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THE MOST EXTENSIVELY PATRONIZED LIFE INSURANCE
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Its Business shows the Greatest Comparative Gain made by any Company during the past
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A gain in assets of	\$7,275,301.68
A gain in income of	3,096,010.06
A gain in new premiums of	2,333,406.00
A gain in surplus of	1,645,622.11
A gain in new business of	33,756,792.85
A gain of risks in force	54,496,251.85

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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The wonderful growth of the Company is due in a large degree to the freedom from restriction and irksome conditions in the contract and to the opportunities for investment which are offered in addition to indemnity in case of death.

The Mutual Life was the first to practically undertake the simplification of the insurance contract and strip it of a verbiage in the mazes of which could be found innumerable refuges against claims of policy-holders who had, however unwittingly, departed from the strict letter of the agreement. That this appealed powerfully to the popular taste is evident from the fact that in 1888 the company wrote over \$103,000,000 of new insurance.

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Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER,

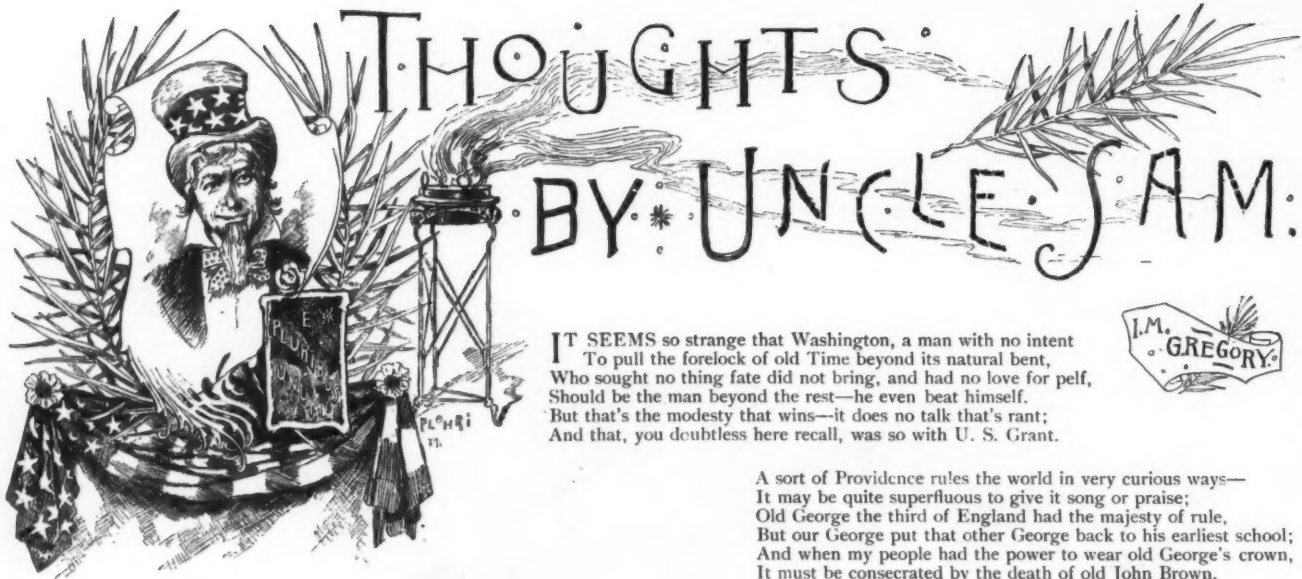
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A BIG BOYS WELCOME.

Why, George, dear boy! well 'pon my word
I'm very glad to greet you.
Yes, things *have* changed since you were here,
We've millions now to meet you.

In seventeen eighty-nine, you know
'Twas just thirteen,—not over:
We've now increased to forty two
And every State in clover!



IT SEEMS so strange that Washington, a man with no intent
To pull the forelock of old Time beyond its natural bent,
Who sought no thing fate did not bring, and had no love for pelf,
Should be the man beyond the rest—he even beat himself.
But that's the modesty that wins—it does not talk that's rant;
And that, you doubtless here recall, was so with U. S. Grant.

A sort of Providence rules the world in very curious ways—
It may be quite superfluous to give it song or praise;
Old George the third of England had the majesty of rule,
But our George put that other George back to his earliest school;
And when my people had the power to wear old George's crown,
It must be consecrated by the death of old John Brown.

I think with pride, but sorrow, of the deuce that's been to pay
Since those bogus Indians drowned that tea in Massachusetts bay;
Of the fight begun in Kansas and which died when Richmond fell,
The tigers of the boys in blue and that far-off rebel yell;
But I have pride, and speak right out, for the boys that injured me
When they got up their rebellion and went out with Robert Lee.

I'm a man, myself, who thinks it no discredit to speak free,
But if I can't win I must give in, however sad it be;
And England taught us that to do, and set the precept square,
That to submit to conquerors is nothing more than fair;
And all these states will lift the glass—their prohibitionists can—
To the memory of that Irishman called Philip Sheridan.

Time goes right on, and always is that same old lesson taught
That not so much our wishes as the Providence is wrought;
The wealth that came from Nazareth comes from the cabin door—
The modest, patient, fearing man gives wealth to men galore;
The man who wins the right to win is not the man of sham,
And chief of all will always be the father Abraham.

I wish for no unpleasantness—I part my lips to smile,
Instead of winking with one eye and a countenance of guile,
To think our Indians whipped Burgoyne, and how Cornwallis smote
The fate that brought the rope around Britannia's ample throat;
I bear no thought of evil to the outside world, and yet
I want to shed one simple tear right here for Lafayette.

And now, to think! a hundred years since George and I began
To make things square in civil life and proper man for man—
Think how the stars have multiplied and spread from sea to sea—
Of labor fed, rebellion dead, the black man fat and free!
What of the hundred years that here and now have just begun?
I think I want the continent—what say, Ben Harrison?

PARADOX—He is the richest man on May-day who has the least property.

IT IS THOUGHT by some that the Grant monument will be completed in a hundred years, as George's was.

THE EAGLE is the bird of the golden egg, but in George's day she hadn't come to her little hatch yet.

NEWSPAPER MEN are the best men for office; but they are the poorest men when they have office to give news and opinion to their newspapers.

PROVERB—Even the McAllister will turn.

GEORGE'S HATCHET was very large, or the cherry-tree was extremely small.

JAY GOULD is dancing around those poles as if every day were an English May-day.

THE PEN of M. Halstead is loaded to the muzzle, and its owner had better not be in the rear of it when it goes off.

THIS IS a nation of patriots. There is not a man living who isn't willing to take any office in the gift of the people and to keep it until he wears it out.

IT WAS very kind in the confederate states to inaugurate their rebellion in time to have it settled and leave a clean deck for the various centennials.



THE ANNEXED DISTRICT PARADE.

IMPERSONATOR OF GENERAL WASHINGTON—"Oi may be th' father of me counthry an' a law-lovin' man, but be th' powers! av Oi catch th' thafe av a Britisher thot pit a brick in thot bookay Oi'll hov th' blood av him!"

BUT FOR the mother of Washington this country would have been an orphan.

IT IS WELL not to cross a stream till you get to it, but D. B. Hill thinks he has already commenced to run for president in 1892.

THIRTEEN in the case of the colonies was a very lucky number, and it has grown and accumulated with amazing success.

WHEN WOMEN vote not a woman will be permitted to hold office. The sex knows the sex so well that it always prefers the other.

IN 1989 there will be a Panama and a Nicaragua canal, and so many bridges over the East and North rivers that the fish will come out on the abutments to dry and change their clothes.



LOTS OF GAUL.

MISS OGLETHORPE—"Pardch me, Mr. Hagglewroth, but you seem a trifle *distrail*."
 MR. HAGGLEWROTH (*uncomfortably*)—"I was just looking in my 'World's compendium of etiquette' to see what to reppytee when you overhear a lady call you a 'parvynoo.'"

T. JEFFERSON said we ought to have the continent as a means to ordinary and common-sense protection. T. Jefferson was the principal papa of the Democratic party, but he had the utmost respect for home resources.

NEVER MIND, Murat. You can represent the state of Ohio at your office in Cincinnati, and that's gory and glory enough for one man.

YOUNG BENNETT had a great beat of the other London dailies with his London *Herald* the other day; so that the question regarding the Sunday newspaper is more important and agitating in London than it was a couple of weeks ago.

GROVER is doing a great deal of quiet thinking, but it is to be observed that D. B. H. is sending his henchmen out for their health and things. But, while David will beat Grover in the various caucuses, there is no doubt that Grover will beat David in the general election.

THIS REPUBLIC was born in '76, and fully established itself between the years '61 and '65. It will take at least a century to bring about another irrepressible conflict, and that will settle itself or the men who advocate the arbitration of the gun will be permitted to do the shooting themselves.

WASHINGTON was a very proud man, and though Martha understood mending he never had a patch on his breeches even when he went to the plow; at least if he did he insisted on wearing a coat with a long tail to it.

THE STORMS of the winter and spring have done such tremendous damage that people from Coney island to the gulf of Mexico are joining in the national cry "Protect the sea-coast." In fact Long Branch has already called for an appropriation.

SENATOR MORRILL is an old man, and the Albany *Journal* says he proposes to go to heaven by way of Washington. If the senator doesn't understand the celestial geography better than that he will make an awful mistake.

THE REASON.

A ROOM full of maidens together;
 And I in my bachelor's den,
 Expected they'd talk of the weather,
 The fashions, the scandals, the men.

But after a few laughing phrases
 I wondered what kept them so still;
 A room full of girls—one hour quiet,
 Surprised me quite into a chill.

Time passed; I could stand it no longer,
 I peeped through the keyhole and then

Discovered the cause of their silence—
 They were putting the pigs in the pen.

IONE L. JONES.

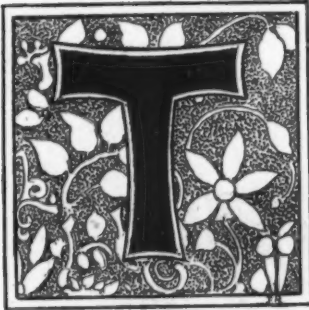
A man's best fortune is his money.



HIS OPINION.

TOMMY (*who has been brought in to call on the revolutionary centenarian*)—"Did George Washington kiss her?"
 HIS MOTHER—"Yes, dear."
 TOMMY—"Well, if he didn't lie about it he was a blamed fool."

POOR COATLESS WRETCH!



THE SOFT STRAINS of Strauss and Planquette
Vibrate on the ambient air
With fresh fragrance laden, Lizette,
And you, dear, delighted dance there.
Some fop who has seen you are fair
Has engaged for waltz, polka and set;
In his arms now your form debonnaire
He has clasped, my petite, precious pet.

You have walked by his side 'mid the flowers,
He has whispered stray phrases from plays,
And you listened as you have for hours
To my honest, heartfelt words of praise.
Back again in the figure and maze,
On your partner your smiles fall in showers;
Other men with quick jealousy gaze
As he leads you once more 'neath the bowers,

And I, who upon you would dote,
Sit at home, brooding darkly, alone;
How different from what I once wrote
Are verses like these, full of moan.
Rejoiced I to think you my own
'Til Miss X. for her ball sent a note
And I had to refuse with a groan,
As Snip would not trust a dress-coat.

L'ENVOI.

I have basked in your smiles, dear Lizette,
And to gain them much time did devote;
But I've lost them, my darling coquette,
As Snip would not trust a dress-coat.

J. O. G. DUFFY.

HUM OF THE COURT.

I HAVE the largest signature on that declaration of independence and don't you forget it.—*John Hancock.*

I WOULD like to have many lives to give to my country, and if I had it wouldn't be half as bad to lose this one.—*Nathan Hale.*

MEN HAVE looked many times for a second Washington, but the hereditary principle was totally at fault with his name and generation.

IT IS LAMENTED that George left no children; and yet as the father of his country he left a family that promises to be the largest in the world.

OUR GEORGE was rejected by more girls than any other man. The one last mentioned by historians was Sally Cary, and we suppose his still living nurse has some of his love-letters to her still in her possession.



AT THE SONS OF HIBERNIA THEATRICALS.

GEN. MARION (*Mr. Collins*)—"We've captured a British ship, sor."

GEN. WASHINGTON (*Mr. Deasey*)—"Boil th' sassanach in hot karyosane oil. Shkin him be inches an' kim in an' report."



WILLING TO COMPROMISE.

UNCLE POKELEY—"Yo' ain't got a quahter fer one ob Gawge Wash'ton's body serbents, has yo', lehdy?"

MISS SCHUYLER—"Why, uncle! you're not half old enough to have served General Washington."

UNCLE POKELEY—"Make hit a short shillin' den; dar's a deah!"

THERE WAS nothing that George Washington couldn't do; for we must remember that the pigs-in-the-clover business didn't exist in his day.

THE BARBER who pounded his head with a flat-iron reminds one of the physicians—he preferred anything rather than his own method of destruction.

B. ARNOLD was for a time a mugwump, and it was quite natural that, having to go somewhere to save his life, he should go over to the enemy.—*Larry Godkin.*

THE WALKING in this city in George's day was extremely difficult, and in George's transition from Wall street to old St. Paul's the gentleman took the oath several times before Chancellor Livingston administered the same.

THE TROUBLE with the people who celebrate is that they are not up to snuff—at least to the McAllister article of that titillating mash; but we can tell them that the McAllister, though scotched, is not subdued.

ONE HISTORIAN says the first president "blubbered like a boy" when the lady known as the highland beauty refused him; and it is certain that for a long time the young man looked upon this world as a whale of tears.

DOUBTS HAVE arisen as to the accuracy of Stanley's story of his march to Emin pasha; but there are two things against the doubts—Henry is a newspaper man, and he knows more about Africa than all of his critics together.

HISTORY RELATES the deeds of those men who killed other men for a living, the cheap yeoman being forgotten, there are so many of him; and yet, odd as it seems, the industrious man who makes the most money is to-day the larger hero.

An Ancestral Exchange.

"Lovely?" why of course she's lovely,
 All the Arsdales are when young:
 Did you ever hear her romance?
 How her gentle heart was wrung
 By great-grandpa Brandon?

She was just eighteen when Marion
 Brought his troopers 'cross the Bay.
 Peace had come to these worn warriors
 Seamed and scarred by many a fray;
 'T was no peace for grandma.

"Why," you ask?— 't was this way, listen.
 When in course of happy time
 Grandpa Brandon popped the question,
 She was trothed to General Prime:
 Brandon married mother's grandma.

J. S. G.





A LITERAL STATEMENT.

Mrs. GRENOBLE—"You don't seem to enjoy the ballet as much as you used to, Leopold?"
 MR. GRENOBLE—"No. I had all my taste for it kicked out of me long ago."

A RIVAL ATTRACTION.

Mrs. Oatcake—"Ain't ye goin' to the parade, Abner? It's most time to start."
 Uncle Abner—"You just hold on a minute, Harriet. I ain't quite done wrestlin' with these 'pigs in clover.'"

ONCE IS ENOUGH.

Algy (next morning)—"Well, Cholly, you've managed to survive the festivities."
 Cholly (feebly)—"Aw—yaas; but another would kill me."
 Algy—"Don't fret; there's no danger of your seeing the second."

IN UNION SQUARE.

Guzzleton (who has had a little too much banquet)—"Pity those two statues are s' far apart!"
 Wiggins—"Why, Harry?"
 Guzzleton—"Can'tchersee? Lafayette has his hand out to Wash'n as if he'd say 'Shake, old boy?'"



UP THE SPOUT.

Mrs. McALENAN—"Bring th' mop-shtick, Jamesey, 'till I poonch it out. Yure father wor after talkin' in his shleep lasht night, an' he gev away where he hid his lasht sayson's shpring ovycoat."

AT THE BANQUET.

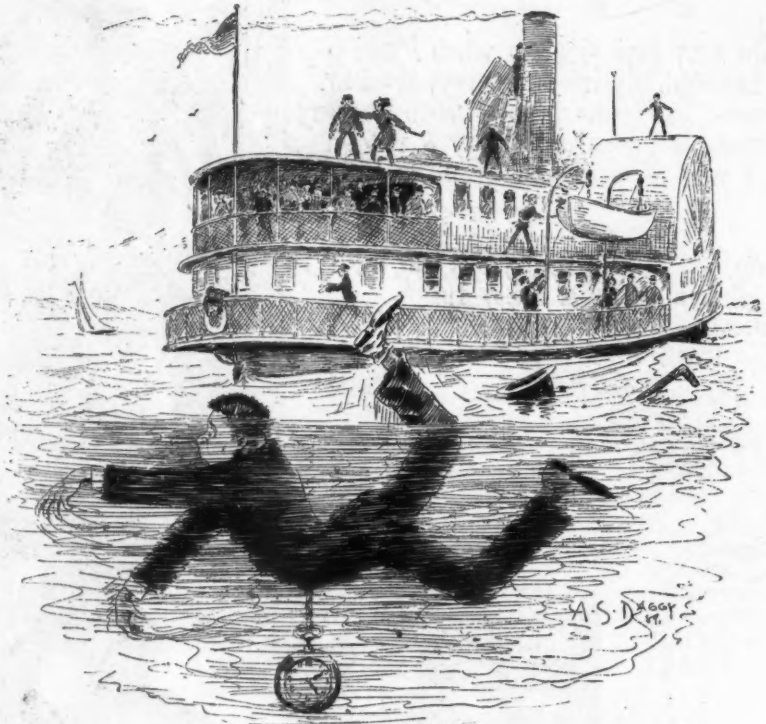
Mr. Knickerbocker—"Ah, New York is something more than American now—she is cosmopolitan!"
 Mr. Sharpe (looking at the French menu)—"So I see. Even on such a day as this you get up a bill-of-fare that half of us cannot read."

THE FRUIT OF CENTURIES.

Jawkins (viewing the centennial parade)—"How grand has been the progress of the Caucasian race from Thermopylae to Bunker hill!"
 Hogg—"Yes; we have moved somewhat. Sparta had its three hundred, but New York has its '400.'"

TIRED OUT IN ADVANCE.

Mr. Upperten—"Are you going to the ball to-night, Algy?"
 Mr. Forundred—"Aw—no. I've done so much kicking about it faw the las month that I'm weally too tired to lift a foot."



OVER-BALLASTED.

MR. STUYVESANT (as his son goes overboard)—"For heaven's sake hurry with the boat, captain! The poor boy's got his great grandfather's Bunker-hill bull's-eye watch on!"

SHE WAS MISSED.

"There's one thing I've missed so far," says Jaggs at the centennial ball.
 "What's that?" asked Snaggs.
 "The centennial fairy."
 "That's a fact. I haven't seen Susan B. myself this evening."

HIS "SUNDAY-GO-TO-MEETIN'" SUIT BARRED.

Usher (at centennial ball)—"Sorry, sir, but I cannot admit you. You are not in evening dress."
 Farmer Oatcake—"Gosh! Hev I got to git a pair o' knee-breeches like that statoo on Wall street?"

STILL BATTLING WITH THE SPIRIT.

Parrott—"As I gaze on this gorgeous pageant my spirit is carried back to the time when Washington was fighting his battles."
 Guzzleton—"Don't look back; look ahead, my boy. Washington fought the battle of Brandywine; to-night we fight the battle of champagne frappé!"

"Twixt honeymoon and honeycomb
 The difference please to tell:
 The one is many little cells,
 The other one big sell."



AT THE MARTHA WASHINGTON PARTY.

MISS CUSTIS-LEE—"My great grandfather never surrendered, Mr. Linsey."
MR. LINSEY (under his breath)—"I wish, by all that's holy, he had!"

COURT NEWS.

THE heir-apparent to the throne of Austria has not been made apparent as yet.

If Alexander of Battenburg needs money he can raise it on his wife's notes, as she is a prima donna.

Queen Victoria still eats four meals a day. It is very expensive, but that is all she has to do, except write books.

If Boulanger would decline to fight a duel with some rabid republican it would go to show that he was a fit person to occupy a throne.

A reward is offered for the return of Bismarck's temper, which he lost last fall. Sir Morrell Mackenzie is believed to know about it.

King Milan has discovered a new plot. It was a plot in a graveyard where a tomb was being built. The king is not worried over it, as a graveyard plot would not take his life.

The king of Spain delights in thumping the prime minister with his sceptre.

The English house of lords should rightly be called the house of commons. The reason is obvious.

No late advices from Africa make any mention of the king of Uganda killing anybody. It is supposed that the missionaries have converted him.

It is understood that the emperor of China selected his three wives from an orphan asylum so as to be free from mothers-in-law.

Later—They have no orphan asylums in China, so his majesty's matrimonial venture is regarded as a fool-hardy act.

THE PSALM OF STRIFE.

Lives of plumbers all remind us
We must make our bills sublime,
If we wish to leave behind us
Fortunes worthy of our time.

THE PROPHET OF THE MOMENT.

(HEARD ON THE STREET.)

March 28—Bright, warm, dusty.

Prophet No. 1—"I don't believe we're going to have any more cold weather. I've noticed for so many years that when it gets warm and dry about this date it's sure to stay so."

March 29—Cloudy, warm, dusty.

Prophet No. 2—"Well, old boy, our winter's gone, sure. Never saw any snow after it gets warm and cloudy toward April. 'Clouds above and dust below knock out snow.'"

March 30—Cloudy, cool, dusty.

Prophet No. 3—"Spring's come to stay this year. My grandfather's way up in G on the weather, and he declares that when it's dusty, cool and cloudy on the thirtieth of March, the backbone of old winter is broken."

March 31—Cloudy, cool, rainy.

Prophet No. 4—"I'm positive it won't snow another flake this year. As far back as I can remember, when it rains and is cool towards the last of March, the snow might as well take a back seat."

April 1—Two inches of snow. Bright, cold.

Prophets 1, 2, 3 and 4—"I told you so."

OSCULATION.

They say by favor kissing goes,
O maiden fair, come prove to me
That thou wilt not resort to blows
Should I thus seek to favor thee.

TOO ANCIENT.

Waiter (to diner)—
"Have some Washington pie?"

Diner—"No; give me some that was baked this year."

A racing man generally belongs to the equip-age.



DUPLICATED HISTORY.

MAMMA—"What's this distressful screaming?"
FREDDY—"I'm George Washington an' Toots is General Putnam, an' we're torturing Ben'dic' Arnold to get him to sign th' constitution of independence."



A HINT.

IT WAS at the height of the ball and she sat in a corner behind the palms and roses, hedged in and surrounded by the flower of New York's young wealth and chivalry. Better dressed girls than she and far more beautiful were wall-flowering and yearning in different parts of the great opera-house, while men elbowed and tumbled over each other to get near her. "I see nothing particularly attractive about that

young woman," remarked a guest from out-of-town. "What is the reason for the tremendous amount of attention she is receiving?" "Don't you know?" was the manager's startled query. "Why, she's the only woman in the room who failed to write Messrs. Fish and McAllister, asking to be placed in the opening quadrille."

OF INTEREST TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MOVE.

BE SURE to pay the first month's rent in advance. It will put you on good terms with the landlord, and after that you need be in no hurry to settle.

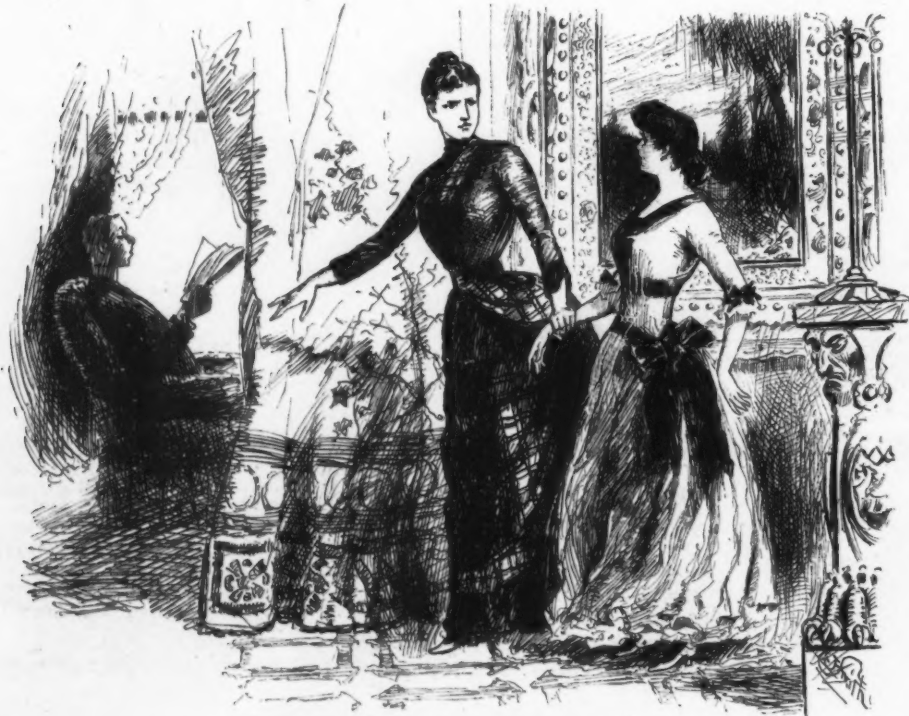
It is well to engage your truckman about ten weeks in advance, and if necessary guarantee the payment of your bill by giving a lien on your furniture.

If your landlord says that the house has all the modern improvements, you must not look for a phonograph in each room. The landlord didn't mean that.

Examine your gas-meter in moving in a new house. The previous occupant may have left his score unsettled, and the gas-man will add it on your first month's bill.

When leaving a house do not trouble yourself by taking out the nails in the walls. It may make them worse than before, and your old landlord may come down on you for damages.

Do not scold at the man moving your furniture if he should run a bed-post through a \$1,000 mirror. Drop a bureau on him as he goes down stairs and you will have your revenge.



SHALL WOMEN PROPOSE?

WIDOW COY-SMITH—"Always show a respect for your elders, Edith. I'll take the first chance at him myself, and if I don't succeed you can try."



PROGRESSING.

MRS. DE STANG (*making a college call*)—"I trust, Rupert, that you're not neglecting the social training which goes so far to make a gentleman."

HER SON—"By no means, mother. I devote two or three hours a day to Marquis of Queensbury rules."

MRS. DE STANG—"I'm so-o-o glad!"

Do not pack all your plates and knives at the bottom of the box. Remember that one of the first things you have to do in a new house is to eat.

If there is a lodge-meeting on the day you move be sure in going out at night to oil the front-door latch so it will not make a noise when you come home.

Patent sheet-iron covers for your thumbs are handy if you intend putting down your own carpets.

Have all your best pieces of furniture put on top of the wagons, so that the neighbors may have a high estimate of your wealth.

Have plenty of change in your pockets on the first of May for any beggar you may meet. You can realize how sad it is on that day to be in distress.

SIR CONSEQUENCE.

SIR CONSEQUENCE crowed a haughty crow,
And a haughty crow crowed he.
His wives ran fearfully to and fro,
Wondering whether to stay or go,
He crowed so mightily.

"My lord, oh wherefore crowest so loud?"
Quoth a meek hen, timidly.

"Oh wherefore crowest so loud and proud?
Thy voice doth bring thee a goodly crowd
To hear thy royal decree."

"Now gather ye far, and gather ye near,"
Sir Consequence doodle-doo.

"Let great and small in the barnyard all
Quickly obey my kingly call,
And hearken unto the news."

Then ev'ry chick in that broad domain
Flocked to his lusty crow:
He got as far as "Spring again,"
But further remarks were quite in vain—
He was choked with a whirl of snow.

PEARL EYTINGE.

A MAY-DAY MOVING.



ONE YEAR ago, upon the mart,
To Love I let the vacant part
Of a commodious furnished heart—
He found it so,
And dwelt therein for many a day;
But now his rent he cannot pay
And that is why, this first of May,
Young Love must go.

Besides, he is a saucy wight
Who thinks my heart his home by right.
I little dreamed how soon he might
A nuisance prove.
Each empty corridor and hall
Thrills and re-echoes to his call,
I scarcely know my heart at all—
Yes, Love shall move.

He chose my haunted room "for fun,"
Through long-barred windows let the sun
And made my family spectre run
In fright away.
He turns his lodging inside out,
It's life-long silence puts to rout
And stirs the dust of years about—
Love cannot stay.

He's forced me to the last resort,
Yet does not think his notice short—
Love has no luggage to transport,
No, not a bit,
Save arrows, quiver and a bow;
His wings he carries where they grow;
There are no clothes to pack, you know,
'Ere Love shall quit.

And now regrets are all in vain.
Yet, half relenting, I would fain
Bid my ex-tenant stay to drain
A stirrup-cup—
If but to show we part in peace,
That both would have our contract cease
Since, powerless to renew his lease,
Love's year is up.

Once more my heart is free from care
And swept and garnished, clean and bare,
With many an empty room to spare,
And all my own.
Ah, me! that joyous voice shall fill
Its walls no more, and all is still;
The dwelling is but dark and chill
Whence Love has flown!

PHILIP ARNOLD.



NOT ENTIRELY VALUELESS.

PIERCE (who has gone overboard and can't swim)—"I knew it would be of some use to me at lawst!"

A STRIKE OF THE NURSES.

One of the managers—"I'm having fearful luck getting that nurse of George Washington to come to New York."
Another of the managers—"What does she say?"
One of the managers—"She wants ten dollars a day while she's here."
Another of the managers—"Well, ten dollars isn't much."
One of the managers—"No, not for one, but there are fourteen of her."

THE BIGGEST MAN.

School-teacher—"Who is called the father of his country?"
Scholars—"George Washington."
School-teacher—"And who can tell me who occupies his place to-day?"
Scholar—"I know, teacher."
School-teacher—"You may tell the school, Master Bigby."
Scholar—"Ward McAllister."



BADLY SOLD.

OFFICER—"What yer doin'? Exercisin'?"
MR. BURNAP (of Canajoharie)—"Nope. A feller said this wall was a-goin' ter fall, an' asked me ter help him hold it up. He's jest took my valise 'round th' corner so's it won't git crushed if she comes down."

A DICTIONARY FOR ONE.

"What's the show, mister?" asked a Delaware county farmer, viewing the parade.
"Centennial of the inauguration of Washington," replied a resident.
"Centennial, eh? Say, mister, how long ago did it take place?"

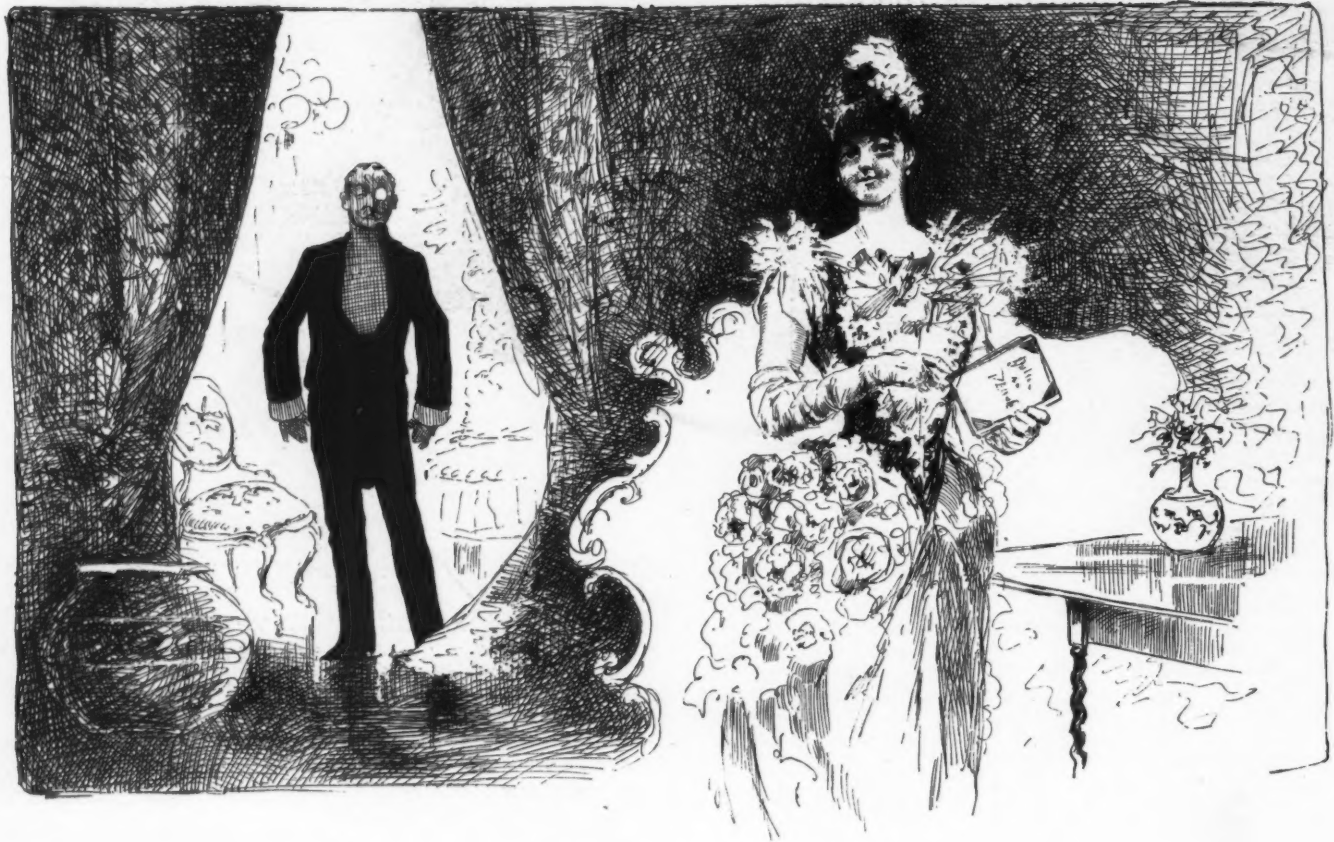
"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

Parrott (gazing at the Wall street statue)—"How calm, how noble are the features of Washington!"
Crabley (of Yonkers)—"Why shouldn't they be? In his day no man ever had to skeddadle like a wild Zulu to catch a train for any centennial show."



CONTAGIOUS RASCALITY.

GEN. WASHINGTON—"What has my lieutenant got?"
GEN. WAYNE—"Five aces, sire."
GEN. WASHINGTON—"S'death! I opined that your messing in the same tent with General Arnold would in time contaminate you! General Schuyler, call the guard!"



TAKEN IN ALL AROUND.

MR. BRECHER—"You'll pardon me for forgetting to bring the tickets and for my neglect in not ordering the carriage in time. By the way, I couldn't secure supper checks. Shall I take you in now?"

MISS HEATHCOTE (*sweetly*)—"Not any more until I recover a little, please."

GOSSIP REGARDING THE WASHINGTON INAUGURAL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

JEREMIAH SKAGGS has sent a horn to the committee upon which his grandfather blew when Washington passed through Trenton. The horn is historical, as General Washington requested it to be removed, together with Skaggs's grandsire, out of his hearing.

The committee in declining worthless contributions say that they are not worth a continental.

Forty-seven body servants of Washington have been secured, all of them in their prime of life.

It is no use for inventors to send new-fangled dynamite guns for the exhibition. They are undoubtedly anachronisms.

Silver spoons from which Washington is said to have eaten must wear the marks of his teeth to prove that they are genuine.

The Astors have declined to send their fortune to aid in the display, although their ancestor made most of it a hundred years ago.

The swords which General Washington carried are in the hands of a blacksmith, who is hacking them in order to show the people what a fighter the general was.

As no two portraits of Washington look alike, it has been wisely decided that only two-cent stamps, bearing his profile, will be exhibited. These will then be sold for fifty cents each.

Oldest inhabitants are requested to send their addresses to the com-

mittee, but not to apply in person. It is believed that the names are to be secured, so that the oldest inhabitants can be kept from buying ball-tickets.

Ice from the Delaware river will be used to freeze the ice-cream for the great ball, which will be served in the shape of medallions, bearing the historic picture.

A belt which General Washington gave to a British soldier at Bunker hill will not be exhibited, as the soldier expired from its effects.

It is universally regretted that Washington cannot be present at the celebration.

New York policemen will not be attired in continental uniform on that day. The police object.

A phonograph will grind out Washington's farewell address on the day of the celebration at the rate of twenty-five cents per farewell.

The committee beg leave to state that they have plenty of centennial poems. All MSS. received without stamps will be destroyed.

Gentlemen wearing wigs will be furnished with ball-tickets free of cost if they will consent to exchange their ordinary wigs for powdered perukes.

Arrangements have been made with the signal-service bureau so that only thirteen stars will be seen in the heavens on the night of April 30th. This is in memory of the thirteen original states.



AT OUR WASHINGTONIAN TABLEAUX.

LITTLE HENRY—"I don't believe this show is goin' to go."

LITTLE EDITH—"Why not?"

LITTLE HENRY—"I just heard George Washington tell General Gates he didn't have a cigar, and I saw two sticking out of his vest pocket."

His youth has never ceased,
Him joy has never missed,
Who could always kiss the girls he pleased
And please the girls he kissed.

THE WIDOWER'S DILEMMA.



NOW, parson, you uv got a view o' things that I can't see. You know that I am rayther shy; an' yit who'd credit me With bashfulness, w'en I confess I've had three wives—a fact That orter mean a man is keen, an' shows his nerve an' tact! An' yit, sir, that jes' makes it pat that I'm a timid man; Ef women chuse, who kin refuse? W'en-ever I would plan Fer single life, I'd git a wife! No two war quite the same, An' each o' three jes' married me! Humph! how wuz I to blame? Now, parson, you may have a clew t' w'at I want to know: You married me to all the three; an' w'en they had t' go You preached about how real devout they wuz, etsetery. You'll never know jes' 'zackly how your sermons 'fected me!

Mary, my first, I never durst gainsay er contradic'; She wuz right kind, an' yit her mind ud git right thar an' stick. An' Nancy Jane, though in the main a likely, lovin' wife, Ud now an' then, jest like a hen, scratch whar 'twould dig up strife! Susan, my last, wuz a contrast. She never ud split hairs, W'ile Mary wuz inclined t' buzz 'bout other folks' affairs; An' Nancy Jane her p'int ud gain, no matter who wuz right; Susan wuz mild ez any child, and never'd wreak her spite. An' yit a tramp er any scamp that peddled nicks an' nacks Cud steal her blind, er market find fer silk er carpet-tacks! In church they all war dutiful, ez you o' all men know; An' w'en they died you surely tried t' prove they'd hev a show In heaven, whar they bolt an' bar all sinful people out— This, parson, now, ef you'll allow, I want t' talk about. I wouldn't vex one o' the sex; an' I ud jes' despise A man who'd break a vow er make a row in paradise. W'at do you think? I'll never slink, an' want t' keep in grace; But ef they're thar, I'd better far jes' steer fer 'tother place.

J. A. WALDRON.

AS GOOD AS A FAMILY TREE.

Mrs. Pancake (proudly, to the circle of boarders)—“Yes, indeed; though our family is now in reduced circumstances, I have some old documents to prove that we came over in the *Mayflower*.”

Jack Borrowit (who has paid in advance)—“Pray don't take the trouble to produce them, Mrs. Pancake. Your fondness for baked beans and boiled dinners is sufficient proof of your ancestry.”

SHE WANTED PARTICULARS.

Bobby—“Grandma, did you know that Explorer Stanley was safe?”

Grandma—“No, Bobby; when did that happen?”



AVERSE TO NOTORIETY.

PORTER—“Dar's yo' berth in suction fohteen, sah.”

MR. HOLDOFF—“'Tis, is it? Well, I'm goin' in th' smoker an' camp out. I don't sleep in no Barnum's circus car.”

“STRANGERS ARE NOT WELCOME.”

She—“I do wish, Henry, that you'd take me some Sunday to hear Dr. Goldenmouth.”

He—“Why not read his sermons in Monday's papers? Even a Fifth avenue sexton can't prevent your doing that.”



TOWARD THE END OF THE FESTIVITIES.

VOICE FROM THE VEHICLE—“Shay, boss!”

THE OFFICER—“What is it?”

VOICE—“Where yer takin' me?”

THE OFFICER—“To the station-house.”

VOICE—“Zash all right, ole man. 'Fraid I'd gotter go back t' Valley (hic) Forge. Z' terrible cold winter down zhere.” (Sleeps.)

MR. SQUAWKER PAID HIM DOUBLE.

Dr. Pille—“Your trouble, madam, is indigestion. You don't take enough exercise, I'm afraid.”

Mrs. Squawker—“Why, doctor, every day directly I've finished dinner I go to the piano and sing half an hour.”

Dr. Pille—“Ahem! I would prescribe, madam, a little pepsin and—silence.”

THE RULING PASHION.

“Doctor,” said the sick lady, feebly, “how long will it be before I can leave the house?”

“I'm afraid, madam,” he replied, “that you cannot safely do so until warm weather.”

“Dear me!” she sighed. “And so that lovely new sealskin of mine might just as well have been in the store all winter.”

Live within my income?
Very much I doubt it;
What I'd like to know is
How to live without it.



SACRETT & WILHELM'S LITH. CO. N.Y.

WASHINGTON HARRISON CROSS.
The Administration boat is going to have a night



ON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.
to have a mighty hard time before it gets across.

ONE OF THE "JUDGES" WAR PAPERS.

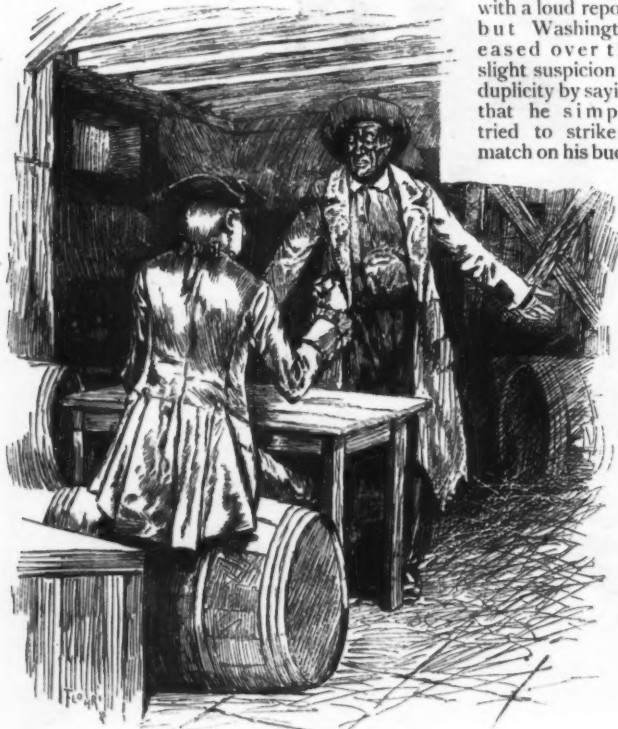


IT was a night of wild enthusiasm in the American camp at Yorktown, and such revelry as could be invoked by an attenuated quality of Virginia apple-jack reigned supreme. Early that morning, while General Washington was sitting at the flap of his tent, darning a hole in one of his stockings, a courier had come in from Lord Cornwallis bearing a letter. Washington had glanced at it, handed it back again with the request that it be type-written and marked "Dictated," and later in the day had received it in its perfected form, and issued it as a basis for general orders. The letter read as follows:

YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA, ashamed of the date.
 "General George Washington, Commander-in-chief of American Bashi-Bazooks:
 HONORED SIR—When in the course of human events—or rather, give me liberty or give me—general, you will excuse a couple of small breaks of this kind, my mind having been somewhat occupied by matters purely American for the past few weeks, but what I want to get at is that I am very anxious to surrender everything I've got in the world for the benefit of my cred—; that is, for the good of my gallant army, provided I can arrange to do so quietly, and without the news getting to England, where it would ruin my family socially. To this end I beg of you to meet me with such of your staff as you have influence enough over to prevent them from taking any sly kick out of me when you are not looking, and have a chat on the subject. You know where McGillister's mill is? I'll be there to-night at 10 o'clock, disguised as a negro camp-follower, and shall hope to see you. I think this thing can be settled amicably and without unnecessary publicity. Believe me, my dear general, your friend who knows when he's razzle-dazzled.
 (Signed) CORNWALLIS."

Washington, with the gentle tact that was always an attribute of his, had the letter enlarged by photography and hung as a banner between two flag-poles, and during the day and evening the army surged under it with yells of "No, no, no years more," and "Corny's in th' cold, cold ground," while sallyvos of artillery and music by the band added their charms to the occasion. Promptly at 10 o'clock that night Washington got into a dress-suit, called a cab, and repaired to the old mill. With the exception of a hair-trigger, seven-shot Colt's revolver, fully charged, he was alone, as he was never the man to hurt anybody's feelings by an ostentatious show of numbers, and besides this he was a trifle ashamed of the uniforms of his lieutenants, his adjutant having appeared at guard-mounting that very morning in his shirt-sleeves, owing to a cannon-ball hole through his coat.

Reaching the rendezvous, Cornwallis met him at the door, and clapping him familiarly on the shoulder caused one chamber of the revolver to be discharged with a loud report, but Washington eased over the slight suspicion of duplicity by saying that he simply tried to strike a match on his buck-



"Washington juggled the box a moment."

skin breeches, and that they always acted that way in damp weather. Waving his guest to a seat on an empty barrel, Cornwallis opened the conversation by asking Washington if he had a flask about him. Assured that he had, and taking so long a pull that the father of his country had to be impolite for once and knock his arm down, the British general remarked, "I want to assure you, sir, to begin with, that it is emphatically hot enough for me, without you asking the question. In the second place, here's my sword. You will notice that I have taken the diamonds and rubies out of the hilt as heirlooms for my children, but the rest of the weapon is all there, and ought to satisfy you. In the third place, I've got a proposition to make. You know, George, during this little fracas of ours I've been away from home, while you've been right among your own kith and kin. Now, I've been writing letters to my friends in England telling them that everything was going well, that I had you cornered for keeps, and that any demonstration of public approval on my return would be received with becoming humility and appreciation. As a fortune of war you have reversed the situation, and if it gets out there'll be lower-berth future state to pay. As a weak and humiliated man appealing to a strong and powerful one I want you to accord me a privilege."

"What is it?" asked Washington as he fired another cartridge to be sure that his gun was in working order.

"I want you to shake me poker-dice to determine whether we have a dress-parade surrender, with flag civilities, etc., or let matters go as they are. If you beat me I'll have the whole army, rank, file and dragoon, presented to you to-morrow at 3 p.m., and slip off to Canada to let time poultice my reputation. If I beat you, you will issue an order granting an honorable parole to my whole outfit without any degrading ceremonies. How does it strike you?"

"Got any dice about you?" observed Washington.

"Certainly," and the lord produced the cubes with the remark that ever since he paid a visit to Portland, Me., he always went armed.

"Shake!" commanded Washington, haughtily.

Cornwallis did so, and announced "Five sevens on the first throw." Washington juggled the box a moment and spilled out an ace, two, four, five and six, and before his opponent could catch his breath for an exultant yell, hissed through his teeth, "Two out of three, you caitiff!" and shook again. This time he used his own dice, dexterously twitched from the folds of his ruffled shirt-bosom, and shook four eights and big casino. Cornwallis got a bob-tail straight with a twelve-spot high, and on the next trial failed by one in tying his adversary on fourteen aces.

"I'll give in," he said, "but you'll admit, general, that there's something wrong with the dice."

There's something wrong with Cornwallis also," said Washington, quietly, as he took another explosion out of his pistol, "and I'll trouble you to meet me on the plains of Yorktown to-morrow with what assets you have in the way of an army. I'll be sure to be there and reporters shall not be excluded. Get that burnt cork off your face, and have another sword handy, as I want the thing done up in style. Good-night. It looks like rain, doesn't it?" and the immortal George disappeared in the gloom.

Cornwallis simply groaned, and staggered off in the direction of the British camp, with the hoarse exclamation, "Coppered by a fakir."

Benson J. Lossing does not mention this incident in our country's history, probably because the drift of the narrative is un-Washingtonian, but the writer feels that the large contingent of our citizens who are sitting up nights trying to learn the mystery of poker-dice ought to know how the cubes were manipulated by these two chieftains of the Virginia campaign.



"Darning a hole in one of his stockings."

Zola is to ride on a fast locomotive during one of its long trips for the sake of introducing the experience in a new novel. This is a form of fast life less objectionable in print than that so unreservedly portrayed in "Nana."—*Chicago Herald.*

DOT BARBER.

I vas der shlow, der beaudifull shlow,
Oh, you vas a lazy knave;
Annodder vhiscker shure vill grow,
Before you dis one can shave.

—*National Weekly.*

The writer of the sentiment, "The diamond is the hardest substance known," probably never compared it with the heart of the pawnbroker who will advance but five per cent. of its value.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

A LETTER FROM DR. HANS VON BULOW.

The Knabe Pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present concert tour in the United States by my impresario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

Dr. HANS VON BULOW.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1889.
To Messrs. William Knabe & Co.

The Albany *Journal* offers a prize of \$50 for the best sample of a love-letter written by either sex. Pretty good, that, for an old bald-head who has had three wives skip out and leave him to run the children.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Mrs. Cleveland has been received with open arms by New York society. A good many young men throughout the country envy New York society the chance.—*Ex.*

All danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of the genuine Angostura Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

The coal-man he whistled a melody gay,
And he fixed up the scales in a fanciful way,
And he nodded and smiled while he caroled this way:
"As we journey through life let us live by the weigh."
—*Troy Press.*



"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS.**"

"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-deströying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

PACKER'S Tar Soap

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. **25 cents.** Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., New York.
Sample (half cake), 10c. stamps, if JUDGE is mentioned.

KNOX.

Great American Hatter.

WORLD RENOWNED HATS.

Absolutely Perfect.

RETAIL STORES:—212 Broadway, corner Fulton St.; 104 Fifth Ave., under Fifth Avenue Hotel; 240 Fulton St., Brooklyn, and 101 and 103 State Street, Chicago.
Agents for the sale of these high-class hats can be found in every city in the United States.

There is one thing a women can't do. When her husband gives her a letter to mail she can't place it in her inside coat pocket and forget it for six weeks. Come to think about it, a man never gives his wife a letter to mail. And besides, if a women had forty-seven pockets in her garments, she would rummage through them all at least once every twenty hours.—*Norristown Herald.*

"EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

The Interesting Views of the Late Dr. J. G. Holland.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in *Scribner's Monthly*. He says: "Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that derided them because public attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures.

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grandmother, outside of the code, it will be pronounced by the medical profession an ulcer of little importance. But if treated under the code, causing sleepless nights for a month, with the scientific treatment, viz., plasters, washes, dosing with morphine, arsenic and other vile substances, given to prevent blood poisoning or deaden pain, and yet the ulcer becomes malignant, and amputation is made necessary at last, to save life, yet all done according to the "isms" of the medical code, this is much more gratifying to the medical profession, and adds more dignity to that distinguished order than to be cured by the dear old grandmother's remedy.

One of the most perplexing things of the day is the popularity of certain remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, which we find for sale everywhere. The physician of the highest standing is ready to concede its merits and sustain the theories the proprietors have made—that is, that it benefits in most of the ailments of the human system because it assists in putting the kidneys in proper condition, thereby aiding in throwing off the impurities of the blood, while others with less honesty and experience deride, and are willing to see their patient die scientifically, and according to the code, rather than have him cured by this great remedy.

The discoverer comes boldly before the people with its merits, and proclaims them from door to door, and is, in our opinion, much more honorable than the physician who, perchance, may secure a patient from some catastrophe, and is permitted to set a bone of an arm, or a finger, which he does with great dignity, yet very soon after takes the liberty to climb the editor's back stairs at 2 o'clock in the morning to have it announced in the morning paper that "Dr. So-and-so was in attendance," thus securing for his benefit a beautiful and free advertisement.

We shall leave it to our readers to say which is the wiser and more honorable.

Miss Britely—"Do you like pork chops for breakfast, Mr. Nevergo?"

Mr. Nevergo—"Pork chops? Oh, ah, yes; much indeed."

Miss Britely—"If you'll excuse me a moment I'll tell mamma to get some. I think I hear her starting to market."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Mr. Lowcut—"Ethel, goodness gracious! are you going in that waist?"

Mrs. Lowcut—"Certainly. Which of these flowers do you think most suitable for a corsage bouquet?"

Mr. Lowcut—"Wear the blush roses, for heaven's sake!"—*American Hebrew.*

The Soden Mineral Pastilles and Mineral Waters, introduced only lately in the United States, have met with a very rapid success and are now recommended by many of our leading physicians for their curative power. Their merit consists in the fact that they are no patent medicine, but the pure products of the Soden Mineral Springs in Germany, where they are so well known that they are to be found in almost every household.



GREAT VINTAGE OF 1884.

Pronounced by Connoisseurs the Champagne par excellence and the finest in years.

Purveyors to the Courts of Germany, England, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and Holland, and also to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

P. A. MUMM,

FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN,

Rhine and Moselle Wines.

Part Owner of the Johannisberg.

J. CALVET & CO.,

Clarets and Burgundies.

Holders of large and carefully selected stock of Red and White Bordeaux and Burgundy Wines in bulk and cases.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York,

Sole Agents in the United States and Canada

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER
PIANOS

Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists, Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1103 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.

1,438 RESPONSES ALREADY!

WE ask every reader of the JUDGE to send 10c. for a **SUSACUAC SPOOL-HOLDER**, as it is an indispensable convenience to everybody. **THE BOOK ANTIQUARY**, Easton, Pa.

The Kodak Camera.

No one should attend the Centennial celebration without having provided himself with one of the famous "Kodaks." This wonderful little instrument will enable the possessor to secure a complete illustrated record of every scene and incident he may wish to preserve, as well as pictures of persons of note. Such a collection of pictures would, in after years, be considered as well high priceless. The "Kodak" is admirably adapted for use upon an occasion of this sort. It is so compact and small as to be of no trouble, and the simplicity of its operation renders it possible for anybody to use it.

The operator has but to press a button. We do the rest.

One hundred pictures may be made without opening or reloading the camera. The "Kodak" is for sale by all dealers in photo. stock goods.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Union Square, New York.

Suggest to visitors to the International Exposition that they will find one of the interesting attractions of Paris a visit to their establishment,

36 bis AVENUE de L'OPERA
Where can be seen probably the largest, most valuable and comprehensive collection of Precious Stones and rich Jewelry for sale in Europe.

In addition to the advantage of so large a stock to select from, purchasers have the security of the full endorsement guarantees and privileges given by the New York House.

STEPHANY



PERFUMES.



READY FOR USE. REQUIRE ONLY HEATING.

Green Turtle.	Consomme.	Printanier.	Julienne.
Terrapin.	Oxtail.	Mutton Broth.	Mock Turtle.
Chicken.	French Bouillon.	Vegetable.	Fes.
Mulligatawny.	Tomato.	Beef (or Soup and Bouilli).	

In 1/2-Pint Glass Jars, Quart, Pint and 1/4-Pint Cans.

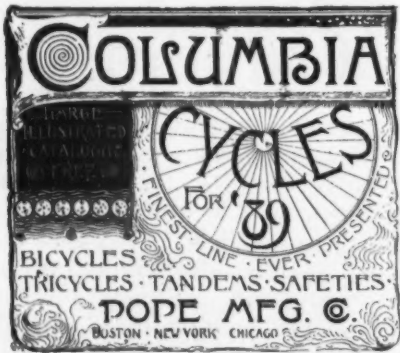
CLAM BROTH,
PUT UP IN GLASS JARS.

We ask for a trial and a comparison with any other brand on the market.

The excellent quality of these Soups has caused them to be exclusively served on the Palace, Buffet, or Parlor Cars of the Pullman, Wagner, Union, Monarch, Chicago, Alton and Intercolonial Railroad of Canada Co.

Send us 14 cents to help pay express and receive a sample can, your choice.

101 Warren Street, New York. Sold by Grocers.



INSOMNIA—SLEEPLESSNESS.

DR. B. F. HOWARD'S Hypnotic and Mind Balm is an infallible remedy for insomnia; it is purely vegetable, and aids in the cure of other diseases. Dr. Howard was a great sufferer from this terrible malady. He cured himself and can cure others. Address for particulars, enclosing stamp, Dr. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., or he can be seen at office daily.

Darlington,
Runk & Co.

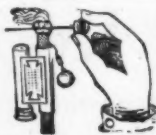
The Latest London and Paris ideas in

PARASOLS, COACHING UMBRELLAS
EN TOUT CAS,

Mountain and Seashore Umbrellas.

from the very first London manufacturer—for whom we are the sole selling agents in the United States. We have no hesitancy in asserting that this exhibit cannot be equaled in America.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia



Nonpariel Cigar Lighter.

Every Smoker wants it. Lights in wind or rain; smaller than an ordinary match box. Nickel Plated; lasts a life-time. By mail 25 cents; five for \$1.00. Stamps taken. Agents wanted. STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

★ **Benedict's Time.** ★
Diamonds and Watches

A SPECIALTY.

Importers and Manufacturers.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS

Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

"THE BENEDICT"

Is our patent Sleeve and Collar Button, strong, durable and easy to adjust. In Gold and Silver.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

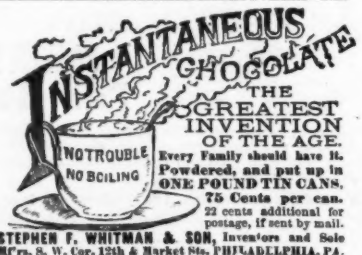
KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME.

BENEDICT BUILDING, No. 171 Broadway,

★ Cor. Cortlandt St.,

NEW YORK. ★

Established 1821.



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inventors and Sole Mfrs., S. W. Cor. 13th & Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



HE SHRIEKS!

Go it, Old Fellow, scratch, scrape, tear, swear. Grope around after that loose bristle sticking in your gum, and wonder why in the world your teeth look so black when you brush them regularly. Listen to your fair neighbor and learn a thing or two.

NO LOOSE BRISTLES.



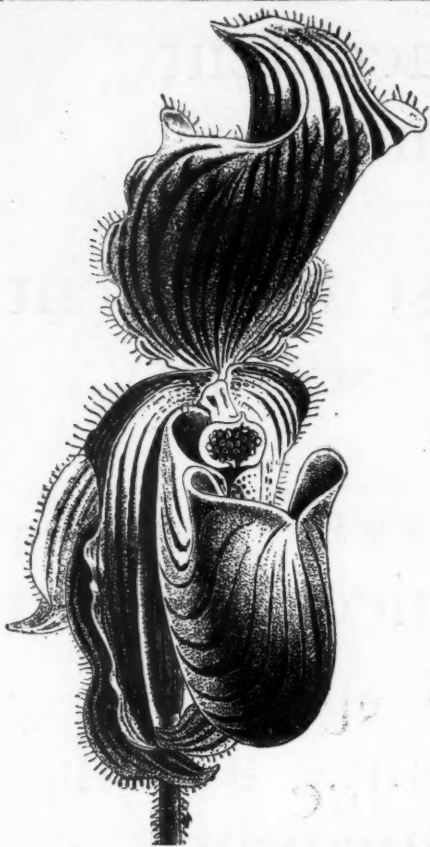
Its Economy: Holder Bone, Horn, or Celluloid, attractive and indestructible, 25 cents. Felt Polishers only need be renewed (30 boxed, 25 cents). At all Druggists, or mailed by **MORSEY MFG. CO., Utica, N. Y.**

SHE SPEAKS.

"I really don't see how I lived without the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher. It is delightfully pleasant to use and how clean and smooth my teeth feel and how they shine. How ruddy and healthy my gums look, and only think, at first it felt so strange I did not like it."



NO BLEEDING GUMS.



IF YOU HAVE A FLOWER GARDEN OR GREENHOUSE please write for our catalogue of rare and beautiful plants. It will interest you. Orchids can be grown as easily and successfully as other plants in any ordinary greenhouse. Many of the best kinds can be had at low prices, and with a small collection even, some will always be in bloom.

We can supply you with the most beautiful of all chrysanthemums, the "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy," at one dollar each, also 360 other choice varieties at low prices. Of single dahlias we have one hundred varieties. Of hardy perennial plants, for country seats, our collection is complete and comprises many beautiful kinds not to be had elsewhere.

Correspondence solicited. Address, United States Nurseries, Short Hills, N. J.

JAMES R. PITCHER,
W. ALBERT MANDA.

CYPRIPEDIUM VEXILLARIUM. We offer 400 distinct varieties of Cypripediums.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.



WON GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS

Championship of the World,

At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.

151 WORDS PER MINUTE, WITHOUT AN ERROR.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurran, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS of correct work by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, N. Y.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.

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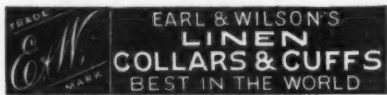
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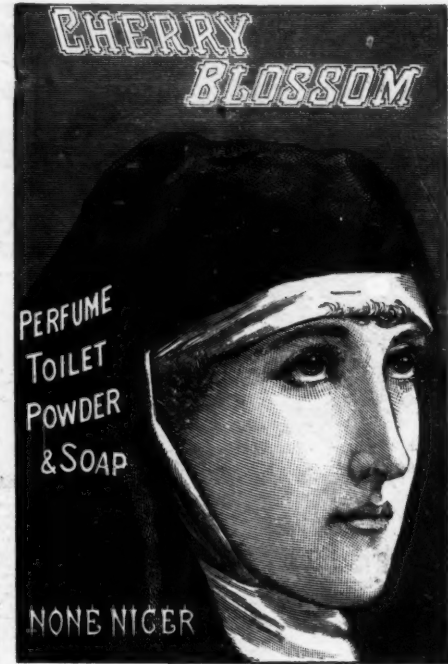
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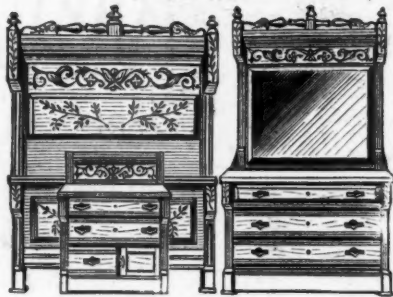
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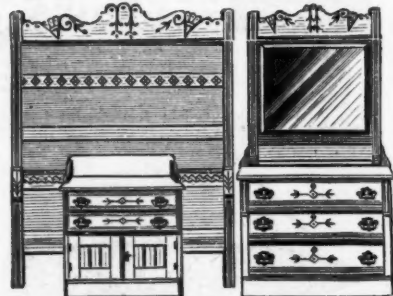
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Chamber Suits, 8 pieces, for \$18.



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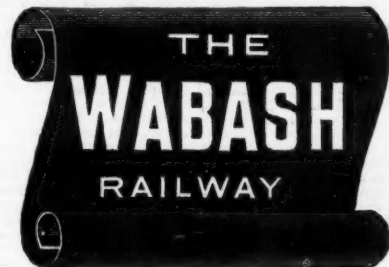
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SOME folks after buying an article, will destroy or throw away the directions without reading them. Now and again some such person will say rats won't eat ROUGH ON RATS. If asked how they used it, it will be found they sprinkled it about, or at most, mixed it with a little flour or meal. Ask a complainer if he tried ROUGH ON RATS mixed with lard, grease or butter and spread on bread, cut in pieces and laid about; or if he put it on raw or cooked meat, the leavings of fish, clams, oysters; or if he has mixed it with cheese; or if he has mixed it with eggs and meal or grease and meal, and if he covered up or removed other food rats could get at; to all of which he will probably answer no. Now it's a notorious fact, known all over the world, that ROUGH ON RATS has never been equalled as a rat, mouse, insect and vermin destroyer; and the cause of any failure is due to the stupid dullness or carelessness of the person setting it, rather than the inefficiency of the article. Occasionally an individual is found who will say the rats eat some of the ROUGH ON RATS but it don't kill them. He don't see any dead ones. If asked if he hears or sees any live ones he says no. Is it necessary that you see the dead ones? So long as you are clear of rats and mice what more do you want? If occasionally a few scattering ones are left, set ROUGH ON RATS again, using some other material to mix it with. ROUGH ON RATS is a slow but sure poison. It is not necessary that each and every rat get the dose set. If a few of them get it, it makes them so sick and miserable they will kick up such a rumpus and suffer so much that all are terrified and scared from the dreaded premises, and those that do get the dose—in their misery, work their way out of the building in search of relief and water, and die or stroll away. Thus your house is completely rid of vermin and it is not necessary that you see dead or dying rats lying about to convince you. EVERY time you set or re-set ROUGH ON RATS, use a different medium or vehicle to mix it with.

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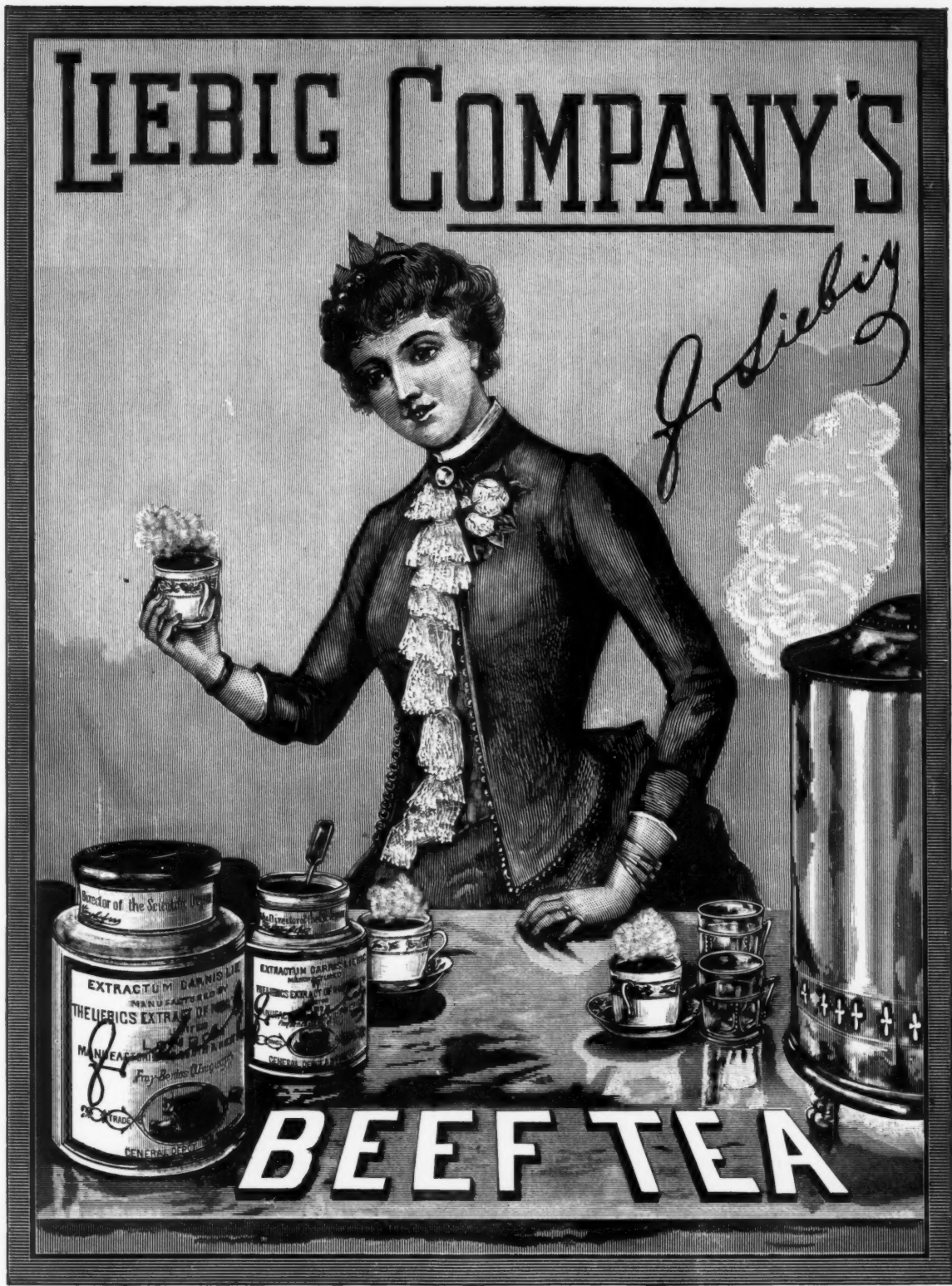
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