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PAT—"Arrah, Norah! be the looks av that, if we'd had the boodle for the Inshpictor, the shanty beyant wud have been safe widout the shticks to it."

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NO SCAPEGOAT.

IF one scampish builder is punished, shall that be the end of the effort to protect life in New York mud-palaces? Buddensiek is only one representative of a class for the existence and prosperity of whom the city authorities are responsible. The city pays an army of inspectors to prevent these abuses. Buddensiek's character as a builder was well known to the Department long ago, and they continued to issue to him permits to construct more death-traps. He has a plea in abatement that the city had licensed him to kill; or, at least, that the chief inspector is an accessory before the fact for the crime for which he has been indicted.

What is wanted is to sentence the whole army of inspectors to a long term of residence in one of Buddensiek's worst buildings. This might deter other mud-fiends. Making a scape-goat of one of them certainly will not. The work will go on serenely hereafter, and we shall have more illustrations of how not to inspect buildings.

LES ENFANTS PERDUS.

ONE more victory like that of last November would ruin the Democratic party. The result did not even "put a barren sceptre in their gripe." After all their years of weary journeying in the wilderness, subsisting between the reminiscence of Egyptian flesh-pots and the dim hope of the spoils of the Philistines, they are stopped in full view of the Promised Land by the restraining hand of their own Moses. They are out of manna

and quail, "very hungry and thirsty," and Moses refuses to smite the rock of the Treasury. Nay, he forbids them to go up and enjoy the milk and honey in which the Gentiles are revelling before their very eyes. Sundry sins of their wanderings in connection with a golden calf, and infidelity to the faith of their fathers and the constitution, and smashing the tables of the union have yet to be atoned for. They are not fit to enter the promised land and enjoy the spoils without much purging and cleaning and repentance in dust and ashes.

The wicked uncle who has succeeded to their patrimony has left them to starve, and they rise on their toes and howl. Shall there be a rescuer, or must the Democracy perish there and be covered with leaves of oblivion by the kind little Republican birds? *Quien sabe?*

STAMPS FIGHT.

THIS gold-and-silver age has translated Bonaparte's *mot* into: "Providence always favors the heaviest bank-account." In a set-to between two nations, one having plenty of money but little muscle, and the other plenty of fighting quality but no money, the issue is as sure as time. Stamps fight as well as talk; and in the end the combatant with the most money is bound to win. The longest purse gets the international persimmons.

British bull-dog tenacity that never lets go, and never knows that it is whipped, could come only from an abiding faith in a bottomless bank account, and an incidental trust in the God of Nations. They may break the hollow square, but they can't break the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street;" she is not hollow. British prestige consists in always paying cash, and three sublime principles have placed Britannia at the head of Christendom: L. s. d.

No other people takes such seeming chances as the Anglo-Saxon. One half of one per cent of the population of India is English and rules it; the other 99 1-2 per cent of the power is pounds sterling. The United States, without army or navy, is safe, respected, and feared among nations, since she has paid off her national debt and piled up national wealth beyond all the previous dreams of national avarice.

The money-maker is the conqueror. Nations grow prophetic, and count the cost of war. Those nations that can afford the most of this expensive luxury can discount conquest and avert war. Thus a cheque checkmates in the game of nations, and the "jingling of the guinea heals the wound that honor feels."

"Gold, in the end, unsanctioned by divine right, weighs up all the other forces; even iron yields to the more ductile metal." John Bull, from his lofty height, smile son impetuous Muscle. If he cannot conquer a peace, he can do better. He can buy one.

RULINGS.

"SPEECH IS SILVER?" Do the "gold bugs" want to cut off America's chief industry?

PLENTY of billing and cooing now-a-days between the administration and the cullahd voter. The Democrats would like to go Through the Dark Incontinent.

TO CALL such blundering selections as Ministers Phelps, Pendleton, Jackson, Keilly and Lawton "diplomatic appointments" is about as neat irony as any funny man can forge.

A MAN is applying for the collectorship of Bangor, Me., who is a manufacturer of extension ladders. If there is one man more than another whom the President wants to keep clear of, it is an extension-ladder man.

SECRETARY BAYARD is said to be a capital amateur boxer. He knocked Pendleton out (of the presidential ring) at the first round, and we shall be surprized if he do not prove champion of the light weights in '88.

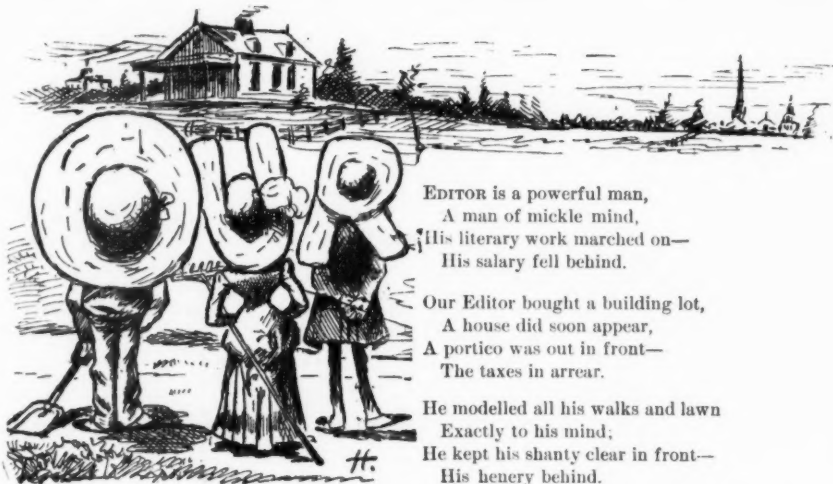
A NEW YORK Democrat says that Mr. Cleveland looks like a bar-tender and he seems always ready to say, "Gentlemen, what will you have?" The wish is father to the thought. Alack! he only seems about to say it.

HARRISON, the boy-preacher, has been laboring in the city of which Carter Harrison is mayor. Though the former has made several ten-strikes in the ranks of sin there—converted a plumber, for one thing—the devil is long odds ahead in Harrassin Chicago.

THE RECKLESS Republican press criticizes the Jeffersonian simplicity of Secretary Whitney's wife, because she puts a coat of arms on her cards. THE JUDGE overrules this complaint. When Mr. Whitney puts on the coat of Secretary of War, it is proper for Mrs. Whitney to put on a coat of arms.

ACCORDING to the computation of a German histologist (*i. e.* an expert at histing in beer) the human brain is renewed once in sixty days. On the fourth of May, then, all Democrats are changed, and perhaps into Cleveland men. But, hold on! that's no fair test; the German's theory presupposes brains.

WHAT is the use of any more revised editions of the Holy Scriptures? What such average citizens as the Chicago editor and the whole Democratic party want is an *expurgated* edition. Such offensive texts as "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone," *et cetera*, are what makes the complete work unpopular.



EDITOR is a powerful man,
A man of mickle mind,
His literary work marched on—
His salary fell behind.

Our Editor bought a building lot,
A house did soon appear,
A portico was out in front—
The taxes in arrear.

He modelled all his walks and lawn
Exactly to his mind;
He kept his shanty clear in front—
His henery behind.

The purchasing of garden tools
Caused our Editor deep distress,
For though he had one good lawn mower
He had some dollars less,

His daughter, fixing up his yard,
Came to a sudden stop,
She found she had no poppy seed,
Though she had a seedy pop.

Our Editor bought a music box
And paid for it must be,
For he said no money should be owed
While he had an l. e. g.

Our Editor holds umbrellas
Over pretty girls in storms;
He says he likes their figures,
Though he isn't fond of "forms."

And when they ask him out to tea
Our Editor is shy;
And though he always takes the cake,
He cannot stand the "pi."

Good readers all, with one accord
Our editor admire;
For though he's fond of ancient lore
His motto still is, "Higher!"

H. A. B.

Regulations for City Builders.

As there seems to be considerable variance between the building laws as formulated on the statute books and those laws as practically construed and enforced by the Building Department of the City of New York, THE JUDGE deems it advisable to inform its readers what is expected of them when building in this city. The following rules have not yet been officially adopted by the Board, but as they seem to be in actual operation, and to have been entirely satisfactory to our officials, we look to see them soon formally published.

I. No building is to be erected or altered without permission of Building Department and filing plans therewith.

II. Responsible, reputable builders, are to conform strictly to such plans, but irresponsible parties may modify at convenience.

III. Such parties must give notice to the Board of intended violations, that inspectors may not inadvertently interfere.

IV. No employe of the Department is allowed to take bribes. It is hoped that nothing further need be said on this point. Human nature is weak. Do not tempt us.

V. All bricks used in building shall be soft, lest citizens be injured by hard brick when the building falls.

VI. No building shall be erected in summer on swampy ground, but only in winter when the ground is frozen; in case of warm weather coming on before the building is finished and sold, ice shall be applied to the cellar walls to prevent untimely melting.

VII. Walls for buildings of over five stories shall be at least two inches thick, laid in good loam and water, free from lime, sand, or hair; broken bricks to be turned endwise to bind the walls. No wall is to be built solidly with bricks, but spaces are to be filled with shavings, dirt, bits of wood or other first class refuse, to be approved by the inspector (fee for approval \$5). Every gang

of bricklayers shall be provided with a small boy to hold up the wall when they are at work upon it, and no wall shall be left at night without leaning a shovel or other support against it. In windy weather a suitable person shall be employed to hold an umbrella as a protection against the building blowing down.

VIII. Floor beams shall extend at least one sixty-fourth of an inch upon the supporting walls. They shall be not less in dimensions than an ordinary lead pencil, and shall be of fresh unseasoned lumber approved by inspector (fee \$10); wherever chunks of ice are used to support floor beams, said ice shall be dressed and plumbed, and free from snow or flaws. Floors shall be laid close enough to prevent any child of over two years falling between the boards; and at least six nails shall be used in each floor. Chimney flues may be of wood or other approved material. Windows shall be plate glass; mantels of plate marble; and each room shall have picture rods and electric bells, under penalty of a fine not less than \$5,000,000 or 200 years imprisonment.

IX. No building more than fifteen feet out of the perpendicular shall be considered reasonably plumb or safe, unless declared so by the inspector; and no building so declared to be safe shall fall down within less than thirty days.

X. All rows of new buildings shall be erected adjoining some old building, against which to lean. Should any old building not be strong enough, it shall be declared to violate the law, and its owner be required to strengthen it satisfactorily to the Board, under penalty of \$100,000 fine. Boys cutting initials on walls of new buildings, thereby undermining said buildings, shall be hung. The playing of ball against such building, to the imminent risk of upsetting it, shall be punished by \$500,000 fine and 100 years imprisonment.

XI. Any person contemplating the pur-

chase of a new house shall be required to promptly do so before the approach of warm weather, lest the frost get out of the foundation and walls and the building collapse. Should such injury result, said intending purchaser shall compensate the builder to the full amount of the purchase money, and further to whatever sum said builder shall consider fair and reasonable compensation for injury to his feelings and reputation; and a further sum of \$1,000,000 to be divided among the employes of the Building Department.

XII. If by any possibility any tenement house erected in this city last long enough to be actually occupied by tenants, feather beds shall be placed in the cellar for them to land on when the collapse occurs, and all ambulances and hook-and-ladder companies shall be at once placed in telephonic connection with said house, and ready to respond instantly. The city, of course, to pay all bills.

XIII. Should any innocent investor purchase any house erected under these rules, trusting to the supposed guarantee of the Building Department, he shall at once be required to tear down said building.

Rebellion at Last.

The late gale that swept from the North brought to our ears the clash of a resounding revolt against "Huckleberry Finn." It started at Concord, "the cradle of liberty," and is in a state of active eruption from Faneuil Hall. The embattled trustees of Concord library stood and fired the shot heard round the world, and the Boston Advertiser sounded the call to arms against the tyrant, Twain. It is the "corroding element of burlesque" that rebelled against, and all Boston culchaw and Concord philosophy are up in arms against the "slimy trail of the vulgar humorist." There's talk that the next cargo of Mark Twain's works that appears there with the odious tax of his regular subscription rates attached, will be dumped into Boston Harbor.

It is well, and the revolt is bound to spread. Not that America is too poor to pay Twain's tax. America, thank God and protection, is rich. But the right to charge fifty cents for "Huckleberry Finn," implies the right to charge \$100 for something that is original and funny of Mark Twain's, and sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, America kicks.

The rest of the country, indeed, may not go so far in the movement as Boston; may not swear to boycott all American fun, as coarse, corroding and slimy. The Spartan spirit is several pounds to the square inch stronger in Boston than elsewhere. We cannot expect the rest of the country to be quite up to laughing at English humor, or so denying of all exhilaration as to read the *Atlantic Monthly*. But the colonies can be depended on to draw the line at Mark Twain until he repeals his odious prices. A tax on a people's reading is the most heinous of all exactions, as it is a duty upon men's intelligence, and hence a tax upon what often does not exist, and is always without representation in such works as Mark Twain's.

DE CAMP is the name of one of the exhibitors in the American Art Association. There are many artists who would like to when their board bills are presented.

HER PHOTO.

SHE is sitting in a chair,
While around her golden hair
Plays the sun;
And the air of faint surprise
In her dreamy tender eyes
Yanks the bun.

She is "delicately weak,"
There's a *flush* upon her cheek
Clear and thin;
If you could but understand
How I once held her *full hand*,
You would grin.

Well, I made a pretty ass—
One that no chap could surpass—
Of myself.

She said "No." What was her name?
Well, she's in that velvet frame
On the shelf.

JOHN D. STERRY.

Amenities of Oregon Travel.

There is a thrilling excitement connected with being held up by road agents. If possible it is more exhilarating than the whiskey they sell in Portland. A six-shooter is a powerful stimulant. It sets the sluggish blood to coursing madly through the veins, and has been known to afford relief in chronic cases of lassitude when all other means proved powerless.

I was traveling once in a Southern Oregon stage-coach. It was a beautiful morn in May, and the balmy air was redolent of the flowers of spring and the breath of an inebriated gentleman from Yreka, who was going to Jacksonville to fill a pulpit or start a livery stable, I have forgotten which.

The swinging motion of the stage and the sense of boundless freedom, born of the picturesque surroundings and a bottle of whiskey, filled my breast with joy, and I lifted up my voice and warbled. Through the deep and sombre gulches floated the clear, sweet notes of my bird-like voice, causing a wild Indian to pause in his mad chase after a jack-rabbit, and urging the mules into an agitated trot:

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand."

As these familiar and beautiful lines were ended, I lifted my eyes and gazed earnestly into the barrel of a 44 navy revolver. Behind it was a gentleman who evidently had been to a mask ball.

"Stranger," he said, "air ye really pinin' to be an angel? 'Cause if ye air I can pass ye right through. Otherwise pass over them valuables."

I humored the man in his eccentricity, and gave him my pocketbook and watch.

"Is that all? Gi' me that diamond ring."

It was a gift from my mother-in-law, and I begged hard to be allowed to retain it, but the eccentric collector crooked his finger a trifle and I hesitated no longer.

Apparently the road agent relented somewhat. "Well, its kinder rough to take a man's keepsakes," he said, half apologetically. "Blamed if I ain't ashamed of myself. Say, stranger, this ring's no good to me. Gi' me twenty dollars and it's your's."

I made a motion towards my boot, where my funds were secreted. At that moment the villain's ruse flashed through my agitated brain, and I tried to mislead him by scratching my leg, but it was too late. Click went the revolver. It sounded like the cocking of a canon.

"Hand me that money in your boot-leg,



AN AIRY NOTHING.

JEALOUS HUSBAND—"Flirting again!"

PLAUSIBLE WIFE—"Oh, you are jealous of nothing."

JEALOUS HUSBAND (with a glance out the window)—"Ah, I see that I am."

or I'll blow the top o' your head off! Quick!"
Again I yielded to the road agent's playful way, passing over my last cent.

"Take it," I groaned; "there still remain my good name and a few tracts. Do you want them also?"

The highwayman took pity on me and passed back ten dollars, saying it would take me to Portland.

Then turning to the inebriated gentlemen from Yreka, he placed a revolver under his nose and told him to throw up his hands. The only reply was a deep snore.

The road agent used a more convincing argument; he cocked the revolver and punched the man's head.

"Whisky sou'," hic-coughed the unsuspecting man.

The perplexed robber stooped and smelled the Yreka man's breath. That was proof convincing, and he lifted up his voice and swore. His companion, who had been amusing the driver outside, stuck his head inside the stage, and inquired:

"What's the matter, Pete? Struck a pair of preachers?"

"Worse than that," muttered Pete, as he backed from the stage. "Here's a drunk who's just rollin' in wealth and jewelry, an' he won't sober up enough for me to hold him up."

"Just our luck!" growled the man on the outside. "Seems as if half the people we hold up this summer are drunks or ladies."

The highwaymen passed some jokes with the driver, warning him to have a fuller treasure box next time, and deliberately mounting their horses, they slowly rode away. Then the driver climbed into his seat and an instant later we turned into another canyon, and my experience with highwaymen was a thing of the past.

Last fall a gentleman from Boston was riding in an Idaho stage that had an engagement with two road agents just beyond Boise. He was suffering terribly from neuralgia, but a six-shooter afforded instant relief. The robber was toying with the nickel-plated instrument, and in the untamed western way became over-playful. Somehow

there was an explosion, and when the smoke had cleared away there was no more neuralgia, neither was there any jaw to the Boston man. The robber was very much pained by the sudden occurrence. The Boston man had not yet yielded up his property, and, of course, no man who has any respect for himself would rob a corpse.

On the same stage was a pessimistic Englishman, with an overdose of ennui. He passed his time in yawning and drawing out imprecations upon the country, and was in a fair way of dying from inanition. Yet when a road agent levelled a big revolver under his nose, and told him to throw up his hands, he brightened up and took a wonderful interest in the proceedings.

But the glory of the road agents is rapidly waning. The lumbering old stage-coach is almost a thing of the past, and there is too much uncertainty connected with holding up passenger trains. Slowly and sadly they climb the gallows steps and are launched into the great unsolved. Like the buffalo and ether *ferra naturæ* animals they must go. It is well. My only regret is that they were not extinct five years ago, before I lost my jewelry and coin.

N. W. DURHAM.

One of the old Masters.

INTELLIGENT American Traveler, just returned from Europe, meeting friend on the street—"Hello, Smith, you must come and see my pictures. I know you're quite a common sewer in such things, and you would just revel in 'em, old feller."

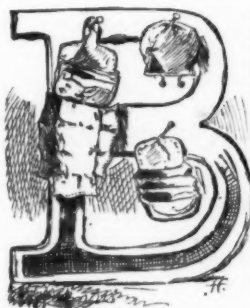
Smith—"Thanks. Should be delighted to. Some old masters among the lot, I suppose."

I. A. T.—"Old? yes, I should say so. Why, some of 'em are so old you can hardly make out what they are. Got a superb 'Moonlight' by Pinxit."

A NEW YORK man has patented a helmet for the protection of reputable citizens who are liable to be exposed to policemen's clubs.

ON THE ROAD.

How the Boys "Went Broke" in Detroit on Eggs, Sleight-of-Hand and Faro.—Some Games can Beat even a Drummer.



BROWN and Cusby "went broke" in Detroit, and we three were left stranded over Sunday when, according to programme, we should have been in Chicago. Our trouble came about in this way:

We had been to the theatre to see, as I remember, Alice Oates, or it may have been Fanny Louise Buckingham—at any rate it was some

star who had appeared on Sparticus' off nights before Roman populace at the Colusium. We boarded a street car to return to the hotel and found the vehicle quite full, there being "standing room only."

Gus Cusby and another fellow stood opposite an old woman who had in her lap a large basket of eggs. Now Gus was possessed of no little skill in sleight of hand, which talent he delighted in displaying for the amusement of himself and friends. He chuckled as he looked at the man next him, and then at the hen fruit, for he saw a chance to play a joke.

"See here, young fellow," he exclaimed presently, fiercely frowning at his neighbor, "can't you leave the old lady's eggs alone?"

"What's that? Are you talking to me?" said the stranger in surprise.

"I say, leave the woman's eggs alone. I saw you take one from the basket just now and put it in your right over-coat pocket."

"It's a lie," striking out for Gus' head.

"Oh, it is, is it," said Gus, grasping his wrist with one hand, and with the other drawing an egg out of the man's pocket. "What do you call that? Don't do it again, my dear sir," he went on, restoring the egg to the old lady's basket and winking at Brown and me.

The fellow looked a bit sheepish, and the passengers stared. Presently Gus broke out with: "You're at it again. You took two that time, and here they both are in the other pocket. This sort of thing is hen-ious."

Then the old lady put in her say, treating the poor man to an awful tongue lashing, while the other passengers grinned. He couldn't stand the racket. He made for the door and disappeared. Then the woman, turning to Cusby, thanked him at such length that we reached our corner before she had fully relieved her grateful heart.

"How much time have we, Gus?" I asked, as we entered the house.

Cusby felt for his watch—it wasn't there.

"Boys," he shrieked, "it's gone. I've been played for a sucker.—It's gone—watch,

locket and chain—all gone."

On further investigation he found that not only had his watch, etc., been stolen, but also his money. While he had been playing the egg trick, the other fellow had gone through him and taken his pocket-book, not leaving him the price of a cocktail, even.

Now, Gus Cusby considered himself, and with reason, about as fly a man as there was on the road, and this event so "phazed" him that he hadn't enough spunk left to quote the scripture lesson usually aired on such occasions. He dropped into a chair and sat like a bump on a log, perfectly speechless.

I felt sure the property was gone beyond recovery, and suggested packing up and getting out of town by the train we had arranged to take, but Josh insisted on going out to look for the crook. He knew the town pretty well and felt confident that he could come up with his man. Gus wouldn't either fish, cut bait, or go ashore. He had found his tongue, though, by this time, and was kicking himself, metaphorically speaking,

With his little finger that lally-cooler could send me where the the woodchuck chucketh, if he were only half my size—"and so on for nearly an hour when he subsided from sheer exhaustion and we were both silent.

I heard a deep groan behind me after a bit, and turning beheld our Joshua. The same, but still not the same, fellow who had left us in good shape an hour ago. This Josh was decidedly a job lot. His eyes were blacked to the Queen's taste. His nose had been tapped, as his shirt and collar showed, and his clothes were torn. He was hatless and carried a broken cotton umbrella in his hand.

"By all that is good and great, my poor man, tell us who knocked you out?" I exclaimed.

"Cusby's crook and his friends," he replied mournfully. "Confession is good for the soul. Ask me no questions, but listen. I plead guilty to being even a more rank chump than Gus here. I am a wreck. I shall drum no more. I have fallen so low in my own esteem that I think I shall try to find a berth as a bookkeeper. Mark my disgrace. Yes, Cusby's egg man and his pals did me up. You see I had an idea that I should find my man at Copper's faro game, for I remembered he got off opposite. I went there directly. He was there and playing with Cusby's good money, I suppose. (Groan from Gus). I bought some chips and took place opposite him. It's a tough den, you know, and I couldn't tackle him there. I wanted to catch him as he left the house. He played, I played. He in big; I in hard luck. I got interested and lost all my chips. Bought some more and lost them. Lost all the cash I had. Got mad. You know my silk umbrella with a silver head? Well, I turned to the dealer and, says I, everything goes, I suppose? 'Of course,' says he. Then I put the parachute on the ace. He dealt. The ace split. He took mine and handed me this beastly affair. The gang yelled with delight, and Cusby's man says:

"That's worse than eggs."
"Lord! I was hot. I reached across the table and broke this thing over his head. Of course, the whole crowd turned on me then, wiped the floor with me, then gave me the grand bounce, and here I am. Lend me a quarter, Lang. I must have some coffin varnish. This sort of thing is enough to drive a cigar Indian to drink, and keep him full till the hornets nest again."

L. L. LANG.

A Natural Mistake.

The story circulated that Ferdinand Ward was missing from his ward in Ludlow street jail, and was supposed to have escaped, until he was found "in the kitchen chatting with the cook," is officially denied. The story probably grew out of the fact that the cook was consulting the spirit of Sam Ward—the late noted epicure and gastric persuader of congressmen, diplomats and financiers—regarding the best spread for his new distinguished guest, Mr. Fish. Ferdinand Ward, it is understood, does not now help to set things up for Mr. Fish.



HAMILTON

A Modern Casabianca.

An Essay on Tar.

I.

THE good ship "Star" had crossed the bar to sail
the ocean wide,
With gallant crew, a Captain too, and a midshipmite
beside,
This midshipmite, the ship's delight, he was the
Captain's son,
Who set great store by the lad on shore, at sea gave
him a gun.

II.

He rigged him out in a roundabout of regulation
blue,
With shoulder strap, a navy cap and a cutlass tried
and true.
His pants were wide, and at every stride flapped like
the vessel's sail;
With infinite charm he spun a yarn, perched on the
bow taffrail.

III.

The good ship rule like the one at school, was that
none on board should *smoke*;
But the midshipmite esteemed it bright to call this
rule a *joke*.
So from his vest he drew that pest, a paper cigarette,
'Twas quite a lark, but he dropped a spark, and the
ship on fire did set.

IV.

The spark was fanned by winds from land, and
wrapped the sails in flame;
The boatswain blew his toot-too-too, and the tars
on deck all came.
The pumps were manned, escape was planned and
the smoke rolled out to sea,
The Captain saw at his post each tar, *the Middy!*

—where was he?

V.

"My boy! My child!" the Captain wild cried,
"where can my Middy be?"
The boy lay hid, the cunning kid! and never a word
spoke he.

"We'll search the boat while she's afloat, my darling
to discover,
Should he be lost I know the cost, 'twill kill his
doting mother."

VI.

The fire roared, and all on board knew well the
ship was lost,
As flames at last consumed the mast, the vessel
pitched and tossed.
The smoke so thick, made the sailors sick, they
choked, and gagged and gasped,
They could not see; the young Middy was given up
at last.

VII.

"I'll go below," said Captain Snow, "'tis an even
chance with death,
Should I find the boy, I'll shout *Ahoy!* though with
my latest breath."
So through the "*way*," the sailors say, he sprung
while his eyes were dim,
Then came a crash, an awful crash, and that was the
last of him.

VIII.

The deck fell in with frighful din, the sparks flew
high in air,
Each sailor felt that he would melt by a longer
sojourn there,
So boats were dropped and in they hopped, and
pulled with a will for shore;
The good ship sank, and ne'er a plank was beheld
forevermore.

IX.

The shore was reached, the small boats beached,

thanksgiving filled the air,
Each sailor knew, 'twixt me and you, he was lucky
standing there.
All eyes were turned where the good ship burned, in
the cruel darkness night,
Tears were shed for the noble bead, the Captain and
Midshipmite.

X.

Hark! what a roar along the shore rolls on with
the tide at ebb,
As from a boat without his coat jumped the cuss
they thought was dead,
"Brave tars," cried he, "behold in me, a sprig of
the modern school
Who dropped in a lark the tiny spark, that broke
the good ship's rule.

XI.

"I did not know the wind would blow a spark like
that to a flame,
But it did, alas! so come to pass, and I am quite to
blame.
I could not stand there and be lammed by the 'Gov-
'nor' in his ire;
So thought I'd hide, and over the side I skipped,
while you fought fire.

XII.

"And beneath my coat in yonder boat, I stowed
myself from view,
And boldly say, 'it's a right cold day' when I am
caught in a stew,
It's awful sad, to lose one's dad, by sparks from a
cigarette,
But, he's insured, 'twill be endured by his only
child, you bet!"

R. S. F.

ARCHEOLOGISTS are disputing over the
meaning of "Iowa," one party interpreting
it "Here I rest," the other "A sleepy people."
Under either signification it would be well to
change the name Philadelphia to Iowa.

BARNUM and *The World*
opened their shows in
Brooklyn the same day; Bar-
num for a week, but *The*
World to keep up a peren-
nial circus there.

EDITOR Mathews, of the
burned-out Buffalo paper
though much overcome by
the sympathy of friends and
the hospitality of his con-
temporaries was able by aid
of the same that overcame
him, to *Express* himself in
the most creditable manner.

AN EX. gives the legisla-
ture great credit for "saving
Niagara." It wasn't the
splendid water-power there
has been running to waste
long enough. If the power
can be stored in reservoirs
during the vacation to be
used to expedite legislation
in the winter it will have
been well saved.

THE RANK-AND-FILE
Democracy are all broke up
by the discovery that the new
coat-of-arms minister to
England, Phelps, once
credited a Latin quotation
to the wrong author. Such
ignorance in the representa-



tion of the Great Unwashed
cannot be endured. As Rip
Van Winkle Joe says "I
don't want nobody in my
family that can't read and
write."

It is claimed that college
graduates are long-lived. It
has been known that mental
activity exhausts vitality.

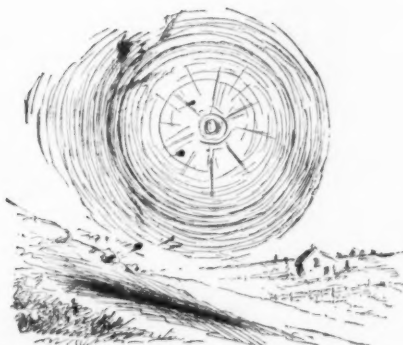
ADJUTANT—GENERAL
Drum of the U. S. army says
the English soldier is the
best in the world, a better
fighter than the American.
As Gen. Drum never saw
either, except on dress pa-
rade, he had better be muf-
fled. The head of that
Drum once belonged to a
sheep, we fear.

"Don't understand these
irothermal lines. They
claim the season is a month
earlier in Manitoba than it
is here, and it's a good deal
further north."

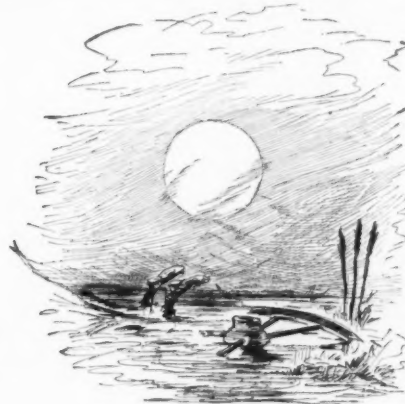
"Well," said Old Know-
all, "Riel and his Indians
have been making things
hot up there you know. If
you was there now things
would remind you of Indian
som'eres."



GO!



GOING !!



GONE!!!

FRAUDS.

A Medley, by A. Tennyshorn.

SOME DAY, some summer day
In August sure, if not in May,
Beasts of the brazen circus horn—
With Fontarabean odors borne
From side-show and menagerie—
Will set the countryside in glee!

—||—
While Claribelle low lieth
Beneath the trapeze high,
And sobbeth loud and sigheth
Because her husband was not fly
Enough to catch her in the net,
But he'll catch it, now, you bet!

—||—
Sweet Violets
Sown in the dell,
Stay in the country.
We'd do quite well

If the steam pianas would roam the Savannahs
Like other wild beasts of its own rude manners,
Or the gay son of Rome with his organ would stay
At his sweet-scented home until carried away

Feet first,
Forced to leave her
By blithe Roman fever!

—||—
In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the gas burns soft and low,
You've a compensation, for the
Bill is just as high, you know!

—||—
Sea King's daughter from over the sea
Met you the sea-serpent black and blue?
This summer hotel snake is long since due
On the Jersey coast,
Where they prize him most

As he lies on the breakers
And they on the shore
And even the Shakers
Swear o'er and o'er

He's a ring-tailed squealing worm eke with a bell
Round his neck, and he breathes Jersey lightning!

JOHN PAUL BOGOCK.

OFF THE BENCH.

THE FAVORITE theme of the Boston girl's
composition: *De beany essay*.

—
SNAIL FARMING is a leading industry in
Switzerland. A good many men farm in that
way here, too.

—
MISS WOLFE has received the Pope's Golden
Rose for her charities. She's rich and

may care for this, but if the Pope is going
to recognize our piety and benevolence, a
barrel of Early Rose is good enough for us.

—
THE DAILY PAPERS are all discussing the
question: "Is Satan a success." Their
receipts seem to say yes.

—
AN agricultural paper asks: "Is salt a
necessity to stock?" No, but water is.
Also, a heavy diet of lie.

—
CAN A CORNER in pork affect the price
of anything but the hams and shoulders? Is
not that or any other corner a square deal?

—
THE HOMEOPATHIC COLLEGE makes fun
of the cholera bacillus. The c. b. may be
fun for the doctors, but it is death to their
patients.

—
AN AUTHORITY states that "an atheist
cannot be a mason." There seems to be no
religious disqualification for their being car-
drivers, however.

—
THE ANTI-TOBACCO reformers are working
the cancer scare for all it is worth. They
say a man can have a cancer if he choose.
Of course he can, sir.

—
WHY DOESN'T England solve two problems
at once by enlisting all the fighters along
the Nile for service in Russia, and just flood
out the Czar with Nilists?

—
THE season for taking perch is open in
the North until July 1. In the South, the
season for taking the perch and all the fowls
on it is open all the year round.

—
THE ROVING disposition of migratory fish
is well illustrated by the fact that Hudson
River shad appears on the stalls at points far
inland weeks before they have been taken
from the Hudson.

—
WE FEAR that the Hibernian patriots in
this country are losing their patriotism.
They did not start a new subscription for
servant girls on the occasion of H'albert
H'edard's visit to Ireland, and missed a

chance to drive the desecrating foot of the
invader from the pure air of Ireland, in New
York.

—
Two souls with but a single thought get
married and then comes the second—a sober
one.

—
PROF. LAWRENCE, of the U. S. Geological
Survey, has found in Florida remains of
several curious animals not now extant. The
Dude and Mugwump were not among them.
They remain too much and too extant.

—
THE FOES of the rink charge that men dis-
guised as women go there to skate and de-
vastate. What is the object? Any many
knows that if such a disguise is successful,
it effectually bars his getting near one of
the lady revolutionists.

—
IS IT THE square thing for doctors and
scientists to try to solve the fasting girl
problem by insisting that young ladies *can-
not* subsist without eating, and the ice-cream
and clam-bake season just coming on? On
behalf of the beaux, we remonstrate.

—
IT TURNS out, after all, that only half of
Colon was destroyed by the insurgents. Re-
christen the town Semicolon and say no more
about it. It's an uncommon name, we
know, but it will answer until another crowd
of rebs makes a dash and puts a period to the
place.

—
A CHIROPODIST holds that "a woman's
feet should be as pretty as her hands and as
much exposed to view." This idea works
first rate in the summer and the country. It
isn't new except as to the required beauty,
and that, of course, the chiropodist is willing
to become responsible for.

—
INVENTORS may as well set about making
improved lobster-salads and canned lobster.
The real crustacean is nearly extinct, owing
to the ravages of lobster-fishing idiots
everywhere. Your average fisherman, "for
revenue only," has less brains than his prey;
is about as sharp as an angle-worm, in fact.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.
"Very Hungry and Very Thirsty."



THE JUDGE.



PERENNIAL RANT.

STAGE ranting, like the poor, we have always with us. It has revived! 'Twas not dead: it only slept. With the issuing of "Sealed Instructions" it awoke, refreshed and invigorated. It is now retailed and wholesaled at the Madison Square theatre. The mystery of this style of stage delivery is that the vocal machinery lasts so long under such tremendous friction. Like every other abuse of nature's law, retribution follows. After a period of this crashing, tearing, hammer-and-tongs management of the vocal chords, they refuse to turn out any but the coarsest, ugliest, rasping noises that can pass for human speech; though they more resemble the grunts and growls of the brute creation. Actors are coached in fainting, in slashing space, in bussing, delicate and puissant, in everything but *how* to use the vocal organs. It is a lamentable fact that many spend a small fortune on elocution and learn to declaim, but do not know where, when, or how to use a natural tone. Yet it is only the genuine ring of such tones that awakens an echo of sympathy in the heart's of the hearers. This grinding out of sounds from the top of the throat is infamous. It is a libel on nature's plan. An actor should know where to place his tone to express a given emotion, as accurately as Patti knows what note to strike in a given song. Singing tones are only speaking tones prolonged, but what a Bedlam it would be if some of our ranters prolonged their speaking tones! At our only American Dramatic School, famous for advertising to teach according to art-principles, they have just one exercise for the cultivation of all kinds of tones—a patent medicine dose; cures everything and is so harmless—viz.: a simple "Tah!" This method is great in its simplicity, not in its results.

"SEALED INSTRUCTIONS"

is supposed to have a plot. Some one has said it is of a diplomatic character similar to that of "Diplomacy," but it is such a heterogeneous mix-up that we have failed to discover the leading vein; in fact, it seemed devoid of one; it was rather a mess of capillary meshes with numberless inlets and outlets. The writer seems to have thrown away the plot to secure situations, and then lost his, or her, situations.

Admirers of "The Private Secretary" sigh "What a falling off is there!" and are straightway "scantier of their presence."

Miss Mathilda Madison is bright and pleasing in the lighter parts, such as speculating and trifling with men's hearts; but she is inadequate to the stronger lines. Her accent, which is agreeable in ordinary conversation, here becomes distressingly confusing. The more noise, the more accent and less mean-

ing. Miss Madison is graceful, dresses in good taste, and altogether fairer to behold (neck and arms included) than many who pose as professional beauties; we should like to see her in a role better adapted to her powers. Miss Millward, as the governess is the ever present self-sacrificing mediator, but she might be absent frequently with good effect. Her voice is monotonous and hard, her face expressionless, her body ungraceful. Why does she play at acting? We were "charmed, delighted" with Mr. Pitt in his first scene but—excuse us from further remarks. Miss Annie Russell received all our bouquets. She is like English violets, dainty, fresh and natural. Her lover, Mr. Ramsey, gives a good portrayal of a character seldom found in history—a dude with common sense. Altogether, it is an exaggerated melodramatic presentation. Still it is of a higher grade of amusement than many of the theatres are giving us.

IS HE A GREAT ACTOR?

Already the reaction of public sentiment is tending toward a more impartial judgment of Irving's acting. He has gone and with him disappears the glamour of fascination which hid his defects from many. He did much that was excellent, much that our dramatic world can profit by; but he is not infallible! That he is quite human; of the earth, earthy; is shown by his pique at Dixey's imitation of him. The question arises, where shall burlesque, travesties, etc., stop? Much of our humor is imitation. We burlesque and caricature clergymen, statesmen, police! Why not an actor? THE Judge decides that in this life-picture-painting the brush may hit helter-skelter, pell-mell anywhere, or may fastidiously copy a public poser, so long as it does not cross the lines of our general moral sensibility. This protects only what we reverence. Is Mr. Irving included herein? He must conceitedly think so, or else the man's consciousness of unmerited credit makes him fear the effect of imitations. Mr. Dixey travestied his weak point, namely, his own acting. Had some one tried to burlesque his stage setting, we would have seen Mr. Irving smilingly complacent in his strength. The truth is, it is not the actor we admire but the ability of a distinguished stage manager.

Jack Servenmalet.

HE TAKES A TURN IN ON ROLLERS, AND MEETS WITH DISASTER.

JACK SERVENMALET, commonly called Boston Jack by his shipmates on the man o' war at the North River pier, was taking a walk through the streets around the Park, when, seeing a pretty girl enter a rink after an admiring glance at his flowing pantaloons, blue shirt, and jaunty cap, he concluded to follow her. Four or five hours later, after he had been hoisted on board his ship and attended by the surgeons, he told his mess the story of his adventure:

"I war takin' a bit of a promynade with the swells of the Park, and war keepin' a sharp lookout, when what should I see but a uncommon trim little clipper with two wee gun carriages in her hand. I thinks to myself here's one of them auxilleries, as the bo's'en called roller-skaters, and a very neat craft she air. So, bein' curus like, I hists my jib topsails and follers the chase till she made a neutral port where there war plenty o' sea room and no end o' them auxilleries a navigatin' about.

"When I'd paid the harbor dues all reglar,

a pert young runner comes along-side and offers to fit me out as a auxillery and pilot me once around the harbor till I got my bearin's like. Bein' a stranger in them parts, I says to myself, 'I won't be bluffed nohow,' and so I tells him to heave ahead. So he pilots me over to one side where they makes the little gun carriages fast on my pins, and then he hists me up and says:

"'Brace up now,' he says.

"'Aye, Aye, sir, on which tack?' says I.

"'Go ahead,' says he.

"Although it war a land-locked port, there was a nasty sea picked up to oncet, and I war feared I'd stowed my ballast all on deck, from the way she pitched and rolled. However, I trimmed ship a bit and got a perverter on my steerin' gear, so he couldn't carry away, and then we got along very comfortable. We were a loggin' as much as three knots, and the cruise were about half over, when along comes that air little clipper I war tellin' ye of. She war just a showin' a clean pair of heels to everything tharabouts, and warn't takin' no spray on deck neither, when she spied me. She see I warn't no hand at that sort o' navagation, and says she, kinder soft like as she war overhaulin' me:

"'Say, Jack, I'll give you a tow, if you'll catch me.'



"With that I called all hands, and castin' off my towline on the run, I crowded on the canvas as fast as ever I could, without considerin' whether I had enough ballast aboard to stand it; nor never lookin' at the bar-ommyter. It war a caution to see me plunge ahead when I first took the breeze, but just as I war shovin' my helm down to heave to athwart her hawse, I see I war just under the bows of a tow of lubbers as had never been sailin' in those waters afore, and war bein' piloted by the harbor master. I reckon a cyclone must a struck about that 'ere time and that ere little pirate she jest filled and backed about the wreck and laughed till the tears war streaming down her cheeks from hearin' me cuss. You don't catch me tryin' no more o' them auxillery navigators."

A Surprise.

The latest social craze is clergymen's surprise parties. His parishoners, some day, will suddenly go to church and listen wide-awake to the sermon. It sets the minister up more than any donation. It's a pleasant game but should not be carried so far that the minister organizes a surprize party by asking his church for a raise of salary, or payment of arrears, on the strength of growing popularity.

THE BACHELOR.



O, it's all very well if you've cousins and aunts
To sew on the buttons that come off your pants.
To do kind little deeds for relationship's sake,
And repair all the ills that Time's ravages make,
But young ladies in market are likely to snub
A young man who belongs to a Bachelor's Club.

I once knew a bachelor sad and forlorn,
His stockings all holes and his garments all torn,
Too much ventilation had brought on a cough
Which his friends were afraid would soon carry him
off;

No "vine embowered cottage," no home had he got,
But he lived at his office and slept on a cot.

He reviewed his condition one fortunate day,
Saw age creeping on and his health giving way,
A hole in his income he couldn't repair,

And his whole mortal life a perpetual tear,
He saw the deplorable state of affairs,
And no needle invented for sewing his tares

He felt all creation could see at a glance
His suspenders were fastened with pins to his pants,
That 'twas plain to be seen from the bulge in his
shoe

That his hose were constructed to let his toes through;
His collar all holes where the studs were punched in—
Alas! no whitened sepulchre equal to him.

In sheer desperation he got him a wife
And ended the pain of his poor joyless life;
She, dear little body, knew just what to do,
And has mended him up 'till he looks good as new,
And on his bald head she has painted with care
A nice little rabbit that looks like a hare.

H. A. B.

The Coming Microbe.

THERE is no telling just where this microbe business is going to stop. There are cholera microbes, and fever microbes, and in fact little Mike seems to be on the move.

No wonder when we see fellow with the spring-fever we catch it. We have inhaled some of the spring-fever microbes. We can breathe a secret, or breathe our passion, but have got to be careful how we breathe microbes. When we meet a friend, instead of "How are you," we will say, "How are your microbes to-day, and what brand are they?"

Haven't you noticed, sitting up with your girl till 11 o'clock, that when she yawned you also had to do the same, and the more she gaped the more you did, until she prescribed a little night air, and a brisk walk homeward? It was sleep microbes, sure.

We believe there are, also, love-microbes. Have you not often found yourself falling in love with a plain girl, and couldn't tell why? No doubt you have often fallen in love with young ladies who did not return your affections. It was owing to their good constitutions, and sensible hearts. Microbes in the air were no good there. Or, perhaps, she closed her ears to you, and kept her mouth shut. It looks as if Cupid's arrows would be discarded for surer microbes.

If this theory be correct, it will throw society into a terrible state, and disinfecting handkerchiefs will be fashionable. Young men will have to sit on the fence and pay their addresses to the girls in the windows, unless a new Jenner rises up and invents a new vaccination to counteract the miasma.

After this, if a girl smells something on Adolphus' breath, she will exclaim, "Microbes!" and to save his reputation he will

say "Yes," and she will only dare talk to him with her head turned away, as if he had been eating onions. No more waltzing will go on. Society will get a set-back.

We can easily see why the world raises up and stands on its hind heels in surprise at the recent unequal matches. All on account of the love microbes flying around. We also see why plain girls are often so attractive, and now know all about "breathing your love." Front gates will be relieved of a great load from their minds. Many young folks now in love will see how it was brought about, and will make great efforts to recover.

It is all very strange. Genius does not exhale microbes to an alarming extent, but we believe a clear, undisguised case of dumb fool is as full of microbes as can be, but we never hear the owner complain. There is something more than music in the air, and we should only take it, like pork, fried. No raw air.

A. W. BELLAW.

One Unquestioned Diagnosis.

ONE of Gen. Grant's physicians energetically denied that they were in any doubt as to what ailed the old hero of many battles, (this battle with the doctors the greatest of all.) "Gen. Grant's trouble," he added, explicitly, "is e-p-i-t-h-e-l-i-o-m-a. Just what epithelioma is, I cannot explain to you for it would be a long matter and not easy to understand."

The public sometime since concluded that the physicians had found it so—nay, that it is a long matter that they positively cannot understand. This diagnosis of the situation seems to be the only one in this case upon which the profession, the attending physicians, the patient, and the public agree.

Water Coloring!

THE HUNTER'S POINT artisans are the greatest water-color artists in this corner of the world. When the tide rises they paint landscapes. The oil refineries put in the high-lights, the fertilizer and glue men the strength, and when the sugar-refineries and gas works get to laying it on, the picture is "all sweetness and light."

Objection Overruled.

THE objection to Mr. Keely, of Richmond, newly-appointed Minister to Italy, because he once made a ranting speech against Italy, must not be allowed. If bumptious and demagogic oratory is to be a bar against office-holding under this administration, we want to know how the offices are to be filled with American citizens? There are not deaf-mutes enough to go around.

The Bald Knight.

(Revised Version.)

A BALD KNIGHT one night was out fishing with the boys and a sudden gust of wind came up and took off his Wig and lodged it in some trees overhead. So far from being put out he laughed with his companions and said: "The night air and the Knight hair seem to have an affinity for each other and are going to elope, I guess." "Yes," chimed in the Wig, "he's bawled when he was a kid, and now he's bald again. He can air dyeless and die hairless." Just then the knight caught a perch, and the Wig left its perch to examine it, and the knight passed the rest of the night in its company.

F. S. RYMAN.

OH'D TO SPRING.

A WAVING banner, with quaint design,
Prognosticates for the morrow
A cold, cold wave, and it fills my heart
With the deepest, direst sorrow.

Oh! what is the matter with lovely spring,
And where is she masquerading
Her birds and showers, and her fragrant flowers,
For the snows of winter trading.

And what shall I do with my "Beautiful Spring;"
My poem? No man would print her
With her brow all covered with flowers and sun,
In the chilling blasts of winter.

Like another Ophelia, her mind is changed,
And her very ways are silly,
For she cares not whether she holds aloft
A handful of snow or a lily.

Oh! balmy, beautiful, tardy spring,
Make haste with your soft sea breezes,
And give a poor poet a chance to sing
Of roses instead of sneezes.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

Announcements.

The office of THE JUDGE is in Franklin Square and to shoot Folly as she flies.
Telephone call—"Hello," for common.
For emergencies, same transposed.
Visitors with a funny bone to pick, and collectors, are requested to find the editor out.
No attentions paid to young lady correspondents; the Court is married and thinks she knows herself.

A Cutting Law Needed.

"The friends of the remains" do not seem to appreciate the efforts of the hoodlums and hags that haunt cemeteries to make funeral obsequies cheerful, and even hilarious, and they have gone to the legislature for relief. A law to turn the bodies of the h. and h. over to the medical colleges for dissection is about what is needed. The boys could convert them into stiffs when wanted, and the necessity for burking would thus be done away.

Hark, From the Tombs.

If the administration of metropolitan cemeteries does not improve, they will lose custom. Some of the stories that are rehearsed are appalling. It is a grave matter, and the abuses should be investigated until all the mystery in which the subject is enshrouded has been disentombed. We hope this reference will prove the only neecere-mentation of the matter.

Changing the Issue.

"I am never impolite to inferiors," is the defence that Secretary Bayard puts in to the charge of having been discourteous to the U. S. Minister to Hayti, Mr. Williams, whose skin happened to get a little smoked "in the burning." Secretary Bayard is as unassuming and courteous as usual, but he dodges the charge. It was, in effect, that he had been impolite to a superior. What does he say to that? Mr. Williams is conceded to be a gentleman, Mr. Bayard.

A Fraud Exposed.

MR. EDITOR—Please insert the following advertisement in THE JUDGE, being careful to give it the best position at top of the column, first page, alongside of, and followed by pure editorial matter and set in the same type:

THE CLIMAX CASHIER COMPANY.

The pioneer house of the kind in the world, supplies cashiers for National Banks, Private Banks, and Trust Companies at short notice. Every cashier fully warranted not to abscond, Canadelope, run-away or dabble in Wall Street Stocks. All our stock carefully selected by experienced men from the principal prisons of America and foreign countries, and from the highest society circles of Canada. Every cashier sent out by us is fitted with our new patented safety attachment, consisting of ankle-bracelet, welded, and drop-forged steel chain attached to a five hundred pound Krupp cannon shot and carefully hamstrung, unless ordered otherwise. All correspondence with private banks considered confidential, and competent cashiers especially fitted with detachable bracelets and false links if desired, at small advance on regular list price. All goods sent "cod" except to private bankers, when a cash remittance of \$50 will be invariably

required as a guarantee of good faith.
Send for descriptive catalogue to
THE CLIMAX CASHIER Co.,
2896 Otterman Ave.,
New York.

ALAS!

He sits and leans o'er the dying embers,
(Those same old coals that are oft abused),
And feels the scenes that his soul remembers,
(Those same old scenes by the poets used.)

He hears the eve-wind sobbing benighted,
(Ah, poor night-wind! 'tis patented now!)
And hears the moan, (this is copyrighted),
The breezes make thro' the swaying bough.

He sees the phantom of years long slumb'ring,
(Poor ghosts! they are really threadbare worn.)
And hears the clocklet his minutes numb'ring,
(This line was writ when the earth was born.)

He turns to the the table near him looming,
(This phrase's been done to a turn, you know.)
And swallows the poison rank and dooming,
(Ah, would he'd taken it long ago!)

DCCVVA.

There's a new society in this city to promote social science. 'Tis well. The scientists are not half as social as they might be, and some of the professors of science are always knocking each other about the scouces. Prof. Sullivan, however, is social enough, and hurts no one.



THE FLIGHT OF PEACE.

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

General Grant, the brave old soldier,
As they tell us, never swore;
Never in a single battle
Did he swear throughout the war.
Well, the General ne'er was beaten.
He'd no cause for ripping, tearing;
Why should he give way to cussin' ?
The other fellows did the swearing.

[Grip.]

THE SUFFERING AFRICAN.

The condescension of the Texas female servant is assuming alarming dimensions. Last Sunday Matilda Snowball, who is employed by a San Antonio family, said to the lady of the house:

"Is yer gwine ter church dis ebening?"
"Why do you ask?"
"'Cause yer kin if yer wants ter. I'se gwine ter stay at home myself. Dars five or six gemmans comin' to spend de ebening wid me, and we don't want ter be disturbed."

[Texas Siftings:]

A FINANCIAL MANAGER.

Mrs. Peterby, of Dallas, is a woman with a head for business.

"Just see here. I have bought a beautiful rocking chair at auction worth \$3, and I only paid \$2 for it; so you see I have \$1 clear profit. Don't tell me after this that women have no business sense."

"Do you need the rocking chair?" asked Mr. Peterby.

"No."
"Then what did you buy it for?"
"To save money, of course. How could I have saved that dollar if I hadn't bought it, stupid?"—[Texas Siftings.]

RATHER THIN.

Gilhooly went into a restaurant on Austin avenue. The waiter was a remarkably thin man, a sort of an amateur living skeleton.

"What have you got to eat here?" asked Gilhooly, looking at the anatomy.

"We have roast beef, roast turkey, roast chicken, oysters in every style, Irish potatoes, shad, mince pie—"

"Got all that, have you? Then why the devil don't you put some of those victuals where they will take the wrinkles out of your vest?"—[Texas Siftings.]

PREPARING FOR BUSINESS.

Rubber Dealer—"That fellow was mighty particular, it seems to me. I was afraid I could not make a sale at all."

Friend—"I noticed him going out. He looked satisfied enough, I thought. What did he want?"

"He was after a life preserver, and I had a hard time to make him believe that those I had were sure and safe, but he ordered one at last."

"I thought he was satisfied. You know who he is, don't you?"

"No; who is he?"
"The new Secretary of the Navy."
[Philadelphia Call.]

AN ORDER THAT WAS PROMPTLY FILLED.

It was an easy-going individual on Water street who was noted for procrastination in all things. He had just received an order for a lot of potatoes, and he was considering the matter of filling the order when his clerk

came upon the scene with a lot of bags.

"Wonder what we will fill these bags with?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know," replied the boy, "but it might be a good idea to astonish our customers once, and fill them with dispatch." They were filled.—[Pretzel's Weekly.]

AN APPEAL TO NEWSPAPER WITS.

Give us a rest on the old, old jokes,
And let us have something new;
Let up on the plumber and mother-in-law,
And the flirting policeman—do!

Let us hear no more of the brainless dude,
Or the girl who devours ice-cream,
And put the husband who stays out late
In his little bed to dream.

Is there reason or rhyme that the Vassar girl
Should worry the editors so?
And the squibs on the size of Chicago's shoes
Grew stale, ah! long, long ago.

Set Oscar Wilde on the ice to cool,
He is too, too overdone,
And give us a rest on these worn-out jokes,
We decline to consider them fun.

[Philadelphia News.]

A STRAIGHT VERDICT.

A coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that a certain prominent man had died of alcoholism.

"Your verdict is absurd," some one said to the coroner.

"Why so?"
"Because he was never known to drink."

"That's a fact."
"He never went into a saloon."

"You are right."
"Then why do you say he died from the effects of alcoholism, when we all know he was shot?"

"That's all very true," the coroner replied, "but the man who shot him was drunk. Don't talk to me, if you please. I understand my business. Deceased was killed by whiskey."—[Texas Siftings.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

The mountain towers toward the cloud,
The ocean roars like thunder,
But when a woman's scolding loud,
She fills man's soul with wonder.

'Tis then he feels how weak he am,
How small and tame he be;
His voice is but a hollow sham
When he contends with she.

[Chicago Sun,

—Do spiritualists write on rapping paper.
[Waterloo Observer.]

—Man want but little here bill owe, but wants that little paid.—[Whitehall Times.]

—The Prince of Wales is not polite, he has hair royal on his head.—[Merchant Traveler.]

—Of all nations the Arabs have the most shiek and French the most gaul.
[Yonkers Gazette.]

—General Wolseley has been joined by his wife and it is thought that the war will go on.—[Philadelphia Call.]

—If the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue is not soon finished it will be a matter of a base-meant.—[Texas Siftings.]

—The victim of an ulcerated tooth will tell you there isn't much sweetness in that kind of sore-gum.—[Yonkers Gazette.]

—The difference between Pittsburg and Boston girls is that the former have smuts

on their noses and the latter have specs.

[Merchant Traveler.]

—The sheep is regarded as a valuable animal because of its fleece, but the dog is not to be despised, for he has his fleas, too.
[Boston Courier.]

—The head that wears the crown "lies on easy," at the present time, if we are to judge by the way the European monarchs are trying to deceive each other.—[Texas Siftings.]

—It is a little strange that the counsel for Mr. Marine Bank Fish didn't try to prove that he was in seine. He hooked and was hooked, that was all.—[Merchant Traveler.]

—One of Offenbach's latest productions is entitled "Dr. Ox." Surely it is well adapted for "opera bouef!" It is said to be a "bos" performance, and bully all the way through.
[Grip.]

—A correspondent writes to ask us what a holocaust is. The principle use of this word is to make an item about the burning of a stable read sorter high-toned.
[Texas Siftings.]

—Austin, Texas, is overrun with burglars. The city authorities should see to it that all burglars who are carrying on business without a license are arrested and fined.
[Texas Siftings.]

—An exchange says—"Gladstone has cut the royal family." That's nothing. There are members of the Texas Legislature who do that every day, and call a turn on them too.—[Texas Siftings.]

—Irish professor in chemistry—"The substance you see in this phial is the most deadly of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat will kill the strongest man."
[Ex.]

—"What shall be done with our calves?" asks an agricultural editor. Well, for one thing, we suggest that they be stuffed before they are exhibited on a bicycle.
[Norristown Herald.]

—Jinks—"I see that in 50,000 schools in Japan the English language is taught."

Minks (a purist)—"Indeed! Well, I hope the schools in this country will adopt the same custom."—[Philadelphia Call.]

—The newest shopping or money bags are those lined with silk plush in olive green or cardinal. The old-fashioned leather wallet, lined with greenbacks of large denominations, however, still holds its own.
[Boston Times.]

—"Now, Uncle Gabe, if you have got anything on your heart, any last wish, speak out," said Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter to an old negro who had only a few hours to live. "I ain't got no last wish 'cept dat I wants ter get well."—[Arkansaw Traveler.]

—"Hello, Brown! Back from Washington, I see. What are your prospects? Did you see our friend Grover?" "Yes." "Get a shake of his hand?" "Yes." "Any thing else?" "No, nothing but the shake."
[Philadelphia North American.]

—"I'd never think of marrying a baseball plaver, Belle!"

"Why, why not, my dear?"
"Because if he didn't reach home in the morning before the clock struck three times, I'd be put out."—[Washington Hatchet.]

—Its de odd sarcumstance ketches de man on de hip. We ginnerally knows how ter han'le de sarcumstances whut ain't odd, case we knows dar tricks. I neber wants ter box

wid er lef' handed man nor rassle wid er bow-laiged pusson.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

—I ain't got nuthin ergin er pusson whut likes ter war rings an' shiny pins, but I doan think dat such pussons eber 'complishes much good till arter da draps dat sorter foolishness. De tree haster shake off de bright loom b'fore de fruit am gwineteer come.

[Arkansaw Traveler.

—Journalist to his wife: "I feel very bad this morning. I don't see that its worth while to go to work for my head aches so painfully that I cannot think."

Wife—"Don't try and think any to-day, dear. Stay at home and work on your book."

[Ex.

—"There is something that has preyed heavily on my mind ever since our engagement, dear," he said, "but I am almost afraid to tell you of it."

"What is it, George?" the young woman asked anxiously.

"I am a somnambulist."

"O, is that all?" she exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "I have always been a Universalist myself, but of course when we are made one I shall expect to attend your church."—[Ex.

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

—"On his birthday Bismarck kissed the Emperor three times." Even Bismarck, in his old days appears to have become infected

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with the craze for ancient bric-a-brac.
[Norristown Herald.

—Brown says his wife is no great shakes at roller skates, but she gets there with the rolling pin every time.—[St. Paul Herald.

—A Boston wife says that after ten years of marriage her husband kisses her five times a day. Pshaw! There is a lady in Oakland who has been married ten years, and another woman's husband kisses her twenty times a day.—[San Francisco Post.

—"Hello, Brown! Rather chilly weather for camping out on the front steps! Can't you find your night key?" "Yes (hic), ole fel'—nitsh keysall ritsh. Had new (hic) lock put on door (hic) yeshday. Fellah must be'n drunksh. Screwed knob (hic) on key hole.—[Detroit Free Press.

—A writer says that "Europeans in India rarely suffer from snakes, the boots protecting their feet, which is the part of the body most frequently struck by serpents." In this country the boots would have to come up over the mouth in order to afford a protection against "snakes."
[Norristown Herald.

—The Anglo-Russian difficulty is a regular circus, Akrobat and all. The Czar's Eastern policy seems to be Ameer ruse. Russia and England are acting in a very cat-like and stealthy manner just now, and both are after Herat.—[Grip.

"I FEEL SO WELL."

"I want to thank you for telling me of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes a lady to her friend. "For a long time I was unfit to attend to the work of my household. I kept about, but I felt thoroughly miserable. I had terrible backaches, and bearing down sensations across me and was quite weak and discouraged. I sent and got some of the medicine after receiving your letter, and it has cured me. I hardly know myself. I feel so well."

—The new Duchess of Buckingham has her stockings marked in cross-stitch with the initials "A., B., and C." This news does not reach us by cable, but it is quite as important as some that does. If a man's education was neglected in his youth, and he feels a yearning to master the alphabet, he will know where to go to learn his A, B, C's—but he will not go.—[Norristown Herald.

—"I was down for a speech at our society the other night," remarked Crimsonbeak to Yeast the other day; "and the funny thing about it was that when I got up to speak I

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—W. A. Downs."

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couldn't get a thing out." "Then I must be mistaken," replied Yeast; "I understood you got all the people out."
[Yonkers Statesman.

—Has good staying qualities—the girl with the small waist.—[Boston Courier.

—An ambitious Galveston doctor was complaining about the ingratitude of the public towards his profession. He said, bitterly, "Statesmen, generals, artists and scientists all get monuments erected to their memory, but who ever heard of a doctor having a monument?" "Why, doctor, don't you count those monuments out in the churchyard? Don't they mean anything?"
[Texas Siftings.

—The saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and so on, cannot be more forcibly exemplified than in the following conversation between two men who knew Garland: "Say, I see that our friend Garland has been appointed Attorney General." "Yes, but don't you know that he don't amount to much? I have been acquainted with him for a long time."
[Arkansaw Traveler.

—Phil. Armour, the Chicago "pork millionaire," has secured a huge contract to supply the warriors in Egypt with meat of the festive hog. Here is another illustration of the pen being mightier than the sword, for the wielders of the latter can't get along without the product of the former. If Mr. A. has not yet selected a family crest, we would suggest, not a hog in armor, but an Armour in hogs, as appropriate.—[Grip.

—Now Flora smiles amid the dimpled hills, and Ceres calls across the steaming valley to Pomona resting in the forest copse, for 'tis the gladsome Spring tide with the blue-bells and plumbers' bills, its laughing brooklets and pneumonia, its joyous circus posters and one horse shows, its bleating lambs and tough boarding house mutton, its emerald green and woes of Ireland, its shimmering sunlight and six-toothpicks-of-asparagus-for-fifty-cents,—they all, are here, for it is the glorious Spring-tide!
[Pittsburg Telegraph.

—Yesterday Herr Hans Yager undertook to break one of his old hens from setting. He caught her, filled her nest with a brick, poured a bucket of cold water on her and let her run. She ran—right back to the nest and got on the brick. This was repeated several times, when the old man became disgusted, lit his pipe and went out to the front gate to smoke off his disgust.
"Where is the hen now?"
"She set on dot brickschtone. I pelief I don'd know, meppy I let her set on, schust like a vomans, undil she got her enough set. Ouf mein frau haf tooked a notion to set a brick on, I moost efery time let her set ondil she got her set out. Yes, siree, dem oldt hens und dem oldt vomans go more schtub born as a yackass mool."
[Kentucky State Journal.

ALL "PLAYED OUT."
"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well,—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind o' played out, someway." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-billious remedy as well.

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