

THE COMING CANDIDATE.

WHAT HE WILL BE LIKE—AS PROMISING A MAN AS EVER.

"January is coming,"—*Ald. Clancy.*

The great words of great men must be handed down to posterity, so the above significant quotation is inscribed in letters of black on the pages of history.

"January is coming"—there is no doubt of it.

The almanac says so, *Ald. Clancy* says so, and it must be so.

The Coming Candidate for municipal honors is also putting in an appearance.

This settles the matter—the elections take place in January.

The C. C. is a most promising man—he promises everything asked of him.

That is his current coin whereby popular favor is gained.

The more promises he makes the greater are his chances of election.

As promises don't cost a cent they are very freely given, as a general thing.

The Coming Candidate is a most familiar man.

He has a particularly friendly feeling toward every elector in his ward.

His daily business is to shake hands with all whom he meets, ask after their general health and the like.

It is too soon yet to solicit votes, but he intimates that a large number of the heavy property-holders in the ward have asked him to run for alderman.

He, the C. C. has not quite made up his mind, but intends to leave himself in the hands of his friends.

Presumes that they won't go back on him, should he conclude to stand.

The Coming Candidate has his private opinion regarding the present members of the City Council, and is satisfied that there is some "crookedness" in the manner of conducting business.

He knows all about civic affairs, and understands how the municipal machine could be run with less expenditure of "grease."

He is a great stickler for "economy and retrenchment" like every mother's son who was elected as an alderman last year.

It is too soon yet for the C. C. to enter upon an active canvas, but when he does he will kiss babies by the dozen, like the rest of the office-seekers.

He will not mind having his shirt-bosom bedaubed with molasses by baby fingers.

He will appear at ward meetings and make speeches, which if not reported at length in the papers will make him feel as though he was slighted.

He will say a great deal and not mean much, having a little sense sandwiched in between a good deal of nonsense.

He will flatter the electorate, black-guard his opponents, and endeavor to make the public believe that he is the par-

agon of perfection and only fit person to represent them at the Council Board.

He will keep his wife awake all night—if he happens to be married—by rehearsing the speech he intends to make the following evening.

If elected he will be the happiest man in town for a couple of months, when he will begin to realize that there is not so much poetry in being an alderman after all.

If defeated, he will go and hide himself in an ash barrel or the coal-bin for seven weeks, having the papers announce that he has gone to New York, Boston, or some other big place, on a visit to friends.

Such is the pen-picture of "the Coming Candidate."

A PATRIOT'S IGNOBLE REPULSE

He was a stranger to Danbury, and some-what inebriated, we are sorry to say. Where he came from, and where he was going, were facts that did not transpire while he was among us. His first appearance was in the bank. There was an old gentleman at the patrons' desk, laboriously indorsing a cheque. The stranger went up to him, and slapped him on the back without ostentation. The old gentleman's pen was just in the act of completing the tour of the letter Z. The jar sent it up to the north-west corner of the paper, and thence drove it into the desk. The writer turned about in unmitigated astonishment.

"What do you want, sir?" he demanded with his spectacles reeling around on the end of his nose from the effect of the shock.

"I come to see you about Taylor," said the stranger.

"Taylor? What Taylor?"

"Zach., of course; President, you know," explained the stranger with an agreeable smile. "Lays down there now; not a stone to mark his grave, by Jinks!" and the stranger's face suddenly grew serious.

"What do I know about that?" said the old gentleman grabbing up the pen.

"Ain't you going to do anything about it?" demanded the stranger, catching hold of the desk to steady himself.

"Go away! you're drunk!" pettishly exclaimed the old gentleman, discovering this and the horrid scratch on the cheque both at the same time.

"Drunk yourself, you ole fool!" retorted Mr. Taylor's friend, looking about for the man who stood back of the counter when he came in. Not seeing him however, he gave the old gentleman a cordial invitation to go soak himself, and departed. The moment he got outside the door, the cashier of the bank appeared from under the counter, and gazed absently at the ceiling.

The stranger next went into Mr. Morrill's toy-store. Mr. Morrill, who is a thin, tall person, was endeavouring to sell a lady a horse and waggon artistically constructed of tin, and elaborately coloured.

"Good-morning," said he with a merchant's seductive smile.

"How are ye?" responded the stranger. "Are you the proprietor?"

"I am."

"Glad to see you. Will you just step one side a moment? I want to see you on special business."

Mr. Morrill took the new-comer to the end of the room, and then looked anxiously at him.

"You are nicely fixed here, I imagine," said the stranger, peering around. "Dolls with yaller hair, painted dogs, primers, tops, etcetera. Did you ever think," he suddenly added, "that while you stood in the midst of all this glitter, like a god in a barrel of ice-cream, the grave of Pres. Taylor has no stone to mark the spot?"

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Mr. Morrill, nervously glancing toward the waiting lady; "but you spoke of a matter of importance."

"Ain't it a matter of importance that the grave of the illustrious dead should be hid away under weeds like a bag of stolen apples?"

"I know, sir," said Mr. Morrill soothingly. "But you see I'm very busy just at present; and while I naturally feel a deep interest in Mr. Taylor's affairs, still there's a lady here to purchase a horse and waggon."

"Of course you are a man of feeling," gracefully complied the stranger. "Just gimme ten cents, and I'll see that Zach. Taylor has an obelisk over his mound before night."

"You'll have to excuse me;" and Mr. Morrill moved back to the lady.

"Ain't you going to give me ten cents, you old shrimp?" demanded the stranger with an uncomfortable rise of his voice.

"What do you mean?" gasped the mortified and greatly astonished merchant.

"I want ten cents for the illustrious dead," yelled Mr. Taylor's friend.

"You go out of this store or I'll put you out," threatened Mr. Morrill.

"You'll put me out, will you, old flat-stomach?" derisively snorted the stranger.

"You'll pick me right up an' drop me in the gutter, I suppose, you old lath, and the grave of a president as bald as your skull. Gimme ten cents, I say, or I'll cut of your ears, and shove you under the door."

Mr. Morrill was struck dumb with horror.

"By Godfrey!" suddenly ejaculated the stranger, smiting his forehead in a paroxysm of grief, "to think of Zach. Taylor down there waiting for an obelisk—a little tiny obelisk—and his only authorized agent snapped up by two quarts of bones in a borrowed suit of clothes! I won't stay in a town like this. I won't stay a minute longer. I shall go back of some freight-house and break my heart, and belaid away with laurel and spices.

And he straightway departed. An hour later he was sitting on a plank in the lock-up waiting for a freight-house and laurel and spices to come along.