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Jack Sprat took all the fat,
 His wife took all the lean;
 So between the two the Cat got left,
 For they'd licked the platter clean.

THE JUDGE.



THE JUDGE.

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BURLESQUE STATESMANSHIP.

If there ever was taken by a nation that step from the sublime which lands in the ridiculous, England so put her foot into it when she suspended the serious Afghan and Soudanese business to defend her 'alf-and-'alf.

If Gladstone had desired to cover the Tories and the crown with ridicule for the faction's opposition of the one and the unconcealed dislike of the other, he could not have done it more skillfully than by making the issue, as he did, on the question of taxing beer to sustain the military prowess of the government. It is rather Harlequin politics, but the whole joke—if such it may be called, in so serious a juncture—is on the opponents of Gladstone.

John Bull, of course, does not see the humor of the thing, and he thinks he has downed Gladstone and saved his beer and honor at the same time. But future history will see that Gladstone only stooped to conquer and that this is the cleverest ruse of his career, albeit not the most dignified.

In his too-easy fall we can hardly think of him as the Grand Old Man; but when he again comes in power, as he surely will if his life be spared, the prophetic instinct which served him so well in accepting defeat on so absurd an issue will become apparent.

Gladstone never dealt the moribund Tory cause so severe a blow as when he went down before their ally, the foaming beer tankard.

THE GREAT USURPATION.

This was once considered a government by the people. But in its financial policy there has been for years a flat antagonism between the people and the government.

The people decided long ago for bimetalism—their treasury has for seven years steadily pursued a monometallic policy.

The nation has ordained that silver, equally with gold, shall be money. Secretaries of the Treasury and Presidents, Republican and Democratic, have decided that silver shall not be money.

The constitution of the United States, the statute laws of the country are alike nullified by one branch of the government.

The financial usurpation is the more dangerous and discreditable because it is made to work the benefit of a banking syndicate. So that, in money matters, we have the people ruled and their edicts over-ruled by a joint-plutocracy of the Treasury and the New York Clearing House.

Under this rule the gold is delivered into the banks, and the Treasury takes all the silver. Each keeps what it can lay hands on, and keeps it out of circulation.

Meanwhile, paper is discredited, and trade is made timid by the lack of circulating medium and the destruction of confidence.

Who dares extend his operations when he sees a syndicate of bankers directing the policy of the government against law and constitution; when specie, the basis of all circulation, is sequestered and monopolized?

Who can foresee the future under a financial policy that is alike law-defying and monopolizing.

What chance is there for Confidence, the life of trade, so long as the whole fiscal administration is an usurpation?

Trade will be lean and hungry so long as Jack Sprat in New York and his wife in Washington take all there is on the board and lick the platter clean of Confidence.

CATCH-PENNY PLEASURES.

They tell us that Americans do not know how to play—that we make a serious, earnest business even of our fun. It is not true. Americans think as much of a holiday, and forget care as completely as such times as any people who have to work for a living. Witness the enthusiasm and unanimity with which everybody goes in for half a holiday on Saturday—with pay for a full-day's work, of course.

In one thing, however, we are rather too practical. We, or some of us, insist on turning all pleasure-seeking into a catch-penny business. This is not so very remarkable since we also insist on making money out of religious observances, patriotic celebrations, and even out of weddings and funerals.

You can't tell of what denomination or name half the church edifices are; but you

never fail to find an undertaker's sign on the grandest sacred structures. Even the tombstone attests at once the sorrow and business enterprise of the survivors.

Preying on pleasure-seekers has gone to seed on Coney Island. Once the popular breathing and cooling-off place, it has become the side-show of the metropolis.

People now go there to see the circus and get tired and hot.

They ask a sight of "Old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste" and they are given—the grey and melancholy waist of the lathe-and-plaster elephant.

The "mournful murmur of the surge" is drowned by the more mournful clamor of brass instruments and brass showmen.

They can look at the sea—for five cents, from the elevator.

If they—her tired children—seek rest on Nature's breast, they are given instead, great Heaven! a whirl on the merry-go-around.

Nothing is free in this city of Fakirs. The trail of mammon is over everything.

Stay. Thought is free. We can stay at home and dream of babbling brooks singing between grassy banks; of lonely stretches of forest, where the only sound is the wild echo of the hermit thrush's plaint;

of desolate canons where the garish sun never comes; of those silent lakes where the red deer daintily crop the lily-pads and the piratical pickerel lie under the shadow of great rocks unscared.

From all these dreams the citizen must open his eyes to—beer! Five cents for anything!

RULINGS.

ASSISTANT Port-Master Gen. Hay will not prove a man of straw in office—Hey?

THE MUGWUMPS are unwilling to admit their disappointment in Cleveland. They should remember that confession is good for the sold.

Two surgeons in Denver have succeeded in restoring to life and canine festivity a dog that had been dead three hours and a half. Try it on horizontal Morrison! Try Bill.

THEY have decided in Washington that "Chiefs of Divisions" do not come under the Civil Service Law. Undoubtedly. Neither do the conductors of "Substraction and Silence." It needed no cabinet council of reformers to veto the U. S. Law in such case.

Gov. HILL's objection to the Arcade Railway bill is that it was snaked through the legislature in a way that raises a suspicion of crookedness in the birth of the bill. Does Gov. Hill understand that such objection would demand a veto of nearly all the bills that pass? He might as well veto the legislature and have done with it.

LAUGHTER.



Of all the good people in this world of ours,
Each one has a laugh of his own;
Mrs. Adipose Tissue enjoys her "ha! ha!"
As well as her neighbor, Miss Bone.



The Miss of sixteen just home from her school,
With the newest most fashionable wiggle;
Enjoys her flirtations, love-letters and beaux,
And expresses it all in a giggle;



The jolly old gentleman, heavy and fat,
Who with laughter is inwardly quaking;
Makes no noise at all, but gets red in the face,
And keeps up a terrible shaking.



Miss Corkscrew, amused, raises shoulders on high,
With her forefinger placed on her lip;
Simpers this way and that way, while shaking her curls,
And at last lets a dry "he! he!" slip.



Ah, the laughter of childhood, sweet ripples of sound,
Like a brook on a mid-summer day;
And the soul-cheering laugh of a middle-aged man,
When fun for the moment holds sway.



But of all the queer noises we poor mortals make,
When inspired by mischief or chaff;
The "Yah! yah!" a rolicking darky lets fall,
Is the jolliest laughter, by half.

J. H. WELLINGTON.

Prof. Federheld's Etymologies.

"Plumber"—from plumb, vertical; therefore an upright man.
"Fusel-oil"—from French *fusil*, gun. So named because whiskey containing it kills at long range—40 rods or so.
"Extinct"—ex, out; stinked out. The fate of families who hire badly sewered houses.
"Baggage"—Bags which serve to gauge their owner's respectability.
"Ballot"—a contraction of bad lottery.
"Cashier"—from Cash and eater.
"Corset"—corse settler.
"Hamlet"—a little ham; therefore a pig's leg.
"Rotunda"—from rot under. So named from being placed over legislative chambers and other receptacles for corruption.
"Gout"—a contraction of no go out.
"Municipal"—from *mumus*, a gift, and *capio*, to take; bribe-taking.
"Corporation" (or corp-a-ration)—from *corpus*, body, a privative, and *ratio*, reason. A body without reason.

ADVERTISER'S WANTS.

"A hand-sewed workman."
"A few boys for cane seating."
"2 or 3 young girls to feed on a ruling machine."
"10 good bright and coppered wire drawers."
"A man for taffy who is experienced in cocoanut work."

Is a pharm-acist an agricultural "help?"
Should a young lady wear garden-hose to a garden-party?

The Liquor Question.—"Will you smile?"

"Seems to me that's rather an expensive fish-pole for your boy."
"Perhaps so; but Solomon says 'Spare the rod and spoil the child'."

Strange to say.—When a man fails he is the better off the greater his liabilities.

The Suicide's Three R's.—Rope, Razor and Revolver.

Model Medicine.—Fritz says that when he feels as though he ought to take something, he takes a walk.

PROF. FEDERHELD.

THERE is a dispute as to the origin of the American flag. We had always supposed that Joseph Rodman Drake wrote it.

PATROLMEN report business almost at a stand still. Their friends, the bar-tenders, report it almost at a stand off.

DIVORCES are multiplying rapidly in Connecticut, it is said; much more rapidly than the other results of marriage.

"Attacked While in Bed" is the title of a new sensational story. It is a tragedy that is enacted in real life in millions of homes every night.

IT IS ABOUT time for another dynamite explosion in London to emphasize and advertise some American actress's dinner with eoms sciof of aristocracy.

WE PREFER that some of our correspondents shall use the Abyssinian alphabet. It contains 208 characters, all difficult of formation.

LONDON ART CIRCLES have been very much disturbed lately over the question of the nude in art. London court circles make less bones of the nude in nature.

IN NEW YORK we are not quite prepared to accept the theory of that Baltimore astronomer who tries to prove that the *World* is flat and that the *Sun* goes around it. There's no such walk-around for the *Sun*.

A COPTIC merchant reports that Gordon is alive. The Cop-tic merchants of New York report that those guardians of order are alive, but the open side doors of the Cop-tic merchants on Sunday tell a different story.



HOME RULE.

MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION—"No, Mr. Gada-bout, you will remain at home to-night."

OFF THE BENCH.

A SIDE ISSUE—when the other nine goes out.

A POPULAR song in the South—"Hue to the line."

THE chestnut horse should be the longest lived, now.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK is champion—the prize meddler, as it were.

THE GREATEST exhibition of false teeth is when women smile upon each other.

THE MILWAUKEE youth who swallowed the dollar is understood to be in favor of an unlimited issue of silver.

IT LOOKS like petticoat government when the British Premier in every emergency has to be summoned to Balmoral.

A VITAL scientist tries to demonstrate that life is growing longer. Ours isn't, however it may be with others.

PROF. LANGLEY says that the sun is really blue. The old Puritans were correct then, in making every Sunday blue.



The sable mantle of night had fallen upon the vasty deep; upon the lone, solemn mountains, the silent city and the slumbering hamlet. The myriad orbs above sparkled with crystalline splendor in the far periphery of the heaven; and chaste Dian, slowly arising from her watery couch, gazed tenderly down upon two beings in the hues of youth who were leaning pensively over the taffrail, watching the wild play of the phosphorescent billows and the graceful sweep of the sea bird, and ever and anon turning upon each other eyes which looked love to eyes which spake again.

He was not more than twenty-two, and she a maiden over whose head some eighteen summers had lightly flown. Her eyes were large, dark and melancholy—oh! how melancholy; and her face was pale—deathly pale. Upon his manly brow there was a look of resolute, if somewhat stern, and painful determination, which imparted a rather severe cast to features ordinarily reposeful and soft; while her expression might seem to indicate that she was oppressed by the burden of some unspoken thought, or some secret feeling or emotion, which had struggled for outward utterance, but which she was heroically bent upon repressing; or perhaps—but who can read a maiden's fancies when love first awakens within her virgin breast?

"Angelina, dearest," he murmured, "what a glorious night. I never gaze upon the sea without being reminded of Byron's grand lines—

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
Ten thousand fleets—

"Are you—cold, Angelina? Let me wrap your shawl closer about you."

"No, Adelbert, darling," she said in low tone, "I am not cold, but—I do wish it would not roll quite so much."

"But this, dearest," he said, with a sickly smile, though in a tone of cheerfulness, "is the very poetry of motion. What can be more inspiring than to stand, on such a night as this, upon the deck of a ten-thousand-ton, four-million-horse-power trans-Atlantic steamer with the stars luminously scintillating above our heads and the melancholy Queen of Night shedding her soft and silvery sheen over the waste of waters; to have our brows fanned by the cool and saline breezes, which so refreshed and invigorate us, and stimulate our—our appetite! Who would not grow eloquent with poetic fervor under such cir-

Awake the International Lyre.

An English railroad man says that they run train sover there at the rate of 180 miles an hour. It is time for the Yankee to wake up and unsheath his long bow. We must revive the old stories about the sound of the whistle coming in three minutes behind the train, and the rays of the head-light getting twisted up around the telegraph poles, trying to catch up with the train.

Not English, You Know!

Henry Irving is more popular than ever since his return home. He has learned to speak English with a good deal of correctness while in America, and cultivated Englishmen are now able to understand much that he says. It is sometimes an advantage to an English actor to be able to speak United States, but it is not so English, you know.

cumstances? Thou heaving billow"—

"Oh, don't Adelbert; don't speak of heaving," she faltered in tremulous tones; "it is too suggestive of—of"—

"Of unsteadiness, dearest, you would say," he remarked. "Yes, it is. But to me, Angelina, there is something inexpressibly delightful in being thus 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.' And how nobly our vessel cleaves the surging billows.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements of strife.

I always think of those lines of By—oh!"

"Are you—ill, darling?" she cried, as he suddenly paused and gazed out over the sea with a strange, wild look in his eyes, while the corners of his mouth twitched convulsively, and he had become of an ashen color.

"It is nothing, dearest, nothing," he gasped with a violent effort; "a slight attack of indigestion; that's all. You know I am subject to it. But Angelina, how strange it seems, does it not, that the dream of our lives, to cross the ocean together, should be thus realized. You always had a passion for the sea, you said"—

"Did I—ever?" she murmured, incredulously.

"Yes, darling; and you know how you always doted on the lines—

And I have loved thee, ocean, and my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be

Borne, like thy bubbles, onward.

From a boy

I wanted with thy—

Heavens Angelina! What's the matter?"

Sudden Transformation Scene, No. 1. She—almost bent double over the taffrail, apparently agitated by some violent internal commotion. He—leaning over her, with one hand tightly compressed against her forehead.

Sudden Transformation Scene, No. 2. Relative positions reversed.

Grand Finale—Tableau. He and She—stretched out at full length upon steamer chairs, in a state of utter collapse. F.

The Band at the County Fair.

"Bom!—bom bom!—Rum!—tum! tum!"
Comes over the field from the big bass-drum;
The big bass-drum with its grimy spot
Where thundering thumps fall thick and hot,—
"Bom!—bom! bom!—
Rum!—tum! tum!"

Comes over the fields from the big bass-drum.

And Tommy—standing perforce, aloof—
Barefoot, clings to the clap-board roof
Of his dad's log shanty; and wishes, just,
That his eyes could fathom the clouds of dust;

While "Bom!—bom! bom!—
Rum!—tum! tum!"

Comes over the fields from the big bass-drum.

He sees strange sights from his perch up there,
For to-day, he reckons, the County Fair
Opens its tall, unwhitewashed doors

To a motly rabble of visitors

Who hear, as they come,
The "Rum!—tum! tum!"

Come over the fields from the big bass-drum.

And Oh! but he longs for just one sight
Of the wild man under the canvas white;
Or to steal a glance at the learned pig—
Or a ride in the painted whirligig.

And his brain grows numb

While "Rum!—tum! tum!"

Comes over the fields from the big bass-drum.

And he takes fresh holt with his hands and knees,
And dreams of candy and cakes and cheese;
And red bolony and lemonade,—
Though his heart with sorrow is overlaid

And stricken dumb,

While "Rum!—tum! tum!"

Comes over the fields from the big bass-drum.

Ah!—Tom, my boy, could you only know

How many, like you, are standing so,—

Gazing into a promised land

Where Faith is leader of Life's brass band,

And Hope makes some

Of the "Rum!—tum! tum!"

That is beaten out of the heart's bass-drum,

You wouldn't feel lonely at all!—not you,—

For the sun shines on as it used to do;

The birds still sing, and the fish will bite

Down in the creek if your bait's all right—

And hark!—that hum

Is the "Rum!—tum! tum!"

Of your friend—the bumble bee's big bass-drum!

C. H. L.

PLEASANT REVERIES.



FIRST TOPER—"If that 'ere ocean was all whiskey, what would you do?"

SECOND TOPER—"What would I do? I'd make a drain of myself and let poor people walk over."

BOON COMPANIONS.



"How do you get on?" said Cupid one day,
To Hymen, who chanced to be passing that way
In a hurry;
"Don't bother me now," said the god with a smile,
"For I've five thousand marriages down and on file,
Hence I worry.
You shoot and pair hearts in your own careless way,
And leave me to tie them together; now pray
Can you wonder
That I get the blame of the trouble and woe,
And close at my door is laid all the do-
Mestic thunder?"

"Ah, that is all right, dear Hymen, my boy,
Let no silly nonsense your sweet soul annoy
For a minute;
If poor foolish mortals blame you for there woes,
I don't mind a penny if every one knows
I begin it.
I catch 'em—you cheat 'em!" "Aye, aye!" Hymen
said,
As he gave a sly wink and twist of his head
Toward Cupid;
Then, linked arm in arm, off they went on a lark,
With a flash of straight nectar 'n came home after
dark

Very stupid.
JOHN HOPE WELLINGTON.

Eleanor; or, She Loves Him Now.

(BY MRS. FO-R-S-T-E-R.)

CHAPTER I.

"He was a gentleman without fortune, but of so high a nobility that the sun could not rival him in purity and splendor."—*Donna Blanca*.

The locomotive whistled; the train stopped at Crestraith. From one of the carriages stepped Sir Frederick Tryst. He was a handsome man of—let us say, thirty-nine. There is such a vast difference between thirty-nine and forty. About twelve months. Ah, me!

Sir Tryst hurried from the station, up the broad lane that led to Marshmallow Manor. Save for this property he was penniless. He had not walked far before he stumbled across a golden-haired girl eating granite chocolate drops with a youth seemingly her own age. She paused in the act of shooting one of the lead covers from one of the drops into her mouth and looked up at Sir Tryst inquiringly.

"Which is the road to the Manor?" asked Sir Tryst, affably.

She knocked a bit of bark from a grand old peach-pit with an axe and replied:

"The lane on the right leads to the pigsty; that on the left to the Manor."

There was no *mauvaise honte* in her voice; it sounded rather like an un-oiled door.

Sir Tryst continued his go-as-you-please perambulation, and arrived at the Manor just as the old hall-clock struck twenty-three minutes past four.

CHAPTER II.

"New life, new love to suit the newer day;
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love, free field,—we love but while we may."
—*The Last Tournament*.

Sir Tryst entered his ancestral halls with unalloyed pleasure. He shook hands with the servants and kicked the dogs with the customary grace of an English gentleman. As he entered the library Mrs. Lugs, the house-keeper, handed him a dainty perfumed note on a nickle-plated shovel. Sir Tryst opened it to learn if any money was within. There was not, and he threw the note aside with a gesture of impatience. The sweet looks of the golden-haired girl, yet lingered beneath his scalp. He picked up another note that had heretofore escaped his notice, and a *debonnaire* smile flitted from freckle to freckle on his *distingue* countenance. He said to himself, "I will go."

At half after seven he walked over to General Mugwump's for dinner. He had no sooner removed his horse-blanket ulster, than he caught sight of the golden-haired girl in the garden culling cabbages. He stepped up to her and asked:

"Would you give me a blossom?"

"Yes, if you wish it. See, there is a potato-bug on this one; I will brush it off."

She lifted a garden-rake and struck the bug with so much violence, that it flew over the wall, while in her confusion, she rushed to the house and made a "home run," as you sporting men say.

"I will keep it forever," muttered Sir Tryst as he lowered his suspenders and "took the fence."

That evening Sir Tryst proposed to Colocynth Mugwump, the golden-hair girl, and was accepted.

CHAPTER III.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
—*Hood*.

Coly had been married three months. One morning Sir Tryst, after making the fire in the kitchen, sauntered up-stairs in his linen duster.

"Have you sewed the buttons on that vest?" he called out to Coly, and looking with a smile of complacency at his abdominal rotunda.

"Not yet, old bald head," cried Coly over the oaken balustrade.

"You do not love me," said Sir Tryst, "or you would not refer to my cranium with that weight of breath."

"And I never will love you," she replied.

"Hardly ever," answered he, in a tone of regret.

Suddenly as he spoke the words, Coly lost her balance, falling down-stairs, struck Sir Tryst's latch-key which he had dropped the night before, after trying to open the door with a cigarette, and which yet lay upon the marble floor. Her false hair was disarranged and a frightful gash laid open her cheek. Sir Tryst hurried down murmuring "my

poor, fallen angel; my dear, sponge-cake" and kindred expressions of endearment. He hastily gathered her in his arms, saw her cheek was covered with blood, and putting her on the dumb-waiter carried her to her room.

CHAPTER IV.

"That they may know these golden years,
Which love has made to seem so bright,
Were heralded by darkest night,
And earned in bitterness and tears."

—*Violet Vane*.

It took five weeks to comfort and console Coly in her tasteful *boudoir*. She would see no one excepting the undertaker and her husband. The former had been summoned at her special request, as she stated she feared she was about to die. Far from it. How often we make such tiny mistakes!

One afternoon Sir Tryst walked into Coly's room, and seating himself beside her trundle bed, took her lily flipper in his. She looked at him with wistful eyes.

"Darling, can you remember the first afternoon I met you in your father's garden?"

"Of course I do, you goosie dear," she said. She loved him now.

"Then you recollect the rake," he continued in a firm voice. "I have had it stuffed and hung up in the hall as a hat-rack." He smiled at his ingenuity.

"How good you are to me," she cried, after his innng. "When you tripped on your breath last year when we were engaged, and lost two teeth, I did not nurse you, and now my beauty is gone."

"I love you whether your beauty is lost or not."

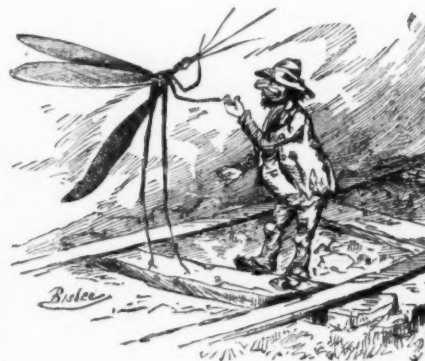
"I have a surprise for you, too," she said, drawing the mustard plaster from her cheek. "When you dislocated my bodice that day I fell, I rubbed some powdered brick-dust on my cheek to make you think it was blood."

"Ah! And you love me now, my hunk-of-rock-and-rye." And Sir Tryst fondled her on his chest.

Reader, the blood or brick-dust was red, was it not? Was not this tony tale read by you? Haste! go, back the red with every shekle you can steal! All that glitters is not tin-tag. Appear! ye vanishing orchestra, while Coly and Sir Tryst die to slow music and electric lights! J. D. S.

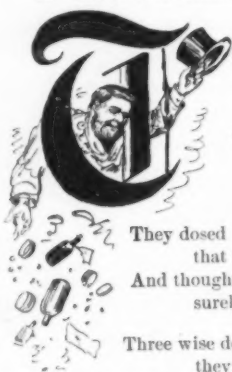
THERE IS no hatred like that which a man feels for one he has wronged. There is no partisan so offensive to an executive as those he has beaten.

THE TWIN NUISANCES OF NEW JERSEY.



"Here we are again."

A PROFESSIONAL FAILURE.



THREE wise doctors of Gotham were they,
Awfully wise, awfully wise;
They knew much more than they'd ever say,
Lore in their eyes, lore in their eyes;
They dosed their patient, sage men that they were,
And thought that his death would surely occur.

Three wise doctors of Gotham were they,
Terribly wise, terribly wise;
Trying experiments—sometimes astray!—
Balking demise, balking demise (?)
But they said each day "He will have to go,
But we have done all that we could, you know!"

Doctors with wisdom maybe, I say,
Toomuchee wise, toomuchee wise.
These three attended him night and day,
"Columbia, he dies! Columbia, he dies!"
But it seems quite queer, and they can't deny,
They were so surprised when he didn't die.

DUVVA.

The Great Stairway Controversy.

The Russian Consulate and the English Consulate in this city occupy the same building and have a common stairway. The English Consul recently decided to delimit this stairway and asked that a joint commission be appointed for the work of delimitation. The Russian Consul did not, at first, consider the request, and when obliged by diplomatic pressure to accede to it, delayed sending a representative to draw the Chalk line down the stairs.

The English Consul was indignant at this indication of bad faith on the part of the Russian Consul, and set a day on which the stairway must be delimited whether the Russian representative arrived or not. When the appointed day came the Russian representative was not present, and the English member of the stairway commission began the work of delimitation alone.

He drew a blue chalk-line from the top of the stairway to within five steps of the bottom landing. One-third in breadth of the part of the stairway thus surveyed was given to the English Consulate and two-thirds to the Russian Consulate. The commissioner now drew the line of delimitation to the

wall and awarded the entire lower part of the stairway to the English Consul.

Her Majesty's Consul expressed himself delighted with the work that had been accomplished, but the Russian Consul refused to recognize the new boundary, which prevented him from walking out of his own office, and said that the Russians had as much right to go out of doors as had the English.

The English Consul replied that the first time the Russian Consul stepped over the chalk line he would consider the act one of aggression, and would at once prepare to maintain by force the honor of the English Consulate.

Hostilities between the two consulates seemed on the point of breaking out. Most of the tenants in the building took the side of the English Consulate, because, as they alleged, its clerks enjoyed liberty while the Russian Consulate was a despotism. Moreover, they claimed that the maintenance of the blue chalk-line on the stairway would be of immense benefit to civilization, while the success of the Russian Consulate would be a victory for barbarism.

It is true that the Russian Consulate was ruled by one man, and that when the head clerks became unruly they were sent up on the icy roof, which was named Siberia, and had to sit there until they had cooled off. But the clerks had all the candles they wanted to eat, and the big clerks were not allowed to impose on the little clerks. The Russian Consul was the friend and champion of the little clerks.

In the English Consulate, on the other hand, a few big clerks got nearly all the plum-pudding—many of them got more plum-pudding than they could eat—and the lesser clerks had so little plum pudding that most of them went hungry all the time. Now, though the great mass of little clerks in the English Consulate had no plum pudding, they had a right to grumble, and they prized this privilege very much and called it liberty. As far as real liberty was concerned, they were completely under the thumb of the few big clerks, who monopolized nearly all the plum-pudding and made the little clerks serve them almost as slaves to their masters.

In the building there were two stairways, the front stairs and the back stairs. At the foot of the front stairs, in a room commanding the doorway, a pastry cook had his shop. He was the most shiftless sort of cook, always in debt and often borrowing money. The English Consulate lent him money till the cook became so hopelessly involved that he was at the mercy of his creditor. The

landlord and nearly all the tenants in the building wanted the pastry cook ejected, and he was often threatened with a first of May. The English Consul insisted that the pastry cook should not be put out until he had paid his debts. In return for this protection the English Consul obliged the cook to prevent the Russian Consul from going out of doors by the front stairway.

The Russian Consul declared that if he could not go down the front stairs he would go down the back stairs. At the foot of the back stairs there was a poor black who sold rice and indigo in a wretched shop. The English Consulate was always reminding him how much it had done to civilize him, and when he rebelled it used to send down men who flogged him with terrible severity. It had annexed his shop sometime ago, and obliged him to prevent the Russian Consul from going out of the back door.

There was an Italian organ-grinder in the basement of the building and the English Consulate hired him to throw bricks at the Russian Consul, should that official get out of either door.

The members of the Russian Consulate had now no direct way to reach the open air, and they were obliged to climb over the neighboring roofs. For this privilege of reaching the street by climbing through scuttle-holes and crawling over strange roofs, they were indebted to the good will of their neighbors. Should the amity of these neighbors cease, the powerful Russian Consulate would be absolutely locked up in its own office room.

The Russian Consul declared that the English had no right to assume the ownership of the open air, and that if the English Consul any longer barred the way of the Russians to the street, the latter would go to it either by the front door or the back door, or by both doors.

A conflict between the two consulates seemed inevitable. The English Consulate was not only anxious before the conflict should begin to strengthen its alliance with the pastry cook and to make sure of its influence over the crushed Pagan who did a business in indigo and rice, but was desirous of gaining the friendship of neutral tenants and spectators.

On the sidewalk, across the way from the building, two brothers kept a street-stand and did a good business in selling hot sausages. A few years before they had broken up partnership and had fought each other with great energy and determination. The English Consulate had egged on one of the brothers to cut the other brother's throat, and had even supplied him with bricks, and

At the Hoffman House Bar.

"Have another drink?"
"Noap; s'had 'nuf."
"Take something hot fore you go home?"
"Rasher take shumfin cold. I'll get all the hot I wantsh when I get home'sh."

"Hello, Coldcash, been down at Newport all this time? Missed all the season?"

"Yes, I thought I'd rest this year from society. Anything new in society?"

"Oh, yes, pneumonia."



ADOWN THE STREAM.

Adown the stream we idly glide,
But not alone, for at my side,
Peeps laughing Love, the rosy elf,
She has-a Croesus store of pelf.
No cause to hate her for a bride,
In fact, I feel quite satisfied;
Her giddings seal not ovoids,
That she is Sevre's 'stead of Delf,
Adown the stream.

I pop on this poetic side,
She looks at me all wonder-eyed;
I swear I love her for herself,
And yet I'm placed upon the shelf.
She answers no—my suit's denied,
Adown the stream.

E. D. P.



BUSTLE AND CONFUSION.

COUNTRY AUNT—"I hope that you will excuse me, Violet, but I took the liberty of wearing your summer bonnet; it was so cool, you know."

VIOLET—"Good heavens, she's got on my bustle!"

sandbags, and knives. The brother who had insisted that the stand should not go into bankruptcy, prevailed. The two brothers were reconciled, and the stand had resumed and was now doing a better business than ever.

The English Consulate was anxious to have the friendship and approval of these brothers, and reminded them that "blood was thicker than water," and that their sympathies ought to be with their kindred.

The English Consulate and the brothers were related in blood, but you had to go back two hundred years ago to find the kinship. Two hundred years ago the distant ancestors of the brothers had been of kin to some of the people then living in England. The elder brother was descended from some simple and well-meaning people, the Salvation Army of their day, who were driven out of England in 1620. The younger brother was descended from the cavaliers who had followed Charles I., and who had been driven out of England by the English middle class. The descendants of these exiles had acquired ancestors in many lands, so that now the two brothers had grandfathers in almost every country in Europe. The kinship of the brothers to the English was now very faint, and two hundred years ago the English had kicked the ancestors of the brothers out of England.

Now, the Russian Consulate had helped to keep the sausage stand going when it was threatened with bankruptcy, and the elder brother said that he considered it a point of honor to give his sympathies to a consulate that had always been his friend rather than to a very distant kinsman, who had often been his enemy and whose blood had been thinner than water in time of trial.

The members of the Russian Consulate became tired of being bullied by the English

Consulate. They sallied out one fine morning, stepped over the chalk line as if it were not there, threw the pastry cook into the sea, set free the terrorized black at the foot of the back stairs, and licked the Italian all over the back yard.

Every one in the building was glad that the pastry cook had been thrown out.

Lilian's Tribulations.

I have been helping my cousin move, and I feel like a long drawn sigh!

I used to think that the "first of May agonies" were entirely imaginary; gotten up by the newspaper funny man for the benefit of a long suffering public, but I know better now; since my Harlem experience I am a sadder but a wiser girl.

My cousin Daisy is as poor as a church-mouse—in fact, the mouse is decidedly better off—for two years ago, Daisy eloped with a drummer whose face was his fortune, was dropped by the family and has lived in a horrid little flat ever since, romantic, but uncomfortable.

Last week she moved to another, equally horrid, and Jack and I helped her.

Of course, it was very sweet of Jack, and I must say he was just lovely at first; said "if you please" and "thank you," and wouldn't let me touch any of the heavy furniture; but after he had tripped over the step-ladder twice and I had dropped the tacks on him three times, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he was as cross as a bear! Talk about a mule, Jack is the most obstinate animal I ever met! Whenever we were moving a sofa or something particularly heavy, he would stand and argue till I thought my arms would drop off! He goes in for athletics and swings,

dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and things, every morning, so I suppose he didn't mind it, but he *might* have had some consideration for me!

However, I would *die* cheerfully any time before giving in, and I should probably be holding my end of the sofa *now*, if Daisy hadn't come to the rescue and asked me "please to take care of the baby if I didn't mind" I *did* "mind" very much, for beside letting that exasperating Jack have his own way, I know next to nothing about babies. However, I didn't like to shake Daisy's confidence in me, so I said I'd be charmed. I even went so far as to murmur an unnecessary fib to the effect that I was "so fond of children." That lie ruined me; never again will I try to be amiable and handle the truth carelessly.

Daisy looked very much pleased and said that as a great favor she would let me give the little darling its bath.

As in a dream—a dreadful nightmare—I watched her get everything ready, felt her put a little white bundle in my lap and saw her leave the room.

I stared at the baby and the baby stared back at me, it had big blue eyes and no hair worth mentioning. I suppose it was pretty; Daisy said it was, and she ought to know.

I had hardly put it in the water when I heard Jack calling me and started to see what he wanted; before I reached the door there was a little splash and a subdued gasp from the tub, the poor little thing was so soapy that it had slid right under and it was almost drowned before I could fish it out!

I was terribly frightened—so was the baby—but with great presence of mind I shook my head at it violently and said "Kitchy-kitchy," in the wild hope that it would think I was playing some new sort of game.

But that baby was wise in its generation and refused to be comforted, just held on to the sides of the tub and yelled at the top of its lungs! To my utter despair it wouldn't let go, and when its mother came rushing in I am sure she thought me an inhuman monster because I wasn't soothing and petting it.

All the rest of the day I worked like a beaver and was so meek that Jack didn't know what to make of me; he says that if I keep on at this rate "Moses will do well to look to his laurels!"

Where do all the Years Go?

Brer Talmage petrified his hearers lately by showing that the average age of man is 32 years, from which he deducted for sleep, work, eating and sickness, thirty-one years, leaving "only one year to devote to the service of God." This calculation is chiefly interesting as an illustration of how figures can lie beneath the rule of men entirely great at making them. Brer Talmage knows well that of the 32 years, the average man spends about 16 serving the devil. When does he do that, we'd like to know? Besides, there is no time allotted in the calculation for attending horse-races, Coney Island, the Brooklyn Tabernacle, theatres, and waiting a turn in the barber-shop, and a hundred other ways of wasting time. This calculation disputes the Bible allotment of three score and ten years. In general, we might concede that Brer Talmage is wiser than the word of God, but in a case where his arithmetic is so palpably wrong, we must doubt his superiority to Revelation.



VANITY FAIR ON C

JUDGE.



ON CONEY ISLAND.

THE JUDGE.



FRESH NATURE BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

At this season of the year our country cousin is quite a conspicuous feature of a city theatre audience. Brides from Out-of-town are prevalent, as the result of young men's fancies lightly turning to thoughts of love at this time of the year, and their bright, unconsciously-enthusiastic presence does much to cheer the hearts of actors bereft of their accustomed city clientelle, now off to the watering places or across the sea. Perhaps it is because of the absence of so many that these new faces are so noticeable. Anyway, their delight with everything they see and hear, their frank and spontaneous manifestation of approval are refreshing to the other listeners who, in truth are generally glad of any diversionary show features in the proscenium. While these bucolic delegates are usually very circumspect and quiet in their demonstrations of approval, there are frequently to be found in a summer audience—especially at a matinee—one or more who delight the house and stimulate the players by laughter hearty, applause frequent and eke, a running fire of audible comment on the salient feature of the performance.

This thinking aloud is often funnier than any "gags" or asides of the wittiest and most daring actor in the cast. It is not wit or wisdom that makes them amusing, but their spontaneity, innocence and unaffected enjoyment. Everybody is interested and pleased at the part taken in the performance by these unconscious amateurs.

We get a glimpse there of that impressionable freshness of life which, to most of us, alas! is now only a reminiscence. It recalls the period when the illusions and delightful glammers of the stage had not yet disappeared from us; before life itself was disillusioned of its dreams of happiness. Pity the man or woman who never had an active part in that happy drama! More pity for those who have outgrown the possibility of even an acted delight!

A GHASTLY FARCE.

John T. Raymond "In Chancery" at the Madison Square Theatre, has been the principal attraction for the past few weeks. Mr. Raymond does some of his best work in this mal-conceived and poorly written play. His rendition makes the most of the lines and partly covers the shabbiness of expression with which Mr. Pinero clothes his thought.

To successfully burlesque a man suffering from mental unsoundness, would seem to be no funny matter. It requires delicate handling to prevent it from becoming repulsive. The whole thing verges so closely on melo drama that but for Mr. Raymond's suggestive acting and the excessively broad

comedy of the other parts, it would have damned itself and the author on the first night.

One is puzzled to conceive what is the mental and moral fibre of a play-wright who can select an insane-asylum case as the centre of a farce. Mr. Pinero will probably give us next a morgue comedy or a roaring lunatic travesty.

Montague Joliffe (Mr. Raymond) is so severely injured in a railway accident that he is with difficulty nursed back to life, in a railway hotel kept by a testy Irishman—the only Celt we ever saw on the stage without a spark of wit or good-nature. When the hero recovers physical strength, he has lost all memory of his previous life and identity, and thenceforth the plot—if such it can be called—turns on the blunders and misfortunes of this poor *non compos mentis*.

The fun of it is as cheerful and inspiring as that which might be evolved from a comic dramatization of Dickens' terrible tragedy, "The Tale of Two Cities," with *Doctor Manette* for the butt of practical jokes and the victim of designing women and plotting rogues.

"In Chancery" is not the less ghastly to a well-thinking person because of Mr. Raymond's careful handling. He plays the part of a man distraught so well, that the disease is the most impressive feature of the whole. This makes the play as cheerful as a jig at a funeral.

The play is well cast and carefully acted in its other parts, all of which tends to make the conception additionally gruesome.

The better they act their farcial parts the more incongruous the play seems. This is the high distinction of such a deformed conception—the better it is acted the worse it is.

Some one could write an admirable tragedy or melo-drama turning on such a mental estrangement. It is to be hoped Mr. Pinero, with his peculiar notions of dramatic rationale, will not undertake it. He would be sure to introduce the afflicted patient in Harlequin's costume.

THE CASINO.

After the great success of "Polly" at the Casino it was withdrawn and succeeded by the revived "Billee Taylor." The prosperity of the Casino in the midst of the general dramatic adversity and disaster the past season, is the very best evidence of skill in management that amounts to genius. The Casino has taken a place in metropolitan amusements that is as peculiar as the building itself. The management is in marked keeping with its unique claims as a place of resort.

Valid Baptism.

Theologians have been disputing over the question, "What constitutes valid baptism?" We should suppose it depended on the subject's character and previous condition of servitude to Satan. Democrats should be anchored out over night, but nothing less than immersion by dropping from the East River bridge should be considered efficacious for such a man as a New York alderman.



"Isn't the water too cold for you, sonny?"

"Oh, no! Just you come in, Aunt Betsy, an' try it once."



1. HE—"Please, mum, can I see the gentleman of the house?"



2. SHE—"He is not at home."



3. HE—"All right then; I guess you can oblige a poor fellow with a bite."

Smith's Cake.

"Madam, you don't know how to make cake," exclaimed Mr. Smith, throwing a lump of half-cooked dough across the room at the cat. "You never knew how to make cake. I'd rather eat wet saw dust. You ought to have seen the cake my mother made—that was cake."

"Your mother again, always your mother," retorted Mrs. Smith. "Pity she didn't teach you something."

"What do you mean, madam? I'll warrant I'll make better cake myself than you, any day."

"Why don't you try? You'll find everything in the kitchen."

"Well, I can."

"Well, why don't you. You are all talk."

Smith found himself cornered, and felt very uncomfortable, as he had either to surrender unconditionally or to make good his boasts.

He had never made a cake in his life, had no idea of how they were compounded; but thought he knew what was in them.

"I'll make the cake," he said.

"Well, come right into the kitchen and make it," replied his wife.

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. I'll get the things for you."

Smith took off his coat, his collar and



4 "Oh, certainly!"

neck-tie, and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

They walked to the kitchen together, and Smith said:

"What shall I mix it in?"

"Oh, you're doing it," Mrs. Smith replied.

"Ah, this will do," he said, taking the chopping bowl. "Now bring me some water; now some raisins and currants, molasses and ginger and allspice. There, that will do." He put them all in a chopping bowl and mixed them up with a spoon.

"They don't seem to stick together," he

said. "Looks more like a thick soup than anything else. Guess I've got too much water on."

Smith drained some of the water off, and was about to pour the cake into a pan, when his wife said: "Didn't your mother use flour?"

"Oh yes, yes! ah, yes; flour, of course."

Then he mixed in flour until it was so stiff that he could hardly knead it.

"Now," said he, "I'll take this cake around to the bakers and have it baked properly."

He started off, and when he reached the bakers, he said:

"Will you just throw this stuff away, and put in its place one of your best fruit cakes?"

That night at supper Mrs. Smith had her mother and sister with her. She had told them of the cake, and they were expecting great fun at Smith's expense. The cake didn't come until supper time. Smith took it from the boy and said:

"This is my cake; something like a cake."

He took the cake out and placed it on the table.

"Here's a note in the paper," said Mrs. Smith, "I'll read it:

'Dear Mr. Smith!

I am sorry we are all out of plum cake, so I send you a jelly-cake instead.

Yours,

S. BROWN, Baker.'

W. R. BENJAMIN.

How the parsons rail at brokers,

At their "futures," "options," "corners,"

"Puts and calls;" but let these stokers

Of the pulpit—most are fawners—

Get an advantageous "call"—

Higher pay for service small—

How they'll "put" and shake the mourners!

Expansive Art.

Three Dutchmen have been employed to paint the battle of Chattanooga on a commission from the city of Chicago. It is to be free and expansive in the inspiration of the untrammelled West. They do it by the square rod and have contracted for several hundred pounds of paint. No expense or muscle are to be spared to make this the greatest painting on the continent outside of the patent medicine advertisements on the Rockies.

What He Got.

"Well, I've won your case, won the piece of the land, the pig and the cow," said lawyer Sharp to his client, Farmer Green. "So?" said the farmer, "now what do you get for your services?" "O," answered the legal luminary, "I get the piece of the land, the pig, and the cow." The farmer has been soliloquizing for nearly a week, and has just come to the conclusion that he got left.

A Fair Phillistine.

Miss Bullion attends a Wagner concert at Chickering Hall.

Miss B.—"I see the first thing on the programme is the overture from 'Die Walkuere.' Do you know I just dote on that. Its one of my favorite pieces. How I wish they would begin and get through tuning up."

Brutal Friend—"That's the overture you hear."

A man went to sea in a barque,

And fearful grew he in the darque;

So in terror's mad reign,

Jumped he into the meign,

And gobbled was he by a sharque!

MORAL—Better wait on the indefinite than rush on the definite.

An Optical Allusion.

Mr. Fish, of Ludlow street jail, threatened Mr. Ward, of the same academic shades—to "black his eye," to match his character. This strained relation grew out of the wreck on the Fishing banks some time ago. Why not serve the ends of justice by turning these two distinguished financiers into Madison Square Garden to bestow mutual ocular pigment—the gate money to go to the depositors of the Marine Bank and Grant & Ward?

ON THE ROAD.

Competitive Examination Applied to Book-keepers.—Extensive and Varied Ignorance of Commercial Collegians.

Before leaving St. Paul for Omaha, I felt it to be my duty as well as pleasure to call on my friend Bugby, to bid him good-bye. I did so, and found him questioning a cadaverous youth who had called in answer to an advertisement for an assistant book-keeper, as Mr. B. afterwards told me. The following examination was going on:

"So you are not in the habit of going to roller skating rinks?"

"No, sir."

"Do you play progressive euchre?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Bugby."

"You are an exceptionally moral young man. Of course you don't smoke cigarettes or shake dice for the beer?"

"I don't indulge in any of those evil practises, I assure you, sir."

"And you don't know that a full hand of birds beats two pairs in the bush?"

"I am but slightly posted on ornithology, Mr. Bugby, but—"

"I believe you said you had had no office experience, but I suppose you are expert in mathematics, as far at least as the fifteen puzzle, and that your knowledge of history will enable you to answer correctly the question: 'Where was Moses when the light went out?'—not that we require in our business an extensive historical knowledge, but a stock of general information is not to be despised in commercial life."

"Allow me, please—"

"Not yet, my young friend. Tell me, if you will, how far your knowledge of standard moderna literature goes. Have you perused the celebrated works of fiction 'Burly Bill, the Burker,' and 'Cock-eyed Kate, or the Kidnapped Cuspidore?'"

"I never heard of those books, Mr. Bugby."

"Your studies certainly included physiology, and you can correctly state the average number of legs appertaining to the young woman who does the skipping rope dance in the ordinary variety show?"

"If you please, Mr. Bugby, I—"

"Hold up, please. Give me your views on this point: If you held a bobtail flush in a square game, would you go your whole pile on the success of a combination shot, provided the white ball was a three year old filly with a 2:24 record and the umpire had previously had a misunderstanding with the man in the box, which involved the merits of John L. Sullivan as compared to Paddy Ryan? Now, this is a difficult question, so take your time."

The young man didn't. He took his hat and his leave without much ceremony.

"I'll tell you what, Lang, it's very difficult to get the right kind of a lad for the position," said Bugby, wiping his brow, "and I won't have a fellow in my office that doesn't please me. I've seen nearly a dozen to-day and there is something objectionable in every one. That young fellow who has just gone out holds a diploma fram one high school, but bless you, he has no character. Of what mortal use is a man who lacks positive qualities?"

"Of none whatever, Mr. Bugby. I'll take a seat and a cigar, if you'll allow me, for I see another applicant waiting outside and this examination business interests me."

"Certainly, my boy, though I don't see what you find interesting in it. I don't. Come in, young man. I suppose you called about that position. Can you keep books?"

"Yes, sir; pretty well."

"Well, sir, here is a test question: Suppose you enter a num-

ber of bills which I have bought for cash. Of course your sales-book, in which purchases are originally entered, must balance with Bills Receivable. Now, if in taking off your Trial balance you find you have an error, would you look for it in Petty Cash or check up your order book?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bugby, but in school no such questions were ever propounded, and I can't answer the question."

"It is wonderful, Lang, how unpractical in many respects these commercial academies are," remarked Bugby, turning to me with a wink and then re-addressing the youth:

"Your general education, I presume, is good, young sir, although you are not an expert book-keeper, and you know something of geography."

"I have a superior education, Mr. Bugby."

"I am glad to hear it. Name, then, the nearest point in Canada which a traveller can reach if he leaves St. Paul between two days, also state the route by which he should journey."

"I'm afraid, sir, that I'll have to look that up."

"Yes, I think you had better, if you expect to be promoted in time to the desk of cashier. That is the first bit of knowledge an office man should acquire. Another point: you are familiar with Shakespeare's works?"

"O, yes sir; perfectly."

"Give me, then, the name of the play in which this line occurs: 'Peesnis is Peesnis, Rebecca.' Isn't it Romeo and Juliet?"

"Undoubtedly, Mr. Bugby."

"Do you recall the beautiful lines:

'Oh! to be wafted away
From this black Alcedama of
sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy
to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow.'

They occur in the Act I. of Midsummer Night's Dream; do they not?"

"They certainly do, Mr. Bugby."

"Then let me compliment you on your superior attainments. Are you familiar with Richard Brinsby Sheridan's opera, 'An Adamless Eden,' and do you recall the cathedral scene in the sixth act, and the Archbishop's invocation, commencing with the beautiful words:

'I'm awfully modest and awfully shy,
But, for goodness sake, don't say I told you.'

"I remember them clearly, Mr. Bugby."

"You do? Well, my lad, you won't suit. Vanish."

He vanished.

"Lang, that boy is a liar. I have no use for such. He makes the twelfth aspirant I have knocked out to-day. I'm becoming weary of this."

"Brace up, Mr. Bugby," I said encouragingly. "The next will be thirteen, which is ordinarily considered an unlucky number, but the joker takes everything in the deck. You twig?"

"Well, I'll come up for another round. Here's another. How are you, 13," he said to a bright-looking boy who at that moment entered?

"How are you, sir, only I'm seventeen. My name is William Grubb. What's yours, please?"

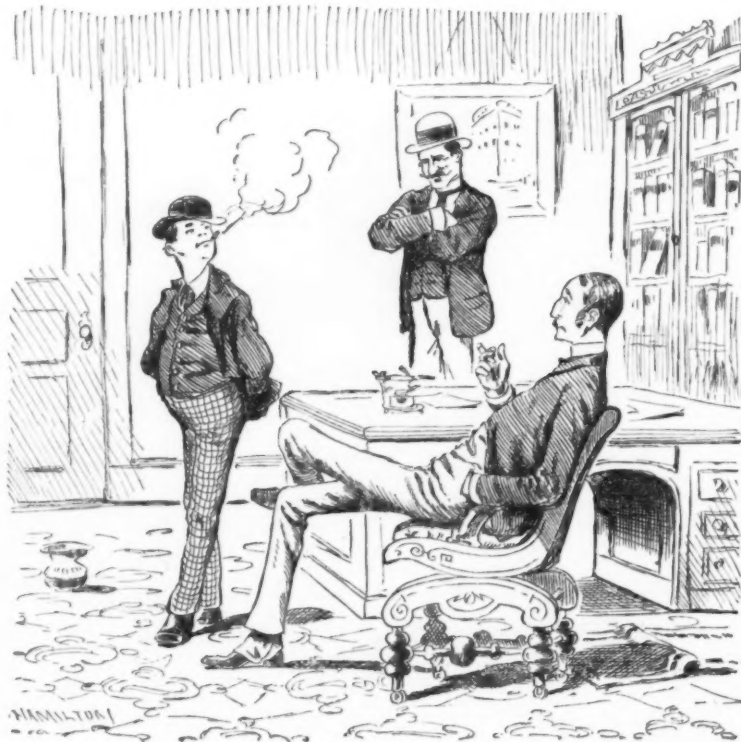
"Bugby, at your service; Bugby, of Bugby and Roach, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"Employ me, sir."

"Do you understand book-keeping?"

"Not at all, sir; but I can learn."

"How do you know that?—but, never mind. Are you honest?"



"I don't know, sir. I think so, but I have never been tried."

"Boy, I'll engage you. Come to work to-morrow. Good day."

"Hold up, Mr. Bugby, I haven't engaged you yet. You have forgotten something, I think."

"What's that, you young scamp?"

"What money will you pay?"

"Did you ever hear the like of that, Lang?" turning to me and then to the lad. "William, I'll start you at fifteen slugs per week. Will you come?"

"It's a go, Mr. Bugby."

"Then shake on it, my boy."

"I'll tell you what, Lang," he said when the new assistant book-keeper had left, "I'll bank on thirteen hereafter, and ten years from now, if you happen to come this way, please notice the firm sign and see if it doesn't read:

Bugby, Roach & Grubb."

L. L. LANG.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

Asked the tonsor of the dude,

Who, clad in corkscrew trowsers

And an Anglo-maniac mood,

Said: "Why weally I would like to,

I would upon my word:

But the beard, I longing wait for,

Somehow hasn't yet occurred."

[The Eye.

The Giddy Maze—Corn whiskey.

[Philadelphia Call.

An epitaph for a boatman—Life is oar.

[Boston Budget.

The silent watches of the night—Those not wound up.—[Phila. Call.

Hugo's funeral was "Les Miserable" than was expected.—[Detroit Free Press.

A cow has two lips, but cowslips and tulips are not at all similar.—[Merchant Traveler.

A Detroit ecclesiastical dude is known as the tony pastor of the city.

[Detroit Free Press.

Why is elasticity like poetry? Because Spring wouldn't be Spring without it.

[Merchant Traveler.

A nude departure in New York theatrical circles is to have the actresses appear in bare feet.—[St. Paul Herald.

The new governor of Rhode Island is named Wetmore. He is evidently a Baptist.—[Newman Independent.

They were talking of base ball nines. "The strongest nine," says one, I ever saw, was quinine.—[Stockton Maverick.

A monument is to be erected in Paris to the inventor of soda water. We suppose it will bear a representation of the inventor's phiz.—[Boston Post.

—Some one has written a poem on "The Tongue of Liberty." The tongue of liberty generally belongs to a married woman.

[Boston Post.

"Ah," remarked Mr. Wilkins of Whitehall, N. Y., "a little learning in a fool, like scanty powder in a large gun, will sometimes make considerable noise." "Keep still," replied his wife, bending over the restless babe in the crib.—[Merchant Traveler.

When Dr. Holmes' brother John was advised to take a wife and live in a better

house, he said he presumed if he should get a better half he would be sure of better quarters.—[Lowell Courier.

Some one says, "A play must have a motive." Most of them have, and it seems to be to get people to pay \$1.50 to see a 25 cent show.—[Boston Post.

A soap mine has been discovered in Wisconsin. Thus even nature seems to join the conspiracy to prevent Wisconsin going Democratic.—[Siftings.

A scientific journal tells how to prevent hic-cough. Another good way is to refrain from going out between the acts.

[Norristown Herald.

Upon being notified that she was divorced from her husband a Chicago lady said to a friend that she "felt quite unmanned.

[Burlington Eye.

"Time works wonders," says a young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his eldest sister only eighteen.—[St. Paul Herald.

A Fourth ward furnisher advertises contagion for sale, singly or by the dozen. He means the umbrella, because everybody takes it.—[Waterloo Observer.

The *Item* thinks there is a storm gathering about the ears of the President. Disappointed office-seekers are already thundering—mad.—[Norristown Herald.

Mrs. O'Malaprop, on returning from the steamboat excursion, was heard to express her gratification at being spared to set foot on Terry Ferguson again.—[Buffalo Ex.

—"To the victors belong the spoils," said the Republican grocer, as he worked off a dozen bad eggs on a just appointed Democratic office-holder.—[Washington Hatchet.

"Will you pass the butter, Mr. Fogg?" asked Brown. "Every time," replied Fogg. The landlady says it was the way Fogg said it that made her mad.—[Boston Transcript.

The New Orleans Exposition has had a Pennsylvania Day, a Woman's Day, a Mexican day, and about 125 Losing Days. Now comes the Day of Reckoning.—[Morristown Herald.

The difference between an article that is overproduced and a stain on the crumb cloth, is just this: One is a drug in the market, and the other is a mark in the drugget.—[Lowell Courier.

—"How long does this train stop for refreshments?" asked a traveler, as he entered a railroad in Georgia. "It depen's on how hungry de conductah am," said the waiter.

[Ex.

Talmage says a woman has a right to do anything she can do well. If that's so, some of them who are wives are in a business they have no right to be in.

[Merchant Traveler.

The latest style of bustle is made of watch spring steel wire, and may be used for a collar, a rat trap, a portable lightning conductor or a baseball catcher's mask.

[Norristown Herald.

The most singular freak of the seventeen-year locusts is the fact that they will insist on making their appearance annually—in the newspapers, at least.

[Norristown Herald.

Jimmy he's as bad off; he has a cough on um that sounds loik an impty bar'l. Cough for the lady, Jimmy.—[Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Mulvaney (the laundress)—"Indade, ma'am, an' it's miserable I am. I am but jist on my feet wid the pain in my back, an'

A writer asks: "Why does the modern woman tire so easily?" It is probably because the modern man imposes upon her more labor than he permits his horse to perform.—[Norristown Herald.

A late fashion dictum is that only widows should wear the widow's ruching. Then we suppose only nuns should wear nun's veiling and only codfish attend codfish balls.

[Oil City Derrick.

Along about this season of the year, a man lays aside his religious training two or three times a day, in order to drive the chickens out of the garden in a proper manner.—[Merchant Traveler.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" will be the question now asked by the paragraphers. We might mention, incidentally, that we have known March days that were absolutely raw.—[Texas Siftings.

A little girl who, with her parents, had succeeded in reaching home just before the rain come down, said: "Well, we beat the Lord that time, didn't we, mamma?"

[Burlington Hawkey.

Henry M. Stanley told the Barret Missionary Society that a dead missionary was of no use. It is just on this point that the highest cannibalistic authorities differ from Henry M. Stanley.—[Detroit Free Press.

"I got up at four o'clock this morning," remarked the book-keeper to the boss. "Indeed? You must have been very dry," quietly responded the boss, and the conversation came to an end.—[Merchant Traveler.

A chair has been invented which can be adjusted to over 100 different directions. Families blessed with a small boy should have one of these chairs placed in the church pew.—[Boston Post.

Mrs. Ella F. Kidd of Keene, Ky., has just completed a crazy quilt which contains 100,000 pieces and 948,688 stitches. In the meanwhile the little Kidds ran about in a scanty allowance of wardrobe.

[Phila. Call.

On an average 60,000 stamps are found loose every year in the letter boxes of Great Britain. English stamps, to use an old pun, are like truant school boys. They won't stick to their letters. Their backs are not licked enough, perhaps.

[Norristown Herald.

"First Citizen—"You always stay at home in the evenings now?" Second Citizen—"Yes; my wife's father gave her \$500 for a birthday present, and I'm teaching her how to play draw-poker."

[Philadelphia Progress.

The *Boston Post* says that Homer did not write the account of the siege of Troy until 300 years after the war was over. He thereby avoided seeing the contradictory accounts about it in the magazines.

[Phil. Call.

It is the custom in swell Boston society not to introduce people. We suppose the reason of it is that so many kinds of persons are in the best society nowadays, that it is hardly safe to permit promiscuous introductions. Pass the beans, please.

[Merchant Traveler.

Disraeli wrote that man was a substantive and woman was an adjective. We don't doubt the gentleman's word, but if woman

is an adjective she's one of that variety which can't be compared.

[Merchant Traveler.

Where civil service reform is most needed is in the American kitchen.

[Yonkers Statesman.

It looks as though there was hard feeling and heart-burning among the faithful, when the Bourbon St. Louis *Republican* evolves the sarcasm of expressing the hope "that young Mr. Beecher will also receive from Mr. Pear a cake of soap in return for his father's endorsement?"—[Phil. Call.

With all the boasted economy of the present administration, the public debt statement for May shows a smaller reduction than for the corresponding month of last year. Cleveland will have to discharge another cook and a couple of scrub women.

[Norristown Herald.

Phlit is a small boy who has the headache every now and then. He had it on Monday, and as he lay groaning while his mother bathed his head, he said quite feebly: "Say, mamma, how is it that such a little boy as I am can have such a dreadfully big headache?"—[Merchant Traveler.

Two shop girls were talking. "My employer," said the pretty one, with a toss of her head, "says I'm an angel, and he is just too handsome for any use." "Bah," replied the homely one, with a sneer, "angels must be right cheap and plenty, when he won't pay them more than \$4 a week for 16 hours work a day."—[Merchant Traveler.

"Mr. Fli-pkins, what is a schooner?" "Eh? O, it's a—beg pardon, I mean—a two—two masted sailing vessel." "Ah, thanks." "Are you interested in yachting, Clairette?" "No, I merely wanted to know what schooners were. Mr. Sharp said you could navigate more schooners across the bar without getting wrecked than any other mariner he knew."—[Lynn Union.

NEVER ARRESTED BEFORE.

A Texas justice asked a darkey, officially:—"Were you never arrested before?" "No, boss; ebery time I'se been arrested de policeman grabbed me from behind, and dey had a heap er trouble doing hit because I kin run like a turkey."

[Texas Siftings.

FULLY IDENTIFIED.

A gentleman from Philadelphia, who went to New York not long since, had had a commission from a lady to her brother, which he was anxious to carry out at once. "Where will I find Mr. B——, who is in the grocery business, on Broadway," he asked of a New Yorker.

"There are two brothers of that name both in the grocery business on Broadway," was the reply. "Which do you wish to see?"

"I mean the one who has a sister in Philadelphia."—[Texas Siftings.

What can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they try to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

More depressing news for the honest laboring man! It was only a little while ago

that lions went up in price, owing to the Egyptian misunderstanding, and now it is stated that the earthquake on Sunday in Serinagur, India, will increase the price of cashmere shawls and attar of roses. Porgies and straw hats are still cheap, anyway.

[Norristown Herald.

"Matilda!" he exclaimed the perspiration, irrigating the roolets of his tawney locks; "Matilda! I love you." "Henry," she replied, clubbing with her fan the mosquito who was dining off her damask cheek; "Henry, it does you credit." "And," resumed Henry, with a voice far below the middle stud of his immaculate shirt front; "and do you, Matilda,—do you—er love me?" "No, Henry," replied Matilda, with a Christian-humility-and-resigned-to-my-lot-frankness; "No, Henry, I do not love you, but I esteem you as a—" "Oh, stop that," vociferated Henry, "none of your esteem you as a brother; that's too hoary a chestnut for me." And Henry on that same hour the lady forsook. True, he had to; but never you mind; he forsook her, all the same.—[Boston Transcript.

ROUGH ON CROCKERY.

"What makes you look so down in the mouf," asked Uncle Mose of Jim Webster. "My wife done broke anudder plate dis mawning."

"Dat's nuffin. De plate don't cost yer more den a dime. Dat don't hurt much."

"Hit don't hurt! I reckon yer don't know dat hit's my head she busts de dishes on."

"Yes, dat's rough on de crockery."

[Texas Siftings.

THE MOTHER KNEW.

Fond Mother—"Now look here, George, I want you to break off with that girl. She is very pretty, and all that, but I know her too well to want you to risk your life and happiness by marrying her. Why she knows no more about houskeeping than I do abo it Greek; not a bit."

George—"Perhaps not, but she can learn." "After marriage is rather late for that, George."

"But you said yourself that you did not know a thing about housekeeping until after you were married."

"Very true, George, and your poor father died of dyspepsia twenty years ago."

[Toledo Blade.

LUCID EXPLANATION.

"Is this the front of the Capitol?" asked a newly arrived stranger of an Austin darkey.

"No, sah, dis heah side in front am de rear. Ef yer wants ter see de front, yer must go around dar behind on de udder side."—[Texas Siftings.

* * * * Rupture radically cured, also pile tumors and fistulas. Pamphlet of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE REASON.

Two men were quarreling. One of them threatened to shoot the other. The threatened man, in revival of an old piece of sarcasm, asked:

"Where do you bury all your dead?"

Just then, an excited man drew the satirist aside and said:

"My gracious! you ought not to talk that

way!"

"Which way?"

"Asking that man where he buries his dead."

"Why?"

"Because he is a physician."

[Arkansaw Traveler.

A THEORETICAL ROACH.

"Are you interested in the subject of steamship navigation, sir?" said a wheezy old man with a wandering eye, as he took a seat and made himself at home in the private office of a State street business house the other day.

"No, sir, I am not," said the head of the firm rather curtly.

"If a man was to tell you he could build a ship that would cross the Atlantic in twenty-four hours, what would you say?" inquired the old man, leaning forward to catch the answer.

"I'd say he was a confounded fool," responded the merchant with emphatic promptness.

"Well, sir, I can build that ship."

"You can?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"Then, sir, permit me to strengthen my

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

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previous remark by saying that I consider you a blamed sight bigger fool than my first observation indicated."

"Why so, sir?"
"Because you don't build it. Good-day, sir."
The old man picked up his hat and slid out.—[Chicago Ledger.

HARD TIMES.

"How are times down in the country, uncle?" asked a white man of an old negro.
"Porely, sah, porely."
"What is the cause?"
"It's de comin' in o' dese Yankees, sah."
"How did they cause hard times?"
"By t'arin down all de ole smoke-houses, sah."
"Why did that make any difference?"
"Whut? Why did dat make any difference? Confoun' 'em, sah, da tore down de log houses an' built brick ones in dar place. Da needn't be so particular. Nobody wan't gwine ter steal nuthin'."
[Arkansaw Traveler.

THE MODERN SHAKSPEARE.

"Henrico! there's a gnawing at me heart! I hunger for those lush-enladen words with which thou didst adorn thy wooing days!"
"And so, commend thee to thy memory! If in good soil those words have fallen, sweet, they have fruition now in fruit of faith, and these are they that can thy yearning sate."
"Nay, thou churl! the germs from which were grown these erst-while blossomings of conscious love, 'twere mine to sow within that breast of thine, and whatsoever their growing product be such were my rightful daily nutriment."
"A gourmand thou, an' I do gauge thy kind. I've served thee with such bounteous growth of sweets as should thine appetite yet glorify. I doubt if thou hast drawn from earlier speech the full provision of their lusciousness."
"Whereto I give thee some concession, love. But list! Are we with jellied fruits content when June doth blush with berries newly grown? And should love batten on its memories when fresher tribute should its off'ring be?"
"And there be naught of rust upon the same I think 'twere naught against their wholesomeness. But list, thou maid of most insatiate maw! I have a schedule of sweet speech prepared—enameled of my soul's most nectared gush—and this thou can'st in vade mecum wear, and when thou long'st for blossom of me love thou can'st to some emphatic page refer, and as thine eyes imbibe the written jam, unto thy heart this sweet consolation make, 'thus doth my loved Henrico testify.'"—[Yonkers Gazette.

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