

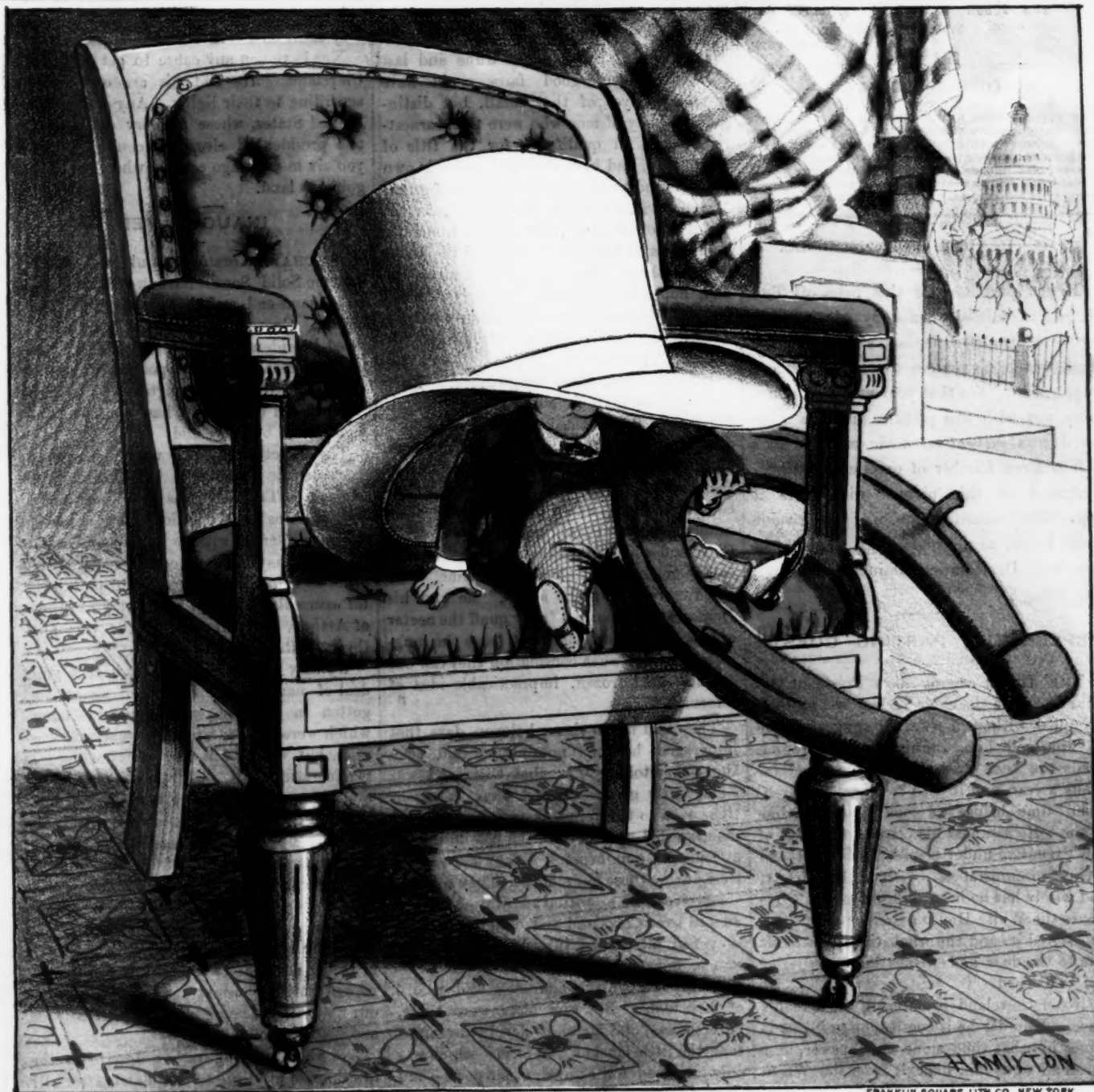


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INAUGURATED.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



THE JUDGE.

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THE INAUGURATION BALL.

EVERY purchaser of this issue of THE JUDGE is entitled to a copy of the large extra picture of Cleveland's Inauguration Ball, which we present to our readers as a supplement. See that your newsdealer supplies you with this picture with the regular JUDGE without extra charge.

The large number of excellent portraits embraced in this picture will make it especially interesting, and will give it value years hence, as a trustworthy memento of the first Democratic administration since the war.

"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

THE JUDGE cannot allow President Arthur to vacate the chair he has so worthily occupied without a word of congratulation to him and his administration. He has made the best President we have had for many a year, and it is to be feared it will be some time before we look upon his like again. He assumed his place at the head of the Executive under peculiarly difficult and trying circumstances. Modestly, firmly, and wisely has he borne himself since. He leaves the White House a greater man than he entered it, and the whole country attends him to the door and wishes him prosperity and God speed.

Grover Cleveland is entering to take his place. How far he is competent to fill it, is a question that time alone can answer, but unless all signs fail, his exit from the White

House, four years hence, will not be as dignified and impressive as is that of Chester A. Arthur to-day. It is not in the nature of things that any man can emerge with credit or dignity from the mess of politicians with whom he will be mixed up in the Democratic garbage heap. There is bound to be a scramble and a melee; certain politicians will grow rich; the country will suffer in purse and in position, and Cleveland will only be saved from a serious loss of prestige by the circumstance that he has never yet acquired any. "*Vacuus viator cantabit ante latronem.*"

No; Chester Arthur has decidedly the best of it. He leaves the national prosperity safe and sound. No-one can blame him if another hand makes shipwreck of it.

OUT IN THE COLD.

IF, any time between last June and last November, some good fairy could have opened the eyes of that small, but distinguished body of men who were then earnestly engaged in qualifying for the title of Mugwump, and have shown them their own position and prospects in this epoch of grace, March, 1885, we think they would, in the language of scripture, have called upon the mountains to fall upon them, and the rocks to cover them. For, assuredly, a more dismal, hopeless, disgruntled, utterly "left" body of men has never attempted to take a hand in politics since Cromwell purged the "Rump" parliament.

Look at them, these mugwumps. They have cast away their share of the glorious heritage of Republicanism, bartering it for a dish of reform pottage, and they have been cheated even of this paltry pottage. Some of them have suffered smartly in pocket for the course they took, and all have sunk immeasurably in public esteem and influence. And Cleveland will none of them. In obedience to the good old Democratic doctrine, "to the victors belong the spoils," he and his Democratic supporters freely quaff the nectar of power and patronage, and leave the mugwumps to get what consolation they can out of their own frozen, impracticable idea of reform.

They told us, in those halcyon days that intervened between nomination and election—they told us then that Cleveland was a singularly great and good man, conscientious even to the verge of eccentricity, and disinterested even beyond the possibilities of a Democratic nightmare. They had a lovely time during those few months. They resolved themselves into a mutual admiration society, gushed over Cleveland and each other as if they had all turned into Beechers for the nonce, and resolutely shut their eyes to certain ugly blots in the character and record of their idol. But the blots were there, nevertheless, and far more deeply ingrained than the little label of "Reform" which was only assumed for campaign purposes—and

the blots remain now that the label has been laid aside as a trick that has served its purpose.

THE JUDGE is sorry for you, you poor mugwumps—he grieves for you with an exceeding great heaviness. To be sure, he cannot resist interjecting the usual formula of Job's comforters—"we told you so;" but then we really did tell you so, and you need only to cast your eyes over our files for that eventful period to be assured of the fact. But the best advice THE JUDGE can offer you is to lay low and sing small for a few years, and when there is another election, see if you cannot creep back into the Republican party, if it be only to black the boots of honest and more steadfast men. But to accomplish this you must keep very quiet and make no noise whatever; in furtherance of which aim it may become necessary to sit on Beecher.

Nor have you any cause to get mad with Cleveland. He and his are only acting according to their lights. Any child in the United States, whose memory can embrace two presidential elections, could have told you six months ago exactly where you were going to land.

INAUGURATED.

BURCHARD'S oratory, Conkling's malice, and the Solid South have worked together to the same end, and have accomplished their object. Grover Cleveland has been inaugurated President of the United States. His portly person has been deposited in the chair once adorned by Washington. The series inaugurated by Lincoln has been broken—and broken by Cleveland.

The reflection is not a very pleasant one for patriotic Americans, but it cannot be avoided. The deed has been done, and it only remains for the nation at large to accept the consequences with as much grace as may be. We may prepare ourselves for a new order of things, both socially and politically, for assuredly Cleveland is the very antithesis of Arthur, as Democracy is the very antithesis of Republicanism.

We may prepare ourselves to hear a great deal of names which have been almost forgotten in the last twenty years—names which were once execrated as national enemies, but which will now be canonized as Democratic saints. Already have coming events cast their shadows before. Already we have heard Jeff. Davis eulogized on the floor of the United States Senate, already has Lamar been spoken of as a member of the government of the United States. But with Hendricks as Vice President all becomes possible. The reconstruction of the rebel states takes a different meaning in the light of recent developments, and history must be re-written if we would rescue the name of our nation from charges of black ingratitude and besotted folly.

Are we not paying rather dearly for the inestimable privilege of Cleveland, after all?

Was he worth it all—all this elevation of the national assassins above the national defenders; was he worth even the depression in business, and general "hard times" that so promptly followed the news of his election? Time will tell.

But, meanwhile, a Democratic President has been inaugurated, and the country is constrained to make the best of it.

THE THRIFTY DEMOCRAT.

THE Democrats have assumed office, and they are going to make all the money out of the assumption they can, and they are going to commence without any unnecessary delay, either. The very inaugural festivities will furnish some little pabulum of profit to that party which one of its own recruits has represented as so hungry and so thirsty.

Just cast your eye over this circular, gentle reader, and then change your mind about Barnum's shrewd advertising, and yield the palm to Cleveland, Manning, Cowdery, Hazard & Co.:-

New York, January —, 1885.

Mess

GENTLEMEN:

The undersigned respectfully beg to call your attention to the fact that they have been selected by the Inaugural Committee, at Washington, D. C., to furnish the Official Programme of the entire ceremonies to take place at the Inauguration of the

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND

to the Presidency of the United States, on the 4th day of March next, at Washington, D. C.

This Programme is to be in the form of a unique and elegant Souvenir of the occasion and will be about 100 pages, (with a beautiful illuminated cover) containing the route and order of the Procession; the Inauguration Ceremonies; the Music and Order of Dancing at the Ball, and programme of the Fireworks; Portraits of the President and Vice-President elect; a Biographical Sketch of each; Portraits of all former Presidents of the United States, and a history of all former Inaugurations; beautiful illustrations of Public Buildings in Washington, as well as a synopsis of all its numerous attractions; and a list of the Inaugural Committees.

This Programme will be published exclusively by us, under the supervision and by the authority of the Inaugural Committee at Washington, and will be circulated on all Grand Stands, Enclosures, and in all Public Buildings, under the control of the Committee, also upon all Railroads running into Washington, as well as in all the principal Cities of the United States.

The Committee have given their consent (by a letter of authority to us, which we will submit to you) to the insertion of a limited number of Advertisements of a select nature; and as it would be superfluous to dwell upon the advantages of the book as a medium for bringing your wares to the public notice, we would respectfully say that we would be pleased to wait upon you, with further details and a sample copy of the book, should you be inclined to consider the matter of advertising therein, address

MESSRS. COWDERY & HAZZARD,
21 BARCLAY STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

This is a bona fide offer which we reprint from a printed circular, on the corner of which Messrs. Cowdery & Hazzard have pathetically penned, in red ink, "Can you



OBEYING ORDERS.

SALOON PROPRIETOR—"See here, you are doing some wholesale eating, and retail ordering for fluids! Why don't you shout?"
FREE LUNCH ROUNDER—"Doctor told me never to drink while eating."

give us any ads?" We can, Messrs. Cowdery, we can, and we do. We give you all this space, and won't charge you a cent for it, either. And when, in the ripeness of Democratic progress, the Washington Monument and the walls of the White House come to be let out for advertising purposes, we pray you of your charity, dear Cowdery, if your firm is "selected by the Inaugural Committee, at Washington, D. C.," to apportion this valuable space, that you will in your turn remember us, and "give us some ads."

The Bogus Apparition.

Sing a song of night-time,
All about a ghost;
Folks in bed a-sleeping,
Just as warm as toast.
Rattle goes the window,
Family awake,
See outside a spectre,—
All in terror quake!

* * * * *
Sing a song of day-light,
People on the move;
Claim the house is haunted,
Owner can't disprove.
Seeks another tenant,
Hard as he can strive—
Cuts the monthly rent from
Fifty dolls. to five.

* * * * *
Sing a song of cuteness,
All about a "spook";
Neighbor laughs o'er sheet, and
Phosph'rus he forsook
After leaving house where
As a ghost he went,—
He will take that "haunted" (?)
Place, at lowered rent!!

J. E. FERGUSON.

It Won't Apply.

THE grammar tells us how to talk:
How it is either "bended or bent!"
But when you talk of ragged pants
You can't get along with "mended or meant."

STOVE-IN—coal.

WHEN an army officer steals, he gets cashiered. In other words when he steals he gets stolen.

"THY sweet face haunts me still," sang the illicit-whisky distiller to the revenue officer who arrested him.

"A KISS in time saves 9999," said the young man who found then, for the first time, that his girl had false teeth.

WHEN Miss X, the burlesque actress, married Mr. Ernest Wood, the other day, all her friends said she had gone "from jest to Ernest."

"WHY do they call it 'In-augur-ation?'" asked Mrs. Dynamite.

"Oh, because the whole thing's such a bore," answered her spouse.

To an anxious inquirer we would say, that, as a usual thing, a rubber stamp will not carry a letter through the United States Mail.

"I don't think Cleveland will ever see Washington alive," remarked Jones to Smith, as the two were on their way to attend the "blow-out" at the capital.

"W-w-why not?" stammered Smith, as fearful thoughts about dynamiters and socialists flitted through his disordered mind.

"Because Washington died eighty-six years ago," responded Jones placidly.

Sic Est Vita.

BETTER, perhaps, we did not meet,
So soon in grief to part,
For love that is but half complete
Plays havoc with the heart.

Had I, by fav'ring Fate's decree,
Escaped love's fitful ban,
I might have lived, in fancy free,
A richer, happier, man.

I had not then, in princely pride,
Assumed a buggy bill,
Or run in debt for bangles "snide,"
Or monkied with the till.

I had not known my spirit droop,
At mamma's with'ring glance,
Or sat on steps and caught the croup
Thro' basement of my pants.

Her father's boot got in its act
Ere yet my love I spoke,
I hope I left her heart intact,
I know I left her, broke.

"Jef. Joslyn" vs. French Masquerades.



RISTOPHER KOLUMBUS! but what an eventful time I had at that Cercle Francaise de l'Gaitie fancy-ball!

Being an apparent mild specimen of a domesticated Benedict, it would ordinarily be supposed that I wouldn't assimilate in a very great degree of assimilativeness with such hilarious doings as are prevalent at those Terpsichorean, Parisian-flavored gatherings—but I cut loose from Mrs. Joslyn's apron-strings, and took one of them in (to my sorrow) on the sly "allee samee," the other evening.

I had heard of the "high-kicking" and wine-drinking pandemonium of French masquerades, and so, when I saw an advertisement of the above society's annual Masque Ball, I decided to pandemone a little bit my-



self, and, although I surmised the major portion of its patrons would consist of French cooks, waiting maids, shop girls, etc., and not exactly in the feudal ancestried, coat-of-armed Joslyn station of life, I nevertheless invested five-dollars in a ticket therefore.

My bachelor friends who intended going,

(and who swore secrecy as to my doing likewise), very kindly suggested several characters that I might assume. One said I might wear a rimless plug hat, covered with soft white rubber, and take the part of a gum-tipped lead pencil. (This was a sarcastic fling at my bean-pole form.) Another told me to never mind a mask, but just dress up as a clown—look and act *natural*—and go as a fool—while a third said to put a sign on my breath, and represent a distillery! I finally concluded, however, to disguise myself as "Spartacus," and appear in a Roman gladiatorial outfit.

The giddy evening having arrived, I wove an ingenious fable for my wife's benefit about "being obliged to sit up with a sick friend," and, leaving the confiding partner of my bosom at home, reading, I went post-haste to the costumer's, after which—and incautiously spiritus Frumenting at various drug stores *en route*—I finally reached the ball-room at about 11 o'clock, when the delirious "dance" was at its height.

Well, I soon plunged in the naughty vortex, and, while schottishing with frisky Fairies, galloping with saucy Vivandieres, or doing the cotillion act with stately Queens, I fell against corpulent Falstaffs, trod on the toes of grim, domino'd Monks, and rendered myself a nuisance generally among the "trippers of the l. f. toe, in vain endeavor to keep step with the band-music, and also maintain a respectable equilibrium upon my far from sober legs.

Yes, I felt "tired;" and when the opportunity offered, I got a charming little waltz-ess, who looked just too sweet for anything in



her make-up as "Cupid," off in a corner, where I sat down and enjoyed a quiet flirtation with her, until refreshment time. We both became quite confidential during our chat, and without mentioning names, I told her I was a married man, and how I had bamboozled my better-half in order to be present, while she entertained me with a description of the manner in which she fooled her mistress in allowing her a "night off" from her duties, on the pretext of spending it with a mythical brother who had come a long distance to visit her, and would have to depart on the morrow.

We enjoyed the recitation of each other's harmless deceptions with great gusto; and, as we conversed, I asked the pleasure of my fair unknown's company into the banquet,

when served, and promised to take her home in my carriage after the same was over.

"The hours rolled on—we would not stir,

Without the 'supper!' word;"

but at last it came, and I escorted my companion to the tables. Not being afraid of meeting any other Benedicts there amid the masqueraders, who would give me away, for I would have the same "bulge" on them, I ranged myself in line and waited for the order to unmask, with an infatuated curiosity to see my attractive "Cupid's" features.

It came!—we unloosened the fastenings of our face-coverings simultaneously, and like thunder-claps, I successively realized—what?



First—That the female with whom I had been so familiar, was Mrs. Joslyn's kitchen menial, chamber maid, and general utility woman!—

Second—That my bachelor friends present were convulsed with mirth, and that the joke on me would surely leak out!—

Third—That I had better slide home and confess everything to my wife!—

Fourth—That my "frau" would insist on bouncing "Cupid" alias Maggie Mulrooney—however innocent she might be—and get a new hired-girl to do the house-work!—and

Fifth—That Mrs. J. would consider French Masquerades as altogether too rich for her meek husband's blood, as a future amusement diet!

I spend all my evenings "under my own vine and fig-tree" now, and I endure a daily martyrdom down town, for my office chums, it seems, are never going to let up rigging me about my "tender little tid-bit mash" at that unfortunate Cercle Francaise de l'Gaitie fancy ball.

Schurz in the Cabinet.

"THERE is some talk, Mr. President, that you intend to have Schurz in your cabinet."

Grov. C.—"Oh certainly. The fact is that Washington society has been spoiled by these dude administrations and would kick against a shirtless cabinet, though, if I could have my way, I would rather return to the Jeffersonian simplicity of a breech-cloth. But we'll have nothing fancy, mind you—billed shirts would be out of place in a working cabinet."

From which we infer that no Schurz which have passed much of their time in hot water need apply.

THE modern poet who expects to wake up some fine morning like Lord Byron and find himself famous, should rise very late.

An "Often" Character.

A MAN I know, it matters not
 What cognomen he bears,
 Who's quite o'errun with a huge lot
 Of impecunious cares.

He seldom has a quarter bright—
 But always a cigar!—
 And when he has a cent, it light-
 Ly passes o'er some bar.

He borrows money—"purely biz,"—
 In small amounts, I wean
 He ne'er returns, his conscience is
 So small 'tis scarcely seen.

He's of this kind, "Old boy! well met!"
 And can good stories tell,
 He's very popular, and yet
 Much talked of—and not well!

A Colonel "Sellers" true is he,
 With new "big scheme" each minute;
 "I say, now can't you lend a V
 On this? There's millions in it!"

He still has brains, tho' useless quite
 Within his present state;
 For in saloons from morn till night
 A man grows "out of date!"

And when he dies, his friends will say,
 "What dead? Clean o'er the fence?
 Well, I declare! And, by the way,
 He owed me fifty cents!"

Duvva.



THANK Heaven I am again on *terra firma*,
 and that I am alive to breathe once more my
 native air, and to tell the tale of my woes
 and sufferings.

Such a voyage as we had coming over, and
 all the fault of Heraclitus, too. He sudden-
 ly made up his mind to leave Paris, and to
 start post haste for New York. Goodness
 knows what all the hurry was about. Some
 political scheme, I suppose, for he is going
 to be in Washington most of the winter,
 what there is left of it.

Nothing would induce him to postpone
 his departure for the Eva Mackey Prince
 Colonna wedding, though I implored him,
 with tears and lamentations, and he knew I
 had laid all my plans to be present at the
 reception, and that I had ordered the love-
 liest costume imaginable.

Start immediately he would, and start
 immediately he did, and I, his unfortunate
 wife, was forced to accompany him. Not
 without my new dress, however. I have at
 least that to comfort me for all the pleasures

I was forced to leave behind, and if I don't
 air it at the inauguration, it won't be my
 fault.

Well, as I was saying, his haste and pre-
 cipitation landed us in London just in time
 for the Dynamite explosion, and then he
 must needs take passage for January thirty-
 first. He couldn't have selected worse
 weather if he'd had it made to order.

Before we reached Queenstown the ship
 was pitching fearfully, and the third day
 out I made all necessary preparations for
 drowning. I was awfully sea-sick, so was
 little Kathleen, and my maid was completely
 prostrated and of no use at all. I managed
 somehow or other to struggle into a lovely
 grey wrapper, that my Parisian dress-maker
 had designed for just such an emergency.
 The ship lurched and plunged about so that
 I had hard work to find my mother of pearl
 prayer-book that matched my robe. At last
 I seized from the cabin box what I supposed
 was the book, and clasping it fervently in
 my hands I sank back into my berth, saying
 to myself, in the words of the poet—

"Now come he slow or come he fast,
 It is but death that comes at last."

How long I lay there offering up ejaculato-
 ry prayers, I know not.

The sea seemed to grow rougher and
 rougher, and I became sicker and sicker.
 After a long interval I realized that Hera-
 clitus had entered the cabin. He braced him-
 self against the wood-work, and commenced
 rummaging in the box. Then he swore a
 little, and then, looking in upon me, he
 said, "Well; you're pale enough," and then
 all of a sudden he ejaculated, "what upon
 earth are you clutching at that pack of cards
 for?"

"Cards!" gasped I. "I thought I had
 my prayer book." Sure enough, instead of
 my beautiful prayer book, I was holding
 and praying over a pack of cards that Hera-
 clitus had been searching for.

Bursting into a heartless and brutal laugh
 he handed me the prayer book, grabbed his
 cards, and made his escape from the state
 room.

I believe he'd play poker on my very

grave, and use my bones for poker chips. I
 was a fool not to persist in getting a divorce
 long ago.

Well, all things end, and so did our voy-
 age, though we were twelve days crossing.
 Before the storm ceased the water broke
 into the ladies cabin, and my wrapper and
 prayer book were both utterly ruined. I
 can tell you the pavements of New York
 were pleasant to look upon though. Even
 Heraclitus acknowledged he was glad to get
 off the steamer.

I don't know where he kept himself on
 board. I saw very little of him, and he
 always smelled of liquor.

We are now at the hotel, and can't have
 our house till the first of May. I have had
 lots of calls, and everybody likes my pretty
 costumes.

Heraclitus stamped, and raved, and swore
 over the troubles at the barge office, but he
 is always making a fuss about something. I
 only had twelve trunks, and he said twelve
 were eleven too many.

We shall go to Washington soon, though
 I don't know what he expects to get out of
 the government, for he wasn't a Cleveland
 man.

Time alone will tell. I know Heraclitus
 intended to get back in the fall to vote for
 Blaine, but he was unavoidably detained,
 and after the news of the election had been
 received, he said he was glad he had remained
 on the other side.

New York seems dull to me after Paris,
 where I was oh, so happy. I miss the atten-
 tion of Baron ———, though I never men-
 tion his name to my husband.

I took comfort in the thought that, per-
 haps, if we remained in Washington, I might
 like Cleveland, but now since I've heard
 about his *bourgeois* table manners, I've lost
 all respect for him.

I could have stood his little peccadillos,
 that the papers made such a fuss about, but
 if the President-elect carries his food to his
 mouth with his knife, I, for one, will have
 nothing to do with him.

Heraclitus says that the probabilities are



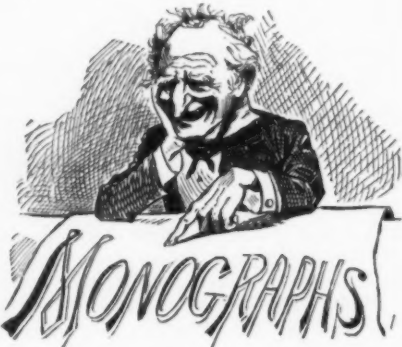
WASHING ON WHEELS.

BIDDY MULDOON—"Fair, even the poorest of us have ther same pleasures as ther rich."

that I'll never have a chance to see how Mr. Cleveland does eat.

Well, we'll see whether I will or not. I've got more plans in my head than even Mr. Pennyfeather has any idea of, and if I don't dine at the White House before summer, I'll eat the dress I've selected to wear there.

So much for the latest intentions of
PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.



A PRESSING AFFAIR.

A PRETTY little tailoress,
With rosy cheeks and lips as red,
Answered my polite inquiry—
"I can press your suit," she said.
In the weeks that swiftly followed,
Nearly every day I called;
It was wonderful how many
Clothes of mine she overhauled.
Here were buttons to be sewed on,
A hundred different rents to mend,
And each new task permitted me
Delightful hours with her to spend.
At length our friendship grew so great
It bore another kind of fruit—
I said I loved her, was't in vain?
She smiled and blushed, and with voice hushed
Made answer—"You can press your suit."

The swell's exhortation — Mumm's the word.

Gone up higher — the man who didn't know it was loaded.

When you see a man with a boil on his nose, you can depend upon it he is in a bad humor.

Silk stockings range from \$2.50 to \$50 a pair, and plenty of calves can be found to wear them.

The microscope reveals four thousand muscles in the caterpillar. Good gracious! How many would it reveal in the Sullivan?

An exchange tells how to prepare a Tartar meal. As most any man, who wants to, can "catch a Tartar," this meal should become very popular.

In speaking of a Texas bank failure, a daily paper says that in consequence of the disaster the cashier died of "accelerated disease." A case of cold lead poisoning, probably.

Borax is so abundant at Columbia, Nevada, that it sells for four cents a pound. Ah, at last we have found out where the hotel clerk's diamond comes from.

Two women in Buffalo have gone crazy over the stories told them by a fortune-teller. They were probably informed that they

would die old maids, and the shock proved too great for them.

A Lowell genius has invented a trap with which he expects to catch cholera germs and thus put a check on the disease whenever it appears. The trap will be baited with green apples, tramps, and a section of sewer-pipe.

The man who shall invent some sort of an arrangement that will thaw out frozen pipes, and thus put the predatory plumber to flight, shall reap exceeding many shekels therefrom,—aye, verily, shall he; and men will rise up and call him blessed.

A new umbrella holder for the hall is made in the likeness of a brass mortar. It is so constructed that "absent-minded" church deacons, parsons, and other fanciers of silk and alpaca will be shot full of red pepper and sand the minute they lay hands on the wrong umbrella.

The salary of school teachers in Morocco is fifteen cents a month. This don't seem very princely, but it should be remembered that in Morocco a yard of cotton will clothe a whole family, and as great a fewness as this exists in all the other necessities of life.

TOM ADDIS.



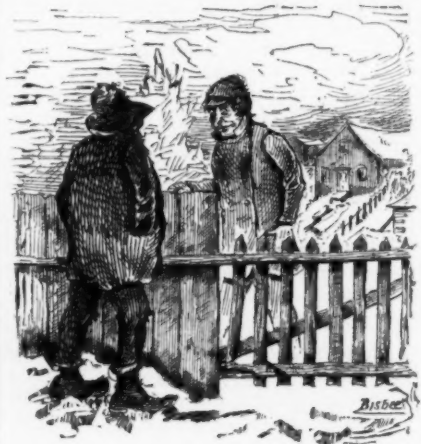
SILVER SLUSH.

The worst kind of slush is the kind that gives the people hard times, coughs, business depression, colds, and general stagnation diptheria.

DESIROUS of doing in all things as the Parisians do, they paved the place with asphalt, but when they perceived that that sort of pavement couldn't stand the climate for thirty seconds, they paved it with good intentions.

WE were standing in a picture gallery, the other day, lost in admiration of an exquisite painting of Cupid and Psyche, when our artistic dream was rudely dispelled by a coarse voice at our elbow, saying, in stentorian tones: "Ain't that pretty now? But what queer names, Cupid and *Sick*;—them artists do beat all."

RUMOR has been heard to remark on one or two occasions that the minister of Plymouth Church is to be minister at the Court of St. James in the good time coming. The congregation of the Court of St. James' is to be congratulated. What that congregation likes best is to have a minister sent to them who is a ready speaker, and a bad diplomatist, and Brother Beecher will fill the bill to the brim.



NOT A WORKMAN IN DISGUISE.

FARMER—"Looking for work?"
TRAMP—"Looking for work at my time of life, when I have dodged it ever since I was born; what do you take me for?"

GROVER CLEVELAND is not a small man. When he steps out he makes a vacancy so vast that it requires a Hill to fill it.

OSCAR WILDE's lectures are now all on the subject of ladies dress. They call him, the "Dress Improver" in England. They use the same word, too, when they speak of a bustle.

"SHE'll go all right," said my country cousin, when she lent me her pony to drive. "Only don't let her get the rein under her tail." So, of course, when the shower came, I held up an umbrella, but that wasn't what she meant, and she laughed when I came home like that, and said it was the lines she meant. Couldn't she say so?



OUR HIRED GIRL.

A word painting of her fantastic characteristics, mounted type high.

HER cheeks were as red as the blushing rose,
Reflected two-fold on her turned up nose,
Her eyes cross over, her toes turn in,
And she wears a blue wart on the edge of her chin.
She bakes and brews, and hammers and scolds
At the man of the house and the cookey-moulds,
She paints the kitchen a crimson lake
And, for classic ugliness "takes the cake!"

Gentle reader, please allow me to take you by yer lilly-white hand and—not "lead you over the water," but down inter the basement ov our house. It iz wash da, and we always hav a rare curiosty caged there on sich occasions, yes, there it iz.

"What," I hear you exclaim, "that rag-lag sticking out ov a wash tub with a pair



THE PINK — PURE LOVE



COWSLIP — YOUTHFUL BEAUTY



TUBE ROSE — MISTRESS OF THE NIGHT



HELIO TROPE — DEVOTED ATTACHMENT



ORANGE BLOSSOM — ABUNDANCE



LILAC — LOVES FIRST MOTIONS

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

ov ancient sox depending from the end?" The same mi frend. That's Madamozell Biddy—Miss Doodle for short, brought up on the bottle in Cork. She iz sokin her hed to get the quince seed glu onto her bangs, but she iz ezy enter the clothes. Sez she don't rub 'em to deth, jest sokes 'em over night in strong lye, that perforates little holes for the sope suds ter get inter. Makes it very convenient for me to put on mi pants, havin' so meny airholes I can get 'em on either side up, drop in mos enywhere.

Talk about fryin' sorsingers and unions! If she can't rastle a spider pritty big then I'm a millionair. Not one of those fat yello things what hav glass Ize and 14 legs witch travel in az meny diffrnt directions at the same time an scare women outer a 2 years growth ov hair pins, but a metal spider with a broken handle an' ornamented with landscapes done in iron rust. At least that iz the wa ours iz. She can't find it ezy to handle when she can't find the handle ezy. (Jim says this is tort-ology. Probably becoz the handle iz gone).

Course all gurlz has a bo, and ours isn't a exception. Herz is the nite watchman on our street. When we hav all gone ter sleep

she steels inter the front parlor and catches on to the fruit and then tha sit bi the fire an enjoy it, while he drinks her health in 4 varieties ov our best wine. We usually find him next morning out in the back yard holding the steps down, and tryin' to explain that he iz lookin' fer his beat. Evidently mistakes our flower bed for a vegetable garden.

There's one thing I admire in Miss Biddy, and that iz her luv ov the Doodle family. She entertains 'em bi the dozen, and tha always go awa loded with sugar, tea, fruit, cake or sum such little token ov her regard. She must deny herself to be so generous, fer she only gets \$2.00 a weak.

Then she does smash crockery in sich a ezy graceful way, one can hardly keep their Ize off her, (much less their hands), and she dusts the polish off our piano, and busts plate glass with a non-she-lance only attained by long practice.

She fractured the lim' ov the mahogany centre table last weak, but mother dasn't complain for fear she will leave and carry the spoonz off; mother iz perfektly rite in desirin to mantane the spoon department. Its always been mi opinion if she got mad she'd kick out the under-pinning ov the house and

let us all settle inter the celler. She evinces such a lovin desire ter dust mi coat with the rong end ov the broom, that I don't invade her domane unless driven bi hunger or hard presst for jam.

It makes her nice an' mad when I get on the safe side ov the fence and sing a little himn I've decomposed fer her benefit. It runz as following;—

GAZELLE BIDDY.

(By permission ov mi Mary Ann).

Our hired gurl iz a screecher,
With a foot like an acre of ground,
And she wiggles her toes like a preacher,
When her arms go round and round.

CHORUS.

She's a daisy, she's a darlin,
She's a bunch of soiled calico
She's a lamb;

She is going south,
When she shuts her mouth
You can feel the jar a hundred yards away.

This generally makes her stand on her hands in the yard and turn black in the face, after which she arms herself and persues me round a tree till she's tired, while I vary the entertainment bi onkoring the chorus, and, with a slight change for the sake ov varity shriek—

She's a pie-plate, she's an oil-can,
She's the roof ov a frozen ice-house,
She's a fraud;

When she tries to talk,
Her nu false teeth balk
And she kicks a hole in the heavens evry time!

There are other little xcentricities ov character and facetious displays ov wit she indulges into, such as taken a vacation ov 3 daz outer the 7 witch I won't enlarge onto owing ter mi natural administration for the workin' classes in general, and Our Hired Gurl in particular.

"CLYDE."

THE house of Bourbon—a Kentucky still-house.

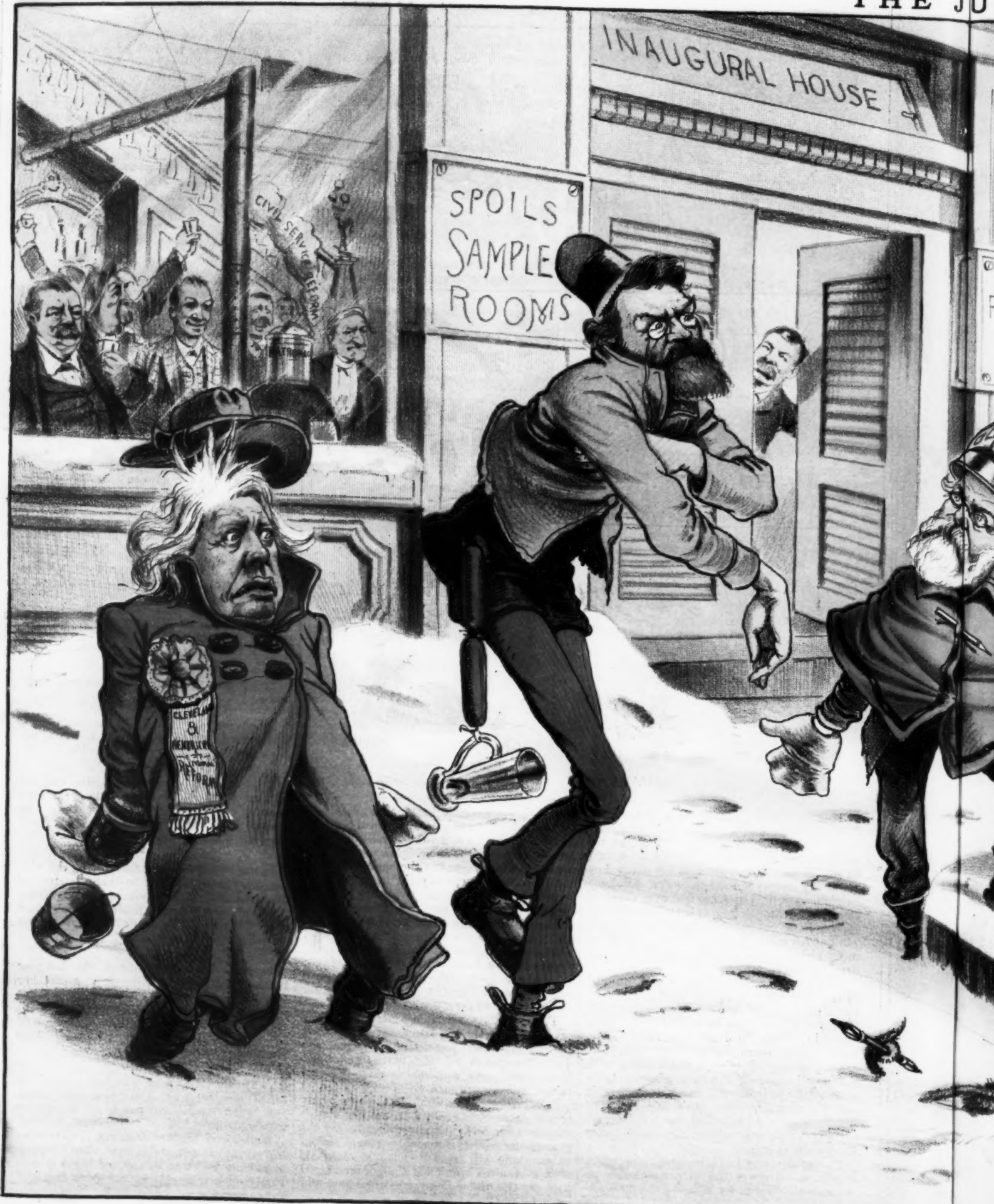
PEW rents are falling. The hard times make people saving even of the means of being saved.

WHEN the thermometer is at zero, and the solitary stove on a strike, the judicious country pastor will think twice before he tempts his shivering flock with glowing pictures of — fire.

It has been remarked that during the winter months editors, more than the rest of mankind, suffer from severe colds. This comes of their perverse habit of sitting down every day on all The Beautiful Snow that is shoveled into the sanctum.

It seems from the result of the last pew renting in Plymouth Church that Brother Beecher's late venture has netted him about seven thousand dollars short—a really handsome sum for these hard times. Which of his brother Argonauts can show a better winning.

A YOUNG clergyman, who had allowed his unruly member to run him into a scrape, asked the much experienced paster of Plymouth Church to help him out with wise counsel. "Well," said brother Beecher, "better let bad enough alone. I find that when I happen to put my foot into it, and try to get it out, I only succeed in getting the other foot in."



COLD COME
Democracy—"Help

JUDGE.



HAMILTON

COMFORT.
"Help Yourselves."

THE JUDGE.



THE month of February was a most unprofitable one for the Profession.

Battling with the elements, and fighting with the thirty-thousand roller skating rinks scattered broad-cast over this fair land, proved too much for several companies on the road, and there have been large additions to the number of impecunious actors that frequent the neighborhood of Union Square.

Heavy snow storms kept Mme. Janauschek and company at Des Moines, Ia., for three days.

Even Minnie Palmer and the irrepressible Rogers got stuck in the snow at Galesburg, Ill., and at Burlington, Ia., but "My Sweetheart," with her stockings, her diamonds, and her Rogers intact, was extricated by means of special engines and snow plows, and proceeded on her way rejoicing.

A Michigan blizzard struck the Thompson Opera Company only five miles from Bay City, where they were billed to appear.

They were snow bound for fifty-four hours, and were on the brink of starvation when an enterprising member of the troupe discovered, in an adjoining baggage car, a supply of milk and eggs. These comestibles were immediately confiscated, and afforded nourishment to the singers till relief arrived.

The skating rinks at Fort Bend and Cat Spring, Texas, proved too much for the Emma Abbott Troupe, so their engagements were cancelled at these places.

A cold wave struck Galveston before the arrival of the prima donna, and the seven roller rinks were deserted for the ice on the bayous!

According to the correspondent of a morning paper, Miss Abbott, after giving two successful evening performances, followed the example of Galveston, and also went skating.

What happened afterwards, we leave the enthusiastic correspondent to relate, which he does in the following words:—

"Miss Abbott is a much better skater than any of the rest of the company, and had soon skated far out of sight from them. The best skaters in Galveston tried vainly to keep up with her, and she was the admiration of our fashionable society.

"As Miss Abbott was gliding over the crystal surface, with rosy cheeks, like an ice nymph, she heard a sharp, sudden cry. The prima donna turned and saw a little girl but a short distance away skate into an air-hole. Miss Abbott skated with all her might toward the spot. As she neared it she felt the rotten ice crack and snap under her. She saw that it would not be possible for her to skate to the air-hole. She got down on her hands and knees, threw off her heavy sealskin cloak to make her lighter, and crawled carefully yet swiftly towards the spot where the girl had disappeared. The treacherous ice threatened to break under her at every move. She saw the little girl go down twice.

"As the child came to the surface of the water the third time Miss Abbott stretched out her hand and caught the girl by the shoulder. With almost incredible strength she dragged the little one out of the water. How Miss Abbott got with the child to the strong ice again, she says she does not know, but Colonel Johnson, of the Galveston Guards, and Al Smith, the popular young grocer here, say that she slid the girl over the weak ice, and followed behind, securing the safety of the child before thinking of her own.

"The rescued child, who was the daughter of Dr. Parker, of Galveston, was carried by Colonel Johnson to the cottage of James Turner, a fisherman on the banks of the bayou, and was carefully cared for.

"Miss Abbott was somewhat excited, but after learning that the child had recovered and was suffering only a slight shock, she skated away as rapidly as possible and returned to Galveston.

"To-night Miss Abbott will sing *Marguerite* at the Grand Opera House. The Mayor and the City Council will attend in a body. It is thought that the scene will be one of wild excitement.

"At this hour hundreds of citizens have gathered around Miss Abbott's hotel. Flowers have been sent to her from all parts of the city."

The story is rather thin, and so was the ice, and rescuing a child from drowning is a more novel advertisement than that of having diamonds stolen.

At home, the International Roller Skating Tournament threatens to make bad business for the theatres in this city.

It is said that the skating fever in Maine is abating, and that the rinks there are being utilized by the Salvation Army and by sev-

eral large fruit and vegetable canning corporations.

What will become of all the big barracks here when the craze dies out, is a conundrum for the owners to answer.

Just at present THE JUDGE would suggest that one of these caravansaries might advantageously be turned into a hospital for the benefit of those who become ruptured, crippled and disabled while practicing in other rinks.

This is the last week of the Florences at The Star. Their amusing performances have drawn good audiences. "Patience" has proved attractive at The Casino, and "Impulse" is doing fairly well at Wallack's.

Daly changes his bill frequently. Mr. Stoddard's illustrated lectures at this theatre are decidedly interesting. These will be given at eleven o'clock on Monday and Thursday mornings, during Lent.

This is the week set apart for Harrigan and Hart to take possession of the Four-



MAKING MONEY.

DRUNKARD'S EXPRESS—"Yer husband giv me twenty-five cents ter bring him home."
INDIGNANT WIFE—"Well, I will give you fifty cents to take him b a c k."

teenth Street Theatre.

Robson and Crane have been trying again to make Mr. Joseph Bradford's comedy, "The Cherubs" successful. A vain attempt. These two clever comedians certainly need a new play. Louis Aldrich, in "My Partner," follows them this week at the Grand Opera House.

"Gasparonne" is on its second week at The Standard, and "A Prisoner for Life" holds the boards at the Union Square.

The Eden Musee has added the representation of the shooting of O'Donovan Rossa by Ysault Dudley to its collection, and the Hungarian Gypsy band discourses sweet music for all.

Lillian on Rollers.

I MADE my first appearance on roller skates the other night: I was not the startling success I should like to have been; still I didn't disgrace myself or upset every soul in the room, like the funny men who write their experiences for the papers.

Regina, of course, didn't want me to go—Regina is so mean; but Jack said that I had some rights that a white man was bound to respect, and he'd take me if it was only to spite Reg! Jack is my idea of a Christian character, especially when he sides with me against the common foe—that sister of ours.

Of course, it was very sweet of him to insist upon my going, but I think he might have stayed with me a little while longer when we reached the Rink; however, every day that I live proves to me that you mustn't expect much from a man and a brother!

Of course, that selfish Regina sailed off the instant her skates were strapped on—never thought of helping me! That girl has no more natural affection than a tad pole!

Jack was a little bit better, he took me round the room two or three times, and then told me to "strike out, and play it alone."

"Strike out!" Good grief! how could I "strike out" when my feet felt as though they belonged to somebody else, and seemed to delight in running away from me! I just held on to Jack for dear life—if he had left me I should simply have died on the spot! Talk about a drowning man and a straw, Jack was my straw, and I clung to him like grim death!

Well, he was very good natured, though I know in his heart he wanted to swear at me; he skated round the rink once more, and I tottered and slid, and scrambled and jerked after him. Suddenly he said: "Oh, by jove! there's Miss Van Dyke—here Lil., you sit down—I'll be back in a moment!"

Jack's idea of a "moment" is rather peculiar, he was gone half an hour! At first I didn't mind, it was rather good fun watching the skaters glide smoothly past, and seeing the beginners tumble and sprawl and try to look as though they liked it; but presently the band played such a perfect waltz, it was physically impossible to sit still! I can dance to perfection if I can't skate, and before I knew what had happened, I was on my feet "playing it alone." Shall I ever forget the agony of that moment? I slid way out into the middle of the floor, and there I stood, afraid to move, watching with terrified eyes the surging mass of humanity as it swept by me,—

People, people everywhere,
And not a soul to help!

"Oh, it was pitiful!" Small boys rushed madly in front of me, fancy skaters darted gracefully past me, floor-managers skimmed airily away from me—but no one offered to

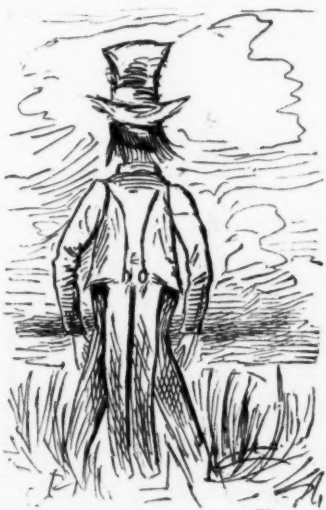
UNCLE SAM'S TACTICS.



1. WITH THE SPRING BIRDS UNCLE SAM THINKS HE HEARS THE CUSTOMARY WAR WHOOPE.



3. IMPROVES HIS TIME STUDYING UP A PLAN TO BUY THE WHOLE UTE NATION.



2. BUT IS SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTED IN NOT BEING ABLE TO FIND ANY FOE.



4. AS CAUTION IS NECESSARY HE STARTS OFF ON TIP TOE.

help! I never in my life was so miserable! I thought if I could just get back to my seat, I should be perfectly happy, but I might as well have wished myself in the moon!

Regina sailed past, but before I could call to her, she had disappeared in the crowd! I saw Jack in the distance, doing the devoted to pretty Miss Van Dyke—evidently he had forgotten all about his poor little sister! I couldn't stand there forever, I must make him see me, or die in the attempt!

"Jack!" I moaned piteously, but he didn't hear me, and then I gave way to despair!

Perhaps if I sit down some good Samaritan would think I had fallen and take me some where—I didn't much care where. I had hardly decided on this plan, when a small boy whirled into me, each foot "struck out" in a different direction, I felt myself going and grabbed wildly at the nearest object. It happened to be a young and good-looking man, but that wasn't my fault! I didn't even see his face until we had slid the whole length of the room—I really thought we were going out the front door!

He was a splendid skater, and such a great, big, strong creature (I do so love a big man)

and when he said in such a deep, protecting voice—"Don't be frightened, I won't let you fall," I just clung to him confidently—it was simply heavenly to have something to hold on to!

Of course I know I ought to have subsided into a seat and said "Thank you" in a frigid, "don't-you-dare-stay-near-me" tone; but I didn't! I skated with him all the rest of the evening and got on beautifully, till I saw Jack coming for me, looking, well—fierce is a very mild little adjective to describe him! He was positively ferocious!

The unknown took in the situation at a glance, raised his hat and left me, and then Jack thundered, "Where did you meet that man?" I came very near saying "It's Mr. Robinson, I've known him for years!"—but fortunately I didn't. It is the only time I have found honesty to be the best policy, for Jack went on, "Do you know you have been making an exhibition of yourself with a champion prize fighter!!"

Oh, horrors of war! Imagine my feelings! All the way home, Regina growled like a bear, Jack swore like a trooper, and I was utterly wretched!

THE JUDGE.

UNCLE SAM'S TACTICS.



5. BLUNDERS UPON JUST SUCH A VILLAGE AS HE WAS LOOKING FOR



7. BUT IS FOILED BY UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A LARGE CIRCLE OF UNEXPECTED ACQUAINTANCES.



9. AND KINDLY LIFT HIS HAIR IN REMEMBRANCE.



6. IMMEDIATELY SPREADS HIMSELF IN ORDER TO SURROUND IT,



8. WHO CONVINCED HIM OF THEIR FRIENDLY INTENTIONS BY "BURYING" THE HATCHET.



10. LEAVING HIM IN QUIET POSSESSION OF THE FIELD. TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS.

The School System of Philadelphia.

WHEN friends have sufficiently feasted their eyes on the sumptuous Inaugural Ball of Cleveland as depicted on the large supplement that accompanies this issue, let them reverse the medal—turn the big supplement over, and take a glance at the practical workings of a political school system as exemplified in our sister city of Philadelphia.

Mr. Tim Rooster, the pot-house member of the schoolboard, presents a phase of Philadelphia education which will doubtless shock educators, but even he is not the worst outcome of such a system—for there is a depth below him, of which decency forbids more than the merest mention.

Considering the reputation that the city of Philadelphia has borne for benevolent institutions, the prominent standing of her bar, and much besides that has distinguished that city, we regard this feature of the administration of such a department as one of those anomalies that occasionally occur in human affairs. It appears as though the fundamental purpose of education was en-

tirely lost sight of, and, instead, a system positively demoralizing substituted.

A recognition of education as a development of character by all possible proper surroundings of youth, would make such a thing impossible; and a knowledge that the conduct of schools is a specialty, would make it apparent that the selection of these guardians of education could not be properly made in an ordinary delegate convention. It would only be going one step further in the direction of an entire oblivion of anything like a proper management of the schools, to permit the teachers to be selected by the same agency. We are not informed that our neighbors choose their military administration in this way, and it is only a greater error to permit a school department to be governed by politics and nominating conventions.

New York, with all its commercial whirl, and immense transient population, has had the wisdom to preserve its future, by taking every precaution to protect the instruction of its youth. It has taken the school department as nearly out of politics as it is possible to do, its central board being appointed, and

the local trustees or school visitors are appointed by that board.

Philadelphia, with its large resident population, and traditions, should have a model school system; and we can only believe that for some unforeseen reason the present shocking system has been allowed to exist, having originated years ago when the community was small and such a system could be better administered.

The Reason Why.

"OH! pa, look what pretty door-knobs!"
 "Those are not door-knobs, my son; they are gentleman's eyes."

"What funny eyes! What makes the poor gentleman's eyes stick out like door-knobs, pa?"

"He is a Democrat, my son, and has heard that there will be no change of postmasters."
 —*Newman Independent.*

Is there any case on record where a cowboy used a revolver without "flourishing" it?—*Boston Globe.*

His Pa Had a Cloven Tongue.

"Who preached to the disciples on the day of Pentecost?" asked a Newman Sunday school teacher of her class.

"Peter," shouted the class in chorus.

"And what appeared unto them?"

"Cloven tongues," said the class.

"What is a cloven tongue?"

"The class remained silent, and the teacher was about to explain, when the smallest boy exclaimed:

"My pa's got one."

"You are mistaken," said the teacher.

"This was a miracle, and miracles do not occur now."

"Yes, he has a cloven tongue," said the boy, "for I saw him put a clove on his tongue this morning as soon as he took a drink out of a jug!"—*Newman Independent.*

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He is a Reformer.

"BRIGGS," said a Pine street lawyer to his young clerk, "why weren't you at the office earlier this morning?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I am a reformer. I believe that the office should seek the man, not the man the office."—*Williamsport Break-fast Table.*

She Hit Him Hard.

It was late and she had been yawning for half an hour, but he did not take the hint.

"I see," he said, "that Tennyson in his drama speaks of men as God's trees and women as God's flowers. It is natural that he should compare women to flowers, but I cannot see why he should compare men to trees."

"I can," she said.

"You can?"

"Yes; this is winter, ain't it,"

"It is."

"Well," she said, with another yawn as she glanced toward the clock, "the reason he compared men to trees is that trees don't leave till spring."

He was on his way home a minute later.—*Boston Budget.*

A Valuable Hint.

"What are you buying now?" asked Ned Stevenson of Andrew Powell, on meeting the latter in Bell's jewelry store.

"I am looking for some present to give my wife on her birthday. I tell you, making presents costs a heap of money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I have never failed to make my wife a present on her birthday every year for twenty-five years, and I am not out a cent thus far."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. After we were married, when her birthday came around I gave her a twenty dollar gold piece. When my birthday came around she gave me the twenty dollar piece back, and we have kept that up ever since, and neither of us are out a cent."—*Texas Siftings.*

Paid the Debt.

THE following true incident was published by the local papers, years ago, but being true, and having been crushed to earth, rises again:

In Van Buren there once lived an old gentleman by the name of John Bostick. He kept a hotel, and was also proprietor of a blacksmith shop. A well known minister, Rev. Mr. Buchanan, who always put up with Bostick, met the hotel man on the street, one day, after having staid all night with him, and said:

"Well, Uncle John, how much do I owe you?"

"Owe me for what, Brother Buck?"

"Why, you know I have staid all night with you."

"Yes, but you know I never charge preachers."

"I know that, Uncle John, but I had my horse shod."

"Brother Buck, I never charge a preacher for shoeing his horse."

"I don't want work done for nothing," said the preacher.

"Well, Brother Buck, just remember me in your prayers."

"All right, Uncle John, but as I have always adhered to the rule of never leaving a place in debt, get down on your knees and we'll have prayers right now."

The two men knelt on the sidewalk, and the debt was paid.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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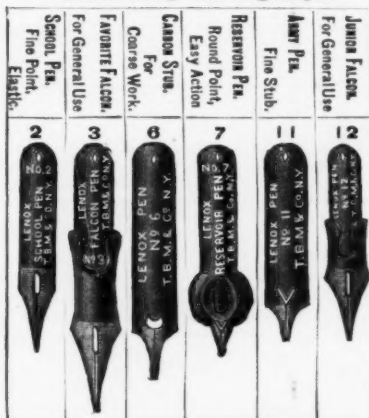
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PARENTS whose sons are disposed to be fast should counteract this tendency by procuring for them positions as district messengers.—Boston Post.

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DUCKS' eggs forty years old were recently eaten at an Indiana wedding anniversary. The parents of those eggs were served at a Bloomington hotel on Christmas, being carved by the aid of a dynamite cartridge.—Through Mail.

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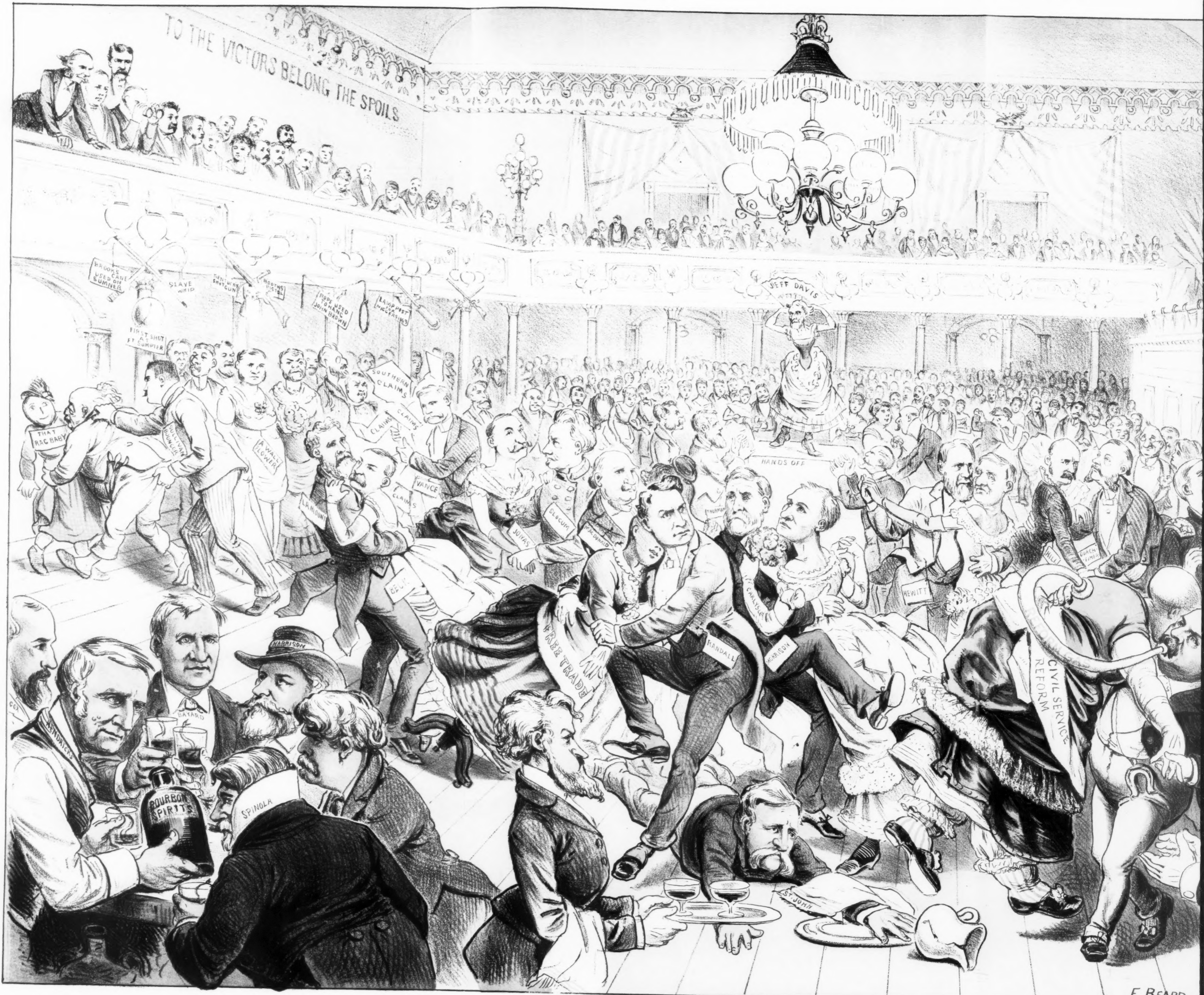
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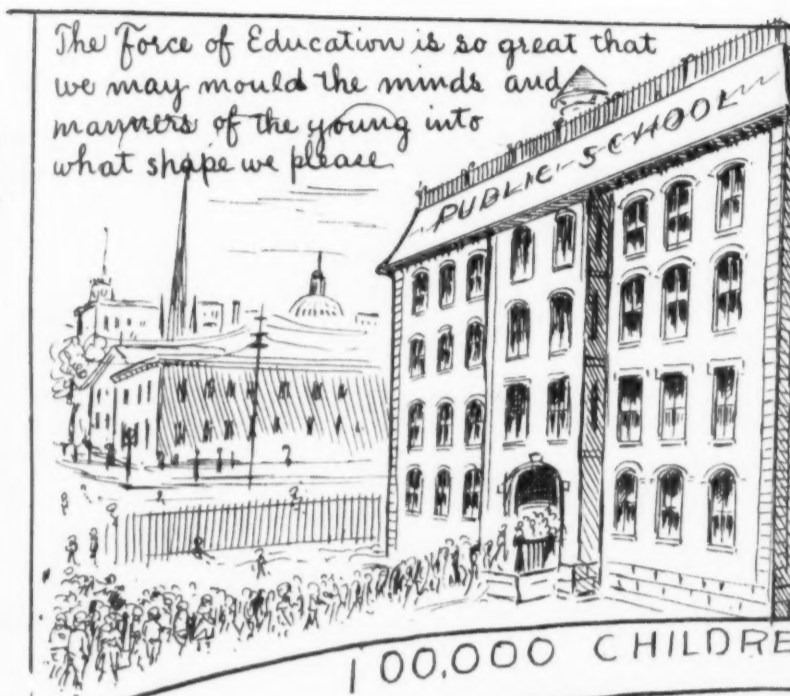
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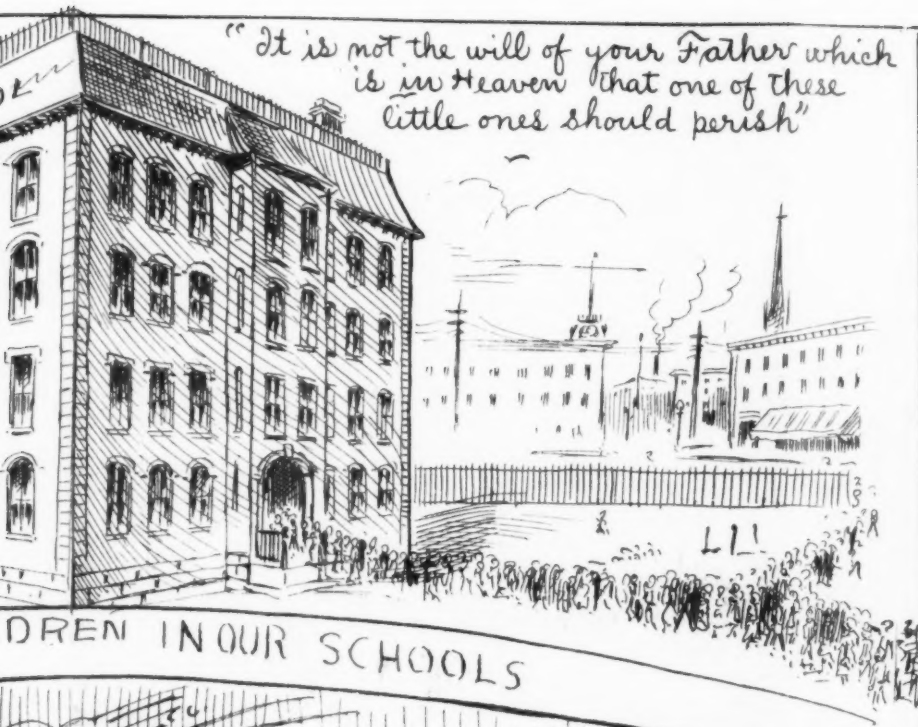
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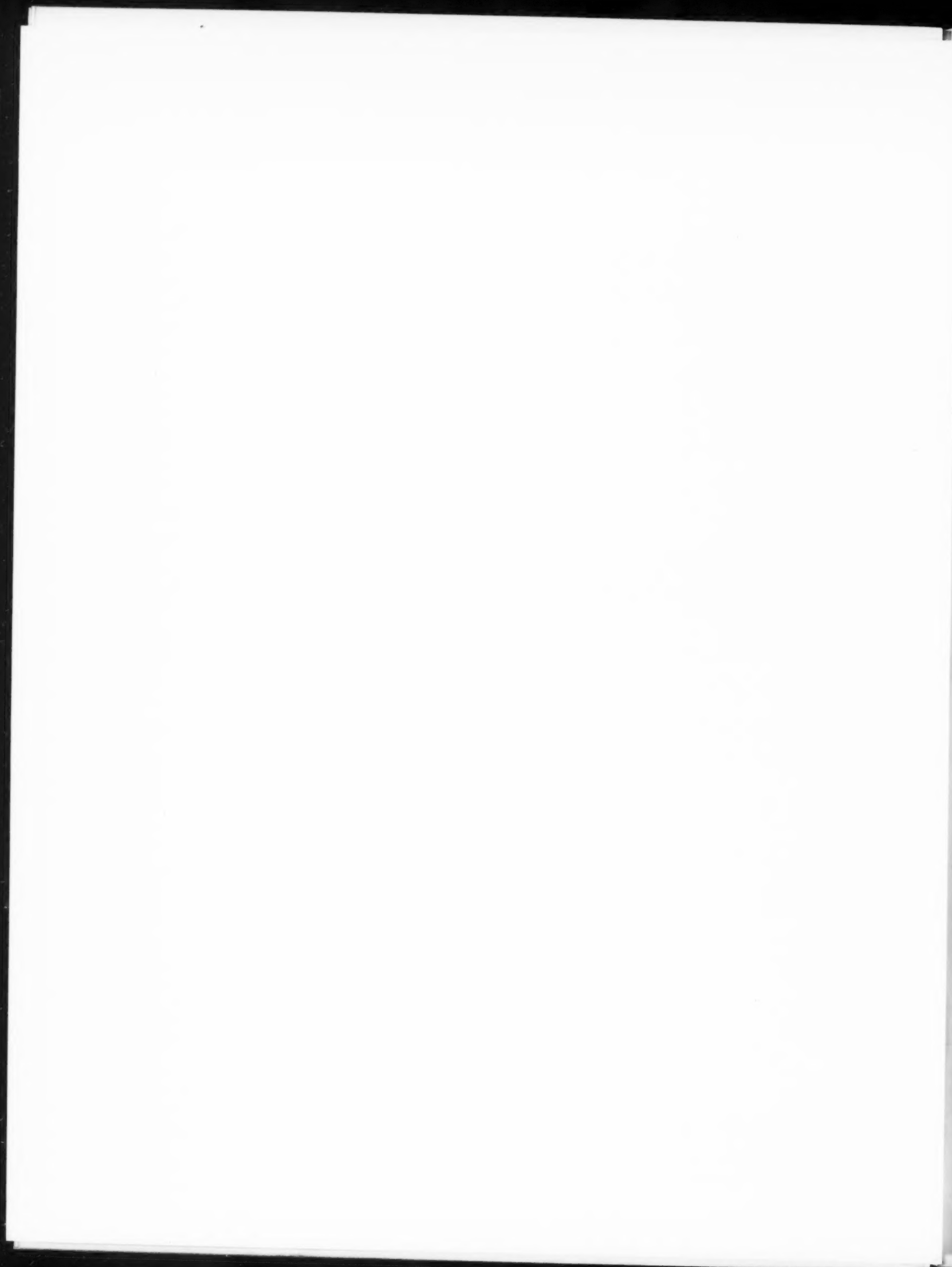
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EVERY dog has his day, but the nights belong to the cats.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE trouble with the ice crop was that it was too cold to pick it.—*Hartford Post.*

"THREE meals a day is enough for any man," exclaims an exchange. Certainly, but how do you know?—*Boston Post.*

A CONNECTICUT man died from having his bones turn to chalk. Let this be a lesson to the nutmegs not to use milk as a steady diet.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"FRENCH without a master." This is the hardest thing we have yet seen against President Grevy.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE truly conscientious dentist spares no pains to get three dollars' worth of gold into a twenty-five cent tooth.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"WILL the coming man work?" is the current conundrum. If he gets himself attached to a large family and a daily newspaper, he will.—*Lynn Item.*

As we allow our thoughts to wander back to our boyhood, we find that many a train of fond recollections has been wrecked by a switch.—*South and West.*

THE woman who shot O'Donovan Rossa in the back says if she had aimed a little higher the bullet would have struck him in the corner of the mouth, as he was smiling at the time.—*Newman Independent.*

WHEN a man gets a divorce in Philadelphia he goes over to the old State house, looks at the old Liberty bell, heaves a sigh, and remarks: "I wish you could ring out just once for me, old bell."—*Brooklyn Times.*

GENERAL GRANT hasn't smoked since Nov. 20. And yet the dealers do not reduce the price of cigars. Political economists must be in error when they affirm that the price of an article is affected by the demand.—*Boston Transcript.*

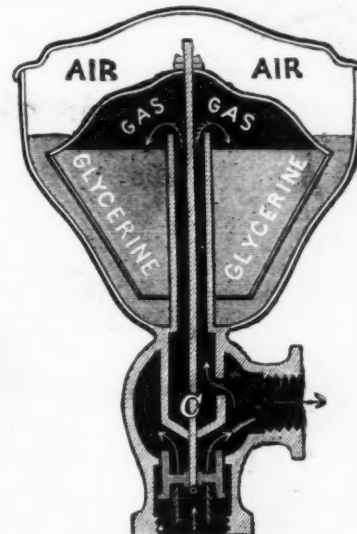
CRABB ROBINSON said that Goethe never had an affliction which he did not turn into a poem. And every living editor will tell you that a budding poet genius never had a poem which he did not turn into an affliction.—*Somerville Journal.*

A COUPLE of Philadelphia visitors to the New Orleans exposition were seen examining and admiring the Liberty bell the other day. They had never seen the old relic before, and they said they were glad they had visited the show.—*Norristown Herald.*

FRANK ABNER, 15 years old, is charged with murdering his grandmother, Mrs. Ross, near Rock Creek, Ill., a few nights ago. She reprimanded him for truancy, and at midnight he rose and buried an axe into her brain, killing her instantly. Boys will be boys.—*Boston Post.*

AN electrician predicts that within a generation a person can stand at the telephone and not only talk to the man at the other end, but see his face and features. The wives of commercial travelers will then be able to call up their husbands in distant cities and see if their noses are getting red.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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