



AN HISTORICAL SECRET.

CHARLIE RIVERS—"And so you will be eight next week, Flossie! Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady."

FLOSSIE—"Yes, I'm getting old much faster than my sister May is. She has been twenty-three ever since I can remember."

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

(Special to *N. Y. Herald.*)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2nd.

Acting upon the strong representations of Mr. Anthony Comstock, the Postmaster-General has decided to refuse mail facilities to Mr. R. O. Manser's novel, "What's the Matter with Hannah?" on the ground that it is of a grossly immoral character.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11th.

MR. R. O. MANSER, Yaphank.

DEAR SIR,—We have much pleasure in informing you that, owing to the greatly increased demand for your book since it was refused mailing privileges, it will not be necessary for you to forward the \$200 still due us on publication expenses. We will deduct the sum from the amount now at your credit, and trust that in a few days we shall be able to make you a handsome remittance. "What's the Matter with Hannah?" is an assured success, and if you have any thought of following it up by another novel, we would be prepared to negotiate for the MS.

Yours respectfully,

HUSTLER, BILKS & Co.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

BAGSHOT—"No, I'm not going away anywhere this summer. It'll do me just as well to stay in town and take a buggy ride out into the country occasionally."

JAGGERS—"Yes, quite so. I should think a buggy would recall some of the most vivid experiences of life in a summer hotel."

PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOPHI.

THISS ankxiety to provide statews fur deceesed Canadian polertishans seams to hint at a larking consousniss of the phact that they ware a 2nd rait lot wich wood otherwise soon bee fourgoten—a reelly grate man doant kneed no statew.

Ef you wish tew konseel yure baldniss with a whig, git a red one. Noboddi wil ever suspekped red hare uv bein falce.

Them filosofosers wich uv old konstitooted the muel the emblim of cussidness, evidintely never tride to keep chikkins out ov the gardin. On beehalf uv the hen I move fur a rekount.

A editur is often the brakesman onto a trane of thawt.

The diferense between proteckshun an' robbery iz—let me see—yes, certinly, az I waz sayin', the diferense betwixt robbery and proteckshun iz—Oh, pshaw! ask me a ezy won!

Thare is one kind uv gost wich the sikerlogikle Sositie haint thawt it wuth wile tew investigate—the gost of a chance wich a man has tew git offis, ef he don't belong tew the parti.

The allejed litterary man wich makes most racket about the copyrite law, probabli never rote annything in his life wich a publisher could be injuced to steel.

Thare is morral novveles wrote with a morral perpus, wich no r reeds—an agen, thare is hiley immoral novvles wrote with a immoral intenshun, wich is red, but git the awthor a bad reputashun. Ef I waz intew the bizness, methinks Ide wurk the Tollstoy raket, an rite a grosly immoral novvle with a hiely moral perpus. Then Ide git both prase an dollerz.