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FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

"WHILE THE LAMP HOLDS OUT TO BURN, THE VILEST SINNER MAY RETURN."

N. B.—BUT THIS ISN'T A LAMP, AND IT DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE HOLDING OUT.



## THE JUDGE.

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### "GET IN THERE, AND COVER UP!"

THOUGH ghost stories are growing unfashionable, and authentic spooks are becoming rarer every day, there are few people who have not felt an uncomfortable thrill at passing, at the proper hour and in the proper frame of mind, through the proper haunt of ghosts—the graveyard. Such persons can not fail to sympathize with Charles A. Dana. Fancy the feelings of that great, good, and thoroughly methodical man on encountering a ghost stalking about the tombs of the Democratic burying ground. Perhaps there is no man more familiar with the locale of Democratic graves, and the general "lay" of the Democratic graveyard than is the accomplished editor of the *Sun*. Perhaps there is also no man less inclined to sympathize with any erratic movements or unbalanced thoughts among Democratic

ghosts. So when Mr. Dana encountered the ghost of Hendricks emerging from its own proper tomb, and *en route* to mingle in the political festivities of the moment, it must have given him a severe shock. Mr. Dana knew, no man better, what a costly funeral Mr. Hendricks had had eight years ago. Mr. Dana knew, no man better, how vast a weight of superincumbent marble had been laid over Mr. Hendricks' remains; and yet here was this unlucky sprite trying to elbow its way back into the upper lights of politics and the Vice Presidency.

No wonder if Mr. Dana orders the corpse to get back into its grave and cover up. No wonder he reasons with the fleshless spectre and attempts to convince it that its mission on earth has been accomplished, that it died—a horrible, lingering death it was, and Mr. Dana would have liked an inquest, for he felt convinced that there had been foul play—but at any rate that it died eight years ago, and there exists in this upper world now no possible niche which it could fill usefully or even ornamentally.

Mr. Dana is disgusted, and rightfully so. What is the use of seeing people decently interred if they are to start forth and confront you after this fashion at every turn. The world would soon become uninhabitable; politics would cease to be a pursuit worthy of a gentleman; what security have we that the work of resurrection will cease with the ghosts? How do we know that people will not begin to dig up buried scandals concerning the living? The whole thing is wrong, Mr. Dana opines, and THE JUDGE agrees with him. There is your grave, Mr. Hendricks; it is quite as good a one as you are entitled to. Get in there and cover up.

### THE POLITICAL PARSON.

SINCE the middle ages, when bishops donned armor, and led their flock to battle, history has shown us no more bellicose ecclesiastic than the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. His place in the present campaign is altogether unique, but he evidently proposes to be "no deadhead" in whatever enterprise is stirring. He has a strong friendship for Governor Cleveland, and a close affinity to that remarkable statesman. This is natural. There are chapters in the past of both Cleveland and Beecher, which read like elaborations of the same salacious theme, and the somewhat coarse phrase "thick as thieves" which is used to indicate the intimacy of co-breakers of the eighth commandment might well be paraphrased to convey even a closer bond of union between co-breakers of the seventh.

Mr. Beecher has another sentiment almost as strong in him as his devotion to Mr. Cleveland. That is his antipathy to Mr. Blaine. This is not a little to Mr. Blaine's credit, and we have no doubt but that our next President will be strengthened to bear the Plymouth pastor's Christian hatred with no less Christian fortitude. It is those shock-

ing Mulligan Letters that are robbing Mr. Beecher of his rest, and, indeed, in view of the trouble the Reverend gentleman himself had with letters a few years ago, we can well understand the horror with which he regards them.

A curious fact, however, and one very significant of Mr. Beecher's waning influence even among his own congregation, is that nearly all the members of Plymouth church are most ardent advocates of Blaine, and firm believers in his future. We believe that one of the trustees of the church, who is also prominent in Wall street circles, has even wagered considerable money on the election, giving odds in Blaine's favor—the only way, we have observed, in which anyone can be coaxed or cajoled into staking a dollar on Cleveland.

Well, the issue is not far off now; and if Mr. Beecher really believes he is on the right side, we are sorry for him in view of the rude awakening which awaits him. Would it not be a noble and charitable thing for those who have been able to place money on Blaine for the Presidential race, to devote a small portion of their winnings to the establishment of a sort of consolation stakes, whereof Beecher, Curtis, Jones and others might reap the benefit.

### DEMOCRACY'S LAST ERROR.

THE Democratic leaders are gradually awakening to a realization of the fact that they have made a stupendous blunder in nominating Grover Cleveland. The wiser heads among the party recognized the danger at the time, and did their best to avert it, but at the time of the convention an impression prevailed that there was a serious split in the Republican ranks, and that a nominee who might collect the disaffected elements of that party would prove the strongest they could nominate. In vain was pointed out the folly and danger of estranging well-assured Democratic votes for the sake of gaining problematical Republicans. The hot-heads knew it all, and in the teeth of the protests of the best of the party, Grover Cleveland was nominated.

The canvass has gradually brought the truth to light. You will scarce find a Democrat to say that in Cleveland's nomination a mistake has not been made, and it is only the more sanguine who profess to believe that it was not a fatal error, from which the party cannot recover for another four years. True, Cleveland has been enthusiastically supported by the "Dude" element of the Republican party, but how pitifully weak and insignificant that element is, few people in New York know. Its stronghold is here in the city. Outside, in the state, it is hardly perceptible. In the great western states it is non-existent. Yet in all these states thousands and tens of thousands of good Democratic votes have been sacrificed by the blunder which nominated Cleveland. The working classes will not vote for a man

who has opposed their welfare in every way, and blockaded the legislation calculated for their benefit by every means in his power. They will not do it. They may be Democratic in politics, but first—before everything else—they are husbands, fathers—men. Why should they vote for Cleveland? What has he done for them? He has shown himself the tool of monopolists, the slave of wealth, the stubborn enemy of the people. Such is his public record as far as it goes. In private life he is a libertine, and workingmen find nothing attractive in that character. As a Democrat he offers free trade—that is, he threatens to shut up half the factories and workshops of the United States, and throw their hands out of employment. Such is Cleveland, the man the Democrats nominated, and now what reason is there for hoping that he will get a single vote outside of those controlled or influenced by the monopolies he has consistently truckled to.

True, there are a certain class of Republicans who admire just such traits as Grover Cleveland is possessed of, but that class is fortunately small. He will gain their votes—say one for every ten Democratic votes he has sacrificed, and where will he be in November.

Providence is not yet ready to hand over this country to Democratic rule. When it is, it will omit to inspire them with their quatriennial blunder—greater this year than ever before—whereby each Democratic defeat is made to partake so much of the nature of a suicide.

**Chairman Barnum's Appeal.**

[TO THE "VIDDER" HALPIN.]

WOMAN, spare G. C.!  
 Raise not a single row!  
 In youth he ill-used thee,  
 But he is sorry now.  
 To thee G. C. did give  
 Insane asylum cot;  
 But woman, now forgive,  
 And wealth shall be thy lot.  
 His heart still clings to thee—  
 'Bove all his female friends!  
 And if elected, he  
 Will surely make amends.  
 From "Percy Folsom's" name,  
 He will remove the blot;  
 He'll wed his boyhood's flame,—  
 And "Ball" shall tie the knot,  
 "JEP. JOSLYN."

THE son of a politician being asked at an examination to decline the word office, was made to do so, but in disgust sent the following palliative excuse:

"Office is a common noun,  
 Which every loafer wants in town;  
 To decline one is a thing unheard.  
 Un-American, foolish and absurd."

"MAMA, why does Papa call the door mat ceremony?"  
 "What do you mean, dear? Papa doesn't."  
 "Oh! yes, Mama, he does. When Mr. Brown was rubbing his feet on it, before he came in, Papa told him not to stand on ceremony, and he got off it at once."



WHO IS HANDICAPPED?

**Monographs.**

TOO LATE.

WHERE we met? Why at the Gilderay's ball;  
 And in an hour she made me her slave.  
 Fact is, old fellow, I lost my head—  
 Was drowned, so to speak, in Love's tidal wave.  
 The events of that evening seem somewhat confused,  
 Looking back at it now, with unclouded eyes,  
 But I remember distinctly her last low words;  
 We were in the conservatory, safe from surprise.  
 Screened by orange trees o'ertopped by palms  
 The breath of rare flowers enriching the air,  
 While strains of soft music stole in from afar—  
 To me 'twas a dream of the orient there!  
 Her eyes were cast down, and her delicate face  
 Wore a blush like the flush on the rose in her hair.  
 And my fast beating heart choked the burning  
 words back;  
 I so wanted to speak, but did not dare.  
 Yet, at last I found speech, and I "lost my head,"—  
 So rapturously fair, so lovely was she—  
 I forgot we had met but the hour before,  
 And swore she was more than the world to me.  
 Like a flash she rose to her feet and said:  
 "It is late, and I fear too long we have tarried—  
 Poor boy—the champagne has gone to your head—  
 You must know—of course you do—I'm already  
 married!"

A plumber never refuses the pipe of piece.  
 Cleveland's chance of election is growing  
 every day—growing less.

The thermometer is in some respects like  
 truth crushed to earth—it shall rise again.

Infirm eggs will have market quotations  
 this fall, but it won't be the campaign ora-  
 tors who will buy them.

"I'm clearing the deck for action," as the  
 gambler said when he took the ace of clubs  
 from the pack and secluded it in his coat-  
 sleeve.

Cold weather brings out plenty of muffs  
 on the ball-ground, and lady admirers of the  
 game usually have a hand in them.

An Illinois woman has finger-nails an inch  
 long. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that  
 her husband has no use for a hair-brush.

Public offices and politicians are not like  
 Mahomet and the mountain, for the moun-  
 tain wouldn't go to Mahomet, while the  
 offices will go to the politicians.

"Is the picket line intact?" inquired the  
 fence rail, "Yes, yes," was the reply,  
 "Just stick to your post, and the garden  
 will be attended to."

There are some great fools in this beauti-  
 ful world, and what is surprising in the con-  
 nection is the fact that no matter how great  
 the fool you may discover, you will always  
 find some still greater fool to admire him.

Belva Lockwood has been inquiring what  
 a "mugwump" is. It is something, Belva,  
 my dear, like a woman who has cut loose  
 from the best beau she ever had, and then  
 goes running around in the vain endeavor to  
 find some other fellow fool enough to take  
 up with her.

A man in Colorado gouged another fel-  
 low's eye out.

"Do you plead guilty to this charge?"  
 asked the judge before whom the culprit was  
 brought.

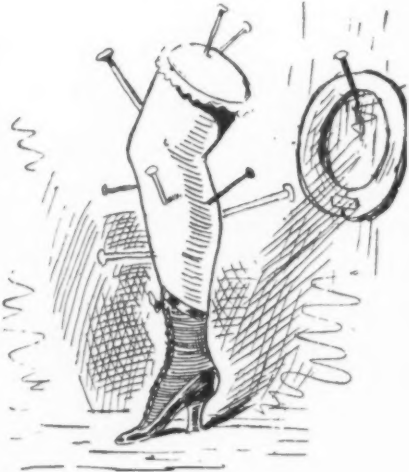
"Yes."  
 "That's right," said his honor, rubbing  
 his hands cheerfully. "An aye for an eye.  
 Mr. Clerk, fine him \$3 to buy a new eye for  
 the plaintiff with."

Its a funny thing, that when a coachman  
 who drives a brougham runs away with a  
 rich girl, society is set by the ears over it;  
 but when one of those fellows who drives a  
 tally-ho marries an aristocratic virgin, the  
 girl is congratulated, and the father gives  
 her a big send off. It makes all the differ-  
 ence in the world whether an occupation is  
 followed for fun or funds.

Rub-a-dub-dub!  
 Three men in a tub,  
 And how do you think they got there?  
 There's Schurz and there's Beecher  
 The high-moral preacher,  
 And Curtis, of sissified air.

## An L. E. G.

SUGGESTED BY THE GIFT OF A PIN-CUSHION ECCENTRICALLY SHAPED.



Our limb of lovely lines and curves,  
Once quick with living blood and nerves,  
Once blushing faintly like the rose  
Thro' silken fineness of thy hose!  
Shall I stick pins into thee? No!  
*Zoe mou sas agapo!*

Thou didst, perhaps, once skip and jump,  
Thy foot within a natty pump;  
Perhaps the can-can thou didst dance,  
Tricked out in gauze, but minus pants.  
No more you'll trip it as you go—  
Pinned fast is thy fantastic toe,  
*Zoe mou sas agapo!*

Thy skin is brown; perhaps less fair  
From savage life in open air;  
Did Indian brave thy mistress woo  
While paddling swift her bark canoe?  
What chief could see thy swelling calf  
And not forsake his better half?

To longer guess would prove me dunce  
What dainty maid did own thee once.  
Of her sweet form the world's bereft;  
This padded shank is all that's left.  
Shall I stick pins into thee? No!  
Oh, not for Joseph, not for Joe.  
*Zoe mou sas agapo!*

R. R.

### What it Costs to Sharpen a Carving Knife.

THERE are two things in this world that Mr. Dynamite is particular about. One is his razor and the other is the carving knife.

Mrs. Dynamite stopped cutting her corns with the razor some time ago, ever since she found she could have the painful things extracted by some one else for 25 cents apiece, but she has never ceased her depredations on the carving knife. Explosions of temper over the dullness of this implement are frequent in the Dynamite family, but a few evenings ago, after Mrs. Dynamite had whacked several pieces out of the blade in trying to crack a coconut with it, Dynamite's rage knew no bounds. He made such an awful fuss that Mrs. D. actually did remember to take it out to the knife grinder's the next morning.

Dull as it was, she managed to cut her finger while trying to wrap a paper around it. The knife grinder lived in a basement—knife grinders always do—and Mrs. D.

slipped and hurt her foot in getting down the rickety old steps.

The sharpening process completed, she concluded she would not go directly home, but would do a little shopping and take the knife along with her. Of course, she laid it down on the counter of the first store she went into, and, of course, she went off and forgot it. Then the clerk requested the cash boy to take the parcel to the "found" desk. The cash boy grabs the parcel with much more alacrity than he usually does the change shoppers are waiting for, and cuts his hand severely with the blade. Some drops of blood spurt out on a seven dollar a yard piece of brocade, that Mrs. Dynamite had been looking at, but all the customers and clerks gather around the little cash boy to repair damages on his dirty little paw.

Meanwhile Mrs. D., having missed her knife, returns to look for it. She takes in the situation at a glance, and while every body else is busy with the boy, her sharp eyes discover her lost treasure on the floor where the cash boy had dropped it.

Half frightened to death at the damage she had done, she stoops and picks up the knife, and is about to escape from the store, when she feels a hand on her shoulder and a gruff voice asks her if that knife is hers. Explanations follow that prove embarrassing to Mrs. Dynamite, and she is finally allowed to leave the store with the carving knife, but first obliged to give her address. That night the knife cuts the roast-beef to even old Dynamite's satisfaction, but the next day, when he received a bill for twenty-one dollars worth of damage done by carving knife to three yards of brocade, and also has to pay fifteen dollars for surgical operations on cash boy's digit, another explosion takes place that is worse than the family experienced for some time.

He stormed and raved to such an extent that Mrs. Dynamite told him that "if he were hanging by the neck and there was nothing but the carving knife within reach for ten miles, to cut him down with, she wouldn't touch it. He could choke for all of her!"

"All right," he said, "he hoped she wouldn't. He'd rather die, than suffer tortures with a dull carving knife. That thirty six dollars and thirty cents was a pretty steep

price, but he'd gladly pay it to have her let his tools alone."

Whereupon she called him an unfeeling brute, and went to the store and told the clerk if they expected her to pay full price for alleged damages to the brocade, they could just give her the goods. She is now congratulating herself on the possession of enough seven dollar brocade to fix her black silk just lovely, and old Dynamite's none the wiser.

### A Case of Assault.

A PEDDLER, with a donkey cart, persistently kept in the way of a street car, till the conductor, leaping down, seized the ass by the head and held it till the car had passed. The aggrieved peddler nursed his vengeance till he met his cousin—one of the finest—who promptly ran the conductor in. At the police court the magistrate refused to entertain the charge, till the peddler made it out a case of "Ass-halt," when he had no alternative but to hold the man to answer. Bail was promptly furnished, and conductor and peddler left the court together. No sooner had they reached the sidewalk, however, than the irate defendant proceeded to knock the complainant down, jump on him, and otherwise maltreat him—winding up the performance by biting off his nose.

Both were quickly in court again, and the mutilated peddler preferred a fresh complaint. This time the magistrate adjudicated the case promptly.

"Bit off your nose, did he? Well, he's bound over to keep the piece."

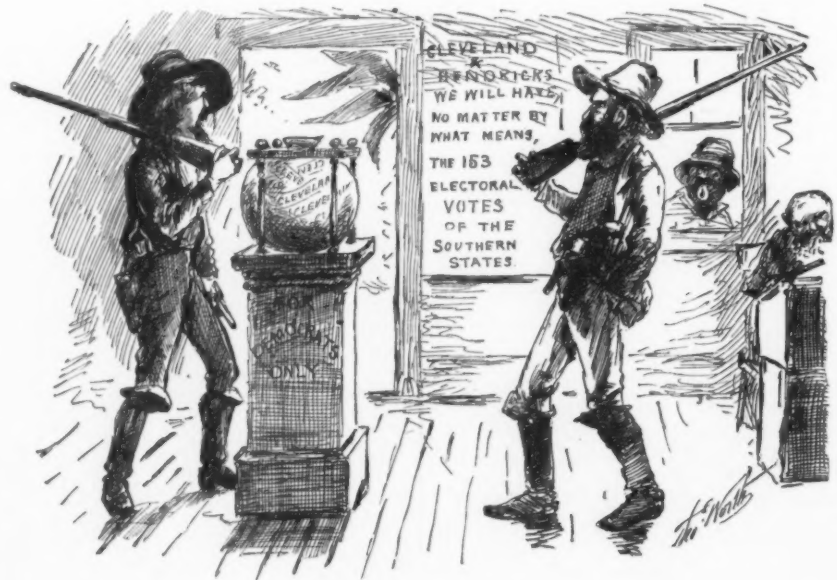
### His Foars Were Quieted.

THEY had just planned an elopement. "But," said he, "I don't exactly like thi business after all. Suppose your husband should catch us."

"Oh, never mind him. He has often sworn that nothing should stand in the way of my happiness."

"Indeed, but suppose he should overtake us and want to take you back?"

"Oh, I should simply remind him of his statement that he would willingly die for me any time, and tell him it is now time."



OLD TACTICS

THE NEW TICKET.



THE CAMPAIGN IS NOW OPEN.

The Book of the Tribes of Columbia.

CHAPTER VII.

*Certain persons find that a plume is better than a mushroom.*

1. Columbia, the princess, was the most beautiful woman in the land; and she had many suitors, such as Butler, the mighty Turk, and Carlisle, the man who concealed the tariff about his person; and Morrison, the man who was horizontally reduced by his friend Randall, whom he therefore loved as David loved Jonathan; and many others.

2. And it came to pass that the father of Columbia, Samuel, the uncle of the nation, spake, saying, I will give my daughter unto the man who draweth the best picture.

3. Then every man did commence to think and to draw, that he might receive the prize.

4. And the High Priest Enryward came out of his ash-barrel, and spake with Schurz, and Puck, and George William the good, saying, "Let us draw a picture, and win the prize."

5. And after thinking for many days, they drew a gigantic picture, to give unto Uncle Samuel.

6. It was of a Buffalo mushroom, which lay on a platter filled with crow, with the ghost of the prophet Tilden in a distance. And they tickled each other in the ribs, and said, "Whoop! Let Rafael betake himself

unto the Hoosac tunnel, and let Rubens meander, for we have eclipsed him."

7. But yet, before taking the picture unto Uncle Samuel, they showed it to their friends, that they might know of its beauties.

8. And first they showed it unto Johnkelly, saying, "Lo! what thinkest thou? Is not Michael Angelo elevated higher than the familiar kite of the schoolboy?"

9. But Johnkelly shook his head, saying, "Nixy, O artist! Thou hast failed. Thy mushroom is too green. Thou canst not take Columbia with a mushroom."

10. So they took it unto Butler; and he said, "A mushroom cannot live in a dish of crow. Thy picture is wrong!"

11. But they would not listen, and they took it unto Grady; but he answered and said, "No, thy crow is not black enough. The Curtis crow is blacker than painted by thee."

12. So they referred it to Maria, and she said: "Thou might improve it by a picture of a woman on her knees, begging for a child that thy mushroom had stolen from her to put in an asylum."

13. Then they sat themselves down in dejection, "What more can we do? Perforce we will give it unto Uncle Samuel."

14. And when the time came that Uncle Samuel called for the pictures, they laid it humbly at his feet, saying, "Oh, great Uncle Samuel, accept it, we beseech thee!"

15. But Uncle Samuel heard them not. He looked not upon their picture; his ears were removed from their saying.

16. For his gaze was fixed upon a beautiful picture which had been placed before him by a visored knight with a plumed helmet.

17. This picture was called by the name of Protection, and its beauty charmed the sight of Uncle Samuel and Columbia.

18. Uncle Samuel spake, saying "Take her, Oh knight, but first lift thy visor, that I may see thy face."

19. The plumed knight lifted his visor, and Uncle Samuel said, "Well, I know thee now. Thou art the great knight *Republicanism!* Take her, for no man has earned her but thou."

20. And the projectors of the mushroom slunk away, and brooded much in the deep, comforting silence of the cemetery.

THE center of gravity—V.

A SIGN of good breeding—"Gentlemen will please not spit on the floor."

THE Charge of the Light Brigade has never been retracted, nor has the author been sued for damages.

A FACTORY for the manufacture of artificial teeth is to be established at Utica, N. Y., with a capacity of 3,000 sets a day. That's a gnawful lot.

## Nasty!

THE Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be  
When he's fully bent  
To thus represent  
Ideas of De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be,  
And show all the lard  
Just what's in demand  
By stale old De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be  
When he's for a party  
That's not very hearty,  
When he's for De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be,  
And boldly do swear if  
There be no tariff  
'Twill be through De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be—  
To poor men more ditches,  
To rich men more riches,  
The works of De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be,  
Always wrongsided  
And always derided  
By all save De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be,  
E'en fail to remember  
Our feminine gender,  
In aiding De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be;  
But they've not the motors  
To draw many voters  
To dead old De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be,  
But they "harp" in a way  
That never will pay  
Either them or De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be,  
It's a pity that Nast  
With a genius so vast  
Shoud draw for De-moc-ra-cy.

The Harpers they "harp" thro' Nast,  
As nasty as Nast can be,  
But soon they will wonder,  
And cry, "What in thunder!  
Has become of De-moc-ra-cy?"

R. F.

WHY was Miss Morosini, before her marriage, like a Lima bean? Because she wanted Schelling.

After marriage, why is she like a disinherited heir? Because she (is) cut off with a Schelling.

THE expression "I don't care a fig!" is supposed to have originated as follows: In the Garden of Eden our ancestress Eve had a little tiff with Adam, in which he used the expression, "I don't care a fig leaf for you," probably referring to her airy and simple costume. When peace was restored between our first parents, Madam Eve reminded him of his ungentlemanly remark. Subsequently the term was abbreviated, until it descended to the modern words "I don't care a fig."

## A HOME THRUST.



EMPLOYER—"Pat, I understand you are going to vote for Blaine!"

PAT—"Faith, an' I am."

EMPLOYER—"Well, don't you know that if Blaine is elected, Jay Gould and all the monopolists will rule, and cut down wages?"

PAT—"If you thought so, you'd vote fur him yersilf."

## A Faux Pas.

SHE was an intelligent girl,  
And came of the elite;  
With eye-glass and with spinster curl  
She daily walked the street.  
She had a fright not long ago  
And does no longer roam,—  
When smiling on her dearest beau  
She found her teeth were home.

FIZ BATTLEAXE.

No man is so lazy as to be unwilling to draw a salary; but we have known a man to draw both a horse and wagon, or even a whole railway train. Drawing a cheque is the most pleasant in the way of draught work, and some of the laziest men are willing to draw at poker all day.

AT a boarding-house in Boston each boarder laid a rat-tailed file beside his plate, and on being asked for an explanation by the landlady, the spokesman answered, "We are dissatisfied, madam, with our portion of ancient steer, and our teeth having become dulled, we must succumb or file—our protest."

## Intercepted Letter.

Corncob Cottage, Lonesomeville,  
Dreamy Co, Sept. 25th.

FRIEND WIGGLEWAGGLE:—

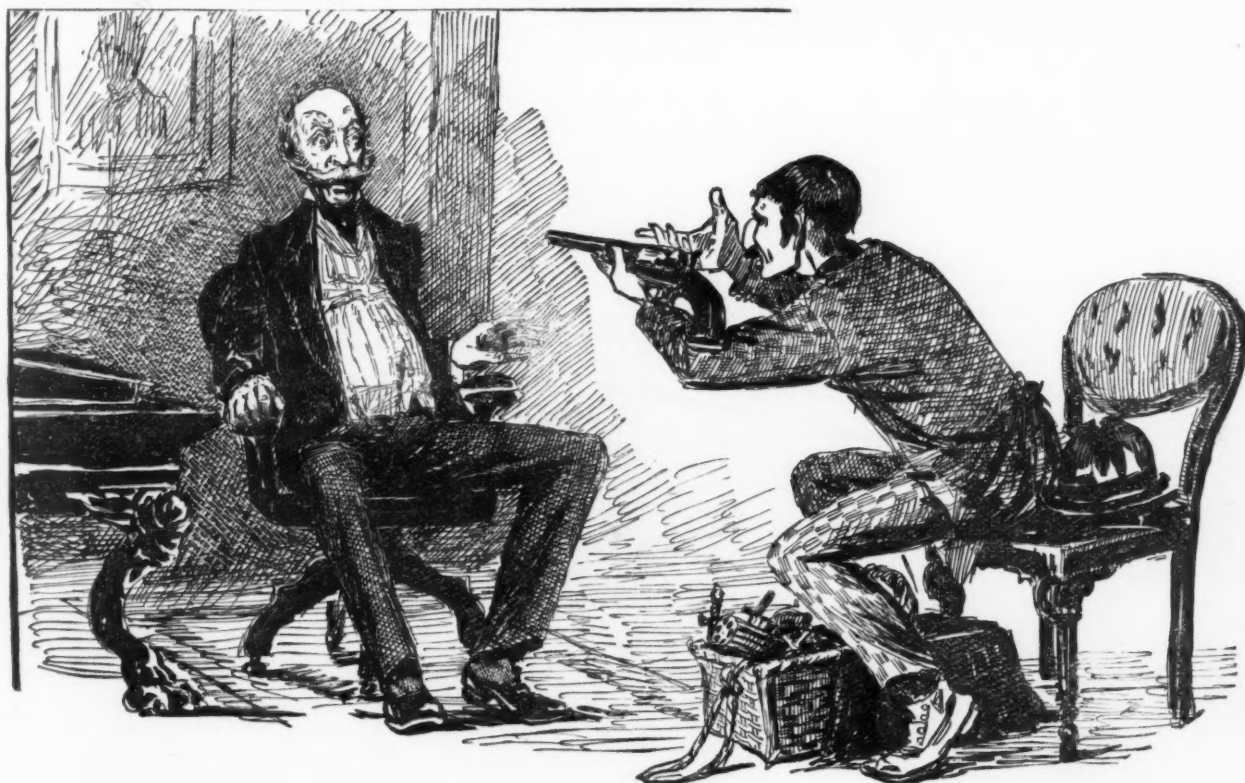
As you have not answered my last letter, I suppose that you are dead—but the spirit moves me to keep on writing as if you were still in flesh.

I have made my hands look like *Herald* war maps in the vain endeavor to secure a few unripe blackberries, and have dined on salt pork and stewed apples to such an alarming extent that brine is actually dripping from my corrugated brow, and young apple trees have commenced to sprout from my finger ends.

I have talked "crops" with our next door neighbor (about ten minutes, across lots) with so much veneered vim and intuitive knowledge of weather reports and fancy farming, that he has engaged me to remain away on a devilish small salary.

I have fired myself out of bed at four in the morning to spot the rising sun, and gone back to the deserted feathers at five in the afternoon in the hopes of never seeing it rise again.

I have written long and urgent letters to



PEDDLER TO BANK PRESIDENT—"Yes sir; I yis got dish new stock of goods so ash to be up mit de dimes. All de presidents batrinize me, and dees ish schplendid arms. I varents dem all, schure."

my friends to come out in order to view this beautiful summer resort for confirmed lunatics, and thoughtfully neglected to state where I was unfortunately located. Credit for the invitation remains, though, see?

I have procured a seventy-five pound watch dog—who watches faithfully every mouthful of fried doughnuts I put in my mouth, and then steals silently and thoughtfully away and groans for dessert.

I have built an air-tight dog-house all around him to keep him together, and braced him up with tinc. of iron codfish balls, but he shows unmistakable signs of discontent and acts as if he was either going mad or to the happy hunting grounds. I have offered to sell him to any public minded countryman (who would like to obtain a bargain in dogflesh) but the kind of public minded countrymen that I want to negotiate with don't seem to live in the immediate vicinity.

I have bowed with the grace of a triple-breasted back-action Chesterfield to every one passing, in hopes of scooping in an acquaintance, but they continue to pass. Old euchre hands, I reckon.

I have gone late at night to the village doctor—a dozen miles away (over the remains of bull-dogs) and reached his house in time to smell his fried pork at breakfast, and returned in time to find all hands well, and the doctor waiting for his pay.

I have made a putty-blower and fired at a mark for hours together, and yet the days seem long, and the nights longer.

I have gone hunting robins with the broom, and returned without the robins and without the broom.

I have decorated the place with hanging

baskets, and then envied their superior position.

I have built grottos, and then wished I was under them.

I have talked aloud to myself and growled because I had no better companion.

I have loaned my books to those seeking knowledge on the installment plan, and had them returned without the covers, without the insides, and without thanks.

I have looked longingly at the sky, wishing it would rain, and then in the midst of an unusually wet shower fell on my knees and prayed for it to clear off.

I have rambled for hours through a rye field but was unable to conjure up any spirits.

I have failed to convince my friends that I am really in the country, and am beginning to doubt that I exist. I have written to you again so that you may read it to the doubting Thomasses and send on their bodies by express. Please accompany their remains, and do your best to be in time to strew my lonely grave with Jadwin's troches and the last new novels.

Until that event takes place, I remain,  
Where I am, under protest  
E. S. BISBEE.

P. S.—I have finished.

#### No Escape but Death.

"I SAY, Sprat, I'm glad to hear you're married again. It must be a relief to be out of the clutches of that mother-in-law."

"Yes, but your congratulations are not in order. I haven't got rid of her."

"But I don't understand you."

"It's very plain, too plain. She has just married my second wife's father."

#### The Charming Poke Bonnet.

How much I admire the bewitching poke bonnet,  
Which half hides the roses that bloom in her face!  
Why, Cupid, I know, has his throne there upon it,  
Concealed in its trimmings of mull or of lace.  
The style isn't new, for our grandmothers wore it,  
And they were not wanting in beauty or grace;  
Their granddaughters love it, the young men adore it—

The charming poke bonnet that hides a sweet face;  
The ravishing bonnet, the exquisite bonnet,  
Bewildering bonnet that shades a sweet face.  
The fair, shapely head is half hidden within it,  
And part of the beautiful face disappears—  
How often I've kissed the lips glowing warm in it.  
The while the coarse fibres were tickling my ears.  
Away with the hat with the feather upon it!  
Within my affection 'twill ne'er have a place.

Oh, give me the mull-trimmed, the coarse straw poke bonnet,

The heart-snaring bonnet that shades a sweet face;  
The beautiful bonnet, the exquisite bonnet,  
The ravishing bonnet that shades a sweet face.

—Somerville Journal.

A good many children have been named after St. John—was named.

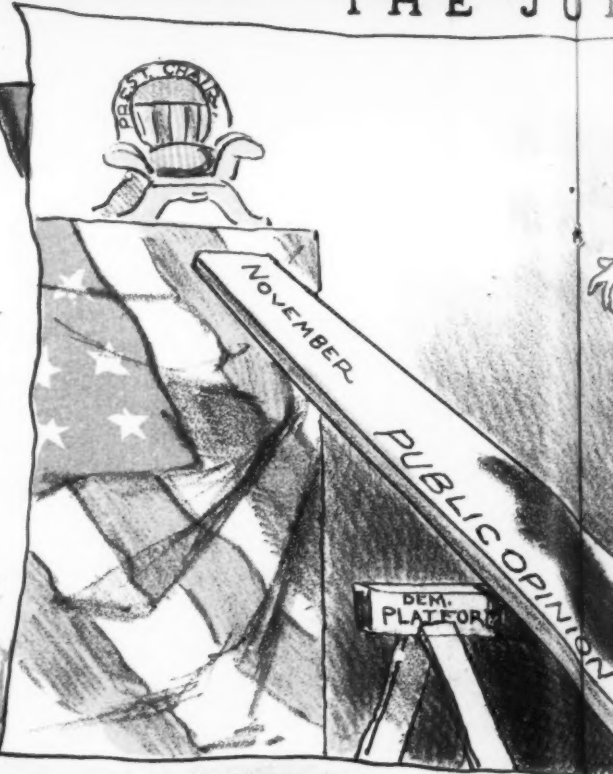
"I'm dog-gone-d if I can find him," said a Fourth Avenue man, after an hour spent in looking after a bull-pup.

#### The Brightest of His Genius,

"No, madam; in all my peregrinations I have never met a more lovely specimen of widowhood than yourself."

"Pray, Mr. Fresh, what is your business?"

"A relic hunter, madam."



PARSON BEECHER (to Young America)—“Here is a Presidential Candidate whose character and record I'm well satisfied with.”



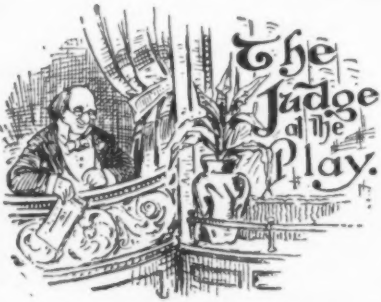


PARSON BEECHER—"Your burden is too heavy. let me carry it."



PARSON BEECHER—"I can't get all the dirt out, but perhaps it won't be noticed."

Frank Beard



AMERICAN AUTHORPHOBIA is the name of a disease that has afflicted the alleged critics of this country for some time. This fall, the malady appears to have broken out with unusual virulence in all quarters, and the very sight of an American play has been known to set several newspaper men stick, stark, staring mad. The disease is easily diagnosed, the symptoms appearing in the morning dailies after a first-night performance being unmistakable, but the only known remedy for a critic afflicted with authorphobia is to have one of his own plays produced. Failing in this, a suit for libel may occasionally have a beneficial result, though it never effects a radical cure.

Dr. Franceska Romana Magdalena Janaschek, having given much time and thought to the matter, has, in the interest of her own cause, and the cause of the theatrical profession, instituted a new cure in the shape of a blue pamphlet. Up to the present time, the blue pamphlet experiment has only been tried upon one unusually violent and rabid patient, and it is almost too soon to judge what the effect on the disease will be. If the blue pamphlet movement should become as popular as did the blue glass craze, a few years ago, it will keep the actors and actresses busy writing announcements to the public, but we fear they will not prove valuable in cases of authorphobia.

Now THE JUDGE does not wish the public to infer that he considers Mr. Harry Meredith's play, "My Life" a great and glorious production. Far otherwise, but had the piece been worthy of a Shakespeare what word of praise would our newspaper critics have had for Mr. Meredith? It has become the fashion, now-a-days, to complain at managers for not using American dramas, but if, by chance, a play from the home market is produced, and makes a hit, the first thing newspaper men do, is to set about and abuse the author.

The plot is not original, the story is borrowed or stolen, and finally the author is not the author at all. Of late the principal actor is credited with the authorship as well as success of the play, and the actual playwright is either maligned or ignored altogether. As soon as "May Blossom" proved to be an assured success, then the fact that Mr. Belasco did not write it was published throughout the land. The words of praise that Barrymore received for "Nadjezda," could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and now we are told that "Adonis," the successful burlesque at the Bijou, is the work of Harry Dixey, although Mr. Wm. Gill is announced on the play bills as the author. Mr. Gill, in alluding to the subject, says that to Mr. Dixey's clever acting is doubtless due the success of the piece. In fact it was written for Mr. Dixey with that end in view, but as he, (Mr. Gill) originated whatever plot there is to "Adonis," wrote all the dialogue, selected all the music, and wrote all the words to all the songs, it seems



A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

UNCLE SAM—"Hold on, great Caesar, he won't do for me."

rather strange that Mr. Dixey should be accredited with the authorship of the piece in question.

It is a well-known fact that nearly every critic on every newspaper in New York has original plays that have either proved failures, or that he has never been able to get produced. Do these wisecracks think to further their own ends by condemning and ridiculing every successful American author?

Mr. Walter Gillette of "The Professor" fame, has been trying his hand on a translation of a play he calls "The Secretary," and Palmer and Mallory have produced an English adaptation of the same piece at the Madison Square. The respective merits of the English and American versions can now be compared and discussed.

Janisch is on the second week of her four weeks engagement at The New Park. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sargent will get back a part of the vast sums of money he has spent in advertising his star.

Minnie Palmer is doing well at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and "Adonis" is playing to big houses at The Bijou.

"The Little Duke" is gone from The Casino, and "The Beggar Student" is back there once more.

This is Theo's last week at Wallack's.

Mr. Wallack's latest importations consist of the Misses Robe and Rudd, and the Messrs. Lethcourt and Denny from the London Novelty Theatre. These individuals are expected to assist at the opening of the regular season.

Daly's company, as we go to press, are ready to appear before a New York audience in a new comedy, adapted from the German, of course, and called a "Wooden Spoon." May success attend their efforts.

"I do not trust the man who smiles," is an appropriate motto for a saloon-bar.

#### The Aspiring Young Hoosier.

YESTERDAY I received the following letter:

"bean vally P. O. Wain Co, injeana.  
Cept. 20th. 1884.

DEER MISTER JOSSLING:

i waunt yu two tell me if yu think i wood make a Good Yumorist; that Is, a feller what can wright funny things for the papurs.

Heer is a speccymen of mi oridgeinal joaks: (i am oanly nineteen yeers old).

What was the furst kace of eavesdropping on recored? Why, *Eve's droppin* the koar of the appul in the gardin of Edin, of course!

Cood i git moar than ten dolars pur munt and mi bored, for sutch comeck wurk?—if so, i will throee upp mi job on a farm and cum two the sitty and bee a yumorist.

plees lett me knoe, two wunct.

Yures in haist,

P. HENRY BANKS.

p. S. & N. b. wich jernal wood yu advise me to git a poesishun onn? i aint *ashaimed* two wurk onn a farm, oanly i thought itt wood bee easier two wright joaks for a livin."

Well, Patrick Henry, (or, if you do not object to a little familiarity on the part of a brother "yumorist," I will address you as plain Pa-tair-ick hereafter), inasmuch as you neglected to enclose stamps for a reply through the mails, I will proceed to answer your conundrums to the best of my feeble ability, herein.

Yes, Pa-tair-ick, there is no doubt but that you are a packed-house-from-pit-to-dome success as a phenomenal, *ne plus ultra* funny man. Though some envious duffer might say your specimen original joke has a patriarchal beard on it of the Abraham scriptural epoch, and that it shows the wear and tear of many centuries, and one other day's rude buffetings, still, I feel that your debut in the humorous arena will be hailed by the

reading public with one continuous ovation of substantial appreciation.

George Peck, Bill Nye, Bob Burdette, and Opie Read will turn blue in the face with mortal jealousy, when they see the salvos of applause, and salvers of diamonds, greenbacks etc., that will be lavished upon you.

Newspaper proprietors and Editors will not wait for you to find your way up to their office to ask for a situation, but will come down stairs and meet you on the sidewalk with uncovered heads, and on bended knees reverently beg of you to take entire charge of the sanctum-sanctorum.

Can you get more than \$10. per month, and your board? Well, Pa-tair-ick, I should rather grin! You can clear from \$11 to \$13.-50, twelve times a year, just like a flash, over and above all expenses.

"Throe upp" your "jobb" by all means! Throw up everything (*i.e.* except your dinner or your boots), in Wayne County, and come to the "Sitty two wunct!"

And, Banksey, old boy, if you can "wright" poetry,—oh, if you only *can* knock the stuffing out of the giddy Muse, why you may become Chief Magistrate—or valet to the C. M.—of this great Nation one of these days!

The "jernal" that I would advise you to tackle Pa-tair-ick, would be either the *Try-Yearly Graveyard Gazette*, or the *Semi-Centennial Antediluvian Mummy*. When you have attained a reputation on one of those witty sheets, it will be an easy matter for you to secure the appointment of Head "Yumorist" on the Post Office Directory, or get to be the Jolly Joker of the Census Office Reports.

After that, you can lecture my son, lecture! You can paralyze your audience with an "oridgeinal" pun, on opening your remarks, viz: "I am a humorist, and have never had my *humor hissed!*" They need not know that this squib appeared in a "patent inside" daily, in Noah's time, and you'll also be sure to make your mark on the rostrum, Pa-tair-ick, as well as a mirthful writer for the press.

Looking for your brainy "joaks" to burst in dazzling splendor from the pages of some humorous publication upon our fun-loving American people at no distant date, (like the brilliant dash of a glowing meteor across the starry heavens), and predicting for P. Hennery Banks a glorious career in the field of "commeck wurk,"

I am, admirably thine,  
"JEF. JOSLYN."

#### Preparing for the School-Year.

"This is a peculiar advertisement. Listen to it: "Wanted—One thousand bushels of old over-shoes, rubbers, etc, etc. Fancy prices paid. G. M. T. V. C."

"Yes, he's beginning early this year."

"He! who?"

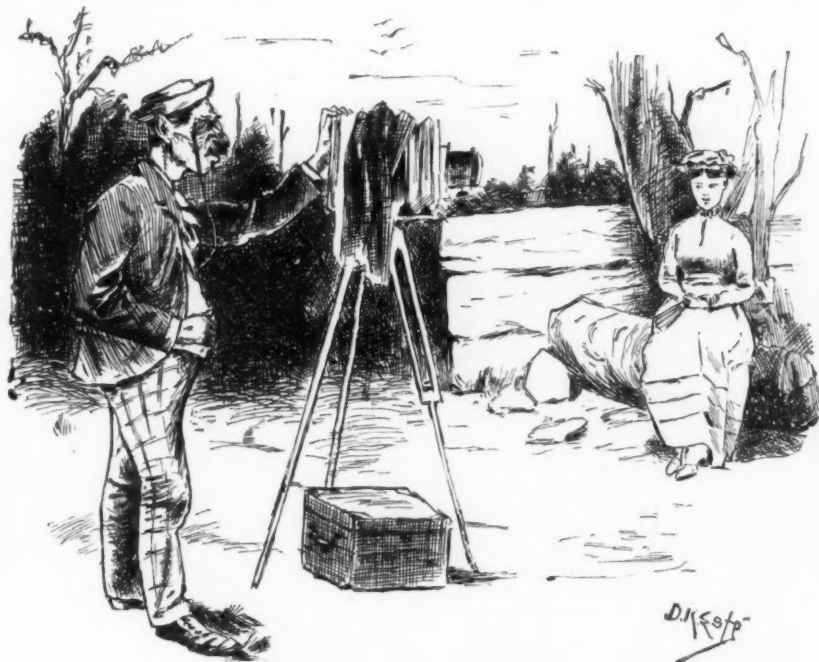
"Why, the gum maker to Vassar College."

#### A Struggle for Life.

"It was a desperate struggle for life," said Boggs to a few friends the other day. But then I knew what an awful fate awaited me if I didn't pull through."

The strangest part of the whole matter is that you recovered after the doctors had given you up," said one of the audience. "I don't exactly understand you, though, when you say an awful fate awaited you? You're not superstitious, are you?"

"No, gentlemen; but my wife said, just as I was about to breathe my last, that she'd meet me 'over there.'"



ASKING RATHER TOO MUCH.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN AMATEUR—"Ah! zat is ver beautiful, Miss Evilina. Now zen, bleeze look right at me and don't laugh."

#### My Neighbors.

##### MY GARDENING NEIGHBOR.

I'm a gardener betrayed, and I don't know what to do, For my love she's a rose, and a fickle one, too; Oh! oh! oh! She's a fickle wild rose— A cabbage, and a damask, and a china rose.

I AM never a person that objects to my neighbor's little hobbies on the contrary, I am always very tolerant of them, but what bores me is the fact that these hobby riders always want some one to admire them and their hobbies. A wants you to notice how he sits on his, B points out to you how vigorously his one can kick, C begs you to observe the graceful way his tosses his head, and so on.

Now, my neighbor Mr. Pumpkin rides a harmless little hobby enough, but he makes it obnoxious by riding it at all times, at all places, and before all people. Gardening is his hobby. He has no garden, but that don't seem to matter, he gets on just as well as if he had. He grows, or rather he sows flowers on his front window stools, and vegetables on his back one.s And then, indoors his house is a regular hospital for dead and dying plants, and he can talk or think of nothing but his patients.

I was paying a visit there one day, and he offered to show me a large new syringe he had for the purpose of syringing his window boxes. He charged it to the neck with sulphur and water, and discharged just as Mrs. MacPherson, our Scotch neighbor, rang the door-bell. She received the entire deluge on top of her head, and came in in such a fury, that no amount of apology or explanation would induce her to smooth her ruffled plumage. Mr. Pumpkin made matters worse by saying that he found sulphur so useful in destroying insects of all kind.

"And do ye think," cried the indignant

Mrs. MacPherson, "do ye think, ye daft loon, that I hae insects in my head, or that I stand in ony need o' yere soolphur. Git awa wi ye! git awa!"

"Oh! no!" said Mr. Pumpkin. "I did not mean that. I meant to say it is good for the crown, and nourishes the head of—"

"Hauld yer tongue, ye ould fule," screamed Mrs. MacPherson. "Hauld yer tongue. It was nae gude for the croon o' my new bonnet, I can certify that. And as to nourishing the head, all the soolphur in the brimstone lake would na put one grain o' wit or sense into that fule's head o' yours."

But Mrs. MacPherson had a very hot temper, and, when fairly roused, was not at all choice in her expressions.

Mr. Pumpkin always bored me greatly about his gardening, and botanizing, and all that, but I could have freely forgiven him this, if he had not set his little wits to work to play a practical joke on me.

I think I mentioned once before that I am fond of pets. I have parrots, and love birds, and canaries, and I am really very successful in rearing young birds. Mr. Pumpkin once informed me that he had got the promise of some eggs from a very rare African bird, and as he did not care for such things he kindly offered to bring them to me. I was very grateful, and about a week afterwards a messenger boy brought me the eggs, very carefully packed in cotton wool. How pleased I was, and what pains I did take with the hatching, etc. I had quite a deal of trouble with them before I found out that they were serpent's eggs. How mad I was, but I said nothing, only nursed the vials of my wrath, and racked my brains to think of a suitable revenge. I hit on one at last. I gave the serpent story time to die out a little, and then I told Mr. Pumpkin I had got the seeds of a very rare plant which grew on the sea coast of the British Isles. I called it the "Piscatorium Rubium," and carefully sealed



NEW FARMHAND (who has been treed for four hours by the farmer's largest bull)—  
*"Begorra, an' if its hoigh livin' causes gout, its mesilf 'll be loosin' the use of both me legs, before that baste goes from 'ferninst' me."*

up the dried roe of a red herring. My poor little joke of course was a failure. Mr. Pumpkin received them gravely, thanked me very politely, and brought them home. After about three weeks he called and begged me to come next day and see my seedlings, as he said they were coming up so very nicely. I was not a little surprised to hear it, and I went next day to see. He brought me to a back window, where he had a large box with a bell glass over it. There, sure enough, were the noses of twenty little red herrings poked up about an inch over ground. I was too much astonished at first to take in the joke, or to understand how neatly Mr. Pumpkin had turned the laugh against me. All the neighbors, of course, made themselves very merry at my expense, though I really could not see anything so wonderfully funny about it. But I do not try to play practical jokes any more; I do not think I have any talent for them.

Mr. Pumpkin sent a rose to a flower show once, and another time he sent six radishes, but he never got a prize, so he thought he would start a Horticultural Society himself, and he came and asked me to join. At first I said, "No, Mr. Pumpkin, I do not go in for being a society woman. Yet, within the

last four years I have been persuaded to join a musical society, though I know almost nothing about music; a Dorcas society, though I hate needlework; a Mutual Improvement Society, which I do not think improves me, or any one else, and I don't know how many other societies besides. I must draw the line somewhere, and it shall be at horticultural shows and window boxes. Give me a fragrant bouquet, fresh from the florist's, with no suspicion of damp clay about it. Let me buy my flowers, but spare me the horrid details of the way they are grown."—This I said, because, although I love flowers, I hate the mess they make when you have to plant and transplant them, and water them, and sulphur them. And I perfectly detest clay, but Mr. Pumpkin would not mind me, he only laughed and insisted on dragging me into that odious Horticultural Society, with all its hideous associations. He made us all subscribe first, I always find that an inevitable consequence of joining a society. I had to pay as much as would have kept my room sweet with fresh flowers for a whole month. Then he got a lecturer to lecture us. I went to hear him, and my worst fears were realized. The first subject he began upon was the "soil" and he

brought in a number of most obnoxious looking little samples. I heard and saw enough, and more than enough that day. I did not attend the ones that followed, but Mr. Pumpkins got a piece of ground some distance from the city, and had gardens there for the society. Each member was supposed to have a plot to keep and cultivate as they liked, and there was to be a prize for the best plot. I did honestly do my best with mine, but nothing would grow in it. I spent a small fortune on seeds, and shook them all about my plot, but they never came up. Some people told me my ground wanted sand, so I bought sand and spread it all over it. It made the bed look cleaner, but still nothing would grow. Then others said, "Give it salt!" So I did, but it was no use. At last I gave it up in despair, after working at it a whole month. Mr. Pumpkin said I might do more with a window box, but I would not have such a thing for the world. I think it is very mean of him not to let me alone. I am beginning positively to hate flowers, at least natural flowers that have to be grown in clay and watered.

Mr. Pumpkin is very angry with me now, because I told him I had a plush rose in my bonnet that was finer than any he could grow. I am half hoping I may have offended him, and that he will let me out of the society, but I am afraid there is no chance of that, as my subscription is nearly due again.

Mr. Pumpkin edits a magazine called *The City Garden*. Of course, I have to take it in and pretend I read it. He has actually asked me to contribute. I sent him a lively little article entitled "Plush Roses versus Blush Roses," in which I clearly proved the fallacy of that silly old proverb "There's not a rose without a thorn," but I suppose the man won't publish it.

He came in to-day to discuss it with me, and left me so confused by his arguments, that my brain has not recovered its balance yet. I really could not half attend to him, for he had just come in from the society gardens, and his roots—no I mean his boots—were all covered with clay, and my poor carpet looked like a plough-man's door-mat after he went out. I shall never really like that carpet again.

Between ourselves, dear readers, he has left a vague impression on my mind that he would like to make me Mrs. Pumpkin, and that he was willing to endow me with all his worldly window-boxes.

Oh! dear me. The man has confused me so! I don't know what I am writing, or I don't know what I said—but I remember there was something about transplanting me—and that I never will submit to, and I think I told him so pretty plainly. I must sit down and think it all out. Pray for those at sea, including poor, puzzled

TABITHA TOMPKINS.

#### Waiting for a Sufficient "Shortage."

"AND will you really be married in September, Louisa, dear?"

"Why, Lily, sweet, it is not definitely arranged yet. You know Alfred has been in the position of cashier with the present firm only two years."

"So you are telling me, darling, but do you think you will have long to wait?"

"I cannot say definitely, Lily, but Alfred is very energetic, and he says that if business continues to improve he hopes within the next three months to accumulate a shortage upon which we can live comfortably."—*Pittsburg Telegraph-Chronicle.*

## Rate Discrimination.

STRANGER (at Niagara)—“What will you charge to drive me across the Suspension Bridge?”

Hackman—“Well, that depends. Who are you?”

Stranger—“Who am I? What difference can that make?”

Hackman—“Well, if you are an ordinary tourist, my price is \$5; but if you are an American bank cashier, I want half.”—*Philadelphia Call.*

## Gilhooly's Discovery.

THERE were some fresh rolls on the table at the boarding house of widow Flapjack, on Austin avenue. Gilhooly took one and broke it open.

“Well,” said he, drawing a deep breath, “The longer I live the more I find out.”

“What new discovery have you made now?” asked Mrs. Flapjack nervously.

“The rolls are new, are they not?”

“Certainly they are.”

“Then I have made a discovery. Did you know, Mrs. Flapjack, that the cockroach had a talent for theatricals?”

“No, indeed, I did not. You are so funny this morning.”

“I am not joking a bit. Here is a cockroach that has put in an appearance in an entirely new roll,” as he held the insect up for the inspection of the boarders.—*Texas Siftings.*

## Wild Bill Talks to the Quaker Indian Commissioner.

“Go on with thy account of the thunder shower,” said the Quaker clergyman.

“Well, as I was telling you,” said Wild Bill, placing his pistol in his pocket and looking the Quaker Indian Commissioner straight in the face like a truthful man, “I say as I was telling you, I seen clouds making to north'ard and I knowed it was going to settle in for thick weather. I told my son to look out, and in less than half an hour there broke the doggondish storm I ever seed. Rain! Why, gentlemen, it rained so hard into the muzzle of my gun that it busted the darned thing at the breach! Yes, sir. And the water began to rise around us, too. Talk about your floods down South! Why, gentlemen, the water rose so rapidly in my house that it flowed up the chimney and streamed 300 feet up in the air! We got it both ways that trip, up and down!”

“Do we understand thee is relating facts within the scope of thine own experience?” demanded the clergyman, with his mouth wide open.

“Partially mine and partially my son's,” answered the truthful Bill. “He watched it go up, and I watched it come down! But you can get some idea of how it rained when I tell you that we put out a barrel without any heads into it, and it rained into the bung-hole of the barrel faster than it could run out at both ends!”

“Which of you saw that, thee or thy son?” inquired the clergyman.

“We each watched it together, my son and me,” returned Wild Bill, “till my son got too near the barrel and was drowned. Excuse these tears gentlemen, but I can never tell about the storm without crying.”

“Verily the truth is sometimes stranger than fiction,” said the clergyman. “Verily it is.”—*Eli Perkins.*

## Will Be a Politician.

A LITTLE boy and girl playing in the yard. The little girl finds an apple under the tree, and with an exclamation of delight, begins to bite it.

“Hold on,” said the boy. “Throw it away. The colway is comin', and if you eat that apple you will be took sick, an' you can't talk, an' the doctor will come an' give you some bad medicine an' then you will die.”

The girl throws the apple down, and the boy, snatching it up begins to eat it.

“Don't,” the girl cries. “Won't it kill oo, too?”

“No,” said the boy, munching the fruit, “it won't kill boys. Its only after little girls. Boys don't have colway.”

That youngster will be a great politician.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## A Dull Drug Clerk.

A FEW minutes after midnight on Sunday morning a Celestial operative at tub and wringer called at a druggist's store in South Boston. As he opened the door his Mongolian face wore an appearance of deep meditation, which soon gave way to a smile which every son of China can assume when occasion requires. “Me wantee—a—me forgottee name—a—you knowee—fifty-two.” And, thinking the explanation perfectly clear and satisfactory, his smile opened into a broad grin.

“You've got me dead!” cried the compounder of prescriptions, dropping into a chair. “I glo blind!” yelled the Chinaman, thoroughly aroused. Then looking in the direction of the cold sheet-iron stove, which was taking a vacation preparatory to service in a colder season, he rushed madly toward it and seized a poker. Fearing that something dreadful was about to happen, the drug clerk jumped to his feet, and, with eyes starting from their sockets, cried loudly:

“Here! Drop that poker—quick!”

“Ah!” exclaimed the chinaman, letting fall from his hand the crooked iron rod, and smiling the happiest of smiles. “Ah! Ploker! Me forgottee the name. Ploker—fifty-two.”

“Oh, I know now,” said the clerk, scowling at himself for his dullness, “Why couldn't you have said playing cards in the first place? Who's going to know what you mean by 'ploker,' and 'glo you,' and 'slee you,' and all that? You can't expect Americans to understand about Chinese games, can you? These are playing cards. Cards—see? C-a-r-d-s!” “Clards?” repeated the Chinaman, with another broad grin, and as he paid for the package and broke the seal. “Clards—I glo you fifty-two better.”—*Ex.*

“You say New England girls have beautiful hands, eh? Humph, saw a nigger down in San Antone, Texas, that had a prettier hand than any New England girl; four aces to my four queens; skinned me out of \$5000; don't talk to me about pretty hands,” remarked a resident of the Hill, who went to the sunny clime for his health.—*Brooklyn Times.*

\* \* \* \* Rupture, piles, tumors, fistulas and all diseases of lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address, Worlds Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. and enclose two(3ct.) stamps for book.

## Delights of Country Life.

“Now, then, farmer,” said the denizen of the city, after he had made arrangements for the board of himself and family for a fortnight, and paid the bill in advance. “I suppose we'll live in clover while we are here—plenty of good country butter, and all that, eh?”

“O, yes, sir,”

“No danger of starving, eh?”

“O, no, sir; the peddlers from the city come this way twice a week with vegetables, fruit, and such; the milk train stops and leaves a can every day, and the butter, cheese, and eggs man comes round every Saturday as regular as clock work. You needn't fear but you'll have plenty to eat.”—*Somerville Journal.*

## A Tramp's Victory

YESTERDAY when a tramp stopped a lawyer on Griswold street and begged for a dime to get his dinner, the lawyer replied:

“Why on earth don't you get out into the country?”

“What fur?”

“Get you a piece of land and go to farming.”

“My dear sir,” said the tramp, “if I had the land, which I can't get, I'd know no more about farming than you do of sailing a ship. You are a smart man—ten times as smart as I am—but can you tell me when to plant corn?”

“Why—ahem—why, in the spring, of course.”

“But the month?”

“Well—ahem—I suppose it's along after the snow goes off.”

“And about rotation of crops?”

“I—I never heard of any.”

“And what is sub-soiling?”

“Sub-soiling? Why, it's something connected with farming.”

“And how much wheat do you sow to the acre?”

The lawyer couldn't remember whether it was twenty or forty bushels, but dodged the case by observing:

“The great trouble with this country is that we have too many consumers.”

“Then how is it that breadstuffs, groceries and clothing are down, and so many factories shutting up? Haven't we really produced too much?” inquired the tramp.

“But as I remarked,” continued the lawyer, as he shifted around, “this country can never hope to improve until we have protection.”

“Then how comes it that the lumber business, already so heavily protected, is as flat as a fish.”

“Say, you shut up!” hotly exclaimed the lawyer as he handed over a quarter and moved off. “As I remarked in my opening address we are living beyond our means.”

“Well, I dunno,” replied the tramp as he pocketed the money. “I propose to make this 'ere pay for three meals and a bed, and I don't see how you can figger any finer.”—*Ex.*

“How is your husband to-day, Mrs. Jones?” “He is very ill indeed.” “Worse than he was?” “Oh, yes; the nurse says he is beyond the reach of the doctors now.” “I'm glad to hear it.” “What? What?” “I'm glad to hear it. Now, if you can only keep him beyond their reach, I think he will get well rapidly.”—*Merchant Traveler.*

A City Boarder.

"I CAN'T for the life of me—" We were seated in the park, and the speaker was a young man, with pointed shoes, a white felt hat and freshly turned cuffs, who had asked me for a light which led to the dialogue. His sober manner argued him a free-luncher. "I can't for the life of me," he said, "understand what the papers mean about the high price of living and the hard times. What you want is to bring your regular expenses down low. As Vanderbilt says, the people are too extravagant. It's their regular expenses that eat them up. Now, I came here just six months ago. I hired a room to sleep in at \$1 a week. This rent business is the worst. It is hard for a strict business man to get over that."

"But your provender?"  
 "That is easy enough; there are so many free lunches in town. You have only to pay 10 cents for a drink, and at night one can always get a solid meal at a public club house. In this city a man's food ought to cost nothing. My regular expenses amount up to \$2.50 a week, and I am always flush. It is the regular expenses that tell. Vanderbilt is right; people are too extravagant."—*John Swinton's Paper.*

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water, Pepper or Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody-flux; also, to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. 50 cts. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

Don't blame a fly for getting into the sugar bowl. He probably thinks the sugar is put upon the table for his especial delectation; just as you, gentle reader, of one sex or t'other, have sometimes fancied the earth was made for your sole benefit, and you therefore wanted the whole of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THANK heaven, I've got the gout and I'm now a blue-blood," said his wife to Gus. "Gout—blue blood—who's going to get up and build the fire now and do the chores generally? You just hyper round; walking will cure the gout," was the unfeeling comment of Gus. She "hypered."—*Boston Globe.*

A CALIFORNIA editor recently attempted to telegraph to his friends in a neighboring town: "Cannot be down till Thursday—foreman drunk." He went down on Thursday and was astonished by the hilarious manner in which his friends received him. It came out that the telegram, when received read: "Cannot come down till Thursday forenoon—drunk."—*Boston Globe.*

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,  
 The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

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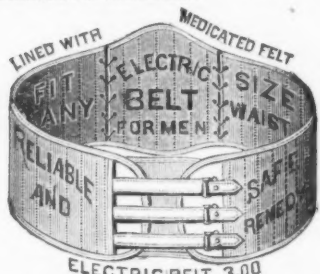
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A MISSOURI man has seventeen bullet holes in his head, but his brain is not injured. He is a jurymen.—*Beacon.*

THE shutters of summer hotels and the pocketbooks of the departing guests now close with a hollow bang.—*Philadelphia Call.*

BELVA LOCKWOOD has had no time to properly arrange her back hair since she was nominated. Widow Butler has no back hair.—*Hartford Post.*

"YES," remarked the shopkeepe, "I begin to believe that there is to be a revival in business. Our creditors are already on the anxious seat."—*Boston Transcript.*

SAYS the too far-seeing democrat "we could carry the doubtful states if—; we could lick Blaine out of boots and stockings if— "what if?" "The tariff."—*Hartford Post.*

A YOUNG man asks if it is proper to dance with a lady when her husband is present? Certainly, only be particular to notice what part of the ball-room he is.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"No, my daughter," said a millionaire manufacturer, "I'd never consent to your marrying a bank cashier. Your lungs are too delicate to stand the rigors of a Canadian winter."—*Philadelphia Herald.*

JONES—"But can Smith be trusted? Does he know anything about politics?" BROWN—"He is politic." JONES—"That's sufficient. To be politic is to know all there is in politics."—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is announced that Mrs. Belva Lockwood intends to have her cabinet made a la Pompadour, cut bias, with seven rows of knife-plaiting down the front, and a jabot of Spanish lace, with ruching of Scotch mull and pink bows around the neck.—*Springfield Union.*

A TENNESSEE druggist recently gave a darkey two quarts of whiskey, under the supposition that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake. When he found he had only been stung by a wasp he promptly pumped him out and had him arrested for grand larceny.—*Boston Globe.*

A CHICAGO girl undertook to do up a lot of preserves, and in the midst of the excitement attending sampling, etc., she accidentally swallowed one of her garters which fell into a pot of jelly and she choked to death. Another warning to young ladies who are ambitious in this direction. Ladies should always leave their jewelry in their rooms under such circumstances.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

At a meeting of a religious society in Paterson, N. J., a few nights ago, the pastor was called a fool, a hypocrite and a muttonhead. What office he was running for is not stated. *Philadelphia Call.*

SEVERAL persons were recently killed in a circus in Russia. We didn't learn how it happened, but suppose that the clown accidentally fired off a new joke and the people laughed themselves to death at it.—*Paris Beacon.*

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"Throw Physic to the dogs, I'll none of it,"—Shakespeare.

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