



THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

HANS GRUNTZ ON THE ELECTIONS.

BISMARCK ARMS,
June 23, 1882.

HERR GRIP,—I walks de city round last vecks, unt py chimney, mine hants unt mine fingers vas all up swollen mit a pain in mine shoulders, efery pody shakes so hard mine hands. It vas "How you vas, Mr. Gruntz? Hope you are fery well; unt Mrs. Gruntz? unt leetle poy vot-you-call-him Gruntz? unt ze paby—leetle Meesy Gruntz? unt has she got her eye-teeth yet? Must really call unt see you in ze posom of your family." So fery cood unt fery kind. Unt some vill say, mit mine hand squeezing, "Coot Cracious! Mr. Gruntz, ze country to destruction goes. Czar John is paring dot cheese mit de shkilbers in all rount so thick, zere von't be nozing left for de G-rats to nibble at. We must save dot cheese provincial, Mr. Gruntz, unt you must help us to kick out Czar John by voting for Plake." "Coot cracious chimney, is dat so? I vill vote for Plake; Czar John vas von tam shecountrel." So I say, ven another man my hand gets hold of, ant shticks his finger my puttonhole

through. Unt he says, "Man Gruntz, dot last lager I got from you vos prime, A. I. Take mine order for ze same quantity next week any time pefore Tuesday. Unt say, Gruntz, mine vrow is going to call on Mrs. Gruntz to go unt do procession look at." "Vot vos dot procession apout?" I say. "Heben and earth, Gruntz, don't you know Czar John is coming to address the electors?" Unt he his taschen-tuch takes to vipe off de sweat dot he so much astonished prings out. Put dot man tells me Czar John cuts up de province into small pieces, "vot he do dot vor?" says I. "Gruntz! de tam Grits have stuffing you been, unt slandering dot poor innocent sucking lamb, Czar John. Don't you pelieve them, Gruntz, Czar John says your lager is the best he ever tasted. Who the working man loves? Czar John. Who makes ze mare to go? Czar John. Who shuts ze Yankees out? Czar John. Who lets ze Chinese in? Czar John. Who makes brospirity, plenty of work, goot wages, lots of rain, goot crops, unt encourages matrimony, by protecting home industries? Czar John. Czar John, sir, vas premier, A. I., just like your lager. You for Czar John vote, Gruntz, unt to

plazes mit ze Grits." Unt I says, "Ze Grits to plazes, I'll vote for Czar John." Unt so on; efery pody so kind and goot, like I vas von bruder them to. But pohint Teusday, I walks the streets ofer, unt nopody wants my hants to shake; all Vedensday unt Thursday, nopody knows old Gruntz, unt the peobles haf forgotten all apout me. I stops unt smiles von smile to ze man dot his finger puts my putton-hole through, unt he away flies like ter tuyfol was mit me, unt he was afraid his time vas up. My face I washes clean, mit my hants; unt mine coat unt mine pants unt mine hat ze fery same as pefore Teusday, unt Herr GRIP, I can't verstan vy eferypody vos so goot unt kind pefore mit not behind Teusday. Mine lager is all right—dot's so—den Herr GRIP, vill you toll me vat is wromg mit myself dot nopody efer shakes hands mit, any more,

Your humble servant,
HANS GRUNTZ.

It is very natural for a man who has got the melon colic to be melancholy.

A lawyer is like a tailor when he gets a *suit*, and like a watch when he gets a *case*.