

sech places whar dar ain't no steam kyars nor trolleys. I 'low dat dem kind ob stages am productive ob iminor ality in de way ob bad language wen de roads am rough an' de driber got to swar at de hosses to keep 'em gwine. But anyway folks ain't got much use fur dem ole-fashioned stages in dese hyar days, an' dey ain't a sarcumstance as compared wid de Grand Uproar an' de 'Cademy ob Music, whar de student cheweth peanuts in de gallery, an' de trombone maketh melody an' de ballet girl cavorteth before de bald-heads wid no mo' clothes onto her dan yo' could pack into de radius ob an oyster-can. Oh, my brudderin, pictur to yourselves de demoralizin' spectacle! Think ob de traps and pitfalls laid befo' de feet ob unwary youth. 'Tain't no use to say dey ain't dar, kase I dun seen Mephistopheles go down froo 'em in de days ob yore. Imagine in you' mind de dazzlin' array ob feminine loveliness whirlin' in de giddy mazes ob de dance, de plumpness ob dar developments recallin' de parable ob de fatted calf, an' crookin' de subtle finger ob solicitude at de venerable gentlemen ob de front row. Fancy de depravity ob de scene wen de curtain drops wid a dull, sickenin' thud, an' half ob de audience makes a rush fur de do', trampin' onto de toes ob dar neighbors to solace dar tumultuous emotions in de adjacent *salon de boozee*. Oh, my brudderin, it am heartrendin'! An' yo' pastor'll nebber forgit de meanness ob dat man Sheppard. De way he dun acted erbout dem complimentary tickets shows he ain't got no respect fur 'ligion. But dat's jest wat yo' mout expect from a theatre man, anyway. Selah!

I reckon it am likely dat Missis Pottah ob Texas am supple about de jints an' can beat de records as a high kicker. Well, wat erbout dat? Dar ain't a mule in de country wat kain't kick furdar an' higher an' stronger by a heap nor wat Missis Pottah kin. I 'low dat Curly Blue mout be a fust-class actor. Likely dar ain't few men wat kin beat him in turnin' de double back-action somersault. He mout be able ter exclaim in a voice tremblin' wid emotion,—"Ah ha! de time will come wen I will hab revengeance!" an' pace de apartment wid hasty strides. Properly he kin do de balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" jest as natural as life, ef not mo' so, till dar ain't a dry eye in de audience. Guess he dun hab 'nuff practice at dat ter git it down to a fine pint. But wat does it all amount to? In de language ob de poet,

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wharfo' art thou Romeo?"

Jest kase dey's a lot ob folks wat ain't no mo' sense dan pay dar money fur sech foolishness.

Wy, dar's Cookskin Ridley, dat's been mashed onto de Widder Perkins eber since her third husband died in de summer time. Jest s'posin' dat instid ob Brudder

THE NEW PATENT MEDICINE!



IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM FITS OF THE BLUES, OR DELIRIUM TREMENS, OR ANY FIT EXCEPT A FIT OF

LAUGHTER
GET GRIP'S COMICALMANAC FOR 1893

IS NOW OUT—FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Ridley layin' low an' sneakin' up de alley way wen he goes to cote her 'long erbout nine p.m. in de ebenin, an' settin' into de front pa'lor wid de gas turned down, de inamorantas afo'said wuz to set onto de platform heah onto one cheer, an' mingle dar vows ob undyin' affection an' chocolate caramels afo' de cold an' heartless world? Would you dun pay fifty cents fur reserved seats, chillun half price, to take in de soul stirrin' spectacle? Wouldn't you consider dat Brudder Ridley an' de widder wuz tryin' ter play hog onto de community if dey 'spected dey was gwine to git dar libin' dat way 'stead ob by de wash-tub an' de kalsomine brush? But wat to' dey ain't got de same right ter git dar support by doin' de mash act an' strainin' each udder to dar throbbin' boozums at seventy-five cents or darabouts per throb, as Missis Pottah and Curly Blue? Dat's wat I wanter know. 'Pears like dey ain't no fair shake erbout dis theatre business.

De deacons will now percolate froo de congregation wid de collection plates, wile de choir tempers de wind to de shorn lamb by de strains ob psalmody.

ONE GOOD QUALITY.

"WELL, how does your cook suit?"

"Oh, so-so. She is uncleanly, cooks wretchedly, and breaks everything that comes to her hands, but she has one good quality that I never found in others."

"And what is that?"

"She stays."—From the German.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.



A GREAT AWAKENING.