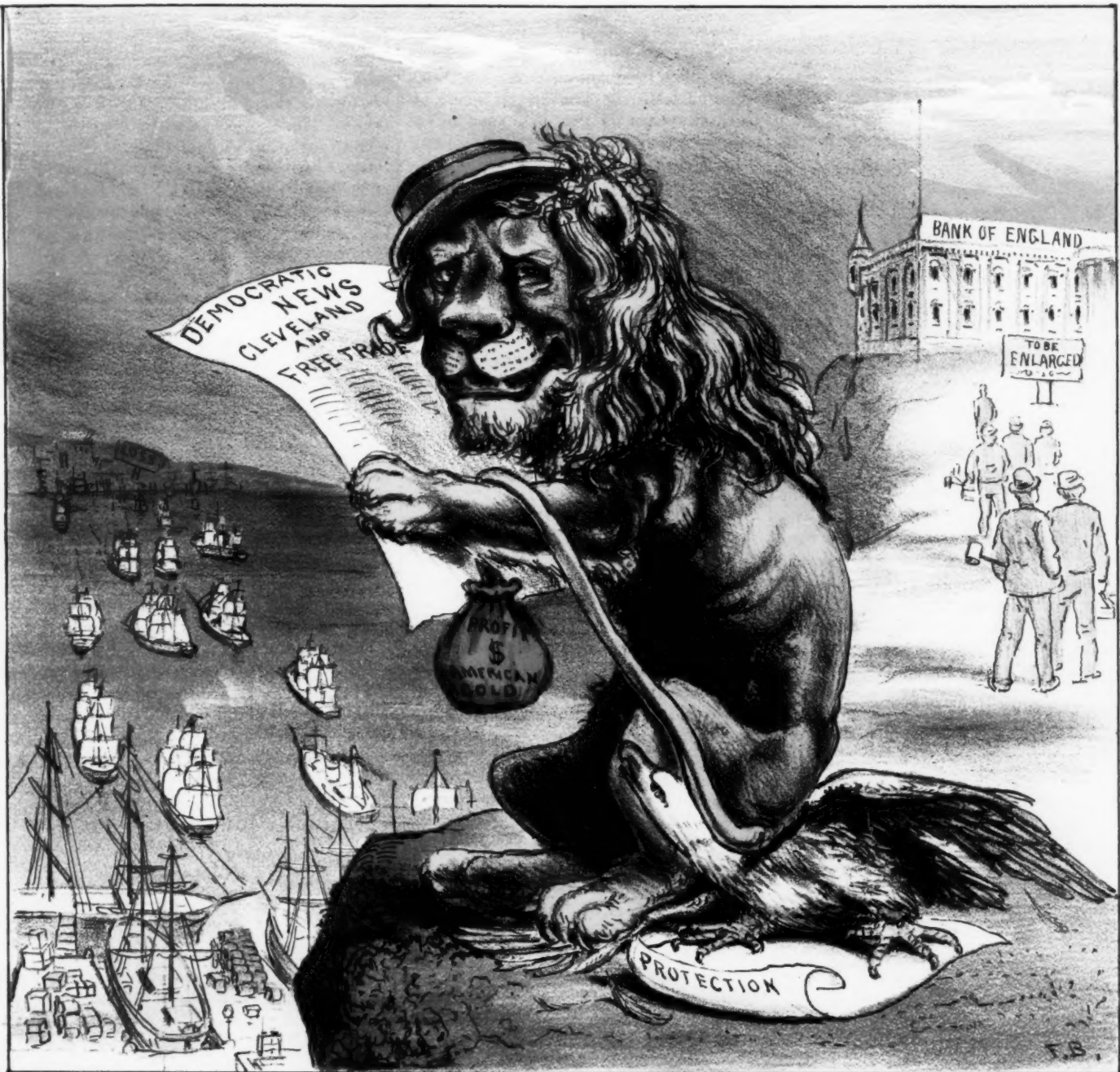


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I SHOULD SMILE.

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THE JUDGE.

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"THE JUDGE'S" CABINET.

MR. CLEVELAND is new at the business, and cannot be expected to know much about cabinet-making. No doubt, all suggestions will be welcome to him, and any hints that may be received on the new and difficult art will be duly acted upon. We have observed that very many of our more or less esteemed contemporaries have kindly laid aside their own business for the present, and have devoted a good deal of time and space to building a cabinet for Mr. Cleveland. No doubt Mr. Cleveland feels grateful; but THE JUDGE has observed with pain that, in the various slates that have been submitted, certain names which were inseparable from Cleveland's but a few short weeks ago, have been studiously ignored. THE JUDGE does not think this is right. He had rather go to to the trouble of making a new cabinet all by himself, than have those worthy men ignored. He respectfully submits the following names to the President-elect, in the full assurance that when that gentleman gets to Washington he can scarcely do much better, and will probably do much worse.

For Secretary of War, Geo. B. McClellan. As good wine needs no bush, Gen. McClellan needs no puffing when it comes to war.

For Secretary of State, Henry Ward Beecher. We regret that there is no such cabinet position as chaplain of the masses, or conservator of public morals, or tear-shedder in ordinary to the White House. But there is a portfolio of state, and surely the Rev. Mr. Beecher's distinguished services during the campaign entitle him to it.

For Postmaster-General, Geo. W. Curtis. This is an appointment that cannot be gained. Mr. Curtis was pre-eminently the

man of letters during the late campaign. Let poetic and political justice for once march hand in hand.

For Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz. We do not know what Mr. Schurz's qualifications for this position may be, but the gentleman himself regards them as transcendental—not only for this but for any other position, and the gentleman ought to know.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Jeff Davis. This distinguished statesman is peculiarly entitled to grateful recognition at the hands of the Democratic party. As Secretary of the Treasury he could do much to abridge any period of vexatious delay in paying the back pensions of confederate soldiers when congress has passed a bill to that effect. As President of the southern confederacy, too, Mr. Davis will have a personal pride and interest in seeing that the confederate bonds are promptly redeemed on presentation at the sub-treasury.

For Attorney General, Roscoe Conkling. Of late Mr. Conkling has had some practice in watching legal questions in the Democratic interest. Let him be put where his legal talents can do the most good in the novel direction to which they have recently been applied.

For Secretary of the Navy, John Bull. This distinguished gentleman has shown, for many centuries, a peculiar aptitude in naval affairs. As his interests, under Cleveland's regime, will be identical with our own, perhaps he could be induced to take a hand at building up our navy to the proud proportions his own has attained.

We cheerfully and confidently recommend the above list to Mr. Cleveland's consideration, as quite as good a cabinet as Henry Watterson is likely ever to make for him, and as several hundred times as good as he is ever likely to make for himself.

THE BRITISH LION'S MOUTH WATERETH.

AMONG the many people who, from varying motives, rejoiced over Cleveland's eleven hundred plurality, none have rejoiced more joyfully than the English press. During the campaign England's predilection for Cleveland and antipathy towards Blaine were well known, and were even turned to campaign uses—so much so, it was said, that if Blaine were elected he would have to rely on the votes of his countrymen to do it, while Cleveland was assured of the support of every people that did not particularly care for the United States—both those beyond sea and those south of Mason and Dixon's line. England's interest in a Democratic victory, at least, is not far to seek. She regards the election of a Democratic President as the entering of the Free Trade wedge, by whose aid, in the future, all our business rivals hope to see our national prosperity split up and destroyed. The British lion is already licking his chops over the idea of the

banquet which he is to have ere long in the markets of America. Fortunately, however, we have a Republican Senate which can be trusted to hold in check any upsetting tendencies which may be manifested by a Democratic President and Congress; and back of the Senate we have a country which is fully alive to the fact that the only difference between our high-class American labor and the degraded and pauper labor of Europe is such as is secured by the tariff. The British lion may be rejoicing a little too previously. The country is saddled with a Democratic President for four years to come; but if Congress attempts any pranks with the tariff, it will find itself very generally elected to stay at home two years from now.

THE BRITISH BARMAID.

It has long been a cause of complaint that our gilded American youth has exhibited a tendency to imitate or even exaggerate the foibles of the gilded youth of Great Britain. This is deplorable, since the American gilded youth has sufficiently unpalatable foibles of his own, without grafting upon them any exotic. The latest instance of catering to this morbid anglomania is found in the employment of barmaids in a saloon in the basement of Wallack's theatre. THE JUDGE does not think the innovation will ever become popular. In the first place, the barmaids are not genuine—they are not the real British imported. We doubt if they are English at all, but certainly they are not English barmaids. They do not understand the business. There is a bartender behind the bar to show them how to find the bottles they want, and to mix the drinks, of which, of course, no one would expect the barmaid to understand the ingredients. For the rest, they only stand there and are fondly believed in and admired by such of the gilded youth as have never been to England and seen the genuine article. These lads are truly blest. They can seat themselves in Wallack's and witness an English play performed by English actors, and between the acts they can go to an English bar and drink genuine Scotch whiskey measured out to them by the fairy fingers of (as they believe) real British barmaids.

THE JUDGE does not believe that the barmaid system can ever be popularized here. It has been tried, and it has failed. The essence of a barmaid's being consists in the opportunity allowed for flirting while disposing of a glass of sherry and bitters. Here we are too busy for that sort of thing. We order our cocktail and drink it as soon as it is mixed. There is no dallying. In another generation, when we have a considerable class of professional idlers such as exists in England, the barmaid era may dawn, but not yet. At present few Americans can realize that a woman who sells liquor by retail over a bar, and bandies jokes with her customers, may even be respectable.

And yet she may be, and on the other side she not infrequently is. And right here we

come to the only good point which THE JUDGE has ever been able to detect as resulting from female bar presidency. Her presence has a tendency to check ribaldry, obscenity and profanity even among those who have partaken too freely of the wares she vends. This is a point gained. If drunkenness be robbed of some of its grossness, it loses much of its hideousness.

But the gilded youth does not drink very much, and he is altogether too gently nurtured a plant to be either profane or ribald. So far, at least, there is no long felt want in American society which the barmaid can fill, and till such a want arises she will stay where she is—in England.

Monographs.

WHY SHE WOULDN'T.

"GRANT me a favor before I go?"
Pleaded Augustus soft and low;
"Lay your dear head upon my breast,
Encircling arms shall guard its rest,
And love in a kiss shall be expressed!
Ah, do not, do not say me no—
I die to be by your lips caressed!

"Dear boy," she murmured, "not to-night;
Don't think me cold and heartless quite;
But I cannot kiss you before you go;
Not that I love you less, you know;
Nor that I wish caprice to show;
But simply because—I'll tell you right—
I hate the smell of onions so!"

The best overshoes—legs.

A fall opening—the coal hole.

A new car-pet—the girl you mash on the train.

A one-armed man should be a good euchre player. He always has a lone hand.

A hare is not caught with a drum; neither are offices captured with gas. Funny some men can't see it!

They are trying, in Germany, to find a substitute for India rubber. Can it be they have forgotten the American clam!

Don't be alarmed, my son, if your girl calls you "rascal" when you become too daring. It is only another name for the rose. She really means "angel."

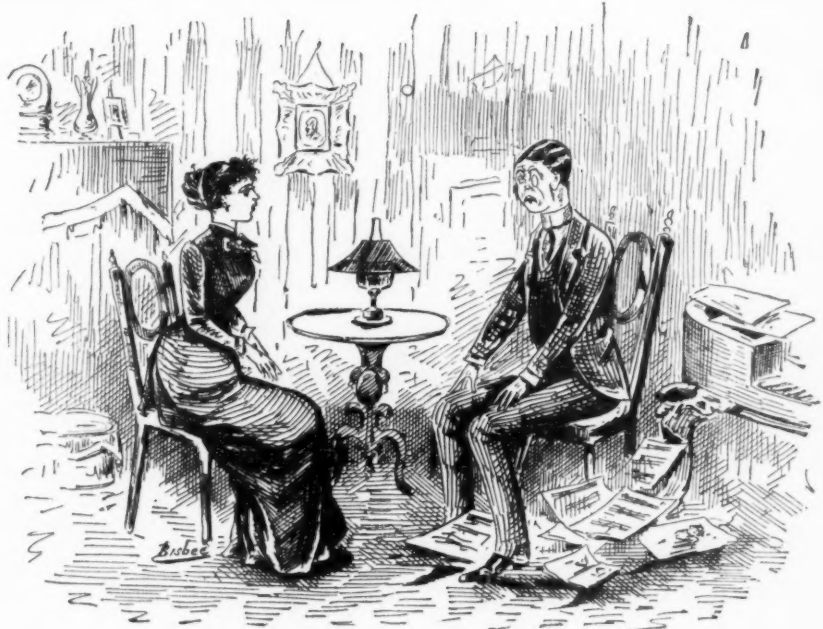
Next to trying to gain the ear of a deaf man, the hardest thing in the world is to catch the attention of a cross eyed woman.

A street brass-band in Cincinnati serenaded an institute for the deaf and dumb, the other day. Brass bands must have practice, and this is about the safest way of getting it.

It is one hundred and eight years since the man who invented the hand-organ died. Death is cruel; it oftentimes, as in this case, prevents us visiting our righteous wrath upon the foul destroyer of our peace of mind.

The Viceroy of India gets a salary of \$125,000 a year, but his secretary, who does all the work, gets only \$3,000 and none of the honor. Things are still too much mixed in this vale of tears.

"I spoke in the 'Hub' last night," began a facetious orator at a mass-meeting. Before he could proceed further, however, a tired-looking man crept up behind the



AN OUT-AND-OUTER.

BEAU (a late stayer) at loss for something to say—"It's a good deal colder than it was, ain't it?"
SHE—"I should think it ought to be. The fire is out, the lamp is most out, and you ought to be out."

spokesman and hit him on the head with a sand-bag. The remains were wheeled away, and the tired man adjourned the meeting with prayer.

"Why Did He Wed Her?" is the title of a new novel. Well, he may have done it because her old man had the stamps, or because she had sworn never to attempt to make pies, or because she was dumb and couldn't jaw him when he came home late, or because he couldn't get anybody else to have him, or because he loved her, or — but lots of reasons might be given why he did it, and then, perhaps, he'd know more about it than you, after all.

In a "safe" place—the cashier.

No, Zelda, your ignorance is blissful. It is simply absurd to ask if a "gentleman cow" during his undeveloped immaturity is called a "cow-boy."

GILL and Arthur are taking out a comedy company with a piece called "Two Bad Men." Unless they play in wholly uninhabited districts, or in Connecticut, they will find themselves in a minority wherever they go. Even Squeedunk could find three of that kind which would raise their single pair out of their boots in badness.

"HOW GILBERTIAN!" remarked she, as they were listening to the exquisite and refined humor of the undraped libretto of the "Adamless Eden" the other night.

"And how Sullivan-esque!" responded he, as a charming melody from the female orchestra entered his outstretched ear.

The latter adjective is a valuable one and will doubtless soon become permanently incorporated. It will be equally of service to describe the tuneful music of the English composer and the hard hitting of Boston's favorite son.

The Nose upon my Countenance.

With apologies to W. M. THACKERAY.

THE nose upon my countenance, the winter air inhaling,
Was pallid all the summer time while skies were bright and clear;
You ask me why 'tis ruddy now, its neighbor features paling;
It is because the beer-time's gone and whiskey days are here.

In summer days I wore a watch; it seems a weary lapse since
Its festive chain adorned my vest, its ticking soothed my ear;
And if, my friend, you ask of me the reason of its absence,
It is because the beer was cheap while whiskey is so dear.

Thus each performs his part, my friend; my watch finds winter quarters,
My glowing nose has found a flush its cuticle to dye;
And if you ask me why I take my quota of strong waters,
It is because the beer's too cold, and that's the reason why.

G. H. JESSOP.

FIRE-PROOF—smoke.

A BIG thing is so far from being a sure thing, that it usually gets left. The big carriage wheels are invariably the hind wheels.

SHE listened with an air of languor while the agent dilated on its "proximity to schools, stores, churches," but when he spoke of its "mail facilities" she roused herself to inquire if they were a disengaged lot, and when the agent unblushingly assured her that such was the fact she urged the pa to buy it.

THE "RAZOR CLUB."



THE usual collection having been taken up for defraying the expenses of new strops for honing purposes, and which netted upon this occasion thirty-one cents.—Chairman Bulldoze Sniffles thus addressed the members present:

"Gem'men ob de 'Razzer Club!'

De 'Trais'rer informs me dat we hab a cash balance ob fo'teen dollahs an' a quatah to our credit in de 'Coons' Sabings Bank.

Now de quexion what de meetin' are to cornsider dis ebenin' am dis: Shell we pay de fine ob Brudder Cutheart Joanes, who'z bin convicted in de Poleace 'Co't fer penetratin' wid his razzer de libber ob Purfesser Ha'r-oil Broostah—also a membah ob dis Club in good standin'—or not?

De bred'ren ob dis S'iety hab allus cheerfo'ly whacked-up dere 'sessments, when one

ob us hab bin 'rested by the cops fer ky-arvin' some po' white trash, an' lickerdated de Judge's tax; but de ting dat we hab ter decide now, am whedder we shall 'stablish a presedent in dis case, an' approbe fightin' an' shlashin' amung ourselbes by bailin' Brudder Cutheart out ob de 'Cooler.'

De fine am fibe dollahs or ten daze, an' Scratchitary Mugwump Jinkins will now purpare de ballot-box, an' de Club will voice its opinyun by wotein' upon de matter. Fo' blackballs keeps dat moke in jail 'till his time am serbed!'



The vote was taken, and, as one horse-chestnut, three old cuds of fine-cut tobacco—that had been chewed, dried, and then re-chewed again, until they out-lived their usefulness,—and two black gutta-percha pants buttons, were found among the pile of white beans in the Secretary's rimless plug-hat when the balloting was over, Chairman Sniffles then announced:

"By six blackballs, or two mo' dan de reqersit' numbah, de werdic' ob de 'Razzer Club' am dat Cutheart Joanes remanes in duranz wile. *I woted one ob dem old 'chawz' myself!*"

Pillgarlic Pie-crust of the Committee on by-laws, now arose and submitted the follow-

NOBODY—a ghost.

A LADY enticed out of her husband's ear a snapping bug which had crawled in there and was inflicting terrible torture on the poor man. She held a light close to the side of his head, and his tormentor crawled out. Wives, take example, and go light on your husband's ears.

ing amendments to the Club Constitution:

"Fust.—Dat de handiest place fer de razzer iz down de back ob de neck, insted ob de boot-leg.

Seckind.—Dat de motto ob dis ordah be, 'ef enny man knocks down de American nig, cut him on the spot.

Thurred.—Dat eb'ry moke shud re'lize dat, 'one single-shootin' dissolvah in de white man's han', iz wuff bezzers an' a butcher-knife in de cullud pusson's hippocket.

Fo'th.—That heahaftah, no coon will be admittid to membahship in dis fraytuhnity, till he purjuices a freshly-sliced off ear, or noze, ob de Anglo-Saxon wariety, ez ebidence ob hiz skill wid de darkey's weapon, wich am de emblem ob our 'sociashun!'

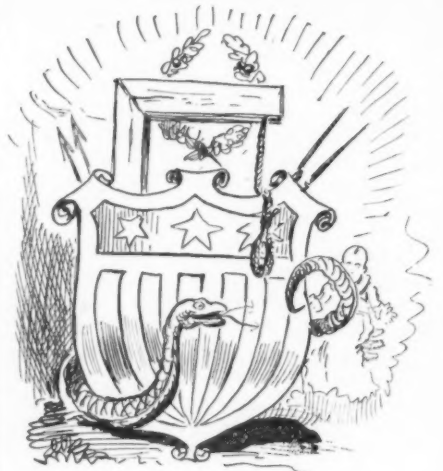


The above resolutions were unanimously carried, and, after appropriating three dollars from the "contingent fund" to pay doctor-bills for Prof. Hair-oil Brewster, who had been sadly "ky-arged" by Cutheart Jones, the session of the "Razor Club" adjourned—subject to the call of the chairman.

"JEF. JOSLYN."

Candid Republican—"This Cleveland can't be such a very bad fellow, after all. There is no denying it, at least, that he is one of the elect.

ANOTHER reason why Belva failed is, perhaps, because the law-abiding American voter has no wish to see a *sans culotte* at the head of the government.



PROPOSED CREST FOR THE WHITE HOUSE STATIONERY.

Embracing a delicate remembrance of the earlier political office of the President and the earlier political convictions of the Vice-President.

Branded by a Sign.

THOUGH only a sign
On an old board fence,
My face is familiar as day,
Side glances are mine,
Also looks intense,
From travellers passing this way.

Fair eyes have admired
My brightness, when new,
But alas! my beauty is past!
Though they never tired
Of giving me due,
They see that red paint will not last.

The youth have spelt out
My legend of pills,
And learned how to read with my face.
None ever dared doubt,
That I've cured more ills
Than are known to the human race.

For all my good work
(And never a lie),
In my shame I am all but dead;
With paste and a smirk,
They've branded me, by
That liver-pad sign on my head.

J. H. CRYSTAL.

Journal of Young Sawbone's Bride.

DEC. 6.—It does seem as if nobody wanted elegantly furnished apartments at any price. Two young men (brothers) answered our last advertisement and say they will take two rooms on the third floor if the price suits and they can have board. They say they would like to be treated as one of the family. Edward turned up his nose at this; I suppose because two wanted to be treated as one.

I tried to explain to him that the young men meant all right, even if they didn't express themselves in good English. Then he sniffed contemptuously.

I don't like to be sniffed at, and it seems to me that he sniffs a great deal at all my remarks.

One thing is certain, sniff or no sniff, Papa can't be forever giving us three hundred dollars every month, and I guess Edward will have to take the young men into the family or else whistle for money when the

A NEW NEIGHBOR IN SHANTYTOWN.



No. 1. One glance at each other is enough to convince Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Muldoon that they never can be friendly.



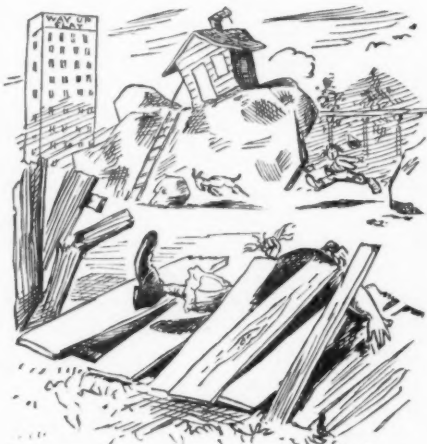
2. In fact they commence an aggressive campaign.



3. And an irrepressible conflict is begun.



4. The fortunes of war seem to favor Mrs. Muldoon.



5. But the fence breaking down equalizes the skirmish.



6. Giving the two husbands a chance to drink to each other's good luck.

next month's rent is due. One of the young men is very nice looking, so I don't see so much objection to them.

Our cook acts strangely though.

She has fits of being so cross and grumpy that I hardly dare ask what there is for dinner sometimes. I told Edward of this, and I said to him that I wished I could cook myself.

"I wish you could," he replied with another sniff.

"Why do you answer in that tone?" I asked.

"Because, if you could cook yourself I could eat you," he replied, and he said it very viciously and not in a joking or affectionate tone. I wonder if he's tired of being married already.

Well, I am, if he isn't, and if it wasn't for my dear little pug "Nervy," I don't know what I should do. He never sniffs at me, and he at least acts sympathetic when I am not feeling well or am unhappy.

I've only been to the opera once. Then Edward did not go. I went with Papa and Mama.

He says he's tired of Italian opera, though goodness knows he used to appear to be fond enough of music before we were married.

When I told him how I enjoyed the evening, and how charming I thought Nevada, he said he didn't see anything to admire about her. She was a mere chit of a girl.

"Why," said I, "how do you know what she's like?"

I didn't catch his answer very distinctly. I wonder if he ever went to the opera without me. He's been out two nights lately, but once it was to a medical dinner, and the other time it was a society meeting, so he said. They both kept him out pretty late though, but I sat up and waited for him, like a dutiful wife.

Dec. 8th—Edward has decided to let the young men come, and they will be here day after to-morrow. I must try and have a good dinner ready for them. First impressions are lasting, they say. I hope the cook will behave herself, but she does act so strangely.

If Mabel Taylor should call after they get here, I wonder how I could explain their presence to her.

Papa and Mama don't know anything about it yet, either. I'm awfully pinched for money too. I must be getting Christmas presents ready and I don't like to ask Edward for money at all. He took all Papa gave me and never handed me back a cent.

Well, I s'pose I can get things charged, the same as I used to before I was married. The only difference will be I shan't have Papa to foot the bills.

What I can't understand is why Edward's practice is so small.

His sign is in plain sight, I'm sure. I

wonder if people in this neighborhood never get sick.

He's had some horrid looking hospital patients coming to the house, but I don't like their appearance at all.

One lady that answered our advertisement for rooms to let, objected to being in the house with a doctor. She said she should dislike to come in contact with patients.

I assured her she might live here for years and never see a patient, at which she smiled and departed. When I repeated the conversation to Edward, he sniffed again and said such remarks were calculated to increase his practice wonderfully. I'm sure I don't see why. Since then these hospital people have commenced coming and they're just horrid.

A SOMBER reflection (reflected by one of the ancients) I'm afraid we'll have to make up our minds to discharge our daughters if we expect to keep our coachman.

It is understood that the policy of France (spite of her capers in Chinashop) is essentially conservative, and that the government has no mind to go astray in search of novelties. Probable enough. No animal is likely to go far astray if it had been once marked—still less if it has been Bismarked.

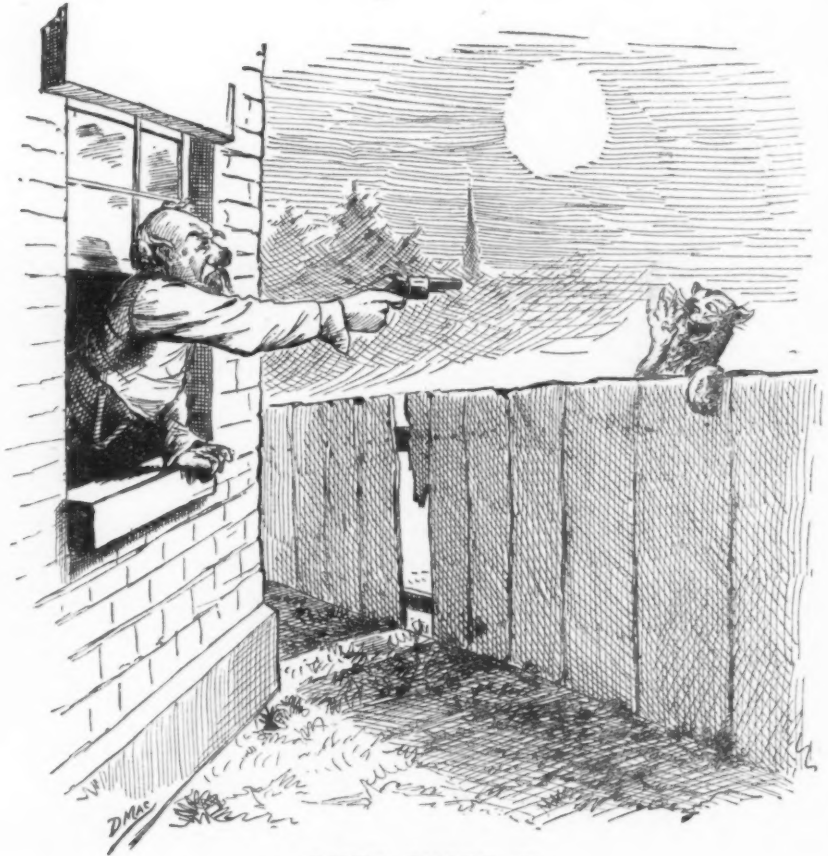
MORE THAN ONE WAY TO KILL A CAT.

1.



CAN'T HANG IT.

2.



CAN'T SHOOT IT.

Surreptitious.

'Tis very strange. He pressed my hand
In a forgetful moment;
I know he did not understand
That it would bring a comment.

I'm sure his mind was far away
From his unthinking fingers,
And yet that touch of yesterday,
Somehow in some way lingers.

I've shaken hands with many a friend,
The kindest and the oldest,
But in those graspings all things end
Yet this one was the boldest.

If he were going far away
And lands and seas should sunder,
And slow years count the long delay,
It would not be a wonder.

But I shall see him very soon,
Shr' I meet him on the morrow—
His voice it had a merry tune,
His touch was like a sorrow.

I know he did not mean to be
Uncourteous for a minute;
I know he did not mean for me
To think there was aught in it,

But I will have him understand
When for adieu he lingers,
That he must never press my hand—
Because he hurt my fingers.

HAPPY Maud S.—can beat her own record, and is not obliged to go to Canada in consequence.

The Horrified Husband.

A WINTER EPISODE.

His brow was firmly knit;
His teeth were tightly clenched;
His eyes were sternly set;
His heart with grief was wrenched.

Her mouth was pursed to kiss;
Her hands caressed his cheek;
Her ear was oped to list
To words that he might speak:

"Confound it all—my wife,
So ev'ry cent is gone
To buy your new wrap!—while
My ulster's yet in pawn!"

"JET JOBLEY."

Breaking it Gently.

A YOUNG scion of our financial aristocracy, who had been on an extended yachting tour in the South seas for several months, and out of reach of all telegraphic and epistolary communication, returned home the other day. He was met by an old and faithful employee of the house.

"Well, Mike, how goes it?" said the young man.

"Bad enough, Master John, for your poor jackdaw is dead."

"Is he, indeed. Poor Jack! He has gone the way of all flesh. How did he die?"

"Well, they don't rightly know, sir; but they think he must have overeat himself."

"The greedy fellow. What did they give him so much for?"

"Well, sir, it seems he must have got to

the place where the dead horses was lying—"

"Dead horses! What dead horses?"

"The carriage horses. It was a very bad day and a heavy road, and they were kept standing."

"When? What day? What road?"

"The road to the cemetery, sir, and the day of the funeral."

"What funeral?"

"Why, the Mistress's, sir."

"Not my mother's!"

"The same, sir, rest her soul. She took the master's death so much to heart that she didn't live three days after him."

"The master's! Heavens, Mike; do you tell me I have lost both my parents!"

"The devil a lie in it, sir. The poor old Master took to his bed when he received the bad news, and never left it, sir, till they put him in his coffin."

"What bad news? What was the intelligence that afflicted the old gentleman so deeply?"

"The run on the bank, sir, which has stopped payment. The credit of the House is gone, and you are not worth a dollar."

THE Umpire State—New York.

Friendly Republican (to Dem. Neighbor)—
"Well, how do you feel on it? A Democratic victory is such an unwonted thing, you know."

Democratic Neighbor — "Pretty well, thank you; but you're awful mistaken if you think the victory wasn't wanted. Did you ever go twenty-four years without a square drink?"

MORE THAN ONE WAY TO KILL A CAT.



CAN'T DROWN IT.



MUSIC FINISHES IT.

The Reverend Buckwasher Struggles on the New Version

YES, de wite folks hes foun' out dat de properest name fur de ole place am de "hades" an' I aint goin' ter objec' perwided it am de name ony an' not the place what am changed, but 'at am onlikely; and ter git at de main pint I 'ne interjuce a parabory: About de time when I fust start out for to jine de chu'ch an' be a chile ob grace, dere was plenty of opporchunities for to git a dram of lickier dat would warm up de inside man like a double-breasted obercoat. Now dis liker, as all de older bredren am awar' were called Ole Rye. But in de present de stuff what am stood out hab de name ob benzine. Now benzine, like water, am undoubtless all right in hits place, but de place am not heah, fur wile it hab de taste of bug pison it am so powerful weak dat, as I kin tell by pussional experimence, it takes mighty nigh onto six or seven pulls at de bottle fur to keep de March wind from blowin' frew you like a drove of scar'd shotes tearin frew a cane bottom down on de Mingo branch, and de much mo' ef de stummick am inflicted wid a spell ob digestion. Now in dis yere benzine it ain't on'y de name what ain't de same; de stuff hitself am indifferent from Ole Rye. De temperaturement hab sunk till hits as onery as water fur heatin' up of de body. Now right heah breddren sticks de pint of de parabory wich Ise been drivin' at fur to fotch out:— Ef dere's sich lots of indifference between dis mis'able benzine and de gennyine Ole Rye, den I ax why not apply de parabory in de case of hades, an' de good ole place. Ef dere ain't no sich indifference den I say go ahead buckra wid yer hades, but ef dere am —ef dere's bin a fallin' off—ef de ole place, wen it lost de ole name hab also lost any of hits ancien' warmness—den for de sake ob de po' collo'd sinner's soul it am my duty fur to solemnly objec'.

Campaign Echoes.

GIVE the angel her due. Lockwood if she could.

AN awful dry spell—twenty-four years between drinks.

THE Democratic fair maid is in love with the Official Count.

Too thin for the average American stomach—St. John and water.

THE Plumed Knight, he made a gallant fight; but he was no match for the Official Count.

HOWEVER it may be with Blaine and Butler, St. John knows full well that he was licked by the liquor.

THE American politician feels himself consumedly bored by the slow, deliberate style of an official Count.

Upper Dog—"Well, how do you feel?"
Under Dog—"Not well; how did you feel when you were in my place."

Now that the election is done the white-washer's occupation is gone, but cabinet-making has received a boom.

THE Democratic managers have found that a Saintjohn serves their purpose better than a demijohn—and comes much cheaper.

FIRST REPUBLICAN—"Well, if we didn't win we came within an ace of it."

SECOND REPUBLICAN—"Yes, and that's the deuce of it."

THE truth is, Belva, that when an American voter goes into the campaign in earnest, he seems to lose his habitual politeness and

tender regard for the sex. There is in our own political contest no *place aux dames*, unless they be the other kind of damns.

REPUBLICAN—"After all, your victory was barely won."

Democrat—"Yes, but for average purposes such a won is as good as two."

WOMAN'S sphere has, in the political person of Belva, been so shamefully flattened at the polls, that it might readily be mistaken for a pancake.

ONE Republican editor finds consolation in this bit of canine philosophy: "Every dog knows that the sensation of being licked is pleasanter than to be eternally licking."

THE friends of Master Benjamin will be pained to learn that that once promising youth is not getting on well in his studies. In grammar, for instance, though he knows all about the nominative case, he seems incapable of getting as far as the possessive. On the whole it looks as though he might never graduate at the electoral college.

CLEVELAND—"Well, I'm surprised! But I suppose its all for the best."

Kelly—"Make the wake as lively as you please, boys; but don't drink up all the whiskey. I don't intend this funeral to be my last."

BUTLER—"Sic transit gloria mundi-tuesday. But I defy them to take my scalp."

Belva—"The wretches! But in the words of the immortal—somebody, I would rather be left than be President."

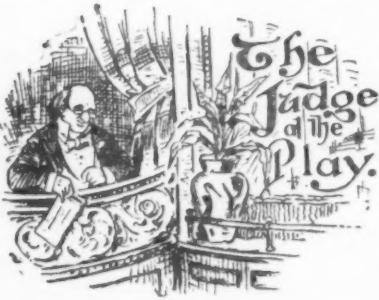
Tilden—"Who would have thought it? If I would have thought it, Grover wouldn't have got it."

Grateful Democracy (to St. John)—"Blest saint! you have fought the good fight. Name your price; you shall have all the fresh water you want."





ND'S CABINET.



THANKSGIVING week brought smiles to nearly all the managerial faces in and about New York, for everywhere the theatres were crowded and the box offices overflowing with greenbacks.

The excitement still continues and prosperity reigns at all places of amusement.

Damrosch looks perfectly satisfied. Mapleson, dear boy, is radiant, and Wallack has succeeded in dispelling the gloom that "Constance" cast upon his establishment.

Perhaps the most beaming of all is John Stetson, who has been making money as fast this season as he lost it a year ago. As everybody knows, the Hanlons did a large business at the Fifth Avenue, but perhaps everybody does not know how very successful "Monte Cristo" has been of late.

All Thanksgiving week Niblo's immense theatre was crowded to the doors to see this old and hackneyed play, and Mr. Stetson declares that his profits every week this season, on this play alone, have been over one thousand dollars a week.

This week the Florences are at the Fifth Avenue, although it was said that Stetson had bought them off to allow the Hanlons a longer run, and next week the irrepressible, charming as ever, Aimee is expected to take the town by storm in her new play "Mam'zelle." She has made a hit with this piece everywhere she has been, and if she keeps on in it as she has commenced, she will soon retrieve her fallen fortunes.

Another house that has been doing a tremendous business is the Grand Opera House. "Called Back" was so successful here that the play will be produced here again about New Year's.

The People's Theatre is another profitable theatre. "The Silver King" brought over seven thousand dollars into the house in one week.

These low-priced theatres are making so much money that the question of lowering the prices at all the other theatres is now being agitated.

Wallack's reappearance at his own house is an event worthy of special mention.

The double bill "A Bachelor of Arts" and "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," gave him crowded houses for a week.

"London Assurance" came next, and, of course, it has proved another success.

But Mr. Wallack never seems to be quite satisfied unless he is trying something new, so on Dec. 15th Mr. Carleton's new drama will be brought out.

Mr. Carleton is chiefly noted for his series of articles called "The Thompson Street Poker Club" first published in *Life*. Mr. Wallack will not appear in this play, but will watch its progress at a convenient distance, and if it fails, as "Constance" and several other novelties have done, Lester will again step to the fore, and if he revives a few more good old dramas, he will find himself playing to crowded houses.

Performances at the two opera houses are running smoothly. The stockholders and the genuine lovers of music enjoy the *ensemble* and fine rendering of the German works at The Metropolitan, while down at the Academy Nevada has made a decided hit. The little Oregon girl, without being pretty or stylish, has an exceedingly winning manner and voice of unusual sweetness and delicacy. The first night she appeared in "Sonambula" she took the house by storm, and the artlessness and naivete of her manner won all hearts.

"Nell Gwynne" did not prove a popular success at The Casino.

After "Prince Methusalem" (which is only put on to fill up a gap) has finished its course, "The Snake Charmer" may be given.

Speaking of charmers in general, and of snake charmers in particular, puts us in mind of Lillian Russell, who, with Dolaro, played in this opera a few seasons ago at The Bijou. The fair Lillian has, they say, grown fairer and more charming than ever. She and Mr. Gilbert appear to have settled their little differences with dollars and sense over in London, and Lillian has been of late chanting mellifluously in one of her *quasi* husband's operas.

The little Solomon, however, is not in affluent circumstances, while his previous wife, Edith Bland, drives about London behind a spanking team of bays with coachman, footman etc. in attendance, and they do say that the fair Lillian made part of the journey back from Switzerland to England on foot and across lots, and that she had almost as much trouble in crossing the Alps as did the late Mr. Bonaparte.

The cut rates of the various railroad companies at war with one another have proved most advantageous to traveling organizations of all kinds. A few members of companies busted in the far west have, owing to the low price of tickets, actually been able to ride back to New York. The successful companies make a fine thing out of the low prices. The Harrison and Gourlay Troupe, that were at the Grand Opera House last week, came here from Detroit for sixty-five dollars.

Mr. Paul Arthur and Mr. Wm. Gill have formed a partnership, and are now on the road playing a piece written by Mr. Gill, and called "Two Bad Men." If Mr. Gill has written as well for himself and Mr. Arthur as he has done for Dixey, Minnie Palmer, and several others, the "Two Bad Men" will rapidly grow rich.

The next play to be produced at the Union Square is an adaptation of "Trois Femmes pour un Mari" and is to be called "Three Wives." Somebody should now adapt Zola's "Two husbands."

French plays are on the increase. Mrs. Langtry is announced to appear in the spring in an English version of a drama by Dumas called "Denise."

The story of this nice little play is of a girl who has been ruined by a scoundrel. When the scoundrel endeavors to repair the young woman's wrongs he is "repulsed with scorn."

This winter weather ought to suit the girls. It should bring the chaps to their lips.

It ought to suit the lovers. Ladies will be looking out for muffs, and gentlemen for comforters.

It ought to suit the Independent Republicans. They can say with truth, "It was a cold day when we were left."



AGGRAVATION.



DESPERATION.



REALIZATION.

Needle Painting.

"Needle Painting, or Landscape Embroidery," is the title of a neat little pamphlet by Mrs. L. D. Shears, which will prove an interesting and valuable manual to lovers of fine needlework. Mrs. Shears' beautiful specimens have attracted general attention to the art, and must be seen to be appreciated. Her studio, 58 W. 57th street, contains a number of pieces of exquisite embroidery, embracing landscapes, views, flowers, etc., executed so finely and with such fidelity to nature that it is difficult at first glance to believe that they are not paintings. The art is a beautiful one, and is rapidly growing in popularity.

A HUNGRY squirrel met an ungrammatical chestnut.

"Hello, my friend," said he, "I'm glad to have found you. You've been in my debt all fall; now pay up."

"I don't owe you nuttin," said the chestnut. "Everything's been paid in full."

"Expound," said the squirrel.

"I've paid the debt of nature," said the chestnut. "I've just dropped out of the Italian's roaster."

"In that case I can scarcely go wrong if I include you in my roster," said the squirrel, and he proceeded to eat the chestnut, by way, he said, of helping the poor bankrupt into liquidation.

MORAL—No matter how old a chestnut may be, it can never be said to have entirely outlived its usefulness.

Our Grover.

Who is his party's pride and joy,
Their precious, darling, giddy boy,
Their own delight without alloy?
Our Grover!

Who was it fired the southern heart,
Of Democracy the greater part,
And made those horrid Yankees smart?
Our Grover!

Who was "dumbfounded" when he read
What good old Mrs. Beecher said
About the life that he had led?
Our Grover!

Who had to fight with might and main
To beat the Plumed Knight Jim Blaine,
And is glad he needn't fight again?
Our Grover!

Who will be ruler in the spring
When little birds will hop and sing,
And Rebs and Mugwumps have full swing?
Our Grover!

For whom do roosters flap and crow,
And spreading eagles larger grow
As he wears the right to the veto?
Our Grover!

For whom do we with rapture dance,
And on our high horse proudly prance
And towards the mugwumps look askance?
Our Grover!

Who will be watched by every one
In every state beneath the sun
And calmly smile while they poke fun?
Our Grover!

Who will be forced in eighty-eight
To step down from his high estate
And bow to the decree of Fate?
Our Grover!

The "Gripper's" Lofty View of the Democratic Victory.

The following editorial appeared in *The Dogtown Gripper* for November 5th. It may be worth reproducing as showing how the political situation looks when viewed from up in a balloon. The world at large, by the way, may not know that the special mission of Dogtown drinks is the elevation of our species—the species, by the way, which the editor of the *Gripper* belongs to. MACKHOWLY.

It is with no one horse emotion (so to speak) that we refer to yesterday's result. After five and twenty years of wandering up and down the Wilderness of Sin, we have come in sight of the promised land, and it behooves us to ask ourselves; what is our first duty as Democrats? First and foremost is, of course, the duty of referring to the mysterious ways of Providence. And just here we would say—and the readers of the *Gripper* will bear us out in the assertion—that, though we have always thought, and still think that Providence has not for some years acted towards us in a manner which the Democratic party can approve, we never did believe that he had gone over to the Republican party to stay. Having given this full and free acknowledgement of our indebtedness to a higher power, let us endeavor to control our emotions and look at the future from a strictly business stand point.

None can doubt that yesterday's victory will be far-reaching—reaching even to the Democratic land of spirits. We appeal to our readers whether in their inmost heart they don't hear the immortal ghost of Old Hickory swearing with delight, and the tears of joy washing out furrows on the venerable cheek of J. B., and the manes of all our de-



LOOSE CLOTHES MARRIES HIS BELOVED FOR HER FINE "CARRIAGE"—BUT FINDS IT A CORSET.

parted war-horses waving their kerchiefs from the skies (poetically speaking). Let us gather inspiration from the thought and use our victory with such moderation that business interests shall suffer no disturbance. To this end it will, of course, be impossible, without sacrificing the fundamental principles of the party, to tolerate the present frightful decrease in the public debt—the suicidal freedom of the nigger—the persecution of the humble citizen, who, by industry and economy, has acquired two ballots and puts them where he believes they will do most good—the despotism which deprives the pious Moonshiner of the society of his favorite planet by jugging him (so to speak) in a place where the dogs can't bark at him (so to speak)—the flagrant violation of the ballot box's freedom by placing the said box in the custody of judges and inspectors—the heartless discrimination against the down-trodden Irish voter by forbidding him to take part in our election till he has made a dangerous voyage of three thousand miles and actually landed on our shores—the arrest of native Americans of Irish birth, guilty only of a philanthropic attempt to elevate English men and things, and doing it in a manner too abrupt to suit English prejudice—an unconstitutional interference with the game laws of certain states by attempting to confine the shooting of negroes to those days on which no election is held, only some three hundred and sixty-four in a year—hostile interference with the farming interest by a

system of high license, which compels thousands to drink nothing but water, thereby diminishing the supply of that fluid so necessary for agricultural purposes—the encouragement of grinding monopolies so that the bloated locomotive no longer turns out for the humble pedestrian, and the private bather tries in vain to run down the huge steamship inflated with government subsidies. All such abuses, as relics of Republican despotism, must, of course be swept away. More especially will it be our duty to put an end to the utterly demoralizing spectacle of a rich and powerful nation like the United States paying off its debt, while fully able to repudiate it to the last cent.

Having attended to these things and duly reaffirmed the undying principles of Jefferson and Jackson, it will be necessary for the victorious party to pause and magnanimously let by-gones be by-gones. Why open up the question whether the late Confederate President was or was not arrayed in that garment which no respectable woman need be ashamed to wear, on the occasion of his interview with a squad of Lincoln's minions? Nor can we see the good of inquiring into the truth of the story that, at the village of Andersonville, certain visitors from the North were so overwhelmed by the Southern hospitality, that some of them lost their lives by riotous living; or of attempting to avenge the massacre of the hosts of worthy Democrats who were butchered in cold blood in the streets of New York by hiring negroes



WAITING FOR ANOTHER JOB.

in the fatal July of '63. Neither should we insist on making too close an inquiry into the causes which made Lee's victory at Gettysburg and Grant's surrender at Appomattox worse than useless to our party.

As concerns ourself, personally, the readers of the *Gripper* will notice that in our list of grievances against the black Republicans our private wrongs have found no place. No, the *Gripper* takes lofty ground and scorns to parade the outrages which its editor has suffered during his sojourn in the wilderness referred to above. Hence we forbear to dilate on the pangs of hunger with which our bowels have too often yearned, and of thirst, the extremity of which every true Democrat will appreciate when we state that, for want of the proper remedy, it has on several occasions driven us to the pump. For like reasons of delicacy we shall refrain from making any allusion to the fact that we have been compelled to receive distinguished visitors in our sanctum with our coat buttoned up to our chin, even in the dog-days, in order to draw a veil, now over the injured condition, and anon over the entire absence of our shirt (so to speak), and again to carry our arm in a sling while we explained that the duel in which we had been engaged last week with the editor of the *Whopper* resulted in a wound which incapacitated us for the present to appear in a coat, while the humiliating truth was that both the duel and the coat existed only in the boundless realms of the imagination (poetically speaking). Neither will we dwell on the painful memory of that day when we were compelled to look helplessly on while the *Gripper* came out with a leader only six columns in length, because the exhausted condition of our credit disabled us from replacing the half-chewed quid which, during a temporary absence from our office (occasioned by a commercial gentleman, traveling in the line of Real Rough on Rats, inviting us to step over to the Gutter House and sample some of his prime rot-gut) mysteriously disappeared, though we had, as usual on such occasions, deposited it under the stuffed racoon which serves as a cushion to our office chair. All these grievances, which we have borne in silence, are the result, be it remembered, of the withering Republican administration which for many years has dried up the stream of patronage that once overflowed

the *Gripper* office. And though we are free to own that it is only by a rapid and unintermittent mastication of the rankest pigtail that we can control our feelings when we recall these things, we repeat that we utterly scorn to mingle our private wrongs with the great issues of the day, otherwise we might call attention to the fact that, on those rare occasions when we had the good fortune to partake of a really square Pennsylvania dinner of *schnitz* and *kneip* and *schpeck* with a desert of *schtinckase* contributed by an enthusiastic country admirer of the *Gripper* editorials—we have been compelled, for lack of a napkin or even a handkerchief, to wipe our hands on our coat-tail when we had one, and in its absence, on the seat of our pants (so to speak), the consequence of which was that whenever we appeared on the streets we had all the dogs of the town at our heels. Still more, if we were not restrained by our sense of dignity, might we make political capital out of the condition of our hat which is not only melancholy in the extreme, but which was in danger of becoming chronic, when the election of Mr. Cleveland happily intervened. That an impartial public may judge whether we have been guilty of exaggeration in this enumeration of Republican crime, it is only necessary to mention that, even at a period so remote as the defeat of Mr. Greeley, the question which more than any other seemed to agitate the highest literary and social circles of Dogtown was, whether the editor of the *Gripper's* plug, in its then state, was more likely to be mistaken for a vacant lard can than for a vacated crow's nest.

He Showed Great Heroism.

"I SEE there will be no performance of the burlesque to-night."
 "That's too bad. What is the cause?"
 "Why, a bold thief entered the theatre last night, after the show, and stole about forty costumes."
 "Haven't the police a clue?"
 "Oh, yes; the man was followed and arrested. It was ascertained that he had been hired by the other show to do it. However, the property was not recovered. The fellow showed great heroism?"
 "What had become of the costumes?"
 "He had swallowed them."

Cause for Declining.

It was love at first sight, and the youth
 To his ardor at once gave the rein,
 He was eager and bold, and, in truth,
 Not a little presuming and vain.
 "All this passion and fervor of love
 Is sudden," he said; "I must own it,
 But e'en though you may not approve,
 Your kindness, I'm sure, will condone it."
 "But, sir"—"Nay," he whispered, "my sweet,
 To prudence allow no concessions;
 Encourage, I beg and entreat,
 Your heart and its tender confessions.
 'Tis well for the old to be wise
 And discreet, but trust me; the duty
 Of youth is to love, and your eyes
 Reveal all its fervor and beauty."
 "And, dearest, that blush so divine
 Belies all indignant emotion;
 Consent, then, at once to be mine,
 And sanction my boundless devotion."
 "But," she said, "I beg to decline
 Your love, although sweet as the daisies.
 The cause? Oh that husband of mine
 And my three little, dear, darling babies."
 —Washington Hatchet.

A Hint to Dudes.

"THIS life is horribly dull, Angelina," he observed, as he drew his seat closer to her. "I am boahed to death, I assuah you, 'pon honah."
 "I am very sorry that you find life so," she said.
 "Everything is so beastly dull, yaw know; nothing going on except talk about the election and drumming up votes. I am completely boahed with it all."
 "It is very sad."
 "It is, I assuah you. I feel as if I had dwank the cup of life and got down to the dwags. There seems to be nothing in the world to engage the mind."
 "Oh, yes there is," she said with animation. "You go and hunt around and get the mind, and when you have found it come to me and I will suggest something that will engage it."—Boston Courier.

Weatherly Wisps of Wit.

THEY were two intelligent citizens—men who knew the affairs of the country like a book, and could take the platform for a speech. One was warming his coat-tails at a grocery stove when the other came in.
 "Rainy morning!"
 "Yes—it really rains."
 "Rather damp!"
 "Yes. Going to be wet."
 "Must be Fall rain?"
 "Quite likely; yes, I presume it is."
 "Rather disagreeable outside?"
 "Quite so. May rain for some time."
 "Didn't expect this, did you?"
 "Well, hardly."
 "Think it will hold up?"
 "Well—um—dunno."
 "May rain all day, eh?"
 "Quite probable—quite probable."
 "Muddy under foot, isn't it?"
 "Y-e-s, quite so."
 And then they rubbed their hands over the top of the stove and stared at each other and mentally exclaimed,
 "What an infernal dolt that fellow is, anyhow!"—Detroit Free Press.

As Others See Him

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"
So sang the bard of olden day.
He did not know the modern way—
He did not know how oft we pray
To Grecian Mars or Roman Deus
To come and take the gift away.
Had he—that olden bard—had any
Conception proper of the many
Things he'd see in such a state,
He'd ne'er have begged the gift which fate
Reserves for him whose every trait
Is shown as others see it when he
Hath ventured forth a candidate.
—Chicago News.

A Counter Attraction

"WHAT'S your idea of having such gaudily dressed girls behind your counters?" asked one dry-goods merchant of another.
"Well, you see, Biggs across the street has been doing a mighty big business lately, and I thought I'd get up a counter attraction and see if I couldn't get a share of the trade."—Boston Times.

A Discouraging Prospect.

"I SHOULD think you would get tired of this quarreling," said a policeman to a citizen of Abbot street, who rushed out of the house the other day with blood oozing from a cut in his scalp.
"Oh, I'd quit if my wife would."
"Well, its only a few days more to election, and then I hope you will quit these ructions."
"Alas! my friend," sighed the citizen, "I wish I could share your hopes! while it is true that we are quarreling about Presidential candidates, we have only come down to Fremont and Buchanan! It will take us at least ten years more to reach Cleveland and Blaine, and you needn't wonder that I sometimes feel discouraged."—Detroit Free Press.

A Story of Two Boys.

A POOR BOY, plainly but cleanly dressed, was engaged in sweeping out a store when he beheld a bright new pin shining upon the floor. He paused and picked it up and carefully placed it in the lapel of his coat.
"If I begin by saving pins," he said, "I may become a wealthy man."
His employer observed him, however, and remarked to himself:
"That pin belongs to the establishment. A boy who will steal a pin, will steal greater things," and he immediately presented the lad with a discharge.
Another boy, arrayed in tailor's clothes, was employed in sweeping out another store, when he also came upon a pin. Instead of laying it away to rest, however, he exercised his ingenuity in bending it into various shapes. Then he slyly deposited it on the book-keeper's stool, and industriously proceeded to sweep. His employer enjoyed the scene from his office, and when the book-keeper had finished rubbing himself, swearing great oaths, the proprietor said, "That boy is full of sharp tricks." And he straightway promoted him to be second book-keeper. In five years he owned the concern.

MORAL.

As the pin is bent the boy is inclined.—Times-Star.



AGEOLOGY.

PROFESSOR PUGTOP—"Of all forms of nature, trees, alone, disclose their age candidly."
YOUNG SCAMP (to old maid sister)—"Ain't you glad you ain't a tree?"

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the earth
And swept sweet Belya out the way.
—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

A Hint for Hazen.

CAPTAIN ZACH, a Piute who is said to have kicked up his heels and cavorted over the alkali plains of Nevada for more than eighty summers, being questioned in regard to the weather of the coming winter, said:
"You see um this winter he be one way of two. If he take warm road he be more warm as any winter in long time; if he take cold road he be worst winter ever you dam see. He be no like common winter—he be big hot or big cold."—Territorial Enterprise.

He Corners Her Again.

"JOHNNY, take the broom and go out and sweep the leaves off the pavement."
"Doggone the leaves! What makes 'em fall so fast?"
"The good Lord causes them to fall each year to remind us that the end of our season of life is ever close at hand, and that we, too, must soon fall."
"Well, when they come out agin in the spring what is that to remind us of?"
"That's to remind us that if we are good we, like them, will bud out new and bright in paradise."
"Yes, but them leaves don't bud out in paradise; they're jist on the same old trees on our pavement. Accordin' to that we ought to bud out agin down here where we fall off at."
"Hurry on out. Don't stand there and talk so much."
"Yes, that's a good way to git out of it."
—Kentucky State Journal.

Very Seriously Inconvenienced.

AN Austin man came to a doctor and asked him to examine his arm.
"When did you sprain it?"
"Does it occasion any serious inconvenience?"
"Well I should say it did. I tried to take a drink of whiskey out of a two-gallon demijohn yesterday and I couldn't lift up to my mouth."—Texas Siftings.

An Article of Necessity.

A LOUISIANA gentleman was discussing the tariff question with a gentleman from Kentucky.
"Sugar," said the Louisianian, "is as much an article of necessity as flour or meat."
"A great deal more so, my dear fellow," responded the Kentuckian, "without sugar you can't make a whiskey toddy."—Texas Siftings.

It Wasn't a Club.

"O, yes," she said pettishly; "you've just come from the club I know. But that doesn't excuse your coming home at such a late hour and in such a condition. The club, indeed! There's danger in clubs; don't you know that the first murder ever committed in the world was caused by a club? Abel was killed by a club."
"You're wrong, my dear, wrong, it wasn't a club that killed Abel; it was only a Cain."
—Boston Courier.
"Yes'm, eggs is riz. The roosters is all off sallybratin' the 'leckshun, ye see, mum."
—Washington Hatchet.

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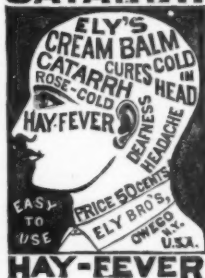


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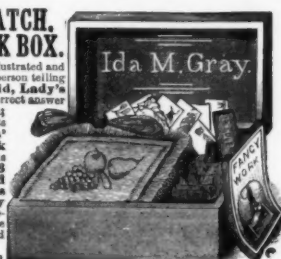
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The publishers of the **Capitol City Home Guest**, the well known illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the holidays: The person selling us the longest verse in the Bible before January 1st, will receive a **Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Cased Swiss Watch** worth \$10. If there be more than one correct answer the person will receive an elegant **Stem-winding Gentleman's Watch**; the third, a key-winding **English Watch**. Each person must send 25 cents with their answer for which they will receive **FREE, postpaid, three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST,"** and an **Elegant Lady's Work Box** with their name beautifully stenciled on the cover. Each box contains **1 Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Needles, 6 elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 2 Christmas Cards, 2 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide,"** containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of these articles is \$1.25, but to those who comply with the above requirements we will send them all **post-paid for 25 cts.** *Publ's Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.



PHILIP ARMOUR, the Chicago pork king, is worth \$25,000,000. The glories of grease have not departed after all.—*Boston Post.*

CITY editors must lose money rapidly. They are hardly in a new position before they "make an assignment."—*Norristown Herald.*

A **MAN** who saw an apparition of his deceased wife, said he was not scared, but sort of surprised because he didn't expect it.—*Siftings.*

A **NEW HAVEN** man has invented a walking machine. Intended especially for actors who get "strapped" in the country.—*Hartford Post.*

A **NEW AMERICAN** play is called "A Bottle of Ink." It generally requires several bottles of ink and a French dictionary to make an American play.—*Progress.*

A **RAILROAD** from Media to Chester is proposed and will probably be put through with a rush. Media is a prohibition town; Chester is not.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"**HAVE** you corns?" blandly asked the cornplaster pedler at the busy man's elbow. "Yes; I am supplied," answered the busy man without looking up.—*Boston Transcript.*

DR. NAPIER declares that drunkenness may be produced by eating beans. This lets out the Boston fellows very neatly—but how about the rest of us?—*Burlington Free Press.*

WHAT is the world coming to? A Boston girl was overheard telling a dude that he "made her sick." Think of that plain every day Chicago English in Boston. Oh, lordy!—*Brooklyn Times.*

To write for all time is the ambition of every author. The man who originated the series of negro minstrel jokes is the only one up to date who has apparently succeeded in his endeavor.—*Boston Globe.*

THE **JAPAN** newspapers gave no details of the recent destructive typhoon in Yokohama. They simply said, "the typhoon wiped out the town." The Japanese reporters work by the day. If they had been on piece work, they would have gone back a few thousand years to the time the town was founded, and given a history of the place up to the day it was destroyed.—*Norristown Herald.*

* * * * Pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in four weeks. Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.**

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