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# GOSSIP

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Vol. I, No. 1.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 4, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



OUR GALLERY OF AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

MRS. ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES CONSUL AT SINGAPORE.

# POISON IN TOILET SOAPS!

Attention is directed to this paragraph from "The Times," London, England:

"DANGEROUS SOAPS.—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Medicine, Dr. Reveil read a paper on the necessity of preventing Chemists and Perfumers from selling poisonous or dangerous Soaps. To show the danger there is in allowing their unchecked sale, he said: 'I need but state that arsenic, the acid nitrate of mercury, tartar emetic, and potassa caustica form part of their ingredients, whilst they are colored green by the sesquioxide of chromium, or of a rose color by the bisulphuret of mercury (vermilion.) Some contain 30 per cent. of insoluble matter, such as lime or plaster, and others contain animal nitrogenous matter, which causes a chronic inflammation of the skin.'"

The injury to the skin and complexion resulting from the use of these Soaps is seldom attributed to the real cause, so that, unfortunately, the mischief proceeds until too often the beauty of the complexion is ruined, and even the general health impaired.

With the fullest confidence the proprietors of

## PEARS' SOAP

recommend their specialty. They do not claim that it is the *only* pure Soap, but one of the *very few* offered to the public. It would be easy to become self-laudatory in this respect, but the following evidence is likely to prove much more convincing.

### FROM PROFESSOR JOHN ATTFIELD,

Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain; Author of a Manual of General, Medical, and Pharmaceutical Chemistry.

"I have annually, for the past ten years, made an independent analysis of PEAR'S SOAP, and have not found it to vary in quality or in composition. It contains neither excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from artificial coloring matter. A better, purer, or more usefully durable Soap cannot be made.

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Sir Henry Thompson, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet. Garfield Tea overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the complexion; cures Constipation. Get a free sample from any druggist, or send to 319 W. 45th St., NEW YORK.

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ON A WEAK STOMACH.  
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For Sale generally in New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and all LARGE CITIES AND TOWNS, by dealers in fine perfumery. If your Druggist does not keep it, send 25 cents and we will send a good sized sample of any of the above perfumes by mail, securely packed, post-paid, to any address.

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DRESSING**

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Phila.	1876	Frankfort,	1881
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Paris,	1878	New Orleans,	1883
Melbourne,	1880	Paris,	1889

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Paris Medal on every bottle.

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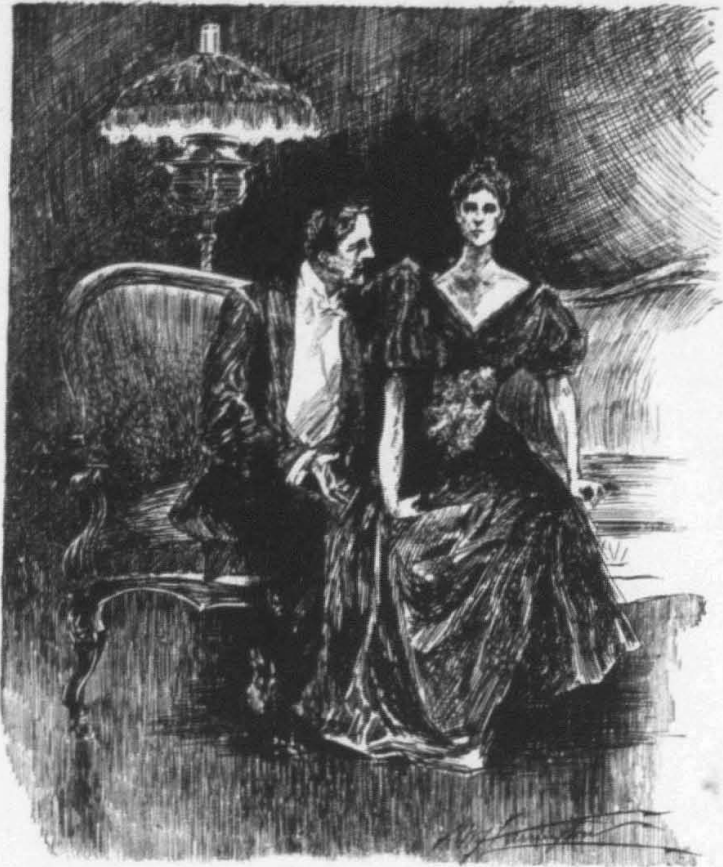
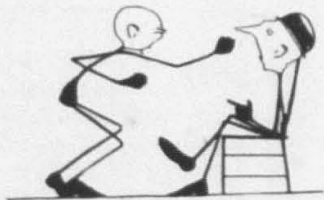
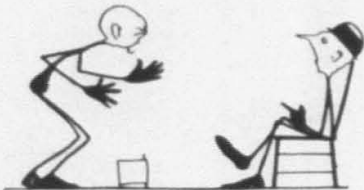
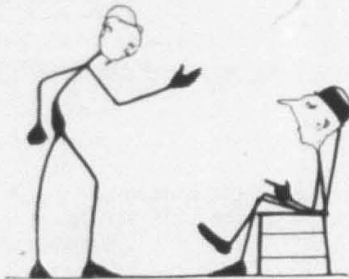
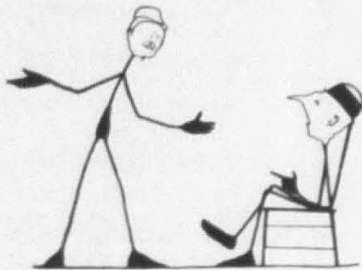
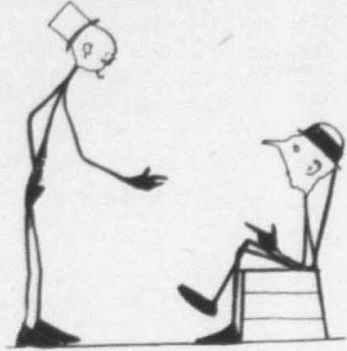


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# GOSSIP.

THE BORE AND HIS VICTIM;  
OR,  
THE WORM WILL TURN.  
—  
A TRAGEDY IN SEVEN ACTS.



## CONJUGAL TAUNTS.

CHARLIE: *You never cared for me.*  
JENNY: *Why did I marry you, then?*  
CHARLIE: *From motives of gratitude.*  
JENNY: *Gratitude! Gratitude for what?*  
CHARLIE: *Gratitude for having made you your only proposal of marriage.*

## AN OLD LAW.

### VERSION I.

It is a wise beast that knows its own fodder.

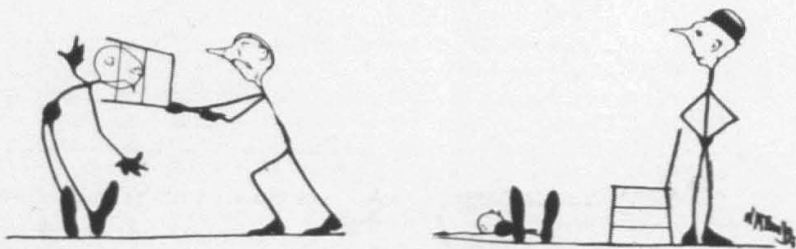
### VERSION II.

It is a wise corn that knows its own popper.

### VERSION III.

It is a wise stock which knows its own par.

THE guns in a masked battery do not fire masked balls.





## GOSSIP.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 4, 1891.

This page is not an editorial one; in fact, there is to be no editorial page in GOSSIP. Call these "Observations," "Musings," "Reflections," or what you will, but never "Editorials." A distinguished politician and orator asserts that the great American public does not read editorials; and as he is a man of immense shrewdness and a keen observer, we shall accept his assertion as positive truth. Besides, in a journal like GOSSIP, whose purpose is to amuse, although instruct, the dignified, and sometimes pompous, editorial is out of place. In its position in the political organ, or other journals devoted to purposes which admit of its use, it is all well enough. But we have no politics beyond humor and entertainment; nor are we here to dictate, scold, or moralize. **That side of life which is brightest, which is free from the sad shadows that fall aslant humanity's path, is ours, and we shall adhere strictly to it. Humor and wit are the two cheery spirits that compose the ingredients of GOSSIP'S metaphorical punch—a delicious, mirth-inspiring beverage that warms the blood, although void of those disastrous results which sometimes attend too deep a draught of other and material concoctions.**

It is customary for a new journal or magazine to devote considerable space in the premier issue to the offering of apologies and excuses for its advent in the literary world. We have none to offer, nor any magnanimous object of filling a mighty gap, generally said to exist where all new ventures are concerned. We simply state that our mission is laudable, and one that should meet with encouragement and commendation from all whose pleasure it is to see this busy, toilsome life of ours brightened. That is what we propose to do. Brighten and render life more enjoyable by introducing week after week a sovereign polish composed of a mixture of humor and wit. **The medium through which this polish is to be distributed is GOSSIP, at all times to be found bright and sparkling, with a total deficiency in all that smacks of vulgarity or coarseness. "Cleanliness" and "every Saturday morning," are our watch words.**

The name GOSSIP has been questioned by some few who doubted its harmonious connection with good morals. Let us see: Our good friend Webster, the gentleman who wrote a dictionary, gives four distinct definitions of the word "GOSSIP." Two of these are obsolete, and two are modern:

but one of the obsolete is now revived and given to modern English. The old meaning of the word is a meaning that was in our minds when naming this paper: "A friend or comrade; a companion; a familiar or customary acquaintance." That is the sort of GOSSIP this paper will be; doing by you as a dear familiar does in relieving the tedium of your toil with kindly jest or merry tale.

**GOSSIP is going to be to you and your neighbor what you are to them, a faithful friend, to tell the news, to keep you in good humor, to make you laugh, to show you where there are good plays to be seen, or good books to be read; to tell you what and when to buy, and to provide an ever-ready fund of amusement, prosaic and poetic and pictorial. So much for our introduction.**

## A FISH STORY FROM ALABAMA.

Special Correspondent to GOSSIP.

Col. Robert L. Simmons who resides in the village of Beulah, in the north-eastern part of Alabama, has recently had a curious, not to say unheard of experience. Col. Simmons owns a large farm, mostly unbroken forest, about four miles from Beulah, through which flows a small stream known as Dusky Branch, emptying into a tributary of the Chatahoochee. Many years ago an extensive pond was formed by a dam across the branch, furnishing water power for an old-fashioned saw mill. As late as 1860 this mill supplied all the lumber in use for many miles around, but during the war it was allowed to go to ruin, and has never since been repaired. The pond has remained a favorite fishing ground for the farmer's boys in the vicinity. An air of mystery had become attached to the place, however, from the fact that the body of any animal which fell or was thrown into the water was never known to reappear after once sinking. Nobody seems to know exactly when or how this peculiarity was discovered; but bodies of sheep and horses which had died a natural death were frequently disposed of by dumping them into the pond, and they were never known to give any trouble afterwards. Generally under similar circumstances such bodies, inflated with the gases of decomposition, will rise to the surface within a few days, and in a pond like this will make themselves infinitely disagreeable.

A couple of weeks ago Col. Simmons was inspecting the timber on a part of the farm, not far from the pond, with a view of selling some of it. He was accompanied by a favorite dog, and unexpectedly started a deer, which at once set off at full speed pursued by the dog. The Colonel had no gun, so he ran as fast as possible after the flying animals. The deer made for the pond and took to the water without hesitation. The dog only a few yards behind followed suit promptly. Near the middle of the pond, which at that point is about an eighth of a mile in width, the Colonel was surprised to see the deer suddenly cease its swimming and after a violent struggle sink beneath the surface. The dog, which was close behind, turned and began to swim frantically towards its master, but it, too, suddenly sank.

The Colonel was much chagrined at the loss of his dog, and at the same time intensely curious as to the cause. He determined to investigate the matter by draining the dam. The natural opinion of himself and neighbors was that there was some large animal or fish in the pond. As to the particular monster guesses were made and suggestions offered that it was either a sea serpent or an immense alligator or turtle. The alligator theory had the most adherents, though no one could be found who had ever seen anything like an alligator in any part of the pond or branch.

Last Wednesday morning at early daylight the dam was cut in the presence of the inhabitants of the village and surrounding country. A net of stout rope was placed across the opening, to catch and hold anything less than a full sized sea serpent. The cut was made small at first; but gradually enlarged as the water lowered. In a few hours the bottom appeared in the more shallow parts, and by noon what was once the pond had become a vast expanse of black mud with pools of water here and there, while through the centre meandered the ancient bed of the branch. Watchmen had been stationed at short intervals around the entire extent of the shore before the first cut was made in the dam in order to detect any signs of the submarine wonder; but nothing was seen. About 1 p.m., every drop of water, except in the pools mentioned and in the bed of the stream had escaped, when a sudden commotion was observed in one of the former near the middle of the muddy plain, and a large number of men and boys at once started for the spot, though obliged to wade knee deep in mud and water. All at once some one cried out "snakes," and the party halted at the sight of what appeared to be a number of enormous serpents coming in all directions from the pool. The more timid of the spectators fled to the nearest shore, but others who were armed with axes and rifles cautiously approached the pool. Young Charles Mac Intyre, son and partner of Judge Mac Intyre of Beulah, was in the van, carrying a Winchester rifle. Suddenly he stopped and called for a rope. One was quickly brought and a running noose made at one end. The serpents were still wriggling and squirming at the edge of the pool, but did not seem to wish to come entirely out. Mac Intyre approached in rather a gingerly manner, and when within a few yards of the brink, by a dexterous throw succeeded in placing the noose around the body of one of the serpents quite close to the water's edge. A quick pull tightened it, and then the entire crowd seized the end and ran towards the bank. The rope was long and there was room for plenty of hands; but it was not till fully a hundred men and boys were exerting all their power that the serpent was stirred from its position, such was its immense strength. After a hard tug for five minutes, however, its hold was broken, and to the infinite astonishment of the spectators out came an enormous octopus or squid of the exact species that has frequently been seen and sometimes captured on the Banks of Newfoundland and in other parts of the ocean. It was dragged to the bank in spite of its resistance, and the rope was taken around a tree. When securely fastened it was soon killed with a few rifle shots. A careful measurement showed its longest arms to be twenty-two feet five inches in length. It is supposed that the animal must have ascended the Chatahoochee river from the gulf and made its way into the cool depth of Dusky Branch when quite small, and the building of the dam below its lair had prevented its return. It has been supposed heretofore that the octopus inhabited salt water only, but like some other fish, notably the shad and salmon, it seems also to thrive in fresh.

When the pool which it had inhabited was bailed out, several cartloads of bones were found, among them parts of three human skeletons, one that of an adult, and the other two evidently of children from twelve to fourteen years old. Who they were and how they met their fate will always be a mystery.

Col. Simmons has sent the body of the animal to the Natural History Department of the State University of Montgomery.

I. M. NOTTINITT.

"There is quite an interesting story concerning that fellow," said the society man, as the "fellow" alluded to passed up the Avenue, "and one that goes to show that too much draw poker is a bad thing indeed. That young man is the only son of a wealthy widow, who fairly worships him, and who, up to within three months ago, granted him everything in the way of money and other luxuries that he could demand; and he certainly could demand them about as rapidly as any one I ever knew. Having every possible wish granted and unlimited cash at his call, this callow youth conceived a great and glowing fondness for the fascinating game, and devoted the great bulk of his leisure in wooing the fickle goddess by such addresses as 'draw,' 'raise,' 'call,' and other technical terms of the seductive game. He didn't know much about it, and accordingly proved a harvest for many a member of the sporting fraternity; for he was given to the frequenting of gaming clubs and other resorts where poker is played by experienced if not 'professional' players. As he invariably lost, his demands upon his mother's plethoric purse grew in frequency and size; but she, good lady, not suspecting that her boy was night after night losing these sums to vile, bad men in gambling rooms, stood it for considerable time. But at last these demands grew so that she naturally became anxious as to what uses her only boy was putting them. She immediately set about making the discovery. This was not difficult, and with much pain she learned of his infatuation for gaming.

"Subduing her emotion she sent for the poker devotee one day and calmly informed him that she was conversant with his mode of life, and that she had resolved he must change it. Quite a scene took place. The young man declared that it was impossible for him to give up his pastime, and that he would not try.

"'Oh, yes; you will,' returned his mother firmly. 'But I cannot,' said her son. 'I will see that you do,' said the mother, and left her hopeful to his own savage musings. She sent for several of her boy's friends, and asking them to assist in her efforts for his reclamation, forbade them lending him money, and even induced three or four of them to hunt out the gamblers with whom her son usually played and caution them against advancing him loans, as he did nothing and she would positively refuse to pay his debts.

"The next time the boy came to her for money she kindly told him, but in a manner that left no doubt in his mind of the strength of her purpose, that she would give him no money, but that he should have everything and anything else he wanted. Her son implored, but she remained firm; so that is why to-day you will find him without a cent in his clothes. His mother has arranged with tailors, haberdashers, and others whose business it is to clothe man's body, by which everything he wants in their respective lines is to be given him. He has carte blanche at the florists, restaurants, bars, livery stables, and elsewhere; in fact, he has everything that man could desire except money, but the lack of that has made life a misery to him, and he is apt to look upon himself as the most unfortunate of all God's creatures. Rather queer story, eh? Well; but it's true."

#### OBSERVATIONS.

Owing to the occurrence of certain events subsequent to the projection of GOSSIP, Mr. G. A. Lyon, who was primarily engaged to fill the position of editor, has decided to resign, although he still remains a staunch friend and partisan of GOSSIP.





## A POET'S REVENGE.

POET'S WIFE: *The wolf is at the door.*

POET: *Bring him in and I'll write a poem about him.*

## MATERNAL CONSENT.

UNCLE SAM: Will you marry US?  
MISS CANADA: You will have to ask Mamma.

## AT THE BUTCHER'S.

CUSTOMER: Is this meat dear?  
BUTCHER: Nein. Id vas sheep.



ON THE AVENUE.

THE COUNT: *What an unpatriotic lot your young fellows are! They seem to forget that they are Americans.*

MISS BABBIDIE: *Oh, with them it's not so much forgetfulness as absence of mind.*

## CUPID'S OBJECT LESSON.

ONCE Cupid on a perfumed bed  
Of roses lay, while o'er his head  
The shady branches waved and kept  
The young god cool. As thus he slept—  
A poisonous bug, whose gaudy wing  
Distracted notice from his sting,  
Upon his ruddy cheek alit,  
And pausing there, the infant bit.  
The instant Cupid felt the pang,  
Awaking, to his feet he sprang.  
Burning alike with rage and pain,  
The insect he at once had slain,  
But like a naughty clever thing  
It vanished as he felt it sting.  
Sobbing aloud, away he fled  
From this, though sweet, disastrous bed,  
Nor paused 'till to her soothing breast  
The wounded cheek his mother pressed.  
And thus she spoke—"If you, my child,  
"Beneath a rose by sleep beguiled  
"Found that a tiny bug possessed  
"The power to thus destroy thy rest,  
"Think of the torment of a heart  
"When smitten by thy fatal dart."

## A THRIFTY STEWARD.

EASTERN DIVINE (visiting the Reverend Mr. Harps, of the Bloomopolis, Oklahoma, charge): I beheld a most shocking example of irreverence this afternoon—nothing less, Brother Harps, than a group of men gambling in the shade, back of the church!

REV. HARPS: Did, eh?

EASTERN DIVINE: Yes; and that was not the worst of it. One impious wretch, who seemed to be winning all the time, would ejaculate fervently, every time he won, "Praise the Lord!" and the other lost souls would cry "Amen!"

REV. HARPS: Don't be shocked, Brother. The winner was doubtless Texas Jim, the converted gambler. The brethren have been somewhat dilatory about paying my salary 'till we appointed Brother Texas steward. Now, whenever the account runs behind, he collects it in the manner you have seen. It gives the brethren what they call a little fun for their money, provides Brother Texas with a bit of recreation, and never fails to give satisfaction all around. Our Western methods may seem a trifle peculiar to your conservative mind, Brother, but they get there all the same.

## ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

PAT. I thought I hired you to carry bricks up that ladder by the day."

"Ye did, sore."

"Well, I've been wathing you and you've only done it a half a day to-day. The other half you spent coming down the ladder."

"Oi'll thry to be doin' bether tomorry, sore."



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

BARBER: *How would you like to have your hair cut?*

CUSTOMER (old gentleman): *First rate. Didn't I just tell you that I wanted it cut.*

## THE EVIL AND ITS REMEDY.

(AN EXTRAVAGANZA.)

HIS Royal Royalty, Assical, Chief Possessor of the Terrestrial Sphere, King of Kings, and of Noodledom, wasn't happy. He figeted and twisted about in the great golden throne; drummed with peevisish vigor on its beautiful velvet arms; crossed his long, gaunt limbs, and rocked his red morocco slipper to and fro, to and fro, upon the tips of his five toes. Drawing thick, bushy brows together, he scowled savagely about him, much to the dismay of the surrounding obsequious courtiers, who trembled in their court shoes at this display of regal wrath.

In an attitude of supplication, and with humble mien, the Prime Minister stood before him, reading in hushed, monotonous tones from a roll of parchment, clutched with a nervous grasp in his withered old hands. It was what he read that caused his majesty to fume and fret so. On this roll of parchment was written the dire intelligence that the glorious and mighty nation over which he swayed the royal sceptre was in a desperate state of famine, the population being by at least a third too great to find subsistence in the limited produce the narrow area of that country afforded.

A former prince had made a law to the effect that any one found guilty of importing articles of necessity into the kingdom would be subject to a heavy fine, and imprisonment for at least 99 years; and though the Noodledomians were very fond of going to law with one another, still they never violated international laws. Indeed they had ample opportunity for the exercise of this delight, as there were no fewer than 98,234,237 laws by which that kingdom was governed, and an average of one lawyer to every ten laws. And again, the people of Noodledom were people, who, rather than think or act for themselves in matters concerning their own welfare and advancement, employed a body of clever folks, most of whom were lawyers, and who met in a sort of parliament, and were known as the Associated Assembly of Idea Promulgators, to do it for them.

This body of Idea Promulgators has agreed among themselves that the law just mentioned was just and wise; so, of course, the Noodledomians thought so, too—and starved accordingly.

But at last the Associated Assembly of Idea Promulgators determined to draw up and present a petition for relief to his most gracious majesty, Assical; for truth to say, they themselves were fast becoming the prey of the famine.

Accordingly this petition was presented, drawn up with all the highly impressive dignity and obscurity that legal verbosity and phraseology renders peculiar to documents of this description.

"Whereas, by these presents be it known," read the Prime Minister, to whom, as customary in all polite courts, the reading of the petition fell. But he got no further. For the king, unable to further restrain his displeasure, brought his gilded sceptre down with a dull, sickening bang upon an arm of the throne, causing the dust to rise in a cloud, and the Chief Idea Promulgator, who was napping in a secluded corner, to awake with a start, and to nervously finger his head to assure himself that it was still with him. Then his majesty unfurled his lengthy limbs and climbed down from his exalted position, making use of an awful expletive which had the effect of producing a momentary argue among the surrounding court; for the king seldom resorted to savage language, and when he did it meant trouble for some one.

"H—h—h—hang it!!!" stormed the monarch, glowering at the poor old Minister, who in unison with the court sank to his knees, "Hang it!!! Why don't you express yourself in the language of your country instead of that vile gibberish? Is not our dignity and intelligence of sufficient greatness to be addressed in the language which by our royal will is become that of the kingdom? ANSWER ME, MINION!!!"

"Sire," returned the fear stricken Minister, "I do but address your most Sublime Majesty in those terms wherein this document is couched. These be legal terms, and are not of thy humblest servant's writing; and I do beseech—"

But the king with an impatient gesture bade him still his gabbling tongue, and clambered back again to his shiny throne.

"Now," said he, when once more seated and allowing most of the severity which marked his countenance to disappear, much to the relief of the court, who staggered to its feet again. "Now let our imperial self hear the gist of this ill written document from thy prating lips, and in thy simplest words. LEGAL TERMS BE HANGED!!! Proceed!"

"My liege," begun the Prime Minister, kicking the unfortunate petition across the room. "our worthy Associated Assembly of Idea Promulgators do humbly address and beseech your Sublime Sublimity concerning the prevailing state of starvation now extant throughout the kingdom, and pray that a means of relief be granted them. It is impossible for our great nation to sub-sist upon the insufficient produce of the country. Indeed, Sire, there is but enough to support two-thirds of the present population."

"Get up a war," retorted the expedient monarch, "and kill off the superfluous population."

"Sire, there are no nations who would seek or enter into a war against one so powerful as ours."

"Cannot some epidemic disease be set on foot by the Health Department malignant enough to effect the desired result?"

"Your majesty, I am grieved to say that it cannot. The country is unfortunately free from all contagion."

"Canst thou suggest anything?"

"Your majesty, I would suggest that the Chief Idea Promulgator be suggested as the proper suggestor of suggestions."

"Let the Chief Idea Promulgator be summoned!" said the monarch. An instant afterwards the official stood bowing before the king.

"Worthy Promulgator," said the king, "our mission with thee is an idea—an idea as to what shall be done to alleviate the sufferings of our people!"

Again the Chief Idea Promulgator bowed low, and craved permission of his royal master to subside into Absorbed and Profound Meditation. Permission being granted him, he folded himself in his own embrace and gave way to Uninterrupted Thinking, the king meanwhile awaiting the developments of this sage profundity.

Sighing wearily, he finally unwrapt and declared himself void of a single idea bearing upon the case at issue.

"But, your majesty," said he in conclusion, "I would suggest that you let not this calamity vex your Mightiness; but rather allow the course of events to pursue its way, trusting that in time arising circumstances will effect a solution of the perplexity."

"Yes?" returned the king, glad of counsel that bade him dismiss the gruesome subject.

"Yes, Sire," said the Promulgator. "And furthermore, I would request your most Gracious Graciousness to abolish the



obscuring verbage and phraseology by which all matters pertaining to the law are burdened."

A look of horror overspread the countenance of most of the assembled Idea Promulgators as the Chief Promulgator concluded; for these were lawyers, while the Chief Promulgator was not. But in spite of the anxious looks of his associates, and even threatening glances, he went on with his subject, seeing that the king lent his gracious and apparently satisfied attention.

"Your majesty," said the Promulgator, "has just had occasion to witness to what great depth of entanglement obscuring legal terms may lead—to observe how many varied ways may a meaning be construed. Therefore, would it not be con-cinnate, in view of the greatness and love of wisdom of our exalted monarch, that he cause a law to be passed by which all this phraseology and obscurity are banished from all documents and matters that shall from now on be associated with law."

"Right, most worthy Promulgator," cried the king with enthusiasm, "thou speaketh words of sagesness. Attention, loyal courtiers! We do hereby command that such a law be passed this very day. Away, noble Promulgators and get ye to your task. Away!"

Thus was the court dismissed, the courtiers glad to depart with their heads still intact, the Promulgators to convene in parliament, and to pass the law ordered by their sovereign. Many of the Promulgators, of course, grumbled over what they considered a sacrilegious task—these were the lawyers—while others delighted in the duty. And among those was the Chief Promulgator, whose head was long; and who had not suggested the idea to the king to gratify a mere caprice, but to solve a problem which long had puzzled his busy brain.

IT chanced about six months after this event that the king, sitting in state on his largest and Sunday throne, be-thought him of the famine by which the country was being consumed sometime previous. Summoning the Prime Minister, he made inquiries concerning the condition of his kingdom.

"My Liege," answered the Prime Minister, "the famine no longer rages."

"No longer rages," returned the king in surprise. "To what extraordinary event do we owe this?"

"Sire, I do not know."

"Command the immediate presence of the Chief Idea Promulgator!" commanded the monarch; and within a moment that worthy man saluted humbly before him.

"Noble Promulgator," said the king, "how dost thou account for the disappearance of the famine from our fair domain?"

"Your majesty," he replied, "that is a question readily answered. It was effected by your own wise act."

"By our own wise act, fool!! Wouldst ridicule thy king? What meaneth thou?"

"Ah, your majesty, was it not by your graciousness that a law was passed abolishing the phraseology by which legal matters were formerly obscured?"

"Aye, proceed."

"And, therefore, didst not one-third of your loyal people subsequently die of starvation?"

"One-third of our people die of starvation?"

"Aye, your majesty, that they did."

"Explain thyself more fully, noble Promulgator."

"My liege, the third was composed of LAWYERS!!"

HERBERT PYM.

## LITTLE TALES.

San Francisco Argonaut.

There is a story told of a French savant, who was shown a priceless jewel by a great duke. "Thank you, my lord duke," said the man of silence, "for allowing me to share with you the possession of so great a treasure." "In what way?" said the duke. "Why, your grace can do no more than look at it, and you have allowed me to do the same."

A London magistrate one day had a little boy as a witness in a case before him, and he thought fit, according to the usual practice, to test the boy's orthodoxy by first asking in a paternal way, whether he knew where bad people went to after they were dead. His lordship was very much disconcerted by the ready answer: "No, I don't; no more don't you; nobody don't know that."

Lord Wellesley's aide-de-camp, Keppel, wrote a book of travels, and called it his personal narrative. Lord Wellesley was quizzing it, and said to Lord Plunket: "Personal narrative—what is a personal narrative, Lord Plunket? What should you say a personal narrative meant?" Plunket answered: "My lord, you know we lawyers always understand personal as contradistinguished from real."

Attorney Bedford was prosecuting a criminal in the New York court of general sessions a few days ago. He closed with the peroration: "My oath of office to perform the duties of my position without fear or favor, and to see that justice is done to the people as well as to the defendants, is registered in heaven." "Mr. Bedford," exclaimed the recorder, "if your oath of office is not registered in the county clerk's office, your right to represent the people here may be questioned."

At the Old Bailey, it was customary to sentence the whole of the prisoners found guilty at the sessions at one time. It fell to Baron Graham's lot to perform this duty, and he accordingly went over the list with due solemnity, but omitted one person brought up for sentence—Mr. John Jones. The judge was on the point of finishing the sentences, when the officer reminded his lordship of this omission. Whereupon, the judge said, gravely: "Oh! I am sure I beg John Jones' pardon," and then sentenced him to transportation for life.

When the Emperor of Brazil was entertained at the White House, he had been told by a confused Senator that it would be expected that he, the Emperor, should be the last of the guests to depart. The President's wife, however, informed her other guests that they would be expected to follow, not precede, the royal party in leaving the house. The result was that no one dared to go for fear of a breach of etiquette. But at three o'clock in the morning, a tired woman pretended illness, and the dead-lock was broken. Great is etiquette, but common sense is, sometimes, allowable.

George the Fourth asked Dr. Gregory what was the longest sitting after dinner that he had ever heard of on credible authority. The doctor answered: "The longest I know of was at the house of a learned Scottish judge, Lord Newton. A gentleman called at his house in York Place, Edinburgh, at a late hour, and was informed that his lordship was at dinner. Next day the same gentleman called at an early hour, and, being again informed that the judge was at dinner, expressed surprise that the dinner of that day should be so much earlier than the dinner of the day before. 'It is the very same dinner,' replied the servant; 'his lordship has not yet risen from the table.'"





## BONBONS AND BANGLES.

Marjorie always smiles on me,  
But less in love than more in glee,  
In that I can't mistake her;  
I kiss those cherry lips of hers,  
She likes it, but she much prefers  
The bonbons that I take her.

Marjorie's eyes are very bright,  
They glisten like the stars at night,  
Or gold and silver spangles;  
She wins from men their hearts away  
And values them as much, they say,  
As trophies on her bangles.

—F. Curtis.

## A FAIR INFERENCE.

"It is said," remarked Mrs. Small at the breakfast table, "that the Zunis prefer tough meat, that they may enjoy the pleasure of mastication longer."

"Do you not sometimes labor under the impression that you are keeping a Zuni boarding house?" asked Mr. Watty in reply.

RICH MISS PASSAY: I don't like those rooms you gave me—they are too old.

INSPIRED HOTEL-CLERK: Front! Take the lady back to suite sixteen.

## HE WAS ON HIS OATH.

"NOW," said the lawyer to the witness, impressively, "please remember that you have been sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. You understand the nature of an oath, of course?"

"I think so, sir."

"That is right. Now bear in mind the penalty attached to the crime of perjury and answer the questions I shall ask. Have you ever noticed any signs of insanity in the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now be careful to remember what I told you a few moments ago about your being under oath. Now please tell the court what signs of insanity you have detected in the defendant."

"They extended through a period of several years."

"Never mind their extent, but be good enough to name them, or some of them."

"Yes, sir. Well, he was always a singularly truthful boy, and—"

"So that is the sign of insanity you speak of, is it? Because the defendant was always a singularly truthful boy, you come before this court and on your solemn oath declare that he has exhibited signs of insanity. The intelligent jurymen in the box will know how to treat such testimony as that."

"You did not allow me to finish, sir."

"Ah, then you may proceed. Perhaps another indication of insanity is that he never stole his neighbors' chickens."

"I was about to say, sir, that although he was a singularly truthful boy, he always declared he would be a lawyer when he grew up."



## AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE.

CHOLLIE: What do you really think of me, Ethel?

ETHEL: I never really think of you, Chollie.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A  
FREAK.

## WISHED TO BE SURE.

"You are a pharmacist, are you?"  
 "I am."  
 "Been in the business a number of years?"  
 "I have."  
 "Registered?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "That is your diploma hanging over there?"  
 "It is."  
 "Well, you may give me a pound of borax."

## A SOCIOLOGIST.

"GIMME one of them butts, Pete, an' I'll tell you a great ghost story I heard de gospel faker who works de crowd on de City Hall steps git off;" said a ragged tramp to his partner.

"What was you doin' in the park, anyhow? Must us influential citizens be forced to come in contact with loafers like you when we desires to frequent the breathin' spots of the people. I'll write a letter to the papers about that, and head it, 'Where are the Perlice.'"

"Kum off! De sparrer was workin' de side door of a Bowery ginmill, and I went up to de crowd to see if there was any change in the market price of converts."

"What was the quotations?"

"'Bout ther same; a new suit of clothes an' a steady job bid; so I didn't care to do nothin' at de figgers. But I tell yer, Pete, de old cove give it to 'em straight; he said de day was a comin' when no man could work."

"Yes, that what us collegians calls the Millenium. Some of us progressive spirits is lookin' forward to it but you won't see it this year. Don't you forget it, Jamsey; you and me is great men, only we're a living in advance of our era, see?"

"But if der all on de trampin' lay, an' nobody don't work, who's a goin' to hand out the back-door feeds?"

"That's all right; we've got that figured out. We ain't going to get caught in no snap. It's been worked up accordin' to the principles of what we call Social Science."

"When yer goin' to spring it?"

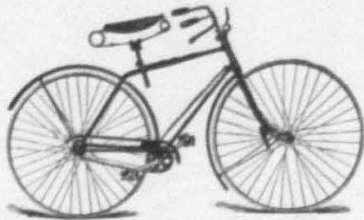
"Whenever the people gets educated up to it. The masses is slow to catch on to a new thing."

"Dey ain't like us, eh? We catches on to anything."

"You bet! Anything that's layin' 'round loose. Say, pass me that tomato can before you drink the bottom out of it! Give yerself a chance to breathe once in a while, will yer?"

Harry Romaine.





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The man who fees a waiter doesn't wait to get his "feen."

A man caught stealing a watch is subsequently compelled to "do time."

It seems appropriate enough for a whiskey firm to go into liquid-ation.

Because a man is a dwarf is no excuse for his being short in his accounts.

It is as easy for some men to be witty as it is difficult for some to be otherwise than dull.

There was once a man named Browne who made "A. Ward" speech that was unexcelled.

The farmers of Ohio are moving for free pikes. Other fish shall continue to pay duty, we suppose.

Money on call may be easy, but the collector who has to call for it 40 or 50 times don't find it so.

Marriage may be a civil contract, but many behave in a very uncivil manner after entering into it.

The close of Congress is always a god-send to the small with of the press. How funny they get over it.

Woman may never be elected to Congress, but she will ever maintain the position of speaker of the house.

Pickpocket—Do you think you could raise \$10? Counterfeiter—Yes, if I had the right kind of tools.

A fashion note says: "There is considerable change in vests." Maybe, but most of us don't find it, all the same.

A Missouri policeman is named Goslighly. Goslowly would be an appropriate name for many in New York.

A young sculptor who molded a figure of the hero of the battle of Lake Erie said it was only an ex-Perryment.

Judging from the way some Canadian politicians "blawggard" each other, one might think they were already annexed.

Barber—Have I ever shaved you before? Victim—Gracious! I guess not; do you think I would come to you a second time?

We do not speak as we pass by.

Which may seem strange to some. But will not after they learn why.

For both of us are dumb.

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Through the courtesy of Mr. John G. Slater, the president of the Capital Trust Company, we publish his portrait, which, although in a measure a striking likeness, does not quite do him justice.

Mr. Slater, as all who have come in contact with him, both in business and social circles, may readily testify, is one of the most genial of our influential and wealthy men, besides one of the most prominent. No one can truthfully say he has ever received them otherwise than with perfect courtesy, no matter what position they occupied on the social ladder or what their mission may have been. He is always a gentleman, and always kindly and generously disposed toward all mankind. Mr. Slater's record as a business man is one of the most excellent, and he has acquired the more

than princely fortune which he possesses not by reckless, if fortunate, speculations, but by keen business foresight and great wisdom.

In manner, he is not at all hard to approach, as are many less wealthy and prominent capitalists, and he is thoroughly modest and unassuming, giving the same undivided attention to all. Yet in spite of his geniality, Mr. Slater can say "no" or "yes" just as firmly as the severest person in the world, although he does it kindly. When he gives either negative or affirmative in response to anything, you know that he has fully made up his mind as to the sound wisdom of the answer, and that nothing can alter his decision. His mind, ever active, possesses the happy faculty of summing up rapidly the points in consideration, and he frequently gives you a reply that from the soundness and substantiality of argument would seem to be the result of many days' careful cogitation, although you may be per-

fectly aware he has never given the subject a thought before.

Besides being president of the Capital Trust Company, Mr. Slater has been the organizer of many other enterprises, all of which are in a most flourishing condition. In many well-known institutions and corporations he is a director, and, while they seem to grow in number day by day, Mr. Slater, with seeming ease, takes care of more than twice the amount of business the ordinary business man would deem sufficient. In fact, it is as near a certainty as can be that an enterprise will succeed when Mr. Slater engages in it.

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## LOVE AND TRUST.

HE (ardently): *Miss Milove, I want you to love and trust me.*  
 SHE: *Aren't you getting love and tailors mixed up?*

## A HOPELESS CASE.

HER dress is such a pretty plaid!  
 Her cape is such a priceless seal!  
 She is so exquisitely clad  
 From jaunty hat to high French heel!  
 Still, these are but the plumes put on;  
 Her native graces please me most—  
 Though, were she dowdy gowns to don  
 Her charm for me I fear were lost.

Yet, with what grief-reflecting eye  
 I view her plaid, her cape, her hat!  
 I love her, that's the reason why—  
 Love, and am not a plutocrat.

What spark of hope is there for me  
 Whose love is more than others' loves?  
 Alas! my paltry salary  
 Would hardly keep the girl in gloves.

Should she consent to be my wife—  
 To share my lot for woe or weal,  
 Too well I know her married life  
 Would lack fine hats and plaids and seal!

W. E. K.

## GLAD TO GO.

MINISTER (to young widow): Death came very suddenly to your husband. I trust he was prepared to die?

YOUNG WIDOW: Yes, I am sure he was. I had just told him that mamma was coming to-morrow to stay a month, and he said "Good-bye," calmly, and turned his face to the wall and died.

## MUST LAUGH.

"WHAT awful rot Funsmith's jokes are."  
 "Well, I cannot say that I am able to detect any merit in them, but I notice that you laugh heartily at every one."  
 "Laugh? I've got to laugh! Owe him ten dollars."

## HER DEFICIENCIES.

"I CANNOT sing the old, old songs,"  
 Alas! her words are true ones;  
 And we'll bear witness to the fact  
 She cannot sing the new ones.

## CHOLLY WAS FOOLED.

"WHY, Cholly, you've got no vest on, doncher know."

"Yes, Chappie; that's good fawn now."

"Oh, you'ah joking."

"Not a bit of it, old man. Fwiend of mine, just ovah fwom Lunnon, told me confidentially that the Pwince of Wales don't weah a vest."

"Then I must huvwuy home and take mine off."

"What are you fellows going without vests for this kind of weather," asked Cumso of the two, half an hour later.

"The deah Pwince doesn't wear one," they replied.

"I think you are right," replied Cumso; "he wears a waist-coat."

Then Cholly and Chappie went home and put on their "waist-coats."



## A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

SCENE: *The Rialto.*

FIRST ACTOR: *How did you like my Romeo? Pretty good, eh?*  
 SECOND ACTOR: *Good! My deah boy—good is not the word!*

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"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

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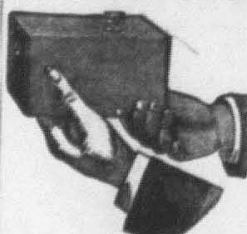
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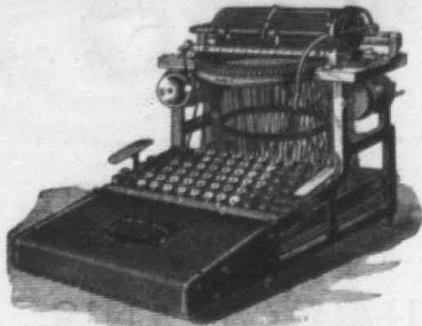
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