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W. D. Herwig

Judge

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STRICKEN DOWN.

Judge



Judge

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JUDGE is for sale regularly at the American Exchange in Paris and the American Exchange in London.

RUSSIA ON PRINCE ALEXANDER—"The rascal has gone."

IS NOT MRS. SCHILLING aware that she married her Ernest for wheel or whoa?

SIMULTANEOUS REMARK by Heman Clark and John O'Brien—"My wicked, wicked partner!"

IT IS A SAD TIME. There are apprehensions that even the obelisk will fall shattered from time's dial.

THERE WERE FEARS for many hours that a considerable portion of South Carolina had seceded again.

PERHAPS THE TROUBLE with Mrs. Schilling was an indisposition to appreciate the value of fractional currency.

IF YOU FEAR TO DIE don't call the doctor. Indulge in duelistic correspondence wherein gore is called for both parties.

IF YOU ASK what state he hails from our sole reply is plain; he fills the world of everywhere and his name is James G. Blaine.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle* says the County Democracy are ruled by "a corps of old-fashioned pirates." Old-fashioned? How mean that is!

A NEWSPAPER WRITER uses the words "no other goal save," &c. What is most needed hereabouts is an office cat that knows enough to chew up superfluous words.

SENATOR FRYE'S CORRECTION of a recent speech somehow reminds one of the old suggestion that it is of no particular benefit to escape the pan in order to get into the fire.

MR. BLAINE TO THE PROHIBITIONISTS—"Gentlemen, if you are determined to carry swords, pray don't wear them between your legs. You don't want to cut off your own existence, do you?"

MAYOR SMITH of Philadelphia is being in-

vestigated. When we contemplate the iniquity of the authorities of little towns like that it makes us ill. Is there really no virtue outside of New York?

"THE MAN SHOULD FIT the office," says the *Sun*. That is true. To hold office, according to the existing idea of civil-service reform, is to be guilty of wickedness. Let the punishment fit the crime.

SOME OF THE BACK COUNTIES have yet to report on the sea-serpent, but they will come up smiling as soon as the river-and-harbor appropriation enables them to enlarge their streams to the necessary dimensions.

WHOSO SENDS US prose or verse regarding chestnuts and the bell belonging thereto, verily we shall need but to catch him to wring his neck. Is a suffering public to be tortured always with that flatulence?

ALEXANDER TO THE CZAR—"Beloved father, I have returned. Have you a fatted calf about you?" The czar to Alexander—"My son, don't be so infernally affectionate. You have all the fatted calf within your garments that you can take care of now."

IF SEDGWICK had been drunk it wouldn't have done any harm. It would have been merely incoherency of the mugwump kind, and while that is never very pretty it is never very dangerous. A mugwump cannot get very seriously in his cups—he is overcome only by his eye-glass.

THE OLD AQUEDUCT COMMISSION paid \$59,000 for certain lands, and the cost of the transfer ran the bill up to \$104,000. It is now the chief business of the new commission to expose the corruption of the old one. It will be the mission of the people to expose the corruption of both—and then what are we going to do about it?

THE PIRATE VESSEL.

The yachts of the Maine waters were threatened by a pirate craft wearing their kind of

snowy sail and professing prohibitory piety the better to scuttle the winner; but there has thus far been no scuttling, and there will be none if the pirates are given fair play but treated with the indifference they deserve. A fair race and no favors—that is the motto for political honesty in all the political yachting that is yet to be done.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

There is an ominous hush in the Democratic quarrel. The period of reform has evidently passed by.

"Hah!" says one Democrat to another, "you see you have been caught."

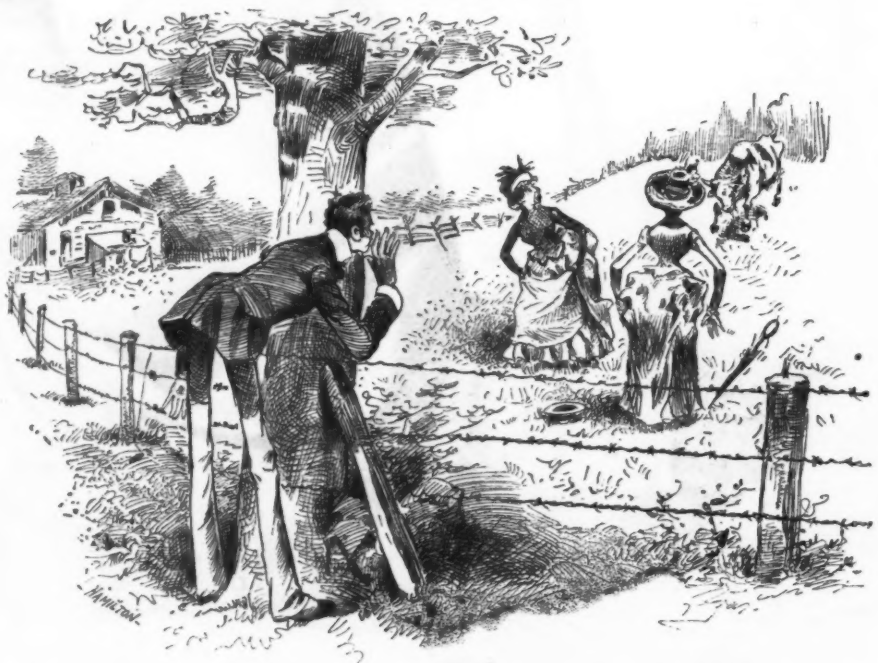
"I admit it cheerfully," is the response. "We are all equally virtuous and good. We love to be caught. Let us discuss our excellence over a glass of beer."

This may mean that it has blown over so far as the Democratic party is concerned. The elections are not far off and peace is necessary to Democratic success. But the people are certainly not a party to this compounding of felony. Have they anything to say about it?

THE LATER NULLIFICATION.

New York is the most generous city in the world, and at this moment Charleston is the saddest. Nullification and secession had their headquarters in Charleston. The recent disaster was almost as bad; but it is better in this, that it unites the two halves in the common bond of union which grief demands and generosity is anxious to honor. The first gun on Sumter sent echoes around the world. The first note of distress in Charleston went to every northern heart, and awakened feelings of brotherly affection which had lain dormant for a quarter of a century. Earthquakes are not the best things for the restoration of good feeling, and they are never to be encouraged—they might visit us to a damaging extent some day; but to extract comfort from misfortune and consolation from disaster is a part of the unavoidable business of the common life. Thou erring Carolina, thou tempestuous sister!

CAUTIOUS GENERALSHIP.



DUDE—"You two girls attract his attention and I will get around in his rear and scream for assistance."

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER AGAIN.



COON—"Say, maistah, will yer play me a toon on that 'cordion?"

stay with us always ; but for heaven's sake if you must go don't take that way and that direction.

THE FOUR-PRONGED BUCK.

When they drove Grover's four-pronged buck up to be shot at his excellency looked around hastily and inquired with some nervousness, "Where's Dan?"

"Why," said Dr. Ward, "Dan's in Cortland county."

"Very well," said Grover with some heat; "where's Augustus?"

"Oh," said Dr. Ward, "Mr. Garland is doing the pan-electric down in Arkansaw."

"And Mr. Manning?" inquired his excellency with some acerbity.

"Why, Mr. Manning is at Watch Hill?"

"And Mr. Vilas?"

"Well, he's in Wisconsin, fixing up things; and I suppose Lamar has gone south to remedy his affections."

"Oh very well—very well!" exclaimed his excellency. "We can at least call on Mr. Bayard. This isn't a Whitney experiment, because we can't operate navy guns here; and as for Mr. Endicott, he's visiting his friends in Massachusetts—there is no war in his amiable nature. Suppose you have Mr. Bayard do this shooting."

"But he," replied Dr. Ward with ominous haste, because the four-pronged buck was getting restive—"but he is running away from Canada and Mexico and has left his ammunition behind him."

"And where is Mrs. Cleveland?"

"She's back at headquarters, dining on salmon trout, and Mrs. Folsom is with her."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed his excellency; "I shall have to do this shooting myself."

And thereupon he shot, and the four-pronged buck was hit in the neck and gave up his life

with the very slightest struggle.

"I think," said his excellency reflectively, "that I must manage this target-practice myself; and at the same time if I had had a mugwump to advise me I might have killed the four-pronged buck two or three times over."

A REPRESENTATIVE CASE.

Professor and Mrs. Leon of Atlanta, Ga., have drawn audiences of many thousand people to see the lady operate a sewing-machine. She was assisted by her husband, who in deference to his ability as an assistant in working sewing-machines is called "the professor." Mrs. Leon has no title, though she has considerable to do with the business. It is possible to observe in this the injustice of man.

When Mrs. Leon wound the bobbin it was done with such dexterity as to bring forth repeated cheers; whereat the professor ducked his head. When she put it in the shuttle and threaded it, the enthusiasm of the audience was subdued but emphatic; so that the professor smiled his sweetest smile. Mrs. Leon thereupon put the shuttle in the machine with the utmost assurance and not a break.

The appreciative audience apparently repressed itself for demonstration in the later part of the preparatory exercises, and when Mrs. Leon triumphantly threaded the needle and put her foot firmly and confidently to the treadle it threw all its hats in the air and roared lustily. Professor Leon's smile broadened and grew pronounced, and his bow was more profound than before; and thereafter the exhibition was a continuous success. Mrs. Leon, occasionally looking up for encouragement to the placid countenance of Professor Leon, worked the treadle with grace and ease, guided the work with unexampled precision, kept the tension to the minutest particular, and soon accomplished a pair of trousers—we be-

lieve that was the garment—complete in every respect, and presented the same with charming grace and an air of complete and beautiful subserviency to the professor, who immediately proceeded to put them on a transparency provided for that purpose. The immense audience cheered itself hoarse, and the professor was obliged to bow almost sufficiently to dislocate his neck and warp his modesty.

The exhibition took place forty feet in mid-air, on a rope. We cannot praise the professor's intrepidity too highly; and by the way Mrs. Leon "wore a tasty brown silk and a large white hat."

THE SADDEST OF THE YEAR.

The autumn leaves are falling. The grasses are dry and yellow and the ground whereon they grow is hard to the refusal of further nourishment. The shrubbery turns up leaves that have been parched unto death, but mean to go out with all their color flying. Some bits of scarlet and blue and orange cling to otherwise denuded branches like fragments of banners caught in a storm and left as mementoes of the gay procession that has gone by and, itself, has faded out. Looking up, the eye runs to the sky, which it has not seen before from just that spot in many days, and renews acquaintance with it as it was a year ago. Right and left, above and below, there is an air and a hush of ominous expectancy, and there are such crackling sounds as bespeak the absence of sap and the end of growth. The silly season is not. The bands have gone. The flaming summer has taken with it all color but the subdued hues which attend and symbolize the saddest of the changes of the year. The autumn leaves are dropping, one by one. Let 'em drop.

The president's honeymoon has been exceptionally happy, but the time for serious reflection has come. "Grover," says the mugwump lady to whom he joined his fortunes before he met the fair and blooming Folsom, "the time for words has gone by. The time for action has come. What are you going to do about it?"

Whereupon the satiated man replies "Umph!"

"I do not like Daniel Magone, Grover, and yet you have given him a very important position in the household."

"Umph!"

"You still keep that wretched Garland; and as for Vilas, who has done more harm than all

A NEW LITERARY LIGHT.



The young Tennis-son.

HAD 'EM AGAIN.



"Jee Christopher! if I could only catch that monster I might come in for the twenty thousand dollars that Barnum offered."

AT A RESTAURANT IN THE SUMMER.

"Waiter, look here; this 'gruyere' is wet."
 "Oh! sir, that's because it's the best kind—good 'gruyere' always cries at this season."
 "Oh! then I'll wait till it's a little more cheerful."

IN COURT.

"You saw the prisoner when he fired the shots?"
 "Yes, I saw him."
 "How far were you from him?"
 "When he fired the first shot, I was about five paces off."
 "And when he fired the second?"
 "About five hundred yards."

THE PRICE OF FAME.

Two painters were talking of art and artists.
 "Have they not?" asked one of them, "been talking a good deal about X lately. He's become quite famous the last six months."
 "Nothing strange about that, as it happens to be just that length of time since he died."

Cash in all your poker chips before you come home.

Stop up the hole in the back fence.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE.



WIFE—"What kind of paper would be best for this room?"
 HUSBAND—"Fly paper."

the rest put together, you insist upon retaining him."

"Umph!"

"They say, Grover, that you think of deserting me for that aged spinster who calls herself Democracy. Have I not given you my best affections?"

"Umph!"

We have the same opinion, but only time can tell whether it is correct or not. The coolness of the atmosphere bespeaks snow.

A FAMILY DISCUSSION.

"You don't mean to say," said the wife, "that you've really invited that fool of a Brown to dine here again?"

"Yes," gently replied the husband; "but it was only after he told me he had a bad attack of dyspepsia and couldn't eat anything."

IN A DRAWING-ROOM.

"What a charming person that Mlle. Clothilde is!" remarked a gentleman. "How pretty; how agreeable, and what a graceful dancer!"

To which one of Mlle. Clothilde's dearest lady friends replies:

"Quite true. But what a pity that her education was interrupted just as she was commencing to learn to read!"

AWAY BACK.

Baron Balandour was referring to his ancestry. "Have you any family papers?" asked some one.

"No; but one thing is certain—my great grandfather commanded the imperial guard under Louis XV."

"I believe you," retorted Barbignac. "As for me, I had a grandfather who was something of an antiquarian. He discovered a bust of Napoleon among the ashes at Pompeii."

OUR MODEL SERVANT.

"Look here, Joseph; I've been ringing an hour and you've only just come."

"Well, if I hadn't been here now you might have rung a good while longer."

RULES OF THE BIG BRIDGE.

If you use the cars during the busy hours always keep in the centre of the crowd, where it is soft.

Ladies will please not loiter around the

ticket window, trying to hang each other up for the fare.

No smoking is allowed, but the conductors are permitted to saturate the platform with tobacco juice.

When a policeman is off duty and wishes to have a good night's rest he exchanges places with the man on the beat.

Any person detected in the act of breaking down the bridge or stealing the towers will be thrown overboard without time being allowed for prayers.

NOT A NOVELTY AT THE SEASIDE.



The chestnut belle.

Ladies wishing to pull up their stockings or fasten their shoes will please do so on the steps, as there are no men to see them in the ladies' room.

If you trip while you are running for the cars it is no use swearing at the steps, as they got accustomed to that after they had been there the first day.

No gambling will be allowed on the premises. Any young man detected in the act of matching pennies to see who will pay the fare will be arrested on the spot.

Mothers with nursing children will please not make themselves at home in the cars; but if the kids are determined to work the growler they will please use a bottle.

Ladies will please not pass audible comments on the relative hanging of their bustles while in the room set apart for their use, as the apartment has a most wonderful echo. J. J. O'CONNELL.

When your wife is out resist the temptation to overhaul her old letters and other Dead sea fruit.

SUBLIME RESIGNATION.



MRS.—“What under the sun have you got on?”
MR.—“Your clothes. Here are my trousers. You may as well wear them. The neighbors all say you do.”

Hum of the Court.

The greatest of newspaper achievements is the ability to lie about them.

The recent earthquake was due to several causes, but the chief of them was this—it wanted to quake.

Mr. Wolfe in behalf of prohibition—“You just make out that cheque or I'll prohibit the entire performance.”

A paper says the prohibitionists “have the advantage of a moral impulse.” Wouldn't it be well for them to put it on exhibition occasionally?

Miss Louisa Cash of Tennessee, who has eaten nothing for three months, would seem to present a deplorable exhibit of the business situation.

Richard Proctor says the solar system has a central engine; so that if there is any disturbance there we must consult Chauncey M. Depew about it.

The Atchison *Globe* says that “two good-looking St. Louis girls” are about to open a barber-shop in Atchison. Good-looking? What nonsense is this?

The Norristown *Herald* says a horse should not be permitted to make an ass of itself. The saints preserve us! is there a horse in the world that is such an ass as that?

The princess Beatrice having grown heavy and dull, we should observe the evil influence of ill-assorted unions but for the fact that Mr. Battenberg has grown heavy and dull too.

A woman has been elected master workman of a Chicago branch of the knights of labor. We should think there ought to be in this case either a change of sex or a change of title.

A recent newspaper has a poem entitled “The Lost Song;” but doubtless some idiot will advertise for the missing music just as if its absence were not a merciful dispensation.

The proposition that Aimee is turning her

attention to English slang is preposterous. Of course we get all our best slang from Paris, and she can give us points as to every word of it.

Rather than row to the assistance of a drowning man two maidens with a boat permitted him to perish. He hadn't any clothes on, and death is a small thing in comparison with modesty.

Sedgwick being a mugwump, we don't believe he was intoxicated at all. He had merely to exhibit himself in his natural guise to warrant all the mean things that have been said about him.

A Vassar girl graduated successfully and went home to St. Louis to elope with her father's coachman. 'Tis education forms the common mind; now bend the twig and let it fall behind.

Poetry of the come-rest-in-this-bosom kind is invariably declined here, unless indeed its author is a gentleman. In that case it may be accepted if the mode of expression is extremely decorous.

The *Sun* says the late earthquake was due to an extinguished interior sun which writhed in an effort to burst its crust. Possibly, possibly; but we lay it to that campaign of Ben Butler.

A Paris paper says Ada Sweet was removed from her office as pension agent because she wrote poetry. That is not true; but there is a valuable hint here as to the true meaning of offensive partisanship.

A famous lady medium was recently arrested for intoxication. Undoubtedly the spirit of some Indian having affection for fire-water had possession of her, but she had to pay her fine just the same.

If John C. New of Indiana thinks he can revive the scandalous falsehood regarding Blaine and Mrs. Blaine with any profit to himself as a gentleman he must be so much John C. New as to be entirely fresh.

The weather prophets predicted the earthquake, but they located it in the next century. One can't always be accurate about little things like dates. One has to pay too much attention to the work of accounting for failures.

Sir Charles Dilke will become an active journalist. The first principle of journalism is conscientiousness, and if Sir Charles is thus equipped he will stab himself to death with a lead-pencil five minutes after he takes the chair.

A SAD ITEM FROM THE SHORE.



“The body of little Teddy O'Boyle was washed ashore this morning within full view of his parents' residence.”—*Daily paper.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes having returned, we have entire faith that New England will go safely on to her manifest destiny, always providing there are no earthquakes there and nobody tries to cheat anybody out of ten cents except in a Christian way.

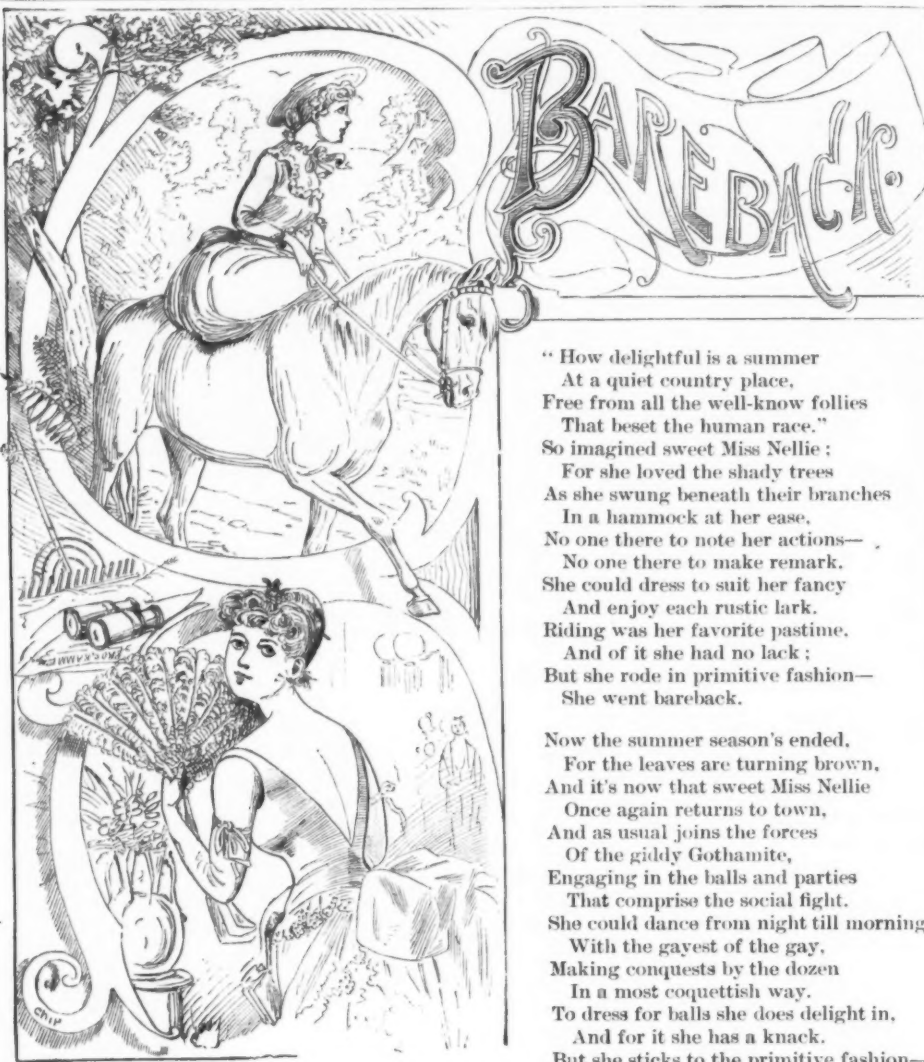
A Chinese woman in San Francisco has applied for a divorce from her American husband. The fact of his being willing to marry one of the kind of Chinese women that come here ought to have been a sufficient cause for divorce before the consummation of the partnership.

If Senator Hearst does start an American daily in the city of Mexico he will have two alternatives to select from—to make his paper so uninteresting that it will perish of inanity, or to make it so lively as to get himself charged with horse-stealing and hanged to the nearest lamp-post.

SAD ENOUGH.



SHE—“Davesa, I spoke hastily; forgive me; do not turn away and leave me without a word. Forgive me, I entreat, and make some allowance for a woman's jealous outbreak!”
HE—“Donna Inez, a Castilian never breaks his oath—farewell!”



"How delightful is a summer
At a quiet country place,
Free from all the well-know follies
That beset the human race."
So imagined sweet Miss Nellie:
For she loved the shady trees
As she swung beneath their branches
In a hammock at her ease.
No one there to note her actions—
No one there to make remark.
She could dress to suit her fancy
And enjoy each rustic lark.
Riding was her favorite pastime,
And of it she had no lack;
But she rode in primitive fashion—
She went bareback.

Now the summer season's ended,
For the leaves are turning brown,
And it's now that sweet Miss Nellie
Once again returns to town,
And as usual joins the forces
Of the giddy Gothamite,
Engaging in the balls and parties
That comprise the social fight.
She could dance from night till morning
With the gayest of the gay,
Making conquests by the dozen
In a most coquettish way.
To dress for balls she does delight in,
And for it she has a knack.
But she sticks to the primitive fashion—
She goes bareback. CHIP.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Hit and Miss Shots, with Now and Then a Bullseye.

Dar awt to be milyuns in a good fly-trap.
De fool trots an' de wise man staats in time.
Once in de fryin' pan, hit's all up wid de eel.
Ef yo' buil' yo' parlor befo' yo' kitchen, wha'
yo' gwinter eat?
Dar's nuffin' gained in cuttin' off one coat-
tail toe men' anoddah.
Ef foxes, smaats ez da is, a'n't nabbed at las',
wha' do all dis fur come f'om?
Yo' sif' all a'guments, no mattah how long,
an' de grain am "yes" an' "no."
Dar's mo' fightin' ovah de foot ob lan' on de
line dan de hund'ed akahs in de fiel'.
I'd laik toe see de man wh't sez dar a'n't no
sich wud ez "can't" open a jack-pot wid a
paa ob tens w'en de oddah man hab got a raz-
zer too.
Bizness am bizness, my chillen; but fame
hab got dif'ent buttons on hit. Whaddo Mis-
tah C'lumbus's folks git now-days fo' his fin-
in' dis chunk ob de wol'?

J. A. WALDRON.

A widow is better to court than to marry.

NOT A SURE SIGN.

"Maria, dat dorg am gwine to have de
hydrofobie, an' I'se gwine ter
shoot him afore dis bressed
day am ober."
"How yer know dat he
hab de hydrofobie, 'Rastus."
"'Cause him won't tech
de water wot I'se jes' put fo'
him ter drink, an' it am a
suah sign."
"Go long wif yer, 'Rastus!
Got de hydrofobie cus he
won't drink no watah? Den
yous mus' hab it shuah, fo'
yer hain't teched it yerself fo'
mor'n a year. I gess I git
de gun and shot yer bofe
now."

THE BEST OF ADVICE.

Peroration of an address
made by a worthy uncle to
his scapegrace nephew:
"Finally, sir, instead of
constantly making promises
you never intend to keep it
would be far more becoming
if you made none and—and
—kept them."

The wife gets old sooner
than the husband, but she
generally lives the longer.

THE AGEDEST OF AGE.



I AM AN old man.
My step is feeble
and tottering; my
silurian boots are
whitened with the
dust of ages. My
hand is palsied,
my finger nails are
grown so long
that they are rib-
bed and curled
like a ram's horns.

My spine is curved like the spring of an arch.
My eyes are dimmed and sered with the daz-
zling sunlight of countless centuries. In the
musty records of the past, whose misty pages
are veiled with cobwebs and the verde antique
of thumb-marks older than age itself, the date
of my beginning appears. Turn backward, the
pages of Time's flight, before letters and sym-
bols were known, before the years were counted
by the Roman system of notation, and my
name is on the list of patriarchs from Patri-
archville. When light, water, earth, air, were
created out of chaos, I was older than old man
Old. Back, away back, when cimerian mid-
night was upon the deep and no sound of man's
voice was heard, the chorus of misty ghouls
thundered at me through unfathomable space.
"Chestnut." Hoar-frost is murky ink compared
to my whitened hair. Yes, I am aged. Senili-
ty is my hobby. I am older than Time. But
I am a mewling infant in comparison with the
country editor who writes, "Owing to a lack
of space, considerable interesting matter is left
over this week." SAM PAINE.

IN A FRENCH REGIMENTAL HOSPITAL.

The surgeon-major (on his daily round)—
"Well, how are we getting along, No. 3."
The cavalryman (eagerly)—"Ah, major, I
have an appetite like a horse."
The surgeon-major—"An appetite like a
horse! Very good (turning to the hospital
steward); see that No. 3 has half a bundle of
hay."

FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.



ART ENTHUSIAST—"Wonderfully idealistic, is it not?"
MEDICAL STUDENT—"A very, very bad attempt of a tyro at
amputation, I should call it."

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.



The Court has the utmost sympathy for the deceived and wronged young woman, and if he had the power would in every instance lock up the man who wrought her ruin. But let us consider the case of the ruined young man, or for that matter the ruined man of middle age. Last week a buxom widow named Uthrick, whose years run into the forties, sued one Kohler, of about her own age, to oblige him to recognize her as his wife. The two had been intimate, and two of the six or more children of the widow were accredited to Kohler. The testimony showed the most persistent efforts on the part of the buxom widow to lure the unsuspecting man to her lair, if the expression is allowable. It is not shown that Kohler resisted the attractions placed before him. He was a rather willing victim. He fell, and it is not alleged that he was a victim of undue violence. But, while it cannot be charged that Uthrick deserted Kohler after having robbed him of the priceless jewel of innocence, as is too often the case where the situation is reversed, his sufferings were none the less acute. Uthrick clung to Kohler and would not let him go. Out of the fullness of her heart she proposed marriage by way of rectification, and that hurt him more than the original injury. He felt that Uthrick had had too many lovers, and he had a prejudice to the effect that a wife ought to be reasonably pure, whatever may be demanded of the party of the other part. He resisted Uthrick's importunities, and the jury in the case decided that he should go free. When he went out of court and felt the air of freedom on his crimson cheek he rejoiced and was exceeding glad; but alas! the original injury was still there.

—Gentlemen, what shall be done with the buxom widow who goes about seeking whom she may destroy? She is as numerous as she is unscrupulous, and when she robs the unsuspecting and confiding man of the virtue which is his chief boast should she not be liable in very heavy damages? It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and when the Court looks abroad and sees the wrecks of deluded men which bestrew his pathway he puts his handkerchief to his eyes and utters a prayer for justice.

Editor Stead was sent to the penitentiary for trying to reform the morals of London and afford protection to young girls. The Court bears in mind this fact, and likewise the fact that no man guilty of the debauchery of young girls was given the slightest measure of punishment. A greater burlesque of justice was never known. It shows, along with the case of the chief justice and that of Sir Charles Dilke, that the English law of this period is not fit for precedent so far

as this country is concerned, and is entitled to the respect of no just man.

—But good has come out of the agitation by Editor Stead. Formerly "the age of consent"—that is to say, the age when a girl could consent to her own debauchery and thereby save the man who debauched her from the penitentiary to which he belonged—was fixed at thirteen years, and now it has been fixed at sixteen. This is progress; but what shall we say of the fearful immorality of the law of this state which fixes the age of consent at ten years? The Court notices that the White Cross society of this city, whose main purpose it is to afford protection to girls and women, is increasing in number and influence; that it has an organ, and that it proposes various measures of practical reform. The White Cross is spreading rapidly through Europe, and its introduction here is a natural result of the agitation for which Editor Stead suffered; so that, after all, the legal injustice of the English courts is powerless against the progress which belongs to the period.

The administration at Washington to-day proves exactly what I have always said, namely, that this civil service movement is wrong; it is opposed to the principle of free government; it will demoralize the service of the state and of the nation in five years. Put me on record—in five years there will not be a sensible statesman who will not be opposed to it, and all will then wonder what lunacy caused the people to take it up.

These words were spoken in the assembly the other day by Assemblyman John I. Platt of the Poughkeepsie district, and as Mr. Platt is a Republican it may be assumed that he is honest whether he is right or not. But the Court thinks he is right. There is a pretty sound to the term civil service reform; but as

it has been translated it means a departure from the power of the people as exercised at the ballot-box to the English system of continuous, and possibly hereditary, office-holding. We have got along so well by repudiating the English system that there is no necessity for repudiating ourselves or trampling upon the common sense that has grown up through encouragement of the democratic idea that one man has as good a right to seek and hold office as another, and there is no man or set of men who are indispensable to the proper management of the government.

—Gentlemen, elections are not held merely for fun. The purpose of them is to put these men out of office and those men in office. A national election doesn't mean merely the selection of any Grover Cleveland or James G. Blaine. It means either a retention in office or a clean sweep out of office; and we have had examples enough of the danger of keeping men in office too long, they being in most of these cases the sole investigators of their books. The party that wins wants tangible evidence of the victory that belongs to it. It wants the post office at the cross roads as well as the chief office at Washington. It has a right to the honors and emoluments—otherwise, as Mr. Flanagan of Texas wisely remarked, "what are we here for?" All this is meet and proper encouragement to party organization, and when the men of this country cease to be politicians we shall have to have another system of government. Mr. John I. Platt of Poughkeepsie is right. Five years from now the man who talks for the existing idea of civil service reform will be hooted off the platform and laughed to scorn. There has been enough of the brazen humbug. Bring a stuffed club and knock its little brains out.



NATURAL CONCLUSION.

"Say, I wonder what dat man died wid?"
 "Why, smallpox, of course."
 "How d'yer know?"
 "Why, 'cause! can't yer see they have all got their arms tied up? They've been vaccinated so dey wouldn't ketch the disease."



UNJUSTLY PLACED
 REPUBLICAN SENATOR (EDMUNDS) — "Mr. P.
 Who steals my purse steals trash;—'t was mine, 't is his;—but he who filches from me my



LACED UNDER A CLOUD.
 Mr. President, is this your idea of justice?"

...n my good name robs me of that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed.—Shakespeare.



Lydia Thompson is to appear only in Oxygen. This is reviving the simplicities of the creation with an abruptness that is somewhat startling.

When New York shows evidences of satiation "Evangeline" is to be taken to Chicago, where it is expected to run throughout the summer. In the meantime extensive preparations are being made for its 200th representation here, occurring on the 26th.

Since the advent of the new tenor, who, by the way, is the *Nanki Poo* of the Fifth Avenue Mikado company, there has been a noticeable increase in feminine attendance at All Souls church. The choir gallery is crowded every Sunday morning with a happy combination of silk and ribbons and pretty faces, upon which piety and the effects of the last tenor solo are wonderfully and fearfully confused.

They do things on a little more extensive scale abroad. When Patti was singing "Lucia" at Bucharest recently a man fell from the flies to the stage and knocked down a woman, a child and a piece of scenery. The man fractured his skull and the woman was seriously injured. The audience became greatly alarmed, but through the presence of mind of Mme. Patti order was restored and the opera proceeded. This rather overshadows the little gas tank episode at the Academy.

Lester Wallack's jovial bearing, Helen Russell's vivaciousness and the cold wave suggestiveness with which Misses Eyre and Robe continue to go through their little osculatory ceremony give "Valerie" more life and sparkle than perhaps was first anticipated. Crowded houses and plenty of enthusiasm are the order of the day.

Mme. Judic, who has been delighting large audiences at the Star all week, plays a return engagement of three weeks at the same theatre, commencing Monday, April 5th.

Francis Wilson's "Committee" song and other bright airs from the "Gypsy Baron" have entirely superseded the "Mikado" on the streets, the latter having at last been reduced to the level of the peripatetic hand organ.

"Engaged," to all appearances, is good for the season. The houses that have greeted it since its revival at the Madison Square last Tuesday night have been hilariously appreciative and of a size that has encroached pretty severely upon even the standing capacity of the theatre.

Deliciously exhilarating is "Nancy & Co.," Daly's new comedy. In his adaptation from the German Mr. Daly has clearly exercised the license of the dramatist and refined and modified Rosen's somewhat boisterous fun down to that degree of jollity which is the most attractive because of its combined delicacy and pungency.

Edward Harrigan's new play, "The Leather Patch," promises to be equally as popular as any of the old time "Mulligan" series. It is full of clever bits of comedy and taking music, and has a good deal of the old dash and vim of Harrigan's first productions.

"Jack in the Box" leaves the Union Square at the close of the week to give place to Solomon's opera, "Xanita." Manager Hill has engaged a strong cast for the latter and intends putting it on in a most attractive style, Monday night witnessing its first performance.

The management of the People's theatre have been presenting some exceedingly strong plays within the past few weeks, and as a natural consequence have had about all the business they could attend to. The recent engagement of Frederic Warde was one of the biggest paying weeks in the history of the theatre.

Probably the most notable event of the opera season has been the production of the long heralded "Lakme" by the American company at the Academy. There had been so much said of the new opera, so many mysterious allusions had been made to it while rehearsals were going on, and so many brilliant promises had been made concerning its presentation, that the curiosity of New York's musical circles was aroused to the highest point, and it only required the definite announcement of the time set for its initial production to start an army of ticket purchasers to the doors of the Academy. A week before it was evident that the house would be filled, but it was hardly anticipated that so vast a multitude would assemble there as that of Monday night. The Duff company, who first attempted "Lakme" three years ago, made a dismal failure of it. The American company has succeeded in making it one of the most brilliant productions of the present season.

It is said that when Thatcher, Primrose and West were playing in Chicago, some time ago, Manager Clapham happened to be in the hotel telegraph office at the time of the receipt of a private dispatch from a well-known New York turfman at the Monmouth race course, purporting to give reliable information regarding the probable result of an important race that was to be run on the following day. The operator handed it to Clapham with an injunction to keep it secret. It was too good a thing to keep to himself, however. He immedi-

A LUCKY NUMBER.



"Ef we'd had one moah chil'en, Maria Jane, we'd a loosed it."

ately invested all his spare money on the race, and then hastened to share his good fortune with the other members of the troupe. Before night all the ready cash of the company was in the hands of the bookmakers, backing the winner as indicated in the dispatch, and the actors were enjoying themselves as only actors can when they see wealth or a full house staring them out of countenance. The next day the air was full of sadness and imprecations. The dispatch was bogus.

The ill success attending the efforts of the literary match makers on the daily press to marry off the president, instead of discouraging, only seems to have spurred them on to further attempts in the same line. They have recently undertaken a contract to wed Sir Arthur Sullivan, and up to the present time the names of two young ladies have been mentioned in this connection. A much more promising field for these enterprising gentlemen suggests itself in the advertisement of a Bowery museum:

Miss Fanny Mills, "That Girl from Ohio," 20 years of age, very pretty, wearing No. 30 shoes, the largest ever made; 19 inches long, 7½ inches wide; Miss Mills's father offers \$5,000 and a well-stocked farm to the man that marries her.

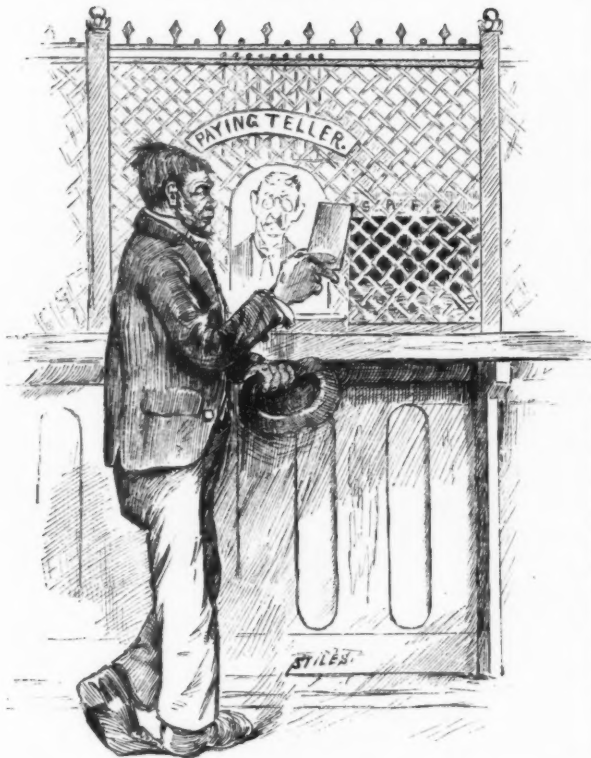
And the girl has been married, and perhaps the man who married her has his \$5,000 by this time.

A FASHIONABLE FOIBLE.

Conductor (displaying five salivated pennies in his open hand)—"I've been in this business all my life, but never could find out why a woman always carries her car-fare in her mouth."

Cynic (with a smirk)—"I guess they're trying to catch on to the fashionable lisp by cultivating a purse mouth."

PROOF POSITIVE.



PAYING-TELLER—"I don't know that you're the man whose name is on this check. You'll have to be identified before I can give you the money."

PAT—"Oidentifoyed, is it? Sure thin cast ye oye on this bit av a fotygraf an' y'll see it's meself entoirely."

Judge's Charge.

HE WILL LOSE HIS PRACTICE.

The Kentucky lawyer who refused to fight a duel will live to fight another day; but, right and wise as he undoubtedly is, he had better move into some more northern locality. While every Kentuckian admits that it is wrong to kill, no Kentuckian can forgive the man who refuses to kill on the slightest provocation.

COACHY, BEWARE!

Hereafter perhaps coachmen will think long before running away with their masters' daughters. The giddy young things are not to be relied upon, and the original elopement is very good evidence that more elopement is to be apprehended. Of all the cases of the kind that have transpired not one has turned out happily. The coachman should set his lip sternly against all temptation of this nature—the girl who is ready to elope with him will be twice ready to elope with somebody else. As Mr. Tupper eloquently remarks,

"Her vows do not believe,
She surely will deceive—
She'll pack her duds and leave."

THE COLLAPSED ROTUNDITY.

Dorman B. Eaton is writing letters in vindication of his administration to the New-York Tribune. It may be remembered possibly that Mr. Eaton represented the United States for a time as a missionary in Africa, and was charged with taking more than his share of mileage. This, however, was of small account in comparison with the atrocity of his grammar and syntax and the villainy of his enormous exaggeration of his own importance. The natives wanted to hang him for the feroc-

ity of his egotism, but they say now that they will compromise if Whitelaw Reid is handed over to them for the crime of giving him the room necessary to air his self-sufficiency.

THE AWKWARDNESS OF GUILT.

"So you are a Democrat?" inquired one man of another.

"Yes," was the hasty response; "but I never did it. It was that other Democrat."

"Methinks," said the author of the interrogatory as he passed musingly on, "that he doth protest too quick, and there is besides an old maxim to the effect that a guilty conscience needs no accuser."

"Remarkably shrewd man that," said the other, going his own way with blushes on both cheeks; "wonder if he knows whether I belong to the aqueduct ring or the Grace family?"

The court thinks after due deliberation that as between the six and the half-dozen there is a considerable distinction without the slightest difference.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SNORE.

Kate Field says she always takes a state-room on railroad trains, so she can "lock out snores." We are afraid Miss Field's aversion to snores has broken a great many hearts; but

when she finds a man who doesn't snore she'll find one that isn't worth having—we can tell her that. Still, there is a difference in snores. While the light, genteel, airy, innocent snore has its ameliorative virtue, the full-breasted, rounded snore, with holes in it like those of a pepper-box, is intolerable, especially if it be accompanied with a snort. No self-respecting woman could possibly be expected to tolerate such a snore as that, unless she produced it herself. In the latter case she would perhaps enjoy it until it woke her up. But the point is that this is not the period for male angels, and as there is no rose without a thorn so there is no man without a snore. Do not expect it, Miss Field. Do not look for such a being. He is not here. He will never, never come.

ECHOES OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

The phenomena of earthquakes will never be entirely understood. The habitual reader of the daily newspaper will probably doubt this, having been told all about it, as he supposes; but we must really content ourselves with limited information and such facts, more or less insignificant, as come to us from the unscientific individual. The earthquake was not felt to a serious extent in New York; but, curiously enough, the court has yet to meet a person who did not experience it to some extent.

"I was sitting with a cigar for my only company," says Mayor Grace, "when there came a low but distinct rumbling that slightly shook the building, and the next moment I got a dispatch to the effect that I had better prop up my establishment because Henry George and many of the boys of my own family were after me. I tell you I was scared."

"When I heard the rumbling," says Mr. John O'Brien, "it reminded me of some remarks of my partner Heman. I looked at the

opposite wall and there were fissures in it, and upon my soul I thought they fashioned themselves into writing to this effect—"You get right out of that state committee!" Then I knew the earthquake was here."

"My experience is not large," says a dispatch from Governor Hill. "We got only a slight shock here. Having ordered the 'quake myself, of course I took good care not to have much of it in this locality. Beyond a sprained ankle and a slight attack of neuralgia I have suffered no serious injury. But the deuce of it is, now that it's begun I'm afraid I can't stop it."

The president of the United States was fishing when the rupture began. "I noticed," he says in a private letter, "that there was a sharp snap to my trolling-line, and immediately the waters were troubled. So was I; though I must say that it was a pleasing sort of worry. In five minutes the waters parted at the side of my boat and there emerged therefrom a five-pound trout. That's the kind of earthquake for me. By the way, how's David?"

A Mrs. Smith, who lives in Harlem, had just finished emptying her husband's trousers of their superfluous funds, when she distinctly observed Mr. Smith turn over in bed with a suppressed snore. This was at six o'clock in the morning, but she believes the earthquake began then. She turned pale with fright and softly replaced the trousers, and at an early hour of the evening she received a letter from her first husband, whom she had supposed to be a corpse in Madagascar. She ran into the back-yard and remained there five minutes.

"I thought," says Mr. Bayard, "that the government was about to be attacked by the combined armies of Canada and Mexico, with the aid of a force from Maine headed by James G. Blaine. I was so annoyed at the continued rumbling, as telegraphed me from the city of Mexico and some other points, that I walked

A BOLD ANNOUNCEMENT.



"Say, boss, here's me last two-pence; gimme a half ticket to de middle of de bridge. I'm a boot-black from de fourd ward. In short, I'm goin' ter jump off. I'd like to tell you more about meself, but afeared I'm o' ther law and press git-tin' onter me."

PROF. MOREMUS ON

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rapidly out upon the flats and covered my face with my hands to hide my agitation."

The public may not be able to draw any remarkable conclusions from these incidents of the unpleasantness; but in the hands of science they will certainly not be without significance.

P. S.—A dispatch just received from Mrs. Cleveland says she thinks it indicates another term for Grover.

DECISIONS HANDED UP.

And the maiden shrieked in terror,
"Tis the fierce and dread cyclone;
I can hear its dreadful mutter
And its weird, wild, woful tone!"

But the youth, though pale, was fearless;
And he said, "Oh, bear thy pain;
'Tis the village band who practice
'When the Robins Nest Again.'"

—Musical Herald.

A Dakota editor announces a symposium on the "Eternal Ego of Kant's Philosophy." Those cattle-brands are always causing trouble in Dakota. —Buffalo Express.

Archibald Forbes has written a book entitled "The Kings I Have Met." It would be interesting to know whether he met them with queens or with aces. —N. Y. Tribune.

Somebody says that "one who has lost his presence of mind with his clothes on fire should

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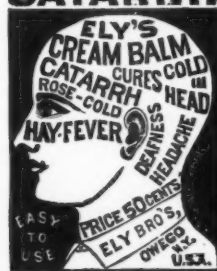
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be thrown down." A better plan would be to put him out.—Norristown Herald.

Mr. Henry George writes many books to prove that land should be held in common, but we notice that he copyrights his books so as to retain their ownership. Henry is strong in precept but weak in example.—Alta Californian.

"Poor Brinsley is getting poorer than ever." "Why, what has happened to him now?" I don't know the exact nature of his new misfortune, but I understand that he brought home another dog last night.—Boston Transcript.

It is sometimes remarked in Buffalo that Lockwood but Grover would not.—JUDGE. What is it that Lockwood and Grover wouldn't?—Buffalo News. We are not good at guessing, otherwise we might suggest "swapping positions."—Yonkers Gazette

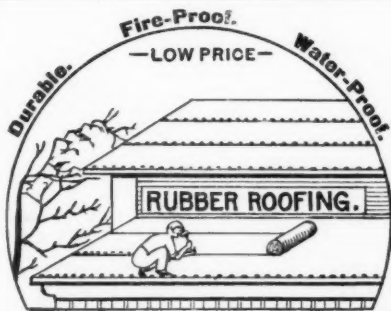


Dress makes no dude, the want of it no fellow. Whether the head be sound, or if 'tis mellow, Is shown by acts, or airs, or affectation— These tell the oats or quality of the ration. Dress a fool youth for theatre or ball Who acts the thought that he must know it all, Bet your sweet life he knows it not at all.

A writer in an exchange denounces the common house fly with unmeasured terms. While measured terms may prove efficacious, we know that a folded newspaper applied across the small of his back will denounce a fly in the twinkling of a lamb's tail.—Marathon Independent.

One of the smartest things ever said in the House of Commons was Sexton's remark about Chamberlain. "Chamberlain only required to be given sufficient material to execute the ends of

Continued on fifteenth page.



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A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Mrs. F. OATS, of Shunway, Ill., writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, and I could get into a wagon and ride two miles to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk out in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and going about and helping to do my housework, after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get—and the last one told my husband that I never would be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Organic Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN.

Mrs. F. E. WILCOX, Friendship, N. Y., writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with organic weakness and terrible pains across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

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Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, Galien, Michigan, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two or three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, not understanding that in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, treatment and other complications made. A proper medicine directed to the cause would perhaps have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

DOCTORS FAIL.

"Organic Weakness" Cured.—**Mrs. SARAH A. LOVELY, Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa,** writes: **R. V. PIERCE, M. D. Dear Sir**—"Having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit, I was finally induced to consult you. You advised me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Adviser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' When I first began using these I could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; and in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines wherever I go, and loan your 'Adviser' to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

Organic Weakness Cured.—**Mrs. W. H. PALMER, Luther, Mich.,** writes: "I have taken one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' the medicines you recommended to me. They have perfectly cured me of flatulency and belching, and the most terrible sick headaches. Everybody tells me how much better I look. My sickness was of six years' standing. For the past year I had failed very rapidly, until I weighed but ninety pounds. My health is most wonderfully improved since the use of your medicines. I am now able to walk to church. You have done for me what two doctors had faithfully tried to do for the past year, but failed, although they treated me earnestly and patiently for the same failure in health."

A THOUSAND THANKS.

Mrs. CAROLINE BYERS, corner Duke and Argyle Streets; Halifax, N. S., writes: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, I thank God, and thank you a thousand times, for the relief that your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have given me. I am perfectly cured of a chronic sickness that had troubled me for years. How my heart is overflowed with joy and gratitude towards you, my tongue can never express."

Neuralgia.—**Mrs. VIOLA LONG, Johnstown, Pa.,** writes: "Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' have cured me of a most troublesome and long-standing neuralgia, for which our family physician treated me in vain for some time. Immediately on commencing your medicine I could sleep well, which was a thing I had not done for months. I have since felt like a new person, and am desirous that others should know of the great merits of your remedies."

"ALL RUN DOWN."

Mrs. V. H. PETERSON, of Lockport, N. Y., had suffered for three years from "organic weakness," was greatly emaciated and "all run down," as she expressed it, and Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" promptly cured her, as they have thousands of similar cases.

"DO LIKEWISE."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians I was greatly discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to anyone writing me for them, and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

Profuse Hemorrhages.—**MARY JANE SIMS, Jamestown, Ark.,** writes: "I have been taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have received more benefit from its use than from any physician I have tried in seven years. When I first used it, I was not able to be out of bed, from profuse hemorrhages; in three days after I commenced to improve, and have continued on ever since, until I am now in better health than I have been in years."

DOCTORS' MISTAKE.

Mrs. HENRY PATTERSON, of New York City, writes: "I had been under an eminent physician's care for eight months for what he called 'spinal disease.' I became worse during all this time, when, changing to see a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser at the residence of a friend, I read that part devoted to 'Woman and her Diseases.' I soon became convinced that my disease was a uterine affection, which, as you say, caused sympathetic backache, inward fever, nervousness and general debility. I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' applying also the local treatment which he recommends in the Adviser, and in three months I was well and strong."

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills one great purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures nausea and weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, eructations of gas, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, in either sex. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. For conditions, see wrappers around bottle. Price Reduced to \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address for \$1.50. A large pamphlet, treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address,

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

HYATT'S INFALLIBLE LIFE BALSAM.

FOR THE BLOOD.
AN OLD AND RENOWNED MEDICINE

Experience has proved that this wonderful preparation has wrought astonishing cures of RHEUMATISM (AND SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS MOST TERRIBLE FORM); and FOR ALL CONDITIONS of IMPURE BLOOD (from a common pimple to the worst eruptive diseases), it is believed to be better than any other remedy on earth. IT SEARCHES THROUGH THE BLOOD, cleanses it from all humors, and enriches it to a condition of perfect health. In the treatment of any humor of the skin its operation is greatly aided by the use of GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP as an ABLUENT for the poisons of the blood as they come to the surface.

To avoid imitations and counterfeits, purchasers of the genuine HYATT'S LIFE BALSAM should be careful to examine the wrapper and circulars around each bottle and see that the address

115 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK,

is on each. ASK FOR AND OBTAIN the new and improved style of wrapper adopted January 1st, 1886.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GLENN'S



Sulphur Soap

The Famous Skin Remedy and Beautifier.
For Use in the Toilet and Bath.

HOW TO GET A HEALTHY AND PEARLY SKIN.

A lot of people (infants and adults) are troubled with humors which develop into unsightly blemishes on the skin. The value of sulphur as a cleansing and purifying agent is everywhere recognized, and there is nothing that will equal

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP

as an external application; used in the bath and the toilet regularly, it will soon free the skin from all impurities, inducing lithe, firm flesh, and a skin as clear and smooth as satin. 25 cents a cake; three cakes for 60 cents, or sent by mail on receipt of price and 5 cents extra for each cake. Beware of Imitations.

OBSERVE THE NAME.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor,
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Is printed on each packet containing the soap, and for sale by all Druggists everywhere.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS CURE IN ONE MINUTE.

HEART DISEASE. Any PAIN or functional DISEASE of the heart, usually called Heart Disease, readily yields to the use of DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR, which is sold by all druggists. BE SURE TO GET THE GENUINE. Pamphlet Free. Address DR. GRAVES, 115 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER Kills Corns and Bunions. Beware of the many poor imitations. Ask for German Corn Remover and take no other. It has no equal.

The Crowning Glory of Man and Woman is a Beautiful Head of Hair.



Hair Revivum

THE BEST OF ALL HAIR RESTORERS. NOT A DYE.

THE REVIVUM is the ONLY LOW-PRICED preparation for RESTORING GRAY HAIR to its original color, while it is a VERY AGREEABLE HAIR DRESSING. It will certainly do all it promises, and it is pronounced SUPERIOR to any other preparation. Put up in bottles of good size, and sold by druggists generally. Ask for HAIR REVIVUM and take no substitute.

HILL'S WHISKER DYE (INSTANTANEOUS) IS THE BEST. ONLY 50 CENTS.

justice and himself" This is a delicate your-
rope-can way of putting it.—Detroit Free Press.

A Philadelphia religious weekly informs its readers that Noah's wife was turned into a pillar of salt. If its readers are not aware of the fact that Methusaleh was thrown into the lion's den, and Adam was swallowed by the whale, it should lose no time in imparting the information.—Norristown Herald.

Magazine editor—"How many new manuscripts came in to-day's mail?" Office boy—"Twenty-two, sir." "Well, pick out all that you are able to read and send them back." "I can read all of 'em, sir, except one." "Ah! let me have that—evidently by some noted author."—Omaha World.

When an Elkhart, Ind., farmer was unloading a load of hay which he had driven to market and sold, he found a very lively rattlesnake in the hay, and in the serpent he found two meadow moles still alive and kicking. If he had kept on and opened the moles he might have found an oil well, peach orchard or something of the kind.—Oil City Blizzard.

"I suppose you have heard of the proverb which says that 'Providence takes care of fools and drunkards,'" said Hieronymus Tuck to Ne-

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HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN INVESTIGATION BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE THE BEST SAFE

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buchadnezzar Snippet. "Yes." "It will have to be amended by striking out all after the word 'fools' now." "Why so?" "Because Rhode Island has become a prohibition state."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Gazette.

It is now the custom in the fashionable circles in the east to have the marriage certificate bound into a dainty and elegant little plush volume stamped in gold and the clasp ornamented with diamonds. It is open to discussion whether this custom will ever gain a foothold in the west or not, though we hope it may. It will certainly find considerable to overcome. As a single instance we might cite the fact that we used our marriage certificate to wad a shot-gun with while attempting to shoot a cat one night several years since.—Estelline Bell.

ADDING HYPOCRISY TO CRIME.



"Grandpapa, dear, couldn't you hide these Rackets under your coat or something? We need't show everybody we are going to play lawn tennis on Sunday afternoon!"

The young ladies of Bar Harbor have organized a Dream Club, the daily sessions being devoted to the relating of their dreams of the night before. One young lady, who ate a liberal slice of fruit cake, seven fried oysters and three plates of ice cream before retiring, related a dream at the next session of the club that made the false hair of three or four of the member stand on end. Most of the dreams, however, have a nice young man for their hero, and something lingering, like matrimony, occurs in them somewhere.—Norristown Herald.

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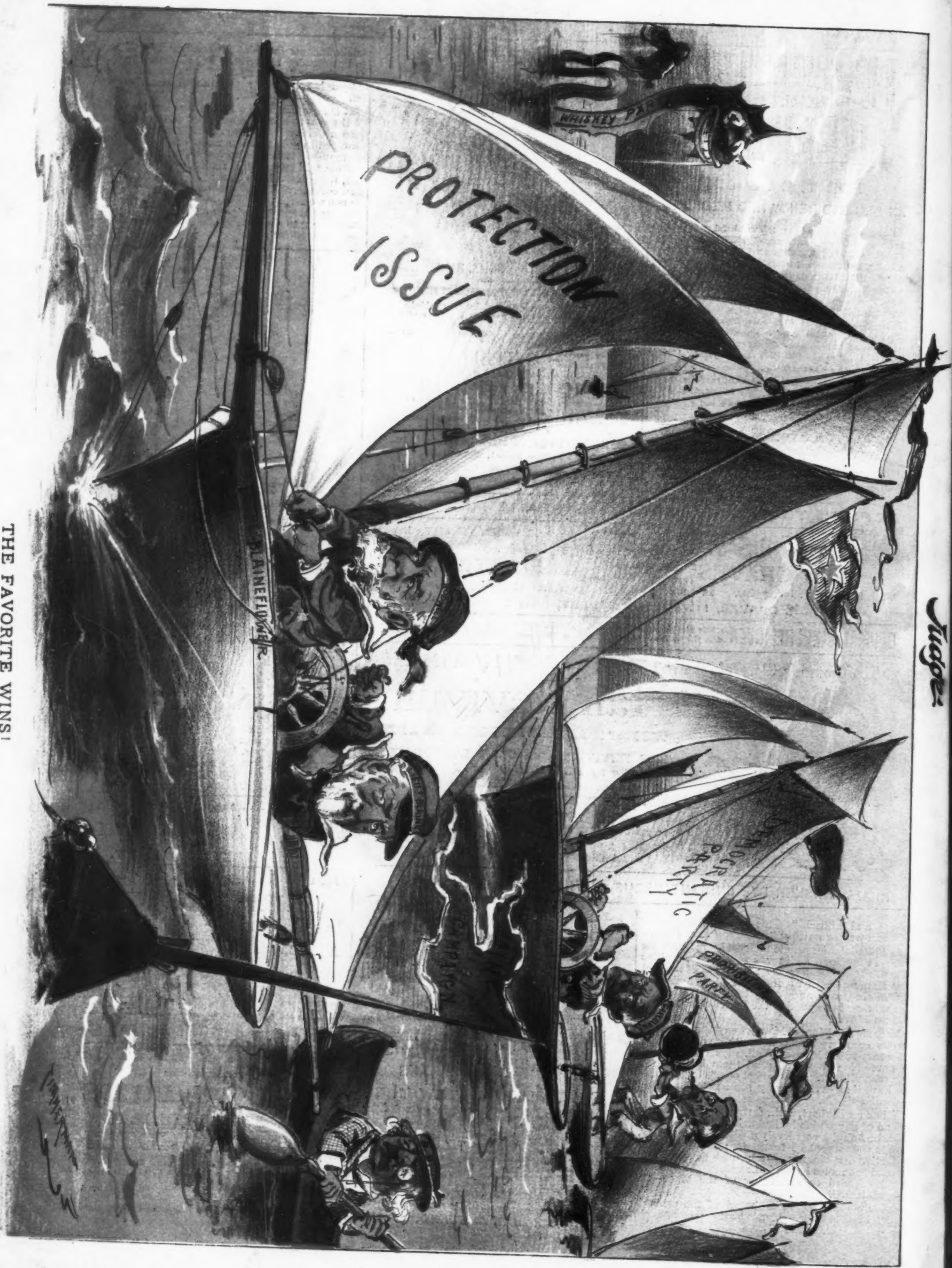
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