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"ESSENTIALLY EXECUTIVE."

THE JUDGE.



## THE JUDGE.

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### GLADSTONE AND THE MAHDI.

THE very narrow vote by which Gladstone's ministry has been sustained in the House of Commons is anything but an endorsement of the grand old woman's policy in the Soudan. In fact, it is a startling and unmistakable rebuke, and it is only to the fact that the opposition was in no sense prepared to retrieve his blunders, that Gladstone owes his slightly extended tenure of office. The whole record of this Egyptian business has been a very sad one—humiliating to British pride, which is of no great consequence, and destructive of valuable life, which is very, very deplorable.

THE JUDGE cannot be wrong in assuming that the sympathy of American people, like that of every other Christian nation, must be with the English in their attempt to crush the truculent savage—a fanatical and ferocious Mohammedan like El Mahdi. Where a war has for one of its objects the releasing of a Christian population, ground down, tortured and outraged by this half crazy Moslem, it is safe to say that all civilized men will be ready to overlook the more personal grounds of quarrel in consideration of the great good which the victory of civilization will accomplish. Under these circumstances, the vacillating character of Gladstone, and his feebleness of disposition in this matter, have been a source of irritation to the whole civilized world, while the sacrifice of Gordon—a sacrifice for which Gladstone is as directly responsible as if he had killed the martyr of Khartoum with a dagger instead of by procrastination—induces many to wish that Gladstone himself could have been in Gordon's company during

that bad half hour while the Mahdi's fanatics were shooting and stabbing through the streets of Khartoum.

There are no better soldiers in the world to-day than the English soldiers, and no worse government than the present government in England. Pity that the good should be sacrificed by the blunders of the bad.

### THE OFFICIAL GUILLOTINE.

THE official guillotine is now fairly in working order, and for some time the heads will be falling as thickly as the leaves in autumn. It is President Cleveland's theory that his office is purely executive, and he seems determined to make it so. Perhaps memories of the old Sheriff days come up to sweeten the task—perhaps, to a hungry and thirsty Democrat (*vide* Curtis) the task requires no sweetening. But to a patriotic citizen of the United States the spectacle of Union men falling before the rebels has never been a pleasant one. In Lamar, Davis, and other heroes of the hour, the sight doubtless wakens different feelings, and what is deadly as poison to the men who saved the Union, is meat and drink to them. Time brings strange changes, and 1884 has taught serious lessons. What the bullet failed to accomplish the ballot has brought about, but if the men of the North had voted last November as they shot some twenty years ago, the country would have been spared this painful spectacle.

### CLEARING OUT THE REFUSE.

POLITICALLY speaking, the world contains no more pitiable and contemptible body of men than the self-styled Independents of the late election. Let us briefly review their history and position, for this is probably the last we shall hear of them.

When the Republican nominating convention held its session, the Independents were well represented there—better represented, in proportion to their numbers, than any other section of the Republican party. They took part in the deliberations, speeches and votes of the convention, and then pledged themselves, more or less explicitly, to acquiesce in the choice of the convention. James G. Blaine was duly nominated—all but unanimously nominated—and the Independents deserted to the ranks of the Democracy, worked their hardest against the nominee of the convention they were pledged to support, and out-heroded Herod in their scurrilous and dastardly attacks upon the Republican standard bearer. The Democrats, naturally, accepted whatever aid the deserters could render, and, just as naturally, repudiate any obligation for the same. Spies and traitors, whether in victory or defeat, have no right to expect any other portion than that which has always fallen to spies and traitors from time immemorial—contempt, obloquy and execration from all honest men. Such is the history of the so-called Inde-

pendent party—if that can be styled a party which consists of a few windy and inflated leaders and no followers. Such is its discreditable history. Its still more discreditable methods are too fresh in every mind to call for more than passing reference. Those methods consisted solely in slander and misrepresentation, coupled with some astounding charges against the decency and morality of the commonwealth at large, which were advanced by Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, in the hope, apparently, of darkening the whole background in order that certain frailties of Mr. Cleveland might not show up with such luridness and distinctness.

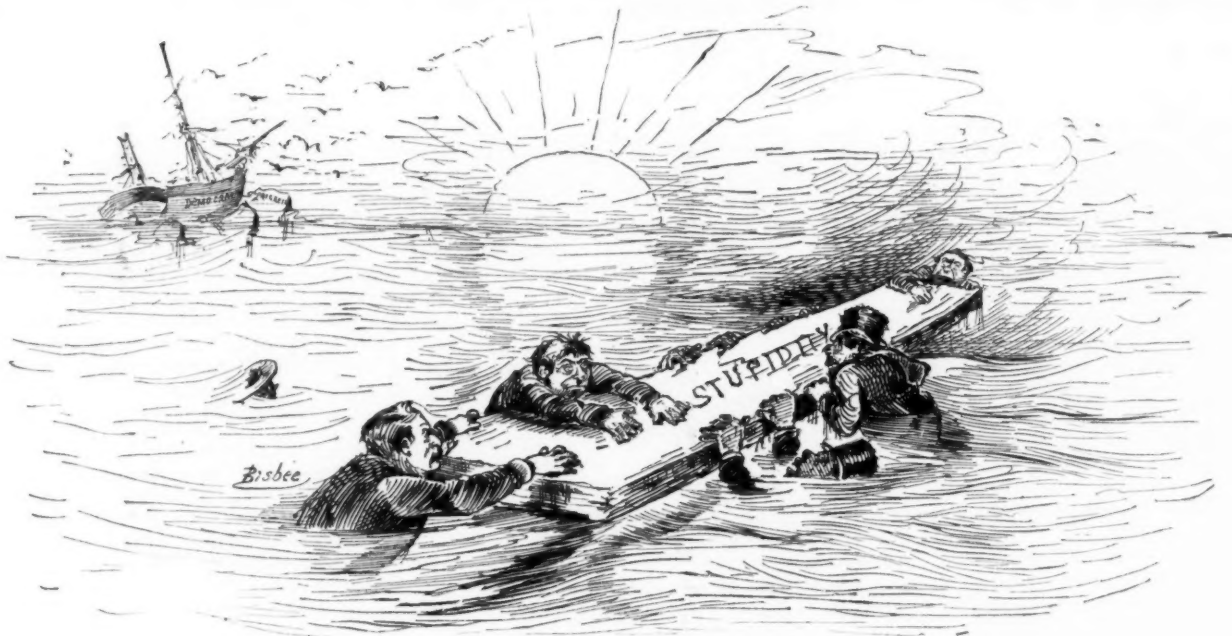
In short, the Independents sought to befool the whole question to such a degree that no decent man could contaminate himself by seeking for arguments among the filth which they stirred up; and they succeeded measurably, at the sacrifice of any tittle of public respect which might remain to them. Their's was the policy of the cuttle-fish, which is wont to befool the water in which it swims, that it may escape through the dirt with which it surrounds itself.

To-day Mr. Cleveland is President of the United States. Mr. Blaine is the leading private citizen of the country, and the Independents are nowhere. Democracy has used them for its dirty work, and has thrown them aside as it would a soiled rag. They have lost caste irretrievably in the eyes of former friends and former foes, and they are despised by the country at large. It is scarcely possible that they are otherwise than despicable in their own eyes. They have no more voice and influence with Mr. Cleveland than they would have had with Mr. Blaine in case New York's narrow majority had inclined the other way. They have sacrificed everything—conscience, honor and position—and have gained absolutely nothing by the sacrifice. THE JUDGE would suggest that they should seek out some sequestered island where they will be undisturbed, and where they can set up a little Republic to suit themselves. The United States has no further use for them.

### A NEW IRISH BRIGADE.

WE are told that an Irish Legion is being raised in Chicago and other cities for service under the Mahdi against the English. We are glad of it, anything is better than dynamite. And if the spasmodic efforts of Irish-Americans to "free Oireland" are to pass from the stage of words and contributions to that of deeds and warfare, we had rather they would act in Egypt, where the chance of their injuring defenseless women and children will be considerably less than it is in London. At the same time, the gallant Hibernian will find more danger in charging a square of British infantry than in blowing up a room full of holiday makers. Not that we would impugn for a moment the courage of the Irish. That has been so often proved as to be almost proverbial. Only we





THEIR ONLY PLANK.

fear that the men who are so anxious to go to Egypt and meet the British on the field of battle, will not carry O'Donovan or any of the dynamiters with them. The expedient is a silly one, at best, and probably amounts to no more than talk. It is almost impossible that any such breach of international law should be accomplished without interference from the authorities here; but what we would insist on is, that if Irishmen are as anxious to fight England as some of them profess to be, we had rather see it done on the open field, where only fighting men are concerned, than by dynamite on crowded streets, by shots at solitary men behind hedges, or by the various other little devices with which a certain grade of Irishmen have been endeavoring to "free Oireland."

**A Great Discovery.**

"I HAVE at last discovered the reason that the city editors of newspapers are always wealthy."

"Indeed, let me know?"

"They make assignments every day."

To be dirty is to be happy. The Democrats were not cleaned out last fall as usual.

"THE thermometer at Montreal is ten degrees below zero at present," and the cashier at New York believes honesty to be the best policy at present.

THE New Orleans exposition, they say, is not paying. Naturally. In these dull times there are a good many positions that don't pay; how then should an ex-positon?

MR. RANDALL swung round the circle lately from Richmond to Louisville, and all for what? To get a place in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, they say. It looks like going for the thing rather circuitously, but perhaps Mr. Randall expects to be put at the head of the Circumlocution Office.

**An Egyptian Echo.**

Oh, my name it is El Mahdi  
I'm a very busy body,  
And the scientific squelcher of the soldiers in Soudan;  
I'm a prophet of Mohammed,  
And the Nile will soon be dammed  
With the corpses of the English—who this recent  
fuss began!

I'm a hunkidori hustler,  
And a ricocheting rustler,  
I'm the desert devastator from Su-akim to Khar-  
toun;

I'm a ruler of the faithful,  
And my course it has been wraithful  
Since the burly, beefy Britons tried to boom their  
little boom!

I'm a mogul of Metemneh,  
And the imaum who'll indemnify  
Fy the native Arab people for invasions by Queen  
Vic;

Yes, she'll soon say: "Dear El Mahdi,  
Please no more Lord Wolsely prod, he  
And all England give up beaten, for your spears  
have made us sick!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Then I'll be a solid Sultan,  
Over all the East,—exultin',  
As the Muldoon Monarch Moslem who restrained  
"flip" Britain's hand,

'Till I'm gathered to my fathers,  
Where there'll be no bloody bothers  
Of a festive, fighting nature in our Allah's happy  
land!

J. E. FERGUSON.

BARNUM, they say, has no show for a seat in the cabinet. We doubt whether things will ever come to such a pretty pass that Barnum will have no show.

THERE was a funeral last week, in Texas, at which two of the mourners quarrelled. A general free fight followed. Nothing strange in that? Of course not, but the remarkable thing about it was that there was one Texan present who remained neutral and took no hand in the fight.

**Couldn't Stand the Pressure.**

A GROUP of Democratic choice spirits, than whom no choicer had ever squirted tobacco juice all over the fiery little egg stove that warmed up *The Whopper* office, were discussing Mr. Cleveland's virtuous reply to Mr. Curtis & Co's Civil Service Letter. Despondency reigned—reigned to that extent that the cuss words with which the thing was discussed were as long and as wry as the faces. That astonishing letter, in fact, had fallen on these faithful spirits, to quote the description of Mr. Jackson—"like a shower of wet blankets onto Godom and Somorrah when the hail and brimstone erupted from Mt. Vesuvius." But an ancient war-horse, who had kicked and snorted in the fore front of many a battle in the days when Grover was still mewling and puking in New Jersey's arms, comforted the boys with a story: "It was about 4 o'clock A. M., and a old-fashioned snow storm was on. The old woman called out, 'git up Jake, and feed the pigs and put the sheep in the pen, and open the door for the cats and dogs to git in, stir yer lazy stumps, Jake, fur the poor beasts is hungry and a freezin'." But the old man a kind of propped himself and said; 'Let the pigs bark and the sheep squeal and the cats and dogs be dammed, ef I get up in sich a blizzard.' Then the old woman jerked the chaff-bed from under him, and piled it on top of him and the feather bed on top of the chaff-bed, and the wood-chist on top of the feather-bed, then she clumb up and got on top of the wood-chist and sot down. And after while she remarked 'now, you miserable ole sinner, will you git up and look after the poor beasts?'"

"And did he?"

"Yes, gentleman; the old man gave in."

"Why?"

"Because he couldn't stand the pressure."

"Gentleman," remarked the war-horse in conclusion, "Grover ain't the man to leave boys stand out in the cold to starve."

CONJUGATION of the Democratic verb to reform; Past tense—incompetence. Present tense—pretense.

COME DOWN;  
OR  
The Mistress of the Hash-House.

THE Mistress of the hash-house,  
That guards the store-room door,  
Looks over the dollars in her purse,  
A-wishing they were more;  
Then she softly goes to the milk-pail  
And some Croton therein does pour.  
Then she calls to the "hirelin" waitress,  
"Have my boarders all come home?"  
"Yes, Mum!" says the hirelin waitress,  
"The boarders all have come."  
Then she calls to the "hirelin" waitress,  
(An Erinness she)  
"Fetch up the dinner, Mary Ann,  
And also get the tea."  
Then she getteth a little hatchet,  
And choppeh a little bread,  
And ringeth the bell for dinner,  
To the joy of the great un-fed.

The mistress of the hash-house  
Opens the dining-room door,  
And hears the poor, starved boarders  
Ask the waiter-girl for more;  
Hears the daughter of Erin answer,  
"The mistress has counted each chop,  
So I daresant give you another,  
And she's measured the tay to a drop."  
Then the mistress waiteth the moment  
When the girl to the kitchen will go,  
And then she'll "go" for her tooth-and-nail,  
And her tears will surely flow;  
For the mistress will scold her roundly,  
Will give her a beating, too,  
For telling the poor starved boarders  
What wasn't exactly true.  
Then the cries that rise from the kitchen  
Will reach to the boarders' ears,  
And down they'll go in a body  
To ask Mary-Ann why these tears;  
They'll ask the mistress the trouble,  
Why she beateth the maid so sore,  
And the Erinness will answer,  
"Because ye asked me for more."

F. K., Jr.

Editor "JUDGE":—

My *Sun* (I mean my son) says this is the most beautiful poem in the English language. Please pass judgment on it, and also let me know if you think my *Sun* (I mean son) knows good poetry when he sees it.

ELLA WHEELER SMITH.

Legislative Suggestions for the New  
Administration.



BY "JEF. JOSEPH."

**B**RIGHT here, coincident with a change in policy at Washington, it may not be out of place, or, in my choice Vienna (bakery) dialect, too *mal a-propos* or *nicht versteh Carramba*, for me to enlighten my friend Grove. Cleveland and the Democratic Congress, just what laws the citizens of this country expect inside of the next four years. (It will be observed that I call Grover "Grove," the same as I used to address Chester as "Chet." White House Executives always feel flattered to have me throw off my usual air of haughty reserve, and be familiar with them; so I try to humor 'em whenever I conveniently can, without unbending *too much* from my royal, ninety-nine cent dignity.)  
I have traveled by rail, all over the states

and territories, partly on first-class tickets—in sleepers and parlor-cars, more on newspaper free passes, and still more (when I couldn't get a chance to pay my fare by juggling a freight train brake) *via* the cross-ties



and road-bed, on "shank's mare"—and, having sounded the *vox populi* thoroughly, I am in a position to know whereof I speak.

In stating the wants of the population of this magnificent Union, I will use the word "we" to represent important ME, and the unimportant balance of our fifty million souls, according to the last census.

Let us, therefore, now get down to the milk in the cocoa-nut:

We want the tariff on whiskey reduced to five cents per glass, and the said necessary of life unadulterated with water;

We want Oklahoma opened to settlement, and Woman's Rights cranks, producers of English melodramas, and dude society punsters banished thereto and chained fast upon reservations;

We want an appropriation for one more Captain's gig, to be added to our great American Navy;

We want the U. S. Regular Army furloughed, so he can get some needed rest, and another Castle Garden emigrant temporarily hired in his place, in order to keep up our frontier campaigns;

We want to know by public proclamation,



in due course of time, how near Tommy Hendricks comes to filling David Davis' pants, as ruling officer of the Senate;

We want about nine-tenths of the two Houses' time devoted to "personal explanations" buffoonery—the remainder to routine business;

We want Conservatories of Music established for perfecting the vocal talents of those nightly serenaders—the Thomas Cat, and the John Bull—dog;

We want "leave to print" the ingredients of Capitol "Cold Tea" in the *Congressional Record*;

We want deputy marshals appointed to protect lightning-rod agents, and "autograph fiends" in pursuing their frowned-upon, but honorable callings;

We want Messrs. Hoar and Dawes to introduce a resolution of confidence and respect in favor of their noble Massachusetts constituent, the amiable J. Lawrence Sullivan, woman-fighter and dumb animal maltreater. (John: Don't hunt me up. I carry a gun. "Jef. J.")

We want a cargo of our average soggy and grizzly Yankee boarding-house mince pies shipped to Lord Walseley, to be experimented with as canister and grape-shot in the Soudan war;

We want a collection basket, instead of a torch, placed in the Bartholdi Statue hand in Madison Square, with a placard appended for the attention of Parisians visiting the United States, something like this:

"CHARITABLE FRENCH TOURISTS. Please further contribute your spare francs and centimes towards building a base on Bedloe's Island, for your gift to poor, economical America!"

(Signed) UNCLE SAM.



We want—yes, we all want *bad*, a fat office for each individual voter.

We want (every mother's son of us) "to be an angel and with the angels stand;" *i. e.* "Someday"—but there is no hurry about *that* however.

Now Mr. President, Cabinet Officers, Senators, Members, and last but not least, Lobbyists, you know our wishful wishes and desires as to the proper legislation for the Government of this Nation, and its people.

Go in on your muscles, and whoop things through accordingly!

"BOB" INGERSOLL lectured in Buffalo, the other night. The subsequent formation of a cremation society in that city is the only answer made, and shows that the Buffalonians are only too anxious to get into a good hot place.

It looks as though Congress, during the recent short session, was wise enough to attend only to such business as is really of practical importance, and too urgent to admit of delay. The Senate had already devoted half a day to trying to find out by debate whether Jeff. Davis was the right sort of man for President of the Confederate States.



Ten Thousand Leagues Below the Sea.

WITHOUT JULES VERNE.

A FEW days ago there was quite a sensation among the fishes that swim, near the American coast, in the Carribean Sea, the Atlantic Ocean, and even as far north as the Gulf of Mexico. The fishes complain that the big cable laid down in the bottom of the sea is even more in the "weigh" than the anchors of the ships. Still it serves to keep the piscatorial politicians very well *au fait* with what goes on above, for they have invented an apparatus for intercepting the messages.

When they found out about Pim's project, it struck them as not being so "fishy" as they would wish. Some of them, especially the smaller ones, were now and then in the habit of sauntering along under the banks of the San Juan and taking a holiday swim in Nicaragua Lake, but now would that be any longer safe and pleasant if the half-savage fish from the Pacific had the same privilege opened to them? These fish that perchance but lately swam across from the shores of the much dreaded Sandwich and Fiji Islands might now penetrate the depth of their own beloved waters, and wag their victorious tails in the very teeth of the old inhabitants. It was a fearful thought, and threw that whole finny tribe—not into a sea of troubles, they could have borne *that*—but upon a whole continent of perplexity and anxiety. Fishes, though oftentimes apparently aimless and erratic in their movements, are, in reality, an eminently cool, calculating, and conservative race, and they felt that in a matter so nearly concerning themselves they had a right to be consulted. Of course, fish who pass their whole lives in the great Atlantic, don't feel like complaining if things are rough on them. In fact, they rather enjoy things that are rough like their beloved ocean, but they could not stand the notion of being mixed up with the Pacific fish—in fact they had always held the idea that Panama was too thin, and they never liked to see the waters strike it hard, lest it might give way and the Americas get broke in two—and now Pim must needs chip in with his old Nicaraguan scheme, which they thought was dead and buried long ago.

They didn't think it was fair anyhow, they were always content to stay in their proper element, and they did not see why men should not stay in theirs. They wondered how folks would like it if the whales and sharks chartered a big water wave to carry them across their continent.

You may not believe it, perhaps, but one one way and another the fish have pretty constant and accurate information of what goes on ashore.

You see, they often follow in the wake of ocean steamers and hear a world of conversation between clever politicians leaning over the sides.

Then there are scraps of newspapers thrown out, which are at once seized and eagerly devoured by the expectant piscatorial news-mongers. Then there are gossiping mermaids who frequently board our ships—all maids are inclined to gossip—and, I am sorry to say, mermaids are no exception to this rule.

"Adversity may bring us strange bed-fellows," said an old thresher shark who had elected himself president of the meeting, "and you know that the fish are bound to consider all who are in the bed of our ocean as our bed-fellows, but we would rather swim clear of the strange ones."

"Hear, hear!" shouted an enthusiastic

THE STORY OF THE MEEK MISSIONARY AND THE SANGUINARY SAVAGE.



STANZA ONE.



STANZA TWO.



STANZA THREE.



STANZA FOUR.



STANZA FIVE.



STANZA SIX.

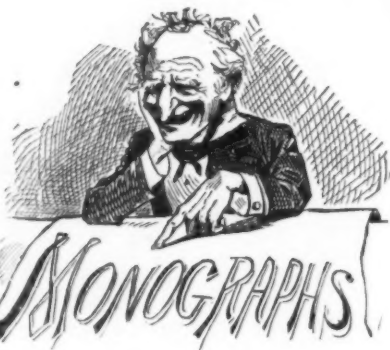
young sea urchin, but as none of them could hear very well, a slap from the thresher's tail soon silenced the urchin.

Then a fine pearl oyster wanted to address the meeting, but as he had never been much in the habit of speaking, he was soon "shut up." And a pilot fish, who acted as secretary to the president, took a shell to write down the minutes of the meeting, but so many minutes were consumed in what the secretary called preliminaries, that the president grew hungry and said that he was determined to boss the whole business. And to prove his words he ate up a number of the small fry, and then adjourned the meeting till the next day, when he ordered them all

to be around at the same hour, but they did not come. So the thresher was wofully left. And Capt. Pim was left too, to go on with his scheme, anyway he is not likely to get any more opposition from the fish. The old shark fixed that for him.

DEAR JUDGE.—I was out dining with some friends, and I was very much "at sea" last night when I wrote the above. I mention this to prove that I had a good opportunity of finding out what the fishes were at. You can do what you like with it. I forget what it is all about, and though I have read it over, I cannot, for the life of me, understand a word of it, but no doubt you will.

AQUA PURA.



TO A FLY.

Good heavens, Fly! and whence came thou,  
This blust'ring wintry night?  
Where are thy mates, thy fellows, chums,  
O miserable wight?

Why, thou hast scarcely strength to crawl!  
Long must thy fast have been.  
Tell me, oh Fly, what desert place  
Thou hast been hiding in.

Hast thou not missed the shining pate  
Erstwhile thou gamboldest o'er?  
Or sadly longed for the ruby nose  
Thou didst so oft explore?

Or stay, perhaps 'tis but a ghost  
Which now salutes my gaze;  
Forced back by conscience to implore  
Pardon for wicked ways.

I see thou gravely nod'st thy head,  
Thou art not then alive?  
So flies, like wicked men, have souls  
That flesh and blood survive?

I would forgive thee but for this  
Intelligence so sad,  
That hell hath flies to promenade  
The bald heads of the bad.

Begone, accursed phantom black!  
Thy sins forgiven never;  
In hell thou shalt not torture me—  
I'll live forever!

The best system of book-keeping—refusing  
to loan them.

The eagle is a thrifty bird—always found  
with a dollar.

When vessels "list" is it because they  
are anxious to hear what the wild waves are  
saying?

The only fault that we find with Ysult  
Dudley is that she can't shoot straight  
enough to kill.

The fashionable slipper of undressed kid  
is just as effective in dressing down "kids"  
as any other kind.

The periodical called *Nature* asserts that  
the brain is not necessary to life. This,  
however, may be a mere *lusus naturæ*.

"George" sends us this poser: "Can an  
inkstand on roller-skates?" We are not  
much on conundrums, George, but think  
perhaps it could if it had a pen-holder.

It is said that bees and wasps will not  
sting a person whose skin is smeared with  
honey. This, of course, may be perfectly  
true, but the trouble with the blasted insects  
is that they won't always wait until a fellow  
can smear himself.

It is announced that paper is going to take  
the place of cedar in the manufacture of

lead pencils. This is sad intelligence. Our  
office knife has even now a Herculean task in  
sharpening the lead pencils in use, and if  
they are going to bring on something tougher  
yet to cut, we shall be reduced to the neces-  
sity of using a broad-axe.

TOM ADDIS.

### The Season When; or Fragments of a Winter's Tale.

WHEN the intelligent gentleman in the  
silk hat and elegant overcoat goes forth to  
breathe the keen but healthy air of the morn-  
ing. His step is deliberate. His nose is  
slightly straight. His portly brow instinct  
with thought. His boots nobly shined.  
When suddenly. His heels fly heavenward.  
The pavement rushes to meet his head.  
They meet with effusion. And all is over.  
Till the stars have vanished and the silk hat  
regain his seat. Then childhood's buried  
memories revive, and the next half of a bad  
quarter of an hour of a well spent life is de-  
voted to a free lecture on luck, and our  
municipal system of government, and the  
unyielding nature of things.

When the industrious farmer, up at 4 A. M.,  
goes to the pump to wash his honest face.  
His horny hand freezes fast to the pump  
handle. His manly beard turns to ice.  
Rushes for towel. Slips on kitchen door-sill  
and falls into the bosom of his smiling family.  
Upsets the frugal but wholesome morning  
meal. Is jumped on and fixed in the calf of  
his leg by the faithful dog of the house. F.  
D. thinks industrious farmer an early burglar.  
After which industrious farmer rises and  
swears with that heartfelt devotion and single-

ness of purpose to be found only in the un-  
corrupted rural bosom.

When hopeful sock-soaked man comes in  
out of the icy slush and proceeds to burn his  
boots on the red hot stove under the impres-  
sion that he is warming his feet.

When the Democrat of the breakfast table  
finds the rural butter unplastic, and the  
more he tries to spread it over the round of  
bread, the more it rolls up into balls, and  
the more he gets mad about it the more it  
does no good.

When the cheerful boys with ruddy cheeks  
skate on the pond in the meadow, and two  
of them break through. And the big boy  
gets only a ducking, and the little boy gets a  
licking into the bargain.

When the honored guest is treated to cider,  
fresh from the cellar, that goes straight to  
the marrow of his teeth, then inserts himself  
between sheets of the purest white. And  
dreams peaceful dreams of sliding down the  
North Pole in a night shirt and blizzard, and  
wandering barefoot on the ever Greenland  
shore.

When the cold catcher has no difficulty in  
finding his game.

When the cranky husband man who goes  
in for fresh air and cold bed-rooms, and the  
practical wife woman can't see it. Result,  
according to *The Herald-Mercury* account:  
"Mr. Jones was found on the floor of his  
apartment in an asphyxiated condition—sad  
occurrence attributed to Mrs. Jones's habit  
of putting fresh coals on the fire and turning  
the damper shut when retiring for the night."

When the good boy sees the poor hungry  
sparrow alight on the back stoop, and motions  
Sis to keep still and not scare away the poo-



### A WORTHLESS SUBJECT.

MR. MCFADEN—"Faith, I'd not give meself away."

MRS. MCFADEN—"Och, yez would have to be after doing that same ter git rid ov yer-  
self, for divil a won would ever be the fool ter buy yer."





CALLING HAT.



NOONDAY HAT.



WORKING HAT.



HOT WEATHER HAT.



RAIN HAT.



EVENING HAT.

hungry sparrow before the good boy has time to sneak round the corner and shy a stone at the poor hungry sparrow.

When Peet-ready-to-bust is tempted to sing the Beautiful Snow (as sang the poets of a happier age) but fearful of being lynched, manfully resists the temptation, and thereby wins a warm corner in the cold heart of the inhuman editor.

When the parson holds forth in the little Bethel, from which the sinful natural air has been driven out, while the lamps gasp for breath, and the windows shed copious tears—where the brother with a cold in his head and a pitch-fork in his hand tries to lead the singing through his nose and manages to climb up Greenland's Icy Mountain, but gets stranded when he reaches India's coral strand.

When the devilish sly countryman, whose thrifty habit it is to "lay low for sich snaps" whispers to himself and says, "now's your time to pitch in and buy a straw hat and duster for next summer, cheap as bull beef at a cent a pound," and goes and tries it on, and is gently informed by the polite store-keeping man that all that kind of goods is packed away and can't be got at till next

spring. And then he feels that in such a world as this there is nothing cheap but himself.

When the married party of the second part who regularly "kicks the kiver off" should know that she is trifling with "the noblest sentiment, which, while it survives in the human breast, (of the party of the first part) will ever" etc., but a cold wave too oft repeated is the very thing to kill it.

When the man who was up in Minnesota one winter laughs to scorn the "old granny" who's afraid to meet the mercury at zero in his shirt sleeves, and makes all the stove huggers in the bar-room feel cheap as women till he wakes up the man who was up in Canady one winter, and then between them they warm up the frozen truth till it runs liquid as lie.

When the man who "never wore a under-shirt in his life," and the man who "used to sleep when I was a boy up in Potter County on the garret, and every mornin' I woked up—I'll be dogged if I didn't—with three feet of snow on the bed kiver," and the man—but of sich men there is no end.

When the soft Bengalee and the much-naked Ashantee and the spoiled pirate of the

South China sea ought to be able to give all they are worth (if so disposed) for the breezy wave of a Winter's Tail.

MACKHOWLY.

After Inauguration.

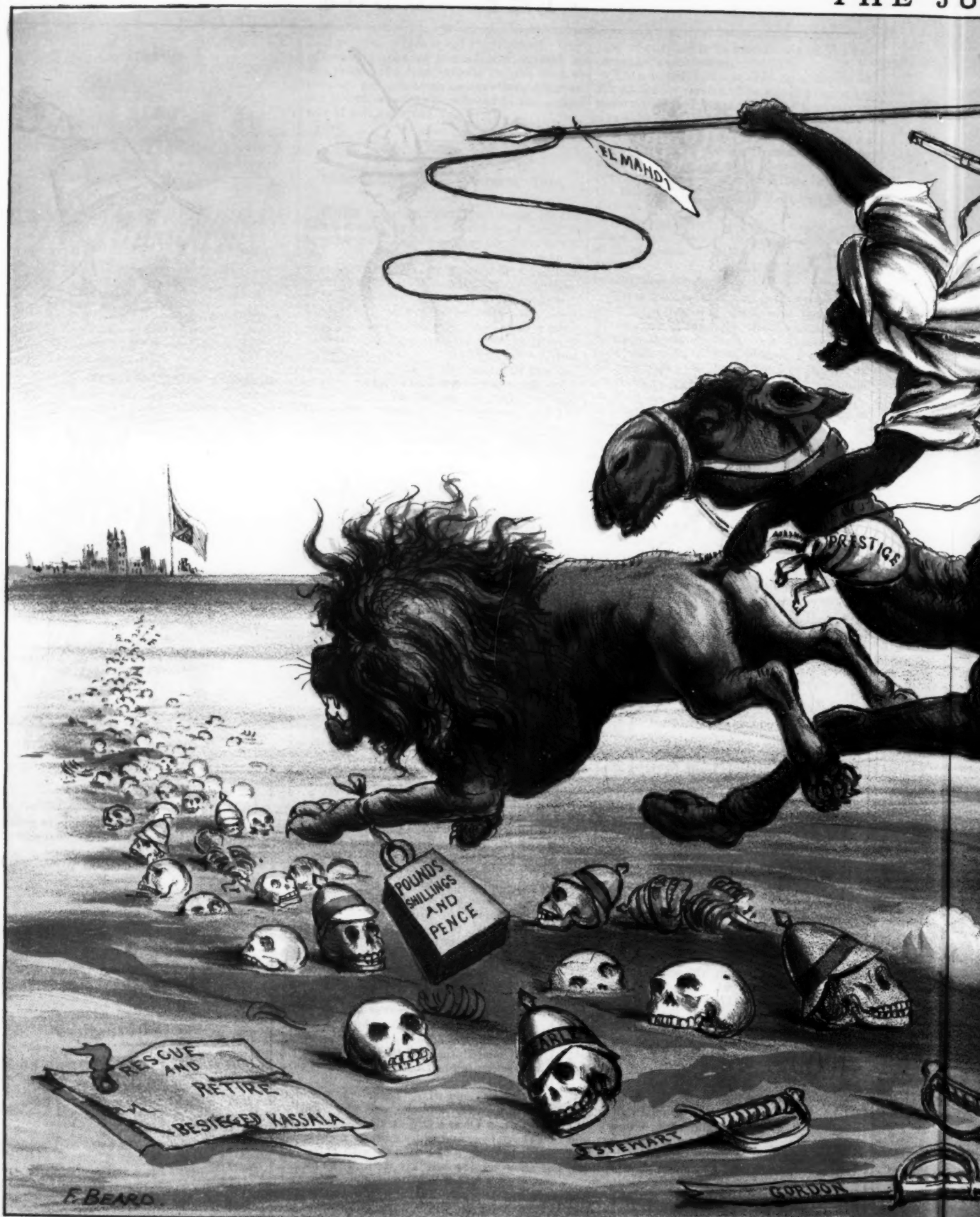
Crow, rooster, crow,  
The Democratic show  
Will now begin;  
To Cleveland take  
The mighty cake,  
And cut it thin.

It must go 'round,  
Give each his pound—  
And then,  
Fool Burchard, thank  
St. John the crank  
And cock-eyed Ben;

Amen. UNITY.

RESERVED seats—the seats in Cleveland's cabinet.

THE music of the roller-skating rinks:  
"Roll, Jordan, Roll."



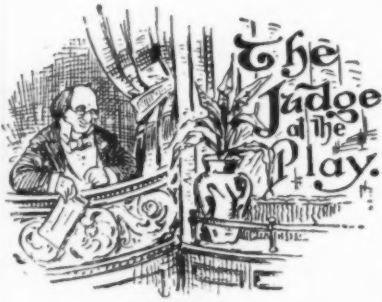
ON THE HOME STRETCH.—



JUDGE.



CH.—WHICH WILL WIN?



JUST at present music lovers are suffering from an embarrassment of riches in the shape of English opera and opera comique, and the star of Gilbert and Sullivan is again in the ascendant.

Last week two successful performances of "The Pirates of Penzance" were given at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the Police Pension Fund, while "Patience" was being done in the best manner at the Casino.

This week the McCaull Opera Comique company are giving "The Pirates," and to night the Boston Ideals are to sing "Pinafore" at the Fifth Avenue. Then we have "Gasparone" at the Standard, Vanoni in F. W. Williams and Robert Stoepel's new operetta "Pierette," at Koster and Bial's, to say nothing of the Sunday evening concerts at the Casino and the Bijou.

Carleton, too, is not far off, having closed his short season at Leavitt and Pastor's Third Avenue Theatre on Saturday last, and the last notes of "Nanon" and "Gasparone" in German, at the Thalia, have scarcely faded from our ears.

The Florences have closed a most successful engagement at the Star, and now Mr. Irving and Miss Terry have commenced their farewell engagement here, and opened on Monday in W. G. Will's "poetic drama" "Eugene Aram," which did not meet with popular approval in Boston.

Last Wednesday Mr. Daly produced his new comedy, adapted from the German, called "A Night Off," or "A Page from Balzac," and Harrigan and Hart opened a week ago at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

On March 19th the two hundredth performance of "Adonis" will take place at The Bijou. This piece will run till the end of the season, which is not far distant.

It is said that a certain gentleman, who has been connected in a business way with the Rice and Dixey Company, and who is Rich by name, as well as in pocket, contemplates building a theatre in Boston, which he will run in connection with the Bijou here, alternating attractions between the two places.

This sort of business has been going on for some time between the Casino here and the Boston Bijou. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas were being sung there, while "Apajune" was in progress at the Casino. Now we have Gilbert and Sullivan, while the Hubites are listening to "Apajune." If Mr. Rich will only name his new Boston theatre the Casino, the confusion will be complete.

Speaking of new theatres puts us in mind of the Lyceum, which is still slightly incomplete, but we are assured it is beautiful even in its incompleteness, moreover it is given out that the Lyceum will certainly be open by Easter, and that Mr. Mackaye's new play—the title of which he ought to have patented—will then be produced.

As if there were not already too many theatres in New York. The building of a new

one, for Lawrence Barrett, is now looked upon as almost an accomplished fact. Before another fall we trust that a few of the roller skating rinks will be "To Let."

Now that "The International Tournament" is over at the Madison Square Garden, we have the circus to look forward to, and by the time that is over, one by one the theatres will begin to close their doors for the season.

Clara Morris will begin a spring engagement at Daly's, and Minnie Palmer will, ere long, appear at the Union Square.

It is said that Solomon's opera, "Polly," will be produced at the Casino on May 2nd, and if that be so, of course Lillian Russell will be the diva of the occasion.

Mr. Rudolf Aronson has engaged W. T. Carleton to appear in "Nanon" at the Casino in June, and a newly organized English opera company will follow Dixey at the Bijou.

Then if Col. McCaull brings his forces to Wallack's we shall have quite opera enough—probably a little too much of it for some of the managers.

Thatcher, Primrose and West have departed from Niblo's, and "The Shadows of a Great City" was elaborately produced here on Monday.

The perennial "Hazel Kirke" "bobs up serenely" at the People's Theatre this week, and at the Grand Opera House Fanny Davenport is acting in "Fedora."

Herr Sonnenthal has commenced an engagement at the Thalia, and crowds attend daily the Eden Musee in Twenty-third street. A few Sundays ago six thousand people were in attendance at this popular resort.

The engagement of M. B. Curtis at the Fifth Avenue was a disastrous failure. His new play, "Spot Cash," did not attract money enough in three weeks to pay the gas bills.



#### LAUGHABLE LOGIC.

BROWN—"I wonder what makes my children cry so much."

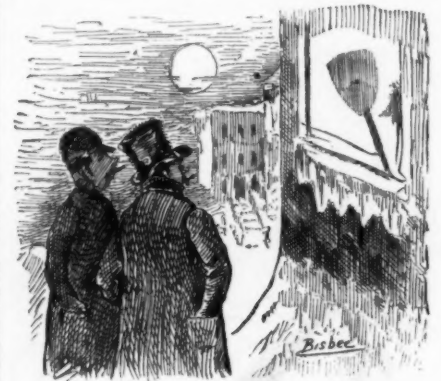
JONES—"Cause you are always licking 'em."

BROWN—"But they cry when they ain't getting licked."

JONES—"Well, then, they are crying for it. Force of habit, don't you see?"

#### A little buggy—his head, perhaps.

DEACON HARDSELL, whose religious principles are of the modern liberal type, heartily despises the voter who is influenced by the candidate's Protestantism, or Romanism, or heathenism. "For my part," says the Deacon, "when I find that a man has the right stuff in him, I'll vote for him and not care a mess of beans what churches he belongs to, provided he's a sound Baptist."



#### COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

FRIEND—"Your wife is waiting up for you, for I see her shadow."  
HUSBAND (sadly)—"Yes, and I see the shadow of something else, too."

#### A Precious Lyric.

WHAT presents shall I send my girl?

Ah, would she think me reckless  
If I would go and buy for her  
A shining *dime*-and necklace?

Such brilliants everybody knows

True gems of girls admire,  
These I would give to her I love  
Just like a house-sapphire.

Sure, sweeter would she look to me  
In jewelled furniture,  
And it would not be half complete  
Without some *garnet*-ure.

Earrings she'd wear to make her cheeks  
Look bright as an old *topaz*;  
Indeed, I wish I were as rich  
As Alicante Lopez.

I'd *beryl*' care for her dear sake,  
My heart be given to hope all,  
She'd seem an oriental queen  
In proud Constantin-*opal*.

Her love I'd *agate* on with gifts  
All royal, rich and sightly,  
And she'd accept them with a smile,  
And thank me most *pearl*-itely.

Sweet *coral* songs she'd always hear,  
And sorrows never thick see,  
Nor *ruby*-fore her life was o'er;  
The wedding day: *Onyx*-y.

A. W. BELLAW.

#### A Remarkable Dog.

##### A STUDY IN BIOGRAPHY.

DURING our late stay in the country (where we were advised to retire on account of the precarious state of our wealth) we had an opportunity of learning something about that interesting species of quadruped popularly known as A Remarkable Dog. (The exact botanic name has escaped our memory, and we cannot wait till it is recaptured). When a reliable gentleman like ourself comes across a remarkable dog, that gentleman would feel as though he owed a bad debt to science if he failed to pen-and-ink sketch him. Hence expects to see the following account much leaned against by the accomplished scientist while engaged in the laborious but healthful occupation of proving that the infant man, if taken in hand when the faculties are still warm and plastic, can be encouraged to grow up onto the higher plane which is the habitat of the remarkable dog, and his bark and his family,

The present proprietor of the dog is my



friend Mr. Jackson (a brother of the other Jackson) who has named the animal Philistine Bismarck, partly in honor of the great pastoral poet who wrote "The Lay of the Last Ministry;" the other partly must be intended for an ironical slap at the modern Sampson, for certain it is that Bismarck scorns to stand on his hind legs with a clay pipe in his mouth like the common run of dogs. Mr. Jackson assures us that what peculiarly distinguishes Bismarck is his "great capacity for performing all sorts of anecdotes." If Mr. Jackson were not such a strict hydrophobist we might feel inclined to doubt this, though we ourself were witness of the curious fact (which naturalists of the old Buffonian school will be slow to credit) that the dog has really become such an accomplished performer in that line that he can actually wag his tail without unscrewing it! Though, in justice to less fortunate animals, we must observe that this feat would not be possible if the dog had not, while still a pup, acquired the habit of fastening his tail at one end. Which also is probably the reason why not even a horse could tramp on his tail without the dog being aware of it.

One of the most beautiful, though perhaps not the most useful traits in Bismarck's character, is his incorruptible fidelity to his master. For example, when Mr. Jackson leaves his coat lie in the fence corner the dog will go through all the pockets till he has nosed out the remains of the sandwich and the crumbs of limburger, then with a sagacity almost human, will abandon the garment to its fate! He can recognize his master's silence even in the dark; when Mr. Jackson returns from Palmer's at 2 o'clock in the morning, and sneaks in on the soles of his stockings, Bismarck sits up for him and faithfully goes for his shins, while, if a strange burglar, for example, enters the house, Bismarck never seems to be aware of his presence. When sent to the meat-market the dog will hang round the butchers' stalls waiting patiently for an opening, and will then grab a sausage, or a shoulder of mutton, and instead of selfishly bolting it on the spot, will generously carry it home to his master's house and eat it at his leisure under the back stoop. When Mr. Jackson throws him a leg of pig, or anything in that line, Bismarck will devour it on the spot and gratefully howl for more; which shows that if that fatal fourteenth amendment had not left his race in the category of "Indians not taxed," Bismarck would make a most valuable addition to our scanty crop of politicians.

Though not quarrelsome, Bismarck will rarely brook an insult from a cur less than half his weight. He is not a professed antiquary, but a great relic hunter, having the front yard littered with the bones of all the hogs slaughtered on the Jackson premises for the last fifteen years. Though comparatively young in years, he is hopeful of the result, and even Mr. Jackson believes that if he lives he will attain his majority next April.

We ourself were witness of an example of Bismarck's rare courage, combined with sagacity. A foolhardy duck ventured into the pond back of the house, at a spot where the water could not have been less than six inches in depth. Bismarck no sooner saw the accident, than, braving the fury of the elements, he jumped in, and, seizing the unfortunate fowl firmly by the neck, triumphantly rescued it. The duck, we believe, was dead when Bismarck landed it, but to prevent the bare possibility of its drowning in the future, the sagacious brute ate it without delay.

INDUSTRY AND INDISPOSITION.



1. WORKS LATE. HEAD WORK.



3. TOO MUCH FOR COMFORT.



2. HEAD DEVELOPS RAPIDLY.



4. OBLIGED TO TRUSS IT UP.

That Bismarck appreciates cleanliness and table manners is shown by the careful way in which he licks his lips after a meal, and on a hot August day it is a pleasure to see him souse himself in the pond, then roll himself in the dust, and wind up by rubbing himself against everybody with whom he is intimate, before plunging into the cupboard to escape the flies.

Concerning his religious convictions, it is enough to say that Bismarck's passionate love of sausages shows him to be a devout cannibal. In this connection it should be remarked that Bismarck's teeth are canine. This peculiarity Prof. Hundschtwenzle, the great specialist, assures me is a rare thing indeed, especially in dogs.

It is, however, while dilating on Bismarck's "touching anecdotes of humanity," that Mr. Jackson's benevolent nose justly sparkles with enthusiasm. Young Sapheadly, my nephew, went out accompanied by Bismarck and a bottle of whiskey, and it seems he he stumbled into the mill-dam and would have drowned if the noble dog, seeing Sapheadly's danger, hadn't went for his lunch basket and promptly cleaned it out.—Puts me in mind of a story I heard Ben. read about an incidence up in York state. A chap—what was his name that lived in Ithaca—Ulyses King—went down to Troy, one day, and got on a drunk, and when he came home with his shirt tore, and his eyes bunged up, and his new hat inside out, and his wife

and minister and childer didn't know him, but his dog did, and run and hid under a lumber pile till he seen King go out for another rip.

We have said all that is really necessary, yet it would be treating Bismarck like a dog, and ourself like an idiot, if we failed to sum up our hero after the manner of the conscientious biographer. For this reason it is incumbent on us to call attention to the fact that Bismarck's views are broad between the eyes, and his grasp of a subject is firm when he has it by the calf of the leg; and that, while he seems to have no very high opinion of our modern poets, he appreciates a warm place to sleep, and resembles Mr. Arthur, in so far as he never really was a candidate for Senator. His humor is broad across the shoulders, and his wit pointed in the tail (owing to the fact that the hair on the remoter end of that useful organ has been completely rubbed off by the Stern Realities of Life) at the same time that his political tricks are deep in the instep. His disposition is ferocious, though savage; while his temper, though occasionally mild, is always gentle and quite uniform, except that when he turns his right flank, a close observer of nature might be able to detect a large reddish green spot, which, without detracting from the uniform whiteness of his color, harmonizes well with his yellow coat of straw. Though, like many great men, Bismarck is slow in making up his mind. He is tenacious of his

## INDUSTRY AND INDISPOSITION.



5. DOCTOR RECOMMENDS WALKING.



7. FEET INCREASE IN SIZE ALARMINGLY.



6. WALK, WALK, ALL THE TIME. HEAD GETS SMALLER, FEET BIGGER.



7. FEARFUL AND DEMORALIZING RESULT OF BEING TOO INDUSTRIOUS AND OF TAKING TOO MUCH EXERCISE.

opinions, and will turn aside with the greatest pleasure to dig for field mice. In person he is lean without being fat, and far-seeing without being short sighted. He is so frank and outspoken that he makes no bones of displaying his ribs, which are, on the whole, perhaps the most prominent trait in his character. Though a cautious reasoner, he is somewhat slow at arriving at results, but when he gets there he is prompt in hunting himself a dark hole where no fleas torment. Though hungry all the time he is never at a loss for an appetite. Though Bismarck's organ of veneration is well developed, it is, on the whole, inferior in size to the organ of Trinity Church, and he never allows the cats to play on it. Though his exterior may seem forbidding (owing to the ruggedness of his bark) his withinness is always at home, and he ever has a warm place in his stomach for broken down victuals; for the chicken that has lost its mother; for the erring lamb that has strayed from the flock. Bismarck seems to have no political principles whatever and is bold and fearless in avowing them. During the excitement of the late campaign, though, he chased a Butler elector up a butterwood tree and tore the entire seat out of the trousers of one of Sr. John's disciples, yet, when there was no longer any doubt that the Democrats had won, our hero remained about as hungry as usual. As for his opinions on the tariff, he never smokes and never swears—but really we are getting out of breath, and what is left

of Bismarck we cheerfully turn over to the 'prentice hand of the fresh reporter, and the tender mercies of the benevolent sausage maker.

## In the Dentist's Chair.

"That was frightful torture that Brown underwent to-day at the dentist's."  
 "What did he have done?"  
 "He had one of his false teeth pulled."

## China's Next Ruler.

WHAT distinguished people did you see when you were abroad?" was asked of Mrs. Dobbs, on her return from China.  
 "Oh, lots of them. But the one that took my fancy was Wan Lung, the heir-consumptive to the throne."

## Mixed All Around.

"MA, can you get out of your skin?"  
 "Why, mercy, no, my child. Why do you ask?"  
 "Well, I heard Pa tell another man that when he comes home nearly every night, he finds you beside yourself. I don't understand it, do you?"  
 "No, my child, but I think your father will."

## All in the Interest of Economy.

FATHER—"What do you mean by staying out till midnight every night?"

Son—"All in the interest of economy, sir, I assure you."

Father—"Economy! What do you mean by that?"

Son—"Well, you see I'm a good deal of expense to you, sir. I haven't got the money to pay board, but by keeping out of bed till twelve or one o'clock I save you a good deal in lodging."—*Ex.*

## By the Moonlight.

"DARLING," he said, as he tried to tickle his wife under the chin, "why am I like the moon?"

"You are not like the moon, John Henry, in any particular."

"Why, how do you make that out, my dear?"

"Because the moon has been full but twice this month."

He says that isn't the right answer.—*Newman Independent.*

## The Missing Link.

THE clerks at Moses Rabbenstein's were making up a box of old clothes to give to a certain poor mission.

"I'll put in a coat," said one.

"I'll put in a pair of shoes," said another.

"I'll put in a pair of pants," said a third.

Finally they reached Moses.

"What will you put in, Mr. Rabbenstein?" asked the book-keeper.

"Well, poys, dimes ish pooty hart vid me, unt eef eet is all der same to you, I'll yoost pud in der bill."—*Merchant Traveler.*

## A Late Discovery.

I MET him on Canal street, New Orleans, or, rather, he came up to me as I was leaning against a door-post, and asked:

"Be you from Illanoy?"

"No—Michigan."

"That's too bad. I wanted to find somebody from Illanoy."

"Broke?"

"No, not yet. See here, I'm pizenly bothered."

"Well?"

"Well, I've been a hired man in Illanoy for the last thirteen years, gettin' about \$16 a month and board. I've allus looked upon board as wuth about a dollar a week, but—"

"Well?"

"I just kinder filled up, back here at the restaurant—just about half a square meal—just 'nuff to pitch hay or hoe corn on for an hour, and what d'ye s'pose the figger was?"

"Oh, about seventy cents."

"Seventy pumpkins! It was \$1.30, or I'm a sinner. Say?"

"Yes."

"That's \$3.90 a day for fodder, or about \$100 a month. A hundred a month is twelve hundred a year. Thirteen times that is about \$15,000."

"Yes."

"Say, I'll be gosh-baked and forever stepped on, if I haven't been one o' these durned aristocrats—a bloated bondholder—a gosh-fired monopolist all these thirteen years, without knowing it! Tucked away \$15,000 worth of fodder! Woosh! but I want to meet somebody from Illanoy and pint the finger of financial independence to him!"—*Detroit Free Press.*



A CHICAGO collector of rare books has paid \$2,500 for a Bible. Thought it was something new, probably.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A YOUNG man who departed from a banker's office with some of the firm's money, said that he did so because he had been taught to believe that the office should seek the man and he was going to give it an opportunity to do so.—*Boston Post.*

"My son, I guess you'd better learn to be a barber. They make lots of money."

"Yes, but they have a hard time of it."

"I don't know about that. Most of them are rich."

"I know it; but they got so by a close shave."—*Boston Times.*

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"PINDER," severely demanded Mrs. Fitzgoober, "did you take your medicine last night?" "Yes, mam," sweetly answered that cherub. About an hour afterward, the lady found the mixture of compound bitterness that had been intended for Pinder's cold, lying snugly under the wash-stand. "Pinder!" she yelled. "Yes, mam." "I thought you told me you had taken your medicine." "So I did, ma; but you didn't ask me where I took it to; so I kept quiet on that point." But he didn't keep quiet at the point of her rod.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Not Very Sensitive.

SOME Northern people imagine that the Southern African is as full of personal pride as one of Fenimore Cooper's Indians. Uncle Mose, of Austin, is not one of that kind.

"What's the matter with you, Uncle Mose?"

"De bizness manager, Mr. White, has not kicked me in the last two mums. Not once has he lifted his foot agin me."

"I ordered him not to kick you again. I don't allow anything of that kind in this establishment. I intend that nobody shall hurt your feelings, Uncle Mose."

"Ef I don't get no kicks I'se gwinter quit."

"Are you crazy? Do you want to be kicked and cuffed about?"

"Yes, sah, I does. Ebery time de bizness manager kicked or cuffed my ears when he was mad, he got ashamed of hisself arteward, and gub me a quarter. I'se done lost enough money already, wid dis heah foolishness hurtin' my feelings."—*Texas Siftings.*

Roller Skating Flirtation.

LYING on the left side, "My heart is at your feet."

Lying on the right side, "I have money in the bank."

Standing on your nose, "I have no objection to a mother-in-law."

Jumping on your skates, "I'm afraid I can't trust you."

Lying on your back, "Assist me."

One leg in the air means, "Catch me."

Two legs in the air means, "Mashed."

One skate in your mouth, "Crushed again."

Hitting on the back of your head with your heel, "I am gone."

Suddenly placing your legs horizontally on the floor like the letter V indicates, "I am paralyzed."

Punching your neighbor in the stomach with your left foot, "I am onto your little game."

A backward flip of the heels and sudden cohesion of the knees to the floor indicates, "May I skate the next music with you?"—*Norristown Herald.*

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster, Making every burden light; Turning sadness into gladness, Darkest hour to May dawn bright, 'Tis the deepest and cheapest Cure for ills of this description, But for those that woman's heir to, Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weakness and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.



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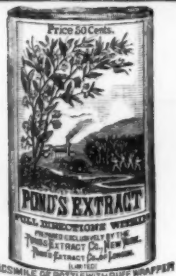
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