



A CRUEL FRIEND.

BROWN—"I say, Smith, the fellows are beginning to call me 'Shorty,' and I don't like it. If you were in my place what would you do when addressed by that name?"

SMITH—"Don't know, but I'm afraid I would answer to it."

THE PIANO SALESMAN.

"JUST walk into my parlor,"
Says the spider to the fly,
"And my Bangawhack pianos
Will you condescend to try?
That our patents are the latest
Is a fact none can deny,
Tone and action are the finest,
And our actions are not 'fly.'

"The hosts of 'old-time' makers
Are played out, as you know,
And most of those made here, sir,
Are also way below;
But if you want the finest—
Well!!! I do not wish to blow,
But the Bangawhack piano
Has the everlasting show!

"Our price is just two fifty
For the largest concert grand,
And our length of time on payments
Can't be beaten in the land;
Per month we'll take three dollars,
Or, if that will not do,
We'll do our best to strain a point—
Hold on! we'll make it two.

"You think the price too high, sir,
Then say *two hundred cash*;
Ambition is our object, and
More money is but trash—
We'll even say *one fifty*, when
By competition crossed,
And—hang it!—if you say so,
We'll make it less than cost!

"How much is cost? Well, et me sec,
Our 'asking price' for this
Is just eight hundred dollars
According to our list;
But as we said before, sir,
To a gentleman like you
We'll make it just *one-fifty*—
But only 'cause 'tis you.

"What, going? No, just wait awhile
Until I see the boss,
To place it in a house like *yours*
We'll even stand a loss;
Let's say the *even hundred*
And close the thing right here,
With music, stool and cover, and
Free lessons for a year!

"You'll take it! Thank you! Take a chair!
John, bring the papers, quick!
Just draw the note and fill the lease,
Or else the gent may kick;
And let us thank our lucky stars,
Though profits *here* may fail,
Despite all opposition, still
At least we've made a sale."

H. H. GODFREY.

DOBBS' BITTERS.

DOCTOR DOBBS is a millionaire—
I'll briefly state how he got there.

A city practice he tried in vain,
'Twas a constant grind of payless pain.

Then he cast about in his well-stored mind
Some easier road to wealth to find.

And he noted the fact that inferior critters
Have done quite well by inventing Bitters.

There was Dr. Squidge, an ignorant lummax,
What did he know about human stomachs?

And yet Squidge's Bitters sold everywhere,
And he had become a millionaire.

"Now I," quoth Dobbs, "am a learned man,
And work on a scientific plan;

"I'll put up stuff that is really good
As a brain, and nerve, and stomach food,

"From a formula known to the regular schools,
The tonics in vogue are the work of fools."

So with care and skill, and deep, deep thought
Dobbs' Bitters he into existence brought—

A nasty mixture, with pungent taste,
But of all specifics the very best.

It cost big money to advertise,
"But it's bound to go," said the doctor wise.

Well—he lost his investment—it *didn't* go
(Most things of merit are fated so).

And poor old Dobbs was in blank despair
When the Fakir turned up and said, "Ah, there!

"You're a learned duck, an' I'm on'y a fake,
But I'll teach you a good sellin' Bitters to make.

"There's an element lacking in this of yours,
It never will sell whatever it cures.

"I'll put you on to a racket I know,
If you'll take me in—d'ye call it a go?"

"Done!" cries the doctor—"we'll partners be.
Now hastily give this racket to me."

"Well, a Bitters to sell," says the Fakir fly,
"Must be one-fifth bitters and four-fifths rye!"

They made it so, and so fast it sold,
That they soon were ro ling in wealth untold.