



MR. BLAINE'S SLIGHT STRETCH OF AUTHORITY.

VICE VERSA.

BIGBEE—"I have heard it said that there is always something sad about humorists, and yet I have seldom seen a jollier-looking fellow than Jack Punit, who makes his living by getting off skits."

SPACER—"Oh, he is no exception to the rule. His jokes are sorry stuff."

THE PLATFORM TOO NARROW.

"I CALLED to see if you would like to join our branch of the Equal Rights Association," said an energetic member of that institution to one of his neighbors.

"Equal Rights! You bet I will! I go for that every time, and I don't reckon to be any deadhead in the concern, either. It ought to 've been started long ago. Blamed sight too many privileged classes in this country."

"Yes, indeed! It's a downright scandal that one church should be favored over others—allowed to levy tithes and hold enormous estates exempt from taxation. No man or church ought to have privileges that others don't have."

"Now you're talking! And here's these big land speculators holding property all round that's hardly taxed at all till they can sell for a big figure, and just as soon as they do sell the man that buys and builds is taxed up to the last cent. Oh, I'm for Equal Rights every time. One man has just as good a right to the land as another, hasn't he?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so."

"And that being so, ain't it giving unjust privileges to a few to allow these land-monopolists to hold on to more land than they've got any use for, till the price goes up. Equal Rights 'll soon do away with all that. You mean to put up the taxes, I suppose, so these fellers will have to sell out and give the people an equal chance."

"Um—no, the Equal Rights Association does not propose to meddle with the land question, you see. We confine our attention to fighting the aggressions of the Romish Church and securing civil and religious liberty."

"Then you mean to let the land monopolists and speculators go on making money out of the people."

You've got nothing to say against that sort of unjust privileges?"

"No, it hardly comes within the scope of our movement. It wouldn't do at all. Quite a number of our most enthusiastic supporters are extensive land owners."

"Well, if that's the case you'd better change the name. It came mighty near fooling me. I go for Equal Rights all round, and considering that the landlords get a hundred dollars out of the people for every one the Jesuits get, it looks a good deal like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, as the good Book says. No, I guess I won't join yet. You're all right as far as you go, but you don't go near far enough. Just as soon as you get onto the broad platform of genuine Equal Rights between men as well as between churches, call again and I'll subscribe as much as I can afford. Good-day."

THE average tramp would sooner see wood than saw wood, any day.



A SCRIPTURAL PRECEDENT.

REV. MR. JINKINGS—"Do you know, brother Wilkins, I feel some compunction at neglecting my church in this way every summer. I don't find that the apostles, now —"

REV. MR. WILKINS—"Compunction? Nonsense! Look at Paul—wasn't he everlastingly doing the Continent?"