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A HARD RUB FOR THE RANK AND FILE.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



## THE JUDGE.

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### TOO RANK AND TOO MUCH FILE.

Between the horse described by Job, and the scrubby canal mule, there is not a greater contrast than between the cavorting Democracy of two months ago and the kicking Democracy of to-day. Where the neck of that was clothed with thunder, the back of this is loaded down with blunder. He no longer saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! He rather brayeth dismally among the unsatisfied. He smelleth the oats, instead of the battle, afar off, and because they are not in his nose-bag, he swalloweth his own fierceness and rage.

No oats and vigorous hatchaling would make any well-regulated mule kick. He'd be an ass if he didn't. And when his oats are gobbled up by predatory fowls whose only utility is to cackle and crow, the additional irritation may stimulate him to something more to the purpose than kicking in the air.

The careless groom, with his undemocratic curry-comb, will be fortunate if he be not kicked over the fence, and into the middle of the next presidential campaign.

### LET HER COME.

Spring has been grievously maligned. This may, indeed, have been the result of a natural reaction against the "fulsome laudations" of spooney writers of all ages, from the youngest up, and from Tompson down. But is she to blame for being puffed?

When our health authorities begin to boycott spring, in order to postpone the disorders which they tolerate and dirty man-

kind foster; when they pretend that she imports in her modest trunk the infections of gutter and cess-pool—the Chivalry and the sense of JUSTICE protest.

They cannot keep this fresh and breezy young lady in perpetual quarantine to cover their own neglect and sin. Must we have winter all year around to save the health authorities trouble and keep untidy human environment safely frozen up? She has had trouble enough hoisting clumsy old Winter off her lap, getting her trunk packed and herself to our shores. Let her in. The court decrees, and we award it.

Besides, to what can the medical profession resort for a diagnosis, if the season for prescribing malaria is to be kept back by official red-tape?

### ENCEPHALIC EXPANSION.

The Democratic party is situated quite like the man who deposits stolen money with a friend only to find that the friend coolly denies the debt and keeps the spoils. The former is helpless; he has committed the crime, lost all the profits of it, and placed himself at the mercy of another.

When the Democrats nominated Cleveland they thought they had a facile tool to capture federal spoils withal, and that after success with him, Hendricks and the other "practical politicians" could open the grand distribution scheme for the "very hungry and very thirsty." But the guileless figure-head takes to himself all the plunder that the party obtained by false pretenses! More and worse, he seems inclined to hold the party to the promises by which they won the victory. They have evidently caught a Tartar, and have plucked the nettle, Failure, from the flower, Success.

It is a fine sarcasm upon falsehood in politics, that a great party should thus be the victim of a confidence operation—that upon the first occasion in twenty-four years when they had it within their power to enjoy the intoxication of Federal patronage, the cup should be dashed from their lips by a cup-bearer of their own choosing.

As A. Ward says, "there's a moral into this!" It is for politicians and parties: Don't cheat. Stick to principle. Look out for a small man who seems to be "available" and manageable, for a small man sometimes has great ambition. Promotion is apt to swell his head, and as *Falstaff* would say, "What a thing would such an one be when he had been swelled."

### Repeating Itself.

A New York journalist has made his *debut* in Philadelphia as *Mephistopheles*. We believe another New York journalist played the devil in Philadelphia a few years ago, and was indicted for it. But the *Sun* still shines for Philadelphia as for New York! on the unjust and just who are alike.

### RULINGS.

MANY of the pillars of the church are catarpillars, in active zeal.

WHEN he comes to female pension agents the new Commissioner doesn't turn out well.

THE DEMOCRATS don't understand Cleveland yet. He must be another Tilden's cypher.

THE DEMOCRATS seem to object to spoils on the installment plan. A good many of them approve of marriage in that way.

AN INDIGNANT Democrat wants to know if it is doing the square thing for Mr. Cleveland to cut off at right angles from his party.

IF things follow the trend that they have at this writing the Mugwumps will soon become "offensively partisan" to Mr. Cleveland.

"EYAH, EYAH!" laughed a Washington citizen. "Dem Massachusetts Mugwumps finds Boss Cleveland's Pillsbury hahd to take. Eben so, eyah, eyah."

POLICEMAN CONROY goes to state prison for life—not for his own life, but for the one he took. He'll probably be out to work for another Democratic reform in '88.

THE opening in New York for a Democratic daily is still very wide open. The *World* is getting as sour on the administration as the *Sun*, and even the Mugwump papers are "grouty."

THE EDITOR of a Buffalo newspaper recently asked the subscribers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. More than 800 answers were received voting for many different inventions, but singularly enough not one of them named the reformed Democrat.

WE SEE the remark, "the legislature is denounced by the League," in the daily papers. This is worse than we had supposed. We knew that the Legislature was denounced by the square yard in the daily papers, but isn't the other statement a little hyperbole, now?

THE OPINION seems to be that the drive that would do Gen. Grant most good is not a drive in the Park, but to drive his doctors out—into the Park or anywhere.

POETIC LICENSE, after all, has its limitations. Tennyson got swearing mad at the British admiralty, and dropped into poetry in an unfriendly way. Several times he began to rave, "You—you—you," and didn't dare to finish. It is like the incomplete "Go to ——" of Shakespeare.

THE LITTLE SPRING BONNET.



It was a new spring bonnet  
With dainty feathers on it,  
In the little milliner's window on Main Street;  
It was Parot's designing,  
But it hadn't any lining,  
And the bonnet didn't strike me as complete.  
When next I saw that bonnet,  
Entranced I gazed upon it,  
It was so very pretty and so "fly;"  
It had the sweetest "lining"  
Of heaven's own designing,  
And I vowed I'd own that bonnet or I'd—die.  
But when I made advances,  
With a view to try my chances,  
The dainty peach-bloom lining turned to red;  
And I found that darling bonnet,  
With the fluffy feathers on it,  
Already had an owner and I—fled.

H. A. B.



The *elite* of the Hub claim to be the Boss ton.

MISS EMILY DAVIS, of North Carolina, having been refused admission to the Bar, was desperate enough to attempt to drown herself. Foolish. Why doesn't she come to New York and try the side door on Sunday.

A MUGWUMP paper laments that Cleveland if inclined to "take bad advice." THE JUDGE is not to blame. It has been instant in season and out of season in warning him against listening to Mugwump cranks.

The Semi-Frenchman in Politics.

FRESHEMILQUE'S VIEWS OF THE FRESH ADMINISTRATION.

You shall pardon me, my friend, that I continue not to address to you in the charming language of France. When it concerns itself of the love, of the glory—the much more, when it concerns of the—of that which the mocking idiom of the English describe to be the tattle-tittle the little beer of the society—indeed it is very well in the French. But, oh, my friend! when one describes of the politics of this republic, so so giant and also profound, one flies all immediately to express him in the muscous language of the Saxon-Anglo's which, in this country here, the sublime literatures of a Lord Bryant, and Artful Ward, a Highfellow, a Samcox, a Hosannah Biglow, and an Oliver Wendells have elevate aloft!

It is not but with a difficulty that I fail to hear with all the correctness when one of the Americans speak the almost rugged words of his language to the ear, yet but I flatter me that in holding the English pen it is with a purity of which the native people may not but admire, for behold that which my friend of the bosem, M. Mackhowly, in speaking with great confidence say to me:

"My dear Freshemilque, without making odious comparisons that might hurt the feelings of Samrandal, I must own that you handle our mother tongue with all the untutored grace of a Pennsylvania Dutchman."

It is here to remark that Mack (one so names him in the happy idiom of the English) every day speak but in the gentle accent of truth and ever with a noble proudest scorn that which is of flattering, or better to say as do here they say, "I'll see you condemned before he shall lay me on the soft soap."

In the middle of all your pleasures of Paris you will yet not be able to have forgot how, in a past letter I inform you how the citizen ballot-boxers of Wabash shocked themselves in reading how the therefore so much popular Blaine de Maine raised himself not before 9 o'clock of the morning and bathed him within the doors; while that the other Governor M. Grover break forth at the first *point de jour* [burst of daylight] and roll him up the shirt arms and wash but only the hands and face at the town-pump, and wipe him off at the towel of the bar-room; and how, for that there, the great New York carried him, the Governor, to Washington, and salute him for President; and of further how M. Blaine de Maine, stoop not to barri-

cade him the streets and make to sound the tocsin (one here call it to "raise a row") but of the other hand he come to Whitehouse and embrace M. Grover, which, with a great impressment and with the water in the eyes, pushed M. Blaine de Maine (who of so quite late had been to him a rival) that he shall stand not on the ceremony but shall pass into the Cabinet and be for him his General of the Post Masters, or Minister of the Marine—which here, if I deceive not, one call him the Secretary of the Marines. Ah, this spectacle touching of a concord which alone one beholds inside these Americans! Should not this, my friend, with shame blush the cheek of our alas so otherwise French men of politics.

But that which everyday of more and more one strikes with an astonishment agreeable around Whitehouse, it is that I know not of what of an air of nature, of the nature "pur et simple," as says our Saint Pierre, which, if I have no mistake, they call the "Simplesonian" "Jeffericity of our fathers, and the which flies far from that magnificence to which you of luxurious Paris would in smiling with mockery turn up the nose if M. Grey and his Cabinet should blacken them each morning by the light electric his own shoes on the steps of the Luxembourg, while that Mesdames their wife should bathe them their linen of the husbands [*videlicet*: wash him the shirt. Ed.] at the Fountain of the Innocents.

But it is not here, one thousand times no, that the virtue of the Whitehouse make an end or, as said my friend of New York, the Colonel Wagonhorse "not par un damsité!" One informs me that in this so Democratic Whitehousehold, which no royal guard of the body surround, M. Grover have dismissed with ignominy the haughty steeds and the steeds and the carriages of which it is retained but one modest mule for the emergent occasions, as when one would fetch him quickly the doctor in the night or when the ministers are in haste summoned to the Chambers of Congress—and for whom M. de Manning the Minister of Financie takes in hand his plugged hat and scoop him from the Treasury U. S. 164 grains of oats, which the Minister of War shall furnish to transport with his own hands on the wheelbarrow venerable of the Andyjackson's parents to the fence corner where the mule find himself sheltered—him the General of the Attorneys shall pursue, that he the Minister of War shall not himself, for his private use, be guilty to eat thereof of the oats; in the meantime that M. Grover himself shall with gentleness sneak after the back of the both, when of

sudden he shall hold them their jaws, and if he find there in the teeth but one lonesome grains of oats branded with a "U. S.," he shall with his own hands place them under the terrible American Constitution and impeach them their heads off! And if it shall happen, of occasion, that the mule shall feel him the appetite too crowd in the interior for the last of the 150 grains, this grain it is forbid that it remain in the private hat of M. de Manning, but shall be "cover into the treasury." If not, not even the mule shall save himself to be carried with the investigation!

But it is only in a next letter, my friend, that one can make justice to one's regard of this new Administration of which it is the Colonel Wagonhorse that say it shall "knock these black Republicans so high that the crows will have time to build nests in their wood before they come down; and is bound to make the hair fly about Washington till you find the Department filled with the baldest headed lot that ever sung small since Cain and Abel's grandmother was a baby," and then the Colonel he turn him to me and continue, in slapping me the back with great earnest and inquiring me for a chawtobacco, "and don't you forgettez pas that Grove is the garcon to handler le ax, mon monkey-nosed Frenchy."

But my friend, that of which I have wrote shall be sufficiently enough in the present.

With sentiments of the most friendly I rest all day, your FRESHEMILQUE.

SINCE the compound, comminuted fracture of the vertebral column of Old Hiems, the denizens of the Park benches are the idle of the hour.

STRAINING THE RELATIONS.



"The Duchess of Edinburgh, sister to the Czar, is very much distressed by the strained relations between Russia and England."—[London Dispatch.

## OFF THE BENCH.

SOMETHING fresh in corsets—a dude.

A DRAMATIC composition—nitro-glycerine.

“STRAINED RELATIONS”—some of the alleged funny stories.

ABOUT the meanest trick ever played on unsuspecting childhood is Arbor Day—set-

THOSE fraudulent solicitors of contributions to the pedestal fund perpetrate a base swindle.

THE STREET sign-perambulator is the “sassiest” man! He gives everybody back talk.

A NEW horror has been added to border warfare. When the Indians and Half Breeds under Riel captured Frog Lake, they “com-

THE MAN who thinks he can communicate freely by telephone, is laboring under a halloosination.

THE early-closing movement should be applied to talkers and singers, as well as to business houses.

BREX. TALMAGE preaches against clubs. He is hypercritical. The spades and red suites are as much a part of the pack as the

## What Lillian Knows of Base-ball.

WELL! What a man can see in base-ball is beyond me!

I never want to look at the horrid game again as long as I live! I spent last week in the wilds of New Jersey at Miss Van Dyke's country place, and in an evil hour she proposed a game of base-ball. I hadn't the faintest notion how it was played, but I recklessly consented to help her out.

There were four other girls in the house, and we divided ourselves into two nines of three each. Miss Van Dyke said she knew all about the game, she had seen her brothers play very often, and you had to have a catcher and a pitcher and I forget what she called the other—*chaser* I think,—anyway you had to run like mad every five minutes. I know, because they put me there first, until they found that I couldn't run so, to save my soul; I should like to see any one gallop wildly over the ground with a pull-back and French heels! It is a physical impossibility. After I had proved that to every one's satisfaction they made me change off with the batter.

This was comparatively easy, for beyond grasping the bat convulsively every time I saw the pitcher move, I had really nothing to do, as the ball never came any where near me.

Its motto seemed to be “Excelsior,” for though at first it appeared quite content to strike the ground and go bounding off in a series of joyous little leaps to hide among the bushes, (when we had to stop the game, grovel around on all fours and poke it out with Jack's cane) it soon became more ambitious, and scaled the highest trees with an ease and celerity that would bring tears of envy to the eyes of an African monkey.

There was a certain amount of monotony in this amusement,

that soon palled, and we were quite relieved when Jack strolled up and offered to pitch for us.

Jack is simply immense in the athletic line—has quite a reputation in fact—and a little wave of enthusiasm rippled over all the girls when he joined us.

He settled down to business at once and sent the ball straight at me. This was so unlike anything that had happened before that it completely unnerved me and I just dropped the bat and ran.

If I hadn't taken that precaution, I should not be alive now!

Jack was downright hateful about it (a little way brothers have) and he nettled me so that I determined to succeed or die in the attempt! So I tried it again. Jack was too horrid for anything. Three times he went through the motions without letting go of the ball, and he made me so nervous that when it *did* come towards me, I entirely lost my presence of mind, flung the bat at it with all my might, and then stood still—petrified with horror! If you could have seen the havoc that bat created!

It almost brained Miss Van Dyke, who was imprudent enough to stand near me, neatly beheaded a marble statue for which Mr. Van Dyke had spent a fabulous sum and finally landed on Jack's favorite dog!

That settled it. When I heard Bruno howl I knew it was all up with me and I fled from the wrath to come. On the piazza I found three of Jack's friends—Columbia College men—so doubled up with mirth that they couldn't even bow to me!

That brother of mine had known they were there all the time, and had let me make a circus of myself for their especial benefit.

I shall *never* speak to Jack again as long as I live.



ting all the schools to set trees to grow future switches.

THE JUDGE doesn't believe in giving a bad Fish another trial.

YOU must employ a tutor if you want to secure a hire education.

SNIP, *Snap* and away it went. If *Snap* was so soon to be done for it's a wonder what it was begun for.

ONE of the leading soloists of Thomas's orchestra troupe traveling is Miss Clapper. A pointer to her audiences.

pelled all the people to attend church together,” we read. Was this the prompting of the fiendish Fenians?

THE DUDE, too, hath his defender. Some one says he has a soft side. Yea, two of 'em—outside and inside.

If any man attempts to haul down the signal service flag and predict the weather, take him to a storm center and shoot him on the spot.

THE REASON why the rascals do not get lashed naked through the *World* oftener is possibly because the management is lashed to some who can least bear the exposure.

clubs, and the acrobatic divine—or the divine acrobat—need not let on that he does not know it.

THE grocers say there is danger of a pepper famine. We had not heard that there was any scarcity of cocoa-nut husks.

SARCASTIC things are sometimes said by New Yorkers about Philadelphia, but when it comes to genuine wit Philadelphia has the *Call*.

FROM THE row he makes over them you'd think that Bachelor's Buttons were all choler buttons. They make him blue, necessarily.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

With loud triumphant note,  
Long years ago I wrote  
Sonnets in plenty.

"First love can never die."  
Said to myself, and I  
Was barely twenty.

My sonnets and my rhyme  
Are dead. Old father Time  
Has made a sortie;  
And leaves me bowed, gray-haired,  
Eyes, teeth, and ears impaired,  
Though only forty.

But what care I! My song  
Is saddened not. For long  
It never bothers;  
And in years rolling round,  
For that first love I've found  
A dozen others.

WORE HOLM.

Men of the Hour; and Minutes.

THE JUDGE takes exstatic pleasure in announcing to the world that it has consummated arrangements with the "New York and International Biographical and Diagrammatical Illustrated Patent Visceral Press Association" to furnish its (THE JUDGE'S to wit) readers with the portraits of the men about whom the world is talking. The N. Y. & I. B. & D. I. P. V. P. Ass. has unusual facilities for obtaining correct likenesses of characters, as it does not trust to popular photographers, and never retouches its negatives; in fact, it prefers to take the affirmative on all negative characters.

With a large staff of gifted artists and able-bodied engravers it can put these impressions off on the public in the highest style of newspaper art. It has taken care to select its artists from non-members of the National Academy, so as to insure artistic work and steady habits.

The Minutes of the lives of these Men of the Hour are prepared by a large force of key-hole specialists and popular novelists. The Minutes may be depended on as absolutely authentic and original; not a Minute of them is second to any other work of the time. We advise our readers to carefully preserve these biographies; if they take care of their Minutes, ours will take care of themselves.

The first in our gallery of noted men is Louis Riel.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



THE MINUTES.

Louis Riel, the generalissimo of the Manitoba Half-breeds is not the "on'ery cuss" that the invidious Canada press and the hateful Stalwarts of Oneida would have us think. On the contrary he comes of stock

that is both patriotic and royal. His father was a rebel, and his mother a princess of one of the oldest lines in existence, dating back to the early inhabitants of this country. If Riel lived in the United States his parentage and renown as a rebel would entitle him to a seat in the cabinet and the worship of our best society. Although Riel is a Half-Breed he is incapable of some meanness that men of this tribe have been guilty of. He never could have played it so low down on Folger as the New York branch of the tribe did.

The cause of the rebellion is said to be an effort of the Dominion Government to apply the principles of Henry George to the Half-Breeds' farms; but the real cause, known only to our Alphabetical Press Asses, is Riel's ambition to get a seat in the Dominion Cabinet—inflamed by the success of our Confederate generals in Democratic politics. Rebel Riel holds, with Rebel Keily, Cleveland's appointee, that the assertion of authority by the Dominion government, "is a gross and bloody violation of public rights."

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



THE MINUTES.

Brig. Gen. Abdurrahman Khan, of whom we furnish the first correct likeness ever cut, has had a very checkered career, and has been obliged to change his name often, not so much to conceal his identity as to accommodate his cognomen to changed relations, strained and unstrained. He was originally of the old oriental family, Achan; it was in the camp of his martial ancestors that the wedge of gold and Babylonish garment were found by an investigation committee, as related in the Old Testament—the first and only instance where a smelling committee actually "got onto the boodle."

After that, the patronymic was changed to A. Chan, which an aristocratic member spelled Khan. The initial was subsequently expanded into "Abdurrahman," which is Persian for Toughness, or as the polite society in which THE JUDGE exclusively circulates would say, "An obdurate man."

His grandfather was Dost Mohammed, who ruled Afghanistan till his death in 1863; and whose policy was so Mugwumpian that they derisively asked "Do'st thou play Mohammed?" shortened into simple, Dost Mohammed? A. Khan's uncle, Shear A. Lie, an artistic antetype of Eli Perkins, was deposed from the rule of Afghanistan in 1879 by the British, and Abdurrahman was set up in his place—since which time he has been a mere agent of Great Britain, and has borne the title of Ameer, of Cabul, his home district. In the struggle between England and Russia, Gen. A. Khan has chance for "the greatest effort of his life"—to take pay from and favor both sides, and keep his own seat. His success in this daring bare-faced riding of two horses is doubtful. He needs coaching by some Cleveland Republican.

The portrait of this adventurer was taken only twenty-four hours ago, and is therefore

the latest view of him. The execution is unusually spirited—more so than that of great American murderers—and the engraving is far above the range of art exhibited in the illustrated daily and weekly papers. As all enterprise is sure of base imitators, there is little doubt that A. Khan will be executed hereafter.

A TALE OF A COUNTRY EDITOR.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

An ancient village frame; an outside stair;  
Within, a great blank room with rafters bare,  
From which, in tangled festoons, black and gray,  
The length'ning cobwebs hung. The light of day  
With anguish writhed through murky panes of glass,  
The walls were covered o'er with wondrous mass  
Of posters and of hand-bills—black and red—  
On paper which had once been white, 'tis said.

These posters told of goods which "must be sold,"  
They told of firms "reliable" and "old,"  
Of groceries and notions "just received,"  
And how "that hacking cough can be relieved,"  
Of festival to come and "moral show,"  
And "if in search of bargains," where to go.  
An old-time hand-press in one corner stood,  
And near the stove a pile of wet, green wood;

Elsewhere a press by lazy 'prentice kicked;  
Cases in rows, from which were slowly picked  
Some oft-used type by boy with flaxen hair;  
A stone for forms; a stool or two; one chair;  
And of the rest there is no need to tell,  
(Such outfits oft have served the nation well,  
Except to say one corner was "the den.")  
Here, one blak day, with pencil or with pen,

An editor his flaming leaders wrote  
Whose influence was felt in climes remote.  
And yet, alas! he shared the common lot—  
To pay subscriptions was what all forgot.  
Not all; for when one makes his paper good  
A man pays, now and then, in truck or wood.  
That day the wind blew chill. The snow was deep.  
As wet wood will not burn, the chills would creep

Along the spinal column of the boys,  
Of lesser evils none like this annoys.  
As time passed on a step without was heard,  
And soon within the ink-stained door appeared  
A man and wife, both comfortably dressed  
In furs and goods that keep out cold the best.  
The man, with jolly face and portly form  
Advanced and said: "Though this is quite a storm

We had to come to town, you know, to trade,  
And so I says, 'My wife, I think to-day 'd  
Be just the time to take a little cash  
And pay the printer for 'The Weekly Hash.'  
So very many papers now we take,  
To read them through would keep us both awake  
Night after night until the clock struck two,  
And then I don't believe we'd read 'em through.

"But 'Hash, my friend, we can't keep house without,  
Eh?" (To his wife who slowly turned about.)  
She'd watched the 'prentice boy to see him feed  
The press with hand-bills at a wond'rous speed,  
For boys will "shake 'em up" to show their skill  
"Oh, yes," she said, 'tis good; but pay the bill.  
My! How hot they keep it here. I wonder  
How they ever live. It's hot as —" "Thunder,"

The saucy devil said, "if warm to you,  
Our Fahrenheit, you see, marks fifty-two.  
And then you do not know how we are clad.  
Boots, pantaloons and shirt our all, egad!  
If stripped of furs, and only cotton shirt  
Like mine thy shoulders and thy waist begirt,  
I think—" The boy here coughed and said no more,  
But left the press and vanished through the door.

## MIS' JORDAN'S OPINION.

SUMMER's not far—my goodness! no.  
Peter's beginning to plough—and O,  
House-cleanin's over—I'm glad it's so;  
Yes—but the cholera's comin'!

"The Lord's mysterious!" Shut up—do!  
The Lord's not in it no more'n you,  
Nor half as much—'n that's sartin true,  
When the cholera's comin'.

D'ye s'pose if I didn't clean house at all,  
An' Pete left the barn-yard to go till fall,  
An' drains was chokin' up thick 'n small,  
I'd laugh at the cholera comin'?

D'ye think if I threw the bread an' hash,  
The milk, an' butter, an' taters, splash  
Behind the house, that I talk such trash  
'Bout the Lord an' the cholera comin'?

The cities are full of filth as crime,  
The rivers carry it out in slime,  
An' on my soul! I believe it's time  
For the cholera to be a-comin'!

An' the folks go laughin' an' saying o'er,  
Just as they did in the days of Noah,  
"What do we care!" O, it makes me sore  
With that awful cholera comin'.

But I tell you what—at the judgment scene,  
The Lord will cry—I say what I mean—  
"You sinned to my face in not keepin' clean,  
You *knew* of the cholera comin'!

"You spread it abroad an' helped it on,  
And laid it to me!" My soul! she's gone,  
I've made her mad, but as sure's your born  
She won't talk of the cholera comin'!

D. O. T.

## ON THE ROAD.

The Commercial Traveller as Missionary  
from Central Africa.

"Gus, were you ever in Patagonia?"  
"You know I never was, Josh."  
"Nor Greenland, I suppose?"  
"No, why?"  
"Ever traveled in Siberia, New South  
Wales, Tonquin, Siam or—"  
"O, come off, old man. Tell us what  
you are getting at," Gus broke in.  
"Only this: I have a scheme, and if you  
are only man enough to carry it through,  
we can raise money sufficient to get us out of  
Indianapolis. It isn't quite a square deal,  
mind you, but we need the money as badly as  
the heathen do. My idea is this. I'll intro-  
duce you, Gus, to a customer of mine who  
runs a Sabbath School near here, as Dr.  
Augustus Cusby, the great African explorer  
and missionary. See?"  
"But, Josh—" I interrupted.  
"Shut up, Lang. I will tell him that  
Dr. Cusby will talk to the children this  
afternoon—it's Sunday, isn't it—I know the  
man and he'll be delighted with the sugges-  
tion."  
"Say, then how's that going to help us to  
money," said I.  
"You're a born fool, Lang. Don't you  
see, after Gus has given them the talk, he  
takes up a collection for the poor little  
darkies. We three are the darkies."  
"O-ho! Your's is a big head, Joshua  
Brown," Gus exclaimed, "I'll do it. It's  
obtaining money under false pretences, but  
when we get our remittances in Chicago,  
we'll send a contribution to the Sunday-

School fund equal to double the amount of  
the stake."

And so it fell out that Gus Cusby found  
himself facing an audience of three hundred  
children that afternoon in the character of a  
great traveler in foreign lands. His lecture  
was very instructive and "the greatest effort  
of his life." It was also a great pecuniary  
success, for it brought us the sum of \$19.42,  
which was ample for our purpose.

I recall only a part of it:

"My dear children," he said, "I want to  
tell you this afternoon of a peculiar people  
whose country I visited while exploring  
Central Africa in company with that famous  
traveler John L. Sullivan, in the year 1492.  
The land was named Jones' Wood by Major  
Greely and Sir John Franklin, who discovered  
it in the year 1776, since which time it was  
never visited by any white man except  
Frederick Douglass, until the date of our ex-  
pedition. You will find it on your maps of  
Central Africa lying between Newtown Creek  
and the Hackensack mountains, at latitude  
4-11-44 and longitude 7-20-8.

"There are many things about this land  
and its inhabitants I could tell, that would  
surprise and interest you. Of course, like  
all Africans, the people are brunettes—not  
colored—they were born so. Their men are  
invariably very short because their religion  
obliges them to practice a rite which they  
call keno, and which means in English,  
"Bucking-the-tiger." This thing they  
actually do. Think, dear children, what a  
barbarous religion it must be which demands  
such horrible ceremonies. Notwithstanding  
the risk they run in the bucking process, but  
very few die, and quite as few are bitten or  
clawed by the ferocious animal; they are  
simply made very short.

"They are a peaceable, sober and orderly  
tribe. Abstemious in their habits, they  
drink only when thirsty and rarely eat except

when driven to it by hunger. In Jones'  
Wood the crops grow without cultivation.  
Even in midwinter I have seen strawberry  
vines twining themselves around the lamp-  
posts, and violets and roses growing between  
the street-car tracks. Nature is indeed kind.  
So warm is it that the people of this favored  
land need to dress but simply—very simply.  
I did not see so much as a bustle or a dress  
shield during the whole of my stay there,  
but liver-pads and porous plasters met my  
eye at every turn.

"While the women talk over the new  
minister's wife, and the children smoke corn-  
stalk cigarettes and play at mumble-peg for  
nickles behind the wood-shed, the men roam  
the forests in search of the timid omnibus, the  
untamed blizzard, the fleet-footed cow-  
catcher, or angle for the speckled trombone,  
the powerful limburger, or the wily slugger,  
etc.

"Now, children, I am going to ask you  
to contribute some pennies to meet a very  
pressing need of these people. They havn't  
had a bad potato crop and are not in danger  
of famine; they do not need money for a  
dynamite fund because they live a long way  
from Ireland; the French nation have not  
presented them with a statue of Liberty, so  
they require no money to build a pedestal.  
They need money for none of these things.  
What they do require and what they can do  
no longer without is safety pins, large ones  
and lots of 'em. Children, you are none of  
you too old to appreciate something of what  
the value of this article was, or perhaps is  
now, and certainly is sure to be in the future,  
and I hope every little boy and girl will  
cheerfully put their pennies in the box which  
your dear superintendent will now cause to  
be passed."

The box was passed and it is needless to  
say that we took our departure as soon as we  
decently could after being handed the con-  
tents. L. L. L.



BRITISH LION—"Do you know, sir, that is my foot you trod on?"

RUSSIAN BEAR—"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

## No Post-Mortem Taffy.

A SURROGATE in New Hampshire has refused to probate a will because the testator, J. F. Twiss, left a fund to pay for a brass band at his funeral and for peanuts and caramels for the mourners. The surrogate thought it an insult to the legal profession to squander on these frivolities the money that by good rights should go to the lawyers.

## An Easy One.

A Dakota editor thinks he has knocked out the woman suffrage movement by asking how women will work out their road taxes if they are allowed to vote. They will not. They'll do just as the dear creatures who own property do all the time—dodge, just as the rich men do. If women are not smart enough for that they oughtn't to vote.

## Bad Enough to be American

TENNYSON'S outburst of alleged poetry on the English navy strikes a sympathetic chord in this country. His denunciation of the sham navy of Britain reads marvelously like a bad versification of the efforts of able American editors to repair our navy, and his poetry sounds exactly like the spring-inspired muse of able-bodied American verse-slingers.



SUBTRACTION.

ONE FROM TWO LEAVES ONE.



ADDITION.

FOUR AND ONE ARE FIVE.

## OFF THE BENCH.

COLUMBIA—"My Central America sister is acting badly. I've Guatamala, I fear."

SOME of our funny exchanges offer their readers files. A joke that can't be opened without a file is worse than a chestnut.

PATTI has sailed. Now let timorous capital come forth from its hiding, and trade revive. The cause of financial depression is removed, and the boom may begin.

THE most powerful writer for the press is the largest advertiser, his *chef d'œuvre* is his largest check, and his contribution largely "shapes the policy of the paper."

BISMARCK'S head cook, Herr Eye, has been decorated. Happy Germany! Whatever ails her premier, she knows it all in Herr Eye. [Paragraphists get onto this optic.]

THE CLERGY seem to have caught on to an idea that rollers were invented to reconcile young people to going to a place where the impossibility of ice is no bar to skating.

AN interesting circumstance is narrated by a Connecticut paper as attending the death of a lady's "two first husbands." Is this a case of Yankee female enterprise, or of bigamy?

THOSE literary men who have such a passion for writing down Edgar A. Poe—and there are too many of these imitators of the ghoul, Griswold—ought to reside at Ramapo.

A READER wants to know "what is the outlook for Buddensiek now." We don't know, now, but we can tell what it probably will be before long. It will probably be a checkered one.

## A Race for Herat.

Such is the interest in the Afghanistan question that The Race for Herat is enacted most any day in the lower part of this city by rising young statesmen and actors. Even the dogs along the docks take a lively interest in the race. Sometimes the Rat is caught.

## The only Excuse for the Sentence.

JOHN UBRIGHT, a crippled canal boat captain who had been stoned by a New York dock gang, fired at the mob from the door of his boat cabin and killed one of them. He was convicted before Judge Stern. When the Judge reached home he said to his wife:

"Ubright was convicted."  
"What did you give him?" said the wife.  
"Seven years."  
"My! That was severe."  
"Certainly; he only killed one."

## Funeral Customs.

When a Frenchman meets a funeral, he uncovers his head.

In Ireland, if a vehicle coming from the opposite direction meets a funeral, the etiquette is for the driver to turn and go a few rods with the procession. Formerly it was considered a graceful act of honor to the dead for bystanders to join in a mourning wail, as the hearse passed by.

In New York the bystanders show their respect for the dead by climbing on the hearse, and their sympathy for the bereaved by catching on behind their carriages. They testify their grief at the cemetery by joining in the mourning wails and casting tributes on the coffin in the shape of cabbage stumps and brick bats. On the homeward journey, undertaker, hackmen, and mourners stop at a corner and pour out libations of lager to the departed. Grief levels all distinctions. The wealthiest undertaker, the most opulent hackmen, will not decline to thus mingle his grief with the lowliest mourner's.

THE DEALERS who ship American oysters to Queen Victoria, sandpaper and polish the shells. They seem to think the Lion eats them shells and all, or that the Queen uses the shells for bric-a-brac.

## Hands off the Calves.

THE vigilant raiders for bob veal must not make a mistake and go for the thin calves the rinks supply, because the skirts flamboyant around them are bobbed. Nor will the plea that the bob reveals the entertainment as exceeding fresh be allowed.

## Our Moribund Journals.

To "Western Journalist": We regret to reply that there is no sign of movement on the *Dial*, even on tick, and no promising effort to revive Truth. The respective proprietors of the *World* and the *Tribune* are taking considerable interest in the latter, each guaranteeing the other large sums of money if he will attach himself to Truth in connection with circulation and advertising. Both fight shy of the alliance, nevertheless. "One afraid and the other dassent," perhaps.

## Building Notes.

It's preposterous that builders cannot find sand to put in their mortar. Grocers have no such trouble in making their sugar more binding—on consumers.

Buddensiek might have used sugar in his mortar, if he couldn't find clear sand. Sugar is cheap, except the kind that builders supply to inspectors.

Contractors over-do their work. The buildings contract too much and too spontaneously.

You'd think these buildings were put up by longshoremen instead of masons, by their props.

A contractor is too propper a man.

Motto for Buddensiek's coat-of-arms; *Post hoc, ergo propped her hoc.*

The poor people who live in them are the main guys of these tumble-down tenements and their builders.

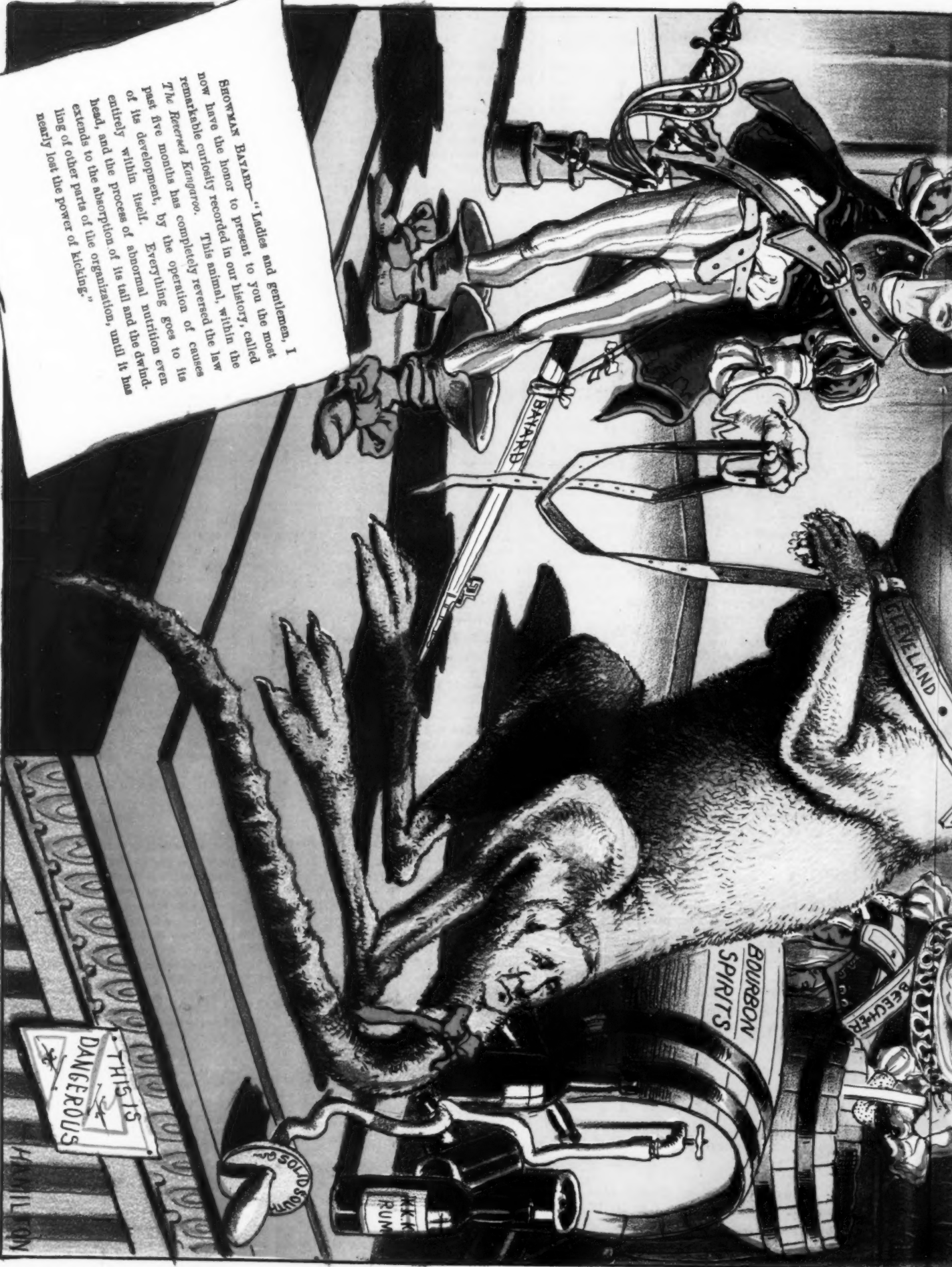
The Buddensieks and the army of inspectors are destined to a residence to which fire-escapes are not attached.

A builder's defence is that his work is all out of plumb because the inspectors take all the plum out of him.

Of all the rows of flats in the city some of Buddensiek's are the flattest.

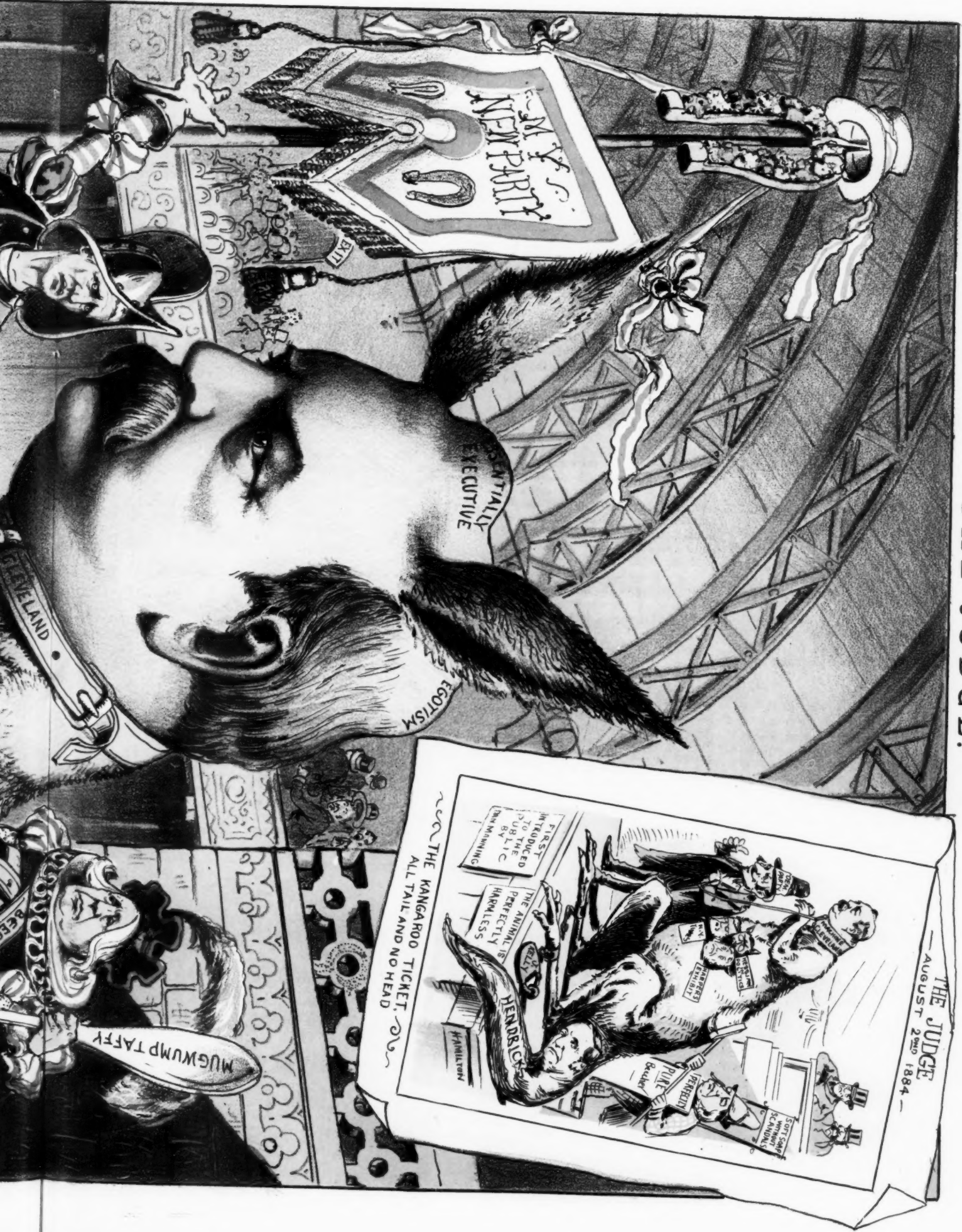
BROWMAN BAZARD—"Ladies and gentlemen, I  
 now have the honor to present to you the most  
 remarkable curiosity recorded in our history, called  
 The Reversed Kangaroo. This animal, within the last  
 past five months has completely reversed the law  
 of its development, by the operation of causes  
 entirely within itself. Everything goes to the  
 head, and the process of its tail and the dwind-  
 ling of other parts of the organization, until it has  
 nearly lost the power of kicking."

A BAD CASE OF BIG HEAD.





THE JUDGE.



THE KANGAROO TICKET, ALL TAIL AND NO HEAD.

THE JUDGE - August 2nd 1884

FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE PUBLIC BY THE NEW MANNING

THE ANIMAL IS PERFECTLY HAPLESS

HAMILTON

PURE BUCKLEY

HARRIS

MANNING

HARRIS

MANNING

HARRIS

MANNING

HARRIS

MANNING

HARRIS

MANNING

HARRIS

MANNING

HARRIS

MANNING

HARRIS

CLEVELAND

ESGOTISM

ESSENTIALLY EXECUTIVE

FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE PUBLIC BY THE NEW MANNING

THE ANIMAL IS PERFECTLY HAPLESS

HAMILTON

PURE BUCKLEY

HARRIS

MANNING

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MUGWUMP TAFFY

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## SENTIMENTS FROM THE FLIES.

"To star or not to star, that's the question.—Rose Coghlan.

"Boom our play and we advertise with you.—C. W. Durant, (per Mr. Hills).

"Notoriety is rather to be chosen than popular applause.—Emma Nevada.

"Success is stranger than failure.—Viola Allen.

Beauty is eternal! "All things are not what they seem.—Geo. Fawcett Rowe.

"I wish I were a songstress.—Mme. Theo.

"Were I Irving, and Irving Dixey, there were a Dixey whose spirits would ruffle up—. It's English, you know.—Henry E. Dixey.

## NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

As a giant is more of a giant when compared with a dwarf, so are the attractions of Miss Kate Forsythe more attractive when compared with the late "mentally indisposed" *Magdaline* of "Dakolar" fame. This play is much improved by changes in the cast. If the first selection of characters had been more judicious, many a critical pen would have written approval; and Mr. Mackaye might have claimed our respect for his critical discernment as well as for his artistic ability.

"NATURE HAS GIVEN YOU ONE FACE," ETC.

The display of crayoning, rouging and powdering seen upon the faces of some of our footlight gods and goddesses reveals a tendency toward barbarism in these supposed highly civilized persons; nearly all barbaric tribes *daub* their faces, and what can this indiscriminate greasing and chalking be called but daubing. We see heavy, black marks underneath the eye-lashes; heavier, blacker ones over the eyes. This gives as much expression to the eye itself as there is in the hollow looking spots upon the face of a half moon.

These black marks are intended to give character to the face. So they do. The character of dissipation and debauchery: rub a streak of carmine on the upper lid and the personification is complete. Next to the "tellingly black" eye-brows there is a dead white space which extends to the glowing red on cheek bones. Black against white and white against red, for contrast, you know. Yes, we know, oppositions are always emphatic; so are pugilists. The artist does not emphasize details, but creates a harmonious whole. It is pitiable to see young girls whose only charm, often, is their girlhood, so disfigured by a superabundance of make-up stuff. There can be no rules where to put white and where coloring, when to make a feature more or less prominent; each person should make this an individual study as much as she does her lines. No two faces are alike, and lines and desired effects should be in relation to the different features. It is bet-

ter to use too little than too much from the contents of the "make up box;" better to look pale, plain, and natural; than red, repulsive, and care-worn. The fisher folk in "Dakolar" look like members of a black-line family. The novice speaks here.

## "WELLER AND GAMMON."

We "never thought to hear the names of gammon and Weller associated together." We never thought to hear the names of Morris, Daly and Fustian coupled together. Yet such is the case. "Denise" is shallow, tiresome, demoralizing. It contains a series of dialogues between two persons who walk to the front of the stage, mark off about three paces and repeat their lines in half intelligible tones—but we hear enough. The shallowness and inconsistency of the plot are its most palpable points. Another series is used to present these qualities, a series of denunciations and forgiveness in the same breath. Most of the characters are made to portray this inconsistency of human nature; perhaps to show their dramatic strength—or lack of it. The four acts constitute another series: a series of stage-settings all in one; a cheaply papered room (a wealthy count's apartment.) This series becomes monotonous after we count the stripes in the wall-paper during two or three acts. Perhaps the art lessons received from Irving, which were beautifully illustrated by his stage work, have a tendency to make us dissatisfied; we demand gratification for our but recently awakened sense of the harmonious and beautiful. Demand, but receive not—when Daly is in the country.

There is but one thing about "Denise" to compensate one for spending an evening at this theatre, that is Clara Morris. Although we condemn the play and the part, and have often seen her present her tortures of betrayed womanhood, still her strange magnetic power fascinates us, as it does others. Some even to hysterics, frequently during the past two weeks. No other actor appreciates the dramatic power of *pauses* more than Clara Morris. She is an excellent example of what cultivation will do for the human voice. When she speaks we are reminded of a delicate musical instrument which is set in tuneful vibration by the softest of summer breezes. She only breathes many of her words, and yet every syllable is clear and distinct. We breathlessly wait for more of these soul-feeling words. Strange, how a fragile, nervous creature can sway the hearts of thousands by the poetry of her voice in speech!

## SQUIRE FLIP.

AN argument by the Department of Public Works of New York before the Assembly Committee on Cities in favor of the Campbell Water-Metre bill.

"The water," said Mr. Flynnsqwire,  
"Is all the time running to waste.

(A goblet I beg  
And a newly-laid egg)

The committee had better make haste.

"Our measure," said Mr. Flynnsqwire,  
"Should metres and stop-cocks include.

(A bottle of 'Sec'  
Please shatter the neck)

Our scheme is of vast magnitude.

"Your favor," said Mr. Flynnsqwire,  
"We ask; (now drink to your fill  
And you'll say, I'll give odds,  
'Tis flip fit for the gods!)

We rely on your passing the bill."

ROBERT LEE.

## YE PLANKED SHAD OF GLOUCESTER.

## RONDEAU.

At Gloucester town, when April's sun  
Hath warmed the royal Delaware,  
Ye fisher folk wake one by one,  
And to the river's marge repair;  
The monster net is harnessed there  
With buoys and boats and boisterous fun—  
The first shad always weighs a ton  
At Gloucester town!"

So being caught, their prisoner rare  
As other pirates' prey must fare,  
And walk the plank—to broil till done,  
Of scaly plates the paragon,  
At Gloucester town!

JOHN PAUL BOOCK.

## Debased Conduct.

Last year the director of the U. S. Mint, Burchard, reports that this country produced 30 millions of gold and 38 millions of silver, of which all the gold but \$116,000 worth remained in this country, while \$16,400,000 worth of our silver was taken by other nations. Great heaven! is gold driving out silver regardless of the financial prophets all these years? Base misconduct on the part of debased silver, to be thus expatriated. Some one seems to want it, if the administration and eastern financiers do not. Base Some-one!



EUROPEAN PIPE OF PEACE.

Social Etiquette.

A FEW POINTS FOR PEOPLE IN SEARCH OF CULTURE AND—POLISH.

To the Editor of The Judge:

Will you please tell me the proper thing to do when a strange lady offers me her singing book in church when I do not wish to sing? Mr. A.

[If the lady is young and handsome, you should jine in. If she is to sing out of the same book, and in meeting, take hold devoutly and help her out, provided your breath is not too strong of cloves. Your plea that



FIRST VIEW OF CASTLE GARDEN.



A FOREIGN PUZZLE.—FIND THE MAN.

you can't sing is not to be taken into account. No one can, in congregational singing. Pitch in and don't be afraid. If your companion's singing makes you fatigued, stop and whisper the compliments of the season. Remember the fable of the Fox, the Crow, and the Meat.

To the Editor of The Judge:

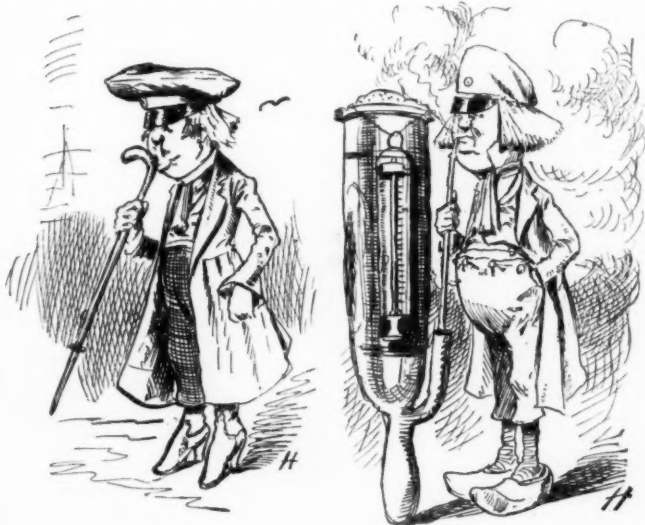
Would it be proper for a groom to wear light trousers at a wedding where the ceremony is to take place at the house, and the bride is to wear a light silk dress? C. W.

[Yes, if the misfit dealer will

IMPRESSIONS OF CASTLE GARDEN.



IMMIGRANT (to Policeman)—"Ach! Vat a dings. Dot frost heaf oop dem railroad? Aber ice haf not such frost like dose by Chernyay in."



A COMING DUDE.

A COMING BREWER.

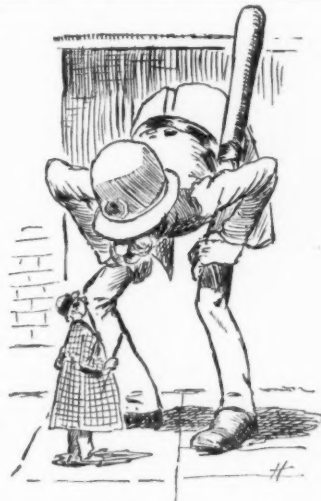


AN IMPORTED IDEA OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

rent the light trousers as readily as the dark. It would be better, too, if the groom wore other garments. It will not be proper to stand up in your shirt-sleeves, even if your bride is to be dressed in white. Custom does not require an absolute correspondence of color of groom and bride, either in costume or complexion, though it disapproves of amalgams.

To the Editor of The Judge:

In issuing cards of invitation to a wedding anniversary would it be proper to address one card to Mr. and



CONDESCENSION OF THE AUTHORITIES.



THE NEW SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

Mrs. Jones and family when there are sons and daughters, or should a separate card be sent to each? F. A.

[That depends on whether you want to invite all the kids or not. They are apt to make irrelevant remarks, if in the gamboling stage of development; to utter too-suggestive cries, if in arms; and they all eat like cormorants. You had better, in any case, count the cards first and see if you have enough to go around to all whom you dare not leave out, on account of accounts or other causes.

## CONTENTMENT AT THE RESTAURANT.

THE preacher remarked, as he threw a glance  
Around his piece of cheese,  
"I wonder now, if *Dyna mite*  
Is mightier than these."

And as he sawed at the fried buck-skin  
With all his might and main,  
He hummed, "If at first you don't succeed,  
Try tripe again."

And exclaimed, as he tasted the raspberry sauce,  
"This is cooked extremely well;  
I wonder now if they take off the hulls,  
And jam the jam things to jell."

And when he put his hand to his mouth  
And pulled out the fish that was there,  
He reflectively said, "Can it be that they catch  
These speckled trout with a *hair*?"

And when the young girl grew rosy red,  
And turned up her pretty nose,  
He remarked, "if the ox-eyed daisies  
A *man* may look at a rose."

And then he paid his check at the desk  
And started to go away,  
While he smilingly said, "You give *bully beef*,  
For such a little *caf e*!"

H. A. B.

## The Professor in Journalism.

AN INCIDENT ILLUSTRATING THE PAPILIONACEOUS  
NATURE OF THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

AFTER years of literary vicissitude, and a vain search for some publication wherein he could exhibit the lambant flames of his genius to the world, Bangkok Wilson became editor of the *Roller*. He had amassed up to that time a portfolio full of printed and lithographed forms for the return of MSS., grabbed from the courtly magazine circular which assured the wretched writer that there is "no lack of intrinsic merit" in his effusion, to the more business like and harrowing lines regretting that a press of accepted matter prevented "the availability of the article" the cruel editor had been "so kindly permitted to read."

Bangkok was a scholar, if anything. He didn't come from Boston, but he had been at Springfield, Mass., which is very nearly the same thing. So Bangkok has had the following lithographed:

## RESPECTED SIR:

The Taj at Agra—more beautiful than all, less material than any production of mortal marble works—contains the desiccated fragment of a communication sent by Brahma l'ootra back to Buddh. There was no special reason why the jungles of Saringapatam and the lurid lurches of Lahore should therefore echo to the grief of Buddh. Nor should you mourn.

When Anaximandev met Socrates meandering thro' the forum with his great toe in a sling, it became proper for Ximenes to explain to the man from Cos that Socrates had gotten rid of part of his toe, not because he disliked the toe itself, or for lack of any intrinsic merit therein, but because in the course of human events it had become necessary to prune. Pruning, esteemed sir, and no lack of appreciation for your valuable contribution of contemporaneous prehistoric and sub-millennial history compels me to recommend it to your tender care.

And now, in taking unto yourself once more the offspring of your brain, the bright winged butterfly which has for weeks and weeks battened on your midnight oil, take it

up, I beseech you, tenderly, for it is fashioned slenderly, and in the classic dialect of Springfield, Mass., is light-waisted in the extreme.

Your "Views of the Papilionaceous Nature of the Buckwheat Cake" are enclosed herewith. As they are valuable, please send me a receipt by return mail. I beg to seize this opportunity to renew the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

## The Belly and the Members.

(Revised Version.)

THE Members of the Body once rebelled against the Belly. "I couldn't have the face to lie around and do nothing," said the Head. "Nor could I," said the Eye. "Now wipe off your Chin and don't get on your Ear," replied the Belly. "Lord knows I am going to do some blowing, too," said the Nose. "This 'ere beats all I ever heard of," said the Auricular Appendage. "I know the weaknesses that the flesh is heir to," said the Hair, "but you are the baldest fraud I ever struck." "These remarks are not very palatable to me," said the Mouth, "and I shall try to get out of this squabble, if I have to do it by the skin of my teeth." "You can't run us for a minute," said the Feet and Legs. "Go in, I'll back you," said the Back. "Needn't call on me," said the Knee. "We want a hand in this," said the Hands. "Two Arms! at once." "You'll soon sleep this off and come to your fodder, all of you," said the Belly, and so they did.

F. S. RYMAN.

THE FRENCH call love "the toothache of the heart." Yes, but by gum, French love is too thin; gold will stop the decay of that kind. They ought to know a Yankee girl with a sweet tooth in. She cures the malady.

## Innocent Childish Sports.

IN a town in Illinois a lady well known to every body in the place died, and as is the custom in country towns, most of the inhabitants turned out to the funeral. A lady friend was particularly anxious to go, and not having any one with whom to leave her little girl, concluded to take her along. After the funeral services were over, the undertaker, as usual, invited the congregation to "pass around and view the remains." The little child had never before seen a dead person, and gazed as if fascinated. The corpse was that of a person who had died of consumption, and was a most unpleasant sight, for the lips were drawn back from the mouth, leaving the teeth, which were very prominent, exposed.

When supper time came, the little girl was missing, and a vigorous search about the neighborhood did not bring her to light. At last some one thought of the parlor, which like all parlors in little country villages, was kept closed and darkened except when visitors were expected. Her mother opened the door and there was the child, stretched out on two chairs in the middle of the room. Her eyes were shut and her mouth working in a fearful manner.

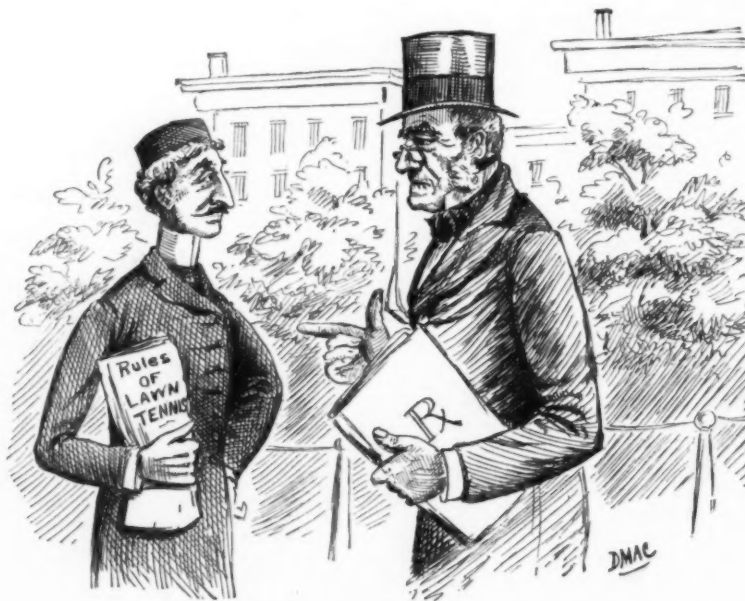
"O, my darling! my darling! what is the matter?" screamed her mother, thinking she was in a fit.

The child opened her eyes, raised her hand and whispered.

"Keep still! Don't speak. I'm all dead but my teeth!"

H. A. B.

IN THE Hoyt will case, trying to prove insanity, a man testified that he had tuned the Hoyts' piano for fifteen years, and that Miss Hoyt always seemed perfectly sane while he was there. That settles it.



## A MARTYR TO MEDICINE.

YOUNG DOCTOR—"Good morning, Doctor, did you perform the operation on your patient?"

OLD DOCTOR—"Yes, we took off two legs, one arm, and the top of his head."

Y. D.—"What was the matter with him?"

O. D.—"Well, we found he had an ulcerated pimple."

Y. D.—"But, Doctor, what made him so sick?"

O. D.—"Why, I suppose the medicine we gave him."

## THE OFFICE SEEKER'S INQUIRY.

## STANDING IN LINE.

Tell me ye winged winds  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye know some office fat  
Within the White House door?  
Some vacancy to fill,  
Some position in the West,  
Where free from toil and pain,  
My weary soles may rest?  
The loud winds dwindled to a whisper low  
And sighed for pity as they answered, No!

## ON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC.

Tell me thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows near me play,  
Do you know some consul-ship  
To bear me far away?  
Where miserable man may find  
The pay for which he sighs,  
With duties light and salaries big,  
Beneath those foreign skies?  
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,  
Stopped for a while to answer, No!

## TO CLEVELAND.

And thou, serenest man,  
Who with thy quiet face  
Doth look upon us all alike,  
Poor mortals in the race,  
Tell me! in all the list  
Of offices yet around,  
Hast thou, please sir! a post office  
For me dear sir, yet found?  
Behind a book that face withdrew in woe,  
And a voice, sweet but firm, responded, No!

## TO HIMSELF.

Tell me, my secret soul,  
Filled with a bitter pain.  
Is there no earthly recompense  
For waiting here in vain?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where I may gain my quest?  
From waiting all these weary weeks  
To find at last sweet rest?  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best guides to those that roam,  
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Yes, go home."  
[Hartford Post.

## THE MODERN SHAKESPERE.

"Henrico, love! 'Tis said that smiling wealth doth once again give promise to the land."

"Go to, Andromeda! go more than to, if thou dost link such doings unto wealth. These promisory things, ingenious girl, bespeak not wealth, an' I do know myself."

"But here be symptoms for thee, doubting doge. This morn I saw Vincezzo Fazio with vestments new as is the season young, and had the goods but garnished him with smiles the dolt no more vain glorious could be."

"Ah! Poor Vincezzo! 'Tis with him the annual epoch of requited pride. His Winter gabardine no more in use, he doth with Count Simpsoni make exchange, and these be affidavits of the same."

"But look thee, sire! whence come these rich apparelings that yester morn saw flaunting from the pew of Breejia Maloir? No tropic-pheasant ever smote with gaud the ambient air, as flamingly as she, and yet they say she hath plebian birth."

"And such is the truth, indeed, Andromeda. But wist ye not that these be rinsing times, when cleanliness doth have its annual

food, and artisans to soap and water wed are 'toxicate with Croesus, revenue?'"

"So ho! That likens reason, good me lord! But wherefore can it be that Senor Scissori, who doth in common wear a tattered smock and galligaskins eloquent of years, doth now in golden chariot wing the plaza through and chuckles 'neath his velvet drapery?"

"Fie on thee for a folly-flirt indeed, an' thou know'st not that Senor Scissori doth own the *Semi-Weekly Maccaroon*, an' that there now to him doth culminate waste basket revenue surpassing rich? 'Tis now the vernal poet doth discharge a healthy but predestinated pus, and not a sanctum in the printer's world but has more fuel for the ragman's maw than all humanity doth else produce. 'Tis with this merchandise he doth at times make good pretence to riches, as thou see'st, an' yet there be those in the land, sweet child, will tell the poetry doth bear no fruit."—[Yonkers Gazette.

## OYEZ! OYEZ!

She may live without dress—what is fashion but lying?

She may live without beaux—what is courting but sighing?

She may live without smiles—what is laughter but grinning?

But where is the woman can live without "chinning?"

[St. Paul Herald.

—The best thing out—a big fire.

[Bloomington Eye.

—He owns the Grand Trunk—Jumbo.

[St. Paul Herald.

—Motto for boot-blacks: After the rain comes the shine.—[Texas Siftings.

—Boston is a swell city. But that's the way with beans.—[St. Paul Herald.

—"What is to be done with our calves?" asks an agricultural editor. Walking has a good effect.—[Philadelphia Call.

—Hens are very exclusive; at least each one likes to stick to her own set.

[Texas Siftings.

—Contract buildings in New York are now called "Khartoums." They fall so easily.

[Norristown Herald.

—There is a paper called *Three States*. We presume the principal nutriment of the editor is R. I. Wis. Ky.—[St. Paul Herald.

—"Kidnapped, or gone to Washington," is what is said of a St. Louis citizen who suddenly disappears.

[New Orleans Picayune.

—The human mould—the corset.—[Waterloo Observer. The corset is human in another respect. It is very often tight.

[Saratoga Eagle.

—Cleveland is going to buy a pair of carriage horses, notwithstanding Jeffersonian simplicity calls for a yoke of steers.

[Merchant Traveler.

—Germans are now experimenting on the manufacture of an oleomargarine Limburger cheese. They have secured everything but the smell.—[New Orleans Picayune.

—Doctor—"It is nothing but an attack of dyspepsia." Wife—"And what does that come from, doctor?" Doctor—"That comes from the Greek, madam."—[Harper's Bazar.

—Circus animals are said to be the long-lived. The person who started this state-

ment must have gotten the animals mixed with the jokes.—[Philadelphia Transcript.

—"When was Rome built?" inquired the teacher. "In the night sir!" "In the night! How do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"—[Philadelphia Call.

—Ignatius Donnelly has discovered a cipher in Shakespeare's alleged works. Great Scott! how far back do these Democratic frauds run, anyway?

[Philadelphia Transcript.

—Theatrical managers do not like to give performances in Houston or Galveston. Those cities being seaports the managers are afraid of being wrecked on the light houses.—[Texas Siftings.

—Many theatrical managers have had to foot the bills of an unprofitable season, but many more actors have had to foot the territory lying between the place of their last appearance and their homes.

[Philadelphia Transcript.

—The old lady who asked for a gold ring sixteen parsnips fine, was probably related to the elderly gentleman who said his daughter was attending the conservatory of music, says a co-laborer in the vineyard of truth.

[Bloomington Eye.

—A Texan, who has lived for years among the cowboys, says that many of them are graduates of eastern colleges. Judging from the ungrammatical language usually attributed to cowboys by the newspapers the statement is altogether probable.—[Graphic.

—It certainly does look very much as if Cleveland had surprised a number of distinguished politicians while they were in swimming, and had gone off with their clothes. They certainly do not show [any great desire to come out just yet.

[Texas Siftings.

—A good example of the manner in which which students who are "in" for several subjects at the time get their ideas mixed, is that of the youth who, having to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" replied, "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash."

[Bloomington Eye.

—William H. Vanderbilt's grandsons publish an amateur monthly paper called the *Comet*. They may think such a pastime is "heavenly" now, but a few years hence, when they make their paper a daily to fill a long felt want, they will find that it is a more Serious matter.—[Norristown Herald.

—The craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a small boy on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official. "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."—[Philadelphia Call.

—Rev. Mr. Gifford, of Boston, condemns the skating rink "because it is a thing of pleasure solely." Another good man gone wrong. If the reverend gentleman was to witness a game of polo on roller skates, he would wonder why the players, if they sought pleasure, didn't engage in planting potatoes or sawing wood, or turn their attention to some other amusement that didn't call for so much hard work.

[Norristown Herald.

—Through the telephone—"Is that you, doctor?" "Yes; who is it?" "Mrs. Merony. O doctor! what shall I do for the

baby? He has swallowed a dime." "Well, you surely don't want to spend \$2 to get a dime, do you?" And the telephone ceased to work.—[Newman Independent.

—In San Antonio very little encouragement is given to rising young artists. The artist who wants to draw must be particular as to what he draws. Felipe Galvan, a talented young Mexican, who attempted to draw a gun, was covered with a pistol and led off to jail. He was subsequently fined. Even the game of draw poker can only be played with safety by members of the Legislature.—[Texas Siftings.

—"Miss Lillian Smith, a California girl 14 years old, has beaten Dr. Carver by one second, having broken one hundred glass balls in two minutes forty-five seconds. It is probable that she supposed that they were dishes, which she was engaged in washing. People who have domestics in their families will see that there is nothing extraordinary in Miss Smith's achievement, if our supposition is correct."—[Boston Transcript.

A DISSAPPOINTED BOOK AGENT.

Yesterday afternoon a book agent put in an appearance at a house in the suburbs of Austin which is called the Athens of Texas. The proprietor of the establishment happened to be busy in the yard reproving, with a club, his dog that had stolen and eaten the meat. When the man saw the agent, he paused for a minute in his labors on the dog, and said: "Just wait until I get through with this dog and then I'll attend to you. One at a time you know."

The book agent discovered that he was at the wrong house and passed on refusing to interfere in the family quarrel.

[Texas Siftings.

\* \* \* \* Piles, fistulas and rupture radically cured. Book of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

AN UNRELIABLE BARBER.


Gus De Smith came down Austin avenue yesterday with his chin cut in several places, so that it looked as if a drunken barber had

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRO APPLI- cations on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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been practicing on it.

"Merciful heavens, Gus!" exclaimed Gilhooly, "what did you do to that barber who cut your chin that way? You ought to have murdered him. That was the least you could have done for him."

"I did nothing of the kind. After he was through shaving, I invited him across the street, and treated him to a cocktail and a cigar."

"Well you are a fool."

"No, I ain't such a fool after all," responded Gus, "for you see I shave myself."

"You may not be a fool, but you associate with some who are not much better," replied Gilhooly. - [Texas Siftings.

A WOMAN'S WILL.

The corner grocery was filled, as usual Saturday nights. The subject was "woman."

"When a woman will, she will, you may depend on't," said Sam Pierce, in that wise way which some men have of quoting a Noachian saying and passing it off as their own.

All acquiesced. Deep silence fell on all married men and had been there. Just as Sam said it, however, a stranger dropped in.

"Beg to dispute the iast assertion," he said.

Every man in the house cocked up his ear and looked pityingly on the speaker.

"Must ha' had powerful small experience with the gentler sex," said Sam, sarcastically.

"Oh, no; I've broken many a woman's will," replied the stranger.

Everyone became attentive.

"Kin you give me a recipe for that air complaint?" asked little Peleg Stout.

"Simplest thing in the world. In fact, that is my business," said the stranger.

"Who be ye, anyhow?" asked Sam.

"A lawyer."

"Oh!" and every one looked mad. "Yes, stranger," at last piped little Peleg, "but even your wimmen has to be dead fore you kin tech their wills."—St. Paul Herald.

AVOIDING THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

Sam Johnsing was up again yesterday for picking the pocket of a gentleman on Galveston Avenue. The proof was overwhelming.

"What explanation have you to offer?" asked the judge.

"I found the pocket-book."

"In the gentleman's pocket, I suppose."

"Yes, sah, ef I had said I found it somewhere else den evil-minded folkses mought hab said dar was somefin spicious about de transaction."—[Texas Siftings.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

Procrastination may rob you of time, but by increased dilligence you can make up the loss; but if it rob you of life the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite fickle, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously diseased. In all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a genuine, radical cure—make a new man of you and save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

SOUND ADVICE.

Jim Webster was brought up before an Austin justice of the peace. It was the same old charge that used to bother him in Galveston. After the evidence was all in, the

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judge with a perplexed look, said:  
“But I do not comprehend, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard.”  
“Hit wouldn't do yer a bit of good, jedge, for me to 'splain how I cotched dem chickens, for yer couldn't do hit yerself if yer tried hit forty times, and yer might get yer hide full of buckshot de berry fust time yer put yer leg ober de fence. De bes way for you to do, jedge, is fur yer to buy yer chickens in de market, and when you wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench whar you am at home.”—[Texas Siftings.]

**SCOTCH DYSPEPSIA.**

Minks—“Yes, sir, I have oatmeal on my table every morning. I consider it the most wholesome, most—”  
Jinks—“But see here, Minks, don't you know that oatmeal is the principal dish in Scotland, and that country is a nation of dyspeptics?”  
“Oh, it's not the oatmeal that causes dyspepsia over there.”  
“Why, what is it?”  
“The bagpipes.”—[Philadelphia Call.]

**RATHER RAPID.**

“So you are a stenographer?”  
“Yes, sir.”  
“I should think it would be very difficult to take down everything a speaker says.”  
“It's not so hard when you understand it. I was reporting a speech the other day, and I thought I would just try and see how fast I could report, and, will you believe it, none of the speakers could follow me.”  
[Texas Siftings.]

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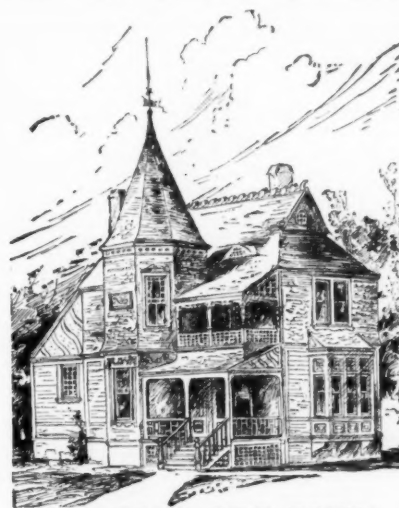
“You say this lady has twelve thousand pounds, do you?” asked a “client” at a Matrimonial Agency.  
“Yes,” replied the manager; “and she's in a galloping consumption.”  
“You're sure of the latter fact, are you?”  
“Sir,” rejoined the manager, drawing himself up to his full height, and with a dignity worthy of Pecksniff himself, “this is a respectable office, I would have you know, and we warrant our articles.”—[Exchange.]

**PREPARING FOR FUTURE POSSIBILITIES.**

Young Man—“Your daughter has referred me to you, sir.”  
Old Man—“All right; you have my consent. Is that all you want?”  
Young Man—“Well—er—one thing more I would like to ask, sir. If I should present your daughter with a diamond engagement-ring would you be willing to—er—give me a receipt for it, in case anything unpleasant should happen.”—[San Francisco Ingleside.]

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when it is these old-fashioned blue mass, blue pill sort, and insist on using Dr. Pierce's “Pleasant Purgative Pellets,” a modern medical luxury, being small, sugar-coated granules, containing the active principles of certain roots and herbs, and which will be found to contain as much cathartic power as any of the old-fashioned larger pills, without the latter's violent, drastic effects. The pellets operate thoroughly but harmlessly, establishing a permanently healthy action of the stomach and bowels, and as an anti-billious remedy are unequalled.



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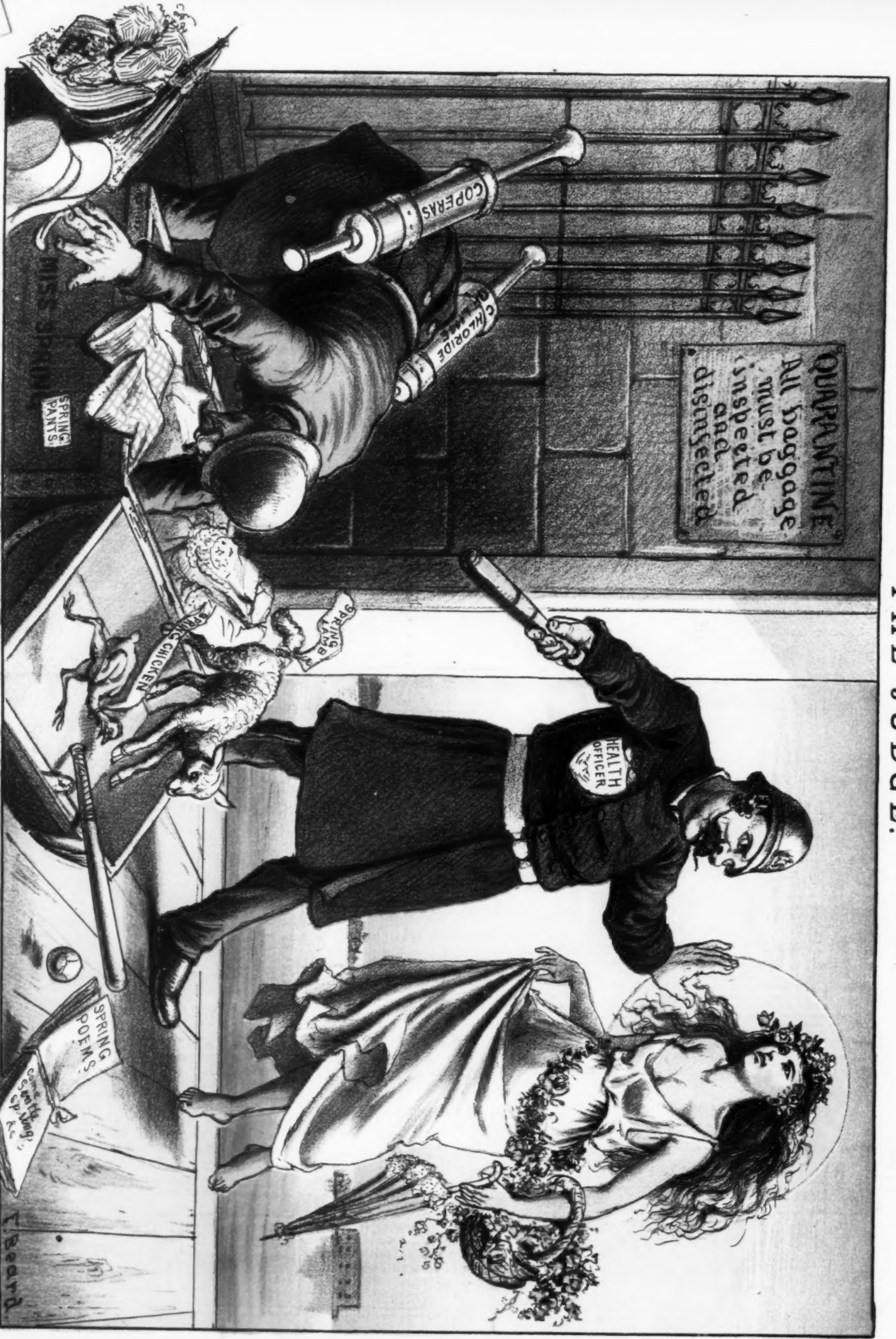
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