

has attendid the theater an' gone out between every akt.

The Joos will not eat hog becos he is unklean, and I suppose that iz the reeson wy they eat unleavened bread becos they think bakin' powder comes from the hog, wich iz not so. 'Tis melinchoy tew see wat a holt superstishun haz got.

Hogs iz mostly developed intew the rural districks, ware there peccoliarities git a fair show. But many ov the breed iz to be found in Chicago. They air so thick there that peple wich has traveled will tel you that most every man you meat there is a hog.

In this connection I mite mention Hogg's Hollow. The man wich naimed that settlement cawt on tew the nachur of the animile. I never saw one wich wasn't holler, an' the moar you fill 'em the moar tha kin eat.

No more about the hog. Wen I do I'll write again.

WILLARD E. DERRY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE Free Trade Struggle in England," by M. M. Trumbull, issued by the Open Court Publishing Co. of Chicago, is a graphic and interestingly written presentation of the conditions and incidents of the memorable contest which resulted in the abolition of the English Corn Laws. At a time when an assault is being made on the mediæval and oppressive tariff system in America, this book will prove particularly useful as an antidote to the falsehoods and mis-statements so freely indulged in by Protectionist writers in connection with British Free Trade. The following extract will give an idea of the writer's style of putting things:

It may be a little humiliating to the English aristocracy, but the fact ought to be mentioned that the stupidest men that figured in Parliament were lords. In a debate where Peel, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Villiers, Gibson, and men of that character took part, it was extremely comical to see a lord jump up, as Lord Rendlesham did, and maintain that high rents were an element of national prosperity, and that the fall of prices which would reduce rents, would lower profits and wages. The rate of wages was regulated by the price of corn. To reduce wages, he said, was the object of the motion and the purpose of the League. Of course it is equally humiliating to Americans that the same argument is repeated in the Senate and in the House of Representatives at Washington, but there is the difference between the cases, that whereas Lord Rendlesham did not know any better our American statesmen do.

THE first number of *Pen and Scissors*, the weekly issue of the Stereotype Plate Company of Ontario, is received, and judging from its contents the management have an excellent idea of the kind of matter likely to prove attractive to the out-of-town journalist. The most notable feature is a bright and clever story entitled "Terry Denver," by Nancy Nugent, which is startlingly original in plot and conception, and abounds in strong situations. The scene is laid in the Canadian backwoods, and the story, while realistic in its local descriptions and character-drawing, derives its chief interest from the occult and psychological elements introduced. "Terry Denver" should make a decided hit.

THE August issue of the *Review of Reviews* (American edition) is a strong number, the principal feature being an extended character sketch of Grover Cleveland. It also contains portraits and notices of a large number of other American political celebrities. This magazine would be a more valuable publication if it were not so given over to hero-worship, and were somewhat more discriminating and critical in its estimate of public men, instead of lavishing unmeasured panegyrics on its subjects.



TOO PERNICKETY.

CUSTOMER—"Here, waiter, take this cream away, it has a red hair in it."

WAITER—"What kind of hair do you expect in strawberry ice cream?"

OVERHEARD IN THE CHOIR.

"HOW did you like the sermon?"

"Well, I think the Millennium too visionary a subject for this age. Altogether impracticable."

"Why?"

"Well, righteousness and peace may kiss each other, but if our leading soprano and contralto ever make it up—"

"Yet perhaps others are even less likely to have met and kissed—people outside the choir."

"As for instance?"

"Capitalist and socialist, and a whole list."

"Well, what's the matter with anarchist and monarchist? When they have kissed—"

The "kist o' whistles" drowned the rest.

AHEAD OF PUBLIC OPINION.

"LABOR TROUBLES," said the tramp reading the heading of a column in the old newspaper he had picked up by the wayside. "They're just gettin' on to that, are they? I found it out years ago, and it ain't troubled me worth a cent in a dog's age." And he spread the sheet over his face as a protection against the flies and stretched himself out for his noontide siesta.



THE NEXT MORNING.

Mos' extronnary. Shlats 'peer a' right, but wha's become the mattress?