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J. L. Herrig

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Judge

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DISHONORED.

"This note is dishonored and has gone to protest."

GILLAM



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.
 President W. J. ARKELL
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WHEN A MAN goes fast in Texas they say he splits the wind. The maker of the next dictionary will do well to tie that up for use.

THIS IS a free country indeed. Why! the recent experiment of Miss Bly even shows that a sane man can get into a lunatic asylum.

A POEM in praise of young Haskell, who insulted Mrs. Cleveland, is impossible, because there is only one word that will properly rhyme with him.

NOTHING MAKES Joseph Pulitzer so mad as to be balked in his local political enterprises, and when we consider that he has been here three or four years there is pretty good reason for it.

FRANK HATTON is still starting newspapers, and, oddly enough, some of the old ones still live.

A CONTEMPORARY says the liquor men are seeking pledges, and so the good work of temperance goes on.

BEAR IN MIND that if Fred Grant is elected this year the fall of the Democratic Richmond will follow in 1888.

AT LAST ACCOUNTS there were only nine hundred successors to Mr. Beecher, but the canvass had been only half completed.

LORD GARMOYLE, having fallen heir to an additional five millions, is ready to engage himself to two or three more pretty girls, with the regular financial penalty.

IT IS NOT true that Jay Gould has a corner on the celestial mansions, but we must remember that he has been busy with other matters.

HENRY GEORGE regrets that Governor Hill didn't accept his challenge and that Mr. Shevitch did. It is quite natural.

LET US HOPE that Mr. Train will not come home by way of China, because—dreadful thought!—those orientals might catch him and keep him there.

SOME SOCIALISTS of London recently took possession of Westminster abbey and spit liberally on the floor and the statuary. Revenge is sweet.

THERE OUGHT to be a special cyclopedia for every election in New York city, but we suppose if anybody used it he would be accused of stealing his information.

MR. BLAINE uses the cable to commend Fred Grant, and a large majority of the people of this state will use the ballot-box to indorse the commendation.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW is a nuisance, but

we mustn't expect him to be generally killed until he raises the plumage necessary to the prevailing bonnet.

BISHOP McQUAID of Rochester is talking politics like a stump-speaker in order to rebuke McGlynn for talking politics. Should the two gentlemen come together how the religio-political fur would fly!

BEWARE, HENRY!

Henry Watterson says a manlier or more modest gentleman than Fred Grant does not live, and that the Democrats will make no capital by misrepresenting him. Mr. Watterson will keep on with this gentlemanly treatment of the opposition until he is kicked so far out of the Democratic party that he will never be able to get back to it.

MR. DANA says he may and may not support Mr. Cleveland in 1888; but he probably won't, because if Mr. Cleveland thinks he will Mr. Cleveland will of course refuse to run.

WE HOPE the statement that Bartley Campbell is recovering is true; but it looks like the introduction to a new play bearing his name and written by somebody else.

SHALL WE ABOLISH "HELL"?

A Troy clergyman wants to abolish the word "hell." It is a small word, with a great deal of force in it, and it is not necessarily profane or vulgar. Nevertheless its associations and the general manner of its use are intensely disagreeable, and any other word that would give the same meaning to some extent would be better. We

confess, however, to an affection for the word, as an expletive in denunciation of the error of the period and as a term that has more in meaning than any other word of its size. Where else could we tell a mean man to go with the same economy of expression, and to what other realm could the Democratic party and the mugwumps be so appropriately sent?

MR. WONG CHIN FOO in his recent vocal contest with Denis Kearney got in the most words, but the adjectives of Denis were so much more powerful that they speedily knocked him out.

NINA VAN ZANDT appears in the pictorial dailies only about three times a week now, but we cannot discover that she changes in looks with sufficient rapidity to warrant even that display.

VICE ADMIRAL JAUREGUI-BERRY of the French army is dead. The gentleman ought to have died by sections. To take him entirely off at one time is about as disastrous as a French fight with Chinamen.

MUCH PROMISE—NO PERFORMANCE.

A cartoon needs no comment. If the story told in sketch and color does not carry its own logic, it fails as a preacher and its moral is lost. There are, however, shadowy forms that the camera cannot catch; remembrances of suggestion rather than shape; those in the background, not those close to the footlights, that the pen rather than the pencil needs to bring out. Next to that impotence that does nothing is that more than contemptible characteristic of affluence of promise and sterility of performance—a varioloid form of political misrepresentation, very contagious to those whose systems, from habit or inclination, are ready absorbents of the disease. Is not the Democratic party bankrupt? Were not its promises, like those of the old wildcat banks, uttered only with larcenous intent, and issued to deceive? When some credulous mugwump holder of a certificate of deposit asks for redemption of his civil-service scrip, Higgins or



AN EXPLODED THEORY.

"I allus heerd dat wherever a coon could get his head through he could get de rest ob his body through too."



"But dey must be some mistake somers."



A HUDSON COMPARISON.

MISS CLEMON—"Here comes that new English beauty, Miss Evelake."
 MRS. VICKINGS (of Yonkers)—"Ain't she fearfully altitudinous and Palisady?"

Gorham, appointees of the president of this Democratic bank, puts face to the teller window and says, "No funds! Don't you know that certificate was given only as a joke?" To each of the long procession of weary waiters comes the same insult and the same response. The hardy fisherman from Maine hardly lifts his finger before Bayard tells him to pass on. Vilas taunts the captain of the American steamer with, "Your expected mail-pouch is on board a British ship." The nervous manufacturer is assured of further financial disturbances. The managers assure their admirers that the rascals are in, and regret that there were none to turn out. The worn soldier passes on and out and "over the hill to the poor-house." The defrauded southern whites as well as southern blacks have the ballots snatched from their hands, as lacking a Democratic indorsement.

THE NEXT TIME Henry George meets Mr. Shevitch in debate perhaps he had better select somebody else.

MURAT HALSTEAD drank the waters of Carlsbad with Mr. Blaine to such an extent that he has altogether forgotten John Sherman. The waters of Carlsbad have wonderful properties.

I LIKE a square fight, but in my opinion Mr. Shevitch belts below the hitch.—H. George.

WHERE ARE HIS FRIENDS?

The statue of Lincoln just unveiled in Chicago looks as if the subject had been simultaneously drawn through a knot-hole and knocked through a Democratic caucus. Mr. Lincoln was thin, but he was no bean-pole; and again he was never so embarrassed in the agony of speech-making as to try to lift himself by clutching nervously the left lapel of his coat, after the manner of a ruralist going through a strange city to see the sights. The statue might have been better if the gentleman had been represented trying in an embarrassed way to pick his teeth with his thumb, but even in that case the face might profitably have had a look of dignity instead of one

indicating fright and the confusion of a youth who is facing his first audience. But Mr. Lincoln is dead. Who is there to care for Lincoln? Apparently not one.

THERE WERE three striking announcements last week—that the Rahway victim had been identified, the Keely motor had moted, and there was a Democratic state ticket in the field. Those dailies are bound to have news somehow.

FRED GRANT is chided by the Rochester Union for taking Mrs. Grant with him in his tour of the state. It does seem at first glance as if this was a mean shot at the Clevelands, but we know the Union wouldn't be guilty of that.

THE THING IN THE NAME.

The Francklyn who spells his name that way is always liable to that kind of misfortune. It costs a great deal to support this extravagance of name. If a man can do himself in seven letters and habitually uses nine instead he is on the high road to ruin. The rule has never failed. If our deceased friend Benjamin were to resurrect himself he would add a proverb to that effect to his Poor Richard maxims. Not that a man should not wear two collars and four cuffs occasionally; but if it is his customary eccentricity it will in time wreck his intellect—if he happen to have one to begin with—not to say his immortal being. Francklyn? Johannes? Smythe? Oh dear, oh dear!

DELANCY NICOLL is not pretentious as to amount, but he will count very heavily at the bank generally mentioned as the ballot-box.

THE REPORT that Indians never snore shows again that Indians can never be civilized. Just as soon as a man begins to know something he begins to snore; and we have it on reliable authority that Fanny Davenport, Belva Lockwood, Clara Morris, and Mary Anderson have been weeping nightly for twenty years because they cannot command that accomplishment.



SUNDAY MORNING ON THE AVENUE.

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

HUM OF THE COURT.

An Englishman claims to be the author of "Baby Mine," so that here is one unhappy infant that doesn't have to go around yelling for its pa.

It is understood that the late Hugh Conway is busily engaged in the production of some brand-new and intensely gushing Thackeray letters.

A man out west advertises for the recovery of his eldest child, who weighs 300 pounds. Well, indeed! This must be the modern prodigious son.

Mrs. Cleveland's stereotyped speech is better than all the rest, for she utters it merely with her eyes, and no thanks to any spelling-book or cyclopedia.

The Cleveland weather that prevailed during most of Grover's trip is to be accredited largely to the JUDGE's lovely candidate, and by that sign Grover cannot conquer.

A new aspirant for stage honors has the hearty commendation of the Rochester *Post-Express* because she has used Blank's soap for years and will never use any other.

It is a mean remark of the *Detroit Free Press* that tramps ought to write all the poetry because they are good for nothing else. As if, you know, they didn't write all the poetry already.

There is a match-box in the handle of a newly invented umbrella:



HATED TO BE DISTURBED.

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

They say the baby king of Spain blows kisses to everybody to whom his little majesty is presented. His illustrious papa was in the habit of doing the same thing—though, to be sure, he had a preference as to sex—and on one occasion, notwithstanding his extreme amiability, he got soundly thrashed for it.

and this suggests the advisability of a cigar-box there, and for that matter of a smoking-room and all the other accessories

The duke of Marlborough says he is not going to marry a daughter of General Wadsworth; and as for the lady she is doubtless anxious to give the same accurate information six times over.

It is true, as the Philadelphia *News* says, that Henry Watterson has a great head; but it differs from the head of the editor of the *News* in being great not only in the morning but all the day round.

The Japanese soldier is taught how to run. It struck us, directly after the first battle of Bull Run, that that was the chief part of a soldier's business, and both of the contending armies had it to perfection.

The *Detroit Free Press* says John Swinton followed an idea until he had to live in a tenement house and get his meals for six cents apiece. That is an atrocious falsehood. Who of late years has known John Swinton to have six cents?



DEFENSIVE MODESTY.

HOSTESS—"I'm delighted to see you, Miss Brimmer, but I fear there's been some mistake. This isn't a masquerade."
 MISS BRIMMER (who is not over-burdened with beauty, from Boston)—"I know it, but I read in the *Sunday Gazette* that old-fashioned games were becoming popular at receptions and so I borrowed Cousin Tom's fencing mask. I was afraid somebody might propose Copenhagen, you know."



UNCLE NAT'S SQUIRREL GUN.

AUNT ELIZA—"You men never know nothin' anyhow. Why don't yer blow real hard inter it, an' ye'll fetch 'er"—

PREPARATIONS FOR A FAST.

Bagley—"I have concluded to fast for a week in order to see if I can't tone up my system."

Bailey—"How are you going about it?"

Bagley—"I'm going to hire my meals at some one of our big hotels, and have the report spread, so that the waiters will hear it, that I am violently opposed to tips."

HAD A FLANNEL MOUTH.

Husband—"Are flannels being worn much nowadays?"

Wife—"Well, not to any great extent."

Husband—"Well, I've got an Irish porter, and I'll wager he wears them."

Wife—"What makes you think so, dear?"

Husband—"He shows it in his mouth."



And he did.

BUZZ SAWS.

A dog often bites his best friend.

An honorable mention doesn't win any prize.

Donnelly seems to be trying to whitewash his Bacon with a cipher.

It is the grub in the apple that eats himself out of house and home.

A caramel tastes nicer than a piece of gum, but it doesn't last so long.

The rent we make in a borrowed umbrella looks twice as big as it really is.

Some men grow bald so soon that their hair never has a chance to turn gray.

The man who is going to the dogs generally gets there before he finds it out.

The importunate lover who asks for the daughter's hand often gets the old man's foot.

It begins to look as though the condemned anarchists were going to get it in the neck.

The boarder who skirmishes to get the first pick at the corn often leaves the best ear in the dish.

The man who is most anxious to go to dinner on the first stroke of twelve isn't in such a hurry to get back at one.

AN EXTRAORDINARY YEAR.

D., accustomed to pull the long bow, had just told so improbable a story that a general protest from his listeners stamped it as more than usually incredible.

"You don't believe it?" cried the narrator. "True, upon my honor; it happened just six years ago come the 31st of November."

A fresh outburst of laughter saluted this statement.

"Then, of course, it isn't true, for November only has thirty days."

"Well, it had thirty-one that year, anyway."



GOOD STUFF FOR A CITIZEN.

IMPORTED CITIZEN (to embryo citizen just arrived at Castle garden)—"Av coorse, Moike, yez'll be afther votin' th' Dimieratic thicket this fall?"

EMIGRANT (who is a fugitive from English misrule)—"Phat's that ye say? Phat! have yez a gov-ernment here?"

CITIZEN—"Av coorse we have."

EMIGRANT (decisively)—"Thin begob Oim agin it."



I KNOW a maiden darkly fair
With midnight tresses ;
Her eyes are stars her ankles bare ;
And plain her dresses,
Each morn I purchase from her stand
The daily paper ;
I'd give my world to clasp her hand
So taper.

She has the prettiest clustering curls,
Screened by no bonnet ;
A well-poised head, this little girl's,
A ribbon on it ;
Full cheeks with virgin health aflame,
A tongue not ruly—

But not a saucy jade's—her name
Is Julie.

I walk some streets beyond my way—
So you take warning!
To buy her wares and hear her say,
"Yes, sir ; good morning!"
These words are music sweet, though few ;
When home I clamber,
I seem to hear them singing through
My chamber.

She cheers at desk, in crowd, in jam ;
She doesn't know it,
But though a shabby clerk, I am
Her own true poet.
I rhyme and sing of her the while
I love her truly—
Would coin my heart to make her smile,
This Julie.

But I'm a bald old bachelor,
My beard is sprinkled
With frost ; my years count by the score,
My face is wrinkled ;
While Julie of the bare brown feet,
And dressed so meantly,
Is scarce fifteen and blossom-sweet
And queenly.

I climb my lonely garret stair
With pleasure nightly,
And fancy some one waiting there
Whose eyes burn brightly ;
Then when the smoke-wreaths upward stream
I toast her duly
With brimming glass, and sit and dream
Of Julie.

LEONARD WHEELER.

HADN'T A CHANCE TO SMELL.

"I think you will find these delicate extracts of cologne more agreeable than that musk you have selected," said the druggist to his fair customer.

"Perhaps so," she replied, "but they wouldn't be of the least use to me. You see I live in Hunter's Point."

I spoke of summers I had lived, in pride
Of youth, but measure now by winters ;
The banister of life down which I slide
I find, alas! is full of splinters.

DREW HIS OWN CONCLUSIONS.

Master Tommy's father and mother were going to the theatre, and he was in great grief because he couldn't go along.

"Shut up, you inconsiderate brat," growled his father; "didn't you hear me say I only had two seats!"

"And to think," whimpered Master Tommy, "that if you hadn't married mamma I might have gone along."



KISSING.

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

ROBIN.



A LOST LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.

MISS STRUCKOYLE (in a whisper)—"Don't place your napkin under your chin, papa."
PATER STRUCKOYLE (in a growl)—"Good Lord, child! You don't expect me to eat soup with the back of my neck, do you?"

WHEN HE PINED FOR FREEDOM.

"Don't you pine for freedom?" asked a visitor at the Tombs of a prisoner.

"Sometimes I do," replied the latter.

"When does that feeling come over you the strongest?"

"Whenever I see a fresh batch of religious papers comin' into the place."

AN AWFUL MEANING.

"What does p. d. q. mean, pa?" asked little Johnny, who is quick at picking up things he shouldn't.

"It means the way you will go upstairs to bed," replied old Brown, "if I hear another word out of you the whole evening."

REMARKABLE UNANIMITY.

Two railway travelers.

"It's very odd, sir; but it seems as if I had had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere before."

"Just what I was saying to myself."

"It couldn't have been at Kansas City?"

"No, I was never there."

"Nor I either."

SHE DIDN'T WANT A DOLLAR'S WORTH.

Wife—"Why are you so despondent, Henry?"
Husband—"I have not a dollar to buy bread."

Wife—"Well, five cents will do."

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Hope ull tote a man fudder'n a hoss.
Yo' kin tell by de soun' ef de kittle am cracked.
De w'iplash kin subdue, but hit doan' convince.
Ef yo' want a club, go toe de tree an' not toe de bush.

A lock am a good t'ing ef yo' know de keepah ob Je key.

De rich offendah doan' min' de highes' fine ef he kin keep outen jail.

De ole dog ull foller de ole path dough dar er a new cross-cut home.

De top ob de big tree knows mo' abo't de win' dan de top ob de saplin' below.

Ef virtue didn' hab hit's own rewaads hit wudn' hab any show in dis wol'.

De bettah de muchandize de less yellin' de muchant has toe doe toe sell hit.

Patience an' good bait ull cotch fish ; but has'e an good bait won't git a bite.

Ef yo' doan' wan' yo nabah toe pizen yo' dawg, doan' stone yo' nabah's hens.

De t'ief am so used toe hit dat stolen goods doan' tas'e any sweetah en hones' goods.

J. A. WALDON.

MUST HAVE BEEN VERY MAD.

A young woman was talking through the tele phone to an indignant man five miles away. Finally the conversation grew warm on both sides. The young woman's cheek just then was struck by a small bit of paste from the brush of a paper-hanger who was engaged in work in the same room.

"Well!" ejaculated the young woman, dropping the phone, "that's the first time I ever knew a man could get mad enough to spit through a telephone."



FOLLOWED UP.

COWBOY—"You ain't no tender-foot, are yer?"
NEWLY-SETTLED EDITOR—"Not exactly, my friend. I've been running a society paper in New York and some of my former constituents are coming in on the next coach; I've said too much to take it all back at once."

Sarah Bernhardt has written a play called "The Pin," and is to do the title role.

Some people go down to see in ships; others are less exacting, and are satisfied with the ordinary New York horse-car.

If Wallack's theatre lost "caste" some time ago it has evidently regained it "as we go to press."

Seasonable advice—Never buy a theatrical cat in the bag. The fact is, never buy a theatrical cat at all. Steal one.

"A Dark Secret" should command a strong prohibition support—there is so much of their kind of liquor in it.

Helen Dauvray believes that brevity is the soul of punctuation, hence her predilection for but one point—the comma.

Current attractions—"Jim the Penman" at the Madison square. The minstrels at Dockstader's, "The Old Homestead" at Niblo's, "Railroad of Love" at Daly's, "Baron Rudolph" at the Fourteenth, Joseph Jefferson at the Star, "Caste" at Wallack's.

JUDGE AND THE PLAY.

In the language of a talented but frail comedian, "I'd rather be tight than be president."

Dockstader's burnt-cork effusions have one novelty about them—they are funny.

The modern "burlesque" requires shape, and lots of it—nothing more.

The general opinion seems to be that Adah Rehan's pretty mouth wasn't built for slang.



GETTING SQUARE.

MRS. MAHAFFY—"Phwhat larruped th' eye of yez?"
MAHAFFY—"Biltizzi th' Oyetalian laved th' pick av him shlip in th' dhrain below."
MRS. MAHAFFY—"He did!"
MAHAFFY—"He did."
MRS. MAHAFFY—"Thin be th' sem token ut's no sin av our little Patsy shole wan of Mrs. Biltizzi's dicklin's an hour agone."



THE DEMOCRATIC POSITION IN NEW YORK
GOVERNOR HILL (to Wageworkers, Farmers, and Merchants)—"No, I can't tax them to relief—"

June



SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO. N.Y.

TO REDUCTION OF TAXATION IF IT HURTS POLITICS. "We run this State for Politics, not Principles. These are my friends, and—I am a Democrat."



"Mr. Skaggs," said the president, "I did not see any interview in the *Clarion* this week with the Hon. Nero Bunklin."

Skaggs rubbed his chin and remarked that that fact need not condemn his eyesight, for there was none there.

"Can it be that a club of this character has let slip such an opportunity?"

At this moment the janitor came in, and walking up to the desk whispered in the ear of the president. With a solemn look he faced the audience and said:

"I am informed that all concerned in the attempted interview are in waiting in the anteroom. I ask that no irreverent remark or boisterous sign of surprise be evinced if their appearance is peculiar. The pursuit of knowledge is often attended with difficulties. A word I trust is sufficient."

The janitor threw open the door and six members of the club filed in and stood in a row before the wondering audience. Bostick was at the head and presented a horrible appearance. One eye was closed entirely and was in that chromatic state known among artists as the hand-painted mug. His cheek on the opposite side was swollen so that it hung down on his coat-collar. He tried to smile and look as if he didn't care, but he looked as if he were crying. Harkins stood by his side, leaning gracefully on a crutch. Wilkins, a red-haired youth known as the dude in the club, had on a coat split completely up to the collar and held together by a baseball belt. Smythe, the obituary poet, had his head shaved and covered with court-plaster. De Jones, who posed as an elocutionist, had his right arm in a sling. Maginnis, at the foot of the row, was the only man who seemed unhurt.

"Bostick," said the president, "what does this mean?"

"O hevings! is that Algernon? Let me die with him!" screamed a female voice, and Annette Pinkerson fell into Bostick's arms.

"This is too much," said Bostick, "I could die for art, but woman's affection gits me."

"It is too much; janitor, remove Miss Pinkerson to the anteroom," and the gavel fell. "Now, gentlemen, sit down and some one tell the club about this interview. Did the hotel fall, or was it struck by lightning, or was there an earthquake while you were there? You are the worst looking lot of men I have seen in a year."

"Sire," said Wilkins, "perhaps you do not know the Hon. Nero Bunklin of Utica. He is built from the ground up like a house. He is handsome seen from a distance, and close by he is a daisy. He was never interviewed in this world, and if he is in the next we shall not hear of it. I had heard of the cheek of New York reporters and so I dropped in about seven in the evening without knocking and smilingly asked the senator how he was. The window was open, and he just lifted me up and held me a moment suspended by the coat-tail, and I found myself under the window with my coat split up the back."

"You dropped in?" said the horror-stricken president.

"Yes," said Wilkins, "I dropped into a pile of bottles and tin cans under the window."

"Stand down, sir! Harkins, did you attempt to draw the senator out?"

"Sire, I did," said Harkins, "but he drew me out, by one leg. See, it is six inches longer than the other. I was under the bed, waiting to gather items, when he saw my feet, and seizing one of them he slammed me around like a broom; and when he got through I told him I had made a mistake and he said he guessed I had. Sire, I was not cut out for a reporter; I am too loose-jointed."



At this moment the janitor came in.

"Bile my liver!" said the president. "De Jones, what ails your arm?"

"Most worthy, I sent in my card as a gentleman should, and then followed right along my elf and assumed my favorite pose, extending my right hand in greeting. The senator was in his shirt-sleeves, ready for bed, and he seized my hand in a cordial manner and asked my business. He hung right onto my hand. I told him I would like his opinion of the labor party and prohibition and a second term. He hung right onto my hand. His pressure was warm. He wanted to know if there was an asylum in the village, and if so were not the attendants careless in letting so many patients run around nights. He still squeezed my hand. I told him I would retire, but he still held my hand. He said he liked sociable people and then he squeezed my hand."

"Is that all the interview you got?" asked the president.

"That is all the hand I took in the interview," said De Jones as he took his hand out of the sling and held it up. It was swelled up like an alligator-skin grip-sack.

"Bostick and Smythe," said Jones, "what were your experiences? What did you learn of the great senator?"

Bostick said sadly, "He is out of politics and he seems to want to knock everybody else out."

"Most worthy," said Maginnis, "I am the only man who had an interview with the illustrious man. With the boys' permission I will tell it." They nodded assent. "Bostick was on the roof of the piazza and Smythe was trying to get through the transom. The great man gathered Bostick in through the window and pulled Smythe in through the transom. He then took out three pairs of boxing gloves and tossed each of them a pair and proposed to have a little fun. He stepped to the door and called me in to call time and hold the sponge. He is a bad man from away back, and he closed up Bostick's eye in about two minutes and then loosened all his teeth on one side. Smythe did not make a good dessert for him. His head went into the mirror, and we had to unwind his legs from around his neck. While I was sponging them off he said he did not know there was such a lively little town in Western New York. After I had helped Bostick and Smythe down stairs he invited me to come back and put on the gloves. I declined. But I had a smoke with him, and had an interview. He said he would invest some money in the town, and I told him we

needed a hospital just now. He is a royal good fellow, and I like him. All he said about the campaign was that he was afraid there were a good many soreheads in town."

"Bet your life," said the president in a sad tone. "Well, you have had a good deal of experience in a short time, as the boy said who went through a threshing machine. Skaggs, do you see enough in this interview to publish?"

"No, sire; the next *Clarion* will merely say, 'The Hon. Nero Bunklin stopped at our new and commodious hotel during the night,

last week, and appeared to admire the scenery about us and expressed admiration for the enterprise and public spirit of our citizens. He was on business, and says he is entirely out of politics.'"

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

A LONG FELT WANT.

"The man who invented those metal-toed shoes was the best friend the school-boy ever had," commented old Brown.

"No, he wasn't, pa," replied little Johnny, who had been whipped that day. "The school-boy won't have a friend until some one invents a pair of metal-seated trousers."

It is strange that the colored people have never taken kindly to the game of football when they should know they are just built that way.



He is built from the ground up like a house.

THANK YOU, SIR.

The JUDGE in its last issue contains some very striking and suggestive cartoons. The paper is improving at such a rate (largely owing to the eminent artists connected with it) that we may well offer our sincere congratulations to the JUDGE Publishing Company on the constantly growing public favor with which their brilliant publication is deservedly meeting.—*American Lithographer.*

DECISIONS HANDED UP.

The Nashville preacher says dancing is not the proper caper.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"My cup of joy is very full," sings a poet. Well, let it be, gentle one. Don't try to change places with the cup.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A well-known clergyman of this city has noticed that charity always gets cold in the churches when controversy gets hot.—*Christian Union.*

"You say that you love me," said the charming young lady to the dude. "I do," he replied. "Then why do you ask me to marry you?"—*Boston Courier.*

Politics and poetry are not supposed to assimilate, yet the politician and the poet are not so very different. One lays his pipes and the other pipes his lays.—*Texas Siftings.*

The rain falls on the just as well as the unjust. On a wet Sunday, however, the churchman gets wet going to church. The baseball man postpones the game and keeps himself dry.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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NEW YORK, Oct. 21, 1887.

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The Sun says it went against Mr. Nicoll's nomination for District Attorney because the World favored it whereupon the Tribune remarks to Dana "Are you going to flop out of Heaven fifty or sixty years hence, merely because you find Pulitzer there too?" The trouble is that both Dana and Pulitzer will be flopping around somewhere else.—Detroit Free Press.

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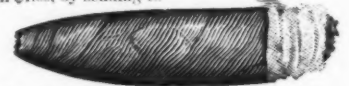
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A New England parson announced to his congregation on a recent Sunday, "You will be sorry to hear that the little church at Jonesville is once more tossed upon the waves, a sheep without a shepherd."—*Christian Advocate*.

Why he was afraid—Street-car conductor to countryman—"If you saw him picking the gentleman's pocket, why didn't you interfere, instead of letting him get away? Countryman—"I saw that sign up there, 'Beware of pickpockets,' an' b' gosh, I was 'fraid to."—*Exchange*.

THAT LAST ANNUAL.

"Good Things from Judge," is a capital collection of amusing matter and illustrations originally published in the columns of our facetious contemporary, the JUDGE.—*New York Sun*.

"HEIRESS TO MILLIONS,"

the newspaper stated, and how many women, probably, read the same, and envied her. But little was she to be envied, however; for in spite of her great wealth she was miserable. It was her lot, in common with myriads of women, to suffer from those "chronic weaknesses" which are peculiar to the female sex. Miserable, nervous, and discouraged, she would gladly have given every dollar of her fortune for one brief installment of health. How easy, and how inexpensive, would be the journey to health, if Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was selected as a remedy, and the use of the same persisted in; that is, the experience of thousands of women afflicted in the above manner, teaches us to predict so. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

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When you pay for a ton of coal, and only get eighteen hundred, the law allows you to shute the coal, though you dare not shoot the dealer.—*Danville Breeze*.

Women are so much honest than men, that it is saddening to read of the indictment of Josie Holmes as one of the Fidelity Bank persons. It is perhaps better that women should not go into banks, but remain at home, where they can advise their husbands or male relatives in all business matters. "Tell your wife," but not if she is in a bank.—*Courier Journal*.

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