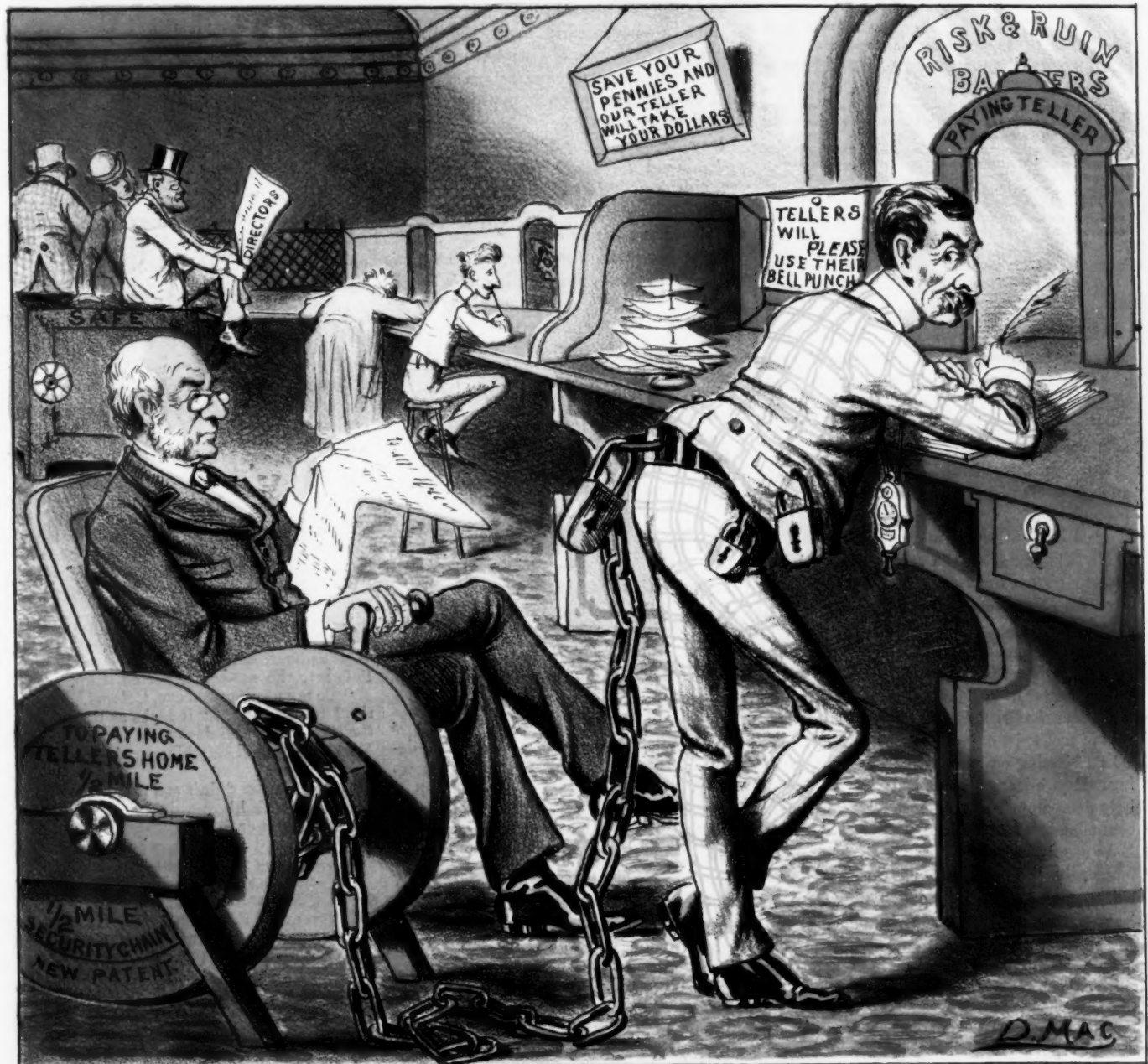


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HOW TO MAKE CASHIERS HONEST.



THE JUDGE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

13 CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE FURNISHED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDIATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED. WHERE A PART ONLY OF CONTRIBUTIONS IS USED, THAT PART WILL BE PAID FOR PRO RATA ON THE PRICE AGREED UPON FOR THE WHOLE CONTRIBUTION.

ABSURD AND IMPUDENT.

When you lay down the principle that all men are honest who belong to this church or this party, and all who belong to that church or party are dishonest, you will be laughed at. "It is an absurd and impudent assumption.

But how far different from this absurdity and impudence, is President Cleveland's present position that reform can be entrusted only to Democrats?

He advances from the spoils-grabbers' demand: "turn the rascals out!" to that of, turn the Democrats in because only they are honest.

Mr. Cleveland's attitude is only greed plus cant; spoils clothed with hypocrisy. The whole matter of appointments has in three short months drifted back to the old Jacksonian methods, only an executive Pecksniff asks a blessing on the spoils-grabbing, saying: Republicans are all bad; let me have holy democrats to handle mails, keep accounts and draw salaries."

As usual when hypocrisy and false pretence rule, the practice is vicious. The appointment of such men as Higgins, Chase, Meiere, Pillsbury, Cameron (the ex-convict and swindler, as treasury agent), and other such, are legitimate fruits of falsehood in motive.

"Like man like master." A dishonest system needs and will secure dishonest agents. Turning rascals in is a legitimate and necessary sequence of turning out old

and tried officials on false charges, to carry out an administration of cant and hypocrisy.

HONEST, IF TIED.

It takes a long time to learn that human nature is weak; that it is not safe to entrust men with power and expose them to temptation unwatched and unhindered.

Men, business men, are as a rule honest, because the consequences of dishonesty are too serious to be faced. But when you get over the line of safety and offer a temptation greater than the consequences of yielding, few men will hesitate to take the greater chances.

If, in addition to the large profits of dishonesty, you let the tempted man believe he can purchase safety and success with his boodle, it is hardly human nature to refuse the chance at a good thing.

Such a chance rises above the line of crime into the realm of business. To steal a hundred thousand and return fifty per cent of it for exemption from prosecution, is a good speculation!

How does it differ from stock watering and railroad wrecking? Is it not a shade decenter than working a corner in grain, which steals millions from hungry people and does not return a cent?

If it comes to that, is not the cashier's frank steal better than the director's speculation with trust funds and smashing up on other people's money.

Nay, verily, are not the president and directors who do not watch the cashiers and keep away temptation and the possibility of crime, as their duty to depositors requires, more guilty than the cashiers?

Who shall put chains and padlocks on the directors? Who shall preside over the president?

THE UNCERTAIN WHITE MAN'S POLICY.

Injustice tinctured with weakness, is the best policy to make the Indian alternately dependent and rebellious. Coddling and cheating do not mix well in dealing with the child of nature, nor eke with the children of civilization.

The untutored mind of the savage is quite capable of perceiving when he is defrauded; he requires no expensive education to understand the meaning of lies, broken treaties and repeated extraditions from his home. But it takes a liberal course of culture, moral and intellectual, to make an Indian understand the real intention of government bounty. Small wonder—for the government does not itself understand that policy.

There is no policy in our treatment of the Indian. If it have any coherent motive, it is to dispose of the original Native American Party by a long course of wiping out. It consists of destroying his little spark of manhood, by keeping him dependent on

government pap and feeding him whiskey; and then of goading him into savagery by lying and cheating him.

Then, when he kicks and kills the first pale-face he can find, exterminate him. It would have been infinitely more kind and less expensive to have exterminated him by the short cut and wholesale. But perhaps that would not have been quite so civilized and Christian.

RULINGS.

IT BEGINS to look as if the political revolution ordered last November, had *not* been countermanded.

THE SUPPORT of virtue has its own reward. Brer Beecher's son has received a fat office from Brer Cleveland.

"OFFENSIVE and malignant post-masters" is what President Cleveland is now gunning for, with Vilas as pointer and the whole Democratic party to bag game.

THERE have been reports of strained cabinet relations at Washington. Judging by some of the cases of nepotism it is evident that the official strainer has too coarse a mesh. It lets some cabinet relations into office that ought to be skimmed out.

THE Postmaster General's definition of an "offensive postmaster" is a Republican incumbent who allowed loafers in the Post-Office. And yet the P. M. General is doing his best to put more Democrats in Post offices.

The Offensive Lamb and the Reform Wolf.

A Wolf and a Lamb came to the Union stream to drink. The Lamb had been there some time taking water straight and cropping bits of herbage when the Wolf arrived.

"Wat'r yer 'bout roiling up this yer branch so a gentleman can't drink?" yelled the Wolf as he thrust a Civil Service Reform Pole into the water and stirred it up.

"To my unpracticed eye, Colonel," replied the Lamb meekly, "it looks as if you were the individual who does most of the roiling. You have turned this blue water all a confederate gray."

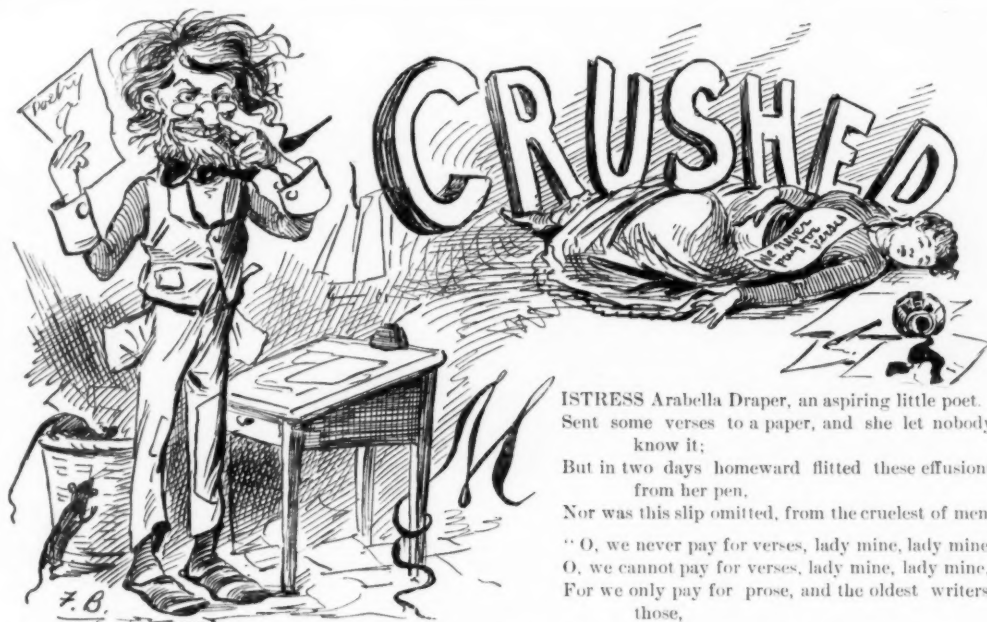
"Well, if you didn't soil the wattah, your father did with his gun during the wah, and you must answer for it."

"How could that be, when my father died before the war?" asked the lamb.

"Then *you* were in the service, eh? You are an Offensive Partisan, and in the interest of Reform and the burial of Sectional Animosities it is my painful duty to absorb you. I've been wanting to turn you inside out for a long time."

So the Wolf got outside of the Lamb and they lay down together to celebrate the era of Good Feeling.

Hoc fabula docet, that it is easy to be a reformer and a non-partisan so long as you get your share of the mutton.



Nay, we cannot pay for verses, lady mine, lady mine,
O, we never pay for verses, lady mine."

Then she cut a sorry caper, for she fell into a swoon,
Did Miss Arabella Draper, and she lay in one till noon;

Thus they found her, and astonished found they,
Pinned above her heart,

MISS Arabella Draper, an aspiring little poet,
Sent some verses to a paper, and she let nobody know it;
But in two days homeward flitted these effusions from her pen,
Nor was this slip omitted, from the cruelest of men.
"O, we never pay for verses, lady mine, lady mine,
O, we cannot pay for verses, lady mine, lady mine,
For we only pay for prose, and the oldest writers, those,

These few words, by which admonished she received the fatal dart:

"O, we never pay for verses, lady mine, lady mine,
O, we cannot pay for verses, lady mine, lady mine,
We will print them if you choose, but to pay we must refuse,

For we cannot pay for verses, lady mine, lady mine,
No, we never pay for verses, lady mine."

JOHN H. WELLINGTON.

THE TENOR'S LOT.

"A little farm well tilled
A little wife well willed."

A little screech well trilled,
A little purse well filled,
A little soul well thrilled,
A little wife well frilled.

THE DOCTOR'S LOT.

A little Ry well quilled,
A little bowel pilled,
A little pain well stilled,
A little child well killed.

THE BACHELOR EDITOR'S LOT.

A little ink well spilled,
A little coin well milled,
A little cook well drilled,
A little chop well grilled.

FRITZ FEDERFIELD.

He had been There.

Mrs. Sillyside.—"I must get a new bonnet, my dear."

Mr. S.—"What, another?"

Mrs. Sillyside.—"Why I haven't had one in a month. I was just reading in a fashion note that small birds will be worn on hats this year."

Mr. S (growling)—"I'll guarantee the bills will be just as large!"

The Drummer.

If there is one class of men with whom we sympathize more than another it is the "Drummer." Not the "bass drummer" nor the "snare drummer;" they are not deserving of the sympathy of anybody, but the poor, modest, retiring "Commercial Drummer." Our heart always swells with sympathetic emotion as we find him at the hotel standing with his little sachels in hand weakly giving way while some bold country youth secures the best room in the house. And after all others have been supplied to see him venture gently within the rays of the "paste light" and be consigned with frigid civility to the sky parlor, makes the heart ache.

Then at the table his modesty makes him the observed of all observers. There he will receive the impertinent remarks of the audacious waitress with the resignation of a father on the announcement of twins. And if he ventures to suggest a change of menu it is done with the weakness of a convert on probation.

At the R. R. station after he has placed his grips where they will surely be in nobody's way, you will find him standing, while all the seats are filled with ladies and children, modestly endeavoring to evade the stare of some gay girl from the country. It is on the train that our whole heart goes out towards him and we feel that we must encourage him to lay aside his modesty and display a little of the brass-mounted article shown in the face of his bold fellow beings. He will sidle into the car, carefully observing that no ladies are crowded in his flight, and when satisfied that all are comfortably seated will either stand in the aisle or sit on the wood-box with his little portmanteau in his lap, while some bold, cheeky woman sits on one seat and throws her feet and grips on

another. And there midst the loud rehearsal of shopping events, sharp tricks of trade of the ladies, he must sit and endure the bold stare of some unprotected female to the end of his journey.

How long these modest young men must suffer all their buffets at the hands of a

heartless unsympathetic public remains to be seen. But as they probably now expect to receive, in this life, the reward justly due them for their contributions to the comfort of their fellow men they can turn with satisfaction to the New Revised Edition and find comfort.

A Distinguishing Feature.

"Who was that gentleman you were talking with just now?"

"I really don't know his name, but I think he's a southern colonel."

"Why so?"

"He uses such choice oaths."

Brilliant Achievements.

"Do you see that man going along on the other side of the street?"

"Yes. He looks like a tramp."

"He isn't, though. His life is full of brilliant achievements."

"Indeed! Who is he?"

"A lamp-lighter."

Not a Fish Story.

Jenkins, who had been off fishing all day, and had caught two small fishes, was, on his return, thus accosted by Todd: "Well, what luck have you had?"

"Oh! pretty fair," said Jenkins, "I caught a hundred or two." E. J. R.

Mrs. Boggs thinks that "Baby's Got a Tooth" is an epic poem.

UNDERTAKERS are first class men to handle subscription papers. They are constantly engaged in "putting people down" for various amounts.

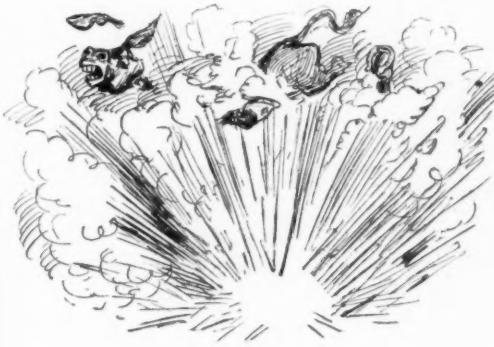
A TRAGEDY.

J. E. JONES.



Mule; can;
Bright plan.
Can sticks,
Mule kicks;
Kick one,
Mule gone!!

Noise; heat;
Mule meat
Well spread.
Mule dead!
Can't fight
Dynamite.



Patience and Veracity Have Their Reward.

Bugby & Roach, of St. Paul, are the largest house in their line in the Northwest. They can, in immense quantities, the athletic oyster, the musical crab, and the poetically pensive lobster, with which the headwaters of the Mississippi abound. Their yearly purchase of labels runs high, and their custom is therefore much to be desired and is worthy of the intelligent and persistent efforts of the label drummer. Bugby, the buyer of the firm, is a good-natured fellow, level headed and even tempered; just one of the sort the boys like to tackle.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Bugby," I said as I entered his office for the third time that day. "I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of another interview, you see."

"Well, young man, I could submit to the deprivation with fortitude. The first time you called I told you, I think, that we had labels enough on hand to last for the next two years. The next time you honored me, I stated that your prices were too high. Now, I have been a buyer for twenty years, and I feel justified in saying that those two reasons are all that the drummer can reasonably demand as a choke off."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bugby, there is one more that I am entitled to. Whether the buyer really wants the goods or not, he invariably says 'I don't like your line.' My object in calling the third time was to hear that venerable chestnut fall from your ruby lips."

"Who am I, that I should depart from the time honored customs of commerce? I crave pardon. Your line is inferior, Mr. Lang, and I don't like it."

"Thank you kindly, sir. To be sure you haven't done me the honor of looking at my samples, nor have you heard a single quotation, but that is, of course, immaterial. Will you further oblige me by the assurance that you would give me a bill but that you don't like my house, or that you would gladly do business with my people if they were otherwise represented?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lang. Either or both these reasons prevent my transacting business with you. Have I now said all? Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, thank you, for the present. Can I leave my grip here for a short time?"

"You may."

"Good day, Mr. Bugby."

I sauntered out of the store, lit a cigarette, walked around the block and then dodged in again.

"How are you, Mr. Bugby?"

"Confound it all, young fellow," he exclaimed, slightly irritated. "What do you want this time?"

"My samples, sir. I don't suppose you have run out of labels since my last call," picking up my grip.

"Young man, you have more cheek than a monkey with the mumps."

"And you won't let me open up the line?"

"No, sir. I told you already three times that

I wouldn't look at the stuff. Now, get out, and don't bother me again."

"All right. Good day, sir—but, by the way, Mr. Bugby, if you won't have any labels, don't you want to buy a dog?"

"Well, I'll be sheeled! Young man, you make me tired. A dog—are you drumming dogs?"

"Not in a regular way, you know, but I'd be glad to sell you something, and this dog you would find a great acquisition. He is a pure blooded animal, and hasn't a pimple or boil on his person. He has

"No, sir. Got his tail bitten off."

"O, come now—"

"Fact, Mr. Bugby. He came down in the office exhibiting, both in language and manner, considerable grief—a very perfect reproduction of a lobster, you will admit, sir."

"Very good. So you want to sell me this tailless dog?"

"Oh, no, he isn't tailless now. You see the boys went back and got the tail and stuck it on again. The adhesive material we use on our labels is so potent that we had no trouble in making repairs, and in ten minutes after treatment that dog was wagging his appendage in a joyous and grateful manner as naturally as before."

"Well, Mr. Lang, I think I must have a few of those labels after that remarkable dog story."

"Thank you. I'll telegraph for a hundred thousand by half rate tonight. Now, look at this oyster label, please—"

"O, shut up. Oysters indeed. Your gab would drive an oyster to drink."

"Maybe you don't believe an oyster can get drunk?"

"Not much. I don't."

"See here. My father had a barrel of cider sent him one time, and he had it put in the cellar. We don't drink much cider at home, and so the barrel lay there for a long time forgotten. Well, the Governor sent some oysters in the shell home one day, and to keep them cool they were put in the cellar alongside the cider. That evening I lit the candle and went down to get the bivalves, which we purposed having roasted. You probably won't believe it, but for a fact I found those

oysters flopping their shells about in the most idiotic fashion and singing at the top of their lungs 'We won't go home 'til morning.' The cider had got hard, you see, and the barrel had burst and the oysters really took more stuff than they were accustomed to. I watched the inebriates for some little time with great interest. One venerable old chap was doing his prettiest to stand on his head. Another was trying to see how high he could kick. One lively chap was attempting to kiss a giddy young-lady oyster who struggled violently and shrieked wildly. O, it was a picnic. There was a red-nosed fellow—"

"That's enough, Lang. I capitulate. Put me down for two-hundred thousand of the oyster labels. Ship by freight and make the terms 30 days 4 months off."

L. L. LANG.

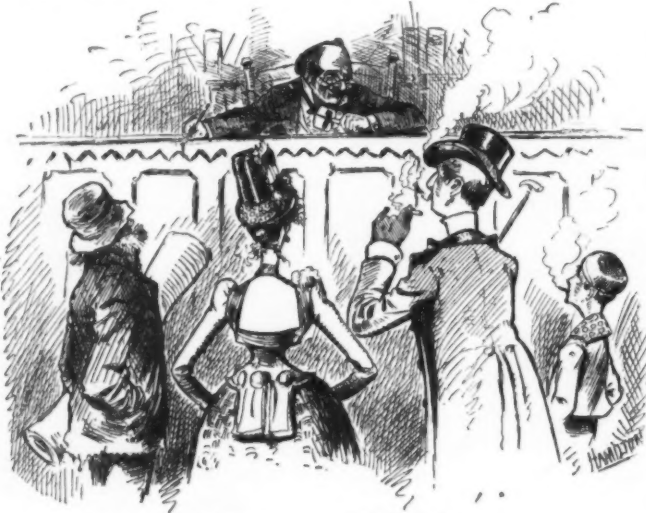
A YELLOW TRIO.

One summer day a yellow dog
Born of a yellow mother,
(His father he was yellow, too,
And yellow was his brother)
Rushed boldly at a yellow cat
Who soon in tree did languish,
And presently commenced to yell—
O, such a cry of anguish!
Her yellow mother took the field,
And soon this yellow fellow
Dodged something yellow—but in vain!
Then didn't this fellow yell—Oh?

JOHN HOPE WELLINGTON.



BUREAU OF GENERAL ADVICE.



ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Editors are persons hired by proprietors of publications to disburse to indigent applicants all the funds that they can lay hands on; so you should always introduce a contribution to an editor's notice by the information that you are in pressing need of money; or that you are trying to support two blind parents by writing; or that you are a cripple and have no other means of gaining a livelihood. Such facts as these throw floods of light upon your production, revealing unnoticed beauties here and unnoticed touches of power there, and the editor has only to print the articles with a foot-note explaining that they were written by a pauper or blind parent-supporter for his subscribers, too, to see these beauties and touches of power, and rush in a mad stampede to buy extra copies. Subscribers do not care so much to get interesting reading-matter as to help support the needy and unfortunate all over the United States.

If you do not speak of your own circumstances, try to write a few words about the merits of the article. If it is adapted to the editor's needs, tell him so. He is ignorant of just what is suited to his wants, and finds such suggestions delightfully valuable. Be sure and get the letter long enough. If an editor receives a letter of fewer than three pages, he tosses it into the waste-basket, regarding it as beneath his notice. If an editor has published something which you do not like, write him a strong, terse, pungent letter and tell him so in a manner which he cannot understand as anything less than disapproving. An editor worthy of the name knows that it is his solemn duty to make everything in every paper please everybody. He longs to alter the whole tone of his paper to suit an individual crank, and when ten cranks hold ten different opinions, he gladly publishes ten different styles of the same number, so as to suit them all.

When you write for the Press, write in a flourishy, unintelligible, Horace Greely kind of a hand. The editor laughs for joy to come across such a manuscript, and as for the compositors, each word has for them all the thrilling interest of a conundrum, and they show them to each other as such, and banter each other and roar with merriment and frisk about gleefully, and all goes merry as a marriage-bell; so all of them digest their dinners easily and they invoke blessings upon you as a public benefactor. On the other hand, a man who writes legibly is exposed to all sorts of perils. I knew a young man who dared to write so that his name could be easily deciphered and who even had the unparalleled audacity to practice to improve his penmanship. Ten years passed. Reader, mark the sequel. That man was gored by a mad bull and lost a new plug hat and the seat of his pantaloons.

Editors are hugely gratified upon the receipt of long, prosy letters; but the time when an editor's heart fairly leaps for joy, and his mouth waters with anticipation, is when he sees a long-haired pensive individual with a roll of manuscript under his arm entering the sanctum, for then he knows that he is about to enjoy a juicy, interesting, delightfully long narrative of the would-be contributor's history, struggles, necessities, hopes and aspirations. He joyfully throws aside the dry old editorial upon which he is engaged and turns with cordial smile and outstretched hand to greet the welcome stranger. Now is your time. Be careful not to broach the subject of the manuscript too abruptly, but rather lead the willing hearer up to it by gradual approaches. Begin by telling him that from your earliest childhood you have been of a thoughtful turn of mind. (At this point assume your brainiest look). Then say that you used

to hope that one day you might be recognized as a genius. (Here look modest, if possible). Go on to say that your parents hoped that your hope might not be in vain. Next, if you can relate how your Aunt Reliance hoped that your parents' hope in your hope might be realized, you will afford the editor a spasm of voluptuous joy such as it is rarely his lot to know. Now cough twice and say that your "friends have induced" you to enter the lists (here take the manuscript from under your arm) of contributors, and that you desire a candid opinion concerning this trifling sketch here, flung off in an idle hour. (N. B. Do not on any account forget the "idle hour." Articles upon which any hard labor has been spent are absolutely worthless). Immediately proceed to read it aloud in a sonorous tone, giving their full value to all punctuation marks. If any passage tastes like a sweet morsel under your tongue, repeat it two or three times and thus permanently stamp it upon the editor's memory. When the reading is at last concluded, pass the manuscript confidently to the editor and tell him to name his own price. Money is a secondary matter with you. What you want is his candid opinion. You will probably get it. A. M. CUMMINGS.

THE MUGWUMP'S SOLILOQUY.

To kick, or not to kick;—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis better for us tamely to submit
To all the frauds our sham reformer, Cleveland,
Doth practice on us, or to fly
Back to the bosom of the Republican party,
And thus invite the fate we have provoked
From its just indignation. To be expelled;
Perchance to be kicked out; aye—there's the rub;
For in that kick what ills may come to dash
Our hopes of high preferment and official pap
In the near future. Who would act
The part of cat's paw, but to pull
The Democratic chestnuts from the fire,
And save our Great Reformer's cause
From popular condemnation, and thus snatch
Victory from our foes, when no rewards,
No rich emoluments of office come to us,
No recognition of our high, unselfish aims?
But—rather let us bear the slights we get,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Virtue's its own reward; be our sweet solace this;
Since e'en with this perforce we now must be content. F.



The Bosstownians.

By JEEMS HENERY.

Miss Guava Circumstancellor sat in her little parlor, on one of Bosstown's most denoted streets, and waited! It seemed to her that she always had waited, but in the meanwhile she had visions which consoled her, and gave to her *prince nez* a dreamy luxuriance which but illy matched her Bosstownially virginal figure. (She was thought to have worn, at one time, the Lyddy Pinkham comfort "Yours for health" waist.) To-day it so happened that she was waiting for something tangible in the shape of a distantly-cousinly masculine, whom she had invited to come to her in her native lair, kindly thinking that to give her southern and benighted cousin the opportunity to see the real Bosstown female, was in itself a liberal education.

Then too, down in her tortured old maid soul, she hated young men! What did they know of Woman?

Basil Handsome came! She was prepared to find him intensely masculine and heart-rendingly Mississippian, and he was. What Guava was not prepared for was a cynical gallantry of phrase, and a humorous eye beam. Out in her narrow but truthful dining-room they broke antagonistic bread together, and talked of the Back-Bay with occasional references to Woman. Finally Guava felt the attitude of this rampant man too critical for her contamed spinsterhood,—this Basil Handsome, who knew naught of Woman, but the facile pleasantness of actresses and concert hall singers.

"You do care for woman, you must," she said to him suddenly. "Come, then, we will go to Miss Birdseed's this very night, and you shall see us as we are."

Basil had for a moment an idea that his cousin was quoting scripture, but nodded, for what true southerner ever refused a Woman anything. Once on the way, the lamplight shines on Guava sitting with rigid hands clasped on her knees, and while Basil is wondering, in a half-shocked way, if she was afraid he wanted to squeeze them, the cab stops and they go up the steps of a numerously membered house and are graciously received by a weak-minded repository of gifts, who wears a cap all set awry, and a defunct brooch, which Guava tenderly arranges. "Thank you, dear," murmurs the weak-eyed one, "I should hate so to lose it, it was a present from Savaronola!" While the fat but forcible Mrs. Porringer awaits an atmosphere, Basil opens a conversation with a tart little female Dr., who was there for a tentative moment, while waiting for a pair of "stiffs" to arrive for dissection, in her modest little office below stairs.

"And do you think women all so good and we so bad?" asks Basil.

"O!" groans the doctor acutely, "Women make me so tired, and Woman"—here she gave an expressive snort, and went off to try a couple of poisons before midnight. Here arises a little commotion at the opposite side of the room, and there appears from the mist of the "atmosphere" a daisy—or rather a Verbena—Verbena Tangent!

In her dress are the colors of the morning, in her hair those of the sunset, in her eyes those of the spring sky, and on the whole she is a young rainbow in the horizon of Woman. She spoke and said—no matter what. It was herself, the perfect flower—Verbena.

At last Guava felt that her waiting was ended. Here was her opportunity. She would absorb Verbena. To her credit be it said that she did and did it well. She asked in return but one thing. It was a freezing night on the rickety front porch at Cambridge, but Guava drew the shivering girl out under those shrill Bosstownian stars, and said in trenchant whisper: "Verbena, promise me one thing. Never—to—marry—a—Harvard—student."

"Ah!" said Verbena, smiling sweetly, "that is so easy." This tale will continue as soon as Guava makes up her mind about Woman! *Vide* the CENTURY.

M. D. LUMMIS.



A CONFIDENTIAL COUNTERSIGN.

FIRST PARTY—"I'm a Book Agent, the fellow behind me is only a Lightning Rod man."

Briefs.

Submitted by "JEF. JOSLYN."

A director of the Mint—The bar-room julep mixer.

Bound to rise in the world—sky-rockets.

"I am neither a U. S Consul or a Foreign Minister, still I am engaged in *dip-low-matlock* employment," as the ditch-digger said when he plunged his pickaxe in the soil.

You may talk of Sam Patch,
And Bob Odium to match,
Who jumped to their deaths for renown;
But the biggest jump yet
Was by a fellow in debt,
Who successfully "jumped the town."

A regular blow-hard—The countryman trying a lung tester.

Deck-Oration Day—When the Captain of a ship harrangues his crew assembled aft.

'Twas about the individual who became insane because he was beaten out of some nicely located property in a law-suit upon which a government building was to be erected, that the expression "out of site, out of mind" probably originated.

"The man who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;"
But he who shows his nerve and "sand"
And gets a "record" in the land,
May some day wear a "Sully's" plume,
And own a gilt-edged "sample-room."

An unprofitable male acquaintance—Al. Cokol.

There is a dentist in Washington named Grinder. Well, "Grinder" certainly ought to have an "eye" to business, and have "wisdom" enough to operate on all kinds of teeth.



SHEER CARELESSNESS.



THE NATION'S WARD.

THE JUDGE.





TAKING IT COOL.

The summer drama may be termed the art of keeping cool. The success of the manager now depends on his ability to turn his theatre into a refrigerator; and the time is coming when the ice-man will be of more account than the stage-manager. If explorers will abstain from reaching after the North pole and strive to deport the arctic to New York boards, they will do more good.

The attraction of the future in spectacles will be icebergs, and we shall see crystalline bills announcing "the coolest theatre in the city," and promising to introduce an attraction as realistic as that *chef d'œuvre* of the Crummelses, when they introduced "a real pump" into the scene. Tuftt will be a name on the programmes along with those of the scene painter, the furnisher, and the piano-maker, as furnishing the arctic fountains and the designs in ice.

All this is not reasoning too curiously when we read the principal attraction at Wallack's to be a cold blast to be forced under every chair by machinery, reducing each individual to the zero point, or as near that as he may find it comfortable to come down. We hope Mr. Moss will attach a thermometer to every chair, so that an occupant may know when he is frozen stiff.

We read that the room can be made "almost uncomfortably cold" by this cool blast, and that without its having passed through the ice-chamber at all. This suggests dangers, and in addition to the thermometer safeguard it will be well to have arctic relief expeditions organized and held in readiness at every engine-house near to start on a moment's warning for Wallack's. By these and other precautions that will suggest themselves as the weather grows hotter outside and colder inside the theatre, the refrigeration may safely go on.

To preserve the arctic—and dramatic—unities, Mr. Wallack should put on some such plays as "A Sea of Ice," and make an ensemble that shall throw cold water on the enthusiasm of the actors, a wet blanket on the audience, and cause them to turn the cold shoulder on the whole lay out.

Other managers will have to compete in chilliness, and they are welcome any of these suggestions if they choose to adopt them before Mr. Wallack wakes up to the cold crisis. It will be a hot day for the manager who gets left in this race for zero. There are congealed ideas and ice enough for all, and there is no reason why we may not have a dozen "coolest theatres"—unless for a cooling novelty they should decide to utter only "the frozen truth."

L'HOMME QUI RIT—AND KEEPS COOL.

You may have noticed a laughing crowd is generally a cool one. At least, the man who laughs never frets about the heat. There is philosophy in this, too. Half the annoyance and inconvenience of heat come from thinking about it and fretting over it. Amuse a man on a hot day and he'll not know it is hot. The crowd knows this by experience; hence, the places where fun is dispensed are crowded in hot weather. Koster and Bial's, for this reason, is a cool place in which to be—at least it makes one unconscious of the heat, which amounts to the same thing. To paraphrase Shakespeare, "He that is hot let him not know 't and he's not hot at all."

Did Byron prescribe "beer, women and song" for the ills of life—or was it Koster and Bial? They have been able, lately, to counteract the hot weather by these three—the beer from the vault and the women and song on that stage with radiating peacock's tails. These purveyors succeed admirably in keeping up the interest and variety of their entertainments.

REVIEWING THE REVIEWERS.

The critics have been getting a taste of attack lately. Turn about is fair play "for it is sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petar." Mlle. Nevada shows up the *Times* critic, and Sidney Rosenfeld tries to "get even." Such a fight is one in which the public is quite willing to occupy the attitude of the woman during the tussle between her husband and the bear; but it must be said that the critics have all advantages and always get ahead. Actors and singers appreciate their disadvantage. Mlle. Nevada observed the discreet valor of postponing her criticism on Mr. Schwab, of the *Times*, (if, indeed she meant him, of which there is doubt) until she was away over the "boundin' billers" and out of reach.

The singular thing about the case is the exuberant virtue of Mr. Schwab. He took to himself all the force of Mlle. Nevada's criticism of the critic of the *Times*—although its proprietor declared that Mr. Schwab is

not its critic. It seems a case of fitting a coat to one's self!

And then the ravenous virtue with which Mr. Schwab declared he would sue Mlle. Nevada as soon as she should set foot on these shores, be the same one or ten years hence! Oh, that she had forty-thousand lives, one is too poor for his revenge! He cabled in hot haste to Europe to have every word, aye, and note of Nevada's conned and noted in a book, and if she say ought that can serve as a peg to hang a suit for damages on, Schwab will be there to hang it. He is a sleuth-hound—or perhaps more properly a rat-terrier—on her track.

Methinks the critic doth protest too much. Such vociferous and world-embracing self-vindication is inspiring. It gives us new faith in humanity and—critics. Hereafter let no one whisper of critical venality.

But the puzzle is, if all New York critics are above selling their opinions, to what are we to attribute their extraordinary views and changes of views? Sometimes it were a charity to suppose an overpoweringly convincing argument back of these criticisms. If that theory be taken away, what, in heaven's name, is the motive of the criticisms? Mr. Schwab has left us—as Nevada did him—all at sea.

"SO LONG."

RONDEAU.

"Over the River," he gaily said,
With a gallus nod of his shapely head,
And strode away so handsome and tall—
"If not next spring, then the following fall
I'll return"—forgetting that death ends all.

And the bouquet of slang that he slung as he sped,
Painted the whole horizon red,
And the Fool-killer rose from his narrow bed
Over the River.

Vain to watch for that guy to call,
He's vanished under a mystery pall!
Sigh a "good bye" for the fair young dead!
Many a fish has the fool-killer fed
Au Reservoir!

JOHN PAUL BOCCO.



A DANGEROUS COUNTRY FOR DUDES.

YOUNG LADY—"Goodness, where's my escort?"

Syr Guy De Funct, it once befell,
Went forth to woo hys deare—
The bonnye ladye Dowsabel,
Who lived in Somwhayreshire.

As in her arboure knelt ye knichte,
Hee sayd, with gentill ayre:—
“If but I winne thee, ladye brighte,
If you'll be mine, I'll swaere—”

Then uppe rose comelye Dowsabel,
And flushinge scarlette redde,
Shee sayd: “Syr knichte, you speak not well,
I lyke nott whatt you sayd.”

“You'll swaere? You'll swaere? Nay, saye not soe,
Else you and I are twain.
A cursinge husband causeth woe,
Hee bringes hys ladye payne.”

“Love's oaths, I onlic meant, my fayre.
Mistake not, I beseeche;
For other swearinge—trust me—ne'er
Hath soyled my partes of speche.

“I shunne men's oathes—I never swaere,
No friar's lips more chaste!”
(Oh, hypocryte! Take care, take care,
Avenging Truthe may haste.

You swore last e'en, you swore thys morn,
You'll swaere to-morrow, too;
And yett you say you've never sworn!
Thatt lye you'll some daye rewe.)

YE MEDIÆVAL FLEA.



Heigho! Has Truth, e'en now, begunne,
To scourge the false Syr Guy?
Hee squirms and twists, like onne undone—
Hys features all awry.

Hee shakes hys cote of mail—poor man!
Hee grits hys teethe—ah, mee!
Hee curvets, prances, wheels—do scanne
Hys physiognomee!

Whatt Medieval ache is hys?
Whatt knightlee maladie?
I blushe to own hys ailment is—
A vicious, byting flea.

A flea beneath a cote of mail!
St. Andrew! don't you see,
There is no waye you can assail—
Dislodge that self-same flea!
Syr Guy forgotte hys ladye fayr
(To penne ye reste I'm loth),
And fairly raised her goldenne hayr
By roaring out—an oathe.

* * * * *
'Tis thus hys lye was soon exposed
By Truthe—and eke the flea—
Who showed the mayd he'd falsely posed
A foe to blasphemye.

Fayr Dowsabel hath ta'en ye vail,
Yea—left a worlde of wrong;
And nowe beneath ye cloisters pale
She'll ne'er heare language strong.

WALLACE PECK

The New School Artist.

“SAND STORM ON THE DESERT OF GREAT SARAH.”

“That?—oh, that's a trifle I dashed off to order—a pot boiler, you know,” said the New School Artist, in response to the query of a visitor to his atelier.

“You saw ‘The Knocked Urn,’ I believe? By the way, did you see what the cricket of the *Palette* said in regard to that work?—and that, too, was only a pot boiler. He wound up a very fair and flattering cricketism in this facetious way:

“The sledge-hammer was all our fancy could have painted it, and more, too, our fancy not being in the business. Not having seen all the sledge hammers in the world, we can't conscientiously say this does not resemble some one particular sledge hammer—we are nothing if not fair. The hammer may not have been true to the very letter of steel, in looks—to some steel that looks like it, no doubt it was—but was sufficiently true to nature to steel our heart, make us wish it was genuine Bessemer, and that we could clutch the handle, which was toward our hand,’ here the cricket put in his jolliest fun, ‘and brain the artist on the spot!’ They're funny fellers, these crickets.

“The commission for this picture came from a man named Browne—with an e, you see. Of course, it was plain Brown once, but makin' a fortune in the war, he added an e, to make the name look more aristocratic, you know, and you see how he spells bell—adds an e to that, too—‘belle’! ‘Paint me a society belle,’ he writes. P'raps he was a sexton once—who knows?—and wants something to remind him of old times; so ordered a church society bell, and I shall ring him in to the tune of a twenty spot.

“The bell, although possessing tone, is not in my vein at all, as it gives itself away, as it were, but not to the extent that did the ‘Knocked Urn.’ There it is, a bell; still imagination—you know I paint to fire the

imagination, when choosing the subject myself—imagination can get in fair work, with the bell before the eyes. One can imagine the old sexton ringing the bell for church, for a marriage party, or tolling it for the dead; or clanging it for fire, or Fourth of July, etc., etc. But this is a mild sort—”

“What, that picture there? Ah! there, sir, is one of my own subjects—a picture after my own heart and the new school, of which I am the father and embodiment—the Alpha, but I hope not the Omega—the School for the Development of the Imagination! In the contemplation of that picture the imagination can soar into the ultramundane, dive into the submarine, and spread from zone to zone, as it were. There, imagination can shake the handicap of mortality—eh, what's that? Looks and feels like a sheet of sand paper? My friend, you are decidedly prosy. Your imagination—but stop; you don't know what the subject is.

“On that canvas, sir, I have portrayed a Sand Storm on the Desert of Great Sarah! Ha! now you see it, don't you? I knew you would. Now your imagination can take on the thousand league boots of electricity, as it were, and on the great desert named, face a sand storm. The storm strikes you. What do you see? Sand; only that and nothing more, above, below, and around you. But here, safe from the fearful sand-blast, you can imagine, gazing on that work of art, assisted by nature, for real sand is spread all over the surface of that canvas, giving a truly realistic effect—you can imagine the caravan, with its countless camels laden with Arabs, Jews, Kurds, and other and more precious sorts of merchandise, struck and overwhelmed by the direful sand storm of the desert; going down like rock and rye before the onslaught of the G. A. G.—Grand Army of Guzzlers—to rise again sometimes, deteriorated, like rye and rock, but mostly going down for keeps!

“Imagination pictures the cunning camel

burying his head in the hot sand to escape the hot blast. And can't you see, with the eyes of imagination the men burying frantically in the sand like gophers, even to save lives not worth in this market six shillings a dozen? And can't you see the dark-eyed and dark-haired daughters of Arabia and contiguous ranches wrapping the cashmere and camel's hair shawls around their heads, regardless of the damage done to frizzes, bangs, spit-curls, scallops, etc., and the ostrich and peacock feathers adorning their heads? What care they for these luxuries, when the sand blast is upon them, and they hope to save their charms even at the expense of the camel's hair shawls, which the hot sun blast ruins? Not a cent do they care for their frizzes and things in such a trying moment, but sacrifice their shawls as though they could be bought at a closing-out sale for 99 c. each? Can't you see 'em, eh, in imagination? Can't you see the entire panorama, as it were, with the material eye closed and the eye of imagination peeled to its utmost? If you can't you are as devoid of imagination as a billiard ball of beard, or a turtle of topsail halliards. Why, sir, to one whose imagination starts at par, or not above 80 even, this work appeals—”

“You laugh, sir. See here, my friend, how would you paint a sand storm, when nothing is seen but sand, sand, sand, and more sand a-coming, backed up by sand in quantities too numerous for anything? P'raps you'd paint it scooting over the caravan a half a mile high or so, showing the parade in all the glory of gaily caparisoned camels, resplendent houris, laugh and chattering and chawing gum!—

“Oh, you're gone are you? Well, you don't amount to shucks as a connoozer of fine arts. You don't know a work of true art from a bar of soft soap. Your imagination is no more vivid than that of a hen clam gone to seed, or a cucumber after a six weeks sojourn in brine. You'd better saturate your brain with Tupper's Proverbial Philoso-

phy, and then settle down to clam-digging, in which occupation imagination is not required.

"Confound it! where are the men of high pressure imagination that can see through its lenses? Never mind; they'll come, and I shall be appreciated. The great Raffle and Spuyten Tuyfel, the Dutch master, didn't bounce into popularity without a struggle with the stupid world; and so shall I."

SI SLOKUM.

Profitless Scratching.

BISBEE.

Notwithstanding the unprecedented defeats that had marked my efforts to secure a footing in the literary world, my genius still craved for a chance to become known. The cankerous ulcer of inordinate ambition was gnawing at my mind. I felt as if I must achieve success, or perish in the abortive attempts to tack my nom-de-plume to the mast-head of victory. I would write a book! fill it chock-a-block with good things, and then browse in the clover of success.

Without waiting for any more sticklebacks or the bill I sauntered to a small fishing town on the coast and took up my residence in the midst of fishermen, shrimps and sailors. My food consisted exclusively of shrimps, fish and waterfowl. On one side of my humble hut was the wind-tossed waves; on the other huge piles of fish and long lines of nets. My handkerchief was soon scented with the odore of cod, my clothes impregnated with the clinging perfume of mackerel, and my hat smelt strongly of seaweed. I wrote with a quill from the wing of a wild goose and erased mistakes with a fish-bone. I utilized the mackerel cask by making a desk of it; and slept in sheets that were dotted with fish scales. I felt fishy. I was thoroughly soaked with fish. I snuffed the salt air in. I chewed clams, and gobbled oysters. I roamed up and down the sea-side by moonlight and built a grand specimen of a hero, clothed him in expensive garments and stuffed him (blue fish fashion) with noble qualities and inherited virtues. I made him handsome as Apollo and as smart as horse-radish. I christened him with an euphonius name; filled his pockets full of money, and gave him a magnificent start on a thousand dollar horse—which was intended to run through the book.



RUNNING THROUGH THE BOOK.

The heroine and other characters were all numbered and placed in position. I worked day and night on that book. I dragged my best thoughts from the lowest depths of my breast and planted them on foolscap. I sifted my brains every few minutes for fresh ideas. I worked harder with my goose quill than a laborer does with his pick. For six months I toiled like a hounded slave.

At last the job was done. The work completed. Four hundred and ninety-nine pages closely covered with distilled genius. I sent it off with a benediction, and my mind enjoyed the nectar of repose. No weak-hearted apprehensions in regard to its faith bothered me. I was serenely thoughtful, that was all.

The electrical shock that my system received when that four hundred and ninety-

nine pages of effusive eloquence was sent back to me without any apology cannot be imagined by the flightiest reader. But I rallied and sent it elsewhere. It returned. I promptly mailed it to another, who promptly re-mailed it back. I groaned and forwarded it to another. It came back. I was paralyzed with astonishment and trembled with dread. That book was my only hope. The best part of my hereditary genius was transferred in words of scorching pathos to the sheets of that MS. I had spent a juvenile fortune keeping my brain factory in working order, and another for stamps and expressage. I was alarmed. I would soon be obliged to pawn my watch to pay that book's traveling expenses.

Well, that MS. made the tour of the U. S., and then came back like a boomerang curse to roost upon my weary head. The last publishers had been industriously hunted out, and had promptly closed the door on it. My last supreme effort had been launched upon the turbulent waters of literature, and condemned by the mighty verdict of opaque critics as unseaworthy.

A tormenting samiel blew me nothing but bad luck. With what contentment would I have attended the last publisher's funeral! with what contentment would I have strewn his new made grave with a bric-a-brac collection of delapidated plugs, and worn-out boots, patent medicine bottles and other recherche articles! A terrible, irresistible, overpower-



IN SEARCH OF A PUBLISHER.

ing temptation assailed me. I would go and drown myself, my cries, and my choking disappointments in the waters that swept the shell strewn shore! I made up my mind to become a pallid corpse, a floating repository of becalmed genius. I would make a salt water nonentity of myself, and lose my individuality and annoyances in the jaws of death!

Ballasted with this dreadful and body-shaking idea I strode resolutely into the chilly water, and when the water encircled my neck in its cold embrace, fearing that I would get beyond my depth, I turned sorrowfully but thoughtfully around, and sought my desolate abode.

That night I had the nightmare. I thought I was astride of a beautiful rainbow, when suddenly a volcano opened on me and covered me completely with shattered hopes, blasted prospects, rejected books, and fish-bones. When I attempted to rise an editorial arm would thrust me back, when I endeavored to explain my perilous situation the fist of a critic was shoved into my mouth. After a delightful night of it, I arose in the morning firmly persuaded that dreams are not altogether illusionary, and that nightmares sometimes stayed with a fellow all day.

Nothing is so woefully depressing to a delicately-moulded genius as the penetrating conviction that will auger its way to the very centre of his mind that there is not a sufficient quantity of the genuine article on hand for him to make his X mark with. That was the incisive thought that hurt me, and in spite of my efforts to pluck it out, it remained like a barbed and poisonous arrow rankling there.

Hang fish! and fish hooks, and fishermen, and fish food of all varieties. I had placed my sole dependence on fish, and found too late that I had been leaning fondly upon a fractured reed. Blast broken reeds! Springing up, I gave the fire an encouraging poke between its cast iron ribs, and



OUR ONLY SALVATION.

NO FORTS, NO GUNS, NO SHIPS; NOTHING BUT SURPLUS. BILLIONS FOR TRIBUTE, NOT ONE CENT FOR DEFENCE.

loading my briarwood, was soon busily engaged puffing out huge clouds of smoke, and constructed untaxable air castles on their puffy foundations. Let me rest in fancied peace. After all, what is better than a builder with plenty of ground to build upon.

END.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

—Gen. Butler may be oblique-eyed but he is mighty direct at reaching a foe-cuss.

[Texas Siftings.]

For country editors suffering from dyspepsia a physician recommends patent insides. — [Boston Courier.]

Mrs. Pieman says that her husband's sermons have the merit of being short, and while interlarded with flowery material, are not the least bit crusty. — [Yonkers Gazette.]

An English epitaph says: "Erected to the memory of John Philips, accidentally shot, as a mark of affection by his brothers."

[S. F. Argonaut.]

—An anxious inquirer wants to know what will cause a mother more pain than to see her child suffer pain. The only answer we know is to see her children suffer.

[Waterloo Observer.]

—"Tommy," said a San Antonia mother to her little boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed." "Yes, ma; but s'posin' he doesn't come. What then?"

[Cambridge Tribune.]

—Miss Annie Lippincott, an American girl, who has gone into the opera singing business abroad, is known in France as Anita Armour. This name announced in Cincinnati or Chicago would be packing houses.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

A new style of note paper is called the "Antique." When a young man makes an epistolary proposal of marriage to a woman of 40 years and \$40,000, he should use "antique" note paper—if "fool's"-cap is not handy. — [Norristown Herald.]

A Bridgeport, Conn., man had a "revelation" that the lord wanted him to work for fifty cents a day less than he was receiving. This is the first instance of the kind on record. Usually the "revelation" comes to the employer. — [Texas Siftings.]

A profane man in town has so much respect for the King James' version of the Old Testament that he proposes to continue to swear by it. He says the word sheol is not so soothing to the pent-up feelings as the old one. — [Norristown Herald.]

When Philip of Macedon wrote to the Spartan ephors: "If I enter Laconia I will level Lacedaemon to the ground," he received for answer the single but significant word, "if." This is, perhaps, the finest example of laconic utterance on record.

[Texas Siftings.]

The *Philadelphia Times* has been telling an affecting little story—perhaps a pure romance, who knows?—about President Cleveland's "Dead Love." But s—sh. We wouldn't for the world have Henry Watter-son suspect that he ever had a rival.

[Buffalo Express.]

A telegraph reporter says that the daughter of a New Jersey farmer ran off with one of her father's hands. It does not state which hand, but if it were the one the old

gentleman used to slap mosquitoes with, it was a most unfilial act. — [San Franciscan.]

A correspondent wants to know why boys whistle and men do not. Boys whistle out of inherent perversity or something of that sort; but a man soon runs his whistle and that is the end of it. He drowns it by too much wetting. And this is the one good thing that can be said of tipping. — [Boston Transcript.]

—"Black is very becoming to you," remarked a Waco gentleman to a newly made widow.

"Yes. If my dear, deceased husband had had any idea how well I would look in mourning, I really don't believe he would have died," was the candid reply.

[Texas Siftings.]

—A gentleman at Middleton, Conn., when the time came for a collection in church the other Sunday, gave his son some money to put in the box. He was surprised, when the box was passed, to see the little fellow hold onto the money. On being asked why he did this he answered, "Saving it for the circus." — [Lynn Reporter.]

—"When I grow up I will be a man, won't I?" asked a little Texas boy of his mother.

"Yes, my son. If you want to be a man, you must be industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself."

"Why, ma, do lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

[Texas Siftings.]

—Dar's er good deal o' hippercritness 'bout de pusson whut 'fuses ter eat er dove 'case dat bird foun' de lan' fur Noah. Er dove ain't no better satisfied den when, jes' behin' de patridges, he is er heppin' to pull up de young co'n. Ef I had de dove whut foun' de lan' I wouldn' eat him, but all de udder ones mus' look out fur me.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

—A minister forgot to take his sermon with him to church, and his wife discovering his mistake sent it to him in charge of a small boy, who was to receive ten cents for the job. Presently he returned for the money. "You delivered the sermon, did you?" she asked. "I jes' guv it to him; he's a deliverin' of it himself."

[Religious Herald.]

"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have half a million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters, that the two young men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mr. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.

[Boston Transcript.]

—The convention wandered to fruit.

"Some people can tell by the feeling of a watermelon whether it is ripe or not, but I never could," said one.

"I have a test that never fails," said Mockabee; "and I can tell to a dead certainty every time whether the melon is ripe or green."

"How do you do it?"

"Plug it."

—The Brockton *Enterprise* says that a venerable and prominent lawyer of the Old Colony, who died recently, noted for his dry and joking remarks, called his son to him as he lay ill in bed, and, putting on a solemn expression, said: "John, I've just

one more request to make of you. When I am buried see to it that one of those hand fire grenades are put in the coffin."

A good deacon was once meandering along the docks on Sunday, and, noticing a crowd of boys fishing, he commenced to reprove them for breaking the Sabbath. In the middle of his harangue he stopped suddenly to ejaculate: "Look out, bub, you've got a bite," to a small boy whose attention had been distracted from his line. Human nature was too strong for him.

[S. F. Argonaut.]

—Drugwump is a new political term in Kansas, the exact meaning of which is not yet known. It is probable that it will eventually affix itself to the people who buy their whiskey on medical prescriptions, and in that event there will be two parties in the state, drugwumps and druggists, one consuming and the other selling whiskey. The Prohibitionists have become lost in the shuffle somewhere. — [Chicago Herald.]

—It was at the breakfast table. Mr. Smilingboy was telling Mrs. S. about a farce he had attended the night before. "Ah," said he, "my dear, you'd have died laughing if you could have seen it!" Then he added, in a tone of burning enthusiasm, "How I wish you'd been there!" Even now, he cannot quite understand why Mrs. S's remarks directly afterward took such an unusually and violently personal turn.

[Harper's Bazar.]

—Another legal story I have never heard before relates to General Butler and Judge Hoar. The judge is a very dignified man, has no relish for pleasantries in court, such as the General enjoys, and besides, does not love the General very much. One day the judge read an extract from some law book, and the General, as is his wont, asked to see it. "There it lies," said the judge, sternly, as he pointed to it. "Yes," said the General, as he took it up; "there it does lie!" The dignified court got decidedly the worst of that bout. — [Globe.]

—The bicycle is a novelty in northern Denmark. A bicyclist on a tour in that region not long since became benighted, and lighting his lamp, rode at topmost speed for many miles along a lonely highway in the dark. A countryman whom he met was stricken with terror and fell upon his knees, in which position he was found by a belated letter carrier. "What is the matter?" the postman asked. "What indeed?" stammered the peasant; "for the devil has just gone by on a windmill; and God have mercy on me!" — [Lynn Reporter.]

—"Yes, Sam, I got home late agin de udder night, an' my mudder she say, 'Chile, whar you bin out so late agin dis yere night?' 'I'se bin out callin' on a lady,' I says. 'Well, chile, why you don't come home 'fore midnight?' she says. 'Kaze I couldn't git away before. Kaze the lady were a settin' on my hat, an' I was too much of a gemmen to call her 'tention to de circumstance,' I says. 'Well, now, honey,' she says, 'jes' look a-here, an' you 'member dis now, or you git leff out. Next time you visits a lady jes' keep your hat off yo' lap.'" — [Boston Record.]

Mrs. Lucy M. Buckner, of Braidentown, Fla., was editor of a paper called *Progress*. She got married recently, when she sent a note to her assistant announcing the fact, and saying: "I have no further interest in *Progress*, and do not care what you do with it." That's just the way with some women

when they get married. Progress has no further charms for them. Instead of continuing to go forward, they lose ambition and go backward.—[Norristown Herald.]

Miss Budd—"Do you think Miss Rose-leaf pretty, Mr. Holworthy."

Holworthy (striving to say something complimentary)—Well, she has a very intelligent face."

Miss Budd—"Oh, fie, Mr. Holworthy, what a compliment to pay a young lady!"

Holworthy—"Oh, I wouldn't say it of you, you know."—[Toledo Blade.]

A LEVEL-HEADED GIRL.

"Say that you will be mine, dearest Angelina."

"I will, upon one condition."

"Name it, my adored, and if it were to get you the moon—"

"It is easier than that; in brief, simply this: that you will invite me to spend a month in your father's house previous to our marriage."

"Of course, certainly; but why make you such a strange request?"

"Well, I wish to learn to cook like your mother."—[Toledo Blade.]

MALE VANITY.

It was at a ball, and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men were also given somewhat to vanity.

"The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked:

"That's impossible," said several gentlemen.

The subject changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked:

"The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest," whereupon every gentleman within hearing glanced down with a scared expression of countenance at his vest.—[Texas Siftings.]

MOSES IN THE WILDERNESS.

The Sunday School lesson was about Moses and the Israelites in the wilderness, and the teacher was asking questions of her scholars.

"What did Moses strike the rock for?" she inquired.

"For water," answered the class, promptly.

"Were the people glad?"

"Yes, m'am."

"And was Moses blessed for what he had done?"

"No, m'am."

"Why not?"

This was a poser for some time, but finally a tough-looking small boy held up his hand.

"Well, Tommy, why not?" asked the teacher encouragingly.

"'Cos, mum, he didn't strike it for beer."

[Merchant Traveler.]

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

"I heerd yer ole mudder was dead," said Sam Johnsing to Gabe Snodgrass, a colored citizen of Austin.

"Jess so. She died las' week."

"Was she sick long?"

"No; she jess tuk sick one day an' died de nex'."

"Only sick one day! de Lor', why dat

was hardly wuff while."

"Huh, if you had ter pay de doctor's bill you would change yer mind," responded Gabe.—[Texas Siftings.]

NOT SO SENSIBLE.

"Father," exclaimed young Jenkins, entering the old gentleman's office, "I have sold my printing office—"

"Sit down, Tom. I am glad to see that you are so sensible."

"Yes, father, I have sold my office, but I have bought another one."

"Get up, you have lost what little sense you ever did have."—[Arkansaw Traeler.]

FORCE OF HABIT.

After communion the minister called a member of the church aside and said to him:

"Brother R., a little matter occurred in the course of the communion services this morning to which I think it best to call your attention. I do not think anybody else noticed it, and it's a matter of small importance anyway, but the force of habit is stronger in some men than in others, and—"

"Force of habit?" interrupted Brother R., considerably nonplussed, "I am utterly at a loss to know what you mean."

"Why—er—I noticed that after sipping the wine, you surreptitiously conveyed a clove to your mouth, Brother R."—[Exch.]

PASSED IN BY A PAIL.

The small boy is ingenious, persistent, omnipresent, and, above all, capable. Especially is this the case when the circus pilgrimage halts by the way and sells peanuts and lemonade to attract from the mediocrity of the ring performance. It is then that the small boy knows no law, but is a law unto himself.

"Young man," said Teddy's father, sternly, "you ran away, did you?"

"I only jes' went to see the circus!"

"And why did you go to see the circus?"

"Coz the man wot feeds the lions lem me in if I would only jes' carry in one little bit of a—only jes' a little bit of a pail of water, without hardly any water in it. Wouldn't you go to the circus if the man wot feeds the lions would let you in for nuffin?"

Now that was an unexpected conundrum which floored the stern parent.

[Hartford Post.]

DROWSINESS IN THE DAY-TIME

unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease. If it be accompanied by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and sallow complexion, you may be sure that you are suffering from biliousness and consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

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Uncle Zack Baker of Benton County, is interested in a mineral spring. He had not attempted to introduce a bill offering the spring as an amendment to the constitution, a piece of legislation, though, which may be expected of him.

"What is the water good for?" asked the speaker of the house.

"Good for everything. It will cure any

case of the yaller janders in the world. Tell you what's a fact. A feller come along some time ago with a yaller dog. He was the yallerist dog I ever saw, but he fell in that spring and when he came out he was as white as a sheet?"

"How is it for rheumatiz?"

"I'll tell you what's a fact. Do you know young Alf Wilson?"

"I think so."

"Well, Alf had the rheumatiz so bad

Nervous Debilitated Men

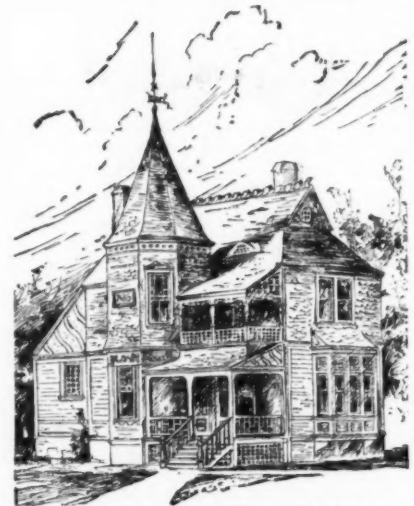
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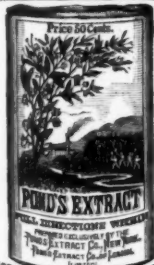
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that he had to carry one leg on his shoulder. He drank that water for three weeks and can now jump a ten rail fence."

"Will it cure lying?"
"Will it? Tell you what's a fact. A Little Rock newspaper man come up there some time ago and now you can almost believe half what he says."—[Ark. Traveler.]

HIT THE WRONG MARK.

Too-busy Housewife—"You know that cake I made for the dear boys and sent away Saturday? It has never arrived. I wonder what's the reason?"

Much-worried Domestic—"There was a postman took to the hospital in great agony Monday. I shouldn't be surprised if he knows."—[Detroit Free Press.]

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

Teacher: "Now what do you understand by brain work?"

Boy: "When a man works with his head."
Teacher: Correct. And what is manual labor?"

Boy: "When a man works with his hands."
Teacher: "That's right. To which of the classes do I belong when I teach you. What do I use most in teaching you?"

Boy: "A strap."—[Texas Siftings.]

A POOR RECOLLECTION.

"Come heah ter me," said an old negro to his son. "Come heah ter me, sah! Why didn't yer come down ter de baptizin' like I tole yer ter? Oughter be 'shamed o' yesse'f. Gwine die one o' dese days an' de ole debil gwine ter git yer, dat's whut he gwine ter do. Why didn't yer come down dar, say?"

"Case I went roun' ter de jail-yard ter see Uncle Ben hung."

"Look heah, he wasn't hung ter day, wuz he?"

"Yas, sah."
"W'y, I thought dat fack wouldn't come off tell naixt week. How did he do?"

"Oh, he drapped an' sorter shuck his feet er little."

"Did, hah?"

"Yas, sah."
"Did he sing an' pray any 'fore he drapped?"

"Yas, sah, an' shouted."
"He did?"

"Yas, sah."

After a moment of reflection, the old man ruefully added: "Confoun' dat blame baptizin', done cheated me outen dis day. Folks will think dat I didn' hab no respect fur dat brudder o' mine, nohow. I 'sprizter see er pusson wid sich er po' recollecke shun."—[Ark. Traveler.]

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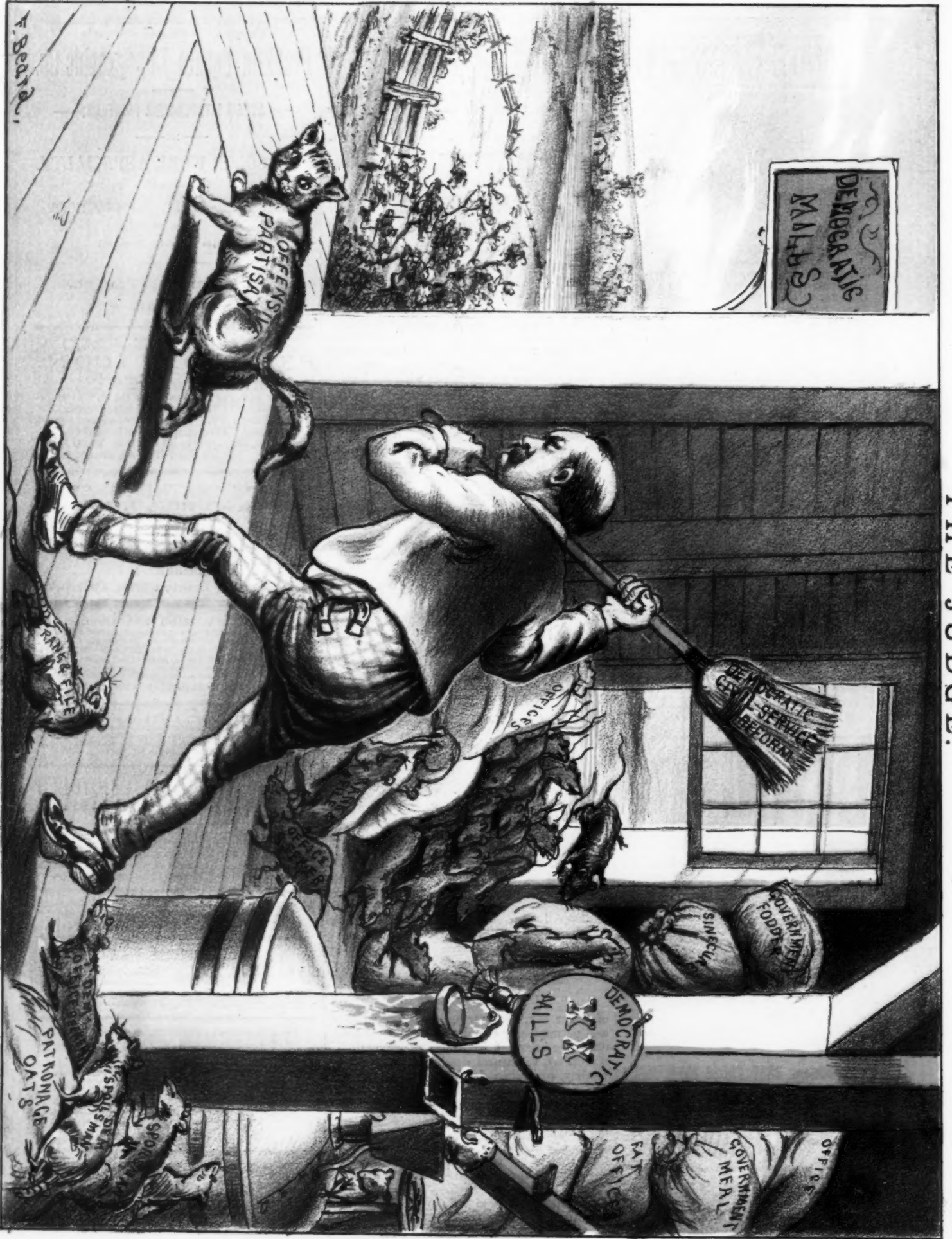
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