

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.



Puck

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THE MORNING AFTER THE ELECTION IN INDIANA.
"T WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY!"

PUCK

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** 18 PAGES **

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns,
 which obliges us to add a supplement of

** 2 PAGES, **

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

TO a reflective mind it must occur that this is a very cold campaign for Mr. R. B. Hayes; and that the icy loneliness in which he is left by his more showy fellow-republicans is a great injustice, all things considered. Mr. Hayes is the Cinderella of his party. The haughty Grant, and the haughtier Conkling flaunt themselves in public, and represent the Republican family to their own satisfaction. They speak at mass-meetings, they are interviewed, they write letters; they are never out of the public eye. Meanwhile, poor little Cinderella sits at home and keeps the household in good order, drudges away for dear life, and gets no credit for it.

The frightful course of snubbing to which Messrs. Grant and Conkling have doomed poor Mr. Hayes is not only undeserved; but mean and malicious. If it were not for Mr. Hayes's good sense, Mr. Conkling, at least, would have something more important to do than to run about the country, exhibiting his love-lock and gushing over the record of his party. And both these talkative gentlemen might find their eloquence at a discount, if Mr. Hayes had not kept up the score of the party through the last four years. Mr. Conkling has a fine flow of language, and a nice prominent chest; and General Grant's unscientific stubbornness saved this country in her time of peril—the most unregenerate Copperhead can not deny that.

But no party can live on good looks and reminiscences; and when Conkling and Grant point with pride to the prosperous condition of the country, the least they can do, in justice, is to acknowledge that we should have had very little prosperity to boast of, if Mr. Hayes had been treacherous or incompetent.

When history comes to sum up Mr. Hayes's administration, she will have a good word to say for that inoffensive gentleman. As a President, he has not been bold or brilliant; but he has been sound and honest. No man has ever taken his seat in the presidential chair under more unfavorable circumstances. No man has ever had fewer friends. No man has ever had less party backing. Few men who have been thus honored have been less fitted, by nature and habits of life, to assume the responsibilities of the post. Mr. Hayes is the type of a man whom we generally find self-complacent and happy as the Superintendent of a flourishing Sunday-school. It speaks well for his sense and his pluck that he has done well in a place quite out of his natural range. And he has done well.

His administration will be held notable, in days to come, not merely for its positive performances, its vetoes of the infamous Silver Bill and the unconstitutional Chinese Act; but for its negative excellence. Mr. Hayes has tried his best to make the Civil Service honest and respectable. He has done what in him lay to deal honestly and kindly with the South. If he failed—as he has failed—it was the South's fault, not his. He has tried to be fair and firm towards the Indians; and he is not to be blamed if he has not seen clearly the one solid fact that the only good Indian is the dead Indian. He has not been mean, dishonest or cowardly. He has done his duty as he saw it. If he has made himself ridiculous by carrying the contemptibly small social practices of a little Ohio town into the wider sphere of life to which Fate has introduced him, it is a pardonable fault. Let us say for him, after all, that, considering the wretched way in which he got to be President, he has done far too well with his chances to be snubbed by men in such equivocal positions as Messrs. Grant and Conkling.

What Mr. S. J. Tilden was to the Democratic Party of 1876, Mr. W. H. English is to it in 1880. He is a capitalist, the enviable possessor of a bar'l. Up to the present time it has not appeared that he has disbarreled any considerable sum of money for the campaign; but he may rest assured that his political friends will play him for all he is worth within the next week, or, at any rate, before November 2nd. The worst of Mr. English's enemies do not deny he is rich, but there seem to be many conflicting opinions as to the manner in which he manipulates his wealth. On the one hand it is said he is anything but liberal, on the other, that there is no limit to his generosity. Be this as it may, Mr. English certainly does not expect to be elected without spending some money, which may make a considerable hole in his bar'l, if not empty it altogether.

Is the game worth all the trouble and anxiety? We don't think Mr. English thinks it is, and believe that he half regrets that the Cincinnati Convention, in its wisdom, thought fit to nominate him for the Vice-Presidency. But it is done now, and Mr. English must make the best of it. For a man of Mr. English's reputed character, for him to gain his election would be almost as bad as losing it. The drafts on the bar'l will be about the same in either case; and Mr. English would not be human if either victory or defeat did not, in some way or other,

make him regret the dollars it cost. He has gone too far now to recede from his position. The election will go on; the Democratic and Republican repeaters will pour into any State where they see an opportunity of carrying on the game which affords them their living; and Mr. English will sit in solitude, like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, bewailing the loss of the contents of his bar'l, the article in question gaping in its emptiness.

One would have thought that after the snub that was administered to Gen. Grant at the Chicago Convention by his not getting the nomination for a third term, that he would have unostentatiously retired into private life and have rested on his laurels. But that would not suit him at all. He is so accustomed to being made a fuss of during his travels, that he cannot now get along without occupying a large share of public attention. There would be no special objection to this, for it is a noble ambition to hold an honorable political position; but, unfortunately, Nature has not made General Grant either a statesman or a politician, and, what is worse, she hasn't been liberal with him in her supply of memory. A man who makes campaign speeches, or who seeks to be interviewed for the purpose of forwarding the interests of his party, ought at least to remember what he says, to avoid contradicting himself. Not only has General Grant's memory proved treacherous, but he has made some unfortunate statements which will do much to lessen his reputation for sense, decency and honesty.

Before the Chicago Convention was held, he stated publicly, during a royal progress through the South, that Southerners were just as good and loyal citizens as Northerners, and that there ought to be no more war talk. These remarks were, of course, made, at the time, with a view of obtaining the nomination for a third term. But he soon forgets all about this pacific speech, and but a week or so ago he unfurls the sanguinary Wamsutta, gored in the most approved style, and reads a sort of schoolboy campaign document, wherein he says that there is but one party fit to rule the country, viz., his own; and that anybody who is not a Republican is a very bad person indeed. Why this sudden access of patriotism? Was it the cruel proceedings of the Chicago Convention in overlooking his more than just claims that caused this very sudden and rather inconsistent change of opinion?

It would have been well if General Grant had stopped here, but he did not. He talked like a garrulous old woman, to another man, who has favored the public through the columns of the *New York Times* with the General's remarks. No one, whose opinion was worth anything, ever said that General Grant had the slightest pretensions to being a statesman. If anybody did labor under such a delusion it can no longer exist after General Grant's deliverances regarding General Hancock. Meaner, feebler, more stupid and pettier things have perhaps never been said by one prominent soldier of another. General Grant was a successful soldier under exceptionally favorable circumstances—and has been overwhelmed with honors for his achievements—why, then, should he seek to belittle General Hancock, a brother soldier, and one whose fighting qualities and efficiency have never been called in question? General Grant has overshot the mark. His ill-judged utterances have made thousands of votes for Hancock. However poor an opinion some people may have had of General Grant—his honor and bravery were believed in—he turns out to be, after all, only an ass in a lion's skin.

HELP FROM HUGHES.

THE fact that this country of ours is wholly given over to evil ways, and its people to utter foolishness has been casually mentioned by various foreigners who have done it the honor of visiting its shores. Especially do those who come hither to make their fortunes out of American trade and live under the protection of the American flag delight in telling us that our boasted freedom is a delusion and a snare; that our republican form of government is a mistake; that we have no society, and that our beer is bad.

As a rule, however, these courteous critics content themselves with expressing their opinions, and refrain from giving any practical exemplification of their ideas. In fact, when you hear an Englishman, for instance, groaning under the infliction of existence in this barbarous land, you may make up your mind that by nothing short of a cataclysm can the barbarous land get rid of him. He says the country is not fit to live in; but he manages somehow to stay here and grow fat, and salt down all the American money he can get his hands on—although he never takes the trouble to become a citizen and cast his vote for honest rulers and wise laws.

But Mr. Thomas Hughes, the able apologist of the flogging, fagging, fighting school-system of Great Britain, is here on a little trip which he has made for the express purpose of administering to us a practical rebuke which shall make us feel the insolence of our attempt to run a nation on "un-English" principles.

Mr. Hughes has brought over with him a number of young Britons who are to found here a colony as is to be a colony, as they might express it in their own rich, though slightly pleonastic dialect. He has selected a bit of American soil which suits him, and organized his little community on a basis of complete independence. It is to be a very superior—indeed, an uncommon nobby—community, which will tolerate no communication with the outside savages, until such time as the rest of the United States has seen the error of its ways, and conformed to the loftier standard of morality set up in the wilds of Tennessee by Mr. Hughes's young men.

This noble enterprise was inaugurated last week. Mr. Hughes made a speech, and several other gentlemen who admire Mr. Hughes and deplore the condition of the country made speeches, and a young lady read a poem which she had written for the occasion, and the nation at large was formally taken under the wings of the band of social missionaries, and it was all very beautiful and sweet and gracious, and there was nothing stronger than tea to drink, for Mr. Hughes is determined that the Demon Rum shall never be dispensed over the hostelry counter in any community of his.

This enterprise of Mr. Hughes's must be regarded as a Boon, of course; and it is very kind of a real live Englishman to take such an interest in our moral and social welfare. Yet, to the thoughtful American two ideas must be suggested by this.

First: that we have had a good deal of this sort of thing before. Some highly respectable people who didn't care, on principle, to increase and multiply, set up shop a good while ago in Lebanon, Conn. They have not yet converted the western world to their way of thinking; as a matter of fact, they have about given the job up; and taken to selling garden seeds and rocking-chairs. Then we have had the Oneida community, which is just going into liquidation; and the Original Christians, and the Dunkers, and the Brook-Farmers: and still we are jogging on in pretty much the same old way.

Second: that if Mr. Hughes has healthy,

decent, well meaning young emigrants to dispose of, the best thing he can do with them is to make American citizens of them, and set them to work, heart and soul, shoulder to shoulder with the rest of us who are trying honestly and earnestly to do the best we can for our country and for ourselves; instead of making them pharisaical communistic prigs, selfishly working out their own salvation, wise in their lonely and unprofitable self-conceit.

PARK PRIVILEGES.

WHY are the Masons to be allowed to parade in Central Park when they go to take part in the "Dedication" of the Obelisk?

We thought that the rules of the Park forbid the procession of any society or body of men within its gates. The Skidmore Guards would not be allowed to march through; neither would a Harlem target company; and if even the eminently aristocratic members of the Century Club were to propose to totter through in single file, they would be promptly snubbed, venerable and virtuous as they are.

Our Park Commissioners have never tried to keep the citizen's playground clean and orderly; but they have always been most jealous of unauthorized intrusion on its privileges. The harmless Bicyclist is excluded; though no law forbids him; and the sacred grass is guarded from even the lightsome copper-toe of infancy.

Why, then, is a wholesome and well-established rule broken for the benefit of the Masons? What have they done to give them a right to enter Central Park drawn up in line of battle? Have they paid for the importation of the Obelisk? If they had, would that be a proper excuse for permitting them to over-ride law and custom?

The Park Commissioners refused them this permission at first; and right the Park Commissioners were. Why have they now revoked their order?

The Obelisk may be an ancient Masonic relic; and it may be quite fitting that the Masons should go through their peculiar little performances when the monolith is handed over to the city. But if they come into Central Park, they ought to come as all other citizens have to come, informally, and not on parade. Entering that way, they are welcome to be as picturesque and mystic as they please. Entering any other way, they are intruders who proclaim themselves superior to the laws that bind all other men.

STUDIES IN SATIRE,

In the Bolder Manner of Decimus Junius Juvenal, John Dryden, Boileau-Despreaux, Alexander Pope, Samuel Johnson, and Charles Churchill—with all the Modern Improvements.

No. I.

A MODERN STATESMAN.

To draw this politician's portrait true,
The sun's too just; a photograph won't do;
It should be etched—no point too sharp, alas!—
With caustic acid, on a sheet of brass.
A statesman?—His one rule his course to guide
Is: shun the losing, serve the rising tide;
His every thought is wasted on himself;
All useful laws he lays upon the shelf;
The lobby buys his absence—and his ease;
He saves his conscience with large "counsel fees."
Gifted with gab, and with a cunning bump,
He now rolls logs, to-morrow takes the stump.
He makes his tools, consistent, vote "the slate,"
And take his ticket, like their liquor, "straight."
From Jeffreys-Walpole he's the last descendant,
And hates the very name of Independent.
'Tis his delight to sneer in lofty prose,
With bitter jibe and biting jeer, at those,
Who hold their heads above the swollen throng
Which thinks to win is right, to lose is wrong.

ARTHUR PENN.

Puckerings.

THE NEW SONG will be "Sally and our Abbey."

BROOKLYN is asking for more water. There can be no Democratic boom there.

GENERAL MELIKOFF is the Czar's right-hand man. The Princess Dolgoroucki is His Majesty's left-hand wife.

SECRETARY EVARTS is suspected of being the composer of the German multiplication table. This is not a campaign lie.

"I DON'T CARE MUCH about girls," says Smith, "but I do like to have some one ask me to do impossible things."

THE ENGLISHMAN who called for Rhine wine and got some that didn't sparkle, said it came from the Langued'oc district.

DAVENPORT cannot take my naturalization papers away from me. I was born with them in my pocket.—*J. Kelly.*

GENERAL HANCOCK is opposed to "nigger domination." So was the late Mr. Simon Legree, a gentleman more practically vigorous in his method of expression.

THE CUNARD COMPANY is building a new ship—the "Servia"—with over ten thousand indicated horse-power. We wonder if all the horses will be stabled in the steerage?

MR. JACQUES OFFENBACH is dead. We regret to state this; also that, although Mr. Offenbach wrote "la Grande Duchesse," "la Belle Hélène" and "la Périhole," he was not the composer of "Pinafore."

BOTH MEN AND HORSES are suffering just now from influenza; but the men have the best of it. It would not be considered the correct thing for a horse to walk up to a bar and say: "Jib, gib be sub ob bat prescribshub—lebodade wib a rub stig id it."

MR. JOHN I. DAVENPORT, the double-extra Republican Supervisor of Elections, would be a very bad poker player. He has played his hand and obtained one judgement in the upper courts, while his creditors are trying to see him and go him twenty better.

BISHOP MACNAMARA, of the Independent Roman Catholic Church, has excommunicated His Holiness the Pope. This is as it should be. We hate to see anybody getting up a corner in excommunications. This business has been run as a heartless monopoly long enough.

A BOSTON BOY wrote to Queen Victoria for her autograph, and Her Majesty graciously presented him with the inestimable treasure. If the Queen persists in this reckless extravagance, she will find herself unable to send the "Life of the Prince Consort" and the regular three-and-sixpence to the victims of the next colliery explosion.

THE GERMAN journalistic conference, which was announced for August 22d, was postponed and is now not to come off until June 4th of next year. The journals represented all agreed that they would require about that time to make arrangements for reporting the festivities. A stenographer is to be imported from America. The reporters of the German press are selected from the gentlemen who compile patent office reports and get up local directories.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. CXLII.

FURNISHING AND
ORNAMENTATION.

Ya-as, the question as to what people we should weceive at our house durwing the wintah has, I am wejoiced to see, been settled faw the aw pwesent.

On the whole the list is satisfawry, but there are several people therewon faw whom I have no desperwate affection, especially some offensive young snobs who are verwy vulgah, but who think themselves gweat cards, and are wise enough to twy to let people mistake them faw Englishmen by talking as little as possible. They put on a terwible degwee of "side"—look wise and pwofound, and make the most of their smattering of some language or useless accomplishment, until the weal fwaudent charwactah of their pwetensions is discovered. At home, ye know, they would wemind one of barber's clerks. They are called "society" men here, and their pwincipal occupation appears to be in hanging arround with gyurls and going to weceptions they pwetend not to enjoy. My wife tells me that some of them must be tolerwated for society purposes if we are going to entertain at all; and so, of course, I am obliged to submit, but it is aw comfortng to think that I am not obliged to bestow an special wecognition on them.

Aftah having made arwagements faw a circle of acquaintances my wife and I now dirwected our attention to the decorwation and ornamentation of our wesidence.

Aw I mean that Mrs. Fitznoodle dirwected her attention to these affai-ahs, faw I do not arwogate to myself any special knowledge in such mattahs. I have fwequently been told that I have no taste, and I dessay the people who have made the wemarks are right, faw I nevah pwetended to have any—it was always too much bothah faw me to attempt to think about it or to cultivate it—but I suppose I have some sort of naturwal ide-ah of what is the corwect thing. Howevah, Mrs. Fitznoodle has, it appe-ahs to me, a sufficiently liberwal supply of aw taste faw both of us, faw the pwofusion of decorwation in our house is already something we-markable.

Aw what with Chippendale cabinets, and old placques and faience, and tapestwy and embwoiderwy, and designs painted on differwent articles of cwockerwy, our house pwesents to me the appearance of an old curwiosity shop.

There are a gweat many of the things that look quite aw quite pwetty with the differwent colahs that have been used to decorwate them; but this twatment seems to have the effect of destroying the utility of the article.

I am almost fwightedened to touch anything in the wooms for fear of its bwreaking to pieces or interfering with its aw beauty and symmetwy.

Some of the chairs are consequently of no use to sit on, the couches to lounge on, and the tables to wead at or eat fwom.

There is the same twouble when I want to dwink a glass of sherwy or clarwet. It is a mattah of difficulty to catch hold of the decanters or wine jugs—perwhaps constwucted aftah a model of those of two or thwee centurwies ago—without wunning a chance of scwatching one's fingers or cutting one's hands on the wough edges and elaborwated ornamentation on these arwagements.

These pieces of furnichah are only faw the benefit of lovahs of decorwative art, and are

not intended faw general use. My wife does not pwecisely say so, but I think this is the weal secwet of her care and solictude faw the what I should call aw wubbish.

I don't want to make any serwious complaints against the de-ah cweachah—if the amusement pleases her, all wight; and, ye know, I am fwee to confess that, as the Fwench say, the *tout ensemble* is gwatifying to the majorwity of people, but still it would afford me a much gweatah amount of pleasure if these decorwative art and painted cwockerwy affai-ahs were of as much use as of ornament aw.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

CHANGES.

This world's made up of joy and sorrow,
We've wine to-day and beer to-morrow;
To-day perhaps your stocks are booming,
Next week with tramps you may be rooming;
To-day your wife is fondly kissing,
To-morrow you may find her missing;
To-day the honeymoon is beaming,
Next week, perchance, there'll be tears stream-

ing;
To-day you'll eat white bread and honey,
To-morrow you may beg for money;
To-day no plug than yours is nicer,
You soon may wear a battered dicer;
We've cake to-day and crust to-morrow;
This world's made up of joy and sorrow.

THE K. C.

The youth who does not wish to pass
For rustic or suburban,
Had better seek a hatter's shop
And buy the latest turban. A. L.

S. AND B.

I sat by the side of the sea—
The singing and sibilant sea—
The salt and the sabulous sea!
With indolent hand
I played with the sand
Toss'd up by the terrible sea—
The troubled, tempestuous sea—
And sighed for a Seltzer and B.

I swam in the slaughterous sea—
The seething and slobbering sea—
The soda and soap-suddy sea!
The deeps lay below
In glimmering glow
Beneath the surambient sea!—
The surging and saturnine sea!
I dressed, and deserted the sea,
And swallowed a Seltzer and B. W. C. S.

LATIN NOBILITY AT A DISCOUNT.



ITALIAN COUNT (contemplating Lord Cadger with his American Wife). "No chance for an American-a Mees for-a wif-a, vile the Inglezi Lord-a take-a them all-a."

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS EXCUSE FOR DELAY.

EDITOR PUCK—Dear Sir:

Long ere the golden Autumn had got the drop on the Summer,
You ordered of me, with your usual liberality,
Your regular stock of Fall verses. Gladly I welcomed the order;
Notified you at once of my ready acceptance,
Tuned the chords of my echoing soul and tackled the job and—
Haven't got it done yet—

Mr. Editor, in the course of my business dealings with you, you must have learned to appreciate the fact, that professional punctuality is my strong hold, whether exhibited in the Editorial office or at the Cashier's desk.

I am not often behindhand with any poetical contract which I undertake. Sir, I have slung off a seven-hundred-and-fifty-line idyll in one day. It was a most successful composition, and had a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. It was a highly effective picture of an ideal life in the Arcadian lands of the West, especially some in the Blackfeet country, and was published for general distribution by the Emigrant Transportation Company that was dealing in the homesteads referred to.

But now I have no heart to sing;
The dull words die upon my lips,
Straining like anchor-bounden ships—
Like birds that—which—

something about clipped or bruised or broken wings—you catch the idea.

I don't seem to be able to poet worth a cent this weather.

I shall have to propose to you to take half of that order in Fall poems and half in Early Winters. They come at about the same price, and I will say nothing about any small difference in your favor.

For I positively, sir, am off my poetic handle. I—who have made the best run on record, eleven straight sonnets in one hour—I could not sling off an old-style Elizabethian couplet-ender in an afternoon's work.

It is *not* that the veiling of gossamer haziness
That Autumn spreads over the sky
Enshrouds also my heart: and it is not square laziness—

No, sir, it is nothing of the sort. Yet I hesitate to express myself more clearly.
For, as I scarcely need explain,

It is not that the fading of the year
Fills my sad heart too full for utterance—

because it does nothing of the sort; and how the fading of the year could fill anything, I don't know. It never filled even a lager-beer glass for me.

No, Mr. Editor, here is the true and damning reason. My Pegasus refuses to bear me aloft in airy flights of fancy—

Fluttering on high on wind-breaths tremulous,
To front the planets in their awful beauty;
For, Mr. Editor, my Pegasus
Has got the Epizooty.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY,
Professional Poet.

PUCK'S POINTS
ON
PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

For the Benefit of the Ill-Dressed.

CASE No. 1.

LOOK here, sir, you are a respectable citizen, and not a bad-looking man; but you are got up like a fearful guy. Why do you perch that ridiculous little turban hat on top of your big bald head? Why do you wear a military moustache when you couldn't look like a military man if you died for it? Why do you sport a collar up to your ears, and a ninety-nine-button coat? Put on a decently high tile, trim your 'stache, get a collar that will make your neck look longer instead of shorter, shoot 50 % of your buttons, and that little side-pocket that is so absurd on your broad chest—and then we'll recognize you.

CASE No. 2.

And *you!* Now, aren't you a pill, the way you are presenting yourself to the public gaze? You aren't pretty, under any circumstances; but you can look respectable, if you will try. In the first place, just call in that flat hat of yours—that pancake Derby. Use it for shying at 'cats, or for a butter-plate, but don't wear it. Sink that bulging tie. Grow a little bit of whisker, to balance that glorious moustache of yours. There—now that you have a hat with a crown to it; and have brushed your hair back, don't you see what a difference it makes in your appearance? You are just as ugly as ever; but it is respectable ugliness; and nobody will take you now for a Harlem Hoodlum.

CASE No. 3.

You're a daisy—an English daisy, that's what you are. Just take yourself in, please, and then go away and cry. That check polo-cap on the apex of your bald skull looks about as appropriate as a mustard plaster on Mont Blanc. And those whiskers! Probably you think they are the noblest growth that mortal ever raised. Cut them short. Pay a little attention to your upper lip, and try to get up something decent in the way of a moustache, no matter how small. Put on a 'latest style' silk hat. Dress what hair you have after the manner of ordinary mortals. You are nearsighted. Well, that's not your fault; it's your misfortune. But you don't need a pair of glasses as big as all out doors. Moderate them. There you are. Would you know yourself?

CASE No. 4.

YOU are a hopeless case. Do you imagine for a moment that all plug hats and diamond pins and white shirts and fancy coats in the world can make you look respectable? They can't. Your garments are atrocious in cut and style, to begin with, and they don't suit you, to end with. You are a vulgar, low rowdy of a politician, and you look it. The only thing for you to do is to come out in all your native roughness and return to your natural red shirt and slouch hat. Then you may look like a brute; but you won't look like a brute and a humbug too, as you do now. That's all we have to say to *you*.



IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

TOP here a moment. Now the rising moon
Silvers the sail of yonder tiny boat
That idly drifts upon the rippled sea,
An elfin shallop wherein fairies float.
Some happy boy leans listless o'er the side;
Sweetly he drifts and dreams, and little wots
The carking cares of mortals. What! you think
It is a fisher hauling lobster pots?

Mark, yonder stooping figure on the sand
A gnome it is, and one can see his pack
Wherewith he clambered from the under-world,
Bearing rich ore and jewels on his back.
See, where he stops his tottering steps to dig
His homeward way to sunless caves where reach
The fibrous rootlets of the oak—I won't
Be told 'tis some one clamming on the beach.

Hush! through the air I hear a chime of bells,
How faint, how musically sweet they be,
Hung, mayhap, on the coursers of Queen Mab,
Urging her chariot o'er the silvered sea.
I almost catch the murmur of its wheels,
Bearing for you and me a happy dream.
Can you not hear them? What! you think it is
The dealer's cart who peddles out ice cream?

Come, let us sit here on this shining beach
And fancy 'tis our own; the plashing tide
Shall be sweet music lulling us to sleep,
This sea-girt shore a palace for my bride;
The starry heavens shall be our canopy,
And yonder harvest moon our chamber's lamp;
These sands shall be our—bless my soul, a sneeze!
Come, let's go home; the air is growing damp.

CHA-TAU-WAH;

OR,

POLITICS AND LOVE AMONG THE INDIANS.

Founded on Facts Invented Expressly for this Story,
By THE AUTHOR'S GRANDFATHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE clock in the steeple struck twenty minutes past one A. M. as the Death Angel silently stole into the palatial wigwam of Hunky-Wunky, Chief of the powerful tribe of Flat Noses, and conveyed his spirit to the Happy Hunting-Grounds of the Great Father.

The Coroner's jury said it was an aggravated case of jim-jams; but the secret society of which Hunky-Wunky was a member declared, in their stereotyped Resolutions of Condolence, that it was a visitation of Divine Providence, while the local papers attributed his death to "alcoholic indiscretion."

The pall-bearers wore thirteen-jointed names, and crape around their hats—that is, the crape, and not the names, was worn around their hats. The funeral was a success, and the undertaker sends in his bill to Hunky-Wunky's heirs regularly every month.

After the death of Hunky-Wunky, the election of his successor was in order. The principal candidates for the vacancy were Cha-tau-wah and Slide-off-the-Roof, both of whom were well qualified for the position. Cha-tau-wah, when only fourteen years old, playfully split open the head of his grandmother with his new tomahawk, a Christmas present from his uncle Tah-kah-Chah, who lived in Oshkosh. Slide-off-the-Roof, in a spirit of youthful cunning, celebrated his thirteenth birthday by pouring coal-oil over his little sister, Goody-Woody, and applying a lighted match to her check pinafore.

The opposition journals said so.

The score of campaign biographies of Cha-tau-wah, "the Glorious," however, affirmed that he was the personification of all that was good, and tender, and honest, from his cradle up to his nomination; while the seventeen campaign biographies of Slide-off-the-Roof painted the latter as a sweet cherub who knew no guile.

As election-day approached the political pot boiled furiously. It always does. The grand

demonstrations of the Cha-tau-wah party were "miserable failures"—in the organs of Slide-off-the-Roof; while the monster torchlight processions of the adherents of Slide-off-the-Roof were "dreary outpourings of about two hundred and fifty men, boys and niggers"—in the newspapers of the Cha-tau-wah persuasion.

The political campaigns of the Pale Faces, we regret to say, are conducted in pretty much the same manner—only more so.

On the morning following the election twenty-seven roosters of graded sizes and in various stages of health, accompanied by four flags and two cannons, appeared in the Cha-tau-wah journals. This fowl display proclaimed the defeat of Slide-off-the-Roof. The journals of the latter candidate came out without any cuts save the portion of a man clothed in a liver pad, and illustrations of that sort; but they remarked that the returns came in slowly, and it would probably require the official count to decide who was elected. Their readers at once accepted this as an admission of the success of Cha-tau-wah.

CHAPTER II.

We think we hear the gentle reader say: "This is a gay old Ingin story, this is!" But just wait. It gets Inginer as it proceeds. And we must stick to the facts.

Cha-tau-wah was installed chief of the Flat Noses, and, despite the gloomy predictions of the opposition press, the world moved on as before—each day containing the full complement of twenty-four hours. Stocks remained firm, and the credit of the Flat Noses was not impaired. Cha-tau-wah "set 'em up" liberally for the boys, and he was declared an able statesman by every man in the tribe—who drank at his expense. Some of his enemies even forgave him for wearing his hair parted in the middle.

Cha-tau-wah was a graduate of a leading American college, where he learned many of the arts of war and accumulated much muscle in acquiring a scholastic knowledge of rowing a boat. He could row a boat in all the dead languages, and in a few that were only half dead. He could scalp a pale-face according to the rules of Vulgar Fractions—not leaving him a vulgar fraction of a hair. He subscribed for his county paper and didn't let his subscription get five years in arrears and then have the paper returned to the publication office marked "refused."

So it will be seen that he was possessed of some honor, even if he was an Indian.

The United States Government supplied Cha-tau-wah and his braves with plenty of ammunition and the best rifles in the market, with which they kept the American army cut down

PUCK'S FASHION BULLETIN.



"THE OBELISK," FOR TALL YOUNG LADIES.

to ten thousand men, and thereby won the approval and friendship of the editor of the Nu-Yauk-Sun, a paper which shone for all who did not shun it.

When Cha-tau-wah had occasion to enthuse his dusky followers, and fire their untutored breasts, he would mount a stump and address them thus:

"Fellow Flat-Noses! Consider what Nixy-Wixy and Bear-up-a-Tree would do were they alive. These are the principles for which they scalped and sculped for four years. The Rebel general in Congress is not in favor of granting us forty acres of land and seven mules a piece. Let us have no more futile dalliance. Reform is necessary!"

Then he would take a straw-vote on the Presidential question, which inspired his warriors with such a yearning for vengeance that they rushed off on the war-path and returned in a day or two with three or four gory scalps suspended from their belts.

CHAPTER III.

At the time our story opens Cha-tau-wah was one hundred and ten years old; but, remarkable as it may appear, he was not given to the insane practice of sawing four cords of hickory-wood and mowing six acres of grain every morning before breakfast. Not much. He was not civilized up to that point. He preferred to lie in bed until the sun had painted the eastern horizon with roseate tints, and not come down-stairs until Mrs. Cha-tau-wah, who was rheumatic and very feeble, had made all the fires and split enough wood to last all day.

Cha-tau-wah's only child was a son named Quagga-wagga-chugga-mugga, which, in United States language, means Gay-Persimmon-of-the-Wildwood. His cognomen was quite poetical, but rather numerous for a big display line on a Buffalo Bill Combination three-sheet poster. Gay-Persimmon had reached man's estate, and was as tall and graceful as a telegraph-pole. He wore dog-eared collars and a ridiculous turban hat. He was held in high repute in his tribe, having once won a walking-match. He could play a solo on a base-drum—but an inward monitor warned him to refrain, and he wisely obeyed the monitor.

There came a time when Gay-Persimmon-of-the-Wildwood lost his appetite. He refused to eat any sweet bear meat, and the juicy buffalo-steak remained untasted on his plate. He sighed like a pair of blacksmith's bellows and couldn't sleep o' nights. He counted a hundred backwards, repeated the multiplication table, named the alphabet from Z to A, and resorted to other newspaper recipes for the cure of insomnia; but all in vain—sleep visited not his eyes until the night had far advanced.

This wonderful change in Gay-Persimmon was all owing to a beautiful maid named Oso-Moso-Massie—or, *Anglicé*, "Dew-on-the-Grass"—the sixteen-year-old daughter of Bus-tah-hed, chief of a hostile tribe of savages. She was a lissome lass, with sparkling eyes, and a voice as musical as the waters of the mountain rivulets. She spent one year in London as a professional beauty.

Gay-Persimmon first met her on a street-car as she was going to school, and a handkerchief flirtation soon made their hearts palpitate in unison. She was mashed, and he was masher. Thereafter they met often—sometimes by moonlight alone, and sometimes by arrangement. He wrote her name on divers scraps of paper, and carved it on trees with his jack-knife. One night he slayed an accordeon under her window two hours, and would have tortured the instrument and the neighbors two hours longer had not an exasperated individual thrown a brick from the second story window of the wigwam across the street and struck him on the spinal column.

(To be continued in our next.)

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

WE have received a copy of the St. Helena *Guardian*, which appears to be a journal combining the characteristics of the New York *Herald*, the *City Record* and Ourselves. The *Guardian* is not a large paper, being about the size of a circus programme; but then its circle of readers is not large, if our Encyclopedia knows itself. The late Mr. No. 1 Napoleon spent a long vacation at St. Helena, from 1815 until 1849, in which year he was removed to what he considered a more desirable place, viz., the *Hôtel des Invalides*, Paris, France, where he is now sarcophagusing. We learn from the *Guardian*—the price of which, by the way, is 8 cents a copy—that beef in St. Helena is 26 cents a pound. We also learn that the editor of the *Guardian* has friends in the United States who send him PUCK, about which journal he makes the following flattering remarks:

PUCK.—For some time past, an esteemed correspondent in the States has favored us by sending regularly the serio-comic-satirical journal PUCK. Without doubt, this paper is the best of its class we have had the good fortune of beholding. The style of its illustrations alone, consisting each week of two single and one double-page colored cartoon, got up in the highest style of lithography, together with wood-cuts of really artistic finish, places the journal far in advance of its competitors, the London *Punch* and the Paris *Charivari*. Indeed, it is almost an insult to place PUCK in the same category as its far-left-behind rivals.

The literature is of an exceptionally high class: its satire being grand and its comicalities immense.

As might have been inferred, it is of no particular shade of politics, but slashes at any and every clique or "ring" which lays itself open, by abuse or malperversion, to its withering sarcasm. Such being the régime, no one can wonder that the articles, quips and notes, highly spiced with racy Americanisms, are well up to the squarest level. As it is not likely that PUCK will see our critique, we make it for the benefit of our own readers: and therefore can recommend that paper as the best (always saving our own witticisms) comic and satirical journal issued.

The *Guardian* doubtless really thought that PUCK would never see the above notice, but, since it has come before us, we lose no time in expressing our acknowledgements to the press of St. Helena for the kind things it has seen fit to say regarding our humble artistic and literary efforts. We now feel repaid for what we have done.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the STANDARD THEATRE Mr. Grau has been ringing the changes in his repertoire. "Mignon" was sung on Monday night, and this evening the same operation is to be gone through with "Giroflé-Girofla." Mlle. Josephine Shaeffer and Messrs. Bernard and Mauras are valuable additions to the company. The pieces are mounted with completeness, and the performance throughout meets with PUCK's right royal approval.

We know that it is just a year since last October, because the AMERICAN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION is open again. Mr. Arbuckle cornets in the afternoon and evening, in order to keep the novel machinery and choice products on good terms with themselves. The show is a successful one—and it is *not* illumined by Mr. Edison's electric light.

The latest attractions at the METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL are Mr. J. Levy and cornet and Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette. These, together with Mr. Aronson's orchestra, which he has now under good control, manage to fill the Hall nightly. Evening service, for the past two Sundays, has been held here, the choir consisting of some members of Mr. Grau's Opera Bouffe Company. The congregation was very large, and the collections more than satisfactory.

One wing of Mr. Maurice Grau's Opera Company has found its way to HAVERLY'S

BROOKLYN THEATRE, where it appeared on Monday night last in "la Fille du Tambour Major." The beneficial effect of this species of music is already beginning to be felt, and the city is becoming virtuous and happy in consequence.

Mr. Percy's new play at the PARK, "A Baffled Beauty," is an agreeable relief from the usual American dime-novel drama. There is not a buckskin trapper in it, nor a corrupt politician, nor a Wall-Street Broker, nor a miner in a red shirt. The people it introduces to us live in decent society, wear decent clothes and have decent manners; and the story is a strong melodrama, treated in a high-comedy style. It is founded on Mr. F. L. Benedict's "Her Friend Lawrence," and like all plays drawn from novels, the earlier acts lack strong dramatic impulse. But in the last half the action is rapid and the movement direct; and the clear and crisp dialogue and sharp, though sketchy character-drawing sustain the interest throughout. Of the acting we have no space to speak at present, further than to say that Miss Rose Eytinge, as a demoniac dream of loveliness in ruby velvet and black silk, plays the part of *Giulia* with a splendid fire and fervor; that Mr. H. Courtaine has but little of the German about him save his accent and his extreme ponderousness; that Mr. Pendleton is very earnest, and Miss Baker very ingenuous.

Answers for the Anxious.

A. E. SMYTHE.—Thank you. Come again.

HASELTINE.—She won't register for the School-board Suffrage.

A SEMMES DEMOCRAT.—Yes, we believe the number of the Alabama was 290.

R. V. DEWEY.—We will be very happy to do it, if you or any other man will show us exactly how it is to be done.

G. P. ROEMAN.—It is rather late in the year for sea-bathing; but that is the only thing we can recommend for your complaint.

GRATIS-MEDICUS.—If you mean by the prefix to your original signature that you have given yourself away, you are eminently correct.

SUBSCRIBER, Alexandria, Va.—Send on particulars; but we are afraid the matter is too local to be worth blazoning forth to an indifferent world.

NEMO.—You have the form of our E. C., the Burlington *Hawkeye's* paragraphs—you have it right up to the handle. But not up to the point, dear boy, not up to the point.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Theoretically, yes. Practically, it would be better to acquaint yourself with systems which have been methodically adapted to the peculiarities of the language you desire to write.

THE BEECHER-INGERSOLL ALLIANCE.



Enter GARFIELD, between two Bishops.

MAYOR.—SEE WHERE HE STANDS, BETWEEN TWO CLERGYMEN.

BUCKINGHAM.—TWO PROPS OF VIRTUE FOR A CHRISTIAN PRINCE, TO STAY HIM FROM THE FALL OF VANITY.

—RICHARD III, ACT 3, SCENE 7.



THE CINDERELLA OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY



REPUBLICAN PARTY AND HER HAUGHTY SISTERS.

SPATTERED BY A SPANIEL.



IT IS A VERY DELIGHTFUL THING FOR OLD BEAMISH TO WEAR A NICE COOL WHITE SUIT DURING THE LAST DAYS OF INDIAN SUMMER; BUT THE ACME OF BLISS IS REACHED WHEN A SMALL BOY EMPTIES OUT OF PURE CUSSINESS SOME BLACK PAINT ON MR. BEAMISH'S SPANIEL, WHICH SHAKES ITSELF ACCORDINGLY.



MR. DOUGLAS'S SECOND APPEARANCE.

BELLEVUE, KEN., Oct 1st, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

In number 185 of your paper I saw a peice which was named A breath of winter. It was a tolerable peice all but the last two lines which I think are very bad and could be improved. I send you some improvements on same. If you want them, I would like to contribute regularly for Puck at two dollars a peice. Strike out last two lines and put

It might have been! For, as I walked, I knew
I felt an unaccountable regret
Because I felt so friendless and alone,
And on my hopes the sun had set.

Ah, life is one great end of toil and strife,
And old age like cold weather will set in,
But then our joys will be realized in afterlife
When gathered free from care in Heaven!

Please publish whole peice and put By Daniel B. Kendall and Malcolm Douglas.

Let me advise latter author not to make first a serious and then a comic peice as witness A breath of winter.

As a fellow-writer I ask you to publish advice and my lines.

Yours fraternally,
DANIEL B. KENDALL
Bellevue, Kentucky.

P. S.—Said lines are FREE with my literary regards. I have just entered the literary world.
D. B. K.

VIALS OF WRATH.

The following letter was sent to this office without any word of explanation:

NEW YORK, September 30th, 1880.

MAYOR COOPER:

May Your Honor be pleased to accept my utmost contempt for you as a Mayor and a man. You are no better than a wooden image, though nobody can be found to worship you. A parcel of politicians, dog-catchers and loafers boss you, making Your Honor their miserable tool. After having been bled in the shape of a licence fee, people have to keep their dogs either chained up or muzzled for the better part of the year; and even now (at the finest, most healthy time), in order to give employment to a lot of sneaks that never think of working at honest labor.

I shall leave this misgoverned, down-trodden

community, to live where man and beast can inhale and enjoy the free, pure air of heaven!

If you run for anything, Mr. Cooper, may you run for life, with a parcel of hounds and bulldogs at your heels, longing for one pound of your miserable flesh, to punish you for cruelty to animals, and hypocrisy towards your fellow-citizens!

JAMES O'BRADY,
A Disgusted Citizen,
573 Avenue C.

If Mayor Cooper desires to reply to Mr. Brady, our columns are at his service.

FLESH FREIGHT.

ROME, GA., Sept. 30th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

You have touched a chord by your article on Steerage Passengers, upon which I have been "harping" for the past 23 years, and I can't resist the temptation to compliment you on the truthful, graphic and telling, though sardonically drawn picture. The experience of eight voyages across the Atlantic, by ocean steamers carrying thousands of those poor, helpless creatures, has taught me to regard this human chattels transportation business, as conducted by the companies and their agents, with a loathing and abhorrence which I cannot find words to express, and I can therefore only beg you, in the name of all that is virtuous and humane, to keep on in the good work, until every pampered money lord of Liverpool, Hamburg and Bremen who thrives and grows rich on the terrible traffic is made to feel the effects of your just criticism.

Yours in the cause of humanity,
J. J. SPRENGER.

SOME OF our Democratic E. Cs have expressed the opinion that Judge Tourgee, the hero and author of "A Fool's Errand," has lost his common-sense. If this is the case, he has gained, in exchange for it, an uncommon quality of that article which has made this low and despicable carpet-bagger and bloody-shirtist a notable political force, as well as a rising literary light in this country. If our Democratic friends have any common sense to lose, they had better fritter it away at once, and take the chances of coming in for some of the article which Judge Tourgee possesses in such abundance.

FRESH AS THE DEW.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND LOVE.

BY ARTHUR W. ZOLA BLACK LOT.

CHAPTER IV.

DERRING-DO.¹

A heart with courage filled knows naught of fear;
It grows more strong as danger comes more near.

—Racine (trans.).²

Marmaduke Belvoir had remained at Montague Castle nearly three weeks. During that time he had been thrown into intimate companionship with his host's daughter. They had rowed and rode together.

Colonel Montague was fond neither of the water nor of horses.

Early one morning, when the air was still bracing, and the sun had not yet risen to the zenith, and the grass was still wet with the dew, and *****³ The horses were led to the door.

Marmaduke noticed at once that the horse which had been brought for Gulnare was one he had never seen her ride before.

While awaiting her he stepped down upon the path of gravel and examined the animal. He scrutinized with care the horse's fetlocks, and pasterns, and hocks, and knees, and ran his hand along its stifle, and loins, and shoulders,⁴ and then looked the beast straight in the eyes.

"Who bought that horse?" he asked, in his usual haughty tone, of the head groom, who was standing near.

"I did," answered the groom sulkily.

The groom hated Marmaduke heartily, for Marmaduke had several times reproved him, and, besides, Marmaduke's manner with 'oi polloi' was at no time a pleasant one.

"He's weak in the pasterns, and, I think, vicious," said Marmaduke.

"He's sound and gentle," said the groom; "warranted."⁵

Just at that moment Gulnare appeared. She was very charming in her dark green riding-habit, which fitted her to a nicety.⁶

"Miss Gulnare," said Marmaduke, "I would n't ride that horse."

"Oh, but he's my new purchase," responded Gulnare, "and I've set my heart on riding him this morning."

"I think he's weak in the pasterns and vicious."

"But you said he was warranted," said Gulnare to the groom.

The groom pulled the warranty from his pocket and showed it to her.

"Oh, I must ride him," said she.

"Very well," said Marmaduke, who was fa-

¹ This expression is obsolete, I well know, but, when everybody is going crazy over old crockery which adorned their grandfathers' kitchens, the novelist who would keep abreast with the times must occasionally furbish up old expressions.—*Author*.

² I don't know from what part of Racine that is translated. As is usual with adapters and translators, the translator's name appears in large type on and in the book and Racine's in small type, while nowhere are the titles of the plays given. The translator seemed to think that the important thing was to have it known who translated the verses.—*Author*.

³ More description of scenery carved out.—*Editor*.

⁴ We think the author is either trying to show that he knows something about a horse or is padding; but, as the passage is not a long one, we have left it as the author wrote it.—*Editor*.

⁵ One would think a head groom would know better than to rely upon warranties.—*Editor*.

⁶ We feared the author would be attacked by one of his occasional fits of vulgarity, and say that it fitted her "like de paper on de wall," but he has turned the expression to a nicety.—*Editor*.

miliar with the old rhyme,⁷ "A woman's whims must be considered. "Ride him if you will, but *gare à vous*; he is dangerous."

As a careful commander, at the moment of danger, puts forth his best battalions, so, on this occasion, Marmaduke rode his best steed. He had ridden old Rover four years, and had ever found him sturdy, strong and faithful. He was like the war-horse of the Douglas,

—"Though somewhat old,
Swift in his paces, cool and bold."

Marmaduke lifted Gulnare to her horse's saddle. He had long since made his peace with her on that point.⁸ Slowly they rode along across the broad heath where Marmaduke had first met Gulnare. They entered a road shaded by huge trees. While old Rover kept by his side, Gulnare's horse behaved with wonderful propriety. As they were trotting along the road, Marmaduke stopped for a moment to adjust a buckle; Gulnare trotted ahead. When the brown horse which Gulnare rode heard Marmaduke's gallant grey⁹ approaching, he pricked up his ears and quickened his pace. Suddenly he closed his mouth firmly on the bit and started at racing speed. Gulnare endeavored to stop him in vain; the vicious streak was showing itself. Marmaduke had noticed the movements of the brown horse, and, when Gulnare cast a glance back at him, he exclaimed:

"Hold fast, Gulnare!"

In spite of himself, there was a tenderness in the tone with which he uttered her name.¹⁰

Meanwhile he was urging his horse to his utmost. As the road came into the open once more, Marmaduke glanced ahead. He set his teeth, and his face grew pale beneath the bronze which the suns of Senegambia and Turkistan had placed upon his cheeks.¹¹

"My God," he muttered, "the river!"

Well he might exclaim "the river," for at the end of the road they were traveling ran a brawling stream full of ugly jagged rocks, a plunge into which would be certain death. That brown beast was headed straight for the stream, and the grey did not seem to gain upon him.

"On, Rover, on!" muttered Marmaduke.

The horse seemed to understand him and put more vigor into his bound. Still the brown ran steadily, but the grey was plainly gaining on him now. On, on they went, though now the brown went a little unsteadily, and Gulnare seemed to sway in her seat.

"Hold fast, Gulnare!" exclaimed Marmaduke. "I shall be too late," he muttered between his teeth.

Then, for the first time in his life, he pierced Rover's sides with his spurs.¹² The old horse shuddered for a moment, but he never swerved, but went on, on, gaining rapidly upon the brown, who was still dashing at headlong speed within a few yards of the stream.

"Stick to your horse!" Marmaduke exclaimed, in those stentorian tones which had

⁷ Probably the old rhyme referred to is:

"If a woman will she will,
You may depend on it;
And if she won't she won't,
And there's an end on it."

—Editor.

⁸ It's nonsense, in our opinion, to discuss such trifles, but we desire our readers to understand that we think the old-fashioned way is the best way for putting a lady on a horse's back.—Editor.

⁹ Why greys are always gallant I do not know, but that they are any novel rider will admit.—Author.

¹⁰ We can understand tenderness in a beefsteak or in a boil, but tenderness in a tone is quite beyond us.—Editor.

¹¹ Why authors should send their heroes to such distant climes to be sunburned we cannot imagine; they could get bronzed just as well, and at much cheaper rates (taking excursion tickets, of course,) at Rockaway or at Coney Island.—Editor.

¹² If he had been riding that horse for four years, and had never found a chance to use his spurs, we should think he would have pawned the spurs. He would have got along quite as well with spurious spurs.—Editor.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.



COURTEOUS BRITISH TOURIST, to Unoccupied Expressman.—Hi there! y'know—is this the way to the Dépôt?



UNOCCUPIED EXPRESSMAN, to Courteous British Tourist.—No, that.

startled, many a time, the wild bushmen of South Africa.¹³

Now the grey was close behind the brown, but the river was almost gaping at their feet. Again Marmaduke applied the spur, and the gallant grey, answering with a gigantic effort, placed his rider beside the brown almost upon the brink of the stream. Marmaduke threw his arm around Gulnare's waist, lifted her to his own saddle, and the gallant grey, with hardly room to gather himself, sprang across a branch of the stream upon a little island scarcely long enough to hold him. The brown horse, unable to stop himself, dashed into the stream and was killed.¹⁴

Ah, how all humanity enjoys a "cracker over the grass"! If we had tried, we do not believe that our good goose-quill would have stopped before we had finished that description. Rover had won many prizes for his master in many lands, and during the following week he won the Jersey Derby at Long Branch,¹⁵ but never had his master so exulted in his horse's strength as he did at that moment.

He dismounted and lifted Gulnare to the ground. She had not lost her senses, but she gazed upon her dead horse tossing among the rocks.

"You followed me very closely," she murmured.

"Don't you remember Louis Napoleon's last rallying cry," he asked: "*Qui m'aime me suive.*"¹⁶

A crimson blush dyed her cheek as she listened.

"See," he said, "your toy-whip is broken. Give it to me as a memento of the day."

She was not accustomed to giving a *gage d'amour*, but she handed him the whip, just as a stranger came to the bank of the stream.

It was one of Deacon Brown's tenants, and if you had seen him, a few moments before, handing a five-year-old over the smite, you

¹³ If his voice was such that it would startle the bushmen, we should imagine that it would have frightened Gulnare to death. This hero seems to have at his command quite a variety of tones.—Editor.

¹⁴ We are frank enough to say that we don't believe that incident is founded on fact. We know perfectly well that before all that could have happened to us the gallant grey would have dumped us on the sidewalk.—Editor.

¹⁵ The reader will understand that the horse did not win under the name of Rover; that would have been *hors d'œuvre* with such a *preux chevalier* as Marmaduke Belvoir. The horse went to Long Branch *incognito*, and won under the name Desdichado.—Author.

would have said that the modern agriculturist could boast with Tydides—

"*Emeis de pateron meg' ameinones euchometh einai.*"¹⁶

He had seen the race and had hastened to the assistance of Marmaduke and Gulnare. The little island upon which they had landed was so small that Rover could not gather himself for a spring, and besides the banks were higher than the island.

After a great deal of labor, however, on the part of the tenants of Deacon Smith, a bridge was built and Rover was again brought to the shore. The Deacon lent Gulnare his wife's dobbin,¹⁷ and Marmaduke and Gulnare rode slowly homeward.

That evening Colonel Montague's head-groom spent a *mauvais quart d'heure*.¹⁸ The Colonel was too mild a man to properly rule his stable, and he deputized Marmaduke to discharge the man. If the man had only remembered that he had better let sleeping dogs rest, all might have gone well; but he could not take his dismissal patiently. Hardly, however, had the groom uttered his vile and insulting language when a tremendous right hand blow took him straight between the eyes and sent him howling among the hounds. The old blood of the Vikings and Berserkers, when stirred, makes him in whose veins it flows dangerous to the *canaille*.¹⁹

The head-groom left the grounds of Montague Castle that night, and, to the delight of the stable-men, a new man ruled in his place.

(To be Continued.)

¹⁶ We don't know what that means; we don't believe the author knows; we are quite sure our readers don't know, and we have grave doubts whether anybody knows. The fellow who wrote it has been dead so long that, if we should call up his spirit, we don't believe he would know.—Editor.

¹⁷ I like to resuscitate, when possible, old words which are dying out. Gulnare, on a farmer's wife's dobbin, must have looked very much as M. d'Artagnan did when he first entered Paris mounted on the famous yellow horse of his father.—Author.

¹⁸ We do think that certain expressions have done their duty to the writing and reading world, and should be allowed to rest in peace. The above is one of those.—Editor.

¹⁹ I dislike, in this country, to draw class distinctions, but if you are a descendant of the Vikings and Berserkers you can't help being proud of it, and if you belong to the *canaille* you ought not to stir up the dander of a descendant of the Vikings and Berserkers, unless, as they say in the Bowery, you can "mash his snout."—Author.

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THE "SHORT STORY" OF THE PERIOD.

[Derrick Dodd, in San Francisco Post.]

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

About a year after this Ray Brandon descended from the coach at Newport a world-weary and travel-stained man. He had wandered in vain through the undusted antiquities [Our own idea that—D. D.] of Europe, striving in vain for forgetfulness of his lost love. Go where he would, plunge into what vortex of pleasure he might, everywhere he was pursued by a Nemesis of the past, and that Nemesis was the vision of Gwendolin riding a colt astraddle, or turning somersaults down a haystack.

As his eyes fell upon the register of the Hard-chewing House, Ray gave a great shuddering start that was felt clear down to the other end of the long row of signers. [NOTE.—How's that, anyway?—D. D.] At the top of the page was the name that had haunted him even among the vortex of his Parisian life. [NOTE.—We have already used this term "vortex" just above, but as it is one of the most effective "short story" words in the language, it can't be crowded in too often. The reader may look out for it from this on.—D. D.]

As he entered the hotel ballroom that evening, Ray's face betrayed an eagerness he could not conceal. His heart gave a bound of delight as he beheld not the giddy whirligig of a girl he had parted from one short year ago, but a stately and handsome woman, who entertained her admirers with all the queenly grace and languid empressment [Nuther good word] that he so highly prized. Extending him the tips of her fingers with perfect composure, Gwendolin simply said:

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Rawdon. Been abroad, I hear? Hope you were not bored?"

"My name is Brandon!" stammered Ray. "You forget easily, I see, Gwen—Miss Guffey."

Gwendolin yawned in the most refined manner, and drawled, "Ah, pardon; quite too awfully sorry. You must excuse me now, as I am engaged to Count Mayonaise for this waltz." And she was drawn away into the vortex of the dance.

"Curse his impudence!" muttered Ray, as he saw the Count's grinning face taking him in over Gwen's lily-white shoulder. "Can she love that young popinjay? [Waverly word.] Can she have forgotten? Is it possible?"

The next morning it was the same thing; Gwendolin treated her former lover with distant civility. She was always about going off riding with some agreeable stranger, always in the vortex, while Ray fumed and cursed his own want of spirit at not quitting the place at

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once. But he was engulfed in the vortex [Must wedge that in] of his own passion and was powerless to stir.

A month glided by, and the day for the departure of the Guffeys arrived. That morning Ray found Gwen seated alone on the porch, and to his surprise she acceded to a suggestion to take a walk on the cliff.

"So you are going back to Clamtown, Miss Gwendolin?" he said, bitterly.

"Yes, I shall soon be among the dear old cherry trees once more," she replied, archly.

"Do not," he murmured, "do not recall those days of happiness—*now*." And he sighed.

"Would you really return to them?" said Gwen, softly, while a roseate flush [Old, but good] stole softly across the damask cheek, and thence past the arching throat, over the swelling neck, and down, down clear to the little pink toes that dug nervously into the sand at their feet. [NOTE.—This blush-spreading business is a good scheme. Sorry we didn't work it up before.—D. D.]

"Would I?" he returned, eagerly. "Ah! Gwen, Gwen, I would rather have my own wild-hearted madcap back again than all the stately beauties of the fashionable world!"

"What, with all her capers and caprices, Ray?"

"Yes, all—if—if she still loved me," he said wistfully. [NOTE.—This "wistful" business is another thing we ought to have paid particular attention to; but it is too late now.—D. D.]

"Loves you, Ray? loves you?" sobbed the happy girl, turning her tear-wet face up to his own. "She has never ceased to do so, ah! you may never know how much!" And, sticking the end of her parasol in the sand, Gwen turned an exultant back double flipflap with all the wild vehemence of her sunny nature.

And as the setting sun's last level rays shone upon the cliff's summit, the baffled Count Mayonaise, as with shaded eyes he gazed at the sharply defined figure of the beautiful girl standing on her head, with her heaven-pointed French boots convulsively pressed against the bosom of her happy lover, he knew, indeed, that Ray Brandon's mistake had been atoned.

[THE END.]

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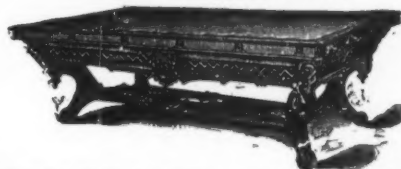
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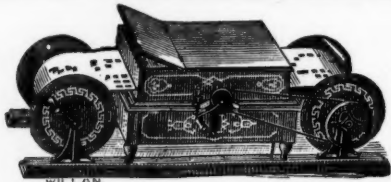
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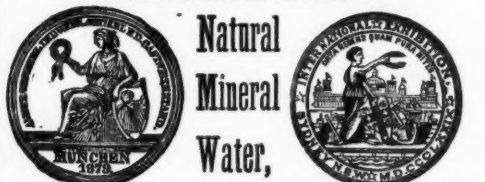
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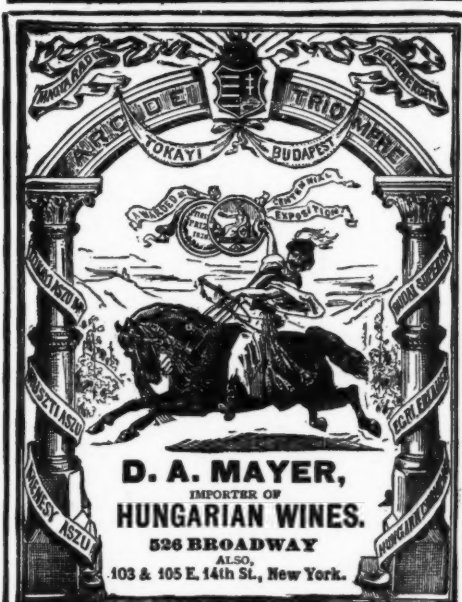
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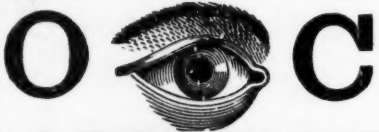
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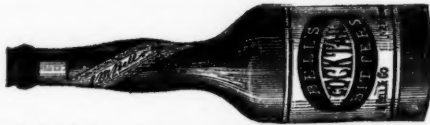
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We have not yet seen a Republican paper say that when General Hancock was a baby he was so unmannerly as to stick his toe in his mouth. And yet the charge is doubtless true.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

A DUTCH landlord up at Grass Valley, wishing to be thought up to the times, rechristened his hotel the Tanner House, and was sold out by the sheriff as a bankrupt before he found out what the matter was.—*San Francisco Post.*

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH has been accused of plagiarism from Swinburne, and when the alleged plagiarized passage was read as Aldrich's, it was called good. Perhaps Aldrich will yet convince people that Swinburne's poetry is not bad.—*Boston Post.*

MRS. JACOB VAN DEUZEN's three children sat for their photographs the other day in the gallery of our esteemed friend, Prof. Beau. The negative proved a failure, and they will have another sitting (free of charge) the next fair day.—*Oskosh Banner.*

A NEW JERSEY lawyer acknowledged in Court that he had charged an exorbitant fee. To the credit of the Philadelphia bar it can be stated that he did not acquire his legal knowledge in this city. If he had he never would have confessed.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

TEN peanut venders and a bootblack visited General Hancock yesterday and offered him their co-operation and support during the coming campaign. The General was overpowered to tears. He knows now, he says, that the stories of alarm among the business interests, in view of his election, are superb falsehoods gotten up for political effect.—*Boston Transcript.*

SCIENTISTS say that shutting the eyes makes the hearing more acute. This explains why a man can't sneak into the house at midnight, and crawl up stairs as noiselessly as a feather, without being heard by his wife, who is asleep. If women were to sleep with their eyes open, married men would have more fun at the lodge, when there is a protracted session.—*Norristown Herald.*

HERBERT SPENCER says: "Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences." But can Mr. Spencer prove it? He shouldn't make such rash statements unless he has the papers to corroborate them. Life may not be one of those things, after all. This campaign has been too prolific of wild, exaggerated assertions.—*Norristown Herald.*

The FRIEDRICHSHALL Bitterwater is the safest, surest remedy against Constipation and Headache.

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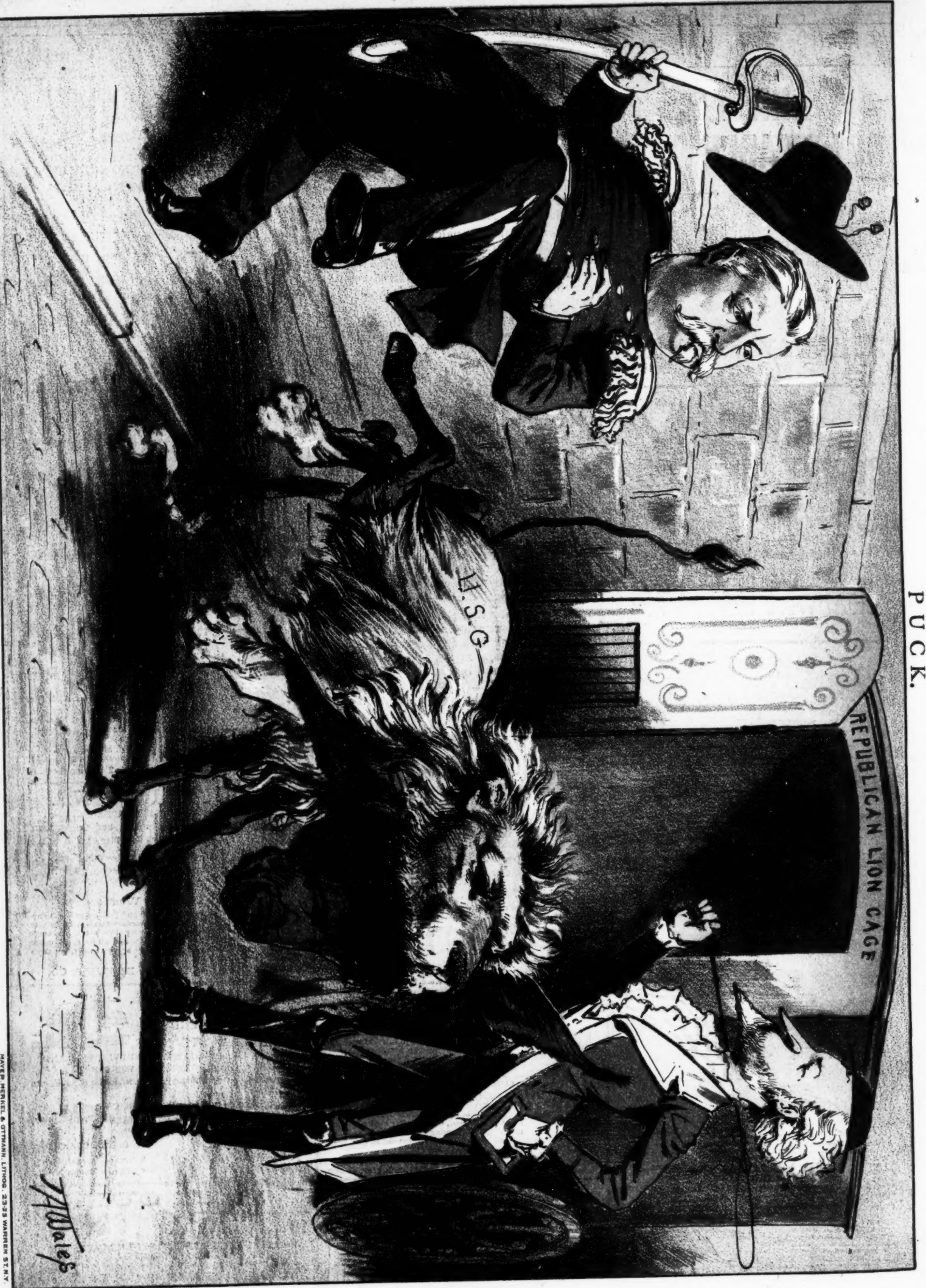
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