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COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

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THE JUDGE.



## THE JUDGE.

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### "A Clarin'-up Time."

It seems to be what Aunt Chloe called "a general clarin'-up time" in politics. It was incredible that men could be so blind with confidence in their own exceeding purity as to suppose that they could make the slimy-green cesspool of Democracy pure and pellucid by simply dipping their own clean persons in it. This sort of reversal of Naaman's cure of leprosy by bathing in the Jordan is one of the impossible miracles.

They found it so. They not only did not cleanse Democracy any, but they got themselves disgustingly defiled and their clean Republican garments nearly ruined. Nothing sort of a swim in Republican principles and a rubbing down with real reform soap, (no lie in it) will set them right.

As for their clothes, they will need new suits throughout. Those they have worn are past cleansing. Even the sag-tag and bob-tail of Democracy would not wear them.

The Mugwumps manifest their pleasure at getting back to the right side by taking hold to help about the chores at home. They haven't even intimated a preference for veal and they are "doing work meat for repentance."

Indeed, they say they did not intend to be gone long, anyway; they "ca'culated" to come back after they had seen the Democratic elephant. Now that "they've had a time of it," they will pitch in and make up

for lost time getting in the winter's stock of coal.

Well, boys will be boys. Some of us old Republicans quit the Whig family and staid out, too. Some of us went off on a spree with Horace in '72—the wildest scrape that Republican lad ever went into. It's human nature to get tired of being decent, occasionally, and has been ever since Adam performed "Over the Garden Wall" so disastrously. There's a trace of our savage ancestry in the best of us, a gooddeal of human nature in man and Mugwump, still.

### RULINGS.

IF THE DEMOCRATIC party is solid for Hill why is it hollowing out so much?

WHAT LINE OF WORK will the artistic liars of the daily press take up after the 3d proximo.

CLEVELAND OUGHT TO get his party down and sit on it until it can be vaccinated for reform.

THE ADMINISTRATION is supposed to take the oath of allegiance—to the Democratic party—every morning.

A DEMOCRATIC POLITICIAN boasts of having "his ward in chancery." It will be as bad for the ward as it was for those in "Jarndyce."

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE in Virginia refused to fight a duel but the Democratic leaders seem bored by him, nevertheless.

THERE IS NO mistaking the fact that "Jumbo" is dead. The English papers are short of heavy enough subjects for editorials.

A HIBERNIAN PAPER declares that "the cause of Irish Independence can never be lowered." Ah, but its leaders can be hired, can't they?

WHILE THE ADMINISTRATION is on the watch for timber frauds in the Northwest, it might go a little slower on appointing block-heads everywhere.

A NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC paper says that "Davenport is stuck up." We expected this. New York mud is very sticky, and these organs know how to throw it.

WE DON'T BELIEVE that Ben Butler said the voters of Massachusetts will sell their votes for \$5. They can't get more than \$2. and they have to hunt a good deal for buyers at that.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTRY PAPERS seem utterly oblivious to the fact that they are advertising Jones-of-Binghamton's scales gratis

all this time. He used to pay for his advertising.

OUT OF THE 408 convicts in the Minnesota Penitentiary, just one is a Republican—the only member of the party who passed the Democratic style of civil service examination in that state.

THE SILVER AND GOLD plank in the Democratic platform is the only thing that looks like planking down the money in the canvas. The moneybags shell out as badly as superannuated clams.

VIRGINIA HASN'T SEEN so much fun and blood since the war ended as during this campaign. The Old Dominion must be ruled by gentlemen, begad, if they have to punch out the eyes of every man who votes against them.

WHEN IS GIBBS' city investigation committee going to begin on the bunco and saw-dust exchanges and the stock and petroleum dens? The produce exchange is not a bit worse than the panel-dives. No favoritism, gentlemen!

ENGLISH IRON-CLADS are to be hereafter coated with India rubber. It is queer no one ever before thought of putting goloshes on things that are out in the wet so much. We commend the rubber over-coat to Secretary Whitney for the new navy he is to construct.

AN ORGAN frantically calls on everybody to "turn out for Hill." Good advice, as it no further around a Hill than over it. Wise men always turn out for any offensive object. The trouble with the "very hungry and very thirsty" in New York is that the president does not "turn out for Hill" enough Republicans.

DE PIEROLA, ex-dictator of Peru, has been banished four times. When a South American statesman is banished he goes into the back districts and starts a little government and a revolution of his own. When a North American statesman is ordered to "git" by his fellow sovereigns he joins the lobby, goes to practising law or enters the stock exchange or in some other way gets rich and revenge on his banishers at the same time.

### Botany Bay Del Norte.

Indiana has a thriving colony in Canada of ex-school directors. The first eleven—All Indiana's eleven—took with them about \$50,000 apiece to insure the success of the settlement. If this thrives more will probably follow. It is to be hoped that the emigration of her yeomanry will stop before it gets down to the Democratic voters who sold their votes to the Republicans at \$2—crisp new greenbacks—apiece. Some one ought to remain in the state to do the chores.

## HE WAS ONE BUTTON SHORT.

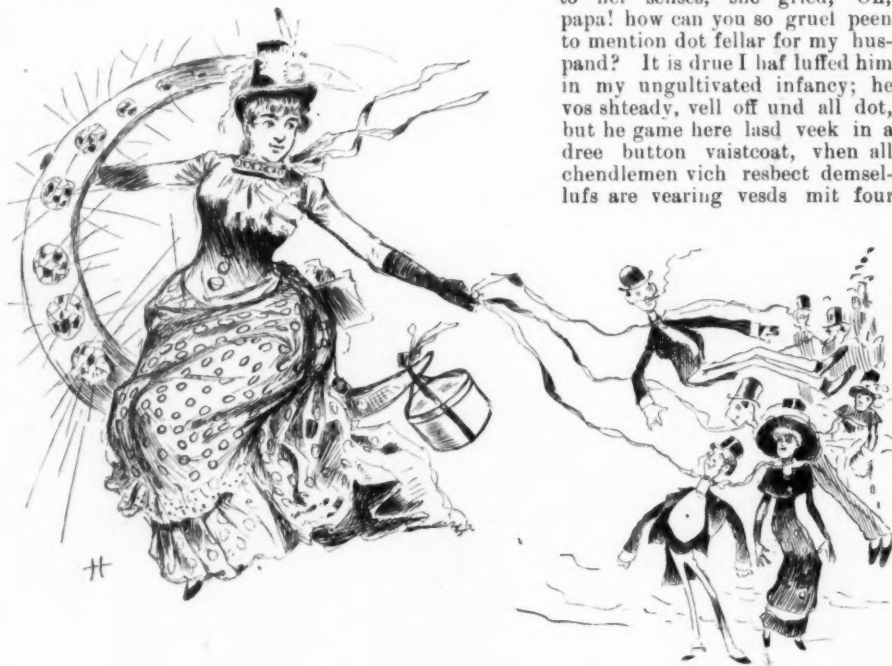
The German Policeman Burlesques the Tyrannical Manner in which Fashion Rules Her Slaves.

By Julian Ralph, Author of the "Sun's German Barber," Etc.

"I am afraid my life a failure has been," the German Policeman said to his friend Reilly, the blacksmith, yesterday, in the most solemn tones. "A'der all dese years uf ubright lifing I find I vos leedle bedder as an outcast, alretty."

"Whoy, me ould friend," said Reilly, who always takes the Policeman seriously, no matter how broadly he jests; "What is the mather wid yez? What on airth has wint wrong wid yez?"

"Der drubble is a vasted life," the Policemen said. "Bedder I vos dead and gremated. You see, I dook owd my tress suit uf clothes—new lasd year und goot as effer dem vos—und I sdarted owd py a



high society affair; it vos py der mansion uf a wealthy lager peer prewer. Coming home, a young chendlemans meets me a horse car insite und says to me where I haf been. I dolt him. 'Vot!' he screamed; 'you tond mean to say you vent py a pall looking like dot?' 'Looking like vich?' I oxclaimed. 'Mit such a bair uf drowers as dem?' he sayt. 'Vhy, dot's der suid you hat from last year, alretty, und ve haf choost got vord py London dot der society dailers are gonstructing drowers den inches to dwendy inches vider as dem built der lasd year drowers!'

"Chulius Caesar, dink of dot! I some more dalk hat mit dot shwell und found I vos vorser as a conwict. 'Vot is der vorst ding a man which has a respectable family can done in der vay of shocking society?' I asked dot feller. 'Der vorst dings vot I effer heard uf,' he sayt, 'is a man vich wears a white necktie py der day dime. He is more vicked as a griminal. I left der Republican bardy (dot swell continued) on ac-

kound uf dot. I hat seen Cheneral Mer-rit mit a white necktie py preakfast in der Fift Affenoo Hotel, und so soon vot I read py der bapers he vos nominaded Consul Cheneral py London, I lefd der Grand Olt Bardy.'

"'Are such dings so serious like dot?' I ingwired. (I hat myself peen guildy uf der white necktie oudrage und hat coughd Sunset Cox in der acd uf it. Naturally, I vished to know mit vot degree uf horror I should regard Minisder Cox py der future.) 'Are dem so serious?' I ingwired.

"'Serious!' Dot shwell reblied, 'Shmoly Hoke! My farder to my sisher came der day backvords uf lasd Tuesday und sayt to her: 'Evangelica, my dear, your olt friend und gompanion uf your schooldays, Tom Prown, vich grew up mit you der same like a bro-der, has asked me for your hand in marritch. Vot I shall sayt to him?' My sisher fell in a sbelling faint—(a faint uf sbelling; vot der tuyvel do you call dot—oh, yah, in 'a fainting shell') und vhen fife uf der highest briced Fift Affenoo doctors had prought her back to her senses, she gried, 'Oh, papa! how can you so gruel peen to mention dot fellar for my husband? It is drue I haf luffed him in my unglultivated infancy; he vos shteady, vell off und all dot, but he game here lasd veek in a dree button vaistcoat, vhen all chendlemen vich resbeect demsel-lufs are vearing vesds mit four

buttons. Can a maiden endrust her future to a man vich vould done such a dings like dot? No! a man mitout some more self resbeect as dot might durn owd a vife beader or a tief."

"I grawled home, Misder Reilly, a proken-hearted man. I knocked on my own door und asked my vife if she vould allow to ender her house a man vich hat so disgraced himselluf. She vos up, alretty, making preakfast for der family. She vos sheared undil I oxblained und den she got mat und seemed to dink I vos monkey chokes making mit such a serious subjects.

"'Bedder you go py your room und rememper do dake off your goot clothes pefore you vent to ped,' she sayt, 'und not come home py sex o'glock in der morning owtsite uf your head mit trink.' Oh, Mr. Reilly, dot voomans has not der pride und sensitiveness uf der shwell's sisher vich vould not marry a chendleman pecause he vos von button shord."

## OFF THE BENCH.

SMALL-POX IN Canada is large enough to down the authorities.

A PATENT MILKING-STOOL shuts up when the cow kicks—the milker doesn't.

THE IMMEDIATE DELIVERY system is slow. It seems to need the aid of a surgeon.

THE VIRTUOUS MAN in New York after dark is likely to be "as chased as ice" in hot day.

SEVERAL of the planets have more than one moon, but Chicago is the first world to have two *Suns*.

THE BIG HAT NUISANCE in the audience is as aggravating as the big head nuisance on the stage.

THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT is rising from the sea-level. Rhode Island will tilt all New England on end, yet.

IN FIJI the women do the fishing and the men stay at home to get full. Which is the most civilized nation?

THE CINCINNATI *Merchant Traveler* is announced as "the official organ of the T. P. A."—Truly Pious Associates?

WE WERE SURPRISED to discover by the illustrated (sick!) newspapers and patent-syndicate that Mme. Judic is a negress.

COUNTRY BOYS REPORT the chestnut crop N. G.; too many unfilled burs. Blasted chestnuts! they are a delusion and a burrden—in our exchanges.

THE OLD MAN IS bragging that he has three marriagable daughters and he expects to have at least six young gentlemen in the house, to boot, off and on, all winter.

THEY ARE LYNCHING men in Texas for "stealing and slandering respectable families." Newspaper enterprise and stock-dealing can never amount to much in Texas under this code.

"THE NEW ORLEANS *Picayune* gives the average reform alderman six months to prove himself a greater scoundrel than the bad man he succeeded." New Orleans is slow—on everything but the trigger.

PROF. SWING, OF CHICAGO, has been discussing "club life." Careful reading of the sermon fails to reveal anything at all about home rule. He evidently didn't go into the question full Swing, though he discusses soberly enough, heaven knows.



"I say Josh, are you going to brace this trip the undertaker Lang spoiled for you when we were here last?" Cusby asked, as we ran into the Union Depot at Chicago.

"If you mean Pallbury, the chap Lang nearly talked to death, I answer frankly that I shall leave him severely alone. Lang fairly mangled that man and I don't really care to face him."

"Pshaw! Josh. Go and see him," I put in. "He won't hurt you."

"That's all very well for you to say, Lang, but you know you wouldn't dare call on him yourself."

"I wouldn't, hey? See here, if you'll make it worth while, I'll not only brace Pallbury, but I'll agree to sell him, too. I'll place a bill of your coffins and caskets and some of Cusby's compound to boot. Is it a go?"

Brown went down into his clothes, produced a ten dollar William and handed it to Gus.

"Cover that if you dare, old man," he said.

"There's its twin, Gus. Now, you fellows, take my grip and give me yours. I'll take a horse and drive around to Pallbury's and you can wait for me at the hotel."

"Cigars for the crowd you come back with a black eye, if you come back at all," Josh sang out as I got in.

"That's a go," I warbled and drove away.

In fifteen minutes the cab pulled up before the undertaker's door.

"My dear Pallbury," I exclaimed, and a world of pent-up affection carried away the dam of conventional restraint as I suddenly appeared before that gentleman, a grip in each hand and a heavenly smile on my face.

"Aha," he exclaimed! "Is it you again?"

"Well, I should whimper. My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you once more. I came from St. Louis on purpose. I knew you would be as anxious to meet me again as much so as I would be to greet you, my dear friend."

While I was giving him this breeze, I opened the gate of the office rail within which he was corralled, dropped the cases inside and taking him by both fins pumphanded him vigorously. Then I familiarly seated myself on the desk at which he had been writing, and asked:

"How is Pallbury, the undertaker, and Mrs. Pallbury, the undertaker, and all the little Pallburys, the undertakers? I hope they thrive, my boy. And is business good? I was charmed to learn that well defined cases of Congestive Corns and Billious Bunions were becoming gratifyingly prevalent on your side of town and that the chances were that your end of the city stood a glorious show of being depopulated entirely. I was delighted by the news, my dear fellow."

"What's that you say?"

I want to remark just here that after recovering in a measure from the shock resulting from my sudden appearing and the rhapsody that followed, Mr. P., didn't display to any great extent that warm cordiality which is apt to mark the manner of a polished gentleman on meeting a friend for whom he has the highest esteem, and from whom he has been cruelly separated for a space. There was nothing of school girl gush in his manner of receiving me, but, on the contrary, there was that in feature and attitude which suggested the agonized terror joined to the overwhelming surprise of a man who is brought for the first time face to face with the orthodox writhing serpent familiar to those who have experienced the nervous difficulty know vulgarly as "jim-jams"—the regular thing according to Hoyle.

I noticed this from the start, but imagining that it arose from—well, from inferior breeding and was the outcome of poor social training, I did not blame Pallbury as I had a clear right to do. Perhaps, too, his lack of cordiality might be attributed to the fact that he had seen me but once before and on that occasion had been

tortured into giving me an order, enduring in the process, great mental agony. I was, therefore, not deeply hurt or mortally offended.

Now, Mr. Pallbury was a business man from way-back. I sized him up to this figure and was not, therefore, greatly surprised when the expression to which I have alluded changed instantaneously to one of marked interest and lively attention when I gave him the pointer that the angel of death was monkeying with the happiness and peace of the residents of the North side.

"What's that you say?" he asked.

I pulled a book out of my pocket. I think it was the Westminster Shorter Catechism. It may have been Schenk's Rules for Draw Poker, however, and then stated impressively:

"I have written in this book notes of a statement made me by a friend of mine connected with the Chicago Board of Health. This gentleman told me on the dead quiet that there will presently prevail in this city an epidemic which will rage for months and result in large mortality. The cases reported of Billious Bunions and Congested Corns, are simply forerunners of the plague which is to follow.

"Now, my dear friend, when this statement was made me last night in St. Louis, there was present a certain Mr. Cusby. This gentleman is the travelling agent for Pydia Linkham's Mineral Compound, the only medicine that will conquer the approaching disease. Cusby is an old chum of mine and gave me the bulge on the other man who had come from Chicago to St. Louis to arrange for an immense quantity of the Compound which he proposed buying up as a side speculation. See? I hold now the right to all the Compound that can be delivered in this city for the coming six months under a tight contract. Now, friend Pallbury, if the undertakers of Chicago will buy out my purchase they can stand behind the angel of death to whom I alluded with much respect a few moments ago, and run the plague to suit themselves. If, however, you do not choose to take it off my hands, I will sell the stuff to the drug trade and your angel will be knocked silly in the first round. Understand?"



Having put the matter thus clearly, I had no difficulty in selling the undertaker a neat bill of the Compound, assuring him that the purchase was but his fair share. Then I sailed in and filled him full of funeral furnishings, including everything an undertaker could possibly make use of during a booming plague, from a hearse down. He not only bought cheerfully and generously, but thanked me for giving him an early opportunity besides.

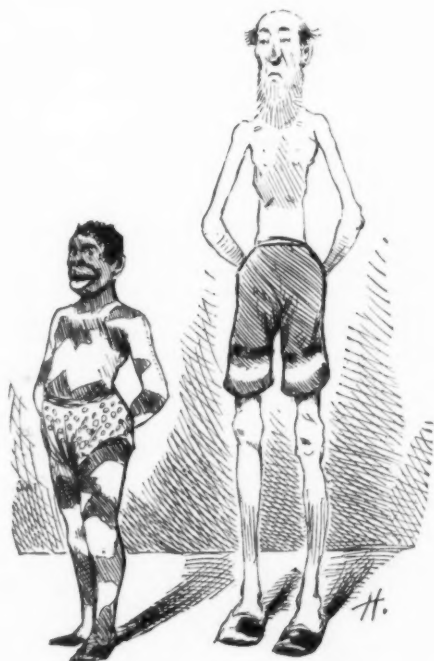
Gus handed me the stakes when I returned to the hotel and delivered the written orders I had taken from Pallbury.

L. L. LANG.

AT THE CIRCUS.

To the interests of his patrons Barnum is never blind,  
He runs the best museum that you anywhere can find,  
Filled with rare and curious specimens of every name and kind  
Interesting and amusing and improving to the mind.

With a lightning calculator  
And a prestidigitator  
That amusement and instruction may be pleasantly combined.  
Upon a little platform the show has just begun  
With the Leopard boy from Asia and the Living Skeleton



Who even has the bulge, you see, on Sidney Smith (not Jones)  
Who assured his lady visitor—in very solemn tones—  
That he often laid aside his flesh and cooled off in his bones.

And then the monstrous Giantess, looking so fat and flabby,  
In a dress of gold and tinsel that has grown extremely shabby.



We cannot keep from thinking, as we gaze upon the mass,  
Of the well-known scriptural passage that says, "All flesh is grass!"  
And, if that statement is correct, as sure as we are sinners  
If crops should fail, the elephants need never want their dinners!

And Captain Contententius, the famous tattooed man,  
That splendid illustration of the decorative plan,



The poor man had been shipwrecked, when far away at sea,  
And rescued by some savages in eighteen fifty-three,  
And the wretches then adorned him—just as the pictures shows him—

With a cuticle  
So beautiful  
His mother wouldn't know him.

Reclining on a divan, among the other males,  
In a coat of glittering armor formed of countless silver scales,  
Is the wonderful contortionist, with his funny chin and nose,  
Eating pie, with graceful nonchalance, from a fork strapped to his toes.  
We stand and gaze with envy thinking it must be so sweet  
In this world of work and worry to be making both ends meet!



And the beautiful Circassian from the countries of the East  
Where woman is regarded little better than a beast;  
Where nothing is too sacred to be lightly bought or sold,  
And any lonely bachelor can get a wife for gold.  
We wonder why those ministers who travel half their lives  
Have never loved these charming girls and brought them home as wives.  
We conclude they've not invested in the fascinating creatures  
For a very obvious reason—there's no discount to the preachers!

Oh, there are numerous philanthropists on this terrestrial ball  
Who devote their whole existence to the good of one and all,  
But these public benefactors seem infinitely small  
Be-side the Prince of Showmen—whose virtues I extol—  
With his first class, travelling circus in the Spring and early Fall.

H. A. B.

## SOMETHING TOO FRESH IN HIGHER EDUCATION.



These were once pants that Freshy had worn  
Ere he came up to college. He was hazed. They  
are torn.

This was once his dress coat. Can never be  
mended.

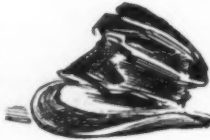


He was jerked east and west. Its mission is ended.



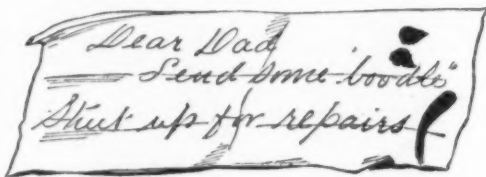
These were his best shoes. Hand-sewed.  
Patent leather.  
Dragged miles in the mud. Used up alto-  
gether.

His favorite hat of the nobbiest style.  
All gone but the brim. Disgraceful old tile.



Ambrosial locks once waved o'er his brow.  
Pulled out by the roots. No earthly use now.

This is a note stating state of affairs:



H. A. B.

## In Mourning.

"Shall I send you up some candy this evening, my dear?"  
asked Mr. Koggins of his wife.

"Yes, Henry, but be sure to get only marshmallow and choco-  
late."

"Why, I thought you didn't like chocolates?"

"Well, I don't, Charley, but since dear mother's death I only  
eat black and white candies."

## A Hint to Inventors.

"Ugh!" quoth dyspeptic Mr. Jones, "I wish I was one of  
these country newspapers."

"Country newspaper? Why, what put such an insane notion  
as that in your head?"

"Oh, then I'd get some patent insides to have a little comfort."

## Law of Gravity.

"Say, Prof.," said a Freshman to the lecturer, "what makes  
a fellow's heart sink when he's in trouble?"

"The gravity of the situation, of course," was the eloquent  
rejoinder.

## Carelessness.

"Those New York lawyers must be gittin' pretty careless,"  
said Dr. Sleekface, looking over the top of his paper. "It says  
here that old Missus Hoyt, who's in that will case had her pocket  
pickled of \$2,000 in Boston. Wonder how they came to leave her  
with it!"



THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

## Mechanical Profanity.

It doesn't matter where the fellow I am  
going to tell about lives, but here is a fact  
that does. He was a regular Professor of  
the Art of Profanity, and practiced it so in-  
cessantly that he lost his voice. Accus-  
tomed from earliest boyhood to this vigor-  
ous style of speech, it was a sore deprivation  
when his larynx took a vacation. In all his  
previous life he had not possessed such a  
craving to "cut loose" as immediately sub-  
sequent to, and on account of, this loss, and  
it is said his efforts to express his senti-  
ments on the subject were dreadful to be-  
hold. He took to thinking maledictions,  
anathemas, etc., etc., but it proved a de-  
plorably weak and unsatisfactory substitute  
for his old time fluency. Seeking relief,

he struck a brilliant scheme. He would in-  
vent a Swearing Machine. He got at it at  
once. While at work, beset by numerous  
irritating obstacles, he was tormented by an  
impatience for its completion, very natural  
under the circumstances and easily under-  
stood.

At last it was finished. Without waiting  
to show it to anyone he went up stairs,  
locked himself in with the machine, and be-  
gan making up for lost time. It took him  
a few hours over three weeks. The streams  
for miles around that section of country  
have ever since been strongly impregnated  
with sulphur. Knowing by sad experience  
how far the ordinary "cuss" falls short of a  
desired and satiating emphasis at certain  
times, he perceived that the machine, which  
is a triumph of mechanical ingenuity, would

be a priceless boon to all classes and con-  
ditions of men. He consulted a patent sol-  
icitor at once in regard to securing all  
rights. The lawyer had just returned from  
the court house where he had lost an im-  
portant case. The inventor, seeing in the  
attorney's appearance the wish to say one or  
two things, immediately turned on the  
spring, and that lawyer sat there with tears  
of joy coursing down his forensic cheek.  
The solicitor put forth his most en-  
thusiastic efforts to secure a patent. He  
placed it before a Board of Examiners.  
They wore the machine out in a little over  
a week. Think of a number of Patent Ex-  
aminers trying to do justice to a lot of old  
vexations and imagine what a job that ma-  
chine would have. It couldn't be expected  
to stand such a strain as that. The inventor

had to furnish nine machines for the exclusive use of the Board; and wore out one himself waiting on the patent right. The application was finally granted.

I had the privilege this morning of inspecting one. It came most opportunely. Being house-cleaning time, I needed something to brace me up. Without attempting to minutely describe the patent, which is portable and not at all complicated, I will say that it is perfect. I heartily endorse it. I know it will meet all my own requirements, because this morning I found its use, immediately after trying to put up a contemptible, old stovepipe, suprisingly efficacious. In a loud, strong, unmistakable voice, the machine runs up and down the scale from the mildest by-word to the most eloquent crash of the hopelessly hardened reprobate, with multitudes of really precious variations. There is an arm attachment which deals a thunderous whack upon a sonorous plate. This is intended to gratify that well-known gentle yearning of the swearer to smash something. The invention is manufactured in a number of styles, with a variety of attachments suited to all phases of human nature. Here is a brief list of them:

No. 1, has a soft clear voice, and is intended for the exclusive use of the gentle sex. It has a rich vocabulary ranging from the innocent "Durn" to the blasphemous "Sugar." There is one stop by which the machine is made to apply a large number of strong, sarcastic adjectives to the words "Milliner," and "Dressmaker." It is invaluable to the feminine owner when a prettier bonnet, seal skin sacque, or other ornamental article than her own comes within the range of her searching ken. It has an imitation bonnet which the machine will smash on such occasions. It is said to be very soothing. This number is harmless, and can also be used with absolute safety by good young men who go to Church Sociables. An attachment made expressly for these young men says "I'm weal angwy with you, and I will slap you weal hard," with extraordinary effect.

No. 2, is designed for family use. It has two stops; one to be used when the old man stays out late at the club. The other changes the tone to a deep, bass, guttural growl; intended for the old man when his hat, clothes, or other personal property are never in the place he puts them. This latter is perfect, but a large number of wives have petitioned the inventor to make a separate machine for this, because their husbands use it so much that they cannot get a chance at it themselves. When especially ordered a stop can be inserted in case the wife's fond mamma is a member of the family. Said to be the only means enabling the husband to reach anywhere adjacent to the proper mark in this respect. It also has a striking hammer which gives an exact imitation of a saucepan or smoothing-iron knocking something or other silly. While wives do not sufficiently appreciate this hammer, husbands unanimously approve of it. But the inventor made a mistake in introducing it, for while wives continue the beautiful custom of sending love messages in the shape of saucepans and smoothing-irons to their husbands, these persecuted creatures will be more in need of Swearing Machines.

No. 3, is manufactured particularly for ministers. Can be placed upon the pulpit and set to scolding the congregation when delinquent in the matter of salary. It is heartily endorsed by the fraternity as it en-

tirely relieves them of moral responsibility in the matter of profanity. Has a stop which turns on a vocabulary of medium strength and expressiveness, for use in the solitude of the study when the pastor cannot find a text to suit him. A style under the same number is made for churches in cases of rows. As many as two dozen have been sold to one congregation, and they lasted only one Sunday. The demand for this style is simply enormous. A style is also made for choirs. It resembles a crowd of lunatics jangling over psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. Has a stop to relieve the choir of the arduous duty of tittering during the sermon.

No. 4, is for village gossips. A jury of twelve old women (seven old maids, three widows and two married women) inspected the invention and condemned it. It was two hours before they could be induced to notice it, being so busy expressing their opinions simultaneously on a late toothsome scandal in which one of their friends was a central figure. When they had listened to the machine a few moments, they said the scope of topics was entirely too limited; the words too weak; and wanted to know in the tartest kind of tone if the inventor thought they were going to give up the satisfaction of personal participation in conversation; if he did he was a fool; they couldn't ruin anyone's character with that old machine; they weren't going to let any old piece of iron run them out of the calumny business; and forthwith they set to clattering about the male sex, and all the men in town went around with their left ears burning for somewhere about ten days.

The inventor's voice having returned from its vacation, he tells me the only place he found difficulty in introducing his invention was in Kentucky. He says an old Kentuckian, with no provocation, and no inducement except defending State Reputation, set to work and practically demonstrated in less than five minutes that the machine had not reached perfection by any means. This made the inventor so mad that he found the machine behind his own

requirements for the time being, and immediately set to work on No. 5.

In this number the machine has reached its highest excellence. It is sure to be a prime favorite with the hardest old sinner alive. There is no earthly vexation, annoyance or combination of perverse and aggravating circumstances too much for the capacity of this style. It is provided with a gauge by which a degree of emphasis is attained never before even approached by the human voice. It has also a selection of choice Sunday (?) stories that cannot help pleasing the most fastidious; also a pink card that drops down and represents a blush. (This will be removed, though, because it is neither natural nor necessary.) There is a stop that can be securely fastened with a padlock. This must be kept locked in the presence of the fair sex. The inventor has been compelled to make this feature of the invention very strong to withstand constant use. When set going it attracts perfect throngs of men, and keeps them enchanted for hours. It is whispered that a woman, not long ago, accidentally heard this portion of the invention doing its devotions, and that the inventor has since received numerous orders for the particular combination, written in a small hand. This is not vouched for, however. It is also provided with a lot of beautiful and appropriate comments for the exclusive purposes of baldheaded men at the comic opera. The demand for No. 5 exceeds that for all the rest put together.

The instrument is moderate in price, and within the means of all. The need is so universal that it is hoped it will soon come into general use. The inventor deserves to be named among the public benefactors, not only because of his superior ingenuity, but on account of the moral reformation the machine will institute. It is certainly getting rid of a dangerous responsibility, and is surely a blessing, to have at hand a machine that will yield us that relieving "calm," which steals over us upon the forcible utterance of a word that rhymes with the one quoted. MARKLE.

Their Standard.

In the Senate investigation into the licensing of dives, dens and gambling hells the excise-commissioners put in a plea that they do not consider these as improper places.

Standards of morality differ. During the California gold-fever an Argonaut returned to America on a visit and had glowing stories to tell of El Dorado. An old deacon said:

"Yes, California would be a good place for a young man to seek his fortune, if it were not for the bad habits he'd form."

"What bad habits?" asked Argonaut.

"Oh, sabbath-breaking, and gambling, and drinking, and swearing, and licentiousness."

"Why," exclaimed the astonished A.; "You don't call them bad habits, do ye?"

Our excise-commissioners seem to be all '49-ers. They seem to consider that all

"THE JUDGE'S" WAR MAP.



THE MINE TO BE EXPLODED NOV. 3.  
A., Location of Hill to be blown up. B., Jones and scales. C. Where Davenport will stand to touch 'em off.

crimes short of homicide Argonaut against moral character.



RETURN OF THE MUGWUMPS, I

REPUBLICAN PARTY—"Oh, gracious! you naughty, dirty boys; to go swimming in that nasty pool, will you?"



JUDGE.



MPs, NO BETTER FOR THE BATH.

ol, with your clothes on, too. Come in, I suppose I will have to wash you up and make you look respectable again."



Nowhere can mirth be found in a more contagious form than at Daly's. His company as a body, are so genial, congenial, and so in the spirit of the piece, that before the first half hour of the performance is over, the audience is *en rapport* with them and it. The house has been crowded during the past two weeks, the opening ones of their winter season. It will continue to be crowded until next June. Mr. Daly never allows an attraction to pall upon the public taste; he anticipates the desire for change before it is known to his patrons themselves. "The Magistrate," which has been so favorable received is, however, doubtless destined for a long run. This is one of the best recent importations our stage has received. The plot is a series of entanglements ingeniously combined and in places unnaturally *mal apropos*. It reminds us in this respect of Daly's old success "Champagne and Oysters." The elimination of a number of years from her age—a favorite mathematical operation with ladies who wish to appear younger than the family records allow—involves Mrs. *Aeneas Poskett* in so many embarrassing predicaments that, to extricate herself from them, she is compelled at last to acknowledge the little deception she had practised upon her husband

Why will women perjure their souls in their striving after the impossible, perpetual youth? Why should a woman of five and twenty years, who is intelligent and entertaining, forego these possessions and gush and simper like a school-girl relating her first flirtation, or a matron of comely grace and dignity bedeck herself in clothes which appropriately belong to her daughter? Every age has its attractions. There is a difference between the miss and the matron. So is there a difference between the blonde and the brunette. Charm lies in variations. How insufferably stupid society would be if there were no patronizing mammas, no married belles, no captivating widows, but all mere young girls of the first season order!

There is a perceptible difference between "The Magistrate" and the plays that Mr. Daly writes or revises for his company. In the latter, the role is made to fit the person who is to play it, whereas, in "The Magistrate" the actor is supposed to fit the character in the piece. There are some misfits, however. Miss Rehan is far from her prettiest or her best as Mrs. *Aeneas Posket*. Miss Rehan is not thirty-five, and as she

possesses the charms of her own age and can gracefully portray those of a much younger person than herself, it is not surprising that she is inadequate to the weight of thirty-five stage years. Miss Virginia Dreher is enrolled for the vivacious, impulsive, hungry, love-stricken maiden. Now, Miss Dreher is never vivacious or impulsive. She fulfills the other requirements satisfactorily. It always seems to us that Miss Dreher's principle utility is to heighten Miss Rehan's attractiveness—by contrast. Miss Dreher never acts and she sometimes smothers her lines shockingly. Mr. Otis Skinner may be said to have made the hit of this production. He is excellent as the English snob. His affected stolidity of countenance and perfected drawl of "By Jove!" are admirable imitations, but do degenerate into burlesque as is too common in farces.

Harrigan's "Old Lavender" is so different from the plays upon which the old Theatre Comique made its popular reputation, that one is disposed to marvel at its success. It is sentimental where the others were merely amusing; it has a coherent plot, while the others were more of the olio character; it is pathetic where they were comic and has less of the Harriganesque variety and scenes from low life of the city. In a word, it is a step further away from the minstrel business than any of Mr. Harrigan's other plays and roles. Yet it is more acceptable to the public, and in particular to that part of the public which forms Mr. Harrigan's personal following, than when it was put on by Harrigan and Hart years ago. Therefore, the evolution of this play is an interesting study of dramatic methods and their effects on the public. The plot is common-place enough—a forgery falsely fixed upon *George Coggswell* (Harrigan) a clerk in his brother, Philip's, bank. The discharge and disgrace that follow are borne in a mingled spirit of manly patience, weak dissipation, persistent assertion of his innocence, pleasantry and dignity, that form the real originality and extraordinary at-



"The damning evidence of your burglarious intentions I hold in my right digits."  
[Old Lavender.]

tractiveness of "Old Lavender." This is Mr. Harrigan's creation and it is as distinctly a creation as "Rip Van Winkle"—to the pathos and comedy of which it has a family resemblance. Through his disgrace, degradation and final vindication, he is a very human combination of sot, satirist, humorist and hero, and the preservation of kind-hearted, generous, sensitive humor in the midst of degradation, the sting of which he reveals by affecting to conceal it under pleasantries—these are the appeals to common sympathy that make "Old Lav." a strong and abiding character. It is so marked an advance on all the "McSorley" class of roles that it may be regarded as a high point in Mr. Edward Harrigan's ascent toward the legitimate.

A straw that shows the direction of a considerable current in the ebb and flow of the theatrical tide is that a Chicago scene painter has been imported to do the scenery for the New York Academy of Music. It is among the minor indications of what "the provinces" are returning to the Metropolis—contributions in which Clara Morris and Margaret Mather are among the actresses, and J. M. Hill among the managers. The great central sun attracts them all.

#### THE MIKADO.

'Twas a learned man, who'd travelled far,  
From Maine to Colorado—  
Who'd visited the Shah and Czar—  
And he called it the "Mikado."

An ancient dame, a pious miss,  
Who often said her credo;  
And when I said, pronounce me this,  
She straightway said, "Mik-a-do."

A vain old beau, with mincing tread,  
A man of much bravado;  
He shrugged his shoulders, as he said,  
"Mon Dieu! eet's zee Meekadoo."

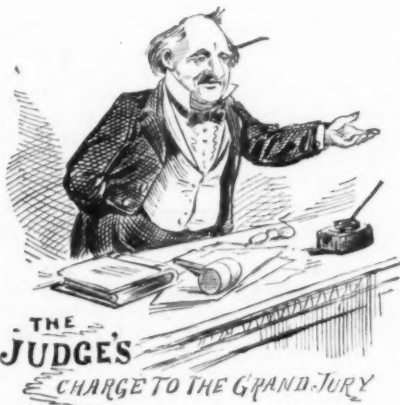
A little tot, with flowing hair,  
Who whistled "Peek-a-boo,"  
Said, with a touch of debonair,  
"Ma calls it Meekadoo."

This left the question still more in doubt, and as a last resort I determined to leave it to Mr. Patrick Byrne, a cobbler of great erudition—

"Say, Patrick, what do you call this play  
That is making such a great ado?"  
And I heaved a sigh as I heard him say,  
"Oi giss ye mane the Mickydoo."

THE SAVAGES OF Central Africa if shown a picture in an illustrated newspaper see nothing at first but black and white, although they gradually begin to perceive the lines of the picture. Some white folks in North America who can see the lines of a picture well enough cannot perceive the point.

THE JUDGE, in common with the press in general, is requested to note that the much-quoted paper known—and much-known—as the Chicago *Sun* has been re-baptised (in solar fire, probably) as Good-all's *Daily Sun*. Inasmuch as the Chicago *Sun* has always been good all it is well to call it so. Let us Sunderstand it, hereafter.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

You Jury will find it incumbent on you at the present sitting to make inquest into the causes of the killing of a large number of Chinese miners in Wyoming. The case has not been ready to submit to you sooner because this court was unable to get trustworthy testimony in the case; all representations had come through channels colored in the interest of the employers of the Chinese. It is the peculiar duty of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion to consider all the bearings of every event, not limiting the inquest into a crime to the facts connected directly with it. It will appear from the evidence before you that the events that led up to and precipitated this slaughter, are as worthy of your finding as is the awful tragedy itself.

It will be shown you that the Chinamen

killed at Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, had been imported thither by the authorities of the Union Pacific Railroad to work coal mines for it and supplant white labor. A raid was made by the white population on these laborers and about fifty were killed under the most cruel and summary circumstances. Your Jury must find against this killing in the severest measure at your command.

While condemning the slaughter, your duty is to enquire into the provocations that the assailants had. This line of inquest will reveal a state of things in Wyoming more startling than the massacre, and one that calls for more energetic and far reaching remedies than does any ebullition of crime. The killing itself is of that extreme and sudden nature that gives presumption of some deeper grievance than mere wages rivalry. If you find cause to surmise that in striking the Chinese the white population were really aiming a blow at their employers and were provoked by their own wrongs, it is your duty to thoroughly probe those alleged provocations in the past management of the Union Pacific Road.

Evidence before you will tend to establish these facts.

1. That the coal mines worked by the Union Pacific Road, at the scene of the massacre, are not rightfully in its possession, having been taken from the original workers by a system of freight discriminations that made them valueless to the first miners. By tyrannical use of their power, it will be shown that the Pacific railroad has thus confiscated all the coal mines of Wyoming.

In this connection you will also enquire into the alleged theft of government coal lands by the Pacific R. R.

2. That the Company has for years used the monopoly of fuel thus acquired to ex-

tort the most oppressive prices for coal from all consumers. For instance: You will be shown that the Company charges more for coal at Wyoming than it does at Omaha, Neb., five hundred miles further from the mines; and that the consumer nearest the mines is compelled to take the poorest coal at the highest price, the best being exported. In a country devoid of other fuel the people are charged \$6.50 a ton for slaty, dirty coal. The enormity of the profits and enormity of this extortion should be considered as among the provocations of the people.

3. Evidence will also show that the coal business is not the only line of industry that the U. P. Railroad has confiscated and monopolized by iniquitous use of its powers as the only carrier there. A statement will be laid before you to this effect:

"Here are some examples of the way the corporation crushed out individual enterprise. It selected Coe & Carter, from among the tie-supplying firms, and made them sole agents, freezing out all others by high freight rates. The discoverers of a mineral paint mine at Rawlins were killed off by an arbitrary raise in freights from \$40.40 to \$80.80 per car to Ogden, and the mine fell into the hands of the company. A similar fate attended the coking enterprise established in Western Wyoming. Agent Vining arbitrarily raised the freight rate on their product and compelled them to abandon the investment. A large packing-house was erected at Sherman upon the assurance of certain freight rates, which were subsequently advanced and the property deserted. The owners of the stone quarries near Fort Collins were robbed and driven out in the same manner. Every hotel feeding passengers on the entire length of the road was taken possession of by the officials, and the company took the hotel property at its own valuation, the old proprietors suffering great loss. The company has everywhere crushed out business



"WHAT A FALL IS HERE, MY COUNTRYMEN!"

ALL is here, and now the maiden  
Full aesthetic wanders far  
Through the woods where, color-laden,  
All her fallen leaflets are.  
And she ambles by the highways,  
Here and there and all about,  
Searching leaves in fields and byways,  
Till she's really wearied out.

She is utterly delighted  
With the hues that strew the ground,  
For her young life had been blighted  
If no autumn leaves she'd found.  
And she'll press them, as she keeps them  
Years and years, for this and that,—  
(In two days her mother sweeps them,  
Cracked, forgotten, crushed and flat.)

In the woods a bird is singing,  
"Twixt the brown earth and the sky;  
And his upward flight he's winging,  
Taking autumn "on the fly."  
But a wiser birdie's scratching,  
So he says, for grassy germs;  
Idly humming, while he's catching  
Unsophisticated worms.

Here Miss Fall herself is sitting,  
In a pose that's quite artistic,  
And the maid and bird a-flitting,  
Trouble not her duties mystic,  
As she sits upon a limb,  
Tipped aside her dainty head;  
For she's now with jaunty vim  
Painting all the country red!

DUVVA.

men who would not quietly submit to all its exactions."

4. Counsel, the press of Nebraska and Wyoming, will submit briefs to the effect that in many ways this grasping corporation has oppressed the people, confiscated values and crippled industry; that it has become a successful tax dodger by manipulating legislatures; that it has screwed down the wages of its own employes to the last living point and finally added the last straw to the overloaded but patient people's burden by importing cheap Chinese laborers from British America in defiance of United States statutes.

5. You will give due weight to the law-breaking position of the Pacific road. It is a principle in law that one may not plead his tort in his own defence. The corporation can have no standing in this Court of the American People when it appeals for support as against a community whom it has oppressed by means that put it outside of the pale of law.

You will not fail to inquire in this connection, also, whether the Pacific Road has any right to engage in mining, manufacturing and trade, at all?

6. Your Jury will not over-look the fact that the people of this country paid upon the Union Pacific Railroad more in money and lands than the road cost to construct; that the U. S. government is a partner with the U. P. corporation in the ownership and operation of the road; that in these acts of confiscation, monopoly and outlawry, therefore, the government is in the position of a robber and oppressor of its own people as much as are the officers of the road. These people, oppressed and goaded as they are, have for years withheld their hands from their present oppressors because they did not wish to raise a hand against the United States. But when the Chinese came on the scene as the tools of further oppression, the gathered rage of twenty years broke on their defenceless heads.

Thus your Jury will see that the Rock Springs massacre was not of a piece with the other anti-Chinese outrages that have disgraced this country. It was a blow at a dangerous monopoly and at governmental oppression. It was not even a labor demonstration; no labor strike was back of it; the trades unions denounce it. It was the expression of the oppressed people of the Territory. No jury can be found to indict one of these assailants. Every paper in Wyoming and Nebraska is on the side of the slaughterers of the illegally-imported Asiatic tools of the Union Pacific Road and the United States government.

In a word, this was not a massacre, but a bloody protest against wrong; not a riot, but a rebellion against a government preying on its people. C. E. B.

Saint Jumbo.

Jumbo ought to be set up in a shrine on Broad street. The autopsy disclosed that his stomach and every intestinal pidgeon-hole were full of money that he had accumulated and swallowed from the hands and pockets of his friends. Titular saint of the millionaire!

TRADE PAPERS have much to say about "the Duty on Broken Rice." Isn't it plainly the duty of Rice's friends to negotiate a settlement at twenty cents and let him go on?

A FAMILY BREAKFAST.

The father, at his coffee gave a Smell, and asked: "What is this,—Ja-va?" His cultured daughter groaned: "Oh, Papa. You make me blush,—pronounce it *Jor-a*."

The mother quoth: "I will not try, oh, To say for sure, but think it's *Ri-o*." Again the smart one of the trio Said: "Mama, you should word that *Rec-o*."

The brother then all hands did shock, ah, And chinned: "You bet your boots its *Moch-a!*" Once more the Vassar maiden spoke: "Aw,—The proper accent, boy, is *Mo-kaw*."

(The table-waitress thought, quite snickery: "A heap o' fuss o'er beans and chicory!" JEF. JOSLYN.

"The World Will be the Better for It."

Canadians call vociferously on Montreal authorities to "wipe out the shame of the city," the toleration of small-pox. From the mortality lists among the relic-worshippers it is evident that small-pox is doing the work of wiping out the shame of the city with encouraging neatness and despatch. The authorities seem to know what they are about, letting the slaughter continue.

AN ORGAN GRINDER in Scranton tried to unload 2,300 coppers for silver or bills. The ignorant-ramus never goes to church.

Ungentlemanly Yankees.

They do say the dudes of the New York Yacht Club refused to associate with the skipper of the "Puritan" because he handled the vessel without gloves. "It was dooced underbred, y' know, to beat an English gentleman by a beastly fluke." Boston always was rough on the English. History repeats itself, chestnut that it is.

Dangerous Stockings.

A health paper discourses alarmingly about "dangerous stockings;" some of 'em make the ladies who wear 'em blind and palsied and broke out with a rash. That isn't the worst about dangerous stockings. Some of 'em make a fellow blind who sees them (on); he is paralyzed and breaks out with goose pimples and sometimes brakes out rash and proposes and doesn't find out how dangerous the stockings (and the wearer) were until it is everlastingly too late. Pooh! what do these Dryasdust health-cranks know about dangerous stockings?

IF THE POPE is going much into unpiring between the nations of Europe he'd better get some pointers from our base-ball victims. A New York referee could give His Holiness friendly tips also, which, if acted on, would leave Peter's Pence for revenue nowhere.



"SNOWED UNDER!"

## SEASONABLE RHYMES.

*The Old Arctic Rubbers.*

"Where are my last year's rubbers, where?"  
The husband now doth shout,  
"I can't buy new, and I must wear  
The old or go without,  
Which means damp feet and sudden chills,  
Pneumonia and doctor's bills."

The wife doth gently make reply:  
"They were not fit to wear;  
I threw them out and you must buy,  
This year, another pair.  
You can't? He can do aught who wills—  
Retrench, my love, your whiskey bills,"

*Pressing Autumn Leaves.*

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,  
"And my arms are the book, you know;  
Now I place the leaf in the book, you see,  
"And tenderly press it so."

The maid looked up with glance demure,  
And blushes her fair cheeks wore,  
And she softly whispered: "The leaf, I'm sure,  
Needs pressing a little more."

*The Seasons Roll.*

Chilly, O chilly are growing the nights,  
The honkers are southward flying in flocks,  
The maiden her beau to the parlor invites,  
For we've passed the autumnal equinox:  
Soon the shivering robin will cease his lay,  
And swathe his throat in a flannel band,  
And the hungry tramp be steering his way  
From the North to the sunny southern land.

*Those Extravagant Girls.*

The elephant they went to view,  
And to paint with red the town,  
And they talked of the pretty girls they knew  
As they pored the whiskey down;  
And one said gravely to his chum:  
"It gives me great distress  
To think young ladies will chew gum  
And spend so much for dress."

*Happy Moments.*

The rose in her cheeks is red to-night,  
Her eyes are filled with a tender light,  
And her heart brims over with happiness,  
For her lover's proposed and she's answered, "Yes."  
[Boston Courier.]

## AYER'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

The business of the J. C. Ayer Co., of Lowell, Mass., has grown to its present large proportions from a small beginning. Forty years ago, Dr. J. C. Ayer, a young man, first introduced to the public what is now known as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine has attained such popularity that the facilities for its production have been greatly increased from year to year, and now require the resources of an immense manufactory. As soon as the reputation of the Pectoral had become well established, Dr. Ayer began the manufacture of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. The introduction of Dr. Ayer's well known Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla, followed: then Ayer's Ague Cure, and Ayer's Hair Vigor, were, in turn, added to the list. So popular have these preparations become that their sale extends to all parts of the world. Nearly forty thousand merchants do business with the J. C. Ayer Co. by direct correspondence. The mail receipts of this establishment are from 400 to 800 letters daily. Ayer's Almanac was first issued in 1852, and, for the first few years, was printed exclusively in English. In a short time editions in French,

German and Spanish were called for, and issued, and, at the present time, this work is printed in ten different languages, comprising, beside the above named, Holland Dutch, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Bohemian, and Welch. From an annual issue of a few thousands the edition has grown, until it now reaches a total of fourteen millions per year. Besides the Almanacs, this house issues pamphlets in twenty languages, including the Italian, Polish, Finnish, Greek, Armenian, Turkish, Bulgarian, Hawaiian and Chinese. Forty millions of circulars are also printed annually and distributed over the country. The printing of this material, together with the wrappers, labels, etc., requires the constant use of eight large printing presses, every working day in the year, consuming for the Almanac alone, 500 tons of paper. The remedies furnished by the J. C. Ayer Co. are the best that medical skill can devise. They are the product of prolonged research and practical experience, and have obtained a degree of public favor without parallel in the history of medicine.

*"Immortality Inherent in Nature," by Warren Sumner Barlow.*

The title of this poem would probably suggest to most persons a very elaborate and technical volume; but on the contrary the matter is not only simplified and clear but is condensed into about forty pages, forming an attractive looking book, containing in all five cantos. The subjects are treated in a careful, sympathetic and thoughtful manner, and are marked by boldness and breadth of thought, as well as by reverence and devoutness of tone and style. We wish the author success in his laudable attempt. Fowler & Wells Co., Pubs. Price 60c., 758 B'way, New York.

*"Heads and Faces: How to Study Them."*

This very interesting and readable book, written in a clear and readable style by Nelson Sizer, one of the oldest and best known character readers in America, and Dr. H. S. Drayton, Editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, appears to be a successful endeavor to present the subject of human character and how to study it in a plain, comprehensive and attractive light. It is one of the most complete books on face-study that has been issued by its publishers, and is a book that must create a demand wherever it is seen. The style in which it has been produced, the excellent paper, good press-work, numerous illustrations, and elegant, engaging cover, make it a phenomenon even in this cheap-book day. Price 40c. Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

## OYEZ! OYEZ!

Away down East 'mong the moun.aineers—  
Now the base ball season has had its day  
And the skating rink has lost its fears,  
And city boarders have gone away—  
The vital question of the hour now,  
The vital query each one will make  
Is the one that is asked with anxious brow—  
"Pray, how did your vaccination take?"  
[Goodall's Sun.]

If you wish to lay up something for a rainy day steal an umbrella.

[Bloomington Eye.]

The Concord *Monitor* has an article on "The Pear Blight." The C. M. is behind

the times. The pair blight dates back to the fall of man.—[Boston Transcript.]

Chicago is a vast asylum of base ball-natics.—[Bloomington Eye.]

The Puritan is the name of a new color in ladies' goods. Of course, it is warranted to be fast.—[Philadelphia Call.]

Corsets are never worn in China, probably because China is incompressible, and corsets wouldn't make good china-wear anyhow.—[St. Paul Herald.]

Johnny and Ira, in New York politics, are not the original Davenport Brothers. In fact they are not brothers, and only one of them, Johnny, has performed tricks before the public.—[Picayune.]

Fond Mother—"You are very sick, my child; I will send for Dr. Jones."

Daughter (quickly)—"Not Dr. Jones, mother dear; he's engaged already."

[Peck's Sun.]

The Chicago *Herald* declares that a preacher in that city used the words: "I will meet the home nine in the lecture-room Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. The game will be called at 3 sharp."

The "We-can-go-it-alone-Club," is the name of an organization of ladies in White Plains, N. Y. There are strong grounds for believing that a more appropriate name for the club would have been the "We-have-to-go-it-alone-Club."—[Boston Courier.]

"Who rang the bell so early this morning, Maria?"

"It was the milk-man, ma'am. He brings fresh milk every morning."

"Well, I don't wish to be disturbed by this noise. Tell him to bring enough Monday for the whole week."—[Peck's Sun.]

"Over there? Why, that, my dear, is a barque. To the left of it you will perceive a three-masted schooner." "Yes, sir," the maid trembling rejoins, "but what is a fishing-smack?" "A fishing-smack, sweetest, is sometimes known under another name. 'Tis oftentimes called a flask."

[Peck's Sun.]

"He's not what you call strictly handsome," said the Major, beaming through his glasses on a homely baby that lay howling in his mother's arms, "but it's the kind of a face that grows on you." "It's not the kind of a face that ever grew on you," was the indignant and unexpected reply of the maternal being; "you'd be better looking if you had."—[Boston Journal.]

All the members of the Czar's family have learned to speak English. In these troublesome Nihilistic days they do not know how soon it may be before a skillfully-directed dynamite boom will make them all dependent for a living upon the last resort of the royal afflicted—the American lecture platform.—[Somerville Journal.]

"Why are we like angel's visits?" said a pretty girl on a sofa to her bashful lover who was sitting lonesomely on a chair at the other side of the room. "Really," he stammered and blushed, "I must give it up. Why are we?" "Because," she replied significantly, "we are few and far between." He destroyed the similarity almost instantly.  
[Merchant Traveler.]

"You are a quadroon, I believe, M. Dumas?" began an enterprising interviewer. "I am sir," curtly replied Alexander the Great. "And your father?" "My father was a mulatto." "And your grandfather,

what was he?" "A negro," growled the man of French historical fiction, beginning to wax restless under his straightforward catechism. "And may I presume to ask what your great-grandfather was?" "An ape, sir," thundered the author of "Monte Cristo," springing to his feet: "my pedigree begins where yours ends."—[Ex.]

The following is a real "letter from a boy"—aged eleven: "I send back this cur which I hope will bring out virtues. I send him under the pretence of your giving him away if allowable—but if you find an owner for him who will take him under the simplicity of taking care of him, do so by all means. You will think by his manner that he has been ill-treated, but it is owing to his sneaking deficiency face. He has been treated with the utmost tendency. The food which he relishes best is chicken on the wing. Posts, rails, buckets, and other garden utensils do no good for his epidemical hide—when not well fed he barks doors. Although we have not touched upon his good qualities we will now begin. He has a tendency to drive cows, but not at the right time. I will name the victims which he has fought—a black dog with yellow hair and a spunky little pug. A bad beginning may mean a good ending in the dog life. I think he will come out a genuine dog in the end—all he lacks is lustre."—[Transcript.]

#### THE LATE ECLIPSE.

"Did yer see the 'clipse," said an Arkansaw man to De Fidget the other day.

"No; did you?"

"Yer bet I did. I heerd 'em all talkin' 'bout what a grand sight hit would be, so I concluded ter set up an' see hit. 'Long 'bout 10 o'clock I tuck my cheer an' sot down in the door whar I could look at the moon, an' thar I sot an' sot. I thought the time fur the performance ter commence never would come, an' I sorter began ter git tired o' the job, sure's ye live, I seed the man in the moon wink. Then I seed his lips workin' sorter like he wuz talkin', an' every once in a while he'd smile an' wink at me. I never had seed sich a sight in my life, an' my ha'r riz up on eend like the bristles on a clothes bresh. Then I seed two hands come from behind the moon, an' one of 'em motioned fur me ter come closer, but ter save my life I couldn't move. The man in the moon kep' a smilin', an' a winkin', an' a motionin' with that hand, an' I kep' a gettin' skeerder an' skeerder, but I couldn't move. All ter onct he seemed ter git mad an' slapped me with his hand, an' knocked me sprawlin' in the yard. I got up as quick as I could an' looked at the moon. Thar hit wuz, lookin' jest as hit allers did, only hit seemed to have a little slice outer the side next ter Pegleg Smith's. I woke my wife up an' told her my experience, but she called me a old fool, an' said I went ter sleep an' fell outen the door, and when I showed her the bruised place on the side o' my head she said that wuz whar I hit my head agin' the door facin' when I wuz fallin'. But I know better.—[Goodall's Sun.]

#### MISS ELLA ON THE FARM.

Burdette has the following in his column in the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

A CARD FROM MR THISTLEPOD.

Editor of the *Eagle*:

Noticin' in your columns quite recent a paragraph to the followin':

"Miss Ella Witchazel, a charming young school-teacher of Villisca, Iowa, finding the close confinement and arduous duties of the school-room injuring her health, tried the out-door cure. Instead of spending her winter's salary and summer's vacation in a crowded hotel at the seashore, she went on a farm, cut 25 acres of prairie hay, harvested 40 acres of wheat, gained 20 pounds in weight, a coat of tan on her hands and a rugged health that cannot be equaled anywhere off a farm. There's the girl you are looking for, young man."

Now, what I want to say: I am well acquainted with this young school marm. Fact is, it was my farm she spent the summer on. Nice girl, Ella is, as ever run wild in the sun. We was glad, wife and me, to have her come, an' she did 'bout as she pleased on the farm. I'd often read in the papers 'bout these young women that taught school in the winter an' farmed in the summer, but I never had any experience of 'em before.

Well, sir, she farmed. First day, nothin' d do but she must drive the hoss rake. Well, every man an' woman that comes from town wants to drive the hoss rake, an' they call that gettin' in the hay. My little Janey, eleven years old next May, usually drives the rake for us, but she ain't feelin' overly peart this summer an' I kinder kept her out of the sun. So Miss Ella gits herself boosted up on the hoss rake—my boy Joe, he boosted her, an' then she screamed an' fell off. Then she got on again, hit the hoss a crack an' away she went on the dead jump out o' the field into the road, hoss ago'in', dust flyin' and Miss Ella screechin'. Some of the men headed her off an' stopped the hoss. Then she tried it ag'in. This time she struck right straight through the standin' grass, where it was tallest, thickest and tangled; hoss a-balkin' and tuggin' away by turns, and grass holdin' on or comin' up by the roots, rake teeth a-snappin'. We got her out of that, and we lost a whole day on the rake, gettin' it mended.

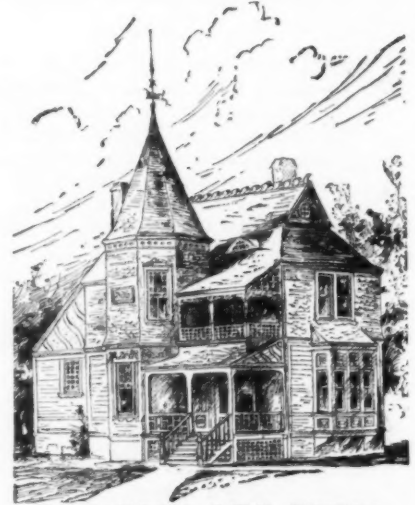
Then she tried drivin' a load into the big barn. Had to send to the house for a ladder, an' then all the men had to go clear out the field while she climbed up on the load. Drivin' in she got the wagon caught in a hedge gap as wide as the Missouri river, run over two stand of bees, upset the load, and buried herself under 300 pounds of hay. It was the safest place for her under the exciting circumstances; so we jest left her ther' until the bees got cammed down an' we got some work done. Next load she went in on, and then turned all the men out

of the barn while she climbed up into the mow, an' then she wandered around until she stepped into a chute and shot down about 28 feet into the cow barn an' lit right on the back of a Jersey calf that was worth \$250 of any man's money an hour before. Miss Ella w'n't killed, but she was that jammed up that she lay in bed two days, an' but for that providence we'd hev been workin' at that hay yet. An' anybody that wants a broken back calf can have one at his own figures.

Well, come when a harvest, she must drive the self-binder. That was a leetle too risky, but she had her own way. But she couldn't be trusted up above the knives, so somebody had to set on there and hold

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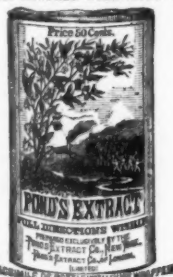
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her on. My boy Joe, he held her on—I told Joe she was makin' a fool of him—an' if she didn't make him drive around every poppy an' every blossomin' weed she see in that field to save it! Never mind the wheat, but save the blamed weeds. There was only one stump on the 320 acres of prairie land, just one stump, an' I hope I may go to seed before thanksgivin' if that girl didn't run into it an' break the reaper. Lost all the rest of that day a-mendin' of it.

Next day she was proud and confident she could drive alone. Well, we tied her into the seat so's't she couldn't fall off, an' she started. Two rods from the start a big black snake stuck up his head—an' you know how slick them knives amputate a snake? Miss Ella, she gives a faint little squeak, an' faints dead away. My boy Joe—he's always hangin' around—he jumped for the horses, took Miss Ella down and carried her into the house. Money, nor healthy tan, nor rugged appetite, nor nothin' couldn't coax Miss Ella Witchazel into that field ag'in, an' we got through harvestin' all right. Land, how the men luffed. And yet we all liked the girl. But the idea of her farmin'—why, do you know, sir, one day in hayin' she went to town—took one of my best work horses an' was gone all day—an' came back with 'bout twenty yards of blue an' white ribbon an' tied 'em on the men's hats and the rake handles, and wanted us all to wear biled shirts, with the sleeves looped up with blue ribbon, go marching out to the hay field, me at the head with the most and longest ribbins, a singin', "We merry haymakers, tra, la, la, la, la!" She saw it done once that way in a concert or theayter, an' thought that was the way hayin' was always done. An' she was so vexed that she cried when we wouldn't wear 'em. Law, when I put on that hat, ma laid back and laughed till the tears ran down her dear old cheeks. "Job Thistlepod," she said, "if you go out an' work in that rig, you'll scare away the grasshoppers." My boy Joe, he did wear his hat out, but he hid it under the hedge when he got out of sight of the house. I told Joe he was the biggest fool I ever see.

Well, Miss Ella got along fairly well after wheat harvest. Gathered some graceful sprays, she called 'em, of poison ivy one day, and couldn't see out of one eye for nigh a week. One day she took a tin pail to go out after berries, and when she went through the cow pasture the cows thought there was salt in the pail and chased her till she was nigh ready to drop. And she went to the barn once an' tried to harness a young Tuckahoe colt that had never had a halter on him, an' how she got out of that stable alive's more'n I can tell. But what I wanted to say is, that that's about the way the young women, who farm so graceful in the newspapers, usually farm on the farm. But we liked her. An' we hated to see her go. An' she will make a splendid wife for some man, if she can't run a farm, but I don't know about your young men comin' out to look after her, for when she said good-by to me to go back to town, she throwed her arms around my neck an' gim me such a kiss that I says to my boy Joe, standin' by the wagon to take her to town, he was always somewhere around, "Joe," I says, "you'd give your share in the farm for that," an' Joe he didn't seem to care for anything of the kind, an' Miss Ella, she up an' give me another squeeze an' a kiss, an' I saw her looking over my shoulder at my boy Joe and—haw! haw! haw!

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