



THE CUT DIRECT.

'Shampooing parties are very popular in New York.'—*Globe*. Why should we be behind the States? Hair-cutting parties would be charming.

ANGELINA—"Edwin, love's young dream is o'er! I loved you passionately, devotedly, with all the madness of a young heart's affection, until I cut your hair. Now you look a fright! Send back my letters, and I will return your presents at once, sir!"—*Funny Folks*.

My country 'tis of thee  
Sweet land of bribery  
Of thee I sing.  
Land which McKinley sways,  
Land where they duties raise,  
Let boodlers sound thy praise  
In many a ring.  
Let every millionaire  
Utter a solemn prayer  
Hearty and strong—  
Lord, keep the poor men fools,  
Let them remain our tools,  
So that injustice rules  
Through ages long.

From the above extracts an idea may be gained of the merits of this highly original work, which we are informed has met with the warm appreciation which its realistic candor deserves.

#### THE ENTERPRISING MERCHANT.

"I WANT to get some stuff for a suit of clothes," said a queer-looking old chap, as he stepped up to the counter of one of our "rushing" dry goods shops.

"Very good, sir," replied the affable proprietor, all smiles, as he handed down an array of sample rolls. "Very fine goods, sir, the very latest importations, and remarkably good value."

"Yes, I was expecting a pretty good bargain," responded the prospective customer, as he proceeded to examine the material. "I see by your advertisements that you make a regular habit of selling below cost."

"That's just what we do, sir, though most people suppose we are making a vain boast," responded the merchant. "If you know anything of the tweed business," he went on, "you know the piece of stuff you are now handling cannot be laid down in this country under \$1.50 per yard."

"Well, I profess to know a little on the subject, and that is quite true, sir. What of it?" queried the old gent.

"Nothing," returned the enterprising shopman, "excepting that we are selling those goods at seventy-five cents per yard."

The customer looked a trifle staggered. "But, if I may enquire, sir, how do you do it?"

"Er—well," was the bland reply, "I don't mind letting you know, confidentially, that we do it by *doing* the wholesale firm, see? We give 'em our notes, but *giving* a note and *paying* it are two different things. Understand?"

"Yes, I seem to catch on," said the old gentleman, "and, do you know, sir, I am greatly interested in what you tell me. I happen to be a member of the house you got this tweed from."

"Indeed?" said the merchant, blushing slightly. "Glad to see you, sir. Shake!"

The quadrature of the circle still engages the attention of some modern philosophers, who are trying to get a square meal from a loaf round.