

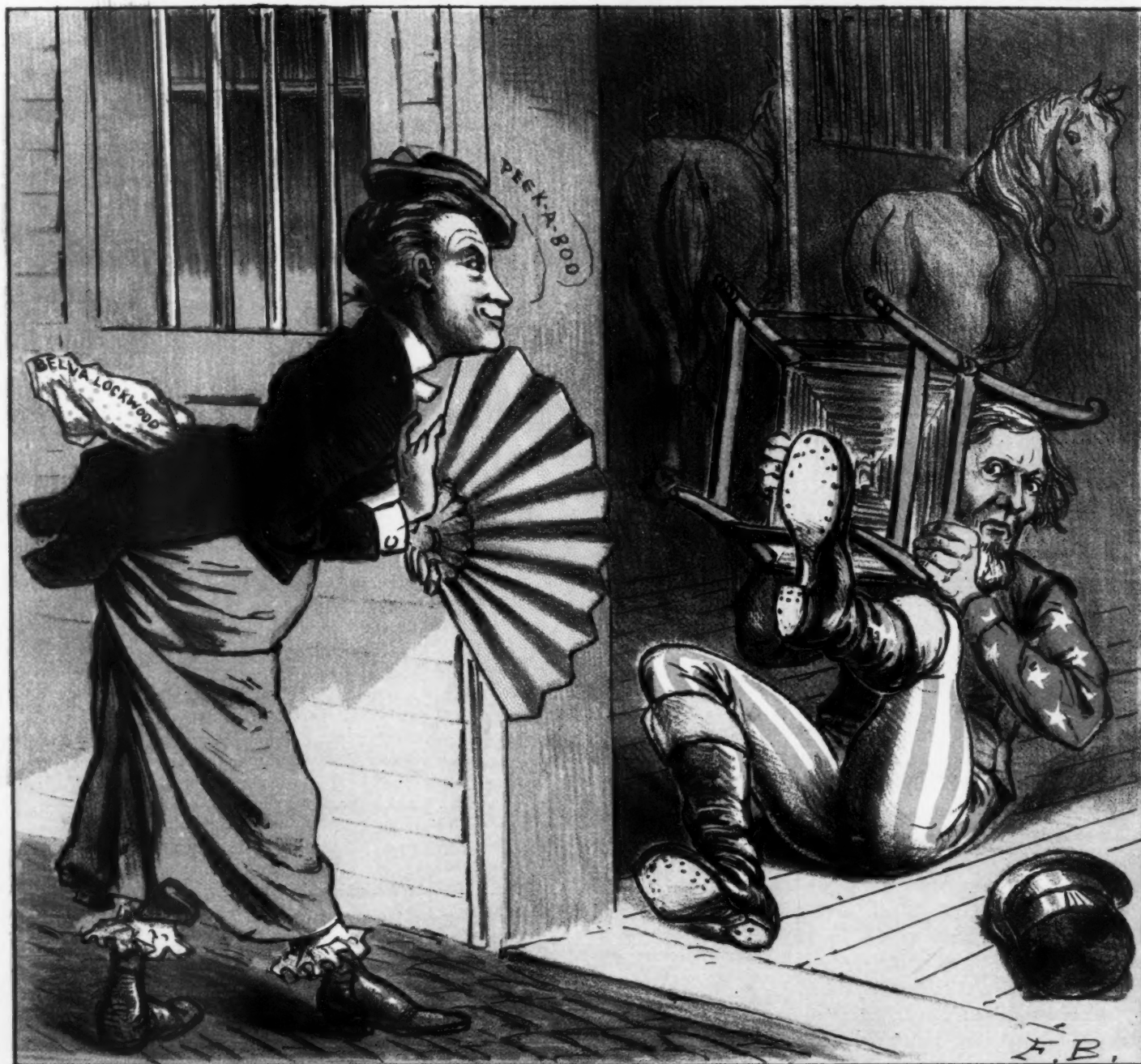


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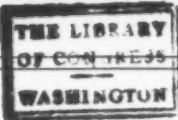
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NO MASH HERE.

Not this coachman, some other coachman, Belva, dear!

F. B.
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VOLUME VII.

THE JUDGE greets his readers at the opening of his Seventh Volume at a time of great political turmoil and national excitement. In a few weeks the country will be called upon to elect its chief magistrate, and party feeling at the moment naturally runs high. It is gratifying to both THE JUDGE and his readers to feel that they are on the right side, and, so far as human intelligence can forecast, on the winning side. Since THE JUDGE last addressed his friends, at the commencement of his sixth volume, he is pleased to feel that his sphere of influence has been widely and rapidly extended, and it is with a complaisant glow, pardonable under the circumstances, that he realizes

that his efforts have not been wasted—that in the last six months he has moved forward to the position he has coveted—that of the leading illustrated comic paper of the United States. The course that has brought him to that goal shall be persisted in to the end. His aim has been to please, to divert, and incidentally to instruct. From his political principles, which may be summed up as "the greatest good to the greatest number," and which are consequently Republican at this juncture, he will never shrink. The defection that has disgraced the Republican party in this city he deplors while he ridicules; but the traitors have chosen their course and the time for argument is past. And in thanking his largely extended circle of readers and friends for their kind appreciation of his efforts, THE JUDGE reverts with pride to the good fight we have all fought together throughout Volume VI., and looks forward confidently to the glorious victory which shall ere long be proudly chronicled in

Volume VII.

EATING CROW.

GROVER CLEVELAND, since his name first came prominently before the people as a presidential candidate, has been posing in many different attitudes, and masquerading in many different disguises, but in none very successfully. It being generally admitted that he had no special ability, and having enjoyed no previous training, his qualifications for the office were not much dwelt upon, and he was presented to the world in the role of the great moral reformer. Then people began to inquire what he had ever reformed, and soon came the terrible story of Maria Halpin to scatter all his pretensions of morality to the winds. Here was a pretty state of affairs! The reform part of the programme collapsed altogether, and the morality was supplanted by a statement of unbridled licentiousness and subsequent heartlessness and cruelty, which read more like a page from the chronicles of a police court, than a chapter from the life of a great moral reformer.

His special aptitude for the duties of President was next dwelt upon; but here again the doll proved to be stuffed with sawdust. Short as was Grover Cleveland's letter of acceptance, he managed within its limits to convict himself of the grossest present ignorance and prospective incompetence. He regarded the duties of a president as "merely executive"—a phrase probably derived from a memory of his hangman days.

This knocked away the last prop, and Cleveland collapsed promptly. Long before this he had been deserted by the culture and intelligence of the Democratic party; a good

many of the rank and file now followed suit, and Cleveland's main support was found in the handful of sore head Republicans who had bolted Blaine, and did not see their way clear to getting back again. They had made hopeless pariahs of themselves, and though the gilding was pretty well rubbed off their idol, they had no alternative but to shut their eyes and adore him still.

This epoch of the campaign—which was reached some weeks ago and continues still—is full of a saturnine species of humor. It is fraught with the quaintest expressions from Independent lips, and is lively with the grotesque contortions of the sore heads in their efforts to sustain their candidate. It is now we have Henry Ward Beecher describing Cleveland as "an Angel of Light"; it is now we have Curtis and Nast dipping pen and pencil in whitewash, and trying, with a pitiful persistence, to persuade the people that an Ethiopian has changed his skin, and a leopard his spots.

Well, if people are forced to eat crow, we cannot blame them if they attempt to garnish the bird with the tail feathers of a pheasant. It may not make the dish any more palatable, but it may, perchance, deceive a casual passer-by into the belief that the morsel is not so unsavory as it looks.

BELVA LOCKWOOD.

WHILE the Blaine forces are marching steadily to victory, and the great work of the campaign goes on, there is no lack of side shows and wayside incidents to beguile the tedium of the campaign. Ben Butler may be counted on for something, and he never disappoints an audience. St. John furnishes a text for innumerable campaign jokes, and then, when all else fails, we have Belva Lockwood, who, in the classic language of W. S. Gilbert, may be described as "a radiant being with a brain far-seeing," but who is unfortunate in living some two or three hundred years before the world is ready for her, "but in other respects she is doing quite well." She represents the down-trodden sisterhood at the present juncture, and when she is president, she will see to it that this unholy crusade against "Mother Hubbards" is put an immediate stop to, and that such ornaments to the world as Dr. Mary Walker and Susan B. Anthony shall be properly respected. Belva Lockwood, with a reticence which is rare with her sex, has not yet published the list of her cabinet officers. However, she has already bespoken the services of Ella Wheeler as poet laureate, which is a step in the right direction. Belva, dear—or Belvidere, as we had perhaps better spell it, lest we wound the lady's sweet susceptibles by undue familiarity—is going to have woman properly recognized in everything,—mind you, in EVERYTHING, and if she had only postponed her advent for a few centuries, she would have headed a very large and pow-

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erful party—"and so would her sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts."

At present, though, the fair Belva has the field to herself, and the world wonders at her, and THE JUDGE admires her.

BLIND FURY.

THE man who deliberately and with sufficient violence runs his head against a stone wall, generally leaves his brains on the hither side of it. But stay! What if, as his actions seem to render probable, he have no brains? Well, then, he will get off with a sore head. And what if he have a sore head already, as have those who are blindly butting against the colossal pyramid of popular appreciation and esteem on which Mr. Blaine stands? In that case their heads will get sorer before they get through, that is all.

All which is an allegory, but one very easily read. Mr. Blaine's progress through the country has been one sustained ovation. It recalls, while it exceeds, the enthusiasm with which the news of his nomination was received. Nothing has ever been known like it. It is the spontaneous tribute of a great nation to its chosen chief. And in the midst of it all, a little knot of disaffected purists—who have, or fancy they have some reason for disliking Blaine—raise their feeble voices against him, and, shutting their eyes resolutely to the tremendous evidences of his popularity, say that he never can be elected. And why? Is it because Curtis, Jones, Schurz, Bennett, and some few dozens of others oppose him? As the *Sun* well remarks, when they are enumerated, each of these men will count but as one. He represents no party, group, or organization. The Republican bolters represent less than one vote in every thousand, even in New York State—a proportion too infinitesimal to be counted—and elsewhere non-existent.

What headaches they will have before they have succeeded in butting down the mighty monument on which his admiring countrymen have placed James G. Blaine.

An enterprising Republican artist undertook to tattoo Cleveland, but being a faithful party man he gave up the job when he found that every color he applied only helped to conceal something of the original universal blackness.

"FELLOW citizens, Cleveland was born in New Jersey (great applause) and removed to New York (tremendous enthusiasm). Blaine was born in Pennsylvania (great laughter) and removed to Maine (roars of laughter)." Here the orator sat down. He afterwards explained: "I thought it best to get out while the play was good. A crowd so dotted thick in the head, or so halfcocked with whiskey as to shout and laugh themselves hoarse over a dry statement of a couple of dry facts couldn't be expected to keep up their enthusiasm and their appreciation of genuine humor till I came to the splendid passage comparing Cleveland to Washington, and to the capital jokes about the tattoo business."



HOW "A VERY SMALL MAN," IS MANAGED.

H. O. THOMPSON—"No; a small man like you must keep quiet, don't talk, don't write, and Davidson and I will see what we can for your election. Here is the "World" to keep up your spunk with."

Monographs.

TOUGH BUT TRUE.

OH, Grover C. swears roundly, swears he. That he'll raise sweet Cain with Jas. G. Blaine In the fight for the Presidency. But, you can bet all the same, James B. has the key To the White House door, and Grover will be Left out in the cold, unknown to fame As Grover C., His Excellence, Chief of all magistrates in these United States.

D. O. GERREL.

Stage-struck—knocked down by an omnibus.

They say Mrs. Lockwood is making a great bustle in this campaign.

The miss-take of a life-time—making a bad choice of a wife.

"Called Back"—the man who tries to skin out without paying for his drink.

Cleveland is to the Democratic party as the figure-head is to the ship—ornamental, perhaps, but useless.

God never made a coquette, Clarence, so don't rail at Him; rail rather at the breeched fools who by their vapping asininity made the coquette possible.

Everyone is supposed to know his own business best, yet it is a curious fact that some persons are utterly unable to distinguish between their own and other people's business.

There is something peculiarly idealic about the brakeman, something which tenderly appeals to the imagination and touches

the finest chords in our natures—as, for instance, when he opens the car-door about a foot, yells, "Cen'lv! t'n min't's st'p!!!" and bangs it to again with a report that loosens every tooth in your head, and makes you wish you had been buried before you were born.

A politician, my boy, is a man who always sees a fat office just ahead of him, but seldom feeds upon the fullness thereof. He is forever chasing *ignes fatui*, and usually dies in the pursuit.

Said a bigoted man, the other night: "Democrats are naturally dirty. I've never yet seen any of them with clean shirts on their backs."

"That may be," said a friend standing near, "but clean or not, they are very expensive all the same."

"How do you know that?" "Why, I thought everybody knew their Schurz cost more than anything else they own. You see—"

But the company had fled, and further explanation would have been wasted.

THE COLD DAY AND THE ULSTER.

A Cold Day dropped into town on urgent business. Passing down a side street, three gilded balls attracted his attention to the window over which they hung. The Cold Day stopped and looked in.

An Ulster was in the window making frantic efforts to escape from a Five Dollar Bill that had hold of it.

When the Ulster saw the Cold Day it redoubled its violent efforts to get away from the burly Bill.

5. m. 9/18/1930



TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE, AND DEFEAT OF CRIME.

As the Cold Day was wondering what all the trouble was about, a very slim Slim with a bundle under its arm approached the spot. On seeing the Cold Day, the Slim shivered till its funny little legs looked like broken reeds in a gale of wind.

The Slim hastened into the shop where the ulster was making a holy show of itself, and unrolled the bundle it carried. There were in it a summer overcoat, a linen duster, a Waterbury watch, a trade dollar, ten soda water checks, three excursion tickets to Coney Island, and a double-rolled gold scarf pin, ripe for the brass foundry.

When the ulster saw this dazzling display it plucked up courage, and knocking the Bill gasping into a corner, leaped upon the back of the Slim, who passed out of the shop with a haughty stare at the amazed Cold Day, and made off with a don't-give-a-damn sort of accent to its walk.

The Cold Day finished its business sooner than expected, and the city was left by him that very night.

The Slim was also left—in a hole.
So was the Ulster—in hock again.

ONE of the Cleveland organs makes much of the alleged fact that the Democratic candidate "has, in all the offices which he ever held been a stern enforcer of the law." To be sure. The Governor may pardon, but the hangman never lets up.

A Goatville Lyric.

AIR: "Kathleen Mavourneen."

O Bridget, ould 'oman, yill y'ever be wakin?
The devils of goats have bruk loose to the hill:
An' the gandher is aillin', I know by his shquakin'—
I'll be bound he was stoned by that brat, young
McGill.
Sure the innocent pig with the hunger is screamin';
An' divil a bit kin the hins foind to ate;
An' be this and be that, wid your shnorin' an'
dramein',
As sure as I shpit, for me job I'll be late.
An' there's Patsy's breeches—his death he'll be
catchin'—
Wid a hole in the sate, that's as big as the doore;
And the same whin yez ought—if ye'd shame—to be
patchin',
Ye're stretched out like a baste and do nothing
but shnor.
Git up, now, I tell yez—the break 'ust be makin'—
Begob, 'tis too late! there's the sivin o'clock bell!
Where's me shovel an' hod? O, 'tis now that ye're
wakin'?
O, whin I come home, faix I'll larrup ye well!
DAN DE LYON.

TO-DAY the vital question for Grover is not whether he will carry New York, but—whether New York will carry him much longer.

Modern Crusades.

"Down with Monopoly!"
"Down with the foe
Unto honest labor,
Who sees his wealth grow!"
"Down with each blatant
Demagogue ass!"
"Down with Ben. Butler,
And men of his class!"
These are two samples
Of popular cries;
Making Americans'
Hot passions rise.
But a later *ukase*,
Now brings distress;
It's "Down with the 'Mother
Hubbard' loose dress!"

"JEF. JOSELYN."

SOME Republicans scornfully ask whether Grover Cleveland is a man capable of filling the chair in which Washington and Lincoln sat. Recall the figure of the tall lean Virginian, and the lank raw-boned son of Illinois; then take a good rear view of our squat Governor, and doubt no longer that he is capable of filling two or three such chairs. But what then? Is the chief duty of our chief magistrate the filling of this or that chair?

THE POLITICAL BOODLE HUNTER'S "TRIO."



CLEVELAND.

At the hangman's fake
Oh! I take the cake
For swinging them high pays, you see
And I'll show you all,
Whether slim or tall,
It's the Booodle, the Booodle for me.



SCHURZ.

Its a very grand sight
To see me each night,
The way I can wiggle is free,
I can turn inside out,
And for \$200 will spout—
The Booodle, the Booodle for me.



MANNING.

When Cleveland gets in,
I'll collar the tin,
For I'm Boss Dan Manning you see,
And I'll have you all know
I am running this show
For BOODLE, the Booodle for me.

THE BLOWER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 32, 1884.

NOT "HIGH WATER MARK," BUT PLAIN,
HONEST FACTS! (?)

The circulation of this paper has at
last reached the unprecedented number
of 176,524 1-2!!!

We swear it!!

OUTLOOK IN OHIO.

APPEARANCES POINT TO A TERRIBLE DEFEAT
FOR THE G. O. P.

Cincin. Oct. 10th, '84.—Your correspon-
dent has just completed interviewing every
man in the State of Ohio, and finds that the
Republican party will only get about one
thousand and two votes, while the Demo-
cratic majority will be not less than 'steen
million.

These are about as near the facts, as I
could possibly get. (176,524 1-2.)

I also called on Mr. Blaine during my
journey through the State. (176,524 1-2.)
He looks pale and worn, and is not at all
anguine of success.

176,524 1-2.

In an interview with Mr. Steve Elkins, he
says that he is sure Ohio is lost, and intends
to bolt the Republican party, and vote for
he "seducer." (176,524 1-2.)

Our Platform.

A Platform on which every American Citizen (including his
wife, irrespective of sex or party, can stand with comfort.

WHILE we shall never cease to regard
Satan's fraudulent entry into the Garden of
Eden as a premeditated violation of the Con-
stitution, and an outrage that the American
people will never condone, yet, at the same
time, we believe Herod's massacre of the Inno-
cents as uncalled for and excessive. We also
give our unqualified approval to the Yosemite
Valley, the memory of the immortal Washing-
ton, the American side of the Niagara Falls,
and the dispensations of an all wise Provi-
dence; and solemnly pledge ourselves to resist
all attempts to repeal the same. Further, we
shall use our most strenuous exertions to
frown down corruption and enforce the law
of gravitation.

PENSIONS.

While denouncing as unpatriotic all
schemes for pensioning the soldiers of the
Punic wars, we favor the policy of giving
pensions to all the surviving widows of the
Revolution, whether their husbands be living
or dead.

THE TARIFF.

We are in favor of a tariff for revenue only
and also in favor of a tariff not for revenue
only, and if our fellow citizens are unani-
mously in favor of this view of the tariff
question, then we give it our unqualified
approval.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Though we believe the ballot box to be the
palladium of our liberties, we oppose giving
the ballot to the grizzly bear and the prairie
dog, while we rally around the American flag
and hog. We are opposed to the radical
principles of the cyclone, and reaffirm the
doctrine that the pole-cat is one of the loud-
est smelling of our institutions.

PROHIBITION.

While opposed to sumptuary laws in the
abstract, we nevertheless cheerfully indorse
the habit of drinking nothing but liquids,

and believe dynamite to be on the whole an
explosive substance. In dealing with this
momentous question, we pledge ourselves
never to lose sight of the cherished princi-
ples of the fathers and among these princi-
ples we recognize: 1, the inalienable right of
sleeping with eyes shut; 2, the right of
bearing legs as well as arms; and, 3, the
right of using the latter for the purpose of
walking.

THE NAVY.

In regard to our navy, though we point
with pride to the fact that none of our iron-
clads was ever clad in silk, we should never-
theless regard it as highly unpatriotic for
our gallant naval commanders to use the
smoke stacks or other public property for
private night-caps, or to wear their spurs on
the shoulder. At the same time, recognizing
the fact that a vast majority of our fellow
citizens regard the schooner as a more capa-
cious vessel than the pony, we cheerfully re-
commend our brave seamen to find themselves
on every occasion superior to the enemy.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

In dealing with the aboriginal race, whose
welfare is so largely in our hands, we shall
always adhere to the humane, yet strictly
just view that some eminent scholars are not
agreed on the question whether the Indian
word Niagara should have the accent on the
second, or on the third syllable.

THE MORMON QUESTION.

While we repudiate with indignation the
policy of governmental interference in domes-
tic affairs of the citizen, our views on the
question of polygamy remain unchanged; and
we boldly declare that Utah is a territory
bounded on the east by Colorado, and that,
though arid in some parts, it abounds in
picturesque views that must commend them-
selves to the heart of every true American,
and we denounce all legislation inconsistent
with this policy as fraught with danger.

CHINESE EMIGRATION.

Recognizing the fact that Chinese labor is
a problem the solution of which will require
the collective wisdom of all our most eminent



ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD.

FIRST GENT OF LEISURE—"I see de paper says that Blaine's election is sure to prostrate labor."

SECOND GENT—"Yes, and make capital idle too; its very bad for us either way."

statesmen, we deem it more important than ever to reaffirm the doctrine that Confucius is regarded as one who has been regarded as an eminent citizen of China, while on the other hand the pigtail, notwithstanding its deficiency as a fly chaser and its inherent tendency (in its native state) to curl up, yet since nature has seen fit to adorn it with the rear quarters of the young of the swine, we nevertheless rally around the fact that to compel it (the pigtail) to wear a native born American citizen would be contrary to the spirit if not to the letter of the Constitution.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

We firmly adhere to the time honored Monroe doctrine that James Monroe succeeded James Madison as President of the United States, and respectfully invite foreign nations to take the same view. While we should preserve a becoming reticence in regard to the proceedings of foreign governments, we cannot refrain from denouncing as a disgrace to the civilization of the age Pharaoh's treatment of the children of Israel, and we hereby indorse the patriotic course which the Red Sea took in the premises. At the same time, though believing it to be the duty of our government to take the part of the oppressed, yet in view of international relations we believe it wrong for Congress to foment a war between the Czar and the Emperor of Russia; to stir up strife between the Queen of England and the British crown, or to egg on the Dutch to make an attack on Holland. We further pledge our unqualified admiration to a ship canal across the Atlantic

Ocean for the purpose of improving the navigation of the Andes. As to Cuba we favor the conservative policy of those eminent statesmen who have never ceased to regard it as an island surrounded by water on every side. For the same reason we should in our intercourse with the South American Republics scrupulously abstain from every attempt to obstruct the ancient right of way which the sun has of crossing the equator, and which the equator has of crossing Brazil.

MACKEL.

Grover's my name,
Albany's my station,
But all the same

If I don't keep an eye on him Ben Butler
will be my da—, I mean will be the reverse
of my salvation.

INCREDIBLE as the thing may appear, there is a— something who edits and "propriets" a paper in the Southern Indiana bush that is not easy on the subject of Mr. Blaine's religion. The good grandmotherly soul seems to have a vague fear that since the Republican platform has failed to define the candidates posish on transubstantiation, Papal supremacy, and the immaculate conception, ergo the government, or at least the next Democratic convention, will be blown up by Guy Fawkes and Monsignor Capel. But after all, why not. Let us have each candidates confession of faith forthwith. Grover's might be given perhaps in the words of Barnaby's raven: "I'm a Protestant! I'm a devil! Mariar put the kettle on."

A Campaign Song.

Written and sung by MILLEN S. GREENE, member of the Westerly B. & L. Campaign Glee Club.

COME freemen attend, let the shouts ascend
For liberty, one and all,
And stand for the right, with all your might,
Wherever your duty may call.

Chorus:— Hurrah! Hurrah for the waving plume,
And the Eagle of the West;
The stars on our banners the heav'ns
illumine
When Blaine at the White House rests.

Let every man work and no labor shirk,
Till we vote our candidates in;
For sure as the sound of November comes 'round,
The banner of Blaine will win.

Chorus:—

Then cheer 'till the skies shall ring with your cries
For the statesman so thoroughly tried,
And honored will be every true man, and free
Who manfully stands by his side.

Chorus:—

The Democrats scowl and dismally howl
Whenever the truth appears.
They will rout and pout when we tell them about
Their record for twenty-four years.

Chorus:—

But Cleveland will go, with Hendricks & Co.
To feed upon husks with the swine.
To the darksome shades with their amorous maids,
Where the dolorous woodbines twine.

Open Letter from Col. Joyce.

Washington, D. C.,
October, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—

You will observe that the elections in Maine and Ohio have not justified the hopes and predictions of one Carl Schurz, a Hessian hero and a calumniator also. If the speeches of this political tramp have the same effect in November that they have had in September and October, he can be put down as the boss boomerang of the century. Like chickens, his lacerating lies come home to roost, and while his hypocrisy is glazed over with honied words, his political anatomy is like the pursued ostrich of the desert—sanded, but not secure.

The presidential campaign seems to be mixed. If the Germans who drink beer vote for Cleveland, and the Irish who drink whiskey vote for Blaine, and St. John goes into the wilderness to eat locusts and wild honey, and Belva Lockwood belabors a bicycle—what will become of Beecher and Grover when they are forced to patch up the lacerated feelings of Elizabeth and Maria; without taking into consideration the howls of little Oscar for his late lamented papa? These are sober questions that must be answered at the polls by a virtuous and confiding people.

The so-called supporters of the late hangman from Buffalo, in a moral sense, are enough to damn an archangel. Beecher, the freedom shrieker of the past, turns a Christian pulpit into a platform for the slavery party. Jones, of the *Times*, a *prima facie* editor, deserts the love and loyalty of Raymond for the free trade slush that falls from the swill barrel of the Cobden Club. Young Bennet, the tuft-hunter, turns the great newspaper of his father into a garbage cart for Democracy. Curtis, the civil service crank, spews out soft sentimental platitudes, trying to bless the party he damned in classic lan-

guage for more than twenty years. Joe Pulitzer, late Police Commissioner of St. Louis, a politician of all parties and a pure and holy patriot who gathers guineas in the gloaming, works the *World* in the interest of Cleveland and virtue, and the sweet party that tried to destroy the Union. Joe and his henchmen have a nice contract to remove the dead animals of defunct Democracy.

Thus, if men are known by their company, I think that Blaine's grand triumphal march through the states will cause the rush lights of Cleveland to pale their ineffectual fires before the beacon lights of the patriotic plumed knight.

The memory of the American people is as fresh as the dawn, and as bright as the diamond. Although a hundred years of freedom have crowned the Republic we have not forgotten the free trade harlot of old Albion, nor the Tories nor the Democrats who were always her adjuncts. The slime of the snail and the snake of monarchy we can trace on the ridges of Bunker Hill, through the marshes at New Orleans, along the shores of Lake Erie, and by the blood dyed waters of Bull Run. We can, and shall protect our free labor against the paupers of royalty, and it will be a very frigid day when the working man of America will consent to labor for fifty cents, when he can command two dollars.

The election of Blaine will give to the Union the most brilliant and progressive administration it ever had, and if the British, or any other lion of royalty assails us at home or abroad, President Blaine will twist all the tail and the teeth out of the bloated animal.

It will cheer your honor to know that the clerks in the Departments and the patriotic people of the country are contributing with unusual liberality to the Blaine campaign fund. This is sad news for Curtis, Gorman, and Barnum. But Elkins, Clapp, Raum and Adams seem to bear up under the jingle of the gold with heroic and Christian fortitude.

Rejoice and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go,
They want full measure
Of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Poetically thine,
JOHN A. JOYCE.

A Hot Old Cold.

THIS cold has got ahead of me, and now seems to be after the body. It settled on my chest principally, and all I can do I can't settle it. It's an old settler. It is about the largest north-pole cold, with a mansard roof and bay window attachment, you ever saw. I am not magnifying this cold because it could not be made larger unless I could grow. I have a cough to suit it that runs up all the notes in the ascending scale, and if it had a good manipulator, any kind of calliope music could be evolved from it. As it is, it is pure waste of music to which all the boarders around me object. It tickles my throat, but that is about the only way it tickles me, I must confess. I cough often, I will soon be off coughin'. What a cold joke!

I have a weight on my breast like a stone on a kraut barrel. I sometimes think it is Amarantha's head—if this cough ever *does* let me go to sleep and dream. Jones said this morning at the table that I was worth money to the house as all the rats would be scared out of it. The landlady said there was no money in her cougher, the poor woman.



ANXIOUS WIFE AND MOTHER—"Don't you see it is raining hard; come right in or you'll get soaked through!"

I can cough in four languages, and am learning another. They all say they never heard such a learned cough and so eloquent. I can't talk above a whisper, even if I climb up on the fence, and when I call upon Amarantha she hears some of the most affectionate coughs ever uttered, I cough so fluently and feelingly. Our party want me to go out and stump the state on the tariff question as it will effectually settle it. I seem to talk through my ears, and my head is so heavy it is with the greatest difficulty that I hold it above my neighbors.

This is a summer cold, but I'd like to know what a winter one would be. It is one of these freezing colds that makes a man who is near me think he is in the vicinity of a cold snap, and makes him feel refreshed and thankful if it wasn't for the noise and the wheezing. I sang in the choir last Sabbath, but put in more coughs than notes, and filled up all the intervals with sneezing. The bark that held the prince went down, but this bark that holds me never does. It is very hard to get my breath, and it *did* always seem like work to draw my breath when I was well. I have stewed all the corns off my toes with hot baths, and all the syrups I can take only facilitate more coughs. What I want, I think, is something to keep them *down*, for with all my coughing I can't cough this cold up. I am afraid of my lungs as I only have one pair. I get desperate, and try to run away from myself, but don't get very far. When I am asked the price of an article in the store I always cough as I tell it and the customers think I cough because I am telling a lie, and I lose custom. The doctors say business was never so good, and it is all on account of my custom. They all have something *for* a cold, but what I want is something that will be *against* the cold. I have swallowed every thing down and used all

my money up, and to-day I am no better man than the people think I am. Some young ladies, because I sneezed a good deal in company the other day, intimated that I take snuff, and it is spreading all around town. Snuff to set me crazy. I can't go to church to-morrow unless they give me chloroform there, and I fear I have not religion enough left of late to permit me to go, any way; this cold has been so straining on my lungs and religion. I have been advised to take everything clear down to a shot gun. I can't thaw it out, I might *blow* it out,

Between coughs, yours truly

BROWN.

Attest A. W. BELLAW.

SHERIFF, read this inscription on the front door of the White House: "Who enters here leaves rope behind."

THE TWO RS. The Constitution guarantees us a republican government with a small r; a majority of the American people guarantee us a Republican government with a big R. What more could we ask?

"HISTORICUS" wants to know whether the cup found in Benjamin's sack was a cup of sack and hence whether Benjamin's Christian name is Falstaff and his surname Sir John, and if not so whether that's why his brethren were jealous of him when his sack was opened at Chicago, and if so why Joseph foretold that the chief Butler would not be hanged by Pharaoh (Jeff Davis to the contrary notwithstanding) and if not, why not for Joe?

At present we can do nothing for Historicus, but as soon as we have a moment's leisure we shall promptly give it up.



PLEASE DON'T LOOK BEHIND
Nancy Curtis shows the h



LOOK BEHIND THE SCREEN!
It is the head of the ticket.

HAMILTON



SILKEN HOSE and French slippers are playing more important parts in this season's performances than are the Parisian dresses, that the stores have displayed for the newspaper men to gush over. Two weeks ago all dudedom was discussing the respective neatness of Lotta's and Theo's feet and ankles. Last week the rivalry was between Theo and Minnie Palmer, while this week the festive Minnie has it all her own way, for Lotta has ceased displaying her open worked stockings and her *lingerie* at Daly's, while Theo's "Louis xv." heels no longer rattle over the boards of Wallack's stage. "My Sweetheart," like the renowned Alexander Selkirk, sings to herself "My rights there are none to dispute," and capers before the footlights of the Fourteenth St. Theatre, with as much abandon as she did in London, when all the crowned heads of Europe and all the members of Parliament from Gladstone down were *desoles* because she wouldn't marry any one of them.

Yes, Minnie is with us again, the same Minnie and yet not the same as in days of yore. It took THE JUDGE some time to discover what had caused this almost imperceptible change, but at last it came to him in the form of an inspiration. It was, it was—the stockings. Yes, the aggressive red cherries that adorned her silken hose but three short years ago have disappeared, and the shapely limb is now incased in an entirely different design. In other respects "My Sweetheart" of '81 and "My Sweetheart" of '84 are one and the same.

At Wallack's, the space between opera bouffe and the legitimate has been temporarily bridged over by a London success called "Nita's First."

Like "Confusion" the plot of "Nita's First" hinges on the mishaps that befall an infant. The story is decidedly complicated, and would be novel—if one had never seen "Confusion."

In "Nita's First," a young man returns home from a game of poker and is presented with a large package. This package contains a baby. Young man has jealous wife. Jealous wife has suspicions aroused by the voice of child. Husband sends child off to neighbor's door-step, and then discovers for the first time that his sister, who has been secretly married, is mother of child. Meanwhile child is placed in cab. Cab and child both get lost. All join in search, and after numerous adventures, child is restored to proper place and wife gets over being jealous. In order to produce this play with thrilling effect, Mr. Denny, Miss Maud Cathcart, and Mrs. (not Effie) Germon have been imported direct from London to take part in the performance. Wallack's regular company are now in Chicago, but open in New York at Miner's Theatre, October 20th.

We have always known that in an emergency even a theatrical company could be squeezed into a small space, but we never expected to see Daly's entire company in

"A Wooden Spoon." There they are however, as lively as crickets after their European trip, while down at The Union Square, the old time favorites have commenced their regular season in a play by Elliott Barnes called "The Artist's Daughter." Sara Jewett, Maud Harrison, Messrs. Stoddard and Parselle are in the cast, Mr. J. H. Barnes endeavoring to fill the place left vacant by the death of Charley Thorne.

Out of town, the companies on the road are falling like leaves beside the pathway.

Catherine Lewis disbanded her company before they had fairly got under way. "Caprice," like several of Miss Maddern's ventures, has gone to pieces, and Miss Maddern has joined what might be called the Frohman home for unfortunates. Miss Maddern is determined to do the emotional or die, and if Frohman helps her along and encourages her to persevere, we fear she will do both.

The New Park not only changes its bill every week, but it changes its managers about as frequently. Janisch does not find herself growing rich there.

"The Beggar Student" has been revived at The Casino with Laura Joyce Bell, Lillie Post, Mathilde Cottrelly, Digby Bell and Mark Smith in the cast.

Kate Claxton has added George Hoey's "Child of the State" to her repertoire, and will sandwich this in between "The Two Orphans" and "The Sea of Ice."

Harrison and Gourlay, two happy bridegrooms, will enliven their honeymoon by appearing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre October 20th.

Januschek has taken her much abused play "My Life" to other cities and it is to be hoped that the critics will hereafter handle her gently.

BASE-BALL is becoming very popular in Cuba. Bull-fighting isn't cruel enough.

WHATEVER may be said of Cleveland's relations with Maria Halpin, the case of G. Nancy Curtis is clearly one of seduction.

ELLA WHEELER has written a poem entitled "The Lady of Tears." We would respectfully inform Ella that a real lady never goes on "tears."

"SAY, pop, do you think we'll win this time?"

"Win? well just bet your life we'll give these black Republicans such a licking as they never had, and hold the fort for thirty years. Bet your life."

"That's all right then. I'm good for fifty dollars."

"How so?"

"Why, there's a New Yorker stopping up at the Carter House, offers to put up that figure on Blaine. Thought I would consult you before taking him up."

"Oh—ah—yes—of course—certainly, no doubt about result—of course not, but you know, you see—what would your mother say—hurt her feelings—better not—and this betting, Tom, this betting—I ain't sure its according to scripture."

Then the young man paralyzed. For he had been used to hear his governor speak of "your mother" invariably as the old woman, while he called the female help my dear; had been used to see him bet on everything that had two sides, and hear him swear that there was "more sense in one of Bob Ingersoll's sermons than in the whole country between Genesis and Revelation."



HELPING THEM TO "SNEAK BACK."

The only needed addition to a Democratic Banner.

Flights of Fancy.

She Was Off in the Matter of Trees, But On in the Matter of Bonnets.

"ISN'T it lovely, this smoke Marie? What a blessing it is, veiling the scorching sun as it does; isn't it?" said one young lady to another, on a day when the sun was obscured by the smoke of the burning forests of Long Island.

"It is, indeed, a grateful protection from the sun's fierce rays, Mathilda; but only think of the thousands of beautiful trees burning, which makes this smoke; and of how much they were worth; and the loss of the owners."

"Forest?—worth?—owners? Dear me, are trees worth anything Marie? Do they have owners? I declare, I never heard of such a thing! Who owns trees? Oh I suppose farmers do. Well, they don't cost anything, Marie; they grow of themselves, don't you know?"

Marie here switched off to bonnets, finding a foewoman worthy of her tongue.

A DEMOCRATIC victory—suicide.

THE Howadji on the Nile is pleasanter reading than the Howadji on his ear.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION (one corner of it.)—Puzzle-headed man on the fence—"Which way shall I jump?" Sore-headed pig under the fence—"Don't jump on me."

Mr. Pipkin, merchant—"Nonsense my love, you know nothing of business. A store in New York never fails; trade too good. Why, at this moment I venture to say, that every store in New York is just going right ahead, as hard as it can."

Mrs. Pipkin—"Except the stationery ones dear." (Mr. P. returns in disgust to his newspaper only replying, "Pshaw.")



His election would lead to more thorough reform and less unnecessary disturbance in the Federal civil service than that of any other possible Democratic candidate.—*N. Y. Times*.

This of Cleveland, the tool of Hubert O. Thompson, and of Davidson, of whom *The Times* said, March 15, "The greatest sink of corruption, blackmail and absolute theft is discovered in the Sheriff's office."

A CHILD of song—Childe Harold.

THESE financial dramas are gaining in interest. The authors and actors seem to understand their public better every day. Credulity, imbecility, imposture, fraud, theft, perjury, tears, ruin—these elements we believe are common to all the plays of this class. At last we have the prime ingredient of blood—of blood galore. (See "Midsummer Day's Nightmare," scene Brunswick.) Nothing now is lacking but the brilliant element of fire. Though, if horror is to be piled on horror in this way, we shall have to go back to the Kirk o' Fields or the tower of Ugolino for a taste of pure comedy.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

OLD MRS. PARTINGTON (suddenly looming up from behind a wall as our artist is passing)—"See 'yar, young man, if you're one of them there surveying young fellows, I don't want you digging in any o' them confusion wells of your'n around 'yar, why I can't walk two steps without srandin' right on the brink."

My Neighbors.

MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

"Over the garden wall."

I HAVE the misfortune of being personally acquainted with my next door neighbors.

Mr. Platitude is comparatively harmless, but Mrs. Platitude is a perfect nuisance. She is perfectly idle herself, and she cannot get it through her head that anyone else has anything to do. She comes in to visit me at all hours. I can't say, "not at home" to her, for I never go out or come in without her knowledge. It is no use to say I am engaged, for she comes in all the same, always on the plea that she wants particularly to see me, and will not detain me five minutes, but she forgets all about that once she gets hold of me.

She always opens her visits by saying, "I just dropped in," and a very big "drop in" she is. I am sure she does not weigh less than 180. And how she talks. She always knows a great deal more of my business than I know myself.

She generally "drops in" to tell me that my cook handed a parcel, early in the morning to the milkman; that my Emma Jane was romping in the back yard with the baker's boy, or that she thinks it right to tell me that the butcher stays a very long time in the house when he calls for orders and what do I think of that? And do I know, that though she has a larger household than I, she only takes in half as much ice as I do, and don't I think my servants must waste it? And am I sure that I keep my house warm enough, for I use far less coal than she does. And what do I think of my Emma Jane telling her Kate that I was a tiresome old maid, and that no one could live with me. And then she generally wants to know who was the gentleman that called yesterday afternoon, or whose carriage stood so long at the door, or where I spent the whole day? Then she offers me matronly advice, saying, that living alone as I do, I should not receive gentlemen's visits without sending in for her "to make it pleasant for me." She always either "drops in" when I have a visitor, or comes in the moment I am alone, to account for her non-appearance. I had a great joke the other day, and mystified my friend most beautifully. I had been having some curtains dyed, and the dyer, a jocose young man, called around with the bill. Of course, when he rang, Mrs. Platitude trotted up the steps after him and saw him hand Emma Jane a slip of paper, and heard him say, "I dye for your mistress. Give her that. She knows all about it." I heard it too, so I bid Emma Jane show the young man into the front parlor, and tell Mrs. Platitude I was very much engaged, and positively could not see her. I paid the young man's bill and let him go, and have been very silent and mysterious on the subject ever since. Mrs. Platitude thinks that I have made a mash, and has not neglected to express her opinion, and spread the news far and wide, but she remains in the dark, and Kate vainly tries to make Emma Jane tell her, but poor Emma Jane really does not know the facts. But yesterday Mrs. Platitude had full revenge.

My parlor is a very pretty room, and I am very proud of it. I spent all last winter working new chair covers for it. These were made of Roman satin and elaborately embroidered. They all came from the upholsterers yesterday morning, and they looked simply quite perfect. I had them unpacked

in my little back parlor, which is a very small room, and barely held them. While I was gazing fondly at them, a flood of sooty, grimey water suddenly rushed down the chimney, and actually saturated three of my prettiest chairs, and splashed all the rest, till they looked as if they had been covered with a chimney sweeper's apron.

"Emma Jane, Emma Jane!" I screamed, and began to haul out the chairs, but it was too late, they were all spoiled. That tiresome Mrs. Platitude had, or fancied she had, a fire in her kitchen chimney. So she got that idiot of a maid of her to pour water down, and she, of course, sent it down some other flue which connected with my back parlor, and spoiled my lovely chairs. Of course, Mrs. Platitude "dropped in" before I had half time to recover my temper, and equally, of course, I went for her.

I think I frightened her, for she "dropped out" very quietly, but that won't make my chairs clean again. I see nothing for it, but to cover them in chintz, just as I had them before, but I never will bear to look at my lovely Roman satin covers again.

There are really no bounds to the stupidity of Mrs. Platitude. I have to blame my little alarm clock for the fact that I made acquaintance with her. I wanted to get up very early one morning, so I brought my little alarm up to my room. In the course of the day Mrs. Platitude sent in to ask me would I object to keep my pet rooster in a back room, as the crowing disturbed her in the morning.

When Emma Jane brought me the message, I really thought I had a lunatic for my next door neighbor. I am fond of pets, but a rooster in my best bed-room! It was too much. I did not know Mrs. Platitude then, and I felt quite mortified that any one should fancy such a thing. I went in and called, for I really wanted to know what it was all about, and she persisted the rooster had crowed all morning in my front room. I got quite angry, and never thought of my little alarmer, till Emma Jane suggested it to me after I went home. Then peace was made, but that is now twenty years ago, and Mrs. Platitude has kept "dropping in" ever since.

I do not like Mrs. Platitude's gossip, it is so ill-natured. For my own part I never say an unkind word of anyone. I pride myself on not being satirical as prone to see the faults of others, but Mrs. Platitude says such things.

She told me that poor old Mr. Heatherbone died because the young Heatherbones would not leave him in peace, at home, but dragged him here and there for change of air, poor old man!

And then in the same breath she told me how the young Smilers actually murdered their old father by keeping him in town, when a breath of country air would have saved his life.

I wonder what she says about me when I am not by. One thing is a comfort, she has not brains enough to say anything clever. It will be almost worth the loss of my chair covers if she stops "dropping in" for a little while, and sending in to borrow my things, but I am sure she will never pass Monday morning without sending in to me for soap. She has her washing done at home, but she never can remember to get in soap, so she borrows it from me. She borrows everything from me, butter, salt, flat-irons, hair-pins, coffee, mustard, darning-cotton, pepper. She got ashamed of herself once, and came in to me to help her to make a list

THE JUDGE.

of things she ought to have in the house, but the woman can't even spell. She asked me were there two ps in pepper, and when I said "Yes, three," she actually put three in a row, like this "peppper."

Not content with borrowing my things, she constantly finds fault with the things she borrows. One day she sent in for the loan of my steps to put up curtains.

I never would have risked them had I had the least idea she meant to get on them herself. They were a good set of steps, well calculated to support an average weight, but they gave way under hers, and two of my steps and her collar bone got broken. Oh! how she tormented me about that collar bone. Sometimes I felt tempted to agree with some of the neighbors who said it was a pity it was not her neck.

She took to literature once, and wrote a series of articles called "The Platitude Papers," by A. Platitude. She meant to make me hear her read them all, but I got an opportune cold, which made me so deaf that she gave it up in despair, and I have refused to read them myself till she could get an editor to do so first. So I think I am tolerably safe.

Since the episode of the chair covers I have become desperate, and I think I will change my house. It is a little hard on me. The locality suits me, so does the house, so does all and everything about it except the Platitudes. I don't want to say anything unkind, but I do not think there is one saint in the calendar, even Moses himself, who would have patience to live next door to them. So, is it not too much to expect, even of a charitable, kindly, good-natured old girl like

TABITHA TOMPKINS.

N. B. Mrs. Platitude has just sent in for the loan of an easy chair. Well, that woman has the impertinence of—well, I shan't lend it. The line must be drawn somewhere.

T. TOMPKINS.

P. S.—By heavens, she's coming in for it herself.

Extras for the Evangelist.

AN evangelist from the east made a tour to Texas recently for the purpose of saving some of the desperate citizens of the Lone Star state. He opened his first meeting in what is known in the state as a "tough town." About thirty hard-looking male citizens comprised the audience. After the good man had discoursed a little and sung several revival hymns he requested that a collection be taken up to carry him farther into the state. A tall and fierce-looking Texan, armed to the nape of the neck, passed his sombrero around, with the significant remark:

"Guv liberally, boys; you've seen the show, and we ain't the men to beat any show-man."

The result was that every man contributed something, and when the hat was passed to the evangelist he examined the contents and then remarked:

"I find in this hat \$4.15 and two overcoat buttons." Holding up the supposed buttons in full view, "I will"—

A shout and considerable laughter cut off the evangelist's remarks, and the tall man said:

"Mr. Preacher-man, you're clean off on overcoat buttons. Them ain't no buttons; them are chips, good for 50 cents worth of lickier in any ginmill this side of the Rio Grande. They'll also git you cooked grub, stranger, if yer appetite needs it."

The explanation was satisfactory, and the meeting closed.—*Washington Hatchet.*

Forgot The Main Feature.

THE other day while Major Dodridge was sitting in his door-yard the gate opened and a strange looking man hastily approached.

"Is this Major Dodridge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of the Eighth Arkansas, during the war?"

"Yes," beginning to look with interest at the stranger.

"Don't you remember me, major?"

"No, I can't place you."

"Take a look at me," shoving back his hat.

"Don't remember that I ever saw you before."

"I am Hank Parsons!" exclaimed the man, bracing himself as though he expected the major to rush into his arms.

"Don't recall the name," said the major.

"Is it possible? I did not think you would ever forget me. I'll refresh your memory. At Shiloh, while the battle was raging in murderous fury, I found you lying on the field, shot through both legs. I took you on my back and carried you to a spring in the shade. Now don't you recollect?"

"Let me see," mused the major, "I remember having been wounded, but I can't recall the fact, if it be a fact, of any one taking me to a spring."

"This is indeed strange," said the disappointed man. "I looked forward to meet you with such anticipation of a warm greeting. Well, well, the world has indeed reached its ungrateful age. The occurrence is fresh in my mind as though it had taken place yesterday. I gave you a drink of whiskey and—"

"What!" exclaimed the major, springing on his feet. "Gave me a drink of whiskey! Oh, Yes, I remember now," seizing the man's hand. "Oh, I'll never forget that drink! The whiskey was so new that cornmeal was floating round in it, but we enjoyed it. Remember you! Why, I should cavort. Why didn't you guard against possible embarrassment by mentioning some of the main features of the occurrence?"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Ice Man's Solicitude.

CONSUMER—"See here, sir. You call this lump, just left by your boy, twenty pounds, and I know it won't weigh ten."

Ice man—"But you forget the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is keeping a sharp lookout now."

"Well, what of it?"

"I don't want to be arrested."

"Arrested! why, what for?"

"For overloading the boy."—*Philadelphia Call.*

What Puzzled Him.

It is reported that a day or two ago Mr. St. John went into a Kansas drug store and called for a glass of soda water.

His left eye accidentally twitched as the clerk gazed at him inquiringly. The mistaken clerk, not knowing the gentleman, gave him a liberal allowance of the usual flavor demanded on such occasions, and the glass was drained to the dregs.

"My goodness gracious me!" said the candidate, smacking his lips. "I don't see how men can drink liquor when they can get soda water like that."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Making a Mash.

"HENRICO!"

"Andromeda!"

"The gods forfend, but this, though form and speech attest it, is surely not the classic face where unto me lips do sometimes move with am'rous purpose!"

"Nay, but it is, sweet houri, and though there may be here and there a lineament disarranged, or feature pressing from its wonted place, yet do I swear thee 'tis the old, the oft-kissed countenance."

"Now, be me sire's crest, thou'rt dazing me. Why this, thy dial's front belikes the pattern of some crazy quilt, or semblance the focus of some blasted sweetmeat mine where jellies multiple had met in mixed carouse."

"I like thy similes, fair maid, exceeding well. They dove-tail nicely with results that do attest me mild indulgence in that fistic realm whose patron was the duke of Huckleberry. 'Twas but a friendly joust; a match whereat—"

"Aye, surely, 'twere a match! The lurid lightning of thy frontispiece doth that proclaim."

"Tush thee, thou prattler! 'Twere a match, I say, whereat both friendly rivalry and manly culture did meet—"

"That sometimes met, thy countenance gives ample proof, and that met as meet two toppling towers, e'en so it testifies."

"Why, girl, soft as thy downy pillow were the gloves we wore—"

"And softer yet this wreck of facial pulp wherewith thou greetest me. Had'st thou been bathing in an abattoir thou couldst not glimmer with such bright veneer."

"And yet me every feature answers to the roll. But, had'st thou seen me rival, gentle one, ah! there were ruin worth thy studious gaze. One ear hung pendant by a filmy thread, his dental parts macadamized his throat, on either cheek his nasal wings flapped i' the gory air, and through the other facial rim peered bones that did of dexterous fracture hint. Ah! 'twere a dainty picture, dame, and breathed sweet tribute to the manly art."—*Yonker's Gazette.*

A Fine Wife.

"WHY does yer want er 'vorce frum dis lady?" asked a colored judge of a dissatisfied husband.

"'Case she ain't de 'oman I tuck her fur, sah. De law said dat she mus' be wid me in sickness an' health. She done all right long ez I had health, but soon ez I got sick, sah, she flung overboard her obergations."

"How?"

"W'y, sah, I tole her ter fetch me er fried chicken frum de place whar she cooked, but she didn't do it. She said dat de lady o' de house watched hsr too close. Dat ain't no way fur er 'oman ter treat her husband' whut hab lubed an' 'tected her. Watched her too close, de mischief."

"I thinks, sah," replied the jurist, "that you are 'titled ter a 'vorce, 'case it was her duty to git dat chicken. Lawd knows whut would er come o' me when I wuz down wid de rheumatiz ef I hadenter 'sessed a fine wife."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE *Washington Hatchet* describes Col. Ingersoll as a man who spells God with a little g and hunts all over creation to find a D big enough to honor the devil with.—*Boston Herald.*

Learning His Trade.

CITY EDITOR—"See here, you told me you had had experience as a reporter."

New man—"Yes."

"Then how does it happen that you use such unjournalistic language as this 'The Hon. William Blank next addressed the meeting?'"

"Isn't that all right?"

"All right! It's all wrong! One would think the meeting was in favor of our own ticket! Why, sir, it's an opposition meeting!"

"I can't see what difference that makes. How should I write it?"

"Bill Blank next harangued the crowd."
—*Philadelphia Call.*

Sure on His Future.

"LEND you money, sir? How on earth can you ever pay?"

"Well, sir, I am going to be a very rich man soon."

"How's that?"

"I'm going to marry the richest young woman in New York."

"You don't say!"

"Yes I do."

"When did she accept you?"

"I haven't said anything to her about it."

"Then how in the world—"

"Her father has hired me as coachman, and—"

"Ah, well, then, of course, sir. What sum do you wish?"—*Chicago News.*

Fashion Note.

"PA," said Johnny Davidson, "Mr. Smithers never kisses his wife when she is dressed up."

"How do you know so much?"

"He said so himself. He told you so the other day."

"I didn't hear him."

"Why, yes you did. You and he were talking about war, and he said he had never smelt powder. Now, if he had kissed his wife when she was dressed up, he would have been bound to smell powder, for she has it all over her face when she is dressed up."
—*Texas Siftings.*

"WHAT do you mean by running down our navy so?" indignantly inquired Quarle as Sanderson was expatiating on the uselessness of our war ships. "Well, I don't see why I shouldn't. When a little two-for-a-cent schooner runs down one of our men of war, I don't see why a man can't run the entire navy down," retorted Sanderson,
—*Brooklyn Times.*

JONES BROWN is rich and stingy. An acquaintance of his met Brown's son the other day: "Your father seems to have lost a good deal of money lately. The last time I saw him he was complaining and saying he must economize." "Economize?" Did he say where he was going to begin? "Yes, on his table he said." "Then he must be going to take away the table cloth," was the filial declaration.—*Philadelphia News.*

Throat and Lung Diseases,

a specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Pretty Good Guess.

"WHAT sort of a looking woman is Mrs. Syntax?"

"She is a red-headed woman. I've never seen her, but I know that much about her."

"But how do you come to know that she has red hair?"

"I saw Syntax yesterday, with his head tied up, and he was asking where was the cheapest place to have furniture repaired."

—*Texas Siftings.*

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Alarming Weakness in Men.

Without the least expense for medical or other treatment, young, old or middle aged men who are weak, nervous and prostrated, from whatever cause, can be quickly and permanently cured. Method of cure new, remarkable, simple and infallible, approved by the most intelligent patients and physicians. The opportunity is one of a lifetime, and those interested are advised to apply at once, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for all particulars, to Anti-Medical Bureau, 9 Day Street, New York.

Accident Insurance at Half Rates.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

UNITED STATES
MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION
320 & 322 Broadway, N. Y.



W.H. McDougall.

SELF-PRESERVATION
HOSTESS. "What, Colonel—going so soon?"
COLONEL. "Im' only going out a moment to get a Policy in the U.S. MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION."
HOSTESS. "What for? Are you ill?"
COLONEL. "No—but I see that young Smyke is about to sing"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

POKER! If you want to win at cards, send for the SECRET HELPER. A sure thing. Will beat old sports. Address H. C. BROWN, Salem, N. H.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT—Each \$5 doubled within 30 days; loss impossible. Hinsdale City, adjoining beautiful Garden City and Creedmoor Rifle Range—several thousand building lots surrounding depot, \$195 each; monthly payments \$5 each; prices advanced monthly. Cottages \$10 monthly up. Circulars of R. WILSON, Attorney, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

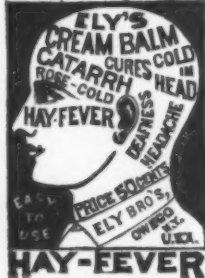
Catarrh Cured for \$2.00.

I HAVE made this horrible disease a subject of special study, and the result of a thorough scientific investigation is that catarrh is the lodgement of the eggs of an insect in the nasal organs (or nose). Those eggs are floating in the air, inhaled through the nostrils, where they are caught and hatched, and feeding in early life upon the tissues in which they are imbedded, they destroy them, disfiguring the face, undermining the health, and leaving a putrid and loathsome breath. My remedy will destroy the eggs and the insect within ten days; will sweeten the breath and permanently cure the patient. On receipt of \$2 by mail I will send medicine which will cure the worst case of catarrh, or return the money. Address,

DR. A. E. COX,

202 East 16th Street, New York City.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Causes no Pain. Gives Relief at once. Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply into nostrils. Give it a Trial.

50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Send for circular. Sample by mail 10 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Our Beautiful Rainbow



STONE RINGS, set in FINE ROLLED GOLD, are unsurpassed for ELEGANCE and sparkling BRILLIANCY. In order to introduce them we will send sample for \$1.90 in money or stamps—usual price \$3.00. CUT THIS OUT and send it with your order at once. Send measure of finger also. Address

CRUGER JEWEL MAN'S CO.,
52 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Cleveland or Blaine.



All Clubs wanting outfits would do well to send for our large colored list of Torches, Capes, Helmets, Caps, Belts, Badges, etc. We defy competition in prices. Our stock is the largest of any in the trade. We are sole makers and patentees of the popular Telescope Torch, which we sell to Clubs and Dealers at liberal prices. Good Inducements to Agents and Dealers.

Peck & Snyder,
126-130 Nassau St., N. Y.

LOVELL ROLLER SKATE.



It is the nearest approach to perfection yet reached in a roller skate. Simplicity and strength are its prominent features. One trial convinces rink managers of its superiority over all others. Save time and expense. Send for catalog and disk to dealers and rink managers. Address **HENRY SEARS & CO.,** 96 & 98 Lake St. Chicago. Price Per Pair \$4 & \$4.25. Exclusive Chicago Agents.

Campaign Amerities.

"I notice Secor Robeson is going to take the stump," observed the wife of the Democratic editor, looking up from a paper and regarding the fiery director of the press as he licked his knife and nipped another piece of butter from the lump.

"Take the stump," snarled the editor, "of course he will, unless somebody spikes it down."

And he made a mental note of it, to be worked up into a double-leaded editorial with a new paragraph to every three lines.—*Rockland Courier.*

Captured the Dime.

"JIMMY TOUGH" is probable the most widely known of the newsboys in Pittsburgh. He is about a yard high, is extremely careless about his personal appearance, has a very, very roguish eye, and is a great gambler. He crossed Fifth avenue to where "Limpy" McMahon stood, in front of Tony Newell's and with a bluffing swagger said:

"I ken beat you runnin' for a nickle, 'Limpy,'"

"Limpy," who travels with the aid of a crutch, meekly responded: "Umph! Anybody kin do that."

"Well, if you want to gamble," said "Toughy," "I'll bet I kin sit on one o' them cakes o' ice longer'n you kin."

"Limpy" felt about in the uttermost recesses of his pocket and gathered together five pennies, and without saying a word, handed them to one of several bystanders who had become interested. "Toughy" followed his action and each gravely sat down upon a cake of ice which lay on the sidewalk.

The stake-holder took out his watch. For five minutes they sat there, and then "Toughy" began to squirm. He complained that his "pants" were not what they should be, and that he was therefore at a disadvantage. At five minutes and a half he could stand the chill no longer, and jumped up and ran across the street, crying that the ice was burning. "Limpy" sat still thirty seconds longer, and captured the dime.—*Ex.*

NEW YORK millionaire—"Are the girls locked up for the night, wife?" "Yes." "Coachman chained?" "Yes." "Has the patent butcher catcher in the front yard been oiled so that it works well?" "Yes." "Well, we might as well chloroform the gardener and go to sleep."—*Chicago Tribune.*

You Can't Make \$500 by Reading This, even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding that thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked complication, usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment. Therefore, if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a perfect and permanent cure therefrom, that person will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

Self Cure Free
Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay
A favorite prescription of a noted specialist (now re-ferred). Druggists can fill it. Address **DR. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.**

CARDS 20 Hidden Name 10 cts.
6 packs 50c., your name hidden by hand holding flowers on each. 50 New Imported Embossed Chromos 10c.
4 packs 50 cts. (not embossed edges as on those advertised for 10c. but each flower &c. completely embossed). New 75c Sample Book, Illustrated Premium List &c. sent FREE with each order. **CAPITOL CARD CO., Hartford, Conn.**

MENS AGITAT MOLEM.



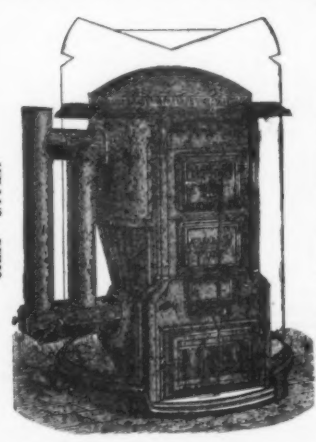
WEAK, DEBILITATED, NERVOUS, UNDEVELOPED, ATROPHIED conditions of the body or any of its members, organs or parts, treated by a new method of combined mechanical and medical agencies as healthful and positive—in compliance with the same physical laws—as development of strength and size of muscles by athletic exercise. Scientific, simple, unfeinting. *In cases of LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD the benefit is immediate and permanent.* Write for sealed circulars, explanations and hundreds of references to physicians, druggists, patients and the press. Investigate for yourself or friends. Address **Manager Erie Medical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**



The above cut represents 3 of the latest and most popular Designs which we Manufacture in the RING line. No. 1 is a half round or Wedding Ring, Solid 18 K. Rolled Gold. No. 2 is a Handsome Chased or Engagement Ring, solid 18 K., Rolled Gold, these rings are suitable for either Lady or Gent and warranted to give satisfaction. We offer you your choice of any of the above RINGS at 75 cents each. No. 3 is our imported Australian Diamond ring, set in Solid 18 K. Rolled Gold, they possess the beautiful straw tint and brilliant scintillating rays only found in Old Mine Diamonds and will make a handsome Birthday or Christmas present for Young or Old. Any Initials engraved on the inside of the rings without charge. Our Illustrated Catalogue of fine Jewelry, Watches, etc., sent free with each order. Send measure of finger when ordering and state which ring you desire.—Address **EUREKA JEWELRY CO., 35 Maiden Lane, New York.**

MAGEE'S CHAMPION HOT AIR FURNACE

The Magee Furnace Co. manufacture only first-class Goods.

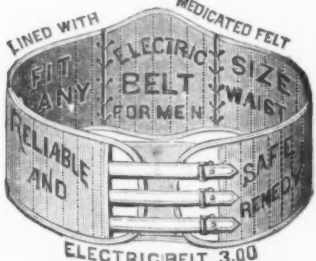


This Furnace is used to Heat most of the West Shore Railway Depots.

With Cast Iron Fire Pot and Butler Iron Dome. Gas-tight, Economical, and the Most Powerful Heater made. For heating Churches, Depots, School Houses and Public Buildings. Send for descriptive circular of the Magee Furnace Co.'s Ranges, Furnaces, Stoves, &c., to **J. Q. A. BUTLER, General Agent, 92 Beekman St., New York,**

DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS,
For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Probably never, since the invention of Belts and Supporters, has so large a demand been created as now exists for Dr. Scott's Electric Belts. Over seven thousand people in the city of New York alone are now wearing them daily. They are recommended by the most honored physicians in the treatment of all Male and Female Weakness, Nervous and General Debility, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Pains in Head, Hips, Back or Limbs, Diseases of Spine, Kidneys, Liver and Heart, Fallings, Inflammation or Ulceration.



There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly, generally the first week, more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles. Imparting an exhilarating, head-giving current to the whole system.

The celebrated Dr. W. A. HAMMOND, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made even in cases which would seem hopeless.

PRICE \$3.00 ON TRIAL.

We will send either Lady's or Gent's Belt on trial, post-paid, on receipt of \$3.00, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size of waist when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our risk, or currency in registered letter. Address, GEO. A. SCOTT, 542 Broadway, N. Y. MENTION THIS PAPER.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00 and 3.00.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, \$1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 & 3.00.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLUSH BRUSHES, \$3.00.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH, 50c.

It has just occurred to one of our office boys that a coolness existed between the members of the Greeley party at Cape Sabine. The boy has been killed.—*Brooklyn Times*.

THERE is not a single lawyer among the 1000 convicts in the Virginia penitentiary, which surprises an exchange. It only proves there are very able lawyers in that state.—*Boston Globe*.

PEORIA, ILL., now has an ice water drinking fountain, but it seems impossible to make the populace understand that the liquid is for anything but horses.—*Philadelphia Call*.

RESTAURANT KEEPER—"John, run down to the market and get ten pounds of sweet potatoes. Hurry up, now, because I want the cook to make a batch of squash pies."—*Boston Transcript*.

"No," said the merchant, "I don't advertise now. I used to, but I got completely tired out waiting on customers. Since I stopped that advertisement I have had a continual vacation and been able to discharge two of my clerks."—*St. Albans Messenger*.

THE will of a sensitive musician in Wisconsin contained an injunction that the village brass band should not play at his funeral. This is the first instance on record where a Wisconsin musician refused a horn, but then as he was dead he is excusable.—*Brooklyn Times*.

* * * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

PICTURESQUE TOURIST ROUTE.
Special Trains for Saratoga, Lake George, and Catskill Mountains, VIA

WEST SHORE ROUTE, WILL THIS SUMMER Equal in Speed and Surpass in Comfort all other Routes of Travel.

Tourists' Tickets to All Resorts at Offices of West Shore Route.

PULLMAN BUFFET PARLOR CARS Will run through between WASHINGTON, LONG BRANCH, SARATOGA, LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK, AND

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS AND NIAGARA FALLS, Exclusively by the West Shore Route. See Time Tables in Daily Papers headed West Shore Route.

"Throw Physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."—Shakespeare.

HEALTH, STRENGTH AND ENERGY Take no more Medicine, but wear Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts. (Trade Mark: "HEALTH RESTORER.")



By which NERVOUSNESS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF MANHOOD WEAKNESS OF BODY AND MIND, YOUTHFUL ERRORS, &c., can be cured in a few days. A MEDICAL WORK TO BE GIVEN AWAY, showing sufferers how they may be cured and recover Health, Strength and Manly Vigor, WITHOUT THE AID OF MEDICINE, will be sent free by post on receipt of stamped directed envelope. Address, Secretary, Electro Medical Company, 455 Canal Street, New York.

Please mention this paper.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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PERFECTION MAGIC LANTERNS. Best Quality. Latest Improvements. Travel around the World in your Chair.

Their compact form and accurate work particularly adapt them for Home Amusement. With a FEW DOLLARS' outlay a comfortable living may be earned. VIEWS in stock, and made to order. Send for Catalogue. HART & YOUNG, 185 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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CANDY Send \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5 for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

Friedrichshall

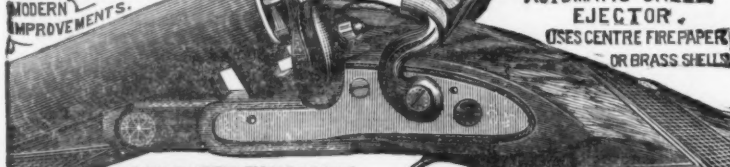
NATURAL BITTERWATER.

Called by Dr. J. Von LIEBIG "A Treasure of Nature," on account of its high degree of Chlorides. Recommended as a mild aperient and well-tried curative for regular use by such Medical Authorities as Sir Henry Thompson, Virchow, Freerichs, and others. Cures Constipation, Headache, Indigestion, Hemorrhoids, Chronic Catarrhal Disorders of Stomach and Bowels, Gravel, Gout, Congestion, Diseases peculiar to the Females, and Impurities of the Blood.

TO BE HAD OF ALL THE LEADING GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A FINE IMPORTED DOUBLE BARREL BREECH LOADER FOR OUTFIT FOR ONLY \$13.75 THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE TO SPORTSMEN.

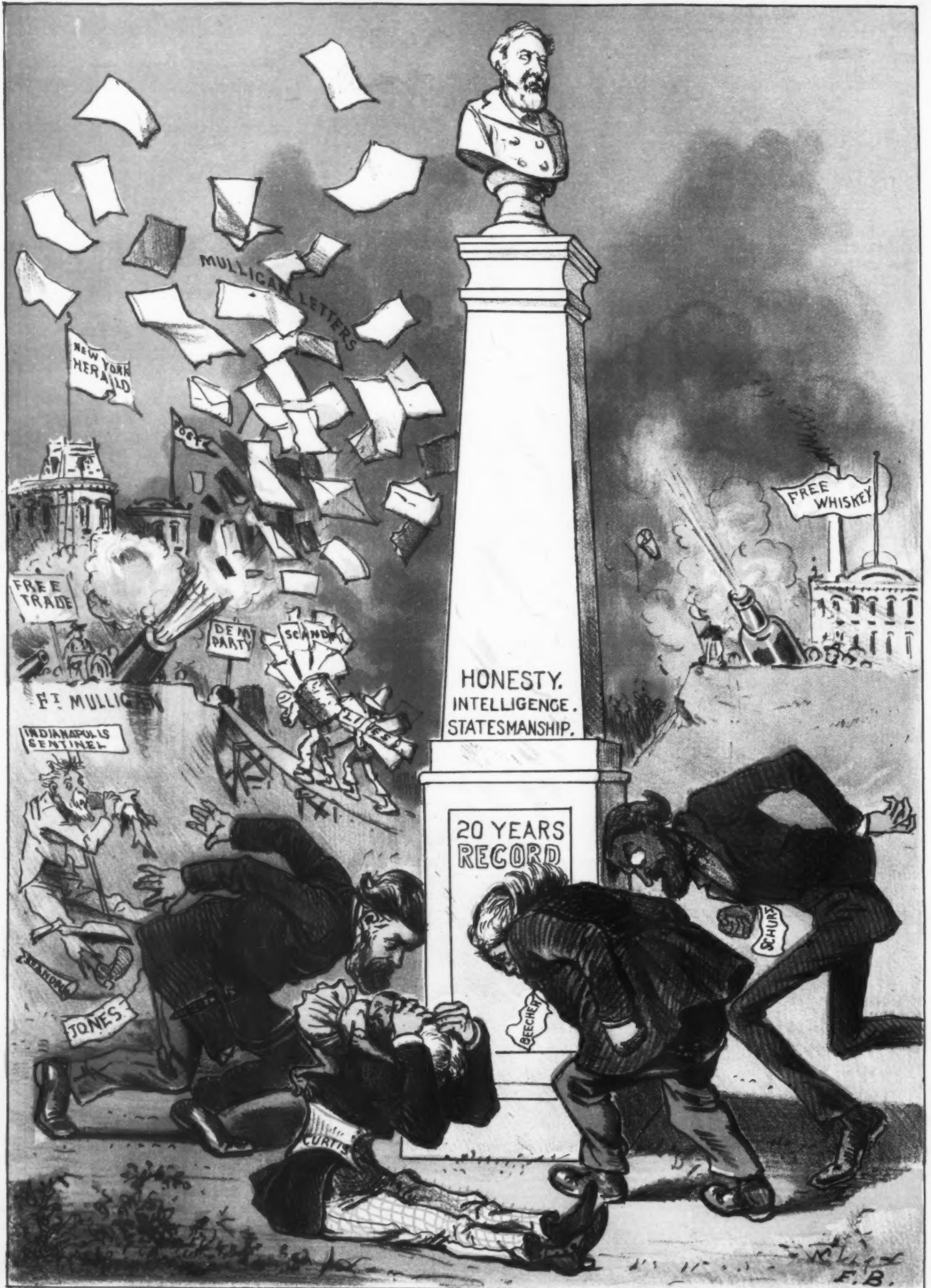
HANDSOME ENGLISH CARVED & CHECKERED WALNUT STOCK. FINEST STEEL BARRELS & LOCKS. MOUNTINGS ALL CASE HARDENED, CHOKED BORED. SNAP ACTION MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. AUTOMATIC-SHELL EJECTOR. USES CENTRE FIRE PAPER OR BRASS SHELLS.



WARRANTED HAND MADE WILL KILL AT 100 YARDS. We have just purchased AT A GREAT SACRIFICE from a LEADING NEW YORK GUN IMPORTING FIRM (who have recently failed) their entire stock of the well-known and standard "JAMESON" DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING SHOTGUNS, AS ABOVE DESCRIBED AND SHOWN IN CUT. It is equal in every respect to a COLT, PARKER, or REMINGTON for BRILLIANT EXECUTION AND OTHERWISE. As we bought a large number, we have decided to offer a LIMITED NUMBER AT ONLY \$13.75 each. UP TO JANUARY 15th, 1885, (for the purpose of introducing them more thoroughly in the United States) AFTER JANUARY 15th, we shall charge the REGULAR RETAIL PRICE OF \$25.00. SPORTSMEN AND OIL MEN can now lay aside their muzzle loaders and secure this most SUPERIOR BREECH-LOADER at the UNPARALLELED LOW PRICE OF \$13.75. We caution Gun buyers to beware of bogus and imitation Double-Barrel Breech-Loaders offered at near this price. The testimonials of some are generally spurious and used as bait to catch orders. The barrels of such Guns are frequently made of Pot-Metal, Sham-Twist, or Wrought-Iron and are unsafe to shoot. THE BARRELS OF THE JAMESON AS OFFERED BY US are made OF THE FINEST SHEFFIELD STEEL and each Gun is so BRANDED, besides we will send a GUARANTEE with each one. NO OTHER FIRM WILL DO THIS. Upon receipt of part of the amount, to show good faith in ordering and to cover us on Express charges, we will ship C.O.D. by Express, with privilege to examine before you accept it, or if the full amount of \$13.75 is sent with order, we will send RE-LOADING TOOLS AND A CARTRIDGE BELT FREE with each Gun. ORDER NOW. CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT, to save confusion, AND RETURN WITH YOUR ORDER. This advertisement will not appear again, and it will be a very long time before we will ever again be able to make such another great and most ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER. Nothing gained by correspondence as the Gun is fully described above. Money returned, less Express charges, if it is not as represented and satisfactory. AT \$13.75 IT IS THE BARGAIN OF ALL BARGAINS. Call on or address, WARREN MANUFACTURING CO. 9 WARREN STREET, N. Y.

10 OR 12 BORE 28 TO 32 BARRELS WEIGHT 7 1/2 TO 10 lbs.

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