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THE ECONOMY OF THE SPIGOT AND THE BUNG-HOLE.



Judge

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JUDGE is for sale regularly at the American Exchange in Paris and the American Exchange in London.

MILLIONS FOR RIVERS and harbors, but not one cent for the veteran of the late war.—*G. Cleveland.*

THE SPORTING WORLD is extremely dull since the adjournment of congress and John L. Sullivan.

THE FISHERY QUESTION right around here—Why should Hamilton, junior, carry his eyes behind his ears?

SOMEBODY SAYS Grover Cleveland is the only Democratic leader left. Such ignorance is deplorable. Mr. Cleveland isn't a Democrat.

AS EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR has been killed off by Eli Perkins, there can be no doubt that the gentleman is rapidly recovering his health.

HENRY LABOUCHERE says the Unionist Liberals of his country are mugwumps. Henry, Henry! we wouldn't hit a dog with such a club as that.

MR. HOWELLS thinks Zola the greatest living Frenchman. It isn't very much of a compliment, but in France they must be satisfied with what they can get.

HOW ODD IT IS that the religion which prevails in Belfast vindicates itself for the most part by action which ordinarily leads to the penitentiary and the scaffold.

THOSE CANADIANS mustn't go too far. Mr. Bayard has the spirit of a man, and he would put it to effective use right off if somebody hadn't borrowed it for temporary purposes.

IT'S MY OPINION that those fishermen didn't have a catch because they got into a passion and swore, and it's deuced mean that they should turn around and abuse me for it.—*T. F. Bayard.*

THE DEMOCRACY of this country can find a

leader easily enough. Let them advertise for sealed proposals, it being understood, of course, that M. B. Flynn shall have a large percentage of the consequent spoils.

THE PROPRIETY of putting "boodle" in the dictionary is under discussion. So much of it has been adopted by our aldermen and M. B. Flynn that we doubt if there is enough of it left for the embalming process.

THE LATE CONGRESS did much of its argument in a loud and impassioned voice and with the clenched hand; but the blood that followed it was not sufficiently copious to warrant the large expenditure of wind and muscle.

THE RIVER-AND-HARBOR-BILL signed by Mr. Cleveland appropriates \$14,473,900; but we must remember that Mr. Cleveland vetoed ever so many pension bills and fairly exhausted himself in order to find reasons for doing so.

THE ISSUE on which Sam Cox will run for congress is his successful flight from the temptations of the harems of Constantinople; but it is feared that in his district this recommendation will hurt a great deal more than it helps.

A GLIMMER OF HOPE.

We shall recover from Mr. Tilden's death. The world is young notwithstanding its age. Let a man fill it from its dome to its cellar and all around the intervening circumference, and there remain a few interstices for the smaller insects, to say nothing of the projecting particles on the verge to which they cling rather than fall and die. We shall survive. It is so ordered that when a man dies he can fill only one grave, and that of the regulation size. There is much more space now for breathing. We shall improve after the emblems of regret

have been put aside. It may even be possible to enlarge.

But what beggarly paupers we were! What a dreadful thing it was to reflect that, according to two or three other gigantic minds, there was only one intellect, and that considerably a wreck of time and sickness, capable of controlling the destinies of this republic.

FROM THE NEXT HISTORICAL NOVEL.

It was in Belfast. The populace had been fired with Toryism and whisky and religion. "How fares the cause?" inquired one enthusiast of another.

"Purty well, purty well," was the response, the speaker kissing the cross at his neck and the glass at his lips with great fervency. "Sure we burnded sivintane houses lasht night, not countin' the barrans and the sthock in the same."

"That was well. Very well indeed. But did ye no murder for the Lord?"

"Indade did we. The shtatistics o' the mornin' show eliven killed outright and 130 hurted with wounds, an' bethune the lot is a number o' the women an' childer."

"God be praised! Let the good work go on. Cheers for Randy Churchill an' dith to ould Gladstone."

THE LATER COCKTAIL.

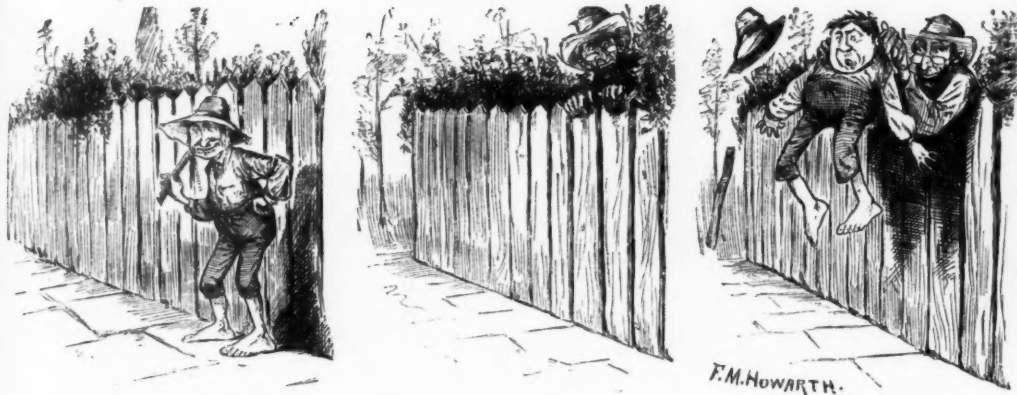
Mr. Squire wrote the note surrendering his manhood and the official honor and wealth of New York "in fun." Ye gods, what a joke that was! What humor there was in those few lines! All the planets might have set themselves to work to disarrange each other and use the earth for a foot-ball, and then could never have produced more uproarious and disturbing facetiousness than that. We have yet to learn the limits of fun. What possibilities

THE IRISH OF IT.



INSPECTOR—"Where's your trunk?"
FUTURE ALDERMAN—"Me thrunk, is it? Be gobs, Oim shtandin' right in the cintre av it, so Oi am."

ONCE TOO OFTEN.



"See me rattle the stick along the fence an' get the old man crazy."

"There's that rascal again, but I'll catch him this time though."

"Aha! you scamp."

it has! Why did Guiteau shoot Garfield? Probably for fun. Why the deluge? A mere matter of fun. Why did Tweed go to Blackwell's island and die in Ludlow-street jail? For fun. What made Hubert Thompson die? Fun.

What a funny world it is! What funny fellows must be the occupants of our penitentiaries! Good chemists extract curatives for ills and specifics for beauty and long life from the rankest poisons. Here is a wizard who distils laughter from dishonor and wealth from humiliation. Heaven save us from our merriment! After ail, is there any cure for that?

NO HEEP—NO FURIOSO.

The administration that fails to discriminate with care can easily bring discredit upon the country it represents. There is the forcible-forcible administration which combines dignity with good sense and is active and watchful merely that it may be just and take thorough care of the interests submitted to its control; and there is the forcible-feeble authority which cuts and thrusts whenever and wherever it is safe to do so, but abases itself to the level of mud when it is threatened by a force equal to, or which its fear obliges it to think the superior of, its own. We have had rather a long trouble with Canada and a brief one with Mexico. It is nourishment to the soul to see Mr. Bayard assert his manhood against anybody; but it is somewhat ridiculous for him to become the bloodthirsty demon of war in the case of our little friends across the Rio Grande, at the same time that he humiliates himself to the blustering power on the other side of the ocean. Give us good sense, Mr. Bayard. Give us the happy medium between extremes which is forcible without noise and is gentle unto strength rather than weakness. No Heep can be tolerated here, and the fuss and fury of Bombastes are a disguise for foolishness and cowardice.

AN AMERICAN POLICY.

Mr. Bayard says he is very much in earnest over this Mexican question, and suspects that Mr. Blaine is trying to excite the Mexicans into worrying this government with the purpose in view of creating an issue in 1888. Now we have suspected this, too. It may be true that Mr. Blaine never created Cutting or his bad record; that he never induced Rasures—if that is the man's name—to put himself under suspicion for stealing horses and get himself shot; that he never had a man locked up in

Spain or Ireland or England for the purpose of making a case against and bringing dishonor to the American flag; that he didn't incite and provoke the outrages upon American vessels which have been perpetrated by the Canadian authorities, and that he had nothing to do with the Panama canal or the latest treaty between England and the United States, in which the former gets everything and the latter nothing; but all the same Mr. Blaine is a pretty wide-awake man, and there is no telling what he may do if he is given the requisite opportunity.

It occasionally seems to the contemplative American up a tree as if this large amount of territory ought to be aggressive if there is to be anything of that kind. If anybody ought to put his back to the enemy, real or imaginary, your Uncle Sam is not that person. How would it be, Mr. Secretary Bayard, if we had an American policy? What if we should lead American sentiment instead of permitting Mexico and Canada and Nicaragua and the various nonentities outside the illegitimate American boundaries to lead it for us? The United States are a nation. It seems to be necessary to remind you of it.

If there is present the gentleman named Blaine, will he make a few remarks?

SOME EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMY.

Probably the pension business has been abused. Some men who didn't deserve pensions have got them, and some who deserved little have got much. On the other hand there are deserving veterans who never got anything at all and never will profit a penny's worth from their country's gratitude. These weaknesses of a great government are unavoidable, and more's the pity. But it does seem hard that the whole attention of the chief executive of the nation should be devoted to the saving of pennies that would otherwise find their way to the pockets of some good and worthy veterans as well as those of some veterans of the other kind, and that he should give his official sanction to the spending of nearly fifteen millions of dollars of the people's money for the ostensible improvement of rivers and harbors, but a large portion of which must inevitably find its way to the pockets of undeserving men and fail to confer any benefit upon the confiding taxpayers whatever.

These things weigh upon the public

mind. Why, Mr. Cleveland, should a man devote his attention to the parting of his hair and neglect the opportunity to gain wealth or salvation? What shall it profit him if he make twenty-two cents and lose his own soul? Why plug the spigot of the treasury, thou economical spendthrift, and lose wealth galore through the open bung?

WHEN YOUR ABLE LAWYER, like Strahan, has a hard case to defend he puts the court on trial with the intention of hanging it by the neck until it is dead. This doesn't help the hard case much, but it is balm to the lacerated conscience.

ON THE LAST DAY of the late session of congress Riddleberger of Virginia was so intoxicated and noisy that the senate adjourned for half an hour in order to preserve its self-respect. It would have reached that result far better if it had adjourned Riddleberger and done it so effectually that he would never again have the power to gather himself together.

"YOU MUST ADMIT," writes somebody to the JUDGE, "that Mr. Evarts has at last spoken on the silver question." Yes, indeed; but what are his views? There was a man who spoke on a broad question of theology. "As between heaven and hell," he said, "give me liberty or give me death." It sounded well and he received much applause, but—

THERE BE TWO NEPTUNES, which their names are Gould and Bennett, and the fight in which they are engaged will show which is which; but meanwhile we shall lose much fish.

PARTICULARS.



REPORTER—"I have called to obtain a few particulars regarding that murder across the way."
MRS. O'FLINN—"Particulars is it? Och, thin, the knife was sharp, the blood was rid, and the man that was instantly killed cum to loife agin."

AN AMERICAN PRODUCTION.



"Mother o' Moses! did yez iver say the loike? Ameriky must be a great place, for we've no cattle loike that in Oireland."

Hum of the Court.

It is a curious fact that the man who blows out the gas blows in his existence.

Rollin Squire couldn't sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. Pottage, for instance, is worth something.

There may be worse men than the reverend Downs of Boston, but they must exist through a special interposition of Providence.

If M. B. Flynn had been in at the creation he would have sold the franchise on the space thereby occupied for an incalculable sum.

The Miss Cypher of Brooklyn who recently ran away with a married man is not so much an unknown quantity as she ought to be.

Some student waiters at Alexandria bay having struck for higher wages, we must begin to look upon that sort of thing as the higher education.

We must not expect too many luxuries in warm weather. The man who wept because there was no skating in the place he went to when he died was an unreasonable being.

The Norristown *Herald* wants Cutting to stay in a Mexican jail a thousand years. That's too infernally long. Aren't we to have the pleasure of attending the gentleman's funeral?

The original meaning of Halifax is said to be red hair, and hence, we suppose, the term

usually applied to the man who marries a lady of that kind of adornment, "Gone to Halifax."

At last accounts General Miles was so far ahead in his pursuit of Mr. Geronimo that the angels were momentarily expecting to clasp his hands on the other side of the great divide.

The *Albany Times* says there is a great deal of Albany that is not the legislature. We judge so after a hasty perusal of the police reports of an obscure paper called the *Albany Argus*.

Since 1850 the native population of the Sandwich Islands has decreased one-half. Retribution is slow but sure. It may be remembered that Captain Cook was killed somewhere around there.

He was a cautious man who, petulantly detailing the injustice of a woman who hated him and being told that he must love his enemy, replied falteringly, "Hang the vixen! I don't think it would be safe."

It is proposed that Joseph Cook shall be the prohibition candidate for president; and inasmuch as the prohibition candidate will be beaten out of sight we hereby proclaim him our favorite above all others.

A pugilist who recently married announces that he has retired from the ring. This reminds us of the woman who was removed from a tumor; and certainly if he has retired from it the wife has retired within it.

A tree in Connecticut on which a man hanged himself is rapidly fading away, leaf, bark, limb and trunk. Lest this example should become epidemic let us suggest the immediate erection of innumerable scaffolds.

Having failed to read Dewitt Talmage's sermons on labor and capital, which for some reason are issued in book form by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., we feel that there is no subject on which we have more unlimited information.

A man who committed suicide said in his good-bye note, "It makes me laugh to think I have a millionaire brother." It was a good joke indeed, but we suspect that the millionaire brother enjoyed it considerably more than he did.

Without a corset a woman thinks she is ungraceful; yet she speaks more harsh words against corsets than against her own husband. So that to be graceful she condemns herself to the uttering of malediction which may condemn her to perdition without any grace whatever.

They have twelve-year-old girls in Ohio who hang themselves when the best boy shows attentions to the other maiden. Poor things! if they would live their revenge would be far sweeter. They might buy the prettiest bonnet in town and so drive the usurping maiden to distraction and kill her by inches.

The husband of Violet Cameron was unmercifully kicked by Lord Lonsdale for interrupting some little behind-the-scenes acting which was going on between the lady and his lord-

ship. As a manager he ought to have known that Lord Lonsdale was necessarily on the free list, but perhaps he understands it now.

Mr. Tilden's will is not entirely satisfactory to his best friends. Things sometimes happen that way. His will during his life was occasionally disappointing to the last degree. It has frequently been mentioned.

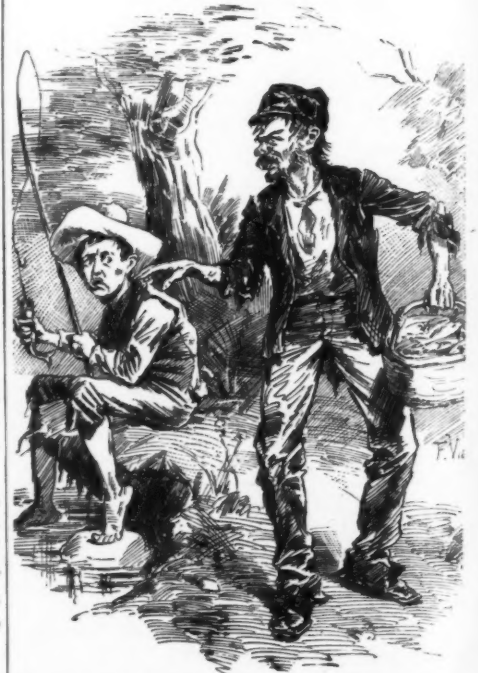
It is thought that Maurice Flynn will consent to enter the celestial regions only through a bargain with the authorities thereof which will give him the proprietorship of two-thirds of the gates of jasper and all of the alabaster columns, with special rates relating to the paving and repairing of the golden streets.

"The children enjoyed themselves hugely at the picnic," said the Sunday-school superintendent. "The plays were numerous and the refreshments limitless, and the ice-cream was especially good." "Ice-cream!" exclaimed a listener with a look of horror. "Good heavens! have you begun to receive statistics as to the number poisoned?"

In case of a war with Mexico we shall do our full share of the requisite fighting. We shall lock ourselves in a room and peruse attentively the war papers of the *Century* magazine. It is the old battles that suit us best. There is sentiment in them as well as gunpowder, and memory is a better guest than the most promising of anticipation. And there are new fashions in fighting for which we have the profoundest contempt.

Mr. Beecher is a fervent lover of the beautiful, but he needs checking. Recently he alluded to an English lady as "a bank of violets," inadvertently utilizing a quotation that we have seen somewhere; when up spoke Mrs. Beecher sharply—"Henry! that bank was broken several years ago, and the man who mentions it at this late day simply violets the proprieties." "Well," said Henry meekly, "I suppose you know best, mother; but you needn't hollyhock your authority all around London and the suburban villages."

FAIR DIVISION.



TRAMP—"Are yer fond o' fishing, bub?"
BUB—"Yes, you bet I am."
TRAMP—"Well, I like to encourage industry in youth: you do the fishing and I'll eat the fish."

PAT AS A SOLDIER.



EGORRA', I've jined the milishy,
 I'm drissed in the uniform fine.
 To see me is all that I'd wish ye
 When takin' me place in the line.
 Shure, divil a bit wud yez know me,
 Wid belts on me waist an' me chist,
 And shpurnin' the ground that's below me,
 Whin shteping out bowld wid the rist.
 And shure did ye know that a sojer's
 Possishun wud near break your back?
 Don't think that it's lies that I tell yez,
 Me arms an' me legs used to crack.
 The eyes strike the ground at "an angle,"
 The body "rist" well on the hips,"
 The elbows like pokers must dangle,
 And divil a word from your lips.
 Your toes are turned out 'till I'm fearin'
 Some day I'll come down on me nose.
 "Knees straight, but not shtiffly appearin',"
 The same wid yer legs, I suppose.
 The "right face" and "lift face" is fearful,
 I'm shure to turn wrong as I shtand.
 I'm bothered to death, tho' I'm keerful
 To fix twixt me right and lift hand.

UNDER COVER.



Farmer Sauergrass thought it very amusing to see that very little boy with a very big umbrella stroll leisurely down the lane that led past his orchard, but if he had been in the front instead of the rear he perhaps would not have thought it quite so funny.

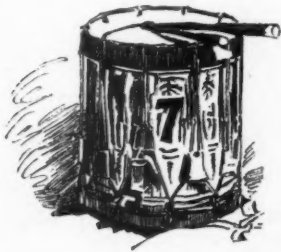
The "drissin'" don't give me much bother,
 But wheelin's the divil's own task.
 "Luk one way and touch to the other,"
 But *which* way to luk I can't ask;
 I'm towld to push out in the centre,
 Another one yells I'm too slow,
 Each file-closer proves a tormentor,
 And backwards and forwards I go.

The "right shoulder shift" and the "carry"
 Are plisan and simple, but oh!
 The "order arms," by the owld Harry!
 Knocks smithereens out of me toe.
 I shtood like a plaster-cast image,
 As towld, while I struck "parade rist,"
 Tho' flies on me nose had a scrimmage
 And put all me nerves to the tist.

"Fix bay'nets" a parson would puzzle,
 The blade sticking fast in its sheath;
 And, clapping it quick on the muzzle,
 I near drove a hole in me teeth.
 The clasp wouldn't work, and the others
 Were "fixed" long before I was through.
 It isn't the laste of your bothers
 To know they're all waitin' for you.

"Unfixing" is worse than the other,
 The blade to the gun stickin' fast.
 A piece of me thumb, howly mother!
 Comes, too, whin I work it at last.
 The loadin's and firin's I'm likin',
 I've got the "obliquin'" down dead.
 Perhaps you don't know that "obliquin'"
 Is Frenchy for turning the head.

At Crademoor I laid in the daisies
 And aimed at a bit of a blank;
 I'd be a proud man if the praises
 Were given for hitting the bank.
 But, shuttin' me eyes whin I fired
 And givin' the trigger a pull,
 I banged the owld gun until tired,
 And divil a "cintre" or "bull."



HARRY DUVAL.

The average man will spend five dollars worth of time and trouble to get a twenty-five-cent free ticket to a poor side show.

THE TURTLE THAT WAS DRAWN ON.

There was once upon a time a Large Snapping Turtle lived under a log in a Creek. And she had a lot of Young Turtles, and a Man came every day and Threw Worms and Things to the young Turtles. And the Mother Turtle kept telling them, "Don't you touch those Things; there's a Hook in every One of Them." But the Little Turtles got fat and saucy and Crowded. Then the old Mother Turtle says to herself, "That man is a Fool and these Kids are teaching their Mother how to suck Eggs." So she waltzes out to get her share, and there was the big, fat worm waiting for her, and she gobbles it quickly, and the first thing she knew she was pulled ashore, and next she was in the Boiling Pot. "Snapper Soup To-day" was on a Nassau street restaurant blackboard the day following.

Moral—These hooking fellows feed the little ones to catch the big turtles.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A big bunch of Grapes hung on the Vine and said to themselves, "Ain't we just too Lovely?" An old Fox came along and Humped himself to reach for Them. And the Grapes said, "Don't you wish you Could, old fellow?" and Wriggled their fingers at him. "No," says the Fox, "I wouldn't have You for Nothing; you're a Sour, no account Lot, and I know Your breed." Then the Grapes got angry and Swelled and puffed around until they Burst themselves and came Tumbling to the Ground. And as Sly old Mr. Fox gobbled them, he says, "You can Fetch anything if you Go the right way About it. Gab is Better than a long Pole, to a fox," says

he. And the Grapes were kind of Sour, after all.

Moral—*Hic fabula docet*, that if you Look lovely and have a Reputation for Sweetness, live up to It, for if you get Angry you're Bound to give yourself away. DUKE ALEXIS.

A new auger and a fool lazy man can't hold their own with an old gimlet and a smart, steady worker, making holes.

An undertaker is never afraid of a customer leaving an order on his hands.

SLOW, BUT SURE.

"I won't drown ther poor beast. I'll let ther tide do it. It'll not be on my conscience then."

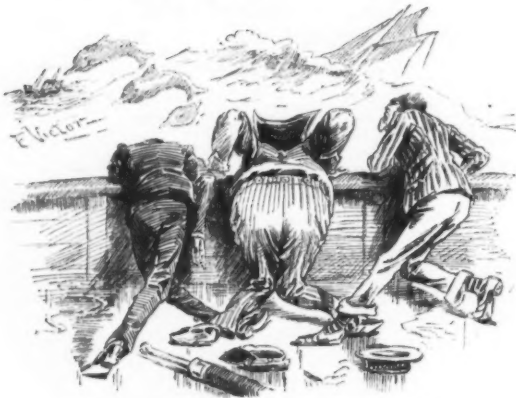


A MARINE TALE.



Three clerks went sailing in a yacht,
And they were fresh as fresh could be ;
They'd heard 'twas fun ; so when they got
A chance they all went out to sea.

But when the sea began to toss
And heave its royal bosom blue,
They thought the way to save a loss
Was follow suit, so they hove to.



And when they were safe through the trip,
All vowed they would go out no more.
They did not like to ware the ship—
They'd rather ship their wares ashore.

HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

THE MAN WHO INTERRUPTED.



THERE was a man who was continually interrupting. He occupied a rear seat of the small room of the debating society. He was tall and lean and old. He wore his thin gray hair long, and his thin face had a sleepy look excepting when he interrupted, when it would suddenly assume an expression of uncommon intelligence, that faded as rapidly and unexpectedly as it came. His

shoulders were composed mostly of bone ; and as he leaned forward, the better to accommodate his almost fleshless hands to the handle of a green cotton umbrella, his long, lank countenance, with sunken cheeks and high cheek bones, looked as if it were grossly misplaced and might far better have been somewhere else.

"I hold, Mr. President," said one of the orators for the affirmative with argumentative persuasiveness, "that if Logan had been fairly treated he would not have been called upon to make that pathetic speech,

as the last of his race, which it appears is nevertheless destined to echo down the corridors"—

This man opened his mouth at that crisis of the speaker's effort, disclosing two yellow and particularly long front teeth, and, pausing merely to eject some juice of tobacco, cried out with a shrill voice, which appeared to have previously been located in the roof of his mouth, "Hooray for Jackson !"

The speaker was paralyzed and the audience felt a chill ; but there was no disposition to question the propriety of the suggestion, and the man retained his position just as if he hadn't said anything at all.

"I am aware," said a debater on the negative side, "that the reputation of the late Mr. Logan as a martyr is very great. He was doubtless a good Indian as Indians go. The question does not relate, however, to the character of Mr. Logan. We will go back to the original proposition. Has the Indian a right to the land"—

At this juncture the man described drew his coat more closely about his spare form, nervously replaced within the proper instertice a button that had detached itself from the same, spit as before, blazed momentarily at the eyes, exclaimed, "Hooray for Thomas Jefferson !" and resumed his stolidity, permitting himself not so much as a look of gratification because of his triumph of free speech.

It was some time before the assemblage resumed its wonted attentiveness. The audience was puzzled and the speakers were embarrassed. "I wonder," said one person with a look of horror in his face, to a companion speechless with surprise, "if he is going to do it again ?" But finally the second orator for the affirmative began to speak, and after several wary looks at the impassive and unbidden spectator, and a cautious statement to the effect that he trusted there would be no interruptions, gradually warmed to his work. "And what," he remarked, "of Tecumseh ? What of that warrior of warriors the manner of whose death is not positively known to this day ? My friends, who killed"—

The man had seemed to be asleep, but it was a hollow subterfuge with intent to deceive. Suddenly rising, he paused to spit, disclosing as before the frail remnants of a once populous mouth, swung his green cotton umbrella wildly about his venerable head, and shrieked shrilly, in a voice tremulous with age, "Hooray for Samuel J. Tilden !" Having done this, he resumed his seat, prepared to listen as well as his enthusiastic nature would permit to the remainder of the debate.

But the orators said one to another, "We cannot go on. These interruptions are intolerable. We find ourselves waiting for them. They destroy all of our fine points.

PRESENCE OF MIND.



THIRD BASE—"Cheese it, boys ! Second base has fell down der well !"
UMPIRE—"Dat's a nerror—go an wid der game !"

They are not even remotely connected with the subject. The man who interrupts must be put out."

They put him out. "Old man," they said, as he patiently turned his face to the outer darkness, "are you the bull of Bashan, or Daniel in the lion's den, or a late importation in swathes from the country of the Pharaohs? Or has there been a resurrection and did you come from one of our local graves?"

He only turned and went deep into the darkness; and as he disappeared, the sphinx-like sobriety of his countenance preserved to the uttermost lineament as they last looked therein, there came back to them in fragments on the sighing winds the words, in shrill tones, "Hooray—fer—James—Bookanin!"

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed they one to another, "it must have been the Veteran Observer."

THE EDITOR'S EXPLANATION.

"Why?" queried she with wondering phiz,

"Tell me the reason if you can, sir—

Why is it Doctor Thaddeus is

So good a doctor—good a dancer?"

"I think," he said, "an editor can

To your hard question give the answer.

He learned to heal, the medicine man—

He learned *toe heel* and made a dancer."

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

THE STOLEN JOKE.

Primarily it was a banana peel that caused William Jones to hate himself and to resolve he would never again seek applause as a wit. For John Merry, passing down to business one morning, fell on that banana peel, and losing his hat in the encounter exhibited his bald pate for a moment, and also a surprised state

of countenance, to William Jones, who chanced to witness the downfall.

"Hello!" cried William. "How'd you come to fall that way?"

And John Merry, readjusting himself, answered coolly, "Notwithstanding," and passed on.

William Jones laughed, for he saw the joke. He had often wished to make a joke himself and felt that this was his opportunity. So he went gayly along until he met a quartette of acquaintances. "Morning," he said, "Did you hear what a fall John Merry got just now?"

"Why, no. How'd he come to fall?"

"Nevertheless," replied William Jones, smiling, and then, seeing blank looks and no smiles on the faces before him, he realized with sorrow how miserably he had failed as a punster. MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

A WESTERN VENUS.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF GUSTAVUS SINGLETON, ESQ., OF LONDON.

Saturday, April 1st.—We are at last on our way to Chicago. I have just left a most lovely young lady who has done me the honor to take lunch with me. Her language was somewhat queer, but her looks would shame the hours of paradise. Fair hair frizzed over her forehead, a delicately cut profile, and such a figure! I offered her a paper, as I saw she was alone, which she accepted with

AN ACCOMMODATING HELPMATE.



WIFE (to husband, who is waiting to steady up)—"Say, Gus, if you're going to spend the rest of the night there here is your nightshirt and a pillow. I will throw you a bowl and pitcher in the morning."

a sweet smile, saying, "I guess you hail from the other side, don't you?" I did not know what side she meant, and instead of replying in the vernacular, "You bet!" I blushed assent. I then made some remark about the landscape and drew attention to the lovely mountains in the distance, to which she replied pettishly, "Oh, shoot the mountains!" Feeling rather abashed, I ventured to suggest by way of change, "They are just going to put on a restaurant car." That fetched her at once. "Golly! ain't I glad? I'm well nigh grub-struck." I at once asked her to lunch and the angel rapturously assented. (Is the way to a western maiden's heart through her stomach?) At table I found some difficulty in placing my feet, and imagining there must be a gripsack under the table I quietly looked down and saw the space was fully occupied by a pair of feet—and such feet! I told my angel that my mother-in-law was just dead, that the cat had fits, that the gas was escaping. I paid my five-dollar bill with a ten-dollar note and rushed panting to the smoking-car. Oh, mother dear! why was I born to be so disenchanted?

NO AVARICE FOR HIM.

A father whose speculations as a banker would not all stand the scrutiny of a strict investigation was lecturing his son, who seemed to have a decided talent for the *dolce far niente*. "Come, my good fellow, pray do something—no matter what, but something. It does so annoy me to see you standing around with your hands in your pockets."

"Well, pop, isn't that being a little *too* avaricious? You certainly can't expect me to follow your illustrious example and always have mine in those of other people."

OZONE DIET.



FARMER—"You'll find the air mighty fine in these parts."
BOARDER—"Well, we don't get anything else here, and it ought to be mighty fine at twelve dollars a week!"



OUR FOREIGN POLICY.—MR. BAYARD IN
 URIAH HEAP.—"You see I am so very 'umble, Mr. Bull."

UNGE.



YARD IN HIS TWO GREAT CHARACTERS.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.—“Aha! You are weak and have no Navy! Back down, or we'll chew you all up!!”



Judge's Charge.

The failure to confirm and the withdrawal of the nomination of Captain Beecher establish the fact that no man can be a good collector of customs if his pa has happened to allude to the Democratic party as a four-eared jackass. Here is a principle in civil-service reform that has not been sufficiently considered.

Mr. Tilden was a good detective. His party will sorely miss him just at this time, the need of detection and reform within its ranks being sorely pressing. How Squire will miss him! How Flynn will weep for him! How pathetic will be the eager yearning of the various aqueduct and other contractors for Mr. Tilden's power of counsel and discovery! The Democracy and the country could not easily have lost a better man.

"Let me make the songs of a nation," said Beranger, "and other men may make its laws." It was not a modest proposition, for while people have admiration and more or less affection for the song-maker they would never give him the right to make their laws or the wherewith to butter his bread. The man who sings is a good fellow in his way, but his inspiration is his weakness. He could not make laws if he would. Poor devil! he is not sufficiently practical to earn money by selling groceries. The world takes him to its large heart with genuine affection, but winks its eye in deprecation of the demonstration. It loves him for his music, but has pity for him after the manner of the taxpayer who beams with some little tenderness upon a favorite pauper.

But the man who tells a good story is a king. He has not the genius of a song-writer, and there is not poem enough in him to leaven the stupid lump. He is naturally a mimic. Generally he has no ideas of his own, but he has aptitude for stealing and enlarging upon those of the men and women he meets. He catches their absurdities as well. He has twinkling eyes, and elocutionary powers, and powerful confidence. He finds that nothing in human nature is too contemptible for reproduction. He believes thoroughly in himself and the story he tells. Old men and young men listen to him and are not ashamed to laugh with him. They never laugh at him, though of the men and women that make his sport probably there is not one who hasn't more brains than he. He is a power wherever he goes. The political world loves him. The philosophical circle receives him with open arms. The clergyman welcomes him, and feels ashamed that he cannot give him fun for fun. Of women he has his choice. To favors for his benefit there is no limit. The song-writer is sensitive, and re-

ceives his reward with a feeling of humiliation, having more knowledge of men than he is credited with; but the story-teller is clothed in the armor of self-sufficiency and takes the munificence showered upon him as if it belonged to him, and really believes it does.

One night three men sat down together, and one of them kept the others laughing throughout the ensuing festivities. "Why, here is a good fellow!" exclaimed the other two; "we must make him commissioner of public works." It was done, and the good fellow was in a fair way to become rich until the fool in him ran away with the rest of the individual. It was one of the world's tributes to the cap and bells. The kings had their clowns, and the politicians must have theirs. The taxpayer and the ruler love their laugh and are willing to pay for it. The man who pumps tears and patriotism is well enough; but the fool who pumps the laugh will go from triumph to triumph until, puffed with vanity, he apes the part of the wise man and thereby becomes the fool indeed.

Notwithstanding Mr. Tilden's extreme popularity, now that he is dead, he was really as much hated as any prominent man of his time. He broke rings, but he created rings. He was "a wrecker." He was as passionless as a stone. As some one expressed it during the campaign of '76, he was "a dam clam." But when the news that he was dead went through the country there were undoubtedly thousands who hated him who asked themselves for the first time, "Have we not misjudged him? If we had been in his place might we not have done as he did? After all, did we not form our judgment upon prejudice which was not wholly justifiable?" Grass grows upon every grave. It hides one as tenderly as another. Death reconstructs opinions, for it enforces consideration of circumstance and infirmity of personality, and unavoidably gentleness of judgment. Who will strike the man who is down? Who cares to remember the infirmities of the man who is dead? Mr. Tilden was a good man. What a pity it is that he should have attempted the

stealing of Oregon! Mr. Tilden was just as well as able. How unfortunate that he should have wrecked railroads and robbed the government of his income tax!

The *Sun* is somewhat shocked over Mr. Tilden's death; but presently it will go right on running him for president just as if nothing had happened.

The question of state rights comes up rather forcibly in connection with our broil with Mexico. Governor Ireland remarks to Uncle Sam, tipping his hat threateningly over his left ear, "If you won't whip these greasers I will." It would be a good thing to do, perhaps; but when the governor gets through with the whipping the country's parent will remark to him in a stern but fatherly way, "Young man, you put Mexico right away back in the place you found her, and apologize for her forcible abduction." No state has a right to secede, and no state has a right to go to war without the consent of the authority at Washington. Put that down in your little manual, ferocious Texan.

AT A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

"My dearsir, I have the very thing for you."

"Indeed! Is the lady pretty?"

"To be perfectly frank, she is not. But her fortune; think of her fortune—\$100,000! And you can get married again before long—she's consumptive."

"Ahem! That's something. But are you quite sure of it?"

"My dear sir, we guarantee it."

UNIFORMITY.

"Josephine," said a lady to her servant, "you have cracked another cup, I see."

"Yes, madame, and luckily it just makes out the dozen; it was the only whole one left out of the lot."

SIDE WHISPERS.

In this world a man wants a good balancing pole to walk the narrow way.

Love's redemption—When a girl takes her engagement ring out of pawn.

It is easier to hope for the best than to be prepared for the worst.

Two negatives make an affirmative to every one but the twice rejected suitor.

The man who plays the deuce in this world never rakes in very much.

The society of American florists are supposed to have taken dinner with Mr. George W. Childs at Wooton yesterday. The customary announcement, "No flowers," was omitted on this happy occasion.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG.



RESCUED ISRAELITE—"Say—holt on, vill you? I tells you von dings—dot ish dis: Dos preches vas ruint an' I charge you fife tollars."



DOT'S PEESNISS.

BY WILHELM STRAUSS.

Off you nodis American beepie
Dis sbririt you always vill found,
Fon der lager bier sign to der steeple,
It vas peesniss all der vay round.
Off you try to deadbeat on your dinner
Or shlide in der church or der blay,
Dey vill said to der saint or der sinner,
"Ve don't do peesniss dot vay."

Gorus—Tully-li-hoo, der-li-hoo, etc. (Dot's a Swiss varble comes in here, vinding up mit "Ve don't do peesniss dot vay.")

Dot's der vay mit all kindts of professions;
Dem vas all got der system down vine;
Dey holts mit a grip deir bossessions,
Mit a deefrence betwixt yours unt mine.
Unt I lofe dot American sbririt
Dot vaits to findt oud who vill pay;
Unt verefer you go you vill hear it,
"Ve don't do peesniss dot vay."

Ven you nodis dem socialist pubbles
Dey vas made mit some uder man's soap.
Alleville dem anargist droubles
Vill findt dey got blenty of rope.
Off our freedom vas been an inducement
To blow oop der cuntry some day
Dey vill findt it oxpensive amusement—
"Ve don't do peesniss dot vay."

In der bast ve vas been in a hurry
To make us a fortune unt fame;
To earn it ve don't nefer worry—
Off we got it den dot's all der same—
But of late you observe dis brinceeple.
Off you vant to got oop dere to shtay—
Der muses vas saidt to der beepie,
"Ve don't do peesniss dot vay."

It vas so in der social relation—
You can't drade your shape for der cash—
Off your prains vas away on vacation
Unt you go mit der girls on a mash,
Der oldt man gets onto your racket
Unt kicks you righd oud of der vay,
Unt says, "You ain'd got cash to back it.
Ve don't do peesniss dot vay."

Industry was der frow of invention,
Unt cash vas a friendt hard to beat;
Unt vork vas a ting dot I mention
Dot always gets dere mit both feet.
Always aim at der shpot on der tarket;
Off you hit ut der world cries "Hurray,"
For you'll findt dot der world vas a market
Dot always does peesniss dot vay.

MRS. PUGWASH'S SAYINGS.

The most moral poets are not poets at all.

A shroud is the only garment we never wear out.

Enough is always a little more than we have.

Experience is a lesson we want to be taught only once.

In these days the minstrel's curse falls upon the poor editor.

The most disagreeable man is he who always tells the truth.

The man who gets up the earliest doesn't always do the most work.

In a horse-car the woman with the smallest feet gets them trod on the oftenest.

The man who cannot have his own way is liable to become dissatisfied with the world.

A woman will never admit, even to her dearest friend, that she got her new dress at a bargain.

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

THE COURT PHILOSOPHER.

The society of United Presbyterians of Ohio has decided to permit the use of instrumental music in church services. Persons who look upon this as the sixteenth century will find by consulting the almanac that they are very much mistaken.

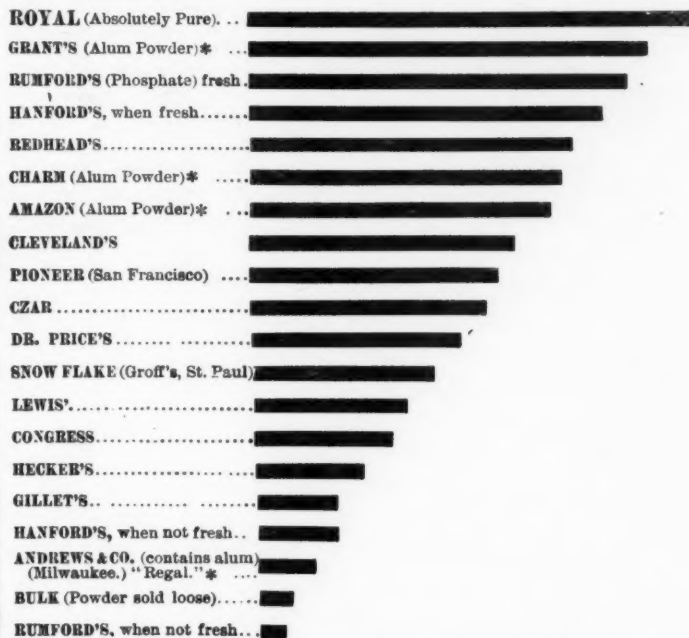
A writer tells of a man who, not being well-read, had no second-hand information to distribute. If there is anybody possessed of first-hand information he ought to be looked up. So much has been discovered and so much told by the millions who lived through the centuries that the matter that is new is particularly valuable.

An ex-reverend New-York editor wants to know what anarchy is. Did the editor ever go home at four o'clock in the morning, take

his boots off, climb the stairs softly and with great mental and physical difficulty, and open the door to his room to find his wife sitting up in bed with hard eyes and a rebuking countenance? It seems to us that this question is highly superfluous.

A Connecticut blue law provided that no man should court a maid in person or by letter without the consent of her parents, on penalty of five pounds. Some of the best courting known to the human kind must thereby have been utterly lost to the youthful puritan, and if he was sour in his old age it was because he was denied the sweetness that should have come to him when he could best appreciate it. A great deal is to be pardoned those puritans. They suffered from tyranny all their lives, and it was none the better because they inflicted it on themselves.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure." H. A. MOTT, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance. HENRY MORTON, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A one pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

HE MISSED LAST YEAR'S EXCURSION.



FIRST HIBERNIAN EXCURSIONIST—"Faith, Mike, but you're dirty."
SECOND HIBERNIAN EXCURSIONIST—"Och, an' phat kin yez expict whin Oi haven't bin down to der shore for two years?"

PROF. MOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

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Oughtn't you to get a bottle quickly so if you need it quickly no time will be lost?

For Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint, Dysentery there is no remedy equal to P. D. P. K.

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 C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

DECISIONS HANDED UP.

A little green apple hung up in a tree.
 Singing "Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie!"
 And it was as modest as modest could be.
 Singing "Johnnie, come Johnnie, come Johnnie!"
 And Johnnie he came, in his sweet, childish way,
 And ate up that fruit as his own lawful prey—
 The angels in Heaven are singing to-day—
 "Here's Johnnie! Here's Johnnie! Here's Johnnie!"
 —Washington Critic.

How to get rid of surplus milk—Cheese it.—
Lowell Courier.

Does a native of Poland who goes to Boston become a bean-Pole?—*Merchant Traveler.*

There is a place in Pennsylvania called Economy. It is not a summer resort.—*Baltimore American.*

Hardly anybody would care to change places with the turtle, and yet he has a great snap.—
New Haven News.

A Hartford man circumvents the gas company by storing his meter in a safe deposit vault when he goes off for the summer.—*Boston Journal.*

The Del Rio (Tex.) *Dot* is edited by a young lady. She remarks, "Man proposes, but it sometimes takes a great deal of encouragement to get him to do so."

"I tell you," said a rabid free thinker, "the idea that there is a God never comes into my head." "Ah, precisely like my dog; but he doesn't go around howling about it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Bookbinder—"Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco?" Purchaser—"Oh mercy, no! What is the use of sending it way off there? Have it bound in New York."—*Tid-Bits.*

The New York *Tribune's* story of an egg containing a cent dated 1881 is beaten by the Pitts-

CURE FOR THE DEAF

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40c. EXCURSION TICKETS, 40c.

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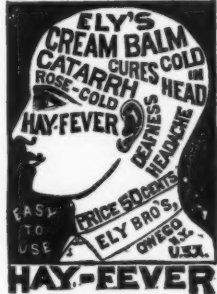
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HE TAKES THE CAKE.

CLARENCE—"Really, Miss Minnie, everything in your house seems so bright that I would like to steal the principal agent."

MISS MINNIE—"I can easily assist you in that line."

CLARENCE—"Now, really, you overjoy me."
MISS MINNIE—"Oh, it's very simple. Buy a cake of Sapolio and you can go home happy."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods to make a better profit. Send back such articles and insist on having just what you ordered.

burg Chronicle's egg containing a scent of a date before the war.—Brooklyn Union.

"You can always tell a bachelor by the way he handles a baby," says an exchange. On the contrary, you can always tell a bachelor by the way he doesn't handle a baby.—Somerville Journal.

The Italians who come to this country must have a strong attachment for their native land. They bring so much of it with them.—Norristown Herald.

The New York World has taken to printing a text of scripture at the head of sensational news articles. It raises the tone of the story somewhat, and casts a sort of glamour of truth over it.—Boston Post.

A man who had not the best reputation for strict veracity died the other day, and the family were greatly incensed because some well-meaning friends sent in a broken lyre as a floral tribute.—Boston Post.

A private who was minus one arm remarked, "One day a boat opened on us with canister, and the boys were sorter rattled until a big fellow shouted, 'Stick to 'em, boys; their ammunition's gin out and they're shooting dinner buckets at us.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

The man who jumped from the Brooklyn bridge is going to be prosecuted, not for attempting to commit suicide, but for obstructing a policeman in the discharge of his duty. Great heavens! did he wake up one of the officers while preparing for the jump?—Rochester Post-Express.

A Boston young man who was delegated by his sister to buy her a pair of corsets, number 8, went into a large dry goods store the other day, and with some hesitation and nervousness asked the salesgirl who presided over that department for the desired article. The girl sized him up a moment and then replied, "They won't fit you, sir. You'll want two sizes larger, at least."—Boston Post.

When the patent granolithic sidewalk pavement is first put down it is very sticky, but it hardens quickly. This is why a young couple of Bridgeport who stood on a fresh slab of the composition while bidding each other good night had to be dug out with a pickaxe. Their shoes were ruined, but they were very grateful to the night watchman who released them and who promised not to tell.—Sunspot.

But, if there was diplomacy and presence of mind shown in this answer, how much more was there in the case of the young lady who sat in an



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

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

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This food contains no drug, medicine or stimulant. Highly recommended by all physicians.

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

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alcove at an evening party with a bright, young military man, her little niece on her knee to play propriety. Suddenly the company is electrified by the exclamation of the child, "Kiss me, too, Aunt Alice!" But the sudden shock is succeeded by a feeling of relief as Aunt Alice calmly replies, "You should not say, 'Kiss me two,' dear; you (Continued on 15th page.)

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LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE.

G. W. LOTZ, *Trudhomme, La.*, writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of bilious fever, loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhea, pain in the back of the head, right side and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights, tongue coated, etc. After taking four bottles of 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I find I am as well as I ever was."

A BAD CASE.

SAMANTHA GAINES, *Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "For six or eight years previous to 1880 I had been troubled with a severe pain in the small of my back, also across my shoulder blades, with considerable bloating of the stomach from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard-breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Olean, N. Y., to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The effects were marvelous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

GENERAL DEBILITY.

S. L. FISHEE, *Sidney Plains, N. Y.*, writes: "Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—My wife suffered for several years from general debility. She had become a confirmed invalid. The physicians who attended her failed to help her, and it seemed as if she must die. On reading one of your Memorandum Books, it occurred to me that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' might help her. I procured a bottle, and after its use a change for the better was noticeable, and after using five bottles she was a well woman. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

Liver Disease.—MERRIT STREET, Esq., Druggist, of *Bluff Springs, Ala.*, writes: "Miss ELIZA GLENN, of this place, had been sick for more than a year with a severe affection of the liver, but when she was at the lowest she bought three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from me, and, although before using the medicine she was given up to die by all the attending physicians, her father assures me that she has now fully recovered."

MALARIAL FEVER.

MRS. CAROLINE SIMMONDS, *Medina, N. Y.*, writes: "I have been troubled with symptoms of malaria, with fever, for three years, but after using three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' I am happy to say that I am entirely cured, and to-day I am perfectly well and able to do my own work."

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

Dyspepsia.—LUCY A. WOOD, *Taylor's Store, Va.* writes: "After many years of great suffering from the evils of dyspepsia, I was induced to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good it has done me. I do not suffer any pain from eating, and I enjoy life as well as anybody can wish."

DIARRHEA AND COUGH.

MRS. CURTIS BOGUE, *West Enosburg, Vt.*, writes: "Two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured my cough and chronic diarrhea. It has worked like a charm in my case. It is truly wonderful. I walked over a mile last week to recommend your medicines."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

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

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

ABSCESS OF LIVER.

ISAAC GIBSON, *Kenwood, Pa.*, writes: "My wife is getting well fast. When she began to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' our best doctors in Indiana County said she would die. They said your medicine would do her no good; that she had an ulcer on her liver as large as half a loaf of bread. Well, sir, to our surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for some two weeks, and then commenced spitting up corruption and blood (it looked like what comes out of a blood boil) for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

Boils and Carbuncles.—J. ADAMS, Esq., *Toledo, Ohio*, writes: "I have used nine bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is I am to-day free from boils and carbuncles for the first time in many years."

Constipation and Ulcers.—MRS. A. D. JOHNSON, *Georgetown, Ky.*, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once. I had a very bad sore on the back of my left hand for five months, and it cured that, as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

SCROFULOUS SORES.

MRS. A. L. CORY, *Hadley, Crawford Co., Kansas*, writes: "My son, aged fifteen years, was taken down last January with swellings on his right shoulder, left hip and knee. He lay helpless for five months, when great abscesses formed, four of which continued to discharge at the time he commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' under your advice. Now, after having used four bottles of the 'Discovery,' he is almost well and walks three fourths of a mile to school every day. A scrofulous sore on his arm, which ran constantly for two years, has healed completely under the influence of the remedy named."

"Fever Sores."—MRS. A. H. CRAWFORD, *Linn Grove, Buena Vista Co., Iowa*, writes: "I am the person who wrote you two years ago for advice respecting fever sores on my leg. I took six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and was cured."

Scrofulous Tumor and Sore Eyes.—MRS. S. E. GRAYDON, of *Greenwood, S. C.*, writes: "My daughter has been entirely cured of scrofulous sore eyes and a large tumor on her neck by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have great faith in all your medicines."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

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

The nutritive properties of cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

LUNG DISEASE.

A Wonderful Cure.—DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., *Gloucester, Mass.*, writes: "Nearly five years ago I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homoeopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick I weighed 157 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memorandum books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle brought me round so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Consumption Cured.—W. H. HARTLEY, *Vera Cruz, Ala.*, writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment; was reduced to a skeleton, had a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and took it, and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

REDUCED TO A SKELETON.

Consumption Cured.—W. H. HARTLEY, *Vera Cruz, Ala.*, writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment; was reduced to a skeleton, had a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and took it, and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

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

Consumption Cured.—J. ANTHONY SWINK, *Dongola, Ills.*, writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a general cough and debility. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has completely cured me. I thank you for the splendid health I have since enjoyed."

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

PRICE \$1.00 per BOTTLE, or SIX BOTTLES for \$5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

No. 663 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

H AIR R EVIVUM

THE BEST OF ALL HAIR RESTORERS.

NOT A DYE.

The Crowning Glory of Man and Woman is a beautiful head of Hair. THE REVIVUM is the ONLY LOW-PRICED preparation for restoring Gray Hair to its original color, while it is CERTAIN and SUPERIOR in effect to any other preparation,—and is A VERY AGREEABLE HAIR DRESSING. Put up in bottles of good size, and sold by Druggists generally. Ask for HAIR REVIVUM and take no substitute.

"Sulphur Soap" secured by Letters Patent.

GLENN'S



Sulphur Soap

FOR THE TOILET AND BATH.

How to Get a Healthy and Pearly Skin.

A lot of people (infants and adults) are troubled with humors which develop into unsightly blemishes on the skin. The value of sulphur as a cleansing and purifying agent is everywhere recognized, and there is nothing that will equal

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

as an external application; used in the bath and the toilet regularly, it will soon free the skin from all impurities, inducing lithe, firm flesh, and a skin as clear and smooth as satin. 25c. a cake; three cakes for 60c. or sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for each cake.

Beware of imitations. Observe the name

C. N. Crittenton, Sole Proprietor, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

printed on each packet containing the soap. And for sale by Druggists everywhere.

HYATT'S INFALLIBLE LIFE BALSAM

FOR THE BLOOD.

AN OLD AND RENOWNED MEDICINE.

Experience has proved that this wonderful preparation has wrought more astonishing cures of RHEUMATISM, SCROFULA, (EVEN IN THE MOST TERRIBLE FORM), and ALL CONDITIONS of IMPURE BLOOD (from a common pimple to the worst eruptive diseases), than any other remedy on earth. IT SEARCHES THROUGH THE BLOOD cleanses it from all humors, and enriches it to a condition of perfect health. In the treatment of any humor of the skin its operation is greatly aided by the use of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP as an ABLUENT for the poisons of the blood as they come to the surface. To avoid imitations and counterfeits, purchasers of the genuine HYATT'S LIFE BALSAM should be careful to examine the wrapper and circulars around each bottle and see that the address,

115 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK,

is on each.

Ask for and obtain the new and improved style of wrapper adopted January 1st, 1886.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 Fulton St., N. Y. And sold by all druggists. Send for pamphlet.

HEART DISEASE

Any pain or functional disease of the heart, usually called Heart Disease, readily yields to the use of

DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR,

which is sold by all druggists—Be sure to get the genuine. —Pamphlet Free.—Address,

DR. GRAVES, 115 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER

Kills Corns and Bunions. Beware of the many poor imitations.

Ask for German Corn Remover and take no other. It has no equal.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS CURE IN ONE MINUTE.

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MANUFACTURER OF

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BALLSTON SPA, - - New York.

ARKELL & SMITHS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR SACKS, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

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METAL PLATES FOR ENGRAVERS A SPECIALTY.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

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One of the largest and most complete hotels in the city. Thoroughly renovated and almost entirely re-furnished. Rooms en-suite and single. Cuisine unexcelled. Conducted on the American and European plan. Practically fireproof.

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QUEEN OF BEAUTY



Is the most delicate and elegant Beautifier of the complexion in the world. It has no equal. It imparts to the skin the freshness of youthful maidenhood. The most ordinary looking lady is made "strikingly beautiful" by a single application. Its use is invisible, except in effect. It removes tan, freckles, blotches, sallowness, and all eruptions, and purifies the skin, and renders it soft and "velvety."

Queen of Beauty is an entirely "new departure," and is the PERFECTION OF COSMETICS. Warranted free from lead, bismuth, arsenic, or chalk (commonly used). Recommended by physicians and chemists for its purity. Ladies may test it with a few drops of ammonia. Any cosmetic so treated, which turns dark, should be instantly rejected as poisonous. Elegantly put up in white, flesh, and cream tints. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers everywhere. Sealed circulars, 4 cents. MADAME FONTAINE, 19 East 14th St., N. Y.

should say "Kiss me twice."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A lawn party is pleasant enough until it begins to rain. Then it becomes a forlorn party.—Lowell Citizen.

"Truly the ways of the Lord are past finding out," said the minister in the funeral sermon. "Here we have a man in the prime of life, with a loving family, surrounded by hosts of friends, prosperous in business, blessed with a goodly store of this world's goods, upright, trusted and respected by all—one day he goes about his business happy and contented and the next he see a woodcut of himself in a St. Paul daily paper and goes out and jumps into a sixty-foot well! But we must not question the ways of Providence. Let us sing the fifteen-hundredth psalm."—Estelline Bell.

"I am the ruler of America," said bold Ben Butler to Lieutenant Henn, as he boarded the Galatea. "Why, Mr. Cleveland, this is an unexpected pleasure," exclaimed the lieutenant as he turned and ordered a presidential salute to be fired. "Eh-h! There's a slight mistake," hemmed the doughty hero of Dutch Gap. "I mean I am the ruler of the yacht America." "Great evins! I thought you meant the country," replied the bluff Englishman. "Howsomdever I ham 'artily glad to see yeh. Wot'll ye 'ave to drink?"—Phil. News.

A boy about ten years of age was rushing along the street of a Dakota town as fast as he could run when he happened to meet his father. "Here, hold on!" cried the parent grasping him by the arm, "you'll make yourself sick running so on such a hot day. Come on home to dinner." "L-l-leggo o' me, dad!" panted the half exhausted boy; "there's a bully dog fight down here and I want to go and"— "Dog fight!" exclaimed the father, getting excited. "Great Scott! what are you standing here for? Go on quicker 'n lightning and show me where it is!" and the boy dashed away making frantic efforts to keep from getting stepped on by his parent tearing wildly behind.—Estelline Bell.

MARVIN'S FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES

HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN INVESTIGATION BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE THE BEST SAFE MARVIN SAFE CO. NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, LONDON, ENGLAND.



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THE RIVAL NEPTUNES AND THE CABLE WAR.

"Who is Monarch of the Sea, anyhow?"