

that Mr. Denison was aware of the existence of these stenches before the C. C. A. mentioned the fact to him, but it is to be hoped that he will now take some steps to improve the air of the building, for he should bear in mind that many diseases arise from these poisonous odors, and that a collarer is always lurking about police stations.

I fear that some of the readers of this sheet will fancy that there has been too much dropping into poetry in this week's issue, but as the epics, sonnets, idyls, elegiacs, and so forth are of a very high order I trust no one will object. When the Muses hit any of us poets a whang behind the ear as a hint that they are about to inspire us, we might just as well try to sit down and write plain, matter-of-fact English prose, and with as little chance of success as the Editor of the *Mail* has when he sets about a similar undertaking.

We must
Write verse or bust.

There, the fits' on me again. Another good man gone wrong.

Lake Moosheicmagunticjocknahmakantajus, in Maine, is pronounced a popular summer resort.—*Er.* That doesn't seem to me to be the right way to pronounce it, somehow; however, let me warble;

Oh! my
Never did I
See a name so outrageous
As Moosheic-
maguntic-
jocknahmakantajus.
Moose with a hic,
Magun with a tic—
Oh! this name doth enrage us
And I'll stop pretty quick
And end it up slick
With jocknahmakantajus.

It is stated on excellent authority—my own—that on the wall of one of the divisions in the recently discovered Ark was found a piece of paper on which was a picture—rather crude and lacking in finish and very *Globe-cut*—of two individuals, one of whom is represented as asking the other, "Have you got a match?" to which the second figure replies, "It would be hard to find a match for you, haw, haw, haw." The paper being detached from the wall, was found to be a piece of a *St. Louis* daily, and a paragraph could be plainly deciphered having reference to the size of a Chicago girl's feet.

As I observe that the authorities are putting the law into force compelling owners of cows to prevent their animals running at large, I think it is about time for me to issue my card of thanks to those people whose cows have been, for several weeks, roaming about the secluded bosky dells in Rosedale. I thank them for the many gallons of milk I have obtained free and for the improved state of my health consequent upon the imbibing of so large a quantity of the pure lacteal fluid which was all the sweeter because stolen. I trust that I am an honest man, and that when I commit a theft I don't try to conceal it. At the same time I think that those despotic authorities before mentioned have acted in a harsh and tyrannical manner in putting a stop to my free milk, and the owners of those cows will display a mean and cringing disposition if they submit to any such high-handed proceedings.

I observe a great deal of talk in the papers just now about a man's right to castigate his wife; and opinions appear to be divided on the subject. I say, without hesitation, that a man has a right to thrash his wife—if he can, which I don't think will often be the case, for

any man who would strike a woman, much less his wife, must be such a contemptible coward that if the woman stood up to him for half a minute she could not fail to knock him out. By all means encourage the brutes to beat their wives, and let us try and show the poor trembling women that if they will only display a little pluck, the bully, who is inevitably a coward, will soon turn tail. Let him have it, ye women: give it to him; nothing's too big to hit him with—rolling pins, broomsticks, pokers, telegraph poles, anything, so long as you give him fits.

As I was glancing over that ever welcome and sprightly exchange *The Arkansaw Traveler*, of last week, my eyes fell upon this paragraph, "The editor of *Grip* is a bright, forcible writer and is worthy of all the success which is accorded industrious man," and a thrill of ecstasy went through all my being; my ears flapped about in delirious rhapsody of enjoyment, brushing the cobwebs from the ceiling and creating a breeze that whirled proofs and copy to the uttermost quarters of the earth. "We," exclaimed I, dropping the commonplace first person singular and adopting the regal and editorial ditto ditto plural. "We are the stuff; we are the humpty-hoodlum that the *Traveler* man delighteth to honor," and I arose and cavorted and pranced about and expended much wealth for the beveraginous delectation of every man and boy connected with this office; and then, when the first ecstatic effervescence had passed off I took up the paper once more and read the paragraph which immediately preceded the one quoted above. It ran in this wise: "*Grip*, that bright sheet once published at Kansas City and afterwards at St. Joseph, now comes from Howard, Kansas." And then a sadness stole over me like unto that which a man who is athirst experiences when he picks up a tin tobacco tag for a half dime; and I flopped as one that floppeth floppily, and I slew a fall poet who entered unawares at that moment with his manuscript. Yea, I smote him hip and thigh. So he died. FREDDIE;

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We wish to explain to those of our city and country subscribers who complain that their copies of *GRIP* failed to reach them till several days after publication last week, that the fault, though apparently ours, is not really so, as the Post Office authorities claim that, owing to being shorthanded as regards letter carriers, for other reasons not yet satisfactorily stated, they have been unable to deliver the immense amount of matter on their hands as rapidly as might be desirable.



MY LOST LOVE.

'Tis many and many a year ago,
In a village away from the sea,
That I loved, with a love that was more than love,
The beautiful Marion Gee;
And I vow, by the stars that are twinkling above,
She loved I as I loved she.

And the spring time came and it passed away,
In that village not down by the sea;
And summer arrived, and on quivering spray
The bobolink sang in the tree;
And my heart, like a trade dollar, lightly did weigh,
As I sported around with Miss Gee.

She was grown up and I was grown up,
At least I was twenty and three;
She divided her love 'twixt her puggy-nosed pup—
Which I verily hated—and me;
And all seemed serene: but betwixt lip and cup
There is nany a slip;—we shall see.

We wandered together by moonlight alone,
That is, I and Miss Marion Gee;
And we sat, arms entwined, on a moss-covered stone,
On a stone that was worshipped by me;
Yes, I own that that stone seemed alone worth a throne,
For 'twas there that we spooned,—I and she.

And the month of July, bringing picnic and feast,
And its flowers, and bumbling bee,
Came dreaming along, and my love never ceased
Till one day, as you'll presently see,
When it died at a time we expected it least
Away from us lovers to flee:

We attended a picnic together, alas!
We attended it, I and Miss Gee;
And we ate, as we sat on the emerald grass,
'Neath the shade of a butternut tree,
The ham and cold chicken, the sweet apple sass,
The potato and succulent pea;

For she was no child, and I was no child,
And with fork and k. n. i. f. e.
We disposed of the 'prog' but I nearly went wild
At what I did presently see.
She ate peas with her knife 'd did this beautiful, mild,
And otherwise lovely Miss Gee.

Like the swift lightning flash I beheld the sharp knife
Go into the mouth of Miss Gee:
And I said to myself, "I can ne'er make my wife
A girl who devours the pea
In that way," and fair Marion went out of my life,
And I hankered no more after she.

And now I am lonely, and life to me seems
A blank and a sad memory;
And my verses I write by whole quires and reams,
But they bring nought of solace to me,
For a knife never gleams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Marion Gee.

SWIZ.

SHE WAS ARTLESS.

"How strange it is," she murmured, as the loving pair, so soon to be made one, strolled beneath the trees together, "that you men are always poking fun at us about our pockets, and the funny men of the newspapers write such a number of pieces about the difficulty a man experiences in finding a pocket in a woman's dress."

"Well it is a fact," replied Bertram: "you see our pockets are so easy to find that it is a hard matter for us to discover the opening to those in feminine garments."

"But do all men have their pockets in the same position?" she enquired, though Bertram wot not that there was guile in the question.

"Well, as a rule, yes," answered the artless Bertram, "though I flatter myself I know a thing or two: Now darling," he continued imprinting a fervid kiss on her beautiful *arc-de-Cupidon* lips, "look here: I have all the ordinary pockets in my-in my-my-these things, you know, but—I always give my tailor instructions to make a small one just here—inside—" indicating the exact locality, "I use it expressly for carrying my money in."

"Oh! how cunning you are, Bertie," she said in her low, admiring tones; and then she murmured softly to herself, under her breath, "but you have given your snap away, and now I shall know just where to strike when I go through your pockets at night without rummaging all round and making a row," and then she added aloud, "Darling, darling Bert."—S.

Alabama boasts a watermelon with a complete map of the world on its surface. The cholera districts are strongly outlined.—*Burlington Free Press.*