



HE FELT LIKE ANOTHER MAN.

"JOHN!"

"'s all ri' my dear, comin' (hic) in minit—Just finishin' (hic) little game with Mr. Sh—Shmith (hic)."

THE TWO DROMIOS.

At Washington. Enter, C.H.T.

BLAINE—What lad are you? Say, are you a reporter?
C.H.T.—If so, clear out and make your visit shorter.
 The young man Tupper I, from Canady,
 Boss of the pickled mackerel fisherie,
 Old Dromio's son.

Blaine—Son of old Dromio, boy?
 A baronet ain't he, now? I wish him joy.
 Well, Me and Pauncefort have fixed all up slick,
 You've only got to sign—then cut your stick.
 Perhaps your folks will knight you, if 'taint wrong.
 Ta, ta, young Dromio—see you later—so-long.

QUESTION!

DITORS of American "comic" papers have carried the jibe against English wit and humor far beyond the chestnut stage. Poor old *Punch* is a special butt for these awfully clever Yankee cousins of ours—notwithstanding the bad taste involved in such criticism on the part of papers in the same field. As examples of the fashionable sort of thing



take the following from a recent issue of *Puck*:

London *Punch* observes that Tennyson's last published volume, "Demeter," was probably inspired by a gas bill, or words to this effect. It does not take more than two hours of thought to gather the point of this remark of *Punch*'s. It is subtle—quite as subtle as the *b* in subtle; you don't know it is there until you see it; but it is there, notwithstanding. It is also a useful jest. It gives a clue to the proper pronunciation of Demeter. Some of us have wondered whether the book was *Demeter*, or *Demayter*, or *Demeter*. Of course, to go with

Punch's joke, it must be the last; and we can not be too grateful to Mr. Burnand for relieving us of our orthoëpistical perplexity. *Punch* is a great and a humorous comic paper.

Or the following very brilliant *not* from a copy of the San Francisco *Wasp*, which reaches our table about the same time:

J. BULL—"Your comic papers are inferior to ours. Their best things are copied from our *Punch*."

JONATHAN—"Did you say that the American comic papers are inferior to the English?"

J. BULL—"Yes."

JONATHAN—"And that their best articles are copied from the British comic papers?"

J. BULL—"Yes."

JONATHAN—"Then the best thing our humorists can do is to copy from some other papers."

Now, it is generally recognized that a joke to be good must have some truth in it. Is it true, then, that the English comic papers are below their American contemporaries in point of wit? We see the leading representatives of both sides every week, and have every opportunity of comparing them, and we say deliberately that, on the whole, the English papers have a decided advantage. As for old *Punch*, it is true that his puns are sometimes rather far fetched, but where is the American paper that ever publishes anything so good as *Punch*'s "Model Dramas for Music Halls," his "Guide for Young Reciters," or the series of verses lately concluded under the title of "Untiled"? It would be safe to offer *Puck* a thousand dollars to find anything to equal either of these in his whole file. It is time the meaningless chestnut about English humor was rung up.

HIS CHOICE.

"**HAROLD**," murmured the gentle girl, a tear dimming the lustre of the spectacles that rested lightly on her Græco-Girtonian nose, "I will not deny that our soul communion, our interchange of impressions, our mental emposia, not only specifically paleontological, but cosmical and metaphrastic in a general sense as well, have been pleasingly Carlylesque. But you have taken advantage of a moment of, perhaps, unwonted soulfulness to endeavor to extort from me a pledge of earthly affinity. You seek to degrade—if I may use so strong a term—our essential psychomachy to the ultimate level of mere inter-social volition."

"Waldonia," exclaimed the youth, "you misapprehend me. I—"

"Hear me out, Harold," she persisted. "I have confessed that I feel drawn to you by many psychocentric influences. But there are other considerations. When two earthly lives assimilate there must be no clashing vagaries, no hygienic polenics. Harold," she continued, in a trembling voice, "pardon the question—there is so much at stake—but do you ever defile your immortal nature by eating pie?"

The young man rose slowly to his feet, and felt around in a vague way for his hat.

"Waldonia," he said, in a voice of tragic misery, "the bitterest hour of my life has come, but I cannot hesitate a moment. I wouldn't give up pumpkin pie for the soulfullest woman that ever squawked! Good evening."

The pale moon rose with a timid, abashed demeanor, and her rays shone mildly and pityingly on a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes, who was striding down the street, going out of his way to kick savagely at every lone and friendless dog in sight, and talking volubly and recklessly to himself in the dialect of Billingsgate.—*Pick-me-Up*.