

Judge

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GEORGE WASHINGTON, No. 2.

FATHER DEMOCRACY—Now who has cut my cherry tree down, just as it was promising such great results next year?
 YOUNG GROVER—I can't tell a lie, Pa; I did it with my little hatchet.
 F. D.—Oh, you did, eh? Then I shall have to thrash the life out of you.



Judge

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IT IS NOT A BAD IDEA of the *Sun* that we should forget the old war in order to provide for the new.

IT IS WELL ENOUGH for the *Sun* to offer Henry W. Grady the vice-presidency; but is it quite fair to expect him to run for it on the next Butler ticket?

MRS. CLEVELAND IS DEVELOPING a remarkable memory for names and faces. Can't be possible, can it, that she proposes to run for a second term on the ticket with Blaine?

THERE ARE NINE REPUBLICANS in the legislature who declare that their first choice for president is Chauncey M. Depew. But there is the Central railroad, which is unanimous for him.

GOVERNOR STEVENSON OF NEVADA, who is said to have stolen part of his inaugural address from Governor Foraker, is to be complimented on his judgment with respect to that kind of literature.

WE JUDGE FROM the slashing abuse visited upon Howells for his criticism of Dickens that only the former's opponents have the right of criticism, and that they feel empowered to make it a matter of butchery.

WE MUST BEG the Chicago socialists not to insist upon the abolishment of the army. It would first be necessary to search around and find it, and that would be the most exhaustive of all reformatory exercise.

A PROPHETIC VISION SHOWED WASHINGTON the existing statue of liberty, and immediately upon awaking he sought out Mr. Lafayette and said to him solemnly, "Marquis, I guess we had better have something from Jamaica."

MRS. SPIES SAID that if she had married an invalid old debauchee with money everybody would have commended the act. Everybody but the invalid, child. He would, in due season, have been both astonished and grieved.

MR. SWETT, COUNSEL for the Chicago anarchists, said his clients should be hanged, if at all, solely for idiocy. We cannot protest too

hastily or too earnestly. Establish such a precedent as that, and which of you gentlemen would be safe?

PENSIONS ARE GOOD. They teach that the nation is grateful, and recruit for the new army through justice to the old. But let us not be so superfluously just to the things that are gone as to impoverish ourselves for the things that are to come.

IT WAS A HABIT OF COLONEL WASHINGTON to look into the future; and once, when he had done this, he said with much impressiveness, "I can account for Benedict Arnold and John Tyler, but where in blazes did Grover Cleveland come from?"

THE POLITICS OF THIS COUNTRY are developing rapidly in behalf of a strong man for president—a man who will take care that the dignity of the flag is vindicated in every emergency. Does anybody have doubt with respect to that man's name?

WASHINGTON DID BUT ONE JOKE, and he was sorry for that. It was directly after the battle of Saratoga. They asked him, "General, what is worse than death?" and he replied in a sombre whisper, "I think Cornwallis," and immediately sunk into a deep stupor.

SOMEBODY IN PARIS who had frequently seen Theodore Tilton and Fred Douglass together mentioned the two as brothers, and Mr. Douglass was magnanimous enough to put out his congratulatory hand to Theodore and remark with emphasis, "Verily that is so."

MR. BEECHER'S PEWS didn't sell for as much this year as they did in 1875, but \$28,000 will do pretty well in the absence of a sensation calculated to run the prices up. And if there are any other man's pews that run up to that figure perhaps the reverend gentleman had better announce the fact in protracted meeting.

"BELIEVE A LIAR AS TO THAT which he does not say," was George's intermittent remark. "I am awfully, and need a change. Is Amos J. Cummings within hearing distance? He is talkative and a tory, and I would have him report to me the condition of the ensanguined enemy."

"I FIND," SAID GENERAL WASHINGTON one evening to General Gates, "that it is necessary to prevaricate on the morrow. May I rely upon you, sir?" "You may," was the hesitating reply; "but I really wish you would postpone the necessity to the impending period of Thomas C. Platt."

IT WAS NECESSARY at one time for General Washington to improvise with respect to the condition of his army. "I regret the necessity," he said, with much hesitation; "but evil must be done that good may come. Send at once for Ben Butler, and let him be accompanied by Benedict Arnold."

IT IS A RATHER WIDE WORLD, and it would seem to be a reasonable proposition that if Dr. McGlynn cannot accord to the usages of the church to which he belongs there is plenty of room outside of it. To chop wood is necessary to warmth, but if the good housewife won't permit it to be done in the kitchen why there is the back yard.

IT WAS FREQUENTLY REMARKED of Mr. Washington that he never used profanity in public. It was a noble deference to popular sentiment against an inexcusable habit; but when he got alone he never missed the bull's-

eye, and his explosive volubility frequently shattered the target and left the sash without a pane to its injured skeleton.

THE DIGNITY OF THE BENCH.

IT WAS SAID of a man involved in law who had died, "He has gone before a higher tribunal;" whereupon a local judge remarked, "I consider that a reflection on the local ermine. His case couldn't be carried higher. It belonged solely to the state courts; and if they reverse any of the proceedings over there it will be a gross usurpation of state authority, to say nothing of the insult to the United States supreme court."

ROSCOE AT THE FRONT.

THE JUDGE need not urge the Democratic press to continue its praise of Roscoe Conkling and thereby secure his nomination as the presidential candidate of the Democratic party. The *World* openly repudiates Cleveland, and the *Sun* says the nomination of Conkling would "carry terror into the Republican camp." Justice is to be done and consistency is to be vindicated. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they are always to be relied upon.

BAD JUDGMENT AND BAD FORTUNE.

MR. T. THOMAS FORTUNE advises his race, which the same is not white, to rally for Cleveland in 1888. Mr. Fortune somehow reminds one of the gentleman who, to retaliate for the absence of a button on his shirt, deserted his family in order to espouse a woman of loose character. One is prepared to excuse such things on the score of race, as the slaveholder excused the lashing of his human property; but the long lapse of time since the emancipation proclamation ought to have been productive of some good results.

ASTONISH HER, JOSEPH—ASTONISH HER!

THE *World* has an article entitled "Facing the Truth." It is a kind of courage to which few can adapt themselves, Joseph. Not that the number of the innocent is not large; but there are intermediate circumstances which are always awkward, and Truth has the forbidding front which freezes the glib tongue and takes no account of explanation. The JUDGE has the most ardent affection for Truth, Joseph; but when you advise the Democratic party to face her you probably overlook the virtue of the flank movement and the supreme diplomacy that lies in taking her by surprise.

A WASTED OPPORTUNITY.

IS IT NOT STRANGE that with all its desire to win further success the Democratic administration and Democratic congress—for the senate is Republican merely by a hair's breadth—does not know enough to provide for the country's protection by a proper use of the immense surplus in the treasury and at the same time reduce taxation so that the people shall feel that a portion of their burthen has been lifted from their patient shoulders? Was there ever a better opportunity? Was there ever a more stupid indifference to it? What if they had a little statesmanship at Washington?

THE COST OF PEACE.

IT COSTS Germany so much in time of peace to prepare for war, and so much in time of war to prepare for peace, that the German taxpayer is in doubt as to which is the most desirable

OVERHEARD.



MRS. DELUYTER (just as Mr. De Luyter enters the box quietly)—“It is that Major Sauterne, Bessie, who used to be so attentive to me. I hope poor old hubby won't see him. It always makes him apoplectic, and he hasn't renewed that life policy yet.”

situation. The army robs him of his best boy and the state takes his best money. Now France is arming as a means to peace, taking her cue from the similar action advised by Bismarck; and out of these prudential measures there will presently come a war which will do nobody good except as it improves on the last German-French struggle in point of brevity. But the German and French taxpayer may still come here, where it is a cardinal principle that the most effective army is the army that exists only in small number or does not exist at all.

THE STATEMENT THAT Mr. Garland's parlor is fitted up with a cheap table and three old chairs is a gross libel. There are only two old chairs, and the table is a Jeffersonian flour-barrel that needs dusting.

USE THE SURPLUS.

Congress, in acting for a proper defense of the coast and making preparation for possible war, is acting according to the best wishes of the country. We need coast defences, we need a new navy, and we need such action in general as will protect the flag against the insults to which it has been repeatedly subjected under this administration. There is a sufficiency of funds, and it is rapidly growing. Use it! use it! Safety, economy, self-respect, everything worth having demands it.

BE NOT TOO HARSH.

Is it not wicked in the Albany *Argus* to speak of Henry Watterson as “an asinine

moon-brayer,” merely because Henry opposes the Cleveland administration? Mr. Watterson has directed a few inquiries to the moon, it is true; but to respond merely by tendering a slice of mugwump cheese is an insult which ought to make the *Argus* bray too, much as it flops its ears in apparent objection to those Democratic vocal exercises.

STRIKES ENFORCE IDLENESS, and idleness creates high prices and viciousness; but there is this relieving feature of the existing situation—the public has the more leisure to work out the JUDGE's problem in behalf of the Grant monument fund.

BE KIND TO THE ELEPHANT.

In the menagerie of the nations the best-natured of the animals is the lumbering, awkward elephant temporarily representing Uncle Sam; but he is occasionally ill-tempered under abuse, and when he gets real mad all over there is unavoidably a great deal of trouble. As the poet sweetly remarks:

“The elephant now goes round and round,
The band begins to play;
The little Canuck that comes too near
Had better go away.”

THE GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY.

When George W. Cleveland is asked on reckoning day, “Who cut down the Democratic cherry-tree?” he will doubtless respond, “I cannot tell a lie—it must have been Augustus Garland.” But the ancient and more or less honorable Democracy are not easily deceived, and investigation will show that the

weapon used for the destruction is in Mr. Cleveland's hind coat-pocket; though we dare say the gentleman will remark further, and with a lofty assumption of innocence, “Indeed I cannot tell a lie—it was put there by Carl Schurz and Henry Beecher.” And really, it doubtless was.

HIS RIGOROUS DISCIPLINE.

Mr. Washington was a very methodical man. It was the habit at his period to have only four suspender-buttons, and frequently two sufficed; but he instituted the custom of having six, and it was finally adopted by the entire country. It may be asked by the curious lady of to-day where they were located; but it is sufficient to the purpose of this article to say that Martha Washington knew. Once there was a suspender-button gone. “If that button isn't in place in five minutes,” said Mr. Washington sternly, “I'll have you court-martialed and hanged at sunset.” And in less than that time the button was there.

HE NEVER MUGWUMPED.

One day George was at his plough, like Cincinnatus, having obstinately refused a third term. He was told that the congress had passed a civil-service enactment providing that the British should be invited back to hold the offices. “What!” said George, “after we licked 'em?” It was urged that they had had experience and that was the approved British system. It was a viciously raw day and George was rapidly taking cold. He remarked laconically to his oxen, “Go to the end of the fur-

AN OBJECT FOR SYMPATHY



"I'm glad the foine shpring weather is comin', anyhow; the poor craythur is so thin an' delicate lookin' loike; begorra, if I hadn't taken the care ov it I did, an' tuk it to bed wid me ev'ry blessed noight this winter, it's a corpse it'd be by this toime!"

row, gentlemen!" and absently and rather angrily struck them several blows. Then he went home, and in a few hours he was dead. They said it was pneumonia.

GEORGE AND THE BRADDOCKS.

On one occasion George met a pretty milkmaid and gallantly chucked her chin. "Prithee, kind sir," said she, "if that's the kind of man you are I shall go right up to your camp and tell the mistress." "Oh, you mustn't!" exclaimed Mr. Washington hastily, suddenly changing countenance. "That would make needless trouble for Mrs. Braddock." "Soho!" exclaimed the pretty milkmaid, "you're Mr. Braddock, are you?" "Drive on!" remarked George solemnly to General Lafayette, who rode at his side. "Do you think it possible, sir, for the British nation to whip a people whose humblest members are endowed with such intelligence?"

HIS DIPLOMACY.

George and Martha lived very happily together. In beginning matrimonial proceedings George said, "There is one thing that is necessary to peace. I will not fool around with pillow-shams, and you must invariably open the bed. I ask but little, but that I do insist upon." Thereupon Martha put her arms akimbo and said with extreme fervency of purpose, "I shan't do it!" Mr. Washington looked at her calmly a moment, stroked his chin thoughtfully, tickled his ear with his disengaged hand, and inquired with some apparent anxiety, "Was it the custom of the late Mr. Custis to do these things?" The answer was a pronounced affirmative. "Then," said George

with a large, warm smile, "I will do it with pleasure. That establishes the requisite precedent, my dear."

Hum of the Court.

We are pained to suspect that Dr. Aveling is a prince for himself and wants socialism

merely for the other fellows. And on the whole how natural that is!

The man Elder, of the late *Literary Life*, is apparently a person of about the intellectual largeness of the berry of that persuasion.

There is talk of publishing Spies's love-letters; and we are pained to observe that there are apprehensions of yellow fever in Macon, Ga.

The woman who laughed at the Metropolitan opera house is finally discovered to be the identical woman who will never do it again.

The marriage by proxy is likely to be followed by various illegitimate emergencies wherein there shall be not one that is truly wise.

The Buffalo *Express* says Mr. Dana is a fountain of delight. That may be; but very frequently there is a most lamentable absence of fawcett to turn him off.

It is perhaps true that Mr. Dana is Mr. Cleveland's best friend, as he claims; but why is his hand in his hip-pocket as the president advances for the usual reconciliatory embrace?

In order to crush the party of the opposite side you must remark, "Oh, anybody can win if he has the cards." It does immediate execution, and the luck changes at that very moment.

Mr. Watterson says he is really, really not opposing Cleveland. It will be remembered that just previous to the battle of Gettysburg General Meade wrote to General Lee, "I love you—come to me arms!" and that Lee unwisely went.

It pains us exceedingly to hear the editor of the Buffalo *Express* rejoicing that he never got away from Erie county. It reminds us of Dickens's Dutchman, who preferred the penitentiary to freedom for the long space of fifty-five years, at the close of which he died.

Mr. Brick Pomeroy tells with great and ghoulish glee of how he stole watermelons in Corning, N. Y., when a boy; and perhaps, when a sufficient time has elapsed to make the publication safe, we shall hear about certain horses that mysteriously disappeared from La Crosse after he had become a bald-headed man

NO RISK FOR HIM.



POLICEMAN (with dignity)—"Move on!"

MR. O'TOOLE—"Divil a fut till yez strew the ground wid ashes."

LITERARY RESEMBLANCES.



I wrote a clever thing
and sent it off
To one whose pen
had won him
ample fame.
"Read it," I said;
"Twill serve to
wile an hour;
Then write me
your opinion of
the same.

"Tell me wherein you find me very like
Some genius whom the world has loved to read;
Advise me where to print it, if you please.
And I will thank you very much indeed."

The great are ever prompt. He sent me back
A letter, couched in language fair and kind
"Your penmanship," he said, "how vividly
It brought the gifted Greeley to my mind!

"And in your lighter vein you make me laugh,
As Euclid did, whose books I've labored through;
While your pathetic words affected me
As Twain and Artemus, the showman, do.

"And often, word for word, I find you like
Some famous man who long before you
wrought;

Print where you please; no editor but will
Think as I think and treat you as he ought."

Later I wrote the great man and I said,
"Onstrong resemblance you have failed to see.
I am like Stockton in his early days—
My article has been returned to me."

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

A MIRACLE.



"What wuz de tex' dis mornin', Mister Johnson? I wuz too late."
"It wuz about de meracles, Brother Snow. Whar de Lor' fed seven people on five t'ousand
baskets of fish."
"I don't see any meracle about dat."
"Oh, de miracle am, dey all didn't bust."

DEAR, DEAR!

Funerals are so extravagantly conducted now—
a-days that oftentimes the rites of the dead are

wrongs to the living. Neither few-nor-all
should attend the funeral.

Education in the Rural Districts.

Young Joshua Grimes has quit teaching the
Wild Goose Pond district school, and learning
languishes there for the present. The school
directors of the district at their last meeting
resolved that more progressive ideas were
needed in the mental training of Wild Goose
Pond's rising generation, and so set ten-dollar-
a-month home talent aside and hired genius at
sixteen dollars a month from the county seat.
Young Joshua Grimes was the genius.

Farmer Meshellum Nye is a leading tax-
payer in the Wild Goose Pond district. Far-
mer Nye is an easy man to get along with, but
is a little set in his way. He matriculated un-
der the methods of Wild Goose Pond home
talent of a generation or so ago, and was a
trifle shy of the new system of education intro-
duced by the progressive directors, but he
hoped for the best. His rosy-cheeked daughter
Sallie is one of the district's scholars. One
evening, shortly after the new teacher from
town had taken charge of the school, Farmer
Nye sat by the sitting-room fire-place, whittling
a corn-husker out of a hickory stick. Sallie
sat near with a book.

"W'at ye readin' of, Sallie?" said her father.
"Steddyin' grammar, pap," replied Sallie.
"Be, hay?" said the farmer. "That's one
o' them ideas o' the new teacher, hain't it?"
"Yes, pap."
"How ye gittin' 'long with the new teacher,
anyhow?" said Mr. Nye, scraping his knife
over the hickory.
"Oh, fastest kind," replied the student.
"We're clear into grammar a'ready, ye see."

A PROMISING ARTIST.



ARTIST—"I will pay you soon as I sell my picture. There are lots of people who would be glad
to buy it if they only knew where I could be found."
LANDLORD—"You'll be found on the street if you don't pay inside of three days."

PADDY'S VALENTINE.



And sign wid me name so she'll know it.

Bedalia—git onto me fancy!

For Bridget McGinnis she's surely—
Me luv for ye, darlint, is burnin',

This heart that was made for ye purely!
Be heavens! get onto that matre.

Don't it skip wid a nice, aisy measure?
O'im dr'amin' av ye an' O'im builidin'
A cage for me heart's blissid treasure.

D'ye moind, Biddy darlint acushla,
How swate Oi have been at the partin',
Phwin at the back gate Oi have left ye
Wid ivery pulse in me smartin'?
O'i've laid in me bed an' been drammin'—
Bad cess to that line, but it's written—
Shure, darlint, yer heart was the palace
O'i wonder'd could poor Puddy git in?

Thin out av the gloom Oi heard voices
Come singin' so tender and swately,
And all av me moind was in wonder
Loike one that was dr'amin' complately.
He stood on a pinnacle, darlint,
An' Oi woke up wid 'Can't he win? can't he?
Thin out av the gloom come the murmurs—
'Ye can wid a pig and a shanty.'

Now, Biddy, the shanty is waitin',
Wid a tue-kettle on the stove crownin',
And a pig in the sthy he is stoppin'
To mate the new comer who's ownin'.
Will ye come, little Biddy, me darlint?
O'i'll see ye at close ov the day toime.
The name is attached, and O'i'll sind it;
Be heavens! This day is a gay toim.

H. S. KELLER.

"Grammar, hay?" said the farmer. "How does it go?"

"Wall," said Sallie, "teacher tells me to stan' up an' conjergate, an' I stan' up an' say, 'I love, you love, he loves; I mowt, cud wudder, shudder loved, you mowt!'"

"You, Sal! Hol' on thar!" exclaimed Farmer Nye, throwing his knife and hickory on the hearth, and grabbing the cook. "You love an' he loves, hay? an' ye mowt, cud, wudder, shudder loved, hay? I know'd th' was sumpin' skeery 'bout this new-fangled teachin'! An' that's grammar! That's conjergatin'! Wall, I can't wash, nor he can't wash them dishes out there in the kitchen, but you mowt, cud, wudder, shudder ben doin' of it an hour ago, an' ycu jist mosey right out thar an' do it!

EGORRA! Saint Valentine's
landed,
The lads and the lasses
are crazy;
Be heavens! Oi've got the
same favur,
O'i think O'i'll sind Biddy
a daisey.
Now fhwat'll I do to be
proper,
O'i mane the gintility
caper?

Is it sindin' her something
that's boughten,
Or a bit ov me writin' on paper?

Bah! out ov me way, ye desaver!
It's chape to be buyin' yer luv-
knot

Phwin paper and pencils are
handy;

Divil a cess do Oi care, for O'i
guv not

A cint for a lot ov swate varses
Come second-hand from some
poor poet;

So, O'i'll jot down me luv in a jiffy

Conjergatin! Wall,
I dunno nothin' 'bout
grammar, but w'en I
git through givin' that
new teacher a lesson
t'morrer he'll think
he's ben conjergated
by a ten-hoss power
cider-mill, 'nless I've
forgot my A, B C's!"

As Farmer Nye was
seen going toward the
school-house next
morning, and as
young Joshua Grimes
was observed, later
on, to leave the school-
house by a window,
regardless of the sash,
and to fly wildly
across country in the
direction of the county
seat, it is thought
that the farmer con-
vinced him that his
system was not suited
to Wild Goose Pond
and that that was the

reason he gave up the school. ED MOTT.

GWENDOLINE'S WOE.

"You cannot hug me this evening, dear."

As Gwendoline O'Brien uttered these words
in her sweet, yet firm voice, it was easy to see
that they were prompted by a deep, earnest
feeling, and that, whatever her reason might
be, it was one which she deemed all-sufficient,
and one which moved every fibre of her being
with an irresistible impulse.

To Cecil James Rafferty the prohibition
seemed heartless; nay, even cruel.

Gwendoline had never before, since she
plighted her troth on that gladsome day in the
lovely month of June, refused him permission
to encircle her form with his arm, whenever
he was so inclined.

He could not understand it.

Gwendoline had opened the door herself,

and they stood together in the hall-way. The
light was rather dim, but it was sufficiently
bright for Cecil to see that Gwendoline was in
earnest—that her refusal to permit his arm to
repose even for one moment about her waist
was one which would not be rescinded, let him
beg as he would.

What could be the cause of this sudden
change in his bride elect? Had she met an-
other man who had stolen her affections, and
could she therefore permit no more of those
pleasant experiences to which he had grown
accustomed since June?

The thought was maddening.

Naturally of a jealous disposition, all the
jealousy in Cecil's nature was roused at the
thought. He looked at Gwendoline, who stood
waiting for him to remove his overcoat before
leading the way to the parlor. No clue to the
mystery was discovered in her features, which
seemed set with a strong determination.

Cecil thought one moment only, and re-
solved that come what might he would know
why he could not embrace Gwendoline, and
know it before he removed his overcoat. Should
she remain obdurate he would leave her, never
to return.

"Gwendoline, why can't I hug you?"

"Don't ask me, Cecil," replied the girl, as
her cheeks turned deathly pale, and she clasped
her hands to her heart, as if to stop its tumul-
tuous beating.

"But I must know," persisted Cecil.

"Do not ask me!" implored Gwendoline.
"If you love me, press me not, Cecil dear. I
am not myself to-night."

"But I have a right to know. I insist on
your telling me, Gwendoline. As your future
husband, I demand to know why I cannot
clasp you in my arms."

"O, I can't tell you, Cecil! Some day I
will, but not now."

"Not now? But I must know now, or I
will go away and never look upon your face
again."

"How can you talk so cruelly? You do
not love me!"

"I think I have more right to say you do
not love me, when you say I cannot embrace

A JERSEY FOX HUNT.



ESSEX COUNTY HUNTSMAN—"Seen a fox running this way, me good fellah?"

FARMER (who is tired of the business)—"Yes, I seed him; 'n I reckon afore you git over that thar
fence he'll be nigh over ter Trenton."

A FAMILY VIEW OF IT.



MRS. HENPECK—"I see that one of the convicted anarchists wants to get married."
MR. HENPECK—"I wonder why they don't let him? It would be much cheaper than hanging him."

you. There is some dreadful mystery here, and I'll fathom it or break our engagement. Will you tell me, or shall I leave you?"
"Cecil; oh, Cecil, don't ask me!" pleaded Gwendoline.

Cecil laid his hand on the door-knob and was about to let himself out, his heart full of bitterness, when Gwendoline uttered a shriek and fell upon the floor.

He raised her tenderly, and as she recovered consciousness she said:

"I'll tell you, dear, though it nearly kills me to do it."

"What is it, then?"

"You can't hug me to-night, Cecil dear, because I am breaking in a new pair of corsets and the pain is so dreadful that the least additional pressure would drive me crazy."

WM. H. SIVITER.

A RUDE CAPTAIN.

A ship went down in the Atlantic ocean, four hundred miles from New York.

"Save me!" cried a man who had been overlooked in the hurry by the boats.

"What's the matter?" yelled the captain.
"Can't you swim?"

A YOUTHFUL QUESTION.

Bertie—"Pa, Uncle Charles says you have a sluggish temperament."

Pa—"Uncle Charles is right. I have."

Bertie—"Pa, did ma know you were a slugger when she married you?"

A DIFFERENT MATTER.

Husband—"Jones told me to-day he had thought about getting his wife half a dozen elegant presents."

Wife—"Indeed! What is he going to give her?"

Husband—"Oh, I don't know. He didn't say anything as to that."

NAMED OUT OF THEIR ORDER.

Revivalist—"My new scheme for treatment

of the heathen contemplates the salvation of the soul and the decrease in the amount of money sent abroad annually."

Clergyman—"Yes, that's all right; but you should learn to mention the most important thing first."

NATURAL.

"So you've traded your horse for Tompkins's, eh?" said one Long Island farmer to another.

"Yes, but at one time I thought the trade wouldn't amount to anything. Tompkins wanted a harness to boot."

"Wanted something to boot, eh? Well, he always was a kicker."

THE YOUTHFUL MIND.

Bertie happened to visit Greenwood cemetery with his father on Sunday, and noticed four tombstones, each bearing the inscription "My Wife," in the family lot.

"Pa," he said, "is you a Mormon?"

OUGHT TO THROW HIM IN.

Printing-press manufacturer—"There, sir, is our catalogue of foot-presses. You will observe that one up in the corner that the boy is running. I can sell you that for forty dollars."

Customer—"Er—does the boy go with the press?"

A TAILOR'S VALENTINE.

Love covers me as with a mantle warm,
And clothes with beauty every scene I view;
Invests with colors new and varied charm
All nature, since I pinned my faith on you.

You were cut out for beauty's masterpiece,
Who, satisfied, the pattern rent in twain;
You need no artful trimmings to increase
Your charms—so fit, to add to them were vain.

The matchless texture of that silken hair,
And the rich softness of the velvet cheek;
The azure eyes; the brow so white and fair;
The rose-dyed lips, whose folds of kisses speak;

The model neck; the shoulders' sweeping curve;
The generous bust; to dwell on is a pleasure
That my artistic soul may scarce deserve.
Oh! with my arms your yielding waist to measure!

Your virtues shine against my poor deserts
Like brand-new buttons on a threadbare coat;
But, true as needle to the pole reverts,
To you I'll ever turn—my life devote.

I shall not scant my love; nor ever tire
In following where your lightest wish has led;
Show me the needle's-eye of your desire,
That I may thread it—even with life's thread.

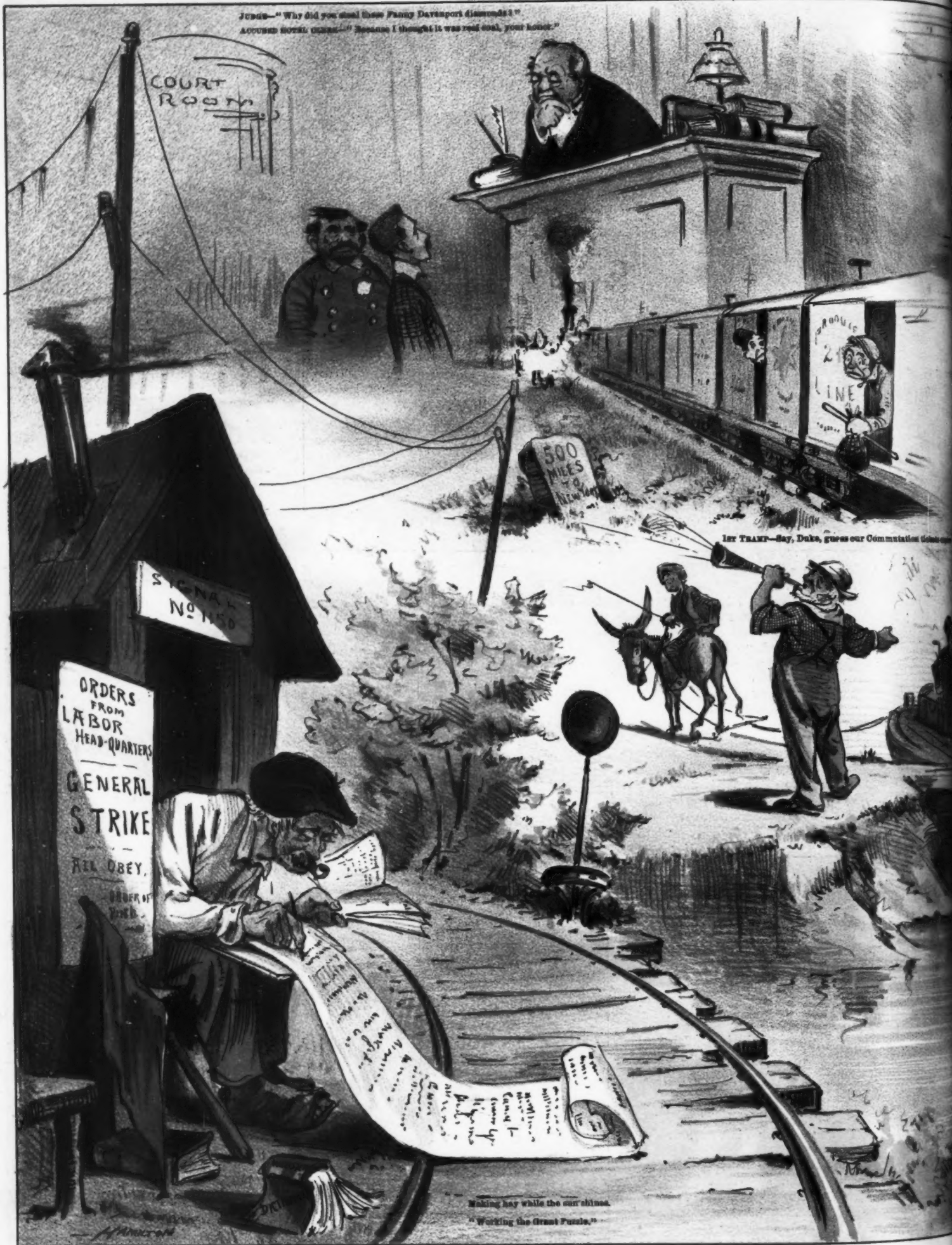
I see no clouds but heavy-fringed with gold,
No years beyond but bound with joy divine,
For in one piece our hearts together fold
Since you are mine and I your valentine.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

HOW THEY REPORT THE WEATHER FOR ONE EVENING.



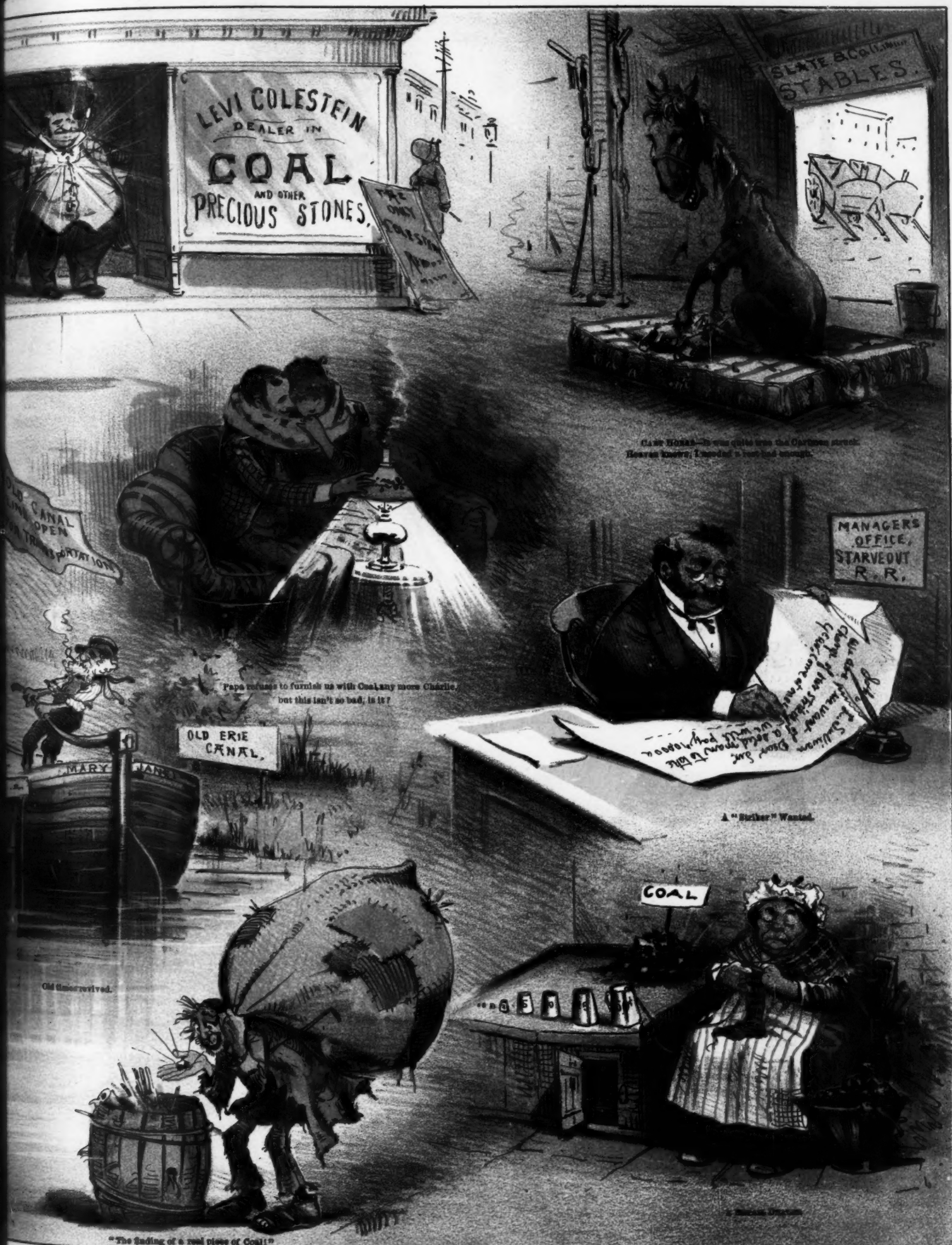
No. 1—Meeker says it was hot enough at his house when he got home.
No. 2—Young Anticash says it was a cold wave that struck him last night.
No. 3—Old Soaker says he noticed a very changeable barometer when he came home.
No. 4—Capt. S. O. Wester said he met with a heavy snow-fall while going up the East river.



Judge—"Why did you steal those Fanny Davisport diamonds?"
ACCUSED HOTEL CLERK—"Because I thought it was real coal, your honor."

LET TRAMP-SAY, DUKE, GUSS OUR COMMUNIST

Making hay while the sun shines.
Working the Great Puzzle.



Can't you see how quite nice the Cartman street Heaven knows, I needed a rest and enough.

Papa refuses to furnish us with Coal any more Charlie, but this isn't so bad, is it?

My dear Mr. Sullivan
 Please send me a copy of the
 report of the strike of the
 coal miners. I will pay you
 for it.

A "Striker" Wanted.

"The finding of a real piece of Coal!"

THE MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Though trees, by twenties, on the land
Of Farmer Green did thrive,
Yet one of all was much disliked
By Johnny, aged five.

This was a little cherry-tree—
A shrub, all dwarfed and shrunk—
And it was Johnny's main delight
To hew its shriveled trunk.

So every evening, just at dusk,
When daily work was done,
He'd grasp his hatchet very tight
And start to have some fun.

A chop or two was all he'd make,
Then lay the hatchet by;
For soon would come his papa's voice
Like thunder from the sky.

Then quickly to the parent roof
In terror would he flee,
For he was sore afraid that pa
Would see the cherry tree.

At last one night the crisis came,
For papa knew the fact
That with the edge of Johnny's axe
The cherry-tree was hacked.

He called for Johnny in a tone
That woke the echoes round;
And Johnny felt as if he weighed
About a half a pound.

"Who cut that tree?" the father yelled,
A-reaching for his boot;
Then Johnny knew the time had come
To answer or to scoot.

"I did not chop the tree," he said—
His father stared at him—
"I cannot—will not tell a lie,
For it was brother Jim."

A. H. ELLARD.

Judge's Charge.

THE OBLIGATIONS OF TO-DAY.

Mr. Manning goes back a hundred years to show that the United States had better be cautious in their relations with Canada. His review does him credit; but the truth is that the wanton Canadian insults to our flag last summer had their origin in a recent enactment that was obviously meant for insult, and that paid no more respect for treaty obligations

than this government can afford to pay at this moment.

PRESERVE THE LAW.

Seventy Chinamen arrested in Brooklyn for fan-tan had \$62,000 in cash on their persons. The law acted promptly and efficiently. "Jump his d—d claim!" exclaimed the Californian of the Chinaman who had struck a mine in dig-

ging a grave. "These Mongolyuns must be got under."

STATE AND CHURCH.

The pope supports Bismarck, yet Father McGlynn is churched for meddling with politics. Do these things consist?

ONE OF THE GRASS KIND?

A few doors further on was a widow, with three little children, who were playing on the floor. She was out of coal and could not buy any more, as her husband had been out of work this four weeks. — *World*.

This appears in a descriptive article on the distribution of charity coal. It is comforting to know that the widow's husband was on hand, even if he had no work; because if he had been dead a number of years the condition of the three little children might have been extremely perilous. Ah, what a curious world it is!

LET US BE MAGNANIMOUS.

One Mary D. Sibley has won the first prize for oratory in the Buchtel (they used to spell it buck-tail, or buck-eye) college, in Ohio; and one Harry C. Morris, her principal competitor, offers to bet \$1,000, his papa furnishing the money, that she can't beat him in an oratorical contest in which they two shall alone participate. It is highly reprehensible in Miss Sibley to get out of her oratorical sphere, the same being the subdued oratory of the parlor, with an audience of one; and yet, somehow, the court has sympathy with the chivalrous young students of the college who hounded young Morris and his papa out of town. It must never be said that a mere woman can win any prize against any male competitor; but, if that consummate humiliation is accomplished through any kind of miraculous interposition, the sufferer must bear himself with patient dignity or submit to the punishment appropriate to the dog with a sore head.

CAUTIOUS CONSIDERATION.



SERVANT—"Be ye ov a jealous timperament, mum?"

LADY (with a cold stare)—"Why do you ask?"

SERVANT (applying for situation)—"Cause if yez be no money would timpt me ter cum, fur I niver want to make trouble betwane man and woife."

ASSURING BUT STILL UNPLEASANT.



"Don't yer be askeert, mum; he may jump at you an' knock you over, but his teeth is worn down to stumps."

Judge and the Play.

Nellie McHenry is the only bottle of champagne that, continually uncorked, yet keeps itself in a continual state of delightful effervescence.

Margaret Mather would make a success of a poor play, but the new one which J. M. Hill has bought for her is said to be strong, and to have been purchased regardless of expense.

The press is full of silly complaints and sillier defenses concerning large hats at theatres. But no man has yet been heard to complain because the headgear worn by women in front of him at church obstructed his view of the pulpit. This hat question—we had almost said this whole matter of feminine fashion—is none of a man's business anyway.—*Buffalo Express*.

That is a mighty good point; but see here! when the pulpit assumes the spectacular there isn't a church officer who won't insist that the ladies of his family shall go to church bare-headed. It is well that the soprano is located either in the gallery or at some other conspicuous point; otherwise, dear sir, there would be three family quarrels for every one that afflicts us now, and the church disturbance would assume such formidable proportions that everybody would have to go somewhere else to find and keep the peace.

The Presbyterian clergymen of Philadelphia protest at considerable length against the performances of the National opera company. They do not specify any particular play or

parts of plays; so it is a not unnatural inference that the company hasn't the support of a competent ballet.

Mr. Harrigan's *McNooney* was never naturalized but once. It was done in the back, wid a rebel bayonet.

The president is giving much of his attention to opera; but Sam Randall needn't suppose for that reason that he hasn't an eye out for the tariff business.

The JUDGE desires to remark with its utmost impressiveness that if Annie Robe jilts the public to marry a bloated bondholder she'll be no better than the late Edith Kingdon. There is no greater ingratitude than that of a favorite who, coddled, caressed, encouraged and fairly brought up on the bottle of applause by an ever-generous public, turns upon and at last biteth and stingeth it like an intolerable adder.

The ballet that attended a Brooklyn church was only seven strong, and mingled itself with the general public just as if it proposed that the clergyman should remain the chief attraction of the exercises. If it had occupied the twenty pews set aside for it, how it would have been stared at and condemned for its brazen-facedness; and yet it would have been done so solely by the desire of the good clergyman himself.

If "Ruddygore" were Sullivan and Gilbert's first production they would probably be made to perish in the last syllable of it.

There is bad blood between Fortescue and Langtry, and it appears to be that of the prince

of Wales. The former chides the latter with having too much of it, and Langtry retorts that Fortescue has none of it at all. Perhaps the quarrel is an advertising scheme, but the lily has this advantage—she has few words in response to the too obvious and malicious prickliness of the little thistle opposed to her, and she doesn't need the advertising that the thistle does.

John Howson's *Triplet*, Miss Dauvray's *Woffington* and Ellie Wilton's *Mrs. Vane*, at the Lyceum, make a very pretty three hours of comedy altogether, to say nothing of Mr. Sothern's *Vane* and Mr. Whiting's *Sir Charles*. The *Woffington* of Miss Dauvray is not especially coltish; but the swift changes from laughter to tears, and back again, which the third act calls for, are very effectively done, and the dressing of the piece is in places as good as anything that used to be found at Wallack's.

Mr. Howells, who looks on Edward Harrigan as in some respects the American Dickens, is not likely to be disappointed when he sees "McNooney's Visit," which is as funny and faithful a reproduction of phases of New York life as any of the many that have preceded it. The visit of the distinguished gentleman mentioned will be one of great length.

Life is sad, but it will be relieved of much of its melancholy when "The Marble Heart" is called in.

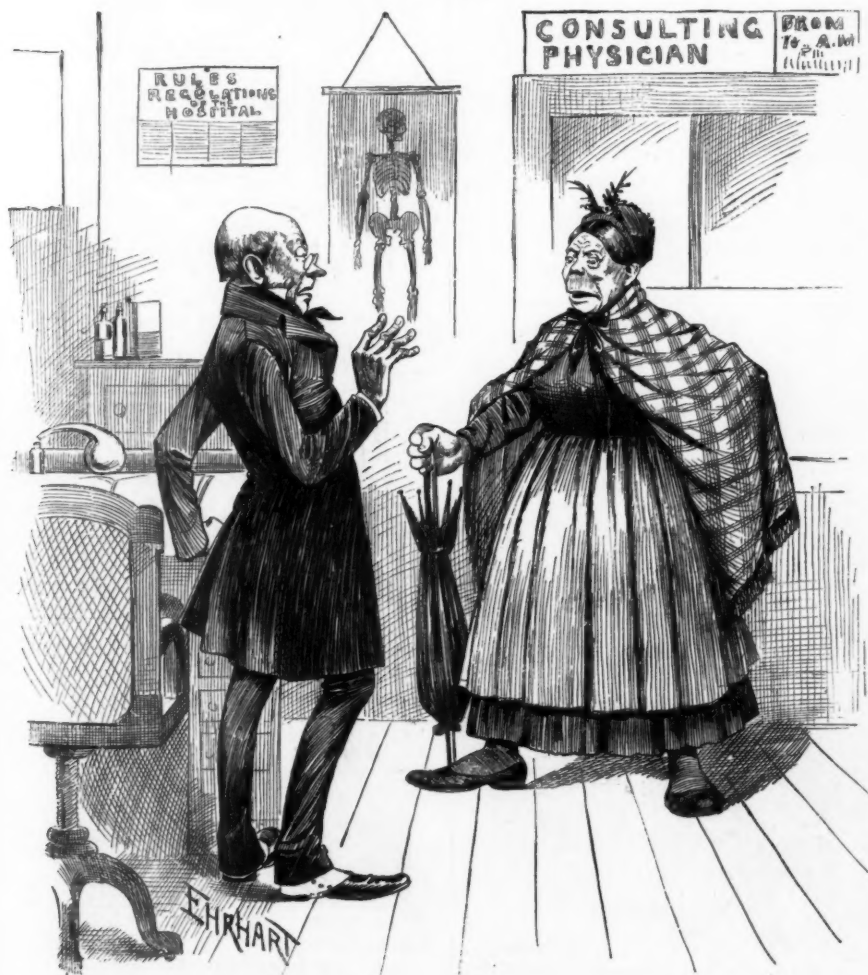
It is frequently remarked of Nathaniel Goodwin as *Prince Lorenzo* that he can't play, but that may be the fault of his instrument.

Given a good company, a good play and some ability to act, and there is no reason why Helen Hastings, with the requisite study, experience and expensive wardrobe, may not be a jumping success some day.

Nothing could be very much more charming than Rose Coghlan's *Lady Gay*, excepting perhaps her *Rosalind*, her *Woffington*, and such other characters as she chooses to assume.

If it be true that certain English actors have been guying John Gilbert, preparations for a war with England had better be begun without delay. The country can stand the loss of a few fish, but the venerable John must be protected from all manner of English impudence if it takes all the new cruisers to do it.

AGGRESSIVE



STOUT PARTY—"They towld me to sphake wid th' insultin' faysishan; if you're th' blaguard I'd loike to know what th' divil you're goin' to do wid me case?"

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Among those who testify to the merits of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, the Hon. Sam'l J. Randall, Cyrus W. Field, Jr., the Hon. James W. Husted, Charles D. Fredricks, Henry King, Manager Seaside Sanitarium, Gen. John E. Mulford, George Augustus Sala, and Sisters of Charity, Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C.

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(Continued on fifteenth page.)

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The *Cosmopolitan*, Rochester's new magazine, is certainly worthy of the great encouragement it has received. The February number has a capital table of contents, and among its contributors are some of our best writers.

The Germania publishing company of this city send out *Lose Blatter*, consisting of reproductions in type and pictures from the German humorous papers. The German mind evolves from the depth of its profundity some of the best wit and humor of this period, and there is certainly room for this paper, admirably conducted as it appears to be.

"All are gone, the old familiar faces!" wrote gentle Charles Lamb with rare pathos. What theme he might find to-day in the complete disappearance of the well-loved jokes that have dropped so plentifully from the paragrapher's pen in "the days that are no more." Oh, chiming bell that knelled them to oblivion! And one class in particular do we recall with feelings of peculiar sadness. Dear old Vassar-girl joke! where art thou now? Whether art thou gone, O blithe-some jest of the buckwheat cake! and to what realm hast thou been relegated, O sweet refrain of the chewing-gum? About this time thou art due. What shall we do without thee!—*Buffalo Express*.

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LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PARMELLA BRUNDAGE, of *161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heart-burn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores, and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

TERRIBLE CASE OF BLOOD-POISONING.

ISAAC D. HADSALL, of *Kewanee, Ill.*, writes: "I have been a most miserable cripple for fourteen months. I contracted a severe cold first, which settled on my lungs, and the doctors tending me said that a large abscess had formed there. I coughed almost constantly for seven weeks, and lost greatly in flesh and strength. Then the disease seemed to settle in my general system, poisoning my whole blood; my arm and elbow swelled and inflamed most terribly, whilst the cords became greatly contracted and thus produced great deformity. A large abscess formed in my left knee, and finally the morbid action settled in my left ankle, which had to be lanced seven times to allow the corruption to escape. Several running sores formed about my ankle and continued to discharge for eight months,—but my pen refuses to describe my sufferings."

After employing no less than seven skillful physicians without relief, my old family physician recommended me to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I have thus far taken nine bottles of the same, in connection with one vial of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' Five of the sores have already stopped discharging and healed over nicely. The surrounding flesh which remained so hard and blue for so many months, has grown soft, white and natural under the surprising alternative influence of your 'Discovery.'

Your medicines worked miracles in my case; my lungs healed perfectly under the influence of the first two bottles. My general health has improved amazingly. I would add that all my friends joined with the doctors in considering my case a fatal one, but thanks to your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I am fast regaining my health once more."

INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

Fever Sores.—ALICE H. CRAWFORD, of *Stout Rapids, Buena Vista Co., Iowa*, writes: "Six years ago I was cured of 'Fever Sores' by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

CURED HIS BOILS.

WILLIAM RAMICH, Esq., of *Minden, Kearney County, Nebraska*, writes: "I was troubled with boils for thirty years. Four years ago I was so afflicted with them that I could not walk. I bought two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and took one 'Pellet' after each meal, till all were gone. By that time I had no boils, and have had none since. I have also been troubled with sick headache. When I feel it coming on, I take one or two 'Pellets,' and am relieved of the headache."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year, or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

Goitre, or Thick Neck.—JULIA P. BECKWITH, of *407 W. Gray St., Elmira, N. Y.*, writes: "After the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' together with your good advice, my neck has now become perfectly well."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

JOS. F. MCFARLAND, Esq., *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Consumption.—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrow-smith, Ont.*, writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption,

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need not write me, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

WASTED TO A SKELETON.

Ulcer Cured.—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of *Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.* (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

Consumption and Heart Disease.—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Lung Disease.—DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., of *49 Main Street, Gloucester, Mass.*, writes: "Nearly five years ago I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homeopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick I weighed 150 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memorandum books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the first bottle brought me around so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

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Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood poison. Especially has it proved its efficacy in curing Salt Rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by Druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.
Sic. a vial, by druggists.

For all derangements of the stomach and bowels, with children or adults, is unrivalled. It is soothing and healing to the stomach, allays inflammation, cures constipation and permanently relieves dyspepsia.

If your druggist does not keep it, send 15 cents for a sample box. Samples free to physicians.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.
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DEAFNESS Its causes and a new and successful CURE at your own home by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.

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\$1000 REWARD!

We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which cannot be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. Sample free. Address

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De lazy man am nebbah outen a job.
De gaddin' hen comes home limpin'.

Goot efery day commonseces vas more wort' as a new pair of Sunday clothes.

Dot's besser you look pooty vell out for your confidences, when you lose medot, dhen your pocket boots vas so dhin like a wayfers already.

When your hants vas idleness, und your tongue vas a busy-body, it wouldn't dook a man mit one hant to see dot der grass grows your feet under.

Shdart yourself mit life out mit a determinations to been a great succeed. Don't gif olt age der chance to said dot you didn't done it. Keep a shtiff ubber lip down, und you vas all right.

E. A. NEWELL,
MEN'S OUTFITTER,
859 BROADWAY (one door above 17th St.)

Novelties in Bosoms for

Dress Shirts to measure,
FINE

Underwear, Hosiery, Scarfs, Gloves, etc.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed I have no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

Manly Vigor, Weakness or Loss of Memory permanently restored by the use of an entirely new remedy, **The Yerba Santa** from Spain. Spanish Trochees never fail. Our illustrated, 32-page book and testimonials (sent sealed). Every man should read it. **VON GRAEF TROCHEE CO., FREE**
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DONT neglect the 1st symptoms of a

Cold but use

Ferry Davis'

Pain Killer

and prevent serious consequences.

Delay is Dangerous

Pain Killer cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Frost Bite and Neuralgia.

Buy a bottle NOW
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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

PILES Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indolency. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 73 Nassau St., N. Y.

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Inkstand and Penholder combined fitted with best quality Gold Pen, and guaranteed perfect in all its parts. Fountain Pens from \$2.00 according to size. Holder and Pen, An excellent Stylographic Pen from \$1.00. By mail on receipt of price. Send for circulars and price lists. Agents wanted.

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This new Cabbage Lettuce, in addition to tenderness and delicacy of flavor, is remarkable for beauty of foliage. It forms very solid heads, is quite early and durable, and its peculiar Citron yellow leaves mark it as distinct from all other varieties. It is well adapted for forcing, and for a summer or winter Lettuce. Price per packet, 15 cents.

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John Bull (to Canada)—You'd better not worry 'im too much, Johnny. He's a gentle beast, but when e loses 'is patience it'll go 'ard with you. Hi know for Hi used to own 'im.

A WORD OF WARNING.

John Bull (to Canada)—You'd better not worry 'im too much, Johnny. He's a gentle beast, but when e loses 'is patience it'll go 'ard with you. Hi know for Hi used to own 'im.