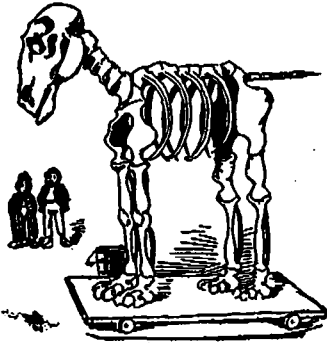


## THE MASTODON'S MEMORY.



THE skeleton of the Mastodon,  
It stood in its wonted place  
In its corner up in the museum,  
With its calm and placid face;  
And for life in that tranquil visage one  
Might vainly search for trace.

Way back in the paleozoic age  
It had been a gay young thing;  
It had seen this wintry world of ours

In its very earliest spring;  
But now it seemed as if naught on earth  
Could reanimation bring.

Two youths dropped into the museum  
And the Mastodon they saw.  
They were not impressed by its size; its age  
O'rcame them not with awe;  
And one was telling a tale whose theme  
Was a shot at mothers-in-law.

He reached the point of that dismal yarn,  
And both with the laugh joined in,

For the mother-in-law as  
a theme for jest,  
It appears will always  
win.

Then they both looked up  
at the mastodon  
Whose face wore a  
cheerful grin.

Oh, then it spake with an  
awful voice,  
Like an antediluvian  
roar;

And it said, "That story,  
boys, is one  
In my youth I heard of  
yore.

Now, while you're about  
it, tell us one  
That I never heard be-  
fore."



—Harry B. Smith, in America.

## FREE AMERICA!

SUB-EDITOR OF AMERICAN PAPER—"Say, Mr. Hooperup, there's a report of a terrible eviction case. A woman, who was defending her home against the evictors, was fatally shot."

EDITOR—"You don't say so. Write a good strong article on it, showing what an infernal system of despotism exists in Ireland, in contrast with the glorious liberty of our American institutions. You know how to put it."

SUB-EDITOR—"Yes, but this wasn't in Ireland, you know. It was in Pennsylvania. But I suppose I'd better condemn it pretty strongly all the same."

EDITOR—"You idiot! What are you thinking of? No; if you say anything about it, denounce the lawlessness of the foreign element who think they can come here and have everything their own way."

"In Kansas the women carried all before them in their recent elections."—*London Advertiser*.

How about their bustles?

## THE MYSTERY OF "THE BREADWINNERS."

(AFTER THE STYLE OF COL. JOHN HAY.)

THE darkest, strangest mystery  
I ever read, or hear, or see,  
Is one of a kind that oft occurs,  
Who wrote, "The Breadwinners?"

Some fellow penned a snobbish tale  
Which had a most tremendous sale;  
Though why or wherefore I don't know,  
The derved thing seemed to go.

The writer, I may here remark,  
About his share in it kept dark.  
The public much a mystery love,  
Which gave the book a shove.

At last, when years had come and gone,  
A Cleveland preacher he let on  
That he himself had done it all.  
His name was Mendenhall.

Then Harper Brothers says, "Go slow,  
The chap who wrote the book we know.  
It wasn't you, as we have proof,  
So now come off the roof!"

Then controversy soon was rife,  
And pens were dipped for inky strife.  
This one and that put in their claim,  
Some laid on *me* the blame!

They found out "authors" by the score,  
And them which weren't in numbers more.  
They called each other as they jawed  
Sech names as "fool" and "fraud."

I've sarched in vain from Dan to Beer-  
Sheba to make this mystery clear.  
The question still discussion stirs,  
Who wrote "The Breadwinners?"



"MOVE ON!"

"Move on!" said Peeler Cupid,  
"You've lingered long enough!"  
Just then a fairy, tripping by,  
Caught Brother Wilson's heart and eye;  
"Ah! here's my fate," said he, "Good bye—  
Dear Cupid, you're the stuff!"