

AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

An Anglo-Doggerel Greeting "To the Beautiful Buffalo Bill."

THE FIREFMAN BREAKS THE NEWS

Remarkable Dogs and Other Characters—Development of Business Ability—Mean Men and Monkeys, Etc., Etc.

Buffalo Bill

George R. Sims in London Before South Kensington a lustre is setting. The estimated price of the statue: The star of the Bostoner's winning. The pennant crown grows pale. The crowd that gathered in the afternoon. The law court sessions are all. Society needs a new tonic. So come along, Buffalo Bill!

We've worshiped our Irving and Terry. To the states our dear nation has rushed. Greek tragedy's in the theater. And the Shelley society's a crowd. The pastoral players are coughing. That long and the long and a chill: There is nothing to dash with the booking. For the show of big Buffalo Bill!

We hear that the cowboys are wonders. And do what no rough rider dare. So wherever the pitch is in London. Is wild horses will bring us there. O, fancy the scene of excitement! O, fancy five acres of fall. The cowboys and the cowboys and horses. And the beautiful Buffalo Bill!

They say he's a darling, a hero, A truly magnificent man. With hair that falls over his shoulders. And a face that's a picture to see. And then he's so kind and so darling. Yet gentle and nice with it still— Only fancy if all the young ladies. Got mashed upon Buffalo Bill!

The world is a wondrous desert. The life that we live is a bore. The cheek of the apple is rosy. But the canker-worm hides in the core. Our hearts have a longing for something. That's not, then, O, let us be still. With your mustang and injuns and cowboys. And your sweet Buffalo Bill!

A Very Remarkable Dog. A solemn man recently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself and called for a bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have, sir?" asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table and was gravely regarding his master.

"Well, said the solemn man, reflectively, 'gimme some oxtail soup.'"

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled veal.

"Cup of coffee and plenty of milk," went on the solemn man.

"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter shuddered and turning fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint at an adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely and finally spoke to the solemn man.

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the other.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

"He'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached \$200 the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can have him."

"He'll be sorry for it," said the dog.

The man asked a clerk to draw a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again:

"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again."

He never did.

The gentleman with the squint was proprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a professional ventriloquist.

He was the identical individual. Traveler's Magazine: It was on the Grand Central, the secretary of the Bangor. A well-dressed gentleman came into the smoker and asked:

"Is there a gentleman from Bangor in this car?"

"Cheer up!" yelled a young man who was engaged in a game of poker, dollar ante.

"Sir," said the well-dressed gentleman, "I simply asked a civil question, and I hoped for a civil answer."

"Civil nothing!" said the poker player.

"If I'd said I was from Bangor, then you'd have said, 'Kindly oblige me with the loan of your cork-stem,' and then everybody would have laughed. That racket is bald-headed and moth-eaten down here—try it on some other road."

"Sir, you do me an injustice. I simply wish to know the secretary of the Bangor Young Men's Christian Association is in town at the present time."

"I'll take it all back—accept my apologies—and this bottle. I'm the secretary of the Bangor Young Men's Christian Association."

"Set down till I scoop in this jack-pot, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Taking the Starch Out of an Orator. New Orleans Picayune: George Sheridan was once addressing a meeting in New Orleans to denounce William Pitt Kellogg. He made a long and powerful speech and wound it up with a peroration of singularly vivid force. I can't recall his words, but here is the substance of it: "If every drop of water that flows through the mighty Mississippi from its icy source in the far northwest were turned into golden coin and the whole vast flood were emptied in my hand, I would not consent to stand in the shoes of William Pitt Kellogg. If every grain of shining sand along the shore could be transformed into a glittering diamond as large as a walnut and as pure as air, and the whole boundless wealth thus represented could be cast down in one great mountain before me, I would not take the bribe to change places with William Pitt Kellogg."

"Just here a man standing right in front of the platform called out, 'You are a liar, George! You'd weaken.'"

The meeting adjourned.

Orthogonal and Orthopaical. Boston Courier.

There was a young man in Bordeaux Proposed to a girl who said naught: Now with tears in her eyes, Repentant for serving his snags.

A girl in a moment of pique Gave her lover a slap on the cheek: But he left her that day, And didn't go back for a week.

A girl who had plenty of beaux, A flirt, as we well may suppose, Met a lover one day, Who kissed her on sight, And kissed her right square on the nose.

They Had Their Mouths Together. "I declare," said Belle, sweetly, "Augustus, your thoughts run exactly in unison with mine. I had those very words in my mouth."

"Feth, and I saw him put 'em there, too, for I was behind the sofa before mamma came in, when he held his mouth to yours," said little Johnny, emphatically.

He Thought It Cheapest to Marry the Old Woman. Kentucky Star: "Well, Jennie,

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NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—[Correspondence of the Bee.]—A slim, erect, graceful girl of twenty, with a special beauty that would satisfy a sculptor by its perfect regularity of features, an artist by its delicacy of coloring, and an ordinary observer by its complete lack of lines, walked past me in Broadway this morning. She had the sort of personality that had been something of exaggeration in costume without producing a vulgar effect. There are women, you know, who can't wear the smallest checks for fear of loudness, while others can turn their surfaces into chessboards without offense. This maiden was of the latter type, and so her miter of broad squares in brown and black was becoming, and the Tam O' Shanter cap stuck on her sorrel hair asked was a delight. I don't say that she was singular in her attractiveness. Broadway is full of feminine beauty and her equal could have been found on the next block or two, no doubt. But she was Miss Tillie Martin, who is to be an admired figure in the white of this season, unless I am mistaken. She is the daughter of Dr. Henry J. Martin, a New York physician and a niece of James Fugate, the Paterson iron manufacturer, with whose wife she is connected by marriage. She is a well-known Adirondack. There she became well acquainted with the bride of President Cleveland, and they got to be very chummy after a while. In fact, she is invited to an invitation to Tillie to stay a month or longer in Washington a guest of Mrs. Cleveland. If she does not eclipse nearly everybody else in capital bellehood her account may be plain. She is a lady of fine in a wardrobe that won't hinder her progress, I'll be bound; and her fresh beauty will conquer a tremendous vogue.

Another thing that I know beforehand about the Washington season is that President Cleveland is going to be neater and nicer in his own attire at the state reception. I mean no disrespect to his excellency when I say that he is naturally a little bit of a slovenly sort of man. Bachelorhood, prolonged abnormally, is bound to make a fellow careless as to dress; and when a quadruple chin and seventy inches of girth bust measure obscure his view of his vest buttons, he can't easily know whether they are fast or loose. "You ought to have seen young Mrs. Cleveland finishing her husband's toilet, said a woman who was with them at Saratoga. "One afternoon he lounged into the parlor, after the nap that he invariably took. His hair was rumpled, his necktie askew and one button of his coat was inserted in the button-hole next to the pocket. His eyes were tired and his face was red. His pretty wife laid him at the entrance. With one glance but rapid hand she smoothed his hair, while with the other she straightened his necktie. Instantly a new man was revealed, and the president of the United States, transformed from a sloven to a state of neatness. Therefore, Mr. Cleveland will be touched up by his wife this winter in Washington, and vastly to his betterment as an object for social contemplation.

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On another occasion he gave the number of grizzles again at nine, and yesterday some of his friends went to him and said:

"Of course, we don't want to seem cautious, but we want to ask about those grizzles. The different statements made are working to your injury, and we—"

"Well, what would be a fair number?" he interrupted.

"Why, we want the truth, of course."

"Why, I'll make a memorandum so as to stick to it. Yes, gentlemen, I killed ten grizzles, and several got away to die in their dens."

The Champion Mean Man. There is not a meaner man in Austin than Hostetter McGinnis. He is ten years older than the Honorable Long-collared, to whom he has been paying addresses, but he has been continually raising her hopes only to dash them to the ground.

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"Esmeralda—"And what is that futile desire, Hostetter, he said, lovingly."

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How a Young Fireman Broke it Gently to an Engineer's Wife. Drake's Magazine: Young fireman (after knocking at the door of engineer's house, nervously)—"Are you the wife—"

Engineer's wife (savagely)—"Am I what?"

"Are you Jim?"

"I'm not Jim—"

"I'm not Mr. Brannigan's wife?"

"Well, what if I am? Haven't you a tongue in your head?"

"Yes—but I didn't hanker after such a wife as you."

"Out with it! Do you think there's no end to a body's patience? Why didn't you tell me so?"

"He couldn't, ma'am—that is—but the last word I ever said to him, he says."

"The last word Jim spoke?" (upper register and still ascending.) He's gone and got smashed and sent a fool like you up here to tell me, has he?"

"But, ma'am—"

"Don't 'but me, you goat!"

"(Desperately)—"Really and truly, it ain't Jim."

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"Selling his own dirty shirt, he opened—"

"Well, if this ain't enough to try the patience of a meeting house full of saints! Two of Jim's dirty shirts! Wants 'em washed, I suppose! Just like Jim to fool with his wife's feelings this way—and there's \$2,000 insurance on his life if there's a cent! Why didn't you speak out and not make a muss of it?"

"You didn't give me a chance, ma'am (retreating)—"

"As he left for a week with his chin: 'Tell the old woman, says he (still retreating), 'not to wash one of them buttons, or I'll—'"

"Oh, he will, will he?"

In the impromptu race between an angry woman armed with a mop and a young fireman armed with fear, the latter came off winner by a length.

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What a queer combination of cheek and personality. Insolent, pride, gab, impudence, vanity, jealousy, hate, scorn, baseness, insanity, honor, truth, wisdom, virtue, urbanity."

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