

ALLY SLOPER'S PITCH DARK SEANCES.

Admission Two-pence Only. Lots of Spirits always on the Tap.

FROM information received from I. MOSES, A. SLOPER has recently been led to believe that a pretty good thing might be made out of spiritualists and others desirous of conversing with their departed relatives.

A. SLOPER trusts his own departed relatives won't take it unkindly if he seizes this opportunity of intimating that he has no desire to renew their acquaintance. A. SLOPER, however, forgives them, and is only too anxious to let bygones be bygones.

I. MOSES, however, was of opinion that others might think differently, and at the moderate charge of twopence there might be a rush. Events proved this to be the case.

The immediate outlay was insignificant. MOSES bought a very tidy slate for sixpence, and laid in a pennyworth of pencils.

The announcement that I. MOSES was in communication with the spirits upstairs, was at first supposed by his landlady to mean that he was getting drunk; but this delusion was afterwards dispelled,

and a handsome inscription on a large sheet of paper, affixed to the door-post, collected a small but appreciable crowd.

A. SLOPER was slapping boys' heads consecutively for an hour and a half.

At length, after an interval which was beginning to prey on A. SLOPER'S mind, twopennyworth stepped forward, and was conducted upstairs to the chamber of mystery.

The twopennyworth in question was slightly the worse for stimulants, and wanted to know whether any refreshments were included; but I. MOSES quelled him with a sneer. We then proceeded to business.

I. MOSES asked him whether he would like to hear from a relative, and, if so, would he give that relative a name? The twopennyworth said he would rather like to hear how his Uncle JOE was going on down there.

I. MOSES rebuked him, and A. SLOPER blew the candle out. The sound of writing was then distinctly heard, as was also A. SLOPER asking how many m's there were in "TOMMY."

On the candle being relighted, these words were distinctly visible upon the slate:—

"I am coming up, TOMMY. Make room for me." The twopennyworth said, "My name ain't Tom, and my uncle always dotted his Hi when it meant hisself. The whole thing's a Himposition."

I. MOSES passed these irrelevant observations by, and briefly stated that the seance was now concluded; and while he (I. MOSES) thanked the twopennyworth for the generous way in which he had responded to his (I. MOSES'S) invitation, he (I. MOSES) would esteem it a favour if the twopennyworth would recommend the show to his friends.

After this, I. MOSES and A. SLOPER combined in pushing him downstairs.

The next visitor at the seances was comparatively harmless. He expressed a wish to feel a spirit hand, and I. MOSES obliged him on the nose. Spirit hands then wandered all over him, and into his coat-tail pockets. Altogether this seance promised to turn out satisfactorily, and the

visitor encouragingly said that he would come again.

To encourage him, I. MOSES brought the hands to bear upon the back of his head, and flattened his nose against the table. But at the moment A. SLOPER was observing, "Let him have his twopennyworth, if he enjoys it," he suddenly arose and went for I. MOSES.

Probably he was hurt, and got spiteful. This is, however, an open question. Suffice it to say, I. MOSES now wears brown paper plasters all over him, and A. SLOPER has hardly been able to look at a chair since these occurrences.

The seances are at present in abeyance.

SLOPER, Medium Moralist.

P.S.—A. SLOPER hastens to forward a conundrum of his own composition.

Why are we not likely to hear much more of the spirit of the other ALLIE?

A. SLOPER also hastens to forward the answer. Because it's SLADE. Explanatory Note.—Because it's laid!

THE ONLY JONES.

It is a consolation, this cold weather, to know we shall find Hot Water every evening at the Criterion. Hot Water, by the way, ought to become a stock piece everywhere, so many actors and managers could then be always in it. Of course it will run.

At length there appears to be a chance of Blue Beard retiring into private life, for Robinson Crusoe is announced for Saturday at the Folly. Why Saturday, though? How about Friday?

I am very fond of my little theatre in the Haymarket, particularly when Mr. GILBERT, as now, provides a large portion of the bill of fare. Druce take it, Ma'am! if you have not seen Mr. VEZIN'S Blacksmith, go and see him. I observe that some ill-natured people speak slightly of the character, as but a mere copy of GEORGE ELIOT'S Weaver. Why don't they call it a forgery?

A hearty welcome to you, Miss PATEMAN, at the Olympic! We wait

some actresses, and do not get such a good one very often. You, too, Mr. PATEMAN, we like you much. Mr. NEVILLE has of late devoted himself almost exclusively to dashing characters, with ringlets and big boots. I think he is quite right, and I feel sure all the ladies are of the same opinion.

The name of the theatre at Camden Town has recently been changed; they now call it the Park. This must be a mistake. Ought not it to be Parks? She plays there nightly. Put this down and CARRY NAUGHT.

THE O. J.

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"I am here to help you."—ALLY.



"Do you feel a spirit hand, sir?" "Yes." "Where?" "A-pulling of my nose!"



"Do you feel another spirit hand?" "Oh! I say, don't I?"



"Look here, I've had enough of this. Do you feel a spirit foot?"