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A TERROR THAT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO TACKLE.

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A FELL DESIGN.

With nearly 500 million dollars hid in the U. S. Treasury, with gold practically cornered in New York banks, and paper circulation reduced to less than one half what it was 20 years ago, per capita, the banks are organizing a squeeze to compel congress to stop silver coinage—the only relief of contraction.

If the design can be accomplished, it will reduce all values to an absolute gold basis, and give the holders of gold their will of the entire country.

All the predictions of disaster that must result from silver coinage, with which the El Mahdis of finance have filled the country any day the past seven years, have been falsified. And still the Jeremiahs stand on the walls of Manhattan, and like the cherubim and seraphim, "continually do cry." Col. Ingersoll ought to supplement his lecture with one on "The Mistakes of Dives."

This country never has been able to transact business long under a gold currency and it is doubtful if it could again stand a return to it. The great business booms have all flourished under a paper or silver currency. On the other hand, the panic of '73 was caused by the demoralization of silver.

Well may Columbia say, then, that in her youth silver fostered her, and she will protect it against the fell designs of the monometallic, gold-cornering destroyer.

SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT.

It is an inexplicable thing that for thirty years an army of rebels has been encamped on our soil, openly defying the laws of the country, and no one can be found with sufficient grit to squelch them.

We have lately seen the Mormons haul down and trample on the American flag, and no one stirs to resent the insult. There seems to be one power that the United States is afraid of, and that is a handful of incestuous blasphemers.

Our administration's new vigorous policy seems to begin and end in the jocose and somewhat too significant remark of Mr. Cleveland, "Why can't you folks in Utah do as we do?"

EXTERMINATION BY CONTRACT.

The surest way to perpetuate a vice is to give some one a chance to make money by not suppressing it. The Indian ward is a rich placer for contractors, agents, inspectors and lobbyists to work. Got to, then, you who say that the Indian must go. Rather let him be carefully fed and fostered. He's a big thing for the poor white man.

No one has been able to meet this problem, for the reason that all plans fail to provide any means for exterminating the uncertain white man. Evidently we shall accomplish nothing until we can enlist men's cupidity in some plan for getting rid at once of the Indian and all his white friends, aids and abettors.

In the absence of any original plan of extermination, why not adapt one of the means of destruction that have been tried and tested on white men? Put out all the agents and lobbyists and give our eastern Buddsiek's contracts to build tenements with all the "latest improvements." Put the Indians in their little cribs, and as the Irish alderman said about the gondolas, "let nature take her course."

RULINGS.

A "THOROUGHbred" seems to mean the wickedest kicker in the Democratic party.

SOME MEN'S interest in the death and obsequies of Grant seemed to be limited to a grab for funeral baked meats. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"

PARTY ORGANS are busy furnishing "good names for the ticket." So they ought, for the other fellows will be equally busy giving the ticket a bad name after the convention.

IF JOHN BROWN'S soul is marching on, will he lead the Republican canvas in Virginia and help elect old Gov. Wise's son? Things are getting a little confused, down South. Where are we now, and who's who?

SOLD!

A DEMOCRATIC DISGRUNTLED DIRGE.

Sold! sold! sold!
Sold by the man whom we elected,
Of whom we all great things expected—
Sold, sold, sold!
Our applications all rejected,
High hopes from their true course deflected
The bourbons left, sore, disaffected,
Out in the cold and disconnected—
Sold, sold, sold!

Sold! sold! sold!
Sold by this Cleveland whom we trusted,
Our plans and programmes flatly busted—
Sold, sold, sold!
The offices for which we lusted,
To Mugwump cormorants adjusted;
Republicans, who should have dusted,
Retained, the Bourbons all disgusted—
Sold, sold, sold!

Sold! sold! sold!
Sold by this Cleveland whom we rated
A 1, and President created—
Sold, sold, sold!
We, who impatiently have waited
Long years for pap—were so elated
When our man won—now find we're slated
For nix, our craving all unsated—
Sold, sold, sold!

Sold! sold! sold!
Are we who late were so exalted,
By Cleveland who has foul defaulted—
Sold, sold, sold!
Aye, Bourbons of the straight, we're salted
Are mashed, as 'twere—sour-mashed— or malted;
Unceremoniously halted
Were the high horses which we vaulted—
Sold, sold, sold!

Sold! sold! sold!
Sold out, and by the great Jehovah,
Delivered up by Cleveland, Grover—
Sold, sold, sold!
Ho, Bourbons, who should live in clover,
'Gainst this political Red Rover
An action let us bring of trover.
And get our own or throw him over—
Throw him over!

SI SLOKUM.

Objectionable Jewelry.

A correspondent noting the superstition that pearls as a wedding gift bring bad luck, asks what stones are held in like distrust. It is, we believe, bad luck to have Parisian diamonds and Brazilian stones given you; it is not good form for a lover to make his adored a present of traprock, and to throw after a wedding party offerings of quartz and hornblende, is held to be unfortunate by many people.

In the line of jewelry, it is a bad sign to give a bank-president a chain or bracelet, especially if they are made of the steel sometime in vogue for ornaments. There are many other superstitions in connection with jewelry—such as refusing to wear ornaments that have been pawned in consequence of the owner's distress. When you economically make a present of such an article, you should gently and unostentatiously remove the pawnbroker's ticket. It is equally a bad sign to leave the seller's cost mark on bridal presents rented for the occasion; and one of the worst omens of bad luck to a happy pair is a check against imaginary deposits.



every day in ways which make us pause and consider how little we really know of the language of Shakespere, after all.

Only last Sunday I asked the youth who was strumming a harp on a steamboat whether he spoke English. He shook his head and nodded to his companion with the flute. "He big-ga fool," said the flute player. "He been dis-sa country two year-a and no spik-ka good. Me been here six-a month-a and spik-ka English bully."

He had enough pride and confidence in his English to write a dictionary for his fellow countrymen.

Once I was reporting a negro camp meeting in Red Bank, N. J., and was sending a column a day of rich African dialect to a daily paper. The good dominie discovered who was thus entertaining the public and exposed me. "Dar's a missubble scoffer an' pharasant in dis yer tent," said he; "and he's a layin' low fer to redicule ebery slip ob de tongue in dis camp. He am nuffin' but a leetle red fox, and yer know what yer got fer to do when de fox am layin' low—den you got fer to lay low, too. He hab his day ter-day, but we hab our day in der good time comin', cause it am wrote in der Holy Writ dat der Kingdom ain't fer no kind ob liars. Der fox got to hunt his hole dat day, shuah."

There was picturesque English for you.

On another occasion I found a Testament close to a figure of Joss, with some lighted tapers before it, in a Chinaman's room in Baxter street.

"Hello, John," said I; "you've got Joss and the Bible, too."

"Ess," said the Chinaman, "me lead Bilul alla time. He belly good. Some day

me catch heap sight tubble (trouble)—Joss makee all light."

There was a whole creed in twenty words.

I was once trying to find a person in Ninth street, Brooklyn. There are three Ninth streets in Williamsburgh, and there is one in South Brooklyn. I went through the three that were in the Eastern District, and then dropped into a cobbler's shop in despair.

"For gracious sake, how many Ninth streets are there in Brooklyn?" I said to the cobbler, a jolly old man with a great beard that left nothing of his face visible except two little twinkling eyes.

"Yah," said he, evidently greatly pleased to find another man confused about the locality. "Dot's so. I vas here dwenty year drying to find somedings owid, und I don't found owd nodings."

What a volume there was in that! He laid his whole brain and life bare before me in a sentence.

How very funny are some of the efforts of Germans to speak our language. They persist in talking German among themselves most of the time, and only attempt English when they meet those who cannot "sprechen Deutsch" with them. One of the most entertaining of the many of this sort whom I number among my friends is Policeman Schneiderkase, of this city. He is a great deal more of a philosopher than a policeman, and yet he keeps his post quiet and orderly and is a credit to the force. His post runs from the stylish houses that yet remain on Second avenue, past the brick dwellings of

moderately well-to-do folks on a cross street, and over to the tenements, beer saloons and little shops on Avenue A, so that he rules a veritable little world. His sayings, scattered along his beat, at shop doors and on the corners, are sometimes wise and sometimes humorous, and his doings and adventures may from time to time be worth reporting. He usually prefaces whatever he has to say with the remark:

"I vil choost gif you a leedle blain English."

He has said that so often that it is a by-word in that neighborhood, and the little rowdies often hail him, from a safe distance, with the phrase, "Hello, Blain English, how you vos, anyhow."

But he doesn't mind a little fun at his own expense.

"I shpeak English goot kernough," he says. "I used to dink I vos doing vell ven I could shpeak so goot English vot I got dree meals a day and my lager peer for carrying paskets uf vood and coal to der dop uf der highest denements for a gorner grocery, but now, alretty, I shpeak so goot English vot I can get eighteen hundert dollar a year und subbord a vife. Dat's more as blendy beople git vot deach der language. I shpeak nodings but English. So soon I got dis blace on der bolice I sayt py my vife 'uf you shpeak Cherman py me I got yourselluf a divorce, alretty.' Dis is der gundry for me. I got more vages und pedder dings as my farder or my grandfarder got py der olt gundry, so I haf adobdet dis gundry und shall shpeak nodings except Unided Sdates so long vot I lif."

Next week I will have a long talk with Policeman Schneiderkase.

SCANDALOUS GRAMMAR.

"I look," Bethulia cried, "with scorn
On ladies city-bred;
A week after my boy was born
I wed the onion-bed."

And was your reputation healed?
Or were your neighbors nice?
Or was the grievous fault concealed
In fashion wordly wise?

She answered still, "I look with scorn
On ladies city-bred;
A week after my boy was born
I wed the onion-bed."

VISCOUNT T. DE MALLON.

Heavy Purses.

"We made a cool hundred thousand in Western Union," said the first young gentleman.

"That was a pot of money," said the second. "We're out of stocks. We're busy with our fifty million loan. It hardly pays; no end of bother! We shan't net more than half a million by it. Anything new?"

"We are thinking of setting up a branch office in Berlin, with ten millions capital," said the first.

"Are you going to take charge of it?"

"No, I couldn't live out of New York. By the way, can you lend me five cents to ride up town. It's after half past four?" said the first.

"I would if I could, but I had to borrow my fare myself. I lost my last quarter betting on Boreas against the field."

"Who are these capitalists?" I asked the gateman.

"Brokers' clerks; five dollars a week."

COOLING REMARKS.



Oh, for a cave in the heart of an iceberg!
Filled with each cooling and freezing device,
Every warm thought exciting emotion,
Crackling with frost and preserved upon ice.
Waves of ice-water to roch to repose,
Couched on an ice-mattress padded with snows.

Ice-cycles everywhere pendant for trimmings,
Tipped with thermometer zeros in strings,
Ice-water baths for occasional swimnings,
Ice-blocks thick floating in Antarctic springs,
Streams plunging coldly from numberless cracks
Trickling with polaric thrills down our backs.

Rows of barometers—stubborn and steady—
Holding the weather right down to its place,
Stiff-souled thermometers—able and ready—
Every suspicion of warmth to efface;
Ice-flour for biscuits, ground up in ice-mills,
Teed drinks for thirst and iced globules for pills.

Never a breeze but is frozen to crackling,
Never a thought but of winters and cold;
Ghostly hands chilling our souls with their clutches;
Reptiles close-nestling us clammy and bold;
Skies like a streamer of zeros unfurled,
Landscapes a frozen and petrified world.

Stay us with flagons of sherbets, of ices,
Filled with a million cool blizzards condensed,
Melons and cantelopes frozen like bullets,
Canned Arctic waves in chilled metal dispensed;
Clothing all banished to regions unknown,
Clad in but fans and our sweetness alone.

Wings of the frost elves in swift ceaseless motion,
Cataracts thrice chilled in goose-fleshy flow,
Ague chills sporting in spinal distractions,
Ice organs playing "The Beautiful Snow,"
Boquets of snow-drops in holders of ice
Carved with scenes Polar in cooling device.

Pitch our tent with the North Pole for its centre,
Pile up an avalanche close at its side,
Freeze up each sunbeam before it can enter,
Place it by Greenland's polarical tide
Deep in the depths of that ice-berg's cool grot.
Anything! anywhere, here that it's not!
Whew! Bring that fan, Flossie. Isn't it hot????

I. E. JONES.

The woman-suffragists think the Bartholdi Statue is a hollow mockery [which the same it is, rather] because liberty in the form of a woman is placed at the portals of a state where women are disfranchised. 'S all right, when you consider both form and substance. The form of woman represents the enlightening and the brass substance of the statue represents the voters of the country.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.



DUDE—"Ah—oh! What are you waiting for?"
UGLY TRAMP—"Waiting for a chap about like you, who's got more money than brains."
DUDE—"Ah, well, I've got neither."

Lilian Remonstrates.

Well! Deliver me from a Connecticut farm house! I am almost starved! We came up here expecting to revel in country air, fresh milk, and all the other truly rural attractions that a confiding New Yorker is lead to expect by a deceptive but well-worded advertisement.

The air is here, and that is about all—the fresh milk is a delusion and a snare; it is all sent to the city and sold, and we are served with a pale blue fluid that would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the most hardened milkman.

For once in our lives Regina and I agree—we both hate this place and can mingle our tears together. We neither of us "live to eat" (at least I don't) but we both object to what Jack calls the "Jeffersonian simplicity of the table."

The people here have no idea how to eat—in their opinion the acme of bliss is pie and pork and beans! How I loathe the pie. I have had it for breakfast, dinner and supper for the last three weeks and I am beginning to rebel! I am so miserably hungry that at night I dream of Delmonico dinners and wake with tears in my eyes to the sad reality.

Melancholy is fast marking me for her own, and this sort of diet may answer for the "horny handed sons of toil," but it won't do for me; like the gentle snow-drop, I am "fading away,"—the family must buy me a coffin or a chop, they can take their choice!

Papa may say what he likes about the benefit of a quiet country life for "dear, dissipated Regina," but I don't read the papers for nothing and I know in my heart it's hard times he means.

Life in Wall St. is a sort of a financial see-saw. The day may not be far distant when Regina and I will stand behind a counter and cry "Cash!" with a horrid nasal twang, as they do in Macy's "on the corner of Fourteenth St. and Sixth AVenoo." I am sure I don't see what else I could do—unless I opened a dancing school, and that would be infra dig.

I think I should like to be a telegraph girl down town and have all the nice-looking brokers come and talk to me through the little window—that would be fun!

Sometimes I lie awake nights planning it all out, and the other day I unburdened my soul to Jack, but he never can look at anything seriously! He only said:

"Oh, don't worry, Lil, if the worst comes to the worst, we will dress Regina up with a tambourine and a picturesque assortment of rags, I will emulate the sunny Italian and invest in a hand-organ and we will take you along as the monkey."

There are moments when Jack talks like an abject idiot!

Briefs Submitted

BY BERT. MORGAN.

It is well enough, as a rule, to take things as they come, but you had better remove the box before taking the pills.

The way of the transgressor is hard; but notwithstanding its toughness, the clam is proverbially happy.

Mr. Cameron, the itinerant photographer, says he "don't never take no double negatives in his establishment."

Deliver us from "grinding poverty!" We'd as soon grind an organ on a block with no saloon.

The Chinamen only are "celestials"; the rest of us are of baser clay—mere earthenware.

After courting a girl for two years, young Meigs concludes that she knows so little about the washtub he can't afford to wringer.

A bald head is usually considered indicative of brains; but it is worthy of note that bald-headed men are seldom hair-brained.

As Shakespeare was the only man of his time who didn't repeat, we are led to conclude that registration before election was unknown in his day.

THE NEW AMAZON.



"What reason can you give," said that pretty casuist, Phoebe Stanton, "why women should not have the ballot?"

It was a warm day at Manhattan Beach, and as I had designed a pleasant flirtation with fair Phoebe, I was not fully prepared for serious combat, but I rallied my forces.

"The reason," I replied sternly, "is this: women should not vote because they cannot fight."

She was far from being extinguished.

"Don't you think women could beat men in battle?"

"No."

"Now, look here," she returned, "no prevarication; look at those women bathing there." I braced myself up and gave one brave glance.

"Take them just as they are; form them in line of battle; are there any troops in the world who would not run from them?"

"No!" I faltered.

"Then don't talk to me about woman's not fighting," and on the instant she pulled out a Women's Rights League and made me sign it.

VISCOUNT T. DE MALION.

ON THE ROAD.

I don't think landlord Boniphiz slept a wink the night following the opera hat trick. He looked as crushed in the morning as the dicer did the previous afternoon after he had sat on it. Yes, and while eating his supper he chanced on an item in the *Kansas City Wall-paper* which gave so true an account of the event and one so spirited withal that, in a state of mingled grief and shame he rose from his seat and went directly to bed. Mrs. Boniphiz told Cusby in the morning that her spouse had turned his face to the wall and refused to be comforted.

"He is meditating revenge, young man," warned the good lady, kindly, "and I would

be advised by the sausage drummer, sought out Brown and myself, and having submitted the case, desired us to assist him with our advice as to what was his proper course to pursue in the premises.

I think Josh Brown is entitled to the credit of the idea which did the business for Boniphiz next day. Anyhow, it was he who wrote the following which appeared in the *Kansas City* morning issues:

"The citizens of Kansas City are hereby invited to attend a lecture which will be given by Mr. Augustus Cusby, of New York City, at Pauline Hall, at three o'clock this afternoon on the subject of 'Insanity and its Cure.' Mr. Cusby was himself charged by some malicious person in the papers issued last evening with being of unsound mind and possibly a dangerous man. Mr. Cusby will submit to an examination by the celebrated experts, Drs.



advise you to take the first possible train hence on completion of your necessary business."

But Gus laughed at the warning, although he thanked her properly, and started out, grip in hand, to drum the town, fearing nothing.

Now, it appears from what followed, that some time in the day the landlord hit on a scheme to get even with Cusby, and ere the idea had time to cool proceeded to act on it.

Hence that evening the papers contained the following:

"Druggists throughout the city, and citizens generally, are hereby warned, that an insane man who bears the name of Augustus Cusby, and who, we are informed on good authority, labors under the delusion that he is a traveling agent representing an Eastern patent medicine concern, is at large among us. It is not known whether this person is a dangerous lunatic or not, but all persons are cautioned against communicating with him, for, while he may be simply an idiot, he may on the contrary be a dangerous man and a maniac."

Now, Mr. Hoofandhorn, he whom Boniphiz had attempted to let in for a round or two of champagne the previous afternoon, pointed out this item to Cusby, fully believing that Augustus was no such person as the article described, and shrewdly suspecting further that the landlord whom he had a grudge against for the reason above stated, was the "good authority" alluded to in the article, and then Cusby, accompa-

D. H. Sardine and O. Horse Shay before beginning his lecture. Admission free."

Pauline Hall was crowded when Gus, attended by the two physicians, stepped upon the platform. Immediately he moved to the front and addresses his audience in this wise:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am here to vindicate myself from the charge of being unsound of mind, and after that to instruct you as to some things which it will be to your advantage to know. I have been charged with insanity, and to refute this charge I have secured the services of the medical gentlemen here present. As you well know, Dr. Shay and Dr. Sardine on certain important points are badly at issue, and practice in different schools. You will therefor allow that if the doctors agree that I am sane the charge brought against me will be thoroughly disproved."

Then the doctors came forward and put him through a regular examination, at the end of which Dr. Shay stepped to the front and stated that while he hated to side with Dr. Sardine on any subject, honesty compelled him to admit that they perfectly agreed that Mr. Cusby was of sound mind and always had been. After which they withdrew bickering.

When alone, Cusby addressed his audience substantially as follows:

"I desire to state, first of all, my friends, that I am by education a physician and was

for some years attached to the insane asylum at Crank City, in the capacity of an assistant on the medical staff. I have been among demented people for years and could entertain you for hours with instructive and amusing accounts of the patients which have come under my charge, but I will confine myself to a statement of the disease and wonderful cure of one of your townsmen, a prominent man who was under treatment for a brain difficulty, the scientific name for which I will not inflict on you. The symptoms of the disease are unmistakable. When, on examination, we find a growth of warts in the small of the back, gum boils on the near hind leg and bunions clustering at the back of the neck we know that our man is suffering from this difficulty, which is simply a rupture of the tenderloin of the brain. The treatment laid down by the schools is simple. After strapping the subject to a table a sufficient quantity of sulphuric acid is hyperdermically injected to render him unconscious. Generally a quart is sufficient. Then an incision is made about half way between the fifth rib and the right elbow, large enough to admit an ordinary crowbar. With this delicate instrument the liver is pried to one side and in the cavity thus made is carefully placed the newspapers of the day, including the *Pall Mall Gazette*, various denominations of currency, plugged coins when procurable being preferred, and a copy of the Revised Edition. Then the opening is sewed up by the use of a Singer sewing machine and the operation is finished.

"Now, even when this is done by the most skillful experts it sometimes happens that the patient dies, and if he does he rarely recovers. Your townsman, to the surprise of all the doctors, neither died nor recovered. We all began to think he had no brains at all, and it was suggested that by inserting a six-foot butter trier through the sole of his foot the matter might be properly tested, but I induced the head surgeon to turn the man over to me, for special treatment, and I am happy to say that by means of a new remedy, which about that time came to my notice, I was able to effect a perfect cure. The only trace of insanity now lingering is the practice of deliberately sitting on people's hats—his own included—which characterized his conduct while in the asylum. Those present who have the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance will by this fact instantly recognize in my patient our esteemed friend, Landlord Boniphiz, of the Putty Hotel."

Of course Boniphiz was well known, and the eyes of all present were turned towards that part of the hall where he sat in company with Mr. Hoofandhorn, who had per arrangement steered him into the joint. There was a distinct sensation which so much affected Boniphiz that he arose, and in a fine fury left the house.

Gus continuing, said:

"My friends, I doubt not you are anxious to learn the name of the remedy which restored your honored fellow citizen, and I will no longer withhold the priceless information. Pydia Linkham's Mineral Compound it was that cured Mr. Boniphiz, and if any person in this house is suffering from any ill of mind or body, he or she can obtain instant relief and permanent cure by the use of one or more bottles, according to the directions printed on the label. The article is for sale by all the druggists in the city or (aside) will be within a week; I give you a straight pointer on that. Yes, my hearers, if taken in sufficient quantity it

will brighten your intellects and wonderfully assist your reasoning powers. Young ladies, let me advise you to abjure chewing gum. Young men, let me advise you to drop Caporal and take to the 'Compound.' My friends, wink no longer at the drug clerk when you call for your soda, but demand the 'Compound' straight."

Cusby states that the Kansas City stop-over resulted in a total of three rises out of Boniphiz, and six car loads of the 'Compound.'

L. L. LANG.



MUTUAL DISTRUST.

THOMPSON—"Now, Ise going ter watch an' see if Johnson don't hook my chickens."
JOHNSON—"Dis chile jist keep an eye open and catch that ere Thompson stealing my chickens. Dat's ther racket."

Objectionable People.

THE ADVISER.

I am one of those unhappy creatures to whom everybody gives counsel. Folks take the same interest in my affairs that Job's friends did in his—but I have more of them than he had. The name of my counsellors is legion. Mr. Spraddlins, the newspaper man in our street who keeps me informed in the doings of the world for twenty-five cents a week, is one. This very morning Mr. Spraddlins exhorted me to go back for my umbrella, although it was not raining or at all likely to rain. "Better get it," said he; "bad sort of a morning for a delicate-looking gentleman as you is, sir—or I'll run back for your umbrella if you like; my legs is stronger'n yours."

Now I want to know wherein Spraddlins is my superior that he should dictate to me what I must do. Is Mr. Spraddlins a doctor or a meteorologist that he should presume to advise me on the weather, comment on my health, or refer contemptuously to my legs? Indeed the latter are quite capable of kicking him if he should repeat his impertinence. But somehow or other it seems to be the will of destiny that every man, woman and child should give me advice.

How, for instance, can I fittingly reprove Mr. Spraddlins when I remember that for the last three months I have been counselled by a young lady of six summers to grow whiskers. I don't want to grow whiskers. The inducement this patronizing miss offers me is that I should then be like her papa. I cannot explain to her that that gentleman is not looked on as the criterion of masculine beauty. No; I simply regard her advice as another instance of my fate. With the same humility I listen to Mrs. Moggles. Mrs. Moggles is the janitress of the building wherein my office is. Mrs. Moggles cannot spell, and is on ill terms with grammar. She is asthmatic, and stops

her sweeping every morning to rest in one of my chairs.

"And 'ow does ye find yerself this mornin', sir?" she invariably asks, as if I were the answer to a conundrum.

"So—so," Mrs. Moggles, "only so—so."
"Ah, ye look bad," she says, contemplatively; "yer eyes is bad. Are ye prepared to go, sir?"

"Go where?" I ask, in amazement.
"Have ye made yer sowl yet? How is yer speeritoul condition?"
"Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Moggles, quite well."

"Ye don't look as if ye'd live very long," she continues cheerfully—"and not to deceive ye, sir, I have found green tea and releegin a great comfort, sir. Now, if ye'd take a drop o' tea and go with me to Upper Fleet Lane Warm Water Baptis' Chapel tonight I know as how yer'd feel better. I says it as shouldn't, but they've been a great comfort to me."

Spraddlins and Moggles indeed! Why, the whole city seems to have resolved itself into a board of directors connected with me. Nobody ever comes into my office without a new set of the ten commandments. There, for instance, is Mr. Snaddlepins. His advice is uniformly good, but rather difficult to adopt. I am not sure that he ever advised me to stand on my head, or requested me to change my naturally saturnine complexion to a florid and blonde tint; but his counsel is usually of that practical character. He is forever demanding that I shall cease writing transient and frivolous things, and compose

a work that will make me famous. Philosophy, he thinks, is my forte, and he will give me no peace until I write a book that will live.

"But, my dear sir," I exclaim, "how am I to live in the meantime?"

"Live! Bosh! Why do you want to live if you cannot make a name! Take the advice of a man a great deal older than yourself, and don't fritter away your time in writing sket hes. Any blockhead can do that. Set to work instantly and give us something philosophical."

Intimidated by his manner I send a profound essay to the publishers. Whereupon I have an immediate visit from my friend Squiddlejig. "Ugh!" he growls, "at it again, are you? If you were not such a thick-headed, obstinate creature you would take sensible advice. For heaven's sake stick to where your talent is. But if you insist on trying to make the world think that your head is a deep one—if you insist on being a fool, very well, it is not my fault."

He has scarcely gone before Mr. Jubbins comes in, and entreats me to abandon the absurd idea of making a success with the pen. "Go into finance," he adjures me, "there is no money in anything else. You have a number of friends in the street, and are sure of a fortune." And he is succeeded by one who advises me to go on the stage, and another who exhorts me to adopt the law. So that between my advisers I shall certainly come to grief in the end.

HILLARY BELL.



THE WORM TURNS.

PERSPIRING WORM—"Now lookere, Mungunely, you jus say 's'is hottenuff f'you, anile nockyerdow."

A PAPER HAS been started in Europe entitled "The Gazette-for-People-with-Weak-Eyes." Let us have one here—"The Gazette-for-people-with-Short-Memories-about-Debts-and-Things." That Pall Mall journal, and most other English papers, for that matter, seem to be "Gazettes-for-People-with-Strong-Stomachs."

THE FRENCH have revived an old revolutionary law which makes the state take charge of every seventh child of a family in necessitous circumstances, from the age of six. We would favor some such bonus on big families with a limitation, so that any one family could not wring in more than six or seven dead-head babies on the state.

CREAMATION.

I.
One aft I walked with Ethel,
'Twas during my vacation,
My purse was empty, but my heart
Was filled with strange sensation,
I'd talked of all I'd seen at school
Unless it was cremation
That I had seen upon the green;
Our "Trig." was the occasion.

II.
I said to her, "Dear Ethel,
About a week ago
I saw a book cremated,
And I would like to know
If you believe our bodies
Should buried be or burned,
And if a nice cremation
By you, dear, would be spurned?"

III.
I'll ne'er forget her answer,
It made me feel so cold.
For never was a man, sir,
So sure and sweetly sold.
She smiled on me serenely,
And said, "On no occasion
Have I, as yet, refused, you bet,
To have an ice creamation."

F. S. RYMAN.

Our Little Folk's Post-Office.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JANE.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Your Aunt Jane is ready for your touching little letters. Next to a child's letter, there is nothing that breathes the gentleness of a little child—unless it is the proverbial pin placed with studied and geometrical precision upon the teacher's chair. I love you all, oh! future heart-breakers, Canadian transplantations, poets, pill venders, dime freaks, political bosses, second row ballet coryphees, etc. Why? Many miles separate us. If this was not thusly thou wouldst angriest your Aunt Jane. This department will be stereotyped weekly. Back issues for Sunday School examples, family reading or razor wipes always on hand.

Cambridge, Mass., July 8, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I've got a big brother who frightens me by pointing grandfather's musket at me. What shall I do to pay him back?

MABEL.

DEAR MABEL:—Your brother, I infer, is a collegian. They generally learn such naughty tricks from their *alma mater*. Have some boy friend load the musket with buck-shot, and weld the mouth of the barrel together. The next time your smart brother points the musket at you, smile in his face and dare him to shoot. If he does, he'll be astonished. He'll never be astonished again, but the cure will be conclusive.

UJJJJJUMBOJIMJAM,

Africa, Nov. 2, '83.

BOOLOMACKEREL JANJAN:—Meele peleele I, jiji gooloboolokan sjibolok jibopaste coole-abullyboywidglasseeyoubet. Nixcomarouse-bosseofthenincomepoo.

GOODLITTLENGIGGERWITHSMALLFEET.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Isn't that cunning? You can't make it out? It is the pure Afric tongue; yes; a letter from Africa. Can I



TRUE CIVIL SERVICE RIGHTS.

PASSING GENTLEMAN—"Is this seat occupied?"
COLORED GENTLEMAN—"Don't you see it occupied by rich southern blood? But be seated, I have no objection to color, sir."

read it? Your Aunt Jane whoops to simper. Here it is in all its simplicity:

KRAAL BY THE LAKE,

Africa, Nov. 2, '83.

BOSS OLE GAL:—I'm out of socks. Some of the nibsees who do the grand might replenish my wardrobe. I also want a banjo and a set of picture business cards. Will send some ivory in exchange—teeth that belonged to our missionary.

AMIABLE-SMALL-COON-WITH-BABY-FEET.

CONCORD, MASS., July 9, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I'm only five years old, but I can hold a conversation on the subject of astronomy. Eclipses are quite positive to the average mind when one knows all about the ebb and flow of tides. The rising and setting of the sun and moon can be told for centuries in advance, simply because the laws governing these events are understood.

HORTENSE.

There, Hortense; you need go no further. You are only repeating what someone else has said before. It's all very nice, but—your Aunt Jane read the very same remarks in "Tillingston's Weather Forecasts." I see now why the Concord school soars. It's philosophy is second-hand, after all.

BATH-ON-THE-HUDSON,

July 11, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—What shall I do to be saved from the cholera? I'm a tramp.

JIM.

DEAR JIM:—Take a bath in the Hudson. If that don't do, take a dose of sponge, and have some healthy farmer inoculate you with the microbe *sawbuck-a-la-woodshed*.

CHICAGO, July 12, 1885

DEAR AUNT JANE:—My feet commenced enlarging when I was two months of age. I am now a sylph-like creature of sixteen with a Michigan lumberman's feet. Is there any cure?

SADIE.

DEAR SADIE:—Just above your Aunt

Jane's desk is the following list framed in carmine: "Vassar girl's gum." "Boarding-house hash." "Stove-pipe." "Oldest Inhabitant." "Freddy's Little Slate." "Roller-Skates." "Sea Serpent." "Spring Ulster." "Chicago Feet." Immediately above this list, in letters four inches long, I read: *Dangerous: Don't Monkey With the Following!!* Nuff sed.

PITTSBURGH, PA., July 14, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I want a new bonnet, a diamond bracelet, a pearl necklace, and a red parasol with real lace. Pa is an editor.

MIRANDA.

DEAR MIRANDA:—Go through your pa's pockets. He's humpbacked with gold galore. All editors are.

H. S. KELLER.

A SUMMER SONG.

(ADAPTED.)

The bees among the clover
Go humming in and out,
And all is still, save the sleep of pain
And the anguished summer shout.
The stream a song is singing,
That lulls the dreaming flowers;
And the bull-frog underneath the bank
Croaks through the drowsy hours.

I call to mind the fancies,
So idle, yet so dear—
Six dollars summer board a week,
Out of seven hundred a year.
The sun-beam on the meadow,
The lily on the stream,
The codfish ten times every week,
The skim milk they called cream!

Time has not changed the fancies
Of that remembered hour;
The youthful bud of foolishness
Is now the perfect flower.
She caught me—the farmer's daughter—
And now I slave and hoard
To earn enough to pay her pa
For my darling's summer board!

PAUL PASTNER.



PROBLEM SOLVED.—BUDDENSIEK THE BOSS BUILDER OF THE PLAINS.



TOO FRENCHY, YOU KNOW.

Mr. John Rickaby is busily engaged in completing the arrangements for Helene Dauvray's starring tour. Bronson Howard states that he is progressing finely with the comedy that he is writing for this lady. In fact, he claims that it will be the best of his dramatic pen-work. Naturally this news is most gratifying to manager and star. The scenes of Mr. Howard's play are laid in Paris. Miss Dauvray will essay the role of an American girl in Parisian circles. She ought to be a success in this line, as she has occupied that position, and needs only to react what she has lived. It might be well, though, for Miss Dauvray to wait until she has had time to re-acquire certain distinctive characteristics of her country before she attempts to portray them. When she appeared in "Mona" last winter, Miss Dauvray more resembled a French girl with a good English pronunciation than an American born girl, who was once familiarly known here as "Little Nell." The intended contrast in Mr. Howard's play between an American and a French belle in Parisian society will lack the strength of opposition unless Miss Dauvray's late Frenchy manner be vigorously Americanized.

Besides this role Miss Dauvray will appear in short French comedies or farces. Also, in several new costumes made—marvelous as it may seem—"expressly for her." These, too, will be Frenchy.

We understand that Mr. Rickaby does not wish to again introduce his star to New York audiences, unless he can obtain the lease of some theatre for a protracted period. Last year he engaged the Star for a season of four consecutive weeks, and found that was one more than the receipts of "Mona" warranted him in occupying it. But Miss Dauvray was not so well known then as now!

AN UNUSUAL HIATUS.

The Madison Square Theatre enjoyed the peaceful calm of uninterrupted solitude week before last. Never before since its re-finishing in 1880 has this theatre been closed. It was reopened last week with "The Willow Copse," which will run for four weeks. Later in the season C. W. Couldock will star in the same piece.

WHY NOT CALL IT "TALKEE-TALKEE?"

The "Black Hussar" was taken off the boards at Wallack's last Saturday after a successful season of thirteen weeks.

The house will remain closed for two weeks, when Mr. McCaull will produce Jacobsohn and Millocker's "Chatter." Of course, Mme. Cottrelly will be in the cast, and, of course, Colonel McCaull's comic opera with Mathilda Cottrelly will be a success.

CASINO FORECAST.

Millocker's "Whitsuntide in Florence" will soon replace "Nanon" at the Casino. Sadie Martinot, who gave such a dash and piquancy to "Nanon," will have the leading part in "Whitsuntide in Florence." Miss Martinot is becoming the Cottrelly of Aronson's productions.

BURLESQUE BURLESQUED.

This is the latest extravaganza of dramatists (?) The much enjoined "Mikado" is to be burlesqued by Appleton Randolph's company. The costumes in this presentation will, it is rumored, even rival the crotone ones seen in Sidney Rosenfeld's abortive production of this operetta. Even the inimitable Adonis is not exempt from "take offs." "A New Adonis" will appear at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, this month. It may follow Dixey's course, and finally reach New York. We would suggest that it go to Boston, and that Dixey remain with us.

A SOCIAL SUCCESS, AT LAST.

Mlle. Rhea is one of the most popular of foreign actors in our social circles. She is endowed with an unusual amount of vivacity, but this flow of spirits never leads her beyond the precincts of the most delicate sense of refinement. Besides this, she is charmingly obliging, being always willing to use her efforts toward the general entertainment of the company by reciting, acting short scenes, etc.

Her accent, which is often confusing on the stage—especially in the hurried lines—in the drawing room becomes a charm. There we are brought nearer to Rhea, and all little peculiarities become a part of her individuality, which pleases us; while on the

stage these are details which detract from the general harmonious effect.

For professional fame, Rhea is advertised this season as the wearer of a royal robe, having a dress that was made for the Queen of Holland—so says her manager, Mr. Morris. This gentleman has secured several house-warming attractions for Mlle. She will open the newly-dressed Opera House at Providence, R. I., the renovated Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, and the new theatre at Washington. If President Cleveland is not on a fishing excursion or some like political reform move he will occupy a box at Mlle. Rhea's performance at Washington.

A GREAT ARTISTE'S GREAT WORK.

That accomplished lady and finished artiste, Mme. Modjeska, will bestow a rich legacy on her benighted countrymen if she completes the task she had begun, viz., the translation of Shakespeare's works into the Polish language. The triumphs of her dramatic career in other lands is as much the pride of Polish hearts as are the productions of that great Polish composer, the immortal Chopin, and the brave deeds of the illustrious Kosciusko.

The name of the gifted, loyal Modjeska is a sacred emblem of their former greatness to that nation that was wiped out of political existence by the monster outrage of the century. If this lady achieves her literary endeavor she will leave her nation a material legacy as well as her revered name. She intends to devote the principal part of several ensuing years to the translation, but will not entirely desert her professional life.

New York is impatiently awaiting her appearance on Oct. 9.



EDITING A NEWFOUNDLAND.

POSSIBLE CUSTOMER—"Aw—the dog, aw!—'s not so bad—but aw, I don't think I care much about his tail.—Say, aw—what will you charge for him without tail?"

Financial Distress.

The times are so hard that an impossible picture on an improbable plaque will not bring more than \$5,000 at forced sale. There is genuine distress in upper circles for want of solitaires that beat the record. Gatekeepers at driving parks, and book-makers throughout the country, report that financial depression has reduced their receipts to a few millions a day.

The Undertaking is Declined.

A contributor asks us to pay an extra price for an article sent, because he has "laid himself out on it." THE JUDGE is not buying "stiffs" for medical colleges. It is not every man that dares to be as funny as he can who has so true an appreciation of his own effort as to use it as a bier. There is nothing hilarious in one bier, though 15 or 20 sometimes make a man feel funny.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

Your jury should from time to time investigate closely the causes—for they are many—of industrial and commercial depression. In your inquiry as to the influence of the bulk or quality of circulating medium you will need to keep in mind that all money, whether coin or paper, is only a tool with which the producer, handler and consumer of valuable products can make their purchases and settlements. That if there is just enough of these agents of traffic afloat trade will be active; if there is too much trade may be too active, feverish, and prices go up. If there is too little, exchange of commodities will be interrupted and difficult, just as traffic is when railroads wash out or telegraph lines break. Then trade is slow; business depressed, work uncertain and irregular. Men can't get the means of carrying on business; or, if they can, it costs them so much (interest) that the profits of business are wiped out, and men rather lie still than do business.

This last your jury will ascertain is and has been the general state of affairs for two or three years. In deciding whether it is due to lack of money you will be aided by the statement of amount of money in circulation. The estimates of the U. S. Comptroller of the Currency will be in evidence, in which the total of coin and paper money authorized is put at \$1,500,000. You will deduct from this the amount held in reserve by the U. S. Treasury and bank reserves, \$489,000,000; also that locked up in banks, trust companies and stocking-legs, circulating abroad, lost, destroyed, and otherwise out of circulation, which expert witnesses will calculate for you to amount to \$300,000,000 more. These deductions will show an estimated circulation of \$700,000,000 actually in use.

You will be furnished a comparison which will show that the money in use twenty years ago averaged over \$30 a head to our population, while you can easily calculate that less than \$13 a head is now out and free.

You can easily ascertain that this is not more than half the per capita circulation afloat in Great Britain.

If your jury shall find that this contraction is one of the prime causes of business lethargy, it will be your duty to consider what remedies, if any, can be devised. In that connection this court calls your attention to the illegal hoarding of coin money by the Secretary of the Treasury, and the treasonable refusal of the banks of New York to accept legal tender money of the United States Government. The finding of your jury of Public Opinion may alone be enough

to compel these modern nullifiers of United States laws to desist from their unlawful and injurious conspiracy to prevent lawful moneys coming out to relieve, so far, the contraction and depression.

If your jury's direct influence on those lawless enemies of public prosperity be unavailing, then you should consider what measures the officers of this court, the Congress of the United States, should take to suppress the evil.

The repeal of the charters of the banks, criminal proceedings against their officers, and impeachment of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Treasurer of the United States are among the extreme measures that are open to your court.

Other causes of hard times will also be considered by your jury in subsequent sittings. C. E. B.

OFF THE BENCH.

FAVORITE OPERA of the surface road employes—Carmen.

IT IS said the oldest record in the consular service is that of the man who was at Victoria, B. C.

"YES," SAID THE OLD LADY, "My boy, Johnnie, is jest a-duffin in at his books, gittin' ready for college. He's bound to mat-terate in the fall, he says."

A MONUMENT has been erected to one of the Salem witches. Modern witches erect their own monuments of the hearts they have skewered and secured.

"DECEIVED BY A BOOK-AGENT," is getting to be rather a frequent newspaper heading. Our knowledge of these lady canvassers leads us to anticipate increased frequency of the title.

JAY GOULD's yacht ran well on the Sound, but it is the only thing he runs thus. It is the W. U. operators who do business on the 'sound,' but that does not count to J. G.'s credit.

"CHARGES PROVEN, NO ONE GUILTY," is the verdict of the jury of divines and philanthropists drawn to inquire into the Pall Mall Gazette's charges against British aristocracy of abduction.

"FACTS WORTH KNOWING"—How Gordon died, who wrote "The Bread-winners," the circulation of all and several the New York dailies, how much gold there actually is in New York banks.

IT COSTS five thousand dollars to take the Order of the Garter, in England. It's like their aristocratic extravagance to order such expensive garters. A gum-elastic, or a piece of listing is good enough for a democratic Yankee girl.

THE NEWLY-RAISED statue to Beranger, the French Poet, represents him with his hand in his trousers' pocket, evidently groping after a sou. The look of mingled expectancy and despair on his face is said to be very well done.

THEY SAY that Miln, the preacher-actor, is the only one on the boards who does not swear. He found in his clerical life, probably, that the senseless repetition of the name of the Deity makes no impression on those who hear, and confers no benefit on him who utters it.



TIT FOR TAT.

FROM CITY—"Do you take boarders from the city by the week?"

FARMER—"Wall, yes, if they pay me the board in advance."

FROM CITY—"That's fair enough, providing you furnish the week's meals in advance, too."

SISTER VERSUS SWEETHEART.

BY EDWARD A. FULLER.

Her hands touch'd skillfully the keys,
Each note came forth most finely,
A stoic's heart it ought to please,
She played it so divinely,
But 'cross the room with listless ease,
He sat and yawned unkindly.

And he, when it had died away,
To rise did not assist her,
And when she turned to hear his say
Of praise, he laugh'd and kiss'd her;
But oh, you know that is the way,
She only was his sister.

* * *

Her hands upon the keys were laid,
Like sportive frogs they danced,
'Twas hard to tell what note she'd play'd,
So roamingly she pranced;
But there he stood and turned each page,
And seem'd, in truth, entranced.

And when her hum-drum notes were done,
He said naught could resist her,
He swore the souls beyond the sun
Had listen'd—then he kiss'd her,
But ah, you know this pretty one
Was not the fellow's sister.

Fried in Their Own Fat.

"They say the New York Bar is thinning out terribly, lately; the lawyers are dropping from the ranks every day."

"That's true," said Bell, "more's the pity."

"Can you guess the reason?"

"The reason's as plain as Jumbo's nose. It's the new law the lawyers themselves had passed: the tramp law, that every man without visible means of support shall be put in prison. The law was aimed at the brokers, but is reacting upon the lawyers. In a few years, unless the business improves, there won't be a baker's dozen of us out of Jail."

Briefs.

A FOUL BOUND—a trussed chicken.

A KENTUCKY girl was struck by lightning while dressing for her wedding, but she was too interested to notice it.

SOMEBODY asks, "what is warmer than a woman's love?" Two women's love. Get two of them after you and the heat is oppressive.

It is learned that Mr. Hendricks' health is not what it should be since he has been travelling about the country, and his physicians have advised him to return to his official duties at Washington as his system needs absolute and complete rest.

A New Columbus.

"Are you going to abolish our navy, Mr. Whitney?"

"Yes."

"For what reason?"

"I have discovered a way by which we can do without a navy. I propose to make all American commerce submarine. Then we need not fear any European man-of-war afloat. I have just issued an order that after to-morrow any American vessel seen above the water line will be confiscated."

Little Classics.

CICERO.

Cicero was one of the big guns of Rome, or, as one very tacit historian has put it, "Cic. was a cleaner." Some Latinists inform us that his name was pronounced *Kickero*. I cannot see how any man in his right mind would allow himself to be so pronounced, and I imagine that that was a nick name given him by the party in power when he joined with the mugwumps and kickers against Cæsar. The same gang of linguists insist on calling Cæsar *Kaiser*, but this is becoming rather too philological, and philology is rather too rich for my blood.

So far as I can learn, Cicero only had two or three parents, and it is said he was "a youth of rare parts." Whether we are to infer from this, that he was only half-baked, I cannot divine. I don't take much to divinity, anyhow, save by way of an occasional invocation of the gods.

I have read a number of Cicero's letters, and he seems to have been a very busy man by the way he slings in abbreviations, such as "S. P. Q. R.," "S. T. E. V. B. E.," "S. T. 1860 X." Such devotion to duty in a public man is truly admirable. When I say devotion to duty, I give him the benefit of the doubt—he may have been attending the circus or sitting around a jack-pot the rest of the time, for all I know. I assume, however, that he was on the *qui vive pro hono publico* whenever he could be, and that it was for this reason he took so many reefs in his letters to his friends.

Speaking of circuses reminds me that it was circus day a good part of the time in Rome. It must have been a picnic for the small boys and the candy butchers. The seats and canvas of that Roman circus were made of stone. It must have made things

interesting if the tent blew down as often as the Roman circus tents do in these days. There were no railroad combinations then.

Cicero was called a "new man." Whether this was because he was born again or made to order I cannot state.

The custom of publishing Congressional speeches, etc., does not seem to have been popular in Cicero's time, but yet he got his work in in good shape; and as near as I can learn, he had the best part of it published. Such pluck in a public man, right in the face of opposition, was truly admirable.

I have spoken before of Cicero's letters, and the thought just came to me that these may have been preserved by the opposite party, and published on the eve of an election, as such things have been done within our own memory.

One of the big feathers in Cicero's cap was squelching the Catalinian conspiracy. He got onto Cat's whole racket, and made the fur fly in great shape. I have been unable to get any newspapers of that date; but from what I have read in Cicero's four orations about the matter I infer that he was onto 'em bigger than an Indian, and that he made them cry *peccavi* in the first round.

Some of Cicero's cute remarks on this subject have been preserved; one of them will suffice to show the intrinsic sand of the man. A friend was telling him that certain of his fellow citizens were talking evil of him, and Cicero at once braced up and said: "What have I done that such people should speak well of me? They can't scare me nor run this ward." I regret to admit that Cicero used profanity, but he lived in the times that tired men's souls.

If these historic studies shall meet with opposition from the press, pulpit and public, I shall continue.

FRED. S. RYMAN.



NOT ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

AMERICAN TIME: SIXTY MOUTHFULS TO THE MINUTE.

A POET REASSURED.

"When I am dead, I pray thee, sweet,
Mourn not above the winding-sheet,
* * * * Nor stand aghast
Listening in vain for one heart-beat
When I am dead!"

implores a poet, with other words to the same effect. It is quite evident that our poetic friend doesn't know us. We haven't stood aghast over a poet's winding-sheet for many moons. And as for listening for solitary heart-beats we always find it necessary to kneel aghast when we do that successfully. Still, if it will do the moribund bard any good, we will assure him willingly that we won't mourn ourselves or let anybody else mourn if we can help it—not a single weep. We stopped mourning for poets when the Sweet Singer of Michigan died.—[Somerville Journal.]

MORIZET "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

The fact that it is the adopted brand of connoisseurs in the leading London clubs, as well as on the continent, attests its merited reputation. For purity, delicacy of flavor, and dryness, it vies with the choicest brands. Carstairs, McCall & Co., Sole Agents for the U. S. and Canada, No 1 State Street.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

A Vassar maiden met a man
Who never learned a paradigm,
But he was rich and drove a span,
And she shook Greek and married him.
[Chicago Tribune.]

Too much beer is apt to put men at lager heads.—[Pretzel's Weekly.]

Love's Sacrifice—Taking the smaller plate of ice cream.—[Boston Post.]

Motto for the dude: "There's room at the top."—[Pretzel's Weekly.]

The guileless banana-peel can down anything but the thermometer.—[Phil. Call.]

A convict, however poor, can always have a watch and chain.—[Baltimore Telegram.]

Boston maidens love flowers. It is haughty-culture, don't you know.
[St. Paul Herald.]

A New York physician says people may as well eat sawdust as oatmeal. Sawdust is fine board.—St. Paul Herald.

"One swallow does not make a summer," but sometimes leads to "making a night of it."—[Pretzel's Weekly.]

The baseballist who is out on strikes don't generally get much sympathy from his fellow strikers.—[St. Paul Herald.]

Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and now Grover Cleveland fishes while Democrats are starving.
[Lancaster Examiner.]

It rains upon the just and the unjust alike; but the unjust are generally provided with borrowed umbrellas, which they do not return.—[N. C. Picayune.]

A man named Cannon, employed in a Pittsburg foundry, went off the other day loaded to the muzzle, and on his return was promptly discharged.—[Phil. Call.]

Niagara hackmen, whose occupation has been ruined by the conversion of the Falls into a public park, are now seeking positions as sleeping car porters. They are de-

termined to have a position which will enable them to rob the traveling public without rendering themselves liable to arrest for highway robbery.—[Norristown Herald.]

Marine Bank Fish is working at the shoemaker's bench in the Auburn Penitentiary. His last days are his best days, as far as the world is concerned.—[Merchant Traveler.]

Belva Lockwood says that women of brains should never get married. Belva never loses an opportunity of alluding to herself as a single woman.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

The most eccentric belle at White Sulphur Springs decks her pony with roses from mane to tail. She might increase her eccentricity by decking him with roses from Maine to California.—[Hatchet.]

Boots are seldom worn in the evening, and undressed kid is the favorite material for slippers, says a fashion journal. It may be added that slippers are not a favorite material with the undressed kid.—[Hatchet.]

A little girl, aged 3, asked her father for more candy, but was told to wait until tomorrow. Looking out of the window for a few moments, she suddenly called out: "Pa, it looks like to-morrow now."

[Phil. Call.]

It didn't afford us much consolation last week, when the thermometer was celebrating its centennial, to reflect that, according to the belief of scientists, "The sun is losing its heat." Our earth seems to find all the sun loses.—[Norristown Herald.]

"You must be having a hard time of it nowadays," remarked a traveler at a railroad lunch counter. "Why do you think so?" was the query. "Well, I noticed when I bit into this sandwich that you do not make both ends meet."—[Chicago Rambler.]

Anxious Inquirer: We have no means at hand of ascertaining whether or not Helen of Troy works in the laundry. It is very probable, however, that you might reach her by putting a little note in with your next bundle of collars and cuffs.

[Somerville Journal.]

The series of articles which Mme. Patti is preparing for an American magazine, must be in her "own hand writing." Even a \$4,000 a night singer ought to be able to spare enough time to copy a series of articles, after they are written for her.
[Norristown Herald.]

"I see that the Pope is writing another book," said Mrs. Pugmire, looking up from her paper. "I've got his 'Essay on Man,' and if the new book is as good as that we must have a copy." And then she musingly repeated, "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind."—Peck's Sun.

Life Insurance Agent—"Mr. Hobbs, you had better take out a life policy."

"No. I'm very comfortably fixed. If you can insure me against a future state, you'll find me ready to talk business."

"I am sorry I cannot accommodate you. Our company is simply a life insurance company. It does not insure against fire."
[Phil. Call.]

Several famous writers and orators of Boston were speaking of their lecture experiences, when the subject of pay was brought up. Each was certain he had received the smallest sum. But Dr. Holmes made a climax by saying: "Listen, gentlemen. I had engaged to give a lecture for \$5. After it was over a grave-looking dea-

con came to me and said: "Mr. Holmes, we agreed to give you \$5, but your talk wasn't just what we expected, and I guess that tew-fifty will dew."—[Phil. Call.]

Mr. Goodman—"There is nothing like charity, my poor man."

Mr. Poorman—"No more there is, sir."

Mr. Goodman—"We should always help one another."

Mr. Poorman—"Very true, sir. Will you kindly lend me a dollar?"

Mr. Goodman (hastily)—"You misunderstand me. I mean in a spiritual sense."

Mr. Poorman (promptly)—"So do I. I intend to expend it for a strictly spiritual purpose."

Mr. Goodman—"Avaunt!" (He avauts.)
[Phil. Call.]

"Have you got what de calls alarm clocks?" he was asking of a Woodward avenue jeweler the other day.

"Yes, sir."

"How does it alarm?"

"Rings a bell."

"Am dat all?"

"Isn't that enough? Few people can sleep with that bell ringing away like a burglar alarm."

"Sorry, boss, but no sich trifle as dat will do for my cabin. I wanted a clock dat would pull ha'r, yell like an Injun, yank de bed-clothes off an' frow down de bedstead. When my ole women gits ter sleep she ain't gwine to let go fur no bell-ringin.' Eben when I frow ice water ober her she simply changes off from dreamin' about white hosses an' goes to dreamin' of black cats."
[Ind. Herald.]

The great diaphoretic and anodyne, for colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, is Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed; also cures colic, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery, or bloody flux. Only 50 cents.

THE MODERN SHAKSPERE.

"Alive, sweet maid? Omnipotence be praised! I thought to find thee in the graveyard yon."

"The early berrying season's over, love, and so I find a more engaging shrine. Thy tones are better than the tombstones, dear."

"Beshrew thee, girl. I'm no receiving vault for wit that hath a bias to'rd the grave."

"Then wherefore shroud thy thoughts in mystery?"

"In mystery? Mayhap they've missed thine ear, and, therefore, seem to be mysterious. But look thee, girl, there's marrow in me fears. Brief absence has so fatalized this burg that till thy lips gave witness to thy life mine apprehensions palled me with thy gloom. What mean these tendencies funereal? Hath Asia's pest swooped down upon the land, that crape should flutter from alternate doors, sextons make populous the cemeteries and undertakers grow hilarious?"

"If it be so that cholera's arrived, here's one that hath no tidings of the same."

"And hath no dynamite rehearsal been, or lemon pie held carnival of late?"

"Nothing, me lord, of kith or kin to these. Other than mortuary fetes you name there's naught disturbed the corporation drowse except the picnic of the Sunday School."

"Aha! That gives the combination, dame. Death hath an ally in these festivals that helps him glut the av'rage sepulchre. Chil-

dren that mop the grass-encumbered swards where last night night's rain hath made it's humid bed; that sop the cholera morbus germs accrued from divers and misguided pastry cooks; that oft are wooed from gourmandizing 'bout to damp athletics in convenient pool, these be the candidates that are elect to speedy anchorage amongst the worms. Mark me! This pic nic season is the time when swaths are widest in the youthful fold, and good-intent unwitting takes from death a license to assist his harvesting. [—Yonkers Gazette.

* * * * A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the Urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, references, and terms, three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bill Nye.

TURNED SCIENTIST, AND TRANSMITS A RARE REPORT TO THE PUBLIC ON THE MAYOR'S THROAT.

To the Members of the Academy of Science at Erin Prairie, Wisconsin.—GENTLEMEN: I beg leave to submit herewith my microscopic report on the several sealed specimens of proud flesh and other mementos taken from the roof of Mr. Flannery's mouth. As Mr. Flannery is the Mayor of Erin Prairie, and therefore has a world-wide reputation, I deemed it sufficiently important to the world at large and pleasing to Mr. Flannery's family to publish this report in the medical journals of the country, and have it telegraphed to the leading newspapers at their expense. Knowing that the world at large is hungry to learn how the laudable pus of an eminent man appears under the microscope, and what a pleasure it must be to his family to read the description after his death, I have just opened a new box of difficult words, and herewith transmit a report which

will be an ornament not only to the scrapbook of Mr. Flannery's immediate family after his death, but a priceless boon to the reading public at large.

Removing the seals from the jars as soon as I had returned from the express office, I poured off the alcohol and recklessly threw it away. A true scientist does not care for expense.

The first specimen was in a good state of preservation on its arrival. I never saw a more beautiful or robust proliferation epithelial cell nest in my life. It must have been secured immediately after the old epithelial had left the nest, and it was in good order on its arrival. The whole lobule was looking first rate. You might ride for a week and not run across a prettier lobule or a more artistic aggregation of cell nests outside a penitentiary.

Only one cell nest had been allowed to dry up on the way, and this looked a good deal fatigued. In one specimen I noticed a caraneous degeneration, but this is really no reflection on Mr. Flannery personally. While he has been ill it is not surprising that he should allow his cell nests to caraneously degenerate. Such a thing might happen to almost any of us.

One of the scrapings from the sore on the right posterior fauces I found on its arrival had been seriously injured and therefore not available. I return it herewith.

From an examination which had been conducted with great care I am led to believe that the right posterior rafter of Mr. Flannery's mouth is slightly indurated, and it is barely possible that the northeast duplex and parotid gable-end of the roof of his mouth may become involved.

I wish you would ask Mr. Flannery's immediate relatives, if you can do so without arousing alarm in the breast of the patient, if there has ever been a marked predisposition on the part of his ancestors to tubercular gumboil. I do not wish to be understood as giving this diagnosis as final at all, but from what I have already stated, taken with other clinical and pathological data within

my reach, and the fact that minute, lobulated gumboil bacteria were found floating through some of the cell nests, I have every reason to fear the worst. I would be glad to receive from you for microscopic examination a fragment of Mr. Flannery's malpighian layer, showing evidences of cell proliferation. I only suggest this, of course, as practicable in case there should be a malpighian layer which Mr. Flannery is not using. Do not ask him to take a malpighian layer off her cell nest just to please me.

From one microscopic examination I

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hardly feel justified in giving a diagnosis,
nor care to venture any suggestion as to
treatment, but it might be well to calcimine
the roof of Mr. Flannery's mouth with gum
arabic, white lime, and glue, in equal parts.

There has already been some extravata-
tions and a marked multiformity. I also
noticed an inflamed and angry color to the
stroma, with trimmings of the same. This
might only indicate that Mr. Flannery had
kept his mouth open too much during the
summer and sunburned the roof of his
mouth, were it not that I also discovered
traces of gumboil microbes of the squamous
variety. This leads me to fear the worst for
Mr. Flannery. However, if the gentlemanly,
courteous, and urbane members of the
Academy of Science of Erin Prairie to whom
I am already indebted for past favors, will
kindly forward to me, prepaid, another
scraping from the mansard roof of Mr.
Flannery's mouth next week, I will open an-
other keg of hard words, and trace this gum-
boil theory to a successful termination, if I
have to use up the whole ceiling of the pa-
tient's mouth.

Yours, with greatest sincerity, profundity,
and verbosity, **BILL NYE,**
Microscopist, Lobulist, and Microbist.
[Chicago Ledger.]

COULDN'T EAT CORN FROM A COB.

There was a little dinner party the other
night, and the fresh cobs of smiling corn
were very tempting. They were handed
around. One young gentlemen started vig-
orously in to eat it from the cob. There was
a kind of a lull all around the table. There
was a little hesitancy about touching that
corn. The young gentlemen kept enjoying
it immensely. This went on for a long time,
and finally one lady took a cob and began
cutting it off.

"I like to cut it off first with a knife,"
she said.
"So do I," said nearly everybody else,
and good humor immediately reigned.
"I think corn tastes much better," said
a man on one side of the table, "when you
cut it. I never could eat corn from the
cob."
"Nor I," was a little chorus.
"Besides, it does not look nice."
"No."

The young gentleman who had been eat-
ing it straight grew slightly uneasy. But a
quiet fellow who was way at the other end,
said in a kind of a diving-bell voice: "I
can't eat corn from the cob, either, because
I've got two false teeth, and I can never tell
the corn from the teeth."

And everybody got red in the face and
laughed, "Ha, ha!"
[San Francisco Chronicle.]

"LOVE SEES NO FAULTS,"

it has been said; but, when a woman is
dragged down, emaciated, wan, and a shadow
of her former self, with never a cheerful
word, she can be no longer beautiful or
lovable. Nature may have been generous in
her gifts, and endowed her with all the
charms of her sex, but disease has crept in
unawares and stolen the roses from her
cheeks, the lustre from her eye, and the sun
shine from her heart. But to be well again
lies in your power. Take Dr. Pierce's "Fav-
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ses peculiar to women. Price reduced to
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THE JUDGE.



Woodman spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,