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WHY NOT?

Let our note-shaving, city-treasury-despoiling Mayor put his sign on the City Hall and have done with it.

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A PYRAMID OF FRAUD.

A president who holds his office by virtue of a fraudulent majority in the South cannot afford to be very nice about purity of the ballot, and Mr. Cleveland is fearlessly consistent in that matter. In support of ballot-box stuffers he is a true Democrat, whatever he may lack in other respects.

When he made Higgins appointment clerk of the Treasury, and officially approved his record in Maryland as a forger of poll-lists and election returns and an expert corrupter of elections, then Mr. Cleveland inaugurated his administration in entire harmony with Democratic principles.

In the appointment of a large number of conspicuous bulldozers of Southern voters he recognized the distinctively Democratic policy to which he owed his seat in the White House.

When he pardoned out of jail in Cincinnati Mick Mullen, languishing there because he actively executed Democratic principles and locked up hundreds of Republican voters until the polls had closed last fall, Mr. Cleveland at once recognized Mullen's service in his own behalf and proclaimed anew the good old Democratic doctrine of rule by violence where fraud will not suffice. Mullen's activity for the protection of Democratic ballot-rapers during the late Ohio election attested at once his gratitude to Cleveland and his Democratic soundness.

After all of Mr. Cleveland's fidelity to good Democratic suffrage-corrupters, he is

accused by members of his own party of being untrue to Democracy. 'Tis painful and discouraging, this ingratitude, while the President is staggering under the load of his party's shame.

OUR "REFORM" MAYOR.

The connection of the Mayor of New York and the financial officers of the city that were appointed or controlled by him with the gang of financial footpads headed by Ferdinand Ward, casts an electric light on Democratic professions of reform. The record, as divulged by sworn witnesses before courts and the Senate investigating committee and by Ferdinand Ward himself, relates to Mayor Grace's connection with the Marine Bank, James D. Fish and Grant & Ward; and to his putting money into the speculations and drawing out profits of over a hundred per cent. per month.

The City Comptroller appears as the agent of Fish and Ward, both of whom are his bondsmen; the City-Chamberlain, the Mayor's special agent and pet, poses as the pal of the ring in transferring the city's funds from the treasury to Ward and the Marine Bank. In four months over eight millions of city bonds were turned over to Ward to shave and the bulk of the proceeds were turned over to Jas. D. Fish (now of Auburn prison).

Our too thrifty Mayor seems to have lined his own purse from the syndicate profits, and through his official, financial departments beaten the city out of about a million dollars; and at the same time cut off the evidences to his own complicity. This is Gracefully done, indeed.

This is the Democratic reform Mayor! It is into the hands of such that unlimited power is asked to be placed to reform the abuses of municipal government.

If this is Democratic reform, what in the Devil's name would Democratic greed and dishonesty be?

THE WHITE HOUSE GHOST.

It is Hamlet Cleveland, not the Ghost of Democracy, that is the "perturbed spirit" of this administration.

The apparition of Spoils risen from the rotten past of American politics stands to beckon Hamlet to his doom. If he follow, he is ruined.

If he refuse, his way is hedged about with pitfalls, strife and enmity, and the end of his attempt to lead his party to reform is doubtful and dark.

Well may he curse the fortune that compelled him to try to lead to reform a vast, compact organization of all that is corrupt, disloyal, undemocratic, ignorant, selfish and degrading in his own following.

To *THE Sun and World*: Mr. Davenport is feeling quite well, thanks, and hopes this will find you enjoying the same blessing.

RULINGS.

SIXTEEN AMERICAN colleges are looking for presidents. There is one college that never fails to find easily a president to its liking—the electoral college.

THE LATENESS OF the nominations put the slander resources of the organs to a severe test. A short campaign is, like *Silas Wegg's* reading poetry, "wearing on the intellect."

A CORRESPONDENT desires to know the best way of preserving chestnuts. Wrap 'em up in comic papers. They'll keep unimpaired until Democracy truly adopts civil service reform.

MORE AGONY FOR the Democracy! The department heads have to prepare their annual reports and can't give all their time to substituting active Democrats for offensive partisans in office.

ONLY ABOUT eleven per cent. of the population of this country is foreign born, but by voting frequently enough they rule the 89 per cent. of natives. What the American needs is to acquire a European conscience in politics.

SECRETARY BAYARD'S grown so deaf that his assistant secretary has lost his voice by straining to make him hear. The whole country has failed to make Mr. Bayard hear its opinion of the mess he is making of amateur diplomacy. He's very, very deaf.

PROF. KOROSI ANNOUNCES that rich people live longer than poor people. It's just a part of their mean disposition to hang to their money as long as they can. Notwithstanding their short lives the poor do not seem to be the less numerous class.

LAMONT, the professional gambler from Monte Carlo, who is now in this country, had better drop his scheme of forming a syndicate to beat all the roulette banks. The exchanges offer game as worthy of his skill and—in some parts of this city—they are regarded as more respectable.

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY-OF-THE-TREASURY Coon's head is in the basket. His retention has been the stock evidence of the sincerity of civil service reform professions in the Treasury. But it seems that the administration was really playing 'possum while playing Coon on the Mugwumps for a virtue.

VISITING CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MEN in Canada are going into speculations with local capitalists. We shall probably be able to "point with pride" at the superiority of the Yankee over the Kanuck, before long. But, whither will the representatives of American financial genius fly from Canada?

MAKING FUN OF THE RED FLAG.

The German Policeman Does Not Think Communism a Very Serious Thing.

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

"Officer," said Reilly, the blacksmith, leaning on his sledge, which in turn rested on his anvil; "you do be always afther having a quieting effict upon me whin I am dishturbed wid bad news. Shure, as I have tould ye before, y'are the shmartest mon I know, aven if ye are a Dootehman."

"Last dime vot you dolt me dot, you vonted me your voy to get from der station house owd. Vot do you vont now, frent Reilly? Owd mit 'em und I done it righd away."

"You are onkind, sorr. I want nothing, sorr, but information. Fwhat do ye think av the threat av the com-mew-nists to arm thimselves and kick up the devil's own riot in May, sorr! Did ye rade in the papers about the bloody revolution that's coming, for eight hours a day?"

"I got me nodings but goot humor und amoosement from such a humbuck dings.

money for fife year und burchased a second-hand fiddle. He vent mit dot back py der Forest und sgraped und sgraped away. Der voodchoppers und charcoal burners grawled on dem bellies effery nighd his hut arount to hear vot he blayed, und der more dem heard der more dem got gonvinced vot he a grade gomboser vos. As dot vos his oritchinal imbression he vos easily convinced. At lasd, der whole bobulation py der voods vent to der neared city to broclaim to der vorld der grade gomboser. Effery man und vooman py der voods pelieved in dot. Der King heard vot vos coming und gafe up a pig room uf der balace und inwided all der people uf der whole city, dot vonderful moosic to hear, but so soon vot der vood-chopper began on his fiddle to sgrape, der Queen fainted, der King sgreamed ploody murder, und vhole von half der bobulation vos laughing to sblit demsellufs der read vos glimbing owd uf der hall. Dot vos no moosic ad all—only a horrible noise. Der voodchopper vent perfectly condented to der Forest back. 'I am a dremendous gomboser,' he sayt; 'but der people haf no ears for moosic.'

"Mr. Reilly, it is der same mit our es-



Uf a communist or a hundert or dousand gommunists shall fire himself some guns off, der fighting vill peen gwickly ofer. Und vhy vill dot pe, mine frent? Vos it pegause ve got der finest bolice forces or uf militia such a growd? No, sir; it vill peen pegause der vorkingmen are not communnists, pegause dem haf no neet for violence und pegause dem do not gomblain uf some real griefances alretty.

"Such a foolish dalk of rioding reminds me uf a gupple goot sdories. Vonce on a dime py Chermany, vos a shtupid ignorant feller vich in der Black Forest lived, surrounded only mit der society uf bears und foxes und a few charcoal burners und dem vifes und children. A grade comboser uf music, like Mozart, draveled through dot voods mit horses und serfants und silks und velvets like a brince, alretty. Dot oxcited der admiration of dot ignorant veller und breyed upon his mind. 'If dot vos how a gomboser of moosic got himselluf along py der vorld,' sayt he mit himselluf; 'I, too, vill a grade gomboser peen.' So he safed

deemed friends, der gommunists. Sidding togedder trinking peer, effery nighd, year in und year owd, dem hear der same dalk undil dem dink it is der voices uf der beople vot sounds py their ears. But if dem effer shall dry to blay dot moosic for der beople uf der city or der nation, ve shall our ears cork up und dell 'em righd away to quit, alretty.

"In Chermany, vonce, a grade pig giant uf a feller got mat mit a leedle man und vos going to lick der sduffings owd from him. 'I vill bunch your eyes through py der backside uf your head,' der pig veller sayt. 'Vell, maype dot's so,' der leedle chap sayt; 'but I choost vont you to dake opservations uf dis,' he added; 'dot vwhile you are bunching me a grade deal, I shall be bunching you a leedle.'

"Now, Reilly, you got to dake dot sdory upsit down, so: Uf der gommunists effer shall dry to fight der resd der folks, vwhile dem are bunching us a leedle ve shall peen bunching dem a grade deal. Yah, dot's so, alretty."

OFF THE BENCH.

"NORTHERN CAPITAL IN THE SOUTH"—Washington, D. C.

NEARLY EVERY mother is at times a striker on the home base.

ARCTIC EXPLORING projects are in order with the other frauds at the polls.

NEVER "GO LONG" on corn at this time of the year. It doesn't come up in the fall.

IT WAS SAID of the eloquent prosecuting attorney that people hang upon his words.

"THERE'S STILL cause for thankfulness," as the lodger said when the cornet-player turned in.

SOME POETICAL aspirants are like roller-skaters in that they have more go than skill, and they frequently lose their feet.

WE DO NOT see how a girl, however energetic and industrious, could qualify herself to play the part of *Hebe* in "Pinafore."

NOVICE: It is difficult to say how long it takes to play a game of poker. The fellow who is raised out usually thinks it is poker tempo, as the Spaniards say.

BASE-BALL PROFESSIONALS are seriously advised to spend the off season in Canada studying small-pox. It is evidently the champion catcher.

THERE ARE FIVE (5,000,000) MILLION people in this country already in training to succeed the late Josh Billings—in orthography, not in wit.

COUNTRY PAPERS are now discussing "the situation in the Balkans" with a breadth and freedom of treatment worthy of a colored circus-poster.

GERTRUDE: You need not be alarmed about the new type-setting machine abolishing compositors. Your printer-beau is in no danger. No one can invent a machine that will do the setting-up matter for you.

IN CHURCH AND OUT.

In.

O, Lord, we pray thee end the drought,
That's parching all the grain,
And, of the goodness of thy heart,
Pour down a copious rain.

Out.

O, my; look here, it's raining hard!
I'll spoil my nice new feather!
I can't see what's the sense of this
Real nasty, dirty weather!

Moral.

It's a wise woman knows her own mind.

G. C. DOUGLAS.

How Snediker was Hurt.

A YACHTING STORY.

Starboard says it was Snediker's own fault that he had his head cut open by the boom and was knocked overboard and caught the pneumonia, but it wasn't; any fellow might have had hard luck under the circumstances.

You see Snediker went to all the yacht races this year, and became in a wonderfully short time, a proficient excursion-steamboat yachtsman. It was true that he had not had much practical experience, but had he not talked, cheek by jowle, with a hundred men who knew more about yacht racing than all the New York Yacht Club put together, and had he not criticized the management of the "Puritan" and "Genesta" as loudly and boldly as any of them? It was all easy enough to a bright fellow.

So Starboard thought Snediker would be a good man to invite down in the country to sail a race on the "Whirlwind." This just suited Snediker. If there was one feature of yachting that Snediker loved more than any other it was racing. To dash through the waves with every rag on her and your cabin-top aswash! He would show those fellows some "Puritan dodges!"

The unpleasantness began the morning of the race with a quarrel about pulling up the anchor. Snediker refused to do it after he had got some mud on his white flannel trowsers, so Starboard did it himself, and let Snediker take the tiller.

"Anchor's broke!" yelled Starboard.
"Duce it has; make them take it back."
"Go back there to your tiller and let her come up!"

"Let who come up? You don't mean to say you have some ladies down in the cabin on race day!"

"Down with your tiller or you will upset her, you lubber!"

"It won't go down—it only works sideways!"

Starboard ran aft, pushed Saediker backward, and he fell down the companion way.

So the day did not commence altogether pleasantly; but after they were nicely started, Snediker began to enjoy the sport again.

"Now, Snediker, trim down the main sheet."

Snediker thought this was a queer thing to do, but he went to work with his jack-knife without asking any questions.

"What are you cutting that rope for, you barn-yard idiot? Pull on the main sheet!"

Snediker had some ideas about the main sheet, but there were a good many ropes to choose from. He took hold of one at random and commenced to jerk, but Starboard caught him by the leg and threw him down in the cockpit. Snediker was a good hearted fellow, though, and did not say anything.

"Now, Snediker, we shall have to commence tacking."

"You are not going to work on that cabin carpet, now?"

"We've got to beat, you cabbage grower!"

"You bet we have, old man. We'll beat them, if we have to carry the stick out of her!"

Starboard kicked viciously at him, but Snediker dodged it, and landed in the lunch basket without hurting himself.

"Hard-a-lee!"

"No—hardly, that time," suggested Snediker, cunningly, from a safe distance.

"Now, light up your jib sheets, quick, Snediker!"

Snediker produced a match and the kerosene oil-can, stoically, and inquired about the bedding, but he saw that something was wrong and retreated to the cabin.

Starboard had not a single pleasant word for him, but let him stay there until they came to the turning buoy.

"Now, come up here, you clod-hopping farmer. All the boats are in a bunch here, and we have got to gybe!"

"Oh, we have, hey? That's the proper thing to do, is it? All right, old man, that just hits me. Come on, you rotten canal boats! Brace up, old moss bunker! Hire a tug, you East River oil-lighter! Two to one, the dock beats you, you Hoboken coal-scow!"

Starboard did not say anything. He was a mean sort of a fellow. He just let the boom come over with full force, and it hit Snediker on the head, as he stood on the windward rail, yelling, and knocked him overboard.

Of course, it hurt him, any fellow would have been sick.

C. R. H.



A LITTLE MISTAKE.

The Professor's keen, admiring glance
Fell on the pupil's face—
The rosy cheeks, the bright, black eyes,
The form of matchless grace,

Reclining with coquettish ease
Against the wooden bench—
"Allow me, Miss, to ask your name."
She murmured, "*Hel-en French.*"

The Professor started with a frown;
Could he have heard aright?
Could a depraved and hardened soul
Shine through those eyes so bright?

And could he, should he, ought he to
Allow her to be free
And joke with him—a learned Prof.,
An A. M., Ph. D.?

The little maid turned white and red
And trembled 'neath his frown;
Upon the pretty, dimpled cheek
The tears went trickling down.

"Was this the way they treated girls
At this old, hateful college—
Co-eds who came five hundred miles
To get a little knowledge?"

Anatomically speaking,
The Professor had a heart,
And it thumped against his waist-coat
When he saw the tear-drops start;

So, taking out his handkerchief
And mopping off his head,
And wiping off his spectac'es
In soothing tones he said:

"I would suggest, Miss, when you joke
You choose some other game;
Now, please, at once to tell me what,
In English, is your name."

H. A. B.

REMARKS BY LILIAN.

Two weeks ago we produced quite a successful little play in the back parlor, and ever since we have been simply insane on the subject. I say "successful;" it was for everybody but me, and I would have been as shining a light as any of them, if they had given me anything of a part.

As it was, I had only one chance to distinguish myself, and that Miss Van Dyke ruined.

She was to sink languidly in an arm-chair in the centre of the stage and I was to lean gracefully over the back. I had practiced that for weeks so as to show off my train, and even Jack admitted that I "had it down fine;" so you can imagine how provoked I was when she forgot all about the arm-chair and sat down on a sofa close to the wall, and I had to climb over an ottoman and squeeze in back of her; of course, my train was utterly lost, and I was so confused I forgot my lines and had to be prompted; but no one ever does think of me!

It was just like Regina to book that idiot of a Lambson to play with me. I told her he didn't know enough to go in when it rained, but nothing would do, he must take the part. There is balm in Gilead, however, and it was some consolation to me that he came near ruining the whole thing. We were standing by a table in one of the society scenes, supposed to be "talking in dumb-show" the book said; Jack and Regina were doing the tragic down by the foot-lights, Lambson was staring vaguely at space and I was just going to make conversation when that officious Jack had to put in his oar and say in a very audible aside: "Don't stand there like two bumps on a log; talk! be natural!" I am sure I can't be natural to order, and as for that imbecile of a Lambson he

was so frightened that he gasped out: "L—lovely day, isn't it?" and the audience was convulsed.

As I said before, ever since our dramatic venture we have all been daft on the subject, and go round the house spouting and striking attitudes every chance we get.

Jack and I are wildly enthusiastic and never lose an opportunity to rehearse; the other afternoon I was practising fainting in the dining room when I heard Jack open the front door and walk in the parlor. It was a chance not to be neglected, so I only waited long enough to grab the red tablecloth and drape it round me, snatched up the carving knife and rushed after him.

I swept into that parlor like a small tornado, it was as dark as Erebus (Mamma will keep it so to save the furniture) and all I could see was his outline, but I dashed up to him and cried with all the dramatic fire I could command: "Relentless tyrant, I defy you!" I flattered myself that I had made a hit, for he started and dropped the book he was holding. Anxious to follow up my advantage, I flourished my carving-knife and cried in my fiercest tones: "Stand off, if you value your life!"

To my utter astonishment, he turned and fled, and it was not till the front door banged to after him that I realized that it was not Jack at all! Oh miserable me! Picture my horror when I found my only brother in the hall, rolling on the floor and fairly shrieking! In answer to my agonized inquiries, he gasped: "Oh, Lil, you yank the bun! You've just assaulted our new minister!"

This is a brother's sympathy.



SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME.

She sits in the twilight as closes the day,
He lies in the hammock and squeezes her hand;
Naught is heard but a cricket that's chirping away
And the plaint of a whip-poor-will far down the strand.

"They say you're a poet and clever at times,"
She coyly remarked, as she looked up at he;
"I'll set you a task to weave me a rhyme,
And I of your fancy the subject must be.

"So weave me a verse of my bright golden hair,
And tune me a lay for my bonny blue eyes;
Say my lips are as ruddy and cheeks just as fair
As the pink blush of eve on clear summer skies."

A silence then followed, the cricket dropped dead,
And the whip-poor-will, he took a climb.
But he "squose" her hand tighter and languidly
said:

"Don't bother, I haven't got time."

Still smoothing her hands as the minutes passed by,
He has told of his love, his devotion, his trust,
He knows she is willing, he can tell by her sigh,
As humbly he kneels on his "knowls" in the dust.

Would she love him? he plead, and be his own
bride,
As he gazed on those dear eyes sublime,
But with a soft sigh she coyly replied,
"I'm engaged, sir, and haven't got time."

C. F. M.

From the Reminiscences of a Singer.

A famous singer is preparing for publication in *Harper's Magazine* a series of articles relating to her professional career. No confidence is violated in making public the following extracts from the manuscript:

"At Boston we had a delightful time. I sent Nicky out to buy some peanuts and a gingercake horse. He stayed so long that I sent a policeman after him who found him in an alley sound asleep. That night Nicky woke up with a loud scream and insisted that he was tortured with a tape-worm in his stomach. He said that the animal's head was almost in his throat. I seized the tongs, forced them down his throat, grasped something tough and began to pull. As soon as it came in sight I found that it was macaroni. I continued to pull the stuff out until I had gotten up an unbroken section of macaroni forty-three yards long. No wonder the poor fellow fell asleep in the alley.

"I received letters regularly from the Marquis, my French husband; and Nicky heard regularly from his wife and children in Italy. At one time we had planned a grand consolidation scheme. It was to buy a big house, send for the Marquis and for Nicky's other wife and her litter of children and all live under the same roof in a state of promiscuous and heterogeneous conglomeration. I first suggested it to Nicky, and he endorsed the scheme with rapturous enthusiasm. Various things have caused us to continually postpone the execution of this

brilliant and masterly idea; but it is not wholly abandoned.

"Nicky used to have an ambition to drop the role of tenor and become a basso. In order to change his voice he used to diet himself on bull-frogs, hoping thereby to acquire the vocal peculiarities of those animals. Sometimes he would wake up in the night and imitate the wood-notes of an angry bull with such vehemence that it would scare the people on the street. In this way he hoped to develop a splendid bass voice. It is proper to state, however, that he never progressed beyond the raw material of a good voice. I have found that, as a singer, Nicky is chiefly servicable in selling "books of the opera" and in sweeping bran off the stage after a clog dance." M.

Dairy Proceeds.

"That was a good thing old Simmons got off on his nephew, Cholley," said one of the boys at the club.

"What? When?" said the choral circle.
"Why, when Cholley was up at his uncle's place, last month, he tried to milk, and the old man said Cholley came out badly bulldozed."

"O, come off! a cow couldn't bull doze. You've miss-cued some way. What's the point, anyway?"

"Oh, no—yes! W-what he said was—ha, ha! that the boy came out of the stable thoroughly cowed."

"That'll do better. Guess that is good for one all around from you; and another from Cholley."

BILL DUNNING.

Bill Dunning was a likely lad,
He dwelt in Dunningville,
Where anyone who debtors had
Was sure to send them Bill.

Bill scarce was due but he had done
His miserable dunning.
Present your bill, for you may dun
Me, for my vulgar punning.

X. A. BURR.

Underscored Humanity.

"How emphatic the population is on the East side."

"'Emphatic!' Who ever heard of an 'emphatic population?' What do you mean?"

"Why, these Italic organ-grinders and Dutchmen in small caps, don't you see?"

"Capital!" replied his friend, enthusiastically.

Amenities of the Press.

Western journalism catches on readily to the sweet flowers of courtesy that grow on the dividing walls of eastern journalism. The "esteemed contemporary" racket is not to be monopolized by the *Times* and *Tribune*, the *Sun* and *World*. Here is the latest blossom from the Gory Gulch *Galoot*:

"Our esteemed contemporary that claims to be edited by that mangy coyote, Wilkins, who continues to annoy the public with his weekly spawn, returns to its old lies about our eastern connections," etc.

Prompt Piety.

"How do you like apple-pie, Mr. Cross?" asked the land-lady.

"Why, cut in large pieces and served with cheese," replied the level-headed boarder.

:o:—

Hard-Ware.

"Your coat looks rather dilapidated, my dear," observed Mrs. Smithers.

"Yes, my love," replied her liege; "seen too much hard wear."

"Well, but you had it new only two months ago."

"Caught on a nail, you know."

:o:—

An Eggs-act Statement.

"So you keep hens," said Mr. Hitchcock, who is an enthusiastic amateur poulterer, and rides his hobby on all occasions. "Do you get many eggs?"

"No," replied his victim, "not many."

"About how many a day, now?"

"Oh, two or three."

"Pshaw! why, I used to get two dozen a day right along when I kept Plymouth Rocks; and now I've crossed 'em with Brown Leg-horns, I average nearer three dozen. Pshaw! only two or three a day, how many hens do you keep?"

"Oh, two or three."

"Oh Wad Some Power."

Mrs. McHenry and her blooming daughter Amelia Dumont McHenry (it is the style now, you know, to call yourself by your full name) who live in Elizabeth, came in to the city the other day to do their fall shopping. The day was rather warm and Mrs. McHenry, who is, as the novels say, "a little inclined to embonpoint," was considerably heated and out of breath when she finally got seated in the car. Throwing back her mantle and fanning herself vigorously, she began looking about the car to see if she could recognize any acquaintances among the crowd of people going up to the city. Not seeing any old friends she settled herself back in her seat, when her attention was called to a lady who sat facing her at the end of the car. "Where have I seen that woman?" thought Mrs. McHenry. "I've certainly met her somewhere or other—her face is very familiar. It's so provoking not to be able to think. I suppose I ought to bow to her, anyway."

Mrs. McHenry bowed to the lady and the lady bowed to Mrs. McHenry simultaneously, as if both had been struck with a sense of what belonged to polite society at the same moment. Mrs. McHenry turned and addressed her daughter, who was already deep in one of "The Duchess" novels.

"Amelia, do you see the lady at the other end of the car who sits facing us? She seems to be talking to some one now. I've been trying, ever since I caught sight of her face, to think who she is or where I've seen her. I'm sure she doesn't belong to the *elite* of Elizabeth, or I should be able to remember her. Perhaps I met her at the Robinsons' party the other night. They invite everybody, you know, whether they have any stand-

ing, or not. Yes, that must be where I met her. She would be quite a nice looking woman, I think, really handsome, if she didn't try to make herself look young by dressing her hair in that youthful style. There are not many faces that can stand that arrangement of the hair over the forehead. When I selected this last front at Shaw's, you know, the hair-dresser said, 'Yes! Madam must take this style by all means. Madam has a complexion like a young girl, and a face that will never grow old.' So I bought it, and I flatter myself it is very becoming. Mrs. Valentine says the beautiful way in which I arrange my front hair lately makes me look ten years younger. I wonder who that woman *can* be! And, dear me, what an unbecoming bonnet she has on. I should think any woman with such an enormous round face would know what suited her style better than to go and rig herself out in a little, pert, turned-up bonnet like that. It might look coquettish and pretty on some young girl, but on her it is absolutely ridiculous. When I decided on my last bonnet, you know, Amelia, Madame Dupont clasped her hands together and said, 'Oh, my dear Madame, how I wish all my customers were like you. I see you have made dress a study. You have the true artistic taste. You know just what bonnet is becoming to your face—neither too large nor too small, but *so* elegant.' Isn't it strange, Amelia, that now-a-days, when there are so many different styles that every lady can dress herself really artistically if she only has a little taste and judgment—Amelia Dumont McHenry! what *are* you laughing at?"

"Why, ma, I was laughing because you've been looking in the mirror all this time and criticizing yourself."

H. A. B.



BOY—"I ain't been stealin', sir."

IRATE FARMER—"Aint, eh? I'd like to know what you call stealin', then. After I been and fenced up my orchard and spiked the fence and bought a dog and laid man traps and spring guns, and put up signs and warnin's, and then you come in in spite of it all and lug off my fruit; what do you call that, eh?"

BOY—"Enterprise, sir."

A SEASIDE REMINISCENCE.

THOS. W. TRESIDDER.

The pale moon still her pathway wending,
Sheds on the scene her mellow glow;
The stars from their distant depths descending
Quiver still on the tide below.
But never with such a glorious beaming,
Never with such a charm to me,
As on that eve of joyous dreaming—
That summer night beside the sea.

We met upon the wide verandah,
I caught the sparkle of her eye;
And saw her witching little hand, a
Gesture give as I sauntered by;
I knew her not, but in a vision
A face like that had come to me!
Quick turned I—soon in bliss Elysian
I walked with her beside the sea.

The warm wind wandered from the ocean,
And murmured by with cadence low;
While with their never-ceasing motion
The billows lapped the sands below.
Can I forget that scene of glory,
The moon-lit waves' sweet melody,
The west wind whispering its story,—
That summer night beside the sea!

Her silvery laugh rang o'er the water.
Her voice seemed like a rippling rill;
She told me she was Hervey's daughter,
The Millionaire of Murray Hill!
What matter tho' the hour was fleeting,
The world seemed Paradise to me,
My soul was light, my heart quick-beating—
That summer night beside the sea!

How brightly were her blue eyes glowing,
And what a rose upon her cheek!
And how her long fair hair was flowing,
Unravell'd by the zephyr's freak!
We lingered till the dog-star darted
Far down behind the distant lea;
Then, with last loving words, we parted,
That summer night beside the sea!

* * * * *

The autumn winds thro' the trees are sighing,
The leaves are falling upon the hill;
The hours are flying, the days are dying,
But memory brings that vision still!
Oh, how my bosom since has sorrowed—
'Fore me her face seems e'er to be,
With that hundred-dollar watch she borrowed
That summer night beside the sea!

OFF THE BENCH.

"WHAT'S AT STAKE?" cried a campaign paper. Ans.: 1. The cook; 2. Her "cousin"; 3. The family; 4. The tramp; 5. The dog; 6. The Italian in the ash-barrel.

THE NEW ORLEANS *Picayune* claims that "all the bad shows stop here" [there]. We fear some of them warm up and start again, elsewhere. The Pelican City "claims too much of the country's gratitude."

IF IT IS TRUE, as claimed, that there are no classes in heaven, what will the Methodist class-leaders do up there? If children believed the statement they'd sing, "I want to be angel," and mean it, for once.

STATISTICS REPORT insanity to be frightfully on the increase. The remarkable spread of patent illustrations in newspapers is quite a striking fact, too. But, we do not say the two have any connection, mind.

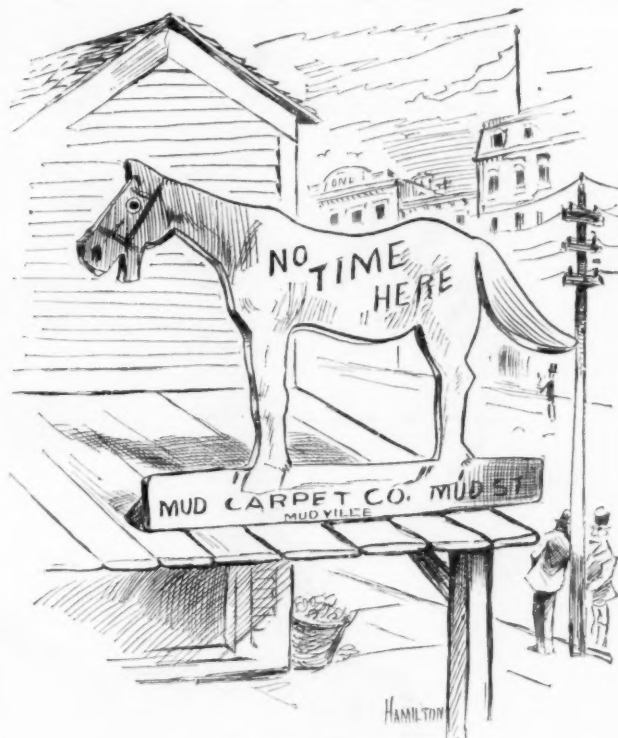
PROF. MARIA MITCHELL, of Vassar, was presented, on her 67th birth-day, with a jelly-cake of 67 layers. Characteristic of Vassar! If it had been a preacher, now, he should have had a chicken-pie with 67 layers in it.

THAT VETERAN managing editor, Amos Cummings, of the *Sun* wonders "that no woman has yet appeared as the editor of a daily paper." Mr. C's experience with married men must be unique, if he does not know that many women are managing editors, already.

THE PRICE of Ole Bull's favorite violins has gone down to \$180. They are likely to become a drug in the market, especially if they are to be played on.

WE INFER FROM the dramatic columns of the *Tribune* that the second advent has taken place and caught the Millerites short on ascension robes at last. They didn't expect the advent of the Virgin Mary, and to appear on the boards at the Star Theatre, at that.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS, descendants of the mutineers of the ship "Bounty," are content with everything in their isolated life except that the women are short of corsets. It would be easy to settle this discontent. Tell the women that in Paris corsets are universally short.



A HORSE-CHESTNUT.

The Meeting at Kremser.

The recent meeting between the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria at Kremser was a highly interesting affair. The precautions adopted against the attacks of nihilists and socialists were very perfect and highly scientific. The meeting took place in a small enclosure surrounded with Krupp guns pointing outward, while swarms of infantry and cavalry guarded the approaches, and heavy reinforcements hung in the distance. The Czar wore a pair of bullet-proof drawers made of spring beef-steak and lined with copies of the *London Punch*. His undershirt was made of the skin of a rhinoceros, covered on the outside with leaves torn from Walt Whitman's poems, and lined with the skins of boarding-house chickens. He wore a helmet made of hard tack.

Francis Joseph adopted a different line of defense. In order to frighten away nihilists and dynamiters, he rubbed soap all over himself, wrapped a towel around his neck and wore a small tub for a hat. It is said that a toilet of this description will scare a dynamiter to death.

As an additional precaution the Czar took with him a tamed mastiff and a pet bear, and a couple of educated bulls.

The emperors had a hilarious time of it. Only one bomb was thrown at them which did no harm except to kill a squad of bodyguards and several private secretaries.

J. A. M.



A PYRAMID OF FRAUD.

THE JUDGE.





A character so grand in its simplicity as Salvini's *Othello* has not been seen upon the American stage since the days of Edwin Forrest. Indeed, it is reverence to Forrest to say that he was a lesser Salvini—not lesser proportionate with his capacity—but with capabilities a trifle below those of his eminent successor. Salvini is so far above any of his contemporary actors, that it is only just to say that he is to-day without a peer—not only upon the English or the Italian stage, but upon the dramatic stage.

Salvini has caught that sublimity of *Othello's* character which makes it one of Shakespeare's greatest creations.

His Moor is not of a predominant physical nature, swayed through the senses only; a creature that jealousy transforms into a brute which we abhor and condemn. He, rather, lends the great phases of his own nature to the character of *Othello*, and makes him the embodiment of physical perfection, noble gentleness and candid sensibilities; a character to be admired, trusted, feared and pitied. The devastation that fiendish jealousy works upon this noble, impassioned nature is appalling alike in its ferocity and its pity. A moral lesson might be deduced therefrom.

Salvini's performance is of such excellent entirety that it is more appropriate to give it a synthetical review than an analytical one. He is dramatically picturesque in all situations. His movements, whether rapid and strong or slow and majestic, are all rhythmically magnetic. His voice, which speaks to us in a tongue intelligible to but few, is by turns strangely persuasive, pathetic, controlling; but always it is laden with the melody which characterizes his nationality. He expresses the thought by inflections, the feeling by pitch and modulation.

Perhaps the most honest tribute that an actor can, under any circumstances, receive is the sympathy and attention of his audience. Especially does this denote the actor's triumph when he speaks to them in a foreign language. Upon his first entrance Salvini seems to draw the tide of sympathy to him and it never recedes until the play is finished; then the audience come back to their lesser woes and heartaches, forgotten in their absorption in the acted epitome of all passions. The whole range of feeling is traversed in this tragedy, and Salvini so accurately marks each transition that we may follow his feeling by his pantomimic expression alone.

It may be deemed that Salvini's frenzy is too intense when he is convinced of *Desdemona's* perfidy; that it overleaps human passion and becomes enraged brute instinct. Certain it is that his expression here is

beyond the average experience or comprehension. Consider the contrast between him in this scene, when his features are passion-distorted, his rage volcanic; with his soul-exalted aspect when he meets *Desdemona* in Cyprus, after parting with her in Venice. The enthralment of his nature to his love, its expansion in that love, were portrayed in his every look and movement. This scene illustrates his finesse of acting that tenderest sentiment that can control strong manhood. Lip, face, hand, chest, attitude, each spoke the same language. These contrasting scenes reveal the greatness of his strength and the power of his tenderness.

One of the surprises in dramatic events this season is the success which Miss Effie Ellsler has made in the every-day, melo-

dramatic play "Woman against Woman." Miss Ellsler's charming, unaffected style has won her many admirers. A short time ago she drew "society" to the Bowery; this week she is attracting them to the other border of theatrical New York—to Mr. Josh Hart's Theatre Comique in 125th street. We hope she will be seen in the center of our dramatic arena next.

"In Spite of All," which has had a prosperous run for two months at the Lyceum, goes to Philadelphia next week, and Mr. John Rickaby's star of last season, Miss Helene D'Auvray, appears as leading lady in a play written for her by Mr. Bronson Howard.



The applause which greets Miss Anderson as *Galatea* has the ring of honest appreciation; it is not so much a demonstration of admiration for her personally (like that in *Rosalind*) as it is pronounced approval of what she does. Here praise is merited even when the critic's duty of dissociating the work from the actor and judging it by its artistic worth is conscientiously done. The actress for once is more than the woman. We are able to forget Miss Anderson's personality in her creation, *Galatea*—albeit the two are conspicuously alike. *Galatea* is a happy medium for presenting her inherent advantages. The grace of line, the suggested shapeliness of form have a fascination that the picturesque *Ganymede* did not possess. The slow movements of the but-recently-animated marble give a subdued gen-

tleness to Miss Anderson's natural dignified mien. Her magnificent voice is required only to suggest the chilling love of a statue, which it is capable of doing without any assistance from the face. It is evident that Miss Anderson has played this part so often, living it while she played it, that its general action has become automatic with her and it is difficult for her to throw off its statuesqueness and coldness.

Wisely or unwisely, Miss Anderson has given us the key to the limitations of her power, in one evening. When we contrast her effective portrayal of the simple characteristics of artless wonder that the marble woman felt who "breathed but yesterday" with her inadequacy to feel and act the complex requirements of *Clarice* in "Comedy and Tragedy," we discover how far short she comes of greatness, and why.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The political canvass just closed furnished violations of public weal so which your Jury's inquest should be directed. Many and very serious abuses grow out of over-heated partisanship, and as all the oracles of party opinion constantly strive to aggravate such excesses, in their lust for triumph, there is no tribunal that can pass upon these abuses save Your Grand Jury of Public Opinion.

This Court does not now refer to attempted frauds and acted trespasses upon the integrity of the ballot. There are statute laws to reach these, and before they proceed to a dangerous pitch the better sense, and indeed the self-interest, of partisans will move them to aid the enforcement of safeguards of the ballot-box.

Debasement of the voters, themselves, by falsehood is the greater crime and peril into which your inquest is required.

The intelligent will of the people is more liable to be misled by falsehood, than to be thwarted by fraud. To inform yourselves on the amount and wilfulness of false-witness in the campaign, it will be necessary only for Your Jury to collect files of Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and other organs and sift out the palpable and known falsehood contained therein regarding the respective candidates and their campaign managers. Since the occasion for misrepresentation has gone by, Your Jury can summon to the bar of Public Opinion the editors and reporters of all and several the partisan journals and compel them to check off in their own columns the statements, half-statements, insinuations, queries, and concealments, which they respectively published for the express purpose of misleading voters. This will give you at once a key to the motives of election slanderers and liars an indication as to the right spot at which to direct the punishment of the vice, and a test of the proportion of truth to falsehood served up to voters.

You will doubtless find in these evidences sufficient to show that the source of intelligent suffrage is in danger of being poisoned and the true basis of Republican institutions is liable to be undermined. For, as a prejudiced man is more difficult to influence than an ignorant one, false teaching of the citizen is a greater evil than false counting of ballots. The law can suppress frauds and intimidation, but what power can open the eyes of the citizen who votes wrong because he honestly believes a lie.

Your Jury's task will be the more difficult because the citizen has become accustomed

to think all campaign literature false except that which encourages his prejudice. If he seek truth he knows not where to find it. The quality of arguments to be found in professedly independent and reform journals will illustrate to Your Jury the difficulties of the citizen in seeking truth about politics and the seriousness of the evils you have to treat.

You may be able to convince editors and publishers that they undermine their own influence by false representations; that the public is bound to know the facts in time and detect their false guides. That, in fact, lies and election vehemence count for nothing except as against their authors. But the answer to your finding to this effect will be that the universality of the custom makes its observance compulsory on both sides; they "must fight the devil with fire," and answer liars according to their falsehood.

This, Your Jury will find to be one of the most difficult cases for you to handle, because the perpetrators of their sin confess the same and declare it necessary to continue in it. Public Opinion is the only agency that can check these practices so dangerous to elective honesty and the republic's integrity.

A Full that Beat a Flush.

When Margaret Mather came on the stage the first night at the Union Square, and saw that the house held a full, she showed up a flush. The party that held the full was pat and called her repeatedly, so she showed up. Afterwards they all passed out and Miss Mather played alone; any one that can draw as she can may well do so.

OFF THE BENCH.

FERDINAND WARD keeps threatening that when he tells all "the fur will fly." He means to raise the old hairy. A barbarous suggestion—on our part.

CASES OF PERSONS attacked by cholera in Spain are now reported as scattering. Earlier in the season it was those who were not attacked that were scattering.

WE DO NOT CREDIT the story that since their return to England the "Genesta's" people are inclined to run down the "Puritan." They can't do that cherknaow.

MEN ARE UNREASONABLE. They require intelligence, beauty and modesty in a woman, but did any one ever see a man possessed of intelligence and beauty who was modest about it?

"JOHN PHOENIX" is claimed as the founder of the school of modern humor in American literature. Who is the founder of our school of ancient humor? Who's the original chestnutter?

AND NOW Brown University has started a paper. It does not seem necessary to set up a college journal for the curriculum to revolve on, when every college already has so many gudgeons.



ANGRY OLD GENT—"Now, then, I thought I told you children not to play around this stoop. If you don't clear out this instant I'll have you all arrested. Do you hear me? I'll have you all taken to jail—"

ELDEST NUISANCE—"Oh, you can't skeer us young fellers, our dad's a perliceman, an' we got p'litical infloence, we have."



BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER—"Oh, no! Mr. Jones; not two pieces of pie at three dollars per week, if you please."

Our Little Folk's Post-Office.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JANE.

MY DEAR KIDS:—If you will eliminate from the overwhelming fecundity of your cerebral acumen the memory of the past season's giddy whirl, and listen with all your little minds, your auntie will tell you a thing or two. In the first place you are about to enter upon an era of champagne-oysters—pearl—powder—musical—soiree crush. In other words, you will be surrounded by the dizzy environments of the winter's grand. Are you there Maudie, Lottie, Sadie, Mamie, Chawley, Augustus, Algernon, Wallie? You are? Where'll you be in the spring when the influenza and first rosebud vie in holding down the poet's attention? Maudie will have snared a foreign count; she will also have reaped the reward thereof. Lottie will have blossomed into a full-fledged Juliet—and her dear, dotting papa's weasel-skin will assume the appearance of a singed goose. Sadie will have learned that it's not all gold that radiates when she learns that all Western Adonises don't carry a silver mine in each vest pocket. Mamie—well, she'll get there, because there's more ballast than cotton, more brains than powder to her make-up. Chawley will go to make up the full compliment of the a. c. (absconding cashiers.) Augustus will have found his uppers long before the first robin hops the twig. Algernon will have graduated from the college as a full-fledged bunco-steerer. As for Wallie—well, he'll get there with Mamie, because he had sand and nerve.

Now, my dear kids, doesn't the prospect look mighty feary? Can you afford to take the plunge? While you are thinking it over, let me give you a few samples taken at random from my mail. If any of my little friends don't find their letters among the following, they may write again. Lightning may strike them; and then again it may not. Don't forget to enclose stamps in every case. I love to get your little letters

with stamps. Here is a pretty letter from a rural lassie. Doesn't it breathe the aroma of rural felicity?

Peryunkville, Conn., Oct. 2, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—Mamma says I've been such a good little girl that I may have a beau this winter. Now, I don't know what kind of a beau I ought to have. Can't you please tell me? I'll abide by your decision. Here is my picture. You see my hair is flowing. What is the character of my nose?

Yours,

LOTTIE LONGSHORE.

LOTTIE:—You sweet little wood-nymph. Why do you come to me for advice about beaux. I gave up that sort of thing forty—never mind that, however. Now, I presume you'll not abide by my decision at all. There's a farmer's son near by who is dead gone on your shape. But the sort of chaps you girls prefer is the sappy dry-goods clerk who don't know the difference between the yearling heifer and the gentleman of the dairy. Character of nose decidedly heavenly.

Chicago, Oct. 4, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I'm mashed on two girls. One's poor. The other's rich. The poor one I love madly. The rich one is pa's choice. I can't live without the poor one. Pa says he don't want to live unless I marry the rich one. Pa's credit don't flut as wanst it ust to flut.

GEORGIE G'LONG.

GEORGIE:—Marry the rich girl by all means. Hide the bitter pangs of your grievous disappointment under the pitiless mask of a stern determination to do what's the correct thing according to your set. Pretty soon your wife will get wind of your *penchant* for the poor girl. The divorce court will release her. For a continuation read your city papers. They preach moral leprosy and shoot politics with the same mouth.

Oshkosh, Wis., Oct. 5, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—I've been up in

Manitoba trying to raise public opinion for Riel. I can't do it. What's the next thing?

SENATOR V.

Come down here and try your hand raising a reel for Hill if you want to learn what discouragement to the great unwashed is.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 8, 1885.

DEAR AUNT JANE:—Pa's got a gold mine. I'm loved by a bonanza king's son. Ma's got a Chinese chambermaid. There's a flaw in my appetite. I love onions.

LUCY.

LUCY:—If there's a flaw in your appetite, and onions will appease it—don't. A gold mine, a bonanza gosling, a pigeon-eyed chambermaid. Some folks want the planet-ery bodies.

KEL.

Getting the Returns.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded Mrs. Drake, when Drake stole softly into the house just as the first streaks of light were frescoing the eastern skies.

"Been sitting up at the telegraph office waiting for the election returns," replied Drake, putting his shoes on the table and drawing a pin out of his foot.

"And I've been sitting up here all night in full dress, waiting for your return."

"Well, Davenport's elected, anyhow."

"And what of it?"

"What of it? why, the country's safe. Ain't that enough?"

"If that's the case," returned Mrs. Drake, with the cool air of one who is nailing a point, "I should advise you to go the country the next time you stay out all night, for it won't be safe for you in these parts, let me tell you."

R. MORGAN.

A Fair Divide.

Wife—"If you'd attend to business better, we'd get along. I believe you're lazy, that's what I do."

He—"Well, if I am I was born so, and it's not my fault. At least you must admit that I am unselfish about sharing our joys and labors."

She—"Unselfish?"

He—"Yes. You take such duties as you like to do, and I take the rest."

"Haven't you had rest enough? Hadn't you better take something else now—take a walk?" said she, pointing trenchantly to the door. He perambulated a block.

THE CABLE MOTOR on the Second Avenue Elevated attacks a tension.

CONSIDERABLE IMPORTANCE was attached in the dairy counties to the "butter record" of some of the candidates who had been in the legislature when the oleomargarine acts were up. The cities do not take much interest in this question, beyond applauding the raid on the goats in Shantytown.

AN EXPERT TESTIFIED in the Anderson will case that the difference between a sane and an insane spiritualist is that while both are wrong, the one is and the other is not open to conviction. The cases of all our rich criminals prove this rule; they are always insane and not liable to conviction.

YE MOSSIE CHESTNUTS.

Besyde ye mossie chestnutt tree
Ye jester sports right merrilie.
He smyles when he ye nutt has gott
Wherein ye worm he dieth nott.
Although ye whyskers will abyde,
Eftsoons ye beard he thrusts asyde;
A jest makes he in merric glee,
Besyde ye mossie chestnutt tree.

Besyde ye mossie chestnutt tree,
Where all ye wormie chestnutts be,
Ye jester is a cruell man,
Whereon ye law should set a bann.
Ways like ye chronicle he hast,
Who harps him mostly on ye past.
O mote we from this mann be free,
Ye jester by ye chestnutt tree.

[Tid-Bits.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

A COMMON CHARACTER.

He never did any good work in his life,
He's a man who from danger would shrink,
He's always neglected his children and wife
And squandered his earnings in drink.
Ignorant, selfish, uncultured is he,
Yet people by whom he is known,
Remark with a sigh: "What a man he would be
If he'd only let liquor alone!"

[Boston Courier.]

And now Chicago claims that pork is a
brain food, being a product of thousands of
Western pens.—[Lowell Citizen.]

A fashion editor makes the startling announcement that 'low-neck dresses will be
dropped at the opera this season.'

[Rome (Ga.) Bulletin.]

Mr. Howe, the writer of "A Country
Town," says he never attended school after
he was seven years of age. It is unnecessary
for Mr. Howe to say this. He writes altogether
to well for a college graduate.

[Graphic.]

"Contact with Western civilization,"
says the Boston *Advertiser*, "has had the
effect of giving a new and rapid development
to the social and political life of
Japan." Yes, the Japanese will be shooting
Chinamen before long.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Judge—"Do you understand what you
are to swear to?" Witness—"Yes, sah;
I'm to swar to tell de truf." Judge—
"And what will happen if you do not tell
it?" Witness—"I 'spects our side 'll win
de case, sah."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Judge A. W. Tourgee, having failed to
get a Senatorial nomination, has invented a
buckle. Albion must be strapped.—[Buffalo
News. Very likely Judge Tourgee is
strapped; but it took the whole boundless
Continent to do it.—[Washington Hatchet.]

"I see Moses Wendelbaum has failed."
"Haf he?" "Yes; his liabilities are \$130-
000 and his assets only \$60,000." "Vell,
Moses was farry foolish." "Yes; he should
not have gone so deeply into debt." "Oh,
dot part ish all right, but he was a tam fool
to have so much assets."—[Chicago News.]

Sam Ward was once seated opposite a
well-known Senator at a dinner at Wash-
ington. This Senator was very bald, and the
light shining on the breadth of scalp at-
tracted Ward's attention. "Can you tell
me," he asked his neighbor, "why the
Senator's head is like Alaska?" "I'm sure
I don't know." "Because it's a great white

bear place." The neighbor was immensely
tickled, and he hailed the Senator across the
table: "Say, Senator, Ward has just got
off a very smart thing about you." "What
is it?" "Do you know why your head is
like Alaska?" "No." "Because it's a
great place for white bears."

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

"Ah! Mr. Deidtrich, got a baby at your
house?"

"Yes, Mr. Murphy."

"Girl?"

"No, siree; not this time."

"It's a boy, then?"

"Oh, somebody's been telling you."

[Bloomington Eye.]

A queen bee lays from 2,000 to 3,000 eggs
in ninety four hours. It is not necessary to
ask "How doth the little busy bee?" She
doth well, and should be a shining example
to the lazy hen that can only be induced to
lay one egg in twenty-four hours, and then
only when eggs are cheap.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

"You say that the women of Timbuctoo
have their noses bored and wear jewels in
them?"

"So travellers assert."

"Then a Timbuctoo woman must be like
the Puritan yacht."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because she has her scenter bored."

Boston Courier.

"Mum Socials" are all the rage in the
rural districts of New York State. Lovers
in Somerville have long been acquainted
with the delights of these festive occasions.
In fact, the silence that proceeds constantly
for hours from the front parlor on Sunday
evenings is only equalled by the supreme
skill with which the light is turned down to
the vanishing point without passing it.

[Somerville Journal.]

Theatrical Manager (meeting candid
friend)—"Ah, how do? You haven't been
to see my new play yet. Glad to see you at
any time. I can always find room for you."
"Thanks, very much; but in this hot
weather theatres are not much in my line.
Some cousins of mine, however, are coming
up next week, and if you could spare a box,
I should be obliged. These provincials are
just as much pleased with a bad show as a
good one."—[Paris American Register.]

Blifkins felt facetious the other morning,
so when he met his neighbor Smith on the
street talking with the new minister, he
gave this salutation: "Say, Smith, when
did you get out?" "Get out from where?"
grunted Smith. "The house of correction,
of course; ha! ha! ha!" chirruped Blifkins.
"Well, they let me out just as soon as I
finished whitewashing your cell," growled
Smith, and Blifkins went around the corner.
—[Boston Post.]

A widow, whose age might have been 40,
went into business on Grand River avenue a
few weeks ago and the first move was to get
a sign painted. The services of a sign
painter were secured, and when he finished
his work he put on his "imprint" by plac-
ing his initials "W. A. H." down on the
left hand corner of the sign. When the
widow came to criticise the work, she
queried:

"What does 'W. A. H.' stand for?"

"Why, 'Wanted A Husband,'" replied
the painter.

"Oh, yes—I see," she mused. "It was
very thoughtful in you, and here is a dollar
extra."—[Detroit Free Press.]

THOSE DREADFUL GAMBLERS.

Wife (handing husband morning paper)—
"I see that several gambling dens were raided
upon last evening and a large quantity of
gambling paraphernalia seized."

Husband—"I am glad of it. The police
should wipe out those places at once. These
gamblers are a hard set—ha! I'm in luck.
Those stocks have gone up and I come out
three thousand ahead by yesterday's transac-
tions. Good spec, that. My dear you shall
have that dress."

Joy in the household.

[Boston Courier.]

CONTINGENCIES.

A teacher in a West Virginia freedman's
school was giving out some original ex-
amples to the class in mathematics, and
among them was this:

"If a colored man receives one dollar for
one day's work, how many dollars will he
receive for six days' work?"

One of the boys seemed very stupid over
it, and the teacher finally said:

"Moses, how many are six times one?"

"What, does he work all the week?"
queried the boy.

"Of course."

"Oh! Why, I was figgerin' dat a circus
or a barbecue might come 'long on Satur-
day."—[Indianapolis Herald.]

GETTING MIXED.

"Brudder Slebinson," said Parson
Grubbs, "I doan want yer ter take sackre-
ment in my church no mo'."

"Why so, sah?"

"Wall, de folks doan like yer style."

"I doan un'erstan' yer."

"Wall, I'll tell yer: Tuther day when
yer come ter de 'munion table yer acted like
yer wuz starbed ter def. Yer grabbed de
bread an' when da handed yer de wine yer
drunk it all."

"'Cose I did. De bruder said: 'Drink
ye all o' it', and I tilted her up an' let her
slide."

"Dat wan't no way ter do."

"Wall, den, yer ken count me out. I
doan un'erstan' dese heah folks whut tells
yer ter do er thing an' den makes er mouf
ef yer does it. Yas, jes' mark my name
offen dem books o'yourn. 'Ligun is git-
tin' so mixed up er pusson kain' un'erstan'
it."—[Arkansaw Traveler.]

ECCENTRICITY IN LUNCH.

Over at Kasota Junction the other day I
found a living curiosity. He was a man of
about medium height, perhaps forty-five
years of age, of a quiet disposition, and not
noticeable or peculiar in his manner. He
runs the railroad eating house at that point,
and the one odd characteristic which he has
makes him well known all through three or
four states. I could not illustrate his ec-
centricity any better than by relating a cir-
cumstance that occurred to me at the Jun-
ction last week. I had just eaten breakfast
there and paid for it. I stepped up to the
cigar case and asked this man if he had a
"rattling good cigar." Without knowing
it I struck the very point upon which this
man seems to be a crank, if you will allow
me that expression, though it doesn't fit
very well in this place. He looked at me in

a sad and subdued manner and said: "No, sir; I haven't a rattling good cigar in the house. I have some cigars there that I bought for Havana fillers, but they are mostly filled with pieces of Colorado Muduro overalls. There's a box over yonder that I bought for good, straight ten-cent cigars, but they are only a chaos of hay and flora, fino and dam'fino, all soaked into a Wisconsin wrapper. Over in the other end of the case is a brand of cigars that were to knock the tar out of all other kinds of weeds, according to the urbane rustler who sold them to me, and then drew on me before I could light one of them. Well, instead of being a fine Colorado Claro with a high priced wrapper, they are Mexicano stinkaros in a Mother Hubbard Wrapper. The commercial tourist who sold me those cigars and then drew on me at sight, was a good deal better on the draw than his cigars. If you will notice, you will see that each cigar has a spinal column to it, and this outer debris is wrapped around it. One man bought a cigar out of that box last week. I told him, though, just as I am telling you, that they were no good, and if he bought one he would regret it. But he took one and went out on the veranda to smoke it. Then he stepped on a melon and fell with great weight on his side. When we picked him up he gasped once or twice and expired. We opened his vest hurriedly and found that in falling this Boquet de Gluefactoro cigar, with the spinal column, had been driven through his breast bone and had penetrated his heart. The wrapper of the cigar wasn't so much as cracked."

"But doesn't it impair your trade to run on in this wild, reckless way about your cigars?"

"It may be at first but not after a while. I always tell people what my cigars are made of, and then they can't blame me; so after awhile they get to believe what I say about them. I often wonder that no cigar man ever tried this way before. I do just the same way about my lunch counter. If a man steps up and wants a fresh ham sandwich, I give it to him if I've got it, and if I haven't I tell him so. If you turn my sandwich over you will find the date of its publication on every one. If they are not fresh, and I have no fresh ones, I tell

the customer that they are]not so blamed fresh as the young man with the gauze mustache, but that I can remember very well when they were fresh and if his artificial teeth fit him pretty well he can try one. It's just the same with boiled eggs. I have a rubber dating stamp, and as soon as the eggs are turned over to me by the hen for inspection, I date them. Then they are boiled, and another date in red is stamped on them. If one of my clerks should date an egg ahead, I would fire him, too, quick. On this account, people who know me will skip a meal at Missouri Junction, in order to come here and eat things that are not clouded with mystery. I do not keep any poor stuff when I can help it, but if I do I don't conceal the horrible fact. Of course, a new cook will sometimes smuggle a late date on to a mediaval egg, and sell it, but he has to change his name and flee. I suppose that if every eating house should date everything and be square with the public, it would be an old story and wouldn't pay; but as it is, no one trying to compete with me, I do well out of it, and people come here out of curiosity a good deal. The reason I try to do right and win the public esteem is that the general public never do me any harm, and the majority of people who travel are a kind that I may meet in a future state. I should hate to have a thousand traveling men holding nuggets of rancid ham sandwich under my nose through all eternity and know that I had lied about it. It's an honest fact, if I knew I'd got to stand up and apologize for my hand-made, all-around seamless pies and quarantined cigars, heaven would be no object."

[Bill Nye.

HADN'T ANYTHING.

An awkward, ill-favored boy, while on an Arkansas railway train approached a man and said:

"Mister, won't you please help me along?"

"You are going along fast enough. If you are in a hurry why don't you get out and walk?"

"I mean, won't you give me fifty cents."

"What for?"

"I have fits and—"

"Great Cæsar, do they have to pay a fellow to have fits in this country? Up where I came from people don't have to pay for fits."

"I am not able to work—"

"Well, don't do it. I don't care if you never work any. I am not so very fond of work myself."

"All I want is money enough to pay my fare to Jenkinsville."

"What do you want to go there for?"

"My brother lives there."

"Well, what have you got against him?"

"I want to live with him. Won't you please give me money enough to—"

"Have fits, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you are better off than I am. I haven't even got fits; I haven't anything. Go on off somewhere and amuse yourself."

[Arkansas Traveler.

THE HAME STRING IS BURST.

F. E. Huddle thus announces the suspension of a publication to which he has devoted much physical and intellectual energy:

Fellow-citizens and beloved companions in debt: In the September number of the *Through Mail Magazine*, I promised that the October number would be much improved unless I should burst a hame string. I take my pen in hand to let you know that the hame string is burst—so am I. Three or four of my creditors have had the impudence to insist that I must pay their bills, which amount to about \$1,000, and are unwilling to give me any time to make the money. They were bent on having it last week, and you know how difficult it is for a poor boy with a hole in the seat of his pantaloons and nice children with holes in the seats of their respective pantaloons, to make \$1,000 in four days. I found I couldn't do it, even by working nights, so I was obliged to decline their kind invitation. I candidly told the gentlemen who have the honor to be my creditors, that there is money in the *Through Mail* and that if they would permit it to survive, there would be enough in it for them and me, too. I did not lie to them. There is more in it than all of us will be able to get out. I put \$3,000 in cash, and \$6,000,000 in hard work into it myself, and as they have a thousand in it, and my former partner put in about \$3,800, I can lick the white-livered Annanias that says there was never anything in it.

All my earnings for ten years go down in the general wreck, and there is no submarine diver skillful enough to raise them from the vasty deep. This is the place where my readers should shed a few tears of sympathy and adopt resolutions of condolence. There

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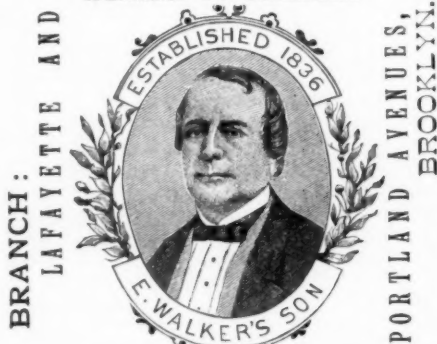
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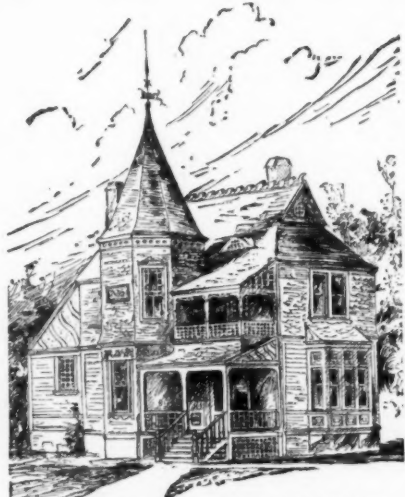
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is nothing that does a sensitive man more good when he finds all the proceeds of years of hard labor swept away, than to receive expressions of condolence. When his babes romp barefoot before him, their toes rosy with the nipping frost, and his wife in the faded calico dress which she has been wearing four years until business would brighten up and enable her to go to bed early in the evening instead of remaining up until midnight to wash his only shirt, comes to him with a sad smile and inquiries whether they will have roast turkey and cranberry sauce or plain mush for dinner, nothing can be more soothing than to range them all around the family altar and read a lot of resolutions of condolence to them. It also a great satisfaction to the editor to know that he published a magnificent paper, and letters from parties whose names were never on his subscription books, assuring him of that fact, cannot fail to make him feel opulent and happy. Unlike Mr. Wakeman, of the *Current*, I shall neither cry, suicide or go mad. I purpose getting a new mainspring in my backbone and having myself nickel-plated afresh, and will go right on writing humorous matter that will serve as a universal emetic. I owe the world a deep, bloody and terrible revenge, and that is the way I shall get it. I am open to an engagement for a religious column in any first-class humorous or sporting newspaper that can put up hard cash every Saturday evening, and I can furnish as good recommendations as any man in America. I wrote them myself, and if these are not enough, I can write some more on short notice.

Finally, all parties having bills against the *Through Mail Magazine* will please present them to the sheriff, whom we have secured at great expense to act as funeral director. He is very obliging and will take great pleasure in showing them just how much they will be unable to get by the time the costs are paid. He is as cheerful and attentive in his capacity of business manager as the most fastidious creditor could desire, and scarcely a day passes but what he officially notifies me that arrangements for receiving me at court have been perfected. The editorial club moulders in the hell-box, and the fighting editor can be found peacefully nursing his twin off-spring, while his wife goes to the theatre with her rich uncle. I hope that no one will have the unkindness to intimate that I have grown rich by this failure. Such a declaration would be likely to startle my neighbors, who support me, and give them the hysterics. "Truth crushed to earth—" But no matter—I can bear it.

HOW THEY DRESS.

Mr. Keenwit was the husband of a very fashionable and dressy wife, and on one occasion he was talking with an acquaintance at a swell reception, about the womens' clothes.

"Plenty of elegant looking women here to-night," ventured the stranger.
"Yes," said Mr. K. blandly.
"Married?" queried the stranger.
"Yes; my wife's here to-night."
"I'm married, too, but my wife seldom goes out. She doesn't care much for dress. Does yours?"
"Well," said Mr. K. with some hesitation. "I don't really know whether she cares much for dress, but I'm pretty sure she doesn't care for much dress. There she comes now."

Mrs. K. swept by, and the stranger changed the conversation.

[Merchant Traveler.]

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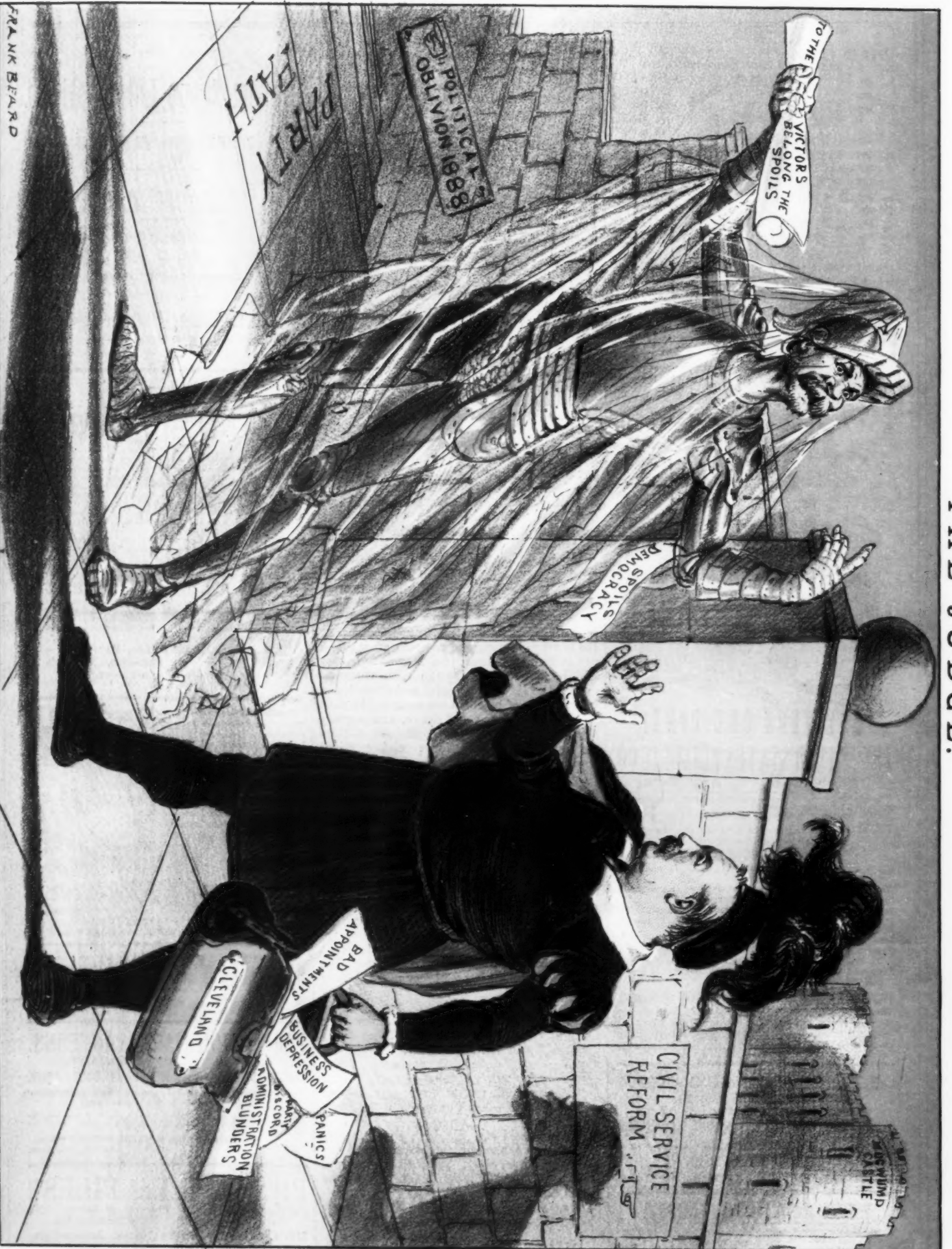
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HAKLET—"The time is out of joint; O, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right."

From "Hamlet," Act I, Scene 5.