

way. And I've made a mighty good beginning, I can tell you. I'm just making a holy show of the Equal Rights business, and giving the party press a chance to call us a lot of bigots and demagogues. He can't overlook my services."

"But," suggested the editor of the Mule and Goat Department, "how do you know that Dalton McCarthy, Jim Hughes and the rest are not working the same racket? Their speeches certainly read like it."

"By thunder! but I never thought about that!" exclaimed the Fakir, excitedly. "Now, perhaps they have got ahead of me! Some of these sneaking, truckling politicians are capable of any sort of meanness and treachery. It is infamous! If I really thought that men could stoop to such baseness, I'd—I'd—" here his emotion overcame him.

"By the way," he resumed, "why shouldn't the Jesuits themselves come down with something handsome? They are wealthy, and we read about their always being ready to spend money freely in influencing public opinion. Who is the boss Jesuit in this country, anyhow? do you know?"

"I really do not," replied the assistant editor.

"No matter. *N'importe*, as we say in Parée. I'll find out, and write him to let him know that if he is buying up prominent and influential citizens at this juncture, I'm in the market. I declare, it makes me tired, all this talk about governments and parties and churches wanting to buy people. Now, I'm always for sale, but it's the hardest work to find a purchaser. So long. See you again and let you know how the good work progresses."

NICELY CAPTURED.

A GENTLEMAN in one of the out-lying districts had long been suspecting his milkman of working the pump handle too freely, but had never been able to fasten the charge on the offender. One morning he noticed that the milk was of a better quality than usual and a happy thought struck him. The next time he met his chalk-and-water friend he remarked casually:

"Why did you stop putting water in your milk?"

Before the unsuspecting milkman noticed what he was saying he replied: "Folks were beginning to suspect me of doing it and I had to give it up."

THEY WERE ALL IN VIEW.

A GENTLEMAN whom nature had favored with an unusually extensive mouth entered a dentist's office a few days ago to have a decaying tooth cleaned out and filled. The supreme torturer being engaged, the patient was left to the tender mercies of an apprentice. After the usual amount of probing had been done the young man went to report progress to his chief and the following conversation took place:

CHIEF—"Is it a back tooth or a front one that is decayed?"

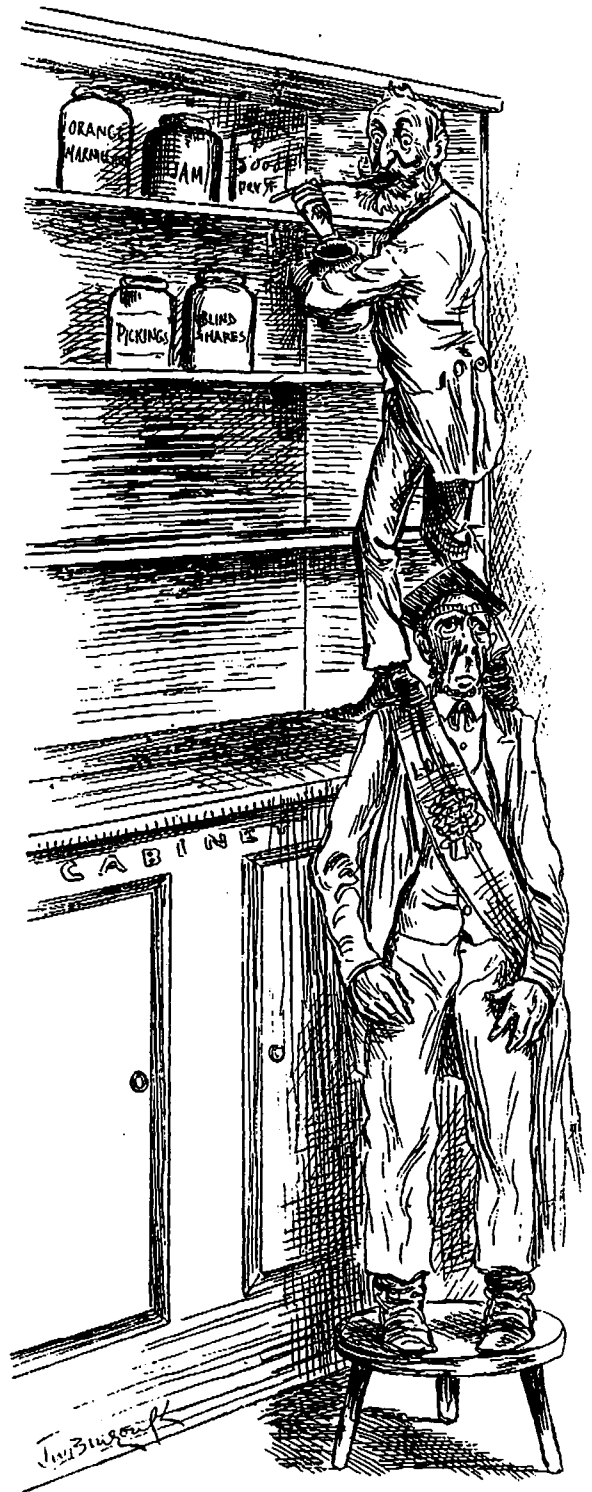
APPRENTICE—"A front one, sir. The fact is the gentleman has none but front teeth."

CHIEF—"How's that? Has he all his back teeth extracted?"

APPRENTICE—"No, sir. On the contrary he still possesses all his ivories."

CHIEF—"Well, then, what do you mean by saying that he has no back teeth?"

APPRENTICE—"Come and look at the size of his mouth and you will understand."



THE DUPE AWAKENS.

HON. EX-GRAND SOVEREIGN BOWELL (to his faithful supporter) — "What's making you so restless down there? Be quiet!"

THE ORANGE ORDER—"Begobs! I've just begun to wonder what good this does me!"

MANY men look as if they owned the earth and were dissatisfied with their possessions.