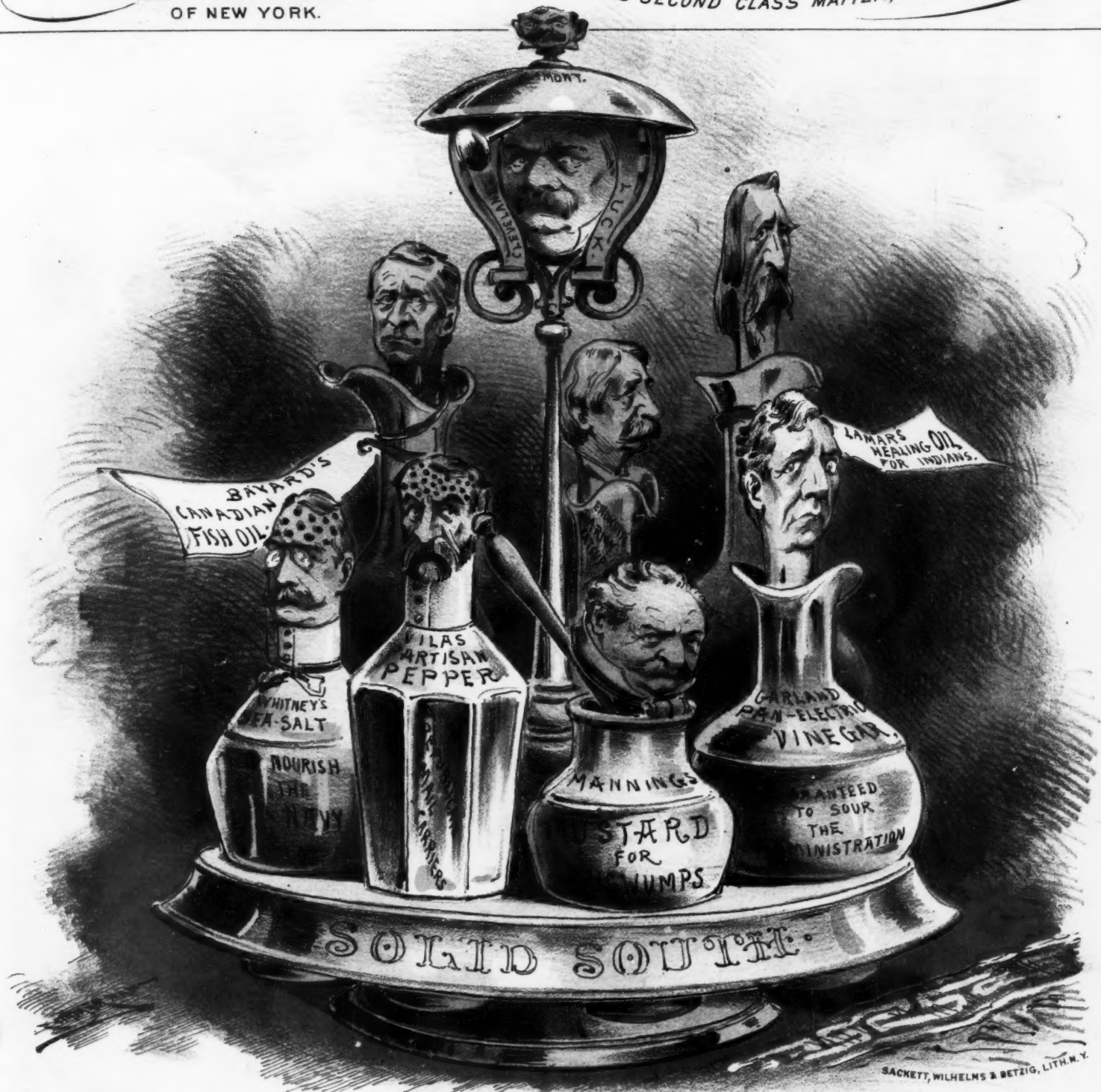


Judge

OFFICE
FRANKLIN SQUARE
NEW YORK

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THE ADMINISTRATION CASTOR.



Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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THE CRY OF PECKHAM—"Save me from my friends."

THOSE MUGWUMPS must not nominate Mr. Geronimo for president. We do insist upon that.

IF THE DEMOCRATS of this city labor for harmony too often there won't be a whole head in any of the organizations.

A DEMOCRATIC EDITOR takes what he calls a temperate view of the liquor question. We really should not have supposed him capable of it.

IF LITTLE BENZINE were given to sprees he would probably, in view of the chronic state of his mind, give them the genteel title blood-red tights.

MR. BAYARD was not frightened when he came to New York to stop the great Democratic war; but we think Sedgwick was rather more fitted to the business.

THREE CABINET MEMBERS and Grover's private secretary came to New York last week to view the yacht race, and when they found it had come off they were greatly surprised.

THE PRESIDENT must not be too rudely criticized. It is true that he sent his sympathy for Charleston to the queen, but let us never forget that he sent Charleston twenty dollars.

J. SHARP GIVING EVIDENCE for the state suggests startling possibilities. What if his majesty of sheel should give evidence against the millions he is supposed to have lured to ruin?

THE QUEEN INSISTS that all highland officers shall wear kilts when duty calls them to her court. Why wouldn't it be well for them to carry and play on the bagpipe and the scratching-post too?

IT IS REPEATED that the president and the

governor are the best of friends. So, too, of our distinguished pugilists. They invariably shake hands with great warmth before entering the arena.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX went to Constantinople for his health. Judging from the numerous times the boys have drank his health, there is a prevalent impression that he got more than his share of it.

HENRY GEORGE says his election would bring about a political millenium. They talked that way in Chicago during the late outbreak, and we must admit that eight of the talkers are going to be elected.

WHEN MR. COX was about leaving for home the sultan embraced him with both arms and wept freely, and every harem in the city was convulsed with sobs. Yet he got off no jokes in Constantinople—he was real sad.

WILSON BARRETT broke his knife at the Lotus club dinner in trying to cut a cigar. The knives used on these occasions not being adapted to cigar-cutting, it would have been better for Mr. Barrett to cut the proper caper.

THERE WAS A QUESTION as to whether Mrs. Blank should be admitted to good society. "Why!" exclaimed her champion, "she knows the prince of Wales." "The dear creature!" exclaimed the ladies in a breath. "Let her come at once."

BAD FOR RUFUS W.

Judge Peckham is charged by reliable parties with treachery to certain members of his party. It occurred some years ago, but those parties have long memories. They say it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and they likewise remark ominously that they always thought it was a long road that had no turn. The JUDGE begs to present its sympathy to Judge Peckham; but political retribution

follows political treachery as naturally as night follows day.

THE WHOOP OF PEACE.

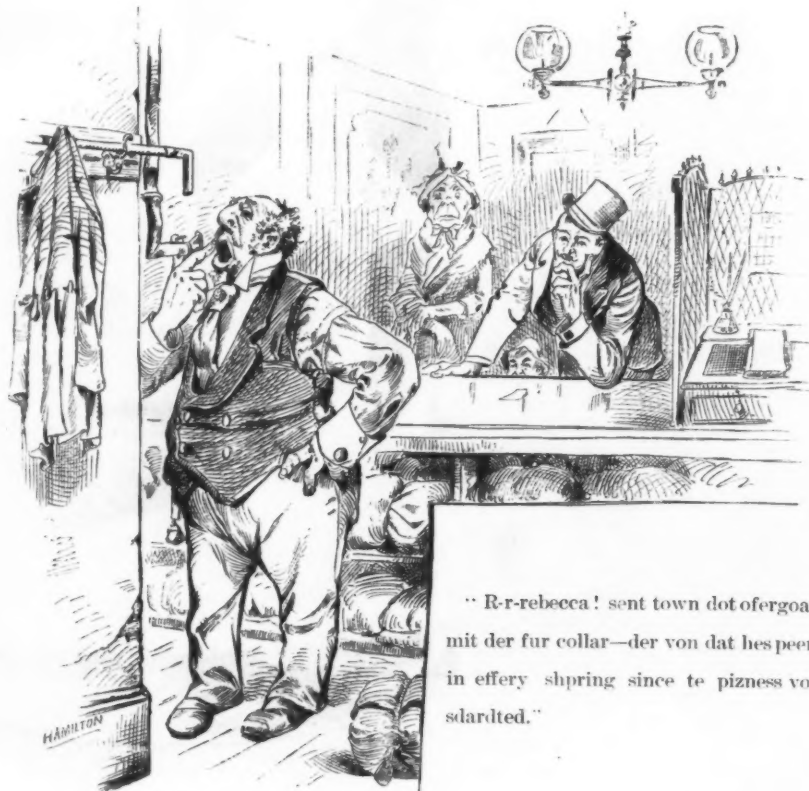
The attempts of the sachems and warriors of the Democratic party on one side, and the representative county cowboys with spike-tail shirts on the other, to smoke the pipe of peace were attended with much alarm. For a time the pipe for the occasion preferred to pipe for war. Usually the silence of a Philadelphia conference prevails at these gatherings as long as the pipe goes round; but in this instance it was repeatedly broken by the most blood-curdling of war-whoops and the most ominous of threats. Then there was the little Henry George shell smoking and sputtering in the midst of the conclave. It did more smoking than the pipe. It was loaded with the most destructive of gunpowder, and for a time it threatened to go off without waiting for the conclave to adjourn. If it had done so where would that conclave have been? Ah, what a momentous question that was! And now?

HEWITT—HOW DID THEY DO IT?

The nomination of Abram S. Hewitt for mayor must have been the result of a special interposition of Providence. Tammany hall surely never did so wise a thing of its own volition. Indeed the entire convention with the exception of two or three men opened its large mouth with astonishment the moment Mr. Hewitt's name was mentioned—and then every hat went into the air. The subsequent events seem to show that, however the Democratic party may have lost its honesty, it has recently had conferred upon it a good deal of common sense.

Mr. Hewitt is a tariff reformer—we do not think it would be fair to call him a free-trader. He employs a great many men, and we believe they have never struck. He is independent of

A GIVE AWAY.



"R-r-rebecca! sent town dot ofergoat mit der fur collar—der von dat hes been in effery shpring since te pizness vos sdardted."

the local factions and organizations, and his purity as a man and a politician has never been called into question. His nomination is the best that might have been made against that of Henry George. It is really a Democratic-labor nomination.

Who hath lost common sense? Who hath missed a portion of his wise diplomacy? Surely the Democracy must have stolen the portions of those attributes now in their possession—for, after all, Providence is not given to encouragement of large evil in order to work out a little temporary good.

THE PEOPLE—FOR WHOM WILL THEY VOTE?

There is a good deal of suggestion for the laboring man in the supplement which goes out with this issue of the JUDGE. It presents Judge Daniels as the people's candidate for the court of appeals. It shows him on the shoemaker's bench and again on the bench of the judiciary. While he worked he studied. By his own efforts he has lifted himself from a humble position to one which is honored beyond most others. The experience of the late Judge Daniel Cady—father, by the way, of Elizabeth Cady Stanton—was that of Judge Daniels. He went from the shoemaker's bench to the supreme court, and his record will live with the bench and bar as long as there are law and civilization.

The JUDGE has nothing to offer against the personal character of Judge Peckham. It is not to his discredit that he is a rich man; but he would have a better right to be proud of his wealth if he had earned, instead of inheriting, it. He inherited to some extent his official honors as well. He is the candidate of rich men—men like Secretary Whitney—a large majority of whom inherited their wealth too.

But as between these two men, which do the people, the working people especially, naturally prefer? Labor is honorable. It is given its just reward too seldom. As between a poor man and a rich one in the matter of official position the latter has two chances of nomination to the former's one. Does it not behoove the shoemaker, the tailor, the mechanic and the artisan generally, to vote for the man, other things being equal, who has earned success with his own hands and his own brain? Is there not a principle here which the people, the workers especially, cannot afford to ignore?

JUST NOW.

The last of the October days bring us pretty nearly to barometrical severity. The astute weather prognosticator generally provides snow for the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and men surround the polls, to fight for the eternal principles of something, with their caps drawn down over their ears and the collar of the winter overcoat, worn for the first time, thrown up to meet them half way. Buckwheat and sausage come together now. Now the country road is made up principally of unyielding chunk, and the country wagon goes painfully over it, almost to the dislocation of your neck. Now there are huskings in anticipation, and the potato-bin is heaped far beyond the top. Now there are barrels of apples stored away, and other barrels on the road to market. Now the city shop-girl finds roses in her cheeks and wonders how they came there; but pauses in the middle of the wonder to regret the meagreness of the money wherewith to clothe herself against the frost and still retain her comeliness of form and countenance. Now her sister with wealth and the other sister with fair means



“A full line of fall goods.”

vex themselves over the fall fashions quite as much as she, and refuse, more unreasonable than she, to be comforted. Now there is the brisk walk that bracing weather brings. Now the theatres begin to announce standing-room only. Now society contemplates its winter whirl. And the plumber, the coal-dealer, the man of hardware, he of the rubber, he of the leather, and he of the winter cloth as well, rub their hands with gleeful anticipation of such stinging frost as shall make the wretched poor wish they had never been born.

SOME POLITICAL DRY GOODS:

It was observed during Daniel Lamont's tour of the shops in this city that his face wore a care-worn look. A man accompanied him who had a care-worn look too. Apparently they were both nervous and apprehensive, and each lacked the information as to various things that he should have had. But Daniel assumed an air of confidence whenever he addressed a clerk or floor-walker that was delightful to behold. “I know all about shopping,” he said. “I like to mix it with politics. I can launch out on shopping, because Mrs. Lamont trusts it all to me. But sometimes I get a little confused as to the two, and that vexes me. Forgive me if I seem at times to be unreflective in my replies. I mean nothing of a harmful nature to any of my friends. I want a yard of union and four pounds of harmony.”

The last words were addressed to a clerk in a dry-goods store, who blandly remarked, with a little start of surprise, “We do not keep them, sir. Perhaps you can get them in the Tammany hall building, further down.”

“I don't know anything about the offices,” resumed Daniel as the two went out and walked on, “but I think you're safe. You see it about comes to this. The president feels that everything possible must be done in behalf of silk dresses and stocking yarn. Silk dresses of the latest pattern are an unavoidable necessity at this stage of things, and the

gloves must be of the six-button kind and stitches on the upper side.”

By this time the other man had become exceedingly nervous, and as Daniel pushed his hat back on his head, the better to get the wind on his brow, it was observed that his eyes blazed with excitement.

“Gimme,” he said fiercely to the clerk of the department at which he presently found himself, “gimme a mugwump with silk trimmings, a string that will make it squeak, and a glass at its left eye. Likewise a civil-service reformer without any knowledge of the rules of grammar, done up in red velvet and with a sachet on each shoulder that talks through its nose.”

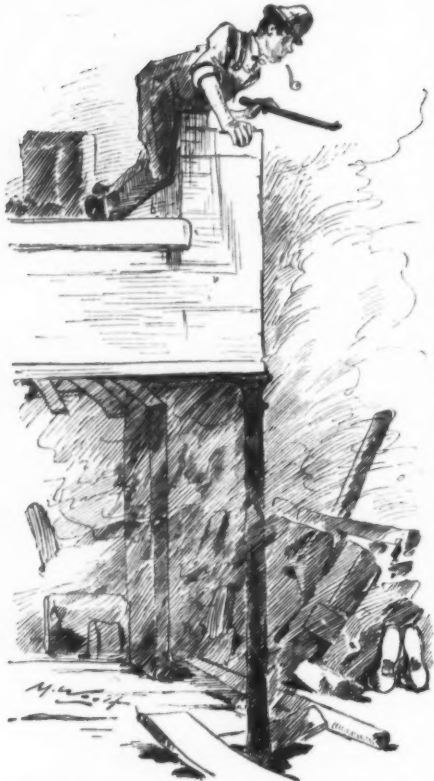
Here the man spoke up. “Be calm,” he said, with a white face and a side glance of suspicion at his companion. “Be calm, colonel, for the sake of the loyal Democratic hosts. I may ask for some little consideration for myself. I think you may have noticed that I am not well.”

“But see here!” exclaimed Daniel, turning suddenly upon the man. “If you're sick what do you think of me? It's so odd that in a great city like New York I can't get the goods that Mrs. Lamont urgently needs. I am deeply pained. However, let us resume the subject. I may say that Collector Magone is doing exceedingly well. The president loves him. It is true that his ideas of distributing offices are not fluted in the back, and the gore at the sides is lamentably deficient of that ensanguined liquid; but you must admit that the basque flows gracefully over the hips, while the rules and regulations are so on the bias as to give entire satisfaction, and the bonnet is endowed with all the virtue of Jeffersonian simplicity; to say nothing of the cape and shawl, which really remind one of the period of Andrew Jackson.”

“And is this harmony?” shrieked the man, trembling with agitation. “Oh, do not tell me it is harmony!”

“It is!” said Daniel with emphasis; “it is!

A TRIFLE LATE.



WORKMAN ABOVE (to workman below)—“ Look out underneath there !” (Doubtless the workman underneath wishes he could).

At least it ought to be, for the shoes and hosiery ”

But the man had fled and Daniel was alone, looking vacantly up at the wild sky.

Hum of the Court.

The Brooklyn *Citizen* is Democratic, but we have no doubt it will soon be naturalized.

The Buffalo *Courier* (Dem.) calls for new blood in the offices, and has some of it in its eye.

Schwatka has reduced the price of Jones river to two cents in the hope of giving it a great run.

There is too much political, social, domestic and industrial quarreling going on. Have we a Bulgaria among us ?

An English paper has been lampooning Mr. Beecher ; so, of course, the sorrow-stricken man is going to come home.

When the president is named in Buffalo the Democratic politicians of that town swear hard enough to break your heart.

The anarchists are wild over the refusal to grant them a new trial ; but they must remember that they gave their victims no trial at all.

No liquor will be sold in Atlanta after the 26th inst., but by extraordinary effort the daily papers there will manage to come out as usual.

“ Irish women,” says a contemporary with much solemnity, “ are for home rule.” How remarkably like other women these Irish women are.

The Utica *Observer* advises Mr. Jaehne to wait till the clouds roll by, and it is understood that Mr. Jaehne has accepted the proposition.

There is a new star, and they say she will

receive no flowers over the footlights. This is true economy. It will save her a deal of personal expense.

Alaska has mosquitoes and strawberries. Perhaps Schwatka had better discover some of them and name them after the various editors of his native land.

Nothing startles us so much as to see in the papers the remarkable statement “ Now is the time to subscribe.” Have the papers the documents to show for it ?

Blood has been seen, according to the Philadelphia *News*, on the face of the moon in Georgia. That is very odd. Do they really have a moon there too ?

The heading “ A Red-Hot Campaign ” appears over many of the newspaper dispatches. So the agricultural address is running all around the circle, is it ?

Pastor Staunton says his wife once threw a cup of hot coffee in his face. If the lady doesn't know how to pour out coffee better than that she's no house-keeper.

According to the *Tribune* nineteen-twentieths of the prohibitionists are tired themselves. We have long suspected this. The surreptitious article is always villainous.

The president having pardoned several leading Mormons out of the penitentiary, there must have been as many tremendous family reunions. The president is real kind.

An exchange has an article on Rochester and Buffalo beauty. If it were not for Buffalo we should say that Rochester had more beauty than any other village of its size in the world.

“ America,” says the Philadelphia *News*, “ is far ahead of England in too many things

SCENTING DANGER.



BORROWMAN—“ You had a narrow escape last night.”
JONES—“ What do you mean ?”
BORROWMAN—“ Why, if I had seen you I should have asked you for five dollars.”
JONES—“ Well, say, I'm in no danger now, am I ?”

to enumerate.” Let us frankly admit, however, that England can beat us in the little matter of brag.

Belva Lockwood says her voice will shortly be heard around the world. We knew the lady could talk with great rapidity, but didn't suppose it had such wonderful capacity as that. Why, it must be worse than the first gun on Sumter.

The Democratic party is warned in the *World* that it cannot afford to pander entirely to the saloons. Does the *World* know what it is saying ? Does it contemplate a general revolution ?

General Sherman says he is tired of that old tune “ Marching Through Georgia.” It is not a bad tune ; and yet, curiously enough, the people of Georgia were tired of it some time before it was written.

It is proposed to have Thanksgiving day “ in golden October instead of bleak November.” It is better as it is. October can take care itself, but November without this relief would be a helplessly forbidding month. We have our elections then.

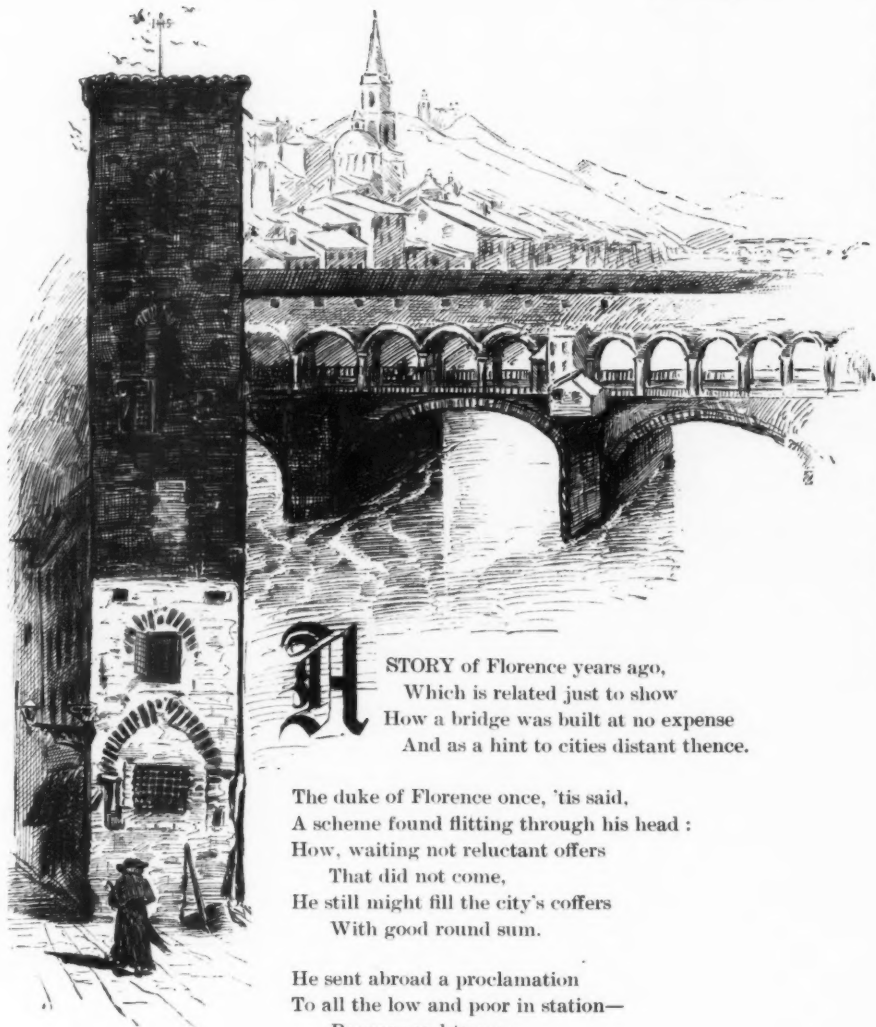
When somebody asked David Hill, the other day, what he thought of the fall elections he replied with some obscurity that the crop of artichokes would be somewhat small, but the soil was being prepared for wheat further on with a dexterity that gratified the populace. This shows anew that David is the horny-handed statesman that we have all been looking for.

TOO LITERAL.



Fizzig ordered an appropriate monument for his wife ; but he happened inadvertently to make a remark about her having led him “ a cat and dog life.” The monument was cut and erected during his absence from the city. His delight upon viewing it for the first time is given above.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO.



A STORY of Florence years ago,
Which is related just to show
How a bridge was built at no expense
And as a hint to cities distant thence.

The duke of Florence once, 'tis said,
A scheme found fitting through his head :
How, waiting not reluctant offers
That did not come,
He still might fill the city's coffers
With good round sum.

He sent abroad a proclamation
To all the low and poor in station—
Beggars and tramps,

All without stamps—
A certain day to meet, and there
Upon the city's public square
Receive a brand-new suit of clothing.
Their old ones were the people's loathing--
So filthy one could scarce determine

Which took precedence, rags or vermin.
The beggars viewed this proclamation
With wonder, joy and admiration ;
Declared their words were quite unable
To thank for gift so charitable,
And one for which, indeed,
They stood so much in need.

The longed-for day at last came 'round ;
They, every one, were on the ground.
Hunt where you would,
Could not or could,
'Twas there alone they could be found ;
So many that you would have wondered—
You could count them by the hundred,
And for precaution well surrounded
By guards just as the signal sounded.

Then they were told,
" New clothes for old !"
And to their consternation
For further information
Were forced to strip there on the spot
Whether they wanted to or not,
Into those dear new suits to creep
And leave their old rags in a heap.

In getting clothes so very cheap
You would not think it cause to weep ;
Yet many did almost to blind them,
Obliged to leave their rags behind them.

Here's explanation of this rude
Exhibit of ingratitude,
As also of the duke's silence shrewd :
Those rags off-stripped,
Carefully ripped,
Thoroughly searched in every seam,
Developed a mine
Of wealth to shine
Sufficient to justify his dream.

And with those proceeds of beggarly guilt
That beautiful bridge was speedily built
That stands to-day, the glorious pride
Of Florence's city and Arno's tide.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR.



" YES, I have been at an army reunion. Veteran of the 43d Minnesota volunteers. Ah, what recollections well up in the patriotic heart as we grasp the old familiar hand and drink out of the same canteen once more. By the way, Strauss, I see here some of the same old cheese."

" Yah; dot vas Oneida gounty Sviss cheese. It was shmell a leedle loud alretty."

" Touching incident connected therewith, Strauss. Some more of the same? Yes; we were ordered out to

ambush the celebrated Washington artillery at Chattanooga. Midnight, dark, not a word to be spoken. General Hooker with cloth slippers led us on tiptoe. We crept up the side of Lookout mountain

and got nicely located when a cannon boomed on the top of the ridge and a shell dropped among us and, exploding, twenty men bit the dust."

" Dot vos pad. Trink an unner one mit me."

" Hooker whispered to the officers and we crept away about a mile and located on the west side of the mountain. Not a twig snapped. Silent as death when that cannon boomed again and sixty men lay cold in death."

" Chiminy crashus! try dot unner von mit me."

" Yes; Hooker was startled, but when we arose to creep away an odor, a sort of noxious vapor, a gentle effluvia, was apparent and Hooker called a council of officers."

" Ish dot so? Hafe some peer."

" If you please. We retired a half mile and of course gave up the investigation for the time. But through that cimmerian darkness the rebels shelled us clear into camp. Now, Strauss, it is a fact recorded in the archives, if you know what an archive is, that a Dutchman in our brigade had a brick of switzer kase in his pocket and the Washington artillery had been shelling the smell all night."

" You go righd avay oud of dis. I pelieve you vas a chestnut."

" Strauss, on my sacred honor, his name was Baumgartner and he came from Cincinnati. Give us a —"

" Py chiminety! you get out of dis else I schell you mit de bung-starter. I don't pelieve you efer schmell powder aber somepody shoot you for stealing shickens. Dem rebels vas peen shelling your nose unt dink it vas a camp-fire."

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

Some men pay to-day so they can get trust to-morrow.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEACON.

One hot day in mid-summer the devil chanced to meet
A solitary deacon, who walked along the street
With a sad look on his face—and perspiration too—
And on his head a straw hat that was by no means new.
The deacon's church was silent, and spiders by the score
Had spun their webs in safety across the mighty door.
The Sulphur One was happy and poked the deacon's ribs
And chuckled as he whispered, "I see his royal ribs,
The parson there, has vamoosed to Newport-by-the-sea,
Or to the springs or mountains, and left the field to me."
"He's off on his vacation," said the deacon with a sigh.
"Would you attack a sheepfold when the shepherd isn't
nigh?"
"Why that's the time that suits me," said the Sulphur One
with glee
Unto the staring deacon. "It is this way—don't you see?
When the shepherd leaves his fold and hies himself away
I slip into his pastures and gambol every day,
And lead away the lambkins, and likewise if I choose.
In making up my quota, I lead away the ewes:
And while he's off I never fail—dear deacon, do you hear?
To even up my losses for the balance of the year."
A. T. ROSCIS.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.



ALCIBIADES was out of town the night the Coliseum theatre opened with the new piece, "The First Chance." The next day he got home. As he is acquainted with the man who wrote "The First Chance," he was anxious to know what sort of an impression the play had made; so he asked his sister what she thought of it. She replied, "Oh, I had a beautiful time! Mr. Fitzmarks took mamma and myself, and we had a box, and the O'Brians were just opposite us, and there wasn't one of the girls whose dress was as pretty as mine, and after the performance we had supper at Delmonico's— Oh, the play? Why I didn't like the leading lady's first dress very well; but the rest, especially the last, were lovely."
Alcibiades sighed and meditated until he met Junius Brutus Brown. Now Junius B. is an actor; so Alcibiades felt sure of getting an interesting professional point of view on

HARD LUCK.



MOWING-MACHINE VETERAN—"Blessed if ever I see such onery luck. Here's a right shoe an' a left glove 's good as new."

"The First Chance." To tell the truth, Alcibiades is writing a play himself and he is nervously anxious to feel the public pulse on the subject.

"The First Chance," began J. B. B. in an impressive tone, "gives the greatest opportunity for mechanical effects of any play we've had here since 'The Golden Queen'; the audience raised the roof at the sight of that first set, and when the steamboat swung around at the dock, why, my dear fellow, the enthusiasm was simply wonderful. The piece? Well now, you see, an ass like that Akers does not understand making up for a villain, and he looked as if he were playing a

bank president; and the public doesn't fully understand that they are exactly the same thing even yet, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

Alcibiades felt that he was a sadder, if not a wiser man.

He said no more about the Coliseum opening until he happened to see his friend Portman. Portman is an assiduous and critical theatre-goer and his friends all have the greatest respect for his opinion.

"Yes," said Portman, "I was there. I spent the evening looking at a Gainesboro' hat and listening to the woman next me exhaustively discuss the private character and domestic habits of the people in the cast. That's what I know about the play."

Then Alcibiades related unto him that which he had heard from the others regarding the show, and then together they liquidated their sorrow over the state of the stage.

CARROLL CHRISTIE.

WHERE THEY SHOULD DWELL.

Cooks should settle in Greece.
Fresh young men in Greenland.
Prize-fighters in Wrangle land.
Angry men should go to Ireland.
Waiters should find comfort in China.
Stevedores will find business in Wheeling.
The enterprising man should be a Russian.
Scolding women should go among the Tartars.

Wicked people should stop on the road to Rouen.

Quakers would feel at home in the Friendly islands.

Hotel-keepers should settle in the Feed-ye islands.

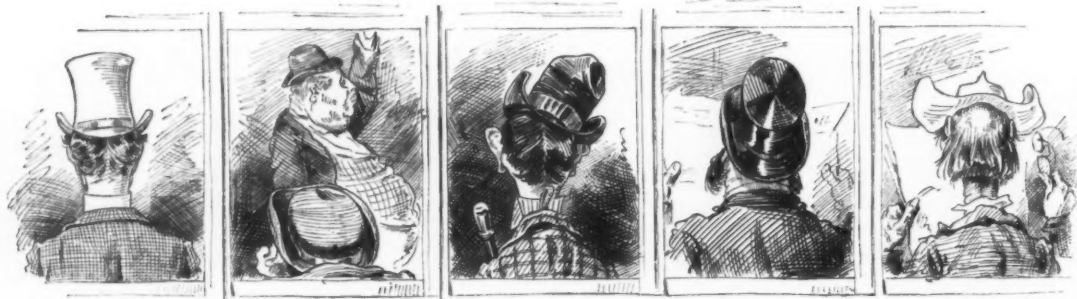
Profane men should travel to Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Hot-headed individuals should migrate to Iceland and Chili.

Married folks should content themselves in the United States.

Dress-makers might find it profitable to locate in the Basque provinces. H. J. SHELLMAN.

DIAGRAM OF STREET-CAR WINDOWS.



When a pretty girl gets on.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Disappointments in love there are plenty—

Yet love let us never disparage;
They compare, though, as one is to twenty

With disappointments in marriage.

HOW HE ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

"Waiter, there's a button in this soup."

"Well, it's all the bone the cook had to-day to make soup of."

DRESS.

When you speak of dress to society girls
They all acknowledge they love it.

If that be true,
I ask of you,

Why—why don't they wear more of it?

BOARDING HOUSE MAXIMS.

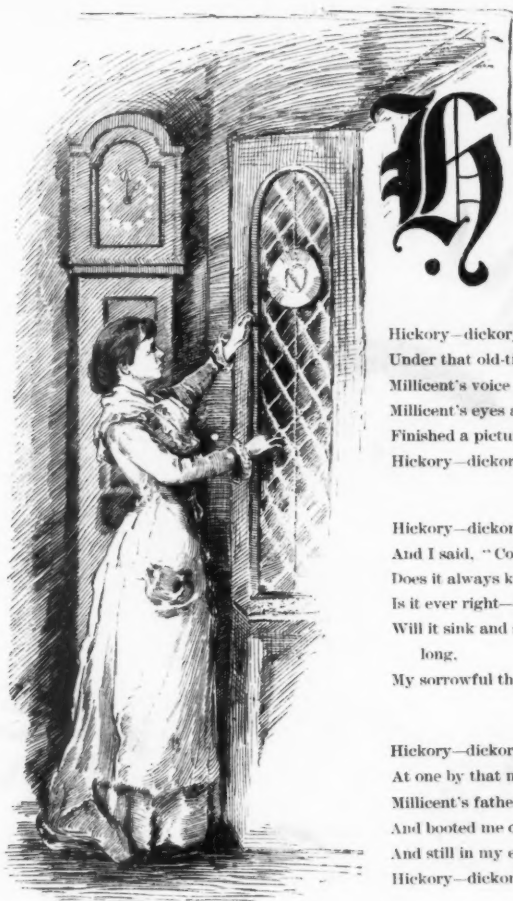
The man with the biggest appetite complains the most of the victuals.

Remember that the old maid of the house generally wears noiseless slippers.



And when the same girl gets off.

HICKORY—DICKORY—DOCK!



H

HICKORY—dickory—dock!
We sat and watched the
clock,
And heard the wind and
the gusty rain
That shook and spatter-
ed the window pane,
And the minutes passed
to the old refrain—
Hickory—dickory—dock!

Hickory—dickory—dock!
Under that old-time clock
Millicent's voice and her face so fair,
Millicent's eyes and her golden hair
Finished a picture rich and rare—
Hickory—dickory—dock!

Hickory—dickory—dock!
And I said, "Confound that clock!
Does it always keep up the same old song?
Is it ever right—is it never wrong?
Will it sink and sob thro' the whole night
long,
My sorrowful thoughts to mock?"

Hickory—dickory—dock!
At one by that measly clock
Millicent's father softly came
And booted me out in the wind and rain:
And still in my ear is the old refrain—
Hickory—dickory—dock!

KITTIE K.

BUSINESS.

Mrs. Fitzgibbons —
"What! that Hender-
son in town again?
Where's he stopping?"
Mr. Fitzgibbons —
"With Dr. James, I be-
lieve."
Mrs. Fitzgibbons —
"H'm! Office or house?"

WHAT HE WANTED.

Slightly intoxicated
individual (to waiter)—
"She're. Got quail on
toast?"
Waiter — "Yes, sir—
for one, sir?"
Slightly intoxicated
individual — "Y e s h;
bring me all but the
quail."

MET AT EVERY POINT.

First farmer —
"Think of getting Dan
to work your farm, eh?"
Second farmer —
"Yes, Dan is a good sort
of fellow."
First farmer—"But
he can't run a farm for sour apples."
Second farmer—"Haven't got a sour-apple tree on the whole
place."

NATURAL AS LIFE.



COLORED PARTY—"Golly! dem 'ere chickens
be painted so true to life dat dey run soon as
I gazed at de picture."

TOO READY TO CONTRADICT.

"Look here, Pat," said a gentleman to his servant; "when I left
the room a moment ago there were six dollars lying on the table. The
money is gone, and you were the only person who could have taken it."
"O'i'm innercent, yer honor; an', beggin' yer honor's pardon, ye
must have made a mishake. It wuz only foive dollars ye lift on the
table."

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.

"I can't stand it any longer!" exclaimed an angry young lady.
"Whenever I meet that Purseproud girl in the street she turns up her
nose at me."
"You shouldn't blame her for that, my dear," said Mrs. Obsequi-
ous, in extenuation. "For you know the poor girl was born with a
pug nose."

POSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

With Seismic Interjections of Eruptive Byronisms.



O, Ocean, old fellow! for many reasons
do I remember thee. For once upon
a raw and gusty day did I take out a
row-boat to treat my Sairy Ann to a
sight of thine unfathomable depths,
and lo! I deposited \$2 with the skipper
and vowed to return for my lucre,
but thy waves carried us out of our
diggings and I could not find my way back and I lost my \$2. And I
left the boat to the mercy of thy banks, and we sat near thy shores, as
we do now; I have my hand 'round her gray and melancholy waist;
gray, because that's the color of her dress, and melancholy, because 'tis
sad to see the result of the squeezing process.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll! Oh, anywhere away
from me, for once I bathed me in thy glassy abysm, and I swallowed
no end of dirty water, tintured with balm of sea-weed and the remnants
of a chicken dinner that some one poured into thee. And I came unto
the stomach-pump with a howling groan, and yelled for an emetic and
Brown's ginger.

Why, old man, I love not you the less, but nature more, because I
can sometimes see thy face in stealing a ride on a ferry-boat: aye, and I
have gone to Coney's coral strands by hiding under the benches till the
fellow got through collecting tickets. But all for love of thee!
Why, the armaments which thunder-strike the walls of rock-built cities,
trembling nations quake, are nothing to the inward war that thou causest
when thou goest on a bender; for then thou makest a fellow feel as if
green apples were a luxury, and a genuine attack of colic a pleasure
beside thy rude awakening. For I go howling to the gods, and my
dinner goes shivering in thy playful spray!

But never mind. Many a time I've fished for shiners in thy deeps
with a piece of top-cord, and have I not hidden under the dock to steal
a swim on the watchful policeman on the pier? And my joy was on
thy breast to be borne, like a brick, downward! Ta-ta. Time writes no
wrinkle on thine azure brow, but, by Jupiter! thou art so abused of
poets that it's a wonder thou'rt alive at all. Ta-ta! N. M. LEVY.

HARD LUCK.



Hunting the collar button.



A BOMB IN THE DEMOCRAT'S HARBORS
WILL IT FIZZLE OUT, OR WILL IT BURST AND BURN THE PARTY TO THE GROUND?



HARMONY POW-WOW.
WILL THE DEMOCRATIC FORCES?

A TENDER REMINISCENCE.



"Times are so harrud, Missus Brophy, it's a pity ye don't sell ther animal."
 "Indade an' Oi wud that same, Missus Cazezy, ownly ther face iv him reminds me iv me poor dead husband, rest his sowl."

Judge's Charge.

THE LATER CLAIMANT.

What a despicable wretch that little man Benzine is! Why, he actually has the impudence to want his own wife, and that too after an English lord has assumed the management of her. By-and-bye he will have the impudence to claim his own children.

FAIR PLAY.

The northern knights of labor at Richmond last week stood by a colored delegate, notwithstanding the opposition to him presented by the southern knights of labor. This was manly and just; for, after all, the black man has as good a right to earn his own living as he used to have to earn the living of others.

PHELPS AND THE COURT.

Minister Phelps says that no man who writes an article against Mr. Bayard ought to be admitted to the presence of the queen. The rules and regulations of her majesty's court must be revised at once, and Minister Phelps must do the revising. It is lamentable that that gentleman was not called in to get them up.

DON'T.

There must be no union of church and state. There must be no fusion of politics and hysterics. The ladies who are working for Henry George mean well, but what would it profit them if they gained a mayor and temporarily lost their sense of propriety? Still worse, what if they lost the mayor and sacrificed the propriety too? Gentle ones! you have the right—it would be no more than fair to let you vote; but what if you made speeches and cast ballots to the sacrifice of that for which men love you most? How much you would lose for the little you would gain!

THE BABY AND THE WOMAN.

"I was awakened by the baby and the woman," whispers somebody in the court's ear, "at 2 o'clock in the morning. It was cold, the furnace having failed to sigh, and I was angry. I carried the baby for a long time

and it kept up its intolerable yell. Well, one can't stand everything. I put the baby in the cradle and rocked that receptacle of innocence and sound with considerable violence. I said to myself, 'I will tire out that baby.' I sang in a loud, harsh voice, 'Rock of Ages, cleft for Me.' We had it hot and heavy. The baby wasn't quite up to its part of the performance so far as the music was concerned, but it beat me in the volume of vocal emotion; and when I paused for breath it filled in those unavoidable interludes with a vehemence that I shall never forget. There was no pause between bars or words or verses or pieces. The baby went right on. I imagine the baby recognized the fact that there was a musical match

A FAMILIAR SAYING PROVES TRUE.



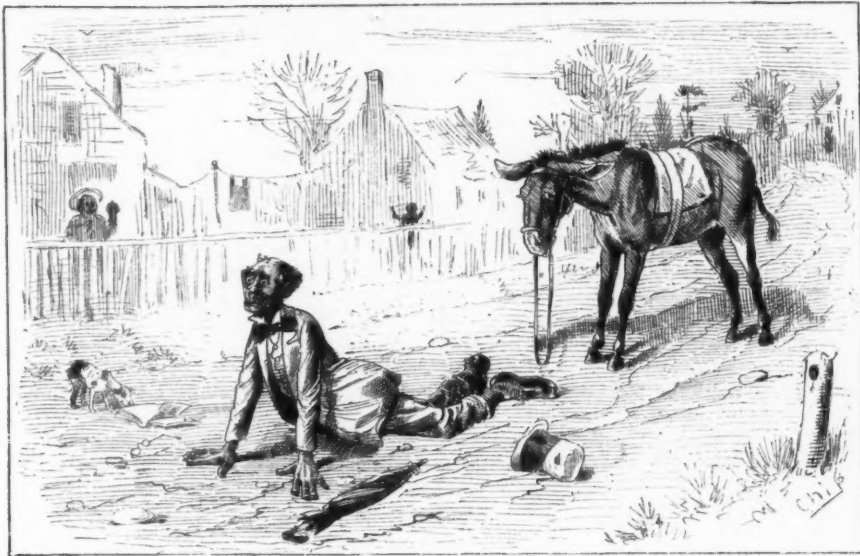
No room for argument.

and was determined to win it. It is an infernally bright baby. I went from 'Rock of Ages' to 'Canaan,' and from that to 'Old Hundred.' Finally I came to 'Now I lay me,' which isn't much of a piece except as I sing it; and behold you! the baby took that delicate hint as a resounding insult and whacked at me with a commingling of Offenbach and Von Bulow, with snatches of psalms and ballads improvised therein, which took the very soul out of me. Well, by George! I wanted to throw up my engagement and go to bed."

The court understands the situation, and it proposes rebuke. The gentleman who complains is so irritable that he can't be reasonable. If the baby cleft the rock of ages with its awfully penetrating voice, it did not necessarily cleave it for the sole benefit of its pa. That individual has the most insufferable of all egotism. He assumed too much in the beginning of the argument. The baby cleft the rock of ages for the benefit of all mankind—he ought to have known enough to know that. "Canaan," moreover, is not the proper song to sing to the baby. If the mother sang it to the baby the baby would go mad. What does "Canaan" say? It makes the singer remark, "Oh, Canaan, my happy land! when shall I go to thee?" Nothing is said or inferred with regard to the baby. The singer sings in the first person, singular number. He wants to go to Canaan, and it is a natural inference that he proposes to leave the baby. He is so exasperated that he isn't fit for home, Canaan or New Jersey; yet he claims that Canaan is his and no other person's—not even the baby's.

The court drops this part of the question, however. The parent was undoubtedly unhappy. While he was half as unjust to the baby as the baby was to him, it is undoubtedly true that away down in his heart he pitied the baby. Then he pitied and hated himself because he was obliged to temporarily hate the baby. Then, too, the mother probably vexed him with too pertinent and impertinent remarks. "Charles," she probably said, "you can't quiet the baby that way. Your voice disturbs me so that I can't sleep"—nothing about the voice of the baby. "Charles," she undoubtedly continued, "you'll find the syrup on the third shelf of the buttery, left hand corner, between the vermifuge and the yeast"—that abominable buttery two flights down, and those incomprehensible bottles, and that intolerable shelf, and every servant off to some miserable dance, including the nurse who never nurses and never sits up to do the slightest thing for the baby.

The jury will observe both sides of the case. It will not forget, however, the intervening considerations or the consolatory close. It will bear in mind the large happiness that comes along at 4 o'clock. Then the baby has tired itself out. It nestles in the mother's arms. Both conspirators are asleep. Their faces are turned to the dim and carefully shaded light. The look of what seems to be heavenly innocence, of unquestioning confidence notwithstanding the recent aggravation, on both their faces—though mostly on the baby's—would disarm a professional assassin. Charles relents. He considers. He thinks, "Perhaps, after all, the woman and the baby will reform." "There is nobody," continues Charles, "who is wholly irreclaimable. I will spare them." He sleeps, and in about two minutes, as it seems to him, the bell rings the awful morning warning. It is time to get up. Then the baby and the woman—though mostly the baby—resume.



A power behind the thrown.

JUDGE AND THE PLAY.



PERA with a domestic scandal attachment is not popular on this side of the Atlantic, even though it possesses what some people have heretofore considered a necessary adjunct to success—the quality of being quite English, you know.

The Jane Coombs dramatic company yielded to the inevitable—that is to say, failed to connect with its expectations—out at Shadtown, Pa., last week, and now New York is the residuary legatee of all that is mournful, for Jane Coombs this way.

Lotta has all the vices that woman is heir to—bangs the piano, talks French and does macrame work; but does not chew gum. And therein lies the key to

her great success. A woman who chews gum has no time to waste on the less important affairs of life.

If Byzantium of old smelt half as bad as is represented down at Niblo's, we cannot congratulate ourselves too much in not catching the first Byzantine express at our conception. There is a deuced sight more fun in reflecting a century or two behind upon one's escape from premature death, than there is in being on the ground devising means for its accomplishment.

Fanny Davenport wields a quill that is as full of energy and bad ink as the average Chicagoan is of natural gas and eccentric whisky; but every stroke is characteristic of the determination of an ambitious woman to accomplish a thing certain if it takes all summer and a brush to do it. Therefore, that she may ultimately make the leap from *Fedora* to *Beatrice* a successful one would not surprise one who has subjected her manuscript to the tender mercies of the crucible and circular saw of analysis.

Wilson Barrett has a melodious and persuasive voice, and his gift is that of pathos quite as much as that of tragedy. If Miss Eastlake might be made Miss Terry with a perfect combination we should have; but she is sufficiently good to give harmony and tone and sweetness to the higher strength of a remarkably strong combination. The English you know and see in these visitors does the soul good, and the cousinship is ratified with cheers as often as it presents itself in such splendid theatrical garment.

"The O'Reagans"—good old Roman name that, suggestive of the intellectual contests of antiquity; and Dockstader's—what wealth of poetry lies concealed therein! 'Tisn't such bad policy after all to worry along with a title that requires the assistance of a back county constable and a search-warrant to discover its euphony. The average b. c. c., like the paragraphist, is generally employed in doing nothing and doing it nobly, and anything that arouses him to a realization of the goneness of his occupation is a blessing; hence, all hail the O'Reagans and Dockstaders of our vocabulary!

"Theodora" is remarkable in a great many respects—remarkable in stage effects, in the casting and in the malarial suggestions which surround its representation; but the most marvelous of all its remarkable features is the abnormal gift of lung which the principal performers seem to be possessed of. A little lung goes a great way; too much goes further and forgets to come back. It may be quite the Byzantine thing to bite one's words off at their birth, ram them down into the muzzle of an imaginary cannon and touch the load off by electricity; but in this year of Democratic success and general moral depravity it is decidedly awkward. If Miss Olcott would go down into the cellar and use a smaller gun the effect might not be so artistic; but it would be less deadly, and she would have the satisfaction of being able to haul in the echo before it left the state.

WHERE IT IS LOCATED.

A man philosophic remarked
As he on the ocean embarked,
"All illness is mental impression.
If sea-sick I know
No emotion I'll show—
My mind shall restrain its expression."

By sea-sickness driven quite frantic
Soon hung o'er the raging Atlantic
Professor Theophilus Cummock,
He gasped, "Now I'm sure,
By the pangs I endure,
That the seat of the mind is the stomach!"
M. A. WATSON.

AT THE FLOWER SHOW.

He—"That, my dear, is what is called a screw palm."

She—"You don't say? How lovely it must look with the screws hanging on it."

ONE OF WIGGINS'S QUAKES.

Young man—"Hark, darling! Wasn't that a shock of earthquake?"

Young woman (listening)—"No, goosey, that's only pa snoring in the third story."

Young man—"But, I say, look there; that picture has just been shaken from the wall."

Young woman—"Hm! I guess ma must be snoring too."

ADVANTAGE OF A BUSTLE.

"Don't be fidgetting around on the seat like that," said a lady in church to her little daughter.

"Oh, ma, the bench is so hard I can't help it," pleaded the little sinner.

"It's no harder for you than it is for me," angrily retorted the lady.

"Oh, yes, it is, ma," insisted the little girl; "for you have a cushion in your dress, an' I ain't."

WELL VERSED.

"Gracious! here comes that Miss Flygh who eloped with old Smith some time ago," said Mrs. Brown, nudging her husband. "I have heard so much about her that I want to get a good look at her face, but I don't wish to appear rude by staring directly at her."

"As you have your new bonnet on, my dear," returned Brown, "all you need do is to turn around as soon as she has passed and you will be sure to get a good view of her face."

EPIGRAM.

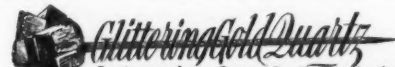
Ah, me! I'm really grieved to hear
You deem a kiss a senseless token;
But when you say you could not bear
To kiss a man, I really swear
Such nonsense should remain unspoken.
A kiss is nice—why feign to hide it?
Miss Prue, I guess you've never tried it.

J. J. O'CONNELL.

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DECISIONS HANDED UP.

If there is one thing that quicker than another will drive a man to drink it is thirst. —*Life*.

When the city woman is ready to pot her wants she "wants the earth." —*Boston Bulletin*.

Unless a man's got plenty of money or a wife who can cook eating's a nuisance. —*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A conductor can be polite to the ladies and at the same time knock down the fare. —*Philadelphia Call*.

The stage is afflicted with people with big heads, and the audience with people with big hats. —*Lowell Citizen*.

It is not so absolutely convincing as it might be to be told that Daniel Webster once saw the sea-serpent. —*Providence Journal*.

It is in pocket-picking about the same as in everything else. A man never succeeds until he gets his hand in. —*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

It is reported that Wiggins learned to be a prophet by guessing what his wife would say when he came home late at night. —*Philadelphia Herald*.

A Chicago city editor offers a reward for a reporter who cannot discover "death-like stillness" in a court-room when a prisoner is sentenced. —*Washington Critic*.

A phrenologist says that fullness under the eye denotes language. The phrenologist must have run across a man who had told somebody else he lied. —*Drake's Magazine*.

"Brown as a Berry" is an alliterative chestnut that should be shelved. Berries are not brown, but red. —*East End Bulletin*. This is especially true of black berries. —*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

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sociations, and other associations of various kinds, but what is urgently needed is an association to insure impecunious young men against falling in love.—*Somerville Journal.*

Canny—"Why I dinna prayfair the smoke, heeh? Weel, noo, loddie, I'll joost tell yo. Whiles ye're smoking, ye blaw an' blaw, an' whaur is't? But gin ye tak a guid pench, losh! mon, ye ken et's theer!"—*Punch.*

Two rival belles met at a masquerade ball one



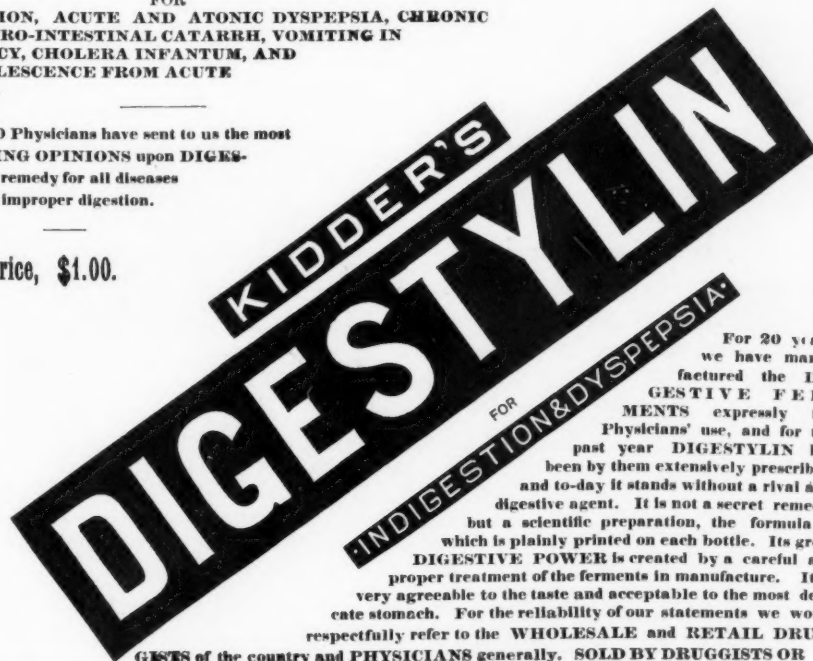
He in the mazes of the dance
Takes every shape his bones allow;
There ne'er escapes him any chance
The ribbons on his slips to show.
Up tilts his nose as on he goes.
The dancers weep to see his clothes.
Who else has half his flash attire—
This ball-room pet we all admire?

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LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE.

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

A BAD CASE.

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

GENERAL DEBILITY.

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

GIVEN UP TO DIE.

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

MALARIAL FEVER.

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

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

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

DIARRHEA AND COUGH.

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

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

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

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

ABSCESS OF LIVER.

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

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

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

SCROFULOUS SORES.

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

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

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

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

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

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

LUNG DISEASE.

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

SAVED HIS LIFE.

REDUCED TO A SKELETON.

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

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

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

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

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Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, DIFFICULT BREATHING, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs LEADING TO CONSUMPTION.

Rapid and permanent cures are effected by using HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, a pleasant and efficacious remedy, which does not contain anything whatever injurious to the most delicate constitution, yet exerts almost magical power in all affections of the Throat and Lungs, soothing and allaying irritation and inflammation, and strengthening the tissues, thus enabling them to endure the changes of the seasons. Invaluable in the first stages of Croup, before a physician can be had. Beware of inert and worthless imitations similar in name. Ask for HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar, and take no substitute.

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Three sizes—25c. 50c. and \$1; the larger proportionately cheaper.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR IS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. C.N. Crittenton, Propr. New York.

evening last week. "How well you look under the gas light," said one to the other. "And how charming you look in the dark," was the reply courteous.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

No doubt Liszt, the musician, did during his life very wicked things, which led some people to surmise his future whereabouts, but it was rather unkind to head his funeral procession at Bayreuth with the fire brigade.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin.*

A fine list of rich and respectable directors gives a good appearance to any new bank or business corporation, but the prudent man skips that and looks to see who is "secretary and treasurer" before he puts in his money.—*Somerville Journal.*

When you see a boy who has failed in the attempt to climb on the rear perch of a carriage, and hear him yell "Whip behind!" in order to get even with his fleet companions, you behold a youngster who has the right material in him to make a socialist.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Winkle—"Some women are never satisfied. I declare I'll never be polite in a street-car again." Mrs. Winkle—"What has happened, dear?" "You know Mrs. Blinkins, that awfully fleshy lady who comes to our church, weighs over 400 pounds, I should say, and must be almost a yard wide." "Yes, dear." "Well, when we jumped up and offered her a seat she didn't act pleased a bit, but on the contrary looked mad enough to bite us." "Who do you mean by 'we'?" "The six of us."—*Omaha World.*

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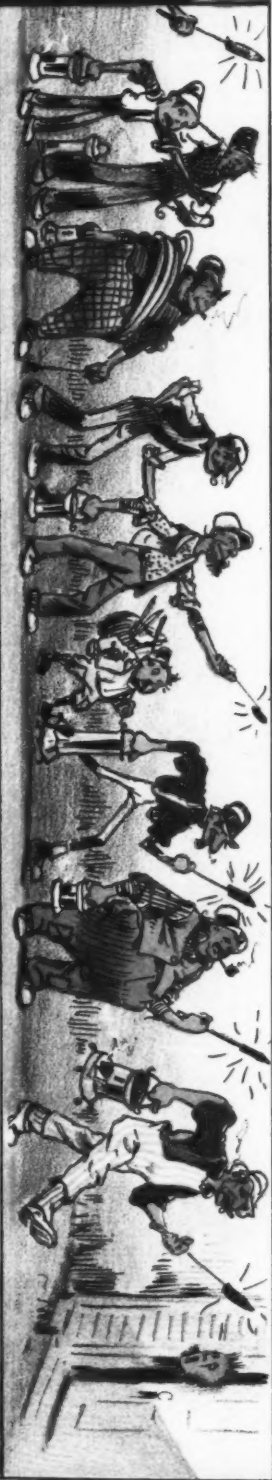


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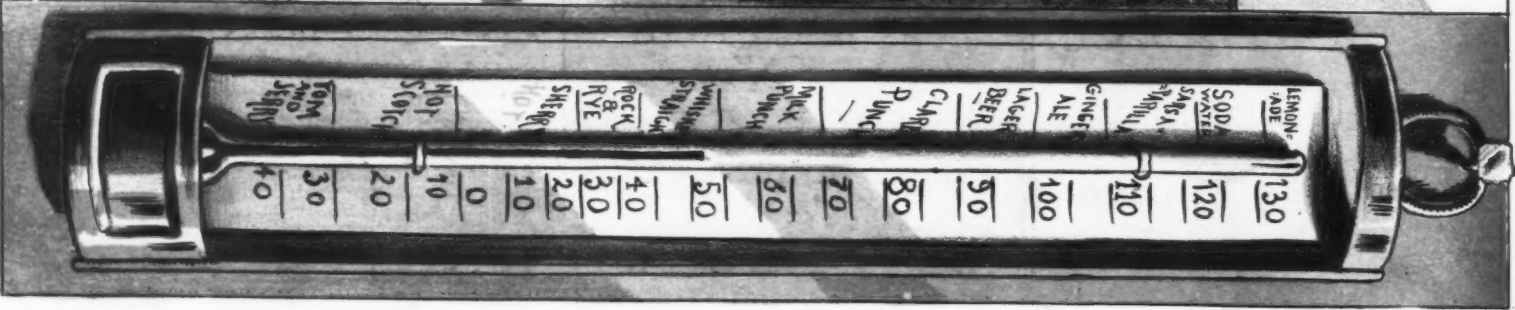
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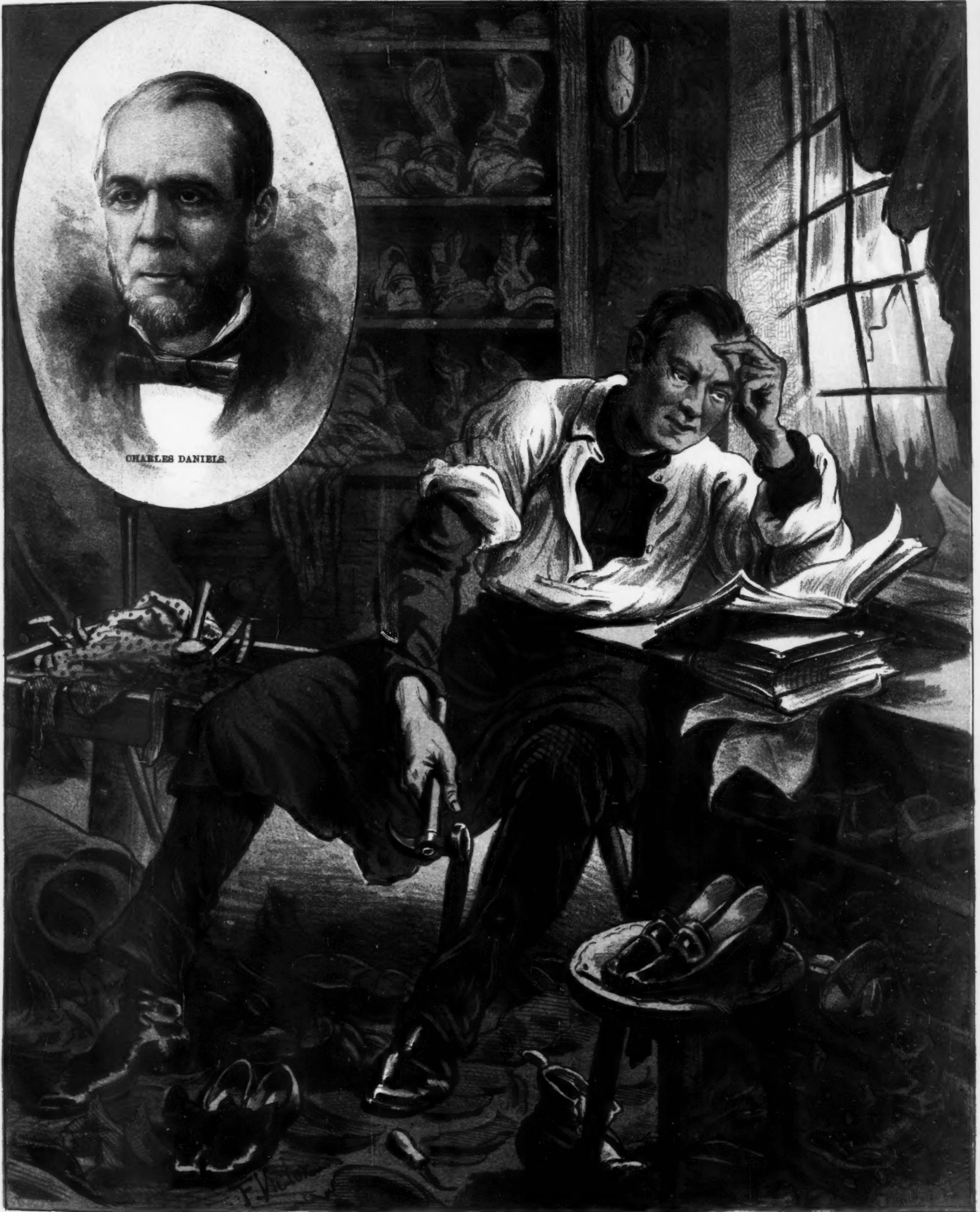
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"He had had no advantages beyond the mere learning of how to read and write. He went to Buffalo in 1842. He needed every cent that he could spare for the purchase of books, and with that view he reduced his personal expenses to the lowest possible limit. Instead of boarding he bought his supplies and cooked his own meals in the little room over the shop. To accomplish this, however, he had to deny himself nearly everything. Occasionally he would become weary of his meagre fare, and would about once a month go to a restaurant and get what he himself called 'a square meal.' He began to read law while he was at work on the shoemaker's bench. 'Rawle on the United States Constitution' was the first book he purchased. Think of a half-fed shoemaker lad, with no education, starting out to read such a book as that while engaged in the actual work of his trade." *T. C. Crawford in The World.*