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THE IRISH VOTE.

THE Democrats have always counted on the large and important Irish vote as always a solid unit for whatever candidate they have a mind to nominate. Hitherto Republican politicians have been compelled to climb to power without its aid, and have found in its opposition the greatest obstacle to their success. In the present election things are going to wear a widely different aspect. The best judges predict an almost solid Irish vote for Blaine. The *Irish World*, the most widely circulated and influential organ of the Celtic race in America, candidly admits as much, and says that the only man the Democrats could nominate, with any hope of detaching the Irish vote from Blaine, would be Butler. But Butler's nomination would detach the South—that very important element in Democratic calculations—from the Democracy. So, narrowed down, the case stands thus. As against Blaine, the Democracy has no candidate who could secure both the Irish and the Southern vote, and even with these the Democrats have often been beaten before, and could doubtless be beaten again. Without them both—and there is no way in which both can be secured for a Democratic nominee—

the defeat of the Democratic party must be as complete and overwhelming as was that of Greeley.

Now, Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Jones, what do you think of that? Do you think that you and your contemptible rat-tailed following will be missed on election day, when the great Irish-American contingent sweeps up to the polls and reverses all political experience by casting a solid vote for the Republican candidate? And this unprecedented triumph will have been achieved by the wisdom of the Republican convention which nominated James G. Blaine and John Logan, and no thanks to you Mr. George Curtis, and Mr. George Jones.

BEECHER ON CREMATION.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER objects to cremation, and the reasons for his objection are about as sensible and well considered as those for his objection to Mr. Blaine. Of course, cremation is a matter of taste, and anyone is welcome to his opinion on the subject, but Mr. Beecher's reason, that there is no poetry about it, and that a hymn, written to be sung at the grave-side could not be suitably warbled at the furnace mouth, is just a little too far-fetched. If hymns are necessary to get rid of our dead with, we can have just as many fit for cremation as we have fit for interment. Let cremation once become popular and fashionable, and we will have all our obituary poets, from Geo. Washington Childs down, exercising their talent on crematory odes. No longer will we be compelled to rhyme "grave" with "wave"; we can rhyme "urn" with "burn," and "coal" with "soul," and "furnaced" with "earnest." If Mr. Beecher will hunt up his classics, he will find that far more poems were written in honor of and suitable for the ceremony of incineration than there were for the ceremony of interment, and for the simple reason that they burned folks then instead of burying them.

A GIANT MONOPOLY.

AMERICA is decidedly a country of monopolies. Its great size and the vast interests here centred, render it peculiarly adapted for the growth and culture of monopolies, and the wealthy few have never been slow to take advantage of the opportunities offered. Other and older countries have an aristocracy; we boast that we are free from that evil, but we bow very meekly to the even more degrading rule of plutocracy. We worship wealth, and that is the truth, and the monopolists—the owners of the great railroads, etc.—are our kings, and they are kings who know how to govern, if the art of government be, as defined by Colbert, to get the most possible out of the governed.

One of the greatest and most growing of our monopolies bears the name of the Standard Oil Company. Its wealth is

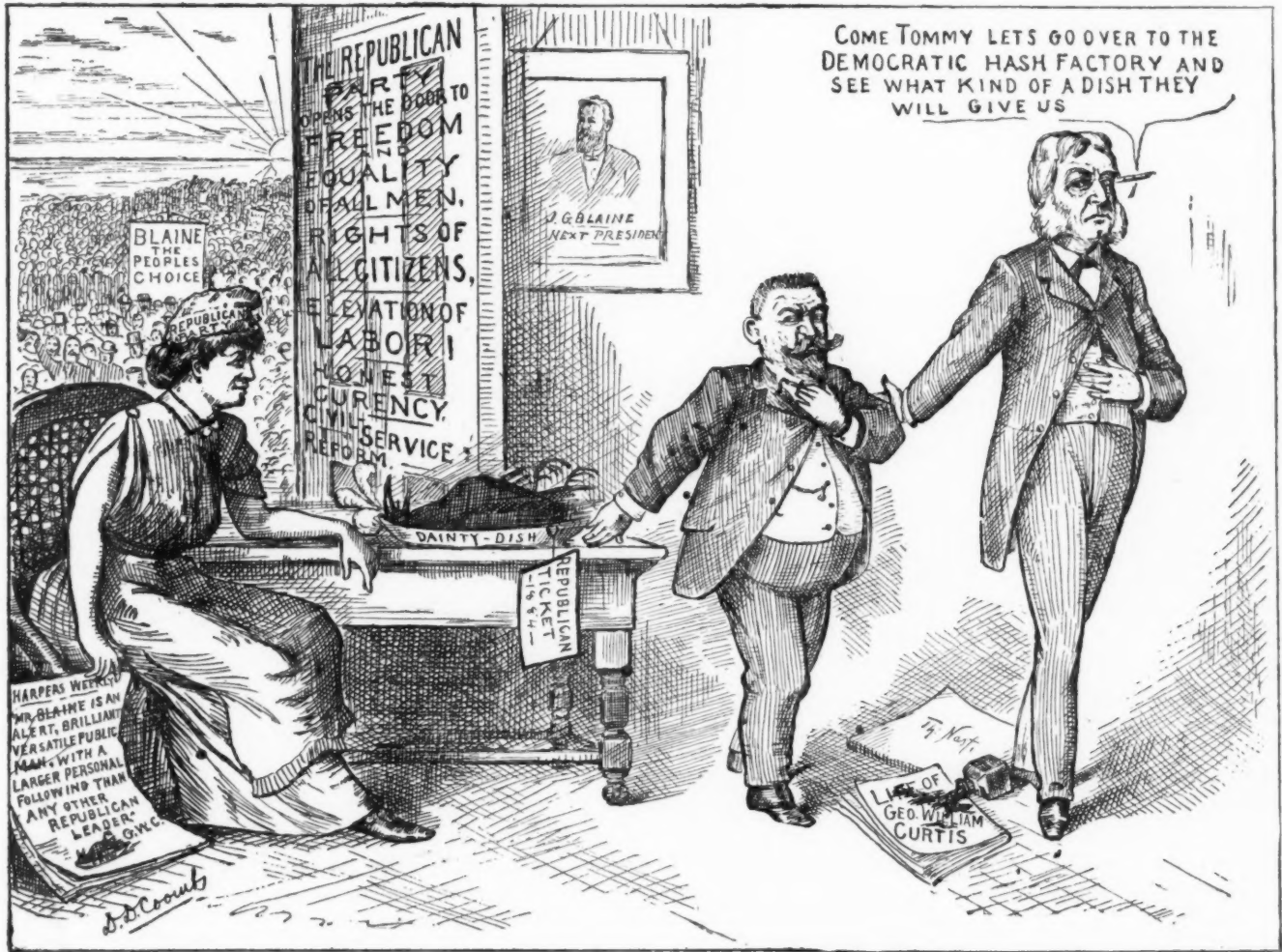
enormous, its greed insatiable, its power of assimilation unlimited. Like a gigantic Octopus it is ever reaching, reaching out, further and further, and grasping and devouring everything that comes within reach of its huge tentacles. Canals, railroads, banks—nay, much of the ocean itself has been sucked into that insatiable maw, and still the long arms reach further and further, and the work of assimilation goes on. Human life and happy homes are, of course, no obstacle in the way of an appetite which can digest far more difficult matters. Even now, one huge tentacle is stretching towards the White House, which has long seemed a tempting and desirable morsel to the Standard Octopus. But the White House is not so easy of attainment, for the whole American people have an eye after its safety. There are limits to the lubricating qualities even of Standard Oil, as Mr. Payne has doubtless discovered by this time.

TAMMANY, MY TAMMANY.

MR. JOHN KELLY, whose handsome face is well known to all readers of THE JUDGE and other weekly pictorials, and whose inscrutable politics have long been a source of agony and bewilderment to the Democratic party, is as good a tradesman as is to be found in the whole big city of New York. He is always ready for a deal, and an admiring public has noticed with interest how very, very rarely he gets left. At present writing THE JUDGE is not prepared to furnish a full account of the nature of Mr. Kelly's recent business at Chicago, but, judging from analogy, there is little doubt but that we shall have a knowledge of it soon, and with the knowledge will come an increased feeling of admiration and respect for the transcendent mercantile talent of Mr. John Kelly. When John Kelly became a politician, Chatham street lost a man whose genius might have elevated the traffic in old rags to the dignity of a science.

TABOO VERSUS TATTOO.

THIS tattoo business alone is going to elect James G. Blaine president of the United States. So keep right on with the good work, Messrs. Editors of the Weekly Tattoo Pictorials, and be assured that for each one of the Democratic tattoos of Blaine printed in your papers, there will be scores of additional Republican taboos of the Democratic candidate, printed upon smaller bits of paper, popularly known as ballots. And besides, gentlemen, your tattoos will be beaten out of sight by the great tattoo which will be played upon the great Republican drum next November, to summon forth that vast army of Republican voters, who, with their paper bullets will strew the political field with Democratic corpses. Yes, gentlemen of the Weekly Tattoo Pictorials and Daily Mudslingers, after the conflict is over you will awake to



MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE—"Well, boys, sorry the dish don't suit you, but I guess I will continue to keep house all the same."
Adapted from "Harper's Weekly," June 21st p. 395.

the painful consciousness that about the worst tattooed and and tabooed things extant are the Democratic party and the unfortunate individual at the head of its ticket.

POLITICAL STARVATION.

THE Independents, whom our artist has chosen to amalgamate and embody in the person of the most loudly squealing of their number, George William Curtis, have succeeded in placing themselves in a very false and unenviable position. They have deserted from the republican ranks under circumstances which make it extremely improbable that they will ever be received again as members in good standing, and as all their affiliations and whatever principles they may be supposed to have left are opposed to Democracy, they stand between the two camps—a very forlorn and piteous little body—altogether shut out from partaking in the glories and excitement of the coming campaign. Their numbers are altogether too insignificant to admit of their forming a new party; the sentiments they express and the political treachery they have been guilty

of, have rendered them so unpopular that they can never hope to become even the nucleus of a new party. In the great political banquet that is being spread, they can taste of the dishes on neither side of the salt. Political starvation awaits them, and the popular verdict is "Serve them right."

A RINGING ENDORSEMENT.

WE take great pleasure in printing the following letter from a gentleman in this city—a ringing endorsement of James G. Blaine and THE JUDGE's steadfast policy:

New York, June, 25th, 1884.

EXCELLENT MR. JUDGE. — Excellent are your articles in this week's issue on the political situation.

You give us a clear and truthful description of Mr. Blaine's eminent services as a politician and statesman. It is refreshing to read such an earnest and ringing defense of Mr. Blaine in a journal published in New York. Yours truly,

W. H. S.

A crank is a man so set in his own opinions that you can't turn him. What is a crank good for that can't be turned?—*Boston Transcript.*

Beating the Tattoo.

To frighten James G. Blaine
They got up a tattoo,
But that for him will prove, 'tis plain,
A harmless bug-a-boo.
But beat the loud tattoo
On Uncle Sam's big drum,
November next, and then to view
The solid ranks will come—
Each armed with his taboo—
With firm, determined tread,
The field political to strew
With Democratic dead.

A Family Resemblance.

"HELLO, Robbery, old boy," said a Handcuff.
"Whom are you addressing, sir?"
"Oh, come, you can't guy me. I know you if you are dressed up."
"But I am not Robbery, sir."
"Well, then, I'd like to know who you are?"
"My name is Assignment, sir."
"Well, maybe it was your brother that I used to know. You look mightily alike, anyway."
"No, sir, I have but two brothers, and their names are Suspension and Failure."
"Oh, yes, I remember now. Robbery was the father of the whole batch o' you. I remember."—*Chicago News.*

Beaux and Bows.

AND so the Archery is o'er,
Oh, dear! what shall I do?
There's not the least amusement now
Of any kind in view.
So many thoughts I dare not tell
Just now my memory throng;
In order to compose myself
I must compose a song.

Now, list to me, for good advice,
Each well-skilled archeress,
On what concerns you, even more
Than crinoline or dress:
You all expect to win and wear
A prize some day, I know;
Dear girls: your every chance depends
On managing your beau.

In choosing bows, you must exert
The very utmost care,
The new-made ones are apt to warp,
The old ones will not wear.
While worthless ones are varnished
And oft deceive the eye,
And some are stiff and cross-grained, too,
And very apt to fly.

Some ladies hold their beaux too high,
A plan I disapprove.
Hold fast, but gently, in your hand
The bow should freely move,
And never, never trust your bow
To any other hand,
For very, very few indeed
Will such a trial stand.

Some ladies choose their bows by weight,
No doubt, on prudent grounds;
They like to boast their hand can draw
With ease, so many pounds.
Sharp-shooters they, to me 'tis quite
Amazing to behold
How earnestly their eyes and hearts
Are fixed upon the gold.

This fact, I state not of myself,
I speak but what I hear;
Some ladies in our archery club
Have found their bows too dear.
Good beaux are dear, and should be so,
They're scarce found anywhere;
I almost think I'd give my hand
To find a thing so rare.

Select a bow that bends with grace
Obedient to your will,
However light you pull the cord,
You bend it pliant still;
For I've heard married ladies say,
The point I can't decide,
That every beau begins to snap
Soon after it is tied.

M. K. J.

A Tale of the Casino Roof.

It was a hot evening. The pavements were scorching, and the front stoop did not present a very inviting appearance.

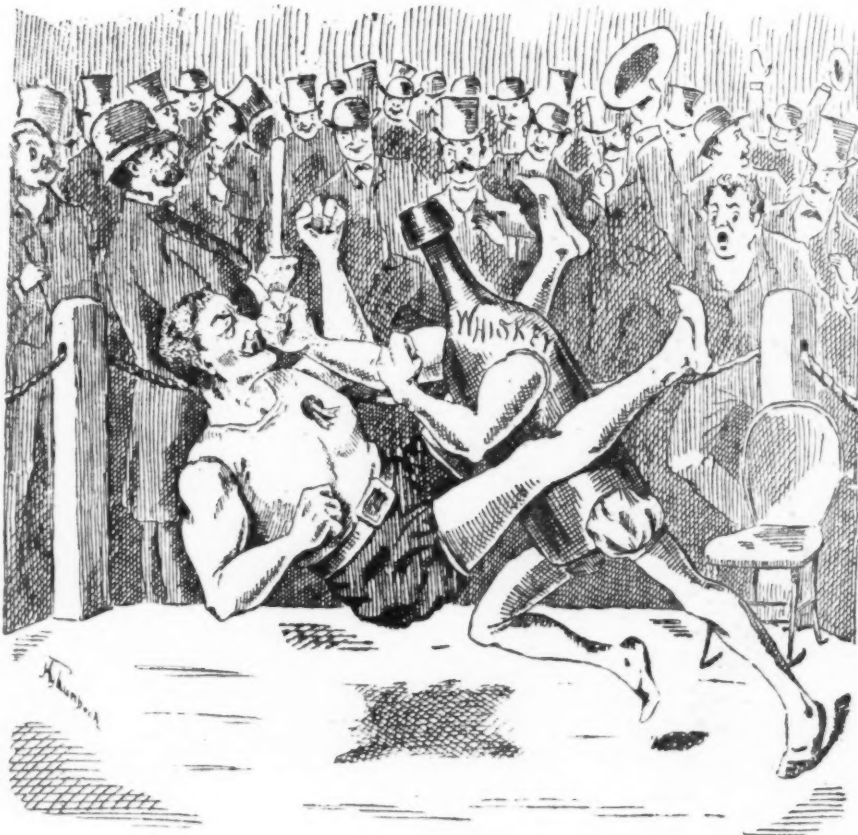
Nevertheless she sat there waiting for him to make his regular evening visit.

Soon she heard his foot-fall's music coming up the avenue, and in another moment he stood under the gaslight before the fair Dulcinea.

"Why, oh! wherefore, Edward, are you come so late?" she exclaimed.

He gave his limp shirt collar a little twitch, arranged his two-for-a-quarter neck-scarf, and then mopping his lofty brow with a handkerchief she had aesthetically embroidered, he murmured a half unintelligible reply, which was apparently satisfactory, for she immediately exclaimed:

KNOCKED OUT AT LAST.



SLUGGER SULLIVAN MEETS A CHAMPION WHOM NO MAN CAN DEFEAT.

"I want you to take me to the Casino Roof, to listen to the melodious strains of Falka and Aronson's band, and to—"

Eat ice-cream at 35 cents a dish, to say nothing of cake and wine, thought Edward, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

Without waiting to finish her sentence, she skipped up-stairs to array herself in a pair of lace elbow sleeves, a piece of straw, called by courtesy a bonnet, and to get her 49-cent Macy fan.

Soon she returned, and without noticing the expression of anger on the face of her escort she took his arm, and hustled him off in the direction of the Casino in double quick time.

Now Edward had in his pockets a one dollar bill, and two ten-cent pieces—only this, and nothing more! Well he knew, the admission of the Casino was 50 cents for each person, and he silently made up his mind that once he got her inside its Moorish portals he would take no hints of any kind, and he formed a mental resolution that, if she wanted any ice-cream, she'd have to whistle for it, literally and figuratively.

They reached the box-office, where the unitarian bill was quickly changed for two admission tickets. As they approached the elevator, Dulcinea suggested that it would be pleasant to sit below for a while and listen to the opera.

Reserved seats \$1.50 a piece, thought Edward, as without heeding her remarks he tenderly placed her in the lift, and soon they were far above the auditorium.

"Would to heaven the thing would never stop its upward flight, wished Edward, as they reached the roof, and then, as he gazed

at the stars above him, he fell to wondering if there were roof gardens, expensive girls, and ice cream, in Jupiter and Saturn.

"A penny for your thoughts," exclaimed the fair one beside him, which exclamation brought him back to earth so suddenly that he lost his presence of mind, and said, "I was thinking of ice-cream."

Now, if he had had his wits about him, this was about the last thing he would have mentioned, but the words were out of his mouth before he thought, and as the dear girl replied, "Why, so was I," and then took a seat at a table, he saw he was in for it and no mistake.

Soon the ubiquitous waiter approached, and Dulcinea innocently inquired "What shall we order?"

Edward, in the agony of the moment, answered or rather groaned, "Anything you wish; its all the same to me;" which, indeed, was the truth.

Two dishes of Neapolitan, a plate of assorted cakes, and two claret punches soon appeared, but Edward gazed at them with a vacant expression that would have paralyzed a more observing female.

Suddenly a happy thought struck him.

"Excuse me for one brief moment," he remarked, and before she had time to reply, he was going down the stairs at a faster rate of speed than any elevator was ever known to attain, save when the supports gave way.

Without waiting for a return check, he rushed from the door and sped along the murky streets in search of a friendly pawnshop.

Seventh Avenue was his objective point,



THE REASON WHY.

MR. McCANN—"Oh! you see Mrs. McCarty the rayson why I can't go to Surrah-a-to-a-go is bekase Pat has putt so much improvements on the Lonsdale this spring."

and soon his "uncle" had possession of his nickel-plated time-piece, and Edward had three dollars in his pocket.

Little recked the fair Dulcinea, as she sipped the cooling ice, of what her gallant lover was experiencing on her account; and as she saw his cream was gradually assuming its pristine consistency, she took a few spoonfuls from his plate as well as her own.

Just as she began to wonder where her dear Edward had gone, she saw his figure approaching, and as he again mopped his brow and adjusted his shirt collar, he smiled sweetly upon him.

He drank his punch at one fell swoop, took two spoonfuls of his melted cream, called for his check, and not very politely asked her if she were ready to go home.

Rather reluctantly she consented, and on their way back his silence was so marked, that she felt compelled to ask him, what was the matter:

"What troubles you, Edward?" she exclaimed. "Any more failures in Wall street? Why not confide in your own Dulcinea?"

"Yes," he replied, "more failures. I've already lost time and have been obliged to apply to my *uncle* for aid."

"I trust he will assist you," she murmured.

"I wouldn't trust too much in anything, if I were you," he replied, and she begins to think his advice most wise.

For fourteen hot July evenings she has sat upon the front stoop, waiting for a figure that never approaches, and listening for a footfall that no longer frequents the neighboring avenue. The Casino roof knows

her presence no more, and the Macy fan no longer wafts an occasional zephyr.

Her ice-cream season has been brought to a premature close, and as the hot stone steps grow hotter, she ponders on the fickleness of man in general, and of her own Edward in particular.

An Irish Blacksmith's Tale Told by Himself.

As long as I lived in the auld country, I had plinty of work. There wasn't an ass in the country but been to me reg'lar to be shod; the same with the ploughs and horses. I kept a journeyman, who was seventy-four years of age and bedridden, and I niver was without a girl to coort, and might have married £200 more then onct and a nice farm, but I wouldn't do it. So that's the raison I came to New York and set up business there for meself, with a black negro blacksmith journeyman, all for love of pretty little Nancy Jones, who came out two years ago, and was the only girl I ever fancied; but she was a bit of a rogue, and not wan bit of her directions, or where she was, could I find out, though I knew well she was lost about me.

So I up and spoke to all the lads. I knew her own cousin as well as another, and I sed I'd give five shillin's to any man who'd bring me to Nancy. But they only made sport of me, and they humbugged me, and even Black Tom, me own man, riz humbug on me too. At last they seen I was getting rael mad, and by the 'time I'd cracked open a couple of their thick heads, they grew to

undherstand I was right down in airnest. So John O'Donnel, her own cousin, says to me:

"Be aisy now, Masther Pat," says he, "and hould yourself in readiness, for I found her out, and I'll take you to her to-night, and no mistake, or if not to-morrow, Thursday, D. V.," says he, "or Friday, whether or no."

So I got meself ready Thursday night, and waited till near eleven, but whin the lads didn't come, I dozed asleep by the fire. While I was in the sleep, didn't the villiens come to me, and of coorse they wanted spoort. So they tuk a fist full of soot out of the chimbley and mixed it up with me bit of butther, and blacked me face all over before they waked me up.

"Come on, Masther Pat," says John, "look alive now, or you'll be too late to see Nancy." I stuck me auld hat on, and off we wint without the second word. We walked a good piece, and at last John stopped at the door of an iligant mansion, where he said Nancy's misthress lived. An auld crone opened the airy dour for us, and we shtole in like mice. They showed me into an iligant room all lighted, and sofas and arm-chairs, and a great lookin' glass in it. "This is the housekeeper's room," says the old woman. "Sit down, jintlemen," says she, "and I'll fetch Miss Jones," for that was what she called Nancy. Thinks I, "If Nancy Jones has grown this grand, I'll want to mind myself." So I walked over to the looking-glass that was over the chimbley, to luk at the set of me new green tie. You might have knocked me down wid a feather, when I got sight of me black face, and the lads breaking their hearts laughin' at me. Av coorse I thought they'd called the wrong man, and that it was Black Tom, the journeyman, that was in it, and not me at all. "Bad luck to yes," says I, "for a set of blundherin' omadhouns. It's the wrong man ye fetched, and it was the hoight of luck I found out the mistake, before I committed meself with Nancy." With that I kicked them all out of me light, and tore out and away home wid me. Their I found out it was me own silf was in it. Any more than that, I was blacked in a redikilous way, but by ill luck I forgot the house I wint to, and the boys wouldn't come in it wid me any more. So sight or light of Nancy I've niver seen, and the match isn't settled yet; but I'll find her yit, and be even with them that blackened me, or I'll know the raison why.

Psyche.

BY BERNARD J. KELLY.

On a mossy mound, 'neath the forest's shade,
Fair Psyche watched her sheep all day,
While in the meadows wild they played,
She sang to love a roundelay.

Till Cupid tired by maid and song,
Closed fast his eyes and sank to rest,
And strung the bow his waist along,
And put the arrows in his breast.

Quoth Psyche, "Cupid's in my power,
No longer shall he reign or rule;
He must resign this very hour,
I'll free the world from tyrant's rule."

And o'er the meadow, making haste,
She moves the mantle o'er his heart,
Unstrings the bow from off his waist,
And tears away the tyrant's dart.

But all in vain was Psyche's theft,
Tho' of bows and arrows all bereft,
Love's fatal glance toward her flies—
Sends arrows keen in other eyes.

Monographs.

A SERENADE.

SHE leans far out upon the window sill,
And bathes her fair brow in the cool night air.
The moon-lit street below her feet is still,
Or echoes only to the passer rare.

Far out she leans, her rounded arms gleam white,
Her dainty, rose-hued lips-breathe odorous sighs,
And in her deep blue melting eyes the light
Of an utterable yearning lies.

White robed she is, this sentry of the night,
Fair as the vision of a young man's dream—
At length her eyes with hope fulfilled grew bright—
"He comes," she murmurs, "and he's got the cream."

A STERN necessity—a pair of trousers.

"I'm going by rail," said the blind man,
as as he felt his way along the fence.

An Englishman has written a solemn
treatise on yawning—evidently on the theory
that like cures like.

My boy, always take a woman's word with
a grain of allowance. She never means
quite what she says, and never says quite
what she means.

A live frog was discovered in a Maine
man's stomach recently. When released
from his imprisonment the frog at first
couldn't jump straight, but on being intro-
duced to a pond near by, he soon became
sober enough to swim off and hide his shame.

"A very pretty screen can be made by cover-
ing a clothes-horse with cretonne," says
an exchange. Yes, we dare say a girl would
work a month at a clothes-horse in this way
without giving a groan, but she would faint
in a minute if her mother asked her to hang
up a few clothes on it to dry.

CHINN (looking encouragingly around the
table)—Well, at last there's a chance of
our getting a new beefsteak for breakfast, if
we only buckle down to this old one and finish
it up for good.

Bumpus—You don't say so! how?

Chinn—Why, I just read in the paper
that a big leather concern somewhere has
failed disastrously and involved a large num-
ber of houses here; so, you see, Mrs. Chop-
will, perhaps, have to change her butcher
whether she wants to or not.

PODGER (revisiting old summer haunts)—
I say, my friend, there were two sail boats
on this pond last year when I was here, and
now there's only one. How does that hap-
pen?

Rustic—Wal, ye see, there was some com-
plaint about the slowness of them boats, an'
we tho't as how perhaps there wasn't wind
enough to sail 'em both good, so we took one
off. Guess this un'll do better now.

"LITTLE GEORGIE" writes to know if
there's any harm in picking a few cherries
from somebody else's tree. No, Georgie,
there is no harm in picking a very few, pro-
vided you happen to have better legs and
better luck than somebody else's bulldog.
But, Georgie, if you haven't these essential
qualifications, there will be more harm in
picking those cherries than your mother and
three bottles of liniment can undo in a fort-
night. So, unless you are very curious, and
very certain of your legs, Georgie, perhaps
you had better keep on picking cherries
from the old family tree and throwing the
pits over into somebody else's yard as usual.

T. ADDISON.



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

OLD GENT—"My boys the good man in the Bible called the bears out to eat
the bad children. for a smaller offense than this."
BOY (throwing again)—"What 'er you givin us, dem bears is dead long ago."

The story of the Cat, the Whale and
the Cashier.

[This Tale—supposed to have been lost by
one of the Arabian Nights on the occasion
of an entertainment—was dug up from
among the ruins of the British Museum.
Such is the prodigious force of its genui-
ness that a gang of fifty critics and antiqua-
ries devoted to it six months of manual labor
—their sleeves all the while faithfully rolled
up—without being able to make head or
tail to it. At last, by employing the most
powerful machinery in the Arsenal at Wool-
wich it was turned into such English as will
not readily pass for Greek.]

As the Caliph, Ahmednoozer the Wise,
was mounting his buggy at the gate of the
Seven Golden Horns, Ben Mollah held up a
petition. The Caliph said "speak." The
man of law pointing to his clients, a Cat, a
Whale, and a Cashier, said: "These have
been sentenced to hang; the Cat because he
killed the rat that ate the mesh that held
the bull that tossed 'em up; the Whale
because he swallowed the prophet forty days
and nights on the Submarine Bank; the
Cashier because he went for the profit as
soon as the Whale had thrown him up. In
the name of Allah, mercy! Here the Whale
whispered to the Cat, "Why, he has given us
away." But the Cat said, "Keep quiet;
Ben wasn't born to-morrow." This was the
Caliph's answer: "They must die; but in
abatement of their punishment, we decree
that they may choose by what manner of
death—yet choosing from these three—to be
drowned, to be choked, to be flung from the
shot-tower of the Washing monument;
and as for thee, thou son of Much Chin, for
thy presumptuous appeal in behalf of such
infidels, thyself shalt be the executioner.
Thou hast heard. Go!" Then the Com-
mander of the Faithful whipped up and de-
parted. The vizier conducted the party to

the field called the Place of Flats, there to
witness the execution of the sentence. The
Whale spouted for grief, and could hardly
support himself on his legs. But the Cat
looking into Ben's eye, thought he saw
something there. This he communicated to
the Cashier, whereupon the two deeply
mused and said nothing.

Having reached the Place of Flats, Ben
Mollah said: "Let the Cat be flung from
the shot-tower of the Washington Monu-
ment." It was done. The Cat came down
on his feet and made a bee line for the
vizier's kitchen.

"Let the Whale be flung in the Tigris
and drowned." It was done. The Whale
wagged his tail and sailed swiftly through
Hell Gate down into the Sound of Waters.

The vizier was so astonished at these pro-
ceedings that he could neither shut his
mouth nor utter a word, though when the
turn of the Cashier came he found tongue
to object. But the learned Mollah answered,
as he waved one of his eyes, "Let thy ser-
vant do the will of the Caliph in peace;
what is decreed is decreed." Then the viz-
ier, being a man of great decision of charac-
ter, promptly hesitated whether to interfere.
However he was comforted when he heard
Ben Mollah utter these words, "let the
Cashier be choked." He said to himself,
"assuredly this one cannot escape." Then
taking a step or two before his age he looked
round for the mutes and bowstrings. But
Ben knew a thing worth two of that kind.
He rummaged a sackful of papers down the
Cashier's throat, but they refused to stick,
for lo, they were bonds and certificates of
shares, and the like slippery things. "Try
him with metal, then." Here the execu-
tioner and the Cashier exchanged a short
and narrow wink. They brought a camel
and seven asses loaded with the Dollars of
the Daddies of the Patriarchs. Straight-
way the metal went the way of the paper.

"What a throat," muttered Ben. "See whether he'll swallow a river bank." The smile was longer and at least broader than the first. They gave him the Left Bank of the Euphrates. There was some wriggling, but no serious difficulty in getting it down.

"D—n his maw," cried Ben Mollah. "Bring hither a railroad." They brought the Bagdad, Poolshore Nicketedge and Osquash Crooked Gauge. This went down throat as merrily as if it were going up spout. When the business had reached this stage, the vizier, being a man of powerful intellect, began to wink, too.

The whole party then adjourned to Abdelmoniko's caravansary where they made a plumed night of it.

In this way was mercy sternly tempered with justice in the reign of the wise Ahmed-snoozer.

The Fair Balloteer.

"THE trouble with our female suffrage as you call it," said the practical politician from Cheyenne, "is that some of these new voters give the election officers no end of trouble by coming back and wanting to have another look at the ticket to see whether the address is all right, or whether it doesn't require another stamp. They have queer tastes too, in tickets, that the unfair sex could never understand. About all the bearded voter cares to know is, whether his ticket is straight; for I don't think he minds much how dirty it is or whether it is printed on straw paper; but I don't believe one of this other kind of fellow citizens ever troubles herself about the inside of her ticket, so it looks just lovely. Why they say that down in Washakie the saloon men got the whole woman vote cast in favor of free whiskey and open on Sunday, by printing their tickets on gilt edge paper and putting them up in fancy envelopes. But the worst of it is it's a generation of balloteers that no practical politician can tie to. You think you have a nice set up and a beautiful slate and all that, till these light heads break away like a lot of untamed colts, and when it comes to the count up, you generally find all your calculations smashed. Now, for my part—though I would see my girls and the old woman in Virginia City before they monkey with the ballot—I've no prejudice one way or the other, but what I want to know," demanded the Rocky Mountaineer as he wiped the eastern dew from his grizzled mustache, and bit off the end of a fresh cigar, "what I want to know is, how are you going to run politics in this country if the suffrage disease spreads and we get an army of voters on our hands who have no more idea of drill and responsibility than a party of Bannocks having a high old time at a dog feast."

MACKHOWLY.

A SOLEMN contemporary solemnly wants to know: "Another Wall Street crash would be a calamity greatly to be deprecated; but the question is how can we ward it off?" We give it up; but Ferdinand can tell you how to Ward it on.

THE vice which never sticks to young people, though they are more exposed to it than any other—Advice.

THE St. Louis critic candidly admits that when a Chicago advanced female undertakes to lecture, no matter how difficult the subject may be, the fair lecturer is sure to—cover the whole ground.

SUMMER HOLIDAY PLEASANTRIES.



"Jump in, Nellie."
 "Oh dear! I'm afraid we'll go over."
 "All right; that's what we get in for."
 "Nonsense! I mean, I'm afraid we'll tip over and drown; besides, water always makes my head swim so."
 "You needn't be alarmed then, for you can't drown while your head swims."

The R. R. Baggage-Master.

"I'm a baggage-smasher gay,
 On the road, on the road,
 And of trunks I bust each day,
 A car load, a car load;
 With a hop, a skip, and jump,
 How I pounce upon and thump
 Satchels in a shapeless lump,
 On the road."

"I'm more solid than Muldoon,
 On the road, on the road,
 And I make the ladies swoon
 With my mode, with my mode,
 When I grab a bonnet-box,
 And with sturdy bangs and knocks
 Quick destroy it with my shocks,
 On the road."

"I'm the slugger of the train,
 On the road, on the road,
 And the dude conductor vain,
 Discommode, discommode—
 If at country station, he
 Tries to take a 'mash' from me,
 Then I 'knock him out' in glee,
 On the road."

"I've no use for seedy 'grips,'
 On the road, on the road,
 Now just watch while this one rips"—
 (Boom! explode! !—Fune-ral ode! !—
 He is blown clear out of sight,
 For he's struck some dynamite,
 And no more will baggage smite,
 On the road!)

"JEF. JOSLYN."

THE only kind of grub-stake known in the East—Beefsteak.

Notable Members of Congress.

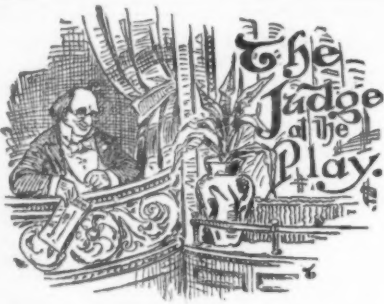
THE rarest flower in the House—Rosecrans.
 The drollest row—Muldrow.
 The strangest wood—Ellwood.
 The oldest tree, Ochiltree.
 The queerest fish—Ermentrout.
 The oldest landmark—Eld-ridge.
 The healthiest member—Hardy.
 The hardest member—Hardeman.
 The dressiest member—Lacey.
 The shadiest member—Cosgrove.
 The starchiest members—Rice, Murphy.
 The friest members—Hopburn, Washburne, Blackburne.
 The most patient member—Wait.
 The most promising—Budd.
 The most innocent—Lamb.
 The most autocratic—Holmes.
 The most hospitable—Graves.
 The most unutterable—Hoblitzell.
 The most aristocratic—Blount, Talbot.
 The best society man—Converse.
 The best boatman—Rowell.
 Best man at the wheel—Potter.
 The best gymnasts—Turner, Springer.
 The greatest historian—Robertson.
 The greatest sea-captain—Nelson.
 The greatest poet—Burns.
 Greatest orator—Tulley.
 The most notorious novelist and most brilliant bandit—James.
 Most belies his name—Lyman.
 Most applauded in debate—Hitt.
 Most frequently thrown in debate—Stone.
 Best man for a bushwhacking argument—Morgan.
 Best man to hunt the eggs—Find-lay.
 Best man for the garden—Dibble.



THE DELICATE PALATE REPUDIATES



EATS ONE AND CAN'T EAT THE OTHER.



The annual Hegira of actors to Europe is not yet over.

Daly's troupe have gone and so have Rhea and John McCullough.

As soon as Langtry has finished Coney Island and one or two other places she will follow her company over, and there are yet others booked for passage.

Daly's company will have a few days for rest and refreshments before they open in London.

Mr. Terris, it is said, will not only manage but will play a leading part, and there is every prospect that the troupe will make a brilliant success. Many prominent people are booked for the first night. The Prince of Wales intended to be present but as his ma objects to his attending theatrical performances just now, he has paid for his box like a little man, and has written a nice little excuse for his absence.

It is thought that Yorke Stephens' rather too previous performance, and well deserved failure in "7-20-8," will not hurt Mr. Daly when he attempts the same comedy—and as Mr. Daly has the might and majesty of the law on his side, Mr. Stephens will doubtless regret his untimely effort to get ahead of the American manager.

Rhea states, according to an interviewer, that she has gone to Paris to rest. (Paris is usually a very restful place) while John McCullough goes to Carlsbad to partake of the waters.

Mr. Belasco has made a trip across, for the avowed purpose of studying the London performance of "Called Back," a play that will probably be produced at the Madison Square when the regular season opens, and it is expected that Mr. Mantell will play the leading part in this piece.

Speaking of Mantell puts us in mind of "Fedora," and speaking of "Fedora" puts us in mind of Fanny Davenport who is quite ill at her home in Pennsylvania.

She is suffering from insomnia and nervous prostration brought on by overwork.

To see "Fedora," was enough to give anyone the nightmare every night for a month, so no wonder that Fanny, wrestling with her anti-fat diet, couldn't stand the wear and tear on her nerves.

Over in Australia things are different. Jeffreys Lewis has been trying to astonish the natives in and around Melbourne with her impersonation of the Russian Princess. The Theatre Royal was filled to witness her first performance, but the press and the public were not at all pleased with her, and she was badly supported.

The Majeronis are playing in the region round about Melbourne and the Signor himself intended to produce "Fedora," but a certain Mr. Allison arrived on the scene with the sole Australian right of producing the piece, and so the Australians must take Jeffreys Lewis or do without "Fedora."

Another member of the Lewis family has been having a troublous time in New Or-



BEGGAR (to regular patron)—"What, nothing for me this morning?"
 PATRON—"Haven't any change to-day, nothing less than a ten dollar bill."
 BEGGAR—"Well, seein' its you, an old customer, I'll change it fur ye, although its agin my rules. Don't let it 'appen agin sir!"

leans. We allude to the fair Catherine whose costume while playing *Clairette* in "Mme. Angot" did not please the manager of a certain theatre in the Crescent City.

It seems that the once famous high kicker in "Olivette," insisted upon appearing as *Clairette* in a dress of the style of the French Directory.

Now the slashed skirt, etc., may be very comfortable in the hot climate of New Orleans, but it is considered inappropriate for any of the caste of "Mme. Angot," save *Mlle. Lange*—and when Miss Lewis was spoken to upon the subject, she waxed wroth and flounced about in such an un-seamly manner that a chorus singer came forward and took the first soprano's place and Miss Lewis has taken herself and her costume to parts unknown.

Selina Dolaro who was playing in the same opera at another theatre in the same city has made a great hit, and seems to be winning golden opinions from press and public.

In and about New York, the few managers that are not burlesque mad are going wild over English Opera.

Now that Carleton has formed a company of his own, other would be managers are announcing their intentions.

Emma Abbott is searching Europe with her eagle eye and will bring back with her some choice singers to warble English in our ears.

If report speaks truly, and she has really engaged Lillian Russell as one of the company, she has indeed secured a treasure; but how about the sacred songs the fair Emma delights in.

Miss Russell has heretofore shown a

greater aptitude for him than hymns, and we suspect that Miss Abbott will reserve unto herself all rights as to the singing of psalms and the kissing of kisses.

As a kicker Miss Russell stands without a peer, and in this respect Miss Abbott will not attempt to compete with her, but when such operas as "Paul and Virginia" come to be produced, we fear the interests of the Prima Donnas will clash, and that things will be not altogether pleasant for Messrs. Wetherill and Price, the managers.

The work of building the Lyceum theatre goes bravely on, and it is expected that the mill for grinding out actors and actresses will be in full operation by November.

A piece with the ominous title of "Distrust" will be produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre sometime in August, and Kiralfy's "Sieba" will be placed on the stage of the Star Theatre about the 11th of the same month.

The Grand Opera House and Niblo's are expected to open about the same time, and Harrigan and Hart will be at the Theatre Comique, September 1st.

He Was Obligated to Him.

Physician—"How are you feeling this morning?"

Undertaker—"Very well, indeed, thank you."

Physician—"Family all well?"

Undertaker—"Yes, all in excellent health, thank you."

Physician—"And business?"

Undertaker—"Business is in a flourishing condition, thank you, doctor."

She Danced With Me.

SHE danced with me!
 Ah ecstasy!
 What rapture thrilled my pulsing blood,
 As with her on the floor I stood,
 And daintily,
 She danced with me.
 She danced with me,
 And certainly,
 She seemed the fairest, sweetest born,
 Until she stepped upon my corn,
 Oh, jimminy!
 She danced on me!

GEORGE LITTLE.

Our Lady of Errors.

THE landlady of our summer boarding-house is a sharp-nosed, thin-visaged widow, of perhaps five and fifty.

If the "ile painting" that hangs over the parlor fire-place tells the truth, she was, some thirty-five or forty years ago, a plump and pleasing person; but running a hash factory for a quarter of a century has apparently proved as efficacious a remedy for too much flesh as have the ten-mile walks, and no candy diet of Fanny Davenport.

Mrs. Grubb tells us, that she was a school ma'am when the late Mr. Grubb wooed and won his blushing bride. As we are in duty bound to believe her, we have arrived at the conclusion that she must have buried Lindley Murray in the grave with the late lamented Grubb; and we can only hope that the young ideas of the "destrict" school over which she presided, were not taught to shoot off their tongues with that utter disregard of all the rules of grammer and Webster's unabridged, that characterize the daily conversation of "our lady of errors."

"Katie," called the clerical gentleman, that occupies the seat on our left at the table, "there is no vinegar in the cruet."

"Katie," echoes Mrs. Grubb, in a tone of voice that would turn acetic acid into maple syrup, "how can you be so careless?"

Then, turning sweetly to Mr. Broadcloth, she exclaims, "there is plenty of vinegar, Mr. B——, and Katie knows there is a demigod full in the cellar."

As this is a temperance town, we naturally wonder what effect a demigod full would have on the pious inhabitants, if they should happen to see him emerging from Mrs. Grubb's cellar.

Our rooms are rather small, and somewhat stuffy, but Mrs. Grubb calls our attention to the *transits* over the doors, that she had put in at great trouble and *suspense*.

When the hammock broke down one day, under the weight of about half the children in the village, Mrs. Grubb called out to the last arrival, "Here, you little Bessie Smith, you were the last hair that broke the camel's eye, this time;" and when, one fine day, a young gentleman sailed up the river in his yacht, and took his pretty sister from our number for a trip to the city, our landlady announced at the table that "Miss —— went off in her brother's jot a weeping and a whaling."

Dear, kind, old Mrs. Grubb! We laugh at her speeches, but she has a warm place in our hearts all the same, and what life in this place would be without her short cakes and loquacity, we shudder to conceive.

THE Massachusetts Democrats have about given up hopes of Butler's nomination; but they recollect that the old man will be on the floor.—*Hartford Post*.



BRIDGET (just arrived).—Sure, and its monstrous cockroaches yees have in this country. Just look at the wan I killed a crawlin' on the celler flure!

An American Dog-berry.

NOWHERE, N. Y., June 30.

DEAR JUDGE.—As I know your paper is outspoken, and not afraid of anything, I venture to write to you of a circumstance that occurred recently, and it has never been in the newspapers, which proves the press can be bribed. I am a great friend to the workingmen, and as this is a case of gross injustice against one of their number, I consider it my duty to tell you of it.

A short time since, as a gentleman of quiet and unassuming manners was journeying on foot through the suburban towns, selling a very useful invention (which he was introducing at less than cost, to advertise it), he was attacked by a ferocious dog and severely bitten in the calf of his leg, while entering at the open door of a farmhouse. The wound was severe, rendering the gentleman unfit to follow his vocation for some time. He thereupon brought suit against the owner of the dog, and after the usual delay which attends such matters the case was brought to trial. The plaintiff showed the dangerous character of the animal and the results of the attack, and the lawyer claimed a very clear case of damages for a large amount. But the defense argued that the dog was kind, and the gentleman must take the consequences if he went into a house uninvited. These remarks were bad enough, but when the counsel in his closing speech to the jury, said the plaintiff could

have recovered, only in case the dog had bitten his cheek and thus spoiled his stock in trade, insult was certainly added to his injury. The jury, composed of farmers, who probably had dogs at home, and had left their doors open for temptation, actually smiled, and soon rendered a verdict of "no cause of action," which in my opinion was disgraceful.

Our courts are getting to be farces, and there seems to be no justice to be had except for the rich and powerful. Now, please, Mr. JUDGE, write something in your paper about this, and I know it will take with the laboring classes, and it is best to be on their side. If you print anything about it, you can send me three copies, and I presume you will sell a lot in our town.

Yours,

J. HENRY DE MIRES.

Shantyvilliana.

Mrs. Bridget O'Toole. "Who's that ould thafe ov ther dissert, Paddy?"

Mr. Paddy O'Toole. "Is it ther Arab yer mayne, Bridget?"

Mrs. O'T. "That same."

Mr. O'T. "He's ther false prophet. Put a d'rop or two more in me glass, Bridget, an uncork yer ears. Fust one must be afther thripping back a few hundred years ter git at ther commincemint ov hostilities. It's wonderful—"

Mrs. O'T. (interrupting) "Och, nivir moind wandering back such a cold noight as this. It's froze fast yees would be before ivir reaching ther pint. Will ye be afther answering me question?"

Mr. O'T. "Wasn't I afther telling ye whin ye interrupted me wid yer bad manners an want ov since. He's the false prophet, and ther divil combined. A cross betwix a Methodist parson an a half-breed polytishun."

Mrs. O'T. "An why do ther paypul call him false, Paddy?"

Mr. O'T. "Och, Bridget, the loighter ther outside ov yer head gits of hair, ther heavier an more stupid-loike it gits insoide."

Mrs. O'T. "Will yees be afther telling me the raysun, as I axed, or will ye lit me harbor in me moind that it's little ye know ov him?"

Mr. O'T. "He's false, don't ye see, Bridget, from ther top ov ther tallest hair ov his head to ther lowest corn on the sole of his feet. False, is he? Be-gobbs!—its a wig ov false wool he decorates his bald skull wid, an its false teeth he ates up ther Christian childer wid—an its a false-setto voice he howls to ther naybors ter join his rigimint wid, and its false promises he makes wid a false tongue. Do ye understand now, Mrs. O'Toole, bad luck to yer ignorance."

Mrs. O'T. "I do. An what is he doing wid ther Ajipshuns an the English soldiers?"

Mr. O'T. "Killing 'em, thanks be ter God!"

Mrs. O'T. "What fur, Paddy?"

Mr. O'T. "So they can't live, Mrs. O'Toole; an may Hivin make allowance fur yer deplorable stupidity this momint."

Mrs. O'T. "An did he ate up ther childer an lave ther parints ter starve fur want ov nourishment, Paddy? Tell me that!"

Mr. O'T. "He did that same thing, Bridget, but he did it wid ther horrors ov war. It's little he lift ov ther settlemint but ther ould tomato cans, and the ould shoes an mother-in-laws. Its a big foighter he is an cut ther Ajipshuns into sich small bits that ther British officers found they had nuthin' but a desiccated rigimint ov human hash ter back 'em up, so they immediately ordered thimselves back ter Alexandry, an sint a telegram to ther Queen informing her royal riverince that they had arrived safe, widout loss of toime an widout enny army to impede ther masterly retrate. It's waiting there sthill they be fur crosses of honor an more luck. Sum ov thim sint fur new titles, an more ov thim sint fur there pay in advance."

Mrs. O'T. "An what was 'bat fur?"

Mr. O'T. "What was what fur?"

Mrs. O'T. "Ther pay in advance, shure, what list?"

Mr. O'T. "Fur bating ther false prophet, ov coorse."

Mrs. O'T. "Wasn't ye jist afther telling me he bate thim?"

Mr. O'T. "He bate ther Ajipshuns—an ther British officers bate him by a few moiles. They rached Alexandry in toime ter take a birds eye view of him walking back."

Mrs. O'T. "Was it Mr. Baker who walked back?"

Mr. O'T. "Giniril Baker yer mane an divil a fut did he walk."

Mrs. O'T. "An what is ther foighting all about, ennyway, Paddy?"

Mr. O'T. "Howly shmoke! an bad luck to yees, is it axing sich a donned question as that afther me racking me moind ter explain what the diplomats call the great problem



Mrs. Boggs' ingenious scheme to ascertain the hour of Boggs' arrival home from the trustees meeting.

ov the Eastern wurruld? Well, well, Mrs. O'Toole, its yer noight cap yees had better be locating, fur its no more wurruds ov wisdom will I lit escape me lips from this out. It's like throwing gum drops to a yaller dog!"

E. S. BISBEE.

Rebecca at the Well.

JOSEPHUS says (Lib. I., Chap. XVI.), that Abraham resolved to take Rebecca, who was grand-daughter to his brother Nahor, for a wife to his son Isaac. But the ancient historian omits several very important particulars concerning this primitive match-making affair. Let me elucidate:

Now, old man Nahor, who had been a bloated monopolist (without the motto: "the public be —," etc.) in Haran, was pretty well fixed, and when he died he divided his government bonds—Suez, and Eastern Union stock—equally between his grandson Laban and grand-daughter Rebecca. Laban went into the hotel business, and Rebecca alternately punished the harp and mixed drinks for the dudes, when there was a political convention or base ball game in town. Therefore it was that old man Abe, who had been a "lamb" on Fence street, grains, pork, etc., thought it would be a good scheme if his son marry the shekelful Rebecca, and afterward help his dad out of the financial mud-puddle.

So, loading up his ancient servant, who

gave him the strongest assurance of fidelity (and *apropos*, who had never been a bank cashier), with an assortment of plug tobacco, "snake-poison," paste-diamonds, and snide jewelry, with which to bribe the servants at Mr. Laban's hotel, he sent him through Mesopotamia to Haran to betroth Miss Rebecca. Now, this country, Mesopotamia, was infested by a sort o' Jesse James gang, and before he had traveled many days, he was sand-bagged and relieved of his entire stock of presents, not even excepting his "cough medicine;" but in their hurry (for they had an engagement at a place called Bluh-Kut) they forgot to take his ring, which was a wish-ring of great powers.

When he finally arrived in the suburbs of Haran, where a picnic was in progress, he saw several young ladies slinging bieh for a couple of duds with haunch-backed noses; the sight made him very dry, and, not having a solitary dyghme in his pocket, he bethought him of his wish-ring. Turning it three times, he wished that if Rebecca were among the fair slingers, she would step forward with bacchanalian stride and invite him to "take sumthin';" but, it seems, this was Rebecca's day out, the charm would not work worth a cent, and the poor envoy was promptly handed over to "one of the finest" and juggled.

The next morning the judge severely reprimanded him, and commanded him to leave the town inside of two hours. This

was sad indeed! and as he strolled o'er the prairie, he met a number of barefooted maidens who were drawing water from a well; he approached, and asked for what purpose they used so much of the aqueous fluid, whereupon one of the b-f maidens saucily replied: "my brother, who is Ghoul, the son of Westernunion, is "watering" stock close by." And another said: "my father, who is Bohman, the son of Jersey-milco, keeps a dairy beyond yonder pyramid. Being dry, he again turned his ring, and lo! and behold! one of the maidens offered him her little brown jug, and among other things told him that she was Rebecca, the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor. He immediately informed her of his mission, saying that Isaac was a dude of the first water, and, although he had never seen her cabinet by Sir Rhoney, he was nevertheless completely mashed on her. She blushed splendidly, and said if her brother was agreeable she, like Barkis, "was willin." The brother readily acquiesced, and accordingly Isaac married her, the inheritance being now come to him." GEORGE DEAR.

The Court Was Innocent.

Two residents of Springwells had a difficulty over a game of cards the other day, and the result was the arrest of one for assault and battery. When the case was called yesterday, the complainant took the stand to explain how it happened.

"You see, Judge," he began, "we were three points up."

"What's a point?" blandly inquired the court.

"Why, we were playing five-points eucher. We each had three points. A point counts one, your honor."

"Ah!"

"He dealt, and it was my lead."

"Deal—lead. Please explain?"

"Why, he shuffled the cards and dealt the hand, and it was my first play."

"Well, go on. Perhaps I can understand."

"I led the ace of diamonds, and he trumped it with a club. That is, he refused suit."

"Do you mean he refused to be sued?"

"No, sir. I'd like to explain this thing to you, because it was about the suit we had our fuss."

"I see—go on. You said you put a diamond down on the table. Did he grab it?"

"He trumped it with a club."

"Ah! Did you see him carrying this club around before you sat down to play?"

"Your honor, I'd like to take a pack of cards and explain to you."

"No use—no use. I've heard some of the aldermen speak about the right and left bowers, and I've heard of jacks, and kings and aces, but it would be lost time to try to show me. You don't seem to have any case."

"But that's because you don't understand me. When I charged him with refusing suit, he struck me in the mouth."

"Did, eh! Well, there isn't any case to speak of. The prisoner is discharged, and you'd better whack up on the costs."

"And to think!" groaned the counsel for the plaintiff, as he reached the sidewalk, "that only the evening before, this same innocent old J. P. beat me out of seven glasses of beer at that very game of euchre, and I'll take my solemn affidavit that he stocked the cards on me at least every other hand!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Only a Dozen Pairs of Pants.

"CHESTER," said Robert Lincoln, as he tossed out his line at Oyster Bay, "what's your opinion of the ticket?"

"Robert," said "Chester," you know I am a Republican, and shall vote straight; but I tell you Jim Blaine's chances are slim. Don't mention it to anybody, but I have the most positive information that J. B. has only twelve pairs of pants? Think of it, Robert, a man running for President of a country like this with only twelve pants! Ah, me! I wish the convention had nominated G. William Curtis!"—*Courier-Journal.*

A Product of Modern Civilization.

"WHO is that young man walking on the other side of the street? He must be some fugitive from justice. See the nervous, hunted expression of his countenance."

"Oh, no; he's no criminal. You're mistaken. Poor fellow, he's a baseball umpire, and his experience on the field has taught him to be constantly on the watch for some one throwing at him."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Preparing for an Emergency.

A STOCK YARD'S matron in comfortable circumstances, requires her beautiful and accomplished daughters always to roll up their sleeves and bare arms in the regular Monday morning washing, and take a hand in the Wednesday washing and ironing seance. Being remonstrated with by a neighbor, she said she wasn't going to take any chances on her daughters. She was going to have them prepared for any emergency. "Who knows," she added, "perhaps some day both of them will marry foreign counts."—*Chicago Sun.*

A Much-Needed Explanation.

AN Indianapolis paper states that Mr. Charles Reade's story, now appearing in *Harper's Bazar*, "was completed before the author's lamented death." It appears that an impression had got abroad that he did not finish the last few chapters until several days after his decease. The Indianapolis editor's announcement will dissipate this notion; but it is barely possible that he was been misinformed.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Careful Conductor.

THE train was rattling on, rickety click, rickety click. "I was in such a hurry to catch the train I didn't wait to buy a ticket," said the New York banker, offering money. "Yes," replied the conductor, abstractly, as he punched the next man's ticket, "I notice that a good many New York bankers are in a hurry to catch the trains nowadays." "Well, sir, you needn't be insolent; here is money to pay my fare." "I know, but I can't take it, sir."

"Ah, I see; the company doesn't let you conductors take money. 'Fraid you'll steal it. I see."

"No, sir, there is no company rule against my taking it."

"Then why don't you take it?" "I'm afraid I'd be arrested for receiving stolen property." The banker looked out of the window at the shady groves, and cool, pellucid streams, while the train went rattling on, rickety click, rickety click.

"Smith Winked, Too."

JONES AND SMITH were going down street last night, when Jones observed:

"Smith, do you smoke?"

"Occasionally," replied Smith.

"Let's go and take a cigar," said Jones, and reaching the counter Jones remarked, while he threw down ten cents and winked knowingly at the proprietor: "Give us two good cigars." They lit their cigars and walked out.

About an hour afterward, Jones having got rid of his friend Smith, appeared again at the store and whispered to the dealer:

"Give me the change."

"What change?" asked the proprietor.

"Didn't I give you the two-for a wink?" asked Jones, astonished.

"Smith winked, too," quietly said the proprietor, and now Jones has transferred his custom.—*Breakfast Table.*

One-Ideaed "Puck."

THE *Puck* cartoonists, must be known as the artists of one idea. The "tattooed man" has exhausted them. Upon that low conception they are wearily ringing the changes, lacking the wit to recognize that it is resented by the country and an injury to the cause they think they are serving.—*Progress.*

Good Meat for Dinner.

YOUNG WIFE (new to marketing)—"You may send a saddle of mutton for dinner."

Butcher—"Yes, madam. What kind will it be?"

Young wife (thoughtfully)—"Well, as my husband is away, and there is no one in the house but mother and myself and the two servant girls, you had better send a side saddle, I think."

Gloom in an Editor's Home.

A TERRIBLE calamity has cast its withering cloud over the domestic affairs of a Wilmington editor. One day during the past week he was commissioned by his wife, who was absent from home, to send away to distant friends some dry-goods and millinery. The order read "Send everything on the sitting-room table but the cover." The order was carried out strictly, and there is just where the "dynamite" comes in, for by some mischance Mrs. Editor's best and only spring bonnet got upon the table, and now a deadly gloom overshadows all the place.—*Wilmington Star.*

JUDGE—"Have you any conscientious scruples on the subject of capital punishment?"

JUROR—"Didn't fotch none along dis mornin', sah."

JUDGE—"What is a conscientious scruple?"

JUROR—"Dunno, sah."

JUDGE—"Do you know what capital punishment means?"

JUROR—"No, sah."

JUDGE—"Have you formed an opinion as to the guilt of the accused?"

JUROR—"Dunno, sah."

JUDGE—"Do you know anything?"

JUROR—"Yes, sah."

JUDGE—"What do you know?"

JUROR—"Dunno, sah."

He was sworn in and made foreman of the jury.

AN Austin youth, whose income is not quite as extensive as that of Vanderbilt's, got a large ink spot on his coat. He asked a friend how the stain could be removed.

"You get a chemical preparation for twenty-five cents. Just soak the spot with it, and it will come out."

"I guess I had better soak the whole coat, I can get four dollars by soaking the coat."—*Texas Siftings*.

Getting Mixed.

A GERMAN was recently asked to repeat the following extract from the Bible:

"An angel came down from Heaven and took a live coal from off the altar."

He attempted to do so, and this is his interpretation of it:

"An injun comed down from New Haven und dook a life colt by der tail of his breeches, und jerked him his collar out."—*Pretzel's Weekly*.

Good Enough for Boarders.

A RATHER stout gentleman of Irish extraction was slowly walking through the market this morning with a basket on his arm. On coming to a stall where a large owl was perched on a bar he stopped, and after inspecting it for a few minutes with a troubled expression on his countenance his face lit up, and with a patronizing air he inquired:

"How much do yer want fur yer broad-faced goose?"

With a very audible grin the proprietor said:

"That's no goose; it's an owl."

The would-be-customer evidently understood him to say that the bird was old, for in a positive tone he said:

"Oi don't care how ould it is; it's good enough fur the boardthers."—*Evening Journal*.

The Revolution and the Ticket Agent.

A VERY much excited Revolution rushed up to the ticket-office window.

"Give me a ticket."

"Where to?"

"That's a pretty question to ask."

"Well, how do I know where you want to go?"

"Why, counfound your stupidity, don't you see I'm a Revolution?"

"Yes, I do; but how do I know whether you want to go to Mexico or to Cuba?"

"Ah, well, excuse me; I hadn't thought of that. Well, give me the ticket to Mexico; I've just come from Cuba."—*Chicago News*.

Thoughtless Mourners.

OUT in Wisconsin, the other day, the friends of a seven-foot corpse tried to crowd it into a six-foot coffin, and finding they couldn't do it sawed the legs off. The neighbors were about to mob the mourners for this method of making a fit, but what right they had to do it is not understood. It certainly wouldn't do to carry the body to the grave with the feet hanging out of the end of the coffin, and a Wisconsin foot is not built on a model to double up in anything except a ten-acre lot. The saw was handy, there was too much foot, and why not—but why didn't they think of a new coffin?—*Merchant Traveller*.

A WOMAN has recently patented a fire escape. What we most need in this leap year of our Lord is a man escape. Will some woman patent one?—*Chicago Eye*.

If the Republican party can't get into the White House with a "Jimmie" and a "Jack" it will be, indeed, time that it retire from politics. *Cincinnati Merchant-Traveler*.

"Yes," said the broken down merchant, "I think I have been too fond of drink, but I can't say that I'm pleased with this last beverage—sheriff's ale."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"How will my love come back to me?" asks a poetess. Well, it is a mighty hard question to answer in these trying times of a presidential campaign. He may come back all right, and then again he may not. You stand a good chance to win either way you bet.—*Peck's Sun*.

DURING a thunder shower the other night a country commissioner's house was struck by lightning, and while the electric fluid was passing in close proximity to the doughty commissioner, he was heard to frantically exclaim: "Hold on. I'll restore it all to a cent."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

"Your paper for the past week has been better than usual," remarked a subscriber to an editor. "What is the cause?" "You must be mistaken," the editor replied. "I have been ill for the past few days and—" "Ah, that explains it. I knew that something was the matter."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," is the sign displayed over the bar in a Bradford saloon. And when a man went in and asked payment on a bill that had been running for six months he was run out the front door. He is now of the opinion that saloon keepers are not consistent.—*Bradford Mail*.

At a party a few evenings ago, when the ladies and gentlemen were telling what they would like best, one young lady remarked she would prefer being an opportunity. She was asked: "Why?" by many, and naively replied, "Because the young men are so fond of embracing an opportunity."—*Fall River Advance*.

A COUNTRY postmaster had an heir born at one o'clock, a. m. He afterward remarked to a friend, who was congratulating him, that it was the earliest male he had ever received, at the same time opening the baby's mouth. Upon this the friend replied: "You ought not to tamper with the mails in that way."—*Boston Times*.

WHY is it that a man, whenever he passes a broom lying in the front hallway, always stands stock still and shouts until he is black in the face for the chambermaid to come and pick it up, instead of picking it up and placing it where it belongs? But, then, some men have good reason to be afraid of a broomstick, however fallen its condition."—*Chicago Sun*.

MR. H.—"I most humbly beg your pardon, my dear madam. You have the advantage of me. Although your face is very familiar, I cannot quite place you. Where was it we met?" Mrs. B.—"When the vista of recollection is brought within the focus of the mental vision, and—" Mr. H.—"Oh! now I know; we met in Boston."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Fitted for a Lawyer.

The other day a woman attired in bucolic garments, evidently fresh from the "rural districts," and having a small boy by the hand, entered the office of a prominent lawyer of this city and exclaimed in a business like manner:

"Mr. R—?"

"Yes," replied the disciple of Coke and Blackstone.

"The lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Well, this boy is my youngest son, Absalam, and I hev concluded ter make a lawyer out o' him. My other three are to become farmers but this feller is just fitted for a lawyer an' so I thought I would bring him to you."

"Why, he looks too young to study law, madam. How old is he?"

"Jest seven."

"Too young, madam, too young. But why do you consider this one more fitted for a lawyer than your other sons?"

"Waal, you see, sir," answered the woman giving her offspring a grim look, "this boy is now jest seven years old. When he was only five he would lie faster than a horse could trot. When he was six he would cheat a blind man out of a cent, and now at the age of seven he will *will steal everything he can lay his hands on!*"

The Fault of the Age.

A POEM by Ella Wheellet, called "The Fault of the Age," has been confronting us in our exchanges pretty numerous lately. Ella may be a pretty good poetess, but as a fault-finder she don't amount to shucks. The fault of the age is not so much, as she suggests, "a mad endeavor," as the fact that we are all older just now than we ever were before, and a great many of us (nothing personal, Ella) are buying teeth and hair and things to conceal the fault of the age, and we don't thank Ella for calling attention to the fact, either.

ON the first birthday of a Chinese male infant he is seated in a large sieve with money scales, a foot measure, a pair of shears, a brass mirror, a pencil, ink and hook, and other articles arranged in a circle around him. The object which he handles first is a sure prophecy of his future occupation. If such a custom obtains in Germany we should say that the first thing Bismark ever did was to kick over a piece of American pork and grab a beer mug. And if a similar custom prevails in Italy the majority of the male infants of noble birth seize a hand organ and a monkey.—*Norristown Herald*.



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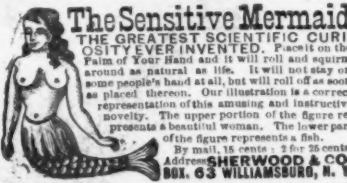
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A WILD hog has been captured in Georgia, and there is great excitement in Texas. Tom Ochiltree was at large up to that time.—*Paris Beacon.*

AN American with a homely wife never realizes how much worse he might have done until he sees an English professional beauty.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A CHINESE doctor in New York takes no pay until his patient is cured. This practice would be dangerous to the wealth of many an American doctor.—*Hartford Post.*

A NEVADA lady took an unfair advantage of her husband's indulgence in a bath to elope with another man, and the bereft man expressed a conviction that she had been waiting for an opportunity for years.—*Texas Siftings.*

It is rumored that Sarah Bernhardt has threatened to commit suicide. She might secure a great deal of free advertising by resorting to such a scheme, but really we don't see how it would benefit her "first appearance" in the next world.—*Norristown Herald.*

TRUE MODESTY. Mr. Spinks—"I had such a beautiful dream last night, Miss Brigg! I thought I was in the Garden of Eden"—Miss Briggs (with simplicity)—"And did Eve appear as she is generally represented, Mr. Spinks?" Mr. Spinks—"I—I—I didn't look!"—*London Times.*

A BOASTER in a hotel was telling of the many sections of the country that he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked: "Have you ever been in Algebra?" "Oh, yes," said the boaster, "I passed through there on the top of a stage coach about a year ago."—*Boston Globe.*

ICEMAN—"Well, as to non-conductors of heat, wool cloth is very good, but paper does first-rate."

Consumer—"Paper?"
Iceman—"Yes; wrap the ice up in it."
Consumer—"Well, when you leave your lump, just please wrap it in the bill."—*Philadelphia Call.*

FIRST OLD GENTLEMAN—"Who is that handsome young man standing there?"
Second do.—"That's my daughter's husband; very brilliant young man; he made a fortune through the law."
First o. g.—"Indeed!"
Second o. g.—"Yes, the law made me his father."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A STOCK YARDS small boy thoughtlessly ejaculated while at the breakfast table, this morning: "Oh, dear! how I sweat," quite to the horror of a youthful and very precise aunt, who reproved him for making use of so inelegant and impolite a term. "Oh, yes, I know all about it," he replied in an impatient manner and petulant tone; "horses sweat, mer. and women perspire, but giddy young things like you only glow."—*Chicago Sun.*

EDITH—"You remember I was unable to respond to your request to sing the other night, Mr. Shyffellow, on account of a cold."

Shyffellow—"Yes; I hope the cold is better."

Edith—"It is almost well. I cured it simply by avoiding all draughts for a few days, and if you wish I will sing for you now."

Shyffellow (noticing that the piano stands in a direct draught)—"Shall I close the windows?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

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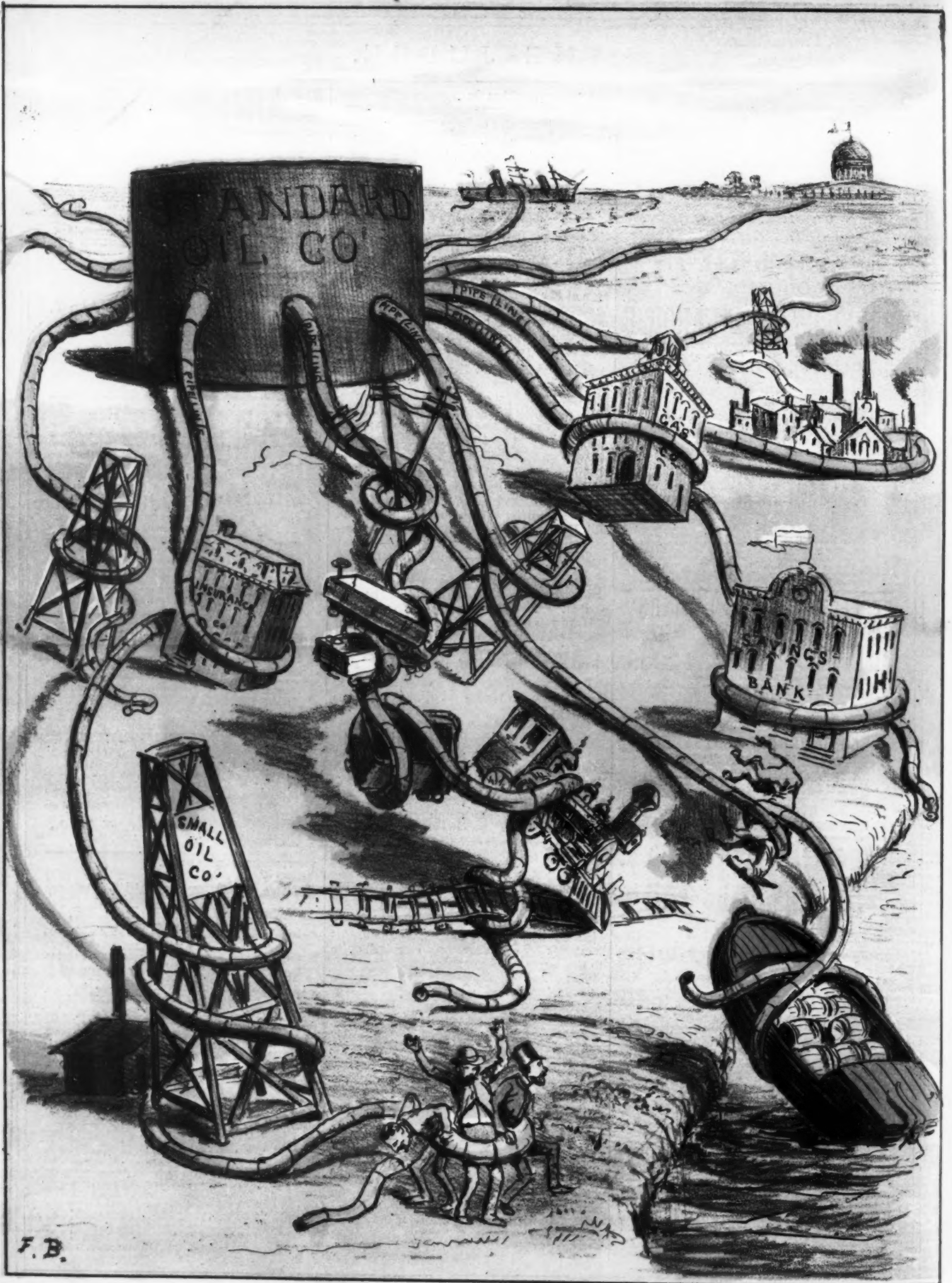
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