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FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

A BURDEN TO HIMSELF AND AN INJURY TO THE COUNTRY.
 LABORER—"Uncle Sam, I'm not employed. Let me take a part of your load."



THE JUDGE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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A PHILOLOGICAL HERCULES.

That is a Herculean task to which Mr. Chas. A. Dana has consecrated his declining years and undiminished powers. He not only has undertaken to teach the exact and graceful use of the language and to supply to "the grammarless tongue" the missing code which the late Richard Grant White failed to discover; but he has selected as a class to receive and radiate the new science the most unpromising material, perhaps, that could be found. It was like Mr. Dana's courage and devotion to open his school first to those awful examples of idiomatic aberration, the editorial writers of this country.

We fear that Prof. Dana is a severe taskmaster, however. He should remember that philology is an abstruse study, belonging to the domain of metaphysics. In that use of faultless English which seems so easy and comes so natural to him, many of the ripest, and some of the over-ripest scholars, have sadly failed. Richard Grant White, Prof. Marsh and Prof. Whitney have blundered; Shakespeare and the Bible are marred by linguistic lapses. It is a hard study; beginners in it must be patiently treated.

Moreover, these beginners especially need forbearance. Probably all editors have attended public schools. If so, they were submitted early in life to the intellectual depletion consequent upon studying those absurd codes with many and varying rules,

and ten times as many and more contradictory exceptions, humorously dubbed "English Grammar." Many of them, later, went to high schools and colleges where the work of suppressing a knowledge of English was continued through years of Latin and Greek maundering, until they were nearly as badly off as was the learned little boy in Boston, who said he spoke five languages, but "knew only two words of English—'ouse and 'orse."

But to an enthusiastic pedagogue, fired with the consciousness of a mission, nothing is impossible. Dr. Dana will, we may be sure, break his pupils of bad grammar or break them all up; and we dare promise that he will continue patiently at his task until it can not be said that the *Sun* is the only English luminary extant that is not spotted and dimmed by solecisms.

But if the Grand Old Purist do not live to see this consummation, may we not hope that he may see the fruition of his toil in another and a better world? We hope and believe it, and when Gabriel shall order the curtain down and the lights out, we expect to hear him pronounce creation's valedictory in pure and undefiled *Sun* English.

WILL TAKE A HAND IN THE GAME.

To believe that the administration will take no part in the New York campaign, requires a degree of simple faith not often found outside of an asylum for *non compos mentis*.

What has Cleveland ever done—however he may have talked—to justify the charging him with running politics on Sunday school principles? He is eminently a practical politician, so far as his own fortunes are involved. And there is no doubt that democratic success in New York is of vital consequence to Mr. Cleveland's fortunes, for either the success of his first term or the possibility of a second. The man who, as Governor, wrote the low-down political letter to Senator Grady, is not the kind of Spartan who will lose any chances by standing on principle and etiquette.

It must not be "forgotten off'n your mind" that this is not a Democratic, not a Mugwump, not a Reform administration.

It is a *Cleveland* administration, first, last and all the time. And whatever is necessary to Cleveland's fortunes, the policy of the Government of the United States must become. It was not to please the Mugwumps, but to tie the New York Post Office to his string, that Pearson was appointed. It was to chain at once the Custom House, the County Democracy and Boss Thompson to his chariot that Hedden was made collector.

New York elected Cleveland. New York must be held. What else does the appointment of two cabinet officers from this State mean; what else the rapid "reform" of the

patronage of this State, while the "very hungry and very thirsty" of other States languish unfed?

New York State is the key to the situation, the Metropolis is the key to the State and Boss Thompson holds the key to the Metropolis.

"The cause of Reform" can no more get on without the consent of the second Boss Tweed than the church can succeed without filthy lucre.

Cleveland's career hangs on New York. As *Uncle Remus* says: "'Pears like he's 'bleedged fur to have it."

WHY NOT UNLOAD SILVER?

It burdens the treasury, cripples the country and demoralizes the whole financial system of the nation.

By refusing to pay out the legal coin of the country the treasury is depriving business of just so much good circulating medium. By withholding it for the assigned reason that it is unworthy to circulate, the treasury is unnecessarily discrediting its legal money.

Thus, it depletes the circulation, impairs confidence and besmuts the credit and honor of the government. "It is a foul bird that defiles its own nest."

The secretary of the treasury has lately gone a step further in the direction of undermining government credit. He has discredited silver certificates by ordering that they be not received for government dues. This is a totally superfluous stab at the Nation's honor. These are simply certificates of deposit good for so much coin or bullion deposited against them, and hence as secure as any paper money can be.

To crown the record of mischief, turpitude and disloyalty to the country we need only say that the policy of the administration on silver is unconstitutional and in direct contravention of the statutes of the United States.

Why not pay out the silver? The people want it and to retain it in the treasury is dangerous and criminal.

BREER BEECHER declares that he is no politician, but the way he gets appointments from this administration excites the envy of the heelers of Tammany. Of course, he doesn't ask for favors. He doesn't have to. That's what they envy him most for. Deep, deep!

IT WAS so unfortunate that Secretary Lamar, who fought so bravely against the Old Flag and the Old Fourth, should forget to raise the former over his department on the recurrence of the latter; but it was fortunate (for the Republican party) that he did not forget to put the Old Flag at half-mast on the occurrence of the death of Jake Thompson incendiary and poisoner-in-chief to the late lamented but now exuberant Confederacy.



I.
Oh, in the gloaming
Afar to be roaming
When blue waves are foaming
In boisterous play;
Oh, to be treading
A yacht that is spreading
It's pinions and heading
From town toil away.

II.
Sweet to have near you
Cute Cupid to steer you
And bright eyes to cheer you
As onward you speed;
And pleasant at table
To have Maud and Mable
At lanching time, able
To help you to feed.

III.
How nice does a "fella"
Feel 'neath an umbrella
The old tale to tell a
Sweet girl at his side;
Then you'd not look at a
First-class regatta
In the midst of a chat a-
bout seeking a bride.

IV.
When bright eyes are flashing
As on the yacht's dashing
Thro' blue waters splashing
Up fountains of foam,
You think that you'd gladly
Sail on just as madly
And never feel badly
At parting from home

V.
Oh, in the gloaming
Afar to be roaming
Where sea waves are foaming
In boisterous play;
Oh, to be treading
A yacht that is spreading
Her pinions and heading
From town toil away!

Ernest De Lancy Pierson.

OFF THE BENCH.

Girls, you can get the letter as well as its postscript through the mail now for one stamp.

HAVE you "Judge Bigelow on Contracts?" Solicitous Clerk—"No, sir; but we have Jean Ingelow's Extracts."

THE Goddess of Liberty is to be married to the Bey of New York. They will begin life with light house keeping.

A PATENT MEDICINE offers to cure everybody of "that tired feeling." We commend it to the readers of the Philadelphia newspapers.

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK's" latest is "Where the Battle Was Fought." It is understood to be a tale laid in fashionable New York church circles.

LADIES who are inclined to issue explosive laws for home rule should note the fact

that the Woman with the Iron Jaw broke it in consequence of discharging a cannon from her teeth.

LILLIAN SPENCER, the actress, has in press a novel called, "Who did it?" If she is able to tell, she has kept better track of her admirers than have most actresses.

ALREADY the new postal rates which allow an aspiring but undeveloped author to send an ounce in place of half an ounce for one red stamp, is having a depressing effect on mail pouches and waste-baskets.

A PEA-SHELLER has been invented that will do the work of several hundred men in a given time. We hope they will be able to keep the boys with the blow-guns supplied, but the operation puts an end to all peace.

OUR FRIENDS, 'the Adventists are unusually and uselessly "way off" when they base their belief on the utterances of St. John. Neither Democrats, Republicans or

Prohibitionists find any profit in him any more.

A SUMMER RESORT advertisement says: "Nobody dresses here. Health and happiness is sought for." We do not doubt our being able to realize the happiness, but we should doubt the health if we became one of the nobodies.

JOAQUIN MILLER has formulated a new poem which is going to "shake the rafters of heaven," for he says so himself. We did not know before that river traffic in lumber was carried on in heaven. Nor in the other place, either, come to reflect.

JEAN INGELOW says, "what comes to me comes of its own accord, and almost in spite of me; and I have hardly any power when verses are once written to make them any better." Jean must have edited the "poet's corner" of some country newspaper where original contributions are corralled.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE ROSES.

Jack Servenmalet and His Shipmates have an Adventure at a Church Festival.

We do not know just how many churches in New York have missions especially devoted to the spiritual care of sailors, but there are a great many, besides which, a number of river front churches on both sides of the island have for years made special efforts to get sailors to attend the meetings held in little halls and chapels at convenient distances from the water. It was not very long ago that the pastor of one of these small churches up-town on the West side, after a visit to the big man-of-war at the foot of West Twenty-sixth street, determined to interest her crew in his work, and began by inviting Jack Servenmalet, who had served the preacher's party as a guide, to bring his mess to a festival which was to be held in a Tenth avenue hall. Jack, after some little parley, agreed to go and bring his messmates if he could.

When the evening arrived Jack had no difficulty in obtaining shore leave for himself and the rest of the mess and all went ashore with very bright white tape on the broad blue collars of their shirts and very clear white lanyards around their necks and fastened to the keen-edged leasp-knives, which all naval tars carry in the little pockets on the left breast of their shirts. Just as they were going down the ladder on the side of the ship to get into the boat, an old sailor handed a quarter to the second-rate apprentice and asked him to bring a paper of snuff back with him, and this the youngster readily agreed to do. It was a very pleasant evening and the sailors were all in high spirits in anticipation of a very pleasant time at the festival, until they all stopped at a tobacco store in Tenth Avenue while the second-rate apprentice bought the snuff. There the sounds of revelry from a piano, a banjo, a pair of bones, many quick-stepping feet and clinking glasses which floated out of a near-by saloon, upset the good resolutions of all the mess except Jack, the carpenter's mate and the second rate apprentice, and without a second glance at the open door of the saloon these three, leaving their comrades behind, started up the avenue, the second-rate apprentice shoving the thin paper full of snuff into his pocket beside his knife. A walk of half an hour which carried them past many other saloons where jingling music invited them to tarry, they reached the hall where the festival was to be held. The three climbed the stairs, with Jack taking the lead and the second-rate apprentice behind. Half an hour or more later, a fat policeman saw them emerge from the doorway in like order, all very much excited and the second-class apprentice in tears. He stopped them, and having been a sailor himself, listened appreciatively while Jack said:

"We was invited to the festival and we went. Afore our eyes had got rightly used to the binnacle lights in that ere meetin' house we see the dominie headin' for us with all sail set and both flippers out. He is the one as invited us and he was layin' hisself out like. He shook us all most cordial and says he 'L'es look around at the tables,' which they was wery fine to look at piled full of no end of wittles and cabin grub fit for a admiral of the fleet. Every place we comes to, the dominie he says: 'This is my friend, Brother Servenmalet, and his messmates as I was telling you about,' and then the gray-haired matrons and the wery plump young ladies and the young men as had fergot to brush their hair back often their foreheads, comes around from behind the tables and tells us they was glad we come, and shakes both hands to oncet. I don't mind tellin' you as how it was a very a-fectin scene.

"I reckon we'd cruised about half-way around the harbor, when we comes to a big table as was loaded down to the scuppers with nuthin' but roses and green stuff and nobody there only three young ladies as was the loveliest we'd overhauled yet. They was

just beginin' to tie up the roses into boquets, and one on 'em as had blue eyes and wavy hair a hangin' down her back says to the dominie as soon as we'd hove to along side the ledge.

"'Doctor,' she says, 'we all of us forgot to bring scissors. Won't you please borrow a knife for us?'

"Then she looked outen the corner of her eyes at the boy here while she tried to bite off the small stuff she'd been a sewin' the flower stems with. Now the boy here has the makin' of a fine sailor man into him if he is a second-rate apprentice, and he whips out his knife in a instant and he cuts the twine for her, and then shoves it back into his pocket without shuttin' of it up though the paper of snuff didn't leave no great room neither, which none of us blames him for cause he couldn't be expected to get his bearings' just right, and them three wery pretty girls all havin' small stuff as needed cuttin'.

"As I was sayin,' me an' the carpenter's mate here, and the dominie, we pulled away under short sail leavin' the boy very much occupied with the flower stand, and when we gets clear around to the place where we'd took our departure we finds some wery comfortable seats, and the dominie he had to cast off for to open the meetin' with prayer.

"Ef I'd been a young man as I was oncet I should a bin slighted to see the way them girls took to the boy here. Fust he'd cut a bit of twine for one on 'em; then he'd shove his knife in his pocket along side the snuff while he held the flowers so as the girls could sewer 'em proper: then he'd have to do suthin' else; then out 'ud come the knife agin, and all the while he a sayin' things to 'em as made 'em blush and laugh fit to kill, while the young men as hadn't brushed their hair back had a expression

like the dominee on the ship has when he says 'let us unite an' pray.'

"As I was sayin,' the preacher he had cast off, and just as he gets to the pulpit, the boy here walks over, and touchin' his forehead proper, like he was on the quarter-deck afore the Admiral hisself, and he plumps a big boquet onto the pulpit which it made everybody pat their hands very loud and rapid. Meantime, a lot of little chicks had been a navigatin' the intricacies of the crowd a sellin' the boquets and me an' the carpenter's mate we bought two of the biggest of 'em. So when the dominie he shuts his eyes and kneels down behind the pulpit and bows his head over the big boquet, everybody else most bows their heads over their boquets, and the boy here he stands at parade rest with the three pretty girls alongside of him a makin' a wery pretty picture together. The dominie he draws in his breath impressive like to give his sails a good full for the next maneuver, kinder hesitates a moment, twitches his face and then humps hisself and sneezes like he'd carried away the whole of his headgear. Then one of the old sisters as was a holdin' a boquet to her nose on the front seat she sneezes in a thin quaverin' voice and was followed by the carpenter's mate, who sounded like a fog horn as had just bust. Then the dominie sneezed agin and so did the sister, and the three pretty girls as was a posin' around the boy they sneezed altogether and looked up at him with tears in their eyes. My own nose was a tinglin' and I remembered about the way the boy was a shovin' his knife into the pocket with the snuff. The sneezin' was a spreadin' then rapid, and the snuff into the roses was a doin' of it. There wasn't no time to lose. I catches the boy's eye and finds him wery scared and so I puts my fingers to my nose like I was takin' a pinch of snuff. He sees me do it and scoots for deep water and I signals the rest of the fleet to foller, and we sails out leavin' that whole meetin' a sneezin' as if their heads would come off."



HONORS TO THE PRESIDENT.



A FEW OF THE "GROVER CLEVELANDS" BORN SINCE HIS NOMINATION, AND THE CRY IS "STILL THEY COME."

OUR BEER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

CAPT. PICCADILLY (an ass).
Commanding H. M. S. "Torpedo."
 MR. CHARLES VAN KNICKERBOCKER.*A Broker.*
 MISS MARION BEACON STREET.*A Bluestocking.*
 MISS BEULAH FAIRMOUNT PARK.*A Chromo.*
 MISS LILLIAN MADISON SQUARE.*A Daisy.*

Long Branch Belles, Wall Street Brokers and British officers.

SCENE:—On the beach at Long Branch. H. M. S. "Torpedo" in offing. TIME:—July.

Chorus of Belles.—

Weary, Weary, have we grown
 Waiting for a single man;
 Hunting someone we may own,
 Someone of a wealthy clan;
 Let the others call us 'witch,'
 Flirt, and 'artful little minx';
 What care we, if he be rich,
 For their jealous nods and winks;
 From poor men we'll hold exempt,
 Cupid and his tender thrills:
 Loathing with a proud contempt
 Men who would not pay our bills.

Chorus of officers.—

Dreary, dreary are our lives,
 Long we've tarried, yet we wait,
 Hunting, hunting wealthy wives
 Weared of their single state:
 They must wealthy be, and dead
 All their relatives must be;
 When we're married we can shed
 Tears of pure hypocrisy;
 Until then we'll criticise,
 Making mountains out of hills;
 Ne'er bewitching with our eyes
 Maids who could not pay our bills.

Ensemble.

Since we cannot married be
 We uphold celibacy;
 Hoping at some future state
 Wealth may mitigate our fate.

Belles.—Pray, why your resolutions drear?

Officers—"Tis the impending tax on beer.

Capt. Piccadilly. SONG: *The Liberal Budget.*

In England, my dear, each glass of good cheer
 Is taxed, and because we don't grudge it,
 We've reason to fear an increase on beer
 Is found in the Liberal Budget.

(Chorus—repeat.)

No rector, I hear, in our atmosphere
 As an intemp'rate drinking would judge it,

Unless 'twould appear, in black and white clear,
 Somewhere in the Liberal Budget. (Chorus.)

So should they tax beer, our pounds disappear:
 On pence throughout life we must trudge it,
 The outlook is queer, yes, deucedly drear
 For drinks in the Liberal Budget. (Chorus.)

Mr. Charles Van Knickerbocker.—
 Now, Ladies, tell us whence you come.

Officers—Yes, ladies, tell us whence you come.

Miss Beacon Street.—
 Thanks to higher education
 I can mass in condensation
 Ev'ry philosophic fallacy where misty scholars clash;
 Without lucid ostentation,
 At a lover's osculation
 I can analyze the soap he puts upon his sparse
 moustache.

Miss Fairmount Park.—
 Though no educated Shaker,
 I'm a skillful *genus* maker,
 And can turn with well-becoming pride to my an-
 cestral tree;

Although styled the "pretty Quaker,"
 Yet I cannot score a "taker,"
 And I fear that at my death will end my blooded
 family.

Miss Madison Square.—

I'm a fashionable daisy:
 I can drive a chappie crazy,
 Be he Englishman, American, or stray Italian count;
 I can make him tender, mazy;
 I can make him toil if lazy
 And can make him "pop the question" should he
 have a bank account.

Capt. Piccadilly.—(Recitative.)

I've just received a cablegram;
 Let no one chance to utter—
 Until I read the cablegram.
 The government, it now appears,
 Defeated was through absent peers;
 So there's no increased tax on beers.

Officers.—

In England, we fear, each glass of good cheer
 Is taxed, and although we don't grudge it,
 We're happy to hear no increase on beer
 Can creep through the Liberal Budget.

Belles.—Say, think you, you can marry now?

Officers—For your consent we tarry now.

Wall Street Brokers.—

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip:
 Since we're bulls and bears we say fudge it;
 Be you long or short, you must leave this port
 And steer for the Liberal Budget.

Ensemble.

Over the ebbing tide
 Swiftly the English pass
 Softly the cockneys glide
 To lily-labelled Bass;
 To a meal that cannot fail—
 Mutton chops and bottled ale. (Curtain.)

J. D. W. S.



A PROUD MAN LOOSE.

RECTOR—"Why don't you go to the Poor House?"

BEGGAR—"Oh, be Gobbs, I've too much respect for me family."

What kind of leather is Cupid?—
 Undressed kid.

Significant: The length of time it
 takes a young man to find his rub-
 bers in his girl's hallway on beau-
 nights.

A Chinaman with a German name
 has been discovered. If Sam(m)lung
 isn't good German, our eyesight has
 been spoiled over snaky letters in
 vain.

"Say, boy, what do you carry your
 head on one side so for?"
 "My uncle makes me."
 "What sort of an uncle have you
 got to make you do that?"
 "A carb-uncle."

"The deah ewechaw is waving her
 handkerchief to me!" exclaimed Mr.
 Brainless Fitzsham delightedly.
 The poor masher was nearsighted;
 it was only a scrub-woman wiping
 the window.

Frank H. Cushing has discovered
 in Zuni ancient cigarettes of cane and
 corn-leaves, proving that the sedu-
 ctive roll is of Indian origin, and is,
 in fact, getting in its work of revenge
 ont he race which introduced fire-
 water to the red man.



HUSBAND.—HIS HALF HOLIDAY.



WIFE.—WHERE IS HER'S?

JIMMY'S LITTLE GOAT.

Jimmy had a little goat
Which followed him about,
And every time that Jimmy stooped,
That bad goat knocked him out!

It followed him to school one day
And scared the female teacher,
But she climbed quickly on a bench
Where Billy couldn't reach 'er.

Then when the goat was hustled out,
It lingered 'round the door,
And, when its owner sauntered forth,
Knocked him a rod or more!

"What makes the goat buck Jimmy so?"
The children all they cried.

"'Cause Jimmy plagues the goat you know!"
The teacher quick replied.

"WILL WANDER."

"Mr. Others."

Others is the champion prominent man in this country. I don't except President Cleveland, Henry Ward Beecher or Signor Johanni de Sullivan. As a politician, burglar, Sunday-school teacher, financier, horse thief, attorney-at-law, ordained minister of the gospel and Western train robber, he shines with effulgence in every profession he tackles.

Others is very versatile—Others is. He'll speak from the platform of a church in the afternoon to a gathering of innocent Sunday-school scholars, and that night with the aid of half-a-dozen chums, he'll wreck a Dutch lager-beer saloon. In the morning he is prominent at a meeting of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in the afternoon he's "sent up" for vagrancy along with some more bums, and that very identi-

cal night he'll be one of the speakers at a meeting of the "Society for the Furnishing of Tomato Cans and Hoop Skirts to Aged and Infirm Goats."

To-day we read of him as one of the manipulators of a financial corner in Wall street, and to-morrow, lo, and behold, Mr. Others with several hundred more miners is striking for higher wages in the coal regions.

The intelligent compositor has long since ceased to use the cap "O" in setting up the name of Others. That would soon ruin the upper-case, and so by general consent in all printing offices it is customary to use the lower-case "o" in speaking of this all-per-vading individual. This rule has several precedents to justify it—as, for instance, wellington boots, brougham coaches and that exhilarating and life-reviving free-lunch tonic, bologna sausage.

The front name of Mr. Others is "Many," but it is rarely used, as there is only one original and warranted-to-wash of that family name in the country, and it's a waste of space and time to always put his Christian name in print. Everybody who reads knows the individual that is meant, for he stands conspicuous as one of the world's living characters. We pick up our morning paper and read as follows:—

"The President had a long day of it yesterday, there being a large number of callers at the White House, among whom were Vice-President Hendricks, Hon. S. J. Randall, Speaker Carlisle, Senator Edmunds and OTHERS."

A day or two afterwards this item makes its appearance:

"A gang of cow-boys, headed by Mexican Pete, Three-Card-Monte Jack and OTHERS, rode into Yankton yesterday and painted the town carmine-colored. They killed the sheriff, maimed two Sunday-school superintendents and set fire to the orphan asylum, and made their escape before the citizens

covered from their panic and offer resistance."

And here he is again:

"The missionary meeting at the Church of the Innocent Pilgrims in aid of the fund for purchasing bibles for the heathen of Upper Senegambia took place last Sunday. An eloquent address was delivered by the Rev. Mildew Mushmullian, and fervent prayers for the success of the cause were offered by Brothers Shoutemup, Kingdumcum and OTHERS."

"Last night there was a secret conference of railroad magnates at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Among those present were W. H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Robert Garrett and OTHERS."

"Mrs. Mulcaddy's green grocery in Hoboken was entered last night and robbed of eighty-three cents in money and four bunches of onion tops. Mrs. Mulcaddy has informed the police that Barney Maguire and Patsey Skilly, two sneak thieves, and OTHERS, have been lurking around the vicinity for several days."

"George W. Childs of Philadelphia, W. W. Corcoran of Washington and OTHERS, are, it is rumored, about to contribute a sum sufficient to establish and endow a charitable institution in Washington to be called 'The Tramps' Repose and National Free Lunch Resort.'"

And this is not one-half that the newspapers have to say about OTHERS, but strange as it may appear, although he is charged with every crime in the catalogue, nobody ever heard of OTHERS' being hung or even imprisoned. Why, only the other day I read in a reputable newspaper that there was "no doubt that Mosher, Douglas and OTHERS, stole Charley Ross."

Now then, as Mosher and Douglas are both dead, I demand that this man OTHERS be arrested and the mystery of "Who stole Charley Ross?" cleared up.

Arrest OTHERS!

P. C. FOSSETT.

ON THE ROAD.

Nebraska was new territory for Gus Cusby. He had never made Omaha before and, so far as I know, the excellent article which he was employed to vend had not before been offered to the drug trade of that borough. Having no acquaintance with the trade his work was more difficult than it would have been in old territory.

I had stepped into a pharmacy on Farnum street to buy a cigar and while lighting the same descried our Augustus entering, grip in hand, a winning smile on his lips and probably several others, already won, in his stomach. As he passed me on his way to the prescription counter, behind which, at the time, was concealed Mr. Blibbs, the amiable proprietor, he said to me in an undertone:

"Linger a bit, Lang, and lend me a hand with this bill, will you?"

"Cert," I replied verbosely.

Gus walked over to the perscription counter and hailed the proprietor thusly:—

"Good morning, Mr. Blibbs." Allow me to introduce myself. Name: Augustus Cusby. Age: thirty. Sex: male. Color: black and tan. Occupation: travelling man, and my special business with you is to take your order for the celebrated article which I have the honor to represent, no other, in fact, than Pydia Linkham's Mineral Compound. Now, how many gross can you use?"

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Cusby, very," said the druggist smiling and taking Cusby's extended hand. "I'm pleased to have you call but just the same I don't want your goods."

"O, yes you do sir. See here. You can't do business without the compound for these few reasons." And then Gus went on to state not less than forty, maintaining an even 2:12 gait without skip or break and finishing in good style, easy as to wind and without turning a hair.

I gradually drew near the men, and at the end of Cusby's song and dance, said:

"Pardon the interruption, gentlemen, I have overheard a part of your conversation and would like to ask you sir"—to Gus—"as a matter of information, will patent medicines, as a rule, do all that is claimed for them?"

"Decidedly not," Gus replied after looking me over as one might a stranger. "No, sir; in most cases patent medicines are of very little value. It is reasonable to believe that there are very few remedies which will at once perfectly cut a man's corns and purify his conscience. Still such things are claimed. You will rarely find bottled a medicine which will at one and the same time make happy the man afflicted with hydrophobia, dissipate his dandruff, devil his kidneys and banish his mother-in-law, as the certificates printed on the wrapper distinctly claim for it."

"Would you mind stating a few of the merits of your article, I asked?"

"Not at all, stranger. I'll tell you of one little performance, which may at first seem difficult of belief, but its no ghost story, just the same. You will be taught thereby that the Compound has many merits and extraordinary ones too. You see, gentlemen, I was travelling on a Western road one night a few years ago when a broken rail upset the combination postal and baggage car and derailed the carriages following. With the other passengers, I started out to see what was the matter and arrived alongside the combination car just as it caught fire at one end from the upset

stove. Some one yelled for an ax, but none could be found.

"What do you want of an ax," I asked a brakeman?

"There are two men inside that car," he answered, "and because the car lies on its sliding-door, and because too, the windows are barred, they stand a fair chance of being cooked?"

"Well, gentlemen, it didn't take me long to make up my mind what to do. I ran back to my seat and got at my grip which contained three pint bottles of the Compound. Armed with these, I returned quickly to the wreck. Approaching as closely as possible to the burning end of the car, I threw one of my bottles into the midst of the flames with most satisfactory results, for the instant the glass broke and the liquid was released, the fire went out."

"What, is your medicine effective as a fire-grenade?" I asked.

"It is just as I tell you, stranger," Gus replied, "and I have more to relate equally wonderful and equally true. You see the fire was out and the danger was past, but the fellows inside objected to remaining where they were, and some means had to be devised to effect their release. It wasn't possible to get them pardoned out or bailed out, and as there was nothing else for it, I blew 'em out. This I did by placing my second bottle of Compound on a

small pile of chips. Bang! went the bottle presently, and the previously charred end of the car went sailing over into another county."

"Were the men injured?" asked the druggist.

"The post-office chap and the other male were O. K., but the baggage man was in bad shape. He had up to this time been a baggage smasher, but on this occasion the baggage had turned around and smashed him. Yes; he was knocked into sausage meat. There was no doctor on the train so I took charge of the case myself. I found he had sustained a compound fracture of the cuspidore, bad dislocations of the seratum and the callopie, and there were strong indications of internal injury; the monkey-flush seemed to be badly congested while tuberoses had formed on the upper lobes of the concertina just opposite the herat, which too, by the way, had gotten mixed badly with the lumsden system. Now, gentlemen, you may be disinclined

to credit the statement, nevertheless, I say without hesitation and I say it boldly, that with my remaining bottle of the Compound, I cured that man perfectly and put him on his feet in great shape, beating the best record for time in his class. In two minutes after treatment the baggage man was sitting up and kicking like a bay-mule in fly-time because his clay pipe had been smashed."

"He wasn't grateful to you then," I remarked.

"No, not much; nor were the train hands either. Why, having cured the baggageman, they all turned too and uprained me because I had only provided myself with three bottles of that blessed Compound. They admitted kindly that the three bottles were 'better than nothing at all,' but 'not much?'"

"And why?" asked Mr. Blibbs with interest.

"Simply this," Cusby replied, "they said if I had another bottle or two I could have put the derailed cars on the track, and mended the broken one. See?"

The druggist gasped for breath for one consecutive minute and then said feebly: "You can make it eight gross of pints and four of quarts, Mr. Cusby."

L. L. LANG.



IT BEGINS to look as if an American jury never will convict any one who tries to kill an Irishman. The Anglomaniacs say that the next one who tries, and fails, must go. Miss Dudley ought not to have got off without at least a reprimand for bad markmanship.

Oh, it was a "jay," from Jersey,
In a home-made suit of kersey,
Who with "scads" came to the city, for to spend
a week of time;
But he struck the bad Cremor-ne
Right away, and then next morn he
Back to granger Pa in Jersey, sadly hoofed it
'thout a dime!

A MAN in Buffalo has invented a pulse-ometer that indicates in lines on a paper all the variations of a heart beat. If one of those things could write out our pulsations when an arm is around our best girl, it would look like a short-hand report of a sensational love-story in two volumes.



SHINES FOR ALL
Editors Finished by the



JAPANESE JARGON.

All this preliminary puff-and-smoke about the right of certain notable stage managers to play the "Mikado," is becoming rather suffocating to the public.

There is an unusual degree of bickering over this operetta, even for distinguished members of the guild to indulge in.

This newspaper paragraphing all the remarks, threats and letters that pass, or are supposed to pass, between the parties interested in the business pertaining to the purchase and production of the play, amounts to nothing, so far as the arbitration is concerned. As an advertising scheme it works fairly—notwithstanding its age.

Mr. D'Oyley Carte may esteem himself to be the only man in England whose knowledge of the Japanese, their manners, dress, etc., is sufficient to produce a representation of them. We have a score of American managers, who—though they may never have been in Japan—are artistic by inheritance, observant and competent by education, sufficient to the requirements of even a more complicated production than this one Mr. Carte labors with. There is no doubt that we shall have "The Mikado" in large measure whether this verbose foreigner pleases or displeases.

IS THERE TO BE ANOTHER PINAFORE CRAZE?

Mr. Sullivan's presence in this country gives a timely interest to his and his collaborator's productions. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas are of a distinctly unique character. We cannot properly class them in the usual

divisions of lyric composition. They are neither grand opera nor simply opera comique; nor bouffe. They are not wholly tragical, sentimental or nonsensical. They possess a distinctive style as, Gilbert and Sullivan's opera; which, generically, might be denominated satirical.

"Patience" was a satire on the æsthetic craze. "Princess Ida" a musical satire on the women's rights question, taken from Tennyson's poem "The Princess." "Trial by Jury" suggests the subject of its satire. While "The Sorcerer" made superstitious fancies very material by a display, entirely by mechanical effect, of spiritual and mysterious dispensations. What "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore" satirized it is needless to even suggest.

Mr. Sullivan's sprightly musical composition, decorated with frequent "catching airs," and Mr. Gilbert's peculiar versification and attractive jingle of lines, are what make their productions so taking. Their best works are "Iolanthe," "Patience," and "Pinafore." "The Mikado" may be added to this list. Although the music is not of as high an order as that of "Patience," perhaps not as catchy as that of "Pinafore," it is admirably adapted to the libretto, which is one of the most taking Mr. Gilbert has ever written. "The Mikado" is one of the jolliest satires upon Japanese customs and forms.

There is a tendency to periodicity in all public tastes; on ebb and flow in the favor of any pleasure. Different kinds of recreation and enjoyment hold their due places in the versatile cycle of our tastes. Much of the success of any performance depends upon its suitability to the time and demand.

It may be the appointed time for another epidemic of Gilbert and Sullivan. "The Mikado" may usher in again the whole brood, and the attack may even become so severe that the highways and byways of this country shall once more cry continuously, "I'm called little Buttercup." Our only hope against this infiction is in the possibility that as the country has had that once, it may, like the measles, not become catching a second time; or, if it do, that the second attack may be a very mild form, indeed.

IS THERE A VOCAL SCIENCE?

The question may not be new to those who

have had opportunity to learn anything of the rival claims of different "systems" of voice-training for the lyric and dramatic stage. It has been the cheerful privilege of rival exponents to conclusively and mutually demonstrate that they were humbugs and charlatans all around—like the trick of the seven magicians who advertised to swallow each other in turn, the last brother to turn a flip-flap, jump down his own throat and end the family.

The usual thing for a student of music or elocution, who seeks improvement by a change of teachers, is to learn that all he has before done has been wrong, useless and destructive of the voice.

The rival partisans, indeed, convince us of nothing so clearly as that there is no scientific method of voice-training.

This was curiously exemplified in the deliberations of the Music Teachers' Convention recently held in this city. Prof. F. W. Root, of Chicago, is reported as having first demonstrated conclusively that there is no Italian school of vocal culture. "Nothing is left to indicate that a well-defined [Italian] system of training was ever known." He praised the German method as more founded in science, but he advocated a new school of tangible and effective voice-culture. He was followed by Prof. Perkins, of Chicago, who, the reporters say, flatly declared that the product of the German school was that the singing in Wagnerian operas is not singing at all. "In the German school there is plenty of noise, but no singing."

Another professor explained that there really is no national school of training in any land. "Every one must find a system to suit his vocal organs and match his ideal."

A vocal music genius seems to be like a fast horse, the result of luck more than of training and pedigree. Queens of the turf and prime-donne are born, not made; and if one have any musical talent after his training it is "a scratch."

All this suggests the opportunity open to some enthusiastic originator to devise a school of voice-culture that is distinctively American.

It is evident that Italian, German and French methods are not suited to our climate and vocal machinery.

POLITENESS ON THE "L" ROAD.



"Does the next train go to City Hall?"



"No!"



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion.

You are called to the important duty of regulating the disorders, correcting the abuses, and righting the wrongs that afflict the country. Your functions outrank in importance those of law-makers, courts, or executives, because all these are powerless without your sanction; and the nuisance or abuse that you present must go down, whether there be statute, court process or policeman's club back of your finding, or not.

This court congratulates the Grand Jury of the Public on recent signal triumphs of their authority. For an offense against a moneyless shop-girl, such as guardians of order had before committed unpunished, a police official of New York, well backed by political influence has been promptly tried and sentenced to a long imprisonment. A wealthy banker has been sent to state prison for malfeasance of trust. A wealthy real estate operator has been convicted of manslaughter for casualties resulting from his dishonest building. A wealthy smuggler has been caught and actually sent to prison. A strike of car conductors and drivers in Chicago, backed by you, has successfully vindicated the right of petition; they chivalrously stood by a committee of their number whom the car company sought to punish for presenting their common grievances. And you have so far corrected a wicked race prejudice that a white man has been sent to prison for life for shooting a Chinaman.

These triumphs of Justice were secured because your tribunal of Public Opinion enforced her demands. The ordinary agencies of right have often failed in similar cases because you have not sat and acted.

It is hoped that the ends of justice and humanity shall be conserved by your Jury's sitting in continuous inquest upon all public questions; for eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and of right, of law, of order, of justice, of progress.

You need to be cautioned against placing too much confidence in those in authority—even those to whom you have the right to look for wisdom and impartiality. Your duties are the more difficult as your vigilance is the more needed, because you are so often misled by incompetent or unfaithful advisers. There is, in fact, no safety for you except in scrutinizing the conduct of officials and of the professed friends of the people as carefully as you do that of the private citizen or even that of the more lawless classes.

In your researches you will find that the most dangerous classes are not in the slums, but in the mansions; not behind, but before prison doors; not in dens and dives, but in courthouses, city halls, and departments;

not in gambling hells, but in gambling exchanges, brokers' offices and bank-directors' rooms. You will need to make vigorous inquest into all the dangerous operations of such classes—dangerous because deemed to be respectable and legitimate, or at least as venial and necessary. Their acts can be stripped of respectability and power for evil only by the indictment of your Grand Jury of Public Opinion.

One of the first abuses to which the Jury of the Public should turn its attention is the delays and costs of legal proceedings. You will find that under the avowed purpose of preventing injustice by too-summary proceedings, snap judgments and one-sided decisions, our law-makers and courts have gone to the other extreme. Codes of procedure can now be perverted from the purpose of calm deliberation to the iniquitous ones of interminable delays, exorbitant costs, and the final defeat of justice. In the name of judicial caution tyranny has become entrenched in courts of law. Wealthy corporations having oppressed individuals and injured communities have been able, by aid of debauched law, to purchase immunity from all penalty for their acts. In United States courts especially, and in patent litigation there in particular, the costs, fees, and penalties amount to a terrorism over ordinary citizens, and they not wanting in courage, either. A poor man may as well surrender at discretion to a wealthy enemy. These powers are used by unscrupulous men to blackmail business men and oppress peaceful citizens.

You will also have laid before you by the people's attorneys of the press a system of black-mail that is openly practised by sheriffs and municipal officers in large cities. Wolves go about clothed in the insignia of law. It should be your first and chiefest duty to make officers of the law law-abiding.

The large increase in the number of lawyers is good evidence that there are illegitimate gains to be made in practice. The absorption of great estates and the impoverishment of wealthy litigants by counsel has so far become a matter of course as to be made a standing joke. It needs, instead, your most earnest attention.

Things have been allowed in New York and Washington that should be possible only

Russia or Turkey. They can not safely continue in a nominally free country. If your Jury do not set right these things there is danger that a less peaceful remedy may, in time, be invoked.

You have but to so decree and legal proceedings shall be made more expeditious, cheap, and equitable; officers of law less rapacious and lawless; and the spirit of justice for all shall dwell within the forms of law.

THE JUDGE will, as the sittings of Grand Jury of the People continue, call your attention to other public matters that he thinks require your attention.

Overheard at the Races.

On the track at Sheepshead a young man was talking with another sport on various topics, the odd one of life-insurance somehow obtruding itself.

"I'll tell you now, my lad," said the elder, "what it is about life insurance. It's the only bet that the ticket-holder never can lose. The only dead sure thing you ever heard of is death. When any fellow is willing to put up money on death's not coming in a certain time I'll cover, if his odds are not too heavy and the stake-holder is square. Some of the book-makers in that ere pool, though, charge too big a conish, and don't make good when the holder dies."

Said the youth, with a grin:—"It's a game in which you have to die to win."

"Yaas," said the gambler, sarcastically, "Yaas, young man; I've heard that gag afore, and it's my opinion that the chap which got it up was a selfish ass. When I die I want my family to miss me for some other reason than that there ain't no bread in the house, not even the stamps for the funeral bills. See here," he continued earnestly, taking out a roll of bills as big as a horse's fetlock, "there's every cent there is in the family bank and I'm liable to blow in every dollar of it to-day. I've done it many a time. S'pose I did and got smashed up on the way home, or passed in my chips before I caught on agin. It's too many chances to take for the woman and kids. I tell you, I don't know what day it'll come and I keep them well healed with life insurance."

"Why don't you put a pot in the bank for 'em," asked the youngster.

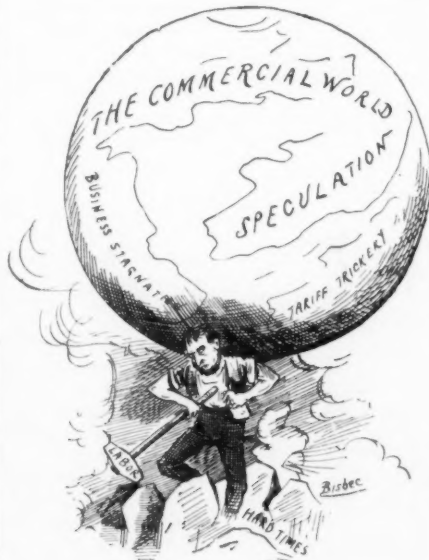
"Oh, bank be d—d!" "exclaimed he. "Faro bank? How many bank officers are there in Canada and state-prison now? Did you ever know of a life-insurance president going to jail?"

"I'll tell you another thing," he continued, after a moment's reflection: "That chap who gets off that chestnut about dying to win, hain't got even truth on the side of his joke, because if he wanted to win the insurance game without dying, all he has to do is to bet his money on what they call the tontine plan—pay over the pot to him in five or ten years, so he can spend it all on his own selfishness, or set up a trotter with it.

"No, my boy, life insurance is the squarrest gambling there is going and the only one I know of where the stakes is sure to do some good to them what needs it."

THE CLOTH-COLORER is different from the letterer because he dyes and makes no sign.

UP TO latest advices Senator Vest had not crushed the newspapers of this country under any more loads of profanity—old version.



THE MODERN ATLAS.

WORKMAN—"My burden is more than I can bear."

A RINK WRINKLE.

I. EDGAR JONES.

He was a roller-rinker, and they uttered in his praise,
That he bounced upon his cranium in a hundred novel ways;
While she, a belle skatorial, could execute with ease
The circles and triangles, the scallops and the Vs.

He was gliding at an angle when her figure met his eye—
The loving glance she flashed him then he caught upon the fly;
By the way, her eyes were amber, and her frizzes in their curls
Would have paralyzed with envy half a thousand common girls.

He observed her antic graces with coquettish raptures fraught,
And those glances in his bosom their destructive mission wrought,
For they pierced his heart like gimlets, and to prove his feelings fled,
His pedals rose enraptured, and he stood upon his head.

So with her; she felt instanter that her fate in him was found,
Her heart, her head, her boot-heels like love's cart-wheels whirling 'round,
So with gracefulest confusion—as a blush illumed her face—
With a pigeon-wing she tumbled into "Chawley's" glad embrace.

Then, in their new-born rapture, they flew along the floor
With such rapid evolutions as were never seen before,
And as each novel figure was thus conceived and found,
Sly Cupid in those tangles their quivering heart-strings bound.

Away they dashed with ardor in half a million ways—
While slower mortals watched them in stupefied amaze—
But little knew the watchers that Cupid set their pace,
And gave to each gyration its perfectness and grace.

I need not say he whispered, you know how 'tis yourself,
While from her veiled eyewinkers the witching little elf
Fired darts of ardent lightning, electric in their charms,
And nestled like a partridge within her lover's arms.

They curved in crazy waltzes, they spun in dizzy reels,
They whirled like great teetotums upon their twinkling heels,
In love-inspired fantasies their ardor never flinched,
The rivet love inserted was driven deep and clinched.

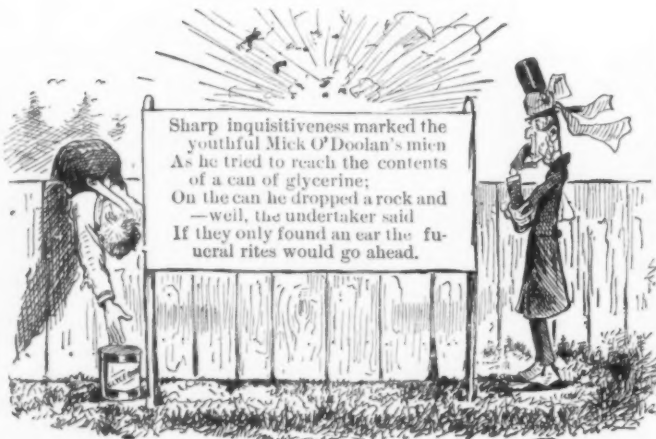
'Twas geometric courting on wheels high-polished sped;
They trotted to the preacher's that very eve, and wed;
But knowing well that rollers supply the missing link,
They every eve go whirling adown the roller rink

You say, "'twas wondrous sudden, engaged so short a while?"
Why, bless your simple wonder, that's just the rinker's style!
"And then 'twas very cranky such hasty things to do?"
Of course it was; but bless you, that's rinker's fashion, too.

"You doubt if they'll be happy through but a score of days?"
Oh, well, that matters little in roller rinker's ways.
"They should have thought about it?" Why, dear, they never think;
It's heels, not heads, that govern the modern roller rink.
I simply give the outlines, and just as simply state
This modern foot fantasia and romance of the skate.

No more shall Cupid's glances from rosebud ambush wink,
Or valentines enshrine him in love-notes soft and pink;
Those shops are closed forever; and in the roller rink
He carries on his business, his wings exchanged for wheels,
His arrows flashing swiftly through skewered hearts and heels.

INQUISITIVE MICK.



TALMAGE AT NIAGARA.



TALMAGE—"I'm taking it all in."

Born in Boston.

I was born in Boston many years ago. I never was born out of Boston. I never mean to be. I never allow a day to pass without returning thanks for having been born in Boston. Had I my life to live over again I would manage to be born again in Boston.

Because, Boston is the mental centre of the Universe. All-mind comes from Boston. Mind is now stored in Boston—millions of tons of mind waiting to be distributed over all creation.

Our family has always been noted for its pure blooded and cold-blooded intellect. We came over in the Mayflower, called on Deity in the Old South Meeting House, live on Beacon street, originated pork and beans for the Sunday breakfast, sent a general, two chaplains and three surgeons to the Revolutionary army, put spectacles on our childrens' eyes six weeks after birth and at the end of the first year of their existence we are obliged to bit and curb their minds, in order that their bodies may have a chance to get strong enough to hold their gigantic intellects, thus temporarily fettered for that purpose.

Great-grandpapa brought niggers from Africa, rum from the West Indies and went back there with cod-fish. He gave the family fortunes a big boost and he never thought till then of our family coat of arms, which we sent to England for and paid for. They are ours now, anyhow. Excuse this digression.

Washington slept one night at our house while in Boston. We sent for him to do it, because we saw far enough ahead to know that his visit would be a valuable thing for our posterity to talk of.

We are always in the van of human progress. We buy all the new books on science and read them whether we understand them or not. We keep pace with the titles anyway, and I tell you that is pretty hard work now-a-days. You can't get "culture" without working for it now. Father says the number of books published per year should be limited by law. He says it's time that this indiscriminate and promiscuous rushing into print was stopped and confined to the first families. As it is now, any fellow is given the chance to get a reputation and become one of Us, whether he has a family or not. I think so too. I would publish a book myself if any deference was paid family blood and pedigree by the reviewers.

OLD NEW SOUTH.

It Wasn't Colonel Blakie.

He was dapper, and his smile was child-like and bland as he stepped up and extended his dexter digits to a portly specimen of the ruling genus from Ruraldom.

"Why, Colonel Blakie, how do you do?—how do you do, my old friend?"

"That depends, young man, on what I have to do," was the prompt response, with no extended hand to meet the one presented. "In this case, *this* is how I do," and his right arm and left leg swept respectively right and left, the dapper enquirer going to earth like a blade of grass before a scythe.

"What do you mean, sir, by this outrage?" exclaimed the fellow, quickly on his feet.

"That you can't bunco me, young feller; I read the papers," and Portly strode off, saying, "If you should ever want to know how I do in other cases, drop me a line, but don't address me as Colonel Blakie, as I shouldn't get the letter."

A cop came up at this moment, and Dapper dusted 'round a corner, Portly proceeding onward, proud of his powers, probably.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

A tin peddler has many curious weighs.
[Saratoga Eagle.]

Fortune feeds soup to most men with a fork.—[Peck's Sun.]

Girls think men are all soul; women know they are all stomach.—[Peck's Sun.]

A St. Louis girl lost a \$75,000 lover because he saw her in the ballet. Shape will tell.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A man is a fool if he blows his own horn.—[Ex. He's a bigger fool if he blows some other fellow's.—[Phila. Call.]

Nearly forty-two shilling lives of Grant are waiting in the hands of publishers for him to die.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Lilla N. Cushman, the poetess, sings: "My back is nearly broken with this weary, weary load." Lilla must get a lighter bustle sure.

They are debating in Cincinnati whether to put chairs or pews in their new church. They might compromise on hammocks.
[Phila. Call.]

"Poets is born." We have borne with some until our patience is exhausted. They can't distinguish between inspiration and billiousness.—[Phila. Call.]

It is now said that the odor of cloves is an excellent preventive of mosquito bites. Cut this out and show it to your wife.—[Boston Courier.]

Malaria is certainly a very inconsistent disease. It generally makes acquaintances for the purpose of giving them the cold shake.—[Texas Siftings.]

A housemaid journal prints directions for serving spring chicken. Another good way is to serve it before it celebrates its ninth birthday.—[Norristown Herald.]

"Robbie," said the visitor, kindly, "have you got any little brothers or sisters?" "No," replies wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got.—[Phila. Call.]

It would not be a bad idea if hereafter all new comic papers would begin with volume No. 2. Judging from past experience that is about the only way they will reach it.
[Phila. Call.]

Talmage says "we cannot go to heaven by steam." No; but we can get out of Brooklyn by that means, which serves a very good purpose from a wordly point of view.
[Lowell Citizen.]

You might as well undertake to varnish a rainbow or try to stampede hunger with a dime with a hole in it, as expect to prevail on a man to own up to his wife that he has been in the wrong.—[Chicago Ledger.]

A new grain, a hybrid between wheat and rye, has just been produced. The public will await with no small degree of interest to see the kind of whiskey it will make.
[El Paso Lone Star.]

"Pa," said Little Johnny R. who had been reading the pathetic story of Mary and the lamb, "What if I should take my lamb to school?" And the heartless parent replied: "The inference is that you would get lammed, Johnny."—[Peck's Sun.]

A Vermont woman comes boldly out and applies for a divorce on the grounds that she wants a richer husband, in order that she

may spend the summers at Long Branch. She deserves a decree for her honesty.
[Detroit Free Press.]

After this week the Weather Bureau will try and predict the changes for thirty-six hours in advance, and any little mistakes will be overlooked by the public. Indeed, the public can't help themselves.
[Detroit Free Press.]

It costs the Governor of Ohio four times what he receives in salary to keep up his expenses as Governor, but there's the honor you know! He can call out the militia and issue Thanksgiving proclamations.
[Detroit Free Press.]

"Turn the rascals out" and "stop thief," are phrases having a similar origin. A burglar, wishing to get away with his stolen booty, created a diversion by yelling "stop thief" at the top of his voice.
[Ind. Herald.]

"Where I Find Refuge," is the title given her last effusion, by a Burlington Hawkeye poet. The waste-basket is beginning to take the same prominent place in literature that literature has always taken in the waste basket.—[Somerville Journal.]

"Is Mr. Gladstone a very homely man?" "No, I should say not. Why do you ask?"

"Because one of the papers says he prefers to be plain Mr. Gladstone."
[Boston Budget.]

"Mamma," queried a little boy, "is Satan an angel?" "He is one of the fallen angels, dear." "Well, what was the trouble with the fallen angels? Couldn't they make the wings work?"
[San Francisco Ingleside.]

A Southern editor has discovered a white man who is turning black, to offset that story about the black man who is turning white. The frequency with which such items appear in some of our exchanges induces the thought that certain editors believe their readers are turning "green."
[Norristown Herald.]

Schooppenstedt, who makes up his cash account regularly when he thinks of it, says the man who invented car tickets deserves a monument from a grateful populace. "Car tickets" works just as well as "Unaccounted for" in balancing a virtuous man's cash account, and it looks at least 38° Fahrenheit better.
[Somerville Journal.]

Kissing is said to be a very good thing to make a girl's lips red. A kiss has sometimes been known to make a girl's lip red 'way up to the roof of her forehead, when her mother came into the parlor unexpectedly just as the kisser and kisee were coming under the wire.—[Somerville Journal.]

The Vermont Marble Company has received from Australia an order for one hundred finished monuments. Somebody out there with a little capital is evidently about to start a cemetery as a business speculation.
[Lowell Citizen.]

"One of these dollars is a counterfeit, ma'am."

"How can you tell?"

"Simply by sound. Just tap it and hear how clear the genuine sounds. That's tenor. Notice when I tap the other one. That's base."—[Texas Siftings.]

Her head was pillowed on his breast and looking up in a shy way, she said:

"Do you know, dear George, that—"

"You mean dear James, I think," he in-

terrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake.

"Why, yes, to be sure. How stupid I am! I was thinking this was Wednesday evening."—[Kansas City Call.]

"What is your name?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a new scholar.

"Sheolen Miller, Miss," was the answer. "Sheolen;" repeated the teacher, somewhat surprised; "isn't that rather a queer name?" "Yes, Miss, but before the Revised version came out it wasn't so queer." Then the latter fell to thinking about spiritual matters.—[Peck's Sun.]

Commenting on the brevity of bathing dresses this season, Carl Pretzel says: "It will be only our modesty that will prevent us from going to a fashionable watering-place during the heated term." Wear goggles and rest your eyes a little. All editors are liable to have trouble with their eyes, caused by using them so constantly reading exchanges and proof. And the walking is excellent now. You never will have a better time to go.—[Peck's Sun.]

A man was recently blessed with the addition of three daughters to his household at one time. Shortly after, he was asked by his wife what he should name them. He replied that he didn't care what they were called, and that she might consult her own taste in the matter.

"Well," she replied, "I think I shall call one Olive, another Myrtle, but I have selected no name for the third; now what shall it be?"

"Chestnut," was the ungallant answer.
[Boston Budget.]

LEARNING BY EXAMPLE.

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railroad car?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't, but don't you remember that it was that pair of slippers I presented you seven years ago last Christmas—the Christmas before we were married—that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat, and when you wasn't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married."

A young unmarried man sitting near by immediately took his feet down from a seat.

\$500 NOT CALLED FOR.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

Little Rilla had several mosquito bites on her face, which annoyed her considerably and made her recipient of much sympathy. "Well, little girl, how's the mosquito bites now?" asked her papa a couple of days afterward. "Oh, the skeeter bites is all gone, but the places are there yet," she replied, placing her finger on the spots. She had not read Gen. Grant's remark:

"The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, but the troops were gone."—[Peck's Sun.

The People of Chorillos, Peru, are good to their saints. On his recent birthday St. Peter was taken from his pedestal in the church to join a select fishing party on the bay. St. Peter had only one good bite, but that is enough to bring good luck to the fisheries of Chorillos for the year. It was a happy thought to make Peter—who is best remembered for the lies he told—the patron saint of fishermen.—[Buffalo Express.

BUGS FOR EPICURE RILEY.

The other day Prof. Riley, the slender and fascinating bugologist of the Agricultural Department, sent out a screed on the edible qualities of the locust, which attracted general attention. According to the distinguished Professor the locusts make very good eating, a little better than country fried chicken, and quite as good as shad, roe, or shrimp. An old colored man over in Virginia caught the idea, and on the following market day added to his load three sacks of the new crop. Finding no customers at the Centre Market, he drove over to the Agricultural grounds, and halted in front of the great garden sass and sorghum-seed building. He had no card to send up, and rapped on the door-jamb with his whip.

"I wants to see de big bug man," he said to the messenger who responded.

"You want to see who?"

"Ise come to see de big bug man," was repeated.

"He wants to see the commissioner," said a clerk. "He is the big bug man."

"Deed, boss, I doan know de name—de man who 'tises for dem bugs—locuses," he added, pulling a dirty and worn slip of newspaper from his pocket and handing it to the nearest clerk.

It was Prof. Riley's eulogium of the periodical cicada. A broad grin illuminated the clerk's face and he dashed off for the bug man. In the meantime the office windows were filled with wondering officials.

"Drive that guano wagon away from here," shouted one. "What under heavens is that horrible smell?" inquired another.

"Go away, man, for God's sake," cried out another.

In the meantime Prof. Riley came out and enquired what this was all about.

"Ise done brought yer a load of bugs, boss," interrupted the old negro, washing

his hands with invisible soap, and pointing to the wagon.

"Bugs, bugs! What bugs, man? I ordered no bugs."

A roar of laughter from the windows.

"It's de locuses! It's—"

"Locusts—where?"

"In de bags, boss. Look a hyr—fat ones, too." He opened the nearest sack and showed a spongy mass of living and dead cicada.

The cold sweat started out on the classic brow of the Professor, while several employees were in imminent peril of convulsions. The Professor, seeing the earnestness of the huckster, took the shortest way out of the queer dilemma.

"How much do you want for the lot?" he hastily enquired.

"Tree dollahs—a dollah a bag—cheap—dirt cheap—only ones in the mawket—"

"Here, now, get out of this!" said the Professor. "We don't want—"

"Doan yer want de bugs, boss?" asked the old man in astonishment.

"Good gracious! No! Take 'em away!" And the Professor caught his nose amidship and ran into the office.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistulas, and all diseases (except cancer) of the lower bowel radically cured. Book of particulars, two lettea stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BILL NYE'S ORATION.

HE SPEAKS TO AMERICANS OF THEIR FOURTH OF JULY PRIVILEGES.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—One hundred and nine years have now passed since our forefathers declared all men to be free and equal and began to hold out inducements for the oppressed of other climes to come here and help us kill off the Indians.

It has been a great success. It has been thoroughly demonstrated to a dying world that all men are fully equal to all other men, if not more so. We point with pride to-day to our broad lands, our luxuriant national debt and our steadily increasing Mormons. We have only a few more Indians to wipe out, and then the oppressed foreigner will have it all his own way.

The men who declared themselves free and independent 109 years ago are now no more. Yielding to the great nervous strain incident to a red-hot campaign, they finally pined away and died. As forefathers we can never successfully supply their places, and their untimely death has cast a pall over this otherwise joyous occasion.

To-day from ocean to ocean America rejoices. From the humid Atlantic to the moist Pacific, the mighty cannon thunders forth a nation's exultation, and the smaller cannon is gathering in its harvest of thumbs. This is an annual holiday and great national thumb carnival.

We rejoice that the idea of freedom suggested itself to our forefathers. Otherwise we would all be in Canada to-day. Now only a part of us are there.

Let us not speak lightly of Canada, for some of our largest moneyed men are there. While we would not care to be a part of Canada, it is a good proviuce to smuggle into or smuggle out of. It is a good place to stroll into after banking hours, while the Board of Directors are in session.

One hundred and nine years ago the King of Great Brita n made the great mistake of

his life. I only regret that he did not live to see it as we see it to-day. Had he been less overbearing toward the infant colony, the young men of America would have been drinking alkali water in Egypt to-day. We could have fought the heathen all over the globe and left our shoulder blades to bleach in any clime which we might select. Had the royal tyrant softened a little toward the struggling settlements in America one hundred and nine years ago he could have borrowed our navy to-day if he would agree to take good care of the worms and return them in as good order as he found them.

But he decided to do different, and to-day he must take the bitter consequences. Kings are not always right. They frequently get left. Of all the many kings whom I have known personally, and with whom I have been thrown more or less, there are only four or five upon whose judgment I could rely during a great crisis.

That is the reason I very rarely go to a crowned head when I am in trouble.

I seek out some tender-hearted and unselfish pawnbroker and tell him all.

There is one cloud, fellow-citizens, which I see with my prophetic eye, just climbing the distant horizon of our national existence. Sooner or later it will darken the brightest day for us. Is it the leprous Chinaman or the great unlaundried Mormon? I hear you ask. Is it the spoils system under which one-half of our people will always be happy and the other half accursed? Is it the kiln-dried, fire and burglar proof wormless American dried apple pie which is now invading our happy homes? Is it the baleful simoon breath of New England rum which would eat out the vitals of a stone quarry and go back the next day to inquire for the old nitro-glycerine cans?

Ah! no, fellow-citizens; a thousand times nay. It is this: If our republican form of government holds together for ninety-one years more, we will have to celebrate again, and it makes my head ache to think of it. If the feeling of remorse which shows itself

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on the succeeding day after a centennial celebration becomes intensified with each succeeding century, I hope that on the 5th day of July, 1976, I shall be out of town.

I cannot close this brief oration, fellow-citizens, without an earnest appeal to you all to be nobler and better men. Of course, if you are women this will not be expected; but we can all be a good citizen by that time, perhaps, and I earnestly exhort all those within the sound of my voice to be loyal and law-abiding. By all means be industrious. Do not wait for me, but form habits of industry at once which will cling to you through life. I am convinced by what I have seen of its effects that it is a good thing. Rise early and go about your duties joyously, and when the morning meal is prepared and all are gathered about the festive board, come and rap gently, and in a low tone of voice, on the door of my boudoir.—[St. Paul Herald.

A SENSIBLE COMPLIMENT.

"Say, Charley, look at that young lady just getting into that car. By George! ain't she pretty?" admiringly remarked a young man standing on the corner of Broadway and Fifth street to his chum.

"Yes, and she's just as sensible as she is pretty," replied Charley.

"Why! do you know her? Take me up and introduce me."

"No, I don't know her. Never saw her before."

"Then on what grounds do you base your observation that she is as sensible as she is pretty?"

"Because she stopped the car at the right crossing."—[Brooklyn Times.

NOT SO REMARKABLE.

One day a solemn man entered a Washington saloon, and asked:

"Is this the saloon where Booth got a drink of brandy before killing the President?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any of the same brandy left?"

"Yes, sir."

"In the same decanter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give us some of the brandy out of the same decanter."

It is given him and he puts down the fifty cents and the liquor.

"Is that the same brandy that Booth drank that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then he went out and shot the president?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't wonder. One drink of that brandy would make a man go out and kill his grandmother."—[N. Y. Mail.

A WONDERFUL FREAK OF NATURE

is sometimes exhibited in our public exhibitions. When we gaze upon some of the peculiar freaks dame nature occasionally indulges in, or minds revert back to the creation of man, "who is so fearfully and wonderfully made." The mysteries of his nature have been unraveled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, and through his knowledge of those mysteries he has been able to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a specific for all blood taints, poisons and humors, such as scrofula, pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections. By druggists.



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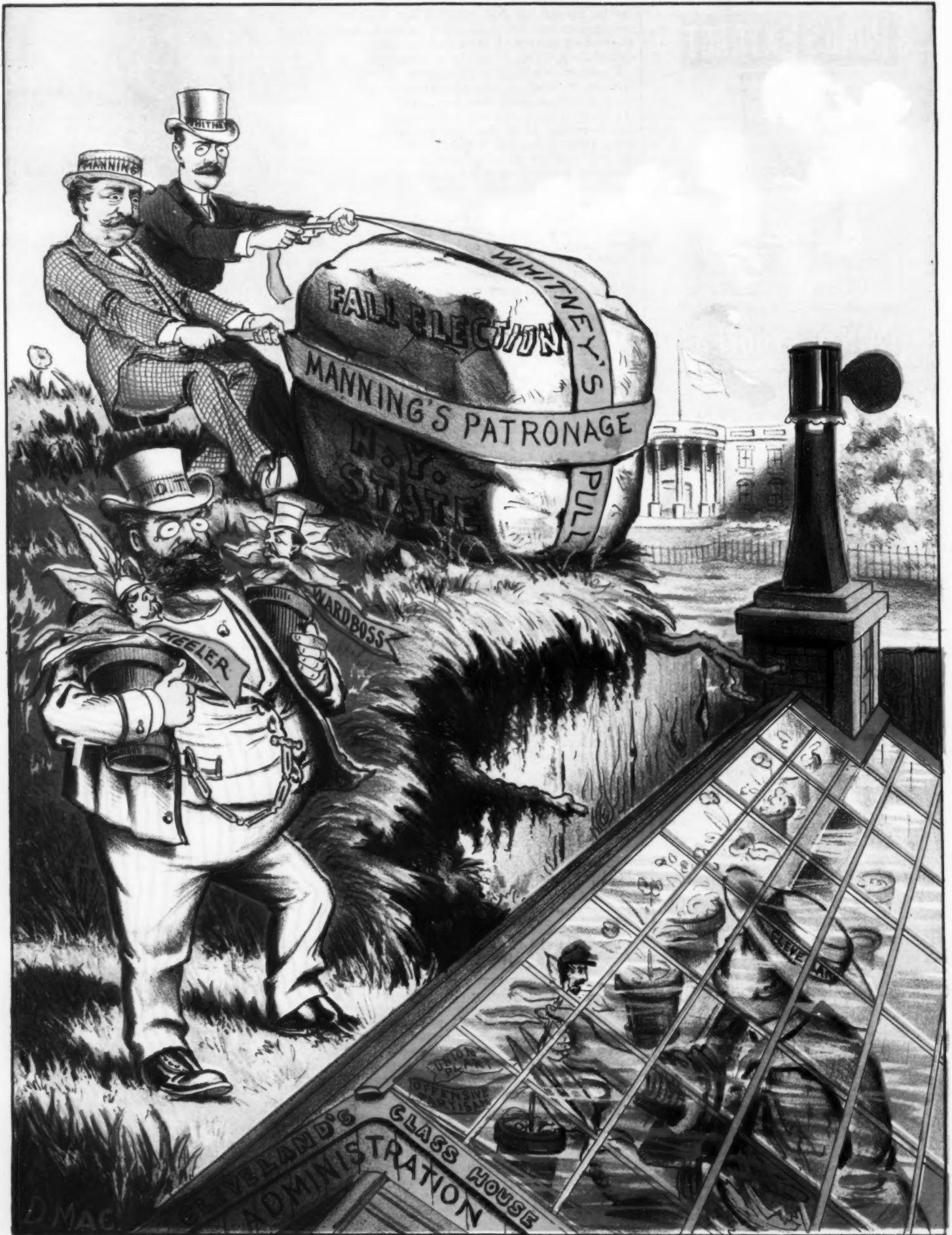
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