



Suck

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THE WHITEWASH IS TOO THIN.

THE REPUBLICANS IN MASSACHUSETTS MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO COVER THEIR INIQUITY.

PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

☞ We cannot undertake to return Rejected Com-
 ☞ munications. We cannot undertake to send
 ☞ postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We
 ☞ cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps
 ☞ or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake
 ☞ to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty
 ☞ times more.

JUST OUT:
PUCK ON WHEELS

Price 25 Cents.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Maybe we have heard enough about the Tewksbury investigation, and maybe we haven't. Why is it that such inquiries are always so unsatisfactory? There is generally a majority report, which says that everything is so lovely that it couldn't possibly be better. Then there is a minority report, which states that everything is so bad that by no possible means could it be worse. In this case the latter style of report is inspired in the Tewksbury investigation by Governor Butler and those who believe in him—the former is the work of those who have the same affection for Ben as the Devil is said to cherish for holy water.

Why should this be so? Facts cannot be controverted by the mere report of the larger section of a committee, and yet this is what is sought to be done with a whitewashing brush applied by the delicate hands of Massachusetts Republicans. But it won't do. The whitewash is too thin. It seems to have consistency enough when looked at in the bucket; but it has no more effect than if so much water had been thrown over the tablet on which is indelibly graven the truth about Tewksbury. Truth about Tewksbury has a flowing alliterative sound, perhaps because there is such an unusual amount of truth about the Tewksbury as known to the public.

ANOTHER "MODERN INSTANCE."



THIS AJAX, WHO THOUGHT THAT IN THE SECURITY OF HIS ROCK HE COULD DEFY THE LIGHTNING, GOT STRUCK IN THE POCKET—HIS ONLY VITAL PART.

Millions of people in the United States only know of it in connection with an almshouse. And what an almshouse! An establishment that would put a well-regulated sewer to the blush, to say nothing of a neglected pig-sty. It is not so much the tanning of human skin and other cheerful little arrangements that came out in the evidence, but the utterly heartless and shameful treatment of the poor wretches who had to make it their home. General Butler, as an enthusiastic advocate, may have overstated his case in order to make his point. His methods may not have been strictly those that are looked for in a Governor, but we don't think that the Tewksbury investigation will injure his reputation in any way.

When the feudal system was making things pleasant for those who had wealth and power, there existed a custom which entitled a workingman who thought himself aggrieved by a noble to issue a challenge to single combat. As, however, the challenger was only allowed to use as weapons the tools of his trade, and the challenged rejoiced in defensive armor and the best offensive weapons, the injured party seldom, if ever, obtained any other satisfaction than a speedy death and a quick exit from the troubles of this world. The nobles naturally looked upon these little affairs very much in the same way that our E. C. the London *Punch's* great hulking miner accepted the ineffective assaults of his diminutive wife, when he remarked: "It pleases she and doesn't hurt me."

Monopoly in this country is in very much the same position as were the feudal nobles. Their weapons are their wealth, and their armor is their charters. Against these the tools of trade are almost as powerless as they were centuries ago. The rich can live on their accumulations, but the poor must have the price of

their daily labor or die. Occasionally monopolists are caught in a tight place by a combination of their employees; but this good fortune is only rarely obtained, and is even then generally bitterly paid for afterward, when the pressing need of the employee is passed, or when the combination that gained its point has either ceased to be properly organized, or has been neglected by those whom it benefitted. The natural remedy for the oppression of labor seems to lie in the co-operative system; but, singularly enough, this does not appear to thrive as well in this republican country as it does in monarchical England. How co-operative associations of workmen can be more effectively organized and managed is, we believe, the most important social problem of the day, and each passing hour demands more and more imperatively a solution.

PLEASE EXCUSE DELAY!

Much Esteemed Public and No Less Respected News-dealers:

We are very sorry for it; but we don't see how it can be helped. Our press-room is not made of rubber, and we have room for no more presses. And those we have are busy now, and will be busy all through August, printing

PUCK ON WHEELS,

which, by the way, is, as usual—but no matter—we are whispering elsewhere about

PUCK ON WHEELS.

But when we have finished printing

PUCK ON WHEELS,

we shall issue still another edition of

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

which seems to have settled down as the great permanent success of modern comic literature, excelled by none, and equaled only by Webster's Dictionary.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

EQUALITY.

A great deal has been said and written from time immemorial on the subject of equality, or rather pecuniary equality.

Communists and others who think it wrong that diligent toilers should enjoy the fruit of their toil, but that it should be taken from them and divided equally among a lot of worthless idlers, are the class that have been making all the impotent noise.

But we should not be opposed to this theory of universal happiness if the same system of equality could be exercised in other ways.

It does seem hard to imagine that while one man has millions locked up, another doesn't know where he is going to secure his next dollar; and that, while one man can pay fifty thousand dollars for a horse, another man with a clean record can't get bread.

But then suppose that all these poor laborers are in the best of health—which they generally are—and the capitalists have but one lung apiece from dissipation and fast living, and they should form in a body and go to the workingmen and say:

"Here we are, two thousand of us, all millionaires, with but a lung apiece, making in the aggregate two thousand lungs; and here you are, two thousand workingmen, with two lungs each, making, all told, four thousand lungs. As there are four thousand of us, there should be, as a matter of fact, eight thousand lungs, while in reality there are but six thousand. This, to make the thing equal, would average us one lung and a half each. Therefore you will kindly hand us over half a lung each."

What would the workingmen say? They would probably resort to the pernicious system of hurling bricks, and disturbing the peace generally, or denounce the delicate millionaires as a body of socialists, endeavoring to plunge the country into ruin and destroy all social harmony.

If all people could be made equal, it might be a grand thing for every one. David Davis would immediately lose his obesity, and it and kindred obesities would go into the general fund for the fattening of thin men; so that the man earning his living by sitting on a platform in all the glory of almost impossible thinness would straightway assume such avoirdupois as to be available as a coal-cart driver, for he could sit on the cart while the coal was being weighed, and save his employers lots of money.

Besides, every one would enjoy the same health. Bald-headed men would immediately secure a portion of the hair of Western scouts, Indian herb-doctors, sentimental poets and wearers of long hair, and be less bald than before.

People would, of course, think the same of, and have a similar regard for each other, and that would do away with divorce and jealousy.

Men would have an equal regard for one business and an equal disregard for others. These preferences would probably change from time to time. Consequently all men would commence in the dry-goods business, and do nothing else. Then they would start in and practise medicine, and cover the world with mustard-plasters, and then suddenly depart from the path of medicine and go to opening clams. The Stock Exchange would close, and commerce stop, while all the world opened clams.

At this rate, the coroner would stand on a par with the banker, and, all things being equal, boarding-house chickens would be equally tender as they are now equally tough, while boarding-house hash would be as pure and undefiled as the Alpine snow-flake—if pure at all. A man would also have an equal regard for things. He would not adore lamb and detest mutton, and no matter what he found on the table on his return from business, he would be serene and happy.

All people being equal, they would, of course, be equally honest or dishonest. We should therefore have an honest or dishonest Congress right through, and there would be no doubts in the minds of the people concerning any of its members, as there are now. Bank cashiers would either stay at their posts all the time, or be perpetually absent searching for the North Pole. This would have a serious effect on banking, as its fate would depend entirely on the character and temperament of the cashiers.

All sermons and plays would be equally bright and entertaining, and after attending a theatre or a church once you could decide on its merits forever after, and never lose more than the price of a single ticket. People would have equal appetites, and much money could be saved in running a house. Small boys would require precisely the same length of time to wear their clothes out, and they would all be equally susceptible to the malignant influence of the cholera-bullet, and they would therefore face it with no fears, but with a confidence born of truth.

Boys would have the same likes and dislikes. They would either spend their time tying cans to dogs, or they wouldn't annex the porringer to the canine under any consideration whatever. They would either run away from the school-teacher to escape a thrashing, or else they would be very fond of being thrashed, and would cut up pranks likely to bring about a realization of their dearest hopes, in the shape of a hammering.

Advertising rates in PUCK are altogether too high to justify the utilization of more space than is absolutely necessary for an argument to show the beauty of a system that is as long and boundless as it is impossible. Therefore we stop for refreshments.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

EVERY STAND
In the land

Soon will sport the apple green,
And the ladle
Lemonade 'll

Pour, and with a golden sheen.
And the urchin with a cent
Will be filled with sweet content.

NOW THE farmer makes a rug
Of the grass, and takes a slug
At the ancient switchel jug.

ANOTHER HOT WAVE.



SINGULAR HOW THE MERE PREDICTION OF A PAPER SHOULD BRING ONE ON!

Puckerings.

AN OLD ROUNDER—The Sun.

THE GAS FIXTURE—The Auctioneer.

OPEN LETTERS—U, V, W—oh, go on and find the rest of them yourself!

OH, HOW shall we ever get at you,
Bartholdi's beautiful statue?

"WHAT'S IN a name?" Shakspeare asks. Not very much, unless it be in the name of PUCK ON WHEELS, which is now to be purchased everywhere for the humiliatingly low sum of twenty-five cents.

ACCORDING TO the *New York Times*, there is a parasite that attacks the brains of house-flies and drives them into lunacy and death. What we want now is a parasite that will paralyze a mosquito just as he is about to begin his phlebotomizing circus.

IT IS SAID that John L. Sullivan has been spoken of in Boston as the proper man to be appointed to the position of Street Commissioner; and a correspondent, having heard the report, writes to say that he thinks the redoubtable John would make a better pound-master.

THE *New Amsterdam Gazette* is a monthly journal to be "devoted to the history and customs of the founders of New York." The history and customs of the founders of New York can readily be learned by consulting the present stage-drivers, street-sweepers and peanut-venders.

WHAT WITH violent storms and tornados, Nature has been completely off her base this summer. She evidently yearned for something to quiet her nerves and make her happy. What was it? Can't you guess? Why, PUCK ON WHEELS, of course. Now there will be fine weather for the rest of the season.

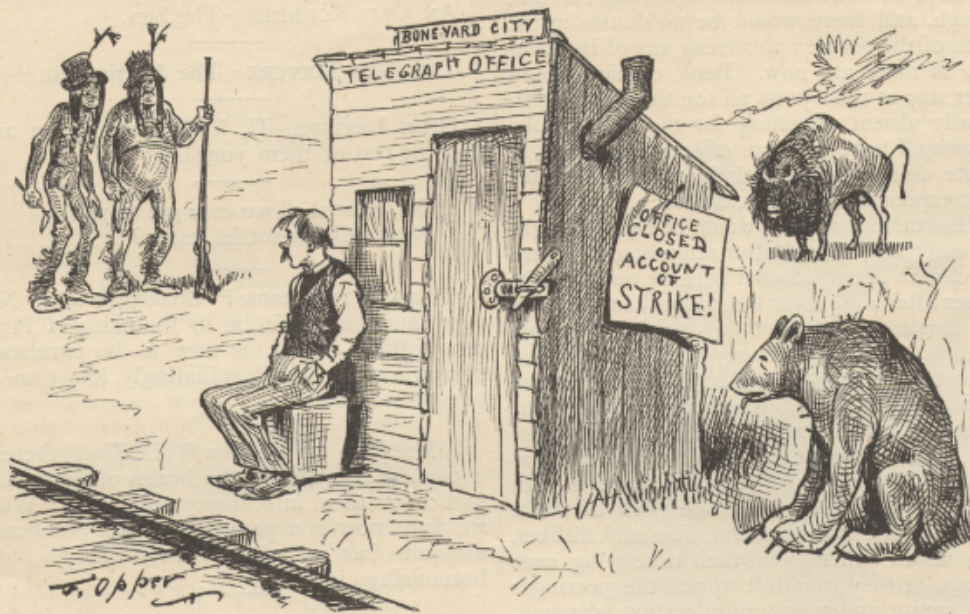
AND NOW when a man is absent from business, and goes into a barber-shop on his return, the barber wants to know if he had a good time and was at the sea-shore or in the mountains, and what he did and how he liked it, and fifty other things, before the victim can get a chance to answer that he was simply at his home back of Hoboken shaking with chills.

SOME BOYS recently tied a dish-pan to a dog's tail by a long rope, and the dog picked the pan up in his teeth and ran quietly down behind a barn, crawled under it, and went to sleep in the pan. The dog just opened his mouth and smiled way back to his hips when he saw the pan purloiner's mother come out and grab the young miscreant by the neck, and hammer him long and hard with the end of a picket that had several nails sticking through it.

Now, as the untuneful mosquito buzzes around, and the potato-bug sits down on his haunches and smacks his lips over the Paris green, and the blackberry-pie blossoms sweetly on every table, we wish to rise up on the scene of fragrance and golden repose long enough to remark to young ladies with gardens that this is the proper time of the year to cease pinching Japanese and Chinese chrysanthemums, and to pinch Pompones. It is also the time of the year that a lady will go out riding, and keep the cover of the wagon down, and almost break her arm holding a parasol up, just because the latter cost twenty-five dollars.

NEWS ABOUT A TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.



BONEYARD CITY, D. T.—Only one operator has quit work. We are transmitting all messages as usual, and experience no inconvenience whatever.

THOS. GUFF, *Sup't.*

BONEYARD CITY, D. T.—The operators have struck to a man. The enthusiasm is intense. Crowds of citizens surround the office and encourage us.

J. MUSSY, *Sec. Lightning Strikers' Union.*

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXXII.

THE STRIKE OF THE TELEGRAPHISTS.



Ya-as, again have I been consulted by wich men as to what is to be done to put a stop to the stwike of the aw fellaws and young women who send messages fwom place to place by the telegwaph wires and electwical instwuments.

It appe-ahs that a large majorwity of the operwatahs have wefused to work because, they assert, they do not get salarwies sufficient to enable them to live pwopery, and untl! the pwopwietahs of the telegwaphs consent to pay maw money.

I was urged verwy much to expwess my candid opinion on the subject, and, aftah-due considewation, I pwocceeded to do so.

"Gentlemen," I said: "fwom what I can undahstand, you appe-ah to deny the wight of these individuals to demand gwreatah emoluments faw their work?"

"Pwecisely," wplied one of the capitalists: "These cweachahs have no wight to interfere-ah with all business arwancements, and weject with scorn what we choose to pay them."

"Pardon me," I wespended: "although fwom my earliest infancy I have been accustomed to, and, I may aw say, have been bwought up with arwistocwatic and conservative surwoundings, I am always pwepared to admit that the working-classes have wights which are desewving of respect and considewation."

"Ya-as," said my fwient: "that is all verwy well; but we weally can't afford to pay them maw; the pwofits of the business will not permit it."

Then I put the question:

"Why don't you invest your capital in some othah enterpwises?"

"We couldn't do that, ye know. We've too much at stake."

"So have these poor telegwaphists," I continued: "They can't go into any othah business, because they have no money; but you can,

and therefore you ought to accede to their verwy moderwate demands."

"It positively is impossible, Mr. Fitznoodle," said thrwee or four of the capitalists in chorwus, shaking their heads gwawely.

"Then I fail to see the weason," I wplied: "for consultng me at all on the subject."

"We me-ahly wanted to he-ah what you had to say."

"Do you positively want my twue opinion?" I quewied.

"Ya-as, Mr. Fitznoodle, we do."

"Well, then," I said, clearwing my thwoat and lighting a fwesh cigah: "I considah you fellaws absolutly and entirwally in the wong. My man of business gives me to undahstand that the telegwaphic pwoperty which you hold is what is aw called 'watered'—horwibly watered. Waterwing, I am assured, is a peculi-ah method of inflating stock, by which it is made to appe-ah much maw valuable than it intwincially is. Faw instance, if an enterpwise yields forty per cent, such pwofits are too large to publish to the world; so the stock is made five times as large, which weduces the apparwent interest on the investment to eight per cent, maw or less, as the case may be. Am I wight?" I asked.

"Ya-as, quite wight."

"Then, if all you capitalists he-ah are getting forty per cent per annum on your orwiginal investment, don't you think you can afford to do with a little less and give the poor telegwaphists the benefit of it? Don't you aw think it somewhat gwweedy to take everwything and let them have nothing, especially as you carwy on your business solely by permission of the public? Your business, I am told, differs verwy much fwom a pwivate enterpwise in this wspect, where there need be no limits to pwofits. I twust I have made myself undahstood."

At this moment my b-b-boy entahed the woom, and the abashed capitalists withdwew fwom my pwesence.

WHEN THE day is bright,
It is not quite
Right
To wear a tie that 's white,
Therefore the clerklet might
Wear a black one in the day-time, or else
keep out of sight.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MUST GO.

[The kind of literature that our E. C. the Sun favors its readers with daily.]

A Bold Escape.

John Kafoozleum, who was serving a five-years' sentence for counterfeiting, took the opportunity, when no one was looking, of scaling the wall and escaping from Warble Warble Prison on Friday night. He had one more year to serve. Turn the rascals out. The Republican party must go!

A Serious Accident.

A little girl aged seven years, named Maria McBuckwheat, slipped on a banana-skin in Waukegan, Michigan, last Monday week, and crushed her toy-balloon. The Republican party must go!

Curious Railroad Disaster.

A remarkable occurrence on a train on the Panhandle Route occasioned much talk in Chicago. A passenger named Edward F. Conkling, unknown to the conductor, traveled all the way from Philadelphia to Milwaukee without having either to show or to surrender his ticket. Nevertheless the rascals must be turned out, and the Republican party must go!

Almost a Tragedy.

Two small boys who were bathing yesterday in a pond three feet in depth would undoubtedly have been drowned had the water been deep enough. The Republican party must go!

More Strikes.

Four hundred and fifty capitalists of New York have struck for an increase of income. They have been receiving a thousand dollars a week, and demand fifteen hundred. It is thought that their terms will have to be acceded to, as capitalists are scarce at the present moment, and there is plenty of work for them to do. Turn the rascals out. The Republican party must go!

A Fall from a Ladder.

McSawney Clan-na-Gael fell off the lowest round of a ladder, a distance of six inches, and fractured his boot-heel. He was carried in a state of complete sensibility to a neighboring boot-maker's store. There is no help for it; the Republican party must go!

Mr. John Van Smith.

Mr. John Van Smith is the best polo-player in Newport. Turn the rascals out. The Republican party must go!

Lord Randolph Churchill.

By the death of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill receives an addition to his income of twenty thousand dollars a year. Yet we say the Republican party must go!

Mr. Tilden.

It will be folly for the Democratic party to nominate Tilden for the Presidency. He never plays base-ball, never bets on horse-races, and cannot read the Rig Vedas at sight. Nor does he understand anything about practical telegraphy. Turn the rascals out. The Republican party must go!

The London Municipal Government Bill.

There is a rumor about that the real cause of the postponement of the London Municipal Government bill was the fact that Sir W. Harcourt was puzzled how to meet the circumstances that the present Corporation of the city hold large landed property and also dispense ecclesiastical patronage. The Republican party must go!

Terrific Storm.

A terrible tornado has annihilated everybody in Alaska, and caused a great scarcity of ice in that region. Turn the rascals out. The Republican party must go!

DIARIES OF THE DAY.

V.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S DIARY.

AUGUST.

August 1st.—He hasn't had a great deal to say, so far, but is polite and sweet enough. Mamie has not carried out her threat, and I don't think she will. He hoped mommer's health was perfectly restored. I simply remarked: "Oh, yes."

August 4th.—I am beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. My friend is so fearfully reticent. I know he doesn't like the food. Who can like it? I think the Chipmunk House table is the worst in the world. What a contrast with the delightfully cooked viands at Saratoga!

August 10th.—Perhaps I am wrong, and judged too hastily. He may be particular in his eating, but then in the enjoyment of my society he may forget such earthly things. I still feel far from easy. He has been talking to mommer all the morning on the piazza, and may ask her all about her terrible sickness. Has mommer sense and tact enough not to betray me?

August 17th.—Mamie is behaving very well indeed. She hasn't said a disagreeable word to him about me, and I think there may yet be a chance. He must mean something by staying so long. There can be no attraction but me.

August 23rd.—Some lovely fruit arrived this morning. The dear fellow sent it from New York. Delicious peaches and plums.

August 24th.—He is still very attentive, but shows no sign of proposing. I don't know what to do. Papa is coming up to-morrow. Perhaps his arrival may make him come to the point. I wonder if he is rich, and how he manages to remain so long away from Wall Street?

August 26th.—Popper is here; but Percy—for that is his darling name—is not more attentive. Always nice, always pleasant; but never profuse. He is a mystery. I am still nervous about papa. I fear he will blurt out something about the story I told concerning mommer's sickness; but he shows no sign of doing so yet. He is foolish if he spoils my prospects. And yet papa doesn't seem as cordial with him as I could wish. I wonder if anything can be the matter, and if it is only for me that dearest Percy remains at this eight-dollar-a-week place?

August 27th.—He has proposed. I am his. He leaves for New York to-night.

August 29th.—It is all out in the papers. He has left for Canada, and is a defaulter for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Ah me!

SO IT IS.

WE LOSE all thought of trouble,
And feel about sublime,
And all our fancies bubble
And blossom into rhyme,

While in a hammock swinging
Between two apple-trees,
With all around us winging
Gold butterflies and bees.

Ah, then it is provoking
To have the pet of pets
To whisper: "Just stop smoking
Those horrid cigarettes."

NOW THE enterprising fly
Camps upon the custard-pie.

OH!

Oh! for a dart of fire,
And oh! for a flaming sword,
To slay the New Jersey liar
When he offers his summer board.

Did you never think, O reader,
That when the barbarous granger
Er describes in the words of Ouida
What he never has seen, it 's strange?

Do you think it 's imagination,
And the love of his childhood's home,
That causes his invocation
To read like a Freshman's pome?
Do you think that his heart is tender
Under his "Tucky janc" ?
That he sees his home in splendor—
In the hues of a Claude Lorraine?

Well, he don't, *ad literatim*,
On his horrible plan intent,
He copies his *ad verbatim*
From the *Herald* supplement.

"Five minutes' walk to the landing,"
"Two, 'round by road, to the train,"
"Piazas and windows commanding
Unobscured views of the main;"
"Plenty of milk and of fruit, an'
Plenty of eggs and air"—
Changing address to "Newton,
Joshua Griggs, Montclair."

Oh, take you a weapon, stranger,
Oh, take you a Gatling-gun,
And gattle the Jersey granger
Till his Jersey race is run.

FUSH.

NOW THE maiden on the beachlet
Pets her poodle pup,
Now the urchin with the peachlet
Getteth doubled up,
As we all are well aware,
In Jersey and in Delaware.

NOW THE traveler appeals
Loudly for his PUCK ON WHEELS.
PUCK ON WHEELS is out, you see,
Now for 1883;
Of all news-dealers alive,
For a paltry twenty-five.

DIARIES OF THE DAY.

VI.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DIARY.

AUGUST.

August 1st.—Don't know, after all, why I should leave the yacht. It is quite true that Avonia Volcano is engaged to the Honorable Slapper Slapjack; but they are not yet married, and I don't see why I should retire from the field. I will wait to see how they get along. Every engagement does not culminate in a marriage. I will stay on the yacht until the cruise is over, and see how the cat jumps.

August 7th.—Slapjack is not so attentive as I expected to find him. I am trying to make Avonia awfully jealous by flirting with Olivia. I think I'm succeeding.

August 11th.—Oh! isn't Avonia mad because Slapper Slapjack has gone out fishing with a lot of the boys without asking her permission or making any excuse for his absence!

August 18th.—I guess if Slapjack really wants to marry Avonia Volcano, he made the greatest mistake of his life in going on that fishing excursion. She scarcely speaks to him, while she is particularly gracious to me. I did quite right in remaining.

August 21st.—To-morrow we are to get under way, and sail for Marblehead. Everything comes to those who wait. Now I shall have my revenge. Slapper Slapjack suffers frightfully from sea-sickness, while I am never affected in the least. I shall be able to read to Avonia, and carry wraps and little niceties up to her on deck, and Slapjack will be doing nothing but looking over the bulwarks of the yacht and contemplating the sea.

August 26th.—We had rather a rough passage, and Slapjack was much worse than I thought he'd be. So were the Volcano girls, especially Avonia. She kept her state-room all the time, and my sole amusement was smoking and playing euchre with Val Volcano.

August 29th.—We all went ashore to a reception at the Yacht Club Pavilion at Marblehead. I noticed, to my delight, that there is a complete breach between Slapjack and Avonia. Slapjack doesn't seem to care very much, and has taken up with Olivia. Avonia smiles on me all the time.

August 30th.—We are bound to Mount Desert, and Avonia has consented to be mine. Slapper Slapjack is not aboard. It turns out that he is not an Honorable after all, but the dearest of dead beats. Val Volcano showed me a telegram to that effect.

"NEVER PUT off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is a beautiful motto; but it doesn't fall like a gentle benediction on the heart of the little boy who is on his way to the dentist's to have an aching tooth extracted.

It is when a man has no money in his pocket that the bell of the ice-cream peddler rings loudest on the silent bosom of the night.

NOW THE dog does make a noise on Learning he has taken poison.

NOW
The city maiden runs to escape
the cow.

SHE HAD BEEN READING "PUNCH."



WHEN WE RETURN TO THE CITY, MR. LONG, LET US SEE MORE OF YOU.

A DEADLY GIFT.



HOW TO EXTERMINATE THE INDIANS IN A FRIENDLY MANNER.

PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF PATENT-INSIDES.

[These notices will be found thoroughly trustworthy, and may be safely used by any country weekly.]

Deacon Mudgett wore his light overcoat last Sunday.

The Court House roof sprung aleak last Wednesday.

Johnny Simpson celebrated his fourth birthday last week.

Milton Jackson's baby, Eloise Maria, swallowed a pin last week.

Miss Myra Johnson has gone to Kingston for recreation and health.

PUCK ON WHEELS, price twenty-five cents, of Max & Standish, Court Street.

The suburb known as Slab City has doubled its population since the last census.

Mr. Edward King has been engaged for one year to guard the wheel factory, nights.

Remember the excursion of the Horgan Baseball Club to Jones's Grove on the 23rd.

Mr. Geo. Sinclair, of Geneva, is pounding the anvil in H. P. Allen's blacksmith-shop.

Benton, the photographer, goes out into the country and takes groups at seventy-five cents a picture.

William Jason's row-boat leaks so badly that when William goes rowing he has to take some one along to bail out.

Mr. Carruthers, of Painesville, is canvassing our township with the book entitled: "Museum of Antiquity." He is having good success.

We understand that Mr. J. W. Stray intends going out of business for a time on account of throat trouble. He is Madison's reliable clothier, and we hope a vacation may improve his health.

Mrs. J. Myers and her son, L. Myers, and her daughter, Lulu Myers, and her son-in-law, Lon Grubb, and her grand-aunt, Mrs. Molly Steele, visited John R. Mugg, of Edgecomb, last week.

Ezra Miles was seen out shooting last Sunday in Painter's Woods. It will be remembered

that Ezra was a naughty little boy years ago, and we always predicted that he would come to a bad end.

Little Willie Williams, while playing on the asphalt sidewalk on Main Street, one hot day last week, got his feet fast in the walk, and couldn't have got out had it not been for Deacon Lowden, who came along and pulled Willie out. Willie was badly frightened.

The whistle of the kindling-wood factory frightened Widow Marley's horse yesterday, and he went through the village at full speed, and amused the men sitting on the Squonk House stoop. The widow knows how to handle the ribbons, and she is at home behind a horse.

Miss Minerva Miller's rendering of "Ade-laide," at the Mugby Methodist Church, last Tuesday evening, was the feature of the entertainment. We always predicted that Miss M. would make a name for herself, and her short stay at Saugerties, under the professional care of Silas Slocum, proves that we were right. It is stated that an entertainment will shortly be given to raise money to send her to Albany to finish her musical education.

WARNING.

We would like to holler a
Little holler a-
Bout Cholera.
You may bet a dollar a
Man is badly off with Cholera.
And we shall foller a
Mistaken course if we let Cholera
Come here. A sawdust doll or a
Tin soldier can't get Cholera,
But if you eat green apples and
lobster salad it is tolera-
Bly certain that you will
have to swaller a
Dose of the Sun's Cholera
Medicine.

JUST OUT:

PUCK ON WHEELS.

Price 25 Cents.

THE OFFICE-BOY'S DIARY.

MONDAY.—Got down to the office at 11 o'clock, and went in the side door. Met old Snooks and told him my aunt was dead, and that I must go off for three days to attend the funeral. Then I went out in the City Hall Park and played ball, and was chased by the policeman all around the Post-Office. In the afternoon went over to Hoboken to have a swim. Got my shirt "chawed" so that I had to get the knots out with my teeth.

TUESDAY.—Left the house as though to go to business, but branched off to the Harlem River and hired a row-boat. Rowed around for a long time and fell overboard. Got soaked and had to go ashore and dry myself on a hot rock. Got home at six, and spoke of my hard day's work, and the prospects of a raise. Went to bed early, but afterward sneaked out and went to the minstrels with the boys.

WEDNESDAY.—Went up to Fordham to go bullfrogging. Couldn't find any swamp, but discovered a circus. Attempted to steal under the tent, and succeeded. When the ring-master offered a prize to any one who would ride the trick-mule around the ring three times, made the attempt. Was thrown, and torn. Told my parents I got caught in the machinery, down at business, and came within an ace of being killed, and asked for money to go to a variety theatre. Got it.

THURSDAY.—Went down to business and gave a description of my dear aunt's funeral to my employers, and said that she was a very kind woman, and it would be a great while before I could forget her. Then I pocketed some postage-stamps, turned them into cash, and went out and bought a cocoanut-pie. Went back and said I was deathly sick, got away and went to Manhattan Beach for the afternoon. Got home at ten o'clock, and told my parents I had been obliged to work until nine, and that I was going to strike for a raise.

FRIDAY.—Got down late. Said the Elevated Railroad had been delayed. Was sent out for postage-stamps at 11 o'clock, and went down to the river and fished until 2. Caught eight flounders and a porgie. Got back, and was asked what kept me so long. Said the Post-Office was out of stamps, and had to wait on a line two blocks long while the Post-Office laid in a fresh supply. Tied the beer-can on the cat's tail, and chased her all around with the broom. Making a crack at her, missed the mark, and took old Snooks on the head and knocked him out. Told him it was an accident, and rubbed the dust off him, and said I would like to take my vacation on the 10th of August.

SATURDAY.—Bounced.

I GIVE MY SOUTHERN BOY A "POP."

I give my Southern boy a pop,
 By Northern mudsills made and sold.
 Who first did chance 'neath it to drop,
 Who first its bullet laid out cold
 I know not; but I hope to know
 That for no mean and hireling cop
 To guard some man from eating crow,
 I gave my Southern boy a pop.

Red-hot and rough the troubled flood
 In which its tempering work was done;
 As red, as hot, as rough of wood
 Be thou when'er thou draw'st this gun.
 For lawyer's claim, at sheriff's call,
 For doubting friend, when school-girls slop—
 That thou mayst act when stirs thy gall,
 I give my Southern boy a pop.

The eyes which marked its steely flash,
 The hands which held its rival mate,
 The young, the giddy and the brash
 Are rubbed from Honah's scoring-slate,
 And still the gleaming pop remains;
 So, when Death's fight with me shall stop,
 Remember, for the surgeon's gains,
 I gave my Southern boy a pop.

HARRY A. LEON.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

The down-trodden telegraphers, up to the date of writing, have not yet gained their point, although the American Rapid Company has practically agreed to the terms of its employees—that is to say, it has consented to treat them as men, and not as slaves.

The remarks of the various newspapers on this strike form very instructive reading. Those journals that have prided themselves on their advocacy of the rights of the laborer and mechanic against the tyranny of capitalists and monopolists have veered right around, and have called in question the right of the miserably underpaid telegraph operators to strike for living salaries, as if there could be the smallest doubt about the justice of their action.

Workmen have just as much right to combine to obtain the highest price for their labor as have capitalists to secure the highest return for their investments. A capitalist, if he is dissatisfied with his profits, instantly withdraws his money, if he can, and seeks other enterprises that seem more promising.

So far as we know, no one ever challenged his right to do this; but the moment the dollarless, hard-worked mechanic or laborer demands a fair return for his investment, there is a howl from the capitalists. This sort of thing might be expected in feudal Europe, where there is still much class distinction; but it is especially offensive in a country like this. The capitalists here, for the most part, began as common laborers themselves, and, by successful suction of other men's brains, and by a certain vulgar, pertinacious shrewdness and smartness, combined with good luck, have succeeded in accumulating large fortunes.

No right-minded man begrudges their success; none but the meanest of the mean covet their wealth. One would think that they would be but too glad to let their less fortunate employees participate in some slight degree in their gigantic profits. But they won't let them. The bigger the profits, the worse they pay the men through whom they make them. On they go, piling up their pelf, and taking every opportunity of cutting down the wages of the workmen. This telegraphers' strike is something more than a question of supply and demand, as in private enterprises. The Western Union Company carries on its business entirely by franchises from the public. Its gains are simply enormous. It did not go into telegraphy to oblige anybody but itself, and when it found it was making too much money, it had, in common decency, to make its profits appear smaller by watering its stock. But this act has not reduced its wealth one solitary cent. It has only reduced the wages of the hard-working employees.

Another Burns is wanted with a new and stronger version of "Man's Inhumanity to Man."

Why is it that a chicken will wander around, and never begin to scratch in dead earnest until she gets on the bed containing the most expensive flowers in the garden?

Now it is the hard-shell crab
 At the bather's feet doth grab.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. James E. Taylor's picture of "The Fleet Passing Vicksburg" has called forth high encomiums from General Sherman and Admiral Porter, who were present on the memorable occasion. The Admiral says in his letter: "Mr. Taylor seems to possess a great conception of such naval scenes. * * * I hope this will not be the last time Mr. Taylor will delineate naval scenes in the West." The picture is hung in the room of the General of the Army, War Department, Washington.

We have received from George C. Hitt & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., a neat little volume of verses by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled "The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and 'Leven More Poems, by Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone." The contents of this book, and the many poems that have appeared over the pseudonym of John C. Walker, and traveled from one end of the country to the other, are what have gained for Mr. Riley the name of the Hoosier Bret Harte. Mr. Riley is the champion of Hoosier dialect, and, although the contents of this book are humorous in the main, yet they are all characterized by genuine poetic feeling. We should like to reprint several poems from the book, but, to tell the truth, the hot weather makes us too lazy to copy them, and we think too much of the book to mutilate it with the editorial shears. All we have to say to George C. Hitt & Co. is that "The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and 'Leven More Poems" ought to be followed by the poems of John C. Walker.

"The Wheelman" for August is on deck, and we have skimmed its pages with the same joy that we experience when we feel in our vest-pocket what we imagine to be a trochee, but which, upon examination, turns out to be a ten-cent piece. We should like to say something of every article, but we haven't the space to indulge our fond desire. However, we can not refrain from quoting the dainty rondeau by Dudley C. Hasbrouck on page 346:

Her shady porch with one big chair,
 And she reclining idly there;
 While on the door-step at her feet
 I sit and watch her, Marguerite,
 The daisies' queen, bright-eyed and fair.

Our tricycles, a dusty pair,
 Stand in the drive neglected, where
 We left them for this cool retreat—
 Her shady porch.

The summer's soft, sweet-scented air
 With lazy kisses stirs her hair,
 And fans me on my lowly seat,
 As, looking up, her eyes I meet,
 And bless the fate that lets me share
 Her shady porch.

THE NEXT EDITION OF
PICKINGS FROM PUCK
 WILL APPEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

Answers for the Anxious.

YOUR manuscript PUCK can not treasure;
 But he 'll retain your stamps, with pleasure.

HASELTINE.—She is still on strike.

C. A. B.—Get into yourself and go home.

CONSTANT READER.—We could forgive a little inconstancy on your part. Treat us to a bit of infidelity.

J. J. J.—We are authorized to convey to you the thanks of our Assyrian pup, who greatly relished your poem.

A. C. Y.—We 'll be burnt and barbecued
 If the word is not called dude.

WIKOFF.—No, you can't rhyme "pastoral" and "castor-oil." That is, you can; but you've got to go somewhere else to do it.

PETER PENJUICE.—You may go away somewhere and corrode all by yourself. Your serenade is now around in Ann Street, unwept, unhonored and to remain forever unsung.

T. de W. S., Quaker Hill.—A man who writes a joke on onions is in a pretty bad way; but he who writes a joke on onions on both sides of the paper is on the high road to destruction.

FRANC.—No, dear stranger, you can't deceive us. You are no franc. You are a trade-dollar. A pewter trade-dollar. We will pass you, all the same. We will pass you into the waste-basket.

F. O. H., St. Paul.—'Tis a sweet and touching warble; but another man got in just ahead of you. The fact is, the poet in this age has got to rise up in the fresh previousness of the morning if he doesn't want to get crushed by competition.

ADOLPHUS SILKWORM.—You are more of a success as Silkworm than as Plato F. Moon, and, anyway, whether you are a success or not, we may congratulate you on having a good sound copper-fastened temper, which is more than laurels or bays or watered stock.

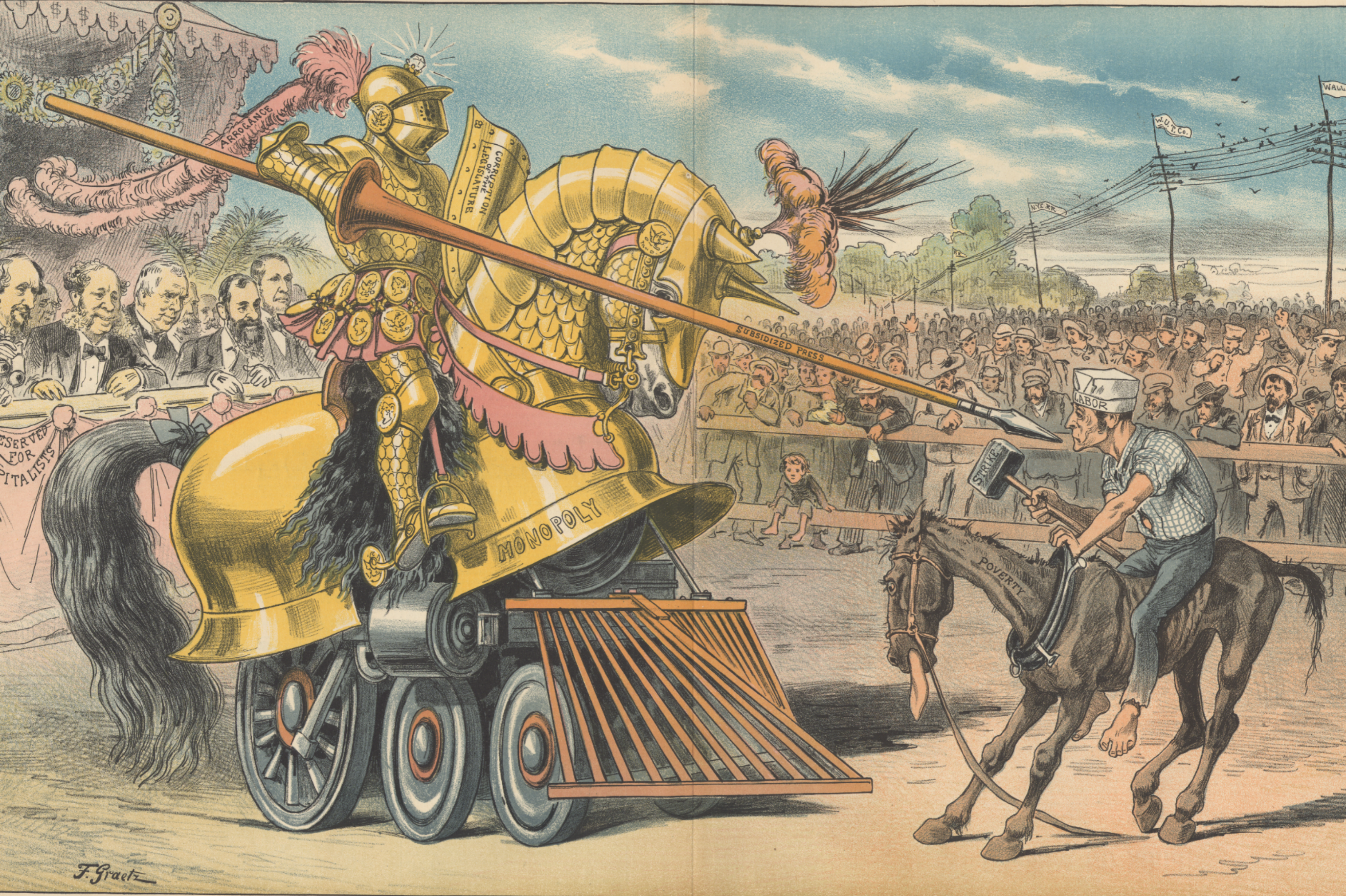
"PUCK ON WHEELS!
 PUCK ON WHEELS!"
 Now the train-boy loudly squeals.
 And the tourist fondly feels—

As he oughter—
 For a quarter;
 And with great delight he reels,
 And much laughter from him steals,
 While he kicks his toes and heels
 In the air; and merry peals
 Make Beauty's daughter
 Haul a quarter
 Out and purchase PUCK ON WHEELS,
 Which pretty maidens, dames and gents
 Joyfully purchase for twenty-five cents
 At each news-stand
 In the land.

HOW TO BEAT THE BUNCO STEERERS.



LET OUR COUNTRY VISITORS PROTECT THEMSELVES AS ABOVE.



THE TOURNAMENT OF TO-DAY.—A SET-TO BETWEEN LABOR AND MONOPOLY.

AN OLD QUESTION.

There's a little room under the roof.
What's its size? Why, I scarcely dare tell;
But the size of the room is no proof
That a fellow in comfort don't dwell.

There 's a shelf that is filled with the works
Of Thackeray, Dickens and Scott;
And a neat little closet where lurks
Something Scotch that is often served hot.

I've a pipe and a chair for a friend,
And a five-cent cigar for a foe;
And a dollar or so that I lend—
To a fellow I *thoroughly* know.

Notwithstanding the room it is small,
And the comforts are simple and few,
I think by the end of the Fall
I'll make it accommodate *two*.

So I pen you these lines, my dear PUCK,
And advice from your knowledge I seek,
And ask: Do you think I'll get stuck
If I mate on ten dollars a week? MAT.

A LITTLE LECTURE.

We have received a copy of a paper called the *Acta Columbiana*, which, it seems, is published by some of the students of Columbia College in this city. We have examined this publication with care, because it appeared strange to us that boys in college should print a paper for themselves. There are now many excellent journals in this country and in Europe, numbers of them quite good enough for freshmen, for sophomores and even for seniors in Columbia College. And when youths are sent to an institution of learning it is supposed that they are sent there to learn. It is not easy to understand that their parents and guardians send them there to edit little papers. So we have read the copy of the *Acta Columbiana* through, that we might find out why it is published at all.

Unless it is published for the sake of getting advertisements, we fail to see any reason for its existence. The advertisements are very good, and there are many of them—nearly nine pages and a half. The journal is handsomely printed, on heavy paper. It has fifteen editors.

The editor who announces that he is responsible for this particular issue is Mr. J. K. Bangs. This is the first time we have heard of Mr. Bangs; but if he is a close student and a well-conducted young man, there is reason to hope that he will make a name for himself in the future. But it is our duty to tell him that he is making a mistake in trying to edit a paper before he has served an apprenticeship to the profession, or business, or whatever you may please to call it, of journalism. If he is paying his own way through college, he is wasting his money; if his parents meet his expenses, he is wasting their money, when he spends his time in writing such things as this, which is addressed, apparently, to young men in other colleges, where papers like the *Acta Columbiana* are printed:

We cannot help singing joyfully, "Willies, we have missed you," and then it comes over us, like the violet-eyed maiden in the fashionable novel of the period, to put on as pretty a pout as our editorial lips will permit, and ask, "Hast thou not missed us, too, dearests?" And if you were only here, dear boys, answering impetuously, "Y-yes, d-darling, we hast," we would sink to rest on your lofty shirt-fronts with a sigh of contentment, happy in the thought that we wert thine forever, in the good old stereotyped way.

Now this is neither a wise way nor a witty way to write; but we are sorry to say that the rest of the young men who contribute to the columns of the *Acta Columbiana* affect pretty much the same style. There is one young gentleman who signs himself "T. Carlyle Smith," and who has an article based on the delicate conceit that he is in Hell, where he is supposed to meet a friend by the name of Keno, with whom he has the following conversation:

SYMPATHY, BUT NO CENTS.

A STRAIGHT HINT TO SYMPATHIZERS.



STRIKER:—"YES, I'M GETTING LOADS OF SYMPATHY; BUT, ALAS, THAT'S ALL I DO GET."

"Keno," said I, one morning: "I thought you were going to be a minister!"

"So I am, Tommie," he replied.

"What are you doing down here, then?" I asked.

"Well, you know, this place is what I'm to preach, and nothing can *docet* like *experientia*."

Still another youth whose assumed name is "Dingus" writes a very silly story with the very unmannerly title: "How He Had the Bulge on Prex"—"Prex" being the generic nickname of the college president.

There is some useful information concerning the college conveyed in the advertising columns; but in that part of the paper devoted to reading matter the statistics of membership and classification are meagre and ill presented. For instance, it is in very bad taste to state boastfully that

The '86 men indulged on Monday evening, June 4th, in their first real bat, and many of them had not yet recovered from their convivial experiences. As for the real sophomores, now sub-juniors, they, too, were under a cloud for a like reason.

If this is the truth, it is disgraceful. Nobody should get drunk; nobody, having got drunk, should be proud of it, and very young men should not drink intoxicating liquors at all.

We learn by the advertisement of the college that Dr. F. A. P. Barnard is its president, and

that in the various schools under his supervision students may study Greek, Latin, the higher mathematics, political science, common law, medicine, mining and civil engineering, analytical and applied chemistry, metallurgy, geology, palæontology, architecture, and "a large variety" of other things. We respectfully suggest to Dr. Barnard that he would do well to point out to the young men in his charge that among this "large variety" of studies they can surely find something to occupy their time more profitably than the publishing of a very childish imitation of a paper and the writing of slangy and silly articles. It may not please them to give up their amusement; but it will be better for them if they desire to grow up sensible and useful young men, as we hope they all do.

WHEN A MAN drops a dollar out of his pocket he doesn't make much of a time; but when he loses a collar-button worth five cents he goes on like a madman.

THERE IS NO hope for the young poet who has his picture taken with a pen in his hand, any more than there is for the man who is photographed playing on the cornet.

IT IS SAID that no negro has ever taken out a patent. It isn't because he lacks ingenuity. Oh, no! not at all. The negro waiter in a summer hotel who would file a caveat for pitching a bowl of soup before you and splashing your vest, or, at the distance of a yard, causing your knife, fork and spoon to jump a foot in the air, might soon make a fortune that the meanest, most selfish money-grubber or monopolist might envy.

JUST OUT:

PUCK ON WHEELS.

Price 25 Cents.

THE PRETTY BOX-MAKER.

Too far away, though very near,
She plies her dainty fingers.
The postman stops to look and leer;
The big policeman lingers.
They drop the mail; their beats they flee,
Like hounds on scent of foxes,
To see her smile. What's that to me?
I've seen her making boxes!

A strip of card, a bit of paste,
A label and a cover,
Of glue the smallest, slightest taste,
(Zounds! how the pot must love her!)
A twist, a twirl—ah, finished box,
How tenderly she rolled ye!
I'd smile at all the foreman's knocks,
Did but her arms enfold me!

Her boxes hold the sagar kiss,
(Than which her own are sweeter,)
The bonnet, (woman's chiefest bliss,)
The pill and the repeater;
They're filled with taffy and with tarts,
With many a lover's token,
And—yes! with all beholders' hearts!—
And labeled: "These Bespoken."

Dost think a box her lips have pressed
Will have no virtue in it?
Its very touch, were one distressed,
Would cure in half-a-minute!
Nay, more: Since all the world will buy
These over-precious boxes,
No man on earth will ever die
While she shall kiss by proxies!

Ah, would I were a pasteboard strip!
That thus she might caress me;
Or, would I were a printed slip!
That thus her lips might press me.
Attempt me, love! Mould, if thou wilt,
That naught my clasp may sever:
And, when thy masterpiece is built,
Then mark me: "Thine Forever!"

W. L. S.

THE DEAD GUEST.

Nobody had said anything about Coney Island; but every man on the staff had managed to slip out, on one pretext or another, leaving the Chief sitting all alone at his ormolu desk, with his cuffs by his side in the spittoon, where the office-boy had carefully placed them before going down into the coal-cellar to read "Blue-Nose Bill, the Buster of Belcher Gulch" in peace and privacy.

The Chief had not said anything when his faithful assistants, one after the other, slid gently into the illimitable out-ness and left him in charge of the office. He only looked resigned and busy, and tried to show them by the force of example that it was a far holier, higher and happier thing to stay at the post of duty than to eat the costly clam of Coney in riotous idleness. Perhaps this may have been because the Chief had been at a little poker party the previous night, where another man had all the luck and a cold deck; perhaps it sprang from lofty moral principle, but most of the boys would have put it down to the poker party if the Chief had happened to mention anything about the way he had been enjoying himself that tender July evening.

The Society Editor was the last to go. He tied a new knot of pink ribbon on the back of his chair, and went out to join the Goat Editor. The Chief listened till the voice of their disputation died away down the marble corridor, and then, casting aside his busy pen, with which he had been industriously scratching paper for the last half-hour, he leaned back in his chair and fell asleep, preserving on his classic features that look of dignity which is one of the most valued of his official appurtenances.

He was rudely awakened by the entrance of a man with a goatee and a pair of spectacles and a collar that looked like a retired stocking. He slumped down into a chair, tried to use the

cuspidor and failed, so far as the cuspidor was concerned.

"I'm Bulger," he said.

"Oh!" gasped the Chief, trying to look as if there really wasn't so much suddenness to his wakefulness.

"My name 's Bulger," said the man with the goatee: "I wrote you the other day, and told you I was coming."

"Oh, yes," said the Chief, as he fished the letter out of a pigeon-hole: "here you are—'Will call on Monday.—Yours fraternally, W. Bulger.' Brother of mine, eh?"

"Well, no," replied the stranger, somewhat perturbedly.

"Oh," said the Chief: "I thought probably you were going to do the long-lost-brother act—strawberry mark, and all that. Glad to hear you're not. But why did you call yourself fraternally mine, then?"

"Well," explained the stranger: "that's all right; you know, that's a way we have in the profession. You're my professional brother, and I'm yours. See?"

"I'm pretty near-sighted," said the Chief: "Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Bulger?"

"Well, sir," the man with the goatee began, as he settled himself down in his chair and made an outer on the cuspidor: "I want to know if you haven't got a place on your staff for me, or if you can't make one."

"Out of what?" inquired the Chief: "Out of some other fellow?"

"Well, you see," responded the stranger, with a kind of disconcertedness hanging all over his person: "I ain't going into details. You know just how you're going to do it. That's *your* look-out. I want to get on this paper because I know I can make myself useful. You're getting up a pretty bright paper; but you want a man of my experience on it. Now, I've been thirty-one years in journalism, and if there's any branch of the business that I don't know thoroughly, I'd like to hear from it. I founded the *Squantuck Eagle* in '57, the *Smith Centre Palladium of Liberty* in '65, and I have been connected with all the leading journals of this country, from the *Herald* down. Oh, I could tell you young men a thing or two about journalism; and if I come on this paper I'll put you up to a point or two that will just make things boom. Why, sir, when I take hold of this thing, you'll know what it is to have a man of experience at the helm—none of your amachours or college graduates; but a real live journalist

who's been in this business thirty-one years, and—"

"You might just as well wait, if it doesn't interrupt the flow of your antecedency," said the Chief: "until we get the contract drawn up and have a chance to send the boy out for a tin kettle full of champagne to drink a ratification act."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said the stranger.

"Glad of that," continued the Chief: "because I ain't, either. So you're one of the thirty-one-years-in-journalism men, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I know, I know," went on the Chief, musingly: "You've been thirty-one years in journalism, and you know all about it—knew all about it before I was born, eh? Dear me! It's an awful thing to be toiling along through this world with such a weight of experience as you must have on your shoulders. But then I suppose you can look back on a pathway rosy in the mellow light of life's sunset and strewn with the bright garlands of a thousand triumphs. What's become of the *Squantuck Eagle*?"

"Well," said the man with the goatee: "to tell you the truth, I don't exactly know. It's kind of dropped out of my sight during the past few years. Mebbe it sort of slipped off when my guiding hand left the helm. Come to remember, I think it did. Seems to me, in fact, that the two events were—were—"

"Simultaneous?" suggested the Chief.

"Well, no, I wouldn't exactly say simultaneous; but synchronous—yes, synchronous you might call them."

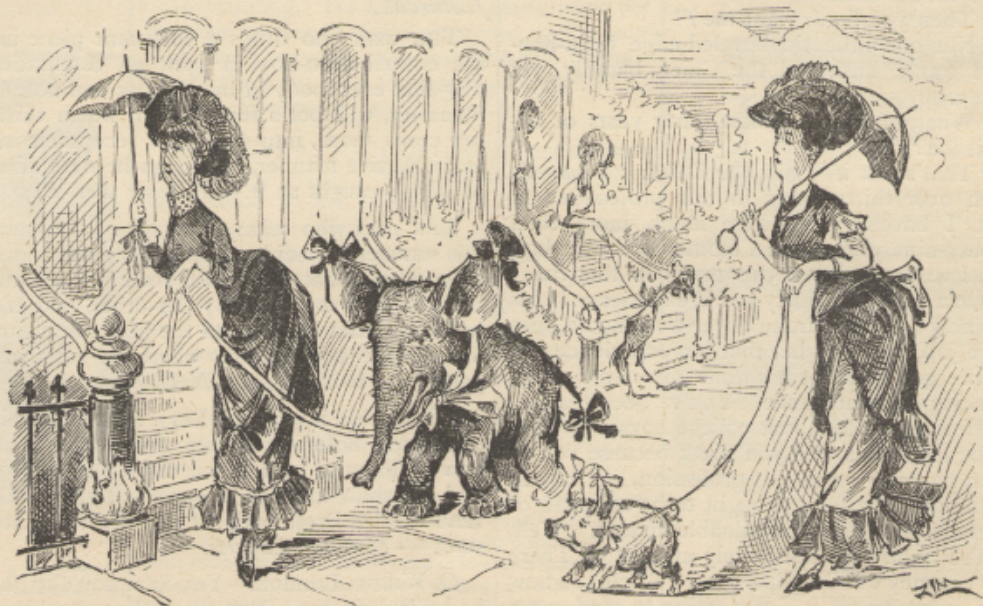
"That's all right," said the Chief: "It is by failure that we learn success. You must have felt good as you passed on your way and felt that disaster couldn't tame your proud spirit; and when at last you realized the dream of your life and founded a great and permanently successful paper—"

"If you're alluding to the *Smith Centre Palladium of Liberty*," broke in the stranger, nervously: "I don't think that was what I'd call a permanent success. Fact is, it didn't last much over one month."

"Too bad," said the Chief: "but then, after all, perhaps you found out that it was more your forte to strengthen the staff of an established paper, where they needed you and where you didn't have to waste your time fighting an unappreciative public for overdue subscriptions."

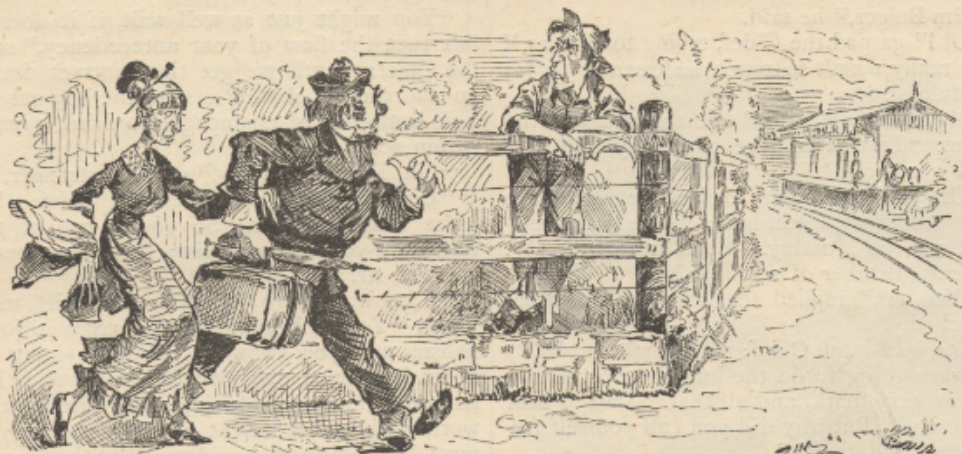
"That's about it," assented Mr. Bulger, brightening up.

PUGS ARE PLAYED OUT.



LET THE DUDINES GIVE US SOMETHING NEW.

AGGRAVATING AIR.



FARMER:—"GOING? THOUGHT THE AIR AGREED WITH YER WIFE."
HUSBAND:—"YES; BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS SHE 'LL LIVE MANY YEARS IF I KEEP 'ER HERE"

"So you began a grand career of helpfulness which brought you in contact, as a valued assistant and counselor, with the brightest minds of the profession."

"Just so."

"You flitted from one great paper to another, lingering just long enough to give out your full measure of usefulness, and then passing on to another that needed you more."

"That's the way I went."

"From the *Herald* down?"

"Exactly."

"What did you do on the *Herald*, anyway? Managing editor?"

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the stranger: "fact is, it was not in precisely a journalistic capacity that I was employed on the *Herald*. I was, so to speak, in the mechanical forwarding department."

"Oh," said the Chief: "you folded the wrappers?"

"Well, no, not exactly. If I remember rightly, I pasted them."

"That's sad," said the Chief: "but life has roses yet. Where are you adorning a situation now?"

"Well," replied the stranger: "not to put too fine a point upon it, I ain't anywhere. I am temporarily out of employment. That's the reason that I propose to take hold of this paper of yours."

"It is, is it?" said the Chief, reflectively: "Well, I guess your proposing is pretty much like the proposal I once made to a girl. It was a good proposal; but she had reserved the right to reject all bids."

"Then you don't want me?"

"Not one little tin beveled-edge brass-handled want," answered the Chief, blandly, yet firmly.

"What, after more than thirty years of experience?"

"That's just it," said the Chief: "I haven't been over thirty years in this profession; in fact, I haven't been here much more than twenty-nine years, eleven months and one day; but I've learned just this much in that time: When a man with thirty years' experience in his business has to go around over-working his chin for a job, you may bet that his experience, for all the good that it has done him, isn't worth working over into paste. You've been reading the funny articles about college boys who want to be journalists, and you think because you've been hanging on to this profession, like hay in a tramp's hair, till you ought to be ashamed of yourself, that you're a valuable fixture. Well, you're richly and elaborately mistaken. There is a vacancy on this paper; but I'll tell you how I'm going to fill it. I'm going to send out a man with a scap-net to catch the first college

graduate he finds. Then I'm going to take that infant, teach him to write on one side of the paper, knock the nonsense out of him, and make more of him, while he's getting his raw experience, than I could of ten men with the rich and variegated accretions of thirty-one years souring on them. T-a-r, tar, with a tar. Day day!"

And the stranger lit out, and the Society Editor came in and complained that the Goat Editor had called him a desiccated dude.

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

ROOTED PREJUDICE—The Ring in a Hog's Nose.

A RASCALLY baggage thief stole a dude's valise the other day, and when he opened up his plunder, he found twelve linen collars, twelve pairs of linen cuffs, one flannel shirt and one pair of socks.

AN exchange says: "A man at Marion, Michigan, was driving an old ox, when he became angry and kicked him, hitting his jaw-bone with such force as to break his leg." And we have been fairly wild ever since we read the paper to know who or which got angry at whom or what, and if the ox kicked the man's jaw with such force as to break the ox's leg, or how it is? Or did the man kick the ox in the jaw-bone with such force as to break the ox's leg, and, if so, which leg? It's one of those things which no man can find out, save only the man who kicked or was being kicked, as the case may be.—*R. J. Burdette*.

THE man who drops a fifty-cent piece into the contribution-box in such an ostentatious way that everybody in his vicinity can note his liberality, will put a trade-dollar, worth thirty-five cents more, into the same receptacle in a jerky, furtive manner, as though he were afraid of being caught at it.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

THE man who asks: "Are you going away this summer?" accidentally met the person who says: "Is this hot enough for you?" Each idiot thought he was gayed by the other, and they had it hot and heavy until the policeman came out of the beer saloon, where he rests, and parted the belligerents.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"DARE ish my friend Levi, in a tog-kard!" exclaimed Solomon Moses yesterday: "und how id happens I know me not, unless he sold out dot shob lot of vite goots last week. Dot Levi will be Bresidents of der United States, sure!"—*Mail and Express*.

O. WILDE, London.—Yes, Sampson also once had his hair cut. But there the resemblance between you ceases.—*Life*.

"WELL, Jack, I suppose you are training that terrier pup I gave you last month?"

"Well, no, Jim; I'm afraid that dog will never amount to much."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I wanted to crop his tail; so I held him over a stump while brother Tom chopped; Tom, you know, is a little cross-eyed, and he chopped a little too high up. The tail's all right; but there's hardly enough dog left to pay for training it, as it were."—*San Francisco Post*.

BUREAUX of Information are of great assistance in a railroad dépôt. They relieve the ticket-sellers from answering such questions as, "Is that clock right?" "Do the trains always start on time?" "Do you get many trade-dollars?" "How long do you think it will be before it will rain?" etc., while one hundred people are in line behind waiting for a chance to buy a ticket for a train which starts in one minute and three-quarters.—*Philadelphia News*.

A WASP went buzzing to his work,
And various things did tackle;
He stung a boy, and then a dog,
Then made a rooster cackle.
At last upon a drummer's cheek
He settled down to drill;
He prodded there for half-an-hour,
And then he broke his bill.

—*Dansville Advertiser*.

POPE LEO has recently dropped into poetry, and a volume of the infallible drivel has just been issued. With better sense and more real humanity than most poets exhibit, however, His Holiness has written his verses in Latin which nobody but Charles Francis Adams can read. We therefore hail the volume as a step in the right direction.—*Life*.

WHISTLER is coming to America to get some Yankee to invent a machine to splotch paint on canvas for his symphony manufactory. It takes too long to do it with a shovel.—*Philadelphia News*.

It is said that the trade-dollar should be called "Japhet," because it is in search of its "par."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

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EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR.—(A TRUE STORY.)

Who discovered the medical agency of Electricity is yet obscure, but that Dr. Scott has the honor of the specific application, in the cure of painful headaches, is established beyond all shadows of skepticism; from the autograph of Queen Victoria down through all other classes of cured patients. The Doctor so controls this fearful subtle and powerful agent, so simplifies its application, that a little child may use it as if it would a comb or a brush; and indeed that is just what it is, a BRUSH, a HAIR BRUSH in whose back and bristles are coiled the potent energies of the vivid lightning, yet so modified, so tamed, so controlled that its presence is known only by its soothing, sedative, PAIN-KILLING power. It cures the worst headaches so common especially among women. IT CURES (NOT PROMISES,) but utterly annihilates the crushing, crushing pain of the head that sends so many reeling to bed with fearful groanings and sobbings. But, what is more, it brings IMMEDIATE relief at ONCE; PROMPTLY, EFFE CTUALLY and POSITIVELY. His Electric Corsets are also marvelous things, and all ladies should adopt them. Heretofore, these electric curative brushes and corsets have been too expensive for a great many to obtain, but Dr. Scott now offers an electric brush or corsets for ONE DOLLAR, which embraces all the merits of the higher priced goods; the same lightning, the same application, the same character, and the same result exactly. The new prices are \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00. For further particular description write the Doctor for his catalogue. His address is 842 Broadway, N. Y.

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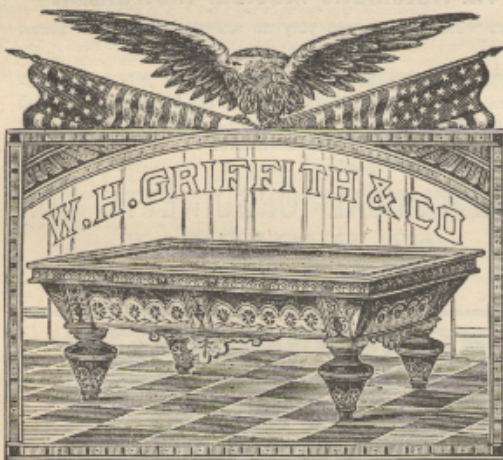
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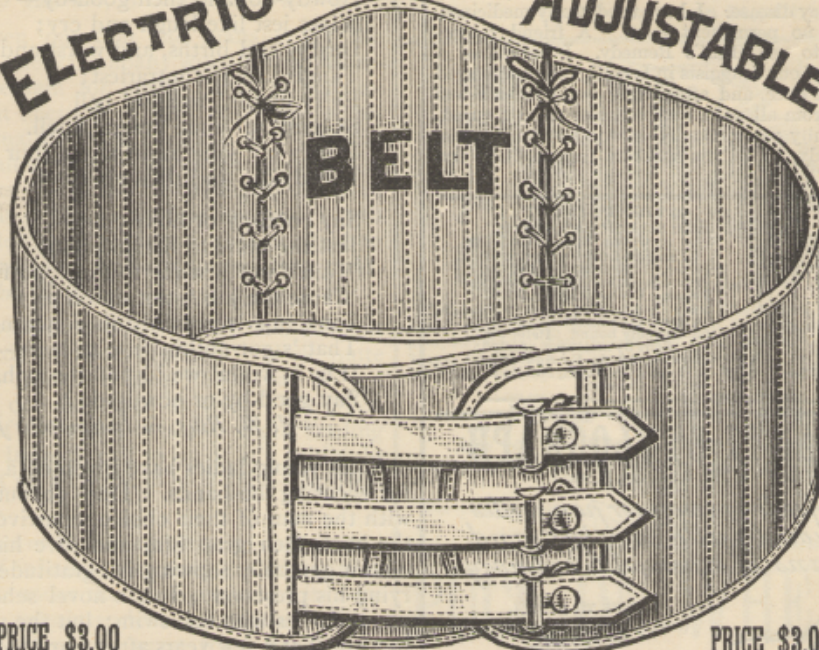
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From C. W. Hornish.

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and am entirely cured. I have also found great relief from
neuralgia in the use of his Hair Brush.

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Dr. SCOTT.—Your Garments have been of more benefit to
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Does he really want you to give up hope of the
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than see you suffer, he would take it himself.
That's the kind of a martyr Watterson is, and
please remember it, Randall.—*Life.*

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clergymen are allowed to play it.—*N. O. Pic-
ayune.*

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What's the odds betwixt the two?
Comin'—goin'—every day—
Best friends first to go away—
Grasp of hands you druther hold
Than their weight in solid gold,
Slips their grip while greetin' you,
Say good-by or howdy-do?

Howdy-do, and then good-by—
Mixes jest like laugh and cry;
Deaths and births, and worst and best,
Tangled their contrariest;
Ev'ry jinglin' weddin' bell
Skeerin' up some funeral knell.
Here's my song and there's your sigh—
Howdy-do, and then good-by!

Say good-by or howdy-do—
Jest the same to me and you;
'Tain't worth while to make no fuss,
'Cause the job 's put up on us!
Some one 's runnin' this concern
That 's got nothin' else to learn—
If he 's willin' we 'll pull through.
Say good-by or howdy-do?
—J. W. Riley, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

SOME young ladies have invented a new plan for securing husbands. They go out boating with the man of their choice, contrive to upset the boat, then grab him and save his life, the victim generally showing his gratitude by marrying his preserver. It is a novel scheme—for young ladies who can swim; but the probabilities are that a few years after marriage the man will regret that his life was saved.—*Norristown Herald*.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

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CHACUN A SON GOUT.
 WHEN Strephon sees a blushing cheek
 In sweet conceits his soul doth speak;
 And with a soft æsthetic sigh
 He would he were a butterfly.

Perchance with less poetic grace,
 I, bending o'er a blushing face
 Coily concealed behind a fan,
 Am quite content to be a man.
 —Walter Learned, in *Century Bric-à-Brac.*

It is given out that the manager of the Louisiana Lottery Company will sue Postmaster-General Gresham for heavy damages because of his recent decision refusing that scheme access to the mails at New York and New Orleans. When it shall secure the \$100,000 damages for which it asks and add to it the eighty per cent annual profit it has heretofore enjoyed, it will be able to declare a dividend almost equal to that achieved by a well-conducted faro bank.
 —*Philadelphia Times.*

A WAILING orator says: "Dark is the night that settles down upon Ireland." Well, quite likely. We wouldn't cross the ocean to see anything so commonplace as that. But when you hear of a bright, sunshiny night settling down upon Ireland, call us up if it's midnight and we'll sit up all night to look at it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THAT sheet of brazen servility, of contributed ideas and of infantile reasoning, styled for *short Courier*, will, under the management of its Sunday-school superintendent assumptive editor for "glut," attempt to wrest from the sincere and truthful dead impure allegations, will it?
 —*Bath (N. Y.) Plaindealer.*

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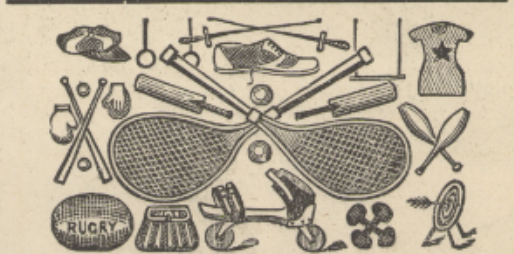
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