

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

The leading democratic newspaper of the United States, the *New York Sun*, publishes the following catechism:

Do you see the man?
I do see the man.
Who is the man?
Grover Cleveland.
Who is Grover Cleveland?
The President of the United States.
How did he get there?
The Democratic party put him there.
What is the Democratic party?
It is what swiped the Republican party off the face of the earth in 1892.
Did it?
That was the inference.
How was it done.
By promises.
What kind of promises?
Promises to do what the people demanded by the majority to be done.
Have the promises been kept?
Yes, kept in the background, where they can't be got at.
What are these promises?
The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.
Ah, faith?
The same, but the works are rusty.
Who is doing this?
The three Cs.
The three Cs?
Yes; Cuckoos, Compromise, and Cleveland.
Do Democrats favor this combination?
No, no, no!
Why don't they spit on their hands and take another hold?
Their hands are tied.
Can't they kick?
They can and they do.
Does it avail nothing?
D— little. Put wait.
Is there no balm in Gilead?
If there is, the Wilson bill has got a duty on it.
What is the Wilson bill?
It is a sop to Cerberus.
Who's Cerberus?
Ask the promoters of the bill.
Do they know.
They think they do.
When will they know for sure?
In 1896.
What will happen then?
They will feel the trouble which every one else feels now.

A VISION OF BLISS.

Scene—A narrow strip of sand, upon which the waves beat dismally. The moon shines tearfully through a bank of dark clouds. Four grim sheeted figures stand six paces apart, eyeing each other suspiciously.

First Ghost (snappishly)—I came here for solitude. I don't see why you should wish to intrude on my privacy.

The Three Other Ghosts—Who are you?

First Ghost—I am the bathing-suit joke and I'm sick of life, so I came down here to drown myself.

Second Ghost—I'm the hammock joke and that's exactly what I'm here for.

Third Ghost—I'm the mosquito joke and that's my game exactly. Lets all drown together.

(They do so.)

Fourth Ghost (retreating up the beach)—I'm the editor who has had to read 'em. I intended suicide, but as they're dead, I'll think better of it and retire to the hotel for a drink.—*Town Topics*.

ENVY.

A little cat—

A puny, waspish thing, that scratched and spat,
And showed its claws and sprawled upon the mat,
And viewing me as some intruder bold,
It of my trousers leg took vicious hold,
And miaowed most dismally
At me—

Until my lady took it on her knee.

A little cat—

Wee, furry thing my lady kissed and stroked—
At seeing which, I very nearly choked
With envy of the wretched little beast
That she adored, to say the very least—
And wished, religiously,
You see,

I were that cat, to sit upon her knee.—*Town Topics*.

UNTRUE, OF COURSE.

A good story, which is, of course, untrue, is told on Judge Durham. The incident is said to have happened while he was Controller of the Currency. One Sunday, so the story goes, the judge, who is a devout man, went to church in Washington. The audience was an inspiring one and the sermon a good one. When the minister had quit speaking he said:

"Now let us return thanks to the Great Controller of the Universe."

No sooner had the words been uttered than the judge, who is a gentleman of the old school arose and publicly thanked the preacher for the distinguished honor he had paid him.

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