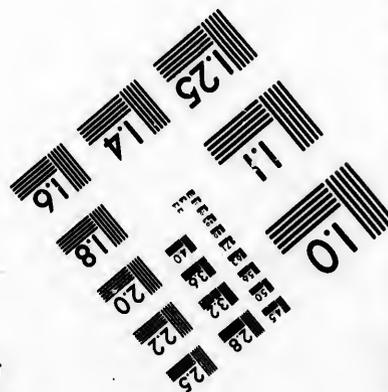
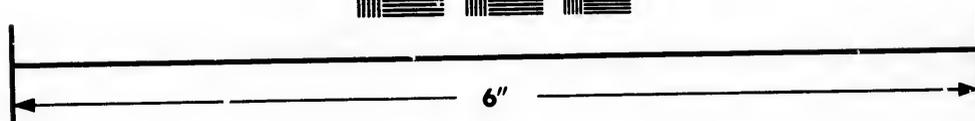
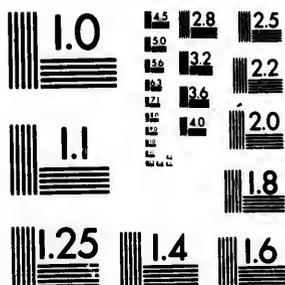


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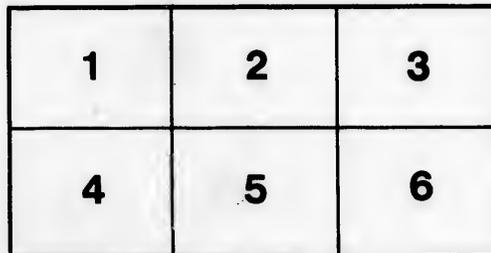
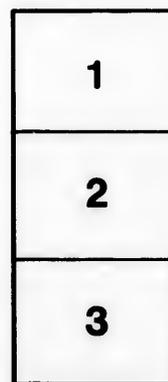
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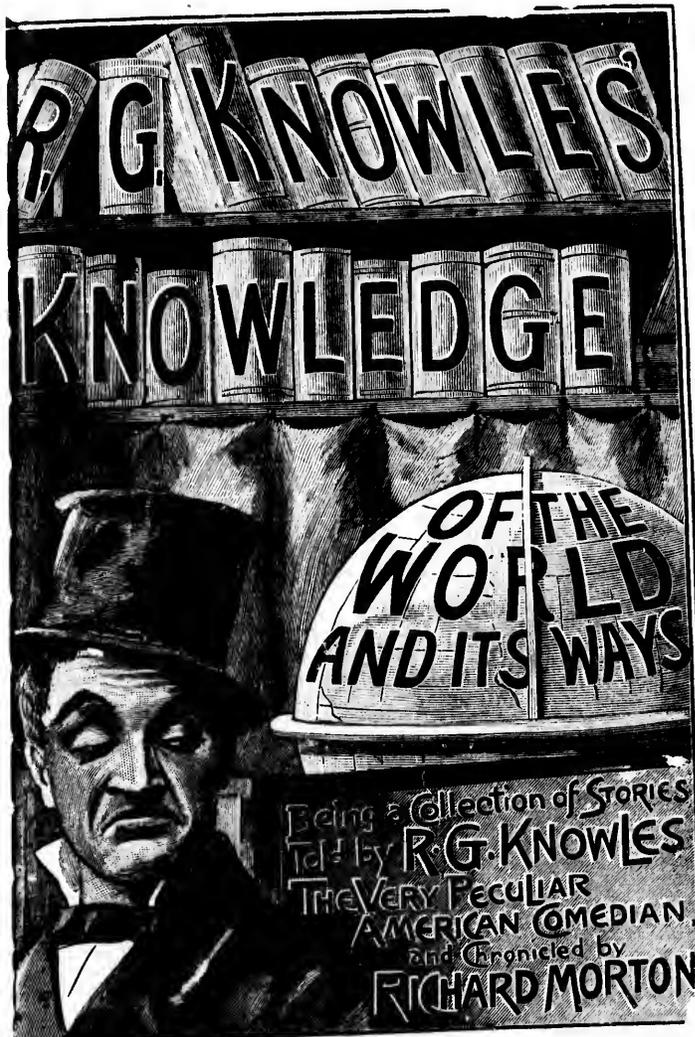


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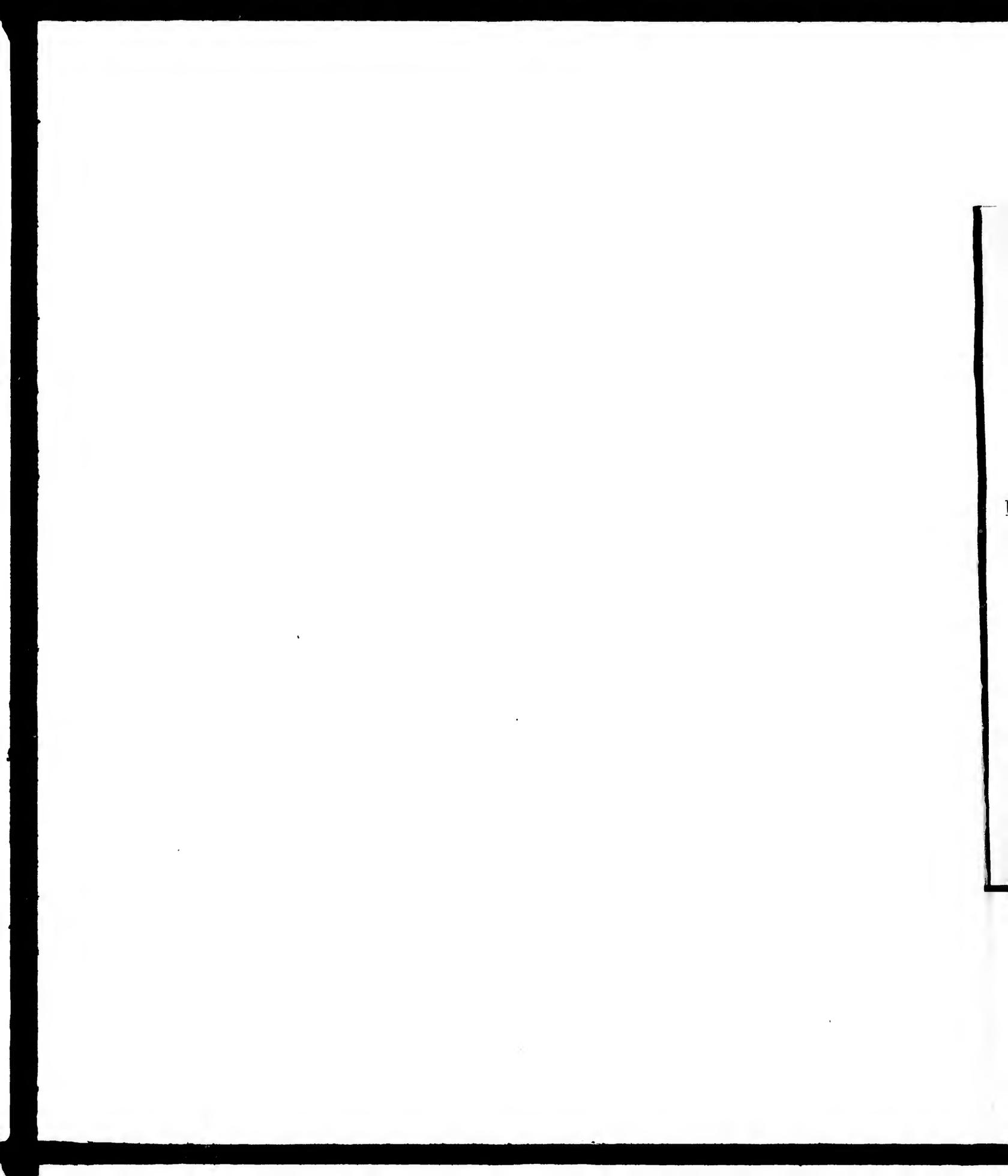
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RICHARD MORTON.

TOGETHER WITH A

Biographical Sketch and a Critical Appreciation

BY

RICHARD MORTON.



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RICHARD GEORGE KNOWLES.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

R. G. KNOWLES was robbed of his birthright by his parents. His father and mother were both born in Buffalo, U.S.A. If Dick also had been born in the States he would have been President.

But, just before his arrival on this earth was due, his grandmother, who had left Buffalo for Hamilton, Ontario, invited his mother to pay her a visit. That visit was prolonged till after the 7th of October, 1858, by which time Dick had made his first appearance. Consequently—and only through not being born in the United States—R. G. Knowles has to allow somebody else to occupy White House. The Presidency would have been so peculiarly in his line, too.

He was, subsequently to his birth, engaged in commercial pursuits, but had to relinquish them. Ill-health followed upon a sedentary occupation, and his doctors ordered more freedom and less office life. So he consulted his own desires, and tackled the theatres.

He was tolerated for a week at the Olympic Theatre, Chicago; not on account of any success he made, but because nobody else was on hand to fill up a vacancy of a few minutes.

This was his first appearance, and he started talking to his audiences at once. He talked to some managers as well, and succeeded in inducing a few of them to allow him to grace their stages with his presence for about one week in each month.

After a while he procured an engagement with a travelling company consisting of a few variety turns and a drama. The variety performers played the drama. Knowles was cast for the "leading heavy," and was suitably killed at the end of the first act. When the curtain fell on that first act, the manager came behind the scenes, not to congratulate Knowles, but to express his wish that he had possessed sense enough to have had that actor killed before the curtain rose.

That ended, for the time, our hero's dramatic experiences. A little while afterwards occurred the first thing that helped to make him well known in America. In Hoboken he was engaged by a manager named Siegfried Cronheim, a German Jew. This gentleman had the peculiarity of winding up most of his sentences, when speaking, with a "Vat." Knowles had engaged to play with him for a week, but ultimately Cronheim hired a combination for that very week, and notified Knowles that his services would not be needed. However, that comedian was on hand at the Monday morning rehearsal.

Cronheim's greeting was, "You don't play at my theatre this week—vat!"

Knowles' reply was, "How do you know I don't—vat?"

"Well, I'll have you from the stage off—vat!"

"If you do you'll lose the best attraction you ever had—vat!"

A running fire of "vats" was kept up until both parties got tired. That night Knowles went over to the theatre at half-past seven, and made up. A four-act drama was to open the show, and Knowles' name was not on the programme. He asked the stage manager what time he was to go on. That worthy replied, "You are not working here." Dick told the stage manager that if he did not fix a time for R. G., he would take the liberty of fixing his own turn in the middle of the most serious situation in the drama.

The decision was that he was to go on after the drama was over.

Directly the curtain fell after the first act, the audience started to walk out. Knowles walked on to the stage, and said, "Stop, you haven't seen the show yet. Instead of being over, it hasn't commenced. I am engaged by Mr. Cronheim to square the drama—to give you an idea that there is something in the show good enough to entice you back on another visit!"

He succeeded in getting the audience to sit down again, and entertained them for half an hour. The upshot of this was, that a manager sitting in front of the house engaged Knowles on the spot as his principal comedian for the then coming season.

At the end of that tour he was engaged, again as principal comedian, with the Haverley Minstrels. One of its members prophesied that Knowles would make a big hit in the large cities, but that folks in the "one-night stands" would not know what he was talking about.

The first one-night stand was Danville, Illinois, when a man laughed so heartily at the "very peculiar" comedian that he had to get up to walk out of the balcony. He fell down a flight of stairs, broke his leg, and was taken to the hospital on an ambulance. After that, the prophets never bothered.

After two years with the Haverley's, the subject of this sketch was engaged by Augustin Daly to appear with his company. He was booked for three years, but, after the first year, an argument arose between Knowles and Mr. Daly, and a war of words ensued. The former gentleman has always been credited with having had the best of the argument, and, as the two of them could not stop with the theatre, Knowles agreed to let Mr. Daly have it, and came away.

He was next engaged to appear in a farce-comedy called "A Pair of Jacks." He fulfilled an engagement of sixty weeks, and covered during that period a distance of forty-five thousand miles, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and back again, and from St. Paul, Minnesota, to New Orleans, and touching at all the intermediate points.

Then R. G. Knowles made up his mind to come to England, and—

You know the rest.

RICHARD MORTON.

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RICHARD GEORGE KNOWLES.

AN APPRECIATION.

ABOUT three years ago there was a slight stir of interest infused into one of the evening performances at the old Trocadéro Music Hall. It was in the days of Sam Adams, when that gentleman's popularity was, I am afraid, a little on the wane, and the "Troc." was not as full, nor was business as brisk, as of yore. Things were in a somewhat torpid state, and the popping of a champagne cork had become to be an interruption in the performance, instead of the performance being an annoyance and disquieting distraction to those for whom the corks were popped. We were only a small gathering of people in the saloon, and there was another small gathering of people going to sleep in the house proper. There were a few performers, a few agents, fewer City men, and fewer still that had paid an admission fee, and we were all serious, dispirited, and somnolent.

Presently, word was passed around that a new "turn" was shortly to be sprung upon us in the shape of an American comedian. His first bow to an audience on this side of the Atlantic was to be made to us. Things did not look rosy for him. We had seen so many American turns just recently, and they had saddened us a little. And we were so sleepy, and so out of sorts. There was a depression in the atmosphere around the Trocadéro, and we felt it.

Still, there was a little languid interest displayed at the idea of seeing somebody new, somebody we had never seen before, and might never see again. So, with our English readiness to suffer in the cause of the rest of humanity, we strolled out of the saloon into the hall, and sat down, wearily expectant and lazily inclined to be indulgent and forgiving.

Did anybody know the name of this gentleman who was coming before our critical presence?

No, the information was lacking. Never mind, we thought, we shall not be able to bear him malice if we do not know who he is.

One can be charitable to a person of whom one knows naught. "What's in a name?" Especially when one is ignorant of it.

So we sat and waited, and the stage-men came and hung out a couple of boards. That was to announce the turn we were good enough to sit down for. Then the band began to play, and then—

We thought a whirlwind had struck the Trocadéro in the back parts, and had bounded through the party-wall and up to the footlights in the person of a tall man, with a square face, and a black frock-coat, and a pair of white trousers frayed at the nether ends. He seemed to us to be all angles and all movement. He woke us up, and he pinned us to our seats. He told us "he was there," and we knew it. Before we had rubbed our eyes, he had told us a short snap of a story, and we were laughing at it. I turned round to speak to a friend who had been peacefully dreaming a few seconds before, and he was grinning at the finish of a second story that I had missed hearing because I had turned my head. Point number three was made by the new-comer, and we picked up glasses, to take drinks and think about things. But we had to put the drinks down again, untasted, to laugh at point number four, and then we gave up kicking against the pricks, and we sat back in our *fauteuils*, and listened, and laughed, and wanted more.

And that man spun his stories off the reel of his memory even as the lady runs the cotton off the other reel when she attacks the treadle of a sewing-machine. And then he sang to us. He sang as fast as he talked, and we had to listen fast. But he got his point and his laugh at every verse, and he got well home with his singing. And then he capped everything with his dance. I will not describe it. I could not. It is only to be seen and wondered at.

We called him back on the stage again and again after he had telegraphed himself through his "turn," and then we went back into the saloon, and called him a success.

The man was Richard George Knowles, and since that day he has occupied himself in familiarizing the public with what we saw for the first time that evening in the old Trocadéro. The American comedian with whom we were benevolently disposed to be lenient conquered London from the first.

The reasons for his success are easily within reach. He has a style of his own. He is unique. He is like nobody we have ever

seen in England. He is a representative product of another hemisphere, where people live, toil, and play at lightning speed. He is a son of Cousin Jonathan who has come over to the parent country and has fortunately forgotten to cast aside any of the habits and mannerisms that have been educated into him. He has brought them all with him. They are old friends to him, they are part and parcel of his being. They are new to us, and we find them amusing, interesting, and exhilarating.

He could not live slowly. Nature timed him to go sixty miles an hour, and he is always strictly true to time. It is this that interests us, that rivets our attention. We admire his energy, and we are carried away by his exuberance. He is always in high spirits, always travelling at a break-neck pace, and he tumbles one good story on top of another so quickly that we are always wondering what is coming next.

Then, too, he has a peculiar appreciation of things funny. He has a humour that takes note of small things. His subtlety is patience personified. He will veer round and round one trivial point that other people would pass unnoticed, and he will dwell upon and develop that point until what was originally a side issue lurking in the dark, becomes a prominent feature of the ultimate joke, and is, in itself, a rich morsel that he cannot, as an epicure, ever pass over in the future. This attention to details is one of the secrets of his success as a story-teller. His process of elaboration often interests one more than the finish to which he is feeling his way. If ever he tells a story that one has heard before (and even Knowles can be caught tripping), his variations and the decorations and embellishments that he dots in as he runs along make the vice a welcome virtue. I should like to hear him tell a few real old crusted chestnuts (Period, Before the Flood), if only for the interest I should feel in the way he would develop and extend them and bring them up to date.

As a singer of comic songs, his methods of haste and enthusiasm are the same. He is in a hurry. He "goes for" his points with a sharp, energetic dash, but he never allows speed to override point. His emphasis is quick, natural, and upon the right quips and cranks. He mercifully hurries over his explanatory matter, for his purpose is to raise a smile, and, when he gets to the phrase that he underlines, he raises it. After that, he avoids a fault that is too common. He will not let his laugh fade out.

He springs another point before the echoes of the last laugh have died away.

To sum up, from the moment he dashes on to the stage from the wings, to the time when he as quickly vanishes, he does not waste one second nor one opportunity. His vivid personality is paramount, and will be recognized. There is a vitality, an energy—almost a magnetism—about him which commands the attention of an audience, and it is precisely this embodiment of life and vigour that has made him the success that he undoubtedly is.

RICHARD MORTON.

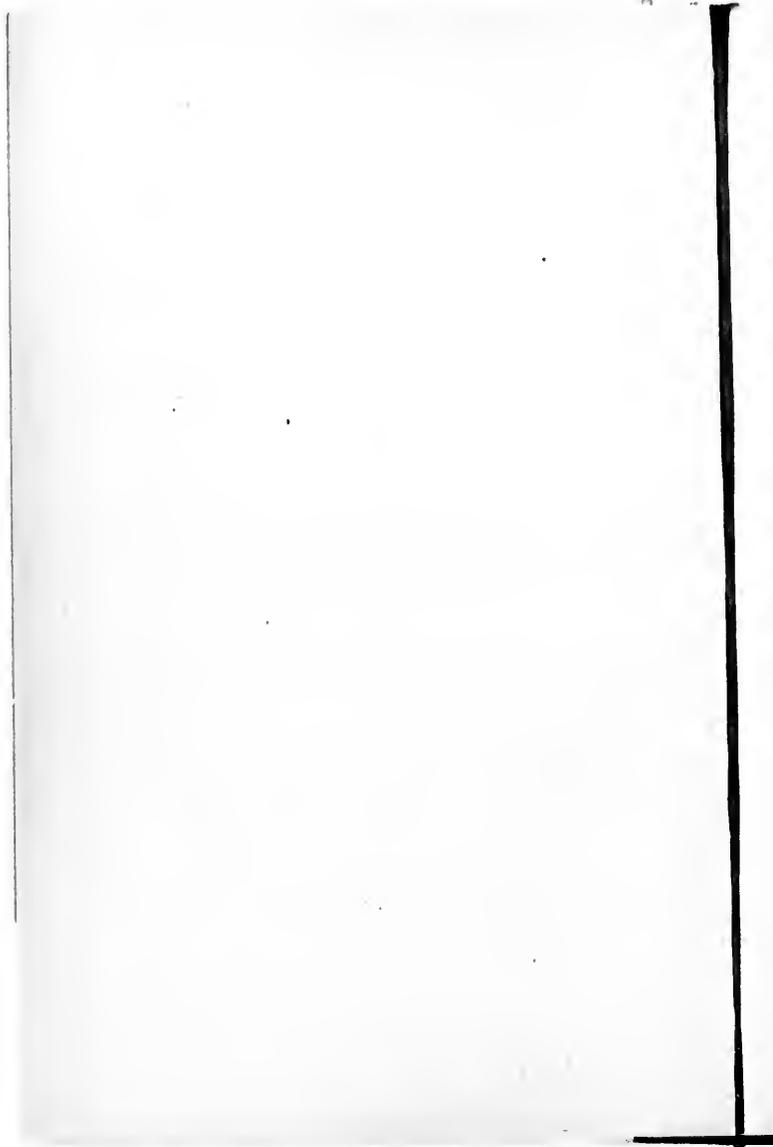
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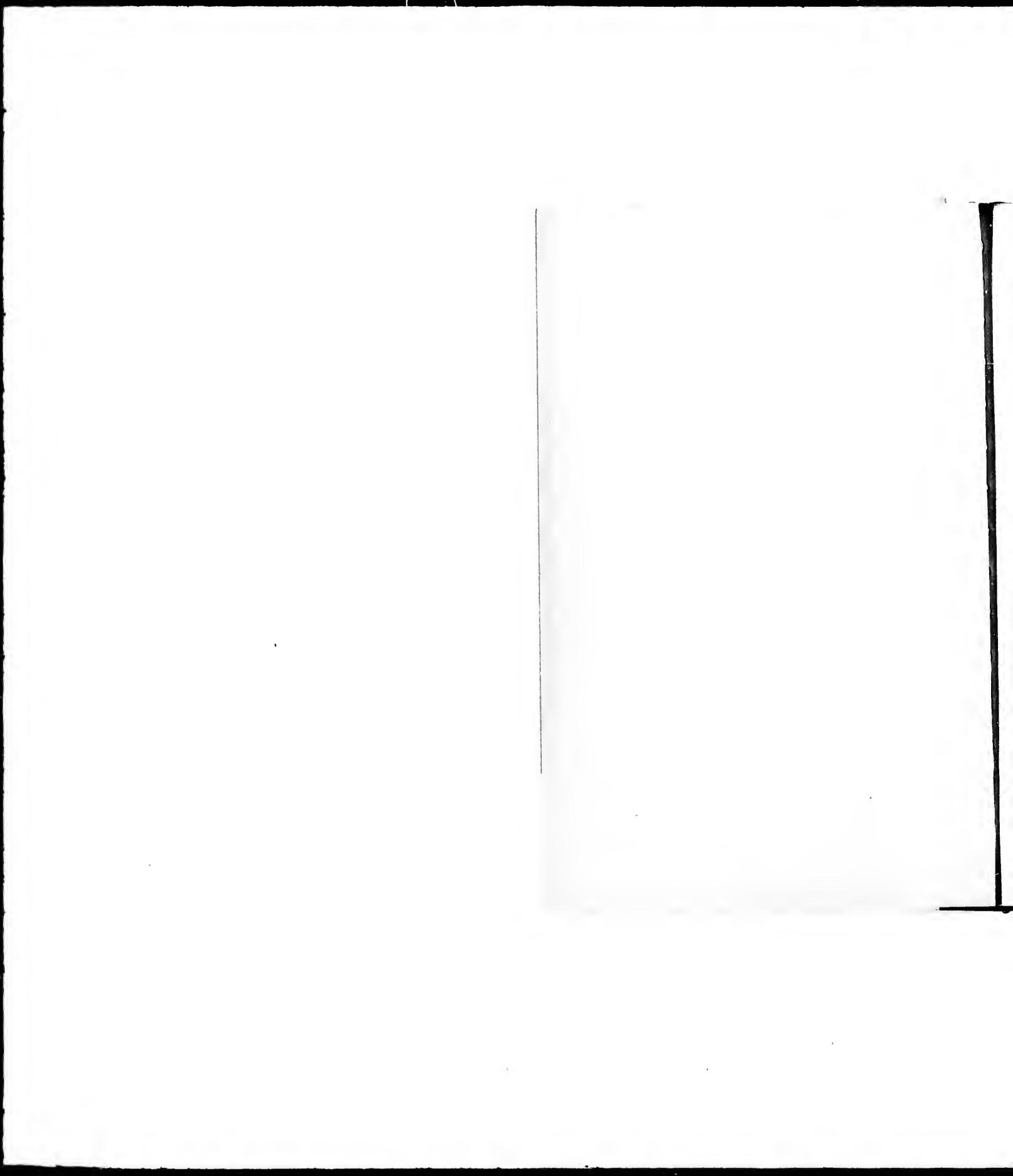
NOTE.—In some instances the following stories and sketches are not Mr. Knowles' original inventions. Where it has been possible to obtain the authors' permission to include their work it has been done; but there are instances where all efforts to find the author's name or whereabouts have failed. In these cases we desire now to acknowledge our obligations and to render respectful thanks to our unknown benefactors.

R. G. K.

R. M.



ABOUT MANKIND.



MUST BE THE LIVER.

I DON'T feel good. I am all out of sorts. I eat well, sleep well, drink well. But I won't work.

CHARITY.

I WENT into a restaurant and ordered a porterhouse steak. They charged ten shillings on the bill for it. I complained to the manager, and told him I could get a similar steak anywhere else for four-and-sixpence.

The manager replied, "To tell you the truth, I wouldn't charge you so much, but we need the money."

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

A POLICEMAN came up to me the other night and told me that one of his brother officers had died suddenly. Would I subscribe five shillings to help to bury him?

I gave him a sovereign.

"Thank you, sir," he said, "I have to give you fifteen shillings change."

"Never mind about the change. Bury three more policemen."

EVIDENTLY ON THE WRONG TACK.

I was out at Piccadilly Circus the other evening. The Salvation Army had congregated there for some purpose; I know not what, why, or wherefore.

But after they had got through their ceremony, the captain said, "Fall in, brother, fall in." I do not know whether he meant in the river, or where else I was to fall.

So I said to him, "Where are you going?"

He said, "We are on the road to Heaven."

"Oh," said I, "and how long have you been going?"

"Nine years," he replied.

I said, "Well, if you've been nine years on the road and haven't got any farther than Piccadilly Circus, you'd better tackle another road!"

REASONABLE.

TRAMP: "Spare a penny, sir."

GOVERNOR OF THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY: "Do you want to go to work, my friend?"

TRAMP: "Not if I can get anything else to do, sir."

R. I. P.

My poor brother died last week.
Hard drink killed him—
A cake of ice fell on his head.

NOT THEIR CONCERN.

Two Jews were returning aboard ship from America. A fierce storm arose. The captain told one of the Jews that the ship would surely sink. That Jew told the other, who replied, "Vot do ve care? Ve don't own it."

ALMS AND THE MAN.

THERE were two persons coming along in contrary directions, a tramp and a gentleman.

Tramp said, in a begging-tone of voice: "Excuse me, sir, but I've lost my arm!"

Gentleman, brusquely: "Excuse me, sir, but I haven't seen anything of it!"

So the tramp lost that gentleman's alms, too.

HAVE-A-DRINK.

A FRIEND of mine came into town to see me. His name was Havadrink. That was where he failed as a friend. He was a very fast walker, and we went out to see the time. He walked so fast that he kept on getting yards in front of me. I could only call out, "Havadrink!"

He said, "Don't mind if I do!" and he broke me in trying to keep pace with him.

YE DOG AND YE COCKROACH.

THERE were two gentlemen, each was telling the other of all the good actions he had done for dumb animals.

The first gentleman said he was riding home one night, and he heard sounds of distress coming from the wayside. He went towards them, and found a little dog with his leg broken. He bound up the injured member and took the dog home; "and," said the gentleman, "when I enter the house that dog always runs and jumps for joy. That shows the gratitude of dumb animals."

The other gentleman said, "That's absolutely nothing. I was driving home one evening, and I heard sounds of distress coming from the road-side, and I went over and found a poor little cockroach with both his legs run over—by a 'bus, I suppose—and I bound his legs up, and took him home. And look at his gratitude! The house is full of them!"

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

I WAS travelling on a 'bus the other day, and there was one of those whole-souled fellows on top that pay for one seat and use four. This one was so generous, that he had all he could do to keep from putting his feet in an old lady's lap. She sat on the only seat on that side of the 'bus that he was not occupying. He smoked the most horrible pipe that I ever smelt, and he blew the smoke in the old lady's face. I asked him to stop, but he would not. Then the conductor asked him to stop, and he would not; but asked the conductor if he knew who he was. The conductor knew not, so the man said he was a commercial traveller from Birmingham.

The conductor said no more; neither did the old lady; and I myself shut up. But soon we came to a number of costers' barrows, with the mokes standing in their shafts. Our friend with the pipe looked at the Jerusalem ponies, and asked what they were.

"Well," said the old lady, "from the look of their faces and the length of their ears, I imagine they are commercial travellers from Birmingham."

WHY DIDN'T I WALK?

THERE was once an Irishman who went to America. The statement may seem startling, but it is true.

This Irishman had only just enough money to pay his passage, and he landed in New York without a penny in his pocket.

He felt very sore over this, and he walked out to a dock that was being repaired, and soliloquized thusly—

"Here I am in a strange country without a penny!"

Just then a diver in a diving suit came up from below the water for air.

Pat stared at him a second, and then ejaculated—

"Oh, why didn't I have sinse loike you, and save my money and walk over!"

WHAT WOULD HE BE FOR A SHILLING?

THERE was a man standing outside a public-house, and he was in a horribly intoxicated condition.

Another man came along.

"What kind of beer do they sell inside?" he asked.

And the drunkard replied—

"Look at me for eightpence."

UNDECIDED.

I KNOW a man with feet so big that they will not let him vote. They can never tell which parliamentary division he belongs to.

TERSE.

I HAD a post-card from my brother Bill this morning.
 Here is what it says:—
 "BROTHER DICK,—As I have nothing to do, I write you these
 few lines; and as I have nothing to say, I will now conclude.—
 Yours, BILL."
 Now, what does he want?

MY WOOD.

I HEARD a mysterious noise in my wood-shed one night. I
 rushed downstairs and out of doors, just in time to catch a fellow
 coming out with an armful of wood.
 I cried, "Where are you going with that wood?"
 "Anywhere you like, boss," he said; "it's your wood."

SANG-FROID.

I WENT into a restaurant this morning, and said to the
 waiter—
 "Waiter, bring me a bowl of soup."
 As he brought that bowl of soup I noticed that he carried it
 with his thumb in it.
 I said, "Waiter, you've got your thumb in that soup!"
 He said, "Never mind, it ain't hot."
 After that I ordered the waiter to bring me a piece of chicken.
 "What part?" he asked.
 "The breast," I told him.
 "Great heavens!" he cried, "ain't you weaned yet?"

A GREAT ARCHITECT.

A FRIEND of mine went over to Paris to spend his vacation.
 You know when an Englishman goes over to Paris and speaks
 English nobody understands him, and if an Englishman goes over
 to Paris and speaks French, he has to get another Englishman to
 understand him.

A Frenchman, when he tells you he doesn't understand French,
 says, "*Je ne comprends pas*," but he usually thinks the "*Je ne*"

superfluous ; so he just shrugs his shoulders and says, "*Comprends pas*," which means, "I don't know," "What are you talking about ?" "Go home," "Come and have a drink," or anything else you like.

Our Englishman saw the Vendome column. He was impressed with it, and said, "Ah, there's a wonderful piece of work !"

He turned to a gendarme standing by, and inquired, "Might I ask who built that ?"

"*Comprends pas*," said the gendarme.

"Ah," said the Englishman, "he did, eh ?"

Next he saw the Louvre. He asked a gentleman standing near, "Who built that ?"

The gentleman said, "Ah, *comprends pas*."

"The same fellow, eh ?" ejaculated my friend.

Shortly afterwards he stood in front of the Madeleine. The same question was asked and the same answer returned. Our Englishman thought, "Well, this Compy Par must have been at work night and day to accomplish all this !"

Next day, in one of the great thoroughfares, the visitor met a long funeral procession. In a case of this kind it is the French custom for people to stand in the street with bowed heads and hats off until the *cortige* has gone by.

The Englishman saw this sign of respect, and thought, "This must be the funeral of some great man."

He tapped a gentleman on the shoulder and said, "Might I ask whose funeral this is ?"

The reply came, "Ah, *comprends pas*."

"Well," said the Englishman, "I'll take my hat off to *him*. It only goes to show that no matter how clever we are, this is what we must all eventually come to !"

Now mark the sequel. The very next day at Notre Dame our friend saw a crowd of carriages driving up, couples toddling into the church, a profusion of white satin and lace, orange blossoms, and all the paraphernalia that goes with a first-class wedding.

The Englishman rushed up to a bystander, slapped him on the shoulder, dug him in the ribs, and asked, "Whose wedding is this, eh ?"

The gentleman said, "Ah, *comprends pas*."

The Englishman said, "You're a liar ! I was at his funeral yesterday."

HE CARRIED OUT THE CONTRACT.

AN Irishman by the name of Casey was foreman of a jury who had to try a Jew for murder. Word was sent to Casey that he would be paid a couple of hundred pounds if he got the jury to return a verdict of manslaughter.

This he succeeded in doing, and the Jew's friends came and paid him the money.

"Did you have much trouble in getting that verdict?" asked one of the messengers.

"Faith, and I had an awful struggle," said Casey; "the rest of the jury wanted to acquit him."

I WAS ON IN THAT ACT.

I Woke up last night and saw a man in my bedroom. I asked him what he was, and he told me he was a burglar.

Then I said, "What are you looking for?"

He said, "Money."

I got up, lit the candle, and helped him to look for it.

UNDECIDED.

I GOT on a 'bus one day, and, as I had no small change with which to pay my fare, I handed the conductor a sovereign.

He was doubtful. He looked at the sovereign, and then he looked at the horses. Then he turned and asked me, "Which one do you want?"

HAD TO GO THIRSTY.

I DREAMED that a friend of mine asked me into a hotel to have a drink.

The barmaid asked my friend if he would have his whisky hot or cold. My friend said, "cold."

She asked me a similar question. I said, "hot." Well, while she went out to fetch the hot water, I woke up. If I had asked her for a cold drink, I should have had it.

ALWAYS OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

A Jew accosted an Irishman.

Jew : "Goot morning."

Irishman : "Go to —."

Jew : "Can I do any bithneth there ?"

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

It was the first night of a new play, and the new play was a brilliant failure. It was disastrous. With the exception of one lone person, everybody was hooting, hissing, cat-calling, or doing some similarly kind thing to express disapproval.

The solitary exception was accosted by the gentleman next to him. "Why don't you hiss this terrible piece?"

The gentleman modestly replied that he had only come in on a pass, and could not very well complain. "But," he said, "if this play keeps up two minutes more, I'll go out and buy a ticket and join you."

FATHER WAS SELFISH.

My father called me a selfish man for not giving him any of my wedding-cake. I think there was selfishness on his part first. He gave me none of his.

TOUGH.

An Irishman fell from the roof of a house where he had been at work. He fell on his head on the pavement.

An old man rushed up to him and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No," said the Irishman, "it doesn't matter. I had to come down for nails, anyhow."

UNNECESSARY PUBLICITY.

I SAW an organ-grinder in the Strand. He had a board across his breast:—

PITY ME.

I AM BLIND.

AND THE FATHER OF EIGHT CHILDREN.

BY A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Well, if that had been the case, I do not see that there was any necessity to advertise it.

MAN AND WOMAN: THEIR METHODS.

Of course you know that, in the way they transact their business, there is a vast difference between a man and a woman. Man is careless; woman is careful in everything she does. Take, for instance, the case of a lady about to retire for the night. She disrobes. Off comes her dress. It is turned inside out and hung upon a nail. Her little boots are taken off, one after the other, and put side by side under the table. Her stockings are folded up and placed carefully aside, and every article of apparel, as it is removed in methodical progression, one after the other is folded up and put away so that she can lay her hands on it at a moment's notice. And, always before she gets into bed, does that lady look under the bed to see if there be a man there! It is a failing that women have all the world over.

With a man the case is different. Off comes his coat. He throws it up against the gas-fixture. If it stays there, all right. If it doesn't, he don't care. Off come *his* boots. One goes in the corner, and the other he sticks in the wash-basin. *His* stockings are folded up! Yes! One is in the back-yard and the other is on the roof. *He* gets into bed. *He* doesn't look under it to see if there be a *woman* there! Not he! He would not care if there were fifty.

"FOR VALOUR."

I NOTICE that policemen are brave men; they are fearless of death; in fact, not one of them is afraid to die.

I found out the reason yesterday. There is a passage in Scripture which says, "Death is one long and continuous sleep." Not a policeman is afraid of it.

BUSINESS.

BLIGE.

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ELFISH.

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TOO MUCH "HE."

A SOMEWHAT illiterate parson indulged in the prevalent but painful habit of casting a personal pronoun right after a noun in a manner that would make L. Murray, Esq., turn in his grave. "The man *he* did this," or "the man *he* did that," was a form of speech beloved by our reverend friend.

For instance, he gave out a text:—

"The devil *he* goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

And he went on with his discourse: "I will divide my text into three parts, and study three questions. First, Why the devil *he* goes about; second, Who the devil *he* is seeking; and thirdly, What the devil *he* is roaring about."

BETTER THAN BUYING A WATERBURY.

ANY man who requires a watch can easily get one.

First, you go to a jeweller's. They have watches there. If you went to a public-house, they might be out of watches.

If you are in London, choose a watch-maker in the Strand, somewhere near Wellington Street, for choice.

When you interview your man stand near the door, and make him bring the watches to you. After you have discovered the one you like best, which should be the most valuable one he has in stock, take it still nearer to the door to examine it. There is more light there.

While there, open the door and then close it. But between the opening and the shutting of that door be sure that something has passed outside. Also satisfy yourself that such something be you.

Run down the Strand. When that watchmaker sees that you have departed with some of his property he will naturally follow you.

He will not throw anything after you through the door or window. They are his property. He only holds watches in his hands, and if he should throw one of them, you would then have two. But it is as well not to wait for the off-chance.

By this time he will be on your track. Dart into Drury Lane. He will follow you. He shouts "Stop thief!"

The moment he shouts "Stop thief!" in Drury Lane everybody will start running, and nobody will ever know which is the thief they want.

"ON THE STAGE."

THE son of a poor man had deserted his ancestral halls for three years. At the end of that period he returned, and said that he had become an actor; in fact, he had procured a splendid engagement with a gentleman named Henry Irving. The father was so overjoyed that he mustered a large party of friends, and they attended in a body at the Lyceum, which is a theatre somewhere in London.

The first act ended, but that man's son had not put in an appearance.

The second act ended. Same result. The father was in an agony of perspiration.

Towards the end of the third act, on walked the son, carrying a gun, but with nothing to say for himself. He was merely a super. He strutted up and down the stage a couple of times.

But the father could stand it no longer. Becoming excited, he leaned over the balcony and shouted.

"For heaven's sake, Jim, do something! If they won't let you speak, shoot the gun off!"

HE CHANGED HIS CHEQUE.

A CERTAIN uncle—somebody's uncle—died, leaving his entire fortune to three nephews, to be equally divided between them, provided only that each of them deposited, before burial, a hundred pounds in the coffin of their mutual uncle.

Everything was satisfactory until the three nephews met after the division of the property. While talking over matters, number one nephew said, "I put my hundred pounds in the coffin in gold."

Number two nephew spoke, "I put my hundred pounds in the coffin in Bank of England notes."

And number three nephew said, "I put in neither gold nor notes. I simply wrote out a cheque for three hundred pounds, put that in, and took out the two hundred already there for change."

THE OFFER WAS CLOSED.

A MAN went to the booking-office at Victoria station in order to get a ticket for Brighton.

"How much?" he asked.

"Four-and-twopence-halfpenny."

"Well, I've only got half-a-crown."

"You can't go for that."

"It's all I have. You'd better take it."

"Four-and-twopence-halfpenny!" shrieked the clerk.

"Two-and-six!"

"I won't take it!"

"Well, you won't have the chance again!"

The individual put his half-crown into his pocket and started to walk along the railway-track towards Brighton.

He had got about a hundred yards out of the station, when there was a shrill whistle from an engine that was coming along the same rails, and the guard was signalling for the man to leave the line.

He turned round in a spirit of supreme independence.

"It's too late, now. You should have taken it when I offered it to you."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MR. CHINNAWAY: Beg pardon, sir, but can you tell me the name of that stout young lady over there?

MR. WRIGHT: That is Miss Della Kate Sims.

CHINNAWAY: Delicate, eh? Why she weighs over two hundred pounds I should say.

WRIGHT: I said Miss Della Kate, sir.

CHINNAWAY: Oh! ah! Yes, by the way, who is the gentleman who just bowed to her?

WRIGHT: W. Waddell Wood.

CHINNAWAY: A rather peculiar name. How do you spell it?

WRIGHT: Double-u-double-u-a-double-d-e-double-l-double-u-double-o-d.

CHINNAWAY: Um—ah! By the way, isn't this Mr. Wright?

WRIGHT: You're right.

CHINNAWAY: No. I didn't say I was Wright. My name is Chinnaway. I was told that you were Mr. Wright.

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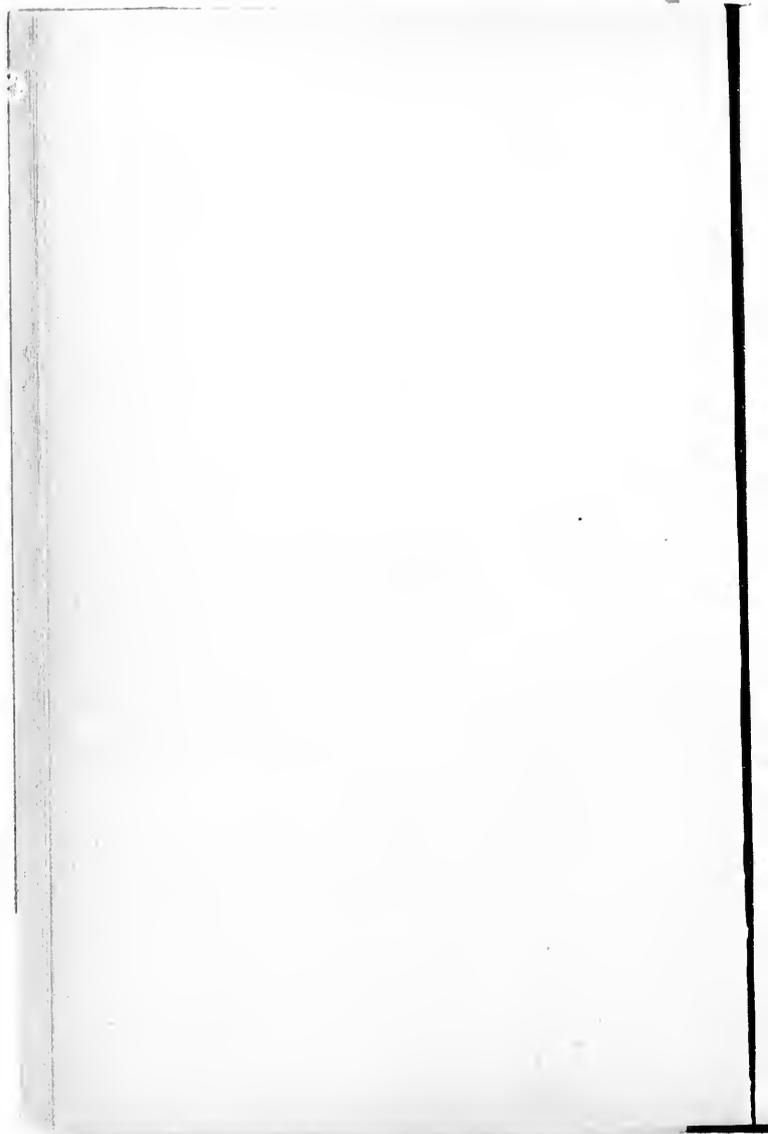
Wright. My name is
r. Wright.

Wright (*nodding*): That's right.

Chinnaway (*who thinks a bystander is indicated by the nod*):
No, that's not Wright; that's my brother, Arthur Chinnaway.

Wright (*nettled*): Look here, sir, I am Wright.

Chinnaway (*angrily*): Have it that way if you want to. But
you're not right, just the same. I know my own brother when I
see him. Good day, sir.



ABOUT WOMANKIND.



KISSING.

DID you ever sit in a parlour and kiss a girl?

Now, I will wager that there is not one young man in a hundred who knows how to kiss a girl properly.

Take my advice. When you go to kiss a girl, don't grab hold of her as though you were grabbing an American drink on a hot night. Don't suddenly run your arm around her waist and yank her over to you until you hear her neck crack.

Go slow. Take your time. It is there. It won't get away. She won't even dodge.

Take my advice, and, kind o' sneakingly like, slip your arm around her slender waist, and gently draw her to you, and when you feel her velvety cheek reclining on your manly bosom, her eyes rolled heavenwards, her lips commencing to pucker, and you feel the pegs drawing through the soles of your boots, then swoop down on her.

Then go outside and throw rocks at yourself.

A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.

MAN is one of the crassest cusses that ever cussed; while woman—oh, woman!—*you're no good.*

Now, from what does woman originate? Woman originates from a caterpillar. And this is the process of evolution.

The caterpillar in course of time becomes a silkworm. The silkworm becomes silk. The silk becomes a silk dress. And a silk dress becomes a woman. A woman becomes a wife; a wife becomes a mother; a mother becomes a mother-in-law; and a mother-in-law becomes a damned nuisance in the house.

METHOD.

DID you ever notice how a woman pays her fare in a tram-car?

It is the funniest thing I ever saw in all my life.

Now, I saw a fat woman get on a tram-car the other day. She was the most corpulent lady I ever saw.

(I don't know what fat people are made for, anyhow, unless it is to show thin people how much stretching the skin will stand without busting. You will observe this observation is made *en passant*, and in parenthesis.)

The moment this stout lady struck the back platform of the car, the car tilted, the horses went up in the air, and everybody lunged on to their next-door neighbours to keep from falling out at the back door.

Every seat in the car was full. The lady looked at everybody, and everybody looked at her. There was a good deal of her for them to look at.

Finally, one noble-spirited gentleman got up and said, "Well, I will be one of three to give that lady a seat."

Finally, they got her seated, and then the conductor asked for the fare.

The lady carried a satchel on her left wrist. She took the satchel off her left wrist, opened the satchel, took out her purse, shut the satchel, opened the purse, took out a shilling, shut the purse, opened the satchel, put in the purse, shut the satchel, and gave the conductor the shilling.

He gave her the change. She opened the satchel, took out the purse, shut the satchel, opened the purse, put in the change, shut the purse, opened the satchel, put in the purse, shut the satchel—

And then she made the conductor ring the bell and stop the car, as she had reached her three-mile destination.

STILL WILLING TO OBLIGE.

A SHOPMAN in Peter Robinson's had unpacked a large consignment of new silks just received from the wholesale department. The load consisted of a hundred rolls of silks, and he had just got them carefully stowed away on the shelves. He was contemplating their orderly appearance, much to his satisfaction, when a young lady, with an anxious expression on her face, entered the shop.

She went straight to the counter, and asked that young shopman to show her some silks.

Ninety-nine out of those hundred rolls had been displayed by the perspiring shopman, when the young lady leaned over the counter and whispered to the shopman that she didn't really want to see the silks, she was really only looking for her young man.

The shopman wilted. Then he said, "If you think he's in that last roll, I'll take it down and open it for you."

A JUDICIOUS COMPROMISE.

I HAVE lately gone into a new line of business, and—will you believe me?—it's the dearest business I ever saw. I am an undertaker. There is no life whatever in it.

But a very funny thing happened to me the other day. A party of young people called to negotiate for the furnishing of a funeral for a young lady who had just died. She had been one of those really lively young ladies. She had been all over the world, and her friends wanted to give her a real swell funeral; so they came to a real swell undertaker so that he could swell the price and them at the same time.

They asked my advice regarding the trimmings.

I said, "Well, if the young lady was single, you must trim with white; if married, you must trim with heliotrope."

They said, "Well, you had better trim with white, and put a dash of heliotrope here and there—and let it go at that."

CLEVER WOMAN.

A WOMAN can do any amount of things that a man cannot. A woman can tie both of her shoe-laces while she is standing up, with both feet on the floor. A man can't do that.

A woman can stick fifty pins in her dress while a man is getting one under his thumb-nail.

A woman can drive a man crazy in twenty-four hours. But she can land him in Paradise in one minute.

A woman can hold half-a-dozen clothes-pegs in her mouth, and talk through the knot-hole in the fence to her next-door neighbour. Can any man do that?

SPORTIVE.

My sister is a great piano player. She was at the piano the other day, strumming.

The minister asked her to play something.

"What shall I play?" she inquired.

He said, "Play one of your favourites."

"Oh, no," sister said, "I don't play favourites any more. I always take the field against them."

CHANGE.

WHAT a wonderful change a woman can make in a man.
And what a wonderful amount of change he requires.

SHE WAS SHORT-SIGHTED.

I COURTED a pretty girl once.

We used to sit in the front porch, evenings.

She would give me a kiss for every star I could see.

The milky way was useful.

But she was very accommodating.

She called my attention to several stars that I missed.

She then got to calling me on lightning.

But she finally got me to steady work on a man swinging a lantern down the railroad track.

THE DIFFERENCE.

In bygone days ladies used to wear their dresses buttoned up to their necks, and one button on their gloves.

Now they wear their gloves buttoned up to their necks, and one button on their dresses.

A METAPHOR.

A YOUNG lady is like a railroad engine, for she carries a train, transports the mails, scatters her sparks about, and if her husband switches off on the wrong track, there is bound to be a smash-up.

GAMES FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

ONE evening, at a select gathering for the benefit of our church, it was proposed to play games. We first played a game called Plewetta. It is a sweet Arcadian game of chaste simplicity, but it comes expensive if your taste runs high. It is a development of the ancient Kissing Game—you are allowed to kiss any girl in the room for so much money. For instance, a young girl of sixteen. Well, they wanted five shillings from you for kissing her. A young girl of eighteen, ten shillings. A young married woman, two pounds, ten shillings. A blushing bride, five pounds. Old maids, seven for sixpence.

Two young fellows arose to sing a duet. One said to the other, "You haven't got the right key." He replied, "No, but I had it last night." The first young gentleman retorted, "Yes, I know; I missed two of my best shirts."

Then a young lady got up to sing—

"Take me back to the South,
The sweet, sunny South,
To the sweet, sunny South
Take me home!"

They bought her a through ticket for Marseilles the next morning.

Another girl arose to sing, "O would I were a bird, I'd fly across the sea!" And a gouty old gentleman in the corner started to his feet and cried, "Yes, and you'd be shot for a goose before you got half way."

We wound up the evening with a game called Christmas. Everybody had to go into the next room and hang up their stockings. I happened not to have any stockings on.

The weather was not cold.

So I hung up my trousers.

Then everybody had to leave the room for a few minutes and finally return to see what gifts were in their stockings.

One girl got a house and lot in her stocking. Another had a ton of coal.

I guess some man got in my pantaloons, for I have not seen them since.

THE LAMP-POST WAS THERE.

THE most honest people in the world live in London.
To prove this, a lady friend of mine once hung a lovely diamond bracelet on a lamp-post, and went away for twenty-four hours.
When she did return, the lamp-post was there.

A QUESTION OF HABIT.

IF there were only three women on earth, the time of two of them would be taken up in going around and talking about the third.

But if there were only three men on earth, they would hire a four-wheeler and go round and try and get a mash on those three women.

POST-OFFICE GIRLS.

THE reason they put young ladies in the post-office is that they know how to handle the mails nicely.

All young ladies are just like letters.

A young girl of sixteen is like a letter that has never been sent.

A married lady is like a letter that has been signed, sealed, and has reached its destination.

A widow is a letter which has been signed, sealed, delivered, and is looking for a new address.

A proud lady is a letter that is stuck up.

Old maids are letters that were overlooked in the general delivery.

UNIFORMITY.

Two ladies got on a 'bus at Regent's Circus.

One lady said—

"Conductor, let me out at Charing Cross."

The other lady said—

"Conductor, let me out at Piccadilly Circus."

The conductor said—

"You got on together, and you'll get off together."

AS THERE.
 "MAY GOOD APPETITE WAIT UPON
 DIGESTION."—*Old Toast.*

I AM the proud possessor of a girl, a lovely girl; with the loveliest appetite you ever saw outside a penitentiary. She can get right up from dinner and sit down to supper. She is immense; so is her appetite. I took her out to a party the other evening. There was a little roast pig on the table. I looked at the pig. My girl looked at the pig. Of course the pig could not look at us. Pig had lost his eyesight before he came to the table. I turned to speak to a friend on my right. When I looked back again the pig was gone. I turned to my girl, and asked her what had become of the pig. She grunted. I knew right away what had become of it. At that moment the waiter came in with a large dish of dumplings. My girl ate two dozen and a half, and never stopped to draw breath. Then she tackled the biggest one on the dish, and it stuck in her throat. Couldn't get it up; couldn't get it down. A doctor in the party jumped up, pulled out a cork-screw, and screwed it into the dumpling. She pulled one way; he pulled the other. I said, "What's the matter, Doc? Can't you get it up?" He said, "No,—the pig has got hold of the other end."

THAT WAS ALL.

THE other day, while strolling down one of our principal thoroughfares, I had the pleasure of meeting a young lady with whom I have a slight acquaintance. We strolled softly along together, and I, wishing to be on particularly good terms with the sweet damsel, made haste to agree with everything she had to say.

She knew I was somewhat of a stranger in London, and she called my attention to a number of different sights. She first pointed out the Houses of Parliament, and I naturally agreed that they were simply perfection. Then she called my attention to Westminster bridge, which I also admired muchly. After I had gone into suitable ecstasies over St. Thomas's Hospital, she said, "Have you seen our Widows' Home?"

I said, "No, but I'd like to."

Then I told her that I had seen one home last winter, and she

sued me for breach of promise. "And," I said, "to make matters worse, the daughter of the widow that I saw home also sued me for breach of promise."

Then in that innocent way that young ladies have, she asked—
"Then you had two suits, didn't you?"

I said, "No,—just a pair of breaches, that was all."

MODESTY.

SERVANT washing front steps.

Mistress looking out of window.

Policeman on pavement.

Policeman looks at servant.

Mistress looks at policeman.

Mistress calls to servant—

"Jane! Jane! that policeman is looking at your legs!"

Servant speaks—

"He can't see 'em, mum; I've got my stockings on."

A COINCIDENCE OF THOUGHT.

How nice it is to sit in a nice room, with a nice girl, on a nice sofa, and pour nice nothings into her nice, shell-like ear. But with the most vivacious couple a dull moment will crop up occasionally.

I had an experience. There was a young lady with whom I had just started to keep company. She sat on the sofa. I sat beside her. She sat beside me. Then I sighed. Then she sighed. Then we both sighed. We were side by side.

She said to me—

"Of what are you thinking?"

I said to her—

"The same as you."

She said—

"If you do, I'll slap your face."

And she was the only girl I ever knew that objected to being kissed.

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MIXED.

A FASHIONABLE young lady the other afternoon visited a cookery school, where her attention was equally divided between a new dress worn by an acquaintance and the directions for making a cake. Upon returning home she undertook to write down the recipe for making the cake for her mother, and the old lady was paralysed when she read:—

Take two pounds of flour, three rows of plaiting down the front, the whites of two eggs out bias, a pint of milk ruffled round the neck, half pound of currants with seven yards of head trimmings, grated lemon peel with Spanish lace fishu. Stir well, butter the pan with Brazilian topaz necklace, and garnish with icing and jetted passementerie. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the overskirt is tucked from the waist down on either side, and finish with large satin bows.

A PROGRESSIVE CONUNDRUM.

"WHAT is a progressive conundrum, Mr. Spoonamore?" inquired the young lady.

"Haven't you heard of them? Here is one.—Why is a ball of yarn like the letter T? Because a ball of yarn is circular, a circular is a sheet, a sheet is flat, a flat is two hundred a year, two hundred a year is dear, a deer is swift, a swift is a swallow, a swallow is a taste, a taste is an inclination, an inclination is an angle, an angle is a point, a point is an object aimed at, an object aimed at is a target, a target is a mark, a mark is an impression, an impression is a stamp, a stamp is a thing stuck on, a thing stuck on is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter T because he stands before U."

"I don't think you have the answer quite right," said the young lady.

"A ball of yarn is round, a round is a steak, a stake is a wooden thing, a wooden thing is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter T. Because"—and she spoke clearly and distinctly—"because he is often crossed!"

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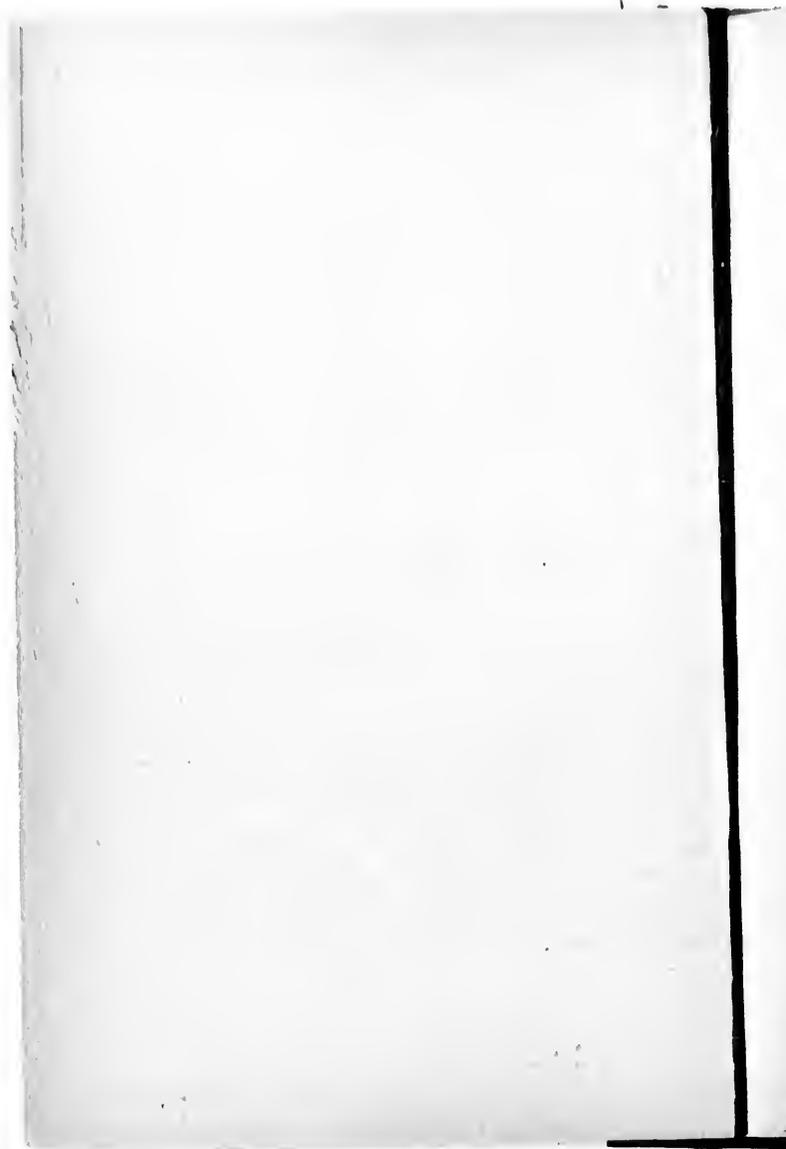
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THOUGHT.

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ABOUT MARRIAGE.

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THE GEOGRAPHY OF MARRIAGE.

QUESTION: What is the marriage state?

ANSWER: It is one of the United States. It is bounded by love on one side, and a mother-in-law on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks, and staying-out-all-night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a way out of the Garden of Eden. The climate is rather sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads to this interesting state, consult the first pair of bright eyes you meet.

A TELEPHONE GIRL.

I MARRIED a telephone girl. I used to court her through the telephone. I caught her through the telephone. I used to say, "Hello!" to her, and she would say, "Hello!" back to me.

That was when we were courting. Now we are married. She doesn't say "Hello!" any more. She reverses it.

YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND TALK.

LOVE often compels people to do foolish things. Why, it even makes folks get married.

My advice to young men about to marry is, marry a typewriter girl.

Then you can dictate to her.

DRESS.

DRESS helps to make a man.
But every time my wife gets one,
It nearly breaks me.

I PAID FOR THE CHAMPAGNE.

I WENT out with two friends of mine the other night, and we had a cartload of pleasure, and a blissful dream of intoxication. In fact, we were paralysed. But we made an agreement that, if any one of us, on getting home, failed to do the first thing his wife demanded, that defaulter had to pay for a bottle of champagne for the party. The first man arrived home, and knocked at the door. His wife called out, "Kick the door down, you drunken brute!" He hauled off, and kicked it down, so he was all right. The next fellow went home. He fell against the piano. His wife said, "Get an axe, and break it." He got an axe, broke the piano, and ended that argument. Then I went home. I stumbled on the stairs. My wife stuck her head out of the bedroom, and cried, "Fall downstairs and break your darned neck!"

I paid for the champagne.

"SAWYER!"

I WAS once travelling to a town in New Jersey called Sawyer. Now just before you reach Sawyer by the railroad your train rattles through a tunnel. The tunnel is short, but it is there. After running through the tunnel, the train stops at the Dépôt—De-pot—Daypo—Depo—station—or whatever else they call it! Anyhow, it is the place where they put up cars and stable locomotives.

Just before your train strikes the platform, the brakeman calls out the name of the station. It generally sounds like, "Break-your-necks-is-the-next-station!"

Well, on the seat in front of me was a young couple. A new couple. A he and a her. A couple that had just lately been coupled. They were two up to that day. The minister had made them one, and they were going out to find which was the one.

Now you know how young couples act on a honeymoon trip. He looks at her with a far-away glint in his eye, like a fellow who can't pay his board.

And she says, "Give me a hold of your hand, or I'll lose you in the crowd."

Then he looks at her, and she looks at him, and they repeat this performance indefinitely.

CHAMPAGNE.

the other night, and we dream of intoxication. I made an agreement that, if I do the first thing his name is for a bottle of champagne, I will knock at the door down, you drunken man, so he was all right. I went against the piano. His head got an axe, broke. Then I went home. I saw her head out of the bed—break your darned neck!"

New Jersey called Sawyer. The railroad your train is short, but it is there. The train stops at the Dépôt—whatever else they call it! I put up cars and stable

inform, the brakeman calls. Usually sounds like, "Break-

a young couple. A new and just lately been coupled. The minister had made them which was the one.

act on a honeymoon trip. in his eye, like a fellow

our hand, or I'll lose you

s at him, and they repeat

These two had one gum-drop between them, and they were both using it at the same time.

Just as we struck that tunnel outside Sawyer he kissed her.

I know he kissed her. I didn't see it. I didn't hear it, but I'll make an affidavit that he kissed her.

It was one of those long, lingering kisses that shudder their passionate way right through a railway car. I could feel it in the next seat.

(I have here a few remarks to make in parenthesis. You know that women are so anxious to be kissed that they kiss one another. But there is nothing sincere in it. Two women meet. They kiss. Then one turns away and says, "The horrid thing! I wonder how much she paid for that ninety cent hat! I don't believe it was over thirty cents!"

(Now with men it is different. One man does not have to kiss another man to keep in practice. They are always trained down to fighting weight. Show a man a feminine female woman, and he can kiss at a moment's notice. I have now got to the end of my parenthesis, so we can try back a bit. We left the honeymoon couple kissing.)

At that moment the train dashed out of the tunnel, the brakeman opened the door to call the name of the town, and yelled "Sawyer!" and the young lady said, "Don't care if you did! We're married!"

TOO PREVIOUS.

I was journeying in an omnibus towards Charing Cross. In the same 'bus there sat a lady and gentleman. They were man and wife. The 'bus cannoned against a waggon. The shock threw me up against one end of the 'bus, and threw the man and his wife against the other end.

But I fell against a window, broke the glass, and got my face cut. I swore—right out loud, so that people could hear me. I did not say "Darn!" but it was pretty near that.

The man got up very indignantly and said—

"How dare you swear before my wife?"

I replied, "I beg your pardon, but how was I to know that your wife wanted to swear first?"

A WOMAN'S TELEGRAPHESE.

THIS is how a woman wrote out a telegram for transmission, and how the post-office clerk clipped it into shape.

Said the lady, "I want to send a telegram to my husband."

"Very well," said the obliging attendant, "here are some blank forms; and the briefer you write, the less will be the cost."

This is what the lady wrote :—

"Dear George I have something too dreadful to tell you but please don't get excited dear for it can't be helped now and baby and I are perfectly safe I don't know and cook says she doesn't know and none of us can account for it but the house caught fire last night and burned to the ground just think of it did you ever hear of anything so perfectly dreadful in your life I am half wild over it but please keep calm baby and I are safe and most of the things are saved and you mustn't think of anything but how much worse it might have been what if baby had been burned oh George doesn't it make you shudder to think of it but the dear little soul is perfectly safe and of course we went straight to mamma's and you can't think how frightened she was until she knew we were safe and I know how shocked you will be but as baby and I are safe you oughtn't to mind anything else I can't imagine how the fire started can you it's too dreadful come right home Mamie. P S Remember baby and I are safe."

Then the lady handed in the seven pages she had written to the telegraph clerk, and said—

"I suppose it might be condensed a little?"

"Yes, madam," replied the clerk.

And this is how it was wired :—

"House burned last night. All safe. Come home. Mamie."

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

WHEN I married my wife I gave her my heart,
And now I haven't got the heart to work.

ACCOMMODATING.

A YOUNG lady named Edith.

A young man named Charlie.

Charlie said he would like to get married.

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Come home. Mamie."

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Edith said, so would she.
 Only she didn't like to give up her position.
 She was earning four pounds a week.
 Charlie said, " Never mind, dearest.
 I'm only getting two.
 I'll give up mine."

A STRANGE STORY.

I WAS up at a party a couple of years ago, and there were two friends of mine there that didn't know each other. The one didn't know the other, and the other didn't know the one; so the one that didn't know the other I introduced to the other that didn't know the one, so that they could sit down and talk to one another. Do you grasp the idea?

The one's name was Strange, and the other's name was Story.

Strange-Story, wasn't it?

I was up at their house a couple of days ago, and there was a little Stranger Story there then.

IT WAS THE OTHERS.

WIFE: You had no business to get drunk in the first place.

HUSBAND: I didn't.

OPTICAL.

Two gentlemen met in the street.

They were old friends.

One said to the other—

" I see your wife's back from Manchester."

The other said—

" Well, I know my wife wears her dresses low at the back, but I didn't know you could see 'em from Manchester."

MY BROTHER.

"As a man, how does my brother strike you?"

"Well, sometimes he strikes* me for five dollars, and sometimes for ten, but he never gets either. And, by-the-bye, your brother treats his wife in a way I wouldn't treat a dog!"

"And how's that?"

"He kisses her."

ORDINARY POLITENESS.

I WAS out walking with my wife yesterday, and I raised my hat to a lady we met.

My wife lectured me for raising my hat to a lady whom I did not know.

But she had no reason to complain. It was my brother's hat, and he knows the lady very well.

WHY IS MAN LIKE DOUGH?

A WIFE asks her husband: "Why is man like dough?"

The husband answers: "Because woman needs (kneads) him."

Wife says: "You're wrong.—Because it's hard to get off your hands!"

AN ESSAY ON LOVE.

THE question has often been asked, What is Love? Well, Love is the only thing in England to-day that is not controlled by a syndicate. And the moment they turn Love into a limited liability company, the shares will go like hot cakes, and everybody will want to get in on the ground floor.

There are different kinds of love. There is Baby Love. Everybody loves babies—especially their own babies. I love babies—girl babies, when they have grown up. They become very

* To "strike" anybody is an Americanism for an attempt to borrow.

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interesting. Then there is the love a wife has for her husband. A wife loves her husband so much that she has no time to love anybody else. The husband loves his wife so much that he has to love every other good-looking woman he meets—for his wife's sweet sake. It keeps his hand in, and it is a tribute to her sex. Courtship is the intoxication of love, and marriage is the *delirium tremens*.

Some people say that married men live longer than single men. They don't. It only seems longer.

Before a man is married, he is miserable. When a man is married, he wishes he were dead.

MY WIFE.

THE lady who has the honour of calling me her husband is one of the most remarkable women of this or any other country. She is a spiritualist.

Of course you understand all about spiritual manifestations, &c., *et hoc genus omne*, &c., &c. You have heard about guitars and tambourines flying through the air in the dark.

Come round to our house, and you can see rocking-chairs, tables, and chairs flying through the air in the daytime.

My wife is the medium. I am the subject. I take all the raps. When I married the lady in question I thought she belonged to me. But since her mother stepped into the house I don't know how I stand. I do not know now whether she belongs to me, or I belong to her. I shall have to wait and see how the combination turns out.

She has a pet cat, and I have a pet dog. The other day the little cat and the little dog were lying down by the stove, side by side, sound asleep. My wife looked at them, and observed to me—

"Dick, look at that little cat and little dog lying there sound asleep, and side by side, and how peaceable and quiet they are! Why can't we be like that?"

I observed to her, "My dear, that's all well enough just as they are now, but you get a rope and tie that cat and dog together, and then see how long peace and quietness remains around here."

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for an attempt to borrow.

Her mother asked her the other day how I treated her. She replied that I treated her like an angel—nothing to eat and less to wear.

BE CAREFUL.

It is a good thing for a young man to take a wife. But it depends a good deal whose wife he takes.

STRIKES.

ONCE, when I was walking along the Strand, a gentleman's hat blew off and struck my eye. I went to a doctor, and it cost me two-and-sixpence.

On another occasion, I was walking past a milliner's shop when a hat struck my wife's eye. It cost me three pounds, ten shillings.

It shows you the difference in the way things strike you.

I HELD THE STRAWS.

WHEN a person is going on a long journey, he should be careful to gather up the few necessary things that he may happen to have hanging around the house.

I shall never forget an experience of mine when travelling to the Far West of California. I gathered up the few things I had lying around the house—my wife, mother-in-law, and a couple of children.

We started for the Wild and Woolly West. Scarcely had we proceeded three short leagues from the romantic village of Omaha, in Nebraska, when upon the Western horizon was noticed a small, dark speck. It grew larger and denser, until the entire heavens were overcast with one deep, dark, dull, lowering cloud. Reverberating thunders rolled around us, vivid lightnings flashed, and there was a phosphorescent glow upon the bosom of the river that flowed by the side of the railroad track. The rain rained, the snow snowed, the snow friz, and it was bad weather.

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There was snow to the north of us, snow to the south of us, and the east and west were chockful of the same material. We struggled along slowly, until finally we became part and parcel of the blizzard. In fact, we lost our identity in the blizzard.

There we were. Gradually the food that had been brought with us was eaten, and, after days of hunger, the dreadful fact stared us in the face that one of our number would have to be sacrificed so that the others might continue their existence.

Straws were to be drawn, and the person that drew the long straw was to be cooked. I was asked to hold the straws.

At that moment an old gentleman came forward, and said, very quietly, "Allow me to be the sacrifice. I am old. I have no friends, no one to look to, and nobody looks to me."

I said, "No, brave man, we must all take our chances."

He was so thin. He would never have done in the world.

And do not forget that the one who drew the longest straw was the one to be cooked and eaten.

And I held the straws.

And my mother-in-law got the long straw.

And I got the wish-bone and a piece of the neck.

ANTI-GAMBLERS, PLEASE PASS TO THE NEXT.

My wife is the greatest card-player in the world. It is perfectly natural for her to order me up on a cold, frosty morning. When I'm up she says, "Fire!" That is, she lets me make it. If I don't, she swings for me with her right and I go blind. Life is nothing but a game of cards from the cradle to the grave. Take the human being commonly called man.

First it's his cribbage.

Then he tries to go it alone, with a kind of a cut-shuffle-and-deal sort of a face.

Finally he gets tired of playing alone, and finds a desire to assist some fair partner.

Then he wins the queen of hearts with his diamonds, and the minister takes a ten spot out of him on a pair.

He gets old and bluff.

Stays out late at clubs.

He is met with a poker.
 He shuffles off this mortal coil, and is raked in by the spade.
 Then he awaits the call of Gabriel's trump, who, for the last
 time, will order him up.

LOVE'S TABLE OF ADDITION.

(Nor included in the curriculum of the London School Board,
 and here produced for the first time. Principal characters, male
 and female.)

Two looks *make* one flirtation.
 One flirtation *makes* two appointments.
 Two appointments *make* one moonlight meeting.
 One moonlight meeting *makes* several kisses.
 Several kisses *make* one engagement.
 One engagement *makes* two fools.
 Two fools *make* one marriage.
 One marriage *makes* one mother-in-law.
 One mother-in-law *makes* it hot around the house all the winter.

GIVING AND KEEPING.

"You promised me five pounds for a new bonnet, my dear," said
 Mrs. Bloobumper to her husband, who was reading the news-
 paper.

"Yes, I gave it to you," replied Bloobumper, laying his news-
 paper aside.

"Gave me what?—the five pounds?"

"No, I gave you the promise."

"That's what I said. Now I want to know whether you are
 going to keep it or not."

"Keep what, my love? The five pounds?"

"No, not keep the five pounds, of course. Keep your promise
 to give me five pounds."

"How in the world can I keep it?"

"Why not?"

"Didn't you say I gave it to you?"

"Yes; you gave me your promise, and I want you to keep it."

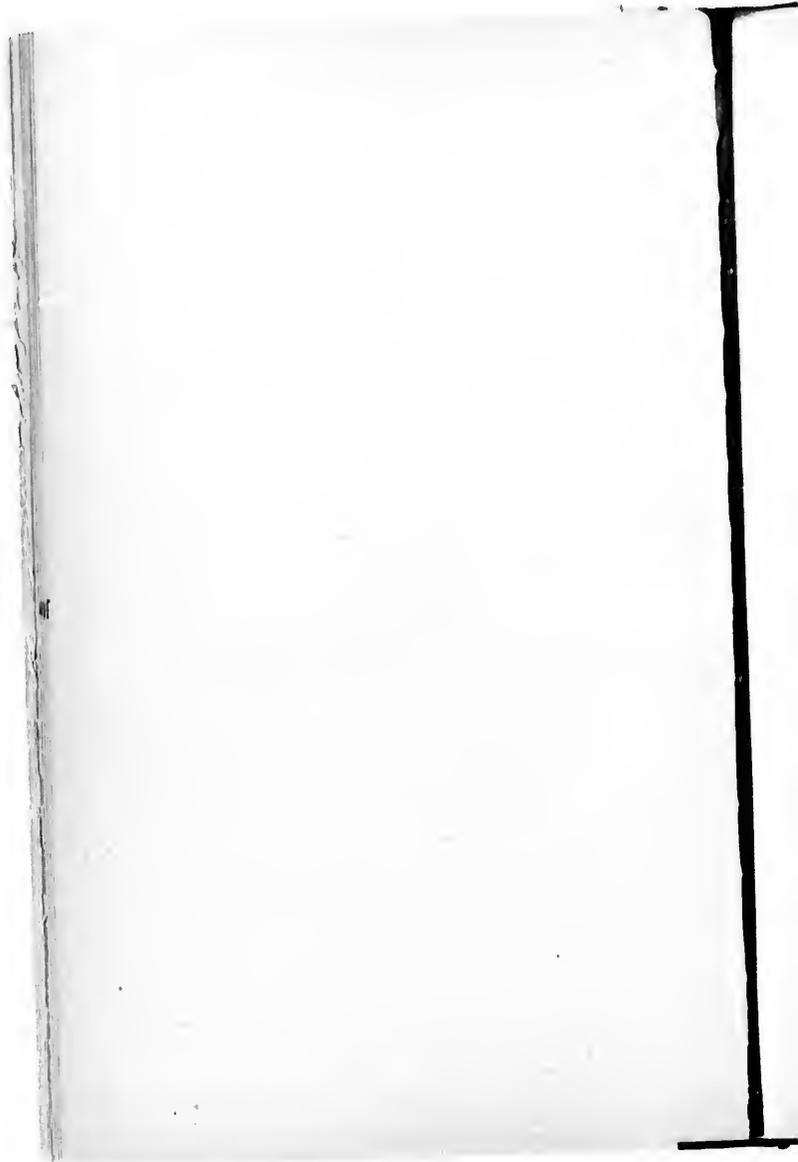
"You are a very unreasonable woman. It is impossible for one to give something away and keep it too. Go away and don't ask me to do impossibilities."
Silence grows thick.

TWO SITUATIONS.

Mrs. BROWN, who married a poor man whom she loved, and Mrs. Smith who married a rich man whom she did not love, are both widows in mourning.—*But oh, what a difference in the morning!*

MALTREATED PROVERBS.

MARRYING is believing.
Two's matrimony, and three's divorce.
Divorce is the mother-in-law of invention.
Set a wife to catch a wife.
To marry is human, to divorce is divine.
A "smart" lover covers a multitude of sins.
Where there's a wife there's a way—to the court.
Some men marry because they are young; some because they are old; some because they are busy; others because they have nothing to do. There is but one valid excuse for marrying.—
Because you want to.



ABOUT CHILDREN.

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PRESENCE OF MIND.

I WITNESSED a terrible sight on the railway some years ago. A train was dashing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, when, just as it rounded a curve, the engine-driver descried a poor little golden-haired child stretched across the rails. The train was so close upon the little darling, and going at such a sweeping speed! It seemed that nothing could be done to save that child.

Did the engine-driver lose his presence of mind? No.

He opened a box that he had on the engine, pulled out a lasso, flung it over the end of a telegraph pole, and pulled the train off the track. And he saved the child's life.

But he killed four hundred and twenty passengers.

GUESSED IT.

"O MAMMA, I want to ask you something."

"All right, dearest."

And then dearest says—

"You never saw me before I was born, did you, mamma?"

"No, darling."

And then the darling says—

"Then how did you know it was me?"

A LITTLE CHILD'S CHAIR.

THERE is a touching little poem that I am about to recite. It is sentimental, and the sentiment that is infused within the lines will interest you, no matter how bad may be my rendering. It was written by a prominent London journalist, and published in one of the Sunday papers a short time ago.

The scene of the poem is laid in an East End auction room. That is not a place that you would go to for sentiment, as a rule, yet, nevertheless, a great many pathetic episodes occur in just such places as auction rooms.

On the day in question the household effects of a poor widow

were to be sold. They consisted simply of tables, chairs, a few culinary utensils, and so forth. Nothing out of the common—just the ordinary breaking up of a simple, little, unpretending home.

Of course, the auctioneer did not dilate upon such articles. There was not enough money in them. He knocked them down, one after the other, to the quickest bidders, until at last he came to a little child's high chair.

As he offered it to his audience, one gentleman very facetiously bid a penny for it. He thought he was doing a funny thing. Some of the others agreed with him, and they laughed. But they were in a minority, I can assure you.

At that moment tears started to the eyes of the poor woman. The auctioneer noticed them, and in his own mind's eye he could see a little child's chair at home—the chair of a little child that used to greet him with outstretched arms and call him "Papa!"—the little child that had died a couple of years before.

And the auctioneer's gruff voice became low and soft, for he reached down in his pocket, pulled out a five-pound note, handed it to his clerk, rapped his hammer as a sign that the chair was disposed of, and said—

"Sold—to the lady over there!"

The poor woman left the auction room, with tears streaming down her face, the little chair clasped to her bosom, happier than she ever thought it possible to be in the circumstances.

And the gentleman who bid the penny felt just a little bit bad.

This is the poem—

"Little Willie found a looking-glass,
And scraped the mercury off;
He swallowed the shining substance,
Thinking it would cure his cough.

"His mother, in relating
The sad tale to Mrs. Brown,
Said it was a cold day for Willie
When the mercury went down!"

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A BABY CARRIAGE.

I HAVE a friend in the baby-carriage line of business. Being a married man, it chanced that I happened to require his service. So I went to him, and he sold me a beauty, a lovely little cart, and I went home with it, and took my wife and the baby out. I was proud. I wheeled it a little, and then she wheeled it a little, and then we both wheeled it. And every one that we met laughed.

I had no idea what they were laughing at, until I went round in front of that baby-carriage, and saw right away what was the giggling concern.

My friend had forgotten to take the label off the cart, and there it was :—

"OUR OWN MAKE.
TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS."

THE BABY.

A NEWSPAPER man went out to "write up" a party that had taken place in a house that had lately been blessed by the arrival of a new baby. Accompanied by his best girl, the newspaper man met the mother at the door, and, after the usual salutations, inquired after the baby's health.

The mother, who was quite deaf, and suffering with a bad cold, thought he was asking her about such cold, and told him she usually had one every winter, but this was the worst she had ever had. It kept her awake at night time so much. Then, noticing the scribe was growing pale and nervous, she said she could tell by his looks that he was going to have one just like hers, and she asked him in to sit down.

The paper duly appeared next day, but there was no news of the baby.

THE BOY; WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

A FRIEND of mine had a son. Son = son of the father. Father = father of the son. Now you understand the relationship the father bore to the son and the son to the father, and *vice versa*.

The father thought he would like to bring up the son to a business that would be a success for the son, and the son a success for the business.

So he said unto himself, said he (of course you would not know that he said unto himself, said he, but, through me, he now tells you that he said unto himself, said he), "I will place a dollar, an apple, and a Bible in an empty room. I will put the boy in the room, which will be no longer empty, with the dollar, the apple, and the Bible, and I myself will go up a few moments later, and if I catch the boy eating the apple, I will make him a farmer; if he is reading the Bible, I'll make him a parson; and if he has the dollar in his pocket, I'll make him a merchant."

So he put the boy in the room with the dollar, the apple, and the Bible.

When he went up to the room a few minutes later, he found the boy sitting on the Bible, with the dollar in his pocket, eating the apple.

The father said, "That boy is a glutton."

So he made him a policeman.

AN ANGEL.

CONVERSATION between a mother and her little child:—

Little child says, "Mumma, what is an angel?"

Mumma says, "An angel is a spiritual body, my darling."

Little darling says, "And has it got wings, mumma?"

Mumma says, "Yes, my dear."

And the dear says, "Does it fly, mumma?"

Mumma says, "Yes, sweet one, it flies."

And the sweet one says, "Well, papa kissed Sarah in the hall a few minutes ago, and called her an angel. Will she fly, mumma?"

Mumma says, "The first thing in the morning."

AN APPROPRIATE TEXT.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, on the Sunday before last, asked all his scholars to bring on last Sunday a subscription for the poor, and to recite, with the gift, an appropriate text.

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THE TEXT.

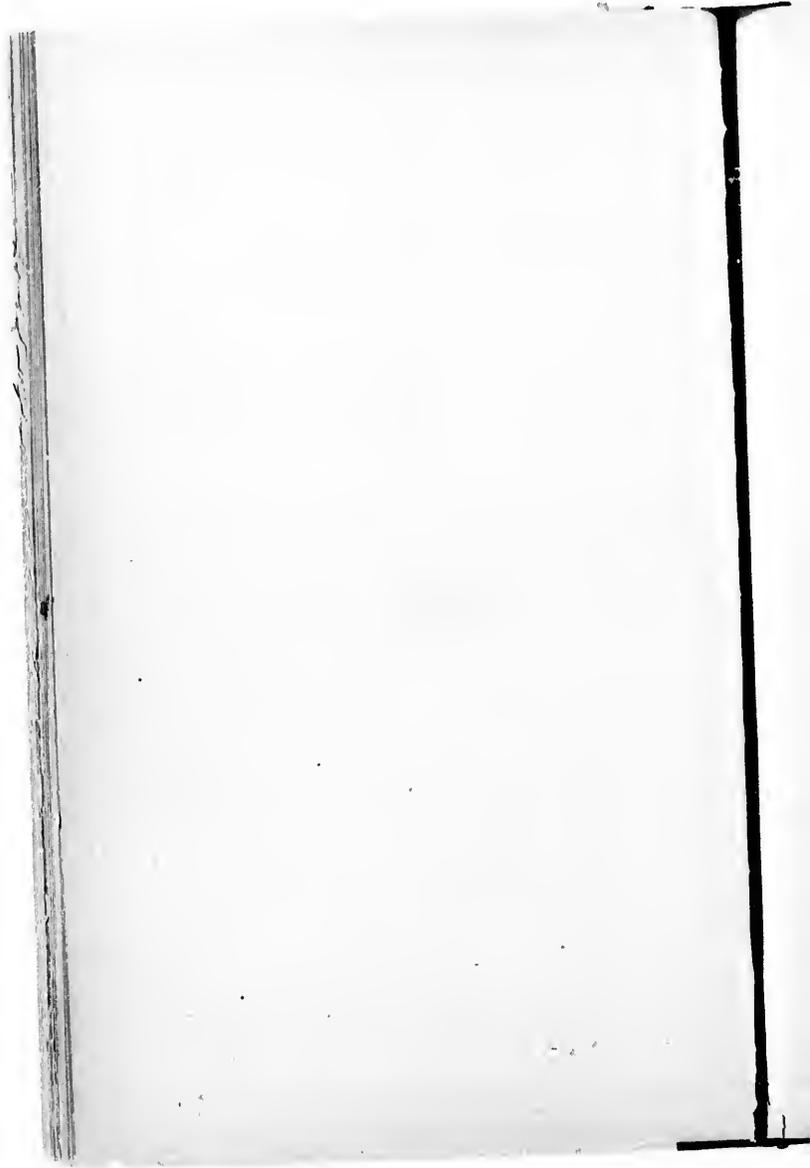
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y a subscription for the
ropriate text.

Last Sunday up came the boys, one after the other.
The first arrival placed a shilling in the box, and said, "The
Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

"Very good," said the teacher.

Number two turned up, placed sixpence in the box, and said,
"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The last boy came along, pulled a penny out of his pocket,
dropped it in the box, looked at the teacher, and said, "A fool
and his money are soon parted."



ABOUT OTHER THINGS.

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THE LADDER OF LIFE.

It behoves a person in his walk through life to climb the ladder one round at a time. I do not know what that means. I suppose you do not, either; but, anyhow, it *behoes* just the same.

If you climb the ladder one round at a time, when you reach the top you are liable to hold on a little while. Whereas, if you jump to the top in one bound, you may fall off on the other side, and nobody will ever discover the fact that you have ever been up there at all.

Now, I have a brother named Bill. In fact, I have three brothers, and they are all named Bill—except John, and his name is Tom. Well, my brother Bill got a position in a draper's shop—just the ordinary position of carrying parcels. That was the bottom round of the ladder for Bill. But he climbed the ladder—one round at a time—until he reached the top round of the ladder.

And then they made him wash the windows.

MIMICRY; CONSIDERED FRAUDULENTLY.

I AM now going to expose a fraud as gigantic and as barefaced as spiritualism itself, namely, the art of giving imitations of actors.

No doubt you have all seen some young gentleman enter from Right, or Left, First Entrance, as the case may be. He advances to the centre of the stage, and bows as gracefully as he possibly can—but, anyhow, he bows, and we will let it go at that.

Then he says, "Ladies and gentlemen!" He means nothing by that. It is only a bad habit he has acquired, so you should not feel offended.

He proceeds. "I will now give you an imitation of—" Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Beerbohm Tree, or some other noted actor.

Strange to say, he always reaches up after one of the big guns, a man that he could not imitate if he wanted to, because, if he could, he would be doing their line of business and getting more money for it.

Now, what bothers me is this. Nine times out of ten, the man who imitates the other man never has seen the other man act.

Now, how can one man imitate the other man if he has never seen the other man? And why does the audience applaud?

Ah! I'll expose the audience as well.

Now, one man sits on *this* side of the house, and one man sits on *that* side of the house. The man who sits on *this* side of the house thinks the man who sits on *that* side of the house has never seen the man whom the man who is trying to imitate him has never seen. The man who sits on *that* side of the house thinks the same of the man who sits on *this* side of the house, so they both applaud at the same time, and, the audience being of the same mould, the applause becomes unanimous. The performer is a hit. He is satisfied. The audience vote him a success, and they are satisfied.

And I am the only one that makes a complaint. But I am a natural-born disturber of the peace, and consequently I have to get my oar in somewhere.

Now, I am going to give you an imitation—an imitation of Henry Irving.

A great many of you have seen Henry Irving, and a great many of you have not seen Henry Irving. Now I have no doubt that those among you who have not seen Henry Irving will like my imitation a great deal better than will those who have seen Henry Irving.

Now, my imitation is of Henry Irving, the noted English tragedian, *walking home after the show.* (*Exit Knowles.*)

PAYMENT DEFERRED.

I must tell you my trouble. There is nothing like another person's trouble to cause hilarity on the part of the multitude assembled together; that is, provided the multitude be not mixed up in the trouble.

This is my trouble. I was passing across Westminster Bridge a few evenings ago, when I met a gentleman who would insist upon selling me some matches. I did not want the matches, I told him so. But he told me that I did want the matches. He had such a persistent way with him that finally I came round to his way of thinking, and I bought the box of matches. I put my hand in my pocket, took out a penny, and gave it to the gentleman. He gave me the box of matches. He put the penny in his

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pocket. I put the box of matches in my pocket. And we
separated right there and then.

As I left him I heard him say, "Ah! Heaven will reward you
twenty-fold for that generous action!"

I thought, "Well, if Heaven is going to give me twenty pence
for every penny expended, I am willing to stand the reward right
here and now."

Then I started off about my business.

I had not taken more than half-a-dozen steps when the matches
caught fire in my pocket, and burned the leg off a twenty-five
shilling pair of trousers. The moment I saw the blaze I got
scared and started to run. There was a cab passing by; the horse
saw the blaze, got scared, and ran away. A lady and a gentleman
were in the cab. The cab ran into a tram-car. That busted the
cab all to pieces. It broke the man's leg, the woman's ribs, the
driver's neck, and the horse's back.

They sued me for five thousand pounds damages. I lost the
suit. I also lost a twenty-five shilling pair of trousers.

And now I have to wait until I go to Heaven to get that one-
and-eightpence.

I REQUIRE AUDITING.

I ONCE put a silver dollar in my mouth for safe keeping.

While walking quietly along, a friend of mine came up, and,
by way of greeting, slapped me in the middle of the back—
and I swallowed the dollar.

Now I'm a dollar out and a dollar in, and I don't know how to
balance my accounts.

SWEENEY TODD; OR, THE OCTOROON.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Telegraph Messenger Boy.

Act the First.—
Hired.

Act the Second.—
Tired.

Act the Third.—
Fired.

SLEEP, SLEEPERS, AND SLEEPING.

A SLEEPER is one who sleeps.

And a sleeper is a saloon carriage on a railway-train in which the sleeper sleeps.

And a sleeper is a tie under the rails on which the sleeper, in which the sleeper sleeps, runs.

Now then, when the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper that is carried over the sleeper under the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps, the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper until the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps jumps off the sleeper, and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by bumping against the sleeper, until there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps.

HORSEY.

I WENT to the Derby. I rode down, but I walked back.

I tried to borrow some money from a friend of mine. He gave me advice instead. He told me that backing fast horses would be my ruin. I told him, no. It was backing the slow ones that had already done that.

The first horse I backed was a creature named Scotch Itch. He was scratched.

The next horse I backed was a shoemaker's animal. He was a strapping big fellow, but he pegged out at last, and nearly all my money went.

The next horse I backed was an individual called The Thames. It is still running.

I backed a barber's horse that I did win a little money on. He had quite a stiff brush at the start, and he only won by a hair. It was a close shave, and he came in covered with lather.

The last quadruped I backed was an old 'bus-horse. He used to run in a 'bus from Brixton to Oxford Circus. They called him Charing Cross!

Charing Cross led all the way, till just rounding Tattenham Corner, the whole crowd stood up, and in one voice shouted "Charing Cross."

He stopped right there and then, and there was nobody on hand to pull the bell-string and send him on again.

SLEEPING.

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THE SWEET SONG OF THE BIRD.

In the park.
 The other day.
 Myself, and my brother.
 A little bird commenced to sing.
 My brother said, "That bird is singing for me."
 I told him, "No—the bird was singing for me."
 One word brought on more beer, till we actually quarrelled.
 And fought.
 Policeman arrested both of us.
 Brought into court.
 Magistrate asked for the facts of the case.
 I told him a bird sang.
 I said it sang for me.
 Brother said it sang for him.
 And I said we both fought.
 Magistrate said, "I fine you thirty shillings each.
 " And, remember, the bird was singing for me."

A MUSIC-SELLER'S SONG CATALOGUE.

I WAS reading over a catalogue of new and old songs the other
 day. Among other things I noticed:—

"At Trinity Church I met my Doom." *For two shillings.*

"Two Little Girls in Blue." *For two shillings.* After the
 trouble I got into at Trinity Church I wouldn't have them at half
 the money.

Another line says:—

"I mustn't let her see me all at once." *For two shillings.*

What *does* he want?

"Go to sleep, my baby." *For two shillings.* That is cheap if it
 comes off. There are lots of babies that won't go to sleep at any
 price.

"After the Ball." *For two shillings.* It only cost me sixpence
 the other day to see twenty-two men after the ball the whole
 afternoon.

"Is Marriage a Failure?" *For two shillings.* It says under
 this one, "Thousands have been sold."

"Farewell, Marguerite." *For two shillings.* I have not two shillings, so must say, "Farewell, Marguerite."

"Put me in my Little Bed." *For two shillings.*

"O what would I give to be there." *For two shillings.*

"I can't get at it." *For eighteen-pence.* He was a "tanner" short.

I SHALL DRINK COFFEE, AND KEEP AWAKE.

I WENT to sleep the other night and dreamed that I owed Jones two hundred pounds. I am afraid to go to sleep again in case I might go round and pay him.

A PARROT STORY.

THE proprietors of a circus owned a parrot. The bird's cage used to hang on the box of the treasurer, who sold the admittance tickets. As the crowd stood around the ticket-waggon, the treasurer, in handing out the tickets and taking in the shekels, had one invariable injunction for the folks who were pushing for front places. "One at a time, now, one at a time; it's your turn next!" One day the parrot escaped from the cage, and was missing. Being a general favourite with the *employés*, a thorough search was made for the vanished bird, but all in vain. Until—

In the centre of a field, a flock of crows was seen darting up and down, and hither and thither. Being curious to ascertain the cause of this rumpus, the circus-men approached, and soon came near enough to observe their pet parrot denuded of almost every feather, with the crows crowding upon him, and he all the while saying, "One at a time, now, one at a time; it's your turn next!"

DEGRADATION INDEED.

WHAT do you think? I read a paragraph in a newspaper, just lately, that said—

"Of late we have received reports of several deaths from excessive drinking by telegraph."

Well, it served them right. When a man stoops so low as to do his drinking by telegraph, he ought to die.

STRANGE NOTICES.

THEY do have strange notices in London.

Those on the doors are funny. I was going into Peter Robinson's. On one door it said "Push," on the other door it said "Pull." I pushed on one, pulled on the other, got caught between the two and almost crushed to death.

Another man "pushed" in, and "pulled" out a sealskin jacket. And I got on a tramcar, too. Extraordinary notice on that. The sign said, "Passengers not allowed to get on or off the car while in motion."

Now, how on earth are you going to get on or off the car unless you are in motion?

I went to another shop to make a call. On the door was a notice, "Walk in."

Did they think I meant to go in on a sprint, or on horseback?

THE PRESCRIPTION.

Why did you take money that did not belong to you?
Well, the doctor said I must have change.

BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE.

A FRIEND of mine met me on the street, and I told him of an accident that had just occurred to me. I slipped and fell on a piece of ice. I tore my pants, and had to get a newspaper and place it over the part where the pants were torn.

He said he was astonished that I should use such plain, ordinary, commonplace language; and I asked him how he would describe such an accident.

He said, "Like this—"

"While meandering through one of the principal thoroughfares, my pedal extremities came in contact with the surface of the congealed *aqua pura*. This caused a misplacement of the attraction of gravitation, forcing my lower members to fly heavenwards, while my *habeas corpus* formed a co-partnership with the highway. This caused a compound fracture of the nether garments, but such fracture subsequently lay veiled from public gaze beneath that printed vehicle for the dissemination of knowledge commonly called a newspaper.

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shillings.

For two shillings.

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INDEED.

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a man stoops so low as to
to die.

A RIDDLE.

WHEN has a man four hands?
When he doubles his fists.

RUM OMELETTE.

At a Prohibition dinner out West, some years ago, every-
thing went along all right until rum omelette was served.
Then every one was continually calling for more gravy.

A DOG'S LOVE.

A dog is man's truest and best friend.
True, sometimes things look different.

A woman's love seems pure, lasting, undying. In the sick
chamber, when a man is tossing about on a bed of fever, a woman's
presence lightens up the gloom, and her hand placed on his fore-
head has a cooling touch. And when she puts her arms around
his neck in a clinging manner, and looks into his eyes with those
large moistened orbs of hers, she has him at her mercy.

A dog is different. When a dog jumps up and wags his tail
and puts his paws on your shoulders and in your eyes—that's
love.

That dog don't want a sealskin saque.

CAKES.

EVERYBODY is a cake, thusly:—

Rich man; pound cake.
Farmer; hoe cake.
Milkmaid; cream cake.
Chiroprapist; corn cake.
Dyspeptic; stomach-ache.
Hod-carrier; back-ache.
Pretty girl; spice cake, covered with sugar.
Next-door neighbour; sponge cake.
Red-headed girl; ginger cake.
Old maids; cold buckwheat cake. They are hard
to warm up.

TEMPERANCE.

ORATOR: My friends, come and join the Temperance League!

TRAMP: Don't want to.

ORATOR: You must. It is a noble order. Our motto is, "We bend the knee, but not the elbow!"

TRAMP: That comes of that horrible habit of drinking from the bunghole.

STRONG LIQUOR STRENGTHENS.

LIQUOR is a great strengthener. Take my case. A few months ago I was a walking skeleton. I was sick, so sick that I could scarcely raise a fork to my mouth.

And I went to a doctor. He told me to go and get some stimulants—to get some whisky.

You may imagine that I got some. I got a barrel, and when the man brought it to my house, he could not lift it himself. He had to hire two men to help him to put it in my cellar. And I? I could not even roll it. It was so heavy.

Yet it had not been in my cellar three weeks before I could lift it up and throw it out of window.

Of course, I had to practise around that barrel first.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

IRISHMEN do not want Home Rule. They say they do, but they do not. They are so busy governing the rest of the world that they have no time to attend to their own affairs.

"CHRIS."

WHO was Ireland's greatest benefactor?

Christopher Columbus.

Why, what did he do for Ireland?

He discovered America.

LONDON.

LONDON is growing so rapidly that if you were to lay down in the street and go to sleep you would find a roof over your head when you awoke.

That is, provided the policeman did his duty.

A DISCOURSE ON TOWNS.

I HAD a strange dream the other night. I dreamt that I went to heaven. Of course it was only a dream, but it's a good thing to dream about, anyhow.

While I was there I saw a cartload of people who came to the gate.

"Where do you come from?" they were asked.

"Manchester."

The moment they mentioned Manchester they were told, "Get down." And they were sent straight down to the summer resort, dumped in, and burnt up.

Along came another cartload.

"Where do you come from?"

"Liverpool."

The moment they mentioned Liverpool they were told, "Get down." And they were sent right down, dumped in, and burnt up.

Along came another cargo.

"Where do you come from?"

"Glasgow."

The moment they mentioned Glasgow they were told "Get down." And they were sent right down, and dumped in. Didn't burn them up. They put the fire out. Too green.

Along came one solitary individual.

"Where do you come from?"

"London."

"Get in quick. You're the first that ever came from there."

A LESSON IN JOURNALISM.

In the street the other day I met a small boy with a large bundle of newspapers. I asked him what he meant to do with them.

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He said he intended to *Telegraph the News to Post the People*, both *Black and White*, all over the *Globe*, and to let the *Morning Advertiser* and the *Man of the World* have an equal chance with the *Queen*, the *Gentlewoman*, and the *Sportsman* in procuring all the *Tit-Bits* from *Vanity Fair*. To let the *Star* shine like a *Limelight* on the *Stage* in this *Era of Music Halls*—to keep a *Chronicle*, and give a *Graphic* account, of all the *Illustrated London News* and thus *Echo* the *Standard* thoughts of the *Citizen* in the *Topical Times*. And he said that the *Referee* says that *Amy Sloper* gave *Judy* a *Punch* and told her to *Pick me up as a Joker for Comic Cuts!*

THOUGHTS ON LONDON.

FRAGMENT OF A SPEECH BY A LONDON COUNTY COUNCILLOR.

NOTHING affords me greater pleasure than the opportunity that is presented me this evening of giving you my opinion of London. Words are inadequate to express the admiration I feel for London. Look at the number of things you can do in London that you cannot do in any other city on the face of the earth! For instance, there is the open air. Now, in London, you can ride in the open air, you can row in the open air, you can run in the open air, you can eat in the open air, you can drink in the open air, you can walk in the open air, and you can sleep in the open air! And physicians tell us it is a healthy practice to sleep in the open air. And—to prove that assertion—where will you find a healthier body of men than our London police force? And aren't they always asleep in the open air? And a wise government has placed silent shoes on our policemen, so that they sha'n't wake each other up at night.

QUESTIONS OF BURIAL.

I MET an Irishman in the street the other day, and, in the course of conversation, asked him where he would prefer to be buried when his time came to die.

He said he would sooner be buried in a Jewish burying-ground than in any other place on earth.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because that would be the last place the devil would ever dream of looking in for an Irishman!"

Now, when I die, I would rather die an Irishman than anything else in the way of mankind. For this reason: if you die an Englishman, or anything except an Irishman, they bury you, and that ends the business.

But, if you die an Irishman, they wake you, and you are all right again.

A RECIPE FOR PIE.

You can always get pie for nothing.

Go into a shop, call for a piece of the best pie on the premises, eat it, pull out a gold watch, look at the time, and call for another piece of pie.

After complimenting the baker upon the quality of his pie, eat the second piece of pie, draw out your handkerchief, brush the crumbs from your moustache, look at your watch, say "Good morning" to the baker, fade outside, and stand in the front of the shop.

Don't try to get away. The baker argues that you don't intend to best him, because you look like a gentleman, dress like a gentleman, and have a gold watch, and winds up his argument by saying, "There he stands in front of the place. If he wanted to best me, he would run away!"

Finally, he musters up courage to come outside and ask you for the money.

You say, "Did I not pay you?"

He says, "You did not."

You say, "Well, I don't intend to pay you."

He says, "Why not?"

You say, "Because I have no money."

Well, the baker may get a policeman; the policeman may get you; but neither baker nor policeman can get that pie.

THIS IS DOGGY.

I WENT into the dog line of business lately, but I was unfortunate.

In the middle of winter I started to cross a frozen river with

my first dog. He sat down on the ice, and his tail froze fast to it. To get the dog off the ice I had to amputate his tail.

I lost money on that dog because I was unable to retail him.

My second dog chewed up a paper collar, and could not digest it. He died yesterday.

My third dog—ah, but there was a tale of woe! You all know what a saw-mill is. You also know that if you wander into a saw-mill, and allow your body to come into contact with a circular saw when the aforesaid saw is in motion, when the aforesaid body leaves the aforesaid saw it will not be in as good condition as it was when it struck the location.

Well, my dog tackled the saw. He only lasted one round. That is the reason you have not seen him round lately. He came out in chunks.

I used to call him "Entomologist."

Of course he did not know what that meant; and some other people share his ignorance, and they have none the best of the dog.

I called him "Entomologist" because an entomologist is a collector of rare and wonderful insects.

My dog had the boss collection.

BUTTON AND BASEBALL

Down where I live we have a church. I belong to the church. I belong to the choir. We had a leader in the choir whose name was Button. His first name was Miles. Miles Button is a funny name for a man, and naturally he could not be expected to live long. He died. But the strangest thing is that Miles Button fills the largest, yet the smallest, grave in the world. You see it is Miles wide, Miles deep, and Miles long; yet it is only a Button-hole.

We formed a Baseball club out of the church choir.

It was the easiest thing in the world to do. We got two singers who *bawl first and second bass*, the organist got a *short stop* on the organ, the churchwarden who makes the collection *centres* all his energies in *hitting right and left*, passes the *plate*, and sometimes makes a *home-run* with the lot. The parson *perches* in, and the congregation—well, they *catch on*. So will you if you are *fly*.

HE'D GOT THE TUNE RIGHT.

THERE was a soldier who had deserted from a regiment in India. Desiring to get out of the country, he shipped as an A.B. seaman, despite the fact that he did not know the difference between the mainmast and an anchor.

He was on deck one night while they were taking soundings in the Bay of Bengal. He noticed that the seaman who was casting the lead was returning its records in a singing monotone, such as:—

"Seven-a-quarter-fathom-m-m-m-m-s!"

"Eight-a-quarter-fathom-m-m-m-m-s!"

After a short while, the soldier, who was an Irishman, and may as well be called Pat, was told off to relieve the seaman, and to take his turn at the sounding.

His first proceeding was to throw the lead half-way down the Bay, and while drawing it in he sang,

"Whack-fol-de-ridol-ol-de-ri-do!"

The officer in charge of the watch looked at Pat in astonishment. This was increased as the ex-soldier, after the next cast, sang again,

"Whack-fol-de-ridol-ol-de-ri-do!"

And when this had occurred the third time, the officer cried out,

"What's the matter with you? Why don't you give me the sounding?"

And Pat replied, "You can't fool me! I do know the tune, if I didn't catch the words!"

WHAT TO AVOID.

In promulgating your cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and philoosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensible consistency. Let you extemporaneous desoatings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility without bombast. Shun *double entendre* and pestiferous profanity, either obscure or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly,

naturally, sensibly, purely, truthfully. Keep from slang. Don't put on airs. Say what you mean, mean what you say, and, above all,

Don't use big words.

PROVERBS ;

AMENDED AND REPAIRED.

HALF a loaf is better than loafing.
 Where there's a will, there's a law suit.
 It's an ill wind that blows worse than you do.
 He that laughs last gets left.
 Still waters don't run at all.
 All that glitters is not worth its face value.
 A bird in the hand is worth two in some other fellow's.
 What is to be, will be, even if it never happens.
 And my father, who is a relation of mine, says it is easier for a camel to enter a circus than for a drunkard to eat a package of needles.

THE HOODOO AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Do not eat pie with your fingers.
 Try your mouth.
 You get the taste better.
 Do not allow your hostess to help you more than twice to any one thing on the table.
 Help yourself the third time.
 Be sure to take your own hat and coat when leaving.
 They may not be as good as the others, but it is much safer.

STARS.

EVERYBODY is a star nowadays. A little baby is a star—a little baby is a star of the brightest magnitude, and belongs to the Milky Way. I suppose you see the cream of the joke, though it must have curdled you. A soldier is a star; he is a shooting

star. A drunken man is a star; he is a falling star. A policeman is a star; he is a blue star. The falling star is often picked up by the blue star and placed in his proper station for the night. A pair of lovers are not stars; they are set planets; they *set* and plan-it all day how they can become meteors at night. There is a star-fish, morning star, evening star, oystar, and star-vation. But if I were to try to tell you anything more about stars, somebody might hit me over the head with something and make me see stars that only exist in your imagination under exceptional circumstances of a distressing nature.

I AM A MULE.

I AM almost crazy. I don't know who I am. My father was a widower. There was a widow lady who lived near us. She had a daughter. My father married the daughter; I married the widow.

And there you are. I don't know who I am. My father married the daughter. I married the widow. That makes my father my son. I am my father's father; my father's wife is my daughter; my wife is my father's mother; my sister's father's mother is my great grandfather's uncle's aunt; and I am a mule!

ACCOMMODATED HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

A YOUNG man, while feeding a printing press, lost both his hands.

But he has a better job now. He is a shorthand writer.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

I WENT to the theatre one night. Next to me sat a stout gentleman. The curtain rolled up. An actor with a candle walked across the stage. The stout gentleman said, "Where is he going with that candle?" I said, "In the dark." The stout gentleman said, "You are a teller of untruths, and if you come outside I can lick you." I went outside.

It was the shortest fight on record, only two blows struck. He struck me, and I struck the pavement. He left town before I left the hospital. It was the only fight I was ever in in my life—and then I wasn't "in it."

DUST.

MAN originated from dust. And when he dies he returns to dust. All the time he is with us he bustles for dust, and just as soon as he gets hold of someone else's dust, he *dusts*.*

I knew a fellow once whose name was Dust. He went out once on a rainy day, and when he returned his name was Mud.

AN AGRICULTURAL ITEM.

I TRIED to start a farm on a wheelbarrow, a cock, hen, and a yellow horse: result, a disastrous failure. The first trouble I had was with the wheelbarrow. If you ever have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it alone. Take to drink, or any other form of dissipation, but never allow yourself to be led into a controversy with a wheelbarrow. It is the most complicated thing in the world, and, when you fall over it, you never get through falling, and it never finishes helping you to fall. A man will fall over a wheelbarrow when you could not tempt him to fall over anything else. It will tangle his legs and arms, turn over with him, rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and some more flesh off his bones, and he commences to revolute anew. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive-looking object in existence, but it is more dangerous than a mad bull, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold on the handles and is sitting on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the greatest known curse on true dignity. I gave the wheelbarrow to a poor man that had not tasted food for four

* Absconds.

days, and before he got fifty yards from my house it took him by the throat and kicked the stuffing out of him.

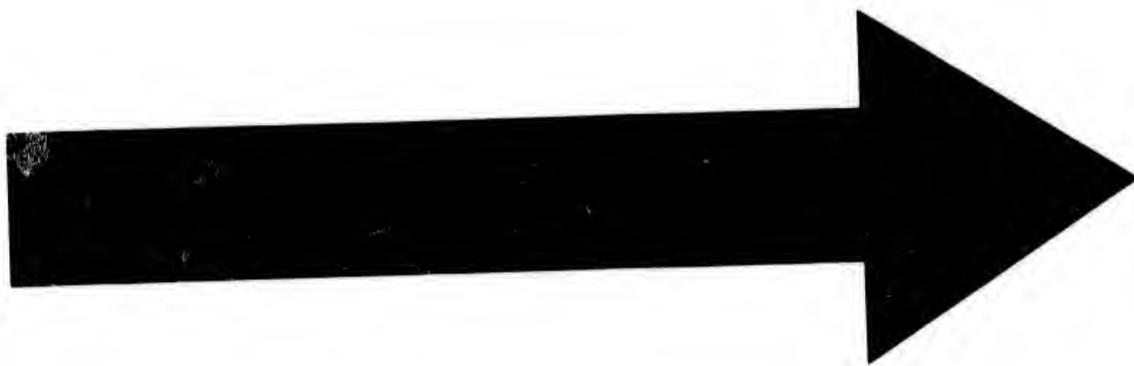
My next trouble was the hen. Directly after laying an egg she would turn and eat it. I found a way to prevent this. I filled an egg with a mixture of milk and cayenne pepper, and the hen ate the egg. She looked surprised, opened her mouth, and came outside. She didn't gallop out. But she came out, came out to look at the scenery, and see if it was going to rain—mouth wide open, and the feathers on top of her head stood straight up. Then she commenced to go round the yard like a circus horse. Once in a while she would stop and push one leg out in a tone of astonishment, and then holloa "fire" and start again. The old cock came out to look on. Soon the neighbours' hens came over the fence, and took front seats. It was evident the performance was something new and unique to them. There is a good deal of human nature in hens. When they saw my hen dance around, and have all the fun to herself, and heard her shout "fire," and they could not see the conflagration, they became excited, and with one accord sprang upon her, and, before I could interfere, the brindle hen with the long legs was among the things that were, and the cock died of a broken heart.

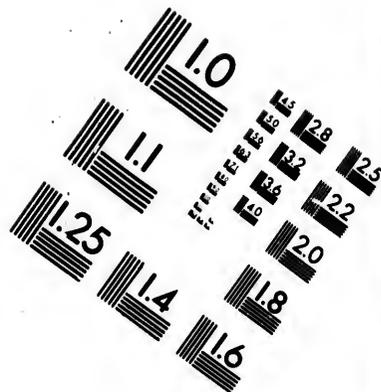
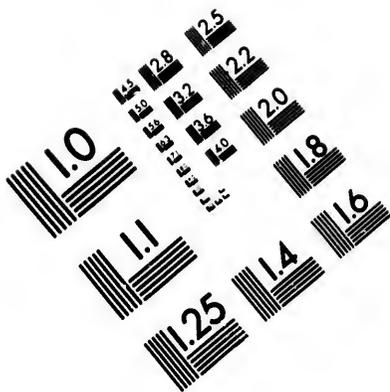
But the last straw that broke the camel's back was my yellow horse. When he was brought in we all looked at him. It was evening, clear, bright, and beautiful. I had a dog, a black and white dog, and if ever there was a dog who thought he knew everything, that was the dog. He sneaked up behind the horse to smell his heels. He ought to have succeeded better than he did, for he lost part of one ear in the attempt. It was done so quickly that it is possible we should have known nothing about it had the dog not mentioned it himself. He never bothered the horse's heels again. Three days later, when the dog was trying to open up a conversation with a flea located near his tail, the horse leaned over confidentially, and took a mouthful of special joints from the dog's back, and the mortification arising from being caught napping preyed so heavily on the dog's mind that he died in a few minutes. Well, time passed, but the horse lost none of it. There wasn't a man, woman, or child within a mile of our house that didn't bear some mark of that animal's friendship. Like death, he was no respecter of persons. He never stopped to inquire whether a man was worth a million or tenpence when

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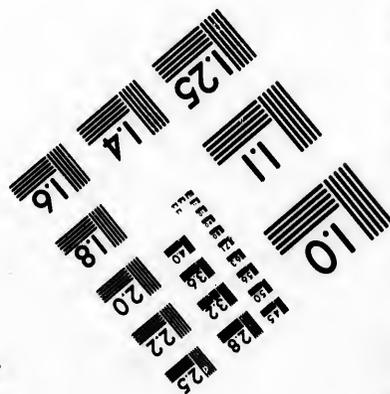
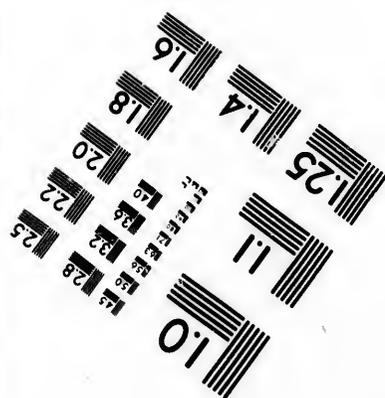
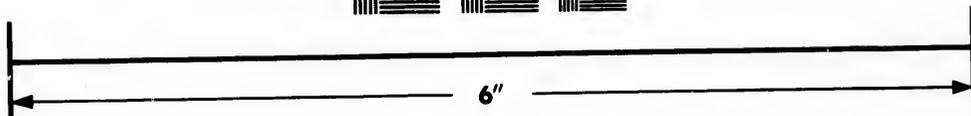
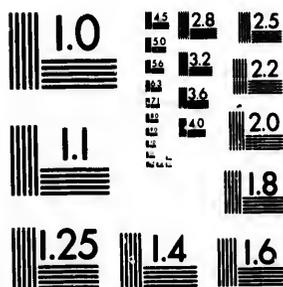
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reaching for him. He may have had some curiosity about it afterwards, but he never showed it. Finally people came to avoid him when they met him on the street. I don't think they did it purposely, but it seemed to come natural to them to rush through the first doorway or over the most convenient fence when they saw him approach. Not a dog within three streets of us would think of going to sleep without first coming over to see if that horse was locked up. It was instinct. He was always ready to run away. He would get up in the night from a refreshing sleep to run away. He would leave a meal of cream cakes and quail on toast to run away. He would sacrifice home, happiness, honour, and other people's property to run away. And when he got started nobody ever thought of getting in front of him. A stranger attempted it once, but they started a fund to furnish ice to pack his body with until his friends came on to claim it. I never enjoyed a single day while I was the sole possessor of that animal. He nipped away some portion of me every time I went near him. I am not a profane man, but I was sorely tempted. There was only one man that had anything to do with the beast who came out on the right side. He was the hired man, and he owed his salvation to a misfortune. He was cross-eyed. He was a great source of misery to that horse. The malformation of his eyes was calculated to deceive even smarter beings. The horse kicked at him a few times, when he was evidently looking the other way. Mistake on the part of the horse. It worried him because he missed his mark. He tried it again. Same result. Then when the man was not looking, horse thought he was, and it almost killed him to think the man had escaped him.

As a kicker and a biter he was unexcelled. He did it so unexpectedly. He would look a stranger square in the eye, apparently about to communicate some information of value, and then suddenly lift his left hind-foot and hit the stranger a rap that made him see seventy-five dollars-worth of fireworks in a second. He would bite at anything, whether he reached it or not, but in kicking he rarely missed. He could use any leg with facility, but prided himself on the extraordinary play of his left hind-leg. With that limb he could break up a political meeting in five minutes, and kick over the entire plan of campaign before the last man got to the door. By the time he made half-a-dozen

revolutions, the people in the immediate vicinity had their furniture on the pavement and were nailing up the doors. He could kick straight out, in front, left, right, over his back, around a corner, and in a case of emergency he could kick down his own throat. My mother-in-law pitied the brute, until one day she found herself in the stable yard with no company except the horse. She started to run. So did the horse. She wanted to get over the fence, the horse seemed to divine her intentions and assisted her. She never complained, and her funeral was one of the largest that ever left our street. Now every married man I know wants to borrow the horse or buy it, but I will not sell. I might marry again.

ON THE CARPET.

I WENT to look at some carpets. The shopman showed me several patterns.

I said, "Are these the best you have?"

He said, "They are, and they want a lot of beating!"

I said, "Well, I won't take any, because each year my wife makes me beat ours."

MONEY.

THE natural desire of the peoples of all nations is to make money. Money is the root of all evil, but it is a necessary evil.

P.S.—Out of Evil cometh Good.

N.B.—Young girls want pin-money.

Boys want pocket-money.

Young men want patri-mony,

Old maids want matri-mony.

Musicians want har-mony.

Frenchmen want cere-mony.

Englishmen want ready money.

Irishmen want anybody's money.

And

Scotchmen want everybody's money.

ADIPOSE TISSUE.

ONCE there came to visit me a man who was a fat man. He was certainly the fattest man I ever saw.

He told me he would like to take a bath. I left him in the bath-room, and imagined he would shortly be ablutioning. What was my surprise when he rang and sent for me in a hurry.

I asked him what was the matter. He said it was impossible for him to ablute. The trouble was that when he got into the bath there was no room for the water.

I packed him off to Brighton, where I thought he might stand a chance in the ocean. He came back quickly. No success.

He said that every time he went down to bathe, somebody else was using the ocean.

TOO MUCH.

THERE was a nigger parson of a nigger church, and another nigger wanted to join the nigger church. The parson asked the would-be member—

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

Very quick was the answer, "Yes."

"Do you believe that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe that it did stand still?"

The answer was not so quick in coming, but it was "Yes," all the same.

"Do you believe that Daniel was put into a lions' den, among the strongest, hungriest, and ferociousest that ever were?"

"Yes."

"And do you believe that the lions didn't touch him?"

"Y-e-s."

"Do you believe that the Red Sea was divided, so that the children of Israel walked through on dry land, with water heaped up each side of them?"

"And nothing to hold it back?"

"No; nothing to hold it back."

"Then I don't believe it."

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"Then you can't join this church. Take your hat and coat and get out."

The nigger slowly started to go.

He looked very dubious as he walked a few steps silently.

Then he stopped and turned round.

"I don't believe that story about the Red Sea," he said.

Then he slowly moved another half-dozen yards, and then turned round again.

"And, come to think of it, I ain't so blessed sure about thatarnation lion story, either!"

Take your hat and coat and

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POETRY.

NOTE.—As there is no poetry about mankind, womankind, marriage, children, or about other things, we are compelled to let poetry luxuriate in a separate compartment, where it will not be annoyed by our other subjects.

THE PATTERN OF THE SHINGLE.

WHEN the angry passions gath'ring
In my mother's face I see,
And she leads me to the bedroom—
Gently lays me on her knee,

Then I know that I will catch it,
And my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen—to the patter—
Of the shingle—on my britches.

Every tingle of the shingle
Has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies
Into active being spring.

And a thousand bees and hornets
'Neath my coat-tails seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter
Of the shingle—oh, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father
(Whom away I thought had gone),
To survey the situation
And make mother lay it on.--

To see her bending o'er me,
As I listen to the strain
Played by her, and by the shingle--
A wild and weird refrain!

A sudden intermission--
It seems my only chance!
I say, "Strike gently, mother,
Or you'll burst my Sunday pants!"

about mankind, womankind,
things, we are compelled to let
partment, where it will not be

She stops a moment, draws her breath,
Then coughs a little cough,
And says, "I never thought of that.—
Just take those britches off!"

Holy Moses and the Angels!
Cast your pitying glances down!
And then, oh family doctor,
Put a nice soft poultice on!

And may I with fools and dunces
Everlastingly commingle,
If I ever say another word
When my mother wields the shingle!

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

In the soft and fading twilight
Of a weary summer day,
I was in a garret, searching
An old bureau stored away.

It for years had there been lying,
Safe away from frost and dew,
And my curious nature tempted
Me to search it through and through.

Faded lace and yellow ribbons,
Laces half a century old,—
And I came across a parcel,
Tied up with a thread of gold.

Something told me to untie it,
And I did so, then and there;
And, unfolded to my vision,
Lay a simple lock of hair.

Oh, what memories crowded o'er me
 As I gazed upon that curl !
 How it brought to me remembrance
 Of a fair and lovely girl !

One who was my pride and pleasure,
 One who, though now dead and gone,
 Changed my life from joy and pleasure—
 To a being old and worn.

Slowly I rebound the package,
 And the tears came down like rain,
 As I tenderly replaced it
 Where for ages it had lain.

Strange how such things overcome us,—
 Make our spirits sadly droop !
 But how mad that hair had made me
 Had I found it in the soup.

THE DOCTOR'S COUNTERCLAIM.

I WORKED a month for Doctor Fox,
 And, when the end had come,
 I went to him to get my pay—
 Ten dollars was the sum.

He gave me a receipt in full,
 With grin of fiendish mirth :—
 "For services professional,"
 The morning of my birth !

And now I think it would have been
 (No wonder I'm forlorn !)
 Ten dollars in my pocket if
 I never had been born.

PERPLEXITY.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
 The little fellow said;
 "If I should die before I wake,
 How shall I know I'm dead?"

A NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young fellow named Gia,
 Who called on a girl named Maria;
 And the short-sighted fool
 Took the stove for a stool,
 So it set his best trousers on fire.

A SABBATH-BREAKER.

THIS girl was young, and very ugly,
 Her feet took up an awful space;
 Her father let her out last Sunday,—
 She broke the Sabbath with her face.

THE INDIA-RUBBER TRUNK.

THIS label said, "Don't monkey with
 This india-rubber trunk,
 It holds loaded guns and pistols,
 And it won't stand any 'monk.'
 It holds glass-ware bombs and cannons,
 And you want to touch it light;
 There's nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton,
 And a lot of dynamite."

CITY.

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RHYME.

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BBER TRUNK.

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Fierce the baggage man then grabbed it,
For it roused his savage ire,
And he smashed it and he dashed it
In a manner that was dire.
And he bounced it and he trounced it,
And he caved and raved and swore ;
Then he bumped it and he stumped it,
And he whooped and howled and tore.

He ill-used it and he bruised it,
And he tossed it and he crushed ;
And he pitched six trunks upon it,
But this one would not be mused.
Then he dumped it and he bumped it,
For it rendered him insane,
Then upon the top pile humped it—
Then he shrieked with might and main !

For that trunk slid down upon him !

And it bounced him,
And it trounced him,
And it chugged him,
And it mugged him,
And it stamped him,
And it tramped him ;
Ill-used him,
And confused him ;
It kicked him,
And it licked him !

And when they had stopped its jumping,
And its thumping,
And its clumping,—
These last words they heard from Chunkey,
As they bore him to his bunk,
" O, my friends, don't ever monkey
With an india-rubber trunk "

ALLEGORY.

MAN is the fish,
 Woman is the line
 That dangles o'er his head,
 And hooks him neat and fine.
 She baits the hook,
 But the parson's the man
 Who flops him from eternal peace
 Into the frying pan !

A NOCTURNE.

ACROSS the moorlands of the not
 We chase the gruesome when,
 And hunt the itness of the what
 Through forests of the then.
 Into the inner consciousness
 We track the crafty where,
 We spear the *ergo* tough, and beard
 The *ego* in his lair.
 With lassoes of the brain we catch
 The isness of the was,
 And in the copses of the whence
 We hear the think bees buzz.
 We climb the slippery which bark-tree,
 To watch the thusness roll,
 And pause betimes in gnostic rhymes
 To woo the oversoul.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD Mother Hubbard,
 She went to the cupboard
 To get the poor dog a banana :
 But when she got there,
 She found sponge cake,
 And the little dog had to eat cheese.

MARY PINDER.

MARY PINDER sat by the winder,
 Watching the clothes-line dance ;
 When a Dacotah blizzard
 Struck her in the gizzard,
 And she lost her—sisters and her aunts.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE lies the body of Mary Hatch,
 Who has ended life's strange story ;
 She slipped one day on a parlour match,
 And was carried off to glory.

ANOTHER EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone sleeps Martha Briggs,
 Who was blessed with more heart than brain ;
 She lit a kerosene lamp at the stove,
 And physicians were in vain.

AND YET ONE MORE.

THIS stone is raised to Horace Munn,
 Who could eat from dawn till the setting sun ;
 One day he ate till he fairly bust,—
 Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

SHE said "Shoo ! shoo !" to the hens one day,
 For she wished to drive them all away,
 Those gay and frolicsome trippers ;
 But she chanced to slip on the treach'rous ice,
 When, alas ! her shoes flew up in a trice—
 Changed into a pair of slippers.

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HUBBARD.

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A THRENODY.

A FLIMFLAM flopped from a fillamaloo
 Where the polly wog pinkled so pale,
 And the pipkin piped a petulant pooh
 To the garrulous gawp of the gale
 "Oh, woe to the swap of the sweeping swipe
 That booms on the bobbling bay,"
 Snickered the shark to the snoozing snipe
 That lurked where the lamprey lay!
 The glugling glinked in the glimmering gloam,
 Where the buz-buz bumbled his boe,
 Where the fimflam fletted, all flecked with foam,
 From the sozzling, succulent sea.
 "Oh, swither the swipe with its sweltering sweep!"
 She swore as she awayed in a swoon;
 And a holeful dank dumped over the deep
 To the lay of the limpid loon!

THE POOR WOMAN.

THE woman was poor
 And aged, and grey,
 And beat by the blasts
 Of a winter's day.
 And she wandered alone
 In the cheerless street;
 And the poor woman's shoes
 Were full of feet.

THE KICKING MULE.

THERE was a little horsey man,
 His name was Simon Slick;
 He owned a mule with dreamy eyes,
 And how that mule could kick.

He'd shut his eyes and shake his tail,
 And greet you with a smile,
 Then gently telegraph his leg
 And raise you half a mile.

He bit a Thomas cat in two,
 And pulverized a hog;
 He dissected seven Chinamen,
 And mashed a yellow dog.

He kicked the stuffing from a goose,
 And broke a nigger's back;
 He stopped a New York railway-train,
 And kicked it off the track.

He stopped a steamboat with his head,
 And kicked it out of sight;
 He kicked a boarding house apart
 At twelve o'clock at night.

The boarders in their short night-clothes
 Just stood and held their breath,
 When he rammed his hind-leg down his throat
 And kicked himself to death.

BEFORE AND AFTER

BEFORE.

HE calls her his dearest, his darling,
 His dearie, his dove,—for you see,
 More frequent than raindrops in April,
 Are love terms beginning with D.

AFTER.

The cooking is really quite dreadful,
 The baby is howling high C;
 And frequent as raindrops in April,
 Are phrases beginning with D.

DY.

amsloo
 so pale,
 t pooh
 gale
 reeping swiipe
 ay,"
 izing snipe
 ey lay!
 mmering gloam,
 his bee,
 flecked with foam,
 sea.
 s sweltering sweep!"
 swoon;
 er the deep
 n!

WOMAN.

oor
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 y.
 alone
 street;
 an's shoes
 t.

G MULE.

an,
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 ay eyes,
 rick.

DON'T LEAVE OFF.

SOME people think that all the bliss
 Is tasted in one little kiss.
 They never stop to linger, when
 They might as well have nine or ten.
 Take my advice, now, all young men,
 And when you have the chance again,
 Just take as many as you can.
 Your girl will say, "This is a man!"
 If she's not eas'ly satisfied,
 Draw her yet closer to your side,
 And kiss her till you raise a blister,—
 Then
 Go and try
 It
 On her sister!

WHY LADIES DON'T SHAVE.

NATURE ordained,
 E'en simple things below;
 On female's chins
 She ruled no hair should grow.
 How could they shave?—
 (Whate'er the barber's skill)—
 You know the tongue
 Won't let the jaw keep still!

LOCALITIES.

WHITSTABLE for oysters,
 Birmingham for shams,
 Manchester for big feet,
 Billingsgate for dams.

THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

THE shades of night were dim afar,
 When Smithers sat on an old tram-car ;
 The air was cold, and drear, and grey,
 And every zephyr seemed to say

Hay fever!

And then some—

The seats were cold, and chill, and bare,
 And Smithers sat and shivered there ;
 The whistling winds would shrilly blow,
 And ever seemed to whisper low,

Neuralgia!

And then some—

The mules flew wildly down the track,
 The night air crept down Smithers' back,
 The canvas curtains liked to shake,
 And every draught brought in its wake

Influenza!

And then some—

Poor Smithers blew his weeping nose,
 And shuffled round his frosted toes ;
 But ere he reached his humble door,
 Alas, poor Smithers was no more!

Consumption!

And then some

undertakers took him in hand,
 And, preceded by a band,
 They dug a hole and dumped him in,
 Made out the bill, asked for the tin,—
 They didn't get it.

And then some

law suits.

That's all.

Stop fiddling.

Good night!

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