



THE "DRY GOODS" STORE OF THE PERIOD.

X-MAS CONTRIBS.

And now comes the time of the year, when the Christmas box is sent away to the old nurse who lived in the family during the childhood of a former generation.

She has the sympathy and love of the family in which she lived to such an extent that the express charges are prepaid, and she has nothing to do but open the box and gratify her curiosity.

Every one contributes something, because she has a large family, and is very poor and deserving, and pleasant reminiscences of her fidelity to the children are called to mind while the articles are being gathered for her relief.

The oldest person present—the person who can look furthest back—remembers how patient she was with Johnny, and how she smiled upon instead of scolding him, when he ventured close enough to the dog to allow the latter to shake mud on his white clothes, and how she made excuses for him when he committed any boyish misdemeanor, to save him from the torture of the maternal slipper, and how she mixed common soap and brown sugar to put on his neck just after he experienced the sensation of the hornet's epigram. All these things are revived with beautiful pathos, together with a history of her romance and final elopement with the gardener.

Everybody contributes everything that everybody can spare, and the articles piled up on the floor embrace everything, from a pair of Summer trousers to a pair of blue sea-side glasses. There are old neckties, collars, overalls, vests, waterproof cloaks, socks, cuffs, overalls and everything else that may be worn.

And, as the head of the family looks through the garments, to see that the pockets are empty, she gives the details of the poor woman's life, and remarks that the overcoat will do to cut down for the children, in case it is too small for the father. Then she says the dog-eared collars will do for any member of the family, and that the blue glasses will be just the thing for the husband to wear while out in the hot sun gardening next year. After the things are all carefully searched, they are laid on the floor and put in shape to go into the box.

First the waterproof cloak is stretched on the floor, then comes the overcoat, and, on top of this, the collars, a red bodice, and a lot of miscellaneous trousers and the blue eye-glasses are placed. Then the waterproof and overcoat are drawn around the other objects, and the whole outfit is tied up like a bunch of youthful trees for shipping—that is, it is tied up after some cord is found, which generally takes some time, and results in pieces of rope and window cord and pink twine being joined to accomplish the purpose. Then comes the box.

Or rather the box does not come, because one cannot be found; so it is decided to wrap the huge bundle up in paper. The next thing is to find the paper. Every room is searched high and low, but nothing in the way of paper half large enough can be found—nothing but some small pieces of brown paper and a copy of *Ulysses*. Well, turn up, and these are laid on the floor, and the remains placed on them. Then a lot of cord is tied together and slipped under the bundle, and is drawn about it in every conceivable direction to hold each piece of paper. As there is so much cord tied around the garments, it seems strange that the paper is not fastened on with paste, for paste would hold the paper more snugly to the waterproof cloak than anything else. But, after all the cord is exhausted, the corners of every piece of paper stick out, and you can learn the nature of the contents through the fissures.

This is the time that the young lady sits on the floor beside the fellow who is manipulating

the cord, and pins the paper down. She has her mouth brim full of pins, but she keeps on talking in a merry way, and never swallows one. By the time it is all pinned and tied up, some one lifts it, to get some idea of what the expressage will amount to, and the cord breaks, and the whole business flies out on his feet.

Then they hunt up a lot more cord and wire and strips of cloth intended to be made into rag carpet, and fasten them together and attach an old pair of suspenders to the end, and tie up that bundle so tight that, if varnished, it would do for a sign to hang in front of a French bread establishment, and it seems that an ax ought to be sent with the package, so that the good old nurse may open it. It looks much thinner than it did before. It looks dyspeptic. It looks as though it had lost ten pounds in the last ten minutes, and that the country is just the place it ought to go to. Then the bundle is stood up in the corner like a clothes-prop, and on the following morning the butler picks it up in his arms like a log, and knocks some one down every time he turns a corner on the way to the express office. And the old lady that sends the package looks after it out of the window, as though she were watching some dear relative fade from view on the briny blue.

M.

TO MISS J. J. JARDINE.



Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born,
—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III, l.

O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine!
Oh, maiden the fairest of all I have seen,
Your optics are blue and your features are fair,
And gold is the tint of your opulent hair,
Your bonnet is yellow, the feather is green,
O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine!

O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine!
You're arrogant, haughty, and proud as a queen;
You carol divinely, oh, princess of flirts,
And look just as though you've been taken by Kurtz,
As there is a languor you daintily lean,
O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine!

O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine,
You look not a day more than sweet seventeen,
You look far more sweet than when last Summer we
Went splashing about in the turbulent sea,
With your bathing-suit, fashioned of blue mouseline,
O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine!

O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine,
I'll meet you some night at a party, I swear,
And take you to supper, and with you I'll dance,
And then, when I find that I've got a good chance,
I'll "pop" to you, hid by the Japanese screen,
O Julia Jerusha Jemima Jardine!

R. K. M.

THE KEELY MOTOR.

COMPLETED AT LAST.

A REVOLUTION IN LOCOMOTION.

WHAT THE INVENTOR SAYS.

This paper is a scientific journal. We have shown our tender attachment for science on many occasions. The world is indebted to us for a full exposition of Mr. Edison's wonderful inventions, and now the turn of the long deferred Keely motor comes.

After many years of patient toil, Mr. Keely has succeeded in perfecting a machine that must have a complete revolutionary effect on everything appertaining to mechanics. The discovery is so mighty a one that we scarcely feel competent to deal with it ourselves, and therefore it is much better to let Mr. Keely describe it in his own words.

"Puck," said the inventor to a commissioner of this paper: "has always been my friend. When other journals have been cruel enough to designate me as a fraud, a charlatan, an impostor and an ignoramus, yours has taken my part and has upheld my integrity and profound genius. When self-styled scientists have stated that I haven't invented anything, and if I had, I couldn't explain it in correct English, Puck has come forward as my champion. The fact is, sir, that my motor is so marvelously wonderful that no scientific expert can understand it.

"It knocks all the laws of mechanics and natural philosophy higher than a kite. I have already applied for my patents, but I am really frightened of completing my engine, the consequences will be so terrible. The railroads will all be ruined, and their locomotives sold for old iron. I intend to build new lines for myself—couldn't trust any of the present roads; they would steal my idea. What do you say to getting to Philadelphia in ten minutes, Chicago in half an hour, and San Francisco in an hour and a quarter, and all by the disintegration of a table-spoonful of water? Transit of Venus! why, sir, if I'd have been able to read then, there wouldn't have been any looking through telescopes or observation of contacts. I could have gone there with my motor—yes, sir, gone to Venus and back in four hours. Our descendants won't be able to do that in 2004, because my secret dies with me; but just think what a fine chance the astronomers missed. The engine I'm constructing is a big one. I can't exactly say when it will be finished. I don't suppose the work on it will take more than a year. You want to know the principle of my invention? Of course I can't furnish you with details, but I have no objection to saying that, when water is subjected to the incandescence of colorless caloric, it reinforces itself in a zoological vacuum which produces infernal disintegration. That of course is perfectly clear. Now, if you take the quadratic equation of the square of biological triangles with oxy-hydrogen genealogical osteology, the result is naturally a dynamic alliteration of trigonometrical paresis, bearing in mind that no vibratory organisms are ever palcontologized, or their subversive functions reiterated when congested with pneumatic hyperbolic theories. The ichthyological complications superinduced thereby generate a perichelion precession, and then arises perfect economical and cosmological ostentatious motion. Such is my incongruous and translucent system."

THE COMPOSITOR'S favorite poet is Coppee, and he never can get enough of him. This paragraph entitles the holder to a front seat in the City Hall Park.

CROCKERY.

Of and oft, when I was little,
Waiting to grow tall,
I have broken vessels, brittle—
'Cause I let them fall.

Let them slip between my digits,
Bang against the floor,
Then (like other well-thrashed midgets)
Cried an hour or more.

Now I'm bald and gray, and battered,
Things still go to smash:
Hopes and loves are daily shattered—
One continual crash.

Life is naught but cups and saucers:
Handle it with care,
Though this poem isn't Chaucer's,
Fame is earthenware.

HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

AN EXCEPTION.

ONE COMMENDABLE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Perhaps the Editor of PUCK might like to know that one of the Episcopal clergymen of Utica, N. Y., in his Thanksgiving Day sermon, said a good thing of PUCK, appreciative of the stand it takes in regard to *faith and decency*. In showing that the world to-day, in regard to Christianity, is swinging back from the reaction which followed the strait-laced days of Puritan ascendancy, and the no less tyrannical sway of Tricraft, he pointed to several instances; among other things this is what he said of Puck:

"This is shown by the character of that weekly periodical which furnishes our best and most popular specimen of American wit. That paper exposes religious nonsense as well as any other kind. Why not? But it never—in intention surely, though in judgment possibly at times—seems to ridicule the faith itself. It is not an essentially irreverent paper, though its aim may not be to teach reverence. It holds up to satire and disgrace that famous and infamous orator who has lent his talents, of late years, in publicly denouncing the Bible and the church, equally with that distinguished Jackanapes of a preacher who (may the Lord judge him, not I!) gives a weekly exhibition of serio-comic Christianity in a Brooklyn tabernacle. In addition to that—and, as we might expect from a paper that reverences true religion—it is singularly free from indecency. Another triumph of modern witicism—since wit too often makes capital of those two subjects: religion and indecency—I say, the significance of this fact that we have a periodical devoted to fun and born of this generation, more harmless than our old dailies, so full as they are of all vile news. The significance of this fact is another cause of gratitude to-day."

I am not at liberty to mention names, nor is it necessary. The only purpose is to encourage a reputation so honorable and well-deserved, and to let you know that in Utica as well as elsewhere, no doubt, your regard for public morals is duly appreciated.

This is my excuse for these lines.

UTICA, N. Y.,
December 9th, 1882.

PROMINENT ARRIVALS.

Major Domo is at the Fifth Avenue.
Lt. Beans, of Boston, is at Sweeney's Hotel.
Gen. Stampede was registered at the Sturtevant House a few nights since.

M. le Duc de Montebello has arrived from France, and is stopping at the Custom House.

Dunn Brown, member of the New Jersey Legislature, is registered at the Station House.

A. Divine, of Brooklyn, arrived at the Jefferson Market Hall-Way House late last night.

A Current Rumor reached this city from Boston the other day, but is not stopping at the Alburnaire.

Gov. Shotgun, of Rhode Island, has arrived in town, loaded as usual, and has been put up at the Astor House.

Fresh Y. Man, of Haddamperdam, Conn., has "cum down to York," and is "puttin' up" at Bunwell's.

Lord V. Heavyswell, of Igh' Gloun, London, W. C., lately arrived by S. S. "Cuckney," is stopping at "Ary Ill's."

Hon. Joshua Goliath Gung, M. C., of Chesapeake Creek, N. J., is among the latest arrivals at the Left Side Hotel.

Thomas and Jeremiah Mug are in town for the Christmas holidays—the well-known firm of Mug Brothers & Co., having gone into liquidation.

John Barleycorn, of Kentucky, accompanied by his numerous family and immediate relatives, has arrived in New York, where he will spend the Winter, as usual.

Answers Say the Aurious.

HASLETINE.—Have you got her X-mas?

W. W. FINK.—See PUCK'S ANNUAL—out in January.

BLENKINSOP.—Send us the other copy, and we will burn that, too.

S. J. TILDEN.—It is a pretty poem, but too sentimental.

W. A. MCC.—You have twittered a wasted wit. Your poem acted as the medium by which the ignition of a sulphur match was communicated to the anthracite in our office stove.

H. C. D.—All right—come right into the fold. Blask in the sunshine of our smile. Do you get your page, reg?

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—Don't like it, eh? No, you don't say so, do you? Well, well, well! Why didn't you mention it before? You had only to tell us, and we would have made a radical change in the staff.

Why, this paper is run only to please you. Bless your dear soul, we don't care for money or the suffrages of the people. Board and lodging and your approbation, and one suit of clothes a year are enough for us. Life has no further joy. Even now, it has cast a cloud over our young life's bright firmament to know that you don't like our contributor. You will receive his cranial vacuum and his heart and lungs by express.

Eduard Wick.

NOT DISCOUNT ON "THE DUN."*

Eye, Chicago, Ill.—The Dun meets the eye in all directions.

Springboard, Virginia City, Nev.—The Dun goes everywhere.

Derrick, Oil City, Pa.—The Dun is to be found in everybody's pocket.

Clarion, Skowhegan, Me.—The Dun has the largest circulation in the world.

Monotony, Minerva, O.—The Dun is the liveliest thing for the price in America.

Syr, Worcester, Mass.—The Dun deals in facts and calls things by their right names.

Tomstone, Tombstone, Arizona.—All who receive The Dun know what it really is.

Boomerang, Laramie City, Wyo.—The Dun is something no family can long be without.

Pendulum, East Greenwich, R. I.—Vigor and brevity are the leading features of The Dun.

Star of the Valley, Peapack, N. J.—As a medium of communication The Dun has no equal.

Fress, Owasso, Mich.—The Dun is an old but vigorous truckhorse for reform in street cleaning.

Bohemian, Cleveland, O.—Say what you will of The Dun, it is a recognized "power in the land."

Banner of Light, Edwardsville, Ala.—The Dun is the thing to be had for a small amount of money.

Constitution and Laws, Monticello, Fla.—In a condensed form The Dun is as sound as a genuine dollar.

Herald of the Morning, Skaneateles, N. Y.—The Dun is first—in war, in peace, and the arts of its countrymen.

Bird of Freedom, Saratoga, N. Y.—The Dun is vivid with vigor and virility, and monumental in faith and fearlessness.

Democrat, Funkhannock, Pa.—Congressional candidates whose records are unsavory can attribute their misfortunes to The Dun.

Tin Cup Banner, Sleepy Eye, Minn.—The Dun is a marvel. Its enterprise is co-extensive with civilization. There is no getting round it.

Age, Whitehall, N. Y.—The Dun is a sweet epitome of passing events, spiced with persistency, sweetened with regularity and frosted with repetition.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Holidays at Home" is published by Porter & Coates, and written by Margaret Vandegrift. It is full of illustrations, and would make an acceptable holiday present for a youngster of either sex.

The *American Recorder* is the journal of the book trade; but one wouldn't think so to look at the gorgeous Christmas number published by the American News Company. It is as rich as Vanderbilt in superb illustrations and interesting articles.

The International News Company has flooded us with a select number of publications. We won't say anything about *Longevity Magazine*, but will at once proceed to speak in the highest terms of the "Showman's Series" of children's books No. 112. These are decidedly original articles, and Santa Claus is trying his best to get up a corner in them. Each page of the book is a practical peep show and theatre in itself, under which is a well-written poem especially composed for little minds.

THE MAN who is most envied and hated in a boarding-house is the happy fellow who is placed next the prettiest girl at table.

PUCK tears rejected articles in tatters, and thus the authors' hopes he rudely shatters.

*It duns for all.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



Mr. and Mrs. "Mighty Dollar" Florence have emigrated to Brooklyn and have brought up at HAVERTY'S THEATRE with their specialties. Mr. M. B. Curtis has, in company with "Sam'l of Posen," left for parts not unknown, so now HAVERTY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE contents itself and its audiences with Demman Thompson as *Joshua Whitcomb*, and a pretty healthy sort of contentment it is. Although Modjeska's *Rosalind* does not give much suggestion of Shakespeare—and what foreign actress can read Shakespeare?—it is a pretty clever, delicate and intelligent performance, and crowded BOOTH'S THEATRE last week. Mr. Harrymore's *Orlando* is graceful and manly. To-night Modjeska plays *Viola* in "Twelfth Night," and the remainder of the week appears in "Camille."

"The Little Detective" is the piece to which Lotta is turning her lightest attention this week, at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE. At the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE Messrs. Robson and Crane are playing in "Forbidden Fruit," which is a comedy that has always been popular in America since its clever Boucicaultian from the French. Mr. Robson is *Cato Jones*, and Mr. William H. Crane *Sergeant Butler*, and the theatre rings with merry peals of laughter. "Taken From Life" re-appears at NIMMO'S GARDEN, and affords lovers of blood-and-thunder, real horses, and explosions an opportunity of gratifying their taste. There are the usual remarks to offer regarding "Young Mrs. Windton" at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. *Sie s'empere* Madison Square.

At DALY'S THEATRE New Yorkers will soon have an opportunity of seeing "Serge Panine," a last Winter's Parisian success. Birch, Hamilton & Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL entertainment wouldn't be complete without the refinement and naivety of interlocutor A. C. Monland, and the performance is a most complete one. Country people who are not accustomed to continental warfare, and who come to New York during the Christmas week, should not fail to visit the Grand Panorama—54th Street and 7th Avenue—representing the Siege of Paris in 1871. It is a little better and less dangerous than the real thing. "Experience of a Pariser's Career in England" was the title of a lecture delivered last Friday evening at CHICKERING HALL. This gentleman is a English law serjeant, not a harmy serjeant.