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COULDN'T PASS THE STABLES.

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BARRICADED.

Intelligent, united labor sees its true interest in co-operation between its members, or in alliance and mutual support with capital.

Capital is beginning to see also that low wages are not a blessing to it, and that imported pauper labor must become a curse to it as to the whole country.

In the same way, labor sees that communism is a worse enemy to labor than to capital that it seems to threaten. For, if the communist can confiscate capital he can put a stop to occupation, and the two must go down together. More, the bare threats of these foreign red-flag enemies, intimidate enterprise and paralyze industry.

So the road to good times is barred to honest labor by the imported barricade. It is the duty of the laborer to clear his own path and drive his enemies into the sea with their red flag of death, misnamed liberty.

"Tear down the Flaunting Lie."

KICKED CLEAR OF THE HARNESS.

It is hard to cure a bucking broncho, and a horse that has once learned the efficacy of kicking is liable to have the habit return on him at the most inconvenient moment. The driver ought to have known this when he selected the worst kickers in the Republican stable to put into his new team. He ought, especially, to have considered that that high spirited, fractious stallion, Mugwump, would

not submit to pull long in the traces with that o'nary, miscegenated mule, Democracy.

When teamster Grover Cleveland hitched the ill-matched pair before a wagon with such noisy, nuisances as the "boys" that piled in over the tail-board with "Dave" Hill, Mugwump kicked, and by the time they had driven around by his old stables he had kicked himself clean out of his harness and was off—leaving Grover and the boys stalled in the road.

Good enough for 'em. They do not know how to treat a spirited horse. They ought to be thankful that it didn't kick the pung into junk and kindling wood and leave them nothing on which to ride into their offices.

STUCK ON THE MUGWUMPS.

Of all the expressions of human egotism that which leads a handful of reformers to imagine themselves the Apostles of a Great Cause, is one to be condemned or ridiculed with the greatest hesitancy. For all pioneers of great movements are "cranks," and no man knoweth the beginning from the end of a revolution. That is to say, we have learned to go exceeding light when walking on the toes of cranks.

Nevertheless, voters have to deal with present issues, and the way it looks with politics to-day is that the prohibition party, as a party, if it have any power can use it only to harm its own cause. The most questionable use of a reform principle is to make it a mere power for mischief. Favor procured by making one's self a nuisance is neither profitable nor abiding. It, in the end, is self-injury.

As a third party, preying on the camps of two great armies, prohibition may create commotion and damage to others and seem of much consequence. One little animal can break up a camp-meeting.

But as a cause it becomes, by such guerilla warfare, very small morally.

Principles as great as the boundless ocean may dwindle to the proportions of a pitcher of water in the hands of blackmailers.

Vanitas Vanitatis—New Version.

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a Flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

In the morning he cometh up and is nominated; in the evening he declineth and withereth.

Yea, and he rolleth his barrel away and his party also withereth.

The place that knew him knoweth him no more; in the places of him and his barrel are Jones—J-o-n-e-s, of Binghamton, and his scales.

Vanity of vanities, all is wind, saith the Preacher.

Historical Utterances.

"God bless you, your candidate I cannot be."

[Horatio Seymour, 1868.

"God ——— you, your candidate I cannot be."

[Roswell Flower, 1885.

RULINGS.

IT SEEMS to be rather a backward fall for bosses.

"JONES, OF BINGHAMTON," may be a very good man in his weigh, but it is not so good a weigh as Flower's, of disbursing boodle.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER declared Mr. Hill to be "a plain, simple-minded man." He is "playin' simple-minded" at all the fairs and funerals.

THE SILVER QUESTION—Shall Treasurer Jordan succeed in bulldozing fifty-five million of people by robbing them of one and two dollar greenbacks?

THE PRESIDENT'S DECISION that weighers must pass an educational test knocks out the Brooklyn boss Democrat for weigher—pounds Sterling, as it were.

THE PRESIDENT SUCCEEDS better at decapitation than at appointments. He is a capital executioner, but a poor executive. This contrast shows the benefit of preparatory training for office.

OUR E.C., THE Buffalo Express, says, "The chief purpose of sending representatives to foreign countries is to preserve and promote friendly relations." The friendly relations of the politicians, yes.

IT IS CHARGED that the new Turkish Minister of War finds that his predecessor had allowed the army to run down. We perceive, also, that Cleveland is allowing his mugwump allies to run down Hill.

MR. SPURGEON has completed 'The Treasury of David.' Since Flower declined to run with David Hill and the president shut down on assessments on office-holders this will be good news to the head of the ticket.

THE PLATFORM OF THE Democracy in New York seems to be chiefly the platform scales of "Jones of Binghamton." They are steadier than Flower's if they do not weigh so much with the boys in a campaign.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND signatures were attached to a petition to parliament for the protection of girls. From the accounts published we had not supposed so many men in the United Kingdom favored the cause.

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MRS. SCHNEIDERKASE GIVES A GERMAN

The German Policeman's Elder Son Has a Tussle With Experience and a Dude.

By Julian Ralph, Author of the "Sun's German Barber," Etc.

"My wife leats der fashion this veek, alretty," said the German Policeman to his friend Reilly, the blacksmith. "Ve had a grade sdate uf affairs at our flat lasd night. She gafe a German."

"Is that so?" the blacksmith said, greatly interested. "And whoy was not Oi invited—me and Mrs. Reilly? Oive read av these Germans in the papers over and over again, the curious favors the guests carry away and all that. Shure, Oi'm rale sorry yez didn't invite me."

"Yah, dot's so," said the inveterate joker. "Vell, it vos gwide a *shmall bardy* vot she gafe, mit only von drophy und only von bardickler frent owdside der family invided. Dot vos der doctor. He sayt adfer-vorts it vos von uf der smallest Germans he ever addended—but dot it seemed healthy und he dought it would lif."

"Umph," the blacksmith replied. "If you had said yez had a *musicale* or a *Dootch bawl* you wouldn't have de-saved me. I suppose you monopolized the dancing whin you wint for the doether."

"I am going to shdart der bapy in bolitics righd away," said the Policeman. "I am going to buy him a leedle iron parrel to safe his money in; I'm going to name him Dennis to gapture der Irish vode, abbrendice him to some drade choost for a year so vat he can glaim to peen a vorkingmans, deach him neffer to oxbress any bardickler obinion apowd anyding so his record vill all der dime peen goot und glean, get him in der Freemasons so soon vot he is dwenty-von to gif him a bull in der segret soci dies und make him keeb a beer saloon und for some sord uf office run all der vhiie, in breference to vorking for a lifing, so as to broof he has der interests uf der people at heart."

"Where is your b'ye, Jake?" the blacksmith enquired. "I haven't sane him in two or three days."

"No," said the Policeman. "He is gradually regovering from oxberience und vill be vonce again owd uf doors in a few days. Ve all got to have oxberience—der drouble is somedimes ve get doo much at vonce. Dot's vot ails Chaky. He got more at von dime as his nervous sysdem could shtand. He saw a fine looking young feller mit kids und bangs und dight drowsers—a reck-lar dude—und he dought he could blay some monkey chokes on him so he galls owd: 'Say, vellers, look at it! It moofes! It can valk! Guess vot it is und you can haf it,' Dot vos a goot choke, eh?"

"It was a foine bit av humar," says the blacksmith. "I would loike fer to have sane the dude."

"Vell, dot's so. I, too, would like to seen him. But Chakey dakes a deefereent view uf der situation. He ton'd care uf he neffer such a veller sees again. Dot dude,

he took off his gluffs away und he bunched Chaky plack und plue. He knocked owd uf him der sduffing und put a head on him like a steeble on a church. Nowadays, you got to look out mit who you make chokes. A hosbidal is der safest blace. Der young vellers got poxing gluffs und dumbells und rowboats und bicycles, und dem are raising muscles like der pillows on a bed. You choke mit a dude und find he can like a vindmill sdrike owd. Dot's vhy Chon L. Sullivan gids along so vell. He fighds mit bugilists only. Uf he should bick up some dudes in Fidf Affenoo he might get der prains knocked from his head owd."



NO CARDS.

"Who is that namby pamby youth
With ruddy cheeks and hair?
I mean the fool who's tipping back
And balancing his chair?"

"I'll bet a dollar he's a chump
And hasn't got no brains
That teaches men with common sense
To go in when it rains!"

So spoke a masher to a sweet
Girl graduate he'd met
That summer in the ball-room's glare
Beneath th' effulgent jet.

"Which one?" you ask; why, that one there!
What's that? The deuce you say!
I really hadn't an idea
He was your fiance."

G. C. D.

PROCTOR, THE ASTRONOMER, says, "the average level of whist in America is very, very low." There are many other games that this country can play very, very low down. The level of poker is high, however, perhaps because it is so often a spirit-level.

Briefs Submitted.

BY CLYDE.

THE OLD MAID.

You can always tell an old maid, do you say,
By her cork-screw curls and her winning way?
A surer test I'll name to thee.
Its her manly laugh—
Te! he! he! he!!

"Jones, did von ever lie?" "Yes, lots of times." "Well, you ain't lying now!"

With what an air of calm superiority a hen will gobble a worm after the rooster has scratched it up! There are lots of hens in the world.

A dilapidated old express wagon, to which was attached a blind equine, recently drew up in front of a fashionable dry-goods store, and the driver, addressing the proprietor, inquired:

"Want any movin' done, boss?"
"Yes," replied the irate gentleman, "I want you to move that one-eyed wreck off this street!"
He moved it.

Briefs Submitted.

BY ROBT. MORGAN.

The English bicyclists have beaten the Americans badly. They had a complete—well, not exactly walk over, call it a roll-over; that sounds more in keeping with the perverse nature of the bicycle.

The heirs of the man who invented the joke on the plumber's bill are in destitute circumstances; and several philanthropic humorists have taken the matter in hand.

An exhibition is opened, in Dublin, of Irish industries. Among the principal attractions is the instantaneous Irish-American naturalization machine.

"Rats leave a sinking ship." So do the officers and crew; but the passengers are seldom "in the same boat."

The Marquis of Londonderry has set up as a wholesale dealer in coal. This is certainly selling coal by the ton.

"That is a very rich piece of cheese," remarked the epicure as he placed an inverted tumbler over it to prevent its escape. "I see, there's millions in it," replied his companion with a shudder.

The British peerage contains a Jones, a Browne, and a Robinson, and they all affect to look down on the Smiths because theirs is a commoner name.

50m 9/18/1930

REMARKS BY LILLIAN.

For the first and last time in my life I have tried the good Samaritan act!

Never again will I put myself out for any one else—it doesn't pay! "Virtue is its own reward" sounds very well in copy books, but in plain, sensible, every-day life give me selfishness every time.

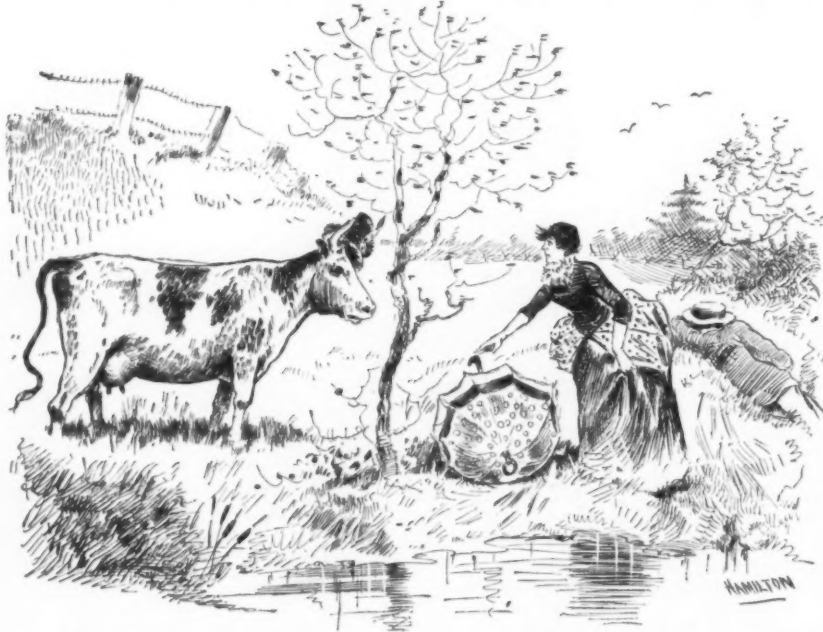
It happened in this way: We have been buried alive in this stupid country place all summer, lately, for lack of something better to do, Jack has been "painting the town red"—to quote his own words. Of course, you know, I am very fond of Jack, he is my brother and all that, but I do think that he makes a disgusting brute of himself on occasions, and last week he selected the worst possible time for his "tear," when we expected some swell friends from the city to spend the day.

Regina came to me with tears in her eyes.

to me about woman with a big W when suddenly I heard a noise back of me, and turning I saw a dreadful cow placidly staring at me!

Cold shivers ran all over me; I could face an army of tramps, but one cow reduces me to *abject terror!*

Oh the misery of that afternoon! Jack *wouldn't* wake up, the cow grew bolder, made playful little runs at us and finally walked off with my hat, evidently laboring under the impression that it was some new sort of bovine head-dress. I rescued my parasol just in time from a similar fate, and then devoted all my energies to warding off the attentions of a small hop-toad, who apparently mistook me for an intimate friend and made frequent but unavailing efforts to get in my lap. I *never* was so unhappy in my life, and I was almost *glad* when it com-



Jack had been "making a night of it" and *somebody* must get him out of the way. Of course, I was the "somebody." Regina never thinks of my feelings. Well, I coaxed him off for a walk; it seemed to me that we covered *miles and miles*; sometimes he would walk so fast that I had to *run* to keep up with him, and then we would crawl along like two snails. Finally we came to a barb-wire fence that Jack *insisted* upon climbing; there was no use arguing with him, so I got down on all fours and crept under. Anyone who has not been there can not appreciate this difficult feat.

It was an awfully pretty, romantic place; the trees rustled over head and a little brook rippled at our feet; Jack went fast asleep and I took off my hat and sat there and fanned him, and thought how *much* superior women were to men.

Such grand, glorious ideas were coming

menced to rain, for then Jack *had* to wake up; but oh, how cross he was!

We stood under a tree until we were both drenched, and then we started for home.

I suppose I lost my head or something, but anyway I got caught under that barb-wire fence, and it took the united efforts of Jack and a hired man from a field to get me out.

I just wish you could have seen me when I got home—I was a *total wreck!*

My dress was a muddy *rag*, my parasol had dirty little rivulets trickling all over it, and as for my high-heeled, patent leather boots, their glory has departed forever!

And Regina, the cause of all my misfortune, was heartless enough to *laugh!* There are *some* things one never forgives!

As for Jack, he may go to the "demonstration bow-wows" for all I care!

TELEPHONE CHARGES ARE about five times higher in this country than in any other, which suggests that Americans must be uncommonly "thick o' hearin." The theory is substantiated by the amount of "hello" required to raise a man. Also, by the tolerance of hand-organs and the price of opera.

THE STORY FROM MONTANA about a three-armed man may not be so incredible. As far back as Shakespeare's time it was said to be a fact that any man was "thrice-armed who had his quarrel just." A man with a just quarrel in Montana would probably need three arms, and a self-cocking revolver for each.

Write United States.

BY JADE OYLE.

I have often noticed in the columns of various United States journals and more frequently, perhaps, in the daily papers, a lavishness in the use of foreign, dead, and other languages that is wholly beyond the depth of the usual and casual reader. Well may the modest granger who enquired who "Siney Dye" was, on hearing the expression cried in adjourning a court, be excused. To better illustrate myself, I submit a section of a late society novel, which is not half as bad a case as any of our morning newspapers daily present.

* * * * *

CHAP. IIVIX.

"In hoc Signo U Pluribus
Cead Mine Failthe
Mockshopus Erin go brog
Ubiqui sic Semper et al."

O'HOGAN.

She was *blase*.

Very *blase*. In good faith in all my peripatetic journeyings I don't think I ever met a more thorough-going *de jenseuse exemplaire*. Daisette raised her mellow blue eyes and addressing Madame de Toole in the utmost *chic de Votaire*, said:

"Isn't he aggravating?"

The Madame was of an ancient Latin descent, and consequently, often lapsed from broken English into her native tongue. She therefore, gave her niece a searching glance, and replied:

"Nemo intulit tangere homini."

Daisette smiled reluctantly and arching her delicate ears, said:

"Why, Aunt, you never mentioned that to me before, and you remember, you promised me while we were in Honolulu together that I should share all of your secrets. *Tout fil, Aunt, tout fil!*"

"*Cariambia mia Caro amant!*"

Her niece at this retort burst out into a hearty guffaw and fled to hide her confusion.

CHAP. XXX.

"O'tempora, O'Mores
O horses, alus hurmine
Semper idem au fait
Soi distant Honore ibe."

TALLYRYAN.

The Countess of Deer Run shook her head until her teeth rattled and quaintly spat on the stove. The hissing steam aroused the Seventh Earl of Leadville who was dozing on the coal box with sonorous distinctness. Starting up from a troubled sleep, he exclaimed:

"Daisette, where is she, *mia cari?*"

"Gone!" replied the Countess.

"And with whom?"

"Dan'l Decker."

"The circus rider?"

"The same."

"*Sine qua non de finis profundus ego*. I thought as much. What terms?"

"Ten dollars a week and photograph privileges," said the Countess coolly trimming her nails with the scissors.

"Then I go! and I leave her the worst curse that could befall her."

"And pray what is that?" enquired the Countess.

"Dare you ask? *Nous Ferrous*, it is this: That the show busts and she has to walk home."

He left, taking the door with him as far as the hinges would allow.

LITTLE JOHNNY.

BY H. A. B.

The "greatest travelling show on earth"
Had just come in to G—
Which Johnny Ginn, the Deacon's son,
Was hankerin' to see.

At last he screwed his courage up
And, trembling in his shoes,
He broached the subject to his pa
And begged he'd not refuse.

His father heaved an awful sigh,
And covered up his face,
And Johnny heard him say "gray hairs"
And "sorrow," and "disgrace."

And that "it broke his heart to hear
Of any boy who goes
Where only loafers congregate—
To bad, immoral shows."

Poor little Johnny hung his head,
Apparently in shame,
That he had ever had designs
Against his noble name.

And so he went and got his books—
Arithmetic and spellin'—
But though he tried to "figger up,"
His little heart was swellin'.

And while he sat and worked away,
Like an industrious lad,
He also was a-figgerin'
To circumvent his dad.

He was not like those boys who die
Because they can't do wrong;
The prospects were *his* life would be
Unusually long.

At last his Pa rose up and said,
"I must be off now, Kate.
Official meeting night, you know;
I shan't be home till late."



Poor little John was very tired,
A pain was in his head;
He kissed his dear mama good night
And started off for bed.

The fun that night was at its height,
The clown had just come in,
When underneath the canvas tent
Rolled little Johnny Ginn.



He scrambled up, looked slyly 'round,
To find an empty place,
And gazed with horrified surprise
Into his father's face.

An instant everything swam 'round,
And then he heard his pa
Say, "Johnny, here's a dollar
If you'll never tell your ma!"

The band struck up a stirring march,
The horses pranced and pawed.
Father and son sat hand in hand—
Two "innocents abroad."

M. de Freshemilque on American
Coolheadedness.

I disguise not that we are residing in an age whereof the science is indeed making vast jumps, and discovering into the quite bottoms of the universe! This prosperous fact coaxes me to hope that one may, by a "strict economy and industry" endeavor to hunt up the cause of the so distinguished coolheadedness of the American mankind—a virtue (between other things) prevents that he shall never grow to be mad at the exile of Italy which plays the grind under the window already during that he is trying on the morning nap; neither that he will tell some rough words to his wife when he, in grand hurry to pursue Mr. Thompson's cat throughout the backyard in a dark night in his bed shirt, strike with his feet across the wash-tub (which his females forgot themselves to push it into the cellar), in tumbling of which he approaches very fast his face to the clothesline (which the female Americans have habit to elevate almost near three feet above ground) whereunto his nose suffers the bark took off rather very much indeed!

M. Mackhowley inclines himself to prop the theory that the race of Fellowcitizens inherit the majority of their coolheadedness from their Indian parents (see there, the sang froid of their Herb Doctor, their Seating Bull, their Minnebucca, their J. Fenimore, their Noble Redmans and the similar of which American literature enriches), modified by the redoubtable pie-crusts of which "the seed was brought over by the Pilgrim Fathers in the upper story of their Puritanic plugs;" but yet again "re-en-

forced by about two centuries of tobacco juice." Habit, without doubt, well adapt to kindle that presence-of-mind which prevents that one of the Fellowcitizens, when he smashes, every other two days in a week, in a collision of railroad, shall, when he emerges the head from the wreck, but merely remark (after that he has first spit out the mouth) "where devil's my hat?"

Sir Rev. Newton, the illustrious Anglaishman of New York (he that uncovered the law of gravi—something which slides my memory) calls a coolheadedness "the whole attitude of the American people" and informs that it all owes to the Fellowcitizens' habit to pour out (spill) their souls in prayer.

Other time. A journalist of the news papers informs that it owes to the tender speeches of the stump of the Hon Wit de Tamlage, and to contemplate with sublimeness the fall of the Yosemite!

But here in that place, I shall now throw down the subject and lay beside my pen, till a little more opportunity offers me the valuable addition of my friend the most cherished, Col. Wagonhorse, who is as he confide to me "a whole team himself and a dog under the wagon."

What Does He Expect?

Jay Gould never ceases to complain because the passengers on the elevated roads expectorate from the windows; but if they expect a uniform five-cent rate from the ticket windows they may as well pool their expectations with the expectations of reform, and sell out to the highest bidder.

R. MORGAN.

ON THE ROAD.

"I'm in a bad pickle, boys," Cusby said when he had finished reading his mail one morning. "You see, I have a letter from my folks reminding me that a sister of mine is about to have a birth day. Now, I have always sent her some little gift—generally jewelry, but this time it is suggested that I should forward her some articles of ladies wear other than that which is used strictly for ornamental purposes. Do I make my meaning clear?"

"You're clear enough, Gus," Brown answered, "but, my dear man, we are all three not only bachelors, but drummers as well, and for that reason, densely ignorant on the subject of ladies' dress—more so than men of any other profession under the sun."

"That's the difficulty, Josh. We know absolutely nothing of the matter; but do, like a good fellow, suggest some way out of this scrape."

"It's a bad fix, Gus, but I think perhaps our individual knowledge if properly pooled, so to speak, may be able to assist us to at least a moderate extent."

"A good scheme, Josh. You know the 'age,' old man. Instance some one article that you may know of."

Brown made a start, hesitated a bit, cleared his throat and then said: "I happen to know—that is, I was informed that—er—I meant to say, in fact, a married acquaintance of mine told me in confidence that ladies wear sometimes—well, stockings, you know."

As it happened, we all three raised our eyes from the carpet simultaneously and I was gratified to observe, although not surprised, that my friends were blushing as violently as I knew myself to be. There was a moment of silence, and then Cusby, much embarrassed, said:

"But, Joshua, I couldn't possibly go to a dry-goods store and asked to be shown some—er—what did you call 'em?"

"Stockings," Josh murmured coyly.

"Yes, that's it—stockings. I couldn't possibly, you know. Can't you suggest something, Lang?"

I had thought of something, but where I had heard of it, Heaven only knows.

"Bustles," I gasped faintly, and then, with a struggle: "Of course, boys, I don't know what they are exactly, though I imagine they resemble bird cages and are worn, I have heard, on the—that is, you know, bird cages in dwelling houses are usually hung near the sitting room."

By violent fanning my friends brought me out of the dead faint which followed my effort.

"That won't do at all, Lang," Gus decided when we had all become somewhat composed. "I'm no end of obliged to you, old man. It was very kind of you, very, and I shall never forget it, but it won't do."

Another long pause and then this from Augustus: "I remember reading—I don't know where, unless in the Bible—that women sometimes wear—I won't be positive, you know, that women—that is, ladies, female women in fact, sometimes used—er—er—corsets. I won't swear to it, boys," he added hastily, "for its only a dim impression of something I read when a child."

"Augustus Cusby, how can you suggest such a thing," Brown exclaimed. "You really shock me. I'd like to see you, the cheekiest man on the road, go into a store and ask a young woman to show you a line of—of—corsets, you know."

"Horrible! You're right, Josh, I couldn't do it."

"See here, fellows," I put in, in as brave a voice as I could summon. "I'll tell you what we'll do. The existence of the last named articles, is, I think, more doubtful than the—the—well the things Josh named. Now I propose we all three go and take a

drink, a big one, mind, and then together visit some store and buy the—the stockings. I think if we go together and stand firmly by each other we may be able to do the trick."

"It's a go," Brown and Cusby both assented. Thereupon we filed up to one of Chicago's largest bars and took an immense dose of Dutch courage and then, with arms linked firmly, marched pluckily down the street three abreast. We soon came to a big retail dry-goods store and hanging tightly together walked in.

"Do you know what the things look like, Josh?" I whispered.

"Haven't the dimmest idea."

"I remember seeing a picture of some, once," Gus said softly, "and if I'm not much mistaken, those striped and colored things hanging up over that counter are what we are looking for."

Hanging tightly together we made our way over to the counter with cautious steps and faced a lady clerk who was in charge, and, to make the matter worse, she was both young and pretty.

"This is awful," poor Gus groaned. "It would be bad enough to talk this business to a man, but a woman—Great Scott! this is torture."

The girl looked into our embarrassed faces for a second with some surprise, and then asked: "What can I show you, gentlemen?"

"I want to buy some of the hose—er—those things," Gus answered, indicating.

"Ladies hose? What kind will you have, balbriggan, lisle, raw silk, silk or silk-plated? Will you have plain goods, striped or colored? We have them embroidered or—"

"Excuse me for a moment, miss," Gus said, and drew us aside. "In Heaven's name, boys, what shall I answer to that song and dance," he ejaculated despairingly.

We put our heads together in consultation while the girl smiled at our embarrassment and whispered with her running mate.

"I don't really know what is fashionable, miss," Gus said at my suggestion. "I'm not posted and would be glad of your advice. My own taste would be for something with a yellow ground and red stripes—"

"Oh, but that wouldn't do at all, sir. For ordinary

wear, black goods are the thing. Black silk is very fashionable. I will show you the goods." Saying which she opened up two or three boxes and handing out a pair or two, she continued: "Feel the goods, sir. This quality is the finest in the market."

Gus started back as if some one had offered him a live rattle snake.

"Oh, yes, miss, the quality is good. I can see that without feeling the—the articles. I guess they will do. May I ask how high they come?"

"Oh, about six inches above the knee, sir. They are regular lengths."

"Oh, Lord!" Gus exclaimed in horror. "I didn't mean that. I wouldn't have asked that question, miss, for any money. I meant what is the price."

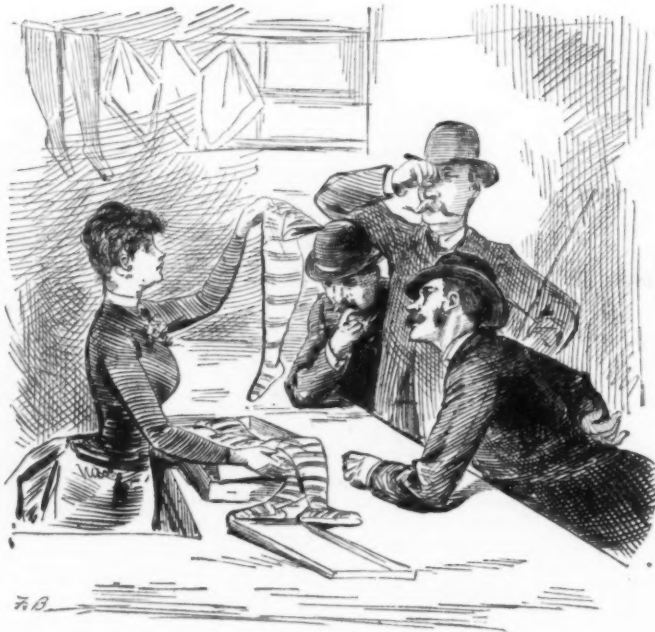
Poor Gus! His embarrassment was pitiful to behold, and I think he would have dropped to the floor if Josh and I had not supported him on either side pluckily.

"Why, your question was perfectly proper," the girl said, emerging from behind her handkerchief a very red and dimpled face. "The price is \$4.49. How many would you like, sir?"

"Well, I hardly know, but I guess five—er—stockings would be about right. Don't you think so, boys?"

We assented, but the young lady with a titter and a slight blush, asked:

"Do you know the lady for whom these goods are intended?"



"Oh, yes, miss."
 "Is she a cripple, sir?"
 "Not at all. Oh, no."
 "Well then I think you had better buy the hose in pairs, sir, for if she is built like most ladies, she probably has two—that is, a pair of—"

"Oh, yes," Gus exclaimed in an agony of shame. "I really didn't know exactly how many—that is—I have no experience, you see," and desperately. "You may put up six pairs, miss."

"And what size, sir?"
 Here was another difficulty.
 "I'm sure I don't know," Gus said helplessly. "Can't you help me out, miss?"

"Well, if the lady is from St. Louis, you ought to buy small twenty-fours; if a Chicago lady, large twentys."

"Oh, no, she's a New York lady."
 "In that case number two and a half will be plenty large."

Gus had the goods wrapped up and paid for them.

"Oh, but see here," he exclaimed after we had turned to leave. "I ought to buy something to hold these things up I suppose," and addressing the young woman again, he asked:

"Can you tell me, miss, where I can buy a pair of suspenders to support these—these articles?"

The over-tried saleswoman broke into a hysterical laugh.

"I'm afraid you've made a bad break, Gus," I said as we turned away again. "Probably ladies don't support their—stockings with suspenders, and—"

"I have it, boys," Brown interrupted. "Let's ask the floor-walker where we can buy a pair of Honi-soit-qui-mali-pense."

L. L. LANG.

OFF THE BENCH.

A SACRED TRUST—a bill of bibles on credit.

A TRIAL JUROR had a fit in Brooklyn. Glad it is not contagious. Witnesses and prisoners catch fits enough already.

THE RAILROAD ENCROACHMENTS in California have received a quiet but decided check—a pacific slow-up, from the people.

WITH SMALL-POX and rebellion breaking out and financial tourists from the States breaking in, it is hard lines for Canada. She'd better move into Europe.

CRIME IS SAID TO BE on the decrease in England, but the number of doctors is largely on the increase. No unmixed blessings anywhere!

NOTHING SO PLAINLY MARKS the commercial, moral and intellectual decadence of the metropolis as its loss of the base-ball championship.

IT IS COMPLAINED now that cheese-making is becoming over-crowded. The same was the trouble with cotton and hay-pressing last year, we believe.

CHICAGO BOASTS of being the largest center for theological study in the country. Good field for object lessons in original sin.

Notice there is no unorthodox theological seminary there. Couldn't be heterodox, you know, in the face of living examples.

FULTON MARKET seems like Botany-Bay, so many oystercized men are there.

BARNUM HAS ADDED a newspaper libel suit to his freak collection. This prince of caterers to curiosity has probably invested in one feature that he cannot afford.

A COUPLE WAS MARRIED with great eclat and abandon on the fair ground near Syracuse, N. Y. It is hoped that having been married on fair grounds, they may not be put out and divorced on foul.

"COMPARITIVE ENDURANCE of horses and men" is the subject of a scientific article. The showing is, of course, favorable to man; a man wrote it. The contrast would be still greater between the endurance of horses and that of women.

A Diabolical Suggestion.

A fiendish photographer suggests that the amateurs may utilize their kits this winter by taking through a small auger hole instantaneous views of the couple in the back-parlor in the different stages of the yum-yum business. The use of these incontrovertible proofs in breach of promise suits is apparent. It is thought also that the young man who is 'took' would give a liberal price to control the negatives. The utility of these views is varied and much more apparent than is that of the views of the profoundest philosopher.

"That look doth pain me, dearest. Our parting is but for one brief day."

"Yes, me heart would fain be content, but—"

"What then, fair one?"

"I fear me mother's wrath."

"The cause, angel of my existence? Me life is at your call!"

"Your paper collar's busted, and mamma is so suspicious!"

Briefs Submitted.

BY JEF. JOSEPH.

If a "soft answer turneth away wrath," then dudes ought to make good peacemakers; for their replies in conversation are always of a "mushy" nature.

When ye poet indicted a rhapsodic sonnet To his auburn-haired fiance's "matchless gold locks,"—

Oh, he used bigger cuss-words than simply "dogone it,"

When ye newspaper printed it, "patched-up old socks!"

The man who buys a five-cent beer,
 Then wants thrown in with it a mere
 Two-dollar's worth of nice free lunch,—
 Should sit right down and take a "cheer,"
 And ask to have the hemisphere
 Fried, broiled and baked, for him to munch.

A kin-dred feeling—that of two unruly boys who expect to be larruped by their parents for some misdeed.

Why should the canine flea be termed a great traveler? Because he sometimes becomes a "New foundland explorer."

IN THE BRINY.

The breaker rolls in with a wicked design,
 And keels a girl-bather right o'er on her spine;
 While she picks herself up—from the water to run,
 And remarks, "I've a surf-eit of this kind of fun."

AN UNAPPRECIATED TRANSFORMATION AT 12 M.

The stars now give light—
 The moon it shines bright,—
 And all the black night
 With new-born, day-like radiance quickens;
 'Tis lovely, no doubt,
 But it knocks right out
 That after-dark scout—
 The nig. who fain would steal some chickens.

UNGRAMMATICAL, BUT SEASONABLE.

The ice-man hastes with his well-filled tongs,
 To a kitchen-door in the rear;
 The servant-maid whom he's tried to "mash,"
 Meets him there with a roguish leer.
 He begs a kiss—o'er the frigid lump,
 But she says to him nay, thus-ly:
 "How can you ask it, when well you know
 There's a coolness 'twixt you and I?"



FALL CLOTHES.

BAD BOY—"A full line of fall clothes—a tumble in underwear—a cutting down in ther ould woman's hand-washed goods."

THE FOREIGN BARRICADE IN THE ROAD OF AMERICAN WORKMEN.



THE JUDGE.





New York was a gainer in every way by the pulling-and-hauling advertising uncertainty over the removal of "Adonis," for she retains "Adonis" and does not lose the new "Evangeline." The latter has been revived with more than her pristine glory at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The changes that have been made in the play since it made "The Lone Fisherman" and the "Heifer" historical, are for its betterment, while the "business" presents many new acts and situations as funny as those that originally characterized play. The caste has been greatly strengthened by the addition of Mackay and Miss Fay Templeton, and the whole performance is brilliant. "Evangeline" promises to be as great a success as it was before, possibly greater, as burlesques are more popular now than they were when "Evangeline" was young. This revival raises many reminiscences. "The Lone Fisherman" of yore is dead (rest his soul) but others of the original cast are notables extinct. They hind legs of that wonderful heifer have risen (as hind legs do not often) to be the famous comedian Nat Goodwin. Eliza Weatherby, Nat Goodwin's wife, I think was also in the cast. The front legs of the beast has become a fine comedian in "The Merry War," Dora Wiley's husband, And last, not least of the survivors, is Harry Dixey, the dancing Galatea of "Adonis."

It is becoming so that a manager or a play can hardly be recognized as first-class until he or it has become involved in a law-suit; litigation is a sort of adjunct to all well-regulated theatres. The conspicuous figure that the drama cuts in court proceedings is an unmistakable recognition of its importance and prosperity. A successful play is a gold mine to a good manager in these days of theatrical popularity, and where there is a gold mine there will be squabbles, grabbings, and lawyers—even as buzzards will be where the prey lieth. But these contentions are expensive, and may endanger dramatic prosperity. Therefore there is much need that congress should recognize the growing importance of the theatrical business by legislation that shall more clearly define the rights and limitations of power of authors, managers, players, and all relations. A bill for this purpose should be prepared by a committee of actors and managers for submission to congress.

Mme. Janish is strengthening her reputation as a successful star in New York by appearing at the Grand Opera House this week. The experiment is a wise one, as is shown by the size of the audiences. This is due as well to the place as to the person and play. The Grand Opera House has a large class of supporters who never fail it. "Anselma" is not without merits, but it has been made more popular by Sardou's name and much litigation than by its intrinsic worth. Mme. Janish deserves credit for her pluck and perseverance. Her first appearance in New York was a failure and she was pronounced as unworthy the name of actor. In spite of this defeat and of personal defects that seemed insurmountable, by hard work and determination she has won a comparative triumph on the old battle-field.

Anne Pixley will be seen at The Grand Opera House next week.

Mr. Maurice Grau's sagacity in pushing the subscription policy in Mme. Judic's behalf—as well as his own—is clearly manifest as her season draws to a close. This affable and discerning gentleman managed to create quite a furore about his incomparable star, before her appearance at Wallack's. Mr. Grau was persistent and ingenious. There

had been a constant dropping against American's strong prejudice for two years past in favor of this French woman who was audaciously heralded as playing immoral roles, such as French girls are not allowed to witness. This hint was intended to pique the curiosity of the daring, go-where-you-please society woman of New York. And it did. Fair audiences were insured for every performance by subscription for the whole or for half of the season. The appearance of the audiences now indicates that subscribers—as Mrs. Toodles would say—"are so handy to have in the house." Less and less interest is manifested in Mme. Judic. She who was so marvelously beautiful proved to be of only comely matronliness. Her captivating grace encompasses only her face and fore-arms; never does a wave of it reach her short neck or side-attached elbows. She is graceful—as far as it goes. And the contents of those much glorified forty-two trunks have nearly all been on exhibition. Frenchy? Decidedly. Magnificent? Beyond telling. In good taste? But rarely. Mme. Judic is of the dumpy type, and her favorite style of dressing is bunched. It emphasizes the preponderance of her *embonpoint* over the symmetrical outline of a perfect form. Really, this Parisian lady has no more taste than an English beauty. An American woman encumbered with her form would not be guilty of dressing as unbecomingly as Mme. Judic frequently does. The costume that represents the dollars' worth, but has no relation to the person wearing it, is no longer accepted as beautiful or artistic by us.

Mme. Judic's voice is sweet and pure in quality, and most judiciously used. In this lies her charm. Its subtle influence is as agreeable to us as the sentiments expressed are unusual on our American stage.

Reasons Enough.

Sewing has been forced into the crowded curriculum of Philadelphia schools and the papers ask why this cannot be taught at home, instead. Ans. (1) No one to teach it at home; (2) No government at home to compel girls to learn it; (3) What are school-teachers paid extravagant salaries for? To live in luxury and idleness?

UTILITY AND ORNAMENT.—WHAT THE PANIER IS GOOD FOR.



[Fliegende Blaetter.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The matter of coinage, to which this court has heretofore called your inquest, should also be considered by you in relation to a deeper and more serious problem. You will find before you evidences to indicate that this issue may prove to be but the precipitating cause of a sectional antagonism between the East and the rest of the country, the consequences of which may now be well anticipated, and if possible averted, or at least, lessened by you.

That antagonism of this kind already exists your Jury has already found, by its inquest into the causes of general indifference or opposition to such laudable undertakings as the statue of liberty pedestal fund and the Grant monument fund because they are of and in New York city. You will also find specific evidence of the East's being already in solid antagonism to the West and South on the silver-coinage question, in the votes in congress on that measure. Congress divided, not on party but on sectional lines. Eastern Democrats and Republicans were a unit against silver currency, as the two parties West and South were substantially one in favor. The delegation from New York, in the House last winter, voted solidly against continued silver coinage, and there were only five representatives from states east of the Alleghenies and north of the Potomac to vote with the rest of the country on this question. A sectionalism more pronounced hardly existed in Congress in the hottest of slavery agitation. It will be evident to you that some larger interest than mere difference of opinion as to the number of silver dollars to be coined must be behind divisions so sharp and startling. You are to ask, is there danger of this antagonism developing into a sectionalism as bitter and dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the country as was that between the North and South on account of slavery?

Horatio Seymour, that veteran and very philosophical witness, has said to you:

"Our next difficulty will be a conflict between the East and the West. The North and South have finished their quarrels, but the East and West are growing more and more antagonistic. It would have come up before, but for the relationship owing to emigration from the East to the West, and now that is dying out. The great majority of the Western people, so-called, were born in the East and long retained their affection for their native states, and have legislated in congress almost exclusively from an Eastern stand-point.

"A change is coming. The native Western man is on top and will assert his rights as he understands them. I have heard mutterings of discontent and

discord from the West for the last ten years. It is increasing and will soon blow a gale."

Mr. Seymour cites transportation rates and tariff laws as among the influences that, in addition to the currency issue, help to keep up this feeling of discontent in the West. There are other causes, also, so that your Jury should enquire what are the broad, fundamental issues that produce this sectionalism?

Your Jury will find, by consulting documentary historical evidences, that this same antagonism was rife in this country early in the century; that it nearly led to secession of the Eastern states from the Union, and that it finally culminated in that political, commercial and financial revolution marked by the election of Gen. Jackson, the first president chosen from an inland state. Jackson represented Western ideas of government, business and patriotism. The East, then, was still in leading-strings to Europe--was foreign in its ideas of government, and in its social and business connections. In Eastern cities the bells were rung on the birthday of King George and were silent on the Fourth of July thirty years after the declaration of Independence. Legislation was sectional to the East, whichever party was in power. The West revolted peacefully and Americanized the government, politics and business of the country.

Your Jury will find a remarkable coincidence in the present English attitude of the East as against the interests of the whole country. Our literary and art authorities and our social leaders do not more affront the purely patriotic sentiments of the country by Anglomania than do our merchants and bankers anger all other parts by efforts to prefer foreign-made goods and to reduce all values in the country to the English standard of gold.

The most immediate and exciting of these causes, therefore, is the anti-silver crusade of the East. As the East is the creditor, the West the debtor; the East the lender, the West the borrower, to exclude silver is to at once add a large per cent. to the indebtedness of the West and the same per cent. to the profits of the East. While, therefore, your Jury of Public Opinion should turn its first attention to the attempted injustice, you will keep in mind the persistent, underlying causes that will surely breed strife if the interests of any class or part of the country

be not National instead of sectional, American instead of foreign, patriotic instead of monopolistic.

C. E. B.

In The Mug.

One of them had read in the paper that there were several different sizes of beer mugs, and they submitted to the proprietor of the Garden (three geraniums and a scrub pine in a tub) the great unsolved problem: "What does a mug of beer contain?"

"Vell, boys, I tolt you apoud dot. Dot vos tifference mit some prewers vot it vos by oders, und one prewer vill not gif away te incretients uv his peverach to anoder. Yoost te same I gets te peer from te prewer yoost so like dot I gifs it to you, alretty. I ton't know--"

"No, you don't understand, Jake. We mean to ask what is the capacity--"

"Ach, gabacity. Vell, dot's tifference, too. I haf gapacity py seexteen, dwcnty class. Some fellers more can schwallow, ober dey got not shtamps te peer to puy, chenerally. Some vellers so mooch gan not--"

"No, no, Jake. We want to know how much beer goes in a glass."

"Vell, py chinks, you gannot goot Inkish onderstoot. I haf sait dwo, dree times, right away, yoost te same goes in like vot I get from te prewer, und yoost so much goes in vot you can bay for and drink. You vill haf mit dose answer gontentit pe. I more gannot say."

And the Dutchman walked off on his dignity and beer-capacity.

In a few moments, however, Dutch complacency and the instincts of the caterer asserted themselves and "Chake" came back to the boys with the remark:

"I nodice mit te bapers dot Poart of Helluth uv Prooklyn haf gomplain dot peer apowd. I nodings apout dot know too. Aber ve no droubles haf Nye Yoreck py. All peer is goot und some vos pedder too. Dot's vot I say. You no peeblen can find so goot und so healty und so all-riot like dem vot blenty peer gonzume. You vellers vos all summer healty, ton't you? No golery, no schmall-box, no oppizooty alretty, eh? Oxeckly, dot's vot I say. You peer trink effery tay."

And with several heavy but earnest nods of the head he refilled the glasses.

The Democratic System.

Now is the time over all this broad land of freedom and self-government when the far-seeing sovereigns compensate themselves for going it blind on party nominations for the big offices by an engrossing and excited contest over the important coroners and game-keepers. Thus is the hankering for self-government gratified, the safety-valve of patriotism and office-lust kept open and party discipline for the benefit of bosses maintained.

—o:—

According to an exchange a recently appointed postmaster in Rhode Island has been arrested nine times in three months for violating the liquor law. Can such a man be safely trusted to liquor stamps?



LOVING HER TO DEATH.

A DICK TURPIN LOVER—"Your heart, Love, or your life."

An Essay on Mica.

Mica is known as glimmer or muscovy glass. It is a substance of foliated texture, which is capable of being divided into leaves like a dining room table. The leaves have a sensible elasticity and are so extremely thin as to be perfectly transparent. The color of mica is greenish, and sometimes it is of every other known color. It is greasy to the touch, very like a large section of salted hog. It is soft and as easy to be scratched as a kitten's back. When divided across the back it seems rather to tear than to break.

In Liberia thin plates of mica are used for window glass. This is said to be a perfect safe-guard against small boys who throw stones. Mica is dug in large quantities in Irkutsk and Ilmeva. Mica is not found in Elkhart or Iphspening. So plentiful is mica in Bengal that for a dollar a dozen panes, twelve by nine inches, may be purchased. In Cincinnati a water-melon that will produce two dozen pains may be purchased for half-a-dollar. It is therefore cheaper to live in Cincinnati than Bengal.

Ordinary objects can be seen through mica at the distance of thirty yards. Blind men and persons who are full of Ft. Wayne whiskey cannot see through it at thirty feet.

As a substitute for glass, mica is like a well-developed tramp; having the inconvenience of becoming dirty, its transparency being destroyed by long exposure to air.

Powdered mica is employed in Europe and on the clothing of American circus riders as spangles for the purpose of giving brilliancy. To our knowledge, Mr. Tennyson and Walt Whitman have of late years forgot to use powdered mica in decorating their poems. Hence the lack of brilliancy to the said poems.

It was formerly sold by stationers as sand for absorbing ink in writing, but since the introduction of spring poets it is not used as sand.

The best mica is of a pure, pearl color, and when split into leaves presents a smooth surface, not unlike the floor of a skating rink.

Mica, like small-pox patients, is frequently annoyed with small scaly blisters which greatly depreciates its value.

It is said that mica was first discovered by Mica-el Angelo, who was also the author of Mica-do, a once popular comic opera.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

A New-Mismatician.

I have always enjoyed talking about money. The very word has a rich, respectable sound for me. Money rhymes with sunny, bonnie, funnie—well, yes, with funny, but it doesn't seem to jingle with funny men. Rhymes, of course, must have their limits.

I have had many arguments over the word money, for I somehow find that my ideas of its use do not always jibe with other minds that are intent students of the subject. I might mention scientific landladies without land, reformed tailors, and shoemakers with financially far-fetched theories, but it is unnecessary.

My business daily leads me to the bank, that is, to say, I go there to study my theme; savans repair to valuable libraries to pore over rich volumes of forgotten lore—or higher—and dare not go off with any of the books. They leave with their heads enriched, and I do the same. Thus I have grown familiar

with the coins of the whole world, and their names and meaning are at my finger ends, though the coins themselves may not just be in their immediate vicinity.

I find that the American eagle was so named because it generally flies high out of reach, and I do not blame my country (and city) men for fighting for it. The dollar was so named because with it in one's pocket he feels dollerable rich, and the nickle, because "many a nickle makes a mickle." Mills were designed to relieve the awful idea of dollars on the tax list, and make you think how small it will be this year.

In Austria the Austriches can get upon the Florin crow; with it they can go to see Florinel or travel to Florence. Another of their coins they love to ducat with polite bows, but their Rix Thaler was formerly called Nix Thaler—a very popular expression among friends in certain questions of import.

In Egypt the principle coin is the Piaster—the first part of the name is synonymous, this is used as buckshish by the hungry natives to pay their buck board with, and the Mahbub is the very expressive coin which Tripoli mothers give to their boys when they want to go to the dance and Tripolight fantastic toe with the shoes generally off.

In England it is almost as hard for the average people to reach a half-crown as it is a whole one, and it is observed by travellers there, with ears, that the ones who have the Guinea are apt to make the most noise with it. Their Pound is so called because the workingmen have to make a good many hard pounds to get it. When a man gets a hapenny it usually makes him laugh, and their smaller coin, which is a near thing, is a farthing. It will be observed by the most intelligent, moneyless reader that when the English speak of their money they use Ster-

lings.

The French possess a Franc, open-hearted currency, and while the people will sometimes sue for a cent, they will often scent for a sou. The people of Peru have not changed their religion much for they still worship Sol.

In Japan when a fellow goes to a saloon he always takes the Chobang, and if he gets out of money and in liquor he will hic cup to you and ask, "Have you got 50 Sen?"

In Russia the roubles give them a good many troubles, and what they do get is generally considered as Czar'd money.

In Hindoostan when a fellow accidentally finds a piece of money he jumps up forty feet and yells, "Rupce," which is equivalent in our coinage to our "whooper" when we find one.

Our aboriginal friends used shells as a financial medium and hence arose the modern invitation to please "shell out," and bones of certain animals constituted a man's wealth; see "Bone him for a stake," or "stake him for a bone."

I would continue this valuable and richly jingling treatise but you see I have run out of money; squandered every coin I had on this for your benefit.

THEODWINKLE BROWN,

Editor of the *Brown Paper*.

This is to certify that the author is well versed—although he does not write poetry—in foreign money and it is nearly all that way. And as he has spent almost everything he had except money in pursuit of this subject, he would like to make a cabinet of rare coins from all parts of the world: (all coins are rare to him) he feels that he would not feel below accepting specimens of any denomination, religious or otherwise.

A. W. BELLAW.



A KITE THAT WON'T RISE.

"Faith, it would go illegiant, but for the tail."

SEASONABLE RHYMES.

Autumn.

Already the frost has been felt in the air.
The trees of their leaves will soon be bare
And the days be chilly and drear;
The emerald beauty will shortly pass
Away from the meadow of waving grass,
And the lover of nature will murmur, alas!
'Tis evident autumn is here.

The Annual Chestnut.

Now the maiden is beaming with happiness
As she searches for autumn leaves to press,
With her beau, in the maple grove,
But the season no joy to her papa brings;
At home he's anthematizing things,
And joints and elbows around he flings
As he sets up the parlor stove.
The toil has given him a crick in the back,
His knuckles are barked and his face is black,
And he thinks it is time to quit,
For he finds it a difficult job to do;
He has tried each section and elbow, too,
In every way he's mad clean through,
For he can't get the pieces to fit.
His face o'erspread with a gloomy frown,
Thoroughly disgusted he sits him down
His mis'rab'le fate to deplore.
But his wife in the coal-cellar rumaging,
A section of stove pipe to light doth bring,
'Tis tried and is found to be just the thing
And his weary labor is o'er.

The Season of 1885-6 Begins.

Once more on the little rolling wheels
The maiden her supple grace reveals
As she circles around the floor.
The motion a flush to her cheek bestows,
Her eye with the light of excitement glows,
And the maiden is smiling for well she knows
That she's mashing the dudes once more.
Bewitching of face and of form and air,
Her glances the heart of the youth ensnare—
What maiden envies her not?
She glides o'er the surface as gracefully
As the Puritan skimmed o'er the billowy sea,
A picture of nautical beauty, when she
Ran away from the English yacht.

Take it Out.

When the autumn leaves are falling and the nights
are growing long,
When the bobolinks and orioles have hushed their
summer song,
When the beauty-blighting breezes wilt the grasses
and the flowers,
And the geese are flying southward to a warmer
clime than ours,
When the smiling iceman's counting o'er the profits
he has won,
And the wily coalman adds another dollar to the
ten,
When the patrons of horse railroads ride no more
in open cars
And the call for whiskey punches is increasing at
the bars,
Then go and pay the principal, likewise the interest
due,
And get the ulster out at once, your "uncle"
keeps for you.

[Boston Courier.

Grand Opera House.

"Alone in London," by the successful author, Robert Buchanan, author of "Lady Clare," and "Storm Beaten," was the attraction at this theatre last week. The cast was one of unusual merit and individual excellence, including the young emotional

actress, Miss Cora S. Tanner. "Alone in London" is the strongest and most impressive play of English life we have had for years. Compact in structure, vigorous in tone, faithful in heroism, and expressive in language, Mr. Buchanan has charged his play with a dramatic force and a human interest which neither his "Lady Clare" and "Storm Beaten" possess. Magnificent scenery, marvelous mechanical effects, the Old Sluice House, with rushing water at opening the gate, and the finest view of Westminster Bridge and Houses of Parliament ever seen on the American stage.

MISS MARY ANDERSON commenced her engagement under the direction of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, at the Star Theatre on Monday as *Rosalind* in Shakespeare's play "As You Like It."

How to Buy a Piano.

In former times, when pianos were sold from \$500 to \$800, and then only for spot cash, none but the wealthy could afford such a luxury. But to-day it is very different. We are reminded of this by noticing that the enterprising firm of Horace Waters & Co., of New York, offer elegant new pianos, of their own manufacture, at about one-half these prices, and moreover, sell them in all parts of the country, near and remote, on small monthly payments. Our own dealings with Horace Waters & Co., warrant us in stating that all parties who buy of them will be sure to be honorably and liberally treated.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Anxious Wife—"Henry, have you seen Georgie within the last hour? I'm afraid he's fallen overboard and been drowned." Husband—"Oh, I guess he's all right. I wouldn't worry, if I were you. I'll take a look about the boat, and see if he isn't with little Harold Brown; they are such friends." Anxious Wife—"If they're together, Henry, you'll probably find them in the companion-way."—[Tid Bits.

"How does a man snuff a candle, Mr. Flipkins?" "Up his nose, er course." [Saturday Union.

"I carry a raiser," remarked a ferocious looking woman, as she pulled a rubber bottle on a helpless baby in her arms. [Merchant Traveler.

Not a defaulting bank officer in Canada has taken the small-pox. This is the best of evidence that it is not worth taking. [Philadelphia Call.

Butcher to saloon man—"What do you want with so much beef liver?" Saloon man—"I need it—am going to give a turkey lunch to-night."—[Ark. Traveler.

Lady caller—"I much prefer colored servants to white ones, don't you Mrs. B.?" Mrs. B—"Well, really, Mrs. R., it depends upon the color, you know. I can't endure green ones."—[Boston Gazette.

Water contains microbes, whiskey is full of snakes, and a bottle of milk exploded at Baltimore the other day. It looks as though we will have to drink beer all winter. [Newman Independent.

Smith—"I hear that Major Bigliar is paying attention to Miss Gooseberry."

Jones—"Is that so? I am glad to hear it." "Why so?" "Because it's the first time I ever heard of his paying anything."

[St. Paul Herald.

"A Western preacher refused to fight a man who called him a liar." The clergyman said he was employed fighting the devil, and could not spare time to engage in a controversy with any other member of the family.—[Norristown Herald.

"Doctor," said a man, "I am overworked. I must have rest. What would you advise me to do?" "Join the Knights of Labor and quit work," the doctor replied.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

"Will you have some corn?" asked the New York landlady, offering an ear to Major Cash of Kentucky.

"Thanks, yes. Ah, excuse me, no—my mistake. We never speak of that as corn in Kentucky."—[Tid Bits.

QUIZZING A QUERIST.

Something about the engineer, his face or his manner, or possibly his clothes, attracted my attention; anyhow I wanted to talk to him and hear him talk about his engine. There is a wonderful fascination about railway engineers, locomotives and railroad men, and I am especially susceptible to this fascination. But before I could get to the engineer I speak of, who has a passenger engine on the I. B. & W., another had him in conversation. I am always willing to let anybody else make a fool of himself and ask the questions, just so I get the benefit of the answers; so I let him talk while I hung around and listened. This engineer wasn't like any engineer I had ever made friends with before. He was an awful practical fellow. The passenger said:

"Yours is a very exciting life?"

"It is?" said the engineer, with an air of interest.

"Well, I meant, isn't it?" said the passenger.

"Oh," was the reply, with a satisfied accent. Then after a pause, "Well, I don't know; do you see anything very exciting about this?"

He was lazily stretched out on his cushion, dividing up his paper of fine-cut, putting all but one chew into his vest pocket and putting that one chew into his tobacco pouch, so he could show the fireman that was all he had, should that useful official ask for it.

The passenger fidgetted a bit but didn't want to give it up. I didn't know how to feel glad enough that I didn't go into the catechism business with the quiet man.

"Well," said the passenger after a little while, "are we pretty near ready to pull out?"

"Pull out what?" asked the engineer.

"Why, the train."

"Train isn't in anything. Train's all right."

"Well," said the passenger, "are we near ready to go?"

"I am," quietly remarked the engineer "are you?"

"You've a splendid engine there," said the passenger.

"Tain't mine," replied the sphinx "it's the company's."

"How much can you get out of her," asked the passenger.

The engineer looked surprised.

"Can't get a cent out of it," he said, "can't get anything out of anybody except

the paymaster."

"Well, but I mean, what'll she do on a good road, easy grade, and you cracking on all the steam she can carry?"

"It can pull the train; what do you expect it to do?"

"Well, but how fast?" asked the passenger.

"Schedule time," came the reply; "that's all we are allowed to make; must make our own time between all stations. That's imperative orders on the I. B. & W."

"Well, but couldn't you pull her wide open, and—"

"Pull who wide open?"

"Why, her—your engine; and give her sand, and—"

"Why should I give it sand?"

"To make her run faster."

"Sand does not increase the speed of an engine; steam is the only motive power."

"But you give her sand on a heavy grade, and—"

"I never give an engine sand, it is poured on the rail."

"Oh, you know what I mean; you give her steam and—"

"No, I don't; I only move the throttle lever which opens the regulator valve and the steam is forced to the proper portions of the machinery, in obedience to laws of physics. I have no control, beyond regulating the supply."

"Did you ever," said the despairing man, "come so near a collision, that you had to throw her clear over, and—"

"No," gravely came the reply, "and I never expect to. It couldn't be done. No man could throw his engine clear over. It weighs thirty-five tons."

"I suppose," the passenger obstinately persisted, "when you start out with a heavy train you hold her awfully close to the rails?"

"I've nothing to do with that, the laws of gravitation and friction control that. My weight on the engine adds somewhat to the pressure on the rail, but that amounts to little in comparison with the weight of the engine."

The passenger wiped the perspiration off his brow and said: "How do you like life on the foot-board, anyhow?"

"I live at home and not on foot-boards," was the reply.

"Well, how do you like running on the road, then?"

"I don't run, I ride."

Just then the conductor came and handed the man in the cab a bit of yellow paper and shouted, "All aboard."

The passenger, looking grateful, said "Thank Heaven" as he went into the last car, as far back from the engine as he could get; then I heard the engineer growling about people who "always want to talk shop." It was a narrow escape for me, and I rather enjoyed it.

MRS. JARBY'S SPRING CHICKEN.

"I hope you will be home to dinner early to-night, Mr. Philbrick; we are going to have spring chicken," said Mrs. Jarby as

she met Phil in the hall as he was going to the office.

"Spring chicken, eh! all right; 5 o'clock, sharp," replied Phil.

Philbrick was on time. Miss Lulu bloomed out in a new cream-colored bunting dress with several extra kinks in it; the other boarders wore a wistful look; they hadn't eaten any lunch in anticipation of the spring chicken, and Mrs. Jarby was in her glory. The chicken was served and the boarders were eagerly devouring it when Mrs. Jarby happened to notice Phil poking something on his plate.

"I hope your chicken suits, Mr. Philbrick," she asked in her blandest tones.

"Oh, yes; I had my doubts, Mrs. Jarby, when you told me this morning that you were going to have spring chicken, but I am glad to see that there is no joke about this one. You know the old joke about boarding house spring chicken?"

"Oh, yes; certainly, but I am sure, as you say, there can be no joke about this; ha, ha!"

"Are you a connoisseur of spring chickens, Mr. Philbrick?" asked the lady from Boston.

"Oh, not at all."

"How did you recognize the difference?"

"Oh, I found the spring," and Phil held up to view a twisted hair pin.

[Brooklyn Times.

MONKEY WITH THE MAZY WALTZ.

Very soon now I shall be strong enough on my cyclonic leg to resume my lessons in waltzing. It is needless to say that I look forward with great pleasure to that moment. Nature intended that I should glide in the mazy. Tall, little, bald-headed, genial, limber in the extreme, suave, soulful, frolicsome at times, yet dignified and reserved toward strangers, light on the foot—on my own foot, I mean—gentle as a woman at times, yet irresistible as a tornado when insulted by a smaller. I am peculiarly fitted to shine in society. Those who have noticed my polished brow under a strong electric light say that they never saw a man shine so in society as I do.

I had just learned how to reel around a ball-room to a little waltz music, when I was blown across the State of Mississippi in September last, by a high wind, and broke one of my legs which I use in waltzing. When this accident occurred, I had just got where I felt at liberty to choose a glorious being with starry eyes and fluffy hair, and magnificently moulded form, to steer me around the rink to the dreamy music of Strauss. One young lady with whom I had waltzed a good deal, when she heard that my leg was broken, began to attend every dancing party she could hear of, although she had declined a great many previous to that. I asked her how she could be so giddy and so gay while I was suffering. She said she was doing it to drown her sorrow, but her little brother told me on the quiet, that she was dancing while I was sick because she felt perfectly safe.

My wife taught me how to waltz. She

would teach me on Saturdays and repair her skirts during the following week. I told her once that I thought I was too brainy to dance. She said she hadn't noticed that, but she thought I seemed to run too much to legs. My wife is not timid about telling me anything that she thinks will be for my good. When I make a mistake she is perfectly frank with me and comes right to me and tells me about it, so that I won't do so again.

A friend of mine says that I have a pronounced and distinctly original manner of waltzing, and that he never saw anybody, with one exception, who waltzed as I did, and that was Jumbo. He claimed that either one of us would be a good dancer if he could have the whole ring to himself. He said he would like to see Jumbo and me waltz together, if he were not afraid that I would step on Jumbo and hurt him. You can see what a feeling of jealous hatred it arouses in some small minds when a man gets so that he can mingle in good society and enjoy himself.

I could waltz more easily if the rules did not require such a constant change of position. I am sedentary in my nature, slow to move about, so that it takes a lady of great strength of purpose to pull me around on time. I had a partner once who said I was very easy to waltz with. She moved about with wonderful ease and a poetic motion that made my legs stand out at an angle of 45 degrees, when we turned the corners. She told me to trust her implicitly and she would see that I got around

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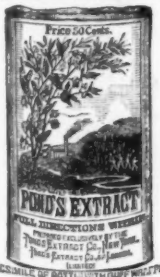
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on time. My feet only touched the floor three times during the dance, and one arm has been a little longer than the other ever since that time. Most of the other dancers left the floor and watched us with great interest. Finally I asked her if she didn't want to sit down and fan herself till I could get her a glass of water. She said no, she didn't feel fatigued at all, and then proceeded to whirl me around some more. It makes me shudder yet to think of it. Every time the old bass viol would "zzzt, zzzt, zzzt," she would scrunch my shoulder blades together and swing me around like a wet rag. I then asked her if she would not be kind enough to take me home to my parents. I looked her in the eye and begged her to remember her father. He, too, was a man. "Ah," said I, "do not take advantage of your great strength. Perhaps you have a brother. How would you like to have him fall into the hands of a strong woman and be kidnapped so that you would never see his dear face again?"

She then relented and lead me to a seat. I told her that my friend, who had introduced us had not pronounced her name distinctly; might I ask her once more, so that we could some day dance again. She smiled joyously, and gave me a large, stiff, blue card, and left the room. It read as follows:

Sec.	LELU HURST.
Row.	Admit One.
Seat.	
Retain this check as it secures your seat.	

[Bill Nye.

THE MODERN SHAKESPERE.

"Sweet boy! Wast ever in the tented field?"

"Aye, be me halidome! I wast, fair maid."

"E'en where Bellona beckoned to the fray and thrust her cohorts i' the jaws of death?"

"The same, Andromeda! Thou know'st full well I'm quite adjacent when bologna woos."

"Out on thy flummery, thou dizzy-pate! When wit's sauce ages then it loseth zest. Tell me again, wast ever in the wars?"

"Not in such wars as have with carnage dripped, tho' I on dress parade have frequent warred against the elements, sweet Amazon."

"And yet thou quite belikest a fierce hussar who bathed him daily in sanguineous flood. When I did see thee i' the glittering ranks, thy breast with honor's symbols scintillant, and sword in Richard Cœur de Lion grip, I did, sub rosa, make me this remark, 'Great Custer! how he'd scare the Indians!'"

"Rail on, thou limber-tongued buffoon, rail on! Tho' I do wear a home-guard livery there may be germs of Caesar i' me blood. If Providence doth gauge me at me best, and, noting when the martial spirit's on, fit some gore-dripping battle i' the nitch, I'll dwarf Miltiades, so help me Bob!"

"Save me! but now thou'rt murderous! Carnage shoots daggers from thy glittering e'en, thy beetling brow doth hint of massacre, and at the swagger of thy largest foot, prudence proclaimeth, 'Call the ambulance!' The gods forfend that ever circumstances should prick thy valor when 'tis at the full, for then the hemispheres would reek with gore, the universe become an abattoir, and Mars sling down his scimeter and say, 'I cave, Henrico! you've the bulge on me.'"—[Yonkers Gazette.

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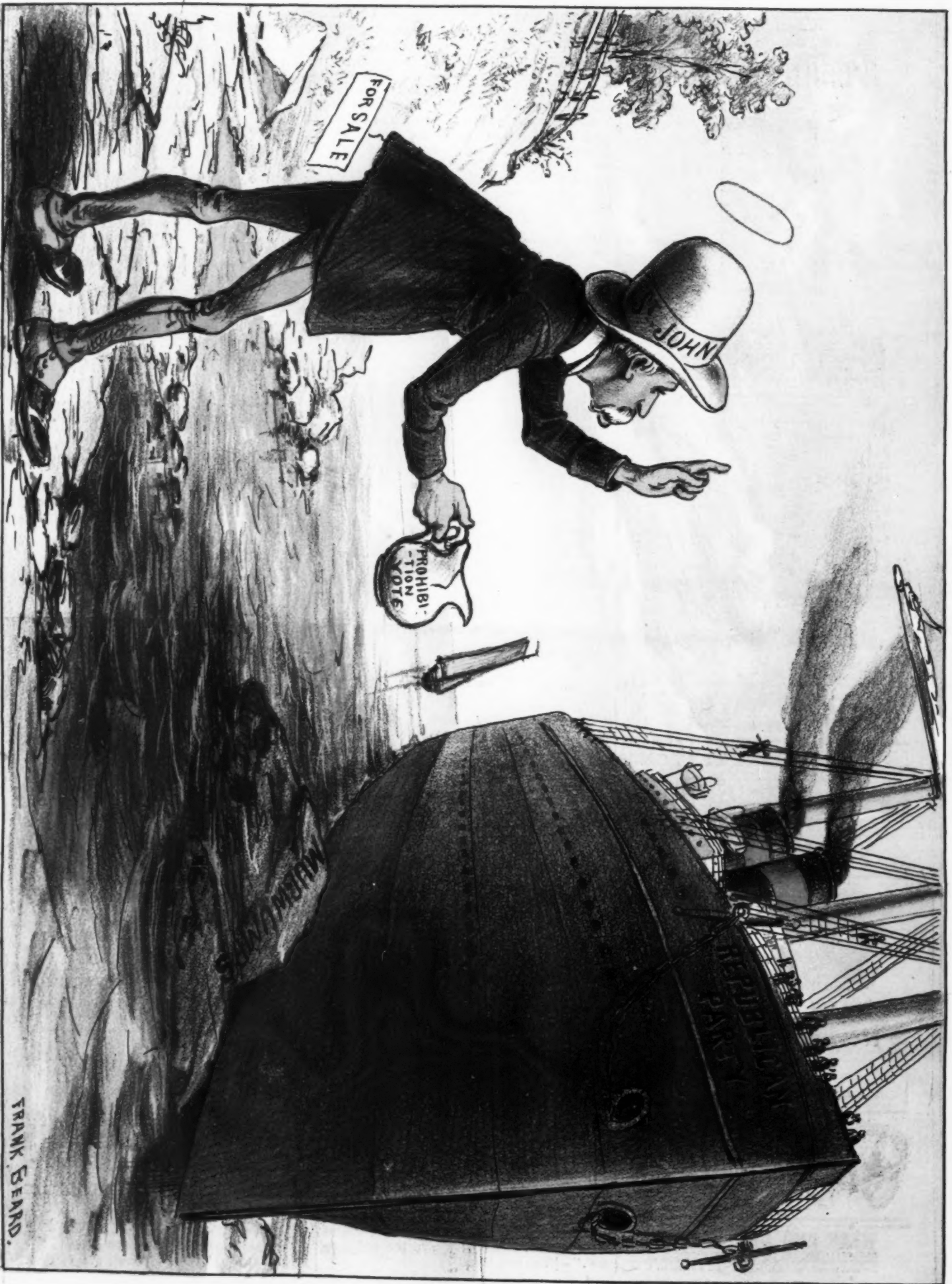
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