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AN OMINOUS OUTLOOK.
AMERICAN EAGLE—"I can Neither Fight nor Fly."



THE JUDGE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE PARTY OF THE FIRST PART

THE French satirist who said "Americans have forty religions and only one soup," should now see our large and growing category of political parties. It includes the Democratic, Republican, Greenback, David Davis, Labor, Anti-Monopoly, Mugwump, Prohibition, Female Suffrage, Ben. Butler, God-in-the-Constitution, Conkling, Anti-Masonic, John Swinton, *et cetera*.

And now there is added to the list the Cleveland party.

Perhaps the time was ripe for the launching of a new party. It is said that the only issues of the old parties were offices and men, not measures; there was nothing between the parties. Mr. Cleveland rose to the splendid conception of substituting himself for the vacuum, and of reforming the Democratic party by putting it in his pocket. It was reformation by absorption and assimilation. Public plunder was to stick to the man instead of to the party; it was to be personal agglutination in place of cohesion of the organization.

A man of less singleness of purpose might not have seen this opening—for himself. A man of less frank and charming selfishness, even if he had decided to treat the enormous patronage of the New York post-office as his just perquisite to reward his personal supporters withal, might have hesitated to declare his intentions.

From the time that the Buffalo bailiff bounced into the Washington ring with his ante-inauguration message, until the ap-

pointment of Pearson, every act has been non-partisan. If the former act was the pronouncement of egoism—like the clown's "Here we are again"—the latter was the definitive and official proclamation of the spoils policy of the new potentate. "To the Victor belong the spoils," is Democracy as construed by egoism.

To Mr. Cleveland is the distinction of having risen above party to the level of personal aggrandizement. To treat the functions and emoluments of a representative government as the personal property of the President is not strictly reform politics, but Mr. Cleveland might have done worse; he might have administered the government, as all his Democratic predecessors in office have done, for the benefit of the Democratic party. It is an improvement in so far as the party to be benefitted, the ex-sheriff of Buffalo, is better than the average of the Democratic party. The country therefore experienced relief when he frankly declared his intention to administer his high office "for the benefit of whom it may concern," and kindly left no room for doubt as to who is the "whom."

This is not the first and only original Moses of our politics; but the pure, Arcadian selfishness of his policy is unique. Other self-seekers, with broader natures and flashes of patriotism, have based their enterprises on political principles, and recognized other interests than their own. "And there," as *Uncle Remus* says, "is whar dey broke deir molasses jugs." Mr. Cleveland avoids all such mistaken concessions to the demands of party, individuals or country. His course is clear; his policy simple; his party coherent and well organized. "He is true to one party, and that is himself." He is not a Democrat, not a Republican, not a Reformer, not anything classifiable. He is a Cleveland man, first, last, and all the time.

The coming man has come. *Vive la egoist!*

"Of all our mother's children
We love ourselves the best,
And when we are provided for
The devil take the rest."

OUR FEATHERLESS BIPED.

THE plucked rooster which the Cynic produced as a definition of man—"a featherless biped"—was the ante-type of our gone-to-seed national defences. The condition of the army and navy, after the hundreds of millions spent on them, is a sarcastic comment on representative misgovernment—or would be but for the fact that other nations find their defences as expensive and deceptive things to manage as we do ours.

Our childish forefathers would feel gratified to see how free we are from "the perils to our liberties of a standing army," if they did not know what it cost us to keep the old bird's tail-feathers pulled out, its wings plucked, and its claws on a peace

basis. We have really no inducement to maintain the sham establishments in their present burlesque condition, except the gratification of knowing that we have an army of glittering generalities, and an aristocracy of navy officers at Washington, whose grandeur is the only feature of our civilization that prevents American citizens from hanging their heads when they contemplate the decorated donkeys and gorgeous flunkies of foreign courts.

Well, we have "a nucleus," anyway—two of 'em,—and if an arrogant foe dare threaten we know that the American citizen will numerously rally from his peaceful pursuits and save the neuclei and the country together. Long may the neuclei be our pride and boast.

"Why don't your pa put a fence around his lot?" asked a gamin of a rich man's son.

"What's the use? Pigs ain't allowed in the street, and everybody knows we can afford a fence if we want one."

Their Only Foe.

WHEN the brand new administration sought to distinguish itself by turning the U. S. navy over to the Pacific Mail Steamship company for the defence of the latter's Isthmus property, it probably did not take into account the real enemy the boys in blue would have to meet. Barrios is dead and the insurrection ended, but the spectre of Panama is still there. If the U. S. marines long have to do duty as railroad guards, they will find a deadlier enemy than the whole Central American population. Between miasm without and medicine within, they will find it no holiday excursion. The balls they fire into themselves, and the powders they charge themselves with, are the destructive agencies; and no hollow square can withstand the charge of the spectre legions of the Isthmus.

Financial Romancing Discounted.

THE new Secretary of the Treasury, it is announced, has issued his order banishing all works of fiction from the department. This bars out all the writing against bi-metalism and most of the financial literature extant. Among the most sensational of the romances thus rejected will be that startling work of imaginative art which has been running in eastern journals continuously since 1879, entitled:

"THE BUZZARD AND THE CALF;
OR, THE HORRORS OF HARD MONEY.
A TALE OF DAY AFTER TO-MORROW."

THEY are already talking about Mr. Cleveland's successor. We suspect Miss Cleveland is the one. She divides women and men into the two classes—"the boosters and the boosted." She must be Grover's successor. No other Mascot has appeared.

ON THE ROAD.

The Social Attentions Paid to Brown, Cusby and Lang in Toledo.—The Spell of a Great Name.

THE experiences of Messrs. Brown, Cusby and Lang in Toledo are, I think, worthy of record. Cusby and I had been in favor of stopping at the Chalkup House, but Brown had objected on the ground that a few years back he had been unable to agree with the clerk as to dating his hotel bill ahead, and so had been compellen to submit to the inconvenience of departing by the fire escape.

"You see boys," he went on, "I cannot possibly go there again for the debt is not yet outlawed, and the uncommon name of Brown will give me dead away directly it appears on the register."

"If you register some other fellow's name, you will have no trouble," I suggested. "Why not write yourself down, George Washington Childs, of Philadelphia? That's a good name."

"Who the deuce is he?" they both asked. I told them all I knew of the great obituary poet—which wasn't much—and half an hour later Mr. Joshua Brown placed the honored name of the Philadelphia Ledger man on record as his own.

The next morning Brown found in his mail a dainty note whereby he was informed that a certain Mrs. Graves had learned with pleasure through the newspaper reports of distinguished arrivals that Mr. C. was in the city, and begged that gentleman to honor her house with his presence that evening to meet a few of his most ardent admirers.

"Boys, I'll be blessed if G. W. C. don't accept this invite," he said, as he handed the note over to Gus and me, "and you fellows must go too. I'll introduce you as friends, see? We leave for Detroit at one in the morning anyhow, and if things go wrong we won't be here to-morrow to stand the racket."

Accordingly at a proper hour, correctly arrayed in evening dress, which we had rented, we repaired to Mrs. Graves' elegant house, where we were received, Cusby and I cordially, Brown deferentially. Josh presented us to the lady—Cusby as a noted medical scientist, and myself as a distinguished connoisseur in modern art. By Mrs. Graves we were then introduced to the ardent admirers aforesaid, ladies and gentlemen to the number of twenty, perhaps.

Josh was immediately appropriated by our hostess and carried away to a secluded corner. Gus was cornered by a lanky gentleman, sallow and sixty, who proved to be one of those cranks who think and talk of their own bodily ills and the cures therefor, and subsist on pills and powders.

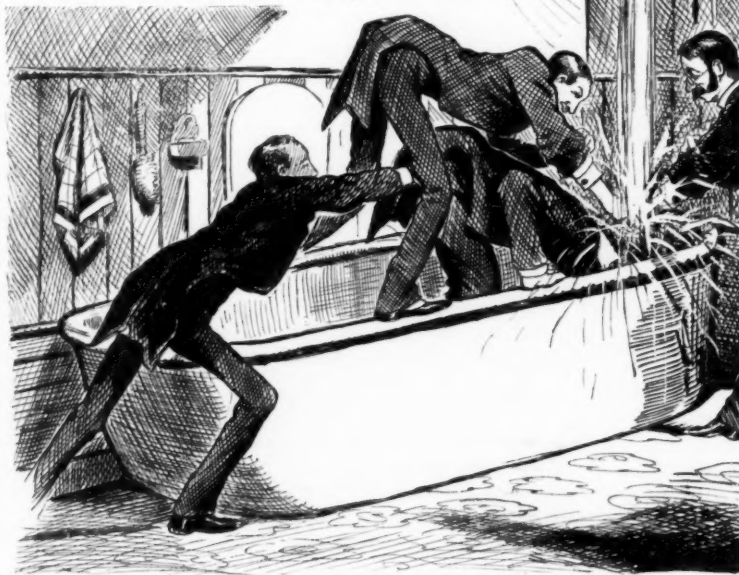
In the intervals of the spirited conversation maintained between myself and a loquacious lady, I caught a little of what Gus was saying. The sallow man asked Dr. Augustus Cusby to diagnose his case, I gathered, and desired him to prescribe for his ills. This Gus was doing—first relieving his man of a ten dollar note by way of fee. The lady who had me

in charge was questioning me persistently and particularly about the great obituary poet the while.

"Oh yes, I have been to his house very often," I said confidently, in answer to a question. "A very delightful place, situated in the heart of the city. The house is very large and is surrounded by more than sixty acres of woodland. A tributary branch of the Harlem flows through his back-yard, and Greenwood Cemetery can be plainly seen from his front piazza. Yes, he has quite a family, seventeen children, all under twelve years of age, and one wife. He employs thirty-four servants, six of whom are nurses of the damp variety. He tells me that women employed in that capacity are, as a rule, more satisfactory than men. His wife, too, is of the former sex. Yes, he is proficient in many languages, in some more than others, but he can play a good game of draw poker in all of them."

I don't know what further statements I should have made under pressure had our conversation been continued but we were interrupted by the call to supper.

We three, at any rate, were very hungry, and the supper was very good. The champagne had been



excellently iced and there was lots of it. Brown, I think, appreciated its quality and absorbed an elegant sufficiency, for when he was presently importuned to recite one of his own (Mr. Child's) poems, he did not excuse himself, as he ought in all reason and common sense to have done, but arose rather unsteadily to his feet and delivered himself as follows:

"Mrs. Graves, ladies and gentlemen, I can call to mind nothing of my own suited to this joyous occasion, and so with your gracious permission, will improvise something really light and cheerful."

All present having rapturously permitted, our talented associate gave us the following lines, which I have every reason to believe were composed then and there:

Restrain, thou, jail, the snatcher.
Who would stiffs most vilely steal.
In vain may Gabriel's trumpet call
From cerement and pall
Our flesh,
If, in the burker's mesh
A rubber sack, our substance then be held
For surgeons' knife,

Wielded by one in black
And gory probe, to carve and hack
The casket of the soul,
From its last resting place
Snatched by bribed ghoul—"

"Hello, Brown," exclaimed a badly-corned individual, staggering in, as he spoke, "what are you doing in my house, and what are you spouting?"

Josh did not turn, nor did he hesitate, but continued his cheerful recitation.

"The owl whose toot so well attunes
To sougling of the wind
Makes music sweetly sad—"

"I say, Brown, you jolly old coffin-peddler," interrupted the drunk, staggering up to Josh, and taking him by the arm, "what's all this about palls and stiffs? You ought not talk shop here."

"Madame," said Brown sadly but firmly, turning to Mrs. Graves who was wrathfully glaring at the newcomer, "I have never met this man who has so rudely interrupted me; but if he is a friend of yours, I would suggest that Mr. Lang and Dr. Cusby would willingly apply the usual restoratives, and put the inebriated gentleman to bed."

"What's that," howled the intruder, "put me to bed—"

"John Graves, I am ashamed of you! Be quiet, and you gentlemen," said our hostess to Gus and me, "will oblige me greatly by acting as Mr. Childs has suggested."

Did we act? Well I should gurgle. In vain did he imprecate the aggrieved Mr. Childs and declare in a mighty voice that as plain Josh Brown he had sold the undertaking firm of Tomb & Graves a big bill that afternoon. We waltzed him out of the room, and yanked him up the stairs. He bit and kicked in the lower hall, and quoted scripture on the way up, but when we got him into the bathroom and held his bald head under the sprinkler for five minutes his tune turned to a howl for mercy. But we held him there until he swore a solemn oath by all an undertaker considers holy, that he would go quietly to bed and rise no more that night under the penalty of still more generous hydropathic treatment.

For obvious reasons we departed from that house with the greatest alacrity consistent with our borrowed dignity and importance, and let me add, too, that we took mighty good care not to miss our train that night.

L. L. LANG.

Perfectly Correct.

"I WENT up to see the plan of Mrs. Bartholomew Jones' house the other day," said Brown to his friend on the street car. "She was very enthusiastic about her new improvements and so on, and told me the gem of the whole house would be a beautiful *spinal* staircase. Ha, ha, ha!"

Simpkins—"Well, I don't see anything remarkably funny about that. She probably meant her *back* stairs."

OFF THE BENCH.

FAST days will soon begin at Coney Island.

SOME ONE ought to start a daily noose in this city.

THE MONOPOLIST and the burglar follow a safe business, don't they?

STRAWS show which way the wind blows when the summer styles of head gear come in.

A NEW dudes' base-ball club has been named the Ironsides. Flatironsides better?

SUNSET COX, one of the "hungry Democrats" receives Turkey for "his'n." He will stuff it with "chestnuts."

THERE were thirteen fights during the recent session of the Arizona legislature. That's something like a representative body.

A MAN issued a challenge for a clam-opening match. The public would prefer he did not open his clam at all.

THE editor of a paper in Kansas City, called *Life*, has killed a man. He is probably one of a few in that town who take life by stopping its circulation.

SPAIN has no telephones. When a Hidalgo wants to get even with his enemy he must walk over and stick a stiletto in him instead of cussing him at a safe distance. Blighted country!

SOME one jumps up in the papers nearly every day to recommend something as "good for cholera." By way of change in a practical direction, now, let some one suggest something that will be bad for Cholera and good for his victims.

TO BOB: You are "way off" about the new school of the Chautauqua Circle, for the purpose of teaching drawing. It is not a lottery nor a game of poker, and "Hoyle" is not in the prescribed course. Nor does the "circle" have any necessary relation to roulette. Any police captain can send you to places where they teach these things.

THE Deepest Depths of Disloyalty to American institutions is when a man's soul is so dead that he goes back on pie, figuratively and slangily speaking. Our freedom was built on pie and it has permeated the men who have made and preserved us a nation. Take everything else, even to cocktails, but leave us our pie.

NO, JOHNNIE, the "boom in Aspen," which the papers have said so much about, does not refer to any great "accessions to the editorial rooms" of the New York *Herald*; but to a new excitement in the mining town of Aspen, Col.

RULINGS.

CANADA doesn't enjoy her own Manitoba Riel as well as she enjoyed our dancing Virginia Reel in '61.

KNEW it was spring's soon's the crocusses of the Mugwump party began to crow over Pearson's appointment.

OTHER Republicans holding over were no more inclined to resignation in view of the situation, than Miss Ada Sweet was.

DEATH gradually throws the Democrats in the Illinois legislature into the minority. "Providence is always on the side of the majority," Bonaparte.

APRIL 11th, remember, is the date of the open season for Fish at Ludlow street jail. The pound net of justice seems not too rotten to hold big Fish. The mesh is plenty fine enough.

EX-MAYOR Edson has the proud distinction of being the first mayor of New York that is held not in contempt. Nothing decided, however, at the bar of public opinion, and THE JUDGE takes the daily papers and reserves its decision.

AT THE RINK.

MR. JONATHAN FLYNN and his sweetheart, Kate, Went up to the Roller Rink to skate. "I'll show you, my darling," said he, "how it feels To be buzzing around on eight little wheels." So the boy, with a grin, Strapped the skates on to Flynn.

The people were there, and the big brass band, And the young men had their girls by the hand; They could polka, and waltz, and cut figure eights, And do wonderful things on their strange roller-skates.

"O, I wish I could skate," Whispered envious Kate.



The near-sighted men put on two pairs of glasses, And gazed with delight on the graceful young lasses, And the bald-headed gentlemen watched in amaze, For they didn't have rollers in "Grandfather's days." And all said, "Oh, my!" With a satisfied sigh.

Miss Kittie O'Hara had just won a prize, And all the folks watched her with curious eyes, She could "promenade" backwards, and slide at her ease Just as if she'd been born on a flying trapeze,

And the boys said, "Gee whiz! What a skater she is."

Then Jonathan Flynn thought 'twas time to begin. So he got on his feet and prepared to "sail in." Feeling sure of success, he determined to try it While the band had stopped playing and all was so quiet,

And he thought he would do Something "striking" and new.

Ambitious and hopeful, he made a bold start, But, just at the outset, his legs went apart, And poor Jonathan found, to his utter dismay, His refractory legs were both *running away*, And down on his back Came Flynn with a whack!



And one pretty girl, with a head like a mop, Said, "I thought it was spring, for I saw a *dude-drop*." And another one answered, "Oh no! not at all; It couldn't be *Spring*, it was certainly *Fall*." And then they both giggled, While Flynn lay and wriggled.

At last the "Professors" took Flynn from the floor, And arranged him with care on the side of a door. And, kind-hearted readers, now what do you think? As they carried poor Flynn through the door of the Rink

Kate whirled on her toes And turned up her nose!

H. A. B.

Where is James Payn?



The Ounce of Prevention.

UPON the census to be taken in New York this year the members of the legislature will be apportioned. Hence the importance of having the census in the proper hands so that the population shall be placed where it shall do the most good. The respective managers of parties have not given such attention to this branch of statistical science that they should, and that they have given to compiling election returns.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE is gone, and the whole burden of keeping the English well pure and undefiled devolves on Charles A. Dana.

FRIENDLESS.



SHE sat alone on the cold, gray stone,
And this was the burden of her moan:
"My Uncle is cook on board of a sloop,
My cousin has joined a theatrical troupe,
My sister caught cold with her beau on the stoop,
And the little one died of malignant croup;
My lover dear
Lies under here,
And I sit alone and think and think,
For I can't go alone to the Skating Rink.

H. A. B.

PRACTICAL PHYSIOGNOMY.

Some More Eyes.—The Features that Reveal More than they See.

IT WOULD not be necessary for a man to "wear his heart upon his sleeve for every daw to peck at": the daw might better peck at his eyes to get his heart, for they were the things that revealed it all.

Of course, THE JUDGE can give only a few illustrations of its great system of mind-reading and fore-telling destiny—mere squints at the science, as it were. The types of character which have been read by previous illustrations were not of the higher order. We give this week examples of a nobler order of eyes; types by which we see to read humanity's title clearer to high destiny.

The first of these is a fine specimen of an eye. The noble arch of the brows shows a lofty nature. The wide space between the eyes indicates large intellectual development, eloquence, poetry, imagination. The full, uplifted upper lid manifests a high-spiritual nature. All this is like a double span of noble cathedral arches. The outer angle reveals mirth and a generous physical nature.

This latter suggestion is carried into a plain revelation of a full animal organization by the heavy lower lids. The upper and lower lids antagonize each other; the one points to heaven, the other drags down to earth, but in this case the former predominates and indicates that in most instances the owner will keep the physical in subjection to his grander and more spiritual nature. The high development of the imaginative qualities here revealed is also an element of weakness in an otherwise strong character. With such great vital force to drive him the way imagination leads, he would be capable of going very far wrong in a course inexplicable to one who has not studied the visible signs of a variable nature. His impulses will overshadow his judgment and lead him into sentimental blunders, to the confound-



THE GREAT WEAK MAN.

ing and sorrow of his friends. He will be regular only in irregularity, and consistently inconsistent from the loveliest motives. His poetic and religious nature and large language would suggest him for a preacher of the gospel, but in the pulpit he will be a very bull in a china shop. He would preach a gospel according to himself, and have a 'doxy all his own. He will probably bring both glory and shame to the pulpit.

All the developments indicated by these features are on a grand scale and will lead to great achievements and great errors. It is not well balanced; it is, rather counterbalanced, and the counter-balancing qualities are so strong that they often wobble on the moral axis. If his failings do not lean to Virtue's side, at least his whole nature leans to the side of humanity.

There could not be a stronger contrast than the next orbital development presents to the last one illustrated. This is as pronounced a type as the other, but how different! It compares with the other as the low, far-projecting roof of a Swiss chalet does to a lofty Greek portico. The strongest indications here are language, in the projecting brows, and mirth in the narrow opening of the lids, the drawn-up appearance of the nether one, and the quizzical compression at the outer angle of the two. There is nothing noble or lofty in this nature; nor anything



THE JESTER.

mean or vicious. If the eyes squinted because of the drooping of the upper lid it would indicate craft; but the raising of the lower lid shows, simply, the quizzical, cynical gaze of the jester and satirist. The wearer of such eyes will probably be a great talker and joker—regularly billious with words. He would make a capital low comedian or end man in a minstrel show. His irrepressible mirthfulness would destroy his dignity in any other public place. He has combativeness enough, as indicated by the pitch of his eyes, to take the place of moral purpose; he will seem to be on the side of righteousness because he attacks men's vices and sins, as the most assailable points to his wit. But through and in it all he is only a comedian.

In the next illustration an equally pronounced type of character looks out, or refuses to look out—which amounts to much the same thing, for we judge as much by concealments as by revelations in this science. This character is different from all we have seen in the three chapters on this subject; indeed, it is quite a *rara avis* and a "fly" customer. There is only one such produced in a generation, but it is still a type, though an exaggerated one, of a class that has many representatives. Observe the remarkable downward pitch of the orbital arch and the still more marked slope of the socket and eye-lids. These speak of a deep and crafty nature, in the deeper and better sort of craft; qualities that go to make up the skillful diplomat or the great lawyer. Not less remarkable than these is the true horizontal arch of the frontal bone like the prow of a ship. Energy, courage, and irresistible impulse are written there. This sort of man will be ambitious for the sake of achievements; a fighter for the pleasure of beating. But he is too intent and reckless in his rush to his objective, too little politic and careful, to be either largely successful in affairs, or popular. He will ride rough-shod to his end, and as he has a broad grasp of detail, he will



THE DEEP MAN.



"THE JUDGE'S" PARIS FASHION PLATE, NO. 2.

usually get there, at the greatest cost to all concerned. All his powers are "essentially executive," but his methods are so original and thorough that he will not succeed if hampered. He would make a splendid military governor of a subjugated province, with unlimited powers. If he were Czar of the Russias he would extirpate Nihilism in a month, and give the people the most arbitrary, beneficent and popular government they could have. Such a man has no chance for his talents in a republic.

No doubt the reader is surprised to see the simplicity, accuracy, and clearness of this system of reading character. All great discoveries are that way. Yet we have not begun to test the full capacities of this art of reading character. We could tell, for instance, in the case of any of the above subjects, how one would act when accused of a disgraceful crime, how another would act if accused of stealing spoons, how another would make a burlesque of it if called on to defend a sacred cause. All this is easy enough when you know how, if only you can see the subject to be analysed.

"THE WITCH OF WALL STREET" was arrested a few days ago. She had no money to pay her fine—conclusive evidence that she is a witch of Wall street, if of any place. If the law is going to deal with American Mahdis and fortune tellers, THE JUDGE decrees that it shall lay by the heels the misfortune tellers who began seven years ago to predict immediate disaster from silver coinage and are at it yet, undiscouraged and brassy. This may scotch a high public functionary, as well as an editor in a tall tower, but the court knows no person in administering justice.

How could

Lawrence Barrett



CONCORD PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT is the Whichness of the Now
And the Itness of the This?
A dainty maid with pouting lips,
And a time to snatch a kiss.

What is the Whereness of the Then
And the Nearness of the Who?
An old papa, with unkind haste,
And a number twenty shoe.

JOHN D. STERRY.

The Irrepressible Inventor

BY HISREK.

"COME in!" I bawled, in response to a knock at the door.

"I am an inventor," said a little dried-up man at my elbow.

"Had I known that I would have shot you, rather than allow you to enter."

"In that case the world would have suffered," replied the inventor, with inordinate assurance. "My fly catcher, entitled 'The Fathomless Fly Finisher,' is one of the happiest and most complete things ever introduced to an admiring public. You are no doubt aware that it was almost an impossible task to explore Africa on account of a fly being in the way—and not being any bigger than a house fly—the Tsetse fly—*Glossina morsitans*. It is not dangerous to man, but stings to death, horse, ox, and cattle of all kinds. Three of these poisonous flies would kill an ox in twenty seven minutes, by the clock. Another fly, *Lucilia horninworax*, lays its eggs in dirty fellow's nostrils, and when changed into larvæ, the death of the man may be expected in the course of time. But my invention was not constructed for anything but the common house fly—(*Musca domestica*) which is a representation of the whole class, and bothers millions of the world's inhabitants. This Fly Finisher would catch a fly regular in rapid succession every twenty-four hours, and cramp him up so completely that all the sail would be taken out of him in less than two minutes. It was a philanthropic idea of mine in getting up that invention, and if it had met the success it deserved I would have made a fortune out of it. I regret that I have none to show you."

"I don't know that I am."

"But I have others. I am not an ordinary inventor. My name is Scrapebrain—inventor of the Mosquito Morgue. One of the greatest things ever conceived by human thought. It will secure in ten minutes all the mosquitoes you want."

"I don't want any skeeters. I've got so that I can do just as well without them. Luxuries are getting out of fashion with me."

"You misunderstand my meaning, sir. Let me enlighten you. This arrangement will draw off all the useless mosquitoes from your land and make a bunch of them. They can be utilized as manure. The phosphorus in a mosquito's brain is universally conceded by competent authority to be the purest that can be obtained for fertilizing purposes; and as their bodies are composed of lime and filled in with stolen blood and magnesia, any one can see at once they are very valuable lying around in compost heaps. The un-

excelled cleverness of my invention is that it clears the place of mosquitoes, enriches the soil and owner at the same time. It is a double-headed, or bicephalous concern, and much sought after by even mosquitoes themselves, who fondly imagine that they are in a paradise of fresh blood."

"But more mosquitoes would put in an appearance."

"Make more compost heaps."

"One compost heap of mosquitos would satisfy my wants," I said, sadly. "I think I won't fool with that machine. It looks too complicated."

"Complicated! Not at all. Cast your eye upon this oil painting of a woman's face. It is an aristocratic countenance, and the deluded mosquito labors under the impression that it is imbibing the best blood in the country. This claw grasps the side of the painting, and this wheel causes it to revolve in such a delicate manner that the mosquitoes, who are gorging themselves with a purely imaginary feast, go with it without objection. That trap door, worked with a spiral spring, shuts down on them, and you have the mosquitoes in an air chamber without any air in it. As they are deprived of both blood and air, the consequence are



soon apparent. They lose their wind, their energy, and their music-box. Their ambition to pierce the portals of human flesh is gone. Their wish to fatten on the property of others goes with their ambition. They are not killed! I am conscientiously opposed to murder in the first degree, or in the last. They gradually wilt into an abstract embodiment of their former agility. All activity is totally suspended. They sink into a torpid state, and are then easily dispatched by anyone who does not believe in the commandment—'Thou shall not kill.'

"I don't care about that infernal machine. Besides, I am strenuously opposed to taking infant life, and what is a mosquito but a poor wee bit of a thing with no harm in him, as an Irishman would say, but the trifle of music he bores you with."

"It's a wonderful invention. Thermoelectric. You are undoubtedly aware that with the larvæ and pupæ of insects the temperature descends below that of the surrounding air, showing conclusively that the evolution of heat by the respiratory combustion is insufficient to compensate for the loss due to the superficial evaporation, or cutaneous transpiration. In the case of chrysalids the cocoon, in which the pupæ of many lepipop-

tera and hymenoptera envelop themselves. You understand, sir?"

"Perfectly," I said, resignedly.

"Now, it is proved beyond doubt that the mosquito loses weight by evaporation. In the mosquito's thorax are all the strong muscles of the legs and wings, which, in energetic contraction, when making a charge, become the seat of combustion—active combustion, sir. When they have been in this air chamber a proper time and they fail to exhibit any vigorous signs of animation—then is the right time to annihilate them. First give them, separately, hypodermic injections; clear neutral solution of drugs only should be used. The physiological and therapeutical effects will be the same, and introduced subcutaneously, quickly absorbed. The proper dose of strychnine is one one-hundred-and-twentieth grains, of sulphate of morphine one-tenth grains. The mosquito will cease to suffer, and the completeness of this invention fully exemplified by the utter avoidance of all annoyance."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, "It's altogether too much for me. You must excuse my stupidity, it is perfectly natural and cannot be avoided, however mortifying it may be to confess it, but as far as I am concerned I would rather have the skeeters buzzing around me than you—so kindly withdraw and give me a chance to recover."

"You seem to forget the benefit that would accrue to the land," insisted the inventor. "Only one of those swollen and stupefied mosquitoes, with the aid of a powerful microscope, would manure a four acre lot. I have another valuable invention that I will throw in. It is the neatest idea that ever originated in a man's brain pan. It is called the 'Teredo Torturer.' Every man is the sworn enemy of the teredo, and a worm called *Sycoris fucota*. It is a bivalve mollusk of the class conchifera—first-class family of Pholads—generic title, *Teredo*, scientific name, *Navalis Teredo Navalis*—a sea borer."

"Then your name must be *Teredo Nevalis*—and—"

"As I was about to state, this teredo is not a worm, but a shell-fish of the clam kind; and is so destructive to ships and timber, that I have invented this for the purpose of exterminating it from the face of the earth. It is a splendid contrivance, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, the trouble is, that I cannot procure the worm *Sycoris fucota* which destroys the teredo, and therefore it is useless at present, but it would make a nice match safe or tobacco box. I will throw it in with the Mosquito Morgue and a two dollar bill will cover the transaction."

"No, you must excuse me, but—"

"I have 'A Self Registering Earthquake Indicator,' which informs any person in the neighborhood of an earthquake when—"

"Very nice, but I have no money, and—"

He was gone. "Why didn't I think of informing him of the deplorable state of my finances before?" I growled, "next time I will know better. Lichtenberg calculated that a square inch of butterfly's wings contained 100,736 distinct feathers. If this man could invent some way to gather that kind of stuffing for bed-ticks, what a blessing it would be for tired humanity." Then I turned in.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY TO COLUMBIA

A. W. BELLAW.

COLUMBIA, what's the matter there?
There's something wrong, I do declare.
Your papers say you e'er must be
The boasted home of liberty.
Yet on your shore, that famed retreat,
I have not where to set my feet.

It's very bad, and so it is,
A welcome to receive like this:
It sets my brazen cheeks a-blush,
My torches' light wanes to a flush
To find that on your chosen land
I haven't got a place to stand.

My ticket's bought, my trunk is checked,
I'm coming, though you don't expect:
My name is long your battle sign;
You claim you're relatives of mine,
Yet look on me as if you saw
The coming of your mother-in-law.

I ask no shelter at your hand,
Nor room within your mansions grand,
But lest I go and seek a more
Appreciative, kindly shore,
Can't you give me, at all events,
A place to sit upon the fence?



Why did Charles Lever?

THE ORIGIN OF "CHESTNUTS."

Opinions of Experts on the Castanaceous Problem.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JUDGE.—I see that the daily papers are airing their ignorance as to the origin of the term "chestnut" as a synonym for an old joke. My grandfather, who was an aide-de-camp to General Washington, and often held his horse for him, told me that the reference originated as long ago as then. At Valley Forge the patriot army got out of provisions and the commissary general issued a lot of mouldy chestnuts which the foragers had captured. It was esteemed a joke of the continental congress and after that all exceptionally bad rations were sardonically grinned at, and the financial measures of the Congress—"shinning," we would call them now—were laughed at as "more chestnuts."

Yours Truly
VETERAN OBSERVER.

New York, April 1st.

Constantinople, April 1st.

EDITOR OF THE JUDGE.—Why do we laugh at a joke? What is the difference between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse? Is this old? If it is, then it's a chestnut—without the horse, and that's a "horse on you."—which of course, is a joke. If I say a basso profundo utters chest notes, it is not "chestnuts," is it? The quality has nothing to do with it, but the age has all. THE JUDGE is entitled to great credit for undertaking to solve this great problem.

EVENING ROOSTER.

Burlington, April 1st.

EDITOR OF THE JUDGE.—My boy, it is as

impossible to ascertain the origin of "chestnut" as that of the thing it is applied to. Possibly because the supply of that farinaeous nut is never exhausted, always is in demand whatever its age, and with a fair outside often turneth to smoke and ashes in the mouth, yea, and turneth bitter in the belly, is the meaning of the parable. Perhaps, because the meaning of a sad, sad joke had to be climbed after and when you have shinned up it, my boy, you will get your fingers pricked and find that the burs hold only blasted old jokes.

I enclose five cents to start a JUDGE pedestal fund as an illustration of a chestnut.

BURR D'ETTE.

New Haven, April 1st.

JUDGE—Yours, asking "what is a chestnut?" received. My answer will be sold by subscription only at \$15.

MARK ONEPERSENT.

N. B. Please remit \$5 and 2 cent postage for this answer. M. O.

Toledo, April 1st.

YOUR HONOR—I know a chestnut when you see it. A man's swearing off occasionally is an illustration.

CRUDE KEROSENE.

Washington, April 1st.

JUDGE—Is not Dr. Mary Walker a chestnut—dry, hard, bad to taste, has a maggot, and is the played-out joke of everybody.

BILL WAYOFF.

JEGE.—I cal'late that no man can tell whether a joke is a chessnut or not 'z long 'z it's hid in the bur of a prickly dialect. Chessnuts always oughter be served country style, language an' spellin'. The quicker you make your mind that old jokes sell the best if dished right, the quicker you'll begin to make money and be kalled a philosopher, instid of only a phool.

JOSHUA WMINGS.



It is said that members of the legislature coming to New York as smelling committees, think they are inhospitably treated and that the press make light of them. Guess not. Nature took order for that long ago. Most of them seem dry enough to make light of, though.

What did

Geoffry Chaucer?



MOONLIGHT ON THE ERIE.

DEDICATED TO A. C. SWINBURNE.

On the breast of the Erie whose weird waters ripple
From Buffalo's bluffs to the Hudson's West Shore,
Where canallers have speers and their tangle-foot
tipple,

Where they drabble the decks of their vessels
with gore;
Where mules are the tools, either red white or
yellow,

To yank the staunch ships towards the East or
the West

Where many a soul floats all night on the billow—
'Tis there is the scene of my poem so blest.

We had long left "Old Buff," and the fair "Flower
City"

Was far in our wake when I woke from a snooze,
And heard someone singing a song he thought
witty.

Concerning a vessel that left Syracuse.
It was in Swinburne's style; that is, all sound and
metre,

The sense in the verse was a thing hard to guess,
Though every verse balanced like some see-saw
teeter.

But the substance was slush and not anything
less.

"Diamond Nell" is the pride of the Syracuse
sailors,

The solidest boat and the solidest crew,
They never pay bills, either grocer's or tailors,
Or work where there is any shirking to do.

From the Salt Central City we go to the river,
From the river again to the city we go,
But ne'er will we fret either gizzard or liver

While a mule yet can pull or a tug-boat can tow.

Arise, thou fair moon, full and fair rise above us,
And gild every wave in the waters below,
We will lie here and dream of the Daisies who
love us,

While the mules on the shore shall unceasingly
tow.

Arise, Queen of Night, in thy seraphine splendor,
In might and in main let thy lovely orb shine;
Give a tug to the tides like a leather suspender,
Gives a tug to the buttons of kids about nine.

'Twixt the moonlight and marsh just this side of
Port Byron

I heard a weird voice in the silence of night,
I knew cussed well 'twant no snoozer or siren
Nor was it a sprite who sang out for a fight.

'Twas the nereids and Neptune from lake and from
ocean

Who had come to inspect or protect the old ditch,
So I took up the jug and poured each a potion
And we drank to the health of the weird "Water
Witch."

But the song swiftly ceased and to nothing did
simmer

As a storm from the South struck our vessel
head-long,

And the light of lank Luna grew dimly dimmer,
And hence I must close this Swinburnean song.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, you big man of let-
ters,

You master of metre and scribler of slush,
Keep your clam closed on Byron & Co., they're your
betters,

As truly as money is better than mush.

F. S. BYMAN.

Where did

T. B. Macaulay?





THE EL MAHDI OF
Our Marines Form a

E JUDGE.



F. Beard.

IDI OF THE ISTHMUS.
s Form a Hollow Square.



MICE AND TOO NICE.

ARE there really haunted houses?

We believe in them as trustingly as Miss Clayton does in "fairies." Like her, we have heard of them since our first remembrances; they always had a history and always cast gloom and melancholy over everybody that frequented them—and they had rats, too! Doesn't the Union Square theatre fill the bill of a haunted house? A sympathetic public is relieved by the authentic statement that feminine fear of vermin was the cause of Miss Clayton's covering her pink artistic toes with shoes and stockings. Upon what delicate points may rest a debutant's claim to the title of artist! Of course, all the fault is in the house, not the play or players. Miss Clayton's *Favette* is as remarkable as a frivolous, fickle character presented by a pretty-faced, nervous, little lady, can be. The story is one of Ouida's most poisonous hot-house productions, lacking the bright colors and sweet fragrance that some of her over-wrought conceptions have. Miss Clayton is timid and anxious; she wants to please but does not know "the how." She lacks versatility of expression. Always the same overnice articulation. This mannerism is a discount upon the Bostonian drawl.

As *Bernardus*, Mr. De Belleville could do something, but he is consistent! He keeps his part on a level with the rest. Ida Muelle, as the dumpy page, is cunning but vulgar. Were it not for *Grandmere Virol's* "little difficulty in hearing," the audience would soon contract her back-ache and a worse tired ache.

A ROSE NOT A BUD.

"Our Joan" proved a boomer for Wallack's. Why? There was nothing original in the plot? We have seen Miss Coghlan in similar roles, and seen her at her worst; Granted. But then we did not go expecting to be edified or amused. We went to satisfy our curiosity—just as we order all the indigestible, dyspeptic dishes in a French Cafe—to see what they are! Curiosity is the fulcrum upon which the majority of our acts, Christian and otherwise, pivot. We are curious to see and to do. Perhaps it is this commendable, doubtful motive that incites Miss Coghlan to take to the road. There is nothing of merit in "Our Joan;" not even the merit of being in relation to Miss Coghlan's style. She cannot look, does not act, the injured innocence role. You might as well expect Jumbo to dance the minuet, or a *blase* New York society man to blush to order with true rustic simplicity and confusion, as expect this fully developed Rose to look the tender budling.

ONLY A HOUSE-WARMING.

The Lyceum holds its own. Of course it does! Why shouldn't it? There's nothing in this country to compare with it. Doubtless

it will be without a rival for years, unless its proprietors, "The American Theatre Building and Manufacturing Co." should construct a more artistic, delightful, homelike theatre for some other manager than Mr. Mackaye—say, for instance, David Belasco. Why not? Revenge is sweet. When THE JUDGE extols The Lyceum, he will be understood as referring to the structure. If "Dakolar" holds its own—that's all. It certainly does not hold the audiences spell-bound, for frequently in the strongest, most unnatural situation, you will hear a suppressed titter or half audible whisper.

Notwithstanding Mr. Mackaye's undeniable knowledge of art, he has failed to give the public a dramatic harmony in this new scheme. We feel a clashing between the environments and the wishy-washy spiritless, play. We are at a loss for an apt comparison until the curtain rises—beg pardon, until the portieres are drawn—upon the fourth act, then we recall a multitude of similar cheap chromos in expensive settings. Before us is the great, gilt frame speaking for itself, and the lifeless figures inside speaking for—fame or money. Which, if either did Mr. Belasco receive?

The plot of "Dakolar" is familiar to all. Mr. Mantell ditto. Mr. Frankau as *Noel* is the excrement of over-acting. Miss Allen's speciality is a harsh grating voice. By contrast therewith, Sadie Martinot's bright, silvery tones are like flute notes after a buzz saw. If there is anything attractive about the whole performance, Miss Martinot constitutes the attraction. Misses Grey, Banks, Sheridan, Johnson and Saunders, pupils of the Lyceum school, did well for amateurs, but we do not pay amateur theatrical prices at the Lyceum. As a housewarming "Dakolar" was a success, but as a future attraction—



Where did Cleveland?

HARD FEELIN'S.

THERE was a young fellow named Vail
Who savagely pulled his cat's tail,
Now he can't give a cough
But his plaster flies off,
And the cat hates the sight of a male.

What made Samuel Lover?



EX-SENATOR McDONALD, of Indiana, shamelessly vociferates "I am a lawyer, not a politician." But we give him the credit of not having the hardihood to admit to being a Democrat in either connection. There is a spark of shame left in many a lawyer that we do not suspect.

A CORN SONG.

EMILY HANOVER.

"Great aches from little toe-corns grow."

I've felt the rueful "pains of love,"
The direful pangs of woe,
But both are fully equalled by
A corn upon one's toe.
A fiery, swollen, burning corn
Upon a fellow's toe.

A tooth that aches can always be
Extracted out, you know,
A broken limb will knit again
And strong as ever grow,
A wounded heart in time will heal,
And sad tears cease to flow.

And "cures for corns" are advertised,
Which I have tried, but Oh!
There's none that ever long could ease
Or cure my painful toe,
And not another ill of life
Has ever plagued me so.

Smile as you will, you who at ease
In dainty boots can go,
But could you feel the pains I've had
You'd curse a bit, I trow
And wish Old Nick himself would take
The corn upon your toe.

Who sold

Sir Walter Scott?



Briefs Submitted.

[BY "MACKHOWLY,"]

THE shot gun generally recovers.

THE schooner is a very good ship of the desert.

A TELL-TALE—the story about shooting the apple.

THE standing joke of political parties—Political Economy.

WE understand that Rev. Joseph Cook never so much as bids a friend good morning without accompanying the bid with "a prelude on current events."

CIVIL SERVICE BOARD SCENE—"Whom do you consider the greatest man of science that England ever produced?"

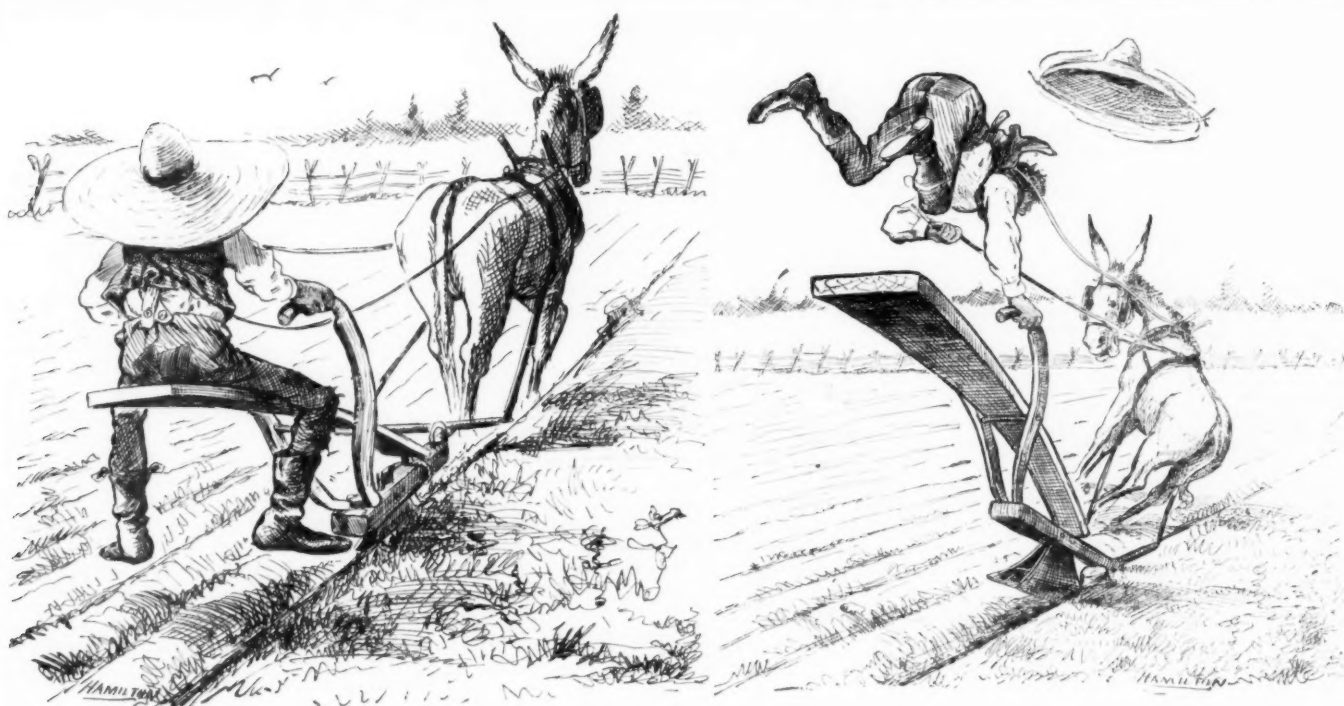
"Sir Isaac Walton, the great mathematician—discovered the right angle worm."

YOUNG man, don't run away with the idea that you are doing a praise-worthy thing every time you turn over a new leaf. It altogether depends on what sort of book you happen to be reading. Suppose it happens to be the new edition *de luxe* of the "Arabian Nights," recently bounced by Comstock? By the way how many of our young sportsmen who are always on the lookout for muddy waters to fish in, were aware that the venerable Arabian Night's Entertainment could be so vastly entertaining before the sanctimonians gave them the hint?

What did

Whitelaw Reid?





SPRING PLOWING.

What Would Raise Him.

GLADYSS RICH DAME sate gracefully upon the front piazza of her sire's palatial rural establishment. She was engaged in some fanciful feminine work which well became her dainty taper fingers. (Darning sox for the old man.)

Her shimmering golden hair fell in heavy folds around her sateen shoulders, and set off to advantage her plump, lissome form and round, oval face. She formed against the dark whitewashed walls of the domicile a picture worthy any sighin'-painter.

The sun cast his laughing rays over her fair brow, and the moon's bright beams toyed with her spiral ringlets. Her long straight black hair was hanging to her waist, and as Gilderoy Plowboy rode gallantly up the path which led to the before door his heart longed with a yearnsome longing for a wisp or two of it.

Gilderoy was truly a brave. Timid as a girl, he would have staked his life for his adored Gladys, and would have faced an enraged and ruffled hen had his charmer chosen to fondle one of the spring chicklings. As he rode up through the mixed rays of the sun and moon he presented a weird and grand spectacle. The sun had lit up one side of his face with a glorious brassy, grandel oquence, while on the other played the soft smiles of the tender and melancholy moon.

He alit at the piazza steps and escorted himself to her feet—number sevens—where he knelt in awe. She placed her slender plump hand upon his bowed head and uttered:

"Arise, me Gilderoy! Stay with me, but flee from this place of murder. For if me father saw thee here—I would not for the world he saw thee here [she had read Shakespeare,] he would uplift thee higher than the buoyant kite, thy bounteous namesake!"

"No, no, my own," he sobbed. "Speak not of that, I pray thee. Cast not from me weary life the only brightsome hope that

gives me courage to still live on! Bid me rather—"

"Hush!" she interrupted in low elevated tones, "Speak no more! I am thine to the—"

"What?"

"Bitter end!"

And they embraced. He still knelt.

"Ah, my sweet!" said Gil., "if thou could'st only realize my adoration! Nothing could raise me from thy side!"

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing!"

"You forget."

"What?"

"Dynamite!"

The shades of night fell around them slowly and rapidly, and enveloped their dim forms in a misty cloudiness. The old man passed slowly by smoking his evening pipe, and he murmured to himself:

"I wonder now if that darned calf broke down them fenceins that Gilderoy Plowboy put up the other day fur fifty cents and found?"

DUVVA.

Is James Russel Lowell?



SAVING sinners in this country seems to be anything but a jolly business. The greatest of our revivalists is always Moody.

Where did

J. Fennimore Cooper?



Moving Pictures.

If Edison will invent a way by which family portraits and other choice pictures can be safely and quietly moved from one house to another, it will do more to affiliate him with the masses than all that he has yet done, and he will be solid for a monument bigger than G. W.'s, inside of the first decade after his death.

Those who know me best (and trust me least), know that such a statement as that in regard to anything, always is a reference to something by which I have been let down at some time or another; and such is the case in this instance.

It was eight years ago this winter, before I became the aristocratic and wealthy man of letters that I now am. I was residing in Spoonington, a little town "Sou-West-by-Sou" from Skaneateles Lake. As "star boarders" were not yet in fashion, I was working at my trade—shoveling snow and helping the villagers move, as they from time saw fit to wrap the drapery of their couches around their looking glasses, and drop leaf tables, and hie them to other quarters. Wages were not very much on the high in those days, but to my story:

It was April first, and Mrs. Angelica Simpkins was "going down in that old house of the Thompsonses, down by the crick." While the wagon went around by the road with the stoves, etc., I was to take a chromo of Beatrice de Cenci and an oil portrait of Mr. Simpkins' father (a revolutionary colonel) up over the hill to the new abode. "For," said Mrs. Simpkins, "them cartmen ud steal the Lord's Supper, if they could, and more I ain't goin' to let the Beazleys see me a-makin' a show o' my picturs, as they did w'en they moved into our house acrost the crick, and wat's more still, I ain't goin to have no picturs broke, like we did two years ago wen we cum here."

With this instruction and a light heart I started off much like the hare in the fable,

feeling sure that I could beat that old toroise teamster by a hundred lengths, even though I should wait till he was out of sight before I started. But there was the rub. I did not calculate on giving an art exhibit at every house on my way. So in the flush of youth I started afoot and alone, across lots to deliver my charge. As soon as I got to the top of the hill, I thought I could easier go the rest of the way on the sidewalk, so I got over the fence and commenced the descent of Avenues, figuratively speaking.

As I was going past Captain Smith's, the venerable gentleman caught sight of Colonel Simpkins's physiognomy, and he shouted: "Say, young man, where are you going with old 'Hawk Hunter's' pictur?" Let me see him. We used to call him 'Hawk Hunter' because him and Black Hawk was always huntin' for each other in the Revolutionary times. Yes, that's him exactly. I remember when he had that pictur took." By this time all the Smith family were out, and Beatrice had been criticised by the whole party, and also by a large delegation that had come through the yard from the other street.

At last I managed to get my pictures and get away, but only to meet new obstacles. This time it was a crowd of blooming, blushing school girls, and one of them shouted after me: "Say, can't you let us see?" This, of course, appealed to my sensibility very much more than anything else could, and my natural affability to the gentler gender kept me talking to them, 'till I saw Mrs. Simpkins loom in sight, and heard her shout: "Say, you! I don't pay you and board you to stop and talk with the girls."

This let me way down, for I am sure I would have made at least three "mashes" if she had staid away and kept still. This event was what hurried me in my decision to become a literary man, and I know I have voiced the sentiment of many fellow sufferers in my opening paragraph. F. S. RYMAN.



TOO DAMP FOR A DUDE.

FARMER—"It's splendid for the crops."
DUDE (angrily)—"Yes—but I ain't your crop."
FARMER—"T'would be a mighty poor paying one."

He Would Write a Verse.

SHE was the most bewitching belle, with dark, wavy hair, and eyes whose brightness rivalled the flashing gems at her throat. She clasped her tiny white hands and exclaimed, "Oh Mr. W— can't you write a verse in my album?"

"Of course I could."

"And won't you please?"

I would; at least I said I would, and smiled in a Tennyson-Longfellow confidence at the simplicity of the operation. I took the book promising to dash off something at my earliest convenience, as if the composition of poetry came as naturally to me as the

growth of my beard.

After lunch I retired to my room and instructing the servant that I was "not at home," locked the door and cheerfully proceeded to unlock my desk and arrange the writing material. I felt the divine inspiration stealing over my poetic soul, and determined to address a tender ode to my charming friend. With a graceful sweep of the pen I began:

LINES TO MISS B—.

By Her Admirer.

Thou beauteous creature from the sunny clime!
Thou — — thou — —

But I stuck right there and couldn't advance another letter, all my boasted inspiration had taken the wings that were handiest and fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, leaving me to stare vacantly at a quire of scented note-paper, and wonder if it wasn't most morning. I consulted my watch—half past nine!

Time dragged. I examined my pen, filled up the ink-bottle, and fell to criticising my poor little collection of words.

She was beautiful—no question about that, but wasn't the "sunny clime" business slightly fictitious? How did I know where she came from? I didn't—it plainly wouldn't do. I must try again:

Thou sweet Adonis—

Hold! Adonis was not a girl—I'll put my foot into it if I continue. Once more:

Thou dear and inconsistent dove.

Transfigured by my heart-felt love—

Of course love's heart-felt, but the rest of that don't sound highly complimentary. Well, one can't stop for trifles at a time like this; so here goes:

Accept this tribute from a heart sincere,

[Sincere—beet—steer—deer—fear—clear,
—that's it.]

Altho the language isn't very clear!

By this time I had to rise and bathe my heated brow. Lighting a fragrant weed, I buried my face in my hands, and mentally groped about for a happy thought. The supply on hand didn't seem to equal the demand, and it was after twelve o'clock.

I became desperate and resolved to write the first thing that occurred to my tired brain—p-etry or prose. I stuck the pen viciously into the paper and produced the following:

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow!

That pen suddenly meandered across the room and attacked the wall-paper. I upset the ink-bottle with emphasis, and threw myself on the bed with a heavy sigh.

The next day that album went home accompanied by the following note:

To Miss B—.

Mr. W— regrets his inability to comply with your request, as he sails for Europe this A. M. His physicians demand a total cessation of mental effort for one year.

What is Mrs. E. D.

E. N. Southworth



What was it

Sir Bulwer Lytton?



How a Poem is put into Type.

DEAR MISS MIRANDA:

To the best of our knowledge and belief we will try to answer your question, and describe how a printer goes to work to put anything into type. Take, for instance, the poem you were so kind as to enclose to us, "A Yearn for Spring," and if there is anything more than something or another which a printer likes to put into enduring type, it is a poem which has some remote allusion to spring, and "budding trees," and "lowing bees," and "cawing breeze," and "springing green," and "beauteous scene," and "mating dove," and "time of love." Such a poem always catches him by the collar, and shakes him till his memory wakes to the thought of the days when he was a spring lamb himself.

Well, the printer takes the poem from the hand of the unsuspecting office-boy, with a pair of silver-plated tongs, or a couple of chips, not plated, looks at the title, and holds it out at arm's length, and surveys it. He is particular not to touch it with his hands and soil it, as the news of the world passing through his fingers, is apt to leave them a little dirty.

Then he addresses it with a few words from profane history, with "Well, if I ain't blowed!" meaning that he feels as if he was a spring blossom, just blown, and leaps up two feet with it, and gives a fearful Indian ink war-whoop, because no doubt it is the only spring mess of rhymes he has seen for many years, and hence his enthusiasm. He then tosses it up in the air to ascertain if the poem has weight to it, and catches it on the toe of his boot, and punches a hole through it with his finger for fear there is too much about the wind in it to allow it to lie still, and calls the attention of the most composed compositors to it.

Next, throwing it to the floor and dancing around it, he spits a little amber on it, as a sort of printer's trade-mark, and stamps it with his heel, by way of a seal, horseshoe shape, which means good luck, always.

Rolling it up into a wad, he throws it across the room and hits the bald-headed old printer where his hair used to be, who hurls it back, with an explosive, to encourage it on the way. The first printer then throws it into the bucket of pure white water in which the men purified their hands for a week, and this lends a certain softness to the tone of the poem, and what is crooked in it is easily made straight; this also shows if the poem will wash.

Laying it on the case, he tries a good many tunes to see which one will fit; and to find out if the metre is all right. Here he takes the stick in his left hand, and begins to fill it with type, upside down, or down side up, it doesn't matter, with his right as fast as he can, whistling away on the air he has adapted it to, and never taking off his nose the clothes pin which he put on when he saw the poem coming, so as not to absorb all the spring flavor it possessed.

When he has got it all set up, the editor comes in and sets it up to him, in case he is exhausted, and also lends him his fan. A proof is sometimes taken, and the proof-reader, looking over it, sees a good deal of it is out of fix, but remembering that springs work itself is all variety, he lets it go, rather than to try to improve on nature, and spoil it more.

So, Miranda, you will not growl when you see it in print. Send us next a poem on "Broken Love," and we will go more into details.

A. W. BELLAW.

OYEZ, OYEZ!

"If Adam did promptings of courage evade,
When to sin he was gently persuaded,
To temper the same this excuse can be made,
His evasion was surely Eve-aided."
[Philadelphia World.]

—A mustard plaster may not be very artistic but it draws well.—[Texas Siftings.]

—The mills of justice grind slowly, but they grind out many a fine.
[Philadelphia Call.]

—Sara Bernhardt is said to be fond of fishing. We have always understood she was a famous angular.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—The Boston Poet's society editor thinks that nine society girls out of every ten are in love with a noodle, boodle, or poodle.—[Ex.]

—The fact that the new Minister to England is called "professor" does not necessarily indicate that he is proprietor of a skating-rink.—[St. Paul Globe.]

—Oscar Wilde, who favors abolishing the coat and waistcoat, will, if he keeps on, soon look like a society lady in full dress.
[Boston Post.]

—This country controls three-quarters of the cornfields of the whole world. This shows the American bunion's progress.
[Boston Post.]

—It is only the woman who is given away in marriage. The man will give himself away before the honeymoon is over.
[Boston Transcript.]

—If "to the pure all things are pure," Mr. Anthony Comstock must be about the slouchiest leper in the United States.
[St. Paul Herald.]

—They say that canvas-back ducks fly at the rate of two miles a minute, but this probably means after they get into a restaurant.—[Philadelphia Call.]

—There have been four Presidents in Panama since January 1. An office-seeker there has to hump himself to find out to whom he must apply for a post-office.
[Boston Post.]

—Miss Cleveland is credited with saying: "My brother and I are two." There are some people in Washington just now who think them "too too."
[Detroit Free Press.]

—Ellen Terry is said to have been very young when she first appeared on the stage. Noticing Ellen carefully one can discover traces of the Greek style of acting.
[Boston Post.]

—A Western young lady, "beautiful and accomplished," who recently made her debut on the stage, was pronounced a failure. It is supposed her wardrobe lacked variety and dramatic ability.—[Norristown Herald.]

—People who ought to know, say that President Cleveland eats pie with a knife. Gentlemen, this is reform. He is determined not to fork anything while he is chief magistrate.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—To "Wm. Harkins"—As a general rule, the first symptoms of insanity in a woman is a disposition to be morose and silent; in a man it is to imagine he can write poetry.—[Philadelphia World.]

—One of the applicants for office from Texas was received very affably by the President, who treated him to a glass of wine. "Will you smoke?" asked Grover, handing him a cigar. The pilgrim from Texas took

it, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, said: "Thanks, Mr. President, I'll smoke it to the last day of my life." "That man is a smoker," remarked the President, after the applicant had bowed himself out, "but he is not yet a confirmed smoker."
[Texas Siftings:]

—The White House has been without a mistress in her own right about one-fourth of its existence. So it will be seen that one-fourth of the time the country has been governed by men.—[Philadelphia Call.]

—Brown—"They fear that Smith is becoming insane. He doesn't seem to want to do anything at all but sleep." Fogg—"And is that a sign of dementia? Good gracious, Brown, I've been crazy from childhood!"
[Boston Transcript.]

—Don Piatt says, "Musicians are born, not made." If all musicians resemble those it has been our misfortune to meet, all we have to say is that he must be an exceedingly pious and forgiving parson who would say to any wandering Nicodemus of the gang, "Ye must be born again."
[St. Paul Herald.]

A. B. asks us how to extract the square root. Owing to the backwardness of the season THE JUDGE is not engaged in the pleasing task of grubbing up the Agricultural Bureau. Refers A. B., therefore to the commissioner, or to the pig, the squarest rooter of them all.

—It is said that brass subjected to the action of smoke for a long time will become brittle and rotten. This is a matter of transcendent importance to commercial travelers who are accustomed to use the weed.
[Somerville Journal.]

—There was a caucus in one of the suburbs the other night, and the burden of all the speeches was that the best man should be voted for. After the ballot it was discovered that every man had voted for himself. It is always pleasant to find men who are so true to their principle.
[Boston Transcript.]

WORSE LANDS THAN THIS.

Mrs. Farmer John—"Oh, I am so sick and tired of this humdrum existence. I wish I had been born in Italy instead of this practical, work-a-day country."

Traveled Guest—"And why in Italy, Mrs. John?"

"Oh, I don't know, only Italy is the home of art, you know. I suppose even the country women there all have opportunities

to gratify their artistic instincts. They sing or paint or draw, don't they?"

"I have seen a good many of them drawing."

"How nice! What do they draw principally?"

"Plows!"—[Philadelphia Call.]

NO SHOW.

An old negro applied to a lawyer. "What can I do for you old man?" asked the attorney.

"I wants ter fetch suit agin de Newnited States, sah."

"Well, state your case?"

"My son, Andy, fell inter de ribber an' wuz drowned, sah."

"The government has nothing to do with that."

"De debil it ain't. Doan de gubermment own de ribber?"

"That makes no difference."

"Wall, doan I git er pension?"

"No."

"Doan git er nickel?"

"Not a cent."

"Boy dun drowned, too?"

"Yes."

"Uh, huh. Want ter know whut I thinks o' dis country?"

"Not particular."

"Nor, sah, I reckons not. Dis country is er raskil, sah, dat's whut it is, an' more den dat, I b'lebe dat it hab dun 'ployed yesse'f in dis case," and, as he went out he added: "Man ain't got no show in his own country. Dat white man makes me ez mad ez er fool."
[Arkansaw Traveler.]

COULDN'T WAIT FOR A DIVORCE.

Old Abner, who had been divorced from his wife, met his ex-spouse on the street.

"Good mawnin', good mawnin'."

"W'y, howdy do, sah, hows yer health?"

"Imprubin' mighty, thank yer. Look heah, when I went away from your house dis mawnin' I lef' er coat hangin' on the wall. I'd like to go up an' git it."

"Law, man, dat coat hab dun been put on by my stephusban'."

"Look heah, Tildy, yer ain't married egin, is yer?"

"Law, yes, Abner. De facks am, I married ergin 'fore dat ar 'vorce come out."

"Did yer, chile? Well, so did I. Folks whuts got ter hustle roun' an' make er libin' can't afford ter wait on dese heah lawyers. Come down an' see us some time. Good mawnin'."—[Arkansaw Traveler.]

—We ken allus furgin er nuder pusson easier den we ken furgin ouselbes. Ef I makes a mistake an' fools roun de wraung man, it takes me er laung time ter furgin myse'f fur not habin' me judgment.—[Ex.]

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Scott McGinnerty of Dallas had a very pleasant talk a few days ago with Professor Smith on scientific subjects.

"Do you know, Mr. McGinnerty," said the professor, "that it is a well-established scientific fact that blonde haired women have much more violent tempers than black haired women?"

"Do you think that is so?" responded McGinnerty.

"There is no doubt about it."

"Well, I've always suspected that my wife



A HOUSE THAT WON'T BE LET.

dyed her hair, but now I know it." [Texas Siftings.]

"I shall have to ask you to look out for Jimmy," said the coffee-pourer, the other morning.

"What's the matter with the scamp?"
 "There ain't nothin' the matter with me. Give us 'nother cake."

"He is very disobedient. He will do nothing I ask him to."

"Well, pop, I'll leave it to you. She sent me on a foreign mission to bring home the washin' when she's nothing but secretary of the interior. She hasn't any right to, has she, now?"

"I see, James, your exterior has not been properly attended to. I have an appointment with you in the cellar basement immediately breakfast is over."

[Hartford Post.]

HE WIPED HIS SHOES ON THE MAT.

While teaching in a large school in Pennsylvania, Miss Crayon had sole charge of a not particularly bright little fellow, whose education had just begun. During the reading lesson one day Georgie stumbled and came to a dead stop at the word mat.

"Spell it, Georgie," said the teacher.
 "M-a-t," read the boy.
 "Well, what is it?"
 "Don't know."
 "Oh, yes, you do," said Miss Crayon, encouragingly. "Come, now, Georgie, what do you wipe your feet on?"
 "Oh!" cried the little fellow, with a long-drawn sigh of relief. "M-a-t, towel!"

[Harper's Bazar.]

WHAT HE DID.

Woman on the witness stand, lawyer questioning her:

"Did you say, madam, the prisoner attempted to kiss you?"
 "Yes, sir, he did."
 "What did you do?"
 "I grabbed a stick of stovewood and let him have it across the jaw."
 "Did he recede at this demonstration?"
 "Not that I seen, sir."
 "What did he do?"
 "He backed out and run like a whitehead."
 The prisoner went to jail thirty days for assault and battery.—[Merchant Traveler.]

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THE MODERN SHAKSPEARE.

"Didn't hear the temperance advocate last night, Henrico?"
 "Aye, good lady, that I did!"
 "And didn't thou note the glimmer of his nose?"
 "Such was me privilege, Andromeda. A sun that glowed as ruddily as that would be adjudged prophetic of a drought: I would not thus accuse this nasal orb."
 "Is't then indigenous to such as he—this crimson focus i' the frontal disc?"
 "I hear 'tis native to the soil, me love, and if it be, it should our jibes escape, for knowest not the poet's statement that there is 'divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will; and if't be so we cannot criticize this salient end, e'en tho' it be indeed conspicuous."
 "Rough-hue then seems a pat expression, boy; it fits the subject of discussion well. But tell me, pray, doth nasal attribute, such as arraigned the lecturer last night, always bespeak the fact that such as he know best the ills whereof they do exclaim?"
 "It doth give color to the hint, i' faith, tho' oftentimes it may dissemble truth. The

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nose, an't please thee, is a talesman strange. From pulpit its irradiant glow may mean the fiery efflux of the kindled soul; in forum its effulgence may express the well-read jurist coming to the front; in female feature it may advertise the blush that elsewhere powder has forbade, but in the politician, gentle one, the rich carnation of a nasal bulb is but the symbol of the auctioneer—who so doth wear it will be found for sale."
[Yonkers Citizen.

A NATURAL DEATH.

Two Arkansaw acquaintances. "Captain, what was the matter with your son when he died?"
"Nothing the matter with when he died, except that he was dead."
"Pretty sick though before he died, wasn't he?"
"Well, he wasn't as peart as he had been."
"Died a natural death, I suppose."
"Yes."
"Whiskey?"
"Whiskey."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

13.

"How old are you, Sissy?" asked a gentleman meeting a little girl on the road.
"13 thir," she lisped.
"Are you sure?" he quizzed.
"13 ly thir."
"How do you know?"
"Becauthe thir, most girls are when they are firsth in 13 th."
"Are you certain of that?"
"Quite 13, thir."
"Why do you think so?"
"Becauthe I'm 13 I'm 13 thir, and I 13 ly ought to know what I'm 13 of, and if you don't believe it, you don't have to, bethideth you look like a man that wathn't 13 of a 13 th. Good-by."—[Merchant Traveler.

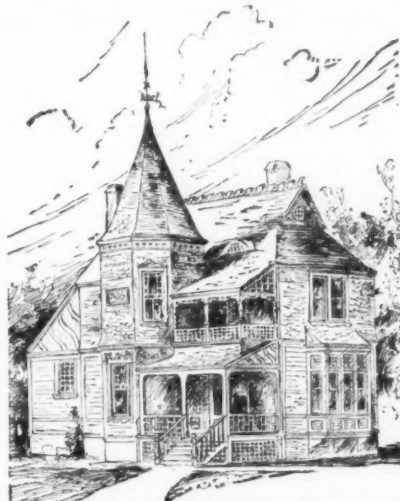
IT SHOULD BE GENERALLY KNOWN

that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, and kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning their delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down, and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these diseases.

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