

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT SUPPER TABLE SERIES NUMBER CXCIV.

A DIET FOR MENTAL DYSPEPSIS, AND A CURB FOR HYPOCHONDRIA, HYPOCHONDRIA, OR ANY COMPLAINT OF A HY ORDER.

A SERIES OF SERIOUS PREDICATIONS OF WITTY AND HUMOROUS SAYINGS WHICH HAVE CAUSED DEEP GRIEF TO OURSelves EDITOR.

From "Punch." An Oily Bargain.—A cheap bull-dog. A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER. Paterfamilias (with a sigh: his family have been to Boulogne for the holidays). "It's all up!" Bachelor Friend (who has enjoyed these little dinners). "What's the matter?" Paterfamilias. "Telegram! She says they've arrived safe at Folkestone, and will be home about 10:30!"

POLITICAL PERSUASION AND FORCE.—It is said that intimidation is the besetting sin of the conservatives, and bribery of the Liberals. Perhaps that is the case. The conservative wallops, so to speak, or threatens so wallops the Liberal, and the Liberal gives him oats, as it were, and cries go w!

"LIVELY OF SPIRITS."—John Thomas' annual suit. (FACILIS AS CENSUS.) Brown of the Alpine Club, on his return home from Geneva, buys an Alpstock. "Kel nom! Well, you must know the names of your own mountains better than I do! Put down the regular list, you know—Mong Blong and the rest of 'em!"

How to ESCAPE YOUR SON'S SECRETS IN THE RACK FOR KNOWLEDGE.—When he's going to school, give him a good "tip."

A SONG FOR A HARVEST HOME. Dedicated, without permission, to the High Churchmen of Haydock.

How harvest be over, 'stead o' taakun his grain; Let every bold farmer take his part in a fair; 'Steed o' hisn lab'ors a skintful o' beer, Let an' spend on bad acting the price o' good cheer.

See, parson bedizened in papish clo'es, Parson the nose o' his nose he goes; W'ide in their nightgowns, and in their arms, And behind the ladies and gentlemen are seen, Nigh smothered w' flowers, like Jacks o' the Green;

W' roses and lilies an' larkspurs so blue, W' daisies and dandelions an' hollyhocks too, There be others w' turmalin an' tatars like wine, An' curious an' pumpkin, amazin in size, And melons an' peaches, an' apples an' pears, As big as be eaten by Kings an' Lord Mares!

There be Gargan' an' scintils a-biazun in red, W' skull-caps o' sables a-top of their head; Stinkun stuff they call incense they're flanzun about, Snelun like tailor candles when sudden blown out.

By way o' fine-narvly a pig's head be there, Bedecked w' pink ribbons, like maids at a fair; But the pig's head in Hobson be pretty to see, Drest nicey for a dinner w'out better please me. Then arter paradun the fids as I say, They all goes to Church for to sing an' to pray; An' if 'stead o' singing two boys only come, 'Tis because their mouths water for t' peaches and plums.

Now, when harvest be over, an' crops in, d'ye mind, For to sing "O be joyful!" I've always found; But in Haydock next harvest you wad' be glad; For I dubno' like mixun play-acting an' prayer!

MERRIMAN ON MUMMERY. (To the Haydock Ritualists.)

Reverend Gentlemen:—On the occasion of the late total eclipse of the sun, according to the Calcutta correspondent of the Times, "Tuesday was a general holiday, and the natives signified their awe of the sun by a demon by the name of Mummery, shrieking, and blowing of shells, with offerings of rice."

Benighted heathen, were they not? Rice is so pagan an offering. There would have been some sense, now, in wheatheaves, especially with the addition of a basket of eggs, a pat of butter, and a pig's head. Wouldn't there? I think so. But then, I am only a clown.

P. S.—Have you got a vacancy for a Crucifer? Address, Drury Lane.

"SHAM SAMPLE SWINDLE."—An anonymous writer, in a mask, charges Mr. Charles Reade with receiving stolen literary goods, knowing them to be stolen. This Mr. Charles Reade flatly denies, and threatens his accuser with an action. Penderle Lite, an unprejudiced observer, can only say that, at all events, Mr. Charles Reade has brought the subject to a direct issue, and has not defended his share in the Fool Play by a Poultry Erasion.

Good "PIECES" OF FURNITURE FOR THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—A Chest of "Drawers."

GOOD KNIFE FOR FAIR.—"Le Sabre de non Fear."

POOR CREATURE! Nurse—"Well, Mr. Charles, how do you get on in the country?" Mr. Charles—"Why, Hemma, I shan't be sorry when we returns to town. I ain't a sportin' man, you know; and there's no society here but fishin' and shootin'!"

"LAND RATS AND WATER RATS."—Boy in the Surrey Gallery. "I'll have your rats!" GLASSES ROUND.—Those worn in the eye. A FIRM CONVICTION.—Transportation for life. From "Fun."

A NEW TRACK.—Mr. Michael W. Rossetti in we learn, preparing the next "Courtney Tract" for the Early English Text Society. We commend the notion to other societies which take their names from the distribution of tracts. A courtesy tract would be quite a novelty as a pious publication.

A FITTING END FOR TOMMY DODD.—Ground to death—on a barrel organ.

GERMAN WITHOUT A MASTER. Scene—Railway Terminus, Cologne. English Tourist (ignorant of the German language)—"Hi! porter, can you speak English?" Porter—"Nein, Herr."

English Tourist—"Then can you tell me who does?" WHITE TRUMPANT.—We learn from the Christian Times that one of its correspondents has been down at (Hill) Park. He winds up a glowing rhapsody on nature with the following delicious sentence: "Gladly would we have lingered longer amid the shadowy trees, but then the unfortunate duck which mine host was roasting for us would be done a second time to death; reluctantly, therefore, we quitted the scene, but, however, without resolving to explore one long other parts of this delightful neighborhood."

Fancy the self-denial required to tear oneself away from the "shadowy trees" for the sake of "roast duck," and then simply for fear the poor animal should "be done a second

time to death." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals should clearly present this Christian correspondent with a suitable testimonial. Say a good dinner. We wonder if he would turn away in horror from such a proposal.

THE LATEST FROM AUSTRALIA.—An Australian paper says that "horses are selling in Gipps Land at tenpence apiece, or seven for five shillings." If the Gipsies, who are such large dealers in horseflesh, would only go to their own land—Gipps Land—they would be able to do a good trade, and we should hardly miss them. How the mouths of the Hippophagists must water! Modern Dick Wellingtons, even, might do something by a feline exportation.

GREEN, AND BEAR IT!—The latest compliment to Napoleon the Third is a somewhat questionable one. A new green pigment has been discovered, which, in addition to being brilliant in tone, is "perfectly harmless." This is to be called "Imperial Green."

DIFFERENCE OF A PINNAC.—"Mamma dear, didn't you say that angels had wings?" "Mamma—"Yes, dear! Why?" "Connie—"Because Aunt Emma hasn't got any wings, and Mr. Spooner says she is an angel!"

ALL A-BLOWING AND A-BLOWING.—An enthusiastic writer in the Atlas has thrown out a hint for a picture which we trust some of the few remaining pre-Raphaelites will contrive to give us in the next Royal Academy Exhibition. He is speaking of a class which he describes, in mild imitation of the Saturday, as "Hump ladies;" and he says that "They are able to make their voices rosy with laughter, one minute."

We should like to see this painted. "A rosy voice"—"a pink sigh"—"a crimson sneeze"—would look well in the catalogue, better, perhaps, than on the canvas.

LOOK TO YOUR VENTURES!—A person who signs himself "one who has worked successfully in the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty" has issued an address in the Times, which is so obscurely worded on the Irish Church question that we will defy any one to say whether it is a plea for the Government or for the Opposition. The fact is that the whole address is a joke, and to save others from puzzling over it as we have done, we will quote the sentence which at once revealed the do!

"Individual worship of the golden calf takes the place of consideration for the national good!" This is evidently the calf of a regular "leg."

From Sundry Sources.

COULDN'T SPARE THE BLACKSMITH.—A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasant of the village joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," the alcalde said, "how, then, can I fulfil justice?" A laborer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other!"

A TELL-TALE.—What did William Tell's son say to his parent after the apple was shot off his head?—"Father," said he (probably), "I've had an arctic escape." This, however, is only a supposition, because what Tell junior really said to Tell senior on that occasion can never be told. Mrs. Partington is of the opinion that when old Tell asked the "brave Swiss boy" whether he should shoot, the youthful hero emphatically replied, "Da, Tell!"

COLONIAL LEGISLATORS.—An unfortunate member, whose education had been sadly neglected, was reading out a document to the Parliament House, and, vainly endeavoring to decipher an obscure letter. Turning to his next friend, he asked, anxiously, "Is that hem or a hen?" "Oh," replied his friend, "call it a hen, and move that it lay on the table."

LAZY.—One of Marshal McMahon's aids is an excellent officer, but lazy beyond expression. Some mornings ago his servant entered his tent at the Chalons camp, and said, "Colonel, the general is up and dressed." "Really? The general is up and dressed, and I am still abed! I'm a wretch—unworthy to see the light—so draw the curtain, boy."

CAPER SADE AND CANTALOUPE.—There is a man in Boston, the father of two romping daughters, who attributes their wildness to feeding on caper sauce, of which they are excessively fond. He is a second cousin to the man who, to prevent his girls from running off with the young men, fed them on cantaloupes.

JUST LIKE.—A Yankee, travelling in Europe, being asked if he had seen Mount Vesuvius, replied, "Yes, I saw her spouting away, and made up my mind we must have a mount just like her near Chicago."

THE GAME MARKET.—Partridges have been rising and falling. Hares have been very unsteady, although a good deal has been done at a long shot. Grouse still keep high, and don't keep afterward.

A LINGUIST.—A Hartford paper says that a member elect of the Connecticut Legislature is "short, fat, red-headed, and speaks several languages, among which is profane, with great fluency."

WELL "POSTED"—The telegraph. (THE EVENING TELEGRAPH, of course.)

LOST.—The buttons from a coat of paint. A BRIDAL ROAD.—Courtship.

"Sam," said a young mother to her darling boy, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is the body" (touching the boy's shoulders and arms), "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh! I know," said he, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes; "that is my flannel shirt."

—A preacher being sent to officiate on Sunday in a country parish in Scotland, was accommodated at night in a manse, in a very diminutive closet instead of the usual best bedroom appropriated to strangers. "Is this the bedroom?" he said, starting back in amazement. "Deed, ay, sir; this is the parson's chamber." "It must be for the minor Prophets," then, "was the reply.

—Adam and Eve escaped two serious annoyances of modern lovers. In the first place, Eve had no mamma to make her tell Adam's lies; and Adam had no "governor" to see that he did not throw himself away on a portless girl.

—The gentleman who, a few weeks ago, directed his steps to his native village, has written to the Postmaster-General, complaining that the local postman has never delivered them!

—"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a man in search of a tenement. "It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently," was the reply.

—"Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a gentleman of one of the Catarrangs tribe. "No," was the answer. "Whisky Indian."

The Finale of the New York Drama of the Fate of the Melancholy End of the Ringmaster.

IN FOUR ACTS.

CANTO I.—JULY, 1868. "My friends," cried Horatio, "My friends! From the country's calm quietude I have come; What trouble is brewing, my friends? What means this loud greeting? Why have you so devoutly our good Rebel crown?"

"'Tis the Draft, good Horatio—the Draft! That's the trouble of our friends and strength; 'Tis a trouble indeed!—this Draft—'Tis a naggers we're a-basting— And we are your firm friends, as every one knows!"

"The Draft," said Horatio, "the Draft! Suspended shall be, my friends, I assure you! 'Tis the Draft," said they, "don't with the Draft! Hang usgers while waiting, And don't you be so sticking— Ain't Seymour our friend, and don't be so sure you?"

Thus spake Horatio. Thus he spake When Rebellion rampant made New York a hell; And don't you be so sticking— Ain't Seymour our friend, and don't be so sure you?"

CANTO II.—JULY, 1868. "With honor," Horatio said, "with honor! Your candidate I must not, cannot do." "With honor," said they, "with honor! While the bells are a ringing! And the guns are a booming! With honor—your will not, your will not!"

"By the swell," cried Horatio, "by the swell in I care! Who is the swell?" "By the swell," said they, "by the swell! Who is the swell?" "By the swell," said they, "by the swell! Who is the swell?" "By the swell," said they, "by the swell! Who is the swell?"

CANTO III.—OCTOBER 13, 1868. "Belmont!" cried Horatio, "Belmont! From my meion patch most melanancholy news I have." Belmont!" said they, "Belmont!" "While Seymour's an' convoluting, And Blaine's an' revolutionizing, With all our convoluting, most melanancholy news we hear."

"O! Chase!" Horatio cries, "O! Chase! I would I were a child again, that I some tears might shed." "O! Chase!" said they, "O! Chase! While with us we were perspiring, And branding and jolting, We ne'er thought of crying for Seymour, we some tears might shed."

CANTO IV.—OCTOBER 14, 1868. "My friends," Horatio said, "my friends, in your hands I have been. With you it remains." "Our friends," said they, "our friends, while Grant is a winning, And Chase is a gaining, You'll stand with us once, and we'll stand by your remains."

SHIPPING. LORILLARD'S STEAMSHIP LINE FOR NEW YORK.

From and after this date, the rates of freight by this line will be ten cents per 100 lbs. Heavy goods, four cents per foot, measurement one cent per gallon for liquids, ship's option. One of the steamers of the line will leave every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Goods forwarded at all times on covered piers. All goods received by New York agent free of charge, except cartage.

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1868. SEASONED CLEAR PINE, 2x4, 2x6, 2x8, 2x10, 2x12, 2x14, 2x16, 2x18, 2x20, 2x22, 2x24, 2x26, 2x28, 2x30, 2x32, 2x34, 2x36, 2x38, 2x40, 2x42, 2x44, 2x46, 2x48, 2x50, 2x52, 2x54, 2x56, 2x58, 2x60, 2x62, 2x64, 2x66, 2x68, 2x70, 2x72, 2x74, 2x76, 2x78, 2x80, 2x82, 2x84, 2x86, 2x88, 2x90, 2x92, 2x94, 2x96, 2x98, 2x100.

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1868. UNDERLAYS LUMBER, UNDERLAYS LUMBER.

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