

[Newspaper cutting, "A soft snap" (in the series 'snap-shots') featuring a cartoon and a Living Skeleton and a Wild Man of Borneo talking about a Two-Headed Man.]

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SNAP-SHOTS.



A SOFT SNAP.

Living Skeleton (grumpily) : "The two-headed man makes me tired! He wants the earth."

Wild Man of Borneo : "What's the matter with him, Sims?"

Skeleton : "He gets two meals to my one, doesn't he? He smokes with one mouth and chews with the other; and he can whistle and sing both at the same time. He says he is going to vote twice at the coming election, and I saw him kissing two different girls at the same time last night. And yet he wears only one suit of clothes, and rides with a single railway ticket. He wants the earth!"

Puck.

SNAP-SHOTS.

ICE OF PROFESSOR BOGGLETON, Ph.D.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY BANGS, in "Harper's Weekly."

off, although the golden buck, it must be admitted, weighed heavily not only upon his conscience, but elsewhere. At eleven-fifty the professor thought he heard a tapping at his port-hole window, but at eleven fifty-five he had satisfied himself that it was the rudder-chain he had heard, and Morpheus again claimed him for his own.

Four minutes later the professor once more awoke—this time with a start—and fixed his eyes intently upon the port-hole. He certainly had heard a noise there this time, and then, as the mournful strokes of eight bells sounded upon his ears, he perceived, gazing at him through the thick, greenish glass that separated him from the sea itself, a large, yellow orb set immovably in a ball of white, at the edges of which was a dark grey rim of something, the professor, in his agitation, could not decide what.

"Mercy!" he cried, straightening himself up, and, brushing his hands over his eyes as though to sweep away the dreadful vision before him. "Has that poached egg returned to haunt me, or is it some fearful ravening submarine monster come to feast his eyes upon me?"

As if in answer to the question, the great, staring eye disappeared, and the professor could see a huge fin rubbing up against and knocking upon the glass.

"I hope that is plate-glass," groaned the professor, as a lateral section of another eye or poached egg showed itself before the glass, and two great jaws opened and shut on its other side.

"I do believe it's a marine monster," he added; and then his heart was chilled, for he could hear a voice out there in the wet, and it seemed to say to him:

his feet, and rushed to the port, and pressed hard against the glass, gazed out at the sea, which was rolling mildly—so mildly, in fact, that the notice on the state-room door warning him not to do so, the professor unscrewed and threw out the port window.

"The room is unbearably close," he said, and the cold salt air rushed in through the open door. Then, as he turned back to procure cov-

