

pipe and chandelier from the Slate Roof house; curious writings; inaugural of Penn as first governor of Pennsylvania; "Extra Bulletin, fourth edition," announcing same platform adopted by the Penn Nomination Convention; Penn's letter of acceptance; and the copy of a telegram, viz.:

PHILADELPHIA, 3mo 10th, 1890.

Gulielma Maria Springett Penn,  
5th Avenue Hotel, N. Y., }

I will join thee to-morrow. I start in the eleven o'clock train to-night—fast line—Camden and Amboy. WM. PENN.

Tableaux vivant—Penn family at tea—Con-  
traband waiters.

Bill of Fare: Slippery Elm Tea, Aerated  
Bread, Tomatoes, Ice Cream, Strawberries,  
Smear Case.

These I believe are the most notable. But I  
must close. If you publish this I shall annoy  
you again. WAYFARER.

Come on. Dare say we can "stand it" as  
long as you can.

The following record of patience under mis-  
fortunes of a varied and trying nature was  
picked up by one of our news-boys just out-  
side the Penn Parlor:

DEAR SAL—I write to let you that I am wel  
and happy in Philadelfy, also have had all my  
close stold. There is a great many pretty girls  
at the Sannetairy, but dont think I look at  
thum. I miss you too much. indeed I begin  
to think that sepperation from you is very like  
another world called Deth.

Ever yours,

Authenticity guaranteed. At least 'twas  
found so.

.....Who says that the Fair is'nt kept clean.  
Germans call girls "brooms"—how they sweep  
is set forth in the following, by one of our  
Fairies:

Said the Mayor of our City "It much me distresses  
Our streets are so dirty, no brooms and no men;"  
"Never mind," said the girls, "we have all our new  
dresses,"  
Those good little girls of the City of Penn.

"Organdy, silk, barego and grey grenadine,  
No need is there surely of brooms or of men;  
Only let us alone and we'll sweep them all clean,"  
Said those good little girls of the City of Penn.

#### SHAKSPEARE ON THE SWORD.

An artist calls our attention to the very  
spirited DRAWING OF THE SWORD; he ranks it  
among the best steel cuts of the day. Price  
only one dollar. He remarks that SHAKS-  
PEARE, in the matter of the "Two Gentlemen  
of Verona," had a leaning one way:

"Vouchsafe me, for my MEEP, but one fair look,  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give!"—

but, for the artist's part, he is contented to let  
the people decide who shall draw the sword  
from the sheath, with the sheath, and leave a  
large amount for the Sanitary—say ten thou-  
sand dollars—

"And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give!"

#### TRIALS OF A COMMITTEE MAN.

MR. EDITOR:—It is to be hoped that the  
Sanitary Commission will appreciate the labors  
of the ladies and gentlemen who have been  
acting on the committees of the Central  
Fair. Those who have not actually been "in  
the harness" and performed the manual labor  
of working up the commercial mind to the  
*donation pitch*, can hardly comprehend the  
many and manifold petty annoyances and vex-  
ations which have hindered us in our labors of  
love and charity. Let me give you a few in-  
stances of my daily experience while acting  
as a member of the Committee on ———.  
Having every evening, for a fortnight previous,  
been employed with my wife, her two maiden  
sisters, five children, and my grandmother, in  
writing circulars, folding, enveloping, address-  
ing, sticking, and stamping the same, and hav-  
ing duly posted them all at the nearest lamp-  
post, I started off, one misty, moisty morning  
—that weather being, in my judgment, admi-  
rably adapted for keeping my "constituents"  
at their places of business—and commenced  
my calls upon them in alphabetical order.

With a mingled feeling of nervous appre-  
hension and shyness at the unwonted occupa-  
tion in which I found myself engaged, I timidly  
entered the magnificent warehouse of Storeum,  
Prophet & Co., and inquired if any of the firm  
were in and disengaged. A florid, bustling in-  
dividual advanced, and seizing my hand with  
cordial greeting, at once placed me on the pin-  
nacle of auspicious hope. "Sir," he said, on  
hearing my name, "I am delighted to see you  
—you have arrived most opportunely. We  
never—no, sir, never had so large and elegant  
a stock of desirable goods as at the present  
moment. If you will step up stairs I will  
show you samples of such as are now landing  
Ex 'Rover,' Ex 'Queen of the Isles,' and  
Ex 'Julius Caesar'—this way, sir, *if you  
please*." At the first interval of breathing  
space, I hastened to say to Mr. Storeum that  
I would not trouble him to display his mer-  
chandize to *me*, but that anything he himself  
might choose to select would be acceptable, &c.

Storeum's expansive countenance concen-  
trated itself into a profound stare of incompre-  
hensibility, until after a pause he exclaimed,  
"My dear sir, you really do not mean that *we*  
shall select *your* goods! You of course know  
your own wants and customers best." "Cus-  
tomers!" I replied, "I have no customers,—  
you do not, I hope, mistake the object of my  
visit; I am no purchaser, but am simply so-  
liciting donations for our Great Central  
Fair which is to take place on the ———."  
"Fair!" replied Storeum and his *suaviter in  
modo* suddenly became transformed into an at-  
titude of melancholy disgust, "Fair, sir, I've  
nothing to do with Fairs and dont mean to  
have, and as I am particularly busy just now,

I'll wish you a very good morning." Exit  
your humble servant, crest fallen as a new hat  
caught in a shower. After walking a while  
under the concealing canopy of my umbrella,  
absorbed in reflecting upon the deteriorating  
influence of commercial life in general, and  
the expediency of Central Fairs in par-  
ticular, I found myself searching the signs for  
the name of the second hopeless individual in  
my list of contributors. At last I found it,  
and with my lesson in adversity freshly in  
mind, determine to adopt a different mode of  
attack.

With fear in my heart, but with the sem-  
blance of indomitable courage in my eye, I  
entered the counting-room and commenced in  
this wise: "Mr. S. Sawder, I believe—ahem!  
—Mr. Sawder I sent you a few days since a  
circular from the Committee on \* \* \*  
for the Central Fair. I take it for granted  
that you intend contributing to this vast be-  
nevolent object: an object, sir, that redounds  
to the glory of the Federal Union—a cause,  
sir, etc., etc. Before you reply, sir, I beg to  
state that if you should, from any possible  
cause, see fit to decline, you will be a solitary  
exception to your fellow-citizens and the trade  
in general; that is, sir, with one other single  
instant, for *in one single instance* only have I  
met with a refusal to contribute to this mag-  
nificent charity!" Mr. S. Sawder looked  
upon me with a sort of Christian resignation,  
and clasping his white elongated fingers, half  
dozed his benignant eyelids, and delivered him-  
self in this wise: "I doubt not, my dear sir,  
that the object of this enterprise is fully  
deserving of the encomiums you so happily  
apply to it. In fact, Mrs. S. Sawder, and I  
myself, have frequently selected the case of the  
sick and suffering soldier as the topic for dis-  
cussion in the quiet circle of my domestic fire-  
side; but, alas! sir, charity begins at home.

The gains of my business, and I admit they  
are by no means small, are devoted to the  
education of my children, to the adornments  
of the social sphere, to the cultivation of those  
virtues and graces which so eminently"—at  
this juncture I made my escape; wisely judg-  
ing that the style and value of the contribu-  
tion likely to be made by S. Sawder & Co.  
would not require much space or attention in  
the Central Fair.

I will not burden your columns, Mr. Editor,  
with a detailed account of my visits on that  
memorable first day of my committee work.  
It will be sufficient to say that the task was at  
first most discouraging. Mr. Small Taters  
said that "business had been bad" last year,  
and he could not afford to give any thing. He  
was smoking at the time a regalia cigar which  
never cost less than 25 cents, and sporting a  
pin consisting of a carbuncle, set in diamonds.  
Then there were Messrs. Slaughter & Co., who  
wouldn't give because they thought "the Ad-  
ministration was too slow, and didn't push on