

Don't eat tainted meat. The only good feature about Anglomania is that our Anglomaniacs are cultivating what they consider to be the taste of the able-bodied, high-priced and beefy English landlord-for gamey meats. In this way the buzzard and the Anglomania will soon fall victims to their acquired appetites and become even extincter than they now are.

Dr. Valentine says: "Don't allow a meal to pass without a joke between each mouthful." This will enhance the value of American humor to a great degree. Dinner will move along something like this: Mouthful of soup—"Did you ever see a horse fly?" "Ha! ha!" Mouthful of bread—"I think that the Anarchists ought to be Austriazied. He! he!" Bite of celery—"How did Eve get into the Garden of Eden? Give it up? Got in by Adam's Express wish!" Great laughter. More bread and silent mastication—"How did she get out? Give it up? Got snaked out!" Screams of mirth, flakes of laughter and bread crumbs prevailing the air. Mouthful of roast duck reminds domestic humorist of something. "Do you know why a duck goes into the water?" Large gobs of silence and more pensive eating. Domestic humorist answers it himself as follows. "For divers reasons." More bread, ice water and general good feeling. "Why does he come out?" No answer, and no sound but that of an old joke under the table cracking its knuckles and getting ready to spring out and hit its heels together. "For sun-dry purposes!" exclaims the ready and brainy man, looking casually at a memorandum on his cuff. More dinner, and then—"Why does he go in again?" Nothing can be heard but the low rumble of a thinker, perhaps as it grapples with the great problem. "To liquidate his bill!" Yells of laughter, screams of delight and astonishing feats of digestion promoted by mirth. "And why does he again come out?" More thought and mastication, then the gastric jester says: "To make a little run on the bank," and amid a general shower of vest buttons and wads of mirth as big as hickory nuts the genial, all-around tonic humorist and joy promoter goes on. Pleasant little dinner parties one of these days will telephone for a caterer or marshal of the day to, inquire what will be the price per plate at his place, including appetizer, dinner, wine, fruit, dessert, finger-bowls, cigars, toothpicks and Hygienic Humorist.

Brethren of the American press, the hour of our emancipation is at hand. The time is rapidly approaching when Little Tom Tucker may joke for his supper. Avast pumpkins on subscription! Avast there muskrat pelts for pay locals! Adieu thou economical party that seekest to win the indorsement of the press by laying a double-yolk egg on our table with a wild cackle of delight, for we see our opportunity looming up in the distance!

BILL NYE.

## THE BABY WAS NOT THERE.

[From the Peru (Ill.) Call.]

A good story is told on a married man in town who refused to go with his wife to the fair last Saturday, saying that he had to attend an important meeting; so the woman stayed at home, but the man went to the fair just the same, and got home about 2 o'clock in the morning and stealthily crept into the house and to the bedside where his wife was sleeping. After getting his clothing off ready for bed he imagined that his wife was waking up, so he began rocking the cradle, which stood near the bed for that purpose. His wife, after he had been rocking about five minutes, raised up in bed and said. "You infernal old bald-headed fool, come to bed. I have the baby here." He went.



Guilty or Not Guilty.

## AN HONEST JOCKEY.

OLD JOHN OSBORNE, WHO IS KNOWN AS "THE BANK OF ENGLAND" RIDER.

[From London Vanity Fair.]



JOHNNY.

Johnny Osborne has long been known as "the Bank of England jockey," because he enjoys an absolutely spotless reputation. He is one of the four sons of "Old John," the famous Yorkshire trainer, whose stables on the verge of Middleham Moor have sent forth many race horses of great celebrity. The homestead at Ashgill was that in which John Osborne was born about five-and-fifty years ago. Before he was ten years old he was riding some of his father's horses in their gallops. He began to ride in public nearly forty years ago, soon becoming a favorite light-weight, and it would be difficult to speak too highly of the ability which he has displayed in all the great races, north and south, not one of which has escaped him.

He first made his mark on Newmarket Heath by riding to victory Manganese, a mare trained by his father, in the One Thousand Guineas. Six years afterwards he achieved the greatest triumph of his career, for in 1863 he rode Lord St. Vincent's colt Lord Cliden for the St. Leger. Riding soon after this for Mr. (now Sir Robert) Jardine, he scored his first and only Derby victory upon Pretender, with whom he had previously won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1869. In 1871 he again won the Two Thousand Guineas for Mr. Jardine with Bothwell, while in the year following he had the mount for that race on Prince Charlie, the conqueror of Cremorne. In 1874 still further triumphs awaited him, as in that year he rode Apology when she won the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger. This mare was not only ridden but trained by him, for when his father died, in 1865, he and his brother Robert took over the stables at Ashgill, and have trained there for some of the leading north-country sportsmen ever since. In the spring of 1875, John Osborne rode Cambrillo for Mr. Vyner in the Two Thousand Guineas, and this was his last victory in any of the classic races, so that he has up to the present time won the Two Thousand Guineas five times, the One Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger twice, and the Derby and the Oaks once. If not quite so quick now at "getting off," as some of the younger jockeys, John Osborne has still preserved his nerve and his unrivalled knowledge of pace, though for the last twelve or thirteen years he has divided his time pretty equally between the training ground and the race-course. For in the same year that he was preparing and riding Apology for her valuable engagements, Lily Agnes, the dam that was to be of Ormonde, was also winning many good races for the Ashgill stable; while within the last two seasons he has delighted the heart of Mr. Vyner and all the north country folk by sending Stone Clink and Gloria to Newmarket, and winning with them the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

THE ARMY AND NAVY ESTIMATES.—According to the Army and Navy Estimates for the ensuing year, as submitted by the departments to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the gross sum required for the former is £21,485,018, and for the latter £15,162,247.

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN ENGLAND.—The places of amusement in London number between 550 and 600, and of these more than 450 are music-halls. The places of amusement in the provinces are upwards of 1,300, and of these only about 160 are music-halls. The theatres in London are about 50; in the provinces they number about 200. The concert-halls and palaces in London are about 30, while in the country they reach the enormous number of nearly 1,000. But many of the halls in the provinces have the power of representing stage plays on their ill-adapted platforms, but at the same time they are frequently supplemental chapels and churches and places of political meetings. The capital invested in London in places of amusement is little short of £4,000,000, without reckoning places like the Crystal Palace, the Albert Hall, &c. Direct employment is given to about 150,000 people, besides indirect employment to a host of tradesmen and their workpeople. The London theatres, music-halls, and concert-halls have accommodation for about half-a-million of sightseers. The capital invested in similar places of amusement in Great Britain (excluding Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands), and comprising about 550 towns and cities, is over £6,000,000. This gives direct employment to about 350,000 people, besides indirect employment to many more and provides accommodation for nearly 1,250,000 spectators.—London Times.