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THE JUDGE



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TWO ROADS AND TWO MEN.

THERE are always two ways—one right and one wrong. The Democrats have consistently travelled by the latter road for the last quarter of a century, and are to-day quite as far off the goal of their ambitions as they were then—in some respects a little farther. This year, it seems as if poor Democracy had determined to put herself out of suspense and go wrong from the very start. The moment the nominations of Cleveland and Hendricks were made the contest, as a contest, was over; the race was lost; the Republican ticket began to jog along to certain victory, and Democracy, with her usual self-complacency, turned into the wrong road.

Blaine has many enemies—a man so widely known and endowed with such force of character always has. But, strange as it may appear, Mushroom Cleveland—a politi-

cian of the day before yesterday—whom nobody ever ventured to accuse of having any character at all, has more enemies than Blaine. And this is why: Blaine's policy has invariably been a broad and liberal one. He is a far-seeing man of large views. He aims to do the greatest good to the greatest number, and, though he may excite implacable animosity in the breasts of individuals, the toiling millions are his friends! Cleveland, on the other hand, has never sought to advantage any, save himself, his friends, and the ring that controls him. He has therefore won the interested support of individuals at the cost of the hatred of millions of fellow countrymen. Cleveland has proved himself the friend of monopolies. Blaine has proved himself the friend of liberty and the people. Therefore the Republicans are on the right road to the White House, and the Democrats are wandering a little further afield than they usually do.

THE PROHIBITION TICKET.

THE Democratic journals—some of them—are trying to get up a scare over the nomination of St. John on the Prohibition ticket. There is not the least occasion. Advocates of temperance are commonly men of some education; at any rate they are men of advanced, if not liberal ideas. They have no intention of making, or allowing to be made, a split in the Republican ranks which might result in throwing the country to the Democracy. Democracy and Prohibition are irreconcilable foes, as the Democrats themselves admit by arguing that every vote thrown for Prohibition would be a vote lost to Blaine. The Prohibitionists know this as well as anybody. They fully realize that a Democratic victory would be a postponement of their movement for four years at least, and they will do nothing that could contribute to such a result. It is a pretty well established fact that no votes are wasted in a presidential year, and Prohibitionists, like other people, will put theirs where they can do the most good. We do not apprehend any serious defection from the Republican vote in consequence of the Prohibition ticket.

LED ASTRAY.

MR. CURTIS, and everyone else who thought as he did and followed his example, have been led astray, and by this time they know it. They do not need to be told that they have bartered their Republican birth-right for a mess of Democratic pottage—and no one knows better than Geo. Wm. Curtis how many offensive ingredients there are in a Democratic cooking. Mr. Curtis knows all of them, and knows them well, for he has spent the greatest part of his life in exposing them, in showing the world how nasty they are, and generally abusing them. Now his knowledge of Democratic methods passes from theory into practice, for he is compelled to taste of their meal and drink

deep of their cup. We believe it was Mr. Curtis who said that Democrats are very hungry, and, naturally, very thirsty. Has he himself acquired their appetites as he induced their politics?? Let us hope so; for he will have abominations to swallow which even hunger will scarcely make palatable.

In this connection THE JUDGE speaks of Mr. Curtis as typical of a class—the class of soreheads generally. He is the most prominent and, probably, the ablest man among them; and so he is at the head of his class and gives his name to it. But when he carries his wretched little rag baby over into the Democratic household, he is doing a very foolish thing, and he knows it. He is deliberately casting away his share of the glorious heritage of Republicanism; he is allying himself with men who must distrust him, for he has been their outspoken enemy for years, and he is gaining absolutely nothing by all this. He has simply sacrificed his political record of the past and all his hopes of political usefulness in the future.

ABOUT KNOW-NOTHINGS.

BLAINE has been accused of being a Know-nothing on account of certain editorial articles which appeared in the *Kennebec Journal* when he was a reporter on that paper. If Blaine was a Know-nothing then, THE JUDGE would like to know how much Cleveland knew at the same period. Did he know enough to cry if one of the pins in his infantile robe was improperly adjusted? But to accuse Mr. Blaine of know-nothingism on account of anything that appeared in the *Kennebec* paper then would be as rational as to blame a New York *Herald* correspondent for one of the fearfully and wonderfully constructed editorials which our esteemed contemporary occasionally evolves and prints.

Mr. Blaine's whole political career has been an exhibition of broad, enlightened and consistent Republican principles. Mr. Cleveland's recent vetoes have more of a know-nothing smack to them than anything in Blaine's whole career.

Republican principles have won easily ever since Republicanism saved the country. Eight years ago, we grant, the outlook looked a little Hayesy, but now the horizon is clear and there is not a cloud between Blaine and success.

THE CLEVELAND SCANDAL.

THE JUDGE has little desire to refer to the foul scandal which has been associated with Grover Cleveland's private life. Whether it is true or false, it is alike outside the issues of the campaign. History has shown that great private vices are perfectly compatible with great public virtues, and it is not on his record as a private individual but on his record as a public servant of the country that the people will weigh Grover Cleveland and find him wanting next November. In any event, the details of the

scandal which has been associated with Grover Cleveland's name are too revolting for us to publish. THE JUDGE goes to many households and has many ladies among his readers and admirers. He does not propose to insult them.

We should not have referred to this unsavory matter at all—even thus indirectly—had not certain Democratic papers forced the issue on the Republican Press. They have threatened to overhaul Blaine's private life and show up some terrible misdoings on his part, if the attacks on Cleveland's private character were not discontinued at once. Now let us quote from our able contemporary, the Rochester Post Express. "Reputable Republican newspapers," says the Post Express, "have no desire to publish or dwell upon the scandalous charges against Cleveland. It is not to their taste, and they are confident he can be defeated without them. But see in what a corner the Democratic threat of retaliation puts them. Should they refrain from any allusion to the scandal, there is not a Democratic newspaper in the land but would set up the cry—and most of them would believe it—that the Blaine organs had been frightened off from their attack on Cleveland's private character through fear of worse exposures in the private life of their own candidate. This is no business of Republican seeking. It started with Democrats who strove to defeat Cleveland's nomination by exposing his private life. His friends should have known that in case of his nomination, no power on earth could prevent its creeping into the canvass, and probably influencing many votes. They disregarded the warning and are now on the defense. The only thing Republican newspapers can do in the premises is to keep their columns as free as possible from the whole business, and at the same time so treat it as to leave no room for the slightest suspicion that they fear retaliatory measures. They invite the closest scrutiny of their own candidate's character and life, while they walk backward with averted gaze from the career of Grover Cleveland."

THE DEMOCRATIC CANVASS.

DEMOCRATIC difficulties increase. It is found that a very large section of the party will not halloo for Grover Cleveland with the unanimity that the bosses could desire. It is found that this section is so very large and far-reaching as to embrace nearly the whole Democratic party, with the exception of the New York "County Democracy." Of course, Cleveland will not lose the entire vote of this dissatisfied majority, for there are Democrats of the stamp of Grover Cleveland himself, who would vote for the devil himself if he were nominated for the presidency. There are plenty of good Democrats whose entire record is identical with Cleveland's own—a servile following of party leaders, an utter dearth of independence or



A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

NAST—"Well, I'm blown! I always thought that thing was alive."

originality, and a faithful voting of the Democratic ticket anyhow and on all occasions.

But even with the comfort derived from the certainty of support from such Democrats as these, Cleveland's managers have a hard task before them. The man they have nominated for the presidency is almost unknown throughout the country, and, where known, is very generally looked down upon. The best his friends can find to say for him is, that there is no great harm in him, which, though good enough praise for doubtful water, or even milk, is not the kind of description we want of the medicine we are asked to take in a dangerous illness, or the President we are invited to elect at a grave political crisis. Mr. Cleveland may mean well, and intend to do his duty if he should be elected, but we cannot afford to take chances in the matter. We know he did not do his duty as Governor, and people are apt to argue from the known to the unknown. On the whole, the Democratic canvass can scarcely be said to be in a flourishing condition.

"Ah, Richelieu was a great villain," the elder Dumas makes one of his characters observe, "but he was also a great man. He was greater every way than is Mazarin." How easy to imagine a Democrat of to-day saying these words; one who has looked with admiration on the colossal villainy of Boss Tweed, and turns with a sigh to contemplate the petty—well, statesmanship of Hubert O. Thompson.

The New Intoxicant.

Dedicated to ALDERMAN THOMAS SHIELS.

You've heard of the viper that lurks in the glass;
And perhaps he and you, sir, no strangers have
been;
But a deadlier foe has been hatched now; Alas!
'Tis the venomous reptile that lurks in Quinine!

O, Satan, thou fell and insatiate foe,
That ever devisest increase to our ills!
Hadst thou snares not enough for our stumbling and
woe,
That now thou must come and bedevil our pills?

Woe, woe to the wretches with fever who burn,
And alas for the wight with the ague who shakes!
To once bracing Quinine they no longer can turn,
Since it gives the D. T.'s and dread visions of
snakes.

O, dire possibilities crowding my brain,
From the which all my trembling soul startles and
shrinks!
To think that a pill-box may slyly contain
More drunks than three dozen of bucket-shop
drinks!

And how shall our judges admeasure the law,
And sagely discriminate lishes between?
For sure, 'twere the strangest sight one ever saw,
If a man got ten days for a dose of Quinine!

O, well may three-fourths of our Aldermen sigh,
As they see in the future with hearts sore and
chill,
The sot on a tear pass the groggery by
For the drug-shop beyond, to get drunk on a pill!

What a destiny thine, strange and luckless, hath
been—
(For thee, who but pity and sympathy feels?)—
That Satan should single thee out, of Quinine!
First victim to be, famed forever—Tom Shiels!

DAN DE LYON.



The Two Dromios.

Two candidates, up for election,
I scanned with a critical eye,
"Which one ought to meet with rejection;"
Said I to myself, said I.

So I studied the press, (Democratic)
"Why, Blaine is a living lie,
While Cleveland is aristocratic!"
Said I to myself, said I.

"This Blaine is a tramp, and he shall not
In November elope with the pie
If any weight lies in my ballot,"
Said I to myself, said I.

"Perhaps, though, these papers may flatter
This Cleveland with morals so high,
I'll look at both sides of the matter;"
Said I to myself, said I.

When, Presto! with naught of confusion,
As quick as the wink of an eye,
Men and morals were changed. " 'Tis illusion,"
Said I to myself, said I.

For Blaine became one among many,
And Cleveland a trickster sly,
"I think I must toss up a penny,"
Said I to myself, said I.

But when I had thought it all over,
And weighed every wherefore and why
"James G. is the man and not Grover,"
Said I to myself, said I.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

MR. MACKLEHINNY finds New Yawk so beastly h-aw-t you know, that he has been forced to take a room at a summer hotel, not a thousand miles from the Metropolis.

Mr. Macklehinny is a swell, and when he discovered that a wealthy young heiress was stopping at the same house, he immediately proceeded to make an impression upon her.

He was not long in gaining an introduction to the fair creature, and when bed-time came he flattered himself that he had made a *mash*, but when he reached his room in the Mansard roof on the fourth floor, and found he was expected to disrobe by the light of a candle his disgust was most intense.

Mr. Macklehinny's mother used to manufacture her own candles, which were called, in the days of his boyhood "tallow dips," and this was precisely the kind of light that was furnished Mr. Macklehinny on the occasion referred to.

Perhaps the smell of burning tallow recalled to forcibly to Mr. Macklehinny's mind the annual hog-killing period of his childhood's years, when his mother's sitting room would be filled with candle wicks, which the then youthful Macklehinny was required to dip at cheerful intervals into a huge pot of hot grease.

At all events Mr. Macklehinny had a great aversion to candles and he did not hesitate

to impress the fact upon his host in the morning.

Now it happened that the owner of the summer hotel had formerly been proprietor of a cheap hash-house in New York, and although Mr. Macklehinny did not recognize Mr. Jones, Mr. Jones recollected Mr. Macklehinny quite distinctly.

In point of fact, many years ago when Mr. Macklehinny, then a green and callow youth, first arrived in the city, he "put up" at Jones' Inn, and distinguished himself by blowing out the gas before retiring.

Mr. Macklehinny had a narrow escape, and Mr. Jones came so near having a coroner's inquest in his house that he never forgot the circumstance.

Moreover Mr. Jones hailed from the same Huckleberry town that Mr. Macklehinny was born in, and Mr. Jones was well acquainted with Mr. Macklehinny's antecedents, so when the latter broached the subject of candles on the morning referred to, the former, in popular parlance, was "ready for the fray."

Unfortunately for Mr. Macklehinny he was sitting on the hotel piazza, engaged in conversation with his rich inamorata when the proprietor passed by, and Mr. Macklehinny, thinking no time like the present, opened fire by saying in his broadest drawl:

"Aw say—landlord—cawn't you give a fellah something bettah than a beastly cawndle to go to bed by?"

"What's the matter with the candle, Mr. Macklehinny? Wasn't it a good one?"

"Aw weally don't know about the quality of cawndles, land-lord, but they're a beastly nuisance, and I couldn't get along with them, not even when I was abwoad, you know!"

"Well, now, that's strange," said Mr. Jones, taking a seat beside the couple. "It really is remarkable how people do forget. Why, your mother used to make the best tallow dips in Huckleberry town, and she used to tell me you were uncommon peart about helping her to try the fat, etc. I might give you a kerosene lamp, I s'pose, but there isn't any gas upon your floor, and I should be most afraid to have you tackle a gas jet, anyhow!"

"I don't understand you, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Macklehinny growing red in the face, while Miss Dargent began to look amused.

"Well now, that's strange, too, Mr. Macklehinny," continued Mr. Jones, but I s'pose you've forgotten, along with other things, how a few years ago, you blew out the gas the first night you went to bed, at my old house down in Canal street. I kinder though then you had a weak intellect, and I guess I was right. The *afluvium* of that 'ere gas must have injured your memory, and no wonder, for you were powerful sick after it."

At this point Mr. Jones is called away and Miss Dargent presses a lace handkerchief to her lips and escapes to the far end of the piazza.

As for Mr. Macklehinny, he didn't like the place, anyway—"Too slow, you know!" and he is now seeking cheap board in a hotel that has gas in all the rooms, and he is particularly anxious to find a place where the proprietor shall not be named Jones.

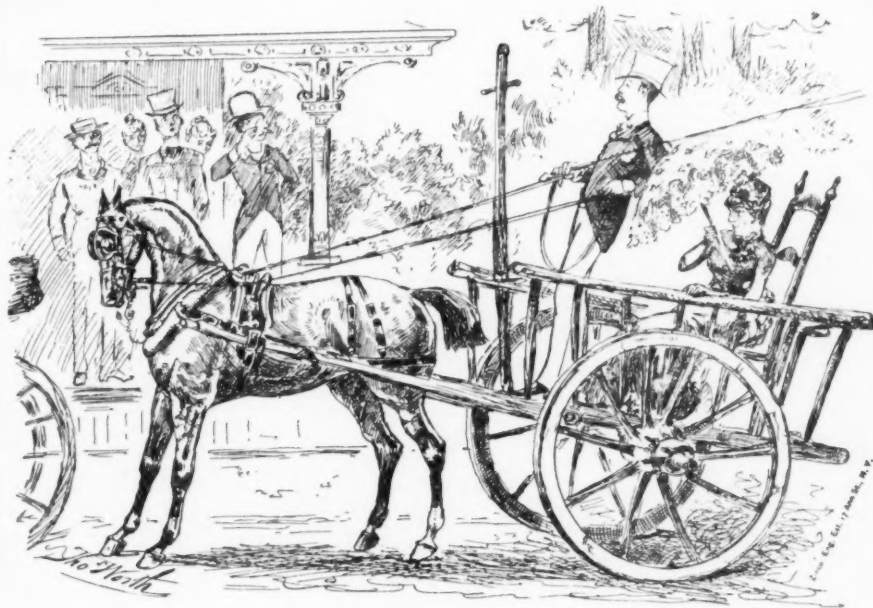
WHAT the ticket thinks of itself (when no interviewers are about). The head thinks the tail a played out old humbug; and the tail thinks the head a pretentious young puppy.

"Rob me the treasury, Grone, the very first thing thou doest." Alas, poor fat knight! *Our* true prince inherits only an empty title, not a full barrel.

TIMID GUEST—"Can you tell me, please, is there an elevator in this hotel?"

Old Stager—"I should think so! Lots of them. Can get one down at the bar for ten cents. Set 'em up?"

JUDGING from the newspapers of London and Paris the Democratic nomination is looked at in a rather critical spirit in those capitals. But London and Paris be blowed! What has "Copenhagen" got to say about it?—that's the question.



MR. JONES' CART HAVING BROKEN DOWN TEN MILES FROM HIS HOTEL HE WAS OBLIGED TO HIRE A HAY-CART TO RETURN IN. SENSATION ON HIS ARRIVAL.

Monographs.

THE EXCEPTION.

O EVENING hour, sweet close of day,
When weary heads and hands find rest,
And soft emotions are in play,
And peace, fair flower, fills the breast!
What man this solace cannot find!
We think of none, unless it may be
He who has to sit around and mind
His mewling, puling, drooling baby.

AN aching void—a hollow tooth.

"Won by a bare scratch!"—as the hen observed when she turned up the worm.

Even the most uncompromising of temperance advocates will leave the table in disgust if the beef is not well corned.

It is rumored that Mary Anderson thinks of entering a convent. Good! She will make one of the prettiest Gal-at-tears that ever wore a veil.

Every man thinks he can umpire a baseball game better than the other fellow; but after the ordeal—if he comes out alive—it is hard for him to decide which is the bigger fool of the two.

Young man, if you aspire to be president of this glorious land one of these days, marry a woman you can govern. This achievement—if possible—will be a grand aid in your campaign; for a man who can govern a woman can govern a nation, and this country knows it.

Under the head of "Mid-Summer Musings," a rural editor delivers himself of this refreshing reflection: "Snow-balling is a misdemeanor in Brooklyn." We venture to assert that the authorities of that eminently proper city would at this particular season place no very serious obstacle in the way of the amusement they so injudiciously tabooed when the year was young. Let the boys go right along with their snow-balling and not lose a day. We will pay all the fines if they get into trouble through this advice.

Ella Wheeler has written about 1500 poems. In a recent one she intimated that she would set the whole batch to music when she gets where the harps are handed around, and with this glorious work in view, she is ready to meet death at any time.

Little Elsie had a novel experience the other day. It was the first time she had ever played with a kitten, and she was highly delighted with the animated toy. Suddenly the kitter scratched the little soft hand. For a moment Elsie's astonishment was too great for words; then, in a tone of mingled indignation and surprise, she exclaimed: "Why, mamma! pussey's dot pins in her feet!"

Levi (peering into the sanctum)—"Vant any vine, elegant suspenders to-day? Some-tings vat vill throw oudt der chest, hold up der bants, and keep you in der vay you shouldt go?"

Impecunious Scribe (irritably)—"Get out of this, you mocking old Israelite! I'm hard enough strapped already without any assistance from you."

Levi—"Ah, yah! I see! You've suspended payment! Then dake these to brace up with. I'll let—"

But just here a pair of weary shears cut short the thread of Levi's remarks, and when he picked himself up at the bottom of the stairs he concluded to suspend business himself for the rest of the day, and while away the hours taking an inventory of his cuts and bruises.

THE Democratic war cry—Keep your powder dry and your whistle wet.

AN Act of Congress that the President couldn't veto if he would, and the people wouldn't if they could—the act of adjournment.

Is Blaine a Catholic or a Protestant? An important question as some editors believe; but the previous question is this: "Is Blaine running for Pope or for President?"



LADY WITH PARROT—"How do you do, Miss Jones, did you come by this train?"

LADY WITH DOGS—"No, I am waiting for the train back to the city. They would not let me have my dear little dogs in the hotel, so I am going home."

LADY WITH PARROT—"They served me just like that last season, but I've got a parrot and a Chinese cat that sings this summer."

Minister Lowell's Gout.

Be hushed ye parrying Democrats, who cares about
your prate,

Republicans cease talking of your tattooed candidate;
And Earth please stop a moment from revolving so
about;

Oh, blessed day! our minister at London has the
gout.

What though the high position was the best we could
bestow,

And the salary attached to it was good as salaries go;
And though he was invited to patrician balls and
rout,

Our Lowell wasn't happy, for he didn't have the
gout.

We might, of course, have given him bronchitis or
catarrh,

But those plebeian diseases on poetic nerves would
jar,

Malaria, too, is common to each low galoot and lout,
While there's something almost ducal in aristocratic
gout.

'Twas nice when my dear Hartington dropped in
sans ceremonie,

'Twas splendid when the Prince of Wales invited
him to tea,

And when Lord Lorne took his arm, 'twas pleasant
beyond doubt,

But they didn't compensate him for an absence of
the gout.

When Tennyson was shunted on the side track of
the peers,
Our poet wept until his vest was wet with scalding
tears.

Had he, too, served a monarchy a peer he would
come out,
But failing this, the next best thing is the *bona fide*
gout.

Oh! landlord give me lager, fill it up in schooners
tail,
And I shall drink to Lowell until on the ground I
fall;

And even then I'll manage in my ecstasy to shout,
"Hip, hip hurrah! Our minister has got the
British gout!"

JESSIE EFFE.

It is announced that "General" Booth,
the founder of the Salvation Army will visit
this country next fall. We hope he will
founder on the way.

WE read in the ladies fashions, "that all
the costumes this summer have been made
with a view to their matching." To what
matching, the ladies or the costumes? The
ladies, of course, but we don't quite under-
stand, haven't the costumes always been
made with a view to that? However, the
girls, bless them, are sure to know all about
it, and, we have no doubt, the costumes will
sell very well, and there'll be plenty of peo-
ple married that never were married before.

The Book of the Tribes of Columbia.

CHAP. III.

*Satan exerteth his wiles on humanity; In the person of
a tall, thin man he tackleth a Tartar and getteth left.*

1. Now the time had come when the wise
Columbian putteth on a straw helmet and
girdeth himself about with linen armor; for
the sun did burn with much hotness, so that
it seemed as if Joshua had commanded it to
stand still again; and the song of the mosquito
was heard in the land.

2. And Satan sent many fallen angels
throughout the land, that they might tor-
ment the tribes of Columbia.

3. He inspired many to swear; and he sent
his angels abroad in the land to ask all fat
men, "Is it hot enough for you?"

4. But there was one man who resisted
his wiles and repudiated his cunning, and
said, "Meander, Satan, I have the bulge on
thee."

5. This man was known far and wide in
the land for his wise sayings, for truly, he
was a scribe. And he spake also funny
things, so that even the horse did laugh to
hear them, and the hen did cackle with ex-
ceeding mirth.

6. And the name of this phenomenon was
called THE JUDGE. Who spake good things
weekly for the sum of ten shekels.

7. Now Satan communed with himself, saying, "Lo, I have pestered this JUDGE for these many months, and he hath given no sign. Let me ponder."

8. So Satan pondered; and he got a plan which filled him with ticklement, so that he laughed with joy.

9. Then entered he the head of a tall, thin man, and inspired him to do wicked things.

10. Then the tall, thin man answered and said, "I will get me up and go to THE JUDGE, for lo, I have a psalm sweeter than those of David."

11. And he arose, and went unto THE JUDGE.

12. And spake unto him in this wise: "O JUDGE, in the winter time did I write unto thee a psalm about Beautiful Snow.

13. But though I wrote it on both sides of the parchment, in red ink, and with manifold blots, yet thou didst not publish it.

14. Therefore did I wait until the gentle spring time, and then did I write unto thee a psalm concerning Beautiful Spring. And still thou didst defy me.

15. And for that reason I come unto thee again; for lo, thou hast defied me twice.

16. Behold, I bring thee again a psalm, which is upon Midsummer."

17. Then THE JUDGE, being exceeding wise, did perceive the design the tall, thin man had concerning him, which was to read unto him the psalm.

18. Wherefore THE JUDGE answered and said: "Worshipper of Dagon, thy doom is fixed. Inasmuch as thou readest one word to me, thou shalt be changed into a sausage of the kind which is named Bologna. Therefore get thee up and absquatulate."

19. But the tall, thin man replied unto THE JUDGE: "Lo, it is short; but ninety and five verses it containeth." And he did read one verse.

20. Then THE JUDGE straightway seized upon his javelin and upon his automatic bouncer.

21. And put on his spiked shoes.

22. And he did dance upon the tall, thin man, and did slaughter him.

23. And THE JUDGE went before the people, and spake thus unto them: "Behold, the winter is past, and the spring is past, and the spring poet therefore thinketh he can come midsummer poems on me. And in that matter he getteth wofully left.

Perhaps.

LATE at night,
 What a sight!
 Bloated man, very tight;
 Hunts for key-hole,
 Finds it gone,
 Lays on doorstep
 Until dawn.
 Who comes out
 Big and stout?
 It is his wife
 Without a doubt;
 Yanks him in,
 Hear the din!
 (Wife to husband)
 "Where've you been?"
 "Electioneering,
 Votes steering,
 For election day is nearing,
 And the bourbon as you know,
 Helped us out in Ohio."
 Poor man, bloated, fat,
 Of course he's not a Democrat.



THIS is not a view of an insane Asylum. It represents the editorial staff on one of our "kicking" contemporaries trying to indite editorials which will "consist" with what they published a few years ago in favor of the Republican nominees.

I Knew by the Sound.

A SODA WATER LYRIC.

After TOM MOORE—several years after.

I knew by the sound that so gratefully fizzed
 Upon the hot air, that a drug store was near,
 And I said, if there's soda on earth to be found,
 A man who is thirsty may hope for it here.

'Twas twelve o'clock, sharp; all nature was still,
 Save voluptuous flies which were buzzing around,
 And the boy at the back, who was pounding out pills
 In his mortar, which gave forth a dull, hollow
 sound.

In this snug little shop, oh! how happy I'd feel
 With a maiden, with me the sweet syrup to sip,
 Who would smile when I treated, and if I refused,
 Wouldn't get on her ear, and give me her lip.

'Neath the shade of yon tree, then to take the dear
 girl,
 And encircling her waist, oh! how blest would I be
 To feast on her innocent lips, and to know
 That no other fellow had kissed her but me.

* * * * *

But there's many a slip, 'twixt the cup and the lip;
 The plaguety old fountain was dry—'twouldn't
 sizzle;

The soda'd "give out"—so the druggist found out,
 And I found, alas! that the fizz was a fizzle.

Notable Members of Congress.

Latest on the floor—Slo-cum.
 Sticks to the eyes of the majority and
 knows best which members are men of weight
 —Scales.

Whom the Union soldiers will not forget
 till memory loses her seat—Libbey.

For whom some of the Ohio members
 would dearly love to have a killer—Payne.

Whom all the members are drawing nearer
 to every day—Clay.

The only member in favor of leaving his
 seat to the most worthy man in his district
 —Alexander.

Whose labors are sometimes lost, but him-
 self not much lost between Morrison and
 Randall—Love.

Always found in the ring—Lovering.

Without whose aid even the most eloquent
 member would be no better than Teufels-
 drockhs "naked Duke of Windlestraw ad-
 dressing a naked House of Lords"—Taylor.

The Democratic cry to the White House—
 Long.

The favorite of Anthony B. Susan, because
 he is the only member who ever burned an
 advanced female at the stake—Talbot.

Whom members may name in debate with-
 out being called to order, and make free
 with their names without being called out—
 Smith, Brown, Jones.

Decidedly the most unpopular man in the
 house, Democrats and Republicans alike
 sinking party lines and politics and going
 for him wherever he is seen—Money.

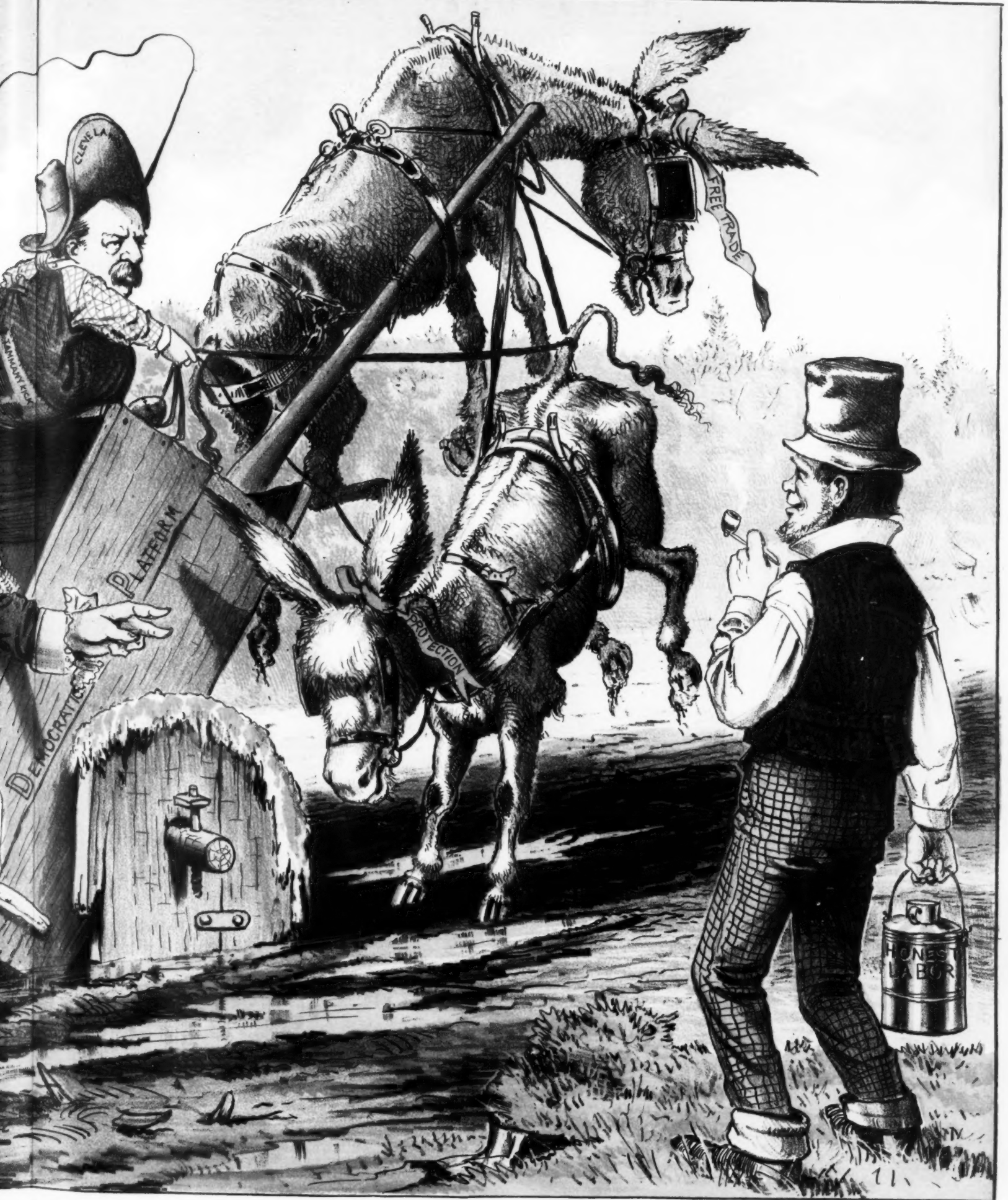
T. H. F.



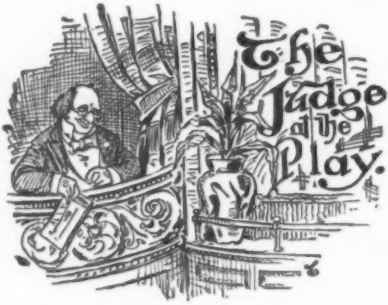
HAMILTON.

HENDRICKS TO HONEST LABOR---"My good fellow, are we on the HONEST LABOR (F...)"

STUCK



TUCK.
"on the right road to Washington?"



"THE LITTLE DUKE" is the only play worth mentioning that THE JUDGE has had any pleasure in attending for some time.

"Distrust" was not able to eke out its allotted four weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, but the play is not worth serious mention. It is one of those "summer snaps" that are inflicted on New Yorkers with more or less frequency.

The "snaps" this year have been a little worse than usual and "Distrust" is about the worst of the lot, that is all.

The performances at The Bijou and the Cosmopolitan have been most dreary, but the so-called criticisms in the dramatic papers on these and other pieces have been most entertaining.

These papers must indeed be ably edited.

A favorable notice in one column is almost sure to be followed in the same issue by a contradictory notice in another column or *vice versa*, and the strangest part of it all is, that in this respect one paper is as bad as another.

For instance, we pick up a theatrical journal and read that Augustin Daly's troupe are meeting with well-deserved favor on the other side, and turning to another page are astonished to learn that, as might have been expected, and as a certain journal pointed out, said troupe has met with nothing but disaster since it left our shores.

For the truth of the matter we refer our readers to the daily papers which contain extracts from the leading London journals.

Another theatrical weekly contained the two following notices of the Eden Musee, which we reprint *verbatim*:

"The aristocratic flimsiness at the Eden Musee attracts but poor audiences to the bob-tailed French establishment on Twenty-third street. As all kinds of refreshments are served in what by courtesy is called the concert promenade, it has become the meeting place of a certain class of persons, who put up with the poor music and wretched wax figure show, in order that they may meet and flirt to their hearts' content. The French idea for the success of this place was to lay low and await the first big murder, which, done in wax, was to draw the great American rabble. To the French mind these murders happen twice a day in America, so capitalists were not hard to find. Now they are dreaming and praying for a first-class murder to give them a dividend on their investment. But even Connecticut refuses to have a sensation for their benefit. The played-out monarchs of the old world, or rather very poor likenesses of them, and their equally decrepit ministers, with all the fuss and feathers of their livery, afford but poor amusement to Americans, and the few who go in on a paid ticket, go solely for the purpose of ridiculing the show, and admiring the well developed gall of the Gallic stock holders. The only thing in the favor of this monumental French humbug is that the building is kept clean and cool. That, with the pretty women hovering about, and the possibility of some day beholding the newspapers' description of a blood-curdling murder poorly done in badly-tinted wax, keep the doors open."

"The Eden Musee in Twenty-third street seems to possess considerable attraction for country visitors. The place is thronged all day long with people who bear the unmistakable cachet of having come to town 'to see the sights.' The exhibition is a very creditable one of its kind, although it will



HIS LOST OPPORTUNITY.

"I don't think I shall go rowing with you again, soon.

"Why not, pray?"

"Because you only hugged the shore!"

be some time before it comes up to the standard of Madame Tussaud. The management have made a wise movement in installing Mr. George R. Chapman in the ticket office and giving the charge of the advertising arrangements into the able hands of Mr. James Ford. These two gentlemen will assuredly do a great deal toward helping 'The Wax Works' to popularity."

Opinions, like doctors, seem to differ, and the Eden Musee has not yet closed its doors, notwithstanding the fact that "it attracts but poor audiences," and at the same time "is thronged all day long."

It seems that Mr. Tillotson's play "Queena" will precede his play "Lynwood" at the Union Square.

The first and fourth acts of "Queena" are on the Hudson, and the second and third in Paris.

This sounds much like a good many other society dramas we have seen. Fortunately Paris is a large city and the Hudson is a long river, so we may be treated to some new scenery after all.

Eben Plympton, Lilian Cleves, Sadie Martinot, Ethel Greybrooke and numerous others are in the cast.

Miss Greybrooke was with the Florences last season, and we believe Miss Martinot was with Boucicault for a short time after the withdrawal of "Confusion" from The Comedy Theatre. The first performance is announced for the 18th.

Mr. Barrymore seems to have started a new fashion, for we are told that he has disposed of his play "Nadjezda" to Mme. Mod-

jeska, who will probably perform it in St. Petersburg and other European capitals. She retains only the English speaking rights, Mme. Bernhardt having arranged to bring out the play in Paris, performing the principal character herself.

That an American play, or at least a play written in America should be played abroad by two such great artists is worthy of special comment in these days when scarcely anything that does not bear a foreign impress is deemed good enough for a New York audience. But it seems rather peculiar that Modjeska, who retains only the English speaking rights to the piece, should attempt to produce it in St. Petersburg.

If she values her pretty head, we should advise her to keep "Nadjezda" with its nihilistic plot as far from St. Petersburg as possible, but if it must be given in Russia at all, perhaps she is wise to play it in a language that few can understand.

It seems that the story of Mary Anderson's becoming a nun was what a prominent theatrical manager would call a *curand*.

The latest item regarding the fair tragedienne is that she contemplates marrying Henry E. Abbey.

We don't see what particular difference it makes anyhow, whether she goes into a convent or joins an Abbey.

The question is, if she does the latter, can she properly speaking be called an abbess?

Musical Miseries.

A SHARP NOTE.

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,"

I wonder whether people sung
Those patriotic airs, (or squalls)
That emanate from music halls;
I wonder if the German band
Then blew, unchecked, about the land,
And whether organ-grinders then,
Annoyed the brethren of the pen.

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,"

I wonder if our nation clung
To ballads of the sickly school,
And whether niggers were the rule.
Now Avon's bard was up in arms
'Gainst those who loved not music's charms,
I wonder if he ever tried
To write when organs were outside.

Since "music, heavenly maid, was young,"

She must have cast her lot among
The married folks! and these we hear,
Her noisy off-spring are, I fear.
I wish they would reduce, by gum!
Their minims to a minimum:
Bah! Music has become too bold,
She's quite a nuisance now, she's old.

My Neighbors.

PART I.

"Masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,
will you undo yourselves?"—*Macbeth*.

I AM sure there never was a human being so surfeited with neighbors as I have been, and they come to me at every crisis in my own career or in theirs.

"Undo themselves?" I should think they do, or else some one else undoes them. At any rate they very often come undone.

Then, as to writing of neighbors as a class, you can't do it. Why, I have them good, bad, and totally indifferent, old and young, fashionable and frumpish, handsome and ugly, intelligent and idiotic, eccentric and commonplace.

Bless you, I know them all, but I am a quiet, easy-going old body. I go through them all with my eyes open and my mouth shut, and perhaps I see and hear as much and more than half the brilliant people I meet, but they don't think so. I try to know myself, but I never want to introduce a friend.

Now there are the Jenkins family. They are my nearest neighbors and greatest persecutors. I have the good or bad fortune to live alone, so I am a fair mark for everybody's pity and philanthropy.

"Poor thing," they say, "she is all by herself, it's only kind to ask her to join us sometimes." The Jenkins family are always asking me to join them, and more than that, they are always quite equal to enforcing their requests. They, one and all, belong to that awful class of people, "who will take no denial." If the Jenkins decree goes forth that on a certain evening, at a certain hour, you are to dine with them, they'll make you come, dead or alive. Cold, heat, sickness, previous engagements, family afflictions, press of business—vain excuses. I have pleaded them all a thousand times, but only to prove how futile they were. I never remonstrate now. I go—submit, it is my fate. The Jenkins family are four in number—father, mother, son, and daughter. Father Jenkins has the gout, a villainous temper, a laugh like a hyæna in hysterics, and a very long sum to his credit at his



DEMOCRATIC CANVASSER—"What place is that down there?"

NATIVE—"That is Punkville."

D. C.—"How's politics there?"

NATIVE—"Everybody solid for Cleveland and Hendricks."

D. C. (with delight)—"You don't say so. How many voters have you?"

NATIVE—"Two—me and dad."

bankers. Mother Jenkins has diamonds and domestics on the brain. She is always finding out some awful conspiracy amongst her servants, engaging angels to wait on her, and discovering after a week or so, that they are—well, *not* angels. Miss Jenkins has a mission, I don't know what it is, but she distributes tracts, and asks every one she meets, "In what state is their immortal soul?" One young man told her he believed "his was in the State of New York." She responded angrily that his frivolity would lead him to a far worse place, but it caused her to change her inquiry for the future, and substitute the words: "How is your poor soul?"

"Very tired and tender, and covered with corns," said a youth just returned from a walking match.

She used to go about the street, too, and distribute her tracts in that way. She made me go with her once, but I never, never was caught so again. She met my old friend Mrs. Godly, who leads the temperance movement. I will do Miss Jenkins the justice to say she had not the faintest idea of her identity when she presented her with a favorite tract entitled, "You were drunk last Sunday."

Master John Jenkins, otherwise Jakey, was the son and heir. He was a pale, white-haired, lankey youth, with only one idea, and that one was most generally astray. He dabbled in almost everything in turn. He took up sentiment once and did me the honor of falling in love with me. It was very trying, while it lasted. Mother Jenkins showed me all the family diamonds, and enlarged on the troubles of housekeeping, and the awful way that the butler fought

with the cook and flirted with the housemaid. How the page boy inscribed—

"Peter Piper is my name,
And with my pen I write the same,
The pen is bad and so is I,
I hope to mend before I die."

on her newly painted front door. How the laundress never did Jakey's shirts to his mind, and how she hoped and trusted we would be happy.

Father Jenkins kept me dining incessantly and drinking unlimited champagne, and laughing himself—poor man—to the verge of an attack of apoplexy. Miss Jenkins presented me with "Who can find a virtuous woman?" bound in æsthetic green cloth with gilt sun-flowers on the back. I felt they would "positively take no denial," and already began to fear my fate was sealed and that *volens volens* I would be made Mrs. Jakey Jenkins, but deliverance was at hand. Jakey took up a new idea, and, of course, dropped the old one. I was forgotten. He became high churchy, was ordained, took a vow of celibacy, and wrote to release me from a promise, that, I can safely affirm, I never made. His family pitied me, and actually let me alone for a whole week. Then they began to invite me again, and "take no denials," if I tried to refuse, it was that I had not strength of mind to meet Jakey.

"Poor soul! she feels it sadly, but with his principles John never could have married her. Besides age, quite unsuitable—poor, dear boy would have sacrificed himself," and so on; these were the stage asides I constantly heard at dinner parties and "at



JOURNALISTIC "ENTERPRISE."

HOW ONE MIGHT REASONABLY SUPPOSE THE PORTRAIT CUTS IN OUR DAILY CONTEMPORARIES WERE MADE.

homes," so there was a tinge of bitterness mingled with my joy. I was free, it is true, but all my kind neighbors looked at me with sympathy.—"Poor Miss Tompkins, poor old thing, wearing the willow for that boy.

While the waters of affliction yet overwhelmed me, my godmother, Miss Tabitha Tattle, invited me to luncheon. My godmother was something of a *bon vivant*, being proud of her cuisine, but she very rarely asked any one to luncheon, so I knew that this special entertainment was got up to console me, and divert my mind from my sorrow. My godmother came in person to secure my presence.

"There shall be no one there, Tabitha, dear, that could be the least unpleasant for you to meet, only myself, and the two Smalls, and Mrs. and Miss Gleaner. It will divert your mind and be good for your spirits. How is your appetite, my dear? Any little special dish you fancy good for your wounded heart? Tell me, love, confide in me. What can you eat?"

I restrained, successfully restrained my impulse to swear, but I wished I had a male relative, a big brother, or some one, to do it for me. I knew denial or remonstrance was useless. I must let them take my broken heart for granted and heal it their own way. So I only replied meekly:

"Thanks, dear godmother, I am very well, and can eat anything. I am sure to like your good things."

"Well, *au revoir*, my poor child, be with me at one o'clock, and employ yourself and try to keep up your spirits."

I need not say I was there at one o'clock, that I ate little breakfast, so that the Smalls and Gleaners might not fancy that Jakey had spoiled my appetite. "Oh! how I will eat," thought I, "I'll clear the table and call for more."

Alas! "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." Godmamma always aimed at small, elegant, tempting luncheons. She hated large, vulgar joints at noon. The first thing we had was soup. Soup is a thing I never eat, never have, and never could, but I helped myself largely to the next dish, little nondescript round balls—Oysters! ye gods! and little fishes! I never could swallow oysters from my earliest childhood, I loathed them. I was forced to ask my godmother to excuse my leaving them on my plate. They all sighed—I allude to the company, dear readers, not to the oysters—and godmamma said, "Yes, of course, my poor dear, don't stand on ceremony, we all quite understand." The next thing was stewed kidneys. I dared not attempt them, I could never eat kidneys. The next dish was an Indian curry, hotter than Tophet. It burned my mouth, it scalded my throat, it forced the tears from my aching eyes. I could not eat it. Was it not hard? Oysters, kidneys, and curry, the only three things on the face of the earth, that are used for human food, that I cannot eat. It was an awful moment for me.

I wished I had never been born—I wished no one had ever been born—I wished my godmamma's cook had been choked before she cooked that fatal meal, hateful woman!

I was in despair. The ladies murmured, "Poor soul," and all stopped eating to gaze at me. Old fool! that I am. I have, and always had an inconvenient habit of blushing. I have never been able to conquer it. It amounts to a disease with me. A paroxysm of it came on. Godmamma handed me a fan, Mrs. Gleaner gave me water, Miss Small opened the window, but I had reached a pitch that all the ice in the Polar regions would not cool me. Oh! it was a gruesome entertainment for me. We had cheese next, I think. I only know that when we left the table I had partaken of nothing but ice cream, and had left my neighbors more than ever convinced of the utter hopelessness of my condition. I returned home in a state bordering on distraction, and fully resolved to devote a week to steady practice in the art of eating soup, cheese, kidneys and oysters, and so I did. I have learned to love them all, but to love my neighbors is still a pass beyond the skill and endurance of a tormented householder like

TABITHA TOMPKINS.

DEAR George William Curtis
Complaining won't hurt us,
Finding fault never won a campaign.
Your shallow pretension
Is hardly worth mention,
And the mud that you throw will not stain.

Dear George William Curtis,
'Tis well you desert us,
Now we know your "Reform" is a sham.
Your dudes of perfection
Will scarce bear inspection,
And your bolt—won't amount to a d—n.

DENNY DOUGHERTY.

A Brief Fourth of July Oration.

A WESTERN man is on record as making the briefest Fourth of July oration in history. He had his speech by heart, but the multitude frightened him. "Twenty years ago the place upon which you now stand was a howling wilderness!" he began. Not remembering the next sentence, he repeated that one. There was immense applause. Still he forgot. Attempt No. 3 was as follows: "Twenty years ago the place upon which you now stand was a howling wilderness - and—and—d—n me if I don't wish it was now."—*Boston Star*.

His Mistake.

"SAY, Moses," said a customer to a retail clothier, "what is this story I hear about you?"

"Vot shtory is dot shtory?"

"Why, a friend of mine said you made a mistake the other day and sold him a ten dollar coat for five dollars."

"How ish dot?"

"I don't know. He said he saw the figures on the ticket and that your boy sold it to him."—*Merchant Traveler*.

His Last Words.

HE is a member of the Dude Club and there was a bad light in his eye as he came into the editorial lair.

"I've got one for you," he chirruped.

"Put it under a glass case," growled the sanctissimus sanctorum; "the air might hurt it."

"What is the difference," he went on, "between the Goddess of liberty and a detective? One is always on the dollar and the other always on the scent."

So he died.—*Denver Inter-Ocean*.

Gives His Mother Dead Away.

THE minister called at the house of Mr. Snagwell the other day. "You are very comfortably situated," said he to the Christian wife and mother. "Your little place is almost self-sustaining; but, sister, where are all of your chickens? When last here I noticed flocks of them in the yard."

"Yes," replied the Christian lady, "we raised a great many, but they became so troublesome to our neighbors that, rather than give offence, we sold them."

"Very considerate, I am sure."

"Oh, I cannot bear to be looked upon as an imposition and—"

"Ma!" called young Snagwell.

"Yes, son."

"Did you sell the chickens 'cause they was trouble?"

"Yes son; run along now."

"No, you didn't, 'cause I heard you tell pap that the chickens all had the cholera an' that he'd better take 'em down an' sell 'em before they all died."

The good lady imagined that the minister was not so cordial when he took his leave, and shortly afterwards the boy had reason to believe that the mercury had gained an altitude of several inches.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

True Story With a Moral.

Handsome Young Millionaire.—"So you would like a position as companion to my sister?"

Pretty Girl.—"Yes, please; I would do my very best to give satisfaction."

"Can you sing?"

"No; I am sorry to say."

"You play the piano, I suppose?"

"No; I never studied music."

"Ah! Probably, then, you paint crockery or—"

"It is needless to continue the list sir; I have no accomplishments."

"Indeed? Why, how have you passed your time since you left school?"

"At home helping mother. You see—"

"Pardon me for interrupting. You have said enough and—"

"Oh, do not say I will not do. If necessary I can pick up some accomplishments in a reasonable time, I am sure."

"You will not do as a hired companion, because you are entirely too good for the position, but if you will take half of my fortune and me with it, I shall consider myself the luckiest man in the world."

She did.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Where Was He?

"WHERE was your father last Sunday afternoon?" asked the minister of an unsophisticated young lady.

"He must have attended some lecture," replied she innocently.

"Are you sure? I was not aware that there was a lecture given in town last Sunday."

"There must have been," said the young lady, "for I distinctly heard him tell a friend at six o'clock that he had paid seventy-five cents for cushioned seats in the grand stand, and that Mr. Somebody's delivery was just perfect."—*Scissors.*

A MAN in Dodge City, Kansas, who is credited with killing thirty-two persons, is called "a sociable, good fellow, when he isn't crossed."—*Boston Globe.*

Fetch and Carry.

Two dog fanciers were discussing the respective merits of their brutes, when one of them said:

"Bull pups is no good, yer can't learn 'em nuthin'."

"Tain't so; I've got a bull pup that'll fetch an' carry anything. Why, I've got 'im so he'll carry off a chunk uv raw beef an' bring it back agin."

"Betcher he won't."

"Done, an' here's a dolyer as backs my dorg."

The money was put up, the dog was called and the meat given him.

"Now, Tige," said the owner, "Take it out doors, that's a good doggy, an' when I calls yer, com in agin an' show the gentleman wot yer can do."

The dog went out with the meat in his mouth, and presently his owner called, "Tige, Tige; here Tige," and he came back wagging his tail and licking his chops.

"Gimme them stakes," shouted the other fellow, "I tole yer yer couldn't learn a bull pup nuthin'. He hain't brung it back."

"Go slow, mister. I reckon I'll take them myself. I didn't say how the pap'd fetch that meat back, did I?"

"No, but yer see he hain't brung it."

"He hez, too, an' its on the inside uv him, in course. Yer didn't think the dang pup had sense enough to clamp on to a good thing when he got a chance, did yer? Bull pups is smart, I'm a tellin' yer," and he took his dog and the two dollars and sloped. *Merchant Traveler.*

She Didn't Take the Ring.

A YOUNG lady who moves in very good society returned from the seashore yesterday in a very indignant frame of mind. She made a call on a West Walnut-street family, and there met a half dozen girl friends, to whom she explained the cause of her indignation. "I was on the board walk about seven o'clock in the evening," she said, "and a great, horrid man with black moustache said, 'h'm.' I paid no attention, and what did the brute do but turn square round and say 'I'd like to kiss you.' Of course, I paid no attention, and then he came closer and said, 'I'd give this diamond ring for a kiss,' at the same time drawing a beautiful ring from his finger.

"And did he kiss you, and then refuse to give up the ring?" queried the girls in chorus.

"Goodness sakes, no!" was the reply. "I felt so angry and hurt that I walked away without saying a word. At any rate, the ring was a solitaire, and you all know that clusters are the only correct thing to wear nowadays."

"He was a beast," said the girls "and you were perfectly right."—*Philadelphia Press.*

If there is any girl who doesn't like to pop the question, even if it is leap-year, she can get around it by asking her young man if he'd be willing to fill in his name on her marriage certificate.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

SUMMER is probably selected for the base ball season because there are an abundance of flies and bats; although, to be sure, there are more balls in the winter.—*Washington Hatchet.*



The New "Maud Muller."

[A LITTLE love story of special importance to all young married people and to all those contemplating matrimony.]

Maud Muller stood at the close of day Not in the meadow raking hay;—

But stood at the window looking out. Said she, "He'll be home to-night, no doubt."

A bride of very short standing was she, A busy commercial traveler he.

As she stood at the window she saw a throng, And a burden they bore as they hurried along.

'Twas he that they carried, all senseless with pain, He had jumped too soon from a moving train.

With a fractured arm and a cut on the head, And numberless bruises, they put him to bed.

"How did it happen?" she cries, "Can you speak?" His answer sounds something like "dollars a week."

"Poor fellow; his mind must be wandering," says she;

"'Dollars a week,' pray what can it be?"

With a clearer mind he speaks, though slow: "Last week I took a notion to go

"And insure on the Mutual Accident plan, A capital thing for a traveling man.

"And though there's no danger at present, my dear, Yet, were I to die, it is very clear

"One thing the U. S. Mutual would do, Namely, hand Ten Thousand Dollars to you.

"But here I am simply with broken bones, And no occasion for sorrowful groans;

"For the company gives me, sure as I speak, The sum of Fifty Dollars a week.

"A little blessing like that, you know, Is a mitigation of grief and woe."

She wiped the tears from her weeping eye, So glad that dear hubby was not to die.

And she loved all the more that thrifty man Who insured on the Mutual Accident plan.

Membership Fee, \$5. Annual Cost about \$12 for \$5,000 Accident Insurance, with \$25 Weekly Indemnity. \$10,000 Insurance, with \$50 Weekly Indemnity, at corresponding rates.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

Write for Circular and Application Blank, and when received fill out your application, inclose \$5 and forward it to the Secretary at New York, on receipt of which a policy will be promptly mailed to you.

THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSO'N, 320 Broadway, N. Y.

CHAS. B. PEET, (of Rogers, Peet & Co.,) PRE'ST. JAMES R. PITCHER, SECRETARY.

"WHAT'S YET BEHIND, THAT'S MEET YOU ALL SHOULD KNOW."

(MEASURE FOR MEASURE.)

THE Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford now appear very greatly alarmed at the unparalleled success of the UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

Omitting on their part any mention of their own annual reports—which are zealously kept secluded from the insuring public and only to be found in the reports of the Insurance Department—they freely circulate in the form of anonymous circulars, garbled reports and false statements of this Association intended to mislead the ordinary reader and prejudice the minds of policy holders. Let us read the report of the Travelers Insurance Company for 1883 (Accident Department.)

Total premium income,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$2,064,589.03
Disbursements during 1883.								
Total amount actually paid for Losses,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	864,255.21
(Note what became of the remaining \$1,200,333.82.								
Paid Stock-holders, (dividends,)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	96,000.00
Commission to Agents,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	509,804.80
Salaries and Traveling Expenses of Agents,	-	-	-	-	-	\$121,699.13	-	
Salaries and other compensations of officers and other employes	-	-	-	-	-	85,864.54	—	207,563.67
Medical Examiners' Fees,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20,934.52
Taxes, License Fees and Fines	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	27,492.68
Rent	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	24,836.90
Furniture, Fixtures and Safes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	929.02
Advertising	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	38,907.73
Books, Stationery, Exchange, Postage, etc.,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	65,270.76
Total miscellaneous expenses for one year	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	991,740.08

Or a sum \$127,484.87 greater than they paid for losses, and still leaving in the hands of stock-holders \$208,593.74 to be added to undivided profits and accumulations of former years. Considering the above figures is it any wonder that the stock-holders have derived enormous profits from the business?

Let us look into their accident business in the State of New York. We find that they collected premiums in New York amounting to \$308,584.56 and paid losses and claims on policies in New York amounting to \$125,525.56 leaving for expenses and profits \$183,059.00 on the New York State business alone.

The United States Mutual Accident Association was organized in 1877 to relieve the people of the very excessive rates demanded by the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford for Insurance against accidents, and it has to-day upon its books over \$90,000,000.00 of insurance in force without a single valid or adjusted claim contested or unpaid. It has conducted its business honorably and promptly and is saving its members nearly one third of a million dollars per annum in the reduced cost of the Insurance furnished as compared with the rates of stock accident companies, and at the lowest ratio for expense ever achieved by any like Association in the world.

The Travelers Insurance company would wish you to believe through their anonymous circulars that the Annual Dues of \$1 from each member of this Association should suffice to conduct one of the most perfectly appointed insurance offices in the United States in all its details of book-keeping and clerical labor,—to adjust thousands of weekly indemnity and death claims, requiring a large corps of surgeons throughout the United States to examine reported injuries to members in their various localities, and all this without expense, when their own sworn reports show nearly \$1,000,000.00 a year are absorbed in expenses alone in conducting their accident business.

At the close of the last fiscal year they show by their sworn report that they had only about twice as much insurance in force, as this association has upon its books at the present time.

In a nut shell.—Is not the whole proof of the success of the United States Mutual Accident Association summed up in the fact that it insures against accidents at one-half the rates demanded by stock accident companies: that it pays its claims promptly and in full: and that it has the means to do this and does do it, is attested by its twenty-thousand policy-holders (a gain of five thousand since January 1st), representing the best class of business and professional men in this country, who are satisfied that they have the cheapest accident insurance in the best accident company in the world.

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 Address, Secretary, Electro Medical Company,
 436 Canal Street, New York.
 Please mention this paper.

A SCIENTIFIC exchange discusses "eggs as food." It is intended for actors who may not know that eggs are ever used except as votive offerings.—*Boston Post.*

SKATING in summer seems to be an established success. Now let somebody introduce sleighriding during the warm weather, and his fortune is made.—*Boston Transcript.*

JAMES and Clara at the pic-nic took a basket and some bottles of soda water, and hied away to a secluded spot. James: "I declare, this is miserable soda, it won't pop." Clara: "Oh, well, you know misery likes company." James: "What do you mean by that remark?" Clara: "Well, you don't pop either." Cards next week. *Brooklyn Times.*

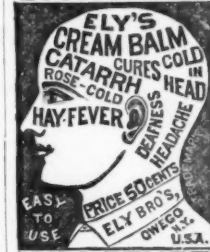
SCENE, office of female physician: Enter man in haste—"Won't you please come down Doctor, and see a young man who has just fallen from a scaffolding? We are afraid he is fatally hurt."

Female Physician—"Why, mercy! I couldn't go in this dress; besides my back hair is not done up."—*Boston Post.*

"When Jennie Meets Me at the Gate," is the title and burden of a new song. If the night is clear, When the stars are Twinkling. Love, keep your weather eye out for the old man, say about the time Our Grandfather's Clock strikes ten, for he may be Coming Thro' the Rye from the village, with Towser; in which case you had better get Over the Garden Wall, while she goes in and Pulls Down the Blinds to make pa believe she said her little Now I Lay Me Down to sleep at nine o'clock.—*Peck's Sun.*

PREACHER—"It is very discouraging, very."
 Deacon—"What is discouraging? Your congregations are very large."
 Preacher—"But before the sermon is half over they get sleepy and begin to nod."
 Deacon—"How lucky you are!"
 Preacher—"Lucky?"
 Deacon—"Yes; don't you know there is luck in nod numbers?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

CATARRH Hay Fever



Is a type of catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes.

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 Sample bottle by mail, 10 cents
 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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