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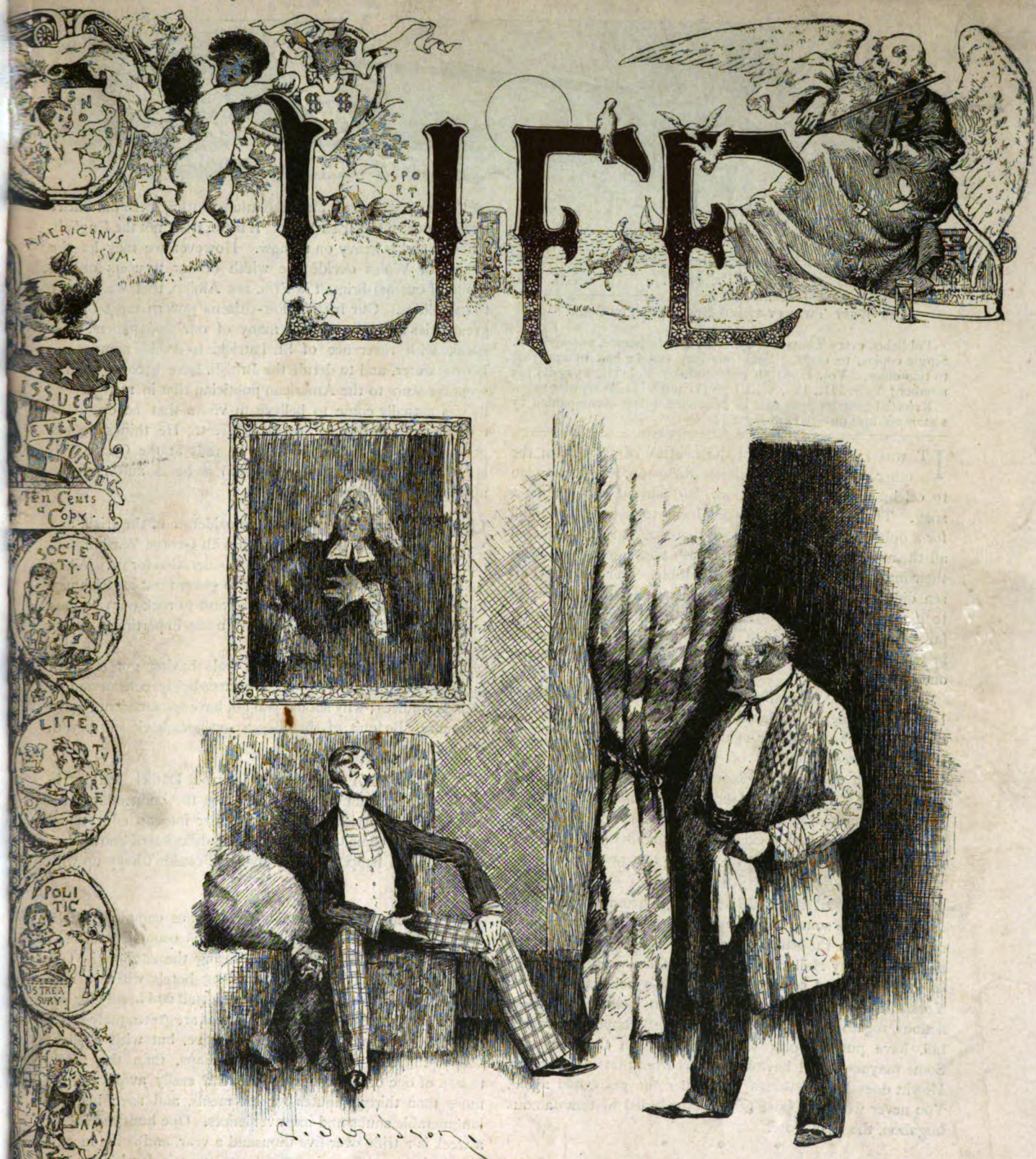

A PATRIOT.

First-born: I SHOULD LIKE TO GO ABROAD THIS SUMMER, POP, AND SEE THE WORLD.

Fond Parent: I DO NOT OBJECT TO YOUR SEEING THE WORLD, BUT I DO OBJECT, SIR, TO THE WORLD'S SEEING YOU.

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

VOL. X. JULY 7, 1887. No. 236.

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

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IT was rumored about in the centres of population the other day that certain citizens of Boston, who had a plan to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, had almost run against a snag. They applied for and got leave to use Fanueil Hall for a public meeting in honor of Victoria, and had adjusted all their preliminaries when the Irish contingent learned of their intention. Then there was trouble. Our Celtic brethren didn't like it, and didn't hesitate to say so. They tried to get the grant of the hall revoked, and when they barely failed to do it, they held a preliminary meeting themselves in the Cradle of Liberty to protest against its use by any one else.

It was at this meeting that the patriot Boyle O'Reilly, having seemingly misplaced his head, published and declaimed his resolve never again to enter Fanueil Hall if it was desecrated in honor of the tyrant Victoria. Boyle O'Reilly is a poet and a canoeist, and a very distinguished Irish patriot. However did he come to make such a silly speech? One would have supposed that he and his friends, and no one else, had rocked American liberty in that old cradle, such proprietary airs do they give themselves.

* * *

CONTEMPORANEOUS with these grumblings in Boston were some mutterings in New York that seemed to be off from the same piece. Mayor Hewitt hoisted the flags at the City Hall, and went to a public meeting in honor of the Queen, and so mixed are Dublin's politics with New York's that suggestions have not been lacking that these actions, together with his veto of the little boy's fire-cracker bill, have put his patriotism decidedly on the defensive. Some mayors would have kept away from that meeting, but Hewitt does lots of things that other mayors would avoid. You never would suppose he had ever heard of that famous bugaboo, the Irish Vote.

* * *

IF the fathers were assembled again to make a new declaration of American Independence, there wouldn't be room for anything about England in the document. It would all be taken up with brag and resolutions setting forth our entire indifference to the Irish Vote. It is the Irish, not the English, whose hand is heavy on us now. However we may let the Prince of Wales decide the width of our trousers or the limits of our hat-brim, it is Erin, not Albion, that we truckle to in politics. Our Irish fellow-citizens govern most of our great cities and edit a good many of our newspapers. To speak with reverence of St. Patrick, to avoid mentioning Boyne water, and to deride the British, have become such a second nature to the American politician that in many cases he has actually come to believe in views that he originally took up with purely for political effect. He thinks he expresses his honest opinions when he rails at the Queen and kotows to the Pope. But the truth is he is automatically nursing the Irish Vote.

* * *

SINCE we are so desperately considerate of the Irish, and so willing to be-twin Parnell with George Washington, our brethren ought to show equal consideration for us. When we place them over us they ought to govern not as Irishmen but as Americans. And when we want to rock our relations in our old cradles they ought not to make impertinent objections.

You, O'Reilly; you and your pals having got strength ought to learn manners. We are exceedingly considerate of your prejudices; why should you not have some decent regard for ours? Be quit of that beggar-on-horseback spirit, you, O'Reilly.

* * *

DANIEL PRATT is dead. Poor old Daniel Pratt! He and the game of baseball were the connecting links that bound American colleges together into an educational system. He seemed only to desire the diffusion of knowledge, but, as often happens, his knowledge couldn't keep up with his zeal.

* * *

WHY do Americans of limited means complain of the high prices of everything in this country and insist upon going abroad to economize during the summer? Our sea-coast is literally alive with excellent hotels where a man can have one or two small rooms for himself and family for less than $100 per week. Of course the rooms are grotesquely small, the table poor, and the service negative, but with a slight outlay in fees — scarcely more, perhaps, than the yearly tuition of one of his children — he can easily avoid waiting more than thirty minutes for his meals, and save his wife innumerable snubs and inconveniences. One hundred dollars a week is a trifle over five thousand a year, and if his income is four thousand there is a handsome margin for him, which he can easily double in Wall Street if he is any sort of an American.

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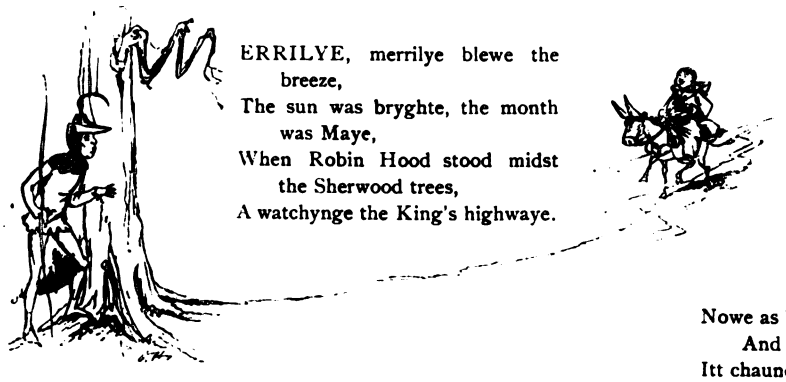
ROBIN HOOD AND THE ABBOT.

A BALLAD LEFT OVER FROM PERCY'S RELIQUES.



MERRILYE, merrilye blewe the breeze,
The sun was bryghte, the month was Maye,
When Robin Hood stood midst the Sherwood trees,
A watchynge the King's highwaye.

Itt chaunced that the Abbot of Lundisnone
Rode bye towards Nottingham Towne,
And riche was the golde and rare eche stone
That shone on hys silken gowne.

"Sir Abbot, pull uppe!" cryed the outlawe bolde,
I prithee, and give to mee
That jeweled cross and that chayne of golde,
For love of sweet Charitye."

"For everye groat of my stolen store,
To spend in good workes I try;
What I gett from the riche I give to the poor—
A generous heart have I."

The Abbot hee wagged his sayntlye head,
For hys biceppe was bigge, I trowe;
"'Tis a holy gift for a priest," hee sayd,
"To be able to answer 'No.'"

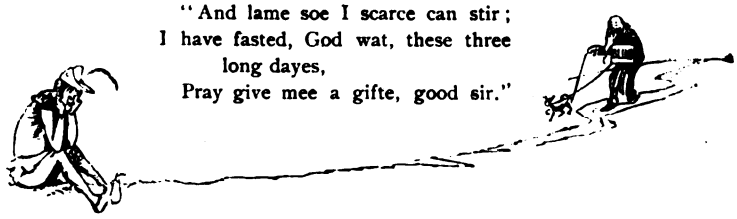
He plucked uppe the skirts of hys longe black gowne,
And downe from hys mule leaped hee;
He smote with hys staffe upon Robin Hood's crowne,
In a waye that was blythe to see.

When Robin Hood came to hys wittes agayne,
All down in the dumpes he satte,
And over hys face came a scowl of payne
As blacke as a new sylke hatte.

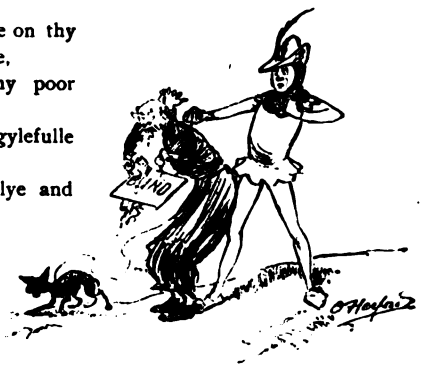
He felt he hadde suffered a grievous wronge;
Quoth hee, as he rubbed eche bone,
"Noe Abbot there is in ballad or songe
Like the Abbot of Lundisnone."

Nowe as he sate groaning with rage and shame,
And cursynge that hapless daye,
Itt chaunced that a blind olde beggarman came
A trudging along the waye.

"I am olde and weak," the beggar hee sayes,
"And lame soe I scarce can stir;
I have fasted, God wat, these three long dayes,
Pray give mee a gifte, good sir."



Cryed Robin, "A curse on thy olde, weak backe,
And a curse on thy poor gayme legge;
Away, away with thy gylefulle clack,
Ile teache thee to lye and begge."



Sayd hee, as he smote the old man full sore,
"Take that as a gift from mee;
What I gett from the riche I give to the poor—"
A generous heart hadde hee.

John Brook.

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REVENGE IS SWEET.

"SURELY you are not going to give that toy pistol to your little boy!"

"Not much. I'm going to give it to my next-door neighbor's little boy."

* * *

THE introduction of paper doors ought to make a nice opening for young writers, since it will at least enable them to utilize their rejected manuscripts.

* * *

JAY GOULD, we are told, will "take it easy this summer." But how about his victims?

* * *

ONE of the *Sun's* collection of old men, aged 109, was lately baptized by immersion. This particular antediluvian seems to have lived long enough to see the flood, and to have his name, like that of the poet Keats, "writ in water."

* * *

THE North American red man finds in the President of the United States a "Great Father;" and our North American President Cleveland finds in Queen Victoria a "Great and Good Friend." It only remains for him to paint himself red, put on a few feathers, and receive a regular allowance of blankets and rations from Victoria.

* * *

THE banishment of certain Russians to Siberia is said to have caused a "painful sensation" among those residents of the district who were left behind. We have heretofore always believed that the exiles themselves should have a prior claim to the "painful sensation."

* * *

IT has been ascertained by a French scientist that steam horse-power costs more than the exertions of the actual equine animal. Possibly this Frenchman is trying to advertise himself as a donkey engine.

* * *

MRS. ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS, in a late number of *The Critic*, makes a plea for "ponies." It is pleasant to notice this sign of affillyation between literature and the race-track.

OUR RULERS.

Evangelist: Oh, Mr. Hayseed! do come and help me—there are men in New York smoking on Sunday, some are drinking beer, others want music, and there are even those who would open the museums. You *must* stop it!

Mr. Hayseed: These here New Yorkers hev got to be looked after. You tell 'em to stop right off, and that I say so.

THE Anti-Poverty Society should now direct its efforts against the poverty of its own proposed remedies for impecuniosity.

* * *

IT is rumored that Manuel Garcia, dealer in the fragrant weed, has made application to have his name changed to Cigarcia.

* * *

"DON'T tell me that women can't do men's work!" exclaimed Miss Jerusha Slow, the other day. "Just look at them Susan Excavations in Persia. They tell me Susan is almost as big a discoverer as Rosetta Stone was in Egypt."

* * *

ROSE COGHLAN has been engaged in making matches in a Philadelphia shooting association, and the result was announced as a "tie." Such are the genial effects of matrimony upon a charming actress.

* * *

WON'T somebody organize a Society for the Protection of Society from Societies? This would seem to be about the last hope of the Republic. So true it is that "in union there is strength," that there seems to be no strength outside of unions. The only free men on record are Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and they were free only because there were but two of them. Had there been three the majority would have formed themselves into a society and bullied the other fellow.

There are in this country, perhaps, a few million people left, who are not yet "organized," and who believe that individual liberty is still worth something. How would it do for them to form an anti-society society? Just now a man cannot exhibit an antique statue without dressing it in sheet-iron clothing, a poor man cannot send his child to deliver newspapers, nor can a pedestrian kick a vicious dog without being made miserable by some society with a long name. One party wants to confiscate your property, and another would compel you to drink water. The poor man is unable to sell his labor or the capitalist to buy it without the interference of some organization.

Isn't this about played out?

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THAT KIND OF A MIND.

Mother (sadly): WELL, I SUPPOSE POOR DEAR MRS. FIELD IS IN HEAVEN, NOW.

Mathematical Son: OH NO, MAMMA! IT TAKES THREE DAYS TO RESURRECT, AND SHE WON'T BE IN HEAVEN UNTIL SIX O'CLOCK TO-NIGHT.

THE DIFFERENCE.

AS bachelor I sought to find
The joy of love, and love grew kind
Enough to let me marry her.
Since then, I honestly aver,
The joy of love hath much alloy,
I seek the club through love of joy.

Maude A. Andrews.

THE EAGLE AND THE RATS.

A GOOD-NATURED Eagle, who dwelt by the waters of the mighty Mississippi, possessed such an ample domain that he cheerfully granted shelter to all such poor creatures as asked it.

To him one day came a deputation of Rats from lands across the water, saying: "Sir, we are sorely persecuted in the place which it would be a mockery to call our home. Sundry evil birds, looking indeed like you, but many double-headed, and all wearing crowns, so cruelly rule us and drain our blood, that we seek refuge under the shadow of your wings."

The Eagle heard them with patience, and said: "Here you may abide. What you earn you may enjoy freely."

And soon, in innumerable multitudes, the sorely-driven Rats thronged to these hospitable shores. But prosperity, which Rats cannot bear any more than some men, in time made them insolent. Some of their leaders called upon the Eagle.

"Speak your minds, freely," said he, "here there is no coercion."

Then spake the Rat: "By what right do you call this land your own? Why should you be wealthy while we are poor? Are we not all equal?"

"Thou, fool!" cried the Eagle, with indignation, "if we are all equal, why didst thou come to me for succor as to a god in thy time of trouble? If I had not been wealthy how could I have helped thee, who wast poor? Of my lands I have given thee freely if thou wouldst till them; but woe to him who would touch what is not his own."

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BOOKS AND THINGS

ANOTHER VACATION LETTER TO JEAN.

DEAR JEAN: You say that next week you will start for the Adirondacks, and that you have reserved one corner of your trunk for books to read on rainy days. Then you graciously add: "The list which you sent me last summer was a help to me in making selections, though I must say that I think many of the books which you recommended were rather frivolous. I fear you underrate the intelligence of the American girl. However, I'll forgive you if you will send me another list for the present season."

You are irresistible, dear Jean, even in your criticisms, and compel me to admit that the American girl has progressed rapidly in beauty, intelligence and appreciation since I was young. Those very prudent gentlemen who think you will read only the milk-and-water fiction with which they have been abundantly supplying you of recent years, are, no doubt, very much mistaken as to your mental calibre. You play tennis, and row and ride and walk as well as your big brothers; your eyes are clear and bright; your faculties are alert and vigorous, and men are beginning to admit that once in a great while you act from reason instead of impulse.

There will be moods of yours, up in the bracing, glorious atmosphere of the mountains, which will cry out for some true poet to give them expression. I think you will find that Keats and Shelley will respond to almost every mood of nature, and I should not break their beautiful harmony with the songs of any modern minstrel. Some day this summer you will row from Saranac to Paul Smith's, through one of the most beautiful chains of lakes in the Adirondacks. I can think of nothing finer than to lazily dream through "Endymion" as your guide paddles your boat almost noiselessly among the dense lily-pads between Lower Saranac and Round Lakes. When you climb old Whiteface Mountain you will want to read "Arethusa" as you sit in the shelter of one of the great rocks on the summit, and look out over Lake Champlain to the misty Green Mountains. And that evening when you glide over Lake Placid by starlight, you'll repeat Shelley's address to the "Spirit of Night:"

> "Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
> Star inwrought!
> Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
> Kiss her until she be wearied out,
> Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
> Touching all with thine opiate wand."

* * *

SOME chill, rainy night, as you sit by the open fireplace at The Lodge, it will delight you to read the monographs on Keats and Shelley in the "English Men of Letters" series; so put them in with the poets, but don't have absolute faith in the judgment of Mr. Colvin or Mr. Symonds.

I know that, now and then, you like to read a good essay, for it sharpens the wit and judgment when they have been dulled by reading too much imaginative literature. Stow away, then, in your trunk, next to the poets, Mr. Lowell's "Among My Books," both volumes of "Obiter Dicta," Morley's "On Compromise," and one volume of *The Spectator*. And if you can get a copy of it, put in the little volume which Mr. Higginson wrote a good many years ago, and called "A Free Lance in the Field of Letters."

Among recent biographies you will be interested though not satisfied with the Memoir of Charles Reade, D.C.L., and if you care at all for politics you will be delighted with Mr. Schurz's Life of Henry Clay.

How can I choose from the mass of contemporary fiction without again incurring your reproof for recommending frivolous books? Still, I think, that you will be frankly and honestly pleased with Crawford's "Saracinesca," Bunner's "Story of a New York House," the new edition of "The Story of a Country Town," Page's "In Ole Virginia," and Elliot's "The Common Chord." Then there are handy editions of Deming's "Adirondack Stories," and "Thompkins, and Other Folks," in which you will discover new beauties if you read them while amid the lakes and mountains which they so delicately picture. If there is any room left in your trunk, put in some volumes of the new editions of George Meredith and Balzac.

* * *

AND now, I wish you a pleasant summer, Jean—a long vacation filled with beautiful sights and beautiful thoughts—fair companions to your lovely self. May the haughty mountains and the humble lakes pay you homage and do your pleasure!

Your venerable friend,

Droch.

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

Parental Rustic (*solemnly*): MY SON, IF YOU ARE EVER TEMPTED TO FORGET YOUR EARLY TRAINING AND TO WANDER IN THE PATHS OF INIQUITY—*remember*—THAT IF YOU SUCCUMB TO SUCH TEMPTATION, YOU MAY POSSIBLY BECOME LIKE—THAT!

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TO BE ENVIED.

Stout Party (who has not seen his feet for ten years): AH! AND TO THINK THAT I TOO COULD ONCE DO THAT!

GETTING ALONG.

FRIEND (*to foreigner who has been picking up colloquial phrases*): How are you to-day?
FOREIGNER: Splendid! I'm all over the weather.

THOUGHTFUL TO THE LAST.

He: OH, MARY! I CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER!
She: THEN WAIT TILL I GET OUT OF THE WAY. NO NECESSITY OF LOSING A HUSBAND AND A NEW HAT AT THE SAME TIME!

LIFE'S LITERARY FIND.

NEW AND UNPUBLISHED HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

FREDERICK THE GREAT once sent for Voltaire to consult with on a literary project, having in view a lampoon on the Pope of Rome. The author of the Social Contrat found the King in the royal bedchamber playing a cracked flute. The air was a dainty gavotte, but the execution of His Majesty was so abominable that Voltaire was obliged to plug up both ears with his thumbs. Frederick, seeing Voltaire in this mocking attitude, flung his wig in his face. By a rapid movement the latter seized the flute and snapped it in two as if it had been a stick of macaroni. He then began pounding His Majesty on the pate with a silver candlestick. With an expletive, Frederick drew his sword, made a lunge at Voltaire, and swore that he would first peel him like an apple and then run him through the body and toast him on the coals. Voltaire gave a scornful laugh, and drawing himself up with great dignity, held a chair between himself and the enemy and proposed a truce. "Hold on," he said, retreating into a corner of the room; "put up your cheese-knife, old man, and don't make a fool of yourself." But Frederick was the more enraged at this insult and made another thrust with his sword. Instead of cleaving the heart of the philosopher, however, it went clean through the chair-bottom without doing any further mischief; and Voltaire, with a whoop, sprang out of the window into the garden below. Thus, by a trifling episode, a bitter enmity was occasioned between the King and the sage of Ferney, and they never spoke afterwards as they passed by.

* * *

IN ancient Greece there once lived a philosopher with a long beard, named Diogenes. House rent was so high in those days that in order to save enough money to pay his taxes he lived in a wash-tub. The only luxuries he knew were a burglar's lantern and a tin cup. But one day seeing a tramp scooping up water in his hand, he searched for a rusty nail, scratched an ode in pure Attic on his drinking-cup and gave it to a new-born mewling babe for a birthday present. "Let sucklings drink out of tin cups," said the sage; "a bottle is good enough for a philosopher in the woods."

One morning, while making a wick for his lantern out of an old suspender, Alexander the Great came to pay him a visit. "Hail, friend," said the great world-conqueror, taking off his crown with a lordly obeisance, "Alexander salutes thee." "Well, Aleck," replied Diogenes, fitting the wick in his lamp, "you've got the earth now. Ain't you satisfied? Come, get out of my sunlight and move along." Alexander was so pleased with this rejoinder that he presented him with his Jeweled Casket containing the Iliad, and approaching nearer delivered himself of these words: "Bend an ear, O Diogenes, and harken to the voice of a king. Were I not Alexander I would be Diogenes. Even now, Alexander, who weeps because there are no more worlds to conquer, will give thee his palace in exchange for thy tub." "All right, your Majesty," said Diogenes, stepping out nimbly and pulling his rags about him, "give me the key to your palace and take the old tub." But Alexander suddenly disappeared and was not seen afterwards.

Harold van Santvoord.

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THE SOCIETY FI

IN WILDEST LUXURIANCE AT

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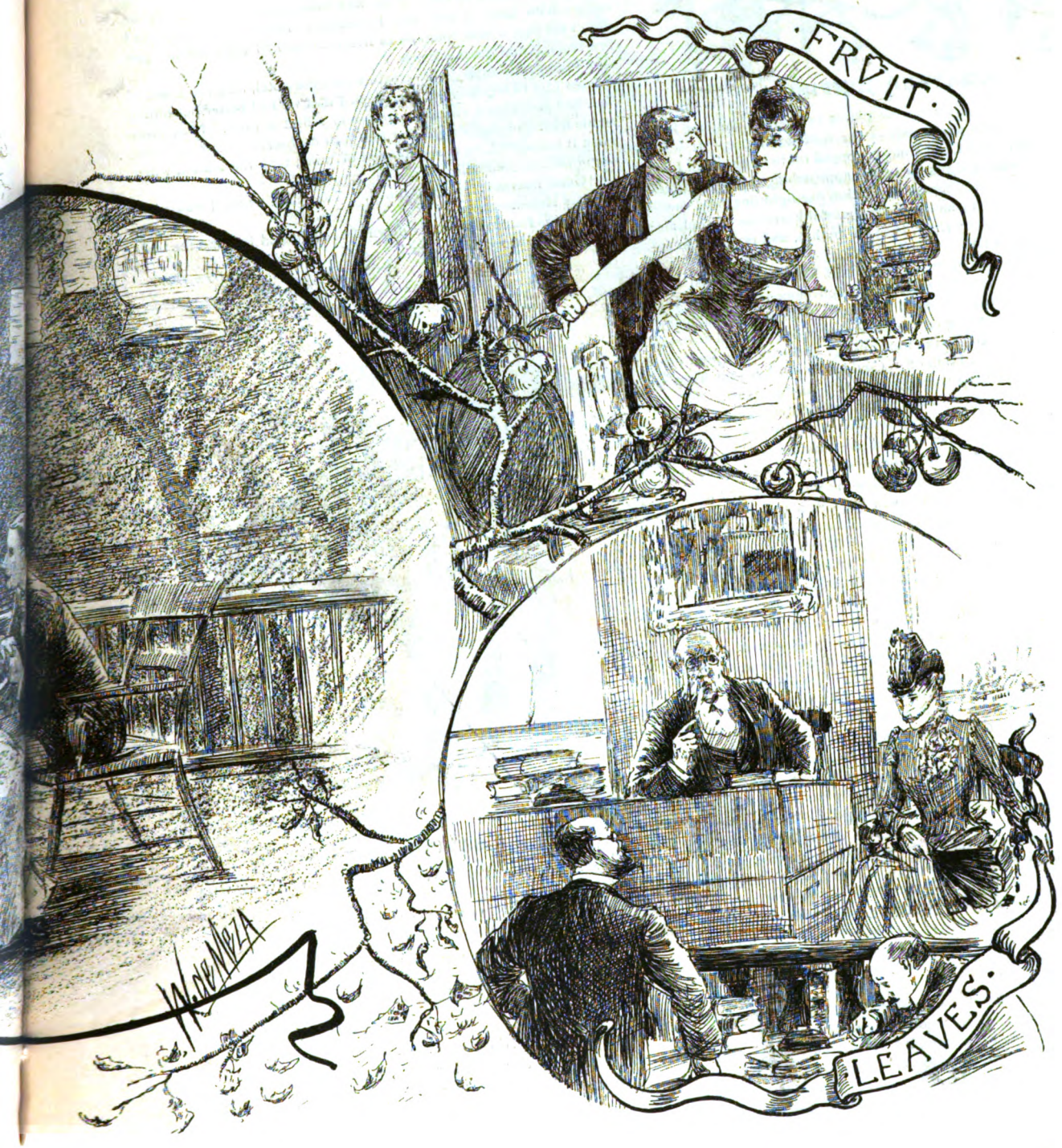

WER. (*Rapida Americana.*)

PORT AND THE DIVORCE COURTS.

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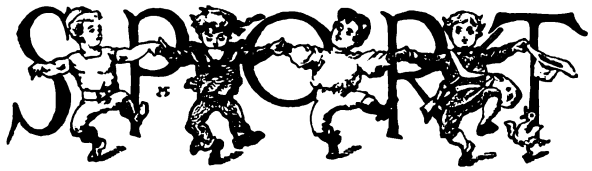

AMATEUR JUMPING.

ONE day last week I sat on the piazza of a small summer hotel that stood within a few rods of the railroad station. It was a very hot afternoon, and I had almost dropped off to sleep, when I was aroused by the shriek and rumble of the approaching through express. I knew that the train would pass the station like lightning, and would probably bring with it a small but very grateful hurricane of cool air; so I straightened up in my chair, took off my hat, and prepared to enjoy the momentary relief.

With a prolonged, ear-piercing scream the locomotive dashed into sight, and behind it came the rocking, dust-enveloped train. As the coaches flashed by in front of me, I was amazed to see, through the cloud of dust, a man standing on the lower step of one of the platforms, clinging with his left hand to the iron railing, and with one foot advanced, as though about to step off. Could it be possible that he was going to try to jump from a train going at such terrific speed.

What I beheld, and am about to relate, was all transferred to my brain by nature's instantaneous photography in about two shakes of a meteor's tail. When the man reached the platform of the station he stepped off—or at least, he thought he did. It was probably the longest step he ever took in his life, unless he was a married man—and I don't believe a married man would be such a fool. The place where this man intended to step was doubtless a very good place to do such a thing; the only objection to it was, it didn't come to time as promptly as he expected. About ten yards farther down the platform was another good place to step which the man had not seen beforehand, and he stepped there. The instant he touched the platform and let go the train he seemed to be struck by a sudden idea, and that idea seemed to be that he had a very important engagement with a man in the direction in which he was going. I never saw anybody in quite so much of a hurry in my life. He was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop to go afoot. The first thing that he did was to come down slap on his face with a cold, clammy thud, like a second-breakfast slapjack on a frozen plate. But before you could say Jack Robinson, he had taken a couple of summersaults over a box of store crackers, and knocked a pile of hides to Plutoville and gone. Then, leaving the hides to take care of themselves, he slid for about fifteen feet on that portion of his nether garments where the tailor wastes the most cloth, went through one of the wheels of a horse-rake, leaving four of his front teeth for the rent of his coat, and imprinting a deep phrenological impression upon a bale of hay, stood on his shoulders against a barrel of pork long enough to let his watch drop out and smash. He then rolled over five or six times, scratched off all the pleasant expression of his face on a lot of iron scraps, slid over a set of scales without stopping to be weighed, and brought up square against a shed at the other end of the platform with a bang that could be heard for a quarter of a mile.

I supposed, of course, that the man was dead, and rushing into the hotel ordered, at the top of my voice, "A coroner for one!" As I came out again, however, I was horrified to see the corpse sitting up, rubbing its elbows, and spitting blood. I went over as quick as I could and asked the man if he felt bad anywhere. He said he guessed he did but couldn't tell exactly where. Then I asked him if I could help him hunt up his teeth, or be of assistance in any other way. He said if I would tell him the time of day, and where he was, he believed he could dispense with my services without dying of grief. Just then the landlord appeared upon the scene and he and I picked up the man and carried him over to the hotel. He remarked on the way that he would walk if it were not for the condition of his trousers, but he was afraid he had been sitting down somewhere against the grain. He wanted to know if he had been asleep, or what was the matter with him. I told him I guessed he hadn't been asleep, for I didn't see how a man could be as lively as he had been for the past few seconds and get much rest.

We took the unfortunate creature into the hotel, and the landlord wanted him to register, but I suggested that we had better put him to bed, and give him a chance to rest and reflect a little. I sat down beside him, and was just getting him into a cheerful frame of mind, when it transpired, from a statement of mine, that the station where he got off was Jonesville.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "The place where I wanted to stop was Robinsontown."

"That is four miles farther down the road," said I, "and the train stops there for wood and water."

Paul Pastnor.

LABOR-SAVING PURCHASE.

Wife: NOW THAT YOU HAVE BOUGHT A COW, WHO WILL MILK IT?

Husband: OH, HE SAYS THE CALF DOES THAT. SO WE'LL HAVE ALL THE MILK WE WANT.

AMBIGUOUS.

SHE.

"I DIDN'T mean to scold, dear Ned"—
The tears her large eyes fill—
"But you'll forget what I have said
And say you love me still?"

HE.

"My dearest May, I love your voice,
So talk away at will;
But—since you say it is your choice—
I also love you still."

G. E. Throop.

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FOR EUROPE!

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

STRANGER (*to young man*): You are not looking well this morning, my young friend.

YOUNG MAN: No, sir. I toyed with too much Jersey lightning last night.

STRANGER: Ah! and how does this lightning, as you call it, make you feel?

YOUNG MAN: It makes me feel like thunder, sir.

THE RISKS OF SAFETY.

THE dangers of never riding on railroad trains or eating in an hotel are alarmingly exemplified by the case of a man who had never done either of these things, and who died a few weeks ago when only 102 years old.

THE GAME CALLED.

SHE: Yes, the New Yorks were nicely ahead, and would have won easily if it hadn't been for Jupiter Pluvius stopping the game.

HE: Some of these umpires are too fresh. What did he call the game for?

MAKING A REDUCTION.

"YOUNG SMITH has compromised our breach of promise suit," said a Chicago lawyer, "by offering to marry your daughter."

"That suits me," replied the old man. "How much do I owe you?"

"Oh, about three hundred dollars."

"That's too much."

"Think so? I'll tell you what I'll do. Guarantee me a whack at the divorce suit and I'll knock off twenty-five per cent.

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MUST BE PRESERVED.

"WILL you be passing a drug-store to-day, Dan?" inquired the President.

"Quite likely," returned Mr. Lamont.

"Well, I wish you would step in and buy a bottle of moth exterminator and send it to the War Department with my compliments blown on the label. Like the Union, Dan, those flags must and shall be preserved."

"DID you fire off many fireworks, Mr. Featherly?" inquired Bobby.

"I didn't fire off any, Bobby."

"Well, that's funny," commented Bobby. "Pa told ma you were at the Eagle Hotel all day celebrating the Fourth.

EXAMINATION WEEK.

PROFESSOR (*cheerily*): Yes, I have examined your paper, Mr. Skinner. You have some ideas on the subject, but you don't express yourself very clearly. You don't seem to have the power of bringing your knowledge out.

STUDENT (*hastily*): How could I bring my knowledge out when you didn't turn your back to me for a second?

Then, as he sees the professor carefully erase his mark and substitute a much lower one, he realizes that he has given himself away, and that "in the bright examination of youth, there is such a word as 'fail.'"

AN EXCITING MOMENT.
WILL HE CATCH IT?

NOT KNOWN TO THE PROFESSION.

Rector: IT IS INTERESTING TO THINK THAT THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM WILL SOON APPEAR TO US.

Miss F—— (*from New York*): REALLY, MR. PRIOR, I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS: AND WHAT DOES SHE PLAY IN?

SUGGESTIONS.

IT is better to swear just before jamming your finger than just after. You can do it with more repose and dignity.

* * *

IF you can't afford to hire the Tantivy, you can lie in bed and blow a tin horn. A whole horn is better than no coach.

* * *

THE power of a great newspaper is often illustrated in a street-car, where, when properly spread before the face, it enables a man to save both his seat and his politeness.

NO MAN INFALLIBLE.

"YES," boasted Robinson, "I am blessed with a wonderfully retentive memory. I rarely forget anything I hear or read."

"You couldn't remember anything yesterday," remarked Dumley.

"No, I was on the witness-stand all day. Of course, no man's memory is infallible."

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"I SAY, stranger," whispered a Western man, who had strayed into an up-town theatre where the play of "Romeo and Juliet" was going on, "I can't make head nor tail of this thing. What's the name of this play, anyhow?"

"Romeo and Juliet."

"Well, if I'd known that," said the disgusted Westerner, 'I would'nt have come in. I understood the feller at the door to say it was something about Omaha and Joliet."

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

SAFELY ASSURED.

FIRST OMAHA DAME: Are you not afraid your boy will get run over?

SECOND OMAHA DAME: Oh no, indeed. He's perfectly safe.

FIRST OMAHA DAME: But he rides his bicycle on some of the most crowded streets. Isn't he in constant danger from horses?

SECOND OMAHA DAME: Bless you, no. All the spirited horses run away as quick as they see him.—*Omaha World.*

SOUTH AFRICAN juries are not always very wise. A girl was charged at the Riversdale Circuit Court with administering poison to the family which she served. The first verdict returned was "murder." "Impossible," said the judge; "no one has been killed!" The jury went back, and returned with a verdict of "suicide." "But the girl is still alive!" expostulated the judge. On this the jury gave it up, and returned a verdict of "Not guilty!"—*London Truth.*

Two young ladies were sitting together in a street-car. One of them was very pale and thin and seemed to be suffering. At the next corner the invalid got up and left the car. A gentleman who had been sitting opposite said to the remaining lady:

"Excuse me. I am a physician. I perceive your friend is an invalid."

"Yes," was the reply, "she has a heart trouble."

"Probably an aneurism."

"No; a West Point cadet."—*Ex.*

"BEAUTIFUL!" said the drummer. "Sixty birds in two hours, and only missed two shots."

A quiet gentleman sitting in a corner of the hotel office put down his paper, rushed across the room and grasped him warmly by the hand. "Allow me to congratulate you, sir," he said; "I am a professional myself."

"Professional sportsman?"

"No; professional liar."—*Ex.*

"GALS didn't go sparkin' round at your age when I was a gal," said Grandma Threescore, severely; "they didn't know what a beau was till long after they were grown women."

"Girls had Boaz in the time of Ruth, long before you were born, grandma," said Edith demurely.

"Ruth was a widder woman," said grandma, triumphantly, and then she bent her head and peered over her spectacles, waiting for someone else to tackle her on Bible ground.—*Ex.*

A RARE BIRD.

BRITISH BUMMER: Rawther lonesome, aw? Will you allow me to introduce myself? Colonel Bullerly Snatheley Guster, of the Ninety-second foot. Fought in the Soudan.

AMERICAN TRAVELER: Glad to meet you, sir! Very glad to meet the only man who did any fighting in that campaign.—*Tid Bits.*

OMAHA MEDIUM: "The spirit who is now here tells me you are not an American by birth."

OMAHA MAN: "He vas right."

"He says you were born in another country."

"Dot is drue."

"He says the name of that country is Germany."

"Dot vas so; it vas Shermany."

"I am tired now. Two dollars."—*Omaha World.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best.
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

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It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

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BEAUTY of **Face** and **Form** secured to every Lady using our **Toilet Requisites.** Unexcelled in **America** for removing **Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc.** Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars,* etc., by **Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co.,**
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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

COL. LAMONT says that a day's sojourn in the Adirondacks cost the Presidential party only $2 per capita. The bait, it is inferred, was purchased before the party left Washington, and the barefooted boy, of whom they purchased their day's catch of fish, must have let them go at a frightfully low price.—*Norristown Herald.*

MINISTER (*to little boy*): What have you got there, little boy? Your Sunday-school paper?

LITTLE BOY: No, thir; 'count of the baseball game yesterday.

MINISTER: Don't you know that's no paper for you to read on Sunday?

LITTLE BOY: Yeth, sir.

MINISTER: Well, give me the paper.—*Exchange.*

SHE: Why, your friend George has crape on his hat. Is he in mourning?

HE: Yes. His uncle has just recovered.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE interstate commerce law hasn't affected the undertaker. He carries as many deadheads as ever.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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DOMESTIC life has no finer picture of confiding love than that of the husband wearing a smoking jacket of his wife's making and trying to make believe that it fits him divinely.—*Rehoboth Herald.*

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1887. NUMBER 237.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1887, by MITCHELL & MILLER.

LIFE

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY. Ten Cents a Copy.

SO IT DOES.

Young Wife (petulantly): WELL, EVEN IF I DON'T COME TO MEET YOU EVERY NIGHT AS I USED, WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?

Young Husband: THAT WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED SIX MONTHS.

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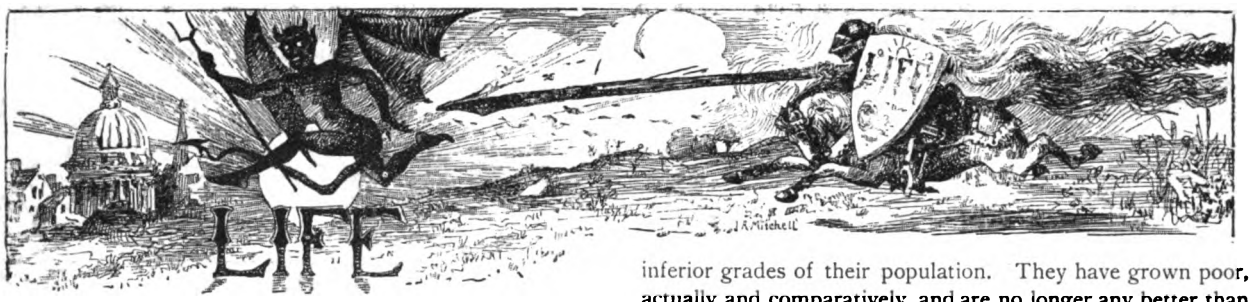

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. JULY 14, 1887. No. 237.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

THE chap who computes what it costs to celebrate the Fourth of July has had a particularly good time this year. It will take more dollars, a good many, than six figures will stand for to represent the damage done by fires. As a matter of cold finance this journal believes that for half the cost to them of the annual celebration the fire insurance companies could afford to guarantee our independence of Great Britain and every thing else (except the Irish vote) and pay the cost of resisting all attempts to subvert us. With such a policy in his portfolio how sturdily might Mr. Bayard lay down the law upon the fisheries question and bring the Kanucks and Britishers to the scratch.

* * *

THE Fourth this year was a success. It was terrifically hot and in most parts of the country very dry, so that many towns which thought they would be content with a few modest fire-crackers had a first-class impromptu celebration on their hands before they knew it.

The only conspicuous case of a contemplated performance that failed was that of Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, who took a contract to read a poem at Mr. Independent Bowen's celebration at Woodstock, and was forbidden by his physician to execute the job. When we consider the awful passion Mr. O'Reilly must have worked himself into over the iniquities of George III. and all the English before and since, the doctor's discretion will be admired without a question. Take care of yourself, Mr. O'Reilly, dear. In your capacity as Irish patriot this country could worry along without you, but as a poet and a canoer we admire you and have a considerable regard for you as an Administration Democrat. You did well to drop the poem. Respect your physician's counsel and keep your lid on! dear Boyle, keep your lid on!

* * *

THE *Springfield Republican* has been bewailing the decadence of the country towns of Western Massachusetts. It says that they have lost their grip and are going to the dogs. Their best men leave them and they keep only the inferior grades of their population. They have grown poor, actually and comparatively, and are no longer any better than ordinary villages. This is true, although it is the *Springfield Republican* that calls attention to it. It is true that the rich when they get rich enough are apt to go back to the country again and spend some of their money, but the disposition in this country is for the rich to huddle together in summer settlements and rub up against each other from July to October as assiduously as they do at home from November till June. The Berkshire Hills and Lenox and Mt. Desert catch the money and fashon that ought to be distributed through the deserted villages of New England. The villages don't get their dues. But they have a powerful friend in the Irish alderman. Bear the news to the *Springfield Republican* that if there is any existing power that can restore to the villages their old-time importance, it is the Irish aldermen who rule all the big cities and strike us where we live. The Mikes will make us hunt grass if any body does. They know how to make country life attractive.

* * *

POOR old Jacob Sharp! Sick and in prison, who is there to carry any comfort to him? Certainly not the court that tried him and earned the gratitude of all Gotham by giving him his due. Really the fate of the boodlers and their briber is edifying as far as it has gone, and goes a good way to re-establish the old notion that honesty is the best policy, sometimes, even for vulgar hirelings who have no characters to lose, and no consciences to torment them. How far removed, for instance, from the wretched plight of Sharp is the case of Mr. Jay Gould, who by thrift and early rising having amassed a modest competence, was able a few days ago to come to the rescue of the good Sir Cyrus Field and pull him in out of the wet where he was like to have been devoured by sharks. If Sharp, instead of corrupting his fellow-men, had been a philanthropist like Mr. Gould, how very much nicer he would feel to day. It's a great deal better fun to be sitting around on a yacht sucking lemonade (at least) through straws than it is to be live ballast for a dull craft like the Tombs. Be good, dear children, and you will have a clear conscience, and—perhaps a yacht!

* * *

GOOD-BYE, McGlynn! Meet you—('scuse us, your Holiness). Forgot, McGlynn. Have made different arrangements. Can't meet you hereafter.

* * *

THE *Sun* says *Volunteer* is a poor name for Gen. Paine's new boat. Of course *the* name for the boat was *The Bean*, but you can't name a yacht just what you want to any more than a baby.

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SOUVENT LA FEMME VARIE.

THEY parted at the usual place
Down near the wicket gate,
A flush suffused her lily face,
In which he read his fate.

The twilight shades were purpling dim,
The stars were everywhere,
When thus his old love challenged him
With such an angry air.

"Leave me forever! Do not let
My eyes see you again.
I shall endeavor to forget
You—and the race of men!"

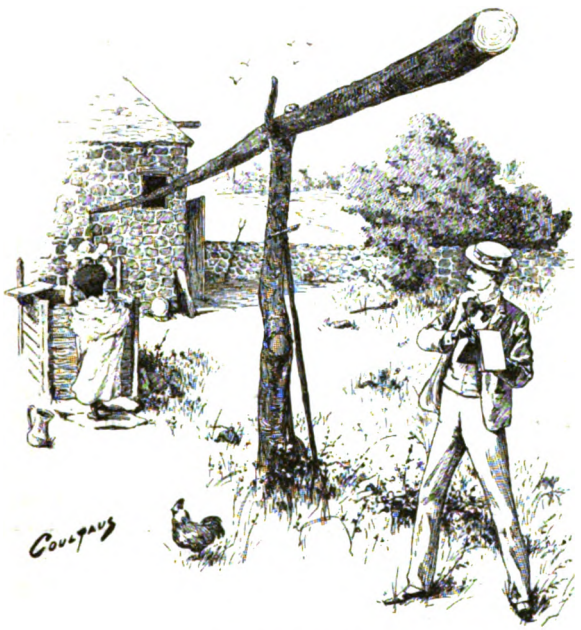
A month elapsed—One summer day
I read my paper through—
And there I saw—Augusta J.
To Obadiah Q.

O tempora!—the fates are just!
Mutanting is your game,
These lovers' tempers also must
Mutantur just the same.

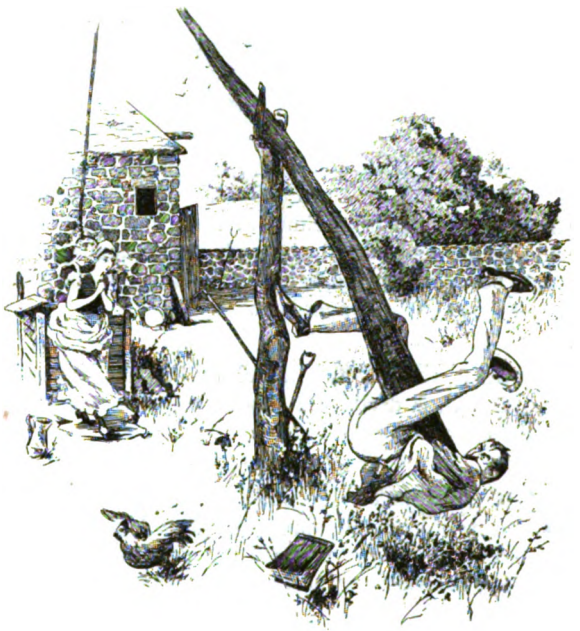
Caryl Gould.

IT is reported from London that Buffalo Bill is beginning to drop his "h's."

A NOVEL under the curious name of "The Wasp" is just published. It must have a bad ending.



"HOW GRACEFUL!"



AND WHAT ACTION!

PRESENCE OF MIND.

EDITOR: What was that awful crash in the composing-room now?

FOREMAN: Sure, all our Foreign News has fallen into "pi."

EDITOR: Pick it up and head it "List of Members of the New Hungarian Parliament."

HE: Your friend, Miss Shawsgarden, of St. Louis, seems to be a very refined young lady, Miss Breezy.

MISS BREEZY (*of Chicago*): Yes, Clara is unquestionably genteel in most respects, and in personal appearance almost *distinguée*, but it would pain you to see her eat asparagus.

A WORD OF WARNING.

JAY GOULD declares that he is not sick. If he makes many more of these unpleasant statements, no matter how truthful they may be, he'll get himself disliked.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S cash Jubilee presents amounted to $375,000, but it must be remembered that she gave away several silver medals.

A SYMPATHETIC AUDITOR.

"RUM is a curse and must go!" shouted a frenzied Prohibition orator.

"Yesh," said a thick voice near the door, "down with it!"

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MESSRS. BLAINE, Phelps, Lowell and Buffalo Bill, America's Big Four, are all in London.

* * *

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S nurse has died. She was less fortunate, in this respect, than George Washington's.

* * *

THE threatened revolution in the Hawaiian Islands promises to send the monarchy to its final sleep with an Hono-luluby.

* * *

IN his *Atlantic* ode, "My Country," Geo. E. Woodberry describes Justice as "the third great base" on which our welfare is founded. It was high time that our national game should be recognized in patriotic poetry.

* * *

A FRENCHMAN and a German rooming together in a Massachusetts town are said to have struck up a charming friendship. Neither of them can speak English, and they are unacqainted with each other's language. There would be many more delightful friendships in the world if people generally were poor linguists.

* * *

COUNT CLAM, the leader of the ultra-conservative Czecks, is dead. He was of very aristocratic family, but did not reside at Little Neck.

* * *

THE unnatural contraction caused by tight-laced corsets, being pronounced injurious by physiologists, is evidently false economy. However small the circumference may be, therefore, the waist may still be extravagant.

* * *

IF the shad which have nearly abandoned the Connecticut River have only taken the precaution of carrying their bones with them, our grief for their departure will not be without consolation.

UTILIZING ITS ADVANTAGES.

THE Philadelphia Crematory Association has completed its plans for a mortuary bakery. No furnaces will be needed, because the requisite heat for incinerating human bodies will be supplied by storing up the average Philadelphia summer climate in large receivers.

* * *

THE formation of a "whiskey pool" is announced as a matter of news. But the whiskey pool has existed for a long time. It has been kept constantly full, and many thousands of men and women have been sunk in it.

* * *

"WHEN we describe our sensations of another's sorrows," wrote Dr. Johnson, "the customs of the world scarcely admit of rigid veracity." So thought Wall Street, probably, in its condolences with a recent distinguished and venerable lamb.

* * *

JAMES G. BLAINE, at the last Mrs. Potter performance in London, appeared in company with Red Shirt. The English, as is well known, translate our word "red" into "bloody."

* * *

EMPEROR WILLIAM has resorted to Ems, but it is not stated how many he can set up in an hour.

* * *

A MR. C. D. VAN WINKLE has subscribed to the New York *Star's* Grant Monument Fund. His relative, Mr. Rip Van Winkle, however, will doubtless have time to complete another twenty years' nap before the monument is put up.

* * *

THE attention of the world has lately been called to the existence of a talking canary, which was trained by a woman. There's nothing like the force of example.

ELECTRICITY BRINGING THE GOOD NEWS TO THE WEARY AND OVERLADEN.

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UNPRECEDENTED OFFER!

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY!!

AUTHORS, ATTENTION!!!

ALTHOUGH there has been an unusually great demand this year for our Retail Ready-Made Novels (sold only in sections and copyrighted by the Company) adaptable to all summer publications, we have still on hand a large assortment of *mots*, *foreign idioms*, *anecdotes of great men*, and other literary padding which cannot fail to be attractive to purchasers, and which we will furnish at the lowest rates to the profession. We have also a very fine and complete list of Endings, which we publish below. "All rights reserved."

[In ordering, please state whether you prefer the selections to be tragic, comic or pathetic. Terms the same.]

1.—Laughing sweetly, she laid her blonde head on his shoulder, and blushingly murmured "Yes."

2.—"Dead!" he cried, as he beheld the livid form resting on the marble floor; "I am revenged at last!"

3.—And, by the marriage of Sir Lionel Vane to fair Sybil Violet Stanhope, Bermington Hall soon regained its former gayety and splendor.

4.—Cautiously peering over the ivied balcony of the terrace, he saw her pass from his sight forever.

5.—And still she stands in the sunny kitchen, with its snowy curtains and fragrant odors of lilac and June roses, and bakes her "Cherry Pies."

6.—Striking his iron hand upon his chest, he uttered a smothered curse and expired.

7.—"Wal, I never!" said Deacon Pelter as he wiped his rugged brow, "to think he'd a married 'er, after all."

8.—Dimly seen against the gloomy background of the cave, a shadowy white form drifted slowly by, and its icy voice seemed to freeze his very heart's blood, as bending over him, it whispered, "Remember, Reginald; remember!"

9.—In the little burial-ground, beyond the Squire's favorite hazel copse, is a marble headstone with the simple inscription: "Leonora, aged eighteen."

10.—Ah! Little does the gay world ken of what Lady Geraldine thinks, as wrapped in costly sables, she drives in her brilliant equipage along the Serpentine and listens to the birds in the elms. But we know—yes, we know!

11.—Raising himself painfully to the mast-head with the wounded arm the pirates had left free, he searched the distant horizon with hungry eye. "A sail!" he gasped; "a sail! Saved! Saved!"

12.—A stillness as of death reigned in the crowded court-room; a stillness, intense and awful, which was succeeded by the most deafening clamor of cheers when the venerable Judge, laying his hand upon Ida's golden curls, said in a voice broken with emotion, "Not guilty."

KING SOLOMON was over one hundred years old when he married, and although he dressed nicely he was a very plain man. Most of his wives married him for money.

THE Lord doesn't temper the wind to the shorn lamb of Wall Street.

IF we can do anything for the Pope in the way of getting Reverend McGlynn to Rome, or even farther than that, he has only to say the word.

BUSINESS AMENITIES.

"YOU mustn't call me a salesperson," said a pretty shop-girl, bridling, to a rather elderly co-worker.

"Then you shouldn't have told Mr. Crash that it was very appropriate putting me at the remnant counter," was the indignant reply.

DESPERATE.

Cholley: WELL, *bon voyage!* BUT, BY GAWGE, OLD FELLAH, WHO'S GOING TO CHAPERON YOU, YOU KNOW?

Gus: GOING ALL ALONE, 'PON HONOR!

Cholley: BLESS MY SOUL! YOU—ER—ER—DON'T MEAN IT, OLD FELLAH. BUT, BY GAWGE! YOU—ER—ER—ALWAYS WAS A DARE-DEVIL, DON'T-CHER-KNOW!

FORGETFULNESS.

THE morning breezes softly stir
Her dainty gown of lavender,
As on the balcony she stands,
With pensive eyes and folded hands,
And gazes down the sunny street
Where tides of traffic surge and meet.

I smoke and dream beneath the trees
And watch her idling at my ease.
A pleasant thought it is, that she
Waits there with longing arms for me.
How much is love, how much is life,
With such a home, and such a wife!

But who is this comes riding down
The dusty highway of the town?
For see, she rises up to meet
Him with a smile of welcome sweet—
Forbid the thought!—but can it be
She waits for him, and not for me?

There in the soft spring sun she stands
With eager eyes and outstretched hands.
Oh, faithless wife! when face to face
I needs must see that fond embrace!
Yet stay!—perhaps my rage is forced—
I keep forgetting I'm divorced!

Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

THE Marquis of Lorne ought to have a medal for falling off his horse in the parade. It will be remembered that Gen. Wolseley was rewarded for falling off a camel in Egypt.

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BOOKISHNESS

A NEW LIFE OF KEATS.

TO all young men of sensibility and fine literary feeling there comes a time when the poetry of Keats is the expression of the deepest emotions of their lives, the realization of hundreds of vague images of beauty which haunt them in their day-dreams, the supreme song of a world of fancy which is very far off. And by-and-by, when care and struggle have almost banished the belief in the existence of such a land of dreams and beauty, these men return, very tired and weary, to the poetry of Keats, and again, for a little while, they "hear the mighty waters rolling evermore," and know that they are breaking on the shores of that mysterious country.

The personality of Keats has always had and will have a fascination for those who so appreciate and love his poetry. His story has come down to us filled with pathos, but almost too vague and subjective to satisfy those who believe that even men of genius possess a full measure of common human nature. Lord Houghton (Milnes) did much to preserve the memory of the poet, and it is from the manuscript materials which he left that Sidney Colvin has gathered many of the most realistic touches of his biography of "John Keats," just published in the "English Men of Letters," series (Harpers).

* * *

THIS little book's chief merit is that its biographical details bring Keats the man, as near to us as Keats the poet has heretofore been. We are thoroughly conscious of his intense affection for his family, his loyalty to his friends, his pugnacious spirit, the dominion which emotion had over his will, and the inherent weakness of a constitution in which consumption was dormant. It is another striking proof of the purely physical basis of all unhappiness. Even this biographer makes the mistake of calling it the "triple flame which was burning away his life, the flame of genius, of passion, and of disease." This is a concession to a popular belief that there is something morbid in genius or intense passion. The plain truth is that disease may make them flare brighter for a little while, but the flame soon dies out and leaves only ashes. There is nothing which genius so demands as health—vigorous, robust, manly. Keats was a great poet in spite of his disease; indeed, his best work was done when he was apparently the splendid picture of manly beauty and strength. It is a satisfaction to all admirers of sturdy manhood to know that the poet, while writing "Endymion," one day gave "a severe drubbing to a butcher whom he caught beating a little boy."

* * *

FOR that part of Mr. Colvin's biography which is devoted to a minute analysis of Keats's poems the true lover of song will have a hearty contempt. The critic expresses intense admiration for the poet's work, but seems all the time to be holding his nose at certain little technical defects. There is rank scholastic arrogance in sentences like these: "With a few slips and inequalities, and one or two instances of verbal incorrectness, 'Hyperion,' as far as it was written, is indeed one of the grandest poems in our language;" or, in speaking of "Endymion," "You will in almost every case be brought up by hardly tolerable blemishes of execution and of taste;" or again, "In Keats's conception of his youthful heroes there is at all times a touch, not the wholesomest, of effeminacy and physical softness."

What, in the name of all the Muses, does a man with a grain of poetic feeling in him care, while reading Keats, for ten thousand such "blemishes of execution and of taste" as seem to rasp the sensitive hide of Mr. Colvin!

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

WHICH? By Ernest Daudet. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. T. B. Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia.

A Lad's Love. By Arlo Bates. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The House of the Musician. By Virginia W. Johnson. Boston: Ticknor & Company.

Forging the Fetters. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Penelope's Suitors. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Company.

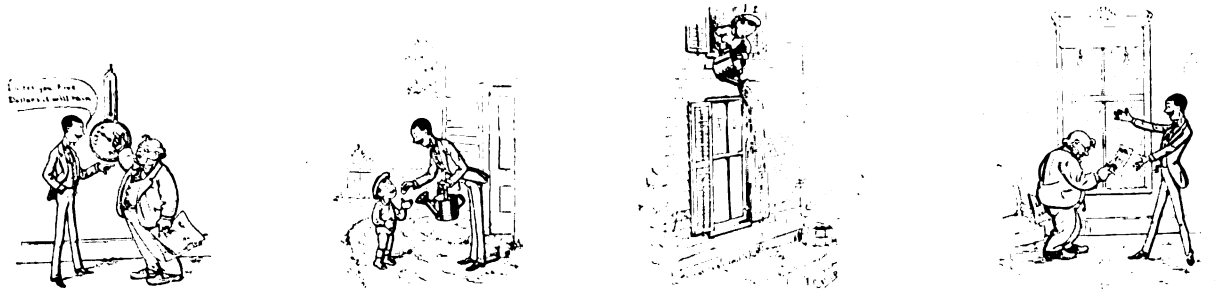
Prose Pastorals. By Herbert Milton Sylvester. Boston: Ticknor & Company.

Society Verse. By American writers, selected by Ernest DeLancey Pierson. New York: Benjamin & Bell.

Mr. Inceul's Misadventure. By Edgar Saltus. New York: Benjamin & Bell.

Bessie's Six Lovers. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Crusade of the Excelsior. By Bret Harte. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co.



HOW HE WON IT.

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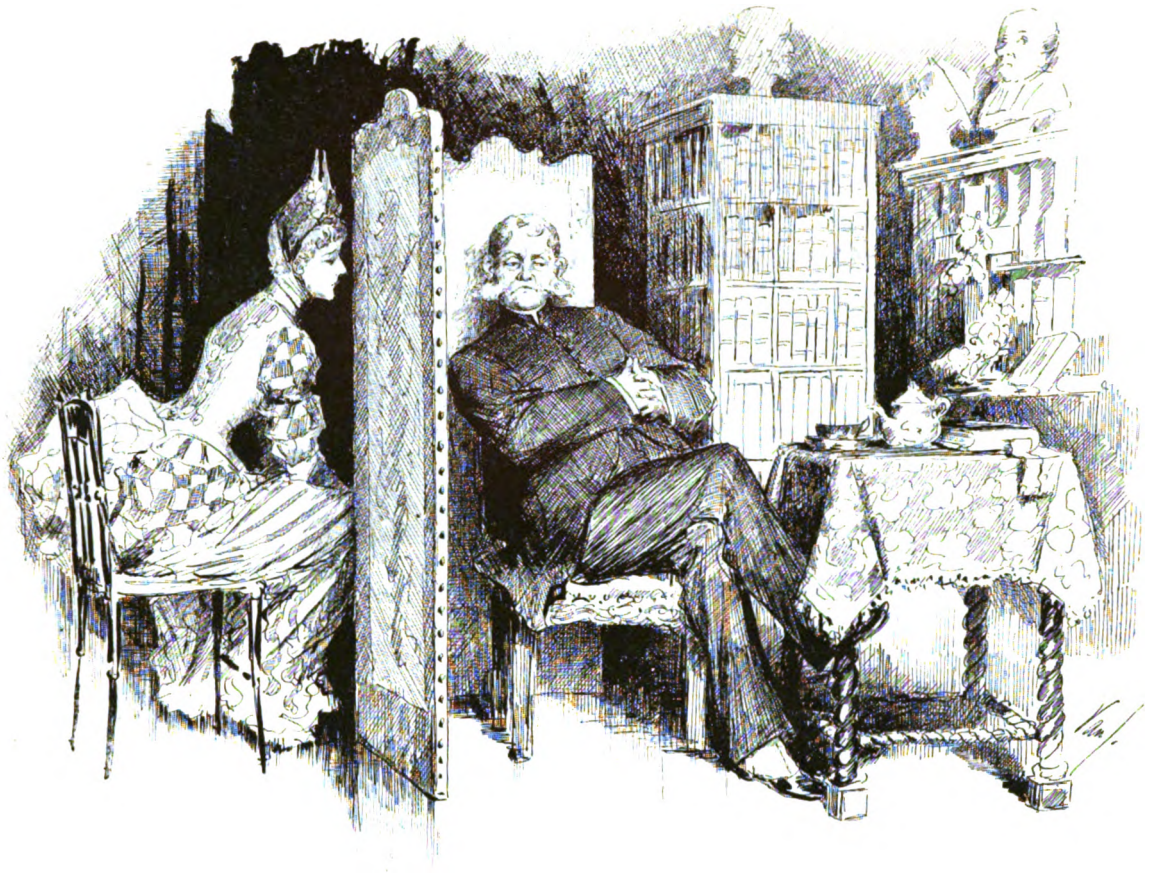

"IS IT WRONG TO FEEL PLEASED WHEN A GENTLEMAN TELLS ME I AM PRETTY?"
"YES, MY CHILD. YOU SHOULD NEVER ENCOURAGE ANY ONE TO TELL A FALSEHOOD."

HOW THE ENGAGEMENT CLOSED.

ROBINSON: Hallo, old boy! how are you? Glad to see you.

JONES: First rate. You well?

ROBINSON: Thanks; quite! By the way, I heard you were engaged to Miss Bondclipper.

JONES: No, Robinson; I was engaged to her, but that is past.

ROBINSON: Well, Jones, between you and me, now, you are a lucky boy. She's rich, of course, but that is all she has to recommend her.

JONES: Yes.

ROBINSON: And then her money is really only prospective, you know. Her father might lose it all in a pork deal, or in an unwise flyer in stocks, before the daughter got to handle it.

JONES: That is true.

ROBINSON: Well, that's the way I look at it. I could have married her myself.

JONES: You could?

ROBINSON: It's a fact; but I counted the cost and drew out just in time. Fortunate, wasn't it?

JONES: Very.

ROBINSON: But tell me how you managed to break the engagement. Mine hadn't quite gone that far.

JONES: I didn't break it.

ROBINSON: Oh, she did it herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course, you broke it yourself, as she was so anxious to marry, and everybody knows that.

JONES: Oh, you needn't apologize. I'm not worrying at all about it.

ROBINSON: That's good. I like to see a man keep a stiff upper lip. Might I enquire what made her break it?

JONES: Oh, she didn't break it, either.

ROBINSON: Well, that's strange. Then it must have been her father.

JONES: No; he had no objection.

ROBINSON: Then how *did* you manage to get out of the engagement?

JONES: I married her last week.

ROBINSON (*with a gasp*): Ah-h-h! Well, I must really be going now. Good-bye!

JONES: Good-bye.

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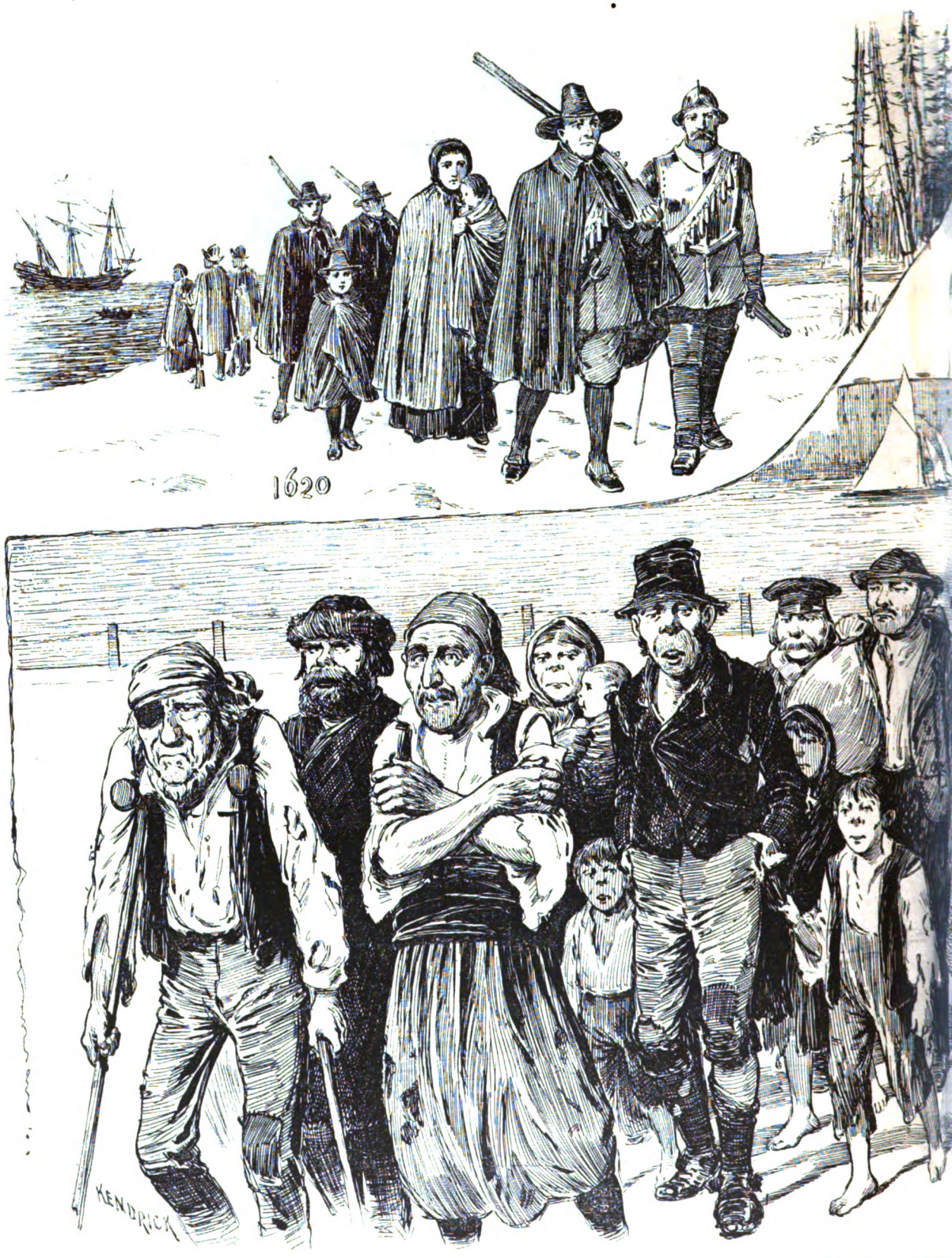

WE AME

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LINES TO A LOBSTER.

Alfred de M. Snooks, having trodden accidentally upon a breast-pin fashioned in the shape of a lobster and lately adorning the corsage of the fair Miss Robinson, loquitur:

AH, pretty gem, that not ten minutes since
Did naught evince
Of coming care—
That clung so proudly to her bosom sweet,
Now at my feet
Thou liest there!

Thus Fortune, with her brightest beaming smile,
Will oft beguile
Our fears to sleep,
The while the jade doth cunningly prepare
Some black despair,
For all must weep!

But tell me, jeweled lobster, in mine ear,
Thou wert so near
That matchless she,
Used not her bosom when of me she thought
To be distrought,
Like some vexed sea?

And might you not, while on her breast you lay,
Which 'neath the sway
Of that emotion,
Have fancied you were swimming in the main,
And felt again
Your native ocean?

The lobster preserves an eloquent but discreet silence. *B.*

DEATH ATONES FOR ALL.

"WHAT is this?" thundered the chairman; "here is a newspaper report of an 'anarchist washed ashore.' Who has broken the rules of this order?"

"He was dead," said a member rising, "or he would never have submitted."

FOR THE UNCO' GUID.

ST. PETER was sitting by the gates of Glory when a straight-haired personage in black approached him and said: "Having shuffled off the mortal coil, I am looking for a place where I may dwell forever among the strictly orthodox."

"I don't know any such place 'round here," replied the Saint; "but if you'll apply to the Andover Theological Seminary you may find where people of your kind can be accommodated."

"DRAT THAT BOY! HE'S GOT THE SIDEWALK ALL WET AGAIN. I'LL TEACH HIM!"

"TAKE THAT —— AND —— !!"

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FOURTH OF JULY.

ENGLISHMAN: See here, fire-crackers were made by the Chinese to chase the devil away, but you Yanks use them to raise the devil.

YANKEE: Oh, no! we use them because we feel so happy to have gotten rid of the devil.

ONLY four desperadoes were killed in Kentucky during the month of June, and yet some people profess to believe that Kentucky is a bad State.

A COLD WORLD.

"WHAT brought you to this place, my friend?" inquired a visitor at the penitentiary of a convict.

"A mere matter of opinion got me here, sir."

"Impossible!"

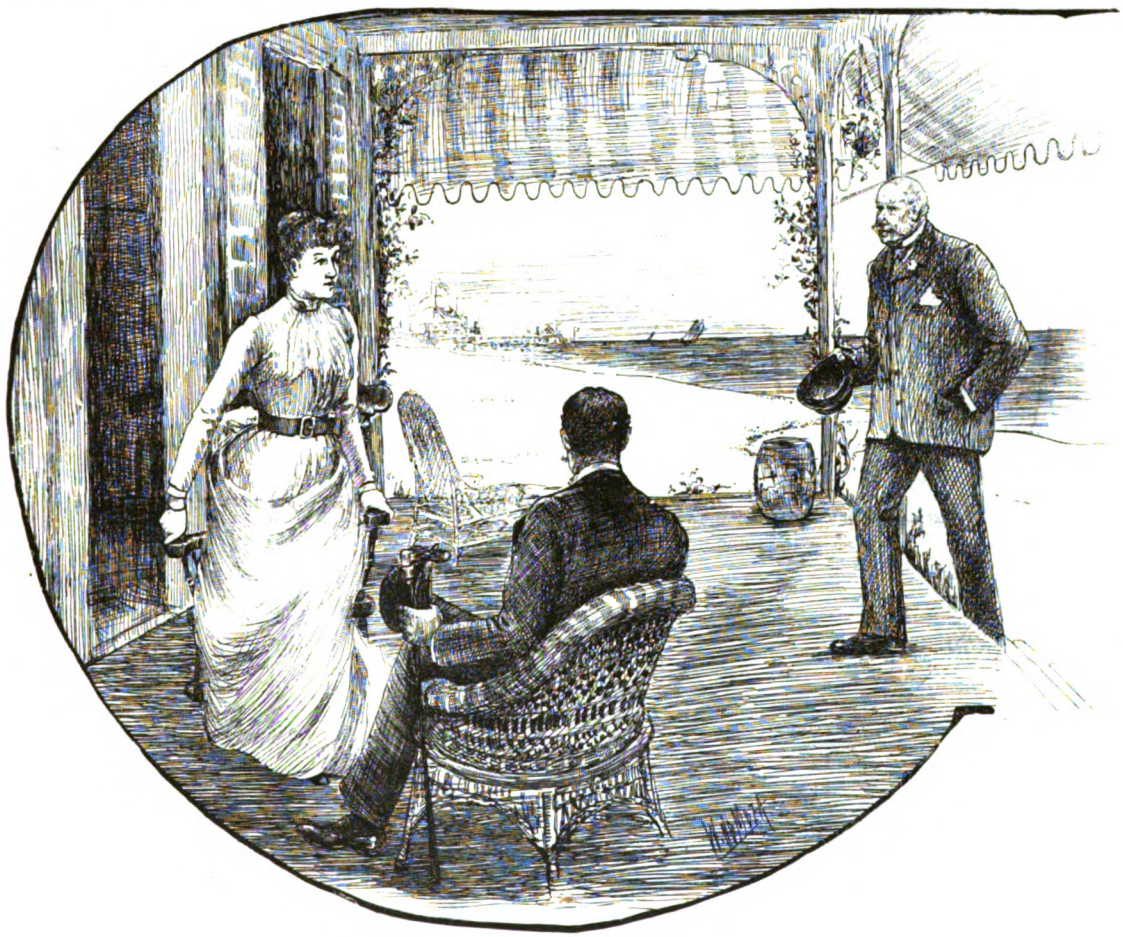
"No, sir. I expressed the opinion that I was innocent, and the jury expressed the opinion that I wasn't. It's a cold world, sir."

THIS is Yale's year. The boat-race, the baseball championship, the football ditto, $300,000 in cash, the biggest graduating class she ever had, the most sub-freshmen she ever had—these are some of the feathers in the cap that President Dwight tossed in the air when he got the news from New London. Perhaps the finest plume of the whole bunch is Chauncey Depew, her pretty new LL.D.

President Eliot is abroad—like the schoolmaster of fiction—and no doubt is poking around after new attractions for his institution. He may learn in England a better stroke than Cook's; Krupp may teach him a swifter delivery than Stagg's; he may—doubtless he will—be able to show more new graduates, more sub-freshmen and more money next year than Yale, but oh! can he match Chauncey?

Chauncey Depew is a hard man to twin, but why don't Harvard's overseers cable to Dr. Eliot to bring home a new set of legs for Jo. Choate?

THE favorite hatter for Cardinals is Pope at number XIII.



UNKIND.

Miss Jessie (to ancient and persistent admirer, who is always "dropping in"): AH! GOOD MORNING, MR. WILSON; GRANDMAMMA WILL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU. YOU WILL FIND HER IN THE LIBRARY ACROSS THE HALL.

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ON A DANCE PROGRAMME.

WE sat it out upon the stairs—
I'm not a dancing man—
They played the brisk "Mikado" airs,
I trifled with her fan.

The fateful words were hard to say—
I'm not a fluent man—
I would begin with something gay,
A pun, about a fan.

It would not come, that little joke—
I'm not a punning man—
The moments flew; I clutched, and broke
Her dainty feathered fan.

"The cost of it?" I thought, dismayed—
I'm not a moneyed man—
The band the final figure played;
I figured on that fan.

The dance was over, and she rose—
I'm not a ready man—
But seized the moment to propose—
That I should mend her fan.

I thought it out upon the stairs;
She—took some other man—
And I have with me for repairs,
A broken heart and fan.

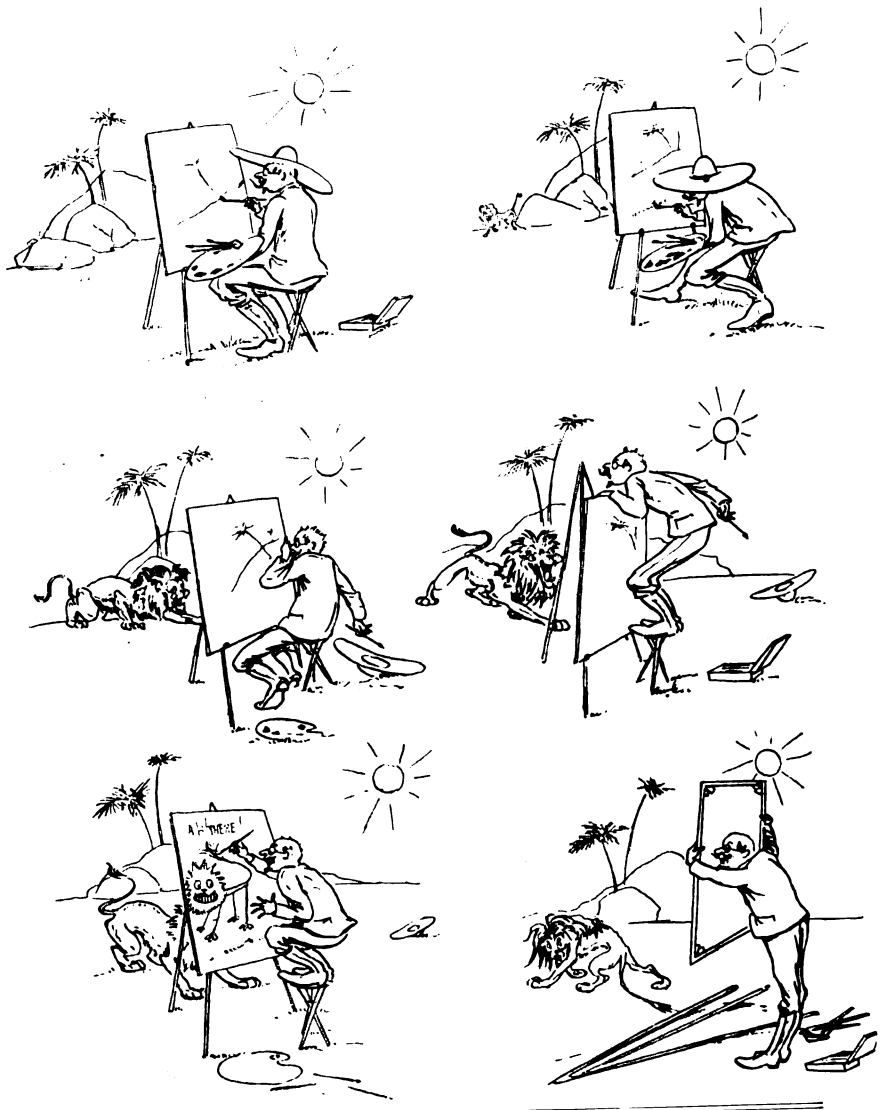
Arthur W. Gundry.

IT'S a Cody when Buffalo William gets left in London.

WHEN Richelieu said the pen is mightier than the sword, he meant pen and not paste-pot and shears.

YOUNG ladies at the sea-shore find that on Saturday evenings the "fish" bite the most freely.

THE POWER OF CARICATURE.



MRS. WILKINS HAS A HUSBAND WHO WAS A CHRONIC "KICKER," SO SHE TRIED AN EXPERIMENT IN HORSE-TAMING UPON THE "BRUTE" WITH A RESULT ALMOST MIRACULOUS.

SAFE FROM PROSECUTION.

A DAKOTA citizen had returned from a little lynching affair and his wife was badly frightened.

"Aren't you afraid of being arrested and tried for murder?" she inquired.

"No," he said, "the judge and district attorney were among those who had hold of the rope.

A HOPELESS CASE.

"WHAT'S the matter, Bub?" inquired a Philadelphia citizen of a little boy who was crying.

"My k-kite won't fly," sobbed the lad.

"Well, no wonder," said the gentleman examining it, "it is made of the editorial page of the *Ledger*."

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

HER OPINION.

"TO-DAY," said he, "I graduate.
What shall I do, will you advise?
Shall I stay here to try my fate,
Or seek the West where Fortune lies?"

"It rests with you what I shall do;
Say but the word and I will stay.
But if you bid me go from you,
Again my heart must needs obey."

"I think," said she, "were you to go,
You'd find that plan by far the best."
Then in his ear she whispered low,
"I'm very sure we'll like the West.

—*E. W., in Harvard Lampoon.*

IN one of the battles of the Mexican war Lieut. George H. Derby was wounded, and the Commander-in-Chief being near rode up to the group surrounding him, and finding that the injury was not dangerous, started away with the parting salutation: "Good-day, Leftenant Darby." "Good-day, General Scatt," responded the party addressed, sufficiently loud for his retiring superior to hear. "The General's name is not Scatt," said one of the group. "No!" was the response; "and neither is my name Darby."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A LITTLE four-year-old created a ripple by remarking to the Sunday-school class: "Our dog's dead. I'll bet the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He's awful cross to strangers."—*Ex.*

DELIBERATE MEANNESS.

CHICAGO BELLE: In Omaha I miss that open-handed generosity so noticeable in Chicago.

OMAHA GIRL: I haven't heard any such criticism before.

CHICAGO BELLE: Oh, the people are so petty about things. Why, at the hotel where I am stopping they actually seem afraid of wearing out their property. At lunch the waiter brought nothing but a fork and looked amazed when I asked for a knife.

OMAHA GIRL: What had you ordered?

CHICAGO BELLE: Pie.—*Omaha World.*

KREBS, who threatened to take the life of the President, has been sent to an insane asylum. The lunatics who are endeavoring to destroy Mr. Cleveland's reputation are still at large.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE young woman who read the essay at graduation upon "The stern duties of life upon which we are about entering" was last seen in the hammock reading a Seaside novel, while her mother was washing the dinner dishes in the hot kitchen.—*Boston Transcript.*

A CERTAIN farmer of Hart County, talking about his cotton crop, told us that his preacher's patch was the best cotton he had. "Where is your preacher's patch located?" we asked. "Right in the centre of the field." "Why did you put it in the centre of the field?" "So that the Lord couldn't send rain on the preacher's patch without raining on mine."—*Savannah News.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

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The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,
are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

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An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

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Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

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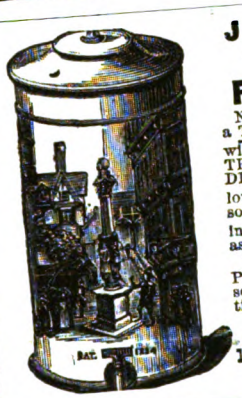

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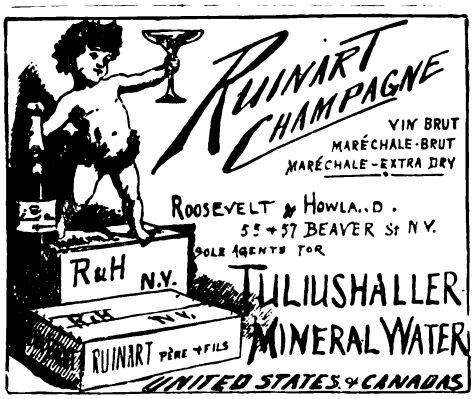

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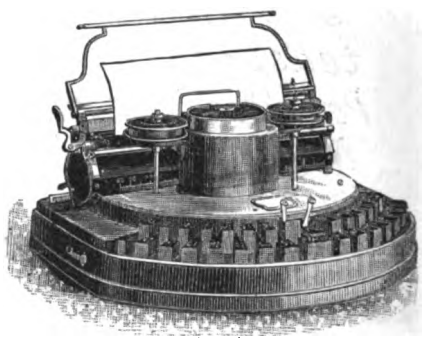

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1887. NUMBER 238.

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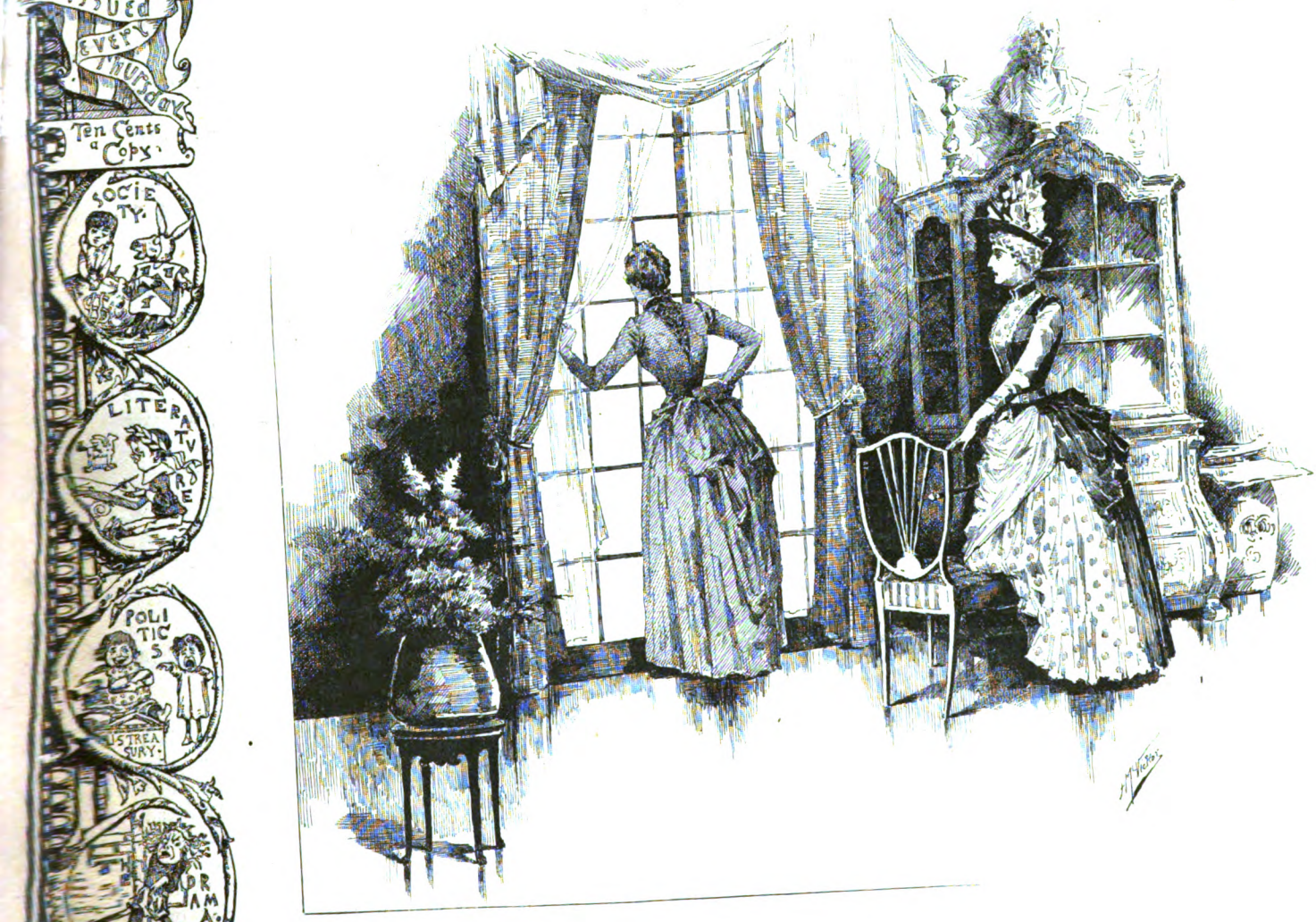

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Kate: LOUISE DEAR, THERE'S CRAPE ON THE VAN BRISKETS' FRONT DOOR. SOME ONE MUST HAVE DIED!

Louise: IMPOSSIBLE! I'M POSITIVE THE DOCTOR HASN'T BEEN THERE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.

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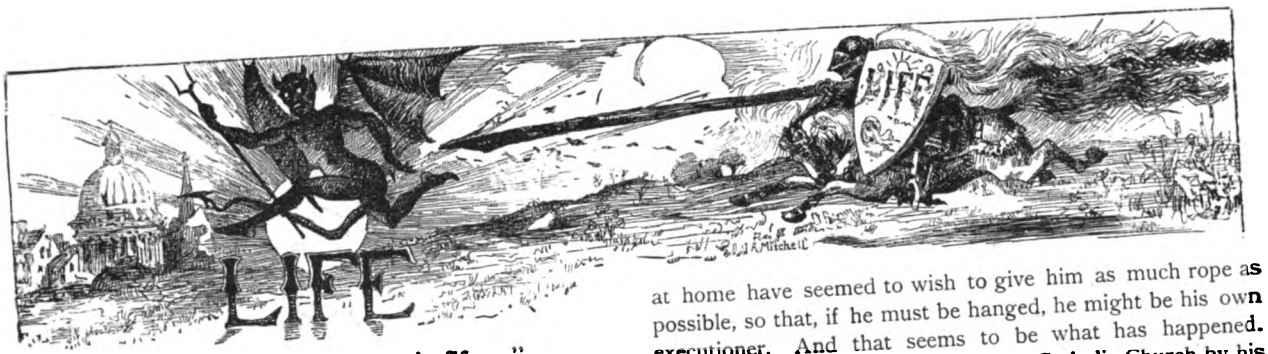

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. JULY 21, 1887. No. 238.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

JULY seems to have roused himself. He is the month when if anyone has anything to do he had better postpone it. To go through with the formalities of life is possible, but neither of men nor of newspapers ought anything new to be expected.

In the Sandwich Islands, where they have summer most of the time, it is different. July there is not much worse than any other month, and they didn't think it worth while to wait for cooler weather before disciplining their king. It is a pity this country cannot save the Sandwichers part of their trouble by annexing them to the State of California, or, better still, to the City of San Francisco. Kalakaua's realm would make an excellent ward for the metropolis of the Pacific, and if the king himself were elected alderman and joined to a board, he would recognize that he was home at last, and had found his long-lost brothers. If there is a man living who has in him the making of an alderman, Kalakaua is that person. As a king, his chief usefulness lies in being a satire on royalty, and his abilities in that direction are ably seconded by his amiable consort. It reflects in a diverting manner on kingship as it exists, that Kalakaua's employers did not think it worth while to turn him out, but thinking, apparently, that a king was convenient, and that one was as good as another, they tied his hands and left him where he was.

Cigar stores must have wooden injuns, and kingdoms must have kings, not because they are of any particular use, but because they look like business.

* * *

HAS the Pope of Rome become a wooden-injun potentate like most of his neighbors, or has he still some lightning at his disposal? Dr. McGlynn seems disposed to solve this inquiry, so far as lies in him; but his is hardly a fair test case. The Pope has been forbearing with McGlynn, and the Roman Catholic authorities beyond the Atlantic and at home have seemed to wish to give him as much rope as possible, so that, if he must be hanged, he might be his own executioner. And that seems to be what has happened. McGlynn has cut himself off from the Catholic Church by his insubordination, without ever having his theories officially condemned at Rome. How much harm will it do him? The newspapers which are devoted to the care of the Irish vote have been telling us that his position in the Catholic Church was all that gave him influence, and that when he lost his priestly office people will pay no more attention to him. But it looks as if these careful contemporaries were mistaken. McGlynn can draw as big a crowd as ever, and the present prospect is that his fall will be gradual and not due to the Pope's disapproval, but to the fact that Henry George's land theories are nonsense. Nonsense though they are, they are fascinating, and may continue to impose upon people for a good while to come.

* * *

UNLIKE some of its contemporaries LIFE has never especially admired Mr. Cleveland's literary style. It knows a good many persons in modest walks of private life who seem to it to write more agreeably than the President. None the less, however, did LIFE take pleasure in reading Mr. Cleveland's letter declining to visit St. Louis. Any one who is waiting for Mr. Cleveland to commit political suicide with a pen and ink has undertaken a long job. The President writes what he sets out to write. His pen never plays him tricks, as General Sherman's pen does.

* * *

THE esteemed *Morning Journal* of this city printed, in its issue of July 11, a fine picture of Secretary Bayard, and labeled it Edward McGlynn. It will not do for the *Journal* to count too much on the inability of its patrons to read.

* * *

A WRITER in the *Critic*, who went to see Octave Feuillet, French author, at home, describes his adventures. He asked Feuillet a good many questions, and found out what he knew. He (Feuillet) admired George Eliot more than he could say. He thought that a greater novelist than Dickens never will live; that Thackeray, well translated (into French), does not lose. Questioned about American story writers, he admitted that Bret Harte had an undeniable charm; but Howells, he said, he didn't know. The condition of this French person is exceedingly lamentable. When Mr. Howells goes abroad again he should make Octave a special subject of missionary effort. To know Dickens and Thackeray and have no adequate modern to measure them by is to be in a pitiable state.

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THE WRONG RESULT.

"MA," said Bobby, "have I been a good boy to-day?"
"Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you."
"Well, will you do me a favor, ma?"
"If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is it?"
"Let me go to bed to-night without saying my prayers."

AN INNOVATION.

A YOUNG lady read an essay at a school commencement the other day, in which the sentiment "upward and onward" did not appear. She was enthusiastically applauded.

TO AN UNPAID BILL.

OLD friend, companion of my youth, a bumper to the brim!
Long years neglected have you lain and e'en your ink is dim;
Your text is faint, your tale is fresh, your relatives are young,
But you, campaigner, brown and old, your life-work now is done.

In endless line your comrades pass before my wearied eyes—
A few are young, but more are old, alike they're all despised.
Old veteran, give up the fight, your day of strength is past,
For Uncle Sam to help me win has outlawed you at last.

Arthur Bradford Grover.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

Professor Pugwig: BE CALM. A BEE CAN STING ONLY ONCE IN TWO MINUTES.

Boy: ONCE IS ENOUGH FOR ME. YOU MAY HAVE THE SECOND ONE.

Mr. McFaddle: LET ME OFF AT MIKETOWN.

Conductor: WE DON'T STOP. THIS IS A THROUGH TRAIN.

Mr. McFaddle: THIN, PLAYSE, SOR, WILL YER STHOP LONG ENOUGH FUR ME TO TELL BRIDGET THAT ITS CARRIED THROUGH I AM!

WIDOWS' WEEDS.

DARK and dusk is my mistress's hair,
All lustreless it lyeth there,
And each black strand can tell a tale
Of cruel coquette and lover pale;
Each strand it is a widow's weed
That mourns a heart could love and bleed.—

And now a soft small lock I see
That is to mark the death of me.

F. S. Palmer.

A MAN recently astonished his wife by coming home with two black eyes. "What have you been doing?" said she. "Getting a pair of socks," he replied.

SAVED FROM THE BASKET.

THE Marquis of Salisbury may be a good man, but he does not a peer to advantage as a statesman.

English jokes of this description are rarely found in this country, owing to our rigorous climate.

A WATER-SPOUT.—A temperance lecturer.

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FORESIGHT.

THE George land movement has received an impetus from the fact that burial lots at Haverstraw have been sold with imperfect titles, and it is proposed to oust the tenants. As the George movement is looking for a good burial-site, it wants to be sure of its ground.

* * *

WHAT a beautiful world is this! How grand are the mountains, the sea, the watering-place hotels, the election frauds and patent medicines of our native land! But all these delights can be enjoyed only by means of a good digestion. If your stomach is out of order, do not try to live healthily, but buy all the pills, bitters and elixirs that you see advertised under a pleasing disguise. You will then feel as if you had fifteen different stomachs instead of one poorly equipped one, and will enjoy life in proportion. *Adv.*

* * *

THAT Italian nobleman in England who has been detected in selling tinware by day while frequenting the most exclusive society at night, is not singular. Many of our most select society people base their claim to recognition upon this metal.

L'HOMME Qui Rit does not refer to the man who writ, but rather to the editor who laughed as he rejected the contribution.

* * *

THE city authorities should see to it that all dog-days found straying out of season are sent to the pound.

* * *

A GEORGE orator, on the Fourth, accused Tammany of drinking from the "empyrean spring" of fraud and corruption. He seems to have become confused as to the Pierian spring and the Empire State. "Empyrean" means the highest heaven, but no one ever before accused Tammany of drawing inspiration from that source.

* * *

IT has been determined by palæontology that Bo-Peep's sheep, which "left their tales behind them," were of a statistical turn and merely wanted to leave on record a sudden decline in the wool supply.

* * *

WHERE is Palsy Fairchild? Having launched his curse he seems to have dried up like "She."

A WARNING TO FANNERS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Blaine has been received at supper by Henry Irving, it is not believed that he will be engaged as a member of the troupe until Irving opens a museum.

* * *

WATER has been used by an English rector instead of wine, at communion. Cowley wrote, on the miracle of turning water into wine at the marriage feast: "The conscious water saw its Lord, and blushed." The English rector who tries to turn wine into water is therefore only logical in refusing to blush.

* * *

A WESTERN robber and murderer, when asked to explain how he happened to enter on a career of wickedness, began his reply by saying: "I was born in Philadelphia."

INTERESTING LITERARY DISCOVERY.

ADMIRERS of Shakespeare will be interested in the discovery of a manuscript letter written by him to one of the managers of the Globe Theatre in 1610. The document is especially valuable inasmuch as it throws considerable light on the Bard's method of producing plays and his character for modesty and veracity. We quote it *verbatim*.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Dec. 15, 1610.

My dear Sir,—Here is another comedy—the last I shall do this year. It was written this morning, making the fourth that I have turned out since dinner yesterday. The piece, although executed rapidly, is none the less amusing, and I may say that I am perfectly satisfied with it, as I am with all my work.

I hope you will like it, and believe that you will, for it has no demerits whatever, being, on the contrary, one of my happiest efforts.

Yours, &c.,

To MASTER HEYWOOD, Globe Theatre. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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A BARGAIN.

SHE loved me not, and yet she wed me,
For I was rich, had wealth untold;
Her heart and hand she gladly gave me—
A fair exchange for all my gold.

Fair and sweet, at first I loved her,
But found her heartless, cruel, cold;
And yet our bargain's fairly equal,
For she was bought, and I was sold.

—*Isabella A. Mundy.*

SCIENTIFIC.

THE *Lancet* announces the discovery of a new anæsthetic in Australia, to which the name "drumine" is given. If some philanthropic genius will just go ahead in this line and discover "pianoine" and "cornetine," public confidence in the practical value of science will be immensely strengthened.

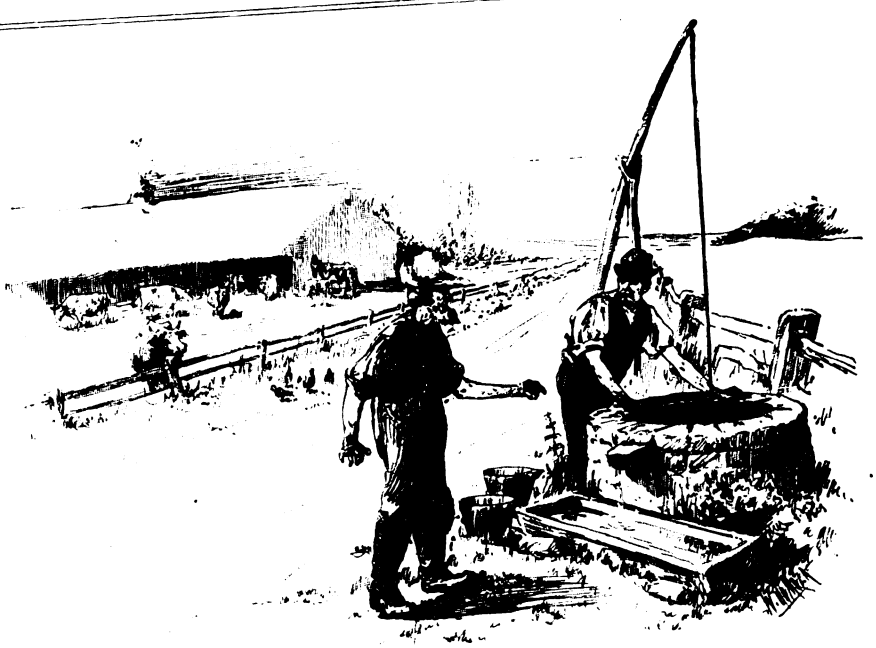
IT is said that the roller-skating craze has reached Philadelphia.

A WEALTHY grandfather always receives the respect and veneration due to old age,

WHAT CAN BE SAID.

MISS B. has asked Brown and Jones to play tennis and stay to dinner. They appear in tennis-suits, each with a small hand-bag containing linen collar and cuffs.

MISS B.: There, I told mamma you would have sense enough to bring dress-suits!



UP WITH THE TIMES.

Farmer (to new farm hand from the city): WHAT HEV YE DONE WITH ALL THIS MORNING'S MILK?

New Hand: POURED IT DOWN THE WELL, OF COURSE!

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BOOKISHNESS

A SUMMER NOVEL BY ARLO BATES.

AS a summer novel, to be read by flirting men and maidens within sound of the sea, "A Lad's Love" (Roberts Brothers) is good enough and perfectly harmless. There are a good many spots in it which are intended to be very bright and clever, but lie very near the borderlands of folly.

And there are two charming women in the book, drawn with a light touch and yet a good deal of feeling; they are *Olive* and her daughter *Phoebe*. The few pages, here and there, which show the tenderly humorous relations of mother and daughter, are worth all the philandering and persiflage of the rest of the book.

Perhaps the author should also be given some credit for the skill in which he has pictured, through *Gilbert*, "the flaring twinkle of a rushlight, the delusive fervor of a lad's love." To this half-baked period, through which even the best of men pass, we look back in later years with a feeling of contempt and shame for our consummate folly. It is a kind Fate which does not hold the man responsible for the vows of his youth.

* * *

THE glimpses we get of the old dowagers who sit around the summer hotel parlors on rainy afternoons and knit and gossip, and give each other spiteful little digs for the failings of themselves or their families, are true to life, though hardly satirical enough. But Campobello is a beautiful, good-humored, well-bred place, where much of the barbarity of the American summer resort has evidently failed to gain a foothold.

* * *

TAKE them all in all, though, what tremendous vulgarizers these Great American Summer Hotels are! It is pitiful to see hundreds of fair girls taken from the quiet shelter and freedom of good homes and paraded in their finery in the presence of "a Thousand Guests." If every one of the Thousand Guests was a saint and a gentleman, the experience would still be cruel and against the best instincts of the heart. Yet, one and all, they seem to enjoy it; they face a battery of two thousand eyes as coolly as veterans march up a hill to a frowning fort.

It may be nerve and American grit, but it is not womanliness. What the American girl needs (and, for that matter, the American boy) is the right kind of a home, and a great deal more of it.

This is not a lay sermon, but a little solemn Realism of the Howells type. *Droch.*

A MASSACHUSETTS inventor has just concluded arrangements with the city fathers of the Quaker City for the purchase of five hundred lawn mowers, to be used in the public streets.

A DIFFERENT VINE ALTOGETHER.

"WHAT a delicious drink!" said an agriculturally ignorant young woman, who was sipping some kumyss at the cattle show. "Is it made from the product of the grape-vine, George?"

"No," replied George, "it is made from the product of the bovine."

IT must not be forgotten that Satan is always warmed up for work.

PROMPT ACTION.

"JOHN," said his wife on our way home from church to-night, "Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting mother. As it was he frightened her seriously. I think you ought to do something about it."

"I will," responded John, promptly, "I'll see Smith the first thing in the morning, and if he doesn't want too much for the dog I'll buy him."

WHEN you pick your summer resort, try to pick one that won't pick you.

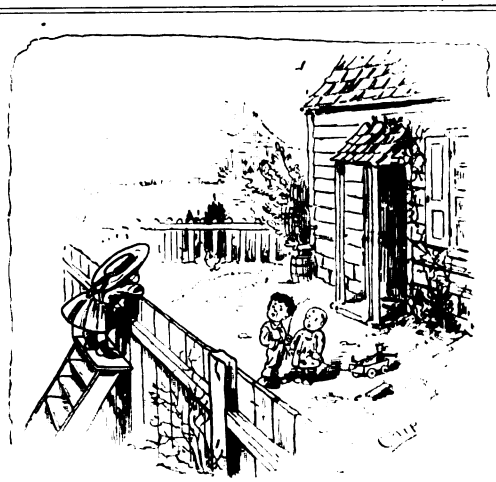
HOW to be a good anglomaniac and at the same time denounce coercion—that is the question.

FROMAGE DE BRIE.

FREDDIE: I say, Charlie, old fellow, when can a man be said to swallow his clothes?

CHARLIE: Well, now, pon honor I really can't guess, you know.

FREDDIE: Give it up, eh? Well, when he eats his *Brie cheese.*



YOUTHFUL COURTESY.

New Resident: CAN I TUM OVER AND PLAY WIS ZOO?

Gentleman Addressed: NO, YER CAN'T; AND IF YER DON'T STOP LOOKIN' AT OUR HOUSE, I'LL THROW A BRICK AT YER.

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THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL.

Young Featherhead: AH, BUT SHE *did* SMILE AT ME.
Tom: WHO?
Young Featherhead: THAT PRETTY GIRL LEADING THE ORCHESTRA.
Tom: PRETTY GIRL! WHY, WHEN SHE ENTERED HALF-AN-HOUR AGO YOU WONDERED WHY "GRANNY" CAME TO THE CONCERT ALONE!

LONG BRANCH ZEPHYRS.

THE season has opened with a boom, the echoes of which are, no doubt, distinctly heard in Jerusalem.

The weather is delightful—a cool, "hand-me-down" breeze blowing perpetually from the sea, and refreshing the just and unjust alike. It costs nothing.

Adolph Minzenheimersburg and family, which includes eleven beautiful little Minzenheimersburgs, are at their cottage on Levi Avenue. They are charming people.

Mrs. Isreal Solomanheimers is at the Bayvillion Hotels, accompanied by her friend Miss Rachel Mordaykai. The diamonds owned by the two ladies are valued by an expert to be worth $500,000. Moses Levi, who is here, too, says they are the finest he has seen since he was Sinbad's partner.

Lazrus Litchensteenheimer, of Litchensteenheimer's Palatial Clothing Emporium, St. Louis, arrived at the Vest Ends last evening. Fond of pedestrian exercise, he walked from the station to the hotel carrying his trunk on his shoulder.

Saul Oppenheimersburg and family are at their cottage on Rebecca Avenue.

As usual, all bills are payable weekly.

There was a grand hop at the Shentpershent Hotel last night. The company included Mr. and Mrs. Isreals, Miss Rachel Israels, Mr. and Mrs. Lippsteen, Mr. and Mrs. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Leiberschunsky, Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs, the Misses Isaacs and Mrs. Moses. The latter wore $100,000 worth of diamonds, and a beautiful calico gown trimmed with fur.

Bathing is excellent. Being free, everybody goes in. David Soloman's fast trotters are much admired. They cost $10,000 without their harness, and trot in 1.17 "while you wait."

Mrs. Esther Weilheimer is at the Vest Ends. She has $975,000 worth of diamonds. Mr. Weilheimer, it will be remembered, sells coats and trousers in New York that were originally made for the Prince of Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Moses Bartholomew are at their cottage on Vitegoots Avenue. Mrs. B.'s diamonds are very much admired.

The hotels are filling up fast. All the hotel clerks say it is no trouble to show celebrities.

Mr. and Mrs. Mosenthaler are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Waxenheimer, Jr.

No sane person doubts the success of the season.

Reuben.

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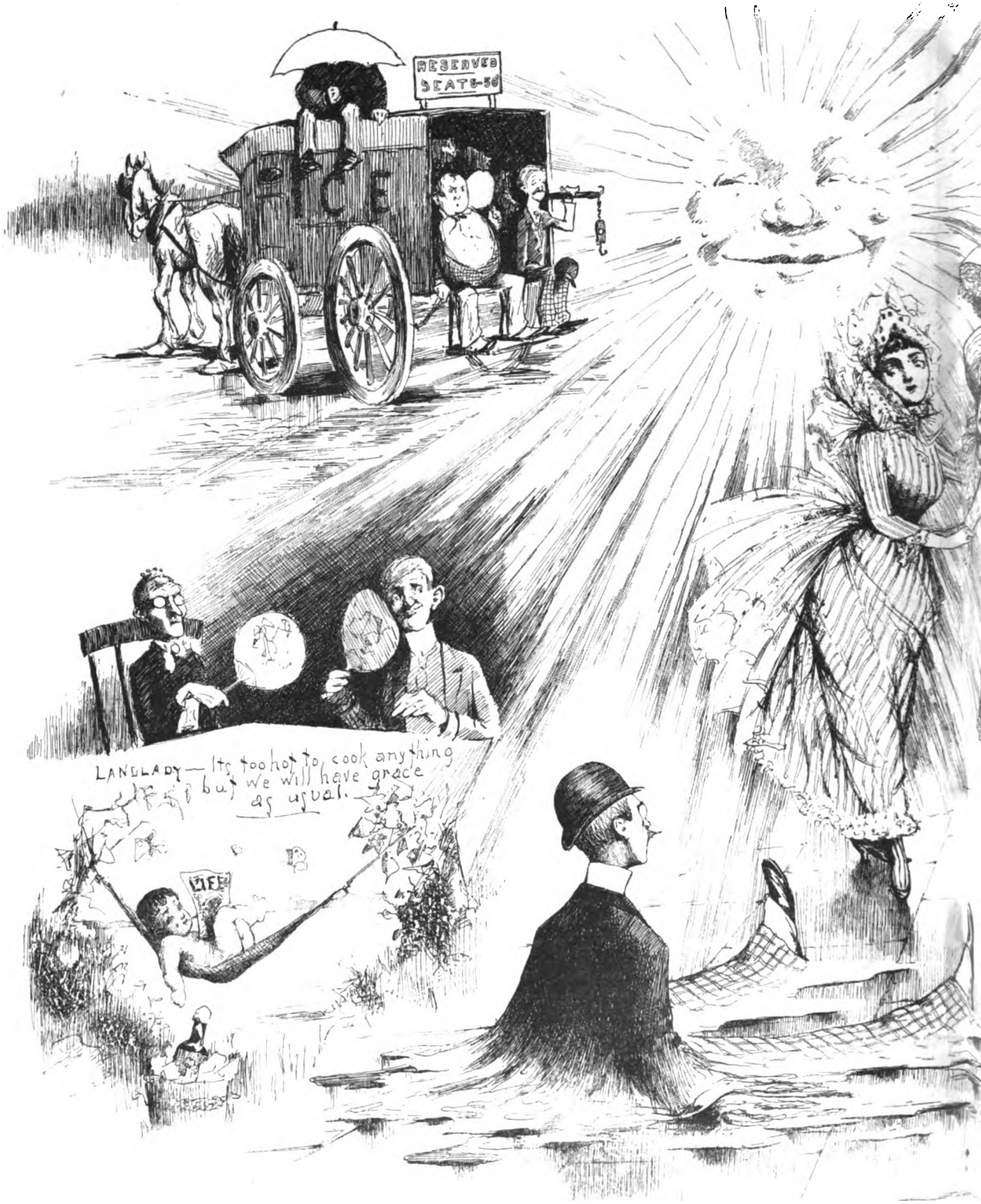

MIDSUMM

"WHEN HOT FACED SOL WOULD

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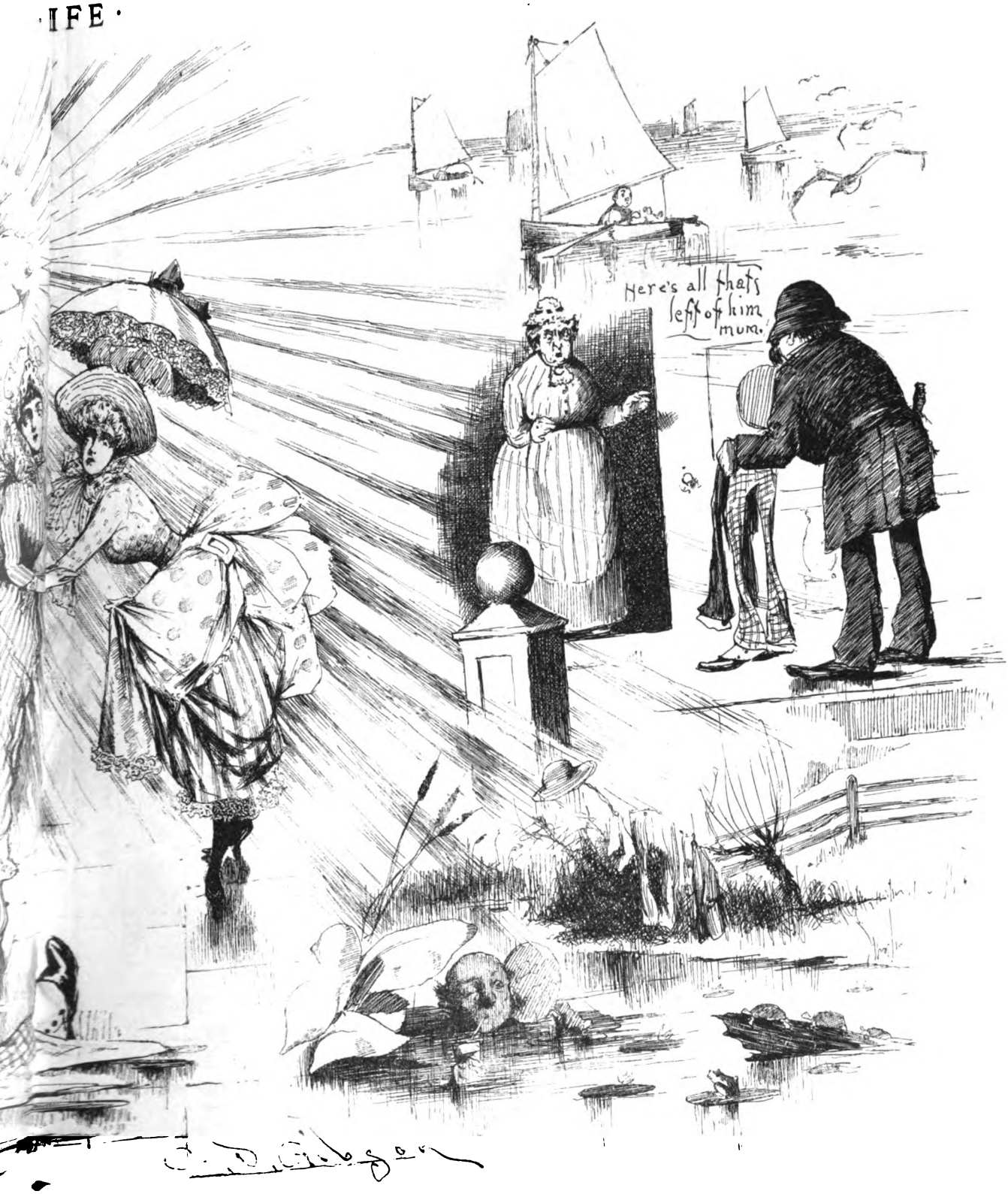

UMER JOYS.

WOO MELT US BACK INTO A DEW."

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THE END OF THE YARN.

—"We had used up all our shot an' the inimy was abearin' down upon us with every sail up. Death was astaring us all in the face, for in thim days no quarter was given or taken: our decks was covered with dead, an' we all felt as though our last moment was come. Suddenly the order come for to cut off the heads of the corpses on deck an' use them for cannon-balls; an' we done it, an' in less time a'most than it has took for me to tell you, we sunk the inimy's intire fleet, an' come home with colors all aflying."

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

IN my queer little den up three rickety flights
(Rather snug in the winter and cool summer nights),
With a pipe 'twixt my lips, and a book on my knee,
I dreamed of the past and that five o'clock tea.

What dummies of fashion, what innocent looks;
What critics of dresses, of pictures, of books;
What excellent matter for verses you see,
If you linger awhile at a five o'clock tea!

What scandal, what gossip, what chatter, what noise
Did I hear from a parcel of maidens and boys!
How I longed to be home and evermore free
From the dignified calm of that five o'clock tea!

When Lord Tweedledum, by a tiger in drab,
Was tooled to the curb in a black-and-tan cab,
What natural ripples of pleasure and glee
Thrilled all of the "buds" at that five o'clock tea!

How Marguerite's heart beat; how Geraldine's clear
Faded eyes were thrown up to the great chandelier!
While Peg (*ætat* thirty) vowed Margery D.
"Made eyes at my lord" at that five o'clock tea.

When Peggy was younger what epigrams terse,
What Byronic stanzas and love-freighted verse
I wrote—"On Her Glances," "Is Love Fancy Free?"
How I cursed them last week at that five o'clock tea!

How heartstrings would tighten, how pulses would throb,
When I helped her to mount on her Normandy cob!
She blushed, then she laughed at my passionate plea
Years ago, ere I dreamt of a five o'clock tea.

She married Bob Brooks, of the Seventh, I think;
He tippled until he succumbed to his drink.
Maud detailed his faults and condoned them to me
In her womanly way at that five o'clock tea.

They say she is wed to his memory now;
I protest that his loss has not furrowed her brow.
Yet I fancied she thought the—er—feelings that she
Awoke might live *after* that five o'clock tea.

The candles burn dimmer; no longer my pipe
'Mid its smoke forms a picture of feminine type;
A muffin is done to a turn, and so we
Bid farewell to the past and that five o'clock tea.

De Witt Sterry.

THE Chinese always weep at their weddings. As usual, the Chinese are ahead.

AMERICAN flowers that are now blooming in Europe include the Roswell P. variety.

THOSE people whom coffee keeps awake should never drink it Sunday morning.

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

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AN INTERESTING CALCULATION.

"WELL, what are you doing now?" asked McCorkle, as he went into Fangle's office and found that gentleman busy over several sheets of foolscap paper covered with figures.

"Just calculating a little," replied Fangle. "Do you know how many children Christopher Columbus had?"

"No, I don't. What do you want to know that for?"

"I've estimated them at five. Then I want to know all about the families of every sailor on board his ships."

"What for?"

"And after that," proceeded Fangle without answering the question, "I want to know how many relatives of every grade Ferdinand and Isabella had."

"Well, but what is all this for?" asked McCorkle, beginning to get impatient.

"I must also procure a list of the children of all the English monarchs since the discovery of America, and estimate how many square inches their portraits would occupy. Then I want an approximation of the number of Amerigo Vespucci's family, as well as of those of others who had anything to do with the discovery or exploration of America. And I don't know but what I ought to include Pizarro and the other ducks who had anything to do with Mexico and South America."

"But what in the name of common sense do you want all those statistics for?"

"I am sure," proceeded Fangle, "I shall have to enumerate all the rulers of every American nation since the Revolutionary War, with their families."

"But what *is* this for?"

"Why, I am trying to form an approximation of how long the 'Life of Lincoln' is likely to run in the *Century*." *W. H. Siviter.*

FOR RECUPERATION.

GENTLEMAN (*looking for country board*): How far from City Hall?

FARMER: Forty minutes.

GENTLEMAN: Near station?

FARMER: Five minutes.

GENTLEMAN: Plenty of trains?

FARMER: Twenty each way.

GENTLEMAN: How early can I get New York papers?

FARMER: Seven o'clock.

GENTLEMAN: I'll try it for a week. My system is all run down, and my physician says I must have absolute rest.

IF Mr. Cleveland wants to give something to the South, why not send them Garland?

THE Jubilee being over, the British lion has discontinued putting his tail in curl-papers when retiring at night.

TOO LATE.

Fond Mother: PUT PLENTY OF WATER IN RUFUS'S CURRANT WINE, DEAR. I SHOULD BE VERY SORRY TO HAVE A TASTE FOR LIQUOR DEVELOPED IN A SON OF MINE.

Rufus belongs to the "Whoop-her-up" Club at college, and is considered the "Bully Boy" of his class.

AN EXPLODED THEORY.

FOND FATHER: Talk of college not fitting a young man for earning a living! Just as soon as Johnny graduated he obtained a splendid position.

FRIEND: What was it?

FOND FATHER: First base.

MEXICO arrests women for wearing Mother Hubbard dresses, and has passed a ukase, which we believe is Mexican for law, that no citizen must walk the streets without trousers on. We don't want to get into any international trouble, but we must say that Mexico is getting a trifle "finnicky."

PRESCRIPTION FOR SUMMER TONIC.

℞

Spiritus Vini Otardi,	ʒi
Spiritus Vini Jamaici,	ʒi
Sugarum Whitum,	℈iv
Icibus Finis,	℥ii
Sliceum Pineappleii,	quant. suff.
Strawberrii,	" "

M. Sig.

Shakitis violenter.
Suckite dulciter cum strawum.

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Uncle Jeff.: LOOK A' HEAH, YOU HEN'Y CLAY WHITE. HOW MANY TIMES HAS I TOLE YO' SMOKEN' 'LL SHAWTEN YO' LIFE MO'N HALF?

Young H. C.: WELL, UNC' JEFF, YO' BEEN SMOKEN' MOS' ALL YO' LIFE, AN' YO' IS A PUTTY OLE MAN.

U. J.: DAT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU FOOL NIGGA'! I'SE EIGHTY-FO' NOW, AN' EF I HAD'N' SMOKED WHEN I WAS A BOY I MIGHT 'A' BEEN MO'N A HUNDRED YEARS OLE BY DIS TIME.

RESPECT AND DEFERENCE.

A YOUNG man politely offered his seat in a street-car to an old gentleman, and then went and stood on the platform.

"I am glad to see, sir," said a fellow passenger, "a young man like you pay that respect and deference to old age which it should always command."

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, "that old codger is worth a million dollars."

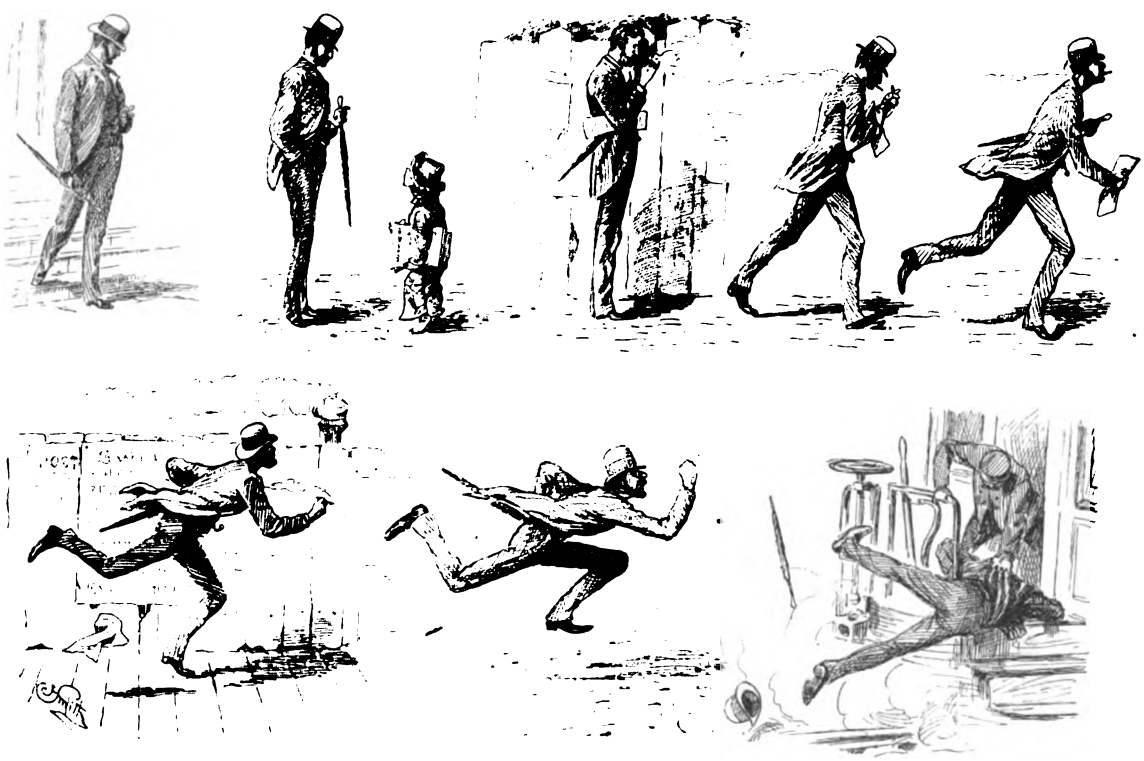
"SIR," said the angry citizen to Mayor Hewitt, "I have fallen on a coal hole on Broadway, and injured my back."

"All right," said the Mayor, "I will send a letter to the Board of Aldermen at once. If that does not remedy the evil, you had better apply a porous plaster."

NEVER cultivate forgetfulness lest, peradventure, you should acquire several simultaneous wives.

IN order to meet the wants of callow youths who seek nutriment from the handles of their walking-sticks, it is recommended that dudes this summer shall carry sugar-canes or sticks of candy.

A GREAT baseball mascot—total abstinence.



THE VALUE OF THAT LAST MINUTE TO THE SUBURBAN RESIDENT.

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PROBABLY NOT.

IS there a martyr who can pair,
In hist'ry's painful annals,
With him whose wife still makes him wear
His heavy winter flannels?
—*Cleveland Sun and Voice.*

GUEST (*at summer hotel*): Who is that distinguished looking young man wiping dishes?

PROPRIETOR: That is Mr. Emerson Tracy Bancroft, who delivered the magnificent oration on "The Ideality of Life" at Yalemouth commencement.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THERE is less originality in profanity than in anything else. It is as old as sin.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

H. W. RIPLEY, of Portland, Me., who has passed forty-nine summers in the White Mountains, tells a story about Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher once drove a passenger wagon from the Twin to the Crawford, just for fun. In turning around, his team became tangled up and his wagon bid fair to tip, when a Portland & Ogdensburg conductor, looking out of a chamber window of the hotel, shouted, "Let go your leaders, you —— old fool!"

"That's good advice, young man," was Mr. Beecher's calm reply, as he followed it.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

HE HAD READ THE PAPERS.

FARMER WAYBACK: I want to see yer boss.

OFFICE-BOY: Have you a card, sir?

FARMER WAYBACK: Now you go 'long, ye pert little upstart, an' tell yer boss I wanter see him. Ye can't come no three-card-monte games on me; I've read the papers, an' I'm posted.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MRS. BROWN: You told me that if I left my table-cloth out all night the fruit-stains would disappear. Well, I put it out last night.

MRS. JONES: Of course the stains were gone in the morning?

MRS. BROWN: Yes; so was the table-cloth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

AN up-town father a few days before the Fourth gave his ten-year-old heir a five dollar bill with which to buy himself a pair of shoes, a hat and some fireworks. The patriotic son brought home a 35 cent pair of shoes, a 15 cent hat and $4.50 worth of fireworks.—*Buffalo Express.*

FOR a very safe and lucrative business, with the charm of novelty and excitement added thereto, we suggest that scientific train robbing is by far the best thing discovered in a long time. It beats the lottery all to pieces. It is surer in its returns, and at least you always get your money back and have any quantity of fun.—*Austin (Texas) Statesman.*

SINCE the failure of Fidelity Bank, the dogs of Cincinnati look insulted when called Fido.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"WELL, I didn't think much of their essays," commented a much-bustled young lady as she left a high-school commencement, "but their dresses were quite as pretty as those seen on the stage last year."—*Norristown Herald.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

"The Ladies' Favorite." Pure. Purifying. Emollient. A luxury for shampooing. Cures Skin Diseases. THE PACKER MFG. CO.,
100 Fulton St., New York.

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Perfume
EDENIA.
Lundborg's
Rhenish Cologne.

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LADIES' ROUND HATS.
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Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.

KIMBALL'S SATIN
Straight Cut Cigarettes.
People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 10s, 20s, 50s, and 100s. *14 Prize Medals.*
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

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Habit Maker and Hatter,

Bellevue Ave., Newport
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Riding Habits cut on new safety principles. Braided Gowns, Coats, Jackets and Ulsters in original designs. Riding Hats from the leading London Manufacturers.

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STEEL PENS
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CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.
Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.
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Red Fern.

LADIES' TAILOR.

Ladies on their Eastern Tour are invited to inspect the Latest Models of Gowns, Coats, etc., designed and imported for the prevailing heated term.

New and exclusive designs and colors in Imported Cloths made expressly for this house.

BELLEVUE AVENUE, NEWPORT, R. I.,

—AND—

210 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A TEASPOONFUL OF

Red Brown's Ginger

ESTABLISHED 1822 — PHILAD'A, PA. U. S. A.

WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

THE BLUE JAR AND WHITE SPOON.

OFFICERS of the Army and Navy, Chemists, Engineers, Physicians, Prominent Actors and Artists, Ministers of the Gospel, Railway Magnates, Judges, Senators, Professors of Dental Colleges, Bankers and Merchants, notable Ladies, and refined people everywhere, have been pleased not only with the snowy-white creamy Zonweiss, but the beautiful blue jar containing it, and its little white spoon for putting it on the brush.

ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

THE WINE OF

THE PEERAGE

CHAMPAGNE

RICH, EXTRA DRY, OR BRUT.

DU VIVIER & CO.

49 BROAD ST, NEW YORK.

FINE WINES, BRANDIES &C.

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"PERFECT PURITY"

FILTERS.

Not simply a strainer, but a TRUE FILTER. Fitted with "GALVANO ELECTRIC" FILTERING MEDIUM, which DESTROYS low forms of life and poisons in SOLUTION (wherein lies the greatest danger) as well as in suspension.

Write for complete Filter Pamphlet and Catalogue, sent post free on application, to

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A. F. FREEMAN, M'gr.

JOHN PATTERSON & CO.

Tailors & Importers,

Patterson Building,

Nos. 25 & 27 W. 26th Street,

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GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.

GRANDE GRILLE — Diseases of the Liver.

HOPITAL — Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists.

JAMES W. RENWICK,

39 WOOSTER STREET,

HAS in Stock a Large Assortment of SEASONABLE CARRIAGES, including Novelties in Buck-Boards, Depot Wagons, Shooting Wagons, Carts, etc. Also, a large number of Second-Hand Vehicles by BREWSTER & CO. (of Broome Street.)

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

OBESITY easily, pleasantly and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs.

A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanation HOW TO ACT, sent in plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of four stamps. "The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—*Med. Review*

Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

THEN WHY NOT TRY

WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,
CARACAS CHOCOLATE,
BREAKFAST COCOA,
and other preparations.

R. O WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manuf'r's., Philadelphia, Pa.

EDEN MUSEE, 23d St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves.
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MUNCZI LAJOS
AND
PRINCE PAUL ESTERHAZY'S ORCHESTRA.
Concerts 3 to 5, 8 to 11 P. M.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS.
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PRESS OF FLEMING, BREWSTER & ALLEY, 27 & 29 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1887. NUMBER 239

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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.
Ten Cents a Copy.

LITERAL.

American Tourist (*to Interpreter*): ASK THE CLERK IF MR. ROUSSEAU IS IN.

Interpreter: EST-CE-QUE M. ROUSSEAU EST CHEZ LUI?

Clerk: NON, MONSIEUR. M. ROUSSEAU N'EST PAS EN VILLE. IL EST ALLÉ Á TONNERRE, EN GASCOGNE.

Interpreter (*to A. T.*): HE SAYS THAT MR. ROUSSEAU IS NOT IN. HE HAS GONE TO THUNDER IN GASCONY.

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

VOL. X. JULY 28, 1887. No. 239.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

IT is all very well to condemn the weather as a topic for discussion, but surely during this month of July, it has proved its title to constant and respectful consideration. Day after day the sun has seemed to rise with the fiery purpose of breaking the record, and only the proprietors of four-story thermometers have had evidence that he has not succeeded. It has been a sore trial to babies and car-horses, to whom the tinkle of ice in the tumbler, and the architectural beauty of the straw rising above the rim have no charms; but men who have an appreciation of those beauties can find a certain comeliness even in the temperature of this July.

* * *

THE newspapers recommend a variety of alleviations, as—abstinence from meat, and from alcoholic drinks, the adaptation of suitable, sensible clothes, and the cultivation of the house-tops as an abode. All of these are good suggestions, and a master of terse and vivid English has summed them all up in the single exhortation—Keep Cool!

* * *

IT has been particularly, spitefully hot in Washington, and the President has showed his usual intelligence in choosing the middle of July for an airing, and spending a good part of it in the rural districts of the State of New York. It was Mrs. Cleveland's first visit to her husband s relations, none of whom seem yet to be permanent residents of Washington, notwithstanding that the Democrats have been in power for more than two years.

* * *

IT seems that Mr. Keely, the inventor, who invented a reputation, is not dead yet. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, a gifted citizen of Philadelphia, is the author of an article in a current Philadelphia magazine, in which she distinctly affirms that Mr. Keely is still at it, and still has hopes. Mrs. Moore even gives a sort of inkling of the job Keely has undertaken, which is, to put it in plain language, to catch the intelligent force that makes the world go round and set it at engine-driving. If it is true that Mr. Keely has bitten off such a large mouthful as this, LIFE earnestly hopes that no one will hurry him. He must need a great deal of rest and quiet, and it is better that public attention should continue to dwell on Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, who have also undertaken a good deal, but who love to live in the sunlight of publicity.

* * *

AGAINST one possible result of his seclusion it is our duty to warn Mr. Keely, even in Philadelphia, where he is supposed to abide, he may have heard of a malevolent Westerner, named Donnelly, who loves to prove that things that people did were done by someone else. If Keely should get his motor to work, and Ignatius Donnelly should survive him, how long does any one suppose it would take Donnelly to prove that an obscure Philadelphian never could have found out anything new, and that the true motor-man was Chauncey Depew, who had motives of his own for concealing his discovery?

The arguments Mr. Donnelly will use are easily anticipated. It was a self-evident fact, he will say, that Depew possessed the secret of perpetual motion because he was always doing something; whereas, Keely was a slow man, living in the slowest town in the world, and for years of his life was a proverb of inactivity.

To get a disclaimer in advance from Mr. Depew would do Mr. Keely no good, for Donnelly would simply say that Depew was estopped by his position as a railroad president from doing anything that would depreciate the value of steam locomotives. The only sure precaution is for Mr. Keely, when his engine is perfected, to invite Donnelly to come and see it, and let it off at him. That will fix him, and if the engine never draws another breath it will have done a good work.

Otherwise Donnelly will come out with selected words from Chauncey Depew's speeches, so assorted as to set forth all Mr. Keely's thunder in white and black.

* * *

LIFE notes with gratification the arraignment of the present system of trading in baseball players, by an ex-captain of the New York nine. Many other men besides baseball players are bought and sold—Aldermen, for instance!—but in other cases the chattel gets the money that is paid for him. A baseball player may double and treble in professional skill and value, and the principal pr(fit will accrue, not to the player himself, but to the club that has the right to reserve him. Such a system is rotten, and ought to be amended before another season.

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A CONTENTED SOUL.

He owns a thousand acres in the Adirondack woods,
A half a dozen mountains are among his earthly goods;
At a Queen Anne cottage on the beach he has the right to tarry,
And a farm replete with live-stock has been left him in Schoharie;
A residence at Newport and a Saratoga Spring,
His heiress wife had brought him when she donned the wedding ring;
And then, likewise, a pretty lodge not far from old Nantucket,
He had acquired from an Aunt who'd lately kicked the bucket.
In spite of which, and vaults that hold full many a similar asset,
He always sighs when summer comes: he has no place to pass it!

* * *

BY a curious coincidence, perhaps intended, the *Century's* war articles will be discontinued in October when the chestnuts fall.

* * *

A FREE translation of Browning is promised by a Boston publishing house for next winter. An interlinear edition for schools may also be expected.

* * *

THE French Minister at London had the honor to tread on the Queen's toe at a recent drawing-room, and has been recalled by his government in consequence.

* * *

MR. P. T. BARNUM, the eminent showman, is to write a story for the *Golden Argosy*.

Long experience in circus advertising should make Mr. Barnum an adept in the field of fiction, and we await his new work with much interest.

* * *

THE Jigwack is an animal used by the rulers in Central Africa for the torture of prisoners. It is broad-backed and of irregular motion, and the inability of the rider to accustom himself to the spasmodic up-and-down bobbing of the brute, which travels at a high rate of speed, causes the unfortunate offender to suffer excruciating agony.

It is said to be quite similar in action to the American village cart.

* * *

IT frequently happens that City tradesmen take a reef in their sales at this time of year.

PRINCE FERDINAND, the recently elected King of Bulgaria, is disappointed because his predecessor has not congratulated him on his new honors.

Alexander probably feels more like condoling with him. He knows what sort of a bed of roses the Bulgarian throne is.

* * *

THE *Tribune* has failed to call attention to the fact that if Mr. Blaine had been elected in '84, a brave engineer would not have been killed on the special train of a Democratic President.

Whitelaw Reid must be out of town.

* * *

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is said to be in poor health, and, oddly enough, his trouble is stated as imperfect circulation.

* * *

HERR KRUPP is dead. It is believed that he has assisted more emigrants to a better sphere than any other man in the world's history.

* * *

BRITISH maidens are very highly educated, and can, as a rule, speak all languages except English with great fluency.

* * *

THE Philadelphia edition of the N. Y. *World* has been discontinued.

It contained so much news that the Philadelphia mind got tired out and gave it up.

* * *

A WESTERN Philosopher says: "He is rich who has a goodly store of memories."

This has been proven of late years by the enormous success Adam Badeau and other professional reminiscencers have had with their pens.

* * *

AN observing man has written: "I have seen what military glory is—a bullet through the heart; swarming and loathsome maggots—at best a procession, a hearse, white horses, plumes, a volley, eternal farewell." And he might have added, in the case of Lord Wolseley, a fall from a camel.

A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.

Suspicious Party: SAY, MISTER GEORGE! SKINNEY AN' ME WAS UP TER YOUR MEETIN' LAS' NIGHT, AND WE'VE BEEN CONVERTED TO YOUR DOCTRINE OF DIVISION OF PROPERTY.

H—y G—ge: WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT, MY GOOD FELLOWS.

Suspicious Party: YES, AN' AS WE TWO IS SORT O' IMPETUOUS FELLERS WE'VE DECIDED TO PUT THE THEORY TO WORK AT ONCE; SO SHELL OUT AN' DIVIDE.

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A ROMANTIC CHAPTER.

Boy (who has found letter, reading): "Life without Araminta is unbearable, and I have buried myself rather than endure tortures unspeakable; of the chance traveler who may happen to peruse this I would simply make the request that, should he find the bottle empty, he shall fill it and pass pityingly on.

MR. HOWELLS ENLIGHTENS.

WE infer from some published utterances of Mr. Howells' that Tolstoi is a trifle too great for this planet, and that Dickens' inferiority was less his own fault than that of the period in which he wrote. This will be a relief to the admirers of Mr. Dickens. We have all experienced a feeling of despair in turning from the passion of Mr. Howells to the drivel of Mr. Dickens, and it is certainly generous of the former to explain the shortcomings of the latter. Mr. Howells' admiration for Tolstoï is easy to understand. When an author, who makes a profession of describing finger-nails and buttons, encounters another genius of the same order, who works in more buttons and more finger-nails, his enthusiasm naturally gets the better of him. Whatever Mr. Howells is, the inference would be that Mr. Tolstoï is more so.

THE Lambs' Club of New York is composed of professional Thespians. There is a great difference between these real big Lambs and the little lambateurs outside.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

"WILLIE WAFFLERS," said the teacher, "which is the shortest day in the year?"

"Twenty-fust of December," replied Willie, who was correct so far as the writer knows.

"And Tommy Tuff may tell us which is the longest day," said the teacher indulgently.

"Sunday!" shouted Tommy.

1,500,000 BASKETS have been ordered preparatory to the failure of the Delaware peach crop.

OVERTAKEN BY MISFORTUNE.

VISITOR (*to tramp, who is enjoying a comfortable meal at Blackwell's Island*): You have been unfortunate, my friend.

TRAMP (*bitterly*): I should say so! The Judge only gave me thirty days when I fully expected six months.

THE FISHERMAN BITTEN.

SUMMER GUEST (*sulkily*): Look here! I've waited all day long and never got a bite, and yet this was advertised as a "Pleasant Place to Fish."

COUNTRYMAN: So it is a pleasant place; but nothing was said about what you'd catch.

THE BENEFIT OF PROPER EXERCISE.

JAY GOULD recovered his health by indulging in Field sport.

BEEN THERE BEFORE.

Umpire: OUT.

Populace and Captain of Home Team: WHAT?

Umpire: SAFE.

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BOOKISHNESS

A NOVEL BY EDGAR SALTUS.

JUDGED by Dr. Johnson's rule, that a book should help one either to enjoy life or endure it, "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" (Benjamin & Bell), a pessimistic novel by Edgar Saltus, is one of the worst volumes of the summer season. In it Virtue is rewarded with death, Vice with a conscienceless prosperity, and the man of sympathy is tortured by very reason of his good-heartedness. To gain either enjoyment or endurance from such a novel would require the reader to be of unusually tough construction both in sentiments and morals.

This is one very evident side of the question, and Mr. Saltus has already been unmercifully scored for it by several Philistine critics, who assert with great boldness and self-assurance that he is all wrong, and that things in life never happen just that way.

Now, as a matter of fact, to any thinking man who gets his knowledge of the world at first-hand, there is a great deal of very solemn truth in the view of life expounded by Mr. Saltus. Virtue *is* rewarded with death and Vice with a conscienceless prosperity very, very often in this unhappy planet; the man of sympathy *does* suffer untold tortures of which his brutal fellow-man never dreams; the "illusions of love, hope and ambition" *do* cheat us into thinking life "a pleasant thing worth living." So far, Mr. Saltus is a wiser man than his very smart Philistine critics.

* * *

BUT in the midst of such unwholesome soil, here and there men have been found with courage enough to cultivate the Arts—the flowers of fancy, imagination and reason, which are beautifying the world and making it more worth the living in. And literature is the greatest of these arts. Yet Mr. Saltus debases it, violates its first principles, and adds to the sum of human misery by picturing what is wholly bad and full of despair.

It won't do; it is the truth, but it is not the *whole* truth. Mr. Saltus is like a witness for Humanity who has broken his oath and kept back part of what he knows to be true. Such perjured testimony condemns men to despair, when they might live a little while in the sunlight.

Americans have builded a great nation in hope, and they are not ready to believe in a Philosophy of Disenchantment.

* * *

IN "Penelope's Suitors" (Ticknor), Edwin Lassetter Bynner has quaintly told the love-story of Governor Bellingham, of Massachusetts, and Penelope Pelham, who were married in 1641. A hint of their romance has come down to us in history and tradition, and Mr. Bynner has amplified it with peculiar delicacy of fancy and sentiment, very much in the manner of John Esten Cooke's idyl of "My Lady Pokahontas."

A VERY handsomely printed collection of "Society Verse by American Writers" (Benjamin & Bell) has been made by Ernest De Lancey Pierson. Most of the best names in this kind of verse-making are here represented, though there are some notable omissions. A volume of this kind without F. D. Sherman in it can hardly be considered representative. Bunner, Henderson, Lüders, and Munkittrick have written much better verses than those given in this selection under their names. *Droch.*

· NEW BOOKS ·

TEN THOUSAND MILES ON A BICYCLE. By Karl Kron. New York: Published by the Author.

The Three Tetons. A Story of the Yellowstone. By Alice Wellington Rollins. New York: Cassell & Company.

Tales Before Supper. From Théophile Gautier and Prosper Merrimée. Told by Myndart Verelst and Edgar Saltus. New York: Brentano.

IN THE COUNTRY.

BOARDER: I walked out and got up a splendid appetite for dinner.

NEWCOMER: What did you have for dinner?

BOARDER: Cod-fish and the appetite.

IT is said, with reference to the mosquitoes which infest the summer boarder in a territory adjacent to New York, that the letters N. J. stand for "No joke."

A MISTAKE.

Porter: GENTS, THIS WAY, PLEASE.

Swell (who dislikes the word "gent"): BY JOVE, FELLAH! I'M NO GENT!

Porter (in apparent confusion): BEG Y'R PARDON, MISS, BUT Y'R CLOTHING DECEIVED ME.

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A YOUTH and a maid went a-fishing one day—
One sunshiny morning in May;
She with a sketch book, he with a fly,
And little they guessed that Cupid so sly—
That Cupid himself was fishing hard by—
Was fishing just over the way.

Cupid's bow was unstrung on that morning in May,
And made with the bowstring a fish-pole that day;
And over the way, had he happened to look,
Sate he of the fishing-rod, she of the book,
Little thinking that Cupid was fishing the brook,
The very same brooklet as they.

And so it fell out as they angled away,
A big shiny carp came a-swimming that way;
And as in a moment they each made a cast,
Cupid's line caught the line of the youth as it passed,
And tangled him up with the maiden so fast—
In a tangle so witchingly woven they say,
It has not been untied since that morning in May.

TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE IMBROGLIO.

IT is the prerogative of LIFE, as distinguished from its esteemed contemporaries of the daily press, to extend its reporting function over the past and the future as well as the present. By our special facilities in this line we are now enabled to offer an authentic statement received by direct private wire from the early portion of the seventeenth century, which throws an important light on the vexed question of the authorship of "Shakespeare."

The adherents of Sir Francis Bacon have lately become more adhesive than ever in sticking to their claim that he, and not Shakespeare, wrote the plays which have been masquerading for nearly three hundred years as the work of the "divine William." But LIFE is now in a position to declare authoritatively that these dramatic trifles were not written by a divine at all, and that they were not entirely the offspring of Bacon's fancy nor of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's. It is well known that a slight depression of the skull, caused by the merest accident—such as diving from the Brooklyn Bridge at an incorrect angle, or coming into unpremeditated contact with a moving railroad train—will sometimes throw a cloud over the brightest intellect. On the other hand, people of ordinary ability sometimes have their intelligence quickened by hard knocks which would prove disastrous to a well-established genius. A famous French philosopher dated his mental development from the time when he received a severe blow on the cranium, which readjusted the bony environment of his brain.

Now, the facts about Shakespeare and Bacon, as communicated to us, are the following: Shakespeare started out as a youth of considerable promise and wrote some poems and a play or two, which bade fair to win him renown. Bacon at the same time was becoming known as a jurist and philosopher, but had not shown any faculty as a dramatist. One afternoon, as Shakespeare was hurriedly coming around the corner of the Globe Theatre, on his way home from rehearsal, he ran against Francis Bacon, who was hastening to the green-room in search of purely philosophical data. The two men bumped their heads together, and the result was a sudden depression in the skull of Shakespeare which promptly remodeled him into the dull lout that the Baconian theorists represented him to have been. He ceased to write plays. But Bacon's head was greatly improved by this sudden encounter with Shakespeare's. The bump which he at first thought to be a temporary enlargement of the caput—or an attack of "big head"—proved to be a permanent mansard addition to the Baconian phrenology, which gave room for the dramatic faculty. Bacon thereupon wrote the plays which Shakespeare would otherwise have written, while Shakespeare lapsed into a state of comparative imbecility, tempered by financial success as a theatre manager.

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"ALL ON A

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J M MER'S DAY."

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A PERMANENT BOARDER.

I.

I SAW her *ad.* in SUMMER HAUNTS
While sweltering in my office dreary;
Temptation lurked in every line,
For me, so overworked and weary.
"Pure milk, fresh berries, shady drives,
With boat and bath, and fish close by;"
What wonder that I snapped the bait!
'Twas last July.

II.

I summered in that rural place,
Where sylvan charms and scenes were plenty;
My hostess, buxom Widow Grace;
Her only daughter, one-and-twenty;
Croquet and tennis, rambles free
With Laura of the roguish eye;
Time floated past on gilded wings,
But last July!

III.

To-day, within that self-same place,
I view the world with jaundiced vision;
For vanished is the tender grace
Which last year rendered life elysian;
I drive the cattle, trundle trunks,
Chop wood, pick berries, cradle rye;
I'm Laura's spouse, the widow's son,
This bleak July!

—*E. F. G.*

THE USES OF ADVERTISING.

Petrified Bummer: I'LL STICK TO STRAIGHT WHISKEY HEREAFTER. SUCH THINGS CAN'T LIVE IN ALCOHOL.

THE hot spell seems to have affected every body but the New York Nine, which organization plays as bad ball with the mercury at 99° as when it fondly dallies in the seventies.

It is stated by those who know, that there is but one thing that can keep the Giants from winning the eighteenth place in the race, and that is that there are but nine clubs in the league.

Philadelphia is playing up, but it is a hopeless struggle, and the championship pennant may be set down as one of the few articles that cannot be had at Wannamaker's.

* * *

I LEARN on reliable authority that Stagg, Yale's phenomenal pitcher, is going into the Church. This is not unnatural. The diamond is a by no means bad training-school for the pulpit, and whether Mr. Stagg act as first base in the choir, or indulge in more active participation in stealing the base from Satan, I am sure he will succeed.

* * *

THE English athletes who are expected shortly to visit our shores, are to wear the colors of the Manhattan Athletic Club in the championship contests.

This is hardly a matter for the Manhattan Club to be proud of. If that organization is incapable of winning the all-around championship without the aid of imported athletes it should hide its diminished head, and the National Association of amateur athletes should at once proceed to put a protective tariff on the athletic product of foreign soil.

* * *

WHAT consternation there would be in Boston if the New York Yacht Club should import a British yacht to enable us to retain the *America's* cup.

* * *

LINCOLN, Nebraska, having lately organized a baseball nine, a prominent citizen of that town writes to ask if we think the *Century Magazine* would care to have a photograph of its members for Messrs. Hay & Nicolay's "Life of Lincoln."

We herewith submit the question to the Editor of our admired contemporary.

* * *

A VERY entertaining pastime for persons unable to leave town is called the Mercury High Jump. It may be played by any number of persons, each with a thermometer cooled by means of ice until the mercury registers thirty-two degrees. This point reached they are placed on orchestra chairs in any one of our Summer theatres, and the mercury getting to 102° first wins the prize.

This, next to guessing what is the matter with the Weather Bureau, and calculating by means of mathematics how much more of a blatherskite General Fairchild will be next week than he is this, is the most popular indoor game of the month.

Geo. W. Me.

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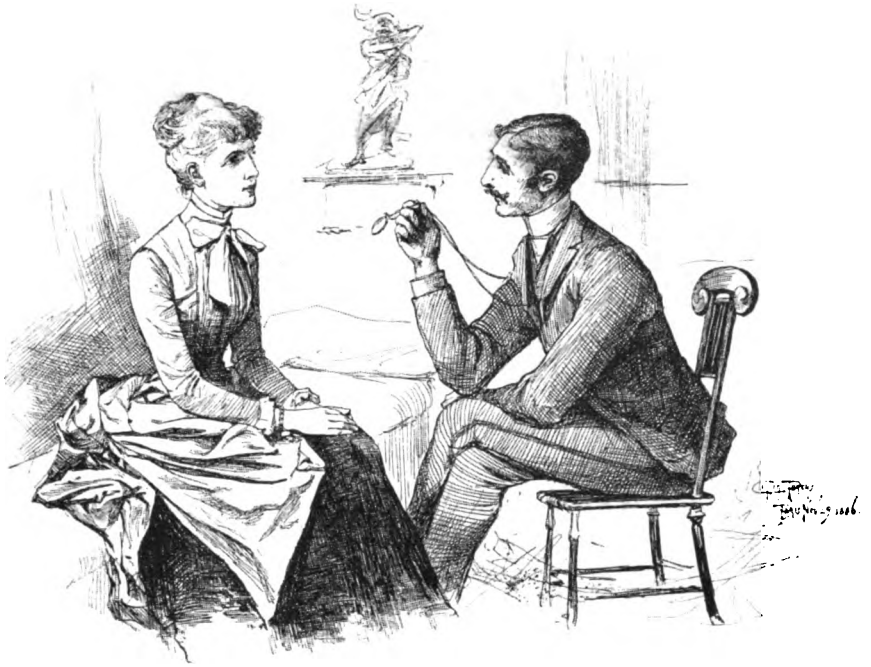


ANGLO.

Mr. Sissy: YA'AS, I DON'T DENY THAT I AM AN ANGLOMANIAC. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT, MISS MAUDE.

Miss Maude: I KNEW YOU WERE SOMETHING OF A MANIAC, MR. SISSY, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT KIND.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL HOUND.

A POOR half-starved and ragged Terrier, who had vainly tried every method of making a living, at last, in despair, appealed to a trim Greyhound whom he had known in better days.

"My friend," said the Greyhound, "you can help yourself as much as anybody else can help you. Throw off this dejected air. You are like a man walking under an umbrella and still wondering why the shadow pursues him. Don't whine; don't keep your tail between your legs. Let your eyes be bright and your coat well brushed."

"That is hard," sighed the Terrier, "when your heart is full of grief and your stomach empty."

"Don't yelp so," said the Hound. "I've moved a good deal in society, and I've noticed that those who need nothing receive much; but when hard luck overtakes a man everybody's back is turned. Now the correct thing for you to do is to conceal your necessities and assume a good air. In a short time I'll wager you won't have any necessities to conceal." *G. E. Hanson.*

THE thermometer, though crushed to earth, will rise again. Its occasional fall is due merely to exhaustion from the heat.

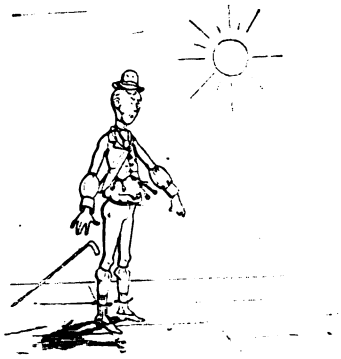
THE vitality of the dismembered batrachian exceeds even that of headless chickens, judging from the fact that frogs' legs in the market at Asbury Park have jumped fifty per cent. higher within a few days.

EXCOMMUNICATED and other angry persons will find that their withering smile of disdain will be much more effective if, before displaying it, they cease to foam at the mouth.

HOW ROBERT WAS SOLD ON A CHEAP SUIT OF CLOTHES, AND HOW HE HAD HIS REVENGE.

THEY FIT.

THEY SWELL.



THEY SHRINK.

THE REVENGE.

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ONLY THE CHILDREN.

APPLICANT: I have had considerable experience with children, ma'am, and never have any trouble in making them like me.

MISTRESS: That is very important.

APPLICANT: And I am sure I would get on nicely with your little dog, ma'am.

MISTRESS (*stroking the animal*): You would have nothing to do with Fido, dear little fellow! He is my especial charge.

THE man who is not original still has it in his power to make his everlasting quotation-mark.

AN EXCELLENT HOME MOTTO.

WOMAN (*in book-store*): I want a motto of some kind to hang up in my parlor.

CLERK: Yes, madam. How does "God Bless our Home" strike you?

MADAM: Old-fashioned, ain't it?

CLERK: It is a trifle old-fashioned. Well, there's "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

IRISH Catholics, in this country, it is rumored, will hereafter boycott all dealers in oranges, as well as those people who venture to display orange blossoms at weddings.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES SAY AT LONG BRANCH.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

HUSBAND: I see that a Massachusetts genius has secured a patent on a toothpick.

WIFE: If it is a kind that won't allow itself to be used in public it will fill a long-felt want.

NEW YORK, as reported by the National Bureau of Statistics, is ahead on strikes—but not those of the ball-field.

A CALL TO ARMS.

THERE went to a cupboard
A lady named Hupboard
To look for a bone;
But when she found none
It saddened her so that she blupboard.

"Father Gander."

PESSIMISM is very handy at subtraction, and is a lightning calculator of minus qualities; but when it attempts exercises in positive addition to knowledge, it goes to the foot of the class.

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HER FIRST THIS SEASON.

"TELL me," he whispered with the hoarseness of emotion, whispered as if he feared the murmuring surf might catch the question and bear it to some other ears. "Tell me, have you ever loved?"

She trembled. She hesitated for a moment, and he thought he felt her blushes glow into his eyes. She trembled, and in a still, soft whisper, gentle as the summer breeze, answered:

"Not this summer."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"You remember that party at Madam Gelasma's, to hear Joachim, Rubinstein, and the Henschels, and De Soria—quite a *small* party?"

"No; I wasn't there!"

"No? Ah—well—it *was* very select!"—*Punch.*

NO WONDER IT FAILED.

IT is claimed now that the telephone was invented in 1635. It did not come into general use, however, because the word "hello" was not invented until some years after. If you will try it a few times you will understand why it is impossible to run the telephone by saying "Prithee, friend," or "Odd boddikins, man," or "Give thee good morning, sirrah." No wonder the telephone was a failure.—*Burdette.*

ALMIGHTY ANDOVER.

ST. PETER: Who knocks?

HEATHEN: One whom the missionary has snatched from the burning.

ST. PETER: What missionary?

HEATHEN: One from Andover, Mass.

ST. PETER: Please take a seat for a while on the brush heap to the left of the gate. I can't tell until the Andover controversy is settled whether you are saved or damned.—*Macon Telegraph.*

MY four-year-old boy remarked confidentially to the cook the other day that he "would hate to be a chicken." "Why, Rob?" "'Cause I would have to lay eggs, and I don't know how," was the response. —"*High Chair Philosophy*," *in Babyhood.*

"Another mine gone to the wall," said a gentleman standing on the sidewalk to a friend, as a lawyer who is interested in iron mining stock was passing. "What mine is that?" asked the lawyer. "Kalsomine," answered the old joker, as he dodged behind a cigar sign, while the lawyer went off, looking over his shoulder, mad enough to fight.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

He was an artist, courting the daughter of a sea captain. While he was whispering soft nothings in her ear in the parlor, he was paralyzed by the harsh voice of the ancient mariner in a neighboring room, "Cast off that painter!" But she explained that her father often used nautical phrases in his sleep, and the engagement proceeded to a finish.—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

COULDN'T FIND HIS HOUSE.

BELATED INEBRIATE: I shay, stranger!

SOBER PARTY: Well, what do you want?

INEBRIATE: Can't you help a genle (*hic*) man find a housh that'll fit thish (*hic*) lach-key?—*Texas Siftings.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "**LINENE**" goods. They are comfortable and genteel, and their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not our desire to sell the **LINENE** goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

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The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

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GILHOOLY: How much Dr. McGlynn travels around!

MCGINNIS: Yes; one day he is in New York, and the next you read of him being in Albany, and the day after in Chicago.

"His traveling around so much settles the vexed question at last."

"What's that?"

"That he is still a roamin' Catholic."—*Ex.*

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EVILS OF FULL DRESS.

FOGG: Fine looking girls those Turnbulls are.

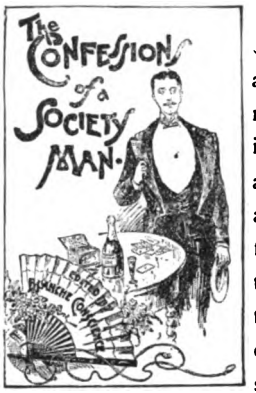
BOGG: Yes. Met 'em on the street to-day, and actually didn't know 'em.

FOGG: That's funny; you've met 'em at every ball this year.

BOGG: Yes, but I'd never seen 'em dressed before. —*Judge.*

THE NEW NOVEL

JUST ISSUED.



The *N. Y. World* devotes a column and a quarter to its review and says: "It is thoroughly unique and without its parallel in current light fiction. It causes one to wonder whether the author is a genius or an unconscious scoundrel."

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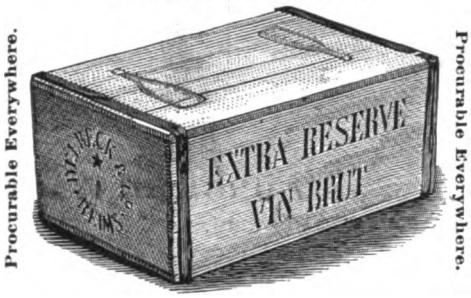

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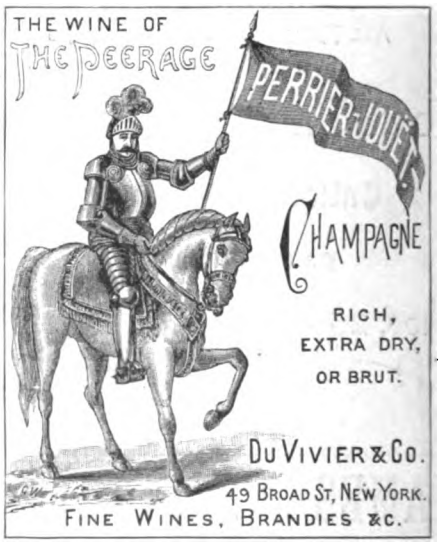

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1887. NUMBER 240.

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AMBIGUOUS.

"AND HOW DID YOU LIKE AMERICA, COUNT?"

"AH! ZE LONGER I STAY AWAY, ZE BETTER I LIKE IT."

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

VOL. X. AUGUST 4, 1887. No. 240.

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

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

HEAT isn't the topic that the busy mind of man turns to in these last days so much as humidity. An experience of atmosphere that you could almost bail out with a dipper has taught New Yorkers that while heat that is nearly hot is bad, heat that is wet is emphatically worse. The peculiarly exasperating quality of the wet heat is that mankind in its sufferings gets no adequate sympathy from the thermometers. The men may be running away in streams of perspiration and profanity, and the thermometer keeps at a comfortable figure and never turns a hair or says a bad word.

* * *

NOT even to the best and greatest does any one apologize any more for talking baseball. The propinquity of the half-dozen upper clubs of the League to the pennant end of the list keeps the interest of the fanatics at boiling-point. Their zeal spreads through the community and anxious thousands wait to know whether President Day will be able to buy left-handed Morris from the Pittsburg dealer or not. It is understood that there will be an auction in this city early in October, when the various club managers will dispose of such players as they do not care to carry through the winter.

* * *

OUR baseball enthusiasts will do well to make their hay while the sun is shining for them. Very soon the minds of sportsmen will run on another topic. The *Thistle* is on her way across the Atlantic; the *Volunteer* has shown her speed and is practising her paces off the shore of New England. It is to be a great race, it seems, between these two.

The stories about the *Volunteer* and her marvelous performances stimulate America's pride in the ingenious Burgess, and make every one curious as to what the capabilities of the new yacht really are. Is this the limit of Mr. Burgess's powers, or can he go on and build each year a boat a little faster than her predecessor? He reminds us of those poets who, by adding a few indispensable verses every year to what they have done before, make the previous editions of their works incomplete, and drive their admirers to an annual purchase.

THE President has gained in the respect of the people by his behavior in the St. Louis matter. His attitude in declining to risk being insulted was generally approved, and his acceptance of the new invitation brought him by the mayor and citizens of St. Louis seems equally judicious. Every day makes it more probable that Mr. Cleveland will be his own successor.

* * *

MORE than a week ago, the death of Henry M. Stanley was rumored back and forth under the oceans that separate three continents. No one has much idea that Stanley is other than the livest of mankind, but he is still in the wilds, beyond even the district telegraph service, and cannot assert himself. When he comes home, he will doubtless make it hot for some of the people who have been saying things about him, and in particular for the Chicago *Mail*, which took advantage of the announcement of his death to publish a likeness of explorer Gilder (whose goal is the North Pole) with "Henry M. Stanley" under it. It is very wrong of the *Mail* to mix its explorers up in this reckless manner. When Stanley comes home, how glad Frank Hatton will be that he sold the *Mail* before this happened!

* * *

THERE is a rumor that some unscrupulous persons who live in the West have been and cheated Mr. Jay Gould. Now, this is dreadful! Those miscreants will, doubtless, soon perish, a prey to their consciences. If they will have the kindness to come East and die in New York, we could almost promise that the *Mail and Express* will raise more money in half a day to build them a monument than the *Star* could raise for General Grant in six years.

* * *

HIS name was McGarigle. He was a boodle Alderman of Chicago, and after being caught, tried, convicted and sentenced he ran away, thereby showing how destitute of principle he was. He has eluded the grasp of justice, but America's poets can punish him, if they will. Step up, poets, and sock it to him. And his name, remember, is McGarigle. Let no guilty man escape. Sting him with rhymes on his infamous name.

* * *

IF you can't go to the seashore, stay in town and sue Judge Hilton. There may not be much profit in it, but it's fun, and what's more, it's the fashion.

* * *

WHEN we consider how limited is Queen Victoria's power, we get some idea of the smallness of the widow's might.

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AT EIGHT A. M.

AS I passed by on t'other side,
My lady's window opened wide.

She there appeared unto my view,
As though the sun had risen anew.

A gown—the like I ne'er had seen,
Though much it pleased me—robed my queen.

I kissed my finger-tips in play—
She frowned, and took herself away.

I called anon; an angry look
Received me as her hand I took.

What crime I'd managed to commit
I did not know, but, bit by bit,

I learned that when I passed that day,
I should have looked the other way.

Because—I heard her lips declare—
She'd not had time to fix her hair.

S. D. S., Jr.

LIFE AT NEWPORT.

Mr. S.: IF I AM NOT AT HOME BY TWELVE O'CLOCK, DO NOT BE ANXIOUS.
Mrs. S.: AND IF *I* AM NOT HERE WHEN YOU RETURN, DEAR, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY.

FLOWING LOCKS.

"YOU have a remarkable head of hair, sir," he said to the stranger.

"Yes, it's very long—the result of a solemn oath I have taken."

"Never to have it cut, I suppose, until a Prohibitionist is elected President?"

"Worse than that, sir; never to have it cut until the Metropolitans win a game of ball."

MUST BE THE BOSTON NINE.

MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is said to be wooing the muses this summer. If this be true, the original muses must have been replaced by a new nine, the old Greek team having consisted exclusively of females.

DESPITE all precautions taken by the Quarantine authorities, the *Sun's* cholera mixture has broken out again in print, with undiminished virulence.

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AUGUSTUS.

MOST merrily now do the humming-birds hum,
In glory now trampeth the tramp;
The Vassar girl lays in her next winter's gum,
And the National Guard is in camp.

The dog is quite wary when walking the street
Lest he draw near the dog-catcher's side,
And Coney Isle's thronged by the million feet
Of the crowds who've let business slide.

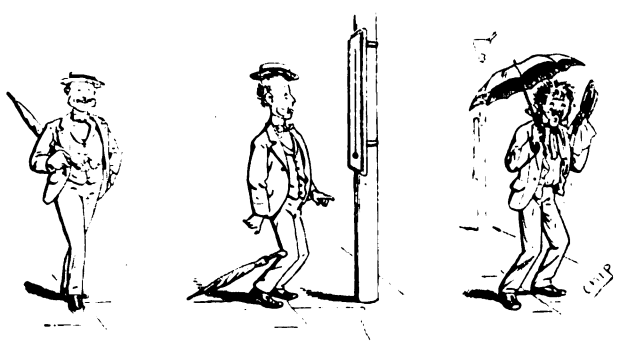
Indeed, there is much to delight and disgust us
In the month that is known unto fame as Augustus.

* * *

"PSHAW," said Mrs. Spriggins, "them Indian fellahs at the Queen's Jubilee, addressed a poem to H.I.M. the Queen. Even an injun ought to know that the Queen's a H.E.R."

* * *

THE EFFECT OF MERCURY UPON THE BLOOD.



"Hot? not a bit of it. Beautiful day!" "One hundred and five! Who'd have thought it!" "Well, it's hotter than I thought."

* * *

MR. GOULD is respectfully informed that there is one class of futures in which he cannot speculate.

Indeed, if all we hear of Mr. G. is true, his future is not a matter of speculation, but of settled fact.

* * *

THE old cuts representing the *Mayflower*, *Genesta* and *Galatea* are being cleaned off in newspaper offices to be reissued as the *Thistle* and *Volunteer*.

Economy is wealth!

* * *

A BOOK on Heraldry says that all the sons of an Earl are Honorable. Considering the present generation of Earl's sons, we fear this is a typographical error.

* * *

A PHILOSOPHER of our acquaintance says: "New York is, Chicago is to be, and Boston has bean."

BUFFALO BILL is the British Lion just now, which clearly shows why the British Lion is in such spirits.

* * *

NO, JOHN HENRY, a Bourbon Democrat doesn't show a Rye face when his party is defeated at the polls.

* * *

ENGLISHMEN are not prone to accept rumors, and they are quite decided not to believe the reports of Stanley's death till they hear from Stanley himself.

* * *

JAKE SHARP has applied for a stay, and he is likely to get it.

The stay will be four years long and of full width.

* * *

NO one has yet met the man who would refuse a dollar because it is worth only 79 cents.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT suggests as a mode of reducing the surplus that the Republican party be restored to office. When Mr. Blaine returns from abroad, whither he has gone to escape the solicitations of a large majority of our citizens to assume the reins of government, we will lay the suggestion before him.

* * *

AMONG the officers in King Milan's cabinet are M Milojkovics, M. Visibjevics, M. Vacumovics and Gen. Bogitchevics.

This, together with Queen Victoria's Jubilee, seems to point to 1887 as a great year for Vics.

* * *

A CAUTIOUS OFFICER.

THE U. S. cruiser *Atlanta* set her sails early in the morning and put out to sea for a little gun practice. As soon as she was anchored at a safe distance from shore, so that no property could be injured by flying cannon-balls, one of the officers called the Bo'sun to him and asked:

"Bo'sun, have all the men put on their life preservers?"

"Yessir."

"Is your life insured?"

"It is, sir."

"Are the boats lowered?"

"They be, your woshup."

"Have the men said their prayers and made their wills?"

"They have, your honor."

"Then touch off that gun."

* * *

JAY GOULD must intend setting up as a rival to Berry Wall.

The papers last week were full of his spending a million on ties.

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FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Prince of Wales is in mortal terror lest his mother go into her second childhood and hang on for another Jubilee.

Her Majesty has reduced a German street band to the ranks for playing "Old Hundred" as she passed, instead of "God Save the Queen."

* * *

ANY commodity other than the thick heads of Tory Englishmen would have succumbed to the rough handling which the Salisbury ministry received at the hands of the Parnellites and Gladstonians over the Tanner question.

Dr. Tanner's eloquence, which seemed in danger of being left in a state of suspense for a short period, will continue to flow undamned.

* * *

IF Dr. Tanner had said to Mr. Long, "Sir, you are one of that class of beings who arrogate to themselves merits which they do not deserve and who are condemned to suffer eternal tortures in the great beyond," he would have accomplished his purpose without running any risks. But to call a man a "d—d snob" is quite too disgustingly terse.

THAT WAS THE QUESTION.

Muddled Gent: SAY, OFFICER (*hic*), DO YOU KNOW WHERE JOHN WILLIAMS LIVES?

Officer: WHY, YOU'RE JOHN WILLIAMS YOURSELF!

Muddled Gent: YES, I KNOW (*hic*), BUT WHERE DOES JOHN WILLIAMS LIVE?

SHOWING AN INGENIOUS BIT OF MECHANISM INVENTED BY OUR FRIEND HOOKEM, BY WHICH A TIRED FISHERMAN CAN ENJOY A NAP AND BE AWAKENED BY THE SLIGHTEST NIBBLE AT HIS BAIT.

POOR INNOCENT.

WHEN Mr. Bourke Cockran was making his impassioned plea for Mr. Jacob Sharp last Tuesday, the Editor of LIFE was unfortunately unable to be present. We are given to understand, however, that Mr. Cockran's points were about as follows:

First: Mr. Sharp's conviction was not due to his having bribed anyone. The idea that Sharp would try to bribe anyone was absurd, because Mr. Sharp's whole career as a Sunday-school superintendent, a deacon in the church, and stockholder in a cemetery, was against any such theory. Why should Mr. Sharp try to bribe anyone, particularly an alderman, when he could hire a lawyer to do it for him? Why, if Mr. Sharp was guilty of bribery, did he not jump his bail and rush to Canada? If Mr. Sharp knew he was guilty, did his honor think that a paltry $40,000, even in silver, could have retarded his progress to a foreign clime; and wasn't Mr. Sharp best acquainted with the real facts in the case; and wasn't his staying for trial conclusive proof of a clear conscience; and could a guilty man have a clear conscience; and didn't one good stay deserve another? Mr. B. Cockran guessed it did, and Mr. John E. Parsons thought so too; and could John E. Parsons *ever* go wrong?

Second: Was it not a dreadful responsibility for any judge to assume to send Jacob Sharp to Sing Sing? What was to prevent Mr. Sharp, if he is the bad man he is painted, from buying Sing Sing from the State, and then deciding not to occupy his new residence? Was there any hope that a man of Mr. Sharp's age would be reformed at a place like Sing Sing, if he was anything but an innocent man; and if he was an innocent man, was it not dreadful to expose him to the contammanyating (Mr. Cockran must have been confused here) influence of a creature like Ferdinand Ward, with whom he would very likely be thrown in Sing Sing financial circles?

Third: Was it plausible to think that an alderman who would break faith with the public would keep faith with a private individual? Certainly not. If, then, the aldermen were bribed at all, was it not more than likely that some other people, Philadelphians, for instance, did the bribing, and that Sharp got the road—in fact, didn't his Honor *know* that Sharp got the road?

Fourth and last: Was it not altogether too hot to talk any more about it, and hadn't his Honor better make up his mind that Sharp had swallowed enough of the waters of repentance, and should now be bailed out?

Considering the force of these arguments, and the eloquent way in which they were set forth, it would not be surprising if Sharp got his stay.

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BOOMERANGS

THE GUIDE-BOOK NOVEL.

THE Guide-Book Novel is coming to be a well recognized form of summer literature which mingles love, flirtation, hotel puffs, railroad time-tables, and census statistics, "under one mammoth canvas," as Mr. Barnum would put it—and all for fifty cents. It must be admitted by the candid reader that the stupendous assertions of the average guide-book do not when in the guise of fiction so shock his moral sensibilities and strain his imagination as when put in unadorned prose as plain, solid truth. It is certainly a most convenient form in which to publish the usual summer-resort lies without moral responsibility or obliquity.

This general introduction is not meant to be applied specifically to "The Three Tetons; A Story of the Yellowstone" (Cassell & Co.), by Alice Wellington Rollins. It is, however, of the general "guide-book novel" type, though free from some of its most annoying faults. Mrs. Rollins really sees things in a bright, original, though superficial way on her travels. She enjoys out-door life, and never troubles the reader with the morbid reflections which so afflict most New England woman-writers when they take a vacation trip. A New England conscience, properly supported by a New England liver, makes almost any pleasure excursion a very solemn undertaking.

* * *

THE "story" element in "The Three Tetons" is very slight, and the method of naming the characters after personified qualities (such as the Convert, the Imperturbable, the Man of Sense) is cumbersome and often nonsensical. The humorous dialogue which is introduced at convenient intervals is rather melancholy stuff, though it might be amusing in the exhilarating atmosphere of the Yellowstone Park. However, that may be saying too much for the tonic properties of the air.

A CABLE despatch the other day announced that Henry James had returned to London from Italy, after a seven-months' absence, during which he had completed "an important piece of literary work."

This suggests some reflections on the partial literary eclipse into which he has gone in the past two years. And it can be truly said that he wrote himself into this semi-obscurity by "The Bostonians." Yet it is equally true that within a year he has published what is probably his greatest work, "The Princess Casamassima," a novel which would have made a fine reputation for an unknown man. In the mere art of expression he has few living equals. There is the most beautiful shading of word and phrase on every page that he writes. One has only to reread his critical study of "Hawthorne" to be convinced of his skill. The lover of Hawthorne's genius will time and again be tempted to throw down the book in anger, yet he will be forced to admit, if he finishes it, that James has expressed with the utmost nicety and gracefulness the very praises which he himself would utter. It is the patronizing air of it all which is so offensive.

Some day there will be a "James revival." He may have to wait for it as long as George Meredith. But such consummate art of expression is sure to find renewed recognition. His work is better than his Realistic theories.

Droch.

SEVERE.

DE SMYTHE (*just home from London*): Saw Irving as Mephistopheles.

VANDERJONES: Indeed, how was he?

DE SMYTHE: Oh, he acted like the devil!

THE *Sun* says that Lord Hartington is a type of the heavy Englishman with much more beard and shirt front than brains.

It will be remembered that the *Sun* is an authority on English.

RETRIBUTION.

Willie: I'LL JEST PUSH THE STONE OFF AN' SEE 'EM ALL FALL IN.

AND HE DOES.

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DRAMA AT CAMPOBELLO.

She: HERE COMES MASHER; WHY IS HE SO COOL TO YOU NOW?
He: BECAUSE HE TRIED TO CUT ME OUT WITH THE GIRL I'VE SINCE MARRIED.
She: BUT WHY ARE YOU SO SAVAGE WITH HIM?
He: BECAUSE HE DIDN'T SUCCEED.

BAR HARBOR NOTES.

JULY 30th.

AND how delightful it is to get here after being par-boiled for a month in Newport fogs and millionaires! To be sure the weather is quite warm, but there are a lot of Boston people here and their native frigidness makes everything delightfully cool and comfortable, and at the same time demonstrates the fact that in the Divine economy there is no waste and that even a Bostonian has its uses.

We came up in the train with Smith and his family; they have been spending the winter at Nice, and in three months the poor things have completely forgotten their native tongue, and so the air was thick with New Jersey French; and says Madame to her white-capped maid: "*Ess ker voo zavvy lay beeyea, Marie?*" and Marie looks puzzled and answers "Phwat?"

Strange to say, there are few people here as yet—in fact there seems to be absolutely nobody in this hotel save a strong-lunged baby to whom I will give the credit of being able to fill the entire house as thoroughly as a Salvation Army could. Confound the brat! he seems to take such an unseemly interest in my goings and comings, and waves his entire body and squawks to such an extent whenever he sees me that the nurse has to quiet him by saying, "That's not grandpa! *That's* not grandpa!" Now isn't this too bad! just as I am feeling so uncommonly youthful, and the joint of my cork-leg is working so smoothly, and I haven't had a touch of gout for a month? Too bad! I say; too bad! And how it shows the degeneracy of the times, too; why, if I had said such a thing to a gentleman when I was a kid, I shouldn't have been able to ride horseback for a week, perhaps longer!

But, as I was saying, there are very few people here as yet, and it is certainly a fact that each season here begins a week or two later, and at this rate we shall, in a few years, be Christmasing here, and I have an idea that—even if the Bostonians keep away—it will be pretty chilly business hanging up our dear little Balbriggans on imaginary chimney-pieces.

But, dëary me! I am forgetting to tell the good news—the dear girls are all here; every single solitary one of them! and how unutterably dreary the rest of the world must seem without them, and how I wish I had come up here earlier! And how lovely the dear creatures look! Brunettes, and bays, and sorrels, and chestnuts (nothing intentional here), and strawberry blondes and every kind and shade imaginable and each one more lovely than the last, and—oh, deary me! of a verity, there is no fool like an old fool! Ah, but there are the guns of the Eastern Yacht Club! They are anchoring in the harbor, and to-morrow there will not be a sober man in the whole place. Horay! we must hurry down to the shore! And so, as our friends the Smiths would say, *Au revoir* till we see each other again!

R. K.

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DELUDED

THERE IS EVERYTH

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) COLUMBIA!

HING BUT MONEY IN IT.

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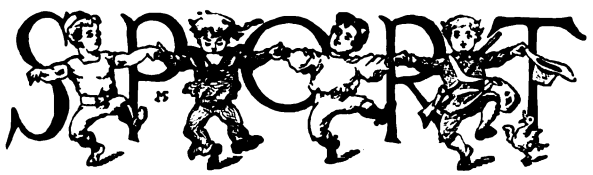


NOTHING very exciting has transpired in sporting circles this week except the rumor that the rudder of the *Thistle* is an inch and a half deeper than was intended. This ought to change the betting very materially, although I doubt if General Paine will find it necessary to alter the model of the *Volunteer* to any considerable extent on this account.

* * *

MR. J. BEAVOR WEBB has been investigating a few more of our institutions and has had some experience as a patient in a New York hospital. I hope he found the doctors and nurses more hospitably inclined than he himself was last year when the newspaper reporters of this city rose to a man and endeavored to make his acquaintance on Lieutenant Henn's craft.

It is a good thing for Mr. Webb that he has his sickness this year instead of last. There may be some influential persons around with forgiveness enough in their hearts to pray for him this season. Last year he couldn't have secured a supplication to save him if the reservoir had fallen on him.

Altogether there is a good deal of luck in Sport.

* * *

THE New York Nine will give an exhibition of One Old Cat next month. One Old Cat is just the game for the New York Nine, and it wouldn't surprise me if in a hard struggle the New Yorks could get eighth place in a One Old Cat championship league.

* * *

SOJOURNERS on the New Jersey coast enjoy themselves selling pools on the numbers of various defunct species of the animal kingdom that float their way.

Tuesday was one of the dog-days, but on Thursday, after the poisoning of the twenty-one car horses on the Third Avenue Railway, the man who held the horse ticket won thirty-seven dollars.

It is quite interesting to sit on the broad piazza of a bathing-house and watch the animals pass in review, and if one has a little money on the result the pastime becomes really exciting.

MR. JOHN WARD, Captain of the New York Baseball Nine, is quite as clever with the pen as he is with the bat. Indeed, when his literary record is compared with his baseball record, I am inclined to believe that the pen is mightier than the bat.

Mr. Ward's article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, "Is the Baseball Player a Chattel?" is well considered and forcible. It ought to do much to reform the abuses which seem to have fastened themselves on the professional leagues.

I think, however, that Mr. Ward should have extended his article to show a few more of the great disadvantages of the system of selling ball players. In the first place he might have dilated upon the feelings of a $10,000 catcher when he finds himself trying to catch a foul ball before a crowd of fifty thousand persons. He is conscious—painfully so—that he is a $10,000 catcher, and what is worse, he knows that every man, woman and reporter on the grand stand is aware of the fact. He also knows that a $2,000 pitcher is secretly praying that he will muff the ball; that his owner is sitting off in a corner eyeing him closely and composing a nice string of epithets for him in case he does muff it, and when he searches the sky for the sphere he sees as many of them as there are zeros in 10,000.

This, in addition to the large head a $10,000 man has to carry when he is running bases, makes ball a painful exhibition.

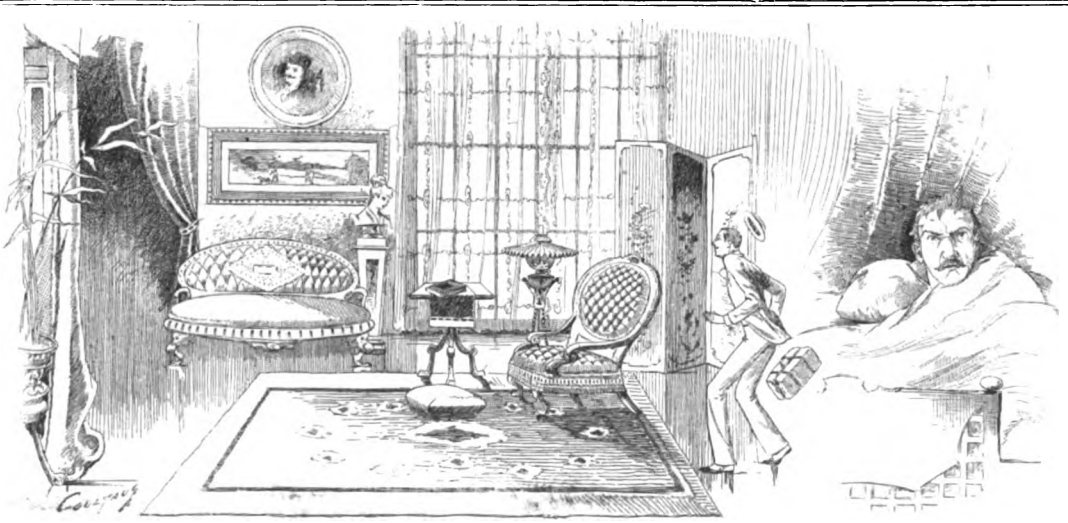
Then Mr. Ward might have enlarged on the unfair exclusion of umpires from fancy prices. There is not a peach-blow umpire in either of the leagues to-day, and yet there is no person connected with the game who works harder than this same official. If a catcher or other player is worth $10,000 the umpire is worth $20,000. He diverts the crowd and frequently diverts the game. What errors he makes are simply due to his lack of omniscience. He wins more games than any other individual in the field, and the wear and tear upon his conscience is far more terrible than any physical discomfort to which the active participants in the game may be subjected.

Besides, life insurance is a considerable item of expense to an umpire.

I hope Mr. Ward will accept my hint and agitate the subject further. And, while he is about it, there is another abuse he might be instrumental in correcting.

Can he not prevail upon the Giants to play ball? Persons who frequent the Polo Grounds as a method of reducing the surplus do not care for this new parlor game the New Yorkers have adopted.

Geo. W. Me.



NATURALLY.

YOUNG BINGLANDER ENGAGES A ROOM BY LETTER AT A SEASIDE HOTEL, AND INSTEAD OF THE USUAL ACCOMMODATION FINDS A LARGE, COMFORTABLE APARTMENT. THE SHOCK WAKES HIM UP!

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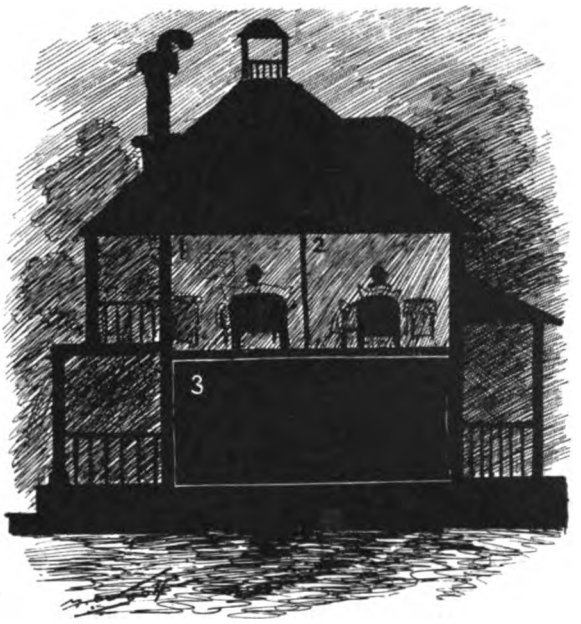

OSCULATORY.

Mother (*in room No. 1, rising suddenly*): WHAT WAS THAT?
Aunt (*in room No. 2, rising suddenly*): WHAT WAS THAT?
Sophia (*in room No. 3, to Angelo*): OH, ANGELO, DEAR, YOU DO NOT MIND SITTING IN THE DARK, DO YOU? MA SAYS THAT HER GAS BILL FOR LAST MONTH WAS SOMETHING POSITIVELY DREADFUL, AND THAT ——

(*And then followed sounds like the drawing of corks; no wonder rooms 1 and 2 were alarmed.*)

PROVERBLETS.

IT is more blessed to receive than to ask.
A BAD pun in the bush is worth two in the hand.
UMBRELLAS do not come home to roost.
MYSTERY is the mother of a witness's invention.
ALWAYS look a gift mug in the mouth. *G. P. L.*

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

IT was in mid-ocean and the fog was thick enough to lean against. The pools were all sold and there was nothing to do but play poker and exaggerate.

"Well, this is a pretty tough trip," said the fat Englishman who was dealing the cards. "Most as tedious as the one I made to the Cape."

"Been to the Cape, eh!" said the drummer. "Well that's a good ways to go, but I've sailed from London to India in a single sticker."

"And I," said a sleepy man who could hardly keep his eyes open, "I've been around the Horn."

"When?" asked the Englishman.

"All night," was the reply as the gong rang for dinner.

MR. HOWELLS is said to have written his *Fog-horn Conclusion* in mid-ocean.

AFTER THE BALL.

I.

HE raved about her half the day,
"The other girls are quite *blasées*;
One gets so tired of all this whirl,
It's really nice to see a girl
So young and fresh."

II.

While pretty Dolly's golden head
Held thought of him just while she said,
"He rather liked me, do you know;
It's quite a pity he is so—
So young and fresh."

—*G. H.*

A GREAT FUTURE.

WIFE: I see the newspapers predict that Knoxville, Tenn., will be the future centre of this country for iron, coal and lumber.

HUSBAND: What papers predict that?

WIFE: The Knoxville papers.

A SPRING poet groping his way down six flights of stairs, six steps at a time, with the editor a close second, might be called a literary movement.

She: HAVE YOU SEEN THE CHIMPANZEES UP AT THE PARK?
He: NO; ARE THEY IN BLOOM NOW?
She: ARE WHAT IN BLOOM?
He: WHY, THE JIM PANSIES.

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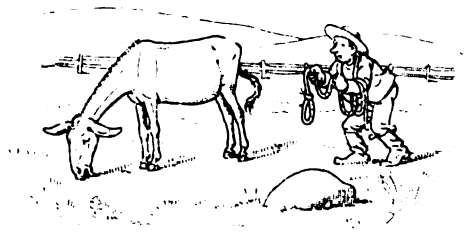
AND IT CAME TO PASS!



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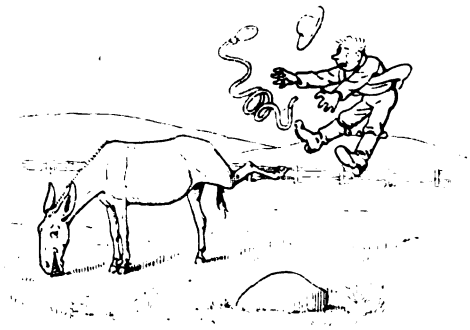

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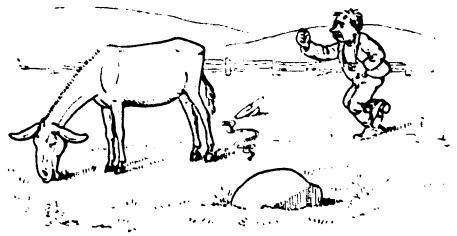

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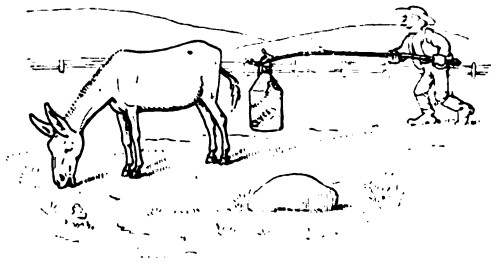

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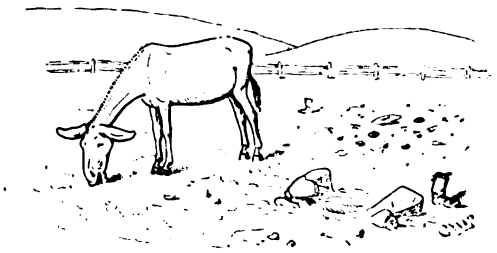

6

WEATHER SIGNS.

[*By our Dakota Correspondent.*]

WHEN the atmosphere is permeated with oak trees, wooden barns and mansard roofs, you may expect a cyclone.

* * *

AN egg, when laid hard-boiled, is a sign of hot weather.

* * *

IF your morning paper predicts showers followed by cooler weather, you may leave off your winter clothing and pawn your umbrella.

* * *

FALLING barometer is usually a sign of rain, but if it falls off the wall or the mantel-piece it betrays the presence of earthquakes.

UNIVERSAL dampness, both of atmosphere and sidewalks, when accompanied by an eruption of umbrellas and waterproofs, may be regarded as indicative of rain.

* * *

AN Englishman abroad is usually the sign of a heavy blow.

* * *

FROZEN water-pipes indicate cold weather.

* * *

THE Earth is apt to be damp after a heavy rain.

* * *

A CHANGE in temperature followed by Bostonians indicates colder weather.

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AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

GETTING EVEN.

SHE was one of these lofty, approach-me-not sort of girls, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and indignant to this day because it wasn't pure gold. Billy Bliven had just been introduced to her at a lawn fete, and was doing his best, in his plain matter-of-fact way, to make himself agreeable. After they had chatted a few minutes on the veranda, Bill concluded that he would like to know her better, so he came at the subject thus wise:

"I should greatly—I—I should like very much to call on you some evening. Suppose I drop around and we go out and take a little walk."

"Thanks," she said stiffly; I am no pedestrian."

Billy pondered a little while and then remarked in a quiet way peculiar to himself, "I'd have asked you to go out riding, only I knew you were no jockey."—*Merchant Traveler.*

JACK: Ah, Miss Kate, it's the little things that tell.

MISS KATE: Yes; little brothers and sisters.—*Newport News.*

A TIME-WORN TOT.

"How old are you, my son?" asked an old gentleman of a "tot" who was celebrating his birthday. "I'm four," was the reply, "and I'm mighty glad of it; I was getting very tired of being three all the time."—*Leisure Hours.*

SMELT WORKS WONDERS.

"CHICAGO capitalists are about to start smelt works at Eau Claire," says a despatch. Well, what in the name of heaven are "smelt works?" Is it a glue factory, or a bone boiling establishment? These are all the "smelt works" we have in Milwaukee. Eau Claire is a beautiful clean city, and any man caught establishing smelt works there ought to be pulled by the police.—*Peck's Sun.*

MRS. DE SOCIETY: What a lovely great big baby that is we just passed.

MRS. DE FASHION: Yes; it is mine.

"Indeed!"

"Oh, I'm sure of it. I recognized the nurse."—*Omaha World.*

"How is the work progressing in Dakota?" asked a Boston minister of a good brother at the Baptist anniversary the other day.

"Well, I am getting along pretty well; but still it's rather discouraging. The first week I went there I had big congregations. One day there were one hundred and fifty down on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectives coming down the road, and every blessed person got up and skipped."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

"I DECLARE," said Mrs. Spinkinwither, "what a gadder Mrs. Snickerson is! I never go on the street without seeing her!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE CHURCH NAP.

"And now," concluded the clergyman after a long discourse, "we have seen that millions on millions of people have been benefited by following this Scriptural injunction."

Just then Lawyer Stubbs woke up long enough to say in a sleepy manner, "Move that the injunction be made permanent."—*Judge.*

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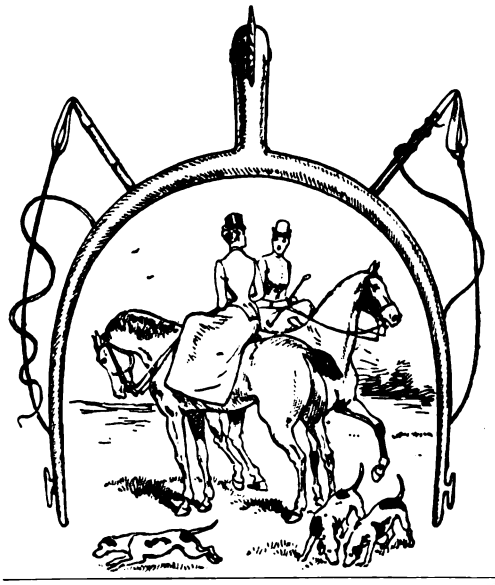

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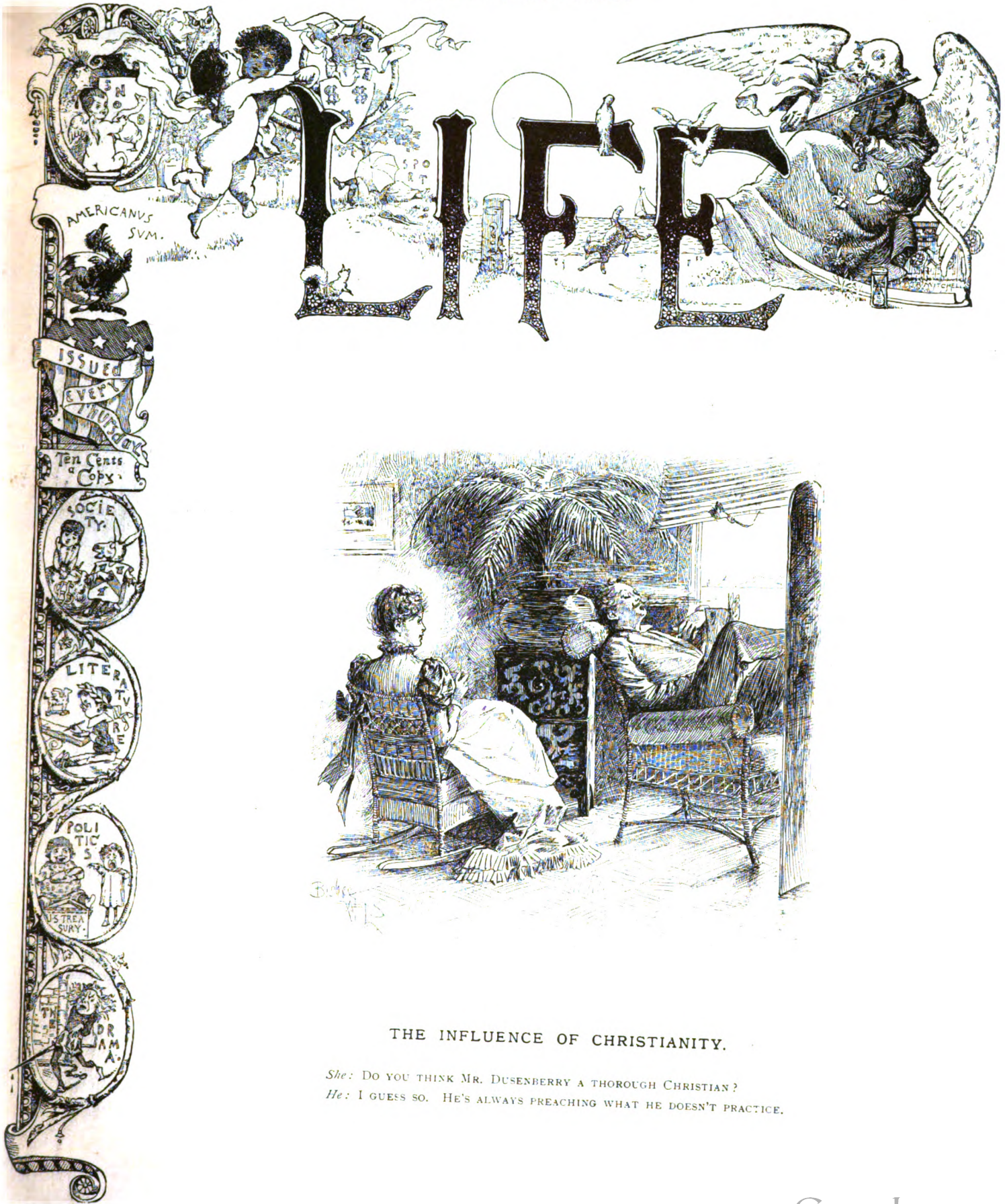

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THIS is the season of the mosquito and the watering-place correspondent. They are both pests, and there are few places of resort where one or the other is not found. Down on the Jersey coast where the Philadelphia girls go swimming they have both, and both are able to get in very artistic work. When the mosquito makes a strike he and the patient are aware of it, that is all; but the correspondent takes the world into his confidence, and when he makes a successful dash everyone knows it. In that respect he is worse than the mosquito.

Mosquitoes hourly fall by the thousand, squashed victims to their penetration; but we do not hear of correspondents being killed. They are not of the sort to die and make no sign, and it must be concluded that a great many of them survive the summer. That is curious. The esteemed New York *Times*, for instance, has a correspondent who having said impertinent things by the column about the good people who visit Saratoga, has moved on to Narragansett where he has been describing the mermaids and their mammas. That the respectable fathers of wealthy families have not filled this gentleman with lead and sunk him somewhere attests the moderation which is characteristic of our era.

* * *

THE name of the Hon. John Sherman falls frequently in these days upon the waiting ear. The Republicans of Mr. Sherman's State—modest, deserving Ohio—find in him the traits that Ohio men love, and have recommended him to their fellow citizens as a good man to succeed Mr. Cleveland.

It will be some years yet before the Hon. John is wanted to go on that errand, but in the mean time he seems to be doing a great work in agitating the mind of Mr. Blaine and making that estimable gentleman's holiday a holy-show. Contemporaneous with the news that Mr. Sherman is swooping around and trying to get in the way of the presidential lightning, come rumors that Mr. Blaine is restless; that he finds coaching tiresome, even with Mr. Carnegie and the prospect of Mr. Depew to divert him, and that he pines once more for the banks of the Kennebec and Bar Harbor.

It is too bad about Mr. Blaine. He is the most popular man in the United States; he is rich; he is a charming companion, an astute politician and a very fair historian. The present and the immediate and the remote future are all fixed for him, and yet there seems to be a well-grounded doubt whether he is happy. Can it be possible that Mr. Blaine has become conscious of his liver? We hope not. LIFE has no admiration for Mr. Blaine's politics, but when it comes to considerations of the liver, it is all sympathy and good-wishes.

* * *

LIFE offers the expression of its sincere sympathy to Yale College in the bereavement it is about to sustain in the loss of its celebrated Fence. To say that no fence of equal celebrity has gone out of business since Mother Mandelbaum went to Canada is to speak very dispassionately indeed. Next to sitting on Harvard College it has been Yale's chief delight to sit on that fence, and it may justly be doubted whether Yale men will consider it worth their while to win any more boat-races if they cannot any longer go back to New Haven and glorify themselves on that fence. The building that is to have the fence's place is to cost $125,000, and will doubtless be a good-enough building. But it won't be the fence.

* * *

WHEN the President goes traveling he seems to have fun. His trip to the scenes of his childhood's hours—happy and otherwise—seems to have refreshed his spirit and encouraged him to make an extended excursion among the great cities of the West. From Memphis to St. Paul, and as far west as Kansas City, the desire to see him finds enthusiastic expression. The President will have a great trip and, well, really it is not worth Mr. Blaine's while to fret about John Sherman or to come home on any pretext.

* * *

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD is in hot water again. A correspondent of the New York *World* writes:

> In reading "Allan Quatermain" I noticed something that appears to have been overlooked by critics in general. In the story it states that as the party drifted down the subterranean passage and came nearer the "Rose of fire," the air became hotter and hotter, till it finally overcame them, charred the boat and singed the feathers of the swan they had killed. If it was hot enough to singe swan feathers, under what miraculous power were Good's whiskers spared.

It is just such slips as this that puts romance in disrepute and gives the apostles of realism another string for their harp.

We trust Mr. Haggard will rewrite this portion of his narrative and subject Mr. Good's whiskers to a clean shrivel.

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THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR A FORTNIGHT.

THE above fact is respectfully submitted to the readers of LIFE, who, we venture to hope, will find therein a timely hint to place their spare dollars where they will do the most good. This summer has been barely endurable even to those who have been fortunate enough to reach cooler climes. Consider how much harder it has been in the city, where there is no shade, no breeze, no cooling stream, and where, after the sun has mercifully sunk in the heavens, the pavements and stone walls of the houses remain hot through the night, literally carrying death to those who, because of their poverty, are compelled to remain in town the summer through. Three dollars is a small sum to many of our readers, but to the poor, sweltering, dying child it is more than all!

Subscriptions to any amount will be received at this office, 28 West 23d Street, and will be promptly forwarded to the Committee in charge of that most noble and practical Charity, The Fresh Air Fund.

HER FEELINGS AROUSED.

De Garmo: WONDERFUL SHOT, THAT OF HENRY'S! WHY HE HIT THE BULL'S-EYE NINE TIMES IN SUCCESSION YESTERDAY.
Miss De Peyster (member of the Bergh Society): YES, BUT JUST THINK OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THAT POOR BULL. MEN ARE SUCH BRUTES!

BOSTONESE.

THE Boston *Transcript* announces that the New York *World* says that George, only son of Mr. Jacob Sharp, found his highest pinnacle of enjoyment when mounted atop a snow-sweeper, rushing up and down the tracks of his father's railroad making the snow fly, while he cleverly handled the reins over a dozen tram-car bucephali.

We have no reason to doubt the veracity of the *Transcript*, but the expression "tram-car bucephali" isn't exactly the popular New York idiom for car-horses, and as far as we can see the New York *World* never allows anything unpopular to creep into its columns.

Candidly, we think some Boston typesetter must have edited those car horses to suit the local taste.

HER ONE BLEMISH.

AT last I had met her, could know and admire
The maid he professed to adore;
But now he glared savagely into the fire,
And begged me to name her no more.
"Why, I thought you considered her perfect," said I,
"From her head to the tips of her toes?"
"So I did," he replied, "when I thought of her 'aye,'
But I changed on account of her 'noes.'"

G. H.

THE fact that Mrs. Cleveland does not remove her gloves at dinner is not nearly so astonishing to Western Congressmen as Mr. Cleveland's habit of eating with his coat on.

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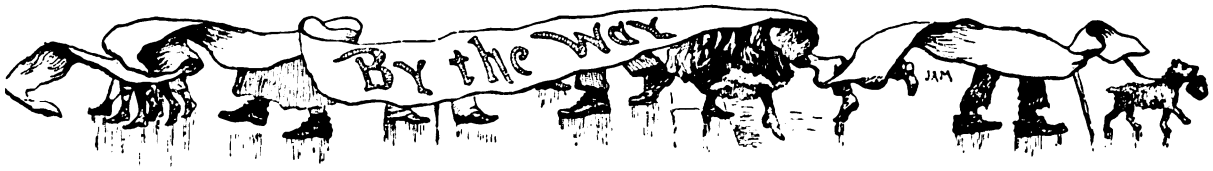


THE POETS ON SUMMER.

THOMSON.

THRO' the lightened air there trembles
A higher lustre,
Heat toys with the thermometer,
And tries to bust her.

* * *

DRYDEN.

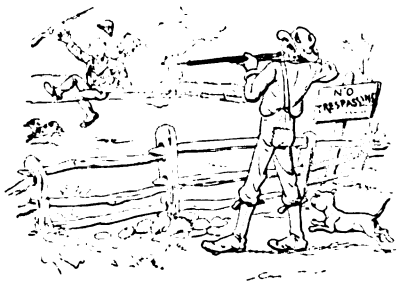
OUR summer such a russet livery wears,
As in a garment often dyed appears;
But when 'tis 90 in the shade
The starchèd collar doth wilt and fade,
And man doth hate this hue of russet,
And speaks of summer but to cuss it.

* * *

GOODALE.

BRIGHT summer is crownèd with roses,
Deep in the forest Arbutus doth hide;
The sun peels the skin off our noses,
As on the hot pavements we gloomily glide.

* * *



MAKING GAME OF HIM.

* * *

QUEEN VICTORIA is a political economist as well as a private one. At her suggestion economy is to be blended with art on the new coinage, and the motto "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" will appear thus:

Honi So t Qui
Mal y
Six—Pense.

* * *

"CONCEIT," says Ruskin, "may puff a man up, but never prop him up."

This shows why conceit is not considered proper.

* * *

WHEN the poet said the wind was blowing free, he probably referred to what in nautical parlance is known as a "dead-head wind."

THE bank cashier of the period does not seem to think anything less than half a million worthy of his steal.

* * *

WHEN we consider that the Austrian court is not only Vienna born but Vienna bred, we do not wonder that it should seem more or less crusty.

* * *

THE rumor that Lord Tennyson wrote "Britons, Hold your Own," while crossing the Channel, gives an additional significance to the poem.

* * *

THE Custom-House Inspectors are greatly overworked. This business of looking after other people's duty is very exhausting.

* * *

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who is now in England, will probably keep Lent next season by returning home.

* * *

THE first question Empress Victoria asked when she was introduced to Buffalo Bill was, "Is he receipted?" It may be inferred from this that *Punch* is one of the Crown Prints.

* * *

WHEN we think that Jay Gould is worth $100,000,000 is it not surprising that he has not been able to scramble into the United States Senate?

* * *

THIS is the season for icebergs, but the Battenbergs are still under control.

* * *

WE hope that when Congress begins its fatal work again it will consider the ways of a Tennessee dog that eats tacks, and be wise.

Reduce the tackses.

* * *

THE possible reason that the Republican party is against the taking of the census, lies in the rumor that there are fifty thousand more veterans of the G. A. R. this year than there were in 1880.

There ought to be a high tariff on those veterans who sustained serious injury after the war.

* * *

GENERAL BOULANGER'S daughter is to become a nun.

The daughter of a baker would more naturally become a *bonne*, it seems to us.

* * *

THE Anarchist will doubtless take anything he can lay his hands on, but it is safe to leave a bath unguarded. He'd never take that.

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LIFE'S TIPS.

NEVER bet on the leeward horse unless you have previously thrown out an anchor to windward and attached it firmly to the capstan of the rival animal's off hind leg.

A sure tip is that which is provided by every cutter that sails close to the wind in a good breeze. You can always bet with confidence on that tip. The near taffrail sinks down almost into the water; and a favorite pastime among cutter-yachtsmen is the organizing of up-hill go-as-you-please races from the submerged side of the boat to the other side which is tilted into the air. If you wear tennis shoes with rubber soles, a pair of canvas knee-protectors and copper elbow sheaths, you stand a fair chance of winning one of these climbing contests.

It is not wise to put your money on any baseball pitcher or catcher, because these trusty steeds, however good their breed or training or record may be, are subject to sale and purchase before the event.

MR. LANSDOWNE, besides being a Lord, is a Marquis, two Viscounts and three Earls. He must be related to the Early bird that caught the worm.

OVERHEARD IN LONDON.

ENGLISHMAN: Great many Americans in London this yeah.

YANKEE: Yes, indeed.

ENGLISHMAN: Vewy few left at home, I suppose?

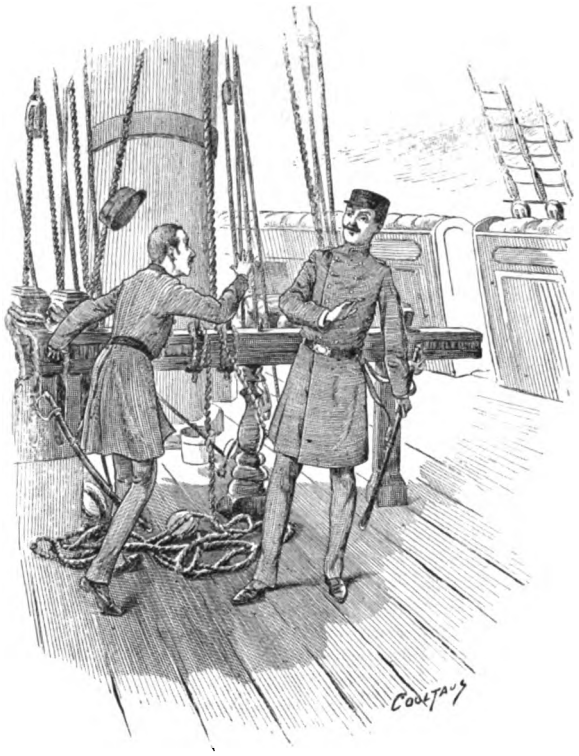
YANKEE: Only two families left in New York.

ENGLISHMAN: Fawncy!

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

Tramp: NO, MUM, I DON'T WANT NOTHIN'; ON'Y I WAS A PASSIN' BY AN I SEE THAT LOVELY CHILD AN' I COULDN'T HELP A STOPPIN' JUST TO ASK IF YOU WUZ ITS MOTHER.

(*The lady is delighted, of course, but discovers later she is minus a coffee pot, a loaf of bread, a leg of lamb, and a bowl of sugar.*)



ON A U. S. MAN-OF-WAR.

Lieutenant: THE LOOKOUT REPORTS THAT A COAL-BARGE IS MAKING FOR US TO ——

Lieut.-Commander: DOUBLE SHOT THE GUNS; RUN OUT TORPEDO NETS, AND CALL TO QUARTERS TO REPEL BOARDERS!

Lieut.: BUT SHE'S LOADED WITH COAL FOR OUR BUNKERS, SIR.

L.-C.: NEVER MIND, I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.

INGREDIENTIAL.

'TIS an ancient saying with a truthful germ,
That money makes the mar' go;
But 'tis plain, e'en to a pachyderm,
That pork has made Chicago.

THEY may talk all they want to about the blue skies of Italy, but it cannot compete with the whiskies of Kentucky, or the vitskies of Russia.

TROUBLE is imminent between Russia and the Vatican. The Czar attended mass before breakfast on Saturday morning, and in a moment of ravenous abstraction ate all the candles in the church, to the discomfiture of the Cardinal-in-charge and horror of the Pope, who was informed of the event by cable before the Czar could cut the wires.

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FRANKENSTEIN IN BUSINESS.

OLD CRŒSUS, vexed by clerical mistakes.
Delays and shabby dissipation, makes
An automatic instrument designed
In office work t' supplant the clerkly mind.
Alas! Th' invention was *too* like the clerk,
'Twas sweet to look at—but it wouldn't work!

CONCERNING MR. HAGGARD.

AS a firm believer in Mr. Howells, who has said that all the stories have been told, I cannot be brought to believe in the originality of Mr. H. Rider Haggard. I must admit that while reading the books of the distinguished African romancer, I was struck most forcibly by a seeming originality—but a few moment's reflection convinced me that all the author has is a strong faculty for adaptation. He is tolerably familiar with his own language—about as much so as the average Englishman—and he has a smattering of knowledge on Africans, their ways and by-ways. He also seems to be aware of the uses to which fire-arms, ancient and modern, civilized and savage, may be put in fiction, but to say that he has an imagination, or in fact anything which goes to make an original writer, is beyond my power.

In reading "Allan Quatermain," which has been the *piece de resistance* of *Longman's Magazine* for the past year, I was painfully convinced that the memory of his wanderings in the fields of literature, rather than his imaginative wanderings on African soil, had made this story for him. It seemed to be a pyramid of paragraphic blocks from the literature of the past built upon the uncertain sands of the African desert. The pyramid, to give Mr. Haggard his due, was certainly constructed with considerable skill, and the author had the good literary sense to know when he had reached the capstone of the edifice. It will endure, perhaps, much longer than the beautiful and more airy structures which the delicate fancy of Mr. Howells has raised for us; and even at the present time when the reading world apparently prefer what they do not see to that which is before their eyes, this style of literature may seem to be more popular, but—take Mr. Howells' word for it—it is not. When the sands of time have fallen through the hour-glass of coming centuries, when the population of our earth is one, the last man will be found reading, not Haggard but Howells. Mr. Haggard's friends may endeavor to account for this by saying that all the editions of Mr. Haggard's works will have been exhausted by that time, while there will still remain in stock several unsold copies of Howells; but this plea, if advanced, may be regarded as the outcome of professional jealousy.

Now, to demonstrate the truth of what I have said concerning Mr. Haggard's indebtedness to literature for his success, take the story of "Allan Quatermain" and compare some of its principal features with what we find in other books.

1. Mr. Haggard locates the story in Africa.

This has been done before not only by Stanley and Du Chaillu, but by H. Rider Haggard himself, so that the passion for cribbing has led this so-called romancer, not only to take from others, but to borrow his own ideas.

2. Three men go through unheard of hardships to find a white race in the heart of Africa.

There is nothing original in three men going anywhere! The three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl. Jules Verne sent three men from the earth to the moon ten years before Mr. Haggard became known as a writer.

3. The adventurers went through a pillar of fire in a boat.

Ages before Mr. Haggard's ancestors were born, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego had a similar experience without the boat. Perhaps Mr. Haggard never heard of them?

4. They found the white race, and one of the party became a king.

This is happening every day with emigrants to this country, with the exception that there are no kings. They become officers of the government and rule over us, which is sufficiently parallel a case to convict Mr. Haggard.

5. Mr. Haggard describes the palace at Milosis as follows:

"Right in front of us was the wonder and glory of Milosis—the great staircase of the palace, the magnificence of which fairly took our breath away. Let the reader imagine, if he can, a splendid stairway sixty-five feet from balustrade to balustrade, consisting of two vast flights, each of 125 steps," etc.

On page 286 of Baedeker's "Handbook to Paris," edition of 1884, I find these words: "The Palace of Versailles presents a pleasing appearance when seen from the *Piece d'Eau des Suisses* to the south of the *Parterre du Midi*. On this side two flights of marble steps, 103 in number and 22 yards in width, descend to the orangery."

This clearly shows that instead of being original, Mr. Haggard has done nothing but grossly exaggerate.

I think that I have quoted sufficiently to prove that Mr. Haggard is lamentably deficient in originality, and is rather too prone to resurrect other people's ideas.

I will give him credit for what originality he does possess, however. He is original in limiting the number of queens in his story to two. Few imaginative writers could have resisted the opportunity to have four queens when it could have been done without offending those who like impossibility unmixed with probability.

He is original likewise in the numbers of his dead and wounded, which have never been equaled in literature, not even in the recent volumes of the *Century Magazine*.

He shares an originality with Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in the matter of the circulation of his books, but as far as his writings are concerned I dispute the appropriateness of his motto: *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*.

J. K. Bangs.

THE FALL OF THE RUSH'N UMPIRE.

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WHAT TROUBLED HIM.

She: YOU SEEM GREATLY RELIEVED SINCE WE SIGHTED THE *Rome*, MR. DE SAPPY.

He: YA-AS. I KNOW OF NO GWEATER STWAIN ON ONE'S NERVES THAN LOOKING FOR A STEAMAH THAT DOESN'T APPEAH.

She: YOU HAVE SOME VERY DEAR FRIENDS ON BOARD, THEN?

He: WELL, NO, NOT EXACTLY. BUT I'M EXPECTING A NEW PAIAH OF WIDING TWOUSERS ON HER.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

I LOOK in your eyes, and fancy
Ourselves in a world apart;
On your lips sweet words are trembling,
To your cheek the blushes start;
Yet I know that the glance, and the word and the blush,
Have nothing to do with your heart.

I press your hand and touch with my lips
The perfumed lace on your shoulder,
Though I know that some fellow will do the same
Ere the night is an hour older.
Is he coming—or do I only imagine
Your voice grows a trifle colder?

Do you think I grieve that your heart is cold
Though your tender glances glow?
That I sorrow to see that glance bestowed
On Harry or Jack? Why, no!
I'm something that sort of a fellow myself,
And I rather prefer it so. *M. E. S.*

AN UNPARALLELED PARALLEL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune* has discovered some scriptural lines which may comfort Mrs. Thurber. He writes: "In Ecclesiastes, chapter ii, verse 8, Solomon says, 'I got me men singers and women singers, and musical instruments of all sorts; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit.'" From this it is evident that Solomon came to grief trying to run a National Opera Company. He could manage three hundred wives and the Queen of Sheba, but the opera was too much for him.

It is also evident from this that Mr. Lillian Russell isn't the only Solomon that has dabbled in opera to his own perturbation of spirit.

HER MAJESTY surprised her friends and disappointed her enemies last week by refusing a fine-tooth comb from the Hirsuterers of London. Investigation showed why. The comb had not been paid for.

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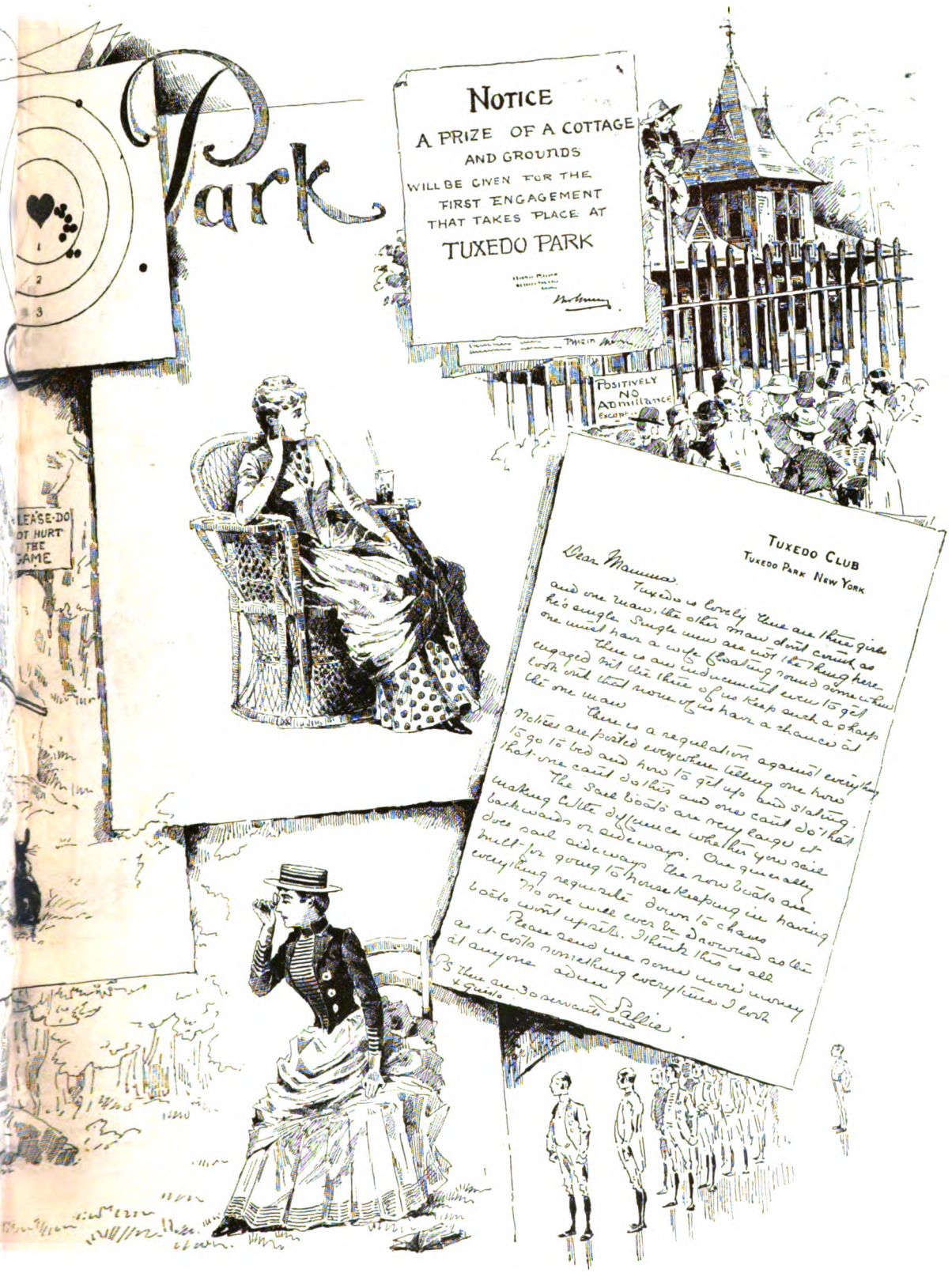

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THE POLICE INSPECTORSHIP.

WHILE walking past the Police Station one afternoon last week the writer found a blue-paper copy-book, in which were written the following questions and answers:

1. What do you conceive to be the first duty of a policeman?

A. To draw his salary.

2. How many hours' sleep does an ordinary policeman require per day?

A. Not more than twenty-four at most. Some like sixteen, eight off duty and the balance while on patrol.

3. Suppose a lady should ask you to protect her from the assaults of a drunken husband, what would you do?

A. Take her at once to the House of Detention as a witness and give the drunkard two hours to find bail.

4. If you were asked by an inoffensive looking man the way to the Eden Musee, what course would you take?

A. I'd tell him to move on.

5. If a man should be run over in the street by an influential truckman, what would you deem your duty to be?

A. I should arrest the man for disorderly conduct.

6. What measures would you take in regard to a man who was prostrated with the heat?

A. I would club him on the neck until he recovered.

7. In case of fire, what would you consider to be the duty of an Inspector?

A. Show my badge; arrest the man who owned the house on charge of larceny, and save the money-drawer.

8. If you as a Police Captain were requested to detail one of your force for a theatrical performance, what would you do?

A. If I hadn't seen the show, I'd go myself.

9. Suppose you learned that a prize fight was to be held in a public hall, what would be your course?

A. I'd be on hand and stop it as soon as it began to be interesting, and club any man who demanded his money back.

10. If you should hear rumors of an Anarchist outbreak or a disturbance such as the Draft Riots, what would you do?

A. In the first case, I would lay in a good stock of hose and get the hydrants manned. If I thought a disturbance like the Draft Riots possible, I would either resign or apply for a vacation.

11. Suppose you knew of a saloon-keeper who had failed to take out a license, what would be your course respecting him?

A. I would make him put up or shut up.

12. What is the law regarding Sunday drinking?

A. Only members of the force and spotters are allowed to frequent the saloons.

13. Suppose you found the door of a saloon unlocked, and on entering and demanding a drink were refused, what would you do?

A. I'd club the proprietor.

14. In case you were not refused, what would be your course?

A. I'd wait till I had quenched my thirst and then run the bartender in.

15. From all your experience on the police force, whom do you judge to be the man most fitted by education and record for the vacant Inspectorship?

A. Me.

Here the questions ended.

Unfortunately the paper bore no name or other means of identification, so that the probable successful candidate is still merely a matter of conjecture. *Carlyle Smith.*

REGATTAS were first introduced from Venice into England in 1775, and heavy drinking declined about the same time. Yet our modern regattas seem to encourage devotion to the cup.

RATHER ENJOYING IT.

BROWN: Well, Robinson, is it hot enough for you?

ROBINSON: What's that?

BROWN: Is it hot—excuse me, how does the warm weather affect you?

ROBINSON: Oh, very pleasantly. My wife left town yesterday, to be gone all summer.

A CORONER'S jury gave the verdict of "stage-struck" the other day in the case of a man who was run over by a 'bus.

"THIS TALK ABOUT SHARKS IS ALL ROT."

"WHAT'S GOT HOLD OF MY TOE?"

"HELP! SHARKS!! MURDER!!!"

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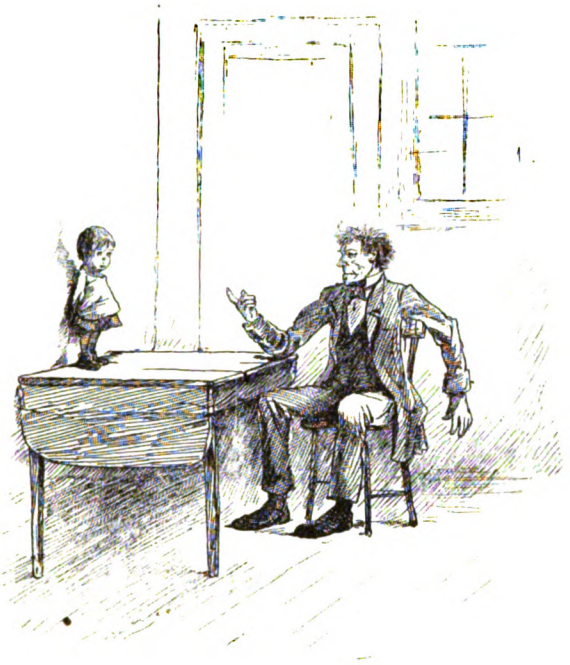

"JAMES, I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN OFF LARKIN' WITH THE GIRLS AGAIN INSTEAD OF GOING TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL."

"WELL, DAD, REMEMBER YOU WAS YOUNG YOURSELF ONCE, AND YOU KNOW WHAT MASHIN' MEANS!"

REDUCING THE SURPLUS.

"THAT'S a pretty good idea, mother," said Mr. Jones, the father of seven quite aged daughters, to his wife.

"What's that, John?" asked Mrs. J.

"Why, the Secretary of the Navy advertises for proposals for building some torpedo boats. We might advertise for proposals for the girls!"

THE REVENGE OF JACOB.

A WELL-KNOWN lady who is the presiding genius over a large patent medicine firm has secured testimonials for her latest nostrum from prominent persons connected with the recent Sharp trial. Mr. Sharp himself, is said to have written the following note:

MRS. H. H. ATMOSPHERE:

Madam,—I attribute my conviction to constant use of your engaging tonic, *Vita Antiqua*. Please send the bottles which stand to my credit on your books to Fullgraff and Judge Barrett. Yours truly,

JACOB SHARP.

FRENCH children refer to their stepmothers as *Pas encore*.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE is a literary "fellow well met."

THE CAT THAT PROWLS.

O CAT that by yon silent City Hall
Prowlest at night when all the streets are still!
That hangest wailing on some window-sill,
Waiting for neighbors' cats to caterwaul,
Stirring the midnight air with strains not al-
Together fanciful nor musical—
And trebly sharp when the young moon doth lend
Her chastened light and with the cat's cry blend.
I hear thy mews—my muse doth answer back,
And from my lofty chamber straight I wend;
And with my heart on fire, my head on rack,
I fling—the bottle to its destined end.
Chat-eau Margaux! Chat-eau Yquem! La Fitte!
Cat oh! be still! *The bottle it has hit!*

"OH, I'm just crazy to get to the seashore!" said the Chicago maiden, who didn't know an ocean from a hydrant. "It must be lovely sitting under the beach trees listening to the roar of the waves."

DIDN'T CARE FOR THEM.

MISS ROSEBUD: Tell me, Count Spaghetti, do you like our Blue Point oysters?

COUNT SPAGHETTI: Vell, Madamoiselle, zey vas not populaire vis me. I had von platefool of zem in Rome last summaire and I deed not like ze taste so mooch.

HIS SOURCE OF INFORMATION.

Early Citizen: HORRIBLE MURDER ACROSS THE STREET DURING THE NIGHT, WASN'T IT?

Police (who is supposed to have been on duty all night): DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT; I HAVEN'T SEEN THE MORNING PAPERS YET.

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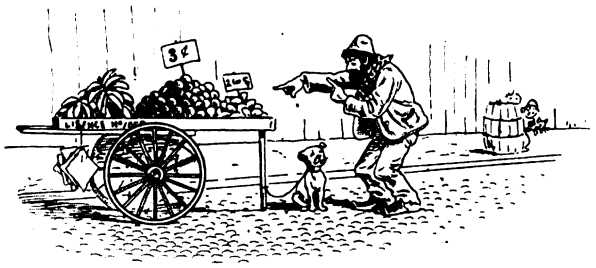
THE LOST CORES.



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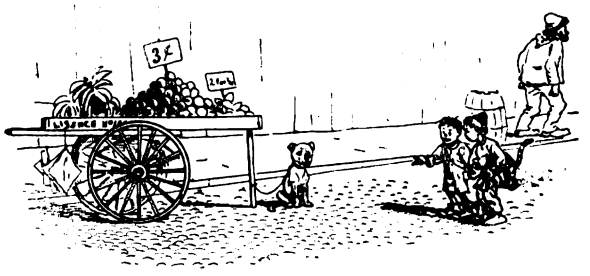

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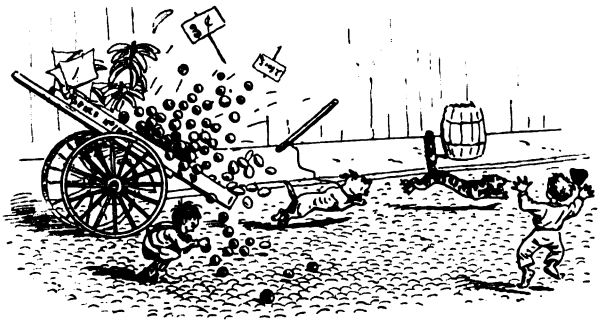

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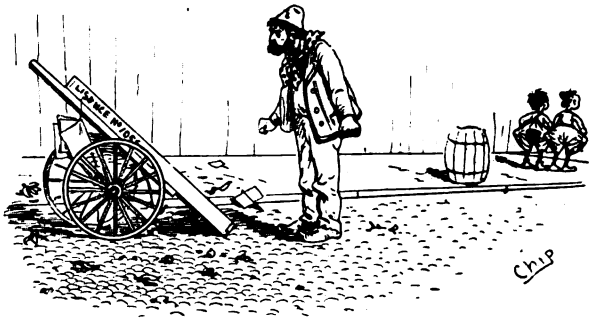

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FINANCIAL ITEMS.

THE Italian Government is endeavoring to negotiate a loan of 9,000,000 lires, and has sent to a prominent newspaper in this city for estimates.

* * *

HER MAJESTY believes in a tariff for revenue only.

* * *

CONGRESS is considering the advisability of imposing a pole-tax on barbers.

* * *

A YOUNG millionaire lost a hundred thousand dollars in Wall Street yesterday, and by a curious coincidence another young millionaire won the same amount.

* * *

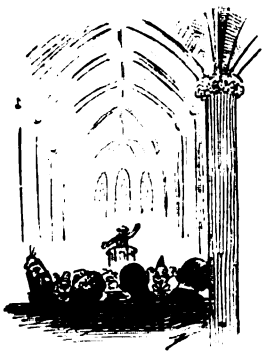
ALDERMEN are now quoted at $20,000 and trial expenses. Two years ago they could be had for $10,000, so that those who have been Aldermen for the past year and a half are netting quite a nice profit.

* * *

THE United States Senate is said to be the richest corporation in the world. No one knows the amount of its dividends, but they are said to be fabulous.

* * *

J. D. S.—Close corporations are not necessarily mean corporations, but it frequently happens that they are so.



"OH, SLEEP, IT IS A GENTLE THING, BELOVED FROM POLL TO POLL."

"REALISM."

A CORRESPONDENT writes us as follows:

SIR: In reading Mr. W. D. Howell's story now running in *Harper's Monthly*, I found the following sentence referring to the manner of a young lady in taking a gentleman's arm at an evening party: "She did it with a cold, bright smile, making white rings of ironical deprecation around the pupils of her eyes."

Will you kindly give me the receipt which she used for making white rings of ironical deprecation around the pupils of her eyes?

We really do not know how she did it, but she got there just the same.

PARLIAMENTARY language is so shockingly bad that it is no longer used in polite society.

WE do not wish to commit ourselves, but we really believe that the engine of an ocean steamship is the best screw-driver we ever saw.

BOULANGER is not particularly fond of the present ministry, and what billing and cooing they may do together will doubtless take the shape of a parliamentary bill and a *coup d'état*.

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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

MRS. FLAHERTY: Phwat's this, Mrs. McGuinness? Ye're but just married to a second husband and it's comin' out in a new mournin' dress ye are!

MRS. MCGUINNESS: Oi alwiz mint to wear mournin' for poor Mike, but Oi niver had the money till now. McGuinness is well fixed, praise the saints!—*Tid Bits.*

LITTLE DICK: I don't want to do that.

OMAHA MAMMA: But you must.

"Why?"

"Because I say so."

"What's the reason I have to mind you? I ain't your husband."—*Omaha World.*

VISITOR (*to Flossie*): And how is the baby to-day, Flossie?

FLOSSIE: Mamma thinks he is a little better.

VISITOR: Then he is not much better?

FLOSSIE: No, ma'am. He couldn't be very much better, you know, because he is such a little bit of a baby.—*Ex.*

WIFE (*to husband who has just returned from a visit*): So you intend to go back again some time?

HUSBAND: Yes.

WIFE: You must have felt perfectly at home.

HUSBAND: Oh, no; I enjoyed myself very much.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN (*to intelligent engineer*): Life on the rail must be very trying on the nerves, it is so full of peril.

INTELLIGENT ENGINEER: You're right, sir, it is. A man has to be on the constant lookout, and even then accidents will happen. About every month or so I run down a man or two. Oh, it's horrible!

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN: (*emphatically*): It must muss up the track fearfully.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

ANOTHER ship belonging to our navy is falling to pieces, this time at Panama, and it is thought that the crew will have to come home afoot by the way of the City of Mexico and Texas. It is beginning to be the saddest sight in Washington to see the Secretary of the Navy go down to the dock and put a trunk-strap around every vessel before it starts out on a voyage. But he has to do it.—*Dakota Bell.*

PECULIAR ANATOMY.

"THAT is rather a shabby pair of trousers you have on for a man in your position."

"Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man. What if my trousers are shabby and worn? They cover a warm heart, sir."—*St. Louis Sunday Critic.*

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

"I HAVE just returned from the ice-cream saloon with your daughter, sir, whom I have left in the parlor," said the young man, nervously, "and—and—may I say a word to you, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly," responded the old gentleman, with hearty encouragement. "Go right ahead."

"Thanks. I want to ask you, sir, if—if you could lend me five cents to ride up to Harlem with."—*N. Y. Sun.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "**LINENE**" goods. They are comfortable and genteel, and their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not our desire to sell the **LINENE** goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

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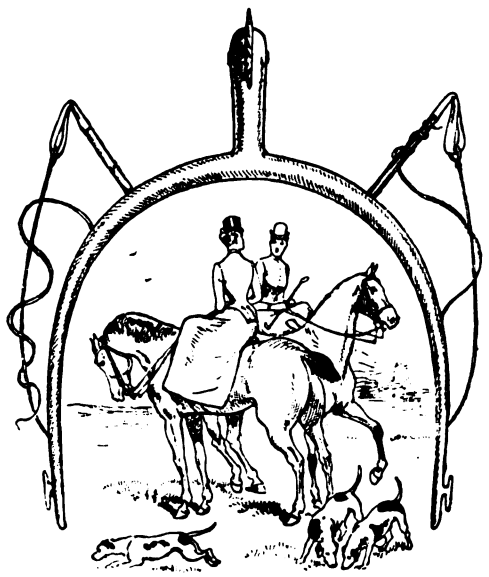

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This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,

are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

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Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

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MME. DE MELCY, *nee* Grisi, after her separation from de Melcy, married the tenor Mario. She was walking once in a garden near St. Petersburg with her two little girls, when the Emperor Alexander II. passed along, stopped, and said: "What charming children; they are your little *grisettes*, I suppose?" "No, your Majesty, they are my little *Marionettes*."—*Ex.*

THERE is a young married man living in Minneapolis, who is a very good fellow, but he has fallen into the habit of using profanity almost constantly. His charming wife tried a dozen ways to break him of the habit without success. Finally she decided upon a plan. He came home the other evening and remarked: "It's been a h—— of a day, hasn't it?" "What in h—— has been the matter with it?" asked the wife, coolly. He looked as if he had been struck by a cyclone. It required two days to break the young man of the habit, for his wife repeated every "swear-word" he used in her presence. Now he doesn't swear even when he misses a nail and strikes his finger with the hammer.—*Ex.*

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A HANDSOMELY dressed man, much the worse for wine, in endeavoring to walk down a flight of marble stairs leading to the office of one of our big hotels, fell to the foot and battered his new silk hat, tore his clothes, and cut and disfigured his face in a frightful manner in his rapid descent. When assistance was tendered him by a dozen sympathetic people, he was much disgusted, and waved them away. He would not acknowledge by the acceptance of a helping hand that he was in a condition calling for aid, but kept his dignity and independence intact by exclaiming, "Go 'bout your bissishness—nossing the masser; I always come down stairs that way!"—*N. Y. Times.*

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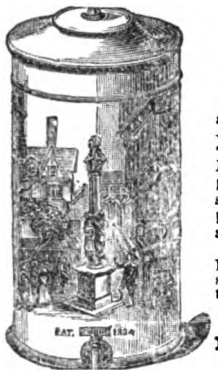

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NEWLY-ARRIVED SPIRIT: Servant, is it ye say? It's lady's help I waz, sir.

"Oh, never mind; come in."

"That's heaven, is it?"

"This is heaven."

"How many nights an' afternoons out will I have?" —*Omaha World.*

PEOPLE who want to know whether it is pronounced "neether" or "nyther" will find, if they investigate, that it is either.—*Somerville Journal.*

A VERY EXTRAORDINARY PUPIL.

"MA, de fiziology say yer dat de human body am imposed of free-fourth watah." "Wal!, yo' bettah mosey off to school, an' git outen dat hot sun, ur fus ting yo' know yo' be 'vaporatin'."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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It checks SICK HEADACHE, and the woe
That sad DYSPEPTICS ever know.
Besides, 'tis pleasant to the taste
And none need gulp it down in haste.
The sparkling liquid quickly charms
The Infant in the Mother's Arms.
While drooping age will strive to drain
Each drop the goblet does contain.
How seldom in our life we find
A REMEDY and treat combined.
This EFFERVESCENT SELTZER fine
A blessing proves to me and mine.

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1887. NUMBER 242.

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LIFE

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FORCE OF HABIT.

Fireman: HURRY UP! THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE!

She: OH DEAR! *must* I GO OUT THIS WAY? *Do* TELL ME, PLEASE, IF MY HAT IS ON STRAIGHT!

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

VOL. X. AUGUST 18, 1887. No. 242.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

ON a sort of *ars celare artem* principle, the most successful newspaper in August is the one that best conceals the absence of news. Everyone who can rest or play is resting or playing, and the important records are the records of sports, and of the doings of the pleasure-seekers.

The *Volunteer* continues to do what her sisters successively did in preceding summers. We observe that the esteemed *Sun* has forged a new word in honor of the three victorious sloops, and refers to the period when Noah *burgessed* the Ark. The *Thistle* is coming, but who's afraid of *Thistle* now?

* * *

CAPTAIN McKENZIE has won the chess tournament at Frankfort. Captain McKenzie is not so great a man as Burgess, but we cannot all build yachts, and it is something to beat the best chess players of the world in an international tournament. McKenzie did that, and is justly entitled to be set down as a summer sport.

* * *

MUCH discussion has been brought out by the unusual heat of this season as to the summer clothes of men, their shortcomings, their superabundance, their color, texture, and shape. Dr. Cyrus Edson says they should be black to *let* the heat out; Young Dr. Willard Parker says they should be white to *keep* the heat out. Let these doctors dispute. Who would be surprised to find out that Dr. Edson wears white for beauty, and Dr. Parker black for style.

Furthermore, LIFE understands that the esteemed New York *Sun* claims to have invented the flannel shirt, and recommends it for general use; while the *Evening Post* insinuates rather than asserts that the flannel shirt is at least as old as civil-service reform, and that men of sense wear it whenever they are so disposed. The *Post* also believes that men's clothes are very well devised and comfortable in this generation, and cannot easily be improved.

THE *Post* is right. A long experience in trousers and waistcoats leads us to believe that those articles are cooler than the state of nature, and that any person who thinks he can improve upon them (except, indeed, by taking the waistcoat off) is a conceited fellow, and only fit to be a savage.

* * *

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S speech on the status of civil-service reform has been read by a great many persons, many of whom have expressed opinions about it, and many more have thought more than they have talked. The number of these quiet readers, and the sentiments that they do not express, are interesting factors in politics. President Cleveland still, in a measure, represents the civil-service reform idea. He is undoubtedly friendly to it, but he does not seem disposed to wear it out with hard work, and this Mr. Curtis regrets, and hardly concedes that civil-service reform that lives to fight another day is in a more hopeful state than the sort that makes a desperate assault and gets squashed out of existence.

* * *

LIFE is very glad to learn that Explorer Stanley is perigrinating in Africa, not at all disturbed by the rumors of his death. The rumors seem to have deceived no one, but merely to have given many newspapers the chance to print such information about Stanley as they had accumulated, or could gather at short notice. Surely if one who can make two blades of grass grow in the place of one is a benefactor of mankind, the person who can make a single obituary notice twice available has done something for newspapers.

* * *

THE Emperor of Germany continues to take five meals a day, and the stock gamblers continue to lie about him. Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals continue to gain in strength, and the day of Home Rule rapidly approaches. Prince Ferdinand continues to keep away from Bulgaria, and Editor Katkoff continues in his grave. Everything in Europe, indeed, is about the same, except Mr. Sothern's messenger, who has been released from imprisonment, had the irons knocked off of him, and is on the road once more.

* * *

LET us drop a tear on the grave of *John Swinton's Paper*, that died last week of non-support. Mr. Swinton made the mistake of thinking that workingmen like to read about themselves, whereas they would far rather read about the Ghouls and Van Astorbilts. Mr. Bonner can give Mr. Swinton points on making a paper for the workingmen. If it is going to be any consolation to Mr. Swinton to see Mr. Henry George presently collapse, there are plenty of prophets to promise him that solace.

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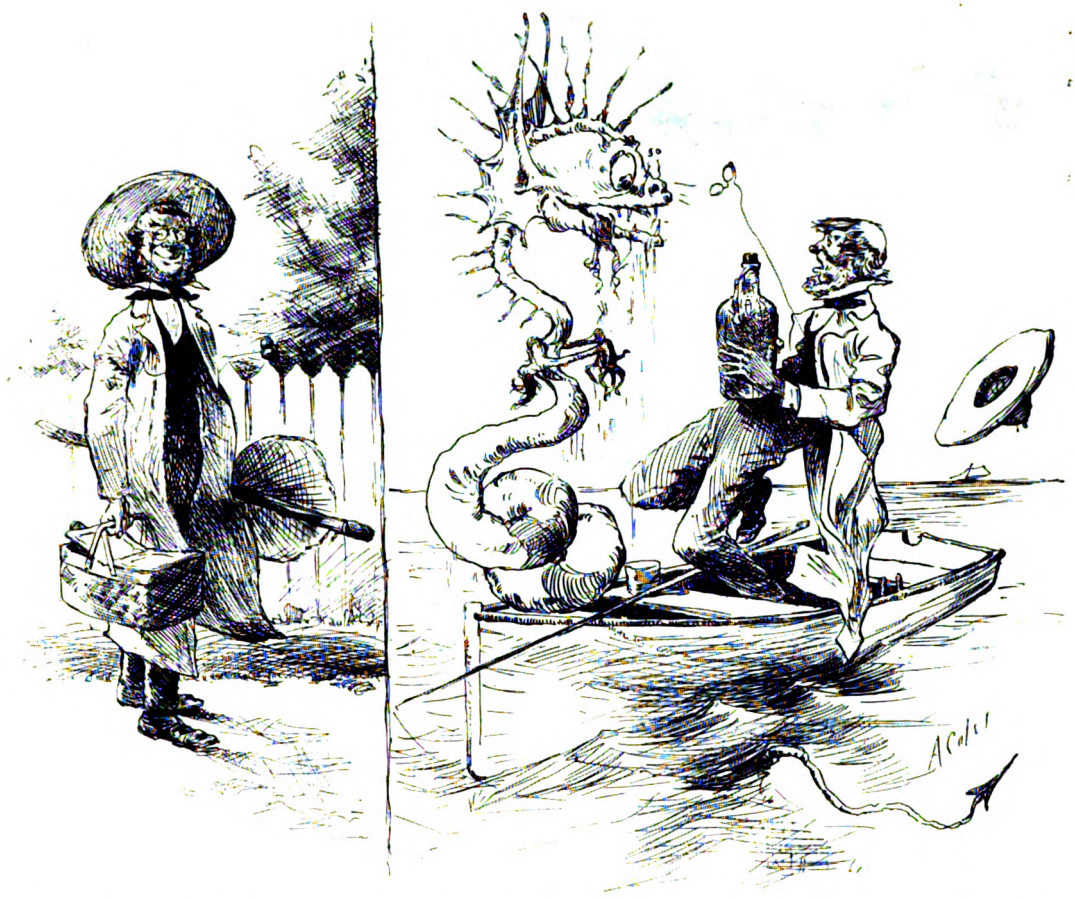

THE DEACON GOES FISHING AND BY USING PROPER BAIT CATCHES THE SEA SERPENT.

MR. FOO IS EXCUSABLE.

WONG CHIN FOO writes to the *North American Review* to tell why he is a heathen.

In these days when Sunday-school superintendents remove to Canada with the funds of others; when prominent churchmen accuse others of dishonesty and insanity for advancing original thought; when archbishops indulge in unseemly quarrels with insubordinate priests; when trusted Christian executors rob the children of their dead friends; when the hand of nearly every Christian man in the land is plunged in the pocket of nearly every other Christian man in the land; when one good turn does not deserve another; when virtue goes to the wall that vice may thrive; when water is thicker than blood, and when honor is based not on moral worth, but on financial worth,—an article on why I am a Christian would seem to be in greater demand.

A WRITER on electric motors cries "The horse must go!"

It seems to us that the horse does go, and gives points on going to electric motors.

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR A FORTNIGHT.

WE are glad to note that our appeal of last week has already resulted in an addition of $75 to the Fresh Air Fund. The amount is not large, but it means two weeks of healthful country life to twenty-five children to whom green fields and pastures new have hitherto been naught but an impossible dream.

Our thanks are due to the following contributors:

"Fresh Air"	$3.00
P. E. Tersham	6.00
C. S.	5.00
Unknown	3.00
H. C. Folger, Jr.	3.00
Hector Pockes	25.00
"Ruth and Swazey"	6.00
G. W. M.	5.00
"Judge"	3.00
Fiat Justitia	10.00
Pro Bono Publico	6.00
	$75.00

If every man and woman who has written letters to the press under the last two names would follow the good example of our friends above, there would hardly be a child left in the city for the balance of the summer.

Let us have more!

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THE AMBITIONS OF MEN.

TH' untitled Britain sets his heart
On living well and dying "Bart."
His soul of souls the Frenchman sets
On overturning cabinets.

Th' ambitions of the Russian lie
In scattering Czars throughout the sky,
And every loyal Roman's hope
Is to make it pleasant for the Pope.

The Teuton's quite an easy jogger,
And all he asks is cheese and lager;
While Uncle Sam's whole life is spent
In raking in th' immortal cent.

* * *

MRS. SPRIGGINS says Venice is *docks et praeterea nihil.*

* * *

ALFONSO, King of Spain, gave a state game of Peek-a-booh to his Cabinet on Wednesday last.

* * *

GOVERNOR HILL is not a very lofty eminence, although he has no vegetation on his summit.

* * *

THE friends and admirers of the late Herr Krupp will be glad to know that he is to be canonized.

* * *

SEVERAL ballet girls intend suing a Chicago paper for libellous comments on their costumes.

It is to be hoped they will secure redress.

* * *

THE average cost of a Pullman car is about $15,000. The vestibule car costs $18,000, but the colored porter will black your shoes for two dollars just the same.

* * *

FROHMAN'S messenger boy was arrested in London because he impeded traffic.

Londoners travel faster than American messenger boys.

* * *

LINEN was first made in England in 1253, and only worn by the luxurious.

Collar day is still observed with great pomp by the aristocracy.

* * *

A PROMINENT broker remarked the other day that the B. & O. would make Western Union sweat.

Western Union holds water enough to stand a good deal of perspiring.

CASTLE GARDEN should be given a thorough raking. There are too many dock weeds and other fungus growths to be found there.

* * *

THE Czar writes to the widow of M. Katkoff that he will pray for the repose of her husband's soul.

Mrs. Katkoff should decline the honor at once if she desires her husband's soul to get any repose. The Czar's orders are apt to be disregarded outside of Russia.

* * *

A MINING exchange says that the Comstock vein has been worked twenty-seven years and is nearly exhausted.

There is a Comstock vein around New York that has been worked about as much as it can stand, but it unfortunately gives no sign of exhaustion.

* * *

A NEW JERSEY DESPERADO.

* * *

A VERY large number of Irish names end with "agh." Agh generally means field in Irish. Thus Cavanagh means hollow field; Curragh, rice-field.

Cyrus W. Agh would sound a little too Irish for Mr. Field's visiting Dukes, which may account for his not writing himself down an Agh.

* * *

HE WAS GLAD.

"JOHNNY, my son, do you know you broke the Sabbath," said Johnny's mamma, sadly.

"Thank heaven!" retorted Johnny, vehemently.

"Why, John, what do you mean?"

"Oh, well, I'm glad the old thing's broke; I don't like the Sabbath."

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A BIRTHDAY REVERIE.

WELL, Dick, there you are, aged thirty to-day—
You've changed some, old chap, beyond doubt;
Your once raven locks are mingled with gray,
And your cheek-bones begin to stick out.

Quite ruddy your nose, like a sunset in fall,
Whilst your necktie is hanging awry;
One can see that your coat has no buttons at all,
And you're deucedly bleared in the eye.

Who would think to behold you, that four years ago
You were known as the pride of the Hill,
That instead of stale beer you sipped Chateau Margaux;
Then how small seemed a ten dollar bill!

You've led "germans," old boy, and quadrilles by the score;
Your voice was a basso, quite mellow.
How your friends, heaven bless 'em! would force an encore
When your bow warmed the heart of your 'cello.

At Newport, and Long Branch, and Europe, old man!
You have passed the most glorious hours
With Rose Fielding the flirt, and dear Florence Anne,
And May Somers, and sweet 'Delia Powers.

May Somers, you rascal! you liked best of all—
Nay, don't blush, it is time 'twere confessed,
How sweetly she looked at the Munniton's ball,
And how jealous she made all the rest.

She passed you in silence on Broadway to-day,
And her dress rustled 'gainst your old coat;
No wonder you turned your head quickly away,
And less wonder for lumps in your throat.

She's engaged, so they say, to young Dighton at last—
Your old college chum, by the way:
Would to God we could veil the sad ghosts of the past
In the tears that we shed day by day!

What, a tear in your eye? quickly brush it away,
It's too late now to mourn o'er days dead.
There's a quarter to earn ere the close of the day,
Or else you'll go hungry to bed.

So toddle along, again make an appeal,
And pray heaven you move some kind heart.
You are thirty to-day, Dick—and wanting a meal,
It's a wonder your heart-strings don't part.

M. A. Woolf.

A HINT TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

DOUBTING the *World's* recent analysis of milk sold in this city, we concluded to make an analysis of the article ourselves. Going into a place and buying a glass of milk, we analyzed it with the following result: Milk, 200 per cent.; water, 300 per cent.; chalk, 50 per cent.; ice, 30 per cent.; brandy, 15 per cent.; egg, 20 per cent.; straw, 7 per cent.; nutmeg, 5 per cent. Think of that, ye chemists of the *World*, and all in one little glass! What would a gallon can of milk be? Surely the Board of Health should look into this milk business.

HE DON'T WORK FOR NOTHING.

"AURORA," said old Sol, as he sunk into his easy-chair after the labors of the day, "I wish you'd open a bottle of champagne. I'm quite fagged out."

"The wine's going very fast," remarked his prudent partner, as she complied with his request; "can we afford all this?"

"Bah!" responded Sol; "of course. I've stood in with all the ice companies and the laundrymen this summer. Just wait till my fall dividends come in, and you'll see."

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SOME SUMMER PUBLICATIONS.

"BY THE WAY, an Idler's Diary," by "F. F.," is a volume which fills a long felt want. The reading public, we are glad to note, are gradually becoming too fond of books to use their pages for pressing autumn leaves or for hair-curling purposes, and it is an undoubted relief to botanists and straight-banged maidens to find here a volume whose chief utility consists in its adaptability to the purposes named.

"F. F." has certainly shown much good sense in choosing for his title-page sentiment: "'Tis pleasant business making books when other people furnish brains," but it is to be regretted that "other people" had not furnished "F. F." with sufficient sense to hide the light of his "Idler's Diary" under the bushel of oblivion.

* * *

THE Messrs. Peterson, who suffer under the great disadvantage of doing business on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia—a combination which would seem to be ruinous—have a very pleasant way of printing exhaustive criticisms of their publications on the title-page of the publications in question.

The latest emanation from this house is the "Princess Roubine, a Russian Story," by Henry Gréville. It is pleasant to learn from a perusal of the title-page that the "Princess Roubine" is a book that all will read and vastly relish. It calls the reader's attention to a fact which otherwise might escape him, and sets at rest any notion he may have that the book before him is hardly worth the time it will take to read it.

It is considerate also in the publisher to tell us in advance that the book is one of the most delicious and captivating novels of the day, for this enables us to speak of the book to our friends in such manner as to give the impression that we are familiar with current literature.

The criticism coming from one who is so conservative as to ply his trade in the locality above mentioned cannot fail to inspire the reader's confidence, and convince him that if he considers the "Princess Roubine" little better than trash, there is probably some error in his literary judgment.

The fact that the publisher has invested his money in the enterprise is certainly a proof of the sincerity of his criticism, and those who find fault with the principle involved in sending publications into the world bearing a certificate of excellence are the very people who cavil because a government issues a five-cent nickel of the same size and general appearance as a five-dollar gold piece, yet fail to place the denomination of the coin on the head or tail thereof, so that sharpers by means of a little gilt and enterprise may reap the reward of the just.

* * *

"THE VILLAGE MYSTERY," by Dr. Benjamin F. Mason, is a scientific and historical romance, which opens on a soft, balmy afternoon in May, when a young man with a small arched foot, planted firmly on a rock, stands beneath the shadow of a willow, fishing.

He is apparently an odd young man, for his ringlets hang mischievously over his strong white forehead, beneath which, startling to relate, shine his clear hazel eyes. The author does not record the fact, but we cannot help having a weird, uncanny idea that when the young man smiled he showed his teeth.

His luck is apparently bad, for he only catches a drowning maiden, with a rare sweet face and red lips around her mouth.

Opening with such extraordinary and incomprehensible features, the "Village Mystery" gets more and more mysterious every moment, and when it is finally laid aside at the end of part first, there is still the mystery—which part two may serve to unravel—why did Dr. Benjamin F. Mason write and Frederick D. Whiting, of 44 College Place, New York, publish the "Village Mystery; or, the Spectre of St. Arlyle," and invoke government aid to keep piratical literary men from reproducing the tale?

Wilful waste makes woeful want. *J. K. Bangs.*

Mrs. Muldoon: AH, BIDDY, LOOK AT THE BLACK EYE YOU'R GOT; WASN'T YEZ BETTER OFF ON THREE DOLLARS A WEEK AT SERVICE?

Mrs. O'Brien: WHAT IF MIKE DO BATE ME, I'M ME OWN MISTRESS NOW.

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HIS DINNER HOUR.

H. N. (*newly married*): WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN. COME UP SOME NIGHT AND TAKE DINNER WITH US.
C. B.: THANKS, I WILL. WHAT HOUR DO YOU HAVE IT?
H. N. (*meditatively*): OH, SOMETIMES AT SIX, AND *sometimes* AT SEVEN, AND THEN AGAIN AT *half-past seven*, AND, BY JOVE, SOMETIMES NOT TILL *half-past eight*.

NOODLEPORT NOTES.

AUGUST 10:—Life at Noodleport this season is as gay and frivolous as ever. The Queen's Jubilee took away a large number of the leading families, but the medium ten seem to have enjoyed themselves the better for it. It has been possible this year for a youth of moderate income to appear on the streets with every one of the buttons on his vest buttoned without being socially ostracized, while the ladies have found it has done them no harm to wear the same dress on two different occasions.

Talk has been about as small as usual, although the absence of the Jubilee circle has done much to elevate the subject-matter.

Owing to the large number of recent divorces in Noodleport circles the list of eligible men and women has been considerably augmented. Several engagements in the divorce set it is expected will shortly be announced, and it will hardly be surprising if two gentlemen, who are fast friends, should shortly be in practically the same position as they would be if they had swapped wives, just as they have hitherto swapped horses, dogs, and other live-stock.

Swellevue Avenue is crowded daily with a most brilliant concourse of equipages, some of which, I imagine, are paid for. A new fashion which has been adopted by the frequenters of the drive and possibly due to the recent behavior of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is that of husbands and wives driving together. It was a difficult matter to get the best Noodleporters to adopt the custom, and it was not until eye-witnesses of recent London events had confirmed the report that the heir apparent and his Princess had been seen in the same vehicle together, that the existing barriers of prejudice were broken down.

The Casino continues to thrive, and the prophecies of certain chronic grumblers that the liquor laws of Rhode Island would ruin the enterprise have proven groundless. Whether this failure in the prophetic line is due to the Casino's reaping the reward of virtue, or to the adoption of a code by which a harmless sounding order may bring forth an insidious beverage or not, I prefer not to say. I have no grudge against the Casino and do not wish anything I may say to bring it into a conflict with the authorities. I have no objection to saying thus publicly, however, that the milk at this celebrated institution is only second to water in its palatability, and that the gentleman who presides over the destinies of the bar can put together the best H_2O cobbler I have tasted in many a long day.

There is a growing tendency to a classification of society here. There are three estates, just as in England. The Royal families are those whose wealth—their own or borrowed, it makes no difference so long as the income is there—is over five millions. The second estate consists of those whose fortunes range from one million to five million, and the third are those who can count on any sum between half a million and a million. Those who have less than the lowest sum do not exist, in a social sense.

This serves to make Noodleport a delectable spot. It assorts the populace, and keeps each individual in his or her proper place. There is a continual war between the noble and ignoble, and if one party can do anything to put the other party in a ridiculous light it is sure to be done.

One of the Impecunes to whom the columns of the newspaper are open, published a paragraph to the effect that the Prince of Wales attended the Goodwood Races wearing a brown derby hat crushed in in the centre. The next afternoon all the Royalist youth appeared on the cliff with their hats caved in. The following morning the paragraph was contradicted and a cablegram inserted saying that the caved in condition of the hat was due to causes over which the Prince had no control, viz.: a brick had dropped on it.

So it goes; first one is up, then the other. Every once in a while a crash comes and a star in the Royalist firmament is extinguished, or an Impecune comes in contact with kerosene and lights the Royalist heavens to the dimming of their brightest ornaments. In justice to both classes I will say that recruits from either are gladly received by the other, for there is nothing that the Royalists worship more than wealth, and the rich deprived of their competence are no longer objects of dislike to the Impecunes. *Cholmondeley Harcourt.*

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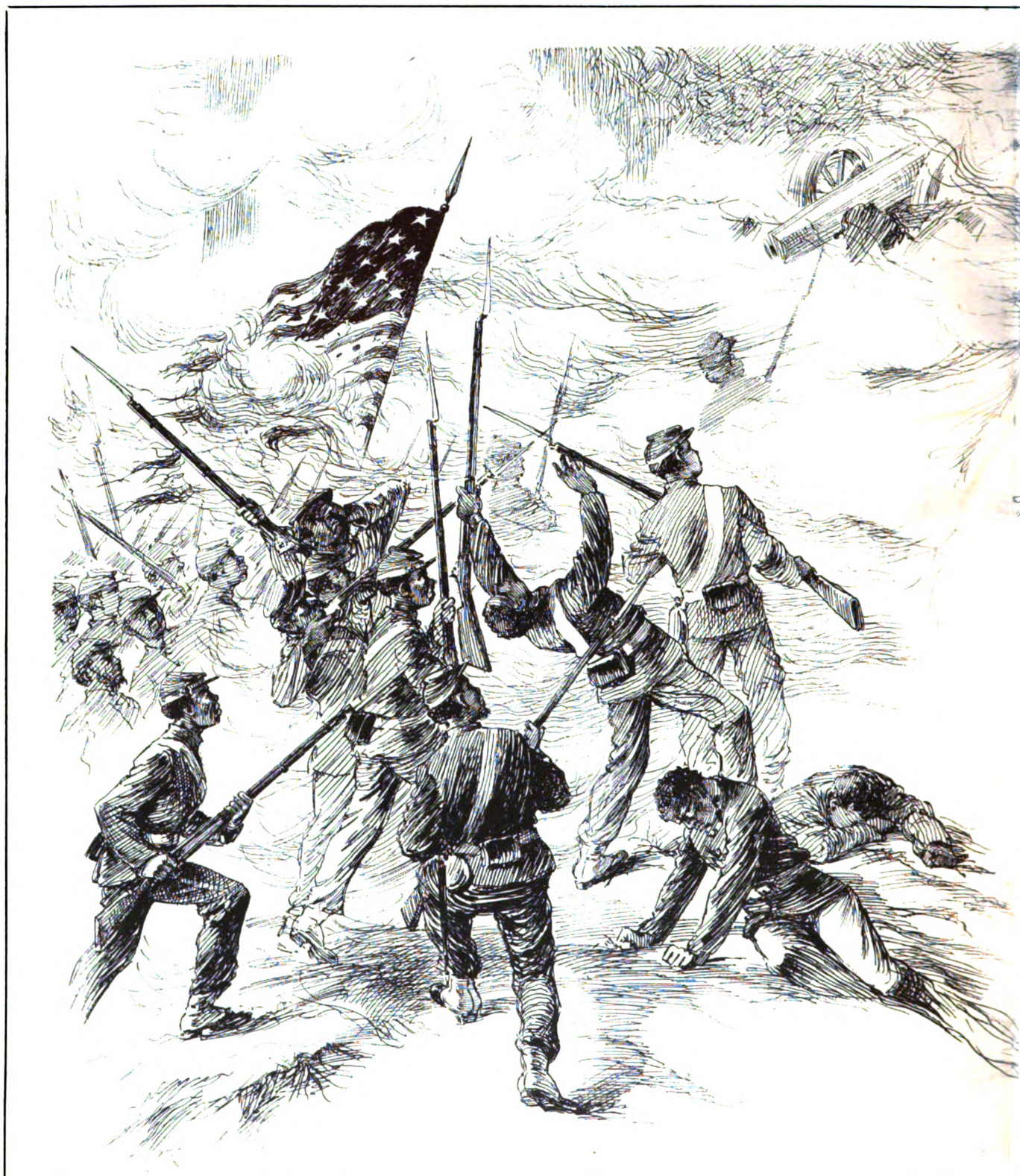

1863-5

NO SHOW FOR t

Colonel Richardson of the Washington Artillery recently wrote a letter to Secretary Beveridge of the International Milit
Beveridge replied that colored troops will not be permitted to attend the international encampment.—*Boston Herald.*

NEGRO SOLDIER: CAN'T COME IN, EH? SAY, BOSS, DOES YO' 'MEMBAH DEM TIMES? YO' WAS GLA

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—1887.

COLORED TROOPS.

y encampment at Chicago, asking if negro companies will be allowed to attend, parade and compete in the drill. Secretary

O ENOUH TO HAB US 'EM DAYS ON DE PARAPET OB WAGNER AN' IN DE BREACH OB PETERSBURG.

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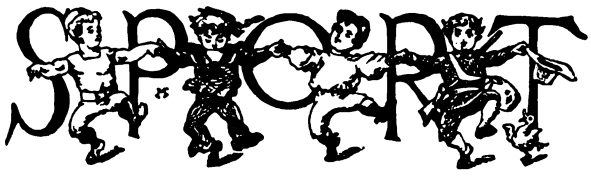

THE events of last week have shown that the *Volunteer* has the right metal in her to try conclusions with the *Thistle*, and encourages the belief that the conclusion will not be trying to American yachtsmen.

It opens up an interesting field for speculation to follow Mr. Burgess to the logical end of his career. A designer, who in 1885 gave us the *Puritan* to beat all previous records, who in 1886 designed the *Mayflower* to show the *Puritan* how the stern of a rival looks in a race, and who in 1887 so models a craft as to throw the *Mayflower* into innocuous desuetude, may be counted on to make for us by 1897 a single-sticker that will require a steam launch and a load of Saratoga trunks to keep her from going over the course in less than no time.

The silken sails of the new boat, we understand, are an enormous success. Certainly, if ever craft deserved to be dressed in silk, the *Volunteer* is the one, and the adoption of this texture for sails will lend an additional significance to the use of the word "she" in connection with sailing-vessels.

We find the same fault with General Paine's selection of a name for his yacht that we found with Mr. Bush for naming his boat the *Coronet*. The name *Volunteer* when painted on the stern of a sloop has no special significance, and it cannot be doubted that that rapidly increasing order of society known as the G. A. R. Veterans will hardly feel complimented when they realize that a craft that is expected to run away from her enemies has been named the *Volunteer*.

General Paine may retort that the *Thistle*, too, is inappropriately named, because no Thistle ever grew that could be called a single-sticker; but two wrongs do not make a right, and the fact remains that *Volunteer* is a bad name for a boat —without considering the fact that a boat is a she, while the average *Volunteer* is not.

* * *

THE *Thistle* is gradually getting here. Her spars and yawl arrived on the *Circassia* last Monday, and by the time this paragraph is before the public her rudder and keel, which are now sailing over, will probably have been washed ashore. Then will come the dry-docking, cleaning up, rows with reporters and practice spins in the bay which will show the public everything they wish to know but the vessel's capacity for speed. Betting men on both sides will get frightened and hedge. The papers, English and American, will blow about the respective merits of the boats, and with an unerring instinct for scenting out the windless day, the New York Yacht Club will set the race for some date in September, when half the population of the United States will sail down the bay and float around in a glassy calm in the vain hope of witnessing the event.

In the meantime, LIFE'S advice to its readers is to make some arrangements other than the newspapers afford for obtaining foreign or domestic intelligence. All Europe might be plunged in a bloody war, a plague might visit the United States and the Czar of Russia might be blown up and we would not know it if the editors of our great dailies should find it necessary to leave out an article on the contesting boats to admit the news.

The story concerning Queen Victoria at the first contest for the cup when there was no second will be resurrected for a short time, and it may occasion our readers no surprise if it is alluded to more or less in detail in the *Century's Life of Lincoln*—which, up to date, has been very much of a Cyclopædia of Universal Information.

* * *

THE relative positions of the ball nines have not changed materially since we last referred to them.

The Giants are still playing one old cat, and there are strong hopes that a friendly umpire may make enough errors to win them an occasional game.

HOW DUMLEY MADE AN IMPRESSION AT SARATOGA.

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TIME 4:30 A. M.

Farmer Host: HEY, MISTER, YOU'D BETTER HURRY AN' GIT UP; THE FAMILY IS SETTIN' DOWN TO THE TABLE.

Boarder (wearily): THANKS; I NEVER EAT DURING THE NIGHT.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

INCOME: The sum of one's debts; a mental hypothesis for estimating future prospects on a basis of current expenditures.

WIT: The word was originally applied to the residuary estate of Heirodes, an ancient Jester; hence, a legacy of the dead contested by false claimants.

AGNOSTICISM: A religious sentiment associated with an excess of emotion in contemplating human perfection.

WIFE: A domestic arrangement for sewing on shirt buttons.

ENGAGEMENT: A popular means of diversion that grows out of an impression beauty makes on the mind. (Synonym for PROMISE, *i. e.*, something easily broken.)

PHILOSOPHER: Any mortal who triumphs over his environment by the art of self-deception; a savant who derives pleasure from shaving with a blunt razor and discovers less solace in a pot of honey than in the poisonous inoculation of a wasp.

FALSEHOOD: A logically demonstrable proposition in behalf of spiritual liberty, or material progress.

RELIGION: That faith or self-trust which convinces a man that he is right and all the rest of the world wrong; a sense of moral obligation enjoining above other duties a liberal contribution to foreign missions and a prompt payment of pew-rent.

SERVANT: The proud survivors of a royal race whose life is spent in humiliating servitude, or in exacting obedience from his employer.

OPPORTUNITY: An interval of time which the mind ignores between two dormant states of consciousness; a hole in a circus tent.

TRUTH: A supercilious attitude of the human mind and avowed hostility to the dictates of human reason; a sacrifice of the interests of life to the laws of logic. *Harold van Santvoord.*

HOW COULD I GUESS?

A SUMMER fancy—that was all,
No serious thoughts, no Cupid's thrall,
For she was rich, a noted belle;
No danger there, I knew full well.

And so one night I let our boat
Upon the waters idly float,
And watched the moon play hide-and-seek,
And kiss her gently on the cheek.

She was so near, what could I do
But take her hand like lover true,
And ask her if she'd be my wife,
To brighten and to fill my life?

I did not love her, but was sure
That she, with countenance demure,
Would say me nay. How could I guess
That she would whisper softly—"Yes?"

E. W.

A FLOURISHING INDUSTRY — Penmanship.

A QUARTET.

SHADRACH, MESHACH and ABEDNEGO: We hear, brother, that you, too, have been through a fiery furnace.

NEW-COMER: Yes; I lived in New York last July.

PERHAPS WE ARE SLACK IN THESE THINGS.

Lord Mumbleham (just stepping over to see a ranch in which he is interested has a slight difficulty with wolves): "W'Y DON'T THE GOOVERMENT MOOZLE THE BLAASTED THINGS OR PEN THEM HOOP?"

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FIDO IN A NEW ROLE.

1

2

3

4

SO SAY WE ALL!

"TALKING about the flags," said the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, as they listened to the soft music of the killaloo bird in the palmettos; "there's only one flag I'd care to see returned."

"What is that, pray?"

"The cold-wave flag in the Signal Service tower."

THE only fireproof thing about the average New York storage warehouse is the proprietor, who remains as impervious as a salamander to the flaming indignation of people who, misled by him, have put their property where it would do the most burning.

SOCIETY ITEM.

A NEWPORT paper says: "A prominent politician and lawyer of New York, who arrived here yesterday, has taken a cottage." Is that all he has taken? Keep your eye on him. These New York politicians will take anything; a cottage is a small item. He may have the town yet.

WHAT is there so excellent as the spectacle of an old man who believes in his fellowmen? asks the Detroit *Free Press*.

We give it up, unless it is the eyeglass of the old woman who doesn't believe in mankind.

A FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A MOSQUITO DISTRICT.

"ARRAH, THIN, YEZ ARE PURTY BIRDS; BUT YEZ HAVE MOIGHTY HOT FEET."

SCRAPS.

THE reporter who received a "lack of attention" from the management of a beach resort, showed so much talent for computing the value of emptiness, that he was presented with a vacancy on the staff of his paper.

* * *

POURING Grévy on the troubled waters, in France, has not thus far availed to lull the storm.

* * *

ENGLAND has one cow to every eight and a half persons. The extra semi-individual is supposed to be bound over in half-calf to keep the peace.

* * *

DECLINING health will hereafter be the regulation plea against the charge of declining to refuse or withhold a bribe.

* * *

THE starched collar, although white, is the yoke of modern civilization, when placed around the neck in hot weather. The required time for boiling it soft is three and a half minutes.

* * *

IT is said that the Boston people contemplate boring for gas. If they want to save the expense of going down deep, they should tap the Concord School of Philosophy.

HIGH STRUNG — Telegraph wires.

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DANGEROUSLY HURT.

COMMISSIONER: On what ground do you claim a pension? Were you in the army?

APPLICANT: Oh, no; the war was all over before I was born. But I've had my mind all lacerated and torn up and confused like readin' the magazine war articles.

COMMISSIONER: All right; I see. I'll give you a pass to the insane asylum.—*Burdette.*

SHE kissed her pug—with haste arose
And rained upon that creature's nose
A storm of osculations sweet;
The Swell reclining at her feet
Remarked, as he looked sidewise up,
"I wish that I'd been born a pup."
Then smiling coldly from her throne
She said, "And were you born full-grown?"—*Ex.*

THE newspapers are discussing the question who controls a car window—the person who sits beside it or the person who sits behind it. In most cases nobody controls the window. Even the brakeman and conductor can't manage it.—*Lowell Courier.*

LIBRARIAN (*recording the condition of a book*): Page 47 a hole (*turns the leaf*), page 48 another hole.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

A GOOD FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

"I AM determined to be embalmed when I die," remarked the young man that boards on South Division Street. "I've been reading that they can inject poison into you and wrap you up, and take you out in 3,000 years' time fresher than Lazarus. They tell me a mummy 3,000 years old is worth $25,000, and as it's the only chance I'll ever have of being worth that much, I'm going to clutch on to the mummy act when I die," and the irreverent young man resumed his corncob in silence.—*Buffalo Courier.*

NEW YORKER: "What fresh air you have out here! It's so much fresher than in New York."

FARMER: "Jess so! That's jest what I was saying to my old woman. Why ain't all the big cities built out in the country?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A LADY who is famous among her friends for the correctness with which all her social duties are performed, and who is particular in attending to all the details of intercourse with her acquaintances and friends, was recently put in an amusingly awkward position by the stupidity of a servant. A neighbor being dangerously ill, this lady one morning sent her new maid over to inquire concerning her condition.

"Go over," she said, "and inquire how Mrs. X. is this morning. And if she is dead," she added, as the girl started, "ask when the funeral is to be."

The messenger went as directed, and soon returned with the air of one who has done her whole duty.

"Mrs. X. is better this morning," was her report, "and they cannot tell when the funeral will be."—*Boston Courier.*

AN exchange asks: "Does etiquette demand a vest on a hot day? If it does it can have ours."—*Norristown Herald.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

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H. M. THE QUEEN OF ITALY,
H. M. THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND,
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A CORRESPONDENT writes to know what became of the *World* balloon. It reached New York in a freight car, which is regarded as quite a triumph in modern journalism.—*Philadelphia Call.*

WIFE: In the game of lawn tennis, my dear, what is the most difficult thing to acquire?

HUSBAND: The lawn.—*Puck.*

"JEREMIAH, did you bring that hunk of oleomargarine from town with you?" inquired Farmer Goshem.

"Yes, father."

"Well, jis' drop it inter the churn and call out the summer boarders."—*Ex.*

CONSISTENCY is not a duel in France.—*New York Journal.*

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"I ASKED Miss Tittleback to marry me," remarked Tompkins, "and she refused me. But I'll teach her." "Why, what are you going to do about it?" "I'll teach her to treat me in that way. I'll never ask her again."—*N. Y. Sun.*

BROKERAGE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

SHE: How's the chocolate this morning, dear?

HE (*absent-mindedly*): H'm—crude cocoa is quoted at 17⅜; quarter of a point off yesterday's list.—*Tid Bits.*

"WHAT can I use to clean carpets?" Use your husband.—*Danville Breeze.*

IT may be all right for a young man to sow his wild oats provided he doesn't sow them on some other man's property.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, AUGUST 25, 1887. NUMBER 243.

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LIFE

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A LOVER'S HEART.

Jessie: IF THAT BULL SHOULD ATTACK US, WHAT COULD YOU DO?

Tom: I COULD REACH THAT FENCE IN LESS THAN TWO SECONDS.

Jessie: YES, BUT WHAT COULD I DO?

Tom: YOU? WHY YOUR PARASOL WOULD KEEP HIS ATTENTION UNTIL I WAS SAFELY OVER!

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

VOL. X. AUGUST 25, 1887. No. 243.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

SEVERAL able journals have suggested before now that there was this difference between Secretary Whitney and Rollo: that whereas Rollo's play was work, Whitney's work was play. The editors and correspondents of these journals have suggested that the Secretary of the Navy was more concerned with polite functions than with ships.

Whether there was or was not any foundation for these suggestions, it should be recognized that different men do their work after very different fashions. Some plod along steadily day after day, and others bustle for a while and then lay by. It cannot be confidently laid down that one method is better than the other, but the plodders are always ready to call the bustlers idle, and the bustlers generally believe the plodders to be dull.

Secretary Whitney has just been bustling prior to his summer vacation, and has furnished topics for columns of interesting newspaper matter, both nonpareil and brevier. Admiral Luce thinks he is a rude man, and so do a number of other worthy naval magnates whom he has run against. But he promises to give us ships, and if he will do that the good people of the United States are prepared to be as fond of him as if his manners were always mild and he was ignorant of terrapin.

* * *

IT is not given to many men to achieve as wide a fame in a lifetime as young Mr. Henry Ives has accumulated in twenty-eight years. His name was a household word for the conventional nine days, and if his renown turns out to be less lasting than that of Ferdinand Ward, the difference is merely one of quantity. In quality it does not vary much from Ward's, and possibly it will leave its accomplished possessor in that modest retreat where Ward is resting after his complicated labors. How to live on nothing a year has always been considered a pretty problem. Ives seems to have more than solved it, for, without so much as character for his capital, he has lived for several years with most of the comforts that civilization has discovered, including an excellent and costly steam yacht. Mr. Ives is a very enterprising young person, and to laymen who are not versed in Wall Street ways, it seems surprising that a youth who could do so much could not do a great deal more. A man who steals a watch or a coat is easily understood and abhorred, but a young fellow who can get away with a railroad is a much more complicated and mysterious character, and the average citizen who meets him is uncertain whether he ought to take off his hat or cry out for the police.

LIFE admires your talents, Mr. Ives. It does not wish to do you injustice; but the assignee has your yacht and your railroad, and there is said to be a chance that the blue-coated gentry may have you. Really, sir, it seems as if you had been caught or something; and, with all due respect, we are bound to suggest to you that the way of the transgressor is as hard, at times, as the way of the honestest man in the world.

* * *

THERE is no vocation that has the least dash of politics about it, in which a deserving citizen can hope to be exempt from publicity. We condole with the worthy private secretary of the President, whose devotion threatens at times to enrich the language with a new word because of the glare into which he has been dragged by our neighbor the *Sun*. Our neighbor affirms that Mr. Lamont lately conspired with other citizens to sap the political strength of Mr. Daniel Manning, and usurp his place in the Democratic councils of the State. The means to be used for this end was the Albany *Argus*, which Mr. Lamont is accused of attempting to buy. The accusation is denied absolutely by Mr. Lamont and the *Argus*, and Mr. Manning says it is not true; but it is doubtful if even such concurrence of disagreement can convince the *Sun* that its confidence has been misplaced. As for Mr. Lamont, it is cruel to drag him out from his retirement in this way, and he has our sympathy.

* * *

WELCOME to the *Thistle!* We are glad to see her and we hope to go her one better.

* * *

AS we go to press the news of another railroad accident reaches the city. This time no one is hurt but one engineer—who, by the way, was killed—and some sixteen others.

As usual, the accident is due to the criminal carelessness of "Somebody," that arch fiend who has been instrumental in killing off more people than the late lamented Krupp. "Somebody" is guilty of murder, and LIFE respectfully suggests that Somebody ought to hang, and that if there is no other means of getting at Somebody than by hanging every responsible official on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the sooner the rope begins to work the better.

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DIVES.

HE pays ten thousand dollars for his German opera box,
And twice as much he's dropped upon a "little spec in stocks."
Twelve hundred golden coins he spent upon a Brewster Brougham,
And sixty thousand more has gone toward furnishing his home.
How much he spends upon his horse he never seems to know,
But 'tis his wont to tell his friends "the mare makes money go."
He calls himself "Art's Patron," and he quite makes others faint
When he matches fabled treasures 'gainst a little bit of paint;
But while he thus expends his gold and never tries to hoard it,
In charity he'll ne'er indulge. He "really can't afford it."

* * *

THE Western Union Telegraph Company is a great sufferer from humidity.

* * *

THE Republican papers rejoice over the Luce management of Canadian affairs.

* * *

PHŒNIX FIRE INSURANCE is pretty low, but it ought to rise again.

* * *

WE beg Judge Potter to remember that another reason for believing Jacob Sharp a guilty man is that the good die young.

* * *

CONSIDERING the vast quantities of snow in Russian territory, it is quite appropriate that Count Schouveloff should be given so important a position as Russian Ambassador to Berlin.

* * *

THE scientists who have been convening for a week at Columbia College have decided that the recent humidity was due to water in the atmosphere. What would we do without scientists?

* * *

WE call Inspector Williams's attention to the projection of a Wagner society in this city. It is well to nip disorderly conduct in the bud, and the Inspector is offered an opportunity to make a record.

* * *

WE submit to the New York *Star* that the publication of designs suitable for soda-water fountains, as possibly available for the Grant Monument, is likely to retard the progress of the subscription fund.

WE are requested to announce that when Mr. Blaine danced on the green in Scotland he by no means jumped on the Irish. It is well that this should be thoroughly understood at this stage of the boom.

* * *

IF the contempt of the American public for Mr. Riddleberger could be measured by the days they would spend in jail for it, the American public would be incarcerated until the trump of Gabriel is heard in the land.

* * *

FROM a thorough digestion of the news in all the papers we are prepared to state that in spite of Bright's disease, torpid liver, heart trouble, gout, baldness, and tired feelings generally, Mr. Blaine is in unusually robust health.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, announces with becoming modesty that its London correspondent's manner is "inimitable."

After all, we have a great deal to be thankful for.

* * *

THE *Star* enlivens its pages with suburban notes, under such titles as "Tarrytown Tickers," "Peekskill Pearls," and "Sing Sing Snaps."

The last is peculiarly appropriate, since Sing Sing has begun snapping up so many of our distinguished citizens.

* * *

CORES AND EFFECT.

AN item now going the rounds of the press says that General Mahone has been gaining in flesh to the extent of twenty pounds.

The General must weigh as much as thirty-seven pounds now.

* * *

A SPANISH officer has invented a war-boat that will stay under water four days.

The U. S. Navy has no use for this man. What is desired in this county is a war-boat that will stay above water for that length of time.

* * *

THE *Tribune* says that Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice's plan for Electoral Reform is sure to provoke discussion—which is precisely what Mr. Rice wants.

It would seem as if Mr. Rice's management of the *North American Review* had provoked so much discussion that Mr. Rice would never want to hear any more of it. There is no accounting for taste.

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SHE WAS A FORWARD MISS.

Envious Friend: I DON'T SEE WHAT ARTHUR IS GOING TO MARRY HER FOR!

Charitable Friend: SHE IS NOT SO UGLY: SHE HAS BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

Envious Friend: BUT SUCH AN *immodest* WAY OF SHOWING THEM!

AN AUGUST APPEAL.

TO-DAY the sky is not so blue,
The green upon the bending grass
Is not so deep as when with you
I watched the hours of summer pass:
The birds sing on, but not the same
Sweet song floats down the amber air—
They call and carol forth your name
And wake the echoes everywhere.

And I, who listen to the birds,
Like them, a stranger in this clime,
Sing on and group the lonely words
In sweet companionship of rhyme,
Wherein as in a mirror clear
Will fancy for a moment cheat
My eyes, and make a face appear
With features like your own, my Sweet!

Ah, if the face in dreams like this
Might yield such smiles as I have seen
Play round the lips to frame a kiss—
How blue the sky,—the grass, how green!
Love, if you knew your potent powers,
How all the weather's jumped the track,
I think you'd shorten some the hours
That must elapse ere you come back.

Humidity of air and eyes,
A deep depression of the mind—
Your absence all of this implies:
For me no cloud is silver-lined.
Haste, sweetheart, to a hermit bard,
And bring the balm for which he sings;
A rhyme to Love is very hard
With you at Saratoga Springs.

F. D. S.

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DON'T YOU SEE, SISTER JONES, DE CAUSE OB DIS 'DUSTRIAL DEPRESSION AM DAT DERE IS TOO MUCH MONEY IN BUILDINGS AND DERE AIN'T 'NUFF IN CIRCULATION; AND DERE AM TOO MANY PEOPLE IN CIRCULATION AND DERE AIN'T 'NUFF MONEY.

TO THE ADMIRAL.

DEAR Admiral Luce!
Your display of dander
May not prove you a guce—
Tho' it proves you a gander.

UNTIL a law is passed providing for the hanging of railway officials for neglect resulting in disaster, we may look for repetitions of the Chatsworth railway horror *ad infin.*

SHAKESPEARE OUT OF DOORS.

A NOVEL performance of "As You Like It" was given at Manchester-by-the-Sea last week. The scenery was Nature's work, and considering the extraordinary pressure of business on the lady at this season of the year, it was very creditable work. She could not be expected to infuse the maples of Masconomo with the spirit of the Forest of Arden—the poetry of Warwickshire is not to be found within twenty miles of Boston, even in August—but there was sufficient realism about the performance to suit the local taste and make it a success. The roar of the breakers in the distance; the chirp of the cricket and the tree-toad; the presence of the lady-bug in *propria persona;* the busy hum of the real bee with no automatic sting, the absence of the glare of foot-lights, and the possibility that it might rain, all added a charm to the venture which those who witnessed it will not soon forget.

But it is not with a criticism of this particular performance that we are concerned. It is with the principle of Shakespeare out of doors that we have to do.

Take the play of "Julius Cæsar," for instance, and locate it on Wall Street. Would this be doing justice to Shakespeare? And yet, are not the sub-Treasury steps as appropriate a substitute for the *Forum Romanum* as are the tennis grounds of the Masconomo for the Forest of Arden? Would not the busy hum of the Stock Exchange in the distance be as fair a substitute for the "hi-hi" of the first and second citizens, supported by the "ho-ho" of the populace, as the beating of the waves on the coast of Manchester-by-the-Sea is for the rippling water of the Avon? Would not the speech of *Brutus* standing within the shadow of the Washington Statue be as appropriately set as the melancholy *Jacques*, in the person of Frank Mayo, soliloquizing to the boarders of a summer hotel, while two essentially American katydids disputed as to whether or not Davy Crockett was a bigger man than *Jacques* himself?

Consider how intensely real the death of *Cæsar* could be made in the sacred precincts of the City Hall. What could be more heartrending than the lean and hungry *Cassius* standing before Delmonico's during the ides of March, with nothing on but the toga of respectability. Imagine *Cæsar* walking down Fifth Avenue robed in a purple-embroidered sheet, and wearing a fashionable laurel wreath around his brow. Think what a place the Polo Grounds would be for the battle of Philippi, with the toboggan slide made to represent the surrounding hills. It would indeed be great; but, the reader remarks, it would hardly be Shakespearean, and we believe him. Yet, we think that New York is more like Rome, with its malaria, its bad government, its architectural advantages for speech-making, and its intelligent first and second citizens, who can be relied upon to say "hi-hi" in cases of emergency, than Manchester-by-the-Sea is like the Forest of Arden in the heart of leafy Warwickshire.

If Shakespeare must be given out of doors, his inland comedies should not be given on the seaboard. Take "As You Like It" down to Tuxedo, even though you cannot do exactly as you like down there. Take "The Taming of the Shrew," not to Brooklyn, which is no more like Padua than Philadelphia is like Paris, but to any New England town where the business is more or less understood. Never attempt to perform "Much Ado" in Philadelphia. Take "Shylock" to Chicago during the high-water season. "Hamlet" would find an appropriate setting on Ward's Island, and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Love's Labor Lost" will do at any summer resort where there is but one man to five girls.

Suit your town to your play, if you are too large for anything but the earth for your stage, and even then the divine bard will lose something of his charm. One cannot successfully mingle poetry with prose, and William Shakespeare is essentially an indoor game. *J. K. Bangs.*

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THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has recently published a volume entitled "*The Pleasures of Life*." The talented baronet has made a very readable book out of his subject, but one of the greatest pleasures of LIFE he neglects to record. That is, the sending of one hundred and forty-one and two-thirds poor children off on a two weeks' vacation by means of the liberality of our readers.

It is with feelings of pride that we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of $425 for the Fresh Air Fund as follows:

Previously Acknowledged	$75.00
E. M. B. M.	3.00
Charles W. Williams	15.00
Frank H. Ransom	10.00
Dannie and Henry	6.00
J. S.	250.00
Miss R. P. Bullock	20.00
Unknown	6.00
Louise W. Larned	3.00
H. E. Davis	3.00
Marie McCulloch	6.00
A. E. S.	5.00
Roger	8.00
L. W. Ledyard	15.00
	$425.00

For the information of those who have not yet contributed we will add that a walk through the poorer districts of the city still discloses an unhappily large number of round-eyed, pale-faced little boys and girls who need but a breath of pure air to bring the roses to their cheeks and joy to their hearts.

Our money-bag is not quite full.

SPEAKING of the *Thistle's* racing spars, a correspondent wants to know why Saratoga isn't a racing spa.

A HINT TO THE MAYOR.

IN view of the recent stand the local government has made against monkeys, we advise the Mayor to look after the grocers who sell honey. *Ubi mel, ibi apes*, is an aphorism so old as to be trite.

NOWADAYS, if you refuse to join the majority by getting poisoned with ice-cream, you are accused of being undemocratic.

A GOOD BOOK—IN A SENSE.

DE SAPPY (*from Boston*): 'Say, fellers, I'm reading the finest book I ever saw. It's "Boccaccio," by Don Cameron. Ever see it?

SUNDAY MORNING IN ROME.

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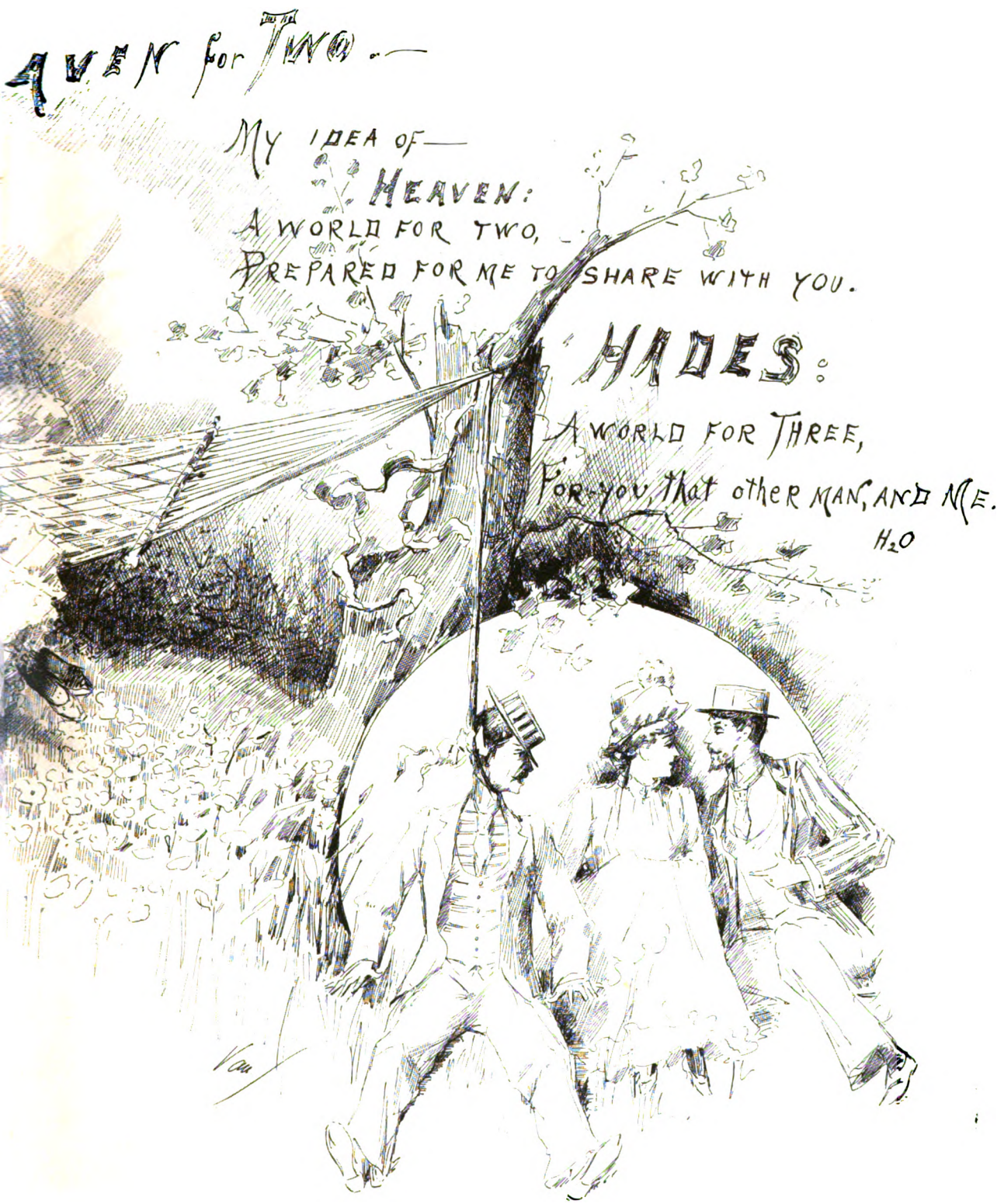

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ECHOES FROM LONG BRANCH.

YOUR correspondent reached this balmy resort last evening. He has been promising himself the pleasure of a trip to Long Branch for years—in fact, it bears a strong resemblance to the promised land in many respects, only Moses seems to have got here. The leading lights of the place are chiefly Israelites. There is not so much *jeu d'esprit* about Long Branch as there is *esprit de jew*; but after all I am inclined to believe that there is a great deal that's genuine about the Hebrews, and, barring their diamonds, which keep a great deal of money out of circulation, I rather like them. They are more Christian-like in a great many respects than the copper-riveted Christian who goes to church every Sunday, rain or shine, to get points on futures and put ten per cent. of the proceeds of his stock speculation into the plate. Up to this point I have not heard a single or married Israelite rejoice at the accumulation of lawsuits against Judge Hilton, although a large number of my Gentile acquaintances seem rather glad that the pretender to the throne of the Stewarts must account for his magnetic influence over the mighty dollar.

The fashions at the Branch this year are largely reminiscent, due to the bad state of trade in the clothing business last year. Merchants must cover themselves in some way, even if their sons and daughters have to wear the old stock. The king of the dudes has been the only relief to the eye in this respect, and even he has cut his trouser allowance down to fourteen pairs a day. I am reminded by this that the trade phrase, "It fits like paper on the wall," has been superseded by a better and more significant embodiment of the same idea, which runs, "It fits like the trousers on the Wall," which, as a colored waiter at the West End cleverly remarks, is a "Berry good fit."

While bathing yesterday afternoon my old friend Solomons introduced me to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Minzesheimer, who, forgetting that she was up to her neck in water, curtesied, and inadvertently ducked her head beneath the waves, much to the detriment of her cheeks, which a moment before had been as rosy as the dawn, and which emerged from the water in a striped condition, highly suggestive of the American flag. Solomons attempted to console her, but the old lady recovered her equanimity, and, laughing at her mishap, assured us that "It vas no diffurence. Blenty more vere dot come from an' only a kerworter a box."

Among other prominent people the Guggenheimers of Philadelphia are here. They are very great entertainers and gave a dinner last night which the host told me cost as much as two dollars a head. Last week they had a charade party, to which a literary turn was given by the titles of books being taken as the subjects represented. "Allan Quatermain" was shown in three acts, the first consisting of a large cart with every performer seated in it, representing the All-In. Then Mr. Minzesheimer held up a twenty-five cent bit and a piece of water-pipe for the Quatermain. Every one guessed the Quater part but the other two-thirds was too much for them. Then they had an uproarious little baby tied up in red tape to represent a bound volume of LIFE, which was received with great applause. Indeed, the whole affair was a great success and only cost Mr. Guggenheimer fifteen dollars, including the supper and the wear on the carpet—so Mrs. Guggenheimer informs me.

Altogether Long Branch is most enjoyable. The spirits of the people are infectious, and I would stay here for the rest of the summer, if it were not that the action of the waves during the bathing washing on a gold ring which I have promised never to take off, subjects me to a loss which I do not feel able to bear.

I must leave for a cheaper clime where constant bathing is not required. I think I shall go to Chicago.

C. H.

IT WAS PERFECT THEN.

JONES: The *Century* is a mighty fine magazine, eh, Topper!

TOPPER (*sadly*): Yes; but you should have seen it before the war.

"Stay near me, Tommy." "Now, I wonder where that boy has gone to." "Ah, here you are!"

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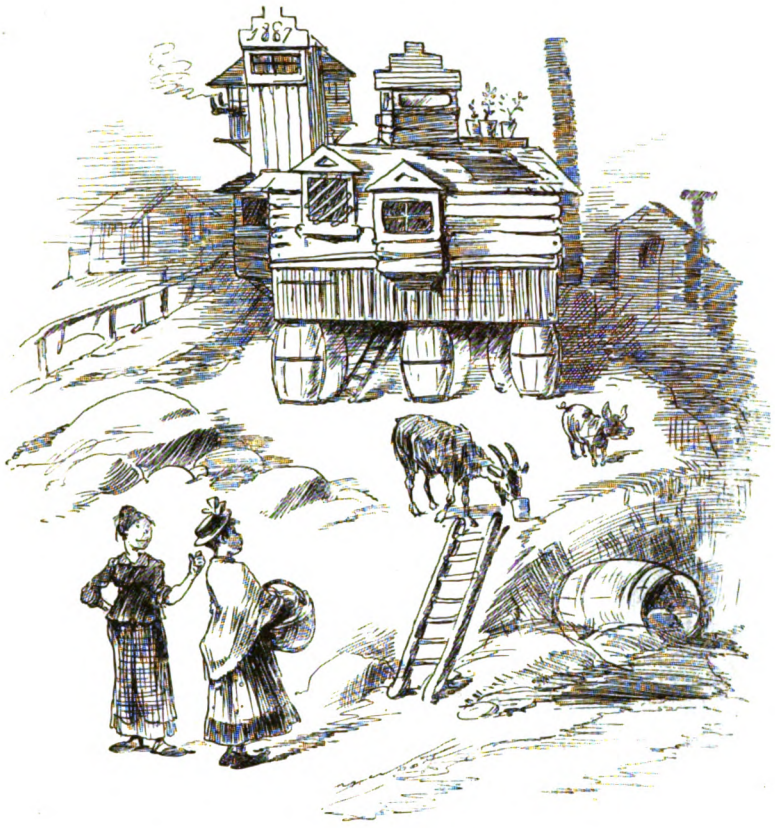

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES.

Mrs. Cass.: IT'S A FOINE RISIDINCE YEZ HAS NOW, MISSIS MAC DACEY.

Mrs. McD.: OH, YIS; I THINK IT'S RATHER AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE OWLD ONE. YEZ SEE, ME HUSBAND FOUND THAT THE QUEEN ANNY STOILE OF ARTYCHECKSHER WAS THE GO, SO HE JUST RAISED THE OWLD BUILDING A SHTORY AND CHUCKED IN A FEW BAY-WINDERS. PRERHAPS YEZ'D LOIKE TO WALK THROUGH THE PRIMISES; YEZ'LL FOIND ME HUSBANT IN THE LOIBRARY ON THE LEFT INJOYIN' HIS MORNIN'S POIPE.

AN OLD TRUTH UPSET.

A SLENDER lieutenant from Skye,
Was as thin as a capital I;
He said "It's too bad,
But then I can pad,"
Which shows that figures do lie.

H. G.

WITH Dana, Pulitzer, Blaine, Buffalo Bill, Red-shirt Lowell, Flower, *et al.*, in Europe, it seems funny they had to fall back on a Coburg for that Bulgarian throne.

AT A WAGNER PERFORMANCE.

CONDUCTOR: Sh!-schtop! De piece vas gongluded.

VON BLUTWURST: Ve haf schtopped. You vas geeping time mit dot thunder-storm oudside, ain't it?

IN this hot weather, if we could have a little cool wind, we would even be willing to let it blow through our whiskers.

A PROFITABLE SCHEME.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD and Mrs. James Brown Potter are said to be making arrangements with some of our best known but impecunious society people to present a picture of New York social life as a successor to Buffalo Bill's Wild West in London, next season.

If a few staid and respectable Philadelphians and one or two cultured Bostonians could be added, the Mild East Show could hardly fail to be a most profitable venture.

AN APOLOGY.

WE desire to make a most abject apology to the officers of the United States Navy.

A gallant captain in the service, whose communication, to judge from his signature, is an initial attempt, chides us because our artist recently represented two naval officers dressed in frock-coats with standing collars, when no self-respecting midshipman, much less an anonymous captain, would be seen in such a garment.

We recognize the enormity of our offense, and when our artist, who is now in the Sandwich Islands counting the prongs on the king's crown for the sake of accuracy in a coming cartoon, returns home, he will be put on half rations for a week.

In the meanwhile, Captain L. M. P. of the United States Navy, must not feel hurt if we should depict himself and crew wearing bathing suits and life-preservers on a dress cruise.

The bill of dress in the navy may not provide any such garb, but considering the condition of our ships it ought to.

A LADY dropped a pin on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the other day, and people came running around the corners to learn the cause of the unusual noise.

HE SAW A COOL DEED.

"I SAW a cool deed this morning," remarked Fangle at the supper table.

"What was it?" asked his wife, with deep interest.

"The title to an ice-house," replied the wretch.

IT is not surprising that the *Volunteer* should be called a tight little vessel when we consider how deep she is in the cups.

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IN A BAD WAY.

Tramp: SAY, YOUNG FELLER, I'D LIKE TO BORRER THESE CLOTHES FOR A DAY OR TWO TO GO TO A FUNERAL. NOW DON'T FOLLOW ME, FOR HERE COMES SOME LADIES ACROSS THE FIELDS, AN' I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T SHOCK 'EM.

TRIBUTES FROM THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

LIFE appears to me too short.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

LIFE is divine.—*Longfellow.*

One crowded hour of glorious LIFE is worth an age without a name.—*Scott.*

How lovely still is LIFE.—*Schiller.*

I will drink LIFE to the lees.—*Tennyson.*

Considering the unanimity of opinion as expressed by these great ones, we feel that we can afford to snap our fingers at Campbell, who was convinced that there is no man who knows LIFE well who would accept it again.

We never cared much for Campbell, anyway.

A NOTE FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

THERE is much excitement in the Thirteen Club, of Asbury Park. Their dinner was held on Friday evening, and one of the members who ate four green apples, lobster salad, mince pie, deviled crabs, pineapple, watermelon, ice-cream and buckwheat cakes, nearly died during the night.

It is thought that the club will disband and tempt fate no more.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW is in Paris putting the finishing touches to his "Life of Franklin."

Franklin put some finishing touches to his own life when he was in Paris if he lived in truly American style while there.

* * *

EDGAR FAWCETT'S novel, "The House at High Bridge," has been brought out in paper covers for the silly season.

* * *

A RECENTLY-published volume of selections from Virgil contains a map of Hades to accompany the sixth book of the Ænied. Mr. Ingersoll should subscribe at once. It's very unpleasant to arrive at a strange place and not know the way around.

* * *

TENNYSON has been very disappointing for the last few years, but he has just written a line which delights his friends and carries consternation into the hearts of his critics.

The line reads:

I have laid down my pen for a while.

* * *

THE fact that Her Majesty presented all the crowned heads of Europe present at the Jubilee with a copy of "Leaves from the Highlands," has made a new edition necessary. The sale of the book has not been extraordinary, but the number of copies she has been able to give away has afforded Her Majesty great satisfaction.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS calls himself "we" in his contributions to *Harper's Magazine.*

This does not alter the fact that Mr. Howells is a very singular individual.

* * *

WE should fear to ask Mr. Saltus for a list of the best one hundred books if the volumes he mentions in "Mr. Incoul's Adventures" are examples of his taste.

IT is not perhaps loyal to the Queen to say it, but we nevertheless do say that bad baseball is as much better than cricket as good baseball is better than any known game on the face of nature.

STIGGINS NEVER LEFT HIS WINDOW OPEN AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

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TO BE REGRETTED.

GUIBOLLARD and his two friends, Cabassol and Mitouflet, agreed to dine together at St. Germain, outside of Paris.

Guibollard and Cabassol kept the appointment, but Mitouflet turned up missing. The two friends, in consequence, dined alone.

After dinner they were enjoying their cigars and feasting their eyes on the delicious view on the terrace.

"Ah!" exclaimed Guibollard, in a burst of enthusiasm, "if Mitouflet were only here how he would regret that he hadn't come!—*Exchange.*

A FRIEND of mine has a housemaid who is given to asking the meaning of the hard words she meets in her reading. Last week she was told that "kismet" meant "fate." Some time after her mistress found her in the servants' hall in evident pain, and said: "Why, Maggie, what can be the matter with you?"

"Sure, ma'am," was the answer, "I'm almost distracted with the bunions I have on both me kismets."—*The Tattler, N. Y. Star.*

A HALF loaf is better than no vacation.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A MACHINE has been invented that will "sew on 3,000 buttons in one day." This is too much. No man wants 3,000 buttons sewed on a single garment he wears. The profusely buttoned dresses worn by the ladies a year ago didn't contain over 2,700 buttons.—*Norristown Herald.*

VISITING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

MILLIONAIRE MACKAY, while in Paris, was the guest of the famous Mrs. Bonanza Mackay.—*Omaha World.*

THERE was a family on the train between Birmingham and Anniston who had come out of the woods of Mississippi and were on their way to some place in Georgia. It was their first ride on the cars, but while the wife and children were full of natural curiosity, the husband didn't propose to give his ignorance away. When the wife asked him what kept the coaches on the track, he looked at her with pity in his eyes and answered—

"Maria, don't you know nothin' 't all? They put tar on 'em to make 'em stick!"

She was satisfied until we switched in on a side track to let a passenger train go by, and then she asked—

"Gordon, what do they do this for?"

"'Nother train going by, Maria."

"And do we have to git off the track?"

"Yes; it's the new way. They used to have one train scramble over the other, but it scart the passengers so that they have adopted another plan."

She looked up at the ceiling and then out on the extra track, and replied—

"You orter buy some peanuts of the boy, Gordon, and show the railroad that we appreciate this extra expense they have gone to. They must have feelings as well as us."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUTTING A PREMIUM ON INTEMPERANCE.

"TEMPERANCE," says an esteemed contemporary, "puts coal on the fire." Away with temperance for the next four months, then! What we want now is something that puts ice on it.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "**LINENE**" goods. They are comfortable and genteel, and their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not ourdesire to sell the **LINENE** goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,

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CELEBRATED HATS

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LADIES' ROUND HATS.

178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts., and 181 Broadway, near Cortland St.,

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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

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LADIES' TAILOR,

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Riding Habits cut on new safety principles. Braided Gowns, Coats, Jackets and Ulsters in original designs. Riding Hats from the leading London Manufacturers.

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Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

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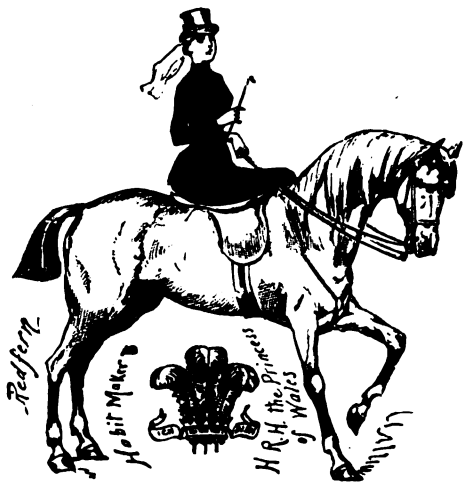

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The foremost lady riders of the day have pronounced our Riding Habits unequaled for fit, comfort and safety. The largest stock of Imported Cloths suitable for Riding Habits in the U. S. A.

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119 BELLEVUE AVENUE, NEWPORT, R. I.,
—AND—
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YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED
WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA
THEN WHY NOT TRY
WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,
CARACAS CHOCOLATE,
BREAKFAST COCOA,
and other preparations.
R. H. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manuf'r's., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT
EFFERVESCENT,
ECONOMICAL,
EFFICACIOUS.

Beware of *Indigestion's* pain
And *Constipation's* cruel reign;
For often in their wake proceed
The sable pall and mourner's weed;
Then check these troubles ere an hour,
In **TARRANT'S SELTZER** lies the power.

A Beautiful Plush Casket of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 3c. stamp for Lovely New Samples and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

ESTABLISHED 1801.
BENT & CO.'S
Celebrated Hand-Made
WATER CRACKERS.
Guaranteed Easy of Digestion. Absolutely Pure.
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TO LADIES! Are you Corpulent? CORPUS LEAN is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful Flesh Reducer—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. NO POISON. ADIPO-MALENE never fails to permanently develop the Bust and Form. *Non-injurious.* BEAUTY of Face and Form secured to every Lady using our Toilet Requisites. Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars*, etc., by Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co., 2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

"ENGLISH TROUSERS' STRETCHER" Patented in every nation. MENTION THIS TO JOHN. NO MORE BAGGY KNEES
Green, Cadbury & Co., Patentees and Manufrs, Eng.
Its use makes Old Trousers appear new. Price $1.75, $5.00 for 3 pairs. By mail 2.00, 5.50 for 3 pairs.
E. O. THOMPSON, 1338 Chestnut St., Philada. 245 Broadway, N. Y.

OMAHA AMATEUR: You said I could take instantaneous pictures with this camera. It's a fraud."

DEALER: No, I said it would take groups and slowly-moving objects. I did not warrant it to take a race-horse or a cannon-ball.

"Well, I tried it on a messenger boy and failed."

"Impossible!"

"I failed, and that's all there is about it."

"Very strange. Did the boy have a telegram in his hand?"

"No, he was going to his dinner."

"Oh!"—*Omaha World.*

IT is estimated that Boston has 1400 lawyers. It is a puzzle to know how they all get a living, when it is remembered that there are thousands of persons in the city who are always ready to give advice, free gratis for nothing, and without money and without price.—*Boston Transcript.*

"MR. SNAGGS, what is a stag party?" asked Mrs. Snaggs of her husband.

"Paradoxical as it may seem," replied Snaggs, "a stag party is one to which the dears are not admitted."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

OUR obituary editor has discovered that the reason no deaths occurred when Shadrach, Abednego and Meshach were thrown into the fiery furnace is owing to the fact that neither of the trio propounded the query, "Is it hot enough for you?"—*Norristown Herald.*

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Ed. Brown's Ginger
ESTABLISHED 1822 PHILAD'A, PA. U. S. A.
WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

HAIR ON THE LIPS, FACE, ARMS.
DR. DUVAL'S SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DESTROYER.
Approved by Eminent Physicians.
A French preparation, *guaranteed harmless to the skin and free from poisonous drugs;* specially prepared for ladies' use; highly perfumed; never fails to permanently remove the hair; put up in plain packets in the form of a sealed letter. Price, $1.00 per packet. *Sold by Druggists.* If you cannot get it at your druggist we will send it by mail on receipt of price.
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Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.
Over 5,000 Physicians have sent to us the most FLATTERING OPINIONS upon DIGESTYLIN, as a REMEDY for all diseases arising from improper digestion.
For 20 years we have manufactured the DIGESTIVE FERMENTS expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent.
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It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGISTS of the country, and PHYSICIANS generally. Sold by Druggists, or
Price $1.00. WM. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

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SUMMER RESORTS.

FORT GRISWOLD HOUSE
AND COTTAGES.

On the Sound, opposite New London, Conn.
Open June 25.
Driving, bathing, boating and fishing. For terms, etc., apply to MATTHEWS & PIERSON, Proprietors.
Sturtevant House, Broadway and 29th St., New York.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,
are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

Old Gentleman: MY! WHAT A NICE LITTLE BOY YOU ARE, AREN'T YOU?

Small Boy: NO, I AIN'T NO NICE LITTLE BOY, NEITHER; I'M DUTCH SICKELS, DER TERROR, AND I CAN LICK ANYBODY MY SIZE AROUND HERE.

"I'LL teach you how to tear your pants!" said an irate parent, swinging a strap; "I'll teach you." "Don't hit me, pa; I know how already. Just look at 'em!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

WHEN, in years to come, New Yorkers see a policeman guiding the tottering limbs of an old man, clad in an antique uniform, across Broadway, protecting his gray hairs from reckless drivers, the news will spread like wild-fire that the messenger boy has returned from London.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"NO," said Biil Squeezer, who was down from Bodle the other day; "no, I didn't go to Judge Podger's wedding. The notice said 'no cards,' and I'm darned if I can fool away a whole evening where there's no chance of a little four-bit ante."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

WE are filled with astonishment at the report that a Boston lady recently spelled "hazardous" "hazardess," and defined it as "a female hazard." But the Bostonians are weak if you take them away from their native Greek.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"THIS is a sad and bitter world," remarked a gentleman of Irish extraction. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."—*Washington Hatchet.*

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Colic
Diarrhoea
Summer Complaints
Dysentery

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The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

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Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887. NUMBER 244.

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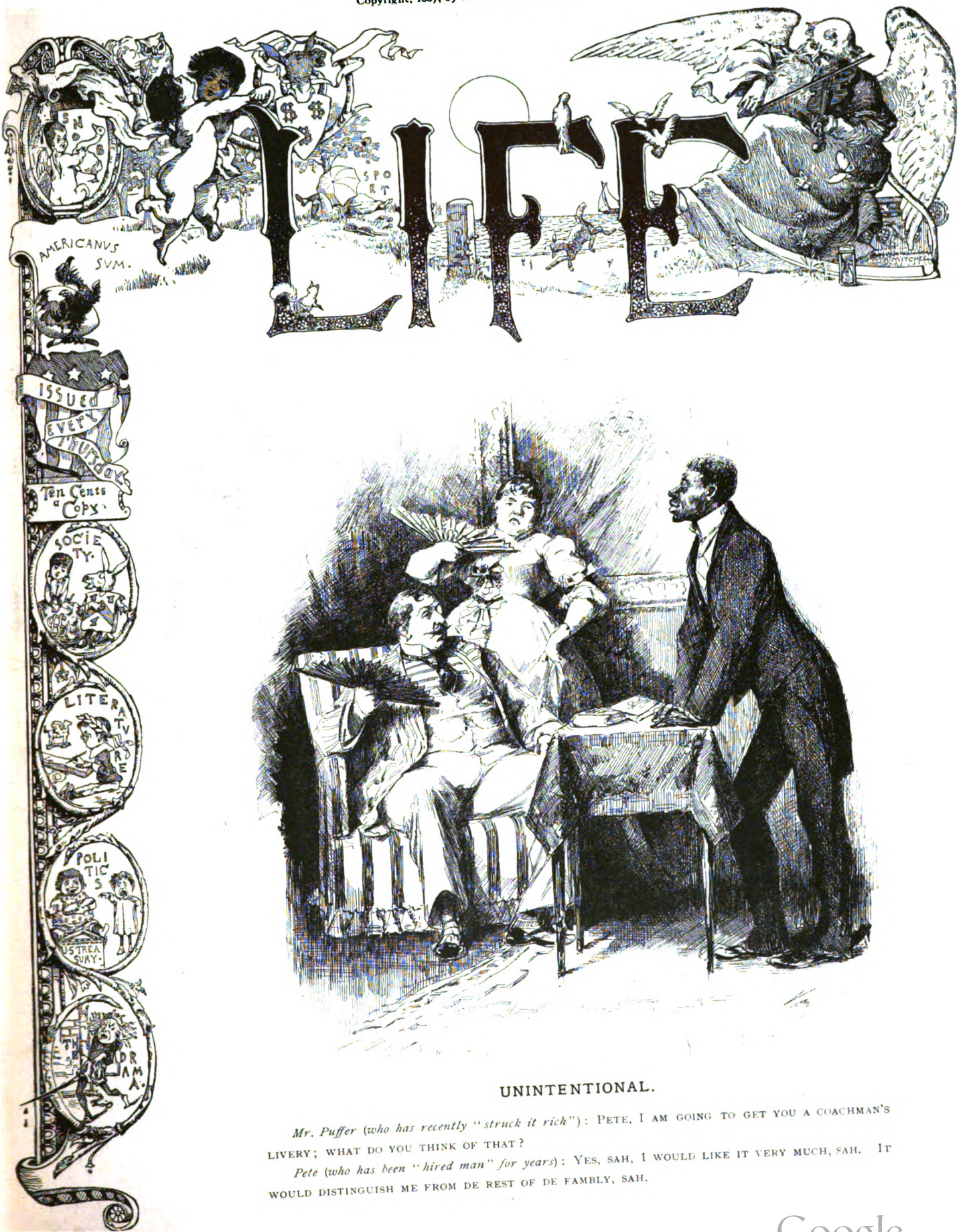

UNINTENTIONAL.

Mr. Puffer (*who has recently "struck it rich"*): PETE, I AM GOING TO GET YOU A COACHMAN'S LIVERY; WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

Pete (*who has been "hired man" for years*): YES, SAH, I WOULD LIKE IT VERY MUCH, SAH. IT WOULD DISTINGUISH ME FROM DE REST OF DE FAMBLY, SAH.

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

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 1, 1887. No. 244.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

OUR old friend Henry George went up to Syracuse some ten days ago, and embarked again upon the stormy sea of politics. It was city politics last time; now he tempts the waters of the State. If Mr. George is successful in his aspirations this fall, he will be chosen Secretary of State. But his prospects are gloomy, for since he has broken with the Socialists he has two great classes of the commuuity to fight, the class that owns the land, and the class that doesn't. The possibility that Mr. George will get a tithe of the vote that he had when he ran for mayor, is not disturbing anyone's rest. But to have a convention and down adversaries is a pretty advertisement for his newspaper, and doubtless Mr. George appreciates that there is a possibility that Mr. George's gradual achievements in the direction of financial success may lead him to appreciate the existing regulations for the protection of property. He begins to present the sad spectacle of a man who uses one foot to kick the other out from under him.

* * *

IT was a mean trick that Lipski, the London murderer, played on Editor Stead. After Stead had broken his word, and committed his journal to demonstrate Lipski's innocence, the unscrupulous convict meanly confessed his guilt, and went off and was hanged as he deserved. The man was a double criminal, for he not only killed a woman, but slaughtered Stead's confidence in human nature, which was badly maimed about two years ago. It is likely, too, that he has struck a hard blow to human nature's confidence in Stead, which has also been halting for some time past.

* * *

LIFE notes with pleasure that a list of the 100 best American newspapers, submitted by the New York *Sun*, includes our neighbors the *World* and the *Times*. Mr. Jones may be venal and Mr. Pulitzer vulgar, in the *Sun's* estimation, but newspapers are newspapers, and it can recognize the standing of the *Times* and the *World* in spite of their proprietors. But what of the *Star?* Are there a hundred better newspapers in the country than your *Star*, Mr. Dorsheimer?

THE annual threat of a new-fashioned dress-coat for men is abroad. The garment with which we are threatened this year is a bob-tailed, black smoking-jacket, which might do for a boy of twelve to wear to dancing school.

It is evidence of the strength of the masculine mind that neither dudes nor tailors can drive the clawhammer coat to the wall. It is a convenient garment, and most adult men in easy circumstances own one. No man of sense wants anything materially different.

* * *

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX writes to a newspaper from Shelter Island to say that she thinks the American fashion of bathing is improper. Considering the scarcity of raiment on both men and women it seems to her that they confabulate more than accords with strict decorum. This is the same Ella Wheeler that came out of the wild west famous as the authoress of "Poems of Passion." LIFE is pretty sure she is not a prude, and if she thinks the bathing at Shelter Island is not nice, we are disposed to agree with her. Still if Mrs. Wilcox cares for British precedents there is something to be said. The high English go lightly clad when there is less excuse than bathing offers; as witness, a late number of the *London Court Journal*, which says:

> The attendance of the fair sex on Friday was scarce, it being rather impossible to do Goodwood in a mackintosh and umbrella, which were the only garments that the weather made possible.

* * *

AND, by the way, mark the freedom with which the women of our time write to the newspapers. Mrs. Wilcox does, of course. She is a literary person. But the women of fashion and of society and the great world do the same thing, and sell their views and their gossip, signed with their names, to any respectable journal that wants them. It is quite the fashion to abuse newspapers for invading the sanctity of the home; but it works the other way, too, and people who believe in the retirement of their homes are getting very free in their invasion of the newspapers.

* * *

THE squad of judges of the General Term who include Ithaca in their diocese have given a decision in the suit of Professor Fiske to break his wife's will. The decision is in the Professor's favor, which will be a disappointment to many people who believe that Mr. Fiske, if reduced to a condition necessitating labor, would make the most successful book-agent in the world.

* * *

THERE is a man in Buffalo who has a horse named "Mugwump." He says he gave him that name because he interferes. But Higgins is still there!

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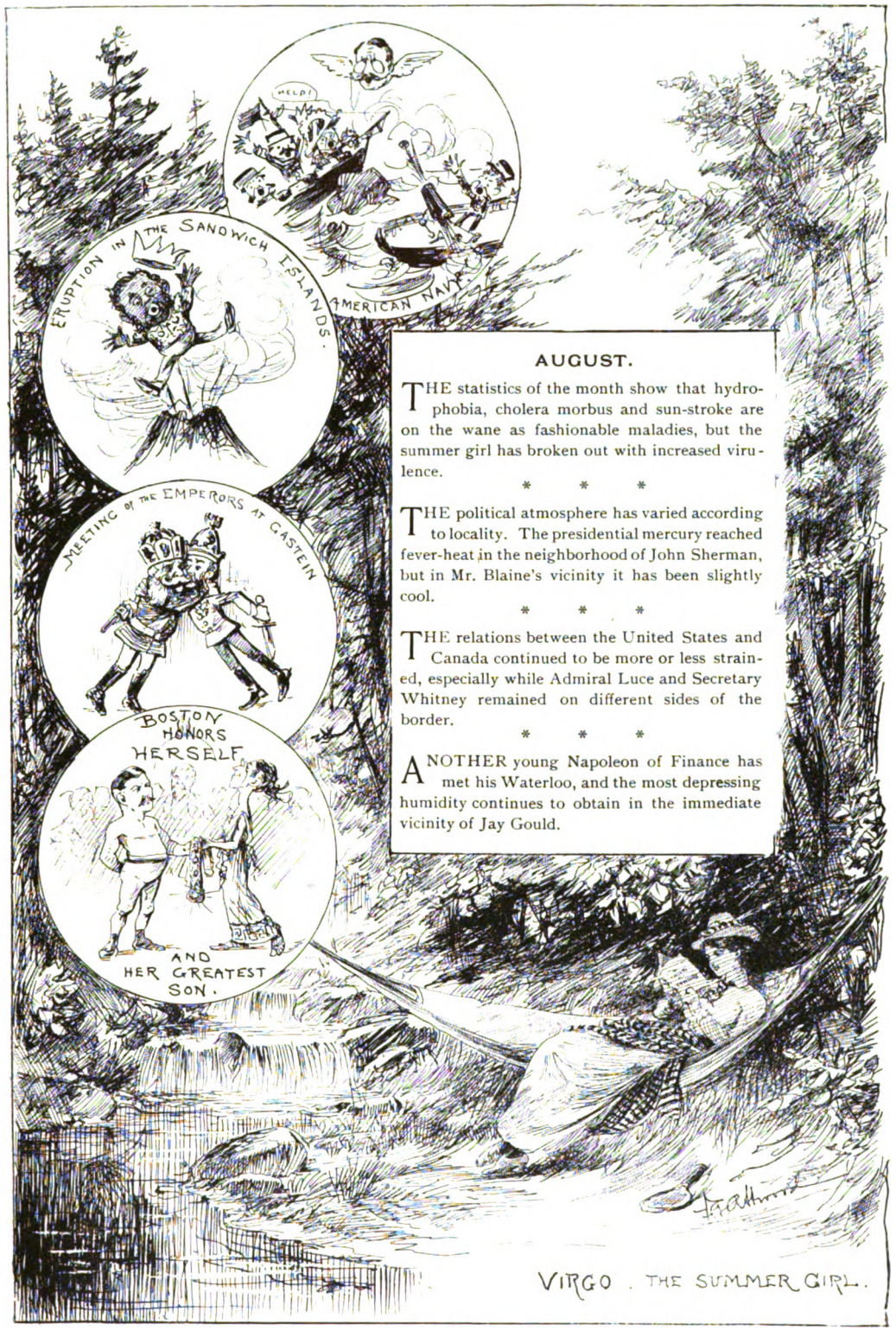

AUGUST.

THE statistics of the month show that hydrophobia, cholera morbus and sun-stroke are on the wane as fashionable maladies, but the summer girl has broken out with increased virulence.

* * *

THE political atmosphere has varied according to locality. The presidential mercury reached fever-heat in the neighborhood of John Sherman, but in Mr. Blaine's vicinity it has been slightly cool.

* * *

THE relations between the United States and Canada continued to be more or less strained, especially while Admiral Luce and Secretary Whitney remained on different sides of the border.

* * *

ANOTHER young Napoleon of Finance has met his Waterloo, and the most depressing humidity continues to obtain in the immediate vicinity of Jay Gould.

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AN ODE TO AUTUMN.

HAIL to Autumn.
Ante Mortem
Season of the year.
The mortal doomèd
To weather humid
Is glad you're here.
For:
You doubtless will dispel at once this atmospheric damp
That's turned full many a righteous man into a fiendish scamp;
You'll change the little bullet green into an apple ripe
That little ones may have their fruit without the deadly gripe.
Send back to school the boys and girls, instil their minds with knowledge,
And corral up those budding things who have just entered college;
Cool off the sun a few degrees; calm down the lightning's stroke;
Turn pennies from the man of ice unto the man of coke—
In short, dear Autumn, please take holt,
And head a general revolt
Of those who wish at once to bolt
From Summer's yoke;
And deign a kingly crown t'accept,
Oh, Sept.

* * *

WALT WHITMAN'S injuries are not serious, although he was badly Swinburnt.

* * *

JOHN is going in for "der Sherman" vote.
This style of humor may be had in quantities, as wanted.

* * *

IF Britannia rules the waves we have a good *casus belli* against her for sending us this all too prevalent hot one.

* * *

BEN BUTLER has come out for Blaine.
This is the hardest blow the plumed knight has yet received.

* * *

IT is very queer, but since Sharp has been in jail the *Sun* and *World* have dropped the expression, "Turn the rascals out."

* * *

WE cannot resist the temptation to say that the Indian trouble in the West is what we should Colorow of very little importance.

* * *

"WHAT superb colors there are in that stained-glass window," said Mrs. Spriggins. "That must be what they call an Oriole window."

THE MODERN CASHIER BALANCING HIS BOOKS.

RICHARD BEAN, of Boston, has fallen heir to a large estate in Texas.
These Boston Beans always were in luck.

* * *

THE critic who said "this rare little volume is well done," may have known what he was talking about, but we don't believe he knows what he said.

* * *

A MAN named Dance is warmly recommended for Postmaster of a Maryland town.
The President should take means to discover whether this candidate is addicted to Polka before he appoints him.

* * *

AT LONG BEACH.

DUMLEY: I tell you, Topper, blood is thicker than water.
TOPPER: That's true enough, but if you will tell me anything that's thicker than the mosquitoes here, I'll pay your bill.

* * *

A SONG OF THE SEA.

By Barry Cornwall and Another.

I NEVER was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And ne'er on the steamer's deck I stand,
But that I'd give my boots for land.

* * *

WHEN the Emperor of Germany passed through Babelsburgh last week the streets were hung with garlands, in his honor.
We wish the Emperor might be induced to pass through Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet.

* * *

HENRY GEORGE is running now for Secretary of State.
Henry's craze for office seems to be as great as his craze for riches.
We predict that he will be knocked so silly that even McGlynn will not recognize him.

* * *

MME. MODJESKA will probably play *Juliet* the coming season. A year or two ago she said she would not play that part again until she was a grandmother. She has lately acquired that qualification, and will therefore be able to gratify her ambition and make a grandame act as a love-sick girl.
The charming Countess should engage Dr. Mary Walker for *Romeo*.

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RELIGION AS SHE IS KNOWN.

Teacher: CAN ANYONE HELP JOHNNY TO FINISH THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT?

Small Boy: YETH'M. AND THE LORD BLETHED THE THATURDAY AND MADE IT A HOLIDAY.

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

SEPTEMBER is here and so are thousands of poor children whose vacations are yet unprovided for. A fraction over one hundred and eighty-three of them have been made happy by the generosity of our readers, and we hope that before we close our subscription list for the year, twice and thrice that number may have been given their share of good country air. A great many people have asked, "Is there not some joke about LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund?"

There is. It is the best, most humane joke of the season, if a joke consists in something said or done for the sake of exciting laughter. If our readers could hear the merry laughter which their contributions have evoked from the happy little ones who have been bettered in health and spirits by means of the dollars which have been sent them through us, they, too, would smile and say that this is the merriest, most gladdening jest that has ever appeared in LIFE'S pages.

And, dear readers, there are countless more peals of merry childish laughter which a very few of our spare dollars will serve to bring forth, but which may never come if we put off until to-morrow what we should do to-day.

We acknowledge with our best thanks the following contributions:

Previously Acknowledged	$425.00
Anonymous	14.00
C. C. F. H.	36.00
R. H. W.	6.00
V. B. Adams	2.50
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Mrs. M. G. Thaxter	3.00
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H. S. G.	12.00
B. K.	3 00
K. J.	2.50
Thobe	2.50
	$550.00

Are all the returns in?

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FACT AND FANCY.

"BLOW, BLOW, BLOW!"

OUR English cousins call us "Amurrican,"
As if we Yankees rhymed with hurricane;
On which, perhaps, is based the notion
Of friend and foe across the ocean,
That in the arts the Yankees' showing
Is much the best in the art of blowing.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales will celebrate their silver wedding next year. The Queen has decided to give them a specially designed sixpence on the occasion if she lives.

RAPID TRANSIT.

PASSENGER: Conductor, where do we stop for lunch?
CONDUCTOR: Nowhere, sir; but if you like, you can walk to the next station, and we'll be there by the time you're done.

THE man who wrote, "There is beauty in extreme old age," was probably never the impecunious heir of a rich grandfather.

WHERE IS THE FOREST OF ARDEN?

I FIND myself unwillingly drawn into a Shakespearean controversy.

A correspondent chides me because of my ignorance in placing the Forest of Arden in "leafy Warwickshire." I regret if I have caused any person inconvenience in thus seeming to mislay a few trees and brooks, but I cannot admit that I am very far out of the way geographically speaking. My esteemed friend, the late Lord Byron, it is true, asserted that Rosalind roamed through the leafy passes of the Forest of Soignies in Belgium, and I never ventured to contradict him to his face, although from my knowledge of the habit of William Shakespeare—who, by the way, I am certain, had no hand in the authorship of Bacon's essays—of laying the scenes of his plays in his native shire, when he could do so, I had fully made up my mind that the Forest of Arden had its being within a few miles of Stratford-on-Avon. It certainly is true that at the time William Shakespeare lived there was a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire, although there is now no trace of it, owing to the fact that England is a progressive nation. Trees have frequently to give way to commerce, brooks are made to earn the right to babble by turning the wheels of manufacture, mossy banks are transformed to branches of the Bank of England, and the spirit Jacques, were it to become an exile to-day, and seek anew the forests wherein in the flesh it rusticated in the days of the Duke Frederick, would, I fear, suffer such a relapse of melancholia at the unhappy transformation as all the powers of science would be powerless to cure.

There are, indeed, many reasons for thinking that Shakespeare's Arden is the Forest of Ardennes, in French Flanders, but there is also room for thinking that England's bard had in mind the scenes with which he was familiar from his boyhood days when he penned "As You Like It," as the belief of many Shakespearean scholars and the whole spirit of the comedy which is distinctly English and neither French nor Flanderous attest. It is possible that Byron was sincere in his belief as to the identity of the Forest of Ardennes, and it is likewise possible that the noble lord, who was fond of good company, liked to believe that he and Shakespeare struck a common chord when the Bard of Avon sang of Arden's Wood, and the poetic peer wrote the lines:

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass."

After all, it is more or less absurd in these days, when the issues between parties are at so low an ebb that a presidential campaign might be based on the question, Was it the Lady or the Tiger? to seriously discuss any debatable point whatsoever. As regards the great question of the age which Mr. Stockton has propounded, every man of intelligence, with the possible exception of Mr. Stockton himself, has an opinion, and the American public have resolved themselves into Ladies and Tigers—but so set are both parties that centuries of controversy will not settle the disputed point. For my part I have a decided leaning towards the Ladies, but I have no desire to quarrel with any disputatious Tiger,

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because he and I lean in different directions. If I choose to believe that Shakespeare's Arden is located in Central Africa, where we may presume there are palmettos and starving lionesses—such as the poet mentions as being in his forest, although they cannot be found either in French Flanders or in Warwickshire—I have grounds on which to base my opinion. The correspondent may pity, but he has no right to call me an ignoramus. If, again, it pleases me to think that Avon's bard had reference to Brooklyn's cemetery when he wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree," a legion of correspondents may think I am entering my second childhood and put me in the same boat with my esteemed contemporary, Ignatius Donnelly; but the Declaration of Independence gives me the right to my own opinions, which, after all, are merely opinions and nothing else.

The question as to whether Shakespeare's Arden is in England or Flanders becomes, therefore, very much like a barn door. There are, and always will be, two sides to it, and youthful experience has taught me that it is less dangerous to take one side or the other of a barn door than to try to straddle it.

My theory has this additional advantage:

It makes Shakespeare's Arden English, you know.

J. K. Bangs.

"CAN you recommend for me a good home course of Botany," asks a correspondent.

Yes, the flour barrel.

THE IMPOSSIBLE SHE.

UBIQUITOUS, amusing She,
Whose story here is written
In fascinating style for me
By some eccentric Briton:
At first I rather took to you,
But now my brain is staggered
To find that on a closer view
You look so old and haggard.

What countless conquests you have made
Among the minds that grovel
In fabled lands where plots are laid
For every railway novel:
The haggard rider makes his eyes
A victim to the cinder,
To find that Rider Haggard lies,
And that you're only tinder.

Idle Idyller.

A CORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

YOUNG physician (to patient): Your dyspepsia comes, I think, sir, from too high living. You are a very high liver, are you not?

PATIENT: Yes, sir; I live on the top floor of a New York flat.

SCANDAL doesn't travel on through trains. It takes the way accommodation which stops at all stations.

SCRAPS.

IF you must do as the Romans do when you are in Rome, you should do as the Milliners do when you are in Milan.

* * *

EVERY dog has his day in this country, but in England every Knight has his dog.

* * *

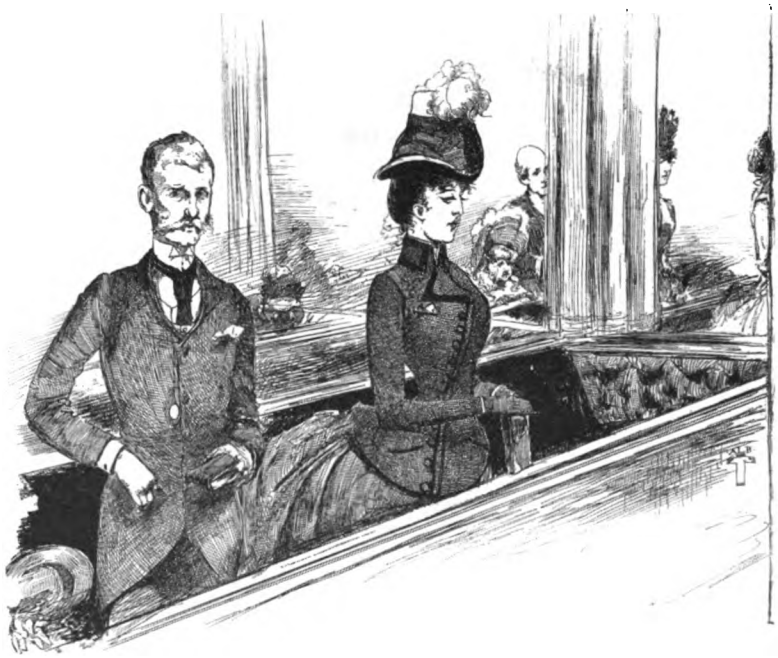
THE Queen likes the sentiment in "Sweets to the sweet," especially when it is carried as far as "Sovereigns to the Sovereign."

* * *

MR. PARNELL has discovered that Delirium Tremens and *Daily Times* have the same initials, and he don't know which he likes best.

* * *

IN predicting the weather a day ahead, the Signal Service often renders the country a signal service. This kind of humor goes with the *Sun's* cholera mixture.



Mrs. F—— (*in a whisper*): WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Mr. F—— (*who sees the contribution box coming*): IF WE ARE TO ECONOMIZE THIS SUMMER WE MUST STAY AWAY FROM CHURCH.

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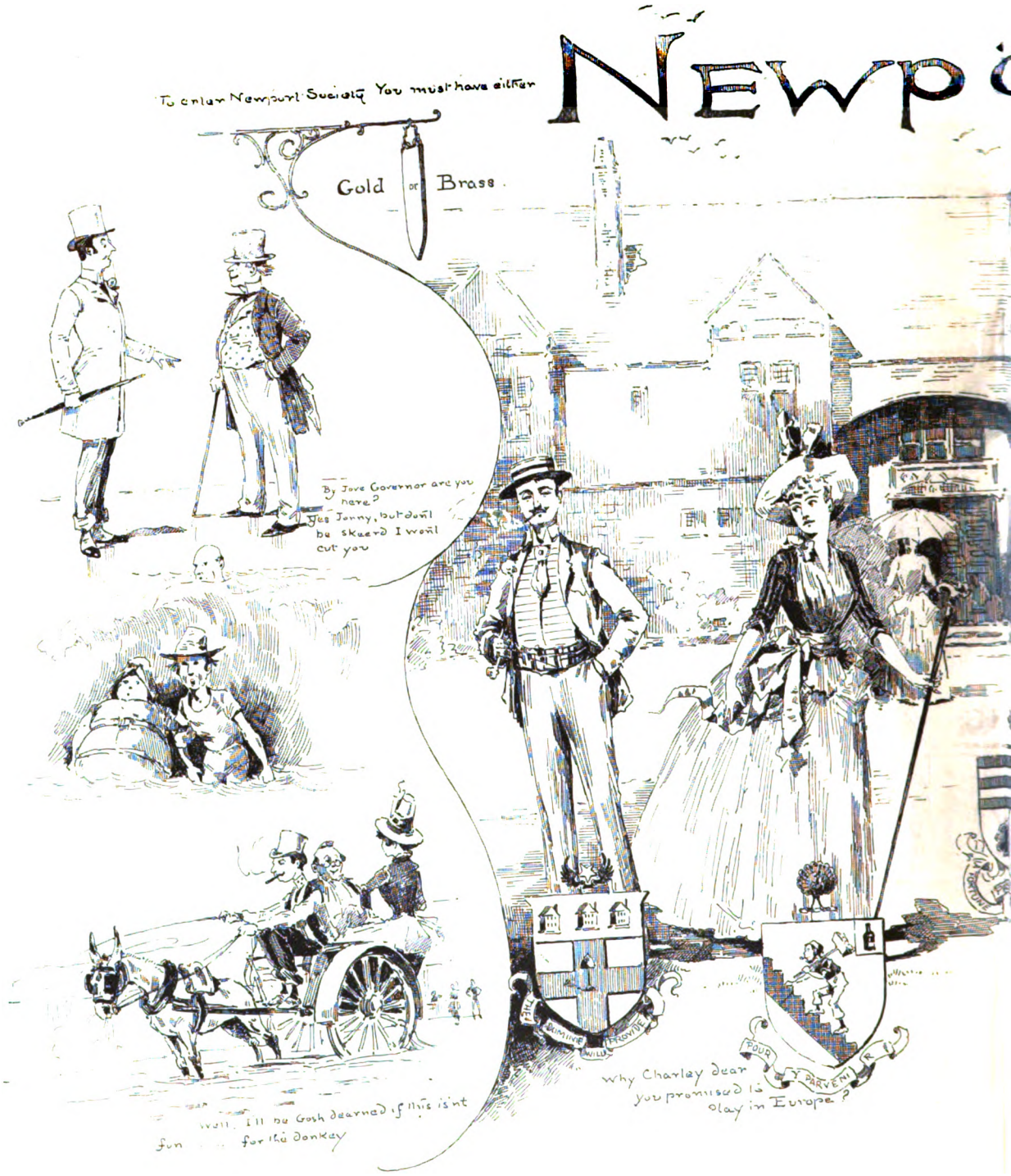

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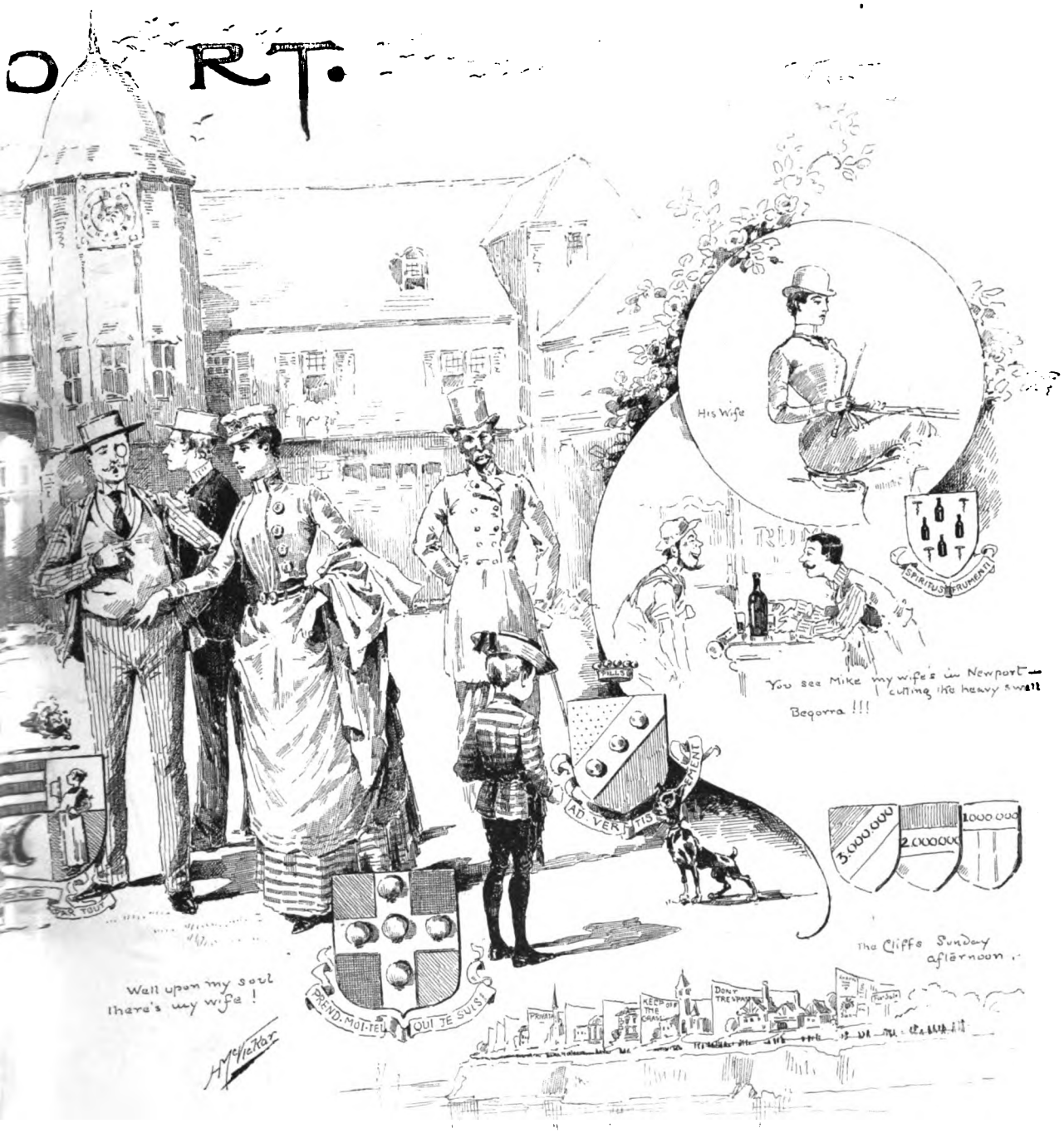
NEWPORT.



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A VISIT TO THE "THISTLE."

IN response to a cordial invitation from the midshipman of the *Thistle*, LIFE'S special Commodore visited the bonny little yacht on Friday last. Everything on board the trim little craft, from the spinnaker-boom sheets to the lee scuppers was as bright and clean as the proverbial button, and the celebrated basket of chips could give no more smiling a welcome to mortal man than LIFE'S Commodore received when he walked up the taffrail and set foot on the starboard hatch. Captain Barr was standing to the left of the halliards as the Commodore arrived, and his face was a perfect picture of happiness as, with a stride towards the galleys, he extended his hand and in pure Scotch remarked:

"Hoo doo you doo?"

The Commodore, not to be outdone in politeness, replied that he was well, and added:

"I see you have arrived, Captain Barr. I suppose you found the sae quite bleaky while crossing?"

"Ay, but ye're a tawpie gowk," replied the Captain.

"Indeed! well, I've crossed the ocean many times in my life, but I never knew it to be like that. However, the blyther heart of a man whose a man for a' that don't mind the sae when it gets to be tawpie, I suppose? You feel confident that the *Thistle* will hae nae trible in gie'n the *Volunteer* an unco' guid dribbing?" continued the Commodore, adopting the Scotch idiom for the occasion.

"D'ye spowke English?" asked the Captain.

"No, thanks," returned the Commodore at a loss to grasp the Captain's meaning, "I never drink behind the bar—that is, I don't imbowb in the mairning."

"Do ye spowke English, I asked ye."

"Oh, speak English! why cert. If there's one language on the earth that I'm a ripper in, it's the lingo *de la Reine*."

"Well, suppose you drop this butter Scotch you've been talking and try the mother tongue for a while," said the Captain, "I find I'm apt to misunderstand people who read Burns's poems and then think they can speak Scotch."

From this point the conversation was bandied in pure Saxon.

Captain Barr politely showed the Commodore all over his vessel and explained such innovations as seemed incomprehensible to the visitor. The *Thistle* is undoubtedly a very superior boat, but it is very evident that in the main she is modeled on the American plan. The wine closet is for'ard of the saloon, as is the case with most American-made vessels, and she is built with very little regard to a water supply. In a cruise it is doubtful if she would prove as fast as the ordinary schooner yacht of American waters, owing to the limited capacity in the wine cellar. Actual measurement shows that not more than three cases of champagne could be crowded into the stowaway without seriously disturbing the ballast, and, as the reader will observe, in case of a protracted calm, greatly endangering the life of the average American yachtsman. There is a noticeable lack of bilges to keep the water from washing over the deck and damaging the provender, which is by no means usual in American boats, and which is an extraordinary defect in an English craft. Captain Barr explains this by saying that when a high sea is imminent he and the crew place the provender where it is susceptible of no damage whatever, and where it cannot be washed overboard without taking a member of the crew with it. Nevertheless, it is a defect that will one day result in famine, which is as incompatible with yachting in its truest sense as is killing trout with torpedo boats with true sport.

However, Captain Barr and the *Thistle's* owners are satisfied with their vessel and are willing to win or lose by their confidence in her. If the *Volunteer* is defeated there will be a revolution in yachting ideas; but LIFE'S Commodore will never be convinced that a ship with so small accommodation for the necessities of yachting life, even though she have a Barr in her captain, is modeled on the lines of the perfect yacht.

"ALL ASLEEP."

"STEP SOFTLY."

"FIRE! MURDER!! THIEVES!!!"

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A TRYING MOMENT.

Young Cavalier: I WAS IN HOPES SHE WOULDN'T SEE THAT SIGN. IT ISN'T THE TAKING A GIRL TO A MATINEE THAT'S SO EXPENSIVE, IT'S THE CONFOUNDED TREATS THAT FOLLOW!

PROVERBLETS.

I.

LABOR conquers everything except the walking delegate.

II.

TELL me what you think you eat, and I will tell you what the vendors of adulterated food think you are.

III.

ARROGANCE is next of kin to ignorance.

IV.

IT is always too late to be mendacious.

V.

A FRIEND in need will "bleed" you indeed.

VI.

FINE words butter no parsnips, but are often palatable when spread upon an after-dinner toast.

VII.

ANGLOMANIAC birds of three feathers flock with the Prince of Wales.

VIII.

THE game when prolonged until early morning is not worth the extra gas bill.

G. P. L.

THE CHANGING YEAR.

HER lips were ripened cherries, her hair a fleece of gold,
And everybody told me she owned a million, cold.

So while the leaves were turning beneath the autumn skies,
I watched my dumb devotion reflected in her eyes.

As fast the snow was falling in winter's icy days,
I wasted half my substance in sending her bouquets.

When all the birds were mating and carolling for spring,
I spent what was remaining on an engagement ring.

And now that through the woodland the summer sunbeams slant,
I find the million's owner to be her maiden aunt.

S. St. G. Lawrence.

A NEW ARGUMENT FOR SHAKESPEARE.

THE Omaha *World* advances an entirely new and original theory on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Says our esteemed contemporary:

Shakespeare's plays are full of vulgarity, evidently put in to please the mob whose pennies helped support the theatre. Would Lord Bacon have written such stuff?

Yet Pope, in his essay on man, writes:

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,"

leaving us in much doubt as to whether Bacon really began life as a Knight of the Brush or a Peer of the Realm. What did Bacon shine, is now the question. If boots, as we strongly suspect from Pope's allusion, the Omaha *World's* theory is as empty as the wind, because boot-blacks, vulgarity and pennies are not an impossible combination.

This matter must be settled before the controversy can proceed.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

Pat: MOIKE, TH' TELLS ME AS YEZ HAVE QUIT WORRUKIN' IN THE POWDER FACTORY. WAS IT TOO DANGEROUS?

Mike: DANGEROUS? WELL, BE GOB! I BELAVE IF I HAD WORRUKED THERE TILL NOW I'D A BE'N DEAD A YEAR AGO.

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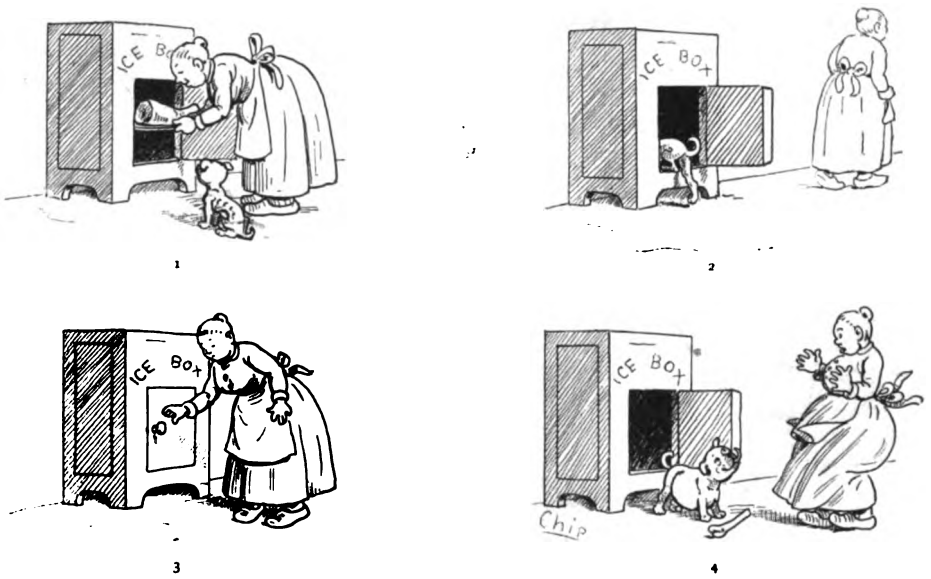
A REMINISCENCE OF THE DOG-DAYS.



1 2 3 4

LITERARY NOTES.

THE astonishingly erudite literary criticisms of Hon. Eugene Field, of the *Chicago Tribune*, have been brought out in paper covers by Ticknor & Co., of Boston.

We commend the volume, which bears the title "Culture's Garden," to those of our readers who are interested in the Chicago literary movement, and who wish to have opened up for them an altogether novel not to say astounding view of literature.

* * *

THE rumor that Mr. Ryder Haggard—as we believe he is now called—is preparing a bibliography, entitled "Books that have Helped Me," lacks confirmation.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT quoting Tom Moore's well-known lines,

"My only books
Were woman's looks
And folly's all they've taught me,"

wishes to know if such volumes could be called *Edition de Looks*.

We think this query demonstrates the truth of the last line of the quotation.

* * *

A NEW periodical for the Theosophists is to be started.

It will come under the head of Nirv-ana.

FINANCE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE is discussing, "Are Gold Coins Money?"

It doesn't seem to make much difference whether they are or not. We have yet to see the man who wouldn't chase a gold coin down to—well, to Wall Street, in the hope of getting it.

HENRY JAMES always Howells when he is hurt. This is a joke that requires thought to be appreciated.

THE SUPPLY GREATER THAN THE DEMAND.

"PLEASE, I WUD LIKE T' GIT A JOB O' WORK, SIR."

"ARE YOU A MECHANIC?"

"NAW, SIR; I'M A MECTAVISH FROM CAPE BREETON."

THEY have been having a rain of mud in Iowa. The inhabitants speak of it as a reign of *terra*.

IT is supposed that the expression, "A little Gaul goes a great ways," originated in the times of Napoleon I.

IF a man has a poor head he won't pass—if he has a poor hand that is just what he will do.

IN the bright lexicon of Wall Street, one of the largest words is "Fail."

IT is said that at a late hanging in Louisiana the Governor's special messenger arrived on the scene at the last moment bearing a reprieve, whereupon the fortunate culprit remarked "No noose is good news."

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THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

"WHERE shall we go this summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway.

"Well, let's see," replied her husband, "last winter we got malaria in Florida."

"Yes, and the alligators got your pointer dog."

"And the preceding summer we got the rheumatism in the mountains?"

"We did, and the bears got my little skye terrier."

"And the summer before we went to the seashore and got bled by the mosquitoes and the landlord?"

"Yes."

"And the summer before that we went into the country, and the children were laid up all the summer with ivy poison."

"I remember."

"Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first-rate to take a vacation this summer, but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay at home and rest this year."—*Lewiston Journal.*

CALLER (*to old Mrs. Bently*): The new minister is making himself quite popular, is he not, Mrs. Bently?

OLD MRS. BENTLY: Well, I ain't much sot by him. For the last three Sundays he's prayed for rain, an' there ain't a drop fell yit.—*Puck.*

PONSONBY: Sir, I have come to request the honor of your daughter's hand in marriage.

POMPANO: Impossible! Never will I give my consent.

PONSONBY (*anxiously*): Is your decision final—irrevocable?

POMPANO (*firmly*): It is.

PONSONBY (*much relieved*): Thanks, awfully. Nellie has been pestering me to ask you, and I did it just to oblige her.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"REMEMBER the example of George Washington, my boy," said the careful father.

"Who was George Washington, papa?" queried the hopeful.

"Why he was the man who couldn't tell a lie, of course."

"What was the matter with him—couldn't he talk?"

There was much anxiety in the paternal mind as to the youngster's future.—*New York Mercury.*

COULD DO SOMETHING FOR HER.

"TONGUE cannot tell how much I love you, Miss Clara," he said. "I would do anything in the world for you."

"Would you?" she asked, wearily.

"Try me."

"Well, go and spend the evening with Lily Brown."

"Lily Brown! What for?" he asked, astonished.

"I hate her."—*Sun.*

BOTH GOT CALLS.

TRAGEDIAN: I played Hamlet in Paterson last week and got a call at the end of every act.

MANAGER: I took a company out there week before last and got one call before the first act, but that was enough. It was for the rent.—*Judge.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best.
And we laugh with delight when she bathes it over us.

"The Ladies' Favorite." Pure. Purifying. Emollient. A luxury for shampooing. Cures Skin Diseases. THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., New York.

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Straight Cut Cigarettes.
People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 10s, 20s, 50s, and 100s. *14 Prize Medals.*
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Habit Maker and Hatter,

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Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.
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LADIES' TAILOR.

AUTUMN OPENING, 1887.

Messrs. J. REDFERN & SONS are now ready to show the New and Original Models and Sketches of Gowns, Coats, Wraps, etc., prepared by their London, Paris and New York houses for the Fall and Winter seasons.

A varied and extensive consignment of Imported Cloths for the Autumn season, in all the latest colorings and designs, just received.

Ladies ordering early will have a full and complete selection of all Autumn Novelties, and will also avoid the crush of the full season.

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ESTABLISHED 1822 PHILAD'A, PA. U. S. A.

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YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

THEN WHY NOT TRY

WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,
CARACAS CHOCOLATE,
BREAKFAST COCOA,

and other preparations.

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THE BLUE JAR AND WHITE SPOON.

OFFICERS of the Army and Navy, Chemists, Engineers, Physicians, Prominent Actors and Artists, Ministers of the Gospel, Railway Magnates, Judges, Senators, Professors of Dental Colleges, Bankers and Merchants, notable Ladies, and refined people everywhere, have been pleased not only with the snowy-white creamy Zonweiss, but the beautiful blue jar containing it, and its little white spoon for putting it on the brush.

ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

"WHAT I dislike about the large hotels is their gregariousness," said Miss Culture.

"Well," replied the Chicago maiden, "these fancy puddings never did agree with me, either."
—*Hotel Gazette.*

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

PENNYROYAL PILLS. Safe, Effectual, with Elixir of Pennyroyal (free), they never fail. Particulars 4c. DR. J. V. STANTON, Station "L," New York City.

A Beautiful Plush Casket of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 2c. stamp for Lovely New Samples and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

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GENUINE VICHY

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Open from 11 to 11. Sundays 1 to 11.
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AND
PRINCE PAUL ESTERHAZY'S ORCHESTRA.
Concerts 3 to 5, 8 to 11 P. M.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS.
Ajeeb, the Mystifying Chess Automaton.

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FORT GRISWOLD HOUSE
AND COTTAGES.

On the Sound, opposite New London, Conn.
Open June 25.
Driving, bathing, boating and fishing. For terms, etc., apply to MATTHEWS & PIERSON, Proprietors.
Sturtevant House, Broadway and 29th St., New York.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

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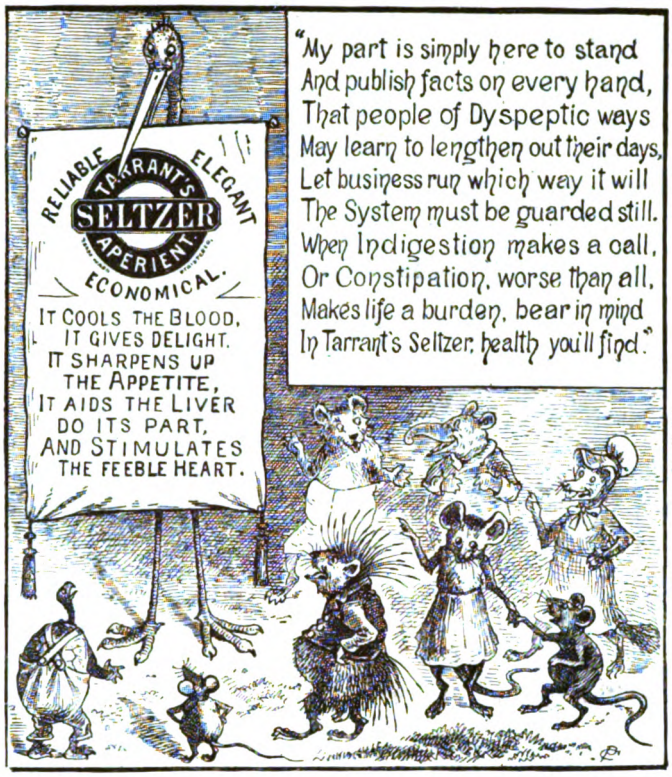

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HAIR DESTROYER.
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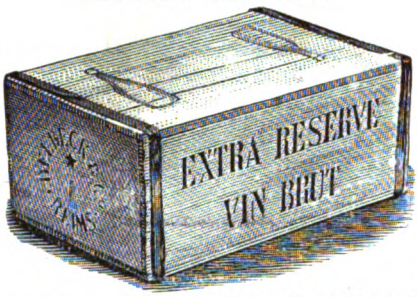

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Soap

You Dirty Boy!

The best for the Complexion. A "balm for the Skin." The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer.

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MAKERS OF
THE C & S SHIRT

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1887. NUMBER 245.

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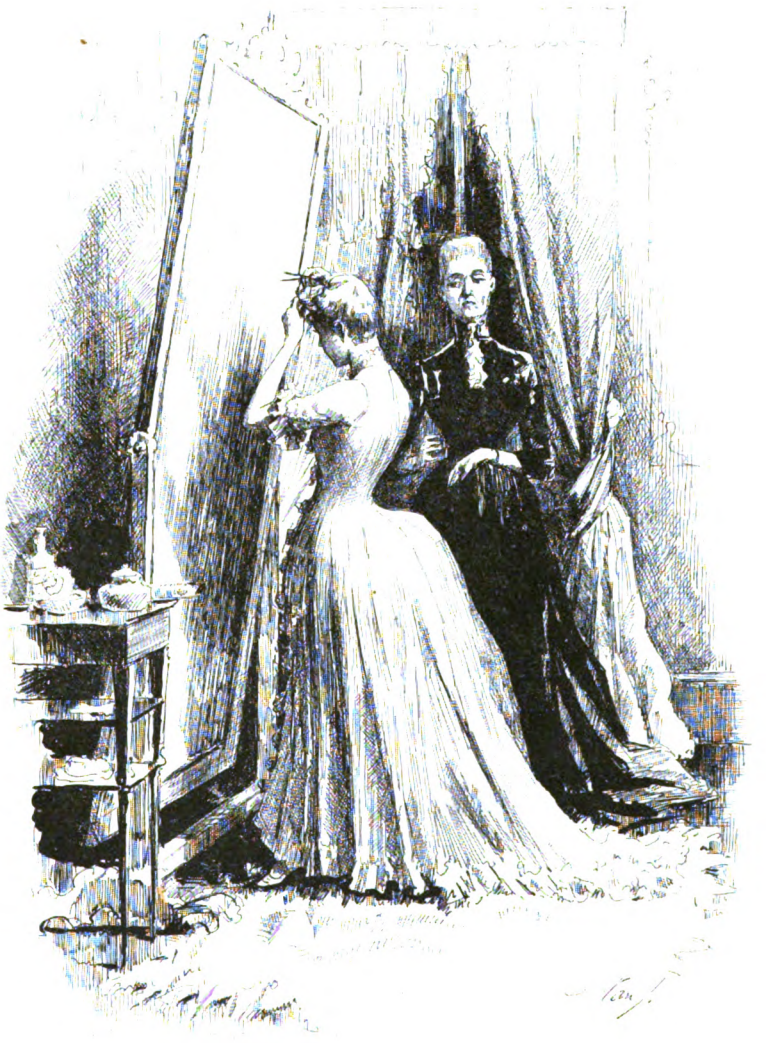

"—— WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

Aunt Kate: MY DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK IF IT HAD BEEN THE LORD'S WISH THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE CURLING HAIR, HE WOULD HAVE CURLED IT FOR YOU?

Jessie: AND SO HE DID, AUNT KATE, WHEN I WAS A BABY. HE PROBABLY THINKS I AM OLD ENOUGH NOW TO DO IT FOR MYSELF.

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

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 8, 1887. No. 245.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

WE hope the Grand Army of the Republic feels proud of itself for its recent insult to the President. We hope so, because if the G. A. R. is not proud of itself, it is in a very sorry position, for no one else is proud of it, and the general belief of all men who can rise above partisan politics is, that it would have been better for themselves and their country if the men who trailed their colors in the gutter rather than walk under a banner bearing the President's portrait had had what few brains they possess shot out twenty-four years ago.

If such an exhibition is not indicative of a rebellious spirit of the most paltry order, we should like to know what is. It is almost as despicable as the recent behavior of Palsy Fairchild.

* * *

PRINCE FERDINAND is certainly a very plucky individual, but his recent trustful remarks to his new subjects hardly seem sincere when we reflect that immediately after telling his people that he felt perfectly safe in their hands, he went off and had his life insured for two hundred thousand florins.

Battenberg was cheered and beloved by the populace, but he is no longer monarch. Coburg is hardly likely to fare better.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post* has made the startling discovery that the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is so much like the story of William Wilson, by Poe, that Mr. Stevenson lays himself open to the suspicion of having read Poe's story, and derived his inspiration from it.

This offense of Mr. Stevenson's is almost as heinous as that of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, who, as is well known, borrowed freely from each other without giving credit, to say nothing of what they cribbed from the Old Testament prophets.

The *Post's* correspondent should move to have all these men indicted.

LIFE is a hearty sympathizer with the New York *World* in its efforts to reform the universe, but we cannot but protest against its unwarranted abuse of Judge Potter. It was not Judge Potter's fault that he was selected to try the cause of Sharp, and because he happens to decide in a way contrary to the desire of the public is no reason for subjecting him to newspaper blackguardism.

There are thousands of people who believe that Jacob Sharp is a dangerous man, a corruptor of the worst type, who yet believe that he was not properly convicted on the evidence produced in court. If there is any reasonable doubt on that point it should be cleared away, and an appeal to a higher tribunal is the only way to so clear it.

Because a man is rich is no reason why he should not receive absolute justice, whatever his crimes, even though it offend so great a journalist, so noble a philanthropist, and so able a statesman as Joseph Pulitzer.

* * *

IT was a peculiarly pathetic incident, it seems to us, that evoked from Mayor Hewitt a letter to one of the boys of New York on the subject of ball playing down town. It calls the attention of the public to the unhappy fact that between the Battery and Central Park there is not one spot on which the children of poverty can disport themselves without insulting the majesty of the law; and while our worthy Mayor assures his boyish correspondent that he will do all that he can to ameliorate the hard lot of the down-town boy and girl who break the laws when they indulge in childish sport, we all know that during the present Mayor's term of office, and during the terms of generation after generation of mayors to come, nothing will be done, because nothing can be done in New York without years of constant effort, when the children of to-day will have become the great-grandfathers of yesterday.

All of which goes to prove that the children should be sent off to some spot where it is not a crime to play ball; where the police are not on the lookout for such depraved youth as indulge their passion for hop-scotch, and where youth may stand on its head, laugh aloud, spin tops, climb trees, and even shriek—the boy who does not like to shriek is not a true boy—without running the risk of being fined for disorderly conduct.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund is doing a little to help the children, and is still open to do what remains to be done.

* * *

WE congratulate the *Times* upon a radical improvement in its make-up. To have compressed the account of the execution of a French murderer to a column and a dozen lines is a great journalistic feat—for the *Times*.

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A NATURAL INFERENCE.

She: DOES YOUR PARROT TALK, MR. MARKS?
Mr. Marks (not intellectual): NOT MUCH, EXCEPT WHAT I'VE TAUGHT HIM.
She: ONLY WHISTLES AND SWEARS A LITTLE, I SUPPOSE.

BLOWING.

THE newspaper talk about the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* is getting more and more vigorous as the contest draws nigh.

The Boston *Globe* has the following:

"An English admirer of the *Thistle*, who has sailed in her on several occasions, writes to say that 'she is as stanch as an Irish packet, as easy to handle as a lady's fan, and as light as her own thistle down.'

"But what is the matter with the American *Volunteer?* She is as reliable as death and taxes; as pliable as a wad of putty, and as fleet as a streak of greased lightning.

"Moreover, the great Lick telescope might be focused on her for a coon's age and not a fly could be discovered about her premises."

If we can only get as much wind on the day of the race as there is in paragraphs of this sort, the two boats ought to beat all previous records.

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD INTO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

WE wish it distinctly understood that LIFE is proud. Four weeks ago we informed our readers of the interesting fact contained in the caption above, and they have responded most generously as the acknowledgments below and those that have preceded them will show. Two hundred and thirty children have been renewed in health and strength, and there is still a balance of one dollar left in the treasury to be devoted to reviving the spirits of some fortunate two hundred and thirty-first infant who probably does not even dream of the delights in store for him or her.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

Previously Acknowledged	$550.00
J. B. M.	10.00
An Art Student	3.00
A. H. Chadbourne	3.00
B.	25.00
Anonymous	25.00
A. C. B.	10.00
Ed. A., Jr.	15.00
Hope	3.00
Two Little Boys	3.00
Sellar Bullard	12.25
A Bad Boy	.75
Fair at Luzerne gotten up by Elsie and Dorothy Bunker assisted by Willie Termille and Chapman Ropes	28.00
In Memoriam	3.00
	$691.00

J. D. Minot is informed that the contribution concerning which he asks amounts to $59.75 to date.

In conclusion we beg to inform our readers that we are very much like Oliver Twist.

We are asking for more.

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"LIFE'S" IMPROVED POETS.

COLERIDGE.

I ASKED my fair, one happy day,
What should I call her in my lay;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece:
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia or Doris,
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah," replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits thy plan.
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Call me Henrietta, Susa,
Maude, Jerusha, Arethusa,
Call me anything from Jess to Fan,
But—draw the line at Mary Ann."

* * *

THE devil will play his last card on Judgment day, but Gabriel will trumpet.

* * *

THEY read Browning's poems upside down in Chicago, and claim to find him quite as prime as Eugene Field.

* * *

THE *Sun* sticks to its editorial cat, and the *World* has lately acquired a large editorial dog, "which his name is Brag."

* * *

HENRY is not altogether a bag of conceit, but in private life he is said to believe that Washington was named after George.

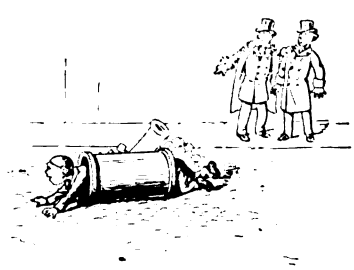
* * *

THE literal meaning of *Dies Faustus* is "lucky day," but a majority of those mentioned in Goethe's poem found it quite the reverse.

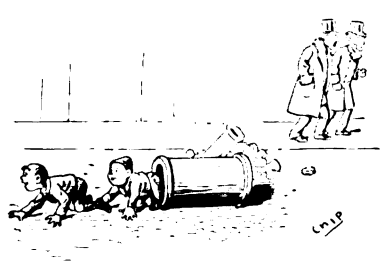
* * *

AN English paper says that Burgess is an amateur who doesn't know how to use beam.

The English yachtsmen should cast a little more mote into their own yachts before criticising the beam that is in Burgesses.



"GRACIOUS, WHAT A TALL BOY!"



"BY THE WAY, YOU WERE SAYING?"

THE *World* shows that it is like its great namesake in its ability to revolve. Its present attitude toward the President is a complete revolution.

* * *

NEWSPAPER bragging is quite natural. No self respecting journal will hide its light under a bushel when it knows that its brilliancy cannot be gauged by bushels.

* * *

THE superstitious have received a severe blow in the rescue of the missing thirteen from the City of Montreal. They sat thirteen at table for five days, and yet they are all safe!

* * *

COMPARATIVE.

"OH, pshaw," said the Bostonian, contemptuously, "everything with you New Yorkers is the Almighty dollar."

"And with the Bostonians everything is the omnipotent quarter," replied the New Yorker.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us as follows:

A friend of mine sat down in Madison Square about 11 o'clock the other evening; about fifteen minutes to 12 a park policeman ordered him out. Had that park policeman any legal right to do so?
J. V. Dusenberry.

It all depends on circumstances, J. V. Dusenberry. If your friend sat on the fountain, or insisted on being dandled on the leg of the Seward statue, we think the policeman simply did his duty.

* * *

DURING a recent heavy rain the State of Rhode Island was washed over into Connecticut, but the Governor hired a couple of Italian laborers for half a day, and the State has been shoveled back to the old site.

* * *

THE Boston *Transcript* asks, "Have we too many mouths to feed?"

Not knowing the editor of the *Transcript* personally, we are not certain as to how many mouths he has. As for ourselves, we find one mouth all we care to control.

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THEY say that the "Man with the Iron Mask"
Was a tale without foundation;
That William Tell and his cruel task
Was a fanciful brain's creation.

They say that Egypt's swarthy Queen
Did not dissolve a pearl;
That the Cenci's pure and pleading face
Is that of a peasant girl.

They say that Byron slightly limped,
That witty Elia drank;
That Thomas Carlyle, with his marvelous tomes,
Was at best "an unmannerly crank."

I've not a single idol left
That has proved to be better than clay,
I'm left now lamenting, alone, and bereaved
By the pitiless tongue of "They say."

CUPID AND MR. PAGINA.

MR. PAGINA was a young man of twenty-five years or so, who wrote for the satirical papers. He had arrived at that period of his literary career when editors asked him to write for their journals instead of his being obliged to go to them, and when he was sufficiently independent to sign his letters "Yours very truly" instead of "Yours respectfully." He had, in addition, been guilty of a bookling of rhymelets, which had been read outside of his own immediate circle. In short, he was well able to stand up to his neck in the waters of Helicon without fear of being knocked off his feet by an unruly wave or treacherous undercurrent.

He was seated in his apartment one evening in a delirium of inspiration over an "Ode to Cupid," when a slight cough behind him caused him to turn his head and he perceived, to his astonishment, that he was not alone. Seated in a chair at the farther end of the room was a pale, delicate featured young man attired entirely in black and having very much the appearance of a young divinity student. His hair was clustered in thick, dark masses around his forehead, and his whole appearance was so sombre that he would have been scarcely distinguishable from the shadows hovering about him had not his gleaming eyes thrown a sort of halo around his countenance and brought it into plainer view.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Pagina," said the stranger, rising, "and I trust you will pardon my unceremonious entrance, but when you have learned my name and my errand I venture to affirm that you will not consider my intrusion entirely unpardonable."

"Indeed!" answered Mr. Pagina, "and whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"I am, sir, the subject of the poem you are now engaged upon."

"What! you surely cannot be—"

"Yes, I am Cupid, the deity of Love."

Mr. Pagina arose and made a profound obeisance.

"Cupid," he said, "I am indeed fortunate, and I entreat you to pardon my lack of courtesy. May I venture to inquire to what I am indebted for this honor?"

"I have come," responded Cupid, running his hand pensively through his thick, dark hair, "to enlighten you in regard to a few things concerning myself of which you, in common with your literary brethren, display a most dense ignorance."

Mr. Pagina drew his chair nearer and prepared to listen.

"In the first place, as to the ode you are now addressing to me, and by which, I assure you, I feel greatly honored. But, Mr. Pagina, you appear to overlook the fact that my youth is past. I no longer run around with bow and arrow shooting at random—"

"Why, Cupid," interrupted Mr. Pagina, "can it be that you are now in your real form—that you are not disguised?"

"I am in my real form, believe me. Love, you should know, has become methodical, calculative and cautious. Instead of inducting ardent swains to extravagant hyperbolification, I render them cool, matter of fact and prudent. Love, as society is now constituted, is purely a business matter. 'Give me your gold for my name' instead of the old formula, 'Give me your heart for my love.'"

"But, Cupid," said Mr. Pagina, "the old poets—"

"Tut, tut," answered Cupid, "the old fiddlesticks! They wrote under the inspiration of young and inexperienced Love. But I am no longer young, as I told you. Can you not understand?"

Mr. Pagina mused and looked puzzled.

"Again," resumed Cupid, "let me draw attention to your ode. Don't address me as 'Gay arrower, with mortal's hearts for targets.' It's false. I usually appeal to vanity, convenience, family pride, and such trivialities. It makes my work vastly easier."

"In other words—"

"In other words, Mr. Pagina, when the 'balsam of my shafts,' as you term it, enters a man's organization, he doesn't

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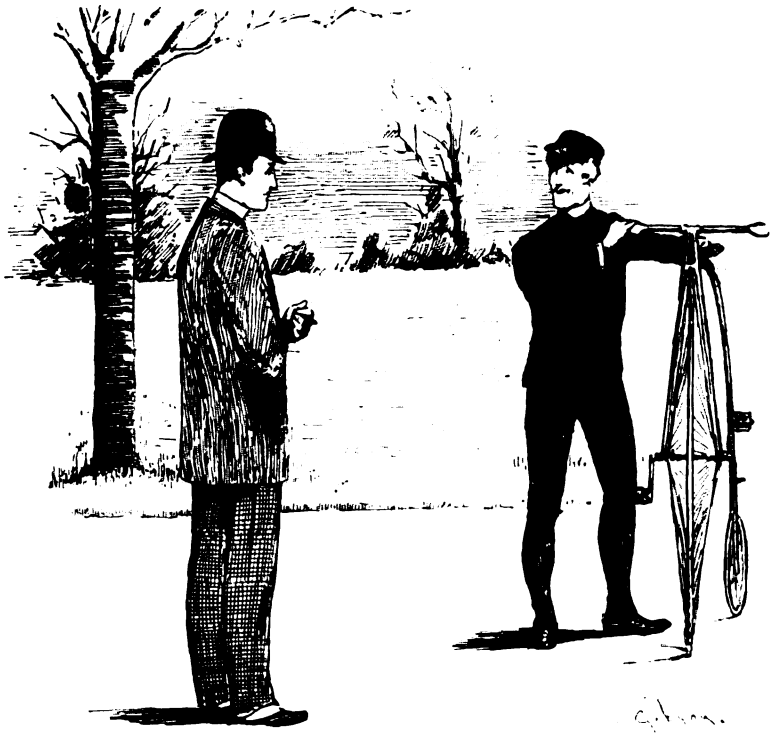

De Jones (to Smythe, who has just bought a bicycle): WHY DON'T YOU GET ON AND RIDE?

Smythe: I WOULD, BUT I'M IN A HURRY.

WANTED TO CHOP IT.

CUSTOMER (*to waiter, who has just filled his order*): Did you say this was a chop?

WAITER: Yes, sir. Anything the matter with it, sir?

CUSTOMER: Nothing much. But say, when you are coming 'round this way again please bring the axe.

A COUNTER-IRRITANT: A saucy clerk.

MEM. FOR THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

IN love-making, it is a less misfortune to fail with the right person than to succeed with the wrong one.

IF an oyster were to wear lace it would naturally affect blue point, wouldn't it? This style of joke is put up one in a box to take home.

ETYMOLOGICAL.

RUST is from *rus*, the country; to rust, to live in the country.

METTERNICH remarked of Italy: "It is but a geographical expression." He might have added that in the neighborhood of Naples it is a very dirty expression.

---

wander around in dyspeptical imitation of Romeo, with sonnets made to his mistress's eyebrow, but sensibly finds out the old gentleman's financial standing, how the family regard him, and so forth. It's not men's fault that their love is so mercenary. I make them so."

"Then my ode—"

"Is trash, Mr. Pagina, if you will pardon me. So are all modern odes to me. I've stood it for two centuries now, and I'm getting tired of it."

"Alas, poor Cupid!" murmured Mr. Pagina.

"Let me show you how my tastes run in the field of literature," resumed Cupid, "you will understand me better then."

He drew a few plainly bound volumes from one of his capacious pockets, and placed it in Mr. Pagina's hands. They were Gray's "Elegy," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and the "Complete Manual of Etiquette."

"You can judge a man by his books, said Cupid; "behold my favorites."

Mr. Pagina, dazed, gazed.

"To show you the kind of an ode you really should address to me," the Lord of Hearts went on, "I will recite a poem of my own, which is a perfect expression of my sentiments."

"Pray do," sighed Mr. Pagina.

Cupid went to the table and lowered the student's lamp which burned thereon, until the room became a chaos of shadow and crystallized mistiness.

"My poem," he began, "is entitled

'THE MERRY CORPSE.'

"'What a jolly life the corpse must lead
In the grave so calm and cool,
Scorning the trifles poor mortals need,
And pitying sage and fool!
Lying at rest on earth's fair breast
No battle of life to win;
Fate's stern behest is a merry jest,
And Time only makes him grin.
What joy he finds when the rushing winds
Sing gleefully o'er his head!
But the damp, cold rain he never minds—
What a rare life lead the dead!—
His wants, though simple, he has at hand,
And all on the best of terms,
While the finest fare at his command
He serves to his guests, the worms.
Careless of heart and fancy free,
I'd give all I have just a corpse to be.'"

During the recital of the poem, Mr. Pagina lay back in his chair, listening intently. He could dimly discern the outlines

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of the speaker as he moved his arms to give expression to his recitation. When the last word had trembled into an echo, and dispersed itself, a vapor, into the darkness, Mr. Pagina stared fearfully through the shadows at the dim figure before him.

"Cupid," he said, "starting up and rubbing his eyes, "I have all my life wronged you deeply. I shall reform."

He raised the lamp.

Cupid and the shadows had disappeared.

Mr. Pagina sat down at once and wrote out an ode to Cupid, in strict accordance with what he had just heard and learned.

"The truth shall come out now," he muttered, "and Cupid will no longer be maligned by those who know him not."

He sent the production that same night to his favorite satirical paper—one which had often before printed his metrical misrepresentations of the youthful deity.

The very next mail brought his poem back with the courteous announcement:

DEAR SIR:—We regret to say that the accompanying manuscript is not available. We accordingly return it to your address.—EDITOR DECADE.

Vladimir Vix.

A DREADFUL ERROR.

"IF that young Mr. Wabash should call, mamma," said a Boston young lady, "I shall instruct the servant to say that I am not at home."

"Why, Penelope?"

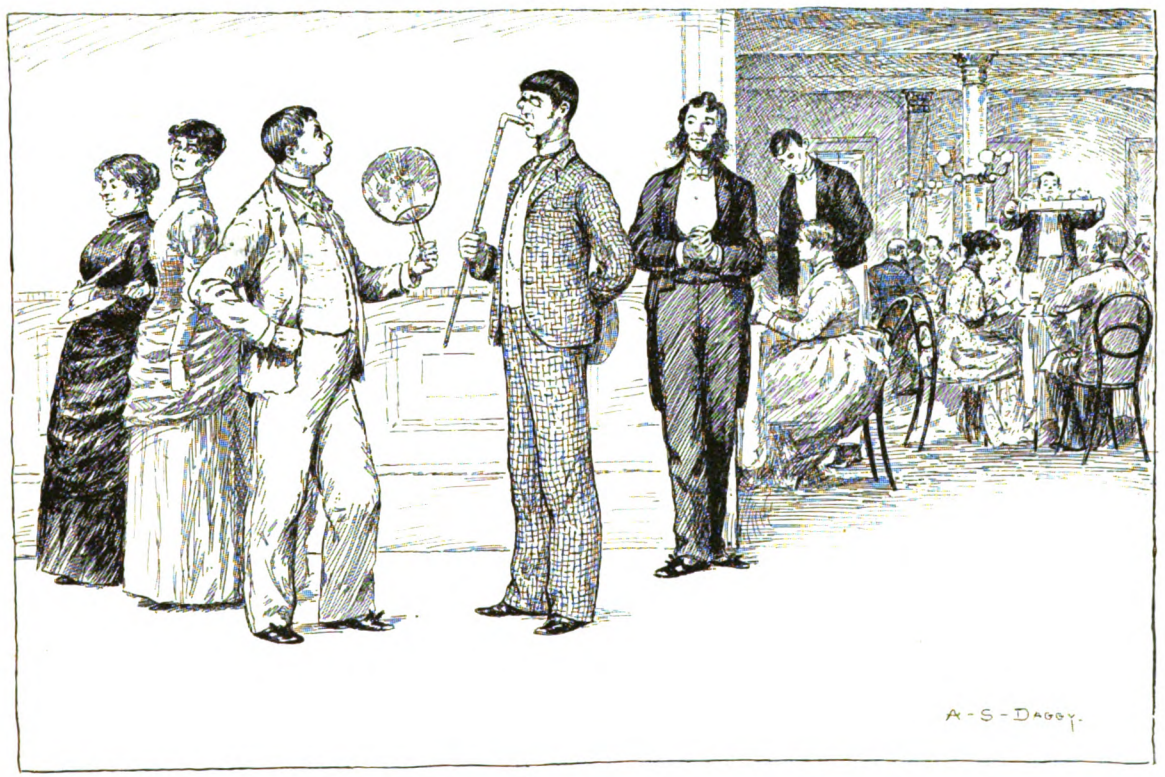
"He said to me, last evening, in the conservatory at Mrs. Bunker's: 'And are you really a Bostonian, Miss Waldo? I had somehow got the impression that you were from Chicago.'"

"THEY must 'a' been pretty drunk," remarked Mrs. Spriggins reading of a dinner to the Prince of Wales. "It says here, 'The health of Her Majesty was proposed and the toast was drunk with enthusiasm.' Who ever heard of drinkin' toast, I'd like to know?"

OVERHEARD IN ROTTEN ROW.

ENGLISH GIRL: They don't allow the hansom in the row, you know.

AMERICAN GIRL: I noticed that particularly of the women doncherknow, you know.



VERY DEPRESSING.

De Sappy: AH, JONES, HOW IS YOUR MOTHER THIS MORNING?
Jones: NO BETTER, THANK YOU. IT BREAKS ME ALL UP.
De Sappy: VERY NATURALLY, OLD BOY. THIS *mal de mere* IS VERY DEPRESSING.

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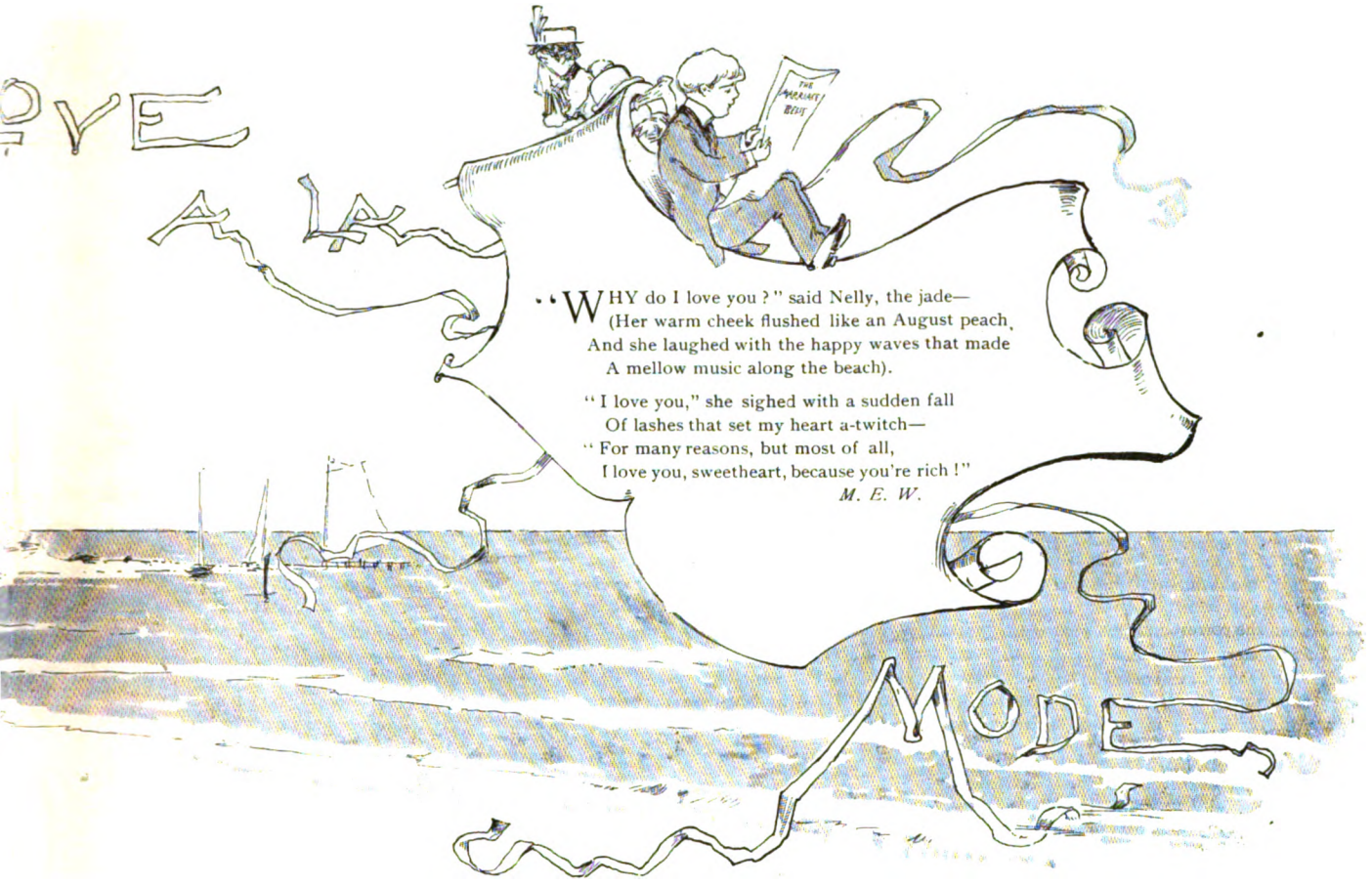

"WHY do I love you?" said Nelly, the jade—
(Her warm cheek flushed like an August peach,
And she laughed with the happy waves that made
A mellow music along the beach).

"I love you," she sighed with a sudden fall
Of lashes that set my heart a-twitch—
"For many reasons, but most of all,
I love you, sweetheart, because you're rich!"

M. E. W.

Albert E Sterner.
'87

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SARATOGA.

LIFE'S vacation Editor reached Saratoga on Saturday last and registered at the Jewnited States Hotel, as this popular caravansary is now called in deference to the prevailing religious beliefs of its patrons. It had been the correspondent's intention to pass a quiet Sabbath at the great Spa, but his experience at Long Branch had misled him as to the number of Hebrews left outside of its hospitable limits and he had no idea that by arriving at his destination on Saturday evening he would catch the Sabbath at ebb-tide. So it was, however, and instead of a quiet Sabbath a Saturnalian Sunday was the order of the day. To say that he enjoyed himself is putting it in its mildest form.

At five o'clock Sunday morning he arose from his downy couch, and, accompanied by Mrs. Maurice Von Hommerheimer, he visited Hathorn Spring and indulged in a glass of Appolonaris water while his fair escort sipped the bubbling Hathorn through a straw. At seven, while wandering over the broad piazzas of the Grand-Junion, he met the lovely Miss Minzesberg, who requested him to join her in a glass of Congress water—which he did with infinite gusto. While returning from Congress Spring, young Israel Isaacs was met. He extended a cordial invitation to the Correspondent to drive out to the Excelsior Spring and take a sip. It was an inexpensive attention, but Israel invariably gives a liberal discount to his friends who purchase their outfit at his establishment, and while the correspondent had nearly reached his capacity for mineral water, he deemed it best to accept the invitation, for economic reasons.

On the return the dining-room was sought out, and a light breakfast was obtained by the very simple expedient of giving a head-waiter two dollars, a deputy-head-waiter one dollar, and a plain simple negro, with a walk suited to a more kingly station, the munificent sum of fifty cents.

Breakfast over the correspondent walked up to Clarendon Spring with Mr. Isaacs' sister. Miss Isaacs had a *penchant* for Clarendon Spring water, and as the correspondent had never tasted it, she deemed it a golden opportunity to initiate him. The walk up Broadway was a delight. An ever varying panorama of life was on view, and the intelligent man who is capable of drawing a parallel cannot help but be reminded of the exodus of Moses and his tribes from the land of Egypt. There are slight architectural differences to be sure, but a student of naseology could not fail to be deeply impressed by the similarity of the walkers out of Egypt and the promenaders at Saratoga.

The Clarendon Spring water was delicious, and was very suggestive of a mixture of Croton water, worsted slippers, quinine pills and an iron barrel hoop, which the correspondent remembers having concocted for an amateur soda-water fountain in his youthful days. After drinking three glasses of this to convince Miss Isaacs that he liked it, the correspondent was asked if he had ever tasted the High Rock water. Hoping to change the subject, he replied that he thought rain was imminent and with much relevancy asked Miss Isaacs to take a ride in the circular railway. This the young lady did, dropping High Rock for the nonce, but insisting upon returning the courtesy of the ride by a bottle of ginger ale and soda-water at her expense.

In self-defense the correspondent avoided all who were likely to invite him to indulge in mineral waters during the afternoon. The magnificent crown lands of the Stewarts served to hide him from view, and the afternoon was spent inspecting the works of art which adorn the acres of Woodlawn.

Woodlawn is a lovely place. The treasures which its judicial proprietor has imported at great expense give it an air of massive grandeur, that is rarely seen outside of a cemetery. The fence around the place is a work of art constructed out of pure Saratoga cobble-stones in the rough, with an occasional bit of relief in the shape of a Philadelphia brick gateway, the piers surmounted by marble statues of various goddesses clad chiefly in smiling innocence. Where there is a bit of lawn not specially adapted to the erection of a monument, the tasteful owner has supplied massive marble urns which give a warmth to the scene rarely found off the equator. In the centre of the park are some five or six magnificent residences belonging to the lord of the manor and his immediate family. The princely proprietor has but two houses at present, one for summer and one for the winter, but it is hoped if business is good that a spring cottage and a fall cabin will be erected before the year is up.

1. Old Goozle feels young enough to join in a game of leap-frog with the boys.
2. But through a slight miscalculation he comes to grief.
3. He goes to the nearest police station to surrender himself for manslaughter.

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She (*slightly seasick*): SOMEHOW OR OTHER I CAN'T EAT ON BOARD THESE BOATS.

He: WHAT DO YOU WANT TO EAT FOR? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT "WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOEFUL WANT."

A country lawyer who accompanied the correspondent on his walk through the grounds, announced his intention to visit New York next winter and run for the first vacant judgeship he can find and cultivate the acquaintance of some one of our merchant princes. This certainly is a lucrative profession.

The day was brought to a close by a german given by the Solomon-Levi's at their superb mansion on Broadway. The favors were unprecedentedly choice, and the jewels displayed were simply dazzling. Mrs. Solomon-Levi wore a large 27 karat rhine-stone set in silver on her forefinger. All the young ladies present wore gloves, but the prevailing style of wearing the rings outside added great lustre to the scene. After a cold collation of ginger beer, soda crackers and a magnum of High Rock water for each person, the gentlemen adjourned to the old Morrissey Club House and finished up the night with a game of Pharaoh.

The correspondent reached New York after a very tiresome walk on Thursday, firmly convinced that while vice is not quite so rampant in Saratoga now as in by-gone days, there is none the less too much sin-agog there to suit his taste.

Cholmondeley Harcourt.

IS THIS AN INSULT TO THE PENSION AGENTS.

APROPOS of the fishing season a fair story is told of the immortal Dan, who was asked by a Washington politician what the President caught in the Adirondacks, closing with the query:

"Suckers?"

"No," said Dan "he catches all the suckers he wants in Washington."

Whether this will affect the Presidential race or not remains to be seen.

IN SEASON.

I.

I MET her in December,
Ere dancing made her thin—
A pliant figure in a suit
Of cloth and leopard-skin;
Her pretty chin looked fuller
Clasped by a bonnet bow,
Her pointed bang and ostrich tips
Were powdered by the snow.

And I vowed, as I bowed,
That a maid's in her prime,
Like a rich hot-house rose,
In the bleak winter-time.

II.

But now in blue midsummer,
The leafy August days,
Short-skirted cambrics make her seem
But childish in her ways;
A wide-brimmed straw half shadows
Her face from noontide glare,
Her little neck and chin are brown,
And the wind has tossed her hair.

And I say as we stray,
I have always averred,
That the rose as it grows
Out of doors I preferred.

EQUALLY DIVIDED.

Mrs. O'Harrity: NOW PUT IN ANOTHER QUART.

Grocer (*putting in second quart*): WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK FOR A HALF-GALLON AT FIRST AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

Mrs. O'Harrity: OCH, BLESS YEZ SOWL! ONE QUART IS FER MESELF AND T'OTHER IS FER MRS. CASEY.

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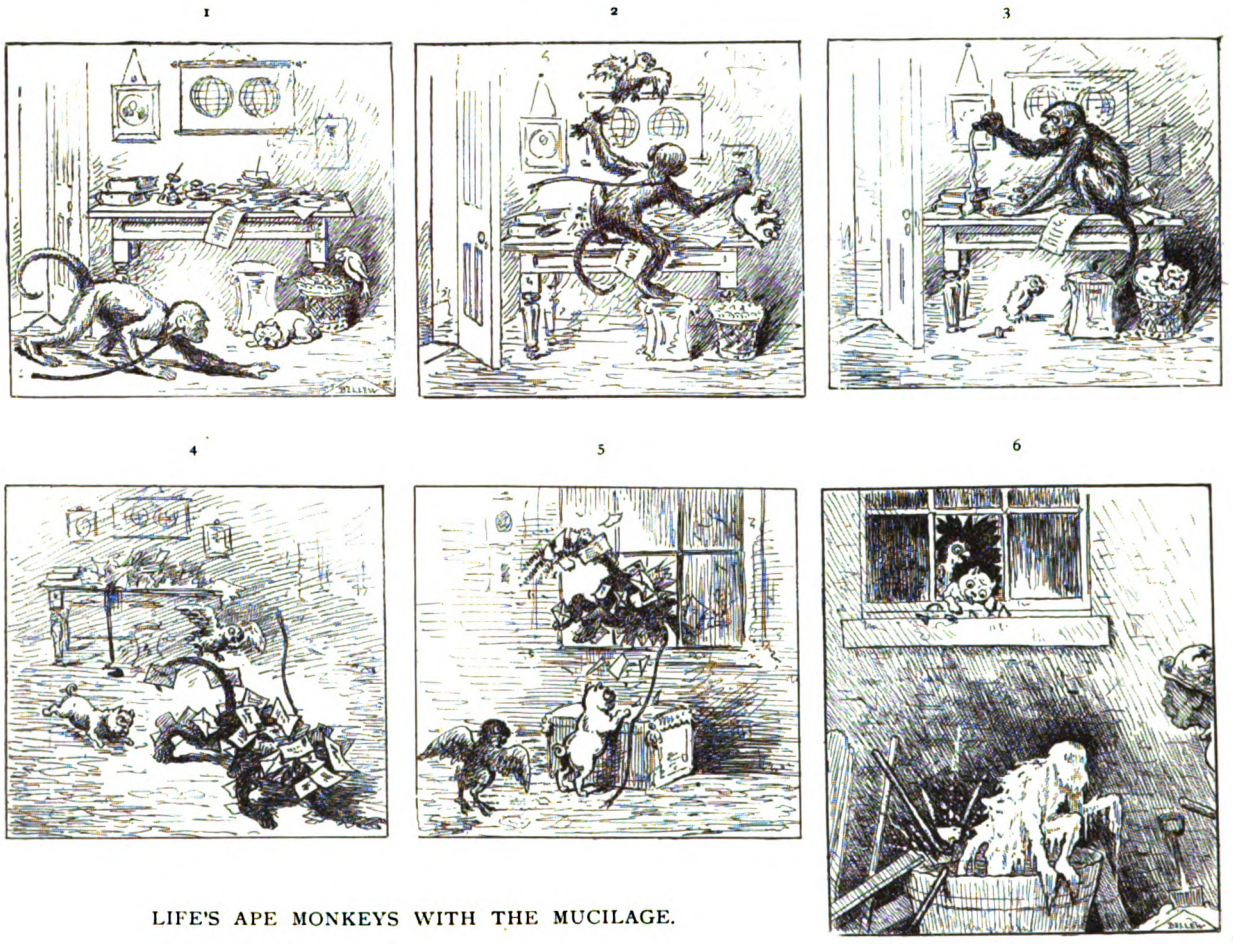
THE MONKEY MUST GO.



LIFE'S APE MONKEYS WITH THE MUCILAGE.

PROVERBLETS.

IX.

TAKE care of the pence and the absconding cashier will take care of the pounds.

X.

WHERE there's a will there's a way to break it.

XI.

EVIL communications are worth about $30,000 apiece to New York aldermen.

XII.

HE laughs best who laughs at his own joke.

XIII.

DON'T hatch your chickens; it is safer to sell them in the shell.

XIV.

SPEECH is silver, but the coinage is debased.

XV.

IT is well to be on with the new love before the old throws you over.

W. L.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

DUMLEY: What a bore that young Brown is. He makes me sick.

FEATHERLY: He never bores me.

DUMLEY: You are better natured than I am, then.

FEATHERLY: No, I lent him five hundred dollars a year ago.

THEY say Frenchmen never mean what they say, but there is one man who is always sincere and he can't help himself. He was born St. Cyr, and nothing but an act of Congress can change him.

HIS OWN IMPORTATION.

"HAVE you something fine in the way of imported cigars?" inquired a Yorkville dude of the dealer. "Yes, sir," the dealer replied. "Them two-fer-five 'Jersey seedlings' is having a big run."

LOADED TO KILL — A midsummer apple-tree.

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BLOOD WILL TELL.

CHARLIE, aged eight, brought home a slinking yellow pup, bow-legged, drooping-tailed and shamefaced. He cared for it tenderly, fixed a dry goods box in the back yard for a kennel, and on every possible occasion exhibited the animal proudly. His sister Ella, aged 18, asked him fastidiously:

"Where did you get that dog?"

"I bought him from a man for twenty-five cents," with the pride of ownership.

"Mercy! The idea of paying twenty-five cents for that horrid beast!"

Charlie's eyes flashed indignantly. "He isn't horrid. That shows how much a girl knows. The man told me he is a full blooded cur."—*American Portfolio.*

FIRST OMAHA MAN: Eureka! I've struck it at last. It's a new invention. Millions in it!

SECOND OMAHA MAN: I don't take much stock in patents.

"Yes, but this one is a dead-sure thing. It is a hand-organ modeled after the automatic race-tracks you see in hotels."

"Won't pay."

"I'li have them everywhere, and will rake in thousands of dollars a day. Everybody who comes along will drop a nickel into it."

"Dropping a nickel into it starts it to playing, I suppose."

"No, that stops it."—*Exchange.*

"OH, no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset with dangers. In short, ma'am, I carry my life in my hands."

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed his temporary hostess, "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."—*Boston Transcript.*

AN exchange telling of a man who fell overboard, winds up by saying: "He had been in the water about an hour, when a schooner from Baltimore came along, heard his cries, and picked him up wet and fatigued." It is easy to believe that the man should be fatigued after an hour's paddling in the water, but when the writer informs us that the poor fellow was also wet, his pitiable condition is depicted in colors that are graphic as well as glowing, and one's sympathies are drawn to him as they never could have been had he managed to keep dry all the time.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THE night watchman awoke when the roof fell in," says a conflagration despatch. If it were not for the wakefulness of night watchmen, a great deal of property would be destroyed.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LEGAL CLEARNESS.

"MY good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer, in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively—or how was it?"—*Ex.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "**LINENE**" goods. They are comfortable and genteel, and their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not our desire to sell the **LINENE** goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

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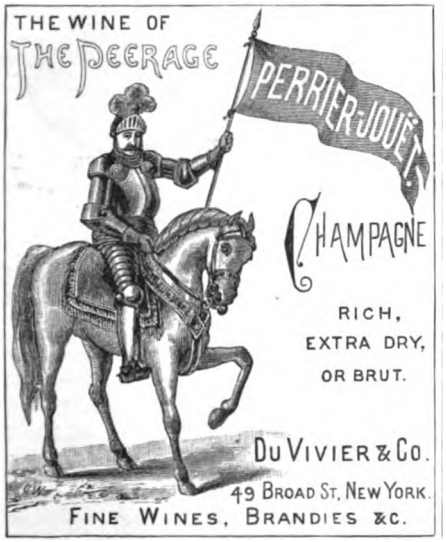

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BREAKFAST COCOA,

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E. O. THOMPSON, 1238 Chestnut St., Philada. 265 Broadway, N. Y.

NERVOUS WAITER (*at hotel*): Did you go up to Sarah Bernhardt's room?

HALL BOY: Yes.

"Did you knock at the door?"

"Yes."

"Which came out of the door—the lady or the tiger?"—*Omaha World.*

A PRUDENT MAN.

BROWN: My dear fellow—two umbrellas! What on earth is that for?

JONES: Why in case I leave one anywhere.—*Ex.*

MAMMA: Freddie, how did you like Johnny's party?

FREDDIE: Well, mamma, as they say of President Cleveland, I think Johnny is a good deal better than his party.—*Burlington Free Press.*

HAD TO DIE ANY WAY.

FIRST ACTOR (*pulling the trigger of a revolver six times*): Die, you miserable villain.

SECOND ACTOR: Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Rudolph, but I am smitten with remorse for my crimes, and will die according to your wish! Then he rolled on the stage in agony, and "pegged out straight." The curtain fell.—*Ex.*

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Open June 25.

Driving, bathing, boating and fishing. For terms, etc., apply to MATTHEWS & PIERSON, Proprietors.
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CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

Little Green Apple: HOO-RA-A-A! HERE COMES A SMALL BOY.

IGNORANT BUT INGENIOUS.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Now, Sidney, tell me who was the first man.

SIDNEY (*promptly*): Adam.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Very good indeed. Who was the first woman?

SIDNEY (*after some hesitation*): Madam.—*Harper's Bazar.*

AT MOUNT DESERT.

ETHEL (*to Cousin Jack, who has just arrived*): I've found this dear old boatman a perfect type of his class, and I want you to know and enjoy him as—

BOATMAN (*breaking in*): Here you, Silas! 'f you don't fetch that yer —— —— —— —— dory in ter wunst I'll break every —— —— —— bone in yer —— —— —— carcass!—*Judge.*

HE HAD A SCHEME.

"WILLIAM," said the old gentleman at the breakfast table.

"Sir.'

"I am not pleased to see you so much in the company of young Jobson. He is a dissipated young man and he gambles. I should prefer that you avoid his society."

"He gambles, father, I suppose. He can afford to. He has just made $100,000 in the wheat corner."

"Well—still—you had better be careful."

After a little William rises from the table.

"William!"

"Sir."

"If Mr. Jobson is disengaged this evening you can bring him up to dinner. Perhaps a little good example may save him—and, William, you can just tell him something about the new mining company I am floating."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N.Y.

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OPEN JUNE 18 TO OCTOBER 1.

Illustrated circular descriptive of RICHFIELD SPRINGS, its attractions as a summer resort, its scenery, mountains, valleys, lakes, streams, drives and walks, its pure and invigorating air, and the MEDICINAL VIRTUES of its waters.

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All Cured by a teaspoonful of Perry Davis's Pain Killer in a little Milk or Sugar and Water.

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UNDERWOOD SPRING WATER

PUREST NATURAL WATER

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Preventive of Bright's Disease.

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Sole Agents for The Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
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The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer.

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887. NUMBER 246.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1887, by MITCHELL & MILLER.

BAD LUCK.

Sally: WHY DON'T YOU GET MARRIED?

Mr. W. (fishing): I AM SO UGLY NO ONE WILL HAVE ME.

Sally: WOULDN'T SOME ONE AS UGLY AS YOU ARE HAVE YOU?

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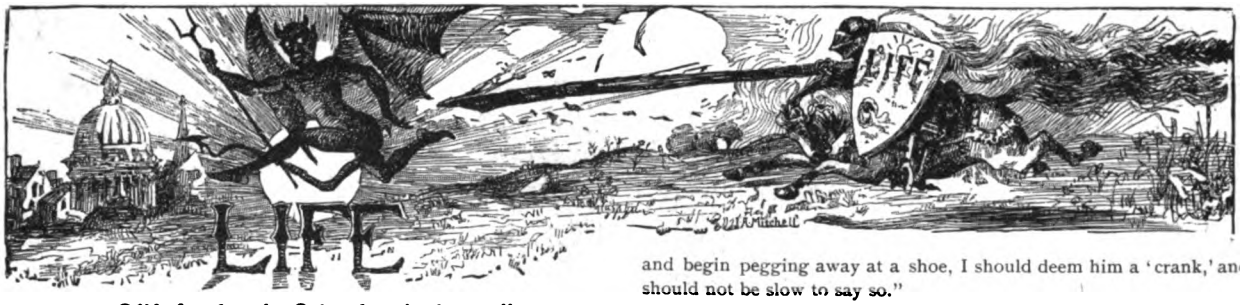

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 15, 1887. No. 246.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

REPROOF seems to be wasted on Mr. Howells. No one will deny that LIFE has labored faithfully to disabuse his mind of all the fallacies it has harbored. When he tried to dwarf the art of Thackeray by using Henry James as a unit of measure, LIFE fell upon him, and it has dropped on him at regular intervals ever since, and always for an excellent reason.

His latest delusion is about Count Tolstoï, the Russian novelist, whom he calls "the incomparable," and declares that "no novelist of any time or any tongue can fairly be compared with him, as no dramatist can fairly be compared with Shakespeare."

Now, since it is the world's judgment that Shakespeare knocks the buckskins off of all the other playwrights, we must understand Mr. Howells to mean that Tolstoï loosens the socks of all the story-tellers.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS'S excessive laudation has certainly had the effect of advertising Tolstoï, and compelling people to read his books. Justice will be done the Russian novelist, and justice will also be done to Mr. Howells as a critic. People want to know what there is in Tolstoï to make any discerning person place him above Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne and Balzac. Public opinion in the matter already begins to find expression. A literary Hoosier, named Maurice Thompson, writes from Indiana to a Boston literary paper to express his dissent from Mr. Howells's verdict.

"In Indiana," he says, "if I should go to the home of a man whose estate is worth some hundreds of thousands, and should find that he had sent his daughter into the cornfield to plough beside his field hands, and this rich man should meet me at the door clad like a hermit, should sit down with me and expound to me his doctrine of absolute non-resistance to evil, going to the extent even of saying that a man ought not to defend his wife or his daughter from the brutality of the vilest ruffian and under the worst stress of human danger; and if then, to clap the climax, this rich man should presently say to me, Well, I must get to work,' and should fetch out a shoemaker's kit and begin pegging away at a shoe, I should deem him a 'crank,' and should not be slow to say so."

Mr. Thompson thinks that a "crank" is a "crank," whether he lives in Indiana or in Russia. He does not believe that the doctrines he preaches are Christian.

"All this hacking at wealth," he says, "and all this apostrophizing of poverty is not in the spirit of Christ; it is in the spirit of communism, socialism and anarchy, under whose heels all Christianity would be ground into powder. I believe in realism, I believe in truth in art; but all this conscious posing of so-called realism in front of itself as before a looking-glass is a bit too realistic for a modest person."

There are people in Boston, and literary people too, who hail this frank-spoken Hoosier's utterance as the voice of one coming to deliver them from the bondage of *Harper's Monthly* and its critic.

* * *

IF Mr. Howells believes in non-resistance himself, and regards Tolstoï as a great man who is resuscitating a mighty truth and setting it before the world, his admiration is comprehensible. But we don't believe he does. He is passing the summer in comfort by the shores of Lake George, and we haven't heard that he has so much as offered to provide food and shelter for Henry George.

LIFE thinks it sees a certain likeness between Tolstoï and Howells. Tolstoï has an idea of what life ought to be. The rest of the world—broadly speaking—disagrees with him, and we call him a "crank." Mr. Howells has an idea of what a novel ought to be. The rest of the world seems to disagree with him also, on this subject, and so far as the subject goes we might as well call him a "crank" too. In spite of his present theories of non-resistance and communism, Tolstoï has been able to write some remarkable books; and Mr. Howells, in spite of his infatuation, has made some very delightful reading.

Let us, then, guard our rules of behavior from being upset by Tolstoï's religious doctrines, and stick to our literary convictions in spite of Mr. Howells's preferences.

"Cranks" have their uses. The world would stagnate without them. It would be hard to find two "cranks" anywhere who divert the intellects of their contemporaries more successfully than Mr. Howells and his idol. Let us be grateful to them, but not disappointed in ourselves if we fail to follow them to their conclusions.

* * *

THERE are more Indian troubles. This is why:—There was a horse-race; white men bet on a horse, lost, and wouldn't pay. Indians seize the horse. The attempt is made to arrest a chief, and fighting follows. The sympathy of this journal is with the Utes.

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THE GENESIS OF POLITICS.

POLITICS began when Joseph was sold out by his brethren.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Politics originated long before that. Has our esteemed Southern contemporary never heard how they were all paired in the Ark?—*New York World.*

Earlier even than that. Politics began with the appearance of a third party in Eden.—*New York Sun.*

All wrong. Politics didn't begin until Balaam's time, when the ass spoke. Ohio politics seem to be directly traceable to this event.

GOVERNMENT REWARDS TO LITERARY MEN.

LIFE is a firm believer in the theory that the United States Government should do something to pension the workers in literary fields. This being so, we would call Mr. Cleveland's attention to the fact that in case Mr. Endicott resigns his portfolio, the best man in literary circles for the Secretaryship of War is the Editor of the *Century Magazine.* We will add that this suggestion is entirely voluntary on our part, and has not been inspired by any emissary of our esteemed monthly contemporary.

A SLIGHT CHANGE.

MR. GEORGE'S theory of what man should own may be summed up thus: Three acres, a cow.

In Ohio the slogan is somewhat changed. It runs: Foraker's a jackass.

ASTONISHING.

"TOM HATES SNOBS."
"SO DOES MY HUSBAND. MEN ARE SO QUEER."

SEPTEMBER SQUIBS.

THAT we are all of us sovereigns in our own right seems to be proved by the frequency of plots for wrecking the railroad trains in which we travel. The Czar of Russia does not enjoy any greater privilege in this respect than the average American.

* * *

IN all the books in the Bible only one of them is a specimen of Job-printing.

* * *

IT would seem to be perfectly in character that the big elephant which escaped from a circus in Ontario should have chosen to travel along the Grand Trunk Railroad track. He probably mistook the Grand Trunk for a member of his family.

* * *

THE latest novelty promised in theatrical advertising is to be a petrified district messenger boy who was turned into a stone during the ages that elapsed between his departure from the Grand Central Depot and his arrival at City Hall Square.

* * *

THE Spaniards are all miserable Señors.

INTERFERED WITH THE GAME.

PAT (*after watching a game of tennis for ten minutes*): Oi say, Misther de Sappy, av yez 'ud take down thot fish-net in the centher yez 'ud play the game betther, that ye wud.

TO KATYDIDS.

O KATYDIDS, are you at work
Upon a lengthy riddle?
Is it a fairy bow you jerk
Across a fairy fiddle;
Or did you sometime find yourselves
Bewildered by a rebus—
Which only can be solved by elves
Who shun the face of Phœbus?

If it's a riddle, let me know
Just how the gnomes express it;
I think that I perhaps may show
Some one of you to guess it:
If it's a rebus which you try
To find as you revolve it,
Just hand it in to me, and I
Will do my best to solve it.

And if you all the fiddle play
For fairies, I beseech you
Come round and visit me some day
And I will try to teach you.
I'll play upon the violin,
Solve riddles any number,
Provided you'll stop breaking in
Upon my search for slumber.

O Katydids, both pro and con,
This interesting question
Is making serious inroad on
My nerves and my digestion;
And, Mr. Katy, my advice
In cases such as this, is
To hold your tongue; it isn't nice
To keep on sassing Mrs.

Idle Idyller.

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HE SPOILED ALL.

THE Saratoga season's spoiled,
The Long Branch boom is ditto.
Fair Lenox and Bar Harbor
The "ten" no longer flit to.
Old Point is quite a fizzle,
Coney's Isle is in a fluke,
The season's spoiled for everyone,
For Newport has the Juke.

* * *

THEY sometimes call him the Duke of Snarlborough at home, he is in so many of them.

* * *

ELECTRICITY is a very serious matter, and yet Edison makes light of it.

* * *

GAMBLERS are said to frequent ocean steamers because gulls are very thick at sea.

* * *

RECENT Newport events go very far to show that a man need not have a savory reputation so long as he is a Duke.

* * *

THE Englishman's liking for the Turk is not surprising. They all worship the prophet with slight differences in orthography.

* * *

THE man who wrote the song "Cottage Dear," was probably thinking of the rent of a Queen Anne Cottage at Newport, when he penned the lines.

* * *

THE odor from Hunter's Point has so increased this summer that it is no longer referred to as a scent.

It is a double eagle redeemable at par.

* * *

"THERE has got to be liquidation before we can have activity and an upward movement," said a prominent Wall Street man the other day.

It appears to us that liquidation is what most of our large corporations suffer from. Western Union Telegraph Company for instance. As for the upward movement, we think there has been a decided tendency in that direction of late.

* * *

NO, George, the Nave in Westminster Abbey is not one of the British Aisles.

THE Prohibitionists may be very consistent, but we predict that there will be much wailing and gnashing of teeth when they meet their Waterloo this Fall.

* * *

THE sign in the British Museum which says, "No Gratuities Allowed," must not be misconstrued.

It means that gratuities must be given on the quiet.

* * *

IF Canada seizes our vessels for fishing in her waters, why can we not retaliate by seizing Englishmen who come over and fish in American society waters for rich wives?

* * *

AN upholsterer who was hired to renovate the Bulgarian throne, has discovered a bayonet in the seat of it.

This possibly accounts for the discomfort of the present incumbent.

* * *

MR. BLAINE is cultivating the Prince of Wales. Perhaps the astute politician foresees a revolution in England which may ultimately bring Albert Edward to the United States as a voter.

* * *

MR. E. P. ROE has written a new book called "The Earth Trembled."

We opine that the Earth will drop if Mr. Roe does not stop loading it up with literature.

* * *

WHAT a queer mass of consistency is Henry George. Last fall he was the avowed candidate of poverty against wealth. This fall he and excommunicated McGlynn are anti-poverty from their hearts.

This beats Ben Butler in his palmiest days.

* * *

THE CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

WINTER. SUMMER.

A NEWSPAPER man says that the house now occupied by Mrs. Hendricks is a two-story brick.

This seems to us to be an exceptionally large brick. It must have been quite a job to scoop it out so that Mrs. Hendricks could live in it.

* * *

A SMALL boy of our acquaintance is positive that the green apple was the forbidden fruit on Eden's tree of knowledge, because one day he was what *cholera morbus* was like, and after eating a green apple he knew all about it.

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A DIME'S WORTH.

She: LET US FLY THIS PLACE, MAC-IVOR; WE HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED BY THE RELENTLESS RED-EYED-RODNEY, WHO IS EVEN NOW GAZING ON US!

He: WHAT HAS THE WHITE LILY OF BAXTER STREET TO FEAR? AM NOT *I* HERE?

A FRIEND OF THE RAILROADS.

"THIS talk about railroad extortion is all bosh," said Jaehne to Ferdinand Ward, as he scraped the bottom of the prison soup-dish; "don't you think a passage to Montreal, even in an emigrant car, would be pretty cheap at $100?

THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD TO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

FOR the last time this season we make an appeal in behalf of the poor children. The Managers of the Fresh Air Fund write us that the summer's work will close this week, although the subscription list will remain open for such late comers as are willing to lay the foundations now of good work to be done next summer. LIFE has had the pleasure of being instrumental in providing for the outing of over more than two hundred and fifty children, and is disposed to congratulate itself on its success and its readers for their generosity. But why stop at $758? The goal of the Fresh Air Fund Editor is a round thousand, and he reports that he still has hopes that when the last cent has been turned over to the managers at headquarters, he will hold their receipt for one thousand dollars.

The early bird catches the worm, and the punctual subscription adds one more little one to the last excursion dispatched to pastures new.

We acknowledge the following contributions:

Previously Acknowledged	$691.00
E. L. B.	15.00
"Katherine and Dorothy"	15.00
Amy Louise	3.00
B. E.	4.00
Victor	3.00
E. I. C.	3.00
H. R. L.	5.00
S. R. I.	5.00
Kay	3.00
J. R. V.	3.00
Ingleside	5.00
J. L. S.	3.00
	$758.00

The attention of those who write for LIFE is called to the fact that contributions to the Fresh Air Fund are never rejected.

A GREAT SHAME.

AT the five hundredth performance of *Erminie* some crank, frightened at the sound of passing engines, cried out "fire!" "In an instant," say the papers, "the audience were in a panic; fortunately no one was hurt."

Why fortunately? Would it not have been the greatest good fortune if the idiot who cried "fire!" had been stepped on and hurt beyond recognition?

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ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

Cook: SHURE, MUM, ZULU'S JUST AFTHER BITIN' TH' LIG OFF AV THE BUTCHER BYE!

Mistress: DEAR, DEAR! HOW DREADFULLY ANNOYING. I DO HOPE HE WAS A CLEAN BOY, MARY?

BOOKSHELF

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FOR that gentle, lovable man of genius, who came across the sea the other day and is now resting for a little while among us, Americans have a welcome, deeper and more heartfelt than the noisy and obtrusive greetings which have been forced upon so many distinguished or notorious Britons. The author of "Prince Otto" and "A Child's Garden of Verses" could not be a stranger in any country where delicate feeling and beautiful fancy are cherished; least of all here, among kinsmen who gave him his earliest and warmest recognition. He should know that there are many of us who have, for the man who wrote the idyl of "Will o' the Mill," a feeling of strong affection akin to that so long reserved for the exquisite genius which produced "The Gentle Boy" and "The Great Stone Face." The Puritanism which projected a sombre background for Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is of a kind with the Scotch Calvinism which permeates the weighty moral allegory of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The austere creeds from which Hawthorne and Stevenson are intellectually free penetrate their imaginations and give them a deep moral significance. This is the foundation of the strong kinship between these two romancers.

AS though to make his welcome even warmer Mr. Stevenson sent a few days ahead a new volume of verses entitled "Underwoods" (Scribners). The inspiration of them all is love of friends, and home, and fatherland—fine old Scotch virtues which are not without appreciation here. The little book is full of hearty tributes to those who love the singer and who have brightened hours of sickness or made merrier hours of health. There is never a note in these which is insincere; they are honest greetings to be spoken face to face, as becomes a Scotchman. And what can be finer than his frequent tributes to his father and his sires—four generations of lighthouse builders "who early and late in the windy ocean toiled to plant a star for seamen!"

"These are thy works, O father, these thy crown;
Whether on high the air be pure, they shine
Along the yellowing sunset, and all night
Among the unnumbered stars of God they shine;
Or whether fogs arise and far and wide
The low sea-level drown—each finds a tongue
And all night long the tolling bell resounds."

* * *

INDEPENDENT of these qualities which appeal to the heart there are others which are the very essence of poetry—clear vision, graceful fancy, flute-like melody and gentle emotion. His verse has a compact, crystalline quality springing from the abundant use of monosyllables. And yet these short, hard Saxon words are woven into lines almost as melodious as the Latin-burdened phrases of Keats! If one cares to analyze it he will find that the melody of these verses is born of broad Scotch vowel-sounds mingled skilfully with liquid consonants:

"Here all is sunny, and when the truant gull
Skims the green level of the lawn, his wing
Dispetals roses."

Every word in these lines adds something valuable to the color, form or motion of the imagery. Not a syllable seems to have been used for the sake of sound or rhythm alone, yet these could not be better. Here is poetic art in which the machinery is subordinated, but never jars.

However, this poetry is not to be analyzed but enjoyed. It is like the odor of the woods after a midsummer rain; like the music of falling water heard from afar; like a moor of Scotch heather seen "'twixt the gloamin' an' the murk." True, it is not great and masterful, but it is filled with the spirit of beauty. It is unpretentious, modest, genuine. Perhaps Shelley would not have disowned lines like these. "written during a dangerous illness:"

"I sit and wait a pair of oars
By cis-Elysian river-shores.
Where the immortal dead have sate
'Tis mine to sit and meditate;
To reascend life's rivulet,
Without remorse, without regret;
And sing my *Alma Genetrix*
Among the willows of the Styx."

Droch.

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· NEW BOOKS ·

THE SUMMER BOARDER. Puck's Library, No. 2. New York: Keppler & Schwarzman.

Bellona's Husband. By Hudor Genone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Culture's Garland. By Eugene Field. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Brother Against Brother. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By John R. Musick. Fireside Series. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

Underwoods. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Whist Universal. An Analysis of the Game as improved by the Introduction of American Leads. By G. W. P. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

"CAN you help me to a trifle, sir," he said to a Chicago citizen on State Street; "I'm a poor man with a wife and 'leven children, and—"

"Nothing — nothing," responded the citizen, brusquely, hurrying on—

"An' I'm trying to raise money enough to obtain a divorce."

"Oh," said the citizen, stopping short, "there's a dollar for you."

PLEASANTLY PUT.

Mrs. Newly Rich (leaving a small tea given by a woman of social rank but not superabundant means): GOOD BYE, MY DEAR MRS. BLANK. I HAVE ENJOYED MYSELF GREATLY. WHAT AN UNEQUALED FACULTY YOU HAVE OF MAKING A LITTLE GO A GREAT WAY.

SOME FINE PROPERTY.

STRANGER (*to Kansas City citizen*): Those three corner lots of yours are fine property, captain.

CITIZEN (*enthusiastically*): Fine property? Why, great scott, man, there ain't nothing like 'em west of the Illinoy River! Two year from now they'll be in the heart of the city, an' people will fairly howl for 'em. They ought to come under the head of jewelry, not real estate. If you want to buy that property, stranger, you've got to buy it by the inch.

STRANGER: I'm not buying property this morning. I'm the new tax assessor.

The citizen falls in a fit.

THE HEATED TERM.

A PASSENGER who had observed to the street-car conductor that it was d——d hot, suddenly turned and discovered a lady within hearing.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," he said, contritely.

"Oh, you needn't, sir," responded Madam, fanning herself vigorously, "it's very much warmer than that."

A RARE DAY.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: Any surprising news down the road this morning, Robert?

SECRETARY: Yes, indeed, sir! Not a single train wrecked!

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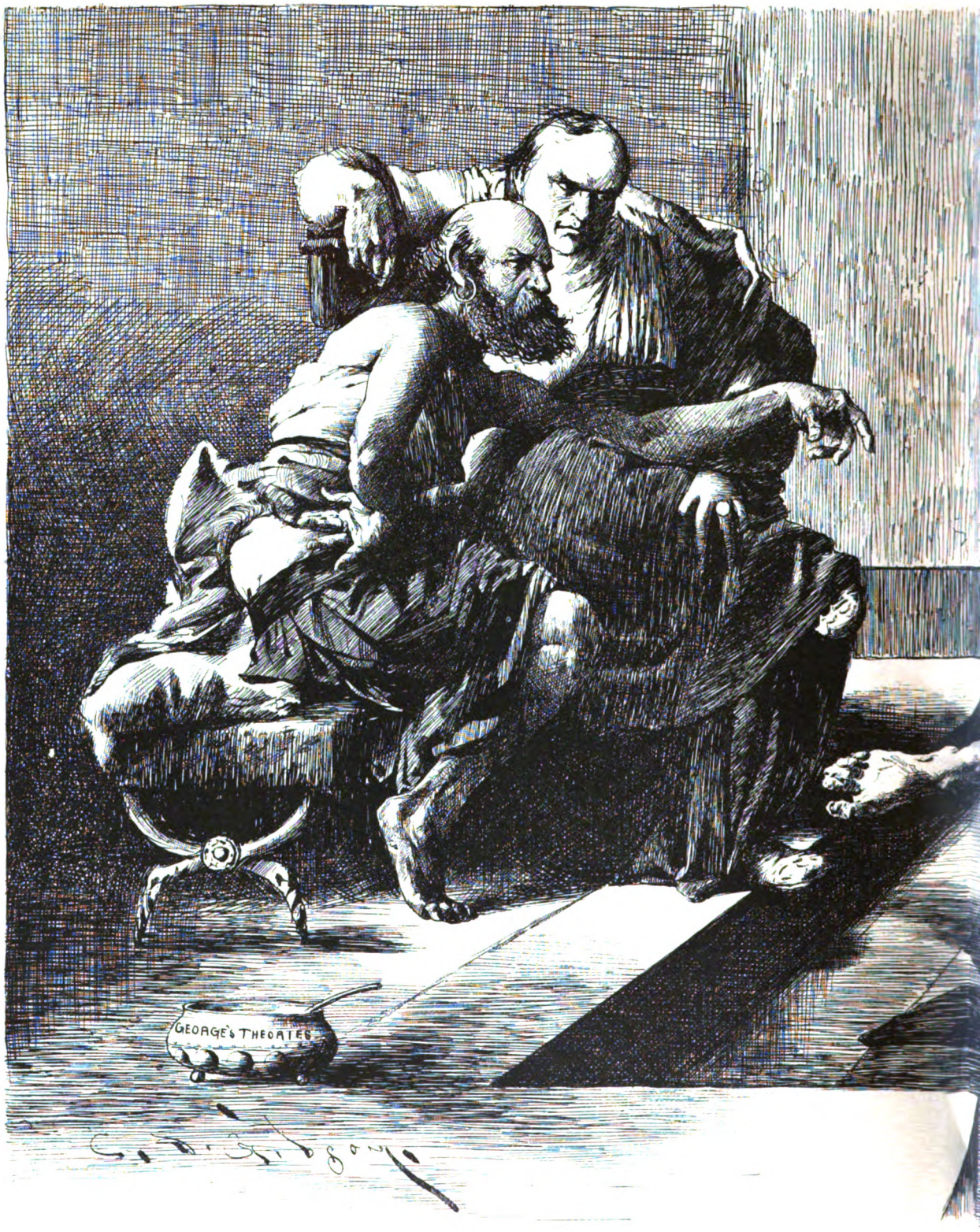

GEORGIUS AND PATER McGL

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LYNN TRYING A NEW POISON.

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Old Resident: HELLO, FRANK! WHY WEREN'T YOU AT MR. BROWN'S FUNERAL?

Frank (lately blown village swell): I DID NOT KNOW BROWN, AT LEAST VEWY SLIGHTLY, AND ANYWAY I HAVE NO TIME FOR FUNERALS; DON'T BELIEVE I'D HAVE TIME TO GO TO MY OWN.

Old Resident: AND EF YOU DO BY THET TIME YE'LL BE SO STIFF YE WON'T KNOW ONNY BODY.

SIC VOLŒRE PARCAS.

WITHOUT a sentimental mind,
I yet had passionately pined
To turn the leaves of life's romance,
Meet lingering lips, give glance for glance,
To hold within my heart enshrined
Her image—I had not divined
That Phyllis fair could be unkind,
Could show a favoring countenance
Without assent.
I tempted fate, for love is blind,
When stocks and Phyllis both declined;
I went to work, she went to France,
And now undone by sad mischance
I'm forced to face the horrid grind
Without a cent. *Anna M. Pratt.*

HOW THEY SPENT LABOR DAY.

AS Monday, September 5th, witnessed the inauguration of a new holiday, LIFE has compiled, at great expense, the following souvenirs of the occasion:

JAY GOULD.

As the law compelled the banks to close, there was very little for me to do but to subside into innocuous desuetude on Labor Day. I remained at home at Tarrytown, and calculated how much wealth a succession of holidays would thrust upon me. I estimate that absence from the "Street" on Monday added $300,000 to my sinking fund, to say nothing of what I might have dropped in monkeying with B. & O. I think Labor Day, at $300,000, is a very cheap, pleasant affair. Long may it wave!

HENRY GEORGE.

McGlynn and I found a much needed rest on Labor Day. We gathered together the profits of our new crusade, and sought a quiet spot in Jersey to count the shekels. Labor Day is as great a success as the Anti-Poverty Club.

NAPOLEON IVES.

I spent Labor Day in my library. If there is one thing that delights my soul it is fixing up my books, and as my esteemed friend ex-Judge Davis, like the true bibliophile that he is, expressed a desire to inspect my rarities, I took the opportunity of my enforced leisure to put them in suitable shape. I find that some of my friends have borrowed one or two of the volumes in which the Judge is especially interested, a fact which I greatly regret, as his honor has all the quips and cranks of the confirmed bibliomaniac, and if what he sees doesn't happen to strike him as right, he makes disagreeable remarks, and casts doubt on the genuineness of the whole collection.

MAYOR HEWITT.

I stayed at home on Labor Day, writing letters all the morning and dictating my correspondence in the afternoon. In the evening I dropped a few lines on various subjects to various people who have written to me at various times. Labor Day was a red-letter day for me.

JACOB SHARP.

I passed Labor Day in retirement. Martine expected to have me at Sing-Sing, but I haven't felt able to go out for some weeks, and as Judge Potter kindly invited me to stay here in Ludlow Street, I concluded to take advantage of my opportunities and pass the day in seclusion. Next year I may do as Martine wishes.

FERDINAND WARD.

I gave a dinner to the ex-aldermen on Labor Day. The laundry was not working, and they all accepted my hospitality. I opened a dozen bottles of water in honor of the occasion, and we all drank the health of our legal friends in New York. The *menu* was very choice, although largely composed of breadstuffs. Mr. Jaehne made a good speech in response to the Law, and Judge Barrett was heartily toasted by all present. A toast to the absent ones was offered, and Mr. O'Neil paid a glowing tribute to Jacob Sharp, from whom he had received many evidences of friendly regard. The festivities closed with the national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," which was sung with a greater show of emotion than ex-aldermen or Young Napoleons of Finance are usually thought capable of.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The idea of Labor Day originated, I fancy, among what you Americans call strikers, who wanted to devote one twenty-four hours in the year to work. My day was passed at Newport, the chief watering-place in Massachusetts, and much affected by the noble families of America. I met several well-known noblemen there. Lord Sullivan, of Boston, among others, I found to be a very cultured gentleman, a devotee at the shrine of my old friend the Marquis of Queensberry. It was a pleasure to meet a gentleman so distinguished as Lord Sullivan, and so different to the average American citizen, who, I must confess, bores me with his conversations about trade, politics and literature. Lord Sullivan is a man after my own heart, and it is impossible to converse with him five minutes without learning something. It was gratifying to me to learn that I am very well known in this country, and that so many moneyed gentlemen consider it a distinguished honor to have me smile upon their daughters. My moral feelings were considerably shocked at the way the ladies dress at the Casino hops, and the bathing costumes to be seen on the beach brought the blush to my cheeks. Nevertheless, I shall always look back on Labor Day as one of the pleasantest holidays of a life of leisure.

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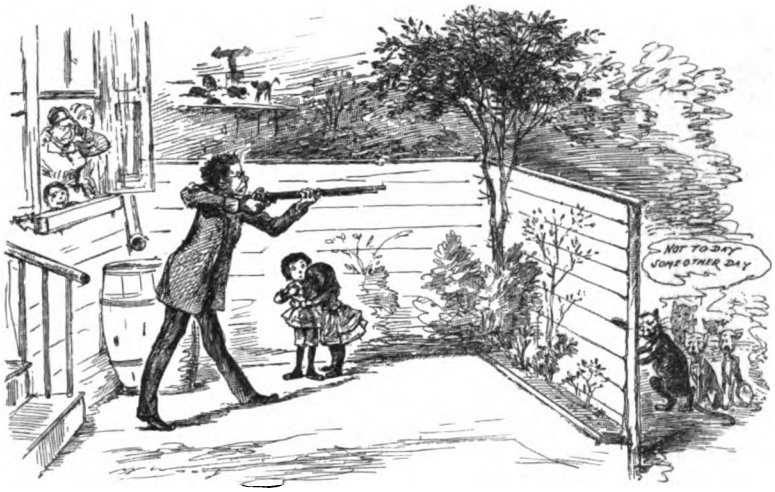

SMITHERS (WHO HATES CATS) HAS TAKEN HIS POSITION AND IS ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR HIS GAME TO RISE. BUT, JUDGING FROM THEIR REFRAIN, WE DOUBT OF HIS SUCCESS.

TRUE GREATNESS.

"I CAN tell you," said Mr. Spriggins, the American boy has in him the elements of true greatness. Here Garfield began life on the tow-path and reached the presidency; Logan was a poor farmer lad and died United States Senator; and I see here in this paper, the story of a poor lad who educated himself, living on sixteen cents a day, until he knew enough to enter college. Then he took care of a horse to pay his expenses, and now—"

"What is he now, papa?" asked a chorus of Sprigginses with breathless interest.

"Now he is one of the best baseball pitchers in the country."

THE man who indulges in too many puts and calls is apt to put out of the back-door when the sheriff calls at the front.

GOVERNOR HILL.

Labor Day was indeed labor day with me. I spent the greater part of it preparing vetoes in anticipation of bills which I understand are to be brought forward at the coming session providing for Leisure Day, Loafers' Day, Millionaires' Day, Farmers' Day and Heelers' Day. These have every one been suggested to me, and they seem to be nothing other than reflections upon the good sense of the Executive, which I certainly shall take pains to resent. The afternoon was devoted to filing away the remnants of my Presidential boom in the unfinished-business pigeon-hole, and constructing a platform which can be relied upon to hold labor, capital and me without danger of a collapse.

J. G. BLAINE.

(A TELEGRAM.)

I passed Labor Day thinking of my country, sympathizing with Ireland, devising a plan which shall enable a man to work four hours a week at double wages; looking forward to that happy time when Prohibition's star shall be in the ascendant, rejoicing in the prosperity of the poor but honest saloon keeper; listening to the delicious strains of the "Boulanger Marche" and "Marseillaise," as rendered by a German band, and reconciling myself to the unalterable fact that I am forever out of politics.

MR. FORAKER.

We do not celebrate Labor Day in Ohio, but I spent it in deep meditation on the wicked, sinful, dastardly shamefulness of the rebellion.

A POOR MAN.

As a member of the Pipe Workers' Union I could not work on Labor Day, and passed it trying to find some one to lend me enough money to buy a dinner for my wife and children. I love a holiday with the same deep affection with which a school-boy clings to his precious hours of leisure, and when I can afford it I take one. But when I cannot afford it, it is a great hardship to be forbidden to work on penalty of a day's pay.

* * *

All of which is submitted as likely to show whether or not Labor Day is a good thing.

LEFT.

I HAD a witty repartee
I'd waited long to say;
Chances I'd had, but not enough
Were 'round to make it pay.
At last, the centre of a group,
As I in talking led it,
The time was come for my remark,
—Another fellow said it!

K. McDowell Rice.

WE now have a Day as well as a Knight of Labor.

Ex-Pugilist: HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, EH? BEGORRAH, I WOULDN'T MIND TAKIN' A SHAKE OUT OF HIM MYSELF.

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I.

Ride to the station ! I guess not !

II.

H'm. This satchel is heavier than I thought.

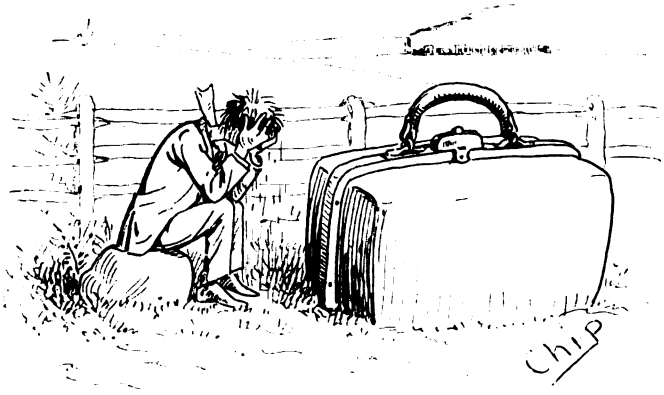
III.

Ha ! Had no idea it was so far.

IV.

Phew ! !

V.



! ! ! ! ! !

OUR NOBLE VISITOR.

HIS GRACE OF MARLBOROUGH is among us once more, after an absence of fifteen years. Candor compels us to state that His Grace is not a very nice man. We suppose he ought to be in states-prison, or some other safe and disagreeable locality, on general grounds as a mischief maker. He has gone to Newport. We are sure he will admire the place — its situation, its natural and acquired beauties, and its almost unequaled facilities for divorce.

A RELIGIOUS contemporary asks, "How shall we get young men to church?"

Well, if the horse-cars are not running, we think a pony phaeton, or a dog-cart with two horses driven tandem, could do it.

"WHAT is that?" said a teacher to an infant pupil pointing to a period.

"That's the top of an *i*," said the child.

AN EXPERT.

MRS. C.: Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?

DOCTOR: Yes.

MRS. C.: You also tended professionally my first husband, who died?

DOCTOR: Yes.

MRS. C.: Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too.

HE DIDN'T GET IT.

TRAVELER (*to Paper-Boy*): Here, gimme a *Century*.

PAPER-BOY: Cut or uncut?

TRAVELER: Do they come both ways?

BOY: Yep.

TRAVELER: Then gimme one with the war articles cut out.

PUNCH is to be printed on foolscap hereafter, for reasons that at once suggest themselves.

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AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

ORIENTAL LONGINGS.

OLD NEWGOLD (*has been having a summer-house built on his Lake Champlain place, and has been reading up on Turkish architecture, so as not to be imposed on by his architect*): You've got the dome and the minnyret and the haremarches all right, Mr. Squares, but I don't see no dervish. Build one 'r them on before I come up again, and put up a covered seraglio leadin' down to the water.—*Puck.*

THREE Frenchmen, who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their native language, endeavored to translate into English the opening to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be."

The following was the result:

FIRST FRENCHMAN: "To was, or to am."

SECOND FRENCHMAN: "To where, or is not."

THIRD FRENCHMAN: "To should, or not to will."—*Christian Register.*

"PATSY, Oi've been insulted. Micky Doolan called me a liar," said an excited Irishman.

"An' phwat are yez goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know. Phwat would you do av ye wor me?"

"Well, Dinny, I think Oi'd tell the troot' oftener.—*Washington Critic.*

AN Alsatian woman goes to confess. "Father, I have committed a great sin." "Well?" "I dare not say it; it is too grievous." "Come, come, courage." "I have married a Prussian." "Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."—*French Wit.*

COUNTRYMAN (*to dentist*): I wouldn't pay nothin' extry fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt.

DENTIST: You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth.

COUNTRYMAN: Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.—*Troy Telegram.*

"THE failures in Great Britain during the first six months of the year aggregate 2,913," observed the horse editor.

"Does that include Tennyson's Jubilee Ode?" asked the snake editor.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

WHEN SHE MUSES, LOOK OUT.

"PAPA, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie.

"The best way nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barreled bustle and triple size cart-wheel hat and a fancy parasol."

"Yes," remarked Willie's mother, musingly, "I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."—*Washington Critic.*

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

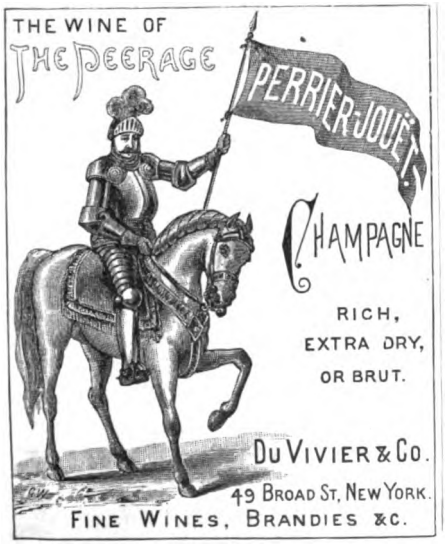
DEASEY: He's wan o' th' foinest bur-r-ds iver imporrted. I'd not tek tin dollars fer him thish minute. Cleary gev me him down on th' dock. It's moultin' he is at prisint, but prisintly he'll kim out thot shparklin', yez'll hev ter shade yure oyes phin ye—

PARROT (*breaking in suddenly and with tremendous emphasis*): Shoot the pope!!!

DEASEY (*promptly*): Git th' axe, Honorah!—*Judge.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it o'er us.

"The Ladies' Favorite." Pure. Purifying. Emollient. A luxury for shampooing. Cures Skin Diseases. THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., New York.



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THE BLUE JAR AND WHITE SPOON.

OFFICERS of the Army and Navy, Chemists, Engineers, Physicians, Prominent Actors and Artists, Ministers of the Gospel, Railway Magnates, Judges, Senators, Professors of Dental Colleges, Bankers and Merchants, notable Ladies, and refined people everywhere, have been pleased not only with the snowy-white creamy Zonweiss, but the beautiful blue jar containing it, and its little white spoon for putting it on the brush.

ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

A YOUNG city clerk who felt inclined for a trip to the seaside called upon a friend. "Hal, my dear boy," said he, "I am off for my holiday, and I find I'm a trifle short. Lend me a ten, will you?" Hal, after a pause, which apparently included a mental examination of his financial arrangements: "Well—Phil—to tell you the truth—I do not feel—disposed—at present—to make—any—permanent investments."—*Ledger.*

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

PENNYROYAL PILLS. Safe, Effectual, with Elixir of Pennyroyal (free), they never fail. Particulars 4c. DR. J. V. STANTON, Station "L," New York City.

A Beautiful Plush Casket of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 2c. stamp for Lovely New Samples and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

N. Y. C. AND H. R. R. R. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was presented to H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, last week. When it comes to trying titles, the railroad American seems to be several laps ahead of royalty.—*Springfield Republican.*

HYGEIA WATER is distilled water and is invariable in its composition, while all spring, river and reservoir waters vary. Try HYGEIA SPARKLING WATER in bottles.

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GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.

GRANDE GRILLE — Diseases of the Liver.

HOPITAL — Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

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AND
PRINCE PAUL ESTERHAZY'S ORCHESTRA.
Concerts 3 to 5, 8 to 11 P. M.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS.
Ajeeb, the Mystifying Chess Automaton.

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AND COTTAGES.

On the Sound, opposite New London, Conn.
Open June 25.
Driving, bathing, boating and fishing. For terms, etc., apply to MATTHEWS & PIERSON, Proprietors.
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CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N.Y.

SPRING HOUSE.

OPEN JUNE 18 TO OCTOBER 1.

Illustrated circular descriptive of RICHFIELD SPRINGS, its attractions as a summer resort, its scenery, mountains, valleys, lakes, streams, drives and walks, its pure and invigorating air, and the MEDICINAL VIRTUES of its waters.

T. R. PROCTOR, Proprietor.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
STRAIGHT WHISKIES,
"OLD CROW" AND HERMITAGE,
SOUR MASH.

Sold absolutely pure, unsweetened, uncolored. Various ages. None sold less than four years old. Reliable for medical use.

We have taken every barrel of Rye Whisky made at the Old Crow Distillery since January, 1872.

Sole Agents for The Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Full lines of reliable Foreign Wines, Liquors and Segars.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
69 FULTON ST., BROADWAY AND 27TH ST.
AND 9 WARREN STREET.
ESTABLISHED 1853.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

HOW THINGS DO CHANGE.

MR. SPURGEON says, "a wild goose never lays a tame egg." No, it never does; but then the egg will become tame, Mr. Spurgeon, if you keep it long enough. Tame? Insipid, sir, insipid! And after that it will begin to grow wild again; wilder than ever; so wild that its own mother wouldn't recognize it. She wouldn't want to; she would want to disown it, as unfit for any use save to attend unpopular lectures.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A SIX-YEAR-OLD Chicago boy, whose father is a musician, was very restless the other night and couldn't go to sleep. Finally, as a last resort, he called out: "Papa, please play your cornet; that always makes me tired."—*Ex.*

"IT is love that makes the world go round," we are informed by the poets. It is a somewhat notable fact that a very limited quantity of poor whiskey will produce the same effect.—*Chicago News.*

ELDERLY LADY (*as cars roll into station*): Is this my train?

BAGGAGE-MASTER: If you're one of them as got in on the ground floor in the last stock deal, you may have an interest in it, marm; otherwise it belongs to the railroad.—*Tid-Bits.*

"MY FRIENDS," said a temperance lecturer, lowering his voice to an impressive whisper, "if all the grog shops were at the bottom of the sea what would be the result?" And the answer came, "Lots of people would get drowned!"—*Puck.*

WITH two forms "pied" and in a state of "innocuous desuetude," the editor on the sick list, part of our new material at the bottom of the Red River, and our new press delayed by a bridge accident, we really must apologize for anything unusually dizzy in the appearance of our paper to-day.—*Tyler (Tex.) Tribune.*

ESTABLISHED 1801.

BENT & CO.'S
Celebrated Hand-Made
WATER CRACKERS.

Guaranteed Easy of Digestion. Absolutely Pure.
BENT & CO., Milton, Mass.

HAIR ON THE LIPS, FACE, ARMS.

DR. DUVAL'S SUPERFLUOUS
HAIR DESTROYER.
Approved by Eminent Physicians.

A French preparation, *guaranteed harmless to the skin and free from poisonous drugs;* specially prepared for ladies' use; highly perfumed; never fails to permanently remove the hair; put up in plain packets in the form of a sealed letter. **Price, $1.00** per packet. *Sold by Druggists.* If you cannot get it at your druggist we will send it by mail on receipt of price.
WILLIAMSON & CO.,
71 Park Place, New York.

TO LADIES!
Are you Corpulent? CORPUS LEAN is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful **Flesh Reducer**—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. **NO POISON.** ADIPO-MALENE never fails to permanently develop the **Bust** and **Form.** *Non-injurious.*
BEAUTY of **Face** and **Form** secured to every Lady using our **Toilet Requisites.** Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars,* etc., by **Return Mail.** Mention article wanted. **Chichester Chemical Co., 2815 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.**

"ENGLISH TROUSERS' STRETCHER"
Patented in every nation.
MENTION THIS TO JOHN.
NO MORE BAGGY KNEES
Green, Cadbury & Co., Patentees and Manufrs., Bng.
Its use makes Old Trousers appear new.
Price $1.75, $5.00 for 3 pairs.
By mail 2.00, 5.50 for 3 pairs.
E. O. THOMPSON, 1328 Chestnut St. Philada. 245 Broadway, N. Y.

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain-Workers and Sedentary People.* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "HOME SCHOOLS FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE," 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw an other I liked half as well."

READ "THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE."
Beautifully Bound. Price, $2.50.
For Sale at "LIFE" Office, 28 West 23d Street, or of WHITE, STOKES & ALLEN, Publishers.

$1 A BOTTLE

VERY PERSONAL! As to other people's dyspepsia, each dyspeptic sufferer may let others choose a remedy; but the particular and personal question for each one is

WHAT WILL CURE MY DYSPEPSIA? THE PARTICULAR AND PERSONAL ANSWER IS

DIGESTYLIN

DIGESTYLIN is an honest and sure remedy
DIGESTYLIN thoroughly approved by 30,000 Physicians
DIGESTYLIN is without a rival for efficiency
DIGESTYLIN is very agreeable to take
DIGESTYLIN is potent, and acts promptly
DIGESTYLIN is for young and old alike
DIGESTYLIN cures all diseases of the digestive organs
DIGESTYLIN is sold by all respectable Druggists

M'f'd by W. F. Kidder & Co N. Y.

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UNDERWOOD SPRING WATER

PUREST NATURAL WATER

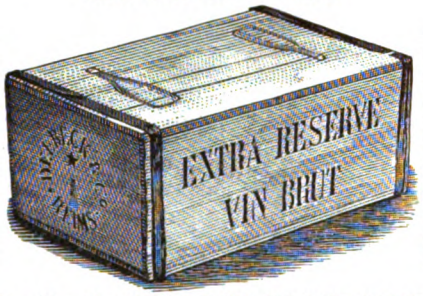
Healthful Cooling and Refreshing.
Preventive of Bright's Disease.

For Sale by all Druggists and Grocers.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

THE UNDERWOOD CO.
GENERAL OFFICE,
18 VESEY ST., NEW YORK.

DELBECK+

EXTRA DRY and



Procurable Everywhere. Procurable Everywhere.

We offer the DELBECK CHAMPAGNES with a full conviction that there are no better wines imported.
WE EXCEPT NONE.
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS,
53, 55 and 57 Beaver Street.

COMMON SENSE BINDER FOR BINDING

· LIFE ·

Cheap, Strong and Durable,
Will hold 26 numbers. Mailed to any part of the United States for $1.
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BEAUTY

Wrinkles, Black-Heads, Pimples, Freckles, Pittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed. Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book and (testimonials sent sealed), **4c. Madame Velaro, 249 W. 22d St., N. Y. City.**
Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.

PEARS' SOAP IS A SPECIALTY FOR THE COMPLEXION.

A SPECIALTY FOR INFANTS.

The best for the Complexion. A "balm for the Skin." The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer. Pears' Soap is sold in every City in the World.

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co.,

Merchant Tailors and Importers.

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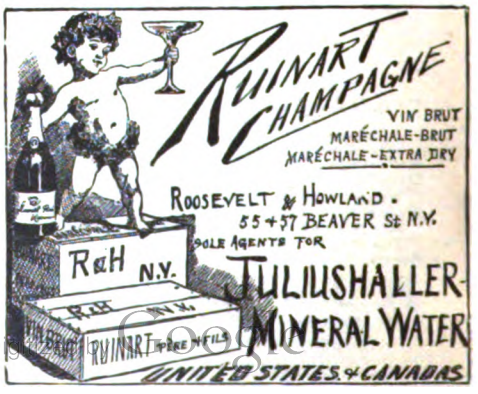
THE C & S SHIRT
PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR.



VOLUME X. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1887. NUMBER 247.

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

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

A BRIGHT PROSPECT.

Mother: HAS MR. GOSLOW OFFERED HIMSELF YET?

Harriet: NO; NOT YET; BUT I THINK HE WILL SOON. LAST NIGHT HE SAID HE WAS LOOKING AROUND FOR A WIFE, AND ASKED ME VERY PARTICULARLY IF I THOUGHT I COULD EARN ENOUGH TO VENTURE TO MARRY ON.

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

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 22, 1887. No. 247.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

THE opponents of the Administration take strong ground against Mr. Bayard's scheme for referring the Fisheries question to Commissioners. They allege, first, that it satisfies the English; and second, that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, one of the British Commissioners, wears a single eye-glass, and can only be expected to take a one-sided view of the situation. Would they have preferred that Mr. Bayard should have persuaded the President to use the power vested in him by Congress to cuff the ears of the British lion and twist his tail?

Oh, no; probably not. They would have pointed out what a hasty temper the secretary had, and how rash he was to involve us in a fight when we were bare of fighting ships and coast defenses. And, moreover, they would have pointed to Mr. Blaine, and to his conspicuous ability to get on with the Prince of Wales, as indicating his pacific nature, and how differently he would have acted if he had had Mr. Bayard's job.

Let us not conceive that the American fisheries are all going to Davy Jones's locker merely because the *Tribune* and *Sun* and the other disaffecteds carp.

* * *

SINCE the first of September wine has been wine. A law is in operation which forbids all hurtful adulterations, and directs that such innocent dilution as is permitted shall be advertised on the label of each bottle. The practice of squirting carbonic acid gas into New Jersey cider and ornamenting the product with a French label is also discouraged. The grapes must grow in the sun and the champagne must be the natural product of fermentation, nicely topped off with a dash of sugar and a dab of poetry.

LIFE is glad to know all this, and full of curiosity to see what a wine card is going to bring forth now that all things are pure and identical. The enormous discrepancy between the amount of champagne produced in France for exportation, and the amount of the same consumed in this country alone, has long been known to everybody, but few people have worried about it. Champagne is a wine that most people buy less for their own gratification than to honor their friends. If it had the right stamp on the cork, the proper sparkle and a respectable label, and was pleasant to take and produced a grateful exhilaration, consumers haven't cared much whether the gas grew in it in French cellars or was forced in by steam at Hoboken.

If the new law results in causing all American wines to be called and sold by American names, and in banishing bogus French wines from the market, it will perform a miracle, second only to one recorded in the whole history of wine.

* * *

WE are waiting for a story from Col. Eugene Field about the wealthy pork-packer in Chicago who is in the market with liberal offers for the copyright of Shakespeare's plays, prior to a corner in Shakespearean literature and a general lift in prices.

Some one ought to be benefited by the enormous amount of advertising that Shakespeare is getting. We distinctly remember the excitement over the disputed authorship of "The Breadwinners," "Democracy" and "The Buntling Ball." All were fostered to the last degree by interested publishers, but all combined never made half the stir that Donnelly has been able to raise over Shakespeare.

If any great golden truth has been evolved from all the uproar of assertion and denial that has been raised over Shakespeare's tomb, it seems to be that Donnelly is fit to be included with Henry George and Col. Mark Twain as one of the three smartest business writers of the age.

* * *

SHAKESPEARE has a companion in trial. The latest attempt to prove that History isn't so finds its victim in Maximilian, the ill-fated Mexican emperor. He is accused of having made a cowardly effort to buy his life from his captors. The news comes from Mexico, which is a sufficient voucher for its improbability.

* * *

THE reported success of Count Mitkiewitz in getting important concessions from China might have been an encouragement to Micawber himself. The Count has a long and interesting record of variegated worthlessness spread over his dozen or more years of American citizenship. His present success is said to be due to the happy accident of his being the connecting link between Philadelphians and Chinese. Wonder is freely expressed in New York that two races so congenial should not have found each other out long ago. "Where is there such another market as Pekin for grass-seed gleaned in Philadelphia's street?" That is what Wall Street wants to know.

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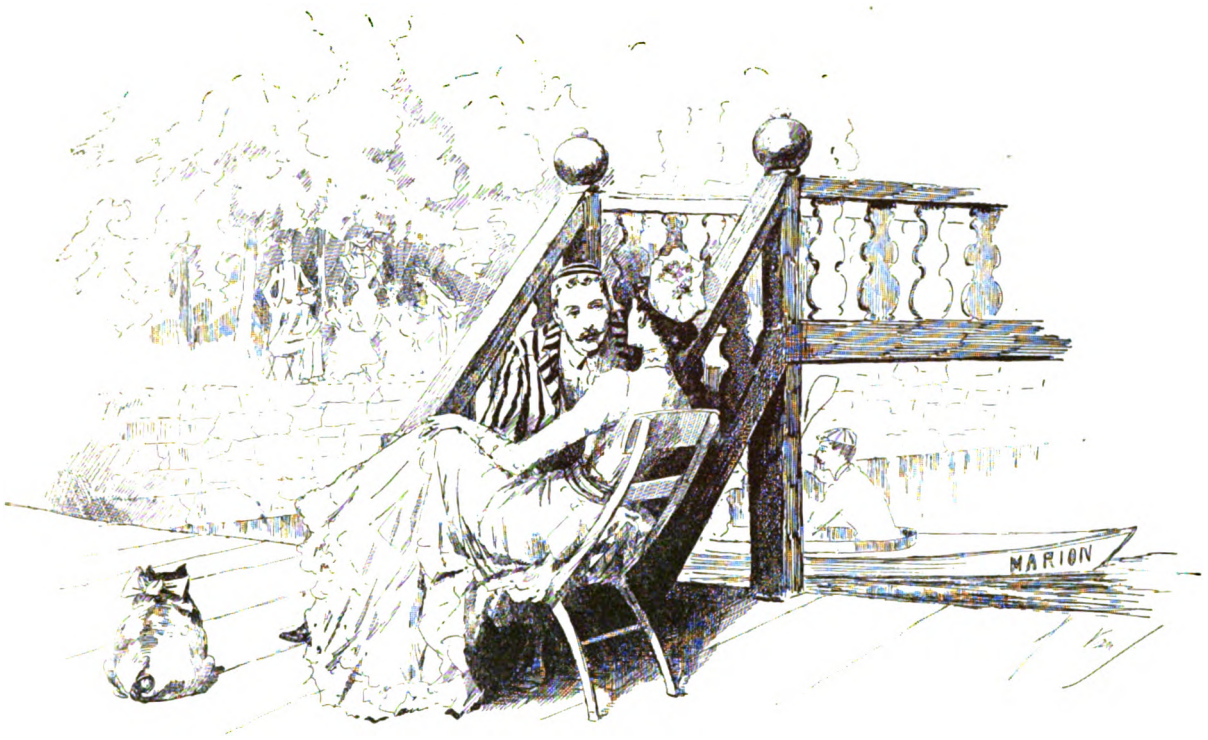

WELL NAMED.

He: WHAT IS THE NAME OF YOUR DOG?

She: "COQUETTE."

He (a little deaf): "CROQUETTE?" VERY APPROPRIATE. HE LOOKS LIKE ONE.

A BLUNDER ALL ROUND.

WIFE (*looking over bill*): Do you remember, my dear, how many brook trout you caught on your fishing trip last Saturday?

HUSBAND: There were just twelve of 'em; all beauties! Why?

WIFE: The dealer has made a mistake. He only charges for half a dozen.

THE jokes in *Harper's Drawer* are much better for insomnia than an opiate, because they will put you to sleep in two minutes, yet you will never become addicted to them.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND.

WITH this issue LIFE'S editor in charge of the Fresh Air Fund makes his farewell bow, presents his compliments to his many contributors, and hopes to meet them again next summer.

To have raised $800 in six weeks is an achievement of which we are proud, and upon which we congratulate our readers. We had hoped, as we said last week, to see the sum total of the fund reach $1,000, but our disappointment is much tempered by the knowledge that we did succeed in getting $800. If the thought that two hundred and sixty-six and two-thirds children have been given a happiness which they would not have had but for the generosity of our readers, is not to them a satisfactory one, we would like to know what is.

We again offer, in behalf of the rejuvenated youth of our overheated city, our best thanks to those who have helped us.

Our final acknowledgments are due to—

Previously acknowledged	$758.00
Anonymous	1.00
"Ha-Ha"	3.00
E. D. C.	3.00
Zeta Epsilon Pi	3.00
S. S.	3.00
A Subscriber	5.00
E. R. Bellman	3.00
Baby Ginx	6.00
H. E. M.	3.00
A Sinner	5.00
Me	3.00
Judge	3.00
B.	1.00
Grand Total	$800.00

Which we think a grand total in every sense of the term!

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THE INFALLIBLE RECIPE.

THE surest and simplest highway to fame
Is to be an adept in the National Game.
In pulpit, in politics, business, in all
The professions of life there's a chance that you'll fall.
But if you can hit a three-bagger at will,
And can catch without muffing the spherical pill;
Can steal with impunity base after base,
And can stop without wincing hot balls with your face,
You may make up your mind that fame, fortune is thine,
As long as you play with a regular nine.

* * *

A SAND-POOL has been formed by speculators in Pittsburg. It promises to make serious inroads upon the profits of grocers and sugar refiners.

* * *

THE poet laureate on Governor Hill's staff rhymes boom with doom.

There is something very appropriate about this.

* * *

THE Prohibitionists have nominated a full ticket in Massachusetts.

The above item reads all right, but it has a ring about it that doesn't seem to go well with prohibition.

* * *

MRS. SPRIGGINS thinks the constitution of the Coaching Club should be founded on the *lex tally-ho-nis*.

* * *

RIDER HAGGARD is at it again. He is about to publish a story called "The Tale of Three Lions."

Mr. Haggard can't do right if he tries. In one book he exaggerates, and in another he depreciates. The idea of three lions with only one tail!

Pshaw!

* * *

A SHARP-EYED traveler reports that within a year the Mormon women have generally discarded their plain garb, and now appear as gaily dressed as their Gentile sisters.

This is good news. If all the Mormon wives would insist on dressing in the height of fashion the archdeacons of the church would find monogamy much more attractive than its antonyn.

* * *

SINCE Bison William took London by storm the prevailing color there is Buff.

THE melograph has been invented, by which a person can improvise on a piano and have the music recorded.

What a useless invention. The recording angel is popularly supposed to look after such sins as this.

* * *

JAY GOULD has been swindled on the ties he bought in the West.

Serves him right! The man who wants to lay in a stock of sleepers and passes Philadelphia by is not deserving of much sympathy.

* * *

QUAKERS are said to be much afflicted with color blindness.

This affliction lets many an estimable brother out when he is detected in looking on the wine when it is red.

* * *

WHEN Mr. John L. Sullivan dies, it is believed that he will provide for the endowment of a large memorial saloon at Cambridge.

Harvard is bound to be the university of the future.

* * *

THE death watch over the Anarchists in Chicago is like the Waterbury in that it takes a long time to wind it up, but we hope it will emulate the Waterbury in another respect and "get there just the same."

* * *

PROF. LUCY SALMON has taken charge of the history department at Vassar.

The lady should be well up in the fishery troubles.

* * *

NOW that the Theosophists have their organ the Chirosophists are to follow suit.

The latter will be a hand-organ.

* * *

IT must be because Scotchmen chiefly marry among the English that we hear so much of the blue belles of Scotland.

* * *

AN art note in the *Times* says that Walt Whitman's bust has been taken by Sidney E. Morse, of Boston.

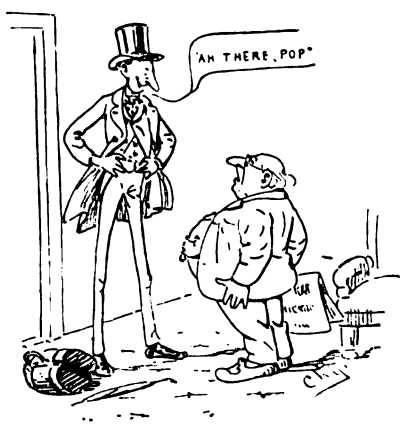
We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Morse, but we think it rather uncalled for in him to take one of the few things that remain to the poor old poet.

If a man cannot retain his bust, what can he hold inviolate?

* * *

MUFFS will be very small this winter, but ear-tabs will remain as large as ever.

FINANCIAL.



ABOVE PAR.

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YOUR correspondent joined the giddy throng of yachtsmen, on Tuesday last, to view the first trial race for the honor of defending the *America's* Cup. There is no other sport in the world like watching a yacht race, and, all things considered, the correspondent is glad there isn't. The feeling of wild joyousness which is afforded by sitting on the lee scupper of a tug-boat watching two sloops wrestling for supremacy in a dead calm is only equaled by that which comes over a man at the funeral of his last friend. There is an unknown something about it that takes a stagnated brain and imparts to it a calm, quiet restfulness that has been hitherto unconceived by it, and after the correspondent's experience on Tuesday he is prepared to acknowledge that, barring Sunday in Philadelphia, he knows of no other method for cramming so much dark, dank desuetude into a man's soul than this same business of watching a pair of white-winged sloops scudding gleefully over the broad bosom of the ocean at the rate of a mile a century.

LIFE'S tug-boat, the *Hon. David Bennett Hill*, named after the distinguished gentleman who rules over the destinies of the Empire State, possibly because it could whistle louder than any other tug afloat, and because, likewise, it had not much hair, left the pier at dawn, so as to be on hand when the boats started. The sail down the bay was beautiful. It would have been more beautiful but for the undulating condition of the waves, which affected the correspondent to such an extent that he thought seriously of writing the race up before it took place and starting home for another breakfast. He was deterred from this by the ominous aspect of the old tar whom he had along to help him in nautical phraseology, with which he is at best only superficially familiar. This gentleman looked grave enough for a shipwreck or a holocaust, and in the correspondent's then condition of mind, either of these two entertainments would have been preferable to again traversing the stretch of water which lay between him and the land, and which was still emulating the fortunes of a young Napoleon of Finance, with all the ups and downs implied therein. The representative of LIFE on the ocean wave was not a distinguished success, except as a warning, and if his experiences will have the effect of keeping other trustful scribblers at home to write up the race from accounts in the papers, as all sensible literateurs do, he will not feel that he has lived through it all in vain.

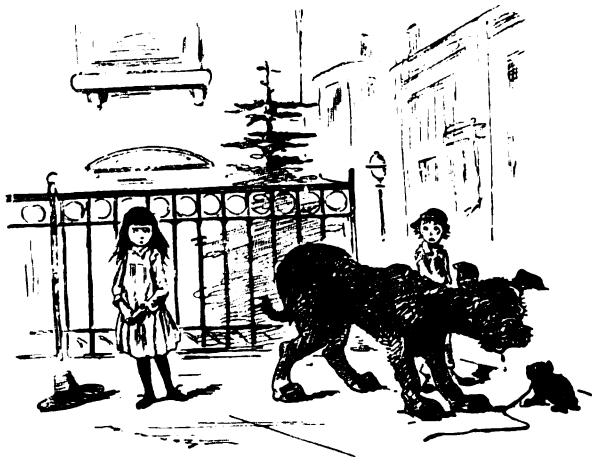
It was 10:17:6 7-8 when the *Governor*—for the sake of brevity I shall refer to the *David Bennett Hill* as the *Governor*, although no more ungovernable combination of keel, noise and odors than the *Governor* ever existed—I refer still to the vessel—it was 10:17:6 7-8, I say, when the *Governor* backed water into the Judge's boat and began to let off steam. The correspondent in the hope of learning something addressed one of the judges whom he happened to know, but all he could get back was a fine view of his honor in the act of talking and an occasional sentence punctuated by a shriek from the whistle of the tug. Talking through a telephone is a marvel of enunciatory bliss compared to a conversation in the vicinity of the Judges' boat on race day.

I learn from the *Evening Post* that about this time the sun broke through a rift in the clouds, but I must have been engaged in intimate converse with the fishes at the time, for the rift escaped me. Just then the jib-booming of the "get ready" guns broke the dull monotony of escaping steam, and the *Mayflower* and *Volunteer* were observed drifting backwards toward the starting line. The old tar told me that the *Volunteer* had her spinnaker-board about half-way down with all the gaffsails set. I had not observed this, and I have since failed to find any record of it in the papers, but in my then depleted state I could not argue the point.

The *Mayflower* seemed in better trim, with sand-bags enough on her for'ard deck to start a bar. The victor of last year's race was drifting to the S.-E. as the starting gun was fired, but her crew, with surprising alacrity, worked her around by oscillating the rudder and waggling the centre-board, so that she had not the humiliation of crossing the line stern first. The wind at this point was blowing at the rate of two and a half miles a week, a fact to which the correspondent attributes his return to his hearthstone for the first time from a boat-race not only in possession of his faculties, but of his hat.

At 10:45:7, Jersey City time, the *Volunteer* was well under way, but from the correspondent's point of view was about three miles behind. The old tar denied this, saying that the two boats were on different tacks, which the correspondent admitted might be so, only he didn't see the point.

At 11:05:3 a rakish-looking fishing smack was observed leading both the American boats, and some excitement was caused by the discovery that she was the *Thistle* in disguise. It is plain that if the great race comes to a drift the *Thistle* will get there in better shape than her rivals. Captain Barr



Boy: DON'T BE ASKEERED, MISS, IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY. IF HE WUZ TER SWALLER YER LITTLE DOG HE'D ONLY BE FOOLIN'.

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A MONTANA VERDICT.

Coroner: GENTLEMEN, HAVE YOU VIEWED THE REMAINS?
Foreman: WE HAVE.
Coroner: HOW WAS HE KILLED?
Foreman: SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.
Coroner: WELL, LET THE VERDICT BE SHORT BUT EXPLICIT. 'REFUSED A DRINK' IS ENOUGH.

SCRAPS.

IN view of the practices of *Punch* and *H—rp—r's Editor's Dr—w—er*, in circulating old jokes, it might be well to carry out the idea of George Canning, once Prime Minister of England, that there should be a licensed warehouse for wit, issuing patents which would give the grantee the sole right to vend and utter particular jokes for a term of years.

* * *

LITERATURE is in danger of being talked to death.

* * *

THE king of Spain is seventeen months old and only gets $1,000,000 a year. But if he sticks to business and gets around to the throne early in the morning, and only takes twenty minutes for lunch, and doesn't knock off before dark, there is no reason why he shouldn't have his salary raised.

was sitting on the pumps with a line overboard, apparently fishing, but the police-boat, mindful of Canadian methods, warned him off. The contesting boats now luffed off toward Coney Island, "a great place for luffers," as the old tar remarked. By a curious coincidence, as the old tar made this remark, the tug's bell rang and the crew of the *Governor*, who were unfortunately Knights of Labor, claiming that twelve o'clock had arrived, knocked off work for an hour and played havoc with the provisions.

At one o'clock there wasn't a racing boat to be seen anywhere, and there was nothing left for the correspondent to do but order his craft back to the city. The wind in the neighborhood of the captain's office, where the Knights, in accordance with a plan instituted at lunch, were demanding higher wages and less motion, had increased to the proportions of a cyclone, and the correspondent, in the agony of his despair, put his head on the down side of the starboard hatch and fell asleep.

When he awoke he found himself lying on a cotton bale on the pier, while the boys on the street were crying: "*Extra! The Great Race! Result of the Trial Heat!*"

Investing a nickel in a two-cent copy the correspondent learned that the trial heat had not resulted.

The next Yacht Race he attends will be on dry land, viewed through the mind's eye, assisted by the morning papers

Carlyle Smith.

BOOKISHNESS

"ROMANTIC LOVE AND PERSONAL BEAUTY."

THE decided and gratifying success of Henry T. Finck's book on "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty" (Macmillan) is not surprising to those who know that it is the fruit of at least five years' thought and research on the part of a scholarly man who has persistently carried on this work along with his vigorous writings as musical critic of *The Evening Post*. He has searched the literature of many languages in the libraries of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York for illustrations of his subject. The result is seen in the wealth and variety of quotations which he has skilfully woven into his book. It is, however, much more than an interesting anthology; it is a clear, logical exposition of the author's own theory in regard to the origin, growth and present characteristics of Romantic Love.

Such a subject demands wit, sentiment and sympathy, and most of the readers of Mr. Finck's book will gladly admit that it gets them. He believes in Romantic Love as a great civilizing force, which is playing one of the chiefest parts in the whole scheme of Evolution. There is, therefore, much in the book to console those middle-aged men who have begun to believe that the hours of their youth devoted to Romantic Love were sadly wasted. Most men really

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want a scientific excuse for having at one time or another "made fools of themselves."

* * *

THERE are several orthodox notions about Love which Mr. Finck has delighted to knock over. He courageously affirms that first love is *not* best—any more than early strawberries or first poems; that true love is transient; rarely surviving more than two or three years; that flirtation is one of the most commendable of woman's accomplishments, and that chaperones are scientifically and morally a bane to society. (Indeed, the author's crusade against chaperones is very bitter.) The first two sentiments will win Mr. Finck the respect of all disappointed bachelors; the last two, the admiration of all flirts.

But, take the book all in all, it seems to have been written almost entirely from a masculine point of view. Certainly there will be many women indignant at such sentiments as these: "Pretty girls are so rare that they are almost sure to be spoiled by flattery." "Pretty girls are commonly lazy." "The majority [of women] are partial coquettes, to whom Love is known only as a form of Vanity." "It is only in parental and conjugal feeling that woman surpasses man. In Romantic Love, in all the impersonal feelings for art and nature she is vastly his inferior." "Woman, in short, is a failure; and let any disappointed lover ask himself, Is it businesslike to begin life with a failure?"

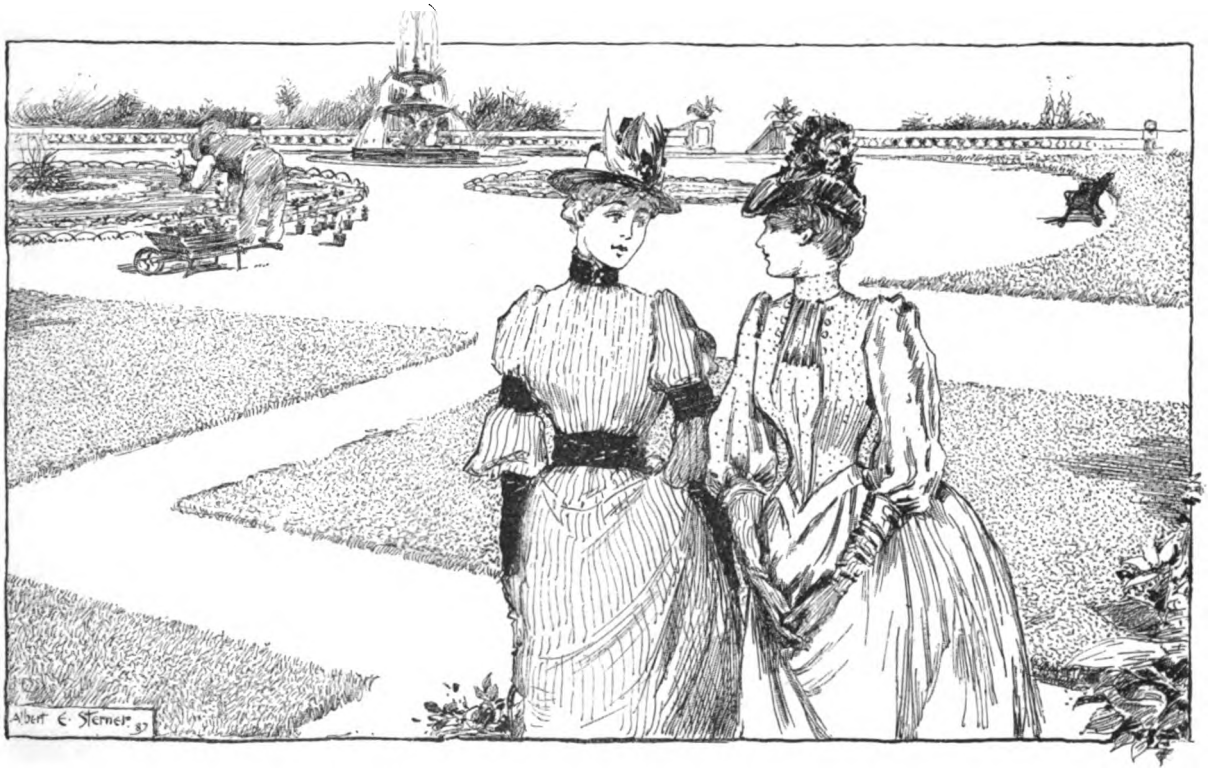
In loyalty to the ladies, and with much apprehension for Mr. Finck's safety, we are compelled to print the above heretical and very cynical opinions.

* * *

ON the other hand, the author has the temerity to indict a very large, respectable and happy class of the community, as follows: "Of all the brutes enumerated in the human branch of zoölogy the deliberate bachelor is the most unreasonable and selfish." This is calculated to excite the indignation of a great many wise men, but we can graciously mollify their wrath by asserting, on trustworthy authority, that Mr. Finck has shown considerable astuteness in himself remaining in the category of "unreasonable and selfish" bachelors. His discretion is, therefore, much better than his logic, and most bachelors will be apt to follow his personal example.

* * *

ONE of the most attractive features of this book is its division into many short sections by pointed and interesting cross-heads which keep the logical development of the subject before the reader. It is throughout a skilful piece of book-making, and one that will grow in popularity. *Droch.*



GOOD FISHING.

"I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM A FISHING EXCURSION IN THE ADIRONDACKS. I HAD A LOVELY TIME!"
"YOU HAD GOOD LUCK, THEN?"
"OH MY, YES. I CAUGHT A CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE!"

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NEW YORK against BOSTO

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N FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

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THE presentation, by Mr. Richard Mansfield, of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's weird psychological story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is one of the most important dramatic events in the recent history of the Metropolitan stage. It was a daring effort on Mr. Mansfield's part, and we are glad to be able to record that the effort was an unqualified success, if its enthusiastic reception by a critical audience, on Monday evening last, signifies anything.

Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Mansfield have been fortunate in their dramatist. The story, as written by Mr. Stevenson, is one capable of very various treatment, and we feel that we do not exaggerate when we say that nine men out of ten would have made it ridiculous as a play. This Mr. Sullivan has avoided, and, so far as we can judge from a single hearing of his work, it may be ranked almost, if not fully, as high, as a literary achievement, as Mr. Stevenson's book. One of the chief charms of the story, we are ungallant enough to say, is the absence of womankind from its pages. We concede to none a greater appreciation of the other sex than we have, but a woman introduced into the strange story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" would have served only to retard its action without adding the slightest element of strength. For representation on the stage, however, this absence of the fair sex was recognized by Mr. Sullivan as a weakness, and he has woven into his work a delicate love story, which, by contrast, makes all the more horrible the horrors of the Jekyll's dual existence. A human interest is added by the introduction of *Agnes Carew* into the dramatized life of *Henry Jekyll*, and when the heartstrings of the spectators are subjected to so many tugs it would have been an artistic error not to round off the havoc by some such crowning sorrow as that of *Jekyll's* betrothed. Our sympathy for the Jekyll of the book is not nearly so great as is our sympathy for the *Jekyll* of the play, all of which is due to *Agnes Carew* and not to any increased admiration—or decreased contempt—for a man who would willingly and deliberately place himself in so horrible a position as the one in which the Doctor ultimately found himself. If Dr. Jekyll had been a professional gentleman he would have experimented on others, not on himself. In the parlance of the street he would have tried it on a dog, which not doing, he destroys all claim to be regarded as a much abused child of fortune.

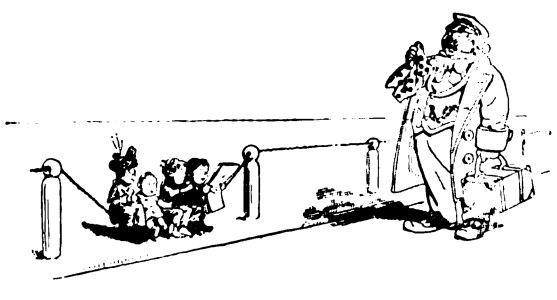
Mr. Mansfield's portrayals of the saintly *Jekyll* and the demoniac *Hyde*, while remarkable, were by no means equal in their excellence. As the talented critic of the *Tribune* remarked, "It was rather too bad that *Jekyll* should so closely resemble a bandit." When the Doctor first appeared on the scene he greatly disappointed us, because for a moment we thought that it was *Hyde* who stood before us. The streaming black hair of the Doctor, even in its length, was painfully suggestive of the close-cropped head of a modern Turpin. An awkward carriage by no means lent enchantment to the view, while an over-acted despair, calculated to awe the audience, had quite the opposite effect. As the play progressed and the artist warmed up to his work, the first unfavorable impressions wore off, and when the last act was reached we were almost as well satisfied with the actor's conception of *Jekyll* as we were with his hideous portrayal of *Hyde*.

It was quite a satisfaction to the audience that *Sir Danvers Carew* was not allowed to exist after the first act. He was an uninteresting character portrayed in an uninteresting manner, and it seems to us that one of Mr. Sullivan's errors lies in not having him murdered before indulging in a mumbling display of grief over the loss of his wife—not that such grief is out of place anywhere, but that it has nothing to do with the strange case of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and retards the action of a play which up to that point has proceeded with unusual spirit, and is apt to excite an emotion quite the reverse of what is desired.

In the murder scene, as well as in all the scenes where *Mr. Hyde* exhibits his amiable qualities, Mr. Mansfield shows himself an artist. He does not prolong the agony, and, if anything, leaves the horrified spectator thirsting for more even in his surfeit.

Miss Cameron, as *Agnes Carew*, was sweet and pretty, as she always is. She was not given very much to do, but what she did was done well. The *Dr. Lanyon* of Mr. Harkins was a delightful piece of acting, and in a very limited way Miss Rogers as *Mrs. Lanyon* was a success. Mr. Sullivan, to whose tender mercies were intrusted the lines of *Mr. Utterson*, was tiresome in his staginess. It was not necessary that he should act the part of a man who considered himself the sole heir of Le Coq, the detective, and we venture to say that, as a lawyer at the New York bar, Mr Sullivan's *Mr. Utterson* would be regarded as having more lungs than legal lore—but this is only an impression. London solicitors may be quite as noisy and stagey as Mr. Sullivan's *Mr. Utterson*.

We regret that though numerous calls for the author were made Mr. Sullivan did not appear. The gallery gods especially were enthusiastic when they read that Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, had dramatized the "Strange Case," and were vociferous in their demands for his presence. We fear that had Mr. Sullivan consented to make his bow the gallery would have thought themselves again confronted with a case of double identity, and it is perhaps just as well that the gentleman's modesty prevailed.



"VELL, CHILDRENS, I TINKS I SIT DOWN TOO. VAT?"

"DON'T GO VAY, CHILDREN; I VAS NO HARM!"

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NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Timid Tourist: SAY, CAP'N, THIS BOAT SEEMS VERY SHAKY: WAS ANYBODY EVER LOST IN HER?
Boatman: NOT TER MY KNOWLEDGE. THERE WAS THREE MEN DROWNDED FROM HER LAST THURSDAY, BUT WE FOUND THEM ALL THE NEXT HIGH TIDE.

THE BACON MYTH.

OH, good gracious,
Ignatius!
How you take on
About Bacon!
It's audacious!
There's not much fear
That Shakespeare
Stole his thunder
From a dunder-
Head like Bacon!
You're mistaken!
The fact that Bacon was up in grammar
By no means makes him daddy of the drama;
And simply that he's pat in
Latin,
Doesn't show 'at
He's a poet.
A fig
For Ig.!
Then, too, Ignatius
(So rapacious),
If Bake
Wrote Shake,
Who's the Swan
Of Avon?
You never heard
Of Bacon
Being taken
For a bird,
Did you, Ig.?
It's *infra dig.*
This theory, my deary.
Pooh-pooh! *Taisez-vous.*

WHAT HE WANTED TO KNOW.

A GENTLEMAN of the old school, whom everybody knows and who knows everybody, was observed one day last week intently studying the Herzog police box at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirty-first Street.

Suddenly he pushed the red button and turned the crank twenty times, according to instructions. A few moments later three policemen came dashing up the street. The first, breathless from his running, cried:

"Well, what's up?"

"What's the matter?" asked the second.

"Who's hurt?" queried the third.

"Really, gentlemen," replied the old man, "nothing is up; nothing is the matter, and no one is hurt; but," pointing to the words: *Herzog Teleseme System*, "I only wanted to know what Herzog this is?"

He was not informed.

THE two-legged crank is the hardest to turn.

GOT THERE IN TIME.

"WHAT time is it, young man?" asked an old lady, all out of breath, as she struggled into the station.

"One thirty, ma'am."

"Thank goodness! I'm in time fer the four o'clock train, then," she said, as she deposited a carpet-bag and a couple of bird-cages on the floor; "this travelin' about an' ketchin' railroad trains is upsettin' to the narvous system."

THERE is something very "Dutchy" about the Germans. They speak of a gentleman as Herr, instead of Him.

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LIFE'S IMPROVED WEATHER SIGNALS.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF YACHTSMEN.

The Meteorological Bureau has now in use a series of Weather Signals which are not easily interpreted by the masses. As an improvement upon the old designs LIFE suggests the following new devices, which it hopes to see adopted by the Signal Service.

FLAGS.

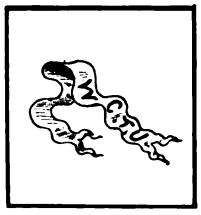
No. 1. Crab—A backward season.

No. 4. Man on a Bicycle—An early fall.

No. 7. Mother-in-law—Storm.

No. 2. Infant—Squalls.

No. 5. Bottle of "Old Crow"—Higher temperature.



No. 8. Blue ribbon—Dry weather.

No. 3. "Heeler"—Local reigns.

No. 6. Spring bonnet—Sudden showers and high winds.

No. 9. Salvation Army badge—Cyclones.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Q. 1st. What is the value of a twenty-cent piece of 1878? 2d. What is the value of a silver dollar of 1885?—*Collector.*

A. The twenty-cent piece of the date you mention is worth $2.50, and the dollar you refer to is not worth more that seventy-nine cents, although we have seen it bring ninety-five cents in change on a horse car.

* * *

Q. Does Gould play billiards, and is it true that Ives was an expert baseball player?—*Brady.*

A. We find your question rather hard to answer, Mr. Brady. Our observation leads us to believe that these gentlemen indulge a great deal in Water-loo, especially the young Napoleon of Finance.

Q. Is a Roman Catholic eligible for the Presidency of the United States?—*McG.*

A. Yes, Dr., he is, even though the Propaganda is so bigoted as to deny the eligibility of a Baptist for the Papacy.

* * *

Q. Who was second in the first race for the Queen's cup?—*Victoria.*

A. There was no second, Your Maj—that is, er—the er—we don't seem to remember the name of the second boat.

* * *

Q. Do you think exercise improves the circulation?—*George.*

A. It does, George. Look at the heaps of exorcising the present proprietor of the *World* has indulged in, and then read his affidavits on Sunday morning.

A TIGHT FIT—Delirium tremens.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

HIS MASTER'S SOBER REQUEST.

THE policeman had given his testimony, which was unqualifiedly to the fact of the old gentleman's intoxication. Then the old servant was called to the stand. There was a mingled expression of indignation and determination on his countenance. He testified flatly, to the surprise of the court room, that the old man was sober when he came home. The prosecuting attorney proceeded to question:

"You say that Mr. ——— was sober when he came home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he get to bed alone?"

"No, sir."

"Did you put him to bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he was perfectly sober?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say when you put him to bed?"

"He said 'good night.'"

"Anything else?"

"He said as how I was to call him early."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it? Tell us exactly what he said, every word."

"He said as how I was to wake and call him early, for he was to be the Queen of the May!"

The old man was fined.—*Boston Transcript.*

"PATRICK, do you know that you talk too much?"

"Oi do, sor."

"Well, if you'd make it an unvarying rule to keep your mouth shut, don't you think you'd get along better?"

"Faith, sor, Oi'd starruv to death, sor."—*Washington Critic.*

HENRY GEORGE: My dear, this steak is burnt to a crisp.

MRS. GEORGE: Mercy me! So it is.

"And the potatoes are not half done."

"So I see, now."

"And the bread is sour, and in fact there is not a thing fit to eat, and I'm as hungry as a bear. What on earth have you been doing with yourself all the morning?"

"I've been swinging in the hammock, dear, dreaming about how lovely everything will be when your millennium gets here."—*Omaha World.*

MRS. BLOBSON: What's that? Oh, horrors! The hotel afire?

MR. BLOBSON: Yes; come on. We've no time to lose.

MRS. BLOBSON: But here I am in my night-dress!

MR. BLOBSON: Good enough! I'm glad you've got out of your ball dress and into something decent.—*Burlington Free Press.*

OMAHA CHILD: Mamma, Mary says her father is an Irish-American an' she's awful stuck up about it.

MAMMA: Well?

"And Gretchen says her father is a German-American an' she's awful stuck up, too."

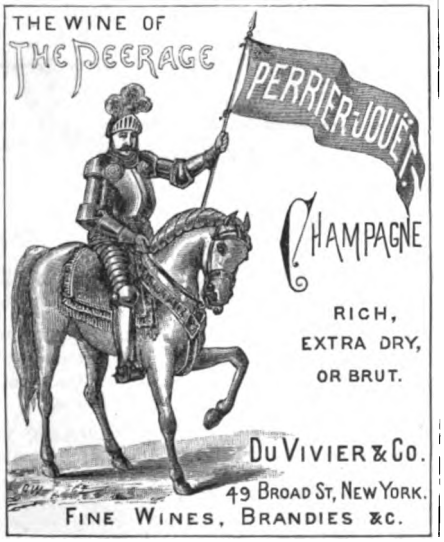
"Yes."

"And Marie is bragging because her father is a French-American."

"I can't help that, dear."

"Well, isn't there anything I can brag of?"

"No, pet. You are only an American."—*Omaha World.*



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A PRECOCIOUS BOY.

MOTHER (*reading letter*): Your poor Uncle Rufus was traveling in Switzerland and an avalanche weighing 60,000,000 tons of ice and snow buried him 1,000 feet deep.

HEARTLESS LITTLE BOY: No flies on him, heh!—*Town Topics.*

A HEAVY washtub full of suds slipped off a Hester street fire escape the other afternoon, and landed, contents and all, on the shoulders of a passing stranger. He picked himself up, pulled his trousers away from his skin to keep them from sticking, and remarked to a policeman: "That ain't so much of a hailstone, but derned 'f I ever see 'em come single afore."

"Where are you from?" asked the officer.

"Brule City, Dakota," was the reply.—*Tid Bits.*

ENTHUSIASM SQUELCHED.

ENTHUSIASTIC CITIZEN (*about to visit Europe*): How delightful it will be to tread the bounding billow and inhale the invigorating oxygen of the sea, the sea, the boundless sea! I long to see it! to breathe in great draughts of life-giving air. I shall want to stand every moment on the prow of the steamer with my mouth open—

CITIZEN'S WIFE (*encouragingly*): You probably will. That's the way all the ocean travelers do.

A dejected silence ensues.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

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SPRING HOUSE.

OPEN JUNE 18 TO OCTOBER 1.

Illustrated circular descriptive of RICHFIELD SPRINGS, its attractions as a summer resort, its scenery, mountains, valleys, lakes, streams, drives and walks, its pure and invigorating air, and the MEDICINAL VIRTUES of its waters.

T. R. PROCTOR, Proprietor.

"DOWN BY THE OLD GARDEN GATE."

HE HAD EVIDENTLY STUDIED HISTORY.

SHE: Freddie, how often have I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday?

HE: Yes; but, mamma, this is a religious war.—*Accident News.*

THE Labor Day parade in Chicago was very entertaining. The prominent features were men decked in broadcloth suits, silk hats and gold chains, bearing banners inscribed, "We Want Bread."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A PUBLISHER advertises: "In press—'The Anarchist.'" We would rather hear that he was in prison.—*Norristown Herald.*

VIOLENT rainstorm—crowded street car—handsome lady and gentleman on platform.

GENTLEMAN (*to those inside*): Can you squeeze a lady in there?

CHORUS OF MALE VOICES: Yes, certainly.

Lady goes in—gets squeezed.—*Newport News.*

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HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

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All Cured by a teaspoonful of Perry Davis's Pain Killer in a little Milk or Sugar and Water.

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PUREST NATURAL WATER

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Preventive of Bright's Disease.

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SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

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ARE THE BEST.

They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.
Send stamp for Descriptive Price List to

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, New York City.

(FACTORY AT STE. CROIX, SWITZERLAND.)

WHEN Prince Ferdinand insured his life, bought a new liver pad, and went to Bulgaria to be a crowned head or die, he was probably sustained in his lofty purpose by the knowledge that if he lost his job he could get another one in a dime museum.—*Exchange.*

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

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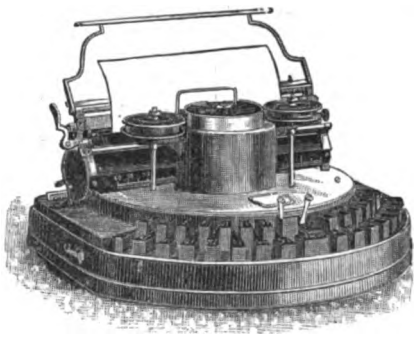

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Procurable Everywhere. Procurable Everywhere.

We offer the DELBECK CHAMPAGNES with a full conviction that there are no better wines imported.
WE EXCEPT NONE.

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS,
53, 55 and 57 Beaver Street.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887. NUMBER 248.

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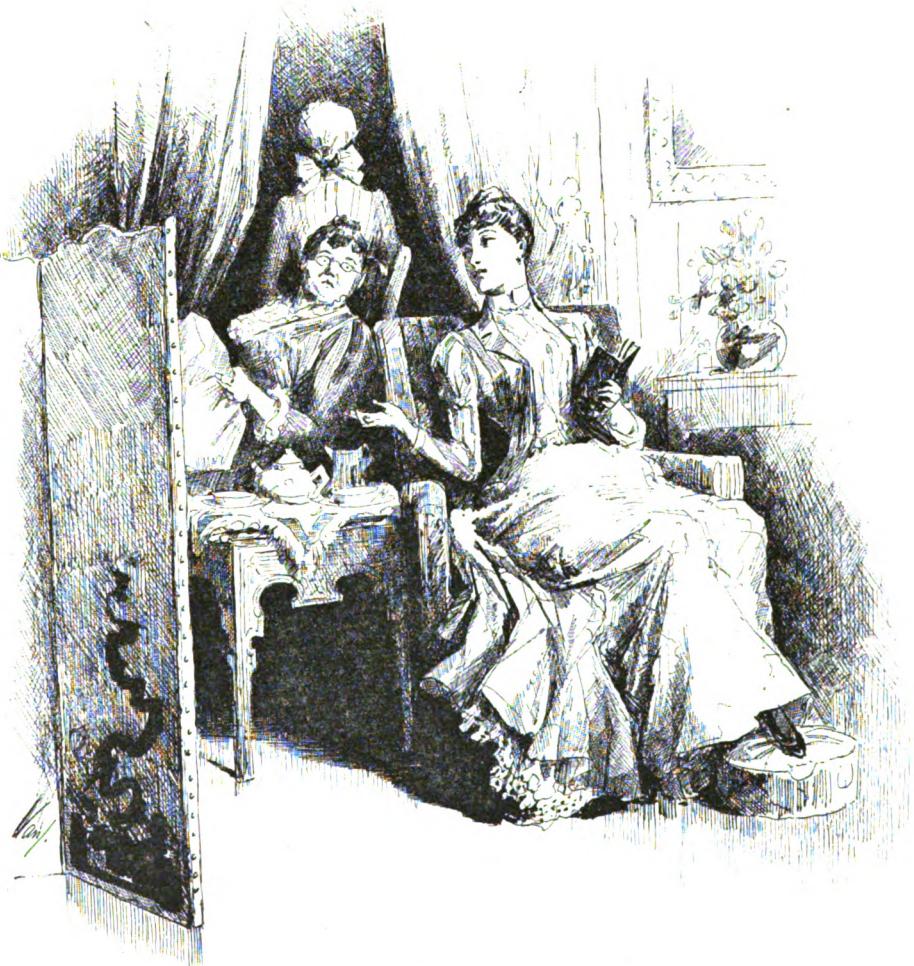
Ten Cents a Copy.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

Edith: YOU OUGHT TO READ THIS BOOK OF HOWELLS', MA. IT'S SO REAL. I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT.

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

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 29, 1887. No. 248.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

"HOW TO GET RICH" was the title of an article that lately took up two columns in the Sunday *Sun*, and which included letters from four eminent capitalists written in answer to the question. Mr. Barnum, of Bridgeport, whose name is sometimes heard of in connection with the show business, laid down general recommendations which amounted to—

Early to bed and early to rise;
Be temperate, truthful, and advertise.

Gen. Ben Butler recommended the purchase of improved real estate and payment for the same with small notes. Henry Faxon, of Quincy, favored total abstinence from labor organizations, military companies, strikes and intoxicating drinks, and Erastus Wiman said a good word for combinations.

Many newspapers have commented on the words of these wise men, and most of them have agreed that no one was likely to get rich by reading their advice, since the individuals who have in them the makings of rich men will get wealth in spite of everything, and those who have not such materials will remain poor.

* * *

IF there is one thing which Americans have less need to investigate than another it is this matter of getting rich. The cities, the fields and the woods are full of men who are eager to make a special study of it, and devote their entire energies to its solution. There are armies of men who do not mind the expense of getting rich, the devotion to it of all their faculties to the exclusion of all other uses, the crushing out of aspirations, the withholding of funds from pressing needs, or even the meannesses and sharp practices which take money from one man's pocket and put it into another's. What we need to learn in these days is how to remain poor; how to get what is best out of life on such a modest income as we are likely to obtain.

* * *

LIFE could explain all about remaining poor; and how it is possible to maintain a happy mean between opulence and insolvency, and have most of the fun that belongs to both conditions. But it would be of no use. If a man has the virus of a great fortune in him it is bound to break out and you can't save him, any more than you can teach him to get rich if his talent is pointed the other way. But in a general way you can do a good deal to equalize matters by being always ready to help the rich spend their money and being equally cheerful in helping the poor save theirs.

It isn't necessary to go to Alaska, or Siberia, or Middle Africa, or any of those disagreeable places in order to be a missionary, so long as in New York and Boston and Chicago there are distended pockets which it is a work of mercy and benevolence to ease of their uncomfortable burden. Money is particularly tight just now, and it is peculiarly a solemn duty to make it circulate as fast as possible. We do not recommend any poor man to try to ease the market at his own expense, but if he can disburse his wealthy brother's ample means he deserves a double blessing.

Perhaps sometime the *Sun* will have a column headed "How to be Rich Without Money," and print letters from acknowledged experts in that line.

* * *

NOT since the Exposition of 1876 have Philadelphia's streets been so nearly free of grass as they were last week. They were mowed close in anticipation of the Constitution's Centennial, and the crowd that came to the Quaker City to celebrate wore the turf down into the chinks between cobblestones. It would be hard to find two eminent American institutions that have come down through the last century with so little change as the Constitution and Philadelphia. There are differences, of course. The Constitution has one or two amendments, and the city has Mr. Childs instead of Mr. Franklin. But the Constitution is still the same Constitution, and Philadelphia is still the same Quaker City; whereas this poor town of Gotham has swallowed itself and crawled through itself like the boa-constrictor in the menagerie, and its own mother wouldn't know it for first cousin to the New York of a century ago.

* * *

AS a rule LIFE does not answer anonymous queries, but when a correspondent goes so far as to ask whether or not we offered our columns to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough to say anything he wished in them, we deem it advisable to reply emphatically, No!

Our impressions of the Duke's literary style, as well as rumors which have come to us respecting the quality of the Duke's wit, would render such an offer too dangerous for LIFE to indulge in, however anxious we might be to include a real live duke with all the modern improvements in the list of our contributors.

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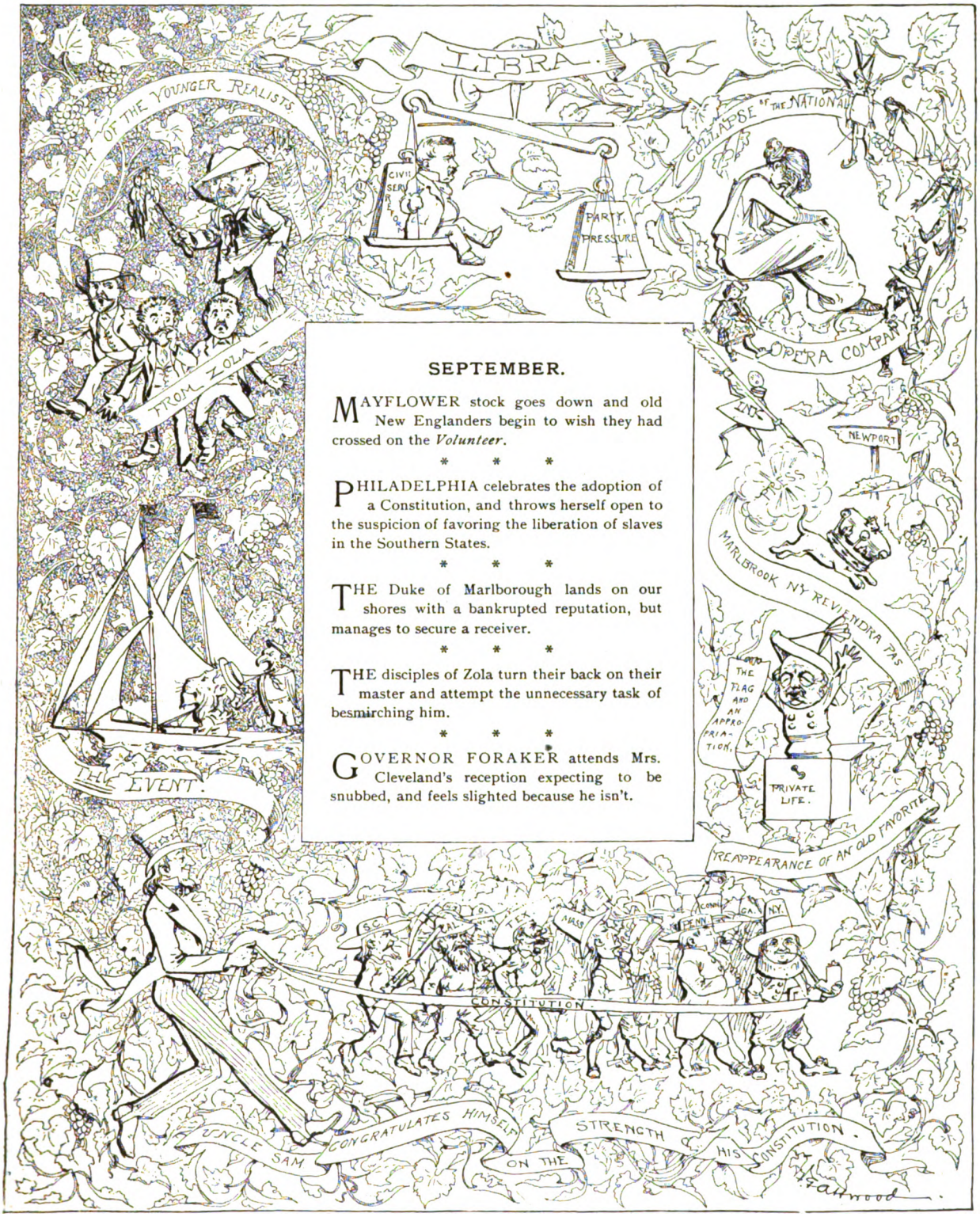

SEPTEMBER.

MAYFLOWER stock goes down and old New Englanders begin to wish they had crossed on the *Volunteer*.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA celebrates the adoption of a Constitution, and throws herself open to the suspicion of favoring the liberation of slaves in the Southern States.

* * *

THE Duke of Marlborough lands on our shores with a bankrupted reputation, but manages to secure a receiver.

* * *

THE disciples of Zola turn their back on their master and attempt the unnecessary task of besmirching him.

* * *

GOVERNOR FORAKER attends Mrs. Cleveland's reception expecting to be snubbed, and feels slighted because he isn't.

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TOO WET.

WE can stand before a cannon that is loaded down with shot;
We can listen to a temperance man while pleading with the sot;
We can go to church on Sunday morn and listen to a preacher,
Who talks for eighty minutes straight without a change of feature;
We can regard, without a tear, the weakling New York Giants
Attempt to bat the festive ball and thrash the League Alliance—
In fact there's very little that we don't seize with avidity,
Except that damp disgusting heat the papers call humidity.

* * *

THE old lady who keeps cats seems to have a purr-puss in life.

* * *

THE Emperor of China has a wife named Kan Di. She must be very sweet.

* * *

JOHN: Your joke relating to the Bishop spending a Knight in a Pawnshop is rejected because it is a chess-nut.

* * *

HENRY GEORGE used to be an inspector of gas-meters, but he has been promoted—he is something of a gas-meter himself now.

* * *

IT is a great thing to be the son of one's father in the Republican party, but when the sun seems to be setting rather than rising, it is hardly politics.

If the Democrats will only nominate S. J. Tilden, Jr., and make an issue between the Son of his Father and the Nephew of his Uncle, the coming campaign cannot fail to be interesting.

* * *

A PERSONAL item says the Duchess of Cumberland is recovering from her mental troubles, and has resumed her usual occupations.

That is to say the Duchess is no longer imbecile and can now take an afternoon nap, drive in Rotten Row and turn up her nose at the common herd in truly ducal style.

Come, let us join in hymns of thanks!

A FINISHED GENTLEMAN.

IT is in no spirit of reverence that we say that in the *Century's* Life of Lincoln the Martyred President is a sort of Missing Link.

* * *

UNCLE SAM now has over $100,000,000 stored up in his vaults. We doubt the wisdom of Solomon in telling the sluggard to go to his aunt.

* * *

DR. MORRELL MACKENZIE, the eminent English surgeon, has been knighted by the Queen.

His new sign reads Sir-geon Mackenzie, M.D.

* * *

DR. HAMMOND has been examining Jay Gould's head to see if there was anything the matter inside.

Mr. Gould is said to fear water on the brain.

* * *

TEXAS SIFTINGS says that Zola's ordinary income is $60,000 a year.

We should call this an extraordinary income.

* * *

WE hardly think it a compliment to say that a man's name is a household word.

D–n is a household word, too, and it is a very wicked household word at that.

* * *

AN article on the education of the blind is attracting great attention.

If the article tells how a blind may be taught not to slam and creak on a windy night, it is a masterpiece.

* * *

ONE of the acts in Mr. Sullivan's dramatization of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is called "Hide and Seek."

According to the new orthoepism of the Doctor's name it would be more appropriately called "Hyde and Jeek."

* * *

THEY call it a variety show because the average performer in it is one of those individuals who seem to believe that Shakespeare was right when he said, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

* * *

SIR DINSHAW MANOCKJEE PETIT, a Parsee mill-owner, of Bombay, has in twenty years given away a million dollars for various benevolent purposes.

Sir Dinshaw is not at all parsee-monious.

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IN TRADE.

Pater: WHAT LOVELY GIRLS! JACK. ARE THEY THE MISSES DARCY WE ARE TO MEET?

Fashionable Jack: YES—BUT WE ARE NOT TO MEET THEM THIS SEASON. YOU SEE OLD DARCY HASN'T RETIRED FROM BUSINESS YET.

A WELCOME P.S. TO THE FRESH AIR FUND.

WE are pleased to note that our Fresh Air Fund seems to have taken so strong a hold upon our readers, that in spite of our announcement of its having closed for the season, contributions continue to come in.

The amounts acknowledged below have been forwarded to the committee in charge of the work, and were doubtless in time to accomplish the good results intended, and it is certainly a satisfaction to think that the country in its loveliest dress has been opened up to a few little waifs who have had to wait until now for their outing.

We acknowledge the following with many thanks.

Previously acknowledged	$800.00
A. B. C. D.'s, of Sing Sing	37.00
M. K. L.	2.00
Pittsburgh, Penna.	5.00
H. L. Coodge	3.00
J. M.	10.00
No. 13	1.00
Harry, New Mexico	3.00
A. M. S.	3.00
Boston	100.00
Total	$964.00

THE WHOLE CASE IN A NUTSHELL.

JUDGE BARRETT: Ah there!

JUDGE POTTER: Stay there.

SHARP: Just wait until I get there.

PUBLIC (*sadly*): We are afraid we'll have to.

IT is quite a paradox to observe that the Chicago Anarchists are not so gallus as usual.

Eugene Field is credited with the statement that the Hanging Committee of the Chicago Art Association will be entrusted with the business of escorting the gentlemen across the Styx.

OVERHEARD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE DUKE: Did you hear about the editor of *Punch?*

THE EARL: Ha, ha, ha! What—ha, ha!—was it—ha?

THE DUKE: Why—hy he—ha, ha, ha!—haw, haw, haw! he—he is sick.

THE EARL: Ho, ho, ho! ha, ha!—oh, ho—tha—hats too goo—hoo—ha—hood. I'll have to tell that to the Mar—ha—ha—harquis. (*Goes off in convulsions.*)

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MR. WILTON'S ORDEAL.

CHAPTER I.

R. CARROLL WILTON sat in the smoking-room of the K—— Club pensively gazing out of the window at nothing in particular. His feet were carefully disposed upon a chair in front of him, with a view to prevent his exquisite trousers from bagging at the knees, and to retain as far as possible their all-important "crease." His natty morning coat was unbuttoned and thrown back, disclosing a black duck waistcoat dotted with white spots. This waistcoat—Mr. Wilton would have fainted if it had been called a "vest"—was a source of endless pride and comfort to its owner, who frequently glanced down at it as far as his very high collar would permit. It was a waistcoat of his own creation; no one else had one like it. Other men had white waistcoats with black dots, but no one had a black one with white dots. It therefore followed that Mr. Wilton was in advance of his generation, and had given conclusive proof of his intellectual superiority. His scarf of creamy Persian silk was another triumph, but the crowning glory of his life was the tiny horseshoe pin of Roman gold which nestled in the lower left-hand corner of the aforesaid scarf. It differed from other horseshoe pins inasmuch as it was inverted, the heels pointing upward. The idea of this brilliant innovation had come to Mr. Wilton as a vision in his sleep, and in consequence he felt that, to a certain extent, heaven had chosen him as a leader of the people, a sort of combined extract of Moses and Joan of Arc, so to speak; but as time went on and he failed to have any more visions, and as affairs, both celestial and mundane, appeared to go on much as usual, Mr. Wilton quieted down, and finally dismissed the matter from his mind.

At the time of which I write, Mr. Wilton was just twenty-one years of age, although he felt himself to be at least eighty, having been prematurely aged by the cruelty and injustice with which the world in general had treated him. His constant complaint was that everything and everybody was against him; that he never had a chance, never had any luck, and to sum the matter up, Fate—or whoever conducted the affairs of Providence—had not behaved toward him like a gentleman.

Mr. Wilton's troubles had begun at college, where the authorities had stupidly persisted in misunderstanding the object for which he had joined the institution. Mr. Wilton explained to them over and over again that he had only come to college for the purpose of learning to row, play ball, and have a good time generally; that he didn't wish to learn Greek or Latin; moreover, that Greek and Latin were languages that nobody on the earth or under it ever spoke, and why in the name of Heaven and all the holy angels anybody wanted to learn languages that they never would have any use for, was completely beyond the ken of intelligent humanity. He also kindly explained that society considered it exceedingly bad form to be deeply learned on any subject, and that ignorance was quite the thing nowadays, except, of course, for those poor duffers who were obliged to earn their livelihood, and who were in consequence completely out of the swim, and of no account any way. The collegiate authorities, however, did not seem to have the necessary intelligence to appreciate Master Wilton's arguments, and in consequence, Master Wilton was obliged to bid a rather premature farewell to his Alma Mater.

After this experience, as there appeared to be nothing better to do, our hero entered his father's counting-house. He did this rather against his will, however, for Wilton Sr. was a grievous thorn in the side of his son, as he always wore the most shockingly unfashionable clothes, and—horror of horrors!—persisted in adorning his square countenance with a short beard, and shaving his upper lip.

I may as well explain here that the senior Wilton and his wife were originally rather widely separated in the social scale. In her youth, dashing Miss Carroll had been one of New York's most successful belles, but during her career in this capacity she unfortunately contracted the idea that the Lord had not seen fit to produce a man who was in any way worthy of her royal highness's hand, and she did not discover her mistake until it was almost too late to get anybody at all, and she had to scrabble around in a manner more lively than dignified in order to catch even old Wilton. However, old Wilton—or "Jim" Wilton, as his friends called him, turned out to be steady, reliable, and fairly well off; and as his wife possessed enough respectability for two, society opened its doors—perhaps with a little creaking—and Mr. and Mrs. Wilton entered, took their seats on Olympus, and forthwith began to strenuously object to the admission of any "new" people whatsoever.

(To be continued.)

OUR MOTHER-TONGUE.

MY love, my only love, alone
I sit in contemplation,
And muse upon the things unknown
In your slight education:
And as I call them up and think
To what a goal I'm brought to,
I write your sentiment in ink:
I really "hadn't ought to."

Another's faults to seek and find
Is flattery ungrateful;
I know too well you'll say "those kind
Of things are awful hateful:"
It's difficult, I'm well aware,
One's culture to encumber
With grammar when one doesn't care
A pin for *case* and *number*.

For all your flaws of rhetoric
Enlivening your letter,
I know no rhetorician's trick
To make them any better:
And all the words whose spelling seems
To make your style delightful,
Make me confess, of schoolboy dreams,
Orthography's most frightful.

So write and talk just as you do;
Heed not my critic-clamor!
I'd hate to have the heart of you
Transferred from me to grammar;
And, love, my only love, among
Your *lapses linguæ* many,
If you'll forget your "mother-tongue,"
I'll own you haven't any!

Idle Idyller.

JUBILEE JOKE: VIA PHILADELPHIA.

IT was, perhaps, most fitting that the Queen should be seated in the nave at the recent Jubilee ceremonies in Westminster Abbey. All good poker players know that the Queen and the Nave are fated to go together.

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LITERARY NOTES.

MR. HAGGARD will find it hard to refute the latest proof of plagiarism. It has been discovered that no less a person than William Makepeace Thackeray used a stub pen long before Mr. Haggard wrote Allan Quatermain, in the construction of which the broad nib largely figured.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM J. ROLFE is soon to give us another of the little quartos which are so satisfactory and scholarly, in an annotated edition of "The Minor Poems of Milton."

This is very nice, but what we want is a pinto edition of "Paradise Lost" for the pocket. We trust Mr. Rolfe will prove indulgent and give us what we ask.

* * *

THE realists cannot claim Mr. Lang as one of their number.

He writes in the *Forum* on the manners of critics, when it is a well-established fact that critics have none.

A LIFE of Charles Sumner is now running in the *Cosmopolitan*.

It will doubtless follow in the wake of the Life of Lincoln, taking a census of the people overlooked by Messrs. Hay & Nicolay.

· NEW BOOKS ·

BY THE WAY. An Idler's Diary. By F. F. Carruth. Boston: Clarke & Co.

The Princess Roubine. A Russian Love Story. By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Village Mystery; or, The Spectre of St. Arlyle. By Dr. Benjamin F. Mason. Part First. New York: F. D. Whiting.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. No. 3. New York: The Century Co.

Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. Their Development, Causal Relations, Historic and National Peculiarities. By Henry T. Finck. London: Macmillan & Co.

When I was a Boy in China. By Yan Phou Lee. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The Bee-Man of Orn, and Other Fanciful Tales. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An Operetta in Profile. By Czeika. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Checkered Career of Timothy Tangle, Esq. By Edward I. Darling. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co.

The John Spicer Lectures. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

SCRAPS.

KILLING unclaimed dogs by electricity is justly described as a shocking process.

* * *

AMERICAN influence is extending in England. Even the British war vessels now have to imitate the American navy by indulging in collisions.

* * *

EDWARD HANLAN, the oarsman, is said to have been trained by his young wife. He is not the first bridegroom who has had this experience.

* * *

BOSTON'S new club of Unitarians, named after the most famous divine of their church, will have a chance to show what are the precise relations of Channing and chinning.

* * *

THE reason why truth is stranger than fiction is that it is much rarer.

* * *

GOVERNOR MARTIN, of Kansas, declares that the blessing of prohibition is unmixed. We infer from this that the Kansas people take their water straight.

* * *

THE man who first introduced ice-cream into Maryland has gone to his reward, at the age of seventy. It is doubtful whether cream will freeze in the temperature of that other clime.

"SAY, DID YOU SEE A HAT THAT WAS KNOCKED OUT OF THE CAR WINDOW?"

"YES, I THREW IT BACK ON THE TRAIN."

"GREAT SCOTT! I'VE JUST JUMPED OFF AFTER IT."

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WITH A FOUR.

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LIFE ·

R-IN-HAND.

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A MISTAKE.

RAREST of flowers that one may buy
To-night luxurious shall lie,
Amid the light loops of her lace—
Fair flowers to fit so fair a place:

Their petals red shall aid to show
How faint a flush her cheeks do know;
Shall make more vivid snowy charms
Of slender throat and rounded arms.

E'en though it take my last rupee,
Methinks 'twere policy in me
To risk my chance on this one throw,
And send the rarest flowers that grow;
For then her worldly friends will say
I must be rich such bills to pay.

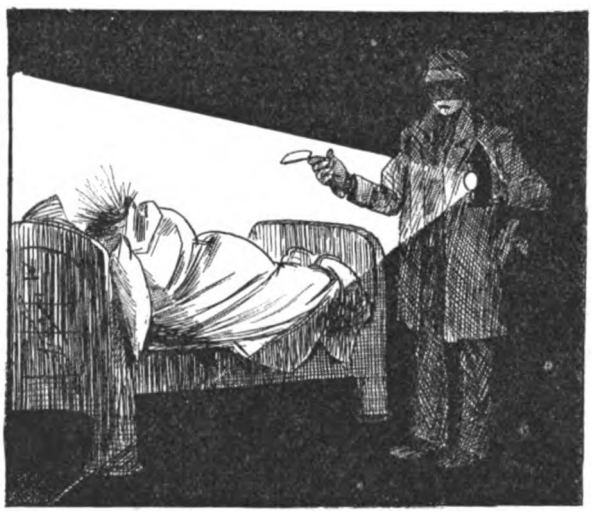
But when the flowers the loved one reach,
Her kindred all begin to preach:
"A needy man to waste like this
Surely a fool and spendthrift is!"

Right fair the daughter looked that night,
Amid the ballroom's varied light;—
But o'er her bosom's lace there bent
The flowers some wiser lover sent.

F. S. Palmer.

THE *Thistle* must be a very poor boat if she hasn't a cent-aboard.

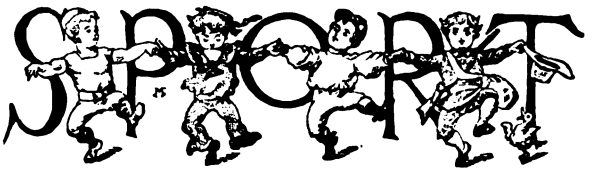
We print this joke so that Captain Barr may feel as if he were at home reading *Punch*.



TIME, TWO A. M.

(Paterfamilias has just sent his family to the mountains for two weeks, and is the sole occupant of his palatial residence.)

Visitor: SAY, BOSS, DON'T YOU WANT TO BUY A GOOD RAZOR?



AS this number of LIFE appears, all New Yorkers save those who are too busy and those who have been there before and know what it means will be starting for the first race between the *Volunteer* and the *Thistle*. They will board the beautiful tug-boat which they have hired for the occasion, and will steam around for a full day and return home at night after having witnessed the most magnificently monotonous sight of their lives, and, unless we are very much mistaken, will remark that the *Volunteer's* performance was a splendid one—for we are believers in General Paine's boat from start to finish, and have very little doubt that the result of the race will be satisfactory to all Americans—saving the colony at Newport, perhaps, and the following of his Ducal Highness, Mr. Snarlborough.

Just what the victory of either vessel will demonstrate beyond the capacity of two great nations for cheering a winner and condoling with a loser, LIFE is not prepared to state. The custom of racing a centreboard sloop, manned by Americans and Irishmen, against a cutter with a keel, a Scotch captain, an English crew and a time allowance, has been very generally adopted of late years, and the results have always been in favor of the centreboard sloop, just as a race between Maude S. and a Jersey heifer would invariably result in a victory for Maude. The valuable information that a horse can beat a cow in the long run has probably been derived from some similar habit among the sportsmen of long forgotten ages, and perhaps we should be thankful that the matter is settled. We believe, however, that the yacht race would have more of the element of true sport if centreboard were raced against centreboard, cutter against cutter, schooner against schooner, and not centreboard against cutter, schooner against ocean steamship and dingy against a United States man-of-war—although the last would be undoubtedly interesting if it took place outside the Hook, because of the uncertainty as to whether the United States man-of-war could be kept above water.

* * *

THERE is a disposition among liberal-minded sportsmen to hope that the *Thistle* may bear off the cup this year, so that we may build a vessel to go over to England and bring it back next year. Previous to Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne's appearance on the stage we were ourselves quite reconciled to such an idea; but the negotiations between the *Mayflower* and *Arrow* representatives convinced us that fair play is as yet an unknown quantity among British sportsmen when they are in a position to make demands. If the *Thistle* takes the cup, the New York Yacht Club and all other American yacht clubs must bid it farewell forever, as there is nothing to prevent our English cousins from stipulating that all foreign competitors shall be securely

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THE VISITOR CARRIES TOO MUCH FREIGHT.

anchored during the race, and that the captain and crew shall give bonds not to pass an English boat, or go to the Tower.

When an English sportsman is so placed that he cannot take undue advantage of another he is the soul of honor, but once give him the upper hand—well, it is a paradox, but he is apt to be underhanded.

* * *

WE hereby give notice that we have chartered a complete file of New York papers for the day after the Yacht Race, and have engaged at considerable expense a brilliant young man who knows a Jib-boom from a Presidential boom to compile our account of the great event for the coming issue.

WE respect and admire the Hebrew race, but we must confess that never have we seen one who could be called a gentile-man.

THE COLLECTOR WILL PLEASE NOTICE.

THERE is nothing to equal the noise and bustle of an arriving steamship at this season of the year, and what is more the bustle covereth a multitude of gloves, laces and other dutiable articles.

IT is well known that water won't stick to grease, and from personal observation we doubt if it clings to any great extent among Italians.

A MOST inappropriate selection for the opening of a German given at Newport was the Boulanger March.

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THE HUMOROUS FLY.

A FABLE.

"OH, mother," said a little fly,
"Pray is not that a fish?
To play a little joke on him
Is what I greatly wish.

Along the surface of the pool
With noisy buzz I'll skim,
And when he rises, off I'll fly
And get the laugh on him."

(HE TRIED IT.)

The childless mother sadly tried
Her sorrow to forget,
And at that funny little joke
That fish is smiling yet.

MORAL.—Don't be too funny.

H. D. C.

THE prevailing style of architecture is growing so in popularity that druggists are now selling Queen-Anne pills.

IT is said that Baron Nordenskjold will not make any further Arctic explorations for two years.

It is kjold day of the Norden people.

REASONABLE.

NEWLY MARRIED HUSBAND (*on board Cunard steamship, to bride*): Come now, Emma, be a man!

THE Englishman who said that hugging was "'armless" was wrong. It is 'armful.

IT is surprising that the tall tower at Fastnet is not blown away, it is such a lighthouse.

BOARD WANTED.

HOW OLD FITZ CHROMO WAS MADE TO APPEAR DOUBLE-FACED.

AN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

WE have before us a note from a correspondent which reads as follows:

Henry George calls himself the friend of the poor man. After much research I have failed to discover on what this title rests. Will you kindly enlighten me? *J. D.*

Certainly, J. D. We are very glad of the opportunity to enlighten you and other sneerers at that disinterested philanthropy which is represented by Henry George. He has done this for the poor man: He wrote a book and subjected himself to the humiliation of a cheap edition so that the poor man could buy it for twenty-five cents. He contributed largely to the fund of what is familiarly known as "guff" that was and is still being applied to the sole benefit of the poor man. He has organized an anti-poverty society so that the poor man can spend his dollars there instead of in the rum shop. He has given the poor man a perpetual candidate for office, and above all, Henry George has afforded the poor man an opportunity to obtain in one year more good advice from the anti-George papers than the poor man could otherwise have received in the course of five lifetimes.

We fear you did not look far, J. D., or you never would have addressed the above epistle to us.

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VAT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

YOUNG FORTUNE HUNTER: Eh? What? Do you mean to say your father has failed?

MISS BEAUTY: Oh, no, not failed; he has paid up every dollar; but he is no longer rich, you know.

"Noble man! He refused to take advantage of his creditors, then?"

"Yes, he owes no man a penny, but it will be a long time before he can retrieve himself. He said, however, that if we married next month, as we desired, he could give me a small dowry, but it would be very small, only thirteen hundred."

"My dear, we'd better wait. Thirteen is an unlucky number."—*Omaha World.*

SMITH: Well, my boy, how do you like Nantasket?

JONES: Oh, it's delightful!

SMITH: And the folks at the hotel?

JONES: They are very nice indeed. The ladies are charming. Smith, I believe I have met my fate.

SMITH: Indeed! I congratulate you. Will I have a chance of seeing this inamorata of yours?

JONES: Indeed you shall! Why, here she is coming now; let me introduce you.

SMITH: No need of it, old fellow; that's my wife.—*Boston Budget.*

WANTED HER MONEY'S WORTH.

"WHAT'S the nationality of them?" said a tall woman with a determined eye, as she pointed her parasol at the elephant in the circus which recently exhibited at Sioux Falls.

"African, mum," replied the man in attendance.

"Awful light-colored for coming from Africa, seems to me," continued the determined-eyed woman. "And see here, you just tell the owners of this show that I say I think they've got a mighty poor lot of camels—all of 'em single-humped except one. When I pay fifty cents cash for myself and one seventy-five for the children to get in, I want to see more double-humpers and less hair rubbed off of 'em 'round in spots! You just tell 'em what I say!"—*Dakota Bell.*

"I UNDERSTAND you are to have a big agricultural fair up your way?"

"Yes; or rather we did intend having one, but we've been disappointed."

"Disappointed? In what way?"

"Why, you see, we got the race-course all laid out, and the base-ball field up nice and handy, and everything was getting on splendidly, when we found that we had no room for go-as-you-please pedestrian races."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes; and that isn't the worst of it. There's a lot of old fossils who want to exhibit cattle, vegetables and all that sort o' stuff."—*Boston Transcript.*

MISS JONES: Don't you think, Mr. Heha, that Miss Brown, whom you met last evening, is a very plain person?

MR. HEHA: Yes, indeed, I think she is the homeliest girl I ever saw, present company of course always ex—er—um—that—is—yes, yes, she's mighty plain.—*Philadelphia News.*

Have you used Packer's Tar Soap for Shampooing? It's immense!!

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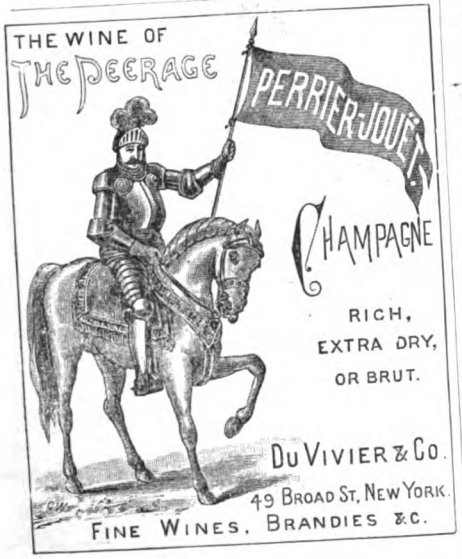
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ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

THE most flagrant case of professional discourtesy on record occurred on a Southern Pacific train the other day. Some highwaymen, after cleaning out the passengers of every dollar, went away without giving the sleeping-car porter a single cent.—*New York Tribune.*

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

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OMAHA GIRL: Isn't Mr. De Blank funny?

OMAHA YOUTH: I notice you seemed to think so.

"Why, he has kept us laughing half the evening. Didn't you enjoy his wit?"

"I found it very tiresome."

"Tiresome? Oh, you don't mean it. I know you have a keen appreciation of humor. Why didn't you enjoy Mr. De Blank's jokes?"

"Well, the fact is, he takes the same funny paper that I do."—*Omaha World.*

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It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,

are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

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Owner of Dog: DON'T BE AFEARED OF HIM, MISTER, I'VE GOT HIM MUZZLED.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON writes with a heavy stroke, leaving considerable superfluous ink on the page. At one time, when he was going over some manuscript at a friend's house, and dropping the sheets on the floor as he finished them, the friend's little girl came into the room. "Take care, Hope," said the lady, "don't step into Mr. Hutton's manuscripts, or you will wet your feet."—*Ex.*

* * * "Oh, Mr. Lala, do see that Van Vandevan girl with Baron Von Geisenbach. Did you ever meet the Baron?"

"No, I shave myself."—*Ex.*

A PARVENU.

(*The Coming Aristocracy of Mind.*)

HE: Charming youth, that young Bellamy—such a refined and cultivated intellect! When you think what he's *risen* from, poor fellow, it really does him credit!

SHE: Why, were his people—a—inferiah!

HE: Well, yes. His grandfather's an earl, you know, and his uncle's a bishop; and he *himself* is heir to an old baronetcy with eighty thousand a year!—*Punch.*

CHICAGO LADY (*to dealer*): Have you dessert knives?

DEALER: Yes, madam, a complete assortment.

CHICAGO LADY: I want them quite dull for eating pie, you know.—*New York Sun.*

AMY (*speaking of the responsibilities of matrimony*): Would you be afraid to marry on five thousand a year, Tom?

TOM: Not a bit, if I could only find a girl with that amount of income.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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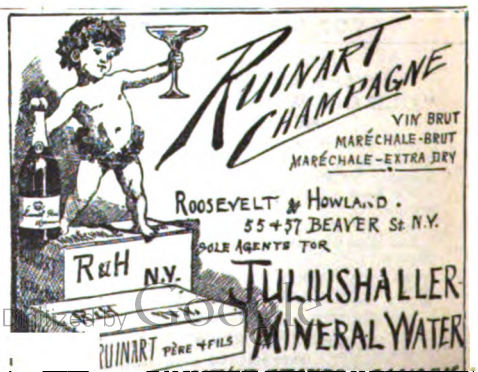

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1887. NUMBER 249.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

Mrs. Brown (after exceptionally fine dinner): I TELL MY HUSBAND THAT IF HE WILL BRING GENTLEMEN HOME UNEXPECTEDLY, HE MUSTN'T COMPLAIN IF EVERYTHING ISN'T RIGHT.

Dumley: PRAY MAKE NO EXCUSES, I WASN'T AT ALL HUNGRY.

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

VOL. X. OCTOBER 6, 1887. No. 249.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

A DOZEN clever young Frenchmen, whilom disciples of M. Zola, have come to the front on the first page of *Figaro*, and renounced their master and most of his works. "La Terre," M. Zola's last story, is discovered by these discerning young men to be a nasty book, and Col. Theodore Child writes from Paris to the *Sun*, to say that their protest has been sustained throughout France, and the great master of realism is generally denounced as "coarse, erratic and scatological."

Hans Andersen used to tell a story about an invisible suit of clothes, which was sold to a king by a plausible drummer, on the strength of a theory which imputed serious intellectual defects to any one who could not see the garments. The king went about in what the haberdashers call his "underwear," until a small, unprejudiced boy remarking on his need of an outer garment, immediately discovered that he had given voice to public opinion.

The ingenuous youths who have discouraged M. Zola's nakedness seem to have done a like good office. Yesterday Zola was the most famous of living French novelists; to-day he is "a disgrace to France," and "scatological" in the bargain.

Zola was a realist like our own Howells. Let us hope the admirer of James will take warning, and not get himself into disrepute by exposing more of the intellectual microbes of Boston shop-girls or Harvard undergraduates than the people can stand.

* * *

IF Zola really is out of fashion, it is an enormous gain to clean-thinking and right living. If he and the unpardonable Mallock, and Editor Stead of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Clara Bell, could all be towed out to sea and scuttled and sunk, the world would be so much nicer than it is that it might even afford to pardon the Chicago Anarchists. They are a bad four, Mallock and Stead being more disgusting than the others, because they wallow with such an assumption of high moral purpose.

THE friends of the convicted Anarchists manifest a curious reluctance to have them enjoy the advantages of martyrdom. The suggestion has even been made that if they are executed their wives will kill their children and commit suicide. It does not appear why this prospect of the extirpation of a detestable, cut-throat breed should occasion serious popular disquietude. The intimation that Judge Gary's life will not be safe after the men are hanged is of a more serious character. But Chicago is a rich city, and if the execution comes off it can afford to have Judge Gary as heavily insured as the Czar of Russia himself. If the men are pardoned it should be on condition that four of them shall join the Chicago police force, and that the other shall take Judge Gary's place on the bench. It is of great importance that the administration of Chicago justice should be in the hands of men who are not afraid.

* * *

LIFE presents its respectful compliments to the President and wishes that he and Mrs. Cleveland may have a most agreeable trip through the West. Several esteemed metropolitan journals have been estimating the cost of the excursion, and are disturbed for fear that the profits of it will not justify its expense. The *Sun* in particular seems almost as much concerned at Mr. Cleveland's extravagance as it used to be because of the supposed penuriousness of the late Mr. Hayes.

Our neighbor seems to us to be borrowing trouble. The President's office is fairly lucrative, and there is no good reason why he should deny himself or his wife any reasonable pleasure that seems attractive. When the *Sun* is on as good terms with the American people as the President is, and has their wishes and their welfare as much at heart as he, it will understand his desire to see as many of his friends and as much of his country as he can. Meanwhile, why not regard this grand round as the President's wedding journey. He never has really had one before, and, on his wedding journey, what man counts the cost?

If LIFE has any regret about the trip it is that Mr. Ballard Smith was not one of the two accomplished journalists invited to accompany the Presidential party.

* * *

BEFORE Mr. Mackay indulges in further friendly rivalry of Mr. Cyrus Field, an anxious public would like to be assured that the Colonna family has been placed beyond the reach of want or financial vicissitude. The American people desires to be sure that two Italian noblemen, at least, need not bring out their hurdy-gurdies during the present generation. It does not wish to learn that Colonna's father-in-law has collapsed and the Markeesy di Pullman is left to go it alone. Does it, Colonel Field?

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A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

She: WHY, CHARLIE, WHAT A PILE OF LETTERS! *Billets doux*, I SUPPOSE?

He: NOT AT MY TIME OF LIFE, MY DEAR. BILLIES OVER-DUE.

A LASTING FASHION.

IN olden days it was the rule
For cap and bells to grace the fool:
His cap is gone, but Fashion tells
Me that the fool still goes with belles.

Maude A. Andrews.

A NEW UNION.

THE baseball players have organized themselves into a brotherhood with the captain of the Giants at their head. What the Giants' claim to this distinction may be is not apparent. Connoisseurs in ball have frequently asserted that the Giants do not play baseball, and our own observation of their vacillation as regards the second, third and fourth places in the League, convinces us that the connoisseurs are not far out of the way.

However this may be, we trust the Brotherhood will accomplish one or two reforms, which are briefly as follows:

First. Make the various members of the League adopt titles more indicative of their peculiarities and less hard of comprehension. "The Giants" should be the Pigmies. "The Maroons" may convey some idea as to the make-up of the Detroits to those who observe that maroon is red, that beets are likewise red, and that Detroit always beats; but it takes too long a time and too much of a strain on the average intellect to reach this conclusion. The Philadelphians are called "Phillies," yet sportsmen frequently refer to fast horses as fillies, and everyone who knows anything is aware that no Philadelphian could ever be called fast.

Second. The Brotherhood should strike for more ball and less talk at the big games.

Third and Last. A Sinking or Insurance Fund for Umpires should be founded. The Umpire wins as many games as he loses by his errors, and in the long run it will be seen that he does fully as much good in the world as he does bad, and is worthy of a pension in case his neck or legs get broken in the service.

If the Brotherhood will do these things it may count on LIFE'S unqualified support.

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SOME AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

Tennyson.

OVER! the sweet summer closes,
The reign of the roses is done;
The coal-hod the fan now deposes,
The reign of the plumber's begun.

Longfellow.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners by great gales incessant fanned:
The yachts to race now strive in vain,
For all the wind is on the land.

* * *

THE *Sun* of Sunday contains an editorial on the American party.

It fails to call attention to the paradox that the most fashionable American party is a German.

* * *

IT is stated on good authority that when the meteor struck Maine last week, nine-tenths of the population thought Mr. Blaine had returned.

* * *

A PHILADELPHIA friend of ours states that there is something underhanded about G. W. Childs. All his property even is said to be Ledger-domain.

* * *

HENRY GEORGE and Dr. McGlynn deny that they live like princes.

It was hardly necessary to make the denial. Everybody knows that Henry George only lives like a duke, and that Dr. McGlynn, deprived of his patri-mony, has to scrape along on what he can make by preaching against poverty at $50 an assault.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA is just the place for the celebration of centennials.

One gets an idea of how things were a hundred years ago when he visits the Quaker town.

* * *

THE *World* seems to be preparing the way for a Boston edition.

We find war paint referred to in a recent issue as "Cosmetics of Strife."

* * *

THE G. A. R. seems to be more or less of a Garrulous Army of Republicans.

THE Prince of Wales drinks like a fish, but he isn't much on the spout.

* * *

THE $50,000 musical instrument of which we hear so much must be a sort of a pianissimo.

* * *

IT is stated that Mr. Barnum has made a very flattering offer to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria for the coming season.

* * *

AN ELECTION POSTER OF THE FUTURE.

VOTE FOR PAPA'S BOY.

* * *

ONE of the Anarchists was quite unstrung when he heard that he was doomed.

He will be re-strung, however, on or about November 11.

* * *

BISMARCK writes to an enquiring correspondent that they call a brand of cheese Limburger because it gets around in a way suggestive of limbs.

* * *

A NEW tea company, which displays the sign "Honest Tea the Best Policy," has been closed by the police under the laws regulating policy shops.

* * *

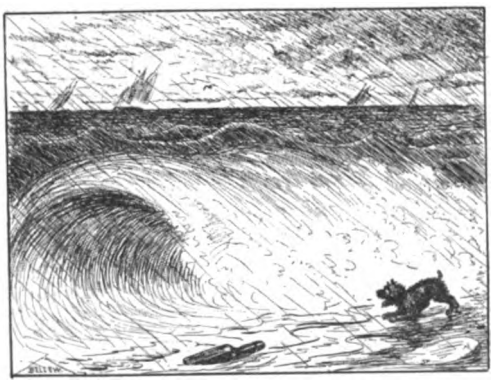
WE suggest that since the plan of nominating sons of fathers for office has been recognized as worthy of a trial, the old song,

"*Pop, goes the Weasel,*"

be adopted for campaign purposes.

* * *

IMPOTENCE.



MY BARK IS ON THE SHORE.

"YOU can get up a pretty good dinner without wine," remarked Governor Hill to the Newburg reception committee.

We beg to observe that Governor Hill is a demi-jo—that is, a demagogue of the deepest dye.

* * *

A PICTURE of Jefferson Davis in army garb appears in a Sunday contemporary.

If it be an accurate photograph, the ex-President of the Confederacy has discarded skirts and renewed the pants of commerce.

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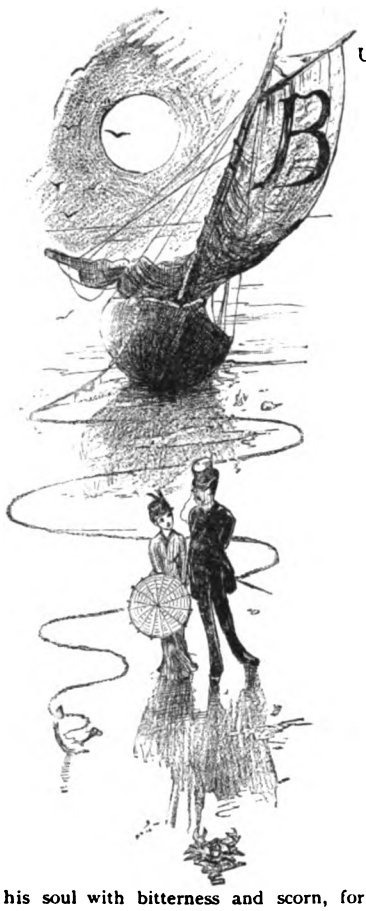
MR. WILTON'S ADVENTURE.



CHAPTER II.

BUT to return to our young friend in the counting-house. Mr. Carroll Wilton, with his advanced ideas, naturally disapproved of hard work; he considered it undignified, degrading and most unbecoming to a gentleman; and so, when the crack of the office door blew upon his back to such an extent that he came down with pneumonia, he was not as sorry as he might have been, although he most strenuously objected to being called upon to give an air of respectability to Paradise by his presence there. He survived his illness, however, as he had, in a measure, inherited his father's constitution, which, he explained, was such an iron affair that the old gentleman would surely see his two hundredth birthday, and moreover stood a very good chance of never dying at all. I am grieved to state that these reflections were suggested by the fact that his father persisted in allowing him but $3,000 a year for his personal expenses, and the smallness of this sum filled his soul with bitterness and scorn, for it was barely enough for him to dress himself on; and to be obliged to forego those absolute necessities of life, such as horses, carriages and yachts, was an outrage that but very few men could bear.

As Mr. Wilton's illness had proved most conclusively that all forms of what is known as "business" were exceedingly unhealthy, and as an unappreciative public failed to come forward and offer him a position which entailed no other labor than that of drawing a large salary, Mr. Wilton was forced by circumstances and a relentless fate to become a sort of lily of the field, limited. The duties of this position consisted in studying out new designs with his tailor, cultivating a British accent and vocabulary, posing at the club windows, and paying great attention to the latest fad or freak of fashion, such as wearing the bottoms of his trousers turned up in dry weather, carrying his watch in his breeches pocket, and other such brain-racking devices. Then when summer came, he was, of course, obliged to go to Newport. In his inmost soul Mr. Wilton considered Newport a hot, muggy, crowded, unhealthy little place, but as it was the proper thing to go there, he went, and kept his own counsel.

Mr. Wilton's life at Newport differed but little from his life in town. He went about in his friends' traps and yachts, appeared at the various society events in the evening, and loafed considerably at the stuffy little club, where the very bad brand of whisky which they offered made him exceedingly unhappy.

Geologists tell us that this North American continent of ours is an unfinished affair, or, in the words of the old saw, "was made late Saturday night," and was never meant to be inhabited by white folk. I know of no stronger proof that can be brought forward to sustain this theory than to point to that desolate spot called Narragansett Pier on the *lucus a non lucendo* principal, as there is no pier anywhere in the vicinity. Nature seems to have done her very worst for this spot, and man has exerted himself to the utmost to make matters still more hideous, and altogether the place is so peculiarly unattractive that I am unable to explain why Mr. Wilton and a party of choice youths should have sailed over on a certain bright morning in August and landed there. I am also unable to explain why the wind, then and there, died completely out, and did not make its appearance again till the following noon; and I am inclined to think that it was Mr. Wilton's oft-quoted "relentless fate" that engineered the matter, for it was entirely owing to this prolonged calm that Mr. Wilton fell in with Miss Higgins — Miss Julia Higgins, of St. Louis. I am painfully aware that this name has an unaristocratic ring to it, and that there are certain people who may smile at it, but you would have paid little attention to the name, and certainly reserved your smiles if you could have but looked upon Miss Higgins. Now, I am old, dispassionate, and profoundly experienced in these matters, and therefore when I state that Miss Higgins was the most beautiful, as well as the most charming creature of modern times, I trust that no one will accuse me of exaggeration or prejudice. I will not attempt to describe her, or bore you by dwelling upon her wonderful light-brown hair with its streaks of gold, her peach-like complexion, her superb figure, or her ineffable grace; but I must say a few words concerning her eyes, for such eyes were certainly never seen before. They were very large, almost too large, and of a wonderful liquid blue; so soft, so tender, so melting, and anon so deep and earnest! Truly they were the beautiful windows of a most beautiful soul, and the amount of expression that they were capable of showing goes far beyond the power of words to describe, and so perhaps I had better not attempt it any further.

(*To be continued.*)

YOUTHFUL HOPES.

"MAMMA, will Heaven be just like church all the time?"

"I hope so, dear," said her mother.

"Well, I sha'n't say my prayers any more; I'd rather go to the other place."

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

Robber: YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

Victim: WELL, LOOK HERE, YOU MAY SHOOT IF YOU LIKE, BUT I'M CLEANED OUT; I HAVE JUST BROUGHT MY FAMILY FROM THE SEASIDE AND—

Robber: ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. PASS RIGHT ON!

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PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

"THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES SHALL TEACH ME SPEED."

King John.

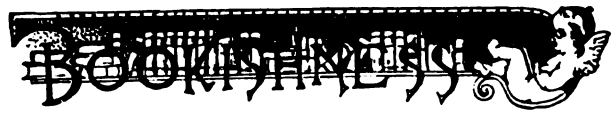
PEER OR PIER.

THEY hugged the main-deck's sturdy rail,
Where wind beat hard and spray shot harder;
They watched the waves in vain assail
The ship—an outward-bound Cunarder.
Behind, faint fairies sang and swung
A witch's caldron phosphorescent,
And midst the starry jewels hung
The wishing-moon's clairvoyant crescent.

"Let's wish," said he, "Love ruled the helm,
And Cupid was our covert Captain;
Afar—a sun-kissed, islet-realm,
A port, which mortal sail ne'er flapped in;
And add that thou and I alone
Might make Arcadian invasion—
Ah, dost thou wish for such a throne?
Thither would'st urge thy sweet persuasion?"

"Dear boy, you make me tired," she said;
"My wish is not absurdly stupid.
Diana and the moon are dead;
The silliest myth of all was Cupid.
I do not long for rural thrones
Except in some provincial shire—
I only hope that Captain Jones
Will guide me to a British p(i)eer."

Herbert L. Doggett.



A WORD FOR THE PHILISTINES.

MOST people are heartily tired of the petty little battle of pea-shooters which has been going on for several years between the Realists and Idealists. There has been a great deal of ammunition wasted and nobody seriously hurt on either side. It is doubtful whether the people (the good, honest, bone and sinew, dinner-eating, contented class) ever cared two straws for the whole discussion. What they want is a fine, wholesome story, no matter who writes it. And they are *right*, as usual. The world would not be worth living in if it were not for the Philistines. They build our railroads, our cities, our opera-houses; they buy our pictures, our books, our magazines; they don't growl or criticise or mope. They *live*, Jove bless them! and enjoy it.

This cannot be said of many of the "literary men," who are forever rasping at the Philistines. They are an effeminate class who barely support their families unless they have inherited wealth. There is a want of vigor, spine, and aggressive manliness among them. And yet they go around teaching men how to live ideal lives! It would be ludicrous if it were not pitiful—as pitiful as the sewing-society, charity-kept type of clergymar.

* * *

NOW what we started saying is that the Realists (whom we do not either love or admire) have certainly counted for health and anti-morbidness in literature. Mr. Howells never wrote a page which would foster weakness or despair (neither did he ever lead to heroism or great deeds—but that's another side of the question). Read the last instalment of his "April Hopes," which should be a gloomy one on all romantic principles. Yet it is full of the most delicious humor and genial sunshine. You feel that here is an author who has lived his life sensibly and comfortably (as most people know he has). Here it is in a nutshell: "The difficulty in life is to bring experience to the level of expectation, to match our real emotions in view of any great occasion with the ideal emotions which we have taught ourselves that we ought to feel." And after you have taken that little sermon home, read this: "I've seen some pretty cheerful funerals," said Boardman, "and it's this principle of steps, of degrees, of having to do this little thing and that little thing that keeps funerals from killing the survivors."

These are wholesome, honest sentiments that really warm the heart; and here is a royal welcome for Philistinism: "Some of the best people I've ever known were what were called worldly people. They are apt to be sincere, and they have none of the spiritual pride, the conceit of self-righteousness, which often comes to people who are shut up by conscience or circumstance to the study of their own motives and actions."

* * *

A SIMILAR phase of this question is brought out in Miss Woolson's admirable story, "At the Château of Corinne," in the October *Harper's*. She satirizes with rare force the poet, *Percival*—"one of those tall, slim, long-faced, talking fellows whom you women are very apt to admire." None the less telling are her drives at the literary woman who leaves her proper mental realm, and comes "in all

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her purity, which must inevitably be soiled, to the garish arena where men are contending, where the dust is rising, and the air is tainted and heavy."

* * *

THE fiction of whatever school which derides Puritanical cant, and upholds simplicity, sincerity, manliness, and womanliness in Philistines or the Elect, among business or literary men—will find many readers and admirers.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. No. 5. New York: The Century Co.

Well Worn Roads. Traveled by a Painter in Search of the Picturesque. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

One Hundred Days in Europe. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Speculator in Petticoats. By Hector Malot. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Love and Theology. A Novel. By Celia Parker Woolley. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Modern Instance. By William Dean Howells. Ticknor's Paper Series, No. 18. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Three Good Giants, whose Famous Deeds are Recorded in the Ancient Chronicles of François Rabelais. Compiled from the French by John Dimitry, A.M. Illustrated by Doré & Robida. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Collection of Letters of Thackeray, 1847-1855. With Portraits and Reproductions of Letters and Drawings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

AIRY PERSIFLAGE FROM THE JERSEY COAST.

"SEE here, Ocean," said the Shore, "you water be ashamed of yourself for beating me so."

"I'll waive your complaints. You should have more sand than to growl," retorted the Sea.

"I never go billow in rough weather," was the scornful response.

"That's because you have all the shell-ter you need without," replied the Ocean, pointing to the remains of a recent clambake.

"Well, all I've got to say is that if you don't stop lapping over on me, I'll have you arrested for a salt," said the Beach. "I've had a surf-eit of you."

"Oh, Pshore!" retorted the Ocean.

And the Coast was so overcome with indignation that it fairly foamed at the mouth.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

ADAM: Eve, why did you eat that apple?

EVE (*wearily*): Cores.

N.B.—This is one of the jokes that were saved in the Ark. For the other, *vide* London *P—nch.*

AT A FASHIONABLE RESORT.

He: STOP A SECOND. THERE'S AN ENORMOUS MOSQUITO ON MY CHEEK.

She (who has much respect for her betters): OH, ROBERT, DON'T KILL HIM! SOME OF THE BEST BLOOD OF AMERICA FLOWS IN HIS VEINS.

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AUTUMN

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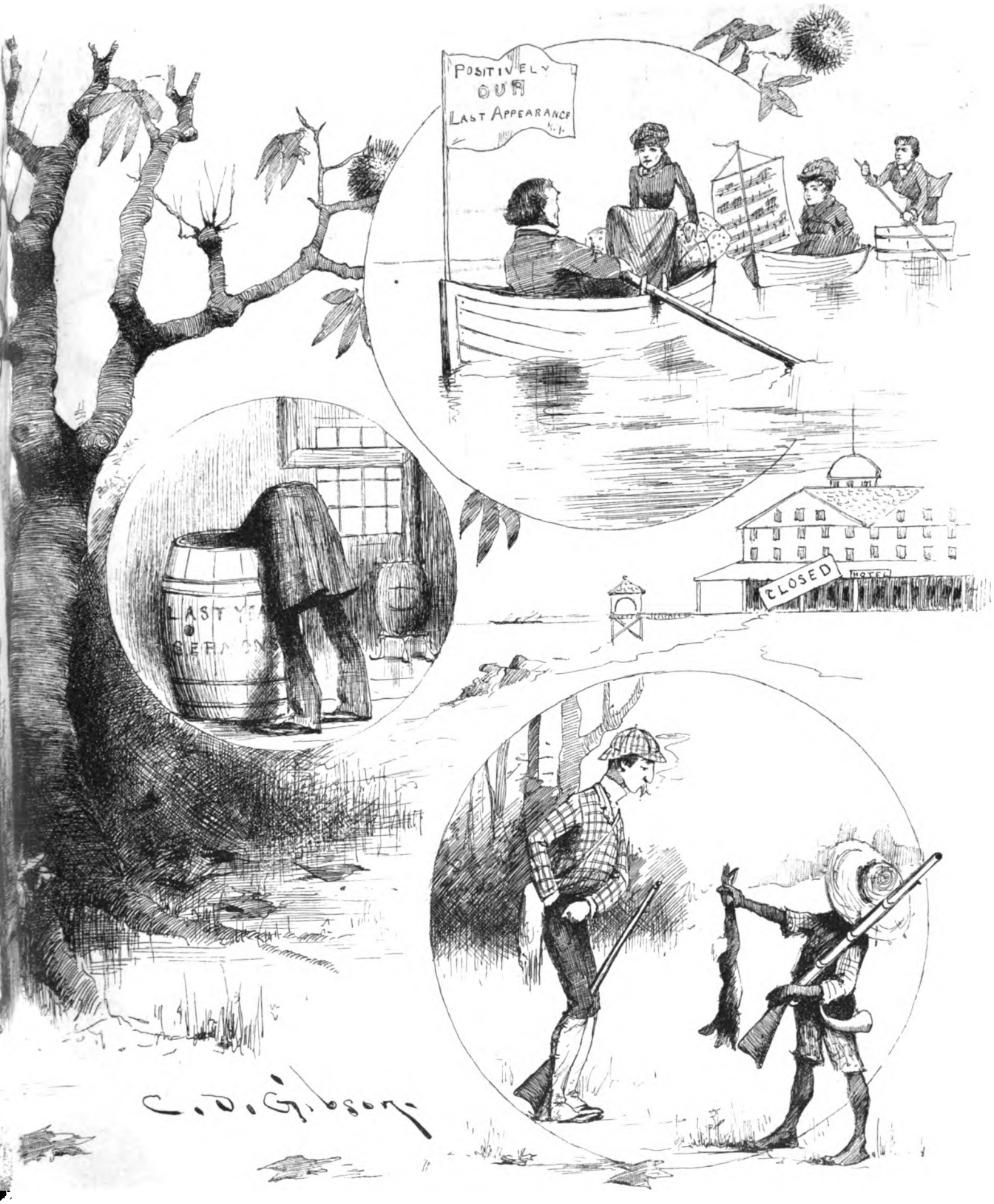
FE ·



UMN SCENES.

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AN IDYLL OF VICTORY.

ALLE hail to thee, fleete *Volunteer!*
Hail, likewise, General Paine!
And Britons, if ye want ye Cuppe,
Why ye must come agayne.
And, by ye way, ye Scotchmen bolde,
Ye men aboard ye *Thistle*,
Next time ye try to winne ye Cuppe,
Whyle in ye woodes, don't whistle.

* * *

IT will be remembered that with our usual enterprise we predicted a victory for the *Volunteer* last week. There were many wise-acres who gravely shook their heads and pretended to know that because the *Thistle's* keel had been sand-papered, her rudder had been oiled and her bowsprit had been sharpened, the Scotch cutter would

THE "VOLUNTEER" CROSSING THE STARTING LINE.

bear the "cup acrass the sae," as a Scottish poet has touchingly alluded to the Atlantic. We, as usual, knew better. The readers of LIFE need not be told that it is our invariable custom to know better, and that we never hide the light of our knowledge under the bushel of oblivion. When there is room for two opinions we express both, and we have yet to run foul of an unfulfilled prophecy. In this instance events have shown that there was room for but one opinion, and "we point with pride" to the fact that WE expressed it.

The first day's race was viewed by our correspondent through the

THE "THISTLE" WAITING FOR THE WORD.

hazy medium of the daily papers, and, as was to be expected, there was a very considerable wind from all quarters.

The *Thistle* was the first to cross the starting line, and for a moment the *World* was very much afraid that the race was lost to the *Volunteer*, but the *Sun* and *Herald* were more sanguine. The *Tribune* fortunately worked up a little wind for General Paine's sloop at this point, and the *Star* had the extreme gratification of seeing the Boston boat forge slowly but surely to the front. Then it was that the *Commercial Advertiser* enjoyed the unexpected bliss of noting that the *Thistle*, in spite of a dummy engine on her keel, a paddle-wheel on her rudder, and a tow-line secreted elsewhere on her person, was unable to cope with her American rival, while the editor of the *Evening Post* was sorrowfully impelled to cable an editorial to his paper on the boorishness of Captain Haff in thus turning his back upon and giving his wash to a visitor who had every right to expect hospitable treatment.

Thus the race progressed, and the relative positions of the two boats varied little. At three o'clock, according to several bulletins, the *Volunteer* was two-and-a-half miles ahead of the *Thistle*, while the *Thistle* was one-and-three-quarter miles behind the *Volunteer*,

THE "THISTLE" CROSSING THE LINE.

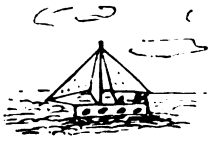
and at four the *Volunteer*, in spite of the fact that the *Thistle* was gradually creeping up upon her, was widening the distance between her and her rival every minute.

At the conclusion of the race, when the *Volunteer* had crossed the line anywhere from one to three miles ahead of the *Thistle*, a round

THE JUDGE'S BOAT.

of steam whistles were fired in honor of the splendid victory, and when the defeated Scotch boat drifted toward the finish a second salvo of steam was let off, as a sort of consolatory greeting.

The special artists for the press at once returned home and sketched out some instantaneous photographs of the event, and the yachtsmen retired to neighboring restaurants and played havoc with such provender as was available.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FINISH.

The illustrations which accompany this article were prepared, according to the usual enterprise of this paper, three weeks in advance, and may be regarded as accurate to the last degree, especially the one depicting the bird's-eye view of the finish, upon which our especial canary lavished the best energies of his omniscient eye.

As for Thursday's race, we hardly deem it advisable to delay going to press in order to summarize its chief events. It is sufficient, we think, for us to append a highly finished picture of the

WINNER,

and leave our readers to the tender mercies of the brilliant sporting correspondents of our Esteemed Contemporaries of the Daily Press for further details.

Carlyle Smith.

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INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT RACE.

TAKEN BY "LIFE'S" INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHER.

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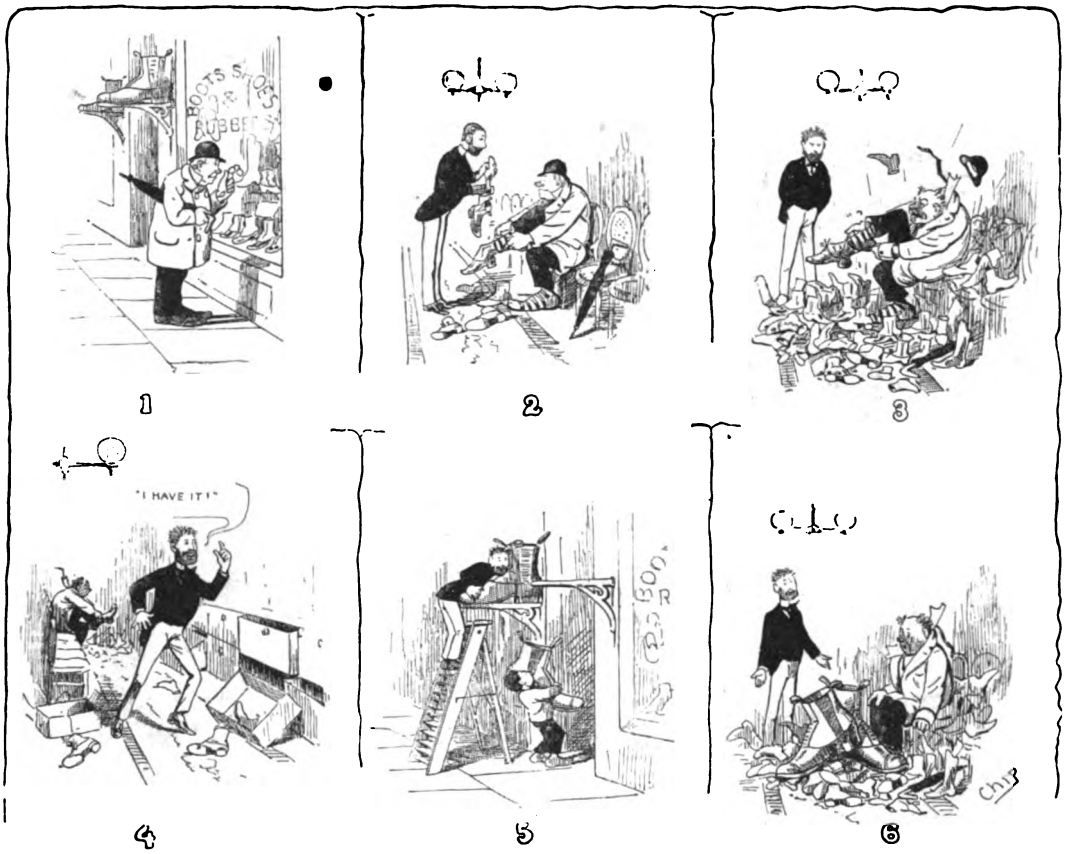

TALE OF A FOOT.

"LIFE'S" WANT COLUMN.

RECOGNIZING that many laborers in many fields are oppressed by many wants which they have no means of laying before the public, we have opened this column for their use. Advertisements will be inserted at the uniform rate of $1,000 per nonpareil line, and no questions asked.

A DESERVING young Economist would like the Earth. Address, H. George, Anti-Poverty Club, N. Y.

WANTED: A rest from the Anarchists.
Public, U. S.

WANTED: At Sing Sing, a few experienced bribers as companions. Address, Jaehne, Boodlers' Row.

OHIO. A large number of Ohio gentlemen will be glad to receive sealed proposals for mesmerizing Mr. Foraker. Estimates may be sent to G. A. R.

WANTED: An experienced repairer of damaged Booms. Address, D. B. H., Executive Mansion, Albany.

INVESTMENTS. Wanted, by a poor widow, an investment for the hard-earned savings of fifty years. Please address, Victoria, Balmoral.

CASHIER wanted by a rich banking institution. No teetotalers, Sunday-school teachers, highly moral or religious men need apply. Heathens preferred. Call or write, Wall St.

HELP! A gentleman who lives in the heart of the city, and who is in the power of ruffians, would like a respectable policeman as companion for a few moments. Call at once, Five Points.

CONTRACTOR BAIRD.
CONTRACTOR BAIRD. WANTED: A pavement. Please call at once and interview
Fifth Avenue.

A RESPECTABLE old man would like a complete letter writer. Please address, Hewitt, City Hall.

WANTED an ANGEL for Park Commissioner.
WANTED an ANGEL for Police Commissioner.
WANTED an ANGEL for Street Commissioner.
Apply to Mayor, New York City.

NEWS wanted by a Philadelphia newspaper.
Inquire at LIFE Office.

CHICAGO. Seven Anarchists want hanging.
Justice, Ill.

A FASHION ITEM.

HERE is a fashion note from Sunday's *World*:

Mr. Blank's funeral to-day will show many autumn fashions in flowers. The violet garlands will be wound about the casket, deep purple Russian violets comprising the flowers of the upper part and shading into pale ones below. This garland is so formed that it fringes the side of the coffin, besides being wound around it.

It is items such as this that indicates true enterprise. We hope the *World* will enlighten its readers as to whether coffins are to be decolleté this winter.

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A GLORIOUS SUCCESS.

"HOW do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.

"It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response. "I wonder how I ever got along without it!"

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."

So he rolled up his sleeves and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:—

"afted Using thee automatig Back-action atype writ, er for thre emonth$an d Over. I unhesittattinggly pronounce it prono nce it to be al ad even more than th e Manufacturs claim? for it. During the time been in our posessio n e. i, th ree monthz! id has nore th an than paid paid for it$elf in the Saveing oF time an d labrr?"

john £ Snith.

"There you are, sir."

"Thanks," said the agent dubiously.—*New York Sun.*

YOU can't always judge by appearances. The man who wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy.—*Lowell Citizen.*

BRIC-A-BRAC.

"BRIGHT things fell from Bessie's lips," in Mrs. Holmes's last novel, probably means that Bessie dropped the gold filling out of her teeth.—*Rahway Advocate.*

SHE WAS A LITTLE NERVOUS.

OLD LADY: Conductor, there ain't going to be a collision, I hope.

CONDUCTOR: I guess not.

OLD LADY: I want you to be very keerful; I've got two dozen eggs in this basket.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHAT TO TAKE TO PICNICS.

SHE: Are you going to the picnic on Tuesday, George?

HE: Oh, yes.

SHE (*with feeble indifference*): Alone, George?

HE: No; I shall take an umbrella.—*Ex.*

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

ONE of the contemporary poets asks: "Where are the bright girls of the past?' Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.—*Philadelphia Press.*

POLITENESS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE Saxons are a very polite people, so over polite that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in Dresden that a stranger in the city was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe, and asked a native to be directed to a certain church which he wished to find.

"Really, my dear sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve to say it, but I cannot tell you."

The stranger passed on, a little surprised at this voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a few rods when he heard footsteps behind him, and, turning, saw the same man running to catch up with him. In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but with enough left to say: "My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother and asked him, but I grieve to say he did not know either."—*Ex.*

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IN THE ALPS.

THE guide leads a couple to the brink of a frightful precipice, and then says in a mournful tone: "I brought a gentleman and his wife here last year. The lady leaned over too far and disappeared. The gentleman said it was one of the finest views he had ever seen."—*Judge.*

RAPID TRANSIT IN CHICAGO.

"FARE!" exclaimed a conductor on a Lincoln Avenue car, leaning toward a grizzled old man as the car came out of a "switch" at Indiana Street.

"Why I gave you my fare on the bridge," said the old man. "I got on there."

"No one got on at the bridge but a little boy," said the conductor.

"I know it," persisted the old man. "I aim that little boy."—*Chicago News.*

A CHILD'S THEOLOGY.

"MAMMA, where does Dod live?"

"Way up in the sky, my child."

"Well, then, I seen him yesterday a tummin' down de telegraph pole wif a wire in his hand."—*Yankee Blade.*

METHUSELAH NOWHERE.

"Who was the meekest person that ever lived, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"Moses."

"Correct, Tommy; and Willie Waffles may tell us who the oldest person was."

"She," promptly replied Willie.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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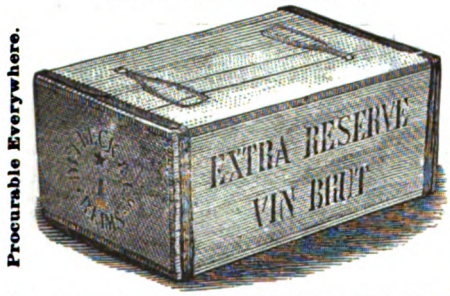

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LITTLE NEPHEW: Boo-ooh-ooh. It cost one and sixpence.—*Ex.*

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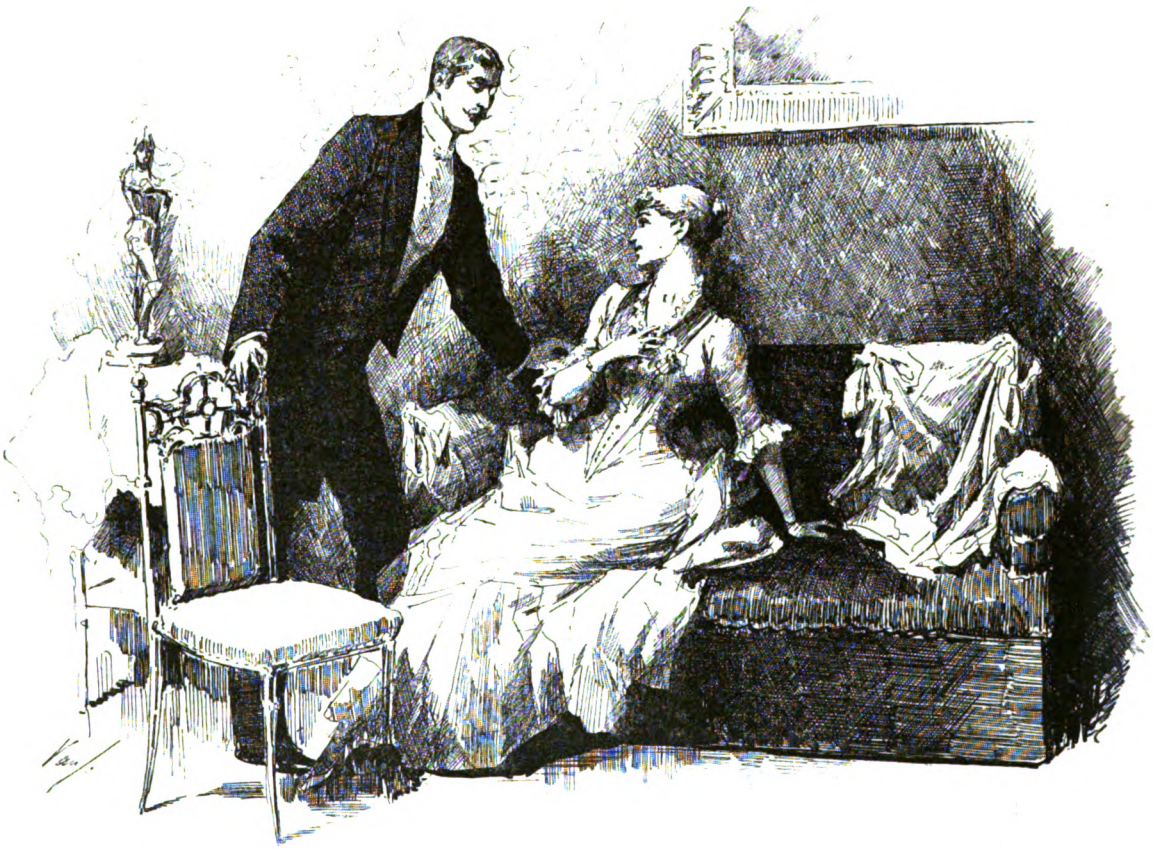

AFTER DINNER.

Mrs. Goodman (to Guest): YOU DON'T MIND THE SHORT PRAYER OFFERED BY MR. GOODMAN AT THE TABLE?

Guest: OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT. WHEN I SAW THOSE OYSTERS I FELT A LITTLE NERVOUS MYSELF.

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

VOL. X. OCTOBER 13, 1887. No. 250.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

THIS journal's grateful acknowledgments are made to *Scribner's Magazine* for the Thackeray letters. Are there not some more which their possessors owe to the world?

* * *

OF the two notorious witticisms which have resulted from our aquatic triumph, "Thistle be a great blow to Scotland" seems to us the better. The other, which involves the absence of a "cent aboard," is more labored and less elusive.

* * *

THE annual meeting of the American Board at Springfield has tasked the hospitality of all middle Massachusetts. The dispute between the baseball players and their bosses hardly excites more widespread interest in the public mind than the theological discussions in which the Board has become involved. Springfield is too small to hold the good people who want to be there, and they have been scattered along the line of the railroads from Northampton to Hartford.

What the missionaries are to teach is an interesting question, but not so exciting to the mind of LIFE as what plain ministers here at home are to preach to us plain people. Mr. Howells' friend, Count Tolstoï, says that the prevalent notions of Christianity are all wrong, and in deference to his notions on the subject he works in the fields and has abjured clean shirts. We would rather see Tolstoï's Christianity discussed by the American Board than even the future probation of the heathen. Would Mr. Howells set forth the opinions of his idol before the council? We fear not. He brags about Tolstoï, but sticks to clean linen for all that.

* * *

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW has got back from foreign parts with many new and agreeable narratives of the potentates who have been his pals. He had one painful experience, he says. He bought a copy of *Punch* and tried to be amused over it. That was the day that Mr. Depew got much-needed rest and made up his back sleep.

In spite of this gloomy experience and of his continuous hob-nobbing with Wales, the Duke of the Grand Union Depot is still a useful American, and said several good things at the dinner of the doctors after the opening of the new building given by Mr. Vanderbilt to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. When he made the statement that the rich are of no particular account in New York any more except as they administer their surplus revenues so as to benefit the public, he talked excellent sense, and it is gratifying to notice that many of the rich themselves seem to be of his opinion.

* * *

MR. DONNELY'S book is not out yet, but his theory is a pricked bubble. It seems as if the astute Milesian had overreached himself and delayed publication too long. The duration of a wonder is only nine days, and the waning interest in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was cut short by the dispute between the yachts. The American people have given Mr. Donnelly their attention, and they have transferred it. We shall be surprised if he ever gets it back again. He has not the advantage which Mr. George enjoys of appealing to people whose ignorant credulity is stimulated by their avarice.

* * *

THE black sheep of the British aristocracy seem to get a great deal more notice in these days than their respectable fellow-bucks. There was all that unpleasantness the other day about Hughes-Hallett, and now he is driven to the wall by the redoubtable Aylesbury, who turns up in deeper disgrace than usual. The expulsion of the young Marquis from Newmarket will materially lessen his opportunities of enjoyment in England, and we may expect to see him at Newport next season.

There have been some very pronounced blackguards at Newport this summer, both of British and American stock, and if they are not killed in bar-room fights or sent to prison before next year, Aylesbury may find them congenial company.

* * *

SEVERAL metropolitan journals have printed the extraordinary story of a woman who declares she is the Princess Royal of England, but was stolen out of her cradle when an infant and never got her dues. It is her substitute, she says, who figures as Crown Princess of Germany.

We do not quite believe her story, but even if it were true, there is no redress for her. "No goods exchanged" is the motto of all the crowned families in Europe. Let her get what comfort she can from the reflection that the Crown Prince is addicted to sore throat. It would be very awkward for her return to the royal family of England so late in the day as this. She can find pleasanter associates in New York.

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A GHOST STORY.

1.

2.

3.

MARVELOUSLY MATED.

PRETTY Kitty, when I asked her,
Why it was she scorned me so,
Said: "Because you are so homely—
If you'd really like to know."

But, I think, if you will listen,
I can shortly prove it true,
I've as many points of beauty,
Wicked Kitty, as have you.

Just as many points of beauty,
Though they're differently arranged;
But, of course, it cannot matter,
Simply that the place is changed.

You've a mouth of ruby redness,
I've a nose that's full as red;
You've a pair of rare gray optics,
So's the hair upon my head.

Smooth your cheek, and round and shining,
So's my crown, you carping Kate;
You've two dimples, round and little,
I have many, long and straight.

All a mass of gold your tresses,
Mostly gold my molars few;
Round your arm, and round your shoulder,
Am not I round-shouldered too?

You've a hand of wondrous softness,
I've a head to mate with it;
You've a waist amazing slender,
I can match it with my wit.

You've a voice of rippling water,
I've a pair of aqueous eyes;
You've a smile that fills the heavens,
I've a mouth that very size.

So 'tis clear, my pretty Kitty,
Though in beauty you excel,
If you simply change the order,
I compare extremely well.

J. P. Lyons.

4

5.

FINE PERFORMANCE.

"I SEE by the paper," said Mrs. Van Scruger, "that Mrs. George Green Dotter has selected the First Empire style for 'The Lady of Lyons,' to be given for her New York benefit. Her first toilet is made of heavy white satin, with a petticoat of white silken gauze, entirely embroidered in colors. From the shoulders and from under the arm waist hangs a mantle of green velvet, a sort of combination of the Watteau plait and the regular Court train. The bonnet that is worn with this dress is rather of the poke shape, made in green velvet with a tuft of black ostrich plumes. The traveling dress for the same play is made of gray cloth ornamented with silver fox. With this, too, goes a huge black picturesque felt hat, with such plumes as the stage alone could permit. The evening dress is of yellow silk, heavy with jets. Large pink roses ornament the corsage and train. I've always wanted to see *Pauline* well acted, and I must get Mr. Van Scruger to take me. It must be a superb performance!"

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A REFUTATION.

"THE beech is dipped in wine,"
Said a poet of repute,
When writing of the autumn brisk,
A charge which we refute;
For if the beach were dipped in wine
We're sure the Jersey coast
Would not to-day deserted be
By all except the host.

* * *

JAY GOULD isn't a bit afraid of edged tools—indeed, he affects them gilt-edged.

* * *

THE newspapers have had another attack of the ex-Rev. Stephen H. Tyng.

"Tyng-Tyng," as the bell said.

* * *

THE Republican organs claim that the recent Convention was unusually level-headed.

Perhaps this accounts for the unusual flatness of the ticket.

* * *

ILLUSTRATED CRIME.

KID-NAPPING.

* * *

WILL the Ball Players strike? asks a contemporary. Well, the New York members of the Brotherhood will—strike out!

* * *

"SPARE the rod and spoil the child" is a time-honored proverb; but when we go rodding, we must remember that forty rods make one rood, and a rude child is an abomination.

* * *

MR. LEW. VANDERPOOLE'S Sand bank seems to have suspended payment.

CAPTAIN BARR is a very religious Scotchman. He commands the *Thistle* because he doesn't wish to serve two masters.

* * *

A CASHIER who has just returned from Canada vows that the next time he removes trust funds he will stay at home and take his chances for Sing Sing.

* * *

SPEAKING entirely *a priori*, we think the most humiliating end that can befall a man is to be gored to death by a cow without horns.

* * *

WE wish the *World* would send a diver down underneath the billowy foundations of the Western Union Telegraph Company and give us a few figures as to the dimensions of its real profits.

* * *

WE saw a note in a Western paper the other day referring to our Governor as "D. B. Hill (Dem.)."

Whether this is an abbreviation for democrat or demagogue, it makes very little difference.

* * *

THOMAS EAKINS, an Art Note avers, is to paint Walt Whitman.

It is to be hoped that he will keep to the old colors, as we like to think of the author of "Leaves of Grass" as the good grey poet.

* * *

THE Duke of Snarlborough was presented to Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, last week, and is said to have remarked that Sullivan struck him as a genial fellow.

It is to be hoped that the Duke will not be struck by Sullivan when he is not quite so genial. The British aristocracy would lose a shining light.

* * *

ANOTHER one of the idols of our youth is shattered. A correspondent of the *New York World*, who breakfasted with the Queen, gives the following *menu* of the breakfast served: Scotch porridge, cold rump-steak pie, hot rump steak, cold gammon of bacon, boiled eggs, Scotch scones, brown bread, butter, honey, tea, coffee, and a kind of cocoa specially prepared for the Queen.

We had always supposed that so exalted a personage as the Queen of England would begin the day with a repast more befitting her regal station, comprising, for instance, *omelette soufflé*, *biscuit glacé*, candied fruits of all sorts, sugared rose-leaves, champagne, custard pie and chocolate éclaires. The idea of a Queen sitting down to gammon of bacon and boiled eggs! We might tolerate such a thing in a Cincinnati matron, but in the Empress of India—oh, it is too bad!

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MR. WILTON'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER III.

MR. WILTON'S surprise upon being introduced to Miss Higgins quickly changed to the deepest interest, and after she had looked up into his eyes with one of her tender, appealing glances that seemed to say, "Oh, I do so hope you will like me and be good to me!" his interest grew even deeper still. They got on wonderfully well together, these two, for Miss Higgins was such a joyous little body, and took such an interest in everything, and was so fresh, unspoiled and unworldly, that she seemed like a breath of fresh air on a broiling day. And then she was evidently so happy in Mr. Wilton's society, and appealed to him in all things as though he were a very Solomon, and once she added a spice to the conversation by chaffing him a bit in a coy little way, and then, immediately retracting, hoped that he didn't think that she had been bold or impertinent in speaking so to him! *She* bold and impertinent? Ha, ha! and Mr. Wilton laughed aloud at the bare supposition, whereupon the questioning look of pain in her eyes gave way to one of such tender, joyous gratitude, that Mr. Wilton felt both demoralized and beatified, and suddenly came to the conclusion that this world was not such a very bad place after all!

The world became very dreary again, however, when the time came for him to leave, and she — poor little girl! — how quiet and sad she was at parting! What a look of pain and longing filled those beautiful, speaking eyes as she bade him good-bye and turned dejectedly away!

Mr. Wilton did not know exactly what the matter was, but he knew that he felt very strangely, and proceeded to stow himself away in the bow of the boat, where he could think of her undisturbed. What a revelation she was! how totally unlike other girls! thought Mr. Wilton, as he compared her to the young ladies of his set — young ladies who were finished, calculating women of the world, and who had no time or sympathy to expend unless there was compound interest to be obtained on the outlay. Deary me, it was all so strange! And how those eyes haunted him! how they got into his soup at dinner! how they kept him awake in the night! and how they stared at him from his shaving-glass in the morning! Altogether, Mr. Wilton felt that the matter needed further investigation, and so he went over to the "Pier" again.

How glad she was to see him—the dear little girl! She tried hard to conceal her joy, but what was the use with those tell-tale eyes! He had "come over — all the way over — to — to — see — *her*? Really and truly? Yes?" and then a little flush of delight spread over her face and down her snowy neck, and she gave our friend a look that would have melted a brass idol, and made him fairly squirm with happiness!

Mr. Wilton returned to Newport in a state of mental exaltation; he did not know when he had ever been so happy, and forthwith proceeded to make inquiries as to the price of a commutation ticket on the boat which plied between Newport and the spot made holy by the presence of the Higgins.

Mr. Wilton's supply of happiness, however, began to run out on the following day, and so, with a view to laying in a new stock, he cruised over to the "Pier" again, where he was profoundly disgusted to find his idol surrounded by a lot of Western men of the class known to Mr. Wilton as "tarriers." These men dropped away one by one, however, and left them unmolested. And then what a delightful time they had together, strolling on the beach, and sitting on the rocks! And how charmingly she looked in her soft white dress! how like a flower! and how she worshipped him! Mr. Wilton knew that of course she would not have let him dream of such a thing if she could have helped it, for she was far too womanly, too proud and too modest; but — poor little thing! — how could she control that look of adoration in those eloquent eyes!

Mr. Wilton, on his part, was proud and happy to confess that he was helplessly and hopelessly in love, in fact nobody had been so much in love before; and, in consequence, he was a much altered man. Every good and noble impulse in his nature seemed to be stirring. Ambition awoke, and he longed to be at work, longed to be doing something great, and grand, and worthy of the blessed Damosel from Missouri! Of course he had his moments of despondency and hopelessness, and he did not attempt to conceal the fact that there were many obstacles to be overcome, the most formidable of which would be his mother's opposition, for as she had "married down" herself, she would feel deeply on the matter and object most vehemently; and Mr. Wilton felt that it would require an awful amount of courage to go and inform her that he wished to marry a Miss Hi — No, he couldn't do it! *Higgins!* Great Jove! what a name it was, to be sure!

And then, in addition, he had serious misgivings as to the manner in which New York would receive the importation from St. Louis. He could see in his mind's eye the women of his set glancing at her in a distant way as though she was a far-off speck on the horizon, and then saying in their soft English voices: "She? Oh, a Miss — Miss Higgins, I believe, from somewhere out in the Indian country. Fine

FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.

Scene: The seventh story of a Western hotel.

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IN NEW JERSEY.

Aunt Mary: JOHNNIE, DID YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING LAST NIGHT?

Johnnie (an English boy): WELL, RATHER, AND THEY BIT ME, TOO.

eyes? Indeed! they strike me as having rather too much of the chromo about them. Poor Carroll! it's sad to see him so taken in! and it will kill his poor mother, I'm sure!" And then Carroll would break off and swear like a Jersey pirate, for he was obliged to confess that the saintly Miss Julia certainly did speak with a very Western accent, rolling her r's, calling her mother "mommer," and always saying supper for "tea," etc. But then he didn't propose to have the mother about, and they would always have a late dinner instead of tea, and as for the rolling r's — Oh, well, condemn the r's! And then he went over to the "Pier" and found that Miss Higgins had gone — gone home!

He managed to grope his way back as far as the club, where he found old Halleck, and proceeded to unburden his bursting soul to him. Halleck, or "old" Halleck, as he was generally called, was a quiet, kindly bachelor of forty or thereabouts. He was generally considered by the club men rather of a bore, simply because he was retiring and didn't drink; but when any one got into trouble they usually applied to Halleck for advice. In the present instance he was able to be of great comfort and relief to Mr. Wilton, and advised him to wait and give his affection a thorough test, inasmuch as in such sudden attacks as that under which Mr. Wilton was suffering, the recovery was sometimes as equally rapid. Carroll laughed at the idea of a possible recovery, but thanked Halleck, and crawled away homeward. And Halleck, as he watched him disappear in Catherine Street, drew a long sigh. How the boy's story had brought back the old past! that confounded old past that was so infernally perennial! Deary me! deary me! but we've all had our Higgins, some time or other!

(*To be concluded.*)

CHARITY — FAIR-exchange is always robbery.

BUSINESS SPIRIT.

A PLUTOCRAT climbed the golden stair,
And neared the golden throne;
Quoth he to Peter, "On that there chair
I'll make yer a six per cent. loan."

A plutocrat going the other way
Neither cried out at Fate nor cussed;
But proceeded to dock Beelzebub's pay
By a "Standard Sulphur Trust."

Wm. Kent.

BOOKISHLY.

AMONG THE SHADES.

IT is hard to reason against the good intention, the emotional consolation and really fine writing of "The Gates Between" (Houghton's), by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and yet it is one of the most irritating books to a discriminating judgment. More than that, it is alike harmful to literature and to life. One feels in reading it that a good woman, a woman of much talent and true sympathy, has been misled into confounding affection with faith, and has laid out a scheme for the universe in accordance with feminine sentiments. Three giants of the imagination, Dante, Milton, Goethe, have gone beyond the gates for us, once for all, as far as literature is concerned, and have brought back untold treasures. Beside their monumental works, the vain imaginings of a woman are as star-dust to a sun.

And yet there will be tears shed over these pages, and superstitions nourished by them, and nervous women made hysterical, and irritable and ignorant men mildly frightened.

* * *

ONE might think that the prevailing American sense of the ludicrous would act as a good antidote to such a book. And it would if the book were read by men alone; but it's a woman's book, and we are prepared to prove that the American woman has very little of the humorous sense. Four out of five readers of our humorous and satirical papers are men. (Women look at the pictures, struggle over a political joke or two—especially in our colored contemporaries, which is not to be wondered at—read the advertisements, and then ask for a check without a smile.)

But a healthy American boy would get more fun out of "The Gates Between" than a German barber does out of *Puck*. He would probably "size up" the whole book as an ingenious bit of hocus-pocus, designed to frighten irritable and overworked men into angelic behavior when they come home and find dinner not ready and the baby sick.

* * *

WE believe that a moderately strict code of Ethics would allow an average man, under such circumstances, a little show of temper once in five years; and we have a mild belief that most wives would quietly laugh in

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their sleeves at such a domestic flurry, humor the exasperated man for five or ten minutes and coddle him back to equanimity and good-cheer by the music of their voices.

But Miss Phelps starts the poor man off in a passion to a violent death by accident, and then puts him through a hundred different phases of remorse in the really beautiful country "between the gates." In the course of years the wife dies also, and with rare magnanimity for a woman informs the repentant husband at the outer gate that she did not have any score to settle with him on account of his ill-humor, and had actually forgotten all about it.

If Miss Phelps had been true to nature she would have made the woman say: "My dear Esmerald, you certainly were very *unreasonable* and *cruel* to be angry with me, *but* if you will only buy me a splendid new gown and bonnet, suited to this mild and salubrious climate, I'll try to forgive you. Which is the fashionable shade here, dear?"

"We are all shades here," said Esmerald, with a twinkle in his eye, and peace reigned in the family forever after.

Droch.

WHAT CHANCE FOR ART?

One of the Girls: OH, MR. DREAMER, OUR PARLOR IS LOVELY NOW! WE HAVE TAKEN DOWN THAT HORRID OLD NO-ARMED VENUS YOU ADMIRED SO MUCH, AND PUT THE LOVELY NEW FOUR-OARED CREW IN HER PLACE.

THE FRESH AIR FUND.

WE are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of further contributions to the Fund as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$964.00
Etty	3.00
L. S.	3.00
Total	$970.00

AFTER OVID.

LIPS, however rosy, must be fed;
Songs, however airy, must be hushed;
Books, however sinful, must be read;
Hair, however auburn, must be brushed.

MME. NICOLINI takes the cake—the Patti-cake.

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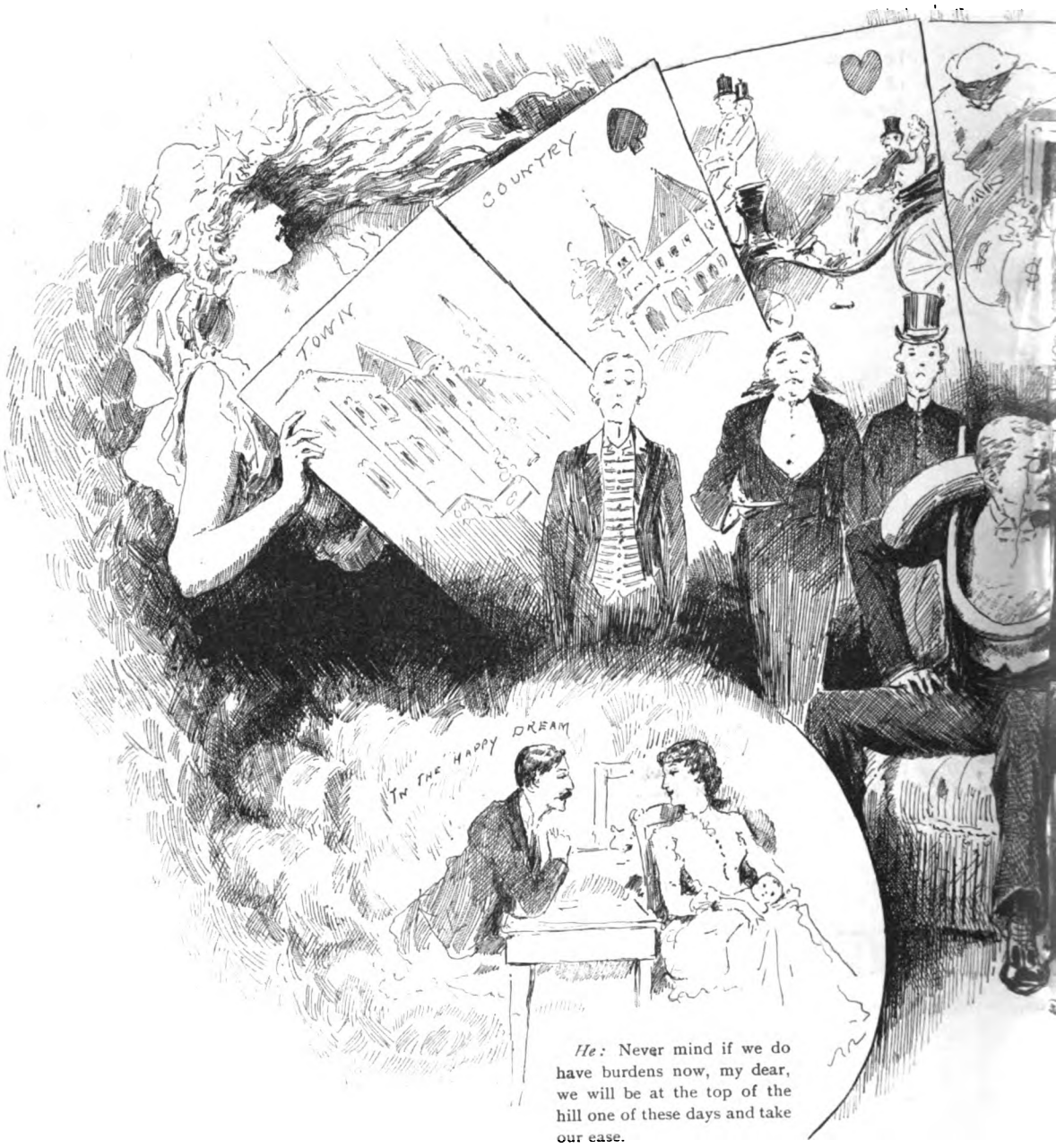

He: Never mind if we do have burdens now, my dear, we will be at the top of the hill one of these days and take our ease.

THE RE

WITH THE CARDS TE

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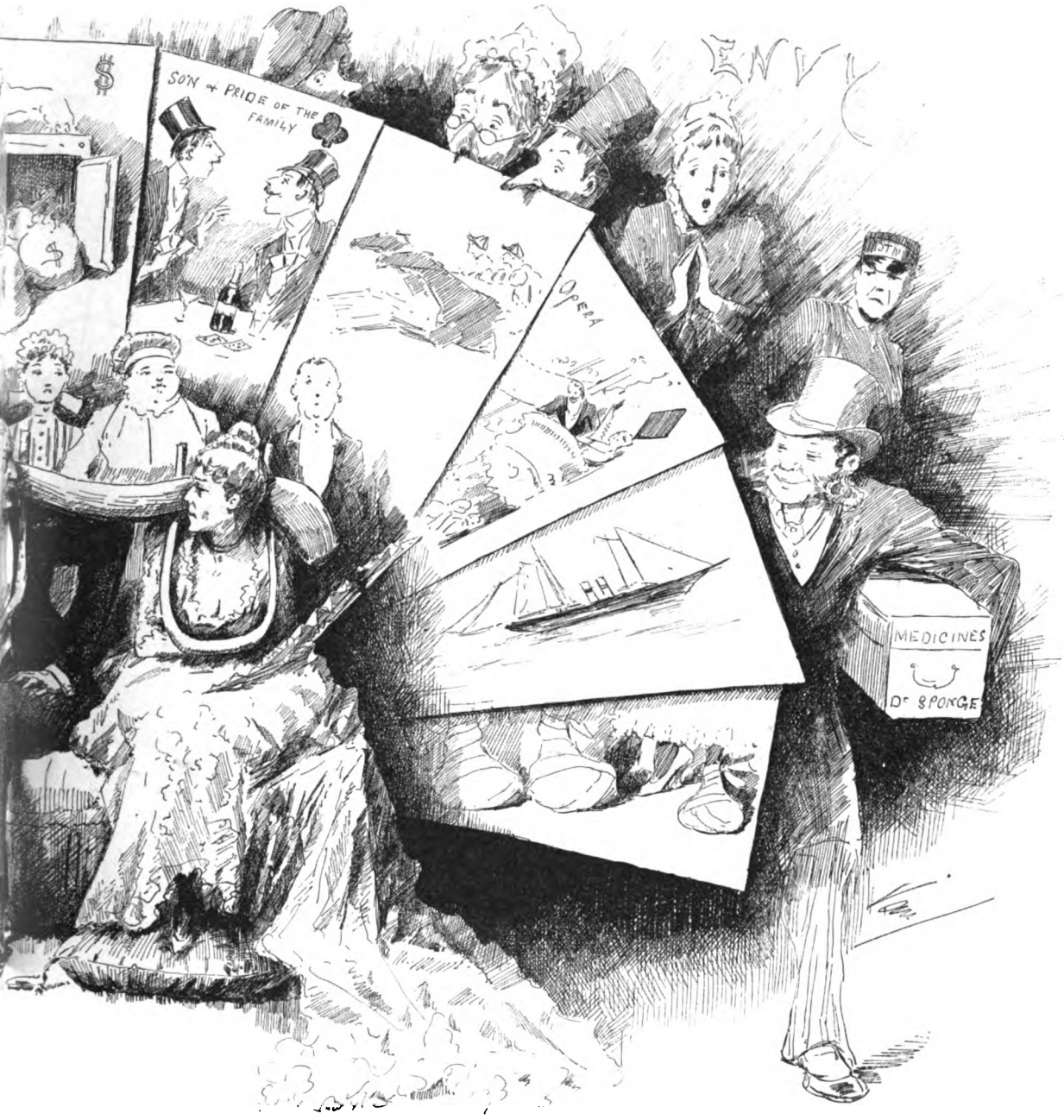

EALIZATION

HAT ARE USUALLY PLAYED.

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HE NEVER HEARD OF YACHTS.

"WELL, well," remarked a Boston citizen to his neighbor in the street-car, "the *Volunteer* did nobly."

"Hey!" responded the man spoken to, who seemed a little deaf.

"*Volunteer*, I said, did nobly."

"Yes, indeed," replied the deaf man; "in fact they fought better than the regular troops."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about the war, "rejoined the yacht crank, testily;" I was speaking about the race between the *Volunteer* and the *Thistle*."

"The what?"

"*Thistle*."

"Oh yes! I see. Yes, the thistle is a great nuisance to the farmer—terrible pest—no way of eradicating it at all. Donkeys like to eat it, though."

"I was speaking about the yacht race," replied the Boston man, with some asperity.

"Well, I don't approve of races at all. I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I think such treatment of horses is shameful, besides being demoralizing to public morals."

"I guess you only caught my last word. I said *yacht* races."

And he laid a very impressive emphasis on the word "yacht."

"Yes, I heard you; but I think the hotter the races the more cruel they are. Speeds the horses worse, you see."

"YACHT! I said," and the Bostonian spoke very loud, while all the people in the car manifested an intense interest in the conversation.

"Yacht!"

This was from the deaf man, and was put forth in an inquiring and yet injured tone.

"Yes."

"What's that?"

The deaf man began to thirst for information.

"What's what? Yacht?"

The Bostonian's tone was supercilious and incredulous.

"Yes; what's yacht?"

And the man really seemed to be very anxious to know.

"Don't you know what a yacht is?"

"No, sir. Is it the name of one of the horses that ran in the race you mentioned?"

"Gracious! man, where have you been? The *Thistle* and *Volunteer* are yachts—boats, you understand—the one is an English and the other an American vessel, and they raced for the *America's* cup. Thought everybody knew all about it."

"That's the first I've heard about it," replied the deaf man. "What is the *America* cup, anyhow?"

"Great Cæsar! man, where are you from?"

"Philadelphia."

And then the other buried himself deep in his newspaper, and did not see the sly wink the deaf man tipped to the seat full of people opposite.

Wm. H. Siviter.

HALF a loafer is better than a thorough-bred hoodlum.

Very truthful and hungry little girl (to little boy who has just been laying in an unlimited store of good things): OH, TOMMY, MY MA SAYS YOU'RE THE ONLY LITTLE BOY I'M TO PLAY WITH!

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"I CANNOT be content with less than heaven,"
Said Mr. Bailey, a poet of much worth.
Not so modest he as many later,
Who would be satisfied with the earth.

COLLECTOR MAGONE is quite stern in his decision that the bustle shall be suppressed as an aid to smuggling.

A FAUX PAS IN MEXICO.

A MEXICAN duel has resulted in one of the contestants being seriously wounded. The aggressive party is profuse in his apologies, and asserts that this violation of the accepted rules of duelling etiquette was entirely unpremeditated, but it is not likely that the apology will be accepted. The offender will be dropped from all his clubs, and if his adversary dies, will be socially ostracized.

It is pleasant to observe that the Mexicans are showing signs of an advanced stage of civilization.

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CUI BONO.

The Fair Driver: I WONDER, CLARA, THAT YOU ARE NOT A WHIP.

The Drivee: OH, I NEVER FELT THE NECESSITY.

The Fair Driver: THE NECESSITY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

The Drivee: WHY, MAMMA WAS NEVER A WHIP, AND SHE HAS BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES!

DIGNIFIED CRITICISM.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* stumbles on something good once in a while. Apropos of Mrs. Langtry's death scene in "As in a Looking-Glass," our contemporary says:

Her contortions here warrant the inference that she has taken a watermelon, rather than chloral. She flops about from chair to chair, with her hands upon the pit of her stomach, like a small boy who has partaken too freely of green apples; drops upon a sofa and tears the plush with her teeth; gallops three or four times around the room calling for Algy, and then falls over a trick-chair that comes down like a combination bed, and expires just as Algy rushes in to stand over her with one arm stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, and the other at seventy degrees, thus completing what the programme says is an "affecting tableau."

Could dramatic criticism reach a higher plane of dignity and wit than this?

CONCERNING FEES.

"FEES?" said Topper, indignantly. "Fees? Why in Italy they are simply awful—and so paltry. There's nothing an Italian won't take—ah, except a bath, you know."

FRIENDS.

WE'D climbed up to a rocky nook,
Were hidden well, so none could look,
For I'd resolved to know my fate,
And was impatient, could not wait.
So round her waist I put my arm
(She said she thought there was no harm),
And told her, trembling, of my love,
Called her "sweetheart," "dear" and "dove!"

"I *like* you very much," said she,
"And hope that we shall always be—"
"Please stop!" I cried, "pray say no more,"
"I know the rest: you're number four."

J. L.

BEACONSFIELD said that to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

The Earl is good authority, for he rose. (This is the early English style of humor).

HOW ABOUT THIS?

WE have very little doubt that if Mr. Sharp should die in Ludlow Street Jail, the *World* and *Times* would blackguard Death for defeating the ends of Justice.

Sharp's record may not be as clear as it should be, but when the record of the daily papers is looked up in the "corruption books," how many of them will be able to show even so clean a page as he who stands between Sing Sing and the grave?

INS AND OUTS OF TRAVEL.

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Mrs. Dennis Toogan: DINNY, FER TH' LOVE O' SAYNT PATHRICK, PHWAT IN HIVVEN'S NAME'S THAT?

Dennis Toogan (member of City Council): AH, WHISHT NOW, AN' DON'T BE SHOWIN' YER IGNORANCE. THIM'S THE VIRRY LATEST INGLISH FASHIONS. OI'M THINKIN' O' HEVVIN WAN O' ME SUMMER SHUITS MADE IN THOT SHTOYLE. THE TROWSERS IS SHORT FER MOI SHTOYLE O' LEG.

HE WAS BUSY.

TOPPER: Come up and dine with me this evening, Mr. Scribule.

SCRIBULE: Thank you very much, Topper, but I really can't; I have got to devote this evening to the last Financial Report of the Western Union Telegraph Co.

TOPPER: Well, come up Sunday, then.

SCRIBULE: Impossible! I've promised to go over to Philadelphia on Sunday to get a private view of Wannamaker's big store. Then I've got to read over the Poultry record for last month, as well as make a list of the steamship accidents that have occurred since 1824.

TOPPER: What is all this work for, anyhow?

SCRIBULE: Well, you mustn't let it go farther, but the fact is I'm writing a life of Thomas Jefferson for one of the magazines.

CONSIDERING the price of fashionable bonnets, we begin to think the word "millionaire" is but a corruption of milliner.

ECHOES OF THE RACE.

THERE'S many a fizzle
'Twixt the cup and the *Thistle*.

* * *

BRITONS are proverbially dull of comprehension, and Messrs. Bell and Watson are no exception to the rule. "They don't understand it. The *Thistle* was designed to win the cup and didn't. The plans were all right, but—something was wrong."

We are forced to the conclusion that the *Thistle* is more of a paper cutter than a fleet-winged child of the sea.

* * *

THE *Thistle* is to challenge an Erie canal boat to a race to Liverpool, stern first, for a silver bottle.

* * *

NOW we think the New York Yacht Club should get up a testimonial to Boston for producing two such men as General Paine and Mr. Burgess.

How would it do to turn over the *America's* cup to those who have won it?

THE races between the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* are not at all satisfactory. It is by no means certain that in a dash down a toboggan chute the Boston boat could compete with her defeated rival.

* * *

THE *Thistle* isn't much of a boat. Captain Barr even had difficulty in keeping ahead of the excursion barges.

* * *

THE Scotchmen complain that they were blanketed. Well, why not? It was a cold day and they needed it.

ANOTHER COOLNESS AT THE CASTLE.

"MY!" said Her Majesty impatiently, as she gazed out of the window at the torrents of water, "What a wet rain this is!"

"Pretty dry reign you mean," retorted the Prince. Then Her Royal Highness rushed up to the jewel room and got her wine receipts, which showed an expenditure of over £10 per annum, and flouted them in the face of her hypercritical heir.

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VAT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

REACHED THE LIMIT.

A DETROIT peddler of tinware took out some egg-beaters on his last trip, and as the price was only fifteen cents each, and they worked on a new principle, he calculated on big sales. His first experience will answer for all others. He drove up to a farm-house in the western part of Wayne county, and took a beater in to exhibit. The people liked it exceedingly well, but the old farmer said:

"Young man, I want to see your patent."

"I have none."

"Then your written authority to make sales."

"Don't need any."

"Then you must give me a bond, with two sureties, in the sum of $1,000, that you will stand between me and any trouble."

"But I can't do that."

"Then I can't buy. I've just had to pay royalty on a drive well, damages for using an infringement on a patent gate, and have a lawsuit about a hayfork and another over a windmill, and we don't even buy a dishpan without a bond that it don't infringe on somebody's patent bathtub."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"TO what do you attribute the curative properties of your spring?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully: "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is said that when good Philadelphians die they go to Wanamaker's.—*Puck.*

A SAD CHICAGO ROMANCE.

CHICAGO GIRL: So you are to be married next month? You are more fortunate than I. My wedding has been postponed.

OMAHA GIRL: Why, are you engaged?

"Oh, yes. I was just ready to send out my cards when poor, dear George came in and said we would have to wait."

"How awkward! What happened?"

"He hasn't got a divorce from his wife yet."

ONE CASHIER THAT IS SAFE.

"I SEE you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our man is under $150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man, he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see, he has just run away from a Canadian bank with $200,000. I think he is safe enough."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

CLASS IN CIVIL SERVICE.

"WHAT are the people of Germany called?" asked the new teacher. "When?" asked the smart, bad boy. "Any time," said the teacher, "all the time." "Depends," replied the s. b. b. "They're called Germans before election and Dutch after it, in this county." And as that boy's father is a member of the Legislature, his word has much greater weight with the pupils than the teachers.—*Burdette.*

Have you used Packer's Tar Soap for Shampooing? It's immense!!

"WAITER," he said in quite a loud tone of voice, "have you got any champagne on ice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, bring me a bottle of—beer," whispered the young man.—*Drake's Magazine.*

THE Toy the child likes best!

This is the title of a descriptive Price-list, richly illustrated in colour-print, of the ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOX, which should be found in every family and may be obtained from all Toy dealers, Stationers and Educational Depôts. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

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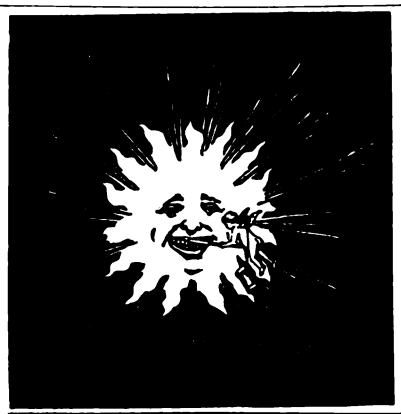


THE BLUE JAR AND WHITE SPOON.

OFFICERS of the Army and Navy, Chemists, Engineers, Physicians, Prominent Actors and Artists, Ministers of the Gospel, Railway Magnates, Judges, Senators, Professors of Dental Colleges, Bankers and Merchants, notable Ladies, and refined people everywhere, have been pleased not only with the snowy-white creamy Zonweiss, but the beautiful blue jar containing it, and its little white spoon for putting it on the brush.

ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

YACHT OWNER: Haw! What's the next move, captain?

CAPTAIN: Drop the hawser.

YACHT OWNER: Haw! do you mean to insult me, sir?—*The Judge.*

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

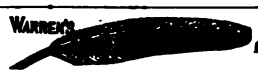
PENNYROYAL PILLS. Safe, Effectual, with Elixir of Pennyroyal (free), they never fail. Particulars 4c. DR. J. V. STANTON, Station "L," New York City.

A Beautiful Plush Casket of Fine Jewelry sent free to every Agent selling our cards. Send 2c. stamp for Lovely New Samples and Outfit. N. E. CARD CO., Wallingford, Conn.

HIS PIETY MERELY PROFESSIONAL.

"GOOD gracious!" exclaimed a lady visitor to the sporting editor's room, as, with terror in her eyes, she made a dart for the door; "is there murder going on outside?"

"Be calm, madam," said the sporting editor with a gentle smile, "it is nothing. It is only the religious editor swearing over his proofs."—*Courier.*



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AGENTS MAKE $11 PER DAY!

Sell like hot waffles and honey! Each razor comes neatly packed in a nice case with handle and every appurtenances and full directions how to use and keep it. We will send a sample by mail to any address in the U. S. on receipt of $1.50 which is 50 cents less than the regular retail price. To sell again, we will make you an offer which for liberality takes first rank. Full descriptive circulars of all our goods on receipt of stamp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address

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GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.

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This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,
are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
STRAIGHT WHISKIES,
"OLD CROW" AND HERMITAGE,
SOUR MASH.

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We have taken every barrel of Rye Whiskey made at the Old Crow Distillery since January 1872.

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Full lines of reliable Foreign Wines, Liquors, and Segars.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

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ESTABLISHED 1853.

A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A famous physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI BILIOUS PILLS.

To such travelled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. *But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.*

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with *indigestion, or any bilious or liver trouble*, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should *ask for them* of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.

MRS. GRAHAM is an estimable lady, whose hobby is house decoration. One day last spring Mrs. Graham was careless enough to drink a glass of red ink, believing it to be claret. She was a good deal scared when she discovered her mistake, but no harm came to her. The doctor who was summoned, upon hearing what happened, dryly remarked to her: "Mrs. Graham, there's such a thing as pushing this rage for decorated interiors too far."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MRS. VAN ALLAN'S COSTLY MEAL.

MRS. VAN ALLAN lost a fine cow on Saturday evening by overeating green corn.—*Chatham Republican.*

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DESIGNERS AND MAKERS OF

Fine Furniture

UPHOLSTERERS
AND DECORATORS,

35 & 37 West 23d St.,

Opposite Stern Bros. **NEW YORK.**

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An inspection respectfully solicited.

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TO LADIES! Are you Corpulent? **CORPUS LEAN** is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful **Flesh Reducer**—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. **NO POISON. ADIPO-MALENE** never fails to permanently develop the **Bust and Form.** *Non-injurious.* **BEAUTY** of Face and Form secured to every Lady using our **Toilet Requisites.** Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars,* etc., by **Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co.,**
2515 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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JOSEPH WILD & CO.,
Near Broadway. 82 & 84 WORTH ST.

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People*; Gentlemen, Ladies and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Down. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any other that I liked half as well."

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Beautifully Bound. Price, $2.50.
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No Secret about it.
It really Cures.

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IT IS GOOD
For all Ailments of the Digestive Organs.

FORMULA PLAINLY PRINTED ON EACH BOTTLE.

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AGREEABLE!
POTENT!
EFFICIENT!

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EXTRA DRY and

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BEAUTY Wrinkles, Black-Heads, Pimples, Freckles, Pittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed. Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book and (testimonials sent sealed), 4c. Madame Velaro, 249 W. 22d St., N. Y. City.
Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper

Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

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Celebrated Hand-Made
WATER CRACKERS.
GUARANTEED
Easy of Digestion, Absolutely Pure.
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CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars *in letter* by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1887. NUMBER 251.

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

AMERICANVS SVM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

AT BREAKFAST.

Time, 9 a. m.

Opulent Avunculus: EDWARD, I THINK YOU OUGHT TO GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE EARLIER.

Languid Nephew: OH! AS TO THAT, UNCLE, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN OF THE OPINION THAT THE OFFICE SHOULD SEEK THE MAN, NOT MAN THE OFFICE.

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

VOL. X. OCTOBER 20, 1887. No. 251.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

OUR friend Mr. Howells is out with another blast in the latest *Harper's* about novels, and what kind we ought to read. This time he asserts that the ordinary English novel is more comfortable to the ordinary American than an American novel, and says the reason is that the American has got used to English novels and doesn't want to take the trouble to assimilate a new species. To the happiness of dull people he says the English novel, full of titles and rank is apparently essential.

"Their weak and childish imagination is at home in its familiar environment; they know what they are reading; the fact that it is hash, many times warmed over, reassures them; whereas a story of our own life, honestly studied and faithfully represented, troubles them with various misgivings. They are not sure that it is literature; they do not feel that it is good society; its characters, so like their own, strike them as commonplace; they say they do not wish to know such people."

It looks to us a little as if Mr. Howells had overheard someone disparaging some of his Boston sewing-girls, and resented it. Don't blame your Boston friends, dear sir, if they get enough beans and brown bread at home, and want beef and plum-pudding in their fiction. If it is a fact that we Americans prefer ordinary English novels for any other reason than that they are cheap, it is because we want novelty. Only the great masters of fiction succeed in making common every-day things and people interesting. The ordinary novelist cannot do it. Therefore, when we read ordinary novels we take those that tell about things and people and places different from those about us. The ordinary English novel doesn't contain much that is new for the ordinary Englishman; but the ordinary American gets variety in it. It puts new ideas into his head for the time being, and that is what he wants.

Doubtless the Englishman likes change too, and finds that Mr. Howells' own brisk creations, and others much less meritorious, refresh and invigorate his jaded faculties. We only hope our British cousins are able to glean from the Boston at Short Range series impressions as valued and delightful as Trollope's "Barchester Chronicles" have left in our ordinary mind.

* * *

WITH hopeful impatience, LIFE awaits the day when Mr. Howells and his brother penmen on either side the Atlantic may enjoy the full reward of their efforts to amuse their transatlantic readers. International copyright ought to come. Everything is to be said for it, and there is no argument against it which is consistent with the eighth commandment. If any Senator or Congressman fails next winter to do his duty in this matter, we charge the International Copyright League to show him up. The pen is powerful, brethren. The men who wield it ought to have their dues. If they set about it right they can wrest their rights from Congress as though their hands were at its throat. Any Senator, any representative, who blocks the Copyright Bill this winter is the enemy of every man in England or America who gets a living by writing books. It is a just presumption that such a man is a rascal at heart, and the Copyright League should see to it that his record is thoroughly investigated, and the presumption verified if possible. If American authors do not get their rights from Congress it is their own fault. The means are at hand if they will only use them. They ought to be ashamed to have it known any longer that the only American man of letters in easy circumstances is Mark Twain.

* * *

THERE was a man from the West on the Senate's Committee on Patents last winter who objected to the International League's copyright bill, and muddled over one of his own until he succeeded in killing both: we forget this imbecile's name now, but it is in the almanacs. We shall call upon our literary and pictorial brethren to help us attend to his case when he comes to repeat his tricks next winter.

* * *

THE American branch of the Vanderbilt family has been investing some of its surplus funds very wisely of late. Mr. Depew never speaks better and is never more appreciated than when he celebrates some new benefaction of his rich friends.

* * *

NEW YORK'S exuberant police-force broke out again the other day a hundred strong. It is alleged in excuse that a riot between two rival labor organizations was still-born in consequence. That is no excuse. If the rival labor parties want to fight each other, that's the time for the force to arrest a boy and take him to the station in platoons. If the labor parties only have room, they well keep us amused until poor, dear Ireland gets her dues and the fun begins in the Dublin parliament.

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LITERARY NOTES.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says that the latest novel by Inspector Byrnes, written over the *nom de plume* of "Julian Hawthorne," is called "An American Penman," probably suggested by the play called "Jim, the Penman."

* * *

A "DEODORIZED EDITION" of the Heptameron is shortly to appear.

What next?

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that Mr. Haggard be asked not what books have helped him, but what books he has helped himself to.

THIS LITTLE CUT IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, WITH THE INFORMATION THAT THERE MAY BE HOURS IN THE LIFE OF A MISSIONARY WHEN PROBATION *after* DEATH IS NOT THE BURNING QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

MR. STEAD, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recently published volume, gives a list of the books which have influenced him.

A reader of the *Gazette* is surprised to find that Mr. Stead has not been influenced by such volumes as the Decameron of Boccaccio, the Heptameron of Queen Margaret, Balzac's Contes Drolatiques, Comstock's Night Side of New York, and other volumes more or less of the same general style as the *Gazette*.

A PROBABLE COMBINE.

JACOB SHARP,
Jailed Sing Sing.

SOUS L'ESCALIER.

THIS rose, poor little crumpled flower!
Was one of Ethel's; for an hour
To-night, it nodded from her waist.
Alas, a triumph quickly o'er!
Just now I found it on the floor,
Dethroned, disgraced—

Just where these chairs, so close together,
Under the stairs, leave no doubt whether
Or not, they came so by design—
One chair was Ethel's—ah, how fair
She looks to-night!—the other chair
Was——well, not mine.

But as for roses, she has yet
So many, she would soon forget
If one rose fell;—
And, there's a game called "hearts," they say,
Whose point is, throwing hearts away—
She plays it well!

R. C. R.

A STEADY IMPROVEMENT.

MR. WABASH (*of Chicago*): Have you read Julian Hawthorne's story, "A Tragic Mystery," Miss Breezy?

MISS BREEZY: Oh, yes! and I found it very interesting. I think his style has so much improved since he wrote "The Scarlet Letter."

NO, my son, you will not be examined in hammer-throwing when you try to enter Yale. A bald-headed professor will ask you for the name of Miltiades's first wife, and it won't help you a mite if you name all the players on the National League, or give correctly all the intercollegiate records. It ought to help you, but it won't, for that old cubical-headed professor is away behind the time. Reforms come slowly, and they still hold on to the old notions at Yale. But just you wait till those old trilobites are laid on the shelf in a dark, dusty cabinet, and you will see the cause of higher education boom like a Southern iron town.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

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DEDICATED TO THE PRESS.

To a Critic of the President's Tour.

THE *Tribune*, inconsistent,
Should depreciate its vest,
For Horace Greeley e'er advised:
"Go west, young man; go west!"

*

To a C. A. D. on his Editorial Page.

The *Sun* presents this paradox:
In spite of luck that's ill,
And general imbecility,
It never runs down Hill.

*

Botanical.

We rather think staid journals that at eventide do weary us,
Will find the daily *Sun* and *World's* night-blooming serious.

* * *

OSCAR WILDE is the editor of the *Woman's World*. We begin to see why Oscar let his hair grow long.

* * *

THE "Story of Ireland" is the name of a book written by Hon. Emily Lawless.

How appropriate for Lawless to write of Ireland!

* * *

THE *North American Review* is publishing a series of articles on "Possible Presidents."

In view of the fact that Blaine and Hill are the ones first treated of, the title is a misnomer. Impossible Presidents would be more truthful.

* * *

WE have had occasion before this to refer to the English of the *Times'* London correspondent. We find, in his letter of October 9, the following sentence:

They [the official class in Ireland] made elaborate preparations to prosecute Mr. Sullivan, and the attention of all Great Britain was drawn to the spectacle of his going in state, with the mace, sword, robes, and a whole retinue of civic dignitaries, to the police court, only to be defeated.

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Sullivan did not go to the police court only to be defeated, and so well-informed a person as Mr. H. F. ought to know better than to make any such misleading statement. The correspondent may know what he wants to say, but he does not seem able to express himself clearly—which is very unfortunate, since our daily papers have, as a rule, such brilliant foreign correspondents, with whom this gentleman must be compared with, to him, "odorous" results.

BARNUM'S great show and the Queen's Jubilee procession have been justly referred to as a pair of spectacles.

* * *

IT is a very hard position for a Life Insurance to be placed in to have to notify the tenants of one of its buildings to get out or be killed. It involves a heavy loss either way.

* * *

THE *Thistle* is for sale, if an advertisement in the *Times* is correct.

Somehow or other she fails to go off like hot cakes. The sale is likely to be a slow one.

* * *

A LANDED GENTLEMAN.

* * *

IT is a good thing for this country that Mr. Keppler's lithograph of Mr. Cleveland was not published before election. It would have killed Mr. Cleveland in spite of Mr. Blaine's record.

In this connection we wish to deny *Puck's* editorial statement that this portrait of the President was taken from LIFE.

We have never yet libeled anyone, much less a man for whom we have so great an admiration as we have for the President of the United States.

We think our esteemed contemporary owes an apology to Mr. Cleveland and to LIFE.

* * *

GENERAL WOLSELEY says Queen Victoria is great and good, and the general is right. She tips the scale at two hundred and twenty, which is a sufficient guarantee of greatness, and as for goodness, she will always pass for a sovereign. We know of nothing much better than that, in its way, except a five-dollar gold piece.

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AN AUTUMNAL WAIL.

THO' lingers yet the summer's afterglow,
Grim winter's distant footsteps smite mine ear:
Farewell to flowers, to breezes soft and low,
Blue skies, and robin's carol clear.

Oh, days of drifting snow, of gloomy sky,
Of howling wind, of raven's mournful note!
Thine advent I await with grief, for I
Shall have to buy an overcoat.

Will Carey.

MR. WILTON'S ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER IV.

UPON Mr. Wilton's arrival in town on the first of October, he found that he had lost fifteen pounds! That meant approaching death; and it struck him that it would be better for his mother's heart to break than for him to figure as a boarder in Abraham's bosom. And then—good Lord!—he hadn't thought of it before—but very probably little Julia—dear little Julia!—was pining away just as bad as he was himself; perhaps worse! That settled it, and the evening saw him on his way to St. Louis, with a view to coming to an understanding with Miss Higgins, and then after that—well, the deluge!

* * * *

Mr. Wilton sat in the drawing-room of Casa Higgins with his heart banging away like a boiler-factory. The green Brussels carpet and upholstery, the white marble mantelpiece that looked like the facade of a tomb; the wax flowers, the bust of Lincoln and the picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, all tended to throw him into a condition that was closely allied to insanity. But suddenly the door opens:

"Why, Mr. Wilton! how glad I am to see you! to think of you being in St. Louis! Why, you must have heard of my wedding to-morrow, and so come on! Now you did, didn't you? Oh, I know you did—and it was perfectly lovely, just perfectly lovely of you!"

A deadly faintness seized Mr. Wilton, and only the fact of his being in a deep arm-chair saved him from rolling on to the floor. In a few moments, however, his pride came to his rescue, and making one of those superhuman nervous efforts that take ten years from a man's life, he rallied enough to smile feebly and tell a mild little lie to the effect that he was just returning from San Francisco, where he had been on business for his father, and having met a mutual friend on the train, learned of her coming marriage; and so, as he had a few hours to spare, he had taken the liberty of calling to offer his congratulations.

Miss Higgins thought it was so kind of him; and then, as he did not volunteer any other remarks, she fell to rambling on about her own affairs, how she had been engaged for two years, and Mr. Decker—her intended—would not wait any longer, etc., etc. And, oh, she did so wish that Mr. Wilton and Mr. Decker could meet, for she was so certain that they would like each other so much! And then she remembered that one of their prospective ushers had just had his nose broken in a fight, and had sent her a note in which he deeply regretted that a previous engagement would prevent him from officiating, etc., etc.; and, oh, wouldn't Mr. Wilton stay over and take his place—just to please her? it would be *so* jolly!

Mr. Wilton regretted exceedingly that he must leave on the evening train; and so after a few more rambling remarks, he bade her good-bye and managed to get himself out of the house.

It was a long time before Mr. Wilton could summon energy enough to go round to the club, and when he did appear there, the look on his face made Halleck's heart fairly bleed for him. "Poor boy! poor boy!" he said to himself, "will he get over it as most of them do, or—or——" and Halleck leaned his face against the cool window-pane, and looked up over the grimy house-tops to the bright blue sky, so far, so far away!

Roland King.

IS IT AGAINST THE LAW TO WINK?

THIS is a reform administration with a vengeance.

A Custom-house Inspector, after twenty years' service, has been removed for the heinous offense of winking.

The trouble was that he wunk at the operations of a smuggling Israelite, who gave the combination away. Now, what is to be done with the smuggling Israelite?

THE *Thistle's* motto, "Touch Me Not," is to be changed to "Don't Bet on Me."

FOLLOWING close upon Mrs. Cleveland's snubbing of Governor Foraker comes the astounding announcement that the President wantonly and with malice aforethought, kicked a yellow dog off the Palace Car steps on Friday.

Mr. Cleveland seems to be doing his best to ruin his chances for re-election.

THERE are over 7,000,000 pores in the human body, and yet we are surprised because some men are sponges.

UNTAMED.

Kate: NOW, LOOK HERE, 'DOLPHUS, I WANT YER TER UNDERSTAND THAT YER CAN'T PETRUCHIO IT OVER ME IN THAT FASHION. I'M A GOIN' TO WALK WITH ANYONE I PLEASE; AN' IF YER DON'T LIKE IT, YER'LL HAVE TER FIND SOMEONE WHO'LL STAND BOSSIN', FOR I WON'T, *There!*

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BOOKS.

THE TRUTH, ACCORDING TO MARK RUTHERFORD.

ONCE in a decade, perhaps, a writer of fiction strikes a deep-toned, serious note. The world is only listening for light and merry chimes, and does not heed this solemn music. But, now and then, from the crowds of heedless passers-by, some weary man stops and rests a little while in the shadow of the cool, gray tower, and is soothed and strengthened by the rich, deep monotone. High thoughts and new courage are born, and he plunges again into the struggle with Hope for a companion.

In some such way the man who has written several remarkable books, under the name of Mark Rutherford, has gained the recognition of those whose admiration is most worth having. One cannot say that he is a cheerful writer; he sees too clearly and is too free of illusions for that. But he is a vigorous, healthful writer, with not a particle of femininity or false sentiment in his composition.

* * *

HIS latest book, "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane" (Putnam's), is full of strong meat. It is the kind of which Thackeray would have said: "Oh, my friend, it is *not* small beer." In every few pages you are startled by the clear, forcible statement of a solemn generalization on life and human nature. There is no preliminary flourish of rhetorical trumpets, no playing with the truth as though it were an is to be in earnest. The courage with which this writer faces reality is admirable. And yet he does not cheapen the value of the individual life.

* * *

INDEED, in this novel, almost for the first time since "Adam Bede," is the development and worth of a character not measured by the material standards of houses and grounds, and beautiful wife and high social position. *Zachariah* is a plain, hard-working journeyman printer, from the beginning to the end of the story. But what a *man* he had grown to be with his increasing years! "Blanketeer marches; his first wife; the work-house; imprisonment; his second wife; the little *Pauline*, had each come to him with its own special message, and the net result was a character, but a character disappointing to persons who prefer men and women of linear magnitude to those of three dimensions."

* * *

IF the motive of the whole book were to be summed up in one of its sentences, it would probably be this: "The highest form of martyrdom is not even living for the sake of a cause, but living without one, merely because it is your duty to live. If you are called upon to testify to a great truth, it is easy to sing in flames." That is a very wholesome kind of philosophy. And the physical complement to it is: "Health, sweet blood, unimpeded action of the heart, are the divine narcotics which put to sleep the enemies to our peace, and enable us to pass happily through life."

The book is an earnest one, free from cant and false preaching.

* * *

AND there is a tenderer side to it, which is forever pushing its way through the stern seriousness of the problem—the touches of delicate pathos, which wring the heart like a personal grief or a remembered sorrow. The description of the parting of *Zachariah* and *Caillaud*, on the eve of the latter's execution, is full of strong, homely pathos. And yet the effect is wrought with an art as simple and direct as in that exquisite passage where *Colonel Newcome* sails away to India and leaves *Clive* and *Bayham* standing on the wharf.

* * *

THE faults of construction are apparent to the most unlearned reader of the story. But if one cares to look deeper, he will discover that the author has carefully adhered to a theory of his own as to what are really the essential features in any life. Judged from this point of view, the novel is logically and artistically constructed. It would take a venturesome or ignorant critic to say that the author is not in the right.

Droch.

Teacher: NOW, JOHNNIE, SUPPOSE YOUR FATHER HAS AN INCOME OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR FROM HIS BUSINESS. HE SPENDS TWO THOUSAND FOR YOUR MAMMA'S CLOTHES; FIFTY DOLLARS FOR HIS OWN CLOTHING, AND ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES. HOW MUCH WILL HE HAVE AT THE END OF THE YEAR?

Johnnie (after mature deliberation): 'LEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Teacher: ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOUR ARITHMETIC.

Johnnie: WELL, I KNOW POP. HE'S A NALDERMAN, HE IS!

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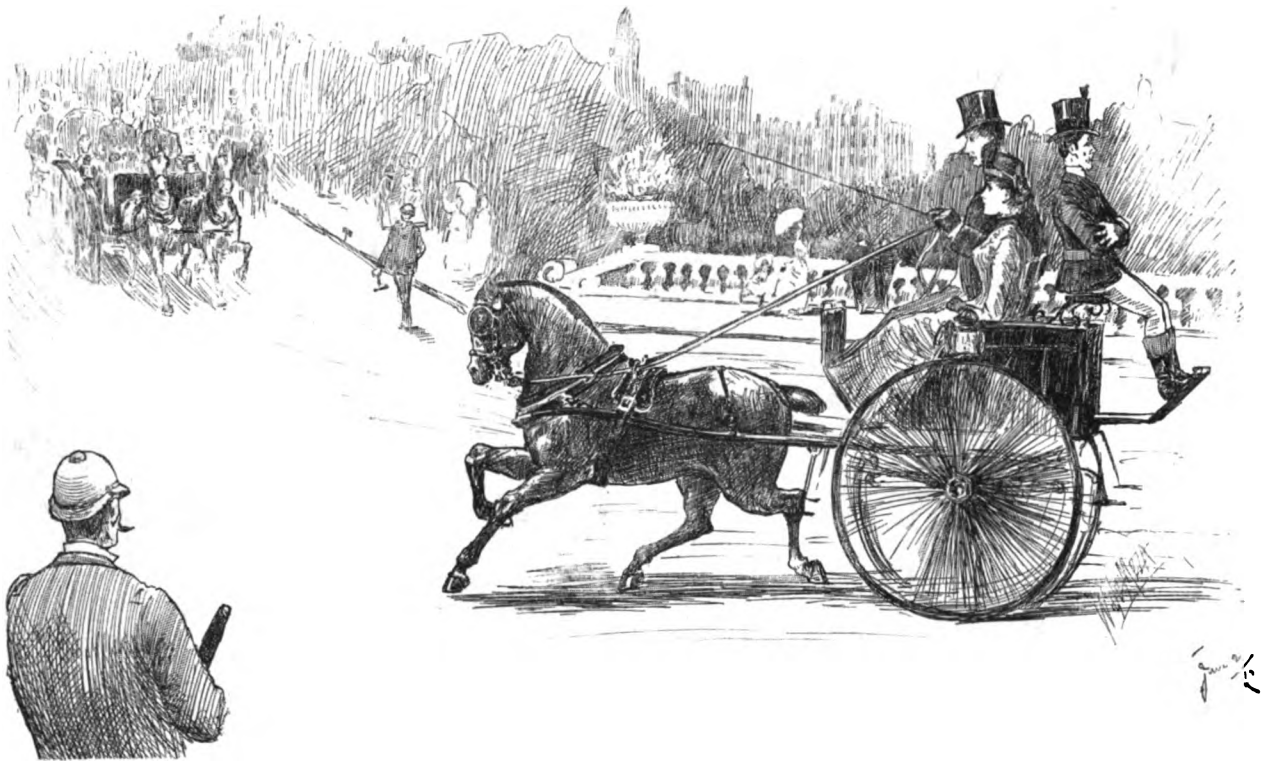

OUR SOCIETY.

She (whose grandfather made it in iron): WHY DID YOU BOW TO THOSE BARTLETTS?

He (an old chum of Bartlett): WHAT'S THE USE OF SNUBBING PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU'RE A LITTLE BETTER THAN THEY ARE?

(*N.B.—Bartlett "married poor," and is a clerk on $1,500 a year.*)

SOME SPIRITED REPARTEE.

"AH, *ma sherry*, it does my heart good to see you,' said the empty Demijohn to the Cask of Amontillado, as the latter rolled into the wine cellar.

"Well, I de claret does me good, too," quoth the Decanter, gallantly raising the stopper from its head.

"It makes my ice-water with joy," added the Water-cooler in the corner.

"Yes, indeed, Mumm," put in the Champagne Bottle, "I've missed you so that I'd made up my mind that Heidsieck another place if you didn't turn up pretty soon."

"I've grown positively thin," said the Burgundy.

"I noticed you were rather Beauney. Hadn't you better see Medocter?" replied the Cask.

"Try my fizz-ician," said the Vichy Bottle.

"Oh, cork up, fellers," shrieked the Apple Barrel; "You give me a pain in cider me."

"Well, boys, I'm glad you're glad to see me back," said the Cask.

"I haven't seen your back," said the Champagne Bottle; "you're all front."

"Well, I'm glad that my absinthe has made your hearts grow fonder."

"Fine nutty flavor you have," ejaculated the Water-cooler.

"Nutty?" queried the Cask.

"Yes, chestnutty," cried all in unison.

And the proprietor was so disturbed by the noise that he called down and threatened to send them all to a saloonatic asylum if they didn't wined up their persiflage.

"You're all full," he added.

"That's a lie," said the empty Whisky Bottle, under his breath, at which the Refrigerator laughed so immoderately that the ice broke and they all fell in.

A SKILLET that used to belong to General Grant has been nominated for prosecuting attorney in an Indiana town.

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SINCE WE ARE A NA

. AND SHOULD NOT ELEVATE OUR NOSES UNDULY, IT WOULD BE AN EXC

FAMILIES SHOULD DECORATE THEIR HOMES WITH

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TION OF IMMIGRANTS,

LLENT EXAMPLE FOR THE *Nouveaux Riches* IF CERTAIN OF OUR "OLD"

PORTRAITS OF THEIR EARLY AMERICAN ANCESTORS.

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AT last the baseball season is over. The Detroits were winners for the simple reason that they played ball, and were not afflicted with that far too common disease, the big-head. The great and only Mike could not bring Boston in nearer head than fifth place—a fact whereat we secretly rejoice, for Boston has done so much of late in literature, yachting and pugilism, that we New Yorkers were beginning to feel slightly uneasy. It's all very well to let Boston beat us in one or two things, but when she monopolizes the ability of the country it is time for New York to look to her laurels. We congratulate ourselves that we got ahead of the Bean City in the ball-field, and believe that in the matter of ripped-up streets, bad pavements and red-mouthed Anarchists, we still hold the supremacy.

* * *

THE chief sporting event of the month has been the opening of the colleges. At Columbia there has been a perceptible increase in the attendance of brawn and muscle, and I learn from purely private sources that President Barnard is much pleased at the prospect of a good Freshman crew next summer. President Eliot, of Harvard, has a very promising class in foot-ball this year, and the genial Dr. Dwight, of Yale, is said to be confident that his students will be able to hold their own in all the contests in which they shall take part.

Work at the Princeton gymnasium has been resumed under auspicious circumstances, and Dr. McCosh's lectures on "Muscular Development," and "The Psychological Aspect of Goal Kicking, from a Presbyterian Standpoint," are awaited with much interest.

I do not credit the report that John L. Sullivan has matriculated at the Harvard Divinity School, so that he may assume the duties of half-back on the Harvard Eleven, although the Yale man who informed me of the fact is himself quite a prominent member of the Theologues' Boxing and Sporting Association at New Haven, and is in a position to know, as well as to speak the truth occasionally without injuring his conscience.

* * *

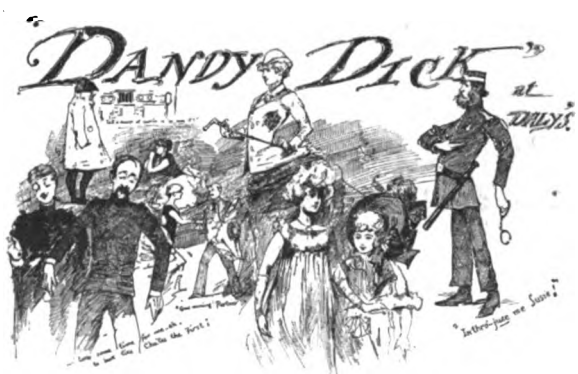
AMONG other unconfirmed reports that are floating about, I find that the managers of the New York Yacht Club, upon reading in the Harvard *Crimson*, an influential Boston daily, that the designers of the winners in the last three international yachting events were Harvard men, resolved by a vote of 26 to 7 to endow a chair in yacht designing at the University, in recognition of these distinguished services. However this may be, I hope the country will not overlook the fact that to the fostering care of Harvard College our supremacy upon the waters is due, and when President Cleveland passes through Cambridge, as he must if he would make his Western trip an unqualified success, the least he can do is to allude to this statistical fact as luridly as the dignity of his exalted station will permit.

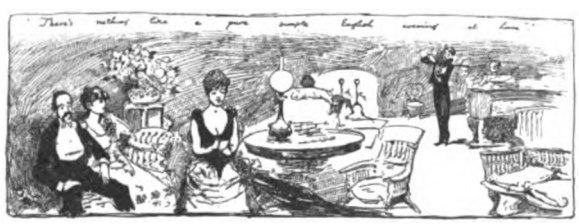
* * *

AT the Manhattan Club games last week, a young man ran seventy-five yards backwards in an extraordinarily short space of time. I am glad to see the youth of our country starting out in a new direction. It is a valuable addition to the sum of our knowledge to learn that a boy can run seventy-five yards backwards in 11 1-5 seconds. If we should ever get into a war with Canada our volunteers and magazine writers would have behind them a distinguished precedent for fleeing with their faces to the enemy. It places a man at a great disadvantage to return home from the wars with a load of shot in his back. It makes him look as if he had forgotten something and had turned around to get it, and forgetfulness at the critical period of a fight is a vice which cannot be too severely condemned. The newly discovered art of running backwards, however, obviates the humiliating necessity of turning one's back on the enemy to go back to camp for a handkerchief, and the Manhattan Club has performed a great service in bringing out the fact that it can be done with grace and dignity.

Next week, we are given to understand, the same young man will give an exhibition five-mile walk on his hands, which will show the veteran who is left on the field of battle without any legs, how to retreat with all the honors of war.

Carlyle Smith.





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AT DALY'S.

"DANDY DICK" is a play whose object is the inspiration of mirth, and that object is brilliantly achieved. For this some credit is due the author of the piece, but most of it belongs to Mr. Daly's company. It is a poor play that this company cannot make entertaining, and as "Dandy Dick" is by no means devoid of merit the result is not a surprise. One salient feature of the comedy is that there is not an interesting character in it. The actors themselves, personally, are interesting, and the dialogue is bright and never drags.

The dean, his sportive sister, the old servant and the jealous constable are all amusing, and serve their purpose admirably in hastening the movement of the play. The plot is ingenious and full of surprises, and the merriment of the audience is a constant tribute to the actors' skill.

IN Browning's "Parleyings with Certain People," the ancient Scriptural prophecy is fulfilled. The last is Fust.

DRAMATIC NOTE.

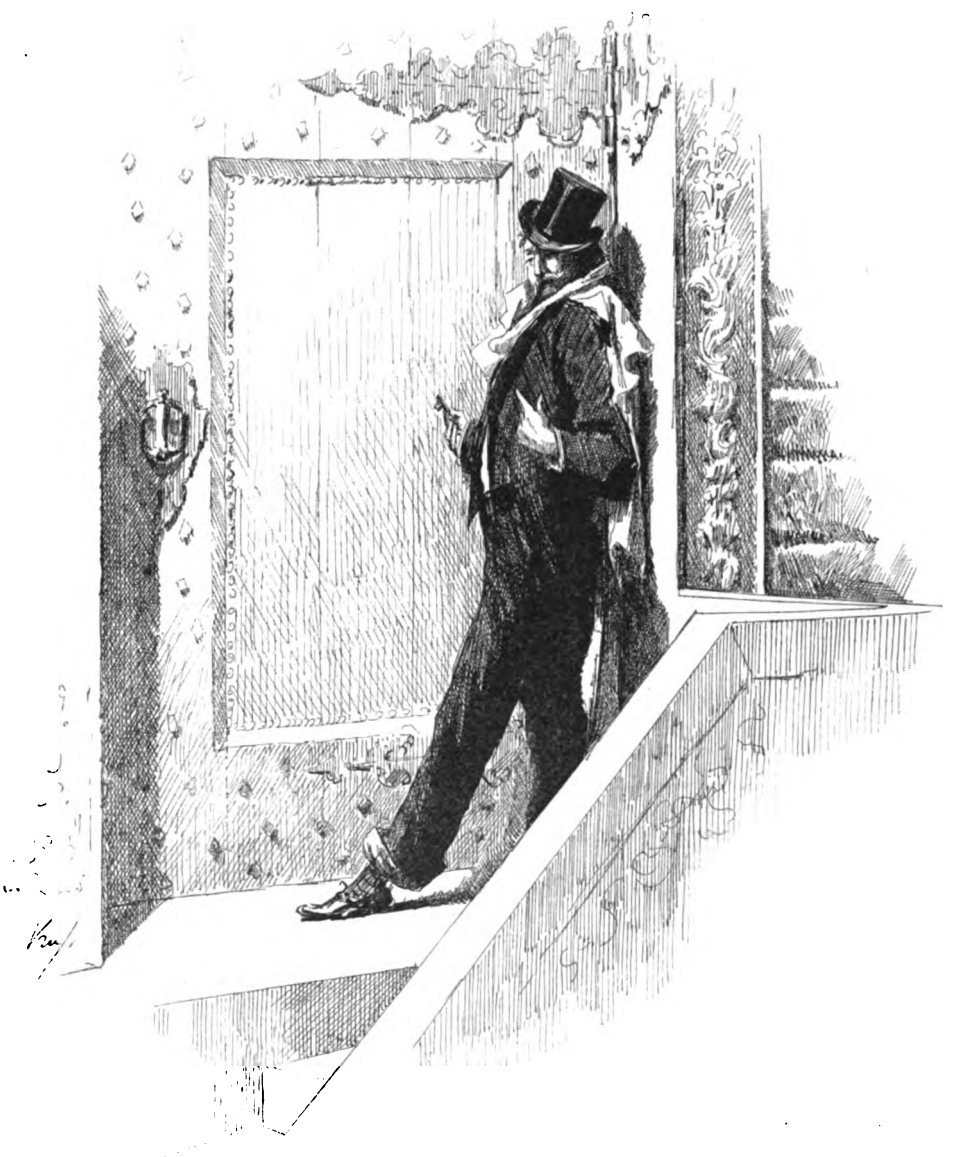
THE *Yonkers Gazette* has the following: "In 'La Belle Russe' Miss Coghlan portrays to the life a beautiful Russian, and in it she has an opportunity to display, as she has never yet done on the Yonkers boards, her tragic powers, and also to wear modern society dresses."

It is to be hoped that the Yonkers boards will be equal to the fearful strain imposed upon them by these modern society dresses. We shall look for the *Gazette's* announcement of Edwin Booth's *Hamlet* before the Yonkers audience, when, we have no doubt, the great actor will display his old-time fire and new black overalls.

IT is not surprising that there should be considerable *mal de mare* on board ocean steamships considering the enormous horse-power that is required to drive a vessel across the Atlantic.

A TRULY DREADFUL FATE.

ANARCHIST: Ah, when yonder proud palaces are ours, I'll not be left in the streets to be washed by the rain.



ASTONISHING BURGLARY.

Vanderpuyster (slightly weary): WELL I D'CLARE. WONNER WHERE POLISHE COULD ER BEEN. THIEVES GONE SHTOLE KEY-HOLE.

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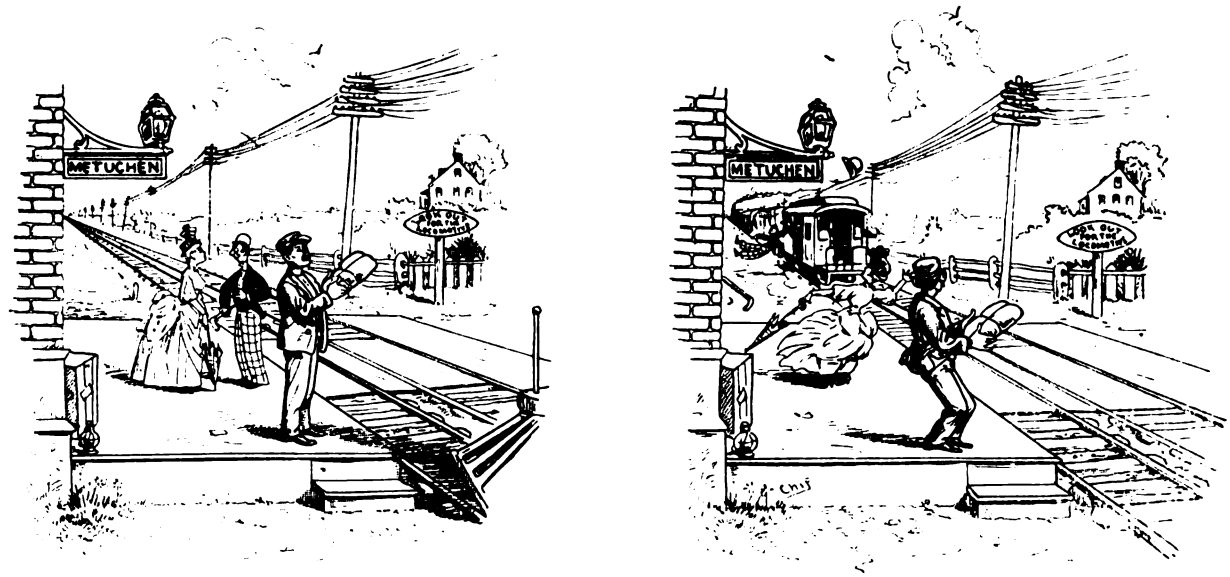

ADVANTAGES OF THE FLYING EXPRESS SYSTEM.

SOME IRISH NOTES.

AN eviction took place at Ballyhack, Ireland, three days ago. An assaulting column of 200 police, 300 soldiers, and 45 bailiffs and constables attacked Peter Flaherty's cabin, and after knocking down the door it was discovered that the house pig was the sole occupant. Forty-five soldiers who were trampled by the police were hauled to the hospital in a furniture wagon.

* * *

NANCY DOLAN, of Ballyhoolan, has been proclaimed by the government for scalding the head of the attacking column with hot water.

* * *

IN a considerable district in western Ireland the entire population is in the poor-house or in jail, and none are left to execute the law. The West Ireland *Vindicator* is now printed in jail on a small hay-press.

A GERMAN has invented a new kind of iron chimney which can be taken down and used as a cannon in time of war.

THE House of Commons is preparing to conduct all debates on the Irish question according to Marquis of Queensberry rules.

FISHER IS MAKING A CALL; BUT HIS HORSE IS ALL RIGHT, FOR HE HAS HIRED A BOY TO HOLD HIM, YOU KNOW.

A HINT.

WE commend to the State Department the following remarks by an eminent novelist, which it seems to us should be remembered when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain arrives and proceeds to arbitrate the Fishery Question:

"Jo is awake. Josh has his weather eye open. You'll find him tough. 'Tough, tough is Joseph, tough and de-vil-ish sly!"

IT is not unnatural that plagiarism should be rife in the field of letters.

We frequently have heard clergymen in the pulpit assert without contradiction "Letters prey."

THE man who has had the wool pulled over his eyes is apt to feel sheepish, and it is quite fitting that he who drinks too much beer should feel muggy.

WANTED, a copy of the *Commercial Advertiser*, in which no allusion is made to the "American Idea."

In this connection we would reply to an anxious inquirer that the *Commercial* possibly refers to the centre-board when it uses this expression.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

SAGACITY.

COUNTRYMAN: Fi' pounds too much for him? He's a won'erful good sportin' daug, sir! Why, he come to a dead pint in the street, sir, close ag'in a ol' gen'leman, the other day—'fust o' September it was, sir—and the gen'leman told me arterwards as his name were "Partridge!"

CUSTOMER: You don't say so!

Bargain struck!—*Punch.*

COMING OUT OF IT.

MRS. DENSUADE: You think it isn't serious then, doctor?

DOCTOR EASEMORE: On the contrary, it's nothing but a slight swelling of the cerebral tissue, resulting from some trifling indiscretion.

DENSUADE (*in an insanity of gratitude and a loud whisper*): Shay, Doc., tell her (hic-gll-gl) I never did sho again, an' I'll nev' do sho b'fore!—*Puck.*

WHEN CUPID SNICKERED.

WIGGINS (*who has nerved himself to ask her papa's consent*): Sir, I have just returned from the concert—with Miss DeJones—and finding you alone—

DEJONES (*of Chicago*): That's all right, my boy—broke, eh? Here's a twenty. Her mother used to clean me out the same way!—*The Judge.*

AGENT: On what grounds do you claim a pension?

APPLICANT: Grandfather lost his health in the war of 1812, and left an impaired constitution to the family.—*New Haven News.*

"ISN'T it dreadful," asked Miss Lillybud, "to run over a man?"

"Yes, indeed, mum," replied the stoker of the express. "It jolts the engine up worse nor a cow."—*Exchange.*

"HAVE you seen Mr. Mushbrain lately?" asked the fair girl languidly of her gallant companion, young Tennisbat, of the Bank. "Not for ages," lisped the youth. "I understand he has made a mesalliance," said the weary beauty. "I should like to see it," said Tennisbat, with a shade of animation. "I used to potter about my father's park at home, and am somewhat of a mechanic myself."—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

"THE fire in Colonel Doggerty's wagon factory Wednesday evening," says a Colorado paper, "was largely attended. Among the prominent society people who were present we noted Judge and Mrs. Witherspoon, Senator and Mrs. Poindexter and daughter, Governor Standish, and Miss Van der Horck. Mrs. Senator Poindexter administered a neat and deserved rebuke to one of the firemen early in the proceedings. Stepping up to a hoseman she touched his shoulder and said sharply: "Play it lower down, you red-headed chump—get it down where the fire is! You fellers ain't expected to put out the North Star!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

RESENTING AN INSULT.

UNCLE RASTUS (*to lawyer*): Kin I git er man 'rested fo' 'cusin' me ob bein' er thief, sah?

LAWYER: Well, yes, Uncle Rastus, to call a man a thief may be libellous. Who was the man?

UNCLE RASTUS: Hit wah de man dat I done stole de ham from, sah.—*Sun.*

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"WHAT'S all this racket?" asked a traveling man, as he got off the train in Philadelphia.

"They're celebrating the signing of the United States constitution."

"Why, that happened a hundred years ago!"

"Yes."

"And they are just getting on to it! Well, if that ain't Philadelphia all over."—*Washington Critic.*

PUT IN A DELICATE WAY.

"BILL," said the Prince with some hesitation, "I want to speak to you on rather a delicate subject, and I trust you won't be offended."

"Speak right out, old boy," was Bill's hearty rejoinder.

"Well, mother wants to ask Dirty Dog to dinner, and she was wondering if he would mind her directing the note of invitation to Soiled Canine."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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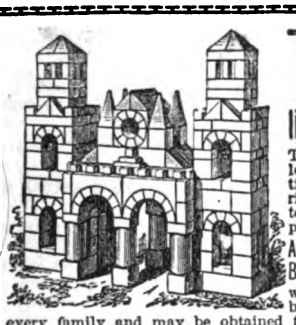

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"No, sir, I can't. And if I could, I wouldn't. I have been loaning you money for a year, and you make no effort to return it."

"But I wanted to know if you wouldn't loan me"—

"And I tell you beforehand that I won't."

"Well, then, don't. I wanted to borrow your fountain pen to make out a check for what I owe you, but if you're in no rush, I'm not."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

FORAKER may get such a snub from the coming National Republican convention, that the one he got from the Clevelands will seem like a hilarious welcome.—*Texas Siftings.*

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Men and wimmin is diffunt, but putty much all boys is erlike.

It ain't what a man is dat makes him happy in dis yere worl'; it's whut he thinks he is.

It is er mighty hard matter fur us ter see de bad p'ints in er thief dat is willin' ter lend us money, ur de good p'ints in er hones' man dat hab 'fused to do us a favor. Dar ain't er weaker raskil in dis yere worl' den human natur'.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

CHICAGO IS MODEST.

MRS. WABASH (*of Chicago*): Do you consider it good taste, Mrs. Breezy, to serve pie for breakfast?

MRS. BREEZY (*reflectively*): Well, no, Mrs. Wabash, I think it looks a trifle too ostentatious.—*Ex.*

WHY HE WAS AFRAID.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR (*to countryman*): If you saw him picking the gentleman's pocket, why didn't you interfere, instead of letting him get away?

COUNTRYMAN: I saw that sign up there, "Beware of Pickpockets," an', b'gosh, I was 'fraid to.—*Ex.*

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

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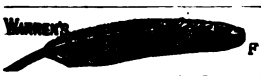

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BENT & CO., Milton, Mass.

ROBINSON: Hello, Jones! Been away shooting for a couple of weeks, haven't you?

JONES: Yes.

ROBINSON: Well, what did you bag?

JONES: My trousers.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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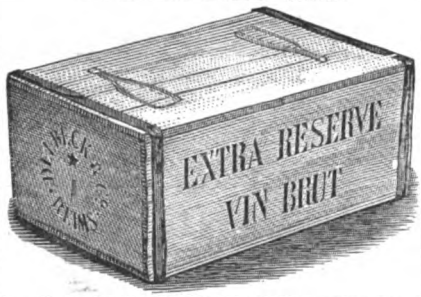

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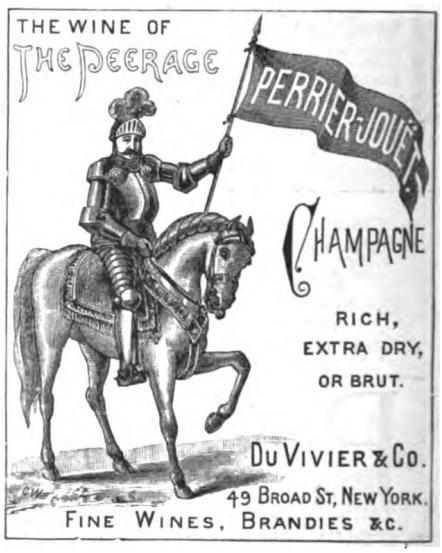

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1887. NUMBER 252.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

INFORMATION.

Helen: MAMMA, WHAT IS A *casus belli?*

Mother: MY CHILD, NEVER SPEAK OF ANYTHING SO INDELICATE. IT IS THE LATIN FOR STOMACH-ACHE.

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

VOL. X. OCTOBER 27, 1887. No. 252.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

OUR friends of the American Board have decided that however enlightened communities may be able to get along without having the prospect of acute future punishment held up before them, it will not do to allow any such latitude to the heathen. Missionaries who are not prepared to enforce their arguments in favor of the Christian religion with considerations of eternal torment must look elsewhere than to the Board for employment. The heathen must have their doctrine strong and hot, and if there is to be any dilution of it they must dilute it for themselves. The Board certainly does not propose to export emissaries who will confirm them in any of their doubts.

* * *

CONSISTENCY is a jewel of great reputation, and LIFE cordially sympathizes with the Board in its struggle to be consistent. And yet it believes that on the issue which comes up this year for the second time, the present minority will eventually win. The idea that the heathen who have not had a fair opportunity to understand and appreciate the gospel will be damned because they do not embrace it, is abhorrent to common sense and the average feelings of humanity. The Board has, in effect, admitted that "hell is a spiked gun here at home, and its usefulness is doubtful," but thinks it "will do to scare the heathen with still!"

* * *

LIFE does not believe that hell is so essential to the enlightenment of the heathen as the Board seems to believe. There is plenty to teach them without that. The men who affect to believe in eternal torment are not better men than those who do not, and will not make better teachers. Love, not fear, is at the bottom of the Christian religion. We can understand about love, and can see how it works. So can the heathen, if they are taught right. But as for hell——!

Here's for you, American Board! Do you send out missionaries who can preach true religion, true Christianity, and you needn't worry about hell. Preach to the rest and hell will take care of itself.

EVENING newspapers are breaking out in New York like the measles. The *Sun* has brought forth a lively little *Evening Sun*; the *World* has got an *Evening World*; and they say there is an *Evening Star*, and all for a cent apiece.

We can stand the evening papers very well. They are pretty children and have diverting antics. But we *are* tired of hearing their several parents brag of them. The *Sun* takes up columns of its valuable morning space in repeating the smart things its bantling said the night before; the *World* can hardly find figures to express its offspring's prodigious circulation.

Don't be so weak, contemporaries! Let those babies kick and crow, but don't insist that all your acquaintances shall admire them as much as you do.

* * *

THE eccentric New York *Herald* is suffering again from curvature of its political spine, and has about decided that it is "agin" the administration.

"My!"

* * *

VERY many of the readers of LIFE will mourn for the author of "John Halifax." There have been greater woman-novelists than Mrs. Craik, but very few whose work did more to make the world sweet and habitable.

* * *

THE New York *Sanitary Era* asks: "Why are the seats in all public places and vehicles graded to the measure of the average man, so that three-fourths of the women must sit on the edge, or with their feet dangling, or barely reaching the floor with their toes?" In regard to public vehicles, granting that the seats are graded to the measure of the average man, because, Madame, if the seats were made to accommodate the average woman, they would be so low that the knees of the unhappy male would hover in such close proximity to the chin that conversation would be impossible, while rising would be so difficult an operation that the ladies would always be compelled to stand in the crowded cars, and in the bobtail to drop their fare in the box themselves.

Then as to public places, with the bonnet of feminine kind gradually approaching the roof, the tendency of the orchestra chair toward the cellar would deprive the play-house of fifty per cent. of its patrons.

The complaint we have—and taking us altogether we are about equal to the average man—is that seats are not graded to our measure, but to the average eight-foot freak who exhibits himself at a dime per head.

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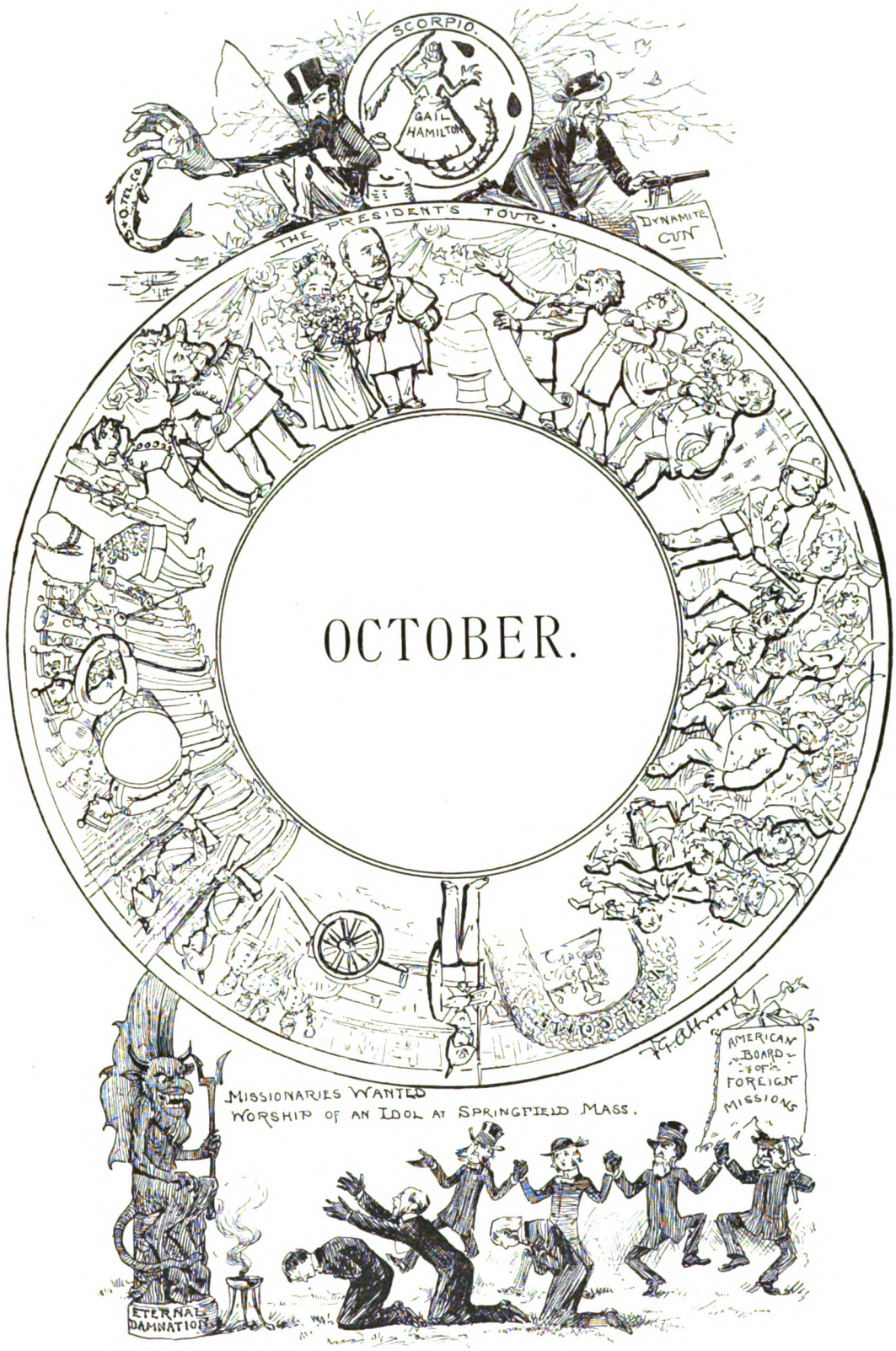

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A LATE OCTOBER PASTORAL.

NOW the Turkey, waxing fatter,
Dreameth of the sauce and platter;
And he visits the clairvoyant
And his spirits are not buoyant
When he learns that lack of breath,
Briefly: Death,
This portendeth.
Then he trendeth
O'er the border
Of Canawda,
In the hope that the Kanuck
Is too much down upon his luck
To join the ranks
In giving thanks —
But in this his error's sad,
For it's quite the fad
For Aldermen and Cashiers who've embezzled many a bankful,
When they're safe across the border, to be thankful.
And a farm-yard refugee
Such as he
Finds the climate of Quebec
Hurts his neck.

* * *

THAT was a great dinner which celebrated the *Volunteer's* victory.

The diners doubtless covered all of the courses with as much grace as the *Volunteer* displayed in covering her two.

* * *

A RURAL contemporary says that Governor Hill has a great future.

We are glad to hear it, for he has had a very small past.

* * *

WE don't believe the rumor that Tiffany & Co. are making a pair of diamond-studded handcuffs for Mr. Sharp.

* * *

BOSTON has done so much for New York in the way of yacht building that we really think the town should be rewarded.

Why not annex it to our great Metropolis?

* * *

IN England, the cry is "Reign, Victoria!"

In America, it is "Hail, Columbia!" This is perhaps due to the freezing out of reigning families in this country.

* * *

THE latest assertion in the Baconian matter is that Bacon was able to write the plays, because he was easily Shakes-peer.

The reasoning here is very subtle, but the question is still unsubtled.

MR. ROSCOE CONKLING says sugar and starch have killed more people than any two things in the world. How about conceit and bad politics, Mr. Conkling?

* * *

THE Prohibitionists have carried every county in Florida in which there has been a contest, but it must be remembered that most of the villa sites of Florida are still under water.

* * *

THE *Illustrated London News* publishes an American edition. We are very glad to see it, as it demonstrates that some of the London news of the day will bear illustrating.

* * *

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN

[AFTER *P–ck* HAS GOT THROUGH WITH HIM.]

* * *

A BAND of bunco steerers call themselves a salvation army, because they prey on the streets.

* * *

AN Irish club in Dublin, to show its contempt for Lord Randolph Churchill, elected him to membership at one meeting and expelled him the next.

* * *

THE man who invested his savings in a submerged Florida villa site will find, when he takes possession, that he has made a bad topographical error.

* * *

OF the Marquis of Aylesbury's recent expulsion from the Jockey Club the *St. James's Gazette* says the disgrace is worse than death!

This is the first intimation that we have had that the English people consider death dishonorable.

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A SONG OF A SHEPHERD.

OH, little Watteau Shepherdess,
With golden-powdered hair!
Thou'rt artificial, I confess,
But, oh, thou art so fair!
On dainty Dresden jars they paint
You charmingly demure,
Adored by little cupids quaint,
Quite a la Pompadour.

Decked out in flowered petticoats,
Garnished o'er with buttons,
With ribboned crook attending goats,
And embryonic muttons,
Dost ever dream of love, fair maid,
"When woodlands waxeth green,"
And dryads 'mid the sylvan shade
Sound tinkling tambourine?

Oh, little Watteau Shepherdess!
I'm sick of love for thee,
Take pity on my dire distress,
Elope to Arcadee.
Don't hesitate, but pack your box,
I've a chaise outside the town;
I know a priest unorthodox,
Who'll join us for a crown.

Henry R. Evans.

BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME.

I HAVE been asked by a friend to give him a list of books that have helped me. I do not know if he is aware of the fact, but in the course of a very short career I have enjoyed an exceedingly varied experience. In all the professions from that of a youthful Napoleon of bankruptcy up to the one which now claims me as an honored member, I have plied my energies—in all save one. I have yet to lay siege to such honors as the pulpit affords, and until I can combine in my person the graceful agility of a Talmage with the composite eloquence of Robert G. Ingersoll, Roscoe Conkling, George Francis Train and the Rev. Adirondack Murray, I shall content myself with a pulpit on the outside of the church.

Having followed, then, so many professions, it is no easy task to enumerate the books that have helped me. Indeed it were far easier to make a list of those which have not helped me. To please a friend, however, I will do what I can.

To begin, as a student in college, the books which helped me most were the literal translations of the classics, published by the lamented Bohn, of London. It was a particularly frigid day when I could not easily overcome a Latin or Greek poet astride of his Pegasus by mounting the Pony of collegiate fame.

Upon leaving college during the time that I was trying to forget all I knew so as to fit myself for a business career, I followed the profession of the butterfly of fashion. My only books were the looks of tailor-made girls, and some of the folly which occasionally crops out in my writings may be directly attributed to my devotion to these volumes.

In Wall Street, being an ambitious youth, the goal to attain which I strove was the Young Napoleonship of Finance, and by the aid of such books as "How to be Rich though Poor," "From the Bucket Shop to the Stock Exchange, by a Millionaire," "How I Made my Pile," "Ten Thousand a Week, or the Autobiography of Peter Penniless: Born without a cent, Died with Liabilities amounting to Ten Millions," I got there. Guided by such invaluable text-books I managed to lose all I had and several hundreds of thousands more in a little less than six months. The books which helped me most in the ensuing six months were my ledger, cash and day books, which mysteriously disappeared the day after my assignment.

Next I turned my attention to the law. This step was not entirely a voluntary one, but as I was able to prove an alibi—for the account-books—I had no cause to regret it. In the pursuit of my legal studies I derived more profit from "The Comic Blackstone" than from any other, although when my law library, consisting of the Civil Code in words of one syllable, a scrap-book of clippings from the *Mail and Express* on the career of David Deadly Field, and an Interlinear Parsons on Contracts, was sold at auction, the scrap-book brought some few dollars more than any of the others, due possibly to the fact that a third or fourth cousin by marriage of the great lawyer wished the book to place on his parlor table.

Passing rapidly over the ensuing years of my life, and coming down to the present day, I find that in the pursuit of a literary career the books which are most helpful to me are Seventeenth Century Jest-Books, Records of the Civil War, Webster's Dictionary, a three months' commutation book on the Hudson River Railroad, the Directory, a book of quotations, and the cheque books of such publishers as see fit to invest their capital in the delicate phantasms of my facile though stub pen, which periodically see the light of day.

I think my friend can derive all the assistance he needs from the list I have given him; but in closing I cannot but call attention to one book which has afforded me in all my professions the greatest possible satisfaction; a volume which has a larger circulation than the aggregate sale of Plutarch's Lives, Pilgrim's Progress, and Leaves from the Highlands; a book which Robert Louis Stevenson, H. Rider Haggard, John Ruskin, the late Sylvanus Cobb, W. D. Howells and Ella Wheeler Wilcox would unanimously admit has given them more actual, lasting satisfaction than all the libraries of past, present and future ages together can give. That book is the Pocket-book! It is the one book in my library that I do not care to lend. *Carlyle Smith.*

"OH, NELLIE, IT MAKES MY HEART BLEED TO THINK OF THOSE FINE DRESSES BEING WORN BY A DUMB FIGGER! IT ALMOST MAKES ME WISH TO GET BORN OVER AGAIN AN' BE MADE OF WAX."

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A MAN OF NERVE.

HIS nerves were weak—a clergyman, sad,
Whom every sound would annoy;
He came for rest, but it drove him mad—
The shrieks of the whistling buoy.

"The mountain air is better for me;
I must flee this dizzy whirl."—
He is settled now, away from the sea,
But he married a whistling girl.

Arthur Penfield.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

DUMLEY (*Sunday evening*): Hello, Featherly, which way?

FEATHERLY (*in haste*): Don't detain me, old man; I'm going to church, and it's nearly eight o'clock now.

DUMLEY (*astonished*): Wha-a-at! You going to church? What do you expect to do there?

FEATHERLY: Help a pretty little eighteen-year-old girl hold up a hymn book. Ta-ta, Dumley.

IT is pleasant to reflect that the Chicago Anarchists will shortly get to the end of their rope.

A WICKED PASTIME.

OLD LADY (*very much shocked*): Little boys, what are you playing "Shinny" for on the Sabbath day?

LITTLE BOYS: We're playin' fer fi' cents a game.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

MR. HENDRICKS had just informed the minister, who was enjoying a Sunday dinner with the family, that he rarely drank coffee, as it tended to keep him awake, when Bobby had the following to say:

"You drink it late at night, don't you, Pa?"

"Never, Bobby; what put that idea into your head?"

"I heard Ma say that whenever you came home late at night she made it hot for you, and I s'posed she meant coffee."

BY CABLE.

MARY ANDERSON has not discarded a peer for three weeks.

HENCEFORTH Bulgarian rulers will insist on having their salaries paid in advance as a precaution against involuntary midnight abdications.

BOOKS AND THE MUSIC

A QUIET WORD WITH MÆCENAS.

I GREET you, Mæcenas, as a patron of arts and letters—but more than that, as a genial, kindly man. From my window I look out on the wonderful establishment which you have builded; it rises eight stories into the air and spreads to the four corners of a great block in the heart of the city. Every day a thousand men gather in that hive and spread your merchandise to the uttermost bounds of the country. It is a tremendous machine for supplying millions of people with dry-goods, and you do it well. In all its ramifications it is the creature of your brain. You look back on the day when you sold tape in a country store, and from then to now has been to you like an enchanted dream. The thought of your inmost heart has gradually realized itself in stone and mortar. You can sit in your modest office and look through the great vistas of the store, and say, "All this is a part of me. I have embodied my past and laid sure the foundations of my future."

Happy Mæcenas! You have added to the sum of human comfort, and have lived your own life at its very best.

* * *

AND yet you are the patron of men of letters, and rather envy them their paltry fame! My friend, this is the one mistaken judgment which I know you to cherish in your clear brain. You live more in a day than these dreamers in a year. They imagine fine things and beautiful things, and perchance picture them well on paper; then they sit down and moan at fate and circumstance. You imagine great things and the methods of doing them, and then by your indomitable will and superb ability, make real and palpable the substance of your dream. Do you not see that you are a giant among these pigmies? They are only half-developed, for their faculties of action have wasted through disuse.

For centuries now the world has been flattering these men of dreams as though they were of a race set apart and especially endowed—when really they have only abnormally developed the weakest and least lovable side of human nature. One man of action is worth a hundred of them; the only hero is the man of deeds.

Adieu, Mæcenas; your great store is as worthy of fame as an epic, and you are the equal of a poet.

THE CANE'S REVENGE.

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Mr. Hunter (with much feeling): "HANDS THAT THE ROD OF EMPIRE MIGHT HAVE SWAYED.'
Miss Bond: "OR WAKED TO ECSTASY THE LIVING LYRE."

BUT in our present half-civilized state there must be books. The undeveloped man requires them as a stimulant for his weakness—as an infant cries for milk. And if we must have books, then let them be happy—like Stockton's "The Hundredth Man." There is too much invalidism and sentiment in the closing chapters, but all in all, it is wholesome. Perhaps the man who makes us laugh is as much of a benefactor as he who sells us a warm coat, for honest laughter warms the very soul! We shall leave it to Mæcenas for a just judgment. If so, then Mæcenas should share his millions with our kindly humorists. But never a cent should go to the man who writes an unhappy or disagreeable book. He should be condemned to sit alone in a dungeon with his own grim visions.

* * *

THERE is plenty of pleasure also in such a book as "The Isles of the Princes" (Putnam), by Hon. S. S. Cox. It is a record of travel and rest in a strange land—the reminiscences of a man who has always tried to see the bright side of life, and as a consequence has generally found it, and with it hosts of friends. Such a man is equally at home in Prinkipo or Washington. He has told his experiences while Minister to Turkey in a frank, unaffected, serene style which charms the reader.

* * *

THE readers of Mrs. J. H. Walworth's "Southern Silhouettes," in the *Evening Post*, will be glad to know that they have been reprinted in a neat, substantial volume by Henry Holt & Co. These sketches are "not the work of the imagination, but are actual outlines of actual entities."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE Game of Euchre. By John W. Keller. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.

The Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist. By Wm. Pole. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.

Knitters in the Sun. By Octave Thanet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Josh Hayseed's Trip to New York. Illustrated by Coultaus. New York Excelsior Publishing House.

Report of the Fire Department of the City of New York. New York: Martin B. Brown.

Kaloolah: The Adventures of Jonathan Romer. By W. S. Mayo, M.D. The Framazugda Edition. Illustrated by Fredericks. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Isles of the Princes; or, the Pleasures of Prinkipo. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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A Mirror of ye Olden time and what
faire Maidens faine would see therein.

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Today's fair Belle her heart's desire

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BACON, THE BARD OF AVON.

NO literary man can consider himself checked through to immortality who has not indulged in the luxury of a discovery concerning the plays of Shakespeare. Therefore, as it is one of my ambitions to be handed down to posterity, I have been looking around the Shakespearean Field, and, much to my delight and edification, I have discovered a startling theory as regards Bacon's connection with the Bard of Avon.

A Cryptogram, to be accurate, must come from headquarters, and to inspire confidence in the one I have made use of I need only say that I have gone straight to Shakespeare's Crypt to get it.

The inscription on the alleged poet's tomb is quite familiar to LIFE'S readers. The pleasant economy of the ancient stone-cutter in making a diphthong of his H's and E's, his apparent independence as regards orthography, and the inventive faculty which led him to put letters on top of each other where the width of the flagstone made it impossible to place them side by side, are all calculated to impress those who have visited the little church at Stratford, so that the general features of the inscription are not likely to be forgotten in the course of an ordinary lifetime.

However, for the sake of lucidity, let us transcribe this immortal epitaph. It is as follows:

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG T—E DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE Ÿ MAN Ÿ SPARES T—ES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Ÿ MOVES MY BONES.

Now, the first thing that strikes the ordinary observer is that the omission of a signature to so exquisitely poetical an epitaph is, to say the least, singular. Had this been written by one of our modern poets, his full name, Christian, middle and surname, would have appeared at the close. Such extraordinary contributions to literature are rarely anonymous. Is it not likely, then, that in the epitaph itself is concealed the name or sign manual of its author? I think it not only a likely but an ascertainable fact.

Next to the spelling and the presentation of the word "the," as if it were a species of profanity, what is the most noticeable feature of the lines? I should say the use of the two-storied "that" of the middle ages, the twice-repeated $\overset{T}{Y}$. What is the significance of this? the reader asks; and here my gram begins its dreadful work.

The alphabet consists of twenty-six letters. Cryptogrammarians of Shakespeare's day frequently used the alphabet backwards to conceal their meaning. They did not use plain English to make themselves misunderstood, as do Browning and Swinburne—this was, in Bacon's time, an undiscovered art. The simple subterfuge of using the alphabet backwards must be regarded, then, as a not only possible, but highly probable, method for Bacon to employ to keep his royal friend, Queen Elizabeth, from appointing him Poet Laureate to the Tower. Well, what of it? the reader asks. This:

Y in this cipher corresponds to B. To prove the assertion, say your alphabet backward, and you will find that Y is the second letter from one end, just as B is the second letter from the other end. This, in itself, is neither remarkable nor suggestive; but take the second letter of the combination, T, and apply the cipher. Again repeating the alphabet backward, we find that T is the seventh letter, but the seventh letter of the alphabet in a straightforward sense is G. Well, G B does not signify much. We know that Shakespeare was not written by General Butler or George Boker, and we seem to have run up against a snag; but let us take down our Shakespeare and turn to "King Lear," act ii. scene 2. There we find these words:

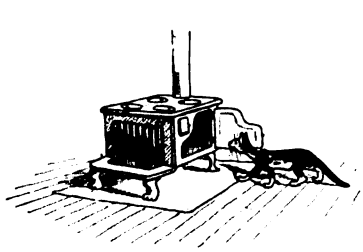
"Zed! thou unnecessary letter."

If Z be an unnecessary letter, on Shakespeare's own confession, why not dispense with it? Casting it aside, we find that T becomes the sixth letter of the backward alphabet, representing F in the forward alphabet. We, therefore, have $\overset{T}{Y} - \overset{F}{B}$, and if $\overset{F}{B}$ is not a good enough monogram for Francis Bacon, Bacon was not worthy of the fight his friends are waging in his behalf.

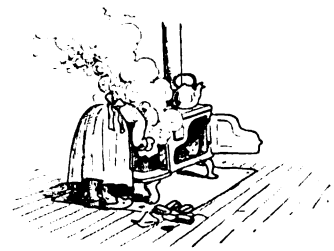
It seems to me, then, that with this in mind we do not assume too much when we say that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's epitaph. Now, if Shakespeare's epitaph is Shakespeare, as many ardent Shakespeareans claim, then Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and there is nothing more to be said on the subject.

In conclusion, I would say that the expression, "Root, Hog, or Die," in the Scriptures, seems to me to be a direct injunction to the Baconians to unearth Bacon or have him forever deposed from the pedestal of immortality.

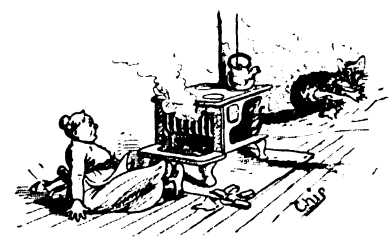
J. K. Bangs.



"Ah, here's a good place for a quiet nap!"



"Phew! This Indian Summer is——"



"Oh, Ingersoll!!"

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THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTI.

Anti-Poverty Agitator (to Grasshopper): IF INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME IN TOILING ON YOUR FARM ALL SUMMER YOU HAD STARTED AN ANTI-POVERTY BOOM, AS I DID, YOU WOULD HAVE LAID UP ENOUGH TO LIVE ON FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS, INSTEAD OF STARVING THIS WINTER THROUGH THE FAILURE OF YOUR CROPS.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE do not credit the assertion that Mr. Harold Frederic is to follow up his novel, "Seth's Brother's Wife," with a romance of "John's Cousin's Aunt's Friend's Sister-in-law." Mr. E. P. Roe might do this, but Mr. Frederic is too young, in a literary sense, to play with such ponderous titles.

* * *

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER, of Massachusetts, is to have an essay in the coming *Scribner's* entitled "What shall we tell the Working-classes?"

So enlightened a gentleman as General Walker should know better than to draw a distinction between a supposititious "we" and "working-classes." There is but one working-class in this country, and with the exception of a few dudes and lunatics we all belong to it.

* * *

"FOOLS OF NATURE" is the title of a novel by Miss Alice Brown.

Considering the number of these creatures it is not surprising to find the volume a thick one.

* * *

A NEW contemporary is the *Curio*. It is devoted largely to Books, Coins and Pedigrees.

It hardly seems necessary to devote much space to pedigrees. If one has coins, pedigrees become an unnecessary luxury.

* * *

SOME mean spirited American sent a copy of Mr. John Vance Cheney's book of poems, "Thistle-Drift," to Mr. Bell the day he and Mr. Watson sailed for home.

AN ABSURD RUMOR.

THE *Tribune*, one morning last week, characterized the rumor that Mr. Sharp was very ill as absurd.

We are glad to see an esteemed morning contemporary taking this matter by the throat — metaphorically speaking.

We have had enough of such miserable reports. The idea of a man of Sharp's wealth and influence getting sick or at the point of death, is absolutely ridiculous. It is very true that in that department in the universe where such things are regulated, neither moth nor rust can corrupt, but it must be remembered that Jacob comes under neither of these heads.

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SOCIETY MOVEMENTS.

Washington Square.

Mr. T. Donovan-Shaley: CHARMING MISS LEONORA, THE FALLING LEAVES REMIND US THAT SUMMER IS O'ER. I SEEK MY ULSTER AND YOU YOUR FURS. SWEET SUMMER GIRL, *au revoir!* ANOTHER SEASON, LET US HOPE, WILL FIND THE SAME BLOOM UPON YOUR CHEEK.

CARRYING IT TO EXTREMYSS.

AN Englishman known as old Wemyss,
Was exceedingly troubled with dremyss;
So rather than sleep,
Awake he would keep
And torture himself with big schemyss.

SCRAPS.

THERE is a yellow dog in Cincinnati that refuses to walk under Foraker's photograph.

* * *

THE Republicans in one of the counties of Illinois have found an old stump that Lincoln sat on one day while squirrel-hunting, and they propose to nominate it for sheriff of the county.

EXTRAORDINARY REVELATIONS.

IT had been LIFE'S intention to abstain from active participation in politics this Fall. Convinced that Editor Schevitch's vote for himself could not by any possibility gain for him the prize; satisfied that Henry George would talk himself to death before election; persuaded that the present incumbent could do no more than ruin the State if continued in office, and resigned to the possibility of having the Son of his Father at the helm, we had not deemed it worth while to enter into the contest without kid gloves. All this is changed by the revelations of a night. We have investigated the career of Frederick Dent Grant with the following results; and after the reader has perused the record carefully let him ask himself the question: Can I vote for one who has been guilty of these things?

The indictment is as follows:

1. Three weeks after Frederick Dent Grant was born he, with malice aforethought, yelled from three o'clock in the morning until just before breakfast, thus depriving his weary mother and overworked father of their well-earned rest.

2. When Frederick was five years of age he wantonly and cruelly shook the sawdust out of his infant sister's doll.

3. At the age of seven, while with his father in the field, the Republican candidate, with several other lads, formed a scheme which, for audacity, is without its equal in the annals of enterprise. In the neighborhood of his father's camp was the apple orchard of a poor but honest farmer. The latter retired one night the possessor of some three hundred and sixty green apples to rise the next morning entirely destitute of the cores of Adam's fall. On the other hand, a well-developed cholera epidemic had broken out in the families of all the generals with small sons, and foremost among the sufferers was Frederick D. Grant.

4. At the age of ten Frederick left home one Sunday morning for Sabbath-school, and was observed returning in the afternoon with a long string of fish.

5. Shortly after his twelfth birthday there is reason to believe that this recordless candidate, violated the confidence of his own father's cigar-box, and, when asked by the family physician to account for his subsequent illness, avowed that it was due to an excess of cream and strawberries at the Sunday-school festival.

6. Although Mr. Grant never chopped down his father's cherry-tree, the preceding count shows what he could do in a line in which Washington is popularly supposed to lack strength.

Now, we submit that, beginning with so horrid a record of youthful depravity, the mature manhood of such an one cannot but be irrevocably stained, and if any self-respecting man, with these facts in view, can vote this Fall for the Son of his Father, he must be strangely wanting in patriotism and love of good government.

ONE of our esteemed contemporaries asks, "What role will General Boulanger take next?"

We should judge from his name that it would be a French roll.

ABOVE PA.

"NOW, ALICE, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED?"

"YES."

"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU ASHAMED OF?"

"I'M ASHAMED OF MY PA!"

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RUNNING UP AGAINST A TENDERFOOT.

"STRANGER," he said—this story opens in the wild and woolly West—"jine us."

The gentleman addressed politely but firmly shook his head. He was rather under than above the medium height, and slightly built. His dress was quiet, but faultless in cut; the expression of his face cold, calm, resolute and dangerous.

"Stranger," repeated the bully, "jine us. I'm a Bald-headed Eagle with gaffs on my ankles, and when I scream I scream for keeps. Jine us, stranger, or the Eagle will rock you to Sleep."

The stranger looked the big bully square in the eye.

"Whiskey for me," he said, without flinching.—*Sun.*

"WITNESS," said a lawyer in the police court the other day, "you speak of Mr. Smith being well off. Is he worth $5,000?" "No, sah." "Two thousand?" "No, sah; he han't worf 25 cents." "Then how is he well off?" "Got a wife who s'ports de hull fam'ly, sah!"—*Chicago Times.*

A GENTLEMAN entered a phrenologist's office in Boston and asked to have his head examined. After a moment's inspection the Professor started back, exclaiming: "Good heavens! you have the most unaccountable combination of attributes I ever discovered in a human being. Were your parents eccentric?" "No, sir," replied the all-around character, meekly, "but my wife is. You needn't pay any attention to the larger bumps, sir."—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE original Gaily, known in song as "Gaily, the Troubadour," who "strikes his guitar," is with the Spanish Troubadours to appear at Faranta's Theatre.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

AND THE GREENBACK PARTY, TOO.

"ARE there any ruins around here, Mr. Dactylambler?" asked the tourist. "I should say so," replied the heartbroken poet. "Go down to the office of the *Weekly Wrongfont* and see how they printed my poem on "The Dying Summer."—*Burdette.*

SOME woman-hating editor expressed the opinion recently that women are never as successful as men in their callings, whereupon a Pueblo paper, with true Western gallantry, came to the rescue of the fair sex with a bold denial of the assertion, and instanced one lady in the neighborhood whose voice could be heard a mile.—*Fort Worth (Texas) Gazette.*

AN ANXIETY.

AUNTY: Why, Laurie, you seem to be growing every day!

LAURIE (*whose one idea is his birthday next week*): Yes, Aunty; I'm afraid I shall be six before my birthday!—*Punch.*

NOT SO BAD AS ALL THAT.

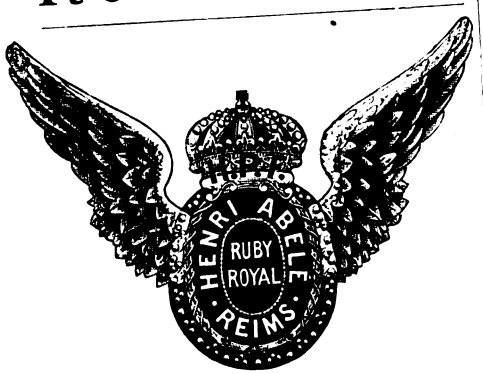
YOUNG MR. GOTHAM: Have you been in town long, Miss Breezy?

MISS BREEZY (*from the West*): About a week, but I found the long ride from Chicago so fatiguing that I have scarcely been out at all.

YOUNG MR. GOTHAM: I am sorry you have been indisposed, Miss Breezy; I would be glad to take you to see Dr. Jekyll.

MISS BREEZY (*a trifle coldly*): Thanks, Mr. Gotham, but my indisposition is scarcely severe enough to consult a physician.—*Epoch*

Have you used Packer's Tar Soap for Shampooing? It's immense!!



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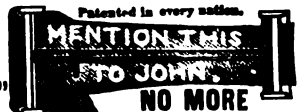

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Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Breakfast at Bonnebouche Hall.

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Literary Notes.

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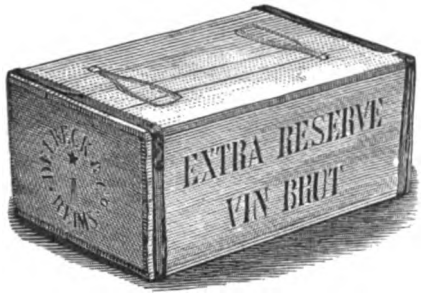

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1887. NUMBER 253.

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

He: SHALL I BRING YOU AN ICE WHILE MISS YELLFORT IS SINGING? PRAY TAKE SOMETHING.

She (a rival of Miss Y.): THANKS, NO. IF I TOOK ANYTHING IT WOULD BE ETHER.

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THE CENTURY.

A prominent newspaper has lately said of THE CENTURY that "it is doing more than any other private agency of to-day to teach the American people the true meaning of the words Nation and Democracy. It is a great magazine, and it is doing a great work." Its average edition is now nearly 250,000, many issues needing fully that number.

The November Number

Is the first issue of the new volume. One of the great features of THE CENTURY for the past year (and one which has added thousands of readers) has been "Abraham Lincoln: A History," by his private secretaries, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, a work upon which they have been engaged nearly twenty years. The events of Mr. Lincoln's early life having been narrated—his political conflicts, etc., the writers now enter upon a more personal part of their narratives and begin

"Lincoln in the War."

The November CENTURY contains "The President-elect at Springfield," with new material of rare interest, including unpublished letters from and to General Scott, W. H. Seward, Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed.

After the "War Series" and the Lincoln History, the most important enterprise ever undertaken by THE CENTURY is the forthcoming series of papers on

Siberia and the Exile System

By George Kennan, author of *Tent Life in Siberia*, who has just returned from an arduous journey of 15,000 miles through Russia and Siberia, during which, by means of especial favorable letters from Russian officials and a knowledge of the language, he was enabled to visit every important prison in Siberia and to make the acquaintance of more than 300 exiled Liberals and "Nihilists." Graphic features of exile life, "hunger strikes," the traffic in names, the "knock alphabet," etc., etc., will be described, and the illustrations, by Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied Mr. Kennan throughout his journey, will add interest to this remarkable series. It will begin with four papers on the Russian revolutionary movement, the first one of which, "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals," is in November. Striking facts are here told for the first time.

SIBERIA.

Fiction by Eggleston and Cable.

Two important stories begin in this November number—"The Graysons," a story of Illinois, a novel by Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc.; and "Au Large," a three-part story of Acadian Life, by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc. Both are illustrated, the latter by Kemble. In December will begin

A Three-Part Story by Frank R. Stockton,

Entitled "The Dusantes," by the author of "Rudder Grange," "The Hundredth Man," etc., etc. There will be a great variety of short stories by the best authors, throughout the year, many of them illustrated. "A Little Dinner," by W. H. Bishop, is in November.

The Illustrated Features

Of the November CENTURY include "The Home and Haunts of Washington," with an interesting frontispiece portrait of Washington, never before engraved; "Augustus St. Gaudens,"—a paper descriptive of this distinguished sculptor's work, beautifully illustrated with engravings, including a full-page picture of St. Gaudens' new statue of Lincoln for Chicago; "Sugar-Making in Louisiana," with 17 striking pictures by Kemble, "College Composites," etc., etc.

Miscellaneous Features

Of the year just beginning will include occasional articles bearing upon the subjects treated in the current INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS, illustrated with reproductions of Mr. Edward L. Wilson's interesting photographs; a series of papers on IRELAND, its Ethnology, Customs, Town Life, Literature and Art, by Charles DeKay, illustrated by J. W. Alexander; papers by Theodore Roosevelt, author of "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," portraying the wild industries and sports of the Far West, illustrated by Frederick Remington; further important papers dealing with the COLONIAL PERIOD, by Dr. Eggleston; Mrs. van Rensselaer's papers on ENGLISH CATHEDRALS, with Mr. Pennel's remarkable illustrations; some supplemental WAR PAPERS of a general and untechnical character to follow the series by distinguished Generals, completed in the November number; Dr. Buckley's timely series on SPIRITUALISM, etc., together with essays on Religious, Educational, Artistic, and other subjects. THE CENTURY for the coming year will devote more space than usual to MUSICAL SUBJECTS.

The Editorial Departments of THE CENTURY, treating political, social, and household matters, giving literary and art criticism, etc., have been a great element in its success. Here topics are discussed of vital interest in connection with the life of the nation.

THE CENTURY costs $4.00 a year, 35 cents a number—twelve monthly numbers of 160 pages (and 150,000 words) with from fifty to one hundred pictures. BEGIN WITH NOVEMBER. All booksellers, newsdealers and postmasters take subscriptions. Send for our illustrated catalogue, containing full prospectus, etc., with special offer of back numbers of the Lincoln History

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To such travelled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. *But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.*

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with *indigestion, or any bilious or liver trouble*, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should *ask for them* of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.

ST. NICHOLAS.

THERE is not a boy or girl in America who will not want, and ought not to have, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE for 1888. It is going to be *great*. This small space can only contain a hint of some of the things it is to contain. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will contribute a short serial—a worthy successor of that author's famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS a year ago. Joel Chandler Harris, John Burroughs, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Amelia E. Barr, Washington Gladden, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Noah Brooks, H. C. Bunner, Mary Mapes Dodge, A. W. Tourgee and Palmer Cox are a few of those who are writing for the new volume. It will have an illustrated series on Australia, and Mr. Edmund Alton, author of "Among the Law-makers" (Congress), will contribute "The Routine of the Republic," describing the daily practical workings of the administrative departments—the White House, etc. Can you afford to do without ST. NICHOLAS in your home? The November number begins the year. *Try that number;* it costs only 25 cents, and all newsdealers sell it.

THE CENTURY CO.,

33 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME X. · LIFE · NOVEMBER 3D,
No. 253. 1887.

CUPID AT THE KEYS.

THROUGH the chapel's painted windows,
The Autumn sunshine flits,
O'er the pews to the corner
Where Daphne demurely sits.

And ever, as she listens,
Her color comes and goes,
And her lips are sweetly parted
Like the petals of a rose

There's a spell in the swelling anthem,
A note that's full and clear,
Not caught by priest or worshipper,
Which she alone can hear.

Her heart swells with the music,
Now low and sweet and soft—
Love's fingers sport with the keyboard,
In the chapel's organ loft!

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

"STIGGINS on Chadband" is the *Saturday Review's* title for Dr. Parker's eulogy of Henry Ward Beecher, which seems to indicate that the *Saturday Review* takes the New York *Sun* as its model in its treatment of the dead.

It may be added that the *Saturday Review* is a supporter of the government which tolerates Mr. Hughes-Hallet in its councils, and circulates chiefly amongst that stayed old company of black legs, the Peers of the Realm.

THE *Judge* has a cartoon representing Mrs. Cleveland as the "Queen of Hearts," and beneath it the inscription: "What a pity it is for Grover that hearts are not trumps in politics!" We might add that as far as the *Judge* is concerned it is too bad that "knaves" are not the winning cards.

A FOOT-PAD attacked a Boston spinster the other evening, and by the time she had got through mussing him up, he had agreed to marry her.

POPULAR SONG.

"BUT THE LETTER THAT HE LONGED FOR NEVER CAME."

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

VOL. X. NOVEMBER 3, 1887. No. 253.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

MUCH can be accomplished this fall in the interests of good government if the people will have it so. It does not often happen in local politics that there is so distinct an issue between parties as there is at present.

All the forces of the boodlers who have lived on the fat of the city until compelled to diet on the lean of Sing Sing or Canada, have been brought to bear against the promotion of an efficient officer, to whose efforts the punishment of the thieves is largely due. Their resentment is natural, and their opposition to De Lancey Nicoll was to be expected, but are we to permit them to triumph?

Are Keenan, Moloney, Jaehne, Sharp and others to be given the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Nicoll rebuked by the people? Is the candidate for District Attorney, who, for reasons best known to himself, shirked the responsibilities which De Lancey Nicoll shouldered, to be rewarded because he was weighed in the balance and found wanting?

We think not.

* * *

YOU, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, are quite right about the old women. When they *are* charming they are the finest birds in the whole of Paradise. Young women give pleasure, but it is an anxious sort of joy, which has to be so chastened and subdued and kept in bounds, that it is as troublesome as a hired girl. But an old woman one permits one's self to love, to pamper and to profit by without hindrance from his conscience or reproof from his wife. It is worth while for every appreciative man to look about him betimes, and try to make a provision of gossips for his declining years. If any of us are still young—comparatively young—and know of women that we would love now if we dared, let us comfort ourselves with the purpose to be as fond of them as we choose when we are sixty.

Dr. Holmes is notoriously seventy, and the venerable Bancroft is older still; but the historian's affectionate relations with old dames of high fashion have as sweet a notoriety as his roses, and the autocrat bears witness in his latest book to the fascination his contemporaries and elders of the gentler sex have for him. Indeed, the story runs in Boston, that nothing since McCosh has disturbed the Autocrat so much as to have been caught comparing the ancient Mrs. Proctor to a "tough old macaw." Barry Cornwall's widow seems to be about the finest old woman left in the world, and the Autocrat knows he can never face her again.

* * *

IN the concluding installment of "April Hopes" Mr. Howells takes his hero to a Washington house "where Mrs. Secretary Miller stood with two lady friends, who were helping her receive."

How about "lady friends," Mr. Howells? Is that good Bostonese, and if so, is there any harm in "girl friends," "gentleman friends," "men friends," or any similar combination.

This journal has bestowed some thought on these several qualified substantives, and had about determined that all were undesirable instances of language, and had better be avoided.

Of course, "lady friends," as Mr. Howells has it, is better than *lady*-friends, as Col. Eugene Fields would probably write it, in his pure-blooded, registered Chicagoese. But it seems to us that the best of these expressions is too bad.

* * *

NOW that Dr. Seward Webb and Mayor Wetmore have been indicted, some of the boodle aldermen have been heard to claim that indictments are the fashion.

Hence the report that Mr. Berry Wall would sport one and crush Mr. Hilliard.

* * *

MR. WATTERSON'S comments on the Haskell incident at Minneapolis are unusually penetrating. He attributes Mr. Haskell's slight to Mrs. Cleveland to two things: to his youth; and to the fact that "the Eastern young man is educated to loose notions about women which would be pronounced scandalous elsewhere." "In the South," he asserts, "such notions could have no existence. Down here we draw the line at WOMAN; and when that is crossed by so much as a corset-string, we shoot."

The worthy Colonel lays part of the blame for Haskell's coarseness to Harvard and Concord; to the striving of the girl of the period to be a man, and the consequent lack of feminine homage in the young men.

It is a fact that in old Kentuck "we shoot" at the least provocation, but let us hope that it isn't true that Harvard teaches her sons to insult women. Professor Palmer has just written a pamphlet about the expense of a Harvard education, and there is nothing in it that suggests that Harvard's A.B. comes at the cost of the winner's respect for the gentler sex.

Someone has been fooling you, Colonel! Don't believe it.

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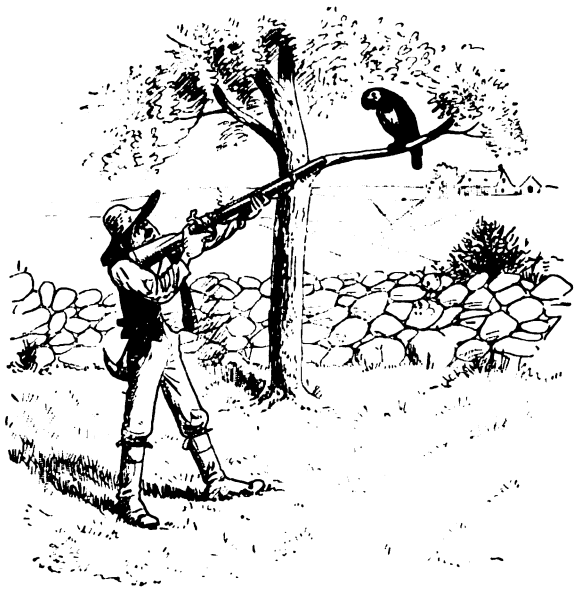
A DRUMMER'S MOTTO.

IF when some task you press
And meet rebuff in what you seek,
Remember, then, the Scriptures bless
Whom being slapped shows still more cheek.

THE sentiment of Canadian hotel men is that Jacob Sharp should be let out on bail.



ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES—

THE CIGARETTE EVIL.

A CONTEMPORARY which wages war on the cigarette has the following:

During the month of August one cigarette firm sold 60,324,540 cigarettes. Let us consider for a moment what this means. It would be a cigarette for every inhabitant of the United States, with a few extra ones for visitors. If placed end to end they would extend 2,618 miles, or across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, or from Boston to London. Should one cigarette be smoked each minute, day and night, without intermission, it would take 115 years to consume this quantity.

We think our contemporary fails to score one very important point in this awful indictment, and that is, independent of the sinful waste of time in laying out a line of cigarettes 2,618 miles long, if the smoker does not die within the period of time named, he will at least become a physical wreck, useless alike to his friends and himself, before he has completed his one hundred and sixteenth year. This is a subject which requires legislation.

THE MARRIAGE NOTICE OF THE FUTURE.

A FASHIONABLE wedding notice last week gave the genealogy of the bride, as well as the occupation and connections of the groom, his father's titles and degrees thrown in, and closed with the announcement that so-and-so furnished the decorations.

This is what realism is leading us to. But why not carry it all the way through to its fullest extent? Thus, for instance:

MARRIED.

SMITH—JONES.—On the 20th of October, at No. 4672 Ninth Avenue (John P. Robinson, architect; Theodore Brown, builder), by the Rev. Pierre K. Goodman, author of "Side Lights of the Gospels," published by Harping & Brothers, 12mo, cloth $1, paper 50 cents, for sale by all respectable newsdealers, Anna Jones, daughter of Charles P. Jones, wholesale grocer, of 9276 Pearl Street, and sole agent in New York for Spile's Gurline, fifteen cents per package, and granddaughter of Midshipman Easy, author of the *Century's* articles on "The Navy at Gettysburg, to Patsy J. P. Q. Jinkins of the Sandwich Islands Custom-House, and son of General Bolivar J. D. Furioso Jinkins, P.P.C., J.A.C.K., C.D. of Her Majesty's forces in Manitoba. Rebellions a specialty. Office hours 6–4.

Decorations by J. Kearney, 626 Fourteenth Avenue, third son of P. Kearney, caterer, of 32 Floyd-Jones Street. Furnace-fire by James Higginbotham. Gas by the United Gas Trust of New York. Supper and flowers by Blunder, nephew of Lieut. Charles K. Bombastes, of the New York *Gazette;* terms $1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Conversation at Reception by the World's Entertainment Emporium, talented conversationalists and raconteurs, etc., furnished at short notice and at moderate prices.

To be sure, this would cost money, but what is money compared with the advantages accruing from the system? Perhaps the persons whose business is advertised would be willing to pay for the whole insertion, which would relieve the family of no little expense.

We do not copyright the idea.

OF EDUCATION.

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NOVEMBER'S COME.

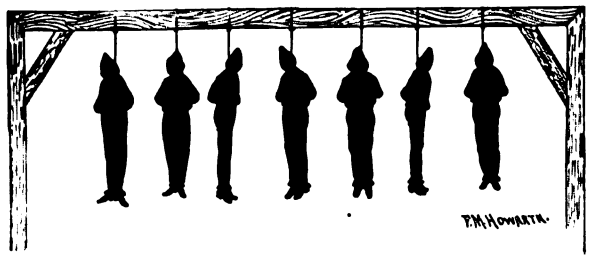
NOW the upper ten do cease thro' the mountains bleak to rove,
And the legions from old Europe into sight do daily hove,
And the country maids who all the summer long have vainly strove
To land an ancient millionaire with all his treasure trove,
Return unto their homesteads in the village and the grove,
For the calendar reliable doth state that it is Nove.
The boy that's small, the college youth, their latin books above,
The little girls and middle aged who meditate on love,
The bull, the bear, who up and down the stocks do strive to shove,
The milliner who makes the hat from out the festive dove,
And he who finds a fortune in the canton-flannel glove,
Do loud rejoice,
And lift the voice
In hymns of praise to Nov.
Indeed our blessings are very various
In the reign of old King Saggitarius.

* * *

THE London *Standard*, apropos of Mr. Childs' gift to Stratford-on-Avon, goes so far as to assert editorially that America has never produced a writer equal to Shakespeare.

Here is an opportunity for Count Tolstoï to say something pleasant about Mr. Howells.

* * *



SEVEN UP.

A GAME THAT WILL BE PLAYED IN CHICAGO NEXT MONTH.

* * *

JACOB SHARP may have been a foolish old man, but he never paid $385 for a private box for the opening performance of an aspiring young amateur.

Mr. Pulitzer is requested to paste this in his hat.

* * *

THE *World* of Sunday has the following: "Mrs. Van Blank, No. — Fifth Avenue, gave a dinner to her daughter at her residence on Friday."

It is pleasant to observe that ability to live on Fifth Avenue does not interfere with the maternal instinct. At the same time it is a curious commentary on American life that the giving of a dinner to a daughter by a mother is of such importance that it is mentioned in the newspapers.

WE are not bloodthirsty, as a rule, but we think it only just if the heathen retaliate on the missionaries by boiling them. The missionaries, by a vote of the home board, go to the savages with the avowed intention of initiating them into the mysteries of Sheol, and if the savages hoist them with their own petard, who is to blame?

* * *

FRANK A. MUNSEY has written a book called "Afloat in a Great City."

Mr. Munsey must have tried to cross Broadway after a February thaw.

* * *

THE *Commercial Advertiser* announces that hereafter it is to be the best evening paper in the city.

This is a very radical change for so conservative a journal, although we must admit that the *Commercial* has always been the most motherly, lady-like paper in New York.

* * *

THE Canadians should put a custom duty on American Aldermen. They certainly come under the head of salable commodities.

* * *

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN: Return at once and all will be forgiven. The sparrows and children are broken-hearted at your desertion. You are off the track, George! Switch back to your loving Madison Square.

* * *

A NEWSPAPER without principle is apt to be a failure. So when the *Times* states editorially that Mr. Low is unfit for the Controllership, and accepts pay for saying in its advertising columns that he is the right man for the place, we begin to wonder whether the *Times* is fit to influence public opinion.

* * *

IT is dollars against a Nicoll, but De Lancey is all right. The *Sun* and *Star* hail Fellows well met, but Nicoll will get there just the same.

* * *

THE *World's* book-critic says that Mr. Howells is the Mrs. James Brown Potter of literature.

This may be taken in two ways. If the *World* means that in the matter of personal beauty Mr. Howells is the Mrs. J. B. P. of literature, we think the *World* is unnecessarily severe on Mrs. Potter. On the other hand, if the intention is to make Mr. Howells appear as an amateurish elevator of literature, we think the great realist has good ground for complaint against Mr. Pulitzer. We would like to hear from the *World* as to whether it considers Ignatius Donnelly or Henry George the Francis Wilson of letters, with a clue as to whether Tolstoï could be accused of Mrs. Langtryism.

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Mrs. Timothy: DEW SEE, SAMEUL! AIN'T IT JEST BEAUTIFUL, ALL THESE YOUNG MOTHERS SO HAPPY WITH THEIR CHILDREN! AND SOME FOLKS HAS THE ASSUMPTION TO SAY CITY WOMEN NEGLECT THEIR CHILDREN.

THE NEWPORT SCHOOL.

OF late years Mr. George William Curtis has been chiefly known as a Mugwump. It has been our regret that so much of his time has been devoted to political, rather than to social, affairs. He has placed his political foot down with a force that shook the country, and we are pleased to note that the social foot, which has seemed to be too long poised in an innocuous desuetude, has at last fallen upon a subject so worthy of treatment as the Newport School of Manners, of which he says, in *Harper's Magazine* for October:

"It is a delightful provision of nature, or fate, or chance, or by whatever name the Goddess of Fortune may be called, that there should be a class of Americans who, being rich and their lives a long leisure, are enabled to show us what are the true ends of life, and how money may be most wisely and usefully spent. Newport, in Rhode Island, is a famous summer university or school of this kind.

"The most striking service which the Newport school rendered to good morals and good manners during the last season was the reception and treatment of a distinguished professor of the right use of leisure and the beneficent expenditure of money, who also happened to be an English nobleman. This eminent personage, like the noted hotel at Pompeii described in the remarkable Italian-English advertisement, was 'renowned for the excellence of the service and the cleanness of the living.'

"No sooner had the English professor of clean living arrived in Newport than he was waited upon by some of the resident professors, and became at once a social lion. This was the first object lesson. It showed the aspiring and studious youth of the school the kind of person who should be socially honored. It was the more edifying because the professor's renown is wholly social. It was a public advantage, because the children of the resident professors would see at once the model whom they were to emulate for the advantage of their country. The fact that such a professor was received with such distinction at Newport will, of course, induce all parents who can possibly afford it to place their children under the pure and refreshing influences of that delightful summer school, to elevate their standards of human conduct, to deepen their respect for ennobling social influence, and to strengthen and refine their characters.

"The charm of this famous Newport school is the absence of snobbery. There is no undue regard for riches, no ostentation, no pride of the purse. The *habitues* of the school are estimated by their individual worth. Its ideals of life are lofty and simple, and all its details are free from extravagance or lavish display. No dinner has more than twenty courses, or is served in anything more costly than gold or silver or Dresden china. Few of the professors have even two yachts, and there are never more than four horses in a single coach, the foolish luxury of elephants to draw them being quite unknown.

"People that kiss the ground under the feet of Lord Thomas Noddy, mothers that beg the honor of Lovelace's company at their daughter's little party, fathers who cringe to secure the Marquis of Steyne to dinner—are not these, after all, in the hundredth year of the American government, the true Americans? They show how American principles have elevated the English-speaking race—do they not? They emphasize the humane contrast of American institutions with the effete system of Europe. They illustrate the superiority of a society which honors man for himself, and not for a title or a coronet. They show that although a man may bear a famous name, and rank as a duke in the highest peerage of the world, yet, if he be of a character which excludes him from the Queen's drawing-room in England, and from the houses, not of prigs and purists, but of decent people, there is no reputable drawing-room in America open to him. This is all true—is it not?

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Gus: HEAVINGS, GAWGE! WHAT'S THE MATTAH?
Gawge: MATTAH? WHY, OLD FELLAH, I NEVAH CAME SO NEAR BEING OFFENDED IN MY LIFE. THE PROPRIETOR—AH—OF THAT HOTEL CALLED ME A LIAH AND KICKED ME DOWN STAIRS; I TELL YOU WHAT—AH—GUS, IT WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MUCH MORE TO HAVE MADE ME WEAL MAD.

CHANGING SCENES.

CHILL the winds that now assail us,
Gone are joys of summer time;
Other thoughts and other pleasures
Greet us with the wintry clime.

From the field of strife and turmoil
Comes no sound of bat or ball;
Silence reigns within the grand stand;
Waves no banner on the wall.

Put away the little score-book,
Give the tired brain a rest;
Now the "pennant" is the guerdon
Of the team that played the best.

Now the umpire from his labors,
To a quiet spot retires,
Where, secure from cranks and kickers,
Peace with joy his heart inspires.

Soon the slide of the toboggan
With its track so smooth and bright,
High will rear its dizzy causeway
O'er the diamond's pall of white.

Then instead of broken digits,
Fractured spines will rule the day.
Thus it is the round of pleasure
Whirls this merry world away.

Frank B. Welch.

BOOKISHNESS

HYSTERIA AND HEROISM.

THERE is something pathetic in the waste of energy shown in such novels as "Jean Monteith" (Holts), by M. G. McClelland. The gleams of intelligence here and there, the fine intuitions in regard to character, the gropings after something higher, the solemn sincerity of it—all these fragmentary merits are valueless by reason of a pitiful lack of education and experience on the author's part. And the saddest thing about it is, that she can never remedy the deficiency. Fate and circumstance made her range of life narrow; she has lived it sincerely, honestly, but ambitiously. One good story, "Oblivion," grew naturally from her limited experience, but those that have followed it have been weak rearrangements of the same melody.

* * *

THERE is really but one character in this novel—the eccentric *Jean*. She is heroic, intense, self-sacrificing in a ***needless*** way. Such people make hard tasks for themselves, because they will not accept the common-sense and natural solution of their difficulties. The day is past when anything heroic or romantic can be found in useless endurance or suffering.

The heroine of the coming novel must be a woman who resolutely and perseveringly develops her body and mind in a sensible, rational way, so that each is the helpmeet of the other. Such a woman will meet inevitable trouble as a trained soldier meets an heroic charge. She will find something akin to exhilaration in the test of her powers. If sorely wounded, her exuberant vitality will quickly repair the waste. The ordinary trials and worries of living she will obliterate with her skill and foresight. Her true appreciation of the inequality of life will make her broadly sympathetic and helpful. She will not ask for pity and protection because she is weak, but will freely receive the homage, respect and love of man, because she is strong in the domain of emotion, as he is strong in aggressive activity and the management of affairs.

We can no longer accept hysteria for heroism, even in romantic fiction.

* * *

AND there is another interesting side to this question: A narrow life is not necessarily an unhappy or pathetic one. It only becomes so when you try to break through what Hawthorne called the "viewless bolts and bars." The sentiment which men and women of "the world" have poured out on what they call "narrow existences," has been for the most part sheer waste. There is a continuity and completeness in a narrow life which is never found in ambitious careers. These are at best noble fragments of fine ideals, or miserable failures. But a narrow life is so often a deep one. Its wants, which are few, are satisfied; its affections are unchanging and steadfast; its ideals are of the modest kind which can be realized in a lifetime. "Life, death and the vast forever" is to it in very truth "one grand, sweet song."

* * *

SUCH platitudes as these are, no doubt, tiresome, but they must be repeated over and over again, so long as weak women continue to write weak novels—and other weak women and men read them.

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Vigor, good cheer, human kindliness and unfailing hopefulness are the qualities which must saturate our ideal literature. The newspaper has become such a record of the seamy side of life, that we can only hope to counteract its realism with the other side, which is equally real and more inspiring.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE HUNDREDTH MAN. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Co.

The Brownies: Their Book. By Palmer Cox. New York: The Century Co.

The Longfellow Prose Birthday Book. Edited by Laura Winthrop Johnson. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Gates Between. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Princess of Java. A Tale of the Far East. By S. J. Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Just Dog. Puck's Library, No. 3. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann.

The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. By Mark Rutherford. Edited by Reuben Shapcott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Vacation in a Buggy. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Gulliver's Travels. By Jonathan Swift. Preparatory Memoir by George Saintsbury. Illustrated. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Southern Silhouettes. By Jeannette H. Walworth. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Major and Minor. A Novel. By W. E. Norris. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Fools of Nature. A Novel. By Alice Brown. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

My Old Kentucky Home. By Stephen Collins Foster. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Part VI. New York: The Century Co.

Jack Hall, or the School Days of an American Boy. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by F. G. Attwood. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.

A PETRIFIED peanut-shell has been found in the upper gallery of the theatre at Pompeii. Gods have been gods in all ages!

MR. GARRETT'S P—NTS.

APROPOS of the telegraph consolidation the Columbus *Dispatch* remarks, that although Mr. Robert Garrett has let considerable property slip through his fingers of late, his friends congratulate him upon one thing, and that is, that he has thus far succeeded in keeping his one hundred pairs of elegant trousers out of Gould's clutches.

We are not so certain on this matter. Mr. Garrett clamored to a considerable extent about "breeches of faith" during the first two or three days subsequent to the consummation. If there had been no grievance, there would have been no such wailing and gnashing of teeth.

A HINT TO THE MAYOR.

WHEN IT COMES TO SIDEWALK OBSTRUCTION WHY IS NOT UPPER BROADWAY A GOOD FIELD FOR REFORM?

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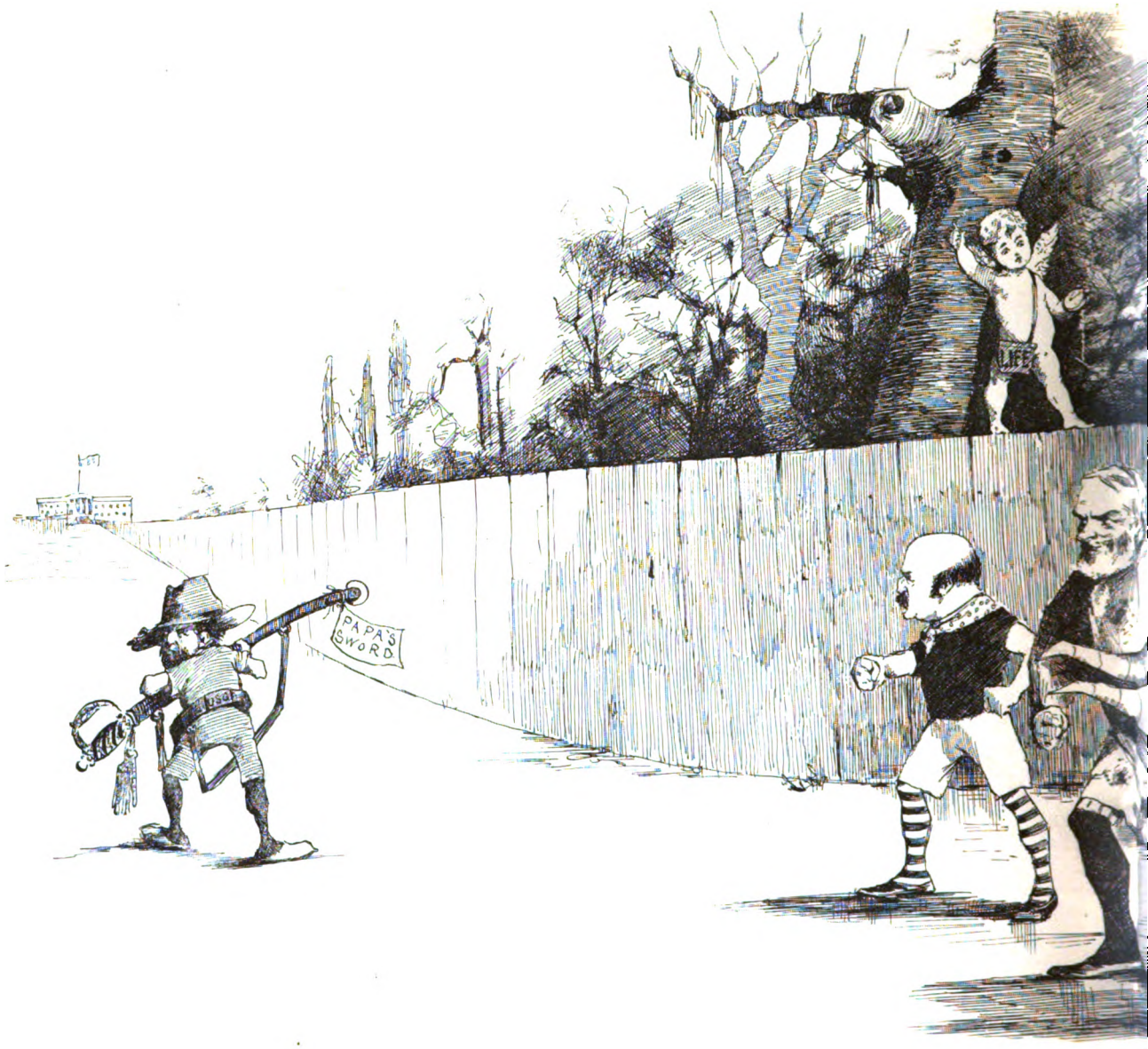

THE NATIONAL HANDICAP FO

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JACK SHERMAN, ...	Fifty Yards	DAVY HILL, . .	

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DRAMATIC?

BERNHARDT was appreciated in New York.
So was Modjeska; also Terry.

But the wild, unreasoning enthusiasm that true genius can alone excite never displayed itself until the seats for Mrs. James Brown Potter's first performance were put up at auction. Then, indeed, was glory. The receipts were immense; the scramble superb! New York society is not an overeducated body, neither is it handicapped with an excess of brains. Its indigestions are not from solid reading or from too much reflection, and our appreciation of art, music, literature and the drama has never been the envy of other cities. But when it comes to a cool, calm judgment concerning Mrs. James Brown Potter, and ten dollars a seat for the first night, we do think we are of some importance.

"The value of a thing is what it brings."

Mrs. James Brown Potter brings more than anyone else—on her first night—and we realize with joy that we have among us the most gifted actress of the age.

We are emboldened by this fact to publish, for the enlightenment of our readers, the following list, showing the relative importance of certain well-known ladies.

In arranging these names we are governed somewhat by the New York fact that true genius must ever depend for permanent success upon the vigor of its advertising.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.
MARY ANDERSON.
MRS. LANGTRY.
ELLEN TERRY.
MODJESKA.
BERNHARDT.

The proprietors of the three last names, having no social position in New York, are very justly driven to the obscure position that talent and professional experience are bound to occupy when competing with "society" and the professional beauty.

* * *

THE revival of the "Rivals" by Mr. Jefferson is one of the most delightful yet saddening events of the dramatic season. Delightful because Jefferson's *Bob Acres* and Mrs. Drew's impersonation of *Mrs. Malaprop* are of the sort of which Shakespeare would have said,

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale
Their infinite variety;"

Saddening because we cannot but note the decadence of the art of playwriting when we compare the work of Sheridan with that of the incompetent scribblers who cater to the stage to-day. Where is there, among the plays of recent years, anything to equal in wit, action or whatever else goes to make up the good play, the work of the playwright of a hundred years ago? Not even the most ardent admirer of our modern writers would dare to say that in 1987 there will be a revival of such inartistic stuff as we of to-day are compelled to witness under the guise of entirely new and original dramas.

* * *

WITH charming personality and undoubted talent, there can be little question as to Signorina Tua's success.

She plays before large and enthusiastic audiences, to whose frequent and hearty recalls she responds most good-naturedly. Her rendering of the Mendelssohn concerts is brilliant in execution and graceful in sentiment; but she is, perhaps, heard at her best in the Laub polonaise, the difficult staccato passages of which she plays with marvelous accuracy. There is a dash and spirit about her playing which is irresistible, and we prophesy for this smiling little lady a brilliant future, if, to use a paddyism, it is not already in the present. She was assisted by Mr. William Sherwood, with whose finished and exquisite technique we are familiar, and, with Mr. Van der Stucken's able orchestra, the concerts were an event in the musical world.

BUSINESS.

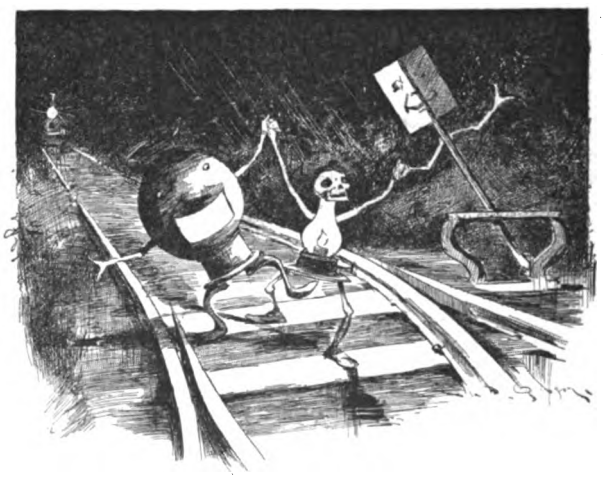
SOLOMON ISAACS: Vader, Meester Moses says vat you charch him for dose two-dollar paints?

ISRAEL ISAACS: Vat did Moses pay ven he failt last time?

SOLOMON: Twenty-fife cents on der dollar.

ISRAEL: Charch him eight dollars for dose paints, Solomon.

THE Pen is Mightier than the Sword, but the lack of an International Copyright knocks a great deal of the might out of the Pen.



THE STOVE, THE LAMP, AND THE MISPLACED SWITCH.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

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AT THE STAR.

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J. CHOLMONDELEY FITZIMMONS-HICKS AND HIS SINGLE EYE-GLASS.

J. Cholmondeley purchases a single eye-glass and proceeds to practice.

"Ah! Now, watch me place it in my eye with grace and agility."

"Oh! I mustn't be so careless or I'll drop and break the thing."

"Perhaps I didn't contort my face in the necessary manner."

"Ah, there I have it. No I haven't, either."

"I'll make the thing stay if I have to hold it until it grows there."

"Great Scott!!! I believe I've run the thing into my head."

"Look here, my friend, do you know you are fooling with a Fitzimmons-Hicks; none of whom ever knew defeat?"

"I'll try my left eye, perhaps that will fit better."

"Eureka! But, by George! I have to keep both eyes closed to hold it there, and I can't see to walk."

Defeat! War! Extermination!

And J. Cholmondeley Fitzimmons-Hicks seeks new fields of conquest.

A QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.

MR. LEW VANDERPOOLE discusses the Baconian theory in *Truth*.

New Yorkers are not so much interested in who wrote Shakespeare as in who wrote the posthumous works of George Sand.

POPE.

Adapted by a reveler who has been clubbed by the police.

"ALL looks yellow to the jaundiced eye,"
And to the orb of varied hue,
Obtained from bearing slightly fly,
The outlook's very black and blue.

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VAT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

A RARE GIFT.

"I'VE got a poem," he said, when he had secured the attention of the editor.

"My dear sir, that pigeon-hole is filled with poems awaiting publication."

"But this describes the virtues of the Double-Decked Soap, and I will pay $1 a line to have it printed," said the author.

"Ah, charming! I'm glad to see you turn your attention to verse. I wish all had your gift."—*Tid-Bits.*

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER: Yes, I have traveled a great deal in this country, and I cannot help wondering why your government does not catch these train robbers and lock them up.

AMERICAN: Have you met train robbers?

"Plenty of them; they're everywhere, it seems to me, but I must say they are very polite for highwaymen."

"Polite?"

"Very; and I notice, too, that they are all colored men."

"Oh, those are not train robbers; those are porters."—*Omaha World.*

OVERHEARD at the card-room at the club, where four grave and silent gentlemen are seated at whist. Enter Dumley.

DUMLEY: Aha, gentlemen, playing whist?

GRIGSON (*looking up, rather wearily*): No, Dumley; we are playing four-handed solitaire!—*Boston Transcript.*

THE PARLOR FLOOR IS MORE "SWELL."

"There's plenty of room at the top." Is there, my boy? Oh, no; that's only some more of the wise man's encouraging nonsense. There's less room at the top than anywhere else in the whole pyramid. Unless society is built upside down, there is the most room at the bottom. There's only room for one at the top. Look at our own country; 50,000,000 of people at the bottom and middle, and only one President at the top. That's the way the world over; millions of subjects and only one king. If you want lots of room and plenty of company, you stay at the bottom with the rest of us. Mighty lonely and narrow at the apex.—*Burdette.*

HOW HE CAME OUT.

"Yes, these mining schemes are very uncertain," remarked a traveling man who had returned from the far West.

"Sometimes they pay very high."

"That's a fact, but take my advice and let 'em alone."

"Ever have any experience with them?"

"Yes; I invested three thousand dollars in a Colorado mine."

"And did you realize anything?"

"Yes, sir; I realized for the seven hundred and sixty-second time that I always was a blamed fool in business matters."—*Merchant Traveller.*

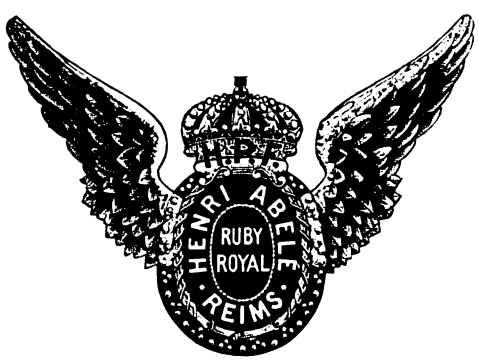
NOT AN AMERICAN DRINK.

A TRAVELING man from this country went into what the signboard indicated was an American restaurant. During his meal he asked for a glass of water.

"Beg pawding, sir?" said the waiter.

"I want a glass of water."

"Very sorry, hi hassure you, but since Buffalo Bill has been 'ere we honly serves Hamerican drinks."—*Merchant Traveller.*



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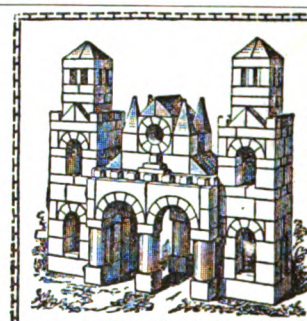

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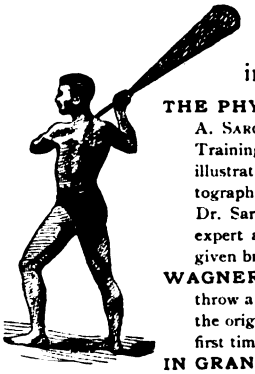

The November number, which is especially rich in illustrations, contains—

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WHAT SHALL WE TELL THE WORKING-CLASSES? GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER. A vigorous, plain-spoken article, and an original and valuable contribution to this much-discussed subject.

A COMPLETE MISUNDERSTANDING. (Story.) By MARGARET CROSBY.

TIRAR Y SOULT. (Story.) By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CONCLUSION OF THE SERIAL "SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE." By HAROLD FREDERIC.

TO RHODOCLEIA, on Her Melancholy Singing. Poem. By ANDREW LANG.

POEMS. By SUSAN COOLIDGE, ELLEN BURROUGHS, HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT and CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

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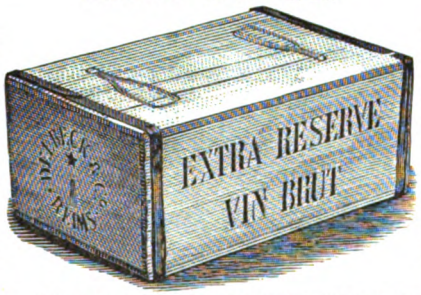

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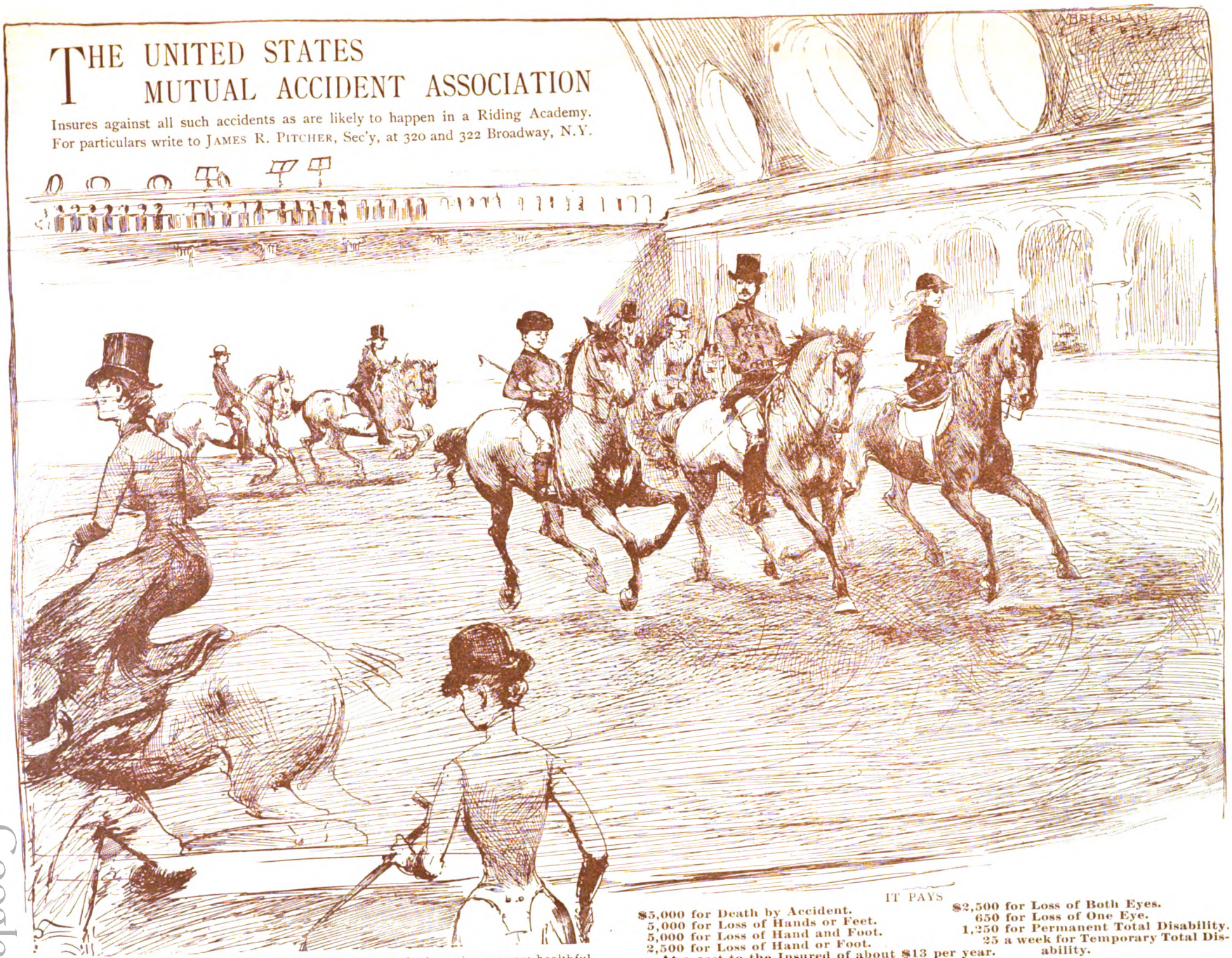

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Poems by Mrs. Frances Mace, author of "Legend, Lyrics and Sonnets," "Israfil," "Only Waiting," etc. 1 vol., 12mo, $2.00.

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I have examined the sample of Hygeia Water received from you September 20th, with the following results, viz.:

	Parts per 100,000.
Free Ammonia,	**0.0089.**
Albuminoid Ammonia,	**0.0021.**
Solid Residue (at 105° C.)	**0.0857.**
Chlorine,	**None**
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Nitrites,	**Faint Trace.**

Color—perfectly colorless and transparent in a tube thirty (30) inches long.

This water is of remarkable purity. The minute proportion of "Free Ammonia" is not an indication of previous decomposition of organic matter in the water, as it would be in undistilled water, but merely a trace of material perfectly harmless of itself which has distilled over.

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Very respectfully,

(Signed) A. A. BRENEMAN.

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OUR SPECIAL · LIFE · INK.

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1887. NUMBER 254.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1887, by MITCHELL & MILLER.

AFTER THE BALL.

Gay Young Chaperone: EVELYN, DEAREST, YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL OF MRS. GRUNDY. YOU ACTED OUTRAGEOUSLY WITH THOSE CUTHBERTSON BROTHERS TO-NIGHT.

Evelyn: WHY, I SAW JACK FOLLIBUD DOING THE MADLY DEVOTIONAL WITH YOU. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?

G. Y. C.: FOLLOW MY EXAMPLE. I'VE DONE ALL MY FLIRTING *since* I WAS MARRIED.

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

VOL. X. NOVEMBER 10, 1887. No. 254.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

WHEN this number of LIFE appears, a large majority of the able-bodied citizens of this town will have made up their minds as to whether Boodle or Justice shall rule supreme.

A close study of society in this town would lead a betting man to bet on Boodle. In every branch of life, public and private, real and unreal, the dollar is the motive power; but it may happen—the unexpected always does—that Justice will get the upper hand.

In this event we shall congratulate De Lancey Nicoll on his elevation to the District Attorneyship.

* * *

IT will be an interesting addition to Shakespearean knowledge to note where Frederick Dent Grant comes out in the scramble for office.

If the Son of His Father becomes Secretary of State we shall be able to cable the Bard of Avon that there is a great deal more in a name than he imagined.

* * *

THE attention of Boston is called to the gross behavior of Colonel Watterson, of Kentucky, who in a late issue of the *Courier-Journal* alluded to the higher education of women as higher fiddlesticks, and denied that "'the learning of the schools,' in the sense the term is used," can contribute anything but doubt and sin to the essential elements of genuine womanhood. The Colonel says:

"Woman was born to be a mother, and that which fits her for her destiny is her 'higher education,' embracing all that adds to the enrichment of a fine, noble understanding and the enlargement of a strong, loving and virtuous character. * * * The girl who does not expect some time or other to get a husband and nurse a baby, ought to be thrown in her infancy into the nearest frog-pond; for to all such that would be merciful. Woman is maternity."

It is permitted to suggest to Boston that Henry Watterson be extradited from Kentucky under pretense of a political confab with Dr. Everett, General Collins and Boyle O'Reilly, and that, once in Boston, he be anchored at the bottom of that very frog-pond which he cruelly suggests should be choked with Boston infants.

THEY say that Mr. Howells headed a petition to the Governor of Illinois in behalf of the Anarchists.

Has our Boston friend followed Tolstoï so far as to have become a non-resistant? If so, how long may we expect him to keep personally clean and wear boiled shirts?

* * *

THE local campaign has demonstrated one thing that most people never dreamed of. Pulitzer calls Dana Ananias, and Dana calls Pulitzer Judas. This shows that these gentlemen are slightly familiar with the Bible.

* * *

OUR esteemed evening contemporary the *Post* appears in a new and handsome dress, and has taken one more step in the direction of the ideal newspaper. We congratulate our contemporary upon its change of form, and trust that it may continue to demonstrate that it is possible for a newspaper with high ideals to live up to its professions, as well as to show aspiring young literateurs that wind is not the chief requisite for a successful journalistic career.

* * *

LIFE hopes that when Mrs. Potter elevates the stage, she will get it high enough to be seen over the fashionable theatre bonnet.

* * *

A VERY readable article on "Death by Electricity" is going the rounds of the press.

The execution of murderers by means of electricity is supposed by many to be more humane than by hanging, but it has been discovered that a shock which would be sufficient to kill nine men would fail to do more than paralyze the tenth. The philanthropic author of this article, then, proposes that water being such a good conductor, the most humane method of taking off the condemned is to shock him while he is enjoying a refreshing bath.

"One pole of the battery," the writer states, "could be connected with the zinc bottom of the bath-tub, and the condemned might be invited to use a copper cake of soap, to which the other pole had been attached by invisible wires. By this device death would be made certain and easy."

The absurdity of this proposition, however, is made manifest when we consider the case of the Chicago Anarchists.

We venture the assertion that if the bath-tub measure were submitted to these gentlemen, the condemned, if they were not instantly killed by the very idea, would be unanimous in the claim that no more barbarous and cruel death could have been devised by their most devout ill wishers.

For this reason we trust that the Anarchists will be floated to eternity by means of the bath-tub.

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Aunty: HERE IS AN APPLE, JOHNNY; SHARE IT WITH YOUR SISTER IN A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

Johnny: HOW AM I TO DO THAT, AUNTIE?

Aunty: OFFER HER THE LARGEST PIECE.

Johnny (handing the apple to his sister): THERE, SISSY, YOU SHARE LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

AN UNGENTLE SHOWER.

ONLY a curtain's displacement,
Only a hand at the casement,
Where the chrysanthemums' kisses
Fall on the fingers they wreath.

Only a———Now, by the powers!
Talk about sudden Spring showers!
She *might*, when she waters those chryses,
First look who is standing beneath.

Henry Tyrrell.

A ST. LOUIS man claims to have discovered a collar that will not wilt. A collar that has done service for years and never been known to wilt was discovered in New York just about the time Captain—beg pardon—Inspector Williams began to carry a club.

CAN a man be said to be on a "terra-cotta bust" when he is "painting the town red?"

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ART.

WESTERN EDITOR (*to the artist of the paper*): Have you the drawing of the President and Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. Inksplasher?

MR. INKSPLASHER: Yes, sir; here it is.

WESTERN EDITOR: Ah, yes; and which is the President and which is Mrs. Cleveland?

LITERARY LOG-ROLLING AGAIN.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Macmillan's Magazine*, apropos of Literary Log-Rolling, says: "On that sport which the author's of the New English call log-rolling, it strikes me that much unnecessary fury has been wasted. At its worst it can impose on no reasonable being, and I shrewdly suspect that those who are most indignant at it, are those who cannot get their own logs rolled."

Mr. J. Clayton Adams has only to reveal his identity to refute or confirm this theory. After reading the above remarks a horrible suspicion haunts us that J. C. A. is none other than the author of the "Buntling Winners," a Græco-Roman mystery that startled the speculative world some two seasons agone.

Will not the sleuth-hound of letters, Ignatius the Great, put what he calls his mind on this question of authorship?

EVEN Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like Berry Wall.

A CLINCHER.

Father (haughtily): WELL, SIR?———

Son (imploringly): FORGIVE ME. I KNOW HOW DEEPLY I HAVE WRONGED YOU; BUT I AM YOUNG, AND I HAVE YET TIME TO MAKE REPARATION. IF A FUTURE LIFE OF HONESTY———

Father (angrily): HONESTY! HA, HA! WHO PRATES OF HONESTY TO A RETIRED ICE-DEALER?

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FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

Sullivan.

SAYS the Boston pugilist, "Oh,
I'll let 'em feel my fist O,
When I skip across the broin',
For to grab the British coin."

Irving.

Quoth old London's first artist, "Oh,
I'll let 'em see Mephisto,
When I trot across the water
For to win the Yankee quarter."

* * *

THE *Sun* politely refers to Mr. Pulitzer as Judas.

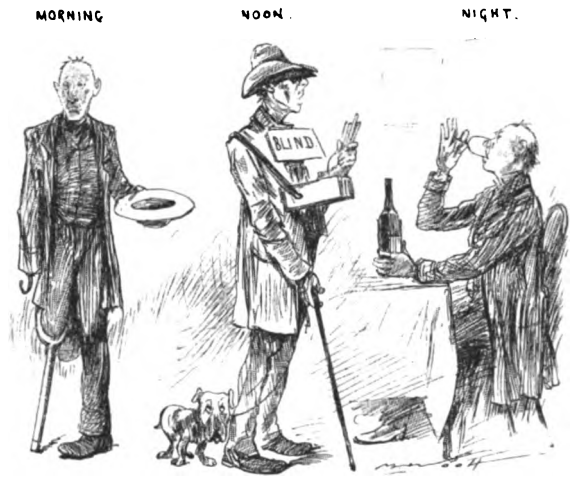
If we remember rightly, Judas was one of the Boodlers, and he would be more likely to run in with the Dana crowd than with Pulitzer in this election.

* * *

HOW unfortunate for Ellen Terry that she and Mrs. Potter are before New York audiences at the same time.

* * *

THE prudent man now folds away his summer garments, buys his winter's coal and brushes the dust from his toboggan chute.



ONCE AROUND THE CLOCK WITH A PROTEAN BEGGAR.

* * *

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on Sunday newspapers in the United States, says that "the Boston *Herald* has probably the completest and best mechanical equipment of any newspaper in the country;" and adds, "but Boston is the most provincial, the least cosmopolitan, of American cities, and though the *Herald's* Sunday edition goes somewhat upon the same lines as the New York *World*, it is naturally modified by Boston and by the vicinage of Harvard, Boston, and Tufts Universities, as is seen in its social and art gossip, in its treatment of the stage, bicycling and sports, alumni festivals, and its 'Entre Nous' column, which has a racy, boyish, bluntly frank, egoistic, semi-classical undergraduate flavor, which may be a deliberate, clever counterfeit done to 'please the boys.'"

Boston has the reputation of being a cold sort of a place, but we think an iceberg would be comfortably warm alongside the Athens of America when Mr. Stead, the *Gazette's* editor, visits its "provincial" walls.

HAMLET (*reading P—nch*): Words, words, words; Burrs, Burrs, Burrs.

* * *

GERMAN cattle are being imported into England. American calves who went over for the Jubilee are coming home.

* * *

A FASHION item asserts that this is to be a "High Neck Winter."

Good! Now, will the King of the Dudes tell us what kind of trousers the winter will wear?

* * *

IT is said that old maids and timid men in Philadelphia always look under their beds before retiring at night to make sure that Widener and Elkins and the Standard Oil Co. are not there.

* * *

MISS ETHEL MORTLOCK is to paint Mrs. Cleveland's portrait.

We trust when the lady gets through with this she will turn her attention to Mr. Cleveland's portrait by Mr. Keppler. A coat of whitewash or plain green paint would do that portrait and Mr. Cleveland inestimable service.

* * *

THE *Forum* for November is to contain a number of very interesting articles. Mr. George Ticknor Curtis discusses "Shall Utah become a State?" forgetting that it is already the personification of the antique jest on the state of matrimony.

James Lane Allen pays his compliments to "Catterpillar Critics," alluding perhaps to critics that crawl, while in enumerating the avoidable dangers of the ocean, Lieut. V. S. Cottman displays an ignorance as vast and deep as the Atlantic itself when he omits to speak of the gambler, the midnight Welsh rare-bit, and the butter-fingered steward who gently but firmly inserts a plate of soup beneath one's shirt collar.

W. S. Lilly discusses "What is the Object of Life?" as if he knew something about it; but we warn his readers that his deductions are not *ex cathedra*. The object of LIFE is primarily to amuse, secondarily to circulate, and Mr. W. S. Lilly, or any other man who neglects to set this forth, is a delusion and a snare.

But in other respects the *Forum* is doing quite well.

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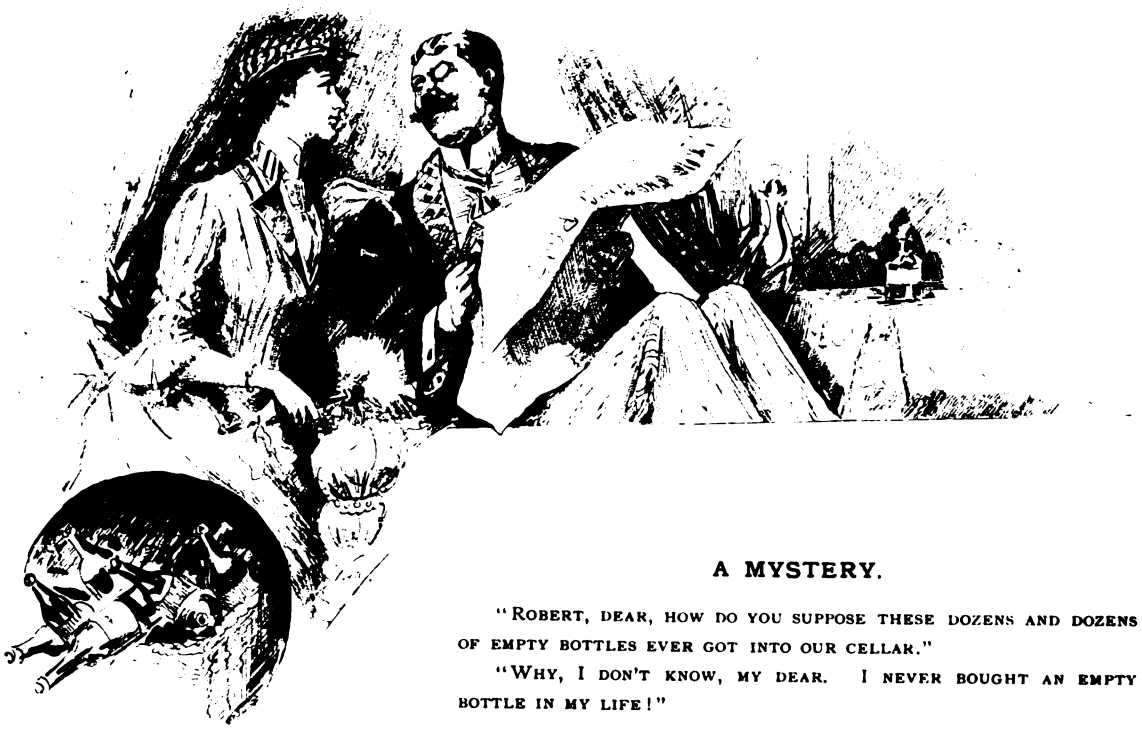

A MYSTERY.

"ROBERT, DEAR, HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THESE DOZENS AND DOZENS OF EMPTY BOTTLES EVER GOT INTO OUR CELLAR."

"WHY, I DON'T KNOW, MY DEAR. I NEVER BOUGHT AN EMPTY BOTTLE IN MY LIFE!"

THE ROYAL INFANT.

THE Princess Beatrice has presented Prince Beatrice with a daughter, and the British taxpayer will shortly have the pleasure of appropriating twenty or thirty thousand pounds a year to keep her ladyship in rattles.

The Queen has signalized the event with her usual generosity by sending an embroidered motto—

> WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT ANOTHER.

framed in red plush.

BEATING THEIR RECORD.

CHICAGO AND W. CLARK RUSSELL.

THE Chicago *Journal* is very indignant because W. Clark Russell, the writer of sea stories, published a critical essay on the works of his predecessors some months ago, in which he said that Smollett's sea stories were monstrous, Cooper's worse, if possible, and Captain Marryat's the worst of all, alleging that their works lacked fidelity to nature. Then "as if to illustrate what a sea story should be," the *Journal* asserts that Mr. Russell now has one running in chapters through the press entitled "The Frozen Pirate." "In the chapter for last week," says the *Journal*, "he had got as far as where the pirate vessel was discovered imbedded in the ice of the Antarctic Sea, where it had been lodged nobody knows how long ago, and the pirate captain was thawed out and awakened from a sleep that had lasted forty-eight years."

"This," remarks the sarcastic critic, "Mr. Russell probably styles a sea story true to nature."

We see in this situation no just cause for criticism. It is perfectly well known that cold is a great soporific, and an iceberg ought to be sufficiently frigid to lull a man into a forty-eight years' nap. If the pirate had asked on coming to "is this hot enough for you?" then Mr. Russell would have been guilty of a monstrosity unequaled in the works of Marryat, Smollett or Cooper. As it is, we think for an imaginative writer Mr. Russell has kept himself strictly within bounds.

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BOOKISHNESS

A BOOK FOR BOYS, OLD AND YOUNG.

ROBERT GRANT has written a thoroughly good book for young people, "Jack Hall; or, the School-Days of an American Boy." The chances are that many a gray-haired old gentleman will pick it up to see what his youngster is reading, and before he knows it, will be down in his easy-chair by the fire, chuckling over its pages and dreaming that he is a boy again. It is a book to smooth out the wrinkles and warm the heart.

The hero of the book is not a prig; he is a fair, average American boy, of good stock and breeding. The last of a long line of New England sailors and soldiers, he is of necessity full of mettle and grit. You can't expect such a boy to be a saint in knickerbockers, but you know he is something of more worth — a spirited, manly fellow, who may be mischievous, but never mean. A boy of that stamp must learn by experience; he does not take his code of conduct ready-made.

* * *

THERE are three very spirited descriptions in the book — not rhetorical or picturesque, but crisp and full of life. The snow-ball fight with the "muckers" is true to life as a boy sees it — full of spunk and humor. Men forget that the prime object of a boy's life is *fun*. When you attempt to fit the selfish, serious motives of maturity to his actions you have a glorious misfit. Most of the misunderstandings between a boy and his "governor" result from this.

The baseball match in which *Haseltine* made his famous triple-play, and the boat-race in which *Jack Hall* out-rowed the head-master, are also notable bits of description. Such contests (which are common among American school-boys to-day) promote manliness and pluck. The new type of boy is a big advance on the bookish prig who used to figure in children's stories (generally written by elderly maidens, who regarded spirited boys as inspirations of the devil).

Attwood's illustrations are few, but appropriate.

* * *

PERHAPS the most beautiful illustrations which have recently appeared in a book for children are the twelve full-pages by Howard Pyle, in James Baldwin's "Story of the Golden Age" (Scribners). The object of the author has been to weave into one narrative the various legends relating to the causes of the Trojan war, and thus "pave the way to an enjoyable reading of Homer." The artist has found in this classical subject a worthy field for his skill and fancy.

"The Modern Vikings," by H. H. Boyesen, is another book of children's stories which are delicate in fancy, and told in beautiful language.

* * *

"APRIL HOPES" has reached a conclusion—a measurably happy one from Mr. Howells's point of view. *Miss Pasmer* and *Dan Mavering* are married, but we are led to infer that *Dan* will find that the gusts and flurries which marred the happiness of his engagement are mild compared with the domestic storms ahead of him. He will walk through life, in "Fable-land," tortured by a loving woman with a New England conscience. And we send our sympathy to him in Fable-land; he is a royally good fellow, and deserves a better fate.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

LYRICS. By Richard Watson Gilder. Second edition. New York: The Century Co.

The Celestial Passion. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

The New Day. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

Songs of Worship for the Sunday School. Edited by Waldo S. Pratt. New York: The Century Co.

The Modern Vikings. Stories of Life in the Norseland. By Hjalmar H Boyesen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Story of the Golden Age. By James Baldwin. Illustrated by Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Seth's Brother's Wife. By Harold Frederic. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pickings from Puck. Fourth Crop. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Rollo's Journey to Cambridge. Illustrated by F. G. Attwood. Seventh edition. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Bledisloe. An International Story by Ada M. Trotter. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

AS WELL OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF THE FASHION.

First Young Person (reading from catalogue): No. 49. WOMEN OF THE STONE AGE.

Second Young Person: WHY, THEY DIDN'T WEAR ANY CLOTHES!

Third Young Person: POOR THINGS! WHATEVER DID THEY HAVE TO TALK ABOUT?

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NOTES AND QUERIES.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER writes to ask what branch of the feathered kingdom the reed-bird belongs to.

The ordinary reed-bird of trade belongs to one of two classes, known as *Robinus Redbreastiosus* or *Sparroicus Anglicus*. As a rule, Young Housekeeper will find that, when she has paid her money for her reed-birds, she can take her choice of the above varieties.

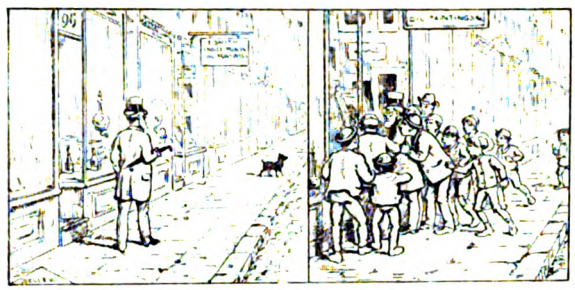
For further information address "Etiquette" column of the *World*.

* * *

IS there any distinction between pants and trousers? asks J. D.

There is. Pants are what you buy for three dollars a pair, where the same thing in trousers costs eighteen dollars. The latter are worn exclusively by Boston gentlemen.

AN URBAN PHENOMENON.



Why is it when you are walking down a quiet street, with not a human being in sight—

If you stop to look in a window, you are made aware of a dozen faces striving to thrust themselves between you and the object of your contemplation?

ONE BILL THE PRESIDENT CANNOT VETO.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

[*From our Western Correspondent.*]

A LITERAL translation of Browning is to appear in Chicago next month. It has taken ten scholars to lick it into shape.

* * *

THE KANSAS CITY SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY is debating the question, "Would the Bard of Avon have lived in Boston had he been a product of the Nineteenth Century."

* * *

DR. ALFRED DRYSDALE, of Cannes, has written a book on Wintering Abroad, which is very popular among the elight of Chicago. Col. Eugene Field is about to prepare two companion volumes, entitled "Springing at Saratoga" and "Falling Down East."

* * *

A WESTERN Art Connoisseur avers that next to Meissonier's 1807 the nicest thing he knows in oils is the Chicago Boneless Sardine.—*Adv.*

* * *

A PROMINENT Chicago publishing house is getting up a special edition of the Bible for the use of Autumn Leaf Collectors.

* * *

COL. THOMAS W. KNOX has written a book called "Dog Stories and Dog Lore." Western dogs have not been touched on, they are such loreless creatures.

* * *

A LARGE paper edition of the Pork-packers' Report for 1886, extra illustrated, will be brought out in Cincinnati next week. The whole edition has been bought up.

* * *

THE rumor that James Russell Lowell is about to return to America has created quite a stir in Chicago literary circles.

There is a movement on foot to get him to visit the Lake City again to lecture on Queen Victoria's Jubilee, when it is expected much light will be shed on the authorship of Ignatius Donnelly.

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WHITHER?

A Well Wisher: EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT YOUR "SOCIAL INFLUENCE" IS TAKING YOU IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

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FEMINA FUIT.

SHE studied only for Art's sweet sake—
To go to Munich her end and aim ;
He only studied for sweetheart's sake,
Yet longed for Munich just the same.
They both next summer the journey will make,
She wished to be famous—he'll give her a name.

—*Wilde.*

"THE RAILROAD OF LOVE" at Daly's is a decided improvement upon "Dandy Dick," which horsy little trifle met only with the approval of the Anglomaniacs. It is a delicious little comedy, written for Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Fisher, and that talented galaxy we all know so well.

Mr. Daly has made some mythical Teuton responsible for the original of what he kindly calls his adaptation. That Teuton's hair would stand on end—if it were not too long—could he only see the work with which he is credited.

"The Railroad of Love" introduced Mrs. Gilbert, for the first time this season, as a middle-aged widow of delightful drollery. Of course, Mr. Lewis was a middle-aged bachelor, and the two met. Nothing so charming as their Highland Fling has been seen on the New York stage for many a day.

Miss Rehan was also a widow, by no means an autumnal one, but sufficiently experienced to understand the meaning of the verb to flirt.

She meets John Drew and falls in love with him, after a judicious period of coquetry, jealousy and hysteria. Miss Rehan did more serious work on "The Railroad of Love" than has been assigned to her for a long time, and she was exquisitely unconventional in it, as she invariably is in her wonderful badinage. "The Railroad of Love" is one of Daly's best.

* *

THAT delightful gentleman and talented actor, Mr. Henry Irving, has again returned to his "dear America," accompanied by Miss Terry and others of his company. The eminent exponent of all branches of dramatic art arrived on the *Aller* last week, prepared to take the dollars of this Republic by storm. Mr. Irving is in robust health and seems none the worse for his two years' absence from this charming country, which he is said to look upon with the strongest affection and whose coins have done much to make his life among the effete nations of the old world more endurable.

Miss Terry too is well. Quite recovered from the nervous strain to which she has been subjected by the protracted run of "Faust," in which it is needless to say she portrays *Marguerite*, with a sweetness that smacks of the ideal rather than the real.

It is pleasant to see these artists back with us again, and LIFE heartily welcomes them, and wishes them a prosperous season.

* *

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER won her distinguished audience at the Fifth Avenue Theatre the other night by the exquisite knowledge of the effect of sartorial climax which she displayed. They cared little for any dramatic ability she happened not to possess, and it is safe to say that Sarah Bernhardt never received such an ovation.

When the fair Mrs. Potter appeared in the second act (for the first time), wearing an artless white dress of absolutely unpretentious *facon*, a little thrill of disappointment ran through the audience. Was this the great woman who had electrified Washington by a semi-naughty recital, and leaped into nineteenth-century fame as the proud endorser of a complexion cream ?

But, in the third act, when she strutted as enveloped in salmon-tinted velvet, trimmed with fur, which, after she had thoughtfully allowed the audience to gaze upon for the period of five minutes, she threw off to reveal a mystery of emerald plush, her art became apparent.

Yes, Mrs. Potter was suddenly elevated to the pedestal of greatness. Bernhardt would have suffered by comparison; Ellen Terry would not have been considered for a moment.

But in the last act Mrs. Potter's triumph was complete—a magnificent violet velvet triumph that no one can ever hope to eclipse.

As she paused for a moment, exquisitely conscious of her vast, overwhelming success, fair bosoms heaved with the beautiful emotions of sympathy. It was a moment to be remembered. Her eyes were dewy, her lips feverish—*ah! cette chere Pottaire!*

There were no calls for Worth, who had dressed her—there were no cries for Barnum's man who had advertised her—not a voice demanded Miner who had lent her the aid of his wonderfully successful Boweriness. All the bravos went to the Potter, and she took them in the spirit in which they were offered. Limited space compels me to defer my intended analysis of that spirit.

YE SENSES OF NATURE.

OH, Strephon, bee cautious ! I prithee looke well,
When you're kissing sweete Chloe 'neathe faire Luna's spell;
Ye potato-fieldes shun, if you wish to bee wise,
Since eache mound there is hydeing inquisitive eyes.

And beware ! deareste Chloe, when his love-tayle you tell,
To ye fieldes full of clover and sweete daffodell,
You whisper your secretes and think no-one heares,
While ye corn-fieldes neare-bye are all bristling with ears.

George Enos Throop.

PHILADELPHIA FAMILIES.

DE JONES (*at the Assembly*): I beg pardon, but when I was presented I didn't quite catch youaw name. Was it Biddle?

THE LADY: No, Mr. de Jones, not Biddle. It is—

DE JONES: Oh, then, I know! May I have the pleasure of this waltz, Miss Wanamaker?

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BOTH SIDES.

THE liquor store on the corner burned,
And the minister prayed next day,
Telling the Lord he was just and good,
In wiping the pest away.

But lightning struck the minister's church
And burnt it to the ground;
And the liquor people thanked the Lord
That He passed such things around.

Donald R. McGregor.

CHARLES A. DANANIAS, is the way Pulitzer speaks of him in private life.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MRS. OSCAR WILDE is said to have made a dust-brush of her husband's shorn locks.

Mr. Blaine, immediately after his defeat in 1884, sent his Presidential Bee to a taxidermist, who stuffed it and put it in shape for 1888.

The explorer Stanley is expected shortly to attain the object of his expedition. It is interesting to observe that Stanley has died less often than any other African explorer.

LET us see, what was Whitelaw Reid's war record? *Tribune*, please notice.

ALMOST A LIKENESS.

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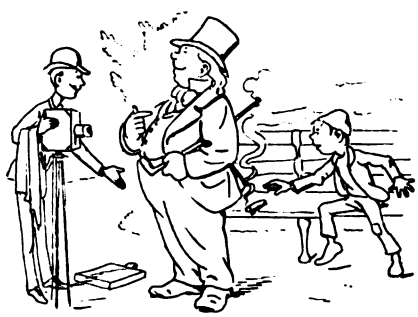

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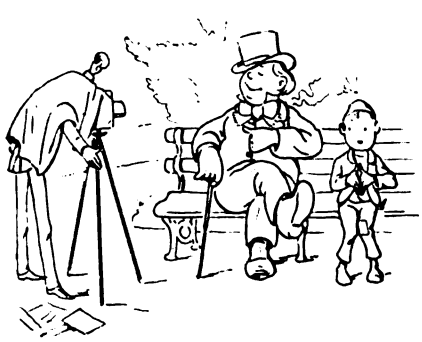

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THE STUDENT AND THE EDITOR.

A YOUNG DONKEY who had just graduated from college applied to an able Editor for a position on his journal.

"I have made a special study of history," said the applicant, "which I am sure would be of value to me in editorial work."

"Ah!" said the Editor, "just look at this murder case." And he handed the would-be journalist half-a-dozen New York morning papers.

"But no two of these are alike," said the youngster in a perplexed tone. "I couldn't write anything on such evidence as that."

"How then could you write on a political or social question from your book-knowledge?" rejoined the Editor; "what you take for history is only So-and-so's opinion about history. The more you read the deeper your confusion."

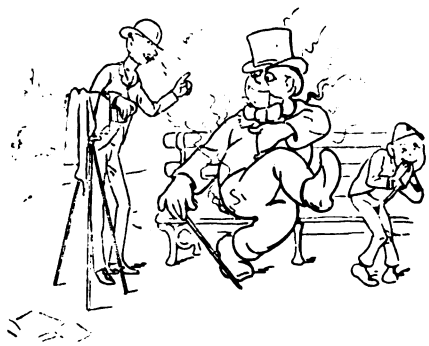
Truth dwells at the bottom of a well.

FINE feathers may not make fine birds, but they make pretty hats.

EXCESSIVE ZEAL.

"DO you find your evangelical labors pleasant?" was asked of a Dakota minister.

"Not altogether so, at times," was the reply. "For instance: last Sunday a newly converted member of the church, who sits near the door, threatened to fill me full of holes if I didn't speak louder."



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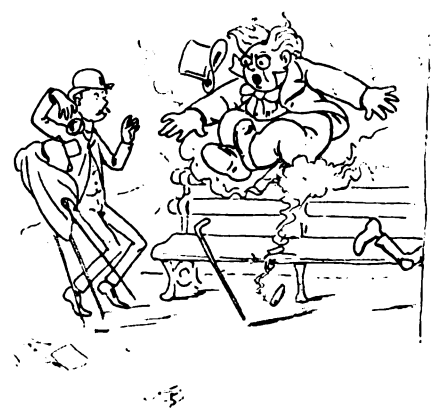

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AN ANNOYING CIRCUMSTANCE.

"I WAS walkin' down Third Avenue to-day," said old Mrs. Bently, "when somebody in an upper winder threw out a pail o' water, an' most of it landed on my new bonnit an' jest 'bout spiled it. I don't know when," concluded the old lady, "that I've felt so irrigated over ennythin'."

POWDERED glass is largely taking the place of sand in the manufacture of sand-paper.

This affords a new field of usefulness to the Irish servant-girls who come to this country to play havoc with our tableware. If any powdered glass company wants an efficient girl to reduce decanters, vases, or ordinary mugs to the original dust, application may be made at this office.

THE following telegram was sent home by a member of the Yale baseball nine:

"Nose broken—which do you prefer—Greek or Roman? Telegraph answer before doctor sets it."

A TRYING SITUATION.

HUNGRY DEMOCRACY'S ONLY CHANCE.

VOCAL.

PASSIONS are the voices of the body, said Rousseau.

So that if a man's passions are evil, his body must have a bass voice.

Conductor (after the accident): WELL, SIR, WE HAVE AT LAST FOUND YOUR VALET, BUT SAD TO SAY HE'S CUT IN TWO.

English Tourist: AW, VEWY DISTRESSING! SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, DONTCHERKNOW, BUT I'VE NEVER TRAVELED IN THIS COUNTRY BEFORE; WOULD YOU SEE IN WHICH HALF IS THE KEY OF MY TRUNK?

THE LOST EDITORIAL.

FOR some reason or other the following editorial did not appear in the *Tribune* on the morning following Judge Ellett's death:

"The country is profoundly shocked at the death of the venerable Judge Ellett, of Memphis, immediately after he had delivered an address of welcome to President Cleveland.

"Why the country should be so, and why so much sympathy for Mrs. Ellett and her bereaved family should be displayed, is not clear to us.

"The President of the United States is a man who, when his country was in the throes of grim-visaged war, remained at home content to shed a substitute's blood, that the Government which had fostered him might live on to eternity.

"He is a man who attained his present position by a beggarly plurality of twelve hundred votes, which, but for the inopportune alliteration of an insane priest, would have been cast for a better man.

"He is a man who, had he in his youthful days shot his aged grandmother in the back with his father's shot-gun, would have stained his soul with red-handed, cowardly murder.

"This is the man whom Judge Ellett welcomed to Memphis. Is it to be wondered at that an all-wise, far-seeing Providence, under whose protecting wing the Republican Party lived and grew during the twenty-four years of its glorious existence, should strike down into everlasting death one whose lips should have been palsied before they permitted the Roman pearls of welcome to escape them?

"It is not!

"Justice is swift. Retribution is sure."

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

NOTHING TO FEAR.

"GEORGE, dear," said the girl, "do you ever drink anything?"

"Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted.

"But, dear," she went on, anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?"

"He discovered it this morning."

"Oh, George! and what did he say?"

"He said: 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"—*New York Sun.*

"HERE'S Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed to Ike a new unabridged dictionary. "Study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflamation."—*Texas Siftings.*

A MAN in Mexico, who carried a carbine and a revolver, and tried to kill another man, is described as being "of gentlemanly appearance and good address." If he had carried another revolver and a bowie-knife, he might have been looked upon as a leader in polite society.—*Dayton Democrat.*

UP in Lancaster County a witness in a murder case, who had been imprisoned for 298 days to insure his attendance when wanted, put in a bill of $1 a day for the time. The court not only disallowed the bill, but charged the witness $2 a week for board. To make the case complete, the man should have been sent to jail at hard labor to work out his board bill.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THEN SHE MADE UP FOR LOST TIME.

"Mary," said Bliffkins, "I can't realize it. It seems all like a long, beautiful dream!"

"What seems like a dream?" inquired his wife.

"You haven't said a word for three-quarters of an hour."—*Merchant Traveller.*

A FELLOW had his foot upon a chair, and the artistic eye, never noticing the worn-out sole and the somewhat slanting, one-sided heel, fell on the foot. "What a small foot you have! You really have a very pretty foot." The owner blushed and deprecated the compliment. "Yes," said the artist, "you have a very small foot, but it is too small. My dear boy," you're all out of drawing."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

STRANGER: I notice you drove the President over the same street twice.

OMAHA MAN: Yes, we arranged the route that way. You see, we drove him through that street on his arrival and then drove him through it again, when we went back, an hour later.

"Exactly! I thought it was an oversight."

"Oh, no! We wanted to give him a chance to see how Western cities grow."—*Omaha World.*

MRS. DE SMYTHE: We all have our troubles, professor.

PROFESSOR JONES: Yes, my dear madam, there are very few families that have not a skeleton in the closet.

MAMIE: Oh, mamma's got two—another one besides the one she's got on. Haven't you, mamma?

LIBERALITY.

MISS DE JINKS: Are you musical, Professor Jobkins?

PROF. JOBKINS: Yes; but if you were going to play anything, don't mind my feelings!—*Exchange.*

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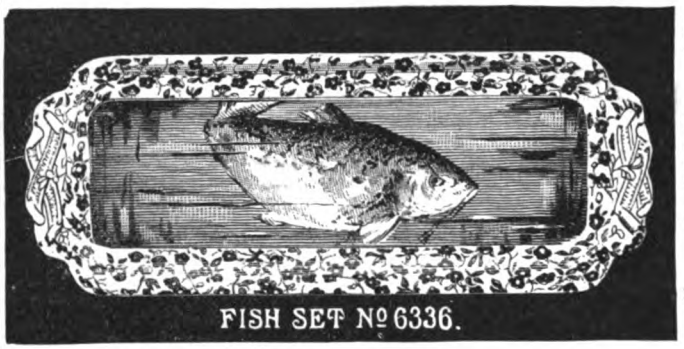

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EMILY: Ask her to give us some more of her sacred music, George!

GEORGE (*a linguist*): Oh, Mademoiselle, donnez-nous encore de votre sacree musique.—*Punch.*

"YOU never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but Grandmother did," was the reply.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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YOU can't always judge by appearances. The man who wears a diamond pin may be really wealthy.—*Lowell Citizen.*

SOMEBODY in Hartford, who seems to have been in the clutches of the law, has written anonymously to a policeman that he is "one of the Dames menest offisers that ever was on the forse in this city."—*N. Y. Sun.*

OFF THE TRACK.

MISS BAS-BLEU: Are you very fond of reading, Mr. Downtown?

MR. DOWNTOWN: Fair to middling.

MISS B.: Have you read "Homo Sum"?

MR. D.: No, I never was fond of arithmetic; and when I was at school I couldn't even get on with his Iliad.—*Puck.*

BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

"THIS is all so sudden, Mr. Sampson," she said, with maidenly reserve, "and so unexpected, that although I confess I am not entirely indifferent to you, I hardly know what to say in reply to——"

"If you are in favor of the proposition," suggested Mr. Sampson, who, like Dick Swiveller, is a Perpetual Grand Master, "you will please signify your assent by saying 'Aye.'"

"Aye," came softly.

"Contrary?"

"No!" thundered the old man, opening the door.

"The noes have it by a large majority," said Mr. Sampson, reaching hastily for his hat.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"DO unto others as you imagine they would do unto you under the same circumstances," is a sort of a brass rule more in use than the golden article.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

REMARKABLE UNANIMITY.

Two railway travelers.

"It's very odd, sir; but it seems as if I had had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere before."

"Just what I was saying to myself."

"It couldn't have been at Kansas City?"

"No, I was never there."

"Nor I either."—*Judge.*

SHE DIDN'T WANT A DOLLAR'S WORTH.

WIFE: Why are you so despondent, Henry?

HUSBAND: I have not a dollar to buy bread.

WIFE: Well, five cents will do.—*Judge.*

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HOW BEN. BUTLER GOT RICH.

Young Men of To-day May do Likewise if They Follow Advice Given.

General B. F. Butler, being asked for some suggestions on gaining success, stated that when he was a young lawyer, practising in Lowell, Mass., a bank president advised him to take his little deposit and buy real estate, from which he could be deriving some revenue. The general said that he had but little money and was uncertain as to his future.

"Never mind," said the bank president, "go to the next public auction of real estate, bid off a lot with a building of some kind on it, pay down what money you have and give your promissory notes for the balance. You will come out all right."

General Butler says this advice was good. When a man has obligated himself, by his notes, to pay money at a certain time, it inclines him to economy. He followed the advice, and in time became the owner of several parcels of valuable real estate in Lowell.

Two classes will not be likely to heed such advice—the improvident and the over-cautious. The latter will be apt to say: "It would be all right but for those dreadful promissory notes. They are always running on, and if a man falls sick they do not wait for him to get well."

There is this danger, of course, but one can make no business venture without some risk, and with the knowledge acquired by recent investigations of the cause of most ordinary ailments, and the means of cure, one runs little risk from that source. It is now known that most of the common ailments have their origin in deranged kidneys. They are the chief blood purifiers of the system, and when disordered, a breaking down somewhere is soon inevitable, because the poison, which in their healthy condition is eliminated, is carried through the entire system.

Put them in order, and health returns.

C. D. Dewey, a successful man, president of the Johnston Harvester Company, Batavia, N. Y., gives his experience as follows:

In 1882 my health was failing, my head pained me constantly, my appetite was uncertain, I could not sleep soundly. I attributed this to the extreme pressure of business cares, but I grew worse, and finally was confined to my bed for two months. It seemed as though I would "never recover" my former health. Under the aid of stimulants I gradually gained strength, so that in a few months I was able to attend to business, but I could walk only with the assistance of a cane, and then in a slow and unsteady manner. I continued somewhat in the same condition until February last, when I used Warner's safe cure. It has cured me. I consider it a valuable remedy, and can highly recommend it.

Young men have but to use ordinary prudence, and when any derangement occurs, if they use the same means as did this successful business man, they may feel a constant assurance of their ability to carry to successful conclusion all ordinary business projects, including the care of their promissory notes when due.

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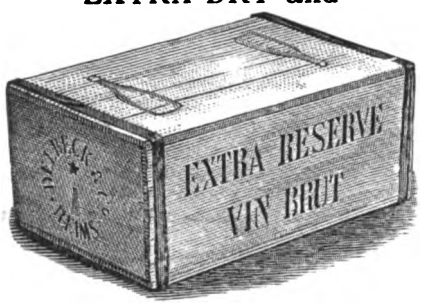

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1887. NUMBER 255.

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LIFE

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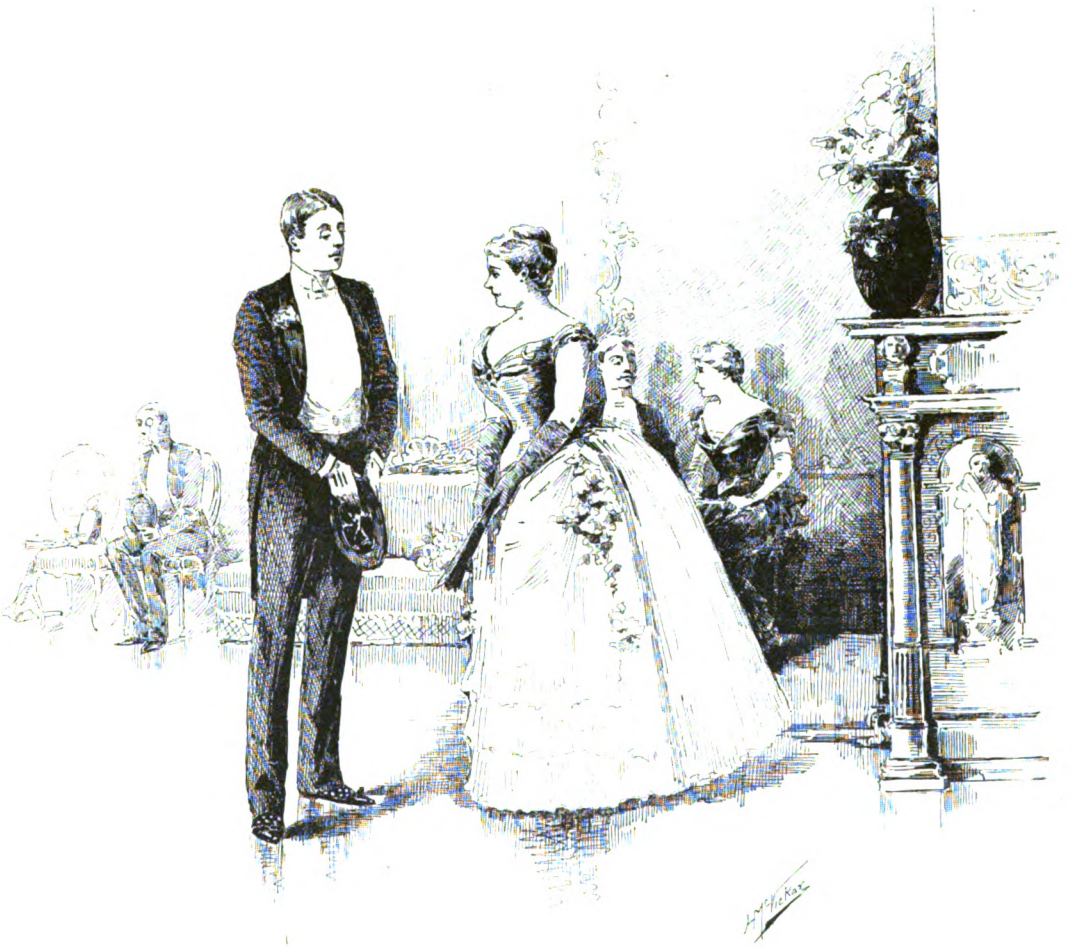

AT THE GERMAN.

(Figure—in which the leader claps his hands and each man takes a girl, one man being left out.)

Miss D.: REALLY, MR. C., THIS IS QUITE AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

Mr. C.: AH, YES. WELL, YOU SEE, THE LEADER TOLD ME TO TAKE WHAT I COULD GET.

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

VOL. X. NOVEMBER 17, 1887. No. 255.

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

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

CONTEMPLATION of the dizzy pinnacle of fame and salary attained by Mr. William Nye, in the character of Metropolitan humorist, lately impelled a writer of newspaper letters to take for his theme the Countryman in New York, and point out how prone he is to surpass his city-born brethren. It appears from this gentleman's statements, which are duly backed by statistics of biography, that it is the countryman that gets the fresh cake in this town, and the natives have to be content with what the countryman can spare, and with such doughnuts as their forbears have put away in strong boxes for their benefit.

The writer that we are quoting says:

"The solemn truth is that the born New Yorker is a weak vessel. Any old public school-teacher in town will tell you that the boys he taught, who now are grown men, do not, as a rule, amount to much. They are the store-clerks, telegraph operators, public place-holders, ne'er-do-wells, loafers, sports and small-fry of the town. The reason is that New York is a poor training-place for a boy; poor for his health, for his morals and for his spirit. Not that it is a very wicked city, for it is by no means the most so, but it is too bewildering for a juvenile. The temptation to employ one's self in weakening ways are too many on all sides. And, furthermore, no man seems to do as well where he is born as those who come new to a place."

The measure of truth that is contained in these observations is capable of furnishing food for much thought. The tendency of talent and enterprise which becomes conscious of itself in the Middle or Eastern States is to drift to New York. Without doubt, the immediate rewards for labor and the opportunities for pecuniary success are greater here than elsewhere, but whether the ultimate rewards are greater may be questioned. One of the satisfactions that most men promise themselves, if they are lucky, is a home and a family, and they like to be able in some degree to forecast the future of their children, and to imagine, at least, for them a satisfactory field of labor. The countryman may picture in his mind the career of a clever and enterprising son, who breaks away from his moorings, makes a bold strike for Gotham, and gets his share of the spoils. If the countryman realizes his hopes, he dies the proud parent of a successful son, in whose career he exults with his latest breath. It has paid him to raise a boy.

But how about the successful son—what has *he* got to look forward to? What is *his* son going to do to make him proud?

If his son has mighty good luck, and is not spoiled in the raising, he will be a respectable young man, with a credit at Delmonico's, and a nice discrimination about clothes, who will go through college, and (if he isn't too rich) will rattle around in his father's shoes, or be a useful helper to some other country-bred magnate. He will be no better than ten thousand other young men, if he turns out well. If he doesn't turn out well, he will be liable to spend more money in a week than his parent can earn in a month, and to exhibit other familiar qualities that are born of great expectations.

To go to New York and get rich may almost be set down as the American ideal of success in life. There is much to recommend it, but among its most striking disadvantages are these considerations about the next generation. It is true our Gotham does not grow great men. Great men—that is, men of great powers—come here, find their opportunity, and win great prizes; but they are not apt to hand down the attributes that brought them out ahead.

All of which may be summed up in this, that the great advantage of living elsewhere than in New York, is that your son can emigrate to New York and make a fortune. And the great disadvantage of a residence in Gotham is that your son must live and die somewhere else, so as to give your grandson a fair chance to succeed here.

It is the old principle of a rotation of crops, slightly diversified.

A crying need in this country seems to be perpetual provincial homes for families to hail from.

* * *

A LATE remark of the *Sun*, that Grover Cleveland really seemed to be something of a democrat after all is taken in some quarters to indicate that Mr. Dana lately, for the first time, began to see where he might make the President useful to him in his business.

* * *

THE resident Episcopalian who feels the need of an occasional change of spiritual pasture, is to have a choice of pilgrimages. He may go down to Trinity Church, or up to the new cathedral. Our friends of the Roman Catholic persuasion will have the advantage of us in being able to profit by cathedral services without the intermediation of steam-cars.

* * *

THAT politics makes strange bed-fellows is a recognized truth, but has due attention ever been drawn to the kaleidoscopic changes of bed-fellows it brings about?

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SCRAPS.

SINCE Mrs. J. B. P.'s advent the diocese of New York has a still stronger claim to the title of "The Potter's Field."

WHILE working at an old well in Chicago recently a man heard a strange noise, and looking down saw a partially human form ascending, the head being adorned with black horns and the body having a forked tail. It is only Chicago men who see this sort of thing.

IT would be all right for every dog to have his day were it not for the fact that he wants so many nights.

WHERE Mumm is the word you will generally find a noisy party.

Waiter (to departing guest): DO YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT YOU REMIND ME FORCIBLY OF THE SPANIARDS AT THE CAPTURE OF GRENADA?
Departing Guest: HOW SO?
Waiter: YOU GIVE NO QUARTER.

The Boy's Turn.

The Balloon's Turn.

NURSERY RHYMES.

WHO'S lost his hat?
"I," said the poet—
"I, if I know it—
I've lost my hat."

What shall he do for it?
"Write her a verse, sir—
Neat, sir, and terse, sir,
That you shall do for it."

"Well, then, I wish her
Good without measure,
Blessing and treasure—
All this I wish her."

"That's not enough sir."
"I'll give her blisses,
Candies and"——"This is
Enough sir, enough sir!"

Emile Andrew Huber.

A GRANITE tile on exhibition in a show-window at Detroit is over 800 years old, and was taken from the tomb of William the Conquerer, at Caen, Normandy.

It is supposed to be the tile that William wore when he landed.

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THANKSGIVING APPROACHETH.

THE outlook for the obese turkey
About this time's exceeding murky,
And e'en the berry of the cran
Begins to look quite pale and wan.

* * *

A WESTERN contemporary objects because a portrait in a recent number of the *Century*, labeled E. B. Washburne, is not a portrait of E. B. at all, but of his brother.

Why object? Does our esteemed contemporary think that the *Century* is going to destroy the unities of the *Life of Lincoln* by giving anything in its proper name? Not much. The main title of the work has shown us what we may expect in this direction, and even the most obtuse of our Western friends should know better than to complain, at this late date, of such innovations.

* * *

WE are glad the campaign is over. It has been about as complete a success in the line of blackguardism as we remember ever to have seen. Pulitzer has done his best to ruin Dana, and Dana's efforts to besmirch Pulitzer have been edifying to a degree. Neither has succeeded in disgracing the other to the extent to which Pulitzer has disgraced Pulitzer and Dana has disgraced Dana—a remark which we cheerfully offer these gentlemen, to speak figuratively, with the request that they cut it out and paste it in their hats.

* * *

FORCE OF HABIT.

New Yorker: NO BAY RUM, PLEASE.

JAY GOULD has landed in England, but Queen Victoria still retains a controlling interest in the throne.

* * *

CERTAINLY, Governor Oglesby should have pardoned the Anarchists; poor ill-used fellows! They had done nothing but incite peaceably disposed people to riot; they were not responsible for the death of more than five or six policemen; only three courts had decided that they richly deserved hanging; they were nothing but poor ignorant enemies of law and order, and after all, perhaps they regarded the throwing of those bombs in the light of a good joke. Let us not hang men in this country for joking. That would be really too bad!

* * *

A DITTY.

NOW the tears do slowly trickle
Down the cheeks of friends to Nicoll
While in hymns of vict'ry bellows
The Boodle Brave who worked for Fellows.

* * *

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY is said to be able to prove, by means of his cipher and four hundred and thirteen assumptions, that Lord Bacon was the man who struck Billy Patterson.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, the Boston *Transcript*, is quite severe on LIFE for its recent cut representing the Chicago Anarchists dangling at the end of the ropes which we sincerely trust will have done their work before this issue greets the public eye.

We regret that we have offended the *Transcript*, which is one of the most welcome of our exchanges; but when its Editor prints us as brutal because we choose to jest on the subject of these men who are not, or were not, even honest Anarchists, we feel disposed to protest. Would the *Transcript* have moralized and characterized us as brutal if LIFE had jested on the approaching destruction of seven rattlesnakes? We believe not, and, with our apologies to the rattlesnake for saying so, we venture the assertion that it does not require a very large stretch of the imagination to find a parallel between the two cases.

The *Transcript's* heart is in the right place, but it points in the wrong direction.

* * *

A SCARCITY OF TYPES.

ENGLISH TOURIST: You—aw—New Yorkers are too cosmopolitan, you know. Now, couldn't you—aw—introduce me to a typical American?

DOBBINS: I'm afraid that's a pretty heavy contract, just now. Jay Gould, Sullivan, Buffalo Bill and Blaine are all on the other side of the water.

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REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

AN article now going the rounds of the newspapers gives some instances of particularly agile memories, but the following are omitted from the list:

Henry VIII. of England could repeat the names of his wives in their consecutive order without missing one.

Themistocles could remember for a week the name of the man he borrowed a dollar from, even when Athens numbered 20,000 inhabitants.

Susan B. Anthony knew her brother Marc's address by heart, without consulting a directory.

George III., though deficient in education, never forgot his own face after seeing it once in the looking-glass.

A school-teacher of London, whose name was Dawson, possessed a remarkable memory. He could repeat the first verse of the book of Job, and, on a wager of £200, he repeated without the aid of a book, the title to Spenser's "Faery Queene," a poem of nearly 400 stanzas of nine lines each.

Porson, the Greek scholar, could repeat the Beattitudes in the original with his eyes closed and one hand tied behind him.

A noted Scotch divine had such an excellent memory that he used the same grace at table in his ninetieth year that he used seventy years before.

Lord Chesterfield always remembered to say "Thank you!" without the aid of a microscope.

Coming down to modern times, we have instances almost as remarkable.

The Prince of Wales never forgets to snub Henry of Battenburg when he has an opportunity.

Henry George can spell his own name backward without apparent effort.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland can recite "Mary's Little Lamb" without the assistance of spectacles.

Dr. McGlynn remembers the name of the Pope without the slightest fatigue.

Allen Thorndyke Rice can recite the names of the authors of "The Bread Winners" without stopping to take a drink.

Patti-Nicolini can sing "Home, Sweet Home" from memory without missing a bank-note.

Blind Tom, after hearing the "Boulanger March" played once, could exclaim "Rats!" without a moment's thought.

General Sherman can recall the strains of "Marching through Georgia" almost involuntarily.

James G. Blaine can remember Dominie Burchard's name without alliterative assistance.

Grover Cleveland can remember who is Governor of New York without being told.

Governor Foraker, of Ohio, can remember who is President of the United States when the thermometer is up to eighty degrees in the shade.

Wm. H. Siviter

HUNTING PUZZLE.

To find J. Enfield Hubbs, Esq., and Miss Van Blott.

A CAUTIOUS old party named Fenn,
On the end of his nose had a wen;
The doctor was sure
Of a permanent cure
By removing the organ—but, then!

A FURNITURE dealer advertises that he has marked the prices of his cradles down to bed-rock. Writing this kind of stuff for a living may not be very respectable, but so far there has been no law passed forbidding it.

AFTER an artist's picture is skyed, he is likely to repudiate his views concerning high art.

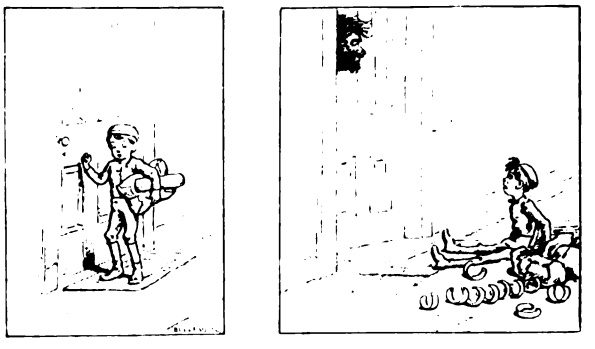
A JOKE ON THE WIDOWS.

IT is all very well to call Bostonians provincial, but when it comes to the skillful manipulation of other people's money, even the New York boodle alderman has yet some things to learn. The corporation of the Massachusetts General Hospital was organized, long years ago, for the benefit of widows and orphans, who received originally six per cent. on their deposits. But the individuals who govern the concern, realizing the debasing influence of wealth upon human character, have rectified this error and now pay the widow and the orphan but four per cent.

The instructive feature for other philanthropic financiers is that while paying four per cent. to the widows and orphans as depositors, the managers of this contrivance divide over twelve per cent. among themselves as stockholders.

For a practical joke, this is exquisite, particularly as one condition of deposit is that the funds shall not be withdrawn during the life of the depositor.

IT is going a good way for a poor joke—to Australia, we mean—but it is the kangaroo that is the greatest tail-bearer.



THE WRONG DOOR,
OR
"THE RIGHTEOUS ANGER OF THE OUTRAGED ANARCHIST."

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BOOKS.

CRAWFORD'S ROMANCES.

F. MARION CRAWFORD has proved himself something more than the writer of a single eccentric story which had a phenomenal success; he has rapidly produced a series of romances, differing very much from each other in subject and treatment, and yet all genuinely attractive—with two exceptions, "To Leeward" and "An American Politician." Even the last mentioned is entertaining, though full of absurdities to American readers. There is nothing mysterious about his success — no subtilty of genius or peculiar gift of fancy which sets him apart from the mob who write.

But he has two qualifications as a romancer which are worth more than a score of the literary artifices and tricks which we have been taught by critics to overestimate: he has had a wide experience of life in many lands, and he has the gifts of a story-teller, which enable him to narrate it rapidly, picturesquely, entertainingly.

* * *

ONE might imagine that these traits would make him the most realistic of novelists instead of a wild romancer. This is just the point where most theorists err. For the realist is a man who has sadly limited his knowledge by a close but restricted study of one phase of life. It palls on him: he is so close to it that he gets no perspective; he sees only the commonplace, monotonous cubes of stone instead of the beautiful castle with its minarets and towers. But a cosmopolitan, like Crawford, has seen so much that is strange and wonderful in life that he has only to recombine his experiences and observations to produce startling romances.

To men like Stanley, Greely and Sherman the modern novel must seem pale, dull, puerile — for they have known the exhilaration of life. It is said that not long ago Sherman threw his arms around an eloquent comrade who had just been describing some stirring scenes of the war, and said: "Oh, my comrade, let us die! *We have lived our life!*"

* * *

TO return to our books—"Marzio's Crucifix" (Macmillan), which is Crawford's most recent novel, shows in many respects his finest workmanship. It is rather a sketch than a carefully elaborated novel. But the author has never before gone quite so deep into the motives which make men. He has concentrated the light on *Marzio* till we can see the mental conflict which is to decide his fate. It is in no sense a novel of the psychological school — it has more spine and reality in it than the work of those who study men through the systems and creeds which other men have constructed. The chapter which describes the steps by which *Marzio* is led up to the determination to murder his brother is subtile and forceful. The silver crucifix is perhaps managed theatrically — but it is none the less a picturesque artifice.

A valid criticism would be that the novel is all of one tone, and that gloomy. However, as a whole, it leaves a satisfying impression. You feel that the author has worked out his problem to the right conclusion, that he has really thrown some sunshine into a dark place.

* * *

W. H. BISHOP'S recently published short story, "A Little Dinner," contains the situation for an admirable one-act farce, such as a versatile theatrical company like Mr. Daly's occasionally needs. It could be made to boil over with fun and satire. *Droch.*

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORIC GIRLS. By E. S. Brooks. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Flock of Girls and their Friends. By Nora Perry. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Jappie Chappie. By E. L. Shute. London: Frederick Warne & Co.

Marzio's Crucifix. By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Juan and Juanita. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Illustrated by Henry Sandham. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Social Customs. By Florence Howe Hall. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Three Vassar Girls at Home. By Lizzie W. Champney. Illustrated by Champ and others. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The Boys of 1812 and other Naval Heroes. By James Russell Soley. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The Whitney Calendar. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

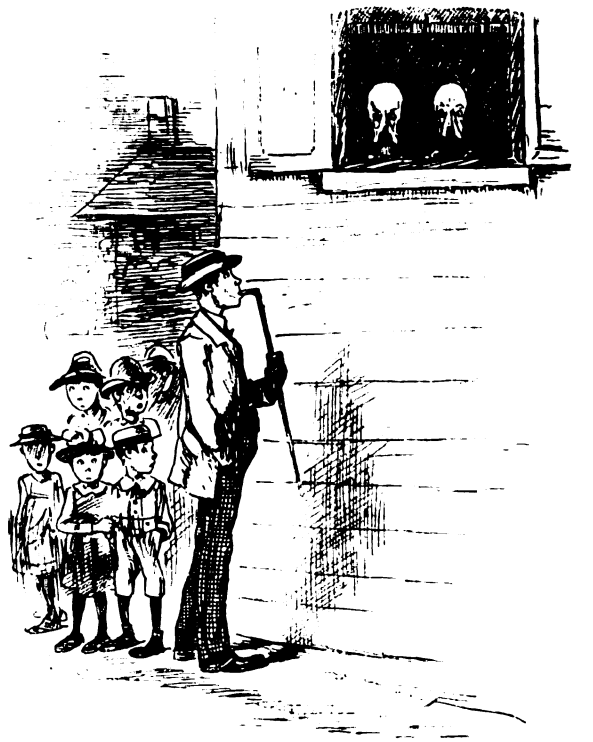
The Holmes Calendar. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Zorah. A Love Tale of Modern Egypt. By Elizabeth Balch. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Thoughts. Second Series. By Ivan Panin. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

The Monk's Wedding. A Novel. By C. F. Meyer. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

The Last Von Reckenburg. By Louise Von François. Translated by J. M. Percival. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.



Gruesome has just had a fine hound given him and is rather fond of showing himself at the window with it.

ENTER YOUNG FIPPS.

Young Fipps: I SAY, GRUEY, OLD BOY, WHICH IS YOU? NOW DON'T BOTH BARK AT ONCE!

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A WARNING.

THE subjoined communication has been sent to this office by one of LIFE'S most valued correspondents. It is in no sacrilegious spirit that we offer it to our readers, but in that spirit which prompts us to do our duty. We do not even vouch for its authenticity, but, we may add, it need occasion no surprise if it be officially acknowledged by the A. B. C. F. M.

SPRINGFIELD, October, 1887.

DEAR LORD:—Please find enclosed majority report. We beg your careful consideration of the same, and earnestly invite your co-operation. Any suggestions as to *minor* points under consideration, we shall be glad to receive from you, but we beg to remind you that the report in its essential details meets the approval of a majority of our members, and we shall feel constrained to consider any *radical* alteration of doctrine as an unwarranted interference with our established prerogative, and shall treat it accordingly. Pray do not misunderstand us. Individually, we entertain nothing but the kindest feelings for you. As an administrative body, however, we are compelled in all frankness to say that your conduct, construed in the light of modern liberalism, is *not* all that we should desire, and we beg to suggest, with all possible delicacy, that if you find it impossible to sanction the report which we herewith present, there are members of this Board well qualified to administer the affairs of the Universe in case you should see fit to retire to the happy obscurity of private life. But this is a contingency which we devoutly hope to avoid. Any change in the administration *at present* would be highly detrimental to *our* interests, as well as to your own, and for that reason we urge upon you the following reasons why you should give the report your official sanction:

I.—It embodies the true idea of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, and in this connection we wish to call your attention to the magnanimity of this committee in refusing to insert into its articles of belief a solution of gun-cotton and dynamite. Such an innovation is, as yet, premature. Be good enough to advise the committee on this point.

II.—It presupposes the death of Mercy with the destruction of the world—a doctrine rigidly adhered to by our forefathers, in 1620, and one which a conservative body like ours cannot afford to overlook.

III.—It affords a reasonable presumption that in the future state the members of this board and their sympathizers will have the exquisite pleasure of looking down from a state of exaltation upon the interesting writhings of countless millions of Heathens —a comfortable and sustaining belief to the average orthodox New England puritan.

IV.—*It receives the approval of a majority of this board.* The force and significance of this last proposition will strike you at once.

This is all we have to say, except to remark quite incidentally that we don't think the Pharisees were such very bad fellows after all. We heartily re-echo their sentiments in congratulating ourselves that we are *not* like some other men whose names we might mention.

We await your favorable reply, gently reminding you once more, in a spirit of deep humility, that any opposition on material points will inevitably result in your immediate removal.

Yours in sincerity,

THE A. B. C. F. M.,
W. S. C.

IT is all nonsense about a leopard not being able to change his spots. We never knew a leopard to remain in one spot more than five minutes. Natural history is quite a specialty with us.

AT THE FERRY.

"Great Scott! Thar goes my boat!"

"But I'll catch it!"

"Who says I can't jump?"

"Well,—!! If the blamed thing ain't a comin' in!"

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A STEP TOWARD

WILL BE TAKEN, AND THE PRINCIPLES OF BUSINESS APPLIED TO MATR
THE INVALID HIS NURSE, THE IDIOT AN HEIRESS, THE EPICURE HIS COOK,
HIS AMANUENSIS, AND THE ROMANTIC AND FASTIDIOUS MAIDEN SHALL

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THE MILLENNIUM

MONY, WHEN THE IMPECUNIOUS DUDE SHALL MARRY HIS WASHERWOMAN,
, THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD A TAILOR, THE ARTIST HIS MODEL, THE AUTHOR
L PROMISE TO "LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY" HER FATHER'S COACHMAN.

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FOR THE BEST.

YES, we were lovers once—a little space,
My heart grew 'neath the glory of her face.
Her slightest touch awaked a tender thrill;
I lived to do the bidding of her will.

I was her slave, demanding, asking nought,
Save but to give her every tender thought
Of perfect love. My bleeding heart she thrust
Beneath her cruel feet within the dust.

My life was blighted twenty little days,
But for this wanton act I give her praise;
About her lost love care I not a speck,
My poem on it brought a handsome check.

M. A. A.

HENRY IRVING is a consummate artist, and never was this fact so apparent as in his exquisite production of "Faust" at the Star Theatre—a representation so dignified, that applause seemed ridiculously out of place, calls before the curtain irrelevant, and the speech at the end grotesque.

After having been thrilled with Margaret's sad story and electrified by the devil's Machiavelianism, it does seem so unsatisfactory to have that devil appear and thank the "ladies and gentlemen" for their welcome, at the same time that he begs them to come again and see him—in fact, to come several times.

This speech is as complete a disallusion as if, after the apotheosis, we were called upon to look at Miss Terry partaking of oysters and Clicquot.

Mr. Irving probably considers, however, that his art need not be exercised after the final fall of the curtain.

During the entr'actes it was delicious to note that the audience was not treated to the irrelevant and perpetual "melody of popular airs," jinglesome waltzes, and ridiculous polkas. Mr. Irving's spirit dominated his music. It was thoroughly appropriate.

As *Mephistopheles*, the tragedian, in my humble opinion, made an undeniable success. Such a novel mode of treating the devil, I have never seen. The King of Evil is a finnicking, sardonic, cynical sort of a diplomat. He is a kind of unearthly Blaine.

Mr. Irving's *Mephistopheles* is decidedly humorous at times. "I wonder where Martha will go when she dies," he says. "*I* won't have her." When in the witches' kitchen the principal cook describes her toothsome compound of snakes, adders, toads, and other delicacies, "Stop," says *Mephistopheles*, "you make our mouths water."

Of Miss Ellen Terry's *Margaret* enough cannot be said in praise. Her artlessness, her innocence and her tenderness are so admirably portrayed that one forgets the fact that Miss Terry's face itself is not quite young enough for the role.

Mr. Irving has spared no efforts to make his representation as realistic as possible. The summit of the Brocken is really a striking scene, with its demons, Walpurgis dance, clouds and other eerie accessories. Some people were wondering how Mr. Irving would look coming up a trap-door and disappearing therein.

He would have looked ridiculous, and I knew he would never make his entrances and his exits in that manner. He contented himself with moving about in a limping, not at all immortal manner.

The company is an excellent one. Even the supers are trained far better than many speaking members of companies I have seen. Mrs. Chippendale is an amusing *Martha*, and Mr. Alexander's *Faust* is by no means to be scoffed at.

Alan Dale.

UNLESS Ellen Terry, Sara Bernhardt and Modjeska brace up and get some better clothes they will be left way behind by Mrs. Potter.

PUMPKIN, WITH THE "P."

CUSTOMER (*in Boston restaurant*): Gimme some punkin pie.

BOSTON WAITER (*reproachfully*): What kind of pie, sir?

CUSTOMER: Punkin.

WAITER: Yes, sir (vociferously). Pump-kin pie for one!

NEEDLESS ANXIETY.

YOUNG MOTHER (*displaying the baby*): Do you think he looks like his father, Mr. Oldboy?

MR. OLDBOY: Well, ye'es, there is a family resemblance; but it isn't striking enough to worry about.

HAD HIM THERE!

Col. Guff: I SEE, MR. LARD, THAT YOU ARE CHARGING ME FORTY-FIVE AND FIFTY CENTS A POUND FOR BUTTER NOW. WHAT IS THIS HIGH PRICE OWING TO?

Mr. Lard: WELL, IT IS CHIEFLY OWING TO ME, COL. GUFF, AND I SHOULD FEEL VERY MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU COULD MAKE IT CONVENIENT TO PAY UP.

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THE DRAUGHTING QUALITIES OF PERCHERONS SHALL BE TESTED IN THIS MANNER, THE PUBLIC BEING INVITED TO TAKE A HAND.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS AT THE CHICAGO HORSE SHOW.

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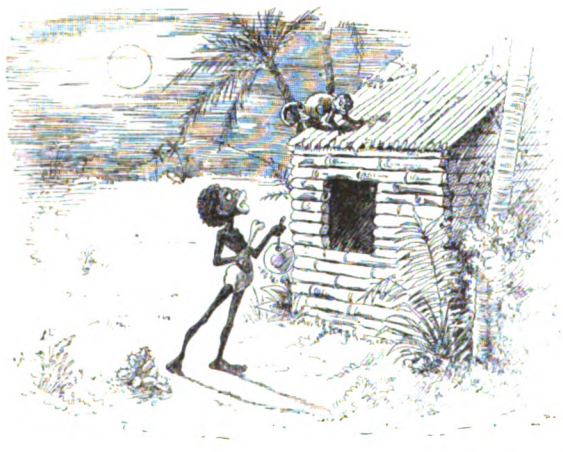
ON LADIES' CLUBS.

"IT looks very much as if the day would come," says the *New Orleans Picayune*, "when all the doings of womankind, all their charities, works, studies, would be conducted in a club. Nowadays young ladies do not think they can read poetry, practise music, study art, visit the sick, give charity to the poor, except by organizing themselves into clubs. It can almost be said that lovely woman is a club. A lot of lazy young ladies in New Orleans have copied an English fashion, and have joined an Early Rising Society, pledging themselves to abstain from lying in bed later than six o'clock, and to perform certain commendable duties before breakfast. A society that will trundle a healthy young woman out of bed early in the morning, and have her to make up a pan of rolls or an omelet for the family breakfast table," our contemporary adds, "is worth twenty societies for the study of Browning, and should be encouraged heartily."

We regret that we cannot concur in the last assertion. Browning clubs are harmless. The only risks in a Browning club are assumed by the individual members thereof. The perils of such an organization are not carried beyond the walls of its club-house and are simply innocuous in the family circle. But can this be said of the society which trundles the daughter of the household out of bed at six o'clock in the morning to conspire with flour and eggs against the health of her innocent brothers and sisters and the digestion of her parents? We think not; and we venture to add that when this Early Bird Club begins to exert its influence over the home of the editor of the *Picayune*, he will be the first to complain of the heinousness of the offense of introducing dough bullets and gutta-percha omelets into the family circle.

A system of this sort may do in despotic Russia, but in the "land of the free and the home of the brave" the line is drawn at celluloid doughnuts and canvas-back omelets.

Dyspeptic American Tourist (about to return to his native land, enters shop in Liverpool): WHAT DO THOSE HOT-WATER BOTTLES COST? I'M SURE TO BE AWFULLY SICK AND I WANT SOMETHING THAT I CAN KEEP ON MY STOMACH DURING THE VOYAGE.



LOVE IN THE TROPICS.

Zulu (singing): OH, RUMEEFUM, SWEET RUMEEFUM, THY RUBY LIPS I——

Unexpected Occupant: SAY, YOUNG MAN, I WOULDN'T WAIT FOR RUMEEFUM IF I WERE YOU, I AM AFRAID SHE WON'T APPEAR TO NIGHT.

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

NOTHING TO DIE FOR.

"WHY did Methuselah live 900 years?" Because, my boy, there was no good reason why he should die. There was nothing to make him tired of life. There were no dudes, no politics, no Anarchists, no railroads, no schools, no books, no newspapers, no elections, no baseball clubs, no picnics—why should Methuselah want to die and go to heaven? What was the matter with the earth? A man wouldn't want to live 900 years now, if he could, unless he was a fool, and then nobody else would want him to live 90 days.—*Robert Burdette, in Buffalo Express.*

TOO GOOD TO COME OUT.

SEVERAL papers are praising the conduct of Mr. James D. Fish in the penitentiary. This shows the great value of prohibitory laws. See how easy it is for a man to be good in the penitentiary, when for the very life of him he can't behave himself in good society.—*Robert Burdette, in Buffalo Express.*

SPEAKS, BUT NEVER PASSES BY.

"SINGULAR, isn't it, what queer superstitions some people have? Now, there's Johnson; he says he never can bear to pass an open door."

"Yes, I know it. I saw him dive into five saloons while going a quarter of a mile yesterday morning. That's a very common superstition."—*Robert Burdette, in Buffalo Express.*

EASILY ARRANGED.

"HAVEN'T named your new boy yet, Ben?"

"Well, no, not yet. You see, there's a dead-lock in the house. Wife wants him named Alice, for her mother, and I want to call him Benjamin, for his father."

"Why don't you compromise, then?"

"How?"

"Name him Ben-Hur."—*Robert Burdette, in Buffalo Express.*

"WHY should we hang the Anarchists?" asks a very young man. Well, my son, about as good a reason as I can think of, is because they declared that they set out to make war upon the millionaires, and began by killing some policemen. And any man who can't tell a millionaire from a policeman doesn't know enough to keep himself alive very long. Even if we didn't hang him, the fool-killer would meet him some day and recognize him on sight. On general principles, I am opposed to killing men in any way—with bomb, pistol, or cord—but when a fool sets out to commit suicide, it's hard to stop him.—*Robert Burdette, in Buffalo Express.*

AN OLD CHILD.

"SIR," said the prisoner, "I did not pay this man for my refreshments because I know nothing of the value of money. I am a child of genius."

"And what is your age?" asked the justice.

"Forty-two years."

"Then it is time you were weaned," and his Honor gave him thirty days away from the bottle.—*Robert Burdette, in Buffalo Express.*

OLD LADY: I'm sorry to hear a little boy use such shocking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?

URCHIN: Yes'm. Dey gits ter be hoss car drivers.—*Tid Bits.*

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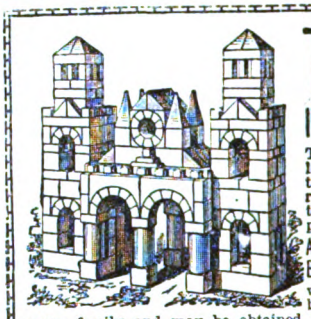

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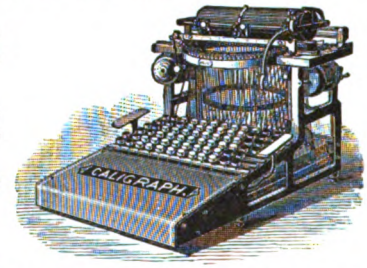

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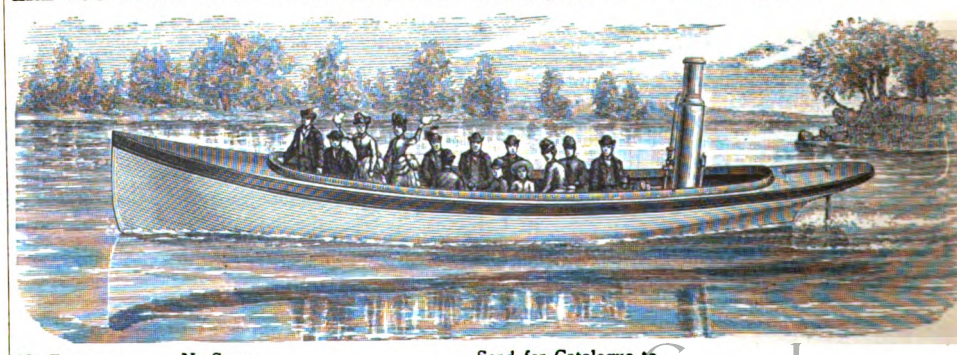

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"You are extremely kind."

"Here's twopence; drive home on the tram and fetch your purse."—*Neusete Nochichten.*

LITTLE Ruth sat at the table and heard each remark made as the plates were passed. One wanted "a small piece." Another, "a very little," etc. When it came her turn, she reached her plate out eagerly toward the coveted food.

"I'll take too much, if 'oo pease, papa," she said with naive sincerity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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This age shows a decided inclination to pry into mysteries.

It can make no difference to Shakespeare now whether the world believes he wrote the plays that bear his name or not.

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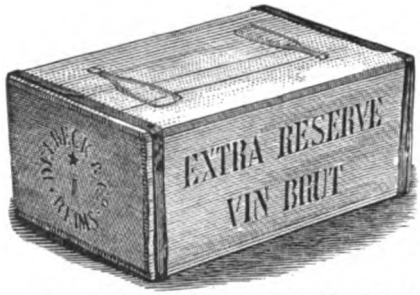

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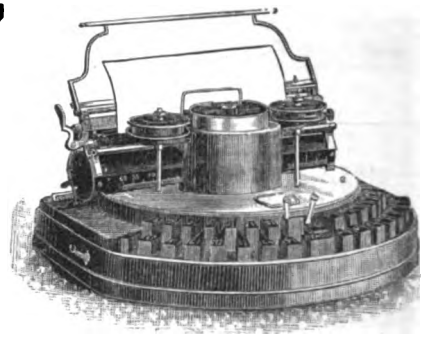

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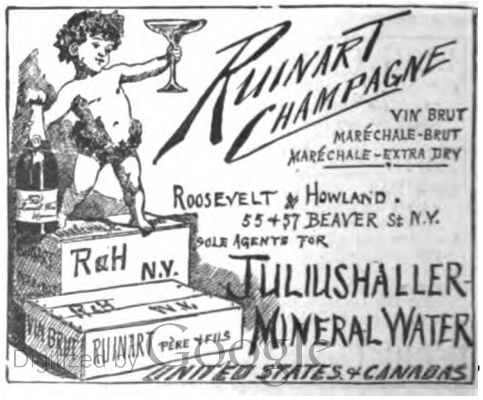

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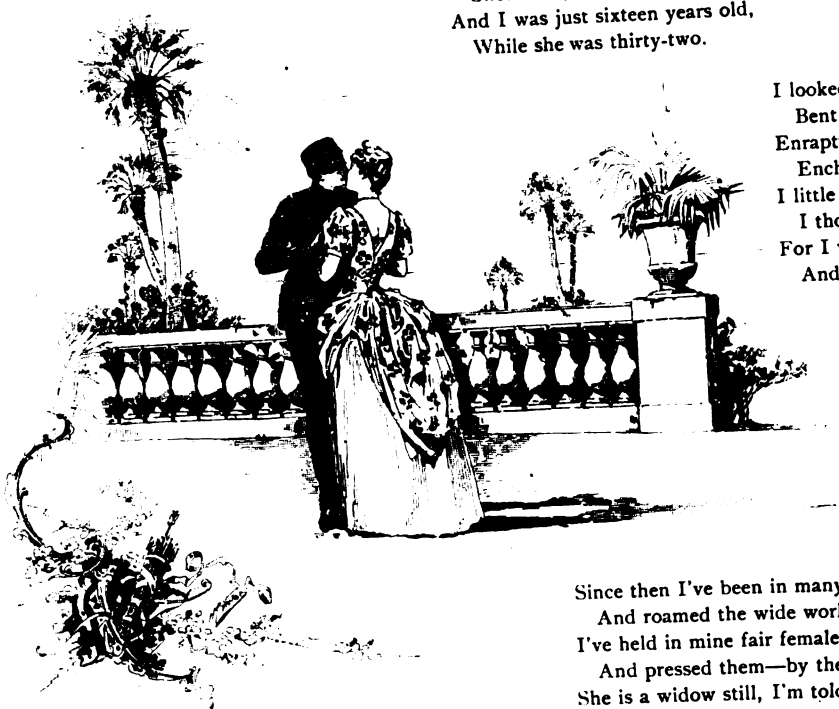
VOLUME X.
No. 256.

LIFE

NOVEMBER 24TH,
1887.

A TRUTHFUL ROMANCE.

WE wandered in the twilight dim,
Down by the river side;
My arm embraced her figure slim,
My young heart throbbed with pride.
The glowing moon, a ball of gold,
Shone out, as darkness grew—
And I was just sixteen years old,
While she was thirty-two.



I looked into her witching eyes,
Bent toward her upturned face,
Enraptured by her shy surprise,
Enchanted with her grace.
I little knew her heart was cold,
I thought her words were true—
For I was just sixteen years old,
And she was thirty-two.

But soon she stopped my lover's plea
With a sharp sob of pain,
And said, with tearful voice, that she
Could never wed again.
Her tender tears my grief consoled,
Her grief was real, I knew—
For I was just sixteen years old,
And she was thirty-two.

Since then I've been in many lands
And roamed the wide world o'er,
I've held in mine fair female hands—
And pressed them—by the score.
She is a widow still, I'm told,
But I've no mind to woo—
For now she's forty-eight years old
While *I* am thirty-two.

William H. Hills.

TRAMPING FOR A DINNER.

BROWN: I never saw so many tramps in the town before.

JONES: Tramps! Why, man, those are my poor relations coming out to spend Thanksgiving with me.

MISS FOLLIBUD; Can you tell me, Mr. Merchant, why they did not hang those two Anarchists in Chicago?

MR. MERCHANT: Oh, that was trade discount, 33⅓ per cent. off.

WE must confess to considerable relief now that the Anarchists are hanged, and, if we could only get an intimation from Mrs. Potter that she and Mrs. Stevens were on the verge of reconciliation, we could eat our Thanksgiving dinner in perfect peace.

ROAST BEEF, INDEED! YOU FORGET THIS IS THANKSGIVING. WHERE'S YOUR TURKEY?

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

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

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

THE only fun connected with the execution of the Anarchists was furnished by the *Evening World*, which committed a sort of journalistic homicide by announcing the end of the tragedy some two hours before it happened. When our infant contemporary is older it will doubtless learn that previousness is almost as undesirable in journalism as subsequency. Meanwhile it is an affecting sight to see the other venerated evening contemporaries hold up their hands in righteous reproach of the villainy of Mr. Pulitzer's young men. They all feel, with Josh Billings, that they had rather know less than know so much that wasn't true at the time.

* * *

FOR the rest the Anarchists ended in general gloom. No one was sorry to see them hanged, except Mr. Train and Mr. Howells, who insisted to the last that the murderers ought not to be executed, and we understand that the former gentleman is going to shake this country's dust out of his shoes and finish his earthly pilgrimage across the dark river that flows between us and Maloney.

* * *

GOOD-BYE, Mr. Train. Would to heaven that you could take your sparrows with you!

* * *

AS for Chicago's wonderful red funeral of November 13th, let us hope that all who saw it will remember it to their dying day. And may it disabuse all their minds of the notion that there is no particular harm in plotting murder.

* * *

EVERYBODY must be sorry for the Crown Prince of Germany. The poor man has not only had his death sentence, but he is a bone of contention among rival doctors of different nationalities, who differ with a boisterous animosity about the treatment of his throat.

If his son, the young Prince William, has about him the materials of which rulers are made, he cannot show it more fitly than in regulating his father's physicians. He is not likely soon to have a task that will require more firmness and better judgment

* * *

WE are doing a vast deal in these days for our British cousins. We sent them our Buffalo Bill, and for months he has delighted all sizes and conditions of them, and might, apparently, continue to delight them for years to come at great profit. Just as Bill pulls up his stakes, along comes John Sullivan from Boston, and consoles the Britishers to that degree that the Wild West's departure is hardly noticed.

* * *

IT has taken us some time to ascertain the requirements of British taste, but now that we know what they like over there, there will be no further trouble about giving satisfaction. "John can stay, Mr. Bull, as long as you want him, and when he has finished, we will let William go back. Meanwhile, Henry and Ellen seem to be about our size, and we are obliged to you for the loan of them. Don't let John get his mauleys on to you in anger, Mr. Bull, dear. 'E hisn't as haffable as Bill; more particular, when in liquor!"

* * *

LIFE notes with interest the prospect that the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon will begin life afresh on the first of December. For very nearly a year Mr. Bacon has been ministering to the spiritual necessities of a congregation of Independent Presbyterians, in Savannah, Georgia, who called him from Connecticut to make a trial of their pulpit. From the first of December until the third of July his ministrations in Savannah were popular, but on the latter date, stirred by patriotic associations, the New England in him fermented and some of it ran over. Since that time Mr. Bacon has been the nucleus of as lively a church fight as he has ever enjoyed. It lately resulted in a vote, by which a reasonable majority of his congregation expressed their conviction that they had better have a new Independent Presbyterian shepherd after the first of December.

Whether the minority, which supports Mr. Bacon, will secede and build a church for him remains to be seen. His backers are as ardent as his opponents.

For our part, it seems to this journal that the ministry is not the proper field for Dr. Bacon. No man of his ability and of his extraordinary talent for polemics should hesitate to move at once to this city and engage in journalism. Whether he took service with Br'er Ananias, Br'er Bilk, Br'er Judas or Br'er Flip-flop, he would find instant opportunity to make his mark on some one, and remuneration proportionate to the conspicuousness of the mark made.

Without doubt, the newspaper business is the business for Dr. Bacon, and he should pursue it here.

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THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WE see in the daily papers a notice to the effect that the museum of natural history is open to the public Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and all public holidays. This notice is signed

MORRIS K. JESSUP, *President.*

As Mr. Morris K. Jessup has affixed his name and title so courageously, it would appear that a rather bold step had been taken—bold for this institution—and that Mr. Morris K. Jessup was going to stand by it. Now, Mr. Morris K. Jessup knows very well that if the working public are to see his museum they are to see it Sundays or most of them will not see it at all. But Mr. Morris K. Jessup is not one of those weak natures who allow their piety to be influenced by any foolish ideas of benevolence. Petitions signed by hundreds of citizens have been presented to him in vain. He lives, presumably, in the faith that every man excluded from his museum upon the Sabbath will spend that day in prayer and religious meditation. It is unpleasant to believe that Mr. Morris K. Jessup's collection is of a quality unfit to be investigated upon the Sabbath. Can it be that his stuffed birds and animals are dissolute examples? that the minerals are indecent? that the fossils are corrupt, and the natural history specimens sacrilegious or given to rum, tobacco and profanity?

THE richest man in Vermont is said to be Colonel Estey, of Brattleborough, who is worth $3,500,000, all made in trade.

MORAL: Don't trade with a Vermont man.

"TALK ABOUT ACCIDENTS FROM NEGLIGENCE, WHY IT WAS A RAILROAD MAN'S NEGLIGENCE THAT SAVED MY LIFE ONCE!"

"HOW WAS THAT?"

"WHY, THE FELLOW LET THE FIRE GO OUT IN THE CAR-STOVE JUST BEFORE OUR TRAIN WAS WRECKED."

Johnny (from Boston): SISTER, NEVER PURCHASE FRUIT FROM THAT MAN.

Sister (with alacrity): NO, JOHNNY, I NEVER WILL. BUT WHY?

Johnny: BECAUSE HE EXPECTORATES ON HIS APPLES TO MAKE THEM LUMINOUS.

THE WORM TURNS.

LIFE has had its eye on the plumber for several years, momentarily expecting that he would turn upon his persecutors. At last it has come, and while we have little sympathy for that particular plumber who holds a mortgage on our house, we rejoice for his innocent brethren that the return blow is so effective.

According to an exchange, a plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stockbroker to execute some repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once." But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," said he to his apprentice who accompanied him, "take my watch and my chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be dishonest people about this house."

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Ye Scheme of Ye Turkye Bolde: Ytts Faylure.

Ye Introduction toe ye Turkye.
Ytte was a Turkye Gobbler bolde ỵ schemed toe escaype
Ye gryplet of ye Butcherre Boye ỵ twysted uppe hys nape.

Hys mode of Life.
For 3 fulle monthes he lived aparte inne solytude & quiet,
Refusinge dayntie morselles inne an alle absorbing diet.

Hys reflections.
He thought that whenne Thanksgyving cayme he'd looke soe payle & thynne,
He colde avoid ye usual role ye Turkye strutteth inne.

Hys conversation.
Sayde he, "Instead of fattenyng I will slowly rarefie,
Soe that my wearye corpse will ne'er on thankfulle tables lie."

Ye reader condoleth with ye Turkye.
Alas for ỵ poore Turkye bolde, hys scheme fell toe ye grounde,
For though he weighed butte oz. 10 when ye festal daye cayme rounde.

Ye Turkye dyes.
He was assassinated with ye rest; ỵ mass of skynne and bones

Ye Miracle.
Weighed 16 lbs. uponne ye scayles:

Ye Denoumente.
Hys breaste was filled with stones.

* * *

WE believe that it is Eastward that the Star of Vampire takes its way, and, as inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere, we are rather glad it does.

* * *

THE "Boulanger March" has been arranged for the hand-organ by a prominent young amateur of this city.

* * *

THE demand for cotton and ear-tabs during the recent Wagner revival was something enormous.

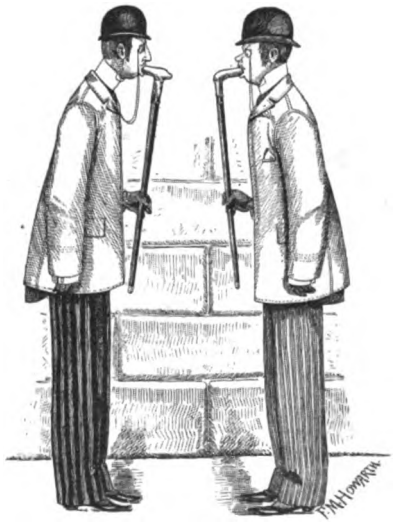
* * *

AS to Johann Most, why not revive the old-time ducking stool?

* * *

THERE is a Scriptural injunction which runs somewhat thus: "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it into the fire."

We think this applies to the Presidential thumb which was so inopportunely wiggled in the local political pie. If Grover Cleveland wants to stay in the White House, he should look carefully after that thumb. We, for one, do not care to see this Presidential digit re-elected, although the rest of the President is eminently satisfactory to us. Cut it off, Mr. Cleveland, or put a stall around it until it learns how to behave itself.



A POOR UNFORTUNATE.

Gus: AW—ER—YES, CHOLLY IS—ER—CHAWMING FELLAH, BUT HE IS SO *awfully* DEFAWMED, Y'KNOW.

Willie: POOR FELLAH! WHAT'S THE MATTAH WITH HIM?

Gus: WHY—ER—AW—Y'KNOW, HIS MOUTH IS SO AWFULLY SMALL—ER—HE CAWN'T GET HIS LIPS OVER THE—ER—HEAD OF HIS CANE!

PALSY FAIRCHILD has an article on the G. A. R. in the current issue of the *American Magazine*.

As an author Palsy is no great shakes.

* * *

THE Norristown's *Herald's* funny man has a fund of most withering sarcasm always at hand. He thinks because a New York woman who plays the fiddle is called a "violiniste," the dairy-maid who makes the butter must be a churniste, and the woman who laundries your soiled clothes is a washiste and ironiste.

It is to be hoped that New York women will take care not to offend this susceptible paragraph-man and humor-writer again. Our violinistes must hereafter be content to be known as fiddler-women, and our pianistes must be dubbed piano-females. The good old English language of Norristown must not be suffered to be crushed by these imported affectations of speech.

* * *

WE clip the following tribute to LIFE from our esteemed Hungarian contemporary, the *Bjcktzy Tjmbues:*

PRYWPOWIESCI.

Pracuj nawet w poniedzialki,
Nie pij wina, ni gorzalki,
Co oszczedzisz, skladaj w skrzynie,
Potém rachuj jak rok minie.

We thank our friends for these kindly words, and can only add—

Ajkji wuczy dzyb ti rok
Vanjz kachnj intadzi kerhok.

* * *

IF Shakespeare had been a reader of the *Sun*, and had seen therein that a man by the name of Godhelp paid poor women 75 cents a dozen for making undergarments, his query as to "what's in a name" would have possessed even more pertinence than it does now.

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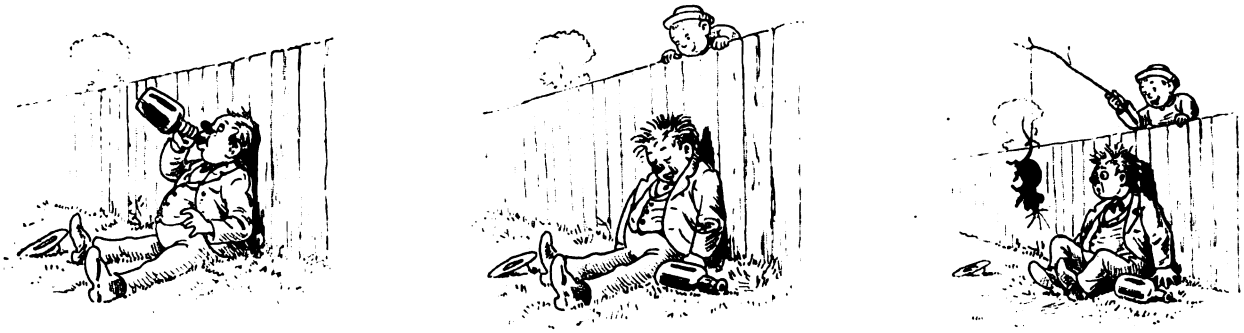
HOW HE CAME TO SWEAR OFF.



THE SITE OF EDEN.

MANY respectable old ladies of Charleston will be surprised and shocked to hear that a Southern Bishop writes to the *Christian Advocate* asserting that the city of Charleston was the original home of that highly reprehensible, ill-dressed couple, Adam and Eve. The Bishop's points are well taken, but in the interest of the Northern land movement I think it quite necessary to state my belief that the Bishop is in error.

It is purely sectional feeling that leads me to oppose the Bishop's theories. I have no particular interest in the exact location of the Garden of Eden, but, as a true Republican, who sent a substitute to the bloody war of the Rebellion, who laid down another man's leg that the stars and stripes might forever float over the land of the free and the home of the brave, I do not wish to see the solid South get a grip upon the home of my ancestors.

Bishop Keener's chief argument is that in and near the Cooper and Ashley rivers there is a vast collection of the remains of the largest mammals, remarkable for their variety; very huge, very many, and evidently of many distinct species.

Now, it is absurd to endeavor to clinch such a theory by means of a mammalian grave-yard. The Southern people accuse us Northerners of eternally waving the gory habiliment, of harping on dead issues, and yet the first argument of their spokesman in this Garden-of-Eden controversy, resurrects the bones of a long-forgotten race, whose chief claim to distinction was the possession of a backbone. We can best hurl the Bishop's argument back into his teeth by calling his attention to Grover Cleveland, a man born and bred in New York, as well furnished in the matter of aggressive spinality as any one of the very huge and very many relics in the neighborhood about Charleston. As well say that Buffalo is the Garden of Eden, and that Niagara is but the subsidence of the Deluge, because the President of the United States once infested that region, as assert that the remains of a primeval clambake or antediluvian bone-boiling establishment conclusively proves that Adam and Eve were inhabitants of Charleston.

What has the reverend gentleman to say to the fashions which prevailed within Eden's gates as bearing upon this question? If we are to judge from the evidence of the present day, I have only to request my opponent to attend an opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. He will see that there which will at once set his mind on a train of thought which leads to the inevitable conclusion that Eve set the fashion for New York, and it is an indisputable fact that no New York girl or matron ever took her styles from Charleston or any other city this side of London.

In the matter of the Ark, which Bishop Keener thinks was built of the wood of the long-leaf pine of the Carolinas, I have only to say that there is just as much reason for saying that Gopher wood was but a species of the late Fernando Wood as for asserting that it was the Carolina pine, and no more foolish theory than the Fernando Wood hypothesis could be imagined by mortal man in his sane hours. Yet, if the Ark were built of Fernando Wood, the Garden of Eden would have existed in New York city, according to Bishop Keener's method of reasoning, and the Central Park would have been a tautological redundancy, which it is not.

Again, if we are to judge by evidence before our eyes, there is every reason to believe that the designer of the Ark was from somewhere down East. Burgess certainly comes from there, and I fail to see why Burgess is not as good evidence that Noah was a Bostonian as an old whale's tooth or the wish-bone of a behemoth is of Adam's being a secessionist.

Go to, Bishop, go to—I won't say where to, if you will only go. Your arguments are as empty as Eden was after the inhabitants sought other climes. The fact is that since Ignatius Donnelly came along,

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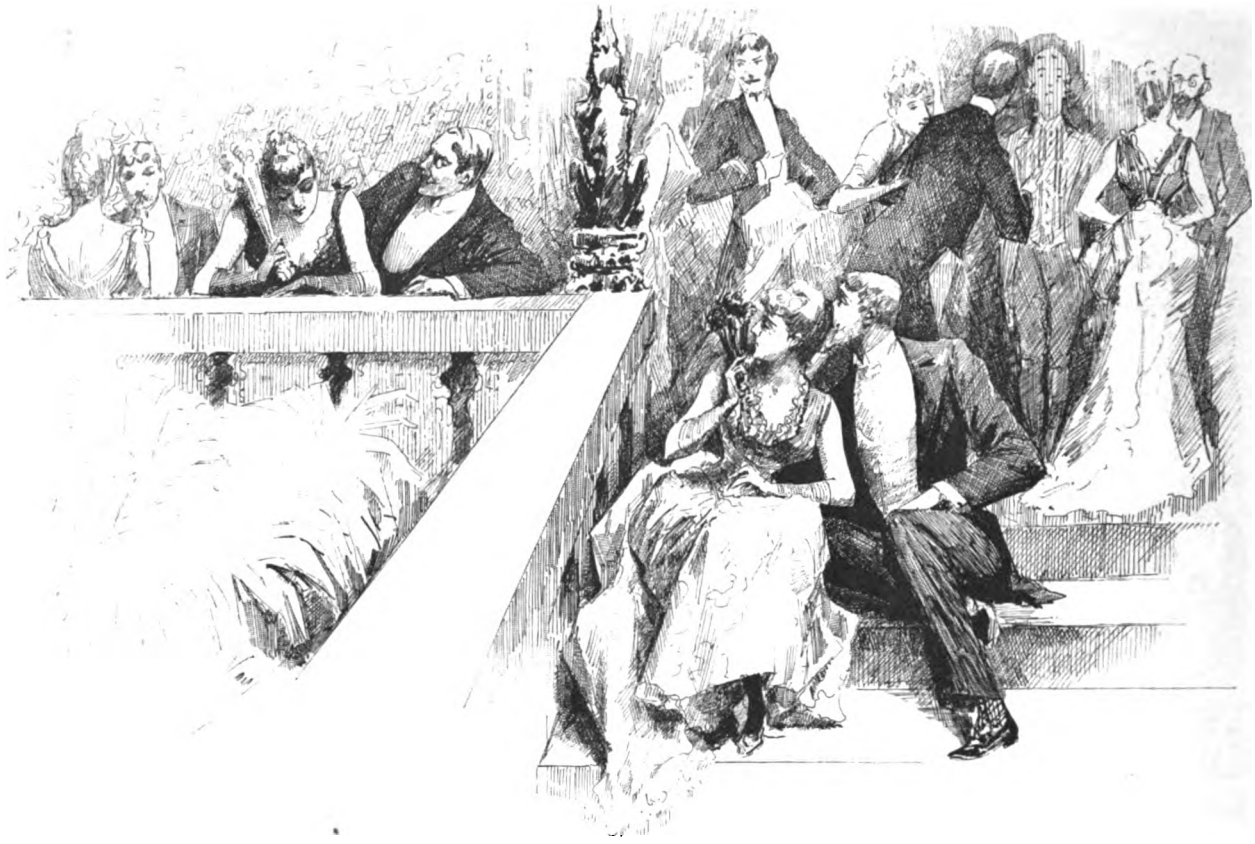

QUITE KNOWING.

Charles: SHE'S PRETTY, BUT SHE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING.
Evelyn: OH, YES SHE DOES: SHE KNOWS SHE'S PRETTY.

we are all desirous of making some new discovery to startle the world, and it is a mighty poor piece of whalebone or cipher that will not prove anything we wish it to.

The writer of this article is prepared to wager, that by means of a sheet of paper, a bottle of ink, Lord Bacon's cipher, and one hundred and thirty arbitrary assumptions, he can prove that Governor Foraker discovered America, and that Moses stood in the *Tribune* building when he viewed the promised land.

I fear the Bishop is suffering from a severe case of the prevailing *Malaria Iconoclastica.*

Carlyle Smith.

THE CABINET ROW

IT seems altogether likely that by the time this writing is set in type and laid before the reader, the General Land Office will be conspicuous for the absence of Commissioner Sparks.

The Commissioner enjoys the reputation of an honest man and an enemy to thieves of public land.

He lacks that element of greatness which consists in getting on with one's boss.

That is why.

HOW ABOUT ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

IS there no asylum for persons with his tendencies? Causing works of art to suggest indecent ideas to other people, has always been one of his favorite freaks. Not satisfied with the filth of his own mind he persists in forcing others to look at things from the same point of view. The other day an agent of this intelligent gentleman visited a well-known Art establishment on Fifth Avenue and selected 117 photographs of original paintings, by such artists as Cabanel, Bougereau, Gerome, Le Fevre, Henner, and others of the modern French school. He paid for them and had a receipted bill given him for them by the firm. Upon these Mr. Comstock based a charge of trafficking in improper pictures.

This man would put trowsers on Apollo.

That a biped of Mr. Comstock's calibre should be allowed authority in matters of art is a standing joke upon the City of New York. The licentiousness of his own mind seems to bubble over and pollute every work of art with which he comes in contact.

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BOOKISHNESS

SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN BOSTON.

WHEN Boston really starts out to be severe on New York—when for a moment she changes her attitude of "haughty indifference" into one of positive displeasure—then the world is treated to a most amusing spectacle. Boston is apparently dead-sure that when she frowns New York trembles. It is a happy and self-satisfying delusion; it does not hurt New York, and may help to warm the atmosphere in Boston.

One of the most beautiful specimens of Bostonian contempt is "Social Customs" (Estes & Lauriat), by Florence Howe Hall. This book was written for the latitude of Beacon Hill, and is calculated to make Chicago and St. Louis shiver. We should like to have the unbiased judgment of the Rev. Eugene Field on this work of art.

* * *

IT seems to us that Mayor Hewitt should write a letter about the following terrible accusation brought against New York in this book:

"A Boston woman, young and handsome (*sic*), was riding in a New York car recently, patiently awaiting her turn to sit down. A seat was vacated, and she was on the point of taking it, when a young man dexterously slipped past her and into it, smiling at the girls who were with him as if he had done a very clever thing. The Bostonian said to her friend: 'I wouldn't have believed that; but, then, we are in New York, in the nineteenth century!' The rude youth heard her words, turned scarlet, and looked sheepish enough."

This is deservedly crushing. But may we venture to suggest that it would have been more charitable to suppose that the young man was so overcome by the unusual spectacle of a "young and handsome" Boston woman that he sank into the nearest vacant seat to recover from the shock?

FOR the thousands of rich New Yorkers who are pining to leave the dulness and stupidity of the metropolis for the entrancing gaieties of Boston the following significant warnings are given:

"The fashionable society of the grand old Puritan city cannot but have something of the sternness which characterizes the native land of conscience."

"New people have found their way into the most aristocratic circles of Boston, but they have got in through the back-door of Europe, or gone around by the way of Newport or Mount Desert. No one ever yet went boldly up to the front-door of Beacon Street and struck with the lance's-point on the shield which hangs there ever ready for the fray—no one ever did this and lived to tell the tale."

"It is a proud boast of Boston that she does not allow her most exclusive circles to be invaded as readily as do other cities; and more than one ambitious family has left her precincts in despair of ever achieving social success there."

It is comforting to believe that perhaps those who cannot enter Boston's "exclusive circles" may yet have a chance in that other city to which the gate is straight and the way narrow. We throw out this suggestion with fear and trembling, lest Boston may claim that the only terrestrial terminus of that road is on Beacon Hill.

* * *

IN a delightful closing chapter of Hints to Young Men the following decree is promulgated:

"At the present moment brains, provided they be not too heavy, are at a great premium in society. *The intellectual man is the idol of the hour*, and the man who can make his hearers intellectual—at least in their own imagination—is sought after and admired beyond all others. It is, therefore, desirable for young people to cultivate any talent they may possess for *reading aloud and reciting*."

Comments on this by some of New York's "idols of the hour" would be decidedly interesting reading.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE BROOK. By Lord Tennyson. Illustrated by A. Woodruff. London: Macmillan & Co.

The City of Sarras. By N. A. Taylor. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Vengeance!

Thank Heaven!

Having gone home for repairs Tom comes back in half an hour *almost* as good as new.

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"THANKS AW

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IFE ·

NFULLY."

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A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

He (desirable catch): How slender Miss Willoughby is!
She: Yes, and they say her mother was just like her once. She weighs two hundred and forty now.

THE HEATHEN'S LAMENT.

OH, my heart is sadly grieving over news received to-day—
It came by ocean cable to the shores of old Cathay;
At a far-off mission-meeting, with most Christian wisdom crammed,
It's been settled that our fathers are irrevocably damned.

To the Christian New Jerusalem, with radiant streets of gold,
There's no entrance for the heathen without Jesus, we are told;
And though our fathers never heard of any such a man,
That cannot change the working of the everlasting plan.

Now, we're not so very captious, only ignorant and weak;
We would gladly be converted, we are teachable and meek;
But, because a man's a Hindoo, it don't follow as a rule,
He must therefore be considered an unmitigated fool.

So, when a Missionary of the Gospel came to tell
If we didn't come to Jesus we must surely go to Hell,
Old Rabjárkee rose and asked him, if a man had died in sin,
Never hearing of the Saviour, so's to get a passport in,

And then, if somewhat later, without favor of the Board,
He somehow got a tardy introduction to the Lord;
If he then with joy accepted Him, and for his sins repented,
Might his future not be brighter than the Board had represented?

The preacher felt at once the point that pierced his dark-skinned brother;
His heathen soul was troubled—*he was thinking of his mother!*
So he told him how the prodigal was welcomed at the door,
Without the slightest question why he hadn't come before.

And the poor old man was comforted, the tears stood in his eyes;
He grasped the Missionary's hand and said in glad surprise,
"I believe in God, the Father, ever willing to forgive;
I will henceforth love and worship Him so long as I may live."

But it seems that Missionary made a terrible mistake,
And is no more counted worthy the bread of life to break;
So the Board has called him back, and forbidden him to preach
E'en the possible forgiveness that he thinks the Gospels teach.

So our hearts are sadly grieving o'er the news received to-day—
The news that came by cable to the shores of old Cathay,
That hereafter, to be valid, every pardon of the Lord
Must be countersigned by Secretary Alden of the Board.

And we weep, for our dilemma is as bad as bad can be;
But—if Heaven is only open to the Scribe and Pharisee—
Since the company's so much better, though the *climate's* not so well,
With our fathers and our mothers, *we had rather go to Hell!*

Pen.

A GOOD BARGAIN.

GAGLEY: See here, Abrahams, the smoking-chair you sold me a week ago is ruined. The seat is all punched through.

ABRAHAMS: Goot, mein frient! I told you those schplendid springs vould outlast de chair.

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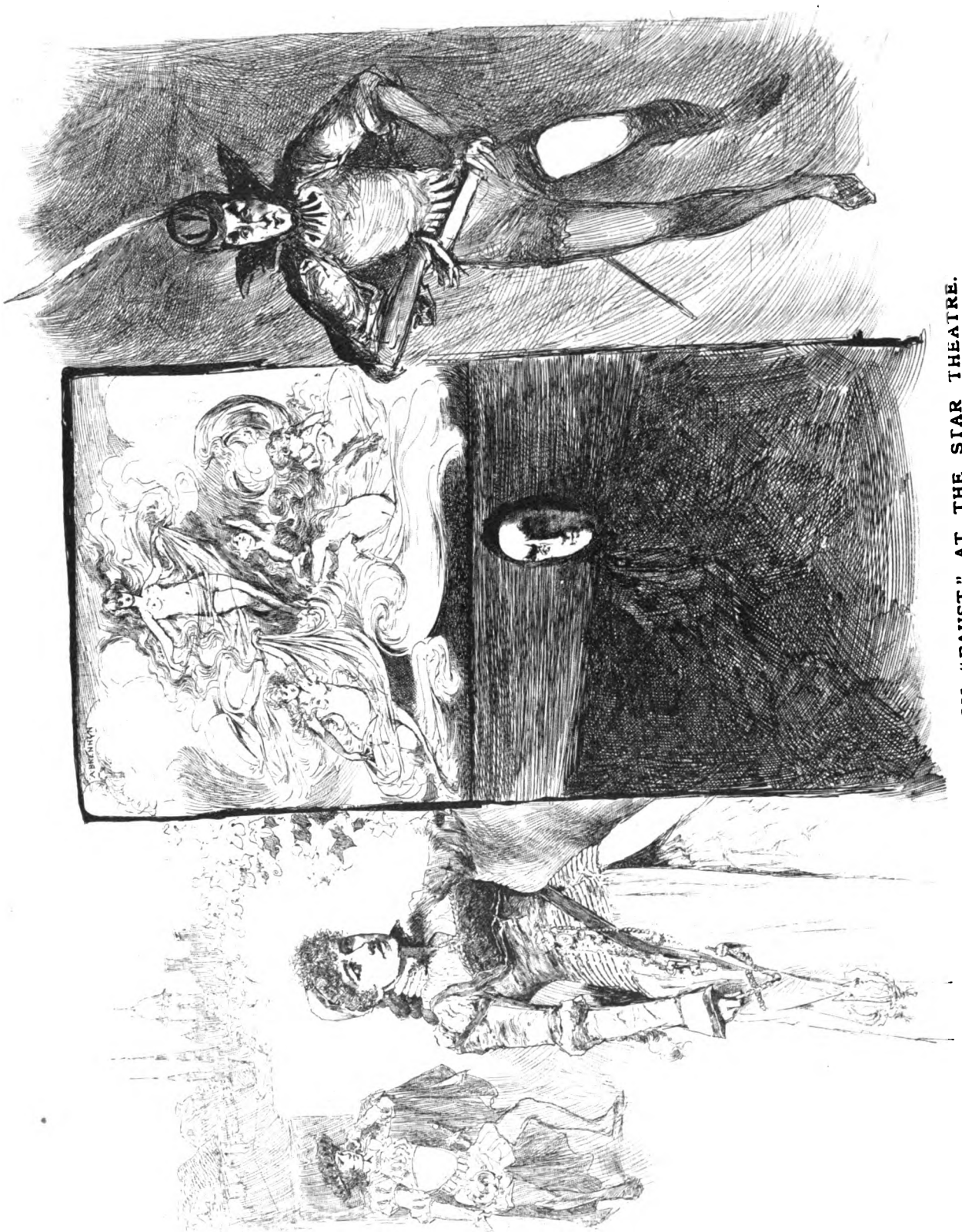

SOME SCENES FROM "FAUST," AT THE STAR THEATRE.

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HOW THE GREAT DAILIES ARE EDITED.

THE SUN.

The Sun is made up entirely of matter furnished by the office-cat and half a dozen editors. The proprietor does the police court reports, and is the embodiment of what is collectively known as *The Sun's* staff of ubiquitous reporters. The financial editor writes the baseball accounts, and the literary editor manufactures the foreign news. The snake editor lays himself out on dramatic criticism, and the remaining associates manage the mud-slinging department.

THE WORLD.

This journal employs a small army of reporters who are under contract to furnish two columns of scandalous or suicidal sensations a day. When they have finished reportorial work they are detailed throughout the metropolis to swear to the circulation of their paper and to concoct romances about their salaries. The advertisements, including the thrilling "Sol Pringle" column, are all written by the office-boy, who receives three dollars a week for his services.

THE TRIBUNE.

After much lost labor in endeavoring to find the editorial rooms of this paper we discovered that there were none. All the work is done at the respective homes of each contributor, and is sent down to the composing-room every night, where it is immediately put into type by "know nothing" compositors. The proofs are then shuffled together in a hat and drawn by the city editor until the pages are filled. All that remains is reserved for the *Tribune Almanac*.

THE HERALD.

The Herald is simply a long-winded equivalent of what is known as "Harper's Drawer," or the puzzle department of a country weekly. All the editors are noted for their harmless and childlike simplicity, and their faculty of writing backwards. It is made up in the ordinary manner. The very ordinary manner.

THE TIMES.

Nothing is known of the way in which this paper is edited. The editors know as little about it as anybody.

THE STAR.

Less is known about *The Star* than *The Times*.

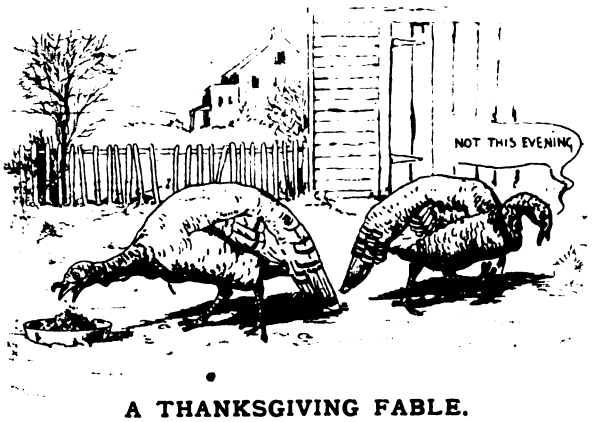
THE JOURNAL.

The Journal is not edited at all.

ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

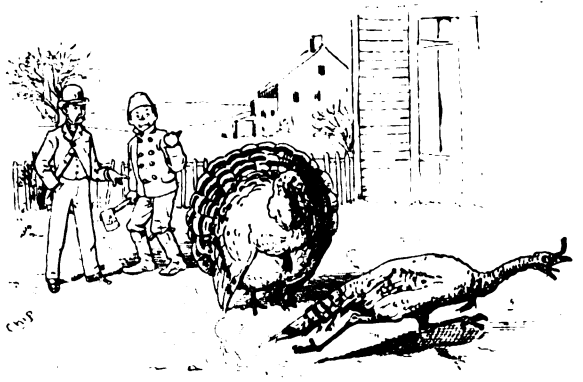
Party in Background: ——But, Jimmie and Maud——

Hero (with Pistol): We are no longer Maud and Jimmie. When we turned our backs upon yon village this damsel became the Tinsel-faced Cruller, the Daisy of the Wigwam, whilst I—ha, ha!—assumed the title of Venom-toothed Rosin Eye, the Mingo's Terror; so follow us at your peril, we are on the war path and our way is towards the setting sun!



A THANKSGIVING FABLE.

The greedy turkey gobbled up the goodly fare and grew fatter day by day, but the prudent turkey, suspicious of such bountiful grub, refused to eat it and grew rapidly thinner.



Finally the master came and said, "Better keep the fat turkey for Christmas; if we do not kill the thin turkey he may die on our hands."

MORAL.—Enjoy the good things of Life as they come.

SCRAPS.

THE question of mixed schools is agitating the Virginians. The Southerners seem to be quite as much down on the mix as the New York subjects to Irish Rule.

* * *

IN talking over the piracy of American publishers, the literary symposium in the *Nineteenth Century* fail to state that the authors of the Bible have not received one cent in copyright for their work.

* * *

ANTI-POVERTY is coming along at a great rate. Dr. McGlynn can now afford to go to Rome.

* * *

THE Prohibitionists assert that liquor is pollution. They take no notice of the fact that water is dilution.

THE NEW REGIME.

COMSTOCK: Is this Heaven?

ST. PETER: Yes.

COMSTOCK: Well, I have a warrant against your Master for allowing people to be born naked.

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ALL ACTIVE.

"I ALWAYS find you alone, Mr. Hushup, and yet your sign is Hushup & Co. Who is the Co.?"

"My wife."

"Ah, I see. Silent partner, eh?"

MR. HUSHUP (*reluctantly*): Er—yes—that is—n—no, not exactly.

Appalling silence all around the horizon.—*Robert Burdette, in Buffalo Express.*

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "Who was it supported the world on his shoulders?"

"It was Atlas, ma'am."

"And who supported Atlas?"

"The book doesn't say, but I guess his wife supported him."—*Chicago Sunday National.*

GUEST: Have you a fire-escape in this house?

LANDLORD: Two of 'em, sir.

GUEST: I thought so. The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing.—*Lawrence American.*

"WHAT kind of boys go to heaven?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent.

"Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class. *Jordon (N. Y.) Times.*

SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

MISS DEWDROP: Don't you think Mr. Rosebush has a very sensitive mouth?

MISS RAYNE (*blushing violently*): How should I know?—*Tid-Bits.*

CANDIDATE (*earnestly*): A vote for me means a deadly blow to the saloon. Can I count on you at the polls?

VOTER: You bet! I'm with you every time.

CANDIDATE (*joyously*): Good enough! Let's go and take something."—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE body of a red squirrel was found in a 4½-pound pickerel taken at Oxford, Mass., the other day. The question now is, Do squirrels swim, or do pickerel climb trees?—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"IKEY," said Oliver Sweatt to his only son at dinner the other day, "What have you in the shape of pie?"

"Pie plates," promptly responded Ikey.—*Stoughton Sentinel.*

MAKING SURE.—"What makes you think Mr. Merritt is in love with me?" asked Cora.

"Because," replied her mother, "he asked your little brother if it was true you would have ten thousand on the day of your marriage."—*Judge.*

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN: I have called, my dear sir, to solicit a subscription—say $10—for——

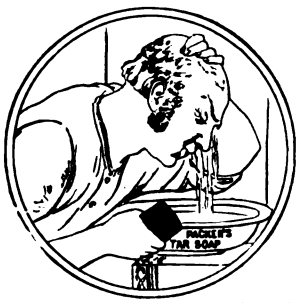
MERCHANT: To be sure. It will be placed in the Park, I suppose?

"Placed in the Park? I don't catch your meaning."

"The statue."

"The stat——. Oh, no! I am taking subscriptions for a widow with ten children, who——"

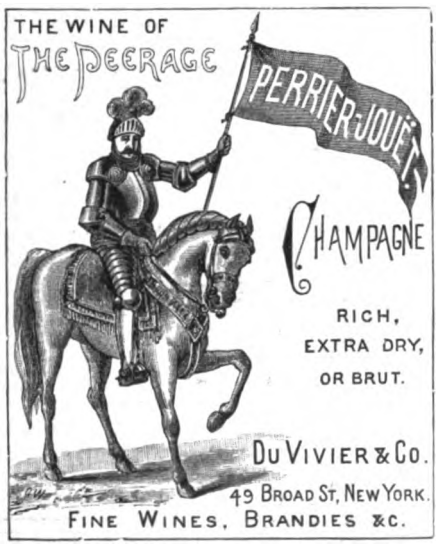
"I have nothing to give. Good morning, sir."



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

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

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.



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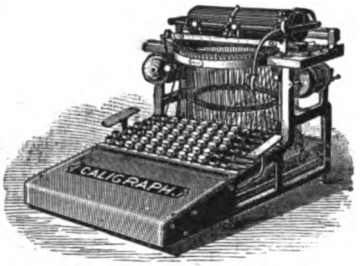

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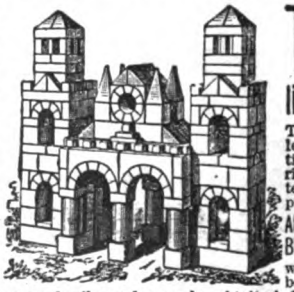

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SHRILL VOICE FROM FAR CORNER: Guess you don't know Bumber. He ain't married, and I guess he ain't got no children.

Speaker sits down in confusion.

Next day's *Trumpet* has a long and bitter article on the dastardly attempts of the opposition to break up an orderly and eminently respectable assembly.—*Boston Transcript.*

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MORITZ GOTLIEB SAPHIR, a Jewish journalist, is regarded as the foremost wit and humorist of the German-speaking people. Many examples are cited of his readiness in retort.

While living at Munich he incurred the displeasure of King Ludwig by criticising the royal author's poetry. An opportunity subsequently offered for expelling the offending journalist from the Bavarian capital, and he was ordered to leave within four and twenty hours. The Court Chamberlain, commissioned by the King, waited on him and asked if he could manage to get away in so short a time. "Yes," replied the unabashed journalist, "and if my own legs can't take me quickly enough I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in his Majesty's last volume of verse."

He once accidentally knocked against some person when turning the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast!" cried the offended person without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir."

A young couple, newly engaged, were favored with a letter of introduction to him, which they duly presented. Now, the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He said nothing, received the pair with *empressement*, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement, and wound up with: "Now, pray, you must—you really must tell me which of you is the bride."—*London Spectator.*

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"A wet sheet and a flowing sea, a breeze that follows fast."

From his lookout the faithful old captain of yonder merchantman casts an uneasy glance at the distant horizon. See! yonder a small speck of cloud "no larger than a man's hand." He watches it with his piercing eye for a few moments, then reaches for his long eyeglass. To his experienced view, this harmless little cloud betokens danger.

Across his bronzed face there comes a look of determination, and, with quick orders to the seamen, the craft is put about and all sail made for the nearest harbor, where in apparent safety the anchor is dropped, and the hardy mariners watch the approaching storm with defiance!

The storm bursts!

The decks have been cleared, the sails close furled, and all ordinary preparations made for an emergency.

The storm increases, but all seems safe.

But see! the vessel gives a sudden lurch, turns quickly about, and away she goes!

The anchor chain has broken!

This mighty ship might have ridden safely, but for one weak link in that anchor chain!

The strength of the chain is no greater than the strength of its weakest link.

On the sea of life, how many men are wrecked because of the unsuspected weakness of a link in the chain of health,—one weak vital organ in the body.

The mystery of death is even greater than the mystery of life. We think the links of our chain are strong, but we too seldom critically examine them for ourselves, and never really *know* that they will bear the strain that we put upon them.

"I have a friend," said Dr. Dio Lewis, "who can lift 900 pounds, and yet is an habitual sufferer from kidney and liver trouble and low spirits. The doctor who was one of the wisest and safest public teachers of the laws of health, wrote:

"The very marked testimonials from college professors, respectable physicians, and other gentlemen of intelligence and character, to the value of Warner's safe cure, have greatly surprised me. Many of these gentlemen I know, and, reading their testimony, I was impelled to purchase some bottles of Warner's safe cure and analyze it. Besides, I took some, swallowing three times the prescribed quantity. I am satisfied that the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use this preparation."

One year ago the *Servia*, while in a great storm, parted her two-inch rudder chain—no wonder—*it was rusted through!* The key to human health is the condition of the kidneys, and they may long be diseased and we be ignorant of the fact, because they give forth little or no pain. They in reality cause the majority of all the deaths, by polluting the blood and sending disease all through the system.

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CHEMICAL definition of leather—Ox-hide of beef.—*Punch.*

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DIGESTYLIN is very agreeable to take

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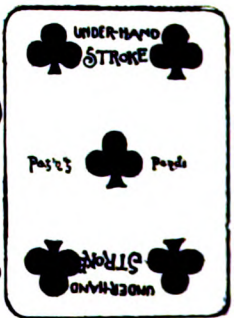
THE SOCIETY RAGE
PROGRESSIVE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENTS



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'88

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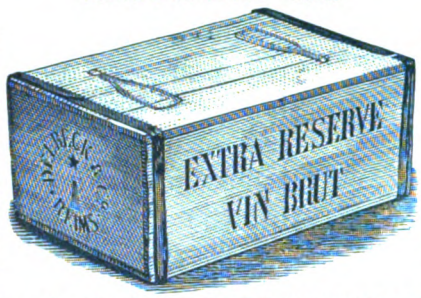

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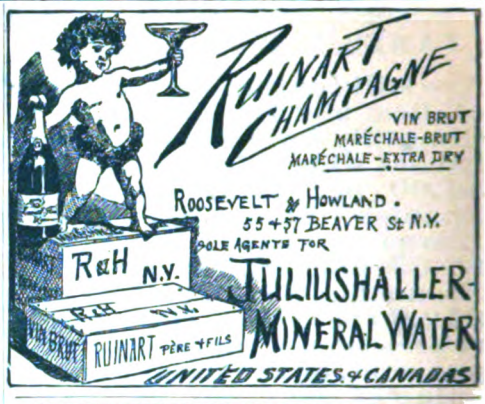

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VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1887.

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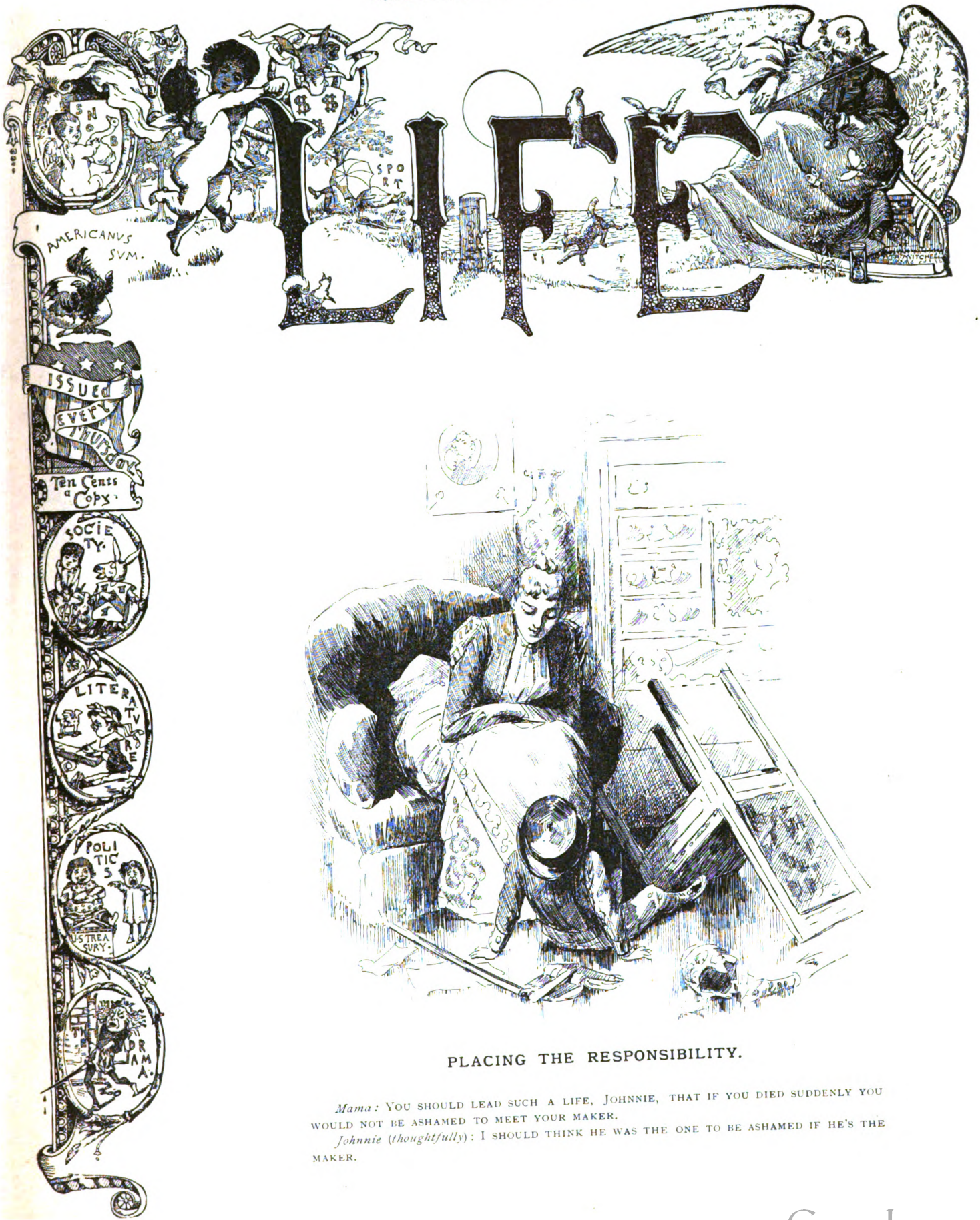

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Mama: YOU SHOULD LEAD SUCH A LIFE, JOHNNIE, THAT IF YOU DIED SUDDENLY YOU WOULD NOT BE ASHAMED TO MEET YOUR MAKER.

Johnnie (thoughtfully): I SHOULD THINK HE WAS THE ONE TO BE ASHAMED IF HE'S THE MAKER.

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

VOL. X. DECEMBER 1, 1887. No. 257.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

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

IF you didn't go to the Authors' Readings yesterday go today (Tuesday). If you cannot do that, send your contribution to the American Copyright League, care of this office, if you like. This journal is interested in American copyright, and will forward to the League all subscriptions that are sent here for it, and acknowledge the same in clear and legible type.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS'S motive in descending upon Buffalo is not immediately apparent. It does not appear whether he is acclimatizing himself preparatory to a visit to his native Buckeyedom, or if he has read "The Bread-winners" with envious recognition of its advantages of scene; or if the town has an interest for him as a place where they grow presidents, and possibly have some in the bud.

Whatever has taken the creator of "Silas Lapham" so far out of his beat, we are cordially glad he is there. He cannot help seeing many curious things and people in Buffalo, and it will do him ever so much good to get a change of air and type. We wish it was true that he would spend the winter in Buffalo, but we don't believe it. Realism gives out in the Buffalo newspapers sometimes just as it does in their metropolitan contemporaries, and then their imaginations have to help them out.

* * *

BEING out of Boston, Mr. Howells must have missed the Carney-McAuliffe fight, but it is to be hoped he came on to this metropolis to see one of the football games, which are a fairly good substitute for a Yankee mill. It shows how strong the missionary spirit in New England is when Massachusetts and Connecticut send on squads of their best young men to ensure a Thanksgiving holiday to Gotham. We trust the young men are re-articulated and in good working order again by this time, and that they found Manhattan's ambulances as easy and her surgeons as skillful as those of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

* * *

A PERUSAL of the death columns of our contemporaries shows that there is the usual fall outbreak of pneumonia.

The death column is not cheerful reading, but if its constant perusal over one's coffee in the morning will convince a man that this climate cannot be fooled with, and that overcoats were meant to adorn the person, and not the hat-rack, such a course of reading is to be commended.

A steady literary diet of LIFE, Howells and the death column ought to prolong the existence of many a worthy person.

* * *

DO you suppose it is true, that after the *Times* heard that the *Sun* had captured Swinburne's poem it suspected that the poem might be "newsy," and cabled for it under the impression that it would appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette?*

* * *

THE rumor that the retirement of Phineas T. Barnum from the show business finds a sort of confirmation in the large and destructive fire that broke out a week ago among the wild animals at Bridgeport. The date of the conflagration seems to indicate a new hand at the helm. Mr. Barnum was never in the habit of advertising extensively just as the season closed. Under his rule, the fire might have been expected to break out in February, and the papers would have been varied with anecdotes of the adventures of prominent inhabitants of Bridgeport out gunning for Bengal tigers and sacred cattle of Siam until the show opened in New York. Mr. Hutchinson seems a little green still in the menagerie business.

* * *

THEY say that the excessive kindness of the Duke of Marlboro's American friends has secured him so much free advertising that he is going home without doing all that he came for. They also say that his Grace will soon marry an American woman, and try to cut his brother out in the regard of the British people. Whose wife she is has not transpired, but if Colonel Marlborough will only go home and stay there, we will spare him any American heiress he can carry off.

* * *

ORIGINALLY in sympathy with Colonel Gebhard, we now feel that he has justified the action of the New York Club in expelling him.

The Colonel is connected with the wrong kind of a club The shilalagh would seem to be more suitable for him.

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THE BALANCE-SHEET.

HOW'S the ledger, gentle Sasa?
Who must balance the account?
Is your score the longer? Pray, sir,
Is mine fairly tantamount?
Country school and maid and master,
Scene and characters complete;
Lest the debt grow somewhat vaster,
Let us draw a balance-sheet.

CREDIT.—Several months essaying
To impart from Learning's charts,
Knowledge that was worth conveying,
Of facts, of theories and arts.
How through space each planet scooted,
How to reckon pounds and pence;
How the earth was evoluted
From a gaseous inference.

DEBIT.—Glance of tender meaning
From your long-lashed eyes of blue;
Smiles that set my brain careening,
Soft-hand pressures, one or two.
DEBIT.—Well, the revelation
That what's termed a broken heart
Is a fanciful creation,
Finds no solid counterpart.

I'm in debt, my gentle Sasa,
To a rather large amount;
But I would not now erase a
Single line of the account.
I enjoyed the sugar-coating,
While my rival gulped the pill—
Nightly Mother Goose *he's* quoting,
I enjoy my slumbers still.

Conductor: IT SEEMS TO ME THAT'S RATHER A BIG CROWD TO CARRY FOR FIVE CENTS.

Passenger (*with bitter irony*): BEGORRA, THIN, IF I'D A KNOWED THE THROUBLE YEZ'D BEEN AT CARRYIN' THE CHILDER' I'D A WAITED UNTIL THEY WUZ ALL SIX YEAR OLD BEFORE I'D A MADE THIS THRIP!

Intimate Friend: HAVE YOU BEEN ENJOYING YOUR HONEYMOON AT OLD POINT COMFORT?

Heiress (*lately married*): YES, WE'VE BEEN THERE; BUT, DO YOU KNOW, I OVERHEARD TOM TELL A FRIEND OF HIS IT WAS "HARVEST-MOON" WITH HIM INSTEAD OF "HONEYMOON." WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MEANT? FUNNY, WASN'T IT?

Friend (*knowingly*): OH, YES, VERY—FOR TOM.

REALISM.

SOME of Mr. Howells's realism reminds us forcibly of a story which recently appeared in the Autobiography of W. P. Frith, R.A. A certain Mr. Wilkins, an artist of some repute, had painted a number of pictures of dead game, among which was a group of dead rabbits which Dr. Herring asserted were "remarkably true to nature."

"Nature, sir!" replied Wilkins pompously. "Yes, I flatter myself there is more nature in those rabbits than you usually see in rabbits."

WHY not arrest Anthony Comstock while taking a bath? He would presumably have no clothing on, and therefore, in his own opinion, would be committing an offense against society.

IT will cost the Emperor of China $5,000,000 to get married, but there is compensation in the fact that his divorces are practically free. The only expense is the headsman's fee and the rent of a lot in the Imperial Cemetery.

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MUSICAL.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

"I HEAR the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies,"
And out upon the moonlit bay
The breezes sound the "Boulanger;"
I hear the cyclone on the sea
Wafting "Sweet Violets" to me,
And I always drop a silent tear
To note that Æolus plays by ear.

* * *

APROPOS of the *Times's* great journalistic feat, we wish to say that Swinburne cabled that poem to us for our Thanksgiving number, but as it was rather too short and gossipy for our purposes, we concluded not to accept it, and promptly cabled the whole thing back to the Poet.

In justice to Mr. Swinburne we will add that this was at his expense, not ours.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT who is connected with the Pound, writes to say that Mr. Comstock endeavored to have him drown a dog last August, because the poor beast had been seen on the street without pants.

* * *

YOU may say what you please, but the fact remains, that this Composite photography is a good deal of an imposition.

* * *

THE rumor that Mr. Cleveland has demanded his own resignation on the ground of offensive partisanship in the late elections, lacks confirmation.

* * *

THE old proverb says, "'Tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round," and ardent prohibitionists attribute the same accomplishment to whiskey.

* * *

COLONEL INGERSOLL will always be in the minority. The trouble with Agnosticism is that there are too few men in the world who are willing to admit that they do not "know it all."

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is the greatest Slugwump this country has ever produced.

IF all the Heathen of past ages have gone to perdition, as the true Christian fondly believes, Satan must have almost as much use for the Standing-Room-Only sign as has our modern "Mephistopheles" at the Star.

* * *

IT has been demonstrated that cannon-balls cannot travel faster than 1,500 miles an hour.

This is comforting, as it is estimated that a real brave man can travel two thousand miles an hour if he happens to be roused to a state of abject terror.

Bring on your grim-visaged war! What do we care for powder and shot?

* * *

NOW the *Atlanta* is declared to be unseaworthy. She cannot live in a head-sea, and when her guns are fired off it is believed the mortality among her own crew will be terrific

Pleasant news, indeed, for us Americans, when we reflect that Mr. Sullivan is abroad and our coasts are left defenseless. Suppose the false rumors of a rupture between the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Mackay were to plunge this country into a bloody strife with England. Where would we be?

Suppose an Irish-American cab-driver should, in a vengeful spirit, run over Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the British Empire should demand satisfaction, what could we do?

In case His Holiness were to send a ship across the sea to kidnap the treasurer of our Anti-Poverty Society, what humiliation would we suffer?

This will not do. Our navy must brace up. Secretary Whitney should call upon the Secretary of the Treasury and after relieving him of the surplus, should send it on to Burgess, and give him an order for a navy that can float and shoot off fire-crackers without going to the bottom.

* * *

THE *Tribune* need no longer sneer at the President for not following in the line of Jeffersonian simplicity.

Its own Evarts has just purchased a new hat.

* * *

IN the interests of public decency we call Mr. Comstock's attention to a policeman who stands on the corner of Twenty-third Street and views passers-by with the naked eye.

THE MASHER AT HOME.

Cholly (on the bed): SAY, BOB, HURRY UP AND GET OUT. I OUGHT TO BE DRESSING.

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A LETTER TO ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

PITTSBURGH, PA., NOV. 21, 1887.

Dear Sir,—I wish you would come and look at my art collection. I have inaugurated a new departure, so to speak, which I cannot help thinking will meet with your hearty approbation.

MERCURY.

The statue of Mercury standing in my hall, with his right hand extended as though he had just let go a curve ball, has hitherto been unclothed to an exaggerated extent. He has not even, until this winter, worn a coat of paint. Now, however, I have procured for him a pair of trousers, of the wide, influential brand affected by our dudes. His new ulster is of the latest pattern, with a latitudinarian band around his waist.

It would make your eyes water to see my Apollo Belvedere in evening dress, with knickerbockers. A mackintosh is thrown loosely over his left shoulder and his feet are encased in silk stockings; a great improvement over the air of openness with which he was formerly clothed.

APOLLO.

But the new wardrobe of the lady members of my collection will delight you especially. As you doubtless know, the Greek Slave has hitherto not even had a porous plaster in (or on) her trunk. In fact, she has stood through all weathers in full dress carried to extremes and then thrown away. Now she rejoices in a tailor-made suit of exquisite workmanship, and a chest protector with pongee embroidery is covering a portion of her superficial area. Her hose is of the striped variety, and her feet wear the cutest little shoes you ever saw.

GREEK SLAVE.

The Venus of Milo is another statue of the female brand which has hitherto had nothing to wear. I had some difficulty in providing her with clothes, owing to the unfortunate accident whereby she lost her arms. I have, however, clothed her with an opaque Mother Hubbard, which will meet the requirements of the most fastidious. I would like you to look at her, though, and if you think best, I will get Dr. Mary Walker to construct a pair of trousers for her, or purchase a number six bloomer.

Several other women works of art look quite trig in their new garments, provided with bustles, passamentaries, false hair, and other articles of feminine garmenture. Come and look at them any evening this week when you happen to have leisure.

Yours sincerely,

WM. H. SIVITER.

P.S.—I forgot to state that I have placed a pair of pantaloons on the limbs of such chairs as infest the art gallery.

W. H. S.

VENUS OF MILO.

IMPLICIT FAITH.

"SIR," he said, as he handed the youth a tract, "are you a young man of Faith?"

"Yes, sir," the young man replied, "I eat a Third Avenue table d'hote dinner every night."

THE Ornithologists are much interested in a recent discovery that birds travel by night during their migratory periods.

It has long been known that jail-birds possessed this habit, but it was not suspected of the innocent members of the feathered kingdom.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

IT is to be hoped that the Authors' Readings in aid of International Copyright, the last of which is to be given this afternoon, will have proved as successful as they deserve to be.

There is no more crying evil in this country to-day than the absence of such a law. Our Government recognizes all professions but literature and art, the two that contribute most to the health and happiness of the general public, and not only are these two professions ignored in the "division of spoils," but it seems as if everything were done to give them a black eye. Comstocks are permitted to browse through the fields of Art, thrusting their hoofs through any and every canvas that has the misfortune to rouse unholy passions in their breasts, while, by the absence of a copyright law, the literary men of the land are literally driven out by foreign competition. We have men in this country who can produce fully as good work as any of the foreign literary guild, but whose labors are rendered valueless to them because dishonest American publishers can steal three or four works of foreign authors, and sell them all for less than one work by an American author can be sold at a fair profit. The present system is demoralizing to the American people. Every purchaser of a cheap reprint of English or other foreign books is a purchaser and a receiver of stolen goods.

If it is pleasing to the free-born American citizen to reflect that he is an accessory to the crime of literary poaching, we congratulate him upon the density of his epidermis.

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THE POTENTATES' THANKSGIVING.

WHEN the Chum to Potentates had fortified himself with the neck of a sixteen-pound turkey on Thanksgiving day, he mounted his favorite steed and pranced around to the Eden Musee to call on his friends, the waxen monarchs.

They were all well except the Sultan, whose nose had been inadvertently melted off by the attendant in charge of the lighting of the audience chamber, and President Grevy, who was suffering from an attack of cobwebs on the heart.

After the usual airy persiflage of the evening had passed, the Chum ventured to sound his friends on the subject of Thanksgiving. He averred that he had noticed that the day had not been universally observed, and that the crowned heads were exceedingly conspicuous in their absence from the tables of the thankful.

Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria observed that, for her part, she had crammed as much thankfulness as she was capable of in one year into the Jubilee ceremonies, but she would say that she did feel a certain amount of gratitude to learn that "Leaves from the Highlands" had been translated into Choctaw so as to inoculate the heathen to the terrors of the hereafter. Her Majesty further stated that she was thankful likewise at the prospect she had for a second jubilee—at which assertion the Prince of Wales became so agitated that a visitor to the Musee mistook him for Johann Most.

The Czar of Russia stated that it was nothing but an attack of the measles that had kept him from an onslaught on turkey—a statement that occasioned much excitement between the Sultan, Bismarck and Queen Victoria, which was allayed by the Czar concluding his sentence with the words, "and cranberry sauce." This restored the *entente cordiale* and started the *status quo ante* off on the even tenor of its way.

King Humbert informed the Chum that he and the Pope had dined together in the afternoon, and that both had given thanks that the Quirinal and the Vatican were resuming friendly relations. The King thought that a combination of his government and the Pope's revenues would do much to make Italy a great power among nations. He added that there was a slight hitch in the proceedings, amounting chiefly to a desire of the Pope that Humbert should concede to him the city of Rome, Naples, Florence and the balance of Italy, and that when he came to think over the events of the year he was disposed to render up the most approved pæan of joy because the Pope had not seen fit to demand his trousers and toothbrush.

His Holiness, upon being approached, refused to say anything relative to Humbert, but in the course of the conversation he alluded to the fact that, after reading the New York papers, he was extremely grateful that Dr. McGlynn had not come to Rome last winter. He hoped, indeed, that the ex-prelate would not come until the Anti-Poverty Society had done enough for its founders to make the confiscation of McGlynn's estates worth His Sacred while.

The Sultan was very sulky about the observance of the day. He had nothing to be thankful for he said; U. S. Minister Cox had been taken away from him, and he hadn't heard a new joke since Mr. Cox left; he had been rejected by a cargo of Circassian ladies to whom he had proposed marriage; seven members of his family were suing for divorces, and it took all his income to keep the harem in cigarettes.

The young King of Spain expressed much gratitude that he had cut his royal teeth during the past year, and, with a pleasant smile, remarked that, with the permission of the Cortes, he would assume trousers on the first of January.

Altogether, the waxen monarchs were fairly thankful, and if they, with their paste jewels, gas-pipe legs and paper crowns, were on the whole contented with life, I cannot imagine why the real Simon-pure monarchs have been so backward in coming forward at this gay and festive season, unless it be that the lot of the waxwork king is happier in the very innocuousness of its desuetude than the life of a flesh-and-blood potentate with all the perniciousness of its activity.

Carlyle Smith.

EASY ENOUGH.

WIFE (*reproachfully*): How can you come home in such a condition, John, when only last week you signed the pledge?

HUSBAND: I know it (*hic*), m'dear, but's eashy 'nough t' sign nuzzer.

MR. DANA missed a splendid opportunity in the last election when he referred to Mr. Pulitzer as "Hungry Joe" instead of "Hungary Joe."

A FEW TERMS IN FOX HUNTING.

The Meet.

A Pack.

Throwing the Hounds in.

Getting the Scent.

Taking the Brush.

In Full Cry.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

IT is related that Sir Walter Scott, upon a certain occasion, lacking the wherewithal for his evening meal, purchased a penny ring, in which was mounted a glass diamond, and which he straightway took to a collector of curios and sold for ten pounds as a souvenir of the author of Waverley.

The late Sultan of Turkey left one hundred and sixteen widows and a sufficient number of orphans to completely fill seven asylums.

Ex-President Hayes has discovered a new method whereby turkeys may be fattened with natural gas, and old eggs may be renewed in the vigor of youth.

Grover Cleveland is by all odds the greatest man who ever occupied the Presidential chair. He measures two rods around the waist.

Mr. Pulitzer can call Charles A. Dana Ananias in seven languages.

Mr. Dana, by constant practice, has been able to dub Mr. Pulitzer Judas seventy-six times in fifteen minutes.

A German scientist has demonstrated that if the Brooklyn Bridge should ever break it would fall into the East River.

There is a man in New York city who has been able to get into society without having an income.

Mrs. James Brown Potter can wear better clothes than Ellen Terry with her eyes shut.

It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Howells can write a novel with his left hand while writing a poem with his right and dictating a letter about the Anarchists with his mouth.

HE COULDN'T FOOL THE YANKEE.

"THIS red flag," shouted the Socialist orator, "is the emblem of the brotherhood of man!"

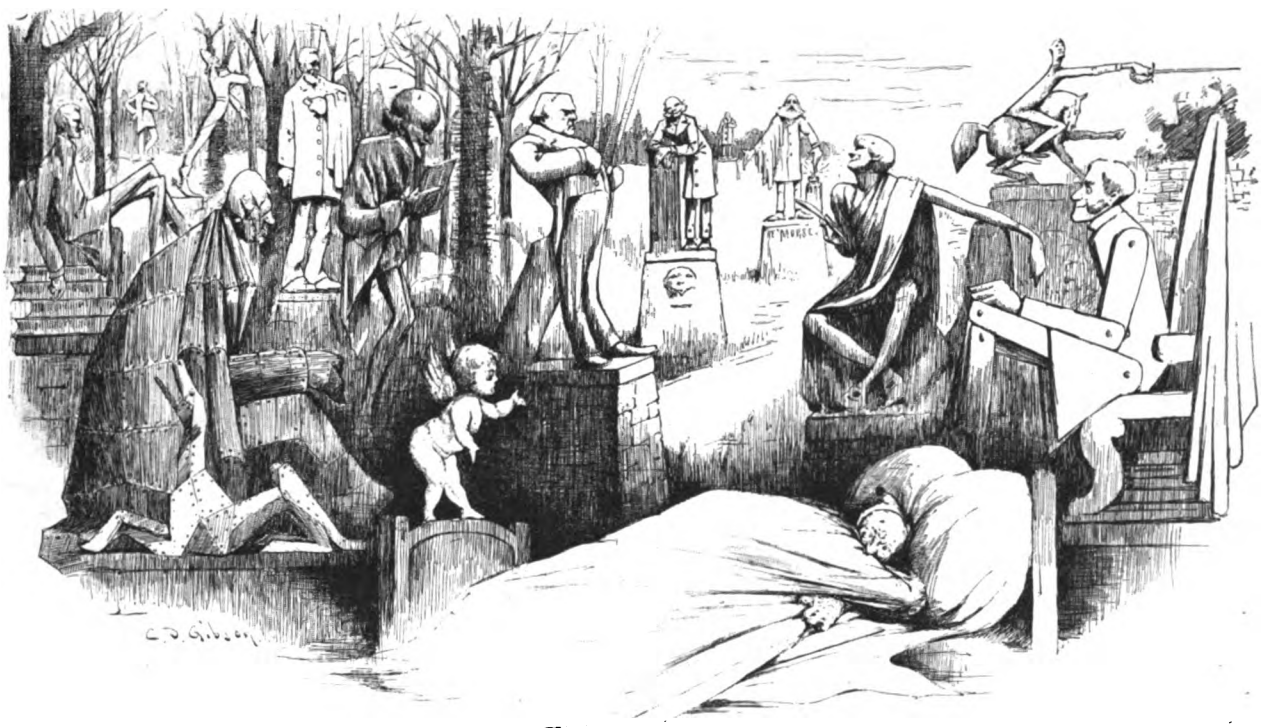
"Not much," growled a voice from the back seats, "it's a sign that auctioneers, small-pox, rock-blasting, or some other nuisances are around, and that it's time for wise men to skip out."

PAPER is now largely used in the manufacture of coffins. This accounts for the enormous circulation of some of our daily contemporaries.

THE BARNUM FIRE.

LIFE sympathizes heartily with the poor monkeys and lions that met a fiery grave on Sunday night of last week, but a consideration of the following table tempers our regret for the venerable Barnum:

Loss.		*Profit.*	
Stock consumed . . .	$800,000	Insurance	$100,000
		Free advertising on front page of every newspaper in the world .	500,000
		Saving in expense of keeping animals through the winter .	500,000
	$800,000		$1,100,000
Net gain to Barnum			$300,000



LIFE (*to Public Spirited Citizen*): UNLESS YOU REFORM YOU ALSO MAY HAVE A STATUE IN NEW YORK.

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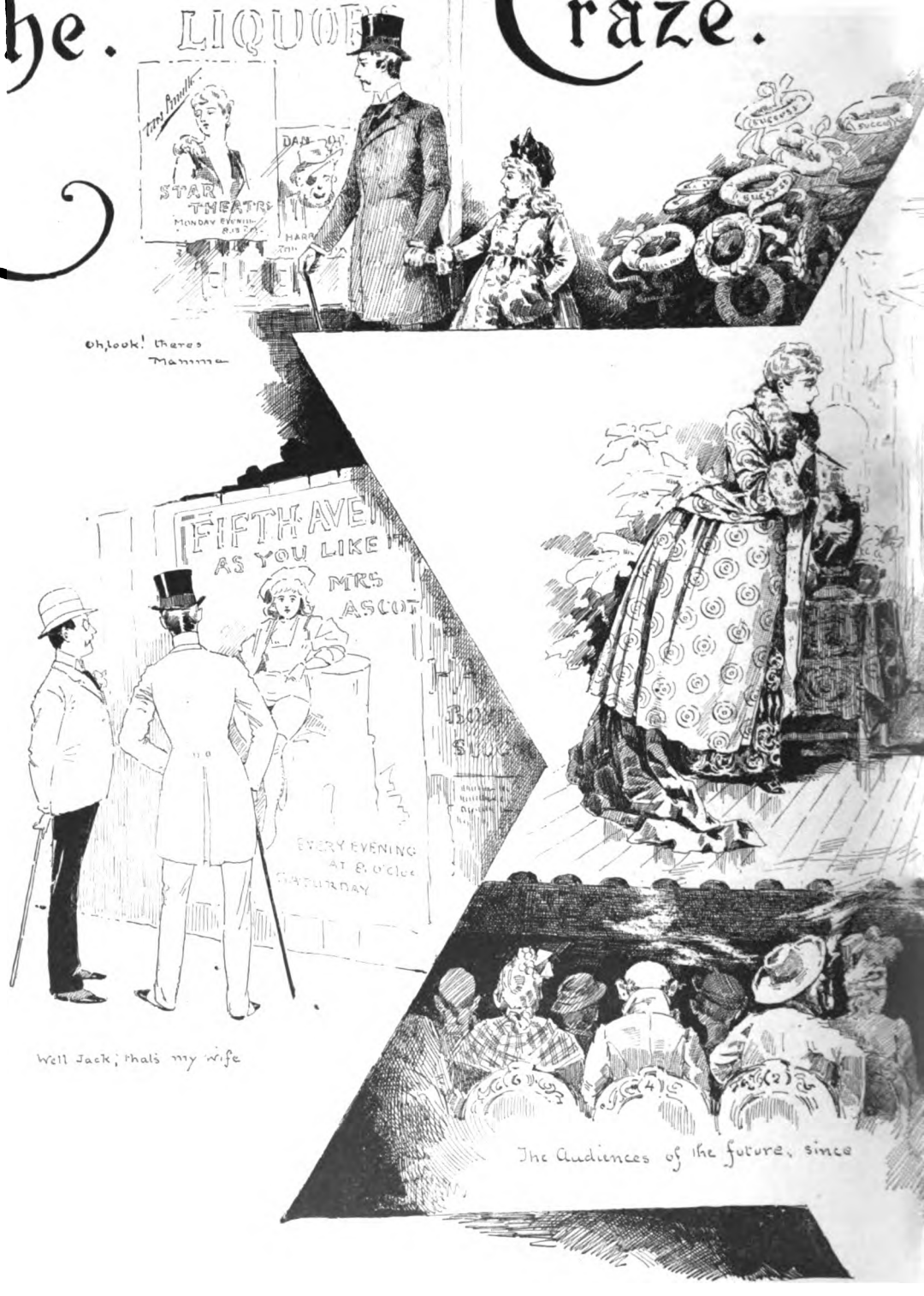
The. LIQUOR Craze.



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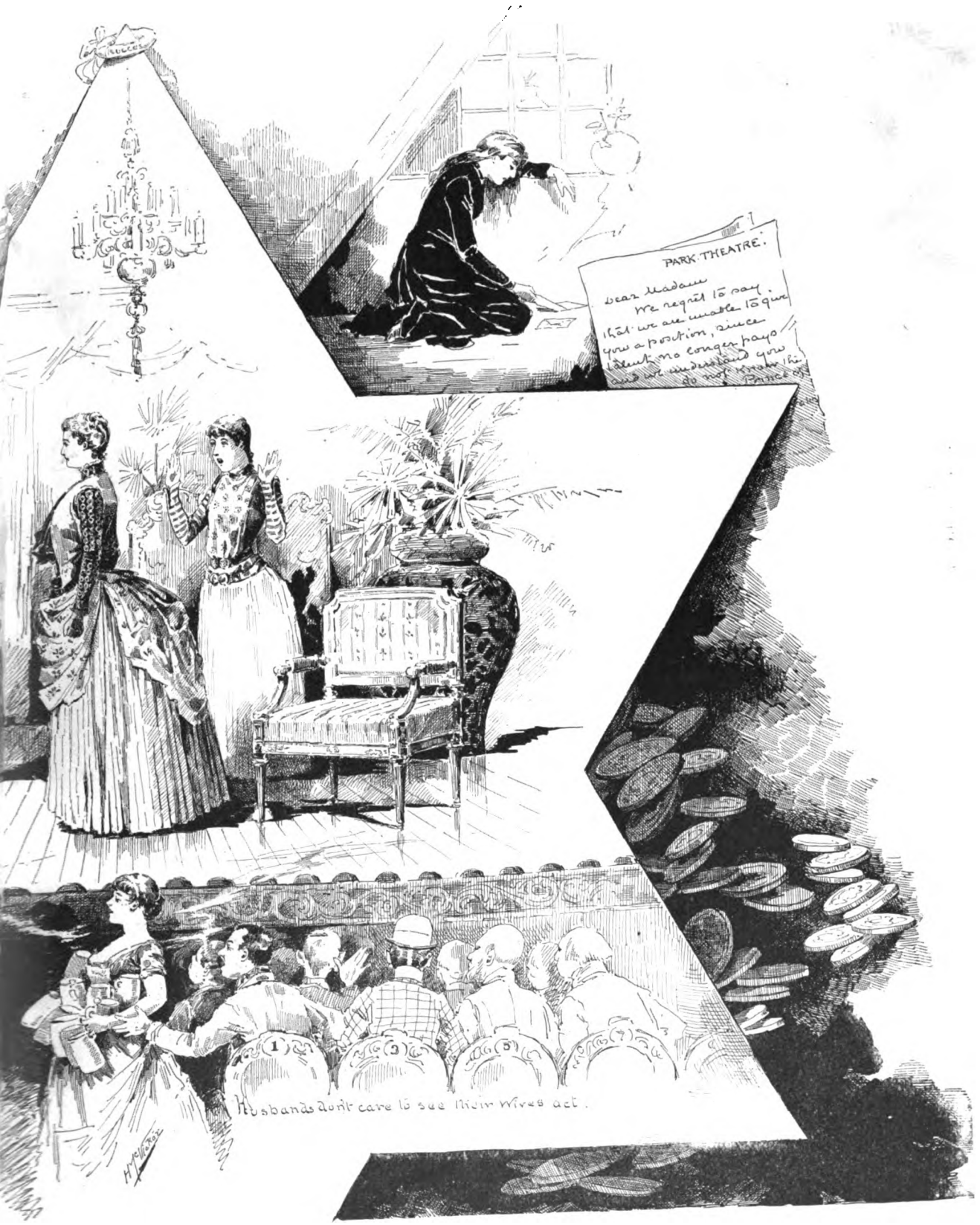

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EXTRA!

YALE vs. PRINCETON AT FOOTBALL.

ONLY THIRTY LIVES LOST!

SIXTEEN WOUNDED!

THE Princeton girl turned out in full force at the chief football contest of the season, which was played by Yale and Princeton on Saturday, November 19th, at the Polo Grounds, but she couldn't save the game for the yellow and black. The rain fell in a melancholy drizzle all through the afternoon, leaving the ground so unfortunately soft that the players were frequently saved from mortal injury by falling on soggy turf rather than on the hard, frozen earth. This was the only drawback to the game. The grand-stand was crowded, and the drive surrounding the field was filled to its utmost capacity with coaches and carriages, laden with beribboned youths and fair-haired damsels, who, having learned that it was Princeton's intention to kill the Yale captain, were eager to see the sport.

Precisely at two o'clock twenty-two young gladiators appeared on the scene, and following close behind came twenty-two substitutes, followed in turn by twenty-two deputy substitutes. It was evident that it was to be football to the death, and the respective colleges had apparently made up their minds to sacrifice the flower of their gymnasium to the God of Victory.

After a little preliminary conversation, in which six substitutes and a referee were killed, the opposing forces took their places. It was then discovered that the ball had been left in the dressing-room, and ten minutes were spent in a parley between the half-backs of both teams as to whether a ball was necessary. According to the present methods of playing, both sides agreed thatthe ball was merely a formality and could be dispensed with; but the referee decided that however nominal the duties of the ball were, it would establish a bad precedent to proceed without one. The players then agreed that this decision must be respected, although the referee himself was compelled to resign and leave the field with two legs and a neck broken. One of the audience, who was tired of life, was prevailed upon to accept the vacated office, and the ball being brought out, the game began. As the word for play was given, the Princeton team made a break for Yale's captain, and the Yale rushers laid themselves gently down upon a Princeton half-back. The referee called time, and the dead were removed to a temporary morgue beneath the grand-stand.

At this point the score stood:

Princeton, ...	2 killed;	3 wounded.
Yale, ...	1 "	6 "

According to the new rules, this put Princeton two points to the good, and the tiger-hiss boom of the yellow and black caused two runaways among the tally-ho contingent.

Game was again called, and in three minutes Yale secured a touch-down. By an unfortunate error the opportunity to score a goal was lost, as the Yale kicker was so excited that he propelled the man who held the ball between the posts, leaving the sphere on the field, where it was immediately seized and carried into the enemy's camp by a Princeton boy, who had three ribs broken, however, before he could score for his side. The unfortunate man who was kicked through the goal-posts will be buried on Tuesday.

At this point the physicians in charge expected the referee to live through the afternoon, but could give no hope beyond that.

So the game proceeded. At 3.30 there were two members of Princeton's original team alive, while Yale was hardly more fortunate, having four members living, three of whom were at the point of death. Much merriment was caused in the second half by the Yale captain, who threw a Princeton rusher into the lap of Dr. McCosh, who was sitting on the grand-stand. The captain's Nemesis appeared in the shape of a burly Princetonian, who spun him on his head, much to the delight of his parents, who occupied a tea-cart on the carriage-way.

The game was brought to a close by a magnificent *coup* on Yale's part. The ball was thrown out among the horses by a Yale rusher, and the Princeton men, unanimously dashing after it, were run over by a New Haven coach filled with the heaviest men in the college, which happened most opportunely to pass that way. The referee, upon venturing to remonstrate, was thrown over the fence, and the Yale team proclaimed itself victorious on the survival of the fittest principle.

Altogether, the contest was a memorable one, and the young lady who remarked that it was the most enjoyable massacre she had ever witnessed, probably spoke the truth.

We are unable to give the exact score, as the gentleman who kept it died early in the game, and his manuscripts were so horribly mangled that they were undecipherable.

To Yale, however, belongs the victor's crown, by a large majority.

SCRAPS.

COMSTOCK'S version reads "Anthoni soit qui mal y pense."

In deference to Mr. Comstock the word nude will hereafter be printed n—de, and naked will appear as n—k—d.

* * *

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX advises women not to wash their faces.

The next thing we know Mrs. Wilcox will join the Anarch's band.

* * *

A DOG rarely points a moral, but he frequently adorns a tale.

ELECTRIC SHADOWS.

"BLESS MY SOUL! NEVER SHAW HOLE MOVE AS THAT DOES; CAN'T GET ROUND IT."

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AT DALY'S.

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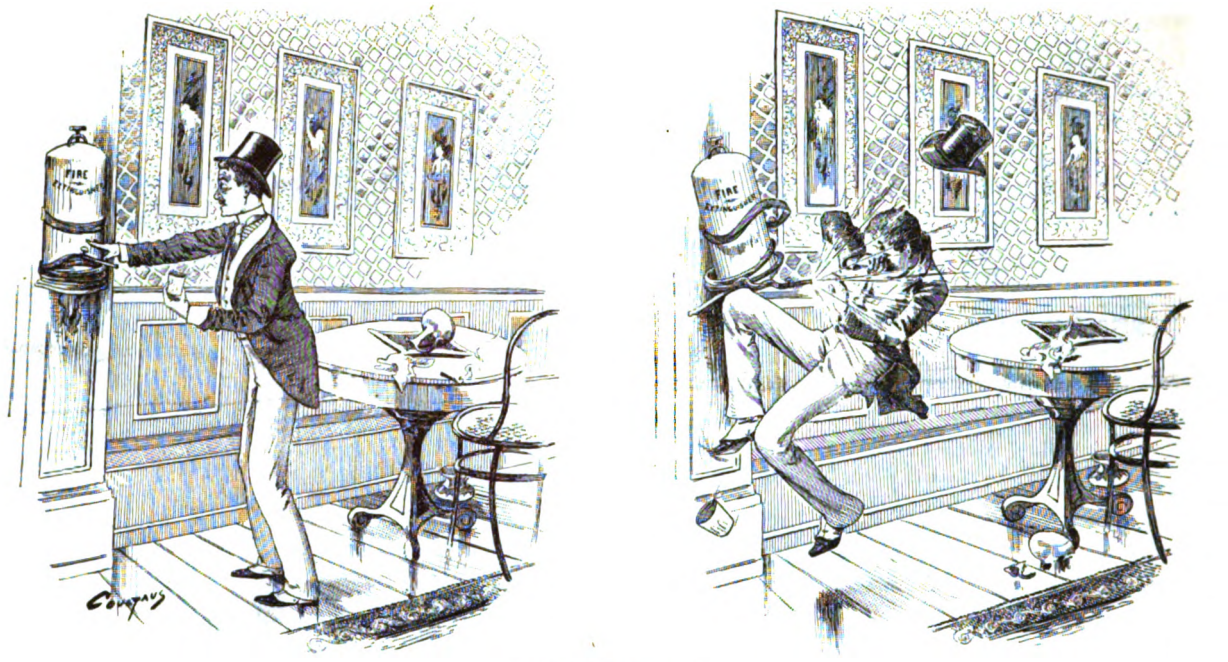


FRED'S MISTAKE.

A NICKEL FAMINE.

THE Boston *Transcript* asserts that five-cent pieces are in great demand. "Business men all over the country find that they cannot now get enough of them to properly transact their business. In Boston the shortage causes inconvenience and will cause a great deal more before the Christmas and New Year's shopping is over, unless the Philadelphia Mint provides relief," says our contemporary.

So! Boston at last acknowledges that it goes to Philadelphia for something. The admission, though late, is full of significance. The shortage of nickels at the Hub shows that beneath the cold and haughty exterior, beneath the cloak of indifference which has hitherto served to hide the Bostonian soul, there lurks the canker-worm of curiosity.

Our Boston brethren, it is plain, have been dropping their nickels into the slot to see how it works—and it has worked a famine.

Let this be a moral to New York. Knickerbockers, you look after the nickels, the slots will take care of themselves.

ISN'T it about time to organize a society for the suppression of the Society for the Suppression of Vice?

ONE of the leading lights of the Roman Catholic Church is the Proselyte.

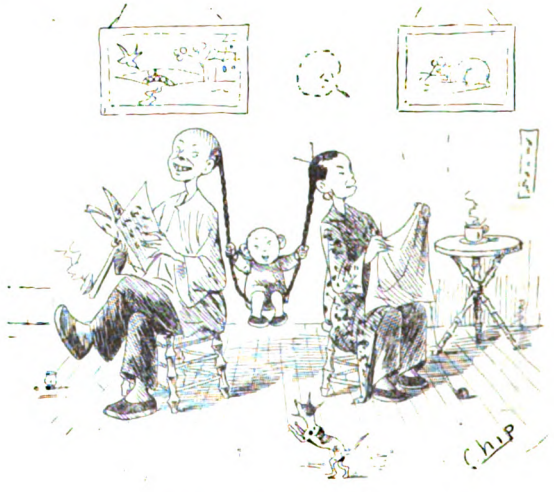
A RECIPE for mince-meat says "this sort will keep a year."

This is the kind we don't want. We want the kind that is consumed on the spot.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THERE once was a gay Turkish Pacha,
Who winked—what on earth could be racha!—
At the Sultan's best wife,
And for that lost his life.
The moral is: Don't be a macha!

RUMOR has it that James Russell Lowell is writing a treatise on Home Rule. The book is to be published in the spring, and will be called "Poems by a Weary Heart."



HOME LIFE IN CHINA.

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PAT SCISSORS AND NULLS

HOW THEY DO IT IN BOSTON.

THE modern girl doesn't give herself away when she allows herself to be wooed and won. She compels her adoring swain to surrender himself. Per example, says the *Boston Transcript:*

He put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply, and took the lily-white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.

"Katie," he murmured, "I have waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity. Will you, Kate, will you, darling, be mine?"

"Henry," she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, "it can never be."

"Never be! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?"

"I am sorry, Henry, but I can never be yours. I have other objects in view."

"Other objects?"

"Yes, Henry; I cannot consent to belong to any man. I intend that you shall be mine."

"How is your son getting along in New York, Mr. Hayseed?" "I guess he ain't doin' as well as he says he is. He was home t'other day and had on a colored shirt an' a white collar. I raythor suspect he's behind with his washerwoman."—*Harper's Bazar.*

LOSES STRENGTH IN TRANSLATION.

AN American joke sometimes loses itself through translation into another language. A native humorist wrote:

"Notwithstanding that a lady should always be quiet and self-contained, she cannot even enter a place of worship without a tremendous bustle."

A French writer reproduces it in this form:

"According to an American author, the ladies of that country are so greedy of notoriety that they cannot enter the holy sanctuary without disturbing the kneeling worshippers with their vulgar and unseemingly ado."—*Binghamton Republican.*

THREE FOLLIES OF MEN.

THE wise old Comtesse de ——— used to remark that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was climbing trees to shake fruit down, when if they waited long enough the fruit would fall of itself. The second was going to war to kill one another, when if they only waited they would all die naturally. The third was that they should run after women, when if they refrained from doing so the women would be sure to run after them.—*Voltaire.*

DE LESSEPS now believes that the Panama canal will be open by 1890 or 1980, he isn't sure which.—*Omaha World.*

MR. HOWELLS'S OPINION.

REPORTER: Mr. Howells, whom do you consider the greatest modern writer of fiction?

MR. HOWELLS (*after a moment's thought*): The Russian novelist, Tolstoi—

REPORTER: Thanks, Mr. Howells; good morning.

MR. HOWELLS (*hastily*): Beg pardon; but I had not finished. I was about to say that Tolstoi is the second greatest novelist.—*Puck.*

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Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

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A NEW YORK firm left a 1,000 pound boiler out doors over-night and in the morning it was gone. The only thing that can safely be left out over-night in New York is a six-story building.—*Omaha World.*

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has resurrected some gems of misreporting (or misprinting) from "the dark unfathomed caves" of the London *Times*. Two of these occur in the peroration of a very impressive speech delivered at Westminster, when the orator, raising his arm, in a solemn voice is made to declare: "We have broken our breeches, we have burnt our boots, ... we can not retreat now."

WHEN a musician goes fishing does he castanet in the hope of catching a bassoon?—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"THE calendar is a wonderful mathematical triumph, ain't it?" remarked Jags to Cags. "It certainly is. But it has its defects." "Name one." "Well, every seven days marks a week feature in it."—*Arcola Record.*

GUEST: Well, good-bye, old man!—and you've really got a very nice little place here!

HOST: Yes; but it's rather bare just now. I hope the trees will have grown a good bit before you're back, old man!—*Punch.*

ALL ACTIVE.

DON'T be a clam, my son; but if an old friend comes to you and asks for the loan of five dollars until Saturday night, just close your shell for repairs. It may look rude, but under some circumstances it is better to leave than to be left.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IN A PHILADELPHIA SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TEACHER: Now, children, I am going to tell you about the prophet Daniel, who, though cast into a den of lions—

NEW SCHOLAR (*fresh from New York*): Have you only just got onto that here?—*Tid Bits.*

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."

A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old Time Simplicities.

In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose—"Old Time Doctoring."

We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grandfathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain, has made these herbs less abundant, and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded, as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla" for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," a remedy called "Scalpine," for the hair," "Log Cabin Extract," for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for Catarrh, called "Log Cabin Rose Cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin Plaster," and a "Log Cabin Liver Pill."

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to dawn upon suffering humanity, and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring, and the public has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.

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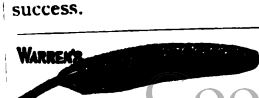

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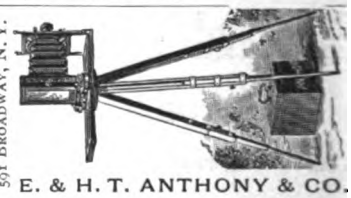

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VOLUME X. 1887 NUMBER 258

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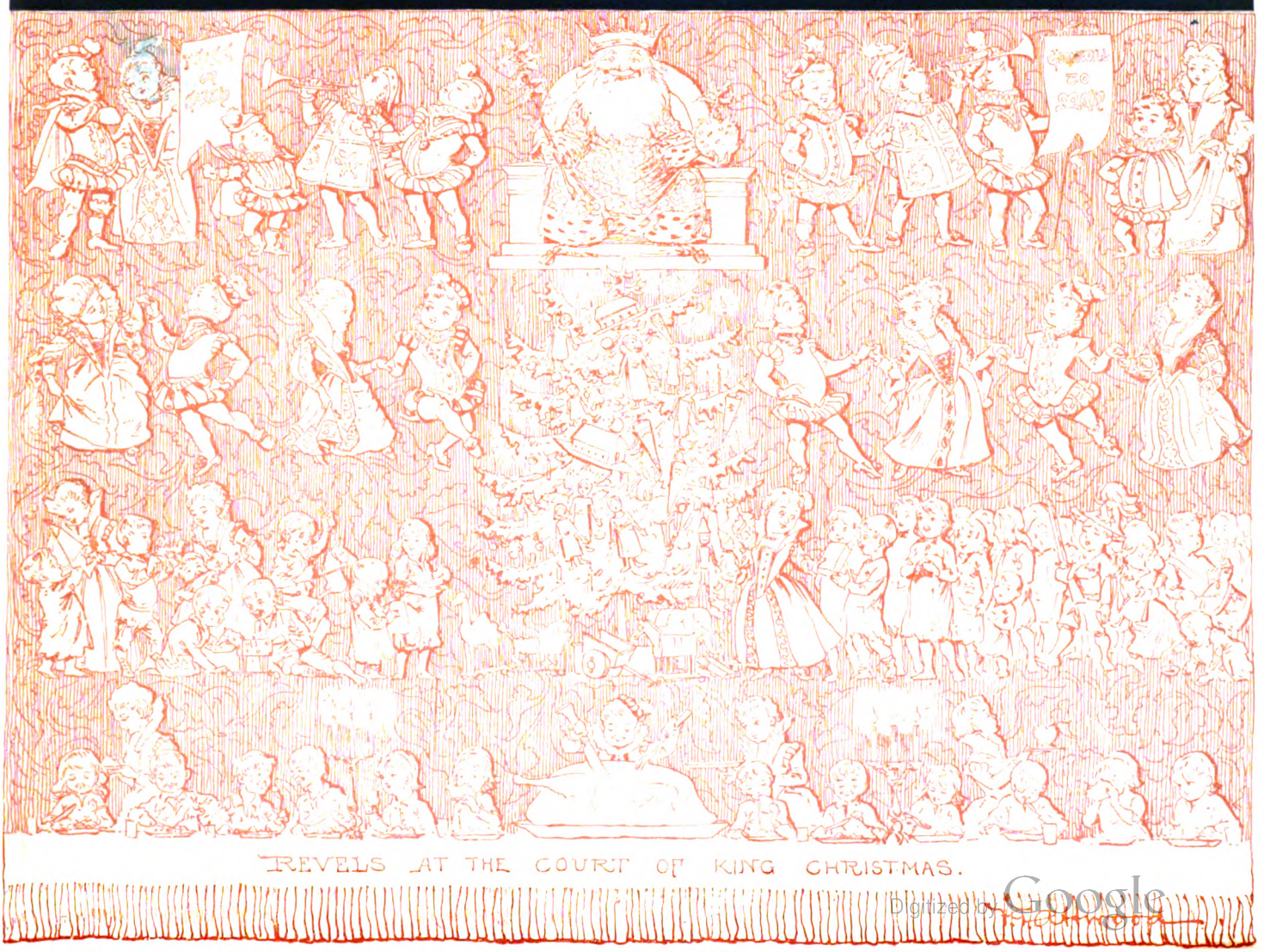
LIFE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



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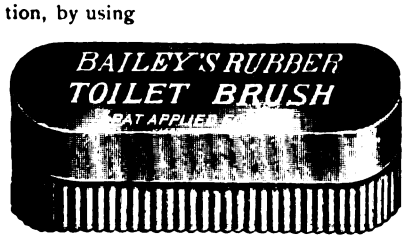

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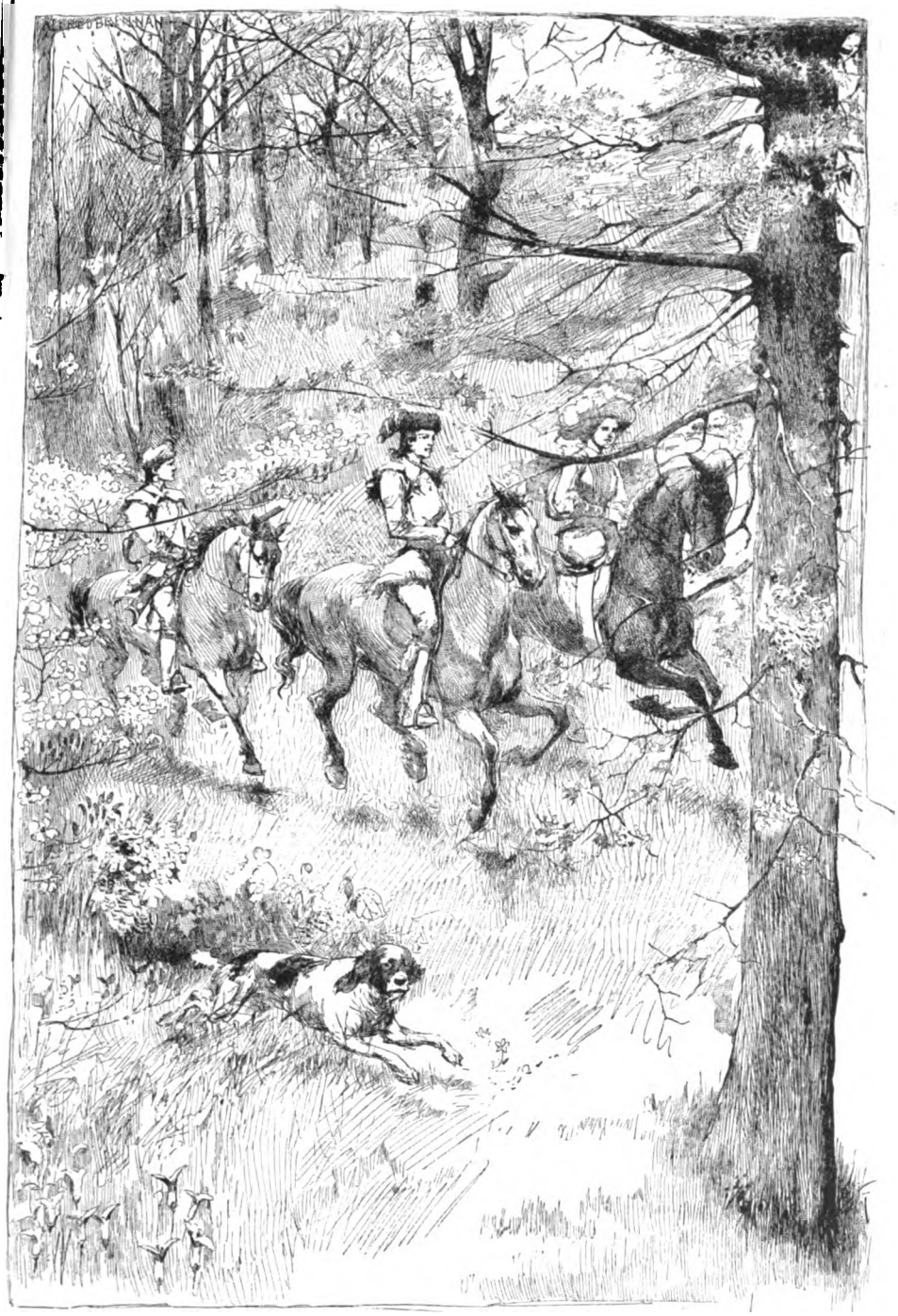

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Old Garden Flowers. By F. W. BURBIDGE, F.L.S. With eleven illustrations by Alfred Parsons.

Precious Stones in the United States. By GEORGE F. KUNZ. With a beautiful full-page plate of Gems printed in colors.

Annie Laurie. A Story. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart.

Captain Santa Claus. An Army Christmas Story. By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A. With three illustrations by R. F. Zogbaum.

His Day in Court. A Story. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. With four illustrations by A. B. Frost.

"Inja." A Virginia Christmas Story. By AMÉLIE RIVES. With four illustrations by Frederic Dielman.

Craddock's Heldest. A Sketch. By FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR. With four illustrations by Frederick Barnard.

Five O'Clock Tea. A Farce. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. With two illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.

Pauline Pavlovna. A Dramatic Poem. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. With two illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.

The Convict's Christmas-Eve. A Poem. By WILL CARLETON. With an illustration by Gilbert Gaul.

Another Way. A Poem. By ANDREW LANG.

Anthony of Padua. A Poem. By HARRIET LEWIS BRADLEY. With full-page engravings after Murillo.

From Heinrich Heine. A Poem. By WILLIAM BLACK.

Editor's Easy Chair. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Study. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Editor's Drawer. Conducted by CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER. Including a Humorous Contribution from MARK TWAIN, and a Vaudeville, entitled "Shot Thro' the Head," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, with seven illustrations by C. J. Taylor.

Literary Notes. By LAURENCE HUTTON.

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Books for Boys and Girls.

"The Brownies; their Book," by Palmer Cox, is one of the great attraction. this season ($1.50). Other popular Christmas books include: "St. Nicholas Songs," the beautiful collection of songs by American composers ($2.00); "The Boys' Book of Sports," ($2.50); bound volumes of St. Nicholas Magazine, royal gift books, in two parts—1000 pages ($4.00); "Baby World," stories, rhymes, and pictures for the little children, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge ($1.00).

**** The above are sold by dealers everywhere, or they will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by The Century*

St. Nicholas

for Girls and Boys.

Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge.

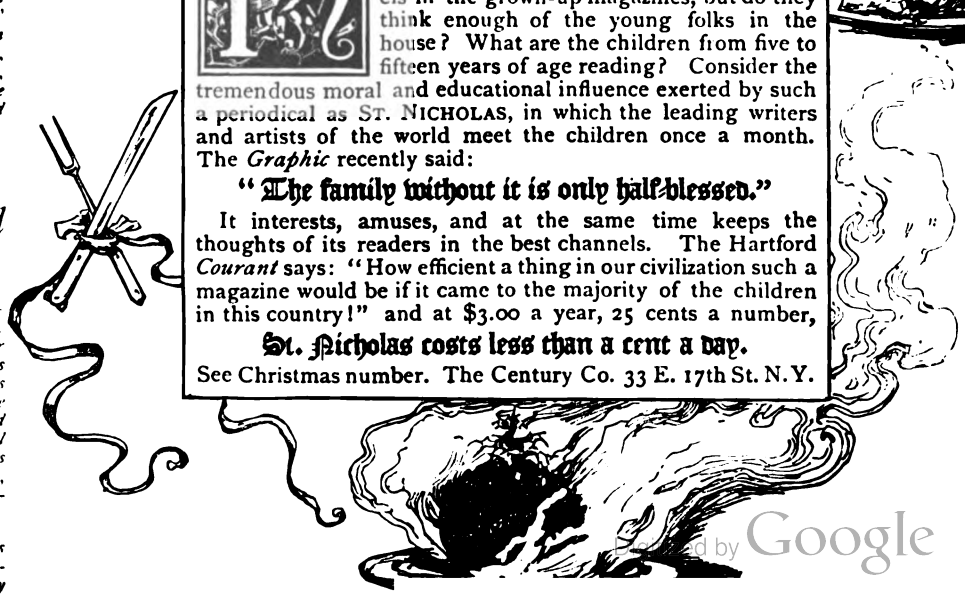
NOW comes the season when we must consider what magazines we are to take next year. The older people decide this question: they may be interested in the histories and novels in the grown-up magazines, but do they think enough of the young folks in the house? What are the children from five to fifteen years of age reading? Consider the tremendous moral and educational influence exerted by such a periodical as ST. NICHOLAS, in which the leading writers and artists of the world meet the children once a month. The *Graphic* recently said:

"The family without it is only half-blessed."

It interests, amuses, and at the same time keeps the thoughts of its readers in the best channels. The Hartford *Courant* says: "How efficient a thing in our civilization such a magazine would be if it came to the majority of the children in this country!" and at $3.00 a year, 25 cents a number,

St. Nicholas costs less than a cent a day.

See Christmas number. The Century Co. 33 E. 17th St. N.Y.



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VOLUME X.
No. 258.

· LIFE ·

DECEMBER 8TH,
1887.

"Old Gallants have but feeble show when Cupid sings."

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GRASSLETREE'S CHRISTMAS CRIME.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

MISS DE GILBERT was a stately-looking girl, in a soft white gown, with a scarf of the same lightly tied about her shoulders. There was a sort of Marie Antoinette suggestion in her aspect, and also, as it were, the shadow of a brooding sorrow hanging over her.

She was from somewhere or other; we haven't all time in this world to find out where everybody is from. There was, too, an impression that she had lately come back from abroad. She was visiting in town. She was a friend of our hostess, Mrs. Grambold, or had been particularly recommended to her, and that lively young matron had invited her for this dinner. People came rather late, and Mrs. Grambold, busy with a hundred things at once, as was her way, hadn't time to tell much about this guest in advance.

Mr. Grassletree, who took her in, showed himself particularly impressed; indeed, it is possible that he had induced the hostess to change some arrangement already established, and give her to him. Her manner toward him, on the contrary, was marked by perhaps as much asperity as politeness permitted. If he drew from her occasionally a rare pale smile, it was only by the utmost exertion of his powers of entertaining.

Grassletree was a kind of law unto himself, one of those persons such as we meet with in our journey through the Club end of town.

The time was Christmas Eve. After dinner a couple of the standard young banjo players of North America gave their selections.

Miss Amy Goboy, of the Amateur Comedy Company, recited a sweet thing or two, and then the party settled down upon the floor to tell ghost stories. They spread cushions all around, and in the midst set a large tin pan, containing a plate in which was burned a mixture of salt and alcohol, casting a pale flickering light upon the faces.

But the ghost stories rather languished.

"Speaking of Christmas presents," said Samuel Grassletree, with a heavy sigh, and keeping Miss Ernestine de Gilbert well under observation, "if a person had bought something for another, and yielded to the temptation of keeping it himself, what would you think of him?"

"Mr. Grassletree has yielded to a temptation; he has a confession to make," exclaimed Miss Elsie Ten Stroke.

"The confession! the confession!" clamored all the company at once.

"Well, that is what I have done. You see before you one who—I am whom, which—but let that pass. Despise me if you will. I know not why I speak to you of this now, but there comes a moment to the conscience-burdened criminal when all considerations of prudence are cast aside."

Here he dodged a sofa-pillow thrown at him by vivacious Mrs. Grambold.

"I bought the nicest thing I could think of for a Christmas present for a friend, and then couldn't bear to give it up. I robbed my friend, and could never look him in the face again without an abject feeling of guilt."

"It was only between you and yourself," commented Miss Amy Goboy, "and besides a person has a right to change his mind."

"Alas! no, there were witnesses who heard me say I was going to buy the thing for him, and knew afterwards I actually had bought it. Oh, what a time I had in circumventing those witnesses! But the worst thing about it was that my old friend came to grief for the want of that very thing, and I was the author of all his woes."

"Will you go on without further circumlocution?" commanded Mrs. Grambold.

"I used to see the article in the show-window, day after day, as I passed by. I thought I could get it at any time, and was in no hurry. 'It's the very best thing for old Fred,' I said to myself and the others. 'It suits him to a dot. He shall have it as sure as my name is Samuel Grassletree.' One day it was missing and I had a regular panic. But I found it had only been taken out of the window to be shined up a bit. That decided me; I bought it at once. Some poor devil of a mechanic had got it up for himself originally, and it was the only one of the kind. The beauty of it was that it was exactly adapted to Fred's case."

At the name of Fred, Miss de Gilbert perceptibly started.

"What was it?" demanded a chorus of voices.

"It was a most ingenious invention. I returned to America with it about three weeks afterwards."

"Do you want to drive us mad?—'article,' 'thing,' 'invention,' what was it?"

"What was it? It was an *antol-aphobo-takistaferon*; that's what it was—the very best thing of the kind you ever saw."

"Oh, do you get a commission on it? Shall we leave our orders at the grocer's or the stationer's? Does every family cry for one? Tell us instantly what you mean by it, and cease this aggravating conduct."

"That's only a small part of it; what it really was, was a musical-early-rising-without-alarm traveling clock."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes. Instead of springing at you in the usual ferocious way, like a kind of moral rattlesnake, it began gently, soothingly, with soft mellifluous notes, and gradually increased the pressure, till presently it thrilled you all over with the grandeur and glory of getting up to breakfast and your day's work. If it was dark, it also lighted a candle for you. When you once knew it, it was an invaluable thing; but at first, I had hesitated between it and a *thlopil-akoustikon*."

"Is that all of it, and would your friend have liked that?"

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"He was a lover of curious things, and I think he would. It was a combined crush hat and acoustic fan. You could use it at the opera, you know, or at a concert, for bringing the sounds nearer. And it might have served to fill up a pause in the conversation now and then."

"Or a gap in one's information."

"At any rate, it would have saved him from much of the misery into which he fell had I given it to him. I was his unwitting enemy, and you may imagine the feelings with which I first met Fred Bradstock after nefariously purloining his gift."

Miss Ernestine de Gilbert started now indeed.

Mrs. Grambold endeavored, in her obscurity, to kick the narrator with her small foot, but did not succeed.

"If it's Fred Bradstock you mean," said Mr. Grambold, "you haven't been troubled confronting him much lately; he's been at the Antipodes for I don't know how long. He's at the Bermudas now, I believe, with a yachting party."

"Happily for me, yes," assented the narrator mournfully, "but this was a good while ago. We are judged by our intentions and I felt guilty before him, though I little suspected then what genuine cause I was soon to have for the feeling."

A sound half like a sob merging into a disdainful sniff, or a sniff merging into a sob, came from the direction of Miss de Gilbert.

"The worst burden on me at first was those witnesses, who all returned to this country at once. I was like a whole corps of detectives rolled into one, in keeping them and Fred apart. I paid the fare of one of them out of my own pocket to Florida, got another away on some plausible pretext to Montreal, and let the third into such a good thing in an interest of mine in a Montana stock ranch, he couldn't possibly refuse to go there."

"Why not have given the thing up, if you felt so badly about it?"

"You do not know the *antol-apho*—the persuader, when you talk like that. Will you believe that I, inheriting a nervous temperament, and almost constitutionally incapable of sleeping after seven in the morning, actually cultivated the habit of taking opiates to enjoy as much as possible, and time after time, the delightful sensation of being waked up by the *antol-aphobo-takistaferon*."

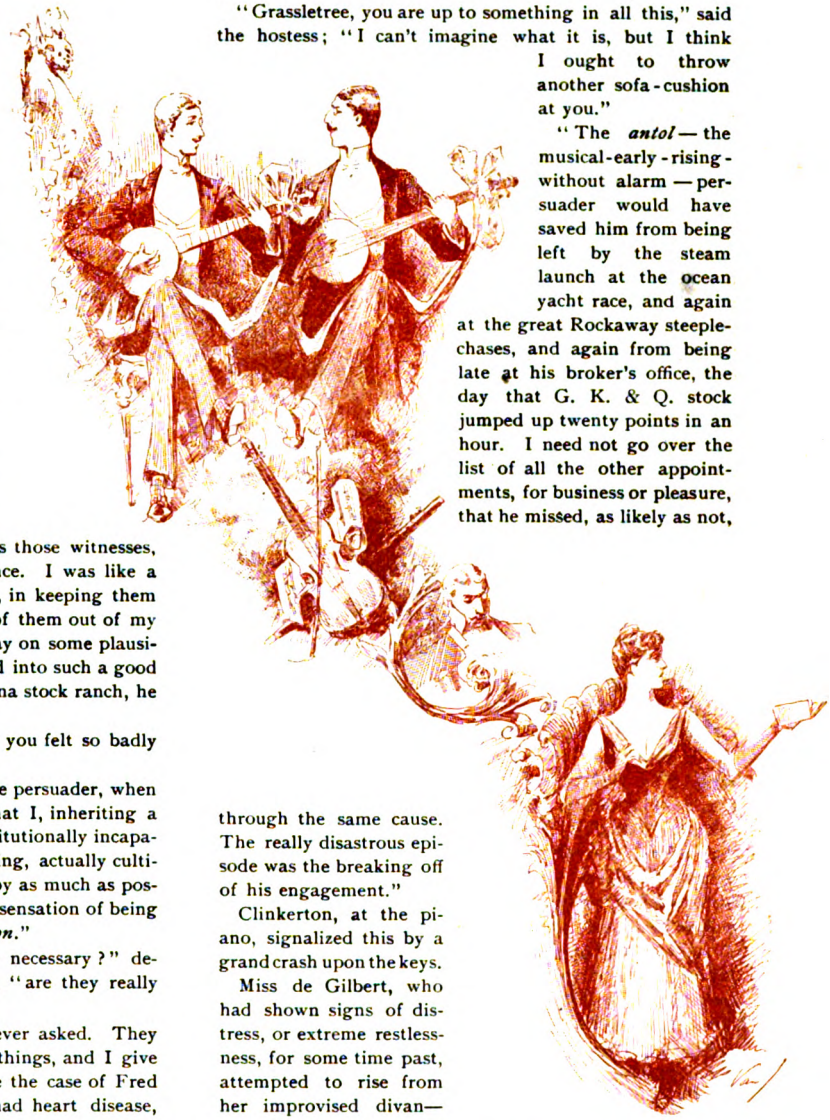
"Are all your long names strictly necessary?" demanded Miss Amy Goboy suspiciously, "are they really the names of the things?"

"They may be and they may not; I never asked. They strike me as very good names for the things, and I give them for what they are worth. You see the case of Fred was peculiar. On the one hand, he had heart disease, and couldn't be called by any of the existing alarm clocks, the rattling metallic things that might scare almost any one into an untimely grave. On the other hand, he needed an alarm of *some* kind, for he could not be depended upon to wake up without assistance. These conditions show the possibilities for evil in my duplicity, in all their glaring horrors."

Charlie Clinkerton, the versatile genius at the piano, was playing from time to time a slow musical accompaniment to the narrative. At the last words he struck two or three chords, as if full of momentous import.

"I began to trace constantly in Fred's record, the baneful influence of my theft. There was the case where he lost the grizzly bear in California. His guide inadvertently failed to call him, and the hunt was up and away three hours before he put in an appearance. It was a stuffed grizzly, it is true, but if he had been there he would have known it and saved the reputation of the party, for we had taken him in once on a stuffed deer in the Adirondacks."

"Grassletree, you are up to something in all this," said the hostess; "I can't imagine what it is, but I think I ought to throw another sofa-cushion at you."



"The *antol*—the musical-early-rising-without alarm—persuader would have saved him from being left by the steam launch at the ocean yacht race, and again at the great Rockaway steeplechases, and again from being late at his broker's office, the day that G. K. & Q. stock jumped up twenty points in an hour. I need not go over the list of all the other appointments, for business or pleasure, that he missed, as likely as not, through the same cause. The really disastrous episode was the breaking off of his engagement."

Clinkerton, at the piano, signalized this by a grand crash upon the keys.

Miss de Gilbert, who had shown signs of distress, or extreme restlessness, for some time past, attempted to rise from her improvised divan—not always so easy a matter, however, in the toilettes of the day. But Grassletree went on imperturbably.

"They say the girl he was engaged to was a perfect fascinator, just too pretty for anything. She was from somewhere out of town—Spuyten Duyvil or Yonkers, or Baltimore or something that way. She was rich."

A scoff of indignation from Miss de Gilbert.

"Beautiful, refined, accomplished, charming in every

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sense, she was—so I have been told—all that the most ardent fancy could paint, and I—I—you conceive the shame of this confession—was the sole cause of the breaking off of that engagement."

Miss de Gilbert settled back more resignedly among her cushions. Mrs. Grambold began to telegraph to her mysteriously, with eyes and lips:

"*He* does not *know*. I have not told *any* of them."

It was apparent that Grassletree could not be stopped. One thing was certain, that he held the attention of the company, and particularly of its most perverse members, very fixedly.

"The union of those two admirable persons, exactly suited to each other, was prevented for lack of the *antol-apho*—the musical-early-rising producer. Once more poor Fred was missing at a critical moment."

"At the wedding?"

"No, but the next thing to it. His *fiancee's* heart was set on having him appear at a certain important dinner; he did not turn up; she threw him over, and that was the end of it. It was the fault of the missing mechanism, and not his own. One of the peculiarities of Miss—of his affianced — a part of her charm, as showing force and real character, was that she was—only, of course, when right — implacable, unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a delicate matter to touch upon, and I don't pretend to fathom the subtle mysteries of the female heart, but I have somehow been led to believe that there was to be some other girl at the dinner, who had flattered herself on being a successful rival for his affections. Of course, it is amply demonstrated that there was nothing in this by the fact that Fred has never set eyes upon *her* since."

"But will you tell us what a musical 'alarm' clock can have to do with a formal dinner? You don't want us to believe he slept all day, do you?"

"It was in Philadelphia—now I think of it, it was in Philadelphia. They dine there in the middle of the day; for what I know, it was at twelve o'clock, sharp."

"But even if it was, considering the occasion and that he was visiting there expressly on her account, he might have managed to get up at least one morning in his life by noon."

"Oh, he did, he did! I happen to know that he did a lot of things that day, bright and early. He went out to Bryn Mawr, and attended the City Troop Races. He was on the jump from morning till night."

"But then, self-contradictory person that you are, why have you been telling us all this? In that case, why could he not have gone to the dinner as well as not?"

"He mistook the day, you know, that's the point; he thought it was another day."

"But, in the name of long-suffering patience, what had your alarm clock to do with his mistaking the day?"

"Pardon me, it was not an alarm clock; it was a musical-early-rising— "

"But what has that to do with his mistaking one day for another?"

"Oh, it had a calendar attachment; did I not mention that, or only the self-lighting candle? If he had seen that, you know, if he had seen an index hand come round slowly, but inevitably, pointing out his Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and so on, for him, no such error could ever have arisen."

With this, the company began to break up. While the preparations for departure were going on, Grassletree and Miss Ernestine de Gilbert gravitated together, and casually, as it were, drew a little apart.

"How did you know who I was?" asked the latter, in a languid, proud way.

"From the description. There were the eyes, the hair, a certain stately turn of the head; I had heard it all from Fred, much too often to be forgotten. In particular, there was a charming dimple near the left corner of the mouth—'

GRASSLETREE TELLS HIS STORY.

"That will do on that score."

"When I found you were here, I specially induced Mrs. Grambold to let me take you in."

"Did you, indeed! I half suspected it. I had heard of you, too—as one of his dissolute companions."

"Ha, ha!" interpolated her auditor, with but a hollow sort of mirth.

"Tell me," she continued, "is there a single word of truth in all your ridiculous story?"

"I really mean that there is—was—is such a clock, and I bought it for Fred. And I really mean that Fred adores the ground you walk upon. He is one of the most wretched men in two hemispheres without you.'

"There, that will do, also. Were you serious when you said that in his family—that he was disposed to be troubled with heart disease?"

"Oho!" reflected Grassletree sagaciously. "I honestly

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think he is in no danger, except what arises on your account," he answered.

"But you have given him such an absurd, stupid character. He is not the somnolent person you represent, and he occupies himself in a great many useful ways besides sports. Go back at once, and say something that will set him right before 'all those people.'"

"I blush to own that all those people are in the habit of taking the utterances of Samuel Grassletree with a grain of salt."

"Then what does it all mean?"

"That 'I would give half I possess,' as the novelists say, to bring you and my old young friend, Frederick Bradstock, together again. If nothing has happened, in the meantime, on your side to prevent it—may I venture, with infinite respect, to ask whether anything has happened?"

"No, nothing has happened."

"Then, as between two sensible and kindly disposed human beings, frankly, why can it not be done?"

"No, no, I will not hear of it. The fact is, he did not want to go to that dinner from the first, and I had to make him. I knew I must put my foot down in the beginning. Now tell me the real reason he staid away."

MR. FREDERICK BRADSTOCK.

"I am sure you do not really think old Fred would get up any false ones to account for it," expostulated Mr. Grassletree.

"He has never given me *any*, except that he forgot the day."

"Why not accept that one, then, by way of a little change? It is Gospel truth, I assure you. Fred was in a strange town; he had a lot of things to see to, and he was always something of a crank or dreamer. Bless you, what is the harm in a little absent-mindedness? The greatest men have been troubled that way. Look at me: I left my best umbrella in an omnibus only this very morning! All Fred Bradstock needs is some one to look after him. With the right kind of wife, to infuse her own excellent habits of order into his doings, he would be a model for models."

"Yes, I dare say," rejoined his hearer, dryly; "let us hope he will get her."

"I have heard him knock his head against the wall, as it were, on account of it, a dozen times. 'It was so uncomplimentary to her,' he says, 'it can't be explained. She treated me just as I deserved; she couldn't have done otherwise.'"

"Of course I could not," assented Ernestine de Gilbert, "but," flushing very much and almost tearful, "why didn't he do something further? He might have persisted; he might have kept on trying to explain."

"As I understand it, you would not see him, and poor Fred was never glib with his pen. If I am right, you also returned some of his letters unopened. Am I right in this?"

She lowered her head a trifle, as in haughty assent. Yet the shadow of brooding trouble did not seem to hang over Miss de Gilbert now half as much as before.

"Fred got it into his head, too, that you were glad the match was off, and you cared for some one else. He tried to brace up on this wrong tack, and devote himself to other women, but it was no go. I tell you, there's no more unhappy man in Christendom than he is to-day."

"You *must* go *at once* and say something before those people to set him right."

"Ladies and gentlemen, driven on by the recklessness of despair to ease an overburdened conscience, I may at the same time have seemed to depreciate another person involved in the story. Let me say that Fred Bradstock is an inmate of no Castle of Indolence, that no one is more wide-awake than he, and that, while all the claims made for the *antol-aphobo-takistaferon* are as represented, anybody must get up early in the morning, indeed, who would catch him napping. I feel a prophetic sense that the end of his troubles is near at hand. While I would withdraw no essential statement, may I suggest that all that part of the allegations relating to Fred Bradstock and a musical alarm, or non-alarm, clock, be stricken out, or regarded only in that Pickwickian sense so proper to the observance of this genial East Thirty-fourth Street occasion, at this hospitable Christmas home, or, rather, this home-like Christmas occasion, at this hospitable East Thirty-fourth Street observance. I am convinced that, so far from being in need of extraneous and adventitious aids, the more persons you sent to awaken Fred, the sounder he would sleep; whereas, on the other hand—"

"Don't make it any worse," interrupted his companion, plucking at his sleeve. "Of course, if Fred is truly repentant—"

By the very next mail, there went to the Bermudas a letter, in which Bradstock was assured that the chances of winning back his old sweetheart were most promising. "I told them, after dinner," it concluded, "a wild tale of an anti-alarm clock I had once meant to give you as a present, and by that means I fixed it all up with her. Rather a handsome piece of work on my part. By the way, the clock is a good one; I'll send you the maker's name. I advise you to get one; I dare say they are in the market. She is yours, my boy. Come home and take her and the congratulations and blessing of SAMUEL GRASSLETREE."

At the very earliest moment, too, returned an answer from the Bermudas.

"I'm coming home—" "Of course he is, lucky young dog! Why shouldn't he? Of course he is—" interpolated Grassletree, complacently. "I'm—I'm—" "bless me, what's this? What's this?" "I'm on my wedding trip. Married to a lovely girl I met in the Islands. Affair been

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on some time, but you've been so deuced offish these few years back, got no chance to tell you about it. Comparisons are odorous, but de Gilbert—well, the fact is, de Gilbert was a little domineering. Excuse short letter; tell you all about it when we meet."

Samuel Grassletree was not an accomplished whistler, but he whistled on this occasion. Then he raised an arm against the clock in question, as if to do it injury. But, instead of that, he only took it from its modest place in his bedroom, and gave it boldly the most conspicuous position in his apartment.

After that, he sat down and reflected on the divers characters of the persons who had heard him tell that story on Christmas Eve, and particularly on the positive traits of Miss de Gilbert. He began to think it was time he was taking another European tour.

WRECKED BY FASHION.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN (*bestowing a trifle*): So you failed in business, my poor fellow. How was it?

TRAMP: On account of the rise in shirt collars, sor. It left me bankrupt.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN: What? Were you in the furnishing-goods trade?

TRAMP: No, sor; but whin the judes took to wearin' collars three inches woide, me ould woman laid aside the washboard and shut up shop. Now Oi depend on the mershies av the could, could wor-rld.

DIFFICULT as it is to discover Henry George's views on any other issue, there is no doubt about his attitude on the money question. He is for the *Standard* dollar every clip.

RESIGNATION.

WE lingered, somewhat loth to go,
When Phyllis rustled in and found us;
The quaint old tiles, the embers' glow,
A witch's spell had woven round us.

Gaunt shadows fell athwart the walls,
And wizard shapes danced up the chimney,
As in dim-lit, ghost-haunted halls,
Where phantoms flit and greet us grimly.

In crumpled silk and sibyl-wise,
One tiny foot upon the fender,
I watched her raise her dreamy eyes,
And fancied that her voice grew tender.

The twilight deepened into gloom,
I sought her gaze and grew confiding;
We two alone were in the room,
Save Love, amid the rafters hiding.

I slipped an arm around her waist,
Her cheeks were poppy-red—I kissed her;
But now she signs her note, "in haste,"
And writes, "Dear Paul, I'll be your sister."

Some think 'tis best to roam afar,
Or bury love in ivied cloisters;
Not I—I'll light a fresh cigar,
And order in champagne and oysters.

Harold Van Santvoord.

DIDN'T HELP HIM A BIT.

"WHY, Pat, for heaven's sake what's the matter?"

"Well, sorr, I swallied a pertater bug; and although, sorr, I took some Parrus Green widin five minutes after ter kill th' baste, shtill he's just raisin' th' divil inside o' me, sorr."

MISS JONES: Are you fond of grapes, Mr. Sissy?

MR. SISSY: Oh, mercy! I never eat them. They're so intoxicating, dontcherknow.

AS between the dude and his cane at this writing, the cane seems to have a trifle the best of it in the matter of head.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PROHIBITIONIST.

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Ancestral.

'Twas long ago that Grandpa courted
The lovely Knickerbocker,
In days when all our front-doors sported
The polished brazen knocker.

She lived on Murray Hill. 'Twas when
John Adams ruled the nation,
Before we built our upper ten,
With finance for foundation.

My Grandma? Yes. Though, as a bride,
She left Grandpa dejected.
You see he came on Papa's side:
Ma's father she selected.

J. K. Bangs.

ALWAYS MOVING.

"JOHN," said a frightened wife in the middle of the night, "there is something moving down cellar, I'm sure."

John listened intently.

"Oh, it's nothing but the gas-meter pegging away," he said, with a sigh of relief.

AS the time now draws nigh when numerous patriots will try to "get there," it might be well to say to the public that kissing babies is not statesmanship.

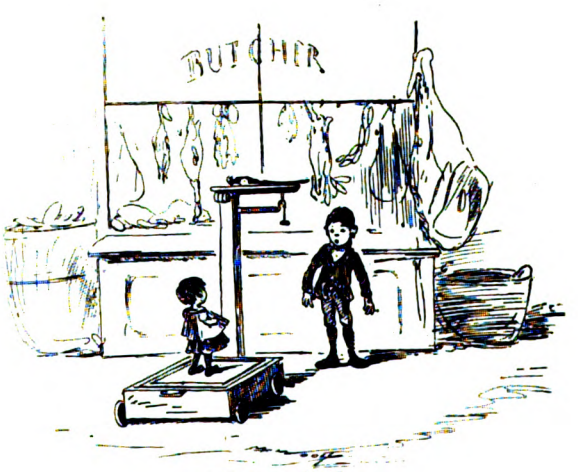
MANY a homely, unattractive girl gets a husband on account of her Pa value.

ITS PROBABLE SOURCE.

EDITOR (*to assistant*): Here is a clipping to the effect that a Yankee has taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Do you know what paper it's from?

ASSISTANT: Must be *The Christian at Work*.

IT is said that the poet Goethe's death was hastened by his hearing an American pronounce his name.



AN IDEA.

"BILLY, YER DON'T WEIGH NOTHINK AT ALL—PUT YER PENNY IN YER MOUTH AN' SEE IF THAT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE."

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HOW THEY WILL SPEND CHRISTMAS.

QUEEN VICTORIA will lend her Christmas presence to Balmoral. She has appointed a receiver, to whom all gifts should be sent. Her Majesty will graciously accept all favors, however small.

* * *

THE PRINCE OF WALES will spend Christmas in company with John L. Sullivan, who will show His Royal Highness how to hang up socks in the most approved way.

* * *

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will pass Christmas morning vetoing gas bills and other appurtenances to the Christmas Eve reception at the White House. In the afternoon he will drive out to Red-Top to see what there is in his stocking.

* * *

THE KING OF SPAIN will probably spend Christmas in a baby-jumper which the Pope recently blessed and sent him.

* * *

THE POPE will devote the day to games of chants.

* * *

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA will spend Christmas in terror, as usual.

* * *

MR. P–LITZ–R will spend the morning swearing to the circulaton of the *World*, and Mr. D–na will spend the afternoon swearing at the circulation of the *Sun*.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT will devote the morning to correspondence and the afternoon to knitting.

* * *

ANTHONY COMSTOCK will spend Christmas Day looking for something nasty.

* * *

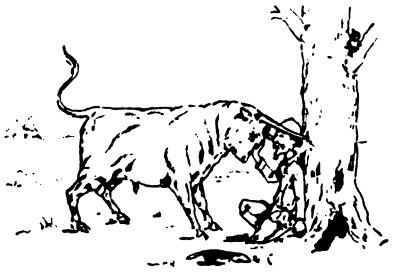
MRS. J–M–S BR–WN P–TT–R, after the matinée on Christmas Day, will spend her time trying to become reconciled to the idea of being reconciled to Mrs. St–v–ns.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is expected to spend the day at Southboro, wishing he was back in England.

* * *

FERDINAND WARD expects to be at home in Sing Sing all Christmas Day.

* * *



GOVERNOR FORAKER will exhibit his snub and the forshaken hand to a few friends on Christmas Eve.

THE NEW ART OF NEVER FORGETTING.

AT AN ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.

JUMSON (*to friend just disembarked*): You're looking a little fagged and worried lately, Crumpleton. Anything gone wrong? Probably it's only the effect of this beastly weather. This continual rain is enough to break down the strongest of us.

CRUMPLETON: Oh, no, not at all; quite the contrary. I may seem a little pre-occupied at times, but I'm only taking Professor Drawnette's Memory System.

JUMSOM: And how do you like it?

CRUMPLETON: Magnificent! It makes a different man of you. Why, I used to forget everything; I wasn't to be depended upon at all. I go over the exercises to myself every morning, coming down in the Elevated. Raining again, I see. We part here. Well—Oh, hi! hi! I say, that train's gone off with my new fall overcoat and best silk umbrella aboard!

AT a recent dinner given in his honor, the Prince of Wales ordered the band, which was playing the "Boulanger March," to instantly cease doing so. The Prince is doing much to ingratiate himself in the affections of the public.

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MY MAIDEN AUNT.

DEAR withered cheek—
you know the hue,
Old parchment; some-
thing of a shrew.
She has not—between me and you—
Lived much "in clover."

Yet seldom is she heard to sigh;
And when she smiles, from either eye
The radiating wrinkles fly
Her face all over.

Time, laying by his scythe, I trow,
Has guided his relentless plough
Across the pallor of a brow
Once far from homely.

And russet curls that once she tossed
Coquettishly, are crisped with frost,
But have not altogether lost
Their hue so comely.

I've heard—from whom I can't aver—
That fate has been unkind to her;
Old letters laid in lavender
Reveal a lover.

But these are dated long ago,
And years have yellowed o'er their snow,
Since she, with tell-tale cheeks aglow,
First read them over.

In escapades of day and night,
When she has risen in her might,
I've found that though her foot is light
Her hand is heavy.

Yet, though at times she loves to pour
The vials of her anger o'er
My head, she keeps a warm spot for
Her graceless "nevvy."

How oft the teasing gibe I've checked
Upon my tongue to recollect
That she, so long denied respect,
Does now command some.

I would not dare to even *grin*
At her, my wealthy next-of-kin,
Lest, some day, I might *not* come in
For something handsome!

Charles Henry Lüders.

IT is not surprising, after all, that Jay Gould waters his stock.

Gould is a stock-king, and stockings always had more or less connection with the hose.

THREE GHOSTS WHO MET ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

"The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the unapparent."

—*Adonais.*

ON Christmas Eve, by some strange chance, the "winged spheres" on which Thackeray and Dickens and Hawthorne sit in lonely but "dazzling immortality," whirled in their orbits out of the vast silence into a sunny, companionable space, where for a little while they swung along within hailing distance of each other. And the blessed ghosts tossed Christmas greetings from sphere to sphere, and were merry for a time over the unexpected meeting.

As they rolled into sight of the snowy planet which had been their old home, and where their names are still cherished, they saw the brilliantly lighted streets of a great city, filled with hurrying crowds, all bent on the errands of good-will and friendship which were to add to the joy of Christmas-time.

"Thackeray, is it all *vanitas vanitatum?*" asked Dickens in his bantering way.

The benign, great-hearted man, who had known much sorrow on that little planet, smiled as he said, "Even this is part vanity and part real good-will."

"Yes," said Boz, "thirty years of absence have not dulled your clear vision. Still, I believe that I was right in preaching good-fellowship as the supreme virtue. See the thousands of homes that are merrier to-night because of that simple doctrine! They could not grasp the refinements of your satire, or see the depths of your sincerity. You tore the sham from the complex life of fashion, and the men and women who lead thought and custom are to-day your debtors. We worked from different ends of the line, but we are meeting now toward the middle. What say you, Hawthorne?"

Then that man of genius, who loved silence and "the clear, brown twilight," said: "They are just beginning to know Thackeray down there. And I heard a rumor, brought by some new-comer among the spheres, that even my sombre books are now almost popular. What's the world coming to, old friends?"

"Well," said Thackeray, "I think at this distance from the Earth we can afford to be egotistical. Frankly, my friends, I think the world is more and more learning to know good literature when it sees it. Why, Hawthorne, there is a man down there who has written a book to prove that you are *provincial;* and there is another who gently insinuates that all romances, even yours, are old-fashioned!"

And then, bursting into his old, infectious laughter, which made even the stars merry, he continued: "And, Dickens, do you know they say you 'wallow in the pathetic,' and that I make long and useless digressions in my stories, and parade my sentiments? But those crowds of people that are thronging the streets have been buying hundreds of sets of Hawthorne, Dickens and Thackeray with which to make some household happier on Christmas Day. Just between ourselves, I wonder how many new editions of 'The Bostonians,' or 'The Minister's Charge,' or 'Silas Lapham' are printed for the Christmas trade?"

"I heard the other day," said the quiet Hawthorne, "that there is a beautiful genius now on Earth, writing most exquisite romances about 'Prince Otto' and other creatures of fancy. And the people read more of his books than of all the rest."

The face of Dickens beamed with kindness and good-will as he said: "I sometimes feel sure that our friends and successors on the planet at our feet

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have been writing about life from a mistaken point of view. The New England conscience, which Hawthorne knew so well, has made them intensely selfish. They have put the *individual* life above everything else. Health, home and affection must, on their theory, be sacrificed, if necessary, for individual culture. Their hero or heroine is an intellectual prig. He is self-conscious, suspicious, pharisaical; he lives for his own advancement and dies discontented. When we lived and wrote, Thackeray, we never forgot that the Home, not the individual man or woman, was the social unit. In it and through it the very best which is in any man, poor or rich, ignorant or learned, is developed. *There* is peace, joy, prosperity. And every study of life and character (which men call literature) should centre around the Home. Adieu, my comrades!"

Then their winged spheres separated and swept away from the Earth "far in the unapparent," while the Christmas chimes were ringing at midnight. And restless children, who turned in their beds and looked into the night for glimpses of the good Saint Nicholas and his reindeers, were startled by three brilliant stars which shot across the sky.

Droch.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE OPEN-HANDED.

MY DEAR CRŒSUS: Christmas is coming around again and I feel as if I must write and tell you what is on my mind. You have been very kind to my wife, my children and myself in the past. Last year you gave Mrs. Pauper a handsome peach-blow vase; you gave each of my three boys a velocipede; to the baby you sent a silver-mounted rattle, and the scarf-pin which I now wear came to me from Tiffany's at your instance. Many thanks, my dear Crœsus, for your kindness to me and mine. You have been so good that I do not hesitate to ask you to do me one more good turn. Don't send us anything this year, or if you must let it be something more moderate than your presents were last year.

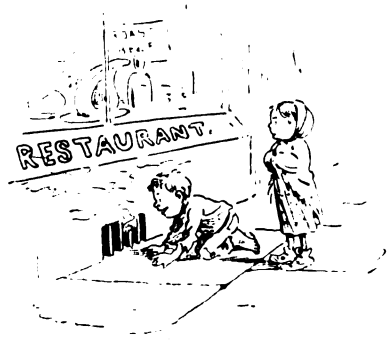
I'll tell you why. Mrs. Pauper is a sensitive woman, and when I stopped on my way home from my office on the 24th of last December, and bought a volume of Herrick's poems for you at a cost of one dollar, Mrs. Pauper declared I should not send it to you. Said she: "My dear George, Mr. Crœsus sent you a ring last year that must have cost him seventy-five dollars at the very least; how can you think of sending him a dollar book? Let me get the present for you." I acceded, and the silver-mounted wallet you now carry cost my oldest boy a pair of shoes, cost me my winter gloves, and deprived Mrs. Pauper of a small anniversary dinner-party she contemplated giving in January. For your two boys Mrs. Pauper purchased an organ and a small printing-press, because you had sent her boys the velocipedes. She was not content to return your generosity either with thanks or with so modest a gift as my income would permit—our presents to you and yours must be as good as your presents to me and mine, and I assure you, my dear fellow, that while I would willingly give you the most beautiful and costly thing on the face of this earth, could I afford it, I cannot afford this year, any more than I could last, to send you such presents as yours have hitherto required me to make.

Please regard this letter as confidential and accede to my request. It is nothing short of ruin—bankruptcy—that impels me to write thus; there is nothing of disloyalty to my wife herein; all women are alike in this respect—and many men.

Have pity on me, and believe me ever

Your friend,

George C. Pauper.



THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"I SAY, JIMMY OLIVER, YOU'VE BEEN DARE LONG ENOUGH; COME AWAY AND LET ME HAVE ER SMELL."

A LUCKY DOG.

Brown: YOU'RE A LUCKY DOG, ROBINSON. SO YOU MARRIED A GIRL WORTH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN HER OWN RIGHT.

Robinson (*rather more sadly than the circumstances seem to warrant*): YES.

Brown: YOU OUGHT TO PUT UP THE DRINKS.

Robinson: ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN. JUST WAIT WHILE I RUN INTO THE HOUSE AND SEE IF I CAN GET A DOLLAR.

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THE WEDDING GUEST.

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TO THE MAN WHO TOOK AWAY THEIR HEAVEN.

Chorus of Cannibals: "WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT!"

OFF FOR THE WEST.

YOUNG MR. BREEZY (*from the West*): I love your daughter, sir, madly, passionately; my father is enormously rich, and his health is poor and getting more so every day. I—

BOSTON FATHER: Do not speak of money, my young friend; mere wealth would never make my daughter happy. Do you know Socrates?

MR. BREEZY (*reflectively*): Socrates? Seems to me I do. What's his first name?

BOSTON FATHER: H—m! Have you ever heard of Plato?

MR. BREEZY: I had a dog of that name once, sir; but he got so full of fleas I gave him to a friend.

BOSTON FATHER: H—m! Can you tell Saturn from the milky way?

MR. BREEZY: No, sir; I never studied botany.

BOSTON FATHER: H—m! Do you care for Shakespeare?

MR. BREEZY: I have never seen but one of his plays, "Adonis." I liked that, sir.

BOSTON FATHER: H—m! I am afraid, my young friend, that I shall have to withhold my consent.

MR. BREEZY: I'm sorry, sir. Do you know which train I had better take for the West?

BOSTON FATHER: Yes; the first train.

THE only "straight tip" that is really reliable is the tip that is captured by the nabobs who wait on you at the hotels.

A CHAT WITH ST. NICHOLAS.

THE Chum to Pontentates, in accordance with his invariable custom at this season of the year, boarded his balloon and betook himself to the moon to call on Santa Claus a few days ago. The merry monarch of the Yule-tide was found seated in his workshop, surrounded by the marvelous creations of his fertile imagination. He was looking rather gloomy and sad.

"Good morrow, Kris Kingle," I observed, seating myself on the edge of his work-bench.

"Yes, if it doesn't reindeer," he replied, apparently forgetting that he had left the Eighteenth Century and its jests behind him.

"Apart from my deductions from the antiquity of your repartee, Santa, how am I to understand that you do?" I enquired, wiping the snow off my shoe.

"I don't," was the laconic response.

"Oh, come, don't be foolish; I mean, how is your health."

"I've lost it and can't say how it is," he replied, placing a real hair tail in its proper geographical relation to a small wooden horse he was making. "I've lost my health," he repeated, "and if it is still as bad as it was when it strayed from me, I don't want to find it soon. How are things on earth?"

"Only so-so," I replied, "we are growing up too fast."

"That is very true," rejoined Santa, with a sigh, "and the funny part of it is, that in spite of your growing up, you are the same low-down earth you ever were. You people down there make me very tired. You are not satisfied with the old line of goods. In the old times your boys and girls were glad enough to get the ordinary toys of commerce. Now, your youngsters won't look at anything short of a steam yacht; your babies don't care for my red, white and blue fairy books, they want Howells and Tolstoi and the *Epoch*, and as for the girls, Lord bless 'em! a doll that costs less than three or four hundred dollars, and that can't eat and drink and talk and cost enough to dress as would support a man and wife and two children, isn't worth their while. Where is this leading you to? You're driving me out of business, and when Santa Claus suspends payment——"

The sentence was not completed, as the old man, in the agony of his spirit, sought consolation in thumping the stomach of a French doll, whose patent remonstrance filled the air with the utterest of utter discord.

"Why," resumed St. Nicholas, "you don't even have snow any more at Christmas, and I have to go around with my reindeer harnessed up to a buggy. Last Christmas we got tangled up in the telegraph wires and I caught all the telegraphic news intended for the papers, in my lap; I never was so shocked in my life before—it was scandalous!"

"Most of the news in the papers is," I said.

"Well, I'm going to give up the business of rewarding the good," said Santa. "It's more profitable and a bigger contract to get up retribution for the bad, the indifferent and the misguided."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. It has seemed to me that rewarding the good was a rather limited sort of business for you. When you tackle the nuisances, go for Comstock, will you?" I said, glancing curiously around the shop.

"If you mean the man who blushes when he sees a steak with sauce *Bernaise*, I am going to tackle him. This pair of spectacles is for him. Their peculiarity is that they put pants on everything you see through them. I call them Pantaopticons. The most modest man can look at a table through them, without having his feelings hurt. There's only one trouble with them: they don't discriminate. They put a pair of trousers on a leg of mutton last night, and I couldn't carve the thing until Mrs. Claus had taken it upstairs and undressed it."

"What is that mince-pi-ey-looking object on the mantel?" I asked, glad to get the old gentleman off his woes and onto his work.

"That's what I call a political pie," he said. "I'm going to send it to Grover Cleveland. Put your thumb in it."

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The Chum obeyed, and much to his dismay found that a small trap, with unusually sharp teeth, had been ingeniously placed within in such a manner as to lacerate the thumb as soon as the crust was broken.

"That will do the President good," was all I could say.

"Yes; it will teach him not to play with edged pies," replied Santa Claus."

* * *

"I HAVE here a treatise on art to send to *Puck*," resumed Santa, after a moment's pause. "*Puck* is a very bright fellow, and I love him—we all love him for the jokes he has made—but *Puck* wants to learn how to draw an American without making him a Dutch Anarchist. Dutch Anarchists are very nice, especially on ice; but I want more realism and less hook nose about my statesmen."

* * *

"HAVE you anything for Blaine," I asked.

"Oh my, yes! I've got the same thing for Blaine and Sullivan—a cablegram telling them not to mind about coming home, and for James Russell Lowell I've got something that will please him way down to the ground, and you know since James was adopted by the Queen he's been very lofty, so that when he's pleased down to the ground it's a great big please."

"What is it?" queried the Chum, interested to know what it could be that could delight so great a personage."

"Well if you won't let it go beyond the readers of LIFE, I'll tell you. I've got a complete set of English naturalization papers for him, so that he can be a Briton born as well as bred hereafter."

* * *

"YOU'VE seen Mrs. James Brown Potter act, I suppose?" queried my host.

"Well, not exactly. I've seen her try," I replied.

"Precisely. Well, I've made the best thing for her you ever saw. I've made a looking-glass for her, so that she can see herself as others see her, and—"

"Why, she'll leave the stage if you give her that."

Santa laughed gleefully.

* * *

"YOU are surely not going to ignore Dana and Pulitzer," I asked, somewhat surprised that the rulers of the earth should be so conspicuous by their absence.

"I guess not," was Santa's rejoinder. "I've got a pencil for Pulitzer that knocks off fifty per cent. of every statement he writes with it, so that when he writes on a sheet of paper that his circulation is one million a week, it will be printed five hundred thousand."

"Yes, but five hundred thousand is too much."

"That's all right. When it's printed as five hundred thousand the affidavit he writes with this pencil will have its fifty per cent. knocked off, so that the figures will be sworn to as only half true. See?"

"And Dana, what have you for him?"

"I'm going to help him get another mortgage on the *Sun* and a wheelbarrow, so that he can circulate his evening edition a little more. There's nothing like a wheelbarrow to circulate a paper on."

* * *

AND so the old fellow rattled along. There was a boxing-glove for Foraker to hang up in his room to shake hands with. There was a little image of Cleveland with the palsy for Fairchild. For Whitelaw Reid there was a long list of possible crimes which the *Tribune* has by some extraordinary carelessness neglected to charge against the President. No one was forgotten, not even the readers of LIFE, for whom Santa Claus handed the Chum a large envelope with the request that its contents be forwarded without delay.

"There," he said, "you see I haven't forgotten your readers. I couldn't give up the good altogether."

And as the Chum walked down the stairs and started his balloon homeward, he broke the seal and took from the envelope a card on which was written:

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

Carlyle Smith.

A LONG HEAD.

Brown (who has unexpectedly encountered a friend on the range): YOU, HERDING, SMITH, OF ALL MEN! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR AMBITION TO SHINE IN LONDON SOCIETY—GIVEN IT UP, EH?

Smith: NOT AT ALL. I'M TAKING THE SUREST ROAD TO SUCCESS; GETTING A FEW POINTS WITH THE LASSO AND A GOOD TAN, AND SHALL GO OVER NEXT SUMMER WITH A WILD WEST SHOW. SAVE?

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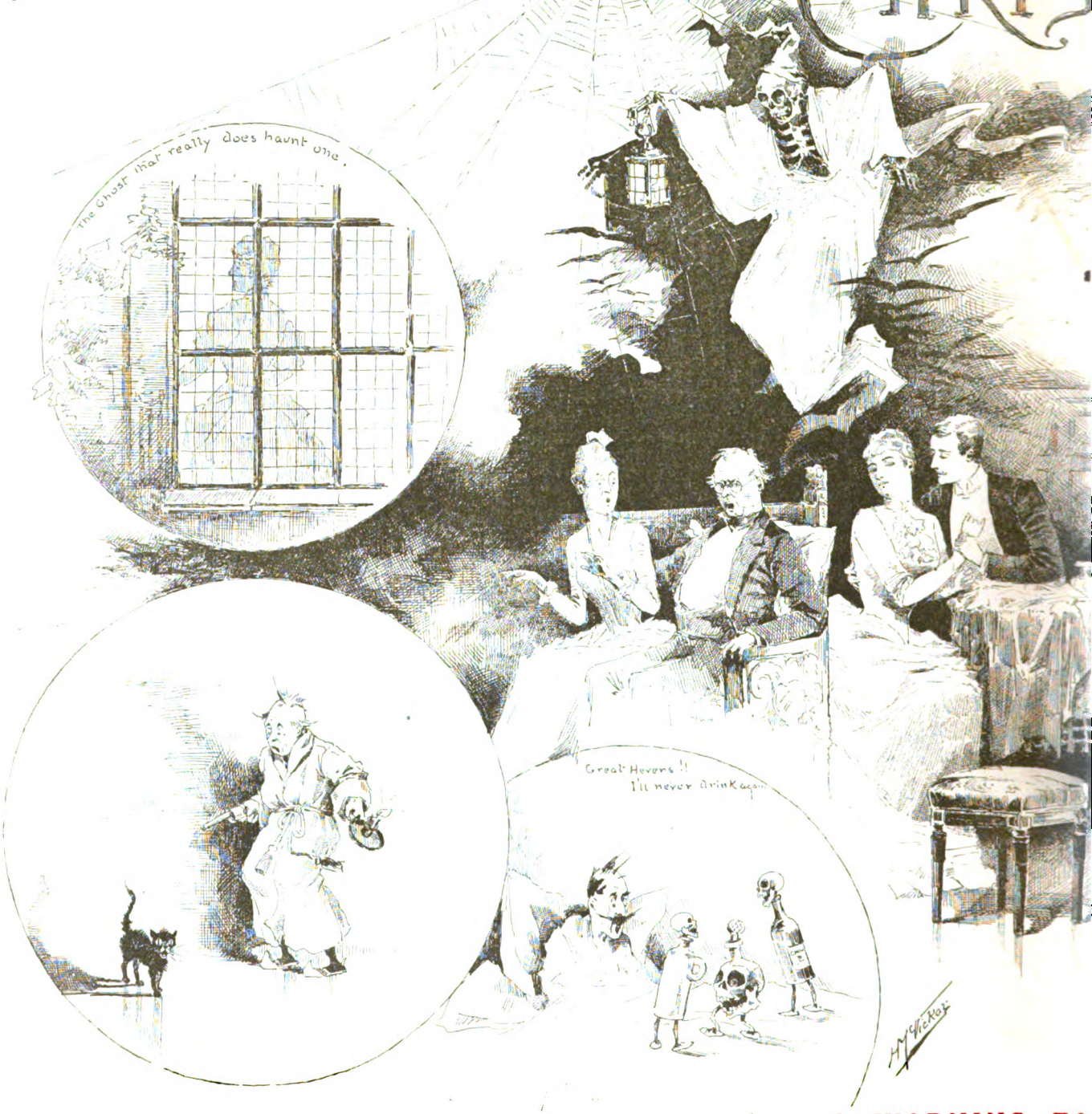
A MERRY CHRIS



A WARNING TO

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TMAS.

A Ghost Story

"At this moment a gust of air extinguished her candle and from the end of the hall came blood curdling sounds the clanking of chains, and then . . . . . "

Chorus: Who the d—l turned up that light!

LOVERS.

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HINTS ON GIFTS.

READERS of LIFE who wish to show more than ordinary taste and discrimination in the selection of Christmas presents, overwhelm me at this season of the year with letters asking my advice on the all-important question, "What shall we give?" Unfortunately, these letters all relate to gifts for other people—not for myself—and my judgment is not in all cases likely to prove satisfactory, but on general principles the following hints may prove useful:

For Clergymen.

There are thousands of little things that clergymen like, and in case the donor should feel particularly generous, and desire to send them all, he need have no hesitation about doing so. They will be received in the proper spirit—in the spirit of open-handed recipiency. The two most popular presents for clergymen are slippers and trips to Europe. The slippers are popular with the congregation and the trips abroad with the clergymen. Should there be any uncertainty as to whether the rector would prefer slippers to a foreign tour, it might be well to consult with him before deciding on the particular shade of worsted to be used in constructing the slippers.

For a Friend in Reduced Circumstances.

It is always a good thing to consult the needs of the recipient as well as one's own natural desires in selecting a gift. For a man who has ten dollars a week and five children, an ormolu clock is a very beautiful present. If it is a particularly cold winter, and you notice that your friend is shivering through the streets in a spring overcoat, it would be a very delicate attention on your part to send him a cloisonné vase or a pair of andirons. Some misguided, tactless persons make it a habit to send clothing and coal to their unfortunate friends, and it invariably happens that at the end of the year these presents have been totally destroyed. Indeed, the compiler of these hints knows of a case where a ton of coal was sent by a well-meaning woman to an old schoolmate with whom the world had gone wrong, and who was so wrought up by this unfortunate choice of the donor that she threw a portion of it into her kitchen range at once. A man who is reduced in fortune is not necessarily broken in spirit.

For Servants.

Presents for servants seem to be the most puzzling of all to our correspondents, although the problem is simple enough when one really puts one's mind on it. For those who have no minds to put on the question, I will say that the best guide to this matter, it seems to me, is the list of servants' presents furnished me by a woman of fashion in this city. She grades her gifts to the length of service. For instance, if a servant has been in her employ from five to ten years, an orange and cornucopia full of burnt almonds or caraway candies she finds to be a pleasant remembrance of the day. For three years' service, she asserts that an apple on the end of a wooden skewer is quite sufficient. And for less than three years' service experience teaches her that lasting love and faithful service

"CLAM CHOWDER, PLEASE."

TEN YEARS AFTER.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

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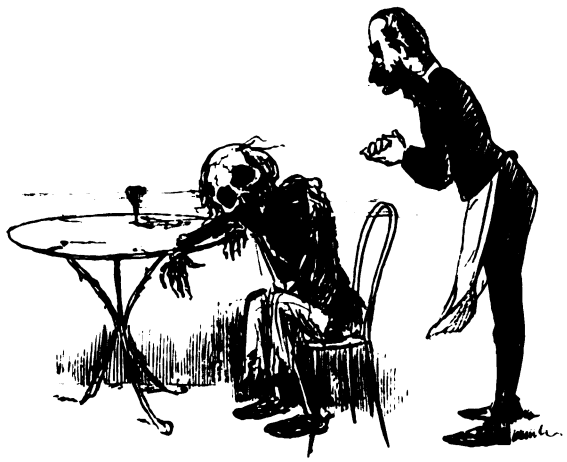
SIXTY YEARS AFTER.



Waiter (100 years after): HAVE YOU GIVEN YOUR ORDER, SIR?

St. Peter: DID YOU RING, SIR?
Simphins (not quite awake): AH—YES; CLAM CHOWDER, PLEASE.

invariably follows a kind word or a nod of recognition on Christmas morning. It must be added that my friend is wealthy and can afford this apparent extravagance.

For a Wife.

There are some husbands who go so far as to state that they are doing enough for their wives if they pay for their own Christmas presents. This is not so. A woman may buy a handsome ivory button-hook for her husband to lace his boots with, and the husband may pay the bill when it comes home, but he assuredly is mistaken when he attempts to argue that his payment of fifteen dollars for a button-hook he cannot use is a sufficient reward for the hours of agonizing mental toil which his wife has undergone in order to bring the possibility of that button-hook into a state of reality, to say nothing of the days she has spent in the crowded button-hook stores looking for one that would be suited to her husband's wants. No! A ten per cent. commission on all purchases should be allowed the wife, if nothing else. The generous man might perhaps add to the commission an inlaid cigar-box or a statistical atlas, or any one of the little femininities that womankind so adore.

The Family Physician.

It seems to be a generally established custom nowadays for grateful patients to make costly presents to their physicians. It is pleasant to note the generous spirit which pervades the relations of doctor and patient, but unless the latter be a bachelor or an old maid, I see no strong reason for this state of affairs. For a man with a large family of children, the best and most delicate way of remembering the physician lies in permitting the children to eat all of the good things of Christmas they wish. Then let the physician be called in and reap his reward in an unostentatious way.

For Clerks and Book-keepers.

If you have a large force of clerks and book-keepers in your employ, you are naturally desirous of contributing something to their happiness on Christmas day. A pen-wiper or a new piece of blotting-paper is always welcome. Some employers go so far as a box of red wafers or an ink-eraser, but it is not necessary to be so generous.

For Husbands.

The most gratifying present a wife can make her husband is a receipted dressmaker's bill. An article of this kind in the toe of a man's sock causes more joy in the household than there would be over ninety and nine bills that need no receipting.

* * *

These seem to cover all the queries that have been addressed to me up to date. Further information will be gladly imparted privately and at special rates, which will be furnished on application. All communications must be properly chaperoned by United States postage stamps *uncancelled*. No notice will be taken of cancelled stamps.

Cholmondeley Harcourt.

RAPID TRANSIT.

BROWN: How long does it take you to go from the Bridge to your new place in Brooklyn, Robinson?

ROBINSON (*late of New York*): By the elevated road, fifteen minutes.

BROWN: And how long on foot?

ROBINSON: About ten minutes.

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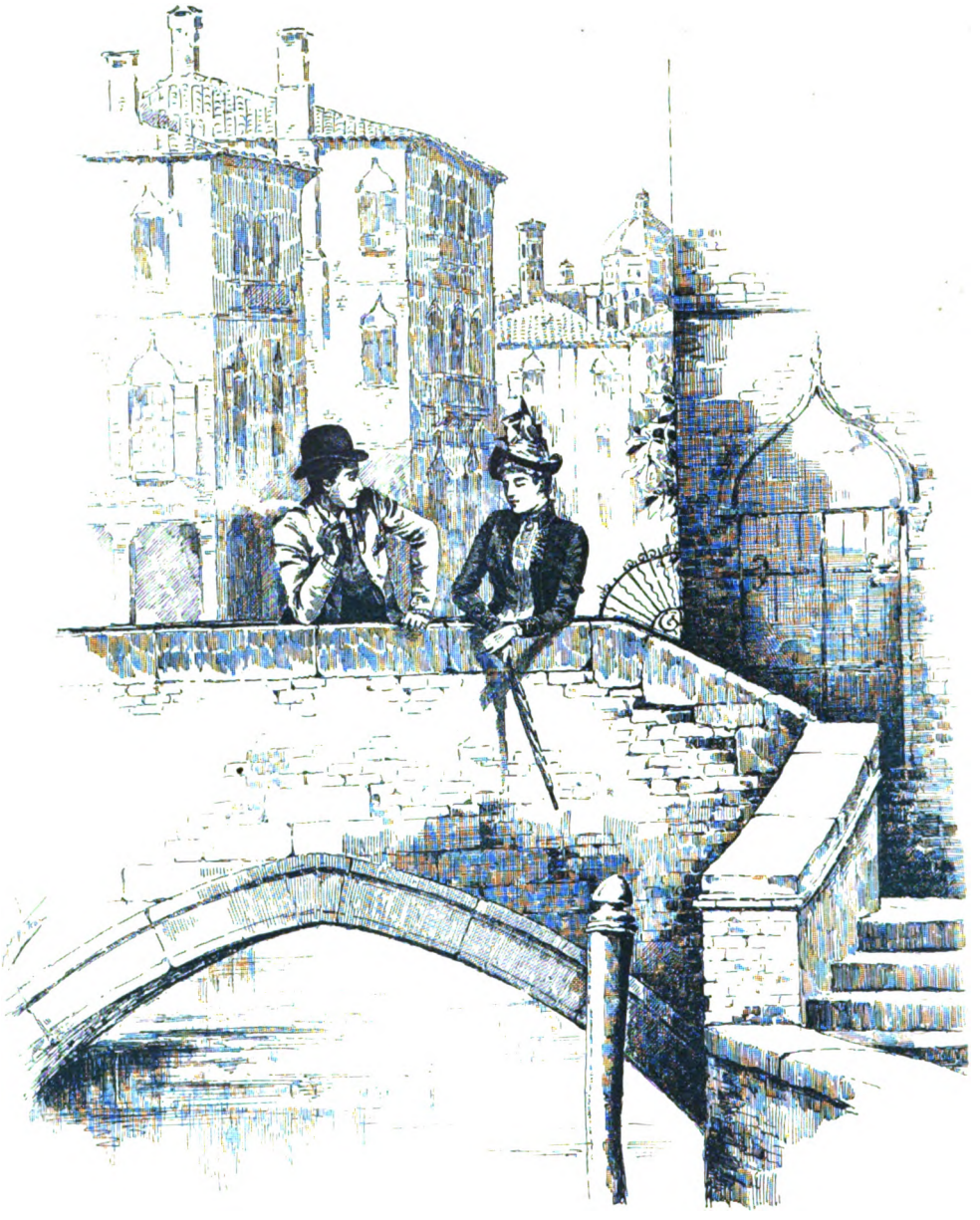

TWO FRAGMENTS.

To Mr. ALFRED HORNER, Cincinnati.

VENICE, Nov. 20, 1887.

You *never* will realize, dear Alfred, how it grieves me to tell you what I *know* is my duty. * * * * * It is horrid to break an engagement, and I shall not blame you if you *despise* me, but * * * * * Be assured I shall always regard you as my dearest friend.

Most sincerely yours,

CORA PENDEXTER.

To Mr. THOMAS CRAYTON, New York.

VENICE, Nov. 20, 1887.

DEAR TOM:—I am having no end of fun over here. * * * * * Stunning girl from Cincinnati at same hotel; she thinks I am mashed * * * * * made a dead set for me from the start, probably with an eye to my shekels. * * * * * Shall leave next week on my way around the globule.

Ever yours, H. SWIFT.

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POSITIVELY SO.

MUCH, more, most, so says the grammar;
But we another rule demand:
Little less Most, or much less clamor,
For much more Most we cannot stand.

THOSE who assert that Irving's Saturday evening performances of *Mathias* and *Jingle* form a grotesque combination are in error. The old song, "Jingle-bells, Jingle-bells," was certainly not grotesque, and, with the exception that in Mr. Irving's combination the Bells come first, we see no difference between the two cases.

ST. JOHN says that the Prohibitionists will go into the next presidential campaign with ardent spirits. If this be true, the Prohibition vote will be largely increased. There is nothing like ardent spirits to bring out votes.

AN exchange reprints the old couplet:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

If our contemporary asks this with a sincere desire for information, we would reply that a preponderance of evidence would point to Adam's being the gentleman.

A BAD CASE.

BIDDY: Yis, and the poor thing kept sinking, and never revived until afther she had breathed her lasht.

MARY ANN: Yis, and even thin she was spacheless, Oi've heard.

A PAIR OF PANTS.

SO CONSIDERATE.

"DO LET'S GO IN, CARRIE, AND TAKE A LOOK. WE MAY GET SOME NEW IDEAS ABOUT ART FURNISHING; AND THEN IT'S SO INTERESTING TO SEE HOW PEOPLE LIVE."

NOT SCRIPTURAL, BUT TRUE.

CLERGYMAN: My boy, you were very naughty to run away. Don't you know the way of the transgressor?

BOY: Yes; towards Canada.

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HOW HIS WIFE BECAME A WIDOW.

PERSONAL.

"MILLY, DON'T YER THINK IF SHE HUNG UP HER STOCKIN'S SANTY CLAUS MIGHT GIV' HER A PAIR O' LEGS TO PUT IN 'EM?"

A COINCIDENCE.

IT is a remarkable fact that Pope wrote of Wolsey:

"Behold thee, glorious only in thy fall!"

Surely History repeats itself, for the present Wolseley's greatness as a general is attributed to his tumble from a camel in the African desert.

ERRONEOUS.

"IS that you, Charley?"

It was a beautiful night and the soft rays of the moon fell about the fair form of the speaker like a benediction.

The young man had come quietly up from the gate and the slight noise he made in ascending the steps attracted the girl's attention.

"Great heavens!" he muttered to himself, "how I love that maiden."

"Is that you, Charley?" she repeated, in a low sweet tone; "I'm so glad you came. Draw a chair from the parlor; it is lovely here in the moonlight."

But, alas! it wasn't Charley, it was George; and the cold wind whistled through his whiskers.

HER CUSTOM.

OLD LADY (*in drug store*): D'ye know, young man, I've stood here like a monniment fer over ten minnits fer somebody to wait on me? If ye can't hire clerks enough, I'll go somewhere else.

YOUNG MAN (*humbly*): Sorry, ma'am, but we're very busy. I am at your disposal now; what can I do for you?

OLD LADY: You kin give me a two-cent stamp, an' be quick about it.

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Pat Scissors Ant Nullus

BACK IN THE MARKET.

HE (*at a Chicago evening entertainment*): Do you know that very brilliant looking woman at the piano, Miss Breezy?

MISS BREEZY: Oh, yes, intimately. I will be glad to present you, Mr. Waldo.

HE: Thanks. Is she an unmarried lady?

MISS BREEZY: Yes, she has been unmarried twice.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"WHY do you drink so much?' said a clergyman to a hopeless drunkard.

"To drown my troubles."

"And do you succeed in drowning them?"

"No, hang 'em! they can swim."—*Ex.*

"Get onto the dog," said the flea to the fly;
"Come off," said the coming event;
Said the thread to the needle: "It's all in your eye"—
Then we reached for our hat and went.
—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A MESSENGER boy came leisurely up the stairs and asked for one of the writers in the editorial rooms. He was shown the gentleman. "I say," he said; "did you send a boy up to Turk street a month ago?"

"Yes; has he got back yet?"

It dawned upon even the messenger boy, and he grinned so he could hardly say there was some question about an old message.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"So you have got a wife," said Jones to a newly-married man.

"Don't know, don't know," replied the man, with evident hesitation; "sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've only been married a few months and I can't tell just yet how the blamed combination is going to turn out."—*Washington Critic.*

DANIEL, ONCE MORE.—TEACHER (*at the Mission Sunday-school*): Yes, children, Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but not one of them dared touch him. How strange——

PUPIL (*scornfully*): Aw, dat's nuthin', I seen a duck do that act in the cirkis las' year.—*Tid-Bits.*

THE *Graphic* says that "since George Francis Train has been preaching the uses of the Turkish bath, he has lost ground with the Anarchists." If the Anarchists were to adopt the uses of the Turkish bath, they would lose ground, too.—*Norristown Herald.*

QUEEN VICTORIA expected to entertain a few of Buffalo Bill's chiefs at dinner, but when she learned that Holler-a-hole-in-the-air has been known to send his plate back nine times for roast beef and gravy, she gave up the idea as being beyond her means.—*Epoch.*

WHEN Landseer, the great animal painter, was introduced to the King of Portugal, the latter, whose knowledge of English was strictly limited, welcomed him with, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Landseer—I am so fond of beasts."—*W. P. Frith's Autobiography.*

A HUSBAND who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. "Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion.

"No, madam," he replied, calmly, "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house!"—*Moscow Commercial Advertiser.*

"YOUNG AMERICANS who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty."—*N. Y. Medical Record.*

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

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Dr. D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia, says: "After trying any number of soaps, we have settled down on Packer's Tar Soap as the best of all, whether as a toilet or a surgical soap. It is remarkably pure, cleansing and healing; it is excellent in a large variety of skin diseases, among which we particularly name seborrhœa of the scalp, dandruff, chafing, and winter prurigo (itching), all of them very common and very obstinate. It contains the balsamic virtues of the pine in a high degree, and is soft and refreshing to the skin."—*Vide Medical and Surgical Reporter, Philadelphia.*

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Aut Scissors aut Nullus.

AN APPROPRIATE TOAST.

AT a banquet given in honor of a dramatic author, a guest stood up and proposed the following toast: "To the health of the author; and may he live to be as old as his jokes!"—*Le Patriote.*

FRENCH JOKE.

AT the railway refreshment-room.—A traveller avails himself of a three minutes' halt to call for a basin of broth, for which he pays in advance. The liquid is boiling hot, nevertheless he tries to drink it, when he sees the waiter running up excitedly, saying: "I must inform Monsieur that if Monsieur drinks the broth, it is fifty centimes extra!"—*Charivari.*

A WRITER in a November magazine suggests that a prize of $100,000 be offered to any one who will find a means of communication with the lower animals. It would be cheaper—and safer—to get a girl whose father doesn't keep lower animals.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I WISH I knew how to prevent my hair from falling out," said a wife one day to her husband. "Well, I wish you could prevent it from falling in," said the husband, as he drew one about a foot long out of the buckwheat cake he was eating.—*Dansville Breeze.*

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

WAITER (*to Colonel Clueby, who has absent-mindedly given him his key-ring for a tip*): 'Xcuse me, boss, but dis yer quarter's punched.—*Tid-Bits.*

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VISITORS ARE INVITED TO THEIR ART ROOMS
250 FULTON ST BROOKLYN N.Y.

"WHAT did you marry my son for?" fiercely demanded an old gentleman of a clergyman who had just united his runaway scapegrace in the holy bonds. "Two dollars," meekly answered the dominie, "to be charged to you."—*Binghamton Republican.*

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"Did she have a rawhide when she assaulted you?" asked his honor of a meek gentleman who accused his wife of assault with intent to kill. "No, your honor," said the poor man, feeling of himself tenderly, "I'm the one that had the raw hide; in fact, your honor, I have it still."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Three different waiters at a large hotel asked a professor at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup.

A little annoyed, he said sarcastically to the last: "Is it compulsory?"

"No, sir," answered the man, "I think it is mock-turtle."—*Tit Bits* (*London*).

The Bard was asked to compose a little poem upon his childhood, and this is what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember so distant and dim, that red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin, so high that his bullet head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars all set up a din. That active boy, Billy, that high-leaping Billy; that loud-shouting Billy, that sat on a pin.—*Ex.*

A man the other day was complaining to his butcher that the piece of meat sent him was so tough that his mother could not even chew the gravy.—*Calcutta Sun.*

SITTING IN THE AIR.

A young German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits, and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor. "Donnerwetter!" exclaimed the officer, "what jackanapes has lifted both his legs?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

At a club dinner with a party not long ago, one of the guests remarked that Bavarian horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness. He said that a dealer sold one to a German officer during the Franco-Prussian war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterwards in a towering passion and said he had been swindled.

"And how?" said the dealer.

"Why, there's not a bit of 'go' in him, and yet you warranted him as a good war-horse."

"Yes, I did, and, by George! he is a good war-horse; he'd sooner die than run!"—*Hong Kong Tribune.*

PRECAUTION.

That's the third or fourth visit that chap has made; I think as an only brother I ought to take him into the sitting-room and ask him his intentions.

The "Best" Tonic

RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

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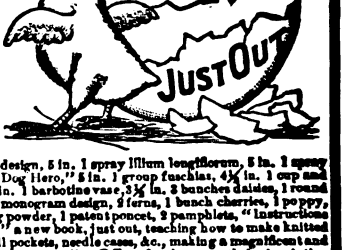

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To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. *But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.*

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Mr. C.: WUZ DEY PHWESKEY OR KEROSYNE IN THAT BOTTLE?

Mrs. C.: PHWESKEY.

Mr. C.: THIN OI HAVE 'EM.

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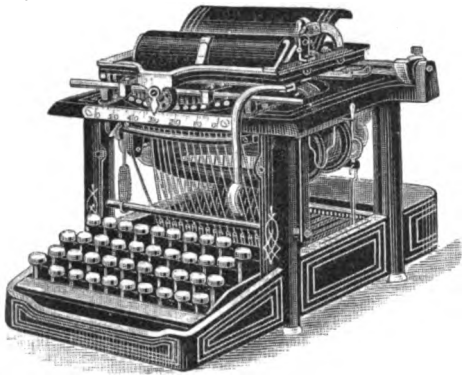

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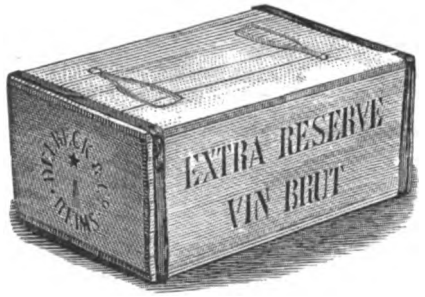

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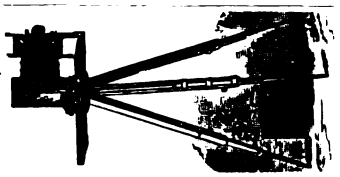

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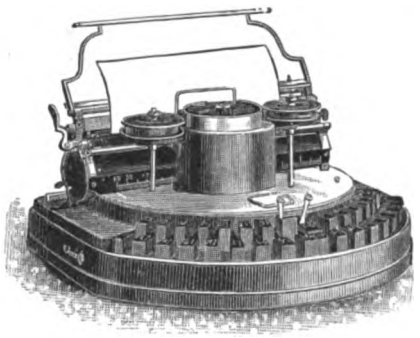

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FIRST OF A SERIES OF PRACTICAL TESTS.

GENTLEMEN COMPETITORS: You assert that "our outside keys—the most unfavorable in position, or those where the type-wheel is required to move the greatest distance (for example, v and z, or x and y)—cannot be operated alternately at a high rate of speed." We assert that these keys *can* be operated with perfect alignment and impression at the rate of *ten characters per second*, and *we challenge* you, gentlemen, to do the same on the *most unfavorably located keys* of your machines with only *tolerable* alignment and impression; the party failing to do as above stated to forfeit to any public charity the sum of $1,000.

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NEW STYLES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

ALL WOOL AND SILK AND WOOL COMBINATIONS

Camel's Hair, Cheviots, Armures, Serges and Plaids,

Cut in DRESS PATTERNS and marked in PLAIN FIGURES,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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"A bottle of EDENIA for Nellie! Oh, when will I be a young lady?"

LUNDBORG'S "EDENIA."

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LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES make appropriate and acceptable CHRISTMAS GIFTS. They are put up in neat, attractive packages of various styles, and are FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1887. NUMBER 259.

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SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

Miss Blanche: HAVE YOU MADE ANY CONQUESTS THIS SUMMER?

Miss Lillian: OH, YES; MR. JONES PROPOSED THE DAY BEFORE WE CAME AWAY.

Miss Blanche: Doesn't HE POP THE QUESTION IN THE MOST AWKWARD MANNER IMAGINABLE?

They meet as strangers.

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

VOL. X. DECEMBER 15, 1887. No. 259.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

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

MR. CLEVELAND'S message gives universal satisfaction. However members of various shades of political belief may disagree with his views, they all accord him due measure of praise for so manfully planting himself squarely on the issues which most of our public men have hitherto seemed afraid to touch. There is no beating about the bush; there are no fine words to draw attention from his meaning. The message is a clear, forcible exposition of the great question before the country to-day, with the President's views of how affairs can be remedied. It is short and to the point, and cannot but carry conviction to the heart of the people that we have a President who is not a mere figure-head, but a broad-minded, fearless officer, who sees what is right, and means, so far as he is able, to do it, regardless of consequences.

We are gradually waking up to the fact, that while Mr. Cleveland may not be the most astute politician in this country, he will rank high among its statesmen.

* * *

IT is not forbidden to be amused in the intervals of edification at the homilies of the venerable and esteemed *Evening Post* over the enormity of the manufacture of one and two cent newspapers. The rise in price of one or two papers in the interior of this State, the advance of the *Herald* from two cents to three, and the birth of the one-cent *Press* have each and severally given the *Post* a chance to intimate that journals which can be bought for less than three cents are sinful, and ought to be suppressed.

LIFE is quite of the *Post's* mind as to the demoralizing tendencies of extreme competition between the cheap papers, and is glad to see the *Herald* pull out of the ruck, but it isn't ready yet to concede that a two-cent paper is intrinsically immoral, or that when three cents will buy twelve pages of *Post* it is *prima facie* evidence of depravity to sell four pages of *Evening Sun* for one cent. While the editor of the latter journal is at Washington serving his country at large expense to it and to himself, is it fair for the editor of the *Post* to make faces at his orphaned journal, and say its habits are bad?

Oh, no! That cannot be right; and the *Post* forgets one thing, too, that can be said for the cheap journals. The buyer can afford to read a little in them and throw the rest away; but once he has invested in the *Post* he is tempted to over-exert his brain in the attempt to get his money's worth.

* * *

LIFE congratulates the Republic of France, which recently set out to elect a new President, on having performed precisely that feat. Usually when France announces that she will elect a President, the world has feelings like those of Chicago when Mr. Lowell comes to town to talk politics. The world wonders how nearly the goods will coincide with the invoice. If France had elected Boulanger or the Count of Paris or Colonel Bismark himself, there wouldn't have been very much more surprise than at her selection of M. Sadi-Carnot.

Mr. Carnot's grandfather was an enterprising Republican, and a particular friend of Napoleon the Big; his father was more of a scholar than a politician, but a Republican always; and the new President himself—for all that his name has a joint in it—is as sound a Republican as his forbears, though, it may be, more moderate.

LIFE presents to him our respectful compliments, and wonders how many of the years for which it was the sweet will of his country to choose him he will be allowed to serve.

* * *

COL. NICHOLAS SMITH may place too high an estimate on the value of his services as Mr. Ovington's groomsman, but if he can prove that he was a good son-in-law to Horace Greeley, any shortcoming in his relations with Mr. Ovington will be overlooked. A morning paper intimated pretty plainly the other day that Colonel Smith had dispersed such funds as Horace Greeley had left behind for his children. Colonel Smith made a late but very plain-spoken reply, wherein he denied that Mr. Greeley had left any money, denied that he himself had spent it, and affirmed that it was due to his own superhuman efforts that a moderate sum was realized from the odds and ends of Mr. Greeley's estate, of which much still remains.

It is to be hoped that Colonel Smith has not deceived himself in these matters, or suffered his imagination to intoxicate his memory. It is a severe trial for any person to be reckoned the handsomest man in Kentucky, and a soul oppressed with such a misfortune should not be burdened with any load which is not accurately its own.

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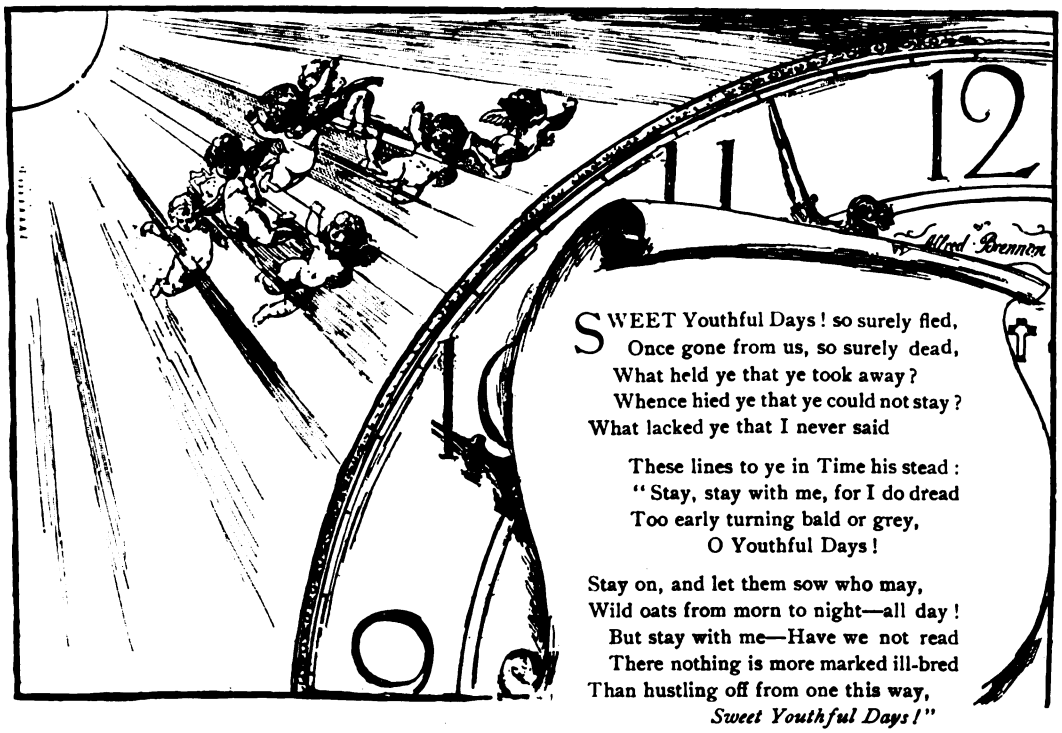

SWEET Youthful Days! so surely fled,
Once gone from us, so surely dead,
What held ye that ye took away?
Whence hied ye that ye could not stay?
What lacked ye that I never said

These lines to ye in Time his stead:
"Stay, stay with me, for I do dread
Too early turning bald or grey,
O Youthful Days!

Stay on, and let them sow who may,
Wild oats from morn to night—all day!
But stay with me—Have we not read
There nothing is more marked ill-bred
Than hustling off from one this way,
Sweet Youthful Days!"

AN INTERVIEW.

LIFE'S special correspondent, upon reading in the papers that his great-uncle's old friend, Mr. James Russell Lowell, had just returned from abroad, walked over to Boston and thence to Southboro to interview the gentleman and talk over the old days when his great-uncle was the Damon to Mr. Lowell's Pythias.

The ex-diplomat received the correspondent kindly for his great-uncle's sake, no doubt, and expressed great gratification that the great-nephew of his old friend should come so great a distance to see his great-uncle's great friend.

"How do you like America?" I asked.

"Chawming, chawming. To be suah, it is not England, but it is Americah; and aftah all, England is not Americah, so that it is not surprising, aw, to discovah that Americah is not England."

"Quite so!" replied the correspondent.

"Indeed, if England ware Americah I should probably have been an, aw, Englishman, and Englishmen would have been Americans, in which case things would have been quite as bad as they are at present when an American can only be an Englishman in mannah—a most trying state of affaiahs to one who is a Briton at heart, doncher-know."

"To be sure," said the correspondent. "And how is your dear friend the Prince?"

"That is a question which I had rathaw you had put to anothah. My opinion for publication would be that Albert Edward is looking very well, but in private ife I am disposed to think him too, aw, fat to be called beautiful."

"No doubt," returned the correspondent.

"I might say that if the Prince ware as slim as his chawnces of getting his mothah off the throne his personal appeahrance would be greatly improved."

"And Her Majesty, too, I suppose, is fat, fair, and forty?"

"Not quite so. Rathah say stout, sour and seventy—that is, that is my opinion to the great-nephew of my great friend your great-uncle. If you ware a reportah for the press, I should say that Her Majesty is still the same gracious lady that she was before the Jubilee."

"Why did you return to America, Mr. Lowell? We had fondly hoped—ah, that is, we had been led to believe that you were going to stay abroad for several years?"

"Quite so. Ya-as. My original intentions ware something of that naitchah. But"—here the ex-diplomat seemed embarrassed—"well, you see, anothah Boston gentleman came ovah, and I found myself—it humiliates me to confess it—but he came with a belt of gold, set with diahmonds and rubies, whilst I went with no belt, no diahmonds, no rubies, and, aw, he gradually usurped my position as the leading American in London. I found my name had been removed from most of the lists and that of Mr. Sullivan substituted, and to make a long story shawt, I was——"

"Knocked out?" queried the correspondent.

"Quite so!" replied Mr. Lowell.

The correspondent then took leave of his great-uncle's great friend and betook himself gratefully home.

N.B.—To save Mr. Lowell from the possibility of trouble and annoyance, the correspondent takes this opportunity to deny the authenticity of this interview.

Carlyle Smith.

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FOOLISH RHYMES FOR YULISH TIMES.

Cabled to LIFE *by Mother Goose.*

I.

NOW the thermometer slowly recedeth,
And the pneumonia swiftly proceedeth;
Man wears his overcoat on the hat-rack,
'Twill take an eternity to get the man back.

II.

Mamma goes around the shops, papa goes to biz;
And 'mongst the bills that papa pays, papa's present is.

III.

Hear the merry merchant's cry,
"Ho, the pretty ladies
Come to see and not to buy!
Doesn't it beat Hades?"

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, Mr. P. T. Barnum, always was a lucky man.

He found three dollars in the stomach of one of his recently-destroyed elephants.

* * *

APROPOS of Aldermen, when Mr. Atkinson buys Canada, he should add $100,000 to the purchase-money for the ex-legislators who have flitted over the border.

* * *

ENGLISH eulogists of American deceased come high, but it seems that we must have them. The terms of an eminent divine, now in this country, are said to be as follows:

Simple exposition of deceased's career, with an appropriate moral deduced therefrom, . £150

Laudatory sermon, exhorting the hearers to follow in the footsteps of deceased, accompanied by tears, . . . £200

All-wool-and-yard-wide praise, with complete dissolution of speaker in grief for the departed, with tearing of hair, rending of garments and other accessories, as desired, . £300–500

* * *

A WESTERN Anarchist on hearing that man is 90 per cent. water, went into his room and blew his brains out.

He could not stand the disgrace.

Jack: WELL, OLD MAN, HOW DID YOU LIKE "TRISTAM AND ISOLDE?"

Unmusical Party: UGH! NO GOOD. ONLY CAUGHT ONE AIR. GOT THAT IN THE BACK OF MY NECK, AND IT'S THERE YET.

WHEN the *World* is not sneering at the *Sun's* circulation, or bragging about its own, it is generally found waging a war of extermination on the expression "lady-friend." We were surprised, therefore, to note the following in a recent issue of our contemporary:

Mrs. Cleveland was accompanied by a lady-friend and her maid. The lady-friend rose as if to leap from the carriage, and the maid screamed hysterically.

Consistency is a jewel, Mr. Pulitzer, and we think, perhaps, the *Sun* is right and you had better move on.

* * *

MOST men who have gone through the vicissitudes which have fallen to the lot of Jacob Sharp would hardly care to add to their trials.

But there is no accounting for tastes. A man who would buy an alderman for twenty thousand dollars, when he could get a good dog for ten, isn't governed by the ordinary rules of life.

* * *

A WESTERN man named Pettis swallowed his false teeth, last week, and can't lie down without biting himself internally.

* * *

JAY GOULD'S autograph brought £100 in London last week.

It was at the end of a cheque for $500.

* * *

BY PROXY.

"JOHN," said Deacon Smithus, after vainly endeavoring to put a letter into an envelope two sizes too small, "is there a Dictionary of Profanity in this house?"

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"Very well, then," said the Deacon, "go out behind the barn and read it aloud, from beginning to end, as forcibly as you know how, and charge it up to my account."

* * *

THERE is a man in a Westchester County lunatic asylum who wants to know which wrote Shakespeare, Liver or Bacon.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS has one of his uproariously funereal farces in *Harper's Magazine.*

It is called Five o'Clock Tea, and is suspected of being (t) oo-long.—*P-nch.*

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A NEW ENTERPRISE.

THE UNITED STATES BEST-MAN COMPANY

HITHERTO, at American Weddings, the position of "Best Man" has been given to some particular friend of the groom, and this gentleman, being inexperienced, has frequently made a sad mess of what should be a very happy occasion.

The organization of capitalists above referred to proposes to remedy this. It has a corps of trained young men, ready to respond at an hour's notice to calls from any part of the country.

Our "Best Men" will take entire charge of marriages—engage the carriages, see to the decorations, keep the groom sober, button the bride's gloves, and pay the parson.

The Company's scale of charges for these services vary in proportion to the amount of work to be done and the social status of the parties.

The charge for a wedding in which there is a disparity of forty or fifty years in the ages of the bride and groom, or when the "Best Man" enjoys the rank of Colonel, will be **$190** and traveling expenses.

Ordinary weddings will be directed for prices varying from **$25** to **$100** and expenses.

An additional charge will be made for occasions where the bride is freckled.

Estimates furnished on application. See our prices and press notices before engaging your "Best Man."

After using our methods you will use no other. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

Special Rates to Mormons and Chicagoans.

A Liberal Commission allowed to Clergymen who secure us business.

Gentlemen contemplating divorce and frequent re-marriages should consult our WHOLESALE RATES, or purchase a **Commutation Ticket,** good for five ceremonies, one number of which will be punched out as each event occurs.

N.B.—A Certificate of Sanity goes with each "Best Man."

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AFTER ALL.

"I CANNOT SAY YES, WALTER. I SHALL ALWAYS BE A SIS——"

"SISTER TO ME? NO YOU WON'T."

"YES, WALTER; YOUR BROTHER CHARLES PROPOSED TO ME LAST NIGHT AND I ACCEPTED HIM.

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BOOMERANGS

WHAT MAKES A SUCCESSFUL BOOK?

IN his recent collection of delightful essays—"Memories and Portraits" (Scribner's)—Robert Louis Stevenson has frankly given away the secret of his success. There the beginner or the veteran may read of the royal road to fame. Under the title of "A Gossip on Romance," he says: . .

It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation that we have long dallied with in fancy is realized in the story with enticing and appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience; and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance. . . . Fiction is to the grown man what play is to the child; it is there that he changes the atmosphere and tenor of his life; and when the game so chimes with his fancy that he can join in it with all his heart, when it pleases him with every turn, when he loves to recall it and dwells upon its recollection with entire delight, fiction is called romance.

* * *

IN every other trade, business, or profession there is a general acceptance of the principle that to be successful you must give pleasure. The carpenter makes the most beautiful door which he can devise for the money and material; the architect, the most convenient house; the merchant makes his store attractive, and spends hours in the decoration of his front window; even the lawyer, who thrives on the evils of life, learns that suavity of manner is an element of success.

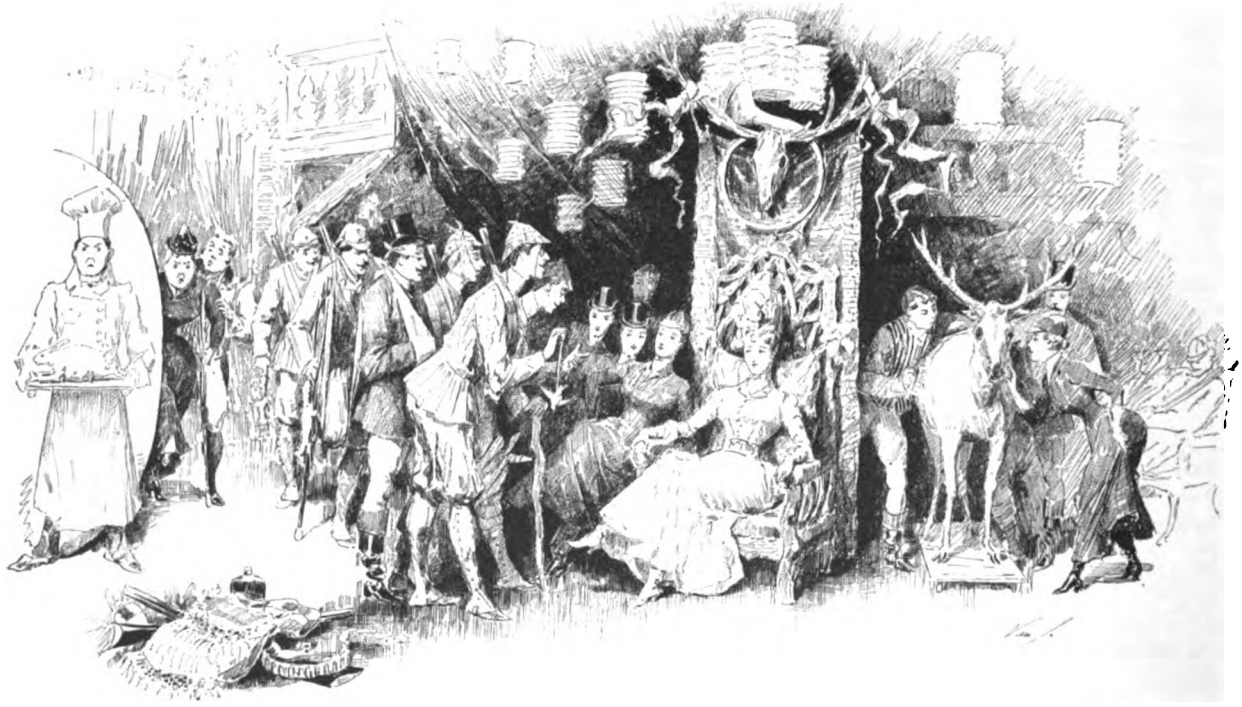
But in the profession of letters there always has been and still are those who assert that you must "take" literature as you take a bitter medicine, for the good it will do you. And so they continue to compound noxious mixtures and label them Studies from Life, Revelations of the Heart, Anatomy of Crimes.

Men and women do not read books under compulsion (if we except professional books). Literature, like society, is the solace of the lonely and weary heart. When we are tired and worried we do not seek the companionship of a disagreeable man or woman. The man of good-cheer, sincerity and sympathy is surrounded with friends. The misanthrope sits alone in a corner with his gloomy thoughts. Each is an equally *real* type, but each is not equally *valuable* to his fellow-man.

* * *

THOUGH Mr. Stevenson has so frankly given away the recipe for "the tincture of success," there is little danger of his being crowded from the field by imitators. They cannot acquire by rule or purchase the chief ingredients—a heart filled with human kindness, a mind stored with fair visions, a spirit at home among the clouds!

A book is successful—and immediately the critics begin to split hairs over its niceties of style, over the ingenuity of construction, over the depth of its philosophy. The wise men see in it evidences of the abstruse mental juggling which they



TRIBUTE TO DIANA.

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UNDER FULL SAIL.

HIGGINS: For goodness' sake, Wiggins, why do you wobble around the sidewalk so? Go home, you're flustered!

WIGGINS (*indignantly*): I'm not! But I can't manage these new baggy trousers in a headwind, you know, and have to tack to get the wind on my beam.

STRANGER: Where do you Socialists, Anarchists, Labor Reformers and Anti-Povertyites meet in New York?

ANARCHIST: At Cooper Union.

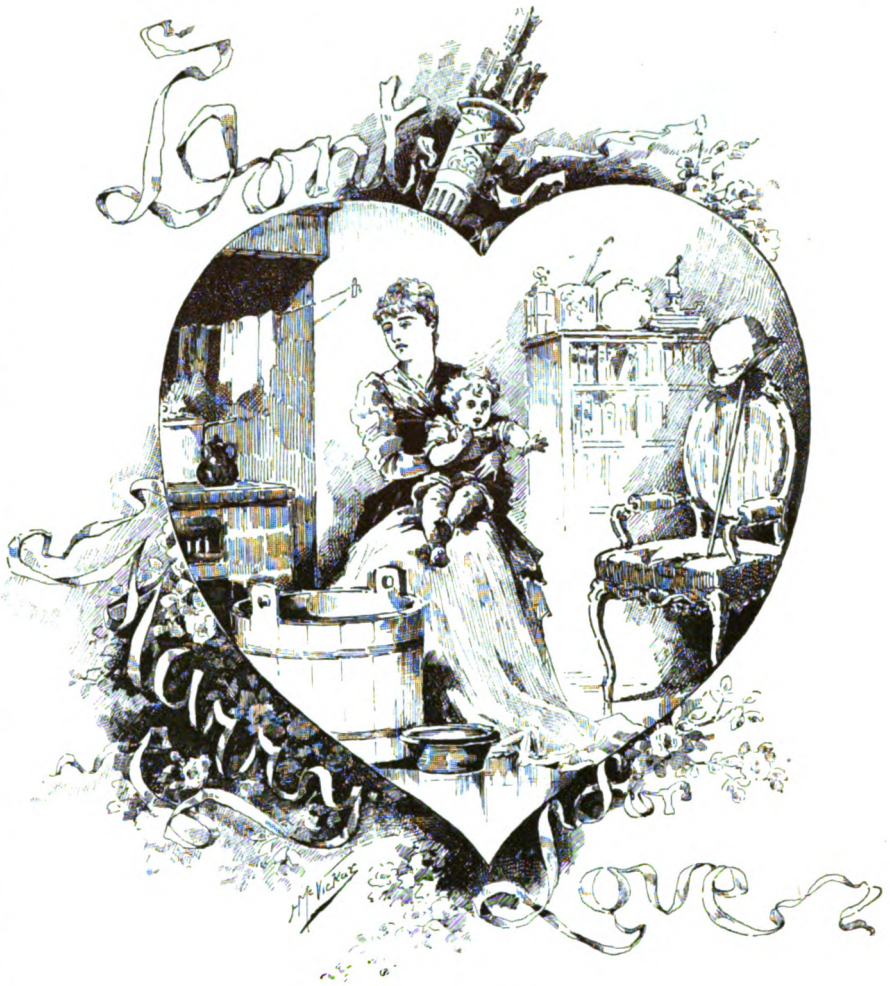
STRANGER: Oh, yes; the building was founded by a millionaire's benevolence, I believe!

MICHIGAN CITY is in Indiana and Kansas City is in Missouri.

We Eastern people can do better than that—but we drink a finer quality of whiskey, and not quite so much of it.

AMONG traveling salesmen order is Heaven's first law.

IN case you should want to commit hari-kari—and some of you ought—you will find that the sword is mightier than the pen, but when it comes to cheese, that is mite-e-er than either.



OUR ADVICE.

have been accustomed to call thought. But the successful author, and the host of readers who made him so, see none of these things. The former made visible the dream which was struggling for shape and expression in the hearts of men. And they, recognizing their kinship with the child of genius, cherish it as their own.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

THE BEST READING. Third Series. Edited by Lynds E. Jones. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Recent Advances in Electricity. By Henry Greer. Illustrated.

Sonnets of Love and Life. By Edward Wells, Jr., & Henry E. Bedford. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

Free Joe, and other Georgian Sketches. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Paul Patoff. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Woman's Reason. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

St. Nicholas, 1887. Two Volumes. New York: The Century Co.

The Century, 1887. New York: The Century Co.

Down the Islands. A Voyage to the Caribbees. By W. A. Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year's. By W. H. H. Murray. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Diet in Relation to Age and Activity. By Sir H. Thompson, F.R.C.S., Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Major Lawrence, F.L.S. By Hon. Emily Lawless. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Who Cares? Episodes in the Life of Mary Campbell. Facts, not Fancies. By Mrs. Harriet N. K. Goff; with an Introduction by Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The Story of an Enthusiast. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Damen's Ghost. By E. L. Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Social Register, New York, 1888. New York: Social Register Association.

Song of the River. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

Zigzag Journeys in India. A Collection of the Zenänä Tales. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AN English literary man has discovered a hundred-line poem by Lord Tennyson in the waste-basket of his father, who was once the editor of an English fireside weekly.

The New York *World* can print seventy-five lines of advertising in twenty-three lines and still have room for an affidavit.

Hugh Conway's friends think that the posthumous works of the deceased novelist show more fire than the others.

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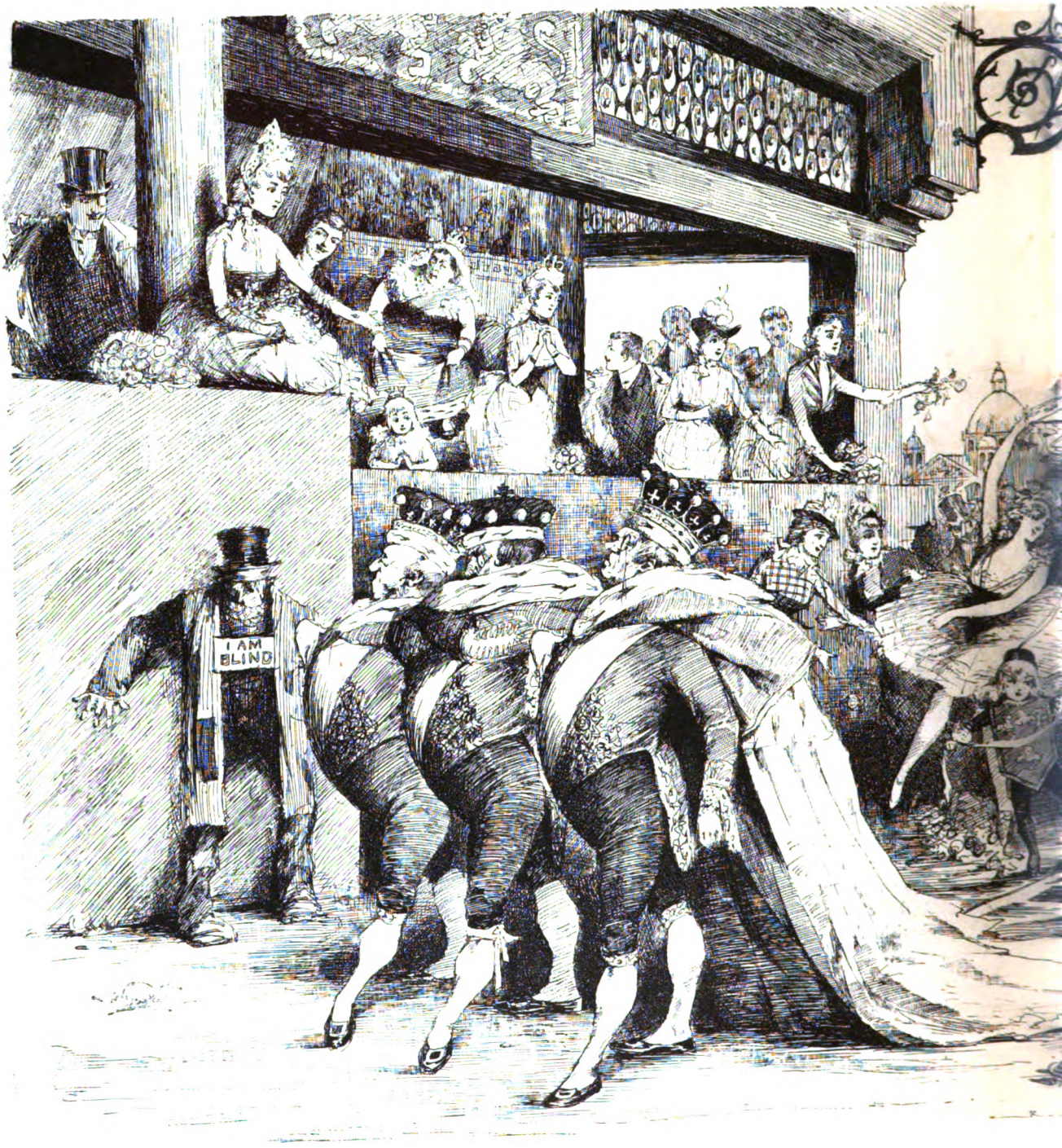

THE TRIUMPH

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FE ·

OF THE WEST.

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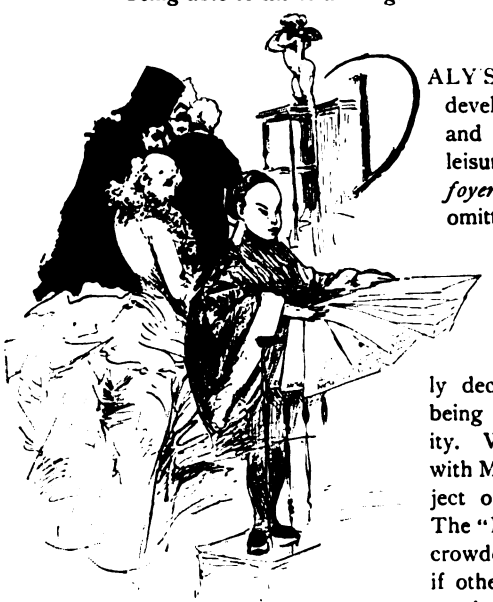
H. RIDER HAGGARD'S weird tale of "She" has been put upon the stage at Niblo's. It possesses much of the frailty that poets ascribe to the female sex, and, except as a spectacle, in which respect it is gorgeously like other shes we meet with, it must be set down as uninteresting. The play should be encouraged on purely philanthropic grounds, as a drama which opens up a field for the aged and infirm ballet-girl is little short of a charitable enterprise; when the heroine is two thousand years of age, a four-thousand-year-old chorus girl stands a very good chance of being able to make a living.

* * *



ALY'S Theatre is gradually developing into a museum and gallery of art, and a leisurely stroll about the *foyers* is a thing not to be omitted. Not least among later attractions is the youthful Celestial, who dispenses bills of the play in the vestibule. This gentleman is highly decorative, in addition to being an object of great utility. We might, perhaps, say, with Mrs. Partington, an "object of bigotry and virtue." The "Railroad of Love" is still crowded with passengers, and if other railroads in the country had all their seats taken for as many weeks ahead as in Mr. Daly's case, there would be a R. R. boom of abnormal dimensions. It is seldom New Yorkers have so delicious a morsel offered their *blasé* palates as this exquisite comedy.

* * *

MR. PALMER is doing his best to encourage such latent dramatic genius as may exist in this country. His series of authors' performances has been most successful from the standpoint of the American Dramatists, certainly, and from Mr. Palmer's point of view, probably, since he has decided to continue them through the winter. It has long been the complaint of the needy American playwright that the great American Drama has been hiding its light under a bushel for many years, because of a marked preference of our managers for the successes of the London season. In demonstrating the truth or falsity of this claim, Mr. Palmer is doing the public a service. We shall now have an opportunity to learn whether we have any Sheridans among us, to say nothing of the possibility of Shakespeares or Bacons without number.

The season this year was opened on Tuesday evening last at the Madison Square Theatre, with the dramatization of Tennyson's "Elaine," by Messrs. G. P. Lathrop and Harry Edwards. The audience was an appreciative one, and the work done by the company was conscientious, as everything at Mr. Palmer's house is. The general verdict seems to be that Mr. Lathrop has not found Tennyson's poem suggestive of any intensely dramatic situations, but has discovered possibilities for painting the lily of the Poet-peer's Muse. It must be said in Mr. Lathrop's behalf, that in his endeavor to make this particular poem blood-curdling, or whatever else it ought to be to satisfy the thirst of the American audience, he has suffered from the same drawbacks which stood in the way of the novelist who tried to write a bustling narrative of Life in Philadelphia. Galvanization is the hardest attribute for a literary man to acquire, and if Mr. Lathrop has not in this instance succeeded in achieving anything more than a literary success, it must be set down to his having chosen literature, and not electrical science, for a profession.

The production of "Elaine" is an event which in itself entitles Mr. Palmer to the best wishes of the community. He is giving the American dramatist a chance. "Elaine" is a success, and its authors are fair objects for congratulation. It is, of course, a romantic work, in which beauty and poetic feeling play an important part, and the authors have most skillfully achieved their aim.

FOR MORALITY.

Jorkins: THAT'S A GOOD MOVE OF COMSTOCK'S TO PUT AN END TO NUDITY IN THE PARK.

Barker: HOW SO?

Jorkins: HE'S ARRESTED THE BEAR.

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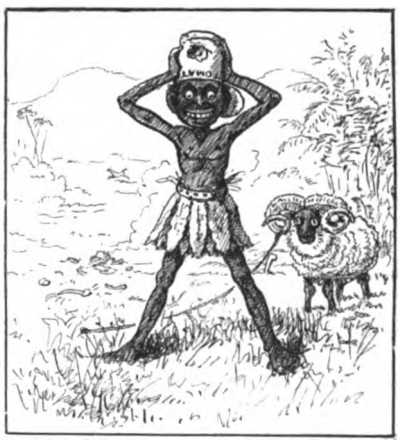
RACHMBUNCTIUS.

A DRUGGIST who thought that a drachm,
Was equal in weight to a lachmb,
When charged by the boss
For causing a loss,
Replied, "I don't care a dachmn."

W. P.

THE *Manchester Union*, in an account of a recent stabbing affray in that city, says the victim was "stabbed at the south end." But it doesn't say whether such wounds are fatal or not.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.



Patient: I'VE TAKEN ALL THE MEDICINE YOU SENT EXCEPT THIS ONE BOTTLE AND I DON'T SEEM TO FEEL ANY BETTER.

Doctor: YOURS MUST BE AN AGGRAVATED CASE. FARMER ACORN'S COW WAS TOOK DOWN AT THE SAME TIME YOU WUZ, AN' I GIV' HER JUST THE SAME MED'CINE EXACTLY, AN' IT CURED *her*.

OLD AND NEW.

OLD CHRISTMAS (*to children blowing horns*): You young imps! Why do you disturb a Holyday this way?

CHORUS OF SMALL BOYS: Yah, yah, old fossil! We spell it Holiday now.

AN oculist doesn't want an eye for an eye, and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want $. . . .

THE TROUBLED WATERS OF TRUE LOVE.

YOUNG MAN (*to jeweler*): You can only allow me five dollars for the ring?

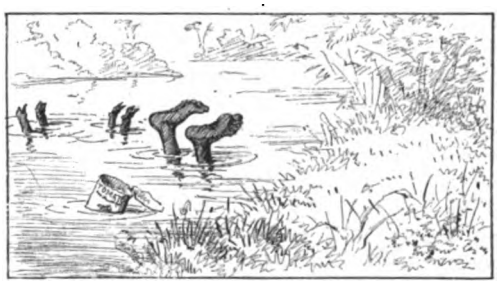
JEWELER: That's all.

YOUNG MAN: But you charged me fifteen for it a month ago!

JEWELER: Exactly.

YOUNG MAN (*sadly*): Well, give me the five dollars. I s'pose I ought to be thankful that I got the ring back at all.

IT isn't necessary for a man to know enough to go in when it rains, if he has an umbrella.



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TOO MUCH FOR HER NERVES.

"RUN, 'LIZ'BETH JANE, RUN FOR A NAMBULANCE; THE SIGHT O' THAT WINDER HAS MADE HER FAINT!"

FROM WASHINGTON.

IN spite of the best efforts of the police, Congress has again reorganized, and under the guidance of Mr. Carlisle will lay siege to the surplus for some time to come.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Samuel Sullivan Cox is back again in the councils of the Nation. With this gentleman in the House of Representatives there should be spice enough in the debates to make the coming issues of the Congressional *Record* worth reading.

In the Senate there is the same leaven of wealth which so materially affected the whole lump last session. On the whole, there is a fair supply of brains amongst our Senatorial servants —almost enough to warrant us in believing that the country may survive their machinations in its behalf.

Mr. Riddleberger is the power that sits behind the throne, and will doubtless look after the interests of the land with all the perspicacity which pertains to a Virginian who realizes that the eye of his family is upon him.

Senator Evarts, who has spent the summer framing a sentence on the Tariff, will begin to deliver it on the 14th inst., and hopes to finish it in time to see the old year die. If he can't, he will break it off short on the 31st of December, and will begin it again at the first verb back when the session resumes its sitting.

Beyond the excitement which always attends the purchase of a new hat by Secretary Bayard, all is quiet along the Potomac.

LEADING THE GERMAN.

IT is a comfort to know that the Rev. Joseph Parker and the brethren of Plymouth Church parted good friends after all. It has been diamond cut diamond between these worthies, and neither have got off without some scratches. Dr. Parker has one weapon left. He can go home and write a book.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

SQUELCHED.

THE occasional contributor dropped into the sanctum wearily. Seated at the desk was a beetle-browed tramp printer.

"Are you the mule editor?" softly inquired the visiting contributor.

"Nay," answered the apparition, poising a proof-slip in his delicately discolored digits. "I am the calf editor; do you wish to be edited?"—*Washington Hatchet.*

"Now, isn't that a burning shame?" said Mrs. Seldom, as she pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, and laid down the morning paper.

"What's that, ma?" said her youngest son.

"Why, Emperor William gave an audience to Prince William yesterday. Think of that, my son—a whole audience given away like so many cattle. It's awful!"—*Chicago News.*

FATHER (*trying to read the paper*): What was that awful racket in the hall just now?

MOTHER: One of the children fell down the stairs.

FATHER (*irascibly*): Well, you tell those children that if they cannot fall down stairs quietly they won't be allowed to fall down them at all.—*Sun.*

"CAN'T you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office. They had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make it up."

"Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgive my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."—*New York Sun.*

CASHLEY (*on his bridal tour*): You've no idea, darling, of the quick-wittedness of some of our lower classes. I'll speak to that bargeman, and you see if his reply isn't pat. Hi, there! Where 're you bound?"

CANAL-BOAT CAPTAIN: To Sheol, you camel-backed dude! Go back to your cage, you long-nosed, lop-eared galoot! Yah!—*Judge.*

THE late Major Mordecai, of North Carolina, met the Czar of Russia once, and in the course of the conversation, which was carried on in French, addressed him as "Monsieur." Turning to General McClellan, the Major said: "D—n the fellow, I called him mister." The Czar, with a smile, remarked: "Let us talk English, we can get along better." The North Carolinian didn't cuss the Czar any more during that interview.

A MAN, being requested by a friend to buy him some books, forgot all about the matter till he accidentally met him—then, in his confusion, he endeavored to "set matters straight" by nonchalantly remarking: "By the way, I never got the letter you wrote about those books."

A SOMERSET business man not long since had occasion to write to a gentleman who evidently had few correspondents. The envelope had the usual "Return in ten days to Mr. ——, Somerset, Ky.," on it. In about ten days the letter came back to him, accompanied by a scrawling note, the writer saying that he had returned the letter according to the request on the envelope, though he didn't see why he was so all-fired particular about having it sent back."—*Somerset* (Ky.) *Republican.*

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MISTRESS (*arranging for dinner*): Didn't the macaroni come from the grocer's, Bridget?

BRIDGET: Yis, mum, but oi sint it back. Every wan av thim stims was impty.—*New York Sun.*

"WAITER, take away this beer; it's muddy."

THE WAITER (*without stirring*): You are deceived, sir. It is the glass which is dirty, the beer is excellent. Taste it.—*Judge.*

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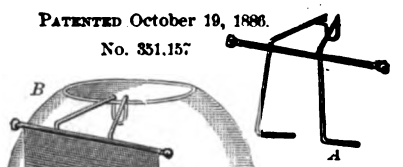

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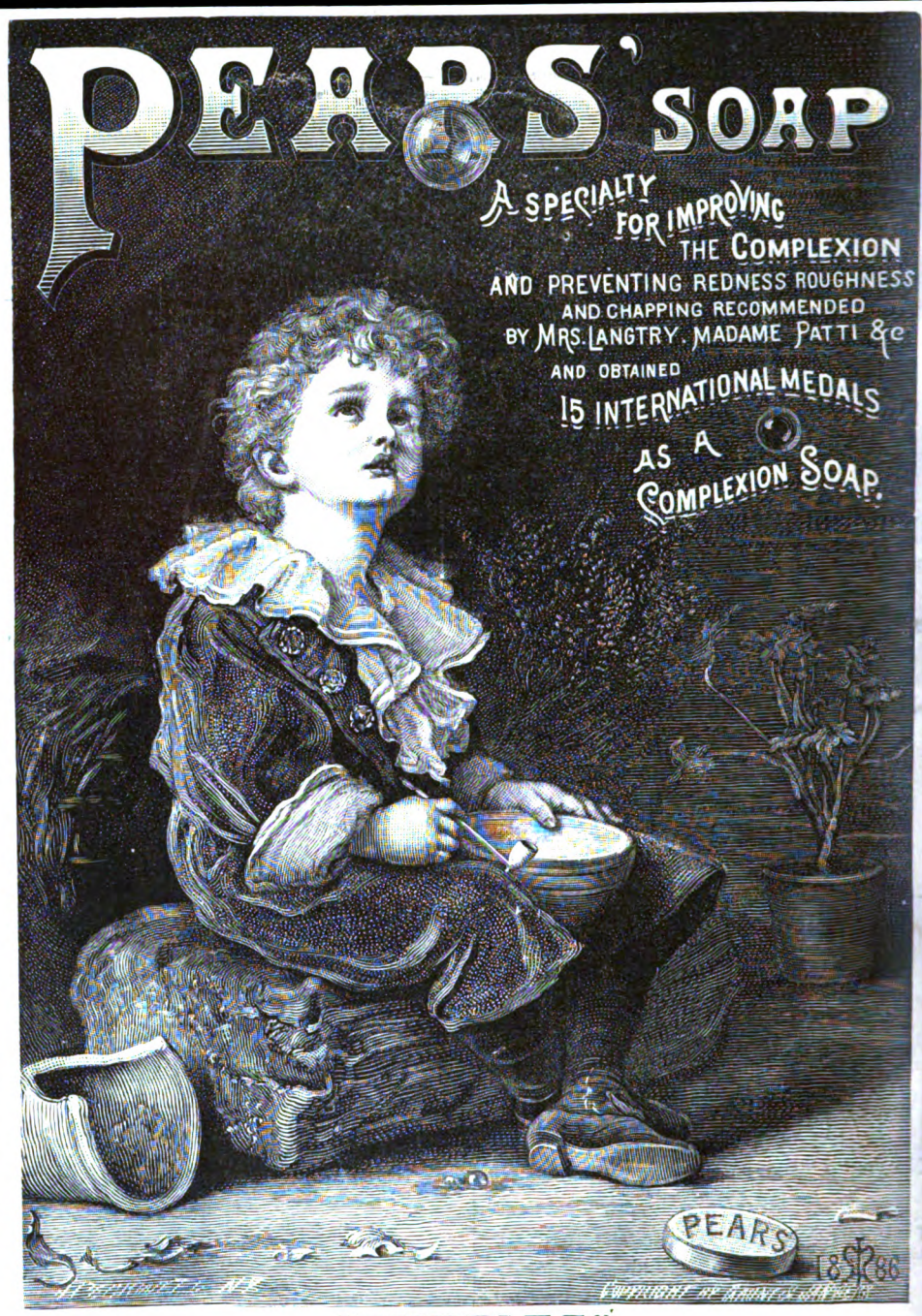

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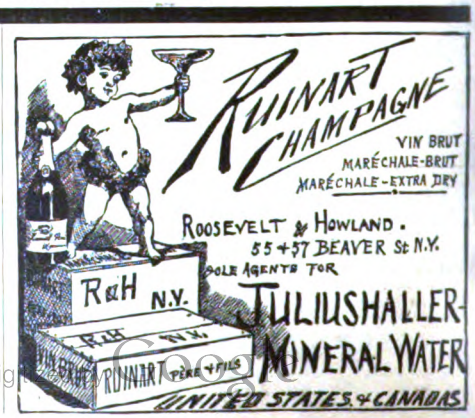

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VOLUME X. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1887. NUMBER 260.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

A LITTLE LAY.

Bachelor B.: WHY, MARY, THAT'S A VERY SMALL EGG!

Mary: YES, SIR, IT IS; BUT IT WAS ONLY LAID THIS MORNING, SIR.

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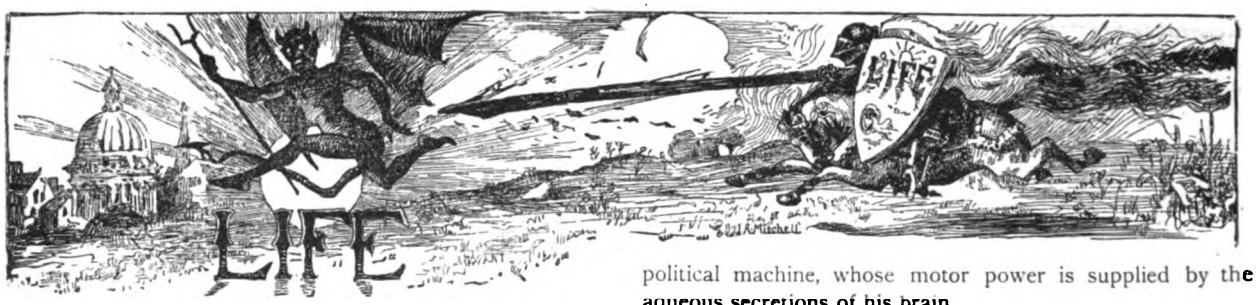

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. DECEMBER 22, 1887. No. 260.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

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

THE *Voice* claims that the Prohibition army is gaining new recruits in all parts of the country. Incredible as it may appear, a late report of the World's Medical Congress justifies the statement. Its statistics show that insanity in the United States is increasing at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

Unfortunately, in the sober schemes presented for the care of lunatics, no provision has been made for Prohibitionists. The Prohibitionist is treated with cold and inhuman neglect. Although his face betrays great potentialities of varied emotion, and he flits nervous and shuttle-like through the busy and crowded haunts of men, he is left to his own conceits and subtle, self-entangling devices. Cold water fails to relieve his paroxysms. Tea only aggravates his humor. At the suggestion of a cure for the malady that is destroying the cellular tissues of his brain, the expert demurely shakes his head. The only conclusion is that his disease is incurable.

* * *

WATER is a good enough thing in its way. In Noah's time it drowned fanatics and fools; but it has never been known to turn the crank of a political machine. Politics and rum are interdependent forces, but politics and prohibition are alliterative, and nothing more. Besides, cold-water men are at loggerheads as to the best methods of temperance legislation; and while trouble is brewing in their ranks, beer is brewing in the camp of the enemy. We shudder to think of the evil that would befall the world were water an intoxicant. Would not the Prohibitionist come reeling home at night in a soggy condition, with a bottle in his hip-pocket and a red nose to light him through the gloom; and would he not fumble for the keyhole and pray for a second deluge to descend upon the earth? As it is he can only become dropsical. In his hydropic state he dreams of political reform. And the airy fabric of his dream is materialized into a huge political machine, whose motor power is supplied by the aqueous secretions of his brain.

The female advocate of Prohibition has an angular figure, is somewhat sallow from the excessive use of tea, and carries a leather bag in her hand as she enters the stage. One of her favorite methods of fighting the fiery demon Alcohol lies in distributing temperance tracts, which wicked men utilize in cleaning lamp-chimneys and lighting their corn-cob pipes. She is less concerned about the adulteration of beer with picrotoxina than with the soul-destroying effects of pudding sauce flavored with wine. In her delirium she calls upon the mothers of the land to turn the spigots in beer saloons, and is possessed with the Pentecostal idea of converting the world to Prohibition in a single day.

We cannot prohibit lunacy. Therefore we must submit to its gabble and trust to such influences as education and common sense for real temperance reform. In the survival of the fittest the Prohibitionist will probably get left. We have a suspicion that he will ultimately die of water on the brain.

* * *

THE Hon. James G. Blaine, President Depew and Mr. James Russell Lowell have every reason to feel mortally offended at the Prince of Wales, which Royal personage has given them the cut direct by presenting a gold watch to the Hon. John Laurence Sullivan. It is true that the Prince gave a dinner to Depew, an audience to Blaine, and two fingers of his left hand on several occasions to our late Minister at the Court of St. James, but the best gift of all, a solid, tangible ticker, with the Prince's love attached, is, in a commercial sense, worth all three of the other Royal favors. It is no wonder that Mr. Blaine is bellicose, that Mr. Lowell thinks the Prince fat, and that Mr. Depew is anxious to get the heir-apparent over here to ride an American railroad.

It hurts a man's feelings to get within reach of the Typical-American belt and get left at the last minute, and if he thirsts for revenge we must admit that he has as strong reason for his dryness as has the most ardent Prohibitionist.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT proposes to abolish the Board of Aldermen. He is of the opinion that either the City Fathers or the Mayor should go. We agree with Mr. Hewitt to a certain extent, and with an amendment to his Aldermanic Abolishment bill we will support the measure heartily.

The amendment provides for the abolition of the Mayoralty as well as of the Board of Aldermen. As a substitute for the Mayor's office we suggest a Bureau of Correspondence, which, if properly managed, could do even more work than any mayor we ever had.

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AT THE MUSEUM.

Mrs. N——: My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo; and this is his wife, Apolinaris.

A BIRTHDAY RHYME.

One-and-twenty years may seem an age
To you; to me they're but the opening page
Of a fair life. Who cannot read the tale
From that one page? Good fortune will not fail
Her who, at one-and-twenty, wins all hearts
And doesn't know it — very art of arts!

A COARSE BAPTIST.

A certain reverend gentleman, at the recent conference of Baptist ministers, advised Mr. Anthony Comstock to proceed against this journal for the indecency of its cover, and said, "Those dancing figures on the title-page of LIFE are lewd pictures, and they suggest lewd thoughts."

Now, this is a confession that reflects rather seriously upon our reverend friend. We have been laboring under the impression that Mr. Anthony Comstock possessed the nastiest mind in New York, but for imaginative licentiousness, so to speak, the Rev. Dr. W. F. Taylor is a close competitor. If the title-page of this journal suggests such a wealth of lewdness to this gentleman's most receptive mind, he had better change his diet or subscribe to some other periodical. As for the high priest of suggestion, Mr. Anthony Comstock, we are ready for his "proceeding" at any time he may select, and shall enjoy nothing better than a larger share of his attention. If we fail to stir this gentleman up a little when the ball begins, or to strike one or two square blows for art and honest decency, we promise to get some trousers for the "lewd figures" that decorate our cover. These men do much to make a thing indecent when once they open the sluiceways of their minds upon it.

HER FIRST CAKE.

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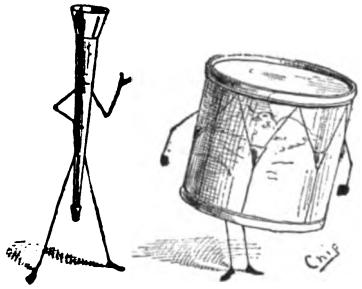
THE HEMLOCK'S LAMENT.

THE Hemlock tree in the forest afar
Doth tremble to see the Eastern star;
He knows that the season of peace and good-will
For him bringeth naught but that which is ill.
It makes him feel sad to think that his death
Brings gladness and mirth, "but, really," he saith,
"When I think of the canine made into mince-pie,
The cotton plush sealskin—oh, mis'rable lie!—
The candies all painted, which ne'er, I opine,
Saw aught of the pure southern cane saccharine,
And many things else in all parts of the nation,
All more or less made up of base imitation,
I rejoice that I go to the feast as I am,
And for my hard fate I care not a dam.—
This dam, by the way, is by no means profane;
To use such expressions were ever most vain.
The kind I've employed is that known to the thinker
As the harmless old dam that belongs to the tinker."

* * *



Tin Horn: HELLO, DRUM, I HEAR THAT YOU'VE BEEN BEATEN?
Drum: OH, YOU BE BLOWED!

* * *

THE difference between Jay Gould and the milkman is that while they both water their stock, the milkman always milks his first.

* * *

ACCORDING to London *Truth*, the Queen has written privately to the Emperor William, strongly urging that an arrangement should at once be made to afford a liberal provision for the Crown Princess and her younger children in the event of the death of the Emperor and Crown Prince, as, if they died now, she would be left in very moderate circumstances.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Emperor will accede to Her Majesty's suggestion. It would be tough if the Princess Royal were to be thrown on the tender mercies of her cold, cold maternal ancestor.

THE *World* still circulates. It turns and turns, and yet again returns.

* * *

MR. RIDER HAGGARD writes to the London *Athenæum* requesting it to announce that he will not visit America this year.

Good! We shall have time to get our coast defences in order.

* * *

A POSSIBLE use for the surplus might be to buy Ireland from England, give her home rule, and turn her loose again.

It would eliminate the green from American politics—a consummation devoutly to be wished, and easily worth the "balance on hand."

* * *

THE presence of Messrs. Blaine, Gould and Sullivan in Europe at this time is said to have caused great apprehension in the breast of the King of Bulgaria. With Blaine for King, Gould for a Budget, and Sullivan for a standing army, the Bulgarian future would be surpassingly brilliant, and Ferdinand does well to tremble for his throne.

* * *

REV. MR. BERRY declines the call extended him by the late Mr. Beecher's congregation.

Now let us see if Plymouth Church cannot scare up a modicum of intellect in this country. If the average English clergyman is anything like E. Walpole Warren, the sooner a prohibitory tariff is placed on such raw materials, the better.

* * *

THE term "hypercritical," as applied to art critics, must not be confounded with hypocritical as referring to the art censors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vice.

* * *

SANTA CLAUS states that the modern chimney soots him just as well as the old-time kiln that used to lead down to the great open fireplaces where our ancestors cooked their steers whole.

* * *

IT is interesting to read in the papers that the Aqueduct commissioners are receiving bids for a new dam for Sodom. We shall watch carefully to see if Gomorrah is equally well looked after.

* * *

WE trust that the latest statement that the Crown Prince may recover is based on reason. We greatly fear, however, that the case is hopeless. If the Prince will not submit to a general amputation of the doctors he must succumb.

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Robert (who has been sent over for the fifth time to find out how Mrs. Brown is): ALL RIGHT, MA, SHE'S DEAD.

AN INTERVIEW.

"MR. REID, what do you think of the President's attitude respecting immigration?"

"I had not heard that he had expressed an opinion."

"Yes; he says immigration should be restricted."

"You surprise me. I did think there was a limit to his depravity. He would restrict immigration, eh! Well, well, I never thought that the principles for which Lincoln fought and Foraker bled would——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Reid. I should have said he favors unrestricted immigration."

"The villain! Does he not know that unrestricted immigration means the ruin of American labor? Is he not aware that unrestricted immigration will bring the scum of Europe to our shores? Does he not know that——"

At this moment a note, saying that the stock of Rebellion editorials had given out, was dropped through the trap-door and the editor's attention was required elsewhere.

It is believed, however, that the *Tribune* is opposed to the President's views whatever they are.

ABOUT this season of the year, you will notice that the Eastern girl wears a very jealous expression when she cracks her jokes about the size of the Western girl's stockings.

A FRIEND INDEED.

Irate Mother: HAVE YEZ SEEN MY SON TERENCE THIS DAY?
Friend in Need: YES'M; I SEEN HIM AT SUNDAY SCHOOL. HIS TEACHER WUZ A GIVIN' HIM A TICKET FOR BEIN' GOOD, AN' I GUESS HE MUST HA' LOST IT AN' IS A HUNTIN' FOR IT.

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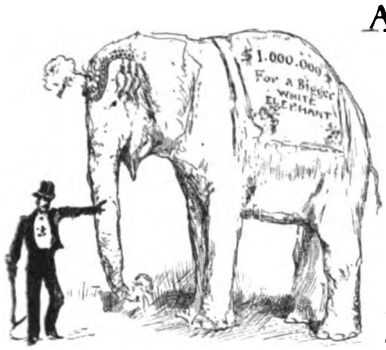
HER ANSWER.

SHE asked for time her choice to make;
I gave consent for her sweet sake:
For weeks I waited for her word
To free me from my fears absurd.

My heart beat high with joy and hope,
As quick I seized the envelope;
Alas, alas, for my regards!
Her answer was — their wedding cards.

E. W.

THE ELEPHANT WITH A WILL.



AN elderly Elephant uptown took unto himself a young and handsome wife, to the great discomfiture of numbers of his relatives who, with more or less decency, were awaiting his departure for the other world.

"I think it is scandalous," said a sister of the Elephant, "that at your time of life you should find it necessary to bring a young woman into your house, when there are so many of your own people who would be only too glad to cheer your declining days."

"That's just what's the matter," said Mr. Elephas with a smile, "only too glad to cheer my declining days. I haven't got any declining days to cheer. When they come round I'll think about it."

Then the relatives, in the usual amiable manner of their kind, went to young Mrs. Elephas, and informed her that she must never cross the old man; he had an iron will that never could be broken.

However, they lived along happily and one day she mentioned the matter to him.

"So I *have* a will that can't be broken," he replied; "and it is all in your favor. That's what's the matter with my good friends."

A NEW style of carving-knife has been invented, which works on the plan of scissors. If it can find the joint in the leg of a duck, we'll agree to buy one and join the church.

BOOMERANG

SOMETHING ABOUT A LITTLE-KNOWN WRITER.

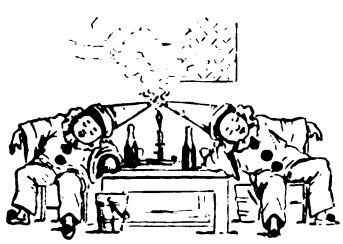
THERE is an ingenuous quality about the stories of P. Deming which, with their simple pathos, has won for him a small circle of readers in whose admiration there is a strong personal element. And yet his own personality is unusually vague even among those who can generally tell you something about the most obscure writers. The author of "Adirondack Stories," and "Tompkins and Other Folks," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has been shy of public recognition. One who has recently visited him was charmed by the modest writer. He is a bachelor of sixty, perhaps—a well-preserved man of medium height. His strong and clean-shaven face is pale and thoughtful, and somewhat wrinkled with years. His countenance betokens meditation and a calm and even tenor of life. From his forehead his long gray hair is brushed straight back. His voice is low and melodious, almost an undertone. The impression one receives from him is that he has kept much of the sunshine of life throughout an uneventful career during which he has been thrown on his mental resources for solace and companionship.

* * *

BY profession he is a stenographer. Even in his student days at Vermont University, in Burlington, he was an expert writer of short-hand. Among the students there in 1860 he was considered an authority in literary matters, and was then a devout reader of Shakespeare. His story of "Tompkins" is founded on his student life, though he says the hero of it is an ideal creation, and not a portrait. For many years Mr. Deming has lived in Albany, where he was until recently court-reporter. But literature has been his recreation and comfort. The two small volumes of short stories which he has published show a narrow experience of life but a deep insight into the heart. They have an unworldly quality like the "Twice-told Tales."

The author resides in Albany, most of the year in lodgings, leading a quiet, studious life; but he is in no sense a recluse. He has warm friends who delight in his quaint and sincere personality. In summer he goes to a farm-house

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.



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OUR ADVICE.

PRODIGIES.

THERE is a boy in Yonkers, seven years of age, who can blow by ear any tin horn in the market.

* * *

MR. ALBERT VON KONIGSBERGER KRAUTZ, a recently acquired citizen of this country, has a little daughter, ten years of age, who recently played the hose on the piano, entirely without notes.

* * *

A TEN-MONTHS-OLD baby in Augusta, Maine, cries hysterically every time she hears "Sweet Violets." Such critical judgment is wonderful at this age.

* * *

A PHILADELPHIA boy, Charley Hoffenberg by name, a lad of six, can play one of Chopin's waltzes so that the musical enthusiast cannot tell it from the "Boulanger March."

* * *

IT is said of Wagner that when two weeks old he yelled three acts of "Siegfried" in an evening.

* * *

A MEMBER of the Senior class at Vassar College played the "Battle of Prague" from beginning to end seventeen times in a half hour, last Tuesday evening. This beats the record by seven bars.

---

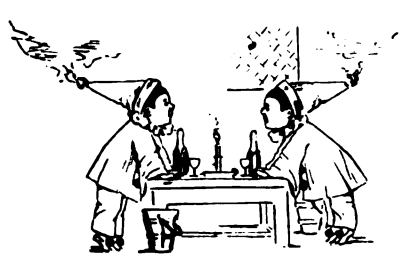
near Malone, N. Y., on the verge of the Adirondack wilderness. There he lives with his brother and delights in the hills and lakes which he has so affectionately pictured in his stories.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago he came down to New York to the Authors' Readings, and found some appreciative friends among the distinguished men on the platform. Those who delight in clear, limpid prose have long known his work and read with pleasure the little of it that has seen the light. But to the mass of intelligent and well-read people in that assemblage his name was practically unknown. He has not knocked at the doors of fame with insistent clamor; he has not published a new volume every year, filled with an affected knowledge of the world; as Mr. Henry James would say, he is thoroughly provincial. True is it that breadth of view, and knowledge and experience of life are admirable qualities in a writer; but when gained at the sacrifice of sincerity, depth of feeling and simplicity of style, they are a heavy burden for an author to carry.

So it is that there are a goodly number who hope that Mr. Deming, in the serene afternoon of life, will continue to write his unambitious stories, which, even when touched with melancholy, are gracious and comforting.

Droch.



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THE EDUCATION OF T

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DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I want to make a protest through your valuable paper on a subject which I consider vitally interesting to the community at large, and especially to that branch of it to which I have the honor of belonging.

I am, Mr. Editor, what the newspapers call "prominent in society circles." I made my debut a year ago, at the age of eighteen, and I was called "a rosebud," "a blushing debutante," "a star-eyed beauty," and, oh! so many nice things.

Now, last night I went to the Star Theatre to see little Miss Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet." I am not ashamed to say, Mr. Editor, that I had never seen the play before, because mamma had brought us up so strictly that she never allowed us to see plays which dealt with love, and never permitted us to read any works but those of Miss Edgeworth, which she always considered as elevating in their tone. Of course, we cordially hated being elevated, but, as weaker vessels, we were obliged to submit.

The protest which I wish to make is against the production of such a play as "Romeo and Juliet," which, in my opinion, dear Mr. Editor, simply annihilates all the wholesome lessons that I, and girls like me, have learned.

Imagine our being asked to sympathize with a woman who appears in a wrapper at the dead of night and positively asks a young man, whom she has only seen a few hours before, his intentions.

You can readily see the danger to society that such a nauseating scene threatens. No one but a girl's father has the right to interrogate a suitor on such a subject. Why, the very rudiments of etiquette are attacked by that sickening *Juliet*. I could hardly restrain myself from calling out to her "you horrid, forward thing, you presumptuous minx!"

And then she allows him to wish he were a glove that he might press her hand. If a man dared to say such a thing to me, I should box his ears. Of course all women like compliments, but no sensible girl cares to see a man make a fool of himself.

Juliet is certainly supposed to have lived hundreds of years ago, but that doesn't make any difference, in my opinion. I do not want to see a girl forget the usages of society, because she may have done so in Mr. Shakespeare's time, any more than I should care to view a party of young men clad in nothing but blue paint, because the ancient Britons were partial to such a shameful costume.

Juliet was an Italian girl, but Miss Marlowe did not make that apparent. She merely impressed me with the horrible idea that, in cold blood, she was deliberately throwing herself at an impudent young jackanapes.

Had they been properly introduced? Not a bit of it! Why, *Juliet's* mamma did not even visit in *Romeo's* mamma's set. Really, the more I think of the play the more preposterous I find it to be for a nineteenth century audience.

I shall not let my sisters see "Romeo and Juliet." Oh, no! Their training shall not be ruined, if I can help it.

Please make this protest public. It will be a good work, Mr. Editor, and I know you love doing good deeds. *Phœbe.*

There is reason for Phœbe's protest. Miss Julia Marlowe certainly was not Shakespeare's heroine. She acted in cold blood a part that in Adelaide Neilson's hands was entirely comprehensible. There was nothing out of the way in Miss Neilson's sudden demonstration of love for *Juliet*. Miss Marlowe made it painfully extraordinary. Yet she is a clever little lady, and her *Parthenia* is one of the prettiest things I have seen. Miss Marlowe at the Star Theatre was hampered with a hysterical *Romeo* and a horrible stage setting.

Alan Dale.

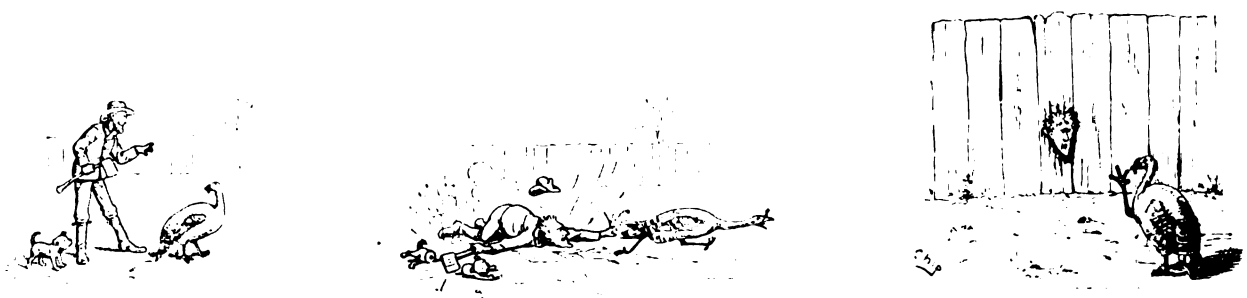
BY the way, Mr. Comstock, would you not do well to investigate Harper's caricatures of the Tweed Ring? They were exceedingly Nast-y.

RESTRICT IMMIGRATION.

THE Rev. E. Walpole Warren should take Anthony Comstock and go to some oasis in the Desert of Sahara. He sees the same objections to dancing that Anthony sees in works of art.

Is it not time for the law to take cognizance of the sin of suggestion, so as to get these two worthies into the toils? Men whose trade it is to go about suggesting impurity where it never could find place without their intervention are surely as vicious enemies to public decency as the vender of paintings wherein the pants and tailor-made garment are conspicuous by their absence.

Go home, Rev. E. Walpole Warren. You have no business here, anyhow; you were an assisted emigrant, Reverend and suggestive sir, and in coming here you made a law-breaker of your whole congregation. Go home and make room for some poor devil of an Italian, who, while he may be more or less of a bandit, and fitted for nothing but work on the subway, is, nevertheless, nothing of a hypocrite, and has a mind which never reverts to unholy thoughts when he sees a young man and young woman tripping the light fantastic toe.



THE TURKEY WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN CHRISTMAS.

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WISDOM LET LOOSE.

WHAT THEY THINK OF THE MESSAGE.

WITH its accustomed enterprise, LIFE dispatched one reporter and a fox terrier to interview the prominent citizens of this country on the subject of the President's Message as soon as Mr. Cleveland had given it to the public.

The results are briefly as follows:

Mr. Blaine, who was first seen in Paris, remarked that the President was all wrong. He differed radically with his views concerning tobacco, whiskey and clothing. Tobacco should not be taxed because it suffered greatly from consumption and was unable to stand too great a strain. Besides, tobacco was a necessity to the hard-worked miner in the coal country, whose vote Mr. Blaine hoped to get next time. Whiskey should be taxed. Whiskey—that is good whiskey—Mr. Blaine had learned from his drinking friends, was strong enough to support a large family of taxes, and besides this, if whiskey were free, one of the greatest standbys of the candidate for office would be practically destroyed as a persuasive measure, and Mr. Blaine was of the notion that candidates for office had rights as well as other people.

Regarding wool, Mr. Blaine contended that if Mr. Comstock could be eliminated or drowned the people might recognize the unalterable fact that clothing was a luxury. Adam and Eve did not have it and felt no need for it, and for his part Mr. Blaine believed in Republican simplicity from the word go. Again, Mr. Blaine contends if clothing were taxed to such an extent that a man like Berry Wall could not afford to wear nineteen pairs of trousers at once it would largely encourage the Typical-American industry. As it was, Mr. Blaine himself suffered in this respect by being forced to exert his brain to an undue extent, so that Mr. Wall should not drive him out of his own fireside column in the newspapers.

Mr. John Laurence Sullivan, of Boston, was found lunching with the Queen at Windsor. He was of the opinion that while the President's muscles were rather soft he would acknowledge that in the matter of the tariff, he could knock him, Sullivan, out in two-thirds of a round.

Palsy Fairchild expressed himself of the opinion that the Message showed that his curse had been somewhat delayed or overlooked by

BRILLIANT.

First Gilded Youth: THERE GOES THAT BROWN, WHO IS CONSTANTLY TAKEN FOR ME. WONDER WHAT'S THE REASON; HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME IN THE LEAST.

Second Ditto: NO, THAT'S SO, BUT THEN YOU MAY LOOK LIKE HIM, DON'T CHER KNOW.

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A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

Mrs. O'Toole having decided to start into business as a Receiver, interviews a second-hand dealer with a view to the purchase of an appropriate sign.

THE PURCHASE.

THE DISPLAY.

the authorities. He could not account for this, but was in hopes that if the palsy had not yet arrived at the White House, measles might set in before another message was sent forth.

Anthony Comstock believed that Mr. Cleveland should be indicted for setting forth so many bare facts.

Mr. Foraker, while he still regretted that Mrs. Cleveland should have seen fit to snub him at Philadelphia, believed that the President was trying to do what he conceived to be the right thing. He could not imagine why the President did not suggest the propriety of using the surplus up in fighting the Rebellion all over again, because Jefferson Davis uses a small silk American flag for a pocket-handkerchief.

Mr. Sunset Cox had but one criticism to make, which was that the Message was deficient in humor. A few jokes, like the absence of point to the war tacks, or an allusion to the unexpected pleasure of finding a surplus after the Republican party went out of the Treasury, or even a jest on the subject of coast defenses now that the toboggan chuting galleries were about to open, Mr. Cox thought, would have enlivened the even tenor of the message's tedium.

Ex-Governor Butler admitted that the President did very well as far as he went, but the ex-Governor thought that the Presidency required a man who could look on both sides of a question at once, and that, until we had such a person in the White House, Presidential messages must be more or less one-sided. When asked who he thought possessed such peculiarities of vision, the General modestly avowed that he was so often misreported that he did not care to speak of himself.

Other opinions, of more or less importance, were expressed, but we think we have given a sufficient number above to demonstrate the significant fact that wherever in this broad land Mr. Cleveland's views have not been bitterly assailed they have met with cordial support. We do not think we prophecy too much when we say that if Mr. Cleveland secures a majority in the next electoral college he will succeed himself in the White House.

Carlyle Smith.

BETWEEN the deadly coal schooner on the high seas, and the Bowery beer schooner ashore, it looks as if our navy would be exterminated if prompt measures of defense are not taken.

SCRAPS.

IN Chicago, the rock-ribbed aristocracy traces itself back to the great fire; while the low, ~~middling~~ aristocracy loses itself in the twilight of the last blackberry season.

* * *

AN Illinois man who went fishing with Lincoln fifty years ago, threatens to sue the *Century Magazine* for not printing his picture.

* * *

THE wear and tear on contribution boxes is a very small item of church expense.

* * *

ACCORDING to an old superstition of the Mediæval Church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told. The reason that cocks crow so persistently in the early morning hours is because the morning papers are being set up.

THOUGHT IT STRANGE.

WHEN Chumpley heard the result of the recent election in France, he said he couldn't see why in thunder they chose Sadi-Carnot when they had Sadi Martinot right there in Paris.

"WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY HORSE, DEACON?"

"WHY YOU'VE ONLY GOT THE FRAME UP, JOHN; WHEN HE'S DONE I'LL LOOK AT HIM."

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MASCULINE MORALITY.

IN a certain large family, a tax has been established on bad words, and not unnecessarily, as this recent conversation therein demonstrates:

TOMMY (*aged five, exclaiming while trying to tie his woolly dog's head on*): O Lordy!

JIMMY (*aged ten*): Now, why do you do that, Tommy? Don't you know it costs you money? You'll have to pay for it.

TOMMY (*with a complacent sense of manly honor*): Well, d–n it, don't I always pay?

They think they will have to try another plan for the purification of the family vocabulary.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHICAGO WINS.

OMAHA BOY: That isn't the only house we've got! We've got two others.

CHICAGO BOY: Pooh! We've got six houses besides the one we live in.

"Well, we've got two horses, too."

"We've got three, so there now!"

"I've got eight sisters. What do you think of that?"

"Well, I ain't got so many sisters; but I've got five papas."—*Ex.*

"DO you believe in luck, my good man?" asked a superstitious old lady of a tramp.

"I can't say that I do, mum," replied the tramp, "because I have never had any."—*Judge.*

AFTER contemplating the fine growth of whisker on the face of Marie S. Carnot, we cannot understand why the proprietor of the bearded-lady show should have neglected to secure Marie, even if it had to be done at enormous expense.—*Ex.*

HOTEL WAITER: You are late for lunch, sir.

EMINENT PHYSICIAN: Yes, I had to finish my magazine article on "The Laws of Health," so as to get it into the next mail. What have you to-day?

"Hot rolls, clams, plum-pudding, apple dumplings, mince-pie and fruit cake."

"Bring 'em all."—*Omaha World.*

MISS PRIME: Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?

DOCTOR (*meditatively*): Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between twenty-nine and thirty. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her twenty-ninth and thirtieth birthday.—*Judge.*

"JOSEPH," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of references, "the bookkeeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at his books."

"Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two, you remember."

"Yes, I had duplicates made, in case of accident. And the other one?"

"Oh, sir, I took good care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."—*Boston Transcript.*

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EMINENT BIOLOGIST: A cross section of a rat's tail, madam.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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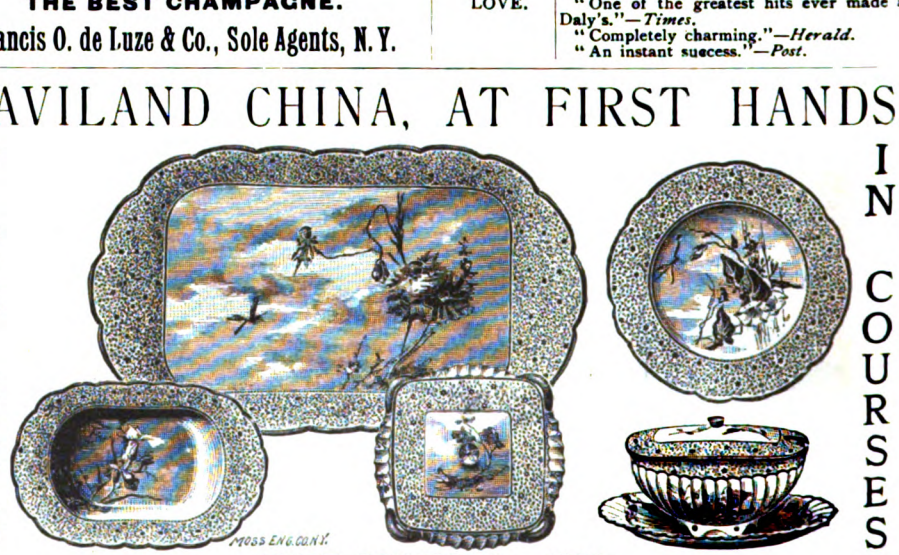

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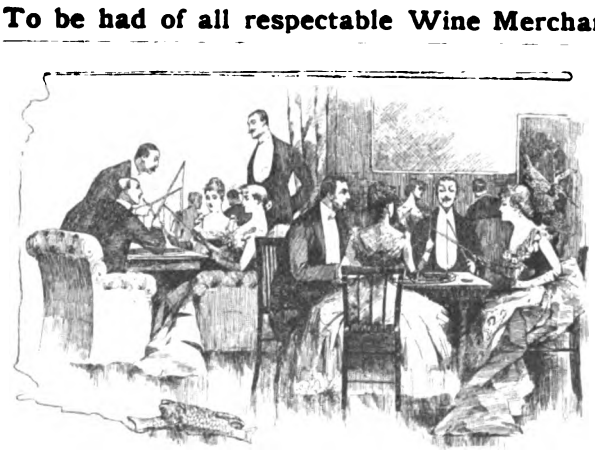

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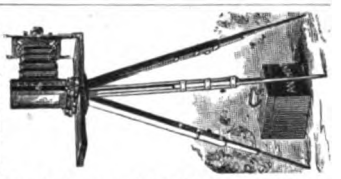

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"I SAY, Sprigstein, I don't hear you howling round so much now about Anarchy, Socialism, division of property, and all of them modern inventions. What's come over you? Didn't it pay?"

"Vell, you see, Shorty, the shircumstanshes vas schanged a leetle. My Onkle in Owstralia, he died lasht veek unt I shust get vord as he leefe me tree tousan' dollar. You don' peleefe I divite it mit deese fellers—schkarsely!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

"YOU remind me of my favorite dish," remarked the manager to the stupid Roman citizen.

"An' what's that?"

"Noodle supe."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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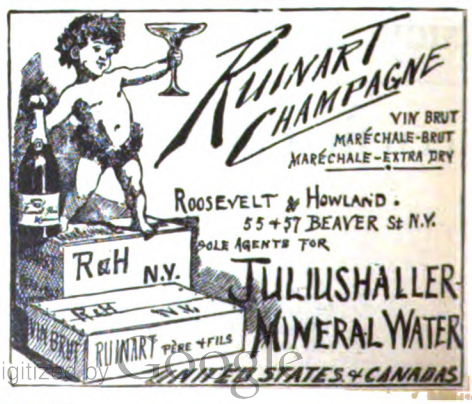

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VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1887.

NUMBER 261.

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

Life.

New Years Number.

1888

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A NEW BOOK

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS."

DIALECT BALLADS. By CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS. Illustrated by "Boz." Post 8vo, Extra Cloth, $1.00.

BEST humor, we are told, is not far removed from tears, and we realize the fact once more in noting the simple tenderness of these little lyrics.—*Philadelphia American.*

ABOUNDING in good-humor, in solid human nature, and unconsciously preach a morality of kindness, of self-sacrifice, and domestic devotion.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

LIKE the former volume, it is no more remarkable for the skillful handling of the Anglo-Teutonic dialect than for tender pathos and sound sense.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS and Other Poems aroused an interest that was as gratifying as it was deserved. The present volume more than redeems the promise of excellence given by the first.—*Boston Budget.*

ADAMS'S Dutch dialect verses are deliciously humorous, clean, and enjoyable. The illustrations by "Boz" are many and admirable.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

DELICATE and sympathetic pathos that touches and charms to the same extent that his mirthfulness diverts. His volume is thoroughly good.—*Boston Sunday Gazette.*

SUCH a volume is better for digestion after a hearty meal than any patent pills, however vouched for by a long line of dyspeptic preachers.—*Zion's Herald.* (Boston.)

DIALECT BALLADS is a book to be read, laughed over, and read again with equal pleasure. There is a wholesome, homelike flavor about many of the ballads which is delightful.—*Boston Sunday Times.*

I HOPE your genial and always welcome humor will long continue to delight the world to which you have already contributed so much enjoyment.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A GOOD deal of humor and of shrewd common-sense embodied in their whimsical rhymes. The new volume contains some of Mr. Adams's best work.—*Boston Courier.*

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS came into the hearts of men to stay, and the public will be glad to have more of him.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

EVEN the pictures seem to be speaking and laughing in dialect expressions. It is one of the books that will make a hit, and is full of fun for all.—*Ohio State Journal.*

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS actually created a new character in literature, a type true to nature, and full of fresh and original humor.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

THESE verses are genuinely humorous and have a flavor quite their own. They are all in perfect keeping with the character of the assumed spokesman.—*Boston Journal.*

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The January Century

Has, among other notable contributions, a tr act "Patent Universally-Applicable Autom ally-Adjustable Language Drama," to use words of the author,

Mark Twain.

It is entitled "Meisterschaft." All langu students should certainly read it.

The veteran actor, John Gilbert, is the s ject of a discriminating article by J. Ra Towse, with six portraits, five in character Alexander.

Mr. Kennan's Series on Siberia is represe by a paper on "Russian Provincial Pris which shows the shameful existing system, describes the methods of communication tween prisoners, the knock alphabet, etc.

The Lincoln Life deals with the "Forma of the Cabinet."

Fiction is by Cable, Eggleston, Stockton, H. S. Edwards (author of "The Two R aways").

Other contents include two illustrated pa on the West and Western Life, a criticism John Ruskin, by W. J. Stillman, The Ro Catacombs, by Professor Schaff, poems, miscellanies.

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VOLUME X.
No. 261.

· LIFE ·

DECEMBER 29TH,
1887.

POSSIBLY.

He: HANDSOME WOMAN, THAT MAJOR BOLD'S WIFE; BUT WHY *will* SHE WEAR SUCH LOUD GOWNS?

She: OUT OF CONSIDERATION TO THE MAJOR, I FANCY; HE IS SO SHOCKINGLY DEAF, DON'T YOU KNOW.

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

VOL. X. DECEMBER 29, 1887. No. 261.

28 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

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

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

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

WELL, dearly beloved, what did you get in your stocking? A brick, maybe! Better there than in your hat. If either extremity of the wardrobe must be stretched to make high holiday, let it be the stocking.

Christmas being safely past, let us gird ourselves for New Year's. There are no New Year stockings to hang up, but there are resolutions to be made, and this, ours—to lead out a sprightlier and more humane LIFE this year than ever.

There is lots of work ahead in the coming twelvemonth, and LIFE intends to do its share, which will largely consist of righteous endeavors to keep other workers up to their duty. If its efforts are successful, two things will transpire early in the year. One will be a revision of the tariff, and another will be a copyright law which shall enable the deserving American author to reap in English fields as well as at home. Other labors, later in the year, will concern the tenancy of the White House. There is no question in our mind who will be LIFE'S candidate for the new lease, or that he will get it; but sufficient to the day of nomination are the candidates, and sufficient unto the White House at present is its present occupant.

* * *

DID any one miss Santa Claus this year? A movement to shut him out was reported, and it was even said to have the support of a famous divine, who has a big, brown church on Fifth Avenue. But of course the movement failed. Kriss Kringle is one of the immortals. Tony Comstock himself could not suppress him. He came just as usual, and left the children with full arms, and the adults with empty pockets. In his great feat of transferring emoluments, he outdoes the very boodle aldermen. But it is vain to try to indict him. He has the support of a powerful class of the community who are able to corrupt any jury that could be gathered to try him.

THE foreign correspondents are trying to make out that a big fight is brewing in Europe, and will break out in the spring. For our part, we don't believe it, and never will believe again in any war of any consequence in Europe, until somebody is hurt.

Was it not Jem Mace and Joe Coburn (the sporting editor has gone skating) who had such tremendous reputations as fighters that when a mill was arranged between them they faced each other for hours, but neither dared strike a blow? Is not that the situation across the water? Kings and emperors and czars give the war-signals over there, and the last emperor who did it and brought on a great fight was a private citizen before the guns ceased firing. The stakes are so big that none of our fellow-monarchs dare play. Besides, there is a contest of endurance between the great powers of Europe all the time, to see which will break down first in training. They can enjoy most of the disadvantages of red-handed conflict without so much as striking a match, so why come to blows?

If the correspondents are agreeable, LIFE will hesitate a little longer about laying in any military pictures, and be satisfied with raising its peace-prophet's pay.

* * *

ANY gentle reader who must have war need not go to Europe for it. He can get it in quantities to suit the purchaser at the headquarters of the Nineteenth Century Club. Two eminent XIX. Centurions declare that to countenance anarchism is not an idiosyncracy of the harmless sort, and that they cannot conscientiously remain members of an organization whose architect and chief is addicted to that habit.

Mr. Courtland Palmer is an astute manager, but Judge Barrett and Mr. Carnegie have left him two pairs of capacious shoes to fill. Mere intelligent negation may be compared to a stubborn mule, about which a crowd may gather; but when the negation becomes affirmative, it is as though the mule's heels began to play, and the crowd is apt to scatter.

* * *

MR. KEELY admits that he has not done anything yet, and hopes to continue therein at a slight increase of pay. Still, the world has made some progress, for the King of the Dudes has got married, and that amounts to abdication.

* * *

HAPPY New Years to you, Dearly Beloved! Be always good this coming year, and have all the fun you consistently can. It is better to be glum than to be unrighteous, but better still to be neither.

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LOVE AT FIRST SOUND.

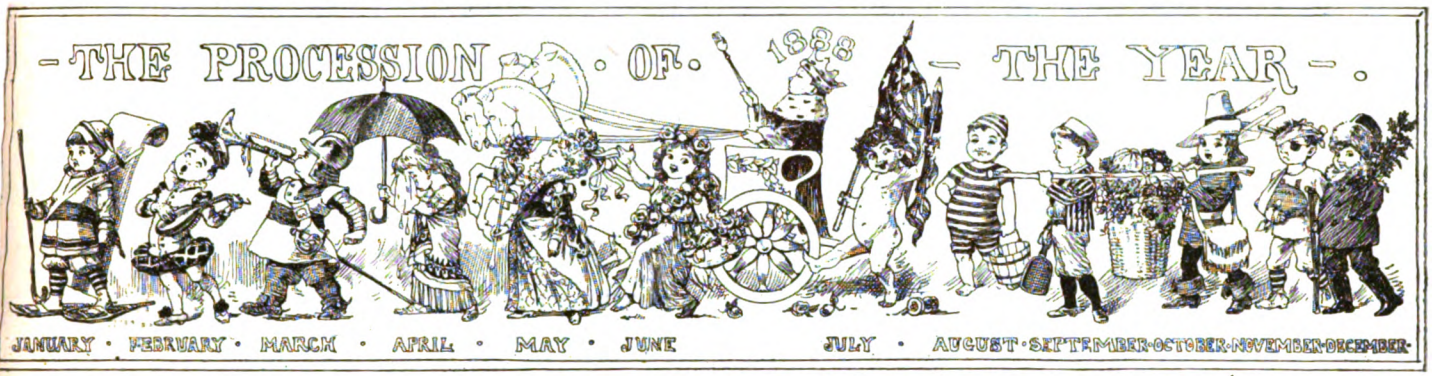
I CANNOT see your beauteous face—
Your sparkling eyes shine not for me;
Your form, your motions full of grace,
I do not know I cannot see.

Perchance you are another's wife—
Perchance engaged and lost to me;
Perchance you've lived a long, long life:
I do not know, I cannot see.

When every morn I greet you, dear,
You answer with a youthful glee;
You may be sad and worn with fear:
I do not know, I cannot see.

'Tis you I love, and you alone,
Whom ever you may chance to be;
The maiden at the telephone,
I do not know, I cannot see.

G. de Lisle Zimmermann.



COMPARATIVE STATISTICS.

A la Edward Atkinson.

THOSE who have seen Edward Atkinson's statistical diagrams in recent numbers of the *Century*, will be glad to learn that LIFE has just purchased fifteen tons of yard-wide leads, and now proposes to go into this business with its customary exactness.

To begin, the reader's attention is called to the comparative growth of our flirtation areas, and a glance will show just where life is worth living. (The timid reader need not feel alarmed; we have the following lines under perfect control, and none will be permitted to escape.)

14th Street, N. Y.
Duluth.
Staten Island.
Coney Island.
Barren Island.
Saratoga.
Grand Central Depot
Waukesha, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Mt. Desert.

The next comparison we approach with great diffidence, and only go on record after an exhaustive search of two seconds assures us that we are correct. We wish to show the relative amount of Queen Anne villas in this country as compared with those of other styles of architecture.

Queen Anne.
The Field.
Ethelred, the Unready.

And now, dear reader, having been thus far enlightened, we ask you to turn your attention to the next set of kindergarten statistics, which shows at a glance the relative abilities of our prominent statesmen to bivouac, picket and skirmish for the loan of a $5 bill.

Cleveland.
Blaine.
George.
B. Butler.
Rossa.
The Writer.

Wallace Peck.

Boston Girl (innocently): HAVE YOU "ROMANTIC LOVE AND PERSONAL BEAUTY?"

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RHYMES OF THE NEW YEAR.

Dates.

FULL soon our letters will bear the date
188(7)-8.

*

"'Tis more pleasant to give than to get," was once
By a worthy philosopher said,
Who never experienced the joy of the man
Who at Christmas comes out ahead.

*

Now, as the dainty cover of our Calendar we tear off,
Most of our wicked ways it behooveth us to swear off;
But one or two wild, vicious sins we must not yet repent,
For if we do, what will be left to give up during Lent?

*

Farewell to thee, old '87,
We'll see thee later—when we get to Heaven—
You've been a friendly sort of Annus,
And we're rather sorry to see thee knocked out by Janus.

* * *

THEY call the connubial tie a bow-knot in Chicago, because it pulls out so easily.

* * *

THE trouble with the large majority of our Tariff legislators seems to be that they are tinkers rather than thinkers.

NEW YEAR'S PUZZLE.

FIND ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

* * *

THE deeper our acquaintance with French history, the more firmly are we convinced that the Gaul is a most unreliable individual.

As a case in point, when the kings of France died, the populace would cry, "Le Roi est mort!" when everybody knew that the Roi was no more.

* * *

THE *Mail and Express*, alluding to a speech of Mr. Evarts's, remarked that it awaked enthusiasm in the Republican ranks.

This may be regarded as a tacit acknowledgment that enthusiasm has been asleep in the Republican ranks for some time. It was a pity to disturb his rest.

* * *

AS we go to press, there is considerable anxiety in the city as to the result of the Kilrain-Smith fight. The suspense at 2.32 this afternoon is maddening. We can but express the hope that by the time LIFE appears the papers will have made some mention of this event, so as to relieve the overwrought condition of the public mind.

THE Rev. W. F. Taylor, of New Jersey, while crossing the ferry a few days ago, saw a schooner scudding by under bare poles.

The reverend gentleman was so shocked at this indecent exhibition that he fell to the ground senseless. It was while in this condition that he made his historical remark on the pleasure he derived from looking at LIFE'S cover.

* * *

THERE is quite a flutter of excitement in Massachusetts over the arrival of leap year.

The surplus will proceed to take care of itself in the Commonwealth during 1888.

* * *

THE latest specimen of newspaper enterprise was given by an evening contemporary, which reported "The Humorous Incidents at Mrs. ——'s Funeral." We shall look carefully for an account of the "Ludicrous Aspect of a Recent Holocaust," or some such paragraph as "the pall-bearers placed the casket before the chancel [laughter] and the burial service was read by the Rev. Dr. Sniffles, at the conclusion of which the most uproarious hilarity prevailed."

* * *

CORRESPONDENT: The name is pronounced Com-stark, but he hasn't arrested himself yet on that account.

* * *

WOULD it not be a good thing if our New York papers swore off Nina Van Zandt-Spies and the deceased Anarchists at this gay and festive season?

The public's thirst for the gory details of these individuals' careers has been largely quenched.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that Mr. Comstock arrested Mr. Knoedler because he was informed that the picture-dealer pronounced his name Nude-ler.

* * *

WE are not an authority on the proper care of children, but we have no hesitation in saying to anxious enquirer that a solution of arsenic and prussic-acid will stop a baby's crying.

* * *

WE have it as reliable authority that Comstock always goes into another room to change his mind.

* * *

SINCE the organization of the Lth Congress the citizens of the District of Columbia are convinced that Washington is the Natural Gas Centre of the Universe.

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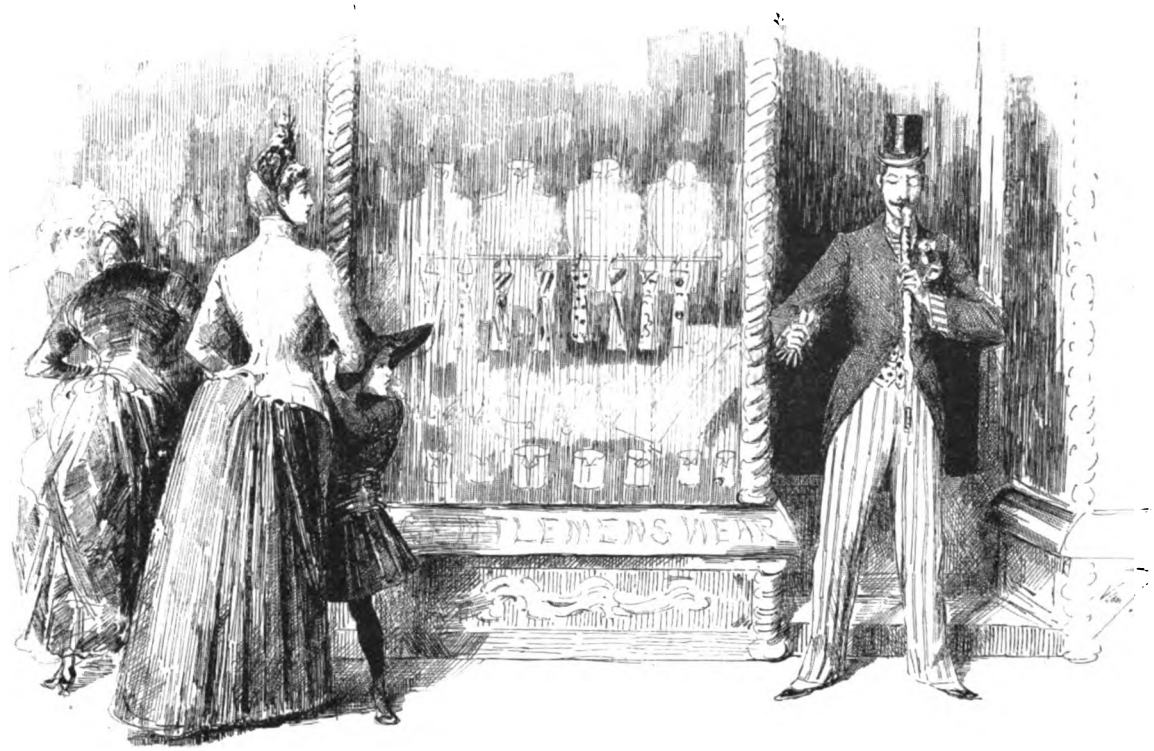


THE DIFFERENCE.

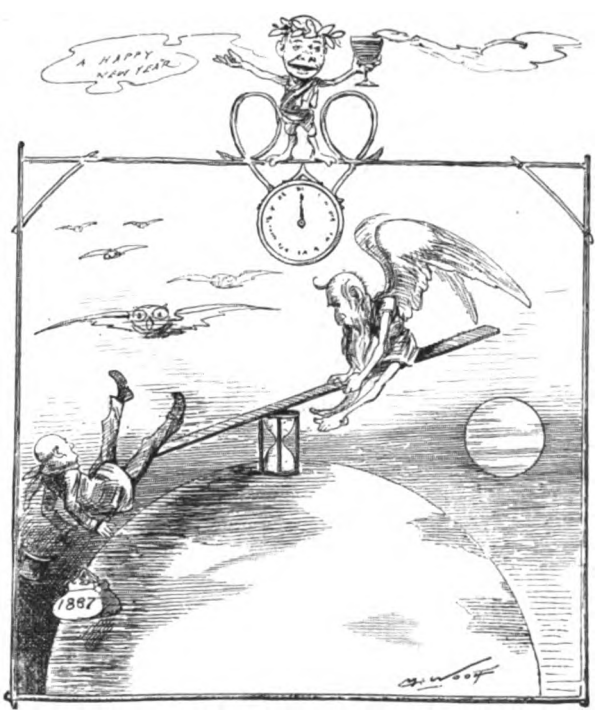
Little Girl: MAMMA, DID GOD MAKE HIM?
Mother: NO, MY CHILD. POOLE, OF LONDON, MADE HIM.

NEWARK'S BOGUS LORD

THE unkindest thing of all they say about the Newark victims is that their Bogus Aristocrat was a cad, and had very bad manners.

We do not think worse of people of consequence who are rude to others, provided that they are polite to us. In fact, don't we think rather better of them? We will even stand a little of their impudence ourselves if we have use for them and think we can bring them around. But after having suffered with such people to have them turn out of no consequence —ah, that is bitter!

IT is rumored about London that the Queen gave the Prince of Wales a piece of advice for Christmas.



AN AUTHORITY.

EX-MAYOR CARTER HARRISON, of Chicago, writes interesting letters from Japan to a Chicago newspaper, but expresses himself as shocked at the customs of the country. He says he fears the Japanese are the most immoral people in the world.

The ex-Mayor is high authority on such a subject, but it is suggested that possibly he owes a grudge to the Babylon of the West and is writing with a view to induce emigration from there to Tokio.

ANARCHIST MOST gets one year for making an incendiary speech, while an umbrella thief is sent up for five years. This shows that the courts intend to crush the actual foes of society before they begin on mere blatant theorists.

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SHREWD as the average New York bartender is, nearly any countryman can get a head of him.

A RECOMMENDATION.

LIFE has frequently wondered in what respect the ordinary Baptist differs from the hard-shell Baptist? Since reading the report of the Baptist conference, wherein a certain Reverend Taylor spoke *ex-cathedra* on the subject of nude lewdness and lewd nudeness, using LIFE'S cherubs as illustrating the depths of depravity to which man can descend, we see where the hardness enters into the Baptist's constitution.

We can only recommend our friends of this denomination to take such individuals as Taylor and dip them into the water-tank until their minds are sufficiently cleansed to make them worthy of their office—keep them under two or three days, if necessary, and good cannot but result to the Church and the communities wherein these individuals shine.

WHAT THEY FOUND IN THEIR SOCKS.

MR. CLEVELAND found a large hunk of taffy from his admirers, and a request from a New York publisher that he write a book to be called "The Presidential Ready Letter Writer; or, State Papers in Words of Ten Syllables."

Governor Foraker found a series of chromos depicting the historical events in which he recently played a prominent part. Special attention was given to the "Portrait of a Lady Snubbing a Governor," and the canvas representing "The First Lady of the Land Going to Lunch during a Grand Army Parade," is said to be the most stirring historical picture ever printed in this country.

Governor Hill found a hole in his sock, but as his Excellency is a bachelor he expressed no surprise.

Mr. Howells was overjoyed to find nothing in particular in his stocking.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett discovered a pair of I-glasses in his hose, and will soon be able to regard himself as his contemporaries regard him, which may serve to improve his opinion of Thackeray, Browning, and other rivals of his genius.

Some ill-bred person placed a copy of "It's English, You Know," in Mr. Lowell's stocking.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson found a note in the heel of his sock from a publisher of cheap books in New York, announcing that if he didn't brace up and write better, he, the publisher, wouldn't steal any more of his books.

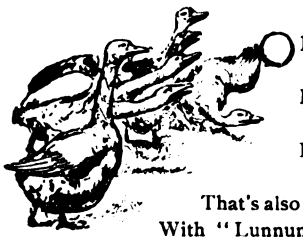
Senator Evarts found a petition, bulging the sides of his footgear, signed by ten members of the Senate, requesting him to commute his sentences.

Anthony Comstock is trying to discover the gross-minded person who put a toy bear in his stocking.

Rev. E. Walpole Warren found nothing in his sock, because it got rumored about that he considered socks immoral and would not hang one up to corrupt Santa Claus.

Mr. Jaehne, a prominent resident of Sing Sing, hung up his sock on Xmas eve; but Mr. Ferdinand Ward happened to pass that way, and the next morning Mr. Jaehne couldn't find it.

IMPORTED, YOU KNOW.



OH, why is the Anglo-American proud?—
His style is imported, you know.
But why is his manner insuff'rably loud?—
That's also imported, you know.
With "Lunnun-made" raiment he cuts a great dash;
For everything "Hinglish" he shells out his cash;
No matter the value, to him all is trash
That is not imported, you know.

His wines and cigars are the best to be had—
That's freshly imported, you know.
He makes it a point to adopt the latest "fad"
That has been imported, you know.
With a little round window stuck into his eye,
He ogles humanity as from on high,
An asinine figure to cut he doth try—
The notion's imported, you know.

It makes a plain yankee excessively tired,
To see things imported, you know;
Placed up on a pedestal to be admired,
Because they're imported, you know.
And this Anglomaniac with his odd ways,
Who spends time and wealth on some imported craze,
Assuredly should, for the rest of his days,
Be quickly *ex*ported, you know.

Frank B. Welch.

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BOOKS

NEW WAGGINGS OF OLD TALES.

THE charm of a book like "New Waggings of Old Tales" (Ticknor) is the intelligent good-humor, tipped with satire, which makes bright and entertaining every page of it. The reader is treated as every man of fair capacity wants to be—he is supposed to know a good hit when it is made, and to have had some acquaintance with contemporary books as well as with fairy tales. "Most editors underrate the intelligence of their audience," said one of the former; certainly most humorists do.

The prose of the book—for which J. K. Bangs must be held responsible—is clear, rapid, flexible—qualities which carry wit and satire gracefully. The happiest of his fancies is the interview between *Barclay Williams* and *Hop O' My Thumb* after the manner of "Silas Lapham." This is a satire in such genial good taste that the Eminent Realist himself may heartily enjoy it. To mingle an old fairy tale and a modern novel makes a grotesque and amusing combination; and there is a great deal more fun in it than mere burlesque.

The "Five Commissioners from the State of Michigan" who go on a journey to solve the riddle of "death or a postmastership," after the manner of Frank R. Stockton, are headed off with the tale of "Jack and the Beanstalk," and are quietly requested to guess the nature of the bean. Stevenson and Haggard are also humorously parodied.

* * *

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN treats the poets to a similar transformation. His skill in versifying is so well-known that excellent workmanship was to be anticipated. He has a light hand and a sprightly fancy. "Cinderella," in the metre of "Locksley Hall," is the best of his work, though the following from his variation of "Mary's Lamb" is clever enough:

Then all up the spine of the rafter
There ran a most risible shock,
And sorrow was sweetened with laughter
At this little lamb of the flock;
And out spoke the schoolmistress Yankee,
With rather a New Hampshire whine,
"Dear pupils, sing Moody and Sankey,
Hymn 'Ninety and Nine.'"

Swinburne, Browning and Tennyson are the three poets who are called on to recite.

The illustrations by Oliver Herford are full of fun, and add substantially to the entertaining qualities of a book which is not pretentious, but gives more than it promises.

* * *

IN Cassell's *Yule-Tide* and in a syndicate of American papers there has recently been published a Christmas story by Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled "The Misadventures of John Nicholson," which is certainly among the best stories written by that versatile man. The conception of it is most original, and is full of surprises at every turn. The reader follows *John Nicholson* from Edinburgh to California and back with intense interest, and, notwithstanding the gloom of the story, is amply satisfied by the sunshine at the end. The purpose of the story is as serious as that of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

NEW WAGGINGS OF OLD TALES. By Two Wags (Frank Dempster Sherman and John Kendrick Bangs). Illustrated by Oliver Herford. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Rondah; or, Thirty-three Years in a Star. By Florence Carpenter Dieudonné. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Roger Camerden. A Strange Story. By John Kendrick Bangs. Second Edition. New York: Geo. J. Coombes.

Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters. By John Bach McMaster. American Man of Letters Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Book of British Ballads. Edited by S. C. Hall. With illustrations. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Life of George Washington Studied Anew. By Edward Everett Hale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Story of Ireland. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. With additions by Mrs. Arthur Bronson. The Story of Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Essentials of Perspective. By L. W. Miller. With illustrations by the Author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE REAL

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'E ·

Y IN THE WEST.

CAN FOX-HUNT.

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DECEMBER, besides witnessing the knocking out of 1887, has had a hand in several other most interesting rows.

President Cleveland and the Surplus, James Russell Lowell and International Copyright, and Kilrain and Jem Smith have all indulged in more or less exciting rounds, but victory has not as yet perched on the banners of any of the contestants.

It is a pleasure to note that each has a foeman worthy of his steel, and we have cause for congratulation that the President has not tackled Kilrain and that Mr. Lowell has not been pitted against Smith, for had they been so arrayed we should be arranging for a state funeral and the champion of International Copyright would be forever translated to that other clime where neither Literature nor Interviewers exist.

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From Foreign Fields

THE CHUM KEEPS NEW YEAR'S DAY.

IT was the first day of the new year, and the Chum, who is a clinger to old institutions, as is shown by his regard for Kings, Queens, Emperors and Popes, made up his mind to keep it after the fashion of his forefathers, and make calls. The fact that this custom has fallen into innocuous desuetude in New York Society affected not the Chum in the slightest degree. He rises above all social rules, and even has the temerity to read the accepted journal of society with the cover on.

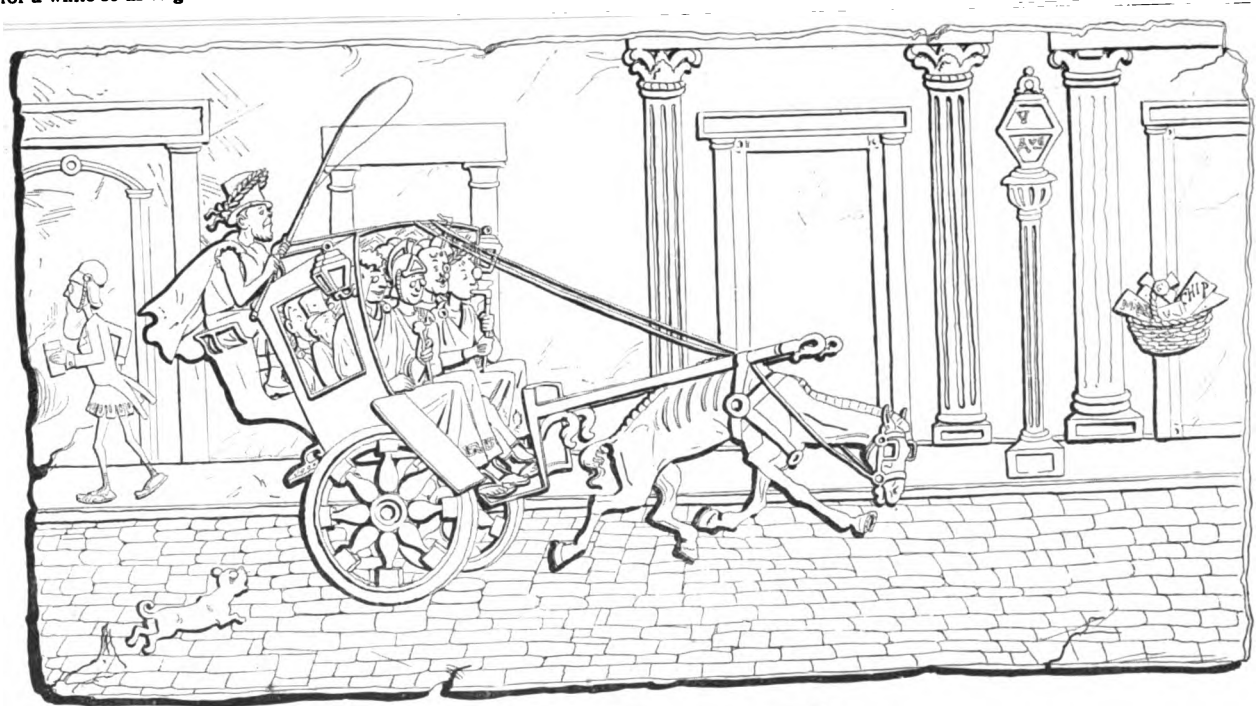
Of course the first call was made on Queen Victoria. This gracious lady spreads a very limited table on New Year's Day, and as the first to come are the first to be served, the Chum felt it quite necessary to be on hand early. The Queen was simply dressed in a pongee garment given her by Clam-Chowda, of Jumpaboord, while that dusky impotentate was in town for the Jubilee last season. She received the Chum with her usual graciousness, asking him if he was sure he had wiped his feet on the mat before entering the audience chamber.

The Chum assured Her Majesty that he had, and further added that he thought Her Majesty looked well, to which the gracious lady replied that she had heard that before and would be greatly pleased if the Chum would display some originality in his remarks. This the caller at once proceeded to do by calling the Queen's attention to the fact that the season for swearing off had come around again, intimating that he would be pleased to make a record of the particular pomp or vanity which Her Majesty had resolved to do without. The Prince of Wales, who sat at his mother's left, in token of the general frigidity of the atmosphere in his own immediate neighborhood, looked appealingly at his mother and suggested that she try swearing off the throne for a while so as to give the "old man a chance," to use his Royal Highness's own words. To this the Queen replied with a haughty smile, that she would continue to occupy England's front seat until the curtain rang down on the final scene, but she had resolved to swear off one pernicious habit. She had fully made up her mind to give up Jubilees—they were too costly. The Prince thanked his mother for giving him the hope of getting the crown before he reached the mature age of one hundred, burst into tears, and took the first train to London to lunch with John L. Sullivan.

The Chum called next upon Mr. Carnot, the newly elected President of the French Republic. This gentleman was found in conversation with a representative of the French Presidential Insurance Company, arranging terms for a policy on Mr. Carnot's term of office. The two men were much excited over the premium question. Mr. Carnot thought that 50 per cent. of his salary ought to pay for his policy, but the agent who seemed to be a close student of French History, believed that with the whole Presidential salary paid into the coffers of his concern, the company would assume enormous risks in insuring Mr. Carnot his office for six weeks. The matter was finally settled by Mr. Carnot's agreeing to pay 75 per cent. of his salary and to keep Boulanger out of his Cabinet if the company would guarantee him his office or its cash equivalent for Mr. Grevy's unexpired term.

When asked his intentions in the swearing off matter, Mr. Carnot stated that he had not considered the question fully, but he thought that with the Comte de Paris manifestoing in the West, Plon-Plon dittoing in the South, and Victor prancing along the Northern frontier, it would be well for France to swear off monkeying with Bismarck and whistling up war-clouds.

The King of Spain gave the Chum a hearty "goo-goo" of welcome and avowed that petticoats were the bright particular vanity he intended to get along without this year. After giving an exhibition Spanish walk, in which the Queen Dowager materially assisted him,



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ATHENS.

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THE VERY LATEST.

SCRAPS.

AFTER a recent French duel one of the participants was bitten by a dog on his way home.

* * *

IT requires a clever surgeon to dress wounded vanity.

* * *

ONLY matrimonial matches are made at the Sulphur Springs of Virginia.

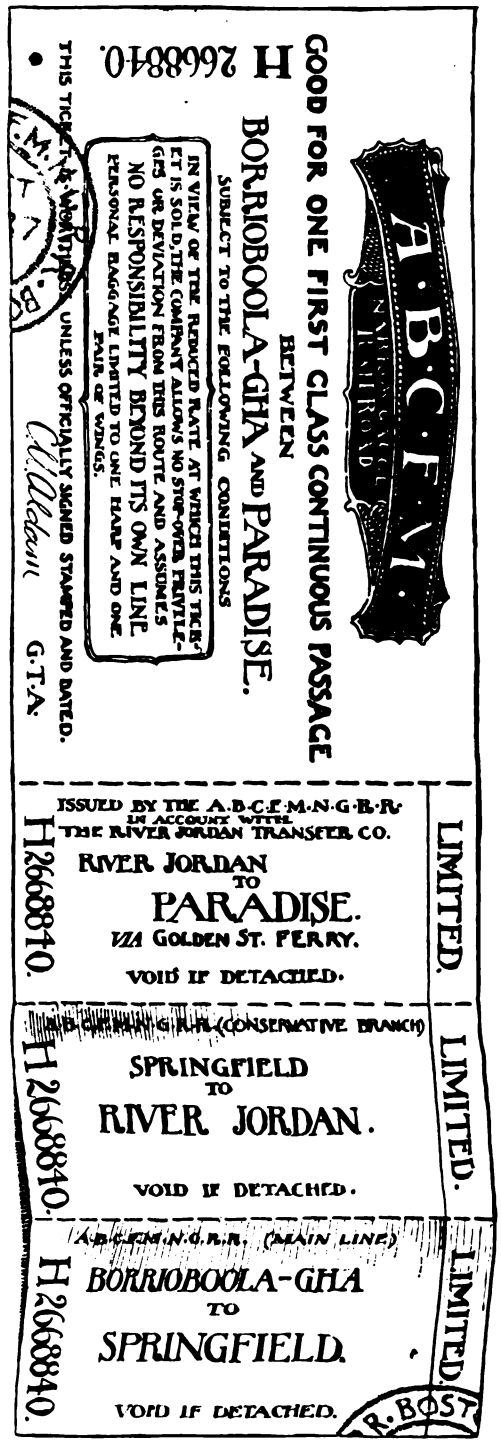
* * *

DIVORCE seeking women do not trust in Providence, else why do they locate at Newport?

* * *

FOR obvious reasons a bookseller should not be much of a bookkeeper.

THE NEW THROUGH TICKET.



the King intimated his royal disposition to dispense with the Chum for the time being, and that individual retired to the Quirinal, where King Humbert was found swearing off monasteries and Catholic intervention in temporal affairs generally. The Pope, gaily clad in a red waterproof cloak, trimmed with beads and decorated with a hand-painted *resume* of biblical history on the back, welcomed the Chum at the Vatican. He told his visitor in confidence, that as Pope he could not swear off, on, or in any other way, but he had resolved to secure a dispensation whereby he might dispense with Dr. McGlynn, King Humbert, Justin D. Fulton, and the County of Connemara, which was six months in arrears with its Peter's Pence.

The Czar was found in an unhappy frame of mind. He had been blown up twice on New Year's morning—once by the Nihilists and once by his wife—and he was superstitious enough to believe that if he began the year this way he would keep it up to the very end. He evinced a willingness to swear off dynamite and bomb-proof clothing, if affairs of state permitted, but he gloomily admitted that the outlook therefore was not exactly roseate as to its hue.

The day's work was finished with calls on Bismarck and the Sultan, who were not in, however, when the Chum arrived. The former was off on a hunt for Frenchmen on German territory, while the Sultan had taken an early train over to Smyrna, it is supposed, to propose marriage to a young ladies' boarding-school in that vicinity.

From this the Chum infers that Bismarck and the Sultan do not intend swearing off for 1888.

Carlyle Smith.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

MR. D. GOURMAND, who has been suffering from dyspepsia the last fifteen years, died this morning, making jocular remarks as he passed away.—*Exchange.*

Shades of Carlyle! this is a most remarkable tale. How a dyspeptic man comes to die jesting, we fail to comprehend.

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POLITICS IN PARIS.

FIRST CITIZEN: Good day, mister, the baker; how do you carry yourself?

SECOND CITIZEN: Very well, my dear friend; have you on the street been walking?

"I have on the street been walking, and all the world of De Browne and De Smythe are talking."

"I De Browne like, and I De Smythe dislike. What say all the world?"

"All the world say, 'Scat De Browne and vive la De Smythe!"

"Voila! 'Scat De Browne, and vive la De Smythe,' say I. Sacr-r-r! Let's hang De Browne!"

ROBINSON: That's a fine dog you have, Dumley. Do you want to sell him?

DUMLEY: I'll sell him for $50.

ROBINSON: Is he intelligent?

DUMLEY (*with emphasis*): Intelligent? Why, that dog knows as much as I do.

ROBINSON: You don't say so! Well, I'll give you twenty-five cents for him, Dumley.—*New York Sun.*

FRENCH BLUSTER.

FRANCE: You'd better not tread on my tail!

GERMANY: Why, I am treading on it.

FRANCE: Ah! I mean with both feet.—*Tid-Bits.*

OLD LADY (*sharply, to boy in drug store*): I've been waitin' for some time to be waited on, boy.

BOY (*meekly*): Yes'um; wot kin I do fer you?

OLD LADY: I want a two-cent stamp.

BOY (*anxious to please*): Yes'um. Will you have it licked?—*New York Sun.*

EASILY PLEASED.

SHE (*just through playing*): I fear, Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment.

HE (*assuringly*): Oh, indeed! I do enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the line of music, you know.—*Judge.*

SHE (*to George, who is taking her out for a ride, and whose horse has balked*): Don't be annoyed, George; have patience, and he will move on presently.

HE: Patience, my dear! Why I am paying for this measly animal by the hour.—*New York Sun.*

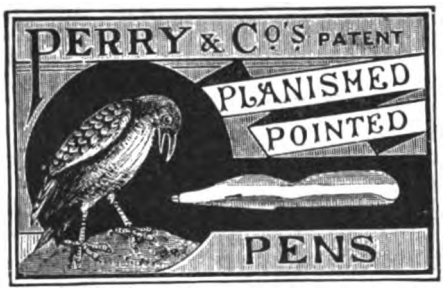
A VENERABLE New Yorker recently advertised, asking any one who wished to go to Europe under pleasant auspices to apply to him, and giving his address. This advertisement was seen late one night by a young man who had been dining freely. He cogitated awhile and then told the club porter to call a cab, into which porter and cabby hoisted him. He told the man to drive to the address given in the advertisement. Arrived there he was assisted to the sidewalk, and with much dignity ordered the cabby to practice on the knocker of the old-fashioned residence. The advertiser stuck his venerable head out of the window, and howled: "What do you mean by waking me up at this hour?"

"Come t' ansher 'vertishment."

"Well, sir, what have you to say?"

"That's orri. I've come to shay: *Verry shorry, but I can't go with you. Goo'ni.*"—*Calcutta Times*

EVERY ONE SHOULD TRY



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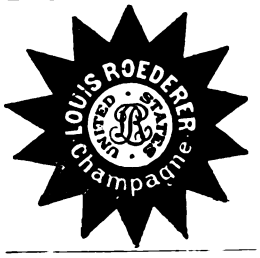

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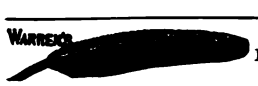

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AN exchange informs us that the new President of France is called Sadi-Carnot to distinguish him from his father. It appears, therefore, that those persons who had supposed that he was so-called because it is his name have been led far astray.—*Boston Transcript.*

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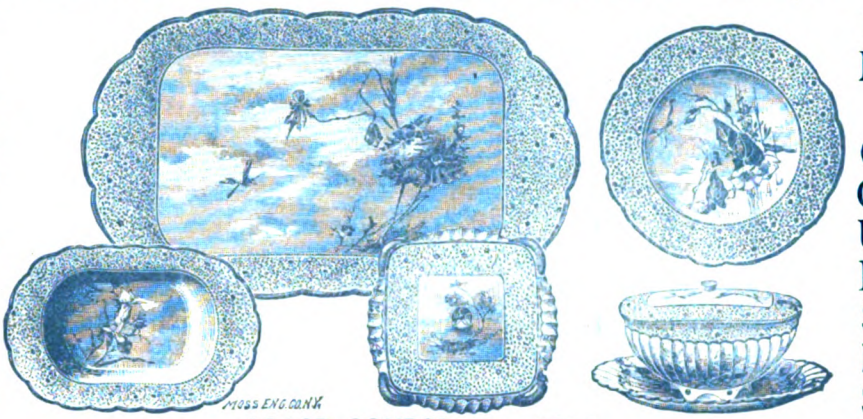

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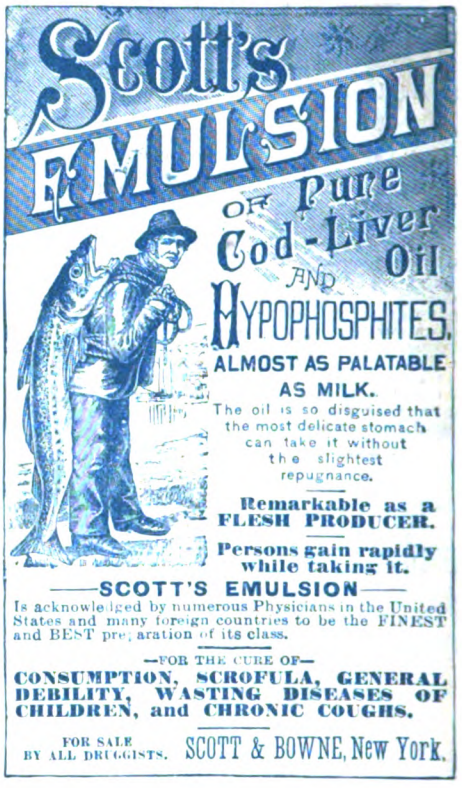

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