



### NO CHANCE.

*Maud*—YES ; I AM IN LOVE—WITH MYSELF.

*Mr. DeVinton*—AH ; I'M SORRY FOR THAT, FOR I RECOGNIZE IN YOU A FORMIDABLE RIVAL.

### A SONG FROM HORACE.

(*Freely Translated.*)

BOOK I. SONG 23.

CHLOE ! you scoot like some young deer  
That seeks its startled mother,  
O'er lonely hills with idle fear,  
If through the woods the winds it hear  
Pursue and kiss each other.

Or if the early breath of Spring  
Make leaves like some string band trill,  
Or through the thicket, horrid thing,  
A lizard crawls ; the noise will bring  
Its limbs and heart to a stand still.

I am not Piper's lion, Chloe,  
That you should seek to hustle,  
Nor hungry tiger of the Zoo,  
That you should hide your face from view  
Behind your mother's bustle.

P. QUILL.

### THE WOMAN-GOVERNED TOWN.

(*By Our Own Veracious Special.*)

STOCKTON, KANSAS, *Sep. 8th, '87.*

As instructed by you, I took advantage of my proximity to Stockton, Kan., to run over and see for myself how the affairs of this city are being conducted under the management of its now far-famed female town council.

I was introduced to the floor of the council chamber by the city editor of the *Cyclone*, who had previously presented me to the lady mayoress, a fine-looking woman

upon the right side of forty, and who rules her council with admirable discretion.

The first thing I noticed on entering the chamber was the mayoress, arrayed in full regalia, gold-edged mantle of purple velvet, and gold chain with gold keys crossed attached, around her neck. This is the only town in the United States the chief magistrate of which wears any insignia of office, but the ladies insisted upon it—at least the mayoress did, and like most things the ladies want—she got it.

I first thought this dazzling appearance was in honor of GRIP's representative, but the *Cyclone* man informed me that she wears it at each meeting, and there is more jealousy on the part of the other ladies on account of the clothes, than on account of the position as mayoress, and a very lively debate took place, a short time ago, on a motion suggesting that all the alderwomen should wear gold-edged mantles and chains ; the idea was unanimous on the part of the council, the debating being between them and the mayoress ; she finally closed down on them as being entirely out of order, ruling that they will have to get a special act of the legislature before they can pass such a measure.

The council opened with prayer read by the city clerk—this is an innovation on the late council's proceedings, which usually opened with drinks all round and closed in the same manner.

After prayer, the mayoress said she had received a letter from Chief of Police Paradise, saying that he must protest against Alderwoman Jennette making him hold her baby during the council meetings ; he did not mind so much a few months back, but now the baby was teeth-