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"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."



THE JUDGE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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GRANT.

"Call no man fortunate till he is dead," said the ancients. It was reserved for General Grant to illustrate in the closing scene of his life its noblest characteristics; and that, under circumstances that peculiarly appealed to the sympathies of his countrymen and the considerate judgment of mankind upon his career.

It may be a compensation for the physical and mental sufferings of his closing months that they cast a mellowing and pathetic light over the ruggedness of his past, as a sunset glow softens the cliffs and torrents of a romantic landscape. The incidents that have made the last and most enduring impression have brought the common heart of man nearer to the stern old soldier than ever before it could come. That heart is now too full of latter-day sympathy to dwell upon his great history. It is Grant, the man, rather than Grant the soldier and magistrate, that the people most mourn.

The scene presents the simple-minded old soldier's ruin by men strong, where he was weak, in base craftiness. His unconditional surrender—the first of his life—to his creditors. The unselfishness of a grief that took no thought of his own privations even in the face of a malady that already gave sure token mortality. That awful battle with death of

in the midst of his literary work and the triumphant completion of it, as all his undertakings had been fought out on their predetermined lines. The glimpses of a warm heart that shone through the embrasures of that extraordinary human will. The words of broad charity and patriotic solicitude whispered in "the dull, cold ear of Death."

The whole story is so full of the simplest, gentlest, strongest features of American manhood, that it will color the future portrait that his country shall hold up for the admiration of mankind.

The world that thrilled and thundered over his heroic career, has wept and wondered over its closing scenes. Impartial and stern history will decide his place in the rank of earth's great ones, but his countrymen will remember most fondly the ruin, integrity, tenderness, heroism, patient fortitude and patriotic devotion of the last days of Ulysses S. Grant.

IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

When a systematized enslavement of the young girls of one class to the lusts of men of the aristocracy was exposed, and the authorities rose to punish, *not* the slave-sellers and ravishers, but the ones who published the terrible facts, the world said of that sort of remedy—It's so English.

When it was disclosed that this traffic in human flesh for lustful gratification had long been winked at by the authorities, *because* the victims were of the untitled classes and the offenders were of the privileged class, the world said—It's so English.

When it was revealed that the parents and friends of abducted, seduced and enslaved girls had often appealed to English law for redress and always in vain because the defendants were men of wealth, title and political power, we said—It's so English.

When it was told that a law to prohibit the ravishment of little girls under the age of 14 or 15 had been for years in vain urged upon parliament, we said such conservatism of privileged crime is so English.

When we read that even the expositors did not ask that *all* girls of the poor be hereafter protected from such destruction, but only that the limitation of age within which titled abduction and rape might not be lawful be raised from 13 to 16 years, and that as a compensation for thus depriving princes and noblemen of their more delicate prey, the police be instructed to remove all restraints upon sexual vice with girls above that age, we said *such* suppression of licentiousness is so English.

When it was said that the heir-apparent of the throne of England is one of these destroyers of the babes of his future subjects, and remembered that blood will tell, we said it's all so royally English.

And seeing how the Queen and all truest manhood and womanhood gathered about the ones who made these exposures, so shocking to English tradition and pride, and de-

manded full investigation and extirpation of the evil, we recollected how often in the history of that obstinate, brutal, powerful, grand nation the truest reform had been wrenched from the worst abuses, and said may we now see a people's deliverance from class oppression, worthy to be called so English in its moderation and thoroughness.

AH THERE! STAY THERE!

It is better to have one heart bowed down than to have 54,999,999 hearts all broke up. If a man in a foreign land is home-sick and can take it out on foreigners in singing, is it not better than that he should come home and make everybody there home sick?

They say that the author of "Home sweet home," had no home of his own. It is in keeping, that the wandering Keiley should sing the hymn, without a home of his own.

No one sang, "Don't Go Tommy, Don't Go," when he went. No one sings "Willie We Have Missed You," yet. No one says anywhere, "There's a Light in the Window for Thou." The only light about the matter is that everybody makes light of Keiley's mission and of the obstinate stupidity of the administration that appointed him and sticks to him.

BACK-YARD REFORMS.

The navy-yards have always been held up by the Democracy as back-yards of Republican corruption. They have told the country any time the past twenty-five years that our navy was only maintained to provide repairs for Republican voters to squander time upon. And they promised solemnly, with hands on alleged hearts and eyes turned toward other peoples' heaven, that they would reform this if given the chance.

One of the reform acts of the new Secretary of the Navy was to order all U. S. vessels within hailing distance into the navy yard for repairs. Among these was the *Alliance*, which had just come out of the yard pronounced ready for a cruise by naval experts.

We have been edified, also, with the announcement that the administration's policy will hereafter be to let no more government shipbuilding on contract to lowest bidders, but that *all* work shall hereafter be done at the navy yards by the day.

The employes of private yards will vote uncontrolled.

The employes of navy yards will vote the Democratic ticket, sure.

This defines Democratic back-yard—and backward—reform.

THE *London Times* pronounces Mr. Phelps the greatest Minister America has ever sent to England. On the way up from the station to his hotel he stopped at the *Times* office and paid a year's subscription in advance. This was true diplomacy.

NOT TARDY GALLANTRY.



She walked along the pavement,—they
Were patching up the street,—
Her gaiters made his thoughts to stray,
They were so small and neat.
She wanted o'er the street to pass,
And, looking at the sky,
She stepped right down upon a mass
Of melted tar. Oh, my!
The merry, merry maiden,
The very merry (?) maiden,
Sing, ho! the merry maiden and the tar!

She tried to lift her foot so small,
From out the horrid stuff.
But did it come? oh, not at all!
She wept; that was enough.
He, seeing how the land did lay,
Did raise to her his hat,
And stammered, "Miss—beg pardon—may,
I lift you—out of that?"
The weeping, wailing maiden,
The pretty, woe-struck maiden,
Sing, ho! the lovely maiden and the tar!

"Kind sir," said she with blush and tears,
"I'd be most deeply grateful!
I am beset with awful fears,—
Oh dear, it is too hateful!"
Then gently he her foot relieved,
And from her prison cleft her,
Then saying, "Miss, tar—tar," received
Her thanks, and sadly left her.
The happy, happy maiden,
The lovely, blushing maiden,
Sing, ho! the dainty maiden and the tar!

Dear reader, I suppose you think
These two were very slow,
And should have caused their lives to link
Like novels, don't you know.
But she is now a tall old maid,
With curls in spiral falls,
And tho' fair Hymen's debt he's paid
He very oft recalls
Of how this slim, old maiden
Was once a lovely maiden,
And of the time he saved her from the tar!

DUVVA.

OFF THE BENCH.

"OUR WANT COLUMN"—more backbone in our public men.

TEXT for anthracite dealers—"The weigh of the transgressor is hard."

A GOOD many federal officials are getting into reduced circumstances.

IS THERE NO air-break that can be applied to long-winded speakers?

WHY IS a common sort of man like suicide? 'Cause he's a fellow, d'ee see?

AN AGENT's sign near a street-cleaner's dump-scow on the East River reads with literalness, "Real estate for sail."

WHY DOES no public benefactor found an asylum for the insane? Sanctumns and pulpits are inadequate.

"THE QUESTION OF THE DAY"—Is this hot enough for you? The ditto of the night—How did the thermometer stand today?

FIGS ARE not sweetened to preserve them, Johnny; they are only dried up in their own sugar, like elderly maidens. The worms are planted in them later.

SOME PERSONS think that Queen Victoria

would lose her crown if she should marry again. This is not so, but she would be suspected to have lost her head.

THEY GOT up an enthusiastic celebration at the opening day of Niagara Waterfall, but it is unpleasant to think how much of it was inspired by some other liquids pouring down.

IRVING IS going to print a treatise on "The Art of Acting." It would have a better influence, if any, to instruct in the Art of refraining from acting. It is a long-felt want.

A STREET IN Newport is called "Purgatory Road." It would be a more appropriate road at Sharon. Charon rowed everybody to purgatory formerly, and we presume he Styx to it yet.

A LADY WRITER discourses of "wastes of the kitchen." We'd like to hear from her—her husband on that question, unless he has tapered off and no longer embraces the kitchen department in his researches.

PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, has propounded the extraordinary theory that a college president should have scholarship as well as executive ability. We are left in doubt as to what use he has for the former.

ERASTUS BROOKS estimates that twenty-

five millions of dollars have been sunk upon unsuccessful daily newspapers in this city in his time. This is nothing to the millions that have been wasted in publishing successful ones.

MISS CHAMBERLAIN, a London belle, it is said, didn't like the attentions of the Prince of Wales and tried to give him the g. b. "You keep better men from me," she said. Miss C. must be doing some pretty reckless "slumming."

WE IMPORT Cologne water to the amount of \$23,134 and out of that sell two million dollars worth. What becomes of the remainder is a mystery. Perhaps, unlike Mary's box of spikenard, it is sold and given to the poor to use in place of whiskey.

SOME OF our daily e.c.'s are much shocked at that form of Anglomania which leads an

DELIGHTS OF BOARDING IN THE COUNTRY.



OLD BODKINS' BREAKFAST.

HE THINKS HE'S A LITTLE TOO FLY FOR THIS SORT OF PLEASURE AND WILL FLY BACK TO TOWN.

American journal to copy the indecent exposure of an English journal. They are so intensely American that they require the indency that they print to be original, and paid for at advertising rates.

MR. HENDRICKS tells a reporter the romance of his blasted life: "The memory of one kiss," he remarked, "will never fade, nor its paroxysmal flavor ever dissolve. It was long before I met Mrs. Hendricks. I was a wild and rebellious youth, and that kiss was from a Methodist presiding elder's daughter who was trying to get me to the mourner's bench at a camp-meeting." We cannot too much commend his chivalry in refusing to blast another life by furnishing for publication the name of the presiding elder's daughter. These camp-meeting incidents often need careful revision before publication.

ON THE ROAD.

From Omaha we journeyed to St. Joe, at which place, on the day of our arrival, Josh Brown came up with an old customer of his, one Burybody by name, and, as was explained to Cusby and myself by Brown at the time of our introduction to him, he, the said Burybody, enjoyed the reputation of disposing of rather more of the mortal remains of his fellow-creatures than any two other undertakers in town.

This gentleman Brown invited to dine with us at our hotel and, thereafter, accepting one of Josh's "Ball bearer's delights," sat down in our company to enjoy a comfortable after-dinner smoke.

But he was soon disturbed by one of his men who called him one side.

"Gentlemen, I regret the necessity, but I must leave you," he said, after quite a conference with the messenger.

"Anything very pressing, Burybody?" asked Brown.

"Well, I should gasp. This is what: An odd party in this town who gracefully carries the name of Puffbody, has paid the debt of nature and gone hence; that is, his spirit has. I wish the spirit had shown a proper quality of unselfishness and taken his mortal remains along. Perhaps the spirit was willing, but the flesh was—too heavy. It would have saved lots of trouble."

"How and why?" Josh asked.

"As you never knew Puffbody, I'd better start in by telling you that he was a pronounced crank and a rich one. He was always doing and saying the oddest things you ever heard of. He has left a will. As a partial explanation of this will, I will say that he was the most conceited old rooster under the sun, and also that he entertained a mortal hate for clergymen of all denominations. Now, this utterly irreligious, unconventional cuss has directed that his funeral services should be held in a public hall, as soon after his death as possible, that the public should be invited thereto through the newspapers, and that the services should be conducted by the undertaker in charge of the remains; for this service he is to receive five hundred dollars in cool cash. Now, I have been offered the contract. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, of course," said Josh, "but where's the trouble?"

"Don't you see that if I undertake this thing I injure my business? There are individuals in this town who from time to time are in the habit of dying. A bad habit, I grant you, but just the same people won't care to employ as their family undertaker a man who has made a reputation of a kind such as—"

"Hold hard, Burybody," interrupted Josh, "I'll give you a pointer. Why couldn't I act as undertaker for you? It's easy enough for you to do the work in the shade, while I make the public appearance."

"By Jove, Brown, that's a rattling good idea of your's—but, you don't know anything about this old ham, and the orator is required to descant on his virtues, dodge his vices and dwell on the important events of his life to the great glory of the deceased. How the deuce are you going to manage that?"

"Never fear, old man, I'll give him a song and dance that will make his ghost blush. If he hears the eloquent music of my gentle bazoo, you can bet your pumps I'll stir up his wraith so that his fellow-inebriates will read the riot act. Will you give

me your best and let me play it alone?"

"Brown, my boy, here's my hand on it," exclaimed the undertaker, as pleased as Punch. "There is five hundred dollars in the pot, we'll go halves."

It would take too much space to relate the many rich things that happened at that funeral. Cusby agrees with me that there never was held before such enjoyable obsequies. I can simply state what I remember of Josh Brown's remarks. I can see that fellow now, arrayed in black with a yard of crape tied to his left arm and another yard around his plug hat, standing beside the coffin of the defunct, a look of intense grief o'erspreading his ordinarily cheerful countenance, calculated to make a cigar Indian lay down his hatchet and wail.

"Friends, Josephines and countrymen," he orated, "unlike Antony who 'came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,' I am here to praise Puffbody, not to bury him. The man who works the planting racket will perform his sad office later. In the course of this funeral oration, I shall endeavor to say something complimentary of his Nibs if I only offer the simple tribute that when he had the deal he invariably held as good as four of a kind.

"You most of you knew our departed friend better than I, and if you had the drop on me could correct any errors I might make, for I never saw the man until he appeared in this new wooden ulster, which, you will perceive, fits him without a wrinkle. As it is, I have the bulge on you. Of his early existence but little is established, but the fact that until his teeth were well underway he exhibited a remarkable fondness for milk and refused energetically to partake of sirloin steaks, limberger or Wiener-schnitzel. At the age of five, it is asserted, he previously inhaled his first cigarette and directly thereafter parted with all the sustenance he had absorbed in the calendar month preceding. Without entering more fully into details, I will simply state that he passed successfully through the various stages of child and boyhood, which includes, as we all know, those periods marked by the disarranged safety-pin, colic, croup, the putty-blower, the mumps, that scientific pastime known as 'mumbly peg,' the dime novel, and the educational period as well, characterized by the practice known by us

all of 'playing hookey.' At the early age of twenty-one, by diligent application and good business foresight, he came into possession of a large fortune which had been left him sometime before by a deceased maiden uncle or bachelor aunt who, having been called hence by a pressing engagement, reluctantly resigned the wealth to their only relative.

"Our defunct friend showed his good business capacity and frugality by never spending a cent more than his income, the principal being, by will, closely tied up. During his brief life which covered a period of sixty years, his days were spent in the performance of good works. He was the most successful lunch route worker in St. Joe. His charity was notorious. Believing, as he did, that 'charity begins at home,' he never allowed his to get to first base.

"I cannot in the time allotted me, catalogue Puffbody's many virtues, but let me add, as a strawberry is made the finishing touch to a cocktail, that his dogged courage is established beyond refutation by the fact that in his walks abroad he was always accompanied by a yellow canine of the famous Mongrel breed."

Josh got off all this and much more to the same general effect, in good shape, and then turning with tears in his eyes, took the hands of the late lamented in his and shook it vigorously.

"Good-by, old chap," he said with feeling, "I wish you a lucky trip. Take care of yourself and remember me to the folks. If I don't see you again, Hullo. Here you fellows," to the undertaker's assistants, "button him up in good form and mark him carefully with the full name and address of the consignee. Ship him F. O. B. by the P. D. Q. Line without bill of lading. We don't need any, for in case of non-delivery we shan't send out a tracer.

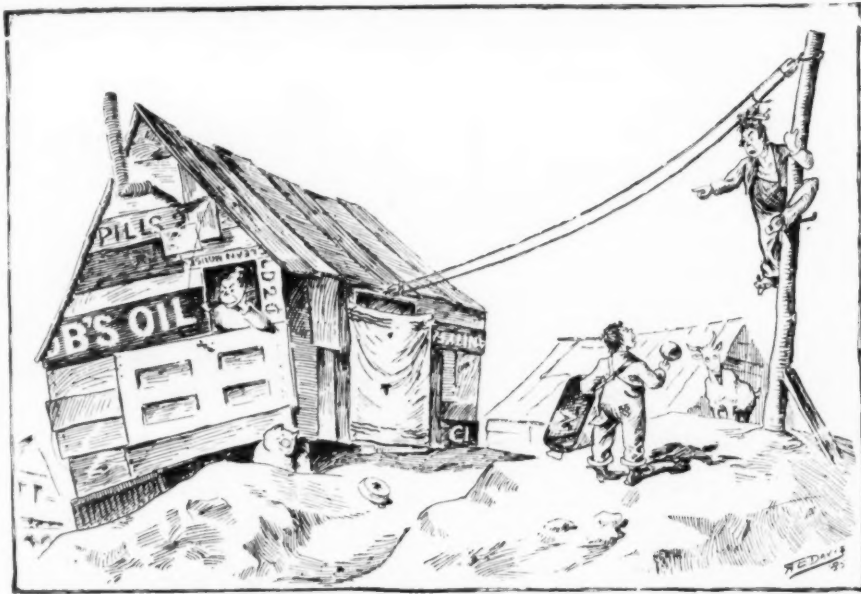
L. L. LANG.

A STEUBEN COUNTY, N. Y., farmer joined the Salvation army a month ago, married a hallelujah lass a fortnight later, and last week traded her to a friend of his, getting a silver watch worth \$20 to boot, and married her sister the same day. The salvation army is now about the only thing that counteracts the general business depression in the rural deestriacts of the Southern Tier.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

MR. GRAVITATION IS A JOLLY OLD SOUL WHO NEVER SUSPECTED THAT ANYTHING AILED HIM UNTIL ALL THE PATENT MEDICINE ADVERTISEMENTS FILLED HIM FULL OF "DIAGNOSIS." THENCE HIS DECLINE WAS RAPID. MEDICINES, LIKE JEALOUSY, "MAKE THE MEAT THEY FEED UPON."



1. MIKEY (whose head is filled with circus ideas)—“ Now then, Jimmy, w'en I begin ter slide jist rumble er little on de bass-drum, an' w'en yer see me strike der blankit, give er a big t'ump.”

Lines that Caused His Fishing-Trip to be Postponed.

“ I'm going a fishing, my dear, for a day or two,” he said at the breakfast table, “ and you may expect me back—well, when I get here, say.”

“ Have you got your lines?” she quietly asked.

“ No; Bush looks to the tackle; so I'll have no bother.”

“ You might take these with you, my dear,” she said, passing him a sheet of a paper. “ They are headed, ‘ Lines to Emma Mine,’ and Emma's not my name,” and her lips compressed and her eyes filled.

He laughed with much unction, and said, “ So, you've been fishing in my pockets, my dear; and I furnished the lines, it appears.”

Then he tried to explain about the lines referring to the “ Emma Mine,” and that he had copied them from a paper; but it was a failure, pure and simple. She gave herself up to a fit of sobbing, refusing to be comforted, and the upshot was the postponement of the fishing trip for three days, at the expiration of which time she seemed to understand the matter of the “ Emma Mine ” business and consented to his going a-fishing.

Pat's Poetic Interpretation.

“ Papa,” lisped a sweet girl graduate to her Milesian-matter-of-fact parent, “ Isn't this a lovely inspiration I have just got for the first line of a poem?”

“ Arrah, phot is it, gerrel?” asked the father.

“ Old Day lies dead upon the bier of night,” she effused.

“ Yerra!” exclaimed the father, leaping to his feet in surprise.

“ Is it ould Day, the tinker? Musha, thin, sorra dhrop iv beer had he the soign iv whin Oi saw him lasht night. Begorra! Oi'll shtep out to the wake fur afoile now.”

Daughter faints, the muses weep.

Our Genius at its Best.

The intellect of New York does not show itself to great advantage in its poetry, which is the poetry of the parrot and the peacock.

Nor in the dolorous vibrations of the commercial auction-bills, which we call our daily papers.

But if you wish to see New York intellect in its splendor, go to Coney Island.

The thousand appliances of genius to extract five cents from every spectator show an invention that puts Fielding and Shakespeare to the blush.

VISCOUNT T. DE MAILLION.



MIKEY STRIKES THE BLANKET.

An Eloquent Brave.

Marcus Cicero Stanley has passed. “ Nil nisi bonum; ” do not pick the bones of the dead; we shall confine ourselves to his virtues.

With such a name who could fail to be eloquent and brave? The deceased was both.

His eloquence spoke in deeds rather than words, for Modesty at an early age thrust Fulvia's bodkin through his tongue.

Stanley, in his “ tripartite agreement ” with Morality, mainly appears upon our stage as the guardian of private reputations, of public harmony, and of the wheel of fortune.

A distinguished journalist, it was often his good fortune to be able to show men galleys containing libels on them, which his influence would enable him to suppress. Their gratitude took a large and agreeable form. His income from this benevolent source

alone is said to have been greater than that of all the novelists in America.

As a statesman, Stanley rose far above sectional feelings, and his broad views led to the happiest public results. His method was simple and effective. When party spirit ran high and men's blood was up, he and his friend Tweed applied the leech or cupping-glass to both parties with an even hand. In this way all superfluous caloric was removed, reflection succeeded anger, and the public peace and harmony were restored. Though neither party can claim the entirety of Stanley, his sympathies, we regret to say, were always with the “ Unterrified.” He was a Briton, and naturally a free-trader, yet his worst enemy never charged him with scattering British gold among us to bribe us to support his ruinous principles.

Stanley was also a great patron of that gentle game in which the gig, the horse, the straddle and other fantasies figure, often known by the shrewd name of “ policy.”

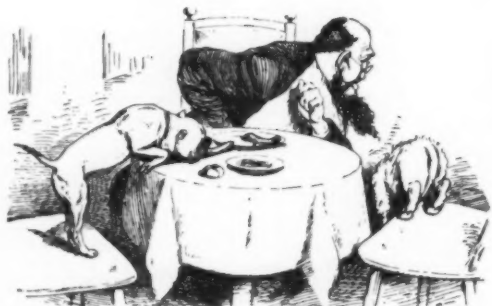
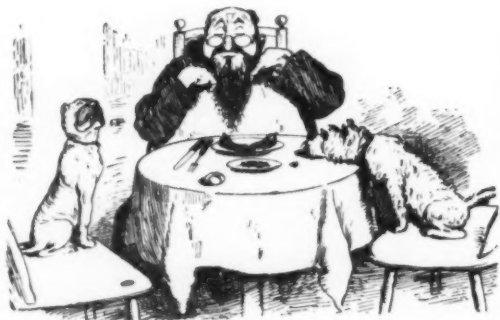
As a policy sport, Stanley was much more loved by those who won than by losers, which, as any one familiar with the game must see, fully accounts for his few enemies and his troops of friends.

When he arrived at the point where two roads meet, we all of us hoped for the best; yet such is the uncertainty of the “ unsaving merit ” of even the most virtuous, that few of his best friends dared exclaim with perfect confidence, “ On, Stanley, on!”

VISCOUNT T.

A CONCERN in Brooklyn, detected in coloring pickles with arsenic, puts in a defence that they are coined exclusively for Southern circulation. Some people seem to think that a watermelon-subsisting community can stand anything. This wicked and adulterous firm should be prosecuted, unless it gives bonds not to sell to any one except Sunday barge excursionists.

THE LAST LINK IS SEVERED.—A CANINE TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.



Briefs Submitted.

BY BELLAW.

"See here. This ham you sold me has got trichinae in it." "Where?" "Why, there." "My friend, you are badly mistaken. Those are only skippers. Trichinae are so small you can hardly see them with a microscope. These are large. No trichinae about them." "Oh! Well, you see we didn't know what they was and felt a little afear'd."

The fat old darkey sat on his harrow, to which were hitched his wife and eight of his family, and wiping the sweat from his face, said: "I golly, farmin' heah am harder on dis niggah dan down Souf. Ise sorry-some dat I is a Exoduster."

The unlucky business man looks forward and talks about the time when he will be on his feet again; when that time comes he takes a carriage.

When a man becomes bank-corrupt then he turns bankrupt.

They will soon use large steel bars instead of public bells. In getting ready for church a woman will ask, "Has the first bar struck yet?" Some men coming home late at night won't have any recollection of the last bar struck.

Dear Jones:—When I made that bill with you, you said you could trust me as you knew I would pay it in time. I am paying you in time. Please give me credit for four years already.

BROWN.

Young lady do not giggle in company; remember that love locks at laugh-smiths.

CONDENSED ROMANCE.

"Duck? Dove!"
Young love.
Die cast;
Clings fast.
"Nuff sed"
Must wed.

Parents kick,
Lovers stick.
"Cannot be!"
"We shall see!!"
Bright night;
Sleek flight.

Church found;
Grist ground.
Folks come;
Struck dumb.
"Too late!"
Fixed fate.

First year,
Skies clear.
Years two,
Rather blue,
Years three,
Jamboree.

Spats; sport;
Divorce court,
Groom, bride
Untied.
Hearts crack,
Jill, Jack
Trot back.

I. E. JONES.



UNPUBLISHED CARLYLE LETTERS.

J. D. S.

[TO T. CARLYLE, ESQ., SCOTSBRIG.]

CHELSEA, Oct. 25, 1866.

Dearest:—I received by post this morning the newspaper you sent me, containing your poem. I fell down three flights of stairs in my anxiety to get it, when the cook bawled out to me that it had arrived. If you had been here I would have dropped you over the baulstrade and made you bring it up to me. Why do you continue to write? If I couldn't compose a poem better than the one you sent me, I would walk down to the quay and saying "Here goes nothing!" drop in. However, if you decide to do this, do not wear your variety trousers as I can use them for a crazy quilt after you have passed away. Or I can split them at the seams, and with a skein or two of worsted I can work on them blue dogs gnawing orange-tinted bones, and use them as rugs. Mr. Dumfries is an elegant and useful man. He rises in the morning at five o'clock (if his wife kicks him out of bed), excepting when he has been out the night before, to build the fire. Why don't you, instead of coming down at ten looking as though you had slept in a coal-hole? You needn't put any flour on your hair the day I return, as I know perfectly well you never sifted ashes in your life.

Your amiable,

JANE.

[What a woman! Who the deuce ever put any flour in his hair! At this time she was ill and could not extend her practice with the dumb-bells; even then she could catch me by the nape of the neck and make me look like a mildewed porus plaster. If a woman can shake four teeth out of a man's mouth in—hold! I'll keep that item for my essay on "The Governed Man."

TOMMY C.

[TO T. CARLYLE, ESQ., SCOTSBRIG.]

ADDISCOMBE, Oct. 1, 1847.

Just a few words, dear, before I don my camel's-hair-fishing-net and retire for the night. I do not want any more monkeying round town. Remember, if there is, after our interview there won't be a healthy slat left in the bedstead of the spare-room. I'll make it warm for you. I have learned the Sullivan-Mitchell twist during my visit here; the palm of my hand is as hard as a skating-rink floor.

Ever yours,

JINNY C.

[As I look back at it now, it was warm. If Mr. Ingersoll had been there he would have believed in a warm climate in 2:40. Was her palm hard? Somehow or other when I came in contact with it, I felt as though I had been visited by a dynamite blast, or that a mass of granite had struck my spinal column. Why could we not have given that hand for the Bartholdi Pedestal?

TOMMY C.

A DITHYRAMB TO AMARYLLIS.

This Dithyramb I write to Amaryllis
While moonlight shines so bright and night so still is,
O, dearest Amaryllis
I have given the bounce to Phyllis,
And I'll court you now no matter what her will is.
Come with me, love, upon the Hudson's stream,
While Luna o'er us both doth gently gleam,
Come with me, love, to-night
Even though mosquitoes bite;
We'll forget them as we think of love's young dream.

My love is fair,
I guess she's square,
Whatever else she may be now don't matter,
If I may share
What she can spare
Of kisses when at last I can get at her.

My dearest "Amarye," I suppose you'd kick to kill
If I should press your lips at our first meeting;
But when we became "acquaint"
Then I s'pose all your complaint
Will be, I think, a kiss not worth repeating.

O "Rilly," by the way,
I had to pay to-day
A wash bill and a board bill for July,
So you will please excuse
Me if I don't peruse
The ice-cream signs *et cetera* as we go by.

If you can spare this ditty
Away to Gotham city,
I'll send it, and for me 'twill win some shekels,
And then, dear Amaryllis,
No matter what the bill is,
I'll cream thee up, thou maid of many freckles.

F. S. RYMAN.

Our Little Folks' Post-Office.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JANE.

DEAR CHILDREN:—The good editor of this paper has finally consented to devote a portion of it to your especial interests. The editor loves little children. He has fourteen. Ten of his daughters are at the watering places snaring birds. Two of his boys are in the service of the United States; they are engaged in geological researches with a lot of other promising young men. They all wear beautifully striped garments. The others, twins, are yet in arms. You may now bring out your little pens, little bottles of ink and little bits of paper, and exercise your little minds. Tell me all about your pets, your vacation frolics and other interesting things. Address all letters to Aunt Jane, this office. I print here a few letters sent me by some charming little folks. I hope you will all join in and help make this department a success.

Richfield Springs, July 1, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I am perfectly delighted to learn that you are to conduct a Little Folks' Post-Office. I am only a wee little lassie, but I've got a real Chinese dog and a ring-tailed cat and a dude for a lover. Mamma says that I may amuse myself with the dog and cat, and I must be very careful not to hurt my dude lover. He wears previous pants. Pants of the previous summer. His cane is all worn smooth, for he derives nourishment from the benzine varnish. I am too tired to write any more. I must now go and dress for this evening's hop.

MAUDIE.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Maudie is a pretty penman, and has been on the turf some twenty seasons. I hope she will enjoy herself with her dog and cat, and trust the sweet dude lover will choke himself to

death before the season is ended, with canevarnish. Maudie will give him the dismal chill and marry a rink manager when pumpkins are ready to mow.

Long Branch, July 2, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I'm dead broke. Got left on the races. Send me a thousand by telegraph.

Your nephew,

WILLIE.

DEAR CHILDREN:—The sad, sad waves, will play touching melodies of melancholy in Willie's ears. The swallows will dip their glossy wings into the azure-tinted ocean, but Willie will go in vain to the telegraph office for the one thousand. Your Aunt Jane is too old a bird to be caught twice by second-hand chaff. Here is a pretty letter from a Mohawk blossom:

Utica, July 2, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—What is the prevailing style in dog's blankets? My pa just sent me a pretty Spitz from New York. How can I take care of him best?

MINNIE.

The prevailing style in blankets now is the oaken cage with four-wheel trimmings, cut biased by a wall-eyed man and tucked on both sides by four ragged boys with club puffing. The best care to be taken of a Spitz dog, is the nearest river if there is no bologna sausage factory handy.

Boston, July 3, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—Mamma says it's just too sweet for anything. I mean my pretty Pompeian bean pot. I am a great

lover of beans. Most poets are. There, I'll have to own up now. I do write poetry for *Atlantic*, *Century* and *Harper's*. They are very kind for they always send it back to me. I will dash off two stanzas to show you my style. Please let me know what you think of the lines.

Night, the sable, shadowy night
Whose drearish mantle droops
Slighted by electric light.
Some lovers on front stoops.

Ecstasy, supremest bliss;
Ah this! Ah this! Ah this!
The rapture of the raptured kiss.—

CLARA.

Clara, dear, don't throw any more poetry at us. You may cast pet dogs and cats, bugs for money, or even Pompeian bean pots, but if you love us, keep your Boston poetry in the cellar. Ruptured kiss is fair, and I trust your pa raised the young man of culchaw over the Bay.

Brooklyn, July 4, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I know you have little boys who are in trouble. I fired off a cracker under a man's chair. It went off before I thought. The man fell over backwards. I was in under. He weighed three hundred pounds. My elbow is sprained. What shall I do to pass away the time?

GEORGIE.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Cannot you make up a box of books to send to poor Georgie? Send such as these: "Big-Mouthed Mick, High Monkey Monk." "Ten Indians Drowned By One Pill"—liver pill; "Jew-hilliking Jim, The Jackass of the Jungle," and others of this kind.

H. S. KELLER.



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

"Say, Shorty, what's your business, anyway?"

"Well, you have been long enough around here to know."



ENGLAND'S WHITE SLAVE MARKET.
The Daughters of Poverty under the Moral Upas Tree.

THE JUDGE.





TO CORRECT AN ABUSE OF ACTORS.

The movement toward the establishment of a Registry Bureau in connection with the Actors' Fund is commendable, and should receive the co-operation of all actors and the support of dramatic pens. The agency abuse is undeniably an evil which cannot be too speedily and effectually abated. That a class of men, having no interest in art or its promotion other than the gathering in of their five per cent. commission, should control the resources of the dramatic profession, is as monstrous as that a Gould-Field telegraph combination should control the avenues of intelligence. In short, this agency system is a monopoly—a tyrannous monopoly. Actors, managers, and all persons who desire the advancement of dramatic art ought to join efforts toward an anti-monopoly.

That the majority of actors who are obliged to patronize agencies, are timidly silent regarding the unjust treatment they endure from these all-powerful middlemen, illustrates how the fear for their individual welfare subjugates their broader motive for the emancipation of a class; it also illustrates the necessity for guild organizations. The poorer the actor the more timid he necessarily becomes. When the favor of an agent is an active stock-in-trade to the extent of food and clothing, it requires more than ordinary heroism to willingly become a "black listed" pauper. Bravery is born with strength, strength comes with unity.

Seldom is there an individual with sufficient hardihood to rise against a system. System must combat system. When actors unite their forces and chivalrously stand by one another, then they may expect to remedy the abuses now practised upon them.

That actors should pay a reasonable sum for positions secured for them, is eminently just; that agents should charge fees for services never rendered or even solicited, and that actors, through fear, should be compelled to pay such extortions, is pre-eminently unjust. The Actors' Fund now does worthy work in relieving many distresses. The more money it has the greater its power for performing charitable offices.

If there is a general endorsement of the Registry Bureau by the profession, the society will be strengthened in its beneficent undertakings, and actors will secure an impartial medium to recommend them according to their experience and merits.

WORSE AND MORE OF IT.

Recent developments in the line of journalistic black-mail have drawn public attention to a fraud that is practiced, or attempted, on actors and actresses, much oftener

than the public know. The extortion is practised by the preparation of articles attacking the character of professionals and the exaction of money for suppressing them. It is hardly necessary to say that this is a swindle of the boldest nature; the articles are never published when the intended victim has the courage to refuse to pay the hush-money.

In the case that is here alluded to, a popular actress in The Casino, when the proof sheets of the pretended scandalous revelations were submitted to her, placed the matter in the hands of her manager and a detective. The result was the prompt "nailing" of the scoundrally editor and the retraction of all he had put in type. He ought not to have been thus let off. When one or two of these thieves of the dramatic press have been led far enough into their nefarious practices to expose them to a term in State-prison, there may be a check upon their foul trade.

There are too many small copyists of the late unlamented Marcus Cicero Stanley, in dramatic, insurance, and other special journalism. Their intended victims should learn that such inventions, if published, cannot really injure them professionally, and that to pay for silence is to placate a person when silence is not worth so much as the worst he can say. A bold front will always put to flight such biped members of the species *mephitis Americana*.

A DICKENS OF A PLAY-WRIGHT?

We shake hands with Mr. Harrigan upon his new conception of American comedy. He intends to abandon the clown business and present the better side of his comedy characters. To make humor awaken the laugh that has hitherto been dependent upon ridiculous situations.

To make his comedy characters so pathetic—simply by being true to nature—that tears shall make the mirth tender, while smiles shall brighten the sombre scenes. This will be much easier and more natural than many suppose, for pathos and bathos are closely allied in human heart.

Mr. Harrigan intends to present New

York life dramatized. His characters will be found in every day street scenes, many of which, would move us deeply if we only took time to note them.

When we see them before the footlights and give them our undivided attention, doubtless the mimic presentation will seem more real than life itself.

Thus it is with Dickens' characterizations—chosen from the same walks in life.

Could Mr. Harrigan earn a worthier station than to be the future Dickens of the playwright world?

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

The day is bright and fair,
There is music in the air,
And the sun is shining forth in regal splendor,
Underneath the sylvan shade
There's no lack of lemonade—
But I've broken my suspender.

The maid upon my arm
Could the most phlegmatic charm;
And her eyes upon me beam full soft and tender;
But I coldly turn away
From her smiles as soft as May—
For I've broken my suspender.

A man can still be bold,
Though his hat is rather old,
And the elbows of his coat are getting tender;
But what man can comfort find
For his body or his mind
When he's broken his suspender?

H. MORGAN.

Life on the Wave.

The skating rink having now become an adjunct of the excursion steamer, we may soon expect the floating race course to follow suit. Something after this style, per advertisement:—

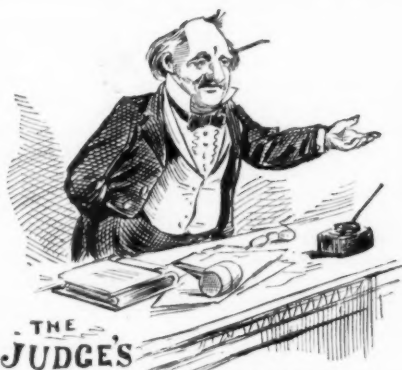
"The celebrated Maud S will trot in harness to-day on the Plymouth Rock floating race track. Trip up the Hudson giving views of the finest scenery and the fastest mare in the world, one dollar. Lovers of Nature and horse-flesh will secure their tickets a day in advance," etc.



"A HAT FULL OF WIND."

YOUNG SPORT—"Ah, there goes her hat!"

OLD SALT—"Yes, I thought she was carrying too much top-sail for a head wind."



THE JUDGE'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

One of the most important questions pressing for your investigation is the labor disturbances now rife. You will find the whole question in its last analysis to be: Should laborers combine to control the price of labor?

You will have before you sufficient evidence that capital is now admirably organized and that it does on its side seek to control the price of labor. Evidence will further be before you to the effect that unorganized labor cannot treat on terms of equality with this organized capital; in fact, that there is no check on a destructive screwing down of wages by the latter except their consciences, or counter-combinations of laborers. Universal experience will prove how far unselfishness can be depended on to dictate the policy of corporations—concerns organized expressly for selfish ends.

The only alternative for laborer's protection and public interests is trades-unions. The latter, it might be expected, would antagonize encroachments of employers in kind. As corporations have been known to violate statute law or bribe legislatures to grant them the right to oppress under cover of law, it will not be a matter of surprise if strikers commit acts of lawlessness also, not enjoying equal favoritism from corrupt law-makers and approachable courts and officers of law. But it is the interest of workers to be peaceable and dutiful, because the day's bread depends on that day's orderly employment; and because they feel that they do not stand equal before the law with corporations, in this land of alleged equality. These well-known facts your jury should set off against the excesses of Sand-lot orators and beery dead-beats who steal the liberty of Labor to serve the devil of Disorder in.

Furthermore, your jury will find great difficulty in getting a true statement of facts in any conflict between labor and capital. The telegraph, on which the public is mainly dependent for reports of strikes, is in the hands of the most unscrupulous monopoly in this or any country. Trades-unions have few organs to tell you their side of the controversy; and the sympathy of controllers of the press is rarely with a strike. There are always men among strikers who are inflammable in proportion to their ignorance, and very apt to be unruly when hungry. These often bring upon trades unions the stigma of communism in principle and of using violence as a sole remedy. But the great body of American laborers are peaceable and law-abiding under provocations and privations such as the well-to-do know nothing of. You will not allow exceptional excesses to prejudice you against the great

body of laborers as they have prejudiced many public men, purveyors of news and oracles of the press.

An illustration of how all the ordinary avenues of evidence open to the Jury of Public Opinion can be prejudiced against strikers is seen in the case of the recent car-strike in Chicago. Compare the first reports of outrages and destruction committed by the strikers and the injustice imputed to their demands, with the vindication of them in both respects by the outcome of the strike. The president of the company declared the drivers and conductors in the right and the superintendent who provoked them to strike in the wrong. Yet very few journals that so severely denounced the strikers as rioters and communists have presented their justification.

Your jury will also need to investigate the acts of the authorities with great care. Mayors, sheriffs and governors are as apt to err on the side of property as are journalists. Rights are intangible; property is a fact. In this country progress is so much built upon property that the authorities are apt to deify vested interests and demonize anything that is called "communism." Protect property first and redress grievances afterwards, is the common attitude of officials elected by 19 votes of laborers to one of freeholders. "Property-rights are sacred?" Human rights are transcendent.

The action of the governor of Michigan in the lumber-region strikes is an illustration of excessive official zeal for property and against personal rights even with law on their side. Bringing thither the militia and police of the state before it was demanded, and before any violence had been threatened or damage committed this lawless executive of law took command himself, publicly stigmatized the strikers unheard, and made proclamation forbidding laborers to assemble and discuss their interests! The record of official outlawry is complete when you learn that the strikers were out for attempting to enforce the ten-hour law passed by the last legislature of Michigan.

In the same spirit was the extra-judicial stump-speech of a Washington judge in which he denounced from the bench trades-unions as "nuisances," "infernal," etc.

The Grand Jury of Public Opinion should guard against being misled by either telegraph, press, judiciary or executive. You are the only constant power that can check the tendency of capital to encroach, on the one hand, and of labor to become turbulent under encroachments and privations, on the other. Your jury will no doubt find that trades-unions, properly managed, are a thing to encourage. They, aided by your directing counsels, may guard the interests of dependant thousands, who without organization would be like scattered sheep before well-drilled wolves. Labor should organize to hold the other force in check and counterbalance; each to watch the other.

Trades unions are educational. They foster fraternity and teach system and unity to laborers. More than all, they strengthen their manhood, courage and self-control.

Your jury's best efforts should at all times go to supplying the country's pride and hope, a bold peasantry and laboring class. The evils of an occasional strike, even if attended with all the excesses falsely imputed to them, are trifling as compared with that calamity to the country, a working people too servile, degraded and cowardly to strike. C. E. B.

A BROOKSIDE IDYLL.

THOS. W. TRESIDDER.

They wandered down the daisied glen
The poet and his fair young maid;
They reached the purling brook, and then
They rested in the shade.

They watched the swallows dart and glide,
And listened to the blackbird's song;
And of the cool pellucid tide
They tasted deep and long.

"O, what a draught and what a birth!"
He cried unto the fair young maid,
"This cometh from our Mother Earth,—
From an eternal shade!

"How pure, how sparkling and how cold!
Ambrosia hath not such a taste;
E'en nectar would seem flat and old
If 'twere beside it placed!

"What are the beverages of man
Compared with this that comes from clay!
It hath more body in it than
The wines of far Cathay!"

I' faith, that last were true, I trow;
Poor Poet, I sigh for thee and thy maid,
It hath a body in it that thou
Thinkst not of, I'm afraid!

Thy ardor had not been so fond,
Thy lay so loud, nor thy song so sweet,
Couldst have seen that tramp on the hill beyond,
A-washing his frescoed feet!





NEIGHBOR—"I thought them ere melons would get away with your innards."

FARMER JAYSTACK—"Taint that. It's the pesky thieves that get away with them melons."

A Timely Lesson.

"Belubbed Brederen," remarked a colored preacher as he cleared his throat for the sermon, "las' Sunday Brudder Jackson nodded fru de majah po'tion ob de disco'se; Brudder Tompkins, as am well known tu mos' ob yo,' fell offun his seat inter de aisle while in er fit ob somnomblerashun; Brudder Baxter sno'd so loud dat de minds ob de younger membahs ob dis congregation wah distracted from de blessed words ob God as expounded by myse'f, an' Brudder Doolittle nebber wakened hisse'f till after de collecshun had ben taken up. Dese brudders" continued the preacher, "am foah ob de principal pillahs an' posts ob dis yere chu'ch. I'se reliebly info'med dat las' Sabbath mawnin' at two er-clock A. M. a brudder ob dis chu'ch tuk home er ham dat looked as if it hed ben chawed by er dog. In puttin er mackerel ter soak las' Saturday night at twelve er-clock annoder brudder ob dis chu'ch got it in de wash basin 'stead ob de milk pan, an' in de mawnin' it tasted so ob sof' soap dat dey guv it away ter a poo'ooman. De brudder also skinned his nose agin de doah, an' fell over a rockin' cha'r. Still annoder brudder wuz 'scorted home by de majesty ob de law singin' dat maudlin' song 'I feels so orful jolly when I'm drunk an' dressed up.' De las' brudder whom I shall pertickelerize wuz engaged all las' week in whitewashin' out a fine ob ten dol-lahs up at de City Hall.

"Now my belubbed hearahs, dis sort ob thing am calcerlated ter disintegrate de scantity ob de Sabbath day, an' ter distract de whole theory ob religion. I doesn't wan' ter menshun no names, ob co'se, but when I sees a brudder noddin' his head at sentiments in de sermon what am too broad an' comprehensive fo' him ter understan', I says 'dat brudder wah fightin' las't night an' hit somebody wid a ham.' When I sees a brudder what can't hold hisse'f onto his seat I says, 'dat brudder's wash-basin smells ob mackerel.' When I ha'rs a brudder sno' durin' de perceedins ob de mawnin's disco'se, in my minds eye I sees dat brudder in de pow'ful grasp ob a policeman; an' when I discovahs a brudder asleep when he

oughter be contribertin money fer ter carry de blessed misshunery message ter fa' off heathen lands, I says 'dat brudder oughter be whitewashin' his soul 'stead ob whitewashin' down de walls ob de City Hall.' Belubbed brudders, de sacred edifise ob de Lawd am no place fo' ter slumber by de way-side, an' I hopes dat ha'rafter, ebbery member ob dis yere congregashun will bar it in mind. De words ob de text dis mawnin, am compounded in de one hundred an' twenty sebbenth psalm an' second verse; 'He guveth His belubbed sleep'."

The Snap Skirt.

Apartment life is introducing many strange changes among us; and it requires no little attention to be up to the latest inventions.

My own rooms are in the "Viscount," a large pile near Central Park. The suit, as usual, has somewhat the shape of a coffin, long and narrow. The latest things in apartment life can be seen there.

Every chair, the moment you rise from it, springs together; and is then no thicker than an actavo volume. The beds are constructed in the same way; the tables let down from the walls. Thus, by a little exercise of the imagination one can easily make a small drawing room as large as a palace.

But the neatest novelty is a patent of my own, which I have introduced largely in the "Viscount." This is the "shut skirt," the greatest improvement in women's dress since space became a matter of paramount importance. A lady wearing this skirt can, by touching a spring, compress her dress to her own thickness.

In the German figures at my rooms ladies who do not dance range themselves along the wall, touch the springs of their skirts, and presto! save a few bas-reliefs, the deck is cleared for action. In this way we secure in our small apartment almost as much open space as one finds in Delmonico's hall.

This invention is rapidly replacing the old form of dress in the upper ten. VISCOUNT T.

Briefs Submitted.

BY ROBT. MORGAN.

How doth the little quilting bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather scandal all the day
From every prim wall-flower.

Sheep are generally taken as the personification of timidity, notwithstanding their principal business is with the sward.

It isn't every girl who has talent enough to go on the stage; but she is a pretty poor stick who can't occasionally take a "bus."

The onion stalk is a very pathetic talk; it generally draws tears; but the corn stalk is so husky it seldom reaches other ears than its own.

Sets of false teeth are often washed ashore at Asbury Park, at which an exchange expresses much wonder. Well, we always wash ours ashore; we should never think of tempting the dangerous deep merely to clean a set of teeth.

"The man who sowed these beans didn't take much pains to pick out the basting threads," remarked Jones as he pulled the strings out of his teeth. "Don't know who sowed 'em," replied Mrs. J. "I bought 'em ready made."

Painted in High-Lights.

Having drummed up that hundred thousand dollars, the *World* does not need any further raise for Liberty's torch. She will be the highest old gal as well as the brightest, in the world, in consequence of the rays. The *Herald* did not succeed in its base attempt to raze her to her foundation.

Now let us have peace; and the pieces put together as soon as possible. When we come to celebrate the consummation of the work, even the high old gal will be set up and we'll all feel like making light of the difficulties of the raise.

It is easy to say now, that the money would have been raised in some way and that our fears, instead of the statue, lacked foundation. But, at least, we must feel that the country escaped from an awkward dilemma; and that *lux* on our side.

We anticipate, only by a short time, this illustrious event. Liberty, will not be like the baseless fabric of a vision, beyond the time when the engineer can give us a concrete example of the abstract proposition that drew out the money from the people.



A MANLY ANSWER.

BEAU—"Say, Iry, what do you like to catch best?"
IVY—"Men haden, stupid."

Making too Light of It.

"Plague take these lamps!" exclaimed a housewife in a country villa, wrestling with the servant-girl question.

"What's the matter? I don't see it in that light," said her facetious husband, trying to cheer things up. He didn't have the house-work to do.

"Oh! I can't make this wick turn up. I'm just tired out, and I wish I was dead—so there!"

"I see," said he, cheerily, "you would like to be where the wick'd cease from troublin, and the weary take a rest."

This finished her and she broke down completely and had a good cry. He made up by promising to close the villa and return to the city.

THE INSIDE TRACK.

He came to the bower of her I love
Twanging his sweet guitar;
He called her in song his snow-white dove,
His lily, his fair, bright star,
While I sat close by the brown-eyed maid
And helped her enjoy her serenade.

He sang that his love was beyond compare
(His voice was as sweet as his song);
He said she was pure and gentle and fair,
And I told her he wasn't far wrong.
I don't know whether he heard me or not,
For his E string snapped like a pistol-shot.

He told how he loved her o'er and o'er,
With passion in every word,
In songs that I never knew before,
And sweeter ones ne'er were heard.
But the night dew loosened his guitar strings
And they buzzed out of tune like crazy things.

He sang and he played till the moon was high,
Oh, sweet was the love-born strain;
And the night caught up each tremulous sigh
And echoed each sweet refrain;
But I laughed when a beetle flew down his throat
And choked in a snort his highest note.

She liked it; and I did—just so—so;
I was glad to hear his lay;
I ever echoed him, soft and low,
When he sang what I wanted to say.
Till at last I leaned from the window, and then
I thanked him and asked him to call again.
And then he went away.

R. J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

What will we do when the good days come,
When the prima donna's lips are dumb;
And the man who reads us "little things"
Has lost his voice like the girl who sings;
When stilled is the breath of the cornet man,
And the shrilling chords of the quartette clan;
When our neighbor's children have lost their drums,
Oh, what will we do when the good time comes?

Oh what will we do in that good, blithe time,
When the tramp will work—oh, thing sublime!
And the scornful dame who stands on her feet
Will "Thank you, sir," for the proffered seat;
And the man you hire to work by the day
Will allow you to do his work your way;
And the cook who tryeth your appetite
Will steal no more than she thinks is right;
When the boy you hire will call you "Sir,"
Instead of "Say" and "Gouverner;"
When the funny man is humorsome—
How can we stand the millenium?"—[Burdette.

Small farmers work on shares—plow-shares.—[Merchant Traveler.

Fashionable women are the mistakes of creation.—[Merchant Traveler.

Mr. Wouldbe Minister Keiley appears to be Austriacized.—[Merchant Traveler.

The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty is not an actress, but she appears in more "pieces" than a popular comedian.
[Norrinstown Herald.

Bismark takes no interest in the literature of his country; but he thinks occasionally of himself, and does not forget the beer of his country.—[Picayune.

A new book just published is called "The Devil's Portrait." The tone of the work, it is inferred, is brims-tone. The price of the book is not stated, but it ought not to sul-

phur more than one dollar. The critics, no doubt, will damn it with faint praise.
[Norrinstown Herald.

The reason that a thief always steals the best horse in the neighborhood probably is that he knows he can't be caught with the poor ones.—[Peck's Sun.

A correspondent writes us 500 words on a postal card announcing that she is just recovering from an attack of failing eyesight. Our attack is just coming on.
[Current.

That eminent angler-granger, Uncle Bob Roosevelt's old-new book is entitled "Five Acres Enough." The motto of the Ohio granger is "Foraker's enough."
[Buffalo Express.

Boston society note—"Oh, where does beauty linger?" demands a Quaker City poetess. As a usual thing she lingers in the parlor until her mother has cleaned up the kitchen.—[Boston Post.

"Do you play the piano?" asked John Conroy's girl of him the other night.
"Darned if I know," replied Johnny, "I never tried."—[Pretzel's Weekly.

The violin is beginning to supersede the piano as a fashionable instrument for ladies in Paris. French women are noted for being adepts at handling a beau.
[Lowell Citizen.

"The revised version has it that 'all is vanity and a striving after wind.' How true this is and how often a man has died simply because his wind stopped.
[Boston Post.

Eggs without salt are less insipid than lawn tennis without girls. In this game, however, violence to the mind must be done by counting dudes as men, for the purposes of making up a game.—[Picayune.

A contemporary asks: "What is the difference between a man and a pitcher?" At times the difference is very striking. The man may be full and the pitcher empty.
[Norrinstown Herald.

The Buffalo girls have gone crazy over the good fortune predicted for them by a fortune teller. Fortune tellers cannot be too careful about leading young girls to believe they will marry newspaper men.
[Boston Courier.

Poet.—"What do you think of my last poem?" Editor—"I think it ought to have a pension." Poet (greatly pleased)—"A pension? Why so?" Editor—"Because it is badly crippled in the feet."
[Merchant Traveler.

Revivalist Sam Jones wants to stick to the old Bible and straight preaching. He calls the new name for the old terror a silly, namby-pamby word. "Why," says Sam, "you couldn't frighten a cat with sheol."
[Picayune.

"Did you marry him for his money?" "Yes, I did." "Did you get any of it?" "No." "Did you get any of his property?" "No." "Did you get anything?" "Yes." "What?" "Divorce."
[Merchant Traveler.

"Is it best to shave against the beard?" asked Quip. "That depends on whether you are shaving a young man or an old one," replied Snip. "Why, what has age to do with it?" "Well, a young man can only shave down."—[St. Paul Herald.

"This talk about the West Side Street Railway Company being hard to work for is all bosh?" Did you ever work for the com-

pany?" "Yes, and was well paid for it, too." "In what capacity did you serve?" "I—I was an Alderman."
[Denver Tribune-Republican.

One very fast race horse is named Modesty. The name does not illustrate the fitness of things.—[Picayune.

Hotel keepers in the vicinity of Mount McGregor ought to be making a fortune out of the vulgar curiosity of travelers who want to look at the Nation's sick man. Some may yet suggest his removal to Yellowstone Park, and then organize excursions.
[Picayune.

It was a wise thought on the part of our wise Government to get a dead claim on Yellowstone Park. Some day we can all go there, fence it in around us, and let the cattlemen and English land companies have all the continent outside the fence, and then they will be happy. And if they are, all the rest of us ought to be.—[Burdette.

An eloquent Philadelphia statesman says: "There was a time when footpads did not meddle with politics; when loafers were not sent to the Legislature; when gamblers did not attempt to edit public opinion; when great-hearted and good men governed cities!" No date is given. It must have been before the war.—[Picayune.

The United States receives Italy's rags, beggars, monkeys, hand-organists, hard-up counts, strapped patriots, broken down singers, and other useless things without a murmur. Any Minister sent to that country by the President of the United States ought to be received and welcomed as a compliment.—[Picayune.

The Southwestern counties of Georgia fairly smack with honey. Tales of wonderful trees laden with the sweet extract read like romance, but the one told in Worth county, of a honey dip ten feet thick, is paralyzing.—[Atlanta Constitution. When the seventeen year locusts come to this wild honey there will be an opening for any number of John Baptists.—[Picayune.

A reverend mugwump thanks God that he has been spared to see the North and South united once more and "a land flowing with milk and honey." But judging from the strikes in all our large cities, the workmen and mechanic are not satisfied with milk and honey. They want beer and boots, and bread and bacon and other substantial necessities of life.
[Norrinstown Herald.

Minister Phelps at the Lord Mayor's banquet, on the occasion of conferring the freedom of the city upon Prince Albert Victor of Wales, was given one of the highest places, although he was the junior of every diplomatist present, and, according to strictness of etiquette, should have had the lowest seat. In this country at Christmas dinners, the highest seat is always given to the presentable baby of the family.
[Picayune.

"Yes, my dear, your essay is a beautiful mosaic. Every one of the many literary gems which it contains is as familiar to most of your hearers as lying is in the social circle. To speak after the manner of the vulgar, your contribution is the same old bag of chestnuts, but you present them with so much personal pleasure, and your dress is so becoming, and your floral offerings are so well worth the money which your father has

paid for them, and it is such a privilege to sit and see you dealing out the time-honored sentiments so unsophistically (*anglice* freshly), that one hasn't the heart to smile sardonically, much less to snicker. Go on, sweet girl; say it all through, from 'dear teacher,' to 'and now, fellow pupils,' in the same old manner and in the same old language."—[Boston Transcript.

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CONSIDERING THE CHANCES.

"Well, what is it?" said the money clerk at the United States Express office the other day, as a man with a protruding under lip and a defiant contempt for grammar halted before him and put his dinner-bucket on the counter.

"Hain't this the place where you take money that's to be sent some'rs?" said the man, standing on tip-toe and speaking in a low tone, as he leaned forward over the counter.

"Yes; did you want to make a shipment?"

"Huh?"

"Did you want to send some money away?"

"Well, no; not this mornin'; but I reckon I will shortly, an' so I dropped in as I was goin' along to git a few items about it. It was all right for me to drop in, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes; certainly. What did you want to know?"

"Well, now, 'sposen I send forty dollars or sich matter to my sister in Waukegan, an' she never gits it?"

"But she will get it if you send it."

"Yes; but how do I know that, though? 'Sposen the train runs agin sumpin, stands on its head, ketches fire, an' burns up, where's my forty dollars then?"

"In that case the company would make it good."

"Huh?"

"I say the company would pay it back."

"But I wouldn't want it back. I'd want my sister to have it. That'd be my main reason for sendin' it."

"She would get it. The company would pay it to her."

"That's all right, then. But 'sposen somebody bulldozes your man on the car with a club, as I heard was done some'rs not long back, an' slides out with the money, who stands the racket then—me or the company?"

"The company, of course."

"Whether they ketch the man or not?"

"Yes."

"Hain't there no giggin' back on that?"

"No; not a bit of it."

"No comin' at me with drawbacks, or per cents for this'n that?"

"Not at all."

"It's every dollar of it forked over to my sister is it, no matter what happens?"

"Yes; every cent."

"Is it jist the same in case of bein' struck by lightnin'?"

"Certainly."

"My wive's half brother—the one in Michigan—had a barn struck by lightnin' onest, sot on fire an' burnt down, an' I'm switched if the company he was insured in didn't crawl out of it somehow or uther 'an he's hed his nose to the grindstone ever sense on account of it. You say your company never takes a man by the nape of the

neck even if it gets a chance to?"

"No. The company guarantees to put your money through, and it will do it, or make it good."

"That's all right, then, an' my ole woman hain't so tormented smart as she thinks she is."

"Why so?"

"She said there wasn't no safe way of gittin' the money to 'Liza Ann but to have her go an' take it to her. But I thought I could see through her little game, an' so I concluded I'd git a few items and find out for myself how the thing unraveled.

Between you an' me, I've got a balky sort of a notion the ole woman wants to flare out a little with some new duds, an' if she was to get her claws on to that money I don't b'lieve 'Liza Ann would ever see a red of it, notwithstanding she was good enough to lend it to me quite a spell ago, when I was considerable hard up. My ole woman is well-meanin' an' a middlin' prim house-keeper, but she's ruther to deep sot on tomfoolery to be trusted much in money matters, an' I'd about as soon put money into a bank an' give up hopes of it at onest, as to have her git her hands on it. She don't mean nothin' wrong about it I reckon, but I s'pose she jest can't help it, an' she wouldn't have that money about her ten minutes before she'd go to foolin' it away on bustles an' back hair an' sich other nonsense as she'd happen to git her mind sot on. I'm a good deal much obleeged to you, sir, an' I'll give you the handlin' of that money as I come along to-morrow. Even if you ruled out lightnin' I'd risk it a blamed sight quicker'n I would the ole woman."—[Chicago Ledger.

HER LOVE.

His footstep on the stair I hear,
He comes! Be still, my beating heart!
That step is music in mine ear,
And bids each care and grief depart.

He's drawing near; he's at the door,
Oh! let my darling in, I pray:
I've longed to see him, oft before,
But never as I do to-day.

The door is open and we meet,
And I once more my darling hug,
And rain upon him kisses sweet,
My Fido, dear, my precious pug!

[Boston Courier.

SHE DIDN'T CONSULT THE MARKET REPORTS.

"Do you ever consult the market reports, Mrs. Steakpounder?" Smith asked, addressing the boarding missus.

"No, sir; I do not."

"I thought so."

"For what reason?"

"Well, you see, if you consulted the market reports you would purchase your supplies when the market was most favorable and I see that you don't."

"How do you know that I don't?"

"I will tell you. Butter is sometimes quoted weak; you do not buy it then."

"I don't?"

"No. You always buy butter when it is strong."—[Boston Courier.

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NOT THE SAME KIND.

"Well, John, how are you prospering?"

"Splendidly, Tom; I've got up among

the big bugs and mix among 'em every day. How are you getting along?"

"Poorly, poorly, John. I've got down among the big bugs now and have a dreadful time with 'em every night.

[Boston Courier.

A MOTHER'S WARNING.

"Where are you going to Johnnie?"

"Only over here a little ways."

"You ain't going near the water?"

"Nome."

"See that you don't then. If you do I'll

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tell your father."

"Yes'm."
"And if you go into the water and come
here to me drowned, I'll spank you till you
can't stand."

"Yes'm."
"Now mind."
"Yes'm."

And thus it is all through vacation.
[Boston Courier.]

SO FAR AND NO FARTHER.

A gruff, ugly tempered man was having
his shoes shined by a boy on the street, and
after a stormy time the boy reported the
job as complete.

"Got 'em done, eh?" said the man.
"Yes, sir."
"How much?"
"Ten cents, sir."

"Ten cents? Well, it's enough. I'll bet
a dollar you've got 'em shined half way up
to my knees," and he handed over the cash,
which the boy took, remarking as he got out
of the way:

"What yer givin' us? There ain't nothin'
about you that'd take any polish 'cept your
shoes, and you have to git that from a boot-
black."—[Merchant Traveller]

THE DOG ALL RIGHT.

As a letter carrier started to enter a yard
on Mullett street yesterday, a dog rushed at
him and drove him out, and as he limped
into a shoemaker shop on the corner he was
asked by the owner:

"Vhell, did you meet my new dog?"
"You bet!"

"Und didt he bite you?"

"Snapped me here in the leg like a steel
trap."

"Ah! He vhas recommended to me ash
a dog who would bite, but I doan know if
der man lied to me or not. Vhell, vhell!
So he does bite, eh? Dot satisfies me, und
I doan' worry some more."

[Detroit Free Press.]

LYING TO A BURGLAR.

"Hear about that attempted burglary last
night?" he asked as they met on the rear
platform of a car.

"What! Another?"

"Yes; they tried to get in Alderman
—'s house last night."

"D.d, eh?"

"Yes, and he drove 'em off."

"Shoot at 'em?"

"Oh, no. He just raised the window
and told 'em it was ten days too early."

"Too early for what?"

"To get his electric light boodle. It was
a mean trick, too, lying to the burglar that
way."—[Detroit Free Press.]

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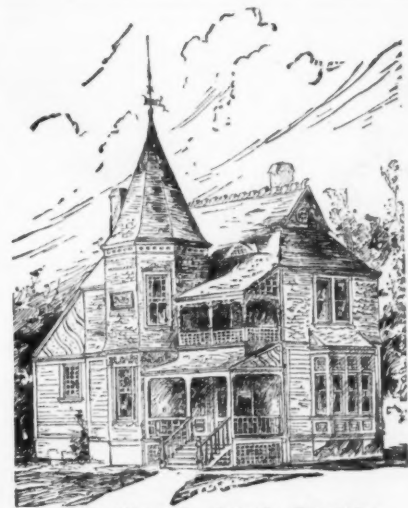
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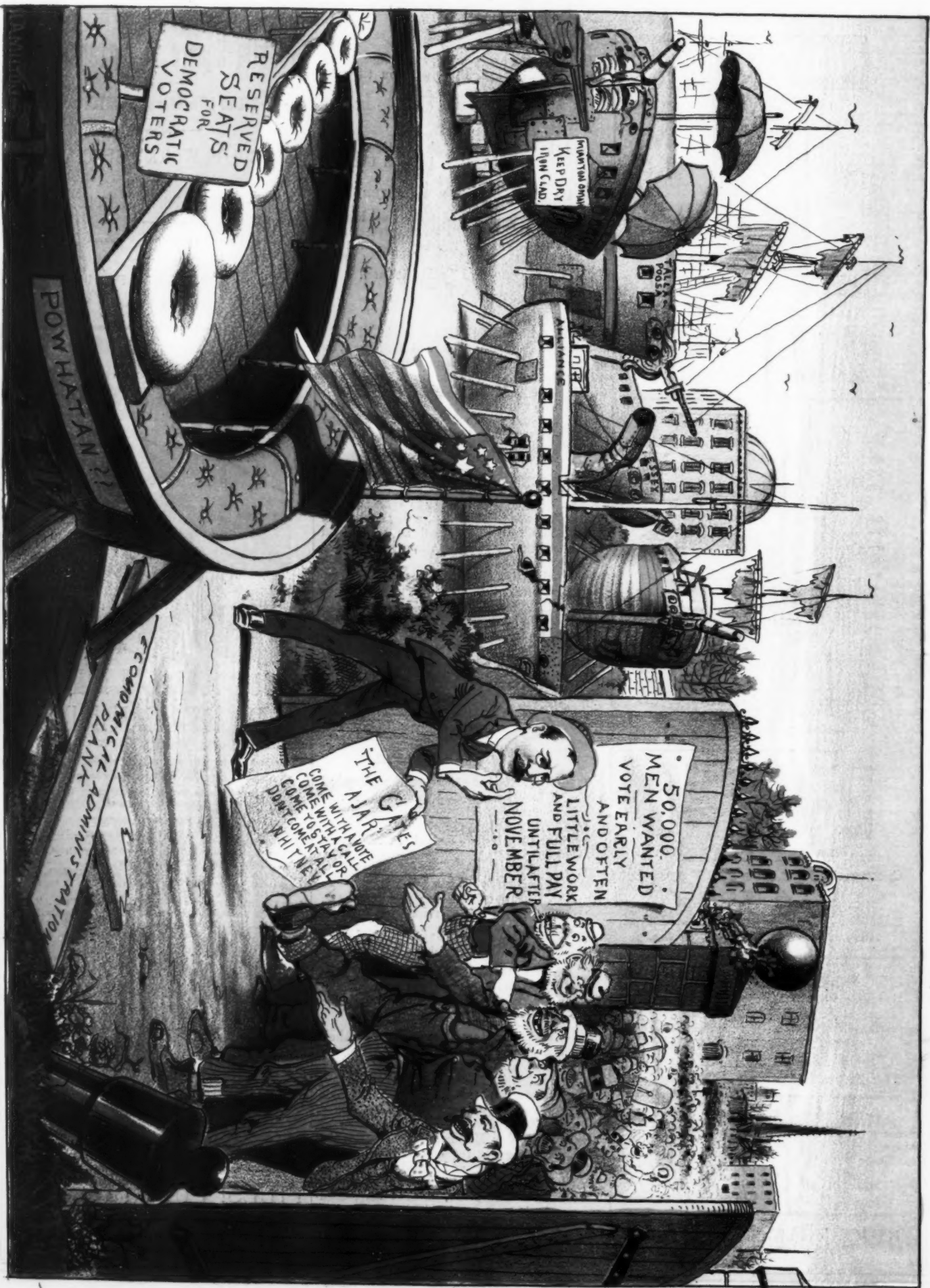
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