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Price

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1885.

10 Cents.



OUT OF HIS REACH.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

THE JUDGE.



THE JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers,	\$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers,	2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks,	1.25
Single copies 10 cents each.	

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,
NEW YORK

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

✂ CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE FURNISHED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDIATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED. WHERE A PART ONLY OF CONTRIBUTIONS IS USED, THAT PART WILL BE PAID FOR PRO RATA ON THE PRICE AGREED UPON FOR THE WHOLE CONSIGNMENT.

CAN HE CATCH ON?

As Gould is the Great American Absorber of telegraphs, and Vanderbilt the Great American Gobbler of railroads, Garrett is the Great American who will not be either absorbed or gobbled. Garrett is a stayer; stays out of the sharks' maws.

The nearest they have come to capturing the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph was on paper. The "deal" consisted in sending Sage, one of the ring, over to London to telegraph back that Garrett (who is in Europe) was fishing for a bid for the Baltimore & Ohio telegraph. An extensive correspondence was kept up per cable, and the news was given out here that the B & O. was about to surrender to the monopoly and go the way of all the other opposition telegraphs.

On the strength of this W. U. stock went up 14 points.

When Garrett heard of it he "spotted" the whole correspondence as stock-jobbing lies.

Lies the despatches were, as their publication soon demonstrated.

Stock-jobbing it was, as the advances of Western Union showed.

The Buccaneer of the Wires still finds the B. & O. as far out of his reach as ever.

But he must be several hundred thousand dollars ahead, if he unloaded promptly enough.

They who follow the pirate profession always did make their money easily.

WILL IT OVERTAKE THEM?

The papers tell us that trade begins to revive, and that we may hope the turn has come of the tide of affairs.

There is also a dark cloud gathering in the contraction policy of the government, that threatens to overtake and overwhelm labor and capital before they can reach shelter.

With the amount of circulating medium at less than half what it was a few years ago, and less than a third of what England has out, it was no wonder that business was impeded.

With twelve millions more gold in the treasury than there was a few years ago the government went shinning to borrow more gold—"up to twenty millions"—creating distrust. It has stacked away six millions of this borrowed coin, adding more contraction to distrust.

It has thirty million legal tender in its vaults, which by law, it is ordered to pay out and keep in circulation, but holds—adding more contraction.

It has two hundred millions of idle coin hoarded and refuses to buy bonds with it, stop interest and release the money to invigorate the life-currents of trade—adding more contraction and continuing to pay interest on the bonds.

More than all this, is the ten times greater contraction of forcing all goods and property down to the gold basis of values, by continuing to recognize only gold as money. The steady "shrinkage of values" and "decline of prices" of years past, means that the "yard stick" we measure out goods with, has been getting longer; i. e., gold has been getting more scarce and high.

Rising gold has kicked down goods all over the world, and this is why depression is world-wide.

Our government, in collusion with our banks and gold gamblers, are the elements that are rising like a threatening simoom upon the weary path of capital and labor, together seeking better times.

May they escape to refuge before the storm breaks!

THE GIANT THAT DRIVES THEM.

Civil service reform seems to have resold itself under this administration into a simple matter of time. The spoils are to be distributed to the victors as usual, only President Cleveland wants to go a little slow.

The party is in a hurry. It has been very hungry and very thirsty a long time. It is treading on the heels of its representatives and its representatives are urging the President and all his department chiefs to work the guillotine faster.

But Mr. Cleveland won the place on pledges of civil service reform and began

his duties with much show of redeeming the pledges. Naturally, he does not want to be in a hurry to brand himself a pretender and fraud. He wants time to let himself down easily to the old system of spoils whither he is surely tending.

For a snail and a crawfish might as well withstand an elephant, as the Democratic President and representatives try to impede the ponderous tread of the Democratic party trumpeting "Give! Give!" as it advances towards the promised land of official plunder.

If there is not more haste in scattering the boodle some one is going to get stepped on.

RULINGS.

TO THE NEWSPAPERS still wrangling over the place of Grant's burial: Let him have peace.

DEMOCRATIC DEPARTMENT chiefs and high officials seem to be very busy finding "structural weakness" in the Civil Service Laws.

THE GUILLOTINE KEPT at work during Cleveland's absence in the Adirondacks. The President employs more deputies than the Buffalo Sheriff did.

THERE IS talk of starting an out-and-out administration organ in this city. We would much rather see an out-and-out national organ started. We have plenty of local papers now.

THE DEMOCRATIC crew of the ship of state regard the Star-Eyed Goddess as a stow-away. If she is discovered before the voyage ends (1888) over she'll go and shift for herself, whether she has anything on or not.

"IT IS TIME," says a discriminated Philadelphia paper "to let go of Keiley." Great Scott, we can't. Might as well tell a dog to let go of the turtle appended to his tail. Just about a specimen of a Philadelphia paper's perspicacity!

IT IS fortunate for this country that there has been a silver lining to the cloud of business adversity the past three years. If it had been a cloud weighted with gold only, there would have been a series of financial cyclones and not enough cellars to retreat to.

IT "TRANSPIRES"—in newspaper English—that five Republicans pass the civil service examinations to one Democrat who is qualified thereto. It was either an unerring instinct or an intimate knowledge of Democratic scholarship that prompted so general opposition to civil service rules on the part of the Democratic press. Hendricks knows what he is at.



The German policeman takes no stock in proverbs. He says that these so-called "truths in popular form" are most of them falsehoods. In all probability, the truth is that he cannot understand a great many of them because they are idiomatic or purely figurative. What is the use of trying to get one who does not clearly understand the English tongue to appreciate such sentences as "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," or "A light heart lifts heavy loads?"

"Dot's all humbucks," says he, "der only ding to

lift a heffy load mit is a Chon L. Sullivan muscle."

"Dake care by dem bennies und der dollars vill dook care by demselves," says he, with scorn. "Chiminy Hooky! how rich I would be if dot proverb ver drue. Der first dime I dook care uf der bennies I put der dollars in a leedle peeze und my vicked bardner elobed mit dem. Negst, I dook care uf some more bennies und put der dollars in a news-baper. I vish, now, dot I had laid dem on a vinder in der Stock Exchange. Dot vood haf der same ding been, only gwicker und less drubble.

"No, my young Wanderbild, der dollars are not so able to dake care demselves as der bennies are. Nopody vill prake into your house, or dry und sell you a leedle mining shtocks, or knock you oud und rop you, or set her cap und marry you, or fight ofer your last vill und destermint, or do bunko peeze mit you, for der sake of gidding your bennies. But choost let der vorld know you haf got some dollars und you vill had to peen shmarder as I am if you can keeb 'em. Nine hundert und ninety-one people in effery dousand vot know it vill sday avake nighds blanning some vay for you to get rid uf 'em und you haf got to be more or less uf a Chay Gould if some uf 'em tond succeed.

"You can'd a silk purse make owd uf a sow's ear"—a goot many beoples say, dot ven dem got mat at somepody, but dot ton'd broof anydings owd againsd a sow's ear, yet alretty. You can'd make a boddle uf ink owd uf a sow's ear, or a house und lot; but at der same dime you got to haf a sow's ear or two to make a sow (of course you can make a sow mitout dot but it vill not pass a civil service oxamination) und a sow is more bedder as a silk purse any day. In faed, a silk burse all py its-selluf voodn't keeb a man any longer as pedween gitting up und preakfast dime. A man might as vell dry to lif on a goat-uf-arms."

"Would you care about being beautiful?" a man said to the German policeman once, and this is his account of the conversation that followed:

"Vot a gwestion," sayt I. "I vill dell you brifately I am gwide boodiful, alretty."

"Ach," sayt he; "beauty is only shkin deep." "Bah, dot's anoder uf dem broverbs vich effery pody has got in his mout. I vas so mat I could haf hit him, if he hat peen shmaller as myself. Effer sinz I saw a bicture uf Mr. Holman uf Indiana I dought he inwended dot broverb. Chiminy Cracky! if such beauty vos more as shkin deep it vood kill him. Not condent mit being der gradest obcheeter in der vorlt, he addacks beauty.

"Beauty is only skin deep, eh?" Vell, how deep do you vant it? Would my face be any more bedder if der beauty uf it vent glean to der back uf my head. No; it's deep enough if people admit dem can see it. Mrs. Langtry knows dot. I know of only von kind uf beauty vich needs to be deeper und dot's der beauty uf a fat vooman in a Powery museum. If a fat vooman's beauty is fife feet deep it is vorth dwendy dollars a veek more as if it vos only dree feet deep. Neffer mind der broverb. You are lucky to be boodiful und all the vorlt vill helf you, especially if dem dink you ton'd know it. Our beauty is like our shmardness; it changes to someding else so gwick as ve boast uf it."

A FRONTIER WIDOW.

Of all the shifting circle's points,
I only love the West,
A woman must be hard to please,
Who finds life here unblest.

At first ours was a harder lot,
Than idle girl would wish,
We ground our wheat in a coffee-mill,
And dined from a single dish.

My husband tumbled in a slough,
But they saved my good milk cow,
She helped me on till a golden year
Brought me a Berkshire sow.

Again? Why, I've had four or five:
The second? let me see,
The Indians took a slice of him
When they came a-courting me.

The third was by a blizzard caught,
When home the neighbors brought it,
It had flown up a mile or two,
Good gracious! who'd have thought it!

Another by the fever bit
On his way to Deadwood town,
Had one road agent "hold him up"
And another shoot him down.

Last night, ah me! the ways of Heaven
Are much involved in doubt!
As you yourself are well aware,
My goodman White "winked out."

He fought the 'hoppers day and night,
I set the world by him,
He left our homestead farm unpatched
And our cabin shingled trim.

My friend, this is your second call,
Out here we travel quick,
And to speak plainly, you must wed
To-morrow or "cut stick."

VISCOUNT TATTER DE M.

OUR MISSIONARIES in Central Africa report that they have discovered a native beer that is a prophylactic against malaria. Missionaries at home can drink beer without applying Greek names to it. What will retrend missionaries drink when they get where there is no malaria to hedge behind!



PET BROOD OF BLACK BIRDS.

DEMOCRACY—"Arrah, me pretty equals it's well knowing how it's meself that loves yez."



A LIVE OFFER.

PARTY FROM EUROPE (to Custom House Officer)—
 "Please examine this friend of mine to see if he has
 any contraband goods about or in his person."

OFF THE BENCH.

NO MAN has ever looked into the crater of Cotopaxi. We have looked into the crater of Talmage.

POTATOES HAVE human nature in them. The starch-makers say the smallest ones have in them the most capacity for becoming stiff and stuck up.

A CONTEMPORARY asks: "What is the difference between a man and a pitcher?" If the man is an umpire the difference is sometimes very serious.

CURLED MAPLE is only an accidental

form of sugar maple, in which the grain is contorted. Crooked maple sugar must be made from this tree.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS says that no woman can live in the same house with a genius. We have twenty-five years of experience to the contrary.

SOME OF THE visitors to the Grant obsequies took away to western states scraps of New York decorations as souvenirs. This is carrying mourning too far, abstractly considered.

TWO LADIES have started a paper in Indiana name the *Hustler*. Would not *The*

Bustler have been a more appropriate name? Think of a lady's having her dress made embonpoint behind with *Hustlers*!

GLUCOSE IS MADE from linen rags. When a girl is clothed in purple and fine linen she should be "too sweet for anything."

SOCRATES drank hemlock and killed himself. In these days men drink no end of tan bark in beer and thrive on it. And yet some hygenic cranks insist that the race is deteriorating in physical endurance.

"MRS. CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE writes from London to a friend in Washington that *THE JUDGE* is growing younger daily." Mrs. C-J. W. is quite right. It is not weakly, but daily that *THE JUDGE* is adolescenting, so to speak.

DR. SIGMUNDY, of Vienna, who published a book of directions for climbing the Alps with safety, has tumbled off one of 'em—Alps, not books—and broke his neck. He ought to have instituted this test of his theories before publishing them.

IT WAS A touching and daring act of affection, when those poor little boys in Omaha who hadn't any presents to take to a wedding of a dear friend, broke into a church and carried off the communion service. Chance for the poets and Sunday-school book makers.

A MONTANA PAPER brags of a gang of cowboys who branded ninety-two calves in forty-nine minutes. 'S nothing. An unpretentious German on a Sunday excursion up the American Rhine beered 650 animals in sixty minutes; he could have branded them in less time.

A REPORTORIAL SQUEAL.

Here I swelter and smelt,
 And simmer and melt,
 With the mercury kicking the ceiling;
 I cannot retreat
 From the murdering heat—
 Faith! the Boss must think I have no feeling

He's down on the beach,
 Every comfort in reach,
 In the surf and the sea-breeze disporting,
 While I'm cooking brown
 In this blistering town,
 For his confounded paper reporting.

He's got all the girls—
 Society's pearls!—
 Not a one has he left for a frolic;—
 If he kisses Irene
 Or embraces Helene,
 May he die with the cucumber colic!

He goes to the ball
 With the fairest of all,
 Or flies o'er the billows a-yachting,
 Or goes for a ride
 With *her* by his side,
 Down the beach or the boulevard trotting—



While here I must stay
 All the blistering day—
 No odds whether or not I am able—
 And scamper around
 Until I have found
 A fact—or a suitable fable.

If I were the prop.
 Of a newspaper shop,
 I'd show all the boys that I'm human,
 And give 'em a taste
 O' the watery waste,
 With a chance at the waist of a woman.

And if they would ride,
 Or through the surf glide,
 Or dance till the dawn of the morning,
 Do it they should
 And I bet you I would
 Never temper their fun with a "warning."

But as it can't be,
 Only this hope I see—
 And I bid you it all to remember—
 That after this year,
 If we are still here,
 Old July will come 'round in December!

PHILISTINE.

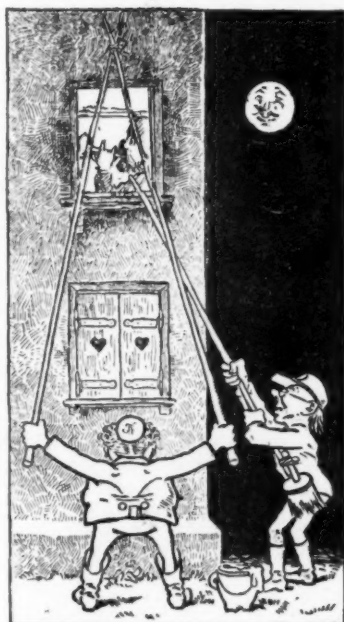
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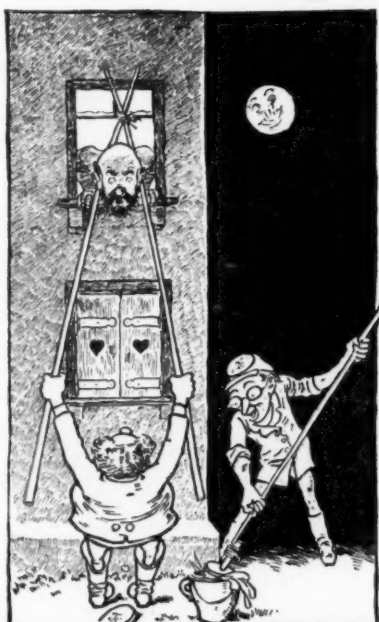
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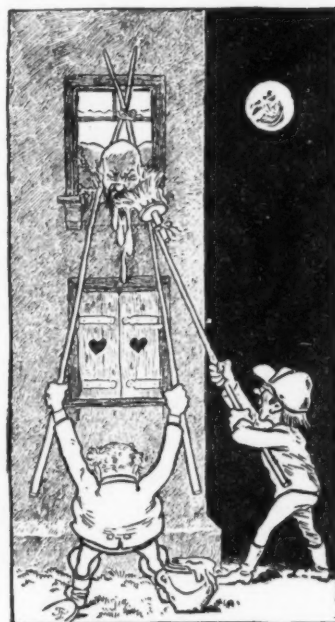
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No. 4.



No. 5.

"OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT."—*Cornet Obligato.*

Our Little Folk's Post-Office.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JANE.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Your Aunt Jane is going away. She will drink the lacteal fluid; give the bovine gentleman a leading race; frolic among the drowsy bees. She will not frolic too much, but just enough to make it interesting to herself while the bees get left; she will hie to the sylvan resort presided over by her sister-in-law's second cousin. In fact, your Aunt Jane is about to embark upon her regular, summer, sponge act. She will do the dead-head in earnest.

Here are some letters from infantile minds. Arn't they sweet?

SCRANTON, PA., Aug. 2, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—My mamma says I have a soul for poetry. I recite nicely. I graduated last spring in a white dress. I send you a lock of my hair. What is its color? Can I become a famous poetess.

BELLA.

BELLA:—The air is redolent with the soul of poetry. Great gobs of poetry hang from lamp-posts and the eaves of houses. There is more genuine poetry in the rattle of pie tins, swish of the dish-cloth, etc., than was ever dug from effete, poesey-trodden Boston. You are the girl who graduated in white? I hope the teacher threw in some brains. You recite nicely? They all do, but Lord

help the hearers! You can become more famous as a dough mechanic and a pie-crust butcher than you can wooing the muse. The color of your hair is red. Not auburn, golden, flaxen; but just pure red. Cleopatra had red hair.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. Aug. 5, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I want to be a funny writer. How can I begin? Is there an opening for me? Here is a sample of my wit: "The grocery man placed the peach basket behind the counter as little Georgie came in—"

WILLIE.

WILLIE:—There, that will do, dear. You've been reading "Peck's Bad Boy." There's no hope for you. You cannot become a funny writer. Down in Pennsylvania there are a number of openings for you; great holes in the ground where blind mules, Mollies, coal and fire-damp lurk. Try them before trying the funny biz.

FLUSH DECK, COL. Aug 4, 1885.

HEY, THAR! JANE OLD GAL:—I'm a rip-snortin' blood drinker from 'way back. I'm pinin' fur more gore. How is the carmine biz in N'York? Think I could get my thirst quenched if I should come thar?

MEASLE-NOSED MIKE.

MICHAEL:—If you do not want to rob

Colorado of one of her red lights, don't come here to New York. Your Aunt Jane knows you of old. You long to swim in gore. There is not much gore in the city just now. It is pretty much all sand and back-bone. I don't advise you to hump against New York sand and back-bone. Still, if you are determined to come here and glut your thirst for gore, I'd advise you to send your stature and Colorado address on ahead. Dead men tell no tales; and I presume Potter's Field would not be rich enough for your blood.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1885

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I am an amateur editor. My paper has a circulation of seventeen copies per week. What is the mainstay of amateur papers? How do you like my paper?

ALFRED, aged 12.

ALFIE:—Your are either bound to succeed or otherwise. The mainstay of amateur papers is patience. Patience on the part of advertisers who pay in advance for a year's card, and learn that the paper turns up its inky toes after the third issue. Your paper is a curiosity. Your *chie* editorials about "Freedom of Worship Bill," "How to Scare Suckers," "Our Standing Army," "White Grubs vs. Grasshoppers for Perch," "Our Foreign Diplomatic Corps," "Spruce Gum for Wind Colic," and a lot of others tell how you will soar one of these days.

Organic Development.

"What's this, a book case?" inquired Mr. Riddle of the clerk in the music store.

"Why, no, Charles," interrupted his wife, "you might know for yourself that it's one of these new folding beds. Mrs. Smith has one in her back parlor. You've seen it, haven't you, Daisy?" This last to her daughter.

"Yes," replied that young lady; "but I don't think this is one, though. It looks to me more like a portable ward-robe."

"No," put in the dapper young salesman, as he languidly stroked his moustache and cast a killing glance in the direction of Miss Daisy, "you are all wrong this time. The cause of your perplexity is our latest style of cabinet organ, catalogue number, 217; and we flatter ourselves that it is the most complete instrument ever put on the market. Why, it's a perfect *multum in parvo*. Here," raising a cover, "is a writing-desk attachment—"

"How handy," interrupted Mr. Riddle, seating himself at the desk and writing an imaginary letter.

"Yes," continued the salesman, throwing open two little doors below, "and here are some very roomy closets—"

"How beautiful," ejaculated Mrs. Riddle. "What a splendid place to keep all sorts of little things in. Charles, we must have it, for you know you have no good place for your shoes and blacking and brush."

"And here again," said the clerk, is a looking-glass."

"How lovely," cried Miss Daisy, peering into the mirror and rearranging her bangs. "Pa, you must buy it."

"But what about the music?" asked Mr. Riddle. "Ain't there any music in it?"

"Well, I should say there was," replied the salesman, lifting another cover. "Here you have it, four and a half octaves and forty-seven stops, being eight more stops than any other maker puts on an instrument of this grade; and we box the organ for shipment complete, for eighty-two dollars, ten per cent off for cash."

"Oh, pa, do buy it," pleaded Miss Daisy, flouncing down and rattling off the first lines of "Sweet Violets," "the stops alone are more than worth the money."

"But," said Mr. Riddle, "are the stops all connected with the music?"

"Certainly," replied the salesman.

"Well, do you think you will ever put a stop to these other attachments? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"I guess not," was the answer. "Our inventor is now working on an instrument to include a wash-stand and bureau; and a folding bed attachment is a mere matter of time. Organ building is only in its infancy as yet. Better take this one, sir."

"No," replied Mr. R. "I guess it will pay to wait and see what the future will develop. When the cabinet organ attains such perfection as to include a coffee-mill, clothes-wringer and grindstone attachment, I'll consider the feasibility of buying. Good morning, sir." ROBT. MORGAN.

MAL DE MER

She sat quite mute and heaved a sigh
Under the mid-deck awning;
Horatio Charles on drawing nigh
Beheld her pale and yawning;
All suddenly, tho' nought was said,
He gently fanned and held her head.

"I don't like swells," said an aged man
Who viewed the situation,
While Horatio Charles waved his fan
To calm her titubation:—

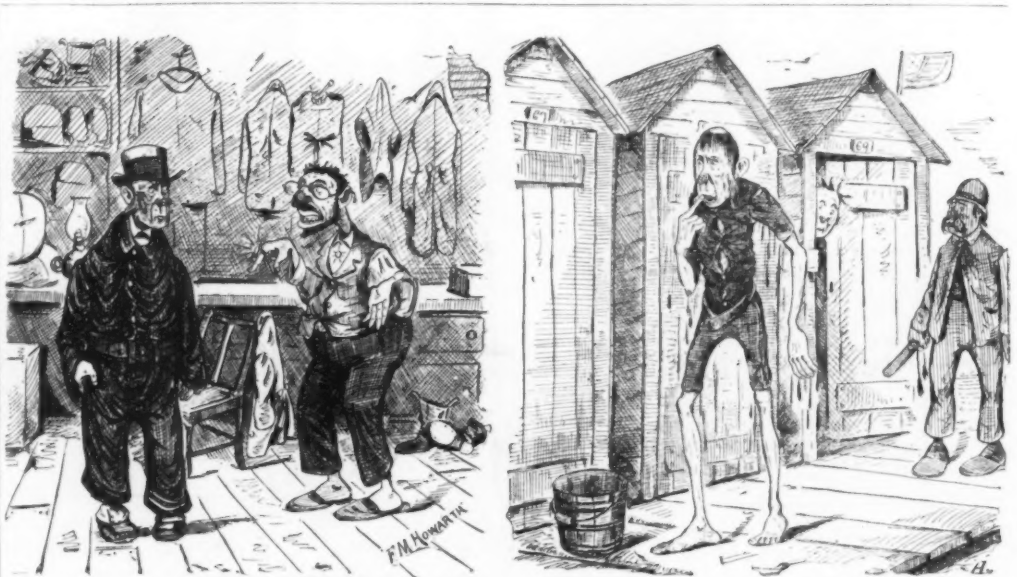
"Of course, young folks will have their day,
But the gal's jiss throwing herself away."

All suddenly she raised her head
As he gently fanned her golden tresses,
And she drew away as if in dread—
(He whispered love with his caresses)
At such a time, in such hot haste,
To say the least, was retched taste.

Relieve the Congestion.

There is great complaint of the obstruction about the approaches to the New York end of the East River Bridge, and Commissioner of Public Works, Squire, says he is powerless to remove them. Why then can he not relieve the jam by reducing the crowd? Let him stick up some original verses on the bridge—hit the mob with the "shattered hand of Freedom," as it were.

IN THE CONGO State there is only one doctor in a country 300 by 600 miles in extent, and it is said to be the unhealthiest region of the globe. Go East, young doctors, Go East! Close your turnpikes and let the people of this country go the old roundabout road to the regions below, as Dr. Holmes said.



DUE ALLOWANCE FOR SHRINKAGE.

DEALER—"Too big? Mine fren, dot soil vas fit like dose skin on dot eel ven you tak dot bath shoost von dime. Ve leaf so much for de shrink. See!"

If there is any allowance to be made for shrinkage in the next suit Jones buys, he will have it made to fit Bartholdi's statue. He will thus be saved the annoyance of being waltzed off the beach by the Guardian of Public Morality, on account of the scantiness of his bathing apparel.

English as She are Spoke.

"'S too hot to eat," he said, as he seated himself at a table in the cafe, and mopped his weeping brow.

"Yes, sir," responded the waiter promptly.

"What kind of a stew, sir? We have—"

"Stew! Who said anything about a stew, I wonder?"

"You ordered a hot stew, sir."

"Ordered nothing. A hot stew to-day—whew! I said 's too hot to eat; that's whater said, man; and I don't know whater came in here for."

"Have something cold, sir. We have cold beef, cold duck—"

"Cold duck, eh? That's just whater want—a cold duck—in the sea! Ta-ta, I'm off for Coney Island."

He vanished, and the waiter he left behind him looked dazed; somehow like one who, in trying to help another out of a slough, had put his foot in it.

A Lawyer Put to the Blush.

Doll, the tailor, had a lawyer whose ability was mainly shown in editing his fees, which were settled by the primitive process of barter.

One day the lawyer had entered judgment against a runaway debtor for ten dollars and sent his boy to bring back a dress-suit which he had prudently ordered to meet his fees as they were falling due.

"Tell your master," said Doll—laying an angry embargo on the clothes—"that the more suits he wins, the more suits I lose. But at least the size of the suits ought to have a proper resemblance. His services in this case merit nothing more than this."

With these words he picked from a plant in a pot on the window sill what would have made a modest enough dress-suit in Adam's time, but a suit which hardly suits the taste of the male sex, at least of our own.

The boy took the leaf and walked away towards the office with a sober step. W.

ON THE ROAD.

We made the run from Kansas City to St. Louis by way of the Missouri Pacific, leaving at night.

The porter in charge of our car, a big darkey, as black as the devil was ever painted, made a rush for Josh Brown and took possession of his grip, etc., almost as soon as he got within hailing distance of the train.

"Fo' de Lawd, Massa Brown, I'se glad to see yer," he exclaimed, "Paddy Murphy done thought he'd never see yer again, sah."

"Why, Murphy, how are you, and what are you doing so far West, my man?"

"I'm a Pullman porter now, Massa Brown. Come dis way, gemmen, dis yer's my kyar. Mind de step, sah?" And leading the way the coon guided us into the sleeper, and depositing the luggage begged Josh to excuse him while he attended to his other duties.

"Well, Josh, I'll be blessed if that isn't the first Ethiopian with a Hibernian name or Irishman with a sable epidermis that I ever ran across," remarked Cusby. "Which is he?"

"He's a dyed-in-the-wool nigger, Gus, and no mistake. He was born a slave on the plantation of a fellow of the name of Murphy in Mississippi and took the name of his master. You know that is common enough. I've a good story to tell you boys about Murphy, and a true one. Let's go forward and turn a little money into smoke while the berths are being made up and I'll give you the snap."

"You see, my acquaintance with Murphy dates back to my college days," Josh related, when we had lighted up and were comfortably settled. "My room was in a business block in the town and I used to take my meals at a restaurant. I employed Murphy to take charge of my room and that sort of thing. There were a number of other men who slept in the building and among them was a medical student, Bobby Boggs by name, whom I cronied with a good deal and who was in the habit of putting in a good deal of his loose time in my den. His quarters adjoined mine, and Murphy acted as chambermaid for both of us. The moko used to wake me in the morning and slick up the place while I was out at breakfast, you see."

"Now, when I came back from a vacation in my junior year, I brought with me a demijohn of fine cognac. I filled a colored cut glass decanter which I kept in plain view on a hanging shelf and locked up the rest of the booze. Well, one night, perhaps ten days after my return, I was awakened out of a sound sleep by Bobby Boggs who knocked at my door with a demand for a glass of that brandy. He was suffering from colic or something, you see. I got out of bed, lighted the gas, reached for the decanter and poured him out a good big snifter, bragging all the while about the excellent quality of the stuff. Bobby took a big mouthful and then, to my surprise, squirted the whole business over the floor."

"Is that what you call a necktie of the gods? Why, man, you nearly poisoned me," he declared excitedly. "In my opinion its nothing but H O 2. Taste it yourself if you dare."

"I sampled the goods gingerly and then immediately offered a humble apology. The bottle, you see, had been emptied by some one and then refilled with water. I gave Bobby a glass out of the demijohn and re-

filled the decanter.

"I wouldn't do that," said Bob.

"And why not?"

"The darkey will work the racket over again, that's all."

"So you think it was Murphy who swigged my cognac, Bob? Very well, if I catch that nigger, and I'm sure if he's the culprit, I'll fix him in such shape that will be surely virtuous ever after. Now go to bed like a good fellow and leave me to meditate vengeance."

"In the morning before going out I said to Murphy, 'I must warn you, boy, against drinking anything you may find in my place. You know Mr. Boggs is here a good deal and is apt to leave some of his chemicals lying



about. They are all of them deadly poisons, Murphy, and I don't want you to monkey with them. I have no desire to attend a blackberrying picnic at this time of year.

"Bress my soul, Massa Brown," he exclaimed earnestly, "I never don't touch nuffin, sho's yo born. Yo sholy don't speet Murphy, sah, ob foolin' along ub what don't b'long to 'im?"

"That's all right, boy, I'm not complaining of you. I'm only giving you a warning." And with that I went out slamming the door.

"But I didn't repair to the hash joint as usual. I clapped my eye to the keyhole and saw my dusky chambermaid make directly for that decanter. He so far regarded my caution as to smell before tasting, but one sip satisfied him that he had not to do with Bogg's chemicals and he straightway took a big swig."

"I went to Bob's room without further delay, and acquainting him with my discovery, asked his cooperation in the scheme I had devised the night before. He joyfully consented and hastened to complete the process of construction, for Boggs was arraying himself when I entered, while I returned to Murphy and my room."

"Murphy was whistling like a martingale on a whiffle-tree and thumping a pillow vigorously—as healthy a looking coon as I ever saw. He looked up as I came in.

"For Heaven's sake, my poor fellow, what is the matter?" I exclaimed. "You look sick—extremely sick."

"Nuffin's de matter, Boss, I'se all right."

"Give me your wrist, Murphy. Why your pulsebeats like lightning and—my dear man, you're in a high fever. Don't you feel badly?"

"I think his conscience must have teased him, and that added to my earnest manner and words worked on his imagination, for he admitted:

"To tell de Lawd's truf, Massa Brown, I don't feel zackly peart."

"Of course not. I knew you didn't. Why, you poor nigger, you are deadly pale. You're as white as a sheet. You surely didn't drink from any bottles in this room?"

"Not edzackly, Massa Brown; O, Lawd! O, Lawd!"

"Let up on that and tell me if it was the big colored decanter you drank out of. If it was you're a dead nigger sure."

"And will I sholy die, Massa Brown. I ain't done ready fer to die yit, Boss."

"Lie down on the sofa, Murphy, while I go for Dr. Boggs. I don't think he can help you, but I'll call him," and with that I lit out leaving him groaning for keeps. Bob returned with me immediately.

"Why, Murphy!" he exclaimed, starting back with well simulated dismay. "Are you as bad as that? Is it true that you drank some of that deadly spiritus frumenti, the most active poison known? I know he has, Josh," he says to me. "See, his face turns from white to blue and blue to red—a sure indication. Don't you feel a horrible pain across the stomach, Murphy, a burning sensation at the base of the brain and the tortures of the damned generally all over?"

"I'm gwine to die, Massa Boggs. I know I is," and Murphy really appeared to suffer so intensely, pitching about and wailing, that I really began to think the poor ignorant nigger would go up with a merry noise, and that directly.

"Can't you give him an emetic, Bobby," I said, "I hate to see the wretch die without something being attempted."

"I'm afraid he has had the poison down too long, Josh, but its all I can do. See here, Murphy," he said, pulling a vial out of his pocket and shaking the coon who had fallen into a sort of stupor. "Take this; it's your last chance." Murphy didn't make a move. He laid there breathing heavily. His face was of a leaden hue and cold perspiration stood on his forehead. I thought he was a goner, sure.

"Murphy, if you don't open your mouth and take this medicine, I'll open it for you with a red-hot poker."

"The threat had the desired effect. The whole front of his head opened, revealing a Mammoth Cave equipped with a fine display of stalagmites and stalactites, and in went an enormous dose of tartar emetic."

"After that experience you might tempt Patrick Murphy with cold chicken or even iced water melon and call the turn every deal."

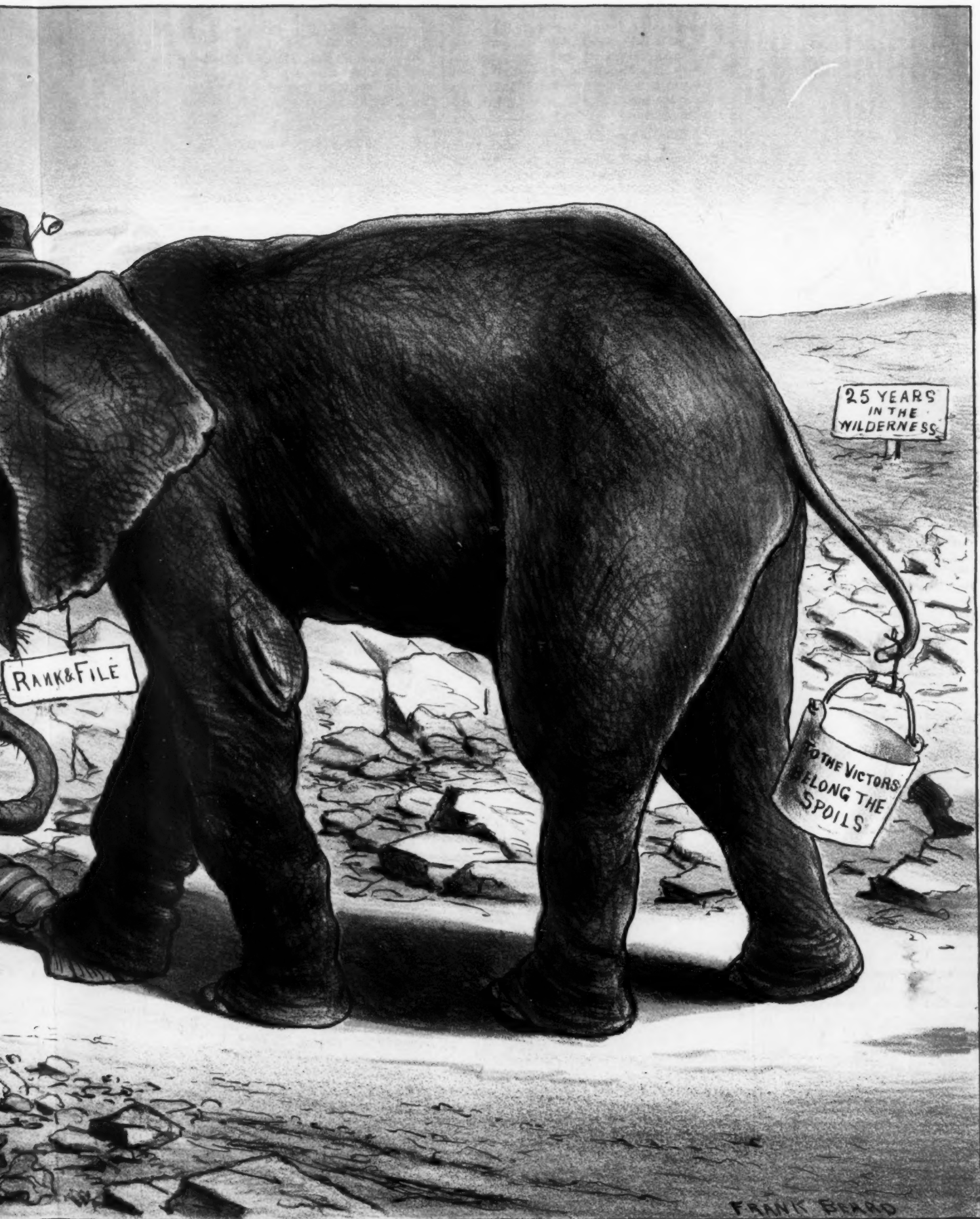
L. L. LANG.



THE WEARY ROAD TO THE P

"Will you walk a little faster?" said
"The Elephant's behind me, and he's

JUDGE.



THE POLITICAL PROMISED LAND.

*er?" said the Crawfish to the Snail;
e, and he's treading on my tail."*



ADVERTISING DODGES.

Business men with all their shrewdness can get "pointers" on advertising from theatrical managers and actors. The theatre is so directly dependent on advertising that men in that business are compelled to make the means of catching the public attention a leading study; while to most merchants, advertising is a minor feature of their business, and one not deemed worthy of much special thought. We have had before us lately, two antithetical announcements in regard to theatrical advertising.

One is that Mary Anderson has become so high-toned and "English, you know," that upon her return she will not use any posters, dodgers, lithographs, house-bills or photographs, nor allow any displayed newspaper advertising—nothing in short but a simple "agate" announcement of her appearance.

Per contra, we are told that an actor has ordered for house distribution fifty thousand little glass jars containing "Mixed Pickles." It is to be hoped that his play on the stage will be better than his play on the words. The idea, besides being rather cheap, is a borrowed one. Josh Billings played it in his lecture on "Milk" by ostentatiously displaying a glass dish of milk on the desk, and never referring to it. This sort of thing is a form of realism that is not only bad art but bad business. One may reasonably suspect the quality of the performance thus advertised, as, in fact, the public does. It is easier to spoil a good prospect by over-advertising than by too little publicity.

As for Mary Anderson, the announcement of her English scheme of reticence is, in itself, an advertising dodge. Our Mary publicly poses and ironically proclaims: "I refuse to be advertised." This is excellent, considering the time and distance which separates her from us, but later, doubtless, it will be seen that she, or her manager for her, is shrewd enough to seek the usual, as well as the unusual, means of wooing the public. If there is any person in the world who can be depended on when in Rome to do as the Romans do, it is an actor.

CLIMBING UP.

Once more the variety theatre vindicates its claim to be, more than the "Lyceum," the training school of the profession in the advance of Harry Miner from the Bowery to Union Square Theatre, and from specialties to opera. Our Miners, Harrigans, Dixeys, Mackayes make their position strong enough not only to enforce the lesson that you can-

not keep genius down, but that the actor who is content to begin at the bottom may not find the prestige of uncultured antecedents any drawback to his reaching the top.

But why is it that more men than women climb to position with the variety stage as a stepping-stone?

MEDIOCRITY IN SPECTACLE.

Niblos continues in its special line of spectacles. It often requires spectacles to see the attraction in some of its pieces. The best it has had in months was "Excelsior," and that, while good as a spectacle, was decidedly bad in its motive, as it was too narrowly Frenchy to be just historically.

"Clio," Niblos' latest in this line, is about after the usual style and draws the accustomed clientele of the spectacular drama.

A VERSATILE ARTISTE.

The first performances of "Chatter" demonstrated that, contrary to usual facts, too much had not been promised for, or expected from it. Manager McCaull has added to his Black Hussar plumes which before were borne thick, if not blushing, upon him.

The operetta is full of attractive situations and catching airs. Mme. Cottrelly, makes hits in the songs "Comes a Birdie a-flying," where the range and management of her voice and her mimetic powers are conspicuous, and in the popular trio with

the refrain "For all of which my son-in-law will pay."

More than all this, Mme. Cottrelly gains fame as a stage manager in the easy movement and spirit of the play. This lady is rather an histrionic and lyric anomaly, it would seem.

THE UNHAPPY MEDIUM.

Hear, oh hear me, gentle spirit;
Have compassion on my lot!
Night by night have I invoked you,
Lying sleepless on my cot.
But as yet no manifestation
Have I from the spirit band,
Nor my eyes, except in dreaming,
Seen the happy Summerland,

Five long years have I been rapping,
Till my face is pale and wan;
While my friends say I have fallen
From a fair to medium man.
Oft they've led me to believing
They know where the spirits are,
Till, deluded, they would show me
Liquid spirits at the bar!

Though by praying and by fasting
Am I now reduced in weight;
Yet I cannot get me into
The true cataleptic state.
While the street boys shout and tell me,
Jeering at my sad mishap,
I am such a wretched medium
That I am not worth a rap!

JAMES J. O'CONNELL.



A BROAD VIEW.

JONES always liked to say something sententious and exhaustive.—"My dear," he remarked to his bride, as they were leaving church. "We have now nothing to look forward to but death or divorce."

WILLIAM WASHBURNE.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

There are pressing reasons why you should give energetic attention to the present attitude of corporations in the judicial district of the United States. These organizations are so powerful, so useful to the public and so intent on their own schemes, that there is constant danger of their transcending statute law, invading private rights and imperilling public interests. Your Jury of Public Opinion is the only power that can keep them within the bounds of law and right.

Flagrant instances of trespasses of this kind will be submitted to you by the Public Prosecutor of the Press. One of these is the recently-reported purchases of the West Shore road in New York by the N. Y. Central; and of the new South Pennsylvania by the Penn. Central. The roads thus purchased are parallel and competing lines of the roads purchasing them, respectively. The transfers and combinations are not only against public policy, which demands competition between carriers, but they are in violation of statute law in one case, and of a specific article in the constitution of Pennsylvania in the other.

These legislative and constitutional inhibitions have been ignored by the conspiring and contracting corporations with a coolness which attests how little fear they have of civil authority—an indifference born of their successes in manipulating legislatures and courts and thwarting justice. In such a situation your jury should interfere and bring these haughty outlaws within the bounds of law.

Their example of successful law-breaking is as demoralizing to the citizen as its effects are injurious to public interests.

It is probable that your jury will find it necessary in the course of your inquest into abuses of this kind, to sharply overhaul the conduct of the accredited officers of law in their relation to the schemes of corporations. The highest courts of law have not infrequently become tools of the most unscrupulous and corrupt designs. The combination of chicane and violence by which the Western Union Telegraph was able to gain legal countenance for seizing a large property of others in a manner little short of confiscation, will be before you as an illustration of the abuse of judicial power for the benefit of a would-be monopoly.

There is the more need of your jury's prompt indictment of such acts, because there are, with these, other indications of a judicial decline, such as seems to periodically infect the bench. The disgraceful demoralization of our courts in the Tweed regime, and the more recent Westbrook

scandals, will remind your jury that your constant vigilance is necessary to keep even the judicial ermine out of the mire.

Your jury's deliberations will necessarily carry you beyond providing temporary checks to these encroachments, to the consideration of permanent preventive measures. Government inspection of corporate conduct or the stricter remedy of government direction thereof, and the actual purchase and control of telegraphs are among the alternatives for a permanent prevention of corporate outlawry and depredation.

C. E. B.

Financial Laundering.

WASHINGTON departments have advertised for proposals from washwomen for cleaning crash. The Treasury and Executive ought to advertise for some one to clean the gold-dust out of their eyes and furnish them with financial foresight, or the country will have the biggest job of cleaning up a crash that it has seen since the panic of '38.

Iconoclasm.

The glory of Diogenes has been slightly dimmed by the discovery that the tub in which he took up his lodgings was a brewer's, and that he and his friends indulged in a cynical laugh-around therein every night. The lantern legend is based on an escapade of the company one Sunday morning when they dressed in blue uniforms and with bull's-eye lamps set out to run in every belated reporter and let all the guilty ones escape. 'Twas severe sarcasm, but bless you, the police didn't care. They continued to draw their pay and dream the happy hours away.

A Complete Combination,

One of Keiley's defenders pleads that a man with such assorted religious views should not have been rejected by any foreign power. He was educated a Methodist, became a Catholic, married a Jewess and is now a free-thinker. If Keiley could have sorted up his politics equally well, he might have become the world's favorite. As it is, he and Butler would make a powerful team, representing pantheism and panpolitics. Pans tied to their tails would complete the unities. They would "travel to the pole well"—North Pole.

Administration Prison Reform.

The administration is making great progress in wiping out prejudice against the criminal classes. The inoffensive Democrat who was serving a term in the Ohio penitentiary for illegally imprisoning a hundred or two voters in Cincinnati to prevent their becoming offensive voters against Cleveland, has been pardoned out by Cleveland.

A man in Maine, who is suffering in state prison for abstracting government funds from a Maine post office in which he was a clerk, has been consoled by promotion to the postmastership.

A man has been made special agent in Colorado, who is under arrest for horse-stealing, and confesses to having served at least two terms in the penitentiary for the same offense.

But, thank heaven, none of these were "offensive partisans!" They were Democrats.

BOSTANESE SULLIVAN ought to make a good lawyer; he's so-fistical.

ON THE PIER.



I stood upon the pier at eve
And saw old Phœbus disappearing;
The white smoke from the steamers leave,
And onward, upward, go careering.
I saw the lighters' flitting sails
In the red, radiant glory glisten;
And to the sea-gulls' surly hails
And hoarser shrieks, was fain to listen.
I turned to join the city's whirl,
And leave the long and grimy landing,
When lo, near by I saw a girl
Upon the slender string-piece standing,
Her long hair, by no ribbon tied,
O'er her fair shoulders careless drifting;
While from the bay the breeze that sighed,
Through her thin shawl was surely sifting.
"What does she there?" I asked my heart,
"A-gazing o'er the whirling water?"
Back came the answer, like a dart—
" 'Tis some poor, long-lost, fallen daughter!
"Some victim of Fate's stern decree,
Who, weary of the sad commotion,
Doth seek to drown her misery
In the cold, clammy clutch of Ocean!"
I crossed the pier with rapid stride,
My feeling heart thus to me muttering;
And in a trice I reached her side,
Where in the wind her shawl was flutt'ring.
Quick turned she 'round, and eyed me o'er,
Then, gathering in her scanty kersey,
Said, pointing to the other shore:
"Stranger, du tell, be that air Jersey?"

THOS. W. TRESIDDER.



A SUMMER EXCURSION.

OLD INQUISITIVENESS—"Hey, where are you going?"

YOUNG IMPERTINENT—"Going to Sheol."

O. I.—"Well, you will find it hotter there than here."

Little Classics.

SOCRATES.

Socrates, like Cato, was a crank, but he was a much greater man than Cato and hence he was a much greater crank. Q. E. D.

I do not know where Socrates was born, but he made his home and got his mail at Athens, N. Y., or as we would now write it "Athens-on-the-Hudson." Socrates seems to have been cut out for a criminal lawyer, but the pattern was lost and so he became a philosopher and a traveling puzzle department.

Socrates seems to have been one of these endurance fiends, for Xenophon says: "I do not think it is possible for any one to earn so little with the labor of his hands as not to have procured a sufficiency to supply Socrates." Evidently, Xenophon never saw any literary men, or else the writers of Greece were better paid than the generality of writers are paid to-day. Another of Sock's endurance tricks was running around with no boots or socks on right in the dead of winter. The authorities were going to shoot their wad, and when they saw they could not bluff him they let him go and sent him a bottle of Dr. X's Asthma Anihilator and an ice-cream freezer as a delicate tribute to his sand.

They made lots of fun of Socrates in Athens. Aristophanes, the leading funny man of that time, wrote a lot of funny squibs, &c., about him. He also wrote a comedy called "The Clouds," in which he tried to let Sock down, and I am not certain but this comedy also hastened his death. Aristophanes was one of the very, very few funny men who have been able to write anything worth re-reading or remembering. Aristophanes seems to have sought for subjects that were eternal to display his wit upon, and he did not waste all his time in writing "rotten rot" about mothers-in-law, mules, and the feet of the Chicago girl, and I recommend his works to many of our so-called comic writers of to-day, for they can

get some pointers from him in spite of all the boasted perception of the nineteenth century.

Socrates seems to have been a reformer and an inventor, for when he was on trial for his life, the judge in his charge to the jury said that Sock "had introduced other gods; denied the infallibility of the Pope, and infant damnation; and said he could knock 'L' out of the Bible in the first round; and that he wanted to die with the jim-jams and be buried in the Erie Canal, if he couldn't write a better book than the Presbyterian 'Shorter Catechism.'" There were a lot of deep-water Baptists on the jury and also a couple of Old School

Presbyterians, and so they sent him for life or rather for death. At first, they were between a stew and a sweat whether Sock should be shot, hung or drowned. At last they gave him his choice of death and he told them he wanted to die of old age or else be killed with kindness. This made them so mad that they said hanging was too good for him. So they concluded to poison him, and instead of allowing him to nominate his poison, as we do in these days, they compelled him to drink hemlock.

Sock's first wife was crosser than the letter "X." Her name was Xantippe and her crossness was always on a par with her initial. She used to write her name "Mrs. X Socrates," and folks made fun of her and said that "X" showed she could not write her name; after that she wrote her name in full. She whooped it up to Sock right along to the last and then Plato says she weakened and cried like a baby. Socrates said there was one good thing about having a cross woman, it made it seem like a Saturday half-holiday whenever a fellow went away from home.

Socrates kept well, for Xenophon says he was quite a masher even in his old age. I confess I like to see a man always able to relish a sweet kiss or to admire a pretty female form or face, no matter how old he is, and if some of these "rotten-toothed old reformers" who take vows of eternal woman hatred would imitate Socrates the world would see a grander race of people in a few generations; for, as L. S. Crandall says: "Love is God; Sexuality is the Christ."

Socrates was buried just below Athens on the bank of the Hudson where the tide ebbs and flows twice a day, and it is said that the "Maid of Athens" spends two-thirds of her pin money right along, to see that his grave is kept green. FRED. SHELLY RYMAN.

THE BARBED WIRE monopolists are disloyal. They have recently put up fencing notwithstanding the President of the United States has ordered it down on all public lands.



MR. DAVENPORT FAKE, THE DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR READER AND ELECTIONIST HAS DECIDED TO WORK THE SUMMER HOTELS WITH HIS REFINED ENTERTAINMENT. THE BOARDERS GET UP THIS LITTLE IMPROMPTU RECEPTION AFTER HIS FIRST APPEARANCE TO EVINCE THEIR APPROVAL OF HIS GREAT MORAL SHOW.

LOVE AND CARDS.

I.

The youth and maiden sat alone
Upon the pebbled strand
Beside the sea, and in his own
He held her lily hand.

II.

He gazed into her sapphire eyes,
"I love you, sweet," he said;
The maiden answered him with sighs
And blushing hung her head.

III.

He pressed the hand so soft and white,
He kissed the dimpled chin,
And said, "if I played cards to-night
I know that I would win."

IV.

"You ask me why, you shall be told;"
He pressed the fingers white;
"I know I'd win because I hold
A lovely hand to-night."

[Boston Courier.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Now are the wild, wierd songs of night,
Borne to us through the open lattices,
And wake us up in sore affright—
Some are cats and some are catesses.

[St. Paul Herald.]

A half-holiday is better than no loaf.
[Rochester Post-Express.]

Chicago's divorce mills are running on
short time.—[Boston Post.]

General Wolseley in the Soudan—I came,
I saw, I scampered.—[Lowell Citizen.]

El Mahdi is dead; but he scared the Eng-
lish nearly to death first.—[Hartford Post.]

The Munster Bank of Ireland was wreck-
ed on the American plan.—[Newark News.]

Seersuckers are getting very scarce.
Beer suckers, however, are as plenty as
ever.—[Reading Times.]

Cleveland records it as "a narrow escape
from death" when a team reaches a railroad
crossing two minutes too late to be run over.
[Detroit Free Press.]

A rancher from the grasshopper district
says that the turkey is the only one that
will have a full crop this year.
[Weekly Maverick.]

A Lamar street lawyer gives as a reason
for not going to Europe this summer that a
rich client had just died and he is afraid
the heirs would get the property.
[Georgia Paper.]

The editor of *Texas Siftings* has published
his autobiography in a recent number of
his paper in the form of an interesting little
story entitled "The Ass."
[St. Paul Herald.]

In Burmah, editors receive elephants in
payment for subscription. In this country
the paper itself is about all the elephant the
editor cares to keep in stock.
[St. Paul Herald.]

"O where does beauty linger?" demand-
ed a Quaker City Poetess. As a usual
thing, she lingers in the parlor until her
mother has cleaned up the kitchen.
[Boston Post.]

"Dear, dear," said a kind-hearted matron
on meeting a friend whom she had not
seen for a long time; "and you're not yet

married, Jane, and with your good looks
too?" "No, I'm not married yet," replied
Jane with a laugh. "And how comes it
that you are single?" "Well," said Jane,
with a twinkle of her eye, "I expect it's
because I was born so."—[Boston Courier.]

What is the difference between weather-
ing a storm in a pleasure craft and sitting
carelessly in a ship's boat? One is yachting
in a squall and the other is squatting in a
yawl.—[Yonkers Gazette.]

An Indiana farmer has a perfectly formed
colt only twelve inches high. The Indian-
ians were told that they might expect shrink-
ages if Cleveland was elected.
[Newman Independent.]

A Chicago man sells the brains of beef-
cattle in St. Louis for two dollars per dozen.
Brains come high but St. Louis must have
them. Chicago can get along without them.
[Newman Independent.]

It is said that Sitting Bull is fond of
canned goods. Some one should send him
a can of nitro-glycerine and a hammer and
cold chisel and tell him to pitch in and en-
joy himself.—[St. Paul Herald.]

Birds drink, for we have seen a crow bar.
—[Waterloo Observer.] They are farmers
—we have seen a chromo. [—Gouverneur
Herald.] Don't know about their drinking,
but we have often seen 'em tree't.
[Weekly Maverick.]

Mr. Dusenberry—"You have gone to
housekeeping, I hear. Nicely fixed, I sup-
pose?"

Mr. Jenks—"Yes; my wife is perfectly
delighted. She reminds me of a tea-kettle,
she sings so pleasantly."

Mr. Dusenberry—"My wife often re-
minds me of a tea kettle, too."

Jenks—"In what way?"
Mr. Dusenberry—"I never know when
she is going to boil over."—[Phila. Call.]

A boy will eat and a boy will drink,
And a boy will play all day;
But a boy won't work and a boy won't think,
Because he ain't built that way.
[Chicago Ledger.]

A girl will sing and a girl will dance,
And a girl will work crochet;
But she can't throw a stone and hit a church,
Because she ain't built that way.
[Lynn Union.]

NORRISTOWN HERALDRY.

Our Irish contributor thinks it is a mighty
good thing for the deceased that obituary
poetry written about him is not printed
while he is living.

It is said that Princess Beatrice's eldest
sister refused to eat any of the bridal cake.
This seems to corroborate the statement that
Beatrice baked her own wedding cake.

The present fashion of combing the hair
tightly from the nape of the neck to the
top of the head makes it impossible for a
woman to bear her weight on her heels and
close her eyes at the same time.

Lilian Spencer, the actress, has written a
novel called "After All." Insatiate fe-
male! Wouldn't three or four suffice?
When an actress gets "after all," she's
bound to catch some of them, and the sequel
to her book will be "Divorcee."

It is rumored that a foreigner has been in
this country some time buying up the "an-
tique furniture" that came over in the
Mayflower, and has chartered six of the lar-

gest vessels afloat to carry it back to Eng-
land. He must have secured nearly one-
sixth of the Mayflower's entire load.

"The house in which General Grant was
born" is to be sold piecemeal as relics. It
is not a very large house, but it is believed
enough of its lumber will be disposed of
during the next ten years to build a western
"city" of three dwelling houses, a black-
smith shop, a church, and twenty-seven sa-
loons.

PHILADELPHIA "CALLS" TO THE UNCON-
VERTED.

South Carolina does not believe in di-
vorce. For a state that seceded from the
union this is scarcely consistent.

Considering the size of a child, they take
up an enormous amount of room in this
world and leave a big hole when they drop
out.

Military spirit is dying out in Kentucky.
Several men have been found who were wil-
ling to surrender the title of Colonel for
that of Consul or even Postmaster.

Our exchanges are carrying on a lively war
over "pantaloons," and the *New York Sun*
declares there are no such things. Does
Mr. Dana travel in a high hat and a Prince
Albert?

Watts, the celebrated painter, has designed
the dresses for Mary Anderson in "As You
Like It." That was giving him considera-
ble latitude. Heretofore her peremptory
order has been, make it "as I like it."

F frivolous Young Lady (to guide)—"How
deep is this hole?" Guide—"Never been
measured, Miss." Frivolous Y. L.—"Sup-
pose I should fall down there, where do you
suppose I would go to?" Guide—"That
depends, Miss, entirely upon how you have
lived in this world."

"Mr. Bassett, I regret to hear of your
bankruptcy. Your family has my heartfelt
sympathy."

"You are very kind, but they don't need
it."

"Why not?"

"I have amply provided for them. If you
have any sympathy to spare, please give it to
the families of my creditors."

How often is the light of the household
clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability
on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not
to be blamed, for they are the result of ail-
ments peculiar to that sex, which men know
not of. But the cause may be removed and
joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Fa-
vorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and
nervine for debilitated women, is certain,
safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare
the great healer of women.

IN HARD LUCK.

They were singing the hymn, "I Have a
Father in the Promised Land," when a
seedy looking individual was seen weeping
at the door. The usher walked up to him
and asked him if he felt the spirit moving
him.

"No, not exactly," he snuffled.
"Then, my dear sir," said the usher,
"why do you feel so dejected?"

"Well, I'll tell ye," said the man, "them
folks up in the front are singin' about
havin' a father in the Promised Land and it
makes me sad when I hear it, for I've got a
father, but he's not in the Promised Land.
He's in jail for stealing a horse, and it

makes me sad to see how much better off they are than me. It's just my luck."

[Evansville Argus.]

A MODEL WIFE.

Jones was well aware that his wife was in the habit of rifling his pockets when he was asleep, but, like a wise man, he kept silence on the subject. One night, however, he awoke and caught her in the act.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing, my dear?"

The lady started, her cheeks flushed, the pantaloons dropped from her grasp, and she was about to make a full confession when a bright idea entered her head. Recovering her composure she said:

"I was looking to see whether your pantaloons needed any buttons."

"They do, they do, my dear," he exclaimed, springing from bed, "needed 'em for weeks, months, and I wondered why you didn't sew 'em on, but I waited, for I was sure you would get to it sometime. And how kind of you to get up out of bed at this time of night to attend to 'em. Say what you will, there's nothing in the world like a good wife. Let me turn up the gas a little so's you'll have all the light you want in sewing 'em on. Got your needle and thread and the buttons? No. Well, tell me where they are, and I'll get them for you."

Mrs. Jones proceeded to sew on the buttons while her husband sat on the side of the bed and encouraged her with words of praise for her wifely care and thought for his comfort, occasionally remarking that go where he would he would always say there was nothing in the world like a good wife.

Then he went to the wardrobe and brought out several pairs of pants, a coat, two or three old vests, and a number of shirts, from all of which buttons were missing, and cheerily observed:

"While we're at it we'll make a night of it."

Two hours later, when Mrs. Jones, with a weary sigh, removed the thimble from her

finger, Mr. Jones patted her on the cheek and said:

"I say it again, my dear, say it again, that wherever I go I will make it known, proclaim it from the housetops, shout it in the highways and byways that a wife who gets up in the middle of the night to sew buttons on her husband's clothes is a priceless treasure, a crown to that husband, and an ornament to her sex."

Then Mr. Jones, chuckling to himself, lay calmly down and slept the sleep of the just.—[Boston Courier.]

"CONSUMPTION CURE"

would be a truthful name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

JULEPS IN HOT WEATHER.

A Boston man, says the *Record*, was driving along a forest road in Alabama, when he came to a cozy log cabin, in whose door sat a plump and hearty darkey. Around the cabin there were growing, in the loveliest profusion, a quantity of mint. The Boston man was in the habit of carrying moist refreshments with him, and the sight of the nodding paradise of mint suggested beautiful thoughts.

"Would you like to take a drink with me?" said the Boston man.

"Boss, I don't kyah ef I dew," said the darkey.

"What's your name, my man?" "Julius." Well, Julius, why don't you make a mint julep?" said the white man.

"Wot mought dat be, boss?" asked the negro.

"Pick me some nice, tender sprigs of

that mint and bring me some cold water, and I'll show you."

The negro brought about half a bushel of beautiful mint and a bucket of cold water from his well. The white man mixed two drinks in two big tin cups and tenderly interspersed a little of the mint in them. Then the two discussed the beverages, and the darkey's eyes gleamed as he drank. After a while the Boston man drove on.

Three months afterward he came back by the same cabin. He noticed with tender

Nervous Debilitated Men

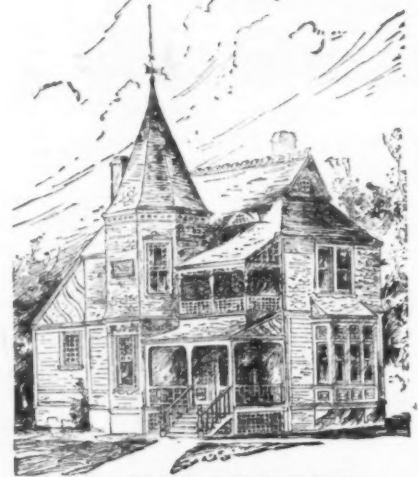
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"For thirty-eight years I suffered with Scrofula. When a child I had running sores on my knees and ankles, from which pieces of bone worked out. After these were healed, my eyes became sore and painful, and, although I tried many remedies, nothing did me any permanent good, until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles of this medicine performed wonders for me."—EMMA TIPTON, Alton, Ohio.

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concern that the mint seemed to have been
stripped from the darky's yard as by a tor-
nado and the place looked forlorn and
gloomy. In the door sat a negro, but not
his negro. It was a dejected and tattered
old man who answered the white man's
call.

"Ah! where is my friend Julius, who
lived in this cabin three months ago?"

"Po' Julius am gone, sah," said the old
negro, rolling his eyes.

"What! not dead?"

"Yes, sah."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Oh, dats de sorrowful part of it, sah.

Dere was a white man come along here
'bout free months ago. Seems like he was
from the norf; an' he larn't Julius how to
drink grass in his rum— an,' an,'—now
he's gone, po' Julius!"—[Bloomington Eye.

A YOUTHFUL PENITENT.

A philanthropic lady saw a couple of
urchins pulling each other's hair, and, sep-
arating the combatants, she proceeded to
lecture them kindly on the evils of fighting.
Both boys seemed truly penitent, and before
leaving them the lady asked:

"You wouldn't pull Billy's hair now,
would you, Johnny?"

"N-no, mam," faltered Johnny.

"And you won't pull Johnny's hair again,
will you, Billy?"

"No, mam," replied Billy, "but I—
I'll—"

"That's right, Billy. You would rather
kiss him, wouldn't you?"

"No, sir; I wouldn't! I'd druther break
his durn back!"—[Newman Independent.

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THE MODERN SHAKSPEARE.

"Me Lord! am I as sweet a maid as Syl-
via Garcia?"

"Pah! She's wormwood unto thee!"

"As worthy I as she of rhapsody?"

"As much thou'rt worthier as gold than
gum."

"And were not compliment to Providence
more fit because of me than such as her?"

"'Twere profanation an' it were not,
girl."

"Then wherefore doth this Senor Adula
find more in her to praise than thou in me?
Last night, when lit with dalliance of the
moon the canalazzo mirrored million stars
whose points carved ripples on the sheeny
deep, they too were floating i' the dreamy
tide, and if there's registered on scroll above
the cream-paste epithets his lips did mould
then seraphims will cluster 'round the same
as flies do mass them 'round a syrup-cup."

"Turned he the faucet of his treacle on
Sylvia, saidst thou? Did'st thou note the
brand?"

"Aye, marry an' I did! 'Twere such as
made thy tribute speech to me seem quite
unsavory. He did veneer her with exotic
words that reeked of guava and the sweet
ju-jube, and e'er his sentiments were half
o'erflown his lips were caked with verbal
caramels. I did but sniff the flavor of his
speech and prayed 'twere thine to drip such
dulcitude."

"Beshrew thee! but this Senor Adula is
type of many wooing prodigals. To win a
wife he bankrupts tender speech. He drips

of lollypop and lush-dipped lies, anoints her
with four-ply panegyrics, thrones her on
cream laid angel altitudes, and weds to af-
fection's penury. Show me the man whose
courting doth erupt love's glucose as 'twere
more than limitless, and I will show you one
whose wife will starve for one sweet morsel
of eulogium. So note it, maid, and comfort
thee with this: when thy Henrico laves thee
not with praise he's saving some to crown
thy wifely needs.—[Yonkers Gazette.

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