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THE ADMINISTRATION'S PREDICAMENT.
The Good Little Boy and His Naughty Companions.



THE JUDGE.

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THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

Once there was a good little, the son of a good preacher. The little boy always went to church and Sunday School on Sunday and had his lessons and got the first prize of the school, the love of his teachers and the hatred of the bad little boys of his class. The good little boy's name was Gro-ver, and he behaved so well and said such nice things that the neighbors gave him hat-fulls of apples to distribute to other good little boys.

Now when this little Gro-ver began to give away the apples he gave but few to the boys in his school. Yes, and he gave some to the boys in the Reform school, and they were nearly all boys called Re-pub-li-cans.

This made the bad boys in little Gro-ver's school very mad. One day, when Gro-ver had a hat full of apples, and was looking everywhere for one, just one good boy of his class, the very bad boys from his school caught poor little Gro-ver and beat and kicked him, and pulled his hair and licked him aw-fully to make him give the apples to them.

This story will show how sad it is to be a pious, good boy in a class of bad boys; and how hard it is to keep bad boys away from good apples.

AMERICAN PAUPER PROCURERS.

Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm, of course. But he is neither strong enough nor foolish enough to allow monop-

lists to import pauper labor to compete with laborers who come here of their own accord to cast their fortunes with him, Capital combines to control the price of labor. Then Labor combines to counteract cutting down and protect its interests. So far, honors are easy and all is fair.

But when Capital sends abroad and buys muscle at its own price to uproot American labor, it is time to cry, Halt! The trouble in the Pennsylvania and Ohio coal mines and in the Cleveland Iron Mills, grew out of this industrial procreation to debauch American labor.

There is no "Know-nothingism" in this, either. Any European who has the industry and saving-virtue to accumulate money enough to bring him to America and the courage and enterprise to pull up and strike for a new home here, is welcome. He will make a good citizen. Assisted emigrants are an enemy to American labor, native and naturalized, and a peril to the country.

And the capitalist who assists or profits by such an importation is a more dangerous and unprincipled enemy of public peace than the importer of infected rags and small-pox patients.

THE INSECT DELIVERY OF THE PAR-TURIENT MOUNTAIN.

The man shearing the hog and realizing much cry and little wool, the mountain laboring and bringing forth a mouse, and all other lame and impotent conclusions of noisy promise are made respectable and rational in comparison with the outcome of the outcry of reform from the administration. The destruction of one navy contractor after five months of vigorous raking the departments with Democratic drag-nets, is more than a ridiculous mus; it is a solitary roach.

The whole Democratic party, the Federal government and the Mugwump midwives have disclosed a Roach. All the throes of reform have thrown out—a roach. The volcanic Democracy, in a constant state of eruption of wind for months, has fired out—a roach.

And, after all, it is unsettled as yet whether the Roach will not come back to plague the mighty reformers who have given their whole minds and the power of the Government to getting rid of him. It's said that there is a little insect that by getting into the trunk of an elephant can torture, drive crazy and finally destroy the great beast. As "K. N. Pepper" used to say, "Moril is obvis."

THE JUDGE would mildly suggest to the Secretary of the Navy and his junketing companions that fewer lunches and more lunches would consist better with criticisms of former secretaries and present professions of reform and economy.

RULINGS.

VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICKS is frank enough to admit, everywhere he goes a-troubadouring, that "his visit has no political significance." Nor any other kind.

HIGGINS defies the Mugwump assaults; says he shall not resign while under fire. Some time he is likely to be under fire amidst circumstances that will preclude the idea of resignation on his part, and he'll be more surrounded with Mugwumps than he is now.

IT ILLUSTRATES the irony of fate that an insect may sink a great ship, a woman's finery wreck a dynasty, and the greatest man of his age be ruined and done to death by a gnawing, sly, slinking rat like Ferdinand Ward. The very insignificance of the knave saves him from hanging at the hands of a people mourning by the bier of its defender and deliverer.

GAMEY, BUT NO USE.

The Cockerill of the *World* may crow,
And cackle may the Pulitzer;
But downward Cleveland's bound to go,
As straight as goes a bullet, sir!

SI SLOKUM.

Crowner's Quest Law.

The distinguished Arkansas Traveller chosen by Cleveland to manufacture law for the nation, he who decided the XIV. amendment to the constitution unconstitutional, has laid a new Garland on the brow of Justice in the following brief presented this court, *in re* Roach's ship contracts. He finds:

1. That John Roach not having built the boats according to contract, the government mustn't take the boats.

2. There being no valid and legal contract with Roach the government mustn't pay Roach's balance.

3. The government having paid a part of the contract price, must take the boats.

4. There being no contracts, the government doesn't owe Roach anything and hasn't paid him a cent.

5. For the money already paid Roach under the contract his bondsmen are liable.

6. There being no contracts, the bondsmen cannot be held and the government must seize the vessels as security for money advanced under the contracts that did not exist.

7. The vessels not being completed according to contract, and the government having refused to accept them because there is no contract, Roach must finish them and keep them and refund to the government the money advanced and the balance unpaid and deliver the vessels to the government according to contract; Or,

8. Roach and all his employes must join a Cleveland club, shout reform, and agree to construct only Democratic ships and campaign funds hereafter, by way of liquidated damages.



GRANT.

Dust to the waiting dust,
And the spirit to him who gave,
There's a sob in each tear that softly falls
On the sod of the soldier's grave.

There's a sigh in the weeping flags,
Of the wind through the striped fold
And the stars are veiled in the cloud of Death
That followed the sun-set's gold.

Hark! to the requiem soft,
That is wafted along the line,
By the soldier spirits that went before,
In a melody dim and fine:

"Peace from the toil and care,
Freedom from suffering's ban,
Faith from the wells of a noble soul,
And love from the hearts of Man.

"Lay him low in his rest
By the side of Eternity's sea!
Waiting in peace the trumpet's call,
And the soul's grand reveille!"

Dead! And all soldier-hearts beat high with the vigor of weeping.
Dead! And our Mother Earth hath victor and vanquished in keeping.

DUVVA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES sent a "sassy" note to the *Pall Mall Gazette* when it threatened to "confront royalty with harlotry" in court. "Stop the *Gazette!*" said H'albert Ed'ard. But his mother, the Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Spurgeon, Cardinal Manning and other such said the *Gazette* might keep right on with its exposure. And it did.

IT SEEMS that the Indian agents have been drawing supplies from the government for a good many Indians more than existed. The Arapahoes were found to number 2,360, "including Indians not counted." The "Indian problem" resolved itself into how to make 1,300 Indians equal 2,360. The agent did it, beating arithmetic and the government. It was Gen. Sheridan who went back of the count. The agent got mad and resigned.

Higher Faculty Journalism.

Having seen evidences of a severe attack of enterprise in the *Herald* since the clerical gentleman took charge of its columns, a JUDGE "Commissioner" was clothed with plenipotentiary powers to ascend to the roof of our office and attract to himself through space a report of the new true inwardness of the *Herald's* inner-consciousness.

Mr. Hepworth was found in the trance state going giddily about the palatial apartments of the editor-in-chief. Upon THE JUDGE astronomer's appearance an attendant turned a button on a switch board, and the divine-editor immediately assumed his normal condition and unwillingly submitted to be interviewed.

Rep.—"Mr. Hepworth, I want to give an astounded world"—here Mr. H. started violently, until the ambassador explained that he did not mean "Pulitzer's puny publication"—"to the public the *Herald's* method of reporting without reporters. But first

explain, please, the peculiar outfit of your department."

"Most unwillingly," said the editor with evident gratification. "We need no writing material. I do not write. These large orifices around the room are each covered by the ear of a stenographer who take down my inspired utterances. We employ no reporters, like our unenterprising contemporaries, and going shorthanded in perambulators we can afford this corps of shorthand writers. The large telephone membranous discs that you see connect with Mr. Bennett's private offices in Europe, Asia and Africa. He hears every word I utter here, even before the stenographers take it down, so that the total proposed contents of the paper, exclusive of advertising, are known to him as I utter them—editorial, interviews, news, speeches of public men, etc. The advertising he does not care about, except the receipts therefor."

"How do you find time to dictate the entire contents of a large paper like the *Herald?*" asked our astonished emissary mentally—for during this entire interview the reporter did not audibly utter a word; he didn't have to.

"That's the discovery. The operations of the imagination are unlimited, omniscient, omnipresent. By going into the trance state and suspending all the reasoning faculties, throwing aside the limitations of experience and gross facts, my powers are as superior to ordinary intellectual editing as the sweep of a dream is more wide and rapid than the travel of a reporter on an afternoon paper. It is by this means that the *Herald* was able to scoop all it's slow, matter-of-fact contemporaries on the Roach interview, and the death-bed scene of Gen. Grant, which was actually dictated twelve hours in advance of the event, so inconceivably rapid are the higher, more inspired human faculties."

"How did you get onto this racket?" thought THE JUDGE'S Mikado.

"I discovered it during my theological pursuits. It occurred to me that if a minister, by aid of his imagination, could find out eternity and catalogue the attributes, intentions and passions of God Almighty, past, present and prospective, he could edit the *Herald* without the aid of man's puny intellect, and unembarrassed by the circumstances of existence Mr. Bennett has only to select the subjects, to nominate the public man he wants interviewed, etc., turn on the inspiration through his new cable and the matter comes forth like lightning. It is called Higher-Faculty Journalism."

"I see that the celebrated Shapira MSS., that two years ago were held in London at \$5,000,000, have been bought for 80 cents. Who got 'em?"

"*Herald* enterprise, my boy. We secured not only the Saphira manuscripts, but the private diary of Ananias and several unpublished volumes of Baron Munchausen and Marco Polo. These are for the *Telegram's* use. Its editor can draw from these sources for months, to effect a large saving in reporters there, too.

"Mr. Bennett will spare no expense to put the two journals out of sight ahead of all its contemporaries."

DEPOSED OFFICIALS may object to the ex-position that they are compelled to take part in, but the level-headed say its the fortune of war.

Facilis Descensus Averni.

THREE HUNDRED ministers of the gospel are given up, body and soul, to the bicycle habit. This will yet revolutionize the pulpit. What better is a bicycling minister than a roller-skater "whose steps take hold on hell" more than on earth? What precedent is there in the bible for sitting astraddle of a single cart-wheel and pawing the air with both feet? Did the apostles ride bicycles? It is assuming too much to say that the great light that Saul of Tarsus saw on his Damascus excursion was really stars caused by the overturning of his velocipede; nor is there any authority for construing the prophet's vision of a wheel within a wheel to predict and authorize bicycles.

We fear that the country is going to the devil on horse-back following these one-wheeled—not to say one-horse—parsons. It is discouraging—our effort to keep the clergy out of mischief. They have hardly recovered from the soul-destroying croquet craze, before this devil's wheel epidemic breaks out. After this, what? Can it be base-ball? Let us not live to see the sight.



QUITE TOO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!

PHELPS our Minister to England, you
Are quite too fresh and sycophantic, sir—
Your countrymen are sick of antics, too,
Such as you cut before the Britisher.
The sweet and nauseating treacle, which
You slobbered Albert Victor with was quite
Enough to give your countrymen the "stitch,"
The gollywobbles and the ague-blight!

You told the callow youth that cast you could
Out of the stars that gleamed above his head
No fairer horoscope than that he should
Walk where his princely father long had led.
This weren't, perhaps, invading horror's scope,
But far beyond a wholesome scope it went,
For well you know the Prince of Wales' lope—
His gait—is "fast;" and he incontinent!

O, Phelps, the sugared taffy that you pull
At the swell feeds you are invited to,
May titillate the palate of J. Bull,
But sickens Yankee Doodle through and through.
You love and ape the nobles over there—
When coughs my lord, be sure our Phelps will
Cough;
You're quite too English for your Vermont air,
In short, you make us tired. O, Phelps—come off!

SI SLOKUM.

IN THE MOUNTAIN districts of Pennsylvania they bury a chap's marriage certificate with him, not as credentials for his future use, but because they think it unlucky to retain a dead person's marriage certificate. Many a live man finds it unfortunate to possess one, with all that it implies.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE administered forty dollars worth of spanking to a Sag Harbor boy, so the Buckwheat justice-of-the-peace decided. If Julian will travel and make a specialty of forty-dollar larrupings, he can make more money and fame than Nathaniel ever did. We'd like to turn him loose in our neighborhood for about a week.

A KANSAS LOVE-LETTER.

(Philt Johnson.)

DEAR SAL:—

I've heard from folks as know,
That there's a kid without no clothes on,
(Except some arrers and a bow)
Who never did, as people knows on,
A lick of work in all his life;
But just fools 'round a-raisin' fusses,
And kickin' up no end of strife
Among us poor, helpless mortal cusses.

I've likewise hearn these fellows say
That none's so wise, nor yet so stupid,
In all this world, but what, some day,
He's bound to have a call from Cupid.
I kinder think its mostly true.
I'd swear I've seen the kid, when gazin'
Down in your eyes so deep and blue;—
And, Sal, his aim is just amazin'.

I can't endure his arrer's smart,
And you must heal it, now or never.
'Tis yours to pluck it from my heart,
Or let it rankle there forever.
Now, Sal, I mean by what I've said,
To ask you if you couldn't promise,
That, after harvestin', you'll wed
Your ever-faithful, loving,

THOMAS.

OFF THE BENCH.

THE GENERAL opinion is that in its dealings with the Indians the government plays Lo down.

THE COUNTRYMAN who had his first dish of soft-shelled crab set before him, rejected "them gol darned big spiders."

THE JAPANESE have a coin of which it takes 1,000 to make a dollar. An Agency of the Bartholdi Pedestal subscription should be started in Japan. Any one could afford to chip in to see his name emblazoned to and in the *World*.

AN INGENUOUS man has invented a way to remedy the difficulties experienced by draughtsmen on account of the shrinkage of the paper on which they draw. Now let him apply his intellect to the same difficulties experienced by business men and shareholders.

WHISTLING UP A WHIRLWIND.



"Wait till the clouds roll by, Jennie."



DON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG."



NO MORE WHISTLE IN THAT YOUTH.

SCIENTIFIC DOMESTIC WARFARE.



"Colonel where are you going?"

It was my friend Colonel Andrew, who was advancing now by the right flank now by the left flank, in a way that suggested deep strategy.

"I am moving upon my house," he replied in a basso-profundo tone. "I have been celebrating our old victories with the boys. I am equal to it; I am equal to it," he added fiercely.

"Is your wife in town, Colonel?"

"Hush!" he said. "Don't spoil my game." I knew that the Colonel, though a tyrant over his soldiers, did not dare to say that his soul was his own in presence of his better half.

"You're not going to move directly on the enemy's works, Colonel?"

"No, no," he said, advancing by acute angles. "I've tried direct assaults on Theresa before; it's no use; it is suicide now-a-days to try to carry intrenched positions by assault."

"What's your new plan, Colonel?" As I spoke, I smoothed down a lamp-post for him to lean against.

"Scientific warfare!" he whispered. "I'm going to capture the fort by regular approaches, zigzags and parallels. It takes longer, but it is the only safe mode. Theresa's blood is too much like mine. You can't capture her by a *coup-de-main*. But zigzags and parallels will do the business. At the last moment I shall summon her to surrender, and if she refuses—" His face assumed an expression of bloodthirsty fury, that gradually changed into a look of deep perplexity. "Great Heavens!" he added. "What shall I do if she refuses?"

VISCOUNT TATTER DE MALION.

Improved Agriculture.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB, NEW YORK.

Oh, happy thought! Oh, happy day! replete with every charm!
I've planned to leave the city's streets, and bought a lovely farm,
Where underneath my turnip tree I'll lead a useful life,
And cultivate my cabbage vines, far, far from city strife.
The gorgeous hen ten times an hour shall cheer me with her lay,
The little calves (in colored hose) about my parlor play,
The hawks and eagles in my yard soothe all with gentlest song,
And pumpkin trees their branches tall wave o'er me all day long.

The bright-plumed turkey buzzards light upon my window sill,
The soft-voiced crows fly in and out with soul-entrancing trill,
The radish trees above my porch their colored fruits display,
Potatoes in my orchards hang, and beet-vines shade the way.
We'll dig tomatoes from the earth, our pickaxe swung with skill,
Scratch up the plums from out their nests beneath the shady hill,
Pluck golden carrots from their vines—o'er many a trellis flung—
And climb for parsnips high o'erhead on walls and hedges hung.

The Holstein hog with bushy tail, with sleek and glossy coat,
Shall with the guinea hens and chicks upon the lakelet float;
The Poland China breed of cows—with down as soft as silk—
Shall some give butter, some sweet cream, and others buttermilk.
Our short-horn hens, our Guernsey goats with closely curling tails—
Our Conestoga geese which mount the clouds in fiercest gales,
Our Devon donkeys—curly-horned—our Cotswold ducks and drakes
That sing their soothing, soulful songs in woods and ferny brakes

The singing owl, on sunny days, shall on the mantel strut,
The children dig with rakes and hoes the three-pronged hazel-nut;
We'll pick the oats and soft-shelled wheat at early golden morn,
Husk out the beets, pull up the pears, and thresh the Indian corn;
Pluck downy feathers from our sheep when summer days oppress,
Milk ducks and turkeys lowing out their creamy-souled distress;
Our children learn the geese to swim, the lambkins how to dive,
While I take care of hatching colts as fast as they arrive.

Consider this pure list of joys, learn country love from me,
Mayhap, some day, a husbandman as knowledgeable you'll be;
It takes a gum elastic brain, a hundred acre heart,
To understand each in and out, each complicated part,
Of all required to make complete the granger's useful art.
Thank Heaven, I've mastered all its lore, have triumphed over fears,
And earned the joys which nickle-plate my coming farmer years!

I. E. JONES.

Breaking up a Setting Hen.

Having always lived in the city, my knowledge of the hen had been confined chiefly to the *post mortem* condition; and like most other city men, I had come to consider her a tough case. But since coming to the country I find that this toughness of the body is only a faint reminder of the iron-clad will which governed it. I refer now more especially to the first hen I undertook to "break up"—the speckled one with the lop comb. She remained on the nest so faithfully that I couldn't help commending her industry; but my neighbor—old Dobson—told me she was setting and I had better "break her up." He then gave me some suggestions which I acted upon forthwith.

Dobson told me that imprisonment is too mild for bad cases and I had better try the cold bath. The apparatus for this experiment is very simple, being merely a hen and a bucket of water. She went in without protest, but as she came out I thought there was a dozen of her. I wiped off my shirt front, wrung out my coat-tails and removed and carefully emptied my shoes. Next day I bought a new hat, but about two months later I found the old one in the cherry tree. It is rather the worse for exposure, but will do to scrub around home in.

As the bath didn't work a cure (and I have since learned that it seldom does) I placed an old dripping pan under a soap box and compelled the hen to stand in about two inches of water. During the day the thermometer crawled up to ninety-five degrees, and when I returned at night hot and cross, the cool and airy appearance of the hen excited my wrath. One kick at the box and she was on the nest again. I limped rather perceptibly for a day or two after, but it was nothing serious.

She was not disturbed again that night, but next morning I proceeded to apply the "stick cure." Seated on the wheelbarrow with the hen between my knees, I began to bind two little sticks to her legs in such a manner, that being unable to bend them (the legs) she could not proceed with her work. I got one nicely on, and congratulated myself that this little scheme would do the business. Suddenly there was a general convulsion; and when I came to I was puzzled to know which was myself and which the wheelbarrow. I now became desperate, and had recourse to sticks, stones, brick-bats and whatever I could lay my hands on. The hen, of course, escaped to a safe distance. I wish I could say as much for the eggs.

When I next entered the barn the incubation was going merrily on at about seventeen knots an hour. The hen appeared as if nothing had happened, and there was a far-away look in her eye as though she could already see her future brood manipulating the truck garden. I seized an ax and started to renew the fight, but wiser counsels prevailed and I retired.

Finally, the hen wasn't "broke up." I was. R. MORGAN.



"Bus to the Paint House, gentlemen!"

"Stage here for the Putty Hotel!"

"Which shall it be, boys," I asked, "Paint or Putty?"

"Make it Putty, and oblige yours, Augustus," said that individual. "Hop into the Maria and I'll tell you as we go why I incline Putty-wards."

We waltzed in, and as we rumbled through Kansas City's main street, Cusby told us something of the peculiarities of Mr. Boniphiz, the jolly host of the inn to which we were driving.

"You see, boys, he is by all odds the greatest practical joker of his time. He works a rig of some sort on every fellow who comes near him, and is the most difficult chap to come up with you ever saw. When I was here last he made it cost me three bottles, so this time I have stacked the cards and fixed up a deal that will cost him a dozen sure. Do you remark the opera hat which is now adorning my noble brow? Well, that hat is going to do the business for Boniphiz."

"But how, Gus?" I asked. "Give us the snap."

"Never mind how, Lang, my boy. You just keep your eye on this cupola, that's all."

A little later we registered at the Putty.

"Cusby, my dear fellow, how are you?" exclaimed a three hundred pound gentleman provided with a generous bay window in front and a well-defined piazza behind. "You haven't been near us in a year."

"Hullo, Boniphiz, is that you. You haven't taken to cloud-showing yet, I see. Shake with me, old man, and then with my friends, Mr. Brown, a coffin peddler, and Mr. Lang, disseminator of art."

"Glad to know you, gentlemen," said the fat man cordially. "Mr. Cusby's friends are mine. Come and sit down. Here are chairs."

So saying he led the way into the bar-room, where a dozen men, perhaps, were loafing at the time.

Gus removed his crush hat before taking the chair indicated by Boniphiz, and just as the latter was about to seat himself, shoved the dicer under him. The ponderous old chap dropped heavily on it, and, of course, the piazza aforesaid flattened the tile beautifully. Cusby jumped up, and with well simulated wrath exclaimed:

"Confound you, Boniphiz, what are you up to? That hat cost me seven dollars in New York, and here you've knocked sm out of it. You clumsy old lump of lard, do you think I can be blowing in my good money to supply you with chair cushions

at seven dollars apiece. Look at that hat, will you, you turkey-yellow blonde?" and Gus, holding his hat at arm's length, continued to berate the land-lord and bewail the misuse of his property so loudly that all the loungers in that part of the house were attracted to our neighborhood.

The features of Boniphiz expressed surprise when at Cusby's first exclamation he rose to his feet releasing the hat, and afterwards some contrition; but, as Cusby continued abusing him, he turned a delicate plum color with anger and interrupted him with these words:

"Shut up, Cusby. You make more fuss over this thing than I would if Jumbo sat down on my mother-in-law. And all on account of a hat. Seven slugs, do you say? Here, take your money, and for the Lord's sake stop your whining."

With that he produced a gold coin and some silver and handed the same to Gus, who received the wealth with a grin.

"I have you, old man," he exclaimed in delight. Then turning

in his undershirt."

"Oh, yes I have, Cusby. You see there's an individual now in the house that I want to play this same combination on, and I want to work it right here in the presence of these fellows who are now drinking carbonic acid gas at my expense, for, don't you see, my reputation is at stake, and I must saddle this particular trick on some other man in their presence or bust."

"All right, dear boy, I'll do it," assented Gus cheerfully, leaving the room at once.

Then the landlord addressed the mob as follows:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Cusby got this thing off on me in good shape and I propose working the same racket on the Cincinnati sausage drummer, Hoofandbone, in a few minutes. Will you kindly keep mum about this last transaction?"

"We will certainly try to, Mr. Boniphiz," remarked Josh Brown. "We have partaken too generously, perhaps, of your Mumm, but we will make a strong effort to keep it, at whatever personal inconvenience."

Boniphiz withdrew but soon returned accompanied by a fellow heavier by a hundred pounds than himself, just as Gus entered by another door. While the newcomer was shaking hands with Brown, whom he had previously met somewhere, Gus handed over the new hat to the landlord, remarking as he did so: "It's made of different material, Boniphiz, but it's all right."

Then the hotel man, grabbing his fat friend by the elbow, led him over to the scene of the trick just played, and telling him he had a good thing to relate, invited him to seat himself. Mr. Hoofandbone did so, and on the hat, too. Then Boniphiz began storming as Gus had done, while the bystanders looked on and giggled. The sausage drummer grieved and protested at first, but finally becoming angry, swore in good old version terms—which we must admit is after all the language that best fits our violent moods—that he wasn't going to be bully-ragged in that manner by any man, and then going down in his breeches, produced the seven dollars which Boniphiz had declared was the amount of his damage.

At this point the landlord broke into a violent fit of laughter, much to the astonishment of the other fellow and said:

"It's all right, Hoofandbone. Here take your money. I don't want it. You'll have to buy the wine for the crowd, though. This is a trick hat, don't you see? Look now. I hold it this way and press the spring thus and—it works a little stiff, but—I say, Gus Cusby, what the devil



to the crowd, said: "Keep your eyes on me, gentlemen. There is no illusion about this trick, please notice. I put these coins on the crown of this hat. Then, I touch a spring thus. Presto! they fly into the air. Boniphiz, the drinks for the crowd are on you," Gus continued, extending the hat, now restored to its former shape, towards his dupe, having previously caught the money dextrously with the other. "The hat is O. K., my dear sir. It is an ordinary opera hat, you see."

Like a sensible fellow, Boniphiz joined heartily in the laugh against himself, and led the way to the bar. While the crowd were disposing of the half dozen Mumm he had generously set up, Boniphiz took Gus to one side and said:

"Cusby, I wish you would do me this favor: take that seven dollars and buy me a hat just like that trick concern of yours, and go for it now, will you?"

"Of course I will, Boniphiz, but what do you want with it? You have no more use for an opera hat than a toad has for a pocket

is the matter with this thing? Open it for me, will you?"

"Ho, ho," laughed Gus in great glee. The champagne is on you again, Boniphiz. That's no opera hat and it don't open. It's a silk hat, and a very badly busted one, my dear sir. Boniphiz I've got both the dead open and shut on you this trip." L. L. LANG.

Little Classics.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

The more I delve into antiquities the more I become convinced of the fact that the people of the nineteenth century missed a great deal by not being born sooner; and even when I was grinding grammar in college, it occurred to me that the ancients had the advantage of us in the matter of learning Latin and Greek, and also in many other things relating to classic lore.

The one great thing the Greeks and Romans seemed to want to know about a stranger was, not what he drank or smoked, or whether he had killed his man, but whether he preferred liberty to death. If he did, he was all right, whether he was a tramp or a tetrarch, or both; and if he did not, he was N. G. with them, even though he kept a saloon or a skating rink, or even was boss of a circus. I confess, that I have great reverence for this love of liberty, and I wish we could have a little of it instead of so much bock beer and bombast when Bartholdi's "Baby" is set up to hold a light as Diogenes did when he was looking for a man. Diog. was not the only person in history who sought a man; some go out between the acts to see one, and some stay out for the same purpose.

I was recently reading an essay on Caesar, and the author took occasion to note how much Latin he worked into his books. My early interviews with Caesar were not very lucid, for as nearly as I can now recollect, it took me half-a-day on such a matter to thoroughly comprehend the xvi. section of his first book regarding his trip to Gaul. It always seemed to me that it would require a great deal of gall to make any author put out such unintelligible sentences, if he cared anything for the patience of his readers.

That section, I am told, is written in indirect discourse. I hope so, for that takes a stain off Caesar's name and shows that he had probably been editor of a puzzle department in some Roman newspaper and by mistake had incorporated one of his best enigmas into his history.

There is still one more explanation of the presence of this chapter. It is said, I believe, that Caesar could write and dictate to another writing at the same time, and this chapter was, doubtless, written when he was just beginning to try that trick.

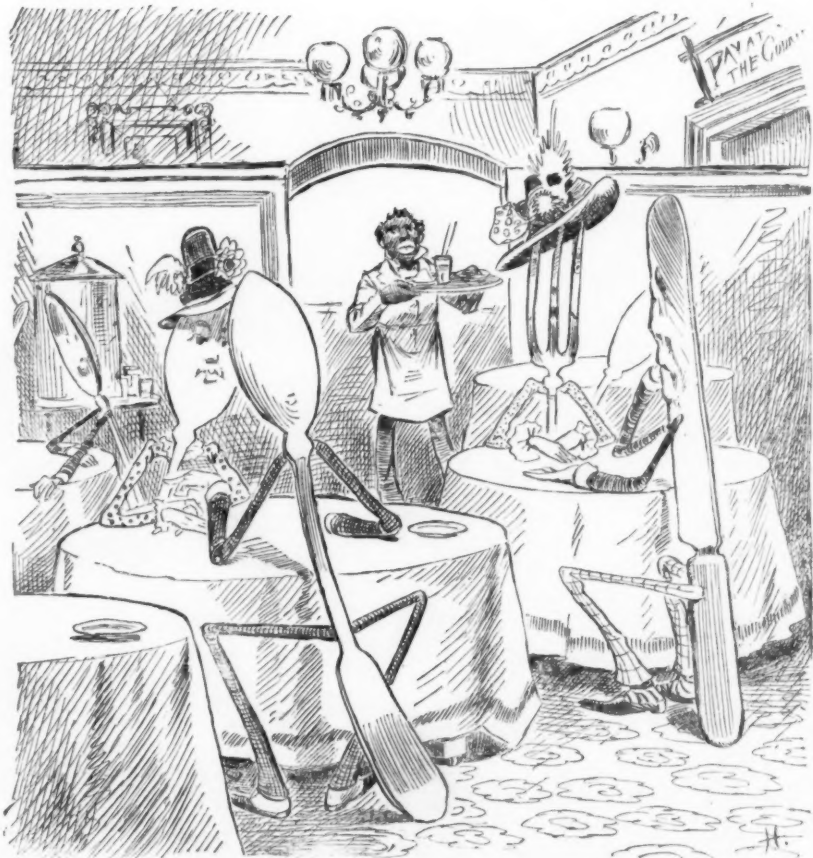
At one time Caesar was very much stuck on Cleopatra, but she didn't take his shape much and so he did not have the felicity of dying for her.

When I was in Italy the third time I copied a number of inscriptions that were as ancient as thunder. I took them to one of my old Latin teachers to decipher, and to my astonishment he lost his philosophy and blasphemed my optics. I give two or three of them below in hopes that some less haughty antiquarian may aid me in my search for truth.

- "Hor N. Swoggle Fecit S. P. Q. R."
- "Silentium Sit."
- "Passus Sum Jam."
- "Jam Pius Aeneas."

FRED S. RYMAN.

THE BLADE AND THE SPOONS.



Did you notice how the waiter stared
When he brought us in the cream,
As though he'd lost his little wit,
Or was walking in a dream?
I suppose it does seem odd enough
To these obsequious coons
To see a notched old blade like me
Among a lot of spoons.

There are startling metamorphoses;
But it puts all in the shade
To note how soon a simpering spoon
Becomes a driving blade;

For along life's path the Gordian knots
Are dangling in festoons;
And to hack them through our brisk old blade
Is worth a dozen spoons.

My temper has been sorely tried
By the changing cold and heat,
Though you, my dear, have always been
A helpmate true and meet;
But it makes my old heart young again
To watch these silly loons,
For their foolish ways recall the days
When you and I were spoons.

R. MORGAN.

Hottest Day of The Season.

8 A. M.—Whew! Whew!! Aspiring barometer, eighty-five in the shade.

9 A. M.—Buckwheat cakes fried on the sidewalk.

10 A. M.—Young lady mired in melted asphalt walk of Central Park. Tip of tall hat just visible. Watermelons boil.

11 A. M.—Three chimneys on fire from the heat. Roasted horse drops dead in the Bowery.

12 M.—Grace church steeple melting and dripping on the sidewalk. Hens laying boiled eggs.

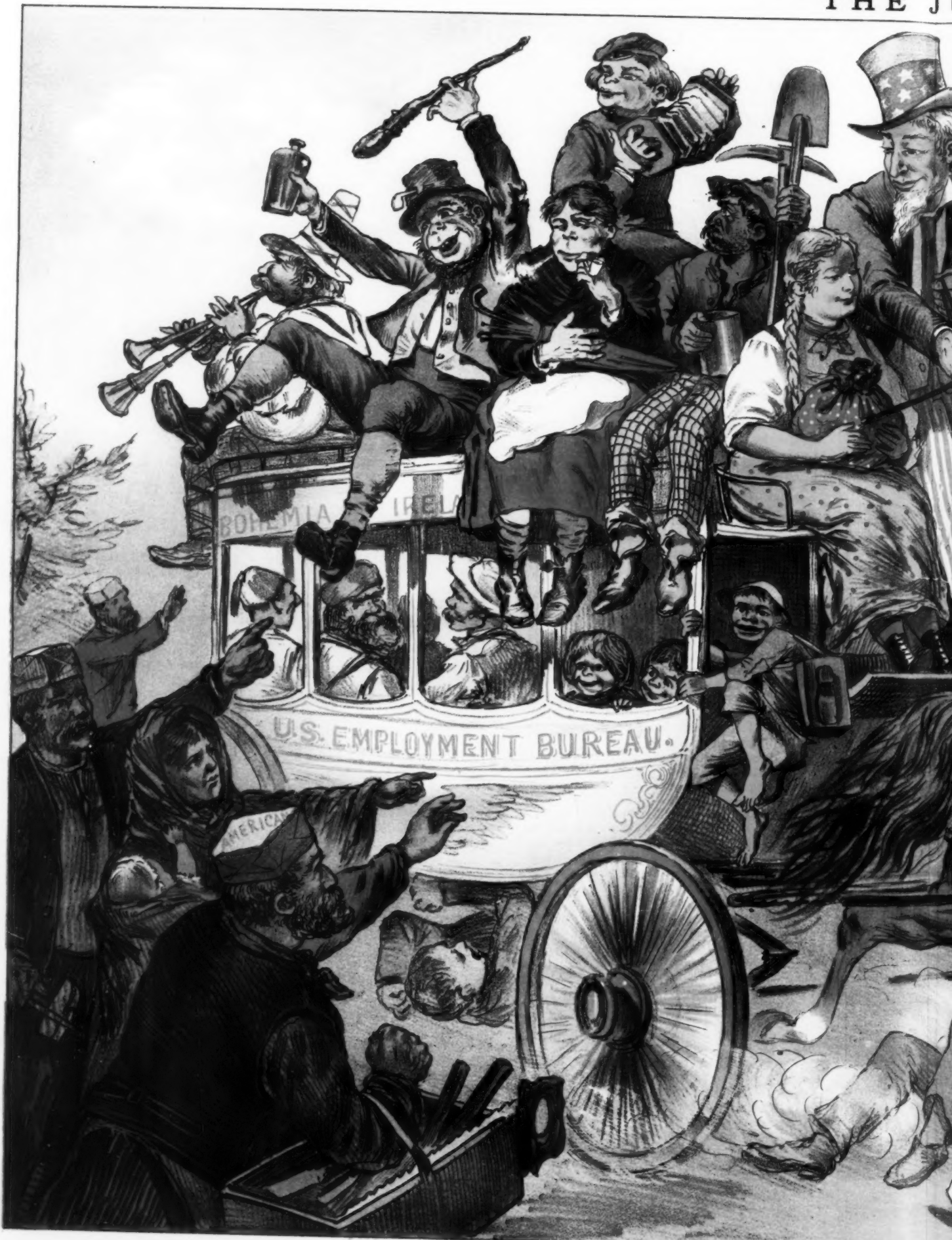
1 P. M.—Fisherman hooks a live boiled bass in the Bay. Deviled crabs crawling on the beaches. New roast potatoes dug fresh from the hills. Hen hatches a brood of fried spring chickens. Tribune building vane droops and wilts. Steel pens inside too hot for editor's use. Mr. Reid calls for an "iced quill."

2 P. M.—Sun's ink boiling. Two office boys playing iced water on Mr. Dana. Man

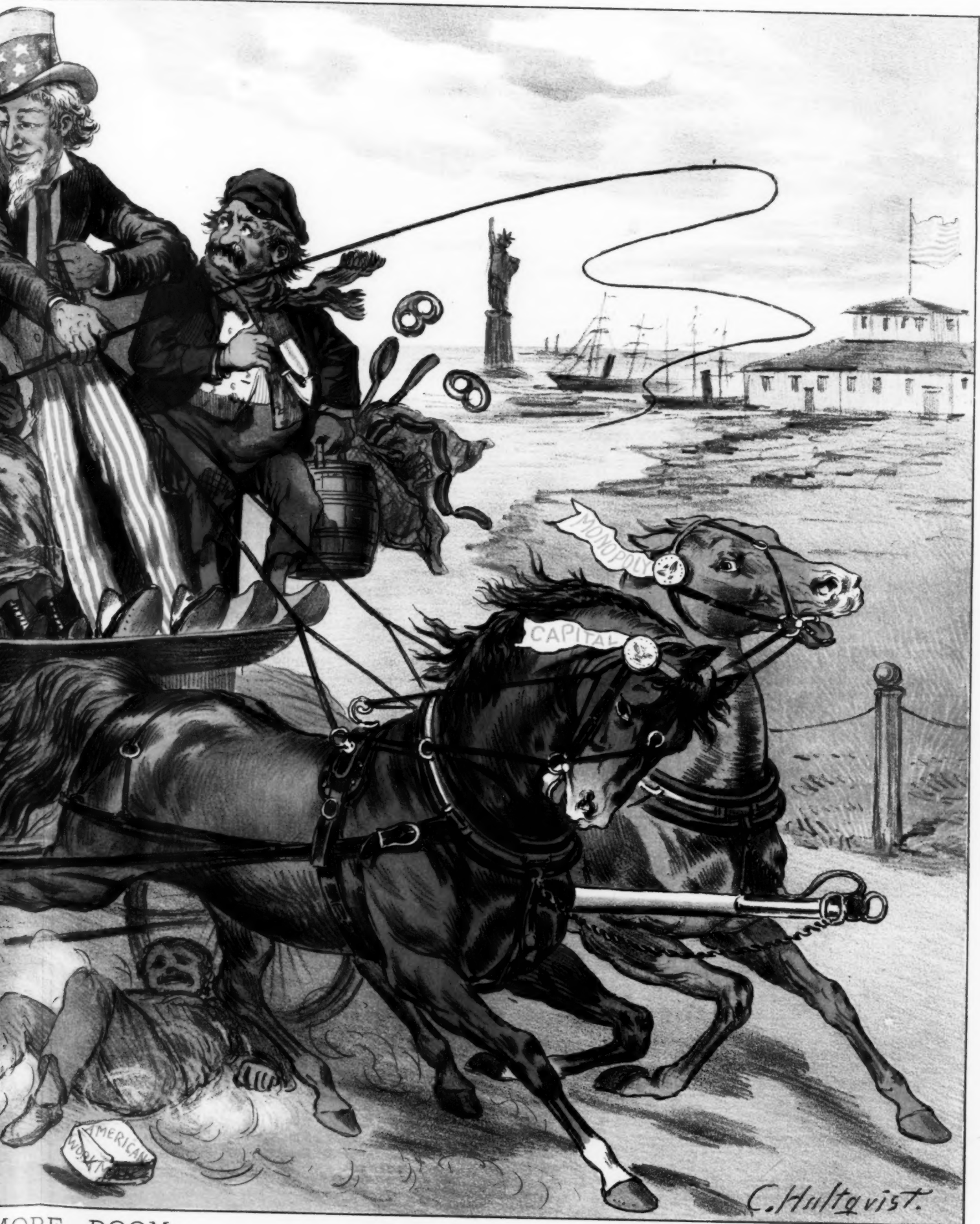
melts to a grease spot on Broadway. Metal suspender buttons and nickels sticking in it. Tramp dissolves on City Hall Park bench. No fat. Too poor. Only shriveled up skin and stale beer.

3 P. M.—Herald editor's intellect fired! Writes his first brilliant article.

4 P. M.—Thunder and lightning. Some public thought at meridian: Too hot to sleep. Too hot to eat. Too hot to live by thunder! Too hot to wear clothes. Wish I was a Hotentot. No! Not a Hot-entot. Am hot nuff, now. Wish was a "tot"-not-hot. By sh'nay I think I'll take a "tot." Not a hot-tot; cold tot! The cold "tot" makes one feel hot after little while—ha-ha-ha! Foun' a joke; dunno whether it's a cold joke or hot joke; wether—weather—less see; mus' be nuther joke in wether sumwhere; gimme whisky plane 'thout nothing in it; plane whisky makes one do his level bess. Nin'y in shade. By Thunder! Mus' drink. Scripper says "Take little wine for stum-mick's sick an offen infirmity,"—that's me; gimme nuther plane whissy! Whoop!



E JUDGE.



MORE ROOM.



A DRAMATIC CONTAGION.

A. H. Philips' play, "Caught On," will be brought on at the Union Square Theatre Aug. 17. There are a great many ways of catching on as displayed in every day scenes on the street, in the cars, and in ice cream parlors. If Mr. Philips' play has the element of naturalness for its scheme, it will not be lacking in humorous situations or catchy dialogue. Mr. Philips will figure in the principle role supported by Miss Frances Kemble. Both of these leading actors will assume numerous characters. Macy's store is to be outrivalled in one scene, Adams' Express Office presented in another, while the august audience will be cooled by the spectacle of fifty skaters battling with a paper snow storm—that is, if there is an audience.

AFTER OCTOBER MME. NEVADA PALMER.

Paris is to be honored by the celebration of this most patriotic(?) American prima donna's nuptial ceremonies. This lady, sensitive to the verge of fickleness, is brave withal. She proposes to come to America on her wedding tour, notwithstanding Mr. Frederic Schwab holds up the dread card of prosecution ready to play the moment she arrives.

ENGLISH LIBERALITY, YOU KNOW.

Miss Estella Clayton is in London visiting her mother and sister. It is to be hoped that the English partiality for little women may not captivate this pink-toed "Fayette," as Minnie Palmer of diamond fame, asserts it has enthralled her. Even if we should lose these two petite footlight child actresses, we will still have Maggie Mitchell. The fair Minnie Palmer really announces her intention to become a naturalized English citizen. The English are "so delightfully kind," and have showed her "so many favors." This little lady now has a snug little fortune, but supposing her bankers should fail, where would her next mechanically-impressive diamonds come from? Surely not from the liberality of the people she admires so much. Even their own Irving comes to America for financial replenishment. At his own theatre, in London, Mr. Irving's prices are: Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 4s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. His New York prices of \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.00 for admission show a balance greatly in favor of the latter place. If the English graduate their prices according to the performance, we feel confident that the English Minnie will soon be making her American tours.

Miss Clayton, however, will not yet re-

nounce her allegiance to America, as she is booked for another season here, and she, like all discreet actors, will be most loyal under such circumstances. Her next season opens in September.

TRYING TO MANAGE ONE'S WIFE.

Miss Rose Coghlan has been of one and the same mind for an unusually long period since her adjustment with her late manager that-was-to-be. Soon after that gentleman was disposed of—much to the benefit of his health and public relief—and Miss Coghlan had apparently relinquished all thought of a starring tour and had signed with Mr. Wallack for the ensuing season, this alleged changeable lady again became infatuated with the belief that she could succeed as a star. Since that decision, her lately acquired husband, Mr. Clinton J. Edgerly, has been vigorously engaged in making dates and attending to the usual star managerial's duties. Can it be that Miss Coghlan has changed her mind not as to what she would do, but as to who should manage her, and used her old patron, Mr. Wallack, as a go-between?

Mr. Edgerly has secured a new Russian play from Mr. A. Cazauran for his wife. Miss Coghlan will alternate this with "Our Joan."

VOILA!

Salvini prefers spirited, if not talented, ladies for his leading support. Miss Marie Prescott, the plucky, the impetuous, held that position one season, and now Miss Allen—the late "mentally indisposed" Lyceum fiasco—is to be reinstated in dramatic favor by the prestige of a season with the great Italian actor. Miss Prescott was a match for Salvini in one line of expression, viz.: the fiery, tumultuous one. In this line they studied the regular "give and take" of traditional stage etiquette. One incident will serve to illustrate their interesting relationship. "Othello" was in rehearsal. There was some point of difference in opinion about a minor detail in Miss Prescott's part as *Emilia*. This point was brought up at every rehearsal, but with no avail. Miss Prescott, either wilfully or unintentionally continued to offend the great tragedian by playing it, according to Marie Prescott's conception, not as Salvini desired. At last he became furious, and in his uncertain English, made forcible by its brevity, he informed Miss Prescott that she was "a bad actress." Wholly unabated by his opinion, that lady indignantly faced him and replied: "That depends upon who is the judge." Incensed as Salvini was at this retort, he afterward admitted that her defiant daring won his admiration.

TIMELY, ADVENTITIOUS AID.

Madame Janisch will soon arrive in New York. M. Sardou has completed her play "Anselma," and will follow her. His visit to this country at such a time is propitious for Mme. Janisch. Judging from her past work she will need all the celebrity that the name of the great French playwright can give and all the prestige that his genius can lend her. She is a representative of a class of foreigner actors whose only claim to the consideration and forbearance of American theatre-goers is that they are foreigners. The discriminating power between good and bad acting is the safeguard of Americans against a surfeit of foreign sticks, posers and money speculators.

KEEP COOL.

Oh, garment la variegate biped,
Oh, garment that's airy and striped,
Ah, dear to my sight,
So gauzy and light,
Oh, garment a pucker, seersucker.

Oh, hammock delightfully easy,
Oh, zephyr so fragrantly breezy;
Havana so sweet,
Siesta's replete—
In garment a pucker, seersucker.

Oh, soda so frothy and flashing,
Oh, maiden so dainty and dashing:
Sweet dream of delight
In a jacket so bright—
The garment a pucker, seersucker.

H. R. KELLER.



NEW JERSEY HOTEL RUNNER.

BRIEFS.

Submitted by JEF. JOSLYN.

A scaly business—the counterfeit Mermaid's.

"The breath of slander travels fast and far," but the "limburger breath" can distance it at the first quarter-post.

The modern quickstep—the dude's while passing an ice-cream saloon with his Dulcinea.

The low-born young man who was desirous of wedding a blue-blooded heiress and leader of society, evidently had a *caste* in his eye.

A little "jock,"
A great big horse;
A steeplechase
O'er Brighton's course.
A little jump,
A great big fall;
A hurdle down,
And that is all;—
Except, there joins
The angel choir,
A cherub "jock,"
With brand-new lyre.

"Circumstances alter cases"—so do the artisans who gold-plate silver watches.

A pipe organ—The *Tobacconist's Gazette*.

It was the Kentucky "moonshiner" who said: "Let me 'still' the whiskey for a nation, and I care not who makes the laws."

Some are stuck on the "roll of the sad sea waves;"
Others, "rolls of the drum" sweeter think;
But give me the flaky, and warm breakfast "roll,"—
Or the fancy "Dutch roll" at the rink.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

A matter of the first importance for you to consider is the tampering of the Clearing House of New York banks with the currency of the government, and in connection therewith, the effect of the conduct of the Treasury Department on the national credit. There is the more need for your action on account of the offer of the banks of New York to "lend" the government gold, professedly at the desire of the Secretary of the Treasury.

You will find by comparing the Treasury statements that there was, July 30, in the vaults of the government twelve millions more gold than there was in January last. Hence, you will conclude that there is no such loss of gold balance as the banks and the Secretary claim, and no necessity for the one's lending or the other's borrowing gold.

You will decide what position your jury ought to take regarding this false pretence in the face of Treasury reports. You will further have before you evidence of deception in the part of the bankers, and of bad faith to his trust on the part of the Secretary, in the reasons alleged for this strange "loan." You will have in evidence the circular of the banks, saying:

"The resources of the government have become immaturally absorbed by the purchase of silver bullion converted into coin dollars of inferior value to such an extent as to constrain the officers of the treasury to force them upon an unwilling people in payment of public dues and these coins, or their representatives, now threaten to invade and poison all the channels of trade by being introduced as commercial equivalents in the clearing houses [banks] of the country.

To temporarily arrest this danger until Congress shall convene and amend the law, the banks have offered to supply any deficiency of gold in the treasury."

Your jury will not fail to notice that the objects here avowed by the banks are:

1. To prevent silver dollars being paid out by the Treasury.

2. To prevent the use of silver or silver certificates over their counters.

3. To influence the action of Congress upon silver coinage.

You will not fail to inquire how the banks propose to thus aid the Secretary to Boycott silver dollars, and you will be surprised to read in their own circular that they propose to take from the Treasury as much as twenty million dollars in small coin in exchange for their gold. You will learn that this subsidiary coin, (halves, quarters, dimes and half-dimes) is intrinsically worth less than the silver dollar, of which they profess to have such fear.

Your jury will have further evidence be-

fore you in support of the conclusion that the reason why the banks undertake to "force upon an unwilling people" these millions of small coin, while refusing the more valuable dollar, is that the small coin are not legal tender, and the dollars are. You will perceive, then, that the proposition is to bury out of reach the silver which depositors and debtors can compel the banks to take and to flood the country with silver that the banks are at liberty at all times to throw out, and the government is under no obligation to redeem. Thus the people might be deprived of legal tender dollars and unable to use the other silver, and become dependent on gold for coin payments. As the banks control the gold, it is for your jury to decide if this is not a great scheme to effect a corner in gold and bring about another Black Friday.

Such a design would explain: (1), The falsely alleged scarcity of gold; (2), the inability of the government to payout silver dollars; (3), the anxiety of the banks to help the Secretary keep silver dollars away from their vaults; (4), the inconsistent offer to flood the country with debased silver tokens; (5), the avowed object of compelling Congress to kill the silver dollar.

Your jury will find by the statutes that the Secretary of the Treasury has no power in law to borrow this gold, nor has he the legal power to stop paying out silver dollars or to withdraw them from circulation. You should consider the question of remedies for these glaring trespasses of law and public policy.

Whether there is a conspiracy on the part of the banks forming the New York Clearing House, drive out silver and operate another gold corner?

Whether one of their objects is to treasonably intimidate the legislative branch of the government?

Whether if either or both these unlawful

dangers or any such lie at the bottom of this strange action, your Jury of Public Opinion should demand of Congress the taking away of the charters of the banks that have so audaciously undertaken to usurp government powers in finance; or, whether criminal proceedings against the members of the New York Clearing House will lie.

As to Secretary Manning—

Whether your jury will indict him (1) for conspiracy with bankers to defeat the operations of the Bland Silver Bill; (2), for violating the laws and constitution of the United States in declaring silver not money and withholding it from the people. Lastly, you should consider, if the Secretary dare go so far as to borrow gold on the credit of the government without authority of law, whether he should be impeached for the high act of usurpation.

You will also consider carefully the general effect on public confidence and depressed trade of this combined attack on the credit of the government, couched in the false assumption that the Treasury is so alarmingly short of gold that the philanthropic banks must step in and exchange good gold for "fiddler's money." It will be for your Grand Jury of the Public to make solemn and searching inquest as to the design and probably effects of this whole financial coup in such a delicate situation as the country now is in.

Metaphysical.

Professor—"So it is impossible to conceive of a man getting out of space, is it?"

Student—"Yes, sir; because when we have gone as far as we can go we find we can go farther."

Prof.—"Exactly, and the same is true as regards time. Now, when you get out of time, then what?"

Student—"Throw up the sponge, sir."

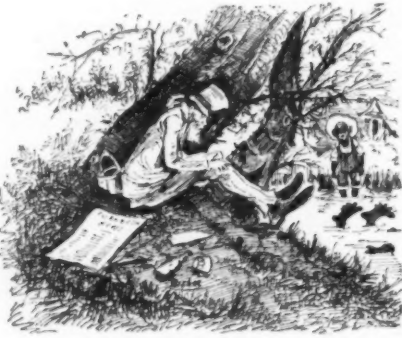


A WHOLESALE ORDER.

ESCORT—"What reduction do you make for an order of ten plates of ice-cream?"

WAITER—"Why, Boss, you have only one lady with you."

ESCORT—"Yes, but she is a ten plate capacity lady."



A LITTLE OFF COLOR.

OLD PARTY—"I always had an idea that Pond Lilies were white."

BY THE SEA.

Out from my window I lean in the stillness of mid-night,
And list to the throb of the waves on the circling shore;
List while the music upborne in its passionate sweetness
Wraps me about like a dream or a memory of yore.
Lights and faint perfumes stream out on the night-wind,
Where the gay dancers are whirling in pleasure's sweet bound;
Over them all the pale stars keep their unceasing vigil,
Watching the waves as they sweep with a musical sound—
Over the sands where we walked in life's morning—
Oh! the bright vision that dawned on manhood's fair prime;
Ah! how I loved her, her beauty was madness,
Thrilling my innermost soul with a rapture divine.
Yonder she floats to the sensuous music of waltzes,
Perfect those lips are as when I claimed them as mine,
Velvety eyes under down-sweeping fringes of darkness
And crimson her cheeks as she was in that far away time.
Does she remember the past with its desperate sweetness?
Has she a thought of the love she has trifled away?
Vainly I question, the stars and the waves give no answer,
Only the gleam and the ripple come in from the bay.
L. L.

A Regular Boarder.

Mrs. Tidgers has had some trouble with her boarders, of late, and so advertised for "Young men of regular habits."
Tom Skites, of the firm of Blathereen, Skites & Co., liked the "ad." and took a room. The first night Mrs. Tidgers "laid for him," as Tom says, and saw him considerably off. The next night the thing was duplicated. Mrs. Tidgers objected.
"Mr. Skites," she said, in tartaric acid tones, "I advertised for young men of regular habits."
"Yes'm!" said Tom with difficulty.
"This 'um, is my reg'lar habit. Good ni'!"
Exit Tom.

Going for other Game.

"Well, Uncle Rastus," said the minister, "how is the new baby getting on?"
"Finely, sah, finely; he am growin' pow'ful fas', but I wan' ter speak ter yo' 'bout dat baby, Mistah Goodman. I wan't ter have his name changed."
"What's the trouble?"
"De trubble am dis, sah. I writ ter de President an' tole him dat I'd jess named a bran' new baby Grovah Cleveland Johnsing, an' at the same time I inserdenterly menshuned dat de posishun ob boss scrubber at de pos' office wah occupied by de present incumbunt, who am de wugumump, sah, an' didn't rate fo' nobody, an' who am disexperienced an' unduly qualified fo' de importanse ob de offis. Does yo' understand, Mistah Goodman?"
"I begin to understand, Uncle Rastus. And what did the President say?"
"He didn't say nuffin, sah. He nebber 'knowledged er word in response ter dat letter, an' I writ it mo'n foah weeks ago."
"And you want the baby's name changed?"
"Ya'as, sah. I wan's yo' ter rechristianize dat baby's name ter Jacob Sharp Johnsing, sah.

Midsummer Musings.

'Tis now the vender wildly shouts,
And whoops, and shrieks, and yells,
And also down the street is heard
Just sixteen ragmen's bells!

Job was possessed of considerable patience, according to the revised version, but we'll bet two cents he never sat down and waited for a small boy to go on an errand a dozen blocks when there was a circus parade in town.

Caterpillars are now ripe and beginning to fall from the trees. When one of them happens to alight in the midst of a lawn caucus of young ladies the expeditiousness with which the convention adjourns is something phenomenal.

"Nothing surpasses the joy of an American swell who is able to take twenty-five different suits with him to Saratoga."—*Exchange*. Don't, eh? We know an American swell of the first magnitude who has twice as many "suits" as that on hand, and he doesn't feel a bit joyful over it, either. They are law-suits, every solitary one of them—except the suit he owes the tailor for.

POSITIVELY THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.



COLORED PARTY—"What will you give me if I save her?"
INDIGNANT WHITE PARTY—"Give you a devilish good licking. She's my mother-in-law."

He Was Taking Something.

"Hello, Jones; how are you? Glad to see you. I was just a-going to take something—go along? Come to think of it, though, you weren't taking anything the last time I saw you. Taking anything now?"
"Oh, yes, Smith; right straight along."
"Good. Come on. What are you taking now, my boy?"
"Names for the City Directory. Good day."
"What do you think of Secretary Whitney's chances in life? You know he is the son-in-law of Petroleum Payne."
"He is sure to rise."
"Why?"
"A man who can float in oil, will never be drowned."

SPELLING AND RHYMING.

Two oarsmen who'd agreed to row,
Fell out and had a bloody row;
Proposed a farmer's seed to sow,
Disposed, a swine, a hungry sow;
So, having nothing then to mow,
The farmer laid him on a mow;
There Cupid shot his ready bow,
The farmer making lowly bow
Unto a maid, such as we read
About in books most largely read;
In romances that take the lead,
Though some are heavier than lead!
While reading some we drop a tear,
Some others we would like to tear,
And throw their fragments in the wear,*
They so upon our patience wear!

*Also spelled wier, weir.

A SUMMER SONG IN SECTIONS.

JUST AS IT IS.

Now the wealthy merchant weareth
On his head a common straw,
While his junior clerk appeareth
In a nobby mackinaw.

HIT HIM WITH A BRICK.

Now the sun his furnace fireth,
Causing human flesh to stew;
And the summer fiend enquireth,
"Is this hot enough for you?"

"SOME OF THE SAME OLD BRAND."

Now the customer who winketh
As the druggist's eye meets his,
Shows he something stronger drinketh
Than the ordinary fizz.

HE NEVER SLEEPS.

Now the patent mower waketh
Sleepers from their peaceful rest
Ere the golden morning breaketh
Or the robin leaves his nest.

THE DECEITFUL HUSBAND.

Now the festive husband sendeth
To the beach his trusting wife;
While she's absent he pretendeth
His will be a lonely life.
Tearfully with her he parteth,
Gladly he would go, but can't—
When she's gone he gayly starteth
Out to see the elephant.

THE HOSE FIEND.

Now the idiot who getteth
Twenty feet of garden hose,
Squirts from morn till night and wetteth
Skillfully each passer's clothes.

[Boston Courier.

THE MEXICAN NATIONAL BAND.

It was about a quarter past eight when the members of this band came upon the stage of the Cosmopolitan Rink, cor. Broadway and Forty-first Street, last evening. Some ten minutes more elapsed before they were ready to begin, and their leader, whose manly left breast was almost buried under multitudinous honorary discs, had taken his place in front with his cornet uplifted in lieu of baton. But when once they did begin the effect was well worth the waiting for, and much of their irregular and slouchy bearing could be pardoned for the sake of their disciplined and exact playing. As might fairly have been anticipated, their music is quite unique, and must be commented upon rather as such, than in comparison with other band performances. The composition of the force of about sixty men is quite original; great use is made of the oboe and piccolo, as well as the clarinet, now common in most military bands, while at the other extreme the bass tuba is largely used for the foundation of the harmony; the middle parts have the sturdy tenor trombone, the rich and sympathetic saxophone, a good supply of horns and the usual cornets; the percussion is re-enforced with castanets and tambourines at times, and unusual skill is shown in the use of the kettledrum, played with Southern ardor by an evident enthusiast. A very good audience was present, although it appeared rather small in so huge an auditorium, and there was much warmth of enthusiasm in their applause. The concerts will continue through next weeks with matinees on the usual afternoons, and it is to be hoped that the public will improve the opportunities thus offered for hearing so famous an organization.

WILL PLAY IN HEAVEN.

The method by which our wives in America are knocking the church debt silly by working up their husbands' groceries into "angel food," and selling them below actual cost, is deserving of the attention of our national financiers.

The church debt itself is deserving of notice in this country. It certainly thrives better under a Republican form of government than any other feature of our boasted civilization. Western towns spring up everywhere, and the first anxiety is to name the place, the second, to incur a church debt and establish a roller rink.

After that a general activity in trade is assured. Of course, the general hostility of church and rink will prevent ennuui and listlessness, and the church debt will encourage a business boom. Naturally, the church debt cannot be paid without what is generally known through the West as the "festival and hooraw." This festival is an open market where the ladies trade the groceries of their husbands to other ladies' husbands and everybody has a perfectly lovely time." The church clears \$2.30 and thirteen ladies are sick all the next day.

This makes a boom for the physicians and later on for the undertaker and general tombist. So it will be seen that the Western town is right in establishing a church debt as soon as the survey is made and the town properly named. After the first church has been properly started, others will rapidly follow, so that no anxiety need be felt if the church will come forward the first year and buy more than it can pay for.

The church debt is a comparatively modern appliance, and yet it has been productive of many peculiar features. For, instance, we call to mind the clergyman who makes a specialty of going from place to place as a successful debt demolisher. He is a part of the general system just as much as the ice-cream freezer or the button-hole bouquet.

Then there is the row or social knock-down-and-drag-out which goes along with the church debt. All these things add to the general interest, and to acquire interest one way or another is the mission of the church debt.

I once knew a most exemplary woman who became greatly interested in the wiping out of a church debt and who did finally succeed in wiping out the debt, but in its last expiring death struggle it gave her a wipe she never recovered. She had succeeded in begging the milk and the cream and the eggs and the sardwiches, and the use of the dishes and the sugar, and the loan of an oyster and the use of a freezer, and fifty button-hole bouquets to be sold to men who were not in the habit of wearing bouquets, but she could not borrow a circular artist to revolve the crank of the freezer, so she agitated it herself. Her husband had to go away prior to the festivities, but he ordered her to not crank the freezer. He had very little influence with her, however, and so to-day he is a widower. The church debt was revived in the following year, and now there isn't a more thriving church debt anywhere in the country. Only last week that church traded off seventy-five dollars worth of groceries in the form of abestos cake and celluloid angel food in such a way that if the original cost of the groceries and the work were not considered, the clear profit was thirteen dollars, after the hall rent was paid. And why should the first cost of the groceries be reckoned when we

stop to think that they were involuntary furnished by the depraved husband and father.

I must add that in the above estimate doctors' bills and funeral expenses are not included.—[Bill Nye.

THE BENEVOLENT OLD MAN.

Just as evening was closing in, a curly-headed little boy was standing on tiptoe on the doorstep of a house in Chelsea trying to reach the door bell. Just then a benevolent old man passed along. He paused, and with a kindly smile patted the boy on the head.

"My son, that door bell is a little beyond your reach, isn't it?"

"Yeth, thir."

"Ah!" continued the old gentleman, musingly. "It is a fit symbol of the striving of youth after the unattainable. How often in this world the thing we most desire is beyond our grasp! And when, after continued effort, we have secured the object of our ambition, how often we find that it is not worth what it has cost! My little man, I am taller than you. Shall I ring the bell for you?"

"If you want to," replied the boy, looking at him out of the corners of his roguish eyes.

With another fatherly smile the old gentleman gave the bell handle a vigorous pull. What was his amazement to see the boy jump from the steps and slide around the corner with the words:—

"You'd better hurry now or they will be after you!"

The boy had scarcely disappeared when an upper window opened and the contents of a bowl of water descended on the old man, accompanied with the words:—

"Take that for your impudence!"

There is one man in Chelsea who thinks he will not help any more little boys to pull their neighbor's door bells—at least until after he has asked a few questions.

[Youth's Companion.

CLAY COUNTY THEOLOGY.

I was over in Clay county, Mo., the other day. This was the range of the Jesse James gang. On the Wabash train, near Liberty, I encountered a party of original old Missourians. They had been out hunting. The train was full of yelping dogs and dead ducks. After talking about hunting and fishing, one man, Steve Jessup, who had been thinking several moments to himself, turned around, struck his right hand into the palm of the left, and made a remark on religion:

"Sandy," he said, scratching his head as if in deep thought, "Sandy, b'gosh, I b'lieve it. I b'lieve it."

"Why, what do you believe, Steve?" asked Sandy, looking up with a little wonder and curiosity.

"Well, Sandy, I b'lieve in that thar doctrine Elder Samuels was talkin' about last spring. I b'lieve in the doctrine of—doctrine of—"

Here Steve's memory failed him, and, putting his left hand on his brow thoughtfully, he slung his right down on to the car seat and exclaimed:

"Why, b'gosh, Sandy! what was that doctrine?"

"Wasn't it Second Adventism!" suggested a man with a hound beside him on a seat.

"Yes," said Steve, "that was the doc-

trine. As I was sayin', I b'lieve in the doctrine of Second Adventism."

"What's that? What's Second Adventism?" asked Sandy.

"Why, Sandy, Second Adventism is the second coming—of—of—of— (fumbling in his pockets for his memorandum book). It's the second coming of—of—what in thunder was the man's name?" (Spelling out the memorandum S-A-V). "Why, the second coming of our Saviour."

"Has he ever been here before, Steve?" asked Sandy.

"Why, yes, Sandy—years and years ago Elder Samuel says."

"And what did he go away for?"

"Why, Sandy, they 'bused him, killed him and run him out. Run him out, Sandy."

"And you think he's comin' back?"

"Yes, Sandy; that's what Elder Samuels says."

"Well, Steve, if they treated him as you say they did, if they 'bused him and killed him and run him out, why, b'gosh, I'll bet four—dollars—he—don't—come—back!"

—[Eli Perkins, in Exchange.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

The editor sat in his easy chair,
And he sat—and he sat—and he scratched his hair,
For the devil for copy was calling.
But that editor sat and he scratched in vain;
Not a single idea would come from his brain—
A condition most truly appalling.

Then in sheer desperation he grabbed up hi pen,
And he took for his text the follies of men
And the whimsical follies of women.
And he wrote—and he wrote till he made a big book,
Without getting half through. And the ink that it took
Was enough for a gunboat to swim in.

[Chicago Tribune.

Domestic pets—matrimonial sulks.

[Chicago Ledger.

The lumberman's favorite drink is logger.

[St. Paul Herald.

Always in debt when there is no necessity for it—the letter B.—[Chicago Ledger.

The Finnish language ought to be taught at all boarding schools.—[Picayune.

The best way to keep cool in summer is to allow the mind to remain dormant. Many Chicago editors shiver in August.

[Phila. Call.

Why does the "girl of the period" make the best housekeeper? Because she makes so much bustle about a little waist.

[Chicago Ledger.

In the whirligig of politics the "ins" always become corrupt, and the "outs" become reformers, that they may get in.

[Picayune.

An exchange has an article on the "funeral of the future." We have often heard of the "dead past," but we supposed the future was yet alive.—[Hot Spring News.

"Jim Smith is a cottage-built man."

"What kind of a man is that?"

"The man with only one story is called a cottage-built man, and Jim has only got one."—[Ex.

One cause of the throat and lung trouble in this country is the fact that all of us sing so much and so sweetly. Neither the throat

nor the lungs were intended to stand such strains.—[Detroit Free Press.

The artists of Madagascar represent Old Father Times as a colored man. This makes him move much slower.

[Detroit Free Press.

Europe seems to be divided at present between admiration of Roscoe Conkling's curl and Minnie Palmer's stockings. Were the two attractions combined nothing could hold the Old World down.—[Phila. Call.

James D. Fish, the incarcerated defaulter, has been pretty well broiled on the humorous gridiron. If the funny men keep on, we shall witness the anomaly of broiled Fish changing into a roasted chestnut.

[Hatchet.

Little Bess, to gentleman caller—"You ain't black, Mr. M—?" Black child—"Why, no, I should hope not. What made you think I was?" "Oh, nothin'; 'cept pa said you was awful niggardly."

[Burlington Free Press.

A Buffalo prohibition journal, called the *Sixteenth Amendment*, has put at the head of its editorial columns, Lucy Webb Hayes, for President, and Elizabeth Cleveland, for Vice-President. These candidates would infuse considerable bustle in the campaign, but Dr. Mary Walker says she won't vote for them. She doesn't believe in a petticoat government.—[Norristown Herald.

A dentist advised a man to have a tooth taken out, assuring him if he inhaled gas he would feel no pain. "What is the effect of the gas?" asked the man. "It makes you insensible," said the dentist, "and you don't know anything that takes place." The man took out his money. "Oh, never mind the fee until afterward," remarked the dentist. "I wasn't thinking of that," said the patient; "I only wanted to see how much money I had."—[Yonkers' Gazette.

BROWN'S LITTLE JOKE.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal or help them, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

"Ma, can I go to the circus next Tuesday?" inquired a Stockton boy of his mother yesterday.

"I'll see, Johnny."

"Now, ma, that ain't a square deal."

"Why not, son?"

"It isn't what you want to see; it's what I want to see that causes me to ask."

[Weekly Maverick.

"Grandma," said a young scapegrace, "do old people live very long?"

"Sometimes," said the stern old lady.

"Do you think you will live to be very old?" persisted the hopeful.

"I hope," said the old lady wearily "that I shall live long enough to see you grow up a well-behaved young man."

And the incorrigible responded:—

"Well, grandma, you needn't wait. I'll telegraph."—[Toledo Blade.

A traveler, recently returned from India, was relating his traveling impressions. "What a country that is!" he exclaimed.

"There, everybody keeps dozens of servants. I had four whose sole business it was to look after my pipe. One brought it to me, another filled it, a third lighted it for me—" "And the fourth?" "The fourth smoked it for me. Tobacco never agreed with me." [The Eye.

Philadelphia has a barber shop where Indian squaws do the shaving. The Indians have always displayed great skill in hair-cutting. Their famous *ne plus ultra* close-clip has always been unsurpassed for neatness and dispatch.—[Somerville Journal.

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Jockey—"That's the reason I sold him. Why did you come to me for the horse?"

"I saw your advertisement in the paper." "I thought so. I gave you my reason for selling him."

"Yes. 'To be sold,' you stated, 'for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town.'"

"Well, if you can go out of town with him it will be more than I can do.—[Phila. Call.

A tramp at Pekin applied at the back door for assistance just as the minister's family was preparing for morning prayers. "My good man," said the minister kindly, "we would be glad to have you join us in our devotions, after which you will receive a nice

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breakfast." "Certainly," replied the
tramp, graciously; "show me right in. A
man who is kicked and buffeted about the
world as I am ought not to be squeamish in
the face of a square meal."—[The Eye.

Flipkins came down to the club last night
with a great problem weighing on his mind.

"If I stand on my head," said he, coming
up to the boys with the air of a man who
has got a poser—"If I stand on my head
the blood all rushes into my head, don't
it?"

No one ventured to contradict him.

"Now," continued he triumphantly,
"when I stand on my feet, why don't the
blood all rush into my feet?"

"Because," replied Miss Coshannigan's
brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are
not empty."

The boys all laughed; but Flipkins said
he couldn't see any joke."—[Tol. Blade.

"Chicago whisky is bad enough," re-
marked one of the Iowa editors, as the party
started East on their excursion, "but St
Louis whisky is the worst I ever struck.
Last year I went down to St. Louis and I
guess I must have drank a gallon of the
stuff. It was awful though. It smelled
like a hot-box, and tasted like a mixture of
red peppers and coal oil."

"How in the world did you stand it?"

"Oh, I'm a patent inside editor, you
know."—[Peck's Sun.

"Are you aware of any mitigating cir-
cumstance in your case?" asked a Texas
judge of a negro convicted of horse stealing.
"Yes, sah, lots ob 'em. Ef I had time
jedge, I could talk to you for a week on dat
subject." "If you know of any mitigating
circumstance, please state it." "Yes, sah;
I'll tell you ob one right now, sah. How
easy would it have been for me to bring my
family inter disgrace and misery, sah, by
stealin' dat horse. But I didn't do it,
sah. I jess remained single. I nebber
married, sah. Anudder mitigatin' cir-
cumstance am—" "Sheriff, remove the pris-
oner."—[Texas Siftings.

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The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Cat-
tarrh Remedy, for years made a standing
public offer in all American newspapers of
\$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he
could not cure. The present proprietors
have renewed this offer. All the druggists
sell this Remedy, together with the
"Douche," and all other appliances advised
to be used in connection with it. No catarrh
patient is longer able to say: "I cannot be
cured." You get \$500 in case of failure.

"What! You in mourning!" she ex-
claimed, as she entered the car and caught
sight of an acquaintance.

"Yes."

"Dead and buried, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's too bad! Died of pneumo-
nio, I suppose?"

"No—of brain fever."

"Dear me, but that's awful! How do
you like my new hat?"

The newcomer rattled on in this fashion
for twenty minutes, and then left the car.
As it started again after leaving her on the
crosswalk she made vigorous motions to the
conductor, and when she had brought the
vehicle to a halt, she said:—

"Won't you please ask that lady friend of
mine if it was her husband or one of the
children who died? I forgot to find out!"

[Somerville Journal.

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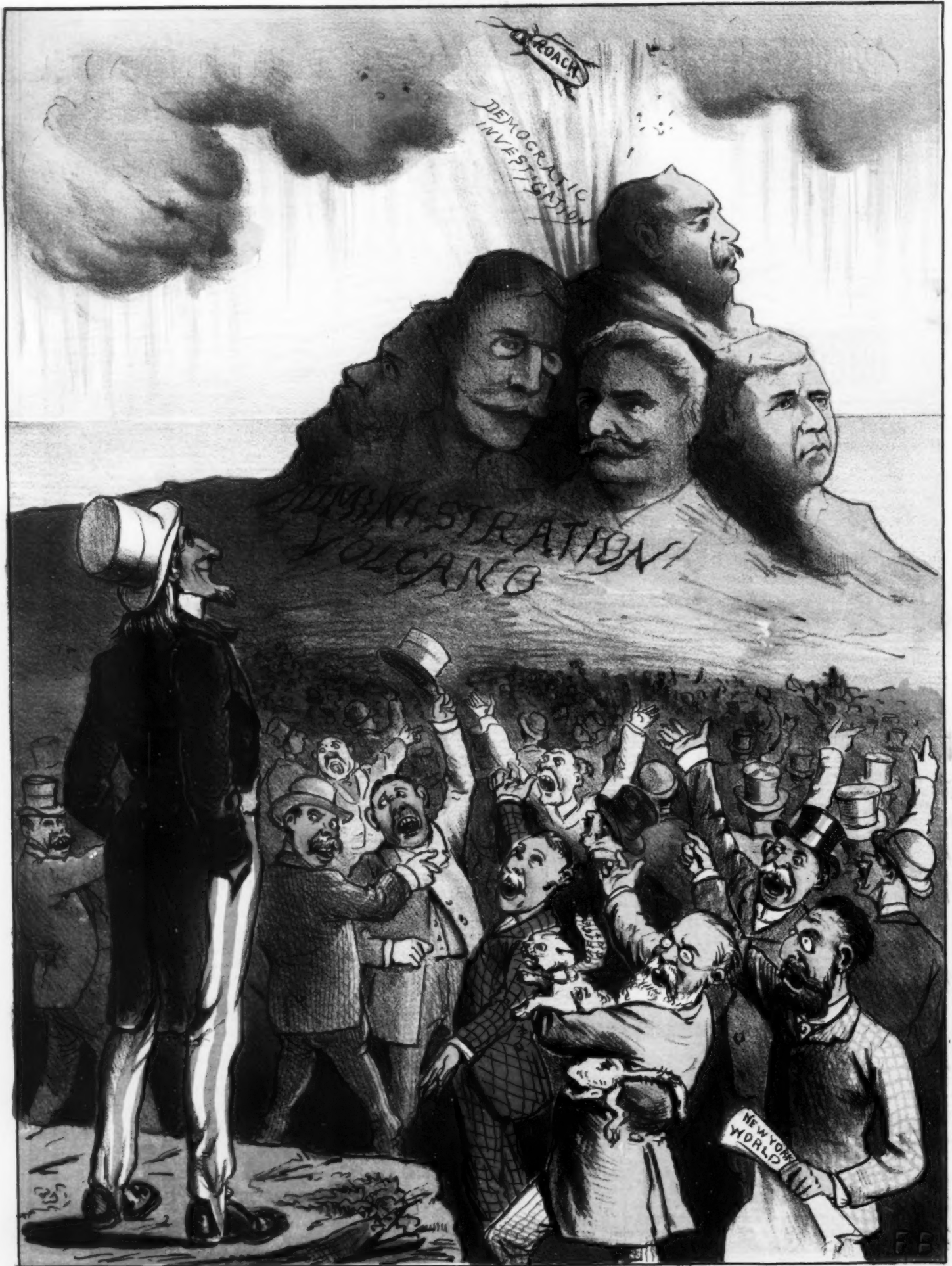
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