

## The Rockwood Review.

violence, whereof it is to be putt in perpetual silence." The "perpetual silence" which he put on the game has not fallen even by the end of three centuries and a half. Some indiscreet testimony as to the character of the English game comes from travelers in the American colonies, where the American Indians were found playing a game of foot-ball like that of their white brothers. John Dunton, traveling in New England when Boston was half a century old, tells of the Indians' game: "There was that day a great game of Foot-ball to be played. There was another Town played against 'em as is sometimes common in England; but they played with their bare feet, which I thought very odd; but it was upon a broad sandy Shoar free from Stones which made it the more easie. Neither were they so apt to trip up one another's heels and quarrel as I have seen 'em in England." At the same time English boys were kicking the foot-ball around Boston streets, and were getting themselves complained of by the game-hating Puritan neighbors, and enjoined by pragmatical magistrates.

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The man who complains of a free lunch should go buy the board.—New Orleans Picayune.

It is rumored that the Inter-State people are now going to abolish the Rocky Mountain passes.—Detroit Free Press.

"I am at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silverware.—Ex.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX advises women not to wash their faces. The next thing we know Mrs. Wilcox will join the Anarch's band.—Life.

A certain Boston man is said to call his wife Ann Archy because she is always blowing him up.

### BOTH ALL RIGHT.

A lady attired in crape entered a car and abandoned herself to melancholy. A woman behind her, with a red nose, blue veil and green spectacles, leaned forward and inquired—

"Lost somebody?"

A barely perceptible nod answered the question without inviting another, but the inquisitive proceeded:

"Father?"

A shake of the head.

"Husband?"

A nod.

"Church member?"

A nod.

"Life insured?"

A nod.

"Then what are you moping about for? He's all right, and so are you!"

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WOMAN (to tramp)—Don't you ever take a bath? Tramp—(sadly) I ain't got money enough, ma'am, to buy a bathing suit.

Clara—How did you enjoy the opera last evening? Lucy—It was divine. I had the nobbiest hat in the house!

When a musician goes fishing does he castanet in the hope of catching a bassoon?—Yonkers Gazette.

Lady (in bric-a-brac store)—Let me see something handsome but cheap. Clerk—Yes'm; something for a wedding present?

"Sir," he said, as he handed the youth a tract, "are you a young man of Faith?" "Yes, sir," the young man replied, "I eat a Third avenue table d'hôte dinner every night."—Life.

MME. GERSTER's voice has failed to the sorrow alike of her friends and the music-loving public. Gerster should turn Anarchist; they never never lose their voices...Philadelphia Inquirer.