

Judge

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SATISFIED.



Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President W. J. ARKELL
 Vice-President HARRY R. HART
 Art Department BERNHARD GILLAN
 Editor I. M. GREGORY

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.
 IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers \$4.00
 One copy, six months, or 26 numbers 2.50
 One copy, for 13 weeks 1.25

Single copies 10 cents each.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
 POTTER BUILDING, Park Row,
 New York.

THE LATER VERSION—It is a sin to indorse McGlynn.

"MCQUADE IS BEATEN," says a contemporary. We trust so, sir. With many stripes.

WHISTLER, THE ARTIST, was born in Baltimore; but it wasn't his fault, and besides he is very much out of the woods now.

SOMEBODY SAYS a man is "precisely what his food makes him." We have long suspected the absorption of by far too much pork.

A TROY PAPER says Albany has reached the dignity of a way station. We should say so. Who that has been to Dannemora can deny it?

THE LATE JACKSON BANQUETS are chiefly recalled as events which most leading Democrats were extremely anxious to stay away from

IT HAS COME TO BE a foregone conclusion in every instance that Governor Hill ought to have appointed the other man. N. C. Moak says so himself.

THE RUMOR THAT Ira Davenport will marry Miss Clinton of this city comes to us with the pleasant sensation attending the breaking up of a hard winter.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S SOLE OBJECTION to the new pension building in Washington is that it is fireproof. But that is quite an objection. For instance, so is sheol.

THE MOST CONSPICUOUS PART of the Jackson banquet at Cincinnati was the sudden and serious illness of Allen G. Thurman; but he recovered as soon as it was over.

IT IS TRUE THAT GOD made the country, but the legislature is wrong in its apparent supposition that he apportioned it with respect to the several congressional districts.

WE DO NOT DESPAIR of improvement in the average liar. All that is needed in his

case is to grind him up and reconstruct him from material furnished by somebody else.

THE MONKEY PRESENTED to Mrs. Cleveland is wiser than the parrot of Mrs. Carlisle. For instance, it is constantly chattering, with the rest of the Democracy, "I ain't for free trade either."

WE MUST COMMEND that part of David B.'s message on the labor question which was scissored from the JUDGE, though we never did want to furnish a jaw-bone for the opposition.

THEY SAY THAT when Grover wants to express supreme annoyance he lifts his hands with horror and screams at the height of his voice, "Take it away! It looks too much like Bourke Cochran."

THE TORONTO MAN WHO took aconite to cure a cold inadvertently adopted the old radical cure, taking the orthodox view of it—he resorted to perspiration and it worked excessively. Because he is dead.

ERNEST SCHILLING SAYS he shall make no fuss about the absence of his wife; and but for his declaration that he will receive her if she chooses to return we should begin to think him rather more than worthy of her.

SOME DAY the Albany Times expects to see somebody die who wasn't intimate with Colonel Ingersoll and Thomas Ochiltree. The Times is lamentably ignorant. That man died more than eighteen hundred years ago.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY SAYS Abraham Lincoln was the only man she could have loved; and it is a curious circumstance that General Badeau simultaneously remarks that Mrs. Lincoln was the most jealous woman he ever knew.

THE AMENITIES OF POLITICS must be preserved; and when Senator Arkell remarks that Warner Miller is a political guy, sir, he threatens to fracture them and somewhat

strains the whole structure of our orthographical liberties.

THERE IS NOTHING so persistent as freckles. If a woman had the dogged perseverance and endurance of a freckle she might in every instance extend her sphere from that of a mere speck to that of a sunny and beautiful splotch.

IT MUST BE ADMITTED that as between "Chet" Cole and "Charley" Walker, the chairmen respectively of the Republican and Democratic state committees, the latter is by all odds the ablest and most unscrupulous falsifier.

DISTRIBUTE YOUR POLITENESS with discrimination. Nothing offends a Boston maiden more than to offer her the better half of your umbrella during a storm; and in Chicago the same courtesy is looked upon as a brazen attempt to tread on the lady's virgin corns.

TECUMSEH SHERMAN never refused a kiss but once. She was a colored lady and her extravagance of lip subdued his ambition. Indeed, he was so mad that he whirled around and cursed the free and unbridled press, and then ordered the destruction of Columbus, Indiana.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that Warner Miller "doesn't go very heavy on his soldier record." Now we happen to know that Mr. Miller had one of the finest substitutes in the service. He was a drummer-boy at Chepultepec, and when he was mustered out of the late disturbance he resembled several of the ablest candidates for speaker—he hadn't a leg to stand on.

A BEECHER TRIUMPH.

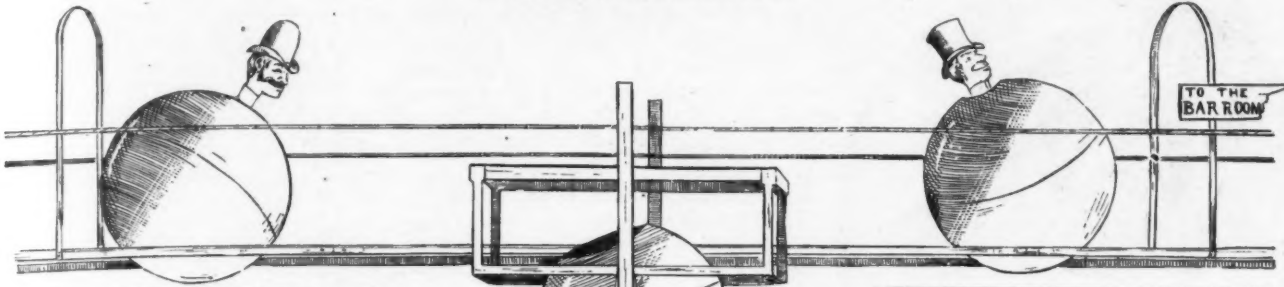
Young Mr. Beecher failed as collector of cus at Port Townsend, Wyoming. The senate not only refused to confirm him, but there were serious charges against him. But he is made a special agent of the treasury nevertheless; not, we think, to vindicate him, but to show that the elder Mr. Beecher and Mr. Cleveland are innocent. It is such a queer case that we should

PROGRESS OF DECORATIVE ART.



"That gurrul of moine 'ill be afther decoratin' iviryrthing purty soon. There goes me hod an' shovel, bless her sowl! She's not ter blame fur the janyous that runs in ther family."

A GOOD APPLICATION.



think the mugwumps would go half mad about it; and they doubtless would had they not long ago undergone the entire consummation.

A PREMATURE ANNOUNCEMENT.

Messrs. Watterson, McLean, Halstead, Dana and Reid are said to have combined in behalf of Blaine and against Cleveland and the mugwumps. If editorial matter speaks louder than vocal utterances there is something in the statement, and we have further proof in the fact that Messrs. Dana and Watterson strenuously deny it. Still, it is annoying to have the procession started before the leaders of it have put themselves in marching order.

THEIR ARDENT AFFECTION.

The president and our governor understand each other pretty well. "You let me alone and I'll let you alone" is the basis of their warm affection, and the warning is written in the pulsating air, "If you don't there will be a circus and the opponents of the Democratic party will occupy all the front seats and the private boxes." That's the kind of love they have for each other. It isn't warm and sunny and demonstrative, and it won't be until it is time to stop the coy dissembling and kick each other down stairs.

NOT MR. CONKLING'S FAULT.

A great many Democratic papers have been shouting for Mr. Conkling for senator. It is barely possible that the gentleman appreciates the unselfish and wholly disinterested kindness of those organs at its full value, and if he does he must feel as rich as the man who, having been mercilessly robbed, hadn't a dime nor a pocket to put it in. But he isn't to blame for the paucity or the quality of the imaginary generosity. He has had some reverses, but heaven knows he never invited such impecuniosity as that.

COME UP, MR. LOWELL!

William Blaikie says that when Julian Hawthorne left Harvard he was four and one-half inches larger around the chest than John L. Sullivan, and that had he trained for the ring he could have knocked the world's champion out in five minutes. It may be observed that Mr. James Russell Lowell has not been heard from lately. Of course, he is too old a man to be argued with except in the way of kindness by Mr. Hawthorne; but how generous he would be if, failing to take a mean advantage of his helplessness, he were to send to the amiable athlete the ample apology that is the latter's due.

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS.

Lucy Sweet Barber of Alfred, Allegany county, succeeded in voting, and for days the suffrage ladies have been praising her; but she is to undergo trial at the hands of the general government, and there is a dreadful



The modern cash system and how it could be adapted between the acts in our theatres and so save much discomfort to the neighbors of the gentlemen who wish to go out and "see a man."

prospect that the consequent tears will mingle with themselves alone. This is not to say that the dear ladies who sympathize with prosperity are not equally at home with the opposing element; but it cannot be urged that Mrs. Barber has murdered anybody, and again she would doubtless scorn to divide her imprisonment and fine with other persons if she had a chance. Then, too, Allegany county is up in the wilderness and the trains run so irregularly now.

GIVE US SURCEASE, GOOD FRIENDS.

The Pittsburg Dispatch presents the question "Who is the greatest man?" We must beg that the discussion be postponed a few years. To a modest man it is extremely painful to have those things said which ought to be reserved for the obituary column. This is not said, bear in mind, through any lack of appreciation of the kindness of the Pittsburg Dispatch, which has ever been only too generous; but praise approaches dignity never so serenely as when the subject of it has closed his ears against the world and his cheeks are as alabaster against the blush of conscious perfection.

A VERY GENEROUS MAN.

There is a man in Albany who proposes to furnish the money for a proper monument to Grant. He writes for the Express of that city, and occasionally writes so intelligently that he cannot reasonably be accused of intentional unfairness or discourtesy. We believe he is ready to furnish the money in question for the reason that he doesn't want anybody else to furnish it; and this inference is warranted from the fact that his profuse perspiration, if

otherwise interpreted, would place him in the attitude of the dog that occupied the manger. The dog in question was finally knocked on the head, scraped up with other refuse of the establishment on a shovel, and tossed out of the aperture provided for that purpose.

THE FIRST LADY'S UNIQUE COLLECTION.

Mrs. Cleveland has a dog that barks and a monkey that cuts up. There is shown here a fondness for pets which cannot be wholly gratified by the president; and the consequent development may include a menagerie, an aquarium, an ornithological collection, and rare specimens of animated fur, fin and feather of every nature. The good lady has thus far exhibited no predilection for curious pets belonging to the man variety; but that is only a question of time, and in due season she will doubtless possess at least imitations of such "Democrats" as run Butlers, shout for Blaines, scream against free trade, and give their influence wholly to the opposition; such inanity as gives itself up to affectation in dress and conversation, and such political unspeakables as hug themselves in the pleasing belief that they represent the constitution, the gospel and the laws. Perhaps, however, she needn't send out for a representative mugwump. She may possibly find the very largest, finest specimen within the walls of the white house itself.

"I KNOW NOT WHAT TO SAY," remarked a prominent Democrat who was invited to a Jackson banquet. "For heavens sake!" exclaimed another prominent Democrat, "you mustn't think of that. You must just study out what not to say." And so, like most of the others, he sent a letter of regret in which he didn't say anything.

THE PRESIDENT RECENTLY received with extra kindness and gave a considerable audience to a young man whom he had pardoned out of the penitentiary. Perhaps, now, if Henry Watterson will get himself into prison he will meet with a reception at the white house that will please him better.

NOT USED TO SYMPATHY.

"Come in, my poor man," said a benevolent lady to a ragged tramp, "and I will get you something to eat."

"Thanky, mum; don't care if I do."

"I suppose," continued the lady, setting a square meal before him, "your life has been full of trials?"

"Yis, mum; an' the wust of it wuz I allus got convicted."

TOBOGANNING.

Miss Angelina—"Yes; toboganning is all very well, but you never know whether you will come back alive or dead."

Mr. Fitz Herbert—"Er—you've always come back alive, I suppose, Miss Angelina?"



The Belle of the Ball.

YOU SCARCER BELIEVE THAT SHE COULD FOLK—
SO SLIM AND SPARE HER FRAME,
BUT EVER IS THE HIGHEST SCORE
PLACED UNDERNEATH HER NAME.
THER TOO SHE STRIKES WITH SUCH A FORCE
THAT DEAD WOOD LIES AROUND,
SO AS FOR CHAMPION ON THAT SCORE,
NONE GREATER CAN BE FOUND;
NOR IS THERE ONE WHO DOES NOT QUAKE,
WHEN SHE BEGINS TO FALKY;
AND SO WITH WOE OUR BOWLS IS FILLED
BY SAKLY IN OUR AKLEY.



Hum of the Court.

If you ever want to find Jimmy Husted just consult the hands of his friends.

It was found on investigation that Baby Battenberg was born with a crown on its head, just like the other babies.

Several persons are still living. This shows that everybody didn't do railroad traveling on the first week of the year.

When a lady bets her bonnet against your beaver you want to add a couple of stories to the latter to make the odds even.

We really don't know whether Mrs. Potter is going on the stage, but it is high time she went out of the newspapers.

Do you want the best of advice? Look out for your friends. As for your enemies, you always know where to find them.

"Shall we say of Miss Blank that she is an actor, or an actress?" asks an exchange. Inasmuch as she isn't, why say it?

"Here is a story said to be a true one," says the *Troy Times*. Well, if it is it makes its appearance in deuced strange company.

We trust it is true, as stated, that "Ouida" and "Clara Belle" have never met. Both would unavoidably and with good reason be

terribly shocked by the meeting, and such unpleasantnesses might far better be avoided.

The Texas man who was lynched for branding his wife with a hot iron will probably know enough to use a cold one hereafter.

The two-hundred pound Connecticut woman who recently eloped has impressed the gentleman of the second part with the idea that he's got an army contract.

After all, it might be well to let women select their hats to suit themselves. What if they should flare up and conclude to adopt those of their suffering husbands?

Mr. Wittrock robbed in order to lift a mortgage from his poor old mother's home. If Mr. Tennyson had known that he wouldn't have found things so very discouraging after all.

They tell of a woman in Factoryville, N. Y., who attended six hundred funerals. Probably there was only one which she didn't thoroughly enjoy—the one in which she officiated as the corpse.

Secretary Lamar says he postponed his marriage a year because the papers got to talking about it. Sensitive creature! Very likely he will try to postpone his funeral in the same way.

Johnny Blossom of Harrodsburg, Ky., has swallowed sixteen cents in pennies and three-cent pieces at various times, and hopes to have enough presently to be recognized by the state bank department.

The scientific journal that tells how to preserve stovepipe neglects to mention the main danger—the man prowling around in a fit of abstraction who is looking for an elbow and a couple of lengths.

About this time of year George Washington began to discuss the question whether he had better be born, and as he learned that Mr. Cornwallis had that intention the answer was in the affirmative.

Adelaide Proctor asks if we have not all some pure ideal of noble life. Certainly; but there is this awkwardness—whenever we want to put it to practical use it is found that the servants have loaned it to the neighbors.

The *Buffalo Express* locates the editor of the *Saratoga Journal* in Tattletown. It does no harm to give the — to give Colonel Ritchie his due; and we have no hesitation in saying, whatever resorts he may frequent when he visits Schenectady and other metropolitan centres, that he was never in Erie county in his life.

The queen saw Baby Battenberg before it got its clothes on. "Vich I 'ad 'oped," she said, with a transient air of indignant astonishment, "as it would be a himprovement on the hordinary clay, but 'Enery his so huncommingly hordinary 'isself!" But when the baby opened its eyes at her she took it to her capacious breast and

squeezed it, remarking between sobs that it was the perfectest baby that was ever born.

It is alleged that more people read the proceedings in the Campbell divorce case than read Mr. Tennyson's poem. This does not show any lack of the proper kind of culture. It merely indicates that there is just as much human nature as there was sixty years ago and as there will be sixty years to come.

The *Buffalo Express* holds that there ought to be no single-track railroad except in sparsely-settled territory. If every road had nine tracks the disposition to invite accident by taking risks would be exactly as prevalent. What is wanted here below is not so much single-track roads and things of that kind as a little hanging and a new kind of human nature.

HIS GENEROSITY.

Some time since the wife of a prominent citizen of New York city was trying to instill in the mind of her five-year-old son what it meant to be generous, thus:

"Now, Willie dear, suppose mamma should give you a cake and tell you to give part of it to Harry, and when you divided it one piece was larger than the other; if you gave it to him that would be generous, but if you kept it for yourself that would be selfish. Do you understand?"

The little fellow thought he did. The next afternoon, wishing to test the effect of her teaching, she gave Willie a large, juicy orange, saying:

"Now, Willie, take this orange and divide it generously with Harry."

When to her surprise the child (who was passionately fond of oranges) gave it back to her, saying, with a roughish twinkle in his bonny blue eye:

"Here, mamma! won't you please give it to Harry and tell him to divide it generously with me."

P. L. B.



"Who said 'work'? I'd like to lay my hands on the man."

2 IS COMPANY, 3 IS A CROWD.



'Tis a time-honored saying whose truth is allowed
That two is good company, three is a crowd
And naught could to contrary make me believe ;
So I thought, as I chatted with Lucy that eve,
Our converse had varied from subjects pedantic
To, what is more usual, subjects romantic,
When a rosy faced urchin, as if to shagreen us,
Most artfully settled himself there between us.
But the strange thing was this, instead of dismiss-
ing him,
Our natural instincts led rather to kissing him;
For he who had artfully wriggled between us
Was Cupid—who bore us dispatches from Venus.
G. SAFFORD WATERS.

LITTLE POINTERS.

Misfortune comes not without a blessing.
The bankrupt is never asked to lend.

The ways of the stock market and men are
often contrary. When shares go down brokers
go up.

When a girl becomes indifferent to her
lover nothing makes her realize her foolish-
ness so keenly as to hear a female friend eul-
gize him.

A tippler is an unfathomable paradox. He
takes four fingers of whisky to warm his body
and then drinks a glass of ice-water.

In England a woman is a lady by reason of
noble ancestry or marriage. In this country
any humble woman can be a lady by proper
conduct.

Affliction is a boon to some. The deaf and
dumb man is never disturbed by the discord-
ant piano in the adjoining room, and the blind
man sees not the world's wickedness.

Women can never be satisfied. Miss Blood
angled for and caught a nobleman. When
she could no longer agree with Lord Colin
Campbell she declared there were a dozen
whom she liked better than her husband.

E. R. RIALE.

HOW HE GOT THEM.

Jones—"I say, Nibbs, did you get any points
when you visited the stock exchange the other
day?"

Nibbs—"You can just bet I did! I sat on a
paper of pins."

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.



STRONG-MINDED FEMALE—"If there is a gentleman in this car he will offer me a seat."
LITTLE IRISHMAN—"Yez be wilcome to moine, mum, if yez will pull me out."

TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY.

Solilo u Over a Suit
of Last Year's Clothes.



O buy or not to
buy, that is
the question.

Whether 'tis ea-
sier for a chap
to suffer

The sneers and
insults of fas-
tidious friends
Or make a loan
from some
philanthropist
And by a pur-
chase end
them. To
make a loan,

No more and
with the cash
to try and end
The anguish and
the thousand
nameless woes

Old clothes are heir to! 'Tis a transformation
Devoutly to be wished. To give one's note,
One's note, perchance three months, aye, there's
the rub,

For with that I. O. U. what pangs may come
When to most certain protest it hath gone
Doth make us pause. There's the secret
Of our content to wear this napless garb.
For who would bear the pouts and sneers of girls,
The clubman's frown, the millionaire's cold nod,
The airs of hotel clerks, the "not at homes,"
The insolence of flunkies, and the cuts
That seedy man from well-dressed neighbor takes
When he might go to any tailor shop
And end his agony? Who would these miseries
bear,

To shiver 'neath this too thin overcoat,
But that the dread of summons and complaint—
That inauspicious mandate from whose spell
No suitor goes scot-free—befogs the mind
And makes us rather wear the clothes we have
Than purchase others which might go unpaid?
Thus judgment dockets make us arrant cowards
And thus the native hue of these last year's trou-
sers

Is sprinkled o'er with signs of wear and tear,
And invitations to the swellest homes,
For this poor cause, are tossed aside, to lie
Unopened on the table. LOCKWOOD.

EASILY FOUND.

"Do you know what has become of that re-
lation of yours who used to work for me?"
asked a gentleman of an Irish laborer.

"No, yer honor; but if yez is anxious to see
him, Oi'll wroite to him an' ax him to sind me
his address."

FUNNY THINGS WE SEE.

There's the dude with the striped hose,
The cowboy from out of the west ;
The widow with the freckled nose
And the man with the velvet vest ;
The girl with an opera hat
And the dame with a yellow mole ;
The maiden old with a pet tom cat
And the fool with a finger bowl ;
The girl with a pink parasol,
The kid with a wart on his jaw ;
The chap who was born with a caul
And the man with a mother-in-law ;
The clerk with a mouthful of gum
And the maid with cotton in ear ;
The tough with a bottle of rum
And the sport who never drinks beer ;
The pig that can climb up a tree,
The crank who can fly to the sun ;
Are some of the things you will see
When you're sure not to have any gun.

WILL. M. CLEMENS.

A DUMP-LING.

Shorten your life's laborious miles
With the contracting power of smiles.
Let content, with its sunshine 'oland,
Hours of comfort and joy, expand.
Dodge the horrors and smooth the lumps,
And never indulge in the doleful dumps.



How they furrow the soul and face,
Grind the heart with their jerky pace,
Sour the temper and crease the mind,
Crack our joys with their mournful grind!
Quite enough are the needful bumps,
So never indulge in the doleful dumps.

Sickness, sorrow, and hours of pain
Come a season and go again;
Mulligrubs and the imps of guile
Scamper off from a joyous smile;
Glooms and horrors in darkness clumps
Shade the swamps of the doleful dumps.



Glad consent and a blithesome laugh,
Whirl them off like a cloud of chaff;
Kindly words and a patient grace,
Drive them far into viewless space;
Better the measles, cramps and mumps
Than the mildest form of the doleful dumps.

Waste no strength in a lifelong growl,
Place no faith in a holy howl;
Trust in God; with a soul at peace,
Let your songs and smiles increase;
Dodge the devils and flank the stumps—
Choose the levels and shun the lumps—
Never give way to the doleful dumps.

I. EDGAR JONES.

SHADOWS IN REAL LIFE.

1.
"Well, Bill, I have just paid my cigar bill,
and what do you suppose it amounted to?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, old fellow. Give us a hint."

"Well, it amounted to just one hundred and twenty dollars."

2.
"My dear, I would like very much to have ten dollars. I wish to buy me a new wrap."

"Ten dollars? Why, woman! do you think I am made of money? Ten dollars for a wrap? Why it is too extravagant, too extravagant."

AN OLD HORSE AND HIS TRADER.

Below is a topographical survey and projection of an old horse. A key goes with this work of art showing the diseases located at different parts of his system. The key is in four



volumes and will be issued as rapidly as the means of the author and the supply of paper will admit. You will observe that one horse will not supply surface enough to illustrate all the ills that horse-flesh has fallen heir to, and after covering this frame with numbers and alphabets I thought of taking a fresh horse, but desisted for fear some one would think it took two horses to have all these diseases. But it doesn't. I have been trading horses and know one horse can have all these diseases and not be much of a horse either. There is another side to this horse which you do not see.

A friend of mine who is interested in water transportation on the Erie canal, and who is above veracity, tells me that when the horses shrink in July and August he has seen the tow path littered with ring-bones, spavins, splints, puffs, and other ornaments which could not find room to locate on the horses. I am an old man but I never heard of that before. In certain rural neighborhoods of this empirical state, trading old horses has become a fine art. Why old horses more than any other domestic animal should thus become a medium of exchange no one knows. Or why the old horse, like mutilated currency, should not be retired from circulation after a time remains a dark mystery; but as long as a horse can eat oats and draw a buckboard wagon he seems to be a legal tender for all sums under ten dollars. There is a village in Otsego county where the voting population in summer put sugar on the bar and catch flies for the drinks, and in winter they will keep things lively with an old horse, a shotgun and a fiddle as a basis of trade. They all appear to make money and have the old horse, shotgun and fiddle left in the spring. There is never a stringency in the money market unless the old horse dies or the fiddle is carried out of the village. There is an idea here which ought to be worked up into a financial article when

we attribute hard times to silver or tinkering with the tariff or change of administrations, but it is too deep for me. I admire the horse-trader. The victim beneath the surgeon's hand admires the scientific skill which takes out his works, scrapes them and replaces them with deft hand. I have been trading horses. You have perhaps admired the skillful splitting of a ten-dollar note or the smooth plugging of a dime. It is nothing to the deft and scientific fixing up for market of the obsolete steed. I wanted a safe, cheap, reliable old horse. One that would stay where I put him, and not be afraid of the cars or bicycles or book agents. In a week I had seen over forty just such horses and out of the wealth of beauty I selected one. They said he was good, for every trader in three counties had had him and he still passed. I wish to remark here, not in bitterness, that it was the only way he ever passed anything. I drove him once or twice and that was all. He seemed to fade away like the glories of our Ulster county sunset. My stable was unhealthy or something did not agree with him, for in a month he developed every affection and disease of the equine race. One leg swelled so that it occupied the whole of one end of the stall. His breath became portentous and loud, and a disrespectful youth suggested selling him to a blast furnace. When he laid down he removed both sides of the stall so as to have room to enjoy himself. He was not an early riser, and I had to call in four men to get him up. In the beautiful language of Wolfe, a favorite of mine, "We buried him darkly at dead of night," and then and then only he filled one want of mine, for he stayed where I put him.

Some one of the sporting fraternity at the hotel

A GOOD CRITERION.



CITIZEN—"Terrible cold to-night, ain't it?"
POLICEMAN—"Yes, sir; it's so cold I haven't slept a wink to-night."

A DIFFERENT CUE.



No girl can discover
A flaw in her lover.
Life is a May day;
Heart is a hey-day,
Weaves dreams entrancing,
His charms enhancing.

But after a season
Of blissful unreason,
Honeymoon raptures,
Cold reason captures
Heart wholly trusting,
Doubts in it thrusting.

Before they were married
How long he had tarried,
Loth then to leave her!
How can he grieve her
Afterwards, leaving her,
Basely deceiving her?

At midnight returning,
The gas dimly burning,
Gives he excuses
Which are mere ruses.
Alas! the dear creatures
Develop strange features.

To tell you plain facts,
Her will ruled his acts
When he was courting,
Himself deporting

Like an Othello,
Poor, jealous fellow!

* * * * *

Her wish was the cue
To what he should do.
Between me and you,
He still takes his cue.
Don't mention it, friend,
He chalks the tip end.

M. A. CHILDS.

used an expression which I have heard is used in gambling. He said it was "one horse on me." He was right.

The trader becomes attached to the mutilated steed, the plugged dollar, or the dollar plug, so to speak. He can not understand a sound horse. A friend of mine on Long Island who had reveled in ring-bones, sported in spavins, and played with puffs all his life, was made happy by being remembered in the will of a rich uncle. The uncle, knowing his horsey nature, left him a magnificent sound, young horse. My friend looked it over, felt of its legs, tried its wind, and then sat down and cried.

"Why this sadness?" said the executor.

"I wish I could get him broke," said the weeping nephew.

"Why, he is broken perfectly, to harness or saddle," replied the astounded executor.

"You do not get my meaning," said my trading friend. "I would like to get him broke. Get small bills for him. Now if I only had five old plugs instead of one good horse I could be happy," and he sobbed

A HOPELESS CONTEST.



OLD FATHER TIME—"You can't get the best of me, and might as well surrender unconditionally and gracefully."

A REMINISCENCE OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.



Boy—"Say, cully, 'f we'd a saw you a comin' we'd a give you that tag. 'Twouldn't a took so long ter work. He'll be till night filling up."

convulsively. A sound horse was something he had never seen before and it broke him all up, as the sight of the Mississippi held De Soto in awe-stricken silence. The vouchers for this instructive incident are in the archives at Albany, and thus does habit make cowards of us all.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

MR. GRAB'S PHILOSOPHY.

I notice that a egotist is allus some other feller.

We kin git a heap of information from a animal. Nobody never see a dorg tryin' ter chaw two bones ter oncet.

Ther's many a man as has got a college edication thet goes through life without findin' out how ter invest it.

That makes me think thet cursin' don't pay. I never knowed any-one but Bob Ingersoll ter git a livin doin' it.

I never seen a cheese so rank thet somebody wouldn't eat it, 'n I never seen a job so mean thet somebody wouldn't do it.

Therain't nothin' like discrection. I'd a heap sight sooner hev a fifty dollar nag than a ten thousand dollar one of I was goin' ter plough.

I've heard lots of folks tell thet the world owed them a livin', but I hain't never heard that they got any lawyer ter collect the bill on shares.

Thers a good many men in this here world thet's like cider—sweet when yer fust meet 'em, but the longer yer know 'em the harder they git.

Ef a man 'lows ter me thet he's turned over a new leaf, I'll bet my yoke of brindle steers thet nine times outer 'ten it'll read a durn sight was than the tother.

Ef I hear some feller allus braggin' about his ancestors, I ginerally make up my mind that ef them ancestors was livin' they couldn't do much braggin' about him.

L. R. CATLIN.



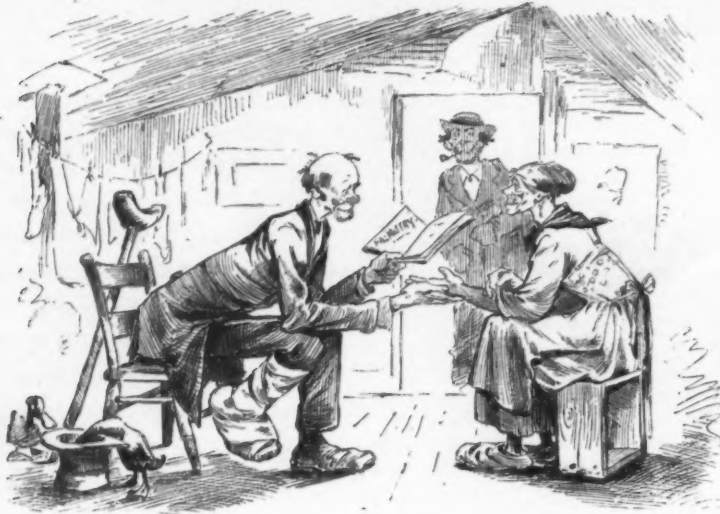
SACKETT, WILHELMS, & BETZIG LITH. N. Y.

THE TRAMP OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ICE PALACE



THE POLITICAL SNOW SHOERS.

PALMISTRY IN THE NORTHERN DISTRICT.



CLINCHY (appearing in doorway)—“Fhat th’ div”——
 MRS. CLINCHY—“D’y moind th’ kindness of Misther Keefe, John? Shure it’s readin’ me hand he is. It’s all th’ shtoyle.”

Judge’s Charge.

JAMES MUST BE MORE FIRM.

The next time Jimmy Husted says he won’t take an office he must say it with a club. The way the public impose upon the good-heartedness of that man is enough to appal the stoutest heart.

REFORM IS NECESSARY.

It is a good thing about tobogganning that if you fall off you don’t fall far; but there will be no perfection in the amusement till the riding is done up hill as well as down. The court has studied these exercises a long time. He means what he says.

IT CAN’T BE DONE.

The Rochester *Post-Express* wants Mr. Dana to correct his impressions. Let us not expect impossibilities. Mr. Dana is pretty young for a man of his years and he means to be fair as well as merciless; but you might as well try to correct the impressions of an Egyptian obelisk.

HENRY GEORGE’S LEGACY.

Not many men are going to decline a legacy of \$6,000 because it leaves the woman who ought to have it poor. It ought to be a libel on men to say it, but it is true. But it must not be inferred that Henry George is entitled to praise for doing so. Not at all. He did no more than any other gentleman put in his place would have done.

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

Perhaps the experience of Mrs. Halliman of Sand Lake, Rensselaer county, was the queerest. Her grandfather had remarked that she couldn’t drive a pig out of the front yard. The wager was not large, the old gentleman being in straightened circumstances. It was a new calico dress against a brier-wood pipe. The aged man prudently went out of the back door to view the exercises; and in half a minute a two-edged stone flew at him and removed with the skill of a surgeon a large wen of forty

years’ standing on the very apex of his benevolent head. She had thrown it at the pig. “Well,” said the octogenarian, “I give it up”—meaning the wen apparently. “The dress shall be of moire antique.”

“It ought to be a sealskin sacque!” she cried, weeping bitterly. “I’ve broken my arm in three places and I feel it in the broken bones that there’s a corpse in the next county.”

FOR THIRTY DAYS.

The quail business is assuming formidable proportions. Thomas Johnson of Springfield, Ill., ate thirty of the birds in thirty days and then called for and finished two more, and now a western young lady offers to eat two quails a day for thirty days if she can get \$3,000 for it. Perhaps it will be better to drop on quails and substitute—let us say something of a liquid nature. How would it be to bet somebody that he can’t drink a glass of—let us say whisky—every day for thirty days?

Judge and the Play.



The best theatrical news is that that Anna Dickinson will resume the platform.

Alice Oates goes before the consumptive Titus. No longer seek her merits to disclose.

Frederick Warde as a robust, full-chested gladiator rather takes the belt and never smites below it.

Mrs. Victoria Schilling is likely to become an accomplished actress after all. For instance, she is about to get a divorce.

“There is something wrong about Joshua to-day,” says Aunt Matilda of *Farmer Whitcomb*; “he whistles too much.”

As between the two Fortescues, the colossal George and the petite May, one is inclined, when he sees her dance, to prefer Margaret Mather.

Miss Mitford in 1825 wrote the play in which in 1886 Lawrence Barrett, as *Rienzi*, is making his best reputation. Thus do the aged hour and the new man meet.

The ballet in the first representation of “Merlin” were so shockingly undressed that a tremendously large audience attended on the second night to sympathize with them.

In connection with the revival of “Evangeline” one of the papers gives a picture of Venie Clancy, the prettiest of the many young ladies who have made reputation in the title role. Poor girl! she, and her younger sister as well, have been in their graves many months.

Lotta suffers with the statesmen. They say that her kicking is stopped half way now, is followed by a sudden drawing up of the projected limb as if there were pain there, and is attended with a scowl indicative of mingled astonishment and disgust.

Chance is too small a thing to control any

FIVE MINUTES LATER.



CLINCHY—“Faith, av it’s all the shtoyle perhaps he kin rade me fut as well.”

TULANA
LIV
NEW ORLEANS

portion of the attendance at the pretty little Lyceum during the run of Bronson Howard's new play. Miss Dauvray and her excellent company are worthy of the recognition that comes of deliberate purpose.

Jeffreys-Lewis, whose husband sues for divorce, and who has not met that gentleman for two years, was thoroughly astonished to become the mother of an infant during the holidays, and simultaneously to read in the newspapers some extremely powerful love-letters addressed to her by several well-known gentlemen. It is difficult to account for these things.

Mary Anderson having taken Mr. Irving's theatre for a long season, we have the startling intelligence that the two must have reconciled their differences. If they had differences—and that they did is the important part of the information—the reconciliation must have seemed like an international event; though we believe,

permitted to conspicuously recline throughout the performance, something like Lillian Olcott. It is not just that whenever an actress indulges in peculiarities of this kind she should be obliged to sacrifice several hundred dollars. There is no fun in a sprained ankle at such a cost as that; and playwrights, like journalists, should be able to adapt themselves to all manner of sudden accident and new situation. This is done when the necessity is unavoidable. For instance, Francis Wilson's parts almost always call for straight legs, and we never yet saw Francis in such a pair of legs as that. Why should Miss Hall suffer pecuniary loss for such a little thing as a sprained ankle, and F. Wilson go booming along to prosperity when his entire continuations are sprained and warped to the last degree of exasperating eccentricity? Miss Hall might have a dozen sprained ankles, the same distributed all over the convenient members which enable her to walk and variously cut up, and her legs would be a far better pair than any that Francis Wilson ever dreamed of.

APPEARANCES WERE DECEITFUL.



FARMER—"Now you get off that air fence, you young scamp, or I'll take th' hide off yer! I don't want no strangers a hangin' around my barn."

Before we depart from this engrossing subject it is well to suggest that if there are any poets present they had better say something with respect to the arms of Margaret Mather. They are not as long as they should be with a large man present, but, behold you! they are round and lovely and there will never be any spavin there.

Trotting horses to sleighs is a good sport "up the road" at present. In a match last Wednesday at Gabe Case's Virginia Brights Cigarettes distanced the field.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Hit and Miss Shots, With Now and Then a Bulls-Eye.

De fool crop nebbah fails.

Skin de sheep an' yo' git no mo' wool.

"Hit's fash'nable toe be wid-

on second thought, that it must have been merely a civil disturbance, both parties being thoroughly English. Dr. Griffin having gone in haste to his adopted land, perhaps we shall know more about it presently.

"The Old Homestead" is in its first act a little volume from Whittier, with copious extracts from Samuel Woodworth and every poet who has written of country life; and from the beginning to the end of the play the whimsical humor, the quaint, innocent wit and the touching, honest grief of the rare old farmer win laughter and tears, all that is mirthful and tender in the emotions continually on the jump to see which shall reach the countenance first. You don't want to die until you see Uncle Josh in his new play.

When Miss Pauline Hall sprained her ankle her part in the play at the Casino should have been promptly changed to meet the emergency. She should have come on in a litter and been

WHERE HE WAS AND WHY.

Gus—"Why, Jack, where have you kept yourself for the past month? I haven't seen you dining in any of your old haunts."

Jack—"No; I dine regularly now at the Sturtevant House, where, since the new management, I get the best dinner in the city, with the nicest sort of service. You can always find me there from six to eight every night."



STRANGER—"If yer give me much o'yer lip I'll walk a hole in yer old farm an' swamp yer crop!"

A FEW FACTS.

ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine porous plasters. They act quickly and with certainty, and can be worn for weeks without causing pain or inconvenience. They are invaluable in cases of spinal weakness, kidney and pulmonary difficulties, malaria, ague cake, liver complaint, dyspepsia, strains, rheumatism, sciatica, and nervous debility. Other plasters blister and inflame the skin so that the pores are closed and often cause serious injury. You risk health and waste time and money by buying inferior plasters made to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S.

SARATOGA VICHY.

The finest table Water in the world.

Send for descriptive circular.

SARATOGA VICHY SPRINGS CO.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

out a tail," said de 'coon w'at lef' his in a trap.

De bashful pol'tishen nebbah gits a nomination.

Wha' de t'ief can't git his han' he'll try his fingah.

A man wid a club a'nt p'ticklah wha' he hits.

De sheep dat strays f'om de flock gits de bes' browsin'.

Dar er a many dat po'ceed on de theory dat hit a'nt a bad t'ing toe be a t'ief ez long ez yo' a'nt foun' out.

Ef de law agin' de cashier war ez sma'tly 'forced ez dat agin' de chicken t'ief, dar ud be mo' excitement an' a smallah popelashen in Canada.

J. A. WALDRON.

HEARD IN A RESTAURANT.

Lady—"Waiter, what kind of pie have you?"

Waiter—"Only peach, custard and mince."

Lady—"Nothing else?"

Waiter—"No'm."

Lady—"No apple?"

Waiter—"No."

Lady—"No pumpkin?"

Waiter—"Nothing but peach, custard and mince."

Lady—"Well—er—I'll take—er—just go see if you have any other kind."

Waiter (returning)—"Only peach, custard, mince."

Lady—"I'll take apple."

Waiter—"All out, ma'am; only peach, custard, mince."

Lady—"Well, then, bring me peach."

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

PROF. MOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE OF GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

The Cosmopolitan

A handsomer and more readable, low-price, illustrated, family magazine than this

LITTLE OF GIANT THE MONTHLIES

was never published. Each number is brimful of the brightest short stories and sketches, the most interesting travels and adventures and the liveliest brief articles on science, literature, history, political economy, etc., that money can procure. The ablest writers in America and Europe contribute to its pages. Its illustrated articles and full-page engravings are the finest published.

The Young Folks

is a department of short stories, sketches, etc., etc., for the younger members of the family; while

The Household

is devoted to articles by competent writers on fashion, etiquette, cooking, the care of the house, the management of children, etc. It is the only Magazine that never contains long and tedious articles, and that can be read from the first page to the last with unabated interest by everybody. The subscription price is \$2.50 per year, with either the Shannon Letter and Bill File or the Shannon Sheet-Music Binder (price \$2.25 each) free to every subscriber. The former is indispensable to all business men, physicians, clergymen, lawyers, housekeepers and farmers. The latter is invaluable to all persons having sheet music. Read full description in previous issue.

FEATURES FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Arrangements have been made for beautifully illustrated articles on Asia Minor, Japan, Mexico, Constantinople, the Palaces of France, Italy and Austria, the Lighthouse Service, California etc. As there is a great and growing interest in Russian literature, THE COSMOPOLITAN will contain translations from such writers as Count Tolstoi, Th. Dostoyvsky and M. Gogol. The stories from the French and German will be the finest written. Everybody will want to read "Signor Io," the most charming and deliciously humorous story ever published. The scientific, literary and historical articles will be of great and permanent value.

Send 5c for Sample Copy. Agents Wanted. SCHLICHT & FIELD CO., Rochester, N. Y. FOR SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Messrs. Sohmer & Co., piano manufacturers, 149 to 155 East Fourteenth street, write: "Our agents are more than pleased with the Christmas number of the JUDGE and we found it to be a first-class advertising medium for us."

TOO LATE, TOO LATE!

The JUDGE meant to have commended the holiday issue of the Cincinnati *Graphic-News*, the largest and most expensive and one of the brightest; of the Buffalo *Express*, the finest specimen of the printers' and engravers' art; and the elegant calendars sent out by N. W. Ayer & Co. of Philadelphia, Nast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick of Springfield, O., and Hood of Lowell, Mass. But of course it is too late now.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

DECISIONS HANDED UP.

The maiden sat so near my arm,
Around her waist I threw it;
And then, not meaning any harm,
I kissed her e'er she knew it.
She threw an angry glance at me,
Her face grew red, and then
She frowned and said, 'I'd like to see
You just try that again!'
"Why certainly, sweet maid," I said,
I did—could I be blamed?
This time she only blushed and said,
"You ought to be ashamed!"

—Boston Courier.

It takes two to make a bargain. Yes, it does. The bartender and the customer.—Life.

The fashionable overcoat and their wearing remind one of the seashore—capes and heavy swells.—Boston Com. Bulletin.

In the New York boodle aldermen trials the jurymen are the only persons who appear to be locked up.—Yonkers Statesman.

If a man wants to drown sorrow in the bowl let him try a bowl of water. Bowls of liquor are already too full of sorrow.—New Orleans Picayune.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 583 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention this Paper

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools, and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, Most PALATABLE, Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods. 150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—35c., 50c., \$1.00. A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

STYLO & FOUNTAIN PENS.

Inkstand and Penholder combined fitted with best quality Gold Pen, and guaranteed perfect in all its parts. Fountain Pens from \$2.00 according to size. Holder and Pen. An excellent Stylographic Pen from \$1.00. By mail on receipt of price. Send for circulars and price lists. Agents wanted.

ULLRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., New York.

TO THE LADIES.

Call and examine our improved ADJUSTABLE DRESS and SKIRT FORMS. Indispensable in every home. Saves all fatigue of standing to have dresses tried on, draped & trimmed.

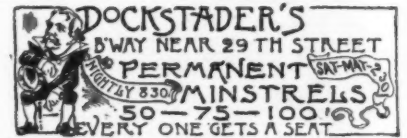
Also our FOLDING SKIRT FORM, adjustable to any size and can be done up almost as small as an umbrella when not in use. Price, \$3.00. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO. Broadway and 14th-st., New York.

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HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE. EDWARD HARRIGAN - Proprietor. M. W. HANLEY - Sole Manager.

An Artistic Triumph and a Popular Success. EDWARD HARRIGAN and THE O'REAGANS CROWDING THIS COSEY THEATRE NIGHTLY. Exercisingly funny from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Mr. DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Every evening at 8. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2.



MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Mr. A. PALMER - Sole Manager. Sir Charles Young's remarkable play, JIM, THE PENMAN. Matinee Saturday at 2 p. m.

WALLACK'S School for Scandal. Sole Prop. and Man'r BROADWAY AND 30TH ST. Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for



Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

PRICE \$3, CARRIAGE PAID. WILL LAST A LIFE TIME. DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S SEND FOR COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS.

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FREE on receipt of post card, "HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE," showing how thousands have been immediately relieved and promptly and permanently cured of

CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, CONSUMPTION, and affections of The Nose, Throat, Chest, and Bronchial Tubes,

By Inhalation of Artificial Italian Air, produced by Dr. CARTER MOFFAT'S unique invention. Over 250,000 instruments sold. Recommended by 4,800 doctors. The originals of 20,000 unsolicited reports received may be seen at the Company's Rooms, where the extraordinary utility of the Ammoniaphone is daily demonstrated by the Company's Medical Adviser, who will answer any inquiries, either personal or by letter, without charge.

AMERICAN AMMONIAPHONE CO., LIMITED, 30 E. 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

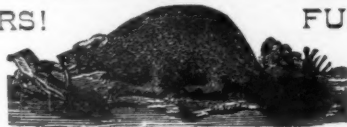
To a small cupful of
MOLASSES
or strained **HONEY**
add 2 Teaspoonfuls
of

PERRY DAVIS'
**PAIN
KILLER**

and take often
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of
the mixture & you
WILL CURE
YOUR COUGH
or **COLD.**

Pain Killer
also cures
Sore Throat and
Diphtheria.

FURS! FURS!



SEALSKIN GARMENTS

ALL THE NEWEST SHAPES IN SEALSKIN GARMENTS. THE STYLES, QUALITY AND PRICES CAN NOT BE BEATEN BY ANY HOUSE IN THE FUR TRADE.

HENRY SIEDE, Standard Furrier,
14 West 14th st. bet. 5th & 6th Aves. N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 35 YEARS. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.



Price
£ 660

Price
£ 660

QUINA-LAROCHE
LAROCHE'S
QUININE-WINE

"It is an agreeable and doubtless highly efficacious remedy." (THE LANCET.)

This *Vinous-Elixir* is the most powerful and valuable of the preparations of quinine, as a strengthening and antifebrile restorative.

Been employed in cases of weakness and general debility, loss of appetite, changer of life, fever nervousness, exhaustion, etc.

Also prepared with **Iron** for **Anemia, Dyspepsia, purifying the Blood, Chlorosis, for Scrofulous Affections, etc.**

PARIS, 22, RUE DROUOT, 22, PARIS
E. FOUGERA & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S.

"Stop smoking," said a Boston doctor to an ailing patient the other day, "and it will lengthen your days." The patient stopped. The doctor's prediction was verified. The first day the patient declares was as long as his whole previous life.—*Boston Transcript.*

After the clerk had pulled down everything in the store without satisfying the customer, a woman, she asked him if there was anything else he had not shown her. "Yes, ma'am," he said "the cellar; but if you wish it I will have it brought up."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Are you a candidate for the office?" inquired a gentleman of an acquaintance. "No," was the emphatic response; "I am not, but if I am put forward by my friends I'm going to run and don't you forget it."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

As I turned away from the doors of the Madison avenue garden, upon finding that the police would admit no more people to the Wild West show, a well-dressed woman with a party of friends gave up an attempt to get in at the same moment, and marched off with the remark, "Well, if we can't get in here let's go to see Munkacsy's picture." The violence of the contrast between Buffalo Bill with his scalping knife and the "Christ Before Pilate" did not seem to occur to any of the party. — *Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Here, waiter; what kind of water is this?" said a guest at a country hotel down south. "Dat's spring water, sah," replied the waiter politely. "Oh, is it? Well bring me some winter water. This is warm enough to wash a shirt in."—*Washington Critic.*

Like an angel—Impecunious lover—"Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel!" Wealthy maiden—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, I thank you."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what does it mean to pile Ossa on Pelion?"

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

For 15 years has been a standard remedy with Physicians treating mental or nervous disorders. Not a secret. It aids in the bodily and wonderfully in the mental growth of children. Young men with impaired mental faculties can regain their strength by its use. It restores the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion; refreshes weakened vital powers in old or young. A Vital Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate or soda water absurdity. It is used by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Bismarck, Gladstone and other great brain workers.

For sale by druggists, or mail, \$1.

F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, N. Y.

Pearls' SOAP



The purest
best for the skin
& most economical in use

PEARLS

SOAPMAKERS BY SEALED APPOINTMENT
To H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

"There, don't bother me now," replied pa; "ask your ma; she understands all about millinery."—*Boston Transcript.*

The scene of the latest American comic opera is appropriately laid on an island in the Grecian Archipelago. The American element in the production is supplied by the programs, which contain an advertisement of Chicago dressed beef.—*Buffalo Express.*

"Times have changed greatly since Snake-speare's day," remarked Spriggins. "Yes, just so," replied Fitzgobble. "Now Shakespeare said, 'The appeal oft proclaims the man.'" "Well, what does it proclaim now?" "The dude generally."—*Exchange.*

Captain Walsh of the salvation army wears a red shirt, on which is embroidered "A burning hell awaits the careless." It is rumored that his wife did the decorating with a view to making the captain wipe his feet before coming in the front door.—*Boston Herald.*

A Lynn clergyman relates that on one occasion after marrying a couple an envelope was handed to him which he supposed of course contained the marriage fee. On opening it he found a slip of paper on which was written, "We desire your prayers."—*Lynn (Mass.) Item.*

The following verdict was recently rendered in Woodland: "We, the jury, find the defendants

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE.

G. W. LOTZ, *Trudhomme, La.*, writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of bilious fever, loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhea, pain in the back of the head, right side and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights, tongue coated, etc. After taking four bottles of 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I find I am as well as I ever was."

A BAD CASE.

SAMANTHA GAINES, *Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "For six or eight years previous to 1880 I had been troubled with a severe pain in the small of my back, also across my shoulder blades, with considerable bloating of the stomach from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard-breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Olean, N. Y., to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The effects were marvelous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

S. L. FISHEE, *Sidney Plains, N. Y.*, writes: "Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—My wife suffered for several years from general debility. She had become a confirmed invalid. The physicians who attended her failed to help her, and it seemed as if she must die. On reading one of your Memorandum Books, it occurred to me that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' might help her. I procured a bottle, and after its use a change for the better was noticeable, and after using five bottles she was a well woman. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

Liver Disease.—MERRIT STREET, Esq., Druggist, of *Bluff Springs, Ala.*, writes: "Miss ELIZA GLENN, of this place, had been sick for more than a year with a severe affection of the liver, but when she was at the lowest she bought three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from me, and, although before using the medicine she was given up to die by all the attending physicians, her father assures me that she has now fully recovered."

MALARIAL FEVER.

MRS. CAROLINE SIMMONDS, *Medina, N. Y.*, writes: "I have been troubled with symptoms of malaria, with fever, for three years, but after using three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' I am happy to say that I am entirely cured, and to-day I am perfectly well and able to do my own work."

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

Dyspepsia.—LUCY A. WOOD, *Taylor's Store, Va.*, writes: "After many years of great suffering from the evils of dyspepsia, I was induced to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good it has done me. I do not suffer any pain from eating, and I enjoy life as well as anybody can wish."

DIARRHEA AND COUGH.

MRS. CURTIS BOGUE, *West Enosburg, Vt.*, writes: "Two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured my cough and chronic diarrhea. It has worked like a charm in my case. It is truly wonderful. I walked over a mile last week to recommend your medicines."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands and Eating Ulcers.

ABSCESS OF LIVER.

ISAAC GIBSON, *Kewood, Pa.*, writes: "My wife is getting well fast. When she began to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' our best doctors in Indiana County said she would die. They said your medicine would do her no good; that she had an ulcer on her liver as large as half a loaf of bread. Well, sir, to our surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for some two weeks, and then commenced spitting up corruption and blood (it looked like what comes out of a blood boil) for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

Boils and Carbuncles.—J. ADAMS, Esq., *Toledo, Ohio*, writes: "I have used nine bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is I am to-day free from boils and carbuncles for the first time in many years."

Constipation and Ulcers.—MRS. A. D. JOHNSON, *Georgetown, Ky.*, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once. I had a very bad sore on the back of my left hand for five months, and it cured that, as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

SCROFULOUS SORES.

Mrs. A. L. CORY, *Hadley, Crawford Co., Kansas*, writes: "My son, aged fifteen years, was taken down last January with swellings on his right shoulder, left hip and knee. He lay helpless for five months, when great abscesses formed, four of which continued to discharge at the time he commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' under your advice. Now, after having used four bottles of the 'Discovery,' he is almost well and walks three fourths of a mile to school every day. A scrofulous sore on his arm, which ran constantly for two years, has healed completely under the influence of the remedy named."

"Fever Sores."—MRS. A. H. CRAWFORD, *Linn Grove, Buena Vista Co., Iowa*, writes: "I am the person who wrote you two years ago for advice respecting fever sores on my leg. I took six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and was cured."

Scrofulous Tumor and Sore Eyes.—MRS. S. E. GRAYDON, of *Greenwood, S. C.*, writes: "My daughter has been entirely cured of scrofulous sore eyes and a large tumor on her neck by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have great faith in all your medicines."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

The nutritive properties of cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

LUNG DISEASE.

A Wonderful Cure.—DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., *Gloucester, Mass.*, writes: "Nearly five years ago I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homoeopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick I weighed 157 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memorandum books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle brought me round so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

SAVED HIS LIFE.

REDUCED TO A SKELETON.—W. H. HARTLEY, *Veru Cruz, Ala.*, writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment; was reduced to a skeleton, had a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and took it, and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

REDUCED TO A SKELETON.

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.—JOSEPH F. MCFARLAND, *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

Consumption Cured.—J. ANTHONY SWINK, *Dongola, Ills.*, writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a general cough and debility. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has completely cured me. I thank you for the splendid health I have since enjoyed."

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

PRICE \$1.00 per BOTTLE, or SIX BOTTLES for \$5.00.

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Golden Medical Discovery.

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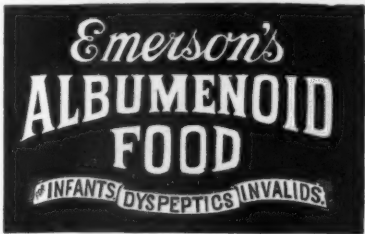
Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood poison. Especially has it proved its efficacy in curing Salt Rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers. Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by Druggists.

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For all derangements of the stomach and bowels, with children or adults, is unrivalled. It is soothing and healing to the stomach, allays inflammation, cures constipation and permanently relieves dyspepsia.

If your druggist does not keep it, send 15 cents for a sample box. Samples free to physicians.



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Send for sample and convince yourself. Address: INTER STATE M'FG. CO., Wabash ave. corner Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

War Ahead.

There is great danger of war with Mexico in the near future, but at present we can pursue the arts of happiness, prosperity and wealth. Wherever you live, you should write to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new; both sexes. All ages. Pay, as above, guaranteed, from first start.

not guilty, with the recommendation that they leave the town within 48 hours."—San Francisco Call.

A PRAYER FOR CONTENT.

Dear Lord, to Thee my knee is bent;
Give me content—
Full-pleasured with what comes to me,
Whate'er it be;
A humble roof, a frugal board
And simple hoard;
The wintry fagot piled beside
The chimney wide;
While the enwreathing flames upsprout
And twine about
The brazen dogs that guard my hearth
And household worth
Tinge with the ember's ruddy glow
The rafters low;
And let the sparks snap with delight,
As fingers might
That mark deft measures of some tune
The children croon;
Then, with good friends, the rarest few
Thou holdest true,
Ranged round about the blaze, to share
My comfort there;
Give me the claim, the service meet
That makes each seat
A place of honor, and each guest
Loved as the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which cannot be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. Sample free. Address **STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.**

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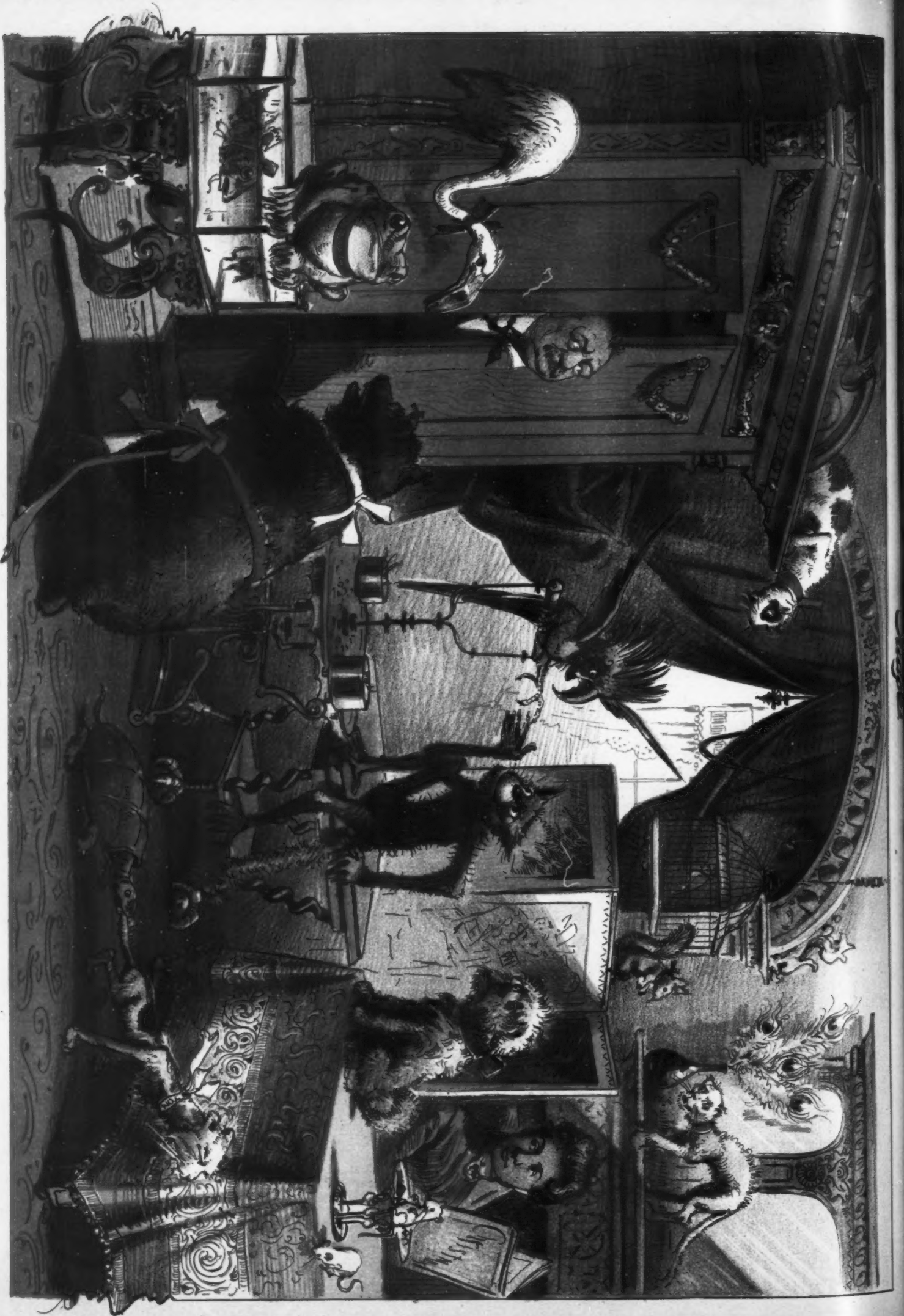
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A POSSIBILITY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Cleveland has added another pet to her already extensive collection.—*Daily Paper.*

GROVER (from the closet)—"My dear, if you will call off this last pet of yours, I'd like to attend a Cabinet meeting."