



Mr. Whitney to his followers: "Now, gentlemen, bye-elections are generally favorable to the government, so I must ask you to promise me not to die. If you feel a bit off color I should advise you to take a couple of \_\_\_\_\_'s Pills." (If for no other reason, this cartoon may be interesting from the fact that we have received several offers, ranging from 50c. to \$5,000, from pill manufacturers, for the privilege of having their name inserted in the foregoing blank.)—ED.

### With the Magazines.

They were all lounging in various attitudes in the book-seller's window.

"Oh, dear!" said the *Rural New Yorker*, "How provoking! now I am sure to have had luck."

"What's the matter now?" asked *The Country Gentleman*.

"Why, I saw the new MOON over my right shoulder," answered the *Rural New Yorker*.

"What nonsense!" said *The Smart Set*, "I don't believe in any such superstitions. Some of you old fogies ought to be read out of the union." And *The Smart Set* cast a supercilious glance at *Puck*.

*Puck* drew his eyebrows into a deep frown and thought. Presently a grin spread over his face and he said:

"See here, *Smart Set*, don't you cast any insinuations at me, or I'll hand you a *Punch* that will give you a *Smart Set*—back."

"Hear! Hear!" said *The Strand*, "*Puck* is actually becoming funny, don't you know!"

"What's that?" said *Life*, who had just woke up.

"*Puck* getting funny? Come off! You can't stuff me!"

"But your editor can," said the *Woman's Home Companion*, sweetly.

"Oh, what silly jesting! It isn't good form at all," said the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Ha! who talks about good form?" said the *Ladies' World*, frigidly. "I guess we all know what gives you such good form."

"I don't," said *The Canadian*, "pray what is it?"

"Padding," responded the *Ladies' World*, triumphantly.

"Oh, you needn't talk; you're only a back number, anyway," retorted the *Ladies' Home Journal*, getting read.

The *Ladies' World* glanced sorrowfully at her date, and then burst into a passion of tears that fell splashing down upon *The Cornhill*.

*The Century* looked at her pityingly, and was moved to try to give her *Comfort*; but remembering his dignity and his age, he only nodded to *The Cosmopolitan* who was about to say something polite, when there was a great commotion in the window. The *Rural New Yorker* was jerked roughly off the rack, and crumpled up and stuffed into the pocket of a burly farmer. As he disappeared he was heard to mutter: "Consarn that new MOON! I knowed I'd have bad luck."

A shadow fell upon the little group in the window, then all except *Life*, who was asleep again, noticed that a bright radiance like June sunshine overspread them all.

It was THE MOON smiling at *The World's Work*.

—JIM WILEY.