

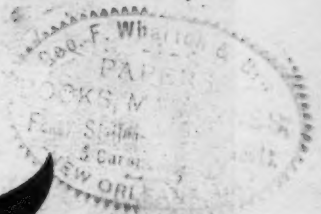
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# Tudoe



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FRANKLIN SQUARE  
NEW YORK



JUDGE PUB. CO. OF NEW YORK

## THE WIDOW'S DILEMMA.

DEMOCRATIC STRIKERS—Discharge those mugwump scabs or we'll boycott you. Rats! Rats!



## JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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### JUDGE'S SELECT EXHIBIT.

JUDGE takes pleasure in presenting to its patrons the select representation of leading manufacturing, banking and mercantile interests which appears on a colored double page in this issue. These representative interests appreciate and endorse JUDGE with reference to its policy of protection to home industries and its general principle of fair play in all matters relating to labor and capital. The utility of this representation speaks for itself. A large issue has been printed and all who desire can have copies for mailing purposes.

WHEN THEY ask Grover if he is going to be married he says "Ask Dan." We look upon this as extremely significant.

IT IS REMARKED that Tennyson has no poetry for Gladstone and Irish home rule; but then it is also remarked that he has no poetry for anybody.

THE PROFANITY of Jacob Sharp increases in volume and intensity. Pause and consider, old gentleman! What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole of New York and lose his own soul?

"AND she jilted you, did she?" inquired Rufus of Adolphus. "Me deah boy," replied Adolphus hastily, "never use that dweadful wold again. Call it a boycott, me deah boy—call it a boycott."

THE Boston Herald, speaking of Cleveland, says the Democracy of the country don't know their savior when they see him. Now the Democracy think that is the identical obliquity of vision and comprehension which afflicts Mr. Cleveland.

THE JUDGE called for a national labor commission. The president in a special message suggests a national labor commission. If we should try all day we couldn't pay the president any higher compliment than the one embodied in those few words.

THE INMATES of the Forrest home are quarreling each with all the others. It is the old question, which shall be leading lady and gentleman; though there is a grand combination against the superintendent and his wife, who

assume managerial airs and occasionally speak of "their people" as if they were paupers. It is a pity that Edwin can't return and play high tragedy in that home for five minutes.

ALDERMAN WAITE has returned to his country home in Essex, accompanied by his family and a kind and gentle official of the law, and purposes to stay there and enjoy himself for some time, regardless of age, Essex, and coming conditions of servitude.

JACOB SHARP says he will fight for that franchise through all the courts up to the highest in the United States. Why! What need he care about it? Did he not sell the franchise to the Philadelphia syndicate of which W. C. Whitney is one of the leading spirits? Come up, Jacob! Don't be so deucedly benevolent.

THE GOVERNOR is extremely anxious for a census of the state and the consequent reapportionment; but unhappily his veto last year of the means to those results sent the work over to a period not contemplated by the documents. It is so sad that we should think the Democratic party would never forgive him.

### A RIGHTEOUS BOYCOTT.

They are going to boycott the widow Cleveland's little bakery. The boycotters are the men who gave the widow her start in life and through whose patronage she achieved a paying business and a very respectable sum in bank. It is charged that, having been thus successful, the lady proved treacherous to her old friends and threw various glances of encouragement at their open and avowed enemies. If that is the case there is certainly very fair cause for the boycott, and the development of the question whether the widow can get along better with the aid of Scabs Curtis and Schurz than with that of her old patrons will be watched with curious interest. For our part we look upon it as a perfectly legitimate

boycott—and so, by the way, does David B. Hill.

### BEWARE—BEWARE!

There is no socialist, no tramp, no idler, no thief, no law-breaker of any kind, who does not rejoice over the existing difficulties between labor and capital. Depravity, like misery, loves company, and would drag all the respectable portion of the world down to its level if it could. At this moment it is whispering all manner of bad advice in the ear of the worker, and in his desperation the worker gives it more tolerance than he ever did before. Herein lies great danger, and if it comes the burden of suffering will fall upon the tempted and fallen man who in his sober moments asks for nothing but the fair play involved in fair pay for a fair day's work. There are five little words, "Get thee behind me, Satan," which ought to be uttered by every laborer just now at least three times a day.

### LOOK OUT FOR THE HOUNDS!

There is a crisis in the affairs of labor which no man who works for other men can look upon with indifference. However worthy the purpose of the general organization known as the Knights of Labor may be—and Mr. Powderly says the purpose is merely to reconcile and harmonize capital with labor for the amelioration of the hardships of the latter and to the advantage of both—the local organizations are led in large part by unwise and reckless men, and some recent action of theirs has robbed the general as well as the local orders of much of the public sympathy which they commanded a few weeks ago.

Labor is to a large extent the victim at this moment of its own foolishness. Undoubtedly the railroad men of the southwest system had much to complain of, but they began their fight on trivial grounds and so gave the enemy

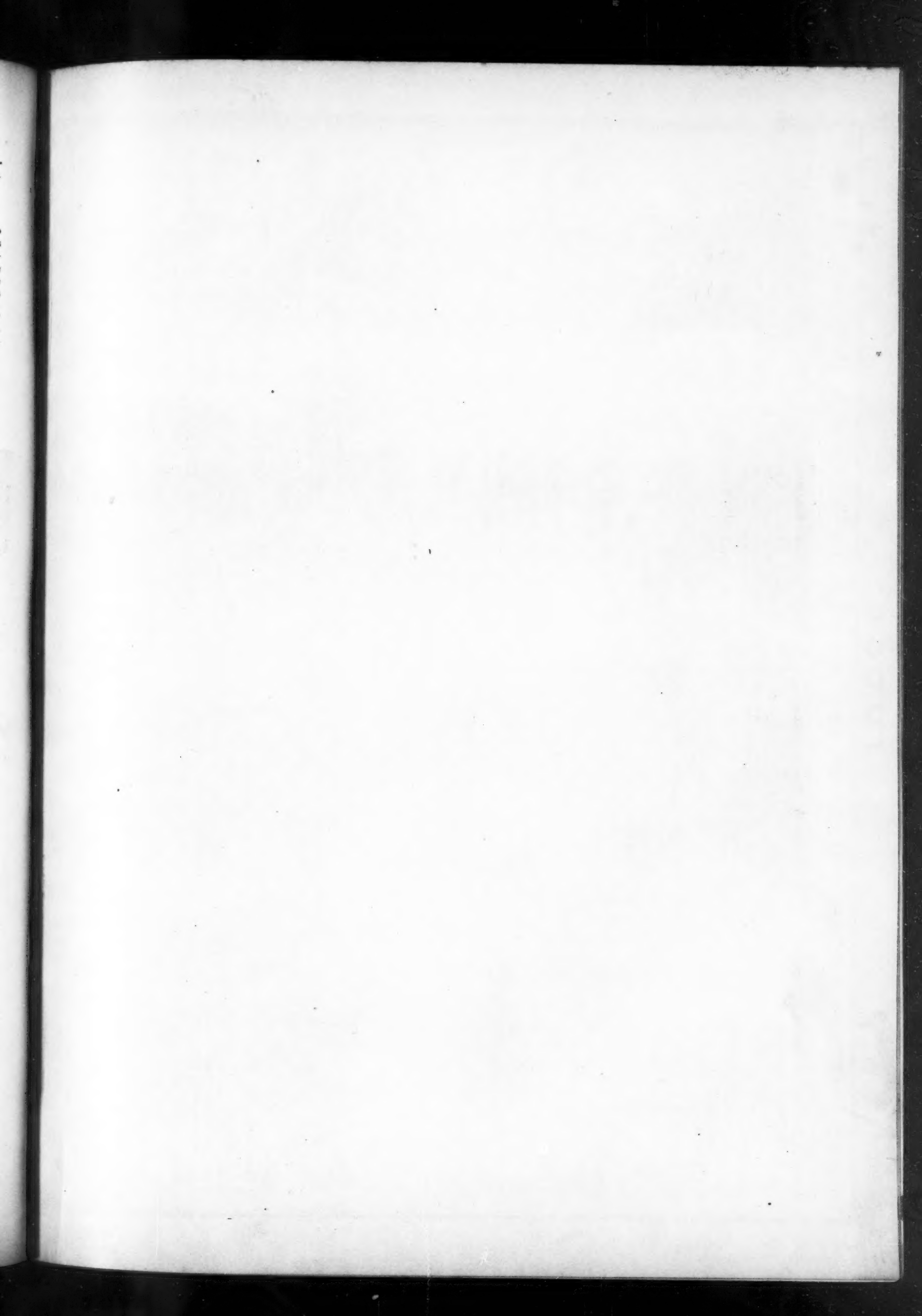
### SOME OF OUR GILDED LABOR.



SALESMAN—"Shall we send the package c. o. d., madam?"

MRS. O'BRIEN—"Divil may Oi care phether yez sind it c-o-d, or c-o-w, so long as Oi recave it to morry mornin'."

O'BRIEN (who has just struck an aqueduct contract)—"Whist, Mary Ann! Ax the young gentleman how thim Vandherbilts an' Ashtures gits theirs. We'll hev it sint in the sem way, so we will."



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A SURE CURE.



BOY—"I can't go to school. I've got an awful pain."  
 MOTHER—"Well, castor oil is the best thing in the world for that kind of pain."  
 BOY—"It must be, for the pain has gone now." *He goes too.*

an advantage which need not have been conceded. The fight on the Third avenue road was begun because of the use of "insulting words" by employes opposed to labor unions and the refusal of the company employing them to discharge them. The tie-up of other roads capped the climax of this foolishness, and of course had to be abandoned. Every step made by these local organizations has been to the rear, and that at the very time when labor needed all the conservative wisdom it could command.

The other night Herr Most harangued a gathering of socialists, apparently under the impression that they were workers, and advised them to arm, incidentally offering to sell them guns at ten dollars apiece—which would probably net the generous soul a large profit. About the same time some workers in Greenpoint left the sugar refineries in which they were employed and immediately proceeded to inaugurate a riot, and for days were busily employed in beating such men as dared to take their places in the deserted works. For weeks two women bakers have been boycotted by individuals who have apparently nothing better to do, and the result is that the women are making more money than ever before, public sentiment giving them money very liberally and likewise a larger trade than they have heretofore enjoyed.

Between its unwise friends and its open enemies labor is having a very hard time of it, and the worst of it is that there is small prospect of an improvement. As the days go on the feeling between labor and capital grows more bitter, and men like Mr. Powderly have partially ceased to control the organization which without their wisdom might easily become dangerous and so lose vastly more than the progress it has made. It ought to be enough for labor to do to fight the general enemy, and in order to do this effectually it must be more thoroughly disciplined and controlled than it has yet been. The monopolists are very strong, and to fight them well there must be a compact, thoroughly commanded force, at peace with itself and given to no recklessness or disorderly conduct. The labor element ought to have more friends in congress than it can possibly have as long as it acts unwisely, the bet-

ter to ensure protection against foreign contract labor. Happily, the free traders remain timid, as a matter of prudence or conscience, and are likely to do nothing very dangerous at present, but there can be ample protection in due season by providing for it at the polls.

For the present look out for the hounds, ye Knights of Labor! They are in your midst as well as at your front and heels. They represent anarchy. They fly the banner of incendiarism. They threaten riot and murder. They outrage freedom of opinion with their boycotts. They provoke public sentiment with their childishness. Take care of the enemies within your gates and you can fight free trade and monopoly with a fair assurance of final and complete success.

LET THE CEREMONY PROCEED.

There need be no civil-service examination in the case of the young lady who is believed to have been selected for mistress of the white house. The president underwent nothing of that kind, and the rule applies to the mistress as well as the master of the national establishment. If there were to be competitive examinations in the premises it would be the privilege of the lady to order them, but as long as she is satisfied without them the rest of the world need not complain.

But Grover Cleveland, who is a very lucky man, would not have to be alarmed if the lady were to insist on the vigorous intellectual exercises which are the price of office in most of the smaller cases. Nothing pertaining to the office to which he is about to be elected would be asked him if the rules of the civil-service examination were strictly adhered to. If it were advisable to know whether he would be away from home later than ten o'clock at night the question would be, "On what part of the earth's surface are the mountains of the Moon located?" If information were desired as to his liberality in money matters and the extent of his bibulous propensities, the examiner would inquire, "What is the utmost amount of steam to be permitted a boiler of a certain circumference and constructed of certain material?" If there were questions with regard to pin-money, club-life, long absences from the domestic hearth, and interviews with

strange ladies, the examiner, looking through his spectacles with amiable shrewdness, would interrogate with respect to the authorship of Shakespeare, the origin of matter, the material of which Mr. Noah's ark was constructed and the place where the same landed, the kind of life, if any, that exists in the moon, the cause and the removal of cholera and kindred epidemics, the probabilities with respect to the hereafter, and so on. Any one of these questions Mr. Cleveland could answer with neatness and despatch, however stupid the man who needs a cheap office may be; and these are the kind of questions set down in the books of the examining boards to be applied to applicants for positions, from that of scrub-woman up to, if not including, that of marriage. For that matter the president could satisfactorily answer the questions adapted to the case undoubtedly, but the boards never ask anything of that kind.

So the JUDGE congratulates both the lady and gentleman and wishes them long life and happiness. There is no obstacle to their union. The appointments have been mutually made and will undoubtedly be confirmed in the usual way. No intellectual mugwump with a glass eye will interpose his presence to object to the ceremony or steal the bride, and Reform with a large R will lift up her hands and bless the children of her adoption.

FOR OLD ACQUAINTANCE SAKE.



JOHNSON—"Have you any objection to lending one you know so well five dollars?"  
 JONES—"That's the only objection, my boy. I know you too well."

THERE MUST BE PEACE!

There is a dreadful upheaval of Democratic sentiment as a result of the proposition to make Secretary Whitney secretary of the treasury, the place he most wanted when sent to the navy. The Brooklyn *Eagle* says Whitney is connected with the Standard oil company by blood and bullion. "By tradition, rumor, report, suspicion," adds the *Eagle*, "Whitney is also related to many shady sides of large undertakings, not to say jobs, in metropolitan politics." And then the *Eagle* says that in the president's mind "gratitude is heresy and treason." He may repudiate those who helped elect him, but he must not give Whitney any further favors, that gentleman being "a little too rich and altogether too complicated to please the Democracy."

Now how can a president get along when leading men of the party to which he assumes to belong repudiate him in that way? Have not these men been informed already that his

heart is almost frozen because of the Democratic frigidty which it has had to encounter? It is quite true that Whitney is a son-in-law of a large portion of the Standard company, and that he holds stock in the Philadelphia syndicate which acted as Jacob Sharp's fence in a recent transaction; but this does not shut out the fact that there must be harmony—harmony!

## Hum of the Court.

On Hudson street they pray, "Give us this day our daily bread—and buy it of plucky Mrs. Gray."

A Racine, Wis., alderman has committed suicide. It strikes us that that's meaner than going to Canada.

The man in Elizabeth, N. J., who has lived three years with a broken neck was obviously not born to be hanged.

Greece and Turkey having been at war and

### RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE "BUNGHOLE" PROTECTIVE UNION.



"Brethren, let us establish ourselves. Now or never! This morning I ordered the bar-keeper of an east side saloon to put out his kegs an' d' yez think he did it? No, brethren, he refused. We must strike."

base-ball having commenced, we look for the fall of umpires and the wreck of worlds.

Bismarck's health is so poor that his physician prescribes a milder climate, and on the whole we think he is going to get it.

Henry Watterson is going to Europe, and we look for great reforms in that section of the world during the next three months.

"Can a business man be a Christian?" asks

a Chicago clergyman. We imagine so, provided, of course, he isn't obliged to do business in Chicago.

No wonder Montreal had a flood as a result of an icegorge. The presence of so many American defaulters was enough to raise the gorge of the entire country.

The Chicago News recently gave pictures of all the leading Chicago editors, and the very next day there was a cyclone in Minnesota which destroyed all the crops.

Mr. Beecher sticks to it that the Democratic party is a double-eared ass, and closer observation than we have had heretofore obliges us to confess that he has the ears to show for it.

Senator Jones of Florida says he isn't in love. Well, if that's the case, he'd better get in love with the utmost rapidity. Any condition would be an improvement on his present one.

The case of Crawford versus Dilke is to be reopened, and Sir Charles threatens a full statement. Ladies who do not wear veils had better leave England at once—and gentlemen also.

There are to be Yum Yum parasols. Considering that they are hardly large enough to hide one head, let alone two, the name attached to them is both disappointing and exasperating.

Jacob Twaddle of Georgia, who was born blind, it is said can tell the color of a horse by touching him. The story may be true, but where, to begin with, did Jacob get his knowledge of colors?

A concert given by colored men in Boston realized \$125 for the Irish parliamentary fund. If there are any coals of fire warmer than the ones involved therein the Irish have never suffered from them.

Hans von Dam smiled all over his face yesterday. "I haf a poycott," he remarked; "mine vife she gif it to me." And now we suppose the picture papers will give portraits of Mr. and Mrs. von Dam too.

Matthew Arnold says that when he returns to this country he will come for rest and will speak no speech and talk no lecture. That will be sweetness and light indeed. It will be the gospel as it is opposed to Matthew.

A Philadelphia poet asks if rant can change midnight to noon. We have no hesitation in taking the negative; but if he could he would be an arrant fool to break up the sleep of half the world in that ridiculous manner.

Platt of Poughkeepsie, editor and assemblyman, says there are editors in this city who have not the brains of an ordinary country goose. This is true enough, but there is comfort in the thought that for his part Platt has.

The Rochester Post-Express says there are ancient females enough in Massachusetts to knock the south and west silly. What on earth do they want to do that for? Can't a female be satisfied with being old, without becoming dangerous also?

When Minister Cox got through his speech to the sultan, the other day, he bowed and turned his back to the imperial majesty and would have gone out in that way had he not been turned around by a friend and made to back out. "What made you do that?" inquired the friend after the two had got away. "Why—why!" said Minister Cox, greatly confused for the moment, "I wanted to show him the fit of my new dress coat."

### TESTIMONY FROM AN INTERESTED PARTY.

"Come on, girls; let's go down town," said a fair student of the Buffalo high school to a bevy of her companions one day a few years ago.

"Is Frankie Folsom going?" enquired one of the young ladies with a look of anxiety.

"Yes."

"Then I shan't go, so there now! If I should put my face against hers in a walk down town I should never have a beau again in this world."

Miss Folsom, who was wholly unconscious of her beauty, and who had not quite understood, looked grieved; but when one of the young ladies whispered an explanation she put her arms about the neck of the offending party and kissed her on both cheeks.

When the banker's clerk ventures on margins he is not far from the jumping-off place.

### HIS NIGHT OUT.

OR HOW TWO LOVING HEARTS PARTED IN JOY, ONLY TO MEET AGAIN IN SORROW. A TWO SIDED STORY IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS.







"Hullo, in dar! Is dar any letters fur Efrain Sims? Umph! don't pay no 'tention to a cullud gemmen's question eh? Knowed it ud be dat way as soon as de Democrats got in offis'."

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

WILL IT BE THUS!—PROCEEDINGS OF A MODERATELY WARM SESSION.

Scene—Dublin.

Second session—Time, February 2, 1902.

(Hon. Jerry Hartigan in chair. Hon. William McGlory, clerk of the house; Hon. O'Donovan Rossa, reading-clerk; Hon. Patricio Joyce, sergeant-at-arms. Portraits of O'wney Geoghegan, Sir Knight James McDermott, Hon. Rocky Mountain Moore, Capt. Phelan and other benefactors of the race on the walls. Yells and profanity from the ante-room.)

CHAIR—"Wull the sarjint koindly requist the Honorable Mr. Fatty Wallush to stop chewing Patsy Divver's ear in the ante-room? We can't hear ourselves think at all.

(Exit Joyce. Noise increases. Some one is thrown out of the window and some one pitched down stairs. Silence. Joyce re-enters, covered with blood.)

MICHAEL DAVITT—Mr. Chairman?

CHAIR—Sor.

DAVITT—I rise to a question of privilege. In yesterday's issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Tablet* and the *Irish World* there is a statement that the Ballyhack and Kilmainham railroad paid this honorable body the sum of eight hundred and nine thousand—

Seven members, springing up—It's a loi! Order! Sit down, yez spalpeen!

DAVITT—And that the chair, the clerk and six honorable members I shall not name received one hundred thousand apiece, and that the other ninety honorable members of whom I am one received but one hundred—

Eighty-nine members rising, and in one voice—Mr. Chairman, Oi muve an invistigation!

(Chair pauses and scratches his head.)

MCGLORY (aside to chair)—Wot's de matter wid yez? Have yez forgotten de old sixt ward days? Git one of de boys to amind it to a committee of tree an' den stick in your own gang. That's de way to run de machine!

CHAIR—Gintilmin, yizhaveheardthemoshun toinvestigatean'themimberfromAntrimmovesto

amindboimakin'itacommittayoftreeareyizriddy forthequision?

Three members from Antrim—Pint of order sir—Oi didn't.

CHAIR (pounding with gavel)—Will the gintilmin hould their paice till the quision's put? Nowareyizriddyforthequisionasaminded allthat'snfavorofwillsoyoicontrarymindedno!

(House—Oies—No—order—quision—Phwat's that—which—)

CHAIR—Gintilmin, the moshun as aminded is carried. Oi'm plased to see the unanimity of our counsils. Oi'll appint the committay at me earliest convayniene. (Aside to McGlory—That wuz a good oidea, Billy. Oi thank you. Oi'll shtick in thray of the mob who are wid us an' we'll hang up the repoort for a year or ilse pigin-hool it altogether. Oi know the snakes. They're trying to brace us for a divvy, but if they can me name is mud.) Gintilmin, phat's yer foother plishure?

THOMAS GRADY—I call for the report in the matter of the contest of O'Toole and Parnell. I am informed that the committee has finished its labors.

CHAIR—Ye're roight, sor. The clerk will now rade the repoort.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA (reading)—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: The committee to which was referred the contest brought by Charles Stewart Parnell against Michael O'Toole, of county Mayo, sitting member from said county, on the ground of fraud, irregularity, et cetera, beg leave to report as follows: They respectfully find

I. That said O'Toole carried all the primaries and had all the inspectors of said county and was the regular candidate of the party and is therefore entitled to the presumption of having thereafter been duly elected. (Cheers.)

II. That said Parnell was nominated at a mass-meeting packed by day laborers he had had appointed on the Dublin city works, by English spies and emissaries and also by notorious Orangemen. (Groans and hisses.)

III. That said Parnell is not a resident of said county, but is of London and other places, whereat he makes a living for himself and eighty-four other irresponsible persons by giving lectures and other performances. (Groans.)

IV. That said election was duly held and passed off quietly and peaceably, and that upon a canvass duly held by inspectors duly appointed by the county Democracy of said county said Parnell received four thousand votes and said O'Toole four thousand and thirty.

V. That the allegations that O'Toole voted one hundred tramps, and bought up nine hundred drunken voters, and by frivolous challenges and pretexts shut out and kept from voting one thousand electors who attempted to vote for Parnell, and that the inspectors entered the names of one thousand bogus electors upon the poll-lists and deposited in the ballot-boxes one thousand votes for O'Toole before the polls opened and falsely threw out one thousand Parnell ballots from the boxes on the ground of irregularity, and falsely increased O'Toole's vote by 1105 votes that were not cast, are not borne out by the testimony adduced by said Parnell or are testified to by persons entirely unworthy of credence. (Prolonged cheering.)

VI. That as a conclusion of law Mr. O'Toole was duly elected and is rightfully entitled to his present seat, and that Parnell's application, protest and contest be dismissed. (Cheers.)

Member from Connaught—Sor, Oi move the repoort be confirmed.

Member from Leitrim—Sor, Oi move the

repoort be adopted.

Member from Kilkenny—Sor, Oi move the repoort be approved.

Member from Kilmainham—Sor, Oi move the repoort be resayved.

Member from Antrim—Sor, Oi move the repoort be taken oop.

Member from Meath—Sor, Oi move the repoort be inacted.

Member from Galway—Sor, Oi move the repoort be homologated.

CHAIR—Gintilmin, yizhivheardtheablerepoortofyercommitayrigularlymovedardsicond-edthatitbeadopted. Favorsoyoiooppesdno.

House—Oi.

PARNELL—Mr. Chairman, if the courtesy of the floor may be vouchsafed me a moment, I would like to be heard— (Hisses, groans and catealls.)

CHAIR—Sor, as a gintilman who some toime ago did a little good worruk for ould Oireland, we estame you, of coorse; but as a ligislator the toime of our house is too prishous to waste in listening to—

(Exit Parnell—McGlory hands chair a note.) Gintilmin, this is a grate day in our histhory.

I take grate plishure in informing you that thray of the broitest luminaries of American jaynius are here to say us. (Enter the three on the speaker's platform.) Nade Oi inthroduce to yez the Honorable John Lawrence Sullivan of Boston, the Honorable Billy Madden of New York and the Honorable Paddy Ryan of Troy? (Cheers loud and long—cries of "Spache," "Spache.")

SULLIVAN (advances, falls over Rossa's foot, is about to hit him, but is prevented by Madden)—I don't make no speeches—that ain't my trade. But if you've got any feller in Ireland that will stand up wid me I'll show you what I am. (Laughter and applause.) Glad to see you. You've got a hotel across the way with a fine bar and the best whisky I ever muzzled. Sa-ay, I like to have you come over wid our mob and liquor wid me, cos I'm gettin' as dry as a free-lunch cracker. Come along!

(House rises en masse and escorts him out.)

CHAIR—Oi soy, clerk, this parliament shtands dissolved till to-morrow at elivin o'clock—and now for a hide like a balloon. (Exit.)

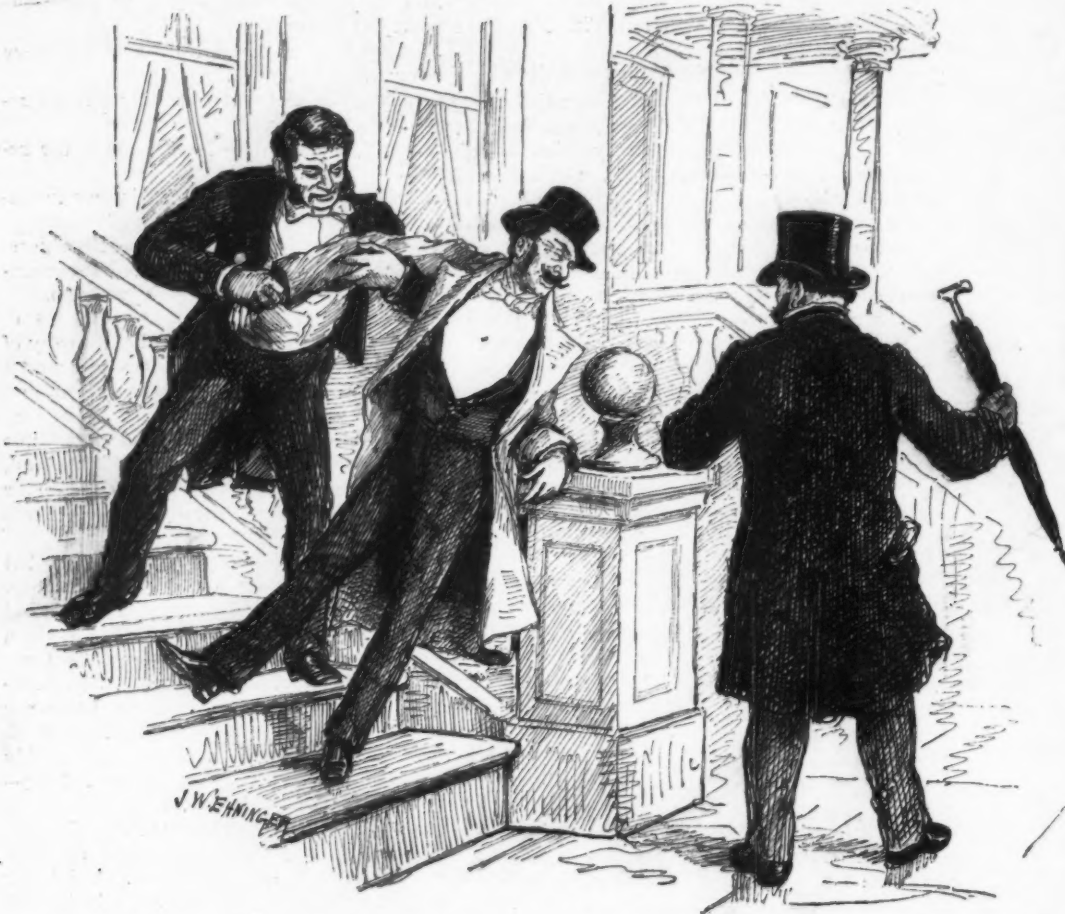
Curtain. W. E. S. F.

A DUDE EX-BANK CASHIER'S DILEMMA.



"Ah, weally, you know, Mr. Jailor, I cannot wear these, they are so, ah—too big, you know; an' the stwipe is so beastly vulgah, you know. Haven't you one with smaller stwipes?"

## GRATEFUL RECIPROCITY.



BILKINS (slightly overtaken, picked out of the gutter, brought home and handed over to the tender care of his own butler by a highly respectable elderly gentleman—an entire stranger) to elderly Samaritan—“Thanks, old flier—D’lighted to rechip-rocate favor—first op-poportunity I get.” Elderly stranger walks off indignant—Bilkins wonders why.

## “A WOMAN’S REASON.”

A woman’s reason? I explain  
The mystery of the laws  
Which dominate the female brain,  
The well-spring whence she draws  
The “inspiration”? Nay, refrain!  
Tempt not thy fate, but pause?  
Know, dotard, that thy quest is vain;  
And be content, adventurous swain,  
With—“Oh! because.”

S. D. OSBORNE.

## THE FIRST BULL RUN.

FACTS AND CONCLUSIONS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—  
ANOTHER GREAT WAR PAPER.

“I went over from Washington to see the first battle of Bull Run,” said the man with gray side-whiskers, with a sad look and in a low tone of voice. “You see this scar on my cheek? Very well. I think it was previous to this that Billy Seward remarked that it would be all over in ninety days, and certainly the remark had been frequently made that the boys in blue were going south on a pleasant little jaunt at the expense of the government, rations included. It was my opinion that the first battle would settle it, and I wanted my picnic to begin with; so I took along bottles and sandwiches and things, and when I got pretty near to the battle-field I sought out a high elevation and sat down to enjoy myself. Away off cannon were pounding away for dear life, or rather dear death. Above the sound there were clouds of smoke. The smell of powder grew fast and furious. Frightened birds of all descriptions flew north

over my head. It was oppressively warm, so I laid aside my coat and vest. The contents of the bottles made me drowsy, and I must have gone to sleep.

“I might have slept two hours when there occurred the most surprising combination of noises you ever heard. Most of them were addressed to horses and mules attached to ambulance, ammunition and all other kinds of wagon. They were accompanied with oaths of the most fearful description. I looked down and saw those horses and wagons going at a fearful rate—those of them at least that were not ditched. Men with pale faces swore at men with bulging eyes and soiled garments. I never saw such unseemly haste in my life before, and to add to it some men fought others with the courage of despair in their intense anxiety to get the right of way.

“By-and-bye there rode by a burly Englishman, faster than anybody else, urging his horse to the top of its speed and bawling for room to travel in. Somebody had come up to my mountain, and he said, ‘That’s William Howard Russell.’

“‘Hah!’ said I, ‘I knew I should see Bull Run before I got through with it.’

“‘I guess we’re licked,’ said he.

“‘In that case,’ said I, ‘I’ve had all the picnic I want. What I want is to go home.’

“I moved off in an orderly manner and in good form, but I left my hat, coat and vest behind me. I was always absent-minded, and I never thought of them till I began to feel cold. Then I was many miles away.”

“Odd as it may seem, said the man with a thin face and long hair, unbuckling his cork

leg and laying it on the grass to rest, and wiping his eyes with his fingers, “I had very nearly the same experience. I did not lose my leg till afterwards, but I was as frightened as if I had parted with my head. I was about four miles south of the field when the stampede on our side commenced. The boys whirled along as if the old Harry himself was after them. I yelled out to them, after I had got my breath,

“‘What in blazes are you going that way for! That’s not the way to Washington. Right about face!’

“‘Right about nothin!’ was the angry reply. ‘We’re licked, an’ of you don’t want to get in the hands of the Yanks you’ll travel this way too.’

“They tore on, madder and frighteneder than ever, and if I must say it, comrade, I finally came to go as fast as they did.”

There was a pause.

“How did you lose your leg, partner?” said the man with gray side-whiskers.

“Stealin’ a ride on a freight train,” was the frank reply. “Where’d you get that slash on your cheek?”

“Fell from a mowing machine,” said the gray side-whiskered gentleman, dropping a silent tear.

There was another pause.

“I have often thought, comrade,” finally said the one-legged man, reflectively heaving a sigh, “that if we out-

siders of that first battle had only gone deliberately to the battle-field we should have been safe and saved ourselves much fatigue.”

“It has so struck me, quite frequent,” remarked the man of the gray side-whiskers, dropping another tear.

## WANT TO BE WHUR MOTHER IS.

“Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!”  
Jeemeses Rivers! won’t some one ever shet that howl o’ his?

That air yellin’ drives me wild!  
Can’t none of ye stop that child?  
Want yer daddy? Naw! Gee whizz!  
“Want to be whur mother is!”

“Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!”  
Coax him, Sairy! Mary, sing somepin’ fer him!  
Lift him, Liz—

Bang the clock-bell with the key—  
Er the meat ax! Gee-mun-nee!  
Listen to them lungs o’ his!  
“Want to be whur mother is!”

“Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!”  
Preacher guess’ll pound all night on that ole pulpit o’ his!

‘Fears to me some wimmin jest  
Shows religious interest  
Mostly fore their family’s riz!  
“Want to be whur mother is!”

“Want to be whur mother is! Want to be whur mother is!”  
Nights like these and whipperwills allus brings that voice o’ his!

Sairy, Mary, ‘Lizabeth!  
Don’t set there and ketch yer death  
In the dew—er rheumatiz—  
Want to be whur mother is?

—James Whitcomb Riley.

PROOF CONCLUSIVE.



MOTHER—"Sure that ain't yer father walking home so early?"  
 MIKE—"Och, devil a bit. Fadder always rolls down whin he gits to that hill."

THE INTERMISSION.

With a shoemaker the last is the first resort.

This world is a good world and weighs 5,856,000,000,000,000 tons.

Dishonest bank cashiers are not exactly insane, but they are flighty at times.

A coachman can be distinguished from a gentleman by the rosette on his hat.

Princess Isabeau recently inherited \$1,000,000. The Princess Isabeau ideal of a girl.

"Will you hustle feet with me?" is a western way of asking a young lady to dance.

With Hugh Conway the ruling passion is strong in death. He will probably write stories forevermore.

A new bonnet and a wet Sunday will keep things uncomfortable in a household from early morn to bed time.

A Milwaukee man is taking hot baths to cure hydrophobia. He ought to send the water to Pasteur for virus.

An exchange discusses "The Drama of the Future." With many of us the drama of the future will run largely to tragedy.

"Uncertainty, wonder and the exercise of skill" are said by Sir James Paget to be the essential elements of healthy recreation. Those are the essential elements of draw-poker. But poker is a healthy enough recreation if one's chips hold out.

Emerson says, "What can be so elegant as to have few wants and serve them one's self?" We have no desire to get the better of a dead

man, but it is much more elegant to have a good many wants with some one else to serve them.

To get the full effect of Maggie Mitchell's youthful freshness and beauty please look through the small end of your opera glass.

There are twenty-seven cities in the west that in twenty-five years "expect to have a larger population than New York." This is a growing country.

A western merchant, if he has long side whiskers and a high forehead, never advertises in the local papers without an accompanying illustration of himself.

The Sandwich Islands are for sale for \$14,500,000. If we ever dip into real estate on a large scale, which from the present outlook is a trifle dubious, we shall try continents.

Dr. John Hall declares wine is a good thing to drink in "moderation." We agree with the reverend doctor so far as the wine is concerned, but isn't that word "moderation" a trifle too strong?

Last week Chicago had a population of 750,000. Since that time four babies were born on Wabash avenue, which brings it close on to 800,000. Fifty thousand increase a week is not bad—for Chicago.

At a charity fair in Berlin the crown princess of Germany has been selling sausages at \$35 a piece and sponge cake at \$1 a slice. Any man who will mix sponge cake and sausage ought not to higggle about the price.

Queen Victoria, before her marriage, always arose at 8 o'clock and devoted the whole morning to business. Now she sleeps along until nine or ten o'clock and then takes her breakfast propped up in bed. Queen Victoria is a good deal like other women.

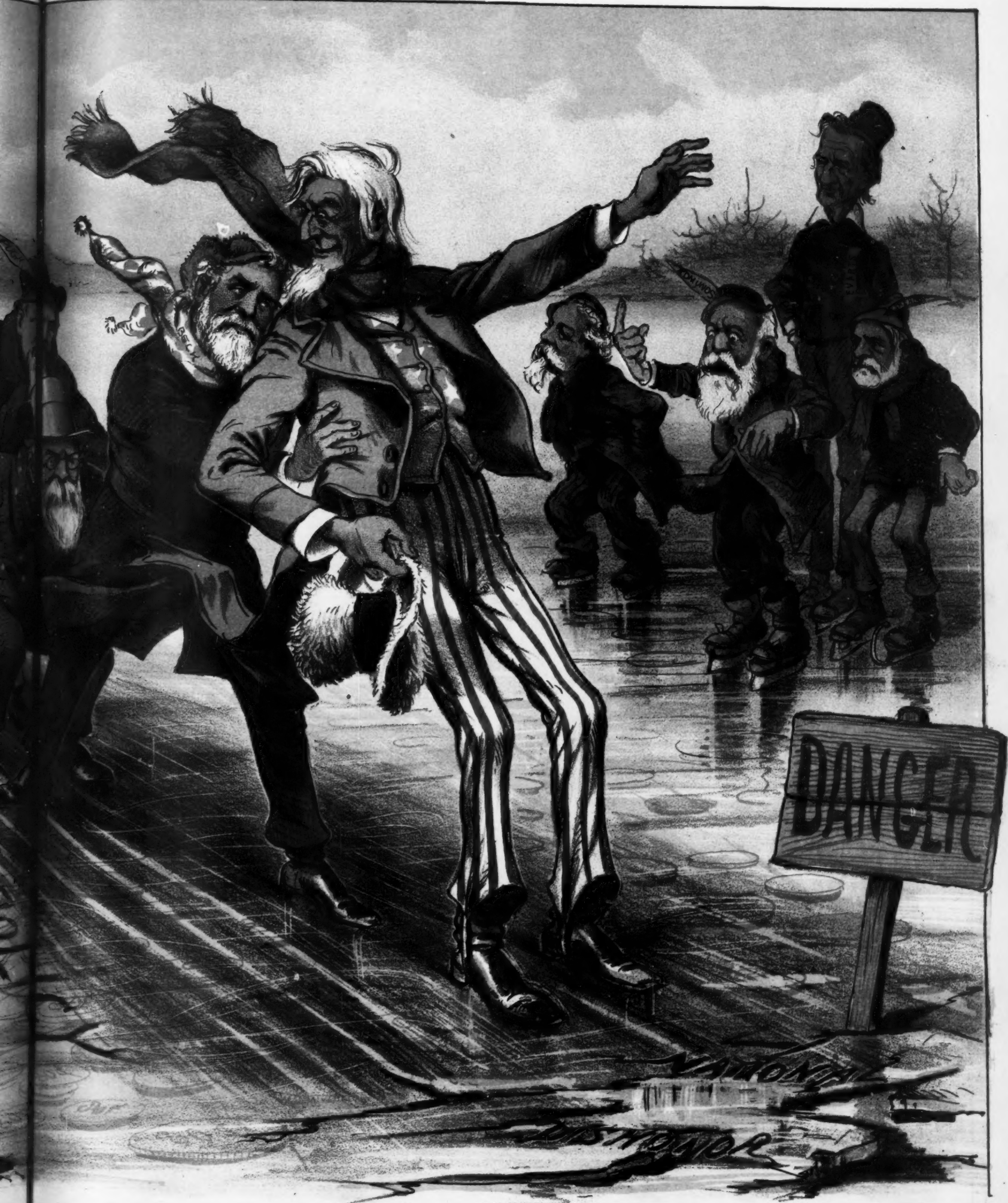


SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

DUDE—"Aw, I say, what's good to make the moustache grow?"  
 BARBER—"Years!"



SLIDING ON





The McCaull Opera Company return to Wallack's in the spring with "Don Caesar de Bazan," Sig. Giovanni Perugini taking the title role, likewise a good portion of the receipts on the strength of his hand-organic cognomen.

Miss Emma Juch says that her recent collision with a gas tank added two more notes to her lower register. That's all very nice, no doubt; but what would interest the public more would be the discovery of some form of a collision, capable of being put in practical use, that would knock off a few notes from the upper register of the average gas-meter.

"Saints and Sinners" having reached its one hundred and twelfth representation on the twenty-second, gave way on Tuesday to Gilbert's comedy of "Engaged." The latter was brought out before a characteristically large and fashionable Madison Square audience, and made a pronounced hit from the start. Mr. Palmer has been exceedingly fortunate in the choice of his plays and has exercised, in the present instance, most excellent judgment in following up Jones's pathetic little drama with so charming a comedy.

As a general thing an Hungarian nobleman fails to materialize into that picturesque and attractive individual in which our fancies and



A STANDING OFFER.

the last French novel have painted him. We find him, as a rule, upon close inspection slightly off color. "The Gypsy Baron," however does not fall into this category. Our imaginations and the highly colored promises of a shrewd management have been fulfilled, and Strauss's tuneful opera has fairly caught the town. Its dashing, catchy airs, the delightful manner in which it is acted and sung by a troupe remarkable in its strength and numbers and the magnificent way in which it has been put upon the stage have for the past week filled the Casino with enthusiasm and the box office with shekels.

Nat Goodwin is growing tired of making money on the road and prefers the risk of losing it by settling permanently in New York. There is nothing more fickle than the theatrical tastes of the metropolis. That which may suit their fancies this year is liable to be thrown aside next season as unpalatable. Farce and burlesque are in the ascendant now, but can Mr. Goodwin assure himself that they will continue to be so for a year or two to come? I think not; and with all due deference to his judgment would advise his continuing the pilgrimage. The A, B, C of happiness, my dear fellow, is to be satisfied with what you have and to thank heaven every day of your life that you have it. Presidential and dramatic lightning are alike; they have a habit occasionally of striking weak timber. And when that timber fails to appreciate its good fortune, and yearns for something more, there is generally a perceptible change in the temperature considerably to the advantage of the lightning.

The present engagements of our two leading tragedians wind up this week amid the general clamor and hurrah of an appreciative public. "Julius Caesar," with Mr. Barrett as *Cassius*, has attracted overflowing houses at the Star all week, while the friends of Mr. Booth have testified their allegiance to him by gathering in full force at the Fifth Avenue and filling his ears with sweet praise and his mind with trepidation lest the pre-Adamite scenery should fall to pieces in the uproar. The four weeks engagements of the two actors have been profitable and interesting in the extreme. Mr. Booth's management has probably made a little the most money, while that of Mr. Barrett has shown more shrewdness and enterprise. Mr. Booth's supporting company improves vastly on acquaintance, and no end of credit is due to it for the earnest, conscientious manner in which it has endeavored in the last two weeks to efface what was at first an unfavorable impression.

"Evangeline," with its lone fisherman, its bright music and its pretty girls, is sailing along gaily towards its two hundredth performance.

Congratulations and other friendly evidences of a more tangible character continue to pour in upon Miss Helen Davvray and her energetic management since "One of Our Girls" reached its one hundredth representation.

"Valerie" has proven beyond all peradventure an immense success. Crowded houses have witnessed its production each night since it was so triumphantly brought forward a week ago. That it will fill out the season at Wallack's is an assured fact. Although, as written, the last scene does not admit of much humor, nevertheless there is an unconscious display of it in the fervent manner in which Miss Eyre and Miss Robe enact the final tableau. The pathetic way in which these two

ILLUSTRATED AD.



"A first class painter wants a steady position."

pugilistically inclined ladies endeavor to conceal their real feelings in the kiss demanded by the playwright causes an audible smile to creep over the house.

PROGRESS.

He—"You understand French and Italian of course?"

She—"Oh, no, I haven't got as far as that yet; but Prof. Kicki says I dance the German divinely."

One of the most useful things that a man can have about him is a human tongue. Apart from its chief use as a lick of postage stamps, it will, if laid away quietly in the mouth, keep one out of a multitude of scrapes.



AN INFRINGEMENT IN SHANTYTOWN.

"Keep shady, Jimmy. Here come some of the patentees of the Pan telephone—first thing yer know they'll be swoopin' onto our whole business!"



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The recent state canvas in Virginia calls Your Jury's attention to the use of Confederate reminiscences in politics. If these survivals of the associations of the war carry with them a re-affirmation of the principles that were supposed to have been negated and buried by the war, it is an augury unfavorable to future union and peace. If after a quarter of a century the animosities of that strife do survive, there may seem little hope of their final extinguishment. Before deciding upon a finding so discouraging to patriotism, Your Jury should carefully consider all the evidences bearing upon the motives of such war campaign politics.

You will probably learn that the majority of those who hurraed over Gen. Lee's old saddle and the grey uniforms of the campaign clubs, were voters too young to have taken part in or had any realizing sense of the strife; and that a large number more who do recollect its incidents recall it chiefly as an exhibition of extraordinary suffering, devotion and courage. In fine, the evidences will show you that, while Southerners do not concede that they were wrong in rebelling against national authority, the chief sentiment actuating the mass of those who campaign to-day is one of respect for the courage and devotion of those who fought.

Your Jury should consider whether it is reasonable to expect Southerners to forget the war and its participants; whether the unparalleled sacrifices that the whole people made could be forgotten now or ever can; whether, indeed, they are not entitled to praise for cherishing those memories.

You should further enquire into the reasonableness of Southern persistence in the belief that the Confederate cause was right; whether it is fair to ask that they plead guilty. Millions of people are not moved to such sacrifices and deaths without a religious conviction of the justice of the movement. Defeat cannot change this conviction: Lee's army believed to a man that they were fighting for right the day before Appomattax; they probably had not changed their conviction the day after the surrender. Long years of education build up such causes, and the eradication of the growth will take corresponding time.

In case Your Jury should find from the evidence that the war sentiment of the South is one that threatens future discord to the nation, you will be forced to consider the means to avert future trouble from it.

In case it is only one founded in affection for those who fought, and in local pride, you may still deem it best to countervail the effects of the sentiment when made a factor in politics.

It will not escape the attention of Your Jury that war memories are assiduously kept alive in the North by the G. A. R. organization, Decoration Days, monuments and other devices; and are regarded as laudable—*provided*, they are not carried beyond the spirit of a proper and enlightened magnanimity towards our lately—"erring sister states." It is suggested by the court that Your Jury enquire whether the North has not allowed a spirit of conciliation to overshadow a proper insistence on the principles established by the civil war; Whether the North is as true to its principles in victory as the South is faithful to its cause in defeat; Whether the constant anxiety to avoid "irritating reminiscences" and "sectional animosities" has not placed the North in the attitude of semi-apology for its Union principles? You should consider the educational effect upon the future citizens of this suppression of the issues of the war. While the youth of the South are carefully taught the principles for which their fathers fought, and war associations are made a powerful influence in its politics and society; in the North the young are growing up in ignorance of the principles fought for, except to learn that they are to be carefully avoided in politics. The presence of three ex-confederate

soldiers to one ex-union soldier in Congress is a fact as creditable to the South as it is discreditable to the North, and one of immense educational force on the wrong side. You should consider if the real danger of the future does not lie in this one-sided and sectional education upon war-issues.

Your Jury, therefore, may conclude that the best finding upon the problem is to encourage Union war sentiments as an antidote to Confederate war sentiments; not to discourage or oppose these, but to more encourage and upbuild those. To frankly acknowledge that these war memories and this survival of ideas on both sides are natural and unavoidable, and indeed creditable to common American character; but to persistently and ceaselessly declare and teach that the Union cause was the wiser and more rightful, and should be carried into political canvasses and national policy.

From all the evidences Your Jury may find that you may safely depend upon the logic of events to vindicate and establish everywhere the superiority of Union over secession principles. This conclusion Your Jury will find enforced by the general admission of the South, already, that their defeat was a blessing in disguise; that the Union triumph was best for the South and the North. Time will strengthen this conviction and vindicate Union principles, if the North cease to apologize for and repress the utterance of them.

C. E. B.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.



THIN, HARD-UP GENT—"Say, Mister, will you give a fellow a lift towards buying an overcoat; I'm afraid I'll catch cold on me lungs."

STOUT GENT—"Why don't you do without an overcoat? I don't wear on overcoat, and am not afraid of catching cold on my lungs."

THIN, HARD-UP GENT—"But, Mister, your lungs are not as easily reached as mine."

## AT CHURCH.

Reverberating through the nave,  
To every corner stealing,  
The mighty organ, deep and grave,  
Sends forth its sombre pealing.

And slowly up the long soft aisle,  
The varied throng comes streaming,  
Old people nod, and maidens smile  
On lover's faces beaming.

But why this stir amongst the crowd,  
This sudden, strange commotion?  
And who is that with step so proud,  
And haughty regal motion?

With sparkling jewels that would start  
A diamond merchant's passion;  
Rich purple robe of priceless art,  
And that of latest fashion.

The stranger turned unto his friend,  
With eager intonation:  
"Who is this nymph with queen-like bend,  
Creating such sensation?"

"Is she not daughter to a sire  
Of most exalted station?  
A senator or something higher,  
Who towers above the nation?"

"Is she not of an ancient line,  
With many a great ancestor?  
Or is her father in a mine  
Of silver an investor?"

The friend repressed an infant smile;  
Said he—"This noble lady,  
Who moves in such stupendous style,  
Her name is Miss O'Grady!"

"Her parent made his awful wealth,  
Or most of it in water;  
For she, this girl of gold and health—  
Is a lager-brewer's daughter!"

THOS. W. TREXIDDER.

## Two Kisses.

"The sweetest kiss I ever had in my life," observed the Colonel, as he gazed reflectively at the end of his cigar, "was received at a picnic. It was thirty long years ago, when I was standing just upon the verge of manhood, and life was at its brightest and best with me. A fair young girl with great brown eyes and slender, lissome form had wandered away with me far from the ceaseless noise and chatter of the laughing crowd, and we were strolling beside a little woodland brook that bubbled in its way past cool, moss-covered rocks and besides clusters of dainty wild flowers. Playfully, the young girl sprang across the brook at some loving jest of mine, and then, leaning towards me, rested her little white hands upon my shoulder, and with all her soul looking out through the beautiful eyes, let her velvet lips just brush my own."

"The kiss I remember most distinctly," sighed the Judge sadly, "also occurred at a picnic and caused the entire party to look at me with all their souls in their eyes. I do not recollect the exact date, but it was many years ago, because on that day I had on the first pair of light pants I had ever owned. I had climbed up into a tree under which the provisions were being unpacked, and was fastening a rope for a swing at the request of a young lady Sunday-school teacher, when a large, irascible hornet stepped hurriedly out of a nest as large as a Cincinnati ham that hung over my head and

kissed me just under the right ear. I had never received a kiss before that went through my entire being so simultaneously and immediately at once, as it were, besides raising a large, irregular blonde blotch in the center of my countenance, and it surprised me considerably and made me feel depressed and lonesome.

"I emitted a yell that seemed to contain more intensified melancholy in its cadences than anything of the sort that had ever been opened on the grounds before, and plunged wildly down into that stock of picnic provisions amid the speechless, clammy awe of the bystanders. The scene beggared description. I know it did, because that is what the gentleman informed me who led me to the farther end of the reservation and thoughtfully scraped the cranberry sauce out of my left ear. Last week my wife found an old pair of light pants that I had tucked away under the closet shelf in the midst of a great wave of grief and sorrow long years ago, and as she held them up to the light and invited my attention to the singular shaped spot that marred a portion of their old-time splendor, it brought back the painful memory of that golden summer day when a kiss caused me to forget my usual timid reserve and I came down out of that tree and took a seat in the lap of the picnic custard pie with as much nonchalance and perfect abandon as though I had been on terms of intimate familiarity with it for years."

H. B. STITT.

IT IS SAID that ladies of quality in England are going into the millinery business for the double object of making money and promoting more becoming dress for their countrywomen than the continental styles. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the cause of the hideous dress may be the lack of style in English women instead of in French millinery. What bonnet could make a beefy British dowager look well dressed?

## Political Philosophy.

There is not more consolation to a beaten party in saying that the majority against it is small, than to a girl under certain circumstance to plead "it is such a little one." In fact, New York Republicans took more comfort in Cleveland's 200,000 majority for governor than in his thousand majority for president. The greater the shock the easier to bear, sometimes.

## OFF THE BENCH.

WE CAN'T PERSUADE OURSELVES, but that a good many who are using hot water internally as a medicine had better use it externally instead, with soap embrocation.

THAT A SHEEP WAS successfully cremated in the new Hunter's Point crematory, was an item of news, but the papers take no note of the lambs that are regularly roasted in Wall street.

FASHION PAPERS need not waste so much space telling ladies "How to cut a dress." They know how to cut a dress and the wearer of it too, if the latter are too costly and pretty.

## A Page From History.

"Who was Benjamin Franklin?" continued the teacher.

"The man who invented lightning," replied the prompt student.

"Well, not lightning exactly, but lightning-rods, you mean; don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And so he is directly responsible for the lightning-rod agent; is he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly. Well, what else do you know about him?"

"He was a printer."

"Just so—one of the first in the country; and so he paved the way for the ubiquitous book-agent, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what else did he do?"

"He invented almanacs."

"No, he didn't invent them, but he established them on this continent, and so opened up that great avenue for the sale of patent medicines. Can you think of anything else he did?"

"I dunno."

"Why he discovered positive and negative electricity, and so may be called the forerunner of the liver-pad—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just so; and in the light of all this should we not reverence his memory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he do anything else?"

"That's as far as we took."

"Oh, well, take the next three pages for to-morrow."

R. MORGAN.



A START IN BUSINESS.  
GRAVESTONES—"You lead, and we will follow."



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## TWO PRETTY LITTLE FABLES.

A brawny laborer complained to his employer that a fellow-workman had spoken to him disrespectfully, and said he, "If you don't discharge the heartless creature I'll tie you up." "But that," said the employer, "would be disrespectful to me and injure me financially besides." "We will consider but one question at a time," was the convincing reply; and as the employer whistled and did nothing the tie-up was proclaimed and a hundred thousand people were hurt by it. This shows that a switch in time saves nine.

A bloated capitalist said to a fatigued laborer, "You must work sixteen hours a day for two dollars." "But I can't live on that," said the laborer. "It's enough to kill a horse." "That's none of my business," said the employer haughtily. "Take that or starve to death without it. I propose to tie-up and boycott all men who assume to dispute my royal authority." There was a strike because there was nothing else the laborer could do, and a million people were put to loss and annoyance by it. This shows that men cannot safely be worked to death for nothing, and that tall grievances from little achers grow.

General moral—There must be arbitration by the general government or there won't be any fun.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.  
Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood poison. Especially has it proved its efficacy in curing Salt Rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Easing Ulcers.  
Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.  
For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by Druggists.  
**DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.**  
25c. a vial, by druggists.

## DYSPEPSIA CANNOT BE CURED BY DRUGS OR MEDICINES.

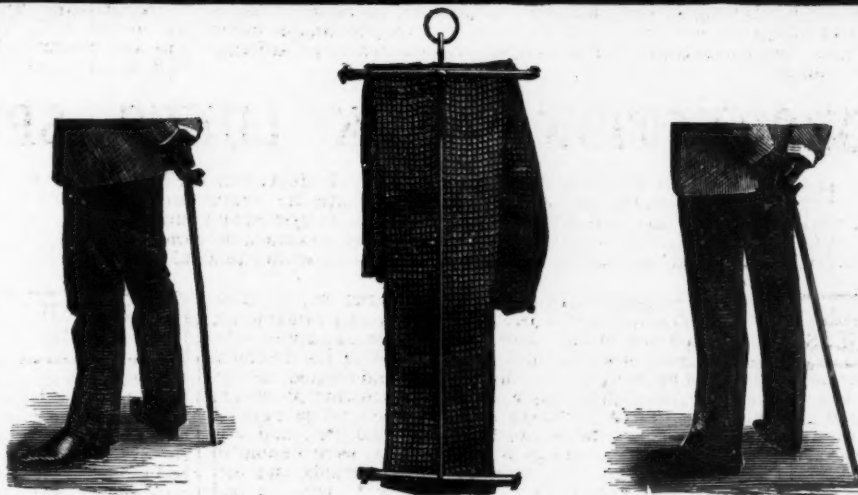
It is NOT a disease, but a failure of the stomach to properly assimilate and digest food. If it is not overtaxed there will be no dyspepsia. ALBUNOID FOOD gives the digestive organs the least possible work, and is very nutritious. It will relieve the worst cases of dyspepsia. If your druggist hasn't it, send 15 cts. for sample box. Samples free to physicians. EMERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 43 Park Place, New York.

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"AMERICAN REGISTER" says—"The invention is both ingenious and effective, so let us hope that 'baggy-knees,' the terror of well-dressed men, are things of the past."

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# LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

## LIVER DISEASE.

G. W. LOTZ, *Trudhomme, La.*, writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of bilious fever, loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhea, pain in the back of the head, right side and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights, tongue coated, etc. After taking four bottles of 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I find I am as well as I ever was."

## A BAD CASE.

SAMANTHA GAINES, *Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "For six or eight years previous to 1880 I had been troubled with a severe pain in the small of my back, also across my shoulder blades, with considerable bloating of the stomach from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard-breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Olean, N. Y., to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The effects were marvelous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

## GENERAL DEBILITY.

S. L. FISHER, *Sidney Plains, N. Y.*, writes: "Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—My wife suffered for several years from general debility. She had become a confirmed invalid. The physicians who attended her failed to help her, and it seemed as if she must die. On reading one of your Memorandum Books, it occurred to me that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' might help her. I procured a bottle, and after its use a change for the better was noticeable, and after using five bottles she was a well woman. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

## GIVEN UP TO DIE.

**Liver Disease.**—MERRIT STREET, Esq., Druggist, of *Bluff Springs, Ala.*, writes: "Miss ELIZA GLENN, of this place, had been sick for more than a year with a severe affection of the liver, but when she was at the lowest she bought three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from me, and, although before using the medicine she was given up to die by all the attending physicians, her father assures me that she has now fully recovered."

## MALARIAL FEVER.

MRS. CAROLINE SIMMONDS, *Medina, N. Y.*, writes: "I have been troubled with symptoms of malaria, with fever, for three years, but after using three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' I am happy to say that I am entirely cured, and to-day I am perfectly well and able to do my own work."

## DYSPEPSIA CURED.

**Dyspepsia.**—LUCY A. WOOD, *Taylor's Store, Va.* writes: "After many years of great suffering from the evils of dyspepsia, I was induced to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good it has done me. I do not suffer any pain from eating, and I enjoy life as well as anybody can wish."

## DIARRHEA AND COUGH.

MRS. CURTIS BOGUE, *West Enosburg, Vt.*, writes: "Two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured my cough and chronic diarrhea. It has worked like a charm in my case. It is truly wonderful. I walked over a mile last week to recommend your medicines."

## "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands and Eating Ulcers.

## ABSCESS OF LIVER.

ISAAC GIBSON, *Kenwood, Pa.*, writes: "My wife is getting well fast. When she began to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' our best doctors in Indiana County said she would die. They said your medicine would do her no good; that she had an ulcer on her liver as large as half a loaf of bread. Well, sir, to our surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for some two weeks, and then commenced spitting up corruption and blood (it looked like what comes out of a blood boil) for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

**Boils and Carbuncles.**—J. ADAMS, Esq., *Toledo, Ohio*, writes: "I have used nine bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is I am to-day free from boils and carbuncles for the first time in many years."

**Constipation and Ulcers.**—MRS. A. D. JOHNSON, *Georgetown, Ky.*, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once. I had a very bad sore on the back of my left hand for five months, and it cured that, as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

## SCROFULOUS SORES.

Mrs. A. L. CORY, *Hadley, Crawford Co., Kansas*, writes: "My son, aged fifteen years, was taken down last January with swellings on his right shoulder, left hip and knee. He lay helpless for five months, when great abscesses formed, four of which continued to discharge at the time he commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' under your advice. Now, after having used four bottles of the 'Discovery,' he is almost well and walks three fourths of a mile to school every day. A scrofulous sore on his arm, which ran constantly for two years, has healed completely under the influence of the remedy named."

**"Fever Sores."**—Mrs. A. H. CRAWFORD, *Linn Grove, Buena Vista Co., Iowa*, writes: "I am the person who wrote you two years ago for advice respecting fever sores on my leg. I took six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and was cured."

**Scrofulous Tumor and Sore Eyes.**—Mrs. S. E. GRAYDON, of *Greenwood, S. C.*, writes: "My daughter has been entirely cured of scrofulous sore eyes and a large tumor on her neck by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have great faith in all your medicines."

## CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

The nutritive properties of cod-liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by Golden Medical Discovery. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

## LUNG DISEASE.

**A Wonderful Cure.**—DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., *Gloucester, Mass.*, writes: "Nearly five years ago I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homeopathic physician, thought I had consumption. When taken sick I weighed 157 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room, as I could not talk; nor was I able to walk. I picked up one of your memorandum books on the floor of the hotel where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle brought me round so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

## SAVED HIS LIFE.

where I was boarding, and after reading it I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle brought me round so that I could walk around the room all day. I soon began to build up, and gained so rapidly that it astonished me. I have taken no other medicine since then, and have used perhaps twenty bottles in all of this medicine. I stopped taking it in August, one year ago. I feel that it has saved my life. I now weigh about 160 pounds, and I think, and my friends with me, that this medicine saved my life. It certainly is worth its weight in gold, and I consider it a wonderful remedy from its effect in curing all my ailments."

## REDUCED TO A SKELETON.

**Consumption Cured.**—W. H. HARTLEY, *Vera Cruz, Ala.*, writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment; was reduced to a skeleton, had a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and took it, and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

## BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

JOSEPH F. MCFARLAND, *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

**Consumption Cured.**—J. ANTHONY SWINK, *Dongola, Ill.*, writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a general cough and debility. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has completely cured me. I thank you for the splendid health I have since enjoyed."

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NEIGHBORLY.



SMITH—"That dog of yours keeps me awake nights, howling."  
 JONES—"Why, I have no dog. It must be my daughter singing."  
 SMITH—"Is that so? Excuse me. I am sorry. I don't suppose she can be shot, eh?"



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I REFER BY PERMISSION TO THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS PAPER.

YOURS TRULY,

**A. W. EHLE,**

CANAJOHARIE, . . . . . NEW YORK.



# THE WORKMAN AND THE ROUGH.

JUDGE—You have the sympathy of the public as long as your cause is just and you do not allow yourself to be dragged into scenes like this by that ruffian.  
 WORKMAN—Never fear, Mr. Judge; this rascal is not one of us, and only takes advantage of our trouble.