



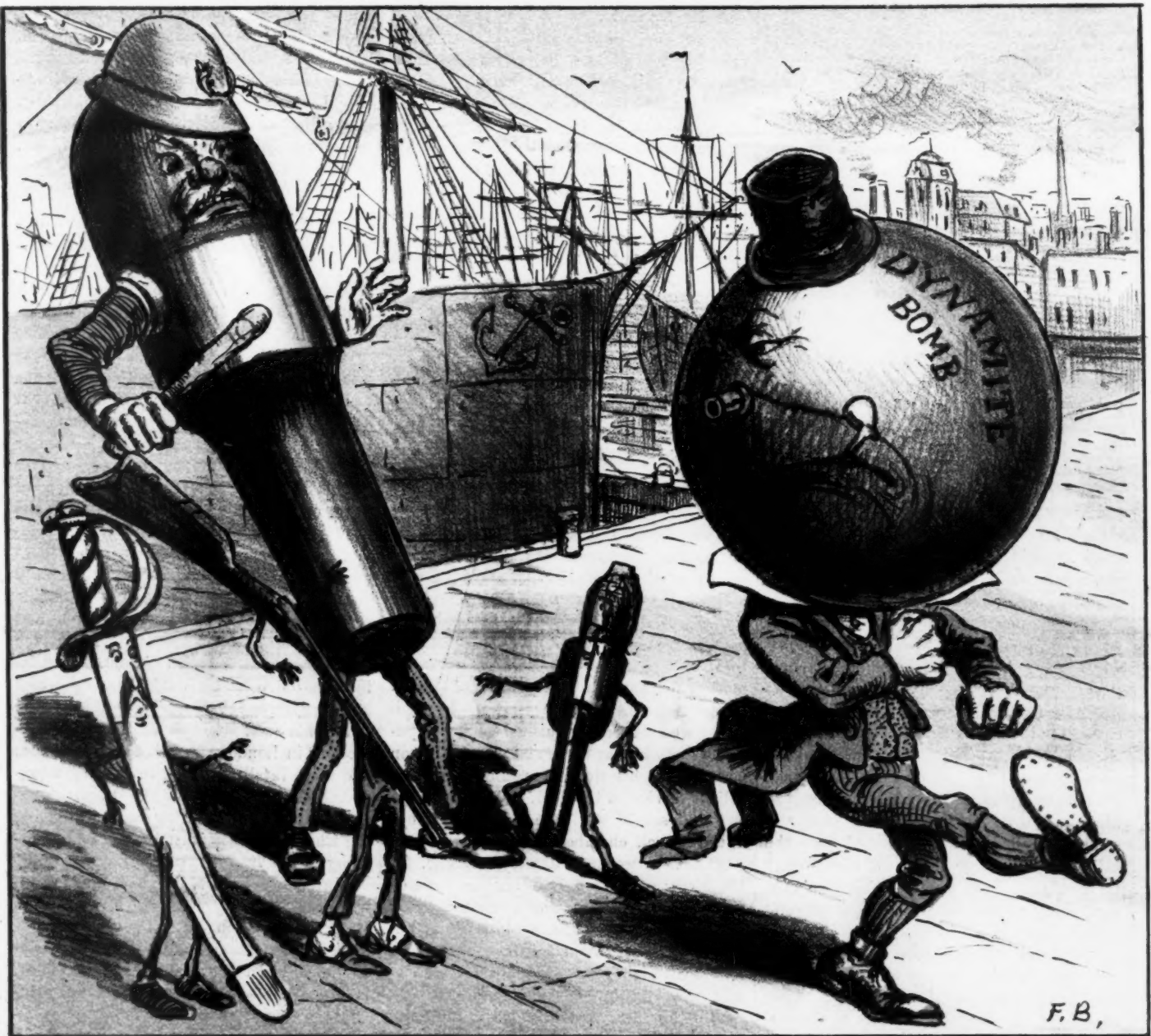
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THE JUDGE



O' DYNITE BOMB, ESQ.—“Yees fellows moight as well give it up. I'm boss now!”

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

# THE JUDGE.



## THE JUDGE.

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### YE POOR INDEPENDENTS.

THE first turmoil and tumult which succeeded the closing of the Chicago Convention has died out, and the sober second thought of the community is settling down into unqualified approval of the regular Republican nominees. Of course there are soreheads; we suppose there always are and there always must be. It has been the good fortune of THE JUDGE from time to time to watch a group of children at their play. He has never seen a game proposed—be it tag, puss in the corner, or what you will—but some child in the party would at once and vigorously oppose it. When a majority of the playground decides with alacrity to embrace the new pastime, the malcontent youngster turns away with lowering brow and pouting lips, and the crushing sentence, "Very well, I won't play." Sometimes he sticks to his word and sulks miserably in a corner for the remainder of the day. Sometimes he repents and joins in; but, in either case, THE JUDGE has observed the game goes on very pleasantly without reference to him.

The so-called "Independents" were the sulky child at the great game of the Chicago Convention. They wanted their own way, and, being unable to get it, went off and sulked like a lot of big babies. Arthur, Hawley, and others wanted their own way too; but they did not go off to sulk when they found they could not get it. They cheerfully fell in with the plans of the majority.

These "Independents" make THE JUDGE tired. Their conduct almost forbids the assumption that they are grown up, bearded men. They are more like spoiled children or semi-imbecile old women.

They are making a virtue of necessity, however, and are coming into the fold by degrees. They have found that the name of James G. Blaine has wakened an echo through the length and breadth of the land. They have heard the shouts of acclaim with which his nomination has been greeted—the most popular nomination in many a year—and they hear them yet. They have realized that they are independent only in the sense that James G. Blaine is independent of them, so they are creeping back—a very broken, disorganized little party—not overwhelmed with shame, because they have not the grace to own themselves in the wrong, but fully conscious that the whole country is laughing at them, and that the Republican party is blushing for them.

Meanwhile, the cannons that boomed and the cheers that rent the firmament from Maine to California on the evening of the 6th of June have not been silenced yet. The plumed knight has stepped into the forefront of the hottest battle, and is calling on his followers to victory. At last they have a man they can trust to lead them; at last the Republican party has abjured empty figure-heads, and has set at its head a man whose keenness, whose sagacity, whose natural aptitude for statesmanship, have never been matched on this continent in the memory of this generation. The pigmy worshippers are nowhere; we live in an age of giants, and it is only a giant who can lead and command the widely divergent elements of the party.

As for the Independents—there are so very few of them, after all; and they haven't very much spare independence about them.

### THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

WHEN all is said and done, it must be admitted that the Republican ticket this year is an almost ideal one. In the first place, it balances the two great sections of the country—the East and West—and satisfies those patriots who are swayed by mere considerations of longitude and latitude. But far more important than this question of locality is the personnel of the ticket. In Gen. Logan we have a distinguished soldier, popular and admired at home and abroad; a man whose sword has done his country true and valiant service in the field, as his keen sagacity and subtle wit have done her honor in the council chamber.

And then we have James G. Blaine, for President; a man whose figure has towered head and shoulders above contemporary statesmen for years; a man whose commanding intellect has compelled the respect of his foes as his high personal qualities have riveted the affection of his friends. His nomination was received with the most rapturous and thundering applause, and

when heated cannons and parched throats refused to testify longer to the popular exultation, there went up a sigh of relief from the whole broad land. The convention was over, and there was no Dark Horse—no picayune politician to be foisted upon the people; no unknown knight on the Republican side, at least, was to tilt for the great prize of the Presidency. No; for once the foremost man in the nation had been nominated for the foremost honor in the gift of the people. No wonder the ticket excited enthusiasm; no wonder Republican America went almost wild with joy.

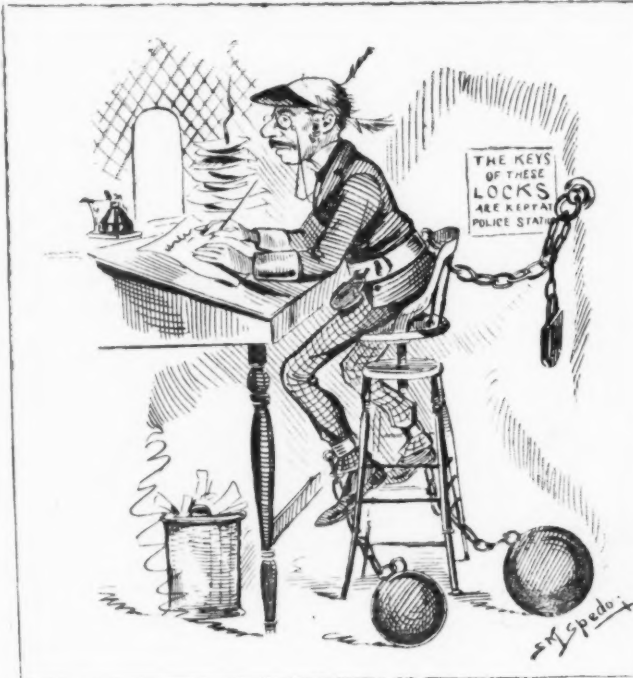
Blaine's nomination was a triumph even greater than will be the more substantial triumph of his election. In the convention every possible combination was arrayed against him, and arrayed in vain. The cry of his enemies was "anything to beat Blaine," and nothing was found to beat him. Every device, every tactic that desperation, mated with unscrupulousness, could produce, was brought into play, and brought in vain. The nomination of James G. Blaine was a signal triumph for popular choice and individual excellence over political chicanery and collective inferiority. The country is to be congratulated on the Republican ticket.

### THOSE DYNAMITE BOMBS.

THE English press is very loud and insistent that the United States should do something to prevent or control the manufacture of dynamite and its exportation to Great Britain. In view of the recent serious shaking up London has received from dynamite or some kindred explosive, it is not to be wondered at that our transatlantic cousins feel uneasy on the subject; but in reality it does not seem to be by any means an established fact that the dynamite in question or any dynamite has been manufactured in or brought from this country. The weight of evidence appears to point to France as the producing centre. The public and the press of New York, with one voice, unite in condemning these outrages as useless, cruel and devilish. There is no sympathy on this side of the water for secret assassination and wanton destruction of property. Even such of our people as, through ignorance or false information, consider Ireland as an oppressed and misgoverned country, are sensible enough to see that such attempts as the recent explosions in London can lead to no good end, and must infallibly result in putting a stop to the concessions which the English government has been granting and in inflaming the English mind against Ireland and everything that is Irish.

With more justice, England finds fault with the impunity with which O'Donovan Rossa is suffered in this country to preach a dynamite crusade against England. Perhaps England, when she makes that complaint, is not aware what an utter nonentity this Rossa is regarded as here; how he is ridiculed, laughed at, and only encouraged as a





THE BANK OFFICIAL AT WORK.



THE BANK OFFICIAL GOING TO AND FROM WORK.

clown is encouraged. If the United States was to undertake to stop the mouth of every blatherskite who preached inflammatory nonsense she would have enough to do.

And, in conclusion, we cannot help thinking that England ought to be strong enough to protect herself. However, until she feels herself strong enough to do without Gladstone, and to substitute a man of nerve and action for that milk and water Premier, she probably will continue to have serious trouble with her Irish malcontents. We may sympathise with her, but, we fear, cannot help her. Perhaps, when the British people are satisfied that Gladstone and concession have failed to deal with the Irish problem, she may try another government and other means. Then, and not till then, London will be safe from dynamite. Meanwhile, let the English press stop blaming the United States for mischief that is fostered much nearer home.

CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB.

POLITICS ebb and flow; brokers break on Wall street and skip for Canada; but the great interest of mankind in that noble animal the horse remains unabated, and races are always well patronized. No race course in the vicinity of New York has attained the popularity of the Sheepshead Bay track, and the crowds which attend all the meetings there are invariably well repaid and thoroughly satisfied. This popular race track has recently been enlarged and improved in many ways, and to-day may be fairly regarded as the finest course in the world. The management is beyond reproach, and, combining as it does accessibility, proximity to the ocean, and excellent sport, it is not wonderful that all New York and its wife may be found at the meetings of the Coney Island Jockey Club at Shepshead Bay.

How to be Good.

COME here, my pretty little girl,  
With hair half banged and half in curl,  
Raise up to me those lustrous eyes,  
So blue, so lucid and so wise,  
And learn of me what's understood  
By being bad and being good.

At table, ask not greedily  
For every article you see.  
When told that it is time for bed  
Don't pout your lips and hang your head,  
And, before all the guests have gone,  
Don't air the household skeleton.

If sister chance to have a beau,  
It's wrong to hide his hat you know;  
'Tis also wrong to place a pin  
On chairs he haply may sit in;  
And, in debate, you should not touch  
On corsets, crinolines, and such.

You should not speak to your mamma  
Of all the doings of papa,  
Nor say you cannot understand  
Why he should hold the nurse's hand;  
Such speculations, little girl,  
Have set staid households in a whirl.

In fact, there are so many things  
You must not do; such wonderings  
That, all alone, you must think out,  
That 'twill be best without a doubt  
While you remain so very young  
To sit quite still and hold your tongue,

G. H. J.

Puts and Calls.

"MY DEAR," said a young wife to her husband, who had been rather badly bitten in Wall street at the time of the recent failures there, "what is the meaning of the words 'puts' and 'calls' which I see in the newspapers so often?"

"It means," he replied, with quite an unnecessary display of savageness, as his wife thought, "that when some idiot puts his money in the hands of a broker to speculate with for him, and then calls for it again, he doesn't get it."

Mrs. Soporose, from Beartown, at the Chicago Convention.

WHEN the legal partner of my joys and sorrows, Simeon Soporose, drew up to the horse block one evening, and said he'd been appointed a delegate to the Chicago Convention, I riz right up from the table where I'd been a settin' and pouring out the tea for the men folks, and says I to him, "Simeon," says I, "I will accompany you thither."

"What," says he, "Phronie, you go too?"  
"Go to, yourself," says I, unconsciously quoting Shakespeare and making a pun at the same time. Then noticing the look of indecision and bewilderment peculiar to the Soporose tribe stealing over his idiopathic countenance, I deemed it best to sit upon him then and there and nip any further objections in the bud.

"Do you suppose," says I, "I'd allow you to brave the terrors of a sleeping-car or pass one night in the iniquitous city of New York alone?"

"No," says I, "not if I know myself. I'm a woman suffragist, and a woman's rights woman to the remotest bone of my spinal vertebre, but no one shall ever say that I deserted my husband in the hour of need. So there's no use discussin' the matter any further. If you go to Chicago I shall go with you," and then I cut the matter short by inquiring when he expected to start, and how many clean shirts he s'posed he'd want.

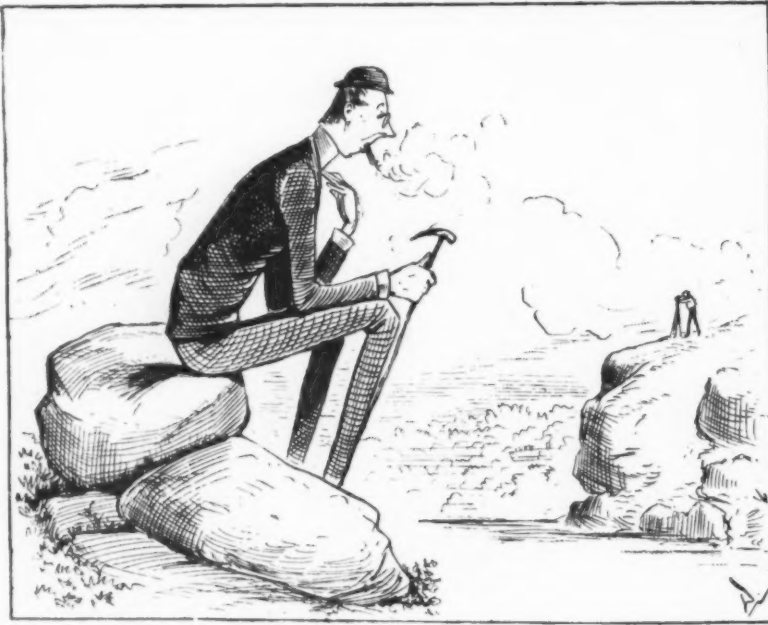
He looked more bewildered than ever and said he didn't know.

"A nice kind of a man you are to nominate a President," says I. "You don't know any more about politics than you do about traveling, and that's next to nothing."

"I'd like to know where you'd be without me," I continued.

"I'd be in Chicago without you, if I could," says he, *sotoe vochy*.

I pretended not to hear, but the next morning I hitched up the old gray mare and druv to town myself and learned full particulars. Then I came back and washed and ironed four shirts for Simeon and a petticoat



## DISTANCE LENDS ENGHANTMENT.

PARTY ON ROCK.—“Ha! yonder is a photographer with his camera pointed this way. Well, there can be no doubt that a really good figure, in an otherwise uninteresting landscape helps out the picture marvellously.” [Strikes a graceful attitude.]

And perhaps he never will know that he was hopelessly posing before the theodolite of a surveyor, who was laying out suburban allotments.

for myself, and the next night we were on our winding way.

Simeon never was particularly brilliant, but I declare that all the way to Chicago he was stupider than a horned owl. He acted completely crestfallen, and I never dared let him out of my sight for one minute.

We stopped one night in New York and put up at Astor's. It cost considerable, but I was bound to have all the luxuries on this trip, for heaven only knows when I'll get another chance to attend a convention.

“Not, I fear, till woman, lovely woman, is allowed to cast her ballot, free and equal with the nigger and the lesser animal called man,” as I remarked to a fellow passenger.

One thing is certain, Simeon 'll never be sent again. How he got the appointment this time is more'n I know. The only public office he ever held was that of *hog-howard* and he's been trying for ten years to get on as select man without succeeding.

However, it's not for me to question Providence, and I digress.

They treated us well at Astor's, but I paid for all I got. 'Pears to me if I was as rich as they say Mr. Astor is, I'd either quit keeping a tavern or I'd be patriotic enough to entertain delegates *free grattis*.

Simeon says, “What can you expect of people that get their living skinning skunks and woodchucks, as old John Jacob did?” which is about the only sensible thing I've heard Mr. Soporose utter for two weeks.

Well, we finally reached Chicago in a more or less exhausted condition. I had serious encounters with the sleeping-car porters all the way, and I did all the fighting myself. Simeon acted as if he didn't dare say his soul was his own.

We didn't go to a hotel. I found our funds were getting rather low, so we put up at a boarding house and slept in a small room on a hard bed, for a dollar and a half a day apiece. We'd been here two days before I found out that Mr. Soporose had a lot

of extra tickets to the convention. All the other delegates were a selling their's at high figgers, and I just thought I'd take a hand in and dispose of some of our's. It didn't take me long to discover that the convention wasn't a going to do us female suffragists a penny's worth of good. We stood no show at all on that platform; that I could see from the first.

I argued and argued with Simeon on the subject, but I couldn't seem to make him understand the matter at all, so I told him now was the golden opportunity of his life, and that if he'd make a speech I'd write it for him; but he was as obstinate as a mule, and wouldn't do anything but act like a fool and talk against Blaine when he didn't know I was listening. So I turned my attention for a time to dollars and cents, and made a nice, snug little sum selling the tickets that I abstracted from Simeon's pocket without his knowledge.

I told Simeon, from the start, that Blaine would be the winning man, but the fool couldn't see it. We talked the matter over one night, and I thought I had finally convinced him it was his duty to vote for him, when I became aware that the “enthusiastic member from Beartown” had fallen asleep, and that I was pouring my eloquence into his deaf ear, which he had taken the precaution to turn uppermost before succumbing to *Morphitus*.

After that I ceased to waste my breath upon him. I told him we'd adjourn further conjugal debates, *sin dee*, or until we reached home, but the next morning I took it upon myself to work at large among other and more sensible delegates.

I button-holed all the men I knew—and some I didn't know, and the way I talked up Blaine was a caution.

Perhaps I say it as I oughtn't to say it, but I don't believe the Senator from Maine would have got the nomination if it hadn't have been for your humble servant.

I told Simeon so, and I said, if other folks had worked as hard as I had, the majority for Blaine would have been larger than it was.

Mr. Soporose's reply was, that I talked like a fool, but I didn't care what he said, I was so excited.

My umbrella was shaky when I left home, and the way I pounded with it, whenever occasion demanded, racked it considerably more, but the last straw that broke the camel's eye was when the final ballot was given. I lost control of both my umbrella and myself and we both went to pieces together. I brought it down with such a vigorous thump that it flew in all directions like the Deacon's one hoss shay, and I lost my balance and my presence of mind at one and the same time, and fell all in a heap, and might have been crushed in pieces, if an Arthur man hadn't picked me up, which makes me feel more sympathetic toward Arthur than I did before.

Poor man! I know he hates to move, and I believe I'll write him a letter of condolence.

Simeon didn't show much anxiety about my fall. I was somewhat bruised but my bones and ribs were all right, which was more than could be said of those of the umbrella.

On our way back, I stopped long enough in New York to get a new one and I did some other shopping, for I had plenty of money—no thanks to Soporose though. He behaved awfully at the stores and nearly drove me wild at Macy's. It was hot and crowded, and every time I bought anything I made him follow the little girl around that took the money, to see she didn't steal it. He finally got sick of this, and didn't come back with the thing they called “kosh.” I spent about an hour hunting him up, and at last I found him in the refreshment department eating ice cream, and making eyes at a girl with a cap on her head.

I gave him a piece of my mind and walked him off for the depot in double quick time.

Before we reached home I took occasion to inform him what a fool he had made of himself and when I said with *contumely* that he didn't know enough to vote for the successful man, he tried to be sarcastic, and asked me what office Blaine would give me, providing he was elected.

“Something better than *hog howard*,” says I, which silenced him completely.

He never talks back when he sees I've fairly got my tongue a going. I've taught him better than that, and I'll keep to work till I can make him vote as I think proper, if it takes till doomsday.

If I can't cast my ballot in *propriety persony*, I'll do it by *procksy* in the shape of Simeon, and I'll write a speech and make him deliver it at the next town meeting, if it takes me till next summer to do it.

I'm a down-trodden and oppressed woman, but I'll lift my voice in protest as long as the breath of life remains in the body of

SOPHRONIA SOPOROSE.

A Masher of our acquaintance was too modest to ask his girl from her papa. *She* undertook the negotiation, and was sent back to the happy lover placarded on her back with this inscription: “With the author's compliments.”

“And he kicked you into the street—weren't you mad?” “No, not mad; but I did feel put out.”

THE latest thing in ladies' stockings is two o' clock.



Monographs.

A CONTRAST.

Soon will the little clerkling sigh  
For mountain, beach, or countryside,  
And from his weekly pay lay by  
Just cash enough to barely tide  
him o'er vacation.

And when at last on mountain peak,  
Or by the sea, or in the clover,  
You'd surely think to hear him speak  
That he was lord and ruler over  
half creation.

—This is a strong attachment—as the fly in the rancid butter observed

—This is a poor sea-son for traveling—so the young man remarked as he saw his dinner disappear over the taffrail.

—A London kleptomaniac was found with 900 umbrellas in his possession. He believed in laying something aside for a rainy day.

—“Look alive there! Eye've stewed this long enough,” the old potato will soon be shouting to the new.

—“Eye, eye, sir; eye'm pre-pared to re-leave you!” will be the encouraging reply.

—Grasstop [on a visit to city cousin]—What's that noise outside in the back yard? Somebody beating carpets?

Stickleboddy [cynical bachelor boarder]—Oh, no; they're only making tenderloin steaks for breakfast to-morrow.

—Kentucky will plant the largest tobacco crop this year of any in its history of tobacco growing. This is unadvisable, in view of the annual failure of the spittoon crop to meet the demands upon it. If more spittoons are not raised, or less tobacco planted, this people will soon be reduced to spitting on the floor, or into the fire, just like any vulgar and barbaric race.

—The Whitehall Times wants to know why the Japanese always bury their dead with their heads downward. This is a grave question, but we presume it is to give their soles a chance to rise.

—We ask the poet “What subject have you chosen?” instead of “What subject has chosen you?”—*Marie Eschenbach*. Marie is mistaken. If the poet comes up here, we don't annoy him with any impertinent questions. We simply throw him down stairs and break his head—if fortune smiles upon our efforts.

—Minnesota is the largest cold water State in the Union. It has 7,000 lakes within its borders, and the Minnesota man who can drink “whisky straight” in the face of all those puddles waiting to be drained, should have nerve enough to kick his mother-in-law, or run for president of this glorious land.

—A country journal says: “Bee-keepers must provide pasturage if profit is expected.” We don't see the necessity of this advice. There is not a man living who wouldn't vacate the most fertile ten-acre lot in this country for one small, healthy, active, busy bee in search of pasturage. And there wouldn't be any back talk about it, either.

—When we see a girl with a face as full of freckles as pepper on a boiled ham, sailing along under a parasol these summer days, our thoughts turn reverently back to that old axiom, “An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,” and we wonder how under the lurid sun that speckled girl can make it apply in her case.



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE JOHN R. LYNCH ONE WOULD EXPECT TO SEE ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND THE REAL JOHN R. LYNCH.

June.

Oh! June! thou lovely month of roses  
Of flower-decked fields and verdant hills,  
Where one in dreamy ease reposes,  
Lulled sweetly by the woodland rills—  
And yet, oh June, thou hast thy ills.

Oh, tender month! thy balmy nights,  
And fragrant airs, and soft, blue skies,  
And warbling birds' melodious flights,  
Are things which charm the ears and eyes—  
And yet, oh June, those dreadful flies.

Oh, month of sweetly purling streams,  
Wherein with joy we dip our mugs,  
Nature's own nectar sure it seems,  
And no vile make of murderous drugs—  
And yet, oh June, those horrid bugs.

Oh June, thy radiant summer's dress  
The eyes of all with joy delights,  
Such charms indeed thou dost possess,  
We'd dwell forever on such sights—  
And yet, oh June, thy sweltering nights.

Yet still, oh lovely June, thou art  
Matchless of months, and most we prize  
That which lies nearest to our heart,  
And such thou dost, joy of our eyes—  
Despite thy bugs and heat and flies.

T. H. F.

“The Leafy Month of June.”

MRS. SPILKINS remarks that the reason that poets call it the leafy month of June is because so many people leave the city for the country in that month. She says she thinks, as for that matter, that all would as lief do that as not.

Young Spadewell [reading from agricultural paper]—“Feed young calves three times a day at regular intervals.”

Father [looking up from almanac]—“That's sound. All you boys 've been brought up in that way.”

Utilizing a Picture.

OUR sanguine contemporary, *Puck*, having called a little convention of its own and defeated Blaine, never imagined that the Republican convention at Chicago would presume to differ from the collective wisdom of *Puck's* editors and artists in conclave assembled. Consequently *Puck* got ready a picture illustrative of Blaine's defeat; but by the time this picture was finished all the world except *Puck* knew that Blaine and victory were synonymous. Poor little *Puck*! What was to be done? It was too good a picture to destroy, so they just changed the caption and endeavored to make it appear a prophecy of events to come instead of a record of things past. Ingenious but useless. *Puck* will have to eat more crow. Blaine will be just as hard to beat in November as he was in June.

Tales of My Grandmother.

TALE NO. III.

My grandmother had been twice married. My father and Aunt Prissy were only half-brother and sister. My father was the offspring of the first marriage and Aunt Prissy that of the second. My grandmother was devotedly attached to the memory of both husbands. She always wore two wedding-rings and two large gold lockets with “In memory of” printed on them in black enamel and a miniature of a husband in each. When my grandfather died she erected a magnificent monument to his memory, on which she stated, for the information of passers by, that he was the best, the most affectionate and the most beloved of husbands, and mentioned the fact that the monument was erected by his heart-broken widow in memory of her irreparable loss. When Aunt Prissy's father died, time and experience had modified grandma's views on

# WHAT IS THIS?

THIS IS A KIND POLICEMAN  
PURSUING A RUFFIAN WHO HAS  
STOLEN A DAISY.



WHAT IS THIS?  
THIS IS A GENTLEMANLY CON-  
DUCTOR HELPING A LADY ON A CAR.

many points, and though he was equally dear to her, and though his tombstone was fully as handsome as that of her first husband, she slightly varied the words of the inscription. She stated this time that her loss was *almost* irreparable, and that she was left to mourn the loss of *one* of the best and kindest, etc.

My grandmother did not care for any new-fangled notions or ideas. Afternoon teas and æstheticism were alike distasteful to her. She actually cut one of her dearest friends for the crime of indulging her daughter in these pernicious tastes. It happened thus: You see, Oscar Wilde had just been over, and among other converts and followers the Beamish family worshipped at his shrine. Mrs. Beamish was grandma's oldest friend, and the four Misses Beamish were favorite proteges of her also. We went there to call one afternoon, grandma, Aunt Prissy and myself. The footman, who opened the door, had a large sunflower in his button-hole. This elicited a defiant snort from grandma, but she made no further remark till we reached the reception room, where the four young ladies were seated, all busily engaged in sketching the outlines of their maid, a tall, handsome girl, whom they had draped and posed as a Greek slave. Grandma's face was a study, but she restrained herself, and only said, with a grim smile, as the girls advanced to greet her with a very "Beamish" air:

"Pray, young ladies, what does this exhibition mean? Is it for *your* amusement, or

for her own gratification, that you have dressed that poor girl in such a very—ahem—peculiar way?"

Miss Beamish (better known as Sunbeam) replied, with a sweet smile: "Dear me, we are only sketching her. We think the drapery quite too too, don't you? I think to an artistic eye nothing is more beautiful than drapery. Every one ought to be draped. I hate dress myself; I long to be draped. Don't you, sisters?"

*Chorus of Sisters*—"Oh, yes, we long to be draped." I sang from the background:

"I'd choose to be a draper  
If I had but the power."

It went very well to the air of "I'd choose to be a daisy," but grandma boxed my ears and put me out of the door, and when I was again admitted Mrs. Beamish had appeared and the Greek Slave had departed, and things seemed to have settled into their usual routine. Grandma and Mrs. Beamish were talking in one corner, Aunt Prissy and the Second Miss Beamish "Moonbeam" were whispering softly in the window, the poetical Miss Beamish stood, with her hands clasped and her eyes turned to heaven, evidently suffering from an attack of inspiration, and the painter Miss Beamish stood transfixed, gazing at a bunch of faded flowers she held in her hand. I thought I might venture to address her, so I opened proceedings by observing, with more truth than civility:

"Why don't you throw away those flowers,

Miss Beamish? They are no use—withered things!"

"Withered," she said in a tone of gentle reproach, "Ah, do not say they are withered. They are not withered; they are only weary."

Then the footman came in, sunflower and all, and brought us afternoon tea, which was the signal for my grandmother to rise in her wrath and depart, saying, as she left: "Good-bye, Jane Beamish, you don't see me here again till you come back to your senses and bring your girls to their's. For my part, I think they would be better employed, and more likely to marry well, if they dropped all this humbug, sketching their maids and rolling their eyes like young ducks in a thunderstorm. 'Sunbeam,' 'Moonbeam.' Pshaw! Moonshine, I say."

And so we departed; but I think Aunt Prissy always paid surreptitious visits to the Beamishes, who had been her childhood's friends, and I often saw her (when grandma was not looking) with a sunflower pinned on her right shoulder, and I know she had a photograph of Oscar Wilde when his hair was long, but that treasure was carefully hidden in the innermost recesses of her davenport. I think that famous professor of æsthetics was as truly the father of Aunt Prissy's faith as he was of that of the Misses Beamish, but, poor soul, she never owned it during grandma's life; what she will do now I know not. As regards her dutiful and affectionate nephew, provided he sees her happy, he will always help her in any of her little harmless "fads." As long as she likes



to gaze at the moon, or any other planet, he is willing; but the longer she remains in this one the better he will be pleased, for every boy is not blessed with an Aunt Prissy, draped or undraped, and he loves her very dearly.

**Traveller's Tales.**

YES, I once was a navy commander,  
Aye, and twice I sailed 'round the North Pole,  
And I brought home my vessel uninjured,  
Yes, I did sir, I swear by my soul.  
But I never allude to the matter;  
They'd be sending me there every day,  
And I don't like the cold of the weather,  
So be sure you don't give me away.

Why, when I was the consul in Turkey,  
In the year eighteen something and nine,  
They'd a harem fixed up for the Sultan,  
But 'twas only a trifle to mine.  
He got jealous, implored me to leave him—  
The poor fellow! I went the next day;  
But I'm wedded since then to a Tartar;  
So be sure you don't give me away.

When I reigned in the Cannibal Islands,  
Then I did as the Cannibals do,  
Though at first, as regarded the diet,  
I had scruples of course—so would you.  
But cold missionary, such a dainty  
I could eat that the very first day,  
And their sweet little infantile hashes!  
But be sure you don't give me away.

For a year I was rector of All Saints,  
And I made all the good people smile  
On Palm Sunday, by getting a donkey  
Led solemnly up the long aisle;  
But despite "Gee up Neds," from the audience,  
Spite of all the poor sexton could say,  
There it stood like an ass in the middle—  
Oh! be sure you don't give me away.

But when I was the high priest at Siam,  
I made plenty of money, you know,  
For I got into treaty with Barnum,  
And sent him a beast for his show.  
'Twas a manicured elephant, labeled;  
I gave Barnum the tip what to say:  
" 'Twas the sacred white elephant Toulong; "  
But be sure you don't give me away.

I'm out of employment at present,  
And, only I thought it too mean,  
I could hold a position in England  
As good as John Brown's with the Queen.  
But if other employment should fail me,  
I may stand in his shoes some fine day;  
Victoria is longing to get me—  
But be sure you don't give her away.

M. K. J.

A PHILADELPHIA statistician says there are 75,865 idiots in this country. That's just like these Philadelphia fellows—they never will see anything outside of their own village.

It takes the confirmed sot to speak in guttural accents.

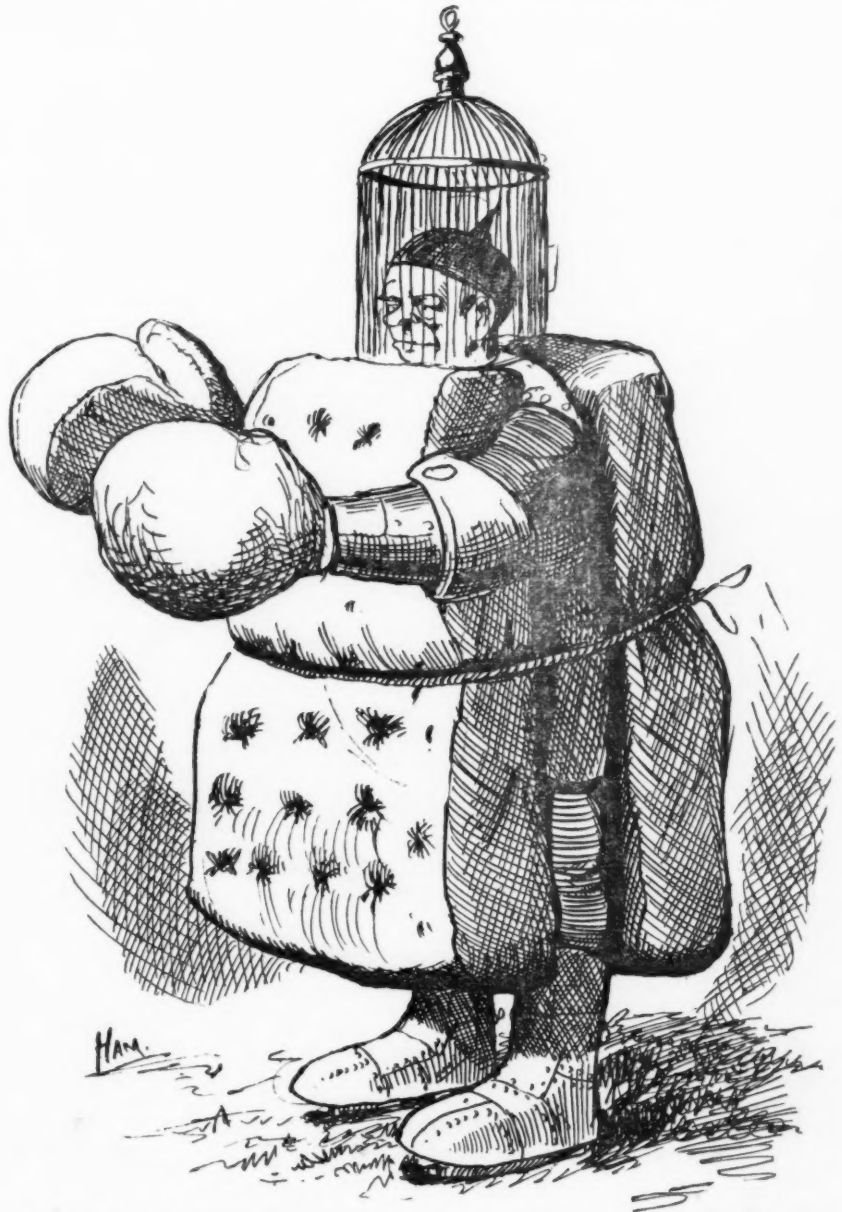
WHEN John L. Sullivan pitches for a base ball nine, it is a clear case of a Jack-in-the-box.

"I was quite out of the common run," as the boy said when he was left half an hour behind the rest in the race.

A MOTTO FOR A MAYOR.—Put the tight man in the tight place.

HAND in hand—just after the deal.

**THE NFW BREAST PROTECTOR,**



THIS IS NOT ONE OF THOSE BOLD OLD KNIGHTS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, BUT A MODERN BASE BALL CATCHER.

**The Fallacies in "Progress and Poverty."**

WHEN Mr. Henry George wrote "Progress and Poverty," he contributed a very valuable addition to the literature of Political Economy, marred, however, by the habit of the writer of regarding important social problems from an *ex parte* standpoint, and making special pleas in the interest of the proletariat classes. It was natural that such a book should provoke a speedy answer. It was inevitable that it should be replied to, but by no means certain that it would be replied to well. In "The Fallacies of Progress and Poverty," however, a new book, now in the press of the Fowler & Wells Company, the answers are given, and thoroughly well given. Its author, Mr. William Hanson, discusses, in a series of five essays, the leading points and arguments of Henry George, in his well-known "Progress and Poverty," and "Social Problems," indicating clearly the errors of assumption and reasoning that mar those

powerful books, and showing the fundamental impracticability of the methods advised by the great reformer. He also analyzes, with a keen logic, the recent work of Mr. Dunning Macleod, "Economics," and reveals its inconsistent sophistry. "The Ethics of Protection and Free Trade," constitute one essay in which the principles of the two great parties that stand arrayed against each other on the Tariff question, are reviewed in the light of political responsibility, and what constitutes true national progress. The final chapter, "The Industrial Problem Considered *a priori*," looks into the essential merits of the subject, and impartially points out wrong-doing and mistakes on both sides—on the part of the capitalist, and on the part of the worker—and fearlessly admonishes both with regard to their duty. The work is written for the people; but its every proposition for social reform is based upon justice, and the simple demands of pure humanity.



"Little Bo-Peep, lost he  
And didn't know wh  
Oh! let them alone, a  
And carry their tails





lost her sheep,  
now where to find them;  
alone, and they'll come home,  
their tails behind them."



THE outlook for the fall season is not altogether promising. It is a well known fact that city politics interfere to a certain extent every autumn with theatrical enterprise, but a prospective lively presidential campaign for September, October, and a part of November is enough to make the stoutest managerial heart quake with fear.

Great efforts will be made to produce strong attractions, and if we escape a season of Italian opera, as it now seems probable we shall, the theatres may do a fair business, after all.

The Union Square, The Fifth Avenue, The New Park, and The Comedy lost heavily last season, though the Square, in a measure, made up for its losses in town by the success of its companies on the road. Sarah Jewett will return to the scene of her former triumphs (?), and Whiting is spoken of as leading man for next season, but we fear The Union Square has seen its best days, and that they need a Palmer more than a Jewett, to retrieve its fallen fortunes.

We are threatened with another British invasion, but then we can always give England back as good (or as bad) as she sends.

Firstly and foremostly come Irving and Miss Terry, who would like to make another half million or so, out of American pockets.

Eric Bailey, whom rumor says has fallen heir to a "princely fortune," has been among us, and has made arrangements to start out a comedy company of English artists next season under the management of J. St. Maur.

Mr. Bailey has already returned to his native heath, to secure the treasures that will astonish and delight us.

Sophie Eyre is now a member of Wallack's company, and Kate Lonsdale, a London burlesque actress, has arrived on our shores.

Florence Girard is expected to return and to form one of a company that will go out with Mr. H. B. Lonsdale.

Beside all this, Minnie Palmer and Lotta are coming back to us, the former with a pronounced English accent, which will doubtless be almost as bad as the polyglot English of Janaushek who precedes the festive Minnie at the Fourteenth-street Theatre.

We thought that after Salvini and Rossi had given their farewell performances we should enjoy a respite from Italo-English actors, but Mr. Joseph Brooks is too enthusiastic an admirer of the Maccaronis to leave us long without a specimen of sunny Italy to gaze upon and listen to. This time it will be Ristori, who will give us a taste of English as she is spoke in "Elizabeth," "Marie Antoinette," "Marie Stuart," "Lady Macbeth," &c.

At one time the great Sarah threatened to pay us a visit, and show us what a French woman's idea of Lady Macbeth might be, but heaven is kind and the gods propitious, and Sarah has finally decided to see how she will look in pants and proposes to exhibit herself in Paris as a Franco-Danish Hamlet,

before she again ventures upon American soil.

Mr. Stetson will not import any foreign novelties this year. Charles Coghlan cost him dear, but now Stetson has the experience and Charles has the money, and hereafter their paths will diverge.

One would think by this time that the Cosmopolitan would prove a terror to anybody, but the old adage that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" seems particularly applicable to this theatre of financial disaster, and even death to its lessees.

This time Mr. George Wood is the man to tackle it, and before this article gets into print, "The Naiad Queen" will have disported herself on the boards that have been trodden by the Equine Paradox, Mary Blackburn and Professor Marwig.

Low rates of admission will prevail, and ladies may visit the matinees for the comparatively small sum of twenty-five cents, which, it is safe to predict, will be quite as much as the show is worth.

Buffalo Bill, in his "Wild West" entertainment may be seen at the Polo Grounds the remainder of the week. A menagerie and a Dime Museum show combined! Here is a chance to see cow boys, bronchos, buffaloes and Texas steers in company with the heroic Mr. Cody, who will do his bowie and revolver acts for the delectation of all who are willing to pay fifty cents to witness the performance. Children are expected to be thrilled for half the price.

Out-door shows are all the rage at this season, and one night last week the German Liederkrantz held their summer-night's festival at Washington Park. Bernstein's orchestra and Leibold's band furnished the music, and the members of the society tripped the light fantastic regardless of heat or *ennui*.

Our German friends certainly know how to enjoy themselves in hot weather, and as long as lager flows in profusion, beer gardens remain open, and picnics are numerous, one never hears complaints from former inhabitants of the Vaterland.

#### THE EARLY BIRD.



MOSES—"What are you doing with your ulster and skates this time of year?"

GEORGE—"You see there are a great many clerks in our establishment. I took my vacation so early I am just getting back, to give the next fellow a chance."

#### Love and Soda.

Tired and thirsty they roamed along  
Through the hot and dusty street,  
And they longed to soothe their parched throats  
With something cool and sweet.

Affection's fond solicitude  
Was in his eyes reflected,  
And it sadly grieved his manly heart  
To see her soda-jected.

"Cheer up, my love," he bravely said,  
For his own distress not caring.  
As he marked her weak and drooping form,  
And her accents soda-spairing.

"Till at last, rejoiced at the cheery sight,  
They came to a druggist's store;  
And politely he asked her to step within—  
The girl whom he did adore.

She stepped. For glad was she to accept  
This kindly offer of his,  
And it seemed like music unto her ear—  
The sound of the sparkling fizz.

"Let us irrigate," he tenderly said,  
"Until our thirst is sated."  
So the glasses were filled to the foaming brim,  
And their throats they irrigated.

She laid it empty down, with a sigh,  
And murmured, "'Tis soda-licious!"  
And he right gallantly made reply,  
"Then try another, my precious!"

She tried. And once again she essayed,  
Her efforts successful did prove;  
And at every trial he soda-dime  
In the harvest field of love.

With gusto she smacked her dainty lips;  
And her gratitude excited,  
She sweetly smiled and spoke her thanks;  
And he felt soda-lighted.

He tenderly pressed her lovely hand,  
As they gaily trod the street;  
"I feel so much refreshed," he said,  
"How do you feel, my sweet?"  
She turned her dove-like gaze to his,  
And her eyes with pleasure glowed;  
And she murmured soft, "I feel my love,  
As if I should—explode."

T. H. F.

#### To the Iditor of "The Judge."

FROM PATRICK O'SHEA, LATE INMATE OF THE MUL-  
LINGAR LUNATIC ASYLUM, IRELAND. NOW RESIDIN'  
WITH HIS UNCLE IN CORK.

#### DEER AND HONORED SIR.

MAYBE ye think we don't see or here anythin' worth seein' or heerin' in the Ould Country, but bedad ye're undher a mistake, for there's not one turn or twist in all Amerikey goes on unbeknownst to uz over here. Wasn't a first cousin of me mother's sister's niece watchman in Stewart's store, with a clock that'd tell in the mornin' if he missed one of his rounds at nite. Wasn't Dan Mullins' son, who lived undher the same roof with us for twenty year, imployed on one of Vandherbilt's railways, puttin' uz in dirict contact with all the millionaires, and givin' uz credit in eviry shop we put our foot in. Is there a week we don't see THE JUDGE and all the leadin' papers that our frinds sind over to uz, and don't they be read out at all the wakes and weddins and other sprees in the hole country, which is partly the raison of me writin' to-day, and makin' bould to throuble you, for I tuk notice of letthers you were publishin' from time to time from one signin' himself by the name of O'Callahan, and statin' himself to be a



car conductor. Now he may call himself any name he pleases, but meself knows the rapscallion, Deny Mullins is his thrue name. And if I was in Amerikay there wouldn't be a Mullins in the Shtate of New York but I'd pull the wizen out of. And he goes by O'Callahan out there does he? I know his marks and tokens. He don't deceive me, I was three years in New York, a constant ridher in the sthreet cars, 'till I found the work too savare and came back to the ould country, so I'll give you my mind about the same conducthors. Whin you git into a car with thim fellows they're full impudenter than Gladstone or Prsident Arthur would be if they got into like authority. They considher themselves boss of the car, and ov ivery man in it. Bedad it was meself gave wan of thim a rite surprise one evenin. I met in with a friend just out from the ould country, and he had smuggled out a gallon jar of raal potheen, and he'd be to have me taste it. Of coorse I wouldn't disoblidge him, and for ould times sake I had a raal nadhue for it, and I wished me throte were a mile long, so that I mite taste it all the way goin' down. Will, afther all was over, I shteped into one of them cars, believin' it to be a bob-tail, as I didn't want the crime of murdher on me soul, and when I hev a sup of likor in, I'd be apt to kill any omadhown that annoyed me, beyant all one of them conducthors. But, sure enuff, I found meself in the rong box, and whin the blagguard kem round demandin' my fare, and I not havin' wan cint to the good, I tuk the shortest road and knocked his hat off him on the shtep whin no wan was lookin', and chucked him out of the car. I thin filt it me duty to do his work mesilf bein' the cause of his absense. So I put his hat on me head and marched through the car collectin' the prophets, and no one axed to pass any remarks, only I heerd wan lady whisper to another that the conductor was tipsy. "Mam," says I, "one more irrivrent remark, and out of this car you go." And that put them all at their aise, and not wan wurd more they spoke, good or bad, till it occurred to me I mite have throuble with the dhriver at the ind of the road. I shteped out in front accordingly and thrated him the same as the conductor, and then tuk the reins in my own hands. And we went like the wind, for I made the bustes shtep lively and shtood for no one. By this time it was rainin' purty lively, but we went with such speed that not a taste of wet the horses themselves got, only barely on their tales where the shower was shtrivin to overtake us, but we hadn't gone far when a couple of pollis got the horses heads and shtopped the yoke, but by this time the excitement had me sobered, and the pollis, God help them, were that shtout and full bodied they couldn't run a yard. So I med off with 90 cints in me pocket and some expyrience gained. And that was the first and last time I iver officered as conductor, and I niver bragged of it, for I didn't care a sthraw for the position, but it'll show you that thim fellows that boss the women and bully the other fools in the cars are no good in a raal fight, whin such offers. Tell O'Callahan if iver I return to look out for me, for I won't lave a car in New York but I'll ride in till I meet him, and then we'll close our conthroversy and I'll sind him home a subdued man to that dacent wife of his, for she was one of the Mulcahy's and a site too good for him, and I wint near step-in in and relavin' her meself, only for a difference of opinion her father and meself had about a bog drain and a suckin' calf.

A BARBEROUS BARBER.



BARBER (to new customer)—“ Good day, sir! Call again; give you easier shave next time. You see, I haven't quite got the run of your face yet. By the way, there is your ear on the floor, I'll wrap it in a piece of paper so you can take it home.

Which caused me to kill her brother, Pether, the day he bruk me head, and left me scattered in me mind beyant two years, in the Asylum, but it done me no injury in the long run, anymore than they put me in a brand new silver skull, and a nate fit it is, anymore than that the hair, bad luk to it, don't grow on the same, and I had to buy ould Farrel's wig afther his death, which his wife sould sicond hand. If you wish for further particulars address to me undher cover to me uncle in Cork. Give me duty to Number One and O'Donovan Rossa, and all enquirin' frinds. So, no more at prisint, from

Your obedient sarvent,  
PATRICK O'SHEA.

“ WON of the finest,”—as Frink remarked, showing a bill from a New York policeman in payment of a wager.

THE briny deep—a flooded salt mine.

FRIGHTFUL CRASH—a printing office towel.

MANY of these cynical old maxims are cross-cut saws.

A GOOD many “amusements” are bores; but fishing is reel fun.

THE issues of the day—the daily papers.

[THE MILLION DOLLAR PRIZE COMPETITION.]

Red Haired Larry, the Terror of the Spanish Main.

IN FOUR AGONIES.

By the Author of “The Maid of Grease,” “The Breadwinners,” &c., &c., &c.

AGONY I.

“ WELL, old man, what are you going to do about it?” The speaker was a light lad of only three summers (goodness only knows of how many falls). He was richly clad in the most stylish garments of the day, befitting a youth of the period. He was about three feet in his stockings. Such was our hero, Red Haired Larry the Terror of Avenue A. The person our hero was dealing out taffy to in large quantities was his old man, who wanted his darling son to become a poor parson on a measly salary of \$1,000 per ann. But no, Larry knew too much for that; he was no chicken, you can bet your life on that.

AGONY II.

Three years have passed since the above took place. It is now midsummer. In the tropics far away in the distance is seen a handsome and stately craft of about 400 tons rapidly approaching although there is hardly a breath of wind (except what we have here). The gallant craft still glides quickly on. As she comes nearer a fine, stalwart figure is seen walking the deck of the main poop.

## VERY DANGEROUS.



LADY—"Mr. Blossom, this is such a warm day, a glass of ice water is so refreshing, you know."

MR. B.—"No thank you. It is very dangerous in hot weather. I never drink it."

His eyes are brilliant (and bloodshot) as the morning sun, and his curly auburn hair floats grandly on his high and noble forehead. But hold, who is this gallant young captain of so fine and stately a craft? It is no other than than Red Haired Larry, the Terror of the Spanish Main. Yes, our old friend Larry, from whom we parted in New York. Three years have made a great many changes in our hero. To begin with, since we saw him last in Avenue A he has been all around the world. "Sail-ho," sung out the man at the maintop. "Where away?" answered the gallant young captain. "Three points off the weather bow." "Thunder, you don't so say; well, all right my lads. Keep her sou-sou-west and she will be our prize before we are many hours older. Ah! Ben, I thought as much" (thus spoke Larry to his true and trusted lieutenant), "she shall not escape us again. All hands beat to quarters. Silence. My lads now give her a dose of your leaden pills." "Hurrah, Hurrah," sung out his noble and gallant crew in chorus. There was not a man among them who would not have given his very life if his handsome and noble-hearted captain had wished it.

## AGONY III.

"So, Don Mauricio, you will not consent to Margruetia being my wife. Zounds, sir, do you know to whom you speak?" The speaker was our gallant hero, and the person addressed was the father of Margruetia, the lovely and accomplished Spanish maiden whom Larry had captured when on his last voyage. Of course, as usual, the old man

was obstinate at first, but Larry expected in time to win him over. We must go back a little to give the reader a synopsis of the above. It will be remembered that the pirate crew were fighting hard to gain their prize, which they eventually did, but after a hard struggle, in which many of their number were slain. But, by a sharp piece of practice of Larry's, the end was near when she was compelled to strike her colors, which she did in about two hours after being first sighted. It proved to be a very rich prize indeed. Her cargo consisted of rich spices and fruits and numerous other merchandise, including a large sum of money in gold dollars. But where, oh where are they now? Ask of the winds (or rather Red Haired Larry, the Terror of the Spanish Main.)

## AGONY IV.

We are again in New York. Two years have passed since the last chapter was written. (N. B.—The author says it is only two minutes, but two years look better, therefore we bribed the typo to stick it in thus.) A tall and stately old gentleman, accompanied by a younger and more graceful man of about twenty-three years of age, was walking up Avenue A. Passers by stopped and looked at the handsome pair as they swept past. "Who are they?" is whispered about. Why it is no less a personage than our hero Larry, and his esteemed father-in-law, Don Mauricio. For, you must know, he is one of New York's money kings, and, of course, courted by all. It is said he was the author of that famous speech which will be handed down in future generations and will be a

credit (?) to the average American! The speech we refer to was that most excellent valedictory concluding with, "The public be d——." A few more words and our story is ended. Larry is now a respected member of Gotham society, and is noted for his munificent gifts to charity. Margruetia, it is needless to say, is as handsome as ever, and is now the mother of twins.

THE END.

W. E. S.

## The Small Boy Explains.

WHEN the golden sunlight dances on the bosom of the stream,  
And the silver lilies, star-like, 'mong the olive sedges gleam,  
When the bullfrog seeks the cover of the grasses tall and rank,  
And the pickerel at noonday seeks the shadow of the bank,  
Then the small boy goes in swimming in a costume of the mode  
That was worn by fair Godiva, when through Coventry she rode.  
He splashes in the limpid stream with many a gleeful shout,  
And on the bank returning puts his shirt on inside out;  
And when his mother questions him, "How came that garment so?"  
He looks upon it with surprise, and says he doesn't know;  
When further pressed to give the cause, this reason he employs:  
"I must have turned a somersault when playing with the boys."

—Somerville Journal.

A COUNTRY EXCHANGE—eggs for calico.

SUPERSTITIONS die hard; but when people investigate they have to give up the ghost.

A "BRAVE" deed—making the squaw do all the work.

A STILL NIGHT—when the moonshiners work.

## Waiting for a Letter.

YESTERDAY noon there were about twenty people in line at the general delivery window of the post office, when a woman undertook to crowd in a place nearer the head.

"Madam," observed the man she would have crowded down the line, "this window is run on the principle of a barber shop—first come first served."

"Yes, but I am terribly anxious to get a letter," she replied.

"Anybody sick?"

"No. My husband is in Cleveland, and I expect a letter with money in it. If I don't get it I don't know how I'm going to get along over Sunday."

"What a coincidence!" he exclaimed. "My wife is in Buffalo, and I'm expecting money from her. If it doesn't come my landlord will set me out doors, and I'll have to pawn my coat to raise a stake to play policy! Can't we pool?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why—ahu—if your husband won't support you, nor my wife support me, let's chip in and hire the same lawyer to get our divorces; comes cheaper, you know, where the jobs are rolled into one."

She flatly refused to join in any such arrangement, and when the clerk answered, "Nothing for you," the hyaena of a man grinned and chuckled and said he was glad of it—served her right.—*Detroit Free Press.*



**Hale and Hearty.**

"THERE goes a hale and hearty looking old man," said Mrs. Jarvis to her pretty daughter at the seaside as a handsome elderly man passed and bowed.

"Yes, mamma, so I see."

"Don't you think he is a fine specimen of green old age, daughter?" continued the mother, following the old gentleman with her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, I do, and about the greenest old age I ever saw. Why, the old fool asked me last night to marry him, and he is as poor as he is healthy."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

**What He Wanted.**

"MISTER," said a wizen-faced man to an uptown druggist last night, "gimme a quarter's worth o' prussic acid, please."

"Prussic acid!" yelled the druggist. "Why, man, it is a deadly poison. What do you want with prussic acid?"

"Don't want nuthin' with prussic acid," replied the man; "want essence of valerian. Other night man axed fur valerian out in Pittsburgh and got prussic acid. Didn't want to git none o' that myself, so I thought ef I axed fur that I'd git valerian."

He got the thing he wanted.—*Washington Hatchet.*

**Mathematics Modified by Experience.**

"Is yer larnin' ennything at skule, Thomas Jeffe'son?"

"Yes, fader."

"How many am two times two dozen aigs?"

"Four dozen."

"All good'uns?"

"Yes, fader."

"No, dey isn't. You nebber seed four dozen all good aigs in this town. Yer progress bac'kards, sah. Yer knowed more'n dat afore yer went to skule, sah. Two times two dozen aigs ain't more'n about free dozen and a half, sah. D'ye heah, sah?"—*Kentucky State Journal.*

**A Happy Boy.**

"WHAR ye bin?" he asked, as the other boy suddenly came around the corner.

"To the doctor's."

"Fur yer mother?"

"No; fur me."

"What ails yer?"

"Tongue all coated—see there."

"What does that mean?"

"Heaps," chuckled the other. "That means rhubarb, to begin on, and loaf sugar, sweet cake, a velocipede, roller-skates and a jack-knife before I git through! Don't you wish you was me?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**A Cheerful Connubial Circus.**

"PODGE, you're a fool," yelled the good lady, threateningly.

"Yes, deary, I suppose so," replied the poor fellow trying to smile, "but I was not always crazy."

"You've been crazy ever since I knew you," she howled.

"Was I off my base when you married me?"

"I think you most assuredly was."

"Yes, yes," mused Podge, thoughtfully, "it is a self evident fact that I was crazy or you never would have got me."

The curtain arose then and the circus began.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**A Sure Test.**

FOND FATHER—"Welcome home, my son. You have been much missed, and I am glad you are through college at last."

Graduate—"Yes. So am I."

Fond Father—"Did you bring your books back?"

Graduate—"Books? Books? Books? Oh, yes; I know what you mean, No; I forgot them."

Fond Father—"You were hurried in packing, I suppose. Well, my son, your four years at college have cost me a sight of hard-earned money, and I hope you improved your time."

Graduate—"You better believe I did. Just feel the muscle on that arm."—*Philadelphia Call.*

**His Elegant Turnout.**

"BEEN out riding lately?" asked Fitzgoober of Plunkett.

"Oh, yes," answered Plunkett, "haven't you heard of my late turnout?"

"No, I have not."

"I tell you, it was an elegant affair; executed by order, and done up in style."

"What was it? Didn't know you were able to have fine turnouts."

"You see," replied Plunkett, gravely, "I called on my girl last night, and stayed rather late; and her pa gave the oldest son orders to turn me out of the door, which he did in splendid style."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

**Too Timid to Come In.**

It was a beautiful night in June, and as the stars were keeping their silent vigils the lovers hung upon the gate.

"Won't you come in, Reginald?"

"No, I guess not, Amy."

"I'd like to have you, ever so much. Mother is away, Aunt Nell has gone to bed, and father is laid up with the gout, and it's dreadful lonesome."

"Your father has got the gout?"

"Yes, Reginald, in both legs."

"In both legs, Amy?"

"Yes, in both legs."

"Sure he's got it in both legs?"

"Yes, sure."

"All right, I'll come in, then."—*Boston Times.*

**Gently and Gingerly.**

SOME fifteen years ago about a dozen large conical shells were removed from the U. S. gunboat Vanderbilt, and thrown with some other nautical rubbish into a vacant lot near the Spear-street wharf. A boat's crew from one of the war ships lying in the harbor was ordered to remove them the other day, and a crowd of interested spectators gathered to observe the singularly gentle and careful manner in which the blue jackets conveyed the venerable missiles from the wharf to the boat, from which they were to be dumped into the channel.

Presently a party of Boston tourists strolled up, and a white-haired old gentleman observed to his daughters:

"Look, my dears, at the solemn, almost reverential manner in which that gallant old salt places that shell in the boat. It doubtless recalls to him a score of terrible sea fights. He looks upon each of those grim projectiles as a father might upon his favorite child. Is it not so, my brave lad?"

"Wot yer givin' us?" replied the hardy

tar, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face.

"I say," continued the patriotic Bostonese, "that you handle those terrible harbingers of destruction with such loving gentleness because each seems to you to be, as it were, in a certain sense, the repository of your country's honor—and—"

"Oh! belay that dude lingo," said the able seaman. "In course we handles 'em gentle. We're kinder suspicious the dern things are loaded!"

And the procession moved on.—*San Francisco Post.*

**A Wicked Libel.**

A LITTLE boy who had been told a great deal about shipping, recently went to St. Louis to visit, and he was met at the depot by a whole bevy of young ladies.

"Oh, papa!" he cried; "who are they?"

"Hush, my boy; they are St. Louis girls."

"Oh are they? What makes 'em wear their spring hats so low down on both sides of their heads?"

"Hush—sh! Those are not hats; those are ears!"

"Jimminy crimminy, pop! Why don't they run up a mast and rig 'em onto a boom. What a spread they could make, couldn't they?"

The young animal was put in his cage and locked up.—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

A cowboy from the North Fork of the River Platte got as far as the Union Stock Yards the other day on a visit to Chicago. As things seemed rather home-like in that quarter he tarried there for several hours, imbibing freely and talking with unrestrained hilarity. Some of the natives gathered around and took part in the conversation, and, after a while, when the fighting began, he declared, as he occasionally stopped to get breath, that he hadn't had so much fun since he left home.

"Oh, that's elegant!" he would say, as some big pork packer would bowl him one against the side of the head. "That was a beauty. What do you think of that? Well, now, I'm glad to make the acquaintance of you boys. You do me good. Pile on me, why don't you? Take that, you long-legged tenderfoot. Come at me! Whoop, but that was a good one! Who was the gentleman that hit me under the ear? No shooting irons, now. Just plain fun. There, I've laid two of you out, I guess. Come on, some more of you. You ain't getting winded, are you? Hit me once, hard. There, that feels good. How do you like that one, you mud masher? I've a good notion to hit you hard once. This reminds me of a time I had last winter on the Niobrara, when the boys—"

Just then a policeman, who had been advised of the riot, crept in at the back door, and, coming up behind the cowboy softly, he dealt him a blow on the skull that sounded like a rifle-shot. The gentleman from North Fork dropped like a log, and, after laying insensible for a moment, got up, looked around wildly, felt at his head and observed:

"That's the first time I was ever tomahawked. Blest if I knew you had Injuns down here. How many was killed? Where's the troops?"—*Chicago Herald.*

AUSTERE PEDAGOGUE (to small boy): "Boy, you speak very indistinctly. Don't your friends ever tell you so?" Small Boy: "No, sir; they're not so rude."

## A Great Sell.

STRANGER—Can I see Mr. Ferdinand Ward?

Jailer—He is engaged at present.

Stranger—Where is he kept?

Jailer—Right across the aisle.

Stranger—In that magnificently furnished parlor.

Jailer—Yes.

Stranger—What is that parlor used for generally?

Jailer—It is a cell.

Stranger—I should say so—a great sell.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## So Near and Yet So Far.

"HELLO, Smith! You look like you had been sick. What is the matter? Has your wife died?"

"No; my wife is well enough."

"What is the matter, then?"

"I—I—I have lost a fortune."

"Great heavens, Smith! When did this occur?"

"I lost it during the past three months."

"Oh! I see. You have lost it by speculating in Wall street."

"No; Wall street never got a cent of it."

"Chicago bucket shop, then?"

"No; Chicago never received one cent of it."

"Why, how the dickens did you lose it?"

"My rich uncle got well and married again. I nearly had my fortune in my fingers."—*Paris Beacon.*

## A Different Thing.

"WHAT is palmistry, pa?" asked Mabel the other evening at the supper table.

"Palmistry, my dear, is the science of telling one's fortune by the lines which run through the hand."

"Don't believe it can be done," said Mabel; if it were telling one's fortune by the dollars which run through his hand, it would be a different thing."—*Scissors.*

## Proferred to Punish His Son Himself.

"Look here, Miss Toantwo," said Crimsonbeak to the village school teacher; "my boy says you kissed him the other day for saying his lesson. "Is that so?"

"Yes sir," timidly replied the spinster.

"Well," continued Crimsonbeak, "don't let that occur again. If there is any punishment to be done, I'll attend to him!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## The Pin.

SENATOR JOHN A. LOGAN in his school days was slightly deficient in literary composition. The teacher adopted a rule requiring all the pupils to write a composition every Friday. The future senator had been deficient in this respect, persistently refusing to write essays. One day his teacher determined to "keep him in" until he produced a composition. He was given thirty minutes after school to complete the task, being permitted to select his own subject. At the end of thirty minutes he produced the following: "The Pin—The pin is a very useful article. It has saved the lives of many men, women and children. J. A. L." The teacher was pleased with the result, but was anxious to know how the pin had saved the lives of so many men, women and children. "Why," said little Johnny, "by not swollerin' 'em."—*Chicago Eye.*

No, said the fond mother, I am thankful indeed that my son never drinks anything, but I do wish I could break him of the habit of always eating cloves.—*Boston Post.*

TOGETHER they were looking over the paper. "O my, how funny!" said she. "What is it?" he asked. "Why, here's an advertisement that says, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "What's so odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."—*Waif.*

FIRST CITIZEN—Been fishing, eh?

Second Citizen—Yes.

F. C.—Wojerketch?

S. C.—Nothing.

F. C.—How's that?

S. C.—Dunno.

F. C.—Been vaccinated?

S. C.—Yes.

F. C.—That accounts for it.

S. C.—How?

F. C.—That's what people are vaccinated for—to keep them from catching anything, don't you know?—*Oil City Derrick.*

FIRST BOY. "I understand you have left the office of the *Bugle*, Johnny." Second Boy. "Yes, I was obliged to leave." F. B. "Editor give you the bounce?" S. B. "Narry a bounce. He was taking away my character. You see he started a funny column in his paper and all his jokes began 'Our devil says so and so.' I could have stood it if the jokes had been passable at all, but they were too bad altogether, and as I had a reputation to sustain I left him. I couldn't stand having the responsibility for such stuff being put on me."—*Somerville Journal.*

"I HAVE a scheme," said the major, "that is worth millions—yes millions," he repeated as he noted the Colonel's incredulous expression. "And what may it be," queried the latter. "It is," said the major, "an idea of mine that if I could discover a white paint perfectly waterproof, I could sell it to travelling circusses and every one of them could exhibit a white elephant, whereas now they cannot, for the danger lies in their being caught out in a shower." And the schemer quietly puffed at his cigar while the colonel glanced furtively toward the door to see how he could best escape.—*Boston Post.*

BLIFKINS—"My dear, dear friend, don't hate me. Try not to feel offended; but the truth must be told. I cannot marry your sister."

Mifkins—"Strange coincidence, very strange! But, by the way, when did you change your mind?"

Blifkins—"This morning on the beach. I happened to see her in a bathing suit."

Mifkins—"And you? What were you doing there?"

Blifkins—"I was bathing."

Mifkins—"That explains it. She has just told me that she could never, never marry you."—*Philadelphia Call.*

## The Gender of Misery.

"MOTHER, what gender is 'misery?'"

"The neuter gender, Johnny."

"I'll bet you it isn't. I'll bet you it's the feminine gender."

"And how do you make that out?"

"'Cause it says here 'misery loves company,' and don't all women love company?"—*Kentucky State Journal.*

## Spelling Reform.

"MARGERY," said Ethelbert, as they sat on opposite ends of the Turkish divan, "Why am I like the letter Q?" and silence fell, broken only by the melodious cough of Margery's warranted New England throat.

"Because, dear," added Ethelbert, "I feel that I am useless without U."

"I thought," said Margery, "it was because—Q—never—begins—kissing."

They spell it "quiss" now.—*Boston Bulletin.*

## She Gave Him Her Hand.

"WHAT makes your cheeks so red, Crimsy?" asked young Yeast of his friend who had just entered the club rather late in the evening.

"Well, I just came from Miss Fussanfeather's," said the young blood addressed.

"Ah, I see! And you asked the young lady for her hand?"

"Yes; you've struck it."

"And she refused?"

"No, she did not refuse. That's where the trouble comes in."

"You mean to say she gave you her hand in marriage?"

"Well, not exactly in marriage, my dear fellow; but she gave it to me across the face!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## At the Corner Grocery.

"THERE'S a little to much hippodrome about that sugar you sold me," said a customer to a grocer the other day.

"How's that?"

"Well, there's not sugar enough in it for coffee, and there's hardly sand enough for mortar."

"That shows you don't understand our great combination brand," blandly returned the diluter. "You've only got to use twice as much and the residue is just splendid for cleaning knives." And he sold him another box of dried apples made from the best selected shoe parings.—*San Francisco Post.*

## An Ungallant Youth.

"ISN'T that a new horse I saw you driving this afternoon, Mr. Crimsonbeak?" asked Miss Fussenfeather when that gentleman called on her the other evening.

"Yes," replied the young blood; "I only bought him last week."

"He looks like a good driver," suggested the young lady with a side glance.

"He is an excellent driver," came from the cruel young man, who was never known to take a hint.

"I'm passionately fond of driving," still further ventured the young lady, studying the figures in her father's carpet.

"Oh, are you, indeed," said Crimsonbeak, with a smile; "I'll give you a chance to drive to-morrow."

"Oh, will you, Mr. Crimsonbeak?" exclaimed the overjoyed maiden. "Really you are too good."

"Yes," continued Crimsonbeak, getting near the door and reaching for his hat; "you see we are going to put down some carpets at the house to-morrow, and I'll get you to come down and drive the tacks."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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A WEST VIRGINIA man has eloped with  
the mother of ten children. If he had  
eloped with the children it would probably  
have been forgiven.—*Boston Globe.*

YOUNG men who part their hair in the  
middle or bang it, and talk about Bee-thoven,  
should be put in a bunch of pink cotton and  
be beaten to a jelly with lily stems.—*Yon-  
kers Gazette.*

A NEW YORK tailor sent insolent duns on  
a postal card to a newspaper reporter and the  
reporter sued the tailor. When will these  
tailors learn to be generous with newspaper  
reporters?—*Hartford Post.*

AFTER close contemplation of many self-  
made men, Mr. Factandfancy has come to  
the conclusion that they are every whit as  
imperfect as the men who were made by a  
more experienced hand.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN experienced tramp objects to the cus-  
tom so prevalent among his clients of advis-  
ing him to go to work when he asks for  
victuals. "Strange," he says, "that they  
will persist in talking shop."—*Boston  
Transcript.*

A PARIS man is on the high road to for-  
tune. He has attached a soda fountain to  
a goose in such a manner that the fowl re-  
ceives large quantities of carbonic acid gas  
and then lays fire-extinguishing hand gre-  
nades.—*Paris Beacon.*

SANDERSON went home last evening and  
found his wife in tears. "What's up now?"  
queried S. "Oh dear," sobbed Mrs. S.,  
"here's a letter from Charlie; he has hired  
out to a base ball club as umpire. I told  
you if you let him go out west he would turn  
out bad." Sanderson went without his sup-  
per.—*Brooklyn Times.*

LITTLE NELLIE—"Why, mamma, the sky  
is just as blue to-day as it was yesterday."  
Mamma—"Well, why shouldn't it be,  
pet?"

Little Nell—"It rained last night."  
Mamma—"What of that?"  
Little Nell—"You said blue wouldn't  
wash."—*Philadelphia Call.*

LITTLE NELL—"There wasn't any Sun-  
day school to-day, papa, so I comed home."  
Papa—"That's strange. What was the  
matter?"

Little Nell—"The super'tendent had the  
key to the library, and he didn't come."  
"Papa—"Did not come, eh? I wonder  
what bank he is cashier of?"—*Philadelphia  
Call.*

NEW GIRL—"Shall I lock the front door,  
Missus?"

Mrs. A. (whose husband has gone to the  
lodge)—"No, leave it as it is."

New Girl—"But some burglar might get  
in."

Mrs. A.—"I shall remain in the hall my-  
self."

New Girl—"Mercy, save us, an' phat for?"  
Mrs. A.—"I am waiting for the late  
male."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"MARY, I want a messenger to send down  
town," said a lady to her maid; "the sales-  
lady has sent me the wrong bundle and I  
want to inform the forelady of her carelessness.  
Is there any one disengaged?"

"I think not, ma'am; the chamber lady  
is busy with her rooms, and the kitchen lady  
has visitors, her mother, the washer lady,  
and her cousin the ash gentleman, having  
called. But perhaps the foot gentleman, or  
the coach gentleman is disengaged. I will  
see."—*Somerville Journal.*

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