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IN THE POLITICAL ARENA.—THE BIGGEST BAG WINS.



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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 28th, 1888. — No. 612.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WE HEAR, in these days, much talk of the coming administration. The newspapers are full of speculation as to the composition of President Harrison's Cabinet, and the system on which he will fill the vast number of offices at his disposal. But here, apparently, the speculation of the press and the people end. Nobody asks what Mr. Harrison will do for his country: everybody is asking what he will do for his party. In fact, he is not seriously considered as the coming President of the United States; but only as the present leader (in name at least) of his party. Nobody asks if he will give the country a non-partisan civil service. Nobody inquires whether he is disposed to lighten the heavy burden which the tariff-tax places upon the people. Nobody cares to know how clearly he recognizes the need of a strong and efficient navy, and an adequate system of coast defense. Nobody gives a thought to his attitude toward the great commercial and manufacturing combinations known as "trusts" which are monopolizing the business of the country, and raising the prices of every-day necessities to the consumer. Nobody wishes to find out what means he proposes to take, or whether he proposes to take any means to check the improper use of government lands by dishonest corporations. And nobody in the wide world has so much as thought of asking what Mr. Harrison's Indian policy may be.

None of these questions is brought up for public discussion in the daily press. None of them is mooted in private conversation. Speculation enough there is as to the next President's actions; but it concerns itself

'T WAS ALWAYS THUS.



ROLLO. — Will you tell me, Jonas, why the honest grocer departs from precedent, and puts the small apples on the top of the barrel?

JONAS. — Because, Rollo, the honest grocer has no large apples.

solely with his appointments to office. Will Indiana have a seat in the Cabinet? What recognition will New York receive in the distribution of offices? What is to be Ohio's share? Who will be Collector here? Who will be Postmaster there? These, and these alone, if we may judge from the public press and from the talk of the people, are the questions which General Harrison has to answer. And it is generally conceded that he will answer the most of them in one lump when he shows whether he intends to conduct his office according to his own ideas or according to those of Mr. James G. Blaine. It is not a pleasant thing to say of the President of the United States; but it is perfectly true that the topmost query in the minds of the American people to-day may be stated simply thus: Is Harrison Harrison, or is he Blaine?

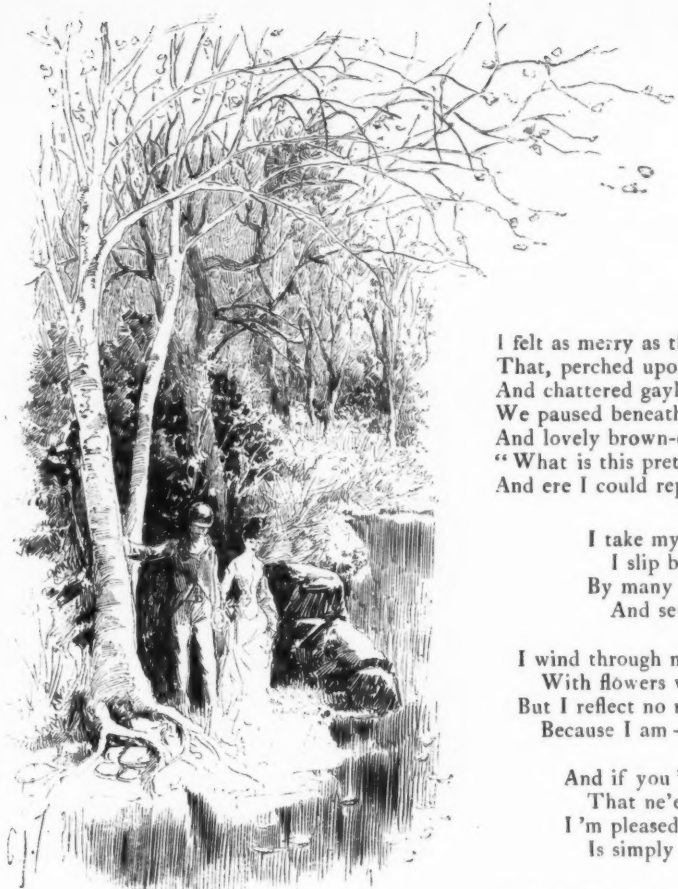
As to the question of civil-service reform, that seems to be accepted as settled. There is no question of civil-service reform. The one question before the victorious party is puzzling enough; but plain enough as far as mere statement is concerned: How are one thousand offices to be made to go around among fifteen hundred party workers, with satisfaction to every one? The tariff question is answered in a similarly free and easy way. The tariff may be increased, of course, if the manufacturers demand an increase: it certainly will not be reduced. If the country needs a reduction — so much the worse for the country. In any case, the propriety of a reduction will not be considered. Even that abortive change-ling, born for an hour, the "Senate Tariff Bill," is clean forgotten. We shall continue to pay higher prices for what we use than any other nation in the world thinks of paying; and if we complain, we shall be told to consider that the offices at the disposal of the administration have been judiciously apportioned among the Republican states — a state that is not Republican having no interest in the national government.

Nor is the party that is to come in power inclined to trouble itself about the necessity of adequate national defenses. We have no war on hand, and none in prospect. When there is no war, no navy is needed, and coast-defenses are a waste of money. If a war should come, why — well, there is much money for contractors in ship-building and gun-casting. And as to trusts — well, trusts, it has been established by the vote of the people, are "private affairs," with which no man may meddle. And if they make us pay higher prices for what we consume in every-day life, and we vote to pay these higher prices, whose business is it? If Indiana gets her place in the Cabinet and her share of the offices, why should the people complain? Does the settler lose his land in the West, because some great corporation has taken it from him by superior power without process of law? It is bad for the settler, no doubt; but why should New York care, so long as New York is remembered in the division of the spoils of office? And the Indian policy of the new administration — who cares what that may be? The Indian has neither vote nor office.

There is a most significant difference between this state of affairs and the state of affairs which existed four years ago at this time. Then the one question before the people was the question of the principles by which the President-elect would be guided. Nobody assumed that he would consider only how far New York might be favored in the allotment of offices without offending Indiana. Nobody fancied that his one concern in life was to give Mississippi her share of the spoils without dis-appointing New Jersey. What the people talked about, what they asked about, what they thought about, was the position which the President-elect might take on important public questions. And the standard thus set has been the standard by which they have — avowedly — judged his whole administration. From beginning to end, (holding the end to be reached now,) they have, in general conversation and in the utterances of the public prints, demanded of him the will and the power to establish certain principles of government. In so doing, they have admitted his capacity to understand and rightly to value those principles. In electing in his stead a President to whom they look for nothing better than the division of profitable public offices among his adherents, they have shown that they do not care greatly for the principles they have talked about, but rather for the triumph of the most popular party.

Let it be understood that we do not assert that Mr. Harrison accepts his great responsibility with the same lightness and narrow-mindedness that characterize his party followers. We have only tried to point out the view they take of the duties of government; and the very different view which other people have learned to take under the present administration. There can not be much doubt which idea is sound and which is unsound. That the unsound idea has any vital permanency in it we shall begin to believe when we have reason to doubt the final sound judgement of a people who tolerated the institution of slavery for eighty years, and overthrew it utterly in three.





## THE PASSAIC.

[AFTER TENNYSON.]

THE FIELDS were drowsy with the autumn air,  
Whose breath was pungent with the subtle  
scent  
Of withered leaves that trembled on the trees  
Or drifted softly to the yellow grass.  
Through dull empurpled vistas glowed the hills  
In gold and russet, and the birdless wood  
Stretched far away, appearing to reflect  
The billows of the gay canned-salmon sky.  
With cousin Laura down the quiet lane  
I wandered on this lovely autumn day.

I felt as merry as the squirrel red  
That, perched upon his hinder members, sat  
And chattered gayly on the old stone wall.  
We paused beneath a grand old hickory,  
And lovely brown-eyed Laura sweetly said:  
"What is this pretty river's pretty name?"  
And ere I could reply, the River lisped:

I take my start at Bernardsville,  
I slip beneath the birches,  
By many a cedar-dotted hill  
And several hundred churches.

I wind through many shining leas,  
With flowers waving ruddy;  
But I reflect no rustling trees  
Because I am — so muddy.

And if you'd know my pretty name,  
That ne'er will be archaic,  
I'm pleased to let you know the same  
Is simply the Passaic.

'T was in a shady, isolated spot,  
And Laura at me sideways looked, whereat  
I read the meaning of her soft brown eye,  
And took her willing lily hand in mine.  
The hills looked lovelier, and the River's song  
Seemed from the spirit of some poet poured,  
As thus it jingled, like our fond thoughts, on:

I am no pretty crystal stream —  
I am not full of fishes;  
No skies within my bosom dream —  
I'm filled with broken dishes.

I have no inlets shining bright,  
Among the thickets bloomy;  
And natives, almost every night,  
Dump garbage carts into me.

No lily in its perfumed sleep  
Upon my wish-bone settles;  
I think I'm nearly six feet deep,  
With ancient cans and kettles.

By this time Laura was mine own, for aye.  
Our thoughts seemed set to music by the wind  
That played wild symphonies on the russet corn.  
The quiet wood was music without sound —  
Sweet silent music with a magic thrill  
That lit our souls to ecstasies of joy.  
She told me how much money it would cost  
To furnish fried potatoes by the week;  
And of a Queen Anne cottage, and began  
Telling about the continental tour  
That oftentimes most generally follows.  
Then neither of us spoke — we were too happy;  
We walked as two in an enchanted dream  
In some white garden lost in Paradise,  
Where turquoise doves coo on the tamarisk,  
Or something else. And then I softly spoke:  
"Oh, prithee, let us marry in the Spring,  
The bloom-gowned Spring, when all is blithe  
and gay,  
And mating birds sing in the gold-green trees."  
Just then, upon our happy reverie,  
The river burst serenely, *videlicet*:

When I'm congealed from bed to top,  
The ragamuffin slider  
Upon me tumbles down, kerflop,  
And executes the spider.

When smiles the Summer light and free,  
And my mosquitos plague you —  
The small boy dives right into me,  
And gathers fever and ague.

The burden of my muddy song  
Along my banklets furzy,  
Is — hurry up and shoot along,  
To get out of New Jersey.

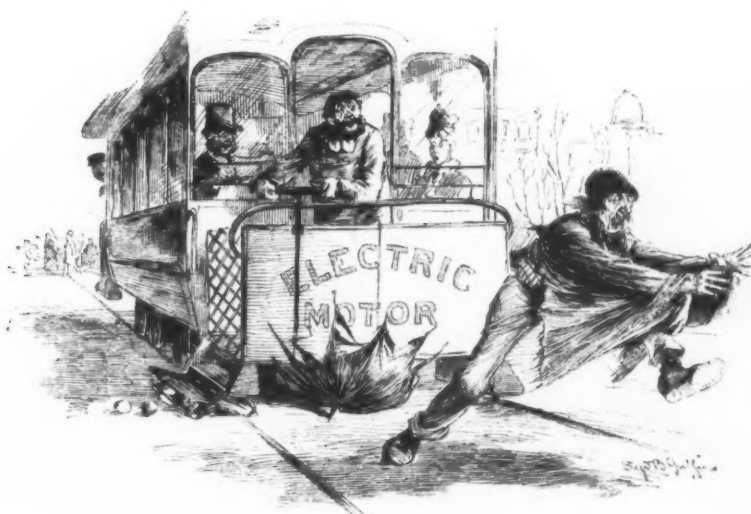
The wings of night were settling on the downs;  
The crow was dreaming on the poplar tall;  
The squirrel and the rabbit both were housed,  
And, as a star sailed o'er the western hill —  
A luminous lily star that sparkled bright —  
Sweet Laura, looking lovelier than before,  
Said: "See, oh, see, yon lovely solitaire  
On the engagement finger of the Night!"

R. K. M.

## HIS FIRST ELECTRIC CAR EXPERIENCE.

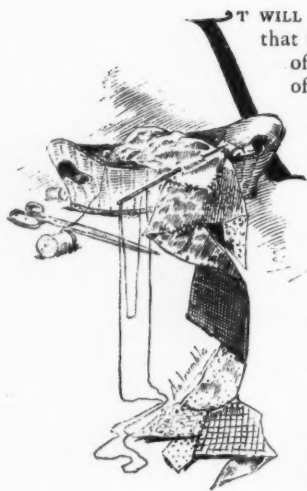


MR. MARROWFAT PEABODY (of Lima, N. Y.).—How in thunder did that ar hoss car git past without me seein' it?



(Two seconds later).—Great Jemima! But them is the all-firedest hosses tew back up I ever see!

## CRAZY QUILTS.



IT WILL PERHAPS be gratifying to many persons to learn that the crazy quilt is a thing of the past. The legion of insane bed quilts that have been the aim in life of sewing societies and invalid women, and have figured in church fairs, missionary donations and country expositions for a few years back, have at last joined the silent throng of sweet memories, and along with their "log cabin" predecessors, the alabaster vases and cone baskets of our childhood, will soon be numbered with the semi-antique; they will be relegated to the garret with the macramé table lambrequin, the tidy and the worsted motto and countless other questionable indications of a perverted feminine taste.

The intentions of the inventor of this affair were good; in her bosom blossomed the flower of economy and thrift: stray bits of silk — stray bits of thread — stray bits of time — the whole a fascinating diagram, a monument to memory, a memorial sacred to the past — to gowns and dear ones long since laid peacefully to rest in the ashes of the past.

When, lo! Fashion winked at Folly, who grasped it in her bill and flew, sowing it broadcast.

What is the result?

Nothing too sacred to be sacrificed at the shrine of the crazy quilt. Tapestries, furniture fabrics, altar cloths; aye, honor, truth, principle, cravats, all have gone the way of this fell destroyer of masculine comfort and human happiness.

Table spreads, tidies, scarfs, banners, pin cushions, sofa pillows, chair seats, shopping bags, all fearfully and wonderfully designed and executed; terror-strikers to the uncultivated taste of the unappreciative, have been flaunted in the face of man regardless.

But now the silk counter is no longer besieged for samples; stern-hearted man has taken the padlock off his cravats and his hat lining, a woman pines for something that will produce headache and hysteria with greater speed than the loved crazy patch-work.

In country fairs they still hold good; missionaries and cannibals are receiving them in foreign lands; and on the books of the Recording Angel they are registered:

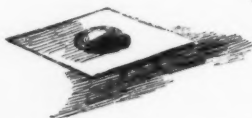
To the memory of women who sold their souls for bits of satin; women who expended the last penny in the domestic treasury for storks in applique; women who made fancy stitches the study of a life-time; who begged, bought, stole, or otherwise surreptitiously acquired silks to cut up and sew together again, to embroider, hand-paint, applique, and otherwise deface in the service of the crazy quilt; nerves, brains, health, happiness — all offered at the shrine of this horrible and malignant affair.

May a kindly fate consign it to that bourne whence crazy quilts never return.

*O culcivus insanus! Requiescat in pace! Vale — Vale!*

*Haryot Holt.*

## AT LAST.



This little tablet is the longed-for whist torpedo for use in connection with the fiend who insists upon banging his card on the table and yelling like an insane Indian.



## A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE.

MR. MADISON SQUEER (to MR. KORTON WRIGHT).—I say, Korton, how did you ever get so solid with Upson Downes? You seem to be able to do any thing with him that you want to.

MR. KORTON WRIGHT.—Oh, it was easy enough. I borrowed five dollars of him once, when we were in the Catskills and the mail had n't come in, and I afforded him the proud sensation of being a creditor for twenty-four hours. He has never forgotten the experience.

## TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

ASPIRING AUTHOR.—Can you not let me have a few tickets for distribution among my friends; they will help the success of the play?

EXPERIENCED MANAGER.—No, they 'll not. A dead-head never applauds, for fear that his neighbors will think he came in on a free ticket.

## A SONG OF THE SEA.

"Sea, oh, sea!" the Capstan shouted,  
As the windlass turned — so pale;  
Fold the yard-arm quick about her  
Ere she heaves a wild gun-wale.

*Job Fish, Jr.*



## HOW SOME NOVELS ARE WRITTEN.

MISS KENTUCKY VIRGINIA SACKCLOTH.—Turn real hard now, Haskins! The elopement is about to take place.

## LOOKING FOR GREATER MIRACLES.

"Well, this do beat all!" exclaimed Aunt Harriet, as they took their first ride on the Elevated; "who'd 'a' thought o' railroadin' in the air?"

"Sho!" replied Uncle Abner; "my newspaper says that a big part o' the railroad companies of New York are run largely on water, and that's the kind o' road I want to see afore we go home."

IF A MAN steals a march, will that put him in the van?

SIX WEEKS are now allowed after the legal time for killing venison has elapsed, wherein dealers may work off their stock on hand. It is no longer necessary for a harmless haunch of Adirondack deer to strain its nerves turning to antelope between 12 o'clock P. M. November 14th and 1 A. M. November 15th.

IN THE merry whirligig of Fashion's follies, it is about time that the postage-stamp-collecting craze should turn up again. How familiar it would seem to hear again on the streets the strife of the bargaining errand boys:

"Soy — I'll give yer two Canary Islands fer a Madagascari!"

"Ah-h-h, g'way! Them's wort' t'ree Noo Zealands. Want ter trade Porchergee fer Cape er Good Hope?"



WANTED—A "SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ADULTS."

*A Few of the Ways in Which It Could Be Useful.*



It could rescue us from the Funny Story Fiend.



It could accompany us home from "the lodge."



It could make some of our ministers shorten their sermons.

BOSTON STYLE.

"Mother, I wish you would request Ralph Waldo to cease singing."

"What is he singing, Minerva, that you dislike so much?"

"He is singing a low song, in which one Johnny—presumably Jonathan—is requested to procure his fowling-piece, with a reiteration of the last clause."

THE WISE SAW should be filed in the archives of the memory.

FLANNEL CAKES ought to be in order now.

"IT IS STRANGE," remarked the Boston belle, as she observed the shimmering silver birches, "that people will go and whitewash trees that are almost in the woods."

EVE WAS the first apple woman.

NO WONDER the goat is an unreliable animal; a diet of circus posters would destroy the spirit of truth in any creature.

THAT'S RIGHT; stick to your mother, Tom—board outside is high.

WE ARE AFRAID civilization will never reach the Esquimaux. It would be difficult to enter a snow-hut on all-fours in a dress coat.

A CITY HALL BOOT-BLACK is the son of a wealthy Oneida County farmer. The father believes in making hay while the son shines.

AN ÆSTHETIC Boston housekeeper calls her kitchen the Pic-nery.

IF ANY BODY wishes to see what utter and astounding ignorance prevails among some of our business men, just let him ask any railroad officer about the details of an accident. It would be as well to ask a two-days' babe to expound Herbert Spencer.

SWEET IS COURTSHIP; but a little "sugar" helps marriage vastly.

EVEN THAT staid publication, *The American Cyclopædia*, indulges in a joke occasionally. Here is a sample: "*Lepidosteus*—A ganoid fish. See Gar Fish." Is the latter smoked fish?

THE PATRIOTIC Chicago Artist proudly calls paint "pigment."

THE IRISH RACE does n't seem content with the rule of one island. Manhattan is n't enough for them, so they are clamoring for Erin.



It could cause the big hats to be removed in the theatres.



It could hurry up the slow waiters in our restaurants.

THE PHOENIX.

O cravat of '74! Wide winged, shirt-concealing—

Out of the dust of a forgotten trunk I drag thee to the light of day.

Thou wert a chest-protector to me, And a savor of laundry bills.

Hail! Thou art in style again. And thus do the cycles of time bring us back once more to the forgotten.

AN OBTUSE ANGLE.—John Bull.



It could act as escort and protection when we have occasion to rebuke our Irish cook.

IN OLD DAYS, many ladies' shoes were made so they could be worn on either foot. But this custom has been pretty well abolished by the advent of "women's rights."

AN EYE OPENER.—The Matutinal Gong.

"CONSISTENCY THOU ART A JEWEL," sure enough; but thou standest an exceedingly poor show when the other fellow can afford a diamond ring.

WHEAT CORNERS are never square.

"THE FAMILY ENTRANCE seems responsible for a good part of the family out-go," remarked Carper, as he watched a procession with pitchers on Second Avenue.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!" Do, now; that's a good feller.

A MAN CAN marry comfortably on five hundred dollars a year, if he has saved his last year's salary; but he will require the next year's in advance.

IT TOOK a Western play house to announce the production of "Two Gents of Verona."

THE AVERAGE MAN never knows what paying the piper means, until he settles his first plumbing bill.

THE PRIZE RING probably comes under the head, "Athletic Circles."

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—If you intend to stuff your Thanksgiving turkey with oysters, you should certainly first remove the shells. People should not put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their teeth.



## THE GOBBLER'S WAIL.



HERE ON ONE FOOT upon the gray rail-post  
I stand and look my old eye-glasses through,  
Knowing full soon I must give up the ghost  
To make a holiday feast, without ado  
And, oh, Bismillah, I am feeling blue,—  
For in a morning paper I have found  
That first-class turkeys now bring eighteen  
cents per pound!

What though the landscape bright about me lies!  
What though the sun its golden nectar spills?  
What though the crow in sombre beauty flies  
Into the purple glory of the hills?  
My old anatomy has got the chills;  
I know that soon I'll be stuffed full of sage,  
And that is why my tears bedew the printed page.

My wattles soon will light the old ash-heap;  
My pinions soon will make a kitchen brush.  
A subtle sadness sets me all a-creep.  
Here in the bosom of the twilight hush  
I see the beauteous maid in crimson plush  
Laugh at the feast in most exultant tone,  
While with young Thingumbobs she snaps my frail wish-bone.

'T is growing mirk, and I can read no more.  
Good-bye, my wives and progeny, good-bye!  
Soon shall I lightly swing on yonder door,  
Announcing that Thanksgiving Day is nigh.  
The cranberries are plucked, the pumpkin pie  
Blooms like a full-blown tiger lily-bell;  
Alas, alack, alas! alack, alas, farewell!

R. K. M.

## HOW A GOOD MAN WENT WRONG.

THE TREASURER OF WAYUP left town somewhat unexpectedly the other day, and in order to explain his absence to his family, sent a note home by a District Messenger boy.

The Treasurer had been gone about two weeks, when it began to be rumored about the City Hall that nobody knew where he was. An enterprising newspaper got wind of the affair, and a morning edition of the *Daily Screecher* came out with a four-column article, inquiring in guarded but significant language: "Where is Treasurer Barnstable?"

By noon the report was pretty general that the City Treasurer had absconded. By two o'clock a meeting of the city finance committee had been held, and an examination of the books had disclosed the fact that there was \$300,000 of the city's money in the Treasurer's possession.

At three o'clock an expert was called in to open the Treasurer's vault, of which the absconded official alone knew the combination. By four o'clock the rumored defalcation had been telegraphed to the four quarters of the globe.

In the gray dawn of the following morning, after a night of ceaseless toil, the expert succeeded in opening the vault. It was empty!

This discovery intensified the prevailing excitement. The defaulting Treasurer's bondsmen attached all his property. A warrant was issued charging him with embezzlement, and a description of his person was telegraphed all over the world. A crop of lawsuits sprang up; the newspapers flourished like a green bay-tree.

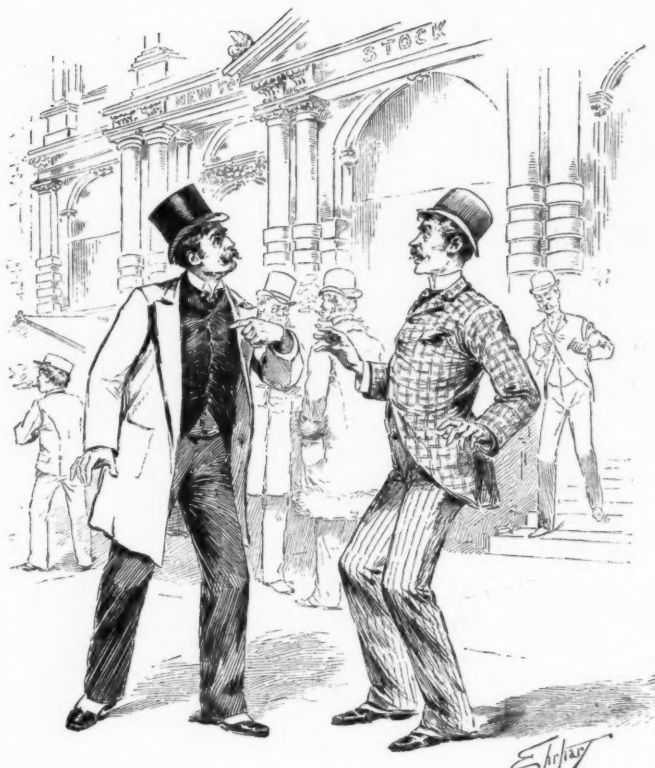
When, on the morning of the eighteenth day of his absence, Treasurer Barnstable walked into his office, set his grip-sack on the floor, and hung his hat on its accustomed nail, you would have thought from their looks that the clerks in the office had seen a ghost. The news of his return spread like wildfire. In thirty seconds the Mayor was in the office.



## LAVISHNESS AT HOCKSTEIN'S.

MRS. HOCKSTEIN.—It vos Abie's birt'day, Aaron. Vat ve gif him?

MR. HOCKSTEIN.—Wash ohf a window-pane, unt led him look oud unt see der hoss-cars go py!



## ROUGH.

UPSON DOWNES.—Say, Kirby, where's that silk umbrella I loaned you?

KIRBY STONE.—I found it was my own, so I kept it!

UPSON DOWNES.—Jove! Is that so? And here I have been dodging Old Hyson the last three weeks, thinking it was his!

"Barnstable, old man!" he exclaimed; "where have you been?"  
"Why, I've been down in New Jersey, fishing. What's been going on? I hope I have n't been missed?"

The Mayor groaned.

"Where is the \$300,000?" he inquired, as soon as he could command his voice.

"The \$300,000? Why, it's in the vault; where else should it be?"

"Don't ask me now, Barnstable, but show me the money; I'll tell you why afterward."

The Treasurer was mystified; but he knew his friend the Mayor too well to think he would ask any thing of the kind except for some good reason.

He unlocked the vault, entered it; and, taking down an old cigar-box from an upper shelf, unwrapped a bundle covered with brown paper, and revealed to the glad eyes of the Mayor \$300,000 worth of cash and good securities.

An explanation followed; and, as soon as the astounded Treasurer could pull himself together, he took a carriage and was driven rapidly to his home.

As he mounted the steps of his house, he met the messenger boy coming down; he had just delivered the message.

Chas. W. Chesnutt.

## HER CHOICE.

"Clara," he said, desperately, in choking accents, "one word!"

"Certainly, Mr. Jones," she replied, coldly: "one word, and only one; and I choose 'No.'"

## ANOTHER VIEW.

"Oh, talk is cheap," remarked Fangle in the course of an argument.

"Is it?" replied Cumso. "It's clear you never figured up the cost of a session of Congress."



EXTRACT FROM A SERMON  
OF THE  
REV. SIM GOOSEBERRY, 'POSSUM BOTTOM, WEST VA.



"GIB US DIS DAY ouh daily bread.' Dere am a side to dat tex' dat I want you bruddahs an' sistahs to look at mighty close. When you git down on yo' prayeh j'int, an' ax: 'Gib us dis day ouh daily bread,' I jes' want you to bear in mind dat de Lo'd don't keep a bakery. You cayent hol' out yo' hats an' yo' ap'ons, an' 'spec' to cotch 'em full ob bread jes' fo' de axin'. You got to wo'k fo' yo' libben.

"Dah ain't no man libben dat ebber cotch a loaf ob bread comin' down from de sky wrapped up in brown papeh, wid his name ma'ked on it.

"I 'be said de wo'ds ob dat tex' ebbery mo'nin' an' night since I be'n converted, an' I hab to buy my own flouah, an' pack it home from de stoah, an' git my ole woman fo' to bake it, yit.

"Ef you folks could git yo' bread fo' de axin', right straight from de Lo'd—dah 's some ob you'd j'ine growlin' right off. Some ob you'd say it was souah; some'd say it was n't knead nough; some'd say dat de oben been too hot; some'd say it been done too much on de bottom; an'

dah 's ole Aunt 'Liza Davis; she'd say 'dat it was done sp'iled in de raisin', shoo. Den aftah you done got de Lo'd's bread all eat up, you'd jes' set 'roun' talkin' 'bout yo' neighbors, an' doin' nuffin,' waitin' fo' de nex' day to come fo' to ax fo' mo'. An' de debble'd git among you, shoo.

"When de nex' day come, does you t'ink yo'd ax fo' mo' bread? No, bruddahs an' sistahs. You'd git down on your prayeh j'int, an' you'd ax fo' co'n-cakes, an' flap-jacks, an' sweet cakes wid de flub-dubs an' fancy on 'em; an' when you done eat 'till you could n't eat no mo', you'd fill yo' pockets, an' yo' ap'ons, an' han'kehchiefs. Den some ob you bruddahs an' sistahs, settin' right yeah afo' me, 'ud sta't right off 'long wid de debble fo' de highest hen-roost; an' den shake yo' fists at de Lo'd fo' not gibbin' you chicken 'long wid yo'se cake; an' lay de stealin' onto Him.

"De Lo'd done told ole Adam dat he got to 'arn his bread by de sweat ob his brow. 'Gib us dis day ouah daily bread' jes' means gib us hones' wo'k fo' to sweat at; an' den de bread 'll come along, shoo. Dat 's de print side ob de calico.

"Ole Aunt 'Liza Davis, she went down to Bill Jeemes's stoah, an' she bought a six-cent calico fo' a dress—all red, an' green, an' yaller, an'

kivered wid posies ez big ez a pie-dish. Bill Jeemes he rolled de dress up, an' Aunt 'Liza Davis, wid her hea't full ob pride, she tote it home fo' to show it 'round. When she git dah, she open de bundle, an' j'ine on-rollin' it, an' dah was nothin' but an ugly ole faded t'ing 'bout de colah ob a stable do—de red, de green, de yaller, an' de posies was n't dah. Aunt 'Liza Davis ondane dat dress patt'n de wrong way.

"She grab up de bundle, mighty mad, an' she tote it right back to Bill Jeemes, an' spread it out on de countah, an' she say: 'Mr. Jeemes, what fo' you sell me sich a dress as dat fo'? Hit done fade befo' I got home.' Den Bill Jeemes he jes' ondane de dress de right side up, an' dah was de green, de red, de yaller, an' de posies big ez ebber. An' he say: 'What 's de mattah wid dat calico?'

"Den ole Aunt 'Liza she git all cumfusted, an' she jes' say: 'Lo'd, honey, I fo'got to turn it.'

"Dat 's jes' what I want you bruddahs an' sistahs to mind 'bout de Lo'd's prayeh—don't you fo'git to turn it. Ef you want to git de red, de green, de yaller, an' de posie bread, you got to go to work an' turn it right side up fo' to git it. An' when you gits de Lo'd's honest bread, you bes' not go 'long wid ole Satan stealin' chickens fo' to eat wid it."

Tobe Hodge.



A REWARD OF MERIT.

BANK TELLER.—Will you take it as presumption, Madam, if I offer you these few roses?

MISS CARAMELLA GOLDUST.—I don't know you, sir!

BANK TELLER.—I am aware of that; but you are the only woman in the history of this bank who ever endorsed a check on the right end!

THE GASTRONOMICS OF CRITICISM.

"How do you like my play?" said the Author to the Critic.

"Roasted," said the Critic to the Author.

A PARTING.

Go, my Fall overcoat!—

Heart-captivating, with thy well-padded shoulders.

Ah, what a figure have I cut in thee!

But who would tread Broadway, with frost-chilled nose red-beaconing,

When from the yawning wardrobe the ulster spreads its friendly arms?

Go, then, a pleasant memory,

With the feathers of the turkey and the crumbling Autumn leaves,—

But not, like them, forever!

AN OLD SAYING VERIFIED.

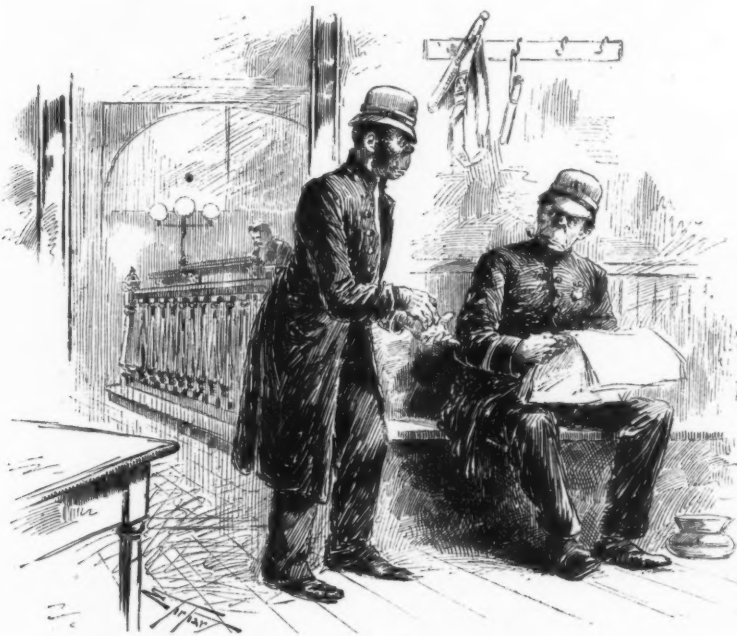
"You can say what you like," remarked Parrott, dogmatically; "but it 's a solid fact that blood will always tell!"

"Yes," rejoined Henpeck, wearily; "and especially your own—when they 've got something mean to tell you."

ART IN OUR WESTERN VENICE.

MISS KNICKERBOCKER (of New York).—Would n't you like to come with me to the Metropolitan Museum this afternoon, Aunt Jane? It is seldom you have a chance to view any examples of high art at home, you know.

MRS. PORKER (of Chicago).—Why, my dear, I don't see how you can say that, after you have seen with your own eyes the work of our window-dressers on State Street!



BRUTE FORCE.

PHINEY O'TOOLE.—Oi 've twenty-four hours' lave o' absence, Dinny!

DENNIS O'DOWD.—Have ye, now? Good luck to ye! Where are ye goin'?

PHINEY O'TOOLE.—Whist, Dinny! Oi 'm goin' to see a trial av thrashing machines in a Jarsey barn. Oi 'll bet ye foive to one McAuliffe bates Daly!



UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING  
CHORUS OF HUNGRY PATRIOTS.—For what we are about

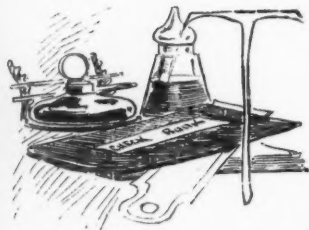




**HANKSGIVING TURKEY.**  
at we are about to receive let us be truly thankful!

## IN BUSINESS.—I.

## "THE OLD MAN."



HERE is a kindly familiarity about the phrase that pleases me—a suggestion of family feeling and common interest that brings a little sentiment into the cold life of business.

"The Old Man" is the head of the business house, and to be "The" Old Man it is not by any means necessary that he should be an old man. I have heard gray-headed cashiers speak with filial respect of The Old Man when the The Old Man was scarcely thirty years of age, and had not got through sowing his wild oats.

There is nothing disrespectful about the phrase, although it is never used in the presence of The Old Man. He knows, if he is a New Yorker, that he is so called by every man in his employ, from the confidential clerk down to the smallest errand-boy, and that even the porter speaks of him as "Th' Ould Man." But although he never hears the words—except by accident—he knows that they are spoken in no unfriendly or disrespectful spirit. In fact, he knows that if, on the whole, his employees did not like him, they would have some much more unpleasant nickname for him. He knows that there would be something wrong in his establishment if he were not called The Old Man—that there would be something abnormal in his relations with his men—that his house would be a strange house among the business places of New York.

"The Old Man"—why, in those three words, you have the heart of our business system. You do not hear of strikes or sympathetic boycotts among the cashiers and book-keepers and other clerks of this great city—although many of them earn far less than the ordinary skilled laborer. No, indeed, they work away, as a class, honestly and industriously, and do their duty by The Old Man, humbly hoping, each one, sometime to be The Old Man to his own clerks, in his own office.

"Mr. Potts, sir," said a small errand-boy whom I once knew, to the supercilious young cashier of the firm of Joot & Natto, in Beaver Street: "would The Old Man give me a day off, do you think, if I ast him, to play ball wid some fellies over in Hobucken?"

"Do you refer to Mr. Joot?" inquired the cashier, sternly.

"Yes, sir, The Old Man, I meant. Would he—"

"William," said the young cashier, "if you suppose I will tolerate such familiarity, you are mistaken. I shall report you at once to Mr. Joot."



And he presented himself before The Old Man.

"I think it my duty to inform you, Mr. Joot, that William Simpkins, in speaking to me, has just referred to you as The Old Man. I told him that I should report him —"

"Ah," said Mr. Joot, looking over his spectacles, "and what did William say?"



## A CHANCE FOR MANUFACTURERS.

PUCK suggests a machine that ought to sell well among families with teething children. It is neat, compact, and saves wearing out the carpet.

"He asked me," replied the young cashier, "if I thought you would give him a holiday to play base-ball in Hoboken."

"Well," returned Mr. Joot, calmly; "tell him he can have it, if he won't be late the next morning."

"But he called you —" stammered Mr. Potts, in amazement.

"Mr. Potts," the old merchant said, as he wheeled around in his chair: "I worked for twenty-seven years in the employ of Messrs. Inger, Cutch & Gunny before I laid up enough money to start business on my own account. I employed one clerk when I began, and the first time that I happened to hear him speak of me as The Old Man I went into my private office and locked the door and stood on my head. That was twenty years ago. I can not stand on my head now; but I feel as if I'd like to, every time I think that I *am* The Old Man. Good morning, Mr. Potts."

Yet there is a sort of etiquette about the use of the location. The higher clerk; the man who expecting to be taken into the firm, who sees before him a potentiality of Old Man-hood—that favored mortal never uses it except among his clerical equals.

"Johnny," he will say; "Mr. Topknot wants you to go and get him a sandwich."

"Where are you going, Johnny?" inquires the entry-clerk as Johnny flashes by with the dime in his palm.

"Goin' to get The Old Man a sanwij," replies Johnny.

There is always a good deal of grumbling about The Old Man's doings; and his methods of business are always severely criticized by his clerks; but after all, it is only as we all find fault with our old-fogy parents. When he gets to be veritably The Old Man, and the day of a new man draws close at hand, he comes in for a deal of kindly unobtrusive service, that covers up his little blunders, relieves him of duties grown too heavy for his tired brain and shaky hand, and never lets him feel that he is not The Old Man that he was. And so he dozes away at his desk, until one day the office is closed, and on the next his son, in neat new black clothes, opens the letters with The Old Man's paper-knife, while the clerks wonder if The New Old Man will be as good as The Old Old Man.

It is a gracious estate. I am sure I should like to have just one clerk of my own call me The Old Man before I die.

William of Lading.

## THE SAME OLD VOTER.

"Haw!" remarked Lord MacEnoch; "I like America vewy well, ye know; but, then, you have no antiquities here!"

"Have n't, eh?" returned Carper: "it seems to me that the countryman who ostracized Aristides showed up pretty numerously at the last election."



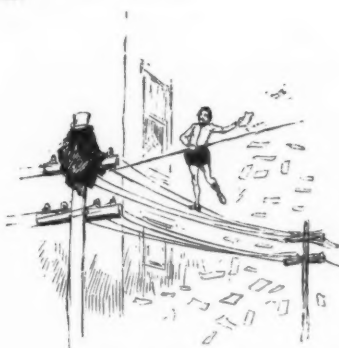
THE INTOXICATED GENTLEMAN WITH  
THE SURVEYOR'S ROD.



EXCITED CROWD IN STREET.—Stop—get back, for heaven's sake—somebody go up and hold him!



EXCITED CROWD IN STREET.—Ah-h-h-h! there he goes!



"Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Leotard's unrivaled exhibition on the slack rope will take place every evening this week at Emporium Hall—for further particulars please see small bills."

PRETTY WELL OFF—The Leaves.

L AID PAPER must have a sort of egg finish.

A CAT NAP.—The Fur.

T H E A L C O H O L I C S N A K E never hibernates.

V A N I T Y F A R E — Flattery.

B A R B E R I E S — Cloves.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

I sit by the cheerful fireside,  
Reading the thoughts sublime  
That a noble but ill-used poet  
Has writ for a cent a line.

Oh, pity the bard! I think me  
How little he has to eat  
Since the laws on the rights of copy  
Let the foreign scald compete.

*Et gemitus duplicantur,*  
And my sighs increase apace,  
For mine are the noble verses  
That I read by the cheerful blaze.  
*Job Fish, jr.*

THEY PUNISHED HIM.

"How DO YOU FEEL NOW?" asked the general manager of a tar-and-feather social, as he poked a handful of feathers between his victim's teeth. "I feel down in the mouth," the latter replied. Whereupon six revolvers were instantly emptied into the same cavity.

S T A G G, Y A L E ' S F A M O U S P I T C H E R, is to prepare for the ministry. He has one qualification, evidently—a good delivery.

N O W T H A T the base-ball season is over, the small boy finds time to wonder what kind of a present he is going to get off the Sunday-school X-mas tree.

W H E N T H E S i a m e s e T w i n s were in existence, they were in the double quick.

M R. K E E L Y H A S now the chance of his life to mote. If he has got any etheric force, it will "come handy."

D R. M C G L Y N N S E E M S to be in a fair way to win the laurel wreath left by the late Count Johannes.

I F Y O U would see an exhibition of water-colors, just take a look at the Passaic that New Jersey drinks.

H O U S E K E E P E R.—You want to know how to preserve fruit? Why, that's easy enough; just put it up—and don't take it down again.

A B A D S P E L L — Mayor Grant's Term of Office.

T H E C H R Y S A N T H E M U M, like the iron-link dish-rag, owes its entire hold on popular favor to its toughness. If it flourished in July, instead of showing up in the late Fall, it would n't stand the ghost of a show with a second-class aster.

T H E P O S S E S S I O N of an automatic fountain pen has often made a man's existence a burden to his fellow-citizens. If he feels the responsibility of a propaganda upon him, his social usefulness is at an end.

W H E N W E C O N S I D E R how monotonous a baby's existence must be, and how few interests it has in life, we can not wonder that it cries occasionally, just to fill up the time.

F L A N N E L C A K E S should neither be all wool nor a yard wide.

R E D W O U L D be a lovely color for a woman's hair if it were not so likely to run into her temperament.

P O W D E R L Y B E L I E V E S in "one-man power," and it looks as if he might some day realize his wishes. At the present rate of backward progress, he will soon be the one man left in the K. of L.

One or two teaspoonfuls

FRED. BROWN'S  
GINGER

with a gill of hot water,  
sweetened to taste, and  
swallowed at bed-time,  
will insure against sudden  
chills and other accidents  
of disease.



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Amateurs—the Kodak

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SILVER MEDAL  
FOR  
CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE  
WORLD,

At Toronto, August 13, 1888.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

"On General Writing—law, evidence, and commercial matter—  
\*Miss M. E. Orr won the Gold Medal for the Championship of the  
World. \*Mr. McGurran won the Silver Medal in the same class."

\*Both Miss Orr and Mr. McGurran used the Remington Typewriter.  
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TOOTH SOAP. Cures SORE GUMS, REMOVES TARTAR, gives delightful coolness and freshness to the mouth. A Gem for the Toilet. Try it. Sold by druggists or postpaid receipt 25c. WRIGHT & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Send for pamphlet care of teeth free.



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AT THE CHURCH.  
"Mama, is that the usher?"  
"Yes, dear."  
"Does he show people where to sit, Mama?"  
"No, he shows people where not to sit."  
*Georgia Cracker.*

BOUCICAULT teaches pupils how to walk at his new dramatic school. Boucicault may be getting old; but he still knows the needs of the theatrical profession.—*Georgia Cracker.*

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS—The young man who left just before the old man came down stairs.—*Georgia Cracker.*

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**Cold in Head.**

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AND MUST PLEASE AND BE BECOMING TO  
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WITH CHOICE OF SILK, SATIN, WOOLEN, OR  
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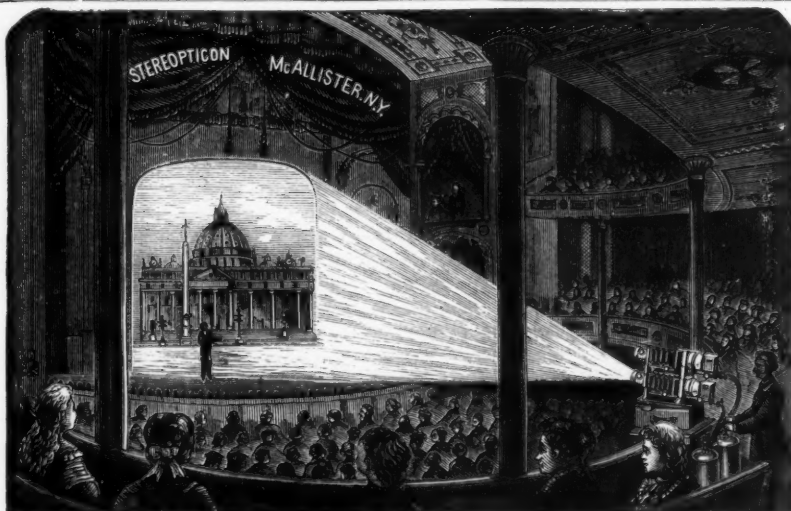
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"Punched quarters don't pass," muttered the foot-ball player, as he viciously slugged the quarter back on the opposing eleven.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.



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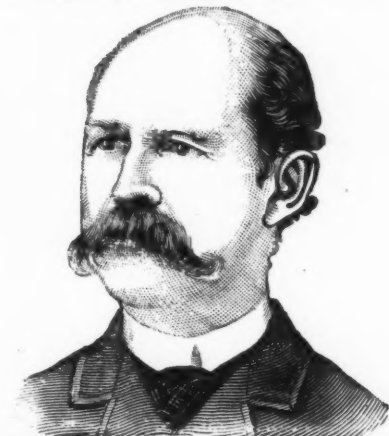
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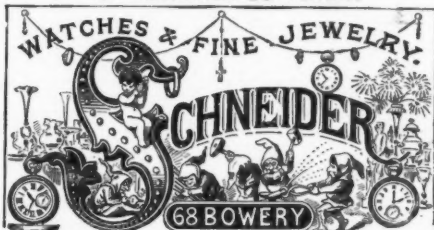
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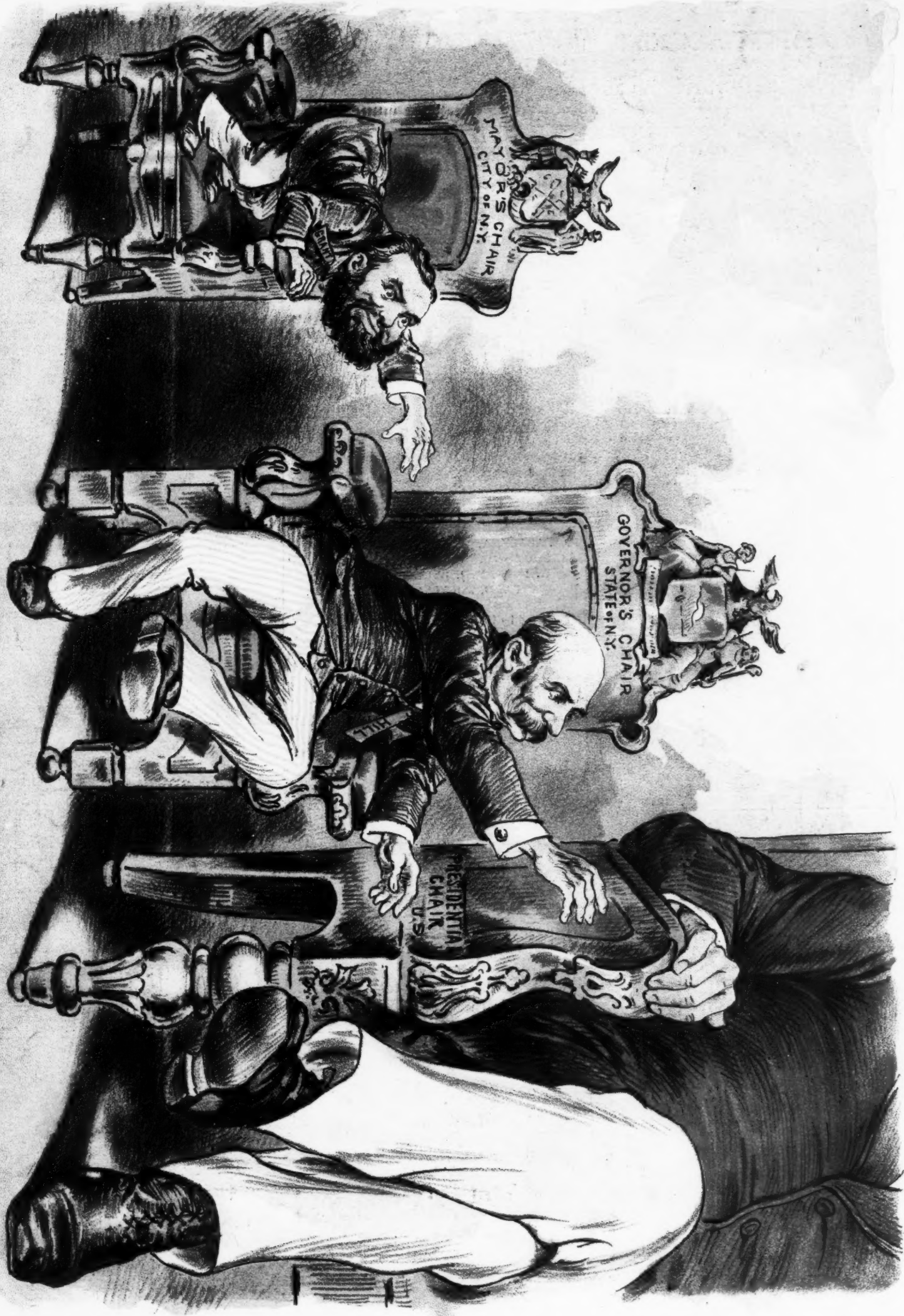
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