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THE BLAINE BOOM.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR, if he ever reaches the White House again, will have to perform a feat very much in the nature of a miracle, and the age of miracles is popularly supposed to be past. Every day brings us fresh evidence of Blaine's increasing strength. If Arthur expects to reach a nomination on his own strength, or even by a consolidation of the scattering votes of other candidates, he must be considerably more sanguine than is any disinterested observer. The Chicago *Tribune* publishes a list of eighteen States, a majority of whose delegates will support Blaine in the Chicago Convention. He leads Arthur in each and all of them:

Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Oregon, Nevada, California.

These States cast 203 electoral votes, and the Chicago *Tribune* believes that Blaine can carry every one of them, if any Republican can do it. They gave Garfield 411,774 majority over Hancock, and their electoral votes are enough to elect a President. In the convention Blaine will receive nearly 300 votes from them to something like 50 for Arthur. But Arthur's boomers say that Edmunds will have 26 votes from Massachusetts, 14 from New York, and a dozen to twenty picked up from other States, making, say, 56 in all, which they assert will be transferred to Arthur. They claim that

Hawley's 12 votes from Connecticut will also go to Arthur, and John Sherman's 16, or whatever the number may be, will change to Arthur. These odds and ends added to the 245 or more bogus votes from the Bourbon South, they contend, will enable him to seize a nomination against the will of the Republican States.

But there is a great deal of *ex parte* figuring done by Arthur's friends to justify this prophecy. In the first place they have left Illinois out of their calculations beyond claiming two votes for Arthur and two for Edmunds. But there remain forty Logan votes ready to flop to Blaine the moment they are satisfied that Logan's chances are gone. Logan himself is a Blaine man, and led the delegation at Cincinnati for him eight years ago, and much prefers the "Plumed Knight" to any of the other candidates in the field or "dark horses" that have been named. When the forty Illinois Logan votes wheel into line for Blaine there will be a commotion in the convention. The thirty Blaine men in Ohio will suddenly increase to more than forty, and all the other Western States which are not a unit for Blaine will quickly solidify, and the end of the struggle will be near at hand.

This is the way it looks to the Chicago *Tribune*, which must surely be credited with knowing something of the temper of its own State at least, and to THE JUDGE the figures adduced seem practical and convincing. The comparative strength of Blaine and Arthur is as that of a giant to that of a pigmy. Blaine has long been prominent. Arthur's prominence is a thing of yesterday, and had not accident seated him in the Presidential chair, it is extremely improbable that his name would ever have been mentioned in this contest at all. One by one Blaine is tearing the States from under Arthur's feet, and he will have to do some taller jumping than THE JUDGE considers him capable of before he can cross even the chasm that has already been created.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THERE is something so beautiful, so exquisite, so near perfection in the theory of Civil Service Reform that it goes to THE JUDGE'S heart to ridicule it, as ridicule it he must. There is nothing the matter with reform in the abstract; it is in the execution that the flaws lie. Many a scheme, perfect in theory, explodes and becomes useless when submitted to a practical test, and it looks very much as if Civil Service Reform were one of these. Competitive examination is a theoretically splendid test, and is admirably calculated to put mind ahead of matter; unfortunately, poor humanity is made up of both mind and matter and both are very excellent and even indispensable in their way. The trouble is that the tendency of competitive examination is to spread into spheres in which it has no business. That is the difficulty with all measures of reform. They

never know when to stop; they are never content to let well enough alone. Reformers, from the very nature of their minds, are fanatics, and fanatics, while they may do a great deal of good and correct a great many abuses, are always going a step or two beyond the limits prescribed by common sense. If they had their way civil service competitive examinations would be held for the appointment of railway laborers and hotel porters. The stalwart young workman, who does not know the latitude and longitude of Oshkosh, the names of the counties in the State of New Jersey, and the length of the Mississippi River would be rejected, while the college crammed student, who could not lift a valise to the level of his knee to save his life, would be awarded the appointment. This is an extreme case, of course, but it serves well enough for an illustration. If physical considerations are to be sacrificed to mental aptitude, every public work in the country will be admirably thought out and poorly executed. Everything will be perfect on paper, and faulty when completed.

Let competitive examinations do their own work—there is room enough for Reform—but let muscle have a chance where nothing but muscle will serve.

THE LAST CHANCE.

While public interest is so much excited by the progress of Blaine towards victory and the constantly recurring disappointments of Arthur in the same field, we must not ignore the fact that there are a large body of men who care not a straw for either Blaine or Arthur, and who have their own ideas about the Presidency, and the government of the country. Democracy just now may be at a discount, but the Democrats do not think so. They hold that the country is ripe for a change if ever it was, and they live in hopes of giving it just the change it wants. In fact, after having been knocked down in half a dozen of rounds, Democracy is coming up to the scratch, demoralized but smiling and fully prepared to strike another blow for the last.

The appearance of dissension in the Republican ranks, doubtless inspires considerable hope in Democratic breasts, but that appearance is only illusory. However fiercely factions may wrangle before nomination, once a candidate is chosen they will unite on him solidly. A President's is much too important an office to run risks over, and whether the nominee be Blaine or Arthur, or Edmunds or some hitherto unmentioned "dark horse," he will be backed by all the weight of votes and wealth of influence of the Republican party.

The Democrats pin most of their faith to Sam'l J. Tilden, and wisely, for he represents the best elements of their party. He has demonstrated his strength in a closely contested election, and if he were a younger man would be the ideal Democratic nominee to-day. Indeed, even with things as they are,

many prominent Democrats regard the "old ticket," as their last chance. If they let go that, they argue they are gone forever. But even if the old ticket should prove unavailable, Democracy will die fighting, it will have some sort of a ticket in the field to make a race with the Republican nominee and should that fail (there is always an *if* in politics), there will be another ticket put up again four years hence to the tune which Democracy has been singing for more than a score of years, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

A Kiss

AND HOW I GOT IT.

I HAD sought it with begging and teasing,
I had plead for it, scolded and flouted;
I had tried to look cheerful and pleasing,
I had sulked for it, snubbed for it, pouted;
I had tried to secure it by seizing—
Yet 'till yesterday I was without it.

She is handsome and stylish and bonny,
She has eyes like a daughter of Italy;
She's a manner as sweet as fresh honey;
She can swap repartee very wittily.
I believe she's a trifle of money,
But she keeps you your distance right prettily.

I've asked for that kiss in the morning,
(In the same house up-town we are boarding.)
I've frequently given her warning
That kisses grow stale by long hoarding;
But useless or suing or scorning—
Such favors she was not according.

I've asked for that kiss in the twilight,
The sweet, solemn hour after dinner;
I've thought, as I saw her dark eye light
With passion, that then I could win her.
Not much. A quick quip, or reply light
Proved how little true passion was in her.

One day I attempted to snatch it,
And then she got mad—or pretended!
Oh, Jupiter! how I did catch it!
What anger and scornfulness blended.
Her tongue cut as deep as a hatchet,
And her flow of invective was splendid.

And yet I have won it. In this wise:
On a lounge I was calmly reposing,
Enjoying the post prandial bliss wise
Men take when the long day is closing,
Her sweet lips swept over me kiss-wise;
You see, the dear girl thought me dozing.

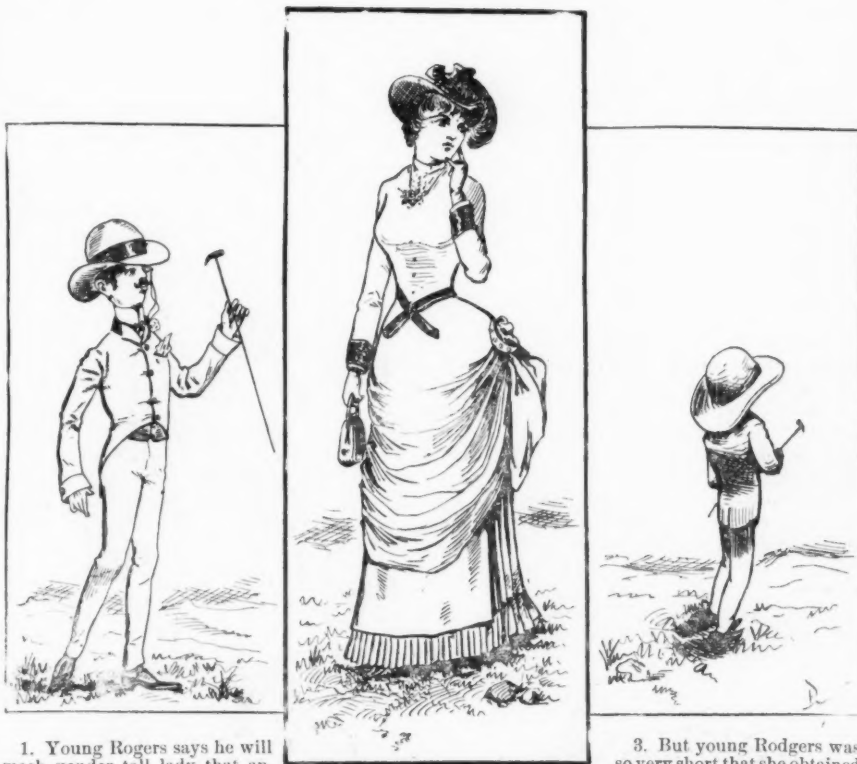
She'd never have done it, unless it
Arose from the beautiful custom
That gloves are so won—custom blessed,
For lovers when gloves will trust 'em.
I seized the bright chance—I'll confess it—
I met those sweet lips and I bussed 'em.

'Tis a circumstance only we two know,
And she cannot attempt to deny it;
Girls are odd about some things as *you* know,
But in this case she can't make a riot.
She may put on the airs of a Juno,
But she's wearing my gloves on the quiet.

G. H. JESSOP.

Eggs are only five cents a dozen at Jewett, Texas, and when a hen lays an egg there she just gives a little apologetic cackle as who should say: "Excuse me for mentioning such a trifle," and then picks up a few grains of corn in the same deprecating manner that the dry goods clerk seats himself at the dinner table when he is about four weeks in arrears for board.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A SAD CASE.



1. Young Rogers says he will mash yonder tall lady that approaches.

2. The tall maiden passed on.

3. But young Rodgers was so very short that she obtained only a birds-eye view, and she escaped the fatal masher.

A Frightened Juror.

"For heaven's sake, don't bring the prisoner in not guilty," exclaimed the terror-stricken Cincinnati jurymen to the foreman as they descended the stairs to the courtroom, but the other eleven were obstinate and they dragged him resistingly along. "Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty, gentlemen of the jury?" was asked after they had reseated themselves.

"Not guilty," responded the foreman.

"I protest," cried the dissenting jurymen, rising excitedly from his seat. "I find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree—with no extenuating circumstances."

"But the prisoner was not tried for murder," remarked the judge with a good humored smile. "This is merely a case of petit larceny."

"Never mind, let him be hung," yelled the jurymen in frenzied tones. "If that unrighteous verdict is allowed to stand, our lives won't be worth a rushlight after we leave this building. I shall emigrate from the country." And he did. That night he hastily donned a disguise, fled from his own bed and board, and took to the woods; and his wife now mourns him as one who, though forever lost to sight, will still remain to memory dear. It is supposed he took the first steamboat to Europe.

F.

REV. MRS. L. G. LOMICK, the evangelist, was the officiating clergywoman at a wedding in Columbus, O., last week. 'Tis well. If woman can tie the matrimonial knot as firmly and gordionically as she can tie the immovable knot in a boy's necktie, never a thought of divorce will follow the marriage service which she performs.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Study of Faces.

MR. IRON MACOPTIC, when quite a youth, spent several years in France, and while in Paris made the acquaintance and sat at the feet of Delsarte. Perhaps you do not know who Delsarte may be. If so, never let MacOptic suspect it, for you would lose caste immeasurably in his steel blue eyes. But perhaps you do not know who MacOptic is. That would be a case of even grosser ignorance in his eyes than the other; for highly as Mr. MacOptic esteems Mr. Delsarte, he esteems Mr. MacOptic more highly still. He is truly a remarkable man. He is still young in the sense that great men never grow old; he is quick, nervous, highly strung and impressionable. He is also inventive. He has invented a theatre chair which no one but an acrobat can sit in, and he has written a play of which none but a few modern Jobs have ever witnessed the final curtain. And he has introduced the Delsartian system into this country.

The Delsartian system, as the intelligent reader may have surmised, is called after its inventor, Delsarte, our hero's Gamaliel. While sitting at the Delsartian feet many years ago in Paris, Mr. Iron MacOptic imbibed the rudiments of the Delsartian system, and introduced it, perfected and sublimated by his genius, into this country. According to the theory of Delsarte, as expounded by MacOptic, language is wholly unnecessary. The tongue is useless save at meal times, when it serves as a corollary of the palate, and facial expression is all that is necessary to carry on a most elaborate conversation. Mr. MacOptic says all this, though. To be consistent with his theory, he ought to be content with *looking* it; but then, the Delsartian system is still in its infancy, and a lecture on facial expression, delivered by

THE JUDGE.

means of facial expression, would be apt to be tedious if not unintelligible. But MacOptic will discourse to you by the hour on his favorite topic, and will point out to you facial expressions, as we pass them on the street, which are eloquent—so he says—with every passing emotion of the wearers. To me, this method of analyzing emotions by the expressions they give rise to, savors very much of guesswork. I recollect while walking with him one day, having the misfortune to tread on an elderly gentleman's corn; a most vivid expression at once flitted over his countenance which I was at no loss to interpret as one of excruciating anguish; but MacOptic, not having the guide to the old gentleman's real emotions which my kick on his corn had given me, whispered—"Now, see that old man? Did you ever see such exquisite enjoyment on any human countenance? I'll bet he's made a hundred thousand in stocks." This was an unfortunate conclusion, but I do not mean to say that Iron MacOptic was always wrong. No, not always; only generally.

Late one night, coming up-town on the elevated, we glanced into a second floor window and saw a gentleman in white garments and a tasseled nightcap promenading the floor with a baby. His facial expression was strongly marked, but I disagreed with MacOptic in its interpretation. He thought



it meant patient resignation. To me it conveyed as plainly as if I had heard him speak the words—"Here take the baby yourself."

At a leap-year ball my friend MacOptic, who is a remarkably handsome man and as good as he is beautiful, was besieged by applicants for his company in a dance. He took great pleasure in analyzing and interpreting for my benefit the various expressions in the faces of his would-be-partners. One lady he



refused, and as she received his reply her face said as plainly as face could:

"I can't understand it." MacOptic thought it betokened wounded pride, and I let him think so. After all, facial expression is not susceptible of demonstration. *Mem.* To ask MacOptic if, when language gives place to facial expression, the latter will be accepted as testimony in a court of law, and if so, could not he get me an appointment as interpreter. Another lady who wooed him successfully to the mazy dance—a shady-side-of-thirty virgin she was—wore an expression which MacOptic afterwards translated as



meaning exultation. I thought she looked as if she were perpetually asking, "Now, you wouldn't take me to be a day over sixteen, would you?" but then MacOptic and I were perpetually differing in our interpretations. One we fully agreed upon. A gentleman happened to step on a lady's train, and the ripping and tearing that ensued sounded like a discharge of fire-arms. We were not near enough to catch what he said as he leaned forward to apologize, but words were unnecessary. His face said



"Beg pardon," as plainly as if he had read Chesterfield's whole letter on apology. It was a moment of triumph for MacOptic, *vice* Delsarte absent beyond seas, and he enjoyed it to the full. A moment later he called my attention to the lady's escort, and the face with which he was accepting the

gentleman's excuses. "The graceful acceptance of verbal reparation for a trifling wrong," whispered MacOptic. I thought of the ripping of silk fabric I had heard, and mentally debated the "triflingness" of the wrong as I looked at MacOptic's face of "gentle acceptance." Merciful powers!



The man looked ready to knock the aggressor down. Well, he didn't. There were no pistols drawn. MacOptic must have been right. The apology had evidently been gracefully accepted.

MacOptic admits of only one instance in which he was mistaken in his facial diagnosis. It was on the rather important occasion of his marriage. He was about equally in love with two girls—sisters—who were quite eligible as brides for the fascinating philosopher. He proposed to one of them. Need I say that he wasted no words on the occasion? He simply sought the fair one, seated



himself by her side, and *looked* his heart's desire. As a bashful maiden she could only reply in the same language she had been addressed in and * * * * * she looked her answer. In MacOptic's eyes the answer was unfavorable. The iron, which had long been in his name, entered into his soul. He left the cruel fair one and sought her sister. The same eloquent pantomime was gone through with, and look answering look told MacOptic that he was accepted. It was not till close upon the wedding day that he discovered that he had misinterpreted the ladies' desires entirely. He been accepted in the former case and refused in the latter. He said it might have been

awkward, but fortunately it was all in the family, and an explanation set everything right. It was all their fault, he said, for



MACOPTIC'S IDEA OF NO.



MACOPTIC'S IDEA OF YES.

not knowing their own minds, or rather how to give expression to their minds by the facial muscles. They knew better now, he added; and he begged me to take his word for it, that "faces will converse more freely and fluently than tongues in the near future, and more reliably, for the face will not lie as readily as the tongue—except, of course, women's faces, and they never tell the truth anyhow." These are MacOptic's words, not mine.

"It is very strange, that about John L. Sullivan's new baby," exclaimed Stubbs, as he looked up from the paper he was reading. "What is there strange about it?" asked his friend. "Why, that they should allow him to follow the trade of his father." "What! You don't say? Why, how do you know?" "Oh, I am confident. Even now they are initiating the little fellow into one of the very first degrees of the prize ring." "I don't understand. How have they done it?" "They have made a bottle-holder of him," replied Stubbs. — *Bradford Sunday Mail.*

Courtship.

I—SKIRMISH.

Oh, stately little maiden,
So thoughtful and so true,
I see my blissful Aiden
Within your eyes of blue;
My heart is over-laden
With longing love for you,
Oh, sweetest little maiden,
So thoughtful and so true.

II—PROPOSAL.

Were I your husband, dearest,
And you my "little wife,"
We'd be to each the nearest
And dearest friends in life;
Our days would be the clearest
Of clouds and weary strife—
Were I your husband, dearest,
And you my darling wife.

The Tide of Affairs.

My dear children, I shall open this highly influential discourse on The Tide of Affairs, by telling you all about the Domestic Tyrant. Mrs. Abijah Bijinks accosted her better half one clear May morning as follows: "Biah, I wish you'd come home in good season this evening. I have some little work about the house which will require your assistance." "All right, my love; ta-ta," said Bijinks as he tripped down the steps blithely, flinging a kiss back as he went. Poor man! Little he knew of the terrors which awaited him upon his return home. His soul was as calm as a plate of pork and beans, and he wot not of the multifarious calamities which the next few hours should bring forth. Upon his return home, his wife met him with a beaming countenance and a smile. She locked her arm through his and led him into the parlor.

"I want to take the carpet up to-morrow, and it must be taken down to-night." Bijinks had read about these things, and he said it was all an infernal lie. It was mere foolishness for a man to lose his temper over such a simple affair. He dragged a chair out, and leaving a towel upon it to protect the brocade satin, got upon the chair and—the frail thing's legs wobbled, cracked and gave out at last. Mrs. Bijinks helped her hub. up, and rubbed the back of his head with arnica. "It's nothing, my dear, only a bump—"

"I tell you I feel my blood and brains running down my spinal column," cried Bijinks.

"Oh, love—that's only the arnica—"
"Get me the step-ladder and a hammer," he interrupted. He crawled upon the step-ladder, raised the hammer to smite the thing apart when the hammer flew off its handle and crashed through a \$250.00 mirror. He flung the handle from him in anger and it landed upon his faithful spouse's nose.

"You hateful, ugly thing you! You're a perfect maniac when you get mad. You've cut a gash in my lip," she cried, mopping her face with a \$40.00 table spread in her excitement.

"Broken bones or not, gashed noses or not, this measly thing's got to get down or I'll know the reason. When Abijah Bijinks gets upon his ear—something's got to part," yelled the tyrant.

He clasped his arms about the thing and tugged until he pulled himself off the ladder. There he hung in mid-air with his long legs dangling to and fro, and with his arms wound round the thing, hanging on like grim death to an African.

"Oh, oh! he'll be killed, he'll be killed—come quick, some one—"

"Shut up, woman; I'm monarch of all I survey, and more too. I'll explore this upper regions if I have to sacrifice every insurance policy on my hide. You just take the back room and give the elephant room to swing his pins. Hoop la—look out—here I come!

The spirit of determination rang in his tones as he hung there like some aerial circus performer. He skinned the cat two several times. Drew himself up and chinned the thing eight or ten times, and sung out:

"How's that for muscle?"
"Splendid, Biah! The thing's giving way now. Keep it up and you'll have the thing down; only mind, don't kick off the alabaster vase on the—oh! Lord, there it goes, and dear mother gave it to me—"

"I wish it had been your mother instead of the vase," sang out Bijinks, as he wound his leg over the thing and straddled it. "Be careful when it comes dear, or—"

The rest was lost in a wild chaos of flying glass, china, bric-a-brac, pictures, wax flowers, stripped pants, sawing arms—among all of which a battered nose, split lip, skinned chin, blackened eye and bloody ears shone in terra cotta distinctness. The oceans of arnica, and sheets of cotton batting, the quarts of glycerine and gruel and soft spoon victuals consumed by the victim were wonderful to behold. You ask what it was all about? Bijinks tackled the stove-pipe, that's all.

Diary of Patrick O'Callahan, Car-Conductor.

May the furrust.—It's wid a sore hed an' an aiking hairt thet I set meself down to pin the lasht wurrudd uv me dhiary.

Yis, me dhiary is indid, an' me loife as a cair conductor has come to an ind, an' that troo no fault uv me own.

It's all on account av the quanane thet oi've laity been in the habit uv taikin, for the misery thet do be forivir in me brist.

Maggie, me woife, culd nivir foind it in her phroud hairt to blame me fur this, for if her sister's furrust cousin's husband, the alderman, foinds relai in the bitter shtuff, why shuld not I, his constitoant, take the same rimidy meself.

Maggie says it's the whisky she do be for-iver shmellin on me brith, bad ciss to the dhruggist that sould me the same for pure quanane, and it's roight oi'd be to proscacute the haythin apoticaury for the loss uv me cair an' me position, at wan and the same toime.

It was on the aivning uv the twenty-aith day uv the month just indid, that I tuk an exthra doas av me bithers befoar I shtarted on me lasht trip for the noight.

Me dhriver, Timothy McFudd, had a cowl an' a cauf thet was loik to tare the liver out uv him, so he and I togther tuk occasional nips from the bottle thet I carried in me pockit, and az he sed the medicine did him a wurrudd av good, it was not for Pathrick O'Callahan to deny a sufferin fellow chrayture the consolation of a dhrup or two av a rimidy so hairmliss and safe.

By and bye I notised thet Tim was not payin' the shtrict attention to dhooty thet the law requoired and befoar we raiched thirty-fourth shtrate he hed run over a small choild, and chrayated no ind uv a commotion. "Wan uv the foinisht" shteppeed oop, and afther shpakin a few wurrudd he arristid me dhriver on the sshot.

"Fwhat's to become av me cair," says Tim.

"ONE OF THE FINEST."



"Your honor I caught this fellar in the act of picking pockets; if I hadn't clubbed him in self-defence, he'd shot me dead."

"O'i'll attend to that," says oi, "o'i'll play it's a bobtail and Pathrick O'Callahan will be dhriver and Conduhether both for this trip."

Widout me knowin it, the quanane hed begun it's hillish desoign upon me own brain, and befor any wan hed toime to object, I hed unloosed the braike, and wid the reins in me hand oi gave a whoop to the horses and we were soon on the downward coarse toward twinty-thurrud shtrate.

As we naired the corner the cair shprung from the thrack, and whoile oi and the horses ware a shtruggling to git back to the rail the passinairs musht hev all eshaped.

Me brain began to turrun around and as no faymilliar objecks met me gaze, I wondered whare we ware. On wint the horses and on wint the cair, and the furrust thing I knew we were turning a corner. Thin I haird a shmall bye yill at another and shout—"I soy, Bill, here's a go; look at this Broadway cair a going down Fowarth Avenue." Begorra the bye was roight. O'i'd losht me way entirely, and I now knew that at twinty-thurrud shtrate I musht ave shwitched me cair off onto the green cair route.

Howiver, it waz too late to do anything but follow the cair ahed uv me, and bedad I dun it will.

I noticed no passinairs ware troying to board me cair, so whin I raiched the nayborhood of Avenue A, I shtopped at all the corners and invoited the passers boy to hev a roide wid me fray uv ixpince.

Wan or too uv me counthrymen came a-boored, and not wishing me hospitality to be impaiched, oi toid the reins around the brake and out wid me bottle for a dhrink wid me comrades.

Afther this I losht conshiousniss intoirely and whin I came to meself, it waz day loight, oi waz the only passinair aboard the cair, and the cair waz at Grand Shtrate Firry.

Oi was so bewildered, that I cudn't answer will the quistions that were put to me by another "wan uv the fainisht" and in shpoite av me shwearing me innocence, and calling on the name of me woife's furrust cousin's husband, the aldherman, I found meself befor the Justice himself. Afther he'd inquired into the mirits uv the case, and I towld him all I knew about it, includin the quanane, he said—"Well, Pathrick, quanane doan't go down in this court. It's tin dollars or tin days."

"Begorra," says oi, "o'i'll not pay it. O'i'll demand a thrial boy a jury av me peers," sez oi. "It's the dhruggist that's to blame, and not meself."

"Tin dollars or tin days," he repayed and musha didn't oi hev to sairch me pockits to foind the money for the owld shpalpeen.

If Maggie hed iver hev known oi hed that amount about me pairson, she'd hev takin' it from me, and oi wud niver hev seen her face agin.

Whin oi towld her av this, I thought it wud ave mildid her, but she waz that mad, thet she raived and shwor thet tin days waz too good for the loikes av me.

I niver wint nair the cair company agin, but I sint Maggie over for me waiges in the morning saying oi waz sick.

They wudn't give her the money at furrust, but towld her it wud be betther for me not to sind agin for it, till they had found the cair I losht the noight befor.

While she waz talkin the cair arroived, and after much cussin an shwarin, and a dale of laffin among the other dhrivers and conducthors, the money dhue me waz given to me woife—and divil a bit av it hev oi seen since.

F'what oi'm to do now is a quistion. We'll hev to moav from the apartment back to

tinimint house quarters, where we belong for wan thing.

Maggie has losht none of her aspoirations, howiver, and objecks to me carryin' the hod agin. She's in for havin me enther in the race for the walkin' match.

"Divil a bit uv that fur me," says oi. "O'i'm no walker, and not aither an Indian nor an ex-aldherman," says oi, "so yez'll hev to foind something ilse."

Begorra, I wudn't wondher if she'd hev me oop for Prisiidint yit. There's no ind to the woman's ideahs, and oi begin to think oi'm aigual to mosht anything meself.

Howsomiver, me dhiary is indid an wid it has come to an ind the thrials and thribulations uv

PATRICK O'CALLAHAN,
Cair-Conductor.

Another Unfortunate.

FOUND DEAD.

A MAN named J. H. Trickledown waz yesterday found dead in a small room in an up-town apartment house. An empty vial upon the table, and a strong smell of morphine pervading the air, plainly indicated a case of suicide. It is learned that of late the deceased has been somewhat of a recluse in his habits, and the fact that a collection of about three hundred hats of various ages and shapes hung about upon the walls of the room, clearly points to a derangement of the mind.

And that is all. A brief newspaper notice, a lifeless remains, and a complicated collection of old hats are all that is left in mortal shape of J. H. Trickledown.

What's that? Never heard of Trickledown! Why, man alive, Trickledown waz the first one to have a—that is, to a-awh-to make-a-a! Well now, that's sort of queer, but come to think of it, J. H. Trickledown never became particularly celebrated, after all, and his nearest approach to fame waz that his aunt once owned a dog that could sit up on his hind legs and smoke a cob pipe.

Most likely it is on account of early associations, and the memory of the unfortunate hallucination which o'erhung and darkened his whole after life, that to-day causes our heart to take on the murky pall of gloom at the untimely demise of J. H. Trickledown. You see, we were brought up together—always knew him, and it now became our proud privilege to certify, that when J. H. T. left behind the joys and yellow dogs, and sorrow and sore heels of boyhood, and stepped boldly out to take a strong man's place in the great battle of life, he waz the acknowledged pride and boast of the whole town.

No one had ever known him to do anything mean or unmanly; he had never hung up a tired, care-laden old ulster in a restaurant and then put on another man's sixty-dollar Melton overcoat when he went out; he had never wanted "five dollars, you know, old fellow till the first of the week;" he had never voted to re-elect a Democratic member of the Legislature, and in short J. H. Trickledown's life seemed full of the brightest promise.

He waz engaged to a ravishing damsel, with sun-kissed hair, eyes like a hunted fawn's, too; but, alas! it waz this lovely woman who led him from the path of uprightiness, who induced him to plunge into the water that swallowed up all life's hopes and dreams and ambitions.

Trickledown had one little eccentricity. He always wore an old slouch hat, that hung over his ears like a bumper hovering over the bar for a chance to get a free beer. His



NOW LOOK OUT FOR THE SPRING EXODUS OF UNCLEAN BIRDS FROM THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY.

betrothed desired to eradicate this trifling idiosyncrasy; she longed to see Trickle arrayed like a lily of the valley in a nobby Derby. Therefore, upon the eve of his departure to the city to enter upon mercantile pursuits, she called him to her side and wound her warm soft arms closely about his No. 15 1-2 neck.

"Keeper of my heart," she murmured, in a voice as soft as your landlord's when you pay your rent in advance, and don't kick at a brass band's hiring the room above to practice in, "I would ask a favor of you."

"Name it," gasped Trickle, struggling for breath.

"It is that you will shoot that antiquated piratical soft hat, and carom out into the world in a brand-new dicer," sobbed she.

For one awful moment J. H. Trickle, down hesitated. Duty battled with inclination. Then he realized that he might as well yield at once and live, as to longer refuse, and be choked to death in the clinging embrace of those loving arms. "I yield," he gurgled, wondering if that was the way people felt when they were being hung. "I swear it, Viven St. Aubrey!"

That explains the whereforeness of the fact that when J. H. Trickle, down entered upon the stern duties of business life, a new and stiff-crowned Derby clung to his marble brow. It was a week or two before we saw Trickle, down again. Then, one day, we met him upon the street, but the old time confidence and friendship had vanished. He seemed to desire to avoid us, and we had only time to observe that he wore a hat of a little different pattern, and that there was a strange haunted look in his eyes. The next Thursday we saw him again. As we were going into a down-town street car, a man dashed wildly out upon the front platform and sprang hurriedly into the street. The brief glimpse we caught of him, announced that the man was Trickle, down, and that he wore a white, set look upon his face and one of the little, peanut-shuck style of hats upon his head.

After that, a month elapsed before we met him again. One day we came face to face in the post-office. He uttered a few hurried evasive words and then slunk quietly away. As he slunk, we noticed that his face was drawn and haggard, and that a high silk hat was perched remorsefully over his intellect. One black rainy night nearly six weeks later, he stole sadly into our room, tossed a new flat-crowned Derby upon the hat-rack, and sank into a chair, with the most wearied care-laden expression that we ever saw on human face.

"I can't stand it any longer," he groaned, staring into the fire. This terrible old man of the Sea is crushing all the pure and good out of me. Why—oh, why did I take that first fatal step? Ah, me!

"What is it, old boy?" we asked, with sympathy. "Been robbing the bank or something?"

"Would it was that," he sighed; "then I could make restitution and hope for pardon. But now there is no hope, no hope. You shall know all. Maybe the sharing of my secret will make the awful burden lighter. When I came here I promised my sweetheart to lay aside my old hat—my tried and trusty old hat and buy and wear a new one. I did so. I could get them cheap by the quantity and so I bought half-a-dozen, assorted styles and sizes. Next day it struck me that I had better lay in a little more brim-covering before the European complications affected the market, and so I purchased two or three more hats, well sir, from that awful day this awful mania has grown upon me. I can't tear myself away from a hat-store without buying from one to a dozen hats and wearing everyone of them before night. Oh, it is terrible! There is scarcely an hour but that I am the slave to this fearful appetite for more hats. Only death can release me from its thrall now. Every hatter in the city knows my face, and every old hat that they have had in stock for seventy-nine years they

work off on me. Farewell, I can't help it, Good-bye."

Then J. H. Trickle, down gathered up three or four hat-boxes that he had brought in with him, and went mournfully away. We never heard of him until the newspaper item brought back the memory of a wrecked life and an unfortunate mania.

H. B. STITT.

A Disgusted Serenader.

A youth went forth to serenade
The lady whom he loved the best,
And passed beneath the mansion's shade
Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
Came dancing o'er the hilltops' rim,
But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze
He drew much nearer than before,
When to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

—Chicago Tribune.

Gentle Criticism.

Mr. B.—"These biscuits remind me of mother's."

Mrs. B.—"Well, I declare! Have you gone crazy?"

Mr. B.—"Crazy, my dear? Of course not."

Mrs. B.—"Well, I never expected to hear you say that any of my cooking resembled your mother's. She was a wonderful cook, I have no doubt, for you have said so a million times."

Mr. B.—"Yes, she certainly was. In fact, there was only one dish that she ever failed in."

Mrs. B.—"What was that?"

Mr. B.—"Biscuits."—Phila. Call.

A BLOODLESS VICTORY—beating time.



THE ROAD TO THE
Salt River Cr



THE WHITE HOUSE.
Over Crossing.



THERE has been some hitch between McKee Rankin and the managers of the Union Square.

Rankin forfeits quite an amount of money. "The two Orphans" will not be produced, as previously announced, and the theatre will probably remain closed till the end of summer.

The truth is, Rankin lost money on his Third Avenue Theatre, and he, very likely, by this time wishes with many others that he had left well enough alone and had not gone into outside speculations.

"The Danites," old as it is, would probably have continued bringing in the shekels, and Rankin has gained neither in purse nor in glory by his connection with the Union Square. We wish him better luck next season.

Wallack has closed his regular and his supplementary season, and the theatre that bears his name will this week be given over to a performance called "Madame Piper," in which John Howson, W. S. Rising, Theresa Vaughan and Adelaide Praeger are advertised to appear.

Wallack last performances were somewhat marred by bad support. Miss Louise Moody is not up to the requirements of a leading lady for Wallack's Theatre, and Miss Russell is an indifferent actress.

The absence of Rose Coghlan from Sardou's "Scrap of Paper" was sincerely regretted by all who had ever seen her and Lester play together in the piece, and in "She Stoops to Conquer," Miss Moody, as *Miss Hardcastle*, lacked youth, beauty and ingenuousness.

Wallack, though, seemed to have as much energy and fire as of old, and Mme. Gilbert's and Mme. Ponisi's performances were good enough to atone for many short-comings in other members of the cast.

The Lady Clare Company were last week at the Brooklyn Park, and this week they are over at the Grand Opera House.

Harrison and Gourlay have been so successful in their comedy, "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," that they have presented Mr. Joseph Brooks of Brooks & Dickson, a handsome diamond scarf pin, Mr. Brooks having been the one to get them their date in New York.

Niblo's is not large enough to hold the crowds that are anxious to see Mrs. Langtry as *Galatea*. This character the fair Lily is able to play with a certain amount of naivete and grace that make it by far her greatest attraction.

This week is also the week for the production of Robert Griffin Morris' new play, called "The Pulse of New York," at the Star.

Whatever may be the merits of the play, the cast is a strong one, containing, among others, Geo. Clarke, Gerald Eyre, Caroline Hill, Ada Deaves, etc. Mr. Belasco is the stage manager, and it is produced under the auspices of the Frohmans and Lester Wallack.

"La Vie," is over at The Bijou, and "Blue Beard," is now on the boards. Jaques Kruger is the *Blue Beard*. Fanny Rice is *Fatima*, and Emma Carson and Irene Perry are also in the cast.

"Dan's Tribulations," cause no end of fun at Harrigan and Hart's, and Barry and Fay have been extremely amusing over at the 14th St. Theatre.

"Hazel Kirke" still lives and continues her peregrinations, and has now reached The Peoples' Theatre, where she will remain through the week.

For the lovers of music, concerts are springing up everywhere.

Last week the Wagnerites made noise enough for all of New York and a large proportion of the surrounding country. Besides all this The Oratorio Society had a rehearsal and a concert. On Wednesday Senor Anton of the Mapleson troupe had a concert at Steinway Hall, and Miss Thursby will soon arrive and commence warbling at the hall of the Chickering's.

"Falka," and "A Night in Venice," are given respectively at The Casino and Daly's. "May Blossom," will run at Madison Square for a long time to come.

Robson and Crane are at the Third Avenue, playing in that antique piece, "Our Bachelors," and The New Park Theatre is closed for an indefinite period.

Luxuries.

At morn you rise and wait the welcome rings

That bid you at the breakfast table meet.

Refreshed with sleep, your system loudly sings

For nourishment—and this is what you eat.

Some buckwheat cakes, with closet syrup spread;

A cup of a tea, with copperas colored green.

And is this butter you've put on your bread?

Not much! It's oleomargarine!

You've had enough, and seek the outer air,

And light a Key West, cabbage leaf cigar.

To settle such a luscious bill of fare

You take a strychnine "beer" across the bar.

—Philadelphia Call.

Answers to Correspondents.

A TRIO OF READERS, N. Y. City.—In lieu of his own opinion on the subject in dispute, THE JUDGE commends that of the poet Coleridge, author of "The Ancient Mariner." He divided readers into four classes; the first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and out and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes everything liquid, and discharges it in a dirtier state. A third class he likened to a jelly bag—from which all that is pure passes away, retaining only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class he compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda—who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gems. This definition seemeth "to the point" at issue between our trio of disputatious correspondents.

A. M. G.—Wordsworth wrote: "There is a pleasure in poetic pains, which only poets know." From the English poet's standpoint THE JUDGE wisely concludes that you found your full meed of pleasure in the "throes of composition" of the verses you sent, and that the pleasure of seeing yourself in "cold type" might prove too ecstatic for your sensitive poetic nerves. Hence, out of pure sympathy for you, as well as some kind consideration for the feelings of our readers, we reluctantly relegate your MS. to our W. B. limbo.

OLD BACH., Brooklyn.—We cannot allow these columns to be made the medium of so indiscriminate and ill-humored an attack on the "gentler sex." We

have little sympathy with the *genus* you belong to. With all natural affection burnt out of him, or dried up within him, an old bachelor is the very incarnation of selfishness. Having wilfully ignored one of the objects of his creation, he lives lonely and unloved and dies unregretted. His first folly was that of believing himself sufficient for his own happiness; his second, the obstinate persistence in that belief, in spite of instinct, reason, and the impulses of his better nature. His penalty is to lead a cheerless life, with no tender heart to sympathize in his troubles, no gentle hand to smooth his pillow in sickness, nor any sympathetic voice to whisper comfort to his dying ear. The Editor of THE JUDGE is a bachelor, but, thank heaven, not an old one just yet, nor does he mean to eventually drift into that dreary category.

D. R. V., Washington Heights.—Thanks for the compliment. We believe that it was Sterne who wrote: "I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to his fragment of life." With this truism from such a distinguished authority before him, and with divers compliments such as your's tickling his vanity, THE JUDGE finds pleasure in believing that every week, during his humorous career, he has added something to the "fragment of life" of each of his readers. So be it.

PHILOMATH, Lexington Ave.—No. We cannot afford to waste time or space on mathematical conundrums which are wholly outside of our pale, and more properly belong to our ponderous scientific contemporaries. THE JUDGE, whose missionary path winds through the sunny land of laughter—what, we ask in all seriousness, has he to do with the complexities of parabolic curves, the mysterious intricacies of conic sections, or the calculus, the binomial theorem, the dark abstruseness of the diophantine analysis, the disproportionate crookedness of scaline triangles, the "Pythagorean Problem," or the "*Pons asinorum*?"

Constantia's Inside Man.

"A Butler! a footman! an inside servant! My Constantia wants an inside man! Well, after all, why not. Why should she not have one. She says a waitress is low! Well, so she is. A waitress is common. Why, so she is. A man is better style! Why of course he is. My Constantia must and shall have an inside man, if she wants him."

So I reasoned with myself, but that was a year ago, and since then we have had twelve inside men and I know better now; if we had a woman now that I even suspected of being a man I'd wring her neck; but I'll begin at the beginning and tell my tale. Last May we got our man No. 1, or our May man, as I may call him. Towards the latter end of April the following advertisement appeared:

WANTED.—For a small private family of rank residing in a fashionable neighborhood, an Inside Man. First rate plate and glass kept. Man must be strikingly handsome and elegant in appearance, and understand his profession thoroughly, as it is strictly internal. Apply, stating height, size of calf, and terms expected, to Joshua Snooks.

Well we had a score of answers, but my Constantia picked out a daisy. He was elegant, striking and handsome, wages a little tough, but it was worth it only to look at him and then his manners were so perfect. He never could remember Constantia as only madame, he always addressed her as "My Lady," that was owing to his having lived so long with titled folk. Then he had such an elegant manner of opening the door and ushering in a guest, and he made our table look so handsome; in fact, he insisted that we had not half plate enough for our position. With his assistance I selected

about \$1,000 worth in addition to what we had before, and shortly afterwards man and plate disappeared and we have never heard of either since. So much for our *May man*.

No. 2, or our June man.

We were not so particular this time about style, what we wanted now was character, honesty, virtue and so forth, and you bet we got it. Our June man was so honest, so painstaking and so awkward and unrepresentable, that as Constantia told me with tears in her eyes he might as well be a woman. Still we bore with him. He could not carry a tray of glass or china down the stairs without letting it fall. Still he was perfectly steady—a teetotaler. The maid servants hated him as truly as they had loved our May man. At last one of them revealed to Constantia that the reason he could not carry the trays down stairs was that he had no toes, and could not balance himself. On my taxing him, he confessed with tears in his eyes, that it was so. As all our best glass and china was broken he agreed with us he was not suited to the place and so he left us. Then came No. 3, our July man, who drank and frightened poor Constantia nearly to death by digging at her with his clasp knife.

No. 4. Our August man, who eloped with Justine, Constantia's favorite maid and carried off many of my poor wife's handsomest garments.

No. 5. Our September man, who was stone deaf, and could hear neither bell nor call.

No. 6. Our October man, who made love to Constantia herself, and whom I was forced to kick out of doors, or rather to get a policeman to kick out as I did not feel equal to the exertion. He summoned us to the police-court and I had to pay a fine for assault, and Constantia and myself were the laughing-stock of the whole neighborhood.

No. 7. Our November man, who had such a mash on the cook that the best in the house was not good enough for him, and who, I believe, lives on us still, as the bills increased thirty per cent after his arrival and have never found their own level since.

No. 8. Our December man, who took charge of the furnace and had the house on fire four times while he was in residence.

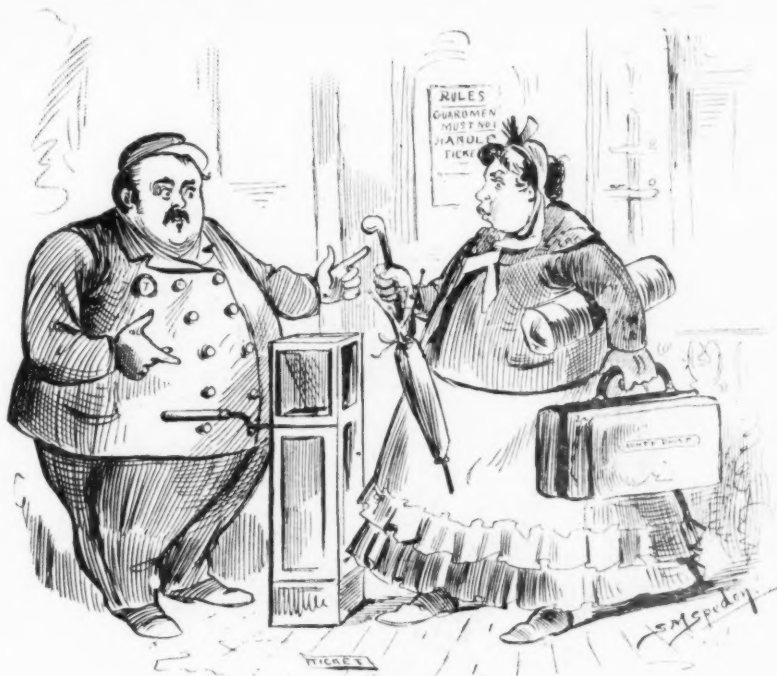
No. 9. Our January man, who got apoplexy.

No. 10. Our February man, who cut his throat.

No. 11. Our March man, who went out of his mind; fortunately he had not far to go.

No. 12. Who capped the climax by boiling the ice cream the night we gave our last large dinner party. He was so intoxicated I had to lock him up, and the next day he insisted both to myself and afterwards to Constantia that it was *me—me*, who had been under the influence of drink. *Me* who had locked him up when I did not know what I was doing.—*Me* whom he kept quiet that he might not expose. *Me*, who did not remember who my own guests were! Such is life. Constantia and I embraced with tears, engaged a deft neat-handed little waitress and vowed we would never, never, have an inside man again. My experience proves that if you must have an inside man, you may make-up your mind he will leave you nothing else inside. In one short year see me left with delft, Britannia metal and blown glass, where once I revelled in choicest china, costliest silver, and elegant cut-glass. My wife's costly wardrobe where is it? Ah where: all gone with much more to swell the coffers of some inside man.

THE HEATED TERM—termagant.



STOUT LADY.—“Will you please pick up my ticket, sir?”

STOUT GENT.—“Sorry mam, but rules of the road will not permit me.”

Jemima the Cook's Defence.

So my dear you want to know how I lost my situation, and here goes. I was engaged by a bride and groom. Never was a pair more devoted, when I'd go into the room there they were sitting love doveing, and this is what I'd hear. “Would its little ptesey wify Kitzzy, like to put its tiny tip toe on the pavy, wavy,” and she'd say shaking her curls, “perhaps it might if its lovely, dovey would let her lean on his army parmy.”—Oh its sickening to talk of or remember; but while this was going on, I'd be taking every bit of dripping from the meat, and why not, for master would say. “We'll leave it all to you Jemima,” if I asked a question.

Did they find out? not they. The innocent dear would say “Ambrosius, the beef is tough,” and threaten to change the butcher, but I always said, “Missus don't worrit master, its the frost did it, or the rain or maybe the strong sun.”

We lived in the invi-rons, and at first my pickings and stealings was wonderful, handfuls of tea, glasses of wine, they were never missed, and was it not lovely to see her take out the dip candles, and hear her say “Jemima make it last as long as it will.” “Yes m'm;” I'd say and me with duplicate keys, all the while, and putting them by in ones, to get 2 1-2 for 5. “Now she's off for three hours,” I'd say as the two would go linked on each other's arm; and then she'd come home tired, and show me a red coral necklace he had bought her, made by the “Neapolitans,” all strung on red silk! “Aint it too beautiful” I'd say, “and just suits your dark hair, and all the time I was wondering would she find out I had given the bones, meant for soup, to the little girl that I called my niece, tho' she was not that at all but my own daughter (for I engaged as single), but what did missus care sitting up stairs whose she was.

Lawks a me, what a fright I got one day, when it happened he comes in unexpected, and the chicken was sent down unfinished

and after it she come herself. “Jemima, it had a horrid taste, is your oven clean?” “Just this very day m'm,” I say, trying to look bullying tho' my heart beat 3 to the dozen. She opened it herself, and there was all the dripping in lumps frizzling away. The missus flushed crimson, put up to it no doubt, and says that's the cause. “No m'm” says I, (if you tell a lie, tell a big one.) “It was because the poulterer sent me a chicken, with a bad inside, it was quite black. Well away she went at that convinced. I forgot to say I had full control of her wardrobe, and often took a turn out of her best satin gowns; she would say she wondered that dress wears so badly? “Oh m'm,” I'd remark, “it fades sitting in the ward-robe,” after I had walked it all down Eighth avenue and sponged mud I had got on it 3 inches deep. Many a time I wore her bonnets, out at evening church, and she'd say, “how pretty you look Jemima,” and that was all, but I comforted myself, she has so much to wear, and why should I not have a turn out of them.

But these were only small variations I played on my master's goods, the mistress was so careless, and being often hurried here and there the way a bride is, didn't mind her accounts. At first when I got her ribbons, and nick nacks, I'd give the change back correct, then I'd take a penny or two and add on to the price, as she never cared to see the bills, and one day when I was turning out her pockets I found her purse with gold in it; so I said to myself, its no more harm to take a ten dollar piece in the whole than in halves, and away I run with one to my own box, and locked it up, and sat down on it to be sure it was really tight.

I always hated master; there was no love to sell between us, and I think he was on the watch for some time, for after breakfast, missus asked me so gently. “Did you see ten dollars Jemima, I lost it the other day?” “No m'm” said I, but I'll search; then I went brushing everywhere, making pretend to be busy, then just pity me, that morning the



IF YOU WILL GO TO HEAR BOB INGERSOLL ON ORTHODOXY, DON'T GO HOME AND AIR HIS IDEAS TO YOUR WIFE, MORE ESPECIALLY IF SHE HAPPENS TO BE A METHODIST PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

master comes to the door with "You're wanted Jemima, here's somebody for you," it was a policeman, with a warrant to search all my things. I tried to stop him but down through all my finery he goes and opens a box I had put it into. Well, would you believe it! There was a hole in the corner of the trunk, and it had slipped into it, and I had been in such a hurry making it safe. As soon as the policeman said "It is not here." I caught sight of it rolled under the bed; so I pretended I had a pain in my stomach, knelt down and lifted it up, and put it into my pocket which had been searched, pretending I had falling sickness and did it so well all were deceived; and here I am without a character, but not on the Island, as I thought would have been the case; but master and mistress ought not to leave all to Jemimas like me.

Those Sifters.

SOME forty years ago, there was born in the state of Vermont, a pair of twins. They were united by a strange affinity in the shape of a flesh-rope, joining the two together just above the right hip. The Sweet Knox twins were the wonders of the present century; and the neighbors for miles around flocked to the roof under which they were born to view the curiosity. The little fellows kicked up their pink toes as small kids were ever wont to do. Barnum bid high for them, but the old gent who fathered the twins would not hear of the unholy proposition. The twins were early endowed with strict religious axioms and Sunday-school hymns. They were held in high respect by the good farmers who had apple orchards to look after; they were raised by foot as well as hand. They soon tired of the prosy surroundings and longed for green fields and pastures new. At sixteen years of age, they packed their wardrobe and went to Boston where they soon found paying occupation at the

hands of a clock maker. He started them in business, and the good New Englanders to this day have reason to remember the pretty boys who seduced them with good for nothing clocks. It got warm in New England for the pair of promising twins; and they hired out to a mackerel fisher, at which business they first entered fully upon their career. The salt breezes did not agree with them and they took the overland route to California. A kind doctor in St. Louis, performed an operation upon the rope of flesh which bound them together and—behold they were no longer twins with but a single throb; two hearts, etc. Knox bought a bowie knife and a fine tooth comb and started out with a band of scouts for the Golden Gate. Sweet bought a pack of cards and slid down the river. He was so unique with his little pack of cards that he entered New Orleans with seven hundred thousand dollars. He there got in with a cotton-king and made such dead loads of money that he had to move into Texas to find room enough to spread himself. Years passed by, and one dark and stormy night while crossing the wide expanse of the Texas plain, he was requested by a stranger to halt and deliver. That voice sounded familiar and he asked the stranger to do it again. When he lifted himself from the ground, he clasped the other about the neck and the two had a little midnight fracas all to themselves. The die was cast and the Sweet Knox twins were face to face. We will pass over the rest of the touching affair. They counted issues and found themselves possessed of one million of dollars. It was enough. They went to Austin, bought forty-two tons of foolscap, a printing press and a brown stone front and began to mould public opinion. The double horse sifting machine, which they erected in their manufactory of puns, mots and quiddets scattered its chaff all over this broad universe. Men bowed down and worshipped at their shrine of jollity and to day

—behold the result: they have written a book and—wonder of wonders that book, unlike most books, is a great and far reaching success. Their names shall go down to posterity as bright and shining lights among mirth makers. The great and glorious State of Texas is proud of its adopted princes of the pen and, if they'll only keep away from the senate chambers, they'll reign supreme for years to come. They are joint owners of seven canning establishments, thousands of heads of horned cattle, and cattle without horns, to say nothing of that sifting machine which sifts and sifts and never ceases to sift.

A Theatre-goer's Dream.

BILLEE TAYLOR took Black Eyed Susan to see H. M. S. Pinafore. On their way they meet Princess Ida who was looking for a Mascotte, but owing to want of Patience was unable to find Foggs Ferry. Just at that moment up came the Galley Slave on his way to Siberia. He told me he had Olivette and The Member for Slocum who were going on a trip Across the Continent. At the same hour who should arrive but the Edgewood Folks; also Michael Strogoff, then quite a Youth, who was going on a tour of the World in 80 Days. Splendid, said Iolanthe to the Black Crook, the Lights o' London are the finest sight I have seen since we left Enchantment. The Romany Rye had come up and hoisted the Black Flag as a signal to the Silver King that all was O. K. Richard and Buckingham thereupon shook hands and said they would soon have Jesse James and My Partner In The Ranks.

However, Fedora remarked that the Power of Money was something remarkable. Cad the Tomboy had plenty of Cash, likewise the White Slave who took in the Mighty Dollar at Muldoon's Picnic. Otto, Shaun Rhue and Jalma went a Voyage-en-Suisse but were delayed at Ten Mile Crossing, consequently when they arrived at their destination they found nothing but a Sea of Ice. M'liss and Baron Rudolph took the Bunch of Keys and Skipped by the Light of the Moon to the Government House. The Two Orphans aided by Rip Van Winkle were going to run for Congress but were overthrown by Only a Woman's Heart. The Banker's Daughter had her Photos stolen and they were recovered by the Little Detective who found them Storm Beaten on the Pavements of Paris. Davy Crockett said it was strictly business, Young Mrs. Winthrop said it was Cheek.

Hazel Kirke and Sam'l of Posen had a Terrible Time and but for the timely assistance of the Rajah and Peck's Bad Boy they would have been Banished for the rest of their Natural Life. The States Attorney who said he was Up to the Times was Foiled at Last by Gabriel Conroy and the Danites. Chris and Lena received their Reward and the Queen's Lace Handkerchief which they delivered to Lord Dundreary. The Flying Dutchman was on the road to the Devils Auction when he was pursued by Karl. Confusion to all quoth Fritz, I will give you all the Pop you want. My Chum and the Pirates of Penzance then took a Drink at Our Boarding House. My Sweetheart, Camille and the Lady of Lyons saw One of the Finest Hearts of Oak to be seen in the World; they also saw Bob and Little Nell walking with the Irish Minstrel Princess Chuck, in the Fresh morning. William Tell said it was a Lottery of Life. I now awoke and, behold, instead of being In Paradise it was nothing more than a Midsummer-nights dream. These are Facts.

W. E. S.

A Wretched Girl.

EXTRACT from a letter of an American girl abroad to a friend at home:

"I've a great bit of news to tell you, Matilda.

"The Prince of Wales was introduced to me at Ramsgate.

"They say he's a Guelph. What's a Guelph? Something horrid, I suppose.

"He said he found American ladies cleverer than English women.

"He is slightly bald headed, but his face is almost covered with hair.

"What a pity he's married.

"I know I made an impression on him, for he wanted to shake hands with me so often, especially when nobody was looking at us.

"I trembled a good deal. It is awful flustering to stand behind the curtain of a bay window and have a man who is going to be king of England squeeze your hand.

"When Lord Reginald—I forget his other name—came up and interrupted us, I could have screamed for disappointment.

"O, Matilda, if I have to return and go among common folks again I know I shall die.

"But there's no escape from it.

"The future is a dull, dreary blank.

"What is life to me now, Matilda, except to eat caramels?"

YOUR WRETCHED LOUISE."

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Anxious for Father.

"MAMMA," said a small boy, "do you believe everything papa says?"

"Of course, my child," replied the mother, with wifely pride.

"Everything, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, everything."

"Well, I don't."

"Hush, you wicked boy; you mustn't talk so. What did your papa ever say that you couldn't believe?"

"You know that widow on the next square, who always looks so sour at us boys?"

"You mean that pretty Mrs. Bonton?"

"She's the one. I heard papa tell her yesterday that she was the sweetest woman in town, and then he gave her a bunch of flowers, and it made me so ashamed to hear him tell such a story that I ran away and wouldn't let him know I had caught him in it."

"That will do, my child," said the mother, with a peculiar look in her gentle face, "run out and play and I will tell your father when he comes in that he must be particular not to destroy his son's confidence in his veracity."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

Discouraging.

AN Austin youth imagines that he is a great elocutionist. His strong card is reading the ghost scene in "Hamlet." An old actor was called in to express his opinion on the youth's fitness for the stage.

"Don't you think I can do the ghost in 'Hamlet' pretty well?"

"I think some other character would suit you better. You ought to have given up the ghost long ago."

"Then you mean I don't stand a ghost of a show of becoming a great actor?"

"No, I don't think you stand a ghost of a show as long as you are alive."—*Texas Siftings.*

Show Your Hands.

ENTERING an Austin watchmaker's establishment, a country negro produced the hands of a clock, and observed to the astonished watchmaker:

"Boss, I wants yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jess don't keep no kere't time for moah den six mumsf."

"Vere has you got de glock?" interrogated the German proprietor of the establishment.

"Out at de house on Injun Creek."

"Ven you brings him in?"

"Whaffor you want de clock?"

"I wants to fix dot glock mit der hands."

"Of course you fixes it wid your han's. Who said you was gwinter fix it wid yer toes?"

"I must hab de glock."

"Didn't I tole yer dar was nuffin de matter wid de clock, 'ceptin' de han's and I have done brung em to yer. Yoo jess wants de clock so you kin tinker wid it, and charge me like de debble. Gim me back dem hans,"

and taking them away from the designing German, he went out to hunt up another establishment.—*Texas Siftings.*

An Idle Husband an Idol.

MRS. JENSON had a lazy husband and was foolishly fond of him. One day she said to a sensible lady friend of hers:

"Really, it may sound foolish to say it, but I just worship my husband."

"You oughtn't to do it. It's wrong."

"Not very, I hope."

"Yes it is, if the divine injunction against that sort of thing is worth anything."

"Why, the Bible doesn't say anything against that, does it?"

"Of course, don't you know it says you mustn't worship anything that's idle?"—*Merchant Traveler.*

'Twas Lonesome Without Her.

"Say, Smith, are you coming down town to-night?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, my hired girl left this morning and Mary will be lonesome by herself."

"My hired girl left this morning, too, and that's why I'm coming down. I'd be awful lonesome with Maggie."—*Washington Hatchet.*

The Way to Work It.

HARLINGTON wanted to stand his landlady off for a couple of weeks' board and so at the breakfast table he said in a loud tone of voice:

"Ah, Mrs. Hendricks?"

"Yes, Mr. Harlington."

"Ah, will you be kind enough to pour a little cold water in my coffee? It is too strong and hot."

After breakfast she said:

"Certainly, Mr. Harlington, I will accommodate you willingly."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Who She Is.

"WHAT does Susan B. mean?" asked the teacher.

"Anthony," said Sammy Hart.

"What Anthony?" jokingly asked the teacher.

"Mark Anthony!" replied Sammy.

"No."

"Mark Anthony's mother!" yelled Johnny Sharp.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Soon will the merry picnic days
In season roll around,
When, to escape sun's fierce rays,
We'll seek the shaded ground,
Where ants have a peculiar knack
Of wandering from their bed
And wandering up a fellow's back
With slow and measured tread.

—*Bismarck Tribune.*

He Had Been a Referee.

A MAN with blackened eyes, a broken nose and wearing his arm in a sling, was seen going along one of the streets of Boston the other day. An acquaintance meeting him inquired the reason of his battered condition.

"Have you been run through a saw mill?" he asked.

"No. Oh, no."

"Why, what on earth has happened to you then?"

"Oh, I was referee of a polo match at the skating rink and I decided against both clubs."—*Somerville Journal.*

Too Tough.

LATE one evening recently a New York goat of the William persuasion and tender years, though robust stomach, returned to to the bosom of his family with an expression of pain upon his countenance and a suspicious contortion about the stomach.

"Oh, my son," said his grave and reverend sire, "you are ailing—you have eaten something indigestible. What is it?"

"I know not, father," returned young William. "All I have lunched on this evening was a few circus posters on a bill board around the corner."

"It is as I thought, my son," nodded the old stager. "You have swallowed one or two of those stories concerning the white elephant. I saw them myself, my son, and decided not to go them. They looked too tough for even my muscular gastric juice. But here is a choice assortment of tin cans and old shoes. Eat a few of these and by the time they mix with the circus bill in your stomach I think the kinks will be pretty effectually removed. You cannot be too careful about eating what you find on the bill boards these times."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Changing the Subject.

"YOUR mother and father are well, Miss De Cook?" asked young Featherly, who was making an evening call.

"Papa is enjoying excellent health," replied the young lady, toying gracefully with her fan, "but mamma, I am sorry to say, is far from robust."

"Indeed!" said Featherly, putting on an anxious look and getting in a little genteel work; "her condition is not serious, I trust?"

"Oh, no; nothing alarming. We have been without a servant for a week past and dear mamma is beginning to feel the effects of it, that is all. It is a great trial to us. Are you an admirer of Whistler's etchings, Mr. Featherly?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WAGNER CONCERTS" are becoming the rage in this country. The trouble with such concerts is, that about four-fifths of the audience sit through the entire performance wondering when the members of the orchestra are going to get through tuning up their instruments.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE steamer Alert is said to be unseaworthy. This fact indicates that she is exactly fitted for Arctic work.—*Boston Post*.

A CHICAGO man has discovered a wonderful force that is going to supplant the steam engine. He has probably been experimenting with his own breath.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

IN the recent western floods the report of one of Joseph Cook's lectures was found after the water had subsided. It was perfectly dry.—*Boston Post*.

THE cashier of the bank at Newton, Ill., lost the bank money in corn options. Dear, dear! how those corn doctors do charge, anyway.—*Burlington Free Press*.

IT has just leaked out that John Taylor, president of the Mormon church called Patti "a delicious darling," and tried to embrace her. He didn't mean it. He acted involuntarily, through force of habit.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

OH, my son, prize fighters never go to war. They know that a cannon ball, bent upon knocking a man out in one round, doesn't stop and go back to its own corner merely because a man lies down. You never hear of a prize fighter fighting anywhere unless there is lots of gate money behind the fight.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

MRS. MULLONY—It was a foine night last night, Mrs. Dempsey. Mrs. Dempsey—Indeed it was, Mrs. Mullony. Mrs. Mullony—And there was a big crowd out last night, Mrs. Dempsey. Mrs. Dempsey—Shure there was, Mrs. Mullony. There was as many as twenty-five hundred out. Mrs. Mullony—Oh, there was more than that, Mrs. Dempsey. There was as many as two thousand.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A MERCHANT TRAVELER at dinner requested the waiter to bring him a piece of rare beef, and when it came, it was rare indeed.

"Waiter?" he remarked warningly, as he looked at the undone dish.

"Yes, sah," responded the dorky.

"Take this beef out, please, and kill it."

The waiter crawled into a napkin ring and disappeared.—*Merchant Traveler*.

"I SEE by the paper," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, "that your friend Jones has had a handsome bull dog presented to him by his admiring friends."

"Good gracious, is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Brown; how injudicious! why that will ruin him."

"Ruin him; why so?"

"Why, the man has four marriageable daughters that he is trying to get off his hands."—*Somerville Journal*.

THERE is hardly anybody so ignorant that he does not appreciate the danger of fooling with an unloaded pistol. Loaded pistols miss fire, or if they go off are apt to miss the persons aimed at, but the unloaded pistols, never. Not long since, an Austin gentleman was awakened by somebody monkeying at the shutter. He knew at once that it was a burglar. He did not relish the idea of having a dead burglar on his conscience; besides, being a poor shot he was afraid the burglar might fire back. Out of consideration for the burglar he said in a loud voice, "I believe this pistol is not loaded." Next morning the tracks in the garden revealed the fact that the burglar had averaged seventeen feet in his jumps and had cleared a seven-foot fence. It was a good joke on the burglar as the pistol contained seven ball cartridges.—*Texas Siftings*.

"CAN you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a seedy-looking chap of a reporter. "Certainly," replied the reporter, "bring in your drink."—*Burlington Free Press*.

THE Democrats might as well nominate Tilden, his old age and decrepitude notwithstanding. No man they can nominate will live long enough to be elected.—*Peoria Transcript*.

BELMONT, N. H., boasts of a woman who "goes out and chops wood with her husband." It is customary to use an axe, but he may be an unusually sharp man.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

IN Sweden workmen are paid 10 to 25 cents for 12 hours' labor. But they do not have the awful responsibility that workmen in this country have of managing the government.—*Boston Post*.

JONES has been in the habit of taking physic in the spring for twenty years. He says he does not know as it does him any good, but he thinks it shows his physical endurance.—*Boston Advertiser*.

THE recent Wagner musical festival held in Boston proved so successful financially, that Mr. Wagner thinks seriously of giving up the sleeping-car business, and devoting his time to music.—*Marlborough Times*.

THE sun cast its deep red reflection on the moon last night. There is an ominous portentousness about natural phenomena nowadays, that would have made a "perfect picnic" for the astrologers of old, in their day.—*Hartford Post*.

"Call the A. Q. and Y. a slow road? My dear sir, you have been misinformed. It is the fastest road in the country, and always has been. Why, it passed its dividends the very first year, and has continued to pass them ever since."—*Boston Transcript*.

AN Ohio girl, when jilted by her lover, didn't sue him for breach of promise. But she frightened him back to her by threatening to send to a Dime Museum as a curiosity the letter in which he called her "his deer" at least fifty times.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

BURLINGTON, IA., is discussing ways and means to make good the \$28,000 it has heretofore annually received from saloon licenses. Some recommend a \$1 tax on bald headed residents and others think it would be better to tax those who vote for prohibition and practice license.—*Boston Post*.

"Now, Johnny, if six men can do a piece of work in one day, how long will it take one man to do it?" asked an Austin school teacher of a sharp little boy. "The school teacher is a fool if he thinks I can answer that question," whispered Johnny in a low voice to the next boy. "Speak out, Johnny, I dare say you are right," replied the pedagogue.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE Hon. John L. Sullivan, of Boston, has a new baby, which he is very proud of.

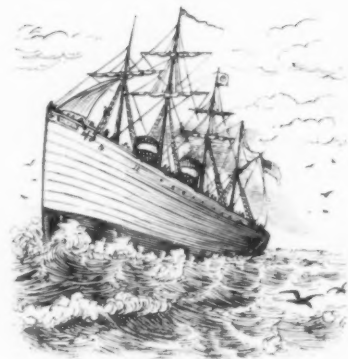
At times he finds it necessary to administer to it corporeal punishment, and it was on one of these occasions recently that Mrs. Sullivan interrupted the proceedings with the cry of "foul."

"Wot's the matter with yez?" demanded the Hon. John, looking up at his wife.

"Ye are striking the child below the belt."—*Philadelphia Call*.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort, cums an old shu." He probably never suffered with a cough or cold, otherwise he would have referred to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as being also a good thing to secure relief and comfort.

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Whether on business or on pleasure bent
You go from home, or stay there well content;
Whether the season be from Arctic regions sent,
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'Tis wisdom, then, while fate doth yet relent,
To pluck the flower safely ere fate such grace repent.

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It doesn't cost anything to remember the poor, but if you want the poor to remember you, it will cost you something.—*Whitehall Times.*

As it must appear in England: "Ello, Tommy. Hi 'ear you're learning to hact." "Ya s, I'm going to Hamerica next season."—*Boston Post.*

A CAMEL will work for seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men who will drink seven or eight days without working.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE seventeen-year locusts may be recognized by the fact that they come regularly every year. Other kinds are different. They skip a year now and then.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE following excuse was written to a Southbridge school teacher: "Tomie stade home cuz he had no close and that's exkuz enuff god nose." Tomie was "exkuzed."—*Peck's Sun.*

IN the blizzard country. Man, pointing musingly over the hills and far away: "Yes, I came West to look after my property. I am looking after it now. There go the house and barn!"—*Life.*

LUCY LARCOM, the poet and writer, was formerly a Lowell mill girl. This will no doubt cause some ungrammatical shoddyites with no ideas above a cabbage, to look down on her.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A MAINE man, just at liberty after ten years in prison, has reformed with a vengeance. He goes so far as to insist on paying for an umbrella he once stole and pawned for ruin.—*Biddeford Journal.*

IN ten years there have been 174 murders and five executions in Chicago; one execution in every two years, and one murder every two weeks. How disgusted the dealers in hemp must be there.—*Boston Globe.*

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, being asked if there were any new authors of special promise, answered: "Not one. There is no literary movement of any kind under way." Do you hear that, Mr. Blaine?"—*Chicago News.*

JOB is always quoted as having been a most patient man, but we would like to offer a large amount to any one who will prove that his wife ever made him tack down a stair carpet with the back of a hair brush.—*Boston Post.*

SOME Democrats profess to believe that they are going to win next fall because it is their turn to win. That sort of reasoning will not hold good. Luck very often runs bad for thirty-five or forty years and then grows worse.—*National Republican.*

"DO BIRDS THINK?" asks a writer in opening a current article. If they do, we should like to know what a canary bird thinks of the woman who stands up in a chair and "talks baby" through the brass wires of the cage.—*Providence Star.*

AT the recent City election in Marshall Mich. M. V. WAGNER, Esq., was re-elected Mayor by a largely increased majority. The Marshall STATESMAN (a Republican paper), in commenting on the result says: "Mayor M. V. WAGNER's majority was larger this year than last. Evidently his stirring administration has found favor in the eyes of many Republicans. While we would have preferred seeing a Republican in the chair, we are certain there is no other man in the city who would bear the honors of the office more gracefully or work more heartily for the best interests of the town." Mr. Wagner is a practical business man, thoroughly systematic and possessed of untiring energy. As the active manager of the Voltaic Belt Co. of Marshall, Mich., whose goods have been so long and extensively advertised as to guarantee their merit, he has built up an enormous business not only throughout the country, but also in every part of the world

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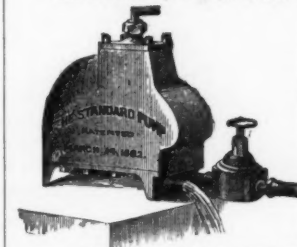
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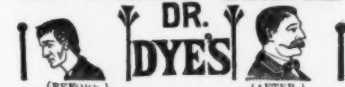
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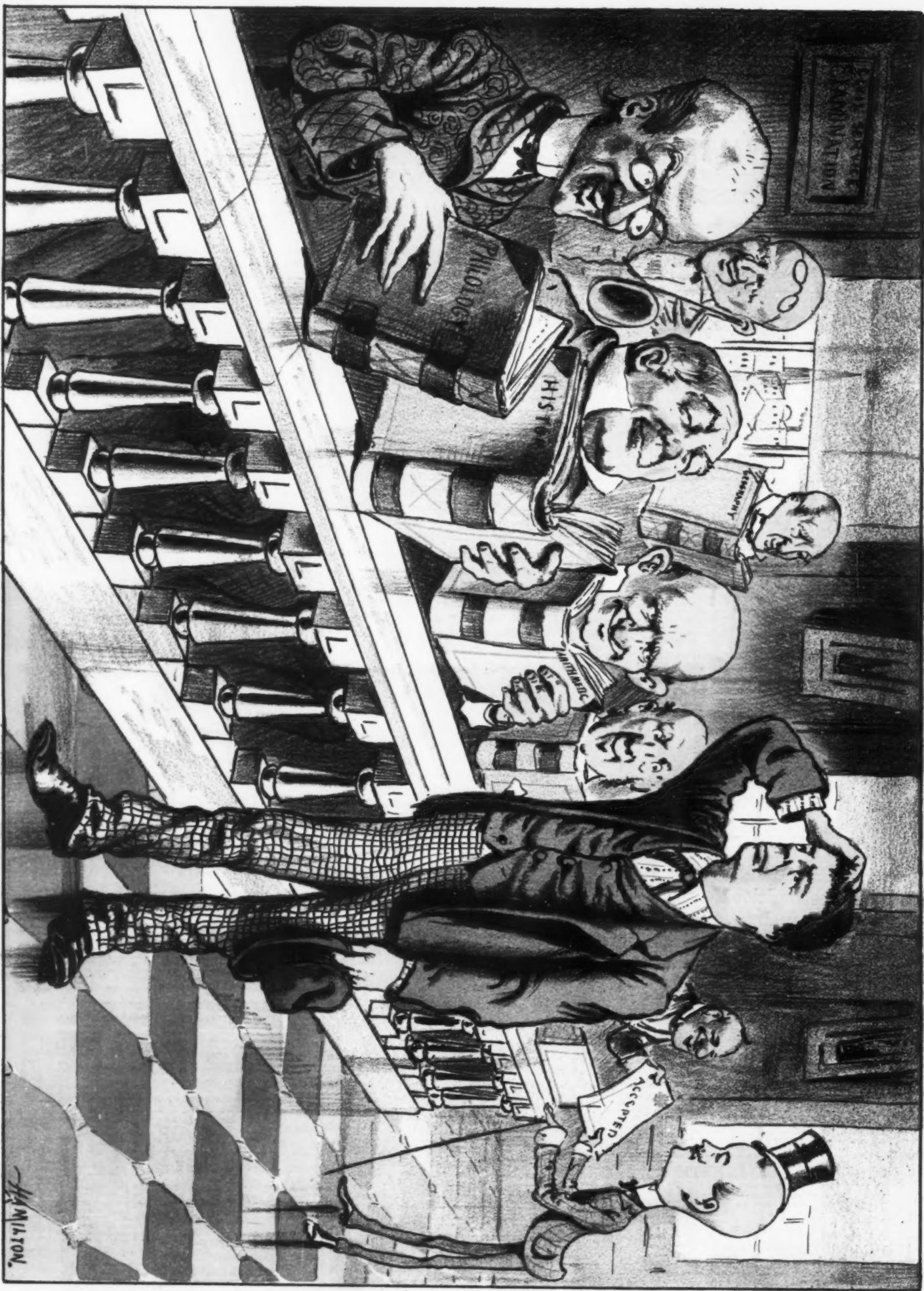
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THE JUDGE



CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

MILTON.