



THE EXCEEDINGLY ONE-HORSE HACK.

Sir Richard—WHAT HE WANTS IS THE WHIP! JUST GIVE ME THE REINS AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO "GET THERE"!

night to grab their presents first thing in the morning. Then a very bedlam of noise is let loose, trumpets of tin blowing, children screeching, baby crying, father mad, mother worried, servants hurried, sisters flurried, dogs barking, boys larking, sweethearts sparking, and all because it is Christmas day," and so on for eight or ten pages of manuscript.

At page 32 he began his description of the ladies' dresses: "One lady wore a blue moire antique satinet, shirred and gored all down the back in innumerable folds and richly trimmed *à la corsage* with point lace. Another of white satin was *à la pompadour* and was heavily flounced with red Jacqueminots *au naturel*. One costume of red satin attracted much attention. It was cut square in front and the back portion of the waist had been entirely forgotten—left at home probably—the train was very long and the lady carried it on her arm; it was trimmed with gold Cupids, somewhat in a state of nudity—this dress was the most marked and remarked." And about forty pages are given to a description of the dresses. It was while reading these descriptions that the city editor had his fit.

The moral of this little essay is—not that University Federation is a humbug, but that young men fresh from the halls of learning are not always up to newspaper work, though you can't convince them of it.

"BOODLE" IN STOCKTON.

"You see," said the horse editor of the *Cyclone*, "our chief is always trying to keep even with the great New York and Chicago journals, and last winter he started a 'Children's Hot Air Fund.' Had a big hall heated by hot air, and opened it daily for all the small boys and girls who couldn't get warmed up at home, to come and get toasted for three or four hours. Took like thunder; and ever so many people subscribed and got their names in the paper.

"Well, this being such a success, he began to envy New York, Montreal and Chicago papers their sensational 'Boodle Investigations,' and began to long to prove some of our worthy Alderwomen guilty of 'boodling' and securing them free board in the County Jail.

"On making inquiries, he heard of several shady transactions, and found any number of people who said if they told all they knew, that Stockton would be too hot to hold certain individuals who considered themselves pretty big guns around the Town Hall.

"The heart of the chief was full of joy; and the *Cyclone* came out with a couple of columns with great headlines, and the one portentous word BOODLE! in two-inch capitals at the top.

"Of course it created quite a sensation, and the Town Council delegated a committee to investigate the charges. The *Cyclone* engaged two lawyers; a Dutchman, who speaks broken English, and an American who speaks broken French (for you must know that Stockton has a

Very many burglars are as honest as the day is long; but unfortunately their honesty stops at sunset.