

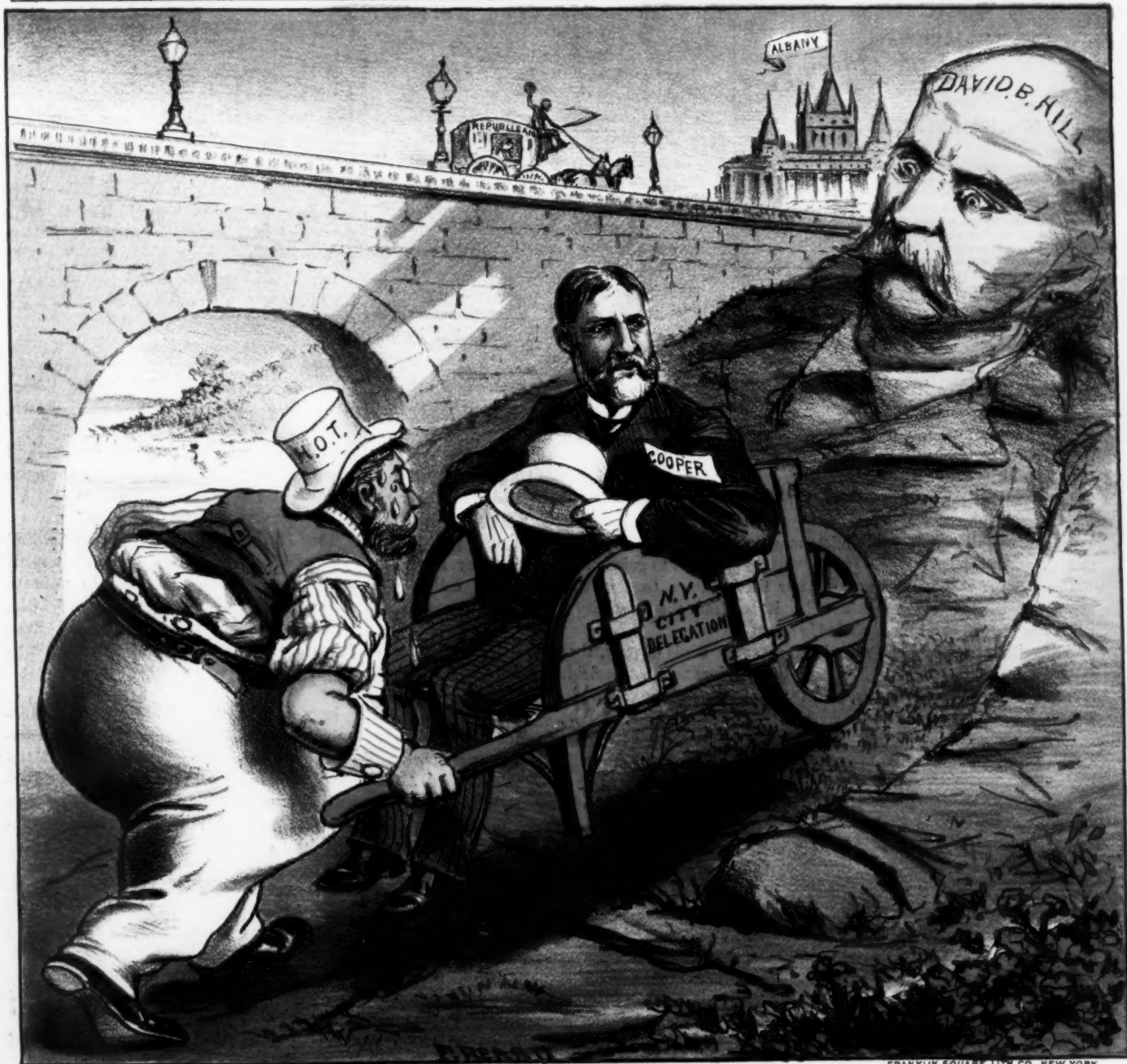


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THE JUDGE.



THE JUDGE.

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DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

It is a common criticism on the work of our inventive genius that it has done so little for the relief of woman's lot. Aside from the sewing machine and clothes wringer, there are few, if any, real labor-saving inventions offered the household drudge. When a man does invent a labor-saver for women it is usually something that requires a man or two to work it.

The cares of the day are not all, nor the most exhausting, of woman's toil. It is when the care of children is added, and especially their attendance at night, that woman's task tells on her. It is this being "broke of her sleep o' nights," that wears her nerves and patience.

THE JUDGE volunteers to help relieve their task by the aid of an invention which shall do automatically and mechanically, and by wholesale, most of those night cares of children which have now to be attended to *seriatim* by the tired mother or more "tired" father.

An expansion of the combination bedstead is possible to accommodate any number of children of lacteally-addicted age; at least, any number that is likely to need the arrangement this side of Salt Lake. For the Mormons, the telescope principle can be utilized, in a special extension machine.

For those unambitious couples who have not yet come to a full realization of the

truth that mistakes will characterize the administration of the most carefully-directed households, the various departments of the machine will be more than needed by the good-wife as "nice places to put her things in." And then, as *Mrs. Toodles* says, if anything—or, rather, anybody—should happen, how handy it would be to have one of them in the house.

H. O. T.—HIC OPUS THOMPSONII.

The old irrepressible conflict of New York Democracy still troubles it—The Short-Hairs vs. The Hay Seeds.

The cheese-press Democracy want Hill and the city Democrats want Cooper. That is, Hubert O. Thompson wants him, which amounts to the same thing. For the city Democracy will say of Thompson as the Down East Democrats said of their leader:

John P
 Robinson, he

Says he won't vote for David B—
 And consequently so won't we.

It is our opinion at this writing, that the New York boss has a contract on hand in running Cooper up and over that hill. If he can push him as far as Saratoga, he has still to make the run to Albany, and without the aid of the hay-loft Democracy—already much disgruntled for lack of post-offices—his greatest task is to come between nomination and election.

It looks now as if Mr. Thompson is likely to have an experience best indicated by his own initials—a h. o. t.

MOURNERS FOR REVENUE ONLY.

The well-known epitaph in which the widow announces that she "continues the business of the deceased at the old stand," may have seemed sometime a paradox, but the scenes at Riverside Park give it proof. The chance to gain or steal a penny from the visitors to Grant's tomb, has called out from the great city a mob of the guerillas of trade.

Birds of prey, they flock thither like condors to a battle-field. They have no more fit feeling of the place than so many body-snatchers might have.

But these faker's are not to blame for being ghouls in feeling. They were born so, and their life in the gutters of New York has not added a refining education to their natures. The real culprits are the city officials who licensed the fakers and the police who suffer the traffic to continue. To the unspeakable abominations of New York administration is added the responsibility for this desecration of Grant's burial place.

Father Knickerbocker, after driving out these "changers of money" should turn his attention to the official fakers who sit in the City Hall and the departments and make traffic of a great city's good name and honor.

RULINGS.

IT'S ABOUT time for the slogan business to begin and the rallying. The sluggin' business comes later—election day.

A PROHIBITION paper says there is no middle ground on the temperance question. And yet it declares that "intemperance is the greatest evil in our midst."

THE WORLD looks with a good deal of complacency on the extermination of Spaniards by cholera—"a people who have destroyed two civilizations superior to their own."

THE DEMOCRATS think the civil service commissioners the most offensive partisans out. They are partisans of fitness and capacity, which counts out many of the "very hungry and very thirsty."

A DEMOCRATIC paper declares that its candidate for Governor of Virginia, Gen. Lee "represents all that is honorable in Virginia politics." He is practically a man without a constituency, it seems.

A LONDON PAPER "would like to see a return of the amounts which have been gained by the Atlantic Cable Ring." This is fresh. Did any one ever know those fellows to "return" anything after they got their claws on it?

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC convention declared in favor of a graded liquor license law. This ought to catch the whiskey men, as they all deal in that kind of liquor. They grade it, according as they can get "light o' customers." Some of it—and them—is degraded.

THE CINCINNATI *Enquirer* boasts that "The Democrats of Ohio do not call a spade an implement sometimes used to upheave the earth for agricultural purposes." No, when it draws to fill a red bob-tailed flush they call it "that blanked, etc., etc., etc., spade."

IT IS CAUSE of much Mugwump gratulation and some surprise that so many Democratic conventions have endorsed the Democratic administration. Considering Mugwump support of the same, the continence and self-suppression of Democratic assemblies is surprising.

A GREENBACKER is running independently for Governor of Iowa on the platform of refusing "to be sold like slaves to the devil, Democracy," by the Greenback leaders. It is evidently in the sacred interest of justice that the Republicans should have a chance to bid for the Greenback vote and that there should be a fairer divide of the boodle among the Greenbackers.

WORSE THAN THE MEASLES.

The German Policeman Moralizes Over the Love of Change.

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

"Py Chiminy Hooky!" said the German policeman as he looked at the long line of empty mansions on Second Avenue near St. Marks Place, last week. "How dem beeples do enchoy demsellufs. All dose folks vot got nodings to do excebt tancing und flirting, und trinking, und eading, und quarreling py der vinter dime, are now enchoying all dose dings py der seashore. Der surroundings peing deferent, dem dink dem haf got into new peezeess, alretty."

"It's disgooosting," said Reilly the Seventh street blacksmith; "It's intoirely disgooosting fer to see thim snobs laving their foine cool houses in the summer to go and pack themselves into little match-box rooms be the sayshore joost for fashion's sake. It makes a com-mew-nist av me to see sich waste and squanderin'."

"Mine frent," said the German; "How do you know vot kind of blaces dem beeples got py der seashore?"

"Oi was there, soor, at Cooney Oisland and Oi saw thim there, soor."

"Ha! Ha! You vos there. And vot did you vent for?"

"Oi wint fer to take the mis-sus and the childer, soor, to get the say air."

"Oh, ha! ha!" said the policeman, leaning against a lamp-post and fairly shaking his sides. "Okskgoose me, my frent; oh, he! he! ho!"

"If you knew how loike a baboon you luk whin ye laugh, ye'd quit, my German friend."

"So, you vos py der sea-site, too, ain't it?" the policeman inquired. "In sbite uf der disgooostingness uf it, you vent also, pe-sides, eh? Vell, now, you shall see how plind you are vot you can'd see der end uf your nose in front. Dem rich beeples go und growd in vat you call dem metch

poxes, und shday all summer; but you can'd afford dot so you go py der same blaces and sit py der sand and shday all day. You look mit der rich beeples und say 'ach, vot a heab uf fools to make owd uf yourselfs sardines.' Dem look py you und say 'Ach! Vot a chack tonkey to leaf a

boor man until he gets money to go und shtop py der pig hotel. Der brisoner for life in Plackvell's Island dinks how pully it would peen to go to Sing Sing for a veek. Der minisder vants a shange—yet, some-dimes, not so much as der gongregation does. Lager peer tond daste any pedder in

Hoboken as it does py Nye Yorick und yet yesterday I vent und sat all day in dot Baris uf New Chersey und mate myselluf pelieve der beer tasted pedder. Condentment is a ding ve dalk apowd, but ve neffer know vot it is to have it. You dink your neighbor has got some, he dinks you are het ofer heels in it, und yet I know you ain'd got a dea-spoonful pedween you. Condentment, ittself, seems to vont a change. Ve chase it from city to coundry, from von peeze-ness to anoder, from shildhood to olt age und from pedder to vorse. It's like gatching eels mit your fingers. 'Oh, I got it—no, it has shlippid away,' ve cry. Ve are told it vill seddle down in Heffen. I shoold dink it vood peen dired enough py dot dime to dake a goot long rest.

"Ve got to haf a change in efferydings. A new tune comes on my post mit a hand organ und all der growd runs afder der Eye-dalian professor mit heabs of bennies. Negst month comes around der same man und I dink

'ah, vot bennies dot bretty new tune vill g't'—but no! der growd rushes owd again mit gries uf 'go 'vay! go 'vay! For Heffun's sake, shdop dot vrightful old tune.' Change, change, Mr. Reilly, dot's more uf a disease as der measels. Ve all uf us got it. It growds der theatres, keebz der divorce courts busy, makes der dailors rich und sends a half a million Chermans like me und Irishmans like you away from home und reladifs to dry our luck agross der sea."



goot plackshmit shop und sit py der sand like a turtle.' But you are on bote sites happy—happy in being by der seasite, und happy in dinking somepoddy else vos a fool. Vell, now, oben your ear und hear some visdom. Der rich und der boor in dis vorlt are like der organ grinder's monkey—all looking for change.

"Der nicest house py Nye Yorick gids diresome uf you shday too long by it. Der sands uf Coney Island seem nice to der

OFF THE BENCH.

A COAL DEALER is not at all like a tons o'erial artist. He is musical so far as undertuns are concerned.

FROM SOME PEOPLE'S imperviousness to a joke you might infer that they belong to a double-skull race—if they weren't so slow.

JOACHIM MILLER says that "that no man ever wrote anything good on an empty stomach." The nearest any one comes to doing that is parchment.

WE WOULD MILDLY hint that it is time for the western paragrapher to taper off on incidents occurring in Broadway omnibusses. They are worse than chestnuts.

"THE DECLINE IN EATABLES," a trade

paper talks about. They have been going down for a long time, we observe, though we haven't declined any ourselves.

"I WOULDN'T SEE the angel Gabriel if he were to call," said Cyrus W. Field to a New York reporter, when he returned from England. Cyrus will find out some time that he can't bluff in that game.

ITALY'S new big iron-clad is named *Morosini*. Mrs. Shilling's father ought to feel consoled for the family disgrace of that coachman escapade. Our government, we believe, has not recognized the affair in any way.

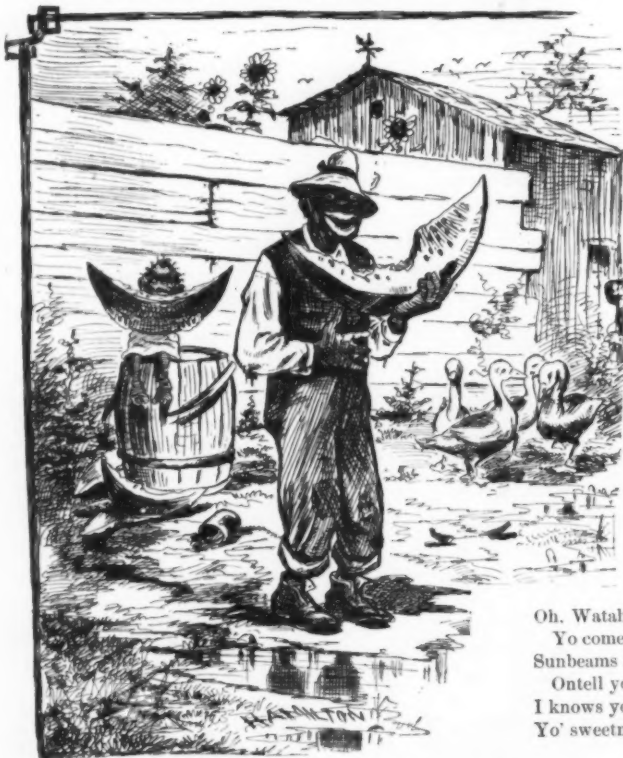
ARMOUR, THE millionaire Chicago meat-canner, is going into Wall street with his well-packed bundle. The boys will soon make meat of him and dance the can-can over his

hermetically-sealed remains. Wall street always welcomes substantial men from the broad and luxuriant West.



MOTHER—"There, go in and git your face washed, do, you dirty boy, you."
BOY—"Oh, yes, git me face washt. I know wat your objec is. Yer want to use up the water so's they'll have to build another aqueduct and father will get a job."

SAMBO'S SEASONABLE PSALM.



Oh, Watahmillyuns! watahmillyuns! Summah time's ambrosial!
 Yo come as preshus blessin's f'om de gods;
 Sunbeams ob heaben distilled an' packed in big globes of perfeckshun,
 Ontell yo' rinds am mammoth angel-pods
 I knows yo's melon-colic, but yo' clutchins nebah kill,
 Yo' sweetness am like manna, an' it allus fills de bill.

Dey talks ob tropic fruitins? Jess go way wid sech palaveh,
 Dar's nuffn' like a watahmillyun heah;
 Its meat am puah delight trimmed off wiv pink fo' dekorashun,
 Its juice am way ahead ob wine und beeah;
 No wondah dat de darkey am fo' kickin' up his shines,
 When de watahmillyuns ripen as dey bask upon de vines.

Go way wid white men's fixin's! When de niggah hab his possums,
 Wid watahmillyuns full ob bottled joys
 No wondah when de word go roun' dat dey am fit for pluggin'
 Dat glory busts de buttons ob de boys;
 When watahmillyuns flourish—spite de thickness ob his skull—
 De niggah allus happy wid his heart an' stummick full.

We all feel bittah troubles an' de grip ob tribulashun,
 Dis wo'ld am full ob crinkles an' ob crime,
 But all dodge out ob sight about dis season ob de summah,
 An' hide away in watahmillyun time,
 Dars no room fo' de trubbles in de poorest niggah's breast
 When de space am all pre-empted underneath his bulging vest

Dey banish all de growlin' an' de griefs skip froo de windah
 When de watahmillyun entah froo de doah,
 De fruit am packed wid sunbeams for de niggah's dark interiah,
 Wid de essence ob delight fo' evamoah;
 No wondah dat his 'ligion flap its wings fo' flights sublime,
 Dat his prar's am nickel-plated in de watahmillyun time

Oh watahmillyuns! watahmillyuns! Yo' am puah ambrosial!
 Bombs loaded full ob happiness an' smiles;
 Who *kin* resist de pleadin' ob yo' pink-lined invitashuns,
 De coaxin' ob yo' appetizin' wiles?
 Bress God, ter be onhappy in yo' presence am a crime,
 Oh, button-bustin' packages ob jubilees sublime!
 De clappin' an' de shoutin' come in watahmillyun time.

I. EDGAR JONES

A Producer

The most gumerous word of the slang of the Rocky Mountains is "producer." Its meaning would frighten the ghost of John Stuart Mill from its propriety. A Rocky Mountain producer is not primarily one of the horny handed. He is a "tourist," a "pilgrim," or a "tenderfoot with money, who is drugged, rolled" and generally unpocketed by the boys, and thus made to contribute his wealth to the general weal.

After having become a metaphorical producer, the poor victim is often forced to become a producer in the more orthodox meaning of the word.

w. w.

Anecdotes of Distinguished Men.

When His Royal Highness Arthur I. came into the White House after the death of James, he met Dr. Bliss, the Court Physician and Surgeon and said to him: "If I ever send for you, don't come, for you may know that I am crazy." This anecdote teaches us that "Ignorance is Bliss."

When Daniel Manning was given his diploma at college, thinking to be like his predecessor, Daniel Webster, he whipped out his knife and began cutting it into shreds. In so doing he cut two of his fingers. "Its good enough for you," said the president of the institution, "Them diplomys cost us fifty cents apiece, by the cargo."

One day G. Washington I. was riding along a lane and all at once a laborer with a pitchfork in his hand ordered him to halt, and said, "I was told not to allow no one to go through this lane beyant this gate." "But," said the ruler, "you do not know, perhaps, who I am." "No, and I don't care," continued the rustic, "You couldn't go through if you was George Washington hisself." "Here, take this for your honesty and firmness, my good man," said G. W. handing the hero a nickle as he turned his horse around. The laborer looked at it a moment and then said, "No! keep it; I can't change it."

When the house that Jack built was in the ascendency in the United States, and Andrew was in the purple of power, he was anxious to have a full house every time as nearly as possible when he was

called, but one time his prime ministers, being just in their prime, all went off to spend the Fourth of July, and about the seventh they brought up again, looking as if a cyclone had struck them. "By the eternal!" said Jackson. "Your eyes look like holes burned in a sheet, and I have a mind to give each of you \$10.00 or thirty days for contempt of court." "Please Your Honor," said one of the ministers, "if you have no objections, give us the \$10." This is not an old chestnut, it is an "Old Hickory" nut.

FRED. S. RYMAN.



A WISE WANDERER.

"If I can't have the fat of the land, I will take a little lean."

WHO DOES THESE THINGS?

Who, in bright blue and brass, is "dressed to kill,"
Gyrates his locust club with wondrous skill,
And takes a "ball" at every whiskey mill?
Our cop!

Who mauls the helpless "drunk" with trenchant
stick,
Breaks heads and limbs in temper choleric,
Nor age nor sex will spare, nor yet the sick?
Our cop!

Who orders us within our doors at night,
With all the haughty insolence of might,
When cooling breezes to our stoops invite?
Our cop!

Who, if we bow not to the brute decree,
Will "run us in," make charge off-hand and free—
"Suspicious person," or "disorderly" ?
Our cop!

Who looks on citizens as lawful prey,
To be "run in" upon the jump, if they
One word against his brutishness dare say?
Our cop!

Who 'gainst the whiskey bottle off will buck,
Then out among the people "run-a-muck,"
A score of victims being foully struck?
Our cop!

Who lets rich rascals pass him "on the fly"—
To capture one of these will never try—
But "goes" for him who steals a mutton-ple?
Our cop!

DAN D. LYON.

Girls' Rights.

I am a member of the Harvard Annex,
and wish to expose a common but glaring
misuse of terms. What is more absurd as
an expression of blame than the words:
"A giggling girl?"

A giggling girl is the noblest work of
God, for she is the most profound recipient
of the last and highest of heaven's gifts.

What mark separates man from other
animals? He is not the clothed animal, for
in the tropics (I beg my sister-students'
pardon), his favorite dress is tan.

He is not the tool-making animal, for the
beaver's tail, the woodpecker's beak and the
auger-worm's bit are his teachers.

He is not the reasoning creature, for we
have but to look at our venerable professor
B—, and other famous logicians, to learn
how little reason there is in human nature.

The only true definition of man, is the
animal that laughs. He who most widens
the gulf between man and ape is he who
laughs most.

And that he is "the giggling girl."

Last term, an Annex girl with more scienti-
fic truth than politeness replied to a clergy-
man's reproof for laughing during his
sermon:

"My dear Doctor, I laughed to prove to
you that I have a soul." MARION W.

Writing for a Paper.

She began to remark about cheap dress
goods at Messrs. Walkup & Doemup's when
her spouse said:

"Don't interrupt me now, dear, I'm
writing for a magazine and can't be both-
ered."

The awe-struck wife tiptoed out and kept
the children still for an hour.

He was writing for the *Monthly Shear-
Grinder's Friend*—writing for a sample
copy, free.

THE POPULAR SCHEME TO AVOID EXPENSIVE WEDDINGS AND TO GIVE DAUGHTERS THE ADVANTAGE OF A HIGHLY INTERESTING SEND-OFF.



OBLIGING FATHER (to eloping daughter)—"Hurry up, Clara; the carriage has been waiting half an hour for you."

Briefs Submitted.

Dry toast may be well enough for break-
fast, but dinner toasts should be buttered
with fine words.

Why is the chain of evidence in favor of
the Evolution theory thought to be hardly
strong enough as yet? Probably because of
the missing link.

The happy man who is blest with a nu-
merous wife and daughters knows what is
meant by the sweet buy and buy.

"A young man should think twice before
he plunges into Wall street." First think that
if you make a pile you make it for yourself.
Then think that if you lose a pile it will
probably be somebody else's pile. Then
plunge.

Incredulous landlubber (to one of the sur-
vivors)—"You say that you were drifting
five hundred miles from the nearest land?"
"Yes; no doubt of it."

"Why, I thought the Pacific Ocean
wasn't more than two hundred miles deep at
the deepest."

"Things are not what they seem," in
English. The confiding foreign student

who thought he had got a reasonable grip
on our respected mother tongue, is inclined
to throw etymology to the dogs, since he
finds that a screw-driver is not necessarily a
hackman, nor an apiary a monkey show;
and that an American cocktail has no
feathers.

Intelligent American (who gets his knowl-
edge from books)—"The first thing, I pre-
sume, which struck you when you landed
on the shores of Ireland was the picturesque
costume of the people, the vast expanse of
verdure, the—" Adventurous American
(who has been there)—"Well, no; the first
thing that struck me when I landed in Ire-
land was an Irishman."

Last year the salubrious region of West-
ern Virginia was all but cleaned out by one
of those robust but mysterious diseases
which can flourish only in the country.
This year a mountain village in Pennsyl-
vania has been decimated by typhoid fever.
And still the country papers are wrestling
with the old conundrum: "How can we
keep the boys on the farm?" Don't. It is
an instinct of self-preservation which moves
the country boys to rush to the wicked and
unhealthy cities.

my gore—and generally speaking, had a regular parrot and monkey time. Finally, I got Migg near the partition, and—say, you fellows have seen a Graco-Roman wrestler get a man on his back and with his hands clasped under the chin throw him clean over his head? Well, that's what I did to Migg. He went sailing over the partition and landed with a crash among a lot of coffin plates bearing such inscriptions as 'Rest' and 'He is not dead but sleepeth,' and there he laid quietly while I resumed my clothes and helped myself to a fresh cigar, the first one having become, in the course of the fray, considerably demoralized.

"And after that, I suppose, all hands turned to and dессicated you previous to your being given the grand bounce," I hazarded.

"You're wrong again, Lang, my boy. Of course, I got out of the shop as quickly as I could, but the next day Migg sent for me to his residence. I found him in bed, a very bunged-up specimen, I promise you."

"I commenced apologizing, but the old man stopped me with a question:"

"How many times did you call on Bier on the 1st., Mr. Brown?"

"Seven times, sir."

"And did Bier use you as you did me?"

"Not every time, Mr. Migg," I answered truthfully. "The first and second time I called, he only swore at me and the house, but from the third time he used me pretty much as I used you."

"And do you say you went back four times after your first licking in your endeavors to place a bill?"

"You've called the turn, Mr. Migg."

"What salary do we pay you, Mr. Brown?"

"\$1,500, sir."

"From the first of this month, the cashier will pay you \$2,500. Yes, Mr. Brown, it is harder work selling goods now than it was when I was on the road."

L. L. LANG.



QUENCHING A FIEND.

(A suggestion to suffering humanity.)

"How'd do, Gibbs! Is it hot enough f— — Ah! yes, I see—er—Good day!"

Not out of Barometers.

Business in the exchanges has been dull all summer, but horse-racing, regattas, baseball matches and the concomitants of pool-selling, poker and faro at watering places have helped to make "business" lively. The gambler, in some capacity, is bound to be "the barometer of our prosperity."

Human Moths.

Going back into the fire is one of the strongest passions of human nature. Not a hotel or theatre burns, but some one who has escaped insists on returning through the gates of the Inferno. Singularly enough, the objects for which they re-enter the fatal flames are so trifling that they would not bestir themselves about them if the houses were not on fire.

A gentleman returned into the burning Brooklyn theatre to get a borrowed opera glass which he had left on the seat. It enabled him to see his way clear to the golden gates.

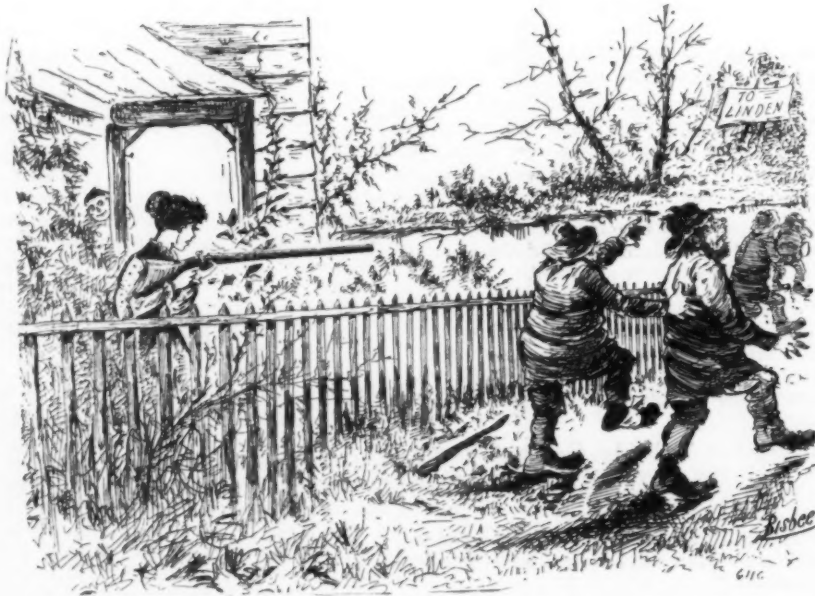
A lady returned to a burning hotel to get a fan on which I had written my name. She survived, but has made it so warm for me ever since—for I could not help marrying her—that I have often regretted that her devotion did not have a more Dantesque conclusion.

I never knew any man who returned into the flames to save his wife, but I knew one man who rescued his mother-in-law.

"Why did you not save your wife," I asked.

"I had been so used to being abused by my mother-in-law," he replied, "that I thought she would give me a terrible tongue-thrashing if I let her burn up. My head was confused at the time, and I did not see that my reasoning was unsound, till it was too late."

One of the strangest cases I ever knew was that of a poet. He ran back into a house just as the rafters were falling, to get a receipted bill. His former creditor was dead, and he had no hopes of ever securing such another treasure. He escaped death by a miracle, and has lived ever since on the credit which having a receipted bill has given him. His life is a cold morsel which he picked up on the edge of his own hot grave.



"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING."

ON THE ROAD.

We three had been to witness leg-itimate drama at some St. Louis variety hall one evening, I remember, and thereafter seated ourselves in a comfortable corner of the lobby of the Southern Hotel to enjoy a cigar before going to bed. Cusby, apropos of something that had come up, gave us a spirited account of an interview he had had some time back with a particularly tough buyer whom his duty had required him to tackle, when Josh Brown was moved to relate an experience of his own.

"Gus, your man wasn't a patch on a fellow I braced in Boston in the spring of '83," he said. "Why, I was turned out of that place 'steen times in one day. I tried that chap in every way, and although I was new at the business in those days, I put in some very good licks, and if I had been blessed with as much muscle as perseverance and as many lives as a cat, I should certainly have sold him a bill. At nine A. M., I went in, sample grip in hand, and was fired directly. At ten I tried him without my samples. No go. At eleven I braced him again. Result: black eye. During the afternoon I made the attempt in various disguises. I tried to effect an entrance as an organ grinder, having borrowed the instrument at a heavy rental from a Dago on the corner. The new organ I had to buy in place of the kindling wood I brought out of that store cost fifty dollars. As an old apple woman I was kicked into the middle of the street, and after my last attempt for the day, which was made in the disguise of a performing bear, I was carted off in an ambulance."

"While convalescing I received a telegram from the house in New York, and when I got out of the hospital I ran in. When I showed up at the store the old man called me into his office, remarking very severely:"

"Mr. Brown, we haven't heard from you in the last ten days except by draft, but in that way, with sufficient frequency. Where have you been since the first of the month?"

"In the hospital at Boston, Mr. Migg," I answered.

"Ah, I suppose you got full, Mr. Brown, and tried to lick the whole police force, or attempted to throw a horse-car off the track, or perhaps, monkeyed a bit with Mr. Sullivan?"

"No, sir; you haven't struck the combination. I was laid out in an attempt to sell a bill to Bier of Bier & Bretzel."

"See here, Brown," Mr. Migg remarked sorrowfully, "it's my opinion that you don't know how to sell goods. We didn't get pounded in my day and although it's many

years since I was on the road, I think I can teach you new men a thing or two."

"I intimated that I was not above being taught a thing or two or even three, and would be glad of pointers."

"Now," said my employer, "assume that I am you, Mr. Brown, and you are a buyer, Mr. Bier, for instance. Take a seat at my desk and I, representing the drummer, will come in and sell you a bill."

"Am I to understand, Mr. Migg, that I am to conduct myself in all respects as Mr. Bier would towards Josh Brown?"

"Certainly, you fool, that is precisely what I want," he answered, irritably.

"Although I'm not so big a man as Mr. Bier is, Mr. Migg, I'll do my best."

"I don't see what Bier's size has to do with it, young man."

"Oh, you don't. Well, I'll try to show

"See here, Brown," he commenced wrathfully.

"If you are talking to me, sir, my name is Bier. State your business as briefly as possible and get out."

"Migg choked down his anger and went on:

"As I was saying, Mr. Bier, I represent the funeral furnishing house of Migg & Miggles, and called—"

"What, Migg & Miggles; why didn't you say that before."

"But, I did, Mr. Bier."

"Confound your impudence, young fellow. Do you suppose I'm deaf? Do you believe I would allow a man to enter my doors who represents that fly-blown, lantern-jawed Migg? Don't you know, sir, I despise that pink-nosed, slab-sided, measly

beat more than any of the other vile and low creatures that crawl. As to dealing with him—

"I'd sooner be a toad
And breathe the vapors
of a dungeon
Than harbor such a
thought."

"I suppose you want to sell me some of his rotten old coffins or worm-eaten caskets. Why, Migg never turned out an honest piece of work in his life. His coffins never fit. They bag at the knees and turn white at the seams. They shed buttons like a walnut tree in November. Rather than be buried in one of his machines, I'd be planted in a soap box. His caskets are all short measure; are not fast dye and are more than half cotton. No, sir, I wouldn't deal with

that man for—why, he's no man at all. That low-lived, addle-pated moth-eaten thing a man—not much. If you belong to him, and you say you do, get out of this at once or I'll brain you with this ruler. Are you going?"

"I hoisted the ebony and rose to my feet. Old Migg was mad; he was more than mad. When he could speak at all, which was quite a bit after I had finished my graceful tribute to his character as a man and a merchant, he gasped:

"Brown, you're a fiend. I'll break your neck right here and now. I'll teach you not to joke with me."

"And with that he made a break for me, crazy wild. I have the ruler, a big heavy affair, as he advanced. It took him on the top of the head, and glancing from thence, went smashing through the glass partition. Then we closed. You should have witnessed that scrapping match, boys. I had more fun than a tramp at a free-lunch or a moke with a melon. We waltzed around that apartment like a peg-top with a green apple colic, kicking over chairs and desks and spilling ink and gore—only, it wasn't



you, sir. But, I say Mr. Migg, you won't hold me responsible for the consequences, will you?"

"What's got into you, Brown, anyhow? What the devil do you mean by consequences? There are no consequences to be considered. Shut up and take that chair."

"All right, Mr. Migg, I'm ready. Heave ahead."

"The boss went out and as soon as the door closed, I took off my coat and vest, rolled up my sleeves to the shoulder and tied my suspenders tightly around my waist. Then I took the chair just as my man knocked."

"Come in," I sang out, and the door opened.

"Mr. Bier, I presume," remarked Migg blandly. "My name is Brown, sir, I represent Migg & Miggles of New York and my object in calling was to—"

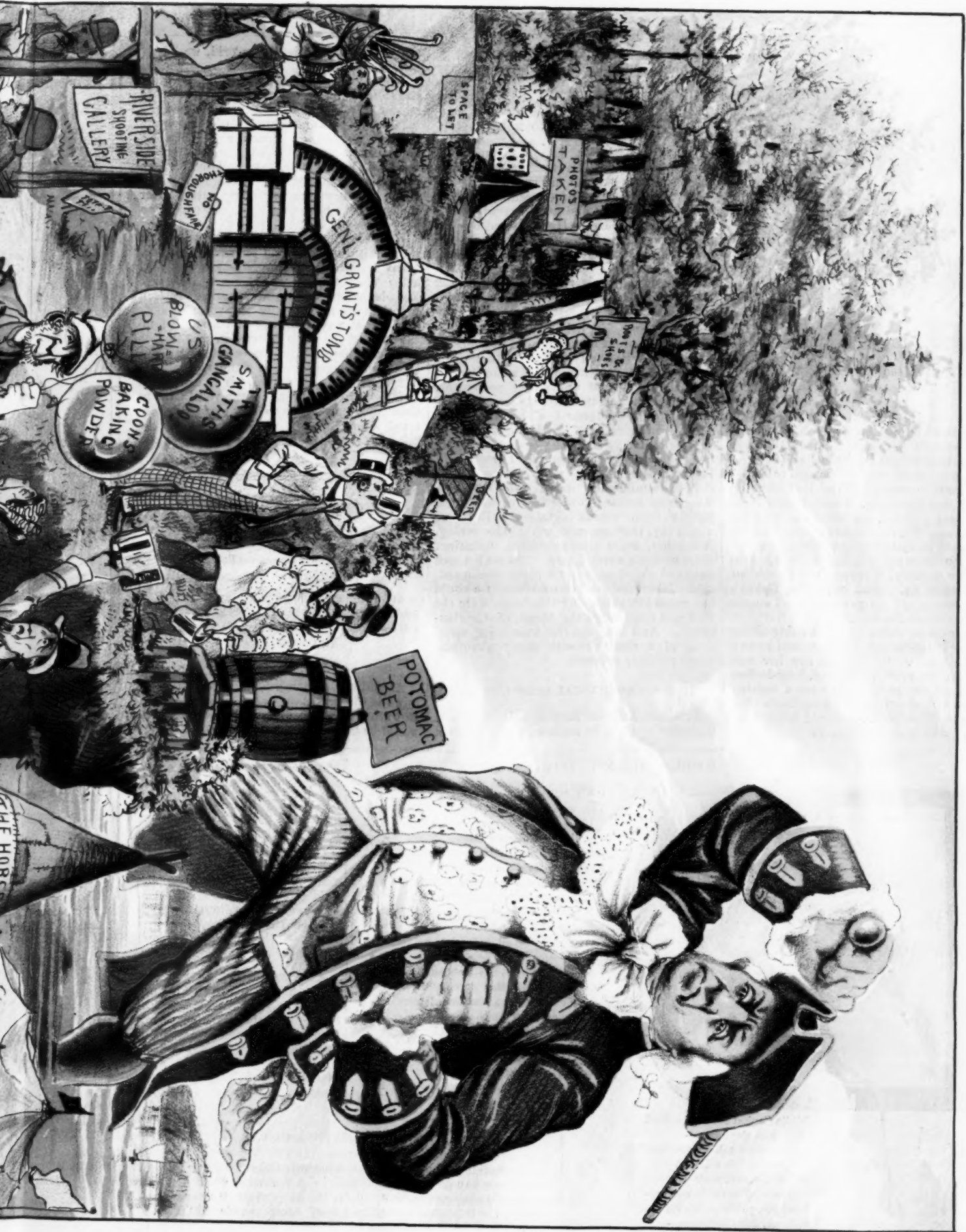
"There was at this point a slight pause. The drummer found the buyer in the act of lighting a choice Havana which he had helped himself to from a box on the desk."

"Well, young man, what was your object in calling? Spit it out," I said gruffly.



LET 'EM HAVE IT, FATHER KNICKERBOCKER!

THE JUDGE.





COULDN'T STOMACH "THE COUNTRY GIRL."

Mr. Daly's company back from fresh conquests on the Pacific coast, will re-enter here the middle of this month. In this country and Europe these matchless traveling play-actors have contradicted Hamlet's assertion that "their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways." It is curious to note that the theatre-going world in San Francisco, where Daly's company is very popular, marvelled much at his undertaking, "The Country Girl," which they regard as rather broad for his severe taste, even after he edited, for the sanction of modern decency, Wycherly's vile lines out of all recognition. Even with Miss Rehan's delicate acting, the play was not a hit on the other side of the Rockies.

The *Argonaut* said a pleasant thing about her in the letter-writing scene, so well known to New Yorkers. "Who that saw her will ever forget the pretty, petulant, long-locked boy, writing a bitter letter to a waiting lover under stress of a guardian's displeasure? The picture should be put on canvass. She is as versatile in looks as in

manner and a train of pretty surprises in anything. Bless her bright face, how sorry we shall all be to miss it." San Francisco loss is New York's gain.

WHELOCK, AND NO MORE.

Joseph Wheelock's late engagement at The Star was a brilliant affair—so far as Joseph Wheelock was concerned. A better "Mercutio" we have never seen. He comprehended the part and made it comprehensible to the audience. His "Mercutio" was not merely a man of many words and little sense, as the character is often interpreted. What some actors mistakenly reveal, Mr. Wheelock suggested, viz: the satirical and moral elements in the jesting railer's character.

The young English lady who had the title role can not conscientiously be termed an actress. Her only claim to that name was an extensive wardrobe and an ordinarily good figure and not ungraceful movement. Her conception of the roles she essayed was unworthy the judgment of a pert school miss. Imagine the lovely and beloved Juliet petulantly stamping her foot in petty rage in answer to her old nurse's call. Perhaps Miss Moore may express herself thus pantomimically in what she considers the *strong points* in order to save her vocal powers from undue taxation. But, we would say, they are not worth the saving. A harsher, more uncontrollable, indistinct voice we have never heard. As we listened to the clash of consonant upon consonant, as she laboriously delivered them, we could but recall the old saying that vowels are the flesh and consonants the bones of the language. And here was the uninviting spectacle of a skeleton with many abnormal bones publicly exposed.

STILL A CORRECT VOCAL SCHOOL WANTED.

That the English language is the most beautiful and can be made one of the most

musical languages in the world, we firmly believe.

We cannot have a distinctive English stage or a truly cultured society until we master the English language. Generally speaking, we are incapable of expressing what we feel; as the French would say, we are without *l'art de dire*. Many public speakers, actors and singers would seek this apparent necessary training of the voice, but they dare not; they rather bear the evils they have than fly to mal-education they know not of.

Here arises the demand for a school of vocal culture based upon physiological laws. Many systems claim that basis now; but an actor should possess sufficient scientific knowledge to determine whether certain practices are injurious to his voice or not. The easiest way is always the best. In no case should the voice be used in speaking or practice where fatigue is occasioned. Fatigue is the signal flag of danger. In fact, fatigue from using the voice is as unnatural as fatigue from seeing. True vocal culture does not strain any muscle or organ; it is as much a mental as a physical effort. The mind must control and direct the placing, management and quality of the voice.

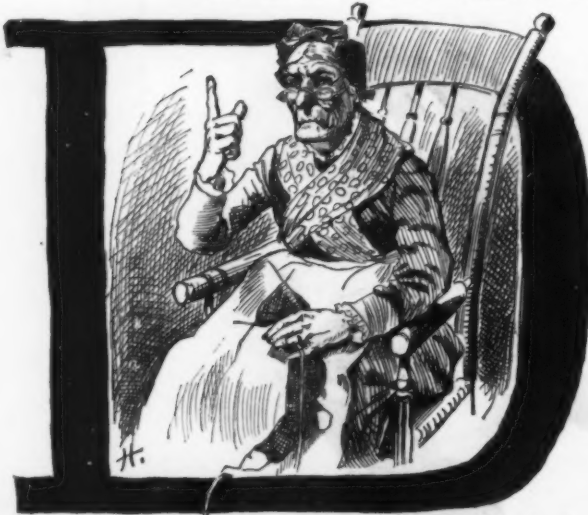
DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

Who dodgeth us, and corners turneth spy—
If, catching him, as 'twere, upon the fly,
Who telleth us a most egregious lie?
Ye Debtor!

Who followeth from pillar unto post,
And maketh it redhot for us—a "roast"—
Till we "come down;" or else "give up the ghost?"
Ye Creditor!

According to moralists a happy state of mind is the best state for a man to be in. But after fully canvassing the situation we would be best satisfied with an estate.

THE END O' THE WORLD HAIN'T COMIN' YIT!



While Capital is cursing hard
At Labor on the fence:—
While people talk of markets full
An' "surfeit" in a breath
An' underneath their very eyes
The wretched starve to death:—
I tell you you're a sniv'lin' fool!
I wish you wouldn't come—
To rile me with your talk about
"The blessed Kingdom Come."

ON'T talk of the millennium!
This world has got to hum,
If it's a-gittin' somewhere near
The blessed Kingdom Come.
My stars! you never stop to think
How things is going now.
There is fraud enough to sink us all
An' make no end of row.
While fightin' men go round and brag
About their fists and size,
And knock on all sides, right an' left,
To take some horrid prize:—
While roughs set city laws aside
And do just what they dare,
While honest men must stand apart
An' money takes the chair:—
While nations growl an' fight an' snarl
(O, poor folks feel it bad—
For taxes must be riz, of course,
It makes me bilin' mad!):—
While beer is more than liberty,
An' sin than common sense,

NEW JERSEY orchards are now full of plumers

BLUE-FISHING—try to catch on during dull times, if you are out of a job.

OVER A THOUSAND new varieties of apples have been instigated within a few years, but we'd give them all for one old-fashioned Spitzenberg such as grew on that big tree near the corner of the barn, you know. They've "run out."

ARCHAEOLOGISTS THINK that they have discovered very ancient origin for modern crinoline. Hesoid warned young men against women who make their garments protrude behind. It is well known, also, that Helen of Troy got up a great bustle.

An Economical Deodorizer.

"Cremationists have found by experiment that a human body of average size can be entirely burned in a common stove in forty hours without disagreeable smell." "This is so much an improvement on the influence and effluence of some people while alive, that it would be well to use a lot of 'em to kindle kitchen fires, as a measure for purifying the air."



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The inquest of your jury is demanded in the matter of the failure to get the wires of telegraph, electric-light and telephone lines out of the streets in large cities; and in connection with the defiant continuance of this nuisance, you will need to consider the scandalous action of the last legislature of New York and the suspicious conduct of the Sub-way Commissioners constituted thereby.

Your jury's inquiry needs not to go back of the self-evident fact that these wires in the streets are a damage and a peril to life and property. But antecedent circumstance that you ought to consider is, the high-handed acts of trespass, in many cases of forcible entry and detainer, by which the companies seized and occupy private property for their wires. This plain and impudent taking of property without warrant or process of law, adds to the characters of these corporations the stigma of depredators as well as public nuisances. These acts will have a bearing on their standing in court when the case of the public against them comes up.

It will be in evidence before you that a law was on the statute books requiring the abatement of this nuisance and the termination of this trespass by the burial of all wires in underground tubes before December 1, the present year; giving the corporations ample time to make the necessary arrangements. That this law was superseded by a "job" which appointed a "Sub-way Commission" made up of city politicians who are to be paid high salaries, the continuance of which is an inducement to them not to do anything. You will find that they are earning their salaries as provided, and seem likely to long enjoy the same, if not disturbed by your Jury of Public Opinion.

You should enquire if the corporations interested had any agency in securing the passage of this bill to use the people's money for bribing a commission to continue a public nuisance and trespass.

You should also consider the punishment due at this bar to those abandoned members of the legislature who enacted this bill and the governor who signed it.

And you will determine what pressure it is necessary to make in the next legislature to secure the repeal of the law postponing action, and whether it is possible to find in the whole community any man courageous and virtuous enough to properly enforce a stringent act against these long-continued abuses by the corporations.

If your jury shall find that there is no one who is able to compel these corporations

to obedience to law; if you think that these creatures of the people are too strong and lawless to be regulated; then you should consider the advisability of taking away the charters of the corporations and thus removing powers so dangerous, arrogant and subversive of the ends of free government.

It is within the power of your Grand Jury to enforce even these extreme remedies. There is practically no limit to your might, should you see fit to use it. C. E. B.

BOYS ALL the year round are like potatoes in spring—they have to be sprouted occasionally.

THERE ARE ten editors of the college paper published at Princeton, and each one has his name under the editorial head. It is this infusion that keeps the tone of journalism fresh.

Let Them Lie Down Together.

The "County Democracy" say, that in the interest of harmony all N. Y. Democratic organizations should be fused in one and that one should be called—The County Democracy. The Tammany Chiefs protest likewise that they favor general fusion in the interest of harmony, and let the one all-embracing hall be—Tammany Hall. They are like the two survivors of the crew of the *Nancy Bell* :—

Each would be blowed
If he would be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

In the interest of order and decency couldn't all the organizations be induced to perform the feat of the seven magicians who swallowed each other until the last one turned a flip-flap and jumped down his own throat!

WHAT WAS IT?



"What is that, love?" she asked of me,
As we stood at the garden gate;
With a beaming light in those dreamy eyes
That had long since fixed my fate:

"Some village maiden, dear," I said,
"From whose lips doth emanate
A song expressive of sweet desire
To enter the married state!"

"And that?" she murmured. "Some hunter, love,
Some woodman returning late,
As he calls to his wife and child on the hill,
While for his coming they wait."

"And that?" she asked. "'Tis the nightingale,
Sweet caroling to his mate;
And oh! what a tale of joyous love
It is seeming to relate!"

"And what is that?"—With an awful shriek
I cleared at one jump the gate,
For something caressed me in the rear
With the heft of a two-ton weight.

And a voice exclaimed: "You ornery cuss!"
In tones that were loud and irate.
"Ef you come 'ere arter my darter agin,
Of you I will make crow-bait!"

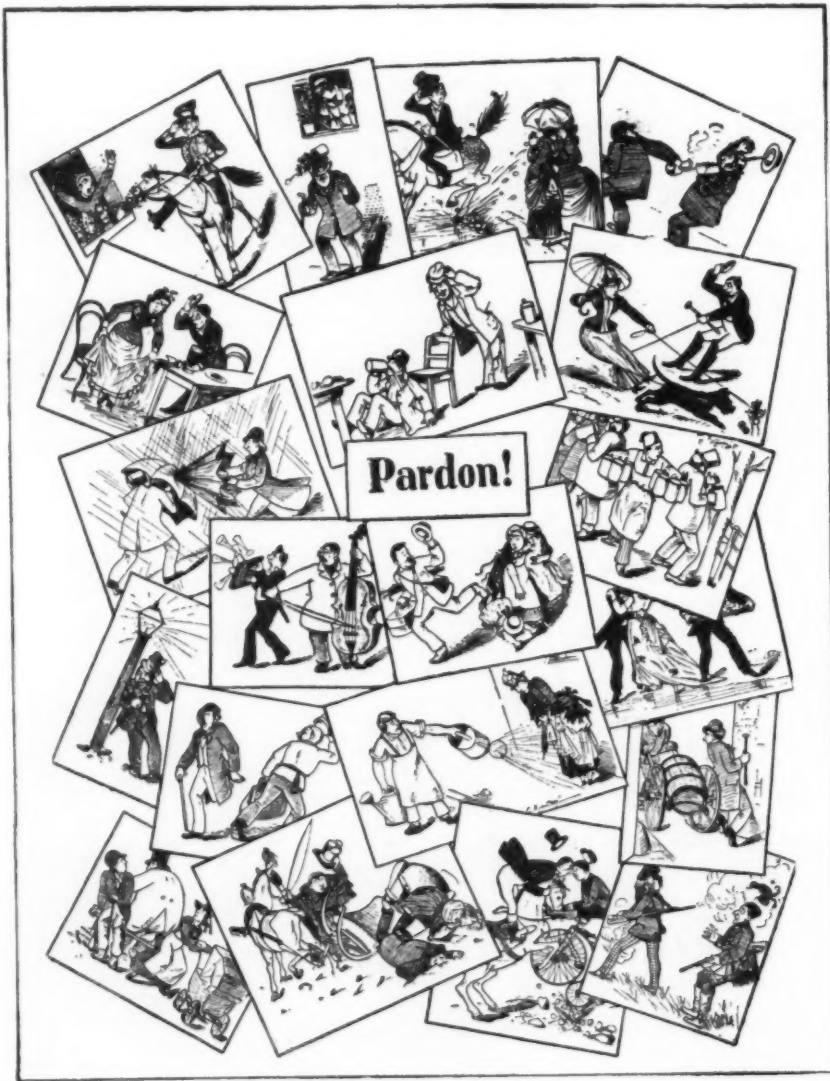
THOS. W. TRESIDDER.

Our Useful Canals.

THE JUDGE in the interest of its New York constituency is opposed to putting the canals of the State in the charge of the Federal government. Neither political party in this State can afford to part with the most extensive of her public works, an institution that gives useful employment to thousand of voters and piquant interest to the elections of state officers to control it and them. The prosperity of the State, and of her politics, are intimately associated with the raging Erie Canal. It carries the traffic of the continent and elections—both, cheaply.

THE INVENTOR of the Babcock fire-extinguisher is in a California poor house, while the man who transformed hell into sheol is honored and enjoys a rich benefice. The favors of this world are very unequally distributed.

SOME PEOPLE affect to believe that the spring of rejuvenation is a fable, but they ought to read the lengthening list of revolutionary pensioners and the current items of veterans who have Time by the fetlock, as it were, so that he can't get ahead of them.



[Fliegende Blaetter.]

THE CYNOSURE OF EYES.

Who is that lordly gentleman so affable and sweet?
He seems to occupy the whole attention of the street:
The people flock around him now—attraction he
must be.

I beg you quick elucidate the reason unto me.

My son, the cynosure of eyes now standing 'fore
your sight,
He led the heroes in the strife and won the noble
fight,

To-day his fame upon the score shines out like vivid
sun—

For, he plucked the laurels for his nine and made
the only run.

H. S. KELLER.

Little Classics.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

As Byron, Shakespeare, Plutarch, Lytle, Story, and also other writers of even greater reputation than myself, have written about these two famous lovers, I think I may be pardoned for speaking of them even if the subject is a little bit stale.

In speaking of the amours of Antony and Cleopatra, Byron says:

"He died at fifty for a queen of forty," so I infer that their ages must have been 39 and 49 respectively, at the time when they began to make preparations for the big blow out that wound up their existence. I am all the more convinced of this, from the following MMS. that I bought of Hon. Mr. Shapira (of Pentateuch fame) when I was last in the Levant. The dates of these letters, etc., may not jibe exactly with history, but as they all have a notary's seal upon them and a certificate of genuineness, I give them not only as delicate amative morceaus, but also as valuable additions to Oriental Archaeology.

Cleopatra's billey dux are all written in birds, pots, cows' heads, etc., somewhat like the Rosetta Stone and Obelisk, while Antony wrote in Latin to show that he had been to West Point, I suppose. I give a free and independent translation of the missives.

ROME N. Y., June 28, 43, B. C.

MRS. CLEOPATRA:—Dear Madam. I understand that there is to be a platform dance at Cairo on the 4th, and if agreeable I should like to be your escort on that occasion. I met you, you will remember, when you were attending one of our

commencement hops at West Point "on-the-Hudson," and as our great Poet-Laureate Virgil says:

"Amor in cita e pluribus unum.

Non compos mentis Jam Pius Aeneas.

Hoc satis hic stungullion et ipse.

Voz Faucibus haesit Arma virumque Cairo."

Please write me at once in care S. P. Q. R.

Immoderately thine, MARC ANTONY.

Cleopatra seems to have been more hasty than discreet, for in the archives of the Eastern Union Telegraph Co., is this telegram.

"CAIRO, N. Y., June 29, 43, B. C.

DEAREST TONY:—Your letter came to-day. Can't see you here but will meet you at Saratoga on the 4th if you say so. I'll put up for the whole business, so don't be afraid about your cash running out. I just got through doing time for a racket I had here last year, so you see I have to be on the look out a little, and besides, I understand that the authorities are going to give me thirty days to leave town in if I get on any more rackets very soon.

Yours, with all the love and adoration that passionate womanly devotion could inspire.

CLEOPATRA.

P. S. Do you suppose Octavia has tumbled to anything yet. If you think best, I will go to Saratoga first and send you a telegram from there as if from some army officer, and then you can get away easier, perhaps."

This was too rich for Antony's blood, so he immediately telegraphed back:

"I am dying. Egypt dying to see you. Meet me in Saratoga at once. I start to-night.

As ever and forever, BABY."

When he got to Saratoga he was almost sick for several days, so eager was he to see her. He went to every train and went to the post-office and telegraph office about fifty times a day to see if she had sent anything to him. In the meantime, Cleopatra was preparing a sweet surprise for him, for she engaged a lot of Pinafore Nymphs, High Kickers, etc., from Black Crook, Niblo's and the Bowery, and then she chartered the finest steamer on Saratoga lake and had the decks crashed and decorated with flowers and aromatic and aquatic birds painted by hand, and "the sweetest little poodle" was fastened to each girl's waist by a chain. On the sides of the steamer were hung the flags of all nations, and on the pilot house sat statues of Isis and Osiris, and over all was suspended a \$10.00 gold piece in lieu of the eagle which she had ordered, but as yet had not received.

As soon as Antony saw the steamer coming in sight, he said: "Yes, that's her! She always was independent'r'n a hog on ice." The people did not relish this remark very much, but, as Plutarch says, Antony's wit savored more of the camp than of the court, and they stood it because he had been in the Revolution and Mexican war; and Pennysong, the Poet Lariat of England, had written three sad sweet Odes in his honor and *Scribbler's Monthly* of New York had paid a thousand dollars each for them; so, of course, he was solid with the bon-ton Saratoga folks and the elite elsewhere.

Well, they went at once to the Grand Union and registered as man and wife, and then proceeded to kalsomine the town with the reddest possible paint that could be found, and they ended up with a grand shooting match, in which Antony was killed and Cleopatra died with snakes, which is only a circumlocution for delirium tremens.

They planted them in one wan wide tomb together and over them set up an obelisk which has since been called Cleopatra's needle.

FRED. S. RYMAN.

THE INOFFENSIVE POSTMASTER.

Last fall the Bourbon scorners hereabouts in Jotham Corners,
 After Brother Blaine was beaten, told me that my goose was cooked;
 Long and loudly kept announcing that the time had come for bouncing—
 That a good, old, solid Democrat for my P. O. was booked;
 And they sent in their petitions, and they went on special missions
 To Cleveland and to Vilas, but they hadn't made me go;
 Nor care I how much they try it, for I kept uncommon quiet—
 Inoffensively inactive in the last campaign, d'ye know?
 They may kick, kick, kick, but I'll stick, stick, stick,
 While I can,
 And I am not apprehensive, for I am an inoffensive—
 A very inoffensive partisan.

I made my contribution to that noble institution, The G. O. P., but not so large as usual, d'ye see?
 And of course my neighbors noted that for Brother Blaine I voted.
 But I only voted once, and that's unusual with me,
 For I never quite expected that he would be elected, And so but very gently whooped it up for Brother B.;
 Oh, very, very gently, for my mind was fixed intently
 On higher things than politics, namely, my salary.
 I have put up Cleveland's picture as a handsome office fixture,
 Hanging from the self same wall where Blaine's was wont to smile;
 And I take a Mugwump paper, as a very proper caper
 For a P. M. somewhat demi-Democratic for a while.
 There's a powerful lot of growling and of animated howling
 Among my fellow citizens at what they call my gall;
 And the Democrats are pensive because I'm inoffensive,
 Or at least have learned to be so since Blaine was licked last fall.
 But they may kick, kick, kick, and I'll stick, stick, stick,
 If I can;
 And I'm not apprehensive, I am such an inoffensive—
 Such a very inoffensive partisan.

[New York Sun.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

"This world is going to the dogs,"
 The old folks oft will say;
 "The patriots, all, are dead and gone,
 But twan't so in my day.
 Those were the days of mighty pluck,
 Men played important roles;
 Ah, would those times could now return—
 'The days that tried men's souls.'"
 They never think of barefoot boys,
 Who have their race to run.
 Through briars, pebbles, bits of glass,
 From dawn till set of sun.
 Perhaps they tread upon a snake,
 A splinter, oft annoys;
 These do not try the souls of men,
 They try the soles of boys.

[Chicago Sun.]

The new cheese poison is called tyrotoxin and is said to be all mitey destructive. [Merchant Traveler.]

An inmate in the county jail makes life happy by singing, "I never drink behind the bars."—[Merchant Traveler.]

America exported 750,000,000 eggs to England last year. Can this be what is driving so many English lecturers to this country?—[St. Paul Herald.]

The *Daily Minute* has been established at Austin, Tex., by "a Democrat and a Christian." It is dangerous in Texas for one to avow himself a Republican outright. [Buffalo Express.]

If cremation can be so arranged that the widow can ride at the head of a string of forty-four hacks all the poor people in the cities will at once favor the idea. [Detroit Free Press.]

"Whether it was getting rid of the dirt or a case of heart disease we do not know," says an Oregon paper in regard to the death of an Italian by falling into the river. [Detroit Free Press.]

Whales are more numerous this season than for many years before, and it is no trouble at all to go out and catch a large string of them before breakfast [St. Paul Herald.]

In 1305 playing tennis was forbidden in England except by members of the royal family. It is an interesting coincidence that at that time the ladies of the royal family were the only ones in England who wore silk stockings.—[Somerville Journal.]

"What!" exclaimed the horrified deacon to the minister; "you think pugilism is a respectable business?" "I did not say that," replied the minister; "I said it was respectable enough." "Respectable enough?" "Yes; respectable enough for those engaged in it."—[Boston Courier.]

"Where are you going, Johnny? Don't you see how it is raining?" "Yes'm. I'm going in swimming." "Going in swimming! Why, you foolish boy, you'll get yourself wringing wet if you go in swimming in such a shower as this. Wait till the rain's over."—[Boston Courier.]

Urbane Old Gent.—"Kidney stew, cicken croquettes and vegetables?" Polite Waiter—"Yes, sir. (Lapse of forty-five minutes.) Irascible Old Gent—"Where do you keep this stew, waiter?" Dignified Waiter—"On the stove, sir." Irascible Old Gent—"Impossible! You mean on ice. Nothing else could keep it so long." [Philadelphia Call.]

"Rebecca," the old lady shouted up stairs, "vas you goin' to de barty?"

"Yes, mutter," answered Rebecca.
 "Vas you gettin' reaty?" inquired the old lady.

"Yes, mutter," replied Rebecca, "vill I vash for a high-neck or a low-neck dress?" [Buffalo Express.]

Simpson and his wife were on their way to church, and the lady was putting on her gloves. "My dear," he said pettishly, "you should complete your toilet at home. I'd just as soon see a woman putting on her stockings on the street, as putting on her gloves." "Most men would," she said promptly, and the abashed husband didn't say another word.—[Merchant Traveler.]

Caroline H. Dall, a veteran advocate of woman suffrage, thinks that the general feeling is less favorable to the extension of

the suffrage than it was twenty years ago. Caroline must have noticed, however, that the sentiment in favor of the extension of the female bustle is more marked than it was a few years ago—though she may regard this fact simply as another proof that the "woman's movement" is getting behind. [Norrictown Herald.]

MEDICAL ITEM.

"Doctor," said De Fidgett to one of our medical men, "do you have much practice nowadays?"

"Oh, yes, I have all the practice I can attend to."

"In what particular line is the most of your practice?"

"In the line of economy."—[Ex.]

DELICATE DISEASES

of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

ACCORDING TO LAW.

"Every city and town has its idioms and characteristics," he said, as he wearily sat down on a horse-block and motioned for the officer to take a seat beside him.

"Yes."

"And Detroit is not an exception, though I feel it my duty to make a few inquiries in the case. This morning after eating breakfast at a restaurant the owner of the place led me to the door and kicked me with all his might. I had no money, you see? Was that a legitimate transaction?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"I suppose so, but there was no harm in asking. Half an hour later a saloon keeper threw me over a table, rolled me in the sawdust, and then dragged me into the gutter. My indebtedness to him was only five cents. Is that one of the idioms?"

"I think it is."

"All right, then. At a later hour I halted a pedestrian and asked him to give me a lift towards Chicago. He turned me to the West and complied. I shall feel the effect of that lift for a week. Was that characteristic?"

"I believe so."

"Then I make no complaint. I'm no hand to break over established customs."

"I think you'll have to take a walk with me, said the officer after a silence."

"To the cooler?"

"Yes."

"For vagrancy?"

"That's it."

"Is that the custom here?"

"It is."

"All right then. All I want is my legal rights in the case, and when a policeman arrests me I never kick because he belongs to the opposite party or doesn't attend my church. Are you going to ring for the patrol wagon?"

"Yes."

"Legal, is it?"

"Very legal."

"And they'll boost me in according to Blackstone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then sound your tocsin and let her rip! I don't care so much for clean shirts and French boots, but when it comes down to idioms, customs, and the statute law, I'm seven feet high and still growing!"

[Detroit Free Press.]

HER BAGGAGE.

"Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?"
 "This is my station," the pretty one said;
 "Here is my parasol, this is my fan,
 The check for my baggage I'll find if I can."

They looked in the rack, they looked under the seat,
 The check it was lost, her distress was complete,
 Then growled the conductor, "My pretty, fair
 maid,
 The check's in your hand." "Oh, thank you," she
 said.

"And which is your trunk, my pretty fair maid?"
 Accepting her check, the baggage-man said.
 "A noble three-decker," she answered with pride,
 "A three-story Jumbo, five long and three wide."

Loud loffen the baggage-man, "Ha, ha! ho, ho!
 Nineteen forty-seven! West Central; B. O!"
 "My tall Saratoga," she sobbed; "how 'tis shrunk!
 Here's the check and the handle, but where is the
 trunk?" [Burdette.

A FRIENDLY INTEREST.

"What does your beau do for a living,
 Mary?" sked a fond father, addressing his
 daughter. "He's an entry clerk," she re-
 plied, with a bright blush. "Gets about
 seven dollars a week, I suppose?" "He gets
 eight." "Indeed! Well, I think I can get
 him something better than that." "Oh,
 pa!" she exclaimed with a glad sparkle in
 her eye, for she fancied her father was about
 to admit her beau to an equal partnership
 in his business. "Yes," continued the
 father, "as he is able to sit up all night
 when he comes to see you, I think he would
 make an excellent night-watchman in a
 large store. I am willing to recommend him
 to such a position, being able to testify to
 his qualifications. He might get as much
 as fifteen dollars a week." Mary ran up
 stairs and threw herself on a sofa with a sad,
 sad pain at her heart, while her father de-
 parted for his office with a smile on his
 face.—[Toledo Blade.

BACK TO GRIGGSBY'S.

Pap's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation;
 But where's the peace and comfort that we all had
 before?

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
 Back to where we used to 'be so happy and so
 pore.

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's jest a mortal pity
 To see us in this great big house, wid cyarpets on
 the stairs,

And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city!
 city! city!

And nothin' but the city all around us every-
 wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the
 steeple,

And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!
 And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousand
 people,

And none that neighbors with us, or we want to
 go and see!

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
 Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the
 door;

And every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a
 relation—

Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit and
 bilin',

A-drivin' up from Shallow Ford to stay the Sun-
 day through;

And I want to see them hitchin' at their son-in-
 law's and pilin'

Out there at Lizzy Ellen's, like they used to do!

I want to see the piece quilts the Jones girls is
 makin',

And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled
 hired hand,

And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt'
 nigh a-takin',

Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save
 his land.

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
 Back where there's nothin' aggervatin' any more,

Shet away safe in the wood around the old location—
 Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and he'p her with her sewin',
 And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead
 and gone,

And stand up with Emanuel to show me how he's
 growin',

And smile as I have saw her, 'fore she put her
 mournin' on.

And I want to see the samples on the old lower
 Eighty—

Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and
 buried, for

His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with
 Katy

As she reads all his letters over, writ from the
 War.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
 And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the
 door—

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
 Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!

[James Whitcomb Riley.

PILE TUMORS

however large, speedily and painlessly cured
 without knife, caustic, powder or ointment.
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 references, enclosing two letter stamps for
 reply. World's Dispensary Medical Asso-
 ciation, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MODERN SHAKSPERE

"How now, Henrico! Sith the woful day
 thou gat'at thy shoon with cowhage quite
 besprent, I have not seen the in such bilious
 guise. Hast ta'en a watermelon in thy con-
 fidence?"

"Nay, girl! The gods have hewn me
 heavier ill than that.

"So, sweet? Then, mayhap, 'tis this
 canker on thy soul is cause thy trousers do
 not fit."

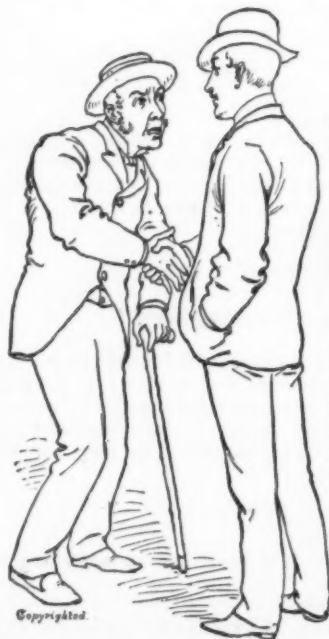
"E'en that would never make such
 breaches i' me peace. Tho' that would fail
 to keep me leg at ease, I'm legatee of worse
 than that."

"Worse, said'st thou. Palsied Socrates!
 can't be thou'st spilt an inch-worm down
 that spinal groove whereto thy longest arm
 doth fail to reach?"

"Nor that, ingenious one; more piteous
 far!"

"Fore heaven, then, thou'rt cursed be-
 yond thy due, and I do not know the pang
 thou bearest, boy. 'Tis that the typos
 have made fractures in thy latest verse."

"E'en worse, fair sylph, than that. Get
 thee thy teeth in ripest gnashing trim, and
 hold thy wildest wail at vocal verge, while I
 do give thee reason for me grief. Thou



"Ouch! My Hand!"

When you shake hands, let your grasp be
 firm and hearty—not a mere touch; but, if your
 friend has Rheumatism, the kindest thing you
 can do is to avoid the pressure, and recommend

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"I was, for months, grievously afflicted with Rheumatism,
 so that I could not dress without help. The joints of my fingers
 stiffened and enlarged, causing constant pain. Both knees were
 swollen, and for a long time I was unable to wear a boot on my
 right foot. I tried various remedies, but received no permanent
 relief until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of
 this medicine restored me to perfect health."—R. E. COBDEN,
 Cohoes, N. Y.

"After suffering greatly from Rheumatism, and General
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 restored my health. This medicine is a splendid remedy for
 rheumatic troubles."—J. H. DUFFY, 83 Green st., Boston, Mass.

"No other remedy has afforded me so much relief, from
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 this medicine for the same complaint, and is cured."—F. E.
 TORREY, Bristol, R. I.

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nings. PEET & CO., 501 6th ave., cor. 3rd Street.

know'st this modern craze for effigy this
salt-rheum genesis of bastard art that doth
erupt upon the modern press?"

"Aye, cherub, it hath daily driven me to
grievous doses of ophthalmia!"

"Alas, poor girl, it's a venom lights on
me! They have me wood-cut in this morn's
Dispatch!"

"O Niobe! where's now thy copiousness?
This doth exhaust iniquity indeed. But
none'll know thee in the rancid print!"

"Nay, an' they would not, were me name
away. But there, neath visage that would
well become the remnant of four rounds
with Sullivan, or residue of some Comanche's
spleen, in vivid type is thy Henrico's name,
and all because I last night auctioned off the
notions at the chapel festival. Ye Gods!
is't so that even such as stand outside the
beaten passage-ways of fame must feel the
scar of this pictorial bane? 'Tis bad enough
that greatness must be thrust before the
public gaze in farcial guise—and I'll be
sworn, the great do often grow emphatic
at their grotesque picturing—but this invasion
of the humbler ways to find material for
art's buffonery, is deed that puts Nemesis
on their track. Let them beware! Their
antic-pencils soon will rouse the gods, and,
Juno! how they'll grind!"

[Yonkers Gazette.

YEARS TEACH MORE THAN BOOKS.

Among other valuable lessons imparted by
this teacher is the fact that for a long time
Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical discovery"
has been the prince of liver correctives and
blood purifiers, being the household phy-
sician of the poor man, and the able consult-
ing physician to the rich patient, and
praised by all for its magnificent service and
efficacy in all diseases of a chronic nature,
as malarial poisoning, ailments of the re-
spiratory and digestive systems, liver dis-
ease and in all cases where the use of an al-
terative remedy is indicated.

A CHEERFUL AND CHEERING VISITOR.

"Dear me! Yes, Mis Moon, the doctor's
jist right about that; you orto be kep
perfectly quiet, an' not have nothin' happen
to upset your nerves! I was jist sayin' so to
Debby Ann! I thought I'd run in a minnit
whilst the dinner was bilin', an' see ef I
couldn't cheer you up a bit. I know you
feel dreadful down-hearted about bein' sick
so long, an' havin' things goin' to rack an'
ruin down stairs, like they always will when
the head's laid up! Land o' liberty! why,
when I got down stairs after that spell o'
typhus I had, we hadn't a hull dish to eat
off of, and the dirt an' water was enough to
turn your stummick. But jist keep things
like that out o' your mind, Miss Moon, jist
bend yourself to gettin' well. Now there
was Liddy Ann Crozer; I always thought
Liddy Ann'd a got well, ef folks would a let
her, but the neighbors, they kept a runnin'
in an' talkin' about how things was a goin'
on, an' tellin' how Philander got to runnin'
round nights to saloons—an' places he
hadn't orter (you know men will do sich
things when it hain't cheerful to home).
Well, they jist got Liddy Ann'worked up to
that degree that they tuk her to the asylum
in a straight jacket, an' you know she on'y
lasted six weeks!"

"Yes, try an' git well, Miss Moon; think
o' your children! Think o' them dear little
creeturs Liddy Ann left. Philander'll have
a step-mother over them afore long; he's
pearlin' up wonderful. A father hain't a
mother, no—no—Miss Moon, nothin' never

was truer. I was a sayin' to Debby Ann
this mornin' that if it was Mr. Moon that
was laid up instid o' you, little Josie
wouldn't a been paddlin' in the duck pond
in his bare feet sich a mornin' as this, an'
the diptheery all over the neighborhood; an'
Lavinney'd had her cough 'tended to afore
this, it sounds dreadful holler, poor little
thing! No; a father hain't a mother.

"Now I'll have to go, or my dinner'll bile
dry. I hate to leave you lookin' so down at
the mouth, but I'll try an' run in agin soon,
an' do keep these awful doleful folks out or
you'll soon jine Liddy Ann."

[Detroit Free Press.

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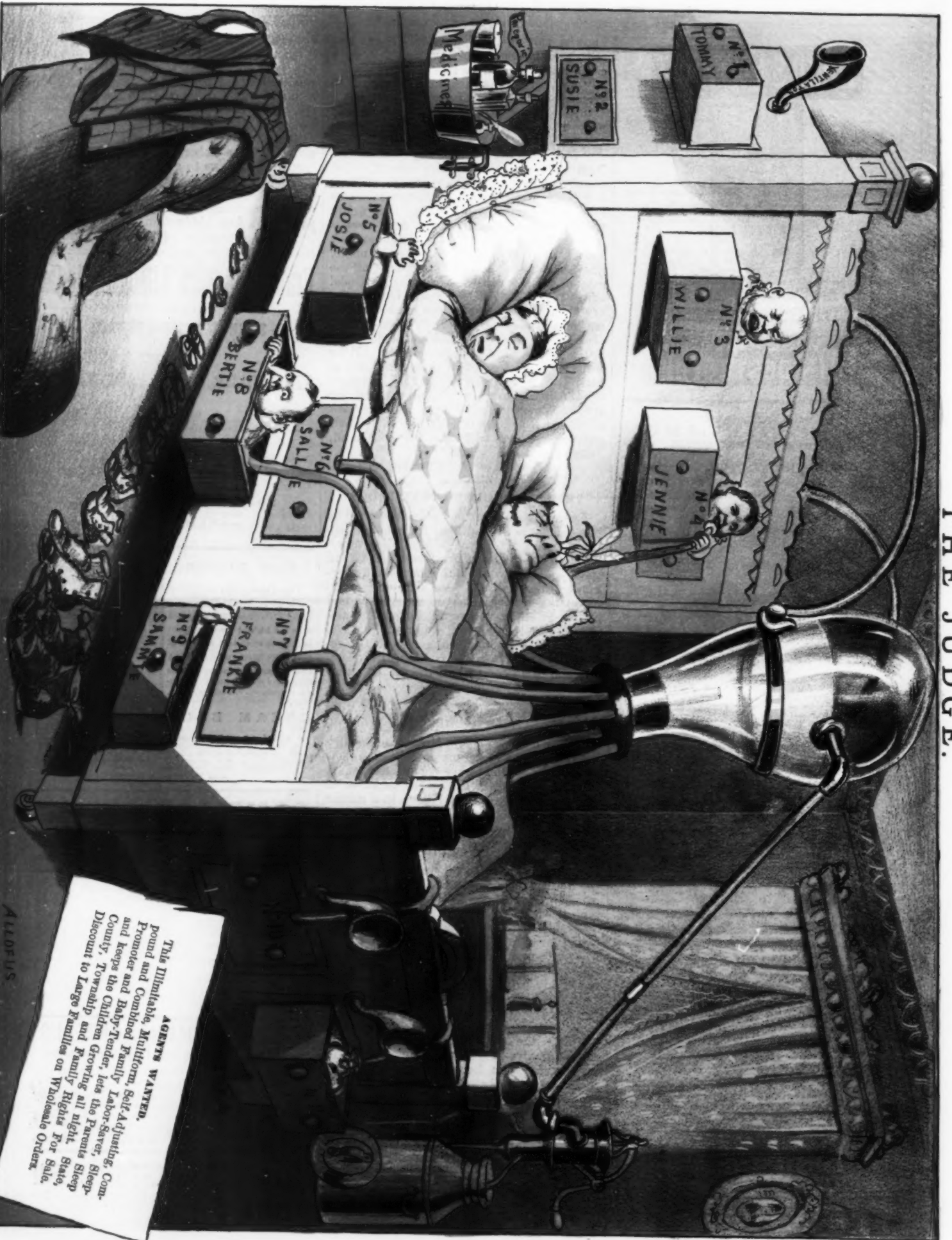
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