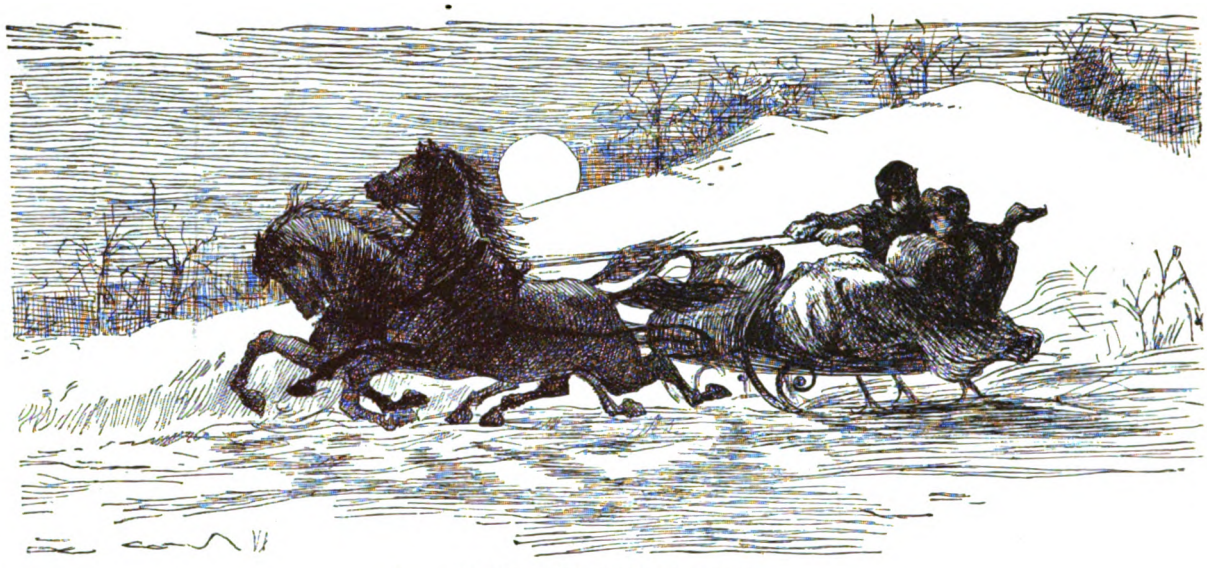

BROTHERLY LOVE.

SEE RICHARD! HE IS GOING TO DRIVE TWELVE MILES THIS WINTER NIGHT TO GET SOME GUM DROPS FOR HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WHO IS SICK. ELLA IS WITH HIM. ELLA IS NOT HIS SISTER. RICHARD IS NOW HOLDING ON TO THE HORSES WITH BOTH ARMS. A LITTLE LATER, WHEN THE MOON GETS BELOW THE HORIZON, ONE ARM WILL BE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

describes, he was allowed to give his testimony, which may be summarized as follows: "Corners are sometimes demoralizing, still, they have their uses. They kill off the small, puny speculator, thus aiding the survival of the fittest. They keep things stirring, and benefit the public at large, but are unsatisfactory to those who make them. That's the reason people who make them keep on doing it; they want to see if it won't be more satisfactory next time. The cornerist sacrifices himself for the advantage of others. Your monopolists in America are an oppressed class. They ought to receive government pensions, so that they could afford to keep setting up corners for the general good. We might then look for a great period of corneresque architecture, with cheap and happy homes for all."

The Senate committee cut him short, saying that they didn't care to hear any more, and would negotiate with him for the rest of his discourse as a "future"—provided that future were as remote as possible.

G. S. LATHROP.

MISFORTUNE.

He found a bottle in the street—
But water is not good to eat.

MORAL.

Of all sad words we ever hear,
The saddest are these, "It is not beer!"

THE squarest game played.—Checkers.

BUYOLOGY.—The Science of shopping.

DOUBLE-LEADED matter.—A man twice shot.

APOTHECARIES' maxim.—The labor we delight in physics pain.

AMONG the Society of Friends it is the Earth Quaker who usually takes the shake.

Q. E. D.—WHEREIN does the course of true love resemble that of a New Jersey railroad?

THE Turf Club has decided that a professional bookmaker, after making his book, shall consider his engagements binding.

POPULAR SUPERSTITION.—When the man with a little bill calls, if the servant tells him you are in, it is very unlucky.

RECENT FICTION.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

"A REVEREND Idol."—Off on his summer vacation.

"THE House of a Merchant Prince."—The tomb or the Tombs.

"MR. ISAACS."—Dot goat vids you lige dot baber on dot vall!

"THE Portrait of a Lady."—Yours for health.

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THEATRE COMIQUE.

HARRIGAN & HART, PURVEYORS OF AMERICAN FUN.

MESSRS. HARRIGAN & HART respectfully announce that they will present, under the supervision of the author, MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN, a New and Original Local Comedy, in Three Acts and Four Scenes, entitled

"MCSORLEY'S INFLATION."

BEFORE THE PLAY.

A SCHOOL MISTRESS FROM NEW ORLEANS (*standing on the balcony of the New York Hotel, opposite the theatre*): Mesdemoiselles!

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*to whom she gives the comforts of a home and the care of a mother*): Madame?

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*surveying them with a benignant smile*): Would you like that I conduct you all to the spectacle?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*with unladylike promptness*): Mais, oui, Madame! Mais, oui! We shall be enchanted.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS: I see a hall of spectacle all right in front of us, and one calls it Theatre Comique. One must play there the masterpieces of Moliere and M. Scribe. Shall we go there?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, oui, Madame, we shall be enchanted.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*to a gentlemanly hotel clerk*): This Théatre Comique, is it a spectacle at the which one may conduct young ladies?

THE GENTLEMANLY HOTEL CLERK: Well, I should smile! Why, any girl can take her mother there!

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS: It appears that it is convenable. Shall we go?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, oui, Madame, mais, oui!

ACT I.

SCENE: THE HOME OF THE MCSORLEYS.

Mr. Tony Hart is Mrs. Bridget McSorley, and she keeps a stall in Washington Market. With several aged female friends she sings a song about "The Market on Saturday Night." The audience applaud wildly, and the song is extended indefinitely. Mrs. McSorley has an altercation with Miss McKeon, an Irish-American lady, who keeps a stall in Washington Market, who wears French heels and talks English with a shrill German accent. Mrs. McSorley and Miss McKeon exchange high words and low language. Mr. Edward Harrigan appears as Daniel Mulligan—that is to say, as Peter McSorley. He explains to two highly intelligent colored gentlemen that he wishes to be elected Coroner, and that he made his fortune as a bar-keeper. With his colored friends he sings a song to the effect that "I never drink behind the bar!" The audience applaud wildly, and the song is extended indefinitely. A rival candidate for Coroner in quest of McSorley appears, and is hustled, and there is a general scrimmage, and the curtain falls on a scene of humorous and tumultuous confusion.

INTERMISSION I.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*to the Six Young Ladies*): This comedy is not one of the masterpieces of Moliere, is it, mesdemoiselles?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, non, madame?

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS: It has not the air of being of M. Scribe no more, is it not mesdemoiselles?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, non, madame.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS: And it is not written in French?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*emphatically*): Non, madame.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS: Is it, then, English?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*doubtfully*): Non, madame.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*rising*): Then it is not convenable for you to hear it. Let us go.

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*rising sulkily*): Non, madame.

They follow the Schoolmistress out with great regret, for they were just beginning to enjoy the riotous fun of the play.)

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST: *The Coroner's Office and August Funke's Beer Tunnel.*

Mrs. Bridget McSorley has hidden the permit for her stall in her old feather bed, which Mr. Peter McSorley has given away. With several aged and weather-beaten female friends she sings a song about "The Old Feather Bed." The audience applaud wildly and the song is extended indefinitely.

SCENE SECOND: MCNALLY'S FLATS.

A convention of off-colored gentlemen is in session. The candidates for coroner address the meeting. Mr. McSorley sings a song about "McNally's Row of Flats." The audience applaud wildly and the song is extended indefinitely. The coldness between Mrs. Bridget McSorley and Miss McKeon leads to the exchange of hot words. Mrs. McSorley, aided by her aged female friends, tries to rescue her aged feather bed, which is in the possession of one of the off-colored gentlemen. Everybody is hustled, and there is a general scrimmage, and the curtain falls on a scene of humorous and tumultuous confusion.

INTERMISSION II.

AN EMINENT AUTHOR (*lost in admiration*): What I like in this performance is its extraordinary fidelity to nature, the ultra realism, which is, of a truth, the highest art.

AN INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY, *with spectacles and a bag of candy*: Yes? (*with rising inflection.*)

THE EMINENT AUTHOR: Here we have the freedom of speech and promptness of personal allusion, which gave zest to the comedies of Aristophanes.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY: Yes? (*with a rising inflection.*)

THE EMINENT AUTHOR: Here we have also the license and the liberty which lent variety and vigor to the Italian *commedie dell' arte*, to which Moliere was greatly indebted.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY: Yes? (*with a rising inflection.*)

THE EMINENT AUTHOR: Here we have a cleanly and humorous form of the Naturalism which M. Zola has prated about.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY (*taking another candy*): It's all very funny, of course, and everybody else seems to be laughing, but I confess I think I like Salvini better.

ACT III.

SCENE: *Washington Market on Saturday Night.*

Five performers parade as the Salvation Army, Barracks No. 9, aided by Mr. John Wild, who accompanies them. They sing a song, "The Salvation Army, O!" aided by Mr. John Wild, who accompanies them on a big bass drum. The audience applaud wildly, and the song is extended indefinitely. A company of off-colored gentlemen parade as the Charleston Blues, with Mr. John Wild as the captain. They sing a song, "The Charleston Blues." The audience applaud wildly and the song is extended indefinitely. Mrs. McSorley and Miss McKeon renew their altercation and exchange many sharp questions and blunt answers. Mr. McSorley has a discussion with a bruiser and comes in much bruised. Mrs. McSorley rushes around to avenge him, and there is a general scrimmage and the curtain falls on a scene of humorous and tumultuous confusion.

AFTER THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

ENQUIRING YOUNG MAN: Have you amused yourself?

HIS FRIEND: I never laughed so much in my life.

ENQUIRING YOUNG MAN: Neither did I. Yet this play is not a play, for it has no story, no plot, no love interest, and indeed no comic situations.

HIS FRIEND: But, my sides are sore with laughter.

ENQUIRING YOUNG MAN: So are mine. The theatre was filled and nearly everybody was amused. I hear of people going four or five times. No, there is nothing in this play to appeal to women—who have no sense of humor. There is nothing in it to appeal to men who admire pretty women—who are a large section of mankind. Why, then, does it succeed.

HIS FRIEND: Because it is funny, very funny, and because it is marvellously well acted.

ARTHUR PENN.

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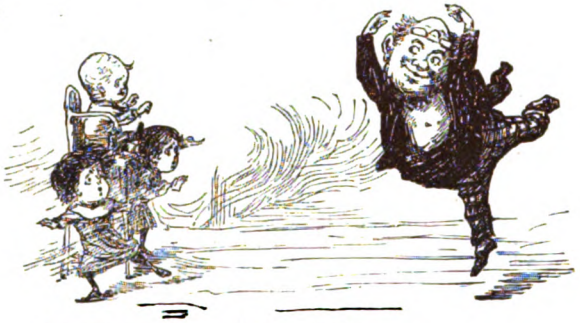
THE deputation that waited on a doorstep returned with a very unsatisfactory report.



A WICKED old man of Green Valley
Shocked his nieces, Kate, Alice, and Sally,
By performing for them
On a Sunday P.M.
Some vivid *impressions du ballet.*

"HAVE you read of the last two defaulters?" asked Mr. Gobelin of a Thoughtful Person of his acquaintance.

"I have," replied the other—"Colonel Polk, of Tennessee, and his rival, whose name I forget, of Jersey City."

"The Jerseyman," Mr. Gobelin observed, "filled the whole bill. He had a house in town, a house in the country, a yacht, a stable, and a Sunday-school."

"Yes; I noticed that he had the last."

"When a man gets away with the funds of a bank," said Mr. Gobelin, smiling, "I always look to see whether he was superintendent of a Sunday-school, and I own to an unsatisfied longing if I find that he was not!"

The Thoughtful Person leaned forward and knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I confess," he said, "to a feeling of the same kind. I wonder why it is. There is no malice in it, I am sure. I have no fault to find with Sunday-schools. Better men than I work in them, and find them worth their time and thought. While the world calls itself Christian, it is eminently proper that the young should have religious teaching. Certainly no man of sense doubts that. And yet many of us will own to being better satisfied with a defaulter who leaves a Sunday-school behind him, than one who does not. I think the explanation of the feeling lies in the delight which we have in thoroughness. If it is inevitable that a man shall jump out of a window and be killed, we prefer that the window should be seven stories high, rather than three. If we could keep him from jumping at all, doubtless we would; but if he is bound to come, it is more interesting to have him start high up. Then we can go and look at the spot on the pavement and imagine his feelings, and go away comfortably horrified. If a man conducts a Sunday-school, the presumption is that he is respectable, and the more respectable the man, the more interesting is the story of his ruin. And, besides, it is gratifying to see a rogue found out. A man who teaches religion on Sunday and steals from a bank the rest of the week, is presumed to be a rogue. So, in fact, when we look out for a defaulter's Sunday-school, we compliment the institution, since by that very act we concede that it creates a presumption in favor of the character of its friends.

THE LION HUNTING WITH OTHER BEASTS.

A LION entered into a limited Partnership with a Goat, an Ass and a Sheep; nor was it long ere their Hunting was rewarded by the capture of a fine, fat Ox. This prey the Lion was about to monopolize, alleging the specious Reasons that are familiar to the readers of Æsop; but, yielding to a better impulse, he submitted a Report to his Associates, pointing out the uselessness to them of this particular Quarry, in view of the fact that they were Graminivorous quadrupeds—hence, their Stomachs were not adapted to the assimilation of Animal Food. Struck with the cogency of his reasoning, the Beasts at once voted the Carcase to the Lion, charging it to the account of Operating Expenses, and proceeded to assess themselves ten cents per share per month until the millennium, when the Lion would eat Straw like the Ox, and a Dividend might reasonably be expected.

MORAL.—Thus we see that it is Just as Easy to Do Men Other Ways.

G. T. L.

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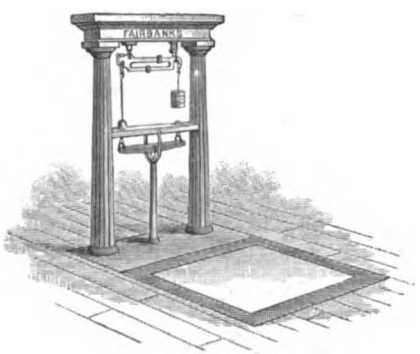

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VOL. I. FEBRUARY 8, 1883. NO. 6.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONDUCTED BY
JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

THERE were a number of things strewed upon the floor—Malaga grapes, almonds, an orange or two, and divers champagne corks and bits of bread, not to speak of Dr. Percival Green and Augustus Wall, of Wall St. These gentlemen, stirred by a spirit of neatness, had discontinued the discussion of their dessert, in order that the floor might be wiped up. Each was willing to perform that office, but they deferred as to the details. Dr. Green thought that a fit instrument for him to use for such a purpose was Augustus Wall, of Wall St., whereas the broker believed that not with a new broom could he sweep cleaner than with Green, M. D.

The result was a Græco-Roman dispute, which was conducted with vigor enough to merit the exclusive attention of all present. Robert Budge, ranchman, of Boston, gave his mind to it—now encouraging the combatants, now straightening a leg or freeing a coat collar from a dangerous grip. A feebler interest was shown by Jasper Banks, journalist, of the *Morning Goad*, and David Hammet, Esq., of the Equitable Building. These gentlemen held themselves ready to preserve the peace if necessary and to see fair play.

But at the other end of the room, remote from the conflict, an Elderly Gentleman sat, talking to Mr. Lawrence Gobelin.

"There is nothing else in the world," he said, "nothing else that compares with it."

"Nothing?" echoed Mr. Gobelin.

"Nothing! It is the only thing in life that it really pays to get; it is the only thing that is 'filling at the price;' the one thing that satisfies; the one thing a wise man tries for."

"At the price!" exclaimed Mr. Gobelin, "Why sir, love is not to be bought. It may be beyond price; it may be worthless, but it is certainly not in the market."

"True," said the Elderly Gentleman, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar. "In one sense you cannot buy it for whatever price you may pay. You have no certain assurance that the article will be delivered; but you cannot get it without paying for it. You cannot get anything worth having that I know of without pay- for it in some way. But you can easily pay for love and not get it. That is as common as the measles." And the elderly gentleman smiled. "When I say pay for it, I don't mean pay in money. Of course there is no market where capital can be directly invested in love. Nor is it among the quotations that reel off from the 'ticker.' Nevertheless, the happiness that comes from love must be earned. You must get tired before your rest can give you pleasure; you must go hungry if you wish to enjoy being filled; and in like manner you must have cared long and exclusively for yourself and grown excessively tired of yourself in so doing, before you can fully appreciate the immense luxury of letting yourself go, and caring for other people."

At this juncture a convulsive movement of unusual violence by the wrestlers sent them rolling under the end of the table, and directly the clatter of breaking glass stopped the conversation and brought the talkers to the interesting end of the room. Seeing that the broker's good right arm had come through his coat sleeve, from the shoulder down, and that Dr. Green's shirt studs and necktie had swollen the sum of the *débris* already on the floor, Mr. Gobelin expressed strong disapproval of the proceedings.

"Why don't you separate those men," he cried, preparing to take his hands out of his pockets.

Mr. Budge, whom he addressed, had already sustained noticeable damage to his apparel in the effort to do just that very thing.

"Why don't you climb down and help," he retorted, indignantly. By a combined effort of the spectators, the combatants were induced to leave the floor unswept, and their raiment being in some degree rearranged seats at the table were resumed, and coffee ordered to be brought in.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Gobelin, taking up the thread of the conversation, the central point from which radiate all human pleasure is the human stomach. "No instrument of which I have knowledge is capable of more exquisite harmonies than that organ. When I am asked, or when I ask myself, 'Is life worth living?' I preface my reply with the inquiry, 'My friend; what can you digest?' And yet, sir," turning to the Elderly Gentleman, "*you* say that the mental vagaries produced by the passion of love are more transcendently ecstatic than any other emotions whatever!"

The Elderly Gentleman bowed affirmatively and sipped his coffee.

"You never got *your* verdict from a jury in a will case," said David Hammett.

"You never freed your mind in printer's ink and went home justified," said the journalist.

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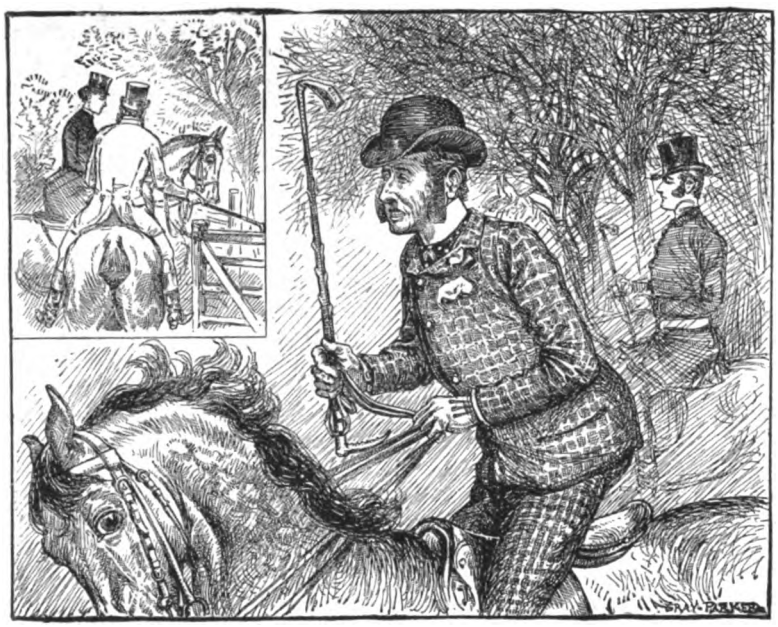

OUR ANGLOMANIAC, No. 2.

Why does he carry a hunting crop in the Park?

BECAUSE IN ENGLAND THEY CARRY HUNTING CROPS IN THE COUNTRY TO OPEN GATES.

THE SPENT ARROW.

A VALENTINE.

DAN Cupid, on a summer's day,
Stretched a new bow-string taut,
And whistling gaily on his way
Inviting targets sought.
The roses died in sweet despair,
Crushed by his chubby feet,
Until the hot and swooning air
Was filled with perfume sweet.

Full careless seemed his beaming eye,
But ever as he strayed,
Did little stinging missiles fly
At ev'ry man and maid,
Till high in air in wanton mirth
He sped his final dart,
And as it, falling, sought the earth,
It chanced to pierce my heart.

MUSIC.

The cultured wealth of haughty Cincinnati
Results from garnered porkers, tall and fatty.

MORAL.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The PEN is mightier than the sword.

LANGUAGE of the Flowers.—You be blowed.

DR. TALMAGE appears to think that one of his kind is quite enough for Brooklyn. And so do we.

"You never rode after hounds on Long Island," said a young man who was familiarly known as Anise-seed Smith, though Mr. Ennis Sydney Smith was the name on his card.

"You never watched the ticker when your stock was going up," said the broker.

"You never——," began Mr. Budge, and hesitated. "There was that Baltimore girl two summers ago. Maybe he's right!" he sighed and was silent.

"All these things," said the elderly gentleman, "make you tired. Love rests you. They are all means to an end; not one of them is an end in itself. We eat that we may live, and live cheerfully. We watch the ticker, and we address the jury that we may make money and live comfortably. And if we are blessed with a long purse and a short neck, perhaps we ride after hounds, and get fame and an appetite and live contentedly. All these things are in the play, and we do them because we must live. But love is not a means of living. It is an end. We live that we may love, and find life satisfactory. And there is no other satisfactory reason for living.

"Here are the *petits verres*. Let us drink to St. Valentine, the patron of lovers."

PERHAPS the sweetest hour in the existence of a young, ambitious, and underpaid journalist is that when he succeeds in getting into the paper a paragraph which will make an esteemed contemporary assert that his editor-in-chief is a perjurer and a thief, and prove it, too.

Hearing complaints that letter-carriers have no uniform overcoat, and are not allowed, even in severe weather, to wear the top-coat of civil life, our artist has designed a costume, which, if protection from the weather is not essential, would be, he thinks, fit and effective for St. Valentine's Day.

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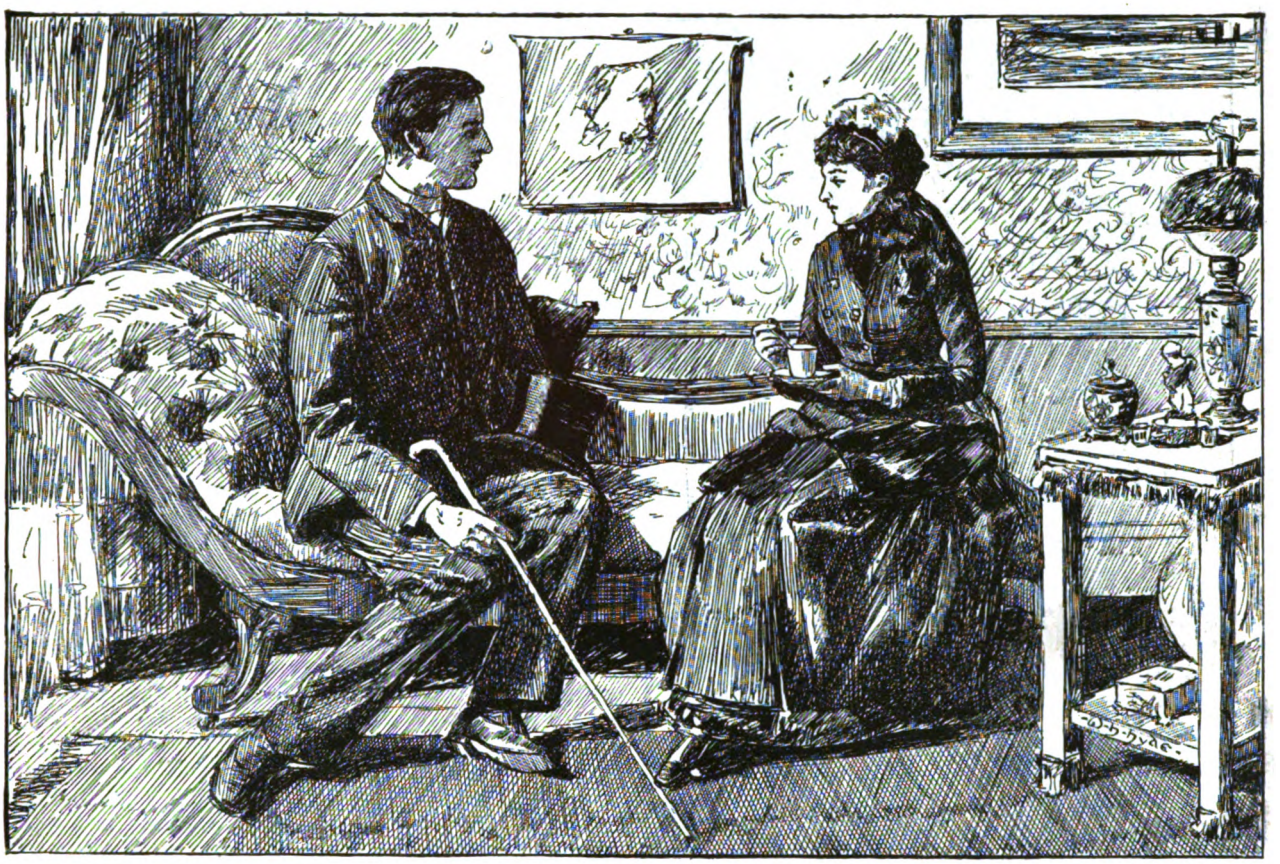

A LOCAL APPLICATION.

Angelica Bellevue: AND DO YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE YOUR BROTHER?
Augustus Bellettre: DROMIO OF EPHESUS LOOKED NOT MORE LIKE DROMIO OF SYRACUSE.
Angelica Bellevue: I BEG YOUR PARDON, WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR FRIEND IN SYRACUSE? I HAVE A COUSIN IN SYRACUSE.

JUSTICE TO KEELEY.

IT is claimed by the critics of the Keeley Motor that it will not mote. This opinion, however just as regards the present price of its shares, is unfair toward the possible future of this bewildering application of an unknown chemico-dynamic force.

Scoffers predicted that Fulton would never get farther than the 42d Street Ferry with the "Clermont."

So great an authority as Chaucer said of Edward III.'s cannon, "It is all very well as a laboratory experiment, but in practice the safest place is in front of this machine, as it is bound to give way between the trunnions and the cascabel, and to knock the excelsior out of the gunners."

Look also at the obstacles met by Archimides in the introduction of his wheel. Ptolemy said caustically that a great deal more water was likely to get into the stock of the company than the wheel could ever pump out. Conon sarcastically said that he would like to see the books before he believed in an honest dividend.

General Washington openly stated his belief that Congress could not be run by gas alone. Alexander Hamilton based his whole theory of a representative government on a legislature which represented the people.

Popular belief, even when fortified by the opinions of eminent men, is no criterion of truth.

Had the Dutch who originally colonized Manhattan Island been told that within less than three centuries the verdant landscape about them would be undermined by a gigantic, restless, hidden force, capable of hurling men, vehicles, Belgian pavement and creosoted lamp-black into the air, they would have smiled with contemptuous incredulity at the silly tale of the power of a steam-heating company and a gang of explosive imported aldermen.

Let the consideration of these ideas teach us humility in our convictions.

Perhaps the Keeley Motor may yet mote sweetly in our midst.

As it seems to have a terrific explosive force pent up within it, we go so far as to suggest that it might be liberal to Keeley, and perhaps beneficial to ourselves, to give free use of our streets for experiments. If the Motor should explode upwards, the telegraph wires would prevent the fall even of one sparrow—if the sparrows should keep above the electric labyrinth, and if the explosion should be downward it might haply blow the steam-heating pipes to a non-hazardous remoteness. A lateral explosion might, however, create much damage unless a safety-jacket of live aldermen and politicians were placed about the generator. This generation might thus "be greatly blessed and made cheerful" by a mere accident.

TAWA KOTO

ABSORBING A STATE.

MASSACHUSETTS takes away forty-five acres from Rhode Island by the adoption of the new boundary line.—*Ex.*

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STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.

A WEDDING is sometimes the funeral of ambition.

ONE way to give a man "a chance to rise in the world."—Knock him down.

LET us not try to comprehend Women or Eternity; but if we are determined to ponder on the one or on the other, and still retain our reason, then let us give Eternity the preference.

THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE unusual access of virtue attained by CONGRESS in the passage of the Civil Service Reform Bill, was followed by its natural result of nervous prostration and general debility. So lofty a conscience could not be used every day, without a wear and tear fatal to the delicate constitution of the politician of the period. In many, this extraordinary strain of backbone brought on a spinal complaint. There was a reaction of sadness. They felt that they had been positively too virtuous to be happy.

So, for several succeeding weeks, Congress did nothing in particular—and did it very ill. A spasmodic effort, backed by the galvanic impulse of a waiting people, was made to modify the tariff; but there were two smelting-furnaces in Pennsylvania which could not produce iron under $22 a ton (owing to the fact that there was no ore in their vicinity), and it was felt that it would be highly unjust to these furnaces to suffer any one else to manufacture iron for less. In the course of this debate there was a painful scene between Senators MORGAN and DAWES; the Senator from Alabama asserting that "the paps of dear old New England were dry and exhausted," and the Senator from Massachusetts, naturally resenting any imputation upon the abilities of his native State as a wet-nurse. The House of Representatives toyed idly with the American Navy; but even this great subject, though offering a vast field for the imagination, failed to arouse it from its gloom. Alone Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, showed some spirit. Convinced that the most hostile power would never be desirous of invading Indiana, he saw no need for a navy at all. The moral force, the grandeur of fifty million industrious, intelligent and happy people, was (he said) a power infinitely above the splendid and costly tinsel of navies. But of this, anon. Mr. ROOSEVELT, in his History of the Naval War of 1912, has well described the bloody conflict which took place off Blackwell's Island, between the Spanish ram *Huascar* and the moral force of fifty million intelligent and happy people.

On January 25, Mr. Robinson, of the Empire State, rose to remove a little pyæmia from the beak of the American Eagle. His client was the "letter-writing class" which he called "an ass between two burdens," and their grievance the three-cent stamp. "*Ehen fugaces anni*," he said, "*high postage is immoral. I demand the penny postage in the name of American manhood. The poor but honest swain has to incur the risk of a seventy-five thousand dollar breach of promise suit, and commit his sentiments to the public post-card. Why compel our mothers and daughters to lay open the secrets of their hearts to every prurient eye? Why put a three-cent tax upon epistolary proposals, when Jay Gould's editorials and the organs of fashionable snobbery are carried for one? The vilest stuff that pollutes our mails*

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is not so deleterious to our national vitality as the treasonable trumpetings of monarchy and snobbery with which some of these leading papers are filled, for whose circulation we tax the intellect of our country. The representations of monarchy at this capital have been sending some of them home to show their leanings toward despotism."†*

The next day Congress gave itself over to the contemplation of cinerary urns. The occasion was the departure of Senator HILL to that other and better world where, as the St. Louis editor remarked, all these things shall be made clear, and we shall shoot straighter. Senator INGALLS of Kansas made an instructive speech in blank verse, showing the limits of a Senator's omniscience. We select this, as being original, from the common-place book of cribbed poetry spouted on the occasion :

"BEN HILL
Has gone unto the undiscovered country.
Whether his journey thither was but one step—
Across a frontier imperceptible;
Or an interminable ocean, black,
Unfluctuating, voiceless, stretch between
These coasts, and that invisible,
We do not know——"
CHORUS (Congress) :—*No ; we haven't any notion, any notion.*

"Whether,
That August morning after death, he saw
In unimaginable splendor a sun rise,
More glorious, above celestial skies,
Or his unconscious apathetic ashes sleep,
In senseless, still oblivion, and obstruction cold,
We do not know——"
CHORUS (Congress) :—*No ; we haven't any notion.*

"Whether
His strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum ; or
His dexterous and disciplined faculties do now contend.
In a higher senate than ours for supremacy ;
Or his palestric powers, with parting breath,
Were dissipated and dispersed——"

PRESIDENT :—The question is on the adoption of the resolutions presented by the gentleman from Georgia. All those in favor—aye ? Adjourned.

"PEOPLE should provide for a Rainy Day," philosophically remarked the thoughtful club man, as he walked off with another member's umbrella.

IT is to be hoped the politician who is accused of being ankle deep in the mire of corruption, isn't standing on his head meanwhile.

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* *i.e.*—The N. Y. *Herald*, edited by an habitué of the salons of the British aristocracy. Mr. Robinson exaggerates when he says that the *Herald* taxed the intellect of the people.—T. B. M.

† The member from New York here referred to the *Nation*, a paper which then sought to curb the simple sports of a free people. Barring this kindly prejudice against homicide, the *Nation* was a good paper, and Unitarians still dispute whether it was, in truth, inspired by the Divine Omniscience, or only thought so.—T. B. M.

TARQUINIUS AND THE POPPIES.

TARQUINIUS Superbus, being desirous of taking and plundering a certain town, was about to lay siege to it, when he was waited upon by one of his partisans within the walls, who asked in what manner he could aid him. Tarquin for a reply led his visitor into the garden and with his cane struck off the heads of the tallest poppies there, accompanying the action with a haughty wink. The visitor instantly hastened to the capital where the Legislature was in session, and obtaining the necessary amendments to the charter, had the heads of all the obnoxious municipal officials taken off, and so secured for his patron the spoils of the town without incurring the expense and public scandal of a siege and sack.

WISHING to have the unbiased opinion of a disinterested expert upon the tobacco habit, we called upon Mr. Levi Samuels. Before Mr. Samuels' door there is a colored wooden image, life size, of an Indian maiden. Owing to the formation of Mr. Samuels' nose he cannot turn it up, even if he wishes, but the greatest contempt was expressed in every other feature as he informed us that smoking could not hurt a baby unless carried to excess.

"And what do you call excess, Mr. Samuels ?"

"Well, smoking all the time."

POPE adapted (to the latitude of Wilkesbarre, Pa.)—"All are but parts of one stupendous hole."

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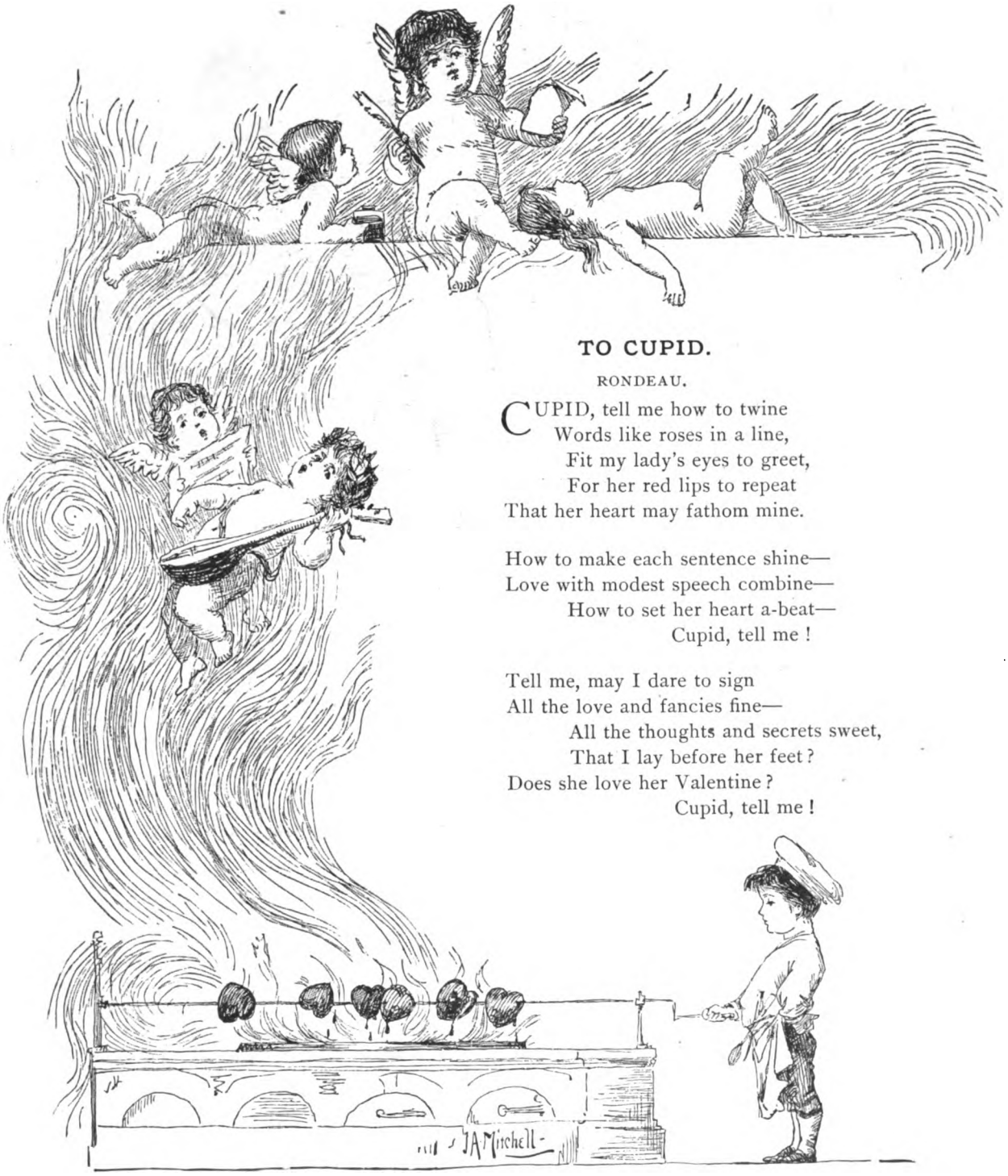

TO CUPID.

RONDEAU.

CUPID, tell me how to twine
Words like roses in a line,
Fit my lady's eyes to greet,
For her red lips to repeat
That her heart may fathom mine.

How to make each sentence shine—
Love with modest speech combine—
How to set her heart a-beat—
Cupid, tell me!

Tell me, may I dare to sign
All the love and fancies fine—
All the thoughts and secrets sweet,
That I lay before her feet?
Does she love her Valentine?
Cupid, tell me!

FEBRUARY 14th, 1883.

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NOT FOR JONATHAN.

Uncle Sam to American Industry: DON'T COME TO ME FOR MORE CLOTHES. WHAT! OUTGROWN THAT PROTECTION SUIT TARIFF MADE YOU A GREAT FELLOW LIKE YOU OUGHT TO SHIFT FOR HIMSELF.

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BALLADE OF BLAME.

MITRED and sainted and sung;
Posthumous martyrdom thine;
Is there a change yet unrung,
Is there unwritten a line,
Aught to restore or refine,
Aught to refurbish and brush,
On this, thy day, Valentine,
Sanctus of sandals and slush?

Saint, if the muse had a tongue
True in its audible sign
Unto her troublesome lung,
Unto her asthma—and mine,
Would you, immortal recline,
Drunk with a nectar of gush?
Say, would you canonized shine,
Sanctus of sandals and slush?

Cupidon's bow is unstrung,
Sopped with rain-water—divine
Venus, her votaries 'mong,
Shivers and shakes at her shrine.
Chill is each Paphian spine,
Tipped is each nose with a flush;
For thee a snow-wreath we twine,
Sanctus of sandals and slush.

L'ENVOI.

Bishops, your bench is benign,
Cleric abuses ye crush,
Straightway unfrock this malign
Sanctus of sandals and slush.

A. E. W.

THE London *Quarterly Review* asserts that "Mr. Henry James has done scant justice to his countrywomen."

That "there are Americans proud of their own descent from the old stock, who would be inclined to receive with much more coldness the credentials of Mr. James's 'race.'"

That "every situation in 'The American' is impossible," and "the plot is simply chaotic."

That "From beginning to end there is not a single incident in 'The Portrait of a Lady,'" and "If an earthquake swallowed up all the characters in the middle of the second volume, the reader would only be tempted to thank the fates for a good deliverance."

That "Imaginative literature in America had passed through a long and respectable life before the Boston Mutual Admiration Society was even heard of," and that

"If the American novel has reached its highest perfection in the works proceeding from that band of brothers, Americans will turn with joy from the prophets of realism to the old-fashioned novelists; and even in the last resort to Thackeray and Dickens."

Is the London Quarterly right in its surmises? YES, IT IS BLIND RIGHT!

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

IT was the ranchman to himself regretfully that said,
The while he took his pensive way to lodging and to bed:
"Alas, that not to me severe necessity allows
To linger here, but makes me punch far Colorado's cows!

There was a time when sanguine youth, with urban pleasures cloyed,
Peopled the West with vague delights, that still might be enjoyed;
And bade me for a hut forsake my dinner and my club,
And for a cowboy's slang exchange the culture of the stub.

Ah me! I hate those long-haired kine; I'd like to linger here
And with the boys consume my wine, and gossip o'er my beer.
If men knew how *their* members ache who fiery mustangs straddle,
They'd think, with me, that muttons make the most alluring saddle.

Yet, should I stay, old age that creeps with expeditious zeal
On men whose greatest joy is in their thrice-receiving meal,
Would find me with lack lustre eye and ruby-tinted nose,
Condemned to bear the weight of years in aldermanic clothes.

Ah! why is gruesome all that's good, and noxious all that's gay?
Why must to-morrow track so close the heels of poor to-day?
Oh! Why did Eve the apple eat, and Adam, stupid oaf—
Partaking too, condemn his sons, at best, to half a loaf?

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THE BRAND NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.

I.

WILLIAM, THE BOSS.

IT is told of William the Boss, who ruled New York of old, that he was wont to wander about the city, disguised as a man of fashion, to learn the condition of his people and to hear their comments on his government. On one occasion, the story runs, he fell into the hands of a "Drexel" of the time; but escaped with his life and his purse.

Next morning the inmates of the club-house into which he had been entrapped were summoned to his presence. When they recognized the potentate they threw themselves upon their faces. The great man looked at them with the inscrutable smile that gave his countenance so mysterious a beauty. "Unhappy men," said he, "you have suffered me to be treated with disrespect. But I forget not that you took me for a gentleman, and perchance you acted like true men according to your lights. Your fate lies with me. Before pronouncing upon it, I would fain know your stories. Let the proprietor of the club-house speak first."

The whole company trembled with apprehension, as a swarthy man, of severe countenance, arose, and bowed, and spoke:

The Story of the Indian Chiropodist.

All-powerful-man, he began, I am the proprietor of the house which you deigned to honor with your presence.

In early life I was left an orphan; and my guardian, who was a very astute man, deemed that my life would be most profitable to myself and the world if I aspired to a rank above that in which I was born.

What was your birth? inquired the Boss.

My father, said the swarthy man, was a dealer in spirituous drinks. It is an honorable calling, but the prejudices of my guardian led him to believe that a learned profession was more honorable still. So I was sent to what is called a college, and after that to a medical school, where I devoted myself to the curriculum with laudable assiduity.

What does that mean? asked the Boss sternly.

I studied my level best, answered the swarthy man. I graduated with credit, he continued, and applied to my guardian for a statement of my accounts. He promised to give me one on the following day. But the next morning he was not, neither was my property. Thrown upon my professional resources, I hired an office and waited for patients. None came, in spite of the fact that I was provided with the best credentials. I endeavored to find some humbler employment; but I was informed that I had chosen my career, and that I was too old to begin a new one. My landlady lost patience——

Was she, too, a physician? asked the Boss.

She was not. She was a widow. She turned me out of doors and retained my trunk. I was about to put an end to my sorrows, when I was accosted by a man who asked me if I was up to snuff. I replied that I should smile. The result of our interview was that I took my stand behind a bar, and there mixed for such persons as he brought to me certain potations, in regard to which my science enabled me to assure him that a limited amount would deprive the drinkers of all self-control. I may add that this took place on an election day.

Was your friend a Coroner? asked the Boss.

He was. He still is.*

'Tis well, said the Boss, with his beautiful smile.

In consequence of my services, continued the swarthy man, I received an appointment at the Quarantine Hospital. I believed my fortune made. But alas! the folly of youth is great! You must know that for each vaccination the doctors at Quarantine received a certain sum, to be expended in the purchase of virus. Now the virus of commerce was costly enough to swallow up the whole sum, so I thought it but just to myself to invent a new sort, which enabled me to economize my perquisites, and which caused as much discomfort as the real thing. But one fatal day a ship arrived, and declared that a member of the crew had died during the passage. Full of zeal, I thereupon vaccinated the whole ship's company, to the number of five hundred and fifty-seven. Of these, three men, a servant maid and a negro baby sickened and died. In spite of this absurdly small percentage of casualty, certain meddlesome philanthropists insisted upon investigating the case. And when it transpired that the member of the crew who had died during the passage had been lost overboard, my precautions for the preservation of the public health were declared excessive. Nay, those were not wanting who described them as *corrupt*.* I was cruelly discharged, and left once more at the mercy of the world.

As I entered the city with a sinking heart, I observed an elegant equipage drawn by six milk-white horses; and on inquiring to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the property of the great African doctor. Rumor said that like me he had vainly tried to practice medicine in the vulgar way, but that when he had blackened his face, and begun to sell drugs by the gross, he had prospered exceedingly. Go to, said I, I will do likewise. So, having darkened my complexion with a certain juice and allowed my hair, which is straight and black, to grow long, I boldly hired a suite of parlors in a conspicuous part of the city, and announced myself to the people of New York as the world-famed Indian Chiropodist. From that moment the scale of my fortune turned. I know the secrets of half the pretty feet of Manhattan. I have operated on the landlady who retained my trunk. She now uses crutches. And, having entered into secret partnership with certain makers of shoes, I have been blest with a steadily increasing practice. So great has been my prosperity that, in spite of tastes which I cannot call frugal, I have saved money. And by way of combining a safe investment with the love of society for which I have always been renowned, I fitted up and opened the splendid club-house, in which I had the honor, which shall be my pride until my dying day, of receiving your august visit.

THE INDIAN CHIROPODIST.

A STORY comes from a Maine village to the effect that when a kindly neighbor called on Mrs. Bluff and spoke of the sorrow she felt to hear of the loss of the youngest of Mrs. B.'s twelve daughters:—"Wall," said Mrs. B., "I don't feel so terrible bad; fer't seems ter me more like a weedin' out of 'em."

CHOOSING HIS TIME.—A clever fellow being asked how he managed to sit out the five acts of a certain antique tragedy now being performed at a New York theatre, replied: "I came in and took my seat between every act, and smoked my cigar outside the rest of the time. First-rate orchestra, you know, and I enjoyed myself first-rate!"

*A certain Coroner is said, by tradition, to have been a faithful henchman of the Boss.

*A shibboleth of philantrophy. Philanthropy was a disorder formerly rife in America among people who had so few affairs of their own to look after that they busied themselves with the affairs of others.

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THE INFLUENCE OF MATTER OVER MIND.

I HAVE COME TO HORSEWHIP THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER, SIR—WHERE WILL I FIND HIM?

I AM THE EDITOR, SIR. WON'T YOU PLEASE STEP INTO THE MAIN OFFICE WHERE YOU WILL HAVE MORE ROOM FOR IT?

PUTTING UP A JOB ON THOMAS JEFFERSON.

HERE is a tale that comes to us from Washington.

The late Thomas Jefferson, having neglected to make suitable provisions for the construction of a trophy over his bones, Congress lately took the matter in hand and passed a bill appropriating a sum of money for the decoration of the burial-place at Monticello, and for a monument.

The Chief of Engineers was entrusted to carry out the proposed improvements, and he directed an officer of his department to make suitable designs. This gentleman, after duly casting about in his mind, devised an iron fence of great beauty to enclose the lot, and then paused to consider what would be a proper stone.

Upon investigation he discovered that there was no design so prevalent over the departed as a cross; and seeking something further, and more especially commemorative of the iudividual, he got from a memoir of the second president the Jefferson coat of arms. Combining these two emblems, he produced a design of merit, which was favorably regarded by the head of his department, who submitted it for approval to the Secretary of State. Mr. Frelinghuysen viewed it only to admire, and, as a matter of courtesy, sent it to New York to be further approved by the owner of the Monticello property.

But this last gentleman happens to be of the Jewish faith and race, and when he observed the cross in the design, he packed his portmanteau, and went to Washington the shortest way.

"It is as distinctly a matter of history," he is reported to have said, "that Mr. Jefferson was *not* a Christian and that he *was* a democrat," and he proceeded to demonstrate the wonderful impropriety of the design that had been submitted.

But the Secretary of State is no chicken; and he knew what was due to Mr. Jefferson as a respectable gentleman. And accordingly we are informed that a cross and a coronet are to give an exemplary tone to Thomas Jefferson's grave.

IN the list of vice-presidents of the late Cooper Institute meeting, we were surprised not to find the name of an eminent protectionist, whose specialty is *self*-protection and whose able discourse on that subject before Justice Gardner was widely published in the newspapers.

How was it that the venerable Peter Cooper was not supported by Mr. James Mace?

THERE is seldom a dispute so great that a table-cloth will not cover it.

THE Ottoman Empire is supposed to be so called for being so frequently sat upon.

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THE SILVER KING is a melodrama, with a motive and one strong situation, and about all that can be said in its favor is that the motive is not solely the exhibition of novel scenic effects, and that the situation does not depend for its success on stage carpentry and elaborate mechanism. For the authors seem to have been so delighted with their one situation as to be willing to fill up the rest of the play with commonplace dialogue and trivial expedients. Fortunately for the play, it is in strong hands. Tearle, whatever captious critics may say, acts with force and judgment, although badly handicapped by the low comedy part in the fourth act. Rose Coghlan always enlists the sympathies of the audience. Gilbert met with an ovation on the first night, and so did the scene painter.

SERGE PANINE did not pan out to the eminent satisfaction of Mr. Daly and has already been taken off. Mr. Serge Panine is a young gentleman, who dares to stand up against his mother-in-law, and gets shot in the last act. The only wonder is that it didn't kill him before. He also does other things that are not nice; gambles away his wife's fortune, makes love to his friend's wife, and engages in vast swindling schemes. And this sinister, cynical, penny-dreadful part was given to John Drew, a clever young actor, who struggled hard with his lines, but failed to draw. With such erratic ideas of casting his company, it's a wonder Mr. Daly has not foundered long ago.

THE Wisdom of Solomon, the efforts of Stephen, the combined exertions of the Cast, and the energy of McCaull, have all failed to work up a success for VIRGINIA, which is already beginning to pall on the bijou audiences that find themselves nightly in the Bijou Opera House.

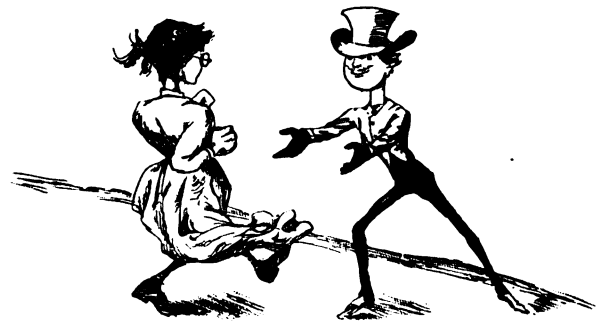
ANNIE PIXLEY has been rollicking through two weeks of "M'liss," at the Grand Opera House, and on Monday *débuted* in a new play, "Zara." Zara turns out to be M'liss, with a change of scene and costume. There is no particular reason why one play should not be as successful as the other.

"THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF" still waves at the Casino. On Friday a souvenir of a lace handkerchief was given to each lady, to celebrate the 100th performance of the opera—not consecutive, nor in New York, however.

THERE is a promise of much music not down in the score, when McCaull, at the Bijou, and Duff, at the Standard, bring out their rival version of "Heart and Hand." As Carleton, Duff's prize plum, comes to the Bijou, it looks as if the latter would have to sing for his baritone.

POINTDEXTER NIBBS.

SUGGESTED solution of the boating difficulties between Harvard and Yale:—A modified form of trial by combat, viz.: that eight men from each college row a boat race.



JAMES ALBERT ADONIS VAN SLIM
Loved Sappho Jerusha McKim;
He rushed to repeat
At his fair idol's feet
The thoughts she inspired in him.

But he told his affection so ill,
That she thought he had come with a bill.
He took her by surprise,
She took him 'twixt the eyes—
He'll return when the days are less chill.

THE death of Gustave Doré reminds us of a story that we once heard. It may not be true,—but truth is the last thing we demand in stories. Indeed, as a young woman, aged four, endeavored to explain to us the other day, to speak of a true story is to contradict yourself in terms.

A clever American was at a great public dinner in London. Next to him sat a small Frenchman, who chatted away with true Gallic vivacity. Towards the end of the evening, the conversation turned upon William Blake, whom the American admired to a degree which the Frenchman thought excessive. A flood of minute criticism poured out then; and at last came the grand climax—"*Enfin, Monsieur, c'était un Doré manqué.*" Having delivered himself of this opinion, the Frenchman arose and bowed, and went out of the room.

"Who was my friend?" asked the American of his remaining neighbors.

"Gustave Doré," was the answer.

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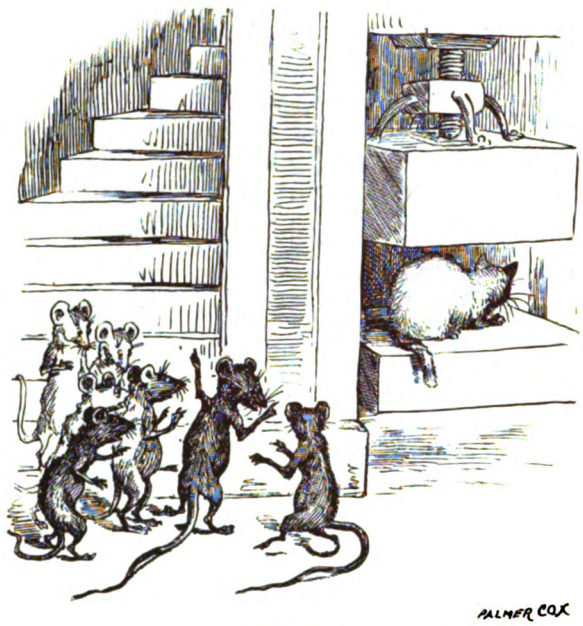
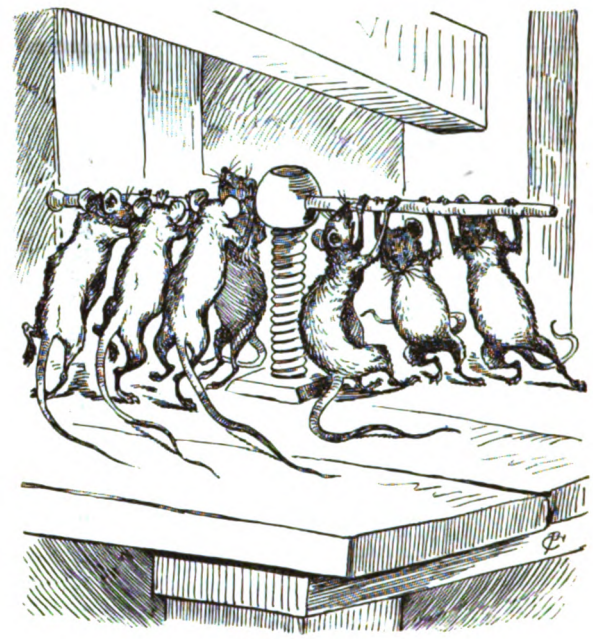


DESIGN.



EXECUTION.

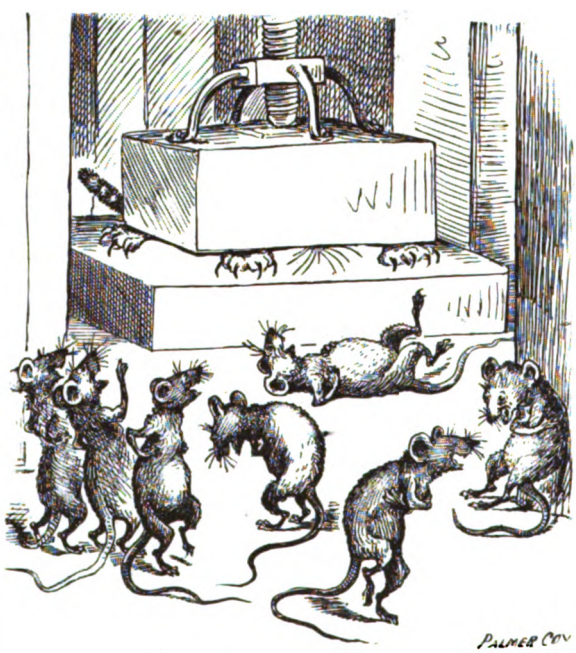
Now that quinine is to be placed upon the free list, it is a good time for the *World* to cease using V and V in connection with the editor of the *Times*.

And for Mr. Bergh to go to Florida, and let Mace and the Maori dispute in New York.

And for the Springfield *Republican* to observe that all is not brass that shines.

And for the *Evening Post* to regard less sternly the frequent Southern Homicide.

And for *The Sun* to hope that the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* will choose happier themes for its poems.



DIVERSION.

MAXIMS MADE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

Talk forever about the hard times that the poor relation may not annoy you.

Marry rich, but not too early—the man who sees the world is the man without a wife.

He who can make the best bargain is the greatest Statesman.

A pew in a church is a good business investment.

A clear brain is of little practical value without an elastic conscience.

L. C. E.

ONE FOR HOMŒOPATHY.

Apropos of the "War of the Pathies," it is stated that a party of American gentlemen recently made the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, and, while standing upon the very brink of the crater, were startled by a sudden violent agitation of the mountain, presaging an immediate eruption. In a moment more the spot upon which they stood might be swept by a torrent of burning lava! What was to be done? Retreat was useless, for the fiery flood would be sure to overtake and overwhelm them! Among the party was Dr. Belladona, of New Jersey, who proved himself equal to the emergency. Bravely taking from his pocket a little vial of aconite pills, he dropped them, one after another into the mouth of the crater. In a few moments the agitation ceased, and since that time the mountain has been as silent as the grave!

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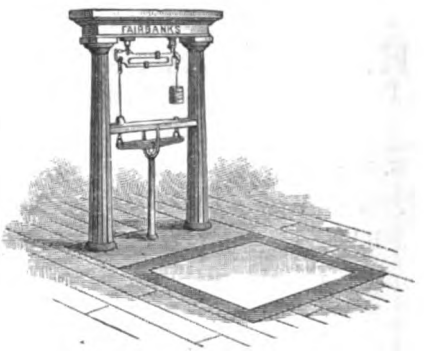

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VOLUME I. FEBRUARY 15, 1883. NUMBER 7.

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VOL I. FEBRUARY 15, 1883. NO. 7.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONDUCTED BY
JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

VERY IMPORTANT.

ONE of the most remarkable and important of recent medical discoveries is that recently made by a distinguished German surgeon and miscellaneous scientific person, Herr Schweinfleisch. At the recent Medical Congress at Berlin a paper was read, fully describing this discovery, and it is anticipated that, in the course of a few weeks, some enterprising German newspapers will have a report of the proceedings of the congress, and thus give an enlarged publicity to the discovery, which, in time, will awaken a warm interest in the German mind.

On the 31st of June last, Herr Schweinfleisch was called to visit a small boy, aged ten years, and residing in Pilsner-Baden, who had had an unfortunate quarrel with his school-teacher. For some offense, the nature of which is not specified, the teacher reproved the small-boy by throwing a volume of Kant's Kritik at his head. The book struck the small boy immediately on the top of his head, and crushed in the pia-mater, the aorta-majora, and the other bones of the skull. Compression of the brain ensued, and, after the patient had remained insensible for twenty-four hours, his parents, suspecting that something might be the matter with him, sent for the doctor.

On arriving at the house, the doctor at once perceived the necessity of removing the depressed bones. He did so with much success, but, to his great dismay, a large quantity of the patient's brain escaped from the cavity, and, falling on the sanded floor, became unfit for further use.

Herr Schweinfleisch is a German of wonderful promptness. With him, to think is to act in the course of a few hours. On the occasion in question he acted even more promptly than usual. The family cat was sleeping peacefully in a chair. She was seized by the surgeon and killed by a single blow of his scalpel. Removing a section of the cat's skull, Herr Schweinfleisch transferred her brain to the cavity in the small-boy's head. The wound was then closed by trepanning, and the doctor went home decidedly doubtful as to the result of the operation.

The small-boy rapidly recovered, and at first his brain seemed to act as smoothly as if it were homogeneous. Soon, however, he began to exhibit symptoms of mental eccentricity. His horror of water was even greater than that of ordinary German boys, for when his parents made the usual semi-annual attempt to wash him, on the 15th of August, he nearly went into convulsions. He showed a curious fondness for sleeping in the daytime, in the warmest room of the house, and was prematurely wide-awake at night. When pleased, he murmured in a low tone, which bore a close resemblance to the purring of a cat. Anger produced a remarkable effect upon him. At the sight of a dog—an animal for which he exhibited a violent hatred—he instantly sprang upon the nearest table or chair, and his coat-tails erected themselves and stood out from his person, as if they were sustained by hidden springs. There can be no doubt as to the truth of this fact, for Herr Schweinfleisch testifies that he repeatedly saw the coat-tail phenomenon, and that in his opinion it was due to electricity. Certainly there was an abnormal quantity of electricity about the boy, for if his hair was rubbed in a dark room it gave forth showers of sparks of great brilliancy. While he was unusually quick in learning his school lessons—so quick, in fact, that he could master, in two or three hours, an abstruse philosophical proposition, which other boys could not learn in less than a day—he showed a curious unwillingness to speak, and preferred as a rule to make inarticulate noises. This sufficed when he was reciting his philosophy—and indeed, the teacher often complimented him on the remarkable clearness with which he explained the meaning of Kant;—but in his other recitations speech was held to be necessary, and could only be extorted from him by threats.

Morally, the boy unquestionably deteriorated after the doctor operated upon him. He would steal meat and other articles of food without showing the slightest sign of shame or remorse when detected. The worst fault, however, was a fondness for nocturnal back-fences. Unless he was locked securely in his room, he would steal out soon after dark, and seek the society of the most dissolute cats of Pilsner-Baden. On moonlight nights he would sit on the back fence in company with

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cats of all classes and sexes, and lift up his voice in howls of horrible shrillness. It should be mentioned, however, that his parents, who were very thrifty people, were not particularly displeased with their son's efforts at back-fence singing; for, as he carefully brought home all the bootjacks and bottles that were thrown at him, his concerts became quite profitable.

It is Herr Schweinfleisch's opinion that the effect of the transference of brain has been to superimpose cat qualities upon the human qualities of the boy. This view was contradicted at the Berlin congress by a rival doctor, who maintained that the cat and human qualities were mingled. With the precise explanation of the phenomena we have, however, nothing to do. The important fact is the great discovery that animal peculiarities can be transmitted by substituting the brain of any given animal for a part of the human brain.

This discovery opens vast possibilities to the human race. It gives us reason to hope that all sorts of useful qualities can be furnished to those who are lacking in them by the simple substitution of good animal brains for the defective brains given to them by nature. Suppose, for example, Herr Schweinfleisch should operate upon Mr. HAYES, or Senator LOGAN, or STANLEY MATTHEWS, and——

But let us avoid personalities.

WASTED ENERGY.

Nihilist Emigrant (noticing for the first time a steam explosion): "BEAUTIFUL! AH, WHY HAVE WE NOT THIS IN RUSSIA?"

BOOKISHNESS.

MR. E. W. GOSSE's new volume of verse is called "On Viol and Flute." What we wanted to know is how the wandering minstrel manages to evoke sounds of melody on viol and flute at the same time unless he plays the viol with his toes. Usthinks (Editorial plural of "methinks"—pat. app. for) it would be a winsome sight to see the poet twanging a viol with his toes while his nimble fingers and agile lips evoked the shrill melody from the rigid flute.

MR. EDWARD A. FREEMAN, an Englishman recently imported into America and not long ago exported in the original package, has been writing luminous and voluminous "Impressions on America." His fellow Briton, Mr. Oscar Wilde, can sum up his "Impressions of America" in two words—"Bunkum and Bunko."

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, whose initials so sweetly proclaim his exuberant fancy, has published a book called "Paris Herself Again." It is astonishing how ignorant the British are about history and Homer and other things. Here, in these free and United States, every school-boy knows that Paris was a man.

SIMON NEWCOMB's little book on political economy called the "A. B. C. of Finance" is popular enough here, in America, where we are wont to begin at the beginning, but when some bold Briton "adapts" it into British, he will have to change the title to the "£ s. d. of Finance."

"PORTIA" is an imported British novel with a subtitle, "By Passions Rocked." Now, our advice to Portia is to quit throwing stones when she gets mad. It is a bad habit and may destroy a crystal palace some day.

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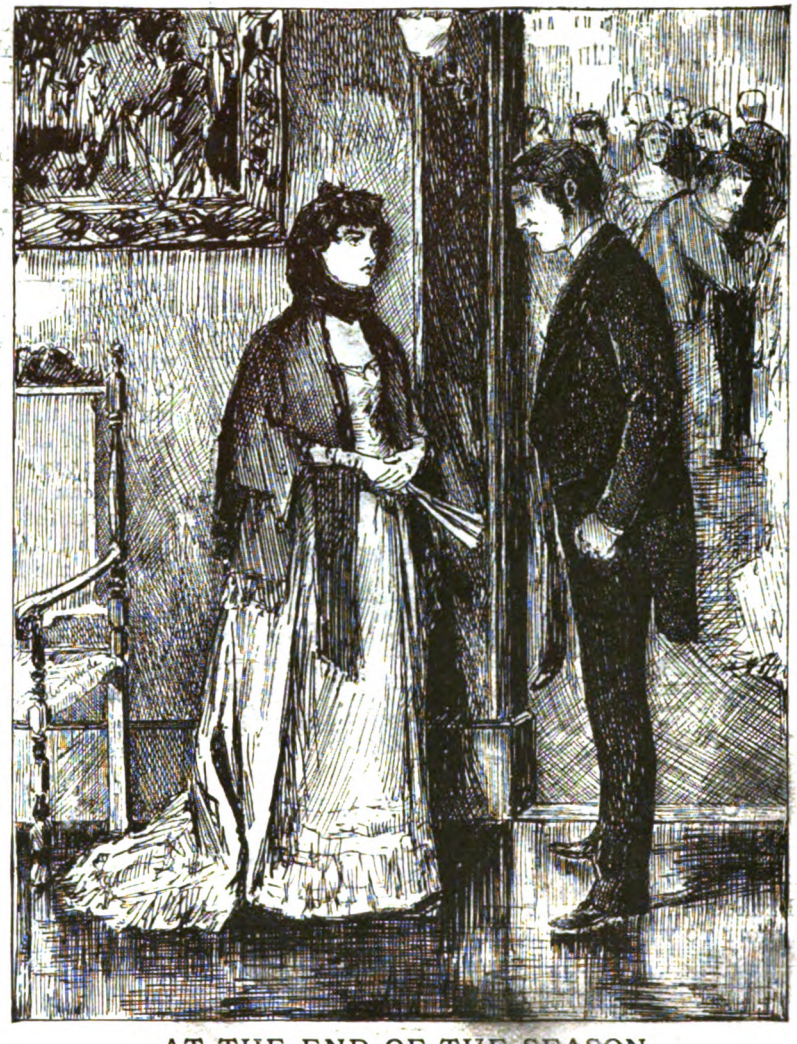
A TEMPERANCE LYRIC.

WOULD th' Atlantic Main
Were billows of bright champagne!
[*Dissolute old song of the Apollo Club of Boston.*]

Oh! Phœbus train,
Ye've sighed in vain
That the salt main might be champagne;
Your pleading strain
Has been inane.
Still, Maine men drain
The limpid rain,
The lightning-chain
In secret fane,*
Down tortuous lane,
Where "bar-keeps" gain, by forging a chain
For the human brain:
Till men go insane
Like Hamlet the Dane,
And raise particular Cain:
The breakers roar
On rocky shore,
And dash their spray
The usual way;
But still they bear,
Despite your prayer,
No brace for men whose spirits wane.
(I've tasted the water again and again;
I'm a cheerful man, and seldom complain,
But the Atlantic main's not good champagne.)
If it were wine,
Sparkling, divine,
Sea-shores would be
O'er-crowded. See?
The West again a desert plain;
All shares decline
In rail or mine.
Mill-wheels would stop; men raise no crop;
And Congress cease
To break the peace;
In haste adjourn
The whole concern;
Man's life would be one huge, long, spree.
The best men fall;
All hats too small;
All we should gain—a certain loathing for champagne.
Let no billows roll
Dry Monopole.

* Of Bacchus.



AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

Mr. Hurdygurdy: YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING SPANISH IN THAT LACE THING, MISS LOVEJOY.
Miss L.: PERHAPS LIKE THE SPANISH ARMADA.
Mr. H.: WHY THE SPANISH ARMADA?
Miss L.: BECAUSE I'M A PERFECT WRECK.

"TRUE," said the man who was assured that he must go to the dentist sooner or later. "True; so, also, sooner or later, I must come to the undertaker; but not if I can help it before *death*."

THE tramp is a living, if not shining, example of the fact that the fruits of idleness run to seed.

CAUTIONARY ADVICE.—Never tell a Bostonian he doesn't know beans.

VERY common railway accident on most lines.—A punctual train.

Brightest thing out.—The new five-cent piece.

LATEST thing out.—The man with a latch key.

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WE often hear it asked, "What is friendship but a name?" Yes, but that is quite enough when it is wanted for the back of a bill.

THANKS to the mule, the goat, the "purp" and the mother-in-law, western humor still lives and thrives.

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OUR ANGLOMANIAC NO. III.

Why does he wear in the street a mysterious little overcoat that is too short for him?

BECAUSE IN ENGLAND THEY FIND SHORT COATS CONVENIENT TO WEAR ON HORSEBACK.

BLOWN UPON;

OR

THE SAGACIOUS REPORTER.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

A MYSTERIOUS robbery had been committed, and, for the first time, the police were completely baffled. In broad daylight—for there was no elevated railway structure nor any sky-scraping pile in front of or opposite to the old-fashioned building—the book-keeper of the firm of Doowell and Squeelknot suddenly missed $15.01 which he had just counted over, while $143.75 which was near his elbow was undisturbed. He could offer no explanation of the disappearance of so small an amount of money when much more was easily accessible. The only conclusion that could be arrived at was that the book-keeper had been robbed; and the robbery, as has been said, was a mysterious one. The book-keeper was above suspicion, for his salary was $10 a week.

"Tell me all that you can remember about the robbery," said the Inspector of Police to the book-keeper.

"I was sitting at my desk, posting up the ledger," said the bookkeeper, "and I opened a drawer to take out a sheet of blotting-paper. As I leaned over, I felt a strong draught on the top of the head—you will observe that I am very bald—and I looked up and saw a man entering the door. I had hardly caught sight of him when my brain reeled and I became unconscious. When I recovered I found myself lying with my head on the desk, and $15.01 were missing. The man seemed to be one of those Polish emigrants who sell three collar-buttons for five cents and a pair of suspenders for a quarter of a dollar. I don't remember that he approached my window."

The next day, several persons of Polish appearance who sold three collar-buttons for five cents, and a pair of suspenders for a quarter of a dollar, were arrested; but all of them were discharged for lack of evidence, as none of them had $15.01 on his person.

"It is too thin," finally said the Inspector of Police. "How can a man have a cut on his chin if he's struck with a stuffed club on the top of the head?"

"He's bald-headed," said a detective-sergeant, who was with the Inspector in the office of the firm.

"Then he had no hair to strike through," said the Inspector.

While the two police-officers were consulting as to the advisability of obtaining a photograph resembling a Polish peddler of collar-buttons and suspenders, and sending it throughout the country with the offer of $25 reward for information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the robber, and no questions asked, a reporter of a morning paper entered as usual.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, as the door banged behind him, "what a draught. What's new, Inspector?"

"There are no new developments in the robbery case to-day," answered the inspector.

"But we have a clue," said the detective sergeant.

"To tell what it is would defeat the ends of justice," said the Inspector.

"Lemme see the book-keeper," said the reporter; "I'd like to interview him."

"He's at his desk," said the Inspector and the sergeant, spitting stiffly over their celluloid collars.

But the book-keeper was not at his desk. In a moment, however, there was a groan, then a faint cry, and the bookkeeper was seen staggering to his feet, his face pale, but his bald head glowing.

"The robber! the robber!" exclaimed the book-keeper.

The Inspector and the sergeant were immediately on the alert, and surrounded the reporter, who calmly asked:

"How much money have you lost this time?" The book-keeper counted his cash and said he had lost nothing.

"Have you had occasion to use a fresh sheet of blotting-paper since you were robbed?" asked the reporter.

The book-keeper confessed that he had not, as business was dull.

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"Then look into the drawer now," said the reporter.

The book-keeper did so, and found there $15 in bills of different denominations, but the odd cent was not to be found.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed.

"You see," said the reporter, "that peddler started to come in, and he saw the sign on the door, 'No Peddlers Admitted,' and he backed out, and the draught from the storm-doors knocked out the book-keeper and he struck his chin against the blotting-paper drawer in falling, and closed it, and he hasn't looked in it since, and there's your robbery, and your cut on the chin, and your missing $15 that was blown into the drawer and there's your clue."

The inspector reported that through the energy of the police the greater part of the stolen property had been recovered; and the book-keeper's employers announced that they had always had the greatest confidence in him, and that they would cheerfully make up the amount of money still missing.

MICHAEL Angelo Titian Von Muller
Was an elegant dabster in color;
He had only to paint
A tall stork or a saint
To elope with the æsthetic cruller.

Both his method and style were unique,
With a spatter, a daub and a streak,
He would paint you with ease
A neat dado or frieze,
Early English, Pompeiian, or Greek.

HORTICULTURAL NOTE.—We learn that a very scientific gardener has recently succeeded in planting a blow on his employer's nose.

A BAD lot.—The lot you have to pay taxes on and can't sell.

THE sense of touch appears to surpass in delicacy that of sight, inasmuch as many young men go about pulling at moustaches which nobody can see.

PEOPLE with plenty of money, though not always well-bred, are pretty sure to be well buttered.

HOW IT WAS.

(*Scene:—Breakfast after a child's party: Confidential female elder cousin and Master Frank, aged fourteen.*)

"NOW WHY IS IT YOU ARE ALL SO WILD AFTER MARY SETON?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, SHE LOOKS AT YOU ONCE AND YOU DON'T NOTICE HER; SHE LOOKS AT YOU TWICE AND YOU DON'T THINK MUCH ABOUT IT; BUT SHE LOOKS AT YOU THE THIRD TIME—AND YOU'RE ALL GONE."

A NEW JERSEY journal remarks that, "at the expiration of the present Congress, Mr. Robeson will retire from active politics." This is a mistake, we fancy. Speaking more nearly by the card, active politics will retire from Mr. Robeson.

AS TO THE CENSUS.

"FAMILY MAN": You are wrong in your figures. The Tenth Census so far has not cost "a dollar apiece for each inhabitant." That would foot up something like $55,000,000, instead of the $5,503,624.61 which has been the outlay to date—with several prospective appropriations yet to hear from. This is only ten cents a head for each man, woman and child, but even at that rate, there is money to be made in counting people. You cannot see why one "must be obliged to be censused," whether he will or no. Perhaps you would prefer the ten cents to spend for tobacco or whiskey, and not be censused at all; but we must all sacrifice ourselves at times for the general good—as we do now in answering questions which some other ignorant person might have asked if you had not got in ahead of him. People who refuse to be "vaccinated at their own expense, have to have that operation performed for them for the protection of the community. And, it must be admitted, this census appears to be a neat and thoroughly efficacious way of vaccinating the taxpayers.

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SOME MEMORIES OF THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

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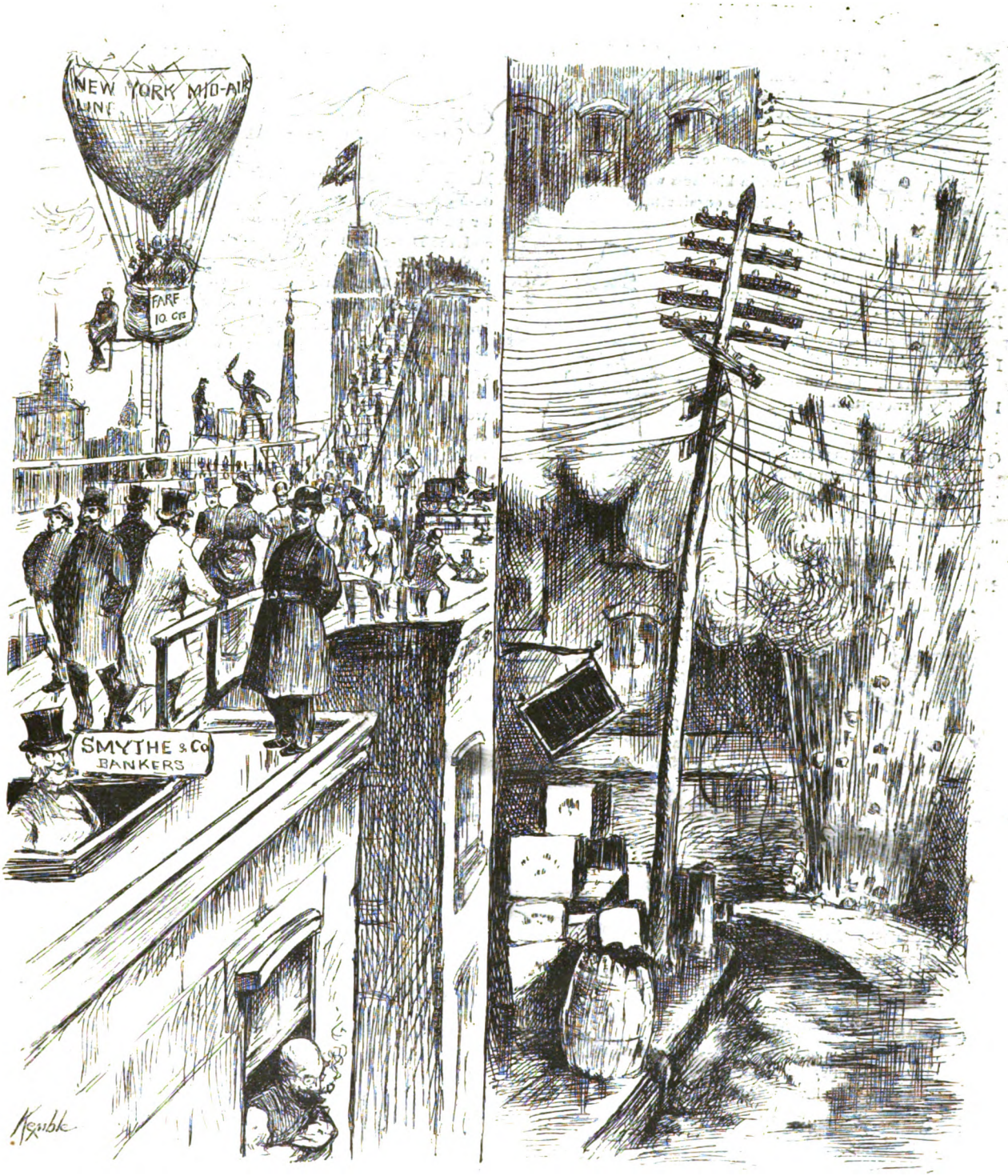

THE HIGHER CIVILIZATION WHICH SEEMS TO BE IN STORE FOR US.

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A SERENADE.

THE moon shines bright, fair lady mine,
The chimney tops between,
With soft caress, it lights each tress
Smoothed down with bandoline.
The palings of the picket fence
With dewdrop tears are wet.
Look down in kindness while I grind
The plaintive orguinette.

Nay, shudder not, my own, although
The bull-dog howls amain;
Ere forth he hied, thy father tied
The bull-dog with a chain.
I love thy lip's pink celluloid
Thy gay smile's bubbling glee,
I love thy terra cotta hair—
Together let us flee.

Quick pack thy Saratoga trunk—
We'll seek the Western plains.
The night is late, two Herdics wait,
I've wired for special trains.
"Tickets" shall be our nuptial hymn,
Our bower the sleeping car;
Nor thunderous snore from Section Four
Thy slumber sweet shall mar.

And thou shalt be a book agent,
A gentle drummer, I.
The surly cur I fail to stir
Shall yield when thou art by.
Thou'lt pull the guileless granger, and
I'll tame the tradesman's pride,
Till every shore shall quail before
The drummer and his bride.

CURTIS GUILD, Jr.

THE GILDED WOOING.

FORGETFUL of my broken step and slow,
Sweet Alice, lay your girlish hand in mine,
Through this small ring Alladdin's wealth shall flow
If you your maiden freedon will resign.

In savage days a woman gave her heart
To him who best its guardian's place could fill.
That sense of safety riches now impart,
And women love their best protectors still

Waiting and getting I have spent my life
To home and love's transporting joys unknown,
Now I have found, I'll keep, my queen, my wife,
In splendor decked to live and love alone.

Come, let us now neglected paths retrace,
Regardless of the busy world's concerns,
Love, lay your velvet cheek against my face
And smooth the wrinkles out till youth returns.

THE GOOD BOY'S PRIMER.

THE PI-OUS DEA-CON AND THE LIT-TLE BUG.

ONCE up-on a Time there was a pi-ous St. Lou-is Dea-con tra-vel-ling to Chi-ca-go in a whole Sec-tion of a Pull-man Car. He was ve-ry Lone-ly, and was Glad when an in-no-cent New-York Drum-mer came in from the Smo-ker, and pro-pos-ed do-ing some-thing to Pass a-way the Time. So the nig-ger Por-ter put up the lit-tle ta-ble, and the Drum-mer put up his an-te, and the Dea-con put up a Hand. By and by there was a jack Pot, and af-ter both had fool-ed most of their small Change into it, the pi-ous Dea-con dealt him-self four ten speck-ers, and o-pen-ed the Pot ve-ry cheap to let the Drum-mer in, for the Drum-mer had guess-ed he would Pass. It did not seem that the Drum-mer knew that the Dea-con was Load-ed with ten speck-ers, for af-ter He-si-ta-ting a Mo-ment, he said He would come In, and that if the Dea-con would give Him one more Tray, he would Carve the Stuf-fing out of Him. Now this, of course, se-cret-ly Pleas-ed the Dea-con, for he knew there was a Tray right on Top of the Deck, and as they were Not play-ing Straight flush-es, he would get the Drum-mer where the Hair was com-pa-ra-tive-ly Short. So the Drum-mer got his oth-er Tray, the pi-ous Dea-con drew One card to keep him Com-pa-ny, and then they be-gan to Wa-ger. The Dea-con said he'd Go a bloom-ing Dol-lar, and the Drum-mer said that as he had Got his oth-er Tray, he would just El-e-vate him a-bout Fif-ty. Then the Dea-con smiled all O-ver, for he now knew he could knock out some Tar, and so he climbed o-ver the Drum-mer to the Tune of a-bout a Hun-dred. The Drum-mer Combed his Cards ve-ry care-ful-ly, and find-ing that his oth-er Tray had not got A-way, he bounced the Dea-con an-oth-er Hun-dred, and then the nig-ger Por-ter brought a buck-et and Sponge, for he knew there was go-ing to be Gore. The pas-sen-gers now be-gan to ga-ther a-round and make side wa-gers on the Dea-con, know-ing that the in-no-cent Drum-mer had no more Chance with his oth-er Tray than a Cat in Hades with-out Claws. The pi-ous Dea-con went Down in-to his Clothes for a Boo-dle which re-al-ly be-longed to the church Debt, but of Course, as he had a Sure Thing, it made no dif-fer-ence. Fi-nal-ly, e-ven the Nig-ger por-ter had Shoved up his last Nick-el on the Dea-con's Hand, and the pas-sen-gers had piled up their o-ver-coats and lunch as Col-lat-e-ral, and the Dea-con had not only wa-gered all the church-debt mon-ey and his own and a good Deal of his Wife's, which he for-tu-nate-ly had with him, but al-so his Trunk and his rail-road pass to Mil-wau-kee. The in-no-cent Drum-mer called all these wa-gers with Mon-ey be-long-ing to the Firm, and then of course the Hands had to be Shown. The Dea-con smiled and said he was Sor-ry the Drum-mer had got that oth-er Tray, be-cause he had had four ten Speck-ers all the Time, and guessed they were tol-e-ra-bly Large. Then the nig-ger Por-ter let off a Yell of Tri-umph, and the Pas-sen-gers danced a Jig all o-ver the Car. But fi-nal-ly the In-no-cent drum-mer spoke up and said that he knew there was go-ing to be Fun when that Tray slid in-to his Hand, for he had had Some-thing all the Time too, and it was what Wick-ed peo-ple who played Po-ker in New York called Four Jacks. And so he skinned the four smil-ing fat Ja-cobs out, with the im-pro-ving Tray, and scooped in the ra-ther Large Pot, while the pas-sen-gers swore like Bla-zes, and the pi-ous

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Dea-con faint-ed dead A-way, and could not be re-viv-ed by the Nig-ger Por-ter until the train reached Mil-wau-kee.

The mo-ral of this pret-ty sto-ry, lit-tle Boys, is that it is ve-ry sin-ful to Ring-in on a cold Deck, un-less you are pos-i-tive-ly Cer-tain you know what the oth-er Gen-tle-man has in the Bug.

H. G. C.

NOTE—It was suggested to the narrator of the above incident that the facts of the case did not warrant the use of "pious" in connection with the St. Louis deacon.

In reply it was stated that although the mere fact of poker playing would detract from the religious reputation of an ordinary deacon, with a St. Louis deacon the case is different.—ED. LIFE.

IN THE SWIM.

AWFULLY stupid this afternoon. Snowing. Wonder whether the Fitzalmonts own a sleigh. Go to the window and watch for it. There they are. Fearfully loud. They never can do anything without letting everybody know it. What an absurd idea, driving out in a rig like that. I suppose the girls would say it was "awfully Russian." That's the same old team of hacks they had down to the Branch last summer. It's a wonder Bergh hasn't taken pity on the poor beasts. There goes Tom. How that fellow manages to come out with the proper thing every time is a facer. Wish I'd left that confounded bacarat alone last week. Might have gone in for a sleigh myself. Shall never play the stupid game again, never! Cut me down fearfully this month. How I shall ever pull through to the first is something I shouldn't like to gamble on. Five o'clock. Time to dress for dinner. Let's see, engagement with Bob and Jack at six. Then the theatre. Going to the theatre now-a-days is a bore. Nothing worth looking at. Here comes Travis. Wonder if he's got a segar. No. Never knew him to have one yet. Strange how easy it is to give away segars, and how difficult to borrow when your case is empty. Suppose I shall have to buy one of the steward. Wonder if that stupid Englishman will have my clothes ready when I get home. Haven't much time to dress. Had almost forgotten. Engagement at the Stephens' this evening. Bore.

* * * * * * * *

Absurd fellows to dine with, Bob and Jack. Keep up such a fire of talk a fellow can't get half a feed. Not a bad dinner, but no chance to do it justice. Now they are in for a theatrical argument. What the deuce do I care about Patti's engagements for next season, or Langtry's adventures? Coffee. Just the part of the dinner I enjoy the most. Bob thinks it's time we were off. So does Jack. Bolt the coffee and throw away half of an excellent segar. Dine alone next time.

* * * * * *

Buy our tickets of a speculator. Bob says it's the proper thing to do. Shows a swell carelessness in money matters. Very bad seats at twice the regular price. Fail to catch a word from the stage. In the lobby after the first act. Jack proposes we cut the show and go round to the club.

* * * * * *

Brandy and soda. Billiards. Never did play a decent game, and consider it the worst sort of a bore. Beaten as usual. Some one proposes poker. Plead an engagement, but finally consent to take a hand. I insist that I shall draw out at eleven sharp.

* * * * * *

Eleven. Have lost a cool fifty. Some one reminds me in a joking way of my engagement. Hate fellows who joke. Say I can put off the engagement half an hour or so. Twelve o'clock. Have sent good money after bad. Lost all desire to keep the engagement. Will send a little note in the morning saying I'm sick, which is likely to be the truth from present appearances. Hate fellows who laugh and joke at the poker table. Jack always keeps up a rattle and puts me all out. Three o'clock. Still playing poker. Must be out about two hundred. Four o'clock. In a cab. Home. Tell the infernal Englishman to call me at noon, and tumble into bed. Poker is bad form any way. Shall—re-turn to bac—a—no—give up playing cards from—from this out. Send—note—in—morning.

CUSTOMER :—Have you any first class musical instruments?

SHOPKEEPER :—Yes sir; best stock in town, sir; can't be beat.

CUSTOMER (turning to go out) :—Can't be beat, eh? Sorry; wanted a drum.

RELIEF.

IT is gratifying to know that the long diplomatic correspondence between a prominent Club in St. Louis and a prominent Club in this city, relative to a proposed duel, has come to a satisfactory end, and that our distinguished and phonetic townsman, who figured in the last upheaval of Southern honor, emerges with that effulgence which can only be imparted by a superior quality of Committee Kalsomine.

It is unnecessary to touch upon those features of St. Louis journalism with which our townsman, in the course of his excited travels, has had reason to disapprove. Suffice it to say that, after a long and somewhat difficult perusal of several leading articles published in that brilliant but misguided city, he thought he detected delicate insinuations of a somewhat personal nature. This impression was confirmed on spelling the articles over, by several diagrams and subheads of an unmistakably incendiary tone, and our townsmen proceeded to hold a council of war.

At this identical minute, by a singular coincidence, a Colonel attached to the staff of the paper in question happened to be in the rotunda of the same hotel, devoting himself with scientific zeal to some interesting experiments illustrating the gravity of fluids. By his rank it could at once be seen that the Colonel served his paper in the capacity of a reporter, for promotion to the editorial room in all well-regulated Southern journals makes one a General, while Mayors mix the paste and sort the exchanges; plain Captains swab off the floors after each morning's round of duels, and feeble-minded Lieutenants empty the waste-basket and do chores. Another and equally singular coincidence was that, on the after-

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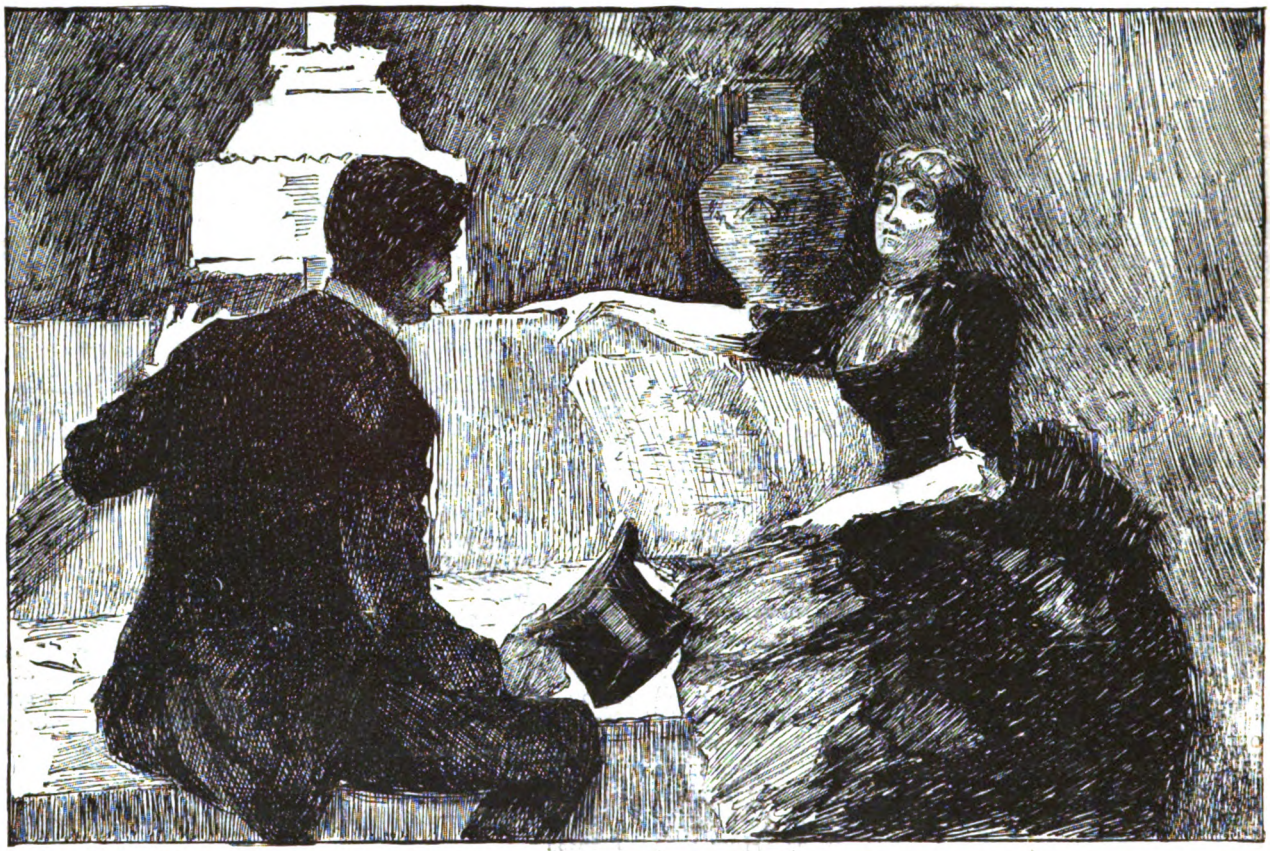

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE

The Lady: THAT IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT WHAT IS YOUR EXCUSE FOR HAVING SQUEEZED MY HAND?

Aspiring Journalist: SURELY, MADAME, THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

noon preceding the painful publication of the article in question the Colonel had visited our townsman, and had subjected him to that ingenious process of torture popularly known as an interview. A third coincidence, perhaps even more remarkable still, was that, no sooner had the Colonel concluded his experiment with the fluid satisfactorily, and was contemplating a flank movement on the olives, than the door flew open and our townsman entered. What followed is too well-known to need comment.

The extreme sensitiveness and delicacy of the Code of Honor unfortunately involved the subsequent condition of affairs in a snarl which the mutual friends of both parties seem hopelessly unable to unravel. If the Colonel really wrote the article in question, he undoubtedly did it in blind obedience to Brigadier-General, the City Editor, who himself was perhaps merely carrying out secret instructions from Lieutenant-general, the Manager-in-Chief. Therefore, as the facts in the case of Fitz-John Porter have clearly shown, he was not personally responsible, and our townsman's ferociously waved fist could not possibly give real offence to his nose, since that useful reportorial organ merely figured on the occasien as the visible and present representative of the invisible and distant chief from whom the order had emanated. On the other hand, if the Colonel did not write it, his nose was equally incapable of receiving insult from our townsman s fist, since the owner of that dangerous weapon was evidently laboring under a sudden and violent attack of mistaken identity. In either case, therefore, he neither required nor under the Code could demand satisfaction.

While this technicality cut off the Colonel from seeking bloody revenge, it is very comforting to know that our townsman covered himself with satisfaction and glory. To have bearded a real Southern colonel in his favorite den is in itself a bit of prowess which may be proudly boasted of by all the little spellers to come, while the neat evasion of the consequent challenge was a coup d'etat, which shows that statesmanship, no less than literature, has been profoundly delved into by our townsman, who is thus made doubly distinguished. Swords at ten paces, or smooth-bore pistols loaded with butter would inevitably have followed had our townsman exhibited less presence of mind, and the records of other eminent Southern duelists who have exposed their adversaries to almost certain danger of taking cold on the field of honor, would in all probability have been supplanted by another whose details would have been equally ghastly. It is also gratifying to note that the proprietors of the Southern Hotel rose to a prompt recognition of the situation, and took measures to prevent our fierce townsman from immolating the Colonel, by stationing the bell-boy at each entrance day and night to warn him of that military gentleman's approach, and by courteously tendering him the use of the inner compartment of the office safe to sleep in until he could leave town.

The courage of both parties to this sanguinary affair having thus been decided, there is now a profound and joyful peace both East and West; all animosities are buried and forgotten, and another great duel is at an end.

H. G. C.

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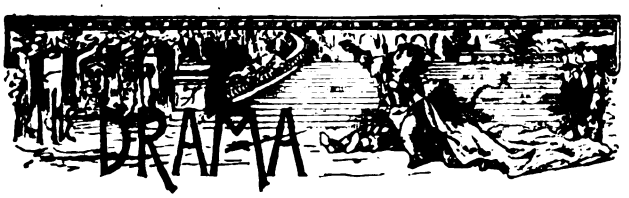

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

RECTOR, - - - MARSHALL MALLORY, D. D.

Mr. BRONSON HOWARD'S very successful American Comedy-Drama,

"YOUNG MRS. WINSLOW."

[REVISED VERSION.]

BEFORE THE PLAY.

A YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: It is a very *distingué* theatre, isn't it?

A VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: I just dote on it. I came to see "Hazel Kirke" nineteen times and "Esmeralda" thirteen times.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: It's the double-stage which gives the scenery so much *éclat*, is'nt it?

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: Of course, the double-stage is perfectly delightful, but then both "Hazel Kirke" and "Esmeralda" were awfully emotional, and that's just what I like; and they say that "Young Mrs. Winslow" is emotional, too; and I've brought three new handkerchiefs so I can have a good cry in comfort, and enjoy myself.

ACT I.

INTERMISSION I.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: I see Miss Ada Dyas is making her *début* here to-night, isn't she!

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: She was *so* good in "Caste"—don't you remember?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: She's playing a very fine *rôle*, to-night, isn't she?

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: But she isn't emotional enough; she's lively and amusing, of course. Perhaps Mr. Clarke will take on in a little while and then I'll get a chance to cry.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: Mr. Lemoyne is an exellent *comédienne*, isn't he?

ACT II.

INTERMISSION II.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: The part of *Mrs. Dick Chetwynd* is a little *outré*, isn't it.

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: Do you think so? I thought she was just lovely!

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: Well, I mean, that she is a little highly colored, and perhaps over lively for a lady who is supposed to belong to the *crême de la crême*, isn't she?

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: Oh, you're so critical! Now, I like to enjoy things. Isn't Mrs. Booth lovely? I wouldn't have missed this for anything on earth. I've begun to cry already, and I know I shall enjoy myself dreadfully!

ACT III.

INTERMISSION III.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: Mr. Clarke is a fine *tragédienne* isn't he?

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: I don't know. I don't think I'd like that kind of a husband. I want one who wont mind my little flirtations with my gentlemen friends!

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH *looks serious but says nothing.*

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY *produces her package of caramels and begins to munch them. She offers them to the young man that does not speak French.*

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH (*taking a caramel*): Thank you. Thay are very *recherché*, ar'n't they?

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: I think it just poky and horrid to sit in a theatre without candy. And I do love caramels!

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: They are *par excellence*, ar'n't they?

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY: Do you think they will separate? Of course I don't mean the caramels; I mean *Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop?* A divorce is always emotional, I think. And then Mrs. Booth is *so* interesting as the wife.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: She is an excellent *artiste*, isn't she?

ACT IV.

AFTER THE PLAY.

THE VERY BRIGHT YOUNG LADY (*wiping the tears from her cheeks and putting her package of caramels in her pocket:* So they make up and are friends again—isn't it nice? I haven't seen any play as emotional as this for *ever* so long! I have enjoyed myself *so!* And wasn't it horrid of those country people to laugh at the funny little lawyer, *Mr. Buxton Scott*, just as if they were in an ordinary theatre. Some people seem to have no idea of what is proper at the Madison Square, or at any other church. I think it's low and vulgar. That's what I think!

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DOES NOT SPEAK FRENCH: It is not *comme il faut* at all, and detracts greatly from the *ensemble* of the *répertoire*, doesn't it.

(*They pass out into the night.*)

ARTHUR PENN.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER of the Harvard Club of N. Y., takes place at Delmonico's on Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 6.30.

THE Arion Society give an entertainment later on the same evening at the Madison Square Garden.

AND the next day is Washington's Birthday!

TICKETS to the Harvard Club Dinner will cost $6.00, and may be procured from Charles C. Beaman, Jr., President, 52 Wall St.; Nathaniel S. Smith, Secretary, 95 Nassau St.; William Mongomery, Jr., Treasurer, 10 Wall St., or from any member of the Committee.

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STREET COLLOQUY.

"Holloa, Smith, how are you?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"How are you at home?"

"Well, my wife says I'm—horrid."

"Observing person—that wife of yours, Smith."

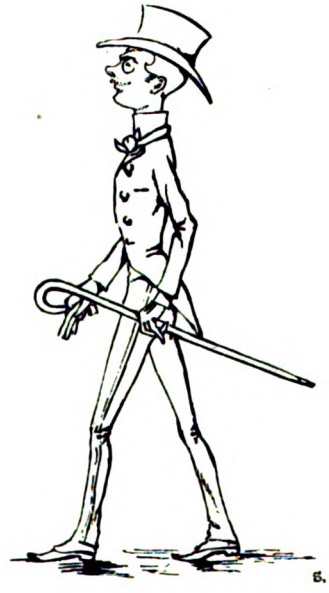
"Seems so."

"Good day."

"So long."

ONE ROIG, tobacconist in Philadelphia, exhibits in front of his store a placard which reads: "Ladies are requested "to note carefully the pleasing "effect that the smoking of "Roig's cigars has upon their "husbands' turbulent disposi-"tions."

Thus we discover,
When flame of the lover
Begins to burn low,
There's but one quid-pro-quo.
It's plain for such folk,
There is nothing but smoke.



What a nice little London gentleman. NOT AT ALL. THIS LITTLE MAN HAS NEVER BEEN AWAY FROM AMERICA!

Dear me! Dear me! Very surprising! What a remarkable manikin it is.

THE BEAR'S VALENTINE.

THE WOLF AND THE HONEST FARMER.

AN Honest Farmer having taken a Wolf in a trap was preparing to knock it upon the head, when the poor animal besought his clemency, adding that if he would spare its life it would upon the morrow guide him to a lupine orphan asylum, where he could obtain enough wolf scalps to deplete the county treasury. The silly gull falling in with this proposition, the wolf departed, never to return again, and the farmer, determined to retrieve his losses, went to New York and paid a mysterious gentleman seven hundred dollars for a neatly made-up package of sawdust.

Moral.—A Wolf in the Trap is Worth Two in the Bush. *Also.*—It's a Cold Day when an Honest Farmer does not get Left.

G. T. L.

THE difference between Progress and Congress.—Pro and Con.

IT is the early worm that is gobbled by the morning bird. The moral is obvious.

THE person who went to great lengths is said to have returned in very straightened circumstances.

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WRITTEN GUARANTEE

to return the amount in full if a cure is not effected within a given time. When this REFUND is requested, the PATIENT will only have to make an AFFIDAVIT (on forms supplied with guarantee) that he has worn the APPLIANCES as directed and for the specified time. In making this offer we are consulting our own interests. Thousands of persons in moderate circumstances have stated their willingness to try our treatment if a cure were guaranteed. They said: "We would give twice the amount you ask if we were certain we would be cured, but we cannot afford to lose the money if we were not."

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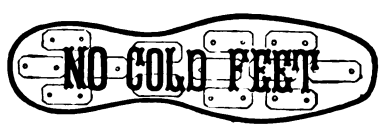

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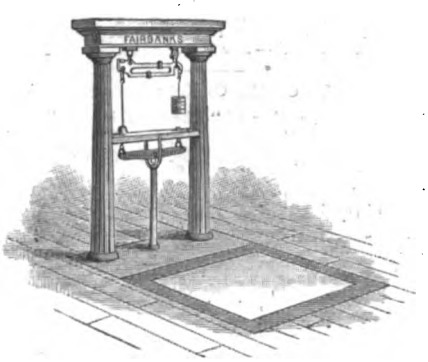

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NEW YORK.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, 346 and 348 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1883.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1882, - - - - - - - - - - - - $45,130,006.86

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$9,604,788.38		
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1882	452,161.00—	$9,152,627.38	
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold)	3,089,273.21		
Less interest accrued January 1, 1882	291,254.80—	2,798,018.41—	$11,950,645.79
			$57,080,652.65

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same	$1,955,292.00	
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same	427,258.95	
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies	3,827,758.76	
Total paid Policy-holders	$6,210,309.71.	
Taxes and re-insurances	284,678.27	
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees	1,332,038.38	
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, &c	885,111.18—	$8,162,137.54
		$48,918,515.11

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)	$1,276,026.67	
Invested in United States, New York City and other stocks (market value, $19,953,956.52	18,072,074.81	
Real estate	4,133,065.13	
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $17,950,000.00 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security	19,306,940.16	
Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value, $5,191,139.50)	4,313,000.00	
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to $2,690,961)	494,032.23	
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1883	540,555.91	
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection	394,395.19	
Agents' balances	62,424.95	
Accrued interest on investments January 1, 1883	326,000.06—	$48,918,515.11
Excess of market value of securities over cost		1,881,881.71

**A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.*

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1883, ... $50,800,396.82

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1883	$351,451.21	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c	138,970.23	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented)	53,350.43	
Annuities, due and unpaid (uncalled for)	6,225.86	
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	43,174,402.78	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1882, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	$2,054,244.03	
Addition to the fund during 1882 for surplus and matured reserves	1,109,966.00	
	$3,164,210.03	
DEDUCT—		
Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on Matured Tontines	1,072,837.87	
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1883	2,091,372.16	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	35,782.36	
		$45,851,555.03
Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent - - - - -		**4,948,841.79**
Surplus by the New York State Standard at 4½ per ct., estimated at		**10,000,000.00**

From the undivided surplus of $4,948,841 the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to particpating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

During the year 12,178 policies have been issued, insuring $41,325,520.

Number of Policies in force	Jan. 1, 1879, 45,005	**Amount at risk**	Jan. 1, 1879 $125,232,144
	Jan. 1, 1880, 45,705		Jan. 1, 1880 127,417,763
	Jan. 1, 1881, 48,548		Jan. 1, 1881 135,726,916
	Jan. 1, 1882, 53,927		Jan. 1, 1882 151,760,824
	Jan. 1, 1883, 60,150		Jan. 1, 1883 171,415,097

Death-claims paid	1878, $1,687,676	**Income from Interest**	1878, $1,948,665	**Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.**	Jan. 1, 1879, $2,811,436
	1879, 1,569,854		1879, 2,033,650		Jan. 1, 1880, 3,120,371
	1880, 1,731,721		1880, 2,317,889		Jan. 1, 1881, 4,295,096
	1881, 2,013,203		1881, 2,432,654		Jan. 1, 1882, 4,827,036
	1882, 1,955,292		1882, 2,798,018		Jan. 1, 1883, 4,948,841

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LIFE

Issued every Thursday

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

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"ITS fun is of the sort which appeals to an educated taste, and its illustrations are clever without bordering upon vulgarity. The title page is a particularly happy hit."—*Syracuse Herald.*

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"THE latest addition to our E. C.'s is the illustrated, brightly written and handsome looking paper called LIFE. Three numbers have already appeared, and we see no reason why one a week should not be looked upon as indispensable for many a year to come, to lovers of refined, light and airy literature."—*Puck.*

"LIFE, the new comic and satirical weekly, whose appearance in New York we noted a few weeks ago, has now reached its fifth number. It is making a place for itself, and it deserves a good one in public esteem. Its illustrations are in black and white, and many of them possess artistic value, while in its humor and wit it is clean, clear and refined May LIFE prove everlasting."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"A NEW weekly paper made its appearance on Thursday, and started well on a prospective course of fun and philosophy. It is pretty and bright in appearance, of convenient size and neat shape, well and clearly printed, and adorned with cuts which are so far ahead of those in other publications of its sort that they seem works of high art. In verse, comment on current affairs, wit and theatrical and social matters, it gives promise of unusual brilliancy and cleverness."—*Mail and Express.*

"LIFE, the new comic paper, is real. LIFE is earnest, and the grave is not its goal. In view of its success, there is something highly comic in the assertion of certain Boston papers that it is a continuation of the Harvard *Lampoon*. It owes less to the *Lampoon* than it does to the Columbia *Spectator*, and as Mr. McVickar. Mr. J. Brander Matthews, Mr. F. D. Sherman, Mr. H. G. Paine, Mr. F. B. Herzog, Mr. Arthur Penn and others of the contributors to LIFE are Columbia men, there is to be detected a slight touch of Boston superciliousness in the contrary assertion. As a matter of fact, LIFE has had comparatively little college-flavor, though largely written by college-graduates; and some of the best things which have appeared in it have come from outsiders—such as Mr. G. T. Lanigan and Mr. W. L. Alden."—*The Critic.*

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VOL. I. FEBRUARY 22, 1883. NO. 8.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONDUCTED BY
JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

☞ Subscribers who do not receive their copies will please notify the office at once.

THE GREAT CANONCHET PRIZE FIGHT.

(REPORTED IN 208 U. S. S. C. REP. (—1)½.

[THE facts in this celebrated case have been but little known; and LIFE, thanks to one of its lively reporters, who is also a Reporter of the U. S. Supreme Court, reprints the following from a forthcoming advance sheet. As this celebrated fight led to the abolition of trial by wager of law and battle (except as still practiced, *coram non judice*, in the South), the case has been reported with greater fullness of detail and vividness of description than the chaste style of the U. S. Reports will usually permit.]

SPRAGUE ats. CHAFFEE. (For the earlier details in this suit see 96 R. I., 98. It appears that the plaintiff Chaffee beleaguered the castle of the defendant; but the defendant, being a Yankee with a shotgun, successfully resisted the plaintiff's procedure.) And now comes the defendant, by Blaine, his attorney, and offers in defence to wage his law; and thereupon said Sprague does produce his suit, consisting of James S. Blaine and ten of his neighbors, being Postmasters in the State of Maine, who, being admonished by the Court of the danger of a false oath, do yet make oath with the twelfth hand, that said Sprague does not owe said Chaffee one Continental. And thereupon said Chaffee, by R. Conkling, his attorney, does produce his suit; being three-and-twenty of the Boys from New York and S. W. Dorsey, who, having been taken in to have their Toes warmed, do accordingly swear, with many oaths, that the said plaintiff is a d—d good fellow, which nobody can deny. And the Court, finding that there was more swearing in the suit of said plaintiff by Conkling and his compurgators, did accordingly give judgment that he recover, etc., and the Boys do liquor up, etc.

And now the defendant Sprague did move in arrest of judgment, and lit out of the Court. Making a strategic movement on Canonchet, he entrenched himself, in company with the Treasurers of three Southern States, behind a rampart of cotton futures; and the said plaintiff, in seeking to enforce the judgment of this honorable court, had his lungs blown out by the shotgun of a practised Judge from North Carolina; whereupon his widow did appeal the defendant of murder. And the defendant pleaded that it was true that said Judge did a little slay and murder, and a little with tender hand blow the lungs out of the plaintiff's husband; without this, that it was not with the most painful feelings and much black-edged and regretful gloom cast over the letter paper of the entire community; and furthermore he offered to prove it by his body, and offered in that behalf his champion, Slade of England, and threw down his glove, in that gage and pledge; and the said plaintiff, by his attorney, Conkling, did pick up the glove and offer his champion Sullivan, otherwise known as The Slugger, in acceptance of the challenge.

Now the Supreme Court were put to much travail of spirit, and moved unrestfully upon the bench. Although wager of battle had never been expressly repealed, yet they did not wish to preside at a prize fight. And, in the meantime, the plaintiff and defendant, having four eyes to the main chance, did lay their heads together, and produce the following placard, marked Exhibit A, of which due notice was given by posters upon all the fences of Rhode Island and the adjoining States, and advertisement in the *Police Gazette*.

(Exhibit A.)

GRAND PRIZE FIGHT!

Under the auspices of the

UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

MORRISON R. WAITE, C. J., Referee.

GRAY, J., Bottle-holder.

SLADE, THE MAORI,
against
SULLIVAN THE SLUGGER!!
AT CANONCHET, JULY 4, 1883.

☞ Pools sold by Messrs. POLK and VINCENT, State Treasurers.

General Admission, $5.

SEATS WITH THE BENCH, $25.

A bill for the abolition of wager of battle was immediately introduced into Congress; but that body being then engaged in reduciug the duty on castor oil, the bill was successfully resisted by the Southern members. The Supreme Court had nothing for it but to send a quorum to Canonchet on July 4th, which rather tried their temper for so grave and sedate a court of law. On the evening of July 3d they left New York in the steamer Bristol, consoling themselves, as they went to bed in their wigs and gowns, with the motto *Il n'y a jamais de mal en bonne compagnie*. The Sergeant-at-Arms brought a new mace for the occasion, and the presence of the Marquis of Queensberry had been procured as *amicus curiæ*.

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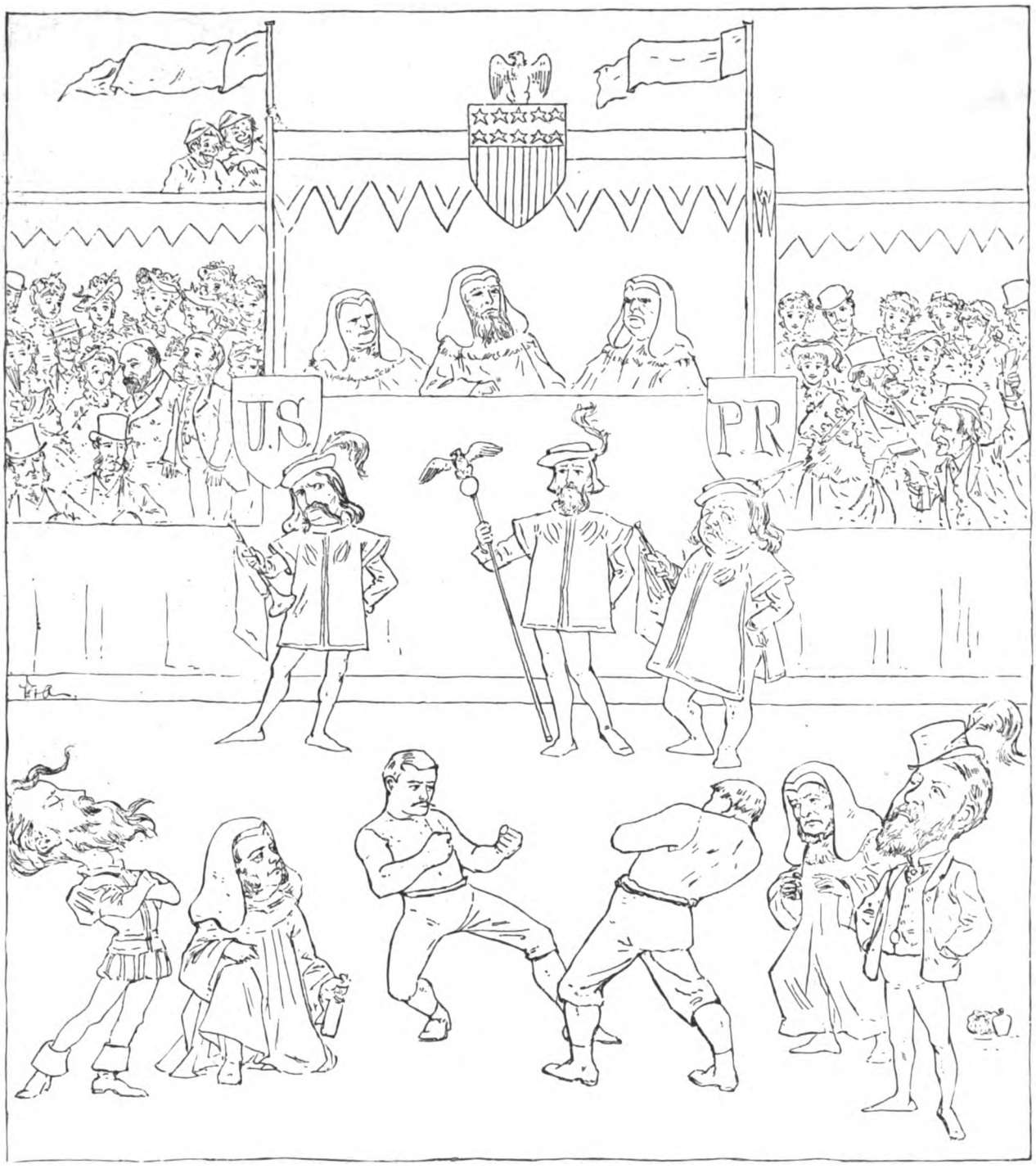

THE FIGHT.

On the morning of the eventful day all the noted sportsmen of America were in attendance. The lawn tennis court at Canonchet was marked out sixty feet square, enclosed with lists ; a bar was prepared for the refreshment of the learned counsel of that high court, and a bench erected for the judges of the various States, who attended in scarlet robes. At precisely 10 A.M., after a long blare on the heralds' trumpets, the Chief Justice, attended by Gray, J., at last happy in a wig, came in : all the Fancy followed them. Conkling and Blaine, as attorneys, were present with sponges dipped in vinegar; stenographers were in attendance to report the blows at short hand. Among the pool sellers we noticed Hon. Wm. Evarts, with a betting-book. Pres't

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Arthur, who regarded the occasion as a happy one for getting into society, was seeking to make himself agreeable to the beauty and fashion of Newport, who were all there. There was a broiling sun, and the bench found their ermine collars and horse-hair wigs rather oppressive. The Court assigned Harlan, J., and Gray, J., as bottle-holders to the champions. A slight delay was caused by the appearance of the champions with bare legs and arms, certain judges holding that they should have been attired in dress suits and white kid gloves; but the Marquis of Queensberry, as *amicus curiæ*, ruled to the contrary, citing 3. Blackstone 338; P. R. Rules, *passim*.

The champions, Sullivan and Slade, then took the usual oath against sorcery: "Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day ne ate, ne dronke, ne have upon me neither bone, stone, ne grasse, ne any New York mandamus, St. Louis seven-shooter, ne District of Columbia jury, whereby the law of this Court may be abased, or the law of the Devil exalted. S. H. M. B. P." Slade had not sluiced his ivory for a week, and Sullivan's canvas was prime. Hardly had they finished shaking hands, before Sullivan slugged Slade in the eye, while the latter countered on the smeller.

Blatchford, J., cried out at this, objecting that cross evidence should not be put in until after all points were made in chief; Gray, J., refused absolutely to take judicial knowledge of the word *smeller* without a formal *inuendo*. Great commotion was caused by the entry of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and the consequent rush of New York society young ladies to pour spoonfuls of ice-cream down his back; and Robinson of New York moved to commit the British lion for contempt of Court; but Wales pleaded the contempt of the Court of St. James, for Robinson, in set-off, which Gray, J., was much pleased to allow.

2nd Round. The Slugger made play with his left, and Slade butted him in the waist, producing a temporary injunction; Harlan ruled out this evidence in rebuttal, as premature; while President Arthur interrupted the trial to get Gray, J., and the Marquis of Queensberry to introduce him to the Princess of Wales, Robinson loudly condemning the President for observing the social customs of an effete aristocracy.

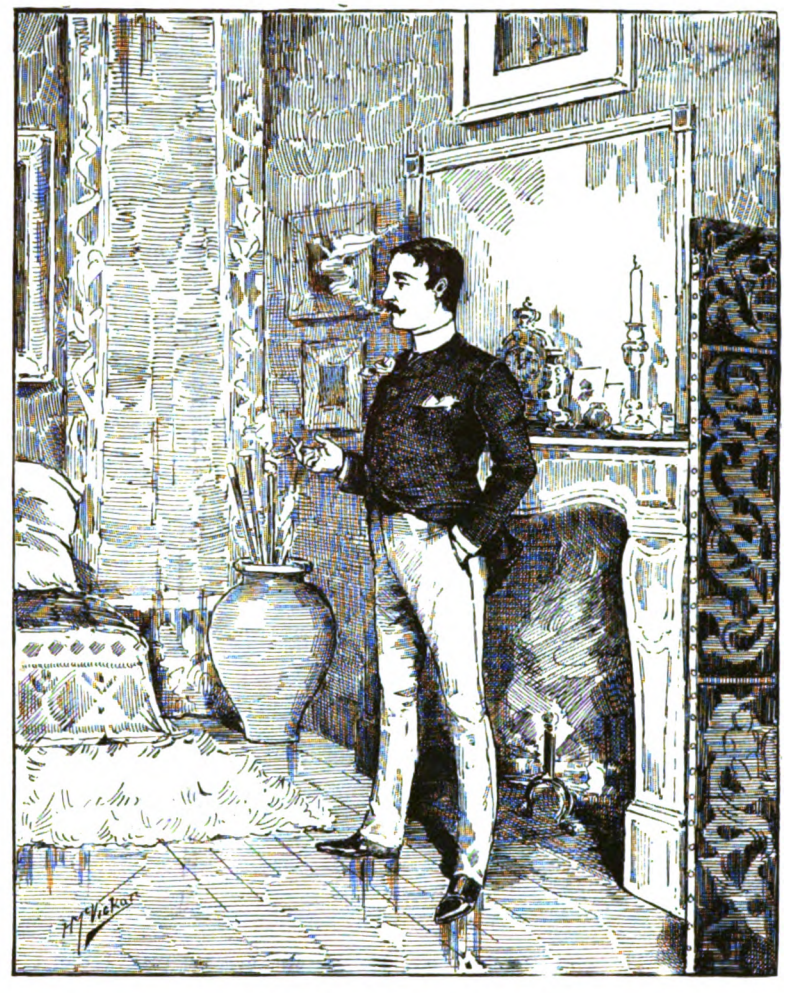
3d and final round. Slade got Sullivan into chancery. Conkling complained that the Court had no equity jurisdiction. Gray, J., said this was certainly a very common law proceeding; and the Court were with him. Blatchford thought a bill *quia timet* would lie for Slade; and Blaine said anything would lie for Conkling. The North Carolina Judge resented Waite's ruling, being anxious to see the fight go on; but before he could get a draw on the Chief Justice, he was handed by Mr. Schurz a copy of the New York *Nation* on Southern homicide. This soft answer turned away his wrath, and he fell upon the neck of the Serjeant-at-Arms and wept. At this juncture, Slade was discovered to be dead; and the Court, resolving itself into a coroner's jury, gave verdict that he died by act of God and due process of law. Judgment was given for Sprague; and he invited the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court to a dinner party at Canonchet Castle, and the marshal reported that a full bench attended.

The costs of the battle were paid by the United States, as is the law in appeal of felony; and the plaintiff and defendant divided $862,400 of gate-money.

Judgment for Deft.

Blaine and Slade for Deft.

Conkling and Sullivan the SLUGGER for Plff.



A GILDED YOUTH.

Well? IT IS A GILDED YOUTH.

Is it not a pretty dear? OH, YES! IT IS AS PRETTY AS A LITTLE RED WAGON!

Who made it? IT IS SELF-MADE, BUT THE PATTERN WAS IMPORTED.

Was it expensive to make? VERY COSTLY.

Figure it up.

CRAVAT AND PIN,	$15.90
SHIRT COLLAR,	25
OTHER CLOTHING,	100.00
WATCH AND CHAIN,	150.00
JEWELRY,	25.00
CASH ON HAND,	7.35
EDUCATION,	20,000.00
EXPERIENCE,	30,020.00
Total,	50,318.50

Quite costly! What dividend is the investment paying? ITS RUNNING EXPENSES ARE MUCH TOO GREAT FOR IT TO PAY DIVIDENDS. THERE ARE MONTHLY ASSESSMENTS ON ITS STOCKHOLDERS.

There are persons then who take stock in it? OH, YES, PLENTY; FOR IT HAS VERY PLEASINGWAYS.

A FELLOW feeling that doesn't make us wondrous kind.—The pickpocket.

ALWAYS free to confess.—The pronounced ritualist.

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CORONER MERKLE has excited surprise by empaneling A. Oakey Hall, Edward Cooper, William R. Grace, Daniel F. Tieman, Smith Ely, Jr., and William H. Wickham, among his trusty jurors to find out how a lunatic in a hospital came to kill somebody. But the explanation is easy. The coroner found an ex-Mayor's nest.

A CHEERFUL JOURNAL in Milwaukee, the *Sentinel* by name, bursts out into indignation at the election of a rich man to be Senator from Colorado, merely because he is rich, and entitles its article "Pluto's Representative." But this does not mean that he ought to represent a less eligible place of residence even than Colorado, and one which has not yet been formally admitted into the Union. It only means that he is rich and that the critic meant to call him Plutus's Representative.

A CAT that had been left to guard a granary went to Florida to fish and hunt. During the absence of the cat the mice played their usual games, and became so habituated to them that after her return they continued to play the same, while the cat, refreshed and recreated, lay by the stove and ate bread and milk. After a while those who had lost grain came to the cat, and complained of the depredations of the mice. "It has been going on for a long time," said the meek grimalkin, "and it would surprise you to hear how much has been stolen by those vermin; but I know nothing about it; I am as innocent as a new born kitten." "Why, then, are you a Commissioner of Jurors?" demanded the complainants.

GERMAN TEXT.—Zwei lager mit der pretzel—ja.

THE next cold-water orator who invades Ohio may confidently expect to be lynched.

HORSES—AFTER ROSA BONHEUR.

THE REASON WHY.

WE'VE new cast our manners, we've recut our coats,
We've dropped our old welcome, so genial and bland,
And we've drawn a new line twixt the sheep and the goats—
For the voice of the Briton is heard in the land.

The man we dislike is a "beastly low cad"
And we seek opportunities carefully planned
To drawl out "Oh rather! a proper good fad"—
For the voice of the Briton is heard in the land.

The crutch stick is gone, but we've "crooks," or else "balls,"
And we flatter ourselves we are doing the grand
When we carry our curly rimmed hats in the "stalls"—
For the voice of the Briton is heard in the land.

'Tis the latest new phase of the latest new sham,
Which now stands securely, though built upon sand,
Till some far-seeing tailor with clamor and flam
Shall force some new craze on this suffering land.

PHILIP HAY.

THE attention of advocates of the coals-of-fire treatment for injuries received, is called to the late difference between Senator Ingalls and Dr. Patton of the *Baptist Weekly*.

In eulogizing the late Senator Ben Hill, Senator Ingalls made statements which prompted Dr. Patton to call him names (*e. g.*, an infidel and a heathen), and to say that his remarks on the late Senator were impertinent.

No man who respects himself will submit tamely to be called "a heathen." Senator Ingalls duly retorted that he was sorry he had not entire confidence in Endless Perdition, since he would be glad to feel certain that Dr. Patton was going there.

Then followed Dr. Patton's flank movement with the warming pan, which took the form of the expressed wish that the Senator's mind might be enlightened before it was forever too late.

This was a proper retort, but its force seems to us to be weakened by one fact. We understand that the copy of the *Baptist Weekly* containing Dr. Patton's strictures was mailed by that gentleman to Senator Ingalls with the article marked. After stirring up the

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animal in this way the Reverend Doctor, we think, ought to have held himself estopped from regretting an unchristian display of temper. Under the circumstances none but a book agent could with propriety have turned the other cheek.

A SOCIAL MYSTIC.

THE *Evening Post* seems to derive much satisfaction from a series of social articles which it is publishing, and which are calculated to bewilder the humble searcher after social truth. For instance, in a treatise upon the opera-hat, it is laid down that the fashion has been started in England of bringing to balls and parties, instead of a crush hat, "the ordinary tall black hat which is known among gentlemen as a beaver, among others as a 'silk hat.'" There is a subtlety about this "others" which is calculated to divert the superficial observer from the study of social philosphy to admiration of the wit of the social philosopher. But when one bends his mind to it, he discovers that "gentlemen" are in the habit of describing silk hats as beavers, while "others" are in the habit of describing silk hats as silk hats. A verbal representation of an imitation as the genuine article is there alleged to be a distinguishing practice of gentlemen. This is confusing, since the searcher may suppose that the principles upon which the nomenclature of hats proceeds were laid down by Yellowplush in his celebrated letter to Bulwer: "You may call a coronet a 'coronal,' if you like, 'an ancestral coronal,' just as you might call a hat 'swart sombrero,' a 'glossy four and nine,' 'a silken helm, to storm impermeable and lightsome as the breezy gossamer,' but in the long run it is well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat; and that name is quite as poetical as another." If it is poetical to call a hat a hat, why is it ungentlemanlike to call a silk hat a silk hat? Why must one describe his hat in inaccurate and inflated terms in order to escape the imputation of being an "other"? These things are too high for us; we cannot attain unto them. Neither can we attain to other manners and customs which are described as possible among gentlemen. The "cad," it appears "can carry a stiff hat, and if gentlemen, in terror of him were to band together and come to parties provided not only with a beaver, but with an umbrella, overcoat and arctics besides"—the "cad" would still imitate them. This is more confusing than the other. How many "gentlemen" are to band together for the provision of 1 "beaver," 1 umbrella, 1 overcoat, and an unspecified number of arctics? And while one (1) gentleman is wearing the beaver and the umbrella and the overcoat, what are the other gentlemen to wear? And how is it to be determined, on the decision of any particular party, which gentleman is to sport these insignia of his social rank? Vistas and abysses of mystery open before us, from which we can only lay firm hold of and extract this enrichment of the dictionary:—GENTLEMAN.—The joint and several tenant of a silk hat, who calls it a beaver.

RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As Queen Elizabeth, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh and a retinue of gilded courtiers, was one day walking through the streets of London, she came to a particularly muddy spot, which she hesitated to cross. Raleigh was about to throw down his cloak before her in order that she might cross dryshod, when he reflected that it was of costly velvet lavishly ornamented with old lace, and so would infallibly be spoiled. Accordingly, with great presence of mind he whispered loudly to Sir Christopher Hatton that he had always contended, and would with his heart's blood maintain that Her Majesty had the smallest feet and neatest ankles in the world, and that the calumnious report that she wore elevens was a malignant invention of the Spanish Court. Nor did the ruse fail of its effect, as the Virgin Queen lifting her royal skirts with almost exaggerated enthusiasm went through the puddle with characteristic resolution, and halting on the farther side shook her sceptre under the nose of the Spanish ambassador, demanding of the astonished diplomat with a royal oath: "Are they elevens, you Romish dog? Are they elevens?"

G. T. L.

Marrons déguisées.—Old stories dressed up anew.
Marrons glacées.—Old stories coldly received.

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FEBRUARY 22nd.

AMAZED STANDS BUSHROD TO BEHOLD
HIS CHERRY TREE TRUNCATED.
HIS LANGUAGE:—WERE YOU EVER TOLD
HOW IT WAS PUNCTUATED?

BUT SEE HOW GEORGE, UNUSED TO LIES
AND BARRED FROM ALL RETREAT, ACTS.
"FATHER, IT WAS YOUR SON," HE CRIES;
"I DONE IT WITH MY MEAT AXE."

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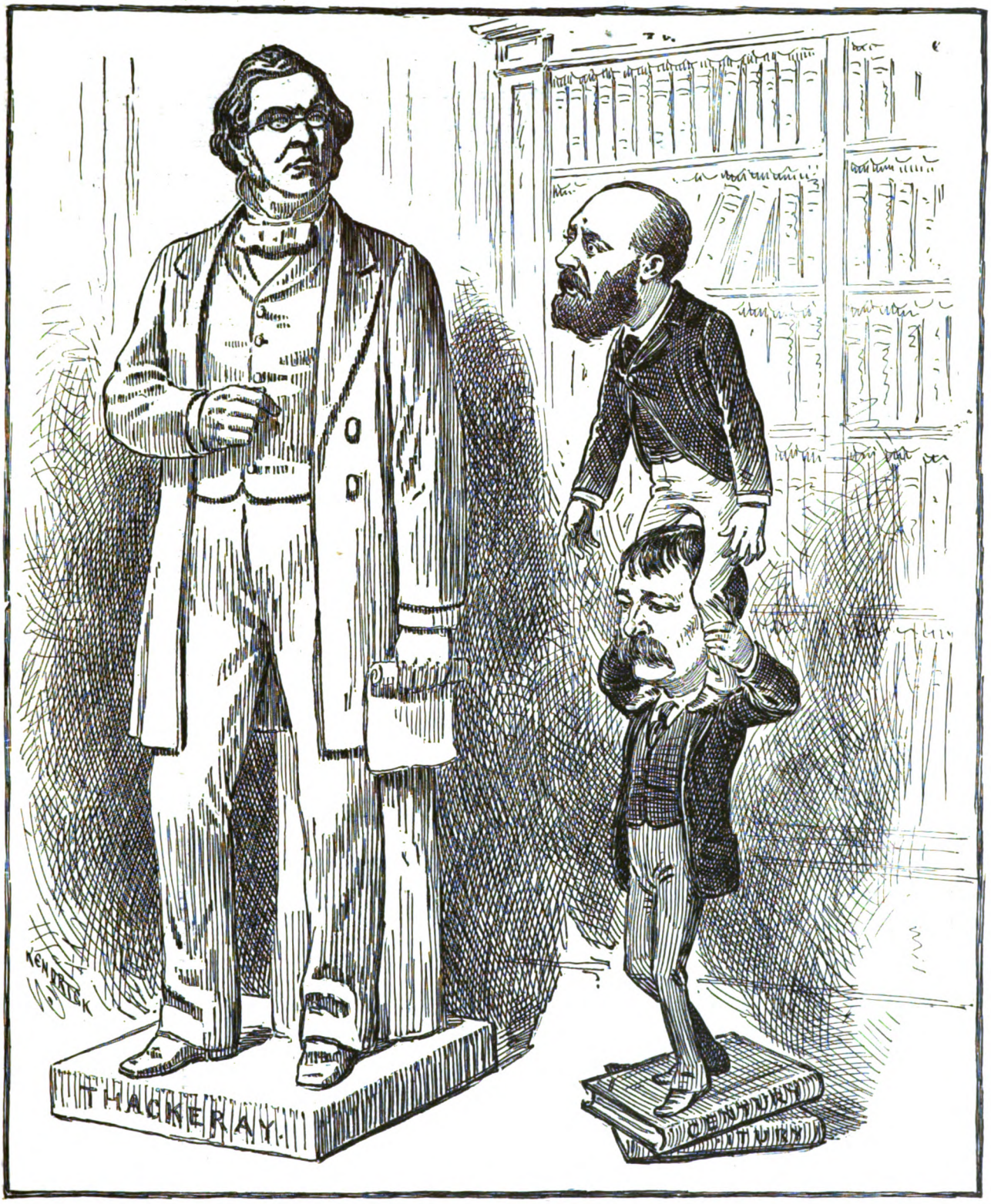

A LITERARY COMBINATION.

Mr. H–w–lls: ARE YOU THE TALLEST NOW, MR. J–MES?
Mr. J–mes (ignoring the question): BE SO UNCOMMONLY KIND, H–W–LLS, AS TO LET ME DOWN EASY; IT MAY BE WE HAVE BOTH GOT TO GROW.

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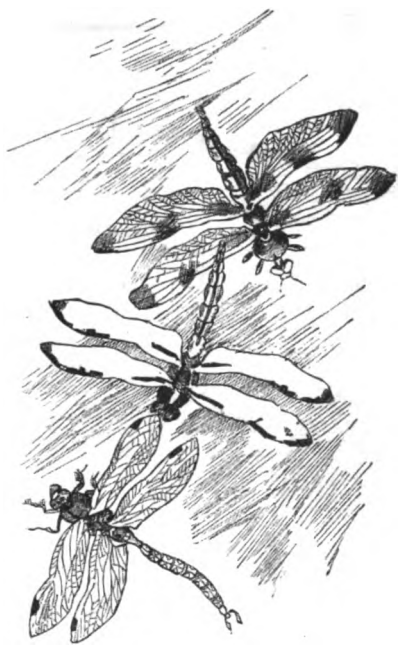

A WITCH SONG.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

A WILD witch sat upon a boat
Beside the sounding sea;
Her feet upon her sleeping goat,
And all alone sang she:

"Oh, I am but a 'wildered witch,
And little wisdom know;
As dragon-flies flit o'er a ditch
My fancies come and go.

"As now and then the dragon-fly
Rests on a waving weed,
So now and then I simply try
To think of things in deed.

"And therefore as a witch I'll rove,
As wild as I am gay;
In love and wine with wine and love
I'll roll my life away.

"For I am but a 'wildered witch
And little wisdom know;
As dragon-flies flit o'er the ditch,
My thoughts a-wandering go.

"It was a man, who preaching heaven,
Made me his sin—'tis true;
So when his sins shall be forgiven,
I'll be forgiven too.

"When he who plans escapes a pain,
The agent is forgot;
When rebel leaders are not slain,
The soldiers are not shot,

"So why should I repent in grief
Or lose my jollity,
While I've another as a chief,
Who will repent for me.

"The waves run up upon the sand,
Then rippling backward go;
So life and love in every land,
Have endless ebb and flow.

"I had a love. While I was coy,
Who could so loving be?
But when I sought to kiss the boy
He ran away from me.

"A saint may slave a life to waste
Upon the heavenly track,
But if he slips the angels haste
In hosts to bring him back.

"Another's life may all be passed
In jollity and sin;
Yet, if he but repent at last,
His heaven as well he'll win.

"He may have led full many a soul
To fearful sin alone;
But if he turn this side the goal,
He'll surely save his own.

"Life sparkles red, life sparkles brown,
Just like the turning tide;
It's down and up and up and down
All over the world so wide.

"Then hip, hurrah! upon my broom,
Away on the wind I'll fly
Unto the revel and my groom—
Away, my goat and I.

"For I am but a 'wildered witch,
And little wisdom know;
As dragon flies flit o'er the ditch,
My thoughts on the breezes go.

"As meteors flash across the sky,
As wild deer rush to drink,
As pigeons pause, then onward fly,
So 'wildered witches think.

And as we all go whirling fast
Upon this worldly ball;
"I ween our wisdom at the last,
Is that of witches all."

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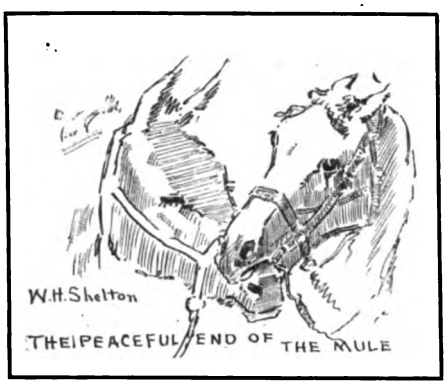
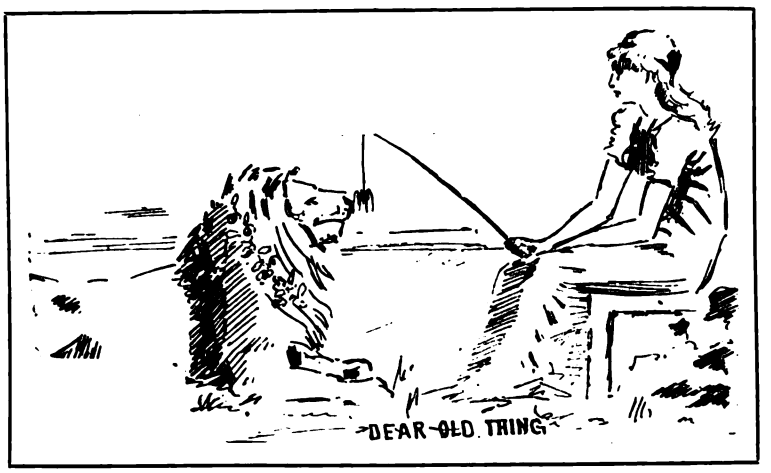
MORE MEMORIES OF THE WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.





WHAT the scarecrow would be apt to say if it was gifted with the power of speech—Get off my corns.

PURGATORY superseded—Whoever commits suicide now is merely to be sent to the penitentiary for one year.

IMPORTANT to parents of unmarried daughters.—Somebody has invented a labor-saving machine to play on the piano.

A WESTERN wit inquires: "Can hard cider be called the voice of the press? It can—but that doesn't make it so.

"STOP THIEF!" was the old and familiar alarm cry; but over in New Jersey they have come to shout, "Stop cashier!"

MAXIM for mankind in general.—Mind your own business; or, if you have no business, then make it your business to leave the business of others severely alone.

SORROW, like a woman's age, grows less and less every time it is told.

COMMON motto for New Jersey bank officials.—Let us all learn to respect each other's convictions.

GORGEOUS JOURNALISM.

IF the accounts are true, there have been few palaces, out of the Arabian Nights, to compare with the new quarters for the staff of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. We are informed that the reporters' room has walnut and ash desks, with cane-seated revolving chairs, and Turkish rugs. All the reporters have gold pens with diamond nibs, and write on hand-made note-paper, using perfumed violet ink. After any dirty work, each reporter is obliged to take a Turkish bath in the bathing department before writiting out his copy, and, as this occasions delay, most of the running about is done by nickel-plated errand boys, with chilled steel jewelled works, who are prettily attired in livery. Smoking is strictly prohibited, since it is an incentive to expectoration, and to spit on the floor is death; but chewing-gum and sticks of candy with red stripes, are supplied gratis to the reporters for consumption on the premises.

City Editor McQuade's room is a perfect gem. It is carpeted with a beautiful Axminster, and hung with old-gold tapestry curtains, suspended on brass rings from bars of beaten copper, the folds being caught up with massive brass rings. A richly covered lounge and ottomans of beauty are provided; a marvellous desk, mahogany tables, rich and costly wall paper, and chandeliers of cut glass.

At ten o'clock every morning, City Editor McQuade alights from his coupé in morning dress, and gets into the elevator. He does not leave the building until five o'clock P.M., his lunch being sent in to him, and his valet bringing, at one o'clock, his afternoon suit of clothes. At five, a noble-looking groom, dressed in a high hat, etomologically ornamented, brings to the door a fleet Arabian steed, and City Editor McQuade, having changed his trousers, rides swiftly away.

Assistant City Editor Spangler walks to the office, but goes home in a dog-cart. He wears patent-leather pointed shoes, and models his deportment on that of Attorney-General Brewster. All these accessories are aids of Journalism, but to make a great newspaper requires something more. Upholstery alone is not enough. It takes audacity and advertising.

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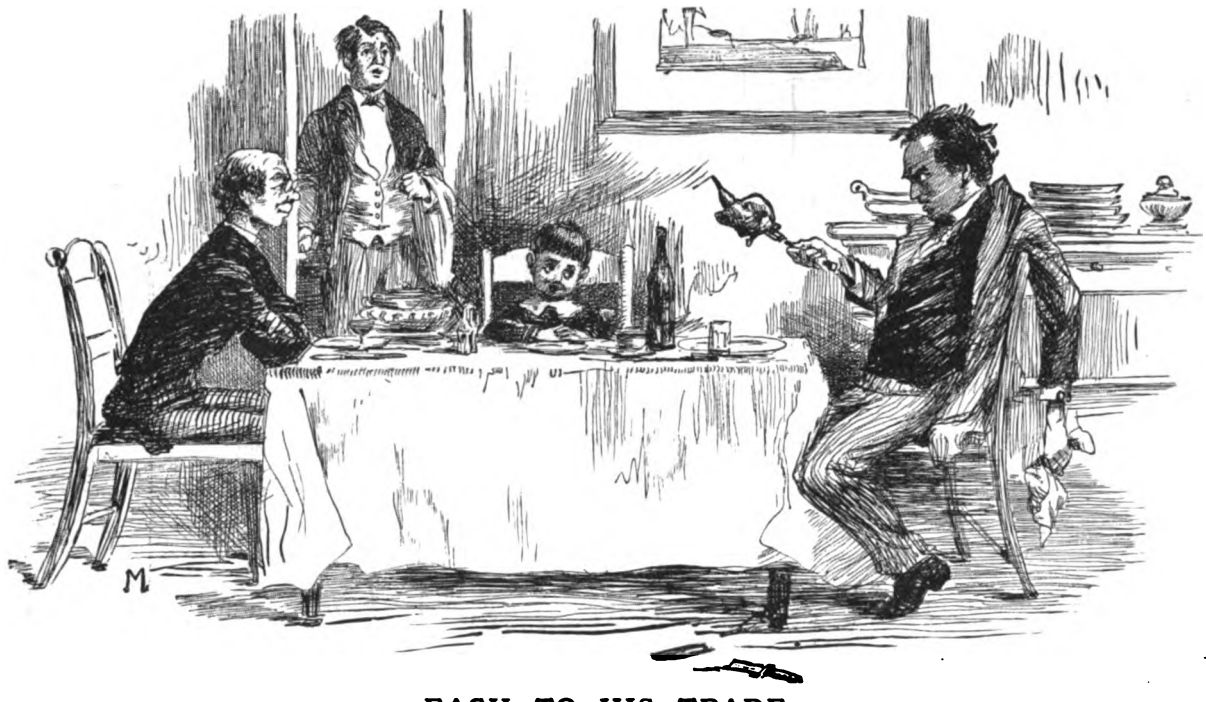

EACH TO HIS TRADE.

Heavy Tragedian at railway hotel: PRITHEE, LANDLORD, DWELLS THERE WITHIN THE PRECINTS OF THIS HAMLET A MACHINIST?

Landlord: A MACHINIST? YES, SIR.

Trag.: THEN TAKE TO HIM THIS BIRD OF MANY SPRINGS. BID HIM WRENCH ASUNDER THESE IRON LIMBS, AND THEN, FOR OUR REGALEMENT, TO CHISEL SLICES FROM ITS UNYIELDING BOSOM, FOR WE WOULD DINE ANON.—AND, PRAY YOU, DO IT QUICKLY. YON PEASE YOU NEED NOT CARRY; FOR THOSE, WITH DEXT'ROUS MANAGEMENT, WE CAN SWALLOW WHOLE. AWAY!

REALISM.

I LOVE my love not for her flaxen hair,
Or for the flaxing that her brother gave me,
I do not woo her Roman nose, I swear;
'Tis not eyes that do so much enslave me.

The charm's not in her duplicated chin;
I could not press her *flexor digitalis;*
Her teeth are white—a dentist put them in.
I mention this, believe me, not in malice.

Why do I love my love so tenderly,
Why do I try to put my arms around her?
Why do I sigh, "alas!" and then, "ah me!"
And say my life a desert was until I found her?

L'ENVOI.

I'll tell you, reader, in the fewest words,
I love my love just for her widow's thirds.

C. H. B.

NEAT thing in bonnets.—The face of a handsome girl.

SOMETHING that requires more philosophy than taking things as they come.—Parting with them as they go.

HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

MR. Oppenheimer, Mr. Levi, Mr. Rosenbaum, Mr. Einstein and Mr. Greenfeld, all prominent Italian gentlemen, are enjoying a sociable game of draw-poker after dinner. Mr. Oppenheimer, who is host, returns to the room after a brief absence, and finds a hand has been dealt him.

He picks it up. It is a king-full.

He skins it over very carefully.

It is a king-full still.

He glances inquiringly at his guests:

"Who doled tem carts?"

Mr. Greenfeld replies:

"Chakey Einstein."

Mr. Oppenheimer gives the king-full another careful going-over. It looks very large—certainly. None of the kings have got away.

But he sorrowfully lays it down without betting.

"I pess."

Mr. Rosenbaum deals, and the game proceeds.

THE proper thing at a temperance ball.—Pumps.

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"HEART and Hand," Lecocq's new alleged comic opera, opened at the Bijou, Thursday of last week, some thoughtless Judge having inadvertently refused to grant an injunction. The plot is the old one of the husband, who, through a case of mistaken identity, falls in love with his own wife; and the libretto seems to have been furnished by the gas machinist, The music was seldom tuneful and frequently reminiscent, while the orchestration, having been done from a piano score, was spiritless.

MISS CONWAY was pleasing and pretty as Michaela, but failed to give the piquant touches that make an opera-bouffe a success. The rest of the cast did their best to make something out of the material they had to deal with, Digby Bell deserving especial praise for his acting and singing as Gætau. John Howson, after a series of successes, could not make a hit with the unyielding and vulgar part of the King of Arragon.

A KNOWLEDGE of the German language is generally considered conducive to a thorough understanding of the plays brought out at the Thalia. But any one can spend an enjoyable evening there during the engagement of Herr Barnay. The play of "Graf Essex," in which I saw him last, would hardly be popular in English, some of the speeches being fully forty minutes passing a given point, but there is abundant opportunity for good acting, which is taken advantage of by the company, which, with the exception of two spurious imitations of Lords Cecil and Nottingham, was uniformly excellent. Herr Barnay was brilliant and picturesque as "Essex," but his "Lear" still remains a unique and splendid characterization.

AUGUSTIN DALY announces the production soon of another original comedy from the German, with the mysterious title "728." Perhaps Mr. Daly attributes his numerous failures to unlucky names, and has taken to numbering, instead.

THE original Count of Monte Cristo's watchword was "Revenge," and the public are now taking their revenge out of Mr. O'Neill for attempting to star with a comany that instead of supporting him, crowds him down. The old play, with new scenery, at times raised the house to enthusiasm, but there was a lack of spontaneity and a commonplaceness about it all that does not forebode a long run.

HA! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Such was the verdict of the audience who witnessed the San Francisco Minstrels perform on Tuesday night. For four years had I struggled against the allurement of posters and good notices to visit the burnt-corkers, and on Tuesday I succumbed. As one by one the old jokes came up from the dead years, often to be repeated later in the evening, repentance came too late.

But the people enjoyed it.

What would be the effect of a new joke?

We shall never know!

THE Sunday concerts at the Casino are a popular feature at that beautiful house. "Standing room only" is the regular notice after half-past eight.

THE Cosmopolitan, the made-over Alcazar, is now running "Fritz in Ireland" to big houses. The new horse-shoe gallery seems to be bringing good luck to the new management.

IT was probably at this time of year that gaily the troubadour touched his catarrh.

MAN in Colorado poisoned a biscuit for the rats. Mother-in-law ate biscuit. This was rats for the man in Colorado, who now believes in especial providences.

A WOMAN named Marie Marey has killed her lover in Canada. Carry the noose to Marey!

A COLD CUT.

MISS Laura Alicia F. Jones
Always spoke in the freezingest tones.
The warmest spots south—
When she opened her mouth—
Froze up like the frigidest zones.

Then away she would skate on the Nile
In her bon-ton Fifth-Avenue style,
And even Lord Brown,
When he slipped and fell down,
She cut with a cynical smile.

MEDITATIONS.

A GERMAN in Cincinnati has started a new temperance drink which he calls Jewish Beer.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

He-brews it himself, probably.

THE asphalt pavement in front of the Hotel Brunswick is a failure as a *coup de tar.*

"PORT FROM WOOD," often turns out to be only Port from logwood.

UNPRECEDENTED trade announcement.—The pig market was quiet.

The Reno (Nev.) *Gazette* says there is in its office a pet crow that chews tobacco. A case of *quid pro crow*, as it were.

MR. F. J. ROLLINGTON, of Petaluma, Cal., blew the lid off his thinking box last week because he could not learn telegraphy. He gathered no Morse, so to speak.

THE report is incorrect that $75 has been offered the Metropolitan Museum for the Cesnola Collection, the antiquities to be used as "filling in" for the foundation of the Bartholdi statue.

Mr. X——, the contractor, denies ever having offered such a sum.

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THE GOOD BOY'S* PRIMER.

THE YOUNG MA-GI-CIAN.

THE fol-low-ing ex-pe-ri-ments are sim-ple and ea-sy, and an-y lit-tle boy can do them, and make the Home Cir-cle right Live-ly.

THE AI-LING BA-BY.

When Nurse is Out of the Room, tie a White silk Thread tight-ly A-round Ba-by's leg, in a Crease of the Fat where it will not Show. In a few Min-utes Ba-by will Set up a Howl, and nei-ther Nurse, nor Ma-ma, nor Sis-ter Hel-en, nor Grand-ma, nor yet Sis-ter Kate will be A-ble to Find where that Drat-ted Pin *is*. Of course when the Doc-tor finds the Thread, you can ei-ther Lie out of It or prove an Al-i-bi.

THE MYS-TI-FIED CAT.

Some af-ter-noon when Sis-ter Hel-en is out Hun-ting new Rugs with Cou-sin Es-telle, Coax Le-na's Cat into Sis-ter Hel-en's Room, stain his Mouth with Red Ink, and gum a fea-ther from the Can-a-ry to His Nose. Then you can take the Bird from its Cage, and sell it to the Junk Man a-round the Cor-ner for six-ty-five Cents, ta-king good care to leave the Cat in the Room. When Sis-ter Hel-en Comes Back there will be an En-ter-tain-ment, and la-ter on a love-ly tri-an-gle will be made by uncle Char-ley, the Cat, and a Club.

THE IN-VER-TED FISH.

Some mor-ning when Sis-ter Kate is in the Par-lor tu-ning the Ban-jo, pour a lit-tle Am-mon-ia or pep-per Sauce in-to her A-qua-ri-um. Wi-thin an Hour the as-ton-ished Fish will Swim up-side Down, which will be very cu-ri-ous and A-mu-sing, es-pe-ci-al-ly to Sis-ter Kate.

THE AF-FEC-TION-ATE HENS.

This beau-ti-ful Ex-per-i-ment is best sui-ted to the Coun-try. Bor-row grand-ma's black thread, chop off Pie-ces a foot Long, and tie Grains of Corn to the Ends of each Piece. Throw these to the Chick-ens, and in a few Min-utes they will all Pair off like a Mt. Des-ert Pic-nic, and be De-vot-ed Friends the rest of the Day.

*In the Assembly at Albany Mr. Fizgerald proposes by bill to fix the limit of age at which a child shall be presumed to be incapable of crime at four-teen years.—*Herald*, Feb. 14.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SAADE.

WHO to good wine gives all his senses up,
May sober be ere slips the night away;
But who is crazed by Hebe *sans* her cup,
Hath reason lost until the Judgment Day.

TOBOGGANNING.

"ON the Dessert" is the name of a book recently written by the Rev. Henry M. Field. It is seemingly —to judge from its title alone—a sort of supplementary cook-book; perhaps, indeed, it is a reissue under a new name for a book just out called "Ice Cream and Cakes."

DEFINITIONS.

ARTIST AND CRITIC.—The artist is one who knows beforehand what ought to be done; the critic is one who knows afterwards what ought to have been done.

ARISTOCRAT, PAUPER, DEBTOR.—The aristocrat is supported by his ancestors, the pauper by his contemporaries, and the debtor by posterity.

ADDRESS IN CHURCH, AND SERMON.—When a clergyman makes an address, it is about something in particular; a sermon—about nothing in particular.

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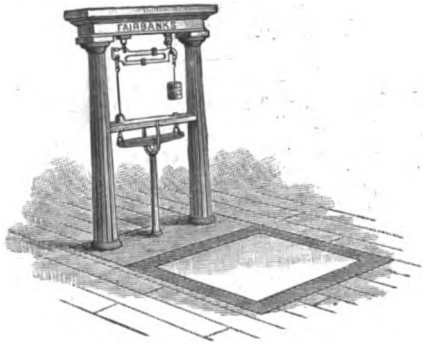

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THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OFFICE, 346 and 348 BROADWAY.
JANUARY 1, 1883.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, January 1, 1882, ... $45,130,006.86

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$9,604,788.88		
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1882	452,161.00	$9,152,627.88	
Interest and rents (including realized gains on real estate sold)	3,099,273.21		
Less interest accrued January 1, 1882	291,254.80	2,798,018.41	$11,950,645.79
			$57,080,652.65

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including Reversionary additions to same	$1,955,292.00		
Endowments matured and discounted, including Reversionary additions to same	427,258.95		
Annuities, dividends, and returned premiums on cancelled policies	3,827,758.76		
Total paid Policy-holders	$6,210,309.71		
Taxes and re-insurances	284,678.97		
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses and physicians' fees	1,333,066.38		
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, &c	385,111.18	$8,162,187.54	
			$48,918,515.11

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit (since received)	$1,376,026.67		
Invested in United States, New York City and other stocks (market value, $19,953,956.52)	16,072,074.81		
Real estate	4,133,065.18		
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $17,950,000.00 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)	19,306,940.16		
Temporary loans (secured by stocks, market value, $5,191,189.50)	4,313,000.00		
*Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to $2,690,961)	491,082.23		
*Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1883	540,555.91		
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection	394,395.19		
Agents' balances	62,494.95		
Accrued interest on investments January 1, 1883	326,000.06	$48,918,515.11	
Excess of market value of securities over cost		1,881,881.71	
*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.			$50,800,396.82

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1883, ... $50,800,396.82

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1883	$351,451.21	
Reported losses, awaiting proof, &c.	138,970.23	
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented)	53,350.43	
Annuities, due and unpaid (uncalled for)	6,225.86	
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	43,174,402.78	
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1883, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class	$2,054,944.08	
Addition to the fund during 1882 for surplus and matured reserves	1,109,266.00	
	$3,164,210.08	
DEDUCT— Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on Matured Tontines	1,072,837.87	
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1883	2,091,372.16	
Reserved for premiums paid in advance	26,782.86	
		$45,851,555.03
		4,948,841.79

Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent - - - - - 10,000,000.00

Surplus by the New York State Standard at 4½ per ct., estimated at

From the undivided surplus of $4,948,841 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.

During the year 12,178 policies have been issued, insuring $41,325,520.

Number of Policies in force	Jan. 1, 1879, 45,005	Amount at risk	Jan. 1, 1879 $125,232,144
	Jan. 1, 1880, 45,705		Jan. 1, 1880 127,417,763
	Jan. 1, 1881, 48,548		Jan. 1, 1881 135,736,916
	Jan. 1, 1882, 53,927		Jan. 1, 1882 151,760,894
	Jan. 1, 1883, 60,150		Jan. 1, 1883 171,415,097

Death-claims paid	1878, $1,687,676	Income from Interest	1878, $1,948,665	Divisible Surplus at 4 per cent.	Jan. 1, 1879, $2,811,426
	1879, 1,569,854		1879, 2,033,650		Jan. 1, 1880, 3,120,371
	1880, 1,731,721		1880, 2,317,889		Jan. 1, 1881, 4,393,096
	1881, 2,013,208		1881, 2,432,654		Jan. 1, 1882, 4,697,086
	1882, 1,955,292		1882, 2,798,018		Jan. 1, 1883, 4,948,841

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VOLUME I. MARCH 1, 1883. NUMBER 9.

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"LIFE, the new comic and satirical weekly, whose appearance in New York we noted a few weeks ago, has now reached its fifth number. It is making a place for itself, and it deserves a good one in public esteem. Its illustrations are in black and white, and many of them possess artistic value, while in its humor and wit it is clean, clear and refined. May LIFE prove everlasting."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"LIFE has come to us, sparkling with wit and radiant with beauty. It is a sort of "phunny phellow," published in New York, and is only four weeks old. It will compete with *Puck* in the race for all the laurels that fun, joke and wit can win. We pat it on the back and say 'Go in.'"—*Norristown Daily Times.*

"THE New York weekly LIFE is bright, sharp and witty, without coarseness. There is a manifest improvement in its illustrations. It has not aged sufficiently to hazard that monotonous dreariness which characterizes exclusively 'funny' papers, and it is to be hoped its springs of humor may prove perennial if not perpetual."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"THE editors of LIFE deserve final success, whether they attain it or not. Its appearance is very thoroughly in its favor, the illustrations are far beyond the average, and while its fun suggests that of *La Vie Parisienne*, it has none of the questionable character of the latter sheet. It is far in advance of *Puck*, both in make-up and literary merit, and every reader will wish it a long and prosperous life."—*The Continent.*

"LIFE is the name of a new humorous weekly publication that has lately appeared in New York. The world is already the fatter for its coming, for it is the most irresistibly laughter-provoking, funny paper that quaint American wits have yet produced. It is really a gem in its way. The wit is bright and polished, without being venomous, and the illustrations are capital. We advise our ten thousand readers to get a copy of LIFE."—*Trenton, N. J., State Register.*

"WE have before us No. 4 (vol. I) of the new satirical paper, LIFE, published at New York City. We believe this is the venture started by some of the clever paragraphers and pen-and-ink sketchers of the *Harvard Lampoon*. We like the style of the sheet. The heading is an extremely artistic conceit, and as full of originality as it is possible to be. 'Mitchell' is the imprint. The main cartoon, by Kendrick, is also good; and there is a graceful full-page drawing by Gray-Parker—'Suggestions for Sleigh-riding.' All of the drawings are after the pen-and-ink style which DuMaurier has brought to perfection. LIFE seems to have a rather finer edge than *Puck* or *The Judge*."—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

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VOL. I. MARCH 1, 1883. NO. 9.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CONDUCTED BY
JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

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WHAT INTERESTED HIM.

THE garden was not crowded but there were a great many people in it. Men: all men: of all sorts and conditions, but no women. There was no excitement when Banks and Hammett entered. The two black persons who were sparring on the platform in the centre of the hall continued to give and take, and held the attention of the spectators.

With a searching glance Mr. Banks looked about him; nothing that was visible escaped him; he saw the boxers, and which was the better man; he saw where were the best seats that remained vacant, he appraised the value of the crowd at one dollar a head, excluding deadheads; he observed that the police sergeant in charge was *not* a person of his acquaintance,—all this in a moment and at a glance.

One pair of contestants succeeded another; Banks and Hammett took seats; Young Bibby and Herbert wrestled. To Hammett's intense surprise young Bibby did not pull Herbert's head off.

Hammett's cigar went out, then he was bored. "What did we come here for?" he asked.

"I came" said Banks, "because I wanted to see it. You came because I brought you."

"I have lost my admiration for physical strength," Hammett resumed. "It is nothing. It does not keep; it does not interest me."

"It is not what wins" admitted Banks, "but it enters into the makeup of the complete man. That it should not interest you is nothing to its discredit; so far as I can see, very few things do."

"Why should it amuse me," retorted Hammett, "to sit here and look on? It has not the excitement of being in the least dangerous. There is no dividend to be gotten from it. We see a display of force that in itself is insignificant, and of skill that seems to no great purpose. It leads to nothing. I have no personal feeling for any contestant we shall see; I cannot get any pleasure out of seeing one banged harder or less hard than the other. And I have no money up on any event to occur here, or that concerns any man who appears here. I want to go home!"

"You ought to have human interest enough to enjoy watching these men on general principles."

"I haven't," said Hammett. "I feel as if I was wasting time. I believe I am one of the most calculating persons that treads on the crust, for I can only interest myself in what concerns me, or what it seems to me possible may concern me. The theatre bores me to death. There are just two classes of the community with whom I care to associate,—the people to whom I can be of use, and those who can be of use to me. My friends are those who come under both heads at once. To associate exclusively with either class I hold to be damaging to the moral nature. To fool away your time on people who don't concern you at all is a species of prodigality which I do not understand. To make a business of being amused, is a thing I cannot do. If I go to a ball, it is for some occult reason that I do not admit even to myself. But for that matter, I think few grown men go to balls for fun. Some go because they are taken, and some for fear of being forgotten if they stay away, and some to extend their acquaintance. Almost all of them think that, in some way or other, it pays, and no doubt they are right. No doubt it does pay. But the results are so remote that I cannot get up any greed for balls. The idea of dressing at ten o'clock, in order to dance at 11:30 with Miss Pyrites, through whom you may get to know Miss Blunt, who will ask you to her afternoon receptions, where you will meet her mother, by whom, if you make a good impression, you will be asked to dine, and eventually meet young Luquer, whose father runs an insurance company, which has law business to dispose of! There is no exhilaration in a prospect so remote as this; not enough, at least, for me. The fellows for balls and glove-fights and such diversions must be the youths who have nothing to get and plenty of leisure to get it in. They need not be so mercenary. They can play in the sunshine or the moonshine, or the gas-light, and enjoy themselves; and if they have only sense enough to pummel one another an hour or two daily, or to swing Indian clubs—which our friend yonder is doing so admirably at this moment—they can go through life with great comfort and self-satisfaction.

"There is one good excuse for a grown man to devote himself to the observance of social rites. If he is courting a girl, let him cease to consult his reason and go in for all he is worth. Balls may be exhausting, and parties dull, and kettledrums tiresome; flowers may be

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AN IMPENDING FASHION.

What the mashers will be driven to if the streets of New York are not better cleaned.

MOUNT DESERT.

(The Metre in this poem is furnished by the government. The gas, by A. Tennyson. The language of the refrain by the London *Spectator*. The moral sentiments, by Henry James. The kiss under the rose was taken from Life. The rest of the poem is our own.)

I.

The maidens blaze along the bays;
Men sport the flannel shirt;
The matrons dose at home in rows—
O my! O Mount Desert!

II.

Canoodlers splash, the mashers mash,
The rock girls spring alert;
Piazza girls arrange their curls—
O my! O Mount Desert!

III.

'Mid grasses lush young men pour mush
In ears of many a flirt;
Perhaps there goes beneath the rose—
O my! O Mount Desert!

IV.

My country! thee hath Liberty
Of effete bonds ungirt;
O, let the Fowl of Freedom howl—
O my! O Mount Desert!

high, and bank accounts low; but to court a girl will always be interesting and worthy of whatever time and thought and money a man can give. It has all the elements of diversion. Its possibilities are endless; its risks are appalling. It requires nerve, patience, dexterity, self-sacrifice and self-control. It calls for the exertion of every faculty. It is a fine sport.

"But these boxing-matches are very dull.

"Halloa! here is Mace, and there comes Slade. See the crowd stare at them. Three rounds, is it?

* * * * * *

"I am glad it is over. I say, Banks, how can you be interested by such things? I would rather go to see the animals in the Park."

RONDEL.

FOR HER FAN.

BLOW, little breeze, along her cheek,
Wander among her hair;
Play soft, fan-moved, nor dare
Steal from her lips aught she may speak.
Without, perchance the wind is bleak
And cold and sad,—but there
Laugh, little breeze, along her cheek!
The very breath of Heaven's meek
Before her, and where'er
Her fan commands, the air
Will gladly go, nor ever seek
Aught but to blow along her cheek.

THE HOOP-SKIRT FAMINE.

AT the last meeting of the Society for Ameliorating the Condition of Goats, the report of the committee on tin cans and hoop skirts was read by Mr. Stibbles, the male member of the committee.

After eulogizing the many good qualities of the interesting animals for whose benefit the Society was established, the report went on to declare that it was a fact which could not be questioned by any person who had studied the habits and proclivities of goats, that tin cans and hoop-skirts were their natural and favorite food. This was proved by an inspection of the localities they frequent. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that they resorted to vacant lots for the purpose of feeding on tin cans and hoop skirts. Acting on this belief, the committee had personally, and with the aid of several members of the Society, solicited donations of abandoned tin cans and worn out hoop-skirts. Owing to the flourishing condition of the canning industry, the work of collecting tin cans had been eminently successful, and the committee had the satisfaction of observing that increased numbers of goats flocked to the lots in which the donations were distributed.

With regard to the collection of hoop-skirts, the committee regretted to inform the Society that the result ot their efforts in that direction had not been very satisfactory. The scarcity of hoop-skirts was alarming, and its cause appeared to be a freak of fashion which had prevented those adjuncts of female appearl from being worn. The goats of New York were evidently suffering for the want of them; but the committee could only call attention to this melancholy fact, requesting the Society for A. the C. of G. to devise a remedy for the destitution.

Mr. Muller, a mild member with a bald head and weak eyes, moved that a committee be appointed to solicit subscriptions and donations for the purpose of reviving the hoop-skirt industry by establishing a factory. As he had had experience in the manu-

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facture of hoop-skirts, he would be willing to take charge of the factory.

This gentleman was immediately crushed by Mr. Stibbles, who said that any person, not a born idiot, who had listened to the report of the committee, must know that hoop-skirts were not a palatable and convenient food for goats until they had been worn out and abandoned. It was easy enough to manufacture hoop-skirts, but quite another thing to cause them to be worn.

Mr. Soloman Whiffet moved that a committee be appointed to solicit subscriptions and donations for the purpose of starting a weekly journal to be devoted to the advocacy of hoop-skirts as an article of apparel. As he had experience in journalism, he would be willing to act as editor.

Miss Dr. Steiner rose to remark that she had heard too much of committees to solicit subscriptions and donations for this, that and the other object, the real purpose being to fill the pockets of some person who was out of a job. She went on to say that the intelligent audience which she was addressing did not need to be informed that if the ladies would create a demand for hoop-skirts by wearing them, the supply would speedily equal the demand. She enlarged with pathetic eloquence upon the sufferings of the unfortunate goats during the prevailing hoop-skirt famine, and called upon her sister ameliorators to come to their rescue and defy the edict of the tyrant, Fashion. The reform, she urged, should begin then and there. She had prepared a pledge, binding the signers to wear hoop-skirts, and she called upon every member of the society to come forward and attach her name to that pledge. For her part, she would proceed to sign it on the spot.

Miss Skimplin rose to say that if she were endowed with such a superabundance of figure as had fallen to the lot of the Ameliatress who had just spoken, she would be in favor of hoop-skirts; but, as she had been blessed with a graceful form, the present style suited her exactly. She was of the opinion that none but fat women would sign the pledge which had just been offered to the Society.

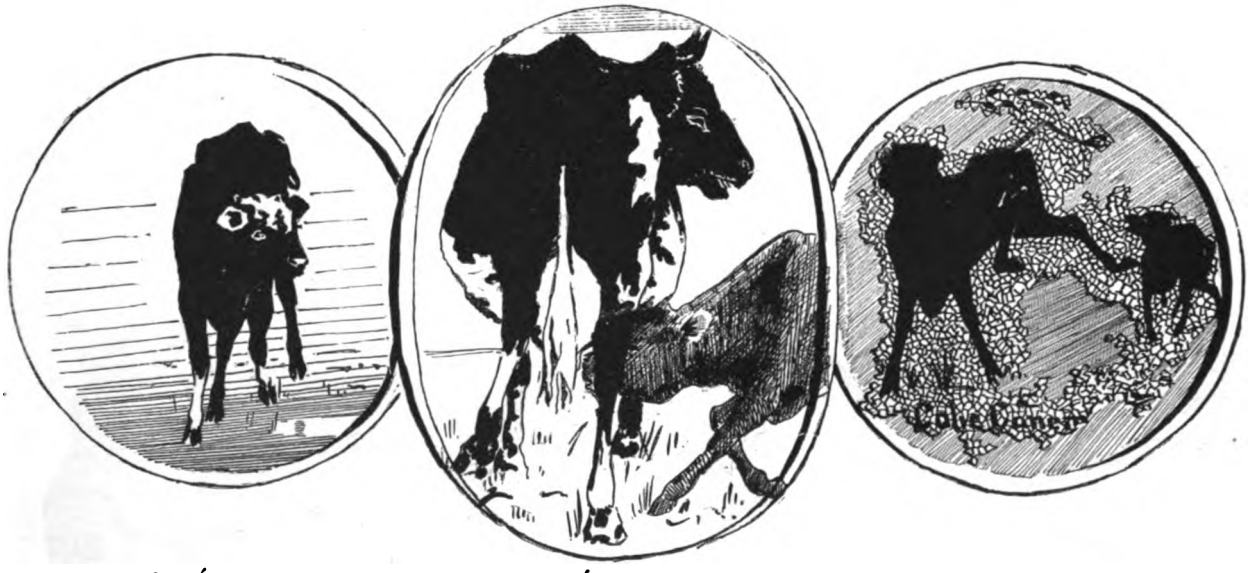
Miss. Dr. Steiner replied that if the goats were fond of skeletons, she hoped the last speaker would be sufficiently self-sacrificing to donate her person to the promotion of the objects of the Society for A. the C. of G.

During the noise and confusion that ensued a motion to adjourn was decided to have been carried, the lights were extinguished by order of President Pettigrew, and the meeting adjourned in comparative peace.

THE Germans are waking up at last to the beauties of the Temperance Drama. It is not that they have had "Ten-nights in a Bar-room" translated into their lager-rythmic tongue. They have done better. They have been acting, at one of the German theatres in New York, a pair of plays setting forth the awful effects of an indulgence in fluid crockery. At least, we infer this to be the subject of the plays, judging only from the titles; one is called "Wallenstein's Lager," and is probably directed at light drinkers, while the other, "Wallenstein Tod," is aimed at the regular out-and-out tod-takers.

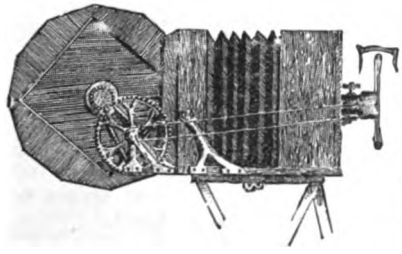
M. LOUIS BLANC bequeathed the Parisian children deserted by their parents the sum of 20,000 francs, and directed further that the Trustees, if they should think proper, should give to these children his own name.

Doubtless it will be a satisfaction to the little Jaques ———s to know that they have now the privilege of writing out their surnames in full.



CAFÉ NOIR. CAFÉ AU LAIT CALVE CANEM.

ANIMALS IN MOTION.



THE accompanying illustrations need but a word of explanation to be understood; for the scientific manner in which Mr. Edward Huyghbridghe has gone into the subject, his unremitting zeal and devotion, and the truly grand and magnificent results he has already published are too well known to need repetition. His discovery of the "bestioscope" by which the motions of all animals are arrested and put down in black and white, regardless of their rapidity, has just come in the nick of time, for the habit of going wrong already confirmed in man has, of late years, tainted

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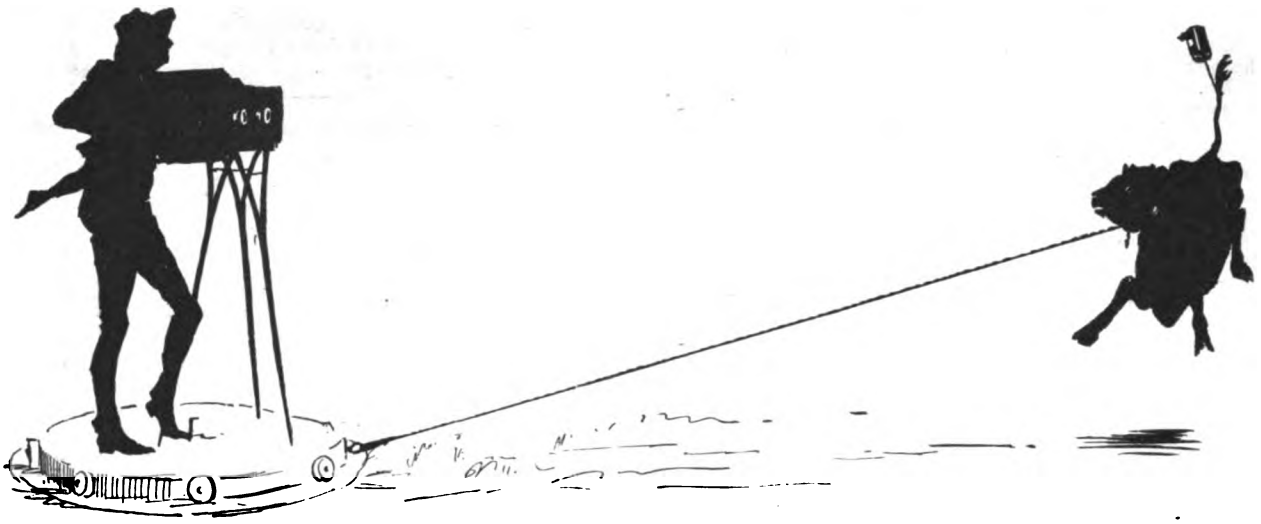
the progress of some members of the lower animal kingdom, and threatens our whole social structure with disaster.



THE CAMERA WITH CRANK ATTACHMENT.

The illustration of the camera, with crank attachment and a cylindrical revolving dry-plate holder, capable of taking 12 or 24 pictures in less than $\frac{1}{1111}$ part of a second will be understood at a glance. A single motion revolves the plates, opens and closes a more than instantaneous lens attachment and avoids the complications arising from an indiscriminate lot of cameras and threads stretched in the path of the animal.

When mounted on a circular disk that is attached to the animal by a rope, as in another illustration, the animal, however freakish, is at last cornered and can do nothing against science and brains.

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More generally it is busied in the human occupation of doing nothing, as in the two other pictures, an obverse and reverse, taken from an old Faience coffee-pot, and very aptly called "Caffy Noire" and "Caffy au Lait." Now, however, the calf has become so erratic and unaccountable in its habits and motions as to become a danger to the community. Note, for instance, the following series of four photographs taken in less than 1–75 of a second.

* A mosaic used as a door mat in front of a milkman's shop.

Here is an expression of peace and contentment and good humor which would induce the most diffident stranger to terms of intimacy.

Things grow more stormy. The boy is thinking better about the stroke with the whip and seems to feel a danger from the region of his left hand.

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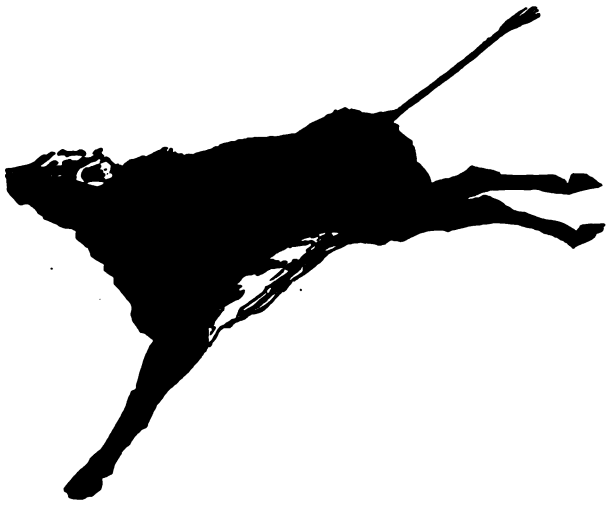
But before the boy has even time to think of arresting his arm the animal has assumed a slightly threatening pose.



Note the rapidity and decision of this motion. The careful reader will also observe that the boy is absent. There is no room for him in this LIFE anyway. He has gone over to the next.——

NOW they want to put a prohibition clause into the Constitution of Maine. People are generally pretty far gone when their Constitutions require total abstinence; but it was fondly hoped that Maine had already reformed.

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"Ah, my friend, I return that I may become a member of the Cabinet."

"Indeed! What hope have you of that?"

"They will have tried every other Frenchman by the time I get to Paris, and I must hurry to take my turn."

DR. SCHLIEMANN has unearthed, at the site of ancient Ilium, some shattered pipes that are still colored with lampblack and smell strongly of creosote. When he finds the prospectus of a steam-heating company, the destruction of the city will be fully accounted for.

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"MY wife's mother tells me," said Gibbs, with a sad smile, "that woman's work is never done, and I have cause to believe her. Her tongue never ceases its work until her snores set in."

THOUGHTS THAT BURN.—Rejected communications.

THE Chicago *Times* is authority for the statement that New York talks of establishing a "College of Good Manners;" and adds that "she would be obliged to import the teachers." For example, she should bring the teachers from the wild, untrammeled West to give lessons in the art of hiding the hands and feet and folding the ears. It's earlier every morning in Chicago than in New York, but every day is not so cold.

STYLE.

The greatest Paris artist dresses Rose
In mingled shades of red and yellow;
In ill-cut garb her wretched husband goes.

MORAL.

WORTH makes woman; the want of fit the fellow.

A. Z.

A CONCESSION.

'TIS common talk that Boston prides
Herself on being *comme il faut*,
And all her sister towns derides
About the things they do not know.
"Her English is the most correct!"
"Her wit alarms the dull New Yorker!"
Some of her claims we must reject;
But, Faith, her B–tl–r is a corker!

T. D. W.

BE RESPECTFUL to every one, no matter what his or her position may be in the world. Never, for instance, ask your washerwoman where she "hangs out."

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the progress of some members of the lower animal kingdom, and threatens our whole social structure with disaster.

THE CAMERA WITH CRANK ATTACHMENT.

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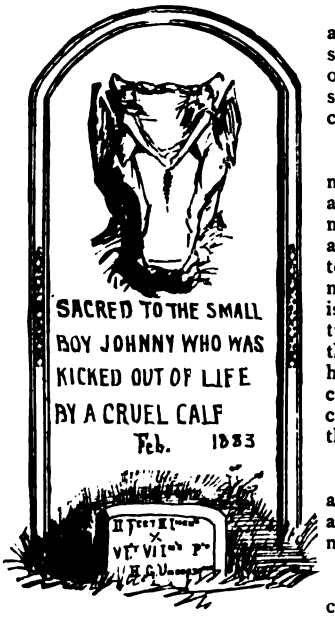

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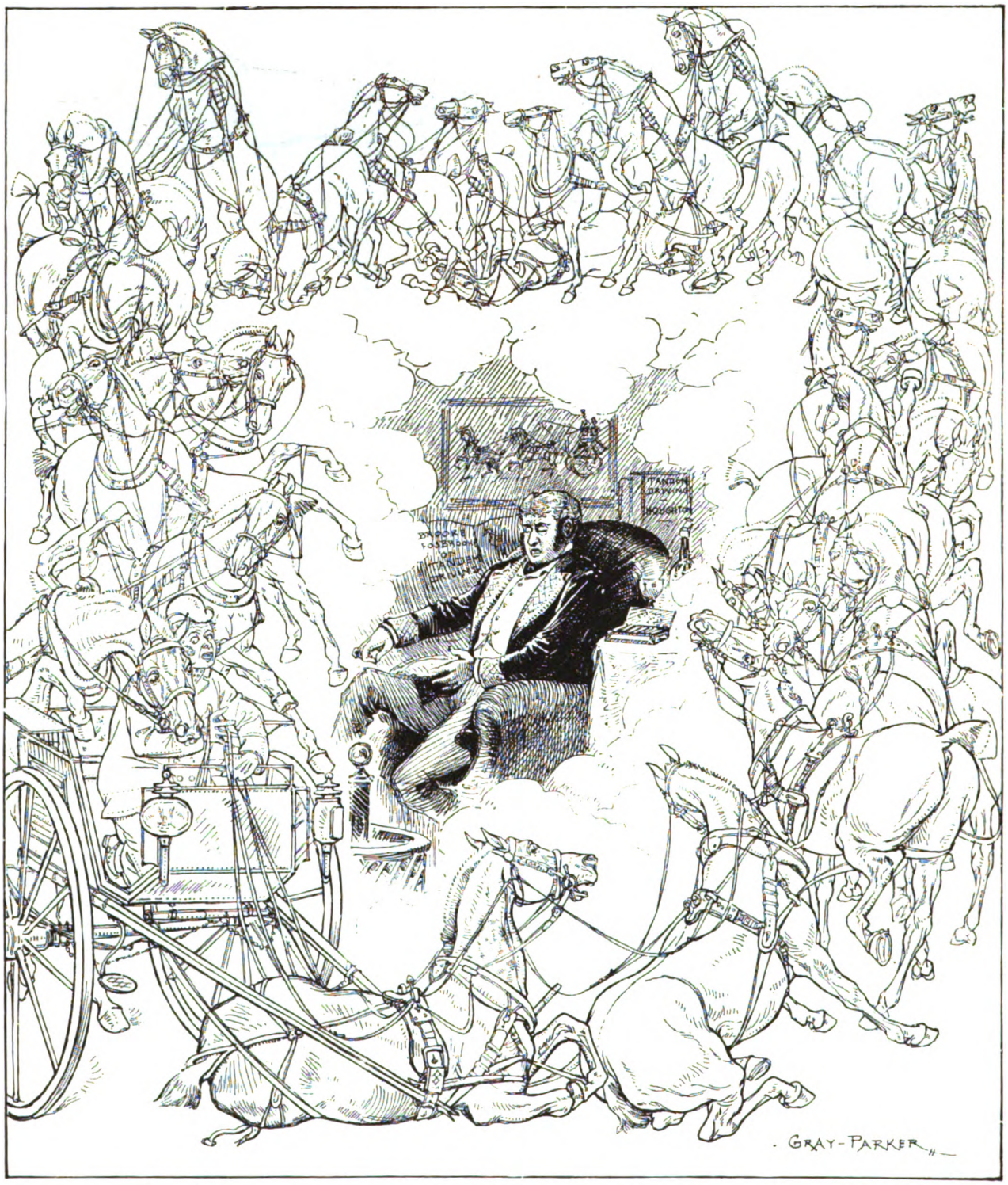

RESULT OF A DAY OF TANDEM DRIVING.

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THE ONE FORM OF PENANCE WE ESCAPE IN LENT.

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THE COOK.

I CAN rhyme away like Coleridge
When I've eaten up a whole ridge
Of the Swiss cheese of New York ;
I can calculate like Babbage,
I go back to the Mab age
When I've eaten pickled cabbage
And salt pork.

On my eating thus dependent,
I have sought a cook transcendent ;
Finding one by hook or crook,
Who could satisfy a Juno !
He composes like a Gounod !
I assure you, very few know
Such a cook.

He can get you up a haggis,
That, all tied up in a bag, is
In the regular Scotch style ;
While he trills a stave staccato,
He can stuff you a tomato,
And you'll call it *ben trovato*
With a smile.

I have seen so many men go
Wild on his *poulet Marengo*,
That I dare not praise it more.
With a *filet* he can grapple ;
He excels in Quaker scrapple ;
He can stew or bake an apple
With its core.

You will eat to burst a button
When you get his leg of mutton
With its sauce of capers pure ;
Though your taste was plain as Plato's,
When you try his fried potatoes
You will cry out six or eight Oh's !
I am sure.

He can cut out beets and carrots
Till they look like little parrots ;—
To the contemplative mind;
He can tease the gastric juices—
But it's only when he chooses !
When he does not—he abuses
All mankind !

He has fearful indigestion ;—
Which I find, beyond all question,
Makes him hate his fellow-men.
He makes bull's-eyes in the inners
Of the least dyspeptic sinners,
With his vile and deadly dinners
Now and then.

Therefore always, when I'm able,
Before sitting down to table,
I enquire his state of mind.
If he's looking lean and haggard,
If his liver is a laggard,
I'm afraid of being daggered
When I've dined.

ARTHUR PENN.

BOOKISHNESS.

IN A RECENT collection of American patriotic poetry, there is a series of stanzas called "The Bivouac of the Dead." It seems to be a serious production—at least in intent. And yet we have never yet read these lines (to be found on page 113) without bringing a smile to the cheek :—

"Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—"

The joke somehow seems to be hid somewhere in the unexpected combination of the words *breath* and *Angostura*—but we confess we cannot seize it.

A SERIES of standard text books in Natural Science is now in course of publication, and it includes a volume by Professor Asa Gray, entitled "How Plants Behave." Some plants behave so badly that we doubt whether Professor Gray will ever be able to teach them good manners. Parsley, for instance, insists on coming where it is not wanted, and will take no denial. But if Professor Gray can only teach weeds the elements of dancing and deportment, so that they will all come up together and in a line, and make a gentle bow, it will greatly facilitate the labors of the man who spends his summer in a garden.

"ON the Dessert" is the name of a book recently written by the Rev. Henry M. Field. It is seemingly—to judge from its title alone—a sort of supplementary cook-book ; perhaps, indeed, it is a reissue under a new name for a book just out called "Ice Cream and Cakes."

FAT ESQUIMAUX BABIES, when they die, are tried out by their afflicted parents for lamp oil. Thus ever is human misery made light of.

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CURIOUS MYTH OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—That a woman ever grows any older after thirty.

IT IS SINGULAR that the dead poets never write across Styx.

THE WEAKENING of the chemical market has enabled the telegraph companies to reduce their nitrates.

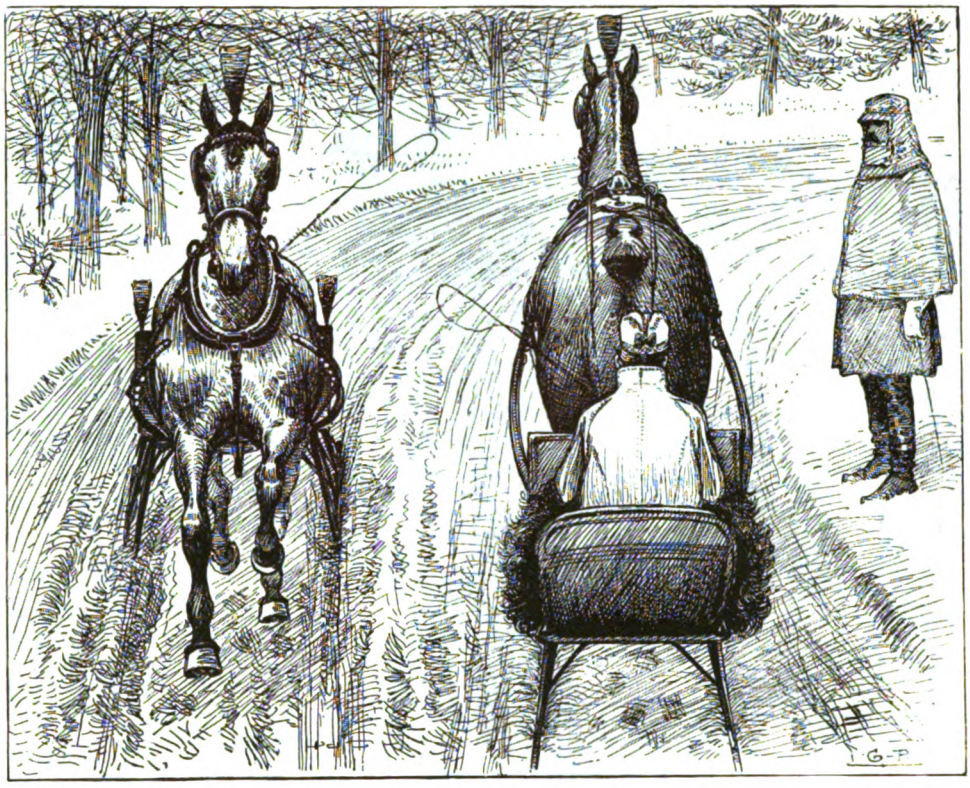
Young Chemist: No; sugar cannot be made from a policeman's beat.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS reveals dark lines in butter.

DEPRESSING STATEMENT.—That the end of love is matrimony.

SCIENTIFIC DEFINITION.—Lunar caustic is a preparation of distilled moonbeams, chemically extracted from early cucumbers.

NO INTELLIGENT LAWYER will ever take the will for the deed.



OUR ANGLOMANIAC. NO. IV.

Why does he ride in a sleigh so low that it makes his principal view that of his horse's hind quarters, and increases that worthy beast's difficulty of traction?

BECAUSE IN AN ENGLISH PROVINCE WHERE THE SNOWS ARE THREE TIMES AS DEEP AS OURS, THEY HAVE TO USE LOW SLEIGHS TO KEEP FROM UPSETTING.

THE BRAND NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.

II.

"HUM," said the Boss mysteriously, when the Indian Chiropodist had just finished his story, "I would fain know now what that pale youth in spectacles has to say."

THE STORY OF THE PALE YOUTH IN SPECTACLES.

"May it please your mightiness," began the pale youth, "I have always been a regular church-goer."

"I have learned to know," remarked the Boss, "that the fact you mention has no bearing on life in general."

"The words you speak," said the pale youth, "are words of wisdom. None the less is it true that the habit of church going has brought me at this moment into your august presence."

"I am only a man," said the Boss, modestly; "I claim no worship."

"Your mightiness misapprehends"—began the pale youth.

"Fire ahead!" said the Boss, sternly.

"Not long ago," said the pale youth, "it was my privilege to attend divine service at the sanctuary which is consecrated by the patronage of fashion. An eminent doctor of divinity held a vast congregation spell-bond with his eloquence. He described the frightful iniquities in which thousands of sinners wallowed. He besought us to step forward and save them. Then he wiped his streaming eyes, and blessed the company with a convulsive sob.

"Filled with enthusiam, I sought him in the vestry, where he was doffing his surplice. He received me with courtesy, remarking that his engagements would not permit him to dine with me before Tuesday fortnight. I remarked that he had misapprehended the object of my visit. 'I have come,' I said, 'to learn how I may save those who wallow in iniquity.'

"'Let me shake your hand,' he rejoined, 'I have often heard of men like you, but I have never seen one.'

"After much hand-shaking, I repeated my question.

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CAN SHE COME IN?

Is this the attitude of the Columbia Students on the question of admitting women to the college?

The doctor of divinity coughed. At that moment, he said, he was unable to indicate a field for my labors; but stay! he would give me a letter to a gentleman who went in for scientific charity, and who could, doubtless, direct my efforts aright.

"The gentleman who went in for scientific charity received me with enthusiasm, and eagerly asked me if I had the run of any of the newspapers. I replied that I had not.

"'That is a pity,' said he, 'you might have helped me to publish some statistics. They are not only shocking, but rich.' He thereupon produced a bundle of papers about a foot in thickness, and asked me if I should mind taking them and explaining them to an eminent editor whom he knew by name. He, himself, he said, was too busy in compiling statistics to circulate them in person. I replied that I should regard the act as suicidal—for the editor was known to go armed. To this he rejoined, with a sigh, that he had ever found them who said that they burned with enthusiasm, only lukewarm when put to the test. He would advise nothing more—unless I, myself, were willing to wallow in iniquity, in order to provide him with fresh statistics.

"'The very thing!' I cried.

"'You are a good young man,' he said, fervently; 'I will give you a number of addresses!' He did so. An eminent conveyancer has since informed me that the dens of iniquity in question stood in the name of this gentleman who went in for scientific charity. They were scientifically useful.

"I visited them. I wallowed. I furnished the gentleman who went in for scientific charity with innumerable statistics. He has assured me, and the doctor of divinity, that my efforts in the cause of morality would be remembered in Heaven. And it was in pursuit of fresh statistics that I penetrated the club-house, where my eyes were dazzled by the aspect of your august countenance."

BRIGHAM YOUNG once made proposals for twenty-one Hibernian wives to be "sealed" to him in job lots to suit the trade. In his last years, however, he declined receiving any more sealed bids.

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A ROUGH BEARD.

"YOU'LL find I've got a mean, rebellious beard!" observed a thin-haired stranger, with a prematurely high forehead, as he tried to hang his hat up on a revolving hook in "Jeffries' Tonsorial Bazaar." The speaker paused and eyed the old man at the end chair critically, then loosened his collar, leaned back and leveled his legs across the foot-rest with reckless resignation. "And now," he went on, with hectic gayety, "as I am obliged to shave every day, and am kept constantly upon the road, and never have an opportunity of repeating the agony of being shaved twice by the same barber, I desire, right here and now, to preface the ordeal to which I am about to submit myself, by suggesting that you first lather the territory liberally—say, about three coats, to begin with—with three hot-water washings-off to match, supplementing the last soak with a general lathering of extra thickness and moisture-retaining qualities. Then shave lightly—very lightly, and always down the current of the beard, save when you strike the rapids and the whirlpools under the jaw and chin; and there you will need a cool head, a steady hand, and all your presence of mind if you don't wreck us both!" The speaker shuddered, drew a long, quivering breath that sounded not unlike a gas-jet turned on too full, and continued, as the old man made a feint towards putting in a word or two himself: "I trust, further, that you will recognize that this is not a time for two to talk, when one, by the entire monopoly of the same privilege may, in some vague degree, save his mind from the contemplation of sufferings that otherwise would drive him mad. Let me even anticipate the vast expenditure of such badinage as nestles nearest to your heart, and glancingly prance over the full gamut of all fascinating topics—weather, politics, sacred and secular subjects—anything—everything! To begin with:—I have learned to love all climates. I have courted politics, and paced the devious paths of public life. I have tried all forms of government, and whether they worked to my entire satisfaction or not, I found them working just the same. I have run for many offices, and got there, very, very seldom. I have walked in the ways of vice, and therein have my naked feet encountered more gravel that green grass. I have tried religion, and I like it—in its place. When shaving, however, I can with equal truth aver, attest, and solemnly depose, that I have yet to find the vaguest consolation in its restrictions. I have passed through multitudinous administrations—'in piping times of peace,' and when the gaunt confederate cried 'Whoop la!' and 'let slip the dogs of war.' Beneath the shelter of the old flag, I have lived on beans for weeks, and washed 'em down with moonshine whiskey that would corrode the stomach of a canteen, and gnaw the stopper up and spit it out as one would say, 'O 'wat chu givin' me!' All these trials I have borne with a patience that surpasseth understanding; but, barber mine! when you shall have wreaked sufficient vengeance on my side-face and throat, and 'set' the ears up high enough to meet the favor and the nice exactness of your artistic eye;—why, then, should you handcuff and strap me down securely in the chair before you, wade in on the upper lip, I will regard the measure only as a delicate and timely recognition on your part of the fact that there may, sometime, occur a limit to the patience and forbearance of the most heroic martyr of the present age."

And a half hour later, as the forensic stranger stood buttoning up the collar of his overcoat outside the door, the momentary silence from within was broken by the high falsetto voice of the boy apprentice, saying:

"Well, dat's de beatinest rooster evah I see! Who is dat man, Mistah Jeffries?"

"Who is dat man!" responded the evident voice of Mr. Jeffries, contemptuously. "Who is dat man, indeed! I nevah ain't fo' dis minit see dat man—nevah ain't see him high or low! but, mind now, I's a sayin' 'at dat man's de smart Elick 'at's goin' to lecture at de Presbyterian meeting-house to-night! 'Who is dat man,' you say? Look heah, boy? ain't you nevah goin' to learn yo' trade?"

THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

Policeman No. 137921. LOOK OUT, BOYS, CLEAR AWAY QUICK, WE ARE GOING TO MAKE A RAID ON YOU.

PROVIDENCE is impartial. It rains upon the just and New Jersey *nullo discrimine*.

REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF COLOR.—When the white stag turns to bay.

THE BEST WARDS FOR A LATCH-KEY.—Home wards.

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CYNICAL REMARKS.

ABOUT LOVE, LIFE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A MAN'S ideal of intimacy with a woman is that he shall be allowed to talk about himself, and she shall listen.

A MAN who keeps telling a woman he is her friend is either in love with her, or is afraid he will be.

CYNICISM in youth is a deplorable anachronism—but it is an inevitable consequence of age and experience.

TO love but one woman is like dining always on one dish.

TO any general rule of expected conduct which one frames he soon makes exceptions of most men —and all women.

SOME women who are called well-preserved look rather as if they had been well-pickled.

THE difference between the gentleman circumstantial and the gentleman direct is great, though not always perceived.

THE difference between regret and remorse is that regret is sorrow for opportunity neglected—but remorse is sorrow for opportunity improved.

ONE of the two things a man *must* have to go with comfort through the world—either an abiding faith in Providence or a strong sense of humor.

ROUGH ON STOCKINGS.

Passing Citizen to his fellow: "BOOTS BLACKED INSIDE." WELL, NOW! THERE'S NO SATISFYING THESE FASHIONABLE CHAPS, IS THERE?

A GENIAL old Chief of Police,
For a joke, once arrested his niece,
For patching his pants
With a quilt of her aunt's,
Which, he said, made them BREECHES OF PIECE.

THE man who "walks off on his ear" has sometimes been known to return "on his muscle."

FORGOT THE DETAILS.

RETURNED and bearded traveller, rushing up to former acquaintance with enthusiasm: "Why! How are you, old man?"

Short-sighted and absent minded former acquaintance (doubtfully) "Eh? How do you do?"

"Why man alive! Don't you remember Bob Travers?"

"Yes! Yes! Forged a check, didn't he!"

(Indignantly): *No!*"

(Reflectively): "No? Cut his wife's throat, wasn't it?"

"NO SIR!!"

"Dear me, of course not. He was the man who embezzled the trust funds and went off with Thompson's wife, wasn't he?"

(Furiously): NO SIR!!! *I* am Bob Travers.

(Mildly): "You don't say so! Well, what was it you did anyhow?"

WE often hear it asked, "What is friendship, but a name?" Yes, but that is quite enough when it is wanted for the back of a bill.

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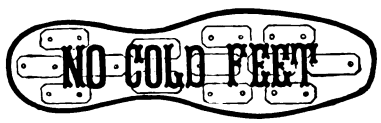

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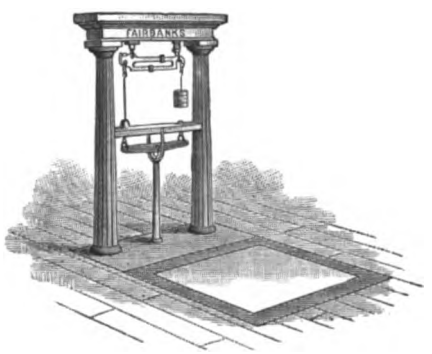

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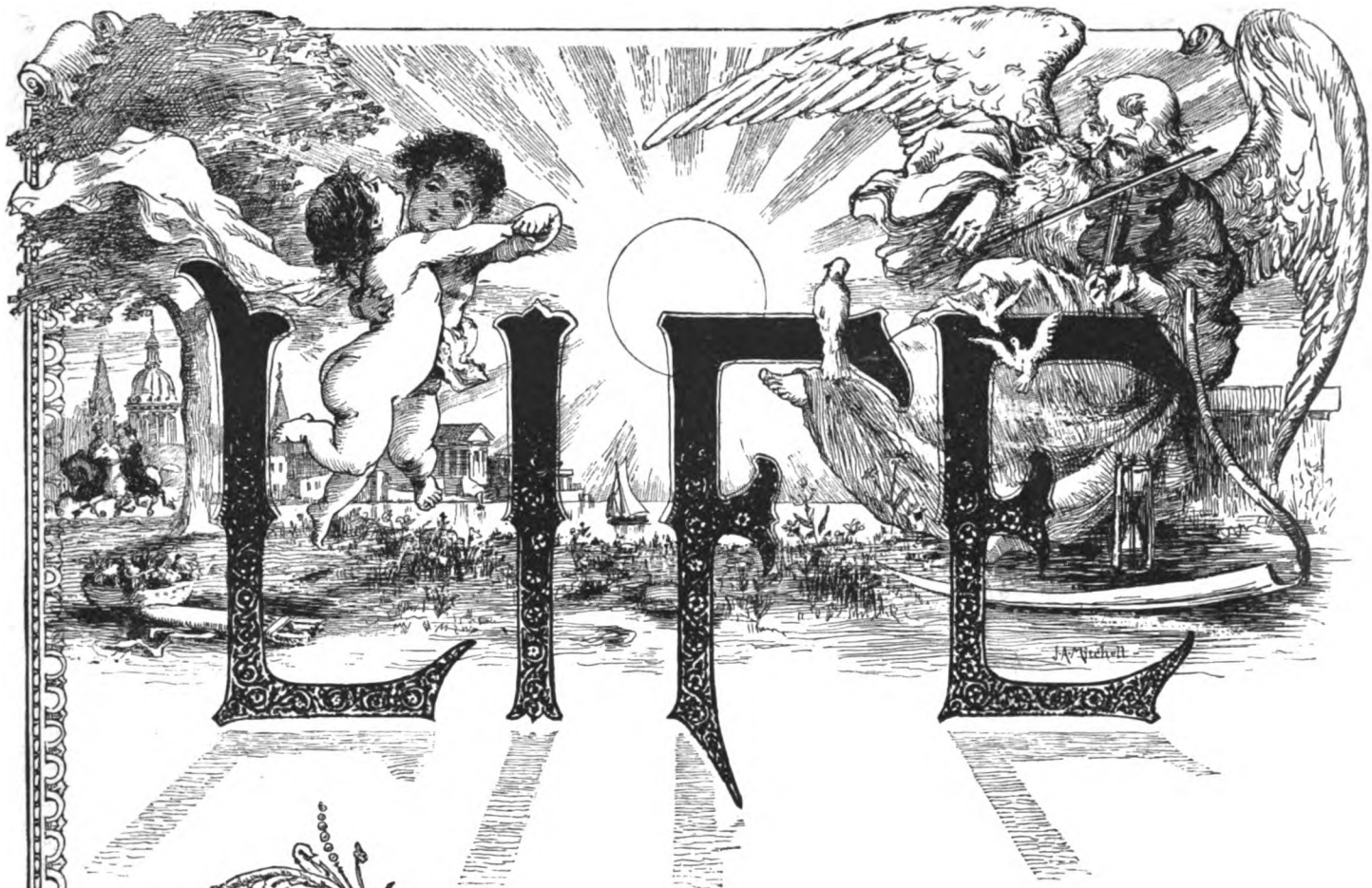

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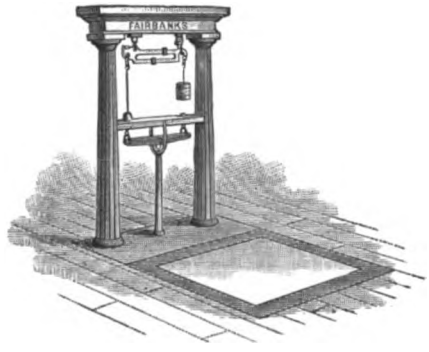

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"WE find nothing amateurish about the newcomer; it seems to have been born grown up; it is workmanlike in every part. It is fresh, vigorous, gentlemanly, genial and satisfying. We commend it to at least fifty thousand readers in this town."—*The Sun.*

"LIFE has come to us, sparkling with wit and radiant with beauty. It is a sort of "phunny phellow," published in New York, and is only four weeks old. It will compete with *Puck* in the race for all the laurels that fun, joke and wit can win. We pat it on the back and say 'Go in.'"—*Norristown Daily Times.*

"THE New York weekly LIFE is bright, sharp and witty, without coarseness. There is a manifest improvement in its illustrations. It has not aged sufficiently to hazard that monotonous dreariness which characterizes exclusively 'funny' papers, and it is to be hoped its springs of humor may prove perennial if not perpetual."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"LIFE, the new comic and satirical weekly, whose appearance in New York we noted a few weeks ago, has now reached its fifth number. It is making a place for itself, and it deserves a good one in public esteem. Its illustrations are in black and white, and many of them possess artistic value, while in its humor and wit it is clean, clear and refined. May LIFE prove everlasting."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE wittiest thing in the way of cartoons that has appeared for many a day is in the current issue of LIFE, the new humorous weekly, published in New York. By the side of a colossal statue of Thackeray stands Mr. Howells, upon two volumes of *The Century*, supporting upon his shoulders Mr. James, who is thus elevated to a level with Thackeray's shoulders. And Mr. Howells inquires: "Are you the tallest now, Mr. James?" Mr. James ignores the query. "Would you be so uncommonly kind, Howells, as to let me down easy; it may be that we have both got to grow." LIFE, by the way, is a very bright paper. It is distinctly worth living?—*Boston Traveller.*

"THE editors of LIFE deserve final success, whether they attain it or not. Its appearance is very thoroughly in its favor, the illustrations are far beyond the average, and while its fun suggests that of *La Vie Parisienne*, it has none of the questionable character of the latter sheet. It is far in advance of *Puck*, both in make-up and literary merit, and every reader will wish it a long and prosperous life."—*The Continent.*

"LIFE is the name of a new humorous weekly publication that has lately appeared in New York. The world is already the fatter for its coming, for it is the most irresistibly laughter-provoking, funny paper that quaint American wits have yet produced. It is really a gem in its way. The wit is bright and polished, without being venomous, and the illustrations are capital. We advise our ten thousand readers to get a copy of LIFE."—*Trenton, N. J., State Register.*

THE eighth number of LIFE, amid other excellent matter, has a neat cartoon representing Mr. Howells standing on two volumes of *The Century* and supporting Mr. James upon his shoulders, in the vain attempt to reach the altitude of a statue of Thackeray, which towers beside them. "Are you the tallest, now, Mr. James?" anxiously asked the author of "The Modern Instance." Mr. James ignoring the question answers in a nervous flurry: "Be so uncommonly kind, Howells, as to let me down easy; it may be we have both got to grow." LIFE is apparently gaining foothold, and deserves to do so.—*The Tribune.*

THIS week's LIFE has the most striking contribution to the James-Howells *vs.* Thackeray-Dickens controversy that has yet appeared. On the left is a statue of Thackeray, very large; on the right, standing on two bound volumes of *The Century* for a pedestal, Mr. James stands upon the shoulders of Mr. Howells, the top of his head reaching nearly to Thackeray's shoulder. Mr. Howells says to Mr. James: "Are you the tallest now, Mr. James?" The latter replies: "Be so uncommonly kind as to let me down easy, Mr. Howells; it may be we have both got to grow a little."—*Mail and Express.*

THE field of comic or satiric journalism in this country is yet waiting to be filled. *Puck*, which has shown much rude and coarse strength, is growing stupid; and LIFE, the new venture, is not yet vigorous or keen enough to satisfy. But it has an excellent cartoon in the last issue. In a library, beside a statue of Thackeray with his delightful spectacles on, Mr. Howells, mounted upon two volumes of *The Century*, holds Henry James on his shoulders, anxiously asking: "Are you the tallest now, Mr. James?" The great episodist, evidently very shaky on his slender legs, nervously replies: "Be so uncommonly kind, Howells, as to let me down easy,—it may be we have both got to grow." Let us have more of this sort of work, LIFE.—*Springfield Republican.*

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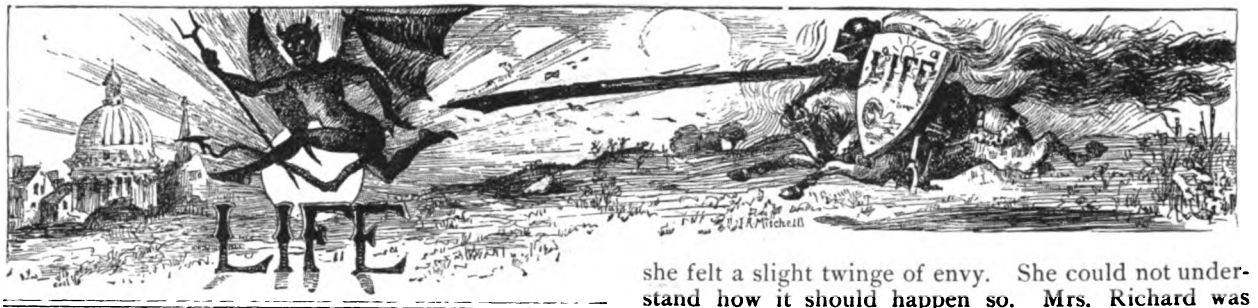

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JOHN AMES MITCHELL AND EDWARD S. MARTIN.

ANDREW MILLER, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

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A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS.

NOT many years ago, John and Richard Roe, twin brothers, who had prospered much in the manufacture of linen cloth in a country town in New England, removed to Boston to enjoy the wealth which their industry had brought them. Two more affectionate brothers never lived; they had been together from earliest infancy; their children were more like brothers and sisters than like cousins, and as their wives had identical pin monies, there were no jealousies as to bonnets and gowns to stir up ill-feeling.

John Roe purchased a fine house upon the sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue, below Dartmouth street, and Richard Roe bought the house directly opposite to it upon the shady side of the street. John's house had the morning sun in front and Richard's in the rear, otherwise there was not a pin to choose between the two mansions, which were both fitted up with a strict regard to the latest mandates of Clarence Cooke. In the first month or so of residence in the town, a little path was worn across the green turf of the park in the centre of the street, by the constant intercourse between the two families. But one day, Mrs. Richard, on going to her sister-in-law's house, observed that her card-case was filled to overflowing with the cards of the most respectable people of Boston, and when she remembered the few strange pasteboards, which looked so forlorn in her own tray, she felt a slight twinge of envy. She could not understand how it should happen so. Mrs. Richard was certainly no better looking or bred than she, and certainly her husband was much handsomer and cleverer than his twin brother. Richard was a clever *raconteur*, while John's flat puns and stale Joe Millers had often cast a gloom over family dinners.

Mrs. Richard going into the drawing-room, found Mrs. John entertaining a caller; Mrs. John did not receive her sister with her usual cordiality and coldly introduced her to the lady, who soon left. Mrs. Richard then informed her sister of many balls, receptions and dinners to which she had been bidden, and shrugged her shoulders complacently when poor Mrs. John told her that she had not been invited to them. Mrs. Richard's carriage soon came to the door to take her upon a round of visits and her sister-in-law sadly went back to her house. The same day Richard came home with the news that John had been elected into the club, and that he had lunched there to-day without him. As the two brothers had lunched together for thirty years, this had a most depressing effect upon Richard. And between the younger members of the family the same ill-will had gradually arisen, for John's children were asked everywhere, while Richard's children were left in the cold. The little path between the two houses became gradually obscured with grass, and the former friendly and delightful intercourse between the two families became cold and constrained.

Finally the last straw came. Mrs. John gave a grand ball at the close of the season, to repay their social obligations, and she did not invite the Richard Roes to it. With sullen faces the neglected family sat before their fireside, listening to the carriages driving up to their relative's mansion. Mrs. Richard's grief was too great and sacred to describe; as for the husband, his life was embittered by the tearing of his loved brother from his heart.

The next morning, as he walked down the sunny side of the avenue, he met his brother coming from his house, looking tired from the late hours of the last night.

The two exchanged cold salutes, and walked on together in silence. "John," finally said Richard, "my wife tells me that you gave a ball last night."

"We did," said John, turning away and looking away from his brother. "It was a very pleasant affair."

"I am surprised that you could have enjoyed anything from which you had excluded your brother," said John, tartly.

"I am sorry that we could not see our way clear to inviting you," explained Richard, in his clear, lucid way; "but you see the line must be drawn somewhere."

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"And so you draw it through your own brother," exclaimed John, in a hot passion.

"Pardon me, brother John," said Richard, as he brushed a little dust from his top-coat, "pardon me, I did not draw the line; the line was drawn, and you chose to put yourself outside of it!"

"Put myself outside of it! What do you mean?" thundered John.

"It is exceedingly strange that you do not grasp my meaning," replied Richard, desperately, "now you see that nobody whom any one knows, lives on the shady side of Commonwealth Avenue, south of Dartmouth Street, and as you live there you are outside of the pale. Many residents in the south end of the city, deserted that region as it was blasted by fashionable prejudice, and removed in a body to the Back Bay. Many of them moved to Commonwealth Avenue, on the shady side, south of Dartmouth Street; and the old inhabitants of the Back Bay, to protect their vested interests, have drawn the line through Dartmouth Street and down Commonwealth Avenue. Do you catch my meaning?"

"I do; but still I am the same man, and my family just as well or ill-bred, as if they lived on the opposite side of the street."

"Ah, but you don't live on the opposite side of the street, you know. 'One must draw the line somewhere.' Good day; I am going to drop into the club. I devote an hour every morning there, answering invitations to dinner."

That night John brought home to his wife a copy of the Declaration of Independence.

WE take pleasure in giving publicity to the following communication:—

EDITOR OF "LIFE,"—SIR: I see that the Rideaway, Pasture Rill, Leicester, and other hunts are issuing their meet cards for the spring season of 1883, and I would be pleased if you could find room for ours, a copy of which I enclose herewith.

Yours very respectfully,
GEORGE FEATHERWEIGHT,
Master Bleecker Street Hounds.

THE BLEECKER STREET HOUNDS MEET

Harry Hill's	March	5th, 11	P.M.
Owney Geoheghan's	"	7th, 4	A.M.
The. Allen's	"	10th, 4.30	A.M.
Harry Miner's	March	13th, 8	P.M.
Bunnell's Museum	"	17th, 4	P.M.
Bleecker Street Car Stables	"	20th, 10	A.M.
Ludlow Street Jail	"	24th, 9	A.M.
Tombs	"	27th, 6.30	A.M.

Police Headquarters (last week of the season), date not yet decided upon.

Bleecker Street Kennels,
March 1st, 1883.

NOTICE.

The Stewards have arranged for free transportation of members and guests on the Bleecker Street cars (provided they know the conductor).

Owing to injuries sustained by the *pack* in his late victorious encounter with Tug Wilson's "*Grip*," the Stewards have been obliged to purchase a new dog. He is a fine animal, but being comparatively new to the business a few more *checks* than is usual may be expected during the first one or two meets.

The Stewards have been fortunate enough to secure a sufficiently large number of Maltese *Toms* to insure live game at every meet. The drag will therefore be dispensed with.

RECENT FICTION.

BARRINGTON'S FATE.—Seemed to require, for a fate, considerable personal attention from Barrington.

HEART OF STEEL.—Softer than one would suppose.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.—From which it is evident that a young lady may prefer being a captain's or even a lieutenant's bride, to being the Colonel's daughter.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.—And one impossible girl.

UNDER APPLE-BOUGHS.—Idyllic at first, but soon suggestive of Adam's fall under an apple-tree.

"I HAVE LIVED AND LOVED."—Our heartfelt sympathy for her, and for the people who tried to live with her, and for persons who buy the book.

LIES OF THE DAY.

And the parson made it his text that day, and he said likewise
That a lie which is half a lie is ever the blackest of lies;
For a lie which is all a lie may be met with and fought outright,
But a lie which is part truth is a harder matter to fight.

IT IS NOT TRUE.—That *the* Fancy Dress Ball is not going to be a very grand affair.—That seven borrowed visiting lists were combed over before the invitations were issued.—That no costume will be admitted which has cost less than $6.—That P–t–r C—p–r will go as Cupid.—And Cr—ght–n W–bb as Jason in Search of the Golden Fleece.—And Psalm T–ld–n as the Sam of Life—That S–s–n B. Anth–ny will be there as Spring, and H–rry S–nds and Fr–ddy M–rt–n as the Siamese Twins.—That Du Ch—llu will go as his own Book-Agent.—That Wh–t–l–w R—d is getting himself up as the Mill on the Floss.—That Alfr–d W–gs—ff will go as Tom Thumb.—That the Dowager of Gramercy Park has recognized the true situation, and is having a more capacious cake-pocket put into that green dress.—That De L–nc–y will be there as a rattan Kane.—That Lochinvar P–ll is sorry he can't come.—That Judge F–tch will dress himself in a rosebud smile, and go as Infant Joy.—That A. E. M–cd–n–ld will appear as Injured Innocence, Edg–r S–lt–s as a Professional Beauty, and Alderman R—s–v–lt as the Skeleton in the Closet.—That the mother-in-law of the British Peerage "declined with thanks."—That after receiving four invitations and a personal call, she condescended to accept.—That she will go simply and briefly as a pedigree.—That if W–rd McAll–st–r carries out his plan to be Present as the Prodigal Son, T–m B—ty will lose his life if *he* goes.—That Wm. M. Ev–rts will appear as the Cave of the Winds, Commander G–rr–nge as the Lone Orphan, B–n B–tl–r as Apollo, and R–sc–e C–nkl–ng as the Ruins of

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FABLES IN FOUR LINES.

A CASTILIAN HONOR.

A CAST-IRON ship from far off Castile bore
Upon the rocks—and on its side ;
I seized the soap and washed myself ashore.

MORAL.

While there's life, there's soap, I cried.

OBJURGATION.

THE bob-tailed paused with sudden shocks ;
The driver cursed the passenjare—
Who dropped his money in the box.

MORAL.

None but the brave deserve the fare.

THE COLLECTION OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

THE gay Moonshiner reeleth
Oft in the STILL-y night;
His tax he ever stealeth.

MORAL.

Whatever is, is right !

A. Z.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Importunate Tailor : GREAT HEAVENS, MR. EVERSHORT, DOES THIS BRUTE BITE ?

Mr. E. : NOT UNLESS HE THINKS YOU'RE AFRAID OF HIM.

Pompeii.—That Art–m–s H–lm–s will either personate the Statue of Bartholdi, or put on a sugar coat and go as a homeopathic pill.—That Cl–r–nce D–nsm–re will chalk his head and be there as a cue, and that the Count di C–sn–la will go in a Golgoï costume of heterogeneous and unrelated parts.—That the Marquis de Leuville will be present in his original character of Mantalini.—That the Marchioness of Clinton Place will go as Sister Skewton.—That U. S. Gr–nt will appear as the Tower of Babel.—That the Duchess of Erie will be there, and drive Duckie and Daddles tandem.—That the Prince of Wales isn't invited.—And that a good deal of poor, white, Knickerbocker trash isn't either.—And that J–hn K–lly is.—That several connubial relatives will not be present.—That the reason for this is, the affair is to be very swell, and one must draw the line *somewhere*, you know.—That T–ddy R—sev—t will go as Consistency, the Five-cent Jule.—That little Gr–ff–ths-M–st–n has consented to drop his hyphen, wear that bob-tail overcoat, and go as you please.—That Gr–ff–ths wears that coat to keep his spine warm and his brains cool.—That T–ny P–st–r and J–hn L. S–ll–v–n have been invited.—That J–hn St–ts–n heard it wasn't going to be a bit like the French Ball, and declined.—That L—b–t wasn't invited because it wouldn't be agreeable to T–rnb–ll, and T–rnb–ll wasn't invited because it wouldn't be agreeable to L—b–t.—That each daily paper has been requested not to send more than nine reporters to write the thing up.—That W–rr–n L–l–nd will furnish dress coats for the occasion.—That the happy nine will be given by each guest a printed description of his or her costume, for the sake of accuracy, don't you see ?—That a heavy 38th street lady had hysterics because she was left out.—That she has hopes yet.—That business will be stagnant all over the country until the thing is over.—That nobody will read LIES next week.

A FLOATER.

YOUNG Dudekins (who lives in New York),
Sp. g., was much lighter than cork.
He would skip o'er the bay.
Down to Far Rockaway,
And take Angeline for a walk.

THE ingenuous reporter who had gone to see Salvini's Othello was told by his editor to "make two sticks." "But there were seven or eight" the young man said.

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AN IMPORTANT DETAIL.

Guileless Young Woman: O! UNCLE, I DO WISH YOU WOULD TAKE ME WITH YOU. I ADORE THOSE FRENCH OPERETTAS.

Discriminating Male Relative: IT ISN'T A PROPER PLACE FOR YOU, MY GIRL.

G. Y. W.: BUT IT IS ALL IN FRENCH, AND I SHOULD NOT UNDERSTAND MORE THAN HALF THAT WAS SAID.

D. M. R.: YES, MY DEAR, BUT WHICH HALF?

THE MUSKINGUM VALLEY.

IN the Muskingum Valley!—How sweet is the gaze,
As a fellow looks back on the long summer days
When the smiles of its blossoms once mingled with mine,
And my childish heart drunk of their fragrance like wine!
Where the hills caught the kiss of the morning and noon,
And the river ran by like an old fiddle-tune,
And the long, lazy hours went a-loiterin' on
From the dawn to the dusk, and from dusk till the dawn!

In the Muskingum Valley it 'peared like the skies
Looked lovin' on me as my own mother's eyes,
While the faint undertone of the stream seemed to be
Like a lullaby angels was singin' for me—
Till, swimmin' the air, like the gossamer's thread,
'Twixt the blue underneath and the blue overhead,
My fancies went glimmerin' into the realm
Where Sleep bared her breast as a pillow for them.

In the Muskingum Valley, though far, far away,
I know that the winter is bleak there to-day—
That the perfume is gone from the brambles and trees,
And where buds used to bloom, now the icicles freeze.
That the grass is all hid 'long the side of the road
Where the deep snow has drifted, and shifted, and blowed—
And I feel in my life the same changes is there,
The frost in my heart, and the snow in my hair.

But, Muskingum Valley! my memory sees
Not the white on the ground, but the green in the trees—
Not the rough, frozen gorge, but the current, as clear
And warm as the drop that has just trickled here;
Not the choked-up ravine, and the hills topped with snow,
But the grass and the blossoms I knowed long ago
When my little bare feet wandered down where the stream
In the Muskingum Valley flowed on like a dream.

J. W. RILEY.

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RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

IN his life of Jackson, Parton conveys the impression that the irascible General never lost his temper, but merely let it out on occasions when it seemed to be needed. Without doubt wrath is a power, and, judiciously used, is capable of doing good work. We have sometimes feared that, in the gradual refinement of manners which increased wealth and culture is working among us, anger might be eliminated from the number of social forces, and the capacity for righteous indignation become a lost art. So long as a man is agreeable, and does not borrow too much money, nothing that we can recall will greatly hurt his reputation, except to be caught cheating at cards. He may prostitute his talents in the service of unscrupulous millionaires ; he may buy and sell legislators ; he may even treat his mother-in-law with cold disdain, and impose upon his tailor ; if he smiles at the world, the world will smile back at him, and most men will say he is a mighty good fellow. Polite people will not go to the trouble of being angry if they can help it. Sooner than increase the friction of the wheels of life, they will ignore the shortcomings of their fellows, and even the imputations that are cast upon their own integrity.

We are inclined to believe that if there were more righteous wrath in the social atmosphere, it would be purer, and it is agreeable to us to be assured—as by the late correspondence between Secretary Chandler and a distinguished officer of the Navy—that there are still men who can resent being suspected of knavish tricks.

But when General Butler, after all these years, says he did not steal any spoons, and that the story of his having carried away a coffinful of family silver from New Orleans is a nickel-plated myth, he goes too far.

The Governor is on the right track, but he starts it too far back. Let him confine himself to libels which have not been outlawed by the statute of limitations. When he denies such a venerable tradition as the spoon story, he strikes at the foundations of popular faith. Presently some scoffer will say that Sampson did not carry off the gates of Gaza.

OUTDONE.

THE managers of charity balls, the instigators of church fairs, the patronesses of dramatic entertainments for the Bartholdi statue, the projectors of all diversions for a special object may look to their laurels with a view to abdicating them. Unless we are mistaken, they have all been outdone by our fellow-citizens who devised the ball at Germania Hall, from which Arthur McKeane, Esq., was returning when he got shot in the back.

That was a ball with an object that *was* an object. When the enlivining strains of Strauss' coercive waltzes fell on the expectant ear, and maidens' eyes danced, even when their feet were still, what was the sweet thought that threw a halo of cheerful self-sacrifice over all the scene ?

Was it—" We are dancing that poor children may have food," or " that the heathen may be converted to trowsers and pocket testaments," or " that the gallant 506th may have terrapin after their weekly drills ?"

No, it was to no one of these objects that the ball owed its brilliancy.

What brave men said to fair women was, " Come up, my dear, and have something; it will help to pay for the door plate on his coffin."

For the purpose of this party was to provide funds for the proper interment of Michael E. McGloin, Esq., who expects to be hanged on the 9th of March.

WHERE THEY GROW.

Small boy of eight (*looking over picture book with boy of ten*) : WHAT'S THAT ?

S. b. of ten : WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW ? THAT'S A DONKEY : HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A DONKEY ?

S. b. of eight (*doubtfully*) : NO.

S. b. of ten (*patronizingly*) : WHY, I HAVE : LOTS OF 'EM,—IN THE THEOLOGICAL GARDENS, YOU KNOW.

THE PRUDENT HOUSEWIFE.

A PRUDENT housewife informed her husband one night that she wanted a small rug, and that he must buy it because she didn't look fit to go out. " But on no account," said she, " must you pay more than two dollars for a rug worth three ; and if you don't find it in one place go to another." " All right," said the good man ; " I'll take half a day off to-morrow." The following morning he notified his employer that he wanted half a day off, because there was sickness in his family, hoping by means of the falsehood that his wages would not be docked. He excused himself to himself for the lie, saying, " If I don't get that rug there will be serious sickness in the family." He succeeded in obtaining the desired article for $1.99 ; and on the following Saturday his employer deducted $2 from his earnings.

MORAL.—A penny saved is a penny earned.

NOTE.—But the $3 rug cost him $3.99 all the same.

FRIENDS AT A PINCH.—Snuff-boxes and tight boots.

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EVOLUTION IN TH

A GLIMPSE AT CINCINNATI SOCI

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HE OHIO VALLEY.

CIETY A FEW CENTURIES HENCE.

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SERENADE—TO NORA.

The moonlight is failin'—
The sad stars are palin'—
The black wings of night are a droopin' and trailin';
The wind's miserere
Sounds lonesome and dreary;
The katydid's dumb and the nightingale's weary.

O Nora! I'm wadin'
The grass, and paradin'
The dews at your door, wid my swate serenadin';
Alone and forsaken,
Whilst you're never wakin'
To tell me you're wid me, and I am mistaken!

Don't think that my singin'
Its wrong to be flingin'
Forninst of the dreams that the angels are bringin';
For if your pure spirit
Might waken and hear it,
You'd never be dreamin' the Saints could come near it!

Then lave off your slapin'!—
The pulse of me's lapin'
To have the two eyes of yez down on me papin'.
Ah, Nora! Its hopin'
Your windy ye'll open
And light up the night where the heart of me's gropin'.

J. W. RILEY.

THE PRIMA DONNA AND THE COMPOSER.

IT was rumored recently that a distinguished German composer contemplated coming to this country; and a celebrated prima donna now here, was asked one night between the acts what she thought of him.

"He's a very nice little man," she answered. "He is very retired and doesn't like to meet people; but he always received me most cordially."

"Was he peculiar in any way?"

"Yes; he often wanted me to sing a certain aria from an opera written by one of his rivals. But perhaps that was because I had created the part to which the aria belonged, and so, of course, could sing it better than any else."

"How long is it since you last saw him?"

"When I was in Italy singing in 'Persiflage,' another role I created. He was so pleased with my singing that he sent me a complimentary letter; and afterwards journeyed several miles for the express purpose of calling upon me."

"How is he regarded as a composer?"

"He is said to be one of the greatest geniuses living. He wanted to write an opera for me, for he said I was the only prima donna in the world who could interpret his music."

"Which do you consider the finest of his works?"

"'Der Schreckliche Maus.' I appeared in that opera in Germany; and it was my rendition of the part that so captivated him with my style of singing that he wanted to write an opera for me. But there's the bell. I must go."

The visitor departed with a profound knowledge of the merits of the great composer.

JUDKINS' BOY ON SPIDERS.

SPIDERS is awful fat—all but their head, and that's level you can bet your hi muck. Flies haint got no business with a spider. If a spider ever reaches for a fly, he's his meat! The spider likes to work till he gets his web done, and then he likes to loaf and wait for bugs and things to get caught in it. He lays back in his hole till he hears 'em buzzin', and then he walks out and fixes 'em so's they can't buzz; and he's got the truck to do it with! I bet if you'd unwind all the web stuff of just one little spider it would be longer'n a kite-string. Onct a spider hung out his sign in our wood house, and crawled back in his web and hid, and laid awake and waited. And one of these here Colorado potater-bugs come a-emigratin' along and got cought too slick. The spider worked a week on that bug 'fore he got him so's he couldn't move hand or foot. Then he couldn't eat him neither, 'cause them kind o' bugs has got shells on 'em, you know, and spiders don't know how to hull 'em. And I used to lay around and watch the spider monkeyin' with his contract. And every time I'd go around, there'd be old Mr. Spider wrappin' more stuff around the bug, and

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LINES ON A PATCHWORK QUILT.

MARKED "PRISCILLA GOSSOO."

TELL me not of the fabrics of Persia,
Of the silks of the Inde or Peru;
They are naught to the gossamer woven
By thy hands, oh, Priscilla Gossoo!

How tell of its intricate pattern?
How picture its radiant hue?
My pen can but feebly describe it.
Forgive me, Priscilla Gossoo!

A circle of yellow and purple,
An octagon picked out in blue,
Elliptical figures in crimson,—
Like thy lips, oh, Priscilla Gossoo!

Dare I speak of the stitches and hemmings,
The bias and overcasts too?—
'Tis enough for the end and beginning
That they're thine, oh, Priscilla Gossoo!

A garden of choicest exotics,
A web iridescent with dew—
So seems to my vision enraptured
Thy quilt, oh, Priscilla Gossoo!

There's a rent in my heart, oh, Priscilla,
In this fond heart, so tender and true;
'Tis thy patchwork has done it, Priscilla;
Oh, darn it! Priscilla Gossoo!

C. G. BUCK.

HOWEVER it may be that a man is known by the company he keeps, it is to be hoped that his accountability ceases with life, and that his final reckoning is made without regard to who may have come to his funeral.

Philanthropic Passenger to Irish Emigrant, with small bundle: WHERE'S YOUR TRUNK, PAT?
PHWAT 'UD OI DO WID A THRUNK?
PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN IT.
AN' ME GO NAKED?

---

stoppin' every minute and stoopin' down like he was a-whispering to him. And one day I went in again, and the spider was a hangin' alas and cold in death, and I poked him with a splinter and his web broke off—'spect he'd used it all up on the wicked bug—and it killed him. And I buried him in a ink bottle, and I mashed the old bug with a chip. I like spiders, 'cause they 'tend to their knittin' and don't ask no boot of their grandmother.

THE WOLF AND THE WATCHDOG.

A WOLF, having formed a friendship with a Watchdog on the comprehensive Basis of their Common Descent from a canine ancestor and upon the honest Farmer's sheepfold, was invited by the Dog to accompany him to the Farm and enter the Detective Force. The Wolf, attracted by the prospect of obtaining regular Rations as well as an opportunity to gratify his marauding tastes, consented, but as they were faring thitherward, noticing a bare patch upon the neck of his Companion, he could not forbear asking him who cut his hair. "O, that," replied the Dog, "is the mark caused by the collar which I wear at night." "Say you so?" exclaimed the Wolf—"then *revénons à nos moutons!*" "O, nonsense," answered the Dog, "you can easily slip it or sell it at the junk-shop, or at the worst you can patent it as an electric chest-protector. Come along!" Reassured by these statements, the Wolf followed his Companion to the Farmyard, where the Dog introduced him into the presence of the Farmer, and seizing him by the throat held him until the Laborers, alarmed at their master's outcry, could come up and despatch the lupine intruder, to the great delight of the Farmer who forebore to hang the Watchdog, which he had long suspected of worrying his sheep, being convinced that that devoted animal had slain the real Culprit.

MORAL.—Who Sups with a Detective should have a Long Spoon. G. T. L.

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COLD COMFORT.

Religieuse (going into a Lenten retreat) to her husband: GOOD BYE, JAMES, I SHALL NOT SEE YOU FOR SIX LONG WEEKS; BUT, AS YOU LOVE ME, PLEASE DO WEAR A HAIR SHIRT DURING LENT?

AT THE PLAY.

A HEALTH in the perfumed, the burning Chartreuse,—
A toast in a rich Pousse Café;
To something more rich, more delicious than both,
To a voice that I heard at the play.

I had dined out of sorts at the Brunswick that night,
And had thought in a spiritless way,
In what place can a man feel so lonesome and blue
As alone in a crowd on Broadway?

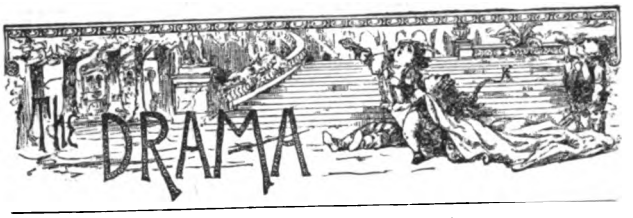
Out of tune with the music and life—later on,
I sat in the brilliant parquet,
With the curtain and overture hopelessly bad,
But each trying hard to seem gay.

But sweet as wild roses that slap in your face,
And splash you with scent and with spray,
And grateful as water to feverish lips,
Came that beautiful voice from the play.

Oh! only a few to Hesperides go,
And carry gold apples away;
There are only a few Cleopatras of song,—
There was only that one at the play.

A health in the perfumed, the burning Chartreuse,
A toast in the rich Pousse Café,—
To something more rich, more delicious than both,—
To a voice that I heard at the play.

W. T. PETERS.



WALLACK'S.

SOLE IMPORTER, . . . MR. LESTER WALLACK.

THE IMPORTED ENGLISH DRAMA,

"THE SILVER KING."

(Written by Messrs. Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman.)

Will be performed by Mr. Wallack's Imported Company of Cockney Comedians.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Skittle Alley of "The Wheatsheaf," Clerkenwell.

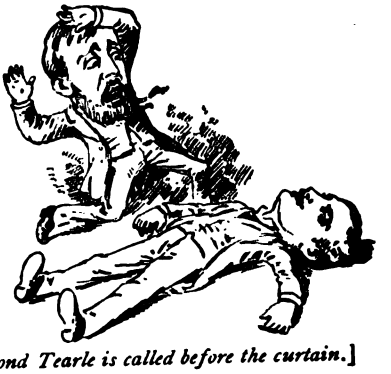
HE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE ENTERING R. U E.—The American actors are a lot of hamfatters, that's what they are. And I'm drunk. I'm very drunk, that's what I am! [*Takes a drink.*] I've been to the The Derby, and I've bet my bottom dollar, and I'm dead broke, and I'm pretty nearly dead drunk. [*Takes a drink.*] I'm a Prodigal Son, I am! I'm an Idle Apprentice, I am! I'm on the Road to Ruin, I am! [*Takes a drink.*] Here comes my wife. She's going to talk about my Highly Intelligent Kids, and say, "Father, dear Father, come home with me now." But I won't go. [*Takes a drink.*] I won't go home. I'll go and kill that man who insulted my wife. [*Takes a drink.*] I'm a Bad man from Wayback when I'm drunk, and you can just bet I'm drunk now! I'll go kill him. [*Takes a drink and then takes his leave.*]

Scene II.—Clerkenwell Close.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE (*to the audience.*)—I'm not on in this scene. It's only a carpenter's scene, anyhow—just to fill up five minutes while they are getting the next act ready. This scene looks as if it was painted by a carpenter doesn't it? and he lost his foot rule, so he had to leave out all his perspective.

Scene III.—114 Hatton Gardens.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE [*entering door L. C. in flat.*]—There are burglars here. Reform is necessary, and so they chloroform me. Then they shoot the man I came to kill. Then they go away. Then I wake up and come to and I'm drunk still. Then I find the cold corpse, and I get sober in a hurry, and I think I've killed him and I do some very fine acting. [*The curtain comes down and there is great applause. The Imported Mr. Osmond Tearle is called before the curtain.*]



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ACT II.

Scene I.—Room in the Imported Mr. Osmond Tearle's House.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE *enters hurriedly and tells his wife all! He borrows the money of the respectable old family servant and escapes, just as Hawkshaw, the Detective, comes to arrest him. Hawkshaw, the Detective, is too late.*

Scene II.—London Railway Station.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE *enters hurriedly and takes a train for Liverpool, just as Hawkshaw, the Detective, comes to arrest him. Hawkshaw, the Detective, is again too late.*

Scene III.—A Country Lane.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE [*Entering R. and limping.*]—I've shaved my beard while the train was in rapid motion, add I've changed my clothes, and I've jumped out of the train. And yet I am not happy. I've been reading Austin Dobson's "Ballade of Prodigals" in the train and I'll use his refrain for my big speech on remorse. "Give us, oh, give us but yesterday!" [*Exit L., limping.*]

Scene IV.—"The Chequers," Gaddesden.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE, [*Entering L.*]—My conscience and my left leg are equally painful. I cannot listen to the babble of these simple villagers imitated from M. Sardou's. I'll have a private room. I am dressed as a sailor, and it's what sailors always do.

Scene V.—Room in "The Chequers."

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE, [*Reading a paper.*]—Here is yesterday's London *Times*. Now I shall get all the news. Now I shall know if Hawkshaw, the Detective, has a clue. Great Heavens! I am saved! The train I jumped from is totally destroyed! Terrible Loss of Life! I am supposed to be dead. A Horrible Holocaust! Surely Heaven smiles on me and means to give me another chance. I'll go to America, where nobody knows me, and play three years and six months at Wallack's Theatre.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Skinner's Villa.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE, [*To audience.*]—I'm not on in this scene at all. Although the British dramatists have worked out their idea with ingenuity, they have not taken the trouble to avoid needless changes of scene. So I can't come on at all in this scene. I regret it. Please accept my apologies.

Scene II.—Home of the Imported Mr. Osmond Tearle's wife.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—During my three years and six months in America, I have made money, I am now called "The Silver King" (gold value 82½ cents). So I have disguised myself as Theodore Tilton, aided by the "perruquier to this theatre"—who is what you Americans would call a wigmaker. My wife is starving. So are my Highly Intelligent Kids. I will give money to one of the Highly Intelligent Kids and she will pay the rent, and the audience will be happy once more. [*Does it. The audience is happy.*]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Library at the Lawn, Kensington Park Gardens.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—In this scene I forgive Mr. Buckstone who has forged my name to a check, and I surprise Mr. Hawkshaw, the Detective. He thinks he recognizes me, but nothing comes of it.

Scene II.—The Grange, Gardenhurst.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—In this scene I talk to the Highly Intelligent Kid and my wife begins to have an idea that I am not dead. That's all.

Scene III.—Outside Brake Wharf, Rotherhithe.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—In this scene I'm disguised as a half-witted idiot, because I want to get into a Den of Thieves.

Scene IV.—Black Brake Wharf.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—In this scene I am in the Den of Thieves and in a striking scene. I shall discover my innocence. [*Discovers his innocence.*]

ACT V.

Scene I.—Reception Room at the Lawn.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—This scene is on the programme, but we leave it out, now.

Scene II.—Skinner's Villa.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—It's too bad; but I'm not in this scene, either. Hawkshaw, the Detective, will have the exquisite felicity of seeing the Villain's Wife with her back hair down.

Scene III.—The Grange.

THE IMPORTED MR. OSMOND TEARLE.—I have explained all to my wife, and we are happy. So are the Highly Intelligent Kids. Perhaps my visit to America has made my ear more sensitive to these things; but really it seems to me that my wife always says "Wen" and "Wy" and "Wot," when she means "When" and "Why" and "What." Still, we cannot have everything. Please go home, now, with my blessing, and this moral: When you are going to the devil by the lightning express, get a villain to chloroform you and to make you believe you have killed your man; and then—perhaps—you will reform, as I have done.

ARTHUR PENN.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman entered a Brooklyn car the other evening, and after taking her seat addressed herself to a window-pane opposite to her. In the course of her remarks she said: "I never drank any liquor in me life, and I'll never drink any more till I go home to ould Ireland. 'No Irish nade apply,' indade! Me fine leddy wants a good plain cook, washer and ironer; but she must be Dutch, German or Swade. Faith, it's a wonder, thin, they don't want Prodestan' horses. An Irish Catholic horse wouldn't be good enough to draw thim. Jew or Gintile, they're all alike. And me a mimber av the Land League, too. An' now, ladies and gintlemen," she continued, "if ache av yez will give me five cints I'll buy some whiskey whin I go home, and drink the health of yez all and success to the Land League."

There was no response, and the woman looking around and seeing that the car was empty, exclaimed: "Howly Moses! Nobody left but the conductor! I can't trust meself wid the man. Lave me out; lave me out."

She was left out.

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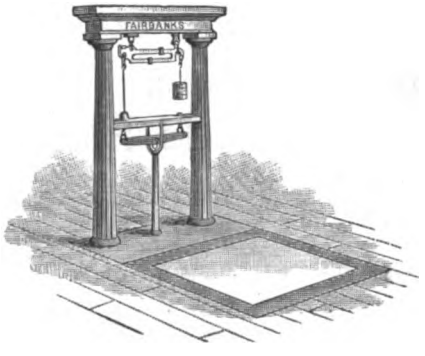

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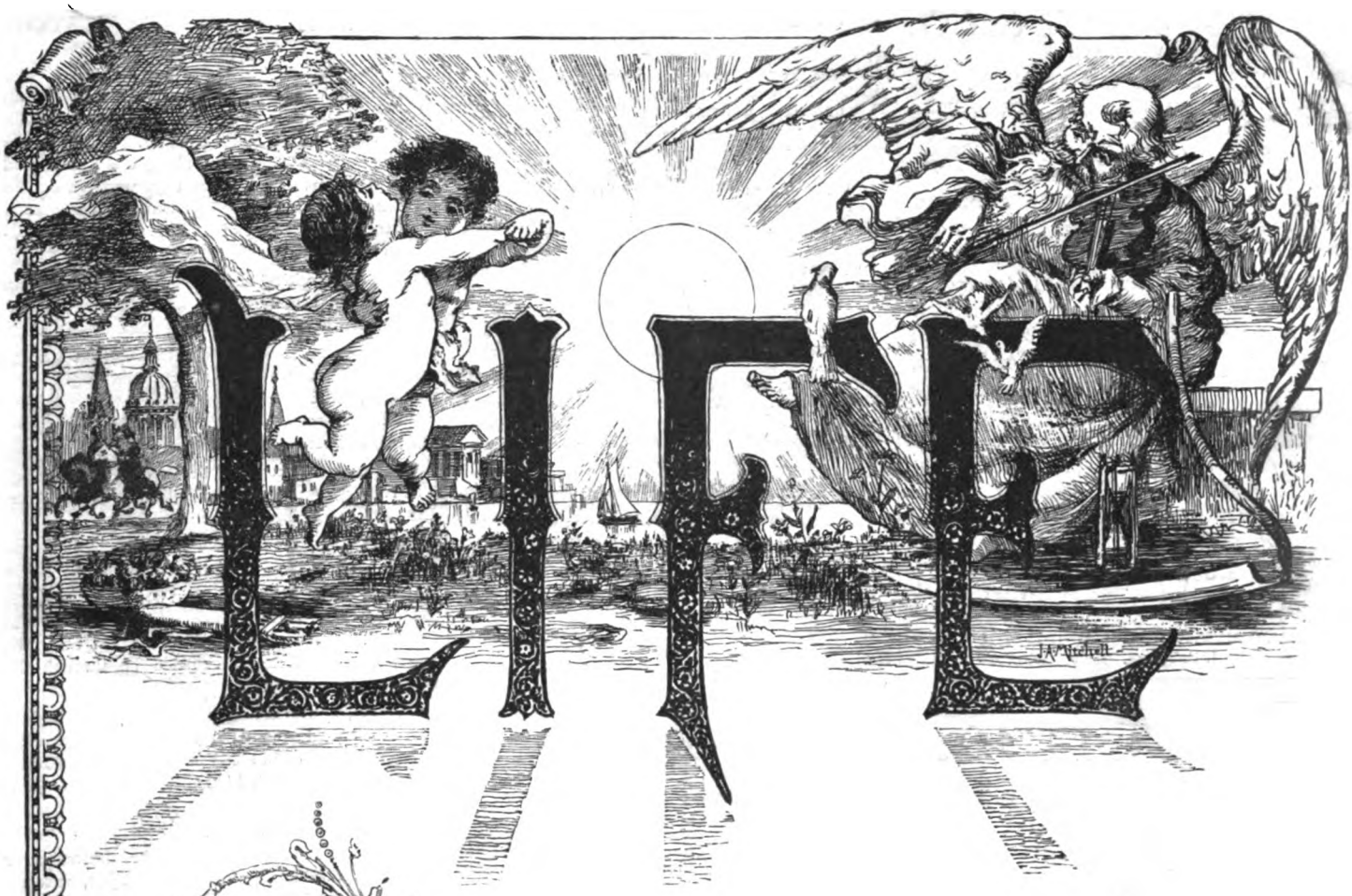

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THE TRAGEDY OF MARSTON MOOR.

THE night was bleak, and the shimmering gleams of the rising moon cast grotesque shadows through the waving trees of Marston Moor. The rain was pouring down in torrents, as along the lonely road bordering upon the dark forests there passed a woman in whose glistening eye a single tear drop hung as if uncertain on which side of her nose to take its downward course.

(Some hypercritical reader may remark that tear drops are not usually allowed this option. Circumstances alter cases. This woman was cross-eyed.)

In her arms (the woman's of course) was a poor wizen-faced babe whose little nose was purple with the cold; its tiny feet were curled lovingly around it's mamma's neck, while it's ten thumbs rested contentedly in its small cooing lips.

"Sleep on, sweet one. Better days are coming. The Norristown *Herald* says "LIFE grows brighter. LIFE is worth living."

"What does the *Tribune* say, ma?" lisped the sleeplng babe.

"The number I saw said LIFE was wholesome, darling; but there, there, close your little peepers and sleep on!" And wrapping her torn shawl about the babe's shivering form, she hurried on through the night.

But stay, what was that dark form running lightly along the borders of yonder glistening lake, now his figure standing out in bold relief before the glowing orb of night, now half hidden behind the trees, onward he comes while his unsuspecting victim paces her lonely path thinking only of the morrow.

The figure of the man, for it is he, draws nearer and nearer, until finally, with a fiendish yell, he seizes the unprotected woman by the throat, and at the same time kidnaps the napping kid.

"Kill me child but spare me," cried the woman in the agony of her fear, for naught was dearer to her than LIFE, which in the language of the N. Y. *Sun*, is 'fresh, vigorous, genial and satisfying.'"

The villian drew from his vest a long dagger, dripping with gore, and with one fell swoop cried out:

"Read LIFE. 'Tis full of lessons for snobs, and is indispensable to lovers of refined, light and airy literature, all for 10 cents. Farewell. I spare your child!"

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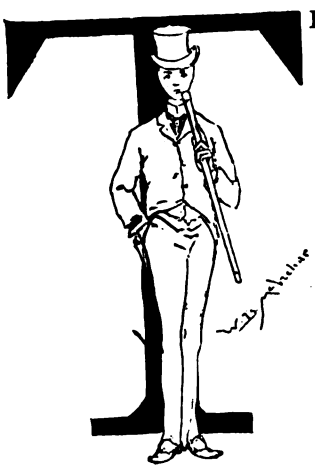
DUDLEY BANGS'S HACK RIDE.

I.



THE shimmer of a soft June morning played over the ornate front of what at one time was the St. Germain Hotel, at Broadway and Twenty-second street, as E. Dudley Bangs stood on the curbing before it, critically inspecting a line of high-priced hacks. A number of drivers surrounded him, cunningly concealing their real designs in honeyed forms of speech, and artfully withholding a statement of those unparalleled prices which render New York hack-driving an amusement for the rich.

"I will take this hack," the young man said at length, indicating No. 1711, which was upholstered in terra cotta; and leaping lightly into the conveyance, he bade the hackman drive to a certain number near the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Fifth avenue.

The door was slammed to with a brisk bang that attracted the attention of a district messenger and a grocer's boy, who betrayed admiration as they stopped to witness the departure. It was a proud moment for young Dudley Bangs. He tried to bury himself in a cold, uninterested manner in a corner, as he had observed persons do who have been long accustomed to travel in conveyances of this superior nature; but matters that he passed were continually drawing his attention, and for the most part his back was straightened and his neck was craned in the process of looking out of the window. He lighted a cigarette, but of course he had barely time for half a dozen whiffs before his journey of one-quarter of a mile was accomplished and the hack, with a fine clatter, was brought up in front of the number indicated.

"What's to pay?" inquired the young man in an offhand manner, as the driver leaped from his seat, threw the door open, and touched his hat respectfully to Dudley Bangs, who stepped upon the pavement with a thrill of pleasure playing down his back.

"Eleven dollars, sir," the hackman softly replied.

Dudley Bangs staggered and grasped the area railing for support. A deathly paleness overspread his face.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired the hackman, who was startled by these alarming symptoms.

"W-wait!" gasped the young man, feebly waving the hackman back. "I shall be gone but a few moments;" and recovering himself by a Spartan effort, he ascended the steps of No. — and rung the bell. The door almost instantly swung open and he disappeared.

II.

GERTRUDE STEBBINS was one of those peculiarly interesting women who are made possible by the fact of the existence of the State of Ohio. She was in New York on account of the temporary submergence of Cincinnati by a freshet. She was a woman of an earnest, determined nature, who permitted no obstacle to stand between her and the semi-annual visits which for some years she had been in the habit of making to Tiffany's and Lord & Taylor's. If a 66-ft. flood came to her assistance she was grateful, but it was not necessary to her. Allied with this nature was a soft, melting deportment; it was the velvet padding hiding feline claws. She loved Dudley Bangs. Her love for him was traceable partly to the fact of his having been educated in an Eastern college, and partly to his possession of that great beauty of voice and pronunciation which came of his being a native of Maine. She knew that he was incapable of investing the letter "r" with those miraculous and weird embellishments of sound which are universally accorded to it in the State of Ohio; and her heart went forth to him without option of her's the moment she observed this creditable inability on the part of the young scholar. The one shadow that darkened her prospect, in so far as he was concerned therewith, consisted in the fear that he would not be frugal enough in his treatment of himself to insure to her the means that she desired for her own comfort. This thought was in her mind when Dudley Bangs rang the door bell; and as she rose to go to him she could not rid herself of the oppression of a sense that the casual mental impression that had occurred to her was in the nature of an omen. Misgivings are the fenders hung by Providence about a woman's heart. But she dissembled.

"My Dudley!"

This was the exclamation of Gertrude Stebbins as, with arms extended, she moved noiselessly toward him

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over the thick Turkish rugs that were scattered along the drawing-room floor.

"Glad to see you—very—I'm sure," Dudley Bangs replied.

Under the circumstances this was awkward, if not rude; but she appeared not to notice it.

"Yes?" she rejoined, taking his hands, one in each of hers, and holding her head coquettishly on one side. Then she held her head straight and smiled, looking full into his eyes. "My Dudley!" she repeated.

"Do you happen," said the young man, very awkwardly indeed, and avoiding her gaze, "to have sixty-five cents about your person?"

It had come. The girl dropped his hands and slowly withdrew from him. Her face grew cold and her eyes became cruel. "Certainly," she replied, "Why do you ask?"

"I—I came from Twenty-second street in a cab," he stammered, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, "with only $10.35 in my pocket. The fellow wants $11.00.

There was no reply. He waited, but still there was none. He ventured to glance at her. She had drawn herself up to her full superb height, and stood pointing at the door.

"I'm only short—that is, it's only sixty-five cents I want," he gasped, a great chill seizing upon his heart.

No answer. None, save that conveyed in the rigid, awful attitude, and in the cruel, strong stare.

He slunk from the room.

III.

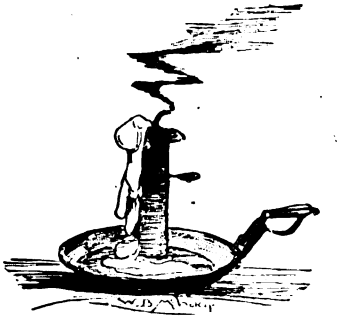
"Would you kindly bring up the letter?"

The request was made by Dudley Bangs. He was learning over the top stair rail in the house in which he had his lodgings, and the request was addressed to his landlady. It was a month after the occurrence of the events narrated in the last chapter. The voice of the young man was very feeble and plaintive to the last degree. The letter was from Cincinnati. He received it, thanked her sincerely, and retired with it to his small and poorly furnished apartment. The July twilight was shut out by the tall buildings across the way. He drew the stained and shrunken shade over the single window of his room, and lighting the remnant of a candle, staggered rather than walked to his bed, where he laid himself, placing the candle so that it would afford him light by which to read.

"DUDLEY:—Every day for the past fortnight I have sat by my aunt's grave. I do not know why I have done this; but the reason is unnecessary in view of the fact. If you still foolishly cherish hopes of becoming possessor of my hand, relinquish them. I am unworthy of you, and you do not come up to my standard. The revelation that came to me when last I saw you, and that all but broke my heart, still worries me, as a matter of its enormity naturally would worry one who once upon a time had an interest in—— but never mind that. Love is fled. In friendship I say to you: Gamble, Dudley; waste your time, your substance and your energy by intemperance in drink; sever yourself from association with nice people—but do not relinquish hope by putting your neck under the Juggernaut of the New York hack system. I enclose to you the balance which you asked when you unburdened yourself before me by a confession of your shame. Henceforth we are strangers, forever. But with tears I shall water the roses that grow on my aunt's grave; and there shall ascend for you, as long as the breath for their urgency remains with me, the prayers of GERTRUDE."

At midnight the letter and the hand that had held it lay motionless upon the counterpane. The money of which the letter spoke was scattered here and there. It was this which which had been the cause of the extra postage. It was a very white, a very still hand. The will that governed it has ceased. The soul of its master had floated forth from its tenement, even as the spiral of smoke from the spent candle—tipped by a moonbeam that had slipped through a rent in the curtain and fallen like a lost ray of the aurora athwart the silent darkness of the room—was ascending.

E. D. B.



THE CO-EDUCATED GIRL.

THE old watchword of the conservative church, "Do you want your daughter to marry a nigger," has given place to the equally thrilling inquiry, "Do you want to marry a co-educated girl?" Young persons of assorted sexes and tints have not been found in large number exchanging tender vows in the shade of the Civil Rights Bill, and there is no catch of African descent in American society unless it be the Malagassy embassador. Let us trust that the shadowy fear of the co-educated girl may be dispelled by the march of events at Columbia. To the ascetic imagination of the rector of Trinity the co-educated girl appears clothed in the terrors of a bull-terrier and a latchkey, and exhaling a faint odor as of cloves. These, indeed, are the fruits plucked from the tree of knowledge by members of the male sex, but it does not follow that there are no caramels to be gathered from its rustling boughs by the female of our species when mounted on the step-ladder of the higher education. Let us devoutly hope there are, for of a surety co-education is coming. The doctor of divinity who hesitates is lost, and Doctor Dix, who in his capacity of Lenten lecturer deplores the aspirations of the female mind, in his capacity of trustee of Columbia has paltered with the accursed thing, and suggested that these aspirations might be fulfilled—in an annex. The ques-

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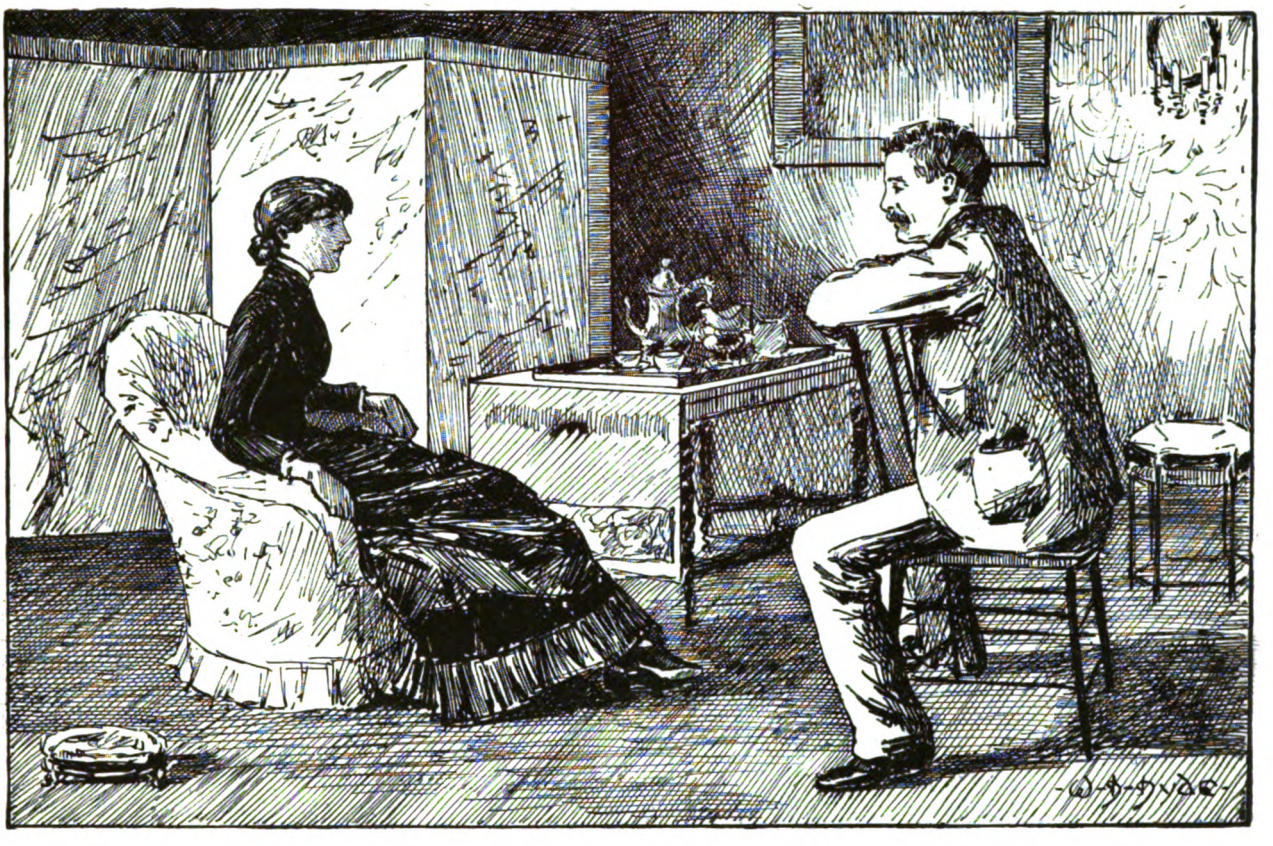

SINGULAR TASTES.

Augustus Wall of Wall St.: OLD JONES DIED TO-DAY AND HE LEFT OVER $100,000—BUT IT WAS ALL IN CATS AND DOGS.

Miss Budd (unversed in stock expressions): DEAR ME! HE MUST HAVE BEEN FOND OF PETS.

---

tion of the annexation of sexes, if we may be allowed the expression, is not far removed from the question of the co-education of sexes, and examinations of young women for degrees are distinctly suggested without stamping out the horrible inference of co-examination. It is explicitly stated that women are to have diplomas, and what is the difference, in principle, between a girl with a diploma from a man's college and an openly co-educated girl? A diploma is as effectual as a young man on the next bench for rubbing off the bloom of maidenly reserve and substituting a tendency to glasses and goloshes. The mischief began when a knowledge of the alphabet was imparted to woman. The slender rill of learning has become an impetuous torrent which beats down all the barriers of Dr. Dix. Let us make a last and desperate stand upon the three R's, ere it is forever too late. When once women are permitted to know as much as men without incurring a burning public indignation, it will be idle and unavailing to inquire how and where they learned it.

A CURIOUS MEDICAL FACT.—The man who wears ready-made clothing seldom has fits.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, of England, has accepted an invitation to be present at the next annual meeting of the New York State Bar Association to be held "at the Capitol, the City of Albany, on the third Tuesday, being the nineteenth day of September next;" and he has graciously accepted the invitation, conditional upon some disease from which he suffers permitting him to come. The invitation has apparently been sent for the purpose of making "a new era in legal annals" (something needed in this country); but nothing is said as to the manner in which Lord Coleridge is to be received when he appears on deck after his voyage, in his flowing wig, scarlet robe, ermine cape and gold chain. The letter of invitation is signed by seven "leading lawyers," and begins, "My Lord." Should they not have written "Our Lord?" or will they drill themselves like the female chorus in a comic opera and advance in serried file exclaiming in unison, "Good morrow, my Lord?" Any one can write a letter without embarrassment, but it takes courage to meet a man in a scarlet gown and a wig who has been imported for the purpose of making his mark on a new era in legal annals.

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SCRAPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Dedicated to Mr. Plunger Walton and the Street Cleaning Brigade.)

AMORETTE AND OUBLIETTE.

TOM AUCASSIN loved Lady Ann
As Nicolette would make you—
Said Lady Ann, wait five years, man,
And then, perhaps, I'll take you.

Aucassin bowed and left the crowd
As a reserve adorer—
And Ann was loud and fast and proud,
And Fashion knelt before her.

Sweet nothings cloyed, the world grew void,
She turned to her old lover—
Alack-a-day! Aucassin lay,
Potted in churchyard clover.

His green deathbed she left to wed
The head of the Montmorencis—
And many years she lived in tears
And modern conveniences.

ADVICE TO MATCH-MAKING MAMMAS.—First catch your heir.

ANSWERED.

MR. WILLIE MALHEUREUX RAKE entertained on Monday evening an audience that filled Liberty Hall by a vigorous and manly protest against the Lenten discourses of the Rev. Sorghum Hicks on the advisability of keeping males in their present sphere.

Many members of the Men's Wrongs Society were present, and the speaker's reply to the reverend agitator was ushered in by some Græco-Roman wrestling and a reading from Dr. Dio Lewis' tract on the health-lift, in which a weak-kneed man is compared to a bifurcated boiled carrot.

Housekeeping was Mr. Rake's theme, and he began by saying that Dr. Hicks lived in a boarding-house—in a mere cow-heel-and-tripe elevator.

The Doctor had no more sympathy with modern housekeeping than a cave-dweller. The way folks keep house now just petrified him. The wife takes charge of the entire camp, and advertises it, too, on her visiting cards. The poor, downtrodden man carries up all the coals, and curses the day he became a father.

The old gentleness toward men had passed away. A century ago, when a lady asked a gentleman to match three kinds of plush by a sample of thread, she said "Please." Now, she says, "You are sure to get it wrong; you never did know enough to discard the shells in eating eggs!"

The remedy for this state of things lies in the higher education of men. Imagine a lady brought up in striped trowsers, and with her head crammed full of arithmetic and billiards, not allowed to wear hairpins nor to go shopping with her mother. What sort of a mother would she make at forty-five? It proves the superiority of men that they dare to marry at all, considering how little they know. Not one in twenty can tell a gusset from bandoline.

Mr. Rake then paid his respects to Dr. Hicks' views on co-education. He forgot that a boy couldn't keep up with a girl because he couldn't have a headache, and go home when the recitations were too hard. He failed to see that even in recreations the boys always got the bat and had to work, while the girls sat in groups and compared jewelry; that the boys had all the toilsome labor of tying tomato cans to the tails of dogs, while the girls passively ate candy and told fibs about their several mothers' wardrobes. The Doctor had spoken of the spectres in the houses of the Nation; but where one man had been driven to the hedge, a hundred women had cleaned house, both spring and fall. During a period of three months in New York, three women had left their homes and 463 men. This was shameful. Think of those 463 men left disconsolate by those three women.

"And shall I tell you," asked Mr. Rake, "of the women who have poisoned their husbands in this city? The evening would not be long enough for a recital of what they did it with. Pie, fried steak, hash, mothers-in-law; but why go on? The record is sickening. Yet does one ever see in a newspaper the head-line, 'Another Husband Murder'? I would like to see the married editor who would dare to print it."

Mr. Rake did not know "what society this learned man had kept," but if he would step around to his place he would find how warm a house could be made, and (in confidence) he could show him scars which would prove that if education were to teach women to aim higher, his head, and even his face, would be marked. He could show the Reverend agitator the beauties and calm quiet of old age stealing over married life. His mother-in-law was now over seventy, and was daily growing weaker and more uncertain with missiles. She would ere long seek the golden shore. He didn't know how the shore would stand it, but he felt sure of the old lady.

Mr. Rake closed his address by an impassioned appeal on behalf of his downtrodden and despised sex.

FAVORITE NOVEL WITH POLITICIANS.—"Put Yourself in His Place."

A "UNITARIAN"—one who believes in only one church service on Sunday.

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PUIR JANET'S PLAINT.

Suggested by Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comedy, "Engaged."

THE laverock carols i' the lift,
The sparklin' burnie warbles free,
The roses bloom on ilka brae—
Yet a' is changed to me!

Nae mair I list the laverock's sang;
I heed nae mair the bonnie burn.
Och! willawins! for vanish'd joys
That never can return!

An' wha wull cheer my waesome lot?
An' wha my brakin' heart can bind?
Nae licht can pierce this murky gloom,
Or soothe this troubled mind.

'Twas on a leesome simmer morn
That sonsy Donald cam' to woo,
And 'neath the bendin' birken boughs
Fu' fondly tauld his lo'e.

He tauld me o' his highlan' hame,
His hoard o' gowd, his fouth o' lan';
He wyled my simple, trustfu' heart,
An' won my maiden han'.

An' sae, while anguish wrung my breast,
While tear-draps blinded baith mine e'en,
I brak' my plighted troth wi' James
McArran Puttypreen.

Untenty lassie that I was!
For Jamie hath gude store o' gear;
An' now he's gane ayont the glen
To wed wi' Jean McSkier.

An' I hae learned that Donald lees;
He hasna saxpence till his name;
The title till his lan's nae gude—
His brither hauds a claim.

Nae ither lo'e for me can bloom,
My virgin heart I've gien awa';
I never lo'ed twa lads as I
Hae lo'ed thae laddies twa!

Ye gentle souls, wha list my sang,
Was e'er a lass sae sair betrayed?
I'll mourn thro' leelang days an' nichts,
A puir, deluded maid!

SANDY MCQUINTOCK.

"WHO breaks pays," as the beat said to the street car conductor.

IDEA FOR THE FANCY-BALL.—Tie your grandmother's silk patchwork quilt around your neck and go as a deranged rainbow.

THE truly wise is he who conforms to the popular error.

PERFECT cynicism is as rare—and as uncomfortable to get along with—as perfect honesty.

ONE by one our weather prophets
Fade and die;
Weather only knoweth of its
How and why.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Mr. Crœsus Borewell: IS YOUR SISTER AT HOME?

Miss Sally (who has heard Mr. B. discussed in the family): NO.

Mr. C. B.: THEN WILL YOU PLEASE SEE THAT SHE GETS THESE FLOWERS?

Miss E.: YES, I'LL TAKE THEM RIGHT UP TO HER; SHE'LL BE DELIGHTED.

WILLIAM GRAHAM, aged fifteen years, has been admitted to the bar at Catersville, Ga. He ought to be successful in addressing juries. As Tennyson might have said, "An infant crying in the court, his language but a cry."

A LONG pedigree and extreme old age are alike in this, that they are remarkable only in those who have nothing else that is admirable.

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HOW doth through the streets the bold exile of Erin,
With high hat and collar exultant in starch,
Having stowed a preliminary whiskey or beer in,
Take under his banners his (seventeenth of) March!

Behold the proud Marshal all swathed in regalia,
With a sash that eclipses the late comet's tail,
A bouquet of shamrocks, each huge as a dahlia,
And a badge like the lid of a sixteen-quart pail.

Observe on the frieze our success in narrating
The tail of the coat that each bold exile wears,
Made long that a gentleman seeking a bating
Can tread on it easily if he but dares.

A health to Saint Patrick with, added, the warning
At which need no sensible exile be vexed,
When you think about Patrick, his day in the morning,
Beware lest the morning in question's the next!

Design for Mural Decoration of the Interior of a Club-Room of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

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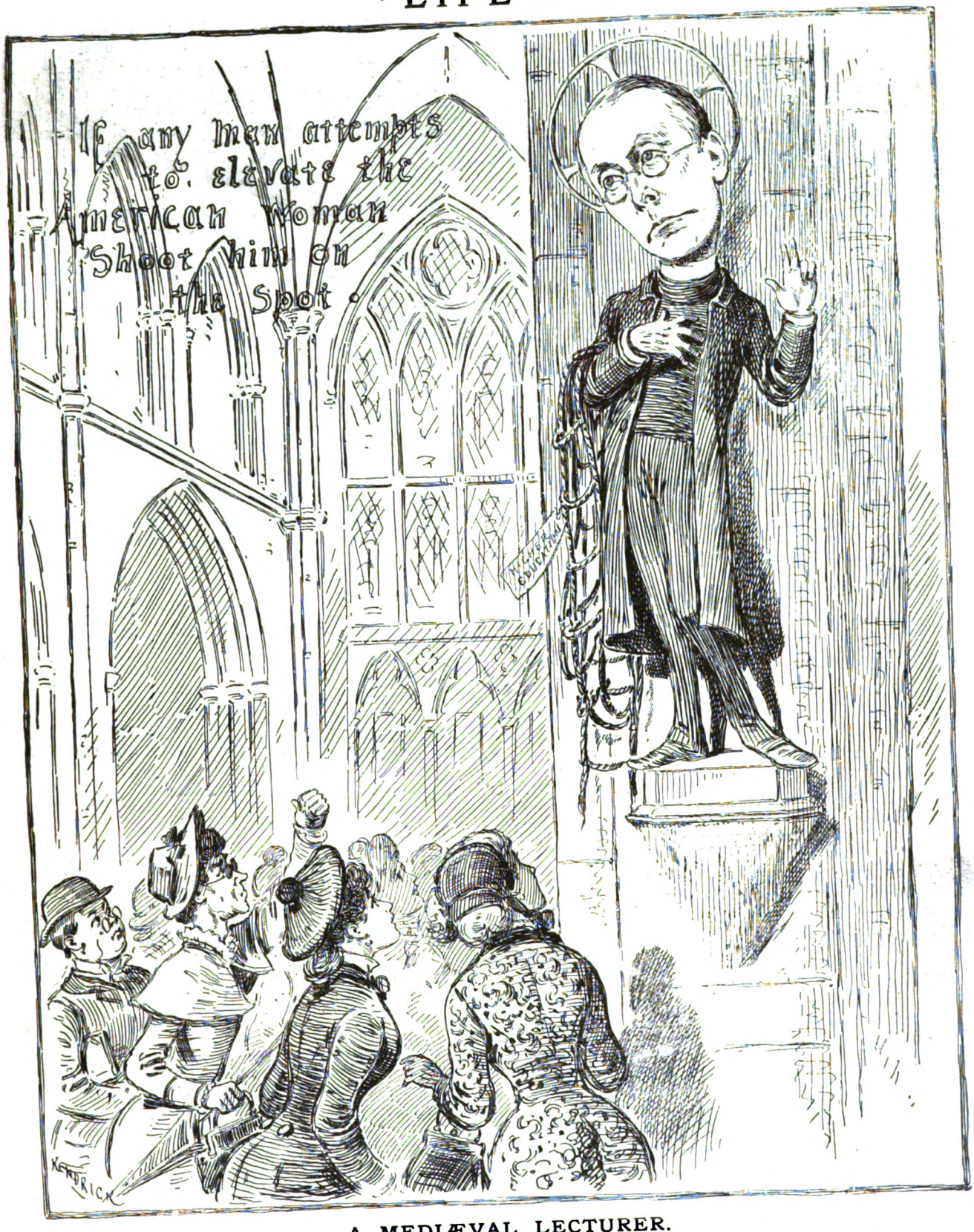

A MEDIÆVAL LECTURER.

WE CANNOT LET YOU UP HERE, LADIES. IT IS A DIZZY HEIGHT AND UNFIT FOR YOU; AND, BESIDES, THERE IS NO ROOM.

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HER LIGHT GUITAR.

SHE twankled a tune on her light guitar—
A low, sweet jangle of tangled sounds,
As blurred as the voices of fairies are,
Dancing in moon-dawn dales and downs;
And the tinkling drip of the strange refrain
Ran o'er the rim of my soul like rain.

The great blonde moon in the midnight skies
Paused and poised o'er the trellis eaves,
And the stars, in the light of her upturned eyes,
Sifted their love through the rifted leaves—
Glinted and splintered in crystal mist
Down the glittering strings that her fingers kissed.

O the melody mad! O the tinkle and thrill
Of the ecstacy of the exquisite thing!
The red rose dropped from the window-sill
And lay in a long swoon quivering;
While the dying notes of the strain divine
Rippled in glee up my spell-bound spine.

J. W. RILEY.

BOOKISHNESS.

A TEUTONIC professor has published a volume of fiction, and he calls it "Only a Word." Probably if he were to write a sentence, he would bring it out in a magazine as a serial.

"ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE" is the name of the latest volume in the International Scientific Series. It is an imported English book and is therefore wholly deficient in humorous statistics on the heel-power of the Kentucky mule.

M. LE VICOMTE D'HAUSSONVILLE has recently put forth in Paris his highly pleasant impressions of these United States. He calls them "A Travers les Etats-Unis." The stuttering humorist of New York will be pleased to see his name used as a title.

THERE is a book not long published called "Short Sayings of Great Men." We shall be glad to learn whether or not it contains the short sayings made by Ulysses Simpson Grant when he put the hot end of his cigar in his mouth. If it does contain this short saying, then the volume is unfit for circulation in the Sunday-school classes—while the teacher is looking.

THE publishers of the *Publisher's Weekly* have recently published (tautalogy?) a little book called "Books for the Young" (tautology again, but it can't be helped). Why waste time discussing what are the best books for the young when everybody knows that the best books for young and old—next to Shakespeare and the dictionary—are pocket-books, well lined with greenbacks? These are bound to please.

THERE is a new edition of the poetical works of Mr. John Milton now for sale. Mr. Milton was private secretary to Gen. Oliver Cromwell when the latter gentleman was Protector to the Commonwealth of England. It was while holding this position that Mr. Milton gained his intimate knowledge of practical politics, which led him to describe two Henchmen of some local Boss as being "Thick as thieves in Vallambrosa."

IN the March number of the *Atlantic* Monthly Mr. Harry Jim (if we may be thus familiar) has an essay on the acting of Signor Tomaso Salvini. It is an exhaustive criticism and almost as exhaustive as the Italian author's *Othello*. But there is no need to waste words in describing the success in America of this great histrionic artist, for we may adopt and adapt the phrase of his distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. J. Cesar, and say Sal-vini, vidi, vici.

NEW NOVELS.

"AN HONORABLE SURRENDER."—Your money or your life.

"DUST."—The result of Walton's gentle angle in the streets of New York.

"THE VIRGINIA COMEDIANS."—General Mahone and the Readjusters.

"THE SIEGE OF LONDON."—The Taking of the Tower, by the American novelists.

"A GENTLE SAVAGE."—The best Indian is a dead Indian.

A HUE-ER OF WOOD AND A DRAW-ER OF WATER.—The landscape painter.

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Drink the New Pierian Spring Water—$2 a Vase.

PARNASSUS ADVERTISED.

"My *Century!* Is't true that what we see
You do, was always done?"

A. de Musset.

THE *Century Magazine* has at last followed the example of the New York *Weekly*, and begun to print instalments of its stories as advertisements. In the Boston *Herald* of January 25th we notice the greater part of Chapter 1, of Howells' new masterpiece, inserted as paying matter, somewhat as follows:

A WOMAN'S REASON.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," Etc.

The day had been very oppressive, and at 5:30 in the afternoon the heat had scarcely abated, to the perception of Mr. Joshua Harkness, as he walked heavily up the Park Street Mall, in Boston Common. When he came opposite the Brewer Fountain, with its four seasons of severe drought, he stopped short and stared at the bronze group, with its insufficient dribble—(His daughter had been taking an ice cream, chocolate and strawberry mixed, at COPELAND'S, and is admitted by the cook). She moaned as she flew, and dropped upon her knees beside him, and cooed. "Was it like the last time?" asked Helen. "Yes," said her father. "A little more like?" "I don't think it was more severe," said Mr. Harkness, thoughtfully—(his accounts were confused). She looked at him through a mist that gathered and fell in silent drops from her eyes, so that she did not see him check a gasp. "I suppose we all have our accounts, one way or other, and they get confused like yours." "Do you mean that you have broken with him finally, Helen?" asked her father, gravely. "I don't know whether you call it finally," said Helen, "but I told him it was no use—not just in those words—and that he ought to forget me; and I was afraid I wasn't equal to it; and that I couldn't see my way to it clearly; and unless I could see my way clearly, I oughtn't to go on any longer. I wrote to him last week." Here the storm broke, and Helen gave her lamentable laugh again, sobbed, dried the fresh tears with her handkerchief, which she had mechanically shaped into a rabbit, like a tall flower beaten in the wind.

The story, from the first chapter of which the above extracts are made, is begun in the mid-winter (February) number of the *Century Magazine*. It will be an international novel, dealing with the problems of caste and of self-help among women. Real soda-water fountains will be used; real localities will be mentioned, known to every one who spends a day in the city, and characters familiar to the common reader. A large part of the scene in a real city ice cream saloon; and the villain plays real billiards, with real balls. This is a finer art than Dickens' and Thackeray's. The *Century* is for sale by all dealers—price 35 cents. Subscription price of the nine numbers (February to October, 1883) containing this novel, $3. Order of your dealer.

Well, well! Next we shall see, on the fences:—

Half way down the by-street of one of our New England towns, stands a rusty wooden house, with seven acutely peaked gables, facing towards various points of the compass, and a large clustered chimney in the midst. The street is Pynchon street; the house is the old Pynchon house; and an elm tree, of wide circumference, rooted before the door, is familiar to every town-born child by the title of the Pynchon elm. On my occasional visits to the town aforesaid, I seldom fail to turn down——" [The continuation of this mysterious and weird tale, by the author of the "Scarlet Letter," will be found in the next number of the *Atlantic Weakly*, and its revelations are expected to touch on social matters connected with some of our proudest families. Now is the time to subscribe.]

Or even, perhaps, read in the Personal column of the *Herald*:—

A NEW STORY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE!

BY ONE OF THE UPPER TEN.

One fine morning, in the full London season, Major Arthur Pendennis came over from his lodgings, according to his custom, to breakfast at a certain club in Pall Mall, of which he was a chief ornament. At a quarter past ten the major invariably made his appearance in the best blacked boots in all London, with a checked morning cravat that never was rumpled until dinner-time; a buff waistcoat, which bore the crown of his sovereign on the buttons, and linen so spotless that Mr. Brummell himself asked the name of his laundress.

Messrs. Kidd, Munro & Co., Publishers.

To such as are familiar with the inner circles of the *crême de la crême*, the author of the above lines needs no introduction; to others, he will be a new and startling revelation. Price 20 cents. Sold everywhere.

"Publicity! Publicity! Thou art at once the meed and measure of excellence in our democracy. Are you an artist? Advertise. Are you a presidential aspirant? Make yourself known. Are you a preacher? Make your name public. Are you an actress? Make yourself public. So things may go on with culture until, as we pass up the East River on a Sound steamer, we read, on the rocks of Blackwell's Island, under

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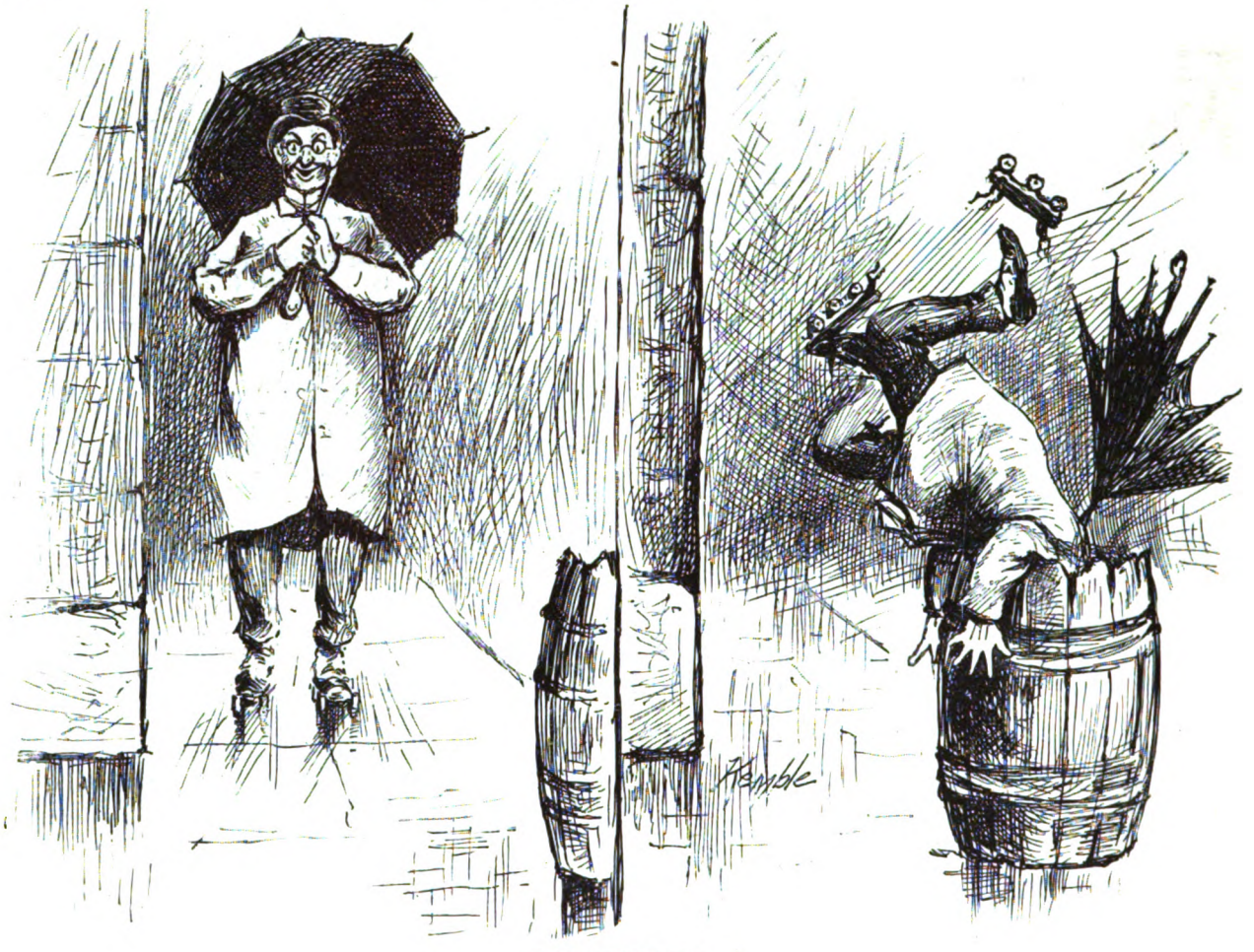


CORNERED.

"WITH A WIND AT YOUR BACK IT IS AS GOOD AS A SLEIGH RIDE," *remarked Old Snoggins, as he glided over the pavement on a pair of roller skates.*

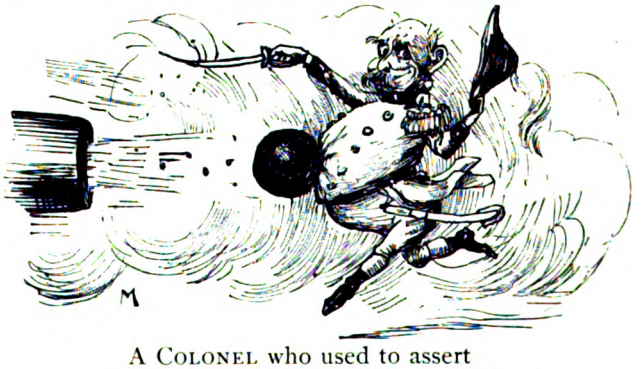
But it entirely escaped his memory that cross winds always prevail at street corners.

advertisements of Pyle's O. K. Soap, and Eno's Fruit Salt, or a lecture by Oscar Wilde:

THE INSENSIBLE PLANT!

"Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest of them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;
And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold——(See next number of the *Police Gazette* for the conclusion of this thrilling poem, by Shelley, the great ATHEIST. They sell it on YOUR BOAT.

OUT from the leaves of my "Lucille"
Falls a faded violet.
Sweet and faint as its fragrance, steal
Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"
Tender memories, and I feel
A sense of longing and regret.
Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"
Falls a faded violet. WALTER LEARNED.



A COLONEL who used to assert
That naught his digestion could hurt,
Was forced to admit
That his weak point was hit,
When they gave him hot shot for dessert.

THE best voice for a funeral hymn;—a burytone.

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LAST WEEK I saw two plays which dealt with the persecution of the Jewish race. One of them, the newer, aroused the sympathies of the audience for the hounded Hebrews; the other play held the Jew up to ridicule and contempt. Both houses were crowded; but though the audience was more demonstrative at the modern play, it was very much larger at the older.

The modern drama was Bartley Campbell's "Siberia;" William Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," with Lawrence Barrett, the more ancient. Unfortunately, the only moral I can draw from all this is that Bartley Campbell has probably not quite reached the Shakespearian standard yet, and that Lawrence Barrett can fill the Grand Opera House at fifty cents a head, when two years ago he could not draw paying audiences to the Park Theater at a dollar and a half. There seems to be a little sub-moral concealed about here somewhere; but I will not wrestle with it now. This I will say: "Siberia" is a much better play than many of the penny-dreadful English melodramas that have been produced here recently.

"MICAELA" has just been withdrawn from the Standard. With J. H. Ryley, George Sweet and Miss Marie Conron in the cast, a chorus of sixty and a brass band on the stage, my first impression was that it far eclipsed "Heart and Hand" at the Bijou. But the rest of the cast fell far below the Bijou average, and it was a toss-up whether the inanities of the Bijou libretto were not preferable to the *risqué-ness* of the sharper and more concise text at the Standard, and even George Sweet, despite his splendid voice, failed to sing the "Song of the Helmet" with the snap and vigor that Digby Bell put into it. Ryley's conception of the "King" was much superior to Howson's, however, and Miss Conron sang with much sweetness and refinement. But they could not make the opera a success. To night Manager Duff revives "Pinafore," for which the cast is much better adapted.

COMIC OPERA has been the rule at the Fifth Avenue for the last few weeks: the Thalia, "Countess Dubarry" Company, then the "Boston Ideals" in a round of operas, and now "Iolanthe," by the James Barton Company. The red, red rose which blossomed in Acting-Manager Zimmerman's buttonhole on the first night but faintly typifies the blooming prosperity of this really very fine production of Gilbert and Sullivan's latest work. There is a uniformity of excellence in the cast that is quite refreshing, after the raggedness in that particular that distinguishes so many comic-opera companies.

THE gratifying success of Manager Daly's "7-20-8" has induced him to invest in a bright, new sign, which nightly graces the vestibule of the theatre. It contains these startling words:

NO STANDING ROOM!

POINDEXTER NIBBS.

THE PERENNIAL ENSIGN.

The Old Guard dyes but never surrenders.

THE HISTORY OF A TITLE.

FEB. 15th (A great storm prophesied by an obscure Canadian).—Wigin.

Feb. 26th (Great storm's details clearly given).—WIGGINS.

March 1st (Public attention aroused).—E. STONE WIGGINS.

March 2d (Storm definitely fixed for March 9th).—PROF. E. STONE WIGGINS.

March. 5th (Great public excitement. Column Special in all daily papers).—PROF. E. STONE WIGGINS, PH.D., LL.D., M.D., D.D., ETC.

March 8th (The eve of the fatal day).—THE DISTINGUISHED METEROLOGIST AND PROPHET, PROFESSOR E. STONE WIGGINS, F.R.S., K.T., LL.D., M.D., F.R.G.S., ETC., ETC., ETC.

March 9th (No storm).—Wiggins.

March 10th (Loud cries of "Who is he?" "Look him up!" "Hang him!" etc).

HORACE said that in his time people, when asked to sing, had to be pressed, but, once beginning, would not leave off. We forgot to mention the young men in the Roman street-cars, who were not asked to hum or whistle, but who would all the same, and would not leave off either.

THE Germans are much given to quinine and gentian, because, naturally, they are a two-tonic people.

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A DOLEFUL BALLAD.

RIGHT MERRILY SET DOWN.

I.

(*Being an epitaph duly recorded in the State of Maine, U. S. A.*)

"OUR little one to Heaven is gone,
And sad and lonely our fate is:
She was afflicted with cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis."

II.

(*Being the addition of a sprightly young lady, greatly pained by the deficiency of rhyme.*)

"Twas sad to lose our baby so,
But the reflection sweet is,
She's gone where there's no cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis."

III.

(*Explanatory stanza, added by our own professional poet, to explain the cause of the untimely demise.*)

The doctors stood all in a row;
The tan upon the street is;
They knew it not as cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis.

IV.

(*Second explanatory stanza setting forth the culpable negligence of the medical attendants in not making an accurate diagnosis.*)

The fell disease that laid her low,
Discussed in many a treatise,
Is there set down as cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis.

V.

(*Third explanatory stanza, suggesting that perhaps it was the extraordinary rapidity of the progress of the disease which blinded the physicians to the fatal truth.*)

From Maine to distant Idaho,
The telegraph most fleet is;
But it's not as swift as cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis.

VI.

(*Fourth explanatory stanza, supplied without extra charge by our own professional poet, to call the reader's attention casually to the certainty of our ultimate decease and to the possible means whereby we may die.*)

Death deals to all a final blow;
His ravage most complete is;
He comes disguised as cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis.

VII.

(*Final stanza of suggesting comfort and consolation, all included in the price.*)

What's one man's poison, we all know,
Another man's best meat is;
Perhaps some thrive on cerebro-
Spinal-meningitis.

A. Z.

A WOMAN will tell a secret to *you*, "because *you are different*;" but to nobody else, of course.

"*Oh we fell out, I know not why.*"
—TENNYSON.

THE GERMAN SOCIAL QUESTION.—Canst thou take the hook out of the nose of Levi Nathan.

WATER IS FATTENING.—That is why the stockholders of Western Union are "bloated."

THE devout six-year-old who prayed, "Good by, Lord, I am going to New Jersey for a fortnight," evidently knew whereof he petitioned, young as he was.

FORCE OF INSTINCT.—A cat having lost her kittens follows a mutton pie man.

HEARTLESS.

THE Boston *Sunday Herald*, of Feb. 18, has the following item:

"The physicians of ex-Gov. Head, of New Hampshire, report that he is in a critical condition. His friends hope that he will be able soon to take a tropical journey."

A FABLE IN FOUR LINES.

The June bug sang its old, old tune,
As it settled down on the neck of the Dey;
And rare were the oaths he spake—they say.

MORAL.

And what is so rare as a Dey in June?

A "RETIRING" girl is like a skilful general—she retreats to invite an advance on her enemy's part.

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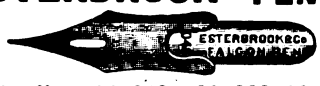

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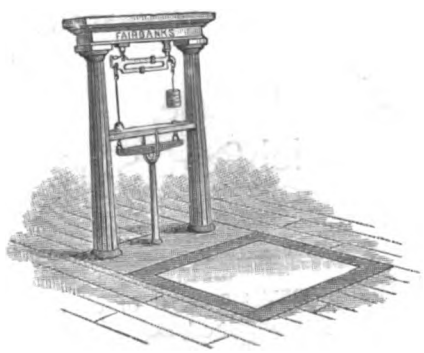

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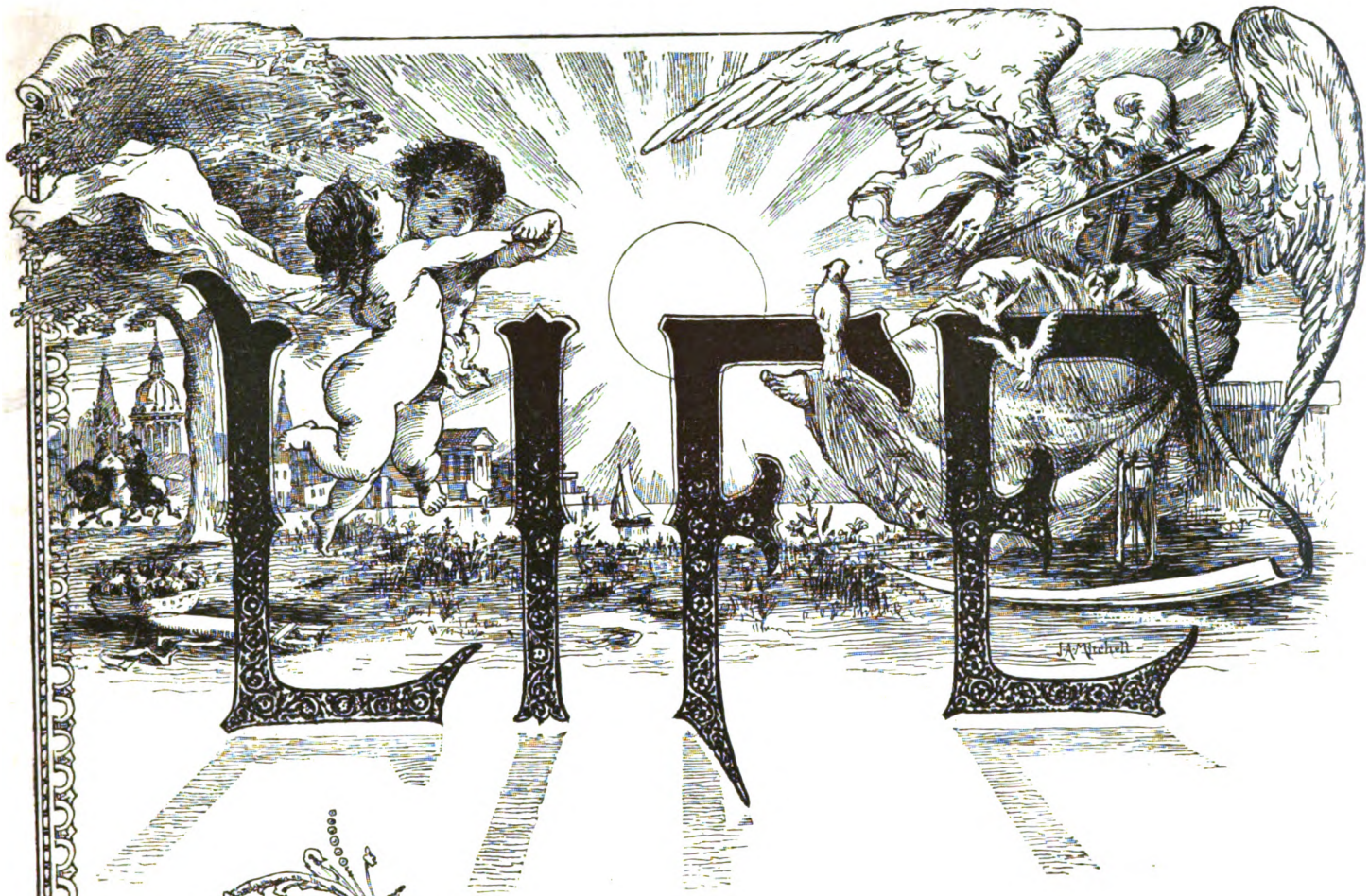

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LORD BLIZZARD.

"AH, yes; he was a real Lord," said Smith to me, "not like the bogus one, who fled precipitately from his host's house in Benton, to avoid detection, but the genuine article. The bogus one was vastly amusing, for a man's wits must be pretty well burnished, when he lives by them, but this Lord was grandly awful and as dull as could be. We knew that he was real, for no adventurer could have been such a bore. He brought letters to Racket, who put him down at the club, and gave him a little dinner. The Englishman was beautifully dressed— it was some years ago—so that everything he had on was a surprise to us;—from his piqué shirt, his diagonal evening clothes, to his single stud and pointed shoes. The cold gleam of his single eye-glass depressed us all so that we could not talk until the friendly champagne set our tongues a-wagging.

"What are your impressions of America"? asked Racket, as we settled back in our chairs after dinner.

"The cab fares in New York are perfectly outrageous," replied the real Lord. "The beggars had the impudence to charge me five of your dollars, somewhat over a sovereign, for taking me from the steamship to my hotel, and they broke my hat-box and top-hat by throwing my portmanteau upon them. The hat-box was Simples', 15 Charing Cross, W. C., the only man to get a hat-box from; my hat was from the only hatter in London, Trass, 17 Maddox Lane, Piccadilly, and you can fancy what a wreck the two were, when I tell you that my portmanteau was of Fortnum's solid leather."

"Fancy!" cried Racket, who was so English that he kept his cash account in pounds, shillings and pence. All the guests made notes upon their dinner-chat of the addresses given by the Englishman, for the great Anglican tidal-wave had just begun to comb over the Metropolis, and all of us appreciated that it was vulgar to be "American." And to our surprise, the Englishman, who had been silent all through the dinner, proved to be a perfect directory of London tradesmen. It was odd, that in the opinion of the noble lord, there seemed to be only one competent shop-keeper in all London, in any line of business. No gentleman could possibly wear a shoe which did not come from Lobb, or a coat which was not built by Puddle.

"None of these beggars will do any decent work for a stranger," incidently remarked the Englishman, "but if any of you men chance to send for anything, if you mention my name you will be well-served."

Blizzard stayed several months in New York, and the amount of orders, which at times were sent from New York to London, was surprising. I sent for all my clothes, shoes, and shirts, mentioning Lord Blizzard as my sponser. The shoes I could not wear, the shirts were made for another and smaller man, while each of the garments from the tailor was made for a different individual. Still, after the clothes were cut over by a servants' tailor, on a side street, I looked very English. I heard from friends in various cities that Lord Blizzard had honored their towns with his presence, and as a result, the club men of the country were shortly all supplied with wearing apparel from the same London house.

There was such a method in his lordship's recommendations that we investigated the subject, and to our surprise we discovered that he was in the same position in life as the broken down old men, who walk the streets, enclosed in chiropodists' advertisements. He had led the life and lost his all in the turf—and was working out his debts to his tradesmen, by serving as a peripatetic advertisement of their wares in America. We talk about Yankee shrewdness in advertising, old man—why, Barnum himself never thought of sending a representative British peer as a circular.

THE new negro newspaper "organ," published in this city, is not, as some ignorant people may have been led to suppose, printed in black letter, but in the ordinary every-day type.

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KEEPING HIS WORD.

Hannah: AND PAT, WHAT ARE YE DOING?

Pat: WHIST! BE AISY, HANNAH. DIDN'T I PROMISE FATHER RYAN THAT I'D NIVER TOUCH A BOTTLE TO ME LIPS AGAIN—AND I MANE TO KEEP MY WORD WITH HIS RIVERENCE.

IN FOR 30 DAYS.

SENATOR TABOR, during his thirty days in the U. S. Senate, a term none too brief, distinguished himself by getting married over again, just for ceremony, to a bonny bride to whom he had been united six months before, and also by getting the autographs of his fellow senators in his bride's album. The ex-Senator, by his entire conduct, has justified Swift's sarcasm that "One knows what the Almighty thinks of money by the kind of people he gives it to." The autograph album in question is a great curiosity, and a few extracts from it will perhaps be interesting.

1. "When you extract a pearl from memory's casket think of Edmunds."
2. "And the harbor bill is moaning."
Georgie F. Hoar.
3. "Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb?—Senator Tabor!" Davy Davis.
4. "The Rose is Red, the Violet's Blue,
The Grass is Green, and So are You."
Geordie H. Pendleton.
5. "30 Days have September"
And no more has Mr. Tabor.
Your senate-mate, Hal Dawes.
6. "Fare thee well, and if forever
Good enough." Johnny Logan.

SOMETHING NEEDED.

IN a suit brought to recover damages for forcible ejectment from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, one of the witnesses for the defense deposes that the person cast out was behaving in a manner not compatible with the character of the hotel. The question naturally arises: What is the precise grade of conduct which the character of the hotel requires? It is an appalling thought that a guest may inadverdently fall below the standard and be packed into the street with a damaged reputation.

There ought to be some recognized model of deportment at the establishment on Madison Square, that guests from the country could imitate with the assurance that a moderately close approximation to his demeanor would ensure them considerate treatment. If there is no present employee who could fill the position, we will be glad to recommend a young man for the place.

Meanwhile we warn present and future guests that the business of the clerks is not to set the standard of behavior. Any mere layman who should imitate the haughty bearing of a 5th Avenue hotel clerk would deserve to speedily be shown the door, and to be driven off to the Hoffman House or some other retreat which has a character less difficult to live up to.

Among American dignities, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators of the United States, and clerks of the Fifth Avenue Hotel rank as equal and as preëminent. Next come Bishops, Prize-fighters, Wall St. Brokers, Patent machine men, and Presidents of Colleges, and in due order, professional men, millionaires, base-ball players, commercial travellers and men of letters. The theory that there are no classes in America is a delusion of the N. Y. *Sun*.

WHO DID IT.

NOT long ago it seemed as if all the prize-fighters of renown were dead, or behind bars—whether at Auburn or elsewhere.

Suddenly Mr. Sullivan disputed with Mr. Ryan at New Orleans. Ever since slugging has been at a premium. Superannuated shoulder-hitters have polished their knuckles and come home with their young from foreign ports; Saul sits in the office of the *Police Gazette*, and reviews the succession of clever young Davids who are warranted to dismantle the Boston Goliath. Two bruisers cannot maul one another in a back street without a detailed account and columns of editorial comment by an enterprising press.

Has our civilization reached a point parallel to that which saw the gladiators fight in Roman Amphitheatres? No; we think not. We believe the rise in fighting stock is due not to increased demand for blood or bruises, but to a successful "bull movement" ac hieved by an eminent editor of whom we are told—"He drives a $10,000 horse; he wears a sealskin coat; he has put up a seven story building and paid for it, and he has got the boodle, and don't you forget it." Is it not a noble thing to be successful man and mould the public tastes?

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Philip Fogy, Jr., (who has refused, after prolonged discussion, to get gaudy raiment and take his wife to the Derblune's Fancy Ball), morosely: I WISH I HAD MARRIED A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

His recently-acquired spouse (to whom the said ball is for the moment much more attractive than heaven) vindictively: SHE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD YOU!!

A RUN WITH THE BLEECKER STREET HOUNDS.

AT 11 P.M. most of the company had already assembled at Mr. Harry Hill's, and the room was filled with the sporting fraternity. The neighboring hunts were well represented. Among the notables were Lord Anglo-Ville, Count Pilsner, hard-riding Capt. Fullhand of the 4th (ward), Hon. Jas. Mace of Australia, and his Maori, the Malagassy Embassy, Percy Colddeck, dashing Charley Bluechip, Jack Crosscounter, and a host of other devotees of the sport. Conversation was lively, mostly, of course, upon hunting. The reporter overheard Capt. Fullhand telling Lord Anglo-Ville of a "breather through the Bowery, with a kill in Tompkins Square," Jack Crosscounter was vividly describing to one of the Embassy, a "rattling twenty minutes with the West Broadway Nippers," and Percy Colddeck told how, in "three half weeks, with the 9th ward 'Tarriers,'" he had "ruined as many *hacks* without a scratch." According to the time-honored custom—

"Every man his whiskey took,
Which shivered in his skin,"

and it had begun to look as though a very severe chill (possibly Wiggins' blizzard) had struck the place, when Mr. Geo. Featherweight, the M. F. H., appeared sporting the *pink*, as did most of the club members, and looking every inch a driver. The *pink* of the B. S. H. consists of a scarlet ulster faced with green, and is, as you may imagine, a very becoming and striking costume. Immediately following the master came the huntsman, who announced that the *pack* had arrived. The *pack* was found outside in charge of the whip, and consisted of a bulldog of the brindle persuasion, answering to the name of "*Grip*." Forthwith everyone sought his *mount*—prepared for the run. The master drove a full-blooded "Brewster" side-bar, and on learning that your reporter represented "LIFE," very kindly gave him the vacant seat by his side. On the reporter's expressing doubts about loading the vehicle so heavily, Mr. Featherweight laughed at his fears. It was "up to any weight," he said, and he had often "larked it over the stiffest country without springing a spoke." There was other good stock in the field. Lord Anglo-Ville's tooled an imported Stanhope; Percy Colddeck's 75 lb. Abbott-Downing showed evident breeding, and Count Pilsner's thoroughbred brougham is well known to all frequenters of meets in this neighborhood. A fine domestic-bred express wagon carried the huntsman, whip, and dog, and the rest of the field were well mounted on (I mean *in*) half and quarter bred *hacks*. The word was given, and off we went. At Mulberry street the pack was *thrown off* the wagon. The reporter thought it would have been just as well to have let it down easily, for it lit on its back on the sidewalk, and appeared dazed and annoyed for a moment, but the master said that it was absolutely neccessary to *throw off* your pack when beginning a run. No first-class hunt ever neglects to do it. This may be so, but the "LIFE" reporter does not want to be in the immediate neighborhood (that is, on the street level) when the B. S. H. throw off their pack. We drew blanks in both the Mulberry and Mott street coverts, but the Elizabeth street gorse proved a find, for on turning the corner, a black and white streak darted from an alleyway, up which the pack had wandered, with Mr. Grip in its immediate rear. With the stirring view halloo, of "Sick 'em, Grip," the whole field pressed forward in the chase. "There's

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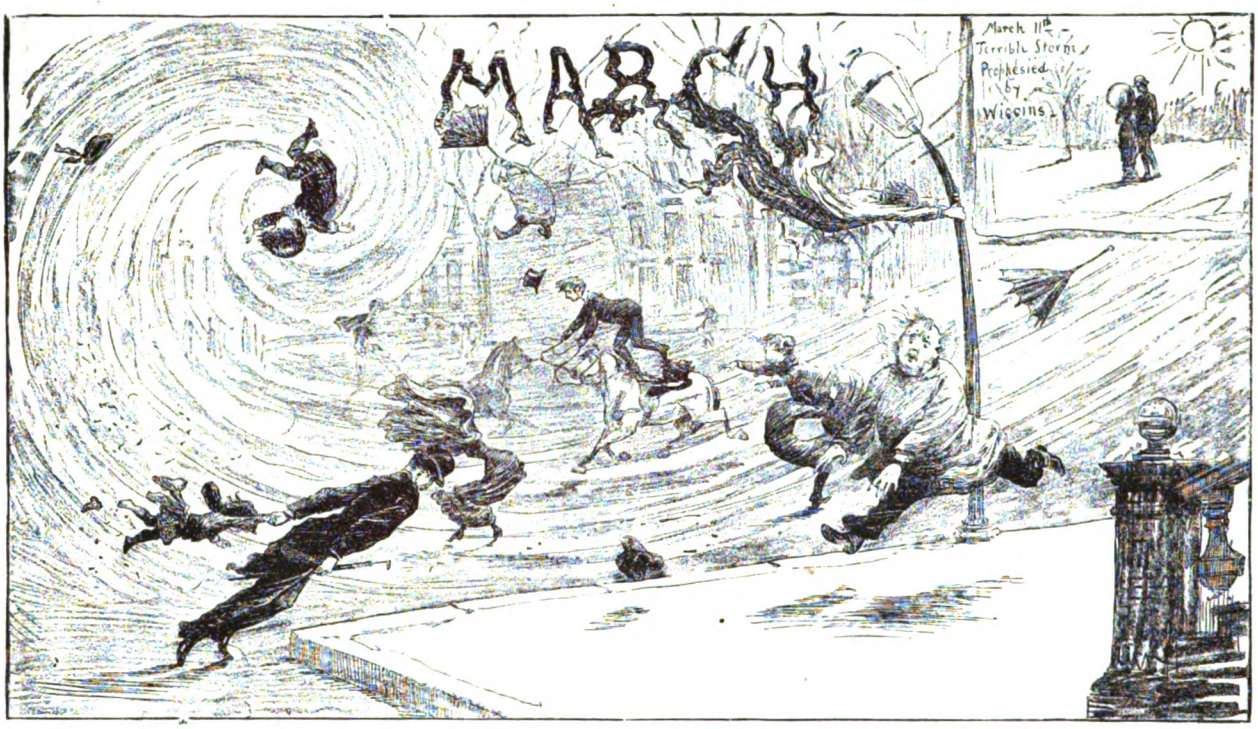

A SYMPHONY IN PRINTERS' INK—*A. Whistler.*

sport here," shouted the master, as the quarry, darting through a streak of electric light proceeding from the window of a Jew clothing store, showed itself to be an adult Tom of gigantic proportions. "There's sport here—it's an old 8th warder, and no mistake;" and in reply to the reporter's inquiry as to why he was so sure it was an "Eighth" and not a "Fourth" or "Ninth warder," Mr. Featherweight explained that "you can always tell 'em; the hair is all worn off their sides, owing to their habit of shaving corners very close when pursued." The pace had now become a rattler. Several hacks and coupés had become pounded by a balky horse (one of them very much *pounded*), and the field was already getting select. Our Brewster caromed lightly on a fruit stand, danced over the Bowery street-car rails, in a way to make a novice tremble, and the reporter looked round just in season to see the Count come to grief by colliding with about 10 tons of Harlem R. R. rolling stock on its way up-town. "Talk about your stiff country," said Mr. Featherweight, "where can you find anything bigger than eight rails more than three feet apart, and steel at that?" "Yoriks! Hark!! For-r-rade !!!" and away we dashed. "Look at that pack; you could cover him with a dishcloth." Exactly what the advantage of performing the operation consisted in, did not appear clear to the reporter, but the M. F. H. (or more correctly speaking, the *M. C. H.*) said that no properly regulated hunter's bosom could fail to swell with pride at being able to cover the pack with a dishcloth. In England, it seems, it is customary to use tablecloths, but here in the States, the dishcloth is generally preferred. The reporter came to the conclusion, that whatever the result might be, it would have taken a very lively hunter, either foreign or domestic, to have covered our pack with anything, just at that moment. He was busy, very busy; and the "*Eighth Warder*" evidently had a supper engagement in his own precinct. But it was not to be. The last clean stretch down Houston street had been too much for Mr. Puss. He weakened, and turned too late to get up his guard, for Grip had him pinned against some article of sidewalk furniture in a second, and the run was over. Jack Crosscounter and ourselves were the only ones in at the death, but the rest of the field soon came up. Jack received the brush, and I, a pad. After a pull at the pocket consolers, we lighted cigars and leisurely returned to Mr. Hill's.

BOOKS.

PERSONS of the gentler sex who wish to know how they ought to behave will find much white light thrown upon that subject by Frances Power Cobbe in her treatise on "The Duties of Women."

What they ought not to do is realistically portrayed by M. Zola, in his latest achievement. "In the Whirlpool" is its name. We trust it is a work of fiction.

How a woman who has a distinct preference for duty and for honor, may be diverted to other paths by the enterprise of her husband is what Octave Fuillet discloses in "A Parisian Romance." We question the ethical value of the lesson, but it is certainly imparted in a felicitous manner.

LOVE, they say, brings pains and fears—
Brings ceaseless woe, unreasoning doubt—
Love fills our life with bitter tears—
Who, if he could, would shut love out?

I'LL tell you, love, how often in a day
You're in my mind—I'll tell it you in rhyme:
But once I think of you. "When's that?" you say.
Dearest, 'tis every day and all the time.

TREFOIL.

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A BENEDICT CANTICLE.

I.

OF all the insidious
Temptations invidious,
Contrived by the devil for pulling men down,
There's none more delusive,
Seductive, abusive,
Than the snare to a man with a wife out of town.

He feels such a delightfulness,
Stay-out-all-night-fulness,
Shall-I-get-tight?-fulness—
I own it with pain!—
A bachelor rakishness,
What-will-you-take?-ishness,
Next-day's-headache-ishness,
None can explain!

II.

His wife may be beautiful,
Tender and dutiful—
'Tis not that her absence should cause him delight;
But the cursed opportunity,
Baleful immunity,
Scatters his scruples as day scatters night.

He feels whiskey-and-water-ful,
Rapine-and-slaughter-ful,
Nothing-he-ought-to-ful,
To his toes' ends;
So bachelor-rally-some,
Quite *corps-de-ballet*-some,
Make-stories-talley-some
With wicked friends.

III.

He recalls pranks erratic
In memories ecstatic;
As wicked he feels as the bald heads in row,
Who watch the stage dances
With bold, sinful glances,
And witness with glee the wild, bachanal show.

He's possessed with a feel-fulness,
A world-flesh-and-de'il-fulness,
A make-the-stars-reel-fulness,
Who could resist?
And he longs for the poker chips,
For winks that the joker tips,
For rings from the smoker's lips,
Like a blue mist.

IV.

While his wife, trusting lady,
Is mourning, it may be,
His lonely condition, so mournfully dull;
He feels thrills energetic
Towards places magnetic,
Larks peripatetic,
Joys far from ascetic,
With many excuses his conscience to lull.

With a take-every-trick-ishness,
Full-as-a-tick ishness,
I'll-be-a-brick-ishness
Though conscience frown;
With a forth-let-us-steal-someness,
Kick-up-our-heels-someness;
There's a wile of the de'il-someness,
In a wife out of town.

MORS-VIVENS.

FORCED INTROSPECTION.

Scene—Musical party at the Von Highstoops.

Resident Foreign Gentleman to John Pyrites: IT IS A DELIGHTFUL OCCASION; I DO ASSURE MYSELF THAT YOU ENJOY IT.

J. P. (who is cut off by the music from his usual diversions)! OH, YES, VERY MUCH, THANKS; HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF SO MANY THINGS SINCE I WAS LAST AT CHURCH.

A DEER child—A fawn. THE young author's best Holt—Henry.

THE glory of a woman is another woman's hair.

HE CAN AFFORD IT.

THE Earl of Dudley, whose income from his various mines often amounts to more than $5,000,000, is in a condition bordering on imbecility.—*Tribune.*

GOOD RESULTS.

THE recent political decision that a policeman shall be paid his full salary during any period of illness has resulted in 147 officers being reported "sick" at the time when the last report was made. Usually 75 policemen are ill at one time. It may be expected that the death rate of New York city will decrease hereafter, as in a number of precincts one man is obliged to cover two posts. The ratio of persons who die from natural causes, however, will necessarily increase.

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WHAT THEY DO NOT SAY.

He: YOUR FATHER MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST A MILLION, AND YOU WOULD ENABLE ME TO GO THROUGH LIFE IN A STYLE I COULD NEVER HOPE FOR WITHOUT YOU. I DO NOT LOVE YOU, IT IS TRUE, BUT—ONE CANNOT EXPECT EVERYTHING. SO LET US MARRY. IF YOUR FATHER FAILS I CAN CRAWL OUT OF IT SOMEHOW.

She: VERY WELL! YOU WILL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING, BUT YOU ARE GOOD ENOUGH AS FAR AS YOU GO. I HAVE TRIFLED WITH SO MANY MEN THAT MOST OF THEM HATE ME, AND I MAY NOT GET A BETTER OFFER. IF I DO I CAN BREAK THE ENGAGEMENT.

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CONSPICUOUS CLOSENESS.

Mr. Knickerbocker (who looks at her with longing glances) to himself: SO DEAR: SO VERY DEAR.

An Impatient Public to Mr. Knickerbocker: COME, COME, SIR! DOWN WITH THE DUST, OR DOWN IN IT!

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LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

I.

YOU have roguish, laughing eyes,
Mother Hubbard;
You are cloaked in quaintest guise,
Mother Hubbard;
Cunning is your tiny doggy,
Though his throat is full and froggy,
And his walk's a trifle groggy,
Mother Hubbard.

II.

Though your manner's rather skittish,
Mother Hubbard,
Though your costume's odd and British,
Mother Hubbard,
By some happy hanky-panky,
Can't you learn to love a Yankee,
If he isn't lean and lanky,
Mother Hubbard?

III.

Yet I'm almost giving hope up,
Mother Hubbard.
For I cannot love your low pup,
Mother Hubbard—
Crouching there beneath the bureau
Showing all his teeth—a true row,—
In the darkling *Chiaroscuro*,
Mother Hubbard.

IV.

Time soon reaps us with his sickle,
Mother Hubbard;
Fashions fade and men are fickle,
Mother Hubbard:
He's a mere canine Silenus,
Quite unfit for such a Venus!
Can't you make a choice between us,
Mother Hubbard?

ARTHUR PENN.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

UNCLE SCIPIO was recently asked his opinion of the tariff. "Wot tar'f?" he demanded, a gleam of suspicion shooting out of his starboard eye.

"The protection tariff, of course."

"Well, boss, Ise for purtection. T'odder day I jined de 'Ciety fur de Purtection ob Cruelty to Animules. Ise fur purtection; but all t'ings hes dar limits, 'ceptin' de ways ob de cullud gals 'bout yar. Dar's dat Celia Johnsing, nex' do'. Las' night I cotched her gwine out, dressed up in all she could buy an' borrer, an' puttin' on mo' frills dan a new preacher in a chu'ch full o' wimmin. 'Whar's you gwine, Celia?' says I. 'To de 'Ciety,' says she. 'Wot 'Ciety?' says I. 'Chu'ch 'Ciety, ob co'se,' says she. Now, she wasn't gwine to no 'ciety, ceptin' it was a cake walk, or to meet some coon roun' de corner an' act myster'ous. Oh, I knows 'em, boss. Sometimes Ise afeard de cullud folks is gittin' to be nigh as bad as de wite folks."

"What has that to do with the tariff, Uncle Scip?"

"I war sayin' dat all t'ings hes dar limits, or orter hev. Dar's de mule. De mule is a useful creatur; but dar ain't no jestice in makin' me ride a mule, wen I'd rudder ride a hoss, jess 'case de mules is raised yar. It's right to purtect the mule, to treat him well an' gib him a chance; but it ain't right to stuff him wid oats, an' tie ribbins on his ye'rs, an' paint him wid stripes like a zebray, 'ticklelarly at odder folks's expense. Den, ag'in, wen you's raised de mule, an' he's done growed, he orter work. Ef he won't work den, or can't work, better sell dat mule."

A TOO SUGGESTIVE OBSERVATION.—When a young lady says, "He's very much of a gentleman." SUGGESTION. "*How* much?"

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MR. JACOBS.

[By the Author of "Messrs. Abrahams and Isaacs," "The Lost Tribes," "An 'Ebrew Jew," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE SODALIS.

I, PAUL PRIGS, orphan, wanderer, transcendentalist and special correspondent of the Bombay *Boomerang*, was sitting at tiffin in the *Sahlamonjay* of the English bungalow at Bogley Wallow. In spite of my scorn of the British, I always patronize their hotels. It is unworthy of a man who knows Larochefoucauld by heart, and has knocked about the world till he has become cynical and impervious to personal pangs, to allow his prejudices to interfere with his comfort and convenience. What does it come to in the end, anyway? Pshaw! Bismillah!

The heat in the bungalow was intense, and the company at the table were too languid for conversation. No sound was heard but the monotonous flop-flop of the *punkah-wallahs*. While waiting for my curry to cool, I took from my pocket my constant companion, a dogseared copy of that sublime work, Immanuel Kant's "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft"—in Meiklejohn's translation. For, strangely enough, the German is one of the few languages which I do not read and speak perfectly as I do my native tongue.

Mechanically rolling a cigarette, I proceeded to read aloud—as is my invariable habit, when there is anyone near, from that unequaled chapter on the Schematism of the Categories; when suddenly my attention was attracted by two *niggahs*, or native servants, who were preparing the chair opposite to mine for the coming of their *Howadji*. They were dressed in the simple but superb costume of Central Africa, and their heads were covered with haversacks of the softest Turkish towel material. Now and then one of them would dart quickly forward, and seizing from the cloth one of those young cobras which infest the table service of the best regulated Indian bungalows, would swallow it without the least manifestation of feeling, though the poor fellows knew that their lives must pay the forfeit within, at least, a few short hours. Such well trained and faithful servants implied, in their master, a person of distinction, and I watched curiously for his appearance.

At last he came—the most glorious human creature that I, in all my world-wide wanderings, have ever encountered. I observed that he was dressed with the faultless elegance of an English gentleman. He wore a flowered silk dressing gown, green morocco slippers, and a crush hat, which he did not remove from his head in eating, in obedience, as I afterwards found, to a peculiar religious scruple of his own. After partaking, with an abstracted air, of a salad composed of sherbet and the seeds of the *chow-chow* which forms the *piece de resistance* of every table in the northwest provinces of India, my opposite neighbor leaned back in his chair with a sigh, and drawing from his pocket a small golden *narghili* of Arabic design, ornamented with exquisite and priceless filagree work, he began to pick his teeth daintily with its delicate point. Presently he beckoned to one of his attendants and murmured a few words in that peculiar dialect of Morisco, spoken only in the oasis of Fez. The attendant disappeared and reappeared with magical quickness, bearing in one hand a pitcher of water, and in the other a small cup carved out of a single amethyst. This he filled from the ewer, and, after turning a back somersault without spilling a drop, presented the draught to his master. The latter drained it slowly and with a swallow of inimitable grace, and then tossing the hollow gem carelessly through the nearest window, he said aloud, and in the purest Sanskrit of the Bhagvat Lita, "Water—bright water for me!"

"Excuse me," I said, catching his eye, "but I fancy I have heard that sentiment before."

"Doubtless," he replied, with a courtly smile, "it is from Firdusi, but I prefer it in Sanskrit."

"You are, then," I ventured to enquire, "a Persian?"

"I pass for such—or as they call it here, for a Parsee. See you later," he added, and rising he threw one leg lightly over the back of his chair, made me a profound inclination and retired, followed by the two *niggahs*, who worked their way over the floor on their bellies, like a pair of gigantic measuring worms, close to their master's heels.

TOO MUCH ZEAL.

IT was Sunday night, and a dark and mystic spell of weather prevailed. The sidewalks were covered with slush, and there was nothing comfortable in sight but the crimson gleam of the lights of the corner saloon.

From the side door of the saloon mysteriously emerged patrolman McGahey, wiping his dripping moustache, just in time to meet roundsman Houlihan.

"And phwat was yez doin' in there, Misther McGahey?" inquired the roundsman, with icy politeness.

"Whisht! Did yez see him, sor-r-r?"

"Did I see phwat?"

"A shmall bye, sor-r-r. That bloody Dutchman is breakin' the Ixcise la', bad cess to him, an' I'm afther gittin' ividence. I followed the bye, and saw him git a pitcher av beer."

"Do yez know it was beer, thin, Misther McGahey?"

"Sure an' I do, sor-r-r, I shmelt av it, and saw it was beer."

"Is it by shmellin' yez see, thin, Mr. McGahey?" demanded the roundsman, in a tone that was at least ten degrees below zero.

"Faith an' I do, sor-r-r. Me nose is the best part av me eyesight."

"Well, Misther McGahey, I've been standin' here since yez wint in, an' divil a bit av a shmall bye have I set eyes on, an' it's my opeenyon, Misther McGahey, that too much zale will be the ruin av yez yet."

IN spite of her avoirdupois,
There's nothing Belinda enjoys
So much as a ride,
On the sand when the tide
Has receded, with one of the boys.

She used to ride lickety split;
But that she's let up on a bit;
Since a rattling pace
Turned her black in the face
And the fellow along had a fit.

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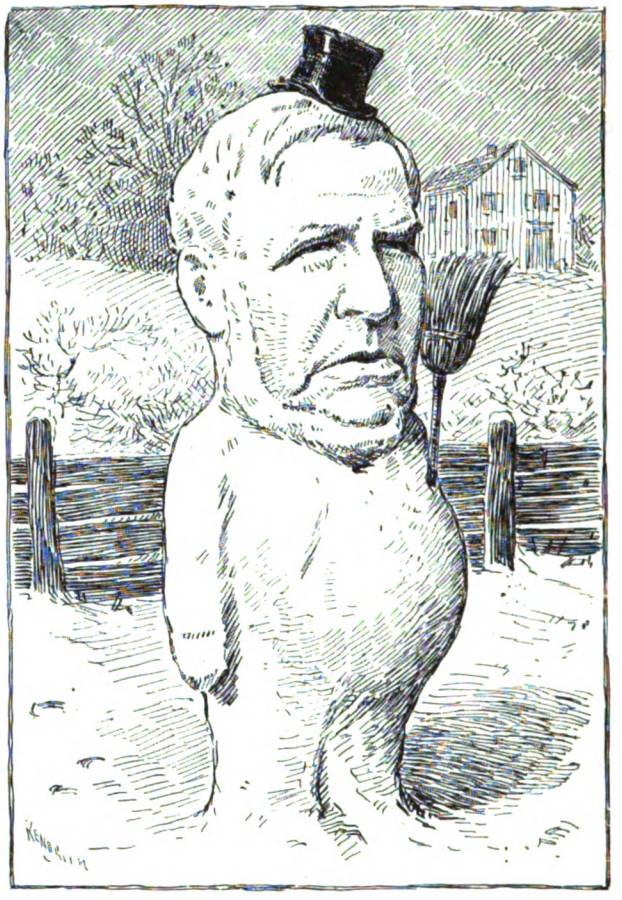

BIOGRAPHETTES.

MARK TWAIN,

THE renowned archæologist, poet and astronomer, whose portrait appears above, is a lineal descendant of the celebrated Twain who were made one flesh. He was born on Plymouth Rock, April 1st, 1728, on a remarkably cold morning, and the administratrix of the camphor and red-flannel department afterward stated that he was the most remarkable baby she had ever seen. At the early age of seven, Mark—for so he was cruelly christened—was already addicted to science, and his discovery, made one year later, that a spring clothes-pin artistically applied to the continuation of a cat would create in that somnolent animal a desire for vigorous foreign travel, is still used by the aborigines of Connecticut and Massachusetts. When he was 19, Mark went through college. He entered the front door, turpentined the rector's favorite cat, and graduated the same evening over the fence. He then started for California, Milwaukee and other remote confines of the earth, and began those remarkable series of truthful anecdotes for which he is now so justly famed. As an archæologist, however, he has won most renown, and his collection of Pompeiian, Sanscrit, Egyptian and early Greek jokes, now in possession of Osgood & Co., of Boston, is considered the most complete in the world. Some envious critics have claimed that most of these were painfully carved by Mark himself, and the balance composed of heterogeneous and unrelated parts, but there seems to be no reasonable doubt that they are all genuine antiques.

Personally, Mr. Twain is a remarkably well preserved man. He is short, florid and very corpulent, laughs incessantly, and is a rapid and brilliant speaker. His essay on "Draw-Poker in American politics" is considered to be a masterly treatise on political economy, while his poem entitled, "The Frog Bowed Down by Weight of Shot" will hold its place as one of the most pathetic in the language. C.

and

DAVID DAVIS.

THIS famous humorist is descended from Welsh ancestors, and his great-great-grandmother's uncle's stepson's third cousin by marriage is said to have been related to the original Welsh Rabbitt, descendants of whom can be found in the first families of this city. Dave was born at an early age in Cecil County, Maryland, March 9th, 1815, and weighed nine pounds three ounces. He now weighs 413 pounds, and hasn't seen his feet since the winter of '49 or the spring of '50. He began life humbly as centre-field in a base-ball nine, gradually worked up to the proud position of short-stop, and distinguished himself and grew fat, in such a manner as to already foreshadow his subsequent greatness. He then became a law student and learned to chew tobacco. In 1835 he applied to Horace Greeley for advice, as to whether he should become editor of the *Tribune* or go West, and Mr. Greeley told him to go West, which he did, settling in Bloomington, Illinois, where he attends prayer meeting and pays taxes to the present day.

Personally, Mr. Davis is of a slender build, is very active, rather nervous in his movements, and warm and impulsive in his nature, and his spirituelle face is often lighted by a genial, merry and contagious smile. As a Senator he made Congress tremble, and his arguments carried weight that nothing could resist. As a Vice-President, he was thoughtful and considerate, and his harshest means of preserving order was to take the offending member to the chair and sit on him. The member never spoke again. Returning to the walks of private life, Mr. Davis leaves a 6 x 9 place in the legislative halls of the nation, which it will be hard to fill. C.

AGRICULTURAL PURSUIT.—Chasing after a runaway pig.

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DALY'S THEATRE.

SOLE ADAPTER, MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

Now on exhibition every evening a comedy called

"4—11—44,

or

"CASTING THE DICE!"

Adapted and augmented from the German of Schouthau by MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

ACT I.

IN THE HOUSE OF MR. BARGISS IN THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Bargiss is married to Mrs. Gilbert, and yet in his youth, when he was in love and engaged to her, the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of verse, and Mr. Bargiss became a Spring-Poet. Since then he has become the husband of Mrs. Gilbert and the father of Miss Rehan and Miss Dreher. Miss Rehan has been painted in a picture with her Dog. Lord Lawn-Tennis, a British nobleman, sends Signor Tamborini to find out whose picture it is. Mrs. Bargiss gets Mr. Lewis's poems printed in a magazine. And if this seems a slight first act for a play, blame the German gentleman who wrote it.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

FIRST CROSS OLD MAN: Don't like Dutch plays, do you?

SECOND CROSS OLD MAN (*gruffly*): No!

FIRST CROSS OLD MAN: I find that Dutch plays are like Dutch cheeses and Dutch women—rather heavy! Don't you?

SECOND CROSS OLD MAN (*gruffly*): No!

FIRST CROSS OLD MAN: Let's go out and take a nip of Dutch courage, will you?

SECOND CROSS OLD MAN (*gruffly*): Yes!

ACT II.

IN THE HOUSE OF MR. BARGISS IN THE COUNTRY.

A Professor just translated from some German Dickens is hungry. Mr. John Drew is in love with Miss Rehan (—and no wonder; she is as pretty as a picture!). Mr. John Drew gets rid of Signor Tamborini, and gets Miss Dreher's husband ready to go to New York, and gets Miss Rehan quite cross; and, in fact, things get mixed up generally. If this seems a slight second act for a play, blame the German gentleman who wrote it.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

AN OLD NEW YORKER: That young man, Gilbert, is very good as Signor Tamborini, isn't he?

AN OLDER NEW YORKER: Yes, he's not at all bad, but you should have seen Walcot or Brougham play a part like that!

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Do you remember the one night down at the old Fifth Avenue, when Mrs. Gilbert appeared as the *Infant Phenomenon*, and danced a *pas seul?*

THE OLDER NEW YORKER: Yes, she wasn't at all bad, but you should have seen it down at Mitchell's old Olympic, when Henry Russell played the *Savage* and Mary Taylor acted the *Maiden!*

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*after a pause*): Don't you think that Daly has a remarkably clever comedy company?

THE OLDER NEW YORKER: Yes, it isn't at all bad, but you should have seen the company at the old Park Theatre!

THE OLD NEW YORKER *changes his seat in silent disgust.*

THE OLDER NEW YORKER, *overcome with memories of the past, goes to sleep, and dreams of George Frederick Cooke.*

ACT III.

IN THE HOUSE OF MR. BARGISS IN NEW YORK.

Everybody has come to the city, and everything is going wrong. Mrs. Gilbert finds out that Mr. Lewis is a Bad Man. Miss Rehan quarrels with Mr. Drew. Signor Tamborini dances, while the Pretty Chambermaid sings. Then unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster, and complications most exquisitely comical and intricately and everlastingly humorous ensue, which need not be recounted, since they must be Seen to be Appreciated. If this third act is one of the brightest, most brilliant, and altogether most laughable act ever seen on a New York stage, praise the American adapter, who has not spared his own easy wit, his faculty of comic invention, and his extraordinary gifts of getting the utmost of effect out of a trifle.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

FIRST DUDE (*languidly*): Rather fun, don't you think?

SECOND DUDE (*languidly*): Rather. Is that Pussy Smith in the box over there?

FIRST DUDE (*languidly*): Rehan's rather pretty, don't you think?

SECOND DUDE (*languidly*): Rather (*relapses into silence*).

A STILL SMALL VOICE FROM THE GALLERY: Oh, get on to the gillies with the high paper collars!

Both DUDES *faint with horror, and are taken home to their Ma.*

ACT IV.

IN THE HOUSE OF MR. BARGISS IN NEW YORK.

Mr. Stephens has made up with Miss Dreher. Mrs. Gilbert makes up with Mr. Lewis. Miss Rehan has made up with Mr. Drew. Signor Tamborini brings a telegram from Lord Lawn-Tennis, offering to buy the Dog in the picture. Everybody is happy. Bless you, my children! If this play is one of the most amusing performances to be seen in this city for many a long day, divide your praise equally between the adapter, who made a bright American comedy out of a dull German farce, and the manager who has chosen and trained a very clever company.

AFTER THE PLAY.

A LITERARY GENTLEMAN: Mr. Daly might have called the comedy "Mother Hubbard."

A LITERARY LADY: Or "Love me, love my dog."

A LITERARY GENTLEMAN: It reminds me of the International Novelist's last study of womankind, the "Portrait of a Lady."

A LITERARY LADY: Remembering Lord Lawn-Tennis, it reminds me of one of his earlier sketches, "An International Episode."

A LITERARY GENTLEMAN: But this is funnier!

A LITERARY LADY: It is! O, it is!

ARTHUR PENN.

ADAPTED.

I hold that his deserts are small
Who, even when his heart is sore,
Would not have rather loved a score,
Than never to have—etc., etc.

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TINTS FROM THE ART WORLD.

JONES is putting the finishing touches upon his academy picture.

"That is a little out of your line," said his studio neighbor, dropping in for a cigarette.

"Yes. You see I haven't been mysterious enough in my work. I think that will do, though."

"No doubt. I would defy a congress of Ruskins to make out what it is all about."

"Thanks very much, dear boy."

* * * * * * *

"Have you been to the Art Club exhibition?" asked one "art patron" of another.

"Oh, no, I never bother with American pictures. Why, do you know, I have a work by Gerome in my gallery that cost more than all the pictures in the Art Club put together."

* * * * * * *

She had just visited the studio of an artist famous for painting interiors, and she was going into raptures over his work. "Then you think him a great painter?"

"Delightful! So much feeling. Such good color. His insides are just too charming for anything."

* * * * * * *

"What did you think of the Water-Color exhibition this year?" asked an artist of his super-æsthetic friend, Mrs. X.

"Very fair. Very fair indeed. The pictures set off that divine gilt papering in a charming way."

* * * * * * *

Towselhair, who is a follower of Burne-Jones, Whistler, and that sort of thing, is conversing with his lay friend:

"You do not go beneath the surface, my boy. You simply look for a pretty subject and are satisfied."

"But I cannot understand——"

"Of course not. It is not to be expected that you should. At least not yet. Wait until you can appreciate *soul essence* in an art creation."

"I throw up my hand."

* * * * * * *

"I just think etchings too lovely for anything," said Miss Gusher.

"Do you?"

"Yes. There is something so intellectual in an etching. The common people, you know, cannot understand them."

"Indeed."

"Of course not. One must be educated up to them, don't you know? I think them too delicious."

"What is an etching?"

"Oh, an etching is—an etching—why, how stupid you must be. I thought you knew something about art."

"But what is an etching?"

"Oh, dear. An etching is—is an etching. Don't be a bore."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Verylatest has refurnished her parlors, and is entertaining her first caller. "One is so mixed up to know what to do nowadays in the way of decoration. I think this pale olive tint is about right for the walls."

"Delicious."

"I hate the color, but of course one must—"

"Of course."

"Then those curtain things in the doors catch all the dust, and let in all the cold air from the halls, but of course they are the proper—"

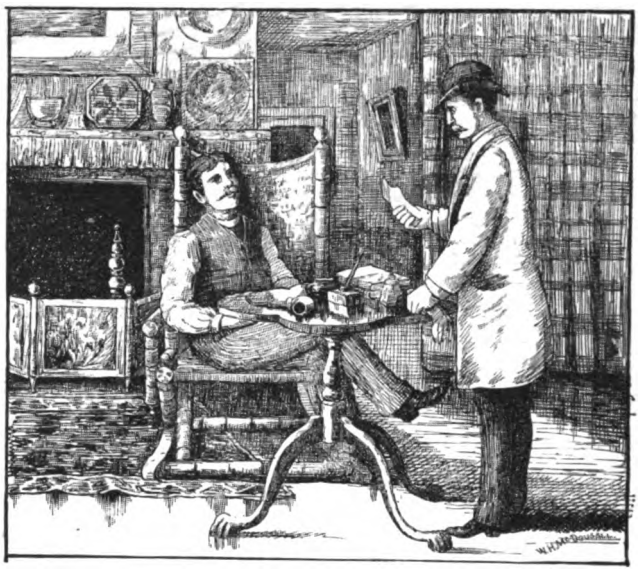
"Of course."

"And I don't see any sense in puttting stained glass in your windows, so that you cannot see out, but of course one must follow—"

"Of course."

C. V. D.

Do our local politicians go to Florida to study the arts of the alligator and the methods of the musquito?



THE MORNING AFTER THE SUPPER.

Bob: HULLOA! CHAPPY, HOW ARE YOU THIS MORNING! SIT DOWN. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Ned (*evidently depressed*): I DID A HORRIBLE THING LAST NIGHT! HORRIBLE! I WAS IN SUCH A CONDITION! WELL, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT I PAID MY LANDLADY!

SHE.	HE.
'TWAS only your hat!	Ah! thanks for the toll!
Don't ask for the toll!	It was only a kiss;
I wore it like *that*.	Yet gently it stole—
'Twas only your hat!—	Ah! thanks for the toll!
Yet it fitted so pat,	O'er my love-burdened soul,
And it looked, oh! *so* droll!	Like a sweet ray of bliss.
'Twas only your hat!	Ah! thanks for the toll!
Don't ask for the toll!	It was only a kiss.

D. P. W.

A SPRING OPENING.

Display of Millinery and Ladies' Shoes.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

THE subjects for next week's Biographettes will be Messrs. Herbert Sullivan and John L. Spencer.

THE Czar has just ordered his coronation suit. It is to be wrought iron, four inches thick.

WE have no opinion as to whether or not Slade will whip Sullivan. He Maori may not.—*Grip.*

IF the city of New York is unable to raise sufficient money to have the Bartholdi Statue put in place, we might sell it at public auction and divide the proceeds among some of our "first citizens."

A CORRESPONDENT writes that a Cambridge (Mass) professor delivered a lecture the other day to the Divinity Students on "Parish Botany," and he wonders if it was on the classification of the *wall flowers* of the parish, according to the *Linnæ*-aments of their faces.

AN Irishman in France was drinking with company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in." "Ay, with all me sowl, me dear," said he, "here's to poor owld Ireland."—*Ex.*

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"The grave is not its goal."
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Ye wicked cease to mope;
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For while there's LIFE there's hope.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
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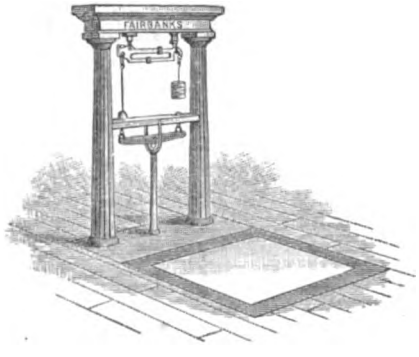

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EXTRA!!!!

Attempted Assassination!

FIENDISH ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

She Slips on Soap Secretly Set by Irish Servants on the Staircase—Prompt action of Sir Garnet Wolseley—England in Arms—Arrest of Irish Suspects—Lady Dixie's Theory.

(By special cable to LIFE.)

LONDON, March 20th, 2:43 P.M.—It is reported that 20 minutes ago Her Majesty the Queen fell down the back stairs of her apartment in the 6th story of the Windsor Flats. The excitement is intense.

3:21 P.M.—The horrible rumor is confirmed. It is now ascertained that the hired girl left a piece of brown soap on the landing, after scrubbing the stairs. In an interview with a LIFE correspondent Lady Florence Dixie said she considered the outrage premeditated, as her Majesty was known to have been in the habit of slipping down the back way to dodge Mr. Gladstone when he called. Mr. G. was in the parlor at the time, and rushed out when he heard the earthquake, but was waved away by John Brown, who was already on the scene. The excitement is tremendous. Laborers are knocking off work, and Parliament is called to special session. The Corps of Royal Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons have been summoned by District Telegraph, and Sir Garnet Wolseley is massing the troops in Trafalgar Square.

3:50 P.M.—Five-minute bulletins are being issued, signed by the Royal Physician in Charge, and by 713 of the Corps already on the ground. They express faint hope. The excitement is intense.

3:55 P.M.—The police have arrested the hired girl and 1127 suspects. An elderly man, who gave his name as Punnle or Parnel, was seen in Hyde Park stealthily secreting a cake of soap, marked "Brown Windsor," in his coat-tail pocket. This may implicate John Brown of Windsor. Parnell was arrested on suspicion. The excitement is intense.

4:11:44 P.M.—A bulletin has just announced the diagnosis. The gastrocnemius muscle has been tied up in a hard knot with the quadriceps extensor cruris, involving the saphenous veins and the popliteal nerve, slitting the synovial membrane, and ripping the lid off the astralagus. One half the Surgical Corps expressed the belief that if the other half was relieved from attendance on the case, Her Majesty might recover. The other half hold a similar opinion. The excitement is intense. 4103 additional physicians have arrived, and others have been telegraphed for.

6:10 P.M.—The soap theory of Lady Florence Dixie has been disproved. A thorough search by the police failed to discover a cake of that material on the premises, and Prof. Tyndal has just concluded a chemical analysis of the staircase, which shows that no soap had ever been used upon it. The hired girl and the suspects are still in custody, however. The excitement continues to increase.

6:35 P.M.—Physicians continue to arrive. Parnell has been discharged, the only evidence against him being that he was a chronic Irishman, and hence the presence of soap in his vicinity was most unusual and suspicious. He proved, however, that he had purchased it to hang over his door and scare off members of the Land League. Sir Francis Dilke and Earl Harcourt are in consultation. The excitement is tremendous. Dispatches are being received from all the crowned heads in Europe, asking for news.

7:41 P. M.—Another batch of doctors just come. The *Times* in an extra says: "We are in the presence of another awful act of Irish retaliation. A cake of soap was found this evening in this office, with a clean towel attached. It was promptly removed with a pair of tongs." Mr. Gladstone is addressing the House. The excitement is beyond description.

8:05 P. M.—Dr. Marion Sims, who has been summoned, says that unless hydrophobia, mumps, malaria, gastritis, or sub-acute-cerebo-spinal-meningitis supervene, or death from other causes follows, there is hope. This has allayed public anxiety somewhat, but the excitement is still unabated.

8:23 P. M.—Sir Garnet Wolseley has just ordered shelter tents and sandwiches to be distributed to the troops in Trafalgar Square. He does not think the danger imminent, but he directed the cannon to be loaded with spelling books and soap, ready for an Irish uprising. The excitement has assumed terrible proportions.

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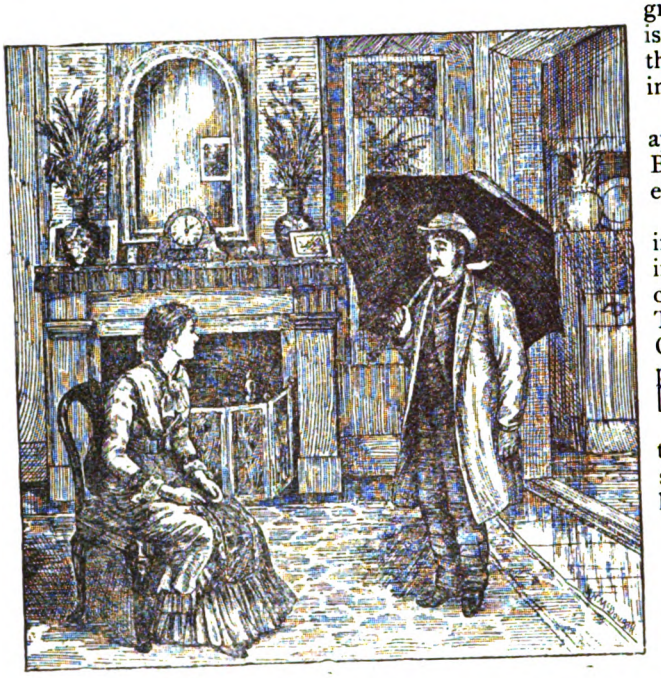

ASTRONOMICAL.

Wife (who has been sitting up for delinquent): ARE YOU CRAZY? HAVE YOU BEEN GOING ABOUT THE STREETS WITH YOUR UMBRELLA UP THIS STARLIGHT NIGHT?

Weary Husband: THAT'S JUST IT, DEAR. IT'S THE STARS—PERFECT AVALANCHE OF 'EM—COULD N'T DODGE 'EM, SO PUT——UP M' UMBRELLA. THOUGHT PEOPLE WOULD THINK I WAS INTOXICATED IF I DID N'T.

Wife: IF YOU DID N'T WHAT?

"Tired" One: DUN NO.

8:42 P. M.—The police have unearthed a most important fact. It has been definitely ascertained that the stairs down which Her Majesty slipped were constructed some time ago of Irish oak by Irish artisans, and were feloniously polished by the same, no doubt, with criminal intent. Dispatches from Dublin announce that numerous arrests are being made in Galway, Kilkenny, Limerick and Ballywhurroo. The excitement continues.

9:01 P.M.—Bradlaugh, Parnell and Healy deny the alleged Irish complicity. This of course but makes the case stronger. Granville is summoning a General Congress of the Powers. Marlborough House is guarded with thirteen brigades under command of Lord Alfred Paget, and H. R. H. has refused to receive visitors. The Grand Old Man Gladstone is still addressing the House. The excitement is universal, and strong men are weeping.

9:20 P. M.—Earl Harcourt has just sent down to the *Times* office for a proof of his speech urging immediate vengeance on the Irish. He fears some typographical errors may have crept in. The excitement is beyond belief. Sir Garnet Wolseley has received the thanks of Parliament for his promptness and courage in Trafalgar Square.

9:51 P. M.—Liniment and red flannel have just been applied by telegraphic direction of Professor Koch of Berlin. Physicians are arriving every second on special express trains. The excitement grows every minute.

9:55 P. M.—As no more physicians can possibly get into the Windsor, the danger of her Majesty's perishing for lack of medical attention increases. The excitement continues to augment. Arrests in Dublin and Tipperary continue. The *Times* has just issued Mr. Gladstone's speech, which covers 43 columns. It is important that it should be read in full. He said——

[The speech is omitted for lack of space.—Ed. LIFE.]

LONDON, March 21st, 8:30 A. M. It is now ascertained that her Majesty merely sprained her knee slightly while going down stairs. All arrested persons have been discharged. The Queen is better.

H. G. C.

PARLIAMENTARY SPORTS.

THE Toronto *Globe* says that it would be a clear 100 millions of dollars in the pockets of the Canadian people if the Dominion Parliament had done nothing but play during the last four years. This idea of a sportive legislative body saving money for its constituents by a round of gayety is an excellent one. Every one knows what a harmless and inexpensive thing a college debating society is. It will spend a whole evening upon the question:

"*Resolved*, That the action of Madagascar in sending ambassadors to this country is ill-advised."

And at the end of the evening no one will be the wiser for the debate or the poorer. But our legislative bodies, who look at the monies in the public treasuries as windfalls, are not satisfied with debates on nice points, but go in for the "Old flag and an appropriation."

A careless, happy-go-lucky house of representatives, with no power of voting appropriations, would be as harmless and inexpensive as the college debating club. A long and elaborate initiation would add to the fun, and private theatricals and suppers, paid for by assessments upon the members, would make the time pass merrily.

After a few years of this Merry Parliament, the subject country would be so rich that it might afford to have a session of an old-fashioned body of practical men.

Why not have these three questions asked each member of Congress during the canvass?

1. Do you believe in the repeal of the silver bill?
2. Do you believe that the tariff is revised?
3. Are you in for a good time?

THE imposition of a protective duty on pop corn by the Canadian government is clearly with a view to protecting the domestic producer against the popper labor of the United States.

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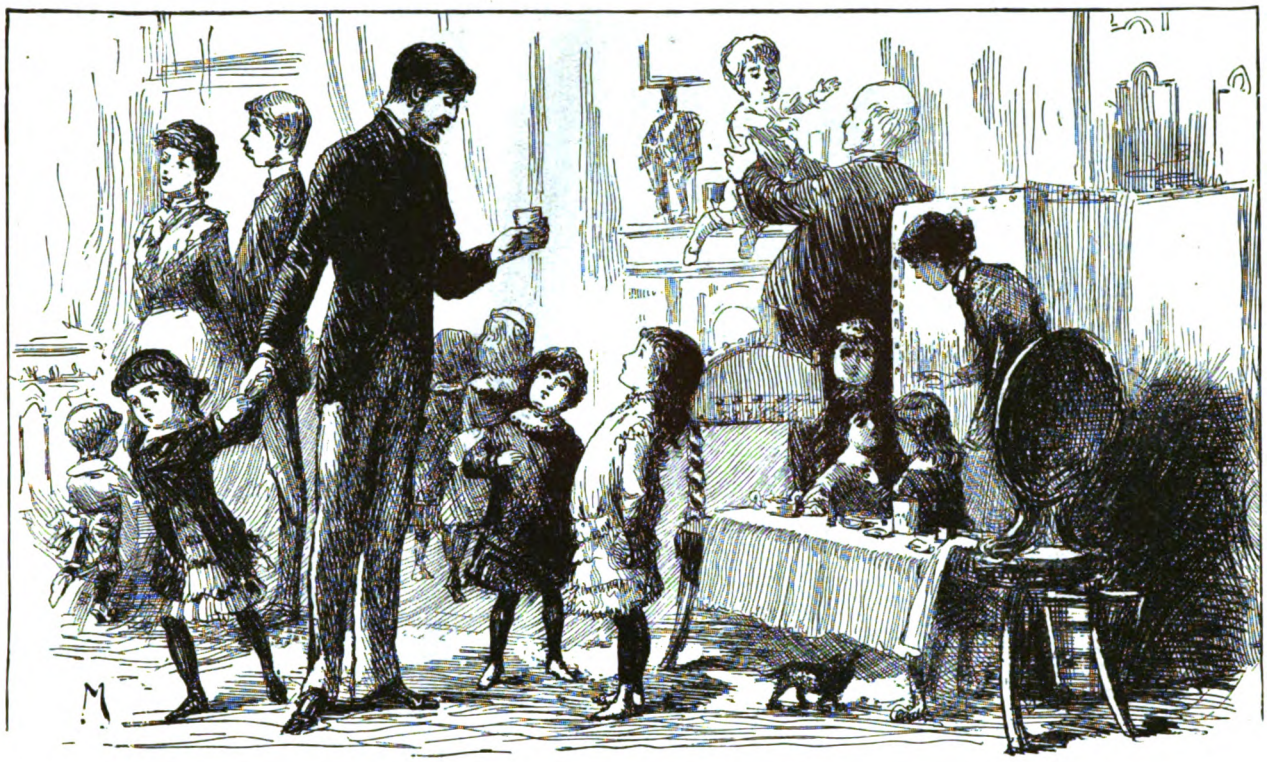

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Uncle Jack: IT IS VERY GOOD LEMONADE, I AM SURE; BUT TELL ME, BONNIE, WHY DO YOU SELL YOURS FOR THREE CENTS A GLASS WHEN CHARLEY GETS FIVE FOR HIS?

Miss Bonnie: WELL, YOU MUST N'T TELL ANYBODY, UNCLE JACK, BUT THE PUPPY FELL IN MINE AND I THOUGHT IT OUGHT TO BE CHEAPER.

JUDKINS' BOY ON THE MUD TURTLE.

THE mud-turtle is not a beast of pray, but he dearly loves cat-fish bait. If a mud-turtle gits your big toe in his mouth, he will hang on till it thunders. Then he will spit it out like he was disgusted. The mud-turtle can swim and keep his chin out of water ef he wants to, but he don't care ef he does sink. The turtle can stay under water till his next birthday, and never crack a smile. He can breathe like a grown person, but he don't haf to, only when he is on dry land, and then I guess he jist does it to be soshibul. Always when you see bubbles a-comin' up in the swimmin' hole, you can bet your galluses they's a mud-turtle a layin' down there, studyin' up some cheap way to git his dinner. Mud-turtles never dies, only when they make soup out of 'em. They is seven kinds of meat in the turtle, but I'd ruther eat jist plain burnt liver.

WHY do not the newspapers allow the "political pot" to stop "commencing to boil?" Why not have the political gridiron begin to sizzle? Or the political kettle begin to sing?

"ALPHA."

A LITTLE child-heart overfilled,
Slipped into lisped song its happy hope—
As quietly the twilight spread abroad
Its coal-gray shadows over hill and slope.

Not dreaming that to-morrow *might*
Some trace of bitter with its sweetness yield,
He sang and sang: Would that it were to-morrow;
Oh! would that it were to-morrow!
And morrow, to-morrow, rang across the field.

"OMEGA."

Afar there sat an old man by the way,
His journey near its ending. Wearily
He turned, and 'neath his hallowed palm he scanned
The far receding pathway, drearily.

And as the night winds shook the barren boughs,
I heard him crying in a thin, shrill tone—
A broken strain—Oh, that 'twere yesterday!
And sea and wind shrieked, *Yesterday!*
And jeered him in their mocking monotone.

LULU WHEDON MITCHELL.

UPON what should the Dude be fed? Upon dew drops, of course.

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MIS(S)UNDERSTOOD.

SCENE: At "*Il Trovatore.*"

Miss Edith Bullion (*passionately fond of music*): OH! HERE COMES THAT TOO *too* LOVELY MISERERE.

Tom Tinchaser (*knows all about everything*): OH! WHICH? WHO? WHERE IS SHE?

GONE WRONG.

IN the April number of *Harper's Magazine* is finished a novel by William Black, Esq., the effect of which upon the public mind we cannot anticipate without forebodings.

The hero of the tale is an Irish journalist, whose hair curls lightly over his brow, and whose foot is frequent on his native bogs. He becomes subject to an unlimited passion for a professional person of practical mind, who discourses ballads to a concert-going public at a fair renumeration.

They exchange vows over running water, invoking the customary maledictions; and the young man extricates himself from his environment and goes to London to make his fortune. He does not make it right away. The practical professional person gets tired of waiting for him, and impulsively marries a commercial gentleman from Liverpool, who has money in his clothing, and is good for vast sums at thirty days.

When the transplanted journalist hears of this it disturbs him very materially, and he is glad that just at this time an old lady whose deceased nephew he resembles, opportunely conveys to him an estate in the North, in perfect order, including a steam yacht, horses, carriages, servants, gamekeepers, '27 Madeira, dry champagne and bottled beer.

He goes to this attractive retreat and sits up with his broken heart and the beer, and in his spare time creates some literature which is published in a London newspaper, and causes Fame to come for him like a St. Louis reporter on the trail of a new scandal.

Later on he marries the old lady's niece, and has what the vulgar call a *bully time* always after.

In England this tale probably costs entire a sum equal to several dollars; but here it can be bought—including pictures of the young fellow with the love-locks, and both the girls—for 20 cents; so it is plainly accessible to persons of very moderate means, and being sold by most newsdealers, it is likely to gain a wide circulation.

We believe it to be a misleading and pernicious book, calculated to bring prudence and sound commercial instincts into popular disfavor, and to incite young men of talent to quixotic vagrancy by causing it to appear that things can be got without working for them.

Let Mr. Black invent a new planet if he likes, with laws and limitations to suit himself, but not attempt to pass it off on us as Earth. The cold world in which we live is quite a different species of refrigerator from the world Mr. Black depicts. Old ladies who give away properties in a delicate manner are scarcer in real life than Wiggins' storms. Out of an immense number of poets and talented journalists, with whom we have a personal acquaintance, only two have been able to get adopted. The rest are compelled to work for a living, and thirty-five per cent. of them change their boarding house every month. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that, as the education of women is more perfectly understood and practiced, the commission of matrimony by poets grows more and more dificult, and that yearly an increased proportion of women are found who can correctly estimate the relative values of sentiment, and a balance at the bank.

Mr. Black might have made a story with a valuable moral, but he has thrown away his chance. It is impossible not to notice his lack of enthusiasm over the prudence of the practical professional person, and the fatuity with with which he considers nothing too good for the man who became left.

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"GONE!"

'TIS nothing but a little flower,
But ah, how dear to me!
It gently whispers ev'ry hour
Of one I long to see.

'Twas only yesterday we stood
Together, she and I;
Unmindful of the busy throng
That careless passed us by.

She raised her wistful eyes to mine,
And I alone could see
The meaning of their tender gaze,
Could read their gentle plea.

And then upon my open palm
She left this bud so red;
I lightly touched her dimpled hand,—
She quickly turned and fled.

She vanished midst the surging crowd,
As melts the ocean's foam;
Then, weary, sad and desolate,
I sought my lonely home.

And then I calmly pondered o'er
The story of the day;
And wondered if I could afford
To hie me to the play;

But when I reckoned up my cash,
I started up in rage,
And dashed about my chamber like
A lion in his cage:

For there I saw the penny bright
I fondly thought I'd paid,
And knew a gold three-dollar piece
I'd given to that maid.
And so I say the little flower
Is very, very *dear;*
And something tells me that the maid
Will nevermore appear.

G. C. BUCK.

SAILOR'S QUIDDITY.—Pigtail.

CHILDREN OF WEALTH.—The Rothschildren.

A NEW English book is called "People I have met." A new American book might be called "Men I have been out to See."

THE works of the Sandwich Manufacturing Company in Illinois were burned the other day. Railway restaurants will, however, have fossil sandwiches on hand to last until the works are rebuilt.

AN APRIL FOOL.

"SAY, MISTER, I'M GIVIN' IT TO YER STRAIGHT WHEN I TELLS YER DER'S SOMFIN HANGIN' ON TER DE BACK OF YER COAT."

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S new volume is called "Jocoseria," and it seems to be a sort of serio-comic song-book. The *Critic* quotes this neat little stanza:

"Brother, brother, I share the blame,
Arcades sumus ambo.
Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim,
Lack not the critic's flambeau,
And look to my ways, yet much the same
Offend with my tongue, like Pambo."

But unfortunately the *Critic* omits to quote the more interesting stanza which follows:

"Sister, sister, I share the blame,
Arcades sumus ambo.
I confess with sudden shame,
I do not like your d— beau,
Though I do not know his ugly name,
I know they call him Tambo!"

(SAMBO?)

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WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

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THE AUTHOR OF SHANDON BELLS ADMINISTERING INTELLECTUAL NOURISHMENT TO HIS CHARGE.

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SAYS HE WOULD SMILE.

WELL, I should smile in rapture gay
If she would only deign to say,
"I like you as a friend," and slip
Within my palm the finger-tip
She snaps in her coquettish way.

And if her eyes of azure-gray
Grew tender as the blooms of May,
In warmth of my companionship—
Well, I should smile.

But, O, if she her head should lay
Against my buttonhole-bouquet,
And lift the lushness of her lip
To mine—my giddy heart would skip
The tra-la-lee till Judgment Day,—
Well, I should smile!

J. W. R.

BOOKISHNESS.

MR. C. G. BUSH has prepared a book of twenty pictures, called "Our Choir; A Symphonie in A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc. Flat and Sharp, Major or Minor." It is a series of pen characters, as noted in connection with church music. We suppose the pictures—being just in number what they are—constitute the score, which the choir reads; and this leads us to observe that "Our Choir" is a ream-arkable book. [N. B.—The point of this merry jest is in the play of wit on "quire" and "ream." The explanation and the diagram go with the joke. No extra charge. If you don't want what you see, ask for it.]

"SCIENCE and Sentiment" is the title of a new novel by President Porter. It is said to relate to the conflict between Sentiment as represented by Mr. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, and Science as represented by Mr. John L. Sullivan, of Boston. Our own impression is that Science would knock out Sentiment in three rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules.

MR. R. A. PROCTOR, an English scientific person, is about to publish a scientific work on the "Mysteries of Time and Space." Probably Mr. Proctor has been a reporter, and has learnt to make out his bill.

MOTTO of the dwellers upon the rocks in Harlem—Will any gintlemin thread on the tail av me goat?

MR. JACOBS.

[By the Author of "Messrs. Abrahams and Isaacs," "The Lost Tribes," "An 'Ebrew Jew," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER II.

ABOU-BEN-JACOBS.

I WAS seated that evening at the open door of my apartment, pensively inhaling the fumes of my brandy *pawnee*, and watching the moon moving rapidly up and down behind a grove of mandragoras, as she does only in the Punjaub (and there only after dinner), when a tall young Sepoy presented himself, and after making three salaams in succession on a Persian rug, spread before the threshold for the purpose, addressed me as follows:

"Brother of the moon, uncle of the sun, inhabitant of the whole earth, peace be with you."

"And with you peace," I replied.

"The *effendi* Abou-ben-Jacobs requests the illumination of your countenance in the darkness of his humble *shebang*."

"May my grave be defiled with the blood of a pig if I refuse," I answered, and rising, I followed the messenger through the corridors of the hotel. Arrived at a door which gave upon the verandah, he lifted a *portière* of cloth of gold, and knocking his forehead thrice upon the sill, ushered me into the presence of my table acquaintance of the morning. I am a man not easily moved. *Nil admirari* is the motto of yours truly, Paul Pry. Aye, I am a cold, cynical misanthrope, well acquainted with the hollowness of the world, and with the philosophy of Kant and Joseph Cock. I have seen most things worth seeing, and despise them all. I am alike powerful in mind and body, but I will not disguise the fact that what I saw in Abou-ben-Jacobs' apartment drew from me a sudden exclamation of surprise.

There was no light in the room except that shed by my host's wonderful eyes, but that was stronger than the radiance of a double-burner student lamp, and it was enough to show what treasures the place contained. The walls were covered with the inscription "God bless our home," emblazoned in the most gorgeous aniline dyes, and in twenty-seven languages. Among these shone the owner's coat of arms—three hats rampant *saba*, in a field *or*. Screens covered with storks, blue and white cuspidors, and Eastern rocking chairs stood about in reckless profusion. What-nots and brackets were littered with ivory paper-cutters, Scotch plaid card-cases, *papier maché* thingumbobs, feathers and *gurri*, Chinese puzzles and Japanese fans, diamonds bigger than pullets' eggs. Several lacs of rupees glittered on the thick rug, where they had been negligently scattered. An Abyssinian yataghan and a Malay creese lay beside an asbestos shaving cup, having seemingly been used as razors.

"*Entrez*," said my host, employing for the nonce the Parisian argot, which, I afterwards discovered, he knew even more intimately than Cardinal Mezzofanti. He was lying on the rug in an easy attitude, one of his legs folded gracefully around his neck, and the other swinging in a ring of jadestone, which depended from the roof by a cord of fine Manilla hemp. He had in his hand a small pocket edition of the Zendavesta.

"You little expected to find me surrounded with such luxuries in this dog of a hotel," he continued, with a smile; "but, my dear fellow, to a man of my resources, money is no object. Take a *hookah*. My pipe bearers are both dead, poor fellows, in consequence of having eaten too many cobras this morning, so you'll have to work it yourself. It is quite a blow," he added with a sigh. "It is so difficult to get thoroughly trained servants in these beastly outlying hill stations." I did as he bade, and we both puffed for a while in silence. I noticed that he had exchanged the European costume of the morning for a garment more strictly Oriental, namely a *pajama* of rose-colored silk, embroidered at the throat with pearls. At length he broke the silence.

"Tell me," I asked, "are you really a Persian and a descendant of Zoroaster, as Muligatawney Supe told me an hour ago? Your name on the hotel register is indeed Abou-ben-Jacobs, but I cannot resist the suspicion that ——. Tell me, I conjure you, what

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means yon 'scutcheon? And then those nose, them store clothes —to use the language of Abou-ben-Artemus-Ward, a poet of my own land."

"If you won't give me away," he answered slowly, using a bold figure of speech not uncommon in the East, "I will tell you. I am, in truth, a Semite—a member of the tribe of Benjamin, as these curling locks imply. My name is Jacobs—*Mister* Jacobs you English call me; but, for business and other reasons, I find it convenient to employ the titular embellishments which you saw on the register. *Verbum sap*, as they say in Roumania."

"But you have not always lived in the East," I went on. "Where did you get your English pronunciation now? You have the pure Boston accent—purer, if possible, than my own."

"Ah!" he said, with a smile, "That is one of my little secrets. In youth I served as a waiter at a fashionable caravansery in Constantinople. It was frequented by American missionaries, who were mostly from the neighborhood of Boston. The keeper of the caravansery was, moreover, a distinguished comparative philologist. Lauguages were his passion, and as I was his favorite slave he instructed me daily, on the Olendorf Method. Sunday we talked Coptic; Monday, Basque; Tuesday, Frisian, and so on. Yes, my early advantages were great; and then, too, my reading is simply immense. Allow me," he said, suddenly, "to present you with one of my business cards." And taking from the pocket of his pajama a small square of *papier de riz* covered with gilt letters, he handed it to me with a graceful flourish of his right thumb and forefinger. I read aloud the trilingual inscription in Bengalee, Pidgin English, and Cochin Chinese—the purport of which I translate for the benefit of the unlearned reader; for I scorn to dazzle the newspaper critics by an undue display of scholarship:

ABOU-BEN-JACOBS,

1001 SHIMPI TABBI-TABBI STREET,

Calcutta.

Dry-goods, Furnishings, Haberdashery, New and Second-hand Clothing, Laces, Jewelry, Embroidery, Tiger Skins, Oriental *Bric-à-brac*, etc.

THE PALACE OF MODE,

1001 *Shimpi Tabbi-tabbi Street.*

"Give me a call sometime," he said, "when you happen to be in town. I can rig you out with anything you want. Gents' neckwear a specialty. Ten years ago," he went on reflectively, "my entire capital consisted of a single rupee. I invested it wisely in bandanna handkerchiefs, sold my stock at a profit, reinvested that, and so on, till now—behold me!" and he waved his hand toward the what-nots and the Eastlake rockers. "Yes, I came to India a poor boy—as a dragoman to a party of Cook's tourists. What says Hafiz in his 'Lament of the Bulbul'?—'Diligence and punctuality are essential to success.' Blessed be Allah! There is but one Allah! There is also but one Jacobs, and don't you forget it!" and he drew down his left eyelid over one of those peerless orbs, quenching for an instant its lustre and partially darkening the apartment—an Oriental gesture expressive of devotion.

"Tell me what has brought you here to this confounded hole, infested by cobras and heavy Britons, so far from your own bright bazaar?"

"I have a harem," he replied.

"Ah, ha! I tumble," said I.

"And I have come here for recruits."

"For recruits! Now God forbid!" (I am a misogymist as well as a cynic.)

"God may, but Allah will not. You don't apprehend me. My wives bore me to death by their quarrels. Now—as the Zulu proverb says, '*Similia similibus curantur*'—I am in search of a woman who will bore *them* to death, as one poison expels another.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Miss Priscilla: ISN'T HE PICTURESQUE!

Mr. William Dude: PICTURESQUE, YES—BUT WHAT AN ASS HE MUST HAVE BEEN TO WEAR SUCH AN UNCOMFORTABLE MACHINE AS THAT ABOUT HIS NECK, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF BEING IN THE FASHION!

And by Allah!" he exclaimed, slapping his thigh, "I think I have found her!"

"Miss Juggernaut?" I asked.

"The same! As a mind-reader, you are a success, Prigs! That guess was worthy of old Fol-de-Rol himself."

"Who, then, is Fol-de-Rol?" I asked.

"Hush!" he said, looking suspiciously around. "Perhaps some day you may know him. But the night grows late. Tomorrow there is to be a *futbhawl* match, in which I am to play among the half-backs. So I think perhaps you had better go. Good-night. Excuse my not rising. I sleep in this position, and if I once get out of it, it will be hard to get back into it again."

At this hint I withdrew.

EMBARRASS DE CHOIX.

Dear girl, if there were twelve of you,
I could not well be more at loss
Which one to choose, than when I view
Your moods, and wonder what to do—
Take you gay, cruel, kind or cross.

And should I love you all, each one
Of your fair selves might then grow jealous;
Existence would be far from fun.
In such a case, what shall be done?
O colors of the rainbow, tell us?

G. P. LATHROP.

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III.

IV.

BIOGRAPHETTES.

JOHN L. SPENCER.

THIS notorious pugilist was born in Derby, England, in 1820. Both his parents were habitually addicted to thinking, reading and kindred vices, and it is not to be wondered at that young Spencer, reared under the degrading influences of literature and science, should at an early age have manifested a tendency to the ring. The softening glamour of hookey, alley-taw and peg-top was in vain thrown about him by his schoolmates, and at the usually tender age of nine he was already known to the police as a dangerous and confirmed scholar. From this time his downward career was rapid, and he soon became a frequenter of the dives of the F. R. S. and other gangs, and was known as a tough and a knocker-out to all the low philosophical classes infesting London.

In 1853 Spencer began his career as a pugilist, knocking out seven canons of the Church of England in one round. He then slugged in rapid succession four theologians and nine bishops, and was acknowledged to be worthy of the champion's belt, which was accordingly conferred upon him. His subsequent acts of violence to pious believers are too well known to need reference.

Spencer is naturally endowed with a tremendous cerebral development, and is probably the hardest scientific hitter living. In company with his pals, the notorious "Charlie" Darwin, "Jimmie" Huxley, "Jack" Faraday and "Slugger" Tyndall, he claims to have whipped every theologian who has yet faced him, Marquis of Aristotle rules, and still continues in his nefarious work in spite of the police.

HERBERT SULLIVAN.

THIS renowned philosopher and sociologist was born as a matter of course in Boston, 1855. Fifty-seven of his immediate ancestors came over to this country from Portugal in the Mayflower, and were subsequently killed at Bunker Hill. The rest either won great fame as stroke oar in Harvard or Yale crews, or partially distinguished themselves in humble walks as governors of Massachusetts. Herbie—or "Yarb," as his intimate friends prefer to call him, was wonderfully precocious as a child, and when six years of age was already deep in the beans and culture of which his native city is so proud. He never indulged in the rude games of spelling and figures of which his playmates were so fond, but delighted his professors by his close application to shinny, base ball and rowing, graduating from Yale in these sciences at the age of eighteen. Henceforward he devoted himself to that branch of conchology which treats of mussels. In 1881, in New Orleans, he delivered a lecture on gravitation and nasal hemorrhage, which was frequently and brilliantly illustrated by the Hon. Patricio Ryan, an Italian savant who assisted him. Upon this his fame rose to its present height. Recently, in New York, he delivered a similar lecture at Madison Square Garden, but the experiments failed, through the carelessness of the Hon. Tug Wilson, who failed to remain quite long enough in the recumbent position required. Mr. Sullivan is a modest, retiring gentleman, considerate of others and never boastful. He represents the best blood and sentiment of his native state, and unless he lectures again, will probably live long to tell what he is going to do.

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EXEMPLARY.

A DAME who was over particular,
Seized forcibly by his auricular,
A self-engrossed dude
Who appeared to her rude,
And spoiled his correct perpendicular.

THE MULDOON'S BALL.

FOR two months down-town society has been in a flutter of excitement over the invitations issued by Mr. T. P. Brian Boru Bedad-Muldoon, for his long-projected masquerade ball. The cards, engraved expressly for the occasion by Dougherty, gilt-edged, ivory-back, round corners, and blazoned with the latest heraldric insignia of the Muldoons in the left-hand upper and right-hand lower corners, were sent only to the *creme de la creme* of Baxter and Mott street *elite*, whose names were thoughtfully suggested to the host by friends who were anxious to have the affair the most *recherché* of the season. This ruling, of course, necessitated the omission of the names of many intimate friends and some near relatives, but an after happy thought suggested that, as a *coup d'etat*, these might be invited with napkins, and could so look on and pass around refreshments without jarring the feelings of the *bon-ton* and *jennesse dorée*. The other preparations were made upon a similarly magnificent scale, and the venerable Brian Boru, uncle of the happy family giving the entertainment, modestly estimated that the total value of the chromos, window shades, chinese lanterns, brick-bats and articles of bigotry and virtue in the house, to say nothing of the dresses and Parisian diamonds to be worn, would foot up nearly $165. The beer alone, he said, to be consumed at the entertainment, would cost at least $9.50.

Despite the fact that the Brian Boru's and Muldoon's sense of refinement so impelled them to avoid notoriety that only twenty newspapers were admitted to the secret, the affair leaked out, and everybody has been on the *qui vive* for weeks. The result was unhappy in one sense, for the host has been so besieged for invitations from low, poor folks and common Knickerbockers, that he has been compelled, on more than one occasion, to tell the hired girl not to admit any one who could not produce a certificate of property holding to the amount of at least $100. Another difficulty lay in the fact that many of the young gents invited, were unable, owing to the severity of the present weather, to hypothecate their ulsters and to hire costumes, and hence it was reasonably found that a hen party would be the result. This was happily averted by Brian Boru's generosity in offering to pay one-half the costume bill of every gent able to dance.

Last evening the long expected hour arrived, and by 9 o'clock Sullivan street was choked with 'busses chartered by the revellers for the happy occasion. Long lines of police warned away peanut venders and cough candy men, but a silent and respectful crowd assembled in front of the residence and watched the masqueraders *debouche*. The scene was one never equalled in New York. Four clothes-lines radiated from the door, and from these suspended Chinese lanterns which cost anywhere from $1.35 a dozen. Over these was hung a quilt of rare mosaic design, made 40 years ago by a remote ancestor. Under this exquisite *porte cochére* was spread a roll of two-ply antique Brussels carpet, with edges frayed like a Pompeiian rug. The interior of the house baffled description. The front door, with its genuine china knob and real keyhole, was thrown hospitably open by the help, and through this the thrice happy guests passed, to be welcomed by Brian Boru, who kindly explained to them the cost of each article in the house.

To describe what followed would tax the imagina- of Spenser, the fervor of Byron, the pen of Milton and the genius of John Kelly. The decorations were dazzling, and, as the price tags were unostentatiously attached to each, it could be seen that no expense had been spared. The costumes were the best that could be hired, and were almost equal to those displayed at the $10 French Ball.

Mr. Brian Boru, uncle of the host, appeared in clean cuffs, cut *en revers*, with collar and receipted wash-bill to match. Ornaments, coupons.

Mr. T. P. Brian Boru Bedad-Muldoon, the host, wore a court dress of the founder of his house, of the period of 1837. A small receptable, shaped somewhat like a V, and attached to a slender staff, completed the costume. Mr. Michael Mulcahey Maguire appeared in a pair of doeskin trousers, with applique pockets and hemstitched borders. Ornaments, buttons.

Mr. John Rafferty wore a shirt of real twill, cut bias, yoked, open at the back, with square corsage and pompadour ruffles gathered at the waist. The panier was of diaphanous mull in box pleats, with an insertion of ecru bobbinet. The front was cut *en princesse*, with a deep flounce of antique Nottingham placed *en revers*. Hair in soaped lambrequins, looped up with stick pomade. Mr. P. O'Hara Bedad, of the Bedads of Bedadsburg, wore a velvet vest, cut *decolletee* and lined with Italian cloth *en revers*. Hair, *a la* billiard ball, and oroide ornaments.

Mr. Michael Malony, a handsome brunette, wore saliva curls.

Mr. Tim Hooligan, a bewitching blonde, appeared in a radiant smile which displayed, to advantage, the gold fillings in his teeth.

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Mr. Mulligan Mulligan wore patent-leather pumps; ornaments, chiropedean.

Mr. Patsey Malloy intended appearing as Irish Vengeance, but an unfortunate cold in the eye, contracted during a St. Patrick's Day argument, prevented his attendance.

Mr. J. Hooley-McNamee, a graceful chataine, was simply attired in a white tie, made up at the store. He was much admired.

Mr. Bejabers Begorra appeared in a Fenian hat, trimmed with three rows of miniature coffins applique. Depending from this was a green scarf with the motto, A. O. H. Ornaments, dynamite.

These few costumes will serve to illustrate that the prodigality of the guests was only equalled by that of the host.

Supper was furnised by Murphy, the caterer of Baxter street, and was served continuously after 12 o'clock. There were two kinds of stew; muffins, cold beef, sausages, waffles, Kartofel salad, hot sausages, three varieties of pudding, cold slaugh, pickled beets, doughnuts, canned oysters and sardines, chow-chow, crullers, ham, corned beef sandwiches, boiled potatoes and fried eggs, milk toast, crackers, raisins, bananas and coffee were included in the mênu, and were served gratuitously, although the price of each was displayed on the placards which ornamented the supper room. In addition to this beer flowed like water, and was of the best quality Hoboken could furnish. The music was by Tuttifrutti's Itinerant Ochestra, and Mr. Brian Boru informed each guest that this item alone cost $6.00. Altogether no such affair has been or will be seen for a long time, and the haughty and exclusive coteries of Baxter and Mott streets will long hold it in remembrance.

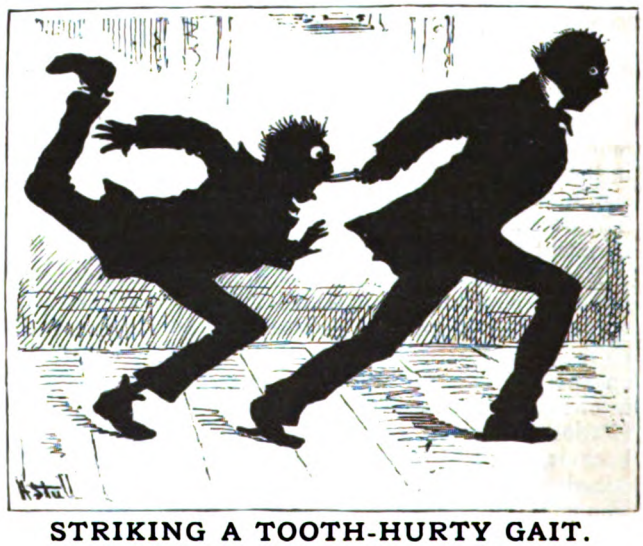
THE FIRST OF APRIL IN THE WOODS.

TO LOVERS.

YOU will find, my dear boy, that the dearly prized kiss,
Which with rapture you snatched from the half willing miss,
Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses
You give the same girl when you've made her a Mrs.

And many a girl, when embarked on the wave
Of life's *ocean* with him who protests he's her slave,
Will find, when there's nothing on earth that can save her,
That the captain's a brute and the vessel a slaver.

HENRY EMERSON.



STRIKING A TOOTH-HURTY GAIT.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

NEXT week's biographettes: No. 5, The Widow Guelph; No. 6, Giovanni Chelli.

THE readiness with which the foot of the modern man taketh him to the club would go far to prove that a man is by nature club-footed.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Mistaking delirium tremens for malaria will not be popular in Washington any more until Congress reassembles.—*Washington Republic.*

THE ground-hog and goose-bone, not having published an almanac, still maintain their reputation as weather prophets. Wiggins and Vennor have published almanacs.—*Norristown Herald.*

JENCQUES does not believe in the higher education of women. As it is now, says Jencques, most women fly so high that a man of ordinary intellect can take no comfort in their society.

A WESTERN paper says:—"Robeson will present a melancholy sight as he walks alone on the Jersey coast watching fragments of the ship of state, which he is certain will go to wreck now that he has been discharged from the crew."

DESPITE the teachings of the pessimists, the more we see of LIFE the better we like it.—*Norristown Herald.* Jest not on serious things. Did not the lamented Longfellow say: "LIFE is real; LIFE is earnest."—*Phil'a News.* And did not some other fellow ask "Is LIFE worth living?"—*Grit.* "YES, and the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* declares "its merits are such that subscribers willingly take their LIFE into their own hands, and find it, also, hard to give their LIFE up."

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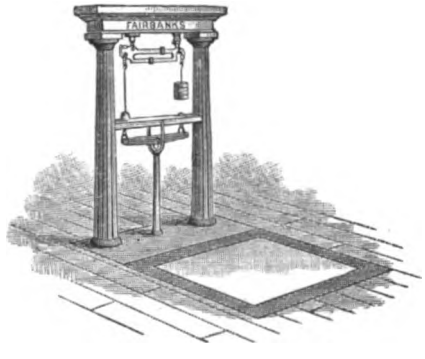

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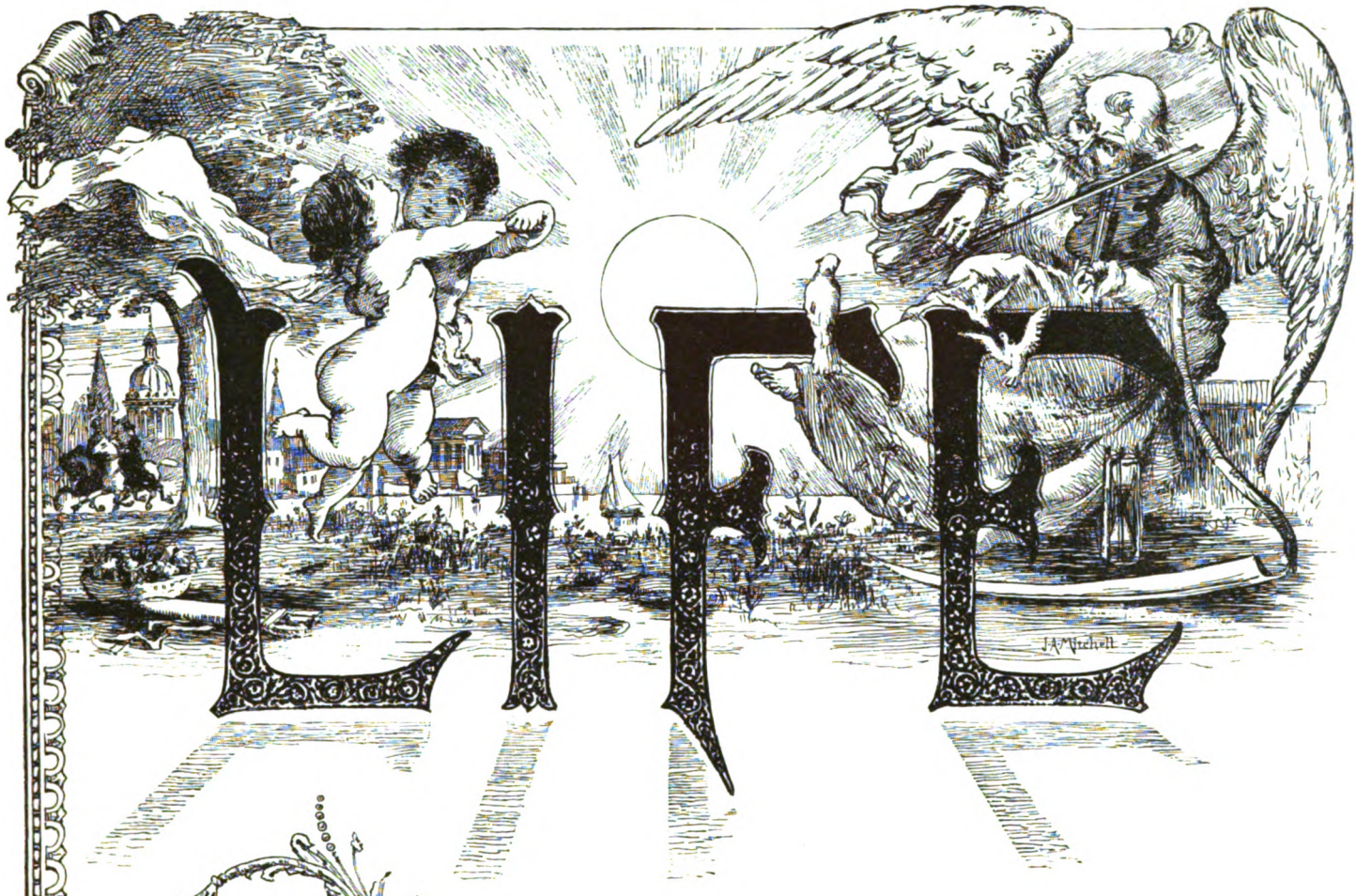

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A PAIR OF FAMOUS THEFTS.

[*From the French of Ameal Bragoriau.*]

A SPARROW dipped its wing in the fountain in Madison Square, and hopping pertly the upon edge of the basin, pointed its tail in the direction of the Turf Club. It was 11:16 on a February morning. Wiggins's storm had failed, owing to contingencies which no man could foresee, and the fountain was not frozen. A man sat on a bench bathed in a checkering cast over him by a filtration of sunshine through the twigs of a leafless tree. The peculiarity about the man was that he was not George Francis Train. He was some other man. He watched the sparrow, seemingly with a listless interest. In point of fact his feelings were at a painful tension. When the sparrow perched on the end of the stone basin, with its tail pointed at the Turf Club, the man's features for an instant were relaxed in a slight smile. A moment later he pursed his lips in that significant way which unmistakably announces that the mind has grasped a satisfactory idea. Then he rose, and making a slight detour in order to avoid the unpleasant sensation of passing close by the Seward statue, walked rapidly to Dorlon's oyster house.

The twenty-four hours' talk of the metropolis had been concerning two robberies that had occurred on the night but one previous. One of the robberies had been dastardly; the other excited wonder by reason of the vastness of the amount stolen. A famous general had been robbed of one of the most cherished of a collection of 17,837 presents which he had laboriously gathered in the course of a passage round the world. A son of the famous Proprietor of the Staten Island Passenger Marine had lost a pocket-book containing $97,000,000, which he had carelessly left on the mantel-piece in his study while he went out for a few minutes to see a man at the Windsor Hotel. In both cases the theft was surpising. It was not understood how even a thief could have the heart to steal from the General, whose standing as a public benefactor was only exceeded by his rating as a public beneficiary. As for the son of the Staten Island Proprietor, the public was astounded to learn that he had paid a visit to his study.

The man who had watched the sparrow was a detective.

The detective ate fried oysters, and drank a bottle of Bass's ale at Dorlon's. He entered the price of these refreshments in a small note-book, and then walked rapidly in the direction of Fourth Avenue.

Rousing himself at the northern extremity of the tunnel, the detective dismounted from the car at the Grand Central Depot. He was ushered into the presence of a man who sat in an apartment, the walls of which were mosaics of pictures by Meissonier. Models of locomotives, horses, and the Central Park obelisk lumbered the desk at which he sat.

"You can have the Garden for $10,000," the man said, "assuming your own risks as against the police for the privilege of knocking anybody out."

The detective smiled. "You have been robbed of $97,000,000," he said, quietly.

"Let me see," the other replied, consulting a small memorandum book that lay at his elbow. "Yes, the night before last," he continued, with an intelligent smile.

"You did not steal the money yourself?" the detective said, abruptly and sternly.

The other searched in all his pockets, and when he had finished with his last pocket, said, "No, I'm sure I did not."

"Then it was a member of the Turf Club who robbed you," the detective instantly rejoined.

"Ah?" said the man.

"Yes," said the detective, relapsing into the moody abstraction for which he had long been famed.

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II.

On the day following the occurrences that have been recorded, a Third Avenue car driver on his down trip strangely refrained from lashing the off horse. Between Bleecker and Houston streets the horse remarked to the driver :

"Slew me off and wait for horses from the next car."

Without a word the driver slewed the off horse off as requested.

This was a triumph of detective work, though perhaps the reader does not see it now.

The horse was the detective.

The disguise was perfect.

As soon as the detective was unharnessed he trotted to Headquarters and reported that all was well.

The report was sent to the newspapers, but was not printed.

III.

"Have the domestics wound up the 700 clocks that I accumulated in Asia?" the General inquired of his valet.

The valet respectfully replied in the affirmative.

"Hand me the dressing gown marked 'Budjpootnah, 37,' half a dozen of the cigars presented to me by the municipality of Havana, the diamond match box that I received from the lamented Emperor of Russia, the slippers wrought in the Harem at Alexandria, and a glass of water. I shall retire shortly to the bed forwarded to my address by the Count Chambord."

"Are the new tags satisfactory, your Excellency?"

"Perfectly. If the detective calls, tell him that his services are no longer required."

The valet withdrew. The detective called a few minutes afterward. He was full of hope. The valet said to him :

"The tagging was wrong. A number was accidentally skipped, making the collection seem larger than it really is. The real number of objects in the collection is 17,836. We have just accomplished a new tagging, and a revised catalogue is to be made out. Nothing at all is stolen. The General thanks you, and hopes that you will attain to eminence in your career."

A flush of gratified pride played for an instant in the detective's face. By a stern exercise of will he dismissed it, and turned his attention to the $97,000,000 case.

The son of the Staten Island Proprietor was seated in a small fortune in the way of an arm-chair with his feet extended upon several thousand dollars' worth of Turkish ottoman when the detective was ushered into his presence.

"I have to report gratifying progress in this case," the detective said. "I have successfully traversed a section of the Bowery as a horse, and I believe that I am on the point of recovering the $97,000,000 that you lost."

"René!" called the millionaire.

"Yes, sorr," replied a richly liveried servant, silently entering the apartment.

"Didn't we find that pocket-book?"

"Yes, sorr. The milkman found it in th' airy an' gave it to the cook, an' the cook put it in the clock."

"Bring it up, René."

"Yes, sorr."

The pocket-book was brought. The millionaire counted the money it contained and found the amount correct—$97,000,000.

"Did you count the other pocketbooks in my drawer this morning?"

"Yes, sorr ; there's wan hundhred an thurtane."

"It's all right," the millionaire said to the detective. "I had 114 pocket-books, each containing a like amount, and they are all accounted for."

The detective gave a long, low whistle, and after apologizing for doing so, withdrew.

IV.

It may be well to devote a short chapter to the explanation of one or two points.

The sparrow was really of no advantage in this case, for the reason that he pointed his tail the wrong way. If the sparrow had pointed his tail the right way, the detective would have been justified in permitting himself to be influenced by the suggestion thereby offered in any degree which the circumstances warranted.

As things turned out, it was not necessary for the detective to disguise himself as a horse. But how could he have know that? In the light of subsequent events, it would have been equally futile if he had become a whale or a mule.

The name of René was given to the millionaire's servant by the millionaire's wife, who did not like the man's real name. His real name was Van Rensselaer.

E. D. B.

TO A PUNSTER.

OH, Bonmot, you're a sorry wag;
So hard you spur your tired nag,
That all your friends exclaim aghast :
"There goes the funny Bonmot past!"
Then turning to their ale and chop
They gasp, "Thank Heaven he didn't stop!"

A PHILOSOPHICAL son of Erin was overheard remarking to a friend, "Have a good time while you live, for you're a long while dead!" W. W. K.

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EXPERTO CREDE.

Young Wife discussing her first dinner party: WELL, THEN, HANNAH, HOW SHALL WE HAVE THE MUSHROOMS COOKED?

Cook: WELL MUM, YER GO OUT INTER SOCIETY MORE THAN I DO; YER OUGHT TER BE ABLE TO GIVE *me* A SUGGESTION.

IT'S MORALS.

WE have been to no little pains to extract the true inwardness of the latest literary achievement of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnet. "Through one Adminstration" is ended. It is a book replete with men and misery, and very short of available women and joy. Its heroine was married to a fool, was in love with the hero and very favorably disposed to the assistant hero, all simultaneously and without prejudice to her usefulness as heroine. Naturally there was abundance of trouble and occasion for the display of a very wide range of behavior. Love and Duty had one another by the hair, while Propriety shed a baleful glamor over the distressing scene. Through chapter after chapter the tussle was prolonged, neither contestant gaining a perceptible advantage, and, indeed, when slaughter and exile end the book, we are left in harrowing uncertainty as to which of them won.

A very simple thing might have saved all this unpleasantness. The hero was one of the first on the ground. The heroine was young, lovely and disengaged. He saw, he was attracted, he dallied and went away. She observed; she was well disposed; but being very young she let him go, and never so much as asked, "Ain't you forgot something?" If he had told her that he was her's for the taking, they might have got married and gone West together, to grow up with Dakotah. But he didn't; and she, being too young to know what she wanted without being told, neglected to bring him to book. He stayed away four years, and she bestowed herself elsewhere.

There are two morals, one for men, one for maidens.

A discriminating man will understand that what the fair author means to say to him is,—Sir, if you love a woman that you can marry be sure you are prompt to let her know it, even though you have to tell her yourself.

And the moral for girls is: It is better to wait awhile than to marry a fool.

THE MAN who has a tight boot at one extremity of his person is likely to have a narrow understanding at the other.

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GREAT ODDS.

Brown: "GOOD HEAVENS! WE MUST GO HOME, THERE IS THE CLOCK STRIKING ONE."
Jones: "NONSENSE; THAT'S NOTHING; WHAT'S ONE AMONG SO MANY?"

UNIDENTIFIED.

THEY say the White House is haunted by the ghost of an old gentleman which makes the presidents hungry for change of air.

This is credible enough. The strange part of the story is that persons who have seen the ghost deny that it answers to the description of the statesman of Gramercy Park.

AN AMATEUR.

SCENE.—*The parlor of a fashionable mansion not far from St. Thomas' Church. Time, 9 P.M. Miss Dizzy discovered entertaining Mr. Crusher.*

MISS DIZZY: It's so awfully good in you to join our Society.

MR. CRUSHER (*smiling blandly, and rubbing at the edge of his opera hat*): Thanks, very much, I'm sure; but do you really mean it?

MISS DIZZY: Of course I do. They say you are too lovely for anything as a leading man. I suppose you play all the great parts—Hamlet, Macbeth, and that sort of thing.

MR. CRUSHER: Well, no, you know. That is a little out of my line. I started out that way, but, you know, they said I didn't have the physique, or something of that sort, don't you know. Awfully cut up about it at first; for, you know, I rather like the rôle of Hamlet. Something for a fellow to do, you understand. Gave it up, though; and now I play Montague parts, don't you know. The society lover business, and all that.

MISS DIZZY: You must be too charming for anything. I suppose you are up in all the modern plays. Our Society is ambitious—oh, very—and we won't play in anything but the sensations of the hour. Got tired of "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and such easy plays. We do the "Passing Regiment" next. There is a lovely part in that for you. I hope you get it, because then—then you will make love to me. Won't that be jolly?

MR. CRUSHER (*blushing and twisting his base-ball side whiskers*): Delighted, I'm sure. You are too awfully good to say just such a thing.

MISS DIZZY: Thanks awfully. But you do look so much like one of the real novel lovers, don't you know. I'm sure you would be just too splendid—in a play.

MR. CRUSHER: Ye-es—only in a play?

MISS DIZZY: Of course. That is what I said.

MR. CRUSHER: You—you are quite sure you mean—mean only in a play.

MISS DIZZY: Quite.

MR. CRUSHER (*rising and moving toward the door*): I—I—didn't know—you understand. I have—that is, I might make love—ha—ha—off the stage.

MISS DIZZY: Not really?

MR. CRUSHER: Yes. Good evening.

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A QUANDARY.

VERY charming is Eileen,
Very dignified her mien;
She of beauty is the queen,
Many think.
Juno eyes of china blue,
Wavy hair the sun glints through,
Cheeks that emulate the hue
Of the pink.

Very dainty is Louise,
But as wayward as the breeze;
Prone to torment and to tease—
Just for fun.
Domineering in her ways
Caring naught for blame or praise,
Finding life all sunny days—
Happy one!

Difficult to choose between
Beautiful, reserved Eileen,
And Louise, if less serene,
Quite as fair.
Captivating are they both:
Not a whit would I be loth
To the two of them my troth
To declare.

But whereas a person sins,
Who, himself not being twins,
Maidens twain at one time wins,
This I'll do!
For the time I will withhold
Declarations all too bold;—
Since (if truth must needs be told)
Eileen's only three years old,
Louise two.

J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

OPEN TO QUESTION.

Mrs. Pigment, the well-known lady amateur, in the portrait she painted of Jack Pyrites unhappily gave that worthy the appearance of having been out late the night before. Which, perhaps, is why old Keenig said to Belinda Pyrites when she showed it to him.—N'NO, N'NOT A P'PERF'F'FECT LIKENESS: B'BUT SUGGESTIVE; V'VERY SUG-'G'GESTIVE. AND THIS L'L'LADY WHO D'DID IT—T'T'TELL ME; IS SHE A F'FRIEND OF THE F'F'FAMILY—OR—AN ENEMY?

IMPROBABLE.

WE do not credit the report that the inscription on the coffin plate of the late Postmaster General ended with the legend, "Buy the National Republican, for three cents."

Mr. Frank Hatton, although the details of his late chief's interment were doubtless under his personal control, has far too keen a sense of propriety to advertise his newspaper in a way so obviously improper.

AWFULLY SAD.

"WHY so gloomy this morning, Jacob?"

"Ah, my poor leetle Penjamin Levi—he is tead!"

"Dead? You surprise me. How did it happen?"

"Vell you see, my leetle Penjamin he vas at der synagogue to say his brayers, and a poy put in his het at der toor and gries, 'Job Lot!' and leetle Penjamin—he vas gilt in der grush."

D. T. FABULA NARRATUR, as the man said who told the "snake" story.

JUDKIN'S BOY ON FROGS.

FROGS is the people's friend, but they can't fly. Onc't they was tadpoles about as big as lickerish drops, and after a while legs growed out on 'em. Oh, let us love the frog—he looks so sorry! Frogs can swim better'n little boys, and they don't haf to hold their nose when they dive, neither! Onc't I had a pet frog; and the cars run over him. It jist squashed him! Bet he never knowed what hurt him! Onc't they was a rich lady swallered one—when he was little, you know; and he growed up in her, and it didn't kill him at all! And you could hear him holler in her bosom. It was a tree toad; and so every time he'd go "p-r-r-r-r-r-r!" w'y then the grand lady she'd know it was going to rain, and make her little boy run and put the tub out under the spout. Wasn't that a butiful frog!

GREAT feature in Chinese theatrical performances—Chin-Chin.

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MIS(S)UNDERSTOOD.

SCENE: At "*Il Trovatore.*"

Miss Edith Bullion (*passionately fond of music*): OH! HERE COMES THAT TOO *too* LOVELY MISERERE.

Tom Tinchaser (*knows all about everything*): OH! WHICH? WHO? WHERE IS SHE?

GONE WRONG.

IN the April number of *Harper's Magazine* is finished a novel by William Black, Esq., the effect of which upon the public mind we cannot anticipate without forebodings.

The hero of the tale is an Irish journalist, whose hair curls lightly over his brow, and whose foot is frequent on his native bogs. He becomes subject to an unlimited passion for a professional person of practical mind, who discourses ballads to a concert-going public at a fair renumeration.

They exchange vows over running water, invoking the customary maledictions; and the young man extricates himself from his environment and goes to London to make his fortune. He does not make it right away. The practical professional person gets tired of waiting for him, and impulsively marries a commercial gentleman from Liverpool, who has money in his clothing, and is good for vast sums at thirty days.

When the transplanted journalist hears of this it disturbs him very materially, and he is glad that just at this time an old lady whose deceased nephew he resembles, opportunely conveys to him an estate in the North, in perfect order, including a steam yacht, horses, carriages, servants, gamekeepers, '27 Madeira, dry champagne and bottled beer.

He goes to this attractive retreat and sits up with his broken heart and the beer, and in his spare time creates some literature which is published in a London newspaper, and causes Fame to come for him like a St. Louis reporter on the trail of a new scandal.

Later on he marries the old lady's niece, and has what the vulgar call a *bully time* always after.

In England this tale probably costs entire a sum equal to several dollars; but here it can be bought—including pictures of the young fellow with the love-locks, and both the girls—for 20 cents; so it is plainly accessible to persons of very moderate means, and being sold by most newsdealers, it is likely to gain a wide circulation.

We believe it to be a misleading and pernicious book, calculated to bring prudence and sound commercial instincts into popular disfavor, and to incite young men of talent to quixotic vagrancy by causing it to appear that things can be got without working for them.

Let Mr. Black invent a new planet if he likes, with laws and limitations to suit himself, but not attempt to pass it off on us as Earth. The cold world in which we live is quite a different species of refrigerator from the world Mr. Black depicts. Old ladies who give away properties in a delicate manner are scarcer in real life than Wiggins' storms. Out of an immense number of poets and talented journalists, with whom we have a personal acquaintance, only two have been able to get adopted. The rest are compelled to work for a living, and thirty-five per cent. of them change their boarding house every month. It is one of the hopeful signs of the times that, as the education of women is more perfectly understood and practiced, the commission of matrimony by poets grows more and more dificult, and that yearly an increased proportion of women are found who can correctly estimate the relative values of sentiment, and a balance at the bank.

Mr. Black might have made a story with a valuable moral, but he has thrown away his chance. It is impossible not to notice his lack of enthusiasm over the prudence of the practical professional person, and the fatuity with with which he considers nothing too good for the man who became left.

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"GONE!"

'TIS nothing but a little flower,
But ah, how dear to me!
It gently whispers ev'ry hour
Of one I long to see.

'Twas only yesterday we stood
Together, she and I;
Unmindful of the busy throng
That careless passed us by.

She raised her wistful eyes to mine,
And I alone could see
The meaning of their tender gaze,
Could read their gentle plea.

And then upon my open palm
She left this bud so red;
I lightly touched her dimpled hand,—
She quickly turned and fled.

She vanished midst the surging crowd,
As melts the ocean's foam;
Then, weary, sad and desolate,
I sought my lonely home.

And then I calmly pondered o'er
The story of the day;
And wondered if I could afford
To hie me to the play;

But when I reckoned up my cash,
I started up in rage,
And dashed about my chamber like
A lion in his cage:

For there I saw the penny bright
I fondly thought I'd paid,
And knew a gold three-dollar piece
I'd given to that maid.
And so I say the little flower
Is very, very *dear;*
And something tells me that the maid
Will nevermore appear.

G. C. BUCK.

SAILOR'S QUIDDITY.—Pigtail.

CHILDREN OF WEALTH.—The Roths-children.

A NEW English book is called "People I have met." A new American book might be called "Men I have been out to See."

THE works of the Sandwich Manufacturing Company in Illinois were burned the other day. Railway restaurants will, however, have fossil sandwiches on hand to last until the works are rebuilt.

AN APRIL FOOL.

"SAY, MISTER, I'M GIVIN' IT TO YER STRAIGHT WHEN I TELLS YER DER'S SOMFIN HANGIN' ON TER DE BACK OF YER COAT."

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S new volume is called "Jocoseria," and it seems to be a sort of serio-comic song-book. The *Critic* quotes this neat little stanza:

"Brother, brother, I share the blame,
Arcades sumus ambo.
Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim,
Lack not the critic's flambeau,
And look to my ways, yet much the same
Offend with my tongue, like Pambo."

But unfortunately the *Critic* omits to quote the more interesting stanza which follows:

"Sister, sister, I share the blame,
Arcades sumus ambo.
I confess with sudden shame,
I do not like your d— beau,
Though I do not know his ugly name,
I know they call him Tambo!"

(SAMBO?)

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WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

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THE AUTHOR OF SHANDON BELLS ADMINISTERING INTELLECTUAL NOURISHMENT TO HIS CHARGE.

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SAYS HE WOULD SMILE.

ELL, I should smile in rapture gay
If she would only deign to say,
"I like you as a friend," and slip
Within my palm the finger-tip
She snaps in her coquettish way.

And if her eyes of azure-gray
Grew tender as the blooms of May,
In warmth of my companionship—
Well, I should smile.

But, O, if she her head should lay
Against my buttonhole-bouquet,
And lift the lushness of her lip
To mine—my giddy heart would skip
The tra-la-lee till Judgment Day,—
Well, I should smile!

J. W. R.

BOOKISHNESS.

MR. C. G. BUSH has prepared a book of twenty pictures, called "Our Choir; A Symphonie in A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc. Flat and Sharp, Major or Minor." It is a series of pen characters, as noted in connection with church music. We suppose the pictures—being just in number what they are—constitute the score, which the choir reads; and this leads us to observe that "Our Choir" is a ream-arkable book. [N. B.—The point of this merry jest is in the play of wit on "quire" and "ream." The explanation and the diagram go with the joke. No extra charge. If you don't want what you see, ask for it.]

"SCIENCE and Sentiment" is the title of a new novel by President Porter. It is said to relate to the conflict between Sentiment as represented by Mr. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, and Science as represented by Mr. John L. Sullivan, of Boston. Our own impression is that Science would knock out Sentiment in three rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules.

MR. R. A. PROCTOR, an English scientific person, is about to publish a scientific work on the "Mysteries of Time and Space." Probably Mr. Proctor has been a reporter, and has learnt to make out his bill.

MOTTO of the dwellers upon the rocks in Harlem—Will any gintlemin thread on the tail av me goat?

MR. JACOBS.

[By the Author of "Messrs. Abrahams and Isaacs," "The Lost Tribes," "An 'Ebrew Jew," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER II.

ABOU-BEN-JACOBS.

I WAS seated that evening at the open door of my apartment, pensively inhaling the fumes of my brandy *pawnee*, and watching the moon moving rapidly up and down behind a grove of mandragoras, as she does only in the Punjaub (and there only after dinner), when a tall young Sepoy presented himself, and after making three salaams in succession on a Persian rug, spread before the threshold for the purpose, addressed me as follows:

"Brother of the moon, uncle of the sun, inhabitant of the whole earth, peace be with you."

"And with you peace," I replied.

"The *effendi* Abou-ben-Jacobs requests the illumination of your countenance in the darkness of his humble *shebang*."

"May my grave be defiled with the blood of a pig if I refuse," I answered, and rising, I followed the messenger through the corridors of the hotel. Arrived at a door which gave upon the verandah, he lifted a *portière* of cloth of gold, and knocking his forehead thrice upon the sill, ushered me into the presence of my table acquaintance of the morning. I am a man not easily moved. *Nil admirari* is the motto of yours truly, Paul Pry. Aye, I am a cold, cynical misanthrope, well acquainted with the hollowness of the world, and with the philosophy of Kant and Joseph Cock. I have seen most things worth seeing, and despise them all. I am alike powerful in mind and body, but I will not disguise the fact that what I saw in Abou-ben-Jacobs' apartment drew from me a sudden exclamation of surprise.

There was no light in the room except that shed by my host's wonderful eyes, but that was stronger than the radiance of a double-burner student lamp, and it was enough to show what treasures the place contained. The walls were covered with the inscription "God bless our home," emblazoned in the most gorgeous aniline dyes, and in twenty-seven languages. Among these shone the owner's coat of arms—three hats rampant *saba*, in a field *or*. Screens covered with storks, blue and white cuspidors, and Eastern rocking chairs stood about in reckless profusion. What-nots and brackets were littered with ivory paper-cutters, Scotch plaid card-cases, *papier maché* thingumbobs, feathers and *guzri*, Chinese puzzles and Japanese fans, diamonds bigger than pullets' eggs. Several lacs of rupees glittered on the thick rug, where they had been negligently scattered. An Abyssinian yataghan and a Malay creese lay beside an asbestos shaving cup, having seemingly been used as razors.

"*Entrez*," said my host, employing for the nonce the Parisian argot, which, I afterwards discovered, he knew even more intimately than Cardinal Mezzofanti. He was lying on the rug in an easy attitude, one of his legs folded gracefully around his neck, and the other swinging in a ring of jadestone, which depended from the roof by a cord of fine Manilla hemp. He had in his hand a small pocket edition of the Zendavesta.

"You little expected to find me surrounded with such luxuries in this dog of a hotel," he continued, with a smile; "but, my dear fellow, to a man of my resources, money is no object. Take a *hookah*. My pipe bearers are both dead, poor fellows, in consequence of having eaten too many cobras this morning, so you'll have to work it yourself. It is quite a blow," he added with a sigh. "It is so difficult to get thoroughly trained servants in these beastly outlying hill stations." I did as he bade, and we both puffed for a while in silence. I noticed that he had exchanged the European costume of the morning for a garment more strictly Oriental, namely a *pajama* of rose-colored silk, embroidered at the throat with pearls. At length he broke the silence.

"Tell me," I asked, "are you really a Persian and a descendant of Zoroaster, as Muligatawney Supe told me an hour ago? Your name on the hotel register is indeed Abou-ben-Jacobs, but I cannot resist the suspicion that ——. Tell me, I conjure you, what

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means yon 'scutcheon? And then those nose, them store clothes —to use the language of Abou-ben-Artemus-Ward, a poet of my own land."

"If you won't give me away," he answered slowly, using a bold figure of speech not uncommon in the East, "I will tell you. I am, in truth, a Semite—a member of the tribe of Benjamin, as these curling locks imply. My name is Jacobs—*Mister* Jacobs you English call me; but, for business and other reasons, I find it convenient to employ the titular embellishments which you saw on the register. *Verbum sap*, as they say in Roumania."

"But you have not always lived in the East," I went on. "Where did you get your English pronunciation now? You have the pure Boston accent—purer, if possible, than my own."

"Ah!" he said, with a smile, "That is one of my little secrets. In youth I served as a waiter at a fashionable caravansery in Constantinople. It was frequented by American missionaries, who were mostly from the neighborhood of Boston. The keeper of the caravansery was, moreover, a distinguished comparative philologist. Languages were his passion, and as I was his favorite slave he instructed me daily, on the Olendorf Method. Sunday we talked Coptic; Monday, Basque; Tuesday, Frisian, and so on. Yes, my early advantages were great; and then, too, my reading is simply immense. Allow me," he said, suddenly, "to present you with one of my business cards." And taking from the pocket of his pajama a small square of *papier de riz* covered with gilt letters, he handed it to me with a graceful flourish of his right thumb and forefinger. I read aloud the trilingual inscription in Bengalee, Pidgin English, and Cochin Chinese—the purport of which I translate for the benefit of the unlearned reader; for I scorn to dazzle the newspaper critics by an undue display of scholarship:

ABOU-BEN-JACOBS,

1001 SHIMPI TABBI-TABBI STREET,

Calcutta.

Dry-goods, Furnishings, Haberdashery, New and Second-hand Clothing, Laces, Jewelry, Embroidery, Tiger Skins, Oriental *Bric-à-brac*, etc.

THE PALACE OF MODE,

1001 *Shimpi Tabbi-tabbi Street.*

"Give me a call sometime," he said, "when you happen to be in town. I can rig you out with anything you want. Gents' neckwear a specialty. Ten years ago," he went on reflectively, "my entire capital consisted of a single rupee. I invested it wisely in bandanna handkerchiefs, sold my stock at a profit, reinvested that, and so on, till now—behold me!" and he waved his hand toward the what-nots and the Eastlake rockers. "Yes, I came to India a poor boy—as a dragoman to a party of Cook's tourists. What says Hafiz in his 'Lament of the Bulbul'?—'Diligence and punctuality are essential to success.' Blessed be Allah! There is but one Allah! There is also but one Jacobs, and don't you forget it!" and he drew down his left eyelid over one of those peerless orbs, quenching for an instant its lustre and partially darkening the apartment—an Oriental gesture expressive of devotion.

"Tell me what has brought you here to this confounded hole, infested by cobras and heavy Britons, so far from your own bright bazaar?"

"I have a harem," he replied.

"Ah, ha! I tumble," said I.

"And I have come here for recruits."

"For recruits! Now God forbid!" (I am a misogymist as well as a cynic.)

"God may, but Allah will not. You don't apprehend me. My wives bore me to death by their quarrels. Now—as the Zulu proverb says, '*Similia similibus curantur*'—I am in search of a woman who will bore *them* to death, as one poison expels another. And by Allah!" he exclaimed, slapping his thigh, "I think I have found her!"

"Miss Juggernaut?" I asked.

"The same! As a mind-reader, you are a success, Prigs! That guess was worthy of old Fol-de-Rol himself."

"Who, then, is Fol-de-Rol?" I asked.

"Hush!" he said, looking suspiciously around. "Perhaps some day you may know him. But the night grows late. To-morrow there is to be a *futbhawl* match, in which I am to play among the half-backs. So I think perhaps you had better go. Good-night. Excuse my not rising. I sleep in this position, and if I once get out of it, it will be hard to get back into it again."

At this hint I withdrew.

HARD TO PLEASE.

Miss Priscilla: ISN'T HE PICTURESQUE!

Mr. William Dude: PICTURESQUE, YES—BUT WHAT AN ASS HE MUST HAVE BEEN TO WEAR SUCH AN UNCOMFORTABLE MACHINE AS THAT ABOUT HIS NECK, JUST FOR THE SAKE OF BEING IN THE FASHION!

EMBARRASS DE CHOIX.

Dear girl, if there were twelve of you,
I could not well be more at loss
Which one to choose, than when I view
Your moods, and wonder what to do—
Take you gay, cruel, kind or cross.

And should I love you all, each one
Of your fair selves might then grow jealous;
Existence would be far from fun.
In such a case, what shall be done?
O colors of the rainbow, tell us?

G. P. LATHROP.

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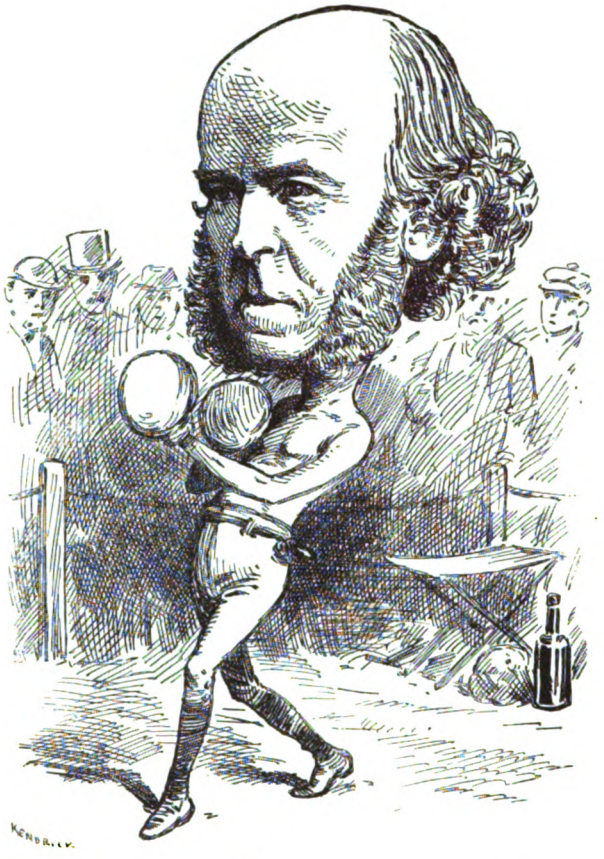

III.

IV.

BIOGRAPHETTES.

JOHN L. SPENCER.

THIS notorious pugilist was born in Derby, England, in 1820. Both his parents were habitually addicted to thinking, reading and kindred vices, and it is not to be wondered at that young Spencer, reared under the degrading influences of literature and science, should at an early age have manifested a tendency to the ring. The softening glamour of hookey, alley-taw and peg-top was in vain thrown about him by his schoolmates, and at the usually tender age of nine he was already known to the police as a dangerous and confirmed scholar. From this time his downward career was rapid, and he soon became a frequenter of the dives of the F. R. S. and other gangs, and was known as a tough and a knocker-out to all the low philosophical classes infesting London.

In 1853 Spencer began his career as a pugilist, knocking out seven canons of the Church of England in one round. He then slugged in rapid succession four theologians and nine bishops, and was acknowledged to be worthy of the champion's belt, which was accordingly conferred upon him. His subsequent acts of violence to pious believers are too well known to need reference.

Spencer is naturally endowed with a tremendous cerebral development, and is probably the hardest scientific hitter living. In company with his pals, the notorious "Charlie" Darwin, "Jimmie" Huxley, "Jack" Faraday and "Slugger" Tyndall, he claims to have whipped every theologian who has yet faced him, Marquis of Aristotle rules, and still continues in his nefarious work in spite of the police.

HERBERT SULLIVAN.

THIS renowned philosopher and sociologist was born as a matter of course in Boston, 1855. Fifty-seven of his immediate ancestors came over to this country from Portugal in the Mayflower, and were subsequently killed at Bunker Hill. The rest either won great fame as stroke oar in Harvard or Yale crews, or partially distinguished themselves in humble walks as governors of Massachusetts. Herbie—or "Yarb," as his intimate friends prefer to call him, was wonderfully precocious as a child, and when six years of age was already deep in the beans and culture of which his native city is so proud. He never indulged in the rude games of spelling and figures of which his playmates were so fond, but delighted his professors by his close application to shinny, base ball and rowing, graduating from Yale in these sciences at the age of eighteen. Henceforward he devoted himself to that branch of conchology which treats of mussels. In 1881, in New Orleans, he delivered a lecture on gravitation and nasal hemorrhage, which was frequently and brilliantly illustrated by the Hon. Patricio Ryan, an Italian savant who assisted him. Upon this his fame rose to its present height. Recently, in New York, he delivered a similar lecture at Madison Square Garden, but the experiments failed, through the carelessness of the Hon. Tug Wilson, who failed to remain quite long enough in the recumbent position required. Mr. Sullivan is a modest, retiring gentleman, considerate of others and never boastful. He represents the best blood and sentiment of his native state, and unless he lectures again, will probably live long to tell what he is going to do.

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EXEMPLARY.

A DAME who was over particular,
Seized forcibly by his auricular,
A self-engrossed dude
Who appeared to her rude,
And spoiled his correct perpendicular.

THE MULDOON'S BALL.

FOR two months down-town society has been in a flutter of excitement over the invitations issued by Mr. T. P. Brian Boru Bedad-Muldoon, for his long-projected masquerade ball. The cards, engraved expressly for the occasion by Dougherty, gilt-edged, ivory-back, round corners, and blazoned with the latest heraldric insignia of the Muldoons in the left-hand upper and right-hand lower corners, were sent only to the *creme de la creme* of Baxter and Mott street *elite*, whose names were thoughtfully suggested to the host by friends who were anxious to have the affair the most *recherché* of the season. This ruling, of course, necessitated the omission of the names of many intimate friends and some near relatives, but an after happy thought suggested that, as a *coup d'etat*, these might be invited with napkins, and could so look on and pass around refreshments without jarring the feelings of the *bon-ton* and *jennesse dorée*. The other preparations were made upon a similarly magnificent scale, and the venerable Brian Boru, uncle of the happy family giving the entertainment, modestly estimated that the total value of the chromos, window shades, chinese lanterns, brick-bats and articles of bigotry and virtue in the house, to say nothing of the dresses and Parisian diamonds to be worn, would foot up nearly $165. The beer alone, he said, to be consumed at the entertainment, would cost at least $9.50.

Despite the fact that the Brian Boru's and Muldoon's sense of refinement so impelled them to avoid notoriety that only twenty newspapers were admitted to the secret, the affair leaked out, and everybody has been on the *qui vive* for weeks. The result was unhappy in one sense, for the host has been so besieged for invitations from low, poor folks and common Knickerbockers, that he has been compelled, on more than one occasion, to tell the hired girl not to admit any one who could not produce a certificate of property holding to the amount of at least $100. Another difficulty lay in the fact that many of the young gents invited, were unable, owing to the severity of the present weather, to hypothecate their ulsters and to hire costumes, and hence it was reasonably found that a hen party would be the result. This was happily averted by Brian Boru's generosity in offering to pay one-half the costume bill of every gent able to dance.

Last evening the long expected hour arrived, and by 9 o'clock Sullivan street was choked with 'busses chartered by the revellers for the happy occasion. Long lines of police warned away peanut venders and cough candy men, but a silent and respectful crowd assembled in front of the residence and watched the masqueraders *debouche*. The scene was one never equalled in New York. Four clothes-lines radiated from the door, and from these suspended Chinese lanterns which cost anywhere from $1.35 a dozen. Over these was hung a quilt of rare mosaic design, made 40 years ago by a remote ancestor. Under this exquisite *porte cochére* was spread a roll of two-ply antique Brussels carpet, with edges frayed like a Pompeiian rug. The interior of the house baffled description. The front door, with its genuine china knob and real keyhole, was thrown hospitably open by the help, and through this the thrice happy guests passed, to be welcomed by Brian Boru, who kindly explained to them the cost of each article in the house.

To describe what followed would tax the imagina- of Spenser, the fervor of Byron, the pen of Milton and the genius of John Kelly. The decorations were dazzling, and, as the price tags were unostentatiously attached to each, it could be seen that no expense had been spared. The costumes were the best that could be hired, and were almost equal to those displayed at the $10 French Ball.

Mr. Brian Boru, uncle of the host, appeared in clean cuffs, cut *en revers*, with collar and receipted wash-bill to match. Ornaments, coupons.

Mr. T. P. Brian Boru Bedad-Muldoon, the host, wore a court dress of the founder of his house, of the period of 1837. A small receptable, shaped somewhat like a V, and attached to a slender staff, completed the costume. Mr. Michael Mulcahey Maguire appeared in a pair of doeskin trousers, with applique pockets and hemstitched borders. Ornaments, buttons.

Mr. John Rafferty wore a shirt of real twill, cut bias, yoked, open at the back, with square corsage and pompadour ruffles gathered at the waist. The panier was of diaphanous mull in box pleats, with an insertion of ecru bobbinet. The front was cut *en princesse*, with a deep flounce of antique Nottingham placed *en revers*. Hair in soaped lambrequins, looped up with stick pomade. Mr. P. O'Hara Bedad, of the Bedads of Bedadsburg, wore a velvet vest, cut *decolletee* and lined with Italian cloth *en revers*. Hair, *a la* billiard ball, and oroide ornaments.

Mr. Michael Malony, a handsome brunette, wore saliva curls.

Mr. Tim Hooligan, a bewitching blonde, appeared in a radiant smile which displayed, to advantage, the gold fillings in his teeth.

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Mr. Mulligan Mulligan wore patent-leather pumps; ornaments, chiropedean.

Mr. Patsey Malloy intended appearing as Irish Vengeance, but an unfortunate cold in the eye, contracted during a St. Patrick's Day argument, prevented his attendance.

Mr. J. Hooley-McNamee, a graceful chataine, was simply attired in a white tie, made up at the store. He was much admired.

Mr. Bejabers Begorra appeared in a Fenian hat, trimmed with three rows of miniature coffins applique. Depending from this was a green scarf with the motto, A. O. H. Ornaments, dynamite.

These few costumes will serve to illustrate that the prodigality of the guests was only equalled by that of the host.

Supper was furnised by Murphy, the caterer of Baxter street, and was served continuously after 12 o'clock. There were two kinds of stew; muffins, cold beef, sausages, waffles, Kartofel salad, hot sausages, three varieties of pudding, cold slaugh, pickled beets, doughnuts, canned oysters and sardines, chow-chow, crullers, ham, corned beef sandwiches, boiled potatoes and fried eggs, milk toast, crackers, raisins, bananas and coffee were included in the mênu, and were served gratuitously, although the price of each was displayed on the placards which ornamented the supper room. In addition to this beer flowed like water, and was of the best quality Hoboken could furnish. The music was by Tuttifrutti's Itinerant Ochestra, and Mr. Brian Boru informed each guest that this item alone cost $6.00. Altogether no such affair has been or will be seen for a long time, and the haughty and exclusive coteries of Baxter and Mott streets will long hold it in remembrance.

THE FIRST OF APRIL IN THE WOODS.

TO LOVERS.

YOU will find, my dear boy, that the dearly prized kiss,
Which with rapture you snatched from the half willing miss,
Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses
You give the same girl when you've made her a Mrs.

And many a girl, when embarked on the wave
Of life's *ocean* with him who protests he's her slave,
Will find, when there's nothing on earth that can save her,
That the captain's a brute and the vessel a slaver.

HENRY EMERSON.

STRIKING A TOOTH-HURTY GAIT.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

NEXT week's biographettes: No. 5, The Widow Guelph; No. 6, Giovanni Chelli.

THE readiness with which the foot of the modern man taketh him to the club would go far to prove that a man is by nature club-footed.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Mistaking delirium tremens for malaria will not be popular in Washington any more until Congress reassembles.—*Washington Republic.*

THE ground-hog and goose-bone, not having published an almanac, still maintain their reputation as weather prophets. Wiggins and Vennor have published almanacs.—*Norristown Herald.*

JENCQUES does not believe in the higher education of women. As it is now, says Jencques, most women fly so high that a man of ordinary intellect can take no comfort in their society.

A WESTERN paper says:—"Robeson will present a melancholy sight as he walks alone on the Jersey coast watching fragments of the ship of state, which he is certain will go to wreck now that he has been discharged from the crew."

DESPITE the teachings of the pessimists, the more we see of LIFE the better we like it.—*Norristown Herald.* Jest not on serious things. Did not the lamented Longfellow say: "LIFE is real; LIFE is earnest."—*Phil'a News.* And did not some other fellow ask "Is LIFE worth living?"—*Grit.* "YES, and the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* declares "its merits are such that subscribers willingly take their LIFE into their own hands, and find it, also, hard to give their LIFE up."

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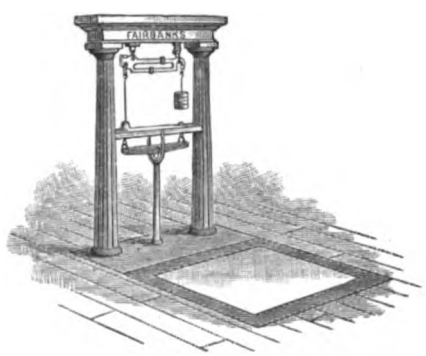

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A PAIR OF FAMOUS THEFTS.

[*From the French of Ameal Bragoriau.*]

A SPARROW dipped its wing in the fountain in Madison Square, and hopping pertly the upon edge of the basin, pointed its tail in the direction of the Turf Club. It was 11:16 on a February morning. Wiggins's storm had failed, owing to contingencies which no man could foresee, and the fountain was not frozen. A man sat on a bench bathed in a checkering cast over him by a filtration of sunshine through the twigs of a leafless tree. The peculiarity about the man was that he was not George Francis Train. He was some other man. He watched the sparrow, seemingly with a listless interest. In point of fact his feelings were at a painful tension. When the sparrow perched on the end of the stone basin, with its tail pointed at the Turf Club, the man's features for an instant were relaxed in a slight smile. A moment later he pursed his lips in that significant way which unmistakably announces that the mind has grasped a satisfactory idea. Then he rose, and making a slight detour in order to avoid the unpleasant sensation of passing close by the Seward statue, walked rapidly to Dorlon's oyster house.

The twenty-four hours' talk of the metropolis had been concerning two robberies that had occurred on the night but one previous. One of the robberies had been dastardly; the other excited wonder by reason of the vastness of the amount stolen. A famous general had been robbed of one of the most cherished of a collection of 17,837 presents which he had laboriously gathered in the course of a passage round the world. A son of the famous Proprietor of the Staten Island Passenger Marine had lost a pocket-book containing $97,000,000, which he had carelessly left on the mantel-piece in his study while he went out for a few minutes to see a man at the Windsor Hotel. In both cases the theft was surpising. It was not understood how even a thief could have the heart to steal from the General, whose standing as a public benefactor was only exceeded by his rating as a public beneficiary. As for the son of the Staten Island Proprietor, the public was astounded to learn that he had paid a visit to his study.

The man who had watched the sparrow was a detective.

The detective ate fried oysters, and drank a bottle of Bass's ale at Dorlon's. He entered the price of these refreshments in a small note-book, and then walked rapidly in the direction of Fourth Avenue.

Rousing himself at the northern extremity of the tunnel, the detective dismounted from the car at the Grand Central Depot. He was ushered into the presence of a man who sat in an apartment, the walls of which were mosaics of pictures by Meissonier. Models of locomotives, horses, and the Central Park obelisk lumbered the desk at which he sat.

"You can have the Garden for $10,000," the man said, "assuming your own risks as against the police for the privilege of knocking anybody out."

The detective smiled. "You have been robbed of $97,000,000," he said, quietly.

"Let me see," the other replied, consulting a small memorandum book that lay at his elbow. "Yes, the night before last," he continued, with an intelligent smile.

"You did not steal the money yourself?" the detective said, abruptly and sternly.

The other searched in all his pockets, and when he had finished with his last pocket, said, "No, I'm sure I did not."

"Then it was a member of the Turf Club who robbed you," the detective instantly rejoined.

"Ah?" said the man.

"Yes," said the detective, relapsing into the moody abstraction for which he had long been famed.

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II.

On the day following the occurrences that have been recorded, a Third Avenue car driver on his down trip strangely refrained from lashing the off horse. Between Bleecker and Houston streets the horse remarked to the driver:

"Slew me off and wait for horses from the next car."

Without a word the driver slewed the off horse off as requested.

This was a triumph of detective work, though perhaps the reader does not see it now.

The horse was the detective.

The disguise was perfect.

As soon as the detective was unharnessed he trotted to Headquarters and reported that all was well.

The report was sent to the newspapers, but was not printed.

III.

"Have the domestics wound up the 700 clocks that I accumulated in Asia?" the General inquired of his valet.

The valet respectfully replied in the affirmative.

"Hand me the dressing gown marked 'Budjpootnah, 37,' half a dozen of the cigars presented to me by the municipality of Havana, the diamond match box that I received from the lamented Emperor of Russia, the slippers wrought in the Harem at Alexandria, and a glass of water. I shall retire shortly to the bed forwarded to my address by the Count Chambord."

"Are the new tags satisfactory, your Excellency?"

"Perfectly. If the detective calls, tell him that his services are no longer required."

The valet withdrew. The detective called a few minutes afterward. He was full of hope. The valet said to him:

"The tagging was wrong. A number was accidentally skipped, making the collection seem larger than it really is. The real number of objects in the collection is 17,836. We have just accomplished a new tagging, and a revised catalogue is to be made out. Nothing at all is stolen. The General thanks you, and hopes that you will attain to eminence in your career."

A flush of gratified pride played for an instant in the detective's face. By a stern exercise of will he dismissed it, and turned his attention to the $97,000,000 case.

The son of the Staten Island Proprietor was seated in a small fortune in the way of an arm-chair with his feet extended upon several thousand dollars' worth of Turkish ottoman when the detective was ushered into his presence.

"I have to report gratifying progress in this case," the detective said. "I have successfully traversed a section of the Bowery as a horse, and I believe that I am on the point of recovering the $97,000,000 that you lost."

"René!" called the millionaire.

"Yes, sorr," replied a richly liveried servant, silently entering the apartment.

"Didn't we find that pocket-book?"

"Yes, sorr. The milkman found it in th' airy an' gave it to the cook, an' the cook put it in the clock."

"Bring it up, René."

"Yes, sorr."

The pocket-book was brought. The millionaire counted the money it contained and found the amount correct—$97,000,000.

"Did you count the other pocketbooks in my drawer this morning?"

"Yes, sorr; there's wan hundhred an thurtane."

"It's all right," the millionaire said to the detective. "I had 114 pocket-books, each containing a like amount, and they are all accounted for."

The detective gave a long, low whistle, and after apologizing for doing so, withdrew.

IV.

It may be well to devote a short chapter to the explanation of one or two points.

The sparrow was really of no advantage in this case, for the reason that he pointed his tail the wrong way. If the sparrow had pointed his tail the right way, the detective would have been justified in permitting himself to be influenced by the suggestion thereby offered in any degree which the circumstances warranted.

As things turned out, it was not necessary for the detective to disguise himself as a horse. But how could he have know that? In the light of subsequent events, it would have been equally futile if he had become a whale or a mule.

The name of René was given to the millionaire's servant by the millionaire's wife, who did not like the man's real name. His real name was Van Rensselaer.

E. D. B.

TO A PUNSTER.

OH, Bonmot, you're a sorry wag;
So hard you spur your tired nag,
That all your friends exclaim aghast:
"There goes the funny Bonmot past!"
Then turning to their ale and chop
They gasp, "Thank Heaven he didn't stop!"

A PHILOSOPHICAL son of Erin was overheard remarking to a friend, "Have a good time while you live, for you're a long while dead!" W. W. K.

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EXPERTO CREDE.

Young Wife discussing her first dinner party: WELL, THEN, HANNAH, HOW SHALL WE HAVE THE MUSHROOMS COOKED?

Cook: WELL MUM, YER GO OUT INTER SOCIETY MORE THAN I DO; YER OUGHT TER BE ABLE TO GIVE *me* A SUGGESTION.

IT'S MORALS.

WE have been to no little pains to extract the true inwardness of the latest literary achievement of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnet. "Through one Adminstration" is ended. It is a book replete with men and misery, and very short of available women and joy. Its heroine was married to a fool, was in love with the hero and very favorably disposed to the assistant hero, all simultaneously and without prejudice to her usefulness as heroine. Naturally there was abundance of trouble and occasion for the display of a very wide range of behavior. Love and Duty had one another by the hair, while Propriety shed a baleful glamor over the distressing scene. Through chapter after chapter the tussle was prolonged, neither contestant gaining a perceptible advantage, and, indeed, when slaughter and exile end the book, we are left in harrowing uncertainty as to which of them won.

A very simple thing might have saved all this unpleasantness. The hero was one of the first on the ground. The heroine was young, lovely and disengaged. He saw, he was attracted, he dallied and went away. She observed; she was well disposed; but being very young she let him go, and never so much as asked, "Ain't you forgot something?" If he had told her that he was her's for the taking, they might have got married and gone West together, to grow up with Dakotah. But he didn't; and she, being too young to know what she wanted without being told, neglected to bring him to book. He stayed away four years, and she bestowed herself elsewhere.

There are two morals, one for men, one for maidens.

A discriminating man will understand that what the fair author means to say to him is,—Sir, if you love a woman that you can marry be sure you are prompt to let her know it, even though you have to tell her yourself.

And the moral for girls is: It is better to wait awhile than to marry a fool.

THE MAN who has a tight boot at one extremity of his person is likely to have a narrow understanding at the other.

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GREAT ODDS.

Brown: "GOOD HEAVENS! WE MUST GO HOME, THERE IS THE CLOCK STRIKING ONE."
Jones: "NONSENSE; THAT'S NOTHING; WHAT'S ONE AMONG SO MANY?"

UNIDENTIFIED.

THEY say the White House is haunted by the ghost of an old gentleman which makes the presidents hungry for change of air.

This is credible enough. The strange part of the story is that persons who have seen the ghost deny that it answers to the description of the statesman of Gramercy Park.

AN AMATEUR.

SCENE.—*The parlor of a fashionable mansion not far from St. Thomas' Church. Time, 9 P.M. Miss Dizzy discovered entertaining Mr. Crusher.*

MISS DIZZY: It's so awfully good in you to join our Society.

MR. CRUSHER (*smiling blandly, and rubbing at the edge of his opera hat*): Thanks, very much, I'm sure; but do you really mean it?

MISS DIZZY: Of course I do. They say you are too lovely for anything as a leading man. I suppose you play all the great parts—Hamlet, Macbeth, and that sort of thing.

MR. CRUSHER: Well, no, you know. That is a little out of my line. I started out that way, but, you know, they said I didn't have the physique, or something of that sort, don't you know. Awfully cut up about it at first; for, you know, I rather like the rôle of Hamlet. Something for a fellow to do, you understand. Gave it up, though; and now I play Montague parts, don't you know. The society lover business, and all that.

MISS DIZZY: You must be too charming for anything. I suppose you are up in all the modern plays. Our Society is ambitious—oh, very—and we won't play in anything but the sensations of the hour. Got tired of "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and such easy plays. We do the "Passing Regiment" next. There is a lovely part in that for you. I hope you get it, because then—then you will make love to me. Won't that be jolly?

MR. CRUSHER (*blushing and twisting his base-ball side whiskers*): Delighted, I'm sure. You are too awfully good to say just such a thing.

MISS DIZZY: Thanks awfully. But you do look so much like one of the real novel lovers, don't you know. I'm sure you would be just too splendid—in a play.

MR. CRUSHER: Ye-es—only in a play?

MISS DIZZY: Of course. That is what I said.

MR. CRUSHER: You—you are quite sure you mean—mean only in a play.

MISS DIZZY: Quite.

MR. CRUSHER (*rising and moving toward the door*): I—I—didn't know—you understand. I have—that is, I might make love—ha—ha—off the stage.

MISS DIZZY: Not really?

MR. CRUSHER: Yes. Good evening.

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A QUANDARY.

VERY charming is Eileen,
Very dignified her mien;
She of beauty is the queen,
Many think.
Juno eyes of china blue,
Wavy hair the sun glints through,
Cheeks that emulate the hue
Of the pink.

Very dainty is Louise,
But as wayward as the breeze;
Prone to torment and to tease—
Just for fun.
Domineering in her ways
Caring naught for blame or praise,
Finding life all sunny days—
Happy one!

Difficult to choose between
Beautiful, reserved Eileen,
And Louise, if less serene,
Quite as fair.
Captivating are they both:
Not a whit would I be loth
To the two of them my troth
To declare.

But whereas a person sins,
Who, himself not being twins,
Maidens twain at one time wins,
This I'll do!
For the time I will withhold
Declarations all too bold;—
Since (if truth must needs be told)
Eileen's only three years old,
Louise two.

J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

OPEN TO QUESTION.

Mrs. Pigment, the well-known lady amateur, in the portrait she painted of Jack Pyrites unhappily gave that worthy the appearance of having been out late the night before. Which, perhaps, is why old Keenig said to Belinda Pyrites when she showed it to him.—N'NO, N'NOT A P'PERF'F'FECT LIKENESS: B'BUT SUGGESTIVE; V'VERY SUG-'G'GESTIVE. AND THIS L'L'LADY WHO D'DID IT—T'T'TELL ME; IS SHE A F'FRIEND OF THE F'F'FAMILY—OR—AN ENEMY?

IMPROBABLE.

WE do not credit the report that the inscription on the coffin plate of the late Postmaster General ended with the legend, "Buy the National Republican, for three cents."

Mr. Frank Hatton, although the details of his late chief's interment were doubtless under his personal control, has far too keen a sense of propriety to advertise his newspaper in a way so obviously improper.

AWFULLY SAD.

"WHY so gloomy this morning, Jacob?"

"Ah, my poor leetle Penjamin Levi—he is tead!"

"Dead? You surprise me. How did it happen?"

"Vell you see, my leetle Penjamin he vas at der synagogue to say his brayers, and a poy put in his het at der toor and gries, 'Job Lot!' and leetle Penjamin—he vas gilt in der grush."

D. T. FABULA NARRATUR, as the man said who told the "snake" story.

JUDKIN'S BOY ON FROGS.

FROGS is the people's friend, but they can't fly. Onc't they was tadpoles about as big as lickerish drops, and after a while legs growed out on 'em. Oh, let us love the frog—he looks so sorry! Frogs can swim better'n little boys, and they don't haf to hold their nose when they dive, neither! Onc't I had a pet frog; and the cars run over him. It jist squashed him! Bet he never knowed what hurt him! Onc't they was a rich lady swallered one—when he was little, you know; and he growed up in her, and it didn't kill him at all! And you could hear him holler in her bosom. It was a tree toad; and so every time he'd go "p-r-r-r-r-r-r!" w'y then the grand lady she'd know it was going to rain, and make her little boy run and put the tub out under the spout. Wasn't that a butiful frog!

GREAT feature in Chinese theatrical performances—Chin-Chin.

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CONCERNING

Columbia: HERE, BRITANNIA, TAKE THIS THING. HE IS A CONSTANT M
AS HE IS ASHAMED OF HIS NATIVE LAND AND PREFERS YOU TO HIS OWN MOTHE
Britannia: NO, NO, MY DEAR, I WILL NOT DEPRIVE YOU OF SUCH A
ATROCIOUSLY BAD ARTICLE.

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THE DUDE.

MORTIFICATION TO ME, AND AN OBJECT OF CONTEMPT WITH HIS BROTHERS.
R, IT IS A PITY YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE HIM.
CITIZEN—AND THAT THING AT BEST IS BUT A CHEAP IMITATION OF AN

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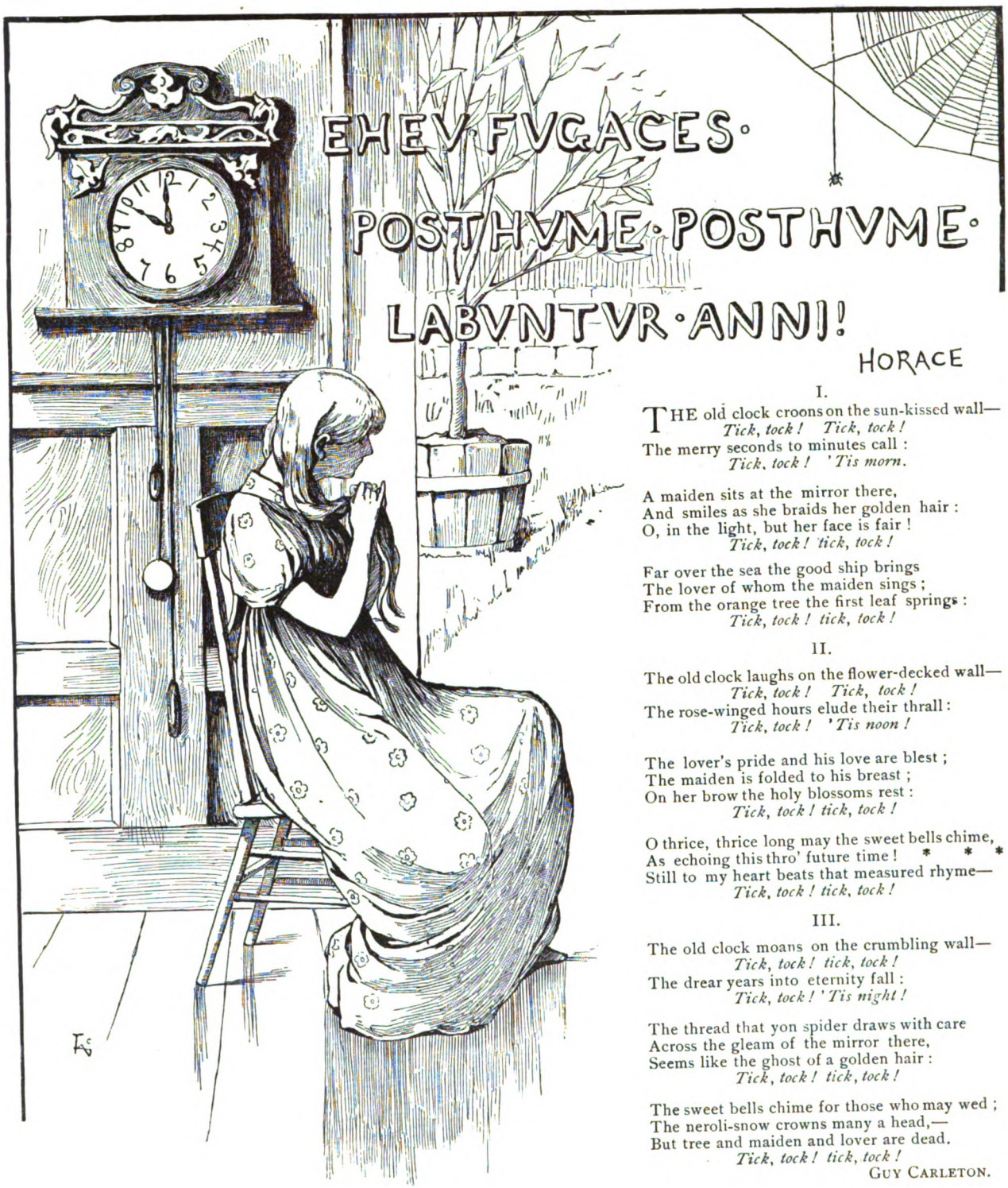

I.

THE old clock croons on the sun-kissed wall—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
The merry seconds to minutes call:
Tick, tock! 'Tis morn.

A maiden sits at the mirror there,
And smiles as she braids her golden hair:
O, in the light, but her face is fair!
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

Far over the sea the good ship brings
The lover of whom the maiden sings;
From the orange tree the first leaf springs:
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

II.

The old clock laughs on the flower-decked wall—
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
The rose-winged hours elude their thrall:
Tick, tock! 'Tis noon!

The lover's pride and his love are blest;
The maiden is folded to his breast;
On her brow the holy blossoms rest:
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

O thrice, thrice long may the sweet bells chime,
As echoing this thro' future time! * * *
Still to my heart beats that measured rhyme—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

III.

The old clock moans on the crumbling wall—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
The drear years into eternity fall:
Tick, tock! 'Tis night!

The thread that yon spider draws with care
Across the gleam of the mirror there,
Seems like the ghost of a golden hair:
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

The sweet bells chime for those who may wed;
The neroli-snow crowns many a head,—
But tree and maiden and lover are dead.
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

GUY CARLETON.

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ONE swallow may not make a summer, and Jumbo may not make a spring, but he is a pretty sure sign of the season.

The circus is with us, and the small boy and the theatrical manager realize the fact.

Even the critics go to it.

The circus does not come under the head of the drama?

Why not?—It is the drama of realism.

Like the dictionary, it may be a little disconnected, but with that useful book it has also the merit of explaining itself as it goes along, which is more than can be said of some stage plays.

In fact, the circus contains all the elements of the true drama.

The Triumphal Entry—spectacle.

The bareback act—sensation.

The clown—comedy? and the trapeze certainly furnishes the raw materials for tragedy.

Where, then, is the genius who will take these elements lying ready made at his hand, and combine them into a complete, unique and logical whole—a Romance of the Ring—a Symphony in Sawdust—a Drama of the Dromedaries?

Think of the great moral lessons that could be inculcated with the hoop heats of the horses and the trumpetings of the elephants. For the circus is popular. I could tell by the way every one about me was able to anticipate exactly what the clown was going to do or say next.

This in itself contains a beautiful lesson.

But the most entertaining feature of the circus is not set down in the bill. It is the collection of Dudes. These interesting beings have hitherto been regarded as an unnecessary, hardly, even, ornamental species. The intellect of a Barnum was required to find their place in the economy of nature. As a substitute for the traditional ostentatious, tinsel-bedecked, rancous-throated supernumerary they have found their proper avocation. The solemn, earnest way in which these black-frocked, top-hatted individuals hold the banners, manipulate the balloons and give a general approval to the performance must command respect even though it may not win applause.

The theatres, crushed under the weight of Jumbo, and deprived of the buoyant qualities of the Dude, have had to struggle against an adverse fate.

"Vice Versa" opened Wallack's management of his old house as the "Star Theatre," with the veteran adapter and actor, Boucicault, and the very "peachy" Sadie Martinot, exported expressly for importation, in the cast. The play is a light and bright French farce, filling time before the productions of the "Amadan."

Manager Daly still finds it good policy to play 7-20-8.

Manager Duff possesses his soul in "Patience" at the Standard.

"Catherine Lewis and Harry Dixy at School" opened at the Fifth Avenue on Monday. One of the rules should be, "No Vacation."

THE WORLD OF SOCETY.

Entertainments and Events of Easter Days.

THE tide of gayety swells higher, and all society is embarked upon it. The Muldoon Ball is still the theme of gossip, and before its glory the constellations of lesser entertainments pale like glimmer-flies in the beam of an advancing locomotive. Nevertheless, the social calendar for April is already glowing with red-letter days, and it is probable that the round of gayety will ever be unremitting until the advent of dusters and Coney Island tickets banishes society from its wintry haunt to continue its revels by the tumbling waves of the summer sea.

Receptions and Entertainments.

Mr. Ferdinando Tincupini Chocolatti, the distinguished hand-organist, will give a promenade musicale on Mott street, Thursday.

Recorder Smyth, Centre street, will hold his usual reception to-morrow. The presence of the Hon. "Reddy" Maguire, the eminent bank-robber, will lend additional interest to the occasion.

Mr. Chakey Einstein, 909 Bowery, has issued cards for a taxidermic poker party Friday evening.

Mrs. Otto Karl Schutzenhimmel gave a small german last evening to her husband.

The last Italian "Small and Early" was given at the house of Mrs. Levi Rosenbaum, No. 211 Chatham Square. A device similar to the three-leaf clover was engraved on the programmes. Among the guests were the Misses Bloomenstein, Miss Nora Murphy, Miss Nosie Greenfelder, Miss Bridget Begorra, Miss Rachel Rosenbaum and Messrs. Einstein, Oppenheimer, Sullivan, Levi, Mulcahey, Jacobs, McGloin, Aaronberg and Finnerty.

1st. Dude: "DEUCED GLAD TO SEE YOU, MAJOR. GIVES ME AN EXCUSE FOR SAYING TA-TA TO THAT FELLOW THOMPSON. TERRIBLE ORDEAL I'VE UNDERGONE. THOMPSON IS A VERY WORTHY PERSON, BUT, 'GAD, MY DEAR FELLOW, I CAN'T, YOU KNOW, MARTYR MYSELF BY WALKING DOWN THE AVENUE AT THIS HOUR WITH A MAN WHO HAS NO REGARD FOR THE CURL AND CROWN OF HIS HAT AND WHO PERSISTS IN WEARING AN ULSTER OF THE VINTAGE OF 1849."

(*Total acquiescence of 2d dude.*)

Mrs. Augusta Robinson-Dobbs, N. W. corner of Fifth avenue and 40th street, gave a dinner last evening to her transient boarders.

The heir of Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Dude-Smith will give a bawl, Thursday evening, in honor of the first anniversary of his parents' wedding.

Mr. M. H. Mallory will receive as usual, Friday evening, at his rectory on Twenty-fourth street, Private Theatricals.

Wedding Bells.

Miss Lulu Gilfleury will be married Friday morning in Saint Sebastian's Church. There will be eleven bridesmaids and sixteen ushers. The name of the groom, at the request of the bride's parents, has been withheld from publication.

Miss Clara Von Kartofel Van Bumblebug was married to George Augustus De Twidde, Monday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents. Among the numerous wedding presents were 341 pickle castors, 87 nut-picks and 41 alarm clocks from intimate friends considerate of the wants of a young couple beginning life. A wig was given by the bride's father, and a new set of filagree teeth, mounted in hammered brass and crimson plush, was the gift of the groom. The happy pair left the same day on an extended wedding tour in Hoboken.

Miss Flora Elsie Clarendon-Jones will shortly lead to the altar Mr. Muykal Pahdee Murrify, son of the late Italian consul.

The engagement of Miss Rachel Eisenheimer to Mr. Gus Strauss is announced. [Jerusalem and Saratoga papers please copy.]

We are requsted to announce that the rumor that Mr. Charles Dedbroke's engagement to Miss Aurelia Midas was broken off by him, is false. The fracture was the result of certain metallic investigations made by the young lady herself, through the commercial agency.

Miss Aurelia Midas will be married to-morrow at the residence of her parents to Mr. Archibald Rothschild Baring Coutts Vanderbilt-Sage. Among the wedding presents will be a cheque for $200,000,000 from the groom's father.

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BIOGRAPHETTES.

V.

GIOVANNI CHELLI.

THIS eminent sculptor was born in Limerick, Italy, March 17th, 1829. His maternal great-grandfather, Moichael O'Vermicelli, was the first to employ rotary music for the amusement of the public, and claims also to have been the originator of the present method of inserting holes in maccaroni with a view to making that vegetable more nutritious. To his great-uncle, who also had a turn for music, is attributed the introduction of the red flannel garments now used by ring-tailed monkeys all over the globe.

The subject of this sketch was reared in affluence. At the age of seven he was considered so handsome that, upon the death of his uncle's favorite ring-tail, Giovanni was offered the vacancy, and traveled for some time with great success. In 1852 he came to America, and for several years pursued his studies in architecture, going many times a day to the summit of buildings in the process of being erected. Thence he drifted into the science of fire-engineering, as conducted in those days, and was known to have used up as many as six trumpets and ten spanners in one argument with a rival company, as to which would put out the fire.

As a sculptor, Mr. Chelli has no peer. The manner in which he carved Tilden and Grace will hand his name down to posterity. He is still at work, having just finished Mr. Edson. In his studio at present may be seen the crude busts of Messrs. Cleveland and Arthur, which promise to be works worthy of his fame. Personally, Mr. Chelli is of slight build, and has the thoughtful, modest air of a poet and a student. He dislikes politics, and never has been known to interest himself in public men or affairs.

C.

VI.

THE WIDOW GUELPH.

MRS. V. R. GUELPH was born in England, of noble but honest parents, June 18th, 1819. Her father, for years a successful duke, had retired from business when "Vickie," as he called her, was born. Her early youth was spent quietly in the old tenement house at Trent, and she was educated to look kindly upon the children of even the earls and marquises which infest that country. In 1823, when she was only four years old, her father suddenly announced to her that George, then heir of the throne, was dead. Immediately the little Vick replied: "It looks like reign, then, doesn't it?" This joke was immediately forwarded to *Harper's Monthly*, at immense expense, and copies printed on satin were distributed among all the crowned heads of Europe.

In 1839, her family being in somewhat reduced circumstances, and she herself possessing only one crown to begin life with, Vick opened up the old Windsor, and let apartments therein to deserving ladies who were out of employment. Soon after, she married a Mr. Albert, who had recently emigrated to England from a German town whose name, if printed, would fill out the balance of this article. He lived until his death, which occurred some years ago.

Mrs. Guelph is now tolerably well known throughout England and its neighborhood. She founded the most prosperous Royal Matrimonial Agency in Europe, which had patrons in every kingdom. Lately, however, her stock has run short, and it is probable she will soon retire from business, and leave her interests to her son Al, who at present earns a precarious livelihood by writing puffs for professional beauties.

C.

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MR. JACOBS.

[By the author of "Messrs. Abrahams and Isaacs," "The Lost Tribes," "An 'Ebrew Jew," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER III.

THE FUTBHAWL MATCH.

MISS PICKALILLY JUGGERNAUT, the niece of Muligatawney Tulip, the genial, red-faced nabob of Bramapootra, was one of those typical English beauties with a Du Maurier profile and the form of a Diana, who tip the scale at two hundred—say two hundred; and if their conversation could only be weighed with their bodies, they would double the figure easily. She was an excellent horsewoman, and at the amateur circus performance in Bombay, where she figured as the chief equestrienne, I had seen her execute many daring feats of bare-back riding, leaping through paper hoops, circles of flame, etc. She had a kind heart, and I once went so far as to fancy that if she had intellect enough to fall in love with a man who had got the transcendental philosophy down cold—— Bah! Love Paul Priggs! Thank heaven, no woman ever did. Selah! Bismillah!

But, on the morning following my interview with Jacobs, I had agreed to escort Miss Juggernaut to the Bogley Wallow athletic grounds to witness the favorite Hindu game of futbhawl. We arrived upon the ground a few minutes late, and found the match already in progress, and a most picturesque and stirring scene it was. The players, dressed in heavy suits of mail and further protected against injury by large shields of wicker covered with bull's hide, moved slowly and gracefully about the field, deploying or massing in figures of great complexity, and now and then getting in a kick on the ball. Jacobs alone scorned to wear armor. He was arrayed in a simple camel-hair garment, covered with the pomegranate pattern, and his noble shins were bare to the kicks of the foe.

"Too rash, too rash," I muttered to myself.

"What is too rash, Mr. Priggs?" inquired my fair companion.

I gave her an evasive answer, and continued to watch my friend's movements with many dark forebodings. I will not describe the game, which was like all other futbhawl games. For a technical account of it read the *Sun's* report of the last Yale-Princeton match—or indeed any account of any match. They are all alike. I had telegraphed to the *Boomerang* to have a special reporter present. I cannot be interrupted in my contemplation of the categories of the understanding by anything so subject to the pure forms of sense perception as the phenomena of a futbhawl game; nevertheless, I occasionally made an effort to explain the rules to Miss Juggernaut, using for the purpose formulæ of the differential calculus. But I could make no impression on her somewhat obtuse mind.

"Why don't they kick the ball?" she would ask, with child-like simplicity.

"My dear Miss Juggernaut," I would answer, "let X equal the distance from the home goal to the centre of the solid spheroid which represents ——"

"Nonsense!" she broke in. "I will do no such thing!"

But suddenly she gave a piercing scream.

"Oh, heavens!" she cried, "he will be killed! Save him! save him!"

With a single glance, my rapid mind took in the situation. Among the *rushahs*—as they are called by the Mahrattas, who invented this game—of the party opposed to Jacobs was young Lord Fitzflaherty, an English peer of pure Norman-Celtic blood, who stood seven feet in his stockings and weighed even more than Miss Juggernaut. He had made an imposing figure in the game, and I had seen my companion's eyes glancing repeatedly from him to Jacobs and back again with a look of puzzled uncertainty, as if asking herself, "Which?" With the delicate intuition of my sex, I had at once divined that the two were rivals for her affections. Fate now decided between them. In a crisis of the match they had come into violent collision. For an instant they tottered to and fro, and then, with a dull, sickening thud, Jacobs fell upon the turf and Lord Fitzflaherty's gigantic figure fell across him. A wild yell arose from all quarters of the field, and as quickly as their heavy armor would allow them, all the players on both sides—*rushahs*, half-back, quarter-backs, goal-keepers, all walked ponderously across the grass and threw themselves in a pile upon the prostrate bodies of the rivals. Once down, it was impossible for them to rise. Several tons of human flesh and galvanized iron lay upon my unhappy friend. With lightning rapidity, I sped to the rescue; but, swift as I was, love was swifter. Miss Juggernaut was there before me. With a quick, splendid motion she threw the mail-clad warriors, one after another, aside, and in three minutes had come to the bottom of the heap. Jacobs lay perfectly still.

"O, he is dead!" she cried wildly, and letting down her back hair with a sudden turn of her wrist, she prepared to fall upon the lifeless corpse and strain the cold, impassive bosom to her beating heart. But I interposed gently though firmly, reminding her that he had already been subjected to high pressure, and that the added superincumbence of two hundred pounds of British female could hardly have a good effect. At this moment Jacobs moved; he stirred, sat up, and looked about him with a bewildered expression. Then, suddenly jumping to his feet, he rushed madly toward the centre of the field.

"Poor fellow," murmured Lord Fitzflaherty, who had been set upon his legs by the attendants, "his reason is impaired." But suddenly his expression changed to one of eager alarm and dismay.

"Ha!" he cried, "the ball! the ball."

At the same moment a loud yell arose from the spectators who lined the field. All eyes were riveted upon the pig-skin spheroid which reposed gently on the sod, solitary, ungarded, and toward which Jacobs made his way. The players of the opposition were helpless. Some of them still lay on the earth unable to move; others who had been stood upon their feet were impeded by their mail. Jacobs reached the ball, seized it, ran with it toward the enemies' goal, kicked it with one supreme effort high in air and, midway between the posts, turned, amid deafening plaudits and cries of "A goal! a goal!" kissed his hand gracefully to Miss Juggernaut and then fell in a swoon to the ground. At this same instant the object of his passion gave one piercing shriek and fainted at the opposite end of the grounds.

"Poor things," I muttered. "How they love! Peace be with them!"

A pad elephant was at once sent for to carry Miss Juggernaut home, and meanwhile the servants lifted Jacobs into a palanquin and bore him by my orders to my own apartment. I laid my poor friend carefully upon the floor, and calmly rolling a cigarette,

A VICTIM of co-education,
Whose pose was his sole occupation,
Was shocked at the brass
Of a girl in his class,
And nearly expired with vexation.

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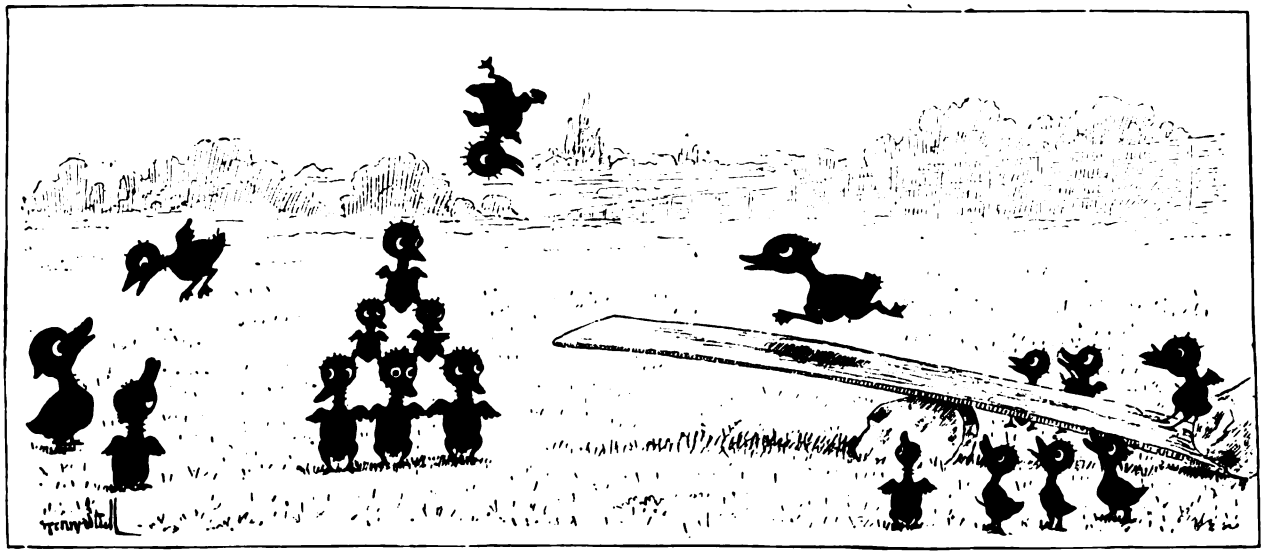


SPRING SPORTS.

waited for him to come to. My feelings, I may remark, in spite of my imposed mask of cynicism, are deep and strong. But then, on the other hand, my self-control is simply awful. At last he opened his eyes.

"How do you feel now?" I asked, with assumed indifference.

"I feel as if my spine were in four pieces," said Jacobs. "A while ago I was a half-back; now I am only a quarter-back."

"Jacobs," said I, with a frown, "if you do that sort of thing again, I leave you to your fate."

"I was wrong," he cried, with emotion, "forgive me."

"Try to explain to me lucidly and succinctly the real nature of your injuries."

"Three of my ribs are broken; my right shoulder is dislocated. I have a few slight internal injuries. I believe that is all," he said, carelessly.

"Hadn't I better send for a surgeon," I asked, as I proceeded to roll another cigarette.

"No; no stupid English surgeon shall distort my anatomy. Have the kindness to reach me down a small agate vial which you will find in the top left hand pigeon-hole of that buhl cabinet."

I did as he desired. "This vial," he continued, "contains a simple but potent remedy unknown to your science of the West. The proper dose will throw me into a profound sleep, lasting just eighteen hours, from which I shall awake with my fractures mended and in perfect condition. Yes," he murmured, "I shall join the tiger hunt to-morrow. I *must*—my destiny hangs upon this chance." He drew my attention to the label on the vial, which was in the ancient cuneiform character and read "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." "It comes from the tombs of Nineveh," he added, "and is many thousands of years old. Pour me out exactly twelve and a half drops. Half a drop too much or too little and I fall at your feet a loathsome and blackened corpse. Such is the powerful nature of the drug. Priggs, is your hand quite firm?"

"Quite," I replied. I was already dropping the thick, gummy liquid into a mother-of-pearl spoon. My nerves did not shake—eye and hand faltered not. I am a cold, proud man; the world deems me heartless, and perchance I am. Yet, reader, I will not conceal from you that my pulse beat loudly as I counted one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—*and* a half."

"*And* a half," repeated Jacobs as he swallowed the draught.

"Now leave me," he commanded, and falling back upon the rug sank into a peaceful sleep.

SOCIAL MISCELLANY.

Mrs. Honora Mulcahey, Mr. Bill Watson and Miss Tilly Shopplifter are among those who have taken apartments in Sing Sing-on-Hudson for the season.

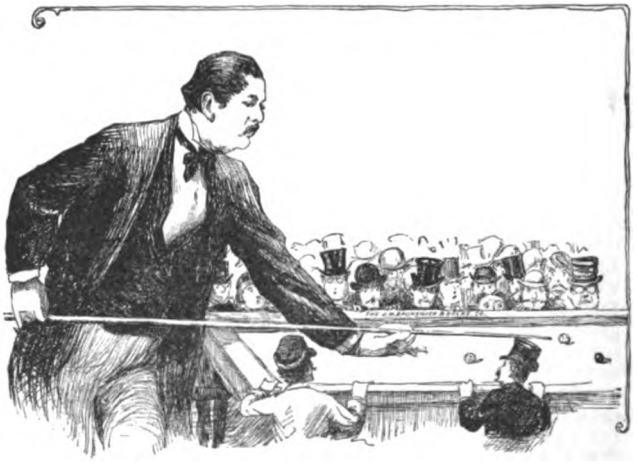
Mr. Raphael Murderini and Mrs. Mary Ann O'Hara are the guests of Sheriff Davidson at his old mansion on Centre street.

Mrs. Michael Donovan is spending a few weeks on Ward's Island, the guest of the Municipality.

Mr. Nathan Tucker, the eminent pickpocket, has concluded to spend the summer at the State Hotel on the Hudson.

Among the passengers who arrived to-day from Limerick, Portugal, on the St. Patrick's line steamer, *Dhudeen*, were Mr. and Mrs. P. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Nolan, Miss Mary Ann Murphy, the Hon. Francis Xavier Kilkenny and family, Mr. Peter O'Dynamite, Mrs. Peter Flynn and eighteen children, Miss Honora Doolan, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick MacNamara, Miss Belle Whelan, Col. Tipperary Bullywhurroo of the Cork Guards, Mr. Brian O'Hod and family, and Mr. and Mrs. John Harrigan.

The following sailed to-day on the Tammany Line Steamer, *Sachem*, for Killarny, France: Mr. Thomas O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. McNamee, Mrs. Patrick Flannigan, Mr. and Mrs. Mavourneen-Kelly and Miss Katie Whelan.



THE FRENCH TERROR.

How Vignaux appears to the American billiard players.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

JUMBO reads LIFE.

NEXT week's Biographettes: No. 7, Roscoe B. Anthony; No. 8, Susan Conkling.

WHO was the first stocking mender? Xantippe, who used to darn old Soc.—*Ex.*

IT is said that a Brooklyn man calls his wife "Telephone," because she gives everything away.

MARCH came in like a lamb and went out like a whole menagerie.

TO BE a good swimmer the mouth should always be kept shut. Women are seldom good swimmers. —*Grip.*

IT seems to be a common belief that clothes, cooking and horses are the only subjects of conversation at the Knickerbocker Club. This is an error. Women are also discussed.

THE firm of Pollock & Bixby, Bankers and Brokers, of No. 25 Nassau Street, has been dissolved. Mr. William Pollock will continue the business in his own name at No. 25 Pine Street, where he has taken new and commodious offices. Attention is directed to the firm's card in another column.

THE fair in aid of the new armory and regimental fund of the 71st Regiment began March 26th at the armory of the regiment, corner of Broadway and 35th Street. Citizens who appreciate the fitness of providing well for our country's defenders, will go to this fair and spend their money.

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12	"	1,000 fl. 15,000	"
54	"	500 fl. 27,000	"

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than 140 Florins. The next drawing takes place on the 16th of April, 1883, and every bond bought of us on or before the 16th of April is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

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THE WHEELMAN FOR APRIL.

THE WHEELMAN begins its second volume with the April number, published March 20th, which will contain a large number of attractive articles, accompanied by numerous fine illustrations.

It will contain among others the following:

Pedalling on the Piscataqua.

BY C. A. HAZLETT, CHIEF CONSUL, L.A.W.

A sketch of a day's run on a marine bicycle up the Piscataqua river, from P rtsmouth, N. H., and return, with illustrations of sights and scenes on the way. A second article to appear in a future number will describe a run to the Isles of Shoals.

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The May number will contain the opening chapters of a new story by RUDOLPH LINDAW, the great German novelist, entitled

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VOL. I. APRIL 12, 1883. NO. 15.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

☞ Subscribers who do not receive their copies will please notify the office at once.

JOHN PYRITES' STRATAGEM.

"WILL you be mine?" he said. "I enjoy the confidence of my employers and an average income of $1500 yearly."

"Yes, dear," she answered, "I will be your's with great pleasure. But as the sum you mention is quite inadequate to your own support, it would not be sufficient for yourself and me, even though we lived in a flat and wore our present clothes for years to come."

"True," he replied, "but your esteemed parent, whose renown upon the street is greatly to his credit, will assuredly come down when you go off! His investments in A., B. & Q. are widely noised abroad, and the stock is safe as Government four per cents."

"Alas," she returned, "my dear father is imbued with prejudices of other times, adapted to modes of living not like ours. He believes that no man should marry unless he can support his wife. If you were rich he would make me rich, too, and bid me be your bride; but since you are poor, he will laugh you to scorn and bid you get money as he did."

Hearing this, John Pyrites was troubled in his soul, and still holding her trustful hand he led her to a chair upon which they sat down and were lost in thought.

"And it would be unusually idle," she continued, "to address my father now, since he has been for two days shut up with an attack of gout, which is likely to keep him in his room for weeks to come."

"Poor man; how does he amuse himself; does he improve the opportunity by assimilating tracts and oatmeal?"

"Not tracts. He has a stock indicator in his room, and all he reads is the tape which he holds in his hand as it rolls off."

"Ha!" said Pyrites. "Heart's dearest. Even yet we may fix the old ——, arrange your dear father. On what side of the house does the wire for his indicator enter?"

"It comes over the roof of the house adjoining?"

"The one with the tailor's shop on the first floor, and rooms to let in the attic?"

"The same; my own."

"'Tis well!"

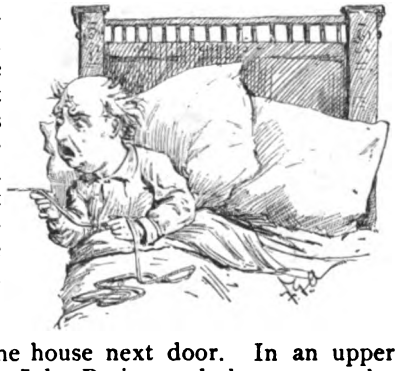
* * * * * *

A few moments later, a young man discreetly attired, engaged apartments in the top of the house next to that of Rufus Dubble, Esq., stipulating for immediate possession. The same afternoon, a couple of practical electricians presented themselves, saying that they had orders to put in a telegraphic call box for the new tenant. Having satisfied the person in charge that they were not plumbers they were allowed to go upon the roof and manipulate the wires at discretion.

Before noon of the next day a peculiar looking telegraphic instrument was in working order in the newly hired rooms, an expert operator sat and read the newspapers except at such times as he was wanted.

At one o'clock Rosalba Dubble entering her father's room found him sitting up with knitted brows scanning the tape which passed through his fingers. He refused to take food when the servant brought his lunch, and to his daughter's filial inquiries he returned impatient answers.

At two o'clock his perturbation was even more apparent; he tried to rise from his bed, but excruciating pain from his toe forced him to abandon the attempt. Still watching the tape which kept passing through his fingers, at three he had grown pale and abstracted. He sent presently for a messenger, and a close observer might have noticed that the boy came from and returned to the house next door. In an upper room of that house John Pyrites and the expert telegrapher sat in executive session.



At four o'clock the visiting card of Mr. John Pyrites was brought to Mr. Dubble's chamber with a message

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Early Spring in New England.

that Mr. Pyrites begged that if possible he might converse with Mr. Dubble on a matter of importance.

"Sir," he said when admitted, "I love your daughter and she returns my affection. I believe that in order that we may both be happy, it is only needful that you should consent to our union."

"Pyrites," said the old gentleman, now lying white and exhausted upon his bed. "Have you been on the street since noon?"

"For the first time in months I have not," was the truthful response.

"Pyrites, within three hours I have become a poor man. I read from the tape that the bottom has dropped out of A., B. & Q., in which I had invested very largely on too small a margin I cannot refuse your offer for my daughter. You are a good young man, Pyrites. Take her and cherish her. Ah, Rosa!" as she entered, "do you love him, dear?"

"I do, Papa."

"Then, my children, be happy. I doubt if I shall recover from this attack."

The old man turned his face to the wall. The young people went out together.

* * *

"Have the wires replaced immediately as they were!" said John Pyrites to the telegrapher at five o'clock, as he paid him for a day of skilled labor.

"*Can make nothing of your note*," wrote Hawk and Kiting to Rufus Dubble. "*There has been no such fluctuation in the value of A., B. & Q. as you allude to.*"

At six o'clock the maid brought Rufus Dubble the above note and the evening paper. He glanced at the letter and then turned to the stock quotations in the journal.

"What in Tophet ails my blooming ticker?" she heard him say.

But he never found out. Pyrites knew and so did Rosalba, but they did not tell; not even after they were married, which occurred in due time, for the old man said: "That Pyrites is a good young fellow and no fortune-hunting rascal. He asked for her when he thought she was poor, and though she is not poor he shall have her."

RIVAL HONEYMOONS.

Paris, à 21 Mars, 1883.

Monsieur le Redacteur:

J'ai vu dans les journaux qu'on allait produire a New York, une piece intitulée "A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON." *j'ai envoyé chercher une copie et j'etais etonné de la trouver une traduction de ma comedie* LA LUNE DE MIEL—*entre mêlée des choses barbares et etranges. Est ce que c'est cela l'honeur en Amerique? Un Auteur n-a-t-il pas ses droits? Pourquoi cet auteur pretendu parait-il dans mes plumes sans me donner crédit. Supposons nos traducteurs voulei ent pretendre ecrire* HAMLET?

Donnez moi au moins le credit pour mon caractere, mes personages et mon intrigue. Ils sont mes enfants, les inventions de mon esprit.

Votre serviteur indigné

Augustine Eugene Scribe.

MR. SCRIBE, you are entirely too fussy and particular. You do not understand American drama, American authors or the true American stage. We are a progressive people, and a cosmopolitan people, and so are our authors, and so is our stage, and so are our plays. To write plays with a pen, and dig their plots and subjects out of our brains, as you do out of yours, is altogether too slow—and wouldn't be half so satisfactory. Besides, to do that requires originality, and cultivation and real literary ability and a lot of other disagreeable things which are hard to get. How much more delightful to write a play with a pair of scissors and a dictionary—you can't think, Scribe. Particularly if you have French acquaintances to help you out when you come to a real hard word. Then all you have to do is to think up a new title—and there you are. Why, it is the simplest thing in the world. Look at Mr. Boucicault, Scribe, or Mr. Daly. Why, with a small French library, which you could carry in your hat, a pair of reliable shears and a spoonful of paste, Mr. Boucicault can knock out more solid original drama in a month than you, Scribe, could write in a lifetime. And Daly!—gracious, goodness, Scribe—you don't half know Daly! You can't conceive, Scribe, what an original man Daly is with a French play and a dictionary before him, or how genius and fertility just stand out on his brow in beads when he sits down with scissors and paste to tackle a German comedy. And there's Cazauran, with a big C—Cazauran of the Union Square—why, is it possible, Scribe, you don't know Caz.? That's because you don't live in Union Square, which is a big vacant lot in this city. Well, Caz. is

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FROM BOSTON.

Miss Vernon: WHY, MRS. SOUTHENDERLY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE LAST SUNDAY. YOU WERE NOT AT THE WEDDING.

Mrs. Southenderly: WHAT WEDDING?

Miss V.: WHY, THERE WAS ONLY ONE WEDDING LAST WEEK.

another of our original writers. Give Caz. a real Sardou—none of *your* plays, Scribe, but a genuine, all-wool-and-yard-wide $10,000 Sardou hair-lifter—give Caz. a real Sardou, and watch him. It is a real treat—much more so than the play is afterwards. Why, Caz. runs his eagle eye down the first act and up the second and through the third and over the fourth before a bullfrog could wink, and then Caz. discovers that the one little point which makes Sardou's play a dead failure is the 91st line in the 3d act, which reads, "My lord, the carriage waits." To give this a realistic cast, impart a strong local coloring and reach an effective climax, *so* necessary to the stage, you know, Scribe—this should read, "M'lud, the Keb." Caz. sees this at once—quick man, Scribe—and Caz. writes it in, Caz. does, and then the play is a go, and Palmer puts it on, and it reads on the play-bills thus:

DANIEL ROCKET,
Adapted from the French of Victorien Sardou.
BY
CAZAURAN!!!

This is the rapid and effective way in which we write our plays, Scribe. It is the same method which is employed by New Jersey cashiers in acquiring ready money and portable property. You are a Frenchman, Scribe, and don't quite understand this simile—of course you don't—but if you were a New Jersey depositor for any appreciable length of time, you would. This is a tough old world, Scribe, and do not fail to keep it remembered.

Now, as to your individual case, Scribe. Of course *we* know that you are the author of "La Lune de Miel." Nobody doubts it. But you are *not* the author of "A Russian Honeymoon." Your play is French. This play is English. That alone makes a big difference. Your play has nothing in it from the *Lady of Lyons*, by Bulwer-Lytton. This play has. Another wide difference—can't you see it, Scribe? Then again—but, pshaw! why particularize?

Seriously, however, Scribe, we do not consider your complaint rightly directed. There is no doubt in our mind that the author of "A Russian Honeymoon" intended it to be patent to the world that her effort was merely a translation and adaptation of your play,

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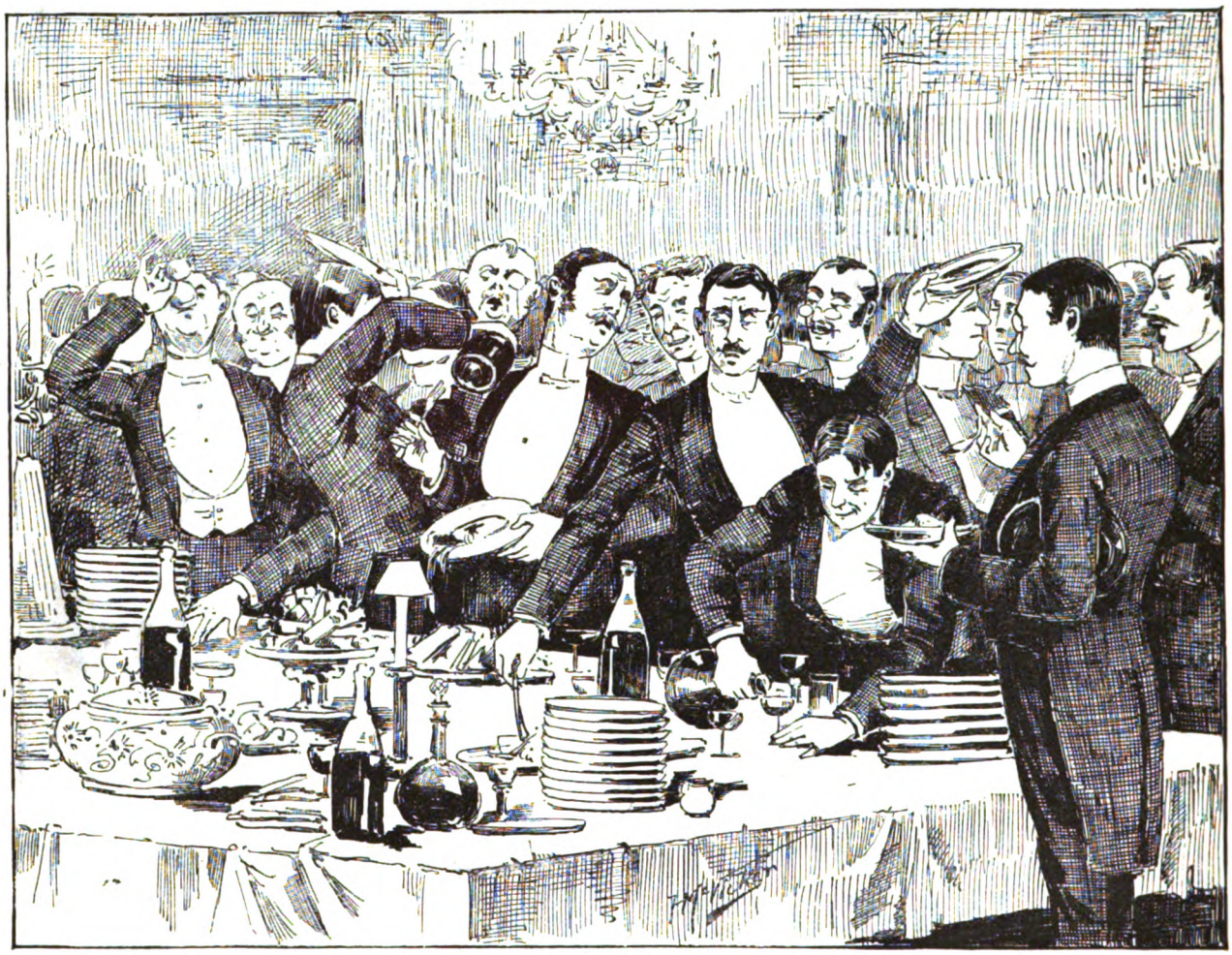

THE HEAT OF ACTION.

Taken from life on account of Miss Rosamond Budd, who, when Lent began, complained that she had been to fifty parties and never yet seen a supper-table.

not an original work. We do not believe for an instant that the author announced it otherwise than thus :

A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON,
OR
LA LUNE DE MIEL.
BY
SCRIBE.
Translated and arranged by * * * * *

If your rights as original author have been slurred in the announcements, believe us it was the work of the stupid printers who were too lazy to set up your name in the big type required, or it was done by the bill-poster men, who thought your name wouldn't look pretty in blue letters on a white ground. The author is a lady, well-known in New York society, and is incapable of literary piracy. Depend upon it, dear indignant French dramatist, no slur of your rights is intended, and no doubt the good Madison Square people, who are extraordinarily considerate of the rights of others, will put your name on the programmes in Long Primer caps as soon as this meets their eye.

GREAT ENTERPRISE.

A YOUNG New York lawyer, taking pattern by the Charitable Societies, has gotten up this ingenious form of heading for his office letter paper :

NEW YORK, ... 188

CHARLES DUDKINS,
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
417 Pine St.,
NEW YORK.

Form of Bequest :

I give and bequeath to Charles Dudkins, and his heirs, the sum of $——.

Subscriptions and contributions will be thankfully received by CHARLES DUDKINS.

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PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, April 1st.—President Arthur expects to go next week to Fortress Monroe for a few days' rest.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 2nd.—The hotels here are rapidly filling up in anticipation of President Arthur's visit.

WASHINGTON, April 3rd.—The President, who is suffering from too great attention to affairs of State,* has been advised by his physicians to go at once to Florida. The trip to Old Point Comfort has been abandoned.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 4th.—The President is expected here to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, April 5th.—It is not yet decided at what time the President will leave Washington. The *Dispatch* is in readiness to take him to Fortress Monroe.

WASHINGTON, April 6th, 10 A. M.—The President will leave for Savannah at 6:20 this evening.

WASHINGTON, April 6th, 5 P. M.—It is now definitely determined that the President will not go South.

WASHINGTON, April 7th, 10 P. M.—Private dispatch from our correspondent: "I'll be hanged if I know what Chet. *is* going to do. Will keep you advised. Have bought ticket on every road running out of Washington, and shall not get left."

WASHINGTON, April 8th.—The President, by advice of his physicians (Drs. McTwine and Roller), will go to New York to-day for a visit of two weeks, for the purpose of filing his private papers.

JERSEY CITY, April 8th, midnight.—The President has arrived here.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

WASHINGTON, April 1st.—Secretary Folger is suffering from malaria, and was not at his office to-day.

April 2nd—It is rumored that Secretary Folger is about to resign.

April 3rd.—Secretary Folger is much better to-day. There is no foundation for the rumor that he will resign.

April 4th.—Secretary Folger was not at the Treasury to-day. Inquiry at his residence failed to elicit any information as to his whereabouts.

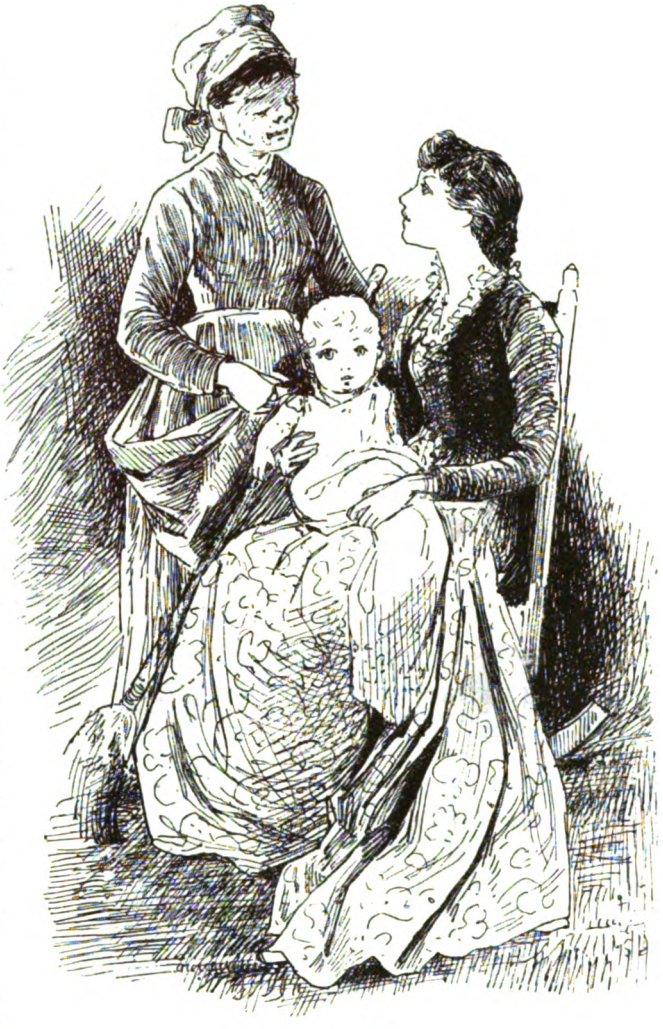
April 5th.—Secretary Folger, it is thought, has gone to Bermuda on a man-of-war. Much doubt exists as to whether Assistant Secretary French or Assistant Secretary New shall act in his absence. Mr. New hopes for the best.

April 6th.—Mr. Folger has returned to Washington much improved. No one knows where he was (or cares). It is positively asserted that he will resign.

April 7th.—Mr. Folger is worse.

April 8th.—Mr. Folger has taken the very highest professional advice, and has decided that, in view of the fact that his malady has shown no improvement since last November, he had better remain where he is. Any change, it is said, might prove fatal. Mr. Folger will not resign. Mr. New is poorly.

* The word "dinners" appeared here in the dispatch; but, being evidently a mistake, was erased.—ED. LIFE.



CANDOR.

Housemaid: IT DOES MY HEART GOOD TO SEE YOU AND THE BABY TOGETHER. IT'S A PRETTY PICTURE. SURE, AND HE'S THE IMAGE OF YOU.

Fond Mother: BUT THEY ALL SAY THAT HE LOOKS LIKE HIS FATHER, MARY.

Housemaid: BLESS YOUR SOUL, MUM, HE'S NOT HALF GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH FOR THAT.

FEMALE fancy work—Ouida's novels.

PROPER weapon for killing time—The minute gun.

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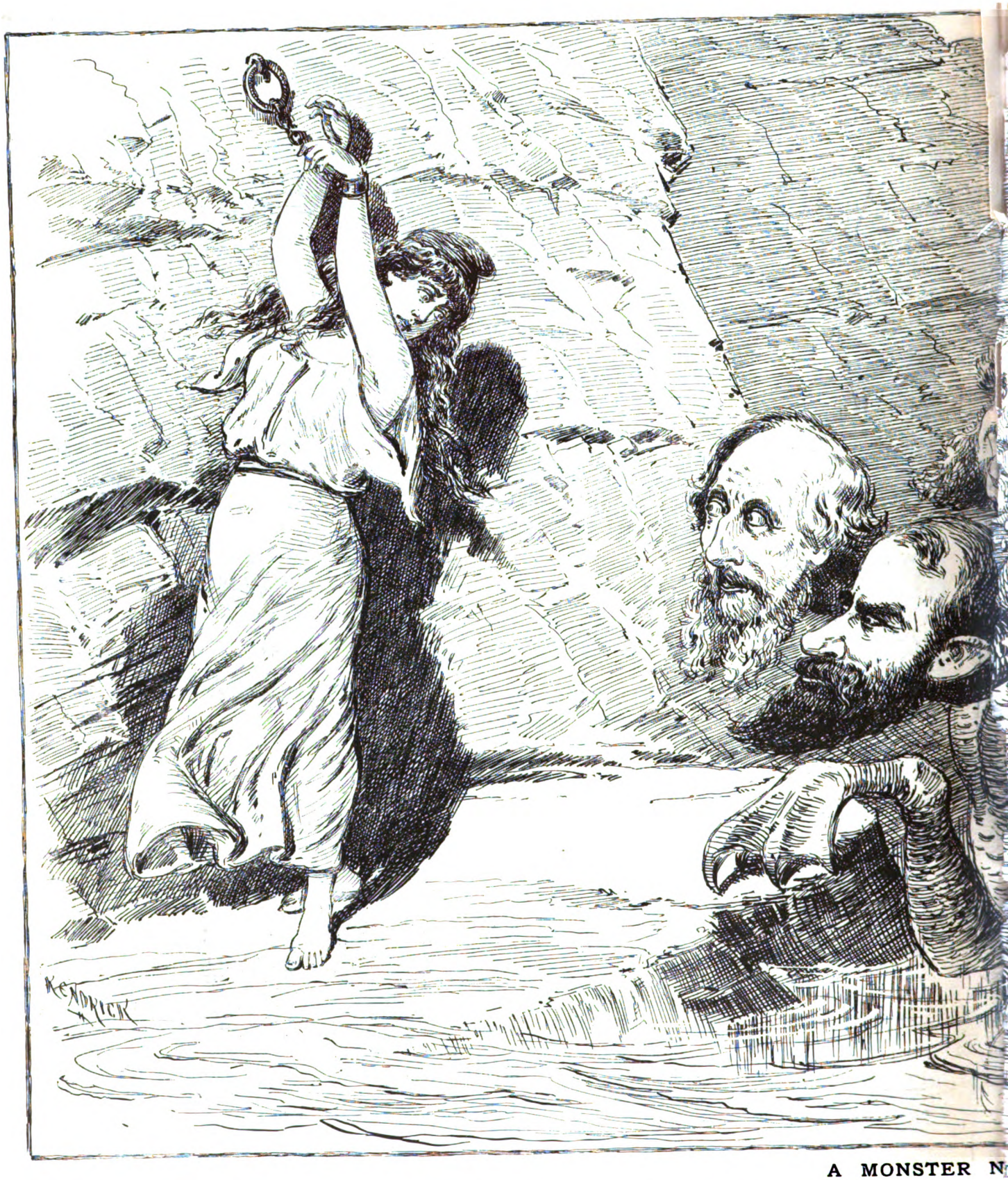

A MONSTER N

SEE THE PRETTY TABLEAU! IT IS LIBERTY WHO IS DOING ANDROMEDA
passes GIVEN HIM FOR JERICHO, AND SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A

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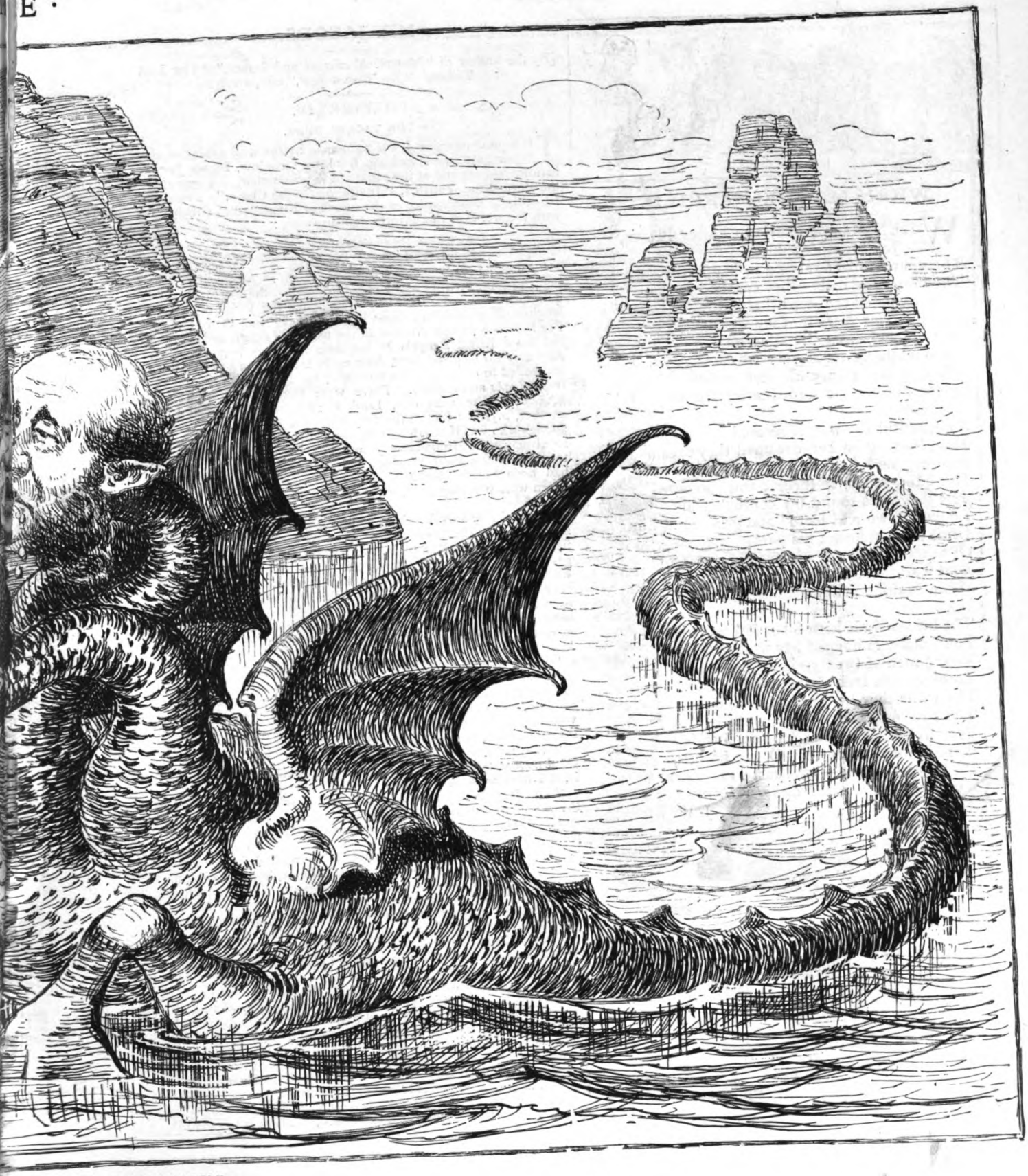

AT BARNUM'S.

PERSEUS BELONGS IN THE PICTURE, BUT THE ASSIGNEE OF THAT CHARACTER HAD
XCURSION.

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WHEN MAIMIE MARRIED.

WHEN Maimie married Charley Brown,
Joy took possession of the town;
The young folks swarmed in happy throngs—
They rang the bells—they carolled songs—
They carpeted the steps that led
Into the church where they were wed;
And up and down the altar-stair
They scattered roses everywhere;
When, in her orange-blossom crown,
Queen Maimie married Charley Brown.

So beautiful she was, it seemed
Men, looking on her, dreamed they dreamed;
And he, the holy man who took
Her hand in his, so thrilled and shook,
The gargoyles round the ceiling's rim
Looked down and leered and grinned at him
Until he half forgot his part
Of sanctity, and felt his heart
Beat worldward through his sacred gown—
When Maimie married Charley Brown.

The bridesmaids kissed her left and right—
Fond mothers hugged her with delight—
Young men of twenty-eight were seen
To blush like lads of seventeen,
The while they held her hand to quote
The sentiments some poet wrote.—
Yea, all the heads that Homage bends
Were bowed to her—but O, my friends,
My hopes went up—my heart went down
When Maimie married *Charley Brown!*

J. W. RILEY.

MR. JACOBS.

[By the author of "Messrs. Abrahams and Isaacs," "The Lost Tribes," "An 'Ebrew Jew," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE TAGGER HUNT.

THE next morning I was awakened by the wild strains of the jewsharp, and looking from my window, I saw Jacobs leaning against one of the pillars of the verandah, and executing the Burmese air entitled, "Invitation to the Chase." Presently I heard the cheery voice of the nabob of Bramapootra striking in with the words of this favorite hunting song:

"We'll chase the antelope over the plain,
And the tiger's cub we'll bind with a chain," etc.

"Ah ha! boys," he shouted, "already up? A beautiful morning; a southerly wind and a cloudy sky—just the day for taggers. Three cheers—and a tiger! Ha, ha!" and the jovial old fellow laughed till his red face shone like the Rising Sun Stove Polish. For he was a perfect Nimrod in the matter of tigers, and had potted more Royal Bengals in his time than any man in India. And now the elephant herd drew up in front of the hotel, and we proceeded to climb into the howdahs, amid the clamor of the native *drivahs* and *beatahs*. There were thirty elephants. Muligatawney Supe rode one, Lord Fitzflaherty another, Jacobs another, myself a fourth, the fiery little Huggermugger of Chungapore—who was if anything a deader shot and more enthusiastic sportsman than Muligatawney Supe himself—was mounted upon the fifth, and a white Siamese, with an uncommonly strong back had been secured for Miss Juggernaut. The remaining two dozen were pad elephants, which were to bring back the "dead cats."

I was talking with Jacobs, who was just about to ascend the step ladder to the back of his elephant when an extraordinary figure came across the plaza and paused beside us. He was a gaunt, high shouldered man about two hundred years old, but with an extremely youthful expression of the eyes. He was dressed in a flowing robe of sheepskin, the wool of which had been reduced by age to a dull blue color. His face was of the same hue—as the countenance of one who had taken too much nitrate of silver; and his beard and hair were of a uniform cerulean tint.

"Peace be with you," he said, to my companion.

"And with you, peace," replied the latter.

"Let not the singing bulbul of Cashmere take his white rose of Gulistan to the hunt," said this remarkable person in a low voice. Jacobs started perceptibly, but immediately recovering his composure, he said, indifferently:

"Why not?"

"I cannot tell thee why, my son; nevertheless I would not do it, if I were as thou."

"Oh, wouldn'test thou? Hadn'test thou better pull down thy vest?" answered Jacobs, haughtily.

The old man shook his head sorrowfully. "Who is this ancient party?" I enquired.

"It is Fol-de-Rol, the Fakir of Ava," he replied, in an undertone. "He is by profession a prestidigitator, but he has by no means confined himself to that as a specialty. He is a greater linguist, for example, than either you or I, and can—and indeed he often does—swear in one hundred and twenty-seven languages."

"My son," repeated Fol-de-Rol, "go not to the chase."

"You said that before," answered Jacobs. "Ta-Ta, Fakir; be virtuous and you'll be happy," and he placed his foot upon the step-ladder.

"Stay!" commanded the old man, laying his hand on Jacob's arm. He drew from his leathern pouch a remarkably dirty deck of cards, shuffled them rapidly, and presenting them to my friend, bade him draw one. He obeyed in silence. "Now, you," said the Fakir, holding out the pack to me. I also drew one. He shuffled the pack, and then said to Jacobs, "Put your card back." He did so, and then I did the same. The old man gazed for a moment at the heavens, made one or two mystic passes with his hands, muttered a low prayer or spell, and then drawing the Queen of Hearts from the pack, exclaimed, "There is thy card."

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"What givest thou me?" said Jacobs; "my card was the Ace of Diamonds." But he turned white to the lips, and leaned for support against the front leg of his elephant.

"Now, wilt thou go?" asked Fol-de-Rol, triumphantly.

"I will—I must. This day is to decide between me and him," and he pointed to Lord Fitzflaherty, who sat a few rods away on his beast.

"Peace be with you," murmured Fol-de-Rol, bending his head submissively, and directly he vanished into thin air.

"And with you be—— Gad! he is gone," muttered Jacobs, as he mounted the ladder and took his seat in the howdah. And now, with the beating of tom-toms, the blare of fish-horns and the shrill cries of the *beatahs* who ran on before in a swarm, the procession moved forward, and entered the jungle. I am rather *blasé* on these big *battues*. I got heartily tired of them when Wales was in the country. He would insist on my accompanying him every time, and the thing got to be a great bore. For myself I prefer the *petit comité*—three or four nice little elephants and half a dozen *beatahs*. Then there is some spice of danger. These monstrous tiger hunts are rapidly spoiling the noble sport and destroying the game. Fifty a day. What a wasteful extravagance! Soon there will be not a man-eater in India. I therefore took out my Kant and began to examine his proof of the possibility of synthetic cognitions *à priori*. I read on from syllogism to syllogism, from enthymeme to enthymeme, detecting here an undistributed middle, and there an illicit process of the major, and again a disjunctive hypothetical with the minor false Mighty philosopher! Sublime skeptic! I love to sharpen my reasoning powers on the subtle sophistries of the man who would have destroyed *my* religion—and might perhaps have done so, had not my still subtler intellect exposed his fallacies. I was disturbed in my reading by the voice of Muligatawney Supe, who rode the next elephant, calling:

"Come, Priggs, shut up your book. You *Kant* come that dodge here, you know. Ha, ha, ha!" and the merry old fellow laughed until he nearly tumbled from his howdah. I closed the book but continued to repeat mechanically:

"All X is Y and, if all Y isn't X, Y isn't it?"

Suddenly a couple of rifle shots in quick succession aroused me. A beautiful young tiger sprang forty feet into the air from a group of lofty banyans a few rods away, and after turning a dozen somersaults, descended with a crash at the very feet of Miss Juggernaut's elephant.

"Oh, how jolly nice!" exclaimed the young lady. "But is he quite dead?"

"My tigers," said her uncle, severely, "never live an instant after they are shot. I always go for a vital spot."

"Your tiger!" exclaimed the Huggermugger of Chungapore, from the extreme left of the procession. "*My* tiger, I think."

"Save the ears," called out Lord Fitz.

It was too late. A lithe young *niggah*, darting forward with his knife, whipped those valued features from the dead tiger in a trice, and then disappeared in the jungle.

"It's always so," explained Jacobs; "they consider them as a charm of wonderful potency. You will never see either *niggah* or ears again."

"How nasty of him!" complained Miss Juggernaut. "I do *so* want a pair of ears."

"You shall have them, if I have to cut off my own," said Jacobs, hoarsely. In the brain of the victim two bullets were found, reposing side by side; one having entered the right eye, and the other the left. The former had upon it the mark of the nabob of Bramapootra; the latter, the mark of the Huggermugger of Chungapore. The next tiger fell to the lot of Lord Fitz, who put him up in a bed of of reeds and carried off his left ear in the first shot, not being so perfect in his aim as the older sportsmen of the party. Infuriated by the pain, the great cat sprang upon the head of the elephant and snarled in Fitzflaherty's face. The latter behaved splendidly. It was the first tiger that he had ever seen, or indeed heard of; for, though a fine fellow, his lordship's education in natural history had been sadly neglected, and he knew only two or three languages. But, puffing his cigarette smoke coolly in the creature's face, he languidly drew a revolver from his belt, and, with a nonchalant yawn, fired a bullet into the monster's head, killing it instantly.

BOUQUET DE CORSAGE.

WHY, DIDN'T HE SEE YOU, CLARA! WELL, LEAVE HALF OF THE ROSE-BUSH AT HOME TO-MORROW AND GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE.

"I regret exceedingly, Miss Juggernaut," said the young hero, "that *my* tiger also has no ears. One of them I unfortunately took off by a clumsy shot, and the other seems to have been gnawed off long ago—perhaps by his mate in a moment of conjugal infelicity."

"Don't mention it," said Miss Juggernaut, politely. Nevertheless, I could see that Lord Fitz noticed her disappointment, and was deeply mortified. A search was made by the natives in the jungle for the missing ear, but without success, and we again moved on. We had not gone far when the line of skirmishers was driven in, followed by a gigantic man-eater, twenty feet in length, which emerged from a banana swamp just in front of Jacob's elephant. The elephant, which was young and untrained, reared on its hind legs; the howdah, loosened by the motion, slid to one side, and its occupant fell to the ground, amid loud cries of "*Dahmett! dahmett!*" from the natives, who had taken to the trees like monkeys.

"*Howdah* you feel now?" shouted Muligatawney Supe.

This atrocious jest shed a gloom over the landscape, which added to the natural darkness of the jungle. But through the latter we could see the gleam of Jacobs' magnificent eyes, as drawing from his sash a Sheffield razor, with a handle of curiously carved ivory, enchased with quicksilver, he advanced upon the colossal animal and took him firmly by the throat with his left hand. The tiger struggled in his iron grasp in vain. With two rapid slashes of the knife he severed the ears from the head, and then, loosing his hold upon his victim's throat, he retired a pace or two, and fixed his wondrous eyes upon the eyes of the mutilated tiger. The latter withstood not long, but, trembling in every joint, turned, and with a low growl, trotted off into the jungle.

"Will Miss Juggernaut do me the favor of accepting this trifle?" asked Jacobs, as he coolly wiped the blood from his trophies with the leaf of a peanut palm. "I believe they are rather large," he added. "The animal was what is called in Hindoostan a *bustah*."

He tossed the huge, hairy things up to the young lady with an air of easy indifference, touched his hat with high-bred courtesy, and, turning away, vaulted lightly on the back of his elephant.

"Oh, thanks, very much," said Miss Juggernaut, as she stooped from the howdah, and caught them on the fly.

"Pretty good for Jacobs," exclaimed her uncle. "Fitz, my boy, better luck next time. Time for tiffin. Well, three taggers in an hour ain't bad. 'Bout face!"

The fish-horns sounded a recall: the tom-toms beat a flourish of victory: the hunt was over.

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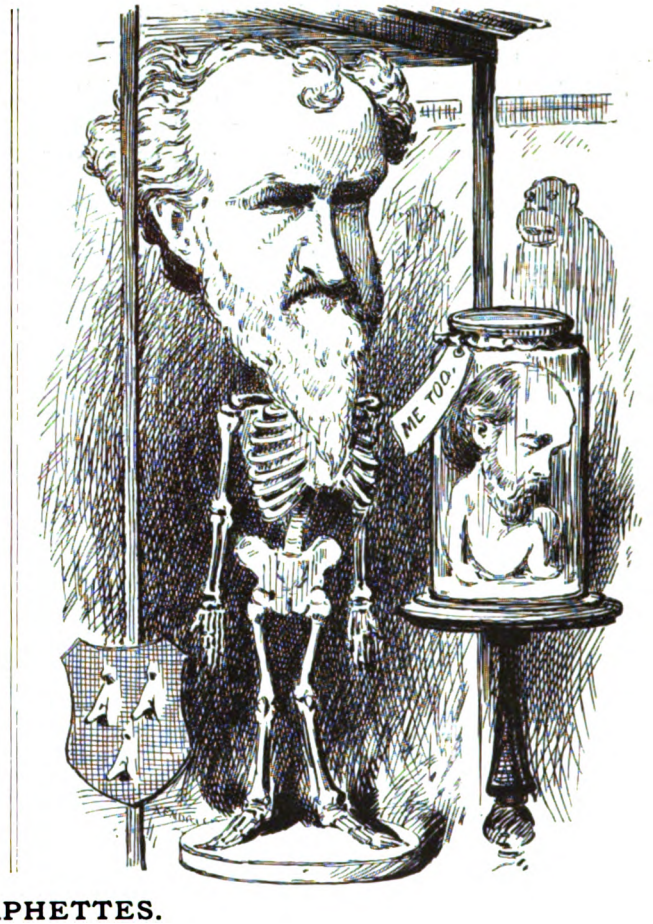

BIOGRAPHETTES.

VII.

SUSAN CONKLING.

THIS lady, who is America's first and only professional beauty, was born at sea during the trial trip of the Pilgrims' Line steamer Mayflower. In due time she attained her nineteenth year and has remained so ever since. During her travels in Rome and other portions of this State, she became interested in the obsolete form of worship known as the Eleusinian Mysteries. These rites were conducted by Roman ladies, to the exclusion of men, as likewise were those of the Bona Dea. Knowing one or two bony dears, Miss Conkling conceived the idea of reviving these rites of women—or women's rites; altering them somewhat to suit the times. She popularized this movement to such an extent that, in less than forty years, more than a dozen persons already were enrolled under her banners, and still maintain their convictions. Exactly what the belief, forms, or ceremonies of the order are no one knows to this day; but it is thought that they closely assimilate with those of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Psi Upsilon Kappa. The officers of the order are known to be: Grand President, Susan Conkling; Grand Vice-President, J. K. Hamilton Willcox; Grand Secretary, L. D. Blake; Grand Monitor, Rev. Dorgan Mix.

Upon the boastful act of England last year—sending her fairest beauty to our dazzled shores—an act of national retaliation became necessary, and Miss Conkling was appealed to by Congress to go and teach the haughty and stiff-necked Britons a lesson. She went. C.

MINT SAUCE.—Scurrilous remarks about the new five cent piece.

VIII.

ROSCOE B. ANTHONY.

THIS unfortunate suicide was directly descended, on his father's side, from the famous Anthony whose nose is still pointed out to tourists on the upper Hudson. A nose, gules, rampant on a field sable being the heraldric device of the Anthonys, conferred originally by Richard Cœur de Lion at the battle of Manasses, young Roscoe was at an early age educated in its development, and so successfully that it remained his chief characteristic through life. At the age of twenty, Roscoe entered upon his studies of the law, and one year later his delighted father saw him at the bar, pleading a bonded liquor case before Judge Hoffman, at the Supreme Court on Twenty-fourth Street near Broadway. His subsequent elevation was a matter of course, and in a few years he became a member of Congress, where his modesty, self-abasement, and disinterested patriotism won him deserved renown. Two years ago, however, his retiring disposition was sadly imposed upon by some designing politicians, who wished to possess themselves of the exclusive Government patronage. Among these was one who held the petty position of Chief Executive, and who had the bold impudence to tell Roscoe that, if he didn't like it, he knew what he could do, or words to that effect. This was more than the sensitive nature of our hero could bear, and so, like the Romans of old, he went home, bit off his own famous nose, dined heavily on crow, sat on a can of powder, and blew his brains out. The sad affair cast a gloom over the entire Third Ward.

Personally, Mr. Anthony was of a delicate build, straight-haired, and was shy as a girl in manner. It has been reported several times that his ghost has been seen on the streets and in the courts of this city; but, of course, this cannot be. C.

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THE CASINO.

AMERICA'S HANDSOMEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT!

RUDOLPH ARONSON, SOLE MANAGER.
(Accompanied by a Chorus of Creditors.)

MR. MAURICE GRAU'S French Comic Opera Co. in

"La Marjolaine."

BEFORE THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre. I wish we had brought the girls to see it.

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre, but they say all these French operas are so—so—so very dreadful that I thought it best to leave the girls at home.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: If the play is so gamey, why did you bring Albert Edward?

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: The girls understand French, and the impropriety of the play might shock them, but Albert Edward is only thirteen, and he hates French and never studies it, and I thought that the music might amuse him.

ALBERT EDWARD (*aside to a school-mate who passes him*): I hear this is a boss show, and Théo just knocks spots out of old Aimée! I like French operas, I do! There's always a sort of French ball flavor about 'em!

ACT I.

The first act of "La Marjolaine" cannot be described in detail without subjecting this paper to the danger of seizure at the hands of Mr. Anthony Comstock and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vice.

INTERMISSION I.

A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*loudly*): Théo don't act half as well here as she did in Paris.

HIS NEIGHBOR: Why not?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*more loudly*): Oh, I don't know. I guess she plays off on us as Americans. She hasn't any go here, you know—no snap, no ginger. You should see Judic and Granier in a part like this, or Sarah Bernhardt or Croizette. They've got some style about 'em. But perhaps if they came here they would get tame too. If you had ever been to Paris you would agree with me.

HIS NEIGHBOR (*quietly*): I have been to Paris. I have lived there for years. I have seen Théo in Paris, and she was not any better there than she is here. She can't act and she can't sing, and her voice is like a sour lemon with the shivers. As for Sarah Bernhardt and Croizette, they never appeared in *opéra-bouffe*. Granier isn't much better than Théo; Judic is a great deal better than Théo; but neither of them is to be compared for a moment to Aimée, who is one of the very best comic actresses ever seen on our stage. Have you ever been to Paris?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*meekly*): Yes.

HIS NEIGHBOR: Did you see the Obelisk of Luxor on the Place de la Concorde?

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*meekly*): Yes.

HIS NEIGHBOR: Well, as a comic actress, as an artist generally, Aimée towers over all contemporary French opéra-bouffers just as the obelisk towers over the Place de la Concorde.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD (*meekly*): Yes.

(*Goes out to get his seat changed.*)

ACT II.

The second act of "La Marjolaine" contains an effect stolen from Shakespeare, but even this would not serve to protect this paper from the police if we described in detail the half of the things said and done by the characterless characters of the play.

INTERMISSION II.

A BRILLIANT WIT: Have you been into the Lobby?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE BRILLIANT WIT: Did you notice the cloak-room?

HIS FRIEND: No.

THE BRILLIANT WIT: It has a sign on it declaring it to be a "Temporary Gentleman's Cloak Room."

HIS FRIEND (*seeking vainly for some way of escape*): Yes?

THE BRILLIANT WIT (*holding him fast with his glittering eye*): Now, do you know what a Temporary Gentleman is?

HIS FRIEND (*helpless and hopeless*): No.

THE BRILLIANT WIT (*overflowing with pure joy at his own brilliance*): Very well. Then I will tell you. A Dude is a Temporary Gentleman!

ACT III.

The third act of "La Marjolaine" is not quite as lively as the first and second, but still a decent regard for the proprieties and amenities of American society restrains the present writer from venturing to set forth any of the the events of the evening. Of a truth, "La Marjolaine" is a play which must be seen (and smelt) to be appreciated.

AFTER THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre, yet I am glad we did not bring the girls.

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: It is a beautiful theatre, but the girls ought not to be allowed ever to see plays like this. I almost blushed myself.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: I did—quite!

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: Luckily it wasn't long!

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: Unluckily it was very broad!

THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY: Albert Edward fortunately could not understand the play, but he enjoyed the music.

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY: Albert Edward, how did you like it?

ALBERT EDWARD (*with vigor*): C'était épatant! Elle est cranement chic, cette petite Théo!

(*The Father of a Family and the Mother of a Family are taken home in the ambulance.*)

ARTHUR PENN.

SAID he, "If my relatives shirk us,
We've nowhere to go but the 'work'us.'"
But, plucking up heart,
He eloped in a cart
With the long-haired young girl from the circus.

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VENI. I CAME. **VIDI.** I SAW. **VICI.** I CORN-CURED.

A CASUISTRY.

I SWORE to Ninette, or Florette,
I am not entirely sure;
Man vows he will never forget,
But how make a memory endure?

But I promised whichever was there,
That to love I would ever be true;
And with conscience serene, I declare,
The vow to this day I keep, too.

The object of love has changed
From Ninetta to Flora and May;
But however my glances have ranged,
That to love I've been false, who can say?

MORS-VIVENS.

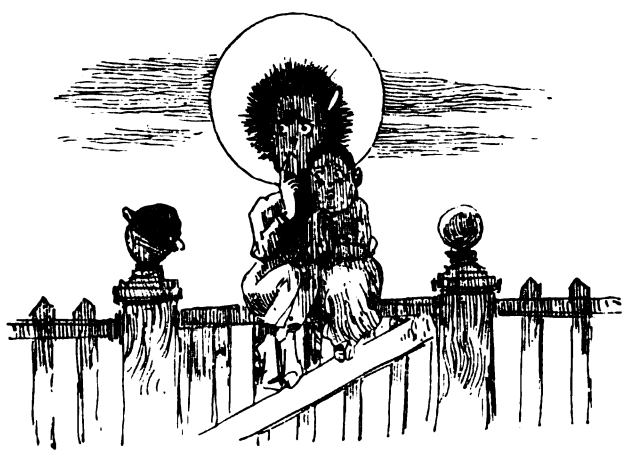
BOOKISHNESS.

AN Englishman named A. W. Dubourg has just published a volume containing "Four Original Plays." But even if the plays are original, there can be no doubt that the author's own name is adapted from the French.

THE holiday book which Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. are preparing for next Christmas is an elaborately illustrated edition of Mr. A. Tennyson's poem, "The Princess," and an anxious public is eagerly awaiting information as to which member of the Vanderbilt family has sat for the chief picture.

MR. Harry Jim (if we may be thus familiar) has a comedy called "Daisy Miller," now in course of publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*. We are told that it was originally written for the Madison Square Theatre, which we are inclined to believe, as the play shows great ingenuity in use of the double stage—at least we suppose that Mr. Harry Jim (if we may be thus familiar) meant half of each act to be played simultaneously on each stage, thus enabling the playgoer to escape from the flow of words not later than midnight.

A YOUNG man named Guy de Manpassant has just written a little sketch of the life and literary career of M. Emile Zola. We had hitherto supposed that M. Zola himself was the grand Guy; and now M. de Manpassant introduces him to us as the zentre of the zolar zystem.



Arabella: HIST! THE NIGHT WAXETH APACE, ALGERNON, DEAR. DOST NOT HEAR THE OLD MAN?

Algernon: I DOST.

[*Both Dust.*]

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

BIOGRAPHETTES next week: No. 9, Psalm Tilden; No. 10, O'Dynamite Rossa.

FINANCIERING vowels.—I. O. U.

SHAKESPEARIAN thought.—When brains are out some men will dye.

THE *Evening Post* has a foreign correspondent who signs himself "†††." It is feared that he may be a Nihilist.

FROM a distant subscriber who had failed to receive his back numbers:

There are ten other "Life's" I long to greet,
Without which "Lifes" my "Life" is incomplete.

"I GUESS that girl must be the flour of the family," remarked the young man who had been waltzing with her, as he essayed to brush off the white spot on his coat sleeve.—*Boston Transcript.*

A ROLLICKING burlesque, entitled "Conrad and Medora," was presented last Friday afternoon at the Turf Club Theatre, by a few members of the Hasty Pudding Club, of Harvard, in aid of the University Boat Club. A large audience was present and seemed abundantly pleased with the performance. The proceeds will enrich the Boat Club to the extent of about $800.00.

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THE WHEELMAN begins its second volume with the April number, published March 20th, which will contain a large number of attractive articles, accompanied by numerous fine illustrations.

It will contain among others the following:

Pedalling on the Piscataqua.

BY C. A. HAZLETT, CHIEF CONSUL, L.A.W.

A sketch of a day's run on a marine bicycle up the Piscataqua river, from P rtsmouth, N. H., and return, with illustrations of sights and scenes on the way. A second article to appear in a future number will describe a run to the Isles of Shoals.

From Paris to Geneva.

BY. JOHN B. MARSH, OF "LONDON STANDARD."

A fully illustrated account of a tour made by the writer and a companion in a "Sociable" tricycle from Paris to Geneva.

Jealousy.

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE.

A charming little poem, with full-page drawing, from a sketch by the writer.

"The Political Power of the L.A.W.," by PRESIDENT BATES; "A Midwinter Night's Dream," by Dr. GEO. E. BLACKHAM; "A Wheel to the Gold Mines of Cummins City," by W. O. OWENS, Laramie Bicycle Club; "234 Rides on No. 234," by KOL KRON; and many others by prominent wheelmen.

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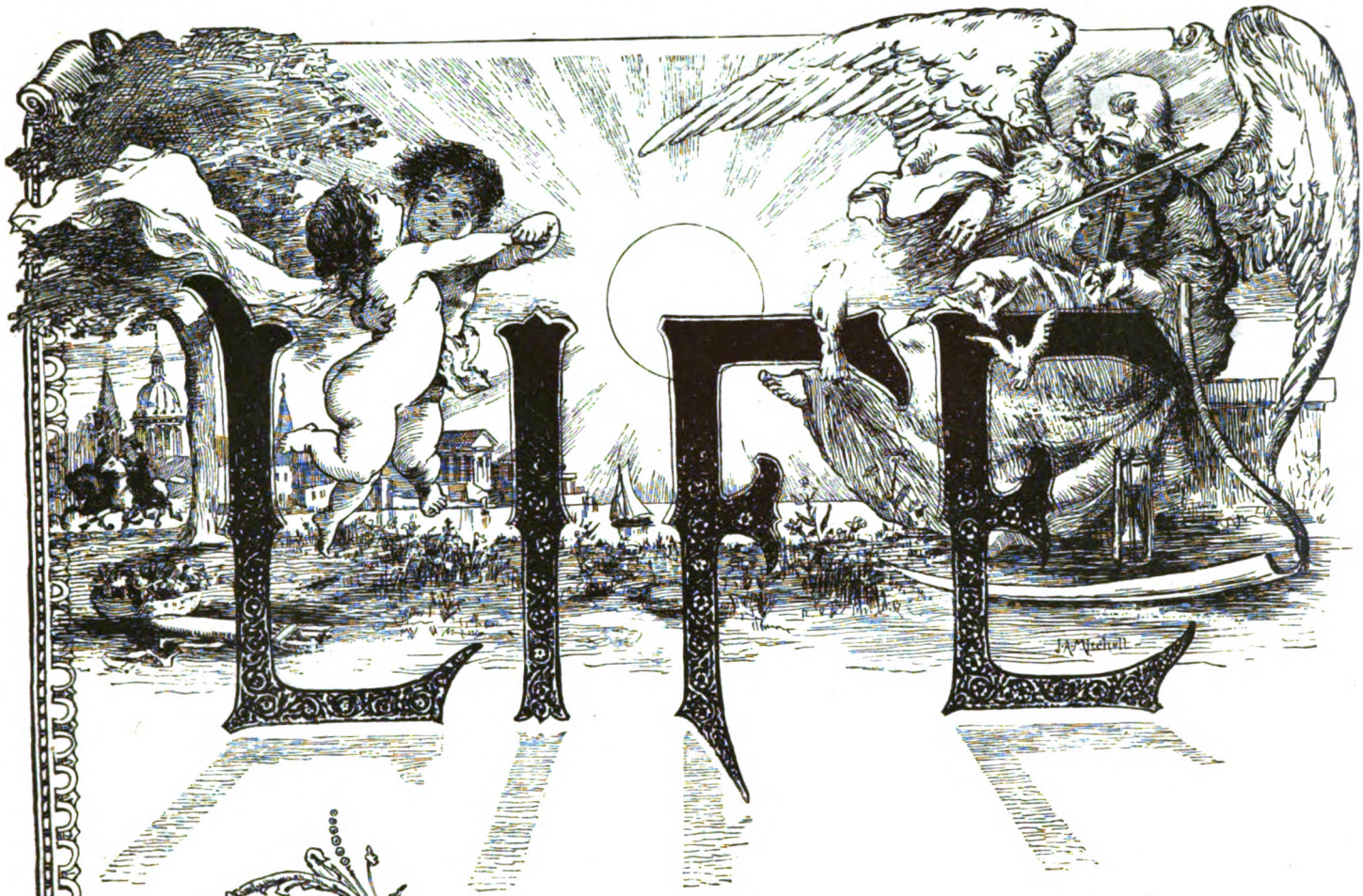

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The May number will contain the opening chapters of a new story by RUDOLPH LINDAW, the great German novelist, entitled

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VOL. I. APRIL 19, 1883. NO. 16.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

☞ Subscribers who do not receive their copies will please notify the office at once.

STATENISLANDER JINKS'S METHOD.

A RAY of mouse-colored light fell upon the stained glass window athwart Statenislander Jinks, as he sat picturesquely in a luxurious chair. There were appearances about the young man, each slightly defined, perhaps, but in their aggregation persuasive, which indicated that he was thinking. Inheritor of a stupendous income, why, it may be asked, should he have engaged in an irksome process that well might be relegated to the poor?

Fool!*

Let us consider. What is the instigation of a man? I mean, to do anything. I also mean, when he is rich. Why does he? Let me propound to you: In the absence of doing, what shall he? Here looms up the imperative element of Must. The idea, unformulated, had occurred to Jinks.

Gœthe says: "As voluntary cognizant inanition, if arrival at it could be effected, would constitute the most terrible of conditions, so an approach to it, which is all whereof human nature is capable, is more prolific than, perhaps, anything else, of psychal pain; and the application of philosophy has proved that the further we remain removed from it, up to a certain and not always easily recognizable point, the happier, other things being equal, we are." [Elaboration of the thought contained in the Persian maxim—"Sweat before you eat." Also: "*Arbeit macht das Leben süss.*" —*North German Reader.*]

*Applied to the reader.

Various minds require various food. My wife has a cousin who edits copy for a morning newspaper. On the conclusion of his labors each night he relaxes his mind with the calculus. I have known him to soothe the most flagrantly irritable condition of temper by prosecuting that work for a short time backwards. Well, he is not a fool. It is a conclusion from comparison. Jinks never soothed himself with the calculus, either progressively or reversely. Therefore my wife's cousin is what I have negatively stated him to be.

Now.

What is the matter with the rich? Why do they go about engaging themselves with occupations? Why do rectors of undoubted millions with feverish haste put armies of words together to do battle for the Magnificat, and to intercept the poor in the pursuit of ease? What is the explanation of Aldine and Early Rose? Supposing that Nicoll, the tailor, is rich, what does he still make trousers for?

Ah, it is human to yearn to do.

I have said that Jinks was not like my wife's cousin. But the same evidences were observable in him. He was not worked by conscious logic; but he was operated by dull intuition. As he sat bisected by the mouse-colored ray of light, he was affording exhibition of the operation of the universal non-resistible principle of Do. His canary bird; his blackbird of a vicious temperament and with the faculty of dislocating a human finger-joint at a blow; his eighteen hair-brushes, nine with ivory backs; his *écritoires*, silver-plated trousers-holders, Kioto-awara vases, nail-polishers, pomatum jugs and Chelsea tiles—all the large, beautiful mixed collection with which he had surrounded himself were ignored.

Well.

Some people find relaxation in knocking other people out. I mean rich people. Nero knocked out his mother, which was a villainy of such magnitude that it stands, perhaps, isolated in history. It was a common pastime for the muscular rich to knock out London watchmen in the time of the Georges. German students are still in the habit of knocking out available persons with their house keys, which are a foot and a half long, and which they carry suspended from their trouser straps. In New York to-day this species of relaxation is not usual. No unemployed aristocrat, under influence of the conviction that "*Arbeit macht das Leben süss,*" tackles one of the Finest. The odds are too vast. It is not the sweetness of the life eternal that is courted under constraint of the principle here expounded. And no one thinks of banging any one

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with a Yale latch-key.* But there are other means to the end; other physical means.

However,

Statenislander Jinks was not up to means of this sort. He measured only a few inches around the chest, and his legs were mere dreams. He had often coveted the colossal calves of men of an inferior lineage. His ears were not bad; but what can a man do with his ears? No. As an organization, he was mental. Not very; but his mind was definitely superior to his legs. Naturally, he would turn to a mental outlet for his impulse to do. In point of fact, he was yielding to the pressure of Nature, mentally, at the time of our concern with him.

He rose and paced rapidly back and forth. He perpetually clasped and unclasped his hands. His brow was lined with as many of the wrinkles of thought as there was room for. His eyes moved, and were filled with an expression in conformity with these other appearances. Occasionally, his breast was delivered of a minute sigh. It was evident that his mental workings were going on with great violence. They continued for as much as half an hour. Then he threw up his small, white hands, laughed, put on his overcoat and hat, and went out.

He had made up his mind.

That was what he had been trying to do. That was the means he took to carry out the idea elaborated by Gœthe from the Persian maxim and the North German Reader. He made up his mind every day when he was in health. On this occasion, he had made up his mind to go out. If he had happened to be out, he would have made it up to come in. The club seemed sweeter to him afterward. The Long While of life was dispelled. Peace settled upon him, and his soup tasted good—for he had sweated before he ate.

E. D. BEACH.

THE DUDE.

Mutatis Mutandis.

ONLY a Dude,
A kind of bird
With quiet plume
Soft lights illume,
A heart unstirred,
A mien subdued.

To softly glide
In long, close gown,
High fashion's priest,
Without the least
Faint smile or frown,
Is all his pride.

In the false glare
The times allow
To modern life
He shuns the strife,
With bang on brow
And parted hair.

The pomp of lace
And silken hose,
And powdered tress,
The courtly dress,
The wit that flows,
The old time grace.

All vanished now;
Joyous, bright hued,
The courtiers pass;
To leave, alas,
The pensive Dude
With bang on brow.

C. P.

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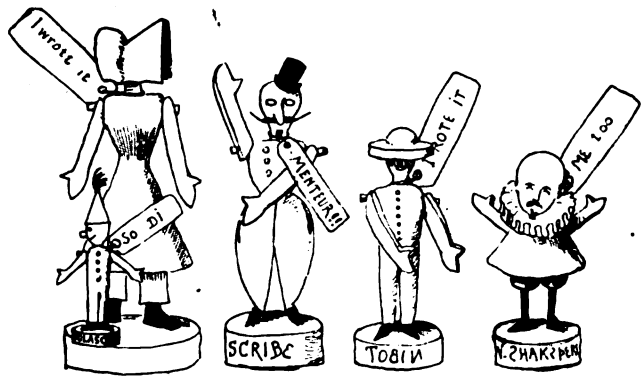
* See Æsop's fable of the Mosquito on the fence, that said to he passing Elephant: "Look out! I'm going to kick."



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

LONDON, April 11th, 1883.

Editor of LIFE:

I noticed in your last issue that you gave the credit of "A Russian Honeymoon" to Scribe. Now Scribe stole *his* play *La Lune de Miel*, bodily from *my* play, THE HONEYMOON. Please give *me* the credit at once. Yours frantically,

JAMES TOBIN.

Certainly, Mr. Tobin. In the hurry of the moment we quite overlooked your really just claim as original author and * * * (Another letter has just come. It may contain additional news.—*Ed.* LIFE.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, April 12th, 1883.

Editor of LIFE:

The N. Y. *Herald* states that Scribe's play, *La Lune de Miel*, was taken from Tobin's play, "The Honeymoon." All flesh are grass. Tobin stole his play from *my* comedy Taming a Shrew. Enclosed please find a guarantee of good faith.

Yours humbly,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Why, of course, William. We will be delighted to set you to rights before the public, and give you proper credit for your really beautiful and original * * * * HELLO! (Another letter has just slid in.)—*Ed.* LIFE.

MADISON SQUARE,

Editor of LIFE: April 14th, 1883.

Will you kindly oblige by publishing in your columns the truth? The play at *present* on the boards of this theatre was rewritten by *me* so that no author could recognize it. I re-wrote *Charlotte Russe*, if you remember, in the same way. I write *all* the plays produced here. In some instances I change as many as nine whole lines. In this work I am assisted by 914 deputies. Please give *me* the credit. Yours modestly, BULASCO.

Of course, Mr. Bulasco, this is just what we thought all along. Now, if—— * * * (We shall have to give this up.)—*Ed.* LIFE.

AS the organ of the Invincibles, we take profound pleasure in announcing to our Irish readers that the torpedo-boat WHURROO, has actually sailed on her mission of revenge, and is no doubt at present engaged in her ruthless work of destruction. By the time this meets our readers' eye, the entire British Navy will be at the bottom of the sea, or as nearly so as the depth of water will allow. This terrible blow to England will promote the holy cause of Irish freedom almost as much as did the Phœnix Park murders. Affluent servant girls should, therefore, at once come forward and help the glorious work. Contributions will be thankfully received at this office, and the name of each donor will be published just as soon as the green flag is hoisted on the Tower of London.

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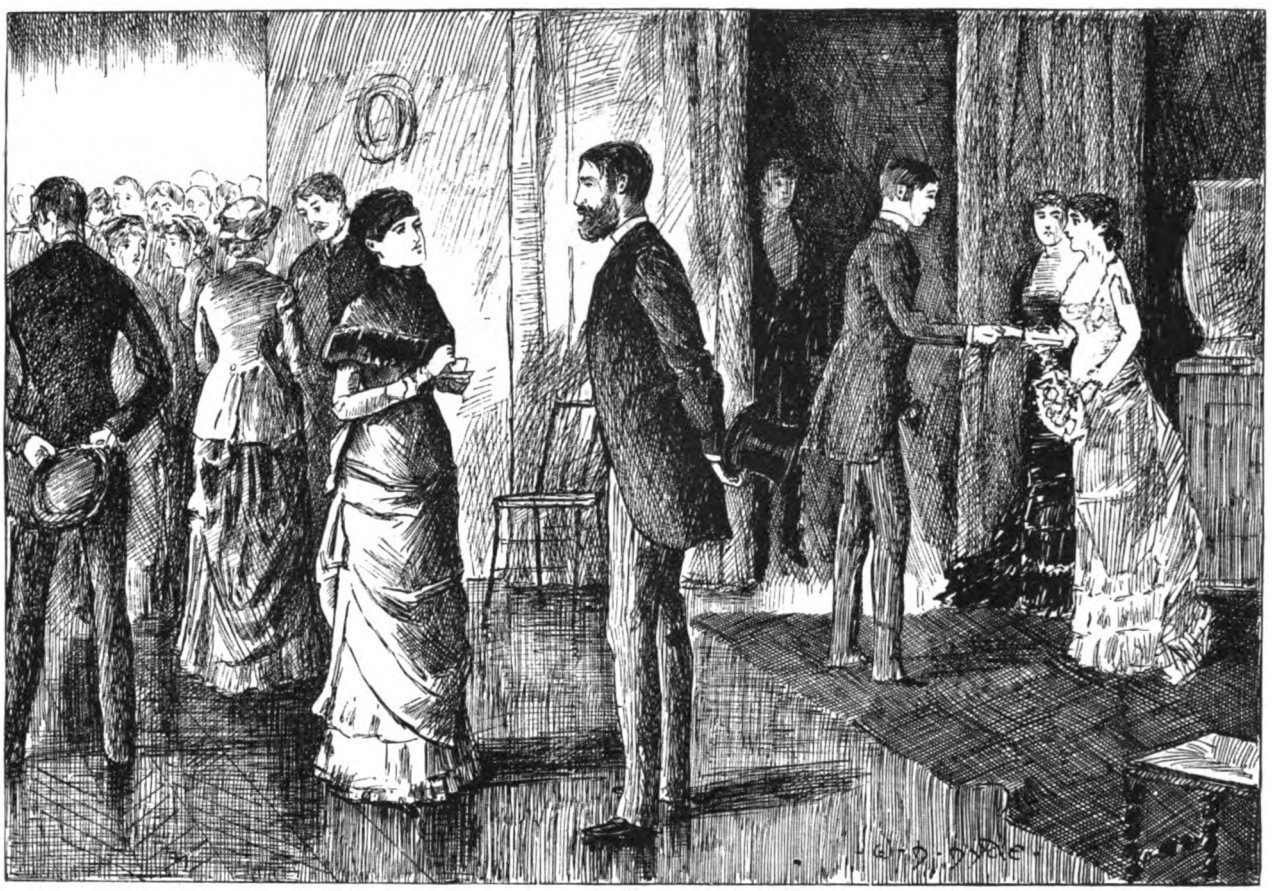

DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS.

Charles Bonmot (who sets up for a wit): NEVER SEE YOU WITHOUT A CUP OF TEA: WHAT A LIVING PRAISE TO THE ARTICLE YOU ARE,—A REGULAR "*tea-deum*," OR AS YOU'RE A WOMAN YOU MUST BE "*tea dea.*"

Miss Florence Bullseye (who thinks him something of a pedant): YES, AND BEING A MAN IT MUST BE THAT YOU ARE "*tea-deus!*"

JUDKINS' BOY.

PIRUTS is reckless to a fault. They ain't afeard of nobody ner nothin'! Ef ever you insult a pirut onc't, he'll foller you to the grave but what he will revenge his wrongs. Piruts all looks like pictures of "Buffalo Bill"—only they don't shave off the whiskers that sticks out over the collar of their low-neck shirt. Every day is a picknick for the piruts of the high seas. They eat gunpowder and drink blood to make 'em savidge, and then they kill people all day, and set up all night and tell ghost stories and sing songs such as mortal ear would quail to listen to. Piruts never comes on shore only when they run out of tobacker. And then it's a cold day if they don't land at midnight, and disguize theirselves and slip up in town like a sleuth houn', so's the Grand Jury can't git onto 'em. They don't care fer the police any more than us people who dwells right in their midst. Pirnts makes big wages and spends it like a king. "Come easy, go easy," is the fatal wachword of them whose deeds is Deth! Onc't they was a pirut turned out of house and home by his cruel parents when he was but a kid, and so he always went by that name. He was thurst adrift without a nickel, and sailed fer distant shores to hide his shame fer those he loved. In the dead of night he stold a new suit of the captain's clothes. And when he growed up big enough to fit 'em, he gayly dressed hissef and went up and paced the quarter-deck in deep thought. He had not forgot how the captain onc't had him lashed to the jibboom-poop and whipped. That stung his proud spirit even then; and so the first thing he done was to slip up behind the cruel officer and push him overboard. Then the ship was his fer better er fer werse. And so he took command, and hung high upon the beetling mast the pirut flag. Then he took the bible his old mother give him when he lit out from home, and tied a darnic round it and sunk it in the sand with a mocking laugh. Then it was that he was ready fer the pirut's wild seafaring life. He worked the business fer all they was in it fer many years, but was run in at last. And, standing on the gallus-tree, he sung a song which was all wrote off by hissef. And then they knocked the trap on him. And thus the brave man died and never made a kick. In life he was always careful with his means, and saved up vast welth, which he dug holes and burried, and died with the secret locked in his bosom to this day.

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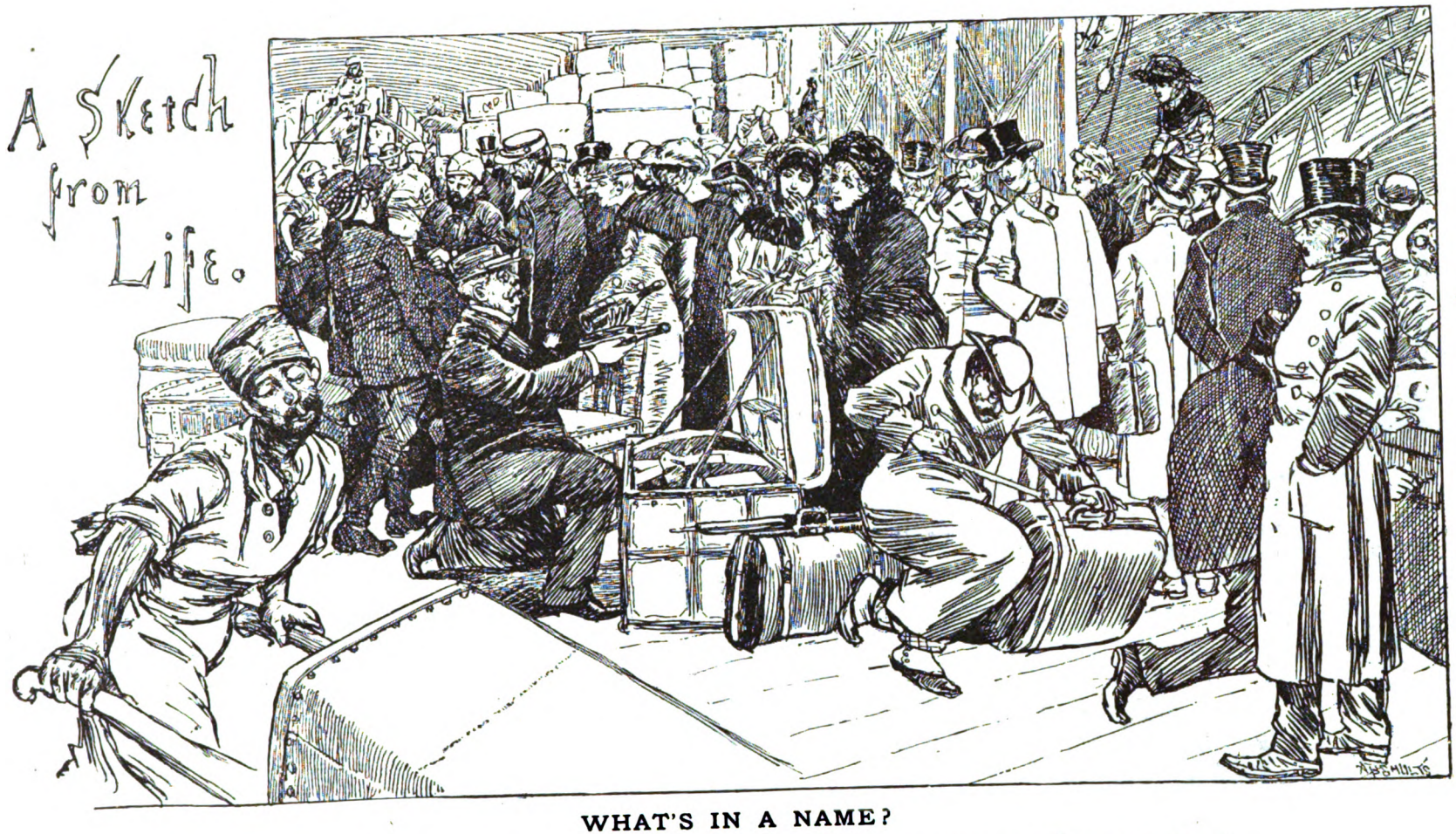

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Custom House Official: I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD WEARING APPAREL, *only*, IN THIS TRUNK. WHAT ARE THESE?
Lady: SO I DID. THOSE ARE MY HUSBAND'S NIGHT CAPS.

HINTS ABOUT COQUETTES.

GIVE the Devil his due and the Coquette her dude.

Coquettes are like cats; they love petting. This accounts for sparks in the dark.

Always make a friend of a Coquette before you fall in love with her. Then you can corner her when she says, "But let me be your friend!"

A Coquette can play her cards just as well when you are holding her hand. Indeed, this is her first trick.

After all, there is one nice thing about a Coquette. She and lightning never strike twice in the same place. There is no need of it.

All flesh is grass, but a Coquette doesn't object to being called a daisy.

W. W. K.

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NO.

THE Rev. E. E. Hale has expressed a desire to see an abridgment of the Bible "for the benefit of those who will not read the book through from Genesis to Revelation." This is not a good scheme.

The Bible in its present form is peculiarly adapted to a community having a wide range of taste. No abridgment would be acceptable to all its readers. There are those who love to assimilate the gospels and be good; and others who must tangle themselves with the epistles and be uncomfortable. Some will have the Apocalypse or nothing; some want to sit on the fence and read in Ecclesiastes about the vanity of getting things, and others are happiest with the Canticles, at Mt. Desert. So, too, Jeremiah and the comminatory Psalms have their admirers, and we have known men who, from sheer cussedness would learn by heart pages of Hebrew names.

We believe that the vast majority of those who will not read the Book through prefer to pasture in it according to their individual tastes. Abridgments and expurgated editions are bad enough in the case of profane writings like the Arabian Nights. Let our Unitarian friends go and abridge their Emerson if they want to, or even the denunciations of their old adversary, Jo. Cooke, but not the Bible.

UNCLE SAM ought to get one of Lady Florence Dixie's corsets for his new monitor.

A CONFLICT between Science and Religion —a base-ball match between the Troy Polytechnic and Holy Cross College.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

AN INFORMAL DISCUSSION IN THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

ALDERMAN O'SHAUGHNESSY: They say there's a dale o' money in this akweduk.

ALDERMAN O'GRADY: Phwat is an akweduk, anyhow?

ALDERMAN O'ROURKE: I didn't know ye were that ignorant. Sure it's to bring wather to the city.

ALDERMAN FLYNN: Is it annything like buckets mebbe?

ALDERMAN CASEY: Faith! It's like a long beer tunnel, only runnin' in undther the counthry for miles or more.

ALDERMAN O'FLANNIGAN: Phwat do they want wid more wather? Phwy don't they dhraw phwat they want out o' the hydrant?

ALDERMAN O'BRIEN: To dhrink, ye fool!

ALDERMAN RAFFERTY: Begorra! 'Twill ruin our saloons.

ALDERMAN ROONEY: Arrah! It isn't to drink they want it; it's to wash wid.

CHORUS: Phwat's that?

ALDERMAN FINNEGAN: Annyhow, they say there's a power o' boodle in the buildin av it, so yous needn't bother about what they'll do wid it.

ALDERMAN KELLEY: Thrue for you! These Amerikins is ixpinsive divils.

ALDERMAN O'TOOLE: Indade they are, an' luk at the chake of 'em. Some of 'em sez they ought to have our places on the Board of Aldhermin.

CHORUS: Phwat!!

ALDERMAN O'DONOHUE: Tare an' ouns! Amerikins among uz! Phwat right have they here? Don't we let 'em vote an' pay taxes? They'll be takin' the bread out of our mouths next!

ALDERMAN MURPHY: Have no fear. They must vote the way the bosses say or not at all, an' sure the bosses don't want any wather drinkin' Yankees as aldhermin. Av they won't dhrink at our bars, bedad, they must pay roundly for the next wather they'll get.

CHORUS: Thrue for you! Whose trate is it?

(*Exeunt.*)

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT.

Herr Bretzel (*who has just had a telephone put up, calls for the Repairer next day*): LOOK-A-HERE, MY VRENT, TIDN'T YOU DOLE ME DOT DELLERVONE SHBEAK CHERMAN UNT GONVERSE IN CHERMAN?

Repairer: YES, SIR.

Herr B.: VELL! PY CHIMINETTY, I DALK CHERMAN TO DOT DELLERVONE YESDERTAY, MIT BOLIDENESS, UNT PY UNT PY IT SAY, "HELLO, PHAWT THE DIVIL AIR YE JABBERIN? COME OFF, YE OULD DUTCHY!" I TOND'T ALLOW NO DELLERVONE TO SASS ME DOT VAY. DONNERHIMMEL! DAKE ID AVAY!"

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THE PEARL AND THE SWINE.

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AZURE eyes, in you,
Watched I ever glowing—
Light of love I knew
I had set agoing.
Soft lips part and speak:
Have my own lips pressed you?
Hair and brow and cheek,
Has my touch caressed you?

Restless hands, in mine
Were you ever quiet,
Palm to palm? What sign
Make you to deny it?
Form of gentle grace,
Said your heart it found you
In your proper place
When my arms were round you?

Eyes that were my creed,
Vain my fond heart's presage:
In your depths I read
Now for me no message.
Then, my girl, go free!
Be my dream all over;
You are not for me,
Nor am I your lover.

Who hath child and wife—
Wisely holdeth Bacon—
Fortune for his life
Hath a hostage taken.
Hazard must be shun,
Poverty and peril;
Life for such a one
Straitened is, and sterile.

Straitened? Aye, unless
Love's unpurchased treasures
Longs he to possess
More than all earth's pleasures.

Sterile? No; not when
His desire's fruition
Makes him of all men
Best in his condition.

Blithe the beggar fares,
Joyous echoes waking,
Naught for thieves he cares
Who hath naught worth taking.
If what is the best
Fortune will not give me,
Fate of that at least
Never can deprive me.

BOOKISHNESS.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Van Dyke has just put forth a valuable work on "Books, and How to Use Them." If it is meant for book-keepers of banks and insurance companies, it ought to have, as an appendix, a pocket guide to travel to Europe.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has written "An Outline of Irish History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." It is a very little book, but it may be still further condensed. The gist of it may be put into one sentence: "Won't somebody tread on the tail of my coat?"

MISS OUIDA'S new novel is called "Wanda, Countess von Szalras." We have not the pleasure of knowing the Count von Szalras, and, if we mistake not, the Chronicles of the Reign of the Grand Duchess of Gérolstein, make no mention of any such person. But if his present wife is the same Wanda that Private-Lieutenant-Captain-Colonel-General Fritz married—the Count von Szalras has our sincerest sympathy.

A WORTHY Briton has just perpetrated a book on the "Ornamental Arts of Japan," but oddly enough he omits all mention of juggling, the butterfly trick, balancing tubs on the soles of the feet, spinning tops on the point of a sword, and the other simple exercises which most of us most readily recall as characteristic in Japanese art.

THERE is a new novel called "A Daughter of the Philistines," which leads us to suppose that its author is the well-known correspondent "Gath."

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MADISON SQUARE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE CO.

J. H. MAPLESON, - - - - - - *Field-Marshal Commanding.*
MARSHAL MALLORY, D.D., - - - - - - - - *Chaplain.*

L'ETOILE DU NORD;

OR,

A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON.

(By Eugéne Scribe.)

Music Adapted from Meyerbeer by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison.

ACT I.

MR. WHITE: Have you been to the theatre lately?
MR. BLACK: Yes.
MR. WHITE: Where?
MR. BLACK: Monday, I went to see the "Russian Honeymoon."
MR. WHITE: Did you like it?
MR. BLACK: No. As Shakspeare says: "Tobin or not Tobin."
MR. WHITE: Is it well acted?
MR. BLACK: Yes.
MR. WHITE: Tell me about it?
MR. BLACK: Miss Ada Dyas appears as *Lady Charles Coldstream*. And she acts excellently.
MR. WHITE: Proceed.
MR. BLACK: Mr. Max Freeman appears as the Waiter, from "Divorcons."
MR. WHITE: Proceed.
MR. BLACK: Mrs. Booth appeared as the *Star of the North*. And she acts excellently.
MR. WHITE: Did you go to see "Brighton," at the Union Square Theatre?
MR. BLACK: Not I. I had seen Bryton at the Madison Square Theatre (*with a groan*), and that was enough! (*With another groan*).—That was too much!

ACT II.

MR. WHITE: Have you been anywhere else lately?
MR. BLACK: Yes.
MR. WHITE: Where?
MR. BLACK: Wednesday, I went to see "All on a Summer's Day; or, The Queen of Hearts."
MR. WHITE: Did you like it?
MR. BLACK: I did. It is a clever operetta.
MR. WHITE: Who wrote it?
MR. BLACK: Mr H. G. Paine.
MR. WHITE: Who composed it?
MR. BLACK: Mr. R. H. Warren.
MR. WHITE (*meditating, and at last giving utterance to this profound sentiment*): Did it ever strike you that he must be a rabbit-Warren if he is so full of lively Hares—as a Cockney would say?
MR. BLACK (*recovering his presence of mind*): It has struck me that a play dealing with the purloining of pastry, might fairly be called a Tart play.

ACT III.

MR. WHITE: Have you been anywhere else, lately?
MR. BLACK: Yes.
MR. WHITE: Where?
MR. BLACK: Friday I went to hear Patti in "L'Etoile du Nord."
MR. WHITE: Did you like it?
MR. BLACK: I liked her as *Poleska*. I did not like Mademoiselle Ditto who assisted in the execution.
MR. WHITE: Proceed.
MR. BLACK: None of these Russian plays have the proper local color. In the "Russian Honeymoon," there is a military procession. In the "Star of the North," there are several military processions and a coronation. But there are no Nihilists, no Dynamite, no Explosions—except when Mme. Patti and Mrs. Booth blow up their respective spouses.
MR. WHITE: Proceed.
MR. BLACK: In the first act Peter the Great plays on the flute!
MR. WHITE: Perhaps this was the fatal cause of the Nihilist conspiracy?
MR. BLACK: In the last act Mme. Patti is out of her mind, and so Peter plays on the flute again, and restores her to reason!
MR. WHITE: Dear me!
MR. BLACK: Now, this is a therapeutic power of music hitherto unsuspected. This is Something New! It is comprehensible that playing on the flute should make anybody mad——
MR. WHITE: It is, indeed.
MR. BLACK: But that the simple melody of the flute, even when evoked by the august breath of the Czar of all the Russians, should restore to reason, this passes all comprehension.
MR. WHITE: It does, indeed.

ACT IV.

MR. WHITE: Have you been anywhere else?
MR. BLACK: Yes.
MR. WHITE: Where?
MR. BLACK: Saturday I went to the Circus?
MR. WHITE: Did you see the girl with the Iron Jaw?
MR. BLACK: I did—and she reminded me of the heroine of the "Honeymoon."
MR. WHITE: Did you see the Baby Elephant?
MR. BLACK: I did—and it reminded me of American Art.
MR. WHITE: Why?
MR. BLACK: Because it was perfectly able to take care of itself, and yet a Protective Tariff of a Mother persisted in hovering about it.
MR. WHITE: Did you see Jumbo?
MR. BLACK: I did—and she reminded me of Mrs. Langtry.
MR. WHITE: Why?
MR. BLACK: Because they were both imported from England at great expense. Because there was a great deal of talk about them and not a little scandal. Because they are both Big Things. And most especially because they are the only members of their respective companies who cannot act.

ARTHUR PENN.

Jovial Old Gent: HULLO! SNARLEY, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?

Snarley (who suffers terribly from dyspepsia): I AM GETTING OFF.

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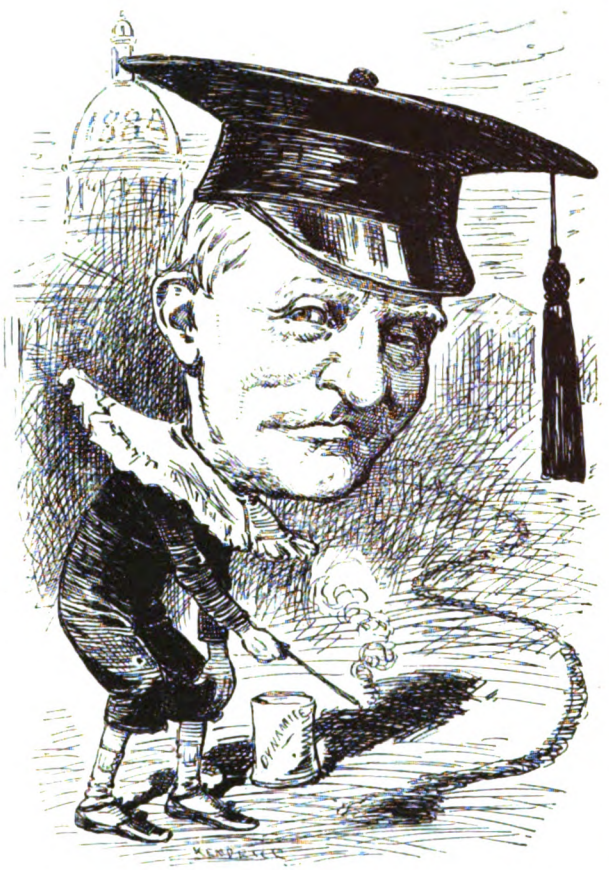

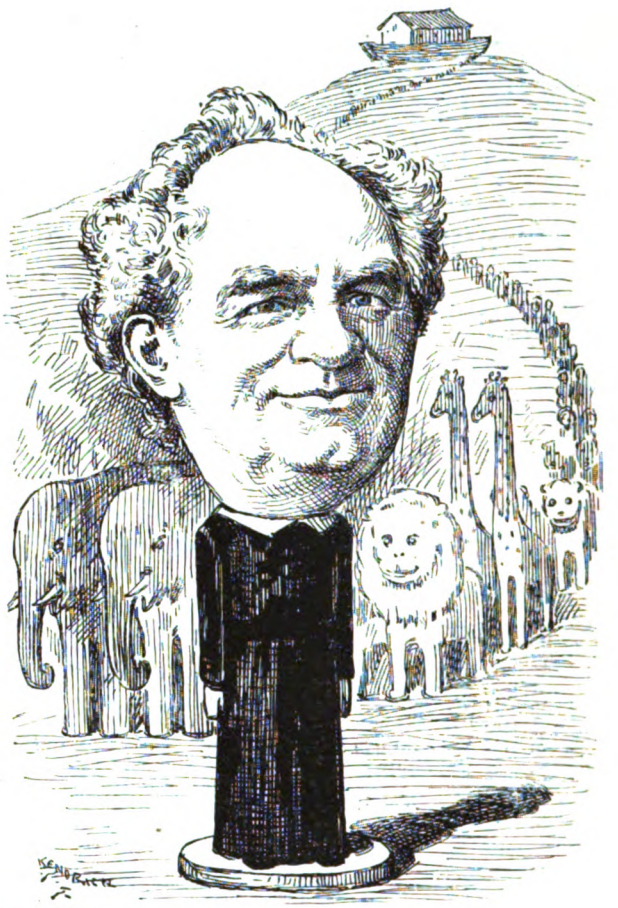

BIOGRAPHETTES.

IX.

PSALM TILDEN.

THE early history of this remarkable personage is unfortunately involved in mystery. According to Herodotus (Lib. LXVIII., 88, 903), he was born 44 years before the founding of Troy, N. Y., in Salamis. The historians Trinculian, Sobaster, Aromagambl, and Gibbons, however, fix the place of his birth at Karnak, Egypt, B. C. 744, while, according to Sarcophagus, Terra Cotta and other eminent writers, he was a contemporary of Confucius, having been born in Bankok, Cochin-China, during the reign of the famous Emperor Wan Lung, ten years after the flood, and, in their opinion, is undoubtedly the Psalm CIX. mentioned in Scripture. Be this as it may, it is certain that Psalmuel was excavated from the ruins of Golgoï, in Cyprus, A.D. 1469, and, after having been carefully scraped and glued together, was shipped to this country, C. O. D. He subsequently was purchased by the Democratic Party, whose property he now is. For some years he was on exhibition in the State Capitol, where, it will be remembered, during an earthquake he fell on and somewhat injured one William M. Tweed, who happened, by a curious coincidence, to be standing underneath, In 1876 an almost irreparable accident occurred, by which this most valuable relic of prehistoric times was mutilated almost beyond recognition. There was a double explosion in Florida and Louisiana, and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that Psalmuel had been there. The fragments were at once gathered up and committed to the Metropolitan Museum for restoration upon the Golgoï principle, and, as no expense has been spared for glue, galvanism or plaster, it is certain he will be at the Exhibition of 1884.

C.

X.

P. T. BARNUM.

OF Phineas T. Barnum it is told, that when a malevolent person sent a couple of large snakes to destroy him in his cradle, the infant crawled to a bird-cage which was opportunely hung upon the floor near by, and opening the door induced the reptiles to enter and pasture upon the captive bird. Once in, he had them, and was found by his mother upon her return from the sewing circle, exhibiting his boas to the babes of the vicinity at one cent per babe.

Although the bent of his genius exhibited itself thus early, it was not immediately recognized. Opportunities for following his instincts were rare, and for lack of a better opening he contemplated, and for a time practiced literature as a profession. In imaginative writing lay his chief strength, and without unusual effort, he soon produced tales which at once took rank with Munchausen and the Arabian Nights. Then appeared the originality of his mind, for not content with the manner of publishing in vogue, he had his stories printed on great sheets of paper in parti-colored letters, illustrating them with pictures more astounding, if possible, than the text, and gave them to the public through the medium of paste and bill boards. Finding the cost of this to be too great for his resources, he went into the show business, which his great fame enabled him to conduct with such success that he became rich and universally respected, and was made Mayor of his native place.

D.

THE Czar of all the Russians is an knout-and-knout reformer.

THEOLOGICAL faculty—The faculty of speech.

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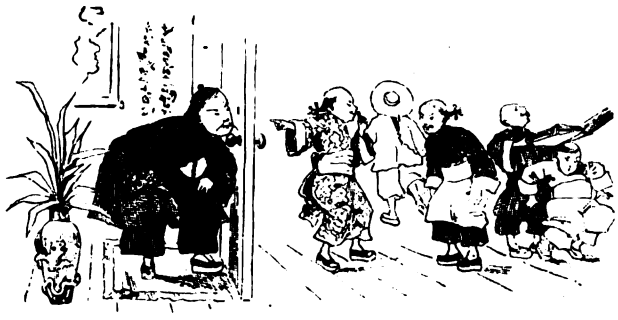

THE Chinese schoolmaster, Slam Bang Foo,
Stood at a keyhole, peeking through;
For some bad little boys
Were making a noise,
As bad little schoolboys sometimes do.

But the bad little boys, they happened to spy
The Chinese schoolmaster's almond-shaped eye;
They got them a squirt
Full of water and dirt,
And the schoolmaster said Chinese for "Oh, my!"

MR. JACOBS.

[By the author of "Messrs. Abrahams and Isaacs," "The Lost Tribes," "An 'Ebrew Jew," etc., etc.]

CHAPTER V.

THE RESCUE.

ON the following morning Jacobs sauntered up to my verandah and asked:

"Priggs, will you do me a small favor?"

"With pleasure; just mention it."

"It is merely to risk your life on a little adventure in the Himalaya. In your capacity of reporter for the Bombay *Boomerang*, you may perhaps have heard of Shere Ali, the late Emir of Afghanistan?"

"Ali—Ali," I murmured, "I seem to have seen the name somewhere, but I can't recall the connection."

"Well, anyway he is like your humble servant, a faithful Moslem, a philologist and a member of the tribe of Benjamin. He is in the hands of that old villain, the Gaikwar of Kooshbeghi, who means to sell him to the British. The Governor-General and I have been bidding against one another for him, and I have finally outbid the Governor, my resources being somewhat greater than the revenues of her Majesty, the Empress of India. But it has taken all that I had. I have been obliged to sell out my biz. in Calcutta."

"Noble, generous man!" I cried fervently.

"O not at all, not at all. I shall soon catch up again. I makes my money easy and I spends it like a shentleman. But what I want you to do is to go along with me and take seizin of the Shere. He is to be delivered at midnight, precisely a fortnight from to-day, in an inaccessible valley of the Himalaya. The Fakir, who is my agent in the matter, has just telephoned me from the Summit of Kunchinginja that the arrangements are complete. The enterprise is one of considerable danger, and I therefore give you, as my dearest friend, a chance to be in it."

"Thanks, thanks," I cried. "How can I ever repay you for this?"

"Take care of *her*, Prigs," he said with a tremor in his voice, "if I should be run in by this tyrannical government for a violation of the game laws. Taggers in August, you know——"

"I understand, I understand," I answered with deep emotion, wringing his hands, "have no fears for her. Fitzflaherty shall not get her. D——n it! I'll marry her myself first."

"O that is true friendship," murmured Jacobs, returning the pressure of my hand.

At this moment the merry old nabob of Bramapootra came waddling up.

"What, boys, what!" he called out, "shall we go at 'em again to-morrow? Shall we pot a half a dozen man-eaters before breakfast?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Supe," answered Jacobs, "but I cannot be with you to-morrow—nor indeed for the next month or so—I have an imperative engagement on the top of Kunchinginja. Circumstances over which I have no control——"

"O nonsense! Gammon! Cut your engagement. You *can't* leave us, Jacobs. Why you are the life of the funeral."

"I must. It is my *kismet*."

"Why, what—what are you going for?"

"It is a profound secret, but I don't mind telling you in confidence. He is *her* uncle," he murmured *sotto voce*. "I am going to save Shere Ali from the hands of your government."

"Shere Ali! O you can't, you know. Why it would be Shere Folli. Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!"

And the jovial old sinner laughed at this conceit till his red face turned a dark, morbid purple, and he suddenly fell to the ground foaming at his mouth and clutching wildly at his collar.

"Apoplexy," remarked Jacobs calmly, and beckoning to the native servants he said, "Take this wretched old man to my apartment and give him exactly seven drops of Lydia Pinkham's Imperial Granum. Prigs, go now and pack your valise. We shall set out this evening at eight o'clock without fail."

It was dark when we rode away from the bungalow, mounted on a pair of fleet Arabian chargers. My companion was somewhat in advance. Suddenly from one of the thick upas trees which bordered the road, a heavy body descended upon the croup of Jacob's horse. The noble steed reeled, fell upon his knees, and then summoning all his strength, staggered to his feet and stood trembling under the unwonted burden. It was too dark to distinguish features, but I could see the fallen body throw its arms around Jacobs; I recognized the voice which began to whisper in his ear, and the accent of the kisses which followed was unmistakable. With innate delicacy I reined in my horse and remained silent. "God help them!" I thought. "How they *do* love!"

Presently, the figure slipped from the neck of Jacob's nag and disappeared. Poor girl! It was *so* like her. Her maiden modesty and the stiff English sense of propriety would not allow her to take a formal farewell of her lover in the garish dayshine. And so with the subtle instinct of her race, she had sought this opportunity for a parting embrace, when the black shadows of night might cover her young blushes. *Vale, vale*, white Pickalily of the Thames, blooming for a season on the banks of the blue Bendameer.

On the fourteenth day after our departure we arrived at the snow-clad top of the highest mountain in the Himalaya range. Fol-de-Rol was awaiting us. He had been there for a fortnight occupied in fasting and contemplation, and he was rather cold. The high mountain air had changed his prevailing tint from a ghastly blue to a lurid pea-green. He and Jacobs compared watches, and then conversed apart for a few moments in the *patois* of an extinct branch of the great Romany or gypsy tribe, which *patois* is probably known to not more than a dozen living

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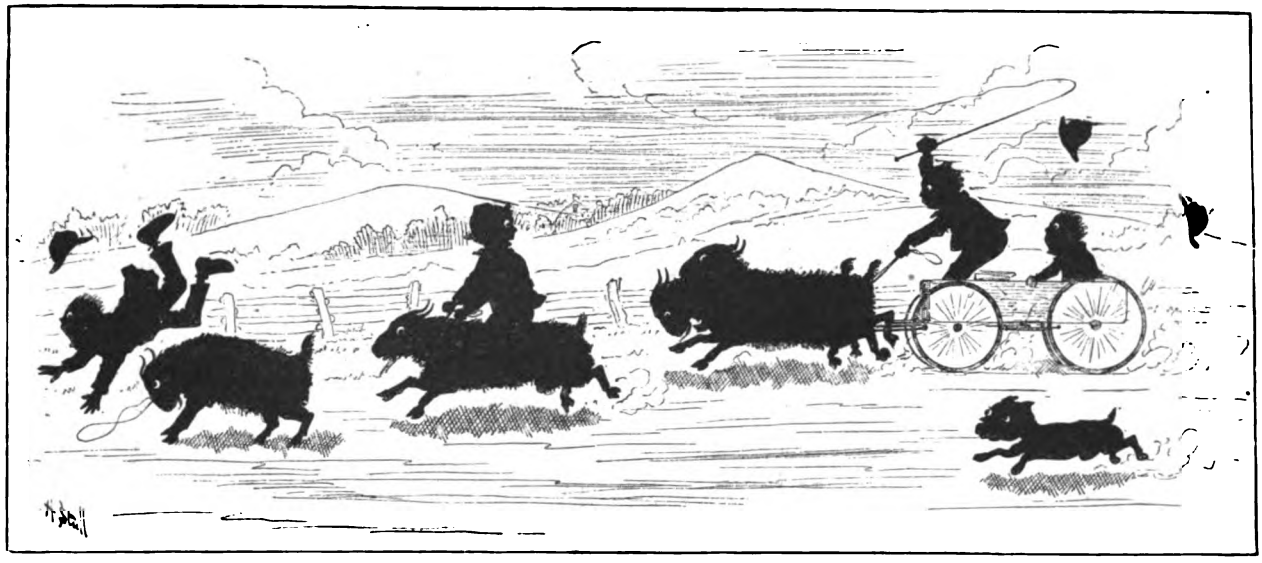

A "GOATS-YOU-PLEASE" RACE.

men. At length the Fakir approached me, and handing me an opera glass of antique mould, he said in good American: "The hour approaches. Are you ready? But first look down there." He pointed to the edge of the cliff, and adjusting the lorgnette I saw in the clear moonlight, about two miles vertically below where we stood, a number of horses picketed in a small mountain ravine, while their owners sat about on the turf. "In an hour," continued the Fakir, "we must be there. Now listen! The Gaikwar has given the whole thing away. But do you see anything green about yours truly? Tell me?" and he folded his arms and gazed at me with a frown.

"My conscience compels me to acknowledge that I do," I replied.

He shook his head impatiently.

"It is merely the effect of the lunar rays," he explained. "But listen! When the Gaikwar approaches the Emir, Shere Ali, in an easy, slouching way, and lays one hand familiarly and, as it were, quite causally on the latter's nose, that is your signal—that is, so to speak, our time for disappearing. Seize the Gaikwar firmly by the œsophagus and hold him. That is your part. I will do the rest. Now come."

Our descent was facilitated by an avalanche, which took our horses and ourselves kindly on its back and landed us at the very entrance of the little ravine at the exact moment when the hands of Fol-de-Rol's three dollars and a half Waterbury watch pointed to midnight. We approached the Gaikwar of Kooshbeghi and the Emir, who stood alone in the centre of the moonlit plot, the company of the former being seated at the distance of several rods.

"What is that dark circle outlined against the heaven?" I enquired of Jacobs.

"Hush!" he answered in the Tekke dialect, "'Tis the Emir's legs which are somewhat bowed, owing to the carelessness of his nurse, who allowed him to walk too soon in his infancy. He is an excellent fellow and a good Moslem, but his legs are *not* pretty."

The two parties saluted each briefly with the Afghan form of greeting, "*Howdi!*" and then Jacobs handed to the Gaikwar a certified copy of the agreement, which he at once proceeded to read, beginning in a loud voice with the words, "This indenture witnesseth," and then falling off into an inarticulate murmur of "H'm—yes—Ha!"

"The old fraud!" whispered Jacobs to me, "I know for a certainty that he can't read a word of any language—not even his own, to say nothing of yonder document which is written in the choicest Malagassy."

My own attention was fixed upon the nose of Shere Ali, which was so important a feature in the scene that was soon to be enacted. It was Roman in its architecture and well calculated to form a handle for the Gaikwar's treacherous design. I also examined nervously the latter's hands, which were those of a base-ball pitcher, curiously distorted and of enormous size.

"He knows his Pappenheimer," I thought. But what was the matter with the moon? It was violently contracting and expanding in a sort of systole and diastole. Fol-de-Rol's eyes were fastened intently on the heavens. The Gaikwar now folded the deed of sale, put it in his breast pocket, and sauntering up to Shere Ali, laid his accipitral talon negligently upon the other's aquiline beak. In an instant I had him by the throat with both my hands—and he had me by *mine*. The struggle was short but terrific. The Gaikwar of Kooshbeghi was a Hercules (in his way), but Paul Prigs is a Sampson. We swayed to and fro, breathing heavily. Suddenly something gave. The truncated body of my foe tumbled backward on the earth; his head had come off in my hands. Meanwhile the troop of Kooshbeggars had jumped to their feet with wild yells and were bearing down upon us, when a very extraordinary thing occurred.

A red glare, like a Bengal light, filled the heaven, slow music began to play, the troopers appeared to be standing on their heads at a great distance away, and much reduced in size. Old Fol-de-Rol waltzed about on his left ear in the immediate foreground. By a strange optical illusion Jacob's hats were multiplied to three, as in the device upon his mystic scutcheon. And then amid loud cries of "La—illah—Allah! Ille—illa—illud—Vishu! Siva! and the strains of Roman and Otaheitan love songs, suddenly the

Curtain.

HENRY A BEERS.

A BLACK bare—a Hottentot.

AGAINST the grain—rust and rats.

A MISS-FIT—hysterics.

FIRST aid to the Injuns—red blankets, fire-water, and a missionary.

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June?" Well, now and then, a day in April is decidedly underdone, and some of the March days are really raw.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

[Aut Scissors aut Nullus.]

The appropriate color for infants this season will be yeller.—Springfield (O.) *News.*

The good dye young when their new moustaches come out red.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The trade in mean coal is slack.—*Glasgow Times.* It's a grate business, all the same.—*The Drummer.*

It is because one is a stewed duck and the other a dude stuck. You can fill out the conundrum to suit yourself.—*Chaff.*

He ordered tied fraters and chork pops, and then fell asleep under the table. It gave him dead away. —*The Churchman.*

A counterfeiter recently escaped from a St. Louis deputy marshal. Some of the man's money must have been good.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mr. Stewart's remains are still missing. It is hinted that the shrewd Scotchman has them hid away, waiting for a rise.—*Boston Transcript.*

Last week General Longstreet rode thirty-four miles to visit the Chickamauga battle-field. Some years ago there were several men ran twice that far to get away from it; but the fact wasn't considered of sufficient importance to justify the publication of their names.—*Hawkeye.*

"I heerd yer old mudder was dead?" said Sam Johnsing to Gabe Snodgrass, a colored citizen of Austin. "Jes' so. She died las' week." "Was she sick long?" "No; she jes' tuck sick one day an' died the nex'." "Only sick one day! De Lor'; why dat was hardly wuff while."—*Texas Siftings.*

When a New York policeman tried to wake up a boy who was leaning over a railing on Broadway, he found that the boy was dead. A number of people had noticed him at different times during the day, but supposed he was a district telegraph messenger going after the doctor.—*Chaff.*

FOR THE BARTHOLDI STATUE FUND.

THREE performances of "The Princess" will be given on the afternoons of April 25th, 26th and 27th, in aid of the Bartholdi fund. For tickets, application should be made at once to any of the following ladies: Mrs. John Sherwood, No. 18 West Thirty-second street; Mrs. John C. Peters, No. 83 Madison avenue; Mrs. Bradley Martin, No. 22 West Twentieth street; Mrs. Edward Snelling, No. 116 East Forty-fifth street; Mrs. Edward Luckemeyer, No. 13 East Twenty-ninth street, and Mrs. J. Fred Pierson, No. 154 Madison avenue.

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THE WHEELMAN FOR APRIL.

THE WHEELMAN begins its second volume with the April number, published March 20th, which will contain a large number of attractive articles, accompanied by numerous fine illustrations.

It will contain among others the following:

Pedalling on the Piscataqua.

BY C. A. HAZLETT, CHIEF CONSUL, L.A.W.

A sketch of a day's run on a marine bicycle up the Piscataqua river, from P rtsmouth, N. H., and return, with illustrations of sights and scenes on the way. A second article to appear in a future number will describe a run to the Isles of Shoals.

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BY. JOHN B. MARSH, OF "LONDON STANDARD."

A fully illustrated account of a tour made by the writer and a companion in a "Sociable" tricycle from Paris to Geneva.

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"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

TOM LEVERETT was pursuing the study of biology with great pertinacity. Now, biology, although an interesting and useful science, is not immediately remunerative, and Leverett, although of simple and inexpensive tastes, found that making the two ends meet was a most difficult process, and, eager student as he was, he sometimes looked with envy at his friend Slingsby, the successful young stock-broker, who was able to make the ends meet, and roll up a pretty penny besides, in mysterious operations upon the street. Slingsby was of a frivolous nature, and it being spring-time, his "fancy had lightly turned to thoughts of love." His sweetheart, Miss Sally Clatterton, a pretty girl from Newark, was making a visit in Boston, and all Slingby's spare moments were spent with her. Slingsby's voice no longer rang like a clarion at the board, and his ledger was daily eclipsed by a transit of the New Jersey Venus over its blue pages. In fact, as he confided to Leverett, he felt that if he did not get his Sarah's hand, he would be a good, short sale.

One day he came bursting into Leverett's forlorn apartment, and found the biologist hard at his "'ology."

"Miss Clatterton and her sister are going to New York on the eleven o'clock train; I want you to come along to talk to the sister; mighty pretty girl. Only seven minutes to get to the station. Come along."

"But I have only a few dollars in my pocket—my things are not packed."

"Never mind, I have plenty of money; we can buy shirts—come ahead. A cab is waiting at the door."

Leverett was dragged down stairs, put into the cab, and driven to the station, before he realized that he was not studying biology. Miss Clatterton's sister Jenny was, in Leverett's eyes, even prettier than Slingsby's idol, and Leverett found, before he got to Newark, that there were other studies more alluring than biology.

The young men escorted the two ladies to their home at Newark, and were asked to stay to dinner by Mr. Clatterton. After a pleasant evening their hospitable entertainers would not hear of their leaving to go back to New York. In the morning Miss Jenny said that she wished to go to New York shopping, and Mr. Leverett offered to escort her. Slingsby was left at Newark. When Leverett bought the tickets to New York, he remembered for the first time that he had forgotten to borrow any money from Slingsby, who had promised to meet him at the Astor House at six o'clock that they might dine together. Leverett ruefully put back in his pocket the thirty cents left him after paying for the tickets, considering how he should pull through the day with that amount.

He thanked heaven, or rather Cyrus W. Field, for the Elevated Railway, when they arrived in New York, for even a moderate hack charge would have made it necessary for him to keep the carriage in waiting until Slingsby turned up with gold. The miseries and shifts of that morning Leverett declares he cannot banish from his mind to this day; not pleasant to escort a young lady to the picture galleries and shops, having only ten cents in one's pocket. Although Miss Fanny was charming, he bade her farewell without sorrow at the house of the friend with whom she was going to lunch. There was no lunch for Leverett that day. He walked feverishly up and down the streets looking at the fine turnouts. He gazed with such envy at the people eating in the gay restaurants, that he could hardly restrain an impulse to walk into Delmonico's, order luncheon, and take the consequences. He was too simple-minded to think of pawning his silver watch. After an afternoon of hunger, he walked to the Astor House to meet Slingsby and dine with him. His long walk and the air gave him a still keener appetite. Six o'clock came, but no Slingsby. The slow clock struck the half hour, and still no Slingsby. Finally at seven, he became desperate and went out upon the steps of the hotel that he might see his friend as soon as he arrived. As he stood, eagerly scanning each new-comer, he saw a large canvas sign on a little building over the way, on which was printed in large letters: "Live and Let Live. A Square Meal for Ten Cents." Our starving biologist tore across the street and exchanged his last dime for a huge bowl of Indian meal

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porridge and a plate of pork and beans, and when he got up from the greasy table he was no longer hungry. Indeed, he felt like an anaconda who has swallowed a cow, and become comatose for the winter. He had not dined, he had simply shovelled in necessary fuel. As he was walking up the steps of the Astor House, he was slapped upon the shoulder by Slingsby, who cried to him :

"It's all right, Leverett, old man. She has accepted me. The parents consent. Everything is lovely. Come to Delmonico's with me and we'll have the best dinner you ever had in your life."

UNPOPULAR SOLDIERS —Private Pique and Corporal Punishment.

How to avoid draughts.—Don't take 'em.

CUPIDITY.—Marrying for love and money both.

ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN would like to get work in a kitchen. H. B., in care of —— ——, — East —— St.—*Herald.*

"THE TENUIROSTRALS" is what Dr. Holmes is reminded of by Emerson's choice of descriptive epithets. This is bad enough, but it might have been measles or even cerebro-spinal meningitis. Mayor Harrison's choice of epithets at the Iroquois Supper reminded his friends of things a great deal worse than the tenuirostrals. Mr. Emerson gets off easily.

A MAN never knows what he is worth until he goes to law. Mr. Mark F. Bigney, editor of the New Orleans *City Item*, was called 614 hard names in a local paper by one Mr. Van Benthuysen. His reputation having been thus wrecked, he sued for $50,000. The jury knocked off what they considered to be superfluous valuation, and rendered a verdict for $47.50. This is still considered by the local papers to be about $47 too much.

WHEN Mrs. Van Dollar gives A dinner, or Mrs. De Peso a breakfast, or Mrs. Millefranc of Fifth Avenue a dinner, the dazzled public is carefully informed next morning that it was "served by Pinard." This may have a very lofty sound in the ears of the hungry unwashed, but to the knowing it must seem a little strange that nabobs of Murray Hill who can spend $20,000 on a *portière* are still so poor that they are compelled to have their meals cooked at a restaurant, and so unused to good fare that they afterwards boast of it.

THERE seems to be a looseness in the connubial twist whenever a leading man of a New York theatre gets married. No sooner does the dismal chorus of the several Mrs. De Bellevilles die away in a divorce court than a vigorous howl from the bosom of Mr. George Tearle, alias "Osmond, the Imported," sets the wild echoes flying. Is this an advertising scheme? or is it really and truly a bold, bad scrape, or is it because no man is eligible for the exciting and principal roles at the Union Square or Wallack's until he has several wives or has at least put aside one better half to take up another? In neither case is the publication of the affair creditable to journalism or to public taste, and we are surprised at the prominence given it by our usually dignified dailies.

WE do not believe the newspaper tale about the British curate who was instantaneously photographed while kissing by special request a girl who swore she loved him madly but in vain. The story is that she sent him a copy of the photograph with word that the complete set of one dozen could be had for $1200. The whole story sounds unlikely. That the maiden pretended to love the curate and did not is improbable, because of the notorious *bona fide* weakness of young English women for curates. If she said that she loved him, it was probably true.

Secondly: You cannot photograph a kiss. A running horse can be taken, but a kiss that is worth taking is 98 per cent. emotion and cannot be recorded, except, perhaps, by a stethoscope.

If he did kiss the girl, it was very good-natured of him, and he need not have minded it being known. If any one thinks it is any fun to kiss a young woman you don't know, he makes a mistake. Emotion being wholly absent from such a salutation, nothing remains but proximity, which makes up only 2 per cent. of a real kiss. A man who would refuse so slight a boon as this to any good-looking girl who wished for it, must be greatly wanting in humanity, and, if a curate, would deserve to be unfrocked.

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CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

Visiting Briton: YA-AS, MISS WOSALIND—BUT YOUR POLITICIANS—AW—ARE A LOT OF BLAWSTED CADS, Y'KNAW. YOU ARE—AW—WULED BY A SET OF WIOTOUS WASCALS WHOM YOU WOULDN'T DWEAM OF—AW—INVITING TO YOUR HOUSE.

Rosalind: TRUE; BUT IN ENGLAND YOU ARE GOVERNED BY PERSONS WHO WOULDN'T DREAM OF INVITING YOU TO THEIRS.

CARTER H. HARRISON was re-elected Mayor of Chicago a fortnight ago, by the criminal classes of that city, against the earnest protest of every decent journal, corporation and firm in Cook County. His opponent's platform was against gambling and the licensing of dives and dance-houses, even as vigorously as Harrison was for them. This decided the election, and the demigod of the Levee and Blue Island Avenue ascended the civic chair for his third term. Honor among thieves applies not to him, however, for now, securely seated, he levels an edict against such of the gin mills as paid no money for the "cause," while the leaders of the tough element are hugged to his bosom and given a voice in the government. New York has her woes and shames, but at their worst they are glories by the side of the degradation of Chicago, under the rule of this chosen one of the gambler, the harridan and the thief. Carter Harrison had made a record even before he went to the Iroquois Banquet.

MR. HOWELLS, in the last *Atlantic*, has taken up one of his former heroines, and in speaking of the effects of twelve years upon her looks he says: "The parting of her hair had thinned and retreated, but she managed to give it an effect of youthful abundance by combing it low down upon her forehead and roughing it there with a wet brush."

This is realism intense enough to make M. Zola anxious for his laurels, but it is a detail which Mr. Howells has erred in giving us. As a male person, not a hair-dresser or a man-milliner, he has no business to be informed of the precise method by which Isabel at thirty-nine produced youthful effects with her front hair. It is enough that the effects were there. We deprecate all needless revelations of means and processes employed in the feminine toilet. Let the eulogist of James spare the illusions that Lady Dixie has left to us, and not make us so undesirably wise that we can go through a dry-goods shop without blushing.

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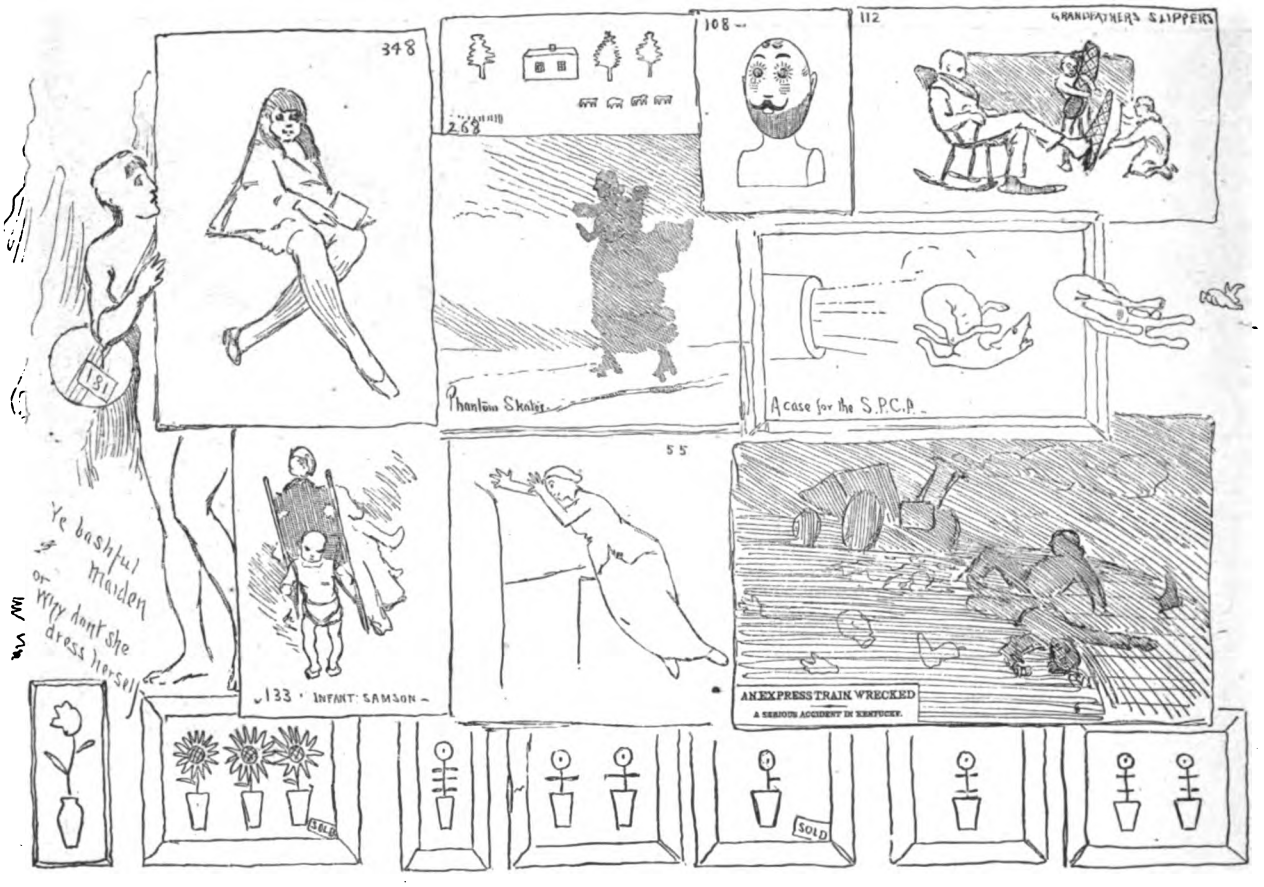

THIS IS THE BEST OUR ARTIST COULD DO WITH THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION TO INSPIRE HIM.

ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF HERMITS.

IN the remote days of antiquity there were to be found certain persons so excessively disagreeable that no one could live with them. As these persons generally possessed every virtue but that of tolerance, it was magnanimously voted that if they would consent to live alone their families would agree to guarantee them a reputation of fabulous sanctity.

Considering themselves deeply aggrieved, and reviling their unappreciative families, these apprentices to holiness deserted their homes, and spitefully selected the coldest, darkest, dampest, and most uncomfortable, inconvenient and unhealthy spots, where they hermetically sealed themselves in caves (hence the name hermit), while their generous families spread abroad, by means of agents and advertisements, the peculiar piety of their departed relatives.

This plan immediately met with great and deserved success, and, families uniting for self-protection, hermits began to appear in all parts of the earth, and were soon visited by numbers of idle and jocular individuals, who came solely with a view of making it lively for these lonely persons.

But the latter—though possessed of few worldly accomplishments—were gifted with a rugosity of manner and a force of language which overwhelmed the intruders. Stricken with terror, they shielded themselves behind the most abject adulation of the recluses, artfully asserting that they had come to worship these godly persons, the fame of whose exceeding holiness and miraculous powers had spread throughout the earth—and making other extravagant statements, dictated solely by fear and equally remote from the truth.

Thus it will be seen what a pernicious and deleterious effect the order of hermits had on the minds and morals of their contemporaries, while it led to the cultivation of the most intolerant and intolerable virtue, and of a total abstinence from cleanliness among themselves.

But the profession, though gratifying to the vanity, was not a lucrative one. The odor of sanctity has gradually faded away, and the only types left to remind us of a happy past are the hermit thrush and the hermit crab.

ANANIAS.

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A RIVAL OF MR. JAMES.

IF Mr. Henry James intends to retain his pre-eminence as the International Novelist, it behooves him, without question, to exert himself. If he has read "Mr. Isaacs" he will not need to be told that he has a rival who seems not ill-fitted to supplant him in the literary affections of his countrymen. If any one doubts this, let him set up the author of Mr. Isaacs alongside of Mr. James and compare the two.

Mr. James, to begin, was his father's son, but Mr. Crawford, we are told, not only had parents, but is the nephew both of his uncle and his aunt. Had Mr. James ever an aunt? Not that we know of.

Both gentlemen were of American descent. This is an accident of birth and neither can be held accountable for it; but Mr. Crawford's parents did what they could for their son by choosing Italy for the land of his nativity, thus giving him a better international start than that of Mr. James, who being unable to influence his parents, was born in America, and may never get over it. Mr. Crawford, too, was educated in lands in which Mr. James's eager spirit was not able to lurk until he had passed the period when the mind is most susceptible to the influences of its environment.

The effect of Mr. Crawford's early advantages may be seen in the extent of his literary range and in the marked originality of treatment which marks his dealings with his characters.

Mr. James confines himself to analysis of the mental processes of the Young-Man-Who-Might-Have-Done-Something, the Young-Man-Who-Is-Afraid-He-Will-Do-Something, the Girl-Who-Is-Anxious-To-Have-Him-Do-Something, His-Friend, Who-Don't-Want-To-Do-Anything-And-Never-Did; their relations male and female, English lords of assorted sizes, German professors and couriers. But Mr. Crawford, in his one book, has not only the disinfected Yankee and the British Lord, which he shares with Mr. James, but Parthians, Medes and Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia—let alone spooks—who dream dreams and see visions, and talk of incomprehensible things in a diverting variety of tongues.

None of Mr. James' people ever actually do anything except eat and change their clothes, but Mr. Isaacs and his friends have as much restless enterprise as freshmen at college, and, at a pinch, Mr Crawford does not hesitate to call upon the moon to come down and make faces for his reader's amusement. Enterprise like this is apt to be rewarded. Let Mr. James bestir himself.

THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE.

A LONG felt want has been supplied at last. We take pleasure in calling attention to the following advertisement:

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A special class in Dudeology for students desiring to enter Harvard.

The Cornell yell taught in three rounds.

Monsieur Gillaume Le Tough has been engaged at great expense to instruct the Yale class. A well stocked bar, including the finest apparatus for the study of Farology, has been provided for those preparing for Princeton.

To students desiring to enter business, special instruction is given by the Professor of Embezzlement, False-Entry, Bookkeeping and the cognate arts.

Terms: $50 weekly in advance. Discount of 75 per cent. for two brothers. No allowance for absence except in case of death. No extras, except for gloves, balls, bats, foils, use of gymnasium and bar, fuel, lights, cigars and attendance.

TESTIMONIALS.

My son, James Henry, passed the entrance examination to the foot-ball team at Yale with the loss of but three teeth and one eye. I attribute his success entirely to your admirable teaching. You may refer to me, J. H. SNOOKS,
Oshkosh, Wis.

My son's business career has been singularly successful. Although but twenty-four years old, he has already accumulated a large fortune. I cordially commend the methods of your Commercial Department.

his
JOHN X BROWN.
mark.

My son, Samuel, spent two years at your school. He has often said they were the most memorable of his life. They certainly were of mine. I should take pleasure in recommending your school to any parent desiring to fit his son for life. My own dear boy has been enabled, by your instruction, to live with but little expense to himself, while at the present time he is serving most nobly his country and his state. Yours truly,
S. K.

You will pardon me for not giving my name in full.

Nothing accelerates the nervous man's pace so much as hearing a ton of coal being discharged on the sidewalk just behind him.

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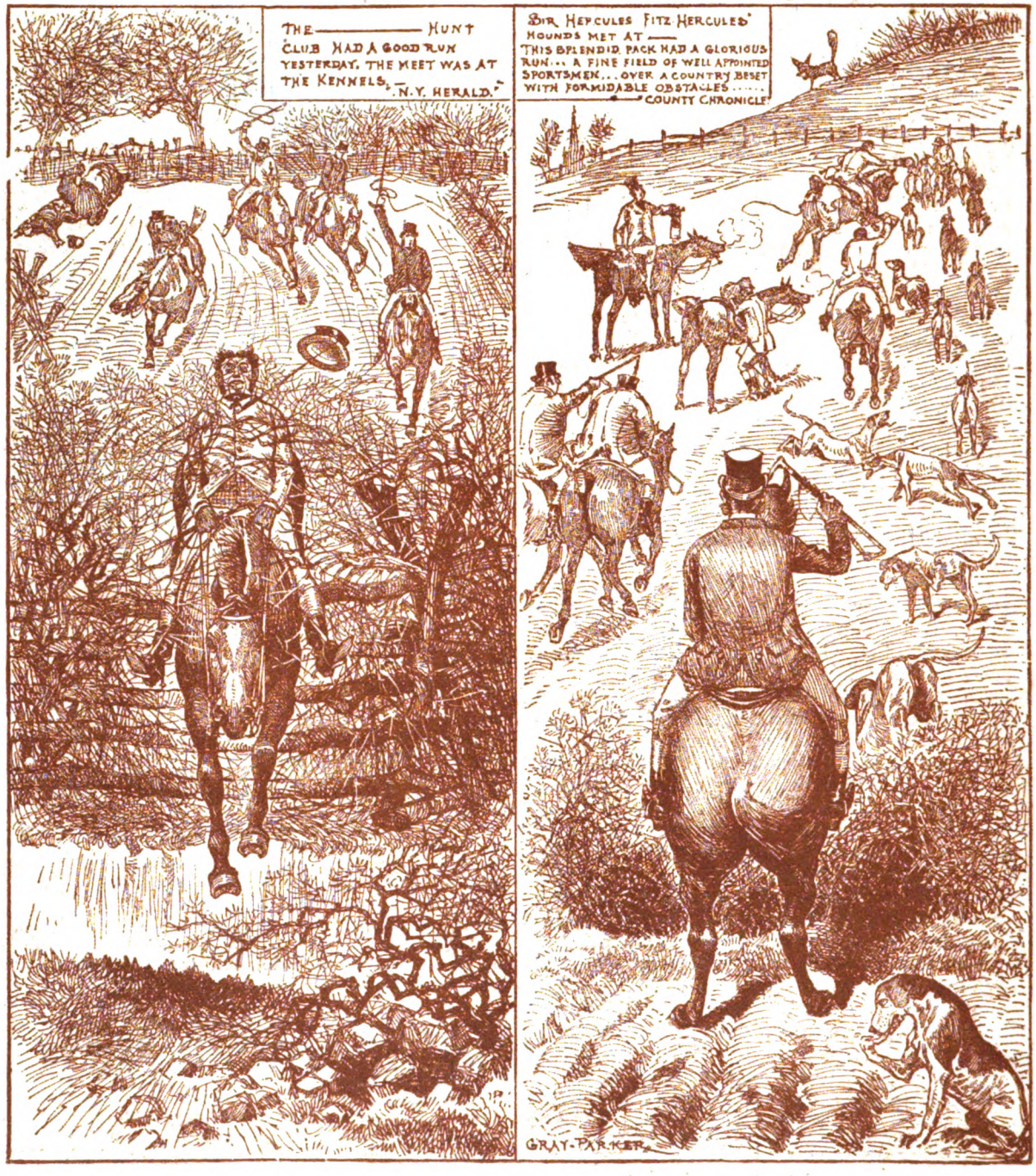

OUR ANGLOMANIAC. No. V.

Why does he risk his life in chasing an anise seed bag over five-barred fences?
BECAUSE THEY RIDE AFTER A FOX IN ENGLAND OVER LOW HEDGES.

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THE WRONG HOUSE.

· *Chorus of National Academicians:* SHOO! GO AWAY FROM HERE! THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY, AND THERE IS NO ROOM FOR YOU OR ANY OF YOUR FAMILY.

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THE DEATH OF PONCE DE LEON.

[MSS. found in a bottle at Green Cove Springs, Florida, and believed to refer to the Iowa Prohibition Law.]

I.

THIS is to tell you the end of a gay and adventurous Spaniard,
Leon his patronymic, Ponce his given name ;
Great on plum-duff or a handspike, immense on a larboard lanyard,
Soldier of Church and the Cross, of Spain and fortune and fame.
Seeking the Fountain of Youth, he sailed from sacred Saint Jago.
Such was his innocence holy, he lay his course for the States ;
Meaning to trade with the natives, he brought an assorted cargo—
Rosaries, relics, and rum—regardless of revenue rates.
Ponce was a green young cove, prey to the land speculators ;
This is the fountain he found—called, after him, "Green Cove Springs."
Bunco-steered by land-agents, bugs, beetles, and state legislators,
Florida runners, Virginia creepers and other things.
A fellow of temper even,
And pleasant address as well,
Helping a friend into heaven,
A mere acquaintance to hell.—
He bottled the waters of youth,
Taught savages goodness and truth,
Imported the light of the Cross,
Exported—a doubloon the gross—
The water of Life. Of evil
He'd none. If he slew, at the worst,
When consigning his foes to the devil,
He always absolved them first.

II.

Our hope had been dazzled and dashed, and little left behind it ;
Years had waxed and waned since we left St. Jago's shrine,
Still we searched for the fountain, but hanged if we could find it.
Weak grew our great Captain for want of the immortal wine.
The Bottling Company (limited) stock still lower was quoted ;
The gentle savage no longer took guaranteed scrip for sand.
We tried a collateral trust, but that mortgage could not be floated.
Wearier, hungrier, thirstier grow our little band.
Shaky the great speculation, savage the royal humor,
Even Ponce de Leon's hopes began to sink.
We thought the Fountain a fable—a mere room-trader's rumor—
When at last we reached this longed-for fountain's brink.
And I said to him : "Ponce," says I—
As we sat on this golden shore,
And he asked me to drink it—"Why,
This is water, nothing more!"
And he says to me : "What!" says he ;
"The fountain immortal can be
Only water? Leftenant, you lie!"
And I says to him : "Take it and try."
And a Seminole maiden brought a
Bumper to him in his hat ;
And he said to me, "Yes, it is water,
And d——d bad water at that!"

III.

One by one the soldiers took the cup and passed it
Onward, each to each, and set it down untried.
Knowing it by the smell, they did not seek to taste it ;
And the Captain, speaking, called me to his side.
"Tell the King, to the ground has come the great undertaking ;
All the Springs we've struck are water—nothing more.
Bugs infest 'em and snakes, their thirst uncultured slaking ;
Lying thick on their brinks is the barbarous alligator.
Nothing is left us to drink, nor eau-de-vie nor whiskey.
In this land the mint and julep flower no more."
So great Ponce de Leon, far from his own sweet Biscay,
Felt my answer pierce and cleave him to the core.
And he bowed down his hopeless head
In the drift of the wide world's tide,
And dying, "*It is water,*" he said ;
"*It is water!*" He said it—and died.
And when the maiden brought up
To us the insipid cup,
We answered, in one breath :
"Remove it ; bring us death!"
When Ponce raised his high, sad head
Once more, no soldier replied ;
Then, dying, "*Thou hast conquered,*" he said,
"*Prohibition!*" He said it—and died.

A STOUT gentleman, trying to reduce himself, says he enjoys going to evening parties, for the reason that he likes to be around when the company is thinning.

THE ruling passion, etc.—An attorney-at-law, having been given up by his doctor, issued a writ of *Ne exeat regno* against himself.

WE hope our New York readers will remember that upon each one of them rests some responsibility for putting a pedestal under Bartholdi's statue. The representation of the "Princess" at the Madison Square Theatre on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week is for the benefit of the statue fund. Go to see the "Princess."

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A CODE FOR ANGLOMANIACS.

IN view of the desire of a large number of young Americans of our Very First Families so to conduct themselves as to be mistaken for Englishmen, it is greatly to be wondered at that some enterprising and public-spirited writer has not yet seen fit to prepare and publish a little manual for the benefit of all Intending Anglomaniacs, in which might be found a full statement of the means to be adopted by the Yankee who desires to pass for a Cockney, and of tne many minor tricks and devices of one kind or another by which this consummation most devoutly wished for finally may be brought about. It is with the belief that the time has now arrived when it is the duty of the thoughtful citizen to aid, by whatsoever means may lie within his power, in the growth and success of the movement which will absolutely and irrevocably set apart, as a separate class, the Anglomaniac from his saner fellow-citizens, that the few following hints have been committed to paper; that by their chance perusal, and even more by their conscientious study, they may serve, in some small measure, as a guide for those who see nothing in England and the English which is not admirable, and nothing in America and the Americans which is not ineffably vile.

The Intending Anglomaniac should carefully consider his customary attitude. He should repress all enthusiasm—except for England and the English. He should carefully avoid any generous emotion—because emotion of any kind is "bad form" (as the English say).

The Intending Anglomaniac should diligently study the Peerage and the New York and London *Worlds*, from which he will get much invaluable information about the members of the English aristocracy and their ancestors, and their inter-marriages and their elopements, and, in general, all the scandal about them. It is the First Duty of an Anglomaniac to know all about the *faux pas* and *liaisons* of the British Peers and Peeresses; and his knowledge serves to give a zest and a flavor to his denunciation of the demoralization of American democracy.

The Intending Anglomaniac should incessantly cultivate his accent and manner of speech, softening to the disappearing point those aspirates commonly used by Americans of all classes, and especially omitting them absolutely after a *w*, as in the words "which" and "why," that the Englishman, be he never so cultivated, is apt to pronounce "wich" and "wy."

The Intending Anglomaniac should elaborately reconstruct his delivery, striving steadily to speak always as though his mouth were full of hot mashed potatoes, for in no other way can an exact imitation of the English accent be arrived at.

The Intending Anglomaniac should particularly endeavor to reconstruct his vocabulary, abhorring all Americanisms of all kinds, and collecting together a glossary of Briticisms from which he may draw freely. He will never say "cărom" at billiards, but always "cannon." He will never make "a horrid scratch," but only "a beastly fluke." He will never say "as soon as," but always "directly." He will never say "different *from*," but always "different *to*." He will never say "as he was," but always "like he was." (It may be objected by the hypercritical that many of the phrases herein designated as in use by the English are inaccurate, incorrect, ungrammatical and ugly, but this objection has really very little weight, for the intent of these suggestions is not to instruct the Intending Anglomaniac in what is right, but only in what is customary and usual in England.

The Intending Anglomaniac should never go to any theatre in New York except Mr. Wallack's, for there alone can he be absolutely certain of seeing only imported English plays, and of hearing only imported Cockney comedians. Indeed, the Anglomaniac cannot do better than to take a "stall" at Mr. Wallack's theatre very frequently; for although neither the play nor the players often rise above mediocrity, yet nowhere else can he so well steep himself in the pure odor of Anglomania. It must never be forgotten that Mr. Wallack himself is not a genuine Englishman. Having had the misfortune to be born in New York, Mr. Wallack, like all other Anglomaniacs, is at best only an imitation Englishman. Yet, as he had been most successful in his endeavors to ape the faults and failings of his transatlantic and insular brother, and as he is most reverent in his worship of all things British, so should his example be cherished by all who walk in his footsteps or follow in the same broad path.

The Intending Anglomaniac should unceasingly ponder the writings of Mr. Henry James, Jr., wherein he will find many items of interest and much valuable information as to the manners and customs of English society, and as to the sayings and doings of English aristocrats, and as to the many minute differences which separate and set apart the Englishman from the American. (It may be objected that the unceasing study of Mr. James's novels is likely to make a man a snob; but this objection has really very little weight, for no man can be an Intending Anglomaniac unless he is a snob first.)

The Intending Anglomaniac should wholly refrain from even glancing at the writings of Mr. W. D. Howells, wherein the Englishman is treated without due respect and in a spirit of probing criticism, and altogether without the reverent regard which so mighty and awful a being as an Englishman ought to inspire.

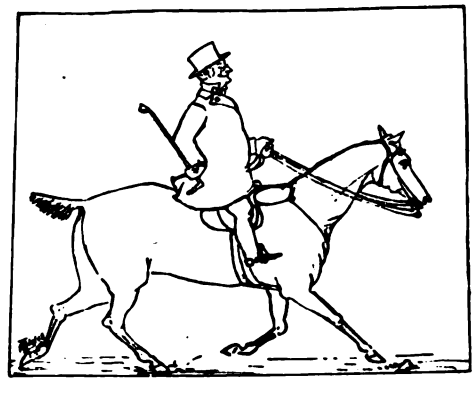
The Intending Anglomaniac should hebdominally peruse the pages of *Punch*, that he may learn the Merry Jests at which the Englishman is willing to laugh; and especially should he give due attention to the social sketches of Mr. du Maurier, that he may imitate, as far as in him lies, the butts of the artist's satire.

The Intending Anglomaniac should hebdominally read *Puck*, that the Fitznoodle papers may show him how a genuine Englishman feels and thinks in these United States.

The Intending Anglomaniac should never, never, never read LIFE—for it might cure him.

A. Z.

TASTES WILL DIFFER.



Now, old Briggs thinks there's nothing like a good brisk ride in the early morning, and can't see why

His son Charley should prefer the twilight.

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XI.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

THE history of this ornament to the Peerage of England is one of the brightest jewels in Great Britain's crown. The founder of his house was no less a personage than the famous crusader Godfrey de Beef-soup, but Donnie was immediately descended from his mother, who was somewhat related to his father by marriage. Born to patrician estate and principle, it is no wonder that the intense hatred of the Irish race which characterized his ancestors should have been transmitted to O'Donovan, or that in his subsequent career he should have devoted his energies towards its persecution and destruction. In this malignant work he has ever conducted himself with a shrewdness which cannot fail to excite admiration. His bold stroke in compelling the Irish peasantry to cut the coupons off their landlords' cattle, refuse to pay their rent, and perpetrate other atrocities, has been suitably rewarded by Parliament, while his fearlessness in directing the campaign, with only a narrow ocean between him and the vengeance of his foes, is a monument to his courage which needs no comment.

Of late years a most malignant attempt has been made by Mr. Rossa's enemies to injure his credit and character by insinuating that he is an Irishman, and that his efforts in cattle, rent and dynamite affairs are really for the benefit of the people of the unfortunate Emerald Isle. This absurd story would need no refutation were it not that the ignorant really believe it. They do not see that his skirmishing fund is really an ingenious way of keeping the Irish poor, or that his fomenting of conspiracies is the best excuse for England's iron heel, or that his bloody harangues and writings are merely sly methods of working up popular British indignation against the Irish to an intensity which cannot fail to bring about the latter's utter annihilation. He is the best friend English tyranny possesses.

C.

BIOGRAPHETTES.

XII.

DION BOUCICAULT.

OF the 98,793 plays extant, 98,741 are undoubtedly by Boucicault. The balance are genuine Dalys, Cazaurans, or Belasco-Harrisons. Unreliable historians have, from time to time, attributed dramas to obscure writers, notably one W. Shakspeare, and to Aleck Dumas, Eddie Bulwer, and Vick Sardou, but the claims of these scribblers have been triumphantly disproven by Mr. Boucicault, and it is now positively known that he has written every drama in existence, with the exception of the few above mentioned.

Mr. Boucicault is the most rapid playwright the world has ever seen. He has been known to enter a second-hand book store, and write an entire shelf-full of French plays in five minutes, which certainly beats the record of any other known dramatist. Of late years, however, the demands upon him were so great that he was compelled to resort to the labor-saving device of putting dramatic material into a coffee mill, and selling the result to managers in four pound packages—one pound to the act. Patriotic to the last degree, his plays are mostly laid in sunny Italy, where he was born. They are intense in coloring, and have a depth of romance which is only equaled in the bear stories of the New York *Sun*, or the sworn testimony of a Louisiana witness. He used to act in them himself, but the public heart was so deeply stirred by his genius that after a few nights the house was empty, and so, with his characteristic modesty, he refrained, and now never acts where he is known.

THE conjunction of dramatic and musical stars this past week has been dazzling. Nilsson, Patti, Salvini, Clara Morris, Albani, Del Puente and Modjeska have appeared at one time, to say nothing of Jumbo and John McCullough.

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THE Bijou is open again, despite the protest of the Fire Marshal; but it is worth the risk of being cast into the pit, to see Robertson's charming comedy with "Pitt into the cast." I had seen "Caste" before. But I had to take a friend to the theatre who had not. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected like my friend's education; and so I went as a matter of duty, but stayed as a matter of pleasure. Neither of us had ever seen it so well done. I shall not write an essay on the purpose of the play, and the Robertsonian method, as if this were a new drama, making its first bow to a New York audience—though some of the Dailies have so treated it. The charm of this presentation lies in the hearty manner in which the characters act their parts, and in the perfect stage management.

Fanny Addison, a trifle mature for Esther, shows her skill as an actress by winning the sympathies of the audience early in the first act. "Dolly" Dolaro delights everyone by her grace, and the spontaneity of her fun in comedy. Eben Plympton is—but why go on? This is a humorous paper, and a thoroughly good thing does not lend itself readily to humorous copy. If you want to laugh, go to see the play.

Mrs. Partington once, after a tempestuous canal journey, expressed her delight at being safe and sound again on "*vice versa.*" Dion Boucicault, however, does not seem to have found "Vice Versa," quite as firm as the earth, and the "Shaughraun" now replaces it at the Star. It is admirably done, and this revival of the brightest of the author's plays should receive due recognition. It is soon to be followed by the "Amadan," which will display the darker side of the Irish question.

The Salsbury Troubadours are here again with a mangled version of Bronson Howard's "Green Room Fun." A clever sketch, abounding in funny speeches and situations. When I first saw it last year at Booth's it was roaringly good. But a year and more has worked sad havoc with the dialogue, and there is a perfunctory clockworkness about the acting that seems to be the inevitable result of long runs.

When Bronson Howard wrote a play for Salsbury and Company the question naturally arose: How can these people be fitted with a good play? When the piece was produced, and Nate Salsbury was found to impersonate a bad actor, and Nelly McHenry a funny amateur, the genius of the author was apparent. But now, Salsbury is getting to be a very good actor, and Miss McHenry has very nearly become a really and truly actress.

They need a new play.

Notices of Salvini, Neill Burgess, Modjeska, Willy Edwin, and a few others have been crowded out of this week's issue.

POINTDEXTER NIBBS.

His wife, though at heart she was kind,
Ne'er scrupled to speak out her mind.
But he, not replying,
Was living and dying
As happy a man as you'll find."

A DIAGNOSIS.

[*Mr. Bloater is passing through Madison Square after a jolly evening at the Club, and sees the walk full of squirming shadows.*]

"SNAKES! LO'S OF 'EM! WONNER'F BARN'M KNOWS THEY'RE OUT! WHA'S MARRER WITHEMANY —HIC!—ANYHOW? GUESSI'VE (*reflects*) GOTTEMAGIN."

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A TRAGEDY IN TRIOLETS.

WHAT HE SAID.

MILDRED gave me a rose—
She'll forget it by morning.
May I hope that she knows?
Mildred gave me a rose.
Bah! Her big jacqueminots
Forty coats are adorning.
Mildred gave me a rose—
She'll forget it by morning.

WHAT SHE SAID.

Harry begged for a rose;
Was he flirting, I wonder?
Though he might—if—he—chose—
Harry begged for a rose
Just to show, I suppose,
And to tear it asunder.
Harry begged for a rose;
Was he flirting, I wonder?

WHAT "THE WORLD" SAID.

"Married—Mildred Van John
To the Duc de Bellago."
And ten lines further on:
"Married, Mildred Van John"
Is "To Henry Hautton,
Miss Merluche, of Chicago."
"Married—Mildred Van John
To the Duc de Bellago."

CURTIS GUILD, JR.

THE FIRST OF MAY IN THE WOODS.

THE DUDE.

And what the Professional Poets have Prophesied About Him.

"HOW far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good Dude in a naughty world."—Shakspeare: *Merchant of Venice, act v., sc. i.*

—"Words are women, Dudes are men."—George Herbert: *Jacula Prudentum.*

—"'Tis better to have loved a Dude, than never to have loved at all!"
—Tennyson: *In Memoriam, xxxii.*

—"Lo, the poor Dudeling! whose untutored mind, sees Style in clothes and wears it short behind."—Pope: *Essay on Man, i.*, 95.

—"Excellent Dude! Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee! and when I love thee not, chaos is come again."—Shakspeare: *Othello, act iii., sc.* 3.

—"A Dude without an aim."—Shakspeare: *Macbeth, act iv., sc. i.*

—"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook, unless the Dude go with it!"
—Shakspeare: *Macbeth, act iv., sc. i.*

—"The sheeted Dude did squeak and gibber in the streets."—Shakspeare: *Hamlet, i., sc. i.*

—"But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for Dudes to peck at." Shakspeare: *Othello, act i., sc. i.*

—"The wealthy, curled Dudelings of our nation."—Shakspeare: *Othello, act i., sc. i.*

—"Better be with the Dude whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace."—Shakspeare: *Macbeth, act iii., sc.* 2.

—"Dudes, not words."—Beaumont and Fletcher: *The Lover's Progress, act iii., sc.* 2.

—"And with necessity, the tyrant's plea, excused these devilish Dudes."
—Milton: *Paradise Lost, iv.*, 393.

—"The slender Dude to nature's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made."
—Francis Quarles: *Emblems, ii.*, 13.

—"The bane of all that dread the Dude." Wordsworth: *The Idiot Boy.*

—"'Tis expectation makes a Dudeling dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were."
—Sir John Suckling: *Against Function.*

—"The cold—the changed—perchance the Dude—anew,
The mourned, the loved, the lost—too many!—
Yet how few!"
—Byron: *Childe Harold, iv.*, 24.

—"Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who come as Dudes in Freedom's cause."
Joseph Hopkinson: *Hail Columbia.*

—"My days among the Dudes are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day."
—Southey: *Occasional Pieces, xviii.*

—"Each matin bell, the Baron concludes,
Knells us back to a world of Dudes."
—Coleridge: *Christabel, ii.*

—"Not a word?"
"Not one to throw at a Dude!"
—Shakspeare: *As you Like It, act i., sc.* 3.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."—[*St. Paul to the Fenians. IV.*, 11, 44.]

"In case I am recalled," announced a young vocalist to a Western audience, "I shall sing 'My Grandfather's Clock.'" She was not recalled.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"The largest button house in New York has suspended." Now if the largest suspender house in New York had buttoned, it would not have been so bad.—*Norristown Herald.*

Charles Thorpe, "the man with the iron jaw," has been converted and joined the Baptist Church at Paterson, N. J.—*Syracuse Standard.* O let us be jawful—jawful; O let us be jawful all day long!

A Piute Princess has just married her twentieth husband. A few enterprising Piute princesses would soon exterminate the male portion of the tribe, and save our Government considerable money.—*Norristown Herald.*

Old Mrs. B. came to town last week from Indiana on an excursion, and when asked why she was in such a hurry to leave she replied: "I've got to; you see as how I came in on an exertion train and my tickets perspires to-night."—*Scientific American.*

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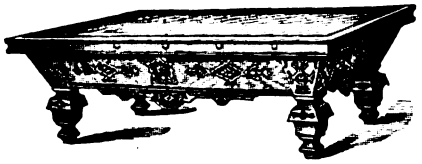

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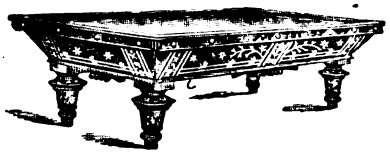

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IS IT A CLERICAL ERROR?

THE Rev. G. H. Hepworth is much disturbed in his spirit about the state of morals among the undeserving rich. "We have in New York," he says, in the *Independent*, "a limited number of princely families who have inherited power which they hold by the divine right of deserving." There are very proper people who have got used to having money, and think but little about it. Good on their heads, says the Reverend gentleman.

But just below them comes a clique of persons who have money which they use to conceal their crimes. They are fashionable but unutterably bad. A large income and unchecked passion are the goods that they affect. The annals of the divorce courts hint at 'goings-on' too bad to tell of that exist among them. To say they are a hard lot is to speak gently of the erring. They are worse than South Africans, Apaches, or cow-boys, and they give the tone to what in New York is called good society.

As members of society, under such leadership, we pray not for daily bread, but for daily dollars. Poverty is our dread, and it is cold comfort if we think that, though poor, we are honest. Wealth is what we are after, and, so that we get it, we care little if we have had to seek it through crooked paths. If a man steals a small sum he is a villain, and we are down on him; but for the genius who appropriates "banknotes by the ton," our censure is so modified by admiration that we end by tolerating him. We even marry for gold. A girl who marries a poor man with a damaged reputation is said to have thrown herself away, but a millionaire with no reputation at all, is a mighty good catch.

James and Howells are on the sitting-room table as good as new; we pretend to read them, but Zola lurks in retirement, worn and soiled by constant contact with our dirty thumbs.

Young girls are taught that a corner house on Fifth Avenue with h—l to pay, is better than an "honest snuggery on a side street" with the man of their heart.

Doctor Hepworth has spoken with great freedom. Juvenal, Tommy Carlyle, Josephus Flavius Cook, and Jeremiah, by the amalgamation of their several wits could scarcely have made out a worse case. We confess that the enormity of our crimes surprises us. We knew that as a community we had our faults, but the facts that had come to our ears about the fast set in Boston were so much worse than anything we had heard of New York that we thought rather well of our own town by comparison. As for Boston, Hepworth or no Hepworth, it seems probable that any lasting benefit to society there must come through the agency of dynamite; that we are willing to concede; but is New York so bad?

We do not believe it is. We do not think the sort of people Dr. Hepworth tells of have the social power that he attributes to them. They are lavish in their use of money and their habits are curious and interesting, but even in matters of fashion, we believe that they are not leaders but followers who are tolerated only so long as their behavior in public is decent. The Extremely Fast are noisy while they last but they are not effective in proportion to the volume of their evil report.

HOW IS HE TO GET OUT OF IT?

(By Cable from our Special Correspondent.)

A LIFE REPORTER, AT IMMINENT PERIL OF HIS LIFE DINES WITH THE ANARCHISTS AT ST. QUENTIN, FRANCE.

His Hideous Task.

ST. QUENTIN, FRANCE, March 22, 1883.

I AM here, as you know, awaiting remittances from you; and as I am now reduced to the clothes upon my back, I hope that your next esteemed favor will contain something more tangible than the compliments of the season. I have not tasted food since last night. At six o'clock yesterday afternoon I was very hungry, and my landlord had refused to give me dinner, saying that I can support existence upon the *dejeuner*, and that until he sees the *couleur de mon argent*, I can not come to the *table d'hôte*. So I wandered the main street of this accursed town, as hungry as a chained wolf, while all the world, save me, dined; the chiffonier dined, the gamins dined, the dogs gnawed bones; while I perforce tightened my waist-band and

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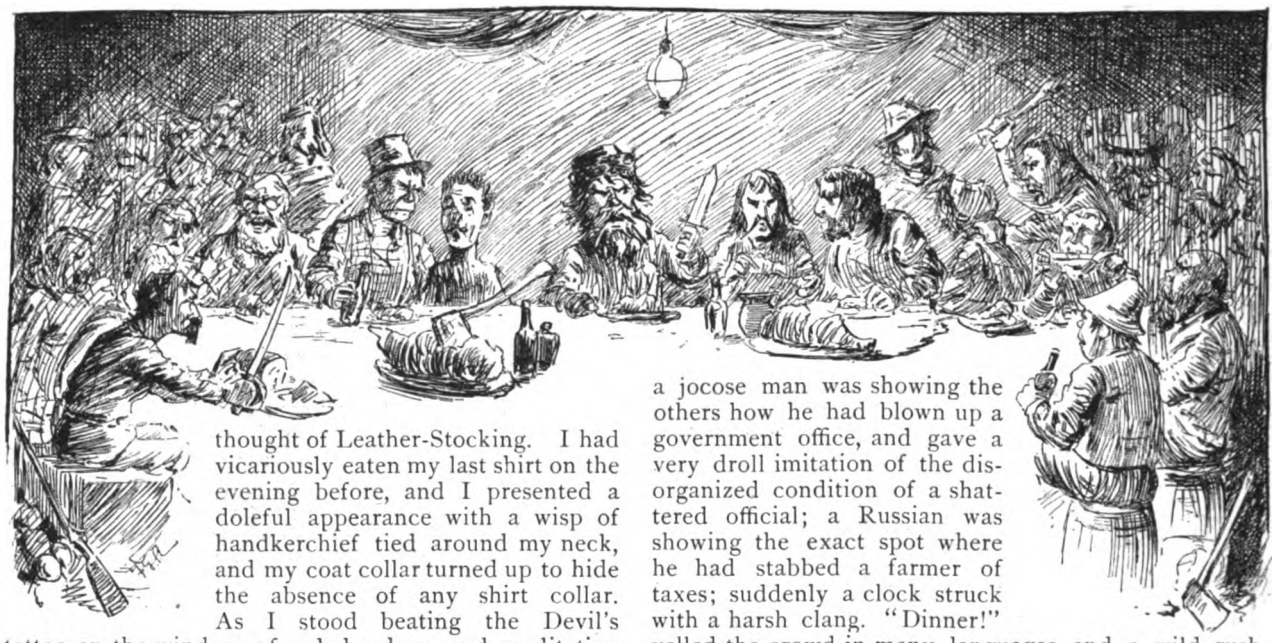

thought of Leather-Stocking. I had vicariously eaten my last shirt on the evening before, and I presented a doleful appearance with a wisp of handkerchief tied around my neck, and my coat collar turned up to hide the absence of any shirt collar. As I stood beating the Devil's tattoo on the window of a bake-shop, and meditating whether I should break it and be sent to jail, where I might get fed, I was tapped upon the shoulder. Turning, I perceived a most degraded-looking workingman, wearing a black, slouched hat.

"Ah, you are here," he said, in bad French.

"Yes, I am," I replied, in equally bad French.

"The banquet, are you not to be at it?" he asked, making a queer sign with his hand.

"*Un Banquet! je sourirai!*" I cried, making a sign at hap-hazard.

"*Allons, donc,*" growled the wretch.

I followed him willingly. Our way lay through dark, crooked alleys, down slippery steps, through arched, oozing passages. We finally stopped at the door of a sordid house. My guide gave a curious double knock at the door; a wicket was opened; there was a low whispering, and presently the door was opened and I found myself in a long passageway. I stumbled over something on the floor, but pressed on. I found myself in a low-studded, dingy room, filled with bad tobacco smoke.

The smoke lifted for a moment, and I saw fifty or sixty villainous faces; I soon lost my first acquaintance among the other wretches. A wild-eyed German shuffled towards me, tore open my coat, and pointing at the vacant space muttered to the crowd, "*Er hat kein Hemd; er ist einer von uns!*"

He then made me hold up my hand and put me through the forms of a terrible oath. When I had sworn to the rigmarole he filched a pipe from the pocket of one neighbor, some tobacco from that of another. "*Wenn du die Lungen versorgen willst,*" he said, grimly.

Accommodating myself to my surroundings I tipped a little man from a chair and took his match-box away from him. I then sat in the chair and lighted the pipe. Every one was talking at once. In the corner a jocose man was showing the others how he had blown up a government office, and gave a very droll imitation of the disorganized condition of a shattered official; a Russian was showing the exact spot where he had stabbed a farmer of taxes; suddenly a clock struck with a harsh clang. "Dinner!" yelled the crowd in many languages, and a wild rush was made to a door, which was crushed in by the pack. A dark lantern swung from a beam in the banquet-room and showed a mass of plates of cold food and jugs of liquor upon a deal table in the centre of the room.

A supper table crush at a ball is the only thing in civilized life which gives one an idea of the hideous crowd around the table. Each man held a knife in his hand and hacked a hunk from a dish of meat. As a grim joke a large goose was blown up and there was a scramble on the dirty floor for the fragments. This was called by the joker "dinner *a la Russe.*"

I had been faint with hunger, but I could not eat; in fact, I was so terrified that my appetite was gone. As I stood looking at the wild banquet, a big Irishman came towards me:

"And why are ye not atin'?" he asked; "are the victuals not to your taste?"

"I have dined," I gasped.

"Dined! Ye bloated aristocrat! Dined! Have ye? Dined! Anarchists feed! You have sworn to kill those who dine!"

"There is not much chance of my dining again," I said. "I dined on my shirt yesterday, and as you may imagine, I have not a good appetite after it."

"Bad cess to ye, dined on your shirt! Ye must have a full stomach; take a nip of whiskey, then, to digest the rag; if it was made of Irish linen the two will have a natural laning to each other."

He handed me a demijohn of whiskey; I took a long pull, for you may imagine I needed some sort of courage, and to my surprise, the whiskey was good. "Stolen from the hotel," explained the Irishman. They now began to clear the table by breaking it into inch-bits; and the German, who had sworn me in, got up and proposed the usual health, "Success to crime!"

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INDUCTIVE REASONING.

Mr. Wm. Doodle: YES, MISS FROST, I ALWAYS WEAR GLOVES AT NIGHT; THEY MAKE ONE'S HANDS SO SOFT.
Miss Frost: AH! AND DO YOU SLEEP WITH YOUR HAT ON?

It was drunk with great shouts, and then everyone began yelling at once; I never liked after-dinner speaking, and knowing that a man who is speaking after dinner never has his wits about him, I seized the chance of stealing away. When I got in the long passage leading out I again stumbled over something on the floor; I lighted a match and found it to be the corpse of a man. His throat was cut from ear to ear. I rushed to the outer door, and, as I opened it, I heard a bell ring harshly. With much difficulty I found my way to my hotel, and on arriving at my room, I found my landlord waiting for me holding a letter in his hand. It proved to be from LIFE's correspondent in Vienna, asking me, in Heaven's name, for a loan. The landlord believed it to be a remittance, and, as he had paid half a franc postage on the letter, when it was delivered, he called me a "Pig of Hell," and stumped off to bed. I found that he had previously taken all the blankets from the bed. The heartless monster! After a cold, wretched night I awoke to find a placard fastened by a dagger to the head of my bed.

"*You have been chosen to blow up the Czar. Start for Russia immediately.*"

I am writing you in a cold perspiration! Heaven knows whether you may hear from me next week or not!

MR. ABRAHAM W. MARKS, of Austin, got a divorce from Rachel Wells, one week after he married her, and led to the altar Kate Wells, her sister.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

He loved not wisely, but 2 Wells, as it were.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S friends were greatly shocked to learn that he had a severe hemorrhage from the nose yesterday. —*Boston Post.*

The friends of Mr. Paddy Ryan were likewise greatly shocked a year ago to see that *he* had a hemorrhage from the nose. Mr. Sullivan, we believe, was present on the dismal occasion.

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THERE is a Brooklyn doctor who prescribes soda-water for his patients.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It improves their fizz-ique, we suppose.

CHARLES MOON, of Denver, swallowed a live bullfrog Thursday evening, on a wager, drank a glass of whiskey, and said he felt remarkably well.—*Tribune.*

This isn't so very astonishing. If it were the bullfrog that had swallowed Charles Moon and drank the whiskey, there would have been something in it.

RAISING the wind is an agreeable process, if successful even to a moderate degree, but when the wind raises you back, as in the case of the Georgia cyclone, it gets monotonous.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 27th, 11:20 A.M.—2little boys and 1 pistol.

St. Louis, Mo., April 27th, 11:25 A.M.—1 little boy and 1 pistol.

MR. Francis A. Hawkins, of Selma, Alabama, blew down the muzzle of his gun, and the gun reciprocated by blowing up Mr. Hawkins' muzzle. The will has been admitted to probate.

THE dynamite question seems to be a tempest in a teapot. Irish dynamite has killed nobody yet. It has broken a few panes of glass in the office of the Home Secretary, and that is the sum of Mr. Rossa's achievements. The skirmishers seem to be more afraid of their own dynamite than are the English.

ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—TWO WOOD ENGRAVERS, MECHANICAL. ——
——., box ——, Philadelphia.

THE neck of Miss Minnie Valore,
Was in length about seven foot four;
She could lean back with you
In pew 32
While she whispered in pew 34.

MR. Barnum has imported 30 Nubians, who are to be exhibited as great curiosities from the fact that "they abhor water for bathing purposes." Come the Nubians from Limerick or from Naples?—we forget which.

SUPERINTENDENT Walling undertook, like Moses, to bluff King Faro last week, but the success of his attempt is questioned.

DR. JOHN WILBERFORCE KENNION, of Christ's Cleft Mission, is propagating the gospel in a way that there may be profit in studying. Dr. Kennion's rhetoric is not lofty nor is his erudition vast, nor does his name stand high in evangelical fame. Yet he feeds the hungry and the homeless, and he gathers the ragged and the despised about him and gives them comfort; his rhetoric is hot coffee, and his eloquence is sandwiches, and his text is an invitation for the tramp and outcast to come and eat and drink and forget their physical sorrow. This is a sermon to the point, and when supplemented by a piece of soap, with careful directions as to its use, seems worthy of imitation.

LIKELY.

"IF, at General Grant's death-bed, somebody should say to him, 'Secession was right,' and he should respond incoherently: 'It is; I am,' and the assertion should thereupon be made that General Grant had stultified his whole life and become a Secessionist, the report would be scouted as preposterous."—*Independent.*

But if, at such a solemn moment, when the General's spirit was quivering on the brink of eternity, and his laboring breath grew weaker, a district telegraph boy carrying a box of cigars and leading a reluctant bull-terrier pup by a string, should force his way through the group of about-to-be mourners and say, "If you be General Grant, these here's fur you!" we should regard as by no means preposterous the report that the dying soldier's incoherent answer was, "They are; I am."

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DU MAURIER.

[Condensed from a Review by H-nry J-mes, Jr., in the last "Century."]

AN English boy, born of American parents in the city of New York, who could and did easily slip through the bars of the iron fence that surrounded Union Square in 1853, and who remembers enough of the circumstance to write several thousand words about it, dearly loved *Punch, or the London Charivari*, at that period, and to-day has a sufficient knowledge of the motives which actuated Du Maurier in the making of his pictures for that publication, to warrant the issue of an extended treatise.

Leech, who disappeared from the pages of *Punch* at about the time of the occurrence of the darkest period of the American civic war, was a sunny, robust man; having an intimate knowledge of the horse, which enshrined him in the hearts of Englishmen; but not the less capable on that account of drawing a London fog, which he sometimes did so consummately that it would stick to the fingers of subscribers; and potent to sketch a cold morning with a vigor that has not been surpassed, if, indeed, it has been equalled among delineators of British temperature.

Du Maurier's pictures, which were born grown up in *Punch*, close up on the obsequies of the others, are not like those; and they are different from Cham's, whose children are all devils. Leech lacked imagination as obviously as Cham's mind was an inferno, and as obviously as the latter hated and abhorred the human young. Not so of Du Maurier, equally because one of his parents was French, and because the conviction was anchored deep down in him that it is desirable for all men and women to have long necks. Taking for his model a Chianti wine flask, than which there is no more graceful creation, he made everybody tall, straight and slender—with the solace of a restrained rotundity added. Chianti is the perpetual hymn that his art has sung in the pages of *Punch* for twenty years. And it is not less an English art because its model is Italian, and because it is unlike the art of Leech, and because the children of Cham are the unmistakable product of the Pit. I marvel that it is so distinct from all other English art, and yet that it is distinctly English. It *is* distinctly English, if for no other reason than because it may fearlessly be introduced in the British nursery. As compared with the art of Leech, while it is far more imaginative, it is less rugged. Caricature has become detoned, as it were, in the hands of Du Maurier, and the detonation of the pictures in *Punch* is their most striking characteristic to-day. I am not saying that the lack of detonation in Leech is to his discredit, although it is obvious that he would not have suffered if he had detonated either moderately or so boldly as Du Maurier has done; and perhaps we should not ask for the detonation of the impish and subterranean children of Cham; but not the less is the competent reverberation of Du Maurier most pleasing.

In concluding, I do not know that I can lay before Du Maurier any tribute that will be more acceptable to him than the assurance of my approbation. He makes tall, straight and beautiful men and women because the instinct of fair form is predominant in him; because serene comeliness is the loadstone of which his art is the respondent needle: because the placid and pellucid expanse of his genius lies at an altitude where it finds naught to mirror but the consummate stars; because by an inborn and British power he is constrained to be a matchless agent in his way, as I am in mine.

DELAWARE people are going to have good circuses, or find out the reason why they can't. Mr. O'Brien's circus recently visited Wilmington and was mobbed, the baby elephant was tarred and feathered, and the consumptive giraffe shot so full of holes that his skin wouldn't hold his principles. Now, if Dr. Talmage could only be induced to go to Wilmington, and—but, pshaw! he won't go, and that ends it.

INFANT CHORUS.

"HOOP DE DUDE-N-DUDE."

CHANGE.

A LOVELESS seed slept in a cave
Through years of frost and gloom,
Until an angel sunbeam came
And kissed it into bloom.

So did the blossom of my soul
Awake, one perfect morn,
But envious death beat down the bud,
And left me but the thorn.

GUY CARLETON.

Now that the Chinese base-ball club is a thing of the exploded past, we shall be inflicted with a Ladies' Nine. This is not a new idea. The Muses were the first Ladies' Nine, and Apollo was the captain.

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THE DUTY ON

CALL OFF YOUR DOG, UNCLE SAM ! Y

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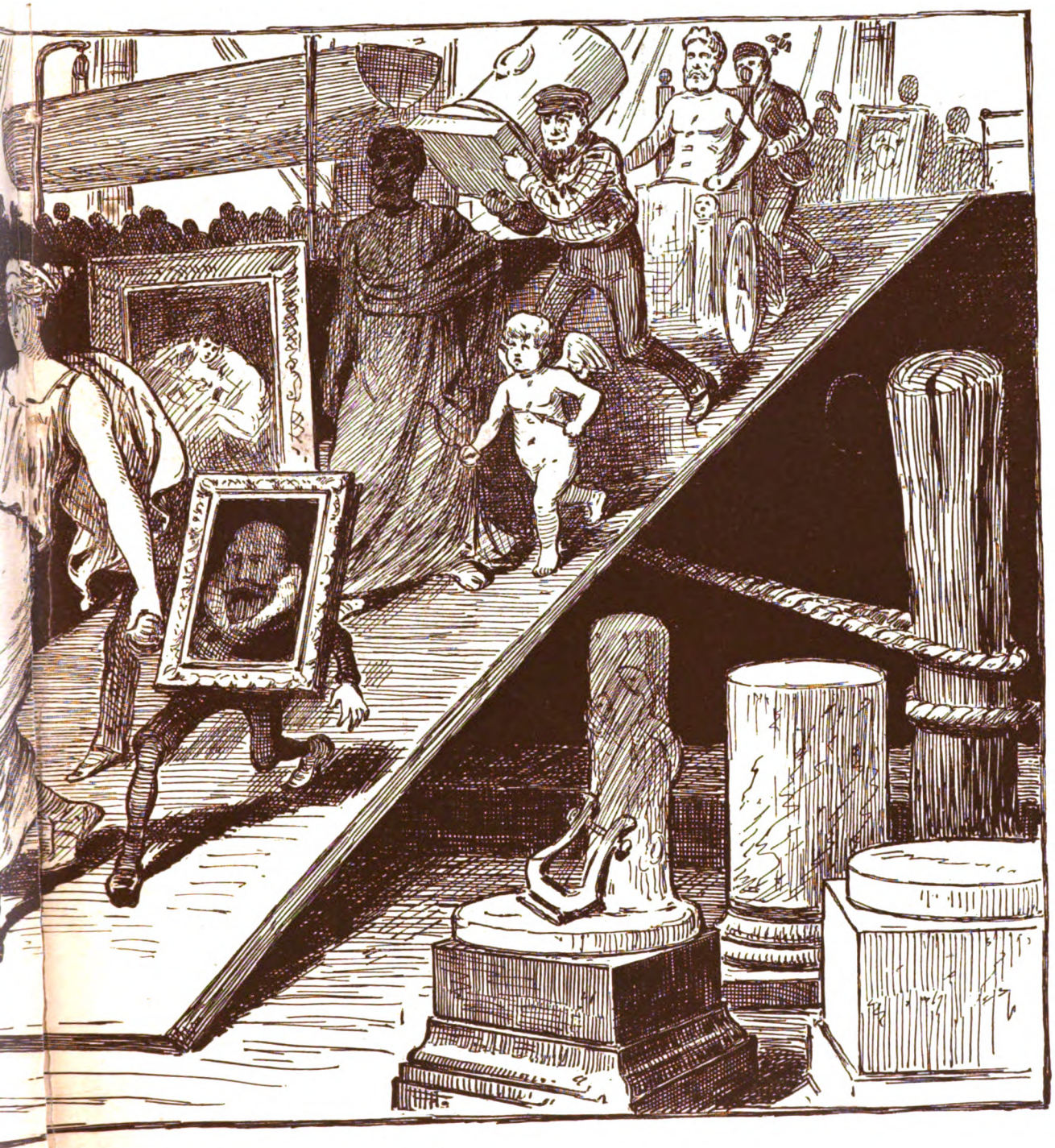

ON ORKS OF ART.

! Y ARE KEEPING OUT THE WRONG CROWD.

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WHILE CIGARETTES TO ASHES TURN.

I.

E smokes — a n d
that's enough !"
says Ma.
"And cigarettes, at
that !" says Pa.

"He must not call
again !" says she.
"He shall not call
again !" says he.

They both glare at
me as before—
Then quit the room
and bang the door,

While I, their will-
ful daughter, say,
I guess I'll love
him, anyway !"

II.

At twilight, in his room, alone,
His careless feet inertly thrown

Across a chair, my fancy can
But worship this most worthless man !

I dream what joy it is to set
His slow lips round a cigarette,

With idle-humored whiff and puff—
Ah ! this is innocent enough !

To mark the slender fingers raise,
The waxen match's dainty blaze,

Whose chastened light an instant glows
On drooping lids and arching nose,

Then, in the sudden gloom, instead,
A tiny ember, dim and red,

Blooms languidly to ripeness, then
Fades slowly, and grows ripe again !

III.

I lean back, in my own boudoir—
The door is fast, the sash ajar ;

And, in the dark, I smiling stare
At one wide window over there,

Where some one, smoking, pinks the gloom—
The darling darkness of his room !

I push my shutters wider yet,
And lo ! I light a cigarette ;

And gleam for gleam, and glow for glow,
Each pulse of light a word we know,

We talk of love that still will burn
While cigarettes to ashes turn.

J. W. RILEY.

BOOKISHNESS.

HAYDIN'S "Dictionary of Dates" is a sort of encyclopædia preserving the Fruits of History.

"STRAY PEARLS" is the name of the latest Imported English novel which is cast before American swine.

"FANCHETTE" is the latest Round Robin novel but it is as erratic and as young-maidish, and as unexpected as if it had been written by "Planchette."

THE latest French novel is M. Ludovic Halévy's "Criquette." But it is about a French girl and not about an Imported English game, as the title suggests.

A NEW book of dramatic criticism has for its title "Nights at the Play," so it probably contains a review of "Rouge et Noir," and "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life."

MR. E. A. FREEMAN has been guilty of "Some Impressions of the United States," from which we incline to the opinion that this Mr. Freeman is probably an Englishman.

THE latest number of Dr. McCosh's "Philosophic Series" is called "Princeton ; what it Can Do and what it Cannot Do." It deals with the question of secret societies in colleges.

IN the May *Atlantic* there is a paper by Mr. W. D. Howells called "Niagara Revisited, Twelve Years after their Wedding Journey." The wedded couple having been able, apparently by the exercise of the strictest economy, to save up in that time enough money to propitiate the local hackman.

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THE indefatigable Mrs. Oliphant has written her 21,093,789th novel, and it tells about the "Wizard's Son." Perhaps her next will be called "Second Sight," or the "Seventh Son," or a "Conjuror's Daughter."

"ASHORE with a Florida Sponger" is the title of a paper in the May *Lippincott's*. It is written by Ernest Ingersoll. If the Florida sponger is a worse specimen of the human octopus than the New York sponge, Mr. Ingersoll has our sympathy.

BORN SO.

IN his article in the May number of the *Century* Mr. James makes some interesting revelations of the working of his spirit in his childhood. It is no less curious than sad to notice how thoroughly, in his case, the boy was the father of the man. There is a striking dearth of aspirates in his juvenile aspirations. The very numbers he lisped in were the numbers of *Punch* and the calves of Leech's footmen had for him greater charms than the shapely legs of our own immortal George. Perhaps sometimes we have judged Mr. James harshly: we feel bound to regard his British predilections with broader charity now that we know them to be innate.

TRAGEDY.

John (*who is an antiquary*): ELIZA, MY DEAR, I BOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL MATCH FOR OUR OLD CLAW-FOOT TABLE AT AUCTION TO-DAY.

Eliza (*who is anti-antiquarian*): WHY, JOHN, YOU OLD FOOL, I SENT IT UP TO THE AUCTION THIS MORNING TO GET IT OUT OF THE HOUSE.

AMENITIES OF HIGH LIFE.

THE scene was a rocky elevation in the upper part of New York City, crowned by a crazy collection of shanties, which were, in the vernacular of the neighborhood, "set every way for Sunday." The approach to the summit of the cliff was not visible, and was doubtless difficult. The sidewalks below were equally invisible.

Mr. Bernard Mulcahey, at the foot of the rock, glorious in a high hat, and rejoicing in a black clay pipe, espied Mrs. Norah O'Flaherty, who was gazing down from the airy height.

"The top av the mornin' to yez, Misthress O'Flaherty," he remarked, in a strained-honey voice that brought the flies buzzing about him. "It's a flat I'm lookin' fur, mim."

"Do yez take me fur a flat, thin, ye bloody Fardowner?" she replied in a mixed-pickle tone that was strongly suggestive of acetic acid. "Say that agin, an' I'll drop a stun that'll make a flat av yez."

"It's mistaken yez are in my intentions, Misthress O'Flaherty. I'm wantin' to rint a flat, and was atthracted by the illigant apartments up there."

"Be the castle av me fathers, that shtands in ould Oireland to this day! I'll make yez repint the act av flingin' mud at a respictable woman!"

"I'm not fur flingin' mud, Misthress O'Flaherty; but fur inspictin' the apartments. Will I ring the front dure bell, an, will yez sind down a bye in buttons to show me up?"

"Be the ashes av me sainted grandmother, who was one av the O'Shanes av Castle Kilcorra!——"

"Heaven rest her sowl!" interrupted Mr. Mulcahey.

"If I could git at yez this minnit, I'd knock yer high hat to smithereens!"

"Sure an' it's a foine, airy location yez have up there, Misthress O'Flaherty, an' it's the hoighth av good health the pigs must enjye, intoirely."

"Come up, thin, an' shlape in the shtye, ye thafe av the worruld."

"An' phwat did yez wear to the Vanderbilt ball, Misthress O'Flaherty?"

"Me dimuns an' me rubies, av coorse."

"It was yer eyes an' yer nose, thin, Misthress O'Flaherty."

"Now, Misther Mulcahey, ye flatter me. Jist wait a minnit, thin. I've got a prisint fur yez."

"I've shtruck the widdy at last," muttered Mulcahey; but the next moment the present came down in the form of a pail of hot water, and his pipe was broken, and the glory of his high hat was gone, and the air quivered under his imprecations.

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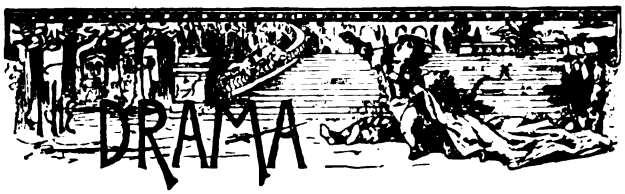
XIII.

BIOGRAPHETTE.

THE JERSEY LILY.

THIS great tragedienne was born in New Jersey, Aug. 1st, 1848, and is consequently just twenty years of age. From her earliest childhood she was trained for her professional career, and her aptness is mentioned by her biographers as phenomenal. When just sixteen she married a gentleman whose name we have unfortunately been unable to ascertain up to the hour of going to press. Her first manager was one A. Wales, alias "the Prince," under whom she made her *début* in London at the Marlborough Opera House, nine years ago, in Bulwer-Lytton's celebrated pantomime, "What Will he Do with It." Her success in this *rôle* was instantaneous, and even the gallery was filled with crowned heads during her entire engagement. She was supported by the entire Marlborough Opera House stock company, and was the attraction of the season.

The force of the lady's genius is fully shown by her surmounting obstacles thrown in her way by nature. Unblessed in form or feature, she nevertheless holds a position in art which is peerless, and it may safely be said that at no time in their career did Rachel or Ristori ever act as she does. In Shakespearian comedy she is extraordinarily free from those conventional methods of work which are usually seen upon the stage, while to other and less serious plays she lends an entirely new feature. In short, she may be said to have enriched the stage with a freshness it has not known for years, and the opinion of that great and discriminating critic O'Wilde, must be concurred in that with her exit from the stage will pass from it something which we may never, never, never see again.



"FORTUNIO" is claimed by Mr. F. T. S. Darley, the composer, to be the great American Comic Opera for which we have been so long pining, and accordingly I was not surprised to find that the libretto was an Englishman's adaptation of a French fairy story, with local touches *ad lib*, by Darley (?) The music also proved to be largely of foreign origin, neatly localized, certainly, by Darley. After having sat through the entire performance, I cannot conscientiously say that Planché's words, or Sullivan's and Audrian's music have been much improved by taking out naturalization papers.

But the grand Ameican act was, after all, the introduction of a transformation scene. My seat being near the front, I was enabled to catch occasional glimpses of this dazzling spectacle (a privilege not enjoyed by many in the audience) of four horrible examples of parental brutality from the S. P. C. C. clinging convulsively to a group of painted, yellow dogs, and who were only restrained from seeking refuge among the audience by a semi-opaque gauze at the back of the stage. The "Transformation" was purely subjective, the spectators being expected to see in all this "the approach of the fairy Favorable in a chariot drawn by four and twenty golden sheep." This tragedy was enacted last week at the Cosmopolitan.

"Pygmalion and Galatea" is the title of a comedy by W. S. Gilbert. Within three weeks it has been done in this city by two companies, one supporting the American beauty, Mary Anderson, the other acting quite independently of the English beauty, Lillie Langtry. Of the two, I prefer the native to the imported pretty face. But both of these ladies seem to be laboring under the impression that the play was an opera, written in a recitative on one note. This is erroneous.

"Caste" is pursuing the Eben Plympton of its ways at the Bijou.

"Vim," a title that certainly applies to the acting of the piece, is delighting crowded houses at Tony Pastor's.

Charles Wyndham and Company, who have been continuing their "Brighton" success of the autumn at the Union Square, changed their bill yesterday (Tuesday) to the "Great Divorce Case." As LIFE goes to press Monday, and I must, therefore, write my criticism in advance, I will simply say that this very amusing play was enthusiastically received last evening by a characteristic first night audience. The piece is brightly written, and so cleverly acted by the members of the cast that individual mention of one or two lights leads to invidious distinctions that do not in reality exist.

The last act of a tragedy in Still-life was performed on Monday, when the benefit of Doorkeeper Boys drew to Booth's Theatre the last audience that will assemble within its walls. This building connected with so much that is memorable in theatricals since its doors were first opened in 1869, will now be given over to the ruthless hand of the builder who will conduct the transformation scene that will turn it into a home of commerce and a haunt of trade.

POINTDEXTER NIBBS.

IN THE YEAR 1939.

ETHEL: Mama, what did grandpa do?
MAMA: Do, dear; what do you mean?
ETHEL: What was his business, mama?
MAMA: He was a witness in the Major-Harold suit, my child.

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AFTER THE BALL.

"*At supper . . . not where he eats, but where he is eaten.*"

"YOU'RE an angel!" she said, as she nibbled the pheasant,
(How her ravishing voice thro' my memory rings!)
And I lifted my glass, and I tried to look pleasant,
As I said: "Mia cara, I haven't the wings!"

"But you're rich!" she replied, my red Romanée scorning,
And I answered her back in the soberest tones,
"Yes, to-night, cara mia, but think of the morning,—
Who shall tell of the future of Bell Telephones?"

"You're an angel!" she cried, as the bill they presented
For a thousand and one of the choicest of things;
And, remorseless, she smiled at the score I resented—
"You're an angel, I tell you, for riches have wings!"

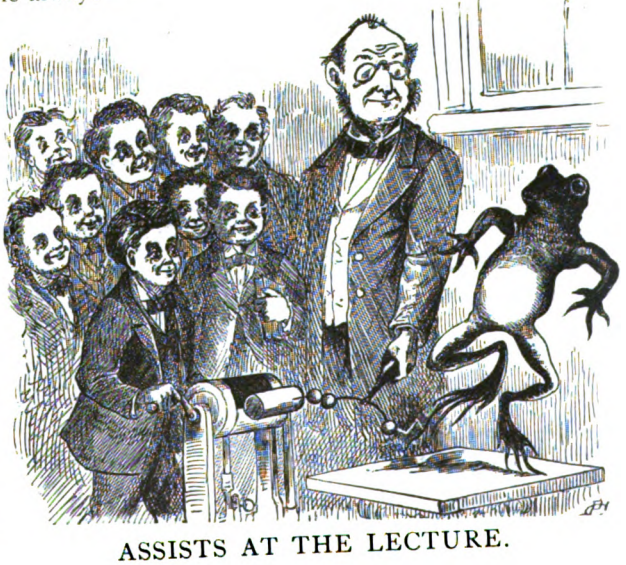
T. R. SULLIVAN.

THE BULLFROG OF BELLEVUE.

THE emeritus Professor of Corpuscular Microscopy at Bellevue College had a pet aquarium four years ago, and the turtles, sticklebacks, crabs and tadpoles thereof were his special delight. A scientific and frugal friend, as the Professor's birthday drew near, bethought him of a bullfrog as a present; so he slopped around in New Jersey and caught the Major, who is the subject of this sketch. Now the Major was about as meek-looking a bullfrog as there was in that swamp. He was long-legged and thin, and he had more angles than the fourth problem of Euclid. When carried to Bellevue in a slop bucket he never even once croaked, and when introduced by the professor into the aquarium he seemed to be only anxious that the crabs shouldn't get him before he had time to say his prayers, and the kind Professor had to pet and soothe him, before he would consent to remain. The Major was fooling. Next morning, when the Professor went to look at the aquarium, he half feared the fish and tadpoles had eaten the Major. Had they?

OH, NO!

The Major was leaning back, picking his teeth with the tail of one of the tads, and smiling all over. This was the Major's entry into science. From that day forth he devoted himself to his studies with a zeal which could not be surpassed. Having mastered the most difficult branches of gastronomy and peptics, he turned his attention to electricity. In this branch of physics he soon distinguished himself, and to this day he always ——



ASSISTS AT THE LECTURE.

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Of course the Major has his troubles. Sometimes doesn't work satisfactorily, and then of course ——

THEY FORGET TO FEED HIM,

and he is compelled to skirmish for himself. Then again, whenever the Professors of Pathology, Therapeutics and Materia Medica have discovered a new remedy, or think they have, the Major gets the first dose of it Sometimes ——

THERE IS TROUBLE.

Over one-half the entire pharmacopeia has been shoved into the Major already, and he is now so used to it that his regular cocktail of prussic acid, vitriol and arsenic is as necessary to his comfort as is the annual

THE NEW REMEDY

VACATION.

H. G. C.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

'Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

The *Rural New Yorker* asks: "Why not vitriolize tomato-seed to counteract rot?" and we reply that we vitriolize poets in the "Answers for the Anxious," for the same reason.—*Puck.*

He rang the door-bell of a banker. The servants tells him, "Monsieur does not receive to-day." "That makes nothing to me. My racket is to know if he will give anything."—*French.*

Edith—So far as we can learn, the most fashionable parasol this season will be the one that can be seen the farthest, costs the most, and gives the least possible amount of solid comfort.—*Philadelphia News.*

A new baby recently arrived in the family of a Louisville journalist, and papa was excessively proud over the event. Turning to the old black nurse, "Aunty," said he, stroking the little pate, "this boy seems to have a journalistic head." "Oh," cried the untutored old Aunty, soothingly, "never you mind 'bout dat; dat'll come all right in time."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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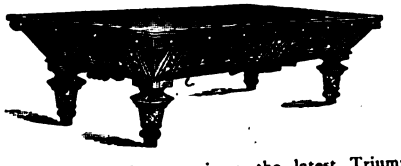

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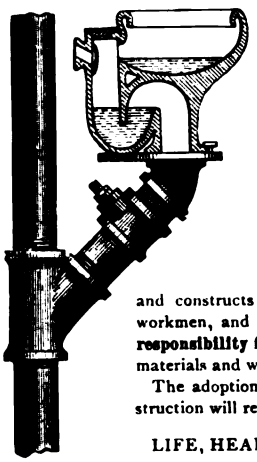

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VOL. I. MAY 10th, 1883. NO. 19.

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SPRING is upon us. Blear-eyed winter has departed with his ulster and bronchitis, his rubbers and buckwheat cakes, chest-protector and chillblains. Now cometh the bursting bud flashing into emerald, the balmy breeze, the garrulous sparrow, the day of moving, the first straw-hat, the murmurs of Newport and Coney Island, and the opening of the Big Bridge. It is at this season that the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Mt. Desert, and the maiden turns over last summer's finery with an economical eye, and paper grows more eloquent than ever on the subject of bills. It is the season of promise and talk. The Van Dudles will Newport. So will the Ulsterdams and the Wafflespoons. The De Slapjax are going abroad, and the Von Buckwhetes will remain to tackle Coney Island. There is a hum of moving, preparation and gossip. The Dog Star is slowly rising, which is Sirius matter for dogs. Opera is over and theatre is nearly so, but the livery-stable man's collector is still rampant, and that obdurate tailor's last year's experience has made him so vulgarly proud that he wants cash. These are sad reflections.

MORE FROM ST. QUENTIN!

OUR CORRESPONDENT'S

ANACONDA BREAKFAST!!

HIS NOBLE PRESERVER!!!

ST. QUENTIN, France, March 25th, 1883.

IT is my birthday to-day. I am 30 years old. "Aunt Lyman," in Bangor, Maine, always sends me $50 on my birthday. I have eaten an enormous breakfast. One gets a keen appetite, having only one meal a day. I was helped three times to omelette, twice to soup, four times to cutlets, washing the whole down with a bowl of coffee, and three bottles of vin ordinaire.

But it is horrible not having anything to smoke. Until I sold my last shirt, I got tick at a cigar shop, but there is no use asking for "tick" when one wears a dirty wisp of a handkerchief about his neck. Every one in the hotel knows that I am in pawn and they all avoid me. Thackeray, as we all know, was once in pawn at a hotel, so I am in good company, or rather I should be, if it were forty years ago and I were in Lille instead of being in St. Quentin. That notice which I found on my bed this morning has disquieted me a little. Still, before breakfast, I went out and pawned the dagger, receiving on it one franc. The landlord sent a waiter with me, fearing, I suppose, that I should either commit suicide or escape him altogether. With half the franc, I bought at a *new* tobacconist's some chewing tobacco, for I have no passport and wish to be able to prove my American citizenship in case my troubles come to a head. I gave my last half-franc to the waiter, and he gave me a letter. It was in my Aunt Lyman's handwriting.

"Good old soul!" I exclaimed as I tore open the letter. It contained a birthday card, on the back of which was written: "I have given this year's $50 to make you a Life Member of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Many Happy Returns of the Day."

I went back to the hotel a wretched man, oh, so wretched!

As I sat looking out of the window of a dreary room at the rain sullenly pouring into the gray, provincial street, a cab drove up to the hotel door. A tall man, who looked like an American, stepped out of the cab and walked into the hotel. In a few minutes he came into the room in which I was, and seating himself next to me, said "good morning" to me.

I nodded at him; he was singularly tall and slim and wore a Newmarket overcoat which came to his heels. His face was boyish, almost childlike, and he had a sweet, simpering smile. But his eyes were black and flashing, and as he smiled I saw that he had no front teeth.

"It is raining," said he pleasantly.

I admitted that it was raining.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, at the same time handing me an alligator-skin cigar case.

"I do!" cried I, eagerly clutching at a cigar. I had not smoked for ten days. You may imagine that I was "frozen" for a weed.

The stranger then handed me a match saying;

"And you will supply the lung power."

The pleasantry reminded me uncomfortably of the German's joke at the banquet, but I lighted the cigar with the proffered match. "You are an American?" I inquired, finding that the cigar was a real Havanna.

"Yes, I am your fellow countryman," he answered.

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"If it is not too impertinent, may I ask you why you do not wear a shirt?" and he smiled, showing his toothless jaw.

"It is a tradition in the Plantagenet family that the eldest male heir never wears a shirt," I answered proudly.

"Plantagenet family!" he exclaimed. "Why, I saw on the hotel book that your name was spelled "H-u-d-g-k-i-n-s."

"It is *spelled* "H-u-d-g-k-i-n-s," I explained haughtily, "but it is *pronounced* Plantagenet. It is an old family tradition."

I looked as dignified as a man can look who has not a shirt to his back.

"Well, Mr. Plantagenet, my name is W-a-t-k-i-n-s, pronounced as spelled, of Watkins Glen, New York, a brand new family. Now, you are of an old family, and you are temporarily hard-up."

I waved deprecatingly, and adjusted the wisp of a handkerchief as if it had been Beau Brummel's final success.

"Ah, do not have any false pride," he said; "any gentleman's remittances may fail him. May I not have the honor of loaning you a sum sufficient for your needs, until your remittances arrive?"

"You may," I said, relenting. "I am a special correspondent of the New York LIFE. International jealousies, instigated by the *London Punch*, and the *Undertakers' Gazette*, have delayed the arrival of my funds. I will borrow of you and pay you with my I. O. U. It is needless to say that my I. O. U. is, in any place but St. Quentin, France, legal tender for all debts; just try it at Marseilles."

"How much do you want, Mr. Plantagenet?"

"Want! I want the world, but I shall be contented for the present with one thousand francs."

"One thousand francs are not enough to carry you to Moscow," quietly replied the stranger with one of his dreadful smiles. I started!

"Never mind your I. O. U.," he continued, as he handed me a bag of gold and a box. He bowed, went out of the room and I heard the cab roll down the street. Recovering from my astonishment, I put the gold into my pocket and opened the box. It contained in it a Bradshaw's Guide, which was opened at "Russia," by the little knife which I had pawned in the morning ——— I can write no more, but next week, if I am not knocked into the middle of it, I will let you know where I am.

TWO NEGATIVES.

I GAVE him his first rejection
At Newport, a year ago;
At Christmas, with proper reflection,
Again, in New York, I said "No."

There 's in grammar a rule I remember—
Two negatives—how does it run?
So the cards have gone out for September,
And my white satin gown is begun.

ELEANOR PUTNAM.

"How shall I the true dude know
"From another one?
"By his staff and cockle-feather
"And his silver shoon."

PROVERB.

IT is never too late to get up in the morning.

From the Sanscrit.

AN ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—A MAN TO MAKE 2,000 CALLS IN NEW YORK. Enclose addressed postal to REGULAR PAY, Herald.

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THE ACTION OF THE NEW YORK ALDERMEN.

[From the London Times.]

FOR a long time well-informed Englishmen have been aware of the feeling entertained by the New York Aldermen toward her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and the action of the Aldermen yesterday in regard to the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge will be learned here without surprise. It is probable that those supporters of Mr. Gladstone's ministry who, relying upon the sympathetic emotions that naturally would be awakened among Americans by the death of John Brown, have looked for a display of official weakness in the New York Aldermanic Board, will now be undeceived. We quote from the cable report of yesterday's proceedings:

Alderman Moriarty: Oi move yez, sorr, that owin' to the twinty-foorth av May bein' the birthday av the Quane av England, some other day be selicted for the opening of the Aste River Bridge.

Alderman O'Shea: Oi sicond the risolution, in case the Chair as-sures me, that this procading is not overt.

The President: The Chair is av the opinion that the risolution is dacent, and rasonable, and in no sinse overt. Whin, in the coorse av human 'evints, it becomes nicissary for an Oirishman to act, thin he should spake.

Alderman O'Shea: Thin, Mr. Prisident, Oi sicond the risolution av me collague, and Oi say it is a shameful thing, that a toyranical and indacint woman, loike the Quane av England, should be flaunted in the face av the Amirican paple.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

While England does not shun and does not fear the issue thus raised across the Atlantic, Englishmen must deplore the evanishment of certain hopes of reciprocal good feeling which have been encouraged by Poole on this side of the water, and by Sir Cyrus Field and Washington Childs, Esq., on the other. From what exact time to date the rise of the bitter feeling in America toward Queen Victoria we do not very well know. The order promulgated by Her Majesty at the time when H. R. H. the Princess Louise held her first drawing room at Montreal, that all ladies should wear low-neck dresses, notoriously gave offence to the New York Aldermen, the wives of most of whom were present with high-neck dresses. Suggestions of the fallacy of the reasoning of the gentlemen that we have named were not lacking, either at the lamentable period marked by the injury to Her Majesty's knee, when the American press teemed with flippant comments upon a misfortune which might have ended in the necessity of wheeling about Her Majesty during the rest of Her existence in a roller-chair. Whatever the reason or whatever the indications marking the progress of this inimical feeling, the outcome of the present question is restricted to a small range. Either the Brooklyn Bridge will be opened on the day set, or the day for the opening will be changed, or Her Majesty Queen Victoria will change her birthday. We await without tremor and without doubt the course of the British Government in this matter. We will add that a Queen who is born is born, and we do not credit that any alderman within the limit of the earth's circumference can knock that proposition endwise.

AN ADJUSTMENT.

Dear me! Who is that girl? That is the prudent maiden that was.

And is that young fellow the poor young man? The very same.

Ah! They have adjusted their differences, have they not? Well, rather.

Has some one died? No: he is as poor as ever; but of late it has been very dull for her; she requires diversion.

So they are engaged? Oh yes, unquestionably.

And does He require diversion too: Not so much; but he has a little pleasure in store for him.

What is that? He has got to break it to the old man.

Will that be fun? Yes, it will be rare sport.

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A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

Mrs. Van Highstoop: NO, MONSIEUR LE COMPTE. THE STATENS ARE *not* IN *our set.* THEY ARE RICH—YES—AND THEY ENTERTAIN LAVISHLY—BUT *who* ARE THEY? DID THEY EVER HAVE A GRANDFATHER OR A GRANDMOTHER? I THINK NOT.

M. Le Compte: ZEN MADAME EES A BELIEVER EEN SPONTANEE-OUS EVOLUTION? *C'est imposseeble!*

Mrs. Van Highstoop (feelingly): OH, COUNT—WELL—YES—THEY *may* HAVE——WELL—ER—LET US PROMENADE, COUNT.

[*The subject changes.*]

"TIME was," Jones lamented, "when to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth was to be lucky. But now, there must be a carriage at the door." "And generally," said Brown, "there is."

THE modest professor of English Composition and Rhetoric at Vassar puts it thus: "Upon Earl Beaconsfield was conferred the Order of the G-rt-r." He also mentions a "three-limbed table."

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TRIOLETS.

(WHAT HE SAID.)

'TIS but a bon-bon kiss,
I dare to offer thee!
It cannot be amiss,
'Tis but a bon-bon kiss—
And yet; instead of this,
Perhaps—Ah, no, I see
'Tis but a bon-bon kiss
I dare to offer thee.

(WHAT SHE THOUGHT.)

He's but a silly boy
To give a *sugar* kiss—
Afraid he might annoy!
He's but a *silly* boy!
Perhaps he don't enjoy
Another kind than this?
He's but a silly boy
To give a *sugar* kiss.

J. W. B.

THE OLD MAN.

SONS have their governors, daughters their fathers, prospective sons-in-law to whom are granted a full bill of possible relations, have the Old Man. It is probably unnecessary to say that he is the father of the Girl. The Old Man's natural enemy is the-Young-Fellow-without-Gold-who-wants-to-marry-the-Girl. To foil him is what he lives for. When once the Girl has definitely ascertained that the Young Fellow is to her taste, it is time wasted to bring evidence as to the absence of his character. Though he may be proved to have been a drunkard, a gambler, a liar, a jilt, or guilty of any species of knavery not incompatible with his being at large, it is all likely to go for nothing with the Girl who will say, openly, "I don't believe it;" and to herself, "It all happened before he knew *me*. He says himself he was a poor creature *then*." So a wise Old Man, while he is not by any means blind to character, will prefer to argue the money question. If he can say to the girl, "Marriage with this young fellow would make it necessary for you to take in washing," she may hesitate.

"Sir; I love your daughter, and she loves me. I feel it to be my duty to let you know it."

It sounds like a very honorable and magnanimous speech from the Young Fellow; and it is: and he never thought so much of himself before. For he feels that in telling the Old Man he has satisfied all demands that honor would make, even upon the most Quixotic soul. It is not his fault that he fell in love with the girl. Is she not lovely? And once having felt the spark, is he to be blamed for courting her for all he was worth until his tender feeling was reciprocated. Oh, no; of course he was not to blame. Love has a right to expression.

And he asks for nothing tangible. He merely tells of the covert existence of a fact, which it seems more honest to openly proclaim. "We are young," he says, "and though I am poor, with such an inspiration I cannot fail to win a name and fortune."

Poor Old Man: If he says, "No, you can't have my daughter," he will hate himself for being mercenary; the Young Fellow will hate him on general principles, and the Girl will cordially dislike him for his unkindness.

But if he says "Yes," he becomes responsible for the Young Fellow from that hour, and must see to it that in due time he is in a position to marry the Girl and does marry her. And meanwhile the Young Fellow will have the run of the premises without let or hindrance, and will be entitled to all rights and easements pertaining to a son of the house.

This was what the Young Fellow asked for when he modestly told his love. He is a fraud—though probably he does not know it; our sympathies are with the Old Man.

PRESENT.	PAST.	PERFECT.
DO OR DU.	DUN.	DUDE.
Remnant of the Dodo.	The result of an over done, dreary existence.	A parasite from Yankee-dude-l.

HOW JOHNNY BROKE THE NEWS.

"OH ma, ma," shrieked Johnny, rushing into his mother's room, "a man down street knocked Pa out with an umbrella and broke three ribs. He——

"What! Three ribs? What will become of us. Oh, my son, your poor father will die. Here, John, run down to Dr. Blank's and tell him to come up immediately with bandages and all those things. Mary, get the Pond's Extract, and tell James to bring the carriage immediately. Dear George, three ribs broken, how he must suffer. It's awful. Thank heaven there's the carriage now. Doctor coming soon, John? That's good. I'm going to get your father, darling. Good bye!"

"What's the matter with ma?" said John as his mother drove off. "Seems kinder worried. Guess I'll run across to Billie's and help him to dynamite that cat. So long!"

In the meanwhile his distracted mother was hastening to her husband's office, where much to her surprise she found him attending to business as usual, and as lively as a "critic."

"Why, George," said she. "I thought you were hurt?"

"Hurt? Lord no. A crank hit me with his umbrella but fortunately I got it away from him before he did much damage. See, there it is. There ribs broke—why, what's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing, I'm going home to see John," was all she said. She went, and Johnny remarked afterwards that he was "sawn."

J. K. B.

A STEAL cruiser—Robeson hunting a ship to repair.

CLARA MORRIS drew well with Salvini—$400 after each performance.

THE editor of the Waco (Texas) *Sentinel*, having been blown up by the explosion of a saw-mill boiler, we suppose it will now be in order to allude to him as "our highly steamed contemporary."

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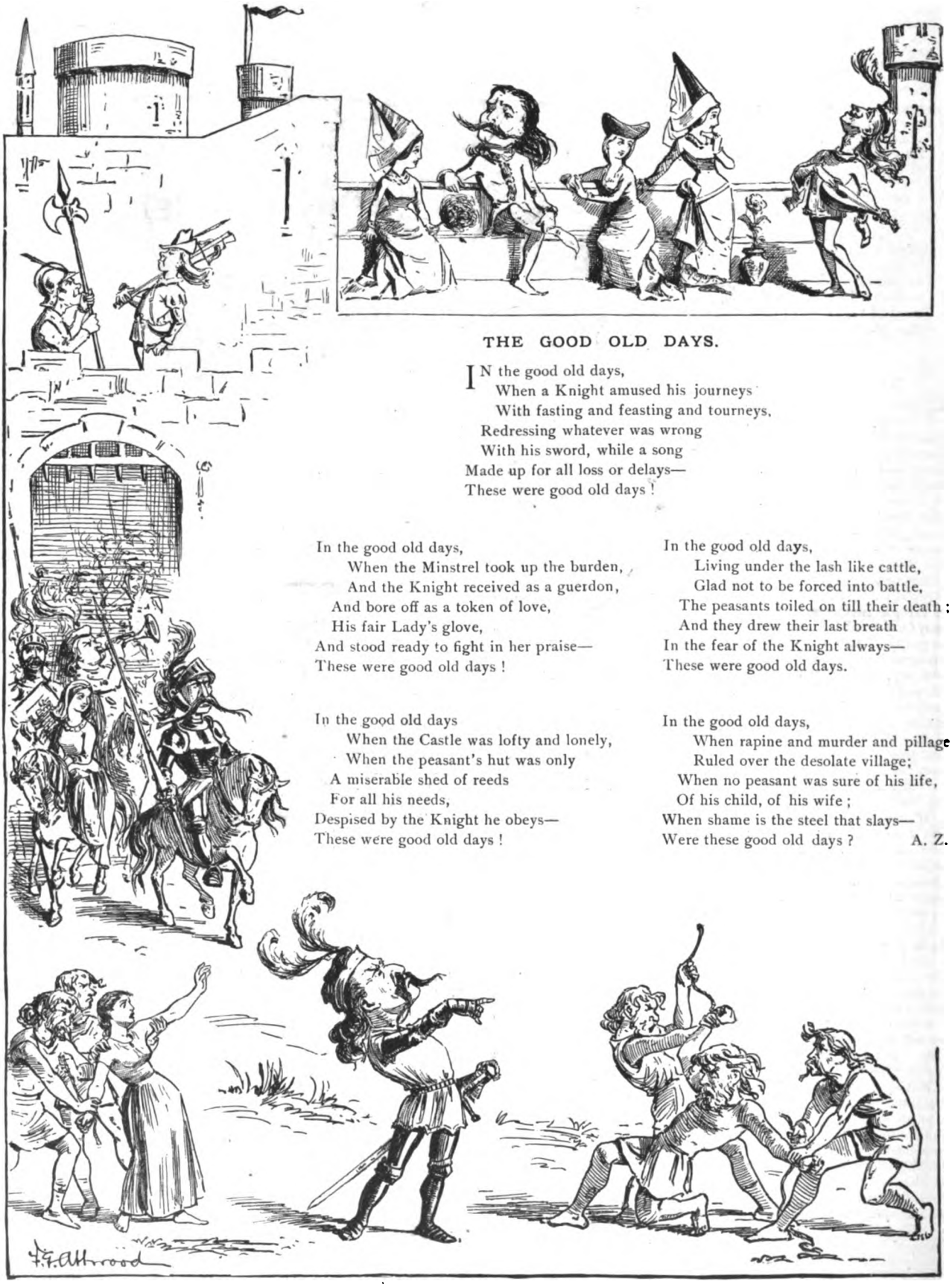

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

IN the good old days,
When a Knight amused his journeys
With fasting and feasting and tourneys,
Redressing whatever was wrong
With his sword, while a song
Made up for all loss or delays—
These were good old days!

In the good old days,
When the Minstrel took up the burden,
And the Knight received as a guerdon,
And bore off as a token of love,
His fair Lady's glove,
And stood ready to fight in her praise—
These were good old days!

In the good old days
When the Castle was lofty and lonely,
When the peasant's hut was only
A miserable shed of reeds
For all his needs,
Despised by the Knight he obeys—
These were good old days!

In the good old days,
Living under the lash like cattle,
Glad not to be forced into battle,
The peasants toiled on till their death;
And they drew their last breath
In the fear of the Knight always—
These were good old days.

In the good old days,
When rapine and murder and pillage
Ruled over the desolate village;
When no peasant was sure of his life,
Of his child, of his wife;
When shame is the steel that slays—
Were these good old days? A. Z.

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FROM THE DOG SHOW.

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LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

FEBRUARY 2ND, 18—.

THE physics lectures this term are very interesting. This morning the lecturer happened to select the sunny-haired Xanthus as the *corpus vile* of his electrical experiments. The victim mounted the glass-legged insulating stool with a confident grin, but when the battery got in its work on him, his expression changed. His rich auburn mat stood up on end in a circular aureole, under which his convulsed and livid features showed like the face of a pre-Raphaelite saint against a nimbus of old-gold. The professor smiled, and even the ranks of Tuscany—the red-heads of the Third Division, known in history as "The Old Brick Row"—could scarce forbear to cheer.

But the bottle which was to have been exhausted of air, and then crushed by the pressure of the outside atmosphere, had some flaw in it. It wouldn't crush. The lecturer and his colored assistant relieved each other in vain at the air-pump. Bets were freely laid—in whispers—with odds in favor of the bottle. At last the harrowing struggle was abandoned. Hudson—who is not devoid of a certain sprightliness—was afterwards heard to say that the receiver was less exhausted than the darkey. Beverley—to whom nothing human is alien—lingered after the lecture, and asked the professor whether this experiment was designed to illustrate the strength of materials. He also expressed sympathy with the assistant. He found the latter to be a practical philosopher, who regarded his chief's methods of breaking glass as needlessly indirect.

"Break 'em easy 'nough, take a hatchet," was his comment.

"Formerly a boy was used," said the lecturer, in explaining the self-adjusting valve of the steam engine, and his countenance wore a pitying smile at the rudeness of the contrivance. But on going to my room after the lecture, I was annoyed to find one of those obsolete pieces of machinery waiting for me at the door with a tailor's bill. How much more delicate and impersonal would have been a simple, self-adjusting valve, with bill attached, hanging from the door-knob!

FEBRUARY 17TH.

Attended the afternoon lecture on the metric system of weights and measures, and made the following entry (original) in my note-book: There is no use in trying to bring home the Metric System to the great heart of the people, until our proverbs and even our English classics have been amended in the interest of the reform, thus:

A miss is as good as a kilometre (approximate).
A gram of prevention is worth a dekagram of cure.
"Aye, every centimetre a King"—*Lear*, etc., etc.

FEBRUARY 22ND.

The birthday of George Washington! Watson told me that it was rumored in well-informed circles that Higginson had this morning unearthed again the fur cap with a knob on top which he used to wear at the Grammar School, and subsequently here through his first winter. Calling at Higginson's room last Tuesday, I found his chum and a few sympathizing friends sitting around the grate and feeding the flames with a collection of Higginson's head-gear. I saw them burn:

1st. The green plaid cap with patent leather frontispiece.
2nd. The black cloth hat with exposed wire rim, which gave so much offence in Sophomore year.
3rd. The felt "Monitor" with the hole in the apex, through which the sunlight twinkled.

But the fur cap was not among them, and there is too much ground for the fear that it escaped the holocaust, and that Watson's information is true.

MARCH 4TH.

There is some excitement over the suspension of Punderson, the class poet. The fellows have been in the habit of sending him little pencil notes in recitation, begging for odes, etc., to while away the tedium of the hour. G. Horne was especially importunate in these requests. Finally, to him too much demanding, the odist, after a short frenzy on the front bench, returned the following answer, written on a blank leaf torn from his text-book:

TO MÆCENAS.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget *Apollo*.

G. Horne, you seem to think, by——,
That Homer doesn't ever nod.
You'll find, if once your hand you try,
That writing endless poetry
*'s Not half so easy as you think.
It needs good †smear, cigars and drink
To get a high-toned frenzy up:
The muse is dull without the cup.
Who eats at Commons Club his dinner
Will find his wit grow thin and thinner.
Mæcenas, set 'em ‡upward straight,
Or for your odes in vain you'll wait.

The eagle eye of the instructor lit on this manuscript gem as it was passing from hand to hand along the benches toward G. Horne. He arrested it and read it. Its sentiments and language were both too improper to be overlooked, and Punderson is now absent temporarily from these shades.

ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

THE best wish I can send to thee
On this, the morning of thy life,
Is not for pleasure nor for wealth,
Nor to be free from care and strife;

But that, when Time shall lay his hand
With soft caress on thy dear head,
Thy heart will not turn back and call
Those years the best which long have fled;

That all thy treasures may not lie
With buried years, 'neath vanished skies;
That thy best joy may never be
To view the Past with wistful eyes;

But that the Future aye may hold
Some cherished hope to lead thee on,
So that thy heart may never sigh:
"My fairest days are dead and gone."

PHILIP HAY.

---

* Cf. Horace. —— u—
xorius amnis." and scholiast.
† *Academice*—food. ‡ Pocula largiter superposuit. Lost Decades of Livy.

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BOOKISHNESS.

THE BOOK-AY OF LITERATURE—the musty smell of a rare old volume.

A NEW serial story is begun in the May number of *Harper's*, and it is called a "Castle in Spain." As the author evidently intended to make his curious characters walk Spanish, it would not do to have called his tale "A Castle in the Air," because Ayr is in Scotland.

THE Led-Horse Claim," is the name of a very clever American novel, but the authoress fails to tell us whether the Lead-Horse originally belonged to the Tin-Soldier, whereof we were wont to read in Andersen and the nursery.

IT is announced that Mr. Harry Jim (if we may be thus familiar) is going to write for the *Century* an essay on the late Anthony Trollope, an Englishman whose mother spoke almost as ill of America as Mr. Harry Jim himself. Why does not Mr. Jim tackle the works of the Reverend Everett Hale, and give us an essay on "The Man without a Country."

IT is said that the very successful no-name novel, "A Daughter of the Philistines," is the work of that very successful novelist, Prof. H. H. Boyesen. It is a story of Wall street existence with pictures from the life of the curious zoological specimens there collected. But its title suggests Miss Delilah, the young lady who got Mr. Sampson where his hair was short.

A PUBLISHER is now engaged in getting out a series of "Famous Women" biographies. Already have lives of George Eliot and Emily Bronte appeared, and sketches of George Sand and Mary Lamb and Margaret Fuller are in preparation. But great injustice is a-brewing. So far, at least, no announcement has been made of any volume in the series to be devoted to the most widely read female author of any time or country, the revered and altogether unforgetable Mother Goose.

M. JOHN STERLING'S latest novel, the "Porte Bonheur; or, I don't give a D——," has been translated into American by Mr. E. Zola, "who has fully preserved the power, strength and interest of the original,"—if we may believe the preface which the publishers (T. B. Peterson & Brothers) have prepared, probably desiring to spare the author from all further trouble. M. Sterling is the great French leader of the Naturalistic school. But this book is a Moral Book. And it is also a very Dull Book. It is almost as dull as the ordinary Imported English novel and it is not as Decorous.

1st Citizen: SAY CHAWLES, WOULD A BRA-A-SS PEDESTAL DO FOR THE BA-ARTHOLDI STATUE?

2nd Citizen: CERT, M'DEAR F'LAH. BUT HOW'LL WE GET THE BRA-A-SS? IT COSTS, Y'KNOW!

1st C.: MELT DOWN CESNO-O-LA—EH?

2nd C.: OH! (*reflects*) BUT WE CAWN'T HAVE THE PED BIGGER'N THE STAT, Y'KNOW.

PROBABLY few persons of ordinary intelligence and given to travelling, have ever known that the Senator Wagner, in whose luxurious palace cars they reclined and in whose opulent sleeping cars they slumbered, was a poet. But he was. This fact is strange, if true. And still stranger, if true, is the fact that it is a French woman who has first written him up. It is perhaps owing to the ignorance of this foreign female on the delicate ground of American geography that there is a little uncertainty about the towns where he composed his poetry. She refers to cities which she calls Rienzi and Parsifal. Now, we know Rome and Memphis, Utica aud Syracuse; we know Oshkosh and Sheboygan, Kalamazoo and Peoria; we know even Weehawken and Skowhegan; but Parsifal and Rienzi we do not know. With the hope that some kind reader may be able to straighten this thing out, we give the full name of the book: "Richard Wagner and his Poetical Work from Rienzi to Parsifal," by Judith Gautier, (Boston, A. Williams and Co., the old Corner Bookstore. 1883.)

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BIOGRAPHETTE.

XIV.

JAMES BEN-GORDON.

JAMES BEN-GORDON necessarily inherited vast wealth, his father having been an editor. He appeared first as a single sheet extra, double leaded pica and of pink complexion, and there was only one of him issued, price two cents. Upon reaching his majority, little Jimmie, as he was then called, was suddenly summoned to executive control of the entire estate. Being of frugal disposition he carefully deposited the revenues accruing each month in yachts, fast horses and other securities, of which he holds an enormous amount to this day. He likewise reorganized the staff of the periodical he inherited, and devoted his own tremendous talents to the editing of the personal column on the front page, which soon became famous all over the civilized world. A corps of foreign correspondents was likewise organized by him in this city, and they daily send cablegrams of column length from the city editor's room to the office of the managing editor, giving the particulars of interviews with crowned heads all over Europe, Asia and Harlem. This enormous expense is incurred cheerfully by Mr. Ben-Gordon, and he certainly leads the world in this enterprise.

His explorations in Central Africa, by deputy, and his investigations of the North Pole, by able substitutes, have given him a reputation for daring which is peerless. In naval architecture, however, he won most fame. His last yacht was really the work of his own hands, for while a few deserving artisans drew her lines and hammered her planks together, he did the rest himself, drawing his checque unaided. He was likewise celebrated for a duel fought in two States simultaneously—he being in New Jersey and his opponent in Yonkers while the fatal shots were exchanged.

C.

A DEFECTIVE SOCIETY REPORTER.

SCENE IN EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE KALAMAZOO *Kalsominer*.

J. GROWLER, Managing Editor, to City Editor: "Say, Smith! What asinine idiot did you send over to Jenkins' last night, to 'do up' that private masquerade?"

"Let me see! Why, the new man, DeCourcy, I believe."

"Send the monumental ass to my room when he comes in; I want to see him."

Half an hour later, DeCourcy arrives from reporting a dog-fight out in the country (the Sporting Editor having gone to a slugging match), and with fear and trembling, approaches the inner Sanctum.

"See here, Mr. DeCorsets! I want to know what you mean by sending in copy of this kind."

The "new man" mildly corrected the pronunciation of his cognomen, and asked what was the matter with his work.

"What's the matter? why, Hades and Demnition! Read it, man, read it! I never saw anything so horribly unfinished in all my life, Mr. De Snorky! Never, sir, never!!"

The embryo Jenkins read it carefully and handed it back, saying: "Well, Mr. Growler, the article seems to be all right. It reads pretty well, I flatter myself!"

"Pup-pup-pup-pretty well, nonsense! Listen to this rot now: '* * * * * * and the spacious parlors were adorned with natural flowers.' Now, Mr. Recherche, that is nice language for a journal of the *Kalsominer's* standing to print now, isn't it? You are a fine adjective slinger, you are! Why, you bemuddled snoozer you, my little boy ten years of age would know enough to say: 'And the gorgeous suite of Orientally draped parlors, whose walls were one solid mass of dazzling plate glass mirrors from marble wainscoting to frescoed ceiling, were festooned from cornice to peristyle and from bracket to architrave (these terms never mean anything special, but they are stock expressions and should always be rung in somewhere), with the rarest exotics ('exotics,' man, '*exotics!*'—*always* 'EXOTICS!!') gathered at a fabulous expense from the four corners of the earth, and arranged in the most skillful and attractive manner known to the florist's art."

"Now, don't you see how very consumptive 'flowers' sound, when compared with the rich, rolling 'ex-ot-ics?'"

DeCourcy faltered forth a shaky affirmative.

"To resume, what do you say after 'flowers'?—'Dancing was indulged in until 3 A.M.' Oh! my stricken soul! Not a single reference to the 'subtle perfume!' Where *did* you serve your apprenticeship? Don't you know, my dear Mr. DeCustard, that a society report without the 'subtle perfume' in it, is like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out! I might have overlooked the use of the word 'flowers' in lieu of 'exotics,' but the absence of the 'subtle perfume'—Never!! You *should* have gone on, after 'flowers' (or 'exotics'), in this wise: 'whose subtle perfume quickened the ravished senses of the gay masquers (always remember to spell it with a "q"), who now abandoned themselves to Terpsichorean revelry—as the dreamy, sensuous waltz, the dashing polka, and the alluring galop, was discoursed in heavenly strains by a superb orchestra—until the wee sma' hours ("wee sma' hours" is a "bull's eye" on the gentle reader, every time), arrived, and the leaden morning rays gave the hitherto dazzling gas-lights in the crystal chandeliers, a dull and *bistre* appearance.' 'Bistre' is the correct Kibosh, my son, and rounds off the article with an appropriate contrast.

"Now, Mr. DeGoosey, in view of these lucid instructions, do you think you will be equal to the 'choice exotic, subtle perfume, sensuous waltz, and *bistre* racket,' in the future?"

DeCourcy thought it over and made up his mind that he would be a gigantic failure as an "exotic-er," a "subtle perfumist," or a delineator of "bistre"-some effects, and sadly tendered his resignation as "Society Reporter" on the paper.

He is now Chief Custodian of the Cuspidor and Grand Broom Wrestler Extraordinary, in the *Kalsominer* office, at a salary of $3 per week and "found"—in old exchanges for use as a sleeping mattress, quilts, pillow, etc.

EBENEZER FRESHQUILL.

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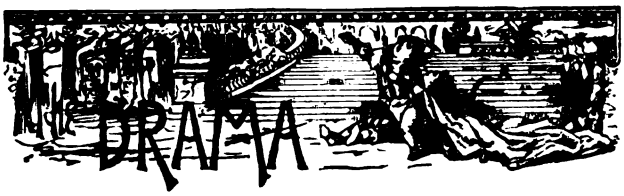

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Mr. Wallack's Company of Imported Cockney Comedians will Appear in

"THE CAPE SNOWBALL,"

BY

CLEMENT SCOTT AND SYDNEY GRUNDY.

THE CAPE MAIL.

AN entirely new petite comedy, in one act, by Clement Scott, Esq., recently played at the Haymarket Theatre, London (Ontario), with great success; this is what the programme kindly calls it. This is what the English manager thinks about it. What the American critic thinks about it may be expressed more briefly: It is sickly and hyper-sentimental rubbish, full of machine-made pathos and patent leather emotion. Miss Measor acts well. So does Mr. Kelcey. So does Mr. Flockton. So does not Miss Coghlan.

AFTER THE "CAPE MAIL."

A GENTLEMAN (*to the Lady who sits next to him*): Is this the "Cape Mail," or is it the "Liar?"

THE LADY: Why do you ask?

THE GENTLEMAN: Because everybody in the play lies, except the old woman, and she is blind, and, therefore, does not dare tell a lie for fear she could not see her way out of it.

THE LADY: They do all prevaricate a little.

THE GENTLEMAN: A little? They all lie like a war-map!

THE SNOWBALL.

ACT I.

This is a farcical comedy, and so the lying begun in the one-act play is continued in the three-act. The imported Mr. Tearle lies; the imported Miss Rose Coghlan lies; the imported Mr. Buckstone lies; Miss Marion Booth lies; Miss Effie Germon lies. And Mr. John Gilbert believes the imported Mr. Osmond Tearle to be lying when for once, and for a wonder, he is telling the truth.

BETWEEN ACTS I. AND II.

AN INQUIRING PERSON: The "Cape Mail" is an imported English comedy, by Mr. Clement Scott, is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE INQUIRING PERSON: But it is an adaptation of the French "Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit," is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE INQUIRING PERSON: Then why does Mr. Wallack announce it as this man Scott's?

HIS FRIEND (*seeing a chance for a merry jest*): It is wrong; but perhaps he hopes to get off Scot free.

[*The Inquiring Person goes out to see a man.*]

ACT II.

This is still a farcical comedy and so the lying continues. The imported Mr. Osmond Tearle, the imported Miss Rose Coghlan, the Imported Mr. Buckstone, Miss Marion Booth, Miss Effie Germon continued to lie, and Mr. John Gilbert still believes that the imported Mr. Osmond Tearle is lying when he happens by chance to be telling the truth. The imported Miss Rose Coghlan arrays herself in an imported English dressing-gown which sends cold chills down the back of every American woman who sees it.

BETWEEN ACTS II. AND III.

AN ENQUIRING PERSON: The "Snowball" is an imported English comedy by Mr. Sydney Grundy, is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE ENQUIRING PERSON: But it is an adaptation of the French Play "Oscar; ou, un Mari qui troupe sa femme," by M. Eugéne Scribe, is it not?

HIS FRIEND: Yes.

THE ENQUIRING PERSON: Then why does Mr. Wallack announce it as the work of this man Grundy?

HIS FRIEND (*seeing a chance for a merry jest*): It is wrong, but perhaps he does not care what Mrs. Grundy says.

[*The Inquiring Person goes out to see a man.*]

ACT III.

This is still a farcical comedy, but as the Imported Mr. Osmond Tearle takes occasion for once to tell the Imported Miss Rose Coghlan the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, of course the play comes to an abrupt end. The best acting in it is done by Mr. John Gilbert and Miss Effie Germon.

AFTER THE PLAY.

AN OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY (*putting on her cloak*): La, me. I don't go to the theayter more'n once in four or five year, an' when I do, I do like to see a play with some gumption into it.

HER CITY COUSIN: Didn't you like the plays to-night?

THE OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY (*storing away in her reticule the candies remaining in the package bought by the City Cousin*): La, me! I suppose them shows is all alike. They're big on promisin' an' mighty slim in performin'. They call it the "Cape Mail," and there ain't no cloaks and no post-office in the hull drayma. They call it the "Snowball," and there ain't no snow nor no sleighin' in it: leastwise I didn't see none.

HER CITY COUSIN: But, Aunty, you see——

THE OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY (*interrupting*): An' I don't see no sense in havin' two names to one play, anyhow. But, then, play-actors are allus so queer and contrary-like. Though why that young woman took on so powerful when she allowed her husband was dead, should set out to play tricks on him as soon as he was back from the war, I don't see, no how. That lets me out completely. ARTHUR PENN.

A HANDSOME young fellow named Bunny
Was sadly in need of some money;
His heart and his hand
Went in barter for "sand"
To a lady whose figure was funny.

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ANTICIPATION.

YOUNG Sympkins reins his steed with care
And strikes an ambling pace ;
Full bright the day ; full sweet the air,
Secluded is the place.
He tries his bow,—would SHE were there
To see his tranquil grace !
A smile his face serenely stirs ;
He dreams of one adorning her's.

REALIZATION.

SHE comes; the joyous smile is there;
Her father 's coming too.
Full bright the day, full sweet the air;
The sky 's a perfect blue.
He tries his bow—so does his mare.
As thoroughbreds will do.
An unforeseen event occurred,
Poor Sympkins quite forgot—and spurred.

POKER AMONG THE POETS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is said to have been a student of draw-poker, but there is no evidence to prove it.—*Boston Post.* Isn't there? In *Thanatopsis* he says: "Thou shalt lie down with kings!" Shakespeare played poker too. He makes *Polonius* say: "Beware of entrance into a [jack-pot], but being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." Also says *Hamlet*, probably having raised the pot on four clubs and a heart—"Now might I do it pat." Then see the following :

"I cannot draw."—*King Lear, v.*, 3.

"This business will raise us all."—*Winter's Tale, iv.*, 4.

"I would give all my fame for a pot."—*Henry V., iii.*, 2.

"Let him pass peaceably."—2 *Henry VI.*, 3.

"You apprehend passing shrewdly."—*Much Ado, ii.*, 1.

"I can draw as soon as any other man."—*Romeo and Juliet, ii.*, 4.

King John had evidently run up against a flush with threes, for he says: "It is the curse of kings!"—*King John, vi.*, 2.

Henry VI. likewise must have had a dismal experience when he was forced to call the dealer—"Thou setter up and plucker down of kings."—3 *Henry VI., ii.*, 3. Then we have several hints of the hands held in those grand old days :

"I have a bobtail."—*King Lear, iii.*, 6.

"These begging Jacks."—*Merchant of Venice, iii.*, 4.

"We see these things effected to the full."—2 *Henry VI., i*, 2.

"Straight let us seek."—*King John, v.*, 7.

"PUZNISS IS PUZNISS!"

THE parents of an about-to-be bride, hearing with dismay that it was fast becoming the fashion to send floral gifts instead of the more substantial things of this world to the happy couple, worded the wedding invitations as follows :

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Request your presents
At the marriage of their daughter
MARIGOLD
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Friends will kindly omit
Flowers. J. K. B.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"*Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors.*"—[St. Paul to the Fenians IV., 11, 44.]

ITALIAN music is fine because it is ground so much on the streets.—*N. O. Picayune.*

IT was first known that hogs were good to eat when Japhet Ham. It would be a Shem not to Noah thing was good after trying it.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*

IF the pictures can be believed, it was a very simple matter for an ancient Roman to get ready for bed. He just took his sandals off, that's all.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

WHEN Ouida asked Charles Reade for a name for her dog he suggested "Tonic," saying, "It is sure to be a mixture of bark, steal and whine."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"ARAMINTA." You ask how you may acquire beauty. Get married to a public officer. You will then instantly become "a model of feminine beauty." They all do.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE young man was trying to play sober. He sat with the young lady on the front steps. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's as full as a goose; ain't it?"—*Georgia Major.*

A maiden at Vassar
Was a terrible gasser,
And always paraded her learning;
Since her pa lost his rocks
Through a tumble of stocks,
She studies the science of churning.
—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

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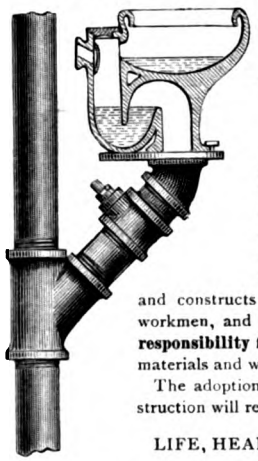

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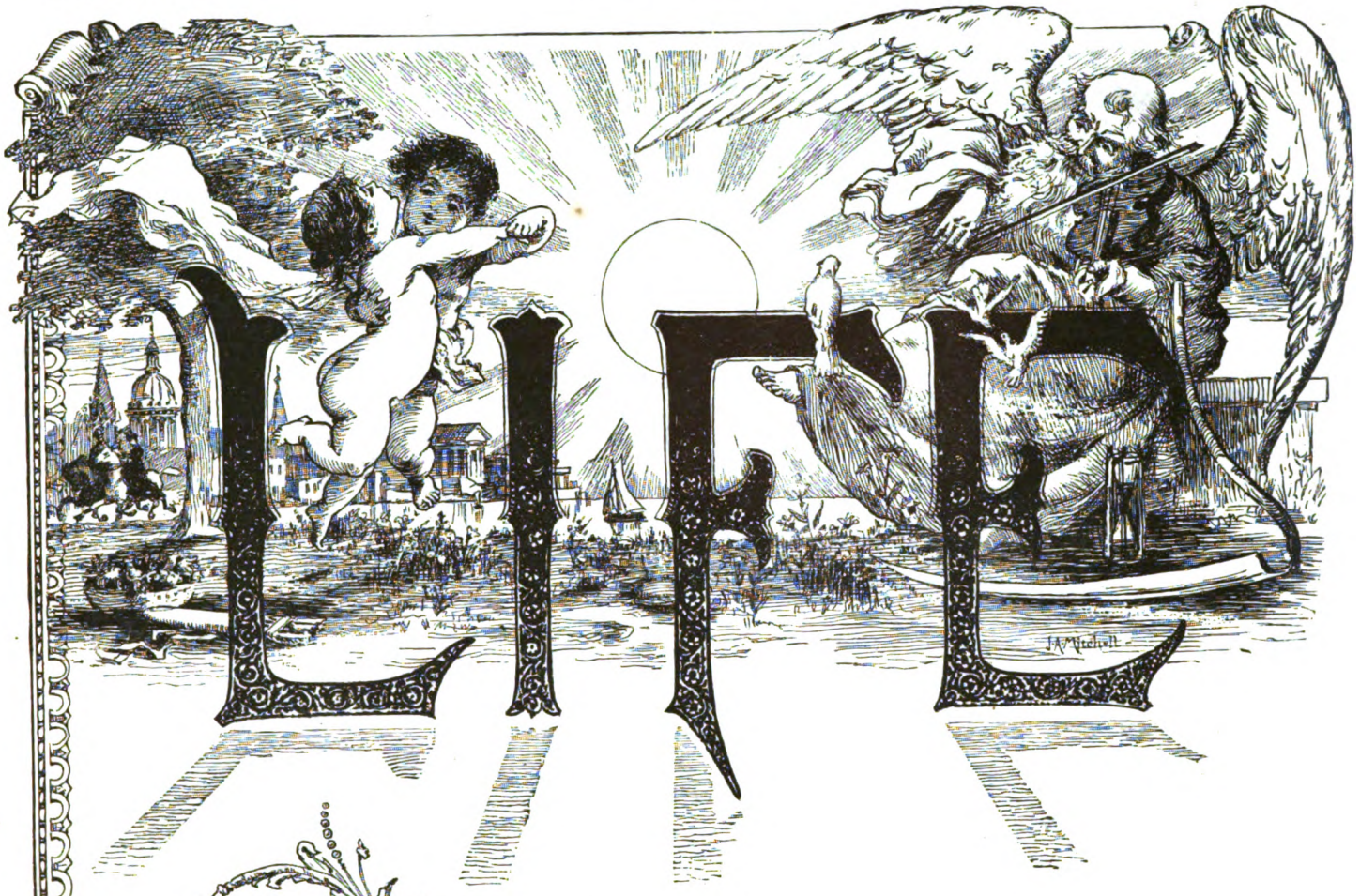

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The hotels of the Campobello Company, "THE OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED," will be opened for the season in the latter part of June, and will be under the same management as last year.

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IS THIS A DAGGER WHICH I SEE BEFORE ME?

THE TOILS GATHERING ABOUT OUR CORRESPONDENT.

HIGH LIFE IN LONDON!!

DO EXTREMES MEET?

LONDON, April 30th, 1883.

HERE I am in the full swim of London life. When I last wrote you I was in St. Quentin, looking aghast at the box and dagger which that toothless creature had given me. Laden with the money so unexpectedly advanced to me, I sought my landlord and called for my bill. He handed it to me wound upon a roller. It was as long as Leporello's account of his master's *bonnes fortunes*. The rascal charged me for undrunk champagne (which was more exasperating than being charged with "unkissed kisses"); for candles enough to have taken my soul comfortably through Purgatory; for cabs, cigars, drinks and service. Never since the palmy deeds of the Tweed ring had such a bill been devised. I paid it, and shook the dust of St. Quentin from my feet.

Life here is very charming, though ever and anon that dagger comes before my eyes, and when I am exchanging badinage with a Duchess or setting a Prince's table in a roar, a cold shiver runs down my back; the flow of wit ceases as if the faucet had been turned off by a remorseless hand. Sydney Smith is transformed into Œdipus the Tyrant, to the consternation of the people at dinner. This evening, at a small dinner at the Duke of Dumpshires, we were laughing over Lady Florence Dixie's adventure, when Lady Mount Ararat (Her husband, by the way, is now playing in "Iolanthe" in America. There is madness in the family; he *would* go on the stage, though he can neither act nor sing), one of the most charming women in London, said, looking straight at and through me with her beautiful eyes:

"Dear me! I can imagine nothing more terrible than to be slashed with a dagger! With such a one as this, for instance!" she added, as she drew a little dagger from her hair, and handed it to me.

The dagger was exactly like the one which I found in the head of my bed at St. Quentin. Around its hilt the same malevolent serpent twisted through the eye of the same grinning skull.

"But the poor Czar; to be blown up with dynamite! That was terrible!" gasped the Duchess.

"I wonder what the Nihilists have in store for the coronation of the present Czar?" naïvely inquired Lady Mount Ararat, still looking at and through me. "There will be absolutely no chance of the assassin escaping with his life!"

"Not the slightest," lisped the Honorable Percy Amarynth. "Yet there is no doubt but that the man is chosen, and that he is at this moment planning in what manner he is to do the deed!"

"If he weakens in his purpose he is a dead man," slowly muttered the old Duke.

Every one seemed to be looking at me; the ladies arose to leave the room.

When I sat down, after the last skirt had swept from the room, I perceived that the dagger affixed Lady Mount Ararat's dinner card to the table, and that on the card was scribbled "*To Russia immediately!*"

I instinctively filled a goblet with port of the vintage of 1812, and drained it at a swallow. The Duke looked at me aghast, and I saw that I had forfeited his esteem. The other men sipped the priceless wine drop by drop as if to reproach me.

But the Honorable Percy Amarynth came over towards me as the footman offered me a cigarette and a lighted candle.

"You will supply the lung-power!" he said, with a smile, and with a toothless smile, which I had seen before, and in the gloomy inn-parlor at St. Quentin!

I excused myself to the Duke; tottered to a cab and drove to my lodgings.

I have just sent by my valet to Amarynth the sum which he advanced to me at St. Quentin, with six per cent. interest up to date.

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You see I am writing to you with a type-writer. I cannot hold a pen. The toils are gathering around me. I have put the bureau against the door, and shall soon go to bed. To bed! oh, the sarcasm, to me, of the usually comfortable word!

OYSTERS are still good. Hip, hip, a raw!

THE Khan of Tartary wants to visit America, but Khan't.

MANY patients at our best hospitals receive gruel treatment.

WHEN the poet alludes to "April's sweet smiles" he means mint julips.

A "LOAN WIDDER"—the relict of the late Mr. Blumenstein, who still conducts his business.

IRISH CHEMIST: No. Glycerine smuggled into harbor under cover of darkness is not night row glycerine.

A GOOD title for a novel is hard to procure. Julian Hawthorne's last is "Dust." It is *so* much sweeter than "Git!"

THE trouble with Mr. Carter Harrison of Chicago seems to be a difficulty of keeping his mouth shut and his ears hid.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.—Just what ails brother Talmage. Is this thing getting to be epidemic?

RED DOG, Arizona, is getting civilized. A coroner was appointed last month, and next morning he impanelled a jury to view the most recent corpse. The following was the verdict: "We, the jurey, dooly swore, find that diseased kem ter his deth by the jujmint off Godd, fer hevin kawled Bil Jaxon a lier."

PARVULUS Jack Horner
Sedebat in corner
  Edens a Christmas pie.
Inseruit thumb,
Et extraherit plum,
  Clamans "Quid sharp puer am I!"

AT a recent Southern camp meeting the eloquent divine said: "The wheels of the righteous shriek and groan as they toil up the hill of salvation and over the ruts of temptation and the bridge of damnation, and have to scrowdge pretty lively to get up at all; but the sinner, with greased wheels and flying colors, slips down to tarnation like a dose of oil, with a rip and a whizz, and raises no dust whatever." Now who says oratory is a lost art?

THE London *Globe* is remarkable for coherency. Speaking of a tree in Berlin, it says: "Recently the seventeenth body of the seventeenth suicide was cut down from its branches." Great Scott! Suppose the seventeenth suicide's twenty-ninth body had been found there!

A FABLE FOR THE BRAVE.

A FLY, observing one day a sheep running with great rapidity from a forest, enquired:

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"Matter enough!" panted the Sheep, "Dear Fly, in yonder wood there is a Lion!"

"Really? and what of that?" returned the Fly. "Surely, you are not afraid of a Lion?"

"And do you indeed not fear him?" gasped the sheep.

"Certainly not; to prove it, I will myself enter the wood."

The Fly hurried away, and returning after some time, continued:

"You are right, my friend; he is there; but really there is no occasion for fear. I conversed with him for some minutes, and I even flatter myself that it was I who annoyed him. Pray, do not be so timid!"

At this moment a spider, who had just completed her web near by, appeared suddenly on the scene. The Fly turned pale, and, without warning, fainted quite away. The Spider, seizing him, bore him into her web, whence he never re-appeared!

"Alas! my friend," sighed the Sheep, as he walked quietly away, "It is not so much what you are afraid of, as it is the being afraid!"

ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN TO SELL STATUARY AT RETAIL must be well posted and have A 1 references. — West — st.

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He (to his fiancée): I SAY, JULIA, OLD GIRL, HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THIS?
She (who hates to have people talk to her when she is reading): NO.
He: WHAT! NOT SEEN THIS SWEET THING IN CHINA.
She (with enthusiasm): OH! IN CHINA? WHAT IS IT?
He: SUGAR. [*She breaks the engagement.*]

OUR POETRY.

THE bulk of our mail is poetry. Bliff, the office boy, brings it in, nine bagsful at a time. He then sorts it. Bliff is chain lightning on sorting poetry —is Bliff. There are six large crates ranged around Bliff's seat. One is labelled "Spring," another "Love," another "Obituary," two more "My Baby Brother" and "Moonlight." The last, which is larger, glares in red letters with "Can't Say." Bliff never makes a mistake. A spring poem never goes into the baby box. Love melodies and obituary insanities are invariably sorted rightly. Ravings upon moonlight are never put in the "Can't Say" crate. That is devoted solely to such lyrics as impress Bliff with the idea the author himself didn't know what he was writing about.

Bliff then "averages" them. He mixes up the contents of each box with a broomstick. Then he yanks up the office cat by the tail, and lowers her into the box until she can just reach the envelopes. Whichever poem she claws up is accepted as the lucky one to go before the Editor of Politics and Poetry, who is bald-headed, and doesn't like to read much. Bliff caught this idea from seeing raffles drawn at Coney Island. He knows that his own selection would not be so impartial as that of the cat. He is right.

Six poems being fished out by this process, Bliff and the cat skirmish for something to eat and then the boy carts away the unlucky verses and sells them to the waste-paper man for sixty-five cents a crate, and invests the proceeds in sandwiches, blue cravats and cigarettes. By-and-bye, he says, he will buy the cat a brass collar with his name on to it.

ENGLAND, on seeing O'Donovan Rossa's boat: "Now comes the tug of war."

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THE MEDICINAL WAR.

THIS row among the doctors is at once unusual and unfortunate. Doctors have hitherto been so peaceably disposed towards each other, so ready to yield to each other's opinions, and so eager to consult those whose creeds were different, that the present agitation is a complete surprise. If the new code goes into effect this will be the result. Doctor Podophyllin, the Allopath, who believes that a pound of calomel and two gallons of castor oil are only a mild starter, and that stewed podophyllin, prussic acid soup and iodide of potassium gravy are the only articles of food an invalid requires, will have to call in Doctor Taffee, the Homœopath, in whose opinion the one-millionth of a grain of citrate of beef is almost too powerful a tonic to use. If by the mutual consultation of these two the patient doesn't improve, and he isn't likely to, why, they will call in Doctor Chillem, the Hydropath, who will put the sick man in an ice pack, soak his head, and give him a gallon of diluted water every four minutes until relieved. After this, they will either summon the undertaker or Doctor Twistemup, the Electropath, who will put the invalid through a series of ingenious contortions, and completely riddle him with thunderbolts and agony, with a view to shaming the disease into acknowledging that it cannot cause any pain worth mentioning.

DR. PODOPHYLLIN.

DR. TAFFEE.

DR. CHILLEM.

DR. TWISTEMUP.

Next will be summoned in a great hurry, Doctor Mixer, the Eclectic, who will administer to the happy sufferer a course of complicated sprouts of all the schools of medicine together, and note the result. Finally will come Doctor Bunkum, who cures by laying on of hands. Doctor Bunkum will pray and sing and lay on hands, and stand on his head and read a psalm, throw a back somersault and read two verses from St. Paul and bid the sick man arise. If the sick man doesn't or can't, every one present will give him a pill, clap on a plaster, douse him or shock him out of his senses, and *then* the coroner will come.

DR. MIXER.

This will be living in the true spirit of harmony and professional brotheroood. But what will become of the patient?

In the good old days of saddlebags, leeches and setons, consultations were never fashionable, and people lived to a more advanced age than they do now. Doctors were all of one school—and when they went to the patient's funeral they bore malice towards no one, unless the widow had inadvertently forgotten to pay the bill, which, of course, made trouble. Now all will be chaos. If the sufferer's constitution enables him to stand the strain of a joint treatment, each pill-mixer will swear that it was his own particular prescription that did the business, and will, of course, expect double pay for the same. If the patient dies, each will swear that it was the other that killed him, and then the police will have to get in some very fine and prompt work to prevent trouble. There is only one way out of this. If a joint consultation is insisted on, let but one doctor's bill be allowed, and make him share it with the rest—that is, if the patient survives the ordeal. If he dies—hang *all* the doctors.

DR. BUNKUM.

H. G. C.

WHEN YOU MEET ME.

WHEN you meet me, lift your hat,
There is courtesy in that,
And the fair expression, too,
Of respect that is my due.
He who lamely taps the rim
Of his hat—I answer him
With a stare—of scorn, at that.
When you meet me, lift your hat.

When you meet me, lift your hat.
How insipid, stale and flat
Seems "Good Morning" from a man
With a head like his rattan,—
For I always apprehend
Who thus greets a lady friend
Is a "stick"—and bald, at that!
When you meet me, lift your hat.

J. W. R.

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GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

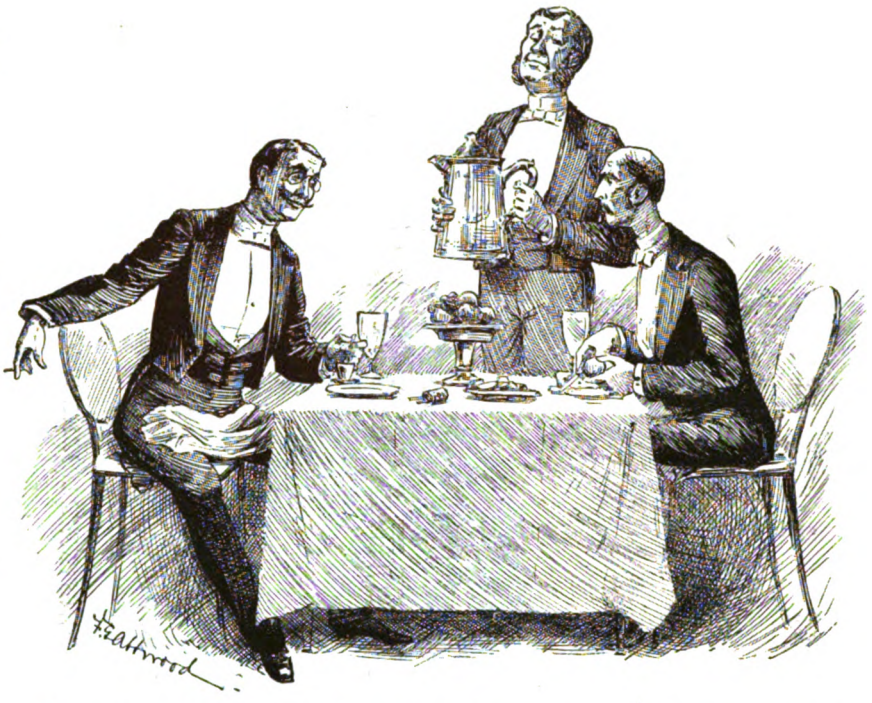
DOWN in the meadow the grass was green
And buds were red on the maple tree,
And far to the south we saw the sheen
Of the luminous, purple sea:
We stood alone in the mossy porch,
Of the ancient house that was her home;
And the sun shone like a golden torch,
Where the clouds were white as foam

Ah, but we spooned in the mellow glow,
For her red, ripe lips were warm and sweet,
And words were easy to say, you know,
And the hours were very fleet:
And vows were made as the sun went down,
And feet would linger, despite old time,
And the lonely way that led to town,
When the curfew bell should chime.

And her name, what was it, Maud or May?
For the grass is green, the maple red,
And a long, long year has fled away
Since those sweet vows were said.
Her husband and she are lately gone
To Paris, or Moscow, what matter which?
For my name, you see, is simply John,
And he's Count Stephanlasitch.

I know that her face was sweet and fair,
That her lips were red like cherries are,
That the sun made gold amid her hair,
And her eyes shone like a star.
But unless I err, the meadow path
Holds just as dainty a maid as she;
And why should I nurse despair and wrath,
When a new love waits for me?

THOS. S. COLLIER.



Jones (a wealthy prohibitionist, who is giving a dinner to Parcher on strictly temperance principles): JOHN, IT IS VERY CLOSE IN HERE. CAN'T YOU OPEN SOMETHING?

Parcher (with eagerness): YES! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! OPEN A BOTTLE.

JUDKINS' BOY.

HACKMENS has the softest thing in the bizness! They haint got nothin' to do but look hump-shouldered and chaw tobacker and wait. Hackmens all looks like detectives, and keeps still, and never even spits when you walk past 'em. And they're allus cold. A hackman that stands high in the p'fession can wear a overcoat in dog days, and then look chilly and like his folks was all dead but the old man, and he was a drunkard. Ef a hackman would only be a blind fiddler he'd take in more money than a fair ground! Hackmens never gives nothin' away. You can trust a hackman when you can't trust your own mother. Some people thinks when they hire a hack to take 'em some place that the hackman has got some old grudge agin 'em—but he haint—he's allus thataway. He loves you, but he knows his place, and smothers his real feelings. In life's giddy scenes hackmens all wears a mask; but down deep in their heart you can bet they are yourn till deth! Some hackmens looks like they was stuck up, but they aint—it's only 'cause they got on so much clothes. Onc't a hackman was stabbed by a friend of his in the same bizness, and when the doctors was seein' how bad he was karved up, they found he had on five shurts. They said that was all that saved his life. They said ef he'd only had on four shurts he'd a been a dead man. And the hackman hissef, when he got well, used to brag it was the clos'test call ever he had, and laid for the other hackman, and hit him with a car couplin' and killed him, and come mighty nigh goin' to the penitenchary fer it! Influenshal friends was all that saved him that time! No five shurts would a done it! The mayor said that when he let him off, and brought down the house, and made hissef a strong man fer another term. Some mayors is purty slick, but a humble hackman may sometimes turn out to be just as smooth! The only thing why a hackman don't show up no better is 'cause he loses so much sleep. That's why he allus looks like he had the headache, and didn't care if he did. Onc't a hackman was waitin' in front of a hotel one morning, and was sorto dozin' like, and fell off his seat. And they run and picked him up, and he was unconshus; and they worked with him till 'way long in the afternoon 'fore they found out he was jist asleep; and he cussed fearful 'cause they waked him up, and wondered why people couldn't never 'tend to their own bizness like he did.

IT seems to us, the circumstances of last Friday all considered, that to be a Democrat is somewhat unlucky in White Plains, New Jersey. The White Plainers seem to appreciate Democrats.

IS THE chief of the Apache Indians a Juh? This is Moses good as we can do.

THE sign *viz.* is necessary to wit of some kinds.

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A JOINT CO

OR, HOW THE NEW CODE

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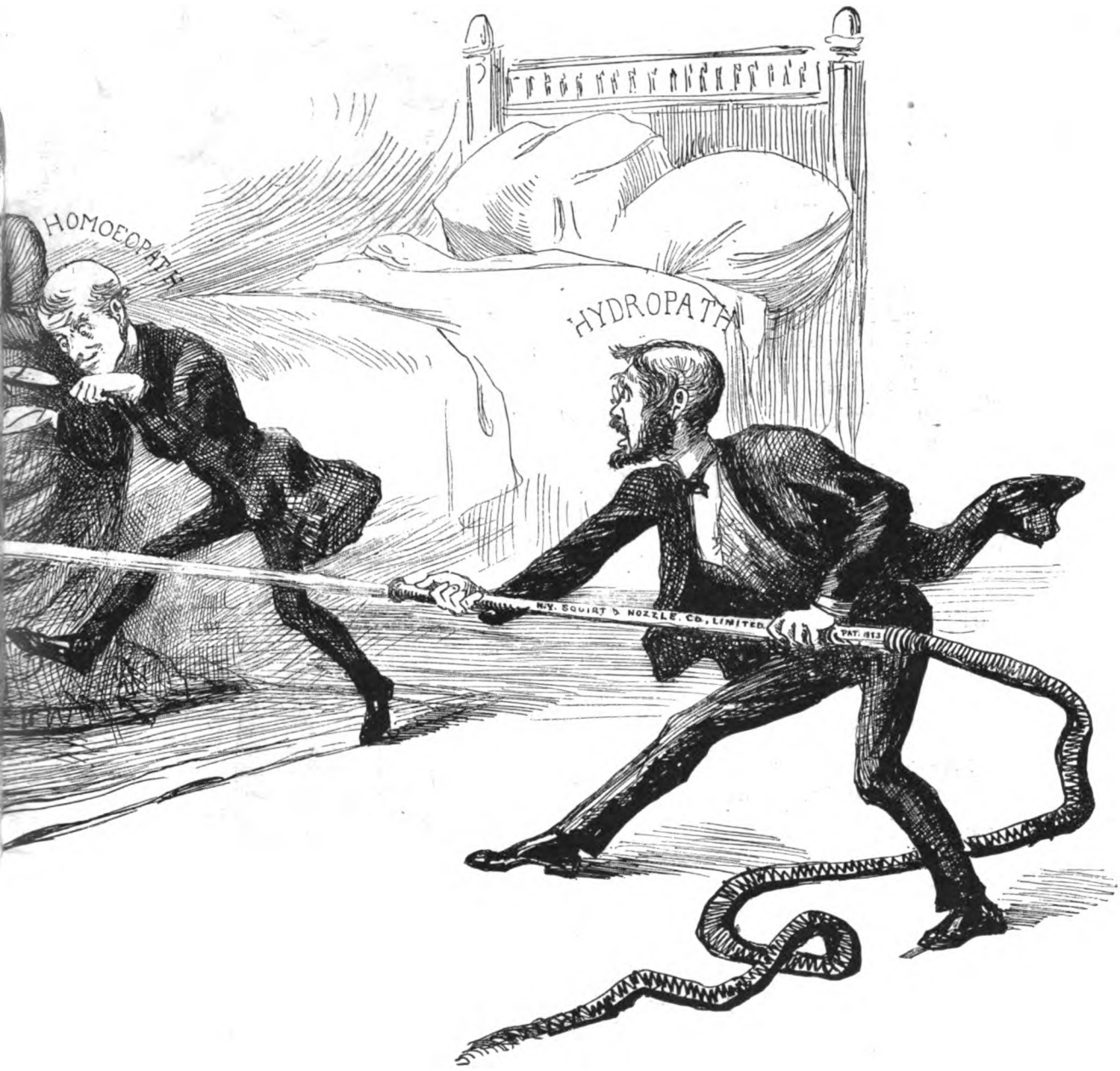

NSULTATION;

OF MEDICAL ETHICS WORKS.

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THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

OH, the weather was fine,
When I sailed down the Rhine;
The sky was an orthodox blue up above us;
And an old lady cried,
Who sat by my side,
"God a mercy, the paddle-wheels, how they do shove us!"

Says I to a man near by:
"Sir, what a charming sky;
I really know nothing to which I can liken it."
Then he nodded his head,
As he feelingly said:
"*Ja wohl, lieber Herr, er ist ganz ausgezeichnet.*"

Turning then me another way:
"Truly, a lovely day,"
I remarked to a blonde who could not have been blonder;
Whereupon she said, smiling,
In tones quite beguiling:
"*Pardon, monsieur, mais—je ne peux pas comprendre.*"

Then I tackled a priest,
Hoping Irish at least:
"Well arranged are these pleasant green valleys towinacuss,"
Says I to him; but,
When his mouth came unshut,
His rejoinder was: "*Sum pauper frater Dominicus.*"

But a bottle of wine
Rendered everything fine—
Aha! though it spoke through its nose it was sensible;
French, Italian, or German,
Or grown with John Sherman,
It's the wine, when it talks, that is all comprehensible.

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LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDER-GRADUATE.

APRIL 7TH.

FATHER writes that he is glad I am keeping a diary. He says it is a valuable habit, and good practice in writing. I am to bring it home vacations and show it to him that he may see what reflections are suggested to me by the studies of the college course, etc *Mem.* — I must brace on reflections. To-day Watson tells me another painful rumor is in circulation about Higginson. It is said that his watch has come back. It is a pewter bullseye, about the size of a warming-pan, and with several coats, like an onion. He can do all sorts of tricks with it. He can strip off the outer peels and throw the nucleus around the room without hurting it. He can touch it off in some way, with a buzz, and it will do the twenty-four hours inside a minute. It was always at the blacksmith's, however—no watchmaker would touch it—being repaired ; and Watson says it cost Higginson more to keep it than it would to keep a horse. Fellows that H. owed money to were relieved to hear that he lost it at Forepaugh's menagerie last week. But it seems that he advertised it, and it was returned by a heavy man with a large foot, who had trodden on it before picking it up. It was quite flat when brought back, but Higginson paid the man a liberal reward, and is having it hammered back into shape.

APRIL 10TH.

To-day being Saturday, I was going to attend a cocking-main given by Hudson in the attic of North College, but it failed to come off. Hudson had bought four birds from Epaphroditus, the negro costermonger—the same one who was hired for five dollars by some of the fellows in Sophomore year to have an epileptic fit in the gallery of Music Hall during a temperance lecture, and was carried out howling and foaming at the mouth. The birds were secured two days in advance, and were put in Hudson's coal-closet ; where, in the words of Daniel Pratt,

"The light of day
Shines but seldom, or not at all,
On the course of the awful water-fall."

It was feared that the dark might impair their gameness, and so they were removed to the garret yesterday afternoon. But one of them, which was thin, squeezed out of the coop, and appeared this morning at the attic window, where it crowed repeatedly and attracted the notice of the authorities, who confiscated the whole plant.

APRIL 13TH.

Forensic disputations this morning. A good grind on Featherstone! He had furnished a forensic to Rosenberg, whose invention is not fertile, when Rosy meekly read it through with that sweet Pennsylvania accent which secured him in Freshman year the nick-name "White-ammed Nausicaa," the affable Professor of Belles Lettres remarked, "You didn't pay much for that, did you ?"

APRIL 15TH.

Linonia prize debate this evening. I went in to hear Watson speak his little piece. He had read parts of it to me beforehand, and I told him he was cock-sure of first prize. The question was "Are penal colonies justifiable ?" and there were some very luscious passages in Watson's speech, in which he called Botany Bay a loathsome plague spot, a cesspool, a seething caldron of vice and a mass of festering corruption. He took only a third prize, but the fellows, most of them, thought he ought to have had the first. His language was certainly very strong.

Yesterday morning Watson was rehearsing his piece in his room. In the midst of a beautiful description of Russian convicts passing through the Ural mountains, one of his gestures upset the water-pan on the stove and spilled its contents over the feet of his chum, Dempster, who was smoking near by. The latter has since remained in his room, with bandaged feet, and Watson carries his meals to him from the club. I was telling Higginson about the accident this A.M., but he smiled knowingly and said :

"Do you really imagine that the water was hot ? I have sat on Watson's stove half an hour at a time without singeing my pantaloons, and watched the low spirited thermometer in the corner trying to climb up to 65°. No ; Dempster's feet are not scalded. It is all a ruse to get up a reputation for the stove, which they are trying to sell. Observe the ostentatious manner in which Watson carries the meals. It is done to provoke enquiry."

I told Watson this afternoon what Higginson had said, and he answered :

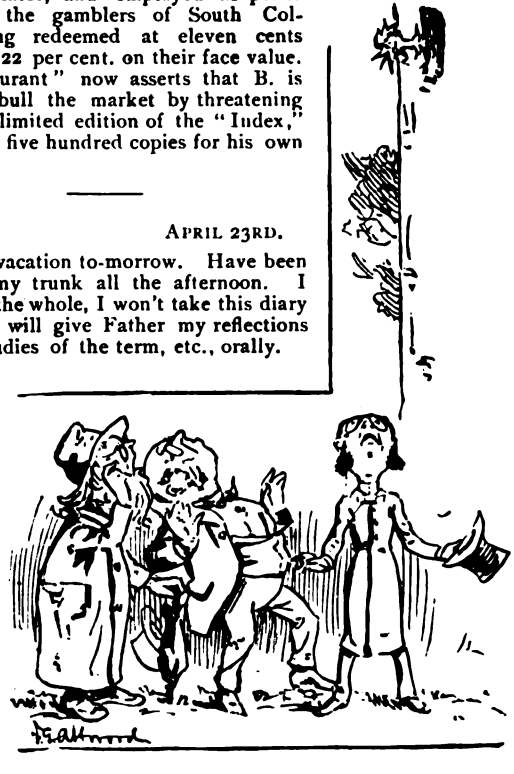
"Higginson is embittered by my exposure of his watch and his bad hats, and is, therefore, not to be trusted. If you doubt me, come and sit on the stove yourself."

APRIL 18TH.

The financial panic in the class has passed its crisis. Last term the little busy B. compiled an "Index to the Literary Magazine," which he foisted upon a reluctant public at fifty cents a copy, exacting payment in advance of publication. Pending the appearance of this valuable guide to the treasures of genius buried in the "Lit," each subscriber received a ticket entitling the holder to one copy of the "Index" as soon as it should be issued. These choses in action, being negotiable, got into circulation in the class, and were used in the payment of debts and otherwise. They began to depreciate rapidly, and were finally bought up by one speculator, and employed as poker chips by the gamblers of South College, being redeemed at eleven cents apiece, or 22 per cent. on their face value. The "Courant" now asserts that B. is trying to bull the market by threatening to issue a limited edition of the "Index," and retain five hundred copies for his own use.

APRIL 23RD.

Spring vacation to-morrow. Have been packing my trunk all the afternoon. I think, on the whole, I won't take this diary home, but will give Father my reflections on the studies of the term, etc., orally.



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BIOGRAPHETTE.

XV.

HENRY BERGH.

THIS cruel persecutor was born in the Cuckoo Islands, 1832, and was descended from the Antarctic Ice Berghs, a family often mentioned by the explorer Cook. Cook drifted on the islands during a later voyage, and the Cuckoo Cooks cooked Cook. In 1867 Bergh emigrated to this City, and immediately entered upon the ferocious career for which he has since been noted. He was especially averse to the lower animals, and organized a society whose object was to prevent their being treated well by their masters. Car horses, for instance, like to pull fifteen ton cars nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the humane companies were kindly disposed to let them do it. The ruthless Bergh, however, compelled the abridging of three hours of pleasure to the poor brutes, until now they are only allowed about eight hours of out-door pastime. Again, nothing pleases a dog so much, during August, as to be shut up in a pound four days without food or water, and the city authorities used to please all the dogs they could lay their hands upon. The cruel Bergh interposed, and now the impounded dogs are compelled to eat loathsomely wholesome food and drink clean, cool water, and are chloroformed to the sound of hand-organs and sweet cymbals.

There is one ill-used animal, the biped, in which the public wish Mr. Bergh would take more interest.

How many ounces go to a dog pound?

IF you *will* let the children play with the chessmen, you must not complain if they turn out to be pawnbrokers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNION CLUBBER: If you want to have a really and truly duel, of course you must first insult him. There are two kinds of insult—the mild and the severe. By all means try the mild insult first. Walk up to your man in a swaggering, offensive way, jam your heel on his corns, pull his nose, butt him in the pit of the stomach, and then sit down on him and tell him he lies. This course, pursued with people of high temper, will usually lead up to the preliminaries of a quarrel. If it fails—try the severe method—tell him you suspect he writes verses for the *Century*, for instance.

The best weapons are swords at ten paces. Pistols loaded with butter are also reliable. The old method, by which both belligerents took a dose of cold poison, and then flipped a nickel for a stomach pump, is one said to give great satisfaction, but is somewhat dangerous.

MARK T.—We couldn't think of publishing your joke. Send it to General Cesnola for his collection of antiquities.

WILLIAM H. V.—We answer your questions *seriatim*:—(1.) No: The value of a picture is not determined by the price paid for it, but by the amount it is really worth. (2.) The artist you mention is not really an "old master" because he is 85 years of age and teaches for a living. His paintings would therefore not be valuable except from their intrinsic merit. (3.) Yes, you are quite right in going abroad and making your purchase before the heavy tariff goes into effect. Economy *is* the road to wealth, as you say.

HENRY B-RGH.—Your idea is certainly a good one. It is often a real pleasure for a dog to lunch off a man's leg, and as the cruel muzzle prevents this innocent pastime, your society should by all means abolish its use. Your proposition to bobtail all horses to keep the flies from being annoyed by them, is equally humane.

RUTHERFORD B. H.—(1). The proper proportion is one lemon to two glasses of Scotch whiskey. (2). In case you see those blue monkeys with pink tails again, consult a physician. (3). We cannot see any harm in announcing yourself as a candidate for 1884, if you have your wife's permission.

MCCOSH, of PRINCETON.—(1.) You are right. If A is blind and you straddle, you take the age until after the draw. (2.) If he opened the jack-pot it was certainly his first bet after the draw, and you had a right to raise him. The pot was therefore yours.

FREDDIE G.—(1.) He was first President of the United States. (2.) The most sensible thing to do when it rains is to come in. (3.) A primer contains the information you desire.

OLIVER W. H.—Your tender poem has been carefully filed away in the waste basket. It is too rich.

EASY INSTRUCTION FOR YOUTH.

LITTLE jobs of "water"
And grains of "salted" sand
Make the mighty fortune
For beauteous heiress-hand.

COULD the pitcher of a base-ball team be spoken of as "the power behind the thrown."

SUPERFLUOUS INFORMATION—that Peck's Bad Boy is by the author of Peck's Milwaukee Son.

LIFE's advice to young people in Massachusetts who, rich only in each other's hearts, are about to marry: "*Think of Tewksbury.*"

THE Sweet Singer of Michigan wants to die in June, like her brother poet, Bryant. When we reflect how dismally distant June is, and how fecund is the Sweet Singer, this aspiration of Julia seems like a cruel procrastination.

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A SUGGESTION FOR A PICTURE.

To the Editor of LIFE :

SIR : Excuse bad English and correct bad spelling. I came from the mountains of Kentucky to New York for trading in cattle and wool, and for pleasure and seeing pictures in your paper. I bought one for the fun. Now, I write this, because I want you to do me a favor that comes in your line. It grows out of the kind of mud in the streets here. Where I live we have nothing like it, though we can brag on three or four kinds of mud when the subject comes up in earnest. For instance, there is the hill mud. The loose, flat rocks rest on it, and you just have to step on one and up go your heels, and you find yourself sliding down the mountain side faster than any sort of wheel can spin, till you bring up in the creek at the bottom. There you come to the second kind of mud. That kind is generally two feet deep, and hangs on to a fellow's foot like to pull his boot off, and at the last explodes with a loud sound. This is supposing the weather is wet Then, third, there is the yellow mud of the dirt roads, that gets thinner and thinner for rain and travel, and splashes all over a rider and horse, which is double trouble, the horse having to be cleaned too. But I never saw any mud out in Kentucky like you have on Broadway and some other streets on a bad day. Where the black, shiny, sticky, tough, slippery stuff comes from I can't think. Does it come down with the rain, or ooze up from between the rocks? There is none when it's dry. Anyhow, there ought to be some way of keeping the streets clear of it, or else signs ought to be stuck up giving strangers warning how it is more slippery than ice. While I am writing this I am waiting for my boots and breeches to dry for brushing, all being daubed from falling in Broadway, while in a hurry to dodge stages and wagons coming at me fast and slow, in droves, both ways. My hat, too. But what I started to tell you was about three young men on Fulton street, with beaver hats and slick overcoats and women's shoes. They were crossing, one behind the other, and a-dodging the horses that were poking out their fore feet at them, like bad skaters. Without lying, just then the last of the three nice young men lost his footing, and at the same time that he lit back on his shoulders his feet struck the one ahead of him, where he couldn't see back to dislodge the blow, and he was spun backwards on to his head, too, and his legs, reaching to the first fellow, it wasn't more than half a second before all of them were sliding along and grabbing handfuls of the mud. Now, what I want you to do, is make me a picture of these three young men and the mud to take back with me to Kentucky.

Truly yours,

SIMON MENIFIC.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

Uncle Reuben : YASS, EPHRIM, BUT YO SHOULD DO AS YO IS DONE BY.
Eph : YASS, UNCLE RUBE, BUT DIS CHILE HAINT NEVER BEEN DONE BY !

Now the base-ball season has set in with its usual severity in our American institutions of learning, "Fielding" is a most seasonable title for a book. Unfortunately it is only a volume of the English Men of Letters series by Austin Dobson.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"*Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors.*" —[St. Paul to the Fenians IV., 11, 44.]

MIGHT not the Keely motor be termed a stationary engine.

VERMONT has two female mail carriers. It is a handy way of getting all the freshest news when the newspapers are delayed.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

A DETROIT FREE PRESS correspondent says he wrote a column letter "by the glare of the lightning." Jersey lightning, probably.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

AN Irishman, seeing a Dude emerge from Delmonico's the other night, exclaimed:—"Oi say, come down out of that—will yez, from under th' hat. Maybe ye think oi can't see the legs of yez a danglin down."

TONY PASTOR has just paid $68,000 for a residence in New York. Very few pastors can afford so expensive a luxury, but, then, few pastors have so large a flock.—*Boston Transcript.*

"WE know thee, gentle spring," sings a poet. Indeed, but this poet would be a good fellow to take along at a masquerade. He could penetrate almost any disguise.—*Portland Transcript.*

AN old lady was asked her opinion about Mrs. Smith, her next-door neighbor. "Well," she said, "I am not the one to speak ill of anybody, but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith.—*Portland Transcript.*

"Is the howling of a dog always followed by a death?" asked a little girl of her father. "Not always, my dear; sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him," was the parent's reply.—*Denver Tribune.*

HUMAN bones have been found in the *debris* of the old post-office in New York. They are supposed to be the remains of people who were reckless enough to bother the stamp clerk who was reading the last novel.—*Philadelphia News.*

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that a something called a "Dude" has appeared in New York, and is the subject of much comment. Our correspondent must be mistaken. If a Dude had appeared in New York the newspapers would have said something about it.—*Norristown Herald.*

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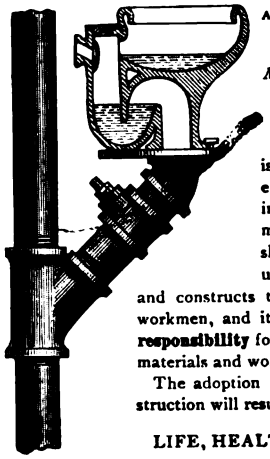

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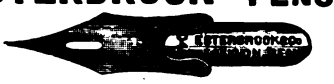

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OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT KIDNAPPED!!

QUEER COOK'S EXCURSIONISTS!

EN ROUTE FOR MOSCOW.

ANTWERP, May 7th, 1883.

"These," said he, "are your *compagnons de voyage.*"

AFTER tossing restlessly for hours on my bed after the Duke's dinner, I finally went to sleep—into a sleep which was at first fitful, then profound. I awakened with a start, feeling stifled and uncomfortable. I seemed to be in a tomb. It was dark and damp, and a foot above my head I felt a plank. The mausoleum, to my surprise, seemed to sway and toss in an uncomfortable way, and there was a strong smell of oil and bilge water about it. I found that I was completely dressed, and felt in my pocket for a match. Striking a light, I found that I was in a state-room of an ocean steamship, in the corner of which my traps were neatly packed.

I hurriedly made my way to the deck. It was a cold, gray morning, and the vessel was rolling terribly in a choppy sea.

"On what steamer am I, and whither bound?" I asked of the man at the wheel.

"The *Mis-spent Life*, to Antwerp," he gruffly replied.

The horror of the situation overcame me. I had been drugged in my sleep in my London lodgings, taken to the steamer and booked for Antwerp. I was completely in the hands of the Anarchists.

Going back to my state-room, I opened my portmanteau, and found lying on top of my clothes a Cook's excursion ticket to Moscow, *via* St. Petersburg, with the return coupons cut off. The bag of gold which I had returned to the Honorable Percy Amarynth was stowed in a corner of the portmanteau. I sat down upon the berth to think over my situation.

Just then there was a tap upon my door; and a tall, slim man, with a heavy black beard, came into the room.

"Who are you?" I inquired.

"I am your conductor," he answered.

"My conductor?"

"Yes. You purchased a personally conducted Cook's excursion ticket to Moscow, *via* St. Petersburg. It is my duty to personally conduct you to Moscow. I have quite a large party under my charge on their way to see the Coronation."

"And when does that take place?" I feebly asked.

"The date is not definitely fixed," he answered. "Still we can amuse and instruct ourselves in Russia while we are waiting. The throne to be used at the Coronation is to be of ebonized oak, with nickel-plated trimmings. Are you interested in electricity?"

"I am not," I answered sternly.

"It is dinner time," he said. "This pink ticket will pay for your dinner."

I followed him to the saloon.

The tables were occupied by a crowd of men, and the heat of the saloon was stifling.

I remembered that I was to have lunched that day with the poet Dobson, and I had written a dainty triolet to read to him as we smoked our cigarettes. Truly the "unexpected only happens." "My triolet would not be appreciated by these personally-conducted tourists," I said to myself, as I looked at their dull, unimaginative faces, which seemed strangely familiar to me. The tourists were dressed with the usual exaggeration of their kind, and had evidently been gotten up to look respectable very recently. They were under a restraint of manner, and seemed very anxious to conform to the table etiquette of civilized beings. They occasionally introduced their food into their mouths with a fork, and when on the point of wiping their mouths upon their coat-sleeves, would restrain themselves, and use the table cloth instead. Still, I felt in my bones

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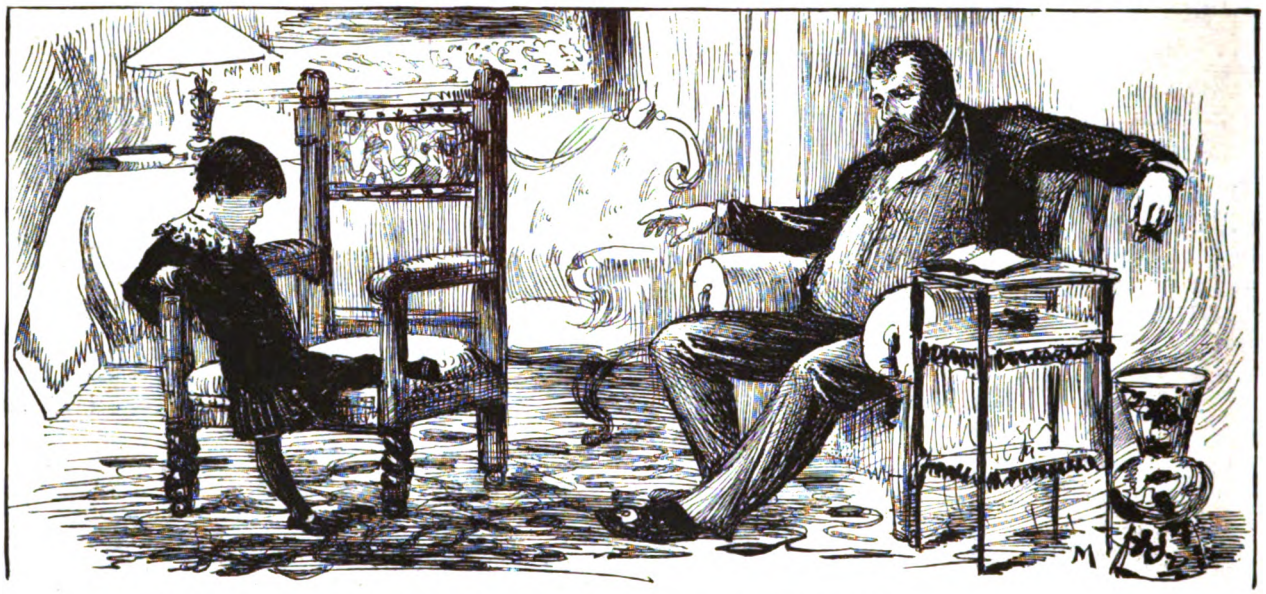
that I had seen these faces once in my life before. Could it have been at St. Quentin? Was I travelling with the whole society to the dreadful mission to which I had been assigned?

As I was trying to collect my thoughts, my conductor, or attendant demon, spoke to me.

"These are your *compagnons de voyage;* all of them gentlemen of culture and refinement, whose society you will enjoy very much, I am sure." He smiled as he spoke, and I perceived, with a shudder, that he *had no teeth.* The saloon whirled around me, and I knew no more.



Papa: WHAT! JIMMY, YOU SMOKE? AND WHAT DO YOU SMOKE, PRAY?
Jimmy: I SMOKE CUBEBS.
Papa: AND WHY DO YOU SMOKE THEM?
Jimmy: OH! THEY ARE GOOD FOR A BAD COLD.
Papa: HOW OFTEN DO YOU HAVE A BAD COLD.
Jimmy: O! WHENEVER YOU GIVE ME TEN CENTS.

ALL things considered, the week just gone by was unusually eventful.

* * * * * * *

Mr. John L. Sullivan, although flabby, and not too sober, succeeded, in spite of a knock-down, in standing two rounds and part of a third before that tough little Briton, Mitchell, and New York paid $13,000 to see him do it. Unfortunately, that other distinguished slugger, Captain Williams, interposed his famous club before the affair was settled, and both champions are still bellowing with discontent, each swearing the other was worsted. If Mitchell thinks he is the best man, why does he not accept Sullivan's challenge to fight it out in a barn? If Sullivan thinks *he* is, why is he afraid to meet Mitchell in the ring? Still, it must be confessed, that eminent savant, Mr. Pop Whittaker, is yet to be heard from.

* * * * * * *

Brady, the Irish felon, danced his little rope dance Monday, and still no thunders of dynamite shook the breeze. O'Donovan Rossa said he would blow up all London and most of Brooklyn when Brady was hanged. But O'Donovan says a great many things.

* * * * * * *

It is to be hoped that the brindle Lieutenant who attempted suicide because an heiress refused his offer of marriage, will be sent either to Ward's Island or Sing Sing if he recovers, and be kept there till Father Abraham wants him. This mixing up of gunpowder and romance is fast getting to be a nuisance, and it is high time the law took it in hand. Let the button-freckled monkey be made an example.

* * * * * * *

When bunko men can deceive a Catholic priest, what sinner is safe?

* * * * * * *

Linked by the glorious Bridge, New York and Brooklyn are now virtually one city. To be sure, the taxpayers have paid millions for the wedding, and now the public must pay more millions for the benefit which the exercise that walking across will give, but we are sure no right-minded citizen regrets the original outlay, even if he now howls over the tax imposed in tolls. One thing is certain—we have the grandest piece of pontine engineering extant, and even as an idle ornament it is worth the price we have paid.

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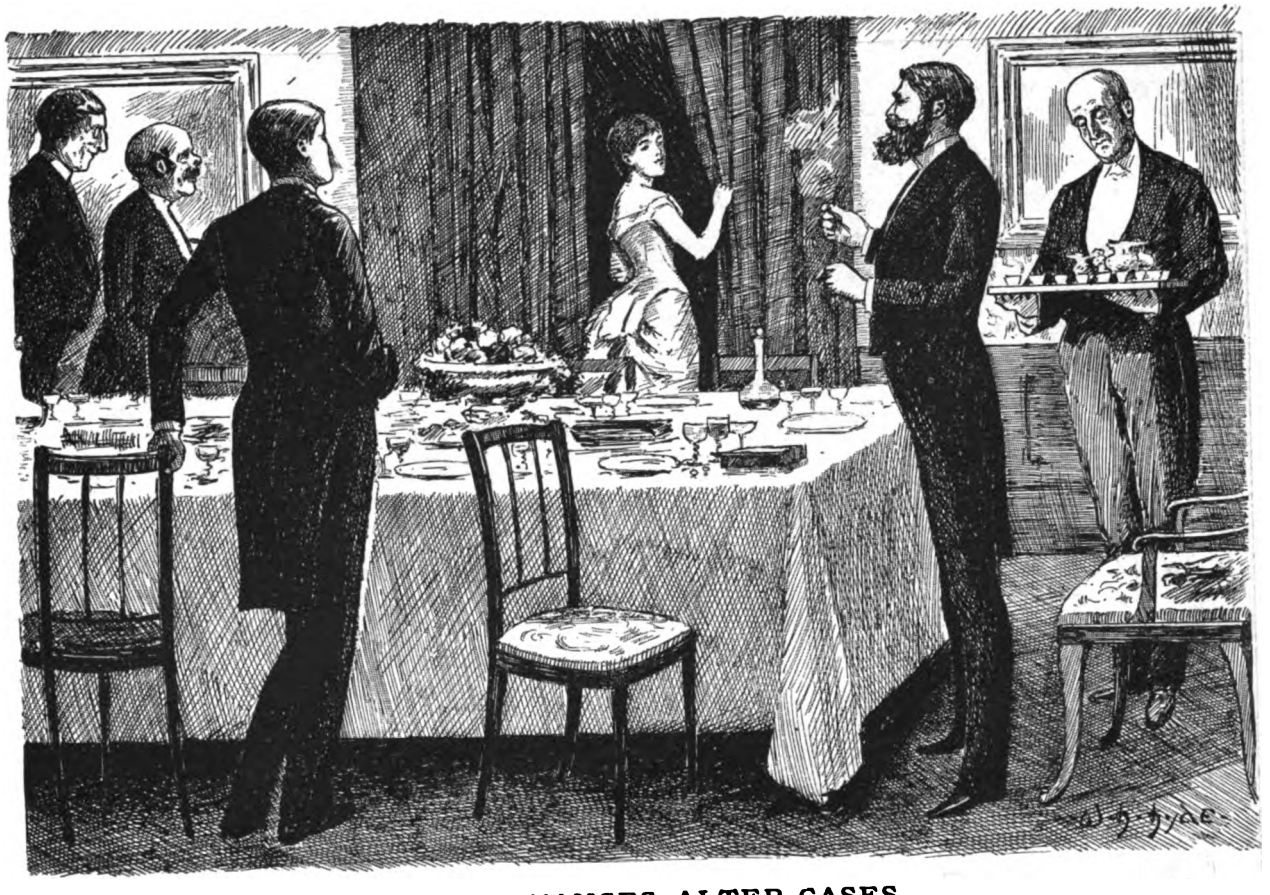

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Hostess: NOW, DON'T STAY OUT HERE ALL THE EVENING.
Host: WE'LL JOIN YOU IN TEN MINUTES.
Hostess: MISS SCREECHY IS GOING TO SING, YOU KNOW.
Host: O! WELL:—SAY AN HOUR.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET.

I RHYME about "my lady fair"
In many a madrigal and sonnet,
(Her sun-browned face, I am aware,
Is homely—when I look upon it.)

I rave about her "stately grace,"
(She's always in a romp or fidget);
Her "lissome form" with pen I trace
(The model is a chubby midget).

I sing her "rippling golden hair"
(It's toused and *couleur de la*—carrot);
Her voice is "silvern soft," I swear
(In truth she chatters like a parrot).

I dwell upon her "languid eyes"
(They always are when she is weeping);
Their "dreaminess" I emphasize
(It's doubtless there when she is sleeping).

And so on through the poets' list
Of ardent adjectives I treat her,
Which into lover's songs I twist,
In every kind of lover's metre.

And all of these she is to me—
E'en though through love's imagination—
She is my lyrics' melody,
She is their only inspiration.

And when some graceful thing I write,
Impassioned, pure, idyllic, tender,
I then invest, to her delight,
The cheque in caramels to send her.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

A NEW JERSEY woman has started a singing school for parrots, to improve their technique, and writes to us for a name.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Call it the Polly-technique.

WE have known women to go out and forget their false teeth.—*Dentist's Journal.*

We have known women to go out without their gums.

"SAY, Bizzy," said the office boy to the keeper of the chips, "why were the antediluvian oysters bad?"

"Give it up, dear boy."

"Because it was the time of No-ah!"

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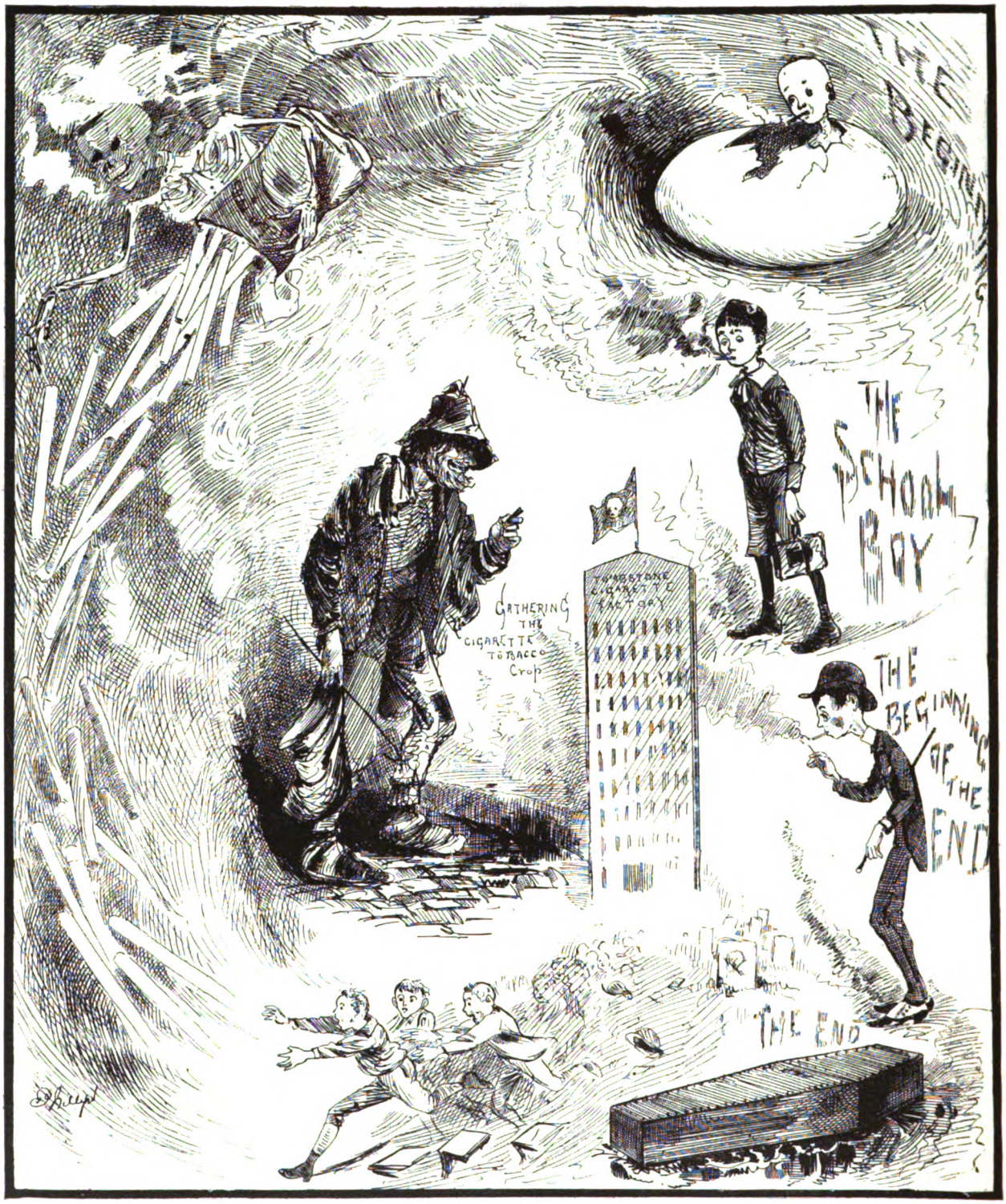

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

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HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN.

To the Editor of LIFE.

SIR,—I beg to call the attention of your readers to the fact that Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, is an Englishman, and that, as such, he has characteristics. As an enthusiastic student of race and national differences, I have remarked with profound interest the evidences which distinctly stamp him as a Briton. I saw him on Monday night in Madison Square Garden in active association with John L. Sullivan, Puritan, of Boston. Certain large traits which were stupendously observable in Hengist and Horsa were apparent in Mr. Mitchell at that meeting; but I was especially reminded then and afterwards of an encounter which I once witnessed in the State of Arkansas, between a cyclone and an English cock sparrow. The sparrow, so far as I could see, was definitely worsted by his antagonist. He seemed to me to be an insignificant objective incident of the boisterous turmoil which was raised on the part of the cyclone. Nevertheless, the cyclone having passed, the sparrow sat on the rail of a fence, and, trimming his few remaining feathers with a proud air, conveyed in his whole manner unmistakably the idea that the cyclone had been exceedingly lucky to get off in the easy and comparatively uninterrupted way in which it did get off. Similarly, Mitchell, as soon as the breath had revisited his body and his senses had returned to him sufficiently to enable him to distinguish which end of himself was which, remarked that it was an inestimably fortunate happening for Sullivan that Captain Williams stopped the encounter just when he did stop it, inasmuch as he (Mitchell) was on the very point, at that moment, of reducing his cyclonic antagonist to a grotesque and hopeless wreck.

This is so "bull-dog," is it not?—this showing by the sparrow at such a juncture of his fangs, this yearning for Sullivan as soon as possible after so stupendous and flattening a climax?

Suppose, after the lightning had struck the Communipaw oil-tank the other night, the remains of the oil-tank had cried out: "Ha, ha! how does the lightning like that, I wonder!" Of course you would put the oil tank down as English. Or suppose that the monster meteor which was recently reported to have fallen in Texas really had fallen; that the reported man beneath it had been driven through the earth and come out in China, and that as he came out he had said to such Chinamen as happened to be in his proximity that he and a 90,000 ton meteor had come in contact, and that the meteor palpably had got the worst of it. Him also you would judge as being possessed of English traits.

There is something in the modern English nature which enables it to triumph over fact by word of mouth. I bow to this curious ability. I beg to draw your attention to an interesting instance of evolution.

I remain, respectfully,

N. KLINKERFUSS,

Professor of Theology in Trinity College, Hartford.

THE WEAKER SEX.

I AM AWFULLY GLAD YOU ARE COME WITH US GIRLS, JOHNNY—WE'D HAVE BEEN SCARED TO DEATH IN THIS LONELY PLACE.

"WHAT'S the matter with you this morning, old fel?" inquired the foreman of the second-deputy-assistant-editor-in-chief. "You look all broke up."

"Didn't get any sleep last night; I was walking up the ave'ner with the Dude compositor, and I thought up a boss answer to a conundrum. I sat up all night, but for the life of me couldn't find the conundrum to fit!"

"Give it away!"

"Why, one is air med'cine, and the other is Mayor Ed—"

The second-deputy-assistant-editor-in-chief has climbed the golden stair.

J. K. B.

SUNLIGHT and SHADOW.

One toy—
A "Sling."
One boy,
To fling
At man
A Stone;
As ran,
Heard groan!
One eye,
Hurt bad,
Kid "fly"
So glad!

One "cop,"
With club;
A boy
In "jug!"
At Court,
Judge says:
"Bad sport—
10 days!"
One jail,
A lad,
So pale—
So SAD!

EDWIN FERGUSON.

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AT LA

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER AND M

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ST!

ss BROOKLYN MADE HAPPY.

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THE BUMMER'S COMPLAINT.

HIC jacet, glory à Mond'y,
There's no rum sold a Sund'y,
The law's a hum,
Cried the choleric bum.
I could drink up the Bay of Fundy.

Salt fish we eat a Friday,
Makes Saturday a dry-day,
And I'm shaky and glum,
When Sunday 's come;
Cant swallow a crumb that high-day.

Were it not for Granny Grundy,
I'd not be barred a Sund'y,
But at bars get rum
And swig and bum.
Well, I'll guzzle some on Mond'y.

G. BUMBLE BEE.

THE *Chicago Tribune* says: "Jefferson Davis has eaten more crow than any man living."—This must certainly be charged to the account of the lost caws.

PONTIUS PILATE, Judas Iscariot and King Herod are now suing Salmi Morse for back pay. This may after all put Salmi in a Passion.

THE *Manhattan* has a new cover, but is not yet as well dressed as it deserves to be. It improves. We wish it success.

MCMILLAN & CO. publish "Some of Æsop's Fables" with pictures showing the modern application, as well as illustrating the original tales. Twenty folios are given with four pictures to each. As a modern instance of The Fox and the Crow is given a suitor, who, having flattered a chaperone into singing, takes her place on the sofa and is seen kissing the girl's hand. The drawings are by Rudolph Caldecott, whose name is sufficient assurance of their merit.

MR. HARRY EDWARDS, comedian, has published an amusing book of light literature, containing sketches on various subjects and called "A Mingled Yarn." Mr. Edwards is a learned entomologist, and yet this book is no hum-Bug.

"UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS" is Helen Campbell's last novel. This seems to imply a small boy and a good deal of trouble and ginger and things.

SERENADING.

OW to deal with the loathsome vice of serenading is a delicate and often a difficult question. What MR. JOHN B. GOUGH calls "moral suasion" is rarely of any use. You may talk to the offender with the utmost kindness and earnestness. You may assure him that serenading destroys the peace and happiness of innocent and helpless people, and degrades the serenader below the level of any of the brutes, with the solitary exception of the cat. You may even point out to him, among his friends or acquaintances, men who were rigidly pure and upright, but who fancying that there could be no harm in a little serenading, have gradually become instructed to the guitar, the flute, or even the ear and soul destroying cornet. The wretched serenader will listen to you respectfully or otherwise, as the case may be, but he will refuse to abandon his vice, and will after exhibit a shameless and open defiance of decency which cannot but fill the virtuous mind with horror. Here and there a solitary serenader may be turned from the error of his way by moral suasion, but as a rule it is worse than useless.

Forcible measures for the suppression of serenaders have often been tried and with varying success. Much good has been done by throwing large and heavy bouquets of flowers at serenaders. A father, a brother, or even the serenaded young lady herself, has sometimes hurled one of these missiles with such excellence of aim and potency of force as to completely break a violin or a guitar. When thrown at the cornet that fiendish instrument is sometimes driven with such violence against the mouth of the player as to cut his lips and temporarily render him unfit for crime. But supplies of heavy bouquets cannot always be kept on hand in regions infested by serenaders, and they can never be made effective against either singers or flute players.

Buckets of water can also be made to do good execution. The difficulty as to their use is that it generally exasperates the serenaders to the point of using bad language, and gives them a pretext to complain that they have not been treated civilly. It is true that cold and clean water is seldom fatal when poured upon a serenader from a second story window, but it should not be used unless the user is perfectly willing to quarrel with the offender. As to boiling water, which has often been used in Western towns with the result of instantly putting a stop to the most boisterous serenade, it should

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be remarked that our laws do not permit of the scalding of even a cornet-player, and until more enlightened legislation can be procured, the law-abiding citizen will hesitate to repel serenaders with hot water.

What is needed is a method of checking a serenade and of inflicting severe punishment upon the serenaders without, at the same time giving them sufficient cause —in their own opinion—to tear down the house and assault the inmates. Such a method has recently been invented by a young lady of Marysville, Illinois, and to her are due the thanks and admiration of her sex.

Marysville has for some years been infested by a gang of serenaders, consisting of a violinist, a cornetist, a flutist and a guitarist. This gang has been the terror of every household with a daughter. Beginning at nine o'clock in the evening, with the "Sweet By and By," the serenaders have habitually gone from house to house until midnight, thus serenading, on an average, thirteen families every night, with the exception of Sundays. Nothing has hitherto intimidated them, and even when Esquire Jones—a choleric old gentlemen—lodged a charge of shot in the guitar, the guitarist promptly bought a new instrument, and suing Esquire Jones for damages, serenaded his daughter with more vigor than ever.

Last week the serenaders invaded the front yard of an estimable widow lady with a daughter, Miss Sarah Finch. Though Miss Finch is only eighteen she weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and is a young person of great fearlessness and strength of character. On the night of the serenade which took place at about 9:30 P.M, the serenaders grouped themselves under the second story window, appertaining to Miss Finch's room, and standing close together, began the Sweet Bye and Bye. At the conclusion of the first verse the window opened and Miss Finch appeared, leaning out as if on the point of personally thanking them for their superb performances. In another moment she had thrown herself heavily upon the serenaders. She struck them with the momentum of a body of one hundred and eighty-five pounds falling through a space of forty-one feet. The result was more than even the most sanguine person would have anticipated.

The cornet player was instantly killed, his neck being broken. The violinist had his right collar-bone broken, and the two remaining members of the gang were severely bruised, the guitarist having sustained what there is reason to hope are fatal internal injuries. The guitar and violin were irretrievably smashed, and the cornet was flattened to an extent that must render it permanently dumb, the flute alone escaping uninjured. As for the noble, devoted Miss Finch, she was not hurt in the least, since she landed upon the heads of the gang, and her fall was thus broken.

Serenading in Marysville has been, for the present, completely broken up, and if the example of Miss Finch should be followed by all other unusually heavy young ladies, the complete suppression of serenading thoughout the whole land, will be rendered certain. Miss Finch is the modern feminine Curitius, and the time will come when a grateful people will rear to her a monument far more enduring than brass instruments.

W. L. A.

LABORE ET HONORE.

THERE is no genius springing armed and ready
Out of the caput of your lucky cove;
Like the grave goddess, calm, clear-eyed and steady,
Born in the purple from the front of Jove!

No stately muse, discreet in lawn and laurel,
Attunes with loving hand the lyre unstrung;
While her pet poet sighs or seeks a quarrel—
October nightmares these that Musset sung!

If we may credit those who toil and suffer,
Whose brains are neither fuddled, dyed, nor turned,
Good Captain Fame's a practical old buffer,
And only ships us with our passage earned.

There sits your joss! The world kotows in wonder!
His happy wit seems ever on a spree,
His lightest word reverberates like thunder.
Alas! He ground it out—like you or me.

Blind was his fate, as that which now compels you!
He climbed the golden staircase on his knees!
Ask him his secret—and your idol tells you,
"Who sits cross-legged, sits not at his ease!"

Our heaps of dust old Time comes turning, turning.
Quick eye the cunning dotard ever bears!
The pious oyster's modest pearl discerning,
Prizing the toad's one jewel that he wears!

And this same genius we are all adoring
Is but the grace the Arab gained of old;
The lamp's familiar that, from rust restoring,
Good labor—honest labor—shall unfold.

T. R. SULLIVAN.

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BIOGRAPHETTES.

XVI.

BENJAMIN BUTLER.

BENJAMIN'S early history was accidentally dropped in the mud by Noah, when he landed on Mount Ararat, and has been in the mud ever since. It is supposed, however, that he is the Benjamin of Scripture, and Boston divines hence always avoid reading those passages of Holy Writ wherein Benjamin is mentioned. Other than Sacred writers have thought him to be the Ben Jamin or Jim Jamin alluded to by Æsculapius Major in his treatise on Hog Cholera, but this is now regarded by General Cesnola, Susan B. Anthony and other antiquarians as improbable.

Ben figured in our late war, and the New Orleans spoon owners have done a good deal of figuring since. Ben likewise went to Congress—Ben did—and then Ben was bereaved of votes and was made a widow. Then Ben in his bereavement went to Boston and settled there. Boston has never been herself since. Last year Ben clubbed himself together and resolved to be a governor. Ben didn't know what else to do. Ben ran. When Ben runs he gets there. So Ben landed and has been there ever since. Then Boston changed her motto and made it thus: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are, we elected Ben."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CARTER H. H., *Chicago.*—(1.) We see no harm in your *trying* for the nomination in 1884. (2.) Do you stand as much chance as O'Donovan Rossa? Just about. (3.) Yes, from the specimen editorials you enclose, we would say you were right in thinking that there was a little journalistic opposition to you in Chicago. (4.) The business manager says he will print your speech for $1.50 a line.

ELIAS L., *New Haven.*—(1.) You won. A straight *does* beat three of a kind. (2.) In that case discontinue cigarettes and smoke a pipe. (3.) There will not be another French Ball until next spring. (4.) It was probably the result of taking the beer *after* the others. They should never be mixed.

O'DONOVAN R.—(1.) We have carefully examined your plan for blowing up the bridge, but cannot exactly see how injuring Brooklyn will help Ireland. (2.) Yes, it *does* seem to be the general impression that you are a blatherskite and a rascal.

MCCOSH, *Princeton.*—If you coppered the ace, the dealer was right.

MORGAN D.—(1.) Yes, as an advertisement, it was certainly a good scheme. (2.) No. They are too funny for our columns.

ROSCOE C.—(1.) Yes, if Backus resigns, you might try it. (2.) Curling irons are quicker, but paper injures the hair less. (3.) If steel ribs are too stiff, try whalebone.

DAVID D.—If you really wish to gain flesh, confine yourself to a farinaceous diet.

FREDDIE G.—No, we do not think it *has* advanced you socially.

MARK T.—Send it to the *Oshkosh Christian Advertiser.* We couldn't touch it with tongs.

BOLASCO.—(1.) No; to take the plot of one play and the dialogue of another is not usually considered original work. (2.) Translating a play and changing the title does *not* place you ahead of the author, even if you do get ahead of him.

THAT tough old citizen, Beggs,
Lived on whiskey, tobacco and eggs,
Nor was he put out,
When, because of the gout,
A doctor chopped off his hind legs.

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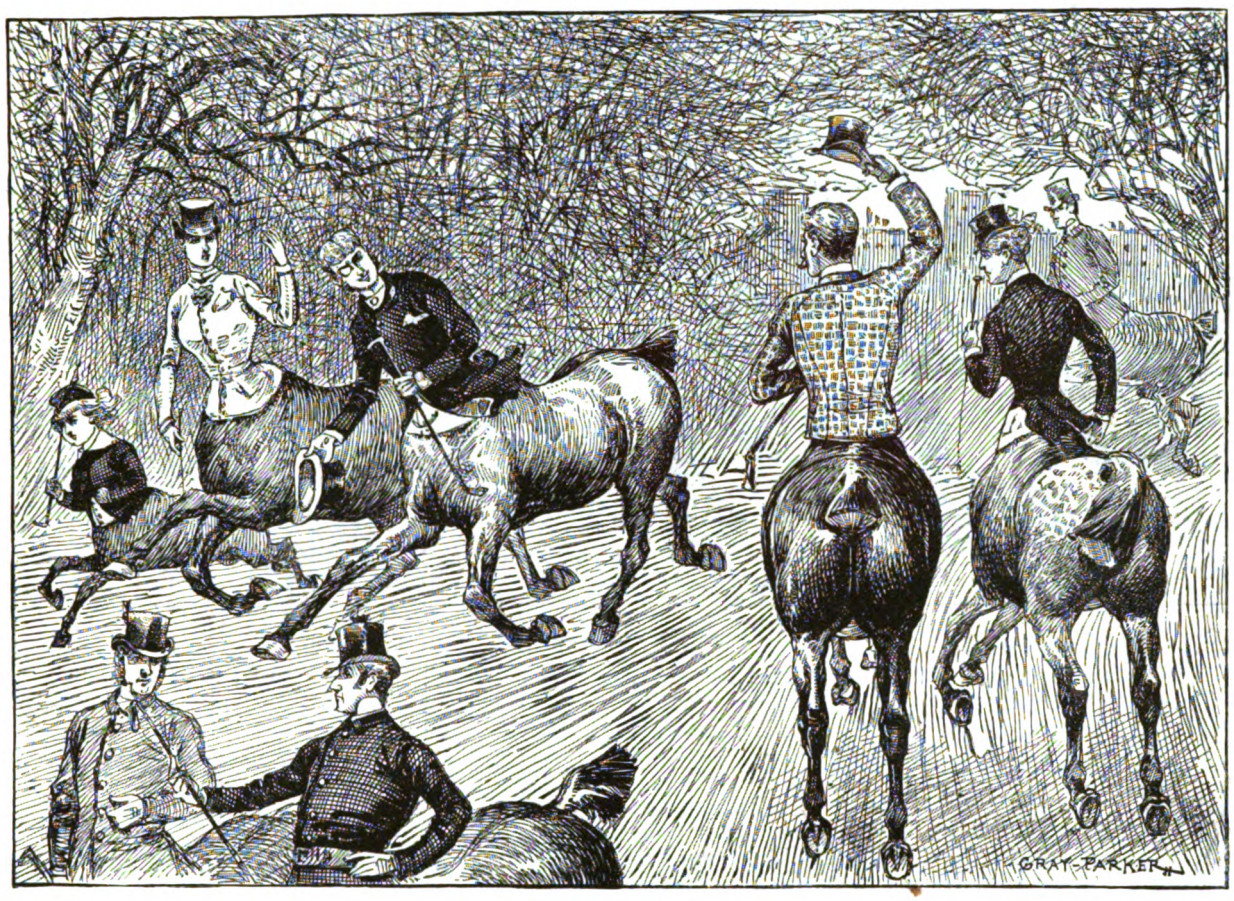

OVERDONE.

A RIDE OF A COUPLE OF HOURS ON A HARD PULLER, IN A CLOSE, DAMP SCHOOL RING, ROUND AND ROUND; THIS FOLLOWED BY A HOT BATH; THIS IN TURN FOLLOWED BY A HOT AND RATHER HEAVY SUPPER; THEN TO BED. RESULT, THE ABOVE PLEASANT NIGHTMARE.

THE KING OF THE NUMSKULLS.

THE King of Numskull Land was one of the wisest of monarchs.

The Numskulls had been in the habit of sending their grain to the Land of Nod, receiving in exchange therefor shoes, wagons, and farming tools. The men who made shoes in Numskull Land told the King that they were being ruined by cheap foreign labor. So the good King put a heavy tax on all foreign shoes and leather. Then the shoemakers of Numskull Land waxed rich; but those who worked for them were not able to buy the shoes they made.

It was thought to be a shame that Numskull Land should not manufacture its own wagons; so the good King put a heavy tax on foreign wagons, and the materials of which wagons were made. Then the men who made wagons grew rich, and a good part of the grain of the farmers went to pay for getting it to market.

To further protect the infant industries of Numskull Land, the good King put a heavy tax on foreign farmers' tools. Then the manufacturers of farmers' tools waxed rich, and the farmers mortgaged their farms to pay for implements to work them.

The King had been made to believe that these taxes would cause his treasury to overflow with coin; but it happened that no shoes or wagons or tools came from the Land of Nod to be taxed, and his account of cash showed an alarming scarcity of ducats. He could still tax the people, and he proceeded to do so. But his tax collectors came back empty-handed, saying that the people had given all they had to the men who made shoes and wagons and tools, and had nothing with which to pay the tax.

Though the King had little money, he wanted a carriage, but the price astonished him when he ordered one. "I used to get a better carriage," he said, "for less than half the money in the Land of Nod." "True, O King," replied the manufacturer of wagons, "but to the cost of manufacturing and our regular profit we must add the tax, and interest on the tax, and commission on the tax, and rattage on the tax, and all that. But you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are protecting our infant industries." "That is a great consolation," said the King, "and I will gladly go afoot; but I must get some new boots."

When he was measured for a pair of boots, he was astonished at the price. "I used to get them for a third of the money in the Land of Nod," said he. "True, O King," replied the shoemaker, "but you must pay an extra price for the privilege of protecting our infant industries." "That is rather hard," said the King; "but I will gladly go barefoot for the sake of protecting those infant industries."

Then a strange thing happened. The makers of shoes and wagons and tools had great stocks of goods on hand, and they began to go into bankruptcy. "Great King," they said, "we are suffering from over-production, a politico-economical disease for which we are not responsible. Your people are unable to buy our goods, because we are not fully protected. Give us more protection, or the infant industries must collapse."

"It seems to me," replied the good King, as he scratched his head, "that there is some mistake here. The people are poor, and I am poor, and you are the only ones who have made any profit by this protection, and now even you are getting poor. The infant industries have had a good chance to grow, at the expense of the rest of us, and they ought to be big enough to go alone. So I shall throw open the gate and let them toddle."

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A WARNING TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A DUDE JOKE WHICH I—"

OH! YOU HAVE, EH! WELL—!!—!!!

NEXT!

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

IT was a very small circumstance of a saloon, and had been opened but a few days.

The proprietor, Mr. Michael O'Houlihan, stood at the front door and gazed at the vacant space across the street, where goats browsed contentedly upon tin cans and potsherds.

"Do yez see me row av flats over there, sor-r-r?" he inquired, with a tone and air of importance.

"Flats? No. I see no flats. Where are they?"

"Across the way, sor-r-r. Right forninst the two eyes av yez."

"I see nothing but a row of vacant lots."

"It's where me row av flats is gwan to be, sor-r-r. Do yez see me bar-r-r? I've got a bar'l av whuskey, an' iverythin' ilse accoordin', an' have opened out in shtoyle, an' the byes take koindly to me, sor-r-r, an' they say they mane to make me the district boss. Nixt fall I'll git elicthed Aldherman, an I'll have the whole av me hand in the Aqueduct pie, sor-r-r. Thin I'll give out the conthract fur the buildin' av me flats, which I've made an offer fur the lots already, sor-r-r. Me inflooence in the war-r-d will make it chape to me, an' me bar-r-r acrass the way will ketch a good bit av the workmin's money, an' I'll rint out the flats an' shtart me a salune on the corner in the foinest shtoyle, sor-r-r. Thin I'll marry the Widdy Maloney, which she's got an intrust in the lots, an' Mike O'Houlihan'll be wan av the boss properthy houldhers av the city, sor-r-r."

His dream of wealth was interrupted by the arrival of an imported policeman, who tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's the matther wid yez?" demanded Mr. O'Houlihan.

"I've got a warrant fur Misther O'Houlihan, fur breakin' the Ixcise la' by sellin' whuskey widout license. Come wid me quick, before I club the head aff av yez."

"Howly mither av Moses!" muttered O'Houlihan, as he closed his door. "A new policeman on the bate, an' it'll bu'st up the business to shquare him!"

THE WISH.

A TOAD sat on the cold, cold ground—
Thinking.
An owl sat on a dead tree-top—
Blinking.

The toad was sighing for the joys
Of Heaven;
The owl to thoughts of inner owl
Was given.

They both bewailed their dismal lot,
Alas!
Both prayed from them the bitter cup
Might pass.

Both prayers were heard, you may believe—
Or not;
But, in the fact, I'll not deceive
A jot.

There, on the road, an angel showed
The owl the toad.
The toad he flipped, who thought he slipped
To blest abode.

The owl was poisoned by his meal—
Ah, well!
Unshriven was toad, and down he went—
Amen!

C.

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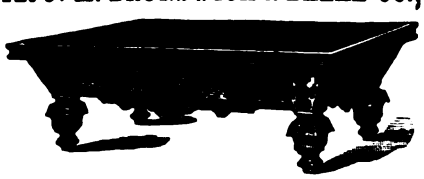

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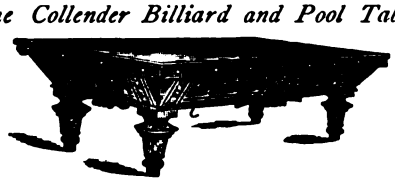

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"*Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors.*"—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

THE Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* calls Jeff. Davis the Great Davis, and thus does an irreparable injustice to David.

AN old tin kettle may not point a moral, but we have frequently known it to adorn a tail.—*Washington Gazette.*

TIME is money and money is time, for when you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps, it is a quarter to two.—*Washington Gazette.*

THE woman who tore all the lower part of her dress off on a nail, and got so mad her nose bled, didn't know whether she had a hem or rage, or both.—*he Drummer.*

THE *St. Paul Dispatch* calls for a loan exhibition to raise a fund for the establishment of an art gallery. Give a fancy dress ball, neighbor, and you will have all the low necks-exhibitions your heart could desire.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

SECRETS of the Confessional. "Is it a sin," asks a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replies gravely: "we should never delight in falsehood!"—*Portland Transcript.*

THE "course of true love" traced by letters in a breach of promise suit in New York ran in this manner: "My Darling Benny," "My own darling Benny," "My own dearest darling," "My own darling Love," "My darling Ben," "Friend Ben." And all was over.—*Ex.*

"I HAVE been married for several weeks, and my husband and I cannot decide whether we should retain our old love letters or burn them. What would you advise? Mrs. C." Put them in a pasteboard box in the servant girl's room. A supply of old love letters has been known to keep a girl contented in one place for three months at a time.—*Philadelphia News.*

A NEW YORK man, the other night, attacked a wooden Indian at a street corner and knocked it out in the fourth round. Then he walked down the street a short distance, drew a revolver, and blew his brains out. It is conjectured that his mortification was so great when he discovered his mistake that he concluded life was not worth living.—*Norristown Herald.*

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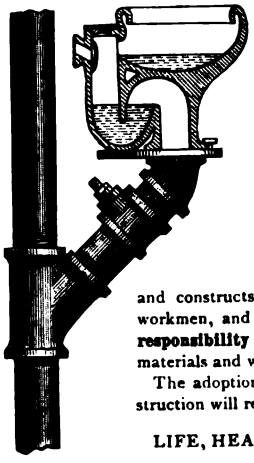

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IF ruffianism can reach a more god-like eminence than that which it now occupies in this country, it soon will be entitled to, and will no doubt claim, divine honors. A desperado was recently shot like a dog in Chicago; his remains were brought to this city with as much ostentatious pomp as those of a Governor, and his funeral choked the streets with tens of thousands gathered to pay him homage. To secure his cowardly assassin's escape from the noose he deserved, the gold of criminals and gamblers was lavishly poured out, counsels whose names are luminous pressed their services upon him, and although the murder was clearly shown to be cowardly, deliberate and premeditated, the ruffian was acquitted, and went forth to be instantly made the lion of the city. This is the stage of civilization which we have so proudly reached. Our generals, our statesmen, scientists and law-givers, reviled, lampooned, and held up to derision—our Elliots, Dunns, Sullivans and Rossas acclaimed, quoted, made immortal!

* * *

IT perhaps appears to Mrs. Langtry that the $50,000 which accrued to her from last season's work was very dearly purchased. She may accuse the American press, and with good reason, of bad taste and most discourteous treatment, and charge our women with uncharitable conduct; for she certainly has been pilloried as but few of our malefactors are, and much of the censure and ridicule heaped upon her has been uncalled for. Still the *revers de la medaille* is not altogether unsatisfactory to the patriotic and gallant citizen who regrets that any virtuous woman has been so treated in the United States. Mrs. Langtry came hither with a blare of trumpets as the idol of the Marlborough House coterie, jewelled with the especial favor of H. R. H. the Prince himself. As toadies to everything English, our society queens were expected to pay so distinguished a British favorite their immediate and most lowly homage. Our fair daughters—the fairest the sun shines upon—were expected to group like violets about a lily, worshipping beauty upon which royalty had smiled its condescending approval. She was to reign here socially and as an artist, throned upon the prestige of her London success. But however rampant our toadies and snobs are abroad, they are not the leaders at home. The social magnates of New York esteem themselves to be quite the equal of foreign royalty at its best, and fully competent to pass upon the merits of a candidate for admission into their homes. To them the approval of Marlborough House is rather a questionable recommendation, and the fanfare of the lady's British trumpets, therefore, fell short of producing its expected impression. We prefer to judge by personal observation rather than by indirect hearsay, and the best apology for American coldness toward the British beauty was given by herself very shortly after she was put upon probation. Notoriety and caste do not go hand in hand on this side of the water. Had Mrs. Langtry's managers been wise enough to keep past royal favors out of sight, and had the lady herself been properly mindful of her matronly dignity and kept at his distance the rich, but silly and hitherto obscure boy who played moth to her candle, she would at least have had no reason to complain of ungallant treatment from the American press, and would perhaps have been more civilly received by members of society at large. As it was, the position taken by American ladies is to their credit.

* * *

Crowned as Czar, what then? What a satire upon royalty, that an emperor on his road to coronation must be guarded from his own subjects, and that his very guards themselves must be watched lest they betray him. It seems as if in the whirligig of Russian time, Emperor and serf had changed places!

* * *

APROPOS of the Bridge, our highly esteemed contemporary the *Herald* has revived the subject of the fusion of Brooklyn and New York into one municipality, and urges in its favor the undoubted fact that with but one government there would be fewer political rats in the cupboard. The mere geographical division of the two cities by a river has now practically ceased to be an obstacle, and the question is open to discussion on its political merits. Neither the Seine nor the Thames divide the cities through which they flow, and why should the East River? Our peoples and interests are in common, our governments, honestly conducted, could be consolidated to both pecuniary and political advantage, and our mutual standing as cities be strengthened by the union. The only question is, could the corruption which has reigned on both sides of the river be purged from our offices by the transfusion of fresh blood. It is to be doubted. But it could not be made worse, and, as our contemporary says, the fewer the thieves the more easily may they be watched. Let us be united.

* * *

WE print in another column an interesting treatment of sordid evangelism, by our wise and good brother laborer, the San Francisco *Argonaut*. To cap the instance which called this forth, comes a soul-searching appeal from Presbyterian pulpits all over the country for more money. Their preachers are deserting them for more lucrative positions, and only the wealthy churches can now keep a pastor. On this subject, this is the position taken by our luminous contemporary, the *Sun:*

"There is, if we may so speak, a corner in Presbyterian preachers. The fat flocks hold them in such a way that the lean flocks cannot get hold of them. The flocks that browse in rich pastures know nothing of the famine; the flocks that herd in scrubby fields suffer all its calamities and shiver unheeded. Well, this question of the 'famine of preachers' is discussed, from time to time, by the papers that fly the flag of modern religion. And what is their favorite remedy for it? Attract men to the pulpit by the glitter of gold; pay heavier salaries to preachers; show them that they can make money there. Give them such incomes that they can live in fine style, figure in high society, and have a soft thing of it. They are constantly whining over the poor pay of preachers, and giving this as a reason why the demand is greater that the supply; they are forever declaring that preachers do not get their full share of the prizes of life, and that they have fewer chances to get rich than are enjoyed by men of other vocations. This, they tell us, is the reason of so many pulpits being vacant, and then they warn us that these pulpits will never be filled until the jingle of the money box is loud enough to tempt men into the clerical profession."

There is a complaint that religious fervor and abnegation is being supplemented in the universal heart by worldliness and love for material and temporary joys. With these examples before their eyes, what wonder that the flocks quit not their earthly pastures. The theory of all Christian divines is that they preach Christ and Him crucified, but recent facts seem to show that the practical view of many is that the Dollar is God, and that soul-saving is a business conducted for material returns.

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DIRECT FROM MOSCOW.

COMFORTS OF COOK'S SYSTEM.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE SUN OVER THE YARD-ARM.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Moscow, May 26, 1883.

THE Czar is to be crowned to-morrow, the 27th, at eleven o'clock A.M. sharp. I have seen little or nothing of the party of "tourists" of the Antwerp boat since I have been in Moscow, but the Conductor is with me most of the time. Nothing has been said by any one to me as yet of the blowing up of the Czar, and I am beginning to hope that the blowing up has blown over. The "Conductor," my old friend of St. Quentin, London and Antwerp, I have really got to like, and I pleasantly call him "No. One," as we sit and play cribbage or bezique together. Every day after our walk around the city, during which he blends instruction with amusement, it has been our custom to come to my parlor at eleven o'clock A. M. sharp.

"NUMBER ONE," or the "Conductor," looking out the window, remarks to me with a knowing wink, "The sun is over the yard-arm," and as the clock strikes eleven I press the knob of the electric bell, thereby summoning the garçon, who brings two cock-tails.

We have been here for ten days now, and it is become a habit with me to press the electric knob at eleven sharp. You know how strong the force of habit is, especially when the yielding to habit always brings a Muscovite Gannymede to the rescue.

"Number One" isn't half a bad fellow after all; and I am beginning to think that I am the victim of a huge practical joke, though, to be sure, it is carrying a joke rather far to take a man to Moscow (of. Joe Miller). To-morrow morning my suspense will be over, as I am certain that it is not intended to blow up the Czar *after* he is crowned.

L'ENVOI.

On the morning of May 27th, 1883, a fair-haired man nervously entered a room in a hotel in Moscow, followed by a singularly tall man, whose boyish, almost child-like face seems to contradict a fierce, determined look in his black and flashing eyes.

"What a motley crowd the coronation attracts," said the fair-haired man as he flung himself into a chair and looked gloomily into the fire.

"Yes, a motley crowd," replied the other, smiling and showing his toothless jaw. "But while the Czar is surrounded by such cohorts of armed men, it seems impossible that any attempt can be made upon his life."

The fair-haired man shivered with the nervous tremor of an Italian grayhound, and hastily drawing his watch from his pocket, glanced at it.

"It wants two minutes of eleven! Hear, the great band has struck up the Russian national hymn! Do you desire anything of me?"

"Nothing in particular," answered the other, languidly lighting a cigarette. "Will you not smoke?" No. Then I might remind you that the sun is over the yard-arm!"

The fair-haired man arose from his chair and walked towards the electric knob.

"The Czar is being crowned," he said to himself. "And nothing further is required of me?" he asked aloud, staying his hand at the knob.

"Nothing further!"

"Thank heaven!"

He pressed the knob, and breathed a sigh of relief. A tremendous explosion seemed to rend the heavens, and the whole hotel shook. When the trembling ceased, the national hymn was no longer heard, but cries of agony and alarm arose from the city.

"What has happened?" shrieked the unhappy correspondent.

"The Czar has not been crowned to-day, thanks to you, that is all," calmly answered the tall man.

At this moment a pale waiter rushed into the room.

"Bring two vermouth cocktails, and quickly, too," ordered the tall man, with one of his ghastly smiles.

* * * * * *

WANTED, a correspondent for this paper in the foreign capitals. Recompense no object. Apply to the editors of LIFE, 1155 Broadway, N. Y.

DORGAN MIX'S Extract of Gospel cures Sleeplessness.—*Adv.*

WANTED.—A second-hand organ and a small monkey. Address Roscoe C., this office.—*Adv.*

DR. AUTOCRAT.

INVIDIOUS detractors have asserted that Dr. Autocrat's immense reputation rested less upon his own merits than upon the song written about him by the late J. Howard Payne, and well and favorably known as Holmes sweet Holmes. That this song had its influence in establishing Dr. Autocrat's fame is probable, but no competent judge will deny that his position as the world's champion middle-weight poet is one that he holds by virtue of his personal gifts.

Dr. Autocrat's life has been eminently various. He was educated as a physician, but either in the interest of his professional brethren, or to satisfy his vagrant tastes, he became runner for a boarding-house in Boston, the attractions of which he advertised with an ingenuity which met with deserved success.

There is a rumor, too, that he has been on the turf in various capacities, but this, as well as the report that he has told snake stories, is not credited by his friends. Indeed, Dr. Autocrat's name does not require vindication, and his boldness in accepting the dinner lately given in his honor, by the doctors of New York, is itself a proof that at home his professional standing is strong enough to stand a perceptible strain.

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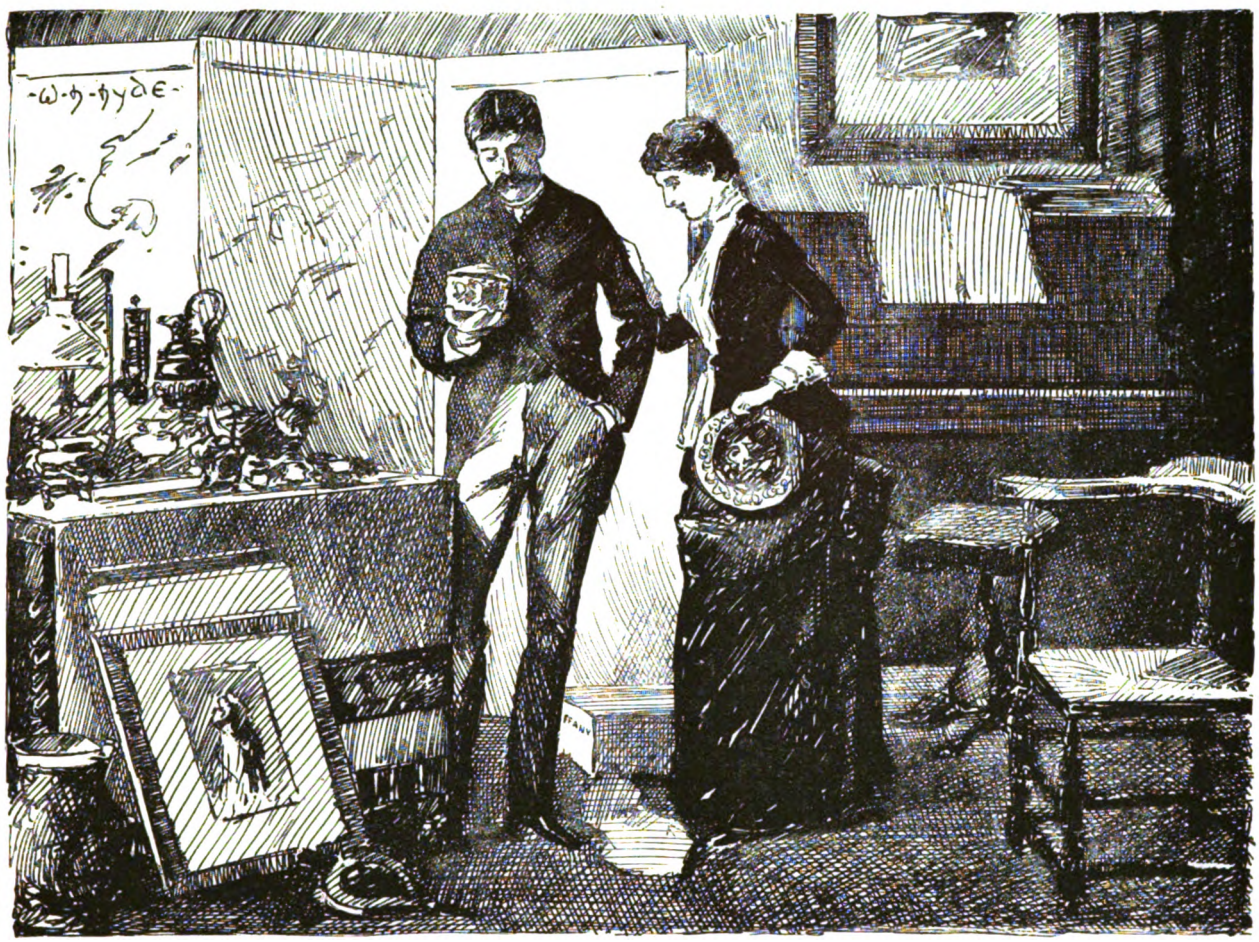

FOREBODINGS.

Time—Two days before the wedding.

Scene—Parlor. Fond couple opening boxes and packages containing presents.

She: OH, ARTHUR, SEE WHAT DEAR JOSIE HAS SENT US; IT LOOKS VERY EXPENSIVE AND MAKES THE 299TH.

He: AND IS DEAR JOSIE SINGLE AND PRETTY?

She: YES, INDEED. WHY?

He: OH, NOTHING. ONLY I AM SURPRISED TO SEE HOW FEW *married* PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

(*Counts saltcellars and thinks in despair of future demands on a small income.*)

SALVE, BACKUS! VALE, BIRCH!

WE TENDER our hearty congratulations to Professor Backus upon his election to the Presidency of Packer Institute. His many years' service in the San Francisco Minstrels entitle him to a withdrawal from public life, and he carries to his new field of labor the sympathy and best will of this community.

For several years past Professor Backus has held the chair of Spherical Cachinnation at Vassar, and the result has been noted with pride by every graduate. It is to be lamented that New York will never know him more, for with his departure the most remarkable *Othello* of the century has quitted the stage. In this connection we learn with pain that Professor Backus' twin brother, Professor Birch, is considering a call to the chair of Calisthenics and Moral Philosophy at Vassar. He will either accept this or play *Romeo* to Susan B. Anthony's *Juliet* next season, under the management of Salmi Morse. In either case he has our best wishes and blessing.

THE birdlet on the treeling
Now carols forth his notelet,
The boy that hath no feeling
Ties tin cans to the goatlet.

What then? The spring is here,
In palace and in hutlet;
The goat doth get upon his ear,
And gives that boy a but-let.
—*Harvard Crimson.*

SALMI MORSE having been granted a license for his theatre, he will now produce his play entitled "A Bustle Among Petticoats." If it skirts on the vulgar, it should be suppressed by the pelisse.—*Norristown Herald.*

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LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

MAY 17TH.

LAST night I was initiated into the Red Letter Club—nicknamed by outsiders "The Dead-Letter Club." Father wrote last week, giving his consent to my joining the club. He objects to the Greek letter societies as frivolous and a waste of time; but he cordially approved my entering an association whose object is defined by the constitution—a noble instrument—as "the culture of the mind and the mutual improvement of the members, socially, intellectually and morally."

The meetings are held at Mrs. Bruno's ale house, a place not as unspotted of the world as the President's lecture room, but very respectable—for an ale house. I was told to report there at 8 P.M. On entering the tap-room I was a little in doubt, as there was no one there but the usual bar-keeper, with red face and blue moustache. I asked him if this was Mrs. Bruno's, and he answered, with that indirectness which I have noticed in bar-keepers (and which is singularly like the responses in the Greek tragic dialogue):

"Wal, Bruno's the name on the sign-board, I guess."

At this moment Hudson, who is president of the club, heard my voice, and opening an inner door, beckoned me into the snuggery. All the members were present except Watson, who came in late and was fined fifty cents. I signed my name to the constitution, and took an iron-clad oath to support it to the bloody end. There were some Babylonish red curtains at the window, which lent a cheerful air to the scene, but my feelings were outraged by the mural decorations—a green and yellow lithograph of the Prodigal Son and a chromo of the Good Samaritan pouring arnica into the wounds of our man who fell among thieves.

Dempster opened the literary exercises by reading an essay on life insurance. He was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. Impatient and critical spirits solaced themselves during the reading by munching the soothing almond and raisin. But he was followed by Higginson, who told from memory Dr. Quincey's story of the "Spanish Nun," an affliction which lasted an hour and a half, and which neither sweetmeats nor stimulants could mitigate. A contribution was then read from the Harvard Chapter, of which I obtained a copy.

HORATIAN DIALOGUE.

LEWIS.—Walter, about your room you often tell,
To talk about your pictures never cease;
But in one thing you'll own that I excel—
I have a cattle piece.

WALTER.—Lewis, in vain you try to shake my mind
By saying this thing which, you hope, is new.
Unreasoning boaster, ignorant and blind,
I have one too!

LEWIS.—My cattle lie upon a gentle hill,
And calmly gaze into the distant west,
While the low sun shines on each glistening rill,
And sinks to rest.

WALTER.—Mine proudly stand upon the mountain turf,
And view with wondering eyes the landscape wide,
Silently listening to the tumbling surf
On far-off ocean side.

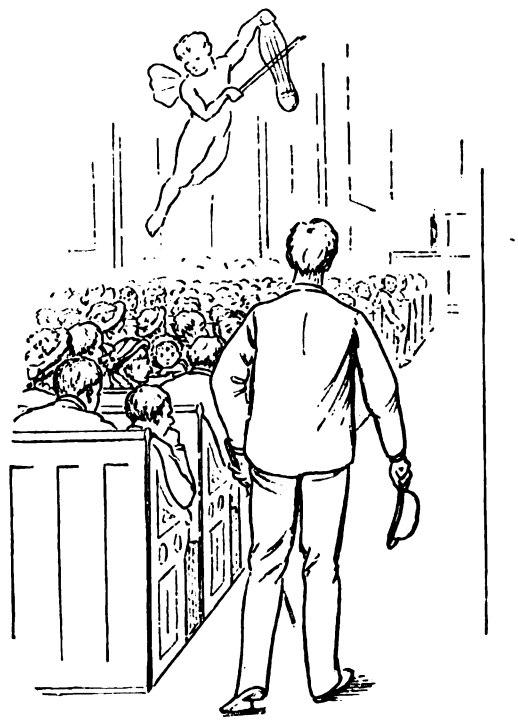
LEWIS.—From this vain striving now let each one cease:
This much I own, your cattle piece *is* fine.

WALTER.—Well said, O friend: praise you your cattle piece,
And I'll praise mine.

The MSS. are filed away in a red box, labelled "Veal Cutlets." A Hebe with a *retroussé* nose then brought in the Welsh rabbits. They were a little too Welsh for me, and were made of what our Sheffield member called "granulated" cheese. Not wishing to be unfaithful to the traditions of the club, I ate a rabbit and a half, and experienced the most deplorable consequences afterwards. Nor were the entire resources of modern science applied to the ventilation of the oyster pie which followed. Watson informed me that they had once had a roast duck, but the strain on the resources of Mrs. Bruno's *cuisine* had been awful. The wine was an offence to taste—a North Carolina product known as "Scuppernong."

The members of the club then had the opportunity of enjoying that inestimable privilege—the right of suffrage—in balloting for officers for the ensuing term. The result was announced amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the idols of popular favor received their honors in the customary blushing manner. Finally, after an enlivening song, we put on our hats—unlike the Arabs—and silently stole away.

I have written to father for the initiation fee (ten dollars), saying that the exercises of the club are of a most profitable character, and that I feel my mind already greatly improved.



THERE was a young man who said, "There!
I can steal in during this prayer!"
But the shriek of his shoes
So pervaded the pews,
That he sank in his seat in despair.

LEAVE Washington by Conkling and Platt R. R.—*Adv.*

USE Robeson's Anti-Navy Plug Prescription. Cures Sea-sickness.—*Adv.*

HAVE your political reputations patched. 25 cents. S. Robeson.—*Adv.*

Go to ——— by the Ingersoll and Hades R. R.—*Adv.*

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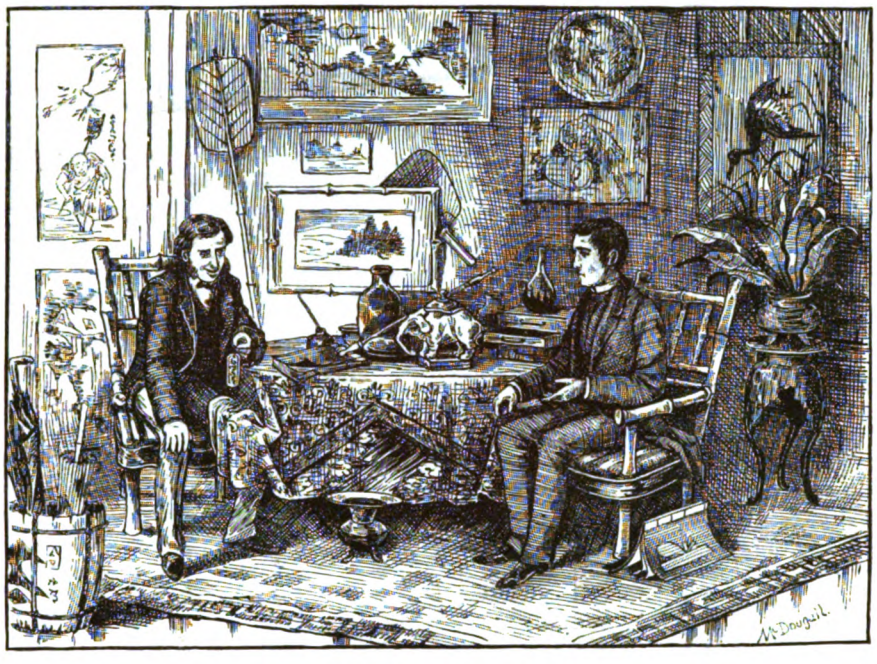
THEY COMPROMISE.

AND finally the invitation
To the Coronation—
Came back to Her Majesty Alexandrina Victoria, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, and the Colonies and Dependencies thereof, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., and she remarked in consternation: "Bless my soul!
Of the whole
Family, including Frederick William, Victor Albert, Albert Wilhelm Heinrich, Joachim Frederick Ernest Waldemar, George Frederick Ernest Albert, Ernest Louis Charles Albert William, Alfred Alexander William Ernest Albert, and the interesting crop of His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Christian Charles Augustus, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, namely, viz., to wit: Christian Victoria Albert Ludwig Ernest Anton and Albert John Charles Frederick Alfred George, and all the rest upon the Royal roll,
And a score
More
Whom I do not know,
Is n't there a single one to go?"
And then George Frederick Alexander Charles Ernest Augustus, K.G., Duke of Cumberland, ex-Knight of Hanover, [bounced,] got off his stool in the north-west corner of the establishment, and made a suggestion that was seconded by a man with ten names and carried unanimously, viva voce, sic itur ad astra, quousque tandem, per capita.
He said: "Darn it!
Let 's send Sir Garnet."

—*Puck.*



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE, ETC.

Young Collector: HERE IS A VERY ANCIENT LITTLE PIECE OF CHINESE IVORY EVIDENTLY OF SOME HISTORICAL VALUE, AND I ONLY PAID FORTY DOLLARS FOR IT. CAN YOU TRANSLATE THE INSCRIPTION FOR ME?

Professor, after profound study: THIS, SIR, IS A LAUNDRY CHECK. THE INSCRIPTION IS AN ENGLISH ONE WRITTEN IN CHINESE CHARACTERS AND SAYS, "NO MONEY, NO WASHEE."

Young collector does not say that he has promised to take two more at the same price if the dealer can secure them for him.

JUDKINS' BOY.

EVERYBODY is allus a-givin' it to Dudes. Newspapers makes fun of 'em, and artists makes pictures of 'em; and the only ones in the wide world that's stuck on Dudes is me and the Dudes theirsef, and we love and cherish 'em with all a parent's fond regards. And nobody knows much about Dudes neither, 'cause they haint been broke out long enough yet to tell jist what the disease is. Some says its softinning of the brains, and others claims it can't be that, on the grouns they haint got no material for the softinning to work on, &c., &c., till even "Sientests is puzzled", as The Good Book says. And if I was agoing to say what ails Dudes I'd have to give it up, er pernounce it a aggervated case of the Tyfoid-blues, which is my onnest convictions. That's what makes me kindo stand in with 'em—same as ef they was the under-dog. I am willing to aknollege that Dudes has their weakness, but so has every thing. Even Oscar Wild, ef put to the test;—and I allus feel sorry for George Washington 'cause he died 'fore he got to see Oscar Wild. And then another reason why you oughtent to jump onto Dudes is, they don't know what's the matter with 'em any more than us folks in whom they come in daily contack. Dudes all walks and looks in the face like they was on their way to fill a engagement with a revolvin' lady wax-figger in some millener-winder, and had fergot the number of her place of bizzness. Some folks is mean enough to bitterly a-sert that Dudes is strained in their manners and fools from choice; But they aint. It's a gift—Dudes is Geenuses—that's what Dudes is.

USE Roscoe's patent corset. None other genuine. —*Adv.*

USE Evart's Porous Plasters for Blaine in the head. —*Adv.*

TRY Widder Butler's Soothing Syrup. 25 cents.—*Adv.*

THE "FREDDIE" duelling pistol, safe and reliable.—*Adv.*

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MOVEMENTS IN RI

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RUSSIAN HIGH LIFE.

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ROMANCE.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

I.

JOHN RANDOLPH of New Haven, late
A coachman in the nutmeg state,

Though blest with a superb physique
Was weakly moulded in the beak;

Of breadth of outline exquisite,
Was out of drawing in the feet;

Perhaps a nicer taste would feel
Too little lacking in the heel;

In short, though of heroic figure,
John was an 18-karat nigger.

II.

Almira Bangham, ere she loved,
In Norwalk's highest circles moved;

In type, she was a sorrel blonde,
Of cultured taste and temper fond;

No fairer maid adorned, than she,
Connecticut society;

White was her face tint as the blank
Space on my cheques upon the bank;

His body-color was as black
As the endorsement on the back;

In short, each wanted light or shade—
Their union chiar'-oscuro made;

Though fairer than this cusséd snow,
Should Norwalk girls be proud? Why, no.

III.

This passion for a face so dark
Called forth, in Norwalk, some remark;

Her parents noted with much choler
Her preference of form to color.

Her pa grew mad, but she grew more so,
And bade him note J. Randolph's torso.

Her ma pronounced the grave suspicion
She hadn't seen enough of Titian.

Her early lovers begged her judge
Between them and a charcoal smudge.

The hired man, a deep sigh fetching,
Ascribed it all to Haden's etching.

IV.

The bridegroom stood up, large and dark—
The bride considered it a lark,

For when the service was begun,
She whispered to him, "Ain't it fun!"

Across his face a smile there flashed,
As when a watermelon's gashed;

Then all was still, save that his bride
Nudged flippantly a bridesmaid's side;

The parson read with undue haste;
He thought it all in shocking taste,

And said to her, when all was ended,
And black and white forever blended,

"The die is cast." She wiped her een.
"Well, anyhow, 'tain't aniline."

V.

The average Connecticutter
On points of art alone is utter.

The line must be somewhere in sight—
They draw it there twixt black and white.

VI.

What was the outcome? Them hath cut
The Blue Blood of Connecticut.

Artistic yet, but *hors concours*,
They live on the Long Island shore.

No more in Bridgeport they partake
Of beer and ices, cocoa-cake,

Or other joys of the beau monde;
But still Almira, sorrel blonde,

With many a little sketch or study
Of outline free and tincture muddy,

In sepia or in India ink,
Lives on th' unsocial ocean's brink;

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And some are replicas or mates
Done in their first or second states ;

Many of them are Rembrandtesque,
More are striking, most grotesque ;

Some are in charcoal, some in chalk—
All speaking likenesses—they talk !

And some bear pa's or ma's imprints
In little stippled mezzotints ;

While some of them, upon my word,
Are pranked out like a checker-board.

L'ENVOI.

You ask me for the moral, but
There are none—in Connecticut.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARPER.—(1.) Yes. Lydia Pinkham is a good selection for your next. (2.) The title, "Types of American Beauty," is excellent. (3.) Yes, we will try our influence with Susan B.

ROSCOE C.—Bandoline.

M. VIGNAUX.—(1.) Yes, the first ball should be struck first. (2.) Strike the ball simultaneously on top, underneath, and put the English on both sides, and you cannot fail to score. (3.) Why did you miss that draw ? Probably because, being a Frenchman, your knowledge of English is imperfect.

ALEXANDER III.—To kill Nihilists ? Give them soap and spelling books. Sure death.

BENJAMIN S., *Yale*.—It was undoubtedly a cold deck.

FREDDIE G. (1.) No, it is spelled l-i-a-r. Lyre is a musical instrument. (2.) Would it be beneath you to notice him ? Well, that depends. If he is the larger, and has science to back his muscle up, we think it would. (3.) Yes, people have been hurt in duels (this is the correct spelling—not *dewells*), and many have caught cold while thus exposed. (4.) No, the police will not interfere. They have no need to.

WILLIE S.—(1.) Called you a "carpet knight," did he ? Well, what of it ? (2.) What weapons should you choose ? Try spelling books at four paces. (3.) No, the President came to attend the opening of the Bridge, and not to try to act as mediator between you.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.—Yes, as you say, they are two silly little numskulls, trying to make the community think they are men. Let them go ahead. If their fists are as soft as their heads they can't hurt each other.

JOHN K.—To cure the brogue ? Take one cake of soap, two towels, a bath, half a pound of Paris green and a spoonful of prussic acid.

MCCOSH, *Princeton*.—(1.) For that purpose, Jamaica *is* better than Santa Cruz. (2.) It was probably the lemon peel.

LITTLE CLASSICS.

II.

EHEU, diddle, diddle,
Felis est in fiddle,
Cowque supersaltabat the lunam,
The parvulus dog risit
Videre such ludum
Et dish concurrit cum spoonam.*

WANTED.—A strong, healthy and intelligent girl, Irish Catholic preferred, as governess to a religious parrot.—A. D., this office.—*Adv.*

'D. DAVIS' Infallible Anti-Fat, at all druggists'.—*Adv.*

FOR SALE.—A large assortment of Gothic sentences, by the yard or piece, remnants of a speech on the Bridge. Address, William M. E., this office.—*Adv.*

WANTED—COLORED MAN TO DRIVE DOCTOR, acquainted with city. 219 West — Street.

* The grammar and declension are somewhat warped in this line to make the rhyme go.

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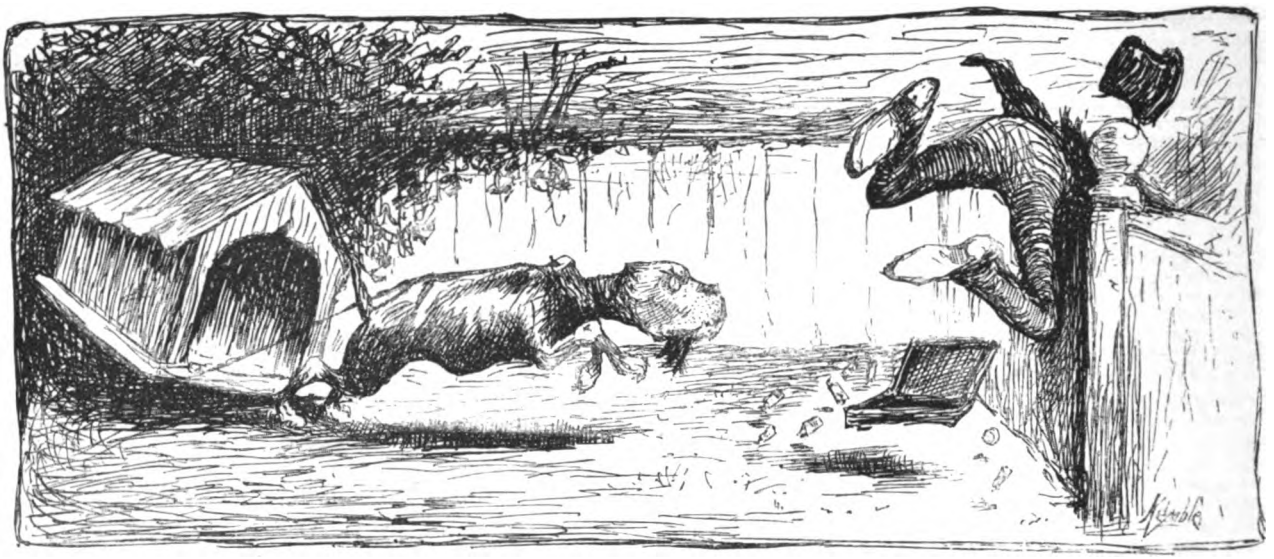

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

THE WAIL OF A REJECTED CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN I came to your office with a pojum in hand
(Said I to myself, said I),
"I'll knock sky high all the wits in the land."
(Said I to myself, said I):
"I'll get this in LIFE. My fortune is made."
I pictured myself in glory arrayed.
"I'll go and get married, and give up the trade"
(Said I to myself, said I).

You smiled very sweetly, my pojum you took.
(Said I to myself, said I):
"He'll give me a check, I can tell by his look"
(Said I to myself, said I).
I felt much encouraged, you read it all through,
You roared and you laughed, you thought it quite too.
"He'll make it a 'tenner,'" as I took my adieu
(Said I to myself, said I).

I waited a day, I waited a week)!
(Said I to myself, said I):
"To keep me so long that man has a cheek"
(Said I to myself, said I).
"I'll write him, and tell him to send me my check,
That I'm poverty stricken, a miserable wreck,
And if he don't send it, I'll jump on his neck!"
(Said I to myself, said I.)

At length a note came. "Here's richness at last"
(Said I to myself, said I).
I tore up the flapper. "Great Scott, hold me fast!"
(Said I to myself, said I.)
"Your pojum is herewith returned unto you.
I'm sorry, my friend, I'm afraid it won't do."
"Well, that *is* a check from Checkville, Missou"
(Said I to myself, said I).

J. K. BANGS.

DOLLARS OR DAMNATION.

WE cheerfully endorse the subjoined, from the San Francisco *Argonaut* of May 5th:

MONEY OR MASSES.—Reverend Robert J. Maguire, for many years Pastor of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church, Court Street, Brooklyn, died in 1881, leaving an estate variously estimated at from twenty-five thousand dollars to twice that amount. The Reverend Father Curran, of St. Andrew's Church, this city, since deceased, was named as executor under the will. Father Curran died intestate, and the estate went into the hands of the public administrator. Provision was made, it is said, by Father Maguire for the celebration of masses for the repose of his soul. Reverend Philip Kenny, who was assistant pastor at St. Paul's, performed the ceremonies, saying the masses desired. Father Kenny has now begun suit to recover twelve thousand dollars against the estate of his deceased pastor for the services rendered. The action is brought before the Supreme Court, and has been referred to counsellor William B. Davenport, who is taking testimony in the matter. Messrs. P. J. O'Hanlon and ex-Judge Morris appear for the plaintiff, who is assistant pastor of the Church of the Nativity, in Madison street, Brooklyn, and Charles J. Otis represents the legal interest of George B. Abbot, the public administrator.—*New York Herald.*

This bringing of a suit against one priest, for compensation for praying another out of purgatory, beats us altogether. In the first place, we thought all priests went directly to the bosom of Abraham, and that, when they died in sanctity, they skipped the domain which we infidels call "Fiddler's Green," but which, in the more sedate language of the church, is called "Purgatory." We thought these Roman Christians so loved one another that when a priest, by some unlucky accident, like that which lately occurred in Brooklyn, slipped his foot and brought up on the debatable ground, they would pray him out of his dilemma in the half-way house on the down grade. But for one priest to demand of another twelve thousand dollars for lifting him up from purgatorial pains, and placing him with harp and stool upon the golden pave, is a thing never dreamed of in our philosophy. We do not understand how Father Kenny is to maintain his action. First, we take it, his lawyers must prove the following facts—viz., that there is a purgatory; that Father Maguire had a soul while living; that his soul survives him dead, and that it has gone to purgatory. The court will doubtless take judicial cognizance of the character of the place called purgatory, and admit that it is a devilishly uncomfortable position for a priest to be put it. The plaintiff will then prove that he said the masses, and said them upon an empty stomach, and in all respects complied with the requirements of the church. He must, we think, prove that his prayers have been effective, in order

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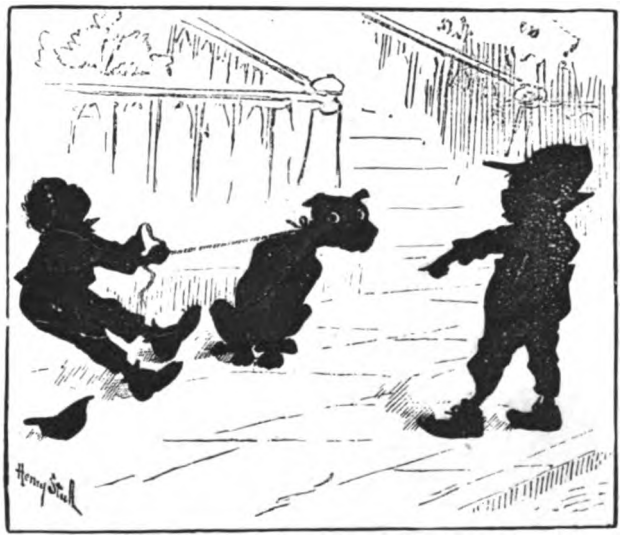
that the jury may intelligently assess their value. Then, we presume, experts may be called in to prove the value of like services in like cases. We shall look for this evidence with great interest to inform us what is the tariff for purgatorial deliverance. We are altogether in the dark as to the commercial value of religious consolations, for the sacramental ceremony of marriage, and for the baptisms of infants and adults in holy water. This kind of information is of practical use, and we think we express the wish of the average non-papist in desiring to know—in the event of our becoming Romanists—just how much the Roman Catholic plan of salvation costs. We would not speak irreverently of these sacred ceremonies, nor lightly of the holy mysteries which enshroud the faith of the members of the only true, holy, catholic and apostolic church; but when an anointed priest of God comes into court, and demands compensation in coin for services rendered by him at the altar in aid of a tortured soul that is dead and wanders, we demand to know whether we may not inquire into all the details of a service for which a priest of Rome demands a money price. It would be an interesting fact if we could ascertain historically just when the practice was introduced of selling masses. Judas was the only apostle, if we remember aright, who loved coin; and, if we are correct in our readings, Christ, and the apostles, and the early Christians, were enjoined to set no value on their ministrations, but to preach Christ and Him crucified, without money and without price—to preach the gospel to all the world, going forth with staff, but not with purse. One follower of Jesus demanding twelve thousand dollars for rescuing the soul of another from eternal torment!—and that in the city of Brooklyn, in 1883. Great God!!!

A WITTICISM VERSIFIED.

"*Qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo.*"—VIRG.

WHY Dick, my fine fellow—indeed I must own-
I scarcely should know you, so changed you have grown.
You were, while at college, a curly-haired lad,
And I plainly recall the slim figure you had,
But now, by the mass!—and you needn't look surly—
'Tis your hair that is *slim*, and your figure thats *curly*.

DOLAROW.



"*How now, sirrah,*" growled the haughty baron, "*Dost falter!—Away with yon hound to the pound hard by; I will e'en await thy return with the thirty piastres thou shalt receive for him: Delay not, varlet, or By're Lady, it shall fare ill with thee!*"

THE poetical editor of LIFE regrets that he is seldom able to read over a dozen poems at one sitting. Editors are a sordid, grovelling, grubbing and unappreciative set, and the poetical editor of LIFE is no exception. A pale youth with red eye winkers and freckled ears slunk in yesterday to inquire about a little "sonnet in alcaic hexameters" he had sent us. Fortunately it was one of the lucky six, fished from the basket by Bliff's cat, who, under the extra stimulus of a pinched tail, had clawed a hole right through it. His eye brightened as we slowly unfolded the thing. The first lines ran thus:

"Thy love, O coruscating, ethereal star,
Whose bright effulgence"—

We said: "This opening is too astronomical, so to speak. People like something more juicy." He admitted that perhaps it wouldn't please the vulgar masses.

We resumed the reading. The 37th stanza wound up thus:

— "Queen of summers seventeen,
May thy future e'er be heavenly!"

We said again: "This is not wholly unintelligible, gentle idiot, but does 'seventeen' rhyme with 'heavenly?'" He explained that it was by poetic license he ran it in. We picked the thing up again. The 109th stanza was this:

"I deemed her the one thing undefiled
By the air we breathe in a world of sin,
The truest, the tenderest, purest child,
A man ever trusted in."

We looked over our spectacles: "Young man, *this* was written by a poet!" He blushed and modestly acknowledged the compliment. "This stanza," we continued, "is in Meredith's best style. In fact it is his language. It is exactly like something in one of his best poems. You are talented." We went on. The concluding lines were miraculously original and fetching:

"And in the dreary sarcophaguses of our hearts,
Where no refulgent ray bright Hope imparts,
In melody sweet may thy phantasm lie
Through all atheistic eternity."

"Benign and mesmeric numskull," we said, "this thing is too thin. 'Atheistic eternity' is a beautiful expression in Modoc, even as the 'dreary sarcophaguses of our hearts' is one of the most tender thoughts of the Kickapoo bard, but like Scribe's plays, they lose their beauty when translated. This poem contains some lovely lines. You have the happy knack of so closely imitating Byron, Shelley, Moore, Tennyson and Scott, that in places an expert couldn't tell the difference. Then you branch off into a style peculiarly your own, and leave everything to the imagination and the dictionary. Your spelling is original, too. Dispell, niether, whitch, sutch, weding, etc., are variations on the ordinary monotonous orthography which will doubtless take. You should write for the *Home Journal* and the Chicago *Tribune*. Your poetry is like Wagner's music—it belongs to the future. You had better burn this up—or send it to the *Century*. They might give you a thousand dollars for it. Doctor Holmes has got less for poems not half so long. If we had written it, we would rather have five hundred dollars than print it in a strictly funny paper. Ethereal maniac, we cannot publish this. This is a feverish office. Not a week ago there was a poet brutally assassinated on that very spot. The Fighting and Religious Editor did it. He is frenzied yet. Ha! hear you his tread upon the stair? He comes! fly!"

There was a quick grab at the pile of manuscript, a gleam of a pale face shooting through the doorway, a scrabble down the back stairs, and the poet was gone. Bliff put an extra dab of tar on the cat's ears and winked at the advertising solicitor. Then all was still.

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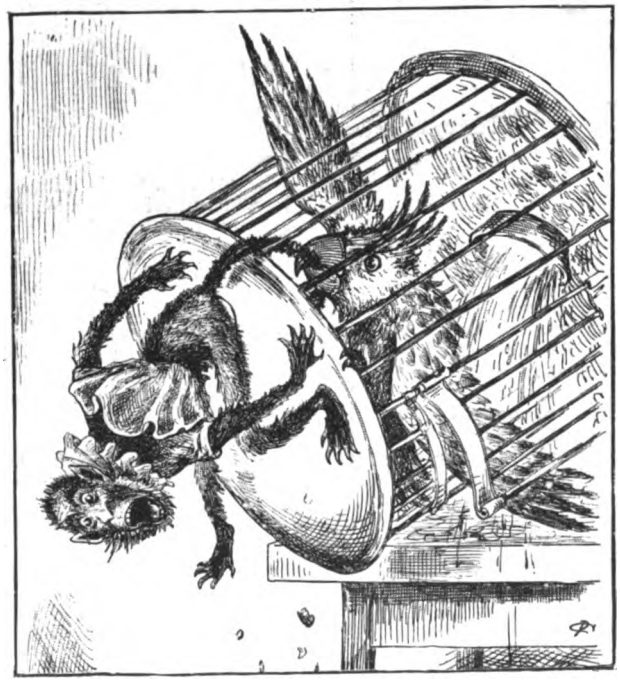
I.

JOCK INJURES POLLY BY STEALING HER PEANUTS.

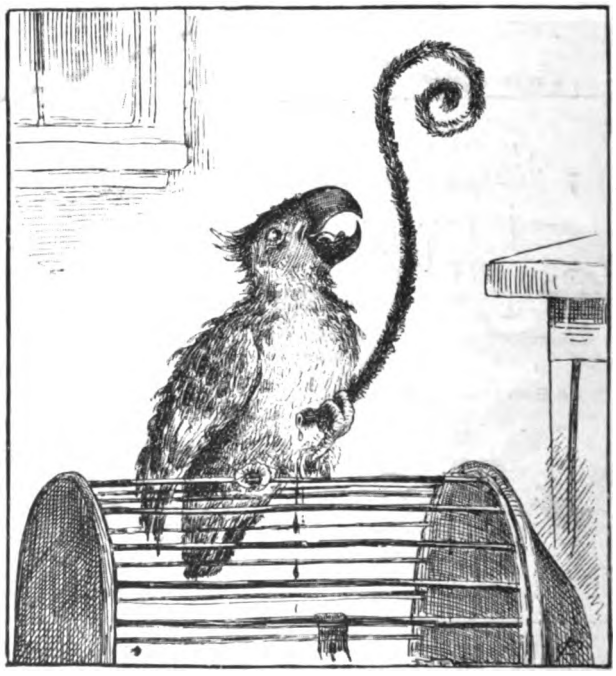
II.

ADDS INSULT TO INJURY.



III.

BUT RETRIBUTION IS AT HAND.



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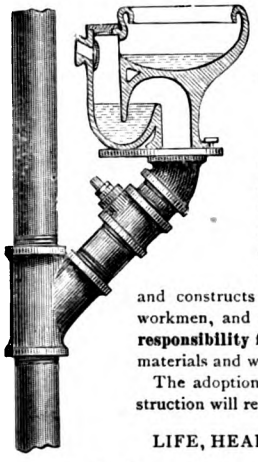

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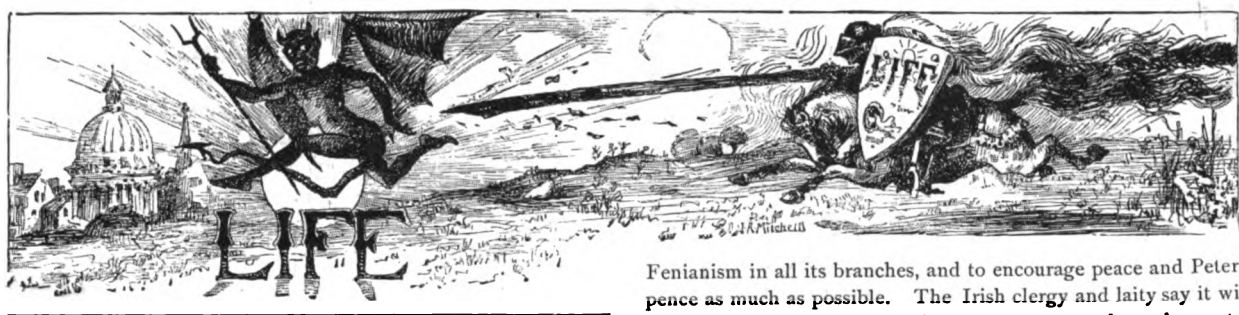

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THE recent horror on the Bridge was a natural result of the combination of three elements—a crowd, a panic and a stairway. When it is considered that there is but one pathway upon the structure, provided for simultaneous use by two masses of people moving in opposite directions, the occurrence of a crush is not to be considered wonderful. The attrition of the two lines is alone sufficient to produce a blockade, if the path is crowded. Any unusual circumstance—a row, a woman fainting or even a man's hat blowing off, may arrest the attention of the passers-by for a moment—and from the small nucleus then formed the crowd grows to formidable proportions. Then is the moment of danger. Those bound Brooklynwards will be disposed to push one way, and those bound for this City another. The police at each end of the blockade may make matters worse by attempting to break through. They will only cause a greater pressure on the centre, and the crushing of helpless women and children instantly follows. Men and sheep act alike when in a frightened drove. Expostulation, advice or threats are equally unheeded. The stampede usually tends towards the point of greatest danger. This, on Wednesday, proved to be the staircase, and there the dead and dying lay in ghastly heaps ten minutes after the panic started. That the staircase was placed there at all is one evidence of woeful lack of judgment on the part of the builders. That but one common pathway was provided for both streams of humanity was another. That no means of signalling to the gatemen was provided to prevent the ingress of more people to swell the crowd in case of such an accident showed ignorance, bad management or niggardliness on the part of the authorities. The dead are dead, and no amount of whining over what might have been will knit the broken bones of the crippled. But the authorities, mindful of the fact that the remembrance of this casualty will but serve to quicken any future panic which may occur, should at once see that the existing factors of such a catastrophe are removed. Let the awful tragedy of Wednesday bear wholesome fruit.

* * *

THE Wholly Irish Catholic Church seems to have entered into its nineteenth regular decennial rumpus with no very clear chance of a compromise appearing. His Holiness the Pope, being an Italian and hence perfectly in sympathy with the Irish people and the Irish cause, has ordered the priests to oppose Fenianism in all its branches, and to encourage peace and Peter's pence as much as possible. The Irish clergy and laity say it will be either Fenianism and Peter's pence,or peace and papal poverty. This, of course, makes it very hard for the poor Pope, to whom the metallic testimonials of Irish affection are very valuable. He cannot consistently retract his infallible mandate, and he cannot get along at all without the pence. We await the issue.

* * *

SECRETARY LINCOLN has now an excellent opportunity to lower the standard of the Army by the exercise of ill-advised clemency in the cases of the officers now under charge of embezzlement and other grave offences. Several of them have rich and influential friends who are straining every nerve that the offenders may go unwhipped of justice. That money or influence should bar the penalty demanded by the Articles of War, would be more than lamentable. Not only would the effect be pernicious to discipline, but the very honor of the entire service would be placed in jeopardy. The record of the regular army hitherto has been one of which the nation could boast. Its rules are rigid, and by them an officer is not only compelled to be a brave but also an honest man and a gentleman. One precedent to the contrary would be dangerous. A resignation should not be accepted in such a case. The court martial should alone be authorized to pronounce upon the merits. That tribunal is bound to try "without partiality, favor or affection," and in doubt, to judge according "to conscience, the best of its ability and the custom of war in like cases." If by it the accused are found guilty, the Secretary of War, as reviewing authority, should confirm the sentence in whole. Previous good record, wounds, or high rank should not be made an excuse for leniency in those cases where trusted officers have descended to the level of thieves. In the punishment of breaches of military discipline pure and simple, the tempering of justice with mercy is often commendable, but in cases where manifest felony has been perpetrated, the criminal should be viewed as having placed himself without the pale of consideration. The stringency of military law and the severity of courts martial justice are the bulwarks of the service. While they are known to be beyond the influence of wealth or political intrigue, the reputation of the army can hold its hard won prestige; but one precedent would imperil it. Let these officers be tried, and if found guilty let them be cashiered.

* * *

THE public will watch with interest the process by which the wheels of relentless justice will grind the mother who attempted to murder her babes and drown herself last Monday. There can be no excuse for mercy in her case, as there was in that of Bettini, the young barber or lieutenant who attempted suicide because an heiress had jilted him. She has no "social position," nor "influential friends," nor "aristocratic connections," such as extenuated his case. Let, then, the full weight of the law fall upon her. She was fiendishly poor, she was depraved enough to starve by inches in a city where Christians pay

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a minister $20,000 a year, and so abandoned and despicable as actually to walk about the public streets to flaunt her shameful emaciation in the eyes of fat divines and merry hearted deacons, and perhaps annoy them by the mute eloquence of her white face and fevered eye. Then the children——they were just as vicious. Away with the whole crew. Let the vengeance of the outraged people be swift and terrible. We *must* have spires of carven stone, and roofs of cedar and mullioned windows of costly colored glass for our temples, that we may worship; our choirs *must* be paid princely salaries, that they may chant our holiness, and our ministers *must* live in silken luxury that they may preach the Crucified Christ in befitting fashion—yes, these are our necessities, and for that wretch who would divert one dime from this noble cause to selfishly put bread into the mouth of her starving brat, no punishment can be too severe—no justice too inexorable. Let her be made an example.

* * *

THE management of the Madison Square Theatre is quick to profit by a mistake. Its original platform was the encouragement of native talent. For several years the only plays produced were by American authors. "Hazel Kirke," an *olla podrida* by Mackaye, was so carefully revised, cast, artistically mounted and well acted, that it became a thing of beauty and almost a joy forever. It could not be considered strictly a new play in all its parts, but the ancient materials of which it was composed were so nicely dovetailed and burnished that the whole passed as a novelty, and was satisfactory to the general public. "The Professor" was, be it said to the credit of foreign authors, a purely American play. Good acting and the established reputation of the theatre saved it from deserved damnation, and it is still, we believe, inflicted by travelling companies upon rural communities whose crimes call for just such an awful retribution. "Esmeralda" was a series of illustrated dialogues culled from one of Mrs. Burnett's novels. It was undramatic, but was at least original, and the excellence of the dialogue offset the demerits of the plot and action sufficiently to carry it, notwithstanding that two of its characters—the unfilial daughter and unnatural mother—were decidedly disagreeable. Next was "Young Mrs. Winthrop," by Bronson Howard—a strong, clear-cut, well-balanced and wholesome drama, to which was accorded a most generous and prolonged patronage. That to such a work should succeed a feeble *rechauffé* of the plagiarized work of a second-rate French author was as lamentable as the effort to give it caste by alluding to the social importance of the translator was ridiculous. It is therefore pleasant to note that the management of this most charming and deserving little theatre has decided to banish the hybrid to Siberia, where it belongs, and return to first principles by producing an original play by an American author. Mr. Young is a strong writer, and if he has succeeded in getting his too tragic muse to smile once or twice, even artificially, in each act, his work, "The Rajah," will be a success.

WANTED a small but vigorous electric battery to galvanize for the coming campaign. S. J. T., this office.—*Adv.*

WANTED.—25 boys as messengers. Must be able to run one mile in seven hours. Apply at main office of American Union District Mutual Telegraph Co.—*Adv.*

A STUDY IN SPASMS.

Novi ingenium mulierum;
Nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis capiunt ultro.—TERENCE.

[*With anger:*]
I refused his outrageous request
For a kiss—which I took him to task for!

[*With greater anger:*]
And he said—the mean thing!—'twas a *jest!*

[*With only conscientious anger:*]
I refused his outrageous request—

[*With falteringly argumentative anger:*]
He's offended, and—I—DON'T fear lest
Another he never will ask for!

[*More in sorrow than in anger:*]
I refused his outrageous request
For a kiss, which I took him to task for.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

A HOPELESS CASE.

ARTHUR ARCHIBALD is in a brown study. He wants to marry, but his income is only $2000, and Angelina's papa says Angelina shall have no husband whose income is less than $5000. But when Angelina marries her "dot" will be $3000 a year and a house. "Now," says Arthur, "it costs $5000 to support a wife. I cannot have the 'dot' until I do not need it, and now that I need it I cannot have it. Why, demmit, I can't marry any way you fix it!"

A POSER.

Grigsby (lately home from a few months in England): HOW DO, OLD BOY? HOW DO? I SAY, BROWN, ACCOMMODATE US WITH A SOV'—I MEAN A FIVER—UNTIL TO-MORROW; THAT'S A GOOD FELLOW. B'JOVE, HAVEN'T BEEN IN THIS COUNTRY IN SO LONG, HAVE ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE DENOMINATIONS OF YOUR CURRENCY.

Brown: OF COURSE, GRIGSBY, I'M GLAD TO ACCOMMODATE YOU; BUT PRAY, WHAT MAY THE DENOMINATIONS OF *your* CURRENCY BE?

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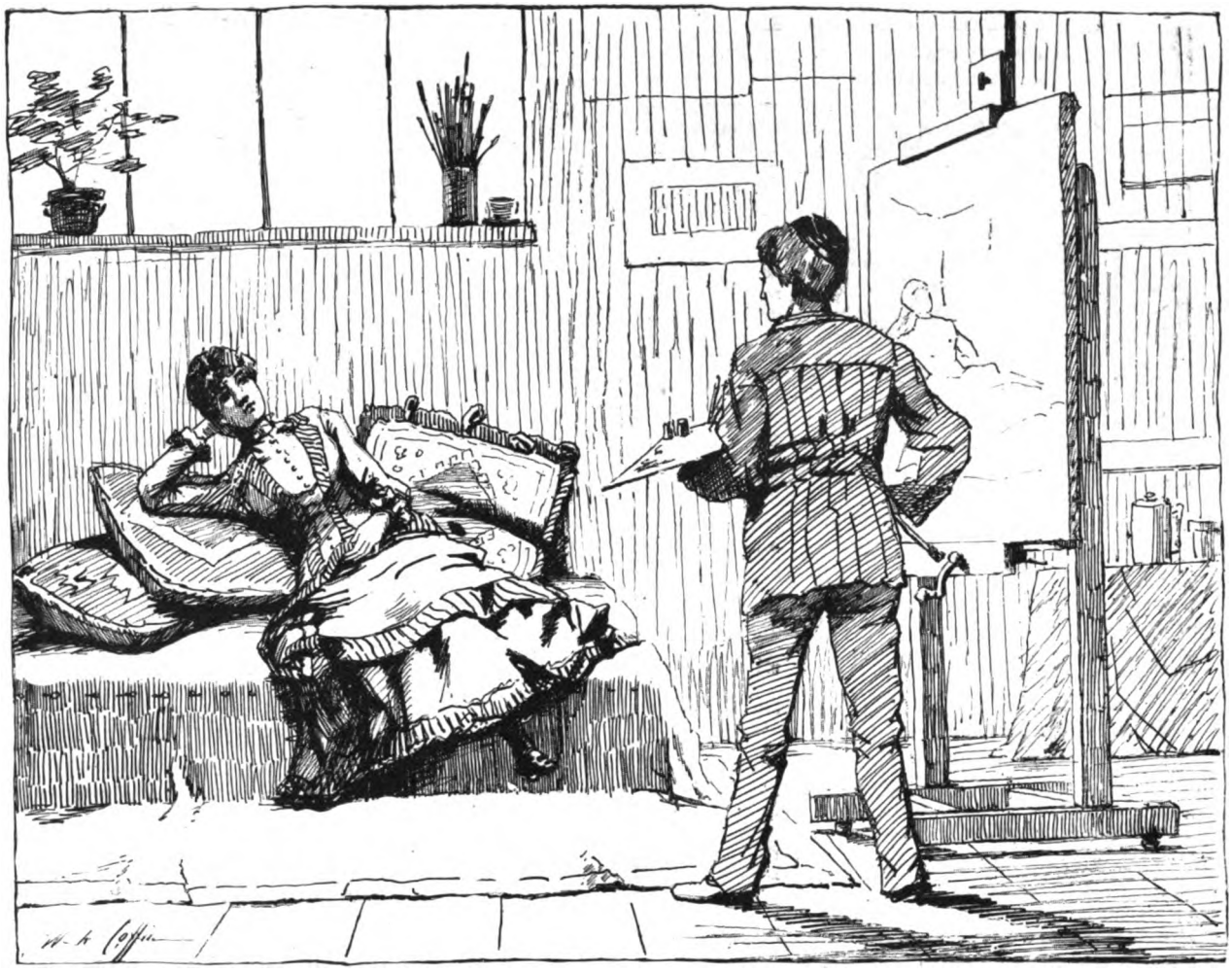

IN THE STUDIOS.

Miss Lilybud (the popular model): YOU SAY, IN PARIS, MR. CADMIUM, THERE ARE NO MODELS THAT ARE GOOD?

Mr. Cadmium: I DON'T THINK THERE ARE, NO, NOT IN THAT SENSE OF THE WORD; AT LEAST I NEVER KNEW OF ANY.

AND THE ARTISTS, ARE THEY GOOD, MR. CADMIUM?

WELL, RATHER,—BUT IN THE OTHER SENSE OF THE WORD, YOU KNOW.

SO THEN IN PARIS THE MODELS ARE ALL BAD AND THE PAINTERS ALL GOOD, AND HERE THE MODELS ARE ALL GOOD AND THE PAINTERS ALL BAD—IS THAT IT, MR. CADMIUM?

(*Cadmium thinks this idea of the higher education of woman ought to be kept out of art.*)

GONE SOUTH.

"WHAT has become of Josiah Spraggs?" asked a man who reined up his horse in front of a ramshackle farm-house in Northern Indiana.

"Moved away," replied a coatless native, who was seated on the fence, chewing a straw.

"Where has he moved to?"

"Down South somewhar, I reckon."

"Why did he leave here?"

"Wal, Josiah he kinder took a notion he'd marry Squire Rummel's darter Liza, 'n Squire Rummel he took a notion that Josiah shouldn't do it. 'Pears like Josiah's notion was the strongest, 'n so he 'n Liza run off 'n got marrit, 'n Josiah 'n the Squire didn't hitch hosses arter that."

"But why did he go away?"

"Wal, Squire Rummel he sorter got a new double bar'l shot-gun, 'n ez Josiah's squir'l rifle had been borrert away by a long-legged lunk who never brought it back, he got kinder tired of sneakin' roun'."

"What makes you think he has gone South?"

"Wal, arter Josiah selled out, he sent word to Squire Rummel, to ax him whar he'd better go to, 'n the ole Squire *he* told him to go to h—ll."

"And so he went South?"

"Wa-al—ya-as. It war the clostest he cud git thar."

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THE STUFFED CLUB.

(IN FOUR CHAPS. AND ONE P. S.

CHAPTER I.

HY they called it the Stuffed Club will appear in the sequel.

Any how that was the club's name.

Charles Fresh was a member of the Stuffed Club, and this is how Charlie achieved this distinguished distinction.

Charlie was waited upon in his sumptuous apartments by some near and dear friends, who invited Charlie to join the Stuffs before it was too late. The membership, they said, lacked but five of the full quota, and the dues were light.

Here was a fine chance for Charlie to sample the joys of Club Life!

Would Charlie embrace it?

He would, and he did, as the subsequent chapter of this narrative will demonstrate.

CHAPTER II.

Charlie Fresh was elected a member of the Stuffs straightway and unanimously.

The genial Secretary took pleasure in informing him of the fact, and the faithful and trusted Treasurer acknowledged, with thanks, the receipt of Charlie's cheque for $25, the same being the regular entrance fee.

The simple ceremony of initiation only remained to be gone through with, and after that Charlie would be a full and accepted Stuff.

He had simply to write a philosophical essay, compose an original song, and present himself, in full evening dress, on the Friday evening next following his election.

Being facile with his pen, and having a large wardrobe, Charlie fulfilled these simple conditions in a manner creditable to his intellect, and likewise to his tailor, as the sequel to this story will show.

CHAPTER III.

On the evening appointed in our last chapter, Charlie wended his way to the appointed place, and entering an ante-room, he was presently joined by four other nice young men who had likewise embraced this golden opportunity to enroll their names among the Stuffs.

Soon these five young gentlemen arose, waited upon by the President of the Stuffed Club, who welcomed them very cordially, and, under the escort of this distinguished functionary, they proceeded to a spacious banquet hall, wherein was a table laden with much sumptuousness. Twenty-five covers were laid, and after the five new members had been duly presented, they took the seats assigned them at the table with the twenty old Stuffs.

The dinner was fine, and after it had been disposed of, the President felicitously announced that the feast of reason was now in order—as the subsequent chapter of this tale will undertake to specify.

CHAPTER IV.

The accomplished presiding officer proceeded to regale the assembled Stuffs with a breezy homily on Club Life—telling them how it welded anew the bonds of amity and good fellowship, promoted refined sociability, and how, under its cheery influences, the welfare and happiness of mankind were promoted. "The aims and purposes of the Stuffed Club," continued the presiding officer, with eloquent emotion,———

Here the speaker's voice was drowned amid a tumult of applause, a clinking of glasses and knives and forks and spoons and other things, and cries of "Hear!" "Hear!"—an outburst of enthusiasm which was quelled in time to enable the fresh Stuffs to hear the speaker express the pleasure it afforded him to extend to the five neophytes the right hand of fellowship on this auspicious occasion. Concluding with the wish that each and every one of them might realize all the pleasure which he himself had derived from the charming association which clustered around the Stuffed Club. (Cheers.)

The first regular toast was in honor of Charles Fresh, and in response thereto Charlie read an essay on "Embolism," and then sang his original song to the tune of "Grandfather's Clock."

Charlie was followed by his four new associates, who read their several essays and sang their several songs with great impressiveness, and then and there the five young gentlemen were declared to be entitled to all the privileges of the Stuffed Club.

P. S.

This beautiful symposium was the first, last and only gathering of the Stuffed Club; so its accounts to date stand about thus:

DR.

To fees of initiation to Stuffed Club of five fresh Stuffs, at $25 *each* (PAID STRICTLY IN ADVANCE OF INITIATION),	$125.00

CR.

By Dinner for Twenty-five Members of Stuffed Club (including Wines and Cigars),	$124.88
Balance (refunded to five fresh Stuffs),	12 *cents.*

G. F. BABBITT.

BELOW COST.—A large assortment of black kids, in lots to suit the trade. Apply at once, Colored Foundlings' Home, Hoboken, N. J.—*Adv.*

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LESBIA.

AH! golden canary, beware!
She fondles thee but to deceive thee.
Delusion her love and her care!
When she's kind thou mayst fear she will leave thee.

Pink finger-tips ruffle thy plumes;
She gurgles and whistles as mellow
As the flute that sounds soft 'mid the blooms
To catch thee, thou fairy in yellow!

Thou sippest the dew of her mouth.
Ah! happy one, proud of possession.
Her breath is the breath of the south
Before the fair flowers' secession.

And she, too, has the heart of a bird,
And you will understand one another;
But *my* sight by my passion is blurred—
I can never misgiving quite smother.

She has not deserted me yet,
And her charm is around and above me;
I think that she cannot forget,
Still I foolishly doubt if she love me.

N. M. S.

I SEE that Larry Jerome and Alexander Taylor have bet $5000 on cocks which shall crow the loudest and longest. Who will back me if I enter? Joseph P–l–tz–r, this office.—*Adv.*

FOR SALE, CHEAP—My late reputation, as the biggest thing on ice. I have seen David D——. JUMBO, this office.—*Adv.*

AN ARTISTIC SUCCESS.

Mr. Higgins: MY SON SAMUEL STUDIED ART IN PARIS FOR SIX YEARS.

Mr. Raphael d' Umber: AH, DID HE SUCCEED?

Mr. Higgins: SUCCEED! WELL, I GUESS HE DID SUCCEED. WHY, SIR, HE NOW HAS THE LARGEST BONE FERTILIZER FACTORY IN THE STATE OF OHIO. I CALL THAT SUCCESS!

BY LAMPLIGHT.

LET lovers vow lightly 'neath Janus-faced moons,
With trysts and soft kisses 'neath star-blinking skies;
True love in the moonshine 's a dream, love—eftsoons
It slips its frail tether and flutters and dies.

Pale moons for the rhymster, but lamps for the lover—
In trim little parlors, the gardens of love;
No moon in the ceiling to broodingly hover,
No stars 'mid the frescoes to twinkle above.

Bronze lamps for the lover, your true Hymen's torches—
The moon is the crescent that gleams in your hair;
The stars are twin blue eyes, while Heav'n its porches
Flings open by lamplight when love nestles there.

A philtre, I ween, are fair Phœbe's soft glamours,
And witchery lurks in the star-beds on high;
A lover's frail vows 'neath the moon, and his amours,
Are vapors,—they end and begin with a sigh.

Let's within, Arabella; no vows by the moon, dear—
The stars count our kisses, the evening is damp;
Leave the moon to her revels; we'll prudently spoon here—
If the light hurts your eyes, you may turn down the lamp.

H. VAN SANTVOORD.

A WICKED OLD MAN.

NEW YORK, June 2nd, 1883.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE. DEAR SIR—There is a certain old gentleman I sometimes meet in the streets when I am going to school, and every time I pass him he says "Ha! ha!" and he did the same to Jennie, who lives across street from me. Therefore I take the liberty of writing you, that he may see it in black and white. Hoping you will cure him of the habit, I am yours truly,

MAMIE.

You should retaliate by saying "Hoo! hoo!" and make faces at him. Deal with him thus, in a dignified way, Mamie, and we are sure he will soon cease to annoy you.

NEW YORK, May 30th, 1883.

To the Editor of LIFE.

I NOTICE in the list of passengers brought recently by the steamship *Alaska* from England the names of Mr. T. C. Duder and Mrs. Duder. It is horrible to contemplate the advent of the comparative degree of this business. For a number of months we have borne with the dude. We have been glad that he was not progressive, and that he was of only one sex. He was dude enough. But here come persons of both sexes who are duder, sent undoubtedly by fiendish England to depreciate our home product. It is to be feared that the result will be to provoke emulation, and that something which will prove to be the dudest will shortly cluck and flutter in the streets. How far is this thing to go? *O tempora! O mores!* O ——!

A. G.

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THROUGH ONE

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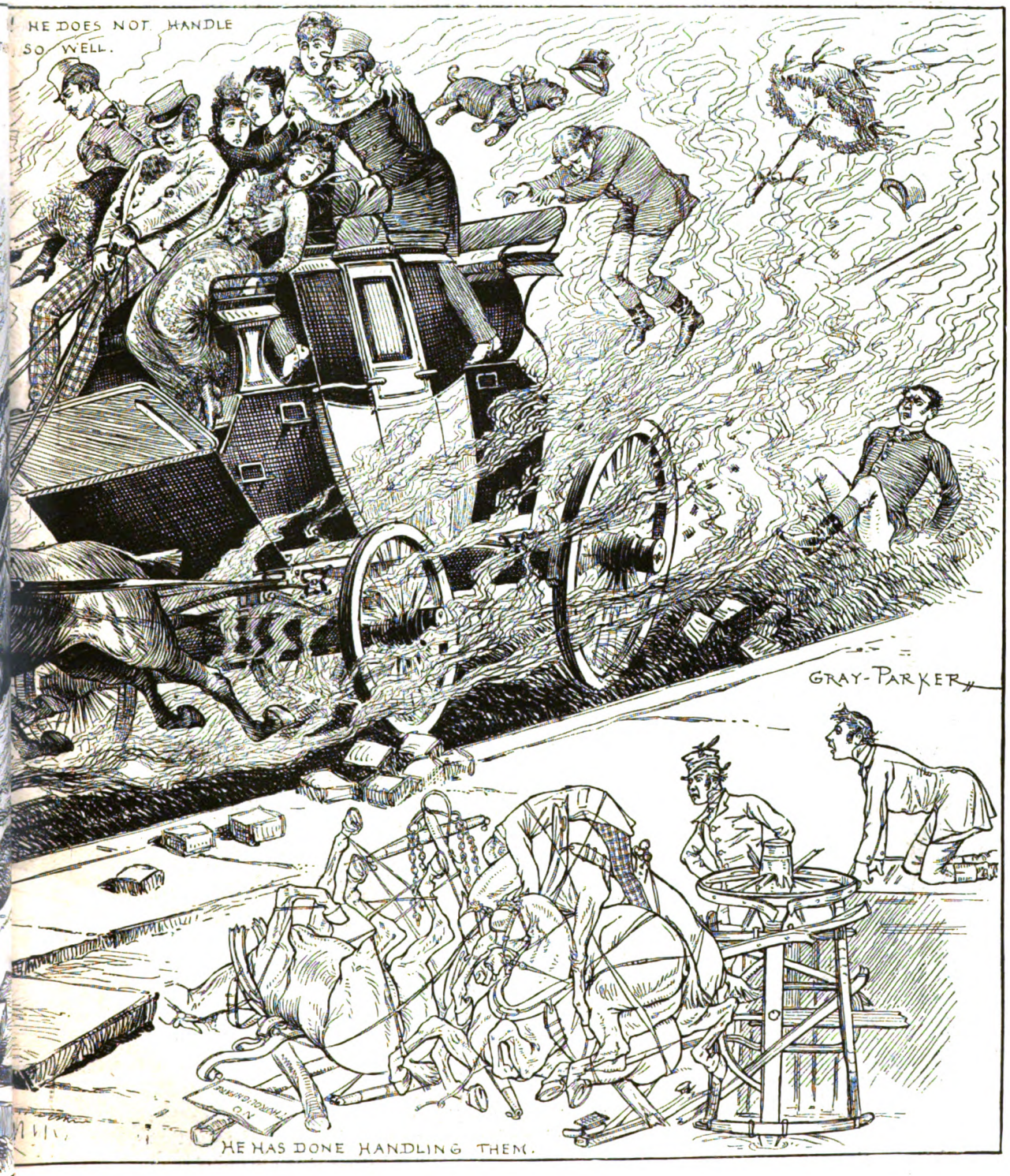
E ·



ADMINISTRATION.

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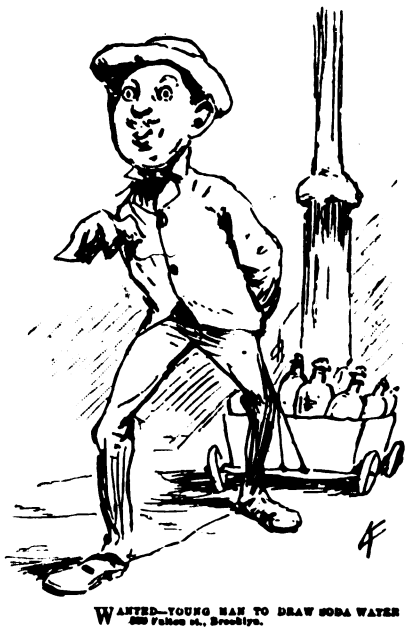
OBLIVION.

MAN whitens into death, and lays him down
In dreadful slumber 'neath a roof-like mound
That soon sinks in upon his dust. A stone
Proclaims his name a little longer, falls,
And crumbles, having filled an empty use.
Anon the plow rives up the fattened ground,
And harvests press like anxious waves. Then war.
The peaceful plowman flees before a host
Of conquering invaders, come to sack
And strip and pillage. Soon the straggling brush
Starts into saplings, and the saplings age
To solemn woods. Now comes the simple bard,
Peering with wonder in among the trees
That weave their colors with the fragrant air,
And sings: "This is the forest—this must be
The forest called primeval and untrod."
Forward the cycles roll—the axe, the fires,
The plow, the harvest moons, the grave, the sword,
The impenetrable councils of the oaks,
And last, some circlings of a corse-like orb—
Until the world, a worn and fluttering moth,
Drops in the central conflagration and expires.

JOHN MCGOVERN.

SING-SING-ON-THE-HUDSON.—This popular resort is now open for the season. Apply to Recorder Smythe, the Tombs, local agent.—*Adv.*

WARD'S ISLAND.—This delightful watering place has been completely renovated. The most fashionable resort for nervous invalids in the state. Straightjackets furnished without extra charge.—*Adv.*



WANTED—YOUNG MAN TO DRAW SODA WATER

AMERICAN APPRECIATION.

(From the London Saturday Review).

THE recent trial of the American novelist, Mr. Henry James, upon a charge of robbing passenger-coaches in the state of St. Louis, Pacific, though it has ended in his acquittal, conveys a warning which he will be wise not to neglect, and at the same time reveals a phenomenon which in any other country than the United States would surprise no less than shock the observer. So illy remunerated is authorship in that country, that the best-known of its *litterateurs* have thought it no disgrace to engage in other occupations not always in sympathy with the literary calling. Thus Mr. Daniel Cullen Bryant, the translator of Homer, was not only the Editor of the New York *Morning Post*, but as well the proprietor of a troupe of Christy's Minstrels, nor did he scorn to exchange the bays of Olympus for the burnt cork of the Ethiopian stage. Mr. Russell Lowell, it is well known, unites the diplomatic with the literary calling; Mr. Howells is, or recently was, a consul; some of the colts bred by Longfellow recently took prizes at the races held in the State of Louisville, whence we infer that the author of "Evangeline" and "The Minister's Wooing" has taken to the turf. Mr. Theodore J. Tilton, we observe from our recent American files, has established at his residence, Gramercy Park, Greystone, in that State of Yonkers, which has given a name—Yankees—if not a local habitation to the denizens of the Western prairies, a literary bureau and a factory for drawing—or, as the Americans phrase it—pulling wire. Mr. Artemus Ward Beecher was long a peripatetic showman, ere he produced that romance, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which proved as potent an agent in bringing about the overthrow of slavery as the speeches of Senator Sumter or Old Jim Brown himself. Such things as these were to be expected in a new and sparsely-settled country where so great are the difficulties of intercommunication that the post-drivers of the West have to bear the mails with difficulty over mountains so precipitous that the paths are, with true American hyperbole, dubbed "Star routes." But it is certainly a shock to us to find a prominent novelist reduced by the pressure of penury to the business of a highwayman—taking to the road with the desperation of Master François Villon, our sad, bad, glad, mad brother.

It may be, of course, that Mr, James has not been driven by hunger into the embraces of crime, but has sought in the calling of the highwayman a new sensation for his jaded palate,—has been acting on the principle enunciated in that masterful line of the Laureate which bids us remember that poets should "learn in suffering what they teach in song." It is to be hoped that in this event Mr. James will draw the line at something short of homicide, and depend upon his imagination rather than upon his experience when be comes to describe the passions and tortures of a murderer. Else it is not difficult to see what inconveniences may arise. Notoriously lax as is the criminal administration of the law in the States of Chicago, Omaha and the sister commonwealths of the West, except in the jurisdiction of a magistrate called Lynch, who seems to be as great a terror to evil-doers as our own Jeffries or Walker, the authorities can scarcely fail to take cognizance of such wanton operations as those in which Mr. James has been engaged, and they may even hang him, a process which would be altogether without its artistic compensations, since Mr. James would be unable to add a postscript to those powerful pages in which M. Victor Hugo has told us of the agonies of the last day of a condemned man by describing how it feels to be hanged by due process of law. As the polished Mantuan bard has written:

Jam neque asperget, neque nobilissimus vitæ
Concurret infrebantur, heu mucilaginus ipsis!

G. T. L.

"HONORED DUST."—Gold dust.

IN view of the difficulty which Mr. Gladstone has been having with the obstructionists, it may be said that he resembles those political processions which are such a long time in passing a given point.

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

Lesson I.—French Flats.

WHAT is a French flat like?

It is like an edition of the *Century* magazine.

Why like an edition of the Century magazine?

Because there are about seventeen continued stories to each number.

But there isn't much in the continued stories of the Century magazine.

No, my child.

Then French flats must be very dry.

They are, darling.

Are they very high?

Oh, yes! Some of them are as high as $12,000 a year.

Have they good walls?

Massive, my precious. There are ten-story flats in this city whose walls are at least four inches thick, and so solid you couldn't think.

But do not French flats sometimes take fire?

Never more than once.

Why? Does the poor proprietor do anything to prevent a second fire in that same flat?

Oh, yes!

Well, what?

He collects the insurance money and builds another French flat.

Oh! Does a French flat ever burn down?

No, dearest, never. It burns up.

When a French flat is on fire in the basement, how is it with people in the upper stories?

They are uncomfortable.

What do they do?

They wish they were out of it.

Can they get out?

Oh, yes! Easily.

Well, how?

They can either jump from the roof or fly out of the window.

Can many people fly?

Not many.

Then most people have to jump.

Yes, they have to either jump or fry.

Does it hurt them to jump?

Nobody knows.

Why?

Because those who have jumped were very reticent afterwards.

Are French flats fashionable?

Yes, very.

Why are they fashionable?

Because they are expensive.

Why are they expensive?

Because they are fashionable.

Are any French flats fireproof?

Oh, yes! They are all fireproof.

But you said that some of them have burned down?

No; I said some of them have burned up.

Then those were not fireproof?

No; those which burned were not strictly fireproof.

Which are fireproof, then?

Those which have not yet been burned.

Will the poor agents say their flats are fireproof?

They will swear to it.

How will they explain themselves after a fire?

They will blame the poor builder.

What will the poor builder do?

He will blame the poor architect.

What will the poor architect do?

He will leave it to the poor coroner.

What will the poor coroner do?

He will say it was the act of God.

Are French flats healthy?

Yes, very.

Are the people in them healthy?

No.

Why?

They have to starve and go half naked to pay the rent.

Why are these flats called French flats?

To distinguish them from American flats.

What are American flats?

The people who live in French flats.

C.

JUDKINS' BOY.

ONC'T a pore boy was red-hedded, and got mad at the other boys when they'd throw it up to him. And when they'd laugh at his red hed, and ast him fer a light, er wasn't he afeard he'd singe his cap, and orto wear a tin hat; er p'tend to warm their hands by him, —w'y sometimes the red-hedded boy'd git purty hot indeed, and onc't he told another boy that was a-bafflin' him about his red hair that ef he was him he'd git a fine comb and go to canvassin' his own hed, and then he'd be liabul to sceer up a more livelier subjeck to talk about than red hair! And then the other boy says, "You're a liar!" And that got the red-hedded boy into more trouble; for his old man whipped him shameful' fer breakin' up soil with the other boy. And this here red-hedded boy had freckles, too. And warts. And nobody ortu't to a-jumpt onto him fer that! Ef anybody was a red-hedded boy they'd have also warts and freckles—and jist red hair's bad enough! Onc't another boy told him ef he was him he bet he could make a big day look sick some night! And when the red-hedded boy says "How?" w'y the other boy he says "Easy enough! I'd jist march around bare-hedded in the torch-light p'cession!" "Yes, you would!" says the red-hedded boy, and pasted him one with a shinny-club, and got dispelled from school 'cause he was so high-tempered and impulsive. Ef I was the red-hedded boy I'd be a pirut; but he always said he was going to be a baker.

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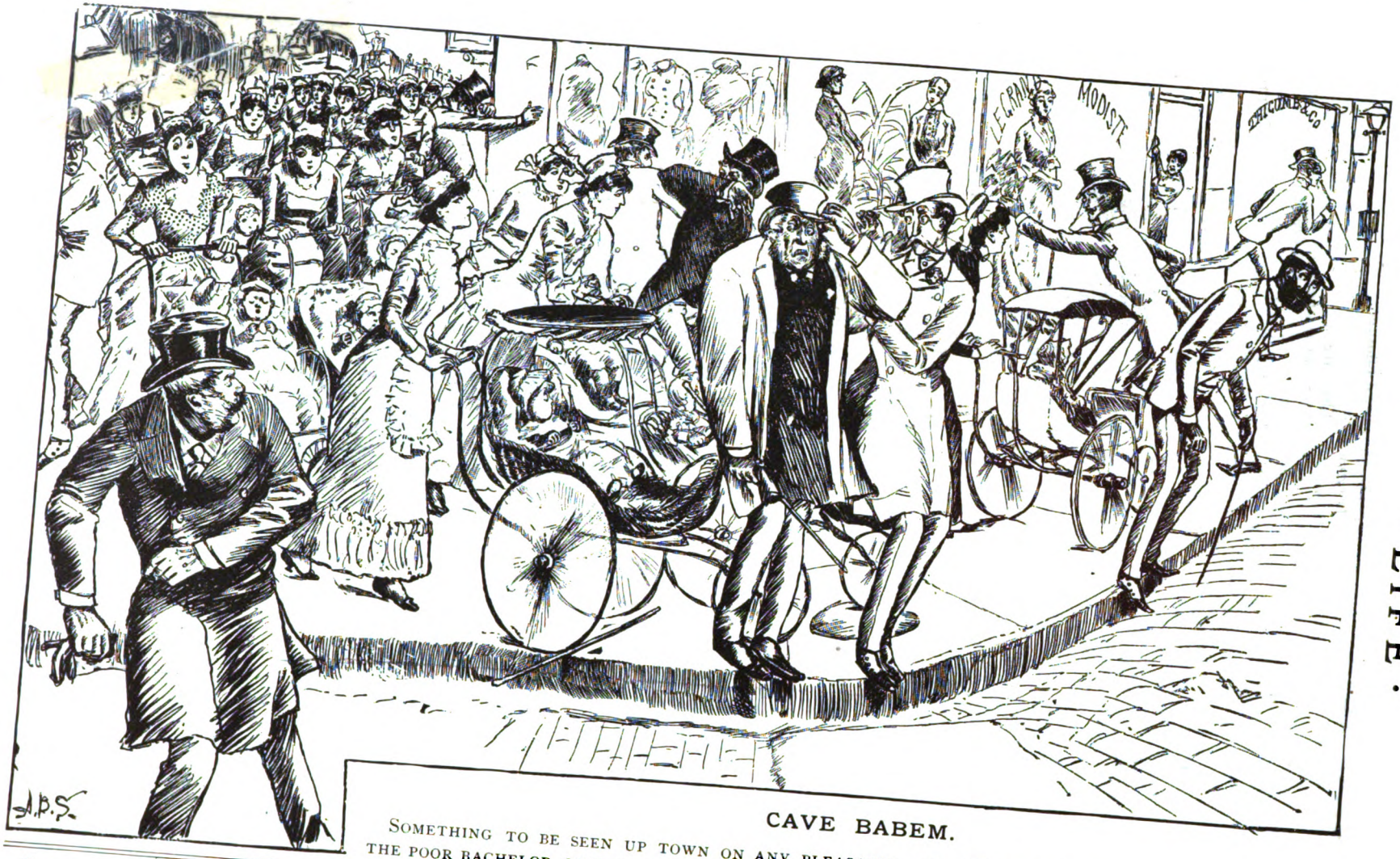

CAVE BABEM.

SOMETHING TO BE SEEN UP TOWN ON ANY PLEASANT DAY. WHEN THE BABIES COME OUT IN FORCE THE POOR BACHELOR GOES TO THE WALL—OR THE GUTTER.

FOR SALE.—A large stock of notoriety, slightly damaged by calm weather. WIGGINS, this office.—*Adv.*

IN France a "passage d'armes" implies deadly weapons and coffee, but in America a young lady and young gentleman do not stand on such ceremony, although they may be said to have a round-about way of putting it.

ROSCOE'S HYPERION CRIMPERS.—25 cents.—*Adv.*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A rest. Editor Dude department, this office.—*Adv.*

WANTED.—A small hole in the ground in a respectable neighborhood. PLATT, care of R. C., this office.—*Adv.*

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MINE AIN ANGUS.

(A REMINISCENCE OF MR. GILBERT'S PLAY, "ENGAGED.")

MINE Angus i' his tartan clad,
Wi' ony laird may proudly stan',
For he's the best an' brawest lad
I' a' the bonny border-lan'!

Blithe brawled the burn, green grew the grass,
Saft shone the sun o'er brae an' dell,
Whan Angus said, "I loe thee, lass,
"Amaist as weel's I loe mysel'!"

He's sic a couthie, chancy chiel,
It gars my breast wi' rapture swell
That ane sae gude suld loe me weel—
Amaist as weel's he loe's himsel'.

He ne'er wull drink wi' rantin' blades,
But whan the laddie wad be fou',
He taks his drap i' forest shades,
An' bides awa' frae public view.

He guides them till his humble hame,
By beetlin' crag, an swirlin' ghyll,
An' feeds their spirits' flichtering flame
Wi' whuskey frae his ain gude still.

They weet their thrapple, stech an' staw,
An' warm them 'neath his lowly roof;
Wi' yallow gowd an' siller braw
They line the laddie's honest loof.

Ane day a chuffie Southron cam',
Wha vext us sair wi' raiblin' snash;
The thrawart cullion cursed his dram,
An' ca'd our dainty haggis—"trash!"

He gecked at Angus' bonny claes,
He girned at Angus' comely legs,
He mocked his simple, Norlan' ways,
An' snirtled at his philabegs.

An' still he kep' a quiet min'—
My laddie wadna fret nor fume;
For weel he kenn'd that sune or syne
Maun fa' a day o' wrathfu' doom.

An' sae it happ'd ane simmer eve,
A' i' the peacefu' gloamin'-tide,
The Southron chanc'd to ramblin' reave
Alang the leesome burnie-side.

Anigh the brig he lingered lang,
An' on the brackens laid him doun',
Charmed wi' the birdies' winsome sang,
Lulled by the wimplin' waters' soun'.

Whan Angus spy'd him a' alane,
He creepit up wi' carefu' speed;
Frae aff the brig he raught a stane,
An' drap't it on the Southron's heid.

Nae words my fouth o' joy can tell,
Wi' him to live, wi' him to dee!
I loe him sae, that e'en mysel'
Nae muckle dearer is to me.

Mine Angus i' his tartan clad,
I'se gie to him my heart an' han',
The best, the bravest, brawest lad
I' a' the bonny border-lan'!

SANDY MCQUINTOCK.

THE LAST STRAW.

Steward: YOU MUSTN'T BE SICK ON THE STAIRS, SIR.

Suffering Frenchman: SACREBLEU! AND THINK YOU I AM SICK ON YOUR DAMNÉ STAIRS TO MAKE MYSELF PLEASURE!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DORSEY, *Washington.*—1. Yes, we think the uniform will become you. 2. The stripes run horizontally.

TENNYSON.—We decline the "Beautiful Snow," with many thanks.

CHANDLER, *Washington.*—The best way to prevent sea-sickness is to stay on land. 2. How could foreign men of war be destroyed? The same way as our own have been. Ask Robeson. 3. No; "marlinspike" and "binnacle" are not synonymous terms.

G. W. CHILDS.—Your poem is too short for our columns. We never print less than a yard.

JEFFERSON D.—No; Salmi Morse's "Bustle Among Petticoats" has no reference to you.

WILLIAM H. V.—As you desired, we have forwarded the nickel you enclosed, to the Bartholdi Statue Committee. Many thanks.

ALEXANDER, *Moscow.*—1. The editor of any one of our rural papers can advise you how the empire should be run. 2. No; Mr. Tilden is not a nihilist. 3. We do not believe Mr. Childs would charge you for board if he invited you.

TALMAGE, *Brooklyn.*—1. Yes, blue and yellow would be suitable colors for your posters.

BUTLER, *Boston.*—1. We do not see very well how you can help it. If they *won't*, they won't. That's all. 2. No: there was no special indignation meeting *here* over the news.

ROBESON, *N. Y.*—Why is Mr. Chandler not a good Secretary of the Navy? Perhaps because you left no Navy for him to be Secretary of. Ha, ha!

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PERSONAL.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY: I AM TWICE AS YOUNG AS I WAS twenty years ago. Have you forsaken me? All will be forgiven. P. S. —I have opened another bar'l. S. J. T.

BLAINE, MAINE: AM LONELY WITHOUT YOU. COME BACK to your own true heart-broken, RUTHY B.

A NICE LITTLE OBEDIENT BOY FOR ADOPTION BY A KIND-hearted party. I will vouch for this. I am the boy. Address MAHONE, this office.

WILL ANY BENEVOLENT PERSON GIVE ME A MILLION dollars? I haven't had such a thing for a month. U. S. G, this office.

LILLIE DEVEREAUX. IT WORKED SPLENDIDLY LAST TIME. Let's kick up another row over the same question. M. D.

WINFIELD S. H.—SORRY, BUT CAN'T. AM PLEDGED TO T. See you much later. C. A. D.

GROVER C.—CAN'T YOU COME OVER FOR A DAY OR TWO and show me how to run this thing? BENJAMIN B.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—ABOUT A WEEK AGO, A SMALL BRINDLE PUPPY with a gold collar on its neck. Answers to the name of "Freddie." $10 reward and no questions asked. LILY, this office.

FOUND.—AMONG MY PRIVATE EFFECTS, ONE (1) SMALL Southern silver spoon. Looks as though somebody might have stolen it years ago. Owner may have it by proving property and paying for this advertisement. BENJAMIN B., this office.

THE man who came to his census is believed to have been a deputy marshal.

A RESIDENT of Perry county, Ga., has just married his uncle's widow, aged 74. He evidently wanted a wife of the good old sort.

SCENES OF WHEEL AND WHOA.—The Coaching Club parade and the Wheelmen's assembly.

SELF EVIDENT FACT.—If a servant wants to keep his place, the best way to do it is by keeping his peace.

AMENDED PROVERB.—Fine birds make fine feathers.

UP in cultured and modest Boston they do not call the g-rt-r snake by its familiar name, but with a modest blush whisper "the limb-encircler ophidian."

Mr. Cyrus Van Rensselaer Coddle,
Wasn't burdened with much in his noddle;
When a girl on the Nile
Fell in love with his style,
He thought it was high time to toddle.

Rev. Dr. Longpray: WHAT, SIR! FURNISH YOU WITH A COPY OF MY SERMON TO PUBLISH IN THE FARO GAZETTE? NO SIR! I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO SEE IT IN YOUR PAPER.

Reporter: NOW DONCHER CHEW SOAP FOR NOTHIN', CULLY! WE'LL FIX IT UP SOZE YER WON'T KNOW IT YERSELF.

THE FIRST HOG.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York *World*, has inadvertently raised a storm of indignation and misunderstanding all over the country by an unfortunately obscure paragraph which appeared in its columns on the 29th ult., to this effect: "The first hog crossed the Brooklyn Bridge yesterday." Following are extracts from a few of the indignant letters we have received.

"Never was on the structure in my life."—CARTER H. H-RR-S-N.

"The *World must* be made to retract that statement. It might injure me at Saratoga."—HENRY H-LT-N.

"It is a lie! I can prove an *alibi*."—BENJAMIN B-TL-R.

"I was certainly there, but not on the day the *World* mentions."—JOHN K-LLY.

"Have I an enemy on the *World's* staff?"—CYRUS F-LD.

"It being a matter of history, I suppose I must resign myself to the publicity."—ROSCOE C-NKL-NG.

"Contradict it, please. I was in Paris buying pictures on that day." WILLIAM H. V-ND-RB-LT.

"I went across on the 24th."—JAY G-LD.

"What if I did! There's no use making a fuss about it."—SECOR R-B-S-N.

"It's a bloody British loi, begorra! Oi wint over the Bridge Chewsday a week ago."—O'DONOVAN R-SSA.

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TO

PLUMBING.

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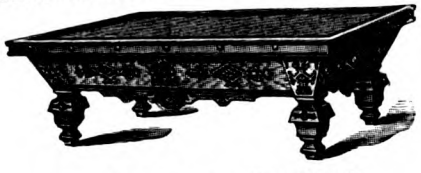

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"*Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors.*"—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

How sharper than a serpent's child it is to have a thankless tooth.—*Ex.*

THE pig finds a living in his pen and so does the editor. The similarity, however, ceases at this point.—*The Drummer.*

A FINE picture of a hanging sent to an illustrated paper was pronounced by the editor as skillfully executed.—*The Drummer.*

A CITY firm has imported 75,000 dozen eggs this spring. These are the kind of egg-riculturists this country needs.—*The City.*

WHEN a newspaper becomes an organ there is always a crank connected with the establishment.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

ROSCOE CONKLING is the Carter Harrison of his party.—*Syracuse Herald.* This is the roughest yet on Roscoe.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BABY nudges his mother's elbow; "Mamma, stop Toto from killing the fly on the window." "What for?" "Becauth I want to kill him myself."—*Punch.*

"CLEOPATRA manners" are the latest. They are dignified, severe, and exceedingly gracious.—*Morning Journal.* And of course they are marked and tony.—*Harlem Times.*

VERY few of the elephants in these days have any tusks. You see the extensive manufacture of celluloid has made it so cheap that it doesn't pay to grow ivory.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

IF President Arthur doesn't know any better where he is going this summer than the Washington correspondents do, he must be in a very uncertain state of mind on that point.—*Lowell Citizen.*

MR. MITCHELL, as he blinks his black eyes and tries to twist his jaw back into shape, regards the story that Sullivan is in feeble health as a base and deceptive falsehood.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

THE Indian question is settled at last. Last Saturday Indian agency contracts were awarded for 149,000 pounds of soap.—*Chicago Herald.* What do they want it for? To eat, or to grease their hair with?—*The Drummer.* Neither. The U. S. Government, having failed to conciliate Lo, are now going to lather him.—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

HOST (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor): "Hadn't you better come on the carpet, old fellow? I'm so afraid you might slip, you know." Guest (with a wooden leg): "O, it's all right, old fellow—thanks! There's a nail in the end, you know."—*College Journal.*

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AFTER carefully combing over the legal profession for candidates for the first prize for meanness, Justice comes proudly forward to exhibit one "ex-Judge" H. W. Leonard and one Mr. Abram Marks, alleged lawyers of this city, on her thumb-nail. The process by which any Marks in general may become a lawyer has been so ably set forth in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that the fact of this particular Marks so figuring occasions no violent surprise, but exactly how the genial Leonard comes to the front as an "ex-Judge" does not clearly appear. Hence, although the question is of tremendous importance, because of his prominence in the legal community, we are compelled, for mere lack of definite information, to let the "ex-Judge's" title pass. Both of these alleged gentlemen, Marks and Leonard, have, it appears, been actively engaged for some time in practice among the insane. That sufferers from acute dementia should retain either or both these shining lights as counsel, of course appears to us perfectly natural and consistent, and if the firm is enabled to make money out of its gibbering clients without injury to others, we are not disposed to quarrel. Recently, however, the acquisitive Leonard and the frugal Marks espied a glittering and possibly accessible bonanza in a procedure which any right-minded citizen is privileged to discuss.

A wealthy gentleman of this city was, fourteen years ago, seized with suicidal insanity, the result of a sunstroke. After being treated four years by experts at home and abroad, during which time he twice attempted the life of his wife, who was devotedly attending him, he was pronounced incurable by all and was placed in a private asylum at Flushing, L. I., where he is still tenderly treated and cared for. The wife, a lady eminent for charitable works in this city, only consented to this course when it became imperative, and the subsequent condition of the sufferer has justified it. Now this case certainly called for the utmost compassion of any one not absolutely a brute. The bereavement was one worse than death, and hence more tenderly to be dealt with. Not so did it appear to the watery but fixed eye of the merry ex-Judge, and not so did it feel to the itching palm of his Semitic pal. The sufferer was rich; so were his family. They would naturally be averse to appearing in a court of justice or having him dragged there, and hence there would be money in the pockets of those who would attempt to reopen the old wounds of sorrow by giving the case new publicity, and bringing an action. The result has recently been made public and needs no reference. Messrs. Marks and Leonard failed in their design. They neither got money from their victim nor bribes from his family, and so they dropped the profitless case. Possibly another asylum may yield them a better return. So long as the punishment of blackmail in the guise of justice is unprovided for by the criminal statutes, we presume this noble firm, Marks and Leonard, will thrive. The respect of honest men and the earning of bread honorably is evidently as far beyond their reach as a sense of shame at their brutal act is beyond the possibilities of their nature, but to men of their stripe dollars are dollars, no matter whence or how they come.

It is to be remarked that the "ex-Judge" Leonard who figures in this case is not ex-Judge William H. Leonard, well known in this city.

* * *

IT is pleasant to observe the difference between Northern and Southern journalism. The lower the latitude the more violent and aggressive the editorial language. From flinging epithets and bottles to the exchange of leaden bullets of large calibre, the way is easy and swift when rival editors in a Texan town have a difference to settle, and the coroner's jury, after reading a few excerpts from each paper and viewing both talented corpses, is able to pronounce upon the merits of the case without the danger of an appeal from either, and unless the widows get to fighting, which they sometimes do, the question is at rest forever. Here in the North we resort to courtesy and circumlocution to gain the same end. Observe the quiet dignity and elegant phrasing of the following from the New York *Times* of the 6th inst.:

"Merely pausing to remark pleasantly that the statement in the above circular that free trade 'is advocated by *The New York Times*' is a lie and that the editor of the *Tribune* knew it to be a lie when he wrote it, we will proceed to set forth," etc., etc.

There is no violence in this—no insinuation—no discourtesy. The *Times* merely wishes the *Tribune* to know that it, the *Tribune*, is a liar. This is simply a matter of information of which the *Times*, as a newspaper, is discoursing for the benefit of the public in general, and the *Tribune* in particular. It lays no special stress upon the adduced fact, but merely "pauses to remark" it "pleasantly." Then, having satisfactorily paused, it proceeds to the real business in hand, which is to so increase the temperature of the *Tribune's* editorial room that the chief occupant of that exalted apartment shall be in no danger of immediate frost-bite. In this brotherly undertaking it is modest and self-sacrificing. It acknowledges the *Tribune's* unquestionable supremacy in certain important lines of work. It cheerfully says to its subscribers:

"But we tell you frankly that *The Times* is incomplete. The editor's grandmother not being a member of the staff, it has no Department of Knitting and Crocheting. If you knit your own drawers and stockings *The Times* won't do for you. You must take the *Tribune*, which maintains an unchallenged supremacy in that high and useful art."

This graceful allusion to the grandmaternal accomplishment is of course intended to remove the slight suspicion which the *Tribune's* editor might have that the article was personal. Furthering this end the *Times* concludes with a wild burst of self-depreciation:

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"*The Times* has never once been compelled to sell or prostitute itself to a stock-jobber, to pawn its shares with an insurance company for money to keep its head above water, or to send its editor out to play the toady with great or rich men for their favor and influence."

It is so infrequent that the public is given a clear insight into one editor's private opinion of another editor, that the *Times'* frank acknowledgment of its views of the *Tribune* will be bound to receive enormous attention, and we are glad to observe that it is so gracious and kindly in its method as not to be liable in the least to a charge of malice or ill-temper.

* * *

THE public demands that some means be devised by law to prevent drunken or stupid drug clerks putting up murderous doses of morphine in place of the harmless quinine or epsom salts ordered by the physician. Professor Ogden Doremus, some years ago, reported in favor of compelling druggists to keep their poisons under lock and key, that the difficulty of access to them might lessen the chances of the clerks' making such fatal errors. Some such legislation is certainly a necessity. Between the quack doctor, and the reckless and blundering druggist, the sick have but little chance.

* * *

THE Staten Island Club is encouraging vice by being so lenient to Irving Duer, the thief who, in the guise of a gentleman, has been pilfering from his fellow-clubmen for several years. Good birth and education should not be allowed to plead for a thief. The better his social position the heavier his punishment should be. Duer's crime calls for especial severity, for he tried to fasten suspicion upon an innocent man. This proves him to be a scoundrel of the vilest variety, to whom no mercy should be extended.

* * *

IT is also asserted that Daniel Pratt has made a will bequeathing the Presidency of the United States to Roscoe Conkling. Now if the Count de Chambord had bequeathed Roscoe Conkling to the son of Daniel Pratt there is no telling what mighty changes the geography of our country might have undergone. And even as it is we are not out of the woods yet.

"WHAT are the wi-hildwaves sa-hay-hay-ing,
Si-his-ter, the whole da-a-hay long?"
"That the summer boarders will be paying
Remarkably steep rates for a singularly indifferent article of board and lodging in the course of a few weeks—that, brother, so far as I can make it out, appears to be the purport of their saw-haw-haw-hong!"

UVÆ ACIDULOSÆ.

COCK-EYED Benjamin Franklin B.
Got awfully left on his LL.D.;
An honor conferred by the Harvard Trustee
On Govs. elected annuallee.
But Ben didn't mind. "You know," sezee,
"When it's scooped by a man like Rutherford B.,
Or the President-ex, Ulysses S. G.,
'Tis a barren and empty LL.Degree,
Not worth a tinker's D-D-D.
To me,"
Sezee. J. K. B.

THE OLD TRUNDLE BED.

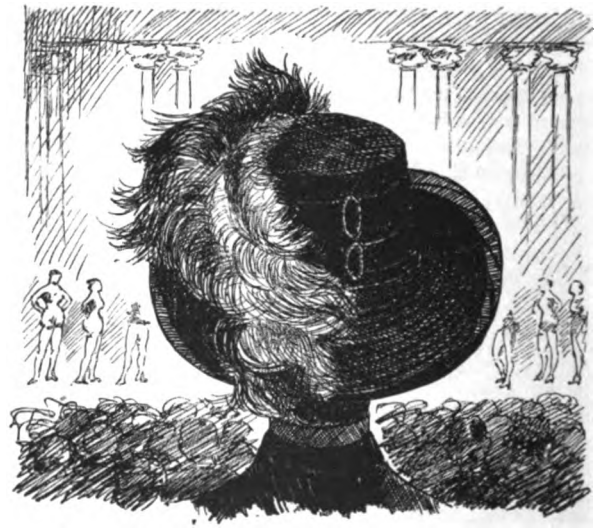
O, THE OLD trundle bed where I slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not covet the joy?
The glory and peace of that slumber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the bosom divine.
The quaint, homely couch, hidden close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding at night.
O, a nest of delight from the foot to the head
Was the queer little, dear little, old trundle bed!

O, the old trundle bed, where I wondering saw
The stars through the window, and listened with awe
To the sigh of the winds as they tremblingly crept
Through the trees where the robin so restlessly slept.
Where I heard the low murmurous cheep of the wren,
And the katydid listlessly chirrup again,
Till my fancies grew faint and were drowsily led
Through the maze of the dreams of the old trundle bed.

O, the old trundle bed! O, the old trundle bed!
With its plump little pillow and old-fashioned spread;
Its snowy-white sheets, and the blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round with the touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me to sleep
With the old fairy stories my memories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom o'er the head
Once bowed with my own o'er the old trundle bed.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

BUTLER, of Mass., had a chill last week. His private thermometer fell one degree.



HOW I SAW THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

WANTED.—Information as to when and where I shall go fishing this month. C. A. ARTHUR, Washington, D. C.

IS THE horse pistol senior to the Colt's revolver?

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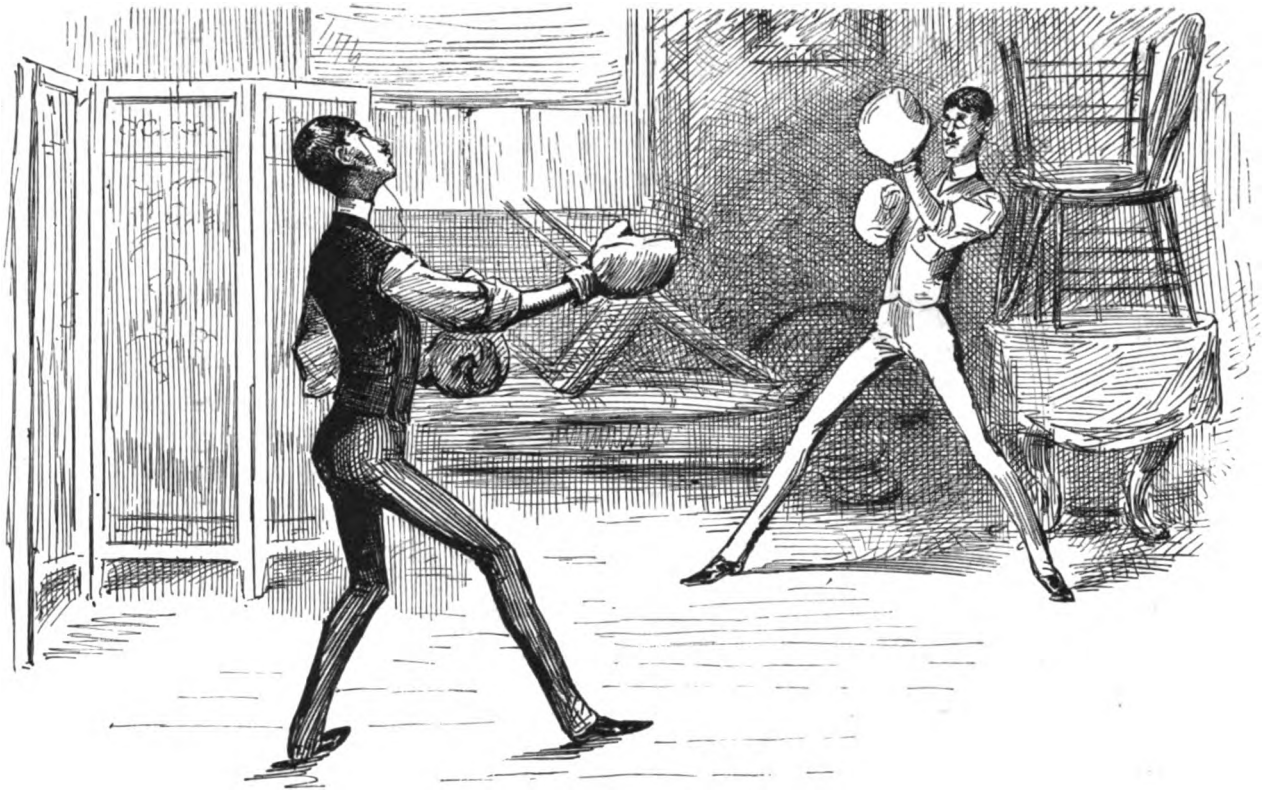

AMATEUR BOXING.

1st Amateur: No slugging, now.
2d Amateur: All right, no hitting hard, you know.
1st Amateur: And no knocking out, either.
2d Amateur: Keep your distance.
1st Amateur: No running in on a fellow.
2d Amateur: Look out for yourself, then.

HE WAS A SEARCHER.

THERE was sold in this city, last week, the collection of a virtuoso and bric-à-brac hunter who has retired from business. It was a queer lot, taken altogether, as Satan is reported to have said of the Ten Commandments, when he first read them. There were yataghans from Montenegro, scalping-knives from the Mandan country, Chinese ceramics and Peruvian rubbish, Louis Quartorze furniture, Spanish leather-work, Roman relics, Mexican silver filagree, East Indian brasses and North American wampum, bronzes from Paris and Capo di Monte ware, Dutch carvings and Alaskan wood-butcheries, Gobelin tapestry and Navajo blankets. It was the spoil of innumerable private museums, the riff-raff of junk-shops and the loot of one who, in his day, had been a sort of social bandit, guerilla, the terror of the town.

Looking at the motley jumble, a purse-proud millionaire, bewildered, said: "Did he buy all these things?"

"Oh, no," replied a seedy newspaper man, "many of them were given to him; that is to say, he—collected them."

"Bless my life!" cried the amazed millionaire, "but he couldn't have stolen all of these, you know."

"'Convey, the wise it call,'" was the Delphic response of the seedy one.

Into the auction room sauntered the club wit, Talboys the imperturbable, peering into pots and pans, opening the doors of buhl cabinets, and shaking out the folds of Persian embroideries.

"Are you a buyer, Tal., that you should scan this collection so closely?"

"No," answered Tal., while a sad smile irradiated his gig-lamps, "I'm a searcher. I'm looking for my lavender trowsers."

But in the cheaply erudite catalogue there was no mention made of lavender trowsers.

Proverb by a milliner: Wilful waist makes woful Jersey.

There *were* heroes before Agamemnon, but they didn't advertise.

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SPRINSTIDE

1

Where shall we go this summer,
It's gettin' blarsted hot,
Every one 's a leavin' town,
Stay here? — well, I guess not.

2

No show up town, yer know BILL,
Houses all shet up right,
Most the folks as I knows well
Hez quit, — cant get a bite

3

Let's try the Branch, an' Newport,
Take in Saritogy, —
Cape May? — well, le'me see
Aint that a bit old fogy?

So where 'll it be this summer,
It aint no more 'n fair
For our health and speret's, BILL,
Ter hev a change of air.

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THE JUICE.

POLICEMAN Gilligan, who had been transferred to Avenue A, was asked how he liked his new beat.

"It's the divil's own bate intoirely," replied the imported official; "but the wust av it is the Juice."

"Indeed! Is the whiskey so bad down here?"

"It ain't the whiskey I'm complainin' av, sor. Whiskey is whiskey, wheriver yez foind it. It's the Juice—thim bloodhy Pagans that made the Howly Vargin an orfin. Bad cess to thim, I can't git along with thim at all at all."

"What's the matter with the Jews, Mr. Gilligan?"

"Phwat dir yez think av this, now? There's wan av thim wid a jawbreakin' name that kapes his old clo' shtore open wake in an' wake out. I wint in to arrist him wan Sunday, an' he tould me he kep' Sathurday for Sunday accoordin' to his religion. I didn't belave him, but sivinty-sivin other Juice collogued in wid him, an' they said to me, 'He does,' sez they.

"Thin I laid for him the nixt Sathurday, an' the shtore was wide open; but phwen I arristed him he said it wasn't Sunday. 'Yez tould me,' sez I, 'that yez kep' Sathurday for Sunday.' 'But I've changed me religion,' sez he.

"So I shtopped in on a Sunday, an' the shtore was full av people, an' he was busy as the divil shwindlin' thim right an' lift. 'I've got yez now,' sez I. But he up an' tould me that the corpse av his brother was in the back room, an' the neighbors had come in to the wake, an' he was fittin' thim out wid funeral close at his own ixpinse, an' it was a big cost to him intoirely. I wint into the back room, an' sure enough, sor, there was the hooknose corpse in a chape coffin, an' sivinty-sivin hooknose mourners, an the shmell av Kimmel dhruv me out.

"I had to let him go; but I sint a detictive around the nixt day, an' the detictive found the wax mask av that hooknose corpse in a corner. Phwat can yez do wid thim Juice, annyhow?"

WHAT I WOULD DO IF I MADE $1,000,000.

THINK I had got the worst of the deal.—*Jay Gould.*

NOT pay my debts.—*Gilded Youth.*

LOSE it in Wall Street.—*Penniless Speculator.*

RAISE Mapleson $1,000 a performance on Patti.—*Henry E. Abbey.*

BUY a place in the country.—*City Resident.*

REMOVE to the city.—*Country Resident.*

SET up a literary bureau.—*T. F. Bayard.*

BY dimons and buckets of flours for Lilly.—*Freddie.*

MAKE another, if the Americans were geese enough.—*Lilly.*

ENDOW Harvard College with it.—*B. F. Butler.*

SAY I had made $10,000,000.—*Rufus Hatch.*

WANTED—A decorator who understands outside work. Address, L. F. O.

SERENADE.

OVER ye Newark flats ye snipe
Wendeth hys mystick way;
Ye woodman puffs hys evening pype,
While ye four-spot taketh the tray.
Ye cat lyes down on her tuneful breast,
And all thyngs are happy but me;
For I am a lover with love oppressed,
I pyne, I pyne for thee.

Ye radiant, soft electrick lyght
Eclipseth ye twynkling star;
And ye waves of liquid, warm delyght
Break on ye hotel bar.
Ye polyceman sweareth upon hys beat,
And all thyngs are restful but me;
As I said before, and now repeat,
I pyne, I pyne for thee.

W. J. HENDERSON.

UNFAMILIAR ANECDOTES.

SIR PETER LELY AND CROMWELL.

SIR PETER LELY being about to paint a portrait of Cromwell, the Protector exclaimed loud enough to be heard of the reporters in the ante-room: "Have a care, sir! Paint me as I am. Leave out one wrinkle, one line, that wart on the end of my nose, at your peril!" Unhappily the painter, being short-sighted, did not notice the wink with which this speech was accompanied, and applied himself to the work with such realistic zeal that when it was completed the Protector, after dancing upon his hat with delighted appreciation, seized the earliest opportunity to confiscate his property and exile him to the Continent as a Royalist conspirator against the Commonwealth.

AIRY, fairy Lillian has Russelled away, as it were. She is on the bounding high C, a-telling the little fishie-wishes how much she loves 'em, and how she would like to feed 'em some more, only she can't, and then she will tell 'em all about the fishes she caught in New York, which were suckers. Naughty, naughty Lilly! Consider this Lilly, how she grew. She toiled not, neither did she spin, and yet Solomon, in all his glory—but just wait until Solomon's first wife catches him on the other side!

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· LIFE ·

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BENJAMIN THE MARTYR.

"Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark! what discord follows!"
—SHAKESPEARE.

Harvard College: YOU SHALL NOT HAVE IT, YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY MAN. I SHALL JUST GIVE IT WHENEVER I PLEASE; SO THERE, NOW!

Chorus of Excited Overseers: YES, WE WILL CRUSH YOU WITH OUR AWFUL WRATH, YOU BOLD, BAD, WICKED BEN.

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CONSOLED.

HOW those beastly breakers moan
As they wash the shore!
Sitting on the rocks alone
Gets to be a bore.
Into smoke my cigarette
Slowly winds away.
Long ago it seems, and yet
It was yesterday—
Yesterday the sky seemed fair;
I was here with Nan;
Now she's round the corner there
With another man.
I can see her sunshade's top
Bobbing up and down.
If that cad intends to stop
I shall go to town.
There's a Boston train to-night
Starts at half-past eight.
Hello! Who's that girl in white?
Why, by Jove! it's Kate!
She is looking rather worse,
And extremely blue.
I remember now, of course,
She's deserted, too!
What she saw in such a man
Would be hard to state,
But for weeks that beast with Nan
Has been spoons on Kate.
Poor dear Kit! it's hardly bliss
Sitting there alone.
How piquant her profile is,
Seen against the stone!
If I really go to town
Nan will merely say
That she only had to frown
And I rushed away.
Kitty's voice is sweet and low,
Kitty's eyes are grey;
They can glance at one, I know,
In a charming way.
Six o'clock. The wind is cold,
Blowing from the sea.
Kate! we've both been badly sold—
Please walk home with me!

ACCORDING to the contemporary press, "nearly every resident of Colorado has a valuable piece of property to dispose of." "Many men, many mines," as it were.

TRUSTEES OF HARVARD COLLEGE:

Gentlemen—This is to certify that about six months ago I was seized with a burning pain on the left side of my ambition, and couldn't sleep by day or night. One bottle of your "Harvard Elixir" has cured me. Gratefully yours, BENJAMIN BUTLER.—*Adv.*

IT has been for centuries the custom of the Irish Catholic Church to bury its dead in consecrated ground, and to charge the mourners a round apostolic sum for the blessed privilege thus enjoyed by the deceased. The rich sinner who was inhumed nearest the altar was, of course, taxed most heavily, and was, in return, the first to be plucked from purgatorial pains by masses, while the poor reprobate, whose bones mouldered on the cheap outskirts of the sacred lot, lay howling in seven-fathom hell until the full term of his penance expired. It was popularly supposed by the ignorant that the large sums paid for grave-yard shares, on this principle, gave to the corpse an eternal right to his last resting-place, and that the last to trample upon the dead man's rights would be the church he had enriched. As the organ of the Irish Catholic Church, we hasten to correct this error. No one has a right to property which the church can sell. The Catholic grave-yards in this city have long since been sold in parcels, but the church reserves the right, just so soon as money for masses ceases to flow in from the family of the deceased, to cast out the entire lot of cadavers and plant fresh ones.

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON II.—**Fire Escapes.**

WHAT does this gentleman see?

An iron fire-escape, darling.

Of what use is it?

It enables poor ironmongers to make a living.

How?

They sell the iron and also charge for putting it up.

Oh! but I thought it was a benefit to the house.

So it is.

How?

It is very ornamental.

Is it not also useful?

Yes, for it may be sold to the junk men for there per cent. of its original cost.

But how does it act in case of fire?

It stays right where it is.

Cannot people climb down it?

They can try.

Is it difficult to climb down a fire-escape?

Not more difficult than to turn a triple back somersault.

Then most people would fail if they tried?

Very probably.

How, then, would it enable them to escape being burned to death?

By enabling them to break their necks.

But if the persons do not want to have their necks broken?

They can stay in the burning building.

Can't they do anything else?

Yes, they can jump from the window.

Then fire-escapes are really quite dangerous things?

Oh, no; no one is obliged to use them unless he chooses.

Then why do the poor builders put them up?

Because they are compelled to by law.

Could the man who made the law climb down a fire-escape?

I should like to see him try.

Has he ever tried?

No.

How do you know?

Because he still lives.

Then will you please tell me what earthly good is the fire-escape?

It is a comfort to the poor chuckleheads who live in the ninth story of a fire trap?

How a comfort?

They think they are safe.

But are they safe?

About as safe as the nigger who smokes in a powder magazine.

What should the poor chuckleheads do, then?

They should move out of the fire trap.

But will they move out?

Not immediately.

Why?

They are waiting for a fire.

Will they move out then?

Oh, yes!

C.

OUR BOYS

YOU MIGHT STOP LONG ENOUGH TO PLAY A GAME OF MARBLES, BILLY.

MARBLES! DO YOU SUPPOSE A MAN WHO IS IN WALL ST. HAS TIME TO PLAY MARBLES?

THE great American Dessert—Pie.

A WOMAN'S beauty affords her less pleasure than the other woman's lack of it.

WE have received a small book entitled "English As She Is Spoke" Did this emanate from the Hub!

QUERY—How can there be so much mud in the streets when all the statesmen of the country are actively engaged in throwing it at each other?

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BIOGRAPHETTE.

NO. XVI.

SITTING BULL.

THIS illustrious philanthropist is said to be a lineal descendent of the famous Irish Bulls, although there is some reason to believe that he was derived from one of the Papal Bulls of the XIIth century. Sitting Bull was born in a wigwam forty-seven years ago, and has made many a wig warm since. He embarked in the cattle and hair business when a mere lad, and has now accumulated a fortune valued at several hundred scalps and several kegs of fire water. He is the typical Cooper Indian, and dresses exactly like a retail tobacco sign. From his habit of assuming a sedentary position upon the United States troops sent in pursuit of him, he received his title. Sitting Bull has recently become a Methodist. He intends holding a camp-meeting in July, to which the Y. M. C. A., Dr. Potter, Dr. Dix and Mrs. Devereux are cordially invited, and it is hoped they will go.

UPON a Dallas (Tex.) man's tombstone is graven this touching epitaph :

"Here lies the body of William Beven.
We trust his soul is snug in Heaven.
His character it was without a flaw ;
But he *would* monkey with his buzz-saw."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YOUTHFUL DRUGGIST.—1. No ; epsom salts and prussic acid are not the same thing. 2. It depends somewhat on the verdict of the Coroner's jury.

HARVARD TRUSTEE.—Do we "think it necessary to rub it into old Ben" any more ? No.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.—Send stamp for your poem. We have no puzzle department.

BRADY, *Washington*.—1. Yes, they cut the hair quite close. 2. It depends how long you have to serve.

WIDOW OF LATE AUTHOR OF DUDE JOKES.—Yes, the remains have been forwarded C. O. D.

MARK T.—Couldn't think of it.

DAVID D.—Yes, it is quite warm enough for us, thank you.

VICTORIA, *Balmoral*.—1. No. "John Brown's Body" is a purely American lyric and has no reference to your late lamented gillie. 2. Address O'Donovan Rossa, care "Irish World," this city.

LEO, *Rome*. 1. Yes, you *are* in a fix. 2. Compromise the matter and give Parnell half. 3. No, this journal is not strictly a Papal organ.

A SIRIUS necessity—The dog pound.

TALES FROM THE NORSE.

ONE day Odin put the McClellan saddle on the horse Sleipner and went to visit the giant Vafthrudner. Sleipner was the bjoss hjoss and could go a mile inside of 1.28 as easy as lying. He had eight jlegs and "runes were carved on his teeth." The runes of yesterday's tjurkey probably, which is usually carved on the tjeeth. Vafthrudner was a giant who prided himself on knowing as much as a man pianist. This was not much for a god, but it was a great deal for a jgiant. Odin sat down and they began asking each other hard questions, with their heads as forfeits, until the convention sounded like the Concord summer school of philosophy, breaking out at Christmas. Odin to play jroots on Vafthrudner, called himself Gangraad.

"Do you spell it with a j?" asked Vafthrudner.

"Jno," replied Odin, "Ji jam jnot ja Jnorsejmanjn, jbut jcan jyou jtell jme jwhy the Bjrooklyn Bjridge is like a Bjeer Sjaloon ?"

"Because he has no pocket to put it in?" said Vafthjrudner.

"No," replied Odin, closing his eyes and looking satisfied, as a man who had just propounded a stjumper.

"To get on the other side?" suggested Vafthrudner.

"Guess again," said the gjod.

"To cover his head," tried the giant.

"No."

"Because it's a slow pup ?"

"Nuck."

"Because one is a daisy level and the oth—"

"Tjut; tjut !" said Odin quickly, forgetting that he was only Gangraad.

"I know: when it's ajar ?"

"Noap."

"Because the cattle eat it ?"

"Nary."

"Ah—er—ah—oh pshajw ! Two pigs under the gate!"

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Scene: The rehearsal of a tragedy by amateurs. Amateur "dying." Old professional actor.

Misguided Amateur (*learned in the technicalities of stage idiom*): IOLANTHE, I DIE, AND WITH MY LAST BREATH, I BLESS THEE. (*Dies at length. Then raising his head, he asks the stage-manager, an old professional actor, who has kindly consented, etc.*): I HAVE NO "BUSINESS" HERE, HAVE I, MR. SCOWL?

Old Professional Actor: I HAVE NO HESITATION IN SAYING—AND I SAY IT BOLDLY—YOU HAVE *no business* HERE AT ALL!

"Guess again."

"Because he's taking a gallop up."

"No, no."

"Well, I give it up."

"Because," said Odin solemnly, "it's not trussed."

And he opened his eyes and looked severely through a flint mjountain, 10,000 miles away.

"Yes," said Vafthrudner, slowly, like a man dropping an ace out of his sleeve, "but it is."

"What is?" demanded Odin.

"The Brooklyn bridge," replied the giant; "it is stiffened with trusses; all suspension bridges are."

"Well!" roared Odin, with a howl that raised a lump on the mountain he had been looking at, "what of that? The beer saloon is n't!"

And then the giant recognized the gjod, and remarking that he didn't often die, but when he did it was about this time of the century, twisted off his head and handed it to Odin, who carried it to Asgard, and the gods feasted on souse. As the Elder Edda sings, in Grimmer's lay—

The gods and dwarfs were there to dine
And many more beside,
And what they could not eat that night,
Next morning Mrs. Oder Freyjad.

R. J. BURDETTE.

AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

1881.

ONLY the blue far above me,
Fragrance of cedar and pine—
Gently, sweet breeze, gently move me,
Low in my hammock of vine.

Only the blue far above me,
Round me the jasmine and rose;
If I should tell, would she love me?
Can it be true that she knows?

Deep as the blue far above me
Flows the wild stream of my soul;
Ah! if she would only prove me,
Show me or tell me the goal.

Dark grows the blue far above me,
Bitter and strong the breeze blows
I may not know if she loves me,
Nor do I care if she knows.

IF any one knows a real good antidote for sea-
thing to his advantage by addressing Chandler.

TRY the Ingersoll Hair Restorer. 25 cent

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THE FIRST HOP OF THE SEASON.

THE INVITATION.

THE WALTZ.

THE RACKET.

WHEW!

thing in print—a pretty girl in a calico *Derrick.*

---

electric chair for the execution of s to us, altogether too humane. air, for instance, would furnish a more decided character,—

It affords us great delight to see the article headed "A Year Without a Summer" making its fifty-fourth annual tour. We should feel lonesome if we didn't see the article in our exchanges about this time of year.—*Norristown Herald.*

Many persons have been disappointed upon hearing that Sullivan's especial function as a bass-ball player does not consist in thrashing the umpire.–*N. Y. Graphic.*

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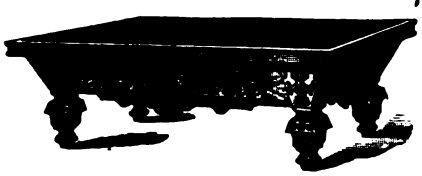

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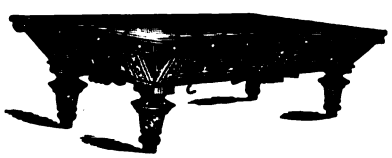

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This magnificent and elegantly appointed hotel will be open for the reception of guests June 25th. The hotel is complete in all its appointments, contains 200 rooms (40 suits with private baths), elevator, electric bells, and every convenience for the comfort of guests who desire the advantage of pure mountain air and surroundings and avoid the expense and discomfort of protracted railroad travel. The hotel is of brick, six stories in height, commanding an unobstructed and charming view, and but two minutes' walk from the Netherwood station.

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Reduced rates.

S. V. WOODRUFF, Propr.

SUMMER RESORTS.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND,

SEASON OF 1883.

The hotels of the Campobello Company, "THE OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED," will be opened for the season in the latter part of June, and will be under the same management as last year.

Since the closing of last season many improvements have been made, that will greatly add to the already superlative comforts at this unique watering place.

The season of 1882 was a great success, and so many people were unable to get rooms that a new dormitory has been built near Tyn-y-coed, to which it will be a pleasant annex.

It has been constructed under the supervision of Cummings A Sears, contains sixty-four rooms and will be furnished in the same attractive way as the others. Extensive water views, abundant sunshine, and open fires on every hand, pure spring water and good drainage, are the features here secured.

Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, and well-equipped saddle horses will be supplied.

The steamer Emmet has been secured, and will be used for ferry service only.

Steam launches, rowboats, canoes, and some of the famous 'Quoddy sailboats will always be at the command of guests.

MAN-OF-WAR NECK,

Composing about eight hundred acres, has been plotted and divided into cottage lots of various sizes. These lots, as well as many others, are now offered. Nearly all of those offered last season have been sold.

Applications for board may be made to
T. A. BARKER,
Office of the Campobello Co.,
12 Sears Building.

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1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

☞ Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

AT this time of year enthusiasm bubbles at West Point over a number of young men and brass buttons. The young men have been schooled for four years at the National expense, and now, assuming the brass buttons at that of their trustful tailor, go forth with flashing eyes and proud hearts to draw $125 a month from Government. It is naturally a gorgeous and satisfactory moment. With his abundant breast bone tricked out with burnished metal and hung with golden fiddlestrings, the graduated cadet grasps the important sheepskin which entitles him to a position upon his country's scroll of honor and pay roll. He feels very large. He glances with polite contempt at the simply garbed civilian, and for the youth who has no military ambition feels a scornful pity which no words can express. He is adored by the soft sex and condescends to ask the fairest of the blushing multitude to share with him the glory and luxury of one room in the Texan post to which he is ordered. Well, well! The time is soon over. The glory fleeth like a shadow and continueth not. The most lenient of tailors must be paid, and sparkling clothing costs a great deal of money. When the young man goes to Texas he finds there are one or two things in military life which he is yet to learn. Leaves of absence from Texas are not as thick as leaves in Val Ombrosa. The vows of Flirtation Walk have gone where all good vows go. The girl whom he condescended to love is acting queerly. She writes more briefly and at longer intervals. Anon she writes not at all. One day he gets a thick envelope—square—crisp—polished. He opens it with strange forebodings. Horror! She has married the despised plain-coated civilian whose only recommendation was that he was a good business man and made money!

LIFE has the kindest wishes for the graduates. It bids them god-speed on their way. Theirs is to be a hard life. Let it be an honorable one. There is little glory in soldiering, these piping times. At best it is making a large parade with little money. But let the petty duties be done well. Let there be less draw-poker and more Upton—more Benét and less whiskey. Even though the red opportunity of war is not at hand to lift him to sudden glory, there is something better expected of each young warrior than polishing brass buttons and making love.

* * *

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should discipline those hard-hearted Congressmen who sent negro cadets to West Point. There is no more use in trying to force color upon the Academy, than in the endeavor to foist it upon society. We have had too much mawkish sentiment over the negro. Socially he is not a success. He moves not in the haughty and exclusive coteries of the gilded world, except with a napkin over his arm, nor is he fitted to move there. It has taken several million years of Darwinian culture to evolve manhood from monkeyhood. It will take nearly as many to bring the colored ranks up to the Caucasian standard. It is to be regretted—but it cannot be helped. The position of a colored cadet at West Point or Annapolis is anomalous. His lot is a hard one. He is ostracized from intercourse with his fellows, and all the amendments ever made to the Constitution cannot force his brother cadets to recognize him as their peer. Should he graduate, his trials are certain to be more severe. Negro troops will not respect him—white troops will despise him. His life at a frontier post will be one of absolute isolation. We have had enough examples of negro efficiency as officers of the regular army. Flippers are failures. As a human being the negro is the equal of the white man. He has equal rights in a court of justice. But no law, human or divine, will ever force his social recognition, and any attempt to do it can only entail upon him an amount of suffering which he should better be spared. Tar and water do not mix well.

* * *

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Herald*, published recently the following London cablegram:

A STOLEN JOKE.

Punch, which never is remarkable for a superabundance of wit, has this week coolly adopted from an American journal of caricature a joke at the expense of the fashionable British snob. He remarks to an American belle: "Aw! aw! It must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people, aw, whom you wouldn't ask to dinner." To which she promptly replies: "Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask *you* to dinner."

The joke in question was, in a moment of abstraction, absorbed by our highly esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, from our issue of April 26th, where it originally appeared in this form:

CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

Visiting Briton: Yaas, Miss Wosalind—but your politicians—aw—are a lot of blawsted cads, y'knaw. You are—aw—wuled by a set of wiotous wascals whom you wouldn't dweam of—aw—inviting to your house.

Rosalind: True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn't dream of inviting you to theirs.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, is mistaken when it accuses our esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, of stealing the joke. There never has been any necessity for our esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, to state that real jokes in its columns were not original. The fact of this joke being bright was sufficient evidence that it originally appeared elsewhere. The *Herald* has wronged *Punch*.

* * *

IF "Ex-Judge" H. W. Leonard and "lawyer" Abram Marks cannot satisfactorily prove that they undertook the case of releasing the insane millionaire from Flushing at the instance of

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rightful heirs, they should be disbarred from legal practice in this State. The suspicion is strong that they entered upon the action with the hopes that the insane man's family would buy them off, in order to avoid the painful publicity of their misfortune, and that, failing in this, they pushed it for the advertising which would accrue. It is alleged they have other similar cases in hand. They represent no heirs so far as is known. If they did they would avow it. It is the duty of a judge to see that innocent persons are not persecuted in his court by sharpers whose only aim is to extort money, and whose means in so doing, are disgraceful to the legal profession and pernicious to society at large.

* * *

THE Western opinion of the Reverend Roderick Terry is gracefully expressed in the following head-lines from our esteemed contemporary, the Virginia City *Chronicle* of the 6th instant:—A SNOB IN THE PULPIT—A FASHIONABLE PREACHER ON PEOPLE WHO WORK—THE NEW YORK *Sun* BLISTERS THE SNIFFLING IGNORAMUS—AN ASTONISHING EXHIBITION OF SNOBBERY IN A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

* * *

GENERAL CROOK is a sensible and modest Indian hunter. He knows his game. In pursuing it he keeps his own counsel, cuts off his communication with meddlesome head-quarters, and does his own thinking. His splendid success shows that he is fully capable of conducting an Indian campaign without advice from distinguished gentlemen in Washington, who do not know a war-whoop from a hair-lariat, but who, nevertheless, undertake the direction of frontier generals while a war is in progress. General Crook can safely be let alone.

* * *

THE absolute depravity of cyclones was evinced last Wednesday. The one which passed over Long Island actually invaded the Stewart Estate. Another is said to be making ready for Mr. Tilden's campaign. This last, however, is a very small, vest-pocket cyclone.

THE LITTLE PEACH.

A LITTLE peach in an orchard grew
Of emerald hue—so rare.
Our baby on that peach did chew
And climbed the golden stair.

OUR GEORGIE.

HE wears a golden hoople on his head,
On little golden apples he is fed.
We guess that he is happier now he's dead.
He's buried in a coffin painted red.

Some wings have sprouted on his collar button,
And silvered robes our little boy has put on.
He died because he was a little glutton,
And his name was George Augustus William

SUTTEN.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 15th.

To the Editor of LIFE.

WILL you please decide a controversy? Are the stars above us by day as well as by night?

VASSAR.

THEY are. Scientifically speaking, the parhelion azimuth of the solstitial nadir is diametrically convergent to the cycloidal diaphragm in *Ursa Major* [the asymptotes of which are in correlative oscuration with the parallax co-ordinate of the isocles cosine squared by the inferential tangent of the logarythm of Alioth], and therefore, as Herschel demonstrated, are really the hypothenuse isomerism of equatorial declination, and clearly *not* the antipodes of alt-azimuth diameter, so to speak, or yet the syngizies of centripetal diververge from circumpolar parabolas. We like such questions. They improve the mind.

CINCINNATI, June 14th.

To the Editor of LIFE.

WHY do we drinkers knock our glasses together?

H. D. B.

IT is an ancient custom, gentle sot. It began in time of the Borgias, and was intended to show that the wine was not poisoned—the host mixing his wine with that of his guest. But why inquire? Why, after knocking your glasses, do you, at 2 A.M., make love to a lamp-post? Why do you drop a nickel into the letter-box, and then wait for the red light in the distant drug store to come up? Why do you try to unlock your door with the butt end of a cigar? Why the uncomfortable habit of going to bed on the floor, with one boot on? Let us not ask.

A RECOGNITION.

HELLO! BILLY.
HELLO! TOM.

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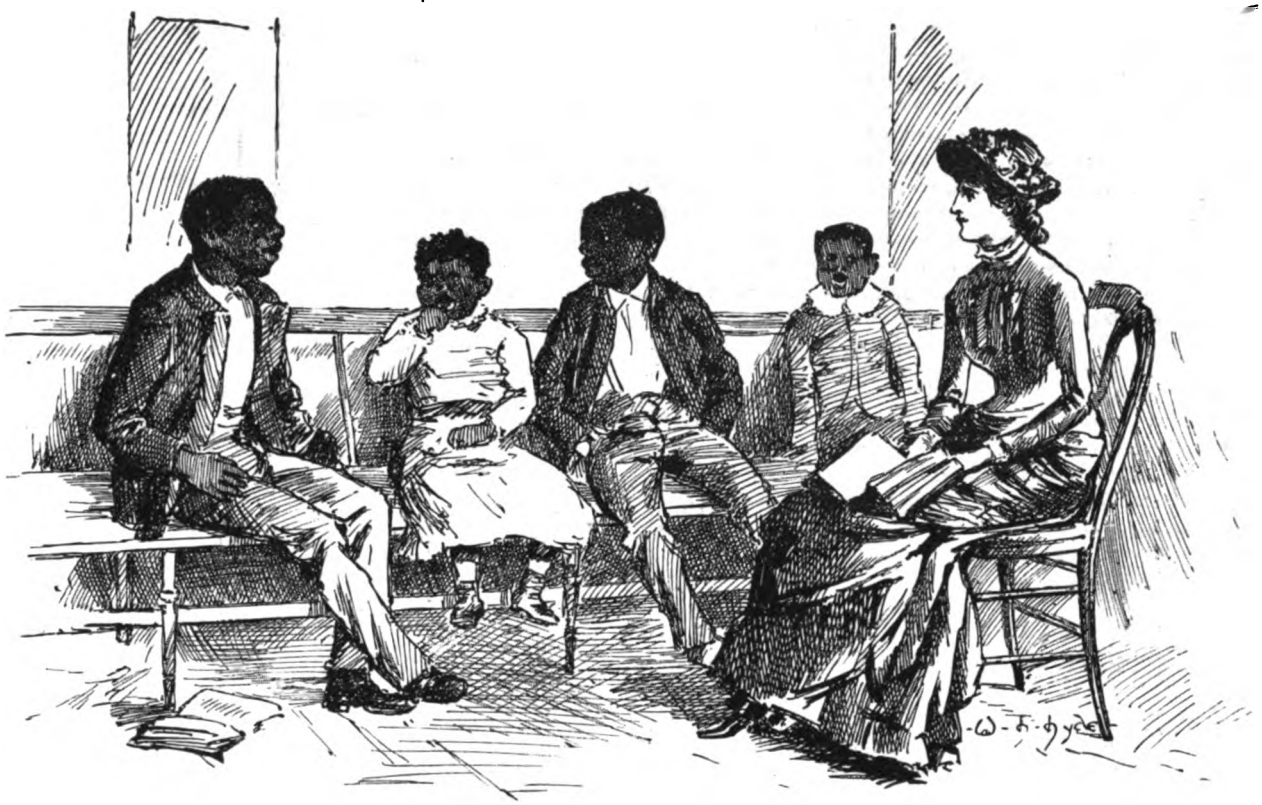

THE DEVIL!

Fair Teacher (*not a philosopher of the new school*): YES, SAMBO; THE DEVIL IS EVERYWHERE, ALWAYS TEMPTING YOU TO DO WRONG.

Sambo: IS HE EVERYWHAR, MISS?

F. T.: YES, SAMBO.

S.: IN DIS YER ROOM?

F. T.: YES.

S.: ON DIS YER BENCH?

F. T.: YES.

S.: IN MY POCKET?

F. T.: YES.

S.: WELL I GUESS I GOT YER DERE, MISS, COS I AINT GOT NO POCKET.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

OF the weather we talked and it seemed to her cloudy;
From the breakers she feared we were soon to have rain.
And the beach at low tide was excessively rowdy,
So perhaps it were well to walk homeward again.

"What to me," said I, seizing her hand, "is the weather?
What the foam of the sea, what the turn of the tide.
Through the breakers of life let us put out together,
On the deep of eternity drift side by side?"

In my passionate grasp not a finger that fluttered!
With her eyes ever fixed on the storm-brooding main.
Only this the sweet, tremulous word that she uttered:
"After all, I believe I shall not mind the rain!"

T. R. SULLIVAN.

THE REVENGE OF A SOMBRE HORSE.

AT high noon yesterday a horse might have been seen moving spasmodically down Chatham Street in front of a bob-tail car. There was an air of witherdness about the horse. He looked mildewed and effete. His long and bulging legs moved with an irregular motion that suggested an internal mechanism of rusty wires, his off eye turned mutely heavenward, and his tail looked as though it had been blasted by a sudden sorrow. The middle of his back worked up and down with every step, accompanied by inverse motion of the head and tail.

His near eye was fixed with tender yearning on a small mound of sand that had been left near the track by the builders of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The driver was a small man with a battered eye, who wore an abandoned straw hat, and had a rope

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tied around his waist. He glared grimly at the drivers of the other cars, and swore at the unfortunate horse with enthusiasm and ability. He belabored the beast with a whip, and jerked the reins with a rhythmical motion that was in exact accordance with the undulations of the horse's back and the inverse motion of his head and tail. The car was thus erratically jerked along. Amid the general commotion but one thing was steadfast and unswerving—the thoughtful, scheming gaze of the near eye on the mound of sand.

The sun shone coyly through the elevated road, limning the pavement with a glittering mosaic of light and shade, while the trains murmured softly in the air above. A gentle breeze stole up from Centre Street, black-eyed babes gamboled in the shade, and strong men were lured by olive-eyed matrons from the East, who queried sensually:

"Vy nodt py some pandts?"

It was a calm and peaceful scene.

Suddenly the horse ceased his complex motions, and stood erect—a sad and sombre thing. His good eye was riveted on the bank of sand, and he looked deep and mysterious. The driver scowled anxiously as the horse stopped, and then leaping craftily over the rail he went on tip-toe to the horse's head, drew back his hand, hit the steed a frightful whack on the nose, and yelled:

"Snayze, ye sassy divil, or Oi'll jump down yer throat! Snayze! Biff! Yerp! Bing! Snayze!"

He whacked the horse on the nostrils with absolute *abandon*, but the horse wouldn't sneeze. He seemed to regard the driver as a foolish, frivolous thing, beneath the notice of a horse with a fixed and definite purpose. Anon his ears twitched waggishly.

"Hoy!" yelled the driver, still whacking his faithful steed. "If the blaygard don't snaze, he'll go to slape, an' hivin an' airth can't wake him."

The horse drooped.

"Yerp there, you terrier, tak' that fur luck!"

The horse stopped.

"Howly bootjacks, he's—"

With a heaving snort, that had in it a note of warning to the reckless driver, the horse sank upon the mound of sand, and closed his near eye, while his tail was waved gently to and fro by the warm zephyrs of a perfect June day.

The driver absorbed half a package of tobacco, sat down on the horse's ribs, and revelled in profanity and grief. Meanwhile the cars began to block, and pedestrians gathered near. Then a policeman pushed through the crowd, and, after scowling sagaciously, hit the driver a brisk clip with his club, and said:

"Git out av that, y' blear-eyed tad! Lave the harse up."

"Don't talk ter me," said the driver sullenly. "I'm knocked silly, that's what I am—knocked silly."

"I'll knock you cold, y' Fenian outcast! Git up aff that harse!"

"Naw, I won't."

"Ye won't, hey?"

"Naw."

The next instant two men were rolling rapidly across the track, yelling like Piutes, and presenting a general aspect of legs, clubs and hats. The crowd yelled with delight. At last the policeman got the driver under him in the gutter, and, after hammering him with his club with persistency and method, the member of the Finest gasped:

"Will yez git aff that harse?"

And the driver, though weak and somewhat bored, raised his voice with all his might, and screamed:

"Naw!"

Again the policeman fell upon him—at this point a close observer might have seen the abused and downtrodden car horse raise his head craftily, and fix his near eye upon the belabored driver with an expression of exultant satisfaction. Then he arose with a complex toggle-jointed movement, and stood meekly in front of his car, but the triumphant near eye still gloated over the unhappy driver, while his sorrowing tail waved joyously.

"*Will yez git aff that harse?*" cried the policeman a second time, as he jammed the driver up against the Court House. And the driver struggled painfully to his feet, and muttered:

"I'm no hog. I know when I get enough. I'm off."

Slowly he limped to his car, and, crawling aboard, took up the reins, and gently said:

"Gi' yerp."

The horse looked around at him slowly, rejoicingly, triumphantly, and then quivered with delight, from hoof to ears, while his near eye closed joyously. Then he threw his head in the air, and joyously ambled down town.

His wrongs had been avenged.

BLAKELY HALL.

A PAIR OF BLACK TIGHTS.

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THE WILY FARMER IS AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

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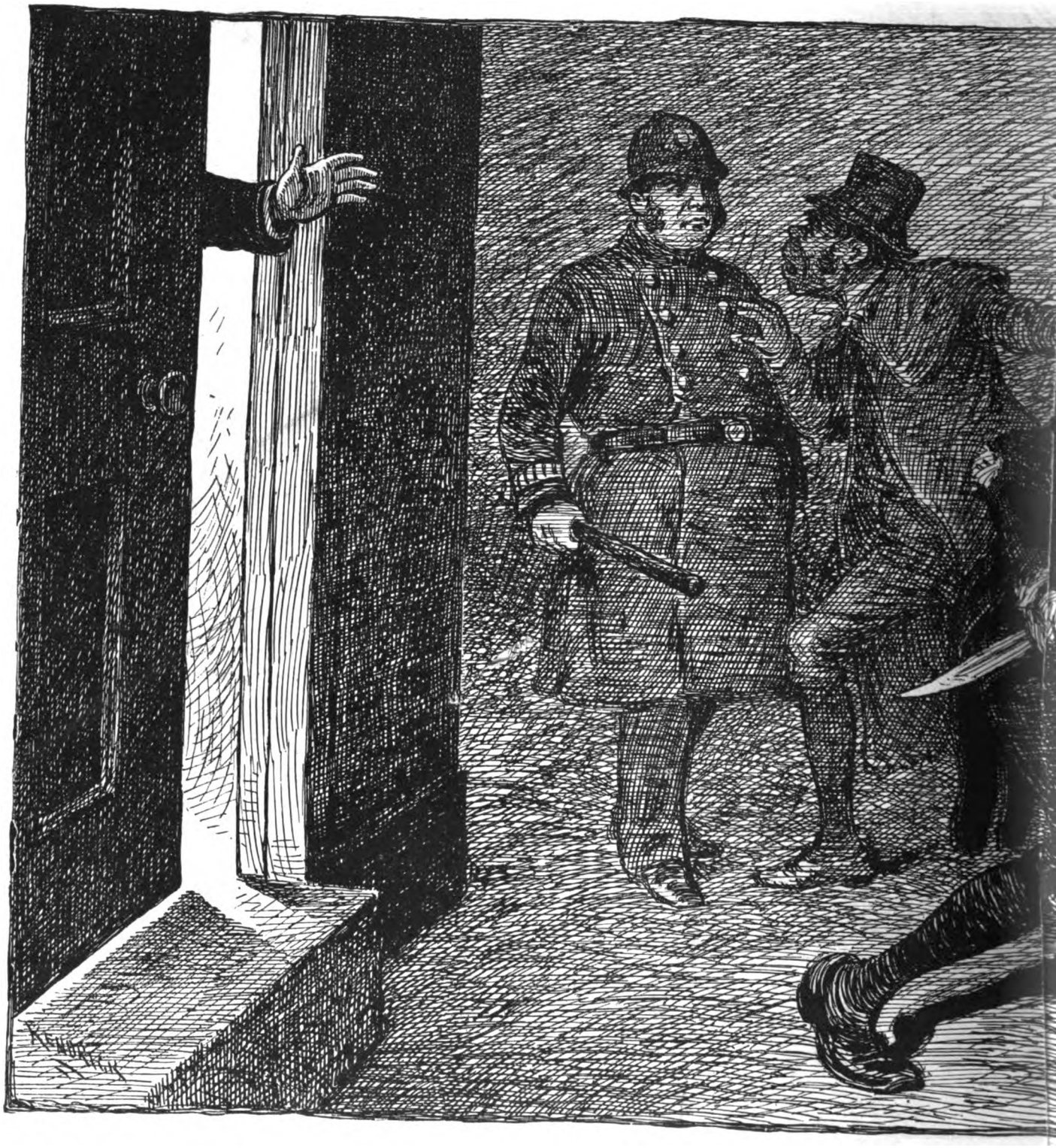

PATRIO

THE PRINCIPAL FEASTS. TH

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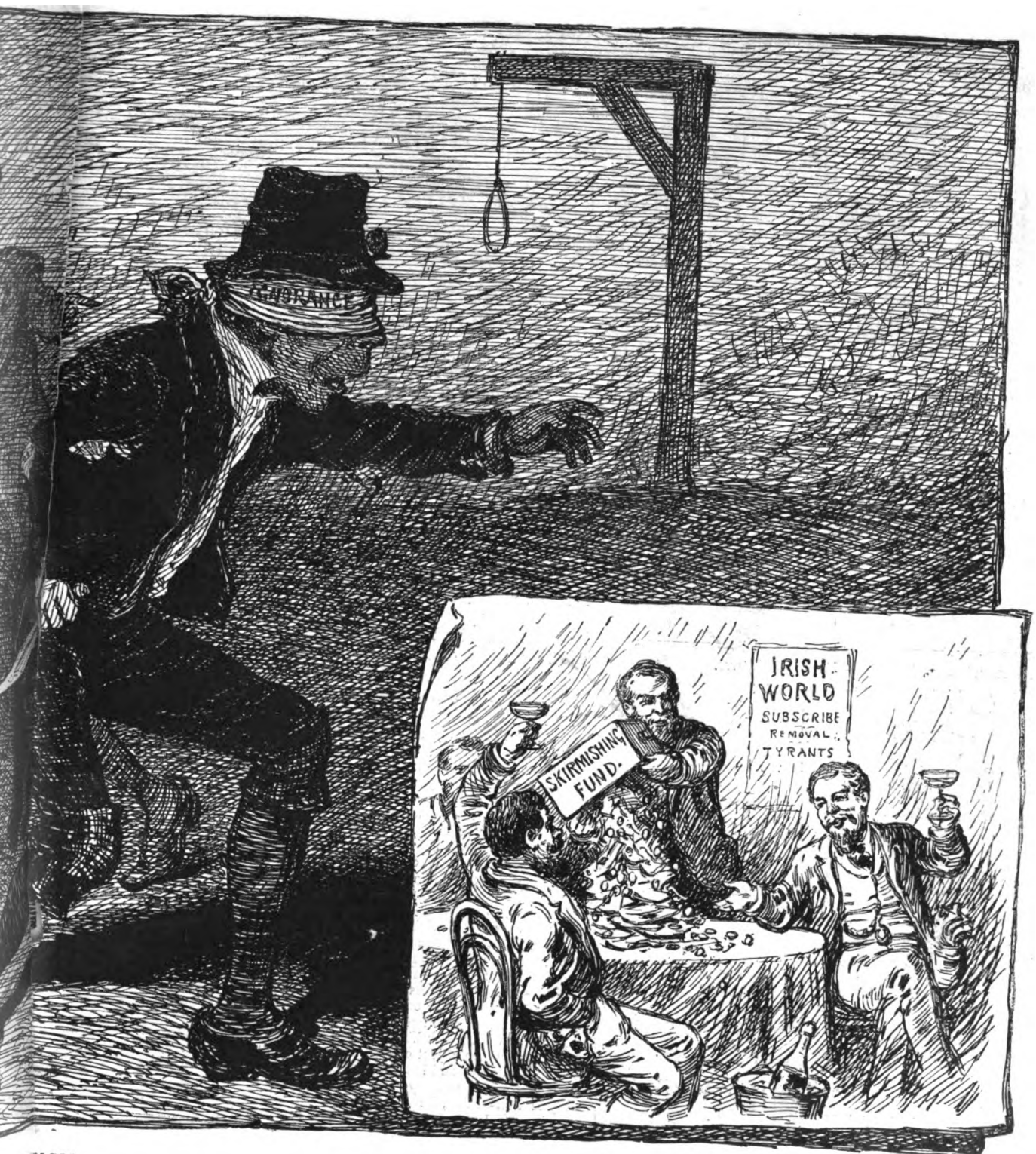

PATRIOTISM.

ACCOMPLICE PERISHES.

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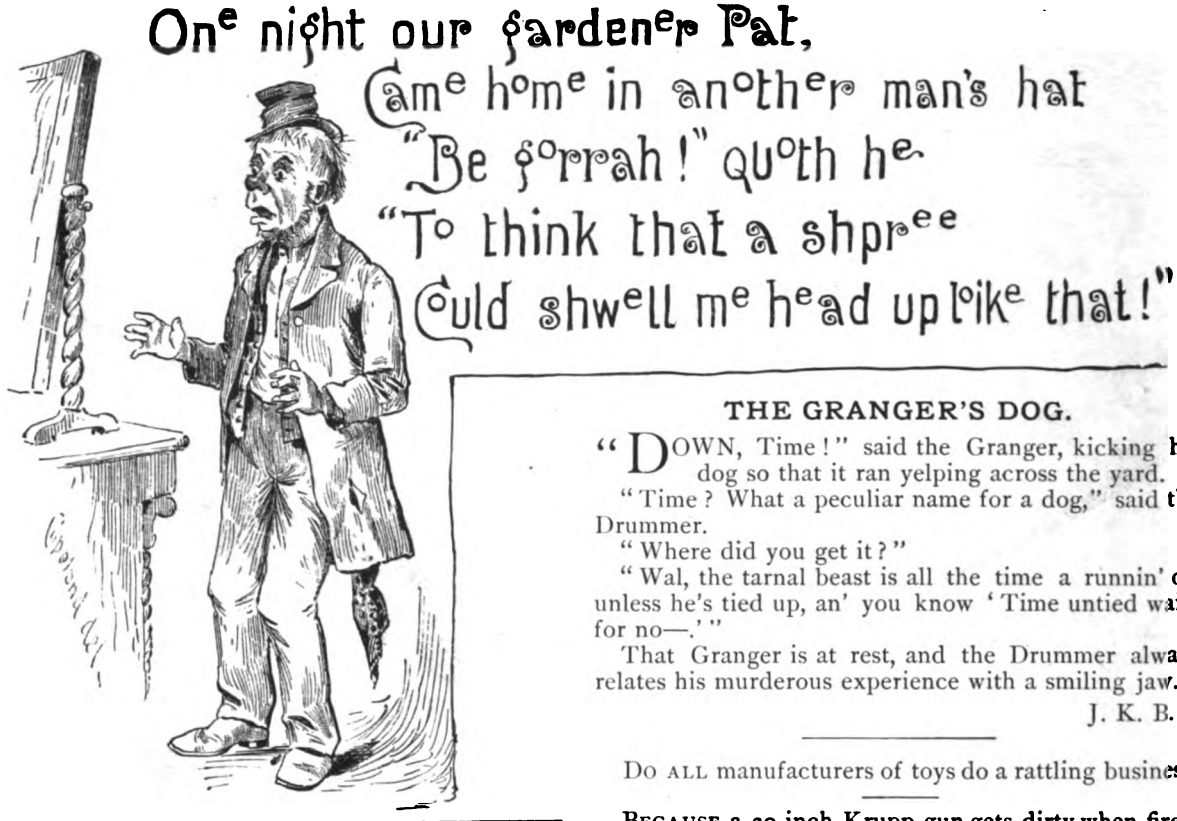

OSCAR WILDE has cut his hair.—*Mail and Express.*

OSCAR WILDE has cut his hair!
Sound the trumpet, beat the snare-
Drum, and let the bugle blare—
Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!
Let the joyous beacons flare,
And the rockets pierce the air—
Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!
Let a yearning thrill the fair
Æsthetes who a lock would wear—
Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!
And has bought an ordinar-
Y pair of—that is, a pair—
And creation doesn't care
A single, oriental, continental or beaver's dam if he
has cut his hair. *There*, now!

WALES thinks it about time Victoria Regina should rejine her Albert.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S name is now in the Blue Book, and his social position is azured.

MR. ALEXIS CAMPBELL was locked up by the St. Louis police last Wednesday because, after nine sherry cobblers, he couldn't walk or stand straight. It was the last straw, you see, that broke the Campbell's back.

THE GRANGER'S DOG.

"DOWN, Time!" said the Granger, kicking his dog so that it ran yelping across the yard.

"Time? What a peculiar name for a dog," said the Drummer.

"Where did you get it?"

"Wal, the tarnal beast is all the time a runnin' off unless he's tied up, an' you know 'Time untied waits for no—.'"

That Granger is at rest, and the Drummer always relates his murderous experience with a smiling jaw.

J. K. B.

DO ALL manufacturers of toys do a rattling business?

BECAUSE a 20 inch Krupp gun gets dirty when fired, can it be called a fouling piece?

HOW TO MAKE A MARSDEN PLAY.

TAKE a virtuous young gentleman, his haughty mother-in-law, and jealous young bride, a dying old lady, a will, a dose of laudanum, a gossiping nurse, and a wicked man-servant. Mix with an aspiring profligate heir-at-law, his rascally toady, a good-natured family lawyer, a suspicious artist, a bride. Flavor with an illustrator of a comic paper, a perfect jewel of a wife, with her mamma, the old nurse above-mentioned transformed to a gossiping housekeeper. Stir well together these ingredients, and serve up around a charming and innocent young lady—devoted as a daughter, and cruelly suspected as a wife, who, without having done anything whatever to deserve such treatment, has to stand everybody's browbeating, take everybody's crimes on her shoulders, to be the object of everybody's suspicions, and the victim of every *roué's* wicked designs.

Let this young lady see her father, the lawyer, steal and burn the will, and learn that in so doing he has virtually murdered her friend and benefactress—and not tell it. Let her be accused of the crime—and not confess who did it. Let her escape and wander away, determined to commit suicide, and come across an æsthetic young artist, who has tumbled thirty feet over a precipice. Let her fall in love with him, and be married—and not tell of it. Let her become an object of suspicion to this ungrateful man, be questioned, abused, and insulted—all but turned out of doors by her husband—and not say anything. Let her meet the aspiring profligate heir-at-law, be treated insolently by him—and not tell her husband. Let her be snubbed and tyrannized over by the haughty mother-in-law and the jealous young wife—and quietly endure it. Finally, let everybody forgive her, and let her forgive everybody, and, to conclude, let her be informed that she is somebody else's daughter, without any proof except the strawberry on her left arm.

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON III.—The Druggist's Clerk.

WHAT is this?

A druggist's clerk, darling.

Is he not a druggist?

No, dear.

But he is putting up a prescription.

Oh, no! he is not.

What, then, is he doing?

He is trying to put one up.

Is he succeeding?

He is very near success.

How near?

Well, the doctor's prescription calls for five grains of quinine in each dose.

And what is the druggist's clerk doing?

He is putting five grains of morphine in each dose.

Oh! But will not this hurt the poor patient?

Not very much.

But how much?

It will kill him.

My! But what a dreadful thing for the clerk!

Not half so bad as for the patient.

What will the poor druggist say when they arrest him for the murder?

He will say his clerk put the prescription up.

And what will the poor clerk say?

He will say he was sleepy, and mistook the bottles.

Why! are the bottles of morphine and quinine kept on the same shelf?

Certainly.

Then such mistakes are liable to occur at any time?

They are, my precious.

But why does not the poor druggist hire clerks who know the difference between quinine and morphine?

Because he can hire a boy who does not know, for less money.

Then we are in danger whenever we take the medicine the poor doctor orders?

We are, darling.

Can we do nothing to protect ourselves?

Oh, Yes!

What?

We can throw the medicine out of the window.

But is not the druggist or his clerk punished for killing innocent people in this way?

No, dear.

Why?

Because the over-zealous Coroner fills the jury with druggists and doctors, and they acquit both the druggist and his clerk.

Oh! the druggists and doctors stand by each other?

Every time.

But when the poor druggist's clerk puts up such a dose by mistake, does he not really murder the poor patient?

Oh, no, my pet.

Why?

Because the poor patient commits suicide by taking it.

C.

Digby, has been working hard at Italian all winter, and resolves to try a little on a newly arrived emigrant: PARLATE ITALIANO, SIGNOR?

Emigrant: ARRAH! NOW, WHAT ARE YE GIVIN' US?

THE song of the feline ariseth, and lo! bootjacks have wings.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VICTORIA, *Balmoral.*—1. No, we do not accept the crown for the wages you offer. 2. O'Donovan Rossa, to whom we referred your letter, agrees to your terms and promises not to oppose Albert's nomination.

SAMMY, *Greystone.*—1. Didn't you "come it" on Watterson good? Well, yes. 2. Yes, we will give you our heartiest support. 3. Yes, if you knocked out Sullivan in three rounds it *would* tend in considerable measure toward removing certain popular impressions concerning you.

EDSON, *City Hall.*—Yes, "The Family Circle" is a good name for your office.

L. RUSSELL, *London.*—No, the flags were not hung at half mast all over the city, nor was there crape on the door of the Casino.

BENJAMIN B., *Boston.*—1. We do not know how much it would cost to enroll your name among Fox's Martyrs. In his present extremity, Pope Leo would canonize you for a mere song. 2. If the churches insist on being christened after you, let them go ahead.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE WAG.

A GREAT Wag having become engrossed with the immensity of a Deep Joke, wandered by chance into a Desert Place, where all was Bare and Dry. "The very place," said he, "to try my Jest." But on looking about he could find no one to afflict save a Lone Shepherd, seated under the boughs of a Ban-yan Tree, playing on a home-made Flute.—

"Why do you play here alone?" he asked the Rustic.

"Because no one will listen to me elsewhere;" was the reply.

"I am here for the same reason," remarked the Great Wag.

"Do you also play?" queried the Lone Shepherd.

"Yes, upon words!"

"Let us shake hands," said the Rustic. "I will discourse Music for you and do you discourse Wit for me; thus we shall always be sure of an Audience."

So the Shepherd drew from his flute sounds that moved the Wag to tears. "Beautiful and sad!" he said with moist eyes. "What was it?"

"A Contra-Dance!" replied the Rustic. "But let us have thy Wit."

Hereupon the Wag related his Deep Joke with becoming levity, and when he had finished the Shepherd said nothing, but with an effort at a smile, he drew aside his goat-skin cloak and rubbed his knuckles briskly on his bare Ribs.

"Are you cold?" asked the Great Wag.

"No, indeed!" replied the Lone Shepherd; "I am only tickling myself!"

MORAL.

Genius never knows its Fellow.

W. W. KENT.

WHEN Johnny, at his auntie's,
With the jelly doth commingle,
They pat-a-cake his panties
With a slipper or a shingle.

And so he calls them miners—
The atrocious little devil!—
Because they 're Forty-niners,
And they work the bottom-level!

C. F. L.

THE RAKE'S PRO-GRESS;

OR,

THE TRUE HIS-TO-RY OF TOM-MY THE CAT.

LIT-TLE TOM-MY was born of Mal-tese but mu-si-cal pa-rents, and came into this world un-der most fa-vor-able cir-cum-stan-ces. When on-ly four weeks old he had a nice blue rib-bon tied a-round his neck, and was giv-en a ball of wor-sted to play with. The wick-ed poll par-rot en-vied him from a-far, and the sil-ly gold-fish wished they had been born Kit-tens. This is the way of the World. Dear child-ren, do not En-vy each oth-er.

THEY EN-VIED HIM.

Lit-tle Tom-my was fed on Cream, and pres-ent-ly he got too big for his Breech-es. At least this is what the oth-er Kit-tens said. One day, when his mis-tress was out of the Room, Tom-my went fish-ing. This was very naugh-ty, but Tom-my said he did-n't care; it was fun-ny, an-y-how. Well, he climbed up on the ta-ble, and went for the en-vi-ous gold-fish. It was Sun-day, and the good Sun-day school Books teach us we can Nev-er catch a-ny-thing on Sun-day. But Tom-my said this was all Fol-da-ree, and that he'd Bet he'd catch some-thing.

HE WENT FISH-ING.

He caught what some strong-minded peo-ple call Hades, and the sad re-sult was that Tom-my was laid up for a week.

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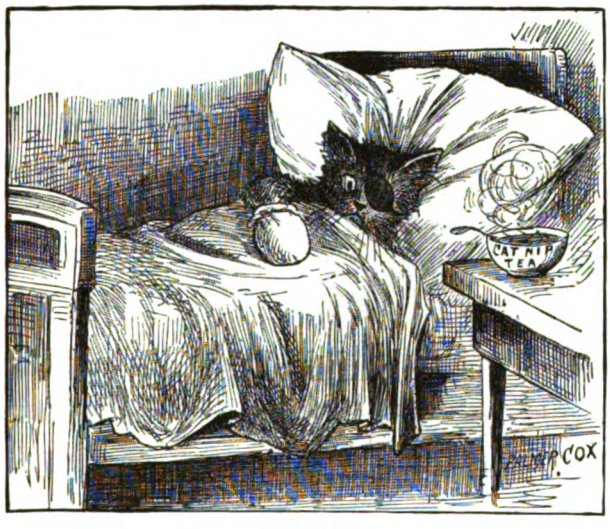
You see, my good lit-tle read-ers, it does not do to be Wick-ed and get found Out.

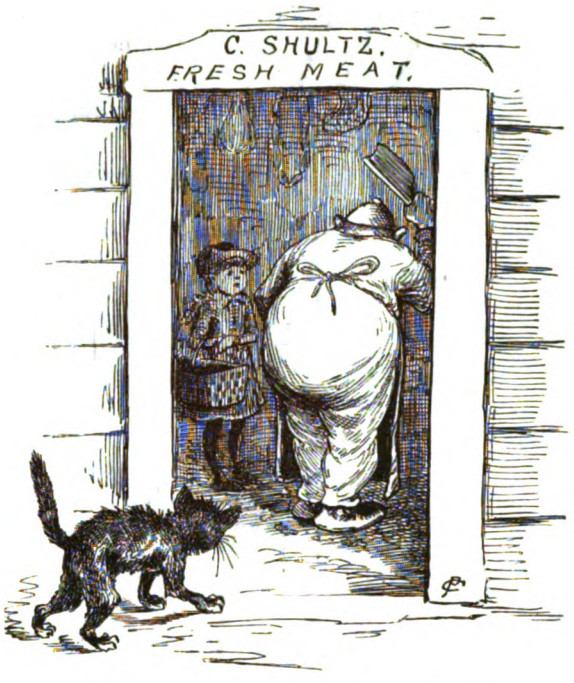
HE CAUGHT SOMETHING.

Af-ter Tom-my got Well, he was'n't so hand-some a Kit-ten as he was be-fore, but he knew more. *Ex-pe-ri-en-ti-a do-cet*, and he had a pret-ty good dose. Un-for-tun-ate-ly he ran a-away from home as soon as he got well.



LAID UP.

This e-vil step soon brought its pun-ish-ment. Tom-my could-n't catch rats, and so he had to steal.



HE WENT TO STEAL A PIECE OF MEAT.

Now this was ve-ry wick-ed, for Tom-my was al-most sure to be found out. Lit-tle chil-dren, when you are tem-pted to Steal, al-ways be cer-tain that you can-not be Found out. Do as the pi-ous po-li-ti-cians do, and don't get as-cer-tain-ed. Well, Tom-my went in-to a but-cher's shop to steal a mut-ton chop, but just as he was a-bout to steal it the but-cher turned A-round, and then Tom-my sud-den-ly rem-em-bered what the Good Book says, and his con-science whis-pered him to go Home as quickly as he could. He did so, and left the piece of Meat be-hind. Little children, when you are temp-ted, do as Tom-my did.

HE LEFT A PIECE OF MEAT.

The next ex-per-i-ence of Tom-my was an at-tempt to bur-glar-ize a house.

He det-er-mined to enter a house by way of the kit-chen drain. His pi-ous com-pan-i-ons tried to dis-suade him, because they were a-fraid he would eat up

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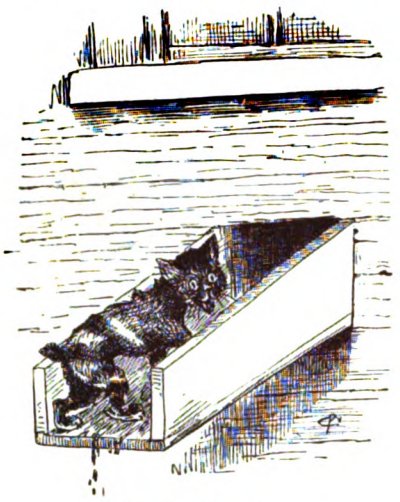
All there was in the Pan-try. But Tommy said that be-ing good did not Pay, and so he Grinned in his sinful manner, and dis-ap-peared up the drain.

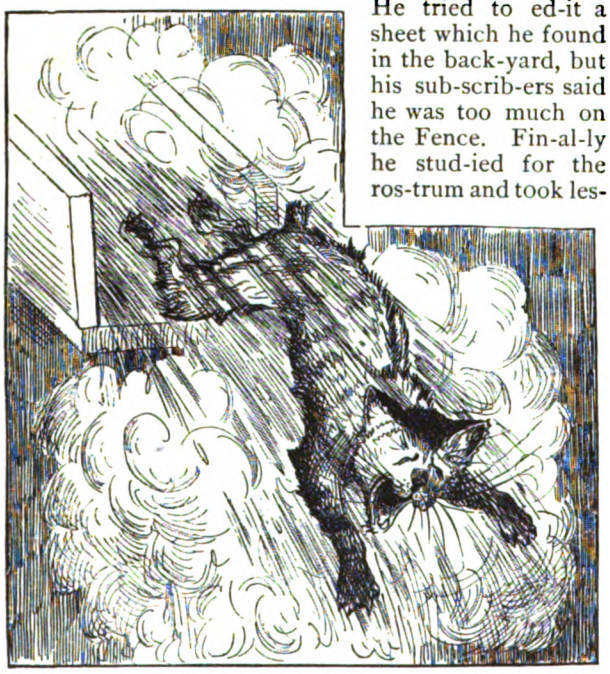


HE WOULD GO.

He was not gone long, for his con-science a-gain Smote him, as it had done on the pre-vi-ous oc-cas-ion, and Tommy came out with-out having stolen an-y-thing.

Lit-tle children, it is a great bles-sing to be a-ble to with-stand temptation as Tommy did. Always come a-way, if you are in the same Cir-cum-stances.

Well, lit-tle Tommy fin-al-ly be-came a great Cat, and had ma-ny more Ex-pe-ri-en-ces which were of an ex-ci-ting na-ture. He tried to ed-it a sheet which he found in the back-yard, but his sub-scrib-ers said he was too much on the Fence. Fin-al-ly he stud-ied for the ros-trum and took les-



HIS CON-SCI-ENCE SMOTE HIM AND HE LEFT.

sons of Pro-fes-sor John L. Sul-li-van of Boston. His ar-gu-ments were very Con-vin-cing, and So beau-ti-ful was his or-a-to-ry that num-bers of peo-ple used to stay a-wake all night to hear him, and would make him presents of shoes, boot-jacks and croc-ker-y fixings with-out number.

Dear chil-dren, if you wish to be honored in this world, i-mi-tate Prof-ess-or Sul-li-van, as Tom-my did.

Bos-ton is the on-ly ci-ty whose ap-pro-val is

THE SUL-LI-VAN OF THE BACK YARD.

worth any-thing. If you do not be-lieve this, ask Rev-er-end Mr. But-ler. But what-ev-er you do, do not put your des-tin-y in a bar'l. This ru-ined Tommy, and may ru-in Mr. Til-den.

THE END. C.

AT LAST HE HAS CLUMB FROM OUT THIS HEATHEN CLIME.

SMALL Willie's gone to heaven
(Willie, Willie, Waly),
Buried by Doctor B–v–n
(Poor Billie).
We bought a nice white coffin—
'Twas that that he went off in.
Alas he was an orphan
(William Jones).

...ee... cavalry officers, most of
...oung fellows with magnificent
..., and curled hair shining with
...sar oil.—*Alan Seager in Vanity*

...ien who in the spring may wear
doilies in their hair.

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FINE ARTS.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"*Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors.*"—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

Much of the stuff that is sold for pique should be marked p. k.—poor kwality.—*Boston Transcript.*

Did you ever notice how suddenly a timid woman who is humming an operatic air will switch off on to a religious hymn when a storm comes up and she hears the first clap of thunder?—*Norristown Herald.*

"I dont object to codfish as an occasional luxury," remarked Mr. Oldboarder, at breakfast, "but for a steady feed its saltogether too briny for my blood." But the landlord told him he was too fresh.—*Hawkeye.*

The decorator of Jay Gould's yacht asked him for a design to ornament one of the panels of the craft, and his son George suggested a "bull and bear." A "shorn lamb" would be more appropriate, since the fleece of its kind pays the bill.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

Nine men near Quebec sat down to divide a keg of powder, and the Middletown *Transcript* is responsible for the remainder of the story: One of them lit a pipe, and then the powder got up and divided the nine men. None of them were killed, but they were all terribly discouraged.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Hit Him.—Old Gentleman (to wood-dealer): Mr. Sullivan, I find, on measuring up that twenty cords of wood I ordered, that there are only nineteen. I always took you for an honest man. Now, how do you account for it? Dealer: Don' know, sir. It was all there when it left the yard. Can't have gone astray in any way. Old G.: Dropped out on the road, probably. Well, I suppose there's no help for it, so we'll just speak of it as Sullivan's Lost Cord.—*Grip.*

"I am an agnostic!" remarked a young man in swelling accents. "And an agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An agnostic," replied the fresh youth, in a manner expressive of his pity for his interlocutor's ignorance, "an agnostic is a fellow, you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," replied the old gentleman; "but how does it happen that you are sure you are an agnostic."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Mama," said a little Covington boy, "what does 'heluffa' mean?"
"Why, my child, I don't know. I never heard such a word. Where did you hear it?"
"Papa said it."
"When?"
"Sunday morning. I heard him tell Mr. Jones that church was a heluffa place to go when the fishing was so fine."—*The Drummer.*

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"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
"And health on both."—Shakespeare.

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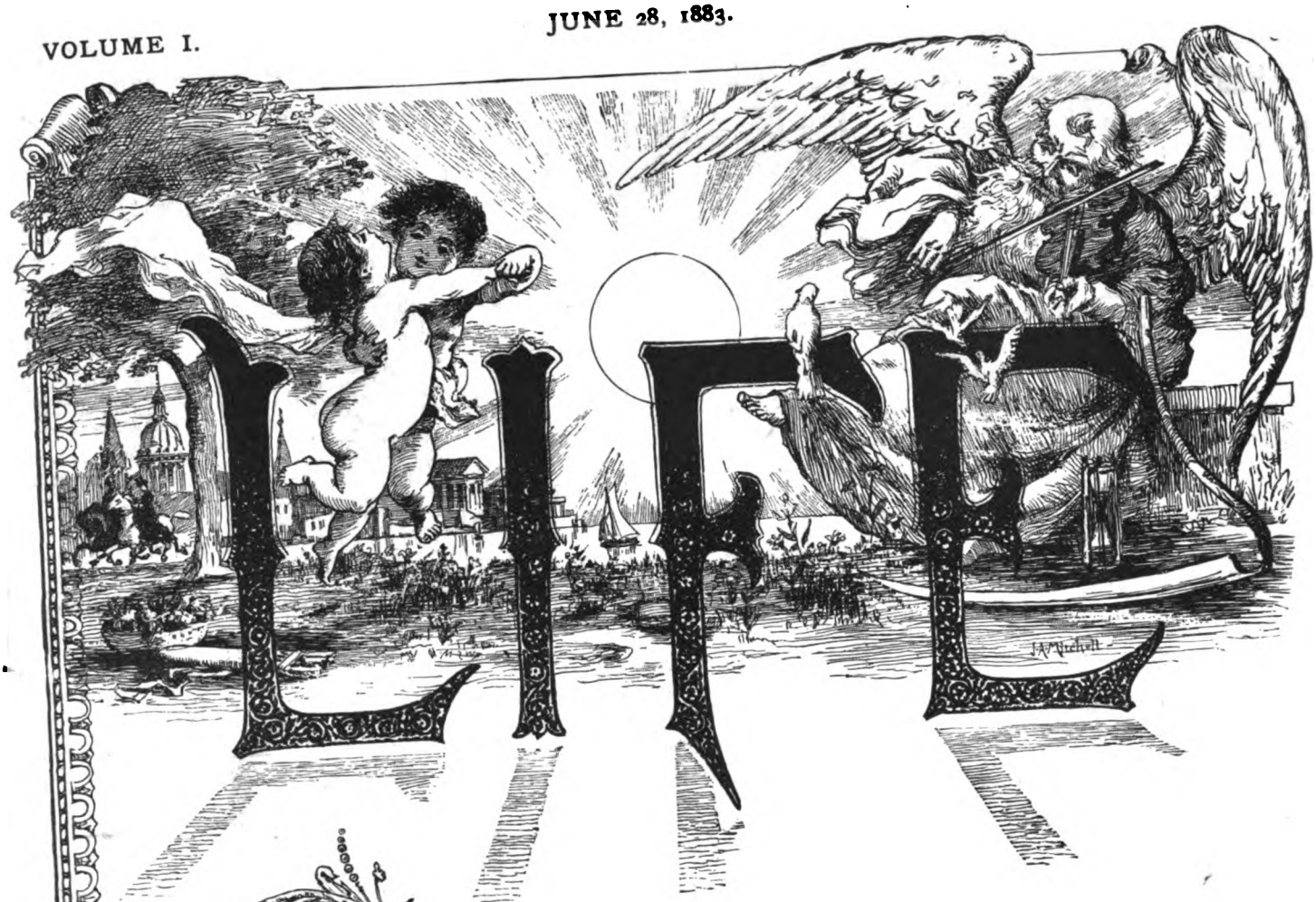

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Hotel Netherwood,

ON JERSEY CENTRAL R. R. 45 MINUTES FROM FOOT OF LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK

This magnificent and elegantly appointed hotel will be open for the reception of guests June 25th. The hotel is complete in all its appointments, contains 200 rooms (40 suits with private baths), elevator, electric bells, and every convenience for the comfort of guests who desire the advantage of pure mountain air and surroundings and avoid the expense and discomfort of protracted railroad travel. The hotel is of brick, six stories in height, commanding an unobstructed and charming view, and but two minutes' walk from the Netherwood station.

Delighful drives and stabling.
Now open for inspection and engagements.
Reduced rates.

S. V. WOODRUFF, Propr.

SUMMER RESORTS.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND,

SEASON OF 1883.

The hotels of the Campobello Company, "THE OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED," will be opened for the season in the latter part of June, and will be under the same management as last year.

Since the closing of last season many improvements have been made, that will greatly add to the already superlative comforts at this unique watering place.

The season of 1882 was a great success, and so many people were unable to get rooms that a new dormitory has been built near Tyn-y-coed, to which it will be a pleasant annex.

It has been constructed under the supervision of Cummings A Sears, contains sixty-four rooms and will be furnished in the same attractive way as the others. Extensive water views, abundant sunshine, and open fires on every hand, pure spring water and good drainage, are the features here secured.

Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, and well-equipped saddle horses will be supplied.

The steamer Emmet has been secured, and will be used for ferry service only.

Steam launches, rowboats, canoes, and some of the famous 'Quoddy sailboats will always be at the command of guests.

MAN-OF-WAR NECK,

Composing about eight hundred acres, has been plotted and divided into cottage lots of various sizes. These lots, as well as many others, are now offered. Nearly all of those offered last season have been sold.

Applications for board may be made to
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Office of the Campobello Co.,
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Its well known standard of excellence will be fully maintained.

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VOL. I. JUNE 28TH, 1883. NO. 26.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

☞ Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

WHO will mourn for Logan now? No one. Who will go for him? Dorsey.

* * *

BUT scant sympathy can be felt for that fallen son of Grease, McGeogh. He was a bold, but unscrupulous operator, and as he used his vast means to force up the price of provisions to the general discomfiture, his ruin may be looked upon as a public blessing.

* * *

THERE is a rigid law in Arkansas against carrying pistols. So there is a law in New York against selling beer on Sunday. Bless your soul, a good law walks hand in hand with every crime in the calendar. There is a general law against stealing, but it has to sit down with the star route verdict. There are laws against cruelty to animals, and under their shadow the summer boarding houses flourish.

* * *

THE Town Clerk of Gladstone, Canada, wants to be Chief of Police of that place, and announces as his qualifications that he has never been on the force but has "seen" policemen; is six feet high and 34 years of age; whistles well and is as savage as a meat axe, besides being married and having a good large mother-in-law. If merit has any weight this man should certainly be elected.

* * *

MANY an eminent divine, victorious general and famous statesmen has been surrendered to the eternal keeping of mother earth with less of true grief than will follow the remains of Charley Backus to his place of rest. His ambition was to make the world forget its cares in laughter, and those who laughed with him living, will find it the easier to mourn, now that his merry song and jest are hushed forever.

* * *

POSSIBLY Mr. Chandler is so confirmed a land-lubber that he cannot now learn how to do without a lemon and a tin basin while at sea, but he can at least set an example of zeal and incorruptibility for future Secretaries of the Navy to follow. With the sale of the rotten junk bequeathed us by Robeson's magnificent mismanagement, the Navy practically passes out of existence. What it will be when revived depends now upon Mr. Chandler. Let him see that neither rats nor roaches have a hold upon the new ships.

EX-GOVERNOR PLAISTED, of Maine, has retired from journalism because the other editors on the paper called him "associate editor" and he wanted them to call him "editor-in-chief." Well, why couldn't they call him that just as well as anything else? What is an "editor-in-chief" on a daily paper anyhow, and what are his duties? As Shakespeare says: "That which we call an editor-in-chief, by any other name would do just as little."

* * *

ONLY one thunderbolt fell in Norwich Conn., on the 21st, and yet it fired a barn, broke a dog's neck, scared a tin peddler into epilepsy, caused a dozen runaways, smashed four buggies and a coal cart, ripped up the fire alarm telegraph line, rang all the telephone bells in town, beat a drum, singed the tail of the minister's cat, broke up seven poker parties and one prayer meeting and frightened an old maid's teeth out. Now who says electricity has no power?

* * *

THE church militant seems to have arisen in the dangerous person of the Rev. Mr. Benjamin F. Jenkins of Mansfield, La., who recently went gunning for the Rev. J. Lane Borden and shot him so full of holes that his skin would not hold his principles. We have grown quite accustomed to the wars of clerical crackers and to the windy efforts of one divine to annihilate another with sermons, but this gunpowder method of settling ecclesiastical disputes is a new phase, as pleasant as it is surprising.

* * *

THAT father Ryan, of Mobile, is a poet, no one who has read his "Conquered Banner" can deny. That he is an exemplary minister of the Gospel of Peace is questionable. It might strike the average possessor of sound sense that at this late day secession principles and bad blood are a trifle out of place. When the soldiers who fought in the late civil war bury the hatchet and fraternize, it certainly is almost time for the frocked enemies of the Union, who stayed home and contributed nothing but wind to the "Lost-Cause," to at least keep respectfully silent. Father Ryan, however, seems to take every occasion to vaunt his lurid views and re-kindle in his audiences the olden fires of strife and hatred. He should be muzzled by his bishop.

* * *

OUR highly esteemed contemporary the *New York Times* touches too lightly upon the following modern instance of cannibalism:

"A reporter who had seen long service on English newspapers died a fortnight ago in the person of George H. Kent."

The inference is that the reporter must have lived for some time after having been swallowed, probably breathing through the cannibal's ears. That he was tough and indigestible is of course admissible with the fact that he had "seen long service on English newspapers," but the full particulars of the occurrence could not fail to be of interest to science, and we breathlessly await them. Meanwhile it is evident that England is not a safe place for reporters.

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THE so-called "society" column is rapidly becoming as important a feature of the modern newspaper as the department of politics or telegraph news, and items like the following appear daily.

"Miss Israel, of Chatham Square, is paying a brief visit to the Misses Blumenberg of Troy."

"Mr. Isaac Walpole Smith will summer at Newport."

"Mrs. S. Titmouse Wiggins has rented Hon. Moses Blunderbuss' cottage at Long Branch for the season."

"At her wedding this evening, Miss Gertrude Silly will wear a pair of magnificent solitaire ear-rings, the gift of the groom."

As a rule, this drivel is written, not by the reporters of the journal, as is popularly supposed, but by the persons mentioned. They are enabled to earn a little cheap notoriety at the expense of the suffering editor and his infuriated readers. Of course it is vastly interesting to know that such a person as Miss Israel exists, and that her parents are affluent enough to pay her way to Troy; it is exciting to learn that there is really an Isaac Titmouse Smith in the world, and that he is at present infesting Newport; it is a blessing to Mrs. Wiggins' patient creditors to know that their bills can safely be addressed to Long Branch, and Miss Silly's five or six acquaintances will no doubt hail with delight the tremendous news that she has a pair of ear-rings at last—but exactly how all this dry rot meets the approval of editors-in-chief is a mystery.

* * *

ACCORDING to the statement of the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, Colonel Vose of the 71st has somewhat peculiar notions of discipline. A sentinel at the camp at Peekskill challenged him in the night with the customary "Who goes there?" and received the reply: "Nobody goes there." Instead of holding the "nobody," the sentry promptly fell down in a fit. Until properly relieved, a sentry on post is entitled to respect for and obedience to his challenge and command. Had an old soldier been on post, the valiant Colonel would have been detained at the point of the bayonet. Officers can best instruct their subordinates by example. If the affair was correctly reported by the *Tribune* the sentry's challenge was right and proper, while the Colonel's reply was unsoldierly and lacking in the respect due a sentinel in the discharge of his duty. In that case the Colonel should be reprimanded from headquarters.

GOOD-BYE, SUMMER.

(SHE.)

COULD it have been that last June was the time of it?
Surely it was—or the 1st of July—
Now that your question has put me in mind of it,
Isn't it strange how the time has gone by?

Call on us when we return to the city. I
Hope our acquaintance is not to end here * * *

(HER SISTER.)

Come, father's waiting, Grace. Hurry, and say good-bye.
There, now he's off. Why! You're crying, my dear!

E. F. GREEN.

A SEA TURN.

HURRAH for the Sea—where the chowders be
And the sculpin winds his horn!
Where the star-fish shine through the spumy brine,
And the mammoth oysters yawn!
For the barnacle blows and the conger crows,
As we chase the pickled prawn.

Then roll out the Captain's gig, my lads!
Let the bob-stay harnessed be!
With the breeze abaft and fore and aft
We'll drive o'er the wind-whipped sea.

Hear the Bo's'n shout—"Let the port-hatch out!
Haul the affidavits taut!
Like snowy clouds spread the white, white shrouds
Where the dead-light's gleam is caught!
Belay the keel till the compass heel
And the water-line runs short!"

The main-sheet-fills with the mad monsoon,
We have furled the fore-cross-tree,
And so tightly laced the vessel's waist,
As we skim o'er the creamy sea.

The sea-gulls shriek from the for'ard peak,
As the shrimp go prancing by,
And the mermaids coy kiss the whistling buoy
While the urchin pipes his eye;
The dog-fish bark at the tipsy shark
And the halibut join the cry.

Then cheer mates, cheer, as the good ship speeds,
Till we make the hawser gee!
For the wind in the sail blows a martin-gale,
And we plough the furrowed sea.

Ho, binnacle, fly from the capstan high!
Make the mizzen-scuppers fast!
By the lanyard's light through the nasty night
We will scud before the mast;
For the breeze is a-lee and the rover is free
And a schooner of beer has passed.

Hurrah for the ship! Hurrah for the crew!
Merry, merry boys are we—
And our course is pressed for the Nor-sou-west
As we rise on the yeasty sea.

EDWARD A. CHURCH.

"WHAT makes it cry so?" asked the old bachelor, listening to the baby on the next block, waking the midnight stars with its songs without words. "What under the canopy makes it cry so?" "Nothing," said the experienced father who had his quiver full of 'em, and was never happy unless he was rocking a baby. "Nothing; it just makes that noise ten hours a day, naturally, voluntarily, and without effort, suggestion, assistance or compulsion. Nobody makes a baby cry. And," he added, after a moment of thoughtful silence during which the baby twice got up to high C, "nobody can make it stop crying, either, until it is cried out."

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ALL THE MODERN ADVANTAGES.

(*Miss Edith has just favored the company with a brilliant performance on the violin.*)

Miss Edith's Ma (*to her neighbor*): I DO SO ADMIRE THE VIOLIN. *Your* DAUGHTER PLAYS, I SUPPOSE.

Mrs. De Porque: WALL, NO; ALICIA CAN'T PLAY THE *violin*, BUT SHE PLAYS BEAUTIFULLY ON THE BANDOLINE. YOU KNOW SHE WAS TWO WHOLE MONTHS AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING.

THERE had been a somewhat serious conflagration in a wild Western town, at which the citizens had turned out and worked with a will to save property, even carrying kegs of powder from the burning store.

When the final destruction of the building left them free to attend to other matters, a quasi-philanthropist joined a crowd that he saw dragging away a man who was resisting them and pleading piteously for mercy.

"What are you going to do with that man?" inquired the q. p.

"To give him the jeegrabbedest biggest kind of a whippin'," replied the leader of the crowd.

"What has he done?"

"The jambed sneak was caught stealin' some of the stuff we saved from the fire."

"What did he steal?"

"A box of sardines."

"Is that all? Surely you don't mean to whip the man severely for such a small matter as a box of sardines."

"Sardines be blowed! It's the principle of the thing. The slambanged whoof of a jabtit would have stole whales if he could have got them in cans!"

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

GREEN APPLES, green apples, the grass grows so green,
That the boys in the orchard can hardly be seen;
Oh mother, oh mother, your boy is in bed—
If the doctor's don't hurry he'll surely be dead.

MADAME D'ANGEBILLE, a veteran Alps climber, made a great fuss about it because once, when she was 69 years of age, she climbed the Matterhorn with only one guide, and at night she was left alone on the mountain side, while the guide moseyed off to a distant chalet for a light. Land of love, as though that was anything wonderful! Alone! In the dark! On the mountain! At 69 years! By Helen's glove, she'd have been safe on a prairie.

Marriages were invented in heaven, but unfortunately the process was not patented.

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TRAVEL IS EDUCATION.

WHEELING, W. Va., has quit chewing ginseng and gone to eating opium. And the people there call it reform.

"WHY do railroad men call the cowcatcher the pilot?" asked Rollo. "Oh, because," replied Rollo's father, "when the engine strikes a cow, they pile it on there." And Rollo, musing over this, did not see his father Pontius finger at his nose.

THE farthest way round the club-house is the shortest way home.

"You say you knocked the man down in self-defence?" asked the judge. "I did," replied the prisoner, in earnest tones. "As I'm a truthful man I did; and I'd have done it two weeks ago, but I never could catch him. He knew I was layin' for him in self-defence, and always dodged me, the coward."

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A LAST PHILHARMONIC.

YES, tricky rose! You hang your head
Now that the fun and fiddling's over.
And so might I, if I were bred
To play the deep-dejected lover.
Sole rival all my afternoon!
You knew my pique would not diminish,
And since I've picked my quarrel soon,
You try to wither, ere I finish!

Close underneath her pretty chin,
I watched you nestling, *so* demurely,
Twice you'd a battle with your pin—
Ambitious of kiss-stealing, surely.
You pressed your fresh leaves to her throat,
Seeming to flout *me* with each petal,
Till, through my Melton overcoat,
You pricked my heart—a very nettle!

Great gods! What ails a fellow's head
Just when he wants to think his brightest?
—It sickens me—the things I've said:
The stupidest, meanest, tritest.
What eyes she had! So blue, so clear;
They baulk me, like a very ninny.
Dying to whisper—just once—"Dear!"
I stammer, "Do you—like Rossini?"

What made her clasp you in her glove
The whole time that they played that Largo?
Vouchsafe to *you* those looks of love
On which mine should have laid embargo?
And when I ventured on that speech
About our "meeting in Vienna,"
She blushed, and dropped you past my reach;
For once I wished flowers in—Gehenna!

Well, well—small use to vent my wrath,
And blame you for my weak endeavor!
Ah, 'tis a mortifying path
That lover treads who is—not clever!
She let me steal you, thorny taunter!
So I'll forgive you with this look—
Yes, kiss you—and, as home I saunter,
Slip you inside my pocket-book.

EDWARD J. STEVENSON.

HAD the Garden of Eden been located at Niagara Falls, the expense of an angel and a flaming sword at the gate would have been saved. One regularly ordained hackman at the gate would have kept the whole world out of the garden until Jay Gould and the Vanderbilt family came along. And after they went in, nobody else would care to go.

Peters: MISS! IF I DON'T GET THIS AGGERWATIN TRAIN FIXED I'LL HAVE A *fit!*

Miss Blossom, dryly: NO DANGER OF *my* HAVING ONE, PETERS.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

HUNGER is the best sauce, hence street-boys are naturally saucy.

Many men have many minds, but one woman frequently has more than all of them.

They who dance leave the host to pay the fiddler.

What cannot be cured supports the doctors.

Speak of the devil, and he is sure to call for copy.

A fair exchange would ruin the stock market.

There's many a smoke with no tobacco.

MORS-VIVENS.

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HARVARD AND

GLORIOUS VICTORY OF

AS WE GO TO PRESS SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THE RACE OCCURS THE

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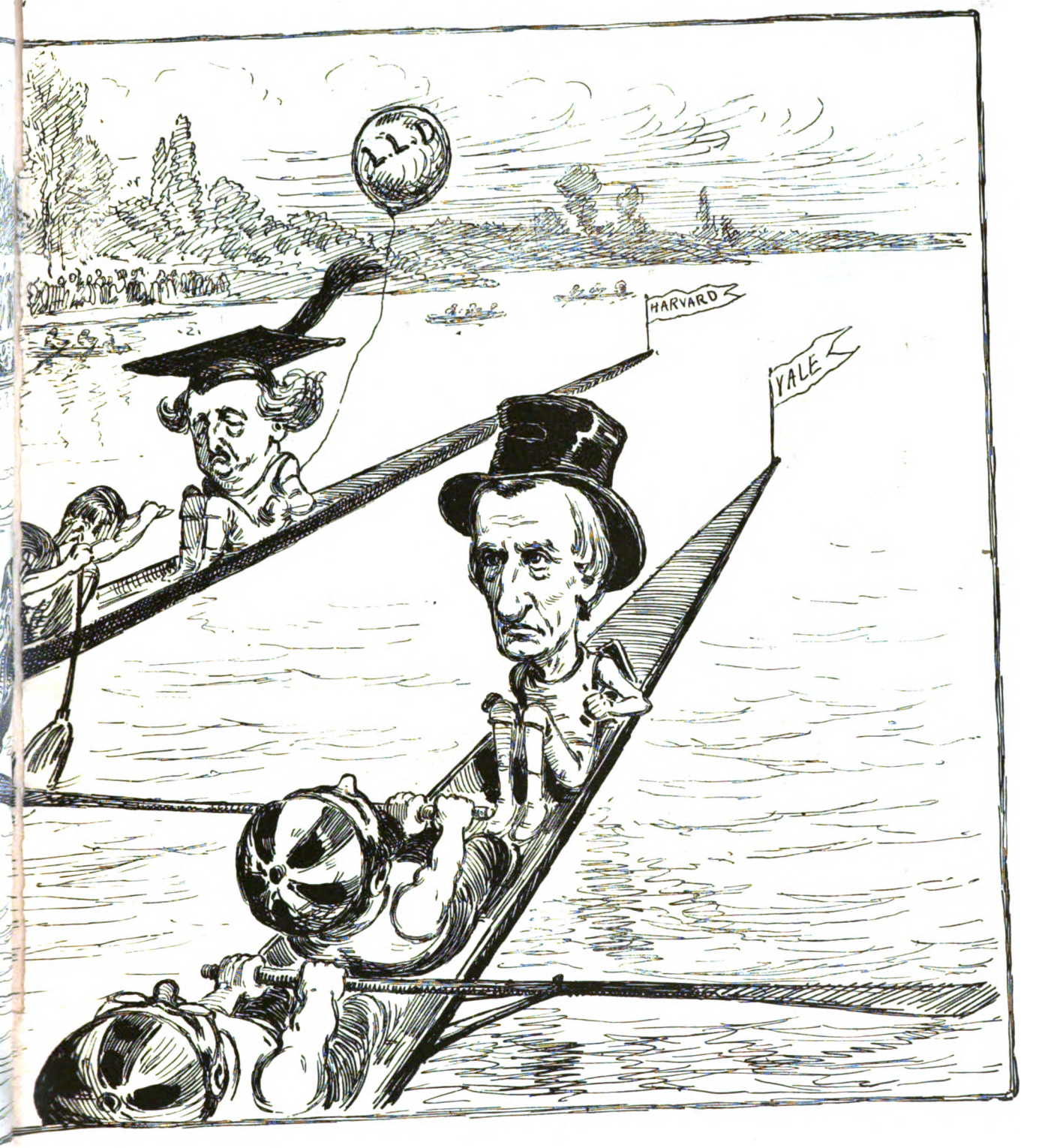

) YALE.

—— OVER —— !

ESSITY OF LEAVING THE ABOVE BLANKS WILL BE OBVIOUS.

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McGEOGH.

A Slight, Sad Song of Grease.

SHORTS and ribs were rising fast
As through the Gambler's Alley passed
The stalwart form of Uncle Pete,
Who bore this motto, trite and neat,
"McGeogh!"

His shirt was cleaner than its wont;
A noble brow, determined front;
Pride in his Scotch and frugal eye
When all the longs took up the cry—
"McGeogh!"

"O lard, deliver us!" the young bulls cried,
Sarcastic, swimming with the tide;
"Ask Aleck Mitch!" the bears replied;
"We'll bust this market open wide!"
"McGeogh!"

For 100,000 tierce Mac paid
Out every dollar he had made
In wheat and pork and other schemes,
For what were they to his golden dreams,
"McGeogh?"

"Beware the Fowler's deadly wrath!
Old Aleck's weaker than a lath!"
This Armour cried in accents wild,
But Pete looked on him as a child.
"McGeogh."

Alas for porcine hopes and oily schemes,
Alas for Peter's golden dreams!
The Alley's whirling like a top.
He *thinks* he has heard something drop.
"McGeogh!"

Ellis, Tabor, Holly, Bell
And more besides, caught merry Halifax,
And Monroe wept, and well he might,
While all the bears got glorious tight.
"McGeogh!"

* * * * * * *

The night came on, gloomy and blank,
Poor Lightner sipping toddy with Frank,
And, as he drained the fiery dram,
In stentor voice he cried, "Goddam
"McGeogh!"

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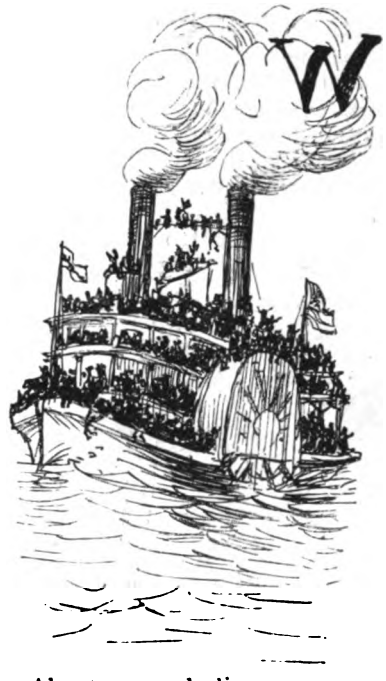
POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON IV.—THE EXCURSION BOAT.



WHAT is this?

A pleasure excursion boat, sweet.

Why is it called a "pleasure" excursion boat?

For the same reason that a theatre in this city is called the "Fifth Avenue" theatre.

And why is that?

Because it is not in Fifth Avenue.

Oh! But how does that apply to the boat?

If you were on the boat you might see.

There appear to be some people on this boat.

There are a few.

How many?

About 4,000, darling.

Why! but is not that more than the boat is allowed to carry?

Evidently not.

But a paper in her cabin says she is only allowed 2,000 *passengers.*

Yes, dear.

Then the poor captain is disobeying the law.

Somewhat.

Will he be punished?

Oh, no.

But suppose there should be an accident?

There would be trouble.

For whom?

For the people on board.

But does not the poor captain know that not half his passengers can swim?

He knows that not one fourth of them can, but he cannot help it.

Are there no life preservers on board?

Oh, yes.

How many?

About 1,000.

But just think how awful it would be if the boat would blow up, sink, tip over or get run into.

Yes.

Would not the poor captain catch blazes from the coroner's jury?

No.

Why?

There would be no witnesses to show he was to blame.

Why, where would the poor passengers be?

Drowned.

Oh! then all the passengers trust to the poor captain's good luck?

Yes, they have staked their lives upon it.

And this is "pleasure?"

Quite a picnic, my love.

Are there many such "pleasure" boats running out of New York?

About 100.

Who own them?

That is a secret.

But I will not tell. Are the men who own them philanthropists?

Every time.

Who are they?

They are a secret corporation.

And its name?

The "Undertaker's Co-operative Union."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Impecunious Party: "THROUGH TO CHICAGO WITHOUT CHANGE, EH?" WELL, I DON'T SEE AS THAT'S ANY INDUCEMENT FOR *me*. I AINT GOT ANY CHANGE *here*. WAT'S THE USE OF GOING SO FUR IF I DON'T GET NOTHING?

Comparisons are odious, hence fine ladies use superlatives.

Haste makes waste, so runners are put on starvation diet.

He that was born to be hanged will be put to the expense of bribing a jury.

If the coat fits, put it on, but don't let the police see you.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NO, Mr. Dude, LL.D. does not stand for Doctor of Lugs, nor does S.T.D. necessarily relate to Sam Tilden's Dog. The degree of LL.D. is generally conferred on men who have distinguished themselves at the bar and is simply the abbreviated form of Doctor of Lungs; while S.T.D. is often conferred on men of your calibre, and is the playful way Faculties of Colleges have of calling a man a Thick-Skinned Dude.

ARTIST.—No; the bronze sculpture, lately unveiled in the Central Park and named "The Still Hunt," is not an effigy of Samuel J. Tilden. It represents an internal revenue officer searching for an illicit whisky factory in the mountains of the Robber State.

FINANCIER.—It cannot be readily ascertained whether the Secretary of the Interior is a paying teller, or a receiving teller. Ask some railroad lawyer.

AMATEUR POET.—(1.) Oh! yes! Certainly! Send it along! There is no class of matter so difficult to procure and so suited to our readers' wants as the rhyming drivel you propose to furnish. (2.) What do we pay? Well, if we accept your poem, we will pay $10 a line.

DORSEY, *Washington.*—(1.) Yes, as you say, the jurors did rather give the thing away by being too unanimous. (2.) Is public confidence restored? Oh, yes—the public confides in you fully as much as it did a month ago.

BRADY, *Washington.*—Wish you hadn't, eh! So do the taxpayers.

HAYES, *Ohio.*—(1.) Do not the kind people of the East think of you as much as they ever did? Yes, just about. 2. Will we please state you have no intention of being President in '84? Certainly; with pleasure.

ATTERSON ON TILDEN.

GREYSTONE, N. Y.,
June 25th, 1883.

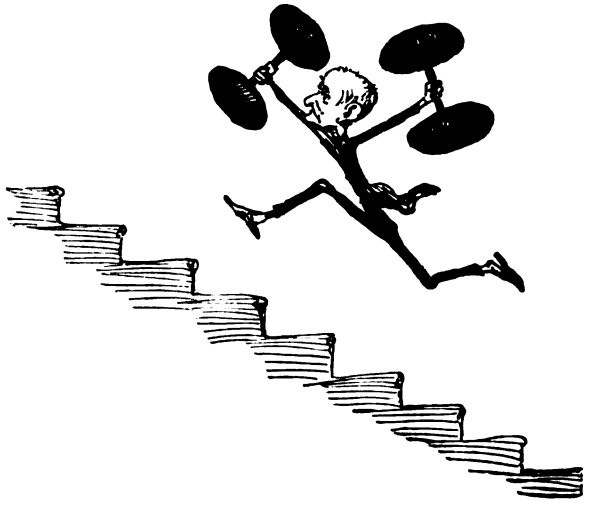
To the Editor of LIFE.

MR. TILDEN invited me to visit him a week ago to consult with me about a bullfrog nursery which he contemplates adding to his farm. Next to Stephen Dorsey and myself, I do not believe the country has produced a more zealous or enthusiastic farmer than is my life-long friend, whom I found awaiting me at the station. I had been led to expect that I would find him decrepit, palsied, tottering and feeble-minded. Judge of my agreeable surprise when I saw him—his cheeks rosy as a girl's, his eye clear, bright and quick, his muscles firm, elastic and knotted, his form erect and his mind sinewy and active as that of a cat on a hot stove. He grasped my hand and the squeeze was actually painful. To say that I was amazed would do my feelings but scant justice. I do not think, however, that Mr. Tilden has any political intentions.

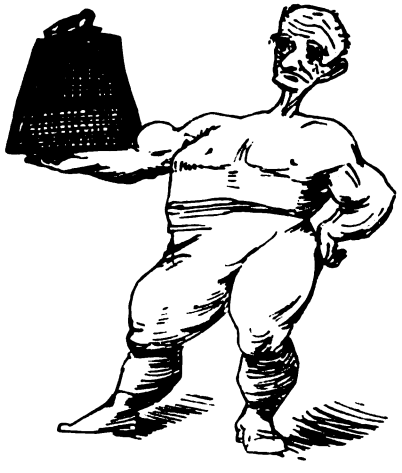
It is two miles from the station to Greystone. The day was hot, and I hailed the presence of a hack at the station with delight. Mr. Tilden, however, refused to ride, and actually ran before the horses the entire distance, leaping fences and throwing somersaults over bushes with boyish *abandon* which delighted me. This shows how far removed from any political aspiration he is.

At Greystone a breakfast was served. I am careful in diet and partook sparingly of one or two dozen hard boiled eggs and a mince-pie, but Mr. Tilden declared that his appetite was equal to anything, and ate enormously of every dish from crab apple jelly to fried crow, of which last delicacy he is very fond. I am convinced that he takes no interest whatever in the coming campaign.

After breakfast I naturally desired to rest, but Mr. Tilden, with a silvery, light-hearted laugh grasped up



a pair of 250 lb. dumbbells and ran merrily up 17 flights of stairs to the cupola, from which eminence he chuckled at my uncomfortable efforts to ascend. This convinces me he would never accept the nomination if it were tendered.



The cupola, I found, was Mr. Tilden's private gymnasium. If his tremendous vital energy finds no other outlet, it expends itself on Indian clubs, oozes out on the flying trapeze, and bubbles over the horizontal bar. Stripping to the waist, he playfully called my attention to his biceps. It measured 39 inches. He picked up a

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1000 lb. weight and trifled with it as easily as a boy with a base-ball. Pitching it to the ceiling in a graceful curve, he caught it nimbly on the back of his neck, and then went through all the tricks common to cannon-ball tossers. He then assured me that he was out of politics altogether.

At this moment a liveried servant brought up a card. It read :

John L. Sullivan,

Boston.

"Ah! one of my dearest friends ! Show him up," said Mr. Tilden, a rare twinkle agitating his left eye. Mr. Sullivan entered, and immediately stripped for a friendly contest with the sage. The servant and I provided ourselves with sponges and fans, and then called

"Time." With a movement so quick that no eye could follow it, Mr. Tilden's left duke shot out, caught Mr. Sullivan on the brisket and sent him whirling to the extreme end of the room, where the well trained servant immediately threw up the sponge. Medical attendance was then summoned, and in a few hours Mr. Sullivan regained consciousness and was pronounced out of immediate danger. Meanwhile Mr. Tilden convinced me that he had no intention whatever of allowing his name to be used in the coming campaign.

I now descended to the lawn by the staircase, while Mr. Tilden slid down the lightning rod and leapt lightly over the paling to join me. For several minutes he stood gazing gazing southward as in pleasant contemplation. I asked him what he was looking at. Just then I heard a terrific bellow and turning saw a large Durham bull pawing the earth not 100 yards away, maddened by the sight of my inflamed bandana, which I had left incautiously hanging out of my coat-tail pocket.

I called Mr. Tilden's attention. The great man only smiled. "The bull is not afraid of us," he said, winking at me seventeen consecutive times in his light-hearted way.

"I know he isn't," said I ; but don't you think he would be more comfortable if we were on the other side of that fence ?"

Mr. Tilden laughed merrily.

"We have both been on the other side of the fence too often," said he.

I admitted the fact, but begged him for the sake of old times just to try it once more for luck.

Meanwhile the bull was foaming at the mouth and carrying on with shameful violence.

"I shall not stir," said Mr. Tilden with a dry smile, chewing a straw which he had plucked from my Mackinaw. "Nothing can move me, once I make up my mind."

"But suppose," I suggested, "the bull makes up his."

"That is the bull's lookout," he replied, a slightly incredulous expression stealing into his off eye.

Just then the bull gave a terrific roar, and I spied a lovely rose on the other side of the fence, which I desired to get. I moved in direction of the rose, and he moved in mine. The fence being somewhat high, the bull courteously assisted me over, and I secured the rose as I came down. I am certain that Mr. Tilden could not be urged into public life again.

When I recovered consciousness, Mr. Tilden waved me a courtly salutation and then, seeing I was somewhat averse to annoying the bull by invading his pasture again, he caught up that angered pet, twirled him lightly by the tail and swung him over the Hudson into New Jersey. I was then certain that no thought of public honors ever crossed his mind.

When I again clambered over the fence, Mr. Tilden was gazing Southward as before. I strained my sight, but could see nothing but the tame Yonkers horizon.

"What are you looking at ?" said I.

"Can't you see it ?" said he.

"Blessed if I can," said I.

The well trained servant brought me a powerful telescope.

"Now," said Mr. Tilden.

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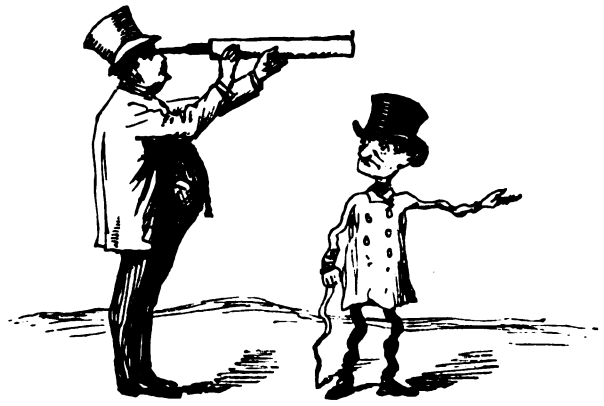
Again I strained my eyes. The glass was very strong, but evidently not the equal of Mr. Tilden's eagle gaze.



"Well?" said he, smiling grimly as before.
"What *is* it?" said I, trying again.
"My chance in '84," said he, quietly.

WATTERSON.
C.

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Comments of the Press.

IT was anything but a great success..... *Evening Telephone.*

WE have never seen a play so utterly devoid of all that is elevating in conception, pure in tone and artistic in treatment. .....*Daily Moon.*

WE should be glad to say that the interest of the audience was maintained to the end, but it was n't..... *The Comet.*

THERE was but one redeeming feature.—The *Scenery* was entrancingly beautiful.....*Evening Postman.*

IT is surely not a play that must be seen more than once in order to appreciate it in all its glaring defects.....*Daily Flash.*

IN incongruity, improbability, lack of unity and general imbecility it has no equal on the American stage.....*The Earth.*

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

[AS THEY APPEAR ON THE POSTERS].

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..... elevating in conception, pure in tone and artistic in treatment..... .....*Daily Moon.*

.....the interest of the audience was maintained to the end. .....*The Comet.*

.....the scenery was entrancingly beautiful.....*Evening Postman.*

.....a play that must be seen more than once in order to appreciate it.....*Daily Flash.*

.....it has no equal on the American stage. ....*The Earth.*

W. S.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors." —[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

SOME men are known by the company they—can't get into.—*Somerville Journal.*

BEFORE cutting a man's head off in China, the authorities considerately make him drunk. The beauty of this system is that a man can get intoxicated without having a head on him the next morning.—*Rochester Express.*

PROFESSOR, to a young lady student: "Your mark is very low, and you have only just passed. Young lady: "Oh, I am so glad." Professor (surprised): "Why?" Young lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."—*College Exchange.*

"WELL," remarked a young M.D., just returned from college, "I suppose that the next thing will be to hunt a good situation, and then wait for something to do, like Patience on a monument." "Yes," said a bystander; "and it won't be long after you begin before the monuments will be on the patients."—*American Queen.*

IT is said that when Jay Gould visited his yacht "Atalanta" and was shown the quarter deck, he remarked to Mr. Cramp: "Do you not think that such an elegant boat should have at least a half-dollar deck? I am rich enough to afford it."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Dost know the difference, Fred," said she,
"Between the moon and you?"
"I don't," said he, "my dearest one,"
As he gazed with interest new.
"The difference is this," she said,
With satire of a Junius:
"The moon hath silvery quarters, dear,
While you are impecunious."
—*Texas Siftings.*

"BRIDGET, what makes your master's socks such an awful color?" inquired Mrs. Goldeye of her help the other morning. "Color, mum?" "Yes, color! They are all brown at the toes." "Ah, shure, that's the coffee stains, me lady." "The what?" "Where I was jist afther straining the coffee through 'em. Shure ye needn't be lookin' at a poor crayture like that—it was before I put them in the wash I used 'em, an' bad luck to 'em"—*Evansville Argus.*

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