

PUCK.



WHAT HAS BECOME OF EVARTS? — WE SUGGEST A JOURNALISTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

SPOKESMAN REID, (to CENTRAL AFRICAN CHIEF). — Have you seen anything of a small man with a high forehead and an aged hat? He's New York's favorite son, and New York wants to hear from him during the political campaign.

The third baseman of the Chicago Base-ball Club has taken to writing poetry. He should be fined at once. It is a sure indication that he is "off his base."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

An exchange says: The intelligence, "Hats blocked while you wait," frequently stares you in the face on the line of the Elevated Railroad. It is n't as common as cars blocked while you wait, however.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

No man will ever quit the Presidency of a railroad for the Presidency of this country.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Our opinion of the Signal Service Bureau changes every time the weather does.—*Washington Critic*.

TRAMP.—Can you give me something to do, sir?

GENTLEMAN.—What are you?

TRAMP.—I'm a journey man, sir.

GENTLEMAN.—A journeyman what?

TRAMP.—Just a journey man; that's my business.—*Washington Critic*.

PUCK'S

Opper Book,

which is for sale by all newsdealers at 30 cents per copy, by mail from the publishers 35 cents, is a collection of the studies in social and domestic humor which Mr. Oppen has made during the many years of his connection with Puck. Everybody who knows Puck knows his pictures, and their unforced and unfeigned fun.



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and, therefore, everybody who has laughed from week to week over his bright conceits, will be glad to have them, old friends and new, reprinted in an attractive and convenient shape.

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is a 64-page book (size of page 12x14,) containing about 360 illustrations, reprinted from Puck. It has a handsome illuminated cover, and is printed on heavy super-calendered paper.

A PHILADELPHIAN who had reached the age of 112 years and had smoked a pipe for ninety-seven years, suddenly changed to cigarettes. In ten months he was dead.—*Omaha World*.

ANOTHER writer of negro dialect has been discovered in the South. We fear, if this thing keeps on, the negro dialect will arrive at such a state of perfection that it will be taken for Bostonese English.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

DOCTOR.—Did you take the rhubarb I ordered?

PATIENT.—Yes, sir. DOCTOR.—How did you take it?

PATIENT.—In a pie.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A MAGAZINE recently started is called *Woman*. Will sales-ladies patronize a publication bearing such a title?—*Drake's Magazine*.

CONGRESSMEN who want to take the tariff off of lumber are in favor of cheap board.—*Washington Critic*.

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feeling? WHY do I have Backache? WHY Neuralgia and Rheumatism? WHY does Scrofulous taint and Erysipelas show itself?

Because your blood is filled with Poison, which must be Completely Eradicated before you can regain health. You must go to the root of the matter. Put the Kidneys—the great and only blood purifying organs—in complete order, which is complete health, and with

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FIRST CITIZEN.—What do you know about base-ball to-day?

SECOND CITIZEN.—I know nothing whatever about it, and don't want to. It is beneath my notice, and I hold in profound contempt all those who connect themselves in any way with it. It is a disreputable, disorganizing, immoral, reprehensible, gambling waste of time and money.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Well, I'll bet you one hundred dollars the Washington boys win the pennant this year.

SECOND CITIZEN (eagerly).—I'll take that. Put up your money, quick. I despise the game, but I'm no fool.—*Washington Critic*.

A SCIENTIST, who has plenty of spare time on his hands, declares that a cubic inch of air in an ordinary room contains 30,318,000 particles of dust, and they contain all kinds of deadly things which injure the lungs and other delicate portions of the interior department. This shows how great a risk a man runs when he indulges in the prevalent fashion of breathing. It has got to be, according to scientists, about as much as a man's life is worth to breathe; but there are persons who will continue to do it or die in the attempt.—*Norristown Herald*.

The house was about 18x20, and on its north-east corner was a sign which read:

FURNISHED & UNFURNISHED
ROOMS TO RENT.

Mrs. Maloney, the proprietress (as they say in woman suffrage circles) of the institution, led the applicant into a room 7x9 in which was a small bedstead clothed in cheap but dirty garments.

"But," said the applicant, "I want to see the unfurnished room."

"Faith!" said Mrs. Maloney, "that'll be aisy enough if ye'll just give me a lift until we move the bed into the hall!"—*Omaha World*.

Some girls are maidens all forlorn, while others are maidens all for lawn tennis.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

It is the counterfeiter who always "pays a man in his own coin."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Do not buy any more "Poor Rubber Hose," but put your money in the "Spiral" Cotton Hose.



Lighter, cheaper and better than the best rubber hose.

Made on the same principle as the rubber-lined hose used in Fire Departments, which last for years. The cotton duck used in all rubber hose draws in water, where ever exposed, as a wick absorbs oil, and being confined by rubber generates a sulphurous gas, quickly destroying the best rubber hose. The "Spiral" Hose, having no outside covering to imprison the moisture, will dry like a towel. There are imitations, so buy only that which has one red line running through it, and which is branded "Spiral," patented March 30th, 1880. If your dealer does not have it in stock, let him get it. Sample mailed to any address for six cents.

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