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Indianapolis, Sept. 8  
 HON. CHARLES STUART PARNELL, Dublin.  
 At an immense mass-meeting here to-  
 night, addressed by Hon. Thomas A.  
 Hendricks, Vice-President of the United  
 States, resolutions were adopted endors-  
 ing your address of August 22, and pledg-  
 ing you aid, moral and financial.



FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

TRANS-ATLANTIC HELP.  
 HENDRICKS TO PARNELL—"You hold him down, and I will pull his tail."



## THE JUDGE.

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### AN UNFAITHFUL NURSE.

The Republican parents of the babe, quaintly called Civil Service Reform, had entrusted it with a nurse who came with a good character from her last place, in Albany, backed by plentiful endorsement of others, and no end of professions of fidelity on her own part. For a while she seemed to be trustworthy, and she might have remained so if the fellows of her own class had let her alone. She got to flirting with policemen and other followers and the result was neglect of the babe and an overturn of its carriage into the dirty pool of party politics.

If any one doubts the justice of the charge against the new guardians of Civil Service Reform, let him consider the infractions of both the spirit and letter of reform in the appointments of the administration, beginning with Manning and Higgins and ending with the complete restoration of the old spoils system under the "offensive partisanship" device.

The administration is now down to the business of distributing federal patronage to control state elections, as witness the increased attention now given to partisan appointments in Ohio, New York and Virginia—so called pivotal states. The Virginia election will determine the fate of Mahone's party and the choice of two U. S. Senators. The Ohio election, being in October, is always a test and a powerful influence on other

states. If Cleveland's state should go Republican it will mark a turn of the tide.

Hence, the Nurse is flirting with the Rank and File, and letting Civil Service Reform slide into the same pool where all other public interests are floundering neglected.

### DONNYBROOK HENDRICKS.

Vice-President Hendricks ought to put a proviso to his Fenian speech at Indianapolis such as he has been attaching to his aimless peregrinations and vaticinations all summer, viz: That it all has no political significance.

If his lion-tail-twisting effort have any significance, it is that the Vice-President is tired of being out of politics. After years of intrigue, mud-rolling and self-abandonment, Mr. Hendricks suddenly found himself voted into the retirement of the Vice-Presidency by the American people, and the sentence rigorously enforced by the President's exclusion of him from the administration. It was not in his nature to stop acting and talking, and as American politics and he are "out," he turns to Ireland.

"I do not know of anything that would give me greater pleasure than to attend a constitutional convention at Dublin to frame a separate government for Ireland," he shouts.

THE JUDGE feels authorized to say that the United States though "a friendly power," will unanimously delegate Mr. Hendricks to the desired position, provided he will go at once and stay until Ireland is free. We want no Keiley giggling-back in this matter at the first rebuff.

This will be "hard lines" (in the elegant phrase of Lord Randy) for the British Lion. But if the Eagle could get along with Hendricks fifty or sixty years, surely the Lion can stand him the rest of the time.

Besides, England ought to take him off our hands. Aren't we keeping her O'Donovan Rossa without charge?

### DANGEROUS FRIENDSHIP.

There is no toleration or excuse for communists or dynamiters in this country, as there may be in some of the European states, because the circumstances are radically different. So long as there is plenty of unimproved property here that any agitator can have for the asking and taking, what excuse is there for his demanding the property of some other man, except the desire to injure individuals more than to benefit himself?

Selfishness we expect in everybody and the government here opens the door for its exercise in peaceful, industrious and profitable ways. But the communist is not satisfied. He wants the accumulation of others, rather than to accumulate anything himself. His principle is that all property is criminal. He demands an even divide of the evidences of crime. It is the old spasmodic robbery of the middle ages reduced to a precise system.

With this system neither the laborer, nor

any American can have anything in common. If there are hardships and oppressions in the workingman's lot—as there are many—his remedy lies in his own hands in co-operation. But it must be with the knights of industry and not with the knights robbery. As a matter of fact, the communist in this country, in principle and designs, is more antagonistic to labor than he is to capital.

The first thing the Laboring-man needs to boycott is communism.

### RULINGS.

A GOOD MANY alleged "living issues" were still born; were the progeny of the still, in fact.

THE NEW YORK *Times* and *Post* are occasionally accredited as "(Reps.)" If so, they must be cotton-back and shoddy reps.

THE DEMOCRATS CLAIM to be for protection of wool in Ohio, but in the South, where they are in power, they do anything but protect it or the darkies under it.

THERE IS NOTHING so touching at this season of the year as the solicitude of each political party, *per* respective organs, lest the other should "adopt a suicidal policy."

A SCIENTIST has discovered that woman's sense of smell is more blunt than man's. This seems fortunate when we remember the tobacco, stale beer and limburger that many husbands shed abroad with every breath.

IT IS PRETTY late for Secretary Manning to "damn the Grand Army"—about 25 years late. His strident strains should have joined with thousands of other Democrats in grey at a time when the oburgation could have been made effective.

SOME ARDENT AND ASPIRING Democrat will pretty soon demand that the administration create a vacancy in the Trinity by removing as an offensive partisan the Deity, on the ground that he has always been opposed to the Democratic party.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that Miss Cleveland will publish a novel with a plot based upon her brother's career. "From Jail to White House," might be a good title. There is a good deal of the novel in Mr. Cleveland's career, and if it could be faithfully written up would sell.

THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. *World*—which he is a congressman—waxed wroth because the Department of Agriculture offered him thirty-two quarts of seed wheat as his allotment of spoils. This should teach the department to offer N. Y. Democrats wheat in the liquid form exclusively.



ALL SORTS OF SAW-DUST GAMES.

By Julian Ralph, Author of the "Sun's German Barber," Etc.

The German Policeman was asked by his son Jake if he could explain what the sawdust business is, at which Tom Davis was engaged when he was shot. The wise officer told his son that the scheme was to pretend to sell counterfeit money by showing real bank notes to a purchaser and then arrange things so that he should carry off sawdust, or paper in bricks, in the place of it, relying on the fact that a man who would buy bogus money could not complain if he was swindled.

"It is a grade question," said the Policeman, "vich is der older, human nature or der sawdust peezness. Mosd uf mankind blays a little at der sawdust game. Von half vouts to git doo much for der money; der oder half vants to gif as liddle as possible. Batent medicine men; breachers vot leat immoral lifes in brifate, dime museum fellers. boliticians vich always pretend to been going to done some goot py der goundry—are all in der sawdust peezness. Ve haf hat more as von Bresident uf der United States vich vos skilful at dot game.

"Young vimmen make der besd sawdust oberators," he continued. "A grade many young vimmen make believe dem been angels choost about to drow demselluf away on a merely flesh and blood young man. Der young man sees vot der young lady likes chewlry and candy and ice cream, vich is all very sdrange for a angel, but he vispers py himselluf: 'A goot many vellers got fooled but I dink I got a angel, sure, alretty.' Afer der vos married he shall find out vot sort uf a angel she is. Half der dime I bity him owd uf der boddom uf my heart."

"Reilly," the Policeman said after his son had gone away, "I hat a gase uf chenuwine sawdust on der prawn-stone end uf my beat. A young veller vos gourting a girl vich got blendy goot glothes but nodings else. Ven he came to seen her she looked sbhendid mit blump arms uf der ladesd batent, pearly deeth from a Fifth avenoo dentist, and a berson all graceful curves, der besd vich could be bought in der Sexth affenoo sdores. Der rosy color uf her cheeks must haf cost her at least two dollar a veek. She looked as

sweet like an address in a photograph alpum. But I hat seen dot young lathy coming down py der pacement vinders in der morning looking like a fishpole done up in a vooman's dress und I knew she vos all humpucks.

"Der young man used to sbeak to me und I dook der liberdy uf sbeaking blain Inglish mit him. Dis is vot I sayt: 'In Chermany, vonce, alretty, a young chendleman hat some susbicions uf his sveetheart dot she been more uf a vork uf art as uf a vork uf nature. Von nighd he shtuck into her arm a leedle pin all der vay in, glean up to der head. Anoder pin he shtuck in py anoder blace; anoder pin und anoder pin he vos shticking in und still she did not gry owd. Dot gafe him so much satisfactions vot he vouted. He vaited undil she vos so dired sidding up she fell right avay asleep. Dot time he dook a pig sign bainted on garboard und tacked it on to her choost as if she vos der site uf a house. On der sign been such writing like dese:'



\* \* \* \* \*  
 VOT IS IT?  
 \* It can ead und dalk, but it \*  
 \* has got no flesh und blood. \*  
 \* Do you gif der conundrum \*  
 \* avay? \*  
 \* It is a luffy young laty. \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

"Vell, sir; dot young man vos mat like a house a-fire. Chiminy Hooky! If I vos not a bolicemans vot he vos afrait my prass puttons would make him sick, he would ead me up! Py und py, he got married und abowd a veek afdervorts he comes py me und he says: 'Officer, you are right und I am a plame vool. I could haf for dwendy dollars bought a few dings in a shtore und mate me up a vife like dot.'

"But," said I, "uf you done dot your vife could not dalk mit you."

"'No,' said he, 'dot's der vorst uf it. Oh, vhy didn't I done dot? Vhy didn't I done dot?'

"I calmed der young man right avay down by sbeaking to him apowd der young ladie's boodle dog. 'Happy man,' I sayt; 'you are not so vorse off, afer all; der boodle dog is chenuwine.'

PRINCE ZIK FITZ.

At Baden-Baden on the Rhine.  
 Where worship they the names that shine,  
 And "Lord it" with a title fine,—  
 Where, all that fits a man to dine  
 Is hanging by an ancient line  
 To any tree in long decline—  
 Lo, hither come to take his "sitz,"  
 Appears his highness, Prince Zik Fitz.

Now, humbly as we bow to rank  
 Which travels straight by any shank  
 Accustomed to ancestral plank,  
 There's something, surely, in a "crank,"  
 That takes a "title" by the flank,  
 That hits us neatly, to be frank—  
 But this, no-wise, our subject hits,  
 His Royal Highness, Prince Zik Fitz.

For, Baden-Baden seems so wise  
 In all this thing of noble ties,  
 The "method of it's madness" lies  
 In "taking" title as it flies,

And cherishing it's very size,  
 From Highness sole to Highness Highs—  
 Thus, Count or Duke, is high, but it's  
 Far higher yet, is, Prince Zik Fitz.

Now, add to this, that Russian's rage,  
 Like lordly lions in a sage,  
 When Baden-Baden's crowds engage  
 In staring at the title-page;  
 A Russian on the season's stage,  
 Beats all the British lion's age—  
 And, who's the Russian tries the wits  
 As—what-you-call-him—Prince Zik Fitz.

At Baden-Baden, in the van,  
 Zik Fitz's tackle bravely ran,—  
 And, though his "rig" was briefer, than  
 The common spell of Russian man,—  
 Confounded by it's "Zik"-zag span,  
 They stood aghast who dared to scan,—  
 Until, across the fancy flits  
 A panoramic Prince Zik Fitz.

But, lo! amidst the season's blaze,  
 Alas! his Highness sheds his rays!

And, start his subjects from their maze  
 At finding in this Russian "craze,"  
 A Yankee's wily, cunning plays—  
 Who early ends his foreign ways—  
 For, Baden-Baden, when he quits,  
 Goes "off the handle" Prince Zik Fitz.

A little secret seems to stick  
 Within this simple Yankee trick,  
 Which shows there's other wit as quick  
 As what we charge to Yankee slick,—  
 Since Russia lets all titles pick  
 Who go abroad because they're—sick—  
 Or, want to travel in "On dits,"—  
 As, any-Yankee Prince Zik Fitz.

Still; 'twasn't long before a leak,  
 From somewhere in a gossip's check,  
 Traced up this Yankee's purple streak  
 Of princely Russian, to a meek,  
 But rash attempt of his, to wreak  
 Distinction on his own name, Zeke.

## Briefs Submitted

BY WM. WASHBURN.

The great men of one generation become the gods of the next, and later the giants and characters of the nursery. Odin has become Jack the giant-killer. Thor, the Thunderer, survives only in the quaint solemnity, which Germans attach to the oath "Thunder and lightning." A hundred years hence Cleveland will be a bogle, Bayard the cock-horse that children ride to Banbury Cross, and Whitney a turn-pike tar.

The most consistent humorist I ever knew telegraphed to me yesterday to come to Bellevue Hospital to draw up his will. I found the poor fellow on his death bed convulsed with laughter. "What is the matter, Lloyd?" I asked him. "Why my dear friend," he replied, "Would you believe it, the policeman clubbed the wrong man."

Among the arguments to invite settlers into a township in Central Dakota is the following, which smacks of originality. "Even the worst cases of hypochondria find among us a safe and happy retreat. Self-slaughter is wholly unknown here. Indeed, though the will were present, the means are absent. For there is not a tree within hundreds of miles of us, and our streams are so shallow that they have no attractions even for the habitual suicide."

## Mr. Muggins Teaches a Sunday School Class.

My friend, Silas Jackson, is a good man, and a pious—not one of the canting, hypocritical sort, but a downright and upright good Christian gentleman, who pays his debts and grubs real hard to earn an honest livelihood.

He is a deacon in the Methodist church and teaches a class in the Sunday school, and yet he never absconded with another man's cash nor another man's wife.

There are such men.

One day business called him out of town for several weeks, and before going he came to me and said:—

"Ephraim, I want to ask a little favor of you. I have got to go away for three or four weeks, and I want you to take charge of my Sabbath school class while I am away—"

"Your what?" I asked in breathless astonishment.

"My Sunday school class, you know," said he.

"What, me—I—Ephraim Muggins—legislator—I teach a class in Sunday school? Great Scott!—I mean, Good Gracious! You must be crazy!"

"Now, no more excuses. You are the very man I want. I have spoken to the Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, our pastor, about it, and it will be all right. You are a splendid disciplinarian, and just the man to enforce obedience and good order."

"Well," I said, beaten at every point by his more potent argument, and having no more excuses to offer, "I'll try!"

Well, I conked over the *S. S. Times*, went to the teacher's meeting, announced

## SING BILLOW, OH BILLOW, OH BILLOW.



N the sand by the seaside a pert little miss

Sang "Billow, oh billow, oh billow!"

And he said to her, "Birdie, what mean you by this,

Singing 'Billow, oh billow, oh billow?'

Is it wishing a dip in the surf, Love?" he cried,

"Or some rather green fruit in your little inside?"

With a shake of her poor little head she replied,

"Oh billow, oh billow, oh billow!"

She beat at her breast as she sat on the sand,

Singing "Billow, oh billow, oh billow!"

And she showed all the rings that bespangled each hand,

Oh billow, oh billow, oh billow!

She sobbed and she sighed, and a gurgle she gave,

Then she threw herself into the billowy wave,

But he yanked her right out of the suicide's grave,

Oh billow, oh billow, oh billow!

Though he felt just as sure, as he had not a sou,

Oh billow, oh billow, oh billow!

That the old man had said they must ever be two,

Oh billow, oh billow, oh billow!

Yet he asked her what made her so anxious to float;

And she said, with her poor little heart in her throat:

"I dropped my pet poodle dog off of the boat—

Oh billow, oh billow, oh billow!"

myself as Mr. Jackson's unworthy substitute and took the precaution of saying that I was not a member of the church, so that I would not be called on to "lead in prayer;" and got as thoroughly posted upon the lesson as I possibly could, under the circumstances.

When the first, to me, eventful Sunday rolled around, and I timidly presented myself at the door of the Sunday school room, to act as teacher, I felt much as a man feels when he is about to take gas to have his teeth extracted, or when he goes to see "papa," after having already gone through the exhausting ordeal of making a proposal, or as he might feel when he takes a handful of rather shady paper to the cashier of his bank to get discounts, or as the Hon. Robt. Ingersoll might feel, if, suddenly endowed with a repentant conscience, he should find himself going into a prayer meeting.

I had prepared myself to answer all possible questions that the boys might ask on the lesson, and had got myself toned down to a condition of staid and sober propriety, so that no smile of vanity or word of unseemly levity might break in upon and astonish the seriousness of the class.

There were six of the boys, ranging from nine or ten to fourteen years of age. I said "Good afternoon," very demurely, and crowded into the end of the seat and sat there bolt upright, as still and as stiff as a statue. I had not been there a minute before the boy next me punched his fingers against my leg and another boy further down asked:

"Is it alive?"

And then they all snickered.

"Boys!" said I very sternly, "This isn't a circus."

"O!" said one of the boys, "I thought it was, and that the monkey had just come in."

That made them laugh again. I labored under one disadvantage. I couldn't talk very loud to the boys, and they seemed to take it for granted that unless they were shouted at and beat with a club, they had free license to do about as they pleased.

I was astonished. Was it possible that these were the good-goody Sunday school boys I had heard so much about? No wonder they developed into bank defaulters and other sawdust swindlers.

We worried along until we got through the preliminary exercises, and then the seat in front of us was reversed so that I could sit on it and face the lads and then, I thought to myself, I could keep them awed into subjection. But I proved I was mistaken. They stuck pins into one another, talked and laughed, and paid no more attention to me while I was endeavoring to show them how much I knew about the lesson, than if I had not been present. Not one in the class had looked at the lesson during the week, or had the slightest idea in regard to it.

I asked the boys why the Israelites worshipped the golden calf.

One of the smallest of the lads answered as promptly as though he had learned it from a book:—

"Because it was the evidence of re-vealed religion."

I was thunderstruck.

So were the other boys.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked.

"My big brother told me to say that, if the teacher asked me," said the boy.

The other boys thought it a proper and learned answer.

"Who was Isaac?" I asked.

"Man what sells old clothes in Chatham street!" said another boy, promptly.

I set him right, and then I asked:

"Who was Joseph?"

"Give it up; ask us something easier," said one of the larger boys.

"I know!" said a little fellow with bright eyes and an intelligent face.

"He was a brother of the twelve tribes of Israel—"

"You mean the twelve children of Israel," I suggested.

"O, yes," said the lad. "I mean the twelve children. They took him out into the country and fired him into a pit, and took his coat and painted it red and took it home and told his old fader that a wild beast had eat him up; an' then a circus came along—"

"A caravan," I suggested.

"O, yes—a managerie, and they fished him up out of the pit and took him to Egypt and sold him to Mr. Potiphar for a slave. Then Mrs. Potiphar got mashed on him and made love to him, but Joe, he wouldn't have it, and so he fired himself out



of the winder and slid down on the roof of the woodshed and escaped. Then Mrs. Potiphar got on her ear an' went to the police station and made a complaint against him for breaking out of the house, and had him arrested and shut up in Ludlow street jail—"

"In prison, you mean—"

"Yes," he continued, "I mean in prison, an' then Joe was sick of the whole business, but finely one of the other fellers drempt something and Joe told him what it meant, and, sure enough, it came to pass. Then the king drempt something, and none of them fellers that tells what dreams mean, snoot-slayers, I guess, or something or other—"

"Sooth-sayers," I suggested.

"Yes, I guess so—anyhow there couldn't none on 'em tell the king what his dream was about. So then one of the prisoners that Joe told his dream to, got let out, an' he told the king what kind of a hair-pin Joe was, and so the king got Joe to tell him his dream, and it come to pass, an' the king took Joe out of prison an' raised his wages and made a big Mugwump of him, an' then his brudders all came to see him and the old man he came, an' they all stayed there and lived in peace an' died in a pot of grease."

Just then the superintendent rung his bell, and all the children opened their hymn books. Two of my bad boys, however, to vary the ceremonies, I suppose, took a comic song book highly ornamented with colored pictures, out of their pockets, and while the rest of the school were singing that beautiful hymn:—

"Yes, we will gather at the river,  
The beautiful, beautiful river."

These bad boys sung:—

"Over the garden wall  
The prettiest girl of all—"

"Boys!" said I, "this won't do. Stop that at once!"

They stopped it, though rather reluctantly, and I overheard one of them saying to the other:—

"He's awful fresh."

Talk about your "Bad Boy." I had six of them on my hands all at once. It was too much. I stood it through one Sunday, and then I sent in my resignation. I'm no shoat. When I've had all I want of anything I'm satisfied. Boys are useful in their way, but if these fellows really mean it when they sing "I want to be an angel," the sooner they can have their wish the better for the unfortunate Sunday school teachers. Then they can't grow up to be bank defaulters, anyway. Yours,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

KANSAS CITY IS greedily grasping after the distinction of killing the most hogs of any city in the country. New York's distinction of letting more of them live in her borders in honor and luxury is still undisputed.

DAN MANNING says "the Grand Army of the Republic be damned." Vanderbilt says, "The public be damned." It only remains for Jeff. Davis to pronounce "The whole human family be damned," and we'll all prepare for the grand goat-and-sheep-separation act.

OFF THE BENCH

MINSTREL SHOWS MAY have played out because of being badly riddled.

A PROHIBITION PAPER wastes space to discuss the question, "Why do husbands drink?"

IT WASN'T SO much of a blunder when the country paper made up its society gossip under the head "News of the Week."

A SERIOUS EXCHANGE says American humor is decaying. And the s. e. seems to like the occupation of dilatory body-snatcher to A. h.

SEVERAL OTHER PHILADELPHIA newspapers boast, like sports, that they "beat the Record." But, then, almost any paper could do that.

PARSON NEWMAN has gone to San Francisco. This is a more Pacific slope than he made when he withdrew from the Congregational row in this city.

IT IS ASCERTAINED that there is one insane person to every 550 in this country. No one, as yet, has been rash enough to compute the proportion of fools.

THEY BOAST OF real estate activity in eastern cities. But Washington C. H., O., had more buildings going up at one time this year than any city. Several other western villages in the track of cyclones have made a good second to this record.

THE PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES of Milwaukee and St. Paul are to take local censuses and magnify the same, with secondary scorn and derision of each other's mathematics.

THE PAPER STARTED in Kansas, called *The Future*, is not devoted to religion, as you might surmise, but to the weather. There will probably be too cold a day for it soon.

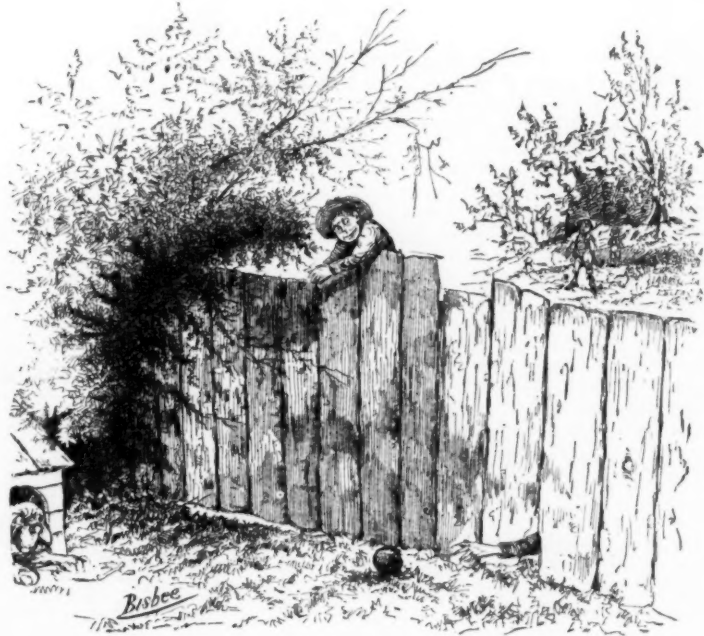
ST. LOUIS JOURNALISM is in an undeveloped stage indeed when it pays good money to Maxwell, the murderer, to write his own confessions. They need some *Herald* reporters.

A DRAMATIC PAPER says that a private theatrical rehearsal is a good place to test the amiability of women and select a wife. Even if a girl is quarrelsome we presume it will appear there whether she would make up well.

THE COW-BOY HAS been rather a picturesque character—from this perspective—but he has now threatened to become revolting and dangerous. One of them has learned to play the piano.

Go In, Jeremiah!

There are fresh heavy shipments of gold hither from England. It is time now for New York bankers and editors, U. S. Treasurer Jordan and all the rest of the money seeres to get on their tripods and prophesy that "silver will drive gold out of the country." They have been doing that for the past seven years under like discouraging circumstances.



A DOG WATCH.

FIRST BOY—"I can't reach it, you had better jump over."  
BOY ON THE FENCE—"Well, I guess I'll wait until I see crape on that dog house before I do."

## SHEOL.

There are poets and statesmen and grey-headed sages,

The wits of all time and the genius of ages.

There are good sorts of people and bad ones as well,  
And this motly crowd is collected in

Sheol.

Here's a venerable friend once a preacher of note,  
Engaged in a chat (they're in the same boat)  
With a man who in life was a murderer: Ah, Well!  
One must meet with strange sights who would  
travel through

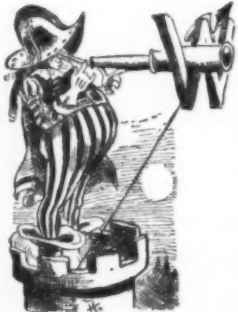
Sheol.

Come closer and notice this handsome cut face.  
In the *Pull Mull Gazette* you once read his disgrace.  
But the sins of the flesh he is paying for well  
There's a red-hot reception for all such in

Sheol!

CLYDE.

## WHAT HO, WATCHMAN!



WHAT doest thou see, lone watchman on the tower?" asks an inquisitive poet. Well, as a healthy inquisitiveness should not be discouraged, I will try to set the bard at ease.

To begin with, the lone watchman sees a man eating fried onions with his knife, who doesn't consider the butter-knife a stuck-up innovation.

He sees an old farmer who didn't use to shoulder his hoe and "keep up with the men" when he was only eleven years old.

He sees a district school pupil who can go twenty minutes by the clock without getting a drink.

He sees a navy-yard devoted to other ships than partisanship.

He sees an Israelite who isn't just closing out his stock at fifty per cent. loss.

He sees a brakeman who can talk English.

He sees an advocate of early rising who can sit down without going to sleep.

He sees a philosopher who can make apothems to fit himself, and wears clothes of the same description.

He sees a man who can pass a looking-glass and feel quite sure that he hasn't a boil on his nose.

He sees a man who has a sharp razor and a wife with a corn.

He sees a country editor who isn't just brushing up his wood-cut of a crowing cock on a rail fence preparatory to the November victory.

All this, and much more, flits before the delighted vision of the lone watchman; but, like little Bo Peep, he'll find it all a "joke" when he awakes.

## The Truth of History.

In a country house near Bosworth-field is preserved an old oak bed on which it is claimed Richard III. slept the night before the fatal battle—that time when a lobster-salad made him see ghosts. In the interest of history, however, we must declare that the bed in question is a brown-rep lounge and was furnished by Messrs. Solomon of Bowery. We read it in the play-bill, and play-bills never lie.

## The Prison Window.

"Arrah, Honey," said my washerwoman to her lover, "carry the gentleman's note to the young lady."

Bridget was thirty-nine, and her love, an Italian marquis was twenty-one. He had often carried messages to Clara for me, but never one so important as this.

And who was Clara? Clara was the idol of my dreams, all that youthful fancy and youthful purity can paint.

Only daughter of a mine-salter, compact of ivory, ruby, sapphire and soap, she was now on a visit at her aunt's. Her father was daily expected, and despatch was of the essence of the marriage contract.

Last night she had consented to fly with me. How lovely she looked on the balcony, as she sang my song on the subject of our fitting! Jupiter would have hung the Southern Cross on her neck, were he not a pagan, and afraid of Juno's jealousy and my own.

My all was staked upon this die; every friend had been squeezed to the last yellow drop; everything had been pawned save only one suit of clothes and a solitary shirt.

This shirt my washerwoman was bidden on pain of death to lay upon my chair early the next morning. Her lover, the marquis, hastened away to Clara with the note that held the place and the hour.

The next morning I leapt lightly from happy dreams. My watch, the sun, showed me that I had an hour to spare. On the sofa, wrapped in a newspaper, lay my shirt with Bridget's bill tucked under the string.

"Take, O Erin, thrice thy fee," I exclaimed merrily, as I fastened my eye upon it, and jumping into my bathing tub squeezed a sponge over my head.

I was soon ready to dress and opening the newspaper that held my shirt, found that it held nothing.

Paralyzed, I stood a moment face to face with the void. But my courage returned. In these days of spreading neck-tie and a high-buttoned coat, a shirt is as useless to a bold lover as a plume to a plummet. I snatched my coat. Horrors on horrors! some one had pared both its tails to the quick. In an agony of apprehension I held up my pantaloons. Oh faithless, foul, un-

lovely world! A window a foot square had been cut in the seat.

"A rival has done this," I cried, and gazed vacantly through my prison-window on what a scene of desolation and blighted hopes!

Mechanically I picked up Bridget's bill, which had fluttered to my feet.

As I was about to open it, there was a noise on the stairs, and Bridget herself floated swiftly into the room on a stream of unabridged, unsifted, unrevised and unboltsed patois, in which Bob Ingersoll's prayers and Cicero's Philippics were closely woven.

"Wurra! wurra! the dirty Orangeman! And I givin him me customer's best shirts to wear, and the pick of the coats and the pants I was a mendin'. The curse o' Cromwell on him wid his Eyetailian blarney! to leave a respectable hard-workin' woman like me, and to run off wid dat snip of a girl—"

A light broke on my troubled dream.

"Bridget," I cried fiercely, "did you send the Marquis Abscondi here with my shirt?"

"Arrah, that I did, the villian! He told me he would take it, and he left me a letter—"

I seized the papar that had lain on the newspaper and opened it. It contained these words:

"Heaven, when you lack a shirt, give you brains. I have now the shirt, but you have the system. The system is everything. The Marquise Clara sends you her kind remembrances. Bridget will help you for my sake. Adieu!"

"A Jew he is indade, bad luck to the fur-rin elemen!" sobbed poor Bridget. I said nothing, but lying in my bed held up my pantaloons and gazed vacantly through my prison-window.

VISCOUNT T. DE MAILLON.

The golden mean—the miser.

A dead beat—the muffled drum.

Unreliable pilots—bunco steerers.

A falling star—Mary Anderson in the fainting scene in "Romeo and Juliet."

## AN EYE TO BUSINESS.



(Struggling bathers making signals for aid.)

PROPRIETOR OF BEER SALOON—"Two biers?"



## ON THE ROAD.



I GOT a straight pointer from the head barman of the Southern Hotel that the Booze Wine Company of St. Louis was about to get out a new brand of native champagne. It is usual in the wine trade to advertise a new make by the use of colored lithographs or prints, and the quantity used is generally large enough to satisfy the salesman who has the luck to take the order. I lost no time, therefore, in calling at the office of the company, first posting myself a bit as to the peculiarities of the buyer of the concern, who was, I found, no other person than the President, Colonel Booze, himself.

This gentleman, I was informed, was a veteran of the late war, having put in a whole year behind a pair of mules attached to a baggage wagon, and that this was his entire military experience. He bore, however, a striking resemblance to another fellow who held at one time the office of postmaster in a small village on the hoopskirts of St. Louis, which position in Missouri entitles the incumbent, as we all know, to the title of Colonel.

Booze having, as I have shown, a clear right to his rank, I did not hesitate to address him as General at the start, knowing perfectly, that an officer who had attained the rank of Colonel in the manner he had, would be pleased rather than offended by an additional brevet, even if it came from one who could boast of no higher rank in the service than that of drummer.

Whether this piece of military strategy did the business or not, I cannot say. Anyhow, my man was gracious enough to inform me that he had already arranged to consider that afternoon the samples and prices of two of my competitors and that he would look at my line at the same time. He also kindly told me whom the other two fakirs represented, and gave me the additional information that both men were lodging at the Lindell Hotel.

Much gratified by what I had learned, I took my leave, promising to congregate promptly at three o'clock, the hour named. As I walked back to the Southern, the idea struck me that it would be a mighty good thing if I could in some manner prevent the other two fellows' keeping the appointment, and on the top of that came the notion that my friends, Josh Brown and Gus Cusby, were the fellows to depend on to do the trick for me.

With my head full of the scheme I rushed into Brown's room, nearly upsetting in my mad career an undertaker whom Josh had been sticking with a big bill of coffins, caskets and similar articles of personal adornment.

"Where is Cusby?" I asked, after apologizing to the customer.

Josh tipped his victim a "good morning" and then answered:

"I don't know, Lang, but I think he's about the house somewhere."

"Let's look him up, I want to use him—and you too, Josh."

We found Cusby treating a customer at the hotel bar and at the same time congratulating him on his foresight in purchasing that morning, as he seemed he had, a big lot of Pydia Linkham's Mineral Compound. "Because," as Gus was at that moment explaining, "the price is sure to go up, Mr. Pills. I have a cable this morning from Madrid which states that the Spanish government has ordered a thousand carboys of our Compound. It has been proved that the P. L. M. C. is the only thing that will collar the cholera. Ten days after the arrival of that shipment in Spain, my dear sir, the scourge will spread its sable wings and fly screaming away. Now, you can see that even if our mills run overtime we cannot possibly turn out enough goods to fill this order and supply our home trade. So, for this reason, the price must go up, Mr. Pills, and stay up for a considerable period."

With these comforting words Cusby dismissed his druggist and that gentleman departed evidently much pleased that he had bought on what would surely prove a rising market.

Then I got the boys together and laid the situation before them. Neither Gus or Josh saw any difficulties. In fact, I had no sooner stated the case and remarked that the absence of my competitors would not be productive of deep sorrow in my bosom, when Josh

asserted confidently:

"The able representative of the Kankakee Art Works will not at three P. M., put in an appearance at the office of the Booze Wine Co., my dear Lang."

"And as for the gentlemanly agent of the Oshkosh Picture Foundry," Gus said, "I can assure you, dear boy, that from two to six this afternoon he will have business of a character sufficiently pressing to prevent his keeping his tryst with Col. Booze. So sail in and sell the bill without fear of vulgar interference."

Relying on the capabilities of my two friends, I waltzed into the Colonel's office at three o'clock to the minute, grip in hand. The Colonel was friendly, and grew more so as time passed on and the other two fellows came not. At four o'clock he said:

"Mr. Lang, you are business man enough to keep an appointment—the others are not. I will take pleasure in giving you my order provided you have what I want and if the prices are right."

The event proved that I did have the right thing and at the proper figure, and I left the office of the Booze Wine Co. a neat sum better off than when I entered it two hours before.

The bill sold and the order mailed, I began to feel a lively curiosity as to how Cusby and Brown had managed to get rid of my competitors.

I hadn't long to wait. They entered my room in company about supper time.

"Well, boys," I said, "what have you done with the man from Kankakee and the Oshkoshian?"

"Bought a bill of both of 'em and sent 'em home happy," Gus answered for himself and Josh.

"What's that?" I asked in surprise.

"I, Augustus Cusby, bought a big bill of the sales agent of the Oshkosh Picture Foundry this afternoon," that gentleman stated impressively, "and Mr. Joshua Brown, here present, placed a large order with the representative of the Kankakee Art Works, both of which contracts were given by us individually and separately as representatives of the Booze Wine Co., of St. Louis, Mo. Do you grasp, Mr. Lang?"

"And how did you happen to do that?"

"Simple enough," Josh explained. "We went to the Lindell Hotel about two. Gus asked for his man and I for mine. I explained to my fellow that Col. Booze had left town unexpectedly, but before leaving he had instructed me, his first man, to call and look at the Kankakee line. I take pleasure in informing you that the representative of the Colonel has been agreeably occupied in smoking twenty-five cent cigars all the afternoon at the expense of the Picture Works I have mentioned."

"And I," narrated Augustus, "assumed the character of no less a person than the Colonel himself. I have at this moment under a properly located liver pad no less than three quarts of Heidsick except such as may be in my head. I have purchased for the company of which I am president, ten thousand colored lithographs at \$70 per thousand, of which the following is a description:

"The idea is taken from Shakespere's parable of the "Prodigal Son" at that part of the story where the young man is pronouncing the immortal words "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye die." In the foreground, clad in scarlet underwear and a purple and gold Seymour coat, is young Prod himself. In his right hand is poised a glass which is being filled by a young woman—I am very sure she is a young woman, boys—clad in a mosquito bar ulster. I confidently assert that she wears neither porous-plaster, bustle or other like jewelry. No more do the other young ladies, of which there are no less than a dozen, as I remember, grouped around in a variety of graceful attitudes. Of these maidens, I would say, that they are clearly visible to the naked eye and also to the visible eye, are more or less simply clad, so to speak. Oh, yes, it's a cheerful picture, boys, and one calculated to attract the gratifying attention of any man. I expect the Booze Company and the public generally, will be perfectly satisfied with it."

"Well, Gus, and what then?" I asked.

"Nothing more, except, that as previously arranged between Josh and myself, we each cautioned our man against mentioning the order in St. Louis and then left. By a strange coincidence it happens that both men leave to-night by the 7:55 Alton express for Chicago. They will surely meet on the train and will get onto the snap. I'd give a ten dollar note to see those two fellows when they compare St. Louis experiences. Wouldn't you, Josh?"

L. L. LANG.

AT OCEAN GROVE placards are prominently displayed all along the beach, reading: "Notice—Young women who bathe are requested not to dress less modestly than they would at home." The young scamp who interpolated "un" before the "dress" took a point of order very well.



THE UNFAIT



C JUDGE.



WAITFUL NURSE.



Mr. Florence has made a good selection in choosing Mrs. Louisa Eldridge for *Mrs. Skenton* in "Dombey and Son." This is one of Dickens's most eccentric characterizations, and it requires a good character actor to present it. Aunt Louisa will do it admirably.

Success attends Mr. Edward Harrigan as energetically as it did the old firm of Harrigan & Hart. "Old Lavender" draws as well as if he were not old—in production. "Standing Room Only" is the usual card seen at the Park Theatre, and even that is not to be obtained.

The outlook is bright indeed for Mr. Harrigan.

"A Moral Crime," at the Union Square Theatre is made much more moral and less a crime by Miss Marie Prescott's refined, artistic interpretation of the criminal-heroine's character. Miss Prescott has a trinity of charms, viz: a fine voice, good taste and fair looks. Her taste is displayed in her delicate conception of the role; her carriage, her dress and her address. She does not make a move or utter a syllable but that it bespeaks the lady. Her dresses are exquisite in themselves and in perfect taste, and yet she does not advertise her dress-maker. But expensive costumes are one of the common things on the stage, and frequently we see as fair a woman as Miss Prescott, but seldom do we listen to so good a voice. Good in quality,

pitch and power. It is truly refreshing to hear an actress who uses a low, suppressed tone to express intense emotion. It is the usual thing to indicate the strength of passion by the amount of noise made. Miss Prescott's elocution is a rare instance of the normal use of the voice. "A Moral Crime" has the material in it for an excellent play. When it has undergone certain revisions we shall expect to see it become one of the perennials.

It is a matter of wonder what particular spite the actors of New York have against the Union Square Theatre that they should conspire to ruin its reputation and damage its business by their presence. Without denying that those who do most congregate "on the Rialto" are types of manly beauty and culture, it is evident that the general public, and the ladies in particular, so far fail to distinguish them from an ordinary crowd of loafers as to shun the locality to the great detriment of the theatre's business. The proprietors should request them to "move on," or "call the watch to comprehend all vagrants."

Those who approved of Mr. Frederick De Belleville in the first performance of "Paquita" should see him now that they might sincerely admire his superior portrayal of the character. He more than fulfils the promise of his early appearances. His conception of the role is clear, consistent and balanced; his acting is dignified and strong. The business, after he has extracted the bullet from his rival's brain and tosses it as an emblem of contempt at his wife's feet, is worthy of our greatest artists.

Rose Coghlan—star—and Rose Coghlan—Wallack's leading lady—are much the same. In her playing now we feel that Miss Coghlan does her best every time—that she *tries*; whereas, while she was at Wallack's she was careless at times and did not do herself credit nor her part justice. A still more noticeable difference between then and now is the weakness of her play—"Our Joan"—as seen in the hands of her present ordinary support, compared with its production by Wallack's company. Much of the applause that Miss Coghlan has received during the past eight years has not been elicited by her

merits alone, but by the ensemble of the plays. It all pleased us, and much of the applause given to individuals rightfully belonged to the company in general.

Soon The Bijou will know Dixey and his *Adonis* no more. Boston and persistent contractors claim him. Mr. Dixey must feel gratified to know that after humanizing a statue with the same gig, singing the same songs and stories—with slight variations—to New York audiences for four hundred consecutive nights, he leaves in the full-flood of his popularity. Few actors can boast of a like achievement.

That "Time works wonders" is shown in the case of Mr. Joseph Haworth, who is now playing at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. Haworth has greatly improved since his appearance here with Clara Morris last season. In spots he does excellent work, but he lacks discretion in distributing his forces. Time still has much to do for him.

Ellen Terry, tired of divided honors, proposes an American Terry tour. This English actress has many admirers here who enthusiastically rave over her charms, but it is doubtful if she would be a success without Mr. Irving, as he not only manages the production of his plays, but he also manages Miss Terry. She never attained any prominence in the dramatic profession until Mr. Irving took her in charge, because of her caprices and unreasonable demands which were more than any manager could endure for sufficient time to test her dramatic ability. When Miss Terry now shows symptoms of any of the unaccountable freaks of an eccentric nervous temperament, Mr. Irving has but to raise his left forefinger and she is all submission. Doubtless, she will submit to his will in this instance and come to America only when he does.

The critics complain that the Rise of Silas Lapham is beautiful in the beginning, but in the end rather flat and disappointing. We have not witnessed the spectacle but infer from this that Silas is a busted baloon.

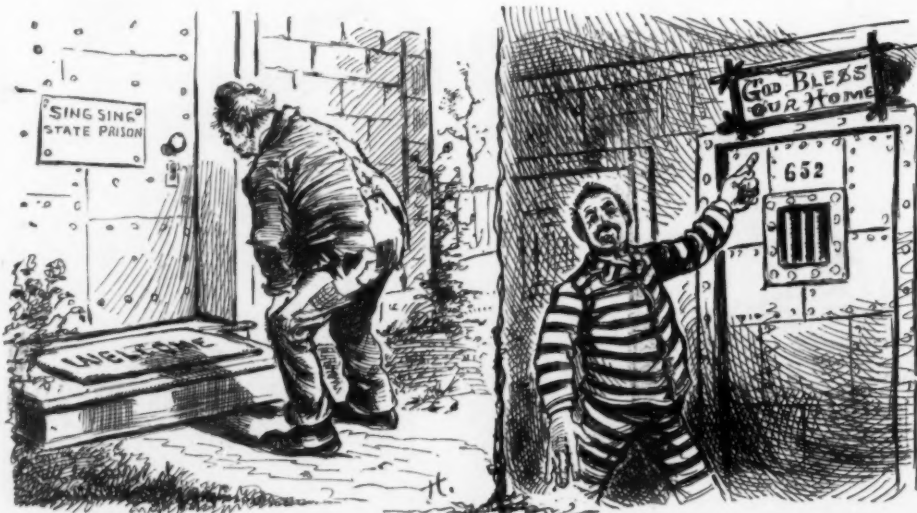
#### OFF THE BENCH.

FROM THE RAPIDITY with which small-pox spread in Canada it must be of the confluent type.

A FASHION WRITER says there is a notable falling off in bustles. We feared this when we saw them begin to go down.

FIGHTING NEGRO PARSONS IN Alabama seem to think a razor is better than a case-knife as an agency for spreading the gospel.

THE DUDE WHO sends us an "Ode to the Cow," is advised to call it "A Filial Tribute," as a due recognition of the source to which he "ode" his existence.



TRAMP (OUTSIDE)—"Thanks! Some other day!"

TRAMP (INSIDE)—"Heavens! What cheek!"





Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public

Opinion:

There is urgent need for your Jury's most decisive action on the unlawful and oppressive course of the United States Treasury—a course that is as open an act of favoritism of bond-holders as it is a useless piece of depredation on trade and industry.

You will be apprised (1) that the Treasury professes itself embarrassed with the accumulation of silver in its vaults.

(2). That it has the right to pay this coin out for certain interest-bearing U. S. bonds, thus retiring them and stopping interest.

(3). That instead of doing this, it has called in all greenbacks under the denomination of \$5, with the avowed purpose of forcing people to use silver in place of bills for small change.

It will be in evidence before you that this course has had the effect to rapidly sequester all small bills and put them at a premium, while it has not materially increased the circulation of silver.

Thus the arbitrary measure is a failure as an act of compulsory use of silver, and its only effect has been that the government has helped speculators to work a corner in small change, and fleece the public. Nevertheless this course has been persisted in by the government long after these oppressive and abortive results were apparent.

Equal persistence in wrong marks the course of the Treasury in its refusal to pay its bonds in silver. It will be shown to your Jury as a further evidence of bad motive that while money has been steadily accumulating in the Treasury since March 4, 1885, the Secretary has not issued one bond call since the change of administration, as is provided by law that he should do. Experts will furnish your Jury estimates that if the Secretary had called bonds, as he might safely have done, it would have effected a saving to the Treasury of about eight million dollars in interest. This sum is continued a charge upon the Treasury for the benefit of bond-holders—as if eight millions a year were taken from the taxpayers and handed over to bondholders by the Treasurer of the United States.

Your Jury, in making up its finding upon the course of the Treasury, should take account of the depression and loss to the country resulting from keeping out of circulation, in the Treasury, one or two hundred million dollars that might be issued for bonds, to relieve the financial stringency that so afflicts trade. You will take account,

also, of the added injury of the Treasurer's intensifying the stringency at a time when cotton and grain crops need to be moved and fall trade is ready to revive if it had the means of doing business.

Your Jury, in connection with the motive of the administration will not fail to consider other and earlier evidences of the Treasury's prostitution to the interests of bankers and bondholders—an unholy alliance between the government and a wealthy class for the benefit of the few and the injury of the many.

This court submits for your Jury's consideration, on this business, this question:

If there is to be a compulsory taking of silver from the Treasury, should it be forced upon the people or upon the bondholders? And, as a matter of general policy, should contraction or should expansion be used as the means of compulsion—should the people be forced to take silver by the government's taking away the money they already have in use, or should the bondholders be compelled take it in payment of their claims due?

Bearing upon the other question previously submitted to your Jury, of trades unions, your attention is called to two important facts in the evidence before you.

1. The dignity and general praiseworthiness of the recent parades of Labor Unions throughout the country.

2. The skillful and successful negotiation of terms of compromise between the respective authorities of the Wabash system of roads and of the Labor Unions, whereby a strike was avoided.

One of these incidents furnishes your Jury of Public Opinion evidence of the commendable objects and peaceable spirit of the Unions.

The other proves that organization of labor is a public benefit, as furnishing a treaty-making power on the part of Labor, whereby the inconvenience, peril and loss of strikes may be often averted. If the Labor Unions had been organized as thoroughly, and the organization had been directed as skillfully in 1873 as now they are, the ruin and bloodshed of the former period would have been averted. All interests, corporations' not less than the public's, are promoted by a perfect organization of Labor for self-protection.

OFF THE BENCH.

MISS WOODFORD, though very fast, would not be guilty of a run-away match.

THE TWO racing yachts fouled and then the Philadelphia reporters sent off their carrier pigeons and fowled the news to headquarters.

AS A negative proof of the truth of Bacon's remark "Reading maketh a full man," we note the fact that the men who read the least are the ones who take the longest to get full.

VICTOR HUGO'S DAUGHTER is demented, the peculiar feature of her aberration being that she believes whatever is told her. As Rip Van Winkle said to Hendrick Hudson about his dumb sister: "What a wife she would make some man!"

WOULD IT BE a stretch of authority for the Commissioners of Emigration, when they send back idiots and paupers to Europe to also ship New York dudes and dudesses to England, where they belong by preference and affinity?

CLARA HAMMOND, of the Peace Society, says that if we are to do away with wars the children must not be allowed to play with tin soldiers. It is probable, too, that insect-guns and baking powder are at the bottom of most domestic unpleasantness.

SAM JONES say that "the Lord won't stop to criticise your grammar in a prayer." This is conclusive in the case of prayers that are addressed to head-quarters or to average revival audiences. But when you get around to address your prayers to a cultured Boston audience, Sammy, you'll find that they probably will fall flat—i. e., the prayers.



BAYING AT THE MOON.

## THE MIDNIGHT MUSE.

The hour is late, the night is eerie,  
But I see the poet by the light  
That flashes out from his attic dreary,  
Wrestling there with a fancy-flight.

He comes to the casement; his thoughts in session  
To great Orion perchance addressed;  
Who, like a vast torch-light procession,  
Wheels way down in the windy West.

I see from his face he is just in clover;  
He revels in a river of rhyme;  
And I knew that his soul is sailing over  
The fence of space to some brighter clime!

But hark!—that din through the darkness drifting—  
A hand-organ surely by lightning struck!  
A band of mules their trombones uplifting,  
Or a mighty fog-horn rinning a-muck!

It fractures the sky with its fiendish quaver;  
The hills ring, and the starry crowd  
Strike sparks with ire, while the moon less brave, her  
Face hides under a passing cloud!

—Only two gentlemen-kittens, singing,  
Singing there on the fence below;  
—Only the sad, sweet changes ringing,  
On the same old anthem of long-ago!

\* \* \* \* \*

Through the window, (I saw him throw 'em,)  
He hurled with all the might of his thews,  
His bed, his table, his pitcher, his poem—  
An invocation to the mews!

THOS. W. TRESIDER.

## Drops from the War-Cloud.

According to report the Caroline Islands include all kinds of government from a limited monarchy down to an unlimited anarchy.

Wonderful stories have been taught about the Spanish Main; it now remains to hear about Spanish might.

The Spanish "dogs of war" haven't been let loose yet, although they are growling fiercely. If they only had a great navy, like ours, they might send a few barks after the Germans; but, as it is, they will probably end as they began, with a Yap.

It has been rumored that Bismarck has been contemplating the seizure of Cuba. "Go West," may be good advice to give a sober-minded young man; but an old fellow of Bismarck's fermenting nature had better stay in the yEast.

The Eastern war-cloud is as ubiquitous and versatile as—well, as Ben Butler. It never passes entirely from sight, and seldom shows up twice in the same place. It is as much a necessity to the sober columns of a Yankee newspaper as the mother-in-law and the plumber are to the humorous. Its principal use is in regulating the American produce market. As the cloud thickens, bread goes up, notwithstanding we are all engaged in putting it down. Suddenly bread falls; but not necessarily on account of the cloud—perhaps the bread was heavy. We have heard so much about the cloud that it seems rather dry; but it really indicates a rain—the reign of grasping and unprincipled rulers. To "wait till the clouds roll by," would be more tedious than waiting for the commutation hour on the elevated road. The cloud will not "pass by" till it expends itself in one final and much-needed rain—the reign of the common people and common sense.

ROBT. MORGAN.

## Briefs Submitted.

"Why did he leave so abruptly?" Perhaps he left bankruptly.

The burden of song is what makes the waste-basket tired.

When Belgium's capital gathered her beauty and her chivalry to make a night of it, of course, she gathered them on Brussels's carpet!

"Young man, never say 'die.'" Certainly not, young man. Unless you are on extremely intimate terms with the family, always call her Diana.

Higgins, as an appointment clerk, may be a failure; as a disappointment clerk, some rejected Democrats swear that he is an outrageous success.

MACHOWLY.

## Ill Effects of Example.

THE *Jewish Messenger* deploras the decay of the use of Hebrew among Jews and soundly berates Israelitish parents for not teaching their children the mother tongue. This decadence and neglect are probably the result of the bad example afforded by the exclusion of the study of English from all our schools and colleges. Any tongue but your own seems to be the rule of education.

THE CIRCUS being overtaken by a cyclone in Ohio developed a good deal of laytent genius—for swearing; more than you could find outside of a city trial court.

A MAN HAS INVENTED a power sewing-machine attachment to relieve women of the labor of working the treadle. It will pay if it can be hitched to a woman's person to relieve her of the labor of "treading the mazy," as Dick Swiviler calls it. Sewing girls can't afford it; society girls who have to tread air all night need it.

## A True Critic.

"Have you any suggestions to make?" I asked my friend, as he returned the advance sheets of my new book entitled "The Scientific Causes why there are no Cats in Kamtschatka?"

"Only one," he replied modestly. Throughout your book, there is a singular instance of the use of the plural number instead of the singular."

"What is that?" I asked, eagerly.

"You constantly speak of 'my gentle readers,' 'my attentive readers.'"

"What is the error?"

"You refer, I suppose, to the proof reader? there is never more than one."

"Proof fiddlesticks," I cried angrily. "I refer to the readers of my book after it is published."

WASHBURN.

## We'd Thought So.

Miss Jenikens—"I thought Mrs. Gillyflower was a widow?"

Miss Jackson—"So she is."

Miss Jenikens—"Why does she dress so gay then? Where are her weeds?"

Miss Jackson—"Oh, she ain't none of your weed widows; she's only a grass widow."

## Truth's Altar.

Yesterday a score of ladies were kneeling at a prayer meeting at Trinity Chapel. A gentleman in the rear whispered audibly: "You have lost your hair." At once twenty jeweled hands were placed on the back of twenty heads, each of which was covered with thick tresses. The gentleman sighed, for he was in love with one of the ladies, and had employed this stratagem to learn a sad truth.

W.



## SPOILING THE ROMANCE.

SHE (gushingly)—"If I should throw myself into the water, Clarence, what would you do?"

HE (decidedly)—"I would instantly call for help!"



THE SEA.

I love the ocean great and grand,  
The mighty, deep blue sea,  
That heaves and swells on every hand,  
But, oh! it loves not me.

For ne'er did I go out to sail  
Upon its heaving breast,  
But there did come a fearful gale—  
You can surmise the rest.

And never did I try to lave  
Myself upon the beach,  
But there did come a mighty wave  
And sweep me out of reach,

And fill me full of sand and brine,  
And roar within mine ears,  
Till some one threw a safety line  
And ended all my fears.

Oh, I adore the foamy sea  
That gave fair Venus birth!  
But, if it's all the same to thee,  
You may give me the earth.

[Somerville Journal.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

FEMALE CONFIDENCE GAME.

"Come in the house," the mother yelled,  
But the urchin paid no heed;  
Then the dame in wrath a clothes line seized,  
And she "went for" that youth with speed.

She snatched the boy by the larboard ear,  
She walloped him like sin;  
Whack! whack! fell the clothes line on his back  
And thus she "roped" him in!

[Chicago Sun.]

A Stock Yard hog-thief is certainly a  
pork-reacher.—[Chicago Sun.]

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful  
when bluest.—[St. Paul Herald.]

A country seat that always rents—a  
barbed wire fence.—[St. Paul Herald.]

A rash man is liable to break out any  
moment, no matter how he may feel about  
it.—[St. Paul Herald.]

Good Lords appear to be about as scarce  
in England now as good Indians in America.  
[San Francisco Post.]

No! Dr. Holmes is not the author of  
"The Awful Rat at the Breakfast Table."  
That distinction belongs to Dr. Newman.  
[Picayune.]

An inch of rain is counted one hundred  
tons weight of water to the acre. This is  
what might be called a heavy rain.  
[Picayune.]

The brewers of Munich run extra fast beer  
trains over the Bavarian railways. Fast  
newspaper trains may follow by and by.  
Thus civilization advances.—[Phila Call.]

George William Curtis admits that he  
joined the Democratic party in order to de-  
stroy it. The fact that he failed proves  
that the Democratic party is pretty tough.  
[Newman Independent.]

Physician—"You do not need medicine at  
all. Take plenty of exercise and a mild  
tonic—say a bottle of claret every day."

Patient (in alarm)—"Oh, no! I can't do  
that."

"H'm. Temperance man?"  
"Oh, no! But the fact is I was in the  
wine business myself once, and I know how  
it's made."

Canon Farrar says that he must finish a  
poem on which he is engaged before he sails  
for this country. This gives rise to the  
awful suspicion that he means to recite it in  
this country. Who invited the Canon to  
this country?—[Philadelphia Call.]

The Boston *Globe* is greatly disappointed  
at the dullness of the American paragrapher  
in the case of the Hoboken druggist, Am  
Ende, who tried to take his own life to make  
up for poisoning two young ladies. "Not  
a blessed man," it says, "has yet said any-  
thing about his attempting to make the  
amende honorable."

TID-BITS.

"That is an excellent piece of silk," ex-  
claimed a lady, examining a piece.  
"Yes," exclaimed the clerk, "you Wat-  
teau have it."

Mistress—"Jane, some ice and a towel,  
quick, please!"

Jane—"Yes, mum. Is it the baby  
again?"

Mistress (absently)—"Yes, he's been out  
with some of his friends from the club."

First Actor—"Gilbert and Sullivan have  
produced a labor-saving opera."

Second Actor—"What's that—the Mik-  
ado?"

First Actor—"Yes; you wear your queens  
instead of remembering them."

Jones—"There goes Jenkins the million-  
aire."

Brown—"Oh, yes, my brother-in-law by  
protest."

Jones—"How do you make that out?"

Brown—"I eloped with his sister; but  
I'm not ashamed of having him in the  
family."

First Citizen—"There was a block be-  
tween Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets to-  
day."

Second Citizen—"That's a queer place  
for a block. Did you have much difficulty  
in passing it?"

First Citizen—"Only the usual difficulty.  
There's always a block between New York  
streets you know. It was about as long as  
usual."

They do not part amiably.

Kentucky Coroner—"I suppose the  
family will want a modest, decent coffin,  
but nothing elaborate."

Undertaker—"Ah, I see. The Colonel  
was killed in a quarrel, wasn't he?"

Coroner—"Oh, no! a *feud!* Before he  
died he killed seventeen men on the other  
side."

Undertaker—"Guess you haven't been  
long i' these parts, Jim; get down the best  
box i' the house—that one with gold-plated  
handles will just about do, I reckon."

Doctor—"You say your husband mal-  
treats you?"

Mrs. O'Elaherty—"Yis, sorr, that is on  
most ivery occashun. But lasht night, sor,  
I took a flat-iron to 'um."

"And now you want something to fix him  
all right?"

"Yis sor. Oh, docthur, he's such a  
brute!"

"Never mind, my good woman. My  
medicine is good for man or beast."

"Is the lady of the house in?" he asked  
as he stood on the steps of a residence on  
Cass avenue the other morning.

"Which lady of de house?" asked the  
girl who answered the ring.

"Why, are there two?"

"Sartin, sah. If you want de white lady  
she am out. If you has bizness wid de cull'd  
lady purceed to dewelop."

[Detroit Free Press.]

David had survived the loss of three lov-  
ing wives and was about to take unto him-  
self a fourth. A few weeks before the wed-  
ding his brother Stephen met him on the  
street and apologized because he couldn't be  
present at the ceremony.

"I've got to go out of town, David,"  
said he, "and I'm sorry to say I can't come  
to your wedding. But, never mind, old  
man, I'll be sure to come around next time  
without fail.—[Somerville Journal.]

PUNS AND THINGS FROM PITTSBURG.

A local oarsman says he has rowed in  
many a "regretta."

Ireland says that if might is right than  
dyna-mite is proper.

The mission of the Democracy is peculiar.  
It is to turn the rascals out and at the same  
time build up the knavey.

Rain has ruined the celery crop in Mich-  
igan, and now another crop must be pre-  
pared with celeryty.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

S. P. C. A. RULES.

Captain Skillen, of the S. P. C. A., is  
seriously thinking of adopting the following  
rules:

Don't beat your eggs too hard.  
No inordinate beating of carpets allowed.  
Don't put too big a load on a saw-horse.  
Do not drive a bargain more than six  
miles an hour.

No over-driving of nails.  
Take the flies out of the butter tenderly.  
If a dog bites you, do not bite back.  
Whip your son with an imitation switch.  
If you are asked to do something you do  
not like do not kick against it too hard.

No cutting of tobacco allowed.  
Do not strike a streak of luck.  
Do not pound an ice ticket too hard.  
Don't blow up your friend.  
Don't break a colt.

If you do a foolish thing you will be ar-  
rested for kicking yourself.

Don't worry an old song to death.  
Stop killing fleas—when you catch them.

[ "Old Man" Bellaw.]

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

HE WRITES TO THE QUEEN.

HUDSON, Wis., August 5, 1885.

To Queen Victoria, Regina Dei Gracia,  
and acting mother-in-law, on the other side:

DEAR MADAM:—Your most gracious ma-  
jesty will no doubt be surprised to hear from  
me after my long silence. One reason that I  
have not written for some time is that I hoped  
to see you ere this, and not because I had  
grown cold. I desire to congratulate you  
at this time upon your great success as a  
mother-in-law, and your very exemplary  
career socially. As a queen you have given  
universal satisfaction, and your family have

married well.

But I desire more especially to write you in relation to another matter. We are struggling here in America to establish an authors' international copyright arrangement, whereby the authors of all civilized

nations may be protected in their rights to the profits of their literary labor, and the movement so far has met with generous encouragement. As an author we desire your aid and endorsement. Could you assist us?

We are giving this season a series of authors' readings in New York to aid in prosecuting the work, and we would like to know whether we could not depend upon you to take a part in these readings, rendering selections from your late work.

I assure your most gracious majesty that you would meet some of our best literary people while here, and no pains would be spared to make your visit a pleasant one, aside from the reading itself. We would advertise your appearance extensively, and get out a first-class audience on the occasion of your debut here.

An effort would be made to provide passes for yourself, and reduced rates, I think, could be secured for yourself and suite at the hotels. Of course, you could do as you thought best about bringing 'suit, however, some of us travel with our suites and some do not. I generally leave my suite at home, myself.

You would not need to make any special change in your costume for the occasion, we try to make it informal so far as possible, and though some of us wear full dress, we do not make that obligatory on those who take part in the exercises. If you desire to wear your everyday, reigning clothes

it will not excite comment on the part of our literati. We do not judge an author or authoress by his or her clothes.

You will readily see that this will afford you an opportunity to appear before some of the best people of New York, and at the same time you will aid in a deserving enterprise.

It will also promote the sale of your book.

Perhaps you may have all the royalty you want aside from what you may receive from the sale of your works, but every author feels a pardonable pride in getting his books into every household.

I would assure your most gracious majesty that your reception here as an authoress will in no way suffer because you are an unnaturalized foreigner. Any alien who feels a fraternal interest in the international advancement of thought and the universal en-

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"From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. As a remedy I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has greatly benefited me."—Mrs. C. PHILLIPS, Glover, Vt.

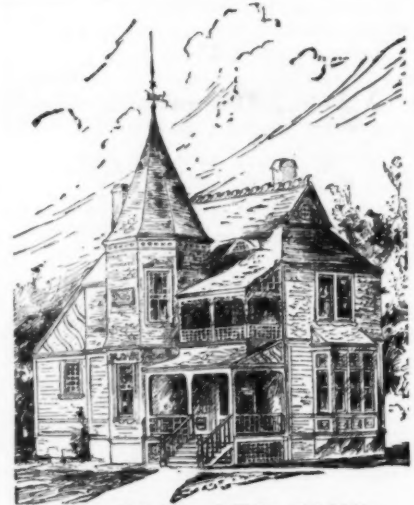
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couragement of the good, the true, and the beautiful in literature, will be welcome on these shores.

This is a broad land, and we aim to be a broad and cosmopolitan people. Literature and free, willing genius are not hemmed in by state or national lines. They sprout up and blossom under tropical skies no less than beneath the frigid aurora borealis of the frozen north. We hail true merit just as heartily and as uproariously on a throne as we would anywhere else. In fact, it is more deserving, if possible, for one who has never tried it little knows how difficult it is to sit on a hard throne all day and write well. We aim to recognize struggling genius wherever it may crop out. It is no small matter for an almost unknown monarch to reign all day and then write an article for the press or a chapter for a serial story, only, perhaps, to have it returned by the publishers. All these things are drawbacks to a literary life, which we here in America know little of.

I hope your most gracious majesty will decide to come, and that you will pardon this long letter. It will do you good to get out this way for a few weeks, and I earnestly hope that you will decide to lock up the house and come prepared to make quite a visit. We have some real good authors here now in America, and we are not ashamed to show them to any one. They are not only smart, but they are well-behaved and know how to appear in company. We generally read selections from our own works, and can have a brass band to play between the selections if thought best. For myself, I prefer to have a full brass band accompany me while I read. The audience also approves of this plan.

Hoping to hear from you by return mail or prepaid cablegram, I beg leave to remain your most gracious and indulgent majesty's humble and obedient servant, Bill Nye.

[Boston Globe.]

PHRENOLOGY RUN TO SEED.

Perhaps not many are aware that Pat Hurlburt is a phrenologist. He is all the same, though. Whilst in a certain grocery store the other evening, Pat placed his hand on a friend's head and said:

"Bill, do you want to know your capacity and perceptibility?"

"Yes, if I've got any," was the reply.

"Well, then," replied Pat. "I place the tip of my thumb about the center of the ear, thus; then I extend my fingers around the posterior portion, called in phrenology the occiput; then I join the tips of the fingers on both hands, and endeavor to bring the thumb tips together, but the thumbs don't meet by—great goodness!"

At this point Pat looked puzzled; and gazed up at the ceiling gravely.

"Out with it. I'm prepared to hear the worst," said Bill.

But Pat said he'd have to tell him privately, and took him out and up the street till near Joe Mazzia's saloon door, when he paused and whispered in Bill's ear:

"You've got a powerful brain—a powerful intellect—and orto be in congress 'stead of using a hammer."

Bill dragged his friend into Joe's and called for "the best in the house." They drank, and Bill asked:

"Why didn't you tell me in the presence of those men at the grocery?"

"Because," said Pat, "I knew they'd call me a fool."—[Hot Springs News.]

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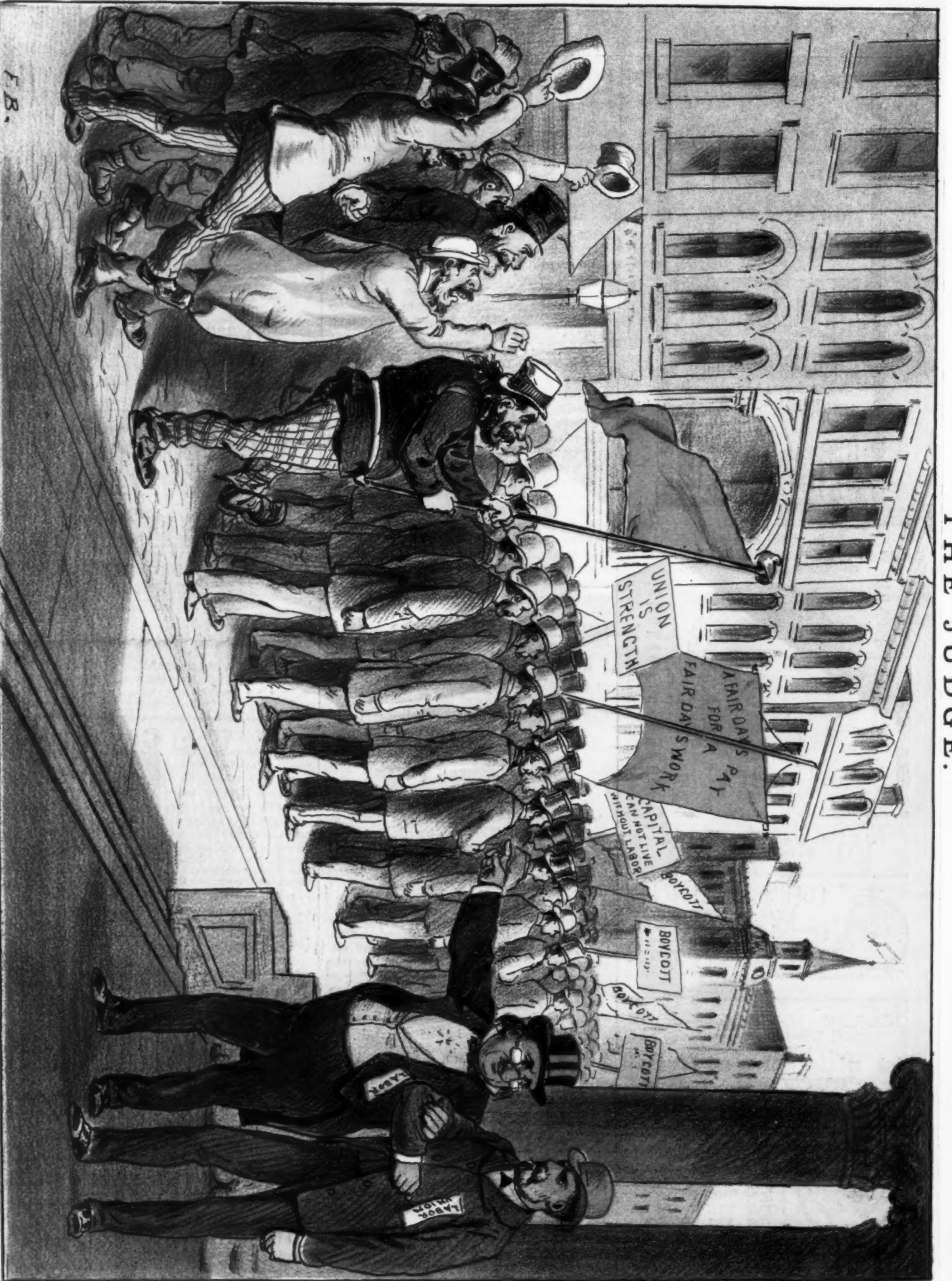
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