

The Dirge of the Nine Hundred.

[New York made the annual raid on unlicensed dogs recently and some 965 were captured. The Mercury then burst into the following.]

Many a cart, many a cart,
Many a cart onward,
Into the Pound of Death
Bore those Nine Hundred.
Then rolled the "iron cage"
Down to the "dipping stage"—
Off from the living page
Washed were Nine Hundred.

Dogs in life's sear of years,
Pups with youth's whine and tears,
Sluts anguish-mad one hears,
Swell the Nine Hundred.
Theirs no "unfaltering trust,"
Theirs only "drown you must,"
"Theirs but with brine to bust!"
Mayor Ely thundered.

"Forward, the Dog Brigade!
Thirty cents each," he said,
"Tax-paying curs evade—
Don't have it blundered!"
All through the wards they fly,
Scooping up dogs on high,
Yank into carts so nigh,
More than Nine Hundred!

Dogs to the right of them,
Dogs to the left of them,
Bergh's man in front of them,
While the crowd wondered!
Loll'd all their tongues so dry,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to yelp and die,
Wretched Nine Hundred.

Theirs to disprove the say,
"Dog will sure have his day,"
Theirs without ruth or lay,
Soaked till life sundered!
How does dogs' glory fade
When there an end is made!
They that had barked so well
Into the jaws of Hell
Into the waves of Death
Not a dog left of them—
Left of Nine Hundred!

THE PENNY DIP.

ST. JOHN, N. E., JULY 20, 1878.

We've seen a bun-dance in our time. Waltz the next observation?—[N. Y. News. Did you ever see a cow-drill?—[Torch. Or a cow-shed tears.

The New York Times says we are 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun than the people of fifty years ago. And yet we don't seem to be any the warmer or better for it.

A young man after being kicked from his love's house, by her father, said his departure was tender in the extreme.—[Danbury News. We should say that it was a case of extremes meeting.

George Francis Train bought a suit of clothes in Rochester for three dollars, and a writer in the Danbury News says: "This is psychology." Not a bit of it; in all probability it was a third-hand suit of clothes.

G. W. Childs, the obituary poet man of Philadelphia, recently gave a dinner to 600 newsboys. Perhaps he thought some of them would die from an over gorge and then he'd have a chance to get off some obituary.

Editing is a mighty ticklish business out West. A Mrs. Polke, of Muncie, Ind., threw cayenne pepper in the eyes of, and then cowhided N. F. Ethel, the editor of the News of that town, for publishing an item which she construed as a slander.

The Boston Herald unearths another young woman who jilted Stanley. That young man could explore the heart of Africa, but couldn't climb a single fence in the suburbs of the heart of a woman.—[Danbury News. And perhaps that's the reason why he hid himself in the heart of Africa.

Any geologist will tell you that every flint was formerly a sponge, and every man who runs a free-lunch trap will tell you that a "sponge" is always a "hard case."—[Cincinnati Breakfast Table. And perhaps it follows that every old skin-flint was once as soft as a sponge but learned wisdom.

Kentucky has another wonder in the shape of a new cave, in which were found several mummified remains were found reposing in stone coffins, and from appearances may have been their for centuries. They look much like Egyptian mummies. Perhaps this is another "plant" of the indefatigable Barnum.

A man never fully realizes to what extent, he dependent upon others until, at the barber shop, he has waited impatiently for an hour and a half for his turn.—[Rome Sentinel. And nothing makes a man madder than to find, after waiting an hour and a half, that he is being shaved with a dull razor.

We are too apt to complain that our neighbors do not get the "liquors of our fathers." But there was Atilius, an ancient Roman general, who claimed to have killed a snake 120 feet long. [Danbury News. And if Atilius killed it in his boots we might also, and with more reason, complain that people of to-day do not get the same allowance of feet people in old times got.

New York has an enthusiastic dog-fancier who anticipates an improved breed of dogs by crossing between the canine and feline races. His name is Louis Degenhardt and his place of business, in a room of a house on Delancy street, the walls of which are partitioned off into a sort of bunk, each of which contains one or more dogs and cats. He has several dogs and cats worth from \$500 to \$1000, and thinks that the opinions of scientists on the subject are all humbug.

A Meridian man has lately lost 100 chickens by some unknown disease.—[Bridgeport Standard. Perhaps they saw some hen-bane, and didn't know enough not to pullet and eat it. By the way, did the owner as a sign of mourning wear a chick-weed round his hat.—[Torch. Yes the unknown was hen-bane in the shape of the funny man of the Standard, who came down after the manner of the Assyrian while the "devil" held a Torch to light him on his way. It is adding insult to injury to make an item of it.

New York's Elevated Railway is coming to grief. The noise it makes is so loud and annoying that many are moving away from its neighborhood, it interferes to a great extent with the transaction of business where it runs, and over a hundred physicians have signed a petition on the subject, it being their opinion that if the noise is allowed to continue, it will produce fearful mortality among the nervous, develop many diseases, and cause a frightful increase of insanity. Prof. Edison has been employed by the company owning the railway to find out some means of deadening the horrible noise of the trains.

American French in Paris.

Am wrestling daily with the French language. Learned French twenty odd years ago of a Connecticut teacher in East Haddam. French with the Connecticut patois. Good French enough to show at home, but of little use here in colloquy with the Gauls. Talked first with an Exposition policeman. Asked him thus: "Mossyai ou aist la postoffice?" He was very civil and obliging. Too much so. Too many words. Too much action. Talked all over. Talked with both arms, both shoulders and the points of his waxed mustache. Couldn't make out a word. Not at all like East Haddam Academy French. Didn't want the fellow to tell much. Wanted him merely to point general direction of postoffice. But the French lack conciseness and brevity of speech and action. They jump at the least chance to talk. As this French policeman did. Think he gave me directions to all the postoffices in France. When through, I thanked him in the language taught me by the Connecticut French master of East Haddam. Think I astonished him from the way he stared.—[Graphic.

A STRONG MAN.—The man with the iron jaw is nowhere. A Keokuk man carries a horse scar around on his chin and never sweats a hair. The horse which put it there died.—[Keokuk Constitution.

GET THE BEST.—A man stepped on a banana peel on Main street this morning and promptly sat down on a pint bottle of patent yeast in his pocket. He rose immediately.—[Hartford Courant.

A SHAKESPEARIAN PHONOGRAPH.—Shakespeare, of course, knew all about the phonograph. Old Prospero was its original inventor, for what says Caliban:

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

Stanley's Loves—The Romance of His Life.

There are few men in the world to whom life apparently be so pleasant as to Mr. Henry Stanley; there are few, however, to whom it seems to be so bitter. All England is ready to do him honor; he has been overwhelmed with praise and congratulations; the Queen has received him; Parliament has thanked him; the two great journals for which he has made his explorations have amply rewarded him; but he is sullen, morose, discontented and savage. This is strange; Mr. Stanley is yet a young man, and life should still contain much joy for him. What is the explanation of this mystery?

Mr. Stanley has had a romance; it ended unhappily for him, and this has soured him to the heart. Before he went upon his second expedition to Africa, he met and fell madly in love with a charming young lady, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Jewish extraction, whose name is perhaps best known in connection with the erection of an extensive but unfortunate opera house. Mr. Stanley's passion was deep and violent, but he was told that, at least, he must wait, and that an immediate marriage was out of the question. He was anxious to win even greater fame and fortune and lay them at the feet of his beloved. It was at this moment that the second African expedition was proposed to him; in it he saw the coveted opportunity for distinction and reward, and he eagerly embraced the perilous commission. Throughout the whole of that terrible journey through the jungles of Africa, amid all his toils, dangers, sickness and disappointments, he was sustained by the thought of his love, and by the confident hope of receiving the reward which was dearer to him than the applause of the world or the riches of Gondar. He gave the name of the young lady to the most beautiful lake which he discovered, as he gave it afterward to the handsome boat in which he made a portion of his exploration—the Lady Alice. At length, the source of the Congo was found—the great deed was accomplished, and Stanley returned with a proud and heavy heart to the coast. At Zanzibar a packet of letters was awaiting him, and he hastened to open them, hoping to find some messages of love and affection from the mistress of his soul. A fatal blow struck him. One of the letters contained the intelligence that Miss Alice—had been married several months.

From the moment Stanley was a changed man. His delight in life was wholly lost. His natural good humor and buoyancy of spirit gave place to long fits of melancholy, alternated with violent outbursts of petulance and anger. The plaudits with which he was received upon his arrival in England were distasteful to him; he revenged himself by attacking with unreasonable rage every one who ventured to differ on even the slightest subject with him.

This, however, was Mr. Stanley's second love affair. He had experienced a previous disappointment, but it had not deeply wounded him. Chancing to be spending some time upon the Island of Crete, he saw from his window a young Greek maiden in the garden of the opposite house, and he at once felt that his fate was sealed. She was about fifteen years old; and Mr. Stanley has since declared that never before nor since has he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. He at once sought out the American Consul and revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair; took him forthwith to the house of his inamorata and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. Stanley could speak no Greek; the mother no English; the Consul was the interpreter. He did his work so well that at the end of half an hour the young lady was sent for, Stanley was forbidden even to touch her hand; but he conversed with her eyes; they soon understood each other well. At the end of a week he was an accepted lover; at the end of a fortnight the day for the wedding arrived. All this while he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother. On the day before the wedding he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and to imprint upon it a chaste salute. The morning of the wedding arrived; Stanley was dressed for the ceremony and was awaiting the happy moment. There entered to him three Greeks, whom he had never seen before and an interpreter. They are introduced as brothers of the bride, and they produce a parchment, which the interpreter explains. It is a deed of settlement which binds Stanley to pay so much a year to the mother, so much to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to plank down the first instalments on the spot. In vain Stanley explains that he is worth nothing and cannot pay; the brothers look daggers, the interpreter frowns, and the scene closes by the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty gets Stanley out of the clutches of his tormentors and ships him off to Athens. He never saw his beautiful Grecian maiden again.—[N. Y. Graphic.

I found my love at the garden gate,
Just where I expected to find her,
And I found, also, too awful late,
That her father was right behind her;
And he gave me a "toot"
With a government boot,
That shattered my day dreams, kinder.

Dramatic Notes.

W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is dangerously ill in Nebraska.

Sims Reeves, the English tenor, is an advocate of total abstinence.

Mrs. E. L. Davenport proposes to take pupils for the stage.

Mr. Haverly, a Chicago manager, is spending \$20,000 in improving his theatre.

H. J. Byron receives in royalty from the London Theatre \$20,000.

Byron's "Our Boys" has been running at the London Theatre for four years.

Nilsson cannot be induced to sing when taking a vacation. She also observes a good many precautions against taking cold.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault has been playing in a new piece by Tom Taylor, called "Love or Life," and will probably come to the States in the fall on a starring tour.

Dion Boucicault is taking, and giving the public a rest,—which probably means he is "adapting" another play.

Mary Anderson has been warmly received in England.

Fanny Davenport is in London studying "Olivia," which she may bring to America.

Theodore Thomas still keeps on his musical school at Gilmore's Garden, and tries to cultivate a taste for the classical.

Says the London Figaro: "Signor Runcio is a handsome man, and many opera-goers thought, on Saturday, a lucky man. At any rate, a young, good-looking tenor has rarely received so many kisses as Alfredo did on stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. The Princess of Wales shook with laughter, but Miss Minnie Hauck, like a true artist, would not give in hugging her stage lover again and again, until Alfredo, fairly out of breath, ran away. Mlle. Zara Thalberg, who was sitting in Titi's old box, clapped her hands in girlish delight, and Mr. Mapleson has received notice from three 'first tenors' that unless each is permitted to play Faust to the young American lady's Marguerite he will be expected to choose between swords and pistols."

A Japanese Venus.

As we were about to leave a lady in elegant attire attended by a female servant bearing her toilet apparatus and another with other luxuries of the bath, entered. Our new arrival, after giving some directions, with the assistance of her maid, began to arrange herself for the bath. There are many points of radical difference between the human genders—psychologically, mentally, morally and physically, and all in favor of the gentle sex. And so in their general habits. A masculine disrobing for the bath flings his cloths in all directions and bounces into the water with an impetuosity and violence anything but graceful. Our Lady Godiva, for such we call her for short, with her maid neatly folded and laid away on a cloth in a clean place, each particle of her apparel as it was removed. First the silken robe, then the flowing gown-like robe of purple, then the nether garments of white till we reached nature's own. It is said that astronomers frequently level their telescopes at one star in order to see another; we levelled our sight apparently at a pretty little creature in the bath, but by an obliquity of vision took in the other scene unobserved. As gently as a zephyr playing upon the foliage of the trees she stepped along toward the water. Her beautifully rounded form and poetry of motion would have been worthy of the sculptor's chisel. A beautifully rounded ankle and a pretty foot vaguely visible beneath the laminated folds of a dozen skirts would set a whole community agog at home, whilst a whole form nude as nature and more beautiful than an angel would not so much as attract a passing glance in Japan.—[Philadelphia Press.

GEOMETRICAL ANGLING.—For the information of a "constant subscriber," we would say that Isaac Walton was fond of angling because he was an acute angler, and caught eels with a high-pot noose; but he was not addicted to strong drink, so he never indulged in a rye-tangled try angle.—[Graphic.