

THE ARROW

SHOT FROM SHORT HILLS.

No. 8. NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1882.

PRICE, 5 CENTS.

Railroad Time-Table.

Trains from New York to Short Hills leave Christopher street and Barclay street ferries at 7.30, 10.10, 9.10 and 11.10 A. M.; 2.30, 3.50, 4.30, 5.20 (Express), 5.50, 6.30, 7.45, 10 P. M.; and 12 P. M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Returning to New York at 7, 7.20, 8.06, 8.35, 9.55 A. M.; 12.05, 1.51, 5.13, 6.50, 8.46 P. M.

(Horse cars run between Union square, N. Y., and Christopher street Ferry.)

Distance, 18 miles. Excursion Tickets, 85 cents. Commutation Tickets, \$78 per year.

Short Hills Post Office, Western Union Telegraph Office and D. L. & W. Express Office at Depot.

Through the courteous invitation extended by the wardens and vestrymen of Christ Church, the Sunday-school will hereafter meet in the chapel instead of in the upper room of the Music Hall.

The first service in connection with the new parish of Christ Church at Short Hills was held in the chapel under the Music Hall on the 15th inst. The room has been fittingly finished and furnished, and appears to be thoroughly well suited to the purpose to which it is, for the present, to be devoted.

The school, under the direction of Mrs. George Rosé, opened on Monday morning, October 16, in the new room, finished for the purpose, in the basement of the Music Hall. About fifteen children are in attendance, and we trust the school may be increased still more in numbers, and be heartily sustained.

SHORT HILLS, before the axe was laid around its roots, was assessed at a merely nominal figure. As soon as local capital touched it, part of this capital was required by the township as a penalty for enterprise. Isn't this setting a premium on inactivity? We are aware that this is the way of the world, but why should it be so?

We are willing to insert opinions on this subject at 25 per cent. off usual advertising rates.

The Rev. A. B. Rich, D.D., proposes to devote his leisure time to teaching. He offers to take classes of lads and misses into his study, and direct their education in all the branches commonly taught in the schools. He would be willing to form classes of gentlemen or ladies in post-graduate studies, to meet at the convenience of the members, either during the day or evening.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of Short Hills is the title of our latest enterprise. The membership numbers about twenty, with the following officers: President, Mrs. W. R. Bliss; Secretary, Miss Henry; Treasurer, Mrs. DeLancey Cleveland; Visiting Committee, The Misses Bradbury, Miss Toler, Miss Chit-



CONDUCTOR BUDD, M. & E. R. R.

(To many of his numerous friends, the genial face of Mr. Budd unshadowed by a cap and without the generous beard, will be a startling surprise.)

tenden, Miss Marie DeRonge, Miss Henry and Miss Wood.

The necessity for such an organization has, even at this early day, been shown by the amount of work already distributed among the needy, and the generous donations of clothing and material received by the society give evidence of a bountiful source of supplies.

The ladies especially return thanks to Mr. Jno. H. Bradbury for his extensive and valuable contribution.

We humbly trust that the province of THE ARROW, as a disseminator of news, will not be abbreviated by means of this organization, and modestly suggest ourself as being a suitable subject for the visiting committee. Office hours all the time.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 4th, the well-known violinist, Camilla Urso, will give a concert at the Short Hills Music Hall, which will be an event in the history of our local entertainments. Madame Urso, who has just returned from a successful professional "tour 'round the world," is too well known in this country to require our praise. Her assistance will comprise, beside vocal talent, Mr. S. Liebling, one of the best of our younger pianists, and Mr. Alfred P. Burbank, the popular reader. This will be a thoroughly artistic performance, and the visitors should be greeted by a full house. The wonder has often been expressed that the best professional talent should not visit us occasionally; so let us see that the initial step in this direction is as much of a success before as behind the curtain.

"THE INFORMALS."

SINCE the last issue of THE ARROW, THE INFORMALS have given two performances. Of the former of these, "Patience," the programme and cast were given in our last and it only remains to say that the special condensed version of the opera involved was given with smoothness and spirit, and was voted a brilliant success. The last "Informals Evening" was Wednesday, the 20th instant, and the play presented was the bright comedietta in one act, entitled "Cut off with a Shilling." The cast was as follows:

Col. Berners.....Mr. J. F. Chamberlin
Sam Gaythorne....Mr. Emerson Chamberlin
Mrs. Gaythorne.....Miss Ida Graves.

Our local readers will see from these names that the play was cast sort of "all in the family" which fact rendered possible the frequent and careful rehearsing, which alone can give the promptness and steadiness which characterized the performance. Miss Graves is a charming actress, with ways as winning on the stage as off it, and she was well supported by the Gemini Chamberlin; one of whom did up the scapegrace nephew "with his heart in the right place," while the other, our hardened old friend J. F., covered himself with glory as the autocratic and military uncle, ready to meet any foe except a vagrant bull, but whose valor finally avails him nothing against the soft wiles of woman.

The acknowledgements of the club are due to these performers, and also to Mr. G. W. Nicholas the prompter and stage manager of the occasion, whose influence, though unseen, was none the less felt in the general success.

The usual order of exercises followed the falling of the curtain, and although it was close on to Thursday morning when THE ARROW retired from the scene the reveling was still in progress.

And by the way, speaking of reveling reminds us to say that at the next meeting which is set down for November 22d, the first anniversary of the club's organization will be celebrated by a fancy dress ball and supper, to be followed by a German.

As the first number of a new volume, the November Century gives promise of even increased excellence for the magazine during its second year under the new name. Pictorially, the November number shows that the Century is as ambitious as ever for the reputation of American wood-engraving, as witness the frontispiece portrait of Florence Nightingale and the full-page portrait of Henry James, Jr., both by Cole; Elbridge Kingsley's beautiful full-page engraving, direct from nature, of a view in New England woods (accompanying which is a description by the engraver, of his manner of working); the full-page reproduction, by Kruell, of an ideal bronze head which is one of the costly art-treasures of the British Museum; Mary Hallock Foote's refined and charming illustrations, engraved by Miss Powell and by Cole; and the many other pictures by well-known artists, some of which have a special interest as the exponents of a new process of art reproduction.

THE ARROW.

OCTOBER, - - 1882.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of One Dollar per inch; Five Dollars per half column.

Address:

THE ARROW.
SHORT HILLS, N. J.

Correspondents desiring information about Short Hills, will please address GOV. K. HASWELL, Esq., Short Hills, N. J.

PROBABLY the most important political event of the year is the citizens' movement in New York city, which is simply the organized effort of the business men of New York to obtain good government and business methods in the management of their own municipality. The outlook is hopeful. They have nominated for the principal places on the ticket men of good reputation and considerable experience. It is now the battle of the people against the politicians.

The general political outlook has not changed materially within the month. The election in Ohio has elated the Democrats greatly, and has, of course, discouraged the Republicans accordingly, especially the bosses. It has been the veritable handwriting on the wall to some of them.

These great men see in the Democratic success a victory of beer over temperance. Some of them have frightful visions of ginshops victorious, and the holy cause of temperance trampled under foot. They see their own plumes (more or less white), trampled down and they sorrow as those who are without hope.

The liquor question had its influence undoubtedly, but the peculiar complications which are agitating our neighboring States on the North and West have had their part as surely in Ohio as they will in New York and Pennsylvania, though the rebellion against the bosses was not organized nor so clearly defined as in those States.

It is, however, extremely doubtful whether the Republicans could have won, even though the temperance question had not been an issue in the Ohio election.

The Republican party throughout its history has, as a whole, been controlled by its thinkers, and won because it deserved success. The men whose malign influences almost defeated the party in 1876 are at the front again; they are doing the driving this year, and the people propose to get them off the box, if it becomes necessary to upset the coach in so doing. The times are propitious. Party fetters are worn loosely, and the old time slogans fall on unheeding ears. The rottenness of party promises and the gauziness of party pretences are becoming generally appreciated, and there is a general demand for cleaner politics. The public conscience is quickened. If the "plain people" really become aroused it will be a very cold fall for the Barneys and Jakes, the Mikes and Dennis's who have been doing their masters' dirty work and taking their dirty pay all these years; and in the day of reckoning the masters shall not be forgotten.

The prevalence of disaffection and independence in the Republican party is tickling the brethren of the Democratic persuasion immensely. They are very busy trying to lead the disaffected ones into their own sweetness and light. They seem to feel that their millenium

is really coming at last, and that the eyes of the nation are turned fondly upon them. They are probably destined to be even more elated when the November election returns are counted. But judgment and memory should temper their transports. If the leaders, self-selected of the Republican party read aright their lesson, if they take the hint (!) that is in store for them, and the Republican party managers allow the voters to steer, their is little doubt of the old ship weathering what certainly bids fair at this writing to be a good deal of a storm.

The Republican party has been strong when it has represented the progressive thought and higher needs of the nation. The party will live if it reads aright the wishes of the people. Two of the positive needs of to-day are the divorcement of politics and the civil service; and a reduction of taxes. The party that leads in these directions builds wisely for its own future.

The nomination of Mr. Phelps for Congress in the district of this State is one of these excellent selections that are so fit and appropriate that they should be the custom, and not call for remark and a certain sensation of pleased surprise when we read of them.

SHORT HILLS A TOWN.

THE people who live in Short Hills pay an annual tax to the township of Milburn of \$4,000, which is nearly one-fourth of the whole tax collected by the township. And what do the people of Short Hills get in return for this tax? Nothing whatever! A piece of the county road which passes through the precinct is repaired annually at an expense of about \$200, after which it is generally worse than it was before. This is all that Milburn does for the neighborhood.

But what becomes of the tax money which the Short Hills people pay? It is used to build roads and set up lamp-posts in Wyoming, Milburn, and the forest region over the hills north of us. It is used to maintain a poor farm and remote school-houses with which we have nothing to do. It is used to pay county debts which we never incurred; to pay constables and justices and other officials, who are beyond our reach and can be of no use to us. Indeed, the money is used for the benefit of everybody but the people who paid it.

That is the reason why Short Hills should be made into a town by itself.

Suppose it were a town, cut off from Milburn and Wyoming, bounded south by the railroad and northeast and west by the lines of the estate of the Lord of the Manor, what would we do with our \$4,000 tax money? We should get the full benefit of its use. We should have good macadamized roads, paved sidewalks, a hundred street lamps, a police and a public school, the very things that we want, that we have not got, but that are paid for in other places with our money.

We should be able to maintain a good market in our town, where our people could be supplied with what they need at New York prices, and not be compelled, as we now are, to pay tribute to Milburn markets at prices from 10 to 20 per cent. higher than they ought to be. The enterprise of our people could be developed in many ways, whose tendency would be to make Short Hills the most desirable of all suburban residences, if we were a town by ourselves with authority to take charge of our own affairs. But as a suburb of Milburn, throwing our money into the Milburn treasury, we shall be more likely to recede than to advance in prosperity.

SUMMIT SUMMARY.

—The Ladies' Improvement Society is still hard at work, and the fruit of its labors are apparent everywhere. Such a cleaning-up has never before been seen in Summit.

—The addition to Calvary Church and the Sunday-school room approaches completion. The meeting at the rectory to raise funds for a new organ and furniture was very successful—more than half the sum needed having been already raised, and a number of anxious contributors still to hear from.

—The Board of Ill-Health are looking for a suitable spot for a cemetery. As soon as they can locate a good spot they will commence a new system of drainage. Their success in the past gives them encouragement for a lively business next spring. The real native Jerseyman when he "gets on" to building a sewer is in his element. He begins all right; the trouble is where he finishes up.

—Mr. Fridstow has succeeded in obtaining a patent for his valuable Aeriform Harp, a beautiful wind instrument of great size and compass. Mr. Fridstow has given one or two exhibitions of its power in the smoking-car of the Dover Express much to the delight of the many card-players. It is understood that he contemplates giving a series of concerts at the Hall as soon as the ivory mouth-piece can be reduced to a more manageable size; it being now some seven by nine feet, surface measurement.

—Last Sunday there was a surprise for many in Summit. One of the "gang" was seen in church. He started out to buy the morning papers, but they were all sold; he saw Calvary Church slowly filling up, and thought he would go in out of the cold. Many good resolves did he make. He would shake all those stumbling blocks to repentence. That ride in the smoking-car. No more poker. Here he fell asleep—although his vocal breathing did not disturb Mr. Nicholas, who was getting in his little forty winks. As he went out into the sunshine the birds seemed to sing "It's been to church."

—Poor Frank Pott has a broken heart! Early last spring he planted melon seeds. When they came up he tended them morning and night. He would go out in the morning and measure how much they had grown during the night. As the flowers changed to melons Frank became nervous. Some of his old friends thought it was love, others thought it was a tailor's bill preying on his mind. Any one who measured over 45 inches around the waist was an object of suspicion. He cut Everell dead, and even such gentlemen as Gracie, Cushman, and Dumont père were regarded with distrust. How sad it is to relate that one morning, after a night at repose, where he dreamt he was floating on silver clouds eating unlimited melons, the old cook rushed up stairs yelling "fore de lord, Massa Frank, dey is gone!" so they were, all, all gone! He lay on the ground a wreck. A flock of boys from Irishtown had gobbled them.

—In every country town there is an aboriginal element who ridicule and cry down everything that is done to improve and build up the place—partly from a fear of increase of taxes (without reflecting on the increase of values), and partly in their innate dislike to advancement, beauty and art. To such generous gentlemen as Messrs. De Forest, Martin and Allen, the townspeople of Summit should give every encouragement and assistance. They are making an oasis of art in this beautiful desert which God made and the old Jerseymen tried to spoil.

DORA DE SMITH.

SHORT HILLS CLUB.

THE minstrel entertainment given by this club at the Music Hall on the 19th inst. was a gratifying success, and while there were a number of vacant seats among the audience there was applause enough to fill the house two or three times.

The opening was particularly good, the choruses being sung with unusual effect for amateur musicians, while many of the jokes, which were heralded with all of the called-for dignity by Mr. Henry, were in the prime of vigorous manhood, although one or two tottered on the borders of by-gone days.

Mr. A. H. DeRongé, as one of the end men, carried out his part with as much nonchalance as though he was not the mainspring of the entertainment so far as responsibility was concerned, and as for Mr. W. P. Toler, he was simply a godsend.

We append the programme in full:

PART 1.
 Overture, "Razors in the air" By the Company.
 Baritone Song, "Linger not, darling" Mr. D. S. Cameron.
 Comic Song, "Keep in the middle of the road" Mr. W. P. Toler.
 Tenor Song, "Only to see her face again" Mr. F. Pinkney.
 Plantation Refrain, "Angel Gabriel" Mr. A. Merritt.
 Bass Song, "Old Black Joe" Mr. W. Cameron.
 Comic Song, "Hal-le-lu Bone" Mr. A. H. DeRongé.
 Finale, "Aldshipmte" Mr. W. P. Toler.
 (And full chorus.)

PART 2.
THE BLACKVILLE NIGHTINGALE.
 Mr. Augustus Wessels.

IMPULSIVE ORATION.
 Mr. C. S. Henry.

THE ONE I LOVE SINCERELY,
 SONG AND DANCE,
 Mr. F. Pinkney.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.
 Landlord Mr. C. DeRongé.
 Whitewasher Mr. W. P. Toler.

I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE,
 SONG AND DANCE,
 Mr. H. P. Toler.

BANJO SOLO AND SONG,
 A. Merritt.

PART 3.
"THE TICKET TAKER,"
 with the following Cast of Characters:

Manager D. S. Cameron.
 Previous Difficulties C. W. Copland.
 Citizen W. Cameron.
 Macbeth A. H. DeRongé.
 Banjo Performer A. Merritt.
 Mosc W. P. Toler.
 Bogus Mosc C. Noel.
 Hamlet C. S. Henry.
 Market Woman H. P. Toler.

To conclude with the
"GREAT CAKE WALK"
 By the Company.

THE LIBRARY AGAIN.

Editor of THE ARROW.

Dear Sir: Now that our little settlement has fairly started its church, and, hardly less important movement, "The Ladies' Benevolent Society," why not strike when the iron is hot, and have our library now. "Nemo" rather throws it in our face that we're always talking and never doing. But no one minds what he says—he's nobody, any way.

Why didn't he suggest something, and not tax other people's invention? The ladies are the ones to start the library. Why don't they call a meeting and open their purses a little way for the purchase of a few books, and then beg for suitable accommodations? Let some of the fair damozels take turns in distributing and exchanging the books, and, presto—there we have it!

QUERY.

"Mr. Jones' Shirt Store," read an old lady, cautiously. "Well, why doesn't he get it mended!"

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

IN the course of a confidential conversation with a friend who had recently had two new shirts made, we learned incidentally that the style of building shirts had radically changed, and that they were being made to button in front instead of at the back of the neck. The news was so good that we could not believe it until we had it directly from a shirt-maker, who showed us the ground plan and front elevation that had been prepared by architects for the erection of some fine shirts for our best citizens; and, sure enough, the old fashion of folding-doors in front, instead of a storm-door between the shoulder-blades in the back was the fashion.

Those shirts that button in the back have been the cause of more profanity than any one thing. Shirts that button in the back have been the cause of crime. Religious societies cannot prosper as they should when the male population has to reach over its head, and away round to the back of the neck to button its shirt.

For fourteen years the men of this country have been slaves to this absurd fashion, and more arms have been cramped, shoulders dislocated and backs bent than would be believed by those who have not seen it. The spectacle of a mild-mannered man, after getting into his shirt, making a contortionist of himself, an acrobat, trying to get on the other side of himself to button his shirt the back way, is sad indeed.

Statistics show that the buttons on the back of a shirt always come off the second week, and in place of the thin oyster-shell button that comes with the shirt, the housewife always sews on a big drawers' button, four sizes larger than the button-hole, and if he gets the button in the hole, the hole has to be "bushed" or a washer put on the button next time.

Go through our prisons, and you will find that the criminals—the bad men—wear shirts that button in the back. They have been driven to a life of crime by letting their tempers get the best of them while searching blindly for a button with one hand and a buttonhole with the other, when their back was turned. They go from home mad, and commit crime to get even.

The very idea of having shirts that open in front will give a feeling of rest to tired, back-aching humanity. To stand up to a glass and button a shirt, and see what you are about, will be bliss, indeed. There are times—we say it advisedly—there are times when the best of us want to put a hand inside his shirt bosom, but with the old shirt that buttons in the back a man might as well be in a burglar-proof safe, with the combination lost, as to try to get in. A man's stomach has been a sealed book for fifteen years, with the old boiler-iron shirt-bosom, with no port-holes.

Occasionally a man's heart aches, and if he could put a hand on it without going around the back way and sneaking in under the arm, he could tell by the feeling whether it was unrequited affection that ailed him, or rheumatism.—*Ex.*

"A MODERN INSTANCE.

Little Lucy and her brother James went tripping down the street hand in hand, laughing merrily, and well might they be happy, for each had twenty-five cents, and they were going to spend it for ice cream. As they went along through the glorious autumn air, a strange and painful sight met their gaze. A crowd of naughty boys had surrounded a poor dog, and had tied a deserted tomato can to his tail. "O, James," cried little Lucy, as she pressed the twenty-five cents closer within her tender palm; "look! see what those naughty boys are doing." Her little heart was touched, and she was sad withal. Stepping quickly up to these wicked boys, she asked them how much they would take to release the tail of the poor dog from the deserted tomato can.

"Twenty-five cents," said a hardened-looking boy, who probably never had gone to Sunday-school in all his life.

"Do you hear what he says, James?" said his little sister, as she silently pressed his hand.

"Yes," replied James, "but if you give him the twenty-five cents you cannot have your ice cream."

Little Lucy's eyes fell, and two great tears trembled on her lashes. Lucy dearly loved ice cream, and as she stood there looking down upon the pavement,

who can tell what was going on in that little breast?

Suddenly she looked up, all hesitation was gone. With one of those beautiful looks upon her face which we often hear of but seldom see, she exclaimed, looking unflatteringly into her brother's face:

"Here, Jim, you kick in the boys' ribs, while I hustle the pup down the alley."

So little Lucy had her ice cream, after all.

—(After) *Chicago Tribune.*

SPRINGFIELD ITEMS.

THE proposed drainage measure that was so favorably inaugurated, and that met the unanimous sanction of the citizens generally, has been checked for the present by reason of the late freshet. The friends of the movement think it best to defer operations until spring, and after the county replace the bridges that were swept away by the flood.

THE damage done the town by the washing of the streets, &c., has all been repaired, and with comparatively little expense.

THE hat manufactory of Mr. Wickman is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy by January 1st. The extent and importance of the enterprise is assuming larger proportions than at first announced. In connection with the buildings announced in THE ARROW, Mr. Wickman is now erecting others of nearly double the capacity, and he expects to carry on all branches of the trade, and will employ about two hundred hands.

MR. A. H. BURNETT, of Orange (a former and prominent resident of this place), took corrosive sublimate in mistake for medicine on Tuesday, October 17th, from the effects of which he died a week later. Mr. Burnett was widely known and highly respected in Springfield and Milburn, and the news of his sudden and sad death was received with feelings of profound sorrow. He leaves a widow and six children. The funeral services were held in the M. E. Church, Springfield, October 26, and were largely attended, Rev. C. S. Vaneleve and Rev. H. W. Teller officiating.

LIFE INSURANCE PLACED in all COMPANIES.

ACCIDENT AND FIRE INSURANCE AT LOW RATES BY

HENRY HALE,

120 BROADWAY, N. Y. HILLBURN, N. J.

REAL ESTATE

ORANGE, N. J., (and Vicinity,) A SPECIALTY.
 PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND RENT.

EDWARD P. HAMILTON

OFFICES:
 No. 2 Pine Street, N. Y., or Cor. Cone St., Opposite Orange Main Station.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Artists' Materials, &c.

FOR SALE BY
C. T. RAYNOLDS & CO.,
 106 & 108 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

ASA T. WOODRUFF,
 AUCTIONEER, REAL ESTATE AND GENERAL AGENT,
 Office at the Post Office, SPRINGFIELD, N. J.
 Established 1868.

Personal attention given to sales of Real Estate. Properties taken in charge, rents, interests, &c., collected, and all business requiring the services of an agent, promptly attended to.
 Bonds and Mortgages written and acknowledged; also special attention given to the sale of Household Furniture, Farming Stock and Merchandise of every description at Auction.

THOMAS B. ALLEN,
CATERER,
 691 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

Parties, Weddings, Dinners, etc., supplied equal to best New York Caterers. TRY OUR FRENCH CREAMS.

S. S. WOODRUFF,
 DEALER IN
BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS,
 At Post Office, Springfield, N. J.

Seasonable stock constantly on hand and as low as can be had elsewhere. Call and examine. TERMS CASH.

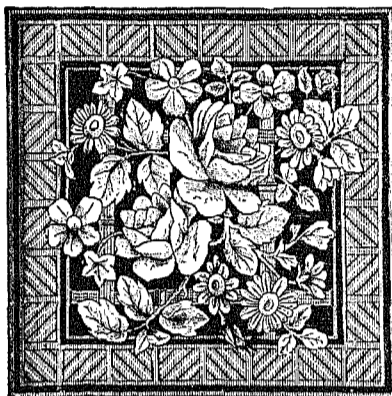
ARTISTIC WALL PAPERS,

Designed and Manufactured by

FR. BECK & CO.,

Corner Seventh Ave. & Twenty-ninth St.

NEW YORK.



IN OUR NEW PATTERNS for the coming season will be found a reproduction of the most choice and expensive fabrics of European design and manufacture, among which appear quaint old Dutch and Venetian leathers, antique metals and velvets, and the woven tapestries so much used in former times. We offer a decided novelty in the genuine velvets, which can be hung like wall paper, and which, in softness of tone and delicacy of shading, richly decorated as they are with antique designs stamped and raised upon their surface, cannot be excelled.

Our unusual facilities for producing these richer fabrics have also been turned to good account in the cheaper varieties of paper-hangings made by us, which represent, to an astonishing degree, the same beauty of design and coloring, thus placing truly artistic effects within reach of the lowest prices.

The preparation of suitable designs for Ceiling Decoration has been made a matter of special consideration. To insure harmony of detail, we will, if desired, attend to the entire work of Interior Decoration, for which we employ the best talent, and to which we give our personal supervision.

ONLY SEVEN.

[A Pastoral Story after Wordsworth.]

I marveled why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild
And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I asked her why she cried.
The damsel answered, with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside!"

"I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven."
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answered, "Only seven!"

And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I.
"O, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammered out,
"Of course you've had eleven."
The maiden answered with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles."

"Now, if you don't reform," said I,
You'll never go to heaven!"
But all in vain; each time I try,
The little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song,
Lines after Ache-inside.

H. S. LEIGH.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

Oh, he was a Bowery boot-black bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the boot-black smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here!" he cried.
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save *one* who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low,
That boot-black smiled once more.
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek--
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

—M. D. B. in Harper's.

"Why," asked Plato of Socrates, as they languidly rose from the symposium and walked up the Appian Way—"why is a lazy dog like a sheet of paper?" Socrates thoughtfully rubbed his ear and said, "Seems to me I've heard that before somewhere." "Well, old anthropos, guess it. *Ille respondit* quickly." Socrates made seven futile attempts, turning the pun on the words "tale," "write," "canis," etc., when Plato became impatient and told him, "Because it's a slow pup." "Yes," said Soc., "I've heard it before, but I don't tumble to it now, some way. How's a sheet of paper a slow pup?" Plato smiled and remarked, "You'd better swap off that punkin head of yours; a sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane, isn't it?—and an inclined plane is a slope up, perhaps you see!" Then they walked slowly to the Keller, and Socrates remarked in a pensive tone, "Zwei!"

The subtle meaning of these three lines will be understood when we explain that they were written to fill up the column.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

HARTSHORN'S

SELF-ACTING

Shade Rollers.

NO CORDS OR BALANCES.

Made in all Sizes and Lengths.

Annual Sales More Than
1,000,000 Rollers.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

S. HARTSHORN,

486 Broadway, New York.



"QUICK AS WINK."

ROCKWOOD'S

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS,

17 UNION SQUARE.

Mr. Rockwood gives personal attention to the posing of sitters.

CLUB PHOTOGRAPHS.

In order to introduce the excellent and artistic work of our new DOWN TOWN BRANCH ESTABLISHMENT,

15 CITY HALL SQUARE,

Corner Brooklyn Bridge,

we have organized a system of clubs. This will enable many to obtain first-class portraiture at modified rates. Parties wishing to get up a club can get prices and full particulars at the down town establishment as above.