

Free Whiskey. How can you go out and answer the questions pertinent to this campaign without entangling alliances and confused ideas?

Some taxpayer, tired of your protective exactions, asks: "Why should only 2,738,895 people, the pets of protection, be favored at the expense of over 70 per cent. of their 60,000,000 fellow citizens?"

What for? The voice from the still—warm with the tears of widows and orphans—hastily answers, "For free whiskey!"

Why should we not cheaper clothes, blankets, and carpets by admitting wool free, since the woolen mills have a capacity for 600,000,000 pounds, and only 210,000,000 pounds are raised at home?"

The answer comes like the blast of a thousand frocks, "Before clothes, or blankets, or carpets take free whiskey!"

But says an honorable recalcitrant Republican from Minnesota: "Worthier, better and juster it seems to my mind would it be to give our people, the tolling masses, cheaper food, cheaper fuel, cheaper clothing, and cheaper shelter, cheaper because released from the heavy and unnecessary burden of high-tariff taxes."

"Pshaw!" says the hide-bound protectionist, "these articles must remain taxed to vindicate the American system." This system has as its genius free whiskey.

A taxpayer inquires of you: "Have not the American people paid in sixty years over \$20,000,000,000 in the hope of getting goods cheaper by and by, after the infants have attained their maturity? What, my Republican brother, will you now do?"

The brother answers, "Free whiskey." "Has invention done anything for us?" asks the impoverished mechanic. "What do you show us as the result of our American genius for a century in mechanics?"

The answer comes: "We tender you the worm in the still, the finest invention of the devil. It may take away your brains and impoverish your families; but protection must stand! We offer you untaxed, cheap, free whiskey!"

Another inquirer asks, "Why do you not take the tax off my coat of reversible nap?"

The answer comes: "Protection first, but always free whiskey." "An old lady of West Virginia asks with anxiety, 'Why must I pay 60 cents in addition to every dollar for the crockery from which I drink my assafoetida?'"

"Ah!" says the protectionist, "is not whiskey better than tea?" "A series of questions and answers must be fired off in the following order: 'Are you going to allow that reduction proposed by the Mills bill from 47 per cent. duty to 40 on carpets?'"

story. You gentleman must have often heard it sung— "Oh, what a fine time we were When first we met to do it!"

A Clod in the Honey-moon. Three short, blisful months had passed over the heads of Callithumpian W. Magruder and his bride, and not a cloud had dimmed the brightness of their domestic sky.

The Fourth of July had come and gone. With bloodshot eyes Callithumpian W. Magruder sat at breakfast trying with unsteady hand to lift a cup of coffee to his lips.

"Darling," said the young wife, observing that her husband's hand was shaking, "what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"I'm rather rocky this morning, Elsie," he responded, "but it will pass. I shall be all right again."

"Callithumpian," rejoined the wife with that calmness and reason in her woman—Heaven bless her—to minister to a sick man by trying to stuff him with food, "won't you have some eggs and a larger piece of steak?"

"Elsie," was the reply as he put up a trembling hand to ward off the proffered consolation, "I shall have to do you what the trouble is. It will come out sooner or later at the Coroner's inquest."

"Well, I did. It aroused me from a restless and unquiet sleep, and, without waking you, I dressed myself quietly, seized a heavy coat and stole softly down stairs. I found a man in the cellar—do not start, Elsie. He was a little dried up, withered, insignificant sneak thief, not half so dangerous as a setting hen. He was helping himself to my finest canned fruit. I lifted the little rascal out of the cellar with the toe of my shoe."

"I am glad nothing worse happened, my love. But why are you so unwell? It is all over now."

"No, it is not all over!" exclaimed the husband, as he looked off into vacancy with a hollow-eyed despairing gaze; "remorse is left!"

"Yes, bitter, gnawing, agonizing remorse! Before I kicked the sneak thief out I looked about for some means of inflicting a punishment upon him that he would remember and a temptation from the Evil One came to my mind. On a plate upon one of the hanging shelves was something you had prepared with your own hands."

"Yes, I remember, it was a pudding I made myself. Why—"

"Elsie," said the husband, hoarse, as he looked at her in stony despair, "made him eat that pudding!"

RAILROAD TIME TABLE. DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD. BLOOMSBURG DIVISION. STATIONS: NORTH, SOUTH, WEST.

Hard Times. Robbery—By Jove! I can't see how old Grindler's clerks can afford to live on the pay he gives them.

A genuine hum-bug—The locust. It is queer that Queen Victoria did not confer the Order of the Bath on some of Buffalo Bill's Indians.

When a girl pays her husband's railroad fare on her bridal trip, it's a pretty good example of love's transport.

"Young man," said the old dame solemnly, "do you realize that when you retire at night you may be called before morning dawns?"

SOME DOCTORS. I honestly admit that they can't cure anything but the disease they are paid to cure.

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Moored Fattened Houri. The position of women among the Moors does not differ greatly from that in all Mohammedan countries, and therefore need not be touched upon.

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