

The Unkindest Cut of All.

The clothing department at the double store of B. R. Desenberg & Bro. is presided over by a dark-eyed pelican, whom The Record man would advise to spend considerable time in meditation and prayer, as we intend to issue an order to have him burned at the stake. With malice aforethought, he devoted his west display window to showing ye editor doing penance by way of reading his own paper and wrestling with the peculiar orthography of the English language as she is reproduced therein. Our vile persecutor also reproduced the sanctun sanctorium in a way to expose the fact that a large portion of ye editor's time is devoted to the acquisition of a practical knowledge of cutting cordwood, baking beans, making shirts, learning how to make a good adhesive paste that will not sour in hot weather, grinding scissors, riding on a pass, how to wean a calf from the parent stem, plastering, waltzing, vaccination and other things equally necessary in a proper course for a student in journalism. However, the scribe finds consolation in the fact that the crowd was imposed upon, too. The truth is, there were 35c concealed in the lining of the clothes the dummy publisher wore, and the audience didn't know it. Now is the time to subscribe—the price is going