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*Is the bull mad? Yes, the bull is mad. Why is the bull mad? Because he sees a red rag.
Is the boy mad? O, no, the boy is glad. Why is the boy glad? Because the bull is mad.*

THE JUDGE.



THE JUDGE.

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A DISCOURAGED ELEPHANT.

When Civil Service Reform got on the track in front of the Democratic train, one of two things was sure to happen, either a damaged elephant or a ditched train. A mused-up track was a certainty in either event.

It is not quite settled that Showman Cleveland could not have got his elephant out of the way if he had tried. The show season was ended; the kalsomine was badly worn off the "only sacred white elephant;" it would cost a good deal to keep it through the coming winter when it could no longer be used as a show, and all agreed "it would not work."

Besides, Showman Cleveland had been disappointed in the white elephant's reception by the public. "The people do like to be humbugged, but not on so grand and conspicuous a scale," he had been heard to confess.

Besides, (No. 2,) he is alleged to have a working interest in the Democratic machine, and it is suspected that if the latter should use up the elephant, the Showman would consider himself the more solid with the operators of the road.

Besides, (No. 3,) the engineer of the train that knocked out the elephant was put in the cab by Showman Cleveland himself, and while the latter had professed a desire to have the road officered and manned with well-qualified hands from his "Great Moral Show," he had really allowed the places, from Superintendent to peanut-boy, to be filled with "b-a-a-d citizens"—jail birds,

bartenders, ward bummers, strikers, heelers, gamins and incompetents.

Of course, it was useless to try to throw the blame on the directors, Superintendent and train-conductors, so long as they were all put and kept there by Showman Cleveland himself.

It certainly looked as if the Showman put his elephant on the track to get it off his hands.

WHY IT AMUSES.

The party which has profited by a great wrong naturally objects to have the transaction referred to, much as a rogue dislikes impolite references to jails and tightening halters. The party that stole the electoral votes and congressmen of the South by denying a free ballot, tried to laugh out of court those who complained. It was a good joke, the greatest of the century; and he who raised a criticism on it as a fraud was dismissed with an epithet, "bloody shirt."

History is full of battles won with opprobrious epithets adopted as a proud rallying cry. "Yankee Doodle," that was written to ridicule certain rebellious colonists, became the national song of a great people. The Bloody Shirt may yet become the oriflamme of victory for the disfranchised and unrepresented.

It seems already not so funny a thing as when it was invented by the Democrats. They don't laugh at in Ohio as much as they did.

In fact, the Bloody Shirt has reached the stage of becoming a red flag to the Democratic bull. Shall it become the banner of a great political party, and head another crusade for human rights? Or, will the South free the ballot and avoid the necessity for the crusade?

WHICH PATH?

The negro stands to-day at the parting of the ways. Democracy woos him; "I am the negro's best friend! The Democratic party is the only one that can protect the negro."

If any one ever denied the converting power of the ballot, let him now contemplate the white Democrat courting the black voter—slave or "damnigger" no more in Democratic regard.

If any one ever doubted the saving power of "cheek," let him watch the success of the late oppressor, never the benefactor of the negro, in seducing his vote.

The ballot has made a grand transformation in the position of the despised black man; but it has made a greater in the ambitious white man. It has made him imitate a gentleman for a few weeks in the year.

So much black voter and white Democrat owe to the Republican party. But it is a question whether they will long continue to acknowledge the obligation. Such is human gratitude in a freed race compelled to pro-

tect itself in the present, and in a demagogue compelled to be decent and respect human rights—till the polls close.

RULINGS.

A COLD WINTER is predicted. Prohibitionists and believers in Democratic reform should be saving up money for ear-mufflers.

TO FISH-COMMISSIONER BAIRD: Try Pultizer, M. C., with loaves and fishes. It is apparent why he declined your offer of German carp. Our adopted Teutonic editor is himself dealing out German carp to the administration.

EVERY MAN that has been hung in the West this year proves to have been "substantially in accord with the Democratic party." Only the substantialness of the cord prevented their being recognized with a federal office, probably.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS at Washington continue to complain bitterly that none but Republicans pass the civil service examinations, and they are in despair of filling places with competent Democrats. The trouble seems to be that the "three r.'s" are offensively partisan. Not referring to Brer Burchard's three R's, either.

BUFFALO IS "ALL broke up" over the issue, "Shall saloonkeepers or law-abiders run Buffalo on Sunday?" For a town that allows a committee of public aldermen to run the public schools, and hasn't the courage to institute a board of education like white folks, Buffalo seems to be getting mighty particular.

An Un-American Race.

They didn't take much stock in the International yacht race Out West because it was another "blanked New York concern like the Bartholdi statue and Grant's tomb." Probably we shall never have a genuine through-and-through regatta until it is transferred to the free, expansive West, sailed with prairie schooners.

A Well-Contested Race.

The strenuousness of the *Puritan-Genesta* race was slight as compared with the contention over the proper pronunciation of the name of one of them. The visiting yachtsmen must have been more taken aback by the philological wisdom sailing through American dailies than by the nautical skill of our yachtsmen. When an American "regular subscriber" lets himself out on the technical tack he is apt to make the English language—and all who read it—look sick.

Nothing at all approaching this controversy over "hard G" and "soft G" has been seen since European scholarship was racked as with the throes of an earthquake over the Kickero vs. Sisero contention.

There is no hope for suffering humanity in the progress the two nations are making in orthoepy.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

Observations by the German Policeman During One Day on His Post.

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

A policeman has many queer experiences during a day's walk up and down his post. Our German Policeman probably has no more than any other officer, but his keen sense of humor enables him to appreciate the fun in life and his constant talking gives him a glibness of expression that makes him interesting; at least, that is our opinion. He had been on duty all day when he met his old friend Reilly, the blacksmith, washing up and making ready to go home, near the door of the smithy.

"Dem lawyers been def-fils-uf-fellers, eh?" the German Policeman inquired, and then added: "I vos mit a bolice court to-day, und a man vos up for sdealing. Der lawyer on der oder site vos giffing der brisoner Gris-topher Columbia.

"Aind I got some righds at all?" der brisoner ing-wired.

"Yes, you haf, und dem shall been brodected," said his lawyer.

"Bedder you don't put dot on record," I hollerd owd to der brisoner's lawyer, 'else dot lawyer on der oder site vill broof der brisoner sdole dem righds from some-poddy else, choost like he broofed he sdole all der resd der dings vot he got.' Ev-ry-poddy laughed oxeht der chudge und der brisoner's lawyer.

"Silence, or I lock you up for condempt," said der chudge.

"Nopoddy got condempt for a goot choke," said I.

"Silence!" der chudge roared owd.

"Dot saddles it," I sayt, 'you got der lasd vord.'

"I choost met Justus Schwab, der pig Communist," said the Policeman, changing the subject. "I sayt to him: 'You been going to haf von pig Communist meedings to-night, aind it?' 'Yah,' sayt he; 'I haf con-verded some seffen hundert laperers here py this neighborhood so dem all believe in me und Henry Chorge. They vill do my pid-

ding. I own them body und soul 364 days py der year.'

"But dere used to peen 365 days py der year,' I sayt.

"Alas!" said der Communist. "It is choost der same now. Dree hundert-sixty-four days dem are mine und agree mit all my sendimends, but der dree-hundert-sixty-fidd day is election day und den dem leaf me und go mit der frisd bolitician vot gifs dem a two-dollar pill und vote to continne der bresent iniquitous und owdrageous sdade uf society.'

"So efferydings goes mit der dogs, aind it?" I asked.

"Oh, no; not so pad as dot," sayt der Communist, 'I shtill keeba peer saloon und all dem two dollars comes righd away into my bocket.'

"I choost found a man und his vife coming from der gundry back, to open der city house on der prawn sdone end uf my beat," the Policeman said, again shifting to another subject. "'Hat a sblendid dime?' I ing-wired.

"Ve haf to camb meed-ing peen," der laty sayt, 'und ve haf hat a season uf much grace. Ve haf peen greedly plessed.'

"Aind I glad to hear dot," I sayt, und den I pulled der olt man to von site und I asked him vot did der olt laty mean py such a vay uf dalking like dot.

"She means," sayt dot vicked olt man, 'dot our eldest daughder has mashed a rich young hardvare merchant und is going to got marrit, und I haf solt two lots for \$750 for vich I baid \$100 dree year ago.'

"Afder dot who shall say some goot is not still lefd in der camb-meedings, yet, alretty. Der negst ding to religion is said to be an easy gonscience und vot shall make der gonscience more pedder as a rich son-in-law und sex-hundred und fiddy ber cent brofits in peezness?"



A TALE OF THE TELEGRAPH BOY.

The lightning speed (?) of the telegraph boy in prose, a poem doth after appear, But "the quickest on record"—a wonderful feat—just come to light, I will chronicle here.

Eleven P. M., and the night clock jumped
At the tick—tick—tick,
Of the instrument quick.
On his plate-glass window he loudly thumped
For the boy on the stairs
Who was saying—his prayers.
"An important message, now push your feet,
Her husband is dead,
And I'll break your head
If you're more'n ten minutes in reaching the street!"
With a haughty look
He took
His book.

* * * * *

The morning comes like a beautiful dream,

And the milkman juggles his golden cream,
When suddenly breaks on the startled night
A streak of blue in the morning light,
Which seems to fly
As it hurries by

And hollers.

With a rip and a tear
And a terrible air,
He pants up the steps to deliver his "tel."
And with eyes flashing fire
He pulls out the wire—
And lands in the street with the knob of the bell!

"Here's a message," he said
As he rubbed his sore head.
Five minutes ago it was handed to me
And I ran all the way—
Without extra pay—
And you'll find at the bottom it's marked C. O. D.
\$2.00.

(A SOLEMN PAUSE.)

The "dead husband" took it;—the very first word

Was "Paid!"
He laid

A hand on the boy; and the neighborhood heard
A scuffle of feet
In rapid retreat—
Then silence sweet,

Brooded.

C. S. WADY.

Cure for Alcoholism and Pugilism.

An English doctor has discovered that nitro-glycerine has precisely the effects of spirits and can be given in lieu of it. If John Sullivan could be induced to fill up on this substitute for whiskey the next time he is to be fooled with and some one could get near enough to "percuss" him, we might see a national nuisance abated, at last. Ordinary whisky, like ordinary pugilists, seems to have lost its power over John L.

"Through the Dark Continent."

The Congo, Timbuctoo and Dahomey express train rumbled into the little railway station of Mumbo Jumbo. All was bustle and confusion. The conductor stepped off the car and walked down the platform swinging a large lantern. He was dressed in a cap with a gold band, a picadilly collar and a huge bell punch. The brakeman wore the usual railway caps and red petticoats which an order of the company has made the uniform of the road. The "Flying Zulu," as the train is named, maintains a speed of fifty miles an hour, and makes only one stop between Nyamnyanzijiji and Menenzasuzinza, stations almost one hundred miles apart.

I bought my ticket at the railway office, but would not have done so had I seen the ticket scalper, a tall Zulu in a blue petticoat who walked up and down the platform cutting rates.

I offered an American trade dollar to the ticket-agent and got in change a goose-quill filled with gold dust and half a dozen bananas, which here pass for pennies. I put the bananas in my pocket and started toward the train.

There was not the bustle about the baggage car that is usually seen at an American railway station. A belle who was going to spend the summer at Lake Tanganyika had all her baggage in a collar box. A swell, departing for Ujiji, to pass the fashionable season there, carried his baggage in a seid-litz powder box. The baggage check was sometimes larger than the baggage.

I must say that the cars on the Congo railway are better than those on the New York Central, and that the people of Timbuctoo would not stand the discomforts to which the people of New York submit.

The whistle sounded and the "Flying Zulu" started across the dark continent. When the train had got a little way out of the station some hyenas ran along the side of the track, barking at the engine. I sat in the third car. It chanced that the colored man in the seat in front of me spoke English, having formerly been a member of the legislature in America. We had quite a pleasant conversation. He told me that though he had been a senator in South Carolina he was only a coroner in Dahomey. He seemed to think that Africa was a poor country for the negro. The rear car, he said, was occupied by Osman Digna, the Swat of Sennas and one of the leading politicians of Darfur.

While we were talking the conductor came in to collect our tickets. The day being a warm one he had taken off his Picadilly collar, and wore only his bell-punch. The passengers asked him a great many questions. One passenger asked him how far Zanibozanzo was; another inquired if he would get to Molambamolulu in time to catch the stage-coach for Kabebekabanzo. A third wished to know if the train stopped at Albert Nyanza for dinner. The conductor, who seemed to be an encyclopædia of African geography, punched the tickets and answered all the questions good-naturedly.

He had not gone more than half the length of the car when the engine gave a sharp whistle and in another moment there was a sudden shock that was felt throughout the train. Everyone was alarmed and rose from his seat. I was wondering what had happened when I heard some one say it was a rhinoceros on the track!

It seems that the engine had run into a rhinoceros and had sustained some damage.

The head-light was gone, and the rhinoceros catcher had been smashed.

No doubt the Congo railway is doing much to develop the interior of Africa. Everywhere along its line towns and villages are springing up. My friend, the Dahomey coroner, pointed out of the car window at a pretty little town and said, "Over there only three cannibals lived five years ago. It is now a flourishing town." Several villages were pointed out to me that had already acquired large debts.

The scenery is interesting. We passed groves of milk-trees all day, and toward evening could see the African maids going out to milk them. Butter trees are abundant, but the dairy business is languishing here. An oleomargarine company has been started in the interior and is turning elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes and hyenas into bogus butter, and the owners of the butter trees can not compete with the African oleo. We have gone through several forests of cocoanut palms and of oil palms. They have been bought by a syndicate of foreign capitalists living in England and the United States. Monopoly is taking everything in Africa. The oil palms are owned by the African Standard Oil Company. A company of capitalists has bought the cocoanut trees and forbidden the monkeys to climb them. For a monkey to enter a cocoanut grove is an act of trespass.

The train boy came around with Ujiji cough drops. He was fantastically dressed in an old gown and a poke bonnet. I asked him why he was so oddly dressed, and he told me that he had formerly been a Coney Island minstrel. Pineapples, oranges, bananas and sandwiches were sold by him. The sandwiches were made out of rhinoceros hide and he sold them for fifty cents a-piece. Whenever his stock of fruit got low, he leaned over the car platform and plucked a bunch of bananas or three or four pineapples as he train went by. He charged twenty-five cents each for the bananas and a dollar a-piece for the pineapples.

When I asked him why these fruits were so high he said that they were scarce and had to be imported.

At last we have reached Ujiji, the end of our journey. Friends are parting. Some are going to the Blue Nile; others to a summer resort on Lake Tanganyika. A little party will set off to climb Mount Kilman-djaro; a fishing club are bound for Lake Ichad; a missionary and his aunt are going to Gijerijij.

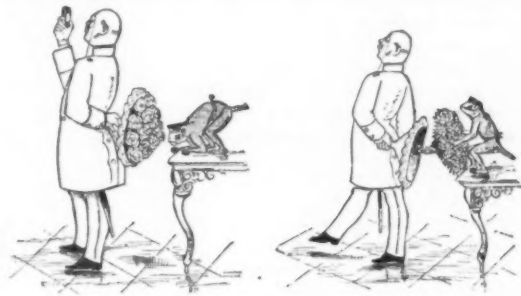
L. H. TUPPER.

THINGS DO NOT always work as well as they might. At the age of forty a moderate drinker has a probability of 11.6 more years of life, while the total abstinence crank is likely to live 28.8 years more. Long before that time he has made everybody else so tired that they are rather glad of their shorter "probability."

OFF THE BENCH.

THE BLOOMINGTON *Aye* is a funny paper. It can say "no."

"THE PURITAN" MAY be said to have made a good run through a sharp and deci-



sive canvas. The politicians are better pointers, though.

A SUBSCRIBER asks whether "dynamite" or "dinamite" is proper? No.

"THE CUP IS STILL OURS!" yelled the cheering crowd at the *Puritan* victory.



"The cup that cheers and inebriates" evidently was their's.

MANY A FELLOW is right in claiming to



be a "Jack-at-all-trades," if he means Jack-ass.

TRADE JOURNALS SAY that the turn of the tide has come, but many merchants are so hampered with debt that they find the tied can't turn at all.

REV. SAM JONES says he never rode with a girl in a tight-squeeze buggy. All is explained. We suspected that there was something unnatural and morbid about this revivalist.

FETCHING THE PUBLIC.

A ROMANCE OF HIGH ART IN PARIS AND OF AMERICAN GALL.

BY ROBERT D. BRAIN.

I.

J. Henry Blivens was an artist in Paris. He had emigrated to the land of high art and edible frogs from a cross roads village in Injiani.

He expected to garner in a heavy crop of immortal glory and golden ducats by the practice of his art. His townsmen told him when they bid him good-bye that he would soar. They were correct.

He made nothing but a big board-bill. Besides this he had the misfortune to fall in love with the Princess de Blondoso as she rode nightly through the Bois de Boulogne, accompanied by her coachman and a yellow coach of uncertain age.

For months he had worked on a figure of the Virgin. When it was done it was a melancholy affair with sad eyes turned up at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and a complexion like consumptive cheese. The one and only expression of all critics who saw it was "Rats!" Instead of making people pray, Blivens's Virgin made them swear.

Blivens was in deep despair.

II.

Higher and higher rose the board-bill. Deeper and deeper grew the despair of the artist. One day a stranger entered the studio.

"Jack," said J. Henry.

"Hen!" said Jack.

It was a gleam of hope in the darkness. John W. Perkins was a retired circus proprietor from America. He had started life with a yellow clarionette and a performing bear, and had retired with a fortune.

The artist recited his simple story with tears. "I fear I am lost," he exclaimed as he concluded. "My only hope is in the grave."

"Noodle, crank, imbecile!" exclaimed his friend; "why don't you sell your picture and your misery?"

"It couldn't be given away with a pound of tea," exclaimed J. Henry, dejectedly. "Stuff, drivel!" rasped out his companion. "Jack, leave it to me. Have you got any soot?"

"Are you mad?" said J. Henry.

"Have you got any soot?" repeated his friend. "We will sell the picture for 400,000 francs."

The artist brought the soot, gasping. Seizing a handful, the American commenced to daub the picture with it before the astonished artist could interfere.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the latter.

"Silence!" exclaimed Jack; "if I fail I will pay you ten times what the picture is worth."

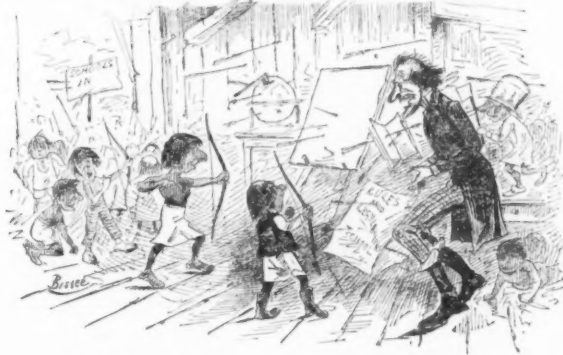
He daubed the picture front and back until its own grandmother would not have known it.

"Give me a brush," he cried.

One was handed him. In the lower corner of the picture he carefully painted "Raphael Pinxit." He then obscured it with soot. When he was done the outlines of the Virgin could be dimly seen as through a cloud.

"Get me an old rotten frame," he said at length, with a self-satisfied air. One was brought. When the picture was transferred

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL.



Teaching the young idea how to shoot.

[Vide papers.]

to it, it looked as if it had come out of a junk shop.

"Come with me," he said to his friend.

III.

Jack led the way to the Paris Salon. J. Henry followed submissively.

"Place for a masterpiece, Messieurs," exclaimed the American in a confident tone.

The committee were profoundly affected by the grimy appearance of the picture, and hung it up in the most prominent place in the exhibition, and marked it "No. 1."

When the painter had had the effrontery to offer the picture in a fresh state the committee had knocked him down stairs. Now they were all suavely.

"Come," said the circus proprietor, "we have 40 people to engage." Again the artist said, "You are mad."

"I pay all bills," said his friend. They called on a number of poor painters.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the American, "I will give you 40 francs apiece if you will sit and sketch picture 1, the Virgin, in the Salon." They were engaged.

"Messieurs," he exclaimed to a crowd of students, "two francs an hour to those of you who will stand in an entranced state before picture 1, the Virgin, at the Salon. They also were engaged.

IV.

The Salon opened.

Crowds stood in front of the Virgin. The students raved and tore their hair in pretended delight. The artists copied and sketched the picture as if their lives depended on it. Not one of the critics in the crowd could get within twenty feet of the painting, so dense was the crowd in front of it all times. It was the feature of the Salon. Men in the audience almost fought to get a brief glance of the master-piece. Women

fainted in the crush. All agreed that no such picture had ever been seen in Paris before.

The noblest works of French artists were slighted. Every one spent his time in gazing on the picture of the Virgin. The press took up the subject.

"A glorious dream of the masters," exclaimed the *Figaro*.

"Such drawing and coloring!" said the *Temps*.

"Glorious heroique conception," said the *Moniteur*.

The lesser newspapers vied with each other in showering extravagant praises on the picture.

Then a critic scraped the soot off one corner of the picture, and found the name, "Raphael Pinxit," with a microscope.

A sensation was caused, equalled only by the Revolution.

"50,000 francs," bid the Duc de Champagne.

"100,000 francs," offered the Marchioness de Hyphen.

"400,000 francs," bid the Prince Clam-Clam.

The latter bid was accepted.

V.

Jack tossed the money into his friend's lap.

"How can I ever repay you?" said J. Henry.

"Very easily," said the latter, "if you will paint my elephant white, with a copy of Raphael's transfiguration on his neck, and make one of my genuine African leopards a mate out of my pointer dog, I will be amply repaid."

The board bill was paid.

J. Henry married the Princess de Blondoso, she of the yellow coach and spotted dog.

The Parisians still rave over the picture of the Virgin, which can be seen by any one in the Louvre gallery.

The picture has to be whitewashed occasionally so as to preserve its visibility.

MORAL:—You can make a copy of any of the old masters by the judicious use of a tea chromo and a box of blacking.

MY ROCHESTER GIRL.

Jen and I agree
That it's grand to see
The graceful Falls of Genessee;
But deliver me,
From the rink to be—
And awkward falls of Jennie's see.

JEF. JOSLYN.



AN UNEXPECTED SQUALL.

THE JUDGE.

ON THE ROAD.

Gus Cusby and I were waiting in the corridor for the 'bus that was to take us from the Southern Hotel to the Union Depot—for the 'bus and for Josh Brown.

Josh had announced right after dinner that he had only one more man to see, and that he would finish with him and join us in lots of time for the train.

Gus had just remarked that if Brown failed to turn up in five minutes he would have to make the run from St. Louis to Chicago alone, when our man hove in sight at precisely the moment the hall porter announced the 'bus.

"What in sin, do you suppose is the matter with the old hyena?" Gus asked, as Josh approached. "Why, Lang, he's chuckling all over for keeps. The man is a solid chunk of dimples, buttered with titters. J. B., my good friend, what is it that induced this violent hysteria? Shall we stop over a train and pump the tickle out of you, or can you make the trip?"

"Come along, boys," Brown gasped, between giggles. "Get into the 'bus and I'll give you a good one—no, two, as we ride to the station."

When we had seated ourselves, he said: "I tell you what, fellows, I came mighty near carrying extra baggage this trip—but, I don't want to commence with that. In the first place, you will remember I went around after dinner to close a deal I had on hand with Undersod. Well, when I had booked the order he said: 'I'm going your way, Brown, and if you don't mind stopping once or twice, we'll walk together.'"

"Of course, I assented, and we ambled along in company until we came to a florist's shop.

"'I've got to stop here,' Undersod said. 'Come in for a minute, and while I talk to the boss you can amuse yourself by selecting a button hole under the guidance of the young lady behind the counter.'"

"That goes," I remarked, and followed him in.

"Undersod took some little time to transact his business, but the young woman was pretty and lively and I didn't mind much, because—well, you fellows know why, because. However, just as the girl was pinning the posy on my manly breast a big long-legged chap gotten up like a countryman from the corn-growing counties came in.

"'I want ter buy a funeral piece, mum,' he said, addressing the young woman rather bashfully. 'Do you make 'em?'"

"'Oh, yes, sir; we make a specialty of such work and get up a large variety. Was your relative or friend young or old, a lady or gentleman?'"

"'A man, mum, a man of about my age and weight, mum. He had red hair and was cross-eyed. He was a single man, mum, and—'"

"'Oh, sir, it isn't at all necessary for you to give me his description. I only wanted to know the sex and age that I might suggest some suitable emblem. Now, how would a broken column do?'"

"'Well, no, mum; I don't think I hanker for a column, besides, I'm afeered Sam wouldn't understand the meanin'. I think it would be better to build a mule—Sam was a teamster, mum—a mule, you know, a standin' on his fore-legs with his hind uns in the air, nateral like. A bay mule, mum. Sam's mules was bays, you see.'"

"'We couldn't possibly do you a mule, sir,' said the girl, smothering a titter with her handkerchief. 'You see mules are entirely out of fashion. Mules are a summer style, you know. Let me suggest that as your friend was a teamster, a broken wheel ought to be appropriate.'"

"'Jest the thing, mum. Besides, Sam came to his death because of his nigh hind wheel breakin' on a down grade. Do you work in letterin' any?'"

"'Oh, yes, sir. We can make you the wheel in white and letter 'Rest' in violets, or 'R. I. P.' in carnations. R. I. P. means rest in peace, you know.'"

"'No, mum, thank'er. I'll have suthin' else. I would like the letters S. Y. L., put in, and make 'em big uns, too. Poor Sam. He'll understand.'"

"'The gentleman's initials, I suppose, sir?'"

"'You're wrong, mum, I don't mind tellin' ye. I know my old friend wouldn't mind either.' He rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes at this point. 'And besides—suddenly—'I ain't ashamed of 'em either. S. Y. L. means see you *later*, mum, that's all.'"

"Just then, very luckily, Undersod called me out, or I should certainly have roared in the poor man's face, and that would have been a vile thing to do, for the man was in most desperate earnest."

"That was a very rich experience," Gus commented, "but how about the extra-baggage snafu?"

"Oh, that was a bad grind on me, boys. As we left the flower joint, Undersod and I, he explained that his next stop would be at a horse exchange. He said he wanted to buy a black pair for heavy work, you know. We found the stables without trouble. An auction sale was underway when we went in. There was a big crowd present all paying the best attention to the utterances of the loud-mouthed auctioneer and to the animals he was offering. He had knocked down two or three when a stable boy dragged in a poor

old hat-rack of a beast, the very sight of which made me truly tired. He was lame, halt and blind, was afflicted with numerous equine diseases and bore a sort of discouraged air as if he had lost all his friends and yearned for some one to love him. Sad disappointment of bright youthful aspirations was indicated by the droop of his mule-like ears. The deep curve of his venerable spinal column was evidence that he had found life's burdens indeed, heavy to bear, while his sightless eyes glistened with no hope of either temporal relief or heavenly reward for labors and pains suffered through a long life now nearly dragged out to a dismal, joyless, unmourned end.

"Well, boys, the auctioneer had the gall to offer this section of Virginia rail fence for sale in about these terms:

"'Gentlemen, I now ask your bids on the beautiful Hambletonian gelding, Whirlwind, now before you. This fine creature is five years old, sound in wind and limb and thoroughly kind. I warrant him to neither shy or balk. His trotting record is 2:10 1-2, and within a month he has run a mile in 1:55. Look him over, gentlemen; admire his points. He is offered for sale by his owner who could not be persuaded to part with him were it not that he is obliged to make a sudden trip to Europe. What am I offered for this valuable animal. Do I hear \$500?'"

"'Give you fifty cents,' I offered as a joke.

"'Sold for fifty cents,' ejaculated the man with the gavel. 'The horse is yours, sir, pass up the half.' Then to the hostler: 'Tarn over the animal, Tom.' And to me: 'If you want the halter, sir, it will cost you \$2.00. Lead him away, if you please, we need the room.'"

"Maybe you fellows believe I was uproariously happy. If you do, think for a moment how either of you would like to drag a fifty cent horse limping on about two legs and a half by a two dollar halter through a crowd of howling citizens into the street and along said street—a crowded thoroughfare. Perhaps you have an idea I was serenely proud and that my condition of mind was one of unalloyed joy and that I was at peace with the whole world and with myself.

"No, gentlemen, my heart was bleeding. I know it, for I blushed so that I could fairly hear the color, it was so brilliant. Yes, for the first time in all the years I have been on the road, I



blushed like a rose. That I was badly phazed to know what to do with my purchase, I can assert without fear of contradiction."

"Well, and what did you finally do with the horse?" I asked. "I don't see that you have him about your clothes, Josh."

"The disposition of that white elephant, Lang, when the deed was accomplished, relieved my wretched soul instantly and, as you can easily imagine, with his riddance came a sensation of rapture indescribable. I could view the whole experience calmly and presently my former position presented itself to me as so ludicrous that I became violently gleeful, and I was in that happy condition when I joined you and Cusby."

"Say, but what did you do with the horse?" I repeated.

"Oh, the horse! I gave him to a boot-black for a shine."

L. L. LANG.

ALONE.

On the bosom of a vasty deep,
He floated sad and lone;
No companion near to see him weep,
Or hear his suffering moan.

Wan and wasted was his soaked form,
There drifting to and fro:—
What? "A sailor shipwrecked by a storm,"
Didst ask? No, reader no!

On the bosom of a great big bowl
Of soup, most thin to view,
Did that one shrivelled oyster roll
Alone in church-fair stew!

"JEF. JOSLYN."

A Revelation of Heaven.

Brer Talmage inspected Vanity Fair while in England and he reports: "The English watering places are to us a great fascination. Brighton is like Long Branch. Weymouth is like Cape May. Scarborough is like Saratoga, Isle of Wight is like heaven." A mixture of bare-legged peasant-girl, fancy cattle, folly, fashion, "bathing machines" and beer, then, is the orthodox idea of heaven. Most men will prefer the place that is more like Coney Island, in spite of Brer Talmage's preaching.

A Greasy Mystery.

Every few days the whole oil regions and the "Petroleum Exchanges" in every town, from New York to Podunk, get all wrought up about some untested, suppressed "wild-cat" well—always called "The Mystery." There is a perpetual and-greater mystery that they all seem to overlook, and that is, why oil continues year after year to be produced at less than a dollar a barrel, when everybody in the business knows and can demonstrate to you "to a t" that "oil can not be produced at less than two dollars a barrel." They've done it millions of times—the \$1 production and the \$2 demonstration. And they are still at it frantically doing business at fifty per cent loss.

A PAPER WAS recently read before the Ohio State Medical Society on the great question, "Why the Italians sing." Go to ! Let us hear why they don't stop singing, if there are any palliating circumstances.



Briefs Submitted.

BY JEF. JOSLYN.

A stern necessity—a ship's rudder.

The first misfit on record—when the jack-ass tried to wear the lion's skin.

Just because a editor has to use paste to a certain extent, that is no reason his head-light diamond should be looked upon with suspicion.

A man of caw-shun—the cornfield scarecrow.

"You can plunge on my dog in his next match-fight,"

Quoth a sport to a betting male:
"For I've renamed him 'Truth,' and everyone knows:

'Truth is mighty and will prevail.'"

Ill-gotten gains—physician's sick fees.

"Twas a disconsolate and unaccomplished lover who remarked: "I don't know a thing about music and therefore can't toot a flute night after night under Sarah's window to gain favor with her, like her other beaux, but if she ever gets tired of them dudes and wants a steady hard-working husband to help her along in the world, why, I'll be quicker than lightning to go to Sarah 'n aid her."

A Needless Fear.

Old doctors Smythe and Browne have long practiced in the same town; and, being on excellent terms they never fail to give a good-natured joke whenever opportunity offers.

The other day as Smythe was riding past Browne's house, the latter, who happened to be in the yard at the time, called out facetiously: "I say, Smythe, don't make any mistake now, and call on some of my patients?"

"No fear of that," replied Smythe, touching up his horse, "for I dare say their houses are all well marked."

R. MORGAN.

OFF THE BENCH.

"OUR FLAG IS STILL there!" cried an enthusiast at the second day's yacht race. "Of course it's still, there," growled a sailor; "there's not wind enough to move a rag"

THE FREQUENCY of sore throat with prima donnas indicates that their construction of their contracts is that they are chiefly bound to contract colds and the amount of service they render.

TWO MEN SEATED themselves on large blocks of ice in Americus, Ga., on a "freeze out." The man who won was so shortened up by the cold that he didn't know whether he was suffering from cold in the throat or somewhere else.

A Bucolic Opinion.

"Father," said Farmer Buckwheat's undergraduate son. "Which pronunciation do you favor of G before a vowel?"

"Oh, I'm not particular. Any on 'em's good 'nuff for me."

"Well, but do you habitually use soft G or hard G?"

"Hard gee, always, and a dum good lick of the gad across the high stag's nose to boot. Soft geeing's no use."

Degenerate Democrats.

"I don't care," persisted the old man; "taint democratic."

"Why isn't it? What is it?"

"I don't see what business Senator Eustis and Mayor Grace have to be attendin' a symposium with that black republican Roosevelt in the North American. I don't like these new fangled reforms. I don't believe Jefferson or old Hickory, was ever ketched inside of a symposium in their lives."

The old man couldn't be pacified.



MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

TWO PAGES IN I
The Place Where the Negro Lea

JUDGE.



THE BALLOT MAKES MIGHT.

S IN HISTORY.
Negro Leaves His Book-Mark.



Notwithstanding the increasing attractions at other theatres the past two weeks, "Paquita," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, has steadily gained in popularity. This fact must console Mr. Bartley Campbell for the chorus of condemnation of first night critics. "Paquita" was generally announced a failure by the press—it has been made a success by the public. Deviations from the stereotyped manner of creating a dramatic climax were made to appear monstrous absurdities by the critics—and applauded by a perverse public. The many really strong situations in the play were ignored by the press—and accordingly recognized by the public.

'Tis the old, old story over again of newspaper judgments going by contraries, like dreams.

Miss Kate Forsythe, in the leading role of "Paquita," has been the recipient of more newspaper sympathy than often falls to the lot of one actress, because of the alleged inconsistent part she was made to portray. Inconsistent as it was pronounced, the audience recognized in it a character to which many a wife in society poses as a model.

Mr. Fred de Belleville's role of the injured husband of the play affords opportunity for the display of dramatic powers such as are not frequently offered, and it is the barest justice to say that he makes the most of them.

"Paquita" will be followed by "Peril; or, Love at Long Branch." Miss Forsythe, Mr. De Belleville and Mr. Pitt will have leading parts. Mr. Bartley Campbell's pluck in presenting such meretricious performances in a theatre handicapped with the prestige such as the Fourteenth has labored under is deserving of the support of the public and the approval of the press. New York should be proud of a stock company containing so good material, anywhere at any time.

Chicago is jubilant! Next week Robson and Crane will be there with their splendid production of the farce "The Comedy of errors." Our western friends should be prepared for a surprise when they see what has been made out of this extravagant farce—one of Shakespeare's least original works—by the putting on and performance of these Americans. (By the way, it is a mystery how Shakespeare came to call this a comedy, since its principal incidents are possible but wholly improbable.) Robson and Crane are always sure of their welcome and success in Chicago, where, indeed, efforts have

been frequently made to keep them permanently. With this play we may expect them to fairly storm the town. New York has been liberal in patronage of them, but Chicago will equal us in that respect and distance us in heartiness of applause. This last tribute will inevitably increase the merit of the acting. For a comedian, more than any other actor, draws his inspiration from the responses of his audience. "The jest's prosperity ever lies in the ear of him who hears it," and of all sad products of tongue or pen the saddest is a joke whose whose point was lost or not acknowledged. A Chicago audience habitually gives a comedian more of this than a New York audience does. It is fair to say, however, that more enthusiasm is displayed at The Star as "The Comedy of Errors" draws to its close than its earlier audiences allowed themselves. Everybody seemed at first to be waiting to see if everybody else approved and applauded—not Robson and Crane, not Shakespeare—but the unusual magnificence of the display and stage setting. These features of the production furnish an education in art and archaeology, the effects of which education have already become somewhat apparent upon Star audiences.

It was a source of regret to the McCaul clientele that last Saturday night ended the season of this popular company at Wallack's. There is something exceptionally satisfying about all of Col. McCaul's productions. His company is generally good, and Mme. Cottrelly decidedly. It would be gratifying to have this company always with us. Why doesn't Mr. McCaul buy, build or rent a house of his own in New York and settle down? During this week both of his companies are hard at work rehearsing for their

opening in Philadelphia and Pittsburg in "The Mikado" and "Black Hussar" respectively.

Lesser constellations have been visible above the theatrical horizon for some time, but next week three noted stars appear; of what magnitude remains to be tested. There can be no more just comparison between the cold, statue-like Mary Anderson and Mme. Judic of scintillant, brilliant light, than between Jupiter and Vega. Each beautiful in degree but of different kind. But between Margaret Mather and Mary Anderson doubtless many contrasts will be drawn. Each young, beautiful, gifted. Each well managed, playing the same plays, in the same block, at the same time. Certainly, here is a delight for analytical judges and sentimental youth.

Margaret Mather opens in "Romeo and Juliet," expensively costumed and set—thanks to the liberality of Manager J. M. Hill and the good taste and skill of Alfred Thompson.

BLUSH OF ROSES.

He.

Ah, roses rare, sweet roses rare
Upon her soft, round cheek.
How dainty such; would thy pure touch
My passion could bespeak.

She.

Ah, roses rare, how would he glare
If he were here to see—
The roses red I softly spread
From saucer on so free.

H. S. KELLER.

A PORTRAIT OF 1843.



I.
I wonder who you really were!
By your sweet eyes I can infer
You must have raised a social stir,
In '43.
What havoc then you must have made,
With hearts at foot-ball perhaps you played,
Did rival draw for you their blade,
Simplicity?

II.
I know you went to ball and rout
And tea-drinkings beyond a doubt,
You flirted much the dance throughout,
Now didn't you?
The gallants all obeyed your voice,
A wish of theirs made them rejoice,
Of lovers you could have your choice,
Who come to rue.

III.
And looking on your picture, I
Could wish that you were standing by,
Trip from the canvass sweet and shy
Once more alive.
Or that kind nature would repeat
A face and form like yours so sweet
Whom it would be my luck to meet
In '85.



THE JUDGE'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

Evidence before your jury will show a very singular state of affairs in the Judicial District of the Union; a condition so anomalous as to challenge your most serious effort to find causes and remedies therefor.

You will find that, in a land of almost unbounded resources, there is general lack of prosperity. That though land is cheap, and population not over-crowded; though men, women and children, the most efficient producers in the world, are willing to work, and capital is desirous of activity; industries are depressed and labor and capital both are largely unused. That though money is plenty and crops are abundant, insomuch that the graneries of the West are bursting with food, want pinches thousands. More than all, you will find that food and all merchandise were never so cheap as now, nor was there ever so general complaint that people were not able to buy at the prices.

This seems a riddle. "Why should industry be crippled, trade paralysed, capital fettered and labor starved in America today?"

Your Jury will not fail to notice that the abnormal cheapness of all products is the most inconsistent feature of the situation; especially when coupled with the refusal or inability of people to take them at prices that seem to be ruinous, and often are ruinous especially to manufacturers and farmers. This Court suggests that you direct your attention, therefore, to the causes for excessive cheapness of products, and lack of purchasing power on the part of consumers. If your Jury should find that the same influences have produced both these phenomenal and contradictory conditions, you will have at least a partial clue to a remedy.

Your Jury is well enough informed to know that cheapness of goods is only another name for dearthness of the money with which goods are valued and transferred; that if a so-called dollar will buy twice as many bushels of wheat or hours' work as formerly, it only means that the dollar has doubled in value. The life-sustaining power of the wheat, the productive power of the labor have not changed, and their intrinsic value is the same.

The only influence that can make money dearer is scarcity.

A scarcity of money would account for people's inability to buy as well as for goods' being cheap.

Your Jury will find, by extending your inquest, that the same unprecedented cheapness of goods and under-consumption of them prevail all over the world. You will

therefore be likely to find that the cause of these phenomena of trade is world-wide and not peculiar to this country, to its laws, customs, duties, or fiscal system. You will find that the only universal influence that could account for money being high is the steady reduction of the world's scale of values to a gold standard, following upward the increasing scarcity of gold. This, the Court thinks, is the only single fact that fits all the conditions of trade and industry here and elsewhere: reduction to gold basis and scarcity of gold, constantly raising its value, lowering the scale of prices and withdrawing products and gold alike farther and farther from the reach of consumers.

It probably will not be so easy for your Jury to find a remedy for a dear gold basis, as to detect the fact of its existence. But this fact suggests that certain precautionary measures may be found by you to prevent an increase of the difficulty. Your Jury of Public Opinion, to that end, should find against the refusal of the U. S. government to recognize silver coin and treasury notes as money; you should encourage the use, as legal tender, of other circulating mediums than this scarce, high-priced and depressing gold; should find against the hoarding of other circulation by government or by banks—so far as your opinion will affect the course of the latter.

Your Jury should enforce the registered decree of the people, made through their congress, that silver and treasury notes, equally with gold, are money; and should compel the administration and financial institutions of the country to cease their unlawful usurpation of legislative functions in trying to maintain the destructive, single, gold standard of values. C. E. B.

GOLDWIN SMITH regards the American revolution as a mistake. Other Englishmen, not named Smith, found that out more than a hundred years ago. It was a Miss take of a continent from Mme. Britannia by Miss Columbia.



MUTUAL ABSORPTION.

THE SHINGLE.

When I recall my childhood's pleasures,
It gives me very little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a callow boy;
For I, somehow, recall with sadness
My boyhood days, nor can I tell
One half my troubles, but the saddest
Was the tingle of the shingle
As it fell.

When I had wished to roam the woodlands,
To fish for killies in the pool,
Or follow boyhood's truant fancies,
My mother made me go to school.
And if I missed a word the teacher
(With book before him he could spell!)
Beckoned—and all I then remembered
Was the tingle of the shingle
As it fell.

Whene'er the boys had robbed an orchard
They all escaped excepting me;
I never kissed a pretty schoolmate
But some one else was sure to see;
And if I hooked my brother's taffy
The little cuss was sure to tell—
And then, to point the moral lesson,
Was the tingle of the shingle
As it fell. J. J. O'CONNELL.



Pray do not detain us, our friend, the stork,
Has sent us a telegram;
Two dashing young ladies, intensely æsthetic,
Are coming to Framingham.
And one is looking for pretty cat-tails
To decorate her room;
And the other is hunting for peacock feathers
To make an æsthetic broom.

"THE WICKED FLEA WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH,"

I. EDGAR JONES.

Oh, the flea, the beautiful flea! Prince of the earth and air is he!
 Skipping about from place to place,
 Package of symmetry form and grace,
 Void of uppishness, void of fear; hopper through Freedom's atmosphere

Oh, the flea the scallawag flea! no respecter of persons is he;
 Standing erect on the ruffian's nose,
 Nestling in maiden's silken hose,
 Happy as Cupid, twice as bold; quicker and spryer a thousandfold.

Oh, the flea, the ticklesome flea! King of the athletes all is he,
 Springer of springs, and ne'er a sprain,
 Stimulant cause of words profane,
 Biter of bites, regardless still who are the victims of his will.

Oh, the flea, the wigglesome flea! Prince of the hours of darkness he!
 Filling the bed with bites and groans,
 Laughing in glee at vengeful tones,
 Nibbling along as nibble he must, alike the jackanapes and the just.

Oh, the flea, irrepressible flea; bravest of all the pirates he,
 Kissing the maiden's cheek and lips,
 Stirring her up with prods and skips;
 Keeping the lazy one astir, whether it be a him or her.

Oh, the flea, the lucky-born flea, never a violent death dies he.
 Arched with iron his hard-shell back,
 Warranted neither to break or crack.
 After an hour's long battle fought, who ever killed the one he caught?

Oh, the flea, the merciless flea; mocker of all creation he!
 Laughing at female pouts and scares,
 Chuckling at manly digs and swears,
 Stabbing as did his savage sires, dagger tipped with sheolic fires.

Oh, the flea, the somersault flea; emblem of independence he!
 Globule minute of pluck condensed,
 Type of impartial prods dispensed,
 Irrepressible courage packed, rarely captured and never cracked.

Oh, the flea, the humorous flea; cheapest luxury made is he!
 Making lively the poor man's Lome.
 Boldly biting the Pope of Rome.
 Were all active and brave as thee, then would be lively times, oh flea



SADLY AT SEA.

OLD LADY FROM INTERIOR—"Wall, I declare, this be ther
 fust time I ever seed snow shoes."

Our Little Folks' Post-Office.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JANE.

DEAR CHILDREN:—You have missed me for some time, have you? You want me to explain the cause of my absense, do you? Ah, if you have pondered over this same subject as I have, you would hesitate ere dragging it forth once more. If you grow to become nice little men and prematurely aged women, and become possessed of a shrill, relentless desire to write for the press, you will speedily find out why your Auntie hasn't greeted you as of old. There are blasted hopes as well as returned agonies of the mind collect two, four or six cents postage. Do you twig? You do. Let us fervently hope that there will be no more discouraging pull-backs to your Auntie's literary promises. It grieves your dear Auntie when she can't appear before you. It is worth ten dollars to her every time she gets there, my little loves. Would you tumble if an empire, one of the mossy, effete empires should drop on you?

I will now give you a very few choice, *bon mots*, yanked from the chaotic depths of infantine cerebral acumens, with a few reminders from yours to invite next summer thrown in free of cost with ten cents additional for a hobby-horse in THE JUDGE's merry-go-round.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I am in sorrow. Chicago, Sept. 10th, 1885.
 Flossie is dead. The little, cold nose will no more rub against my cheek and thrill my heart with bliss. She was taken with a fit of indigestion last week. Day before yesterday she had a severe chill, caused by wearing a point-lace bow instead of the maroon velvet. A naughty, naughty, naughty druggist gave her dog-button instead of extract of catnip. My heart is broke. Even Georgie cannot console me.

MATHILDE.

Poor Mathilde. I am sorry for Georgie. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were lied about. Please send me the address of the naughty druggist. New York is just yearning for a man of his calibre. We are pest-ridden with pet dogs.

Saratoga, Sept. 12, '85.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—Distwessed am I to wite you about my twouble. I'm bwoke. Barry's occupation's gone. I'm sold out and my valet gone and give away that howid affawair about my garments on the bushelman's peg—viz: I didn't have the seventy cents to pull 'em. What shall I do?

B. W. ALL.

Poor Barry. You're in a bad situation. Now, if you'd only followed a jack plane with the same degree of *eclat* that you did the English, you know, you could now smile to scorn the petty discouragements of adversity. If you had pulled as many iron rails through the rolling mill as you have pants over your bunions, you could ha, ha! in a sardonic manner at your woes. Again, if you had been more of a bread winner and less of a honey-sucker, you wouldn't go about now shorn of your fleece, with the mercury heading down hill. Barry, I cannot advise you. You might turn over a couple of libraries, get some gray matter to swell out your hat-band and quit monkeying with sunshine. Sunshine's good; but it takes a man who works in the dark to fully appreciate it.

Slippery Elm, Mass., Sept. 15, '85.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—We've got a pitcher who struck out twenty-seven men. He's a phenomenon. What shall we do with him?

ARCHILL, Manager *Buz Bugs*.

Archie:—Plant him. Put a stone quarry upon his remains. Phenomenons are failures.

KEL.



A "GOOD SAMARITAN" NOT APPRECIATED.

BIG MEDICINE (the only, original, etc.)—"Take one bottle of Nature's remedy, 'Herbs of Sunflower,' and receive your sight."

BLIND GENT—"An wud yez be after wantin' me fur t' wurk meself ouwit of er job? Cum nare me, an' oi'll caress ye wid me club!"

MULLINS, THE AGNOSTIC.

As Told by Deacon Stillwater.

His name was William Mullins, and
He had a sneerin' way
Of turnin' his proboscis up
At everything you'd say.
"Wal, now, how do ye know?" says he;
"Humph, now, how do ye know?"
The way it closed an argument
It wan't by no means slow,
You might be talkin' social like
With fellers at the store
On war an' politics, and sich,
And you might have the floor
And be a-gettin' things down fine,
Provin' that things was so,
When Mullins would stick his long nose in
With "Humph, now, how do ye know?"

I seen that critter sit in church
And take a sermon in,
And turn his nose up in a sneer
At death and grace and sin.
With no regards for time and place
Or realms of endless woe,
He'd rise and bust the hull thing up
With "Hump, now, how do ye know?"

He cut his grass whenever it rained,
He shocked his wheat up green,
He cut his corn behind the frost,
His hogs were allus lean.
He built his stack the big end up,
His corn-cribs big end down;
"Crooked as Mullin's road-side fence"
Was a proverb in our town.

The older he got the worse he grew,
And crookeder day by day;
The squint of his eyes would wind a clock,
His oes turned out each way;
His boots and shoes was both of 'em lefts,
The rheumatiz twisted so,
But if you said he didn't look well,
He'd growl, "Now, how do ye know?"

And that darned grit led to his death—
He was on a railroad track
Crossin' a bridge; I heard the train
And yelled, "Mullins, come back!
The train is round the curve in sight!"
Says he, "Humph, how do ye know?"
I helped to gather him up in a pail
The engine scattered him so.

I think its best to have more faith
In every day concerns
And not be allus a snoopin' round
To get behind the returns.
A plain statement will do for me,
A hint instead of a blow;
A coroner's jury may fetch out facts,
But its rather late to know.—[A. T. Worden.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. L. R. Shewell's wonderfully successful and vivid drama of life in the metropolis, "The Shadows of a Great City," was produced at this theatre Monday evening, September 21st. It was given with all its massive and realistic scenic and mechanical effects, including the revolving prison on Blackwell's Island, the picturesque panorama of Hell Gate, the Boat-House on the Harlem River, and the thrilling escape on the rocks. The very large stage of this house permits of the proper display of the magnificent scenery with which this play is given, all of which were entirely new. This will be the only production of this great play in this theatre this season.

SAWDUST.

Love is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.

When the trunk line railroads are not playing policy they are playing pool.

The pretty girl behind a calico counter in a fashionable dry-goods store is a print-sis of the realm.

The South Sea Islanders are learning to swear in English and play poker. Another advance in the Pacific male.

"Good gracious," said the hen, when she discovered the porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

Drops of water falling continuously on a two-inch oak plank would wear a hole through it in about thirty-five years. Moral: Drink beer.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, has opened a campaign to "save" Chicago. His great-grandchildren will carry on the business at the old stand.

A funeral is a tiresome preacher's opportunity. Turn him on to a large congregation and he will make the mourners wish the party had never died.

A writer has discovered that persons in captivity live a very short time. This may be a rule; but we know of some married men who have attained a remarkable age.

"I don't enjoy poetry as a general thing," said an old lady who dropped in on us recently, "but when I step out to feed the hogs and hist myself on the fence, and throw my soul into a few lines of 'Captain Jinks,' it don't seem as if this airth was made to live on, after all."

Lady, in registry office—"I am afraid that little girl won't do for a nurse: she is too small. I should hesitate to trust her with the baby." Clerk—"Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation. You should remember that when she drops a baby it doesn't have very far to fall."
[St. Paul Herald.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN'S APOSTROPHE TO THE DYING FLY.

Good-bye,
O, fly,
The cause of much profanity!
Go die,
Damned fly,
Thou teaser of humanity!
The autumn comes, the summer dies,
Thou'rt powerless now to tantalize.
Ha! ha!
Ta, ta,
The cold
Takes hold
Of thee at night; I'm glad of it!
Ah, me!
Through thee
A dreadful time I've had of it
All through the summer time, thou pest;
Now give my poor bald head a rest,
By, by,
Shoo, fly!

[Boston Courier.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

The Indian's birch was the original tippy canoe.—[Somerville Journal.

"A new policeman on the beat," remarks an esteemed contemporary. Well, that's

too bad. The old policeman was on the beat, too. Times don't seem to improve any.—[Bloomington Eye.

The time to catch soft water is when it is raining hard.—[Philadelphia Call.

A bottle of milk which a Baltimore chemist was testing the other day exploded with great force and nearly killed him. It was probably from a kicking cow.

[Detroit Free Press.

It may sound incongruous to speak of the late rainy spell as "fair weather," but it is a fact that the majority of the fairs were held during its prevalence.

[Chicago Tribune.

James Gordon Bennett calls himself a limited Episcopalian. Judging from the life Mr. Bennett is said to live in Paris, we should say that his Episcopalianism is about the most limited on record.

[Somerville Journal.

"Genius is the phenomenal development of one faculty at the expense of others." In other words this means that some fellows have the faculty of filling themselves with beer when somebody else "sets it up."

[Newman Independent.

"Why don't we have the Rev. Samuel Jones in Louisville?" I asked of a prominent revival manager the other day. "His terms are too high," replied the revivalist. You can't touch him for less than \$200 a week, and we can't afford to pay that much.—[Louisville Post.

EVOLUTION IN MUSIC.

"I tell you, Bromley, I have married an angel."

"O, no doubt! Wait until you've been married as long as I have."

"She's all smiles, Bromley; never a cross word. Her voice is as sweet as the sound of a harp. Her—"

"O, she reminds you of a harp, does she? Inside of a year she'll remind you of an accordion."

"Why of an accordion?"

"Because she'll make the most noise when you attempt to shut her up.—[Phila. Call.

THEY ENJOYED THE WEDDING.

"Did you see the bride?"

"Yes."

"How did she look?"

"Why, the poor child looked just too miserable for anything."

"What was the matter?"

"Her dress wrinkled on the left shoulder, and her corset might have been a good deal tighter without killing her. One of the bridesmaids told me so herself."

"That was too bad. But how did he look? Happy, of course."

"Not a bit of it."

"You don't say; but what ailed him?"

"He looked as though he had just jumped out of a band-box and was afraid to move for fear he'd muss a hair."

[Chicago Ledger.

SCULPTOR JOEL L. HART has just chiseled a piece of statuary representing "Woman Triumphant." She is represented in a garden leaning on a broom, with the hen disappearing in the distance.—[Phila. Call.

Let the newspaper writers who continually complain that though their class does so

much to make others famous, yet its members must remain obscure and unknown, take note of the fact that an Illinois editor is shortly to be married in a baloon at a country fair, and be comforted.

[Buffalo Express.

Drunkenness is now said to be a contagious disease. This is no new discovery, however. It has long been known that a man returning home perfectly sober after doing the town with some boon companions, is pretty sure to catch it from his wife when he gets into the house.—[Louisville Journal.

"Mme. Adam is the best dressed woman in Paris." History repeats itself. Mme. Adam was also the best dressed woman in the Garden of Eden. There may be some difference in the style of dresses worn, however, unless the Paris Mme. Adam is a ballet dancer.—[Norristown Herald.

Mamma—"What did you learn in Sunday School to-day, Bertie?" Bertie—"Oh, something about some Southerners." Mamma—"What! I guess you must be mistaken, Bertie. There's nothing in the Bible about the people of the South." Bertie—"Oh, yes, there is—about the wise and foolish Virginians, don't you remember?"

[Tid Bits.

"Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening, how grandly our daughter Clara swept into the room?" Husband (with a

grunt)—"Oh, yes! Clara can sweep into a room grandly enough; but when it comes to sweeping out a room, she isn't there."

[Bloomington Eye.

A negro boy, while walking along the street, took off his hat and struck at a wasp that had alighted on a tall shrub, hanging over a fence. The boy put on his hat, turned to a man and said:

"I thought I got dat ar ole wass."

"Didn't you get him?"

"No, sah, but I—" he snatched off his hat, clapped his hand on the top of his head, squatted, howled and said:

"Blame'fi didn' git dat ole wass."

[Arkansaw Traveler.

The druggist had filled the prescription while the man waited and walked up and down the store and drummed on the show case with his fingers, but as he was pasting the label and directions on the bottle he gave a sudden start.

"Anything wrong?" asked the quick-eyed customer.

"N-o-a. That is—"

"You have made a mistake in compounding and got in poison of some sort!"

"No, I haven't. I thought I had left out the tincture of opium, but it's all right—all right. I knew I hadn't made any mistake."

"Oh, well," said the customer, as he received the bottle, "I wasn't going to kick about it anyhow, I am getting it for a neighbor."—[Detroit Free Press.

ON BUSINESS PRINCIPALS.

Johnny had been fishing the entire day. "I'll have to punish you for staying away all day and neglecting your work," said his mother.

"Oh, yes; that's a purty way to do. There's Cleveland's been a fishin' fur a whole month and nobody says nothin' about that, an' just 'cause I helped to run the government on business principles only one day you want to lick me."

The punishment was justly postponed sine die—[Kentucky State Journal.

THE MODERN SHAKESPERE.

"How didst thou like the visiting divine? Did he not fill the pulpit well, me lord?"

"Not quite as well, I'll wager thee, as he did fill his paunch before the preaching, child."

"What proof hast thou, Sir Censor, that his maw was sated e'er he gat him to his text?"

"The proof was in the sermon's longitude. There were some rare athletics in its course, and he did amble through his mesh of words with billowing chest and wind mill emphasis. The hour's weird struggle he could scarce have borne had he not foraged e'er the fierce ordeal."

"Mayhap thy stomach moved thy censorship. Thy grosser appetites did vigil keep, and put thy mental longings to repose."

"In sooth, sweet blunderer, thou hast witless crossed the very highway of me reasonings. I did this morning get me intellect to catch such nutriments as I'd been told would be this morning's product at the church. Sound minds, how'er, are nur-

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"After suffering from Chronic Catarrh for over two years, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine, costing five dollars, completely cured me of this troublesome disease."—Carrol M. Richardson, Worcester, Mass.

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tured not by wind, much less by such as blows nobody good, and if the appetite that first I set was soon o'er-mastered by a lowlier, 'twas 'cause the pulpit's commissariat dispensed naught of succulence for brains. I like the church, and pray its influence, but if it be the treasury of good, 'twere profanation that its servitors should waste God's time and that of his elect in endless sputterings of flatulence."—[Yonker's Gazette.

IN HIS WAY.

Phlit and Charlie were nice young fellows, and both were sweet on the same girl, with Charlie about a length ahead, and Phlit was making some remarks about him.

"Why," said a mutual friend, "Charlie is a mighty nice fellow in his way, I always thought."

"I know it," replied Phlit. "I have no objections to him, in his way; it's when he gets in my way that I don't hink he is so awful darn nice," and Phlit sighed wearily. [Merchant Traveler.

WENT WITH HER AUNT.

"I hear that Rachel is sick," inquired a young lady on El Dorado street yesterday of an elderly gentleman.

"Yes, she is quite poorly."

"What seems to be the matter with her?"

"Oh, she attended the theatre the other evening and caught cold during the entertainment."

"And pray how did it happen?"

"She paid great attention to the opera and during the third act she lost a note and it settled on her chest."

"I don't see how that could affect her health."

"I do. She hadn't her chest protector with her. She went with her aunt." [Stockton Maverick.

WOULD ANSWER THE LETTER.

Shortly after Attorney General Garland, who is now taking a rest at Hominy Hill, Arkansas, arrived in Little Rock, he was met by old Lem Gardner.

"W'y, howdy do, Mars Guss, I ain't seed yer sence I doan know how long."

"How are you, Lem?" replied Mr. Garland, as he extended his hand. "You seem to be in good health."

"Oh, yes, sah, I'se holdin' my own like er tarrapin. Whar yer been all dis time?"

"In Washington city."

"Is yer? Wall, I declar'. Oh, yas, yer's in er carpenter shop up dar. Mars Guss whut made yer fling dem law books er side an' go in dat shop?"

"Mr. Garland is not in a carpenter shop," said some one who overheard the remark. "He is a member of the President's cabinet."

"Oh, is dat it? I knowed it wuz suthin' erbout carpenter work. Wall, I'se glad ter see dat yer ain't none de worsted fur gwine erway frum home. Man haster be mighty keerful when he leeb home. Lef' home myse'f onct, got outen money an' had ter walk back. Look heal, kain't yer git me er place in Washington?"

"What kind of a place do you want?"

"Well, sah, on er pinch I woul' go inter de congress, but ef yer ken git me in de senate I wish yer woul'. Dar ain't nothin' like habin' frien's. Wall, good-bye ter yer an' doan furgit dat whenever yer writes ter me, I'll answer de letter."

[Arkansaw Traveler.

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