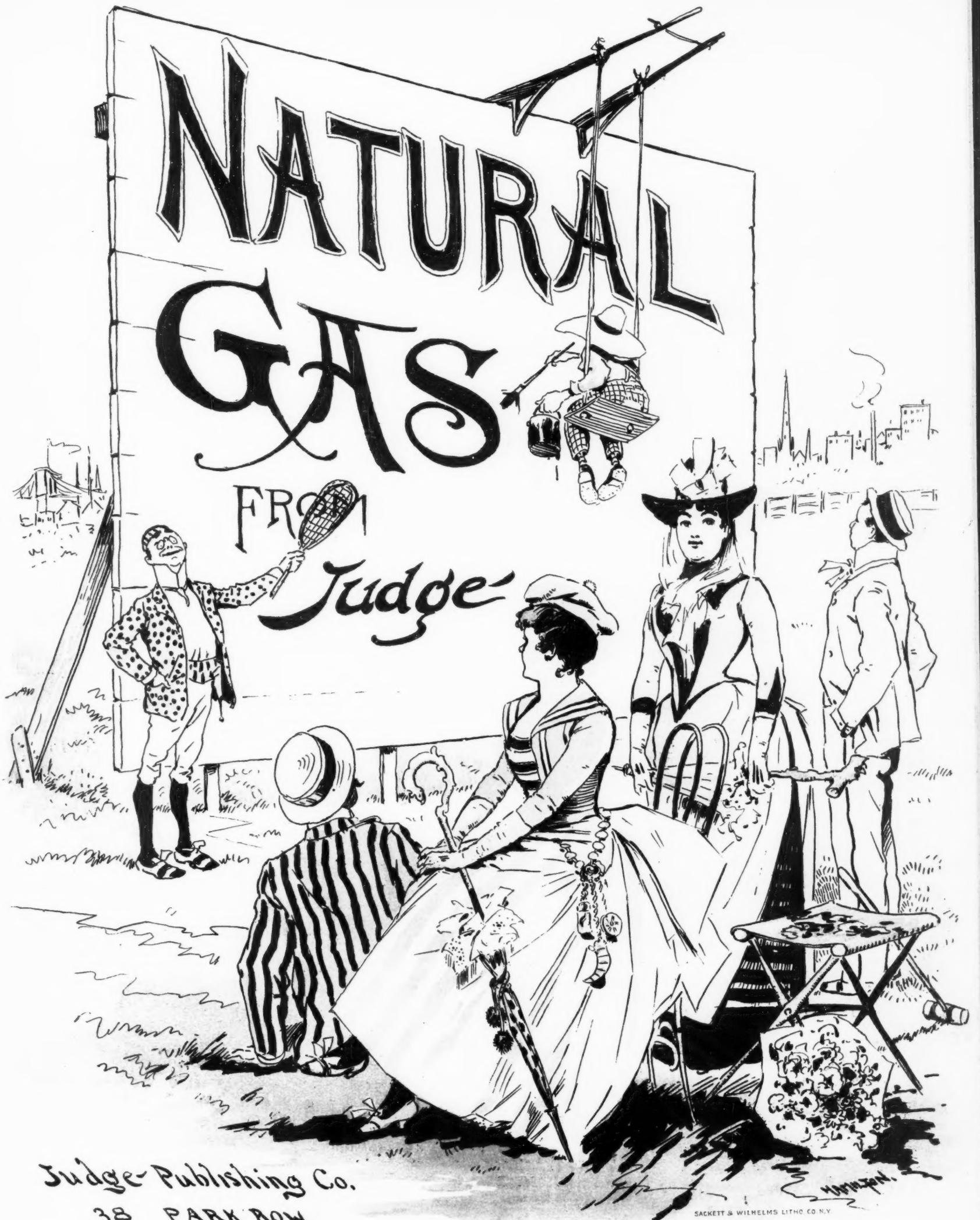


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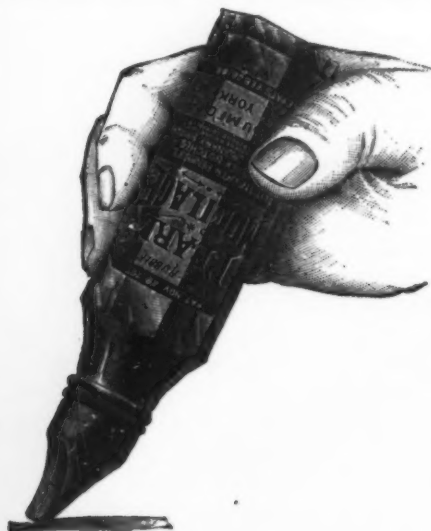
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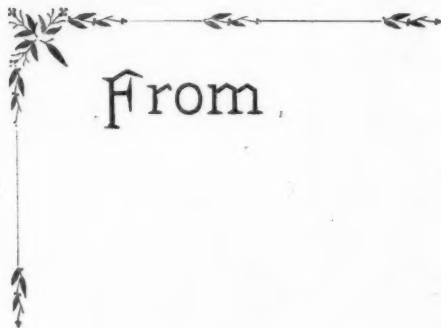




# NATURAL



# GAS,



From

## *Judge*

BEING THE BEST THINGS THAT HAVE APPEARED IN THAT HUMOROUS JOURNAL.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALL THE "JUDGE" ARTISTS.



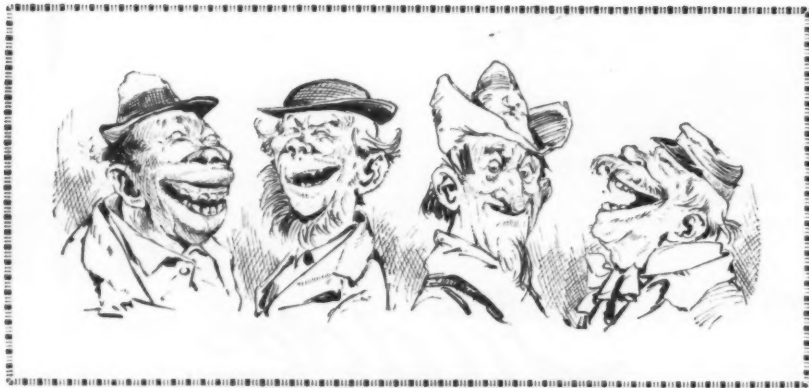
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# NATURAL GAS

## FROM FUDGE.

IT is better to have the natural than the pumped and manufactured article. That good wit that surprises one and brings light to his eyes and laughter to his lips and countenance, unexpected and unstudied, is better than the machine-produced light and lightness that prevail in so many publications. "Why do you whistle so?" asked the speculative man of the thoughtless boy with his lips always puckered and his cheeks always blown. "Don't whistle!" said the boy, unscrewing his lips; "whistles itself." The winds they blow where they list, and nobody knows the destination of any thistledown; natural and other gas lifts itself to the match and there is consolation in it, if not glory and coruscation; and when they are gone there is nothing to show that they have been there, as there is nothing left of a laugh but the memory of it a few times during a long or a short life. But all the same they have had their mission and done their little work; and the *Judge's* compliments and good wishes to such as think that "NATURAL GAS" is equally fortunate.



AT A HARVARD ASSEMBLY.

ELLICOTT, '89—"Don't look now, Miss Laker; but here comes our pet quarter-back."  
MISS LAKER (of Duluth, who never played football, and thinks her partner is referring to the approaching lady)—"If that's only a quarter of it she must have an awfully long back, Mr. Ellicott."

## NATURAL GAS FROM JUDGE.

## A REMINISCENCE.

CARD, once white, now somewhat yellow  
tin'ed,  
I've found in looking through my books;  
The name it bears in dainty letters printed,  
Is Helen Brown. How queer it looks!

I met Miss Helen Brown some years ago,  
She studied art, was most ambitious,  
And I—well, I was badly stuck, you know,  
And in my moods perhaps capricious.

At times I thought her love was wholly mine;  
Again I'd note, with sad emotion,  
That she could worship at the shrine  
Of art with just as much devotion.

And this I could not bear—I told her so  
In bitter words one summer day;  
She laughed at first, and then—heigho!  
We quarreled, and I—I went away.

Ah me! 'Tis strange, when I care not a rap  
For what took place so long ago,  
That just the sight of this wee, dingy scrap  
Of pasteboard could upset me so.

Especially since the card she uses now,  
The most expensive kind in town,  
Has 'graved upon it (after all that row)  
My own distinguished name instead of Brown.

E. L. SYLVESTER.



## A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

DEASEY—"He's wan o' th' foineast bur-r-ds iver impor-r-ted. I'd not tek tin dollars fer him thish minute. Cleary gev' me him down on th' dock. It's moultin' he is at prisint, but prisintly he'll kim out thot shparklin', yez'll hev ter shade yure oyes phin ye!"

PARROT (breaking in suddenly and with tremendous emphasis)—"Shoot the pope!!!"

## SHE UNDERSTOOD THAT VOLAPUK.

She (poking her head out of the window at 3 A.M.)  
—"Is that you, John?"

He—"Yesh, m'dear. Wishyou'dcomedownan-  
findthishk'hole."

She—"Well, stop talking Volapuk and I'll be  
down in a minute."

## HOPPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

"If you think my legs eccentric,"  
Said the grasshopper to the bee,  
"And my forehead queerly pointed  
Where the brain-box ought to be;  
That my mouth has feeble motions  
Whence dark mysteries do exude,  
Please to know I once existed  
As a Pythagorean dude."

## MUST HAVE HIS JOKE.

"Who are those silhouette valentines intended  
for?" asked Mrs. Brown, looking in a stationer's  
window.

"For colored people, I suppose," chuckled the  
old man.

## NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"I see by the new valentines that are out this  
year," remarked Merritt, "that all the poets are  
not dead."

"No," replied Miss Snyder, with a grim smile,  
"but they should be."



DEASEY (promptly)—"Git th' axe, Honorah!"

## A GREAT FASHION PAPER.

Wife—"Jack, did you bring home a copy  
of the *Sunday World*?"

Husband—"No, by George! I forgot all  
about it."

Wife—"Well, I can't go to the Watkins  
ball to-night then."

Husband—"Why, what has that to do with  
it?"

Wife—"I've got to have a bustle, haven't I,  
stupid?"

## NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

They were on the upper deck and the  
weather was inclined to be rough. They  
were discussing benevolence.

She—"You know what the Bible says,  
'Cast thy bread upon the waters.'"

He (hastily)—"Ex-excuse me, I think I'll  
try it now."

And he rushed for the side of the vessel to  
see the color of the water.

## A MODEST REMINDER.

Bobby's mother had invited a few friends  
to tea, and Bobby was consequently in-  
structed to be on his best behavior.

The conversation having become anim-  
ated at the table our young friend was  
forgotten. A few moments afterwards his  
mother asked the servant for a clean plate.

"You can have mine, mamma; there ain't  
nothin' on it," said poor little Bobby.





**COOL AND CLAMMY CONGRATULATIONS.**

MRS. SACKVILLE—"Why, how do you do, my dear Mrs. Cudley? Delighted to see you. Shopping, of course?"  
 MRS. CUDLEY—"Just a little. You know Mr. Cudley has been a little unfortunate in his business lately." (*He failed for half a million.*)  
 MRS. SACKVILLE—"I know, but how much more you must appreciate things when you have to pay cash!"

**A GIVE AWAY.**

Stranger (to young man consulting his watch)—"I see that you are carrying your first gold watch."

Young man (somewhat surprised)—"Er-yes, sir; but how do you know that?"

Stranger—"Because you carry it in a chamois skin case."

**MODERN SOCIETY.**

Nellie (just home from Narragansett, to her bosom friend)—"Oh, Fan! think how delightful it was. One evening I danced three dances with a Mr. Peters, who is said to be the wickedest man at the Pier, and all the other girls were so mad."

**MSS. RETURNED.**

"Ah, Chawley, I heah you have written a book."

"Yes."

"What is your publisher's name?"

"Can't tell yet; I've only tried three-quarters of the list so far."

**CARRYING OUT THE RULE.**

"Now, pupils, I would like to have you call each other by your right names. Don't say Sam when a boy's name is Samuel, or Lem for Lemuel or Dan for Daniel."

A small boy just then raised his hand, and when asked what he wanted, said, "Please sir, may I sit with Jimuel?"



**HELPING HIM UP.**

Little Deering has met that magnificent great Gorton girl at Goupil's.  
 ATTENDANT (with a quiet wink and a noisy whisper)—"I'll lind yez the loan av this packin'-case to shtand on fer a quarter, sor!"

**A NEW SOCIETY.**

Bedley—"What's new, Gus?"

Medley—"I hear that the mothers-in-law of this blessed town are organizing an oath-bound society to be known as the P. P. P."

Bedley—"Gracious! What do those letters mean?"

Medley—"Pulverizers and Paralyzers of Paragaphers!"

**A GOOD REASON.**

Miss Lilly was trying on her first long dress.

"No doubt you're glad to get rid of the short skirts," said her mamma.

"Yes, indeed; for now they can't see me grow."

**A SAD OMISSION.**

Pawnbroker (with his mind on the shop, at the theatre box-office, studying the ticket he had purchased)—"I zay, dare vash no tate on dish sheck fur retempshun of de bledge!"

**TOO HONORABLE TO DO IT.**

Mr. Bulcombe—"Tell me, Harold, if you hear any compliments about me from your sister Emily."

Harold—"O, yes; she said the other day that she didn't think you'd ever set an iceberg on fire."

Mr. Bulcombe—"Of course I couldn't; she knows just where to find me there."

## DREAM LIFE.

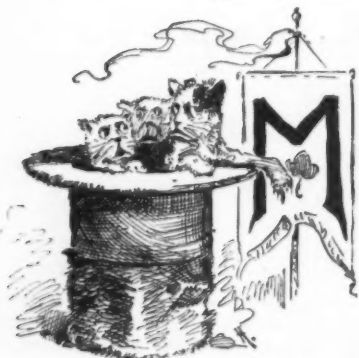


She lies along the sward and dreams—  
Below the white pond-lily gleams;  
But whiter than the lily's gleam,  
And purer, is her maiden dream.

The lily's petals, waxen white,  
Burst open to the morning light;  
But fairer is the opening flower  
That dreams alone this morning hour.

Between the lilies on the stream,  
And skies with azure summer gleam,  
The fairest sight the eye may see  
Floats in this form of purity.

And if along the stream you stray  
At early morn or close of day,  
Not flowers below or heaven above  
Will snare the heart in webs of love.



## WHY FLANNELLY FAILED TO PARADE.

RS. FLANNELLY—"Troth! it comes out well this year, John."

Mr. Flannelly—"It do, Julia, it do; but av yez'll pit an yure t'imble an' tek a bit av a shtitch in thot har-rp that do be loose betuxt th' shamrocks near th' bottom o' th' fringe, Oi'll t'ank yez."

Mrs. Flannelly—"Musha, John! wid youse goin' behind th' band, Oi'd sew miles fr yez. Giv' it me. Well th' day Oi remimber phin yez foorst aff bought th' bygalia, an' Dinny Costigan, th' bloody Orangeman, tould yez t' pit it an ice thot it 'ud not shpoil; an' acushla! how yez did t'ump him thot sem day! Begor, his ould 'ooman wor borryin' anarchy an' lineamints av me fer go'n an t'ree weeks, so she wor!"

Mr. Flannelly—"It's youse thot has charity, darlin'. Bad cess t' this batton! Wan o' th' Gould tips is afther kimmin' aff, an' it laves th' grane ribbin shlip 'till Oi'm chrazy wid it."



## SUNDAY MORNING ON THE AVENUE.

MR. HERRICQUE—"Blamed 'f I see what those Duyckinck girls find so blamed amusing about me! Think I'll have to change my tailor."

Mrs. Flannelly—"Lave me bite it tegither. Thim lasht tathe yez won at Quinian's roffle wud chrush pavin' shtones (c-r-r-unch)! It'll bother yez no more. Pfwat's thot aisin' itsilf doon yure coat? Aha! Johnny, it's youse thot do have th' soft feelin's wid a tear as big as a horsey-chestnut. Shure it ain't mooch Oi kin do fer yez, me bye, but av youse ain't th' gim av th' peeshade Oi'm a divoorched wooman foortwid."

Mr. Flannelly—"J-Julie, it's youse thot do be always bhreakin' me hear-rt wid yure k kindness, darlin'. Oi'll tek a shmack now av Oi die,—s-w-eee-mp-ck! (and the Connelly's across on the opposite rock raised their windows to locate the premature blast). Wid me bhlack doe-shkin coat, me aisy breeches, me bygalia thot's not bet be anny in th' A Ho Haitch, an' me batton wid jist enough rid in it t' show aff th' grane thot ghrips th' haythin color, an' wid me plug—be th' Saint's loongs! Julia, Oi fegot me hat. Did yez see it?"

Mrs. Flannelly—"Faith Oi did me man. Phin yez kim in lasht year an th' mor-rnin' av th' eighteenth, wid yure hide shtuffed wid beer-sandwiches, Oi tuk it aff youre arrum, led badk th' top wid Shpaldin's glue, an' pit it away in th' chisht in th' loft betuxt th' quilt me mither's mither knitted with her own han's, an' th' picture av th' pope—(God grant him hivin!)—an' it's theyre's yit, as thure an' dacint as a hidghog in his hole."

Mr. Flannelly—"Oi'll go oop th' laddher an' bring it doon, an' in th' mane time, wan moor shmall kiss fer th' sake av th' day thot's kimmin'."

Policeman Driscoll—"Oi doan' know will she kim out of it, sor, widout stimilants, for sich a clip she got wud shtop a comet."

Ambulance Surgeon—"Was he full when he hit her?"

Policeman—"Sober as a crow, sor."

Surgeon—"How did he come to do it, then?"

Policeman—"Well, sor, from th' inquires Oi'm afther mekin' from the nebburs—fer divil th' wur-rud Oi kin git from him, himsilf—he wor afther findin' a litter av t'ree kittins in his Pathrick's-day hat, an' begor, sor, wid difference t' th' law, sor, yez kin shoot me av Oi wudn' done th' sem!"



## A HEAVY LOAD.

LUSH—"Gosh—hic—12 o'clock. Guess'll g'ome."

YOUNG AMERICA (in the back-ground)—"Say, boss, drop in a nickle and weigh yer load."

## NOT ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY.

Bobbey—"I hear they've been trying the faith cure on Jawkins."

Wiggins—"Yes; it's a great thing for rheumatism."

Bobbey—"Indeed! Is he stronger?"

Wiggins—"No—but the rheumatism is. It's got him all twisted up in a hard knot now."

## HEARD IN A STREET-CAR.

Young lady (to friend who has just entered the car)—"What takes you down-town so early this morning?"

Second lady—"Why, you know I'm going over to Jersey to-morrow to remain a few days, and I thought I'd go down to Liberty street to see just what time the 10.30 train started, so I'd be sure to leave home early enough."

First lady—"A capital idea. I often do that myself."

And then they both cast indignant glances at a rude man sitting opposite, because he chuckled audibly.

## NOTICE FOR HIM WHO RUNS.

It is estimated that the earth loses an hour in every sixteen thousand years. Americans will please take notice, and put in an extra hour while there is time.





COMING DOWN THE HUDSON.

CASHLEY (on his bridal tour)—“You’ve no idea, darling, of the quick-wittedness of some of our lower classes. I’ll speak to that barge-man, and you’ll see if his reply isn’t pat. Hi, there! Where’re you bound?”

CANAL-BOAT CAPTAIN—“To sheol, you idiotic, brainless, camel-back dude! Go back to your cage, you long-nosed, lop-eared galoot! Yah!”

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

St. Peter (to trembling soul just arrived at the pearly gates via the golden stair)—“Well, friend, have you your credentials?”

Trembling soul—“Alas! no; I was suddenly drowned while out fishing, and could not prepare myself for death.”

St. Peter—“That’s bad; I don’t see how—by the way, how many fish did you catch?”

Trembling soul—“None. I caught not a single one.”

St. Peter (throwing the gates wide open)—“Enter quickly and welcome; take this halo to wear about your head; but few such as you abide with us.”

WASN’T FITTED FOR IT.

He was a German, and starting out on his first trip for a dry goods firm. A couple of days after, the firm received a telegram with the following report:

“I haf done notings to-day, aber mit Got’s hilfa I do besser morgans.”

The firm wrote him a word of encouragement, wishing to give him a fair trial, but after they had received three similar telegrams they replied:

“With God’s help please look for another situation, and with the same help return the samples.”

“Ta’n’t ebery chimibly dat’s got a draf’.



WHEN CUPID SNICKERED.

WIGGINS (who has nerved himself to ask her papa’s consent)—“Sir, I have just returned from the concert—with Miss DeJones—and finding you alone”—

DEJONES (of Chicago)—“That’s all right, my boy—broke, eh? Here’s a twenty. Her mother used to clean me out the same way!”

SHE WANTED TO SEE IT.

“Haven’t you got any more figgers in marble?” asked old Mrs. Bentley of the attendant at the Museum of Art.

“No, mum; these are all. Is there any one you are looking after?”

“Yes; I want to see the statue of limitations I have heard John talk so much about.”

FORTUNATE.

Brown soliloquizes—“Every time I go out in the rain I’m sure to lose my umbrella. How lucky I never take but one!”

OLD CHOCOLATE’S TARGET PRACTICE.

Dyin’ am jis’ ez hahd on de mos’ comf’ble bed.

De fahmah dat posepones plantin’ posepones hahvestin’.

Justice limps, but she keeps afoot w’ile de t’ief am a-restin’.

Dar’s many a man lame toe de eye dat nebbah limps in ’is min’.

Gray hair a’n’t allus a sign ob dose t’ings dat age shud stan’ fo’.

A pennyworth ob codfish costs a heap ef yo’ a’n’t got de penny.

Yo’ kin run an’ run, but yo’ can’t cotch good fawchune ’less hit lets yo’.

Some men ah laik a swing-in’ do’; hit ’pends w’ich way de win’ blows wudder dey ull slam shut er open.

**A LEGAL QUESTION.**

*Lawyer* (to witness)—“You say your business required you to go down into the basement fourteen times every day.”

*Witness*—“Yes, sir.”

*Lawyer*—“Now, sir; will you tell me how many times a day you came up from the basement?”

**KNEW IT BY THE EAR MARKS.**

*News editor*—“Here's a telegram about a fire, but the name of the city is written so illegibly that I cannot make it out.”

*Managing editor*—“Does it say anything about the building being gutted?”

*News editor*—“Yes.”

*Managing editor*—“Date it Chicago and let it go.”

**THE QUESTION OF THE FUTURE.**

*Friend No. 1*—“Fred's made a capital hit with his new novel.”

*Friend No. 2*—“Glad of it. What plagiarized from?”

**THE MAGICIAN AND HIS PUPIL.**

*Or, How Second-hand Magic Failed to Work.*

**HE WHO HAS TO EAT IS LOST.**

“I want a bottle of digestylin.”  
“Why, Professor Fastbound! The last time I saw you you were the perfect picture of health! What's the matter?”

“Most dead from dyspepsia.”

“What's the cause of that?”

“Married one of Juliet Corson's graduates six months ago. ‘Prefers to do all her own work.’”

**NO HELP FOR SUCH.**

Scene in the office of M. Pasteur.

*Sufferer*—“Doctor, I have come to consult you as a last resort. Can you do anything to relieve me from the consequences of these wounds?”

*Doctor*—“Those are a little the worst dog-bites I ever saw.”

*Sufferer*—“Doctor, those are not dog-bites; they are Jersey mosquito-bites.”

*Doctor*—“My dear sir, I can do nothing for you. Next!”

Where spooning is bliss 'tis folly to get married.

**DISCOUNTING THE FUTURE.**

Master Tommy had been naughty, so his mother, who believed in moral suasion, said to him: “If you are naughty you will vex mamma; then she will fall ill and will die, and you will be taken to the cemetery.”

Master Tommy at once became serious, and after being immersed in reflection a few seconds a smile of joyful anticipation beamed on his angelic countenance. Throwing his arms around his mother's neck, he exclaimed:

“Oh, mamma! can't I sit alongside the coachman?”

**THE INFIRMITIES OF AGE.**

*Petulant wife*—“That horrid old English clock you paid so much for last week, Mr. Chippendale, is always hours ahead of the correct time. I told you not to buy it, and you'd better return it at once.”

*Good-humored husband*—“That's because you would not let me stand it where I wanted to, my dear. Cocked up there at the very head of the stair, the poor old thing is probably unable to resist the continual temptation to run down.”

**MAKING THE BEST OF IT.**

Jones was praising his wife to one of his friends. “I know that Jane is not beautiful, but I have come to forget her plain looks.”

“How so?”

“Why, you see, Jane's a very clever woman, Jane is. She's in the habit of entertaining half a dozen female friends who are fifty per cent. uglier than herself.”

**A VESTIGE OF PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.**

“What makes you think our new boarder is a married man?” asked a boarding-house mistress of one of her servants.

“Because,” replied the girl, “I noticed that when he came home early the other morning he removed his shoes before going up stairs.”

**INCOMPLETE.**

*Jags*—“There are restaurants in the Bowery where you can get salt pork and sauerkraut for ten cents.”

*Bagley*—“The deuce you say! Surely they can't afford to throw in a coffin at that price?”



# MISUNDERSTOOD.



'POSN' thet a right nice feller,  
Lettle over mejum height.  
Fa'r-complected, ha'r a light  
So'ter sun-burnt sandy yeller,  
Wus ter come ter you an' pay.  
His respects, whut would ye say?

Right well-favored, an' sof-spoken  
Thisher man is, people tell;  
Folks appear ter like him well.  
Any one thet takes ter pokin'  
'Roun' his record, 'bout'll see  
How upright a man kin be.

Right well fixed he is, an' yonder  
In a kerrige of the hill,  
Thar's a cunnin' lettie still  
Thet no raider could git onter  
'Less my pa'dner, Jackson Clay,  
Wuz ter gin the place erway.

Would ye?—law! yer answer's  
dartin'  
Like blue lightnin' fom yer  
eyes!  
But I don't feel no su'prise.  
'Cuz I 'lowed ye her me sartin'—  
Huh! "Ye thought 'twuz  
Jackson Clay  
I wuz talkin' fer?" Go 'way!

## OLD JUDGE SNIFFITS.

THE OLD SETTLER'S REMINISCENCE OF ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Soon ez it begins to edge along to 'ards Chris'mas time, Squire," said the Old Settler, drawing his chair nearer to the tavern fireplace, "I alluz think o' ol' Jedge Sniffits, th't usety live on the fur side o' Lost Crow Barren, an' the lively an' elevatin' Chris'mas eve th't kim off wunst at the B'ar Path Tavern, owin to his bang-up way o' distribitin' justice without fear, favor or affection, fifty year ago an' better, over in the Sugar Swamp deestric'. The ol' jedge—he wa'n't a jedge, ye know, but only a justice o' the peace; but ev'rybody called him jedge—the ol' jedge were the Dan'l o' that deestric', an' w'enever he come to jedgment folks jist hel' their breath an' watched the splinters fly. He wa'n't unly bench, bar an' jury, but he were the legislatur' too, ez fur ez pervidin' law to suit the case in his bailwick went; an' if th' were one thing he bragged on more th'n another, it were th't he did'nt never waste no time in huntin' up precedents, but jist made precedents ez he wanted 'em.

"The time th't I started in to tell ye 'bout, I were a youth to fortun' an' to fame on-know'n, but were fur enough along in years to know w'at tasted good with sugar an' tanzy in it, an' ez th' were plenty of it goin' in them days, at bottom prices, I were correspondin' ly happy. Sol Mudrush kep' the B'ar Path Tavern, an' a rip-roarin' good un it were, too. One Fall, Adinijah Bailey, claimin' th't 'Riah Ham-bright owed him fourteen dollars back money on the price of a mully' heifer he had sold him, summonsed 'Riah to 'pear 'fore ol' Jedge Sniffits an' stan' suit for the money. Th' were consid'able doubt ez to whether the money were owin', an' th' were a tol'able good chance o' 'Riah's winnin' his suit, 'cause the ol' jedge didn't like Adinijah's lawyer,

Gabe Troop. Gabe had been town clerk, and he were fuller o' law p'int's th'n a cattypiller is o' hair, an' the jedge couldn't fer-give him fer that. But Gabe were cunnin', an' he give 'Nijah good advice. He know'd that the jedge'd ruther hunt th'n eat, an' th't he had a houn' th't he thort more of th'n he did of hisself. That houn' had the run o' the Court, an' folks had to be mighty keerful an' not hurt the dog's feelin's, an' it wa'n't a dog th't a discriminatin' stranger'd ha' took to his bosom on sight, nuther, bein' yaller an' of a lumpy build. Gabe he goes to Adinijah an' he says—

"'Nijah, says he, 'now yev either got to go an' take a hunt with the ol' jedge an' let him beat the life outen ye killin' game, or else ye mus' make a great fuss over that ornery yaller houn' o' his'n w'en yer case is bein' tried. Either one'll be a big p'int in yer favor, for it'll be a percedent th't the jedge'll make a note on."

"'Nijah couldn't go huntin', so he said he'd pat an' be lovin' like to the jedge's houn' w'enever the jedge were lookin' durin' the trial. The case kim up the day afore Chris'mas. Jedge Sniffit's Court were five miles fm the B'ar Path Tavern, an' a lot of us fellers had gethered at ol' Sol's on Chris'mas Eve, an' was waitin' to hear the news fm the trial. Th' was half a dozent o' 'Nijah's friends thar, an' about the same number o' 'Riah's; an' argyments ez to how the case'd be apt to go run hot an' high. Bimeby ol' Sol says:—

"This here is Chris'mas Eve, boys," says he, "an' a good time fer some fun. I'm a gittin' up the best supper th't ever were dishd in this here shanty, an' if 'Nijah Bailey wins the suit that air supper b'longs to his friends that's here or may come in. If 'Riah Ham-bright wins, then the layout goes to stuff w'at friends he's got ez wants to tackle it; so let's all take an appetizer on it, an' a Merry Chris'mas to ev'rybody, anyhow."

"We done that o' course, without any hangin' back. The glasses hadn't hardly been emptied w'en clatterty-bang kim a hoss up to the door, an' in bounced one o' 'Nijah Bailey's boys.

"'Hooray!' he hollered. 'Dad won! The ol' jedge were with him fm the word



## SPEAKS PRACTICALLY.

MISS PRIME—"Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, Doctor?"

DOCTOR (*meditatively*)—"Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between 29 and 30. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her 29th and 30th birthday."



## ONE GLEAM OF CONSOLATION.

MRS. JOHNSON (*mournfully*)—"Ah, deacon! It am very hard to loose de bigges' chile I's got."

DEACON SMITH (*consolingly*)—"Dat am true, Mrs. Johnson; but dese cha'tisements of Providence am allus mercies in disguise."

MRS. JOHNSON (*meditatively*)—"V-e-e-s; Jeems was allus a monst'ous catch."

go, fer dad jist patted an' honeyfoogled that ornery houn' o' his'n all through, an' ketched him solid. The jedge didn't hardly wait to hear t'other side 'fore he give judgment fer our claim an' costs. I piled right onter Betsey an' hain't be'n no more'n twenty minutes fetchin' the news. Hooray! let's all take a drink!

"Us fellers th't was fer 'Riah was a sick feelin' lot an' no mistake, but we took a drink. The smell o' old Sol's supper floated out inter our noses, an' the idee th't none of it wa'n't fer us sot us almost wild. 'Nijah's friends begun to move inter the dinin' room, all the time aggervatin' us fellers with all sorts o' sayin's an' doin's, ez we sot thar in the bar-room, hungry ez catty-mounts an' glum as mourners.

"'Never mind,' says they. 'You fellers kin hev all th't we don't git away with!' they says, an' they howled a laughin' an' begun to set down to the feast. Jist then th' kim another hoss clattery-bangin' up to the door, an' the nex' second one o' 'Riah Hambright's boys busted inter the tavern.

"'Hooray!' he hollered. 'Pap's won!'

"We was up an' aroun' him in a jiffy, an' hollerin' like mad fer him to 'splain hisself, an' t'other fellers kim a rushin' outen the dinin'-room lookin' wild an' sheepish.

"'Pap's won!' says 'Riah's boy. 'By the way th't 'Nijah patted an' made a fool o' hisself with the



## AN HONEST M. D.

WORRIED WIFE—"Oh, doctor; what has detained you? I sent for you at 12 o'clock; my husband is very low indeed."

DOCTOR (*complacently*)—"Yes, I received your call then, but as I had an engagement with another patient in this neighborhood at 6 o'clock, I thought I'd make one job of it and kill two birds with one stone."



## IRONY.

TRAIN BOY—"Rock candy, rock candy, sir?"

CRUSTY OLD PARTY—"No, no, go away. I haven't any teeth."

TRAIN BOY—"Gum drops, sir?"

jedge's houn,' says he, 'we see we was gone f'm the start, an' w'en the jedge give judgment agin us we wa'n't s'prised. 'Nijah, he riz up w'en he heerd the verdict an' were walkin' away, pleased ez Cuffy. The jedge's houn' follered him an' jumped up agin him, wantin' to be patted some more. But 'Nijah'd had nough

o' the houn', an' he up with his foot an' histed the dog clean across the room. Quicker'n a flash the ol' jedge rapped on his desk 'til the winders rattled. Ev'rybody kim up a standin'. The jedge give one look at the yellin' houn' an' then hollered out—

"'The judgment o' this here Court's reversed, with costs on the plaintiff, an' twenty-five dollars fine for contempt o' court!'

"Squire," concluded the Old Settler, "I can't begin to tell ye w'at follered. 'Nijah's friends jist wilted down in their boots, an' if us fellers didn't mosey in an' clean ol' Sol's table, an' hev a Chris'mas Eve th't almost riz the roof, then th' hain't no use o' hist'ry bein' writ!'

## HOW HE MADE HIS FORTUNE.

*Fifth-avenue wife*—"Herbert, who is the man that has just purchased the next house?"

*Fifth-avenue husband*—"A parvenu, my dear. He owned a snow-shovel during the last blizzard."

## AFFECTED HIS MIND.

*Bobby*—"It seems to me old Jawkins has a very biased way of looking at everything."

*Wiggins*—"He can't help it, poor fellow. You know he's cross-eyed."



PROOF OF INEXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Bagley—"I let Mary go to-day, John."  
Mr. Bagley—"Why, I thought you said you had gained a prize in her!"

Mrs. Bagley—"Well, I did think so, but I came to the conclusion this morning that she hadn't had any experience in housework."

Mr. Bagley—"How so?"

Mrs. Bagley—"Why, she actually tried to put the cases on the pillows without holding the pillows by her teeth."

AN AMBIGUOUS COMPLIMENT.

"If you use my mixture once," said a patent medicine man, "I'm sure you will never use any other."

"No," was the reply, "I don't suppose I ever would."

HE GOT IT RIGHT.

Pompous old teacher (to class in sacred history)—"What weapon did Samson use to kill the Philistines?"

No one remembers.

P. O. T. (who believes in suggesting answers, touching his chin)—"What is this?"

Bright Boy (who takes the hint and remembers it all now)—"The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

Circus in which P. O. T. and B. B. are principals.

A BUSINESS SECRET.

"You must be very polite to succeed in this business," said a barber to his young apprentice. "Always wear a pleasant smile and try to flatter everybody."

"I'll do my best, sir," replied the apprentice; "but how am I to flatter a bald headed man?"

"Easy enough," replied the barber. "Just ask him if he doesn't want his hair cut."

MAL-APROPOS.

Jones attended a wedding the other day where the groom was an infantry officer.

"One of the best branches of the service," he remarked, as he congratulated the bride. "Deaths are so frequent that advancement is certain and rapid."

BAD CASE.

The hopeless condition of the boy in Hoboken who swallowed his mother's tape measure is pronounced by eminent physicians to be the only genuine case of a patient "dying by inches."

VERY BLANK VERSE.

Countryman (in bookstore)—"Say, how much is this book?"

Clerk—"That Shakespeare? You may have that for three dollars."

Countryman (opening the book)—"Um—guess I don't want it, arter all. Half the lines ain't carried out to the margin, and thar's pooty near as much paper as print. I like solid read-in' best, myself."

UNANSWERABLE.

"No, my son shall not work in a bank. He's a delicate boy and I do not want him to put himself in danger," said a Harlem mother.

"But I don't see how bank work can be considered dangerous," replied the husband.

"Aren't bank clerks constantly exposed to drafts?"

MAL-APROPOS.

Chairman of committee of presentation.—"In tendering to you this brilliantly plumaged bird, only recently torn from the perfume-laden bowers of its Amazonian nativity, I wish to say, in behalf of your

parishioners, that their earnest hope is that he may cheer and enliven your home, prove an object of interest and instruction to yourself, your good wife and children, and with his merry ways brighten and entertain the parsonage for years to come."

Parrot (who has been listening attentively)—"The h—I you say!"

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

"Oh, what a nice dream I had last night!" said little Alice to her younger brother, Augustus, one morning. "Only think, I was at a restaurant, and I had such loads of good things; macca-rooms, cream cakes, jelly cakes, and ever so many more."

"And what was I eating?"

"Oh, you wasn't there!" replied Alice, sympathetically.

Whereupon little Augustus took out his little handkerchief and wept bitterly over his first disappointment in life.

INDIGESTIBLE.

Tompkins—"Hello, old boy! I hear you have married a literary woman. Mend your own stockings and all that sort of thing, I suppose?"

Smithkins—"Ye-es. But that isn't the worst of it. She sometimes mislays her poems in the bread, and they are apt to make it a trifle heavy, don't you know."



IS THIS A FOEMAN WORTHY OF OUR STEEL.

COLAROW—"Me heap big bad Injun, waugh, wantee grub sudden! Wow-wow."



LITTLE JOHNNY (one minute later)—"Th' dago didn't think ther wuz a man 'round the house, did he marm?"





## A POPULAR RESORT.

GORDON (of New York City, who is visiting his cousin, Miss G., of Cincinnati)—“Well, Grace, we have the entire afternoon at our disposal; suppose we devote it to the Queen City’s most popular place of amusement, wherever that may be.”

MISS GRACE—“Well, we’ll have papa take us over and see them pack pork. You’ll enjoy it, I’m sure.”

THE DIAMOND EDITION  
DREADFUL SLAYS  
INDIANS.

For some time I’ve had my flesh all pucker up in-to goose-pimples perusin’ the excitin’ times the poor settlers on the frontier has had with them red minyuns of the forest. I stood this thing ’till my blood biled an’ I felt like risin’ up Wilyum Riley an’ knockin’ the spots off them blood-thirsty demons in war paint an’ murderus designs. I was bound to go an’ suck the pale-faced maiden whose half brother had been sent to the happy huntin’ ground with a arrer fer a breast-pin. Now, it takes sand to go an’ face them relentless redskins an’ their nefarious burnin’ at the stake an’ runnin’ the gantlet. But I started out on the war-path, pale but gritty. I sorter reconitered down the back allys till I struck the ferry an’ crossed over into New Jersey. Then I jist humped myself lookin’ for redskins. It must have been a cold day for ’em, for I didn’t see none, nor any signs; not even the spiral smoke risin’ from a raw-hide wigwam. I ventured to ask a storekeeper if there wus any Injuns in them parts. He wus a nice man an’ showed me right away where I could find one. It was off the main trail in a sorter fastness of



## CONDESCENDING.

SHE (an excellent waltzer, to awkward partner, whose feet seemed to be everywhere but in the right place)—“Dear me, Mr. D’Elefant! how awkward I am; always getting my feet in your way.”

D’ELEFANT (with condescending consideration)—“Pray—don’t mention it.”

little streets. There sot a Injun sure as you live. His back wus turned. Now wus my chance to avenge the poor white maiden an’ win fame. I sneaked up behind him an’ drove my glitterin’ hatchet into—a cigar-sign. Pa come over the next day an’ paid for the spoilt Injun an’ took me out of jail. I hain’t ben on the warpath since.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

In a café.

“Waiter, these dominoes are in a filthy condition—all spotted and broken—not fit for a gentleman to play with.”

“Oh! I see, sir; you’ve been losing.”

## WOULDN’T NOTICE IT.

Sheriff (his first execution)—“I’m afraid that rope isn’t fixed around your neck in the most approved fashion.”

Condemned man—“Oh, bless your soul! don’t worry about a little thing like that. I shan’t notice it.”

## THE DOCTOR’S VERDICT.

Eihel (to the family physician)—“Why, doctor! you really don’t think that powder hurts the complexion?”

Dr. Gruff—“Well, no; some kinds don’t.”

Eihel—“Oh, please tell me which kind is the best, and I promise I will use no other.”

Dr. Gruff—“Baking powder—take internally.”



PHYLIS AND I.

PHYLIS and I with burning sigh  
Parted a year ago.  
Phylis, they say, was sent away  
Because I loved her so.

Phylis and I both vowed we'd die  
If either proved untrue.  
Phylis, they say, was wed to-day,  
Now what am I to do?

Phylis and he. O happy he  
Who has my darling's heart!  
Phylis, they say, is bright and gay;  
I would not have them part.

Phylis and he! Who can he be  
Whose bliss has just begun?  
Phylis and he! Why don't you see?  
He, she, and I are one.

Morgan Mac Knight.

A TALK WITH ST. NICHOLAS.

I had a talk with that philanthropic saint of Christmas time, the other day, old Santa Claus.

"Well," said Santa, after we lighted our meerschaums, "this is a funny world, isn't it?"

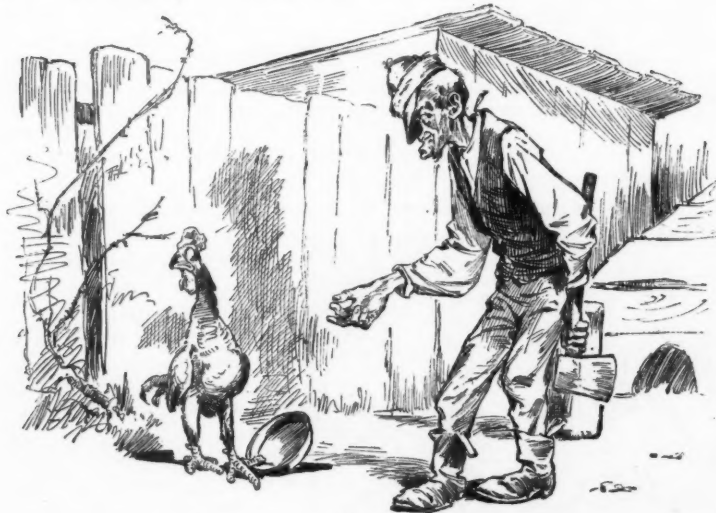
"Yes, indeed," said I. "I suppose you have an opportunity to see a great many queer things. I don't like to appear too inquisitive," I ventured, "but there are something more than a million readers of JUDGE who would like to know your history. Would you object to giving me the outlines of it?"

"I was born," said Santa, "four thousand years ago yesterday, on an iceberg in the Arctic ocean. I don't look it, but I was. My parents were in excellent circum-

A CHRISTMAS DISASTER.



stances—my father was in the ice business. I presume this had something to do with the subsequent coolness that sprang up later between the old gentleman and myself, for when I was twenty years old I left the roof of my father's ice house, but how unprepared to earn my own living! I was an icicle, the people said, and they would have nothing to do with me. Social ostracism was more than I could bear, and so, after hanging around some eavestroughs for two or three years, and hearing that my paternal ancestor was melting towards me, I hastened back to his house. Alas! I was too late, for when I arrived I found that he was dead. He had left a will, carefully done up and laid away in a first-class burglar-proof Arctic chill, which was found to contain a provision that I was to expend his vast fortune—gained in furnishing icebergs to ocean steamship companies—for the benefit of humanity. I thought of a thousand and one ways in which humanity might be benefited by the vast fortune at my disposal, and finally settled on the plan that I have been carrying out ever since. As you doubtless well know, I have had no competition to fight against. This has made me lose heart of late years, and now that most of



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THE KIND OF WIFE TO HAVE.

MR. DEL BLAISE—"Siamese princh r'ceps'ionsh, p-pet. It'sh trifle late."  
 MRS. DEL BLAISE—"Yes, dear boy, it's nearly three. After I find out in this next chapter whether Mrs. Despard committed suicide or not, I want you to take that poker chip out of your eye, and tell me all about it."

the Claus fortune has gone I have come to the conclusion that unless I stop pretty soon my name will be Denis—and death will be far preferable to that. Don't you think so yourself?"

I admitted that the sting of death wouldn't be half so hard to bear as the name of Denis.

"To tell the truth," he continued, "I don't see how I have stood it so long as I have. I look jolly, and round and fat, but my philanthropic work has made a perfect wreck of my nerves. Why, I can't go down the chimney of a Boston house and cram a piano into one of those Massachusetts girls' stockings, that is only large enough for a No. 1 Faber lead pencil, without an attack of the horrors. Then just think of the years and years I have been lugging succulent hams to the Chicago girls, and ear muffs to the Buffalo damsels, not to mention the thousand and one things that I have had to cart around to the rest of the females of this glorious country. The strain has been enough to wear out the Keely motor. I think I've done my duty, and if you hear of a fine lot of reindeer being offered for sale soon after the 25th of December, you may know that I have concluded to get what I can out of the outfit and leave the country. Of course, I may change my mind if I find this year that every one of the sixty million people of this country don't ask for the earth; but I'm afraid it is too much to hope for. Are you going downtown? Well, I've got to get my beard trimmed, and I guess I'll step down on the street with you."

And thus ended the only authentic interview ever had with St. Nicholas.

## THE LADY OR THE TIGER.

Wiggins (pausing on the doorstep)—"Shall I go and see my best girl to-night, or go and have a quiet game with Jim Fiveace?"

## MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Found in a physician's album:  
 "A pistol sometimes misses fire, but a thorough draught never fails to bring down its victim."

## ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Jones—to the bathing-house keeper at the sea shore:  
 "To-morrow I want my bath a little earlier than usual."  
 "Yes, sir; but you see, sir, the tide doesn't serve until five o'clock in the evening, sir."  
 "Oh, nonsense! you can hurry it up a couple of hours."

## PROGRESS IN EFFORT.

"Do you really write for the papers?" she asked admiringly, as they sat together on the front porch.  
 "Yes," he murmured in the deepening shadow, "I am an author. I have not had anything printed yet, but hope to soon."

## HE DIDN'T HIT IT.

"Which of all the girls that you know do you like the best?" she whispered sweetly.  
 "The one I'm usually with," was his heartless reply, and now he wonders what made her mad.

## AT AN EAST-SIDE LUNCH.

Jaggs—"Er—John, what is this?"  
 Attendant—"Cheese, sir."  
 Jaggs—"Whew! Why didn't you have it embalmed before you sent it up?"



HATED TO BE DISTURBED.

BARBER—"There you are, sir; next!"  
 YOUNG BLADSLÉE (who had been out very late the night before)—"Hol' on! Hair cut."  
 BARBER—"I've cut your hair already, sir."  
 BLADSLÉE—"Sham-p-poo!"  
 BARBER—"I've done that too."  
 BLADSLÉE (who is too comfortable to get up)—"P-pull a tooth!"





HIS IDEA OF IT.

DEACON LUSH—"By gum! these is ther best kind o' door I ever sot eyes onter. They save a heap o' trouble openin' and shuttin' 'em, and keep out the hosses and caows jest as well as t'other kind."



NOVEL DESIGN FOR A LADY'S SUMMER HAT.  
It might be called the "Poker Dot" or "Dicer."



AS FAR AS IT GOES.

MISS DEVERE—"Well, papa, what do you think of my new dress?"  
MR. DEV. (*who does not believe in décolleté*)—"Oh, it's good enough, what there is of it."

NO TROUBLE ABOUT AN ALIBI.

Lawyer—"Now, you are sure you can prove an alibi on the trial?"

Client—"My dear sir, I can prove two of them if necessary. I've got to be acquitted if I have to prove half a dozen."

CULTURE.

In Boston, bob-tailed cars are called the "missing link" when they are behind time.

RATHER HAVE THE BOY WHIPPED.

Editor—John, if anybody calls tell him I am very busy writing an editorial.

Office boy (ten minutes later)—"Man down stairs what wants to know who wrote that article in yesterday's paper."

Editor—"Go back and tell him you wrote it. I'm not feeling first rate today."

A QUEER DIET.

Wiggins—"Hello, Bobbley! how's this? What's become of that gold-mounted umbrella you were carrying the other day?"

Bobbley—"I've eaten it."

Wiggins—"Eh?"

Bobbley—"Yes—pawnd it to pay a board-bill."

Dis yer talk dat hit doan' make no difence w'o deals de kyahds, am a bal'headed theory. I allus desi' toe deal.

SHE WAS IN A HURRY.

She—"Sir! what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?"

He—"Do you object?"

She—"Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm."

HE SUDDENLY GOT READY.

Creditor—"When are you going to pay that bill?"

Debtor—"When I get ready."

Creditor—"I shall put the matter in the hands of my lawyer next Thursday."

Debtor—"Er-I shall be ready to pay you on Thursday next."

CONCENTRATED WISDOM.

Found in an album.

"It is with consciences as with stomachs—some throw off offensive matter more readily than others."

"Life is like a pipe—it gets broken as soon as it begins to smoke well."

NEMESIS.

Higgins—"Sad thing this, about poor Gagiey. Choked himself in a restaurant, y' know, with a piece of pie."

Wiggins—"How dreadful!"

Higgins—"Just as he was reading one of his own jokes about the Chicago girl and the pick-nife."



EVADING THE LAW.

HARLETT—"Why, Clarence, old man! what are you doing in the fireplace?"  
BRISKETT—"Mamma objects to having the curtains discolored old fellow. Come in and have a cigar. Plenty of room, you know!"

HAMILTON.



#### ONLY THE FRAMEWORK.

FIRST PARTY—"Say, Jones, who is that tall, angular and extremely thin woman talking to Bicks?"  
 SECOND PARTY—"Why, that's his wife."  
 FIRST PARTY—"You don't say so! Well, I think if I were Bicks I would have her upholstered."

#### A WEAK MEMBER.

Reporter—"Mr. Sullivan, did anything of moment happen on your trip from Liverpool?"

Mr. John L. Sullivan—"Yes, my right arm gave out again."

Reporter—"What were you doing at the time?"

Mr. John L. Sullivan—"Describing my fight with Mitchell."

#### "WATER" INCREASES THE STOCK'S VALUE.

Bobby—"Tom, can't you lend me your umbrella? It's raining."

Gagley—"Sorry. Can't go into the umbrella trust while the stock's watered."

#### ALL THE MATERIAL FOR A FIGHT.

"I understand three European nations came near getting into a squabble this morning."

"How was that?"

"Brown said he saw an Italian organ-grinder playing the Boulanger march in front of a German beer-saloon."

#### MIGHT MAKE SOME DIFFERENCE.

Theatrical manager—"Why, sir, this play won't go at all. Every character in the piece is killed in the first act. That's absurd!"

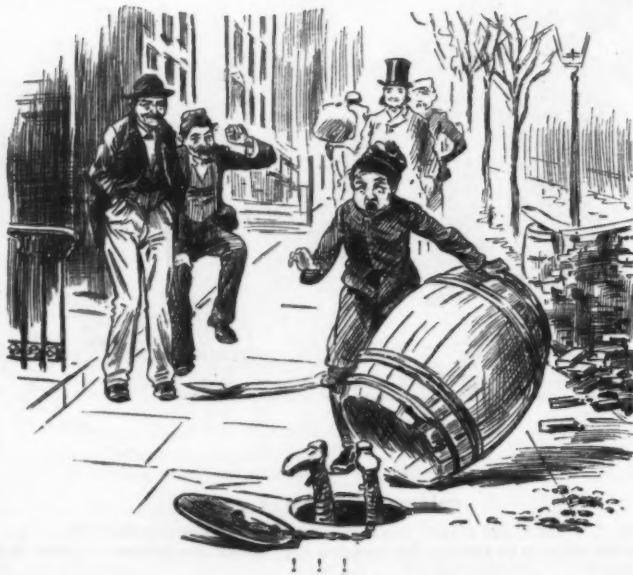
Playwright—"No, it isn't. You don't know what actors I've got in mind for the parts."

"H'm! h'm!" ejaculated Jones while glancing over the morning paper; "I know I am not well posted in physiology, but when it comes to reading that a man was 'shot in his saloon,' a 'boy mortally hurt in the alley,' and 'a woman injured on the back-stairs,' I may as well own up to complete ignorance of those parts of the anatomy."



#### HE SURPRISED HIMSELF.

AMATEUR CONTORTIONIST—"Now, Billy, when I goes into dis barril, you just turn it over and I'll come out of the other end."



#### HER REQUEST.

"Are you posted, dear, in Volapuk?"  
 The gushing maiden said,  
 As she looked into her lover's eyes  
 And tossed her pretty head,  
 "Cold English words but half express  
 The volumes of our love;  
 Let's talk the universal *volk*  
 And say, *Ah-goo! Ah-goo!*"

He loudly laughed, and tried to treat  
 Her language as a joke,  
 And stole a kiss from off her lips;  
 She sighed, *Kharlie ah-wok!*  
 He woke indeed, and looked her o'er,  
 Then swiftly from her fled—  
 And now she longs for English warmth:  
 Cold Volapuk is dead!

#### HE WAS NO HORSE.

She—"John, don't you think the horse needs a new harness? Smith has an elegant one for sixty dollars."

He—"Sixty dollars for a new harness! Why, I don't spend to exceed thirty-five dollars for a whole new suit."

She—"Yes; I know, John; but you're no horse."

#### HAD SIZED HER UP.

Madame is scolding her cook.  
 "It really seems impossible now-a-days to get decent help."

"Quite true; and if madame herself were a servant she'd be discharged even quicker nor me."

A woman in Mississippi fell into deep water, and not only didn't drown but came out with a ten-pound fish in her bustle. It isn't much of a story. The only wonder is that, being a pretty as well as a determined woman, she didn't land a whale.

Washington has a woman's bicycle club, and if the club ever goes out on dress parade there will be such an adjournment of congress as will make the nation's head swim.





**A RUINOUS INCREASE IN STOCK.**

Tommy goes out to raise some money on his pups.



Tommy after the first month. No purchaser yet.



Three months later. Hard luck.

**A BIG GAME.**

"These old poker stories, with big jack-pots and other chestnuts, make me tired," said Dumley, wearily. "Why, boys!" he went on, "I once played a game of cards for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

The crowd whistled, and one of them—a very young man—asked:

"Was it poker, Mr. Dumley?"

"No," replied Dumley; "it was solitaire."

**A TRIFLE HANDICAPPED.**

*Brown*—"Robinson, will you take something?"

*Robinson*—"Thanks, no; I'm just going to dinner."

*Brown*—"Well, take an appetizer?"

*Robinson*—"No; I've only got thirty-five cents in my pocket, and my appetite, as it is, is rather more than that amount will cover."

**WORSE THAN DISEASE.**

*Brown*—"I'm sorry to see you've got rheumatism again, Dumley. Now I can tell you what will cure it. Take twenty grains of"—

*Dumley*—(writhing with rheumatic pain)—"Rheumatism, my dear fellow? Why, I haven't got rheumatism!"



**A DECIDED REFUSAL.**

*ITALIO DE COUNTE*—"So you will not be my wife, eh? Do you forget zat I am an Italian count?"

*YOUNG AMERICAN*—"O, no; I do not forget you are an Italian count, but I do know that I was never brought up to make a dozen shirts for thirty cents and do the washing for a large family!"

**A MORTIFYING CIRCUMSTANCE.**

*Boston lady* (to husband)—"I was so mortified to-day when Mrs. Bunker called, and so amazed at little Waldo!"

*Boston husband*—"What did he do?"

*Boston lady*—"Why, Mrs. Bunker complained of feeling a little faint, and on my going to the closet for a glass of wine and a trifle for her to eat, I discovered that Waldo had eaten every baked bean in the house."

**GOING LIKE HOT CAKES.**

*Friend* (to young author)—"How is your book going off, Charley?"

*Young author*—"It's going off fast. I've already been obliged to give away most of the first edition to my friends."

*Friend*—"That hardly pays. This is the first book you have had published isn't it, Charley?"

*Young author* (bitterly)—"No; it's my last."

**EVEN HOMER NODS.**

*Hezekiah Hilltop*—"Let me depart, your honor, for this time unpunished save in mercy, and the place that knows me now will know me no more forever."

*Judge Puffy*—"No, Hezekiah. Like Lycurgus upon his death-bed, who fixed his eyes upon his friends and bade them farewell, you must"—

*H. H.*—"Pardon the interruption; but Lycurgus couldn't!"

*Judge P.* (astonished)—"And why not, sir?"

*H. H.*—"Because he was a one-eyed man."

*Judge P.* (angered)—"Ten days or ten dollars."



**HE'LL NEVER KNOW.**

VISITOR (to asylum)—“That gentleman seems to be singularly afflicted.”  
 ATTENDANT—“Yes. He's been trying all his life to find out from the average railroad time-table at what time the trains arrive and depart.”



**PROPER PRESENT FOR A WIFE.**

CUSTOMER—“I say, what would be an appropriate present to give to a lady?”  
 SALESMAN—“Well, that depends somewhat upon the lady's age and relation to you.”  
 CUSTOMER—“Well, she's my wife.”  
 SALESMAN—“Oh, in that case I would recommend a muzzle. I'm a married man myself.”  
 CUSTOMER—“Shake!”

**HOW THE NATIONAL GAME AFFECTS HER.**

BALLVILLE BEACH, 1888.

*My dear little Diamond:—*

Am I having a good time? you ask. Well, I'll give you my campaign from my scorebook and let you be umpire.

I coaxed pa to come early so I could get my first innings at society's bat here, for 'tis here the choicest “hits” do congregate. We got our position at centre-field in a swell little Queen Anne, and to judge from my present fielding my score will be the leader.

I pitched my first ball high, when I found the Duke of Wiles was signed for catcher of the American Beauties. I made three base-hits on rides with him before the other girls got to first, and made two home-runs in one week by coaxing him up to the cottage for a quiet b. and s.

Then I made the grand double-play of the season; Oldgold came to time sooner than I'd expected, and as I was more than half afraid the duke would play foul if a richer girl took her innings, I played 'em both. Thus, you see, I got the *eclat* attendant on the duke's name, and the fun out of Oldgold's attentions—he never spares money when he's on deck, you know, nor misses batting a ball that can hit a good time.

I made two or three wild pitches between the two, and came near losing first-base by taking an out with Mr. Dudling one day; but I managed to score my points at the hop that evening with both.

I stole a base on Fan Slowleigh by batting for her old poke of a lover's favor in his “new and original play” of “Modest Maidens.” I slugged so well in my part as leading lady that I astonished myself, and as acting's the next best thing to flirting, I enjoyed Fan's raging glances immensely. *He* thinks I'm a regular sky-scraper for high-toned sentiments. Ha! ha! I popped a fly to him one day, quoting from Shakespeare; but he sent a corker to centre with some lines from Horace Somebody, and I know I muffed, trying to look as if I understood them.

I expect to get in some scattering hits next week on a batch of

fly yachtsmen, and if I don't fumble I shall down at least three of them that gave signs of being badly hit last year.

But there's the dinner bell! I must slide to plate.

Will send you another score card soon.

Till then,  
 Yours for the pennant,  
 MADCAP WILDE.



**AT MOUNT DESERT.**

ETHEL (to Cousin Jack, who has just arrived)—“I've found this dear old boatman a perfect type of his class, and I want you to know and enjoy him as”  
 BOATMAN (breaking in)—“Here you, Silas! 'f you don't fetch that yer ——— dory in ter wunst I'll break every ——— bone in yer ——— carcass!”

**THE PATERNAL VIEW OF IT.**

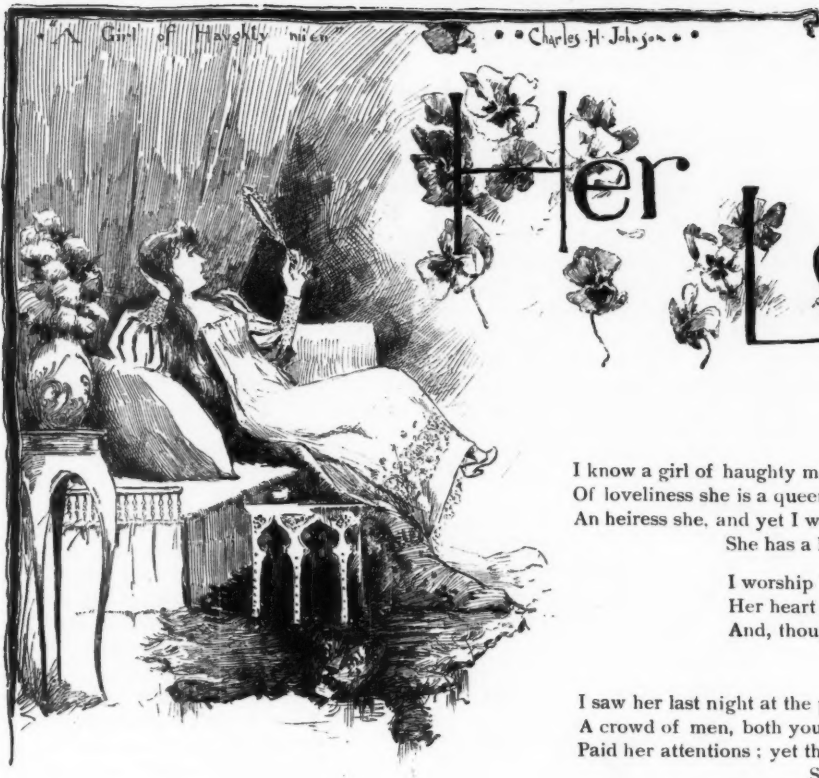
“What a beautiful child!” exclaimed Miss De Gush, As she gazed at the bundle of clothes;  
 “And you happy father—think it's the one Finest baby on earth, I suppose.”

“Well, yes,” replied dad, as he thought of the nights He had walked the cold floor in distress,  
 ‘I really must say, my dear Miss De Gush, I regard it a howling success.”

LENA G. BROWN.

When throats are parched and tonsils dry,  
 And homely physics are defeated,  
 'Tis pleasant to have friends who try  
 To have the dryness often treated.





# Her Love



I know a girl of haughty mien,  
Of loveliness she is a queen ;  
An heiress she, and yet I ween  
She has a love.

I worship blindly at her shrine,  
Her heart seems almost adamantine,  
And, though some day she may be mine,  
She has a love.

I saw her last night at the play ;  
A crowd of men, both young and gray,  
Paid her attentions : yet they say  
She has a love.

Her love it is extraordinaire ;  
Her love, she wears it on her hair,  
Her love it is a bonnet rare—  
That is her love.

### THE MAN OF IT.

*New father*—"No, I can't say the baby is very handsome, but it is a good young one."

*Friend*—"I suppose it takes after you in disposition?"

*New father*—"Yes, indeed ; and every one says it is the very picture of its mother."

### OUT OF ORDER.

*Farmer Oatcake*—"Hello, policeman ! what sort o' swindle is that thing stuck on the lamp post?"

*Officer*—"That's the posht-office box, sor."

*Oatcake*—"It is, eh? Why hang it ! I dropped my nickel in the slot, but nary a stamp has come out."

### LOST HIS CUSTOMER.

*Hotel runner*—"You come right along mit me. Dey vill starf you at dot obbosition house !"

*Traveler*—"Fraid I can't, mister. I'm in trainin' for a job as a living skeleton."

### THE CHIEF REQUISITE.

"Do all the great Americans drive canal boats when young? If so, will all the canal boys who die young be great men in heaven?"—*Foreign exchange.*

When he went up above he knocked at the gate

With confidence in his eye ;  
For on earth (U.S) as a billionaire  
He was honored by low and high.

But Peter gave him a low-down seat,  
And said, "It's a sad, sad truth,  
But I nowhere at all on your records find :  
'He drove a canal-boat in youth.'"

### ENCOURAGING THE BUSINESS.

A thief was about to relieve a Wall street operator of his handkerchief, when a by-stander called the latter's attention to what was going on.

"Let him alone," said the broker, good - humoredly ; "we all have to begin in a small way down here."

### A THING ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*Miss Flowerbell*—"Now, you are sure—quite sure—Mr. Freshman, you won't forget—you will send me 'Owen Meredith' before to-morrow?"

*Freshman* (anxious to air his uncertain Latin)—"Send, indeed! I'll bring it—in *puris naturalibus*, you know."

### IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

In an assize court.

*Prisoner*—"I admit that in 1870 I was sentenced for theft, in 1875 for forgery ; and in 1881 I killed my father and sister."

*Judge* (abstractedly)—"Well ! go on !"

### THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

Two Germans in Alsace passed by a field where a peasant was sowing.

"Sow away, old chap," said one of them ; "when the grain is ripe it will be our soldiers who will eat it."

"I shouldn't wonder if they did," replied the peasant, "as it happens to be a field of oats. You fellows don't know what wheat tastes like."

### FORCE OF HABIT.

Gruggins, a barber, was called to shave a corpse. After he had finished with the razor even the undertaker was shocked to hear him say, "Shampoo, sir?"

### COMFORT ON THE BRIDGE.

*Jaggs* (of Brooklyn)—"This is the first time I ever managed to get across the bridge without having the life half squeezed out of me."

*Bobley*—"Indeed ! Better train service now?"

*Jaggs*—"Well no. I walked."

The north pole must be a paradise if it be a no-pun sea.



### PREPARING FOR CONTINGENCIES.

*DAUGHTER*—"Papa, don't you know it is bad manners to put your hands in your pockets?"

*PAPA*—"No, my dear ; I am only practising."

*DAUGHTER*—"Practising what?"

*PAPA*—"To put my hands in my pockets, for I shall have to keep them there all the time after you have married the dude you are engaged to."

NATURAL GAS FROM JUDGE.



MY CHOICE.

At 18.

H, many a lad goes a sighing,  
And vows that of love he is dying;  
Gay glances are sent,  
Sweet flatteries spent,  
And all Cupid's arrows go flying.  
But the only lad that my heart can  
win  
Is the laughing lad with the dimpled  
chin.

At 28.

There are laddies with brown eyes and  
blue,  
There are laddies with bold hearts and  
true;  
But I always look down  
Betwixt smile and frown,  
And never give heed when they woo;  
For give me the purse of gold within,  
Give me the man with lots of tin;  
You may keep the lad with the dim-  
pled chin.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Mer' mer'! Yon' come some-  
body."

"Who it look like? My lord  
in heaben! I'se too busy dis  
day ter be glad ter see my gran-  
mammy's ghos'."

"I b'leve by de raggid coat  
she got on 'tis Miss Sary Peah.  
Anyway, she gut'er babby wid  
'er."

"Dat's des who 'tis. My pa-  
tience! Wisht t' master sh'd a  
stayed ter hum! De Lord knows  
I do' 'ant ter see 'er."

"Dar she is, at de gap, climb-  
in' ober right now."

"Well, well, well! Bress my  
soul ef here ain't Sis Sary, wher  
I ain' seed fer er mont' er Sun-

days! How you do? an' whut good win' blow you ober dis  
way? I was des erbout 'ginnin' ter think you mus' thought we  
had biten' dogs down dis way. I'se glad ernuff ter see you ter  
kill two chickens."

"Hee-ee-ee! Well, I eat um sho'. I'se been metty po'ly dis  
las' spring, ever sence I hed dis chile. Ain't cyard him ter meet-  
in' but fo' times yit, an' he's mos' t'ree mont's ole."

"T'ree mont's? He looks big nuff fer sex—gre't big, fine,  
chuckle-he'ded fellor! Wha' you done name 'im?"

"Prophit."

"Prophit? Whar you git enny sech name es dat?"

"Outen de Bible—Prophit—Moses der Prophit, wha' Caleb's  
always preachin' 'bout. I wan' ter name'm arter his daddy—  
Mose, yo' know—an' he say 'twon't do ter ha' too many Moseses  
in de same house; an' so I call der chile Prophit."

"Well, dat's er cu'yus name. I ain't never did heah dat 'fore,  
but folks mos' in gen'ally gits dey names some sorter crank-sided  
way. Dar's Pig Choppin now—my las' husban'. You knows  
'bout 's name, don' you?"

"I heah um tell sum tale 'bout it; but I dis'member jus' now.

How's Br'er Pig now? Got 'is  
'ligion yit?"

"All 'e ever had, I reckon.  
But dat's none, 'cordin' ter my  
say-so. Dey tells me he er metty  
bright convert, an' dey gwine  
set 'im cajortin', soon's he bap-  
tized, but ef dey do better name  
'im som'p'n else!"

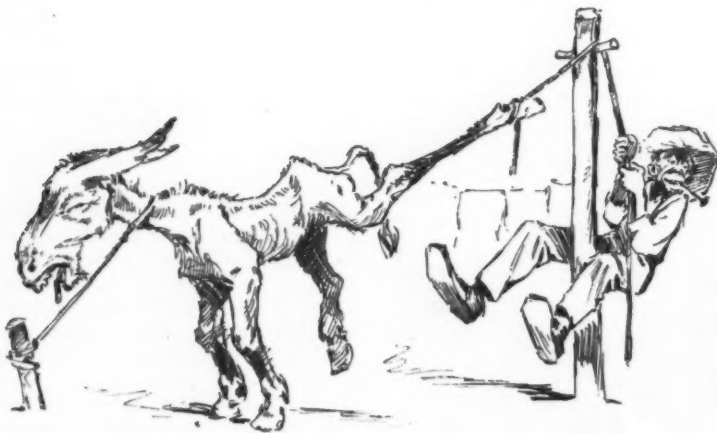
"Why, how come dat? Pig's  
er good name fer er preacher."

"Not de way 'e come by it.  
Yo' see, Pig's mars'r uster to live  
down in de coalin's en had de  
woods full er hawgs; an' dar  
wa'n't nothin' Pig loved better  
'n barbecued shoat. One day  
'is ole mars'r was ridin' long  
right easy, not thinkin' bout  
nothin' pertick'lar, do' he war



A CASE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

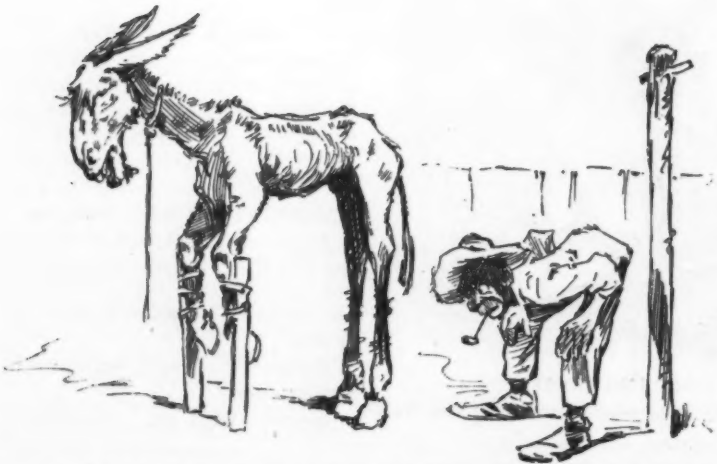
UNCLE PRINCE—He's jes' a trife sprung behaind, but 'r reck'n 'r kin cuah dat."



"Now den, all togedder!"



"Swar ter Lawd 'f he he doan' look jes' laik a kaingeroo! Got ter fix dem front  
ones some ways."



"Spec' dat's putty nigh eben. Now, Goliah, s'posin' I git de saddle an' we  
tek a—"



THE MULE—"This reconstruction business has gone far enough! Here  
goes for some long-distance target practice."





IMPECUNIOUS DUDE—"Hello! here's a find. I'll just take this old codger's silk umbrella and leave him mine. It begins to look a little seedy. Fair exchange no robbery."



CAUGHT AT HIS OWN GAME.

SOLD DUDE—"Great Scott! Sold again. Nothing but a cover and ribs."



OLD SHARPER—"By George! I kinder thought that feller would bite. Not so bad after all."

right smart worried with som'fin keep on er stealin' 'is fattes' pigs. En w'en he say anyt'ing 'bout hit ter ole man Ned—Pig's daddy—he'd say, 'Fox, mars'r, fox—sho's yo' bawn; dem varmits es gittin' metty bad—fox tried ter bite me t'er'er night in de woods;' an' Pig's oie mars'r b'leeved in Uncle Ned mo'en he did in he self. Well, dar he went, ridin' long easy like, an' fust t'ing he knows he come ercross Pig wid er li'l' fat shoat un'er each arm, hol'in' dey moufs so dey couldn' squeal, an' des er lafin' an' er lafin' an' er sayin', 'O dat fox! dat bad fox, wha' ketches all ole mars'r's pigs.' Ole mars'r he tuk 'n' jump down an' crope clos' hine 'im, he did, an' cotched 'im by the wool an' say, 'Bress my life, ef here a'n't er big pig er ca'yin' two li'l' ones!' en den Pig thought 'e war sho' gwine git er w'ippin' fer stealen'; but ole mars'r he never toched 'im. Wha' you reckon 'e done 'stead er dat?"

"I dunno! Sole 'im, mebbe?"

"No, sirree—Bob—Jenkins! He wan't dat kine. He took Pig on up ter der hous' an'



A HALF HOLIDAY.

"Well, Tom, how is this, eh?"

"Stunning! I didn't anticipate so much enjoyment, and I'm getting such an appetite."



made um blow de horn fer all der niggers—mars'r had er heap ob 'em—ter come dar. An' we'en dey war all dar in de yahd, he tuk 'n' tuk Pig 'n' sot 'm in er cheer—him an' er shoats too—an' den he say, ole mars'r did, 'Boys, dar's a new han' I got—Mr. Pig Choppin— an' 'is two li'l' brothers. Come up an' shake han's wid 'im all on ye, an' be sho' yo' don' never call 'im nothin' else;' an' frum dat good day 'e war Pig ter everybody."

"Da's er funny name, but dat needn' keep 'im f'm preachin'. He war er sinner den, Sis' Etha; now he's wash' by the blood er de Lam'."

"Mebbe so, Sis Sary, but 'tain't washed away his taste for shoat. Ef it ever did dat den I'd b'leeve in 'im."

THE DUDE'S ULTIMA THULE.

"Aw, waitah," drawled out a dude in Delmonico's, "take away this beastly stuff. Weally, I cawn't go this common bread. Haven't yaw any of the imported, yaw know?"



DEALER—"By simply pressing this spring"—



"You see the umbrella opens of its own accord."



MR. NEWFADD—"Here comes one of the Magnum girls. Now for a bow that'll break her all up."



And it was eminently successful.

THE AUTOMATIC UMBRELLA TRAGEDY.



## AN INTERRUPTED BETROTHAL.

Everybody said they would have made such a thoroughly suited couple if—

that canker-worm had only minded its own business.

## A PROFESSIONAL DEBATE.

SCENE—Mrs. Painter Verboeckhoven's Salon.

OCCASION—A reception.

*The hostess* (plumping right through the ice)—“You don't know how we enjoyed the intimate-friends' view of Mr. Behnes's 'Indian woman chasing a coyote,' my dear.”

*Chorus*—“It was just too immaculately sweet for anything!”

*Mrs. Sculptor Behnes*—“And how just too irreproachably saccharine for you all to say so.”

*Behnes* (under his breath)—“It's spread pretty thick, but it's got to go, I suppose.”

*Mrs. Banker Ouvrard*—“Now that you speak of kyoties” (and Mrs. Verboeckhoven had to inwardly admit that she had pronounced it in that groove), “have any of you seen Doctor Cheselden's charming preparation of Captain Cook's wife's mummy from Honolulu?”

*Mrs. Doctor Cheselden* (promptly)—“I have.”

*Chorus*—“Did you bring it?”

*Mr. Doctor Cheselden* (from way down in his depths)—“Wonder if that's a slur on the old lady's appearance.”

*Mrs. Lawyer Phillimore* (stepping into the breach with an interrupting torpedo)—“O-o-h!”

*Chorus*—“Why, what is the mat-tah?”

*Mrs. Lawyer Phillimore*—“I've thought of a conundrum.”

*Chorus* (augmented by masculine voices)—“How nice! What is it?”

*Mrs. Lawyer Phillimore*—“What did Captain Cook?”

*Mr. Architect Hitorff* (from the stern of the room, and speaking feebly)—“Rats.”

*Mrs. Architect Hitorff* (who has craned forward far enough to see his mouth move)—“Isn't Claude witty?”

*Chorus*—“We haven't read it for so long, you know.”

*Mrs. Astronomer Albumazar*—“I so much prefer 'Lucille' to such trash as 'Claude Duval,' don't you, Mrs. Verboeckhoven?”

*Mr. Astronomer Albumazar* (hissing)—“It's too bad for her to gimme away like that after all I've learned her of Dumas!”

*Mrs. Banker Ouvrard*—“William!”

*Mr. Banker Ouvrard* (who has had to be pulled away from the sherry-and-bitters in the Verboeckhoven den)—“Yes-s-s-s!”

*Mrs. Banker Ouvrard*—“Mrs. Verboeckhoven requests that you give an imitation of King Charles being led to execution.”

(Mr. Banker Ouvrard lurches out of the room in a fever of bibulous rage.)

*Chorus*—“How wonderfully true to life!”

*Mr. Architect Hitorff* (in the shadow of a thought, and significantly)—“Still life.”

*The Butler*—“Supper is served, me ledly.”

*Chorus*—“FROU, FROU, FRUE—frou, frou—frue—f—e.” (And the portiere fell to again leaving the room in silence and—)



## HASTY COMMENT.

Mrs. R.—“Why, Major Hunt, isn't that Miss Magnus-Lucre?”

VAN H.—“That was her name, I believe.”

Mrs. R.—“Ah, she's married then; and pray do tell me what narrow-brained, simpering idiot could have married that young person?”

VAN H.—“You refer to the clergyman who performed the ceremony, I presume, as I am her husband.”





# FALSE.



O, gay Lisette, so false you seem—  
'Tis true I lingered by the stream,  
In happy summers long ago,  
And roamed with thee, a-whispering low  
The thoughts through lovers' hearts that teem.

Thy presence was to me a gleam  
Of rays of sunshine where they beam  
With affluent ardor, all aglow,  
O, gay Lisette!

But then, Lisette, I did not deem  
That you "made up" your cheeks of cream;  
Your nose was wax; I did not know  
That eye was glass that glittered so;  
Your quondam graces are a dream,  
O, gay Lisette!

### CHICAGO SENSITIVENESS.

The scene was Chicago, of pork-packing fame;  
The maid had inherited wealth from the same.  
She gave the M. D. the most frigid go-by  
Because he averred she'd a sty in her eye.

### PREPARING TO CELEBRATE.

*Officer Houlihan*—"Oi wondher phwy the divil Crowley is sthealin' all the green sthuff from the kangaroo beyant?"

*Officer Schmitz*—"I dinks he vos alretty for dot sevendeenth of March preparing to decorate." They don't speak now.

### A STRAIGHT TIP.

*In a broker's office during the flurry.*

*Stock boy* (waiting for notice)—"They'll be a panic to-morrer."

*A. D. T. Messenger*—"Will they?"

*Stock boy*—"Didin' I jis say so?"

*A. D. T. M.*—"Wouldin' you like to see one?"

*Stock boy*—"What fer?"

*A. D. T. M.*—"Make money."

*Stock boy*—"How?"

*A. D. T. M.*—"Work for one broker, an' den brace another, on de quiet."

*Stock boy*—"How much?"

*A. D. T. M.*—"Twen'y-five a message o' course."

*Stock boy*—"Yer think yer'd git it, but yer wouldin', jis de same."

*A. D. T. M.*—"Ah, an' why wouldn't yer? Yerd git every brace."

*Stock boy*—"Yis, an' if de company gits onter yer yer'll be slidin' up hill on yer uppers."



### A COUNTER-IRRITANT.

*Mrs. MUGRIMS*—"Why, Elijah! Ain't you 'shamed to torture that poor creeter so?"  
*MR. MUGRIMS*—"Martha, if I pay for Kate's singing-lessons, that's enough. I'll be dried and burnt if I'm a going to be obliged to listen to 'em."

### PORKER'S PRESENT.

*Porker*—"I want to get my wife a birthday present, Mr. Cameo, and she kinder hinted to me that she would like a solitaire ring."

*Cameo*—"Well, sir, here are some fine ones."

*Porker*—"Oh, I don't like them things with only one stone; haven't you got some solitaires in clusters?"

### THINGS MATERIAL PREFERRED.

*Mrs. Frankincense* (New York)—"And how did you enjoy your Boston visit?"

*Miss Gusher* (Cincinnati)—"Oh, immensely. I was awfully disappointed though. I did so want to hear Phillips Brooks, but you see we were there only part of Sunday and we couldn't go to Trinity and get a shore dinner at Taft's both, you know."

### UNSATISFIED.

Together they dined and he bored her with sighs,  
With bashful advances and dull, sheepish eyes;  
They dined upon quail, and she swears by the moon  
She'll not dine again upon quail with a spoon.

### TOO MUCH OF A DOSE.

*Rourke*—"Phwat's the matter wid yure goat, Misthress Moriarty?"

*Mrs. M.*—"Sure, it's afraid Oi am that the poor baste is kilt entirely. He's aafter swallyin' a paper wid a sthove-pipe joke in it."



### RETALIATORY.

*TRAMP*—"What! Yer won't give me nothin', boss? Well, jest wait till yer axes a favor of me, an' yer won't get nothin' neither!"

## PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Bane of all banes in this transitory world is baggage. I have had griefs to stir a mutiny in the blood of age, all on account of a valise weighing not more than forty pounds. I have had sorrow and vexation of spirit, days of anxiety and nights of waking, because of trunks not lost, but gone before or left behind.

"But," says Mr. Newtraveler, "there is no necessity for having any trouble with baggage in this country. You can check your trunks from your hotel in New York and find them at your hotel in San Francisco when there you arrive."

So you can. So you can. If they are there.

I will admit at the outset that I am somewhat absent-minded, and hence unfit to be trusted with the care of my own baggage. Once I went away from Oberlin, Ohio, leaving all my worldly belongings on the station platform, and for three days thereafter I wandered up and down the land without a check on my baggage or conduct; but the agent at Oberlin, assisted by the express company, overtook me with my lecture, night robe and dress suit, and all was well. In ten years of wandering I never lost a pound of baggage. But oh, the times the baggage has lost me. We always meet again; but even with the hope, or even the certainty of meeting by and by, parting with one's baggage is a pang, and the hours of waiting are long and heavy.

Sometimes it gets "carried by." This feat is deftly accomplished by the baggageman on the train. It consists in carrying a trunk checked for Kankakee, on to Chicago, then taking it back to Cincinnati on the return train, and bringing it back to Kankakee two days after you have gone to Denver. A good baggageman who understands his business can keep a trunk going up and down the road for ballast, until the train gets wrecked or the owner of the trunk dies and his heirs pay the railroad company something for extra baggage.

Then sometimes the checks get crossed. One piercing winter afternoon I stepped from the train out in Minnesota, and handing the bus man my check—good for four figures—I went to the hotel. About twenty minutes before lecture time a tin trunk came into my room bearing the marks of 4,000 miles of travel, and exhaling the balmy breath of the steorage. It was locked with a hasp and a wooden peg. It contained some strange looking, roomy articles of raiment which the landlord assured me were woolen shirts, a pair of leather breeches, double thick at the dome, a dozen



THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

MRS. EDISON—"You've such a pretty house, a charming husband, and lovely children, you certainly ought to be happy."

MRS. CLAMPIT—"But you don't know all, Katharine."

MRS. EDISON—"You certainly haven't a skeleton in the closet?"

MRS. CLAMPIT—"Oh, no; our cook weighs two hundred and fifty pounds."

vests. None of these things had I any desire to wear, especially as the hardy Viking to whom they belonged had been cast in a mould big enough to turn me out in sets of half a dozen. It was two days before I got my valise. I would not have got it so soon—because I never make much of a row about these things—but the Scandinavian to whom belonged the tin trunk had made Wall-halla howl when the baggageman delivered to him my poor valise with its tawdry trinkets. "By the hhammer jf thor," he roared. "Jwfhata use jhvj I, a grownj man, fjor these baby clothes?" And

he cast it away, and would have none of it.

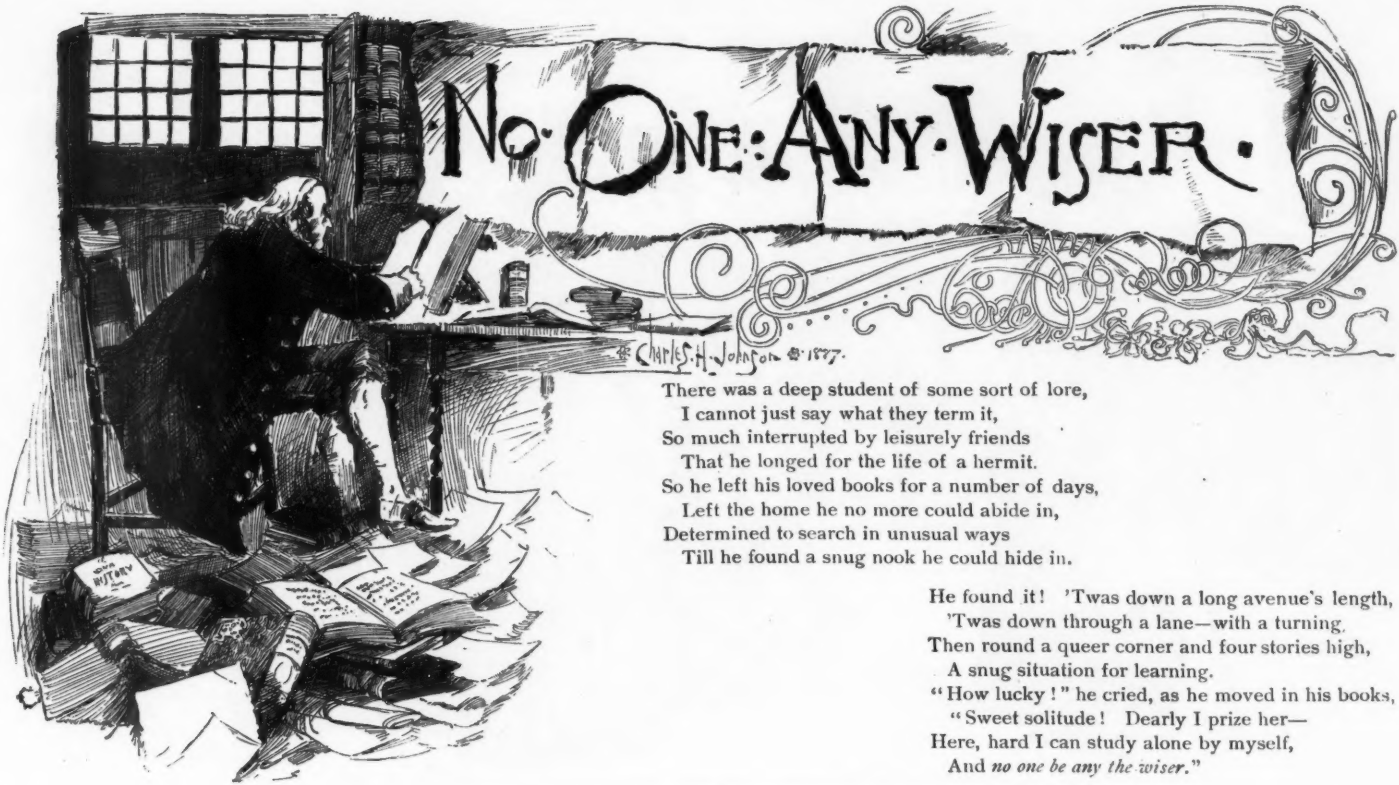
There is one ministering presence that hovers over the wanderer like a guardian spirit and never abandons him so long as there remains even the faint hope of a sale. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, there is nothing so constant as the train boy. It were folly to talk of abolishing him, for he is almost indispensable. But frequently he needs regulating. I admired a lady whom I saw the other day on a train running out of Indianapolis. The boy threw into her lap, as he did into the laps of all the patient passengers, a bound book, a box of figs, and a rolling-pin full of candy. She calmly swept the assortment off upon the floor. On his return trip the indignant boy remonstrated. "Lady," he said, "I didn't bring these things into the car to have 'em thrown on the floor." "And I," said the lady, sweetly,



DARWINIAN.

Chumley is sure that his horse is thoroughbred, his equipments first-class and his saddle set up perfect, and he can't understand why the park habitues are so intensely amused. The fact that his groom has forgotten to coil the crupper strap escapes him.





There was a deep student of some sort of lore,  
 I cannot just say what they term it,  
 So much interrupted by leisurely friends  
 That he longed for the life of a hermit.  
 So he left his loved books for a number of days,  
 Left the home he no more could abide in,  
 Determined to search in unusual ways  
 Till he found a snug nook he could hide in.

He found it! 'Twas down a long avenue's length,  
 'Twas down through a lane—with a turning.  
 Then round a queer corner and four stories high,  
 A snug situation for learning.  
 "How lucky!" he cried, as he moved in his books,  
 "Sweet solitude! Dearly I prize her—  
 Here, hard I can study alone by myself,  
 And no one be any the wiser."

"didn't bring my lap into the car to have it used for a table."

I hold that under the inter-state law, passengers should be allowed full control of their own laps, and the railway company have no right to use them. A man doesn't pay full fare for the privilege of being used as a sample room of the railway news company. The train boy should know who does and who does not want certain of his wares. Of course he can't know everything, but sometimes he doesn't seem to know anything. Now, in the case of the kiln-dried figs sold on the trains. The boy throws a box of them into every lap on the train. Yet I could tell, on a dark, stormy night, at a distance of three hundred miles, the three men in a train of five hundred passengers who would buy those figs. Of the three, one is blind and easily deceived, the second is drunk and will buy anything, and the third man really buys them to eat, knowing what they are.

Ah, here comes a gentleman and a lady. The gentleman carries a little hand-bag slung from his shoulder, a leather hat-box, two umbrellas and two canes. The lady carries a large hand-bag, a shawl strap, a band-box, a paper parcel, a lunch-basket, a baby, and musters a squad of four children. It is an Englishman and his wife.

The gentleman in the seat just in front of you is from Metropolis City. Metropolis City is a thriving metropolis four miles south of the junction. It contains a saloon, a site for a school-house, a place for a church, and some inhabitants. Whenever you hear a station called with "city" at the tail end of its name, hold your nose, and look out for the smallest, meanest, nastiest little hole along the line. The smaller the town the bigger the name. This gentleman is going to see the country as he goes along. Can he not see as you do, through the window? Oh, no. You couldn't persuade him to believe that glass is transparent. He

knows better than that. Whenever you meet on a train a man the windows of whose home are so coated with grime and dirt the year round that he can't see through them with a telescope, you will see him raise the car window when he wants to look out. You see, he has formed the erroneous idea that all glass is opaque. See! he doesn't look out with his eyes. He leans far out and looks with his shoulder-blades.

Watch the old lady leave the car. She has her basket, her bag, her bird-cage, and her umbrella. With her basket she can push a man clear over the back of a car seat. With her bag she can slap his hat over his eyes without looking at him. With her bird-cage she can muss the hair of any woman whom she passes. And with her umbrella she can stab people before her in the back and put out the eyes of people behind her. She sets out to leave

the car by the front door. But only one or two people seem to be going that way, and turning her head she sees a lot of people crowding into the car by the rear door. Instantly it occurs to her that a route so popular must certainly be the best. She turns and charges down the aisle. The incoming passengers, coveting earnestly the best seats, struggle fiercely to reach them. The old lady, fixing her piercing eyes upon the rear door, makes way for liberty and egress. People cry out, "The other way!" And the old lady wonders why they don't go that way themselves, then. It flashes upon her with the light of a revelation. It is a plot to get her out of the lonely end of the car, where four masked men with blackened faces are waiting to rob and murder her, and then whisk her off into a private lunatic asylum. She remembers now seeing the conductor go out at that door, and beckon her to follow him. He is in league with the robbers. She will gain the rear door or die. She crashes and plunges through the incoming



THE ART MUSE VS. MARS.

MRS. FOXPAW—"Have you seen Muncatty's 'Cavalry,' Lobenia?"

MRS. BREAKER—"No; my oldest boy Jimmy has just joined the Twenty-second Brooklyn infants, and he says it's more *reckeshay* to be in the foot than the critter companies."



#### THE PACE THAT KILLS (THE STOREKEEPERS).

MRS. HARLEM BRIDGES (continuing sidewalk conversation)—“And do you know I've had the *hardest* time to find the *ècru* edging I spoke to you about? The salesman took down fifty or sixty boxes, went to the wholesale department for samples, sent a messenger around to the other stores, and finally after he had called in one of the proprietors we found just the thing.”

MRS. MOUNT MORRIS (in an agony of interest)—“How much of it did you get?”

MRS. HARLEM BRIDGES—“Oh, I'm only pricing to-day. I said I'd call again to-morrow.”

procession, leaving a chaotic wreck of raiment and baggage in her wake, and reaches the door at last, herself a wreck. With a triumphant glare at the baffled conductor, who has come into the car to look for her, the dear old soul backs down the car steps, hangs on to the hand rail, and reaching down and out with one foot, feels around for the planet we inhabit. Finding the globe at last she taps it cautiously with her foot once or twice, to make sure that it is there, and will not suddenly shoot away into space as she comes down, and so descends, stands safely on the platform, and in her blessed old heart gives grateful thanks for safe deliverance, and carries her sweet old face, her many bundles and her capacious pockets up to some home that will lose three-fifths of its sunshine when grandma makes her last journey and is received without a bundle or a package, a trouble or a fear, by the angels who must sometimes grow a little impatient waiting for her.

#### HOLDING UP THE MIRROR.

Heard on the Rialto.

“I am exceedingly conscientious in the preparation of my parts,” said B. the other day, while waiting to “catch on” to a summer “snap.” “Why, when I played Coupeau in ‘Drink’ I went on the stage as full as a goat.”

“Oh, that's nothing!” replied the knight of the sock and buckskin whom he was addressing. “When in the leading part in ‘A Woman Who Beats Her Son-in-law,’ I actually took the trouble to get married a fortnight before the opening night in order to make a little study of mothers-in-law from life. Nothing like going to nature, my boy.”

A hungry man doesn't spend much time over the bill of fare.

#### TOO LAZY FOR ANY USE.

An African traveler was describing his adventures. He had come across a savage tribe to whom the use of clothing was unknown.

“You'd scarcely believe it, but, although the women wear nothing but a fig-leaf, they're so terribly lazy they spend most of their time putting it on.”

#### UNINJURED.

“Was the baby bruised at all when it fell into the cistern?”  
“Not the slightest. It was soft water you know.”

#### EASY TO PLEASE.

“How would you like some nice brandied peaches of my own make?” asked a benevolent old lady of a tramp.

“I don't want to put you to so much trouble, mum,” replied the hardened vagabond. “You needn't mind the peaches; a little of the brandy will suit me.”

#### ANXIOUS FOR EASTER.

“Occupied in your devotions, I see,” said Hawes to Miss Brewster, whom he found looking over her prayer-book, when he called the other evening. “Were you looking up something in reference to Lent?”

“Yes,” replied the girl. “I was trying to figure out how soon it ended.”

#### A SURE THING.

Two young writers were talking of their hopes, their ambitions.

“If I have not made a reputation by the time I'm thirty I shall blow my brains out,” asserted one.

“My dear boy,” replied the other, “you're as good as dead.”



#### THOSE TERRIBLE GREAT VASES.

VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS—“Excuse me, Miss Lacer, but while I was looking at your bric-a-brac the chair slipped and I can't get out.”





**KISSING.**

The more that kissing goes by favor,  
It more of sentiment will savor;  
But if the kissee be unwilling  
The kisser then must give a shilling,  
Not for the cooing, but the billing.

**A CLINCHING ARGUMENT.**

"What makes you think the labor party could never govern the country?" asked an agitator.

"Because," replied old Brown in a convincing way, "it can't govern itself."

**SO CONSIDERATE.**

Uncle James, who is a trifle near, had given his niece a silver watch for her New Year's present.

"I'd have made it a gold one, my dear, but then how much greater the loss if you had been so unfortunate as to have it stolen."

**VERY FORTUNATE.**

"Yes," said a young Philadelphian; "we have a fine little theatre in our city solely for the use of amateurs."

"That's fortunate for the public," observed his friend.

**A THOUGHTFUL PATIENT.**

Jones was feeling a little unwell.

"Run quick," he said to his servant, "and bring two doctors."

"Two doctors?"

"Yes, one to correct the mistakes of the other."

The purse of Fortunatus lives  
Now, as in days of yore;  
'Tis only Love - the more Love gives,  
The more it hath in store.

**JOHNNY LOADS GRANDPA'S PIPE WITH PHARAOH'S SERPENTS AND THE OLD GENTLEMAN SWEARS OFF SMOKING.**



GRANDPA—"Johnny, fetch me my pipe, will yer? The terbacker's on the table."



"It don't 'pear ter smell so good as it did this morn"

**A MAN OF NERVE.**

Bagley—"Who is that distinguished looking man ahead of us?"  
Gagley—"That's General Swordangun. A very brave soldier who never knew fear."  
Bagley—"I can believe you; I just saw him get a two-cent stamp from a druggist without buying a cigar."

**A RACE INSULT.**

Donohue—"Git out av here, ye dombed brass-jawed pig-tail! We don't sell any whishky to Chinese haythens."  
Moriarty—"And are yez afther forgettin' thot Oi'm one av the late prastes av Barnum's whoite elephant? Shame on ye, Donohue! Have I changed so?"

**NEW TO HOUSEWIVES.**

"No, James," said a young wife, "I don't like that house we looked at. Why, there isn't a cobweb in the whole pantry."  
"What do you want a cobweb in the pantry for?" asked her husband.  
"Why, to hang the spiders on, to be sure."

**THE WRONG WAY.**

"I say, Bill," said one London street urchin to another on seeing a dude pass by, "that feller looks as if 'is 'ead had been fitted to 'is 'at, not 'is 'at to 'is 'ead."

**MAKING RELIGION PAY.**

"Is this all you have for breakfast, ma'am?" inquired the new boarder.  
"Yes, that's all," replied the landlady. "You must remember this is Lent, and I always try to keep my house moral and respectable."

**A GREAT QUESTION ANSWERED.**

"Pa," said Bertie the other day, "why do they call a ship 'she'?"  
"Because, my son, she is always on the lookout for some of the buoys."

**A HOPELESS CASE.**

Not bad for a professional drunkard:  
"Why will you make such a beast of yourself?"  
"To drown my cares."  
"And you succeed?"  
"No; unfortunately they know how to swim."



"Tut! tut! t-tut! W-what's"



"I've knowed lickier to do it, but I didn't 'spect that weed was strong enough!"

**BADLY AFFLICTED.**

BEAUFORTE (*coming home at sunrise*)—"Shtill up m' dearsh? Glad t' see (hic-gh-gl-hic). Shnake that long, fol'l'd me all waysh fr'm club."  
 MRS. BEAUFORTE (*calmly*)—"Why didn't you ask the snake in to breakfast?"  
 BEAUFORTE—"Did ashk'm. Had p-previous engagementsh with Tom Meeker. Tom'sh drunker'n I am. (Ggl-gl-hic.) Shee?"

**ONE WAY OF COOLING OFF.**

A traveler who had just returned from Africa was questioned by his friends as to the means used in that country to escape from the terrible heat.

"Yes," he replied, "we have to avail ourselves of every possible protection against the weather. Sometimes a coolness arises between friends; and, one can occasionally take refuge under the shadow of a suspicion."

**ON A STREET CAR.**

Griggs—"What on earth is the matter with the lady over there? Has she the St. Vitus dance?"

Briggs—"O, no; she's just trying to put on a pair of new gloves."

**"THUS CONSCIENCE DOTH MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL."**

Tramp—"Here's a pie I stole off yer windy, mum. I want to bring it back."

Housekeeper—"Well, I'm glad you've got some conscience."

Tramp—"Yes'm. I'm tough, but I don't dare to eat a strange mince pie."

You say he has no heart; he but dissembles;  
 Startle him once, and look you how it trembles.

**HE HAD BEEN CREMATED:**

Fair feminine friend—"What have you in that urn on the mantelpiece, Jane—ashes of roses?"

Widow—"No, ashes of John!"

**ALL DEVOTED TO HIM.**

At the ball.

Mr. Ransom (of New York)—"Those are pretty colors you wear, Miss Faneuil. Are they Harvard's?"

Miss Faneuil (of Boston)—"No, Sullivan's."

**A NEW COMPLAINT.**

Old Mr. Bentley—"What was the cause of Tailor Jackson's death; did you hear?"

Old Mrs. Bentley—"Delirium trimmings, I believe."

**THE CAUSE OF IT.**

Jagley—"Wondah why that fellaw Wiggins has such a blawsted cold hand. Weally, it's just like a dog's nozzle."

Boggs—"All the fault of his dweess, me boy; wears his collahs so awfully tight the blood can't get any lower than his chin."

The poor man sees none of the inconveniences of riches.

**SIGNS OF SUMMER.**

He—"Isn't the country looking lovely these days, Miss Emeline? The growing grass and the budding trees give evidences of approaching summer."

She—"Yes, indeed; and pa has already got a new front gate."

**AN UNFORTUNATE VOLLEY.**

YOUNG SHEKELS—"I've been longing to ask you a question, Mizpah. Do you think you could care enough for my happiness to—"

VOICE FROM SPEAKING-TUBE—"The collector's here from the milliner's, Mizzy. I've given him two hundred on account, and the other eight hundred can stand till next month."

SHEKELS (*continuing question*)—"Go to Harrigan's with me to-morrow night?"





My second cousin May

I met her in the summer by the loud-  
resounding sea,  
And I thought it quite peculiar she  
should waste her time on me.  
When I begged an explanation she  
devoutly bowed her head:  
"I will tell you—you're a fellow after  
my own heart," she said.

I read to her from Byron in a tent pitched  
on the sand;  
With the freedom of relationship I often  
pressed her hand:  
Or in a creaky, rattling gig we joggled  
thro' the lanes,  
While my sweetest of divinities shook  
out the leather reins.

I assumed the post of suitor as I thought  
it not a sin,  
To have her think me more than kind, a  
little less of kin.  
For the fellowship of cousins, if they be  
of different sex,  
Has forever been a trouble and I fear  
'twill ever vex.

Till at last I looked upon her as a very  
tender friend;  
(Thus man's fellowship with cousins, if  
they're fascinating, end.)  
I recalled to my remembrance from  
some closet of my head,  
"You're a fellow after my own heart,"  
the pretty witch had said.

So I marshalled all my feelings in a sentimental way,  
And I quoted the expression to my second-cousin May.  
But a neater, cooler answer mortal man will never get:  
"You *still* are after it, dear Jack; you haven't caught up yet."

A CHAMPION INDEED.

City merchant—"Do the people  
in your town take any interest in  
athletics, Mr. Brown?"  
Mr. Brown (a coal-dealer)—"Oh,  
yes."  
City merchant—"What branch of  
athletics do you follow?"  
Mr. Brown (unconsciously)—"I  
am the champion light weight."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Book agent—"I have some fine  
large family bibles, mum, I'd like  
to show you. The print is very  
large."  
Young woman—"Never mind  
about the print; if they're big  
enough to press the autumn leaves  
I'll take one."



The car three blocks away. The car two blocks away. The car one block away. The car passing. The car stopping.  
Gentle reader, did you ever notice one of the gentler sex hailing a street car? Our artist sketched the above on Broadway one day last week.

FEAR DRINK  
AN BEE  
MERRIE



AT THE CATERERS' CLUB DINNER.

(Sectional View.)

MR. PAULSIN—"You'll 'xcuse me, Mistah Breck'ridge—da's my grape-jooce!"

LITERARY PURSUITS.

Cholly—"You look tired, old fel'; whatcher been doing?"  
Dolly (briefly)—"Literary work."  
Cholly (surprisedly)—"Don't say! What branch, old man?"  
Dolly—"Well, you see, I know a man who writes for papers,  
and this morning he asked me to help him count the words in  
an article he was going to send down town. Mighty hard work,  
I assure you. Almost as hard as writing, don'tcherknow!"

THE SOUL OF GENEROSITY.

A loving young couple.  
"Well, my dear, what shall I give you for your birthday?"  
"I'm sure, dear, I can't tell."  
"Well, then, I'll give you—a year to decide in."

A PROBLEM.

Master Bobby's papa is the happy owner of a hatching  
machine.  
The other day, as the former was watching a chick energetic-  
ally breaking its way through its shell, he inquired:  
"I see how he gets out, but however did he go to work to  
get in?"



AT BAY.

WHIPPER-IN OF THE ESSEX COUNTY HUNT—"Savin' th' presence o' th' ladies, sor, that fox is a black an' phwhite wan, wid shtripes on him, an' be th' way th' dogs is sneezing Oi t'ink he can't be well, sor!"

## ALL HIS OWN.

They were talking about bald-headed people before Jones. "Why," said one of the party to him, "you haven't half a dozen hairs left." "Yes," was the triumphant response, "but they are all mine!"

## IT MUST HAVE HAD STRENGTH.

*Eastern man*—"Have you noticed, Miss Ransom, how the people of to-day are going back to mythology for names?"  
*Chicago girl*—"Oh, yes, indeed. Why it was only yesterday that brother Charles decided to call a new brand of cheese manufactured by him the 'Hercules.'"

## A BIG DIFFERENCE.

"You ought to be ashamed to abuse your horse in that way," said an indignant citizen. "He isn't my horse," replied the man. "I've just hired him from a livery stable."

## TOO MUCH FATHER.

"Remember, children," said the school-teacher to her charges, "that Bobby Smith has no father now and that you must treat him very kindly. How would you feel if you had no father?"

And immediately a youngster, whose father had evidently chastised him that morning for some misdemeanor, said, "Well, I guess I'd feel better'n I do now."

## SHE KNEW HIM.

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?"

"Yes, but why do you ask?"

"Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."



## WHY HE DIDN'T SHOOT.

PRESIDENT OF LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—"Now, I've caught you, you rascal! Drop that jewelry or I'll blow your brains out!"

IMPUDENT BURGLAR—"Yer dassent! I've got my life insured in your company fur \$5,000, and it will be cheaper to let me go—see?"

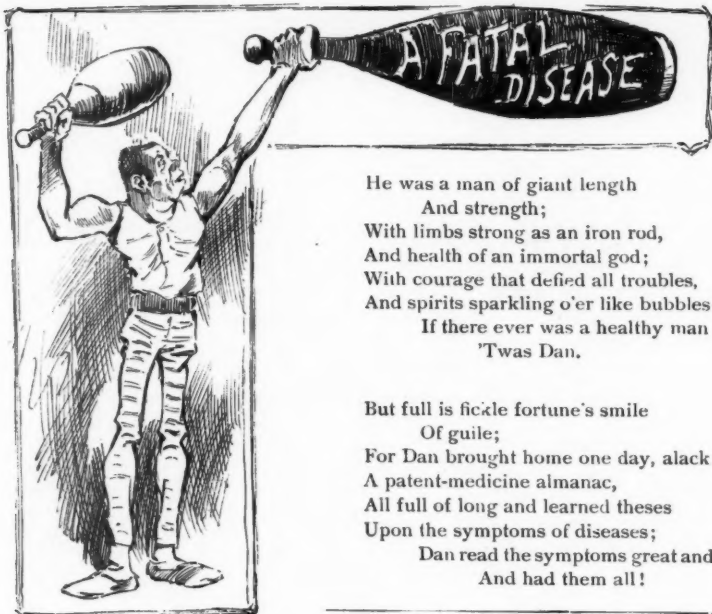


## IN THE SLEEPER.

OBLIGING STRANGER (from upper berth)—"I reckon this is your section, sir."

UNCLE EBEN (sizing him up)—"You kin' have it all ter yerself, friend. I ain't sleepin with no giants this year."





He was a man of giant length  
And strength;  
With limbs strong as an iron rod,  
And health of an immortal god;  
With courage that defied all troubles,  
And spirits sparkling o'er like bubbles--  
If there ever was a healthy man  
'Twas Dan.

But full is fickle fortune's smile  
Of guile;  
For Dan brought home one day, alack!  
A patent-medicine almanac,  
All full of long and learned theses  
Upon the symptoms of diseases;  
Dan read the symptoms great and small--  
And had them all!

Said he, the while his breath came quick,  
"I'm sick;  
For if these symptoms tell me true,  
I've surely got tic-douloureux,  
The gastric fever and bronchitis,  
And cerebro-spinal meningitis--  
Go fetch a lawyer with a quill  
To make my will!

"I've got congestion of the brain,  
'Tis plain;  
No balm a man like me can ease  
In the last stage of Bright's disease;  
True symptoms - and all faith I grant 'em--  
Proclaim the cholera infantum -  
And, tell me, is that lawyer here?  
Oh, dear!"

The lawyer came, wrote with his quill  
The will;  
The patient then turned on his side  
And in intensest torment died.  
They wrote upon his mausoleum  
These words - and any man can see 'em -  
"A guileless youth who died, alack!  
Of Almanac!"

**SHE'S PRETTY WELL, THANK YOU.**

Little Lydia Languish, who is spending her first term at Madame Basbleu's select seminary, has received a letter from her only father and sits down to answer it. She writes:

RIGHT HERE, HOTHOUSE HALL,  
Saturday Morning, 1888.

MY DEAREST, SWEETEST, OLD PAPA: Your lovely letter has just come and I hasten to answer it - RIGHT OFF in this stuffy room, right under that old horrid's eye. You want to know how I am and so I'll tell you, dear old stupid!

Mastication of late has been perfectly splendid, and deglutition accomplished with comparative ease. Grestatory phenomena have been pleasant, and coma not unproductive of beneficial results. Cardiac action has been normal, but circulation brisk during the music lessons to Signor Staccato. The compounds found on the table have been readily assimilated, especially the peptonized hash. So have my candied violets. Chemical combustion (consequent upon which have been no detrimental effects) has been rapid. At dinner infusions of yesterday's roti have, to a measureable extent, taken the place of tissue lost in respiration and muscular employment. Hydro-carbons and farinaceous compounds, together with a saccharine variety in the shape of elegant caramels, just too sweet for anything (don't scold!) have formed the basis of an edifying diet. Small cucumbers, preserved and acidulated in an alcoholic derivative, have supplemented these.

A quickened pulse has been coincident with the arrival of your letters. To such letters I ascribe



McFLUE'S GOAT.

CASEY—"Lave yure shledge in th' air, Donovan; it's shtrikin' twilve."

properties not dissimilar to those of quinine and iron or, even, mild malt fermentations. Non-arrival of such letters is perfectly, awfully hateful! so there! Such absence is followed by violent cerebral disturbance and agitation of the lachrymal ducts.

I am contemplating increased consumption of midnight oil, so please send me \$11.25.

Yours for health,  
LYDIA.

P. S.—With H's and K's.

She got \$15.

**HE HAD HEARD ABOUT IT.**

Countryman—"Say, mister, I want some of this here new tea."

Grocer—"Oolong, Young Hyson, Old Hyson, Japan—any of those?"

Countryman—"No, you hain't mentioned it yit. My gal's been down to New York and she says its all the go there. You see a lot of women git together in the afternoon and drink it."

Grocer—"Oh, you mean at a five o'clock tea?"

Countryman—"You've rung the bell, young man. Give me a pound of five o'clock tea."

De po'es' mahksman sometimes hits de tahget.



2

DONOVAN—"It's well we got the bhlast in, Jerry. Thry a bit o' th' ould 'ooman's cor-rn-bafe. It'll not harm yez."



3

"Pish! Spang!! Boom!!!"



4

CASEY—"Fer th' love o' heavcn! lay yez low, Cornalius. Th' nixt wan down might be an ellyphant!"



## A LAKE GEORGE IDYL.

MISS PRIMM—"How charmingly modest those little boys are, and how they will enjoy their swim in the"—  
(Fence breaks down with a chorus of warwhoops, and Miss Primm faints gracefully.)

## THE BEST OF EVIDENCE.

"Do you suspect any of the clerks?" asked the detective, who had been called in to investigate a robbery.

"Decidedly not," replied the merchant. "The only one who has the handling of the money is above any suspicion. He is such an exemplary young man that he curtails his time for luncheon so as to be able to read the bible he keeps in his desk."

"Point him out to me," cried the detective, rubbing his hands in delight; "he's the very man I want."

## NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"I thought you guaranteed there were no mosquitoes in this place?" said a guest at a summer resort.

"Neither there are, sir," returned the hotel proprietor.

"But they kept me awake all night. Just look how my face is bitten!"

"Tut, tut, man!" replied the proprietor, scrutinizing his guest; "those are only bug bites."

## HE OBJECTED.

"You're a tramp printer," said the editor to a man who had been given employment during a strike. "You'd better put on your things and leave."

"Oh, I'll go fast enough," the fellow replied; but there's one thing I want you to understand—I object to the epithet 'printer.'"



## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MRS. SCHNAGENBERG "Poof real har-rt, Fritz! The fire in the shtof hez gone aus."



## AN INE(A)RADICABLE DISEASE.

"And what did de doctor say?"

"He said de chile had a 'tack of erysipelas."

"Eary-siplas!—I allus said dat chile would hab trouble wif his ears some day."

## A SEASIDE ROMANCE.

"They were sitting silently on the sands, watching the waves roll by. The yellow moon made him look bilious, but she never thought of that.

"I went to see the doctor to-day," he murmured languidly, "and he said I was suffering from an affection of the heart."

She started violently. The dream of her life seemed about to be realized. But still it seemed like hoping against hope. He was the son of a millionaire, while she tried on cloaks in a Hebrew firm. Yet his manner and words were so natural that she was convinced he was sincere, and she turned half around so that she could fall into his arms at the critical moment without knocking his pot-bellied hat off into the water.

"Yes," he went on in the old listless way; "the doctor says it has gone so far that he couldn't speak for my life unless I gave up."

"What?" she screamed in a voice as sad and mocking as the waves that washed the French dressing off her dollar-and-forty-nine-cent kids.

"Smoking cigarettes," he replied, turning around to see what ailed her.





SUMMER ENDED.

AH, soon the waves will wash away  
The footprints on the shining sand,  
And soon the autumn winds will stray  
In sadness o'er the silent strand.  
The sea will mourn the absent fair  
Who tossed its hoary locks in glee,  
But I shall ever with me bear  
The picture of that summer sea.

What fate allured my truant feet  
To wander by the restless wave,  
As Venus rose, so dazzling, sweet,  
To hold me as a willing slave?  
A thousand other paths diverged,  
To walk in them my soul was free;  
What blessed impulse kindly urged  
My fateful path beside the sea?

The sea that brings the laden ships  
With sheeny silks and spice and gold,  
Hath left all gifts in sad eclipse  
That may be valued, bought or sold.  
The sea, true to her mystic past  
As taught in grave mythology,  
From out her breast in rapture cast  
My queen of love from out the sea.

Let Neptune and his tritons rave;  
Their queen of love hath crossed  
The sand,  
And left for aye the rolling wave  
To walk beside me hand in hand.  
And when the autumn time of age  
Shall merge into eternity,  
Still bright shall be on memory's page  
That summer time beside the sea.

A LEAP FOR LOVE.

She had loved him deeply and silently for three long, waiting years. But in this, the fourth season of his unpopular style of courtship, she resolved to break these cruel bonds of silence that bore with such crushing weight upon her tender, twenty-seven-years maiden heart.

As she, by a sublime sacrifice of her shrinking nature, summoned up courage to take his hand, she whispered, "O, von Dadoo! I long to bind your soul to mine in the holy bonds of wedlock, and stamp upon your brow the kiss of tender ownership."

And his cold "anything-else-to-day?" voice struck her sensitive soul to earth by the heartless reply, "Don't you know it's a legal offense to tamper with the males? No green, two-cent stamp for my brow. I go without."



A RUNNING BROOK.

CITY MAN—"Where's the running trout stream you said was near here?"  
COUNTRY MAN—"Blamed if it hain't run clean out of sight!"

ALL THE DIRECTIONS.

A sign on the station-house at Big Sandy, Wyo., reads as follows:

20 miles from wood.  
20 miles from water.  
40 miles from sheol.  
God bless our home.  
Girl wanted—apply within.

HIS SAD HOURS.

Visitor (to convict)—"I suppose you have many a sad hour within these walls?"

Convict—"Yes, mum; many."

Visitor—"What do you find hardest to bear?"

Convict—"Speculation, mum, on the part of visitors, as to whether or not I'm a boodle alderman."



MOTHERLY PERSPICUITY.

MRS. STRIVER—"We've got to get some."

MR. STRIVER—"Some what."

MRS. STRIVER—"This new giant powder I see advertised. If Genevieve went to the Patriarch's ball, an' found all the other girls wearin' it she'd feel flustered."



## HYPHEN AND HYMEN.

MISS D'HOCQUETONVILLE—"No, it is impossible, sir. I never can be your wife."

SMITH—"I have youth, wealth, social standing—and I love you."

MISS D'HOCQUETONVILLE (*shuddering*)—"But your name!"

SMITH—"Ah, remember! I am of the Stuyvesant-Von-Ripper-Van-Rensselaer-Roosevelt-Couger-Schuyler-Smiths."

MISS D'HOCQUETONVILLE—"Henry, I relent! I am yours! But please always write your name with a hyphen."

## LOOKED LIKE AN EDITOR.

*Stranger*—"Is Editor Hull stopping here?"

*Hotel clerk*—"Well, there was a gentleman whose trousers bagged at the knees, came this morning. Front, take this card up to 112."

## CAREFUL OF HIS REPUTATION.

*Lawyer*—"I have applied for a mandamus in your case."

*Client* (superintendent of Sunday-school)—"Don't you think it would sound better to make it a mandarnus?"

## DEMOCRATIC VETERAN.

"There he goes," said Jimperly proudly; "that's old Smithson. You've seen his name in the papers. Ninety-five years old and a Democrat from 'way back. Voted for every Democratic candidate for president since Jackson's time."

"Ah!" said Jimperly; "by George, he must have a constitution like a horse!"

"Well, I guess," said Jimperly proudly, "he is a simon-pure, yard-wide Democrat. Never drank water but once and then there was salt in it for worms, and never paid any debt but a liquor bill."

"And they let him run around loose, do they?" asked Jimperly languidly.

"Oh yes; he is able to take care of himself. He wants to live to vote for Cleveland this fall," said Jimperly.

"Ah," said Jimperly sadly, "that will probably finish him;" and as Jimperly listened to his sigh he wondered if Jimperly were a Republican or not. He could not tell from this conversation. Can you, dear reader?



## THE MEANINGS CLASHED.

WIDOWER CLUEDUP (*referring to cigar*)—"I hope you don't object to the weed, Lavinia?"

WIDOW SPARKLES (*referring to hat*)—"Not in the least now, but of course you'll give it up after we are married?" And Cluedup, who had smoked for forty years, began to figure the cost of a breach of promise suit.



## ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE AMERICAN COLONY IN CANADA.

CLARENCE K. SHEAR (*to Cholly*)—"Break it to my wife, Cholly. I am going to Canada to settle some business. The long and the short of it is"

CHOLLY—"What is the long and short of it?"

CLARENCE—"I went long on wheat and short in my accounts. That's the size of it. Bye-bye."



THE DAUGHTER'S WISH AND THE FATHER'S DECISION.



EAR father, let my love invoke  
Your kind regard for him;  
Let not hard-heartedness provoke  
Tears that my eyes will dim,  
Though poor, he's worthy of a queen;  
His gifts are nature's best,  
And though you might the whole world  
glean,  
Him I would still request.  
He sings divinely, dances well,  
And verses writes with ease;  
His drawings have no parallel—  
Consent, dear father—please!"

Besides, my daughter—now attend,  
And don't avert your glance—  
I've never heard of dividend  
Declared on song and dance;  
For drawing, salaries alone  
To me are worth a beck;  
And writing—why, it has no tone  
Unless on deed or check!"

QUITE THE PROPER THING.

Mrs. Dumley—"Out of nine children the only one now living is Cousin Kate."  
Mr. Dumley—"Cousin Kate, the dressmaker?"  
Mrs. Dumley—"Yes."  
Mr. Dumley—"Well, that's all right. Survival of the fitist, you know."

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

Doctor (who has been taking a dispensary patient's temperature)—"Now, my good woman, how do you feel?"  
Patient (eyeing the thermometer with considerable awe)—"Much better, thank ye. Sure an' that's a wonderful thing that'll help a body so quick!"

NEVER WENT TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Bobley—"There goes a man who lives higher than some of our most noted millionaires."  
Wiggins—"Who is he?"  
Bobley—"Janitor of a fourteen-story office building."

A PERSIAN PROVERB.

If you enlist in the army, say a prayer; if you go to sea, say two; but if you get married, say three.



AN ASSERTION OF HIS RIGHTS.

VOICE (from under the sofa)—"From this time forth I shall cease to call you wife: you have beaten me shamefully, and I have still enough of the spirit of a man left within me to remain here until you apologize for your conduct."

SECTIONAL BITTERNESS.

"Couldn't you help a poor fellow," said the tramp, "who has lost his last dollar simply through sectional animosity?"  
"I will be glad to," replied Bagley, "if you will only tell me your sad story."  
"I invested in lots in a Kansas town that would have been the new Chicago of the west if those infernal people of Kansas City hadn't ruined it."  
But Bagley's eye glared stonily. "Fool," he gurgled, as he stalked away: "I am from Kansas City!"

HE MISUNDERSTOOD.

Nursery agent—"Can't I put you in some trees, Mr. Lafitte? We have some excellent dwarf pears."  
New householder—"Can't sell me any. I don't want any hump-backed fruit on my place."

NO PARLEZ-VOUSING THERE.

Waiter (in Chicago restaurant)—"How d'ye like the steak cooked, mister?"  
Bobley (of New York)—"Aw—underdone, please."  
Waiter—"We don't do no French cookin' here, mister. Our steaks are jest got up rare, middlin', an' well-done. Which 'll ye have?"



THE CONSEQUENCES OF TEMERITY.

UNCLE BILIDAB (who has unwisely sampled the side dish of Rocquefort cheese)—"By gum! That butter ain't in no trance!"

MACHINE VS MAN.

Higgins (watching his friend getting weighed at the "drop-your-nickel" machine)—"Why, the thing don't work! It's a beastly swindle."  
Wiggins—"Well, it hasn't got ahead of me, any. 'Sh! That nickel was plugged."

THE REST IS SILENCE.

"What makes it rain, papa?"  
"To make the vegetables grow, my child, and the nice fruit you like so much."  
"Well, then, papa, what makes it rain on the boulevards?"  
Despair of papa.

A MOTHER'S CARES.

Little Elsie—"O, take me up, mamma! It's so muddy."  
Mamma—"Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do to carry poor Fido."

De same apple dat yo' want w'en yo' see hit obah de fence yo' wudn' pick up ef it war in de paf.

Ah, see the baby kiss its toes! How sweet!  
How soon its knows "how to make both ends meet."

No pusson w'at gits skeered kin win at pokah enny mo' en he cud at wah.

When I smoke, my wife in anger gets,  
And the more I fume the more she frets.



AT THE CLOSELY DINNER PARTY.

CARRINGTON—“Little Beasely’s a desperate fellow, isn’t he?”  
 PARDSON—“Never noticed it particularly. How so?”  
 CARRINGTON—“Why, with the small amount of fodder that Closely usually gives his guests, I should think there was some danger of that big Gortan girl getting hungry and making a dessert off her escort.”

FROM A RURAL CORRESPONDENT.

(Special correspondence of the JUDGE.)  
 PHILADELPHIA, April 26th, 1888.

MR. EDITOR—Thinking a few items from this vicinity might be interesting to your many readers, I send you the following for your valuable journal:

Bad weather for plowing.  
 The winter wheat looks well.  
 Our esteemed townsman, Mr. Drexel, is putting up a fine building on Chestnut street, below the town hall. Mr. Drexel knows how to boom a town. May his shadow never grow less.

The Baptist mite society met at Mrs. Johnston’s on Spruce street last Tuesday evening. The attendance was large and \$13.30 was realized. Charades, singing and merry games supplied the evening’s entertainment, and when lunch was served at 9.30 the table fairly groaned under the weight of good things. At 11 o’clock the company dispersed, all feeling that they had spent a pleasant occasion.

The condition of the sidewalk on Market street, near Mr. Skidmore’s drug-store, is a disgrace. We hope ye city fathers will do their duty in this matter.



A BOWLER’S INVENTION AND THE RESULT.

SPEIGLEMEYER—“Dot’s der piggest invention owid.”

Pearson Bloss is going to plant his south meadow in corn this year.

A certain young society man of Camden is paying a great deal of attention to one of our popular Walnut street belles. Ah, there, Jim! We are onto you.

Miss Birdie McStucker of Spring Garden street has issued cards for a pound party at the family mansion over her father’s grocery store next Thursday evening. Ye reporter is one of the favored ones. Miss McStucker is one of Philadelphia’s fairest daughters, and long may she wave say we.

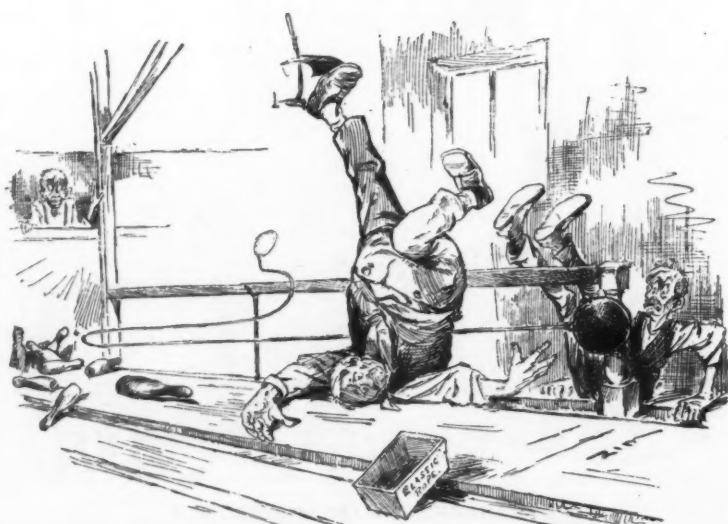
Mr. Isaac Wittenhouse has put a new coat of paint on his red barn, and one of his cochin china hens has just hatched a brood of sixteen chickens. Improvements are going on all over the town.

If the blonde young lady who flirted so desperately with Will G— at the mum social last Monday evening doesn’t look out she will get her name in the papers. Your reporter has his eye on her.

There was a double murder in this place last Sabbath evening. The particulars could not be ascertained.



“Saves der poy all dot droubles mit rollin’ der palls pack.”



If the reader can fit a big enough aspirate to this situation, he will know just what Speiglemeyer is saying.



RURAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1st.

Ye local enjoyed a drive of three hours last Friday with Colonel Corker behind his lightning trotter, "Jersey B." Col. Corker has just opened a new stock of hardware at his emporium on Market street, where he will be pleased to have a call from all his old friends and many new ones.

Minehost Gutworth of the popular caravansary known as the Bikestaff hotel, has placed a new watering trough in front of his premises which is greatly appreciated by the horses of his many customers. Mr. Gutworth furnishes first-class entertainment for man and beast, and we know whereof we speak. The free-lunch at the Bikestaff is the best we ever saw in our life, and mine host Gutworth knows how to treat ye weary newspaper man.

Gunning is good in this vicinity. One of our local nimrods bagged fourteen squirrels and a wild turkey last Thursday in Washington square.

We are indebted to Mrs. William Bunker of Rittenhouse square for a mess of onions from her own garden—which we will long hold in fragrant remembrance. Mrs. Bunker is the lovely wife of our enterprising townsman Major

Bunker, whose soda-water emporium on Chestnut street is the resort of the elite of this place. To boom things and let the hell-hounds of the opposition know that he is still holding the fort, the major is this year selling twenty-five soda water tickets for a dollar, which are transferable.

There is a certain cigar dealer on Arch street who will be shown up in these columns unless he is a little bit more accommodating to gentlemen who happen to buy cigars in his place and light them before discovering that they have left their money at home. We name no names this time, but we propose to do our duty as a journalist, let the chips fall where they may.

Many inquiries for summer board have already been received here from people in Camden, Trenton, and Conshohacken.

A number of strangers have been seen on our streets this week. Come again, gentlemen.

The streets are to be sprinkled this summer with real water. This looks like business.

More anon.



WHY THE HORSE SMILED.

John, the coachman, has gone on an errand, the gentlemen are all in town, and the ladies are bound to have a drive.

Miss ELSA—"This er—bodice must go on this part of him, Kate, and that—well—er—corsage was certainly meant to attach the—h'm—stays to the piece of the wagon in front, and now we're all right, for I'm sure these are the reins."

ON THE ROAD.

MISS KATE—"It seems to me, Elsa, that the tighter you hold the reins the better we get along."



THE TRIALS OF A DENTIST.

HIS YOUNGEST (from the instrument closet)—"By hokey, I thought you was pop! Custer an' me's bee'n givin' laughin'-gas to old Whitey, an' we can't git the faucet turned back!"

A BRAVE REPLY.

Morocco officer—"I am requested to inform you that unless the Enterprise desists in menacing the city by its presence in the harbor we shall open fire on her."

United States naval officer—"Blaze away, sir; but remember one thing—we shall leave the ship fifteen minutes before firing commences. I have always wanted to watch a naval engagement from the shore."

NOT FOR FIGHTING PURPOSES

"What would you do if a vessel should suddenly open fire on you at sea?" was asked of the commander of one of Secretary Whitney's boats.

"Turn about and run," was the reply.

"What! wouldn't you return the fire?"

"Return the fire? Nonsense! You must have an idea that the United States navy is for fighting purposes."

HE HAD MET HER.

Grafton—"Aw—I say, Cholly, wondaw why Miss Giddy wears such awfully long-waisted gowns, you know?"

Bobley—"So as to give her neck room, I guess. Ever met her in the evening?"



FASTIDIOUS.

TRAMP—"Teddy, will yez move furdur into the doorway? This dhraft from the gratin' is bad for me rheumatics."



**THE WAY OUT OF IT.**

WIFE—"My dear, I don't know what I am going to do; the company is only half served and the refreshments are giving out."  
 HUBBY—"Well, if Browne is here we are perfectly safe."  
 WIFE—"But I don't see how it is going to remedy the difficulty."  
 HUBBY—"Why, get him to read that theory of his on 'Coming Man,' and you will see the guests disappear like smoke."

**HER FORTE.**

*Weary husband*—"Is supper almost ready, dear? I've been on the run all day."

*Literary wife*—"Oh, I don't know; I guess not. I haven't had time to see a thing about it."

*W. h.*—"Where are the children?"

*L. w.*—"The children? Aren't they about the house somewhere? They were here this morning."

*W. h.* (doubtfully)—"Can you sew this button on my vest? It's been off three days."

*L. w.*—"Oh, my! not now. Wait till I finish this interesting article on 'Housekeeping and the Care of Children' for the *Mother's Treasury*. I'm perfectly absorbed in it; its such a grand topic."

**NOT A PROPITIOUS TIME.**

*Minister*—"Is your father in? I wish to speak with him about contributing something for the new parish house."

*Boy*—"Yes, pa's at home. He's down cellar making a coal-bin, and I guess he's just hit his thumb-nail with the hammer."

*Minister*—"I don't think I'll stop just now. Good morning."

The usual game at church socials in the country: Oyster, oyster, who's got the oyster?

**UNANSWERABLE.**

(Scene 1st, country school-room.)

*Young lady teacher*—"Tommy, you had better go out and wash your face."

(Scene 2d, the room two minutes and one half later.)

*Young lady teacher*—"Tommy, you've washed your face pretty well, but you've not wiped it very nicely; your forehead is all wet."

*Tommy* (loudly, being aggrieved at unappreciated efforts)—"Wiped it as high as my shirt 'ud reach!"

*Young lady teacher's* attention is suddenly demanded elsewhere.

**FOREIGN, NOT DOMESTIC.**

*Jobson*—"I understand Blobson's wife is not a very domestic woman."

*Robson*—"No wonder! She was born in a foreign country."

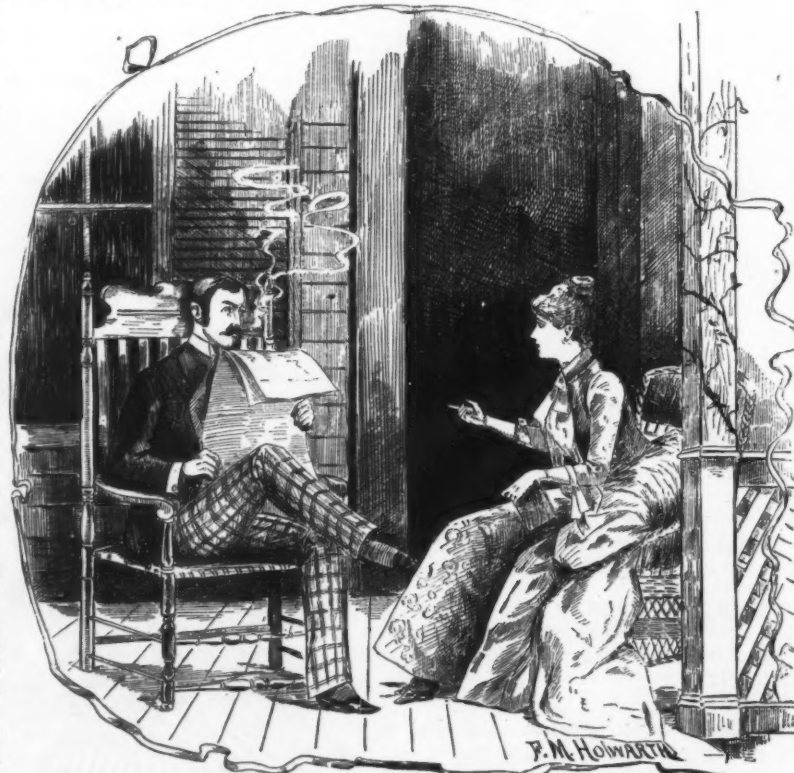
**NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.**

"Mother, may I go a bathing?"  
 "Yes, my darling daughter: Don your scanty bathing dress, But don't go near the water."

**A COLD CHEEK.**

*Bobby*—"Aw, Cholly, that's a terrible cold you've got."

*Grafton*—"Yetz, de' boy. I called od Miss Tedseasods lawst night, a'd-chew! hat-chew! she laid her cheek od by bosob, a'd—pwoposed!"



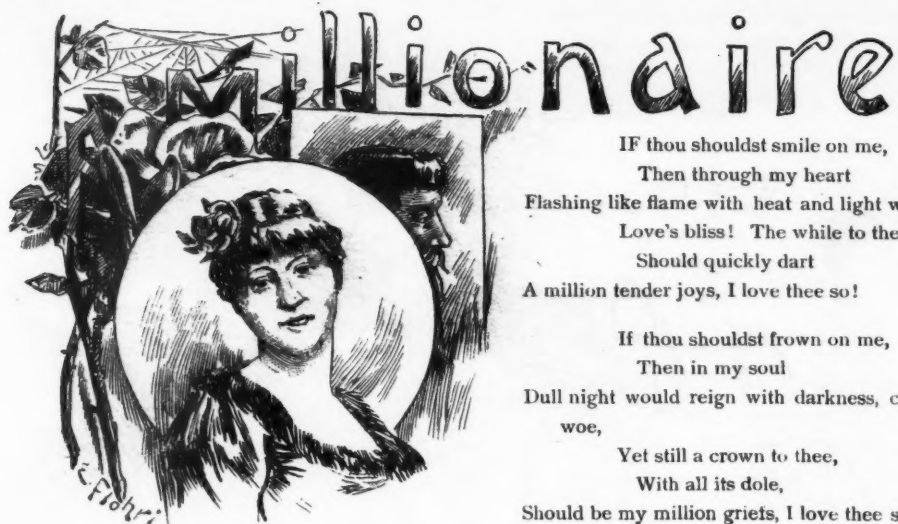
**WOMAN'S REASON.**

*SHE*—"Harry, I wish you would quit using tobacco; I'm afraid you'll injure your health."

*HE*—"Have no fear, my dear; my grandfather has used tobacco all his life and he is eighty years old."

*SHE*—"Well, just think how old he might be if he hadn't used it!"





IF thou shouldst smile on me,  
Then through my heart  
Flashing like flame with heat and light would go  
Love's bliss! The while to thee  
Should quickly dart  
A million tender joys, I love thee so!

If thou shouldst frown on me,  
Then in my soul  
Dull night would reign with darkness, cold and  
woe,  
Yet still a crown to thee,  
With all its dole,  
Should be my million griefs, I love thee so!

If thou shouldst give to me,  
With sweet, free will,  
The richest treasure lover e'er could know—  
I could but live for thee,  
Adoring still,  
Or die a million deaths, I love thee so!

Be what thou wilt, dear one,  
Coy, kind or shy,  
Or summer sunshine with thy glance bestow;  
Of evils I fear none,  
Since still may I  
Hope for a million years, I love thee so!

**BRUTE INTELLIGENCE.**

Jim Sweet remarked as he took his pipe out of his mouth, "They is a sort of instink or inteltek in dorgs which approaches intelligence." Every man in the grocery leaned over and nodded sagely, and Dick Griffith asked a small boy to hand him a broom-straw to clear out his pipe. "I have owned several remarkable dorgs in my time, but old Suitor was the darndest dorg of all. You remember old Suit, don't you, squar?" and he appealed to Squire Stephens, who stood up majestically leaning against the counter.

"As a deer dog on a cold scent old Suit was a remarkable dog," said the squire with dignity.

"An allgeewhillikins dorg you better say," said Jim as he threw a quid of tobacco into Kelsey's pocket, who sat on the opposite side of the stove asleep. "But it wasn't about his allfired grit on a cold scent I was goin' to speak. It was about his intelligence and foresight and kalkilation. He laid over any dorg I ever seed on them qualifications, and, squar, yew know it."

"Tell yer blamed old story and don't hev so many introductory remarks," said Hugh Jones as he put his feet up on the stove.

"Tain't no old story," said Jim; "but when I read these yer noosepaper yarns about the inteltek of dorgs it makes me mad to think old Suit ain't alive to jest take the cake. It was along in the winter of '59 or '60, and Brayte Worden, Bob Griffith and I was up to Jock's lake after deer. We started a big buck and he left the runaways and steered right back towards the Raywheel mountains with old Suit on his track. Well, we hurried on behind fur about ten miles when it begun to snow, and I knew if it snowed in our track we would hev to use a compass to git back, and I looked in my pocket fur the compass. It was gone, and



**THE NEW ORDINANCE.**

POLICEMAN—"Hi, there! Stop! All music must stop at midnight."  
FELINE SERENADER—"You're away off. The mayor says catgut may be twirled till one A.M."  
(The mayor of New York has decided that stringed instruments may be played till 1 a.m.)



**HARDLY SUSPECT IT.**

MISS MONGER (in a whisper)—"That's our new rector behind you, Emma."  
MRS. LOWCHURCH—"Yes; I heard him last Sunday."  
MISS MONGER—"How do you like him?"  
MRS. LOWCHURCH—"Not at all. He's altogether too high for me."

thar we was. We knew our fate if it continued to snow, so we turned around and jest galloped back fur camp before our tracks was snowed full. Well, we knew old Suit was a goner. If he followed the deer an hour longer he would hev no tracks to foller back, and we hove a sigh at his loss. When we got to camp we made ready to git out of the woods next mornin', fur we couldn't do nuthin' without a dorg or a compass either. So next mornin' we commenced to pack up to git out, when blame my skin if we didn't hear a dorg bark up on the side of the mountain, and thar comes old Suit. We seen him paw the snow off a stump and then look down and sort of take his pints and then come straight down to camp. When he walked in among us he stopped in front of me and dropped outen his mouth *my compass*. That ere blamed dorg had watched how we took our bearin's with a compass, and when he started out in the mornin' he jest natchally stole that instrument and carried it all day and worked his way back to camp with it. Now, boys, when I read

But the boys had all silently got up and started for home.  
"Gentlemen," said Jim, "old Suit is dead and I can't produce him, but here's the compass with teethmarks on it now."  
The old squire looked angry and asked, "Do you call that yarn a evidence of brute instinct?"  
"Of course I do," said Jim; ef it ain't, what is it?"  
"It's a blamed lie," said the squire, "that's what it is."  
"Boys," said Dick, "I am goin' to shut up this grocery, and it ain't the only thing that better shut up either."



A BACK-ACTION PRACTICAL JOKE.

Mr. Densuade has asked Cousin Barclay to lunch with Mrs. Densuade and himself, but is detained at the last moment and sends word to that effect.  
 MRS. DENSUADE—"I'm not going to wait for the stupid old thing. I think on the whole it's pleasanter without him. How fortunate that he couldn't come!"  
 BARCLAY—"He is a trifle of a bore. Remove the cover, waiter!"

Densuade (who has done a little waiter bribing an hour before) isn't as happy as he thought he was going to be.

**BUZZ SAWS.**

You can't blame the hen for a bad egg.  
 It takes a good salesman to get what he asks.

The rat often gets caught twice in the same trap.

The human rake scrapes very little together.

The bad boy who tells a whopper is apt to get a whopping.

There is more money than honor in being a labor candidate.

We have often to play the game of life when we haven't any trumps.

When the bald-headed man goes to the theatre he grows short-sighted.

The man who agrees with you in everything expects to be paid one way or another.

The man who believes in speaking up according to his size often thinks himself bigger than he is.

The burglar who breaks into a house at midnight and frightens a woman almost to death has no need of telling her to hold up her hands, because that is the first thing a woman does when she is scared.

**JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.**

Wife (who has been driven nearly frantic by a habit of her husband)—"John, I read today about a man out in Minnesota whose wife killed him because he said 'I want to know' so much."

Husband (surprised) — "I want to know!"

**RESIGNED.**

Brown was taken suddenly ill.

"Your case is a serious one," was the doctor's verdict on being called.

"Now, doctor, tell me the truth; I am brave; I can bear it. What cemetery would you recommend?"



NEW MODEL DUELLING PISTOL.  
 Designed for use in French duels.

**EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.**

Distinguished burglar—"What do yer think o' this mean plan o' workin' gentlemen off by 'lectricity? Hangin' 's good 'nuff fer me, everytime."

Touts (unlucky horse jockey)—"Well, I dunno. The thing has its good points. If there's anything exasperates a man after his race is run it's the thought that he lost it by a neck."

**CLARA IS IMPROVING HER MIND.**

Clara — "Oh, Marie! you don't know what you've missed by not joining Professor Muhlbach's French history class. It's intensely interesting. I had to coax and coax before I could join, the lectures are so awfully expensive; but at last poor dear pa could not help seeing how instructive they would be and what an advantage to me."

Marie—"What was the subject of the first?"

Clara—"The first—why—let me think—oh, I could not listen to a word of it. That horrid Green girl, the one Charlie has become so infatuated about, sat just in front of me. I studied her for a whole hour and can't see that she has the least attraction."

Marie—"What was the lecture about?"

Clara—"Why, yes, of course—it was—why you know—bother!—I can't remember. It was too aggravating; little Mrs. Crocus had on a spring bonnet, and do you know, I was not quite near enough to be sure, but I could almost swear it was the same one her cousin from Philadelphia wore here once last season just before her husband died."

"I'll hunt you up Professor Muhlbach's prospectus."

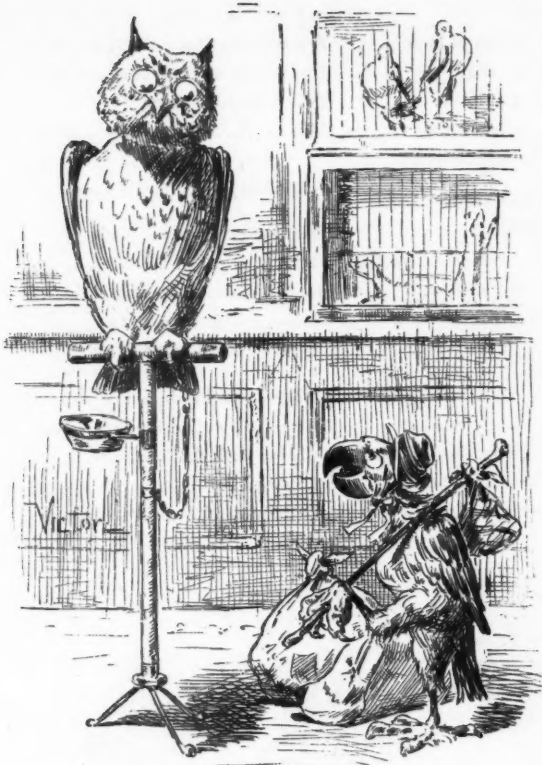
Yo' may be a good tinkah, but nobody ull know hit 'less yo' yell fo' leaky tinware.



NATURAL METAMORPHOSE.

MISS KATE—"What an anglo-maniac you are, Mr. Pinks."  
 MR. P.—"Ah—ya—as to be sure. Ye know, an easy thing that, to become an anglo-maniac in these days, Miss Kate."  
 MISS KATE—"Yes, I presume so; especially where one is a maniac to begin with."





**UNSOLICITED ADVICE.**

NEWLY-ARRIVED EMIGRANT FROM WEST COAST OF AFRICA—  
 "Hullo, cully! Been 'round wid der boys? Why don't yer  
 stay in a few nights 'n give that head a chance to go down?"

**AN UNAPPRECIATED COURTESY.**

Deaf old woman (from Erin, in car,  
 to passenger)—"Is this McNulty's cor-  
 ner?"

Passenger—"Yes."

Old woman (louder)—"Is this McNul-  
 ty's corner?"

Passenger (louder)—"Yes, it is."

Old woman (at top of her voice)—*Is  
 this McNulty's corner?"*

Chorus from Passengers—"Yes, it is!"

Old woman (indignantly to first pas-  
 senger)—"Phy didn't yer say so be  
 fore? Yer no gentleman!"

**NONE OF THEM ON HAND.**

Mrs. Savezrien Riche (in fur store, to  
 salesman)—"I want to look at a pair  
 of furnalias."

Salesman (doubtfully)—"I don't think  
 I know what you mean, madam."

Mrs. S. R.—"One of my friends has  
 bought a pair of horses and a sleigh,  
 and she said she got the parapher-  
 nalias to go with it, and I want a pair  
 too."

Salesman (face reddening)—"We are  
 all out of them to-day, madam."

**SHOCKING.**

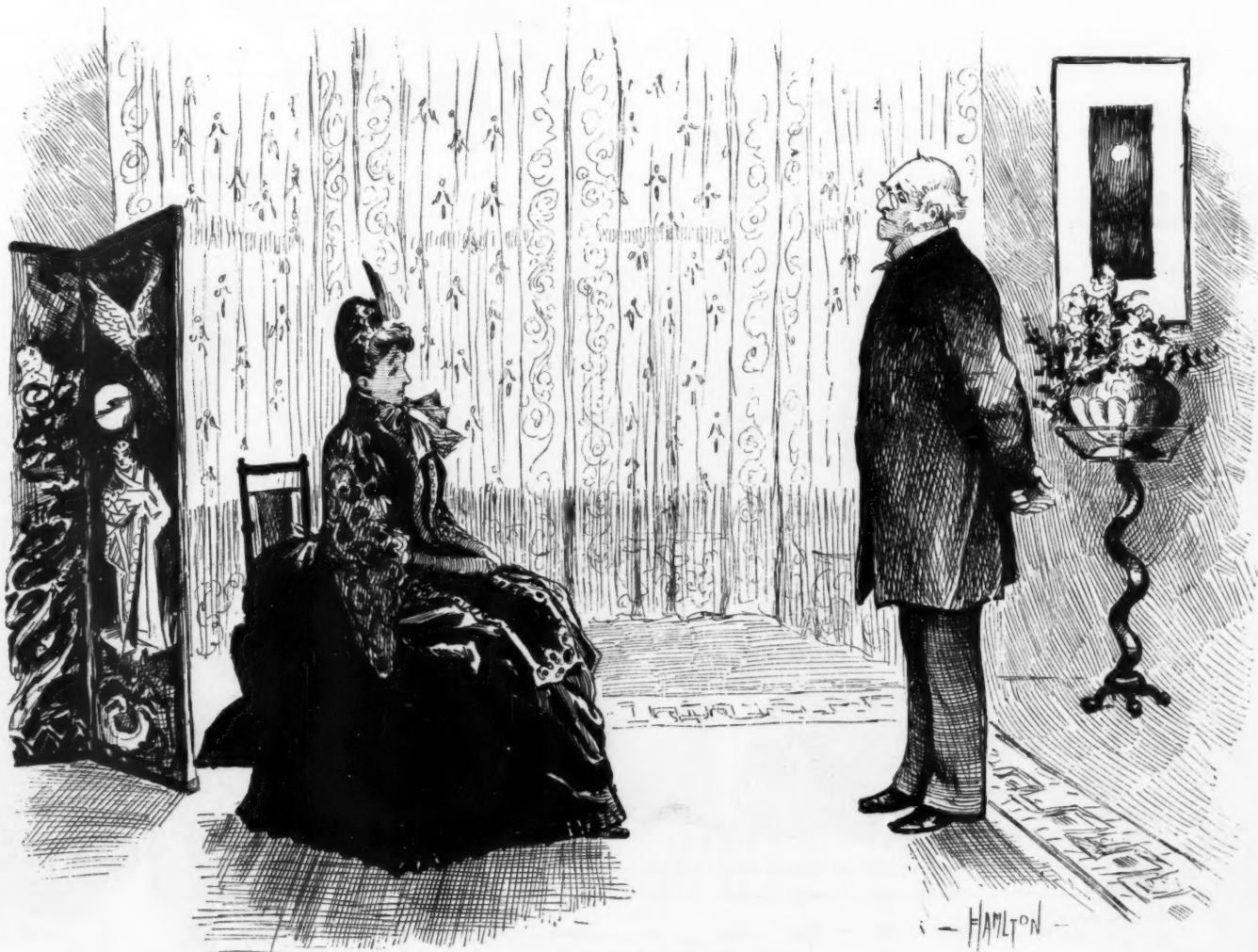
"So Jenkins has gone to the bad,  
 eh? Well, well, he used to be a very  
 clever fellow. What did you say he  
 was doing?"

"He's paragrapher on a Buffalo news-  
 paper."



**QUITE FORTUNATE.**

WILLIE (after a long survey of the Van Stilson  
 box)—"Golly, mamma! it's lucky for those  
 ladies that railing's there, ain't it?"



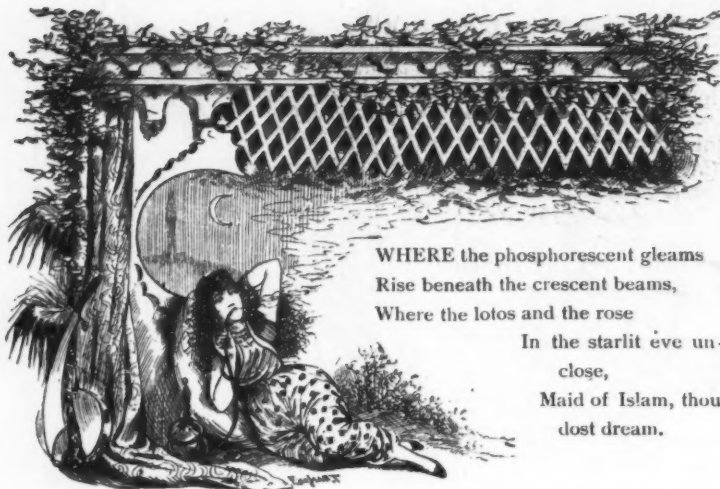
**SUCH IS FAME.**

MRS. GORDON (who don't read the papers very thoroughly)—"Who is Berry Wall whose name I see mentioned?"

MR. GORDON (pityingly)—"Why, my dear I'm surprised. The papers have been full of his doings for three years."

MRS. GORDON—"Well, you know I never did take any interest in politics, don't you?"

ORIENT OR OCCIDENT.



WHERE the phosphorescent gleams  
Rise beneath the crescent beams,  
Where the lotos and the rose

In the starlit eve un-  
close,  
Maid of Islam, thou  
dost dream.

Orient maid, we dream of thee  
In thy harem by the sea,  
And we hear thy mandolin  
Ring the marble halls within  
To thy song, sung plaintively.

The poets dream sweet Nourmahal,  
Thy eyes like roseicaves on us fall;  
But, fair maiden, you must know,  
For our age you are too slow.  
My dear, you are not practical.

In these dull times we can not  
keep  
A herd of wives to sing and sleep  
'Twould be nice, of course, my dear,  
But spring bonnets cost up here,  
And the bills would make us weep.

A young saleslady that I know  
Just up the street a block or two,  
With a tip-top salary,  
Thinks she's somewhat mashed on  
me,  
And we have a flat in view.

Orient maid from far Kathay,  
The business girl has come to stay;  
She can't twang the mandolin,  
But she gathers shekels in  
In a practical western way.

With the rest I'll dream of you,  
Where the Bosphorus darkly blue  
Rolls beneath thy harem wall;  
But one girl will get the call  
Of the kind I have in view.

QUITE ANOTHER MATTER.

Two friends meet after a long interval.  
"By the way, you know that poor C. is dead?"  
"Good heavens! You don't say so. How shocking!"  
"Why, you are behind the lighthouse; he left us over six months ago."  
"Six months! Oh! that alters it."

NO LONGER IN SIGHT.

There was a vain man named Badeau,  
And to humbug the Grants he did geau;  
But they heard of his game  
And they laughed at his claim,  
And now he's forgotten, you kneau.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE EDITOR."

H. U. Merest—"I'm very sorry indeed, sir, that you have hurt your thumb. I'll never pin my paragraphs together that way again."  
K. R. Illic—"Don't fret about it—there's no harm done. When a mere boy I often had my fingers pricked by a chestnut-burr."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Hi, waiter! Is this dish of roast chicken for two persons or one?"  
"Nein!"  
"Nine! Good Lord, it's too much for one, but I'd like to see nine people make a meal of it!"



GETTING EVEN.

Midgely, who spent several hundred dollars for theatre tickets last season, without seeing the stage once, on account of the high hat nuisance, adopts a scheme for revenge this year. He lets his hair grow, and combs it up.



MUTUALLY SOLD.

MRS. BLEECKER (at the unmasking)—"Why, Tom! I'd no idea it was you. And I did enjoy that last waltz so!"  
MR. BLEECKER—"I'm sure I didn't know it was you, Letitia. You'll pardon me for making it so pleasant for you, won't you?"



S. P. C. A.

*Driver of street car—*  
"Why are you carrying that heavy basket? Just set it down on the platform."

*Mr. O'Houlihan—*"Sure de car is full. Haven't de poor nags enough to pull alriddy?"

Tom Sanders and his wife  
Have ever been at strife.  
With tempers so alike,  
Both always "on the strike,"  
The wonder is to me  
That they should not agree.

TOO LATE.

He is detained by a  
thunder-storm.  
"Oh, Harry, did you  
hear that terrific clap of  
thunder just now?"  
"No, dear, I was list-  
ening to you," and he  
saw too late that he had  
made a mistake.

IT LEADS TO WANT.

*Charley—*"Gus, what  
necessities of life deprive  
many a family of  
food?"

*Gus—*"Give it up. As  
the interlocutor at the  
minstrel show says,  
what necessities of life  
deprive many a family  
of food?"

*Charley—*"Meet and  
drink."



A MONTREAL ENCOUNTER.

MR. BONNAUR—"I can't be mistaken. Isn't this Mrs. Coolbroth of Chicago?"  
MRS. J.-K.-C.-W.-L.—"It was when I was introduced to you, sir; but the Coolbroth came in after the second divorce proceedings, and there have been two since. I am now Mrs. Jenkins-Killingly-Coolbroth-Wilkins-Laker."

CONDITIONAL.

*Jacob Levi, jr.—*"Baba, I vants den cents."

*Jacob Levi, sr.—*"Vat for, mine son?"

*Jacob Levi, jr.—*"I wants to puy a tog."

*Jacob Levi, sr.—*"Mine son, I gifs you den cents ofe you vill puy a pase-ball. Rememper, mine son, a tog eats."

A VERY GOOD REASON.

"Say, Bob, do yer know why de folks calls me Jim?"

"Naw. Why?"

"'Cause dat's me name."

IN THESE LATITUDES.

You must wake and call  
me early, call me  
early, mother dear;  
And be sure you leave  
my waterproof and  
rubbers lying near.  
And don't forget some  
cough-drops before I  
go away,  
For I'm to be queen o'  
the May, mother, I'm  
to be queen o' the  
May.

Ef Sambo doan' laik  
me, I rudder he'd say so  
dan grin an' bow w'en  
we meet.



ART VERSUS ALCOHOL.

CUSTOMER—"How much, sir?"  
BARTENDER—"Fifty cents, please."  
CUSTOMER—"Isn't that a little steep?"  
BARTENDER—"Why, my dear sir, you've seen \$100,000 worth of paintings."

THE USES OF LITERATURE.

"You are looking so much better, Mrs. De Ponsonby; is your health improved?"

"O yes; my new doctor has stopped my taking chloral to make me sleep, and instead has Mr. Howells's novels read to me every night, and I get off in half the time I did before."

UNTRUE TO NATURE.

*Art-dealer—*"I can't see why you should object to that picture of Spring, Mr. Comstock. The figure certainly is draped."

*Comstock—*"Yes; but it's a glaring untruth. Where are her umbrella and overshoes—to say nothing of a chest-protector?"

The undertaker's no fighter,  
Yet deny the fact, if you can,  
That he's that kind of a boxer  
That always lays out his man.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

When your coal gives out be-  
ware of a spell of frigid weather.

When you cannot see the sun,  
make up your mind that it will  
be cloudy.

When there is ice in your  
pitcher in the morning you may  
be sure that it has been cold.

When you see lightning on  
coming home at night it is best  
to swear off for a while.

When a man carries an um-  
brella to business with him, it is  
a sign that it will not rain.



(The next day.) CUSTOMER—"Gimme a ten-cent drink straight, without art, please."

## LEAP YEAR SCORES ONE FOR MINNEAPOLIS.

"Yer ain't got no ice palace in your old second-rate city," sneered the St. Paul boy.

But the Minneapolis youth drew himself up proudly, and gave away a true inwardness of the domestic circle in an exultant tone: "Don't keer if we hain't. My sister Nan has popped to her young man, who's been hangin' off fer three years, an' I'm agoin' ter have a new suit of close clear through fer the weddin'."

## TOO MUCH LIBERTY.

*First servant girl*—"How do you like your last missus?"

*Second servant girl*—"I don't like her at all."

*First servant girl*—"Doesn't she give you enough liberty?"

*Second servant girl*—"She gives me too much; she discharged me yesterday."

## DEFINITIONS.

*Bachelor*—A wild goose that tame geese envy.

*Prison*—An oven into which society puts newly-made crime to harden.

*Taxes*—Periodical bleeding, as prescribed by government.

*Glutton*—One that digs his grave with his teeth.

## ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

The summer vacation.

"What a lucky fellow to be able to spend your vacation in the country."

"Yes, only at night the change of air keeps me from sleeping."

"But in the day time?"

"Oh, the days I spend in town."

Josie Woods of Maysville, O., has been given \$3,000, damages for breach of promise on the part of S. H. Poe. Poe wrote to her in one of his letters, "I send you twelve kisses, four hugs and one pinch, and a good huggin' throd in," and again he wrote:

"My health is good i way 160 pounds i have bot me fine closes you wod'nt no me if you was to see me an' I have bot me a fine watch, oll the girls is gitting stuck on me in every town i go to what will i do about that I drest up today an' went down town the ladys flirting at me on all sides of the streats saing look at that prirty man, but that is all i can't think of no bydy But you so i will close."

That is better than the Ar-buckle business, and a correspondent says truly that it is quite as good as anything ever sent out by Artemus Ward.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

*Old Griggs*—"Jack, you young rascal! why didn't you chop that wood? I'm going to thrash you within an inch of your life."

*Jack*—"Hold on a minute, father. Don't you think it's better to settle differences peacefully than to strike?"

## NO BREACH OF CONTRACT.

*Balder*—"I thought you said this mixture would make my hair come out quickly; and it seems I'm getting balder and balder."

*Barber*—"Well, isn't your hair coming out?"



FAKED ADORNMENT.

*MRS. BROPHY*—"Aha! it's th' foine batch o' fur-rs yez has this winty, Nora."

*MRS. CLUNY*—"It's wan o' thim Rushy sables Pat wor after givin' me, cillibratin' tin years we's married. Th' natheral shtate's th' shtyle now."

*MRS. BROPHY*—"Is that so? Well, well! It's th' good hushban' yez has. (To herself.) Av that ain't Cluny's ould tomcat, Oi niver seen him!"



THOSE ART ABOMINATIONS.

*MR. FIDLEY (anxiously)*—"Is there anything on the table, dear?"

*MRS. FIDLEY*—"Why, certainly there is. It's the new vase that came from Bantine's yesterday."

*MR. FIDLEY*—"Thanks, awfully. I was just a little afraid that last night's dinner was affecting me in the delirium line."

## KARL KNEW HIS CUSTOMER.

*Fritz*—"Mein Gott, Karl! How you subbose dot skinny feller get himself outside of de schooner of beer?"

*Karl*—"Ach! His skin vill like rubber stredch. He vos a prohibitionist."

## IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

*Chawlie*—"Smoking, Chappie? Don't ye know the old defawni-tion of cigaw?"

*Chappie*—"Can't say that I do."

*Chawlie*—"A cigaw is a woll of tobacco, with a light at one end and a fool at the othaw, ye know."

*Chappie*—"Do you mean to insinuate that this isn't a cigar?"

## A PECULIAR KIND.

Smith, who was of a compassionate turn of mind, felt disposed one day to sympathize with Simpson, who had married a red-headed termagant. He had begun a string of condolence when the latter interrupted him:

"Why, my dear boy, there's nothing the matter with my better-half; she's an angel."

"An angel?" repeated poor Smith, dumbfounded.

"Yes, of course; an angel—of wrath."

## A STRICT CHURCHMAN.

*Clergyman*—"I suppose, Dobbin, that you intend to keep Lent this year?"

*Dobbin*—"In course, sir; I keeps it all the year 'round. We 'as a Hash Wednesday at my boardink 'ouse hevery veek."

## ELEMENTARY.

A man named Spunk has just married a western girl named Spink. How they have twisted it up to be sure! Past tense spink; present tense spunk; future tense spank.

## THE LESSER EVIL.

*She* (dabbing his forehead with a bit of lace soaked in cologne)—"Do you feel any better, darling?"

*He* (groaning)—"Thanks, no. Would you mind leaving me a little while?"

*She*—"No, indeed, dear. I'll go down to the kitchen and ask cook to show me how to make you some nice little dish."

*He* (anxiously)—"Oh, no! Please stay. I had rather you would. I don't mind it very much, really."

De h'aht promp's a-many good wuds dat git stuck in de gullet on de way out.





THE ACME OF POLITENESS.

"Oh!"

A LETTER

From the mother of the college girl who complained because the dining service was not of silver such as she had been accustomed to at home. This document is authentic, having been found by the room-mate of the discontented one after she had departed for her palatial abode at Smith's Basin, N. J.

DEAR SALLY—I suppose you will be Mad with me for calling you by the Old fashioned name but Sally you was crissened and ireene is like a Stranger to me. your letters is always welcom that you must know and We do the best we ken, but Sally to be always finding falte it is Disheartnin to Say the leest your Father and I has Wanted you to Have this edgication the Wirst way, and has scraped and Scrimped lord only knows How to get the Prize of the tooishin and close beside And I need not speak of my perple Silk made over and the Plad as Well for they fitted you good and has left me nothing but the old alapacka that was thredbare When Si was Borne but I don't Speak in any Refference except to remind you, and of the Red table cover from the Parler Sent to you (and the melia shawl is the Cover now) also the Lace curtains off the Windows to make your Roome look nice and the Bareness is a Shame so we don't Ask annybody in there annymore melia's Boe and her Sets on the front stoop Mostly. I think He will ask her soone it ben goin on long enough goodness knows. charley White married the stebbins-girl and have His wiskers shaved he look so difrent your Father is Drudgin' in the store More so than uzual not that trade is Anny too Brisk, but George have left him in the Lurch. Mis' Hawkins Boy come for a wile, but wayd things too Heavy and only one eye Besides. this is



"Kindly accept a loan of my wig, madam."



A good all 'round fit. Everybody happy.



THE COAL STRIKE.

OULIHAN—"Shure Oi've heerd the folks say as how coal wuz goin' up, but Oi've bin, begobs, watchin' here two days, an' divil a bit has riz from under the shed yit!"

wash Day-Anty perry is helpin with the wash for the dress I made her, But I wood rather have the Money every little Helps.

benny and Si is over the Meezles, thank providense, and the doctors bill will be comin in Mis Sillick have got to goin With the martins and enuff Airs about it, But they are sure to drop her by and by Studdy hard, Do, dear Sally, and try to get along econom- ickle your father was Dancing at the Bill for stashunary keep to the things as are strickly necessary for it is the incidentles as naws out the Vitals and takes all the Spair change we can scrape I know deer Sally you don't have All the things you want no more do I if I sed I hadn't anny of em I'd be nearder the trooth But as long as we have Helth and a good consens theres nothing enny better then that Nor equill to it Now I must draw to a cloze there's people moved in Davises old Place and One of Marthy Day's twins is died of croop eph Smith is goin after lowries Girl you Wont care now. He never Asks for you enny more and she have his Picture round her Neck. Benny broke granma's lookinglass yesterday and Father thinks of sellin the Heffer so No more at present from

your loving Mother and Father CYNTHY MILLER.

p s. the Ducks only came out 6 after all, and the big Caff got hurt by lowries cross cow, but the rest of the Famby is well and all sends their Love.

A HAPPY DELIVERY.

Bobby—"Our friend Jaggs, whom everybody thinks so dull, got off an awfully good joke last night."

Wiggins—"Aw—I hope they're both doing as well as could be expected."

THOUGHT HE SHOULD KNOW.

Bertie—"Pa, why is Volapuk called the universal language?"

Pa—"Oh, don't bother me with such questions. How do you suppose I'd know?"

Bertie—"Why, pa, ain't you a Universalist?"

NOT SO GREEN.

Officer of the day (to raw recruit on post)—"What would you do sir, if a steamboat were to come across the parade ground at night?"

Raw recruit (excitedly)—"I—I—I'd—"

O. d. (ferociously)—"Answer me, sir! What would you do?"

R. r. (innocently)—"I'd bring the steamboat to a halt and advance the chambermaid!"

A DOG WITH BAD HABITS.

Dogs are allowed to ride on street cars in Rochester. The other day a combination spitz-skye-terrier, with dark hair about the mouth, tried to make the acquaintance of a little girl.

"Go 'way, dog!" she lisped. "I don't like dogs that chew tobacco."

"Why, Ethel," said her mother; "dogs don't chew tobacco."

"Well, his mouth looks just like grandpa's."

GETTING AT THE SIZE OF THE CERTIFICATE.

Boston young woman—"They tell me that Miss De Peyster has a beautiful marriage certificate?"

Chicago young woman—"How much—twenty-five or fifty thousand?"

**THERE WOULD BE SOME ON THE PLATE.**

*Minister's wife*—"Richard, I wish you'd give me money to buy some buttons for the children's clothing."

*Minister*—"Wait until after Sunday, my dear; I'm going to ask the congregation at that time for an extra collection."

**MUSICALLY EXACT.**

*Prof. Goodear*—"Ah! Miss De Capo, your brother has a very fine tenor voice. But I can't just make out the part of the gentleman who is endeavoring to sing with him."

*Miss De Capo*—"Oh! Signor Nobasso, you mean. He is only the tutor, you know."

**SO NATURAL.**

"What do you think, darling mamma? Little Tommy and I have been playing getting married?"

"Yes, and how did you manage it?"

"Well! you see, I laid the table and we sat down. Then he tasted something and said 'it wasn't fit for a dog to eat,' and threw his napkin on the floor. Then I said he was 'a fool,' and then he swore awful and left the room, and I called him a 'brute!'"

*What Mrs. B. says*: **DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.**

"I know of nothing so inconvenient as a jealous husband; at the same time I can conceive of nothing more humiliating than to have one's partner for life entirely free from the green-eyed monster."

**PATRICK'S FINESSE.**

"Well, Pat," said Foodlebright, "how do you propose to tide over the strike?"

"Faith, sor," answered Pat, "I prophose to Bridg-et. She teks in washin' an' arns two shillin' the day."



**THOUSANDS OF MEN ARE LIKE IT.**

*WAYSIDE MORALIST*—"Dear me, how terribly human that ass is! Although he's up to his neck in plenty, yet he must kick."

**A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.**

"Well, how did the ceremony at the church go off?" asked Bacon of Bailey.

"Splendidly. The bridegroom's face was just wreathed in smiles. There was only one drawback."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; the bride failed to make her appearance."

**PRINCIPLE AND INTEREST.**

"They may talk as much as they like about old Moneybags," said Higgins, "but he's certainly a man of principle."

"Yes," responded Wiggins, "but you can't see his principal unless you put up a pretty stiff interest."

**WOKE UP THE WRONG CUSTOMER.**

A timid youth had business with a firm consisting of two brothers. Finding one of them alone in the counting-room, he stammered out:

"P-p-p-please, sir, h-h-h-have I the h-h-honor of ad-d-d-dressing you, or y-y-y-your b-b-b-brother?"

"My brother, sir," was the uncompromising reply.

**THE NERVE OF A DRUMMER.**

"Do you think you have nerve enough to be a reporter?" asked the managing editor of an applicant.

"I think so, sir."

"And what makes you think so?"

"I'm only twenty," was the reply, "but I have already proposed to five different girls."

'Case a parrot kin yell "Howdy," a'n't a sign dat he kin carry on a convahsatin.



**HARDLY AN IMPROVEMENT.**

*YOUNG ENTHUSIASTIC ARTIST (innocently)*—"I presume, Miss Fitzdook, you paint?"

*MISS FITZDOOK (indignantly, misapplying his remarks)*—"Sir? Do you intend to insult?"

*YOUNG ARTIST (very much embarrassed)*—"O, 'pon my word, Miss Fitzdook, don't think for a moment I alluded to the paint on your face."



MISDIRECTION.

HE told her love and did not let  
Concealment, like a blighting worm,  
Feed on the roses of her cheek  
Or do her other beauties harm.  
Her aspect modest was, and meek ;  
And yet there was no epithet  
E'er known to honest ardency  
That she did not pronounce to me !



Her eyes downcast in diffidence—  
Her half-turned head, her trembling lips,  
Her face suffused, hands unemployed,  
And making many tell-tale slips  
As with a skein of silk they toyed—  
Of happy choice gave evidence  
When she framed an apology  
For loving John instead of me.

WELL STEERED.

They got onto him at the Grand Central depot. Oh, how ripe he was and what a smile he had! He was on wheels and all he needed was pushing. He had a carpet bag with shiny ends and made of striped stair carpet, and his name and residence painted on it in white letters, I. White, Rome, N. Y. The first man who shook the tree was a little fellow with a pock-marked face and a nobby summer suit and white vest.

"Why, White!" said he, "I was sent up to look for you. Jenkins, who used to live in Rome, said you would want a good quiet hotel."

"Land sakes!" said White, "is Jenkins here in the city?"

"Yes," said the youth with the indented cheek, "he came down yesterday and he told me to take you to the Bulge house on Chambers street."

"Is there a safe in the house?" said White, looking down apprehensively at the carpet bag.

"Safe!" said the warm hearted youth; "there is a regular bank vault, perfectly safe. Ah, here is Mackin. Mackin, this is my friend White, from Rome."

"Glad tew know ye, Mr. Mackin," said White, and he picked up the carpet-bag and held it behind him. This was nuts to Mackin and his friend and they winked rapturously to each other.

"Do you ever drink?" said Mackin pleasantly.

"Wall, sometimes I take a snort for luck," said White.

"Well let's go over and lubricate," said the kind young man. At the saloon the carpet-bag was carefully placed under White's chair and the nobby youth carefully lifted it with his toe. Then he said it was about time to take a lunch, and White was pressed to indulge in quail on toast, some little-neck clams and his share of a bottle of wine. Then in a cab they started for the hotel and White held the carpet-bag on his lap. The hotel on Chambers street was rather quiet and White looked around for the safe. The room looked more like an office, and a cashier at a desk seemed to be busy looking over some slips of paper.

"When will it draw?" said Mackin, as he took out his pocketbook and looked at some similar slips of paper.



A SURE EVIDENCE.

MINISTER (who has had a "call" to the pastorate of a neighboring congregation, with deep humility)—"Of course, gentlemen, 'tis my sacred duty to become your pastor, if I am convinced it is a call from my great Master. Ahem—by the way—what may the prebend—er—salary be, as it were?"

VISITING COMMITTEE—"Five hundred dollars more than your present cure affords."

MINISTER (with a deep sigh of Christian resignation)—"Ah! then indeed this must be a call from my heavenly Master!"

"They are all in but 120, 1060 and 42, and the capital prize is back yet among those numbers," said the cashier.

"Great Scott!" said Mackin, "look here White! The capital prize is among these numbers of mine and I propose you fellows give me a hundred a piece and each of us chance a number on the prize. I have all three of those numbers."

"All right," said Jackson, "here's my hundred," and he whispered to White, "Put in your hundred, and we will divide whichever gets it."

Several men strolled up to the cashier's desk and threw down money for new tickets and business was rushing right along. White went and carefully closed the street door and then began to unlock his carpet-bag. A hush fell on the scene as White said in a cautious tone, "Say, fellers, I ain't got but three dollars in cash with me, but here in this ere valise"—They held their breaths and gathered around "In this here valise I hev got the model of the golfiredest geewhilliken rotary churn that ever knocked butter out of sour cream. Now I'll take a chance in yer raffle and trade yew town rights till yew can't rest. They ain't nothin' mean about me, and"—but a howl of rage went up from that carefully prepared office, and the carpet-bag, model and all, was kicked into the street.

White told the policeman who helped him to his feet and brushed his clothes off, that he "never met a freerhearted lot of boys, nor never sot down to a better meal" than they treated him to, but "they hadn't no taste for mechanical ingenuity," that "some fellers from New England would buy the churn," and they did.



ON THE BOX.

MRS. DENSUADE—"Here come the Van Amringes, Harold. You remember we met them at Narragansett. Shall I bow?"

MR. DENSUADE—"Decidedly no! When Van Amringe pulled me out of the watah after that beastly cramp, y' know, he was cad enough to get mad when I asked him which Turkish bath establishment he was employed at in the city."

## THE DIAMOND EDITION DREADFUL'S APRIL FOOL.

I've jest be'n a layin' in fur this; an' I got there with both feet, fur I belonged to the tribe of Eli, I did. Early in the mornin'

par riz frum his downy couch—an' it wuzn't so downy as you might think, fer I filled it full of cut hoss hair the night afore—an' pulled on his trousers. Someone'd gone an' sowed the legs shut. Parhe wuzbalanced on one leg. When a man is balanced on one leg with a pair of trousers what have grown shet he is in a hefty ticklish place. Par wuz. He rammed his foot into one leg—an' mar, she got right up an' patched up par's nose with stickin' saave an' embrycated the lump what had riz on his skatin' park. He lost his balance an' went jus' biff into the whot-not loaded with jim-cracks. That's wot skinned his nose an' rized the bump on his ven'rashun. While mar wuz patchin' up par I went down to the kitchen where Burdalia wuz turnin' griddle-cakes. "Burdy," sez I, "yer coz, the mealy-mouthed

Mick, is jist turnin' the corner." The hired girl made a rush fur the front gate, an' I jist inserted some pieces of felt I'd cut from an ole hat 'tween par's pile of griddle cakes. "Yer a spalpeen," sez Burdalia as she came in. "Me coz hain't in soight." "Oh, I thought I saw him," sez I, as meek as you please. I never see a man enjoy griddle-cakes like par did that mornin'; on'y he put lots an' lots of syrup on 'em. It wuz his fun; an' if a person can derjist felt-hats my par can, fur his stumack must be like an engine boiler. Then I made some pennies red hot; an' when the poor little newsboys tried to sneak 'em from the sidewalk I larfed

till mar came an' larruped me with a bed-slat. When night come par said, said he: "Jass is right; I guess you'd better hunt the hen's nest fur eggs." That wuz one of par's ole rackets; he would be a boy fur all. I jammed my cap over my ears—an' then I cried. I never cry 'less I get hit. I wuz. Par had gone an' filled my cap full of 'lasses. That's why I've sworn off playin' any more April fool jokes.



## HE TAKES HIS EDUCATION IN SMALL DOSES.

MRS. DENSUADE—"What! going so soon, captain? It's very early."

CAPTAIN BLUFFER—"I know it, my dear madam, but you see I've passed the last four years on the west coast, and am accustomed to meet only Kaffir and Zulu women. I've got to get used to this New York undressing business gradually."

## UNREASONABLE.

Mistress (to serving lady)—"Is it possible that this is my new silk umbrella that you carried to church this evening?"

Serving lady (indignantly)—"Possible, mum! Would yez be afther expectin' me to tak' out me own in the wet?"

## A NEW NAME FOR THEM.

Old Mr. Bentley—"Maria, you mustn't call people cranks any more."

Old Mrs. Bentley—"Why Joshua?"

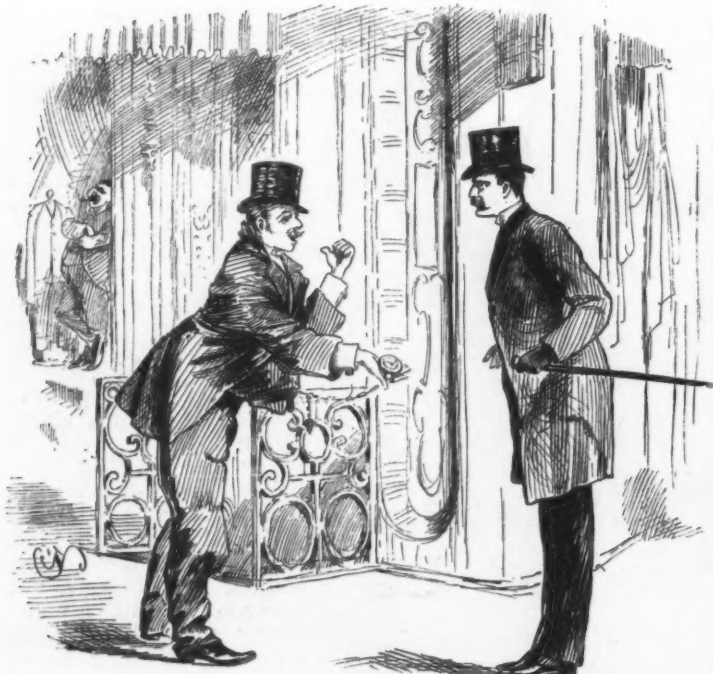
Old Mr. Bentley—"Because they are now known as 'people of mechanical intellect.'"

## THEY DID THAT SUCCESSFULLY.

"Well, how about the conquests at the beach this summer?" asked a fond father of his daughters upon their return from the sea-shore. "I suppose you broke many a heart?"

"Oh, no, father," replied Miss Sophronia; our mission was not to break hearts. We are New Yorkers."

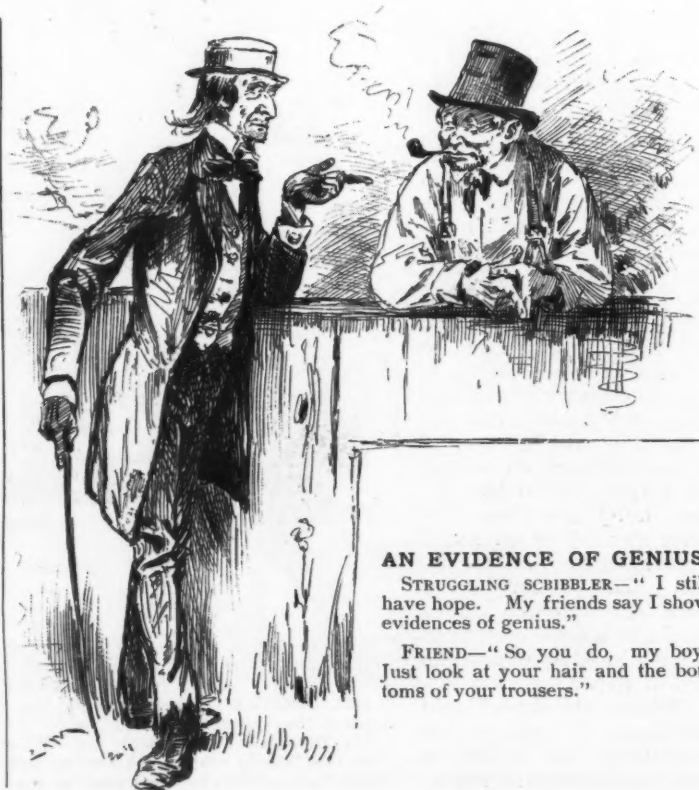
"Er—I didn't mean hearts, I meant pockets," said the old man, correcting himself.



## WATCHES ARE WATCHES AND CLOTHES ARE CLOTHES.

MULGRAVE—"Sorry to see you so down on your luck, Tommy. What's the trouble?"

SALTUS—"S.sh! I'm in clover. Just bought a fifteen dollar watch and they threw in a suit of clothes."



## AN EVIDENCE OF GENIUS.

STRUGGLING SCHIBBLER—"I still have hope. My friends say I show evidences of genius."

FRIEND—"So you do, my boy. Just look at your hair and the bottoms of your trousers."





UNCLE NAT'S SQUIRREL GUN.

AUNT ELIZA—"You men never know nothin' anyhow. Why don't yer blow real hard inter it, an' ye'll fetch 'er"—

THE REASON WHY.

"Say, Boggs, old fellow, is that really your new house the red flag's flapping out from? What's the matter?"

"Got to sell off the furniture at auction. Bought a ton of coal last week."

"Why, but I don't see how your buying coal"—

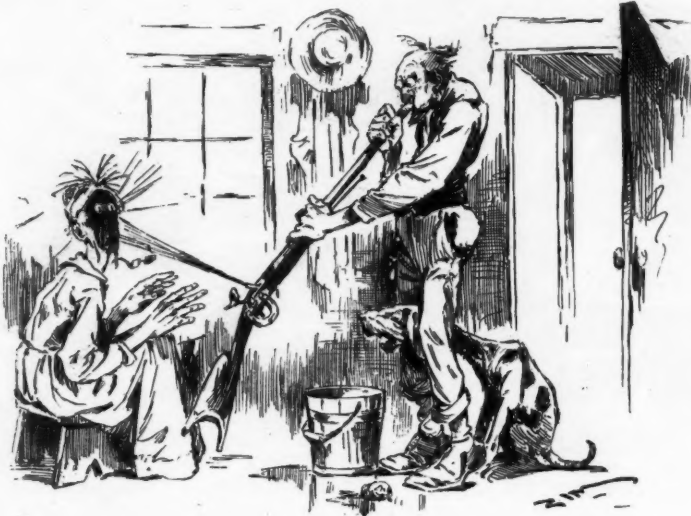
"No, hang it all! That wouldn't; but the blasted dealer made me pay for it before he'd draw it."

"Oh, I see."

A CHICAGO VIEW.

Chicago young man—"And what did you think of Mt. Vesuvius, Miss Palmerhouse?"

Chicago young woman—"I couldn't help thinking, Mr. Rattantan, what a magnificent toboggan slide it would make."



And he did!

LOCAL ITEMS.

EVOLUTIONS OF VILLAGE LIFE AS PORTRAYED IN THE BEANVILLE SENTINEL.

The Beanville band practices in the school-house to-night.

Hiram Perkins has a fresh lot of West India goods, and is selling them off like hot cakes.

The young folks in the First Methodist church talk of holding a sociable after harvest time.

Deacon Elderkin's boy Jake lost his new straw hat while returning from the Methodist picnic last Friday.

Peleg Tier is out again—this time with a crutch and a cane. It takes something more than rheumatism to knock Peleg out completely.

The Rev. Sawdust Johnson, the worthy colored divine of West See, will supply the pulpit of the African M. E. church next Sunday.

Hiram Woodley says he can saw and split a cord of hickory wood quicker than any man in the country. Now let us hear from John Collins.

Sadie Root is visiting friends in Cohoes, and some of the boys down Bricktop way are beginning to look scared for fear she'll stay there for good. How's that, Sammy?

Miss Miranda Larabee will have to gum it this week while Dr. Forceps make some alterations in her new set. The doctor has a cozy office on Main street. Give him a call.

The boys who went down to the hog-guessing at Copake Junction last Wednesday want to know why Jim Slayback got away with that half a water melon. 'Nuff said, Jim.

"Dar's such a t'ing ez toe much fo'-thought. Ef yo' stan' long 'nuff at de station debatin' wedder yo' ull takè dis train or de nex' one, bof ob um ull go an' leave yo'.

Yo' er ap' toe gib de man w'o 'grees wid yo' credit fo' a hund'ed pah cent. mo' wisdom en he'm got.

PERHAPS HE ISN'T HANDSOME.

"Say, John, do you believe in luck?"

"I should say I did! This is leap year and not a single girl has proposed to me!"

THE AMERICAN VERSION.

German professor—"In the old country one of our common proverbs is 'If I rest I rust.'"

Young Mr. Ticker—"Well, we have pretty nearly the same thing here. 'If I trust I bust' is our version."

NO FEAR OF EVICTION.

Mrs. O'Rourke—"And so yez would put us all out in the sthreet for the sake of a week's rint?"

Agent—"That's all. I must have my money or out you go."

Mrs. O'Rourke—"Well, thin, let me tell yez the first sthrep that pig o' moine takes outside the door, I'll have yez arristed by the S. P. C. A."

IN IMITATION OF WALES.

First Anglomaniac—"Where to-night, deah boy?"

Second Anglomaniac—"A large pahty of us are going to the theatre."

First Anglomaniac—"Take a box?"

Second Anglomaniac—"Of course, deah boy. Join us. Come with a full on; we're going to have a loud time and stop the performance."

A LITTLE ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

In a restaurant.

"Waiter, a bottle of Madeira."

"All right, sir."

After an interval.

"Waiter, I asked you for a bottle of Madeira ten minutes ago."

The waiter, his napkin under his arm, draws himself up, and remarks with great dignity:

"I see, sir, that you are not a connoy-sheur, sir. I made you wait on purpose, sir, for every connoy-sheur knows, sir, the older Madeira is the better it is, sir."

HUMAN NATURE.

He had fought in many a battle  
And had won by hook or crook,  
But he yielded to the rattle  
That the little baby shook.



FELINITY.

MIGNON—"How awfully fortunate you are. Madge! I wish I could enjoy a party without having to dance all the time."

MADGE (who has been wall-flowering)—"It must be tiresome, dear. I notice your last three partners went to the smoking-room just as soon as the music stopped."

## THE COLD SLEIGH-RIDE.



NELLY and I went out to-day,  
Tucked snugly in my little cutter;  
She wore a suit of fur trimmed gray,  
With witching ribbon-ends to flutter.

Her eyes shone out behind the veil  
Drawn straight across, her dimples hiding;  
The best dressed girl in Beaverville,  
And prettiest, I had sleigh-riding.

I know Jack Hill would talk such stuff,  
Were he but in my place a minute!  
And, when one hand drew out her muff,  
His own would promptly be within it.

Her smile was sweet, her cheek was red;  
We passed through several tollgates lonely,  
But not a tender word was said;  
I asked about the soapstone only.

We dared the drifts in lovers' lane,  
She clasped my arm and very tightly;  
I set her in her place again,  
And wrapped the robe 'round her politely.

The dearest thing, of course! but I  
Don't think of that, somehow or other;  
If I am cold she is not shy;  
But then, you see, I'm Nelly's brother.



## SENTIMENT VS. COST.

ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER—"Ah, dearest! I could gaze in those eyes all night. Those beautiful orbs are so bright that they reflect the splendor of fair Luna as she sinks behind!"

## MODERN GRAMMAR.

"Give the parts of *do*," said the teacher.

And the tailor's son answered with promptness: "Do, dude, dun, past participle, don't—get it."

## HIS FIRST VISIT.

Squire Oatcake (of Podunk)—"See here, I don't think you hotel folks are treatin' me half right."

Hotel clerk—"Why, what's the matter now?"

Oatcake—"Didn't I sign my name good an' big on your register when I came here?"

Clerk—"Yes."

Oatcake—"And didn't I tell ye I was a justice o' the peace in Way-back county?"

Clerk—"Yes."

Oatcake—"Then why in thunder haven't some o' your New York papers said somethin' about my comin'? We allus do that when your folks come to our taown."

## ST PATRICK'S DAY.

Teacher—"Herbert, you may tell me, if you can, why March 17th is called St. Patrick's day?"

Herbert—"So's the Irish can have a chance to hurrah."

Whip de bigges' man in a crowd an' de oddahs ah yo' suvants.



But it suddenly flashed over his mind that his boat cost him fifty cents an hour, and that he had been out nearly three hours!

## ON THE NAHANT ROCKS.

Mr. Brewer-Brewer (getting in a little Browning business after the picnic-basket has been broached)—"See how the sunbeams catch that facet in your claret-glass, Miss Fanshaw."

Miss Fanshaw—(Bangor, Maine)—"For the land's sake! Pick it out, won't you, Mr. Bruin? I hate insect's."

## A MODERN KNIGHT.

She—"Ah, John! before we were married you were always wishing you were one of the knights of old, so you might show your devotion; and now?"

He—"Great heavens, Maria! did you ever hear of one of those old chivalry fellows jumping up from his paper to chop wood?"

## HIS NIGHT-CAPS.

First Kentucky wife—"What kind of night-caps does your husband use, Mrs. Vivant?"

Second Kentucky wife—"Bourbon trimmed with real sugar, Mrs. Ransom."

## UTTERLY UNSYMPATHETIC.

Tramp—"Can't you help me to get a night's lodging, sir? I haven't seen a bed for three nights!"

Wiggins—"The deuce! If you can afford a spree of that length you're better fixed than I am."

## SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

Mrs. Phelim—"I understand your father is writing an autobiography, Jane?"

Mrs. Laffin—"Yes; it's going to be a very interesting book. You mustn't make it public, though."

Mrs. Phelim—"Certainly not, Jane; but do you know I'm perfectly crazy to know whose autobiography it is."

## NO HOPE FOR PROGNOSTICS.

Bagley—"Here's the story of how the Dakota people killed the weather prophet who said the spring would be very early this year."

Bailey—"Humph! He ought to have been killed."

Bagley—"And here is the prediction of a New Jersey man for four feet of snow on the first of May."

Bailey—"Well, he will get killed."

## TOO SOON.

"What do you think of divorce?" asked some one of a young girl.

"Oh I don't know. I hadn't thought of getting married yet."

De place toe set de trap am where de weazel caught de chicken.



AN UNSUCCESSFUL DIALOGUE.

Miss Jones—"What a delightfully cozy little nook this is, Colonel. Now I want you to entertain me with everything new."

Col. Smith (who is not a conversationalist)—"Well, er-k-km-er, see I've er—I tell you what let's do. Let's have one of those dialogues you see in the satirical papers—we're pretty well arranged for it."

Miss Jones—"How entrancing! I'll be Mrs. Collingwood-Collington and you Mr. Heik Ollarman, and we'll say something really scintillating and brilliant, and then tell about it afterwards."

Col. Smith—"Very well. By the way, if you'll move just a little so as to get the iridescence from those prisms off your shoulder it will be nicer. It gives you a sort of tattooed appearance. That's better."

Miss Jones—"Now that you speak of it, it will add to the composition of the picture if you look a little less serious and stop fumbling your watch chain. Now, let's begin."

Mrs. Collingwood-Collington (suddenly materializing into Miss Jones again)—"What a charming bit of a high tea Mrs. Coylack gave on—Colonel, if you are going to persist in staring at heaven through several feet of plaster and brick, I'm going to leave you. It is not fair to think up what you are going to say. It ought to be spontaneous."

Col. Smith—"Now my dear Miss—er, Mrs. Collington, you've spoiled it completely! I had something awfully sarcastic about 'lacking' something right on the tip of my tongue, but never

mind;—(nervously, for fear of another lapse of memory) did you hear that Hoalstock had been asked to resign from his club?"

Mrs. Collingwood-Collington—"Why no; I thought he was one of the governors!"

Mr. Heik Ollarman (appearing from blank canvass)—"He is of the Killikinicerbockers, but the cane—I mean the club—I am speaking of is that new cane he appeared with at the church of the Holy Incantation on Sunday. It frightened the children so that the wardens petitioned him to give it up."

Miss Jones—"Colonel Smith, Mr. Hoalstock is my cousin, and I think it hardly gentlemanly for you to comment on his taste in personal adornment!"

Col. Smith—"But I thought this was simply a society dialogue."

Miss Jones—"Why, so it is. I entirely forgot. I'm going to say something just as mean as I can think of now."

Mr. Heik Ollarman (emerging again)—"Spare me, won't you?"

Miss Jones—"That is just what I was going to do. Take me to mama, please."

HEADS AND TAILS.

"I see," remarked Merritt, "that Berry Wall was refused admittance to a Saratoga reception because his new style of dress coat had no tails. Rather queer, wasn't it?"

"Yes," assented Miss Snyder, smiling archly, "dudes are generally objected to because they have no heads."

Dar's many an ass goes toe mahkit dat doan' tote a load.



Whyle syttinge 'neath ye stalwart beech  
With Constance atte my syde,  
Ye tyme had come for speakinge,  
Love tolerates no weakninge,  
In her I would confyde.  
(Now ye tyme.)

Her Daynty fan inne restiveness  
She moved with gracefull ease.

But whyle she did ye fanninge,  
Her face so fayre close scanninge,  
'Twas I who gave ye "breeze."  
(She is myne.)

C. H. JOHNSON.



A CHANCE MEETING.

MISS CLEMINSHAW—"Why, colonel! this is an unexpected pleasure. When did you return?" (etc., etc., for fifteen minutes.)

COLONEL FLAMBEAUX—"Well, good bye; I'm awfully glad to have"—(but it took fifteen minutes more to unwind.)

A COSMOPOLITAN WOMAN.



She went 'round and asked subscriptions  
For the heathen black Egyptians,  
And the Terra del Fuigians,  
She did;  
For the tribes round Athabasca,  
And the men of Madagascar,  
And the poor souls of Alaska,  
So she did;  
She longed, she said, to buy  
Jelly cake, and jam, and pie  
For the Anthropophagi,  
So she did.

Her heart ached for the Australians  
And the Borriobooli-Ghaliens,  
And the poor, dear Amahagger,  
Yes it did.  
And she loved the black Numidian,  
And the ebon Abyssinian,

And the charcoal colored Guinean,  
Oh, she did!  
And she said she'd cross the seas  
With a ship of bread and cheese  
For those starving Chimpanzees,  
Sure, she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian  
And the poor half-melted Feejeean,  
And the dear Molucca Islander,  
She did;  
She sent pie and canned tomato  
To the tribes beyond the Equator.  
But her husband eat potato,  
So he did;  
The poor helpless, homeless thing  
(My voice falters as I sing)  
Tied his clothes up with a string,  
Yes he did.

S. W. FOSS.



AMERICAN (to Canadian)—"Why do you call England your mother country?"  
CANADIAN—"Because she is our dam(e)nation."

NOT FOND OF SAD COLORS.

A patron of fine arts, possessed of more money than taste, had ordered a landscape of Millet. The day it was brought home the purchaser exclaimed:  
"Good heavens! Monsieur Millet, couldn't you afford to make your sky a little more lively?"  
"What for?" demanded Millet.  
"Because it is my daughter's wedding day."

KNEW WHAT IT WAS TO FAST.

"Wonderful, isn't it, how people can go for days without food? I've just been reading about a man out west who hasn't touched food for two months."  
"Nothing remarkable about that."  
"You think so?"  
"Certainly I do. I lived in a boarding-house in New York for two years myself."

A FASTIDIOUS TRAVELER.

Boggs (on board Pullman sleeper, coming to his friend's berth at 11 A.M.)—"Not up yet, Jagley! I hope you're not ill?"  
Jagley (despairingly)—"I can't leave this berth, deah boy, till the end of the twip. My twavelin-cap blew off on the pwairie lawst night, and I should pewish with shame to be seen on the twain bare-headed."

THE SLY RABBIT.

A TALE OF THE JERSEY UPLANDS.



THE DECORATIVE CRAZE.

At the weekly meeting of the "Hibernian Coterie" the question of beautifying the hall came up.  
"Misther Prisedent!" said Mr. O'Toole, "Oi have an new motion anent ye. 'Tis me opinion it wud bootify av we was to dcorate the soides av the hall wid about twanty escutcheons."  
The motion was seconded.  
"Gintlemen! gintlemen!" shouted O'Grady, hopping to his feet, "Oi have an amindmint. 'Tis little money yez know we have to spind, an' Oi move a committee be appointed to buy wan escutcheon, an' av it grows cut shlips off av it an' plant thim."

HAD A ROPE ON HIS NECK, TOO.

Visitor (to Montana widow)—"And you say your husband met his death by falling off a scaffold?"  
Montana widow—"Yes; poor John!"  
Visitor—"How far did he fall?"  
Montana widow—"Er—oh, the fall was about three feet, I think."





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In the front of the picture is Columbia being most courteously received by Mr. Hugo Sohmer, who desires to present to her the "Sohmer" piano. By the side of Mr. Sohmer, in a group, are Josef Kuder on the left, Mr. Charles Fahr in the centre, and Mr. George Reichmann at the right, rejoicing over the recognition of the instrument's merits on the part of Columbia representing the people of the United States. Above this is a banner waving the words "Sohmer & Co." In the background one sees the Capitol with masses of struggling politicians surrounding Cleveland, Thurman, Harrison and Morton.

But in one thing they all agree, that is the high position and standing of the celebrated Sohmer piano.

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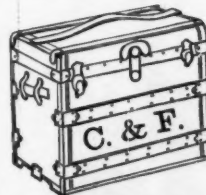


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HOW IT WILL BE DONE IN THE FUTURE.

Europe—"Yes. What number?"

America—"Give me 9,999,999. You can talk now, madam."

Manager international matrimonial bureau—"Hello! At your service."

American heiress—"I'm number 5,417 on your register. I wish to enter the holy bonds of wedlock before that despicable little widow Catchim. What have you in the titular department?"

Manager—"I regret to state that our supply is somewhat limited at present; but we have one live duke, penniless."

Heiress—"Coat-of-arms genuine?"

Manager—"Bona fide, way back."

Heiress—"Good. I'll take him six weeks from to-day, please."

Manager—"You understand that you are to foot all the bills for the wedding and pay my commission?"

Heiress—"Oh, certainly. How much?"

Manager—"About \$60,000 for the first, and a little trifle for me—say \$25,000."

Heiress—"All right. Present my name and compliments to the duke, and tell him I send telephone orders to-day, in my private cipher, for a solitaire diamond ring, sapphire scarf-pin, and a check for \$10,000 for his present contingencies, to be delivered at once. His name and address?"

Manager—"La Longa Seke-moneta, Tumbledown Palace, Brigandazia, Italy."

Heiress—"By the way, what's his age and style?"

Manager—"I've forgotten; but I can look it up in a minute."

Heiress—"Oh, it's of no consequence whatever. I'm in haste to begin ordering my trousseau. Good-bye."

HIS NAME HIS MISFORTUNE.

Mabel—"No, Mr. Kidder; I can never be yours."

Kidder—"And is it thus you treat me, after leading me on to hope for your hand? But you need not think to escape without explaining the reason for refusing my love. Why will you not be mine?"

Mabel—"Because I cannot write a capital K to save my life."

When Cupid toward me turns his bow,  
That's a pleasure that I know;  
And I know the greatest bliss is  
When he hits he makes the Mrs.

THE MAJOR PART.

Brown—"Major Smith says discretion is the better part of valor."

Jones—"So it is, in his case, at least."

Brown—"How so?"

Jones—"Because, if you subtract the discretion from Smith's valor nothing will remain."

PACKED IN CORK.

"Why is it," asked a man of a fruit dealer, "that Malaga grapes all come by the way of Ireland?"

"I never heard that they did," answered the fruit-dealer. "They're raised in Malaga."

"Yes, but they're packed in Cork, aren't they?"



FAULT OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

YOUNG LADY (speaking of the chamber of horrors at the Eden Musee)—"Dear me, never saw anything so life-like; they looked exactly like dead men."



BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF.

MR. SMARTUN—"No, Miss Jones, they can't deceive me; I am not such a big fool as I look."

MISS JONES (endeavoring to flatter)—"No, indeed—I discovered that long ago."



AN AFTER EFFECT.

SWELSON (after a long, long dinner)—"Drash s'ch matches 's that! They won't light 'tall."

MRS. SWELSON—"Don't you think, dear, that if you'd put the cigar in your mouth and take out the match you'd get along better?"





## CURES DANDRUFF, ITCHING AND BALDNESS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 6, 1888.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., New York.

GENTLEMEN:—I take pleasure in giving you the following facts, thinking that they may interest you. For the past fifteen years I have been growing bald-headed, my forty-eighth birthday finding me with a bald and shining pate, save a few coarse hairs. The process was gradual, one hair going at a time in a sly, sneaking sort of way, as though it expected not to be missed. Irreverent friends, attracted by a shining mark, cracked their chestnut jokes on my defenceless scalp. This I stood better than a disagreeable itching and dryness of the scalp. Somebody said "PACKER'S ALL-HEALING TAR SOAP will cure that," and it did. Somebody else said "PACKER'S ALL-HEALING TAR SOAP will make the hair grow on bald scalps;" I smiled the bald-headed man's smile of incredulity, but on retiring made a thick lather, allowing it to remain until morning, then sponged it off in warm water. It gave a delightful feeling of freshness and cleanliness, and I kept it up for some months regularly. To my everlasting astonishment I found a dense mass of fine hair covering my head; this developed into good growth, and I have to-day a good head of hair and more coming. And now I sing with no uncertain accents the merits of PACKER'S "ALL-HEALING" TAR SOAP. Am a self-constituted advertisement of your soap. In all seriousness, I have found it most excellent and for many purposes, and I most heartily recommend it to my friends for their good, and out of gratitude for what it has done me.

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METAL PLATES, FOR ENGRAVERS, MADE TO ORDER.

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## A NEW NOVEL.

WHO WROTE

# "NAPOLEON SMITH"?

Did Mark Twain Write it? Did Henry Guy Carleton? Did William Winter?

### THE GUESSES OF THE PRESS:

The first edition of "Napoleon Smith," by a well-known New Yorker, of 50,000, has been exhausted. A second edition will be issued. — *Denver Democrat.*

"Napoleon Smith" is one of the peculiar works of the season. It is having an immense run, the first edition of 50,000 copies being already exhausted. — *Ohio State Journal.*

"Napoleon Smith" is a remarkable story and a story of remarkable interest. We can heartily commend the story as a bright specimen of the marvelous. — *Baltimore Telegram.*

"Napoleon Smith" is none of your ordinary mixtures of insipidity and tameness. It fairly sparkles with incident, and every page is spirited and eventful. We think the author has made a successful debut. — *St. Louis Republican.*

It takes up an odd conceit about the resumption of specie payments in this country, and weaves it into a story of Parisian life during the Franco-Prussian war which will be found sufficiently interesting for the pleasant fooling of a summer reading. — *Los Angeles Express.*

This is one of the JUDGE's conundrums, and we are requested to make a guess at the author. Our guess is "Sidney Luska," who is suggested more than once by the style of what is certainly a novel of much merit, and which is far from having the effect of a first essay in fiction. — *New Haven Palladium.*

The Smith of the story is in France to find his money, and a singularly romantic time he has of it, falling in love with a beautiful French girl, and being fallen in love with by a still more beautiful one, who under the name of Le Noir is chief of a band of robbers. — *Grand Rapids (Mich.) Sunday Eagle.*

A decidedly interesting novel. It tells the strange story of a sergeant in the American army who was the grandson of a woman who attended the great emperor in his exile, and to whose father he confided certain papers which indicated the location of the great wealth which the conqueror of Europe was generally supposed to possess. The adventures of this sergeant are told in a graphic manner; and they are certainly marvelous enough to excite the interest of the most indifferent reader. The novel has already struck a popular demand and its sales bid fair to exceed that of "Mr. Barnes of New York." — *Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.*

He writes as an attaché of the American legation at Paris during the commune, and Mr. Washburn is made to wander in and out of the busy story. If this circumstantiality were not a part of the pleasant fiction, it might be easy to determine the identity of the writer, for "Napoleon Smith" stimulates the reader to try for his discovery. He writes as a man of affairs, conversant with facts, and with a taste for slightly dramatic narrative, for which "Napoleon Smith" furnishes him with a new and original motive. . . . The narrative of these fortunes makes the book one of the most readable of the summer novels. — *Schenectady Star.*

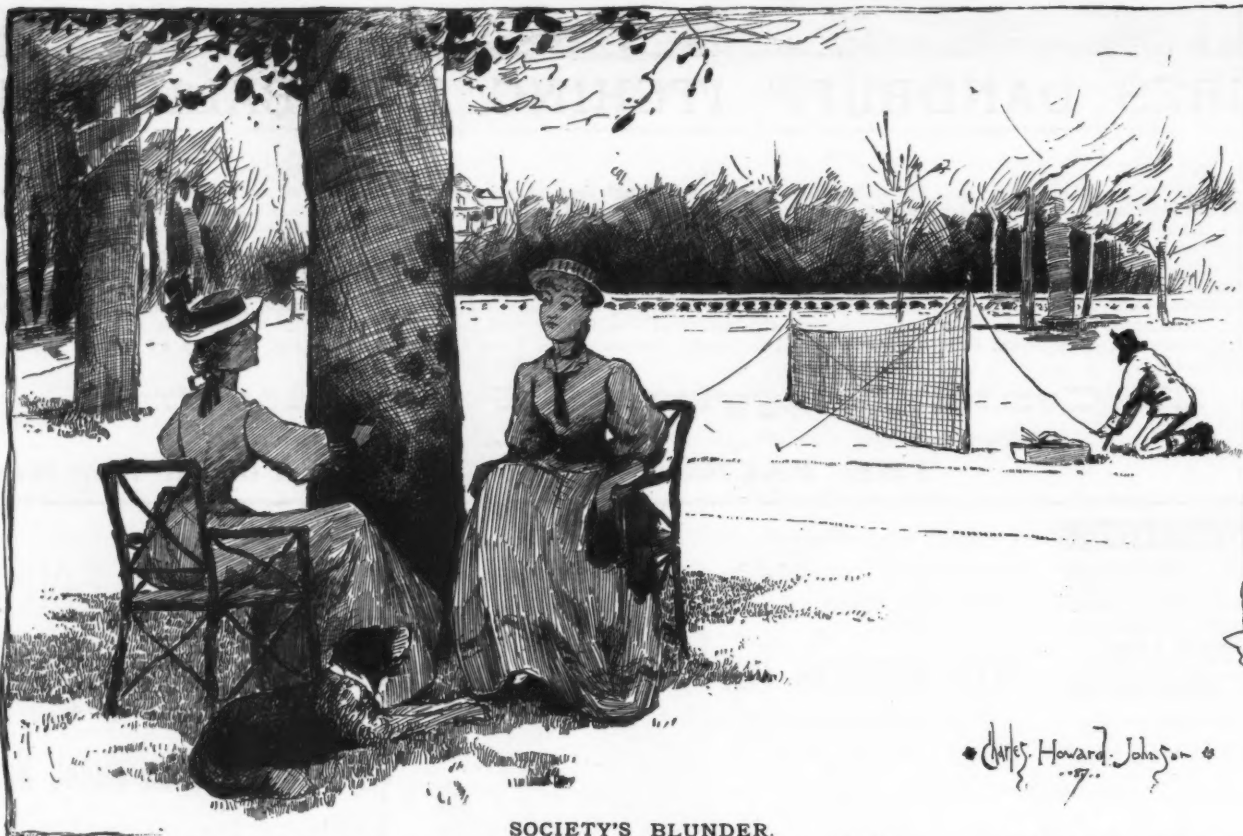
A fantastic story called "Napoleon Smith" has just been issued by the publishers of the New York comic weekly JUDGE. Its hero is the suppositious son of the first Napoleon, a veteran of the civil war and a great favorite with women. He goes to Paris and with the aid of a paper left him discovers the hiding place of a vast treasure which the French emperor had concealed. This is used to bring about the resumption of specie payments in the United States. The tale bears journalistic ear-marks, and the newspaper men of the country are asked to guess the name of the author, \$250 being offered for the right guess. There are traces of A. C. Gunter's style in the work, but on the whole we will hazard the conjecture that the genial proprietor of JUDGE, W. J. Arkell, is the perpetrator. — *Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Price, 50 Cents.

The book can be obtained from all newsdealers and booksellers, or will be mailed on application by the publishers:

**The Judge Publishing Company,**

**38 PARK ROW (Potter Building), NEW YORK.**



**SOCIETY'S BLUNDER.**

ALICE—"Why, Kate! how *did* you happen to invite that Miss S? She is horribly unpopular on account of her blood, which, rumor says, is very poor. Haven't you heard about it?"  
 KATE—"Yes, I know, she was considered very little; but since her father was stricken with gout and hay fever that silly story concerning her low breeding and poor blood is of course declared a miserable blunder beyond all doubt."

**HIS OBJECTIONS TO LIFE IN THE WEST.**

He was standing in the sunshine, clothed, or rather covered, with a variety of patches. I had just given him a quarter, the first impetus, he assured me, in the direction of dinner that he had received for weeks.

Meanwhile, while getting up energy enough to proceed in the above-named direction, he favored me with his views on life in the west.

"I was there—let me see—wal fer three years 'n a half, but—I couldn't stand it. No man could thet's bin used to the comforts we hev here. Oh, it's well enough; it's a growin' place, an' it 'll be somethin', by-'n-by. But now, fer instenz, now here—

sech a thing as close, fer instenz! A man can't get a decent suit of close, not to fit him 'n look as they ought to look, out there. They ain't got the style nor they ain't got the material. I tell you, you put on a suit of close—the best they kin give you, an'—well—you'll just want to walk away from yourself around the corner; it's amazin' to see the stuff they'll wear. Oh, it ain't a bad place in some respects—but close? They don't know what close means out west."

And then he turned the least ragged part of his hat-brim to the front, tore off a dependent tatter or two from his sleeve, retied the piece of twine that held his coat together, and moved thoughtfully on his way.



**HE MEANT NO REFLECTIONS.**

DISTINGUISHED ASSEMBLYMAN SAWDOFF (to friend from his district)—"I'll just make 'em haowl at ther next legislatur, Squire. Come an' see me then."  
 SQUIRE BROWN—"Much 'bleeged, Cap. When will yer be on exer-bishun?"



**AN UNAPPRECIATED INVENTION.**

FINKELSTEIN—"Dot fly-wheel aind schmard like it looks. How in himmel vas I goin' a profid make ven it plows all de froth off dot peer?"



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to use more caution and think of the poisonous trash that are being hawked all over by these unscrupulous traders.

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## STERLING BAKING POWDER.

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight alum or phosphate powders. SOLD ONLY IN CANS.

## THE LAST STRAW.

There has been a terrible scene between husband and wife. At last the latter, not thinking of anything more outrageous to say, mildly inquires: "And pray what are you looking at me in that stupid way for?" "I'm watching you grow old."



## A COOL HAND.

BURGLAR—"Say, just hand me that watch and pocketbook; they are a little out of my reach."  
OWNER OF WATCH—"I will, if you will tell me what nerve food you patronize."

## HE WAS WITH THEM IN SPIRIT.

School-teacher—"Where is Tommy? He is never in class when we begin scripture lesson."

Harry (eagerly)—"Oh, but I'm sure he doesn't forget his lesson, because yesterday while you were asking us about St. Peter's denial I heard him crow twice out in the yard."

## AT THE FRONT.

Mistress (of a retiring disposition)—"Now, Marie, when you go to the photograph gallery be sure to look carefully in the show-case and see if they have my picture on exhibition. It makes me shiver to think of the multitudes that may have gazed at me during the last two weeks."

(Four hours later)—"Well, Marie?"

Marie—"Madame's portray was no in ze cass."

Mistress—"Oh, I am so relieved! Do you know, I have fancied that I fell strangers staring at me."

Marie—"Madame's portray was at ze front, so beauteeful, in what one call ze frame. Two dollah marked."

## NOT VERY POPULAR.

"Have you discovered any tyrotoxon in the ice-cream this summer?" he asked the waitress in the café.

"No, sir; there wasn't any profit making that kind last summer, and so we just make the regular flavors and let it go at that."

Ah! why did she make him leave her?

Ah, why so cruel the fair?

When a boy he'd had scarlet fever,

And it settled in his hair.

## A NEW BARD OF AVON.

Remsen was a poet who rejoiced in the title "the new Bard of Avon."

Asked one day how matters were in the old home of Shakespeare, he replied, "I know nothing about any such distant place. I am the Bard of Avon, New York."

## HE COULD STAND IT BEST.

Bertie—"Pa, I hope grandma will die before I do; don't you?"

Pa—"What on earth ever put such ideas into your head?"

Bertie—"Oh, I have often noticed that I can stand trouble better than she can."

## WHILE TRAVERSING THE TIES.

Friend—"Don't you find it monotonous work traveling from city to city?"

Actor—"No, indeed; one has to be constantly on the lookout for wild cats and specials."

## VERY LIKE LOGIC.

Professor—"Mr. Eaubrian, you may demonstrate to the class that smoking cigarettes is not injurious."

Mr. Eaubrian—"Smoking cigarettes kills; those who smoke them are of no earthly use and ought to be killed; the good or bad anything does must be judged from the effect it has on the greatest number; therefore, since cigarettes rid the community at large of those who are useless to it, smoking them is not only not injurious, but beneficial."

## A DIRE WARNING.

Cease all foibles, stop your capers,  
Humbly bow before the fates;  
Jam her bustles full of papers,  
She is trying on her skates.

## THE LESSON LOST ON HIM.

The teacher had just been explaining to the class the Christian teaching of forgiveness.

"Now, Bobby," she said, "suppose Johnnie Blossom should hit you with a stone or with his fist, what would be the Christian way of treating him?"

"I'd lick him first and I s'pose I'd forgive him afterwards," replied Bobby.

## HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

Small boy—"Uncle, do you understand the rule of three?"

Uncle—"Perfectly, my boy. I live with my father-in-law, my mother-in-law, and my wife."

## A FAMOUS NAME FOR A DOG.

"Why do you call your dog Wellington, Mr. Slobson?"

"Because of the ease with which he can rend a bone apart."

## ENTIRELY FAMILIAR WITH THE SUBJECT.

Young Mr. Freshly (to his tutor)—"Will you tell me something of the reign of terror? You know all about it I believe."

Absent-minded professor—"Reign of terror? Know about it? I should say I did. Six children at my house—oldest nine—youngest three—and all down with the whooping cough."



## AN INNOCENT INTERROGATION.

HE—"It's awful. I can't eat on either side."

SHE—"Then why don't you eat on your back?"



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**CASH ASSETS OF \$750,000.**

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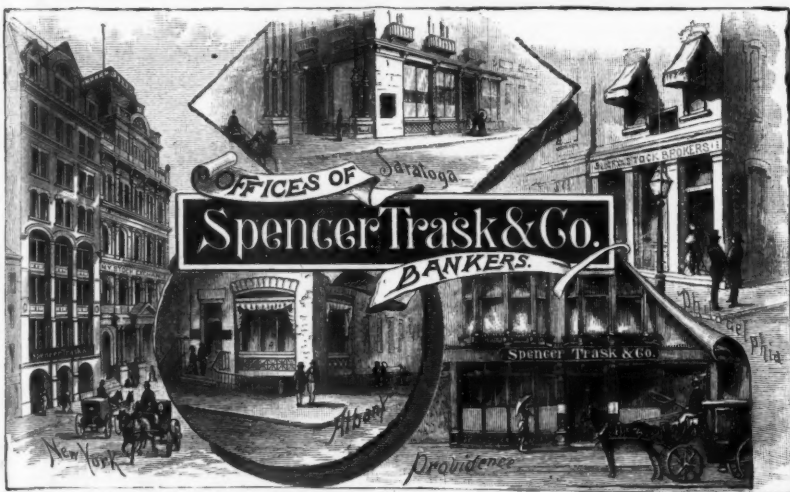
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For loss of both Eyes, - - 10,000	For loss of both feet, - - 10,000	For loss of one hand or one foot, - 3,333!

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Madame Zadoc Porter's Balsam is a Vegetable Expecto- rant, prepared with great care and scientific skill. It is not a violent remedy, but emollient, warming, searching and effective; can be taken by the oldest person or youngest child, and is very agreeable to the taste.

If you have a cold (however slight) do not fail to give the Balsam a trial. The very low price at which it is sold brings it within the reach of everyone. The timely use of a 25 cent bottle will often prove to be worth a hundred times its cost, and therefore it should be kept on hand conveniently for use.

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The 75 Cent Bottle is more profitable to the consumers, as it contains four times the quantity contained in the small bottle.

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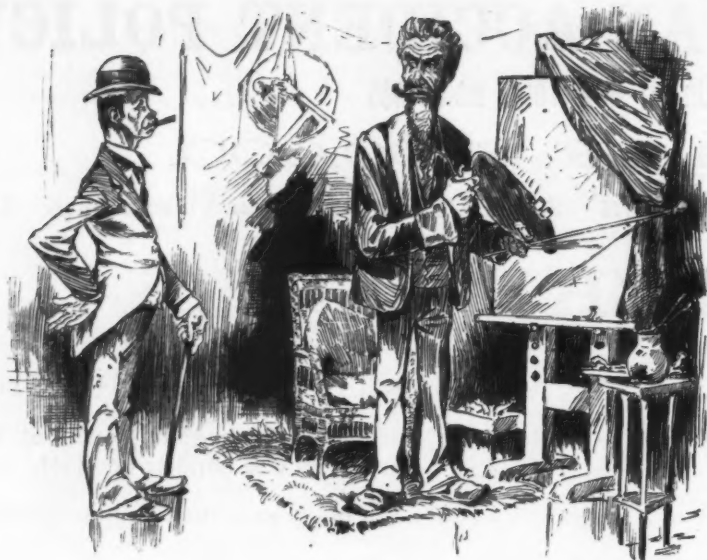
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**\$4,000.00 PER DAY**  
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**HE WASN'T**

APPLICANT—"I see you've been advertisin' for a model to pose as Grachus bein' broken on the wheel."

ARTIST—"Yes, but you don't seem to have the necessary physique."

**ENGAGED.**

APPLICANT—"Physique? Why, my dear man! I've been the loose-jointed wonder with Barnum's show for ten years."

**HIS CRITICISM OF A SPECIAL LITERATURE.**

Mr. Slewedback came home from the village post-office last Monday evening with a copy of a famous fashion weekly which had been put in his box as a sample. After supper he lighted his pipe, strolled down to the old stone-wall, and finding a corner that prevented the sunset glow from coloring his nose by reflecting from his glass-eye, he unfolded his easily-acquired library and began to struggle with its contents. Just two hours later Mrs. Slewedback saw him coming back in the gloaming with a pained expression on his face and the spasmodic hitch at his overalls that portended a mind ill at ease.

"What's the news in the *Perfective Dimocrat*, Hiram?" she asked him, as she leaned out of the window.

"Hanner," he replied, as he blew out a cloud of smoke which caused three young robins to fall out of their nest in the horse-chestnut tree above; "this ain't no *Perfective Dimocrat*. It's a story-paper with pictur's into it, an' of all th' dog-robbinest fakes you ever see it's th' wust. Jest look 'r that! See all them gals, purty ez sidehill squashes, an' all harnessed out in silks an' satins an' vilvits, an' a standin' 'round a waitin' fer some feller t' come 'n' ax'm ter take a dip of ice-cream, an' then when yer turn t' th' inside of th' paper t' find out whether he come, an' what they said, an' who married that leetle rosy-cheek'd gal in th' corner—th' one with them plumes ont'er her hat—what d'yer find? Listen, wife: Nawthin' 'cept they is agoin' ter be more parchmentary fringe wore this year than last, see fig. one'; an' 'bonnits comes higher than they did,' an' 'a correc' taste tattoos—no, taboos histin' th' dress with th' heels when yer walk, see plate— Darn it, Hanner! I bet th' feller that runs that paper got his editor off on a surgin' drunk an' then let him 'scape inter some dress-maker's shop ter cool off.

"Whar's my gumshoes? I'm agoin' doo'n ter Hicky's ter read th' las' number of th' *Police Record*. They tell about their pictur's in that."

Der almighty sees eferyting, und it wood been tuff on some fellers ofer he tolt about it. — *Carl Pretzel*.

**ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.**

*Street-car conductor* (to young man who had injured his dignity)— "You're altogether too funny. It's a wonder you don't try to set the East river on fire."

*Young man*—"What would be the use? You'd be the first one to try to put it out."

**NOT STRANGE.**

The wife of one of X's friends, having lost her husband, wrote him a detailed account of the melancholy event.

"My poor Edward had three attacks; it was the last that carried him off."

"It would have been still more remarkable," thought X. to himself, "if it had been the first."

**A VIVID DESCRIPTION.**

Rounder, inquiring about a fellow rounder, of their mutual friend the bartender.

"Have you seen Smith this morning?"

"Yes."

"How did he look?"

"Well, I think that by sticking a pin into him you could get a cocktail."

**ESCAPED FROM OBLIVION.**

*Stranger*—"I tell you, friends, it's a good thing for a man to mingle with his fellow-men once in a while, and feel the pulse beats of civilization."

*Inquirer*—"Been on an exploring expedition?"

*Stranger*—"No; not exactly. I'm the ticket agent at the Battery-place station, on the down town side."

**SOURD FOR EVER.**

A man sourd for long misfawchune kin nebbah become good nachud an' happy, no mattah how great de good luck dat comes toe 'im later. He am laik an ole vinegah cask dat nuffin' kin sweeten.

**A REMINDER.**

FIRST ENGLISH GIRL—"I think Lord Wellingford such a handsome man, you know. He reminds me so much of some distinguished American I have seen."

SECOND ENGLISH GIRL—"Perhaps it is Buck Taylor?"

FIRST ENGLISH GIRL—"Oh, to be sure it is!"



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## LOGICAL.

Master Bobby has eyes considerably larger than his stomach. The other day at table he was fingering a piece of bread he did not want to eat.

"But you must eat it, since you touched it," insisted his father. "All right," replied Tommy. "Then if I put my finger in the cream jug must I drink it all up?"



IT ONLY WEIGHED HALF A TON.  
FATHER—"Now, chile, you jess hull on ter dis rope like grim deff till I goes up an' pull de bale in."

## TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

From a pretty woman's album.  
"A stupid fellow compliments a woman on her pretty teeth, but a clever one makes her laugh."

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A child was playing with some other children when it began to cry on account of having received a smart slap in the face from one of its companions.

"You must hit the nasty thing back," says nurse, who had never read the sermon on the mount.

"But I hit it back f-f-first," sobbed the enterprising infant.

"'Tis queer you chose a wife that's deaf; Pray tell, how did that come?"  
"Perhaps; but you forget, friend Jef, That she is also dumb."

## TOO RAW.

Brown, who is a bit of a braggart, was once out hunting in the Rockies with a friend whom he wished to impress with the idea that he (Brown) was a second Nimrod.

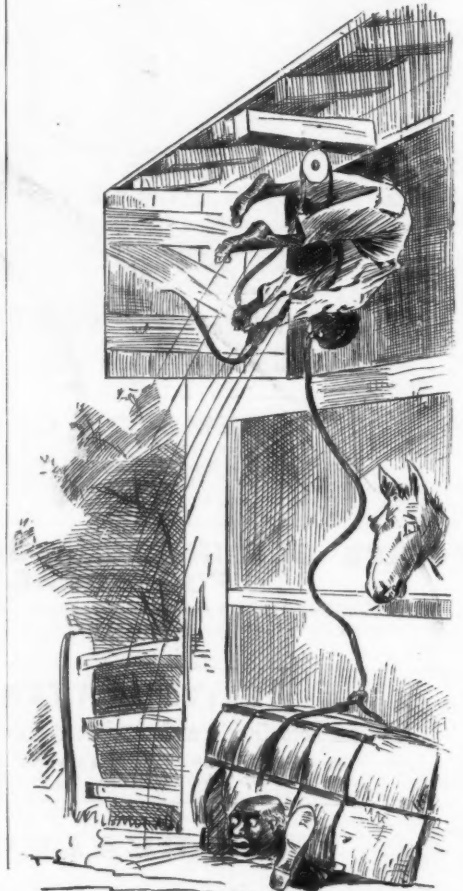
"Now," went on the mighty hunter, "how I do like bear's meat, broiled—not too well done, you know."

Just then a turn of the road brought them in sight of a magnificent grizzly seated on a rock.

"Oh! that's not my style," shouted poor Brown, taking to his heels; "he's not well enough cooked!"

## SAD.

Reflection by a once pretty woman:—Wrinkles are the furrows in which Time sows the seeds of ennui with a generous hand."



And he did.



## VERY WELCOME INDEED.

FAIR HOSTESS—"Now, Mr. Borem, you must spend one more evening with us before we go into our new house."  
MR. BOREM (*graciously*)—"Most certainly, with pleasure. When do you move?"  
FAIR HOSTESS (*doubtfully*)—"Pa is uncertain just when that will be, but not for a year or two at the least."



# PEARS'

## SOAP



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Soft, White

AND Beautiful Hands

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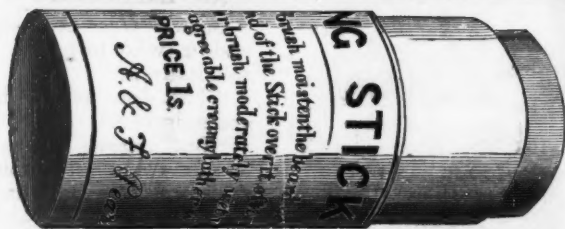
KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT AS VELVET,  
free from all REDNESS & ROUGHNESS,  
& THE HANDS IN NICE CONDITION.

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clean, cool and com-  
fortable. *For sale  
everywhere.*

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as the cleanest and best preparation for SHAVING.

## Her Letter.



THIS is a dainty, trusting little letter,  
Hidden securely in its square white fetter;  
Showing, methinks, as yet a dimpled pres-  
sure

Made by a hand than violets far  
fresher.

Dear little cover, ah, good luck! a pity  
It were to tear you, had not roguish Kittie  
Sealed with her blossom lips, so red and fragrant,  
Within you here a missive sweet and vagrant.

You're open — ah, what's this? "I do not  
love you,  
And so I take this means to firmly glove  
you—

Good bye."—The mitten! Well, for want of  
better,

I'll light my pipe with this provoking letter!

EDWARD WICK.

### THOROUGHLY DISSOLVED.

"It is my melancholy duty," said the chair-  
man, "to report the dissolution of Brother Hard-  
head since this meeting last adjourned."

"Why do you call it dissolution?" asked the  
member from Wayback.

"He was blown up by a can of dynamite  
and scattered over six counties. Perhaps some  
of you fellows would rather have me say—  
pulverization?"

### CANDOR.

*Straitout* (on his winding way home from the  
lodge at 2.30 a.m.)—"Of course she'll wantcher  
to teller whay've been. Be saffly honest, ole  
boy. Do's I do. I tell my wife ev'thing that  
haps."

*Crafty* (on his winding way home from same  
lodge at same hour)—"So do I. But I go fur-  
ther'n you do. I tell mine losh o' things 'at nev  
hap'tall."

### HE NEVER SEES PEOPLE.

"Lots of people in town now," observed a  
man in an elevated train to one in the next  
seat.

"I don't know; are there?"

"Why, yes, the streets are full of them. Can't  
you see for yourself?"

"You evidently don't know that I'm a street-  
car driver with a day off," replied the man  
softly.

### AN UNPARDONABLE OFFENCE.

"He may be a nice young man," said a grieved young lady,  
"and I don't object to a little  
flirtation now and then, but I feel  
as if I had been grossly insulted."

"What was the trouble?"

"Trouble enough. He swung  
a bandana handkerchief."

### AT OLD BOOKSTALL, 1988

"What have you in old bibles?"

"We have no call for what  
used to be known by that name  
in the effete nineteenth century.  
But we sell an unlimited number  
of these." (Hands out a well-  
thumbed volume labeled "*Mail  
and Express Texts*: choice early  
edition, with the good Shepard's  
notes, original changes and ex-  
purgations in full; also the list  
of his tabooed printing-office oaths  
alphabetically arranged.")

### UNDOUBTEDLY.

Jones was yesterday delivered  
of the following aphorism. It is  
warranted his latest:

"When I wake in the morning  
and find it cloudy, I know that in case it rains we shall not have  
fine weather."

### MODERN TITLES.

"Isn't that a new novel you are reading?" inquired the land-  
lady of the new female boarder as they sat in the parlor.

"Yes; '*Silent Struggles*.'"

"Oh, I thought it was '*A Deafening  
Quietude*.' It has the same colored  
cover."

### THE BLOW TO FALL.

*Mrs. High Society*—"Let me tell you  
in confidence, my dear, that Lord Rap-  
scallion of England is coming over to  
make us a visit. He out-Marlboroughs  
Marlborough."

*Miss Plantagenet DePeyster*—"I knew  
Mrs. Paran Stevens would have a  
serious blow some day. Allow me to  
congratulate you, my dear."



### HIS DECISION.

CHORUS OF PLAYERS (after a brilliant double-play)—"How is it?"

HON. CHOLMONDELEY JARVIS (who has been chosen umpire because no one else would serve)—"Blawsted  
wonderful!"

### HAD TO BE DONE.

"Say, doctor, can't you bleach this nose of mine in some way?"  
asked old Bibbler.

"It is possible," replied the doctor, "but I think you will find  
it better to let nature take her course."

"But I'll be left sure if I do," returned old Bibbler. "You see  
I've just received the nomination on the prohibition ticket."

### AN IMPOSSIBLE HYPOTHESIS.

Brown was courting a charming  
widow who turned a deaf ear to his  
solicitations.

"The door of my heart is closed,"  
she murmured.

"But," urged Brown, "the late la-  
mented could not certainly have carried  
the key away with him."

### 'TWAS EVER THUS.

W'en yo' bacon am gone, de man  
dat would len' yo' can't an' de man  
dat could len' yo' won't.





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1855	-	-	-	-	2,850,077.56	Jan. 1, 1886	-	108,908,967.51
1865	-	-	-	-	12,235,407.86	" 1, 1887	-	114,181,963.24
1875	-	-	-	-	72,446,970.06	" 1, 1888	-	118,806,851.88



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd  
Of political combatants, clamoring loud ;  
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,  
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are,

And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,  
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat ;  
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*He's happy now he's got it*



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On the right a scene of gladness,  
 On the left a power of woe.  
 In the mansion, joy and laughter,  
 On the lawn, a moaning low.

"But," you say, "there's one who's missing:  
 Where, in all the freezing snow  
 Is the knight who led the battle?"  
 Get a shovel, if you'd know.