

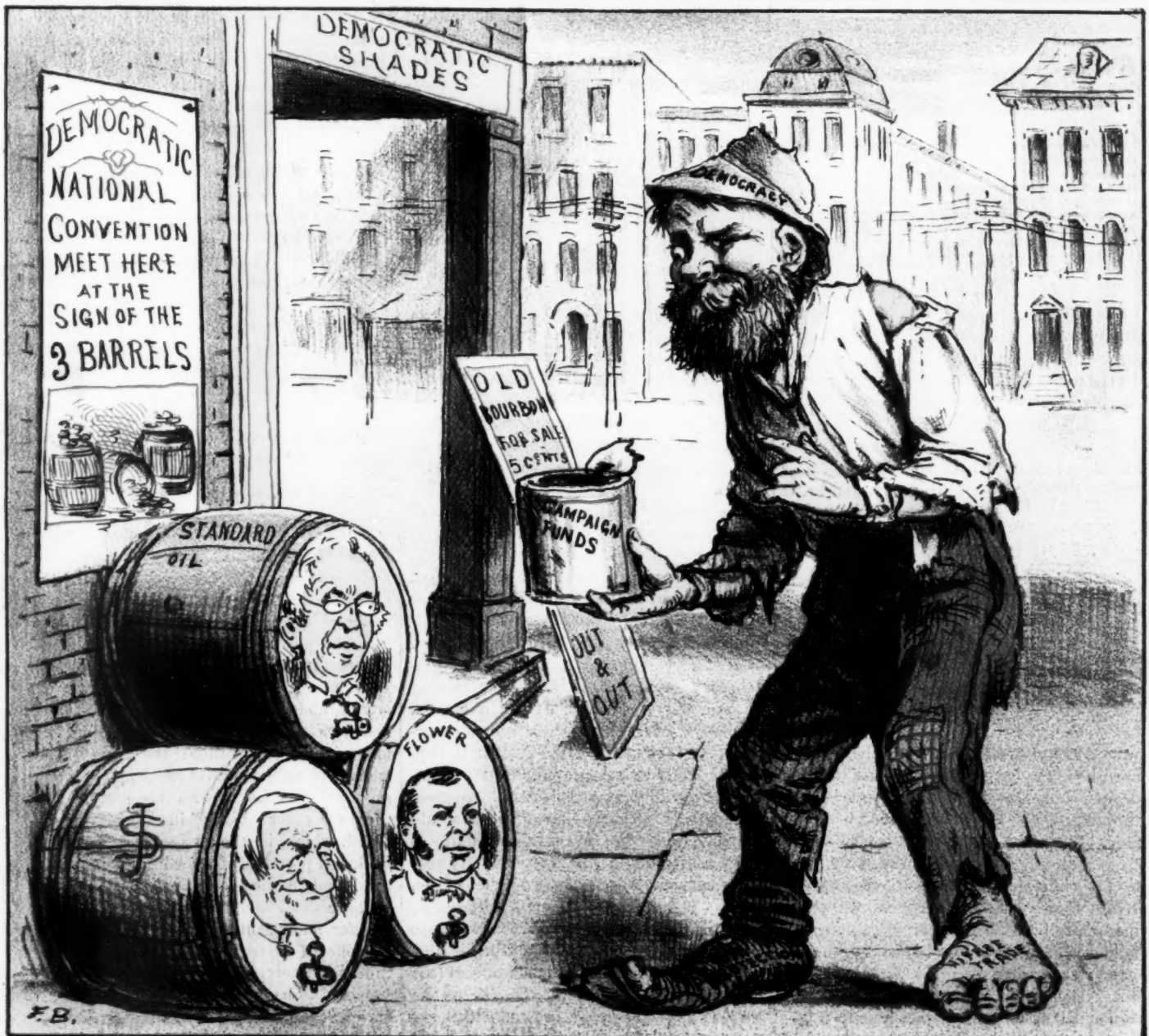


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SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

MR. TILDEN is to-day the pride and hope of the Democratic party. In his name they recognize the strongest they can hope to put before the people, and their hopes of carrying the country at the approaching election are bound up to a large extent in Samuel J. Tilden. Governor Cleveland is spoken of here and there, but he is not mentioned in the same breath with Tilden. In the latter centre all the hopes of his party, and he, if anyone, may be looked to to unite the divergent wings of the Democracy and weld its vote into one solid and homogeneous whole.

The reasons for Mr. Tilden's popularity are not far to seek. He is identified with his bar'l—that mysterious and potent factor in politics, and is glorified by it. Wealth is always powerful, and often respectable, and Mr. Tilden has wealth—how much, probably no one knows but himself and his private secretary, but he certainly has an amount which, magnified by rumor, has endeared him to every Democratic heart throughout the length and breadth of the land. Then the results of the election in '76 redounded, in all probability, even more to his credit than a term of office at the White House would have done. We know that a term of office in that most desirable residence does not always redound to the incumbent's credit; we make no reflections. Mr. Tilden might have emerged from office as popular with his party as he is to-day—more popular he could scarcely be.

But the result of the election in '76 left a rankling sense of injustice in the popular Democratic breast which has been carefully fomented by the Democratic press ever since, and Mr. Tilden is the living embodiment of that feeling—the martyr to that injustice, as it were. Hence his popularity, great before, was tenfold increased by his defeat, and there is scarcely a Democrat who would not drop the tangled issues of Protection or Free Trade to come solidly to the front for him. He is, ideally, the strongest man in the party to-day.

And really? Ah, that is another question. His name is as strong as ever, but his frame is not. While his popularity has been expanded, his physical forces have been expended. He is an old man and a feeble one. It is very doubtful if he could be induced to accept the nomination if it were tendered to him. It is more than questionable if his health would bear the fatigue and nervous strain of a contest. Mr. Tilden may remain to the Democrats ideally the man of men for the Presidency; really, they will probably have to pitch upon another man to carry their standard into the thick of the battle next fall.

CITY SWELLS AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

THE season of the year is now upon us when the city, literally and figuratively, stinks in men's nostrils, and all who can leave it are eager to do so. The sun pours down rays of intense and living fire and heats the pavements to furnace heat, and they refuse to cool again. The diminution in the household gas bill is more than counterbalanced by the increase in the ice bill. Overworked business men begin, like Falstaff, to "babble of green fields;" excursion boats are crowded, and summer board is at a premium.

And now city folk begin to remember their country cousins, and contemplate a visit to Uncle Abijah or Cousin Lucinda. Truth to tell, these visits are not always unmerited, for uncles and cousins from the country are very apt to avail themselves of city folks' hospitality during the New York season. *Vide* the communication of a valued contributor which will be found in another column, and which THE JUDGE is assured *sub rosa* is the history of an actual occurrence, set forth and related just as it happened. But, without impugning the hospitality of our country cousins to quite so great an extent as our artist has done, we would insinuate that they do not show quite so much reciprocity in the matter as city people expect, and it is very hard to blame them for it. The average denizen of the town is, to the average tiller of the soil, a very strange and knotty problem. He (the tiller) is likewise disposed to make a bonanza of him (the denizen) as far as possible. To the bucolic intellect city folks are all rich and shiftless—a proper prey for the unsophisticated but

shrewd rustic. The city man dresses better than his country cousin: ergo, he must be richer. He does not dig in the fields or otherwise labor with his hands: ergo, he must be idle. So the farmer takes advantage of the fact that some parts of the country are cooler than some parts of the city, and advertises summer board.

It is his harvest time, and he knows it. Is he then to be blamed if, at such a time, he should resent the visit of his New York relative who brings a large and interesting family to live on him at free quarters; to eat food and occupy space which some one else might be induced to pay for? Not he. He regards his city relative at such a time as he would the army worm, or the potato bug, or the grasshopper—a plague sent to harrass him and to diminish the natural crop he has a right to expect from his land. That is how he looks at it, and he treats the affliction accordingly, as an evil to be grappled with. If he can make it so unpleasant for the potato bugs that they can be induced to give his fields a wide berth he will do so, and he deals with his non-paying city relatives on precisely the same principle. It is human nature, and let human nature be blamed and not the farmer.

THE JUDGE'S advice to city folks—and it is an advice based on a long life of experience and observation, is not to visit your country relatives at all. Keep away from them. You will be much happier and more comfortable with strangers. If you can afford it, go out of town and pay your board—not to your relatives, *bien entendu*, for they will take your money as if you were a stranger, and treat you as one of the family in the matter of stale eggs, skimmed milk, and hot sleeping accommodations. No, go away and board with strangers upon business principles, "and let the foolish yeoman go."

THE BEST TAP.

No people appreciate the value of "the sinews of war" better than politicians, and no politicians have a keener scent in this direction than Democrats. It was Tilden's memorable "bar'l" which first hoisted him into the position of prominence which he occupies in the Democratic ranks to-day, and though other sentiments have sprung up around him, like ivy clinging to old ruins, and have wreathed him with verdure no longer his own, without the "bar'l" no amount of sentimentality could make Tilden as popular as he is with his party. But there are other "bar'ls" in the field—bar'ls of oil, which, in their way, are as good as gold, and possessed of more lubricating qualities, and a very potent and well-filled "Flower-bar'l" which has a strong fascination for many a hungry Democrat. Figure to yourself poor Democracy, hungry and thirsty as the typical politician must ever be supposed to be, hesitating before these three barrels, and asking himself anxiously—"Which is the best tap?"



BUTLER's chances are growing very lean. Both parties want measures, not Ben—and not dry measures either.

“CONGRESSMAN KELLY is in capital health.” Can a resident of Washington be in any other kind of health?

A HENPECKED German, a late importation, on observing so many headstones in one of our cemeteries bearing the inscription “She is not dead, but sleepeth,” clapped his hands with sudden delight, exclaiming, “Mein Gott! dish bees und goott gundhry for de mens; I vill go ride pack ho-um now und pring mien tam ole vooman he-ur doo go ashlee-up py herselif somedime, und den, pooty quivick, I vill py mienselif und headsho-un, und make hur von vidower right away.”

If it is a sin to attend dances, how are we to be justified in going to a church *bawl*? asks a subscriber. We shall enchoir.

PARLOR etiquette is exercised to such extremes, now-a-days, that a fellow can't sneeze in a Sunday night in presence of his girl without an immediate written apology to her parents, in shape of an offering to settle the mason's bill for readjusting the roof and foundation of their house.

“THE Viceroy of Canton has confessed his fault and begs to be punished.” The bold, bad barbarian! If he were holding an office in ———, say on one of the higher planes of civilization, he would humbly ask what you're going to do about it, and beg to be promoted.

THE OLD TICKET—a ticket of leave, left.

Vanderbilt.

“The only object of my visit is pleasure and rest. The specific object of my visit, to attend the Derby. In fact, you may state that to attend this great race was the sole object of my visit to England at this time. It has been my custom now for several years to take a run over to witness this race.”—English interview with Mr. Vanderbilt.

He is far from the land where the stocks are low,
And from brokers, both “office” and “curby,”
But little he careth where values may go,
He is over to see the Derby.

He sings that dear song he has made renowned,
“The public be d—,” and thinketh
Full little he cares, while his millions are sound,
How the honor of Wall street stinketh.

He has lived for his wealth—it is worth it, no doubt—

It was all that to life entwined him;
And his greatest grief when he steppeth out
Will be leaving his wealth behind him.

He can buy him a grave where the green trees wave,

And the spring grass is fresh and herby;
And meanwhile we hope that his nibs will have
A good time at the English Derby.

The Reverse of the Medal.

THE time for the comic papers to print funny pictures of city people swooping down like poisoned hawks upon their country relatives draws near.

Along with fire crackers, the Fourth of July and the toy-pistol, come stories of how the inhabitants of brown stone fronts lap up all the milk and cream on brother Sniggin's farm, and how the big Saratoga trunks and their fashionable mistresses take possession of the best rooms the farm house affords, and crowd the hard working husband and wife as well as their interesting olive branches from their comfortable beds.

You see my dear JUDGE I am pretty well posted on the subject; and now I want to call your attention to the other side of the question and show you how we poor fashionable creatures are frequently imposed upon by our rural relatives.

Just one year ago the 1st of last May, my dear husband Christophorus Champignon and myself moved into our new apartment, which is in one of the swellest buildings in town.

It is situated on one of the up-town streets (delicacy forbids me to mention which one), and our furniture and appointments are all elegant.

Scarcely had we made ourselves comfortable in our new quarters when, without note or warning of any kind, there arrived one day from the country four of my dear husband's country cousins.

I had never set eyes on them before and couldn't remember that I had ever heard Christophorus mention their names.

However, they introduced themselves and proceeded to make themselves at home with a vengeance.

There were two awkward grown up girls and their father and mother, and when the females calmly took off their bonnets and outside garments and asked to be shown their rooms, it began to dawn upon me that they had come to make a visit.

Fortunately our flat was a large one and contained two extra bed rooms. So, stifling my emotion to the best of my ability, I made them as comfortable as possible, sent a telegram down town to Christophorus, tell-



PARTY FROM THE COUNTRY—"New, I say, lady, I'm just goin' back to Bungtown and I'd like to take some papers, but none on that list suit. I'd like to read a little news from Jupiter, or Saturn, or Mars, or some of them foreign parts."

ing him that the Dutch had taken Holland, and to come home as soon as possible.

My dispatch had the desired effect, for he came flying up town to see what was the matter, and I then learned that the chief of our distinguished visitors was my husband's mother's cousin, that he owned a farm in Massachusetts, and that although his name was Ephraim Huggins he was always called Deacon for short. His wife was Aunt Maria to everybody, and the girls were respectively Martha and Ann Eliza.

Christophorus gave them a hearty welcome, and exerted himself to be agreeable.

When I say that we treated them well and treated them often, I put it very mild, for they staid with us just ten days and ten nights, and if there was any sight or show they didn't take in, I should like to know what it was.

We toted them all to the theatre four times, took them driving to the Park twice. Went over Brooklyn Bridge with them, and Heaven knows what else we did for them.

I loaned the girls my bonnets and mantles for their's looked shabby and outlandish. I trimmed some summer hats for them to take home with them, and in return they spilt shoe blacking over my crazy quilt, and the

Deacon took a nap one day on my antique lace and satin bed-spread.

But this was nothing to what he did the second day after his arrival. Without so much as saying, by your leave, he inserted an advertisement in a morning paper, stating that a few boarders could be accommodated at a farm house in Massachusetts, and that the proprietor could be seen at such a number such a street, giving, if you will believe me, our own private address.

People kept coming all the next day, till the janitor and the elevator boy got furious. The pretty little parlor was monopolized by the entire Huggins family, who interviewed all comers, agents, applicants for board, and for all I know, sneak thieves and pick-pockets, within its precious walls.

I never suffered as I did that day, I can assure you, but I consoled myself with the thought that "twelve o'clock must come," and it finally did.

Christophorus was so annoyed that I didn't complain much, but I can tell you I breathed more than one sigh of relief, when I saw the last of the Hugginses' receding figures.

Whether their visit was too much for my constitution or not I don't know, but for several weeks after I was not well, and the

doctor finally said I ought to have a change of air, and recommended me to go for a while to some quiet place in the country.

"The very thing," said Christophorus, "you can go right away up to the Deacon's and I'll come up Saturday and stay over Sunday, and see how you are getting on. I'm sure they'll make you comfortable."

He telegraphed them to meet me at the station, and the next day but one I started.

I had a long, dusty journey on the cars, but the Deacon was on hand when the train arrived, and I found that I was expected to ride four miles to the farm in a milk wagon.

This was pleasant to begin with. Four miles in an old lumber wagon without springs to the music of a lot of rattling, empty milk cans!

I may as well state here, that they sold their milk, and every day it was carried to the station and shipped for New York, and they were careful not to use any more of the lacteal fluid at the house than was absolutely necessary. As for cream, I didn't see a drop while I was there, and I strongly suspect the little milk I drank was watered.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when we finally drove up to the door. At nine I was handed a smoky kerosene lamp and shown to my room.

This was a hot, stuffy little hole over the kitchen, and I afterward learned it was called the kitchen chamber.

The bedstead was an old-fashioned four poster, with cords drawn across it in lieu of springs, and on this there was a straw mattress and on top of that feathers.

Sleep I could not, and when I thought of the nice apartments and beds the family occupied while visiting me, my blood boiled in my veins.

At some fiendish hour between darkness and daylight, preparations for the morning meal commenced. Of course I could hear all that was said, and some remarks were made that were not very complimentary to myself. At six I was called to breakfast. I arose, performed a pantomime wash in a very small basin and with very little water, and descended to the dining room.

Breakfast consisted of salt pork, potatoes fried in grease, some vile stuff they called coffee, and some apple pie.

I asked if I might have an egg and a glass of milk, which was finally procured for me in a most ungracious manner by Ann Eliza while Martha glared indignantly at me.

I discovered after breakfast that there were several comfortable rooms in the house, but these had been prepared for summer boarders, who were expected to arrive in about a week, and they didn't want "the beds mussed up."

I thought of my crazy quilt and lace spread that they had ruined, and made my way out to the barn where I found the Deacon.

I asked him if he could take me back to the village in time to catch the morning train.

He made a few feeble objections to my sudden departure, and finally said that they were haying and the horses were so busy, he guessed I'd have to wait 'till night and go over with the milk.

This, of course, I was obliged to do.

I lived through the day somehow, the women made themselves as disagreeable as possible, and I not only rode to the station in the milk wagon but I was actually obliged to take the milk train to the city.

I reached home in an exhausted condition about seven o'clock A. M., to the no small astonishment of my liege lord.

After I'd fallen on his neck and wept about

ten dollars worth I felt better. That night he sent the Deacon a letter.

What was in it I never exactly knew, but I don't believe the Huggins family will visit us again very soon, and I'm quite certain that I shall never again be sent to visit a country relative.

And now, my dear JUDGE, that I have told you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I trust you will see the subject in a different light from that in which it is usually presented, and believe with me that there is a reverse to the medal.

CHARLOTTA CHAMPIGNON.

Bacchus or Cythere?

O, SHALL I drink or will I kiss?
 With joy exult or drown in bliss?
 O, shall I kiss or will I drink?
 With doubt perplexed, I cannot think
 Whether I'll to Bacchus bow me down,
 And every woe in wine to drown,
 Or homage pay, as is my duty,
 To fair Cythere's rustic beauty.
 Here Cythere winks; there Bacchus nods—
 The mute obeisance of the gods—
 O god of wine! spiritual king!
 Will I thy praise or Cythere's sing?
 Ambrosial goddess! sylvan queen!
 Shall I to thee now chant a pæan?
 Or at Anacreon's mystic spring
 "Laudamus" to the wine-god sing?
 Or chant "Laetare" in that Aidenn,
 Where amber wine-drops, heavy laden,
 Shade from the scorching sun a maiden,
 Sweetly smiling, calmly sleeping,
 Her throbbing bosom ever keeping
 Time with the rustle of the leaves,
 Time while elf and fairy weaves
 Wreathes of Jacque-roses o'er her head,
 And immortelle garlands 'round her bed.
 O, shall I at Anacreon's spring
 With bumper full to Bacchus sing?
 Or will I fair Cythere kiss,
 And revel in enchanted bliss?

A Forty-second Street Sensation.

OVER in West Forty-second street, not very far from Eighth avenue, there stands on the north side of the street a large and gloomy looking building. It is a Methodist Home for indigent old women—irreverent neighbors call it "The Indignant Old Women's Home," but no one has ever seen any sign of indignation among its venerable inhabitants. It is a quiet, unobtrusive sort of a place, big as it is, and its only contributions towards the enlightenment of its block are its funerals of which, in good seasons, it supplies three each month. Otherwise it attracts little attention—or did until quite recently.

However, about the middle of May an old man might have been seen—might have been! He was; and was much remarked and wondered at—well, at any rate, he was seen every evening from six o'clock until long after sunset, seated on the curb opposite the old ladies' domicile, and gazing fixedly at the gloomy building over the way. Many were the surmises indulged in by the neighbors regarding the purpose of his persistent espionage. Some scented a romance, and thought the old man had an old love buried in the Old Woman's Home. *Per contra*, it was well known in the vicinity that no old women were ever buried there; the numerous funerals have established the fact that the remains were always carried out of the front door and driven away, on the demise of an inmate. Others were of the opinion that somebody



NEW YORK TOUGHS PREPARING FOR THE PICNIC SEASON.

in the background wanted a divorce, and that the old man was a detective employed to collect evidence against one of the old ladies, but the uniformly circumspect conduct of the inmates of the Home prevented this injurious suspicion obtaining much currency. On the whole, and in the opinion of the shrewdest inhabitants of the block, the old gentleman was merely an old masher, and spent his evenings trying to get up a flirtation with some of the old ladies. The inhabitants of West Forty-second street, who know how it is themselves, were eventually quite satisfied with this very plausible explanation.

At length the old gentleman changed his tactics. He procured a cornet and used to roam up and down the street playing the wierdest and woefullest airs; the very cats shrank appalled from his melody. It was by this time hot weather, and the West Forty-second street—iters were accustomed to enjoy their post prandial ease at open windows and on front stoops. The effect may be imagined. From languid interest, the feeling towards the old gentleman changed to rabid antipathy; hollow curses were wafted in his direction; prayers for his speedy and violent removal went up to the brazen vault of the summer heaven. West Forty-Second street was in a ferment.

But the old gentleman reaped a good harvest. It was speedily found that he was not insensible to the influences of a bribe; ten cents would induce him to move along a door or two; a quarter would take him out of earshot. Business increased apace, and at the end of a week the mysterious stranger was a plutocrat.

And now his plan began to unfold itself; now the hoary reprobate showed himself in his true detestable colors. He gave a strawberry and ice cream festival to the old ladies at the Home. Every penny of his ill-gotten gains was lavished on this nefarious project. The festival was given. Ice cream flowed in rivers and strawberries vanished by the

bushel basket full. The doctor, who was responsible for the health of the old ladies, cursed the officious musician; his work was trebled, his emoluments—being fixed—were not increased.

Have you guessed who the mysterious old man was. He was the agent, on commission, of a neighboring undertaker.

A Modern Instance.

(As Moore would have sung, had he only known how.)

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
 As she stepped from the jeweler's down-town store,
 Rare and rich were the gems, but she
 Outshone by a large majority.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray
 In such a very promiscuous way?
 Are Gotham's sons so daft or so cold
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Young feller! I feel not the least alarm.
 No son of Gotham will offer me harm;
 For, though greed of the shekels they do not lack,
 Any fool can decipher what's on my back."

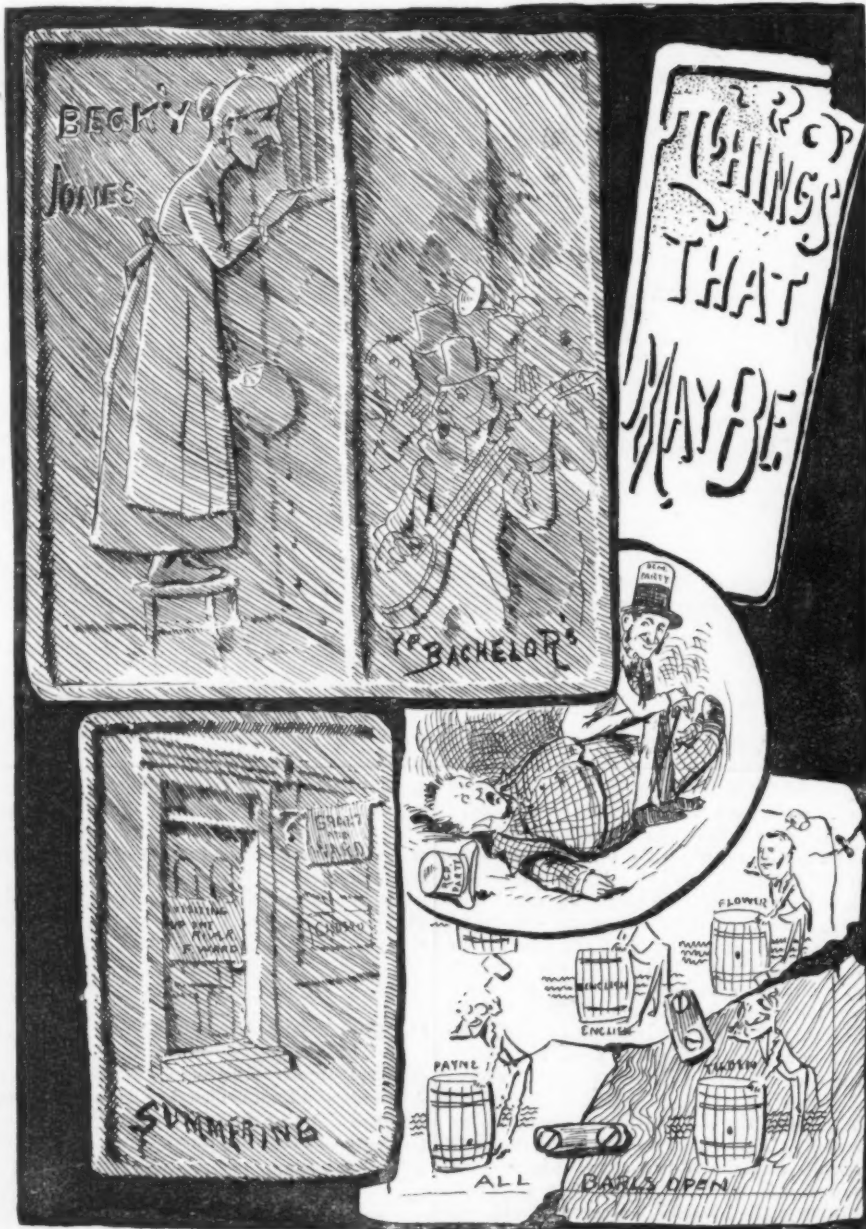
On she strolled, and a smile uncouth
 Wrinkled the phiz of the country youth—
 For the placard read, in phrases flowery:
 Go to Sheeney's, the Dollar Store of the Bowery.

W. R.

"DARLING, I've come home to dye," said a pale haired husband, who had alarmed his wife by an early return home at two o'clock the other morning.

AFTER all, the telephone is a great invention, because it has indubitably located the subterranean location of Ingersoll's elysian. "Hello"(w).

How to advertise news cheaply: Tell it the corner-grocery woman, and it will be expeditiously *scent* around town in packages of mackerel, or red herring.



Tales of My Grandmother.

—
TALE NO. I.

My grandmother has just died, and been buried, in fact very much buried, very much indeed.

She was a most remarkable old lady. Every one liked her, every one admired her, every one respected her; but she had her little peculiarities, but no one minded them, for she was wealthy, amiable and generous to a fault. I was her only grandchild, so on me devolves the responsibility of recording her various virtues, and handing down her biography, so far as I know it, to her great posterity—should she ever have any, and should it ever become great. I always admired Sir Walter Scott, and in my childhood received many a “spanking” over his “Tales of a Grandfather,” hence the idea occurred to me, that my little sketch, if entitled “Tales of My Grandmother,” might be equally interesting and instructive.

I was five years old when I first went to

live with grandma. She always seemed to me to enjoy a great deal of very bad health. So much so, that I always hoped that the great Dr. Dulcimer, who came to see her every day, might not ever remove her malady whatever it was, and he never did. I loved my grandma very dearly. I used often to be carried to her room, that she might weep over me and bid me farewell before she died. Every morning I was brought in as soon as she was dressed, and she would inspect me all over, from my buckled shoes to my curly hair, and then say to Miss Humble, her companion, “How painful.” I afterwards learned this remark referred to my likeness to my father. We lived in a very handsome mansion in Fifth Avenue, and each day that the state of her health and the state of the weather permitted she took carriage exercise, generally in the Park.

I well remember one day on her return from the Park, she missed her foot, stepping out of the carriage. She fell to the ground, and was apparently quite unable to

move. She caused herself to be carried to her room, and sent at once for Dr. Dulcimer. He was much shocked at the prostrate condition in which he found her, and, with a view to ascertaining the extent of her injuries, enquired upon which side she had fallen. My grandmother could not at the moment remember, but on applying to the footman Dr. Dulcimer learned that it was on the muddy side, and he then pronounced there was no harm done beyond the shock to the system, which a few days rest and care would put right. How relieved we all were, and how we blessed and praised the skill and perspicuity of the devoted Dulcimer!

My grandmother was a little woman (five foot nothing), with dignified, gentle, and peculiarly attractive manners. She was slight, too; mere feather weight. She had a great dread of exposing herself to any cold, so much so, that, though she attended church and drove out regularly during winter, she was always enveloped, head, face, body and all, in a huge blanket shawl, and carried in and unrolled by a tall, muscular footman she kept for the purpose. She had many other equally prudent precautions. For example, when the weather was cold, her maid always crept under her bed clothes in order to dress her, and when any exercise was deemed essential, my grandmother would don her beaver bonnet, and warm shawl, her thick veil and respirator, and, arming herself with a huge umbrella to keep off the draughts, would solemnly promenade through the bed rooms on the second floor, in which she had previously caused fires to be lighted.

What an old lady she was! I feel sure I shall never find her equal again. And what a bad boy I was! How often troublesome, how often idle, how deceitful, and yet how she trusted me. “Charles, dear, how did you get that dreadful black eye?”

“Why granny, my bed is so low I can’t manage anyhow. I trod on my eye getting up this morning, and it is darned sore.”

“Oh! Charles dear, what shocking words, and how careless you are. Miss Humble, dear, will you put another mattress on Charles’ eye, and tell Martin to put some raw beef in his bed. No, my dear, that’s not it, but you know what I mean.” Or again: “Charles, dear, how did you get into such a heat? You know how often I have cautioned you against playing violent games.”

“Oh! granny, I wasn’t playing games; I only ran a little to save your beautiful grimalkin from a nasty, ugly, mean looking bull dog.”

“Oh! thank you, dear Charles. And you have saved my sweet pussy. If you should catch your death of cold in consequence, I could never forgive myself. Miss Humble, dear, will you tell Martin that I wish Charles to bathe his feet in gruel to-night, and have plenty of mustard and water to drink. No, my dear, that’s not quite right, but you know what I mean.”

She would not send me to a public school, dear grannie! So I daily attended a private one. A small class, where I and seven other spirits as wicked as myself, were instructed by a tutor who was more wicked than us all put together. I dined with my grandmother every day, and had always permission to bring home any school friends I pleased, because, as she said, “My health, lately, does not allow of my playing ‘Puss in the corner,’ or ‘Cat’s cradle,’ or ‘Blind man’s buff,’ or even ‘Tag,’ or ‘Hare and hounds,’ so you had better have a companion of your own age, though you must not play any of

THE THOUGHTS OF SPRING.



The poets say, in Spring time the thoughts of young hearts lightly turn towards love. We do not wish to disagree, but the thoughts of the average young person now-a-days turn towards the above necessities.

those games here, as they go through my head."

My grandmother's favorite joint was a baked loin of mutton, as she had a special partiality for the tail end, when nicely browned. She always carved this joint herself, and commenced by cutting off the afore-said dainty morsel, which she then handed to her trusty old butler to be kept warm and crisp in the plate warmer, while she served the remainder to the party. How careful she was to have her choice tid bit done to a turn!

"John have you my tail in the plate warmer?"

"Yes, mam."

"Is it browning, John?"

"Yes, mam, browning elegant."

"Take care of it, John," and then finally, with a sigh of relief that spoke volumes of hope deferred, "Now, John, you may bring me my tail."

Dear grandmother, how I shall miss you, your quaint sayings, your pleasant smiles, your plaintive sighs, even your gentle little reproof and lectures.

"Dear Charles, I hope you have not learnt to chew cigars, and smoke that horrid tobacco, and play with the poker, as I hear fast men do; not that I could ever see the harm of it except that you had a shocking habit of doing it when you were a child, and it always made me nervous and came down with a rattle, and you liked it better than anything I could get for you, even nice religious games, and a set of apostles for playing with on Sunday, when you were such a sweet, dear, good little boy, and used to say that nice hymn:

'I must not steal on Sunday,
For that would be a sin;
But I may steal on Monday,

On Tuesday and on Wednesday,
On Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
"Till Sunday comes again—"

and all Dr. Watts, besides, and I don't know how many more."

Yes, my grannie is dead, but I can not let her memory die, so I hope from time to time to record her many generous sayings and doings, so that her name may yet rank, as it deserves, among those of our celebrated women.

Some Presidential Points.

Cox: too much point on his tongue.
Hendricks: too much point, no point.
Gen. Sherman: too much West Point.
Gen. Hancock: too much disappoint.
John Sherman; the boys think too near the freezing point.

Bayard: at the wrong point of the compass.

Randall seems willing to strain a point to make it.

Thurman has no visible *point d'appui*—a cardinal point.

Logan can point with pride like no other, and aims at the nomination point-blank—considerable points.

Holman's strongest point is a mere Sun spot, and there never were more than two naked eyes that could see it—a vanishing point.

Butler sometimes carries things at the point of the improbable, and sometimes fails at the point of success—unknowable points.

Tilden's backers do in part believe that he has developed altogether too fine a talent for losing the game after making all the points—not a telling point.

David Davis leads them all in embonpoint—always a great point.

An Ode to Summer.

THE wind is sweetly blowing,
And the rivulet is flowing
Through the shady, shady wood;
While the storm that is brewing does the old farmer good;
For he knows that the rain that is coming
Will make things come up a humming.
And onions by the dozens
To feed the city cousins,
Who feel that they are duty bound
When the summer comes around
To leave the city dirt,
And come out of town to flirt
With the gay country lads and lassies;
And as the lightning flashes
As we are standing here,
We know that summer now is near.

A. D. SHREWSBURY.

WHY does the foreign manufacturer of epigrams fail to rise and tell us that city government in America is a despotism tempered by riots and cartoons?

Do shell-fish sweat? If not, what in hay D's is meant by a "clammy" perspiration? And if they do, why has not some inventive genius given us a lobster perspiration?

THE thrilling story of the dude who was overcome by his trousers and fainted in a Philadelphia street car, together with the learned medico's explanation that it was a case of pressure on the "olexii vivisectori" something, has been printed in innumerable newspapers, but these papers seem to have forgotten that it was their duty to inform a non-Latin public that a dude's trousers pressing on the olexii vivisectori is simply a case of pressure on the brain.

THE JUDGE





BARREL-ITES APPEALING TO THEIR GOD TO SAVE THEM.

THE JUDGE.



SAN FRANCISCO is this year the Mecca for numerous theatrical pilgrims.

Mapleson's visit there was so successful that first class companies, constellations of smaller magnitude, and even a few *snide* troupes are already on their westward way.

They look upon California as the land of promise in much the same way as did the miners of '48.

For fear theatrical affairs may not pan out well and that most of the managers may not strike "pay rock," we advise all travelers to that delectable country to go into training and be prepared for a go-as-you-please race home.

Mrs. Langtry will doubtless make money there as she does everywhere, but it will take a bigger city than San Francisco to stand all the pressure that will be brought to bear upon it this summer.

Sarah Jewett has had enough of it, we opine, and there are several others, who (if they were to relate their experiences there) could tell a tale of woe.

The Wallack Company, minus its most important member, Rose Coghlan, will probably reach there some time in the dim future. Just at present they are in Boston.

The lady engaged to take Miss Coghlan's place is a Miss Eyre (no relation to the Eyre brothers), and is said to resemble Miss Coghlan in face and feature. That she will prove to be as good an actress as her fair predecessor we very much doubt.



PAST.

"The Republican Party must go."

"Two of a kind" in this respect are scarce nowadays.

Burlesque and hodge podge entertainments continue to be patronized in New York.

Lizzie Evans has made a hit in "Fogg's Ferry" at Tony Pastor's, and Tony is more or less on the road.

The season has already closed at the Theatre Comique. Dan and his Tribulations may be seen in some of the neighboring towns and cities, and Harrigan & Hart will doubtless continue to make plenty of money.

Well-Fed Fortesque seems to be perfectly satisfied with his burlesque and his rather vulgar attempt to play *Dora*.

"Alvin Joslin" has turned up again, this time at The People's Theatre where last week "The Devil's Auction" was the play *par excellence*.

"Whose are they?" must have been written by the same person that evolved from his gigantic brain that wonderful drama called "Where's the Cat?". It is too hot weather to try to answer conundrums whether on or off the stage.

The Madison Square and The Casino roof are always cool and are always well patronized.

Several of the Madison Square-ites are off for Europe, but Georgia Cayvan remains and plays *May Blossom*.

Daly's troupe came back and gave a farewell matinee at their own theatre one day last week. This performance was for sweet charity and netted a nice little sum.

Brooks and Dickson are to manage numerous combinations next season, and have enough irons in the fire to distract any ordinary managers.

They have purchased direct from the authors a play from the French called "La Charbonniere" and they have also accepted a musical extravaganza written by Jessop & Gill called "Bluff."

A companion piece to "Confusion," called "Twins," has been written and offered for production in London. The Lord Chamberlain will have none of it, so the enterprising Col. T. Allston Brown has purchased it and it will probably be produced sooner or later in this city.



PRESENT.

"The Republican Party ought to go."

We also hear that a new burlesque called "Penny Ante; or, The Last of the Fairies," will soon be placed where a critical New York audience can judge of its merits.

The Songs that we Sing.

"Only a Pansy Blossom;"

Only a bar of soap
Left on the stairs by the hired girl.
And the old man glides with terrific whirl
Adown the jagged slope.

"I Never Can Love another,"

She said; "no one but you,"
And the youth looked on her Chicago feet,
Then at her graceful figure neat,
Then back to her ponderous shoe.

"Oh, Jakey, Jump, the Baby,"

The tootsy-wootsy thing,
While I build a fire and burn the steak
And spoil the coffee, and madly break
The borrowed waffle-ring.

"We Met by Chance, the Usual Way,"

I checked her baggage through—
And riding over the rails afar,
She chatted merrily in the car,
And picked my pockets, too.

"We Never Speak as We Pass By,"

Though oft we go and come;
But the reason's plain, if you must know,
We both may come and we both may go,
But the girl is deaf and dumb.

"See that My Grave's Kept Green,"

I'm tired of sad neglect;
You know that the grave of old man Jones,
Besides the bottles and old beef bones,
With a murdered cat is decked.

—Texas Siftings.

WHY was poor Lucy Ashton necessarily the most miserable of wives? Because she was The Bride of Lamhermore. (Sir Walter spells it Lammerrmoor, but we live in a more enlightened age.)

SLASHED necks are all the fashion among the ladies now, which fact establishes a plea to be advanced by men with propensities for cutting their wives' throats.

THE way of the transgressor is Rugg-ed. This dark and paraphrasetical pun comes to THE JUDGE from Long Island City.



FUTURE.

"Will the Republican Party please go?"

Another Intercepted Letter.

FROM A NEW YORK POLICEMAN TO HIS SWEETHEART
IN THE "OULD DART."

MY DEAR JUDGE:—The following epistolary specimen has been placed in or come into possession of your correspondent—by what chance, or through what means or circumstances, is none of your business. I may, however, remark that the syntax and orthography are strongly indicative of the general mental status of "our finest," while the revelation is as strongly and strikingly suggestive of the *modus operandi* of New York police justice, and the unwholesome influence of New York politics and politicians therein. Yours interceptingly,

THE O'CALLAHAN.

— PRESINCT POLIS STASHUN,
NEW YORK CITY.

ME DEAR BRIDGET.—It is sum yeers an' a day since I last bid adoo to th' ould spot whare all me affeshuns are sintered, 'specialy becose it yet houlds yeer own darlint self wid yeer hazle ise an' raving locks and cumplechshun which bates Vanus an' Juno, not to minshun Mars an' Jupither thimselves an' all th' other gods an' goddesses in haythen mythology. And be th' same token I'll ramoid yees now that yees faled to anser me lasht letther which was ritten a twelve-munth last New Year's afore I becum one of the foineest on airth. An' 'tis meeself that has found me fortune at last, afther all the ware an' tare o' me loifettime. for lo, an' behould yees, I'm now a New York poliseman an' drest up in blew coat an' brass buttons, an' wid a foine club in me fist, which ramoids me o' th' ould shillelay up th' chimney, an, wid a bright siven chamber rayvolver in me inside pockets to keep the pace and purtect th' law an' meeself. Yeess wudn't racognize me at all at all, if yeess seed me now, an' th' gwoirls here in me presinct are all woild afther me an' throw sheep's oyes at me on me perambulashuns around me bate, which is considered the best in th' city fur whisky an' beer an' all other koids o' dhrinks an' schrimmagin' an' fun and divarshun, sich as we used to have at home in th' ould times afore iver I dhramed ov bein' won ov th' foineest in New York. It will make yees laff to hear ov me expayrences since I cum on the polis, but afore I tell yees these, I'll furst explane hōw I becum won. By inthering into politix I tuk an' activ part in th' last 'lecshun here an wint in wid th' County Dimmocracy, an' as luk wud have it, we got sum o' our min' lected into ofis, though there was grate scratchin' o' tickets an' a moighty hot contest intoirely. Th' leadhers o' th' Dimmocracy seein' that I was a worker tuk a grate looking to me, an' won of 'em afther 'lecshun axed me ov I'd loike to becum a poliseman. I was working on th' big poipes thin, a job which was got fur me by Aldherman Brannigan, who, be th' same token, was a candldate ov th' indipident facshun an' got defated be Aldherman Mulrooney o' Tamminy Hall, who keeps a licker store in me prasinect, an' puts up fur the boys. Well, me County Dimmocracy frind, whose name I won't minshun, tould me that he'd get me on th' polis, ov I wished, and I tould him up an' down that I'd be much obloiged fur th' favere, as it wud be better than th' big poipes. To make a long story short, th' furst stumbling block on me way was to pass the docthor, an' bethune ourselves I was afeerd, knowin' that since I rasaved that batin' frum

ON HISTORIC GROUND.



FARMER JOHN (to visiting relative):—"Right over thar, Miranda, on that thar hill is the very spot where the brave Gen. McElfrick fell."

MIRANDA (not up in history):—"Fell! Good lor, did he hurt hisself?"

th' Muldoon facshun at th' fare of Kilmachalogue, which nairly lade me at death's dore, I wosn't fit to be inspected be any docthor. But me friend o' th' Dimmocracy med thet all roight wid the docthor an' I passed th' examinashun. But that wasn't the wurst, for thin I had to pass in readin', ritin', an' spellin', an' other learned branches, which yeess know wos rather hard fur me, considerin' that I spint very little o' me toime at school when the same wos kipt be our old tacher Thady O'Mulligan O'Heerlichee at th' fut o' th' mounthin. But me frind who got th' best of th' docthor, stud to me like a brick, an' divil a bit o' examination I ivir stood, barrin' writin' me name as well I culd, an' tellin' th' toime o' day be th' clock, an' a fue other things which I used to know at home an' have now forgot, an' now I have me foine uniform on an' ken walk as proud as a paycock or as any army peeler could do in th' ould counthry whin they had nothin at all to do to airn their money from th' gverment, barrin' huntin' pigs an' goats an' other fore-legged anyimals, until th' Fineens an' skirmishers, an' Dinnymiters med them airn there wages.

As this is me day off, I'll now raylate to yeess sum of me expayrences since I jined th' force six weeks ago. On me furst noight I wos goin' along in foine style wid me brass buttons shining in the moonlight like sthars, an' me club twirling in me hand like a shillelay, as if I'd been used to handle it all me loife, whin who shud cum in me path, hurrooing an' shoutin' an' makin' all koids o' quare figgers on th' sidewalk an' sumtimes

in th' middle o' the sthreet, os if his verry salvashun dipinded on his nise an' circumambulushuns, but a foinely dressed man who had more o' the crathur on board than he culd carry. An' th' nearer he cum to me th' more cross he got in his timper, until at last he cum up to whare I wos standin', watchin his antics an' capers. An' thin says I, proud of me noo authority, (an' not knowin' who I wos talkin' to thin, an' if I did I'd have better manners), says I, "What are yeess shoutin' fur this our o' night, an' disturbin' dacent people in their beds, an' brak-in' the pace o' night," says I. "It's nun o' your d—n business," says he, an' wid th' words, I rasaved a blow in th' nose which stunned me almost as bad as a crack o' a blackthorn at home. An' whin I recovered meself, says I, "I'll make it me bisness you spalpeen," fur I wos ankshus to pruve me bravery as soon as possible, an' wid that, I sazed him be th' coat collar, an' while you'd be sayin Jack Robinson I had him afore the sargent's desk at the stashun, an' charged him wid disorderly conduc', an' 'sault an' battery, an' other things, an' showed me nose to the sargent in proof of me assershun. Faith an' it wosn't long afore th' night Judge arrived and tuk his sate to here cumplaints, an' I brought me prisoner up afore him wid pride in me eye an' saluted the Judge foinely. But insted of tryin the prisoner at th' bar, phat do yeess think wos th' furst wurd th' Judge spakes to me? "Offiser," says he, "phat did yeess arrest Assimbllyman MacGrogan fer?" Whin I heard th' wurd I wos dumfounded fur I knew me furst expayrance

was an unlucky job for me whin I heerd the wurd assimblyman, an' seys I, "Yer honor, I widdraw th' charge," seys I, "as 'twos a mistake," seys I, although me nose showed that there was no mistake about it. An' seys his honor the Judge, "Assimblyman," seys he, "I'm sinsarely sorry for this mistake of th' offiser," seys he, "and you're discharged, an' I'll see that th' matther is brought to th' notis of th' commisshuners," seys his honor the Judge. Th' short an' th' long of it was that th' assimblyman walked out scott free afther disturbin' th' pace an' sthriking meself, won o' th' foineest, whil I was aftherwards foined tin days pay be th' commisshuners for me furst expayrence, an' twill be a long time agin afore I arrest an assimblyman or a sinnathor or even an Aldherman ayther, if I know meself, no matther how they conduc' thimselves.

Me nixt expayrence was wid a poor, dhrunken Oirishman who had a dhrup too much in, but wid all his dhrunkenness didn't cut up half as many capers as th' assimblyman or do any damage to anyone but himself. Bein' afeerd that p'raps he was an assimblyman in disgize, I advised him to go home quietly, whin he told me that he had no home to go to. I thin tuk him to th' stashun fur a night's lodgin' an safe keepin', in me gud nathur, an' who, as luk wud have it, shuld be there whin we went in but th' same laddheen o' a Judge who discharged th' assimblyman and got me foined. An' seys he to me, "Phat charge have yees agin this man, offiser?" So I up an' explained th' matther, as I've told you above. "Tin dollars or tin days fur bein' dhrunk this hour of night," seys his honor turning to the poor Oirishman. An' wid that I had to take him to a cell, an' he was sint to th' Oiland th' nixt day fur th' term o' his sintince, though I aftherwards found out that he had a woife an' six childher behoid him in a starvin' cundishun, an I was sorry to th' hart for meddlin' wid him at all, but laving him go his way. 'Pon me sowl I'd a most be a peeler in th' ould dart wid nothin' to do but chasin' pigs an' goats an' hins an' geese, an' watchin' th' Fineens an' skirmishers an' dinymithers.

And sich, Bridget, is sum of me expayrence, so far, as won o' th' foineest in the wuruld. In me nixt letther I'll have more to tell yees, fur bethune th' politishuns an' th' polis judges an' other things, I'm not shure of meself a minnit, day or night, an' have found out that all is not goold that glitthers, afther all. But still th' posish is betther nor working on th' big poipes, an' I may becum a roundsman won o' these days, and a captin in th' long run. Your faithful lover 'till death,

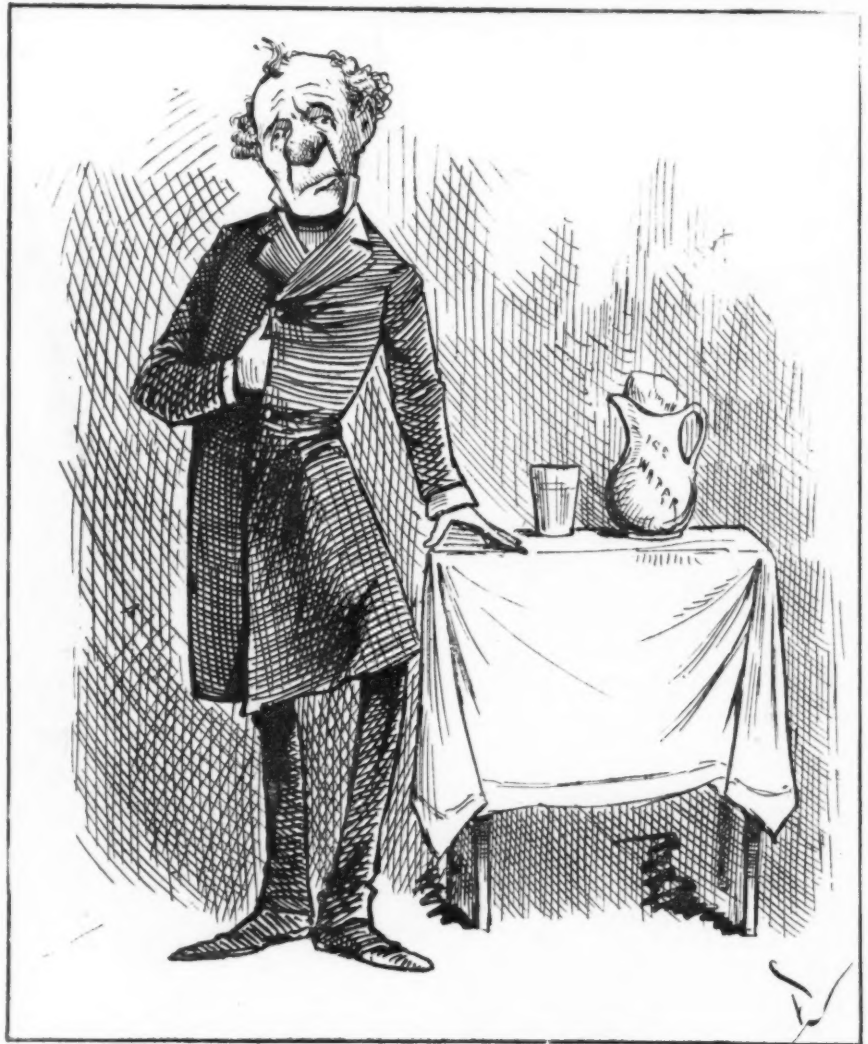
CORNELIUS O'FLANAGAN,
Pathrolman.

To MISS BRIDGET O'HARA,
Townland of Ballynacrankey,
Parish of Kilnamacluskey,
Ould Oireland.

OVER the garden wall—caterwaul.

The *Detroit Free Press* has a regular column entitled "ALL SORTS." That would be a dreadfully poor printing office—all "sorts."

AND now it is reported that Darwin's "anthropoid apes" are going back on the Darwinian theory. They didn't much object to the descent of man, but the evolution of the dude, they think, is coming it too strong.



A PATHETIC STATEMENT.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER.—"My friends, kind friends; it is thirty years since I took a drink of spirits. Thirty years, my friends; thirty long and weary years."

My First Night in New York.

I HAD never been in New York before, and, as I was tired and travel-stained, I concluded to postpone sight-seeing until the next day; therefore entering the first hotel that presented itself, I was soon snug in bed and sleeping the sleep of the righteous.

My sonorous voice (key: B flat), assisted by a larynxical tenor and a nasal falsetto, soon awakened the dormant flies and boarders, producing quivering echoes from the fuz in the corners where the enterprising chambermaid was trying to start an entomological museum or spontaneous combustion.

Higher and higher it soared among the grace notes on the ledger lines, now making beautiful *staccato* skips like snare-drum accompaniments, then running brilliant *arpeggio* chords, bringing up a masterly *crescendo fortissimo* baritone, while crebrous bass-drum bangs brought in a fitting metronomic regulator. Just as I passed safely through a magnificent *Alleluiah Alemande* and started a *piu allegro* trill in Patti's high F, I became semi-conscious of the fact that through agencies which rivalled my own humble efforts a bass-drum accompaniment asserted itself; which sank into ignominious insignificance, and, with one tremendous crash that sounded like an impromptu earthquake,

I was hurled from the celestial realms into the stern realities of this vale of tears, and snores, and the consciousness that some one was practising horizontal pile-driving against my chamber door.

"Hello!" I cried.

"Hello there!" came from the corridor. "Have you a libretto of 'Fra Diavolo? Diab! No snoring permitted in this hotel."

I cogitated. "No snoring permitted in this hotel"—this hotel—*what* hotel? Now I wonder what's the name of this hotel, anyhow? I wonder—why didn't I ascertain before retiring?—this hotel—*what can it be?* Now I'm curious to know—jimony! I must find out—the-er Niagara? No; that isn't it—the Southern—the Glenham—Fifth Avenue? No, not that either—the American—the Black Horse—no, no; that's kept by a Democrat—the-a-er—it don't look like the Adair either—the Railro—five minutes more and I'll go crazy—by Jupiter, this *is* a pickle for a fact! Here I've been sleeping in a house whose name is—jimony crickets!—the Brunswick—no—blastification!—how'm I going to find out anyhow? Let me see—by gosh! I've got it! I'll snore s'more, and then that chap'll come back and perhaps he'll give it away; haw, ha, ha, haw—that's it—

now to biz. I'm determined to know before I sleep another wink—one o'clock! Jehosphat! hennery jumpins! one o'clock! but—snore, why don't I snore? And I snored like a seventeen-horse-power vibrator, running through all the chromatic scales imaginable, and soon I became as hoarse as a charcoal vender. Just as my poor oesophagus began to show symptoms of rebellion, the door trembled under a thundering rap, rap, rapatirap, de rapatirap, tap, tap, de rapati—

"Hello!" I cried as I rushed to the portal and cramed my ear into the keyhole, "hallo!"

"No snoring in" (my cardiac apparatus stood motionless) "this hotel!"

I sank into unconsciousness, and when I recovered I found myself on the floor in a cold perspiration. The clock across the way struck four.

"Ye gods, shall this never cease?" I sighed.

I rose and shivered; putting on my hat and collar I dashed into the corridor. The night watch delicately called my attention to my scanty attire, and, returning, I hastily improved my personal appearance before rushing down four flights of stairs into the office. The register failed to enlighten me—I was mad, I was insane! I flew to the desk and hissed into the astonished clerk's face—

"What's the name of this hotel?"

He looked at me and my *robe de chambre* attire; smiled, and winked at the porter.

"What's the name of this hotel?" I screeched, regarding him with flashing and protruding eyes.

"This hotel," he said.

"Yes, yes, this hotel—what is it?"

"I told you; this hotel."

"No, you didn't."

"Yes, I did; *this* hotel."

"You're a lying hypocrite!"

He looked at the porter, grinned, and significantly tapped his forehead.

I became raving, frantic, savage, foaming at the mouth; and, leaping across the desk, I clutched the fellow by the throat. He cried lustily for help, but my nervous clasp closed upon his windpipe like a vice.

"No help for you, you infernal lying rapsalion!" I hissed; "tell me the name of this hotel, else I strangle you!"

"This hotel—it's name"—he gasped, "is *this* hotel—*This-es* Hotel—*Mr.* This is the propri—etor—oh—hel-p."

The electric light seemed to be extinguished that moment; a green flame shot across my vision, and as Pallas hid Odysseus in a cloud, so was my consciousness buried in oblivion.

* * * * *

How long this state of affairs lasted I know not, but when I recovered my senses I found myself in the arms of two men who had H. D. on their badges, and an ambulance waiting at the door.

With the greatest difficulty I explained the matter to Mr. This' and the clerk's satisfaction, and, after promising to liquidate the expenses incurred by the necessary repairs on the latter's throat, and "settin' 'em up all 'round," I was finally permitted to retire and cogitate over my adventure at Mr. This' Hotel.

A YOUNG fellow who was courting was at last permitted by his lady love to kiss her. In telling a friend of the ecstasies of the blissful moment, his friend asked: "How did it feel?" "Just as if I was a mile and a half beyond heaven."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Herald.*



HUMAN NATURE; OR, IS IT DRY?

Table Talk.

"WHY should I be very fond of this beef-steak?" asked the pale, thin young man at the boarding-house table.

"I give it up," said the fat man emptying the cream jug.

"Why, it's something to adore!"

"Um! oh, ah! I see where the joke hinges," said the Professor, buttering the last flap-jack.

"Why couldn't it be used as money?" asked the bloated capitalist who pays his board regularly.

A thrill of horror ran through the assembled boarders as they realized what was coming. Said the capitalist in a firm voice:

"It wouldn't be legal tender."

"Why is this steak like a Texas cow boy?" asked the summer boarder from Dallas.

"Because it's a tough," answered the masher, ogling the pretty widow; "give us something we can't get away with."

"Take the steak," shouted the table en masse.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Murphy's Great Improvement.

"Now, gintlemen," said Mrs. Murphy to the boarders before they had concluded their evening meal, "I hears an' sees by yer looks some complaints ferninst the food phawt I gives ye. Am I right or am I wrong, sors?"

All smile and look silently at each other but say nothing.

"No answer. Very well, sors. Now I'll tell ye phawt I'm goin' to do. Av course it will be a great expinse but I'm determined to plaze ye let it cost phawt it will."

"Bravo! bravo! Mrs. Murphy!"—"God bless you!"—"Generous woman!"—"We'll all pay up Saturday night!" and other exclamations of delight rang out from the boarders' throats.

"Yis, I'm determined to plaze, I'm goin' to be equal to the fashionablest hotel in Newport, I am."

"Good!"

"Howld on a minute an' hear. I like ye all as if ye was me own children; an' I'm goin' to have at aich male nice printed programmies wid the names of the different articles on the table in French wurrads, an' nice new napkins so stiff that ye can't bend thim fixed up stylishly an' stickin' out of aich of yer tumblers, an' then ye'll find a great difference in the food, I'll warrant ye."

And then a mournful procession moved in silence out of the room.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Not an Editor.

"Who is that man going up the street?" "Don't know; but I've seen every day him for a year."

"Somebody told me he was an editor."

"I don't think he is; leastways, I never saw him meddling with other people's business, and that's a pretty fair sign in dry weather."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"I HAVE noticed," said Mrs. Fogg, "that many of the steamboat accidents and nearly all the burglaries occur upon moonlight nights." "Yes," replied Fogg, "moonlight and disasters are convertible terms. It is the favored time of lovers, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Light of His Life.

Into my life three years ago
She came and took a place
None else could fill. Her step was slow
And full of gentlest grace.

The tender grassblades scarcely broke
Beneath her dainty feet;
Tho' 'twas not oft nor much she spoke,
Her voice was low and sweet.

Light of the soft eyes dreaming,
Grace of the fair young head,
'Tis but a cruel seeming,
She cannot, sure, be dead.

Beneath the ash they laid her;
I have not smiled since that
Sad day that death betrayed her,
My own dear—pussy cat.

—Cincinnati News-Journal.

Brother Gardner on Politics.

"WHAT we want," quietly began Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "am a President who represents de majority of de people not only in number, but in sentiment. How shall we git him? Let me gin you de programme:

1. Make a ring of fifty men who have corrupt plans to be furthered by a Presidenshul candydate.

2. De ring buys a sartin number of newspapers to manufackture a feelin'.

3. Money am used to git de right sort o' delegates to convenshuns.

4. If de delegates can't git a higher price by goin' ober to de odder man, dey stick to deir candydate an' pull him frew wid a great hurrah an' sot him up for de people to worship.

5. Den each side starts out an' proves dat de candydate of de odder party am mean, low-lived and dishonest.

6. By de use of lies, money, bulldozin' an' frauds of de meanest descriphun, one of de candydates am finally 'lected, an' he goes to de White House an' sots up dar as representative of de great majority of American freemen.

"Of all de mean and contemptible things about de American nashun as a race am a presidential campaign. We lie, deceive, bribe, flatter, oppress, an' if all dis succeeds we swing our hats an' hurrah an' call de attention of de world to our grand system of gov'ment. From de nominashun of a constable to de countin' of de electoral wote for President we indulge in all dat am mean an' low-lived, an' yit we slant our hats ober our ears an' talk about freedom ob de press, freedom ob de ballot, an' a republican form of gov'ment dat outshines de hull world!

"Sir Isaac Walpole, if you am gwine to take an active part in de comin' campaign, prepar' yerself now by throwin' to the winds all yer religun!

"Pickles Smith, resolve to become a liar! Judge Cadaver, git yer tongue limbered up to talk slander! Giveadam Jones, see if you can't fit yerself to be a fust-class bulldozer! Trustee Pullback, I look to you to bribe sich men as can't be frightened! Lord Nelson Slabs, stan' forth an' tell me dat yer am prepar'd to write abusive newspaper articles fur so much money per rod! Waydown Beebee, you am detailed to hire free-born patriots to carry torches an' hurrah for liberty at so much a torch! Dat's all. Let us purceed to bizness."—Detroit Free Press.

A DIVORCE lawyer in this city advertises "Misfit marriages a specialty."

THE Lowell Citizen man says that "the dog is not so much below mankind." He must have seen a young woman kissing her pug.—Phila. Call.

BATHING suits more beautifully shocking than ever are announced for the coming season. Something must be done to attract people to the seashore.—Hartford Post.

A COUSIN of M'le Albani is a waitress in a small hotel. It is asserted that she announces "hash" so sweetly that all the boarders feel constrained to order it.—Boston Post.

WHEN is it that a bull rushes? Perhaps it is the same time that a mill-dew.—The Hatchet. Where did the cow slip? Just where the dog sled, of course.—Through Mail.

VERY light colors are chosen for gentlemen's spring trousers, spring overcoats and scarfs. If some one will invent cloth the color of custard pie he will confer a favor on the sterner sex, now that the picnic season is near.—Brooklyn Times.

WE have received a spring poem in which the talented author makes "May flowers" rhyme with "whisky sours," and he wants us to send him \$10 for it. So far as outward appearances go an editor's life is a luxurious one, but he has his trials, he has his trials.—Philadelphia Call.

MARRIAGES by telephone are becoming fashionable. This a sound idea; particularly if the bride eats onions just before the ceremony takes place, or the bridegroom chews tobacco. The osculatory feature of a wedding must necessarily be omitted when the parties are married by telephone.—Norristown Herald.

IT would be a good plan for owners of ocean steamers to employ only blind pilots. A man who can see might recognize signals of distress displayed by some wrecked craft and be tempted to go out of his way to render assistance, and thus lose the golden opportunity of making the quickest time on record.—Boston Transcript.

BIGGS—"Did you read that poem in the last number of Palmer's Magazine?" FOGG—"You know Benzine, the liquor dealer?" BIGGS—"Yes, but what has that got to do with it?" FOGG—"Everything. Benzine sells rum, but never drinks any; I write poetry, but don't read it. Benzine and I know the evils of indulgence in our own wares."—Boston Transcript.

A WOMAN'S REASON.—"Man more consistent than woman! Oh, no, Sir Peter! Look at my husband! In all things he puts his sister before his wife! Look at my brother! In all things he puts his wife before his sister! When in both cases it ought to be exactly the reverse! Now, did you ever hear anything so absurdly contradictory in all your life?" Sir Peter wisely gives in.—London Punch.

OUR ANGLOMANIAC.—He wears a high collar and carries a small cane.

He wears tight fitting trousers and carries an eye-glass on his coat.

He wears a broad brimmed high "Darby" hat and wears an expression of distress.

He says, "Aw, y-a-a-a, ye know, me boy," and when he swears he says "demnition" and "bloisted" with an utterly English air that makes a straight haired American sick.

We trust he will never so far forget himself so as to make believe he is an American citizen and attempt to vote in this country. Hartford Post.

She Didn't Give In.

"I'VE had an awful discussion," said a Boston wife, coming into the room where her husband was.

"With whom?" he asked.

"With a woman over our back fence."

"What about?"

"The functions of transcendentalism; and we talked, and talked, and talked, and talked, and—"

"Did she beat you?"

"No, sir, she didn't."

"Did you beat her?"

"Well—no—I can't say I did."

"You didn't give in, did you?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir; I gave out, and I'm just as limp as a dish-rag after a hard day's washing."

And she hung herself over the back of a chair to recuperate.—Boston Courier.

In His Wife's Pocket.

A FIRE broke out in a dwelling house the other night, and after the man and his wife had safely reached the street the latter said that there was \$50 in the pocket of her dress, which was hanging in a second-story back room.

"I'll go for it," said the husband, and he plunged into the burning building.

The flames raged furiously and the man did not return. At the expiration of an hour the fire was extinguished and the back building caved. Firemen groped their way up the rear stairs through water and blinding smoke, and found the man in the closet still fumbling at his wife's dress, lookin' for the money.

He was nearly suffocated with smoke, but had strength enough to say that he thought he would have found the pocket inside of two hours. It never occurred to him to seize the dress and rush out with that. Some men get so excited and nervous in time of fire.—Norristown Herald.

Now the urchin with a hook,
Dangling in the babbling brook,
Sits with an expectant look,
Underneath the broiling sun;
From the early morning light
Till the darkening shades of night,
Waiting for the fish to bite,
And perhaps he gets just one.

—Boston Post.

ALL men are created free and equal, but all don't remain so. Some marry women who boss them terribly.—Chicago News.

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E'ER I on bended knees express
The love which you alone can guess
I fain would ask a thing or two;
Have you encased in shoes so neat
A pair of clammy ice-cold feet?
If so, farewell, adieu!

Or has this dainty mouth and nose
A habit, when they're in repose,
Of snoring 'till the air is blue?
If so, I will not tear my hair,
Nor rave, nor walk the floor, nor swear.
But this proposal's through.

Some for mental graces care,
Others yield to golden hair,
These are trifles light as dew.
Intellectual graces fade,
Bleached bangs with greatest ease are made—
Shall I your papa interview?
—*Oil City Derrick.*

NEVER compliment a woman on her good looks. If she cannot see that your eyes acknowledge her beauty, your tongue may as well save the wear and tear of praising it.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE caterer says that late suppers are not bad if properly eaten. Of course not. The suppers are good enough. They are too good, in fact. It's the dyspepsia that's bad.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

It is alleged that the original cow was a hornless animal. This, then, explains why Eve lived to eat the apple. If the original cow had horns, Eve would have died of fright the first day.—*Phila. Call.*

OPERATIC NOTE.—Musical Fair One—"Did you ever hear the 'Chimes of Normandy,' Mr. DeSmith?" DeSmith—"No; haven't had the pleasure—never been to Fraunce, you know."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE cry of the Chicago morning press is not like that of the Silver King: "Oh, God, turn back thy universe, and give us yesterday!" but, "Oh, God! turn back to yesterday and give us the universe!"—*Peoria Transcript.*

AN item is going the rounds of the papers, that Chicago carts daily through her streets thousands of pounds of dynamite. This may be meant for a scare to delegates. Dynamite as a terrorizer is nowhere alongside of Chicago whisky.—*Brooklyn Times.*

AN unfortunate old lady down in Macoupin is reported to have swallowed a beetle the other day. We have a dreadful impression that investigations will prove that the small but pestiferous insect was the so-called Logan boom.—*Chicago News.*

"WELL, how are you to-day?" asks the doctor. "My rheumatism has gone. I rubbed my knee for an hour with your lotion," replies the patient. "Your knee? But you said it was your arm." "Yes; but the exercise cured me!"—*Boston Journal.*

AN old lady from the country goes for the first time to the opera. After a few solos the troupe all sing together. "Ah!" remarks the old lady, "they don't care now that they have our money. See, all singing together, so that they may get through sooner."—*Paris Figaro.*

NOAH, poor man, never knew what it was to slip down into the cellar of the ark when the boys were in the kitchen, with a beer mug under his coattail, to come up with a satisfied expression, observing that he had "just been down to see if them taters was sproutin'."—*Chicago Sun.*

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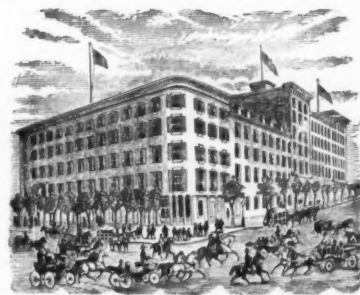
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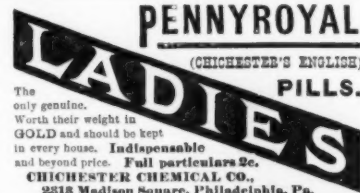
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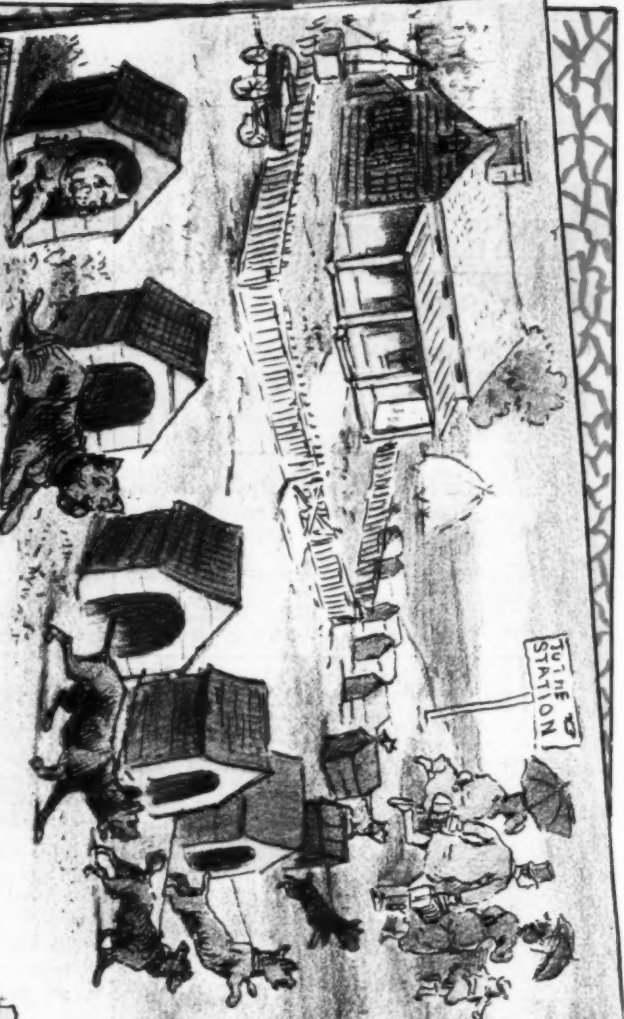
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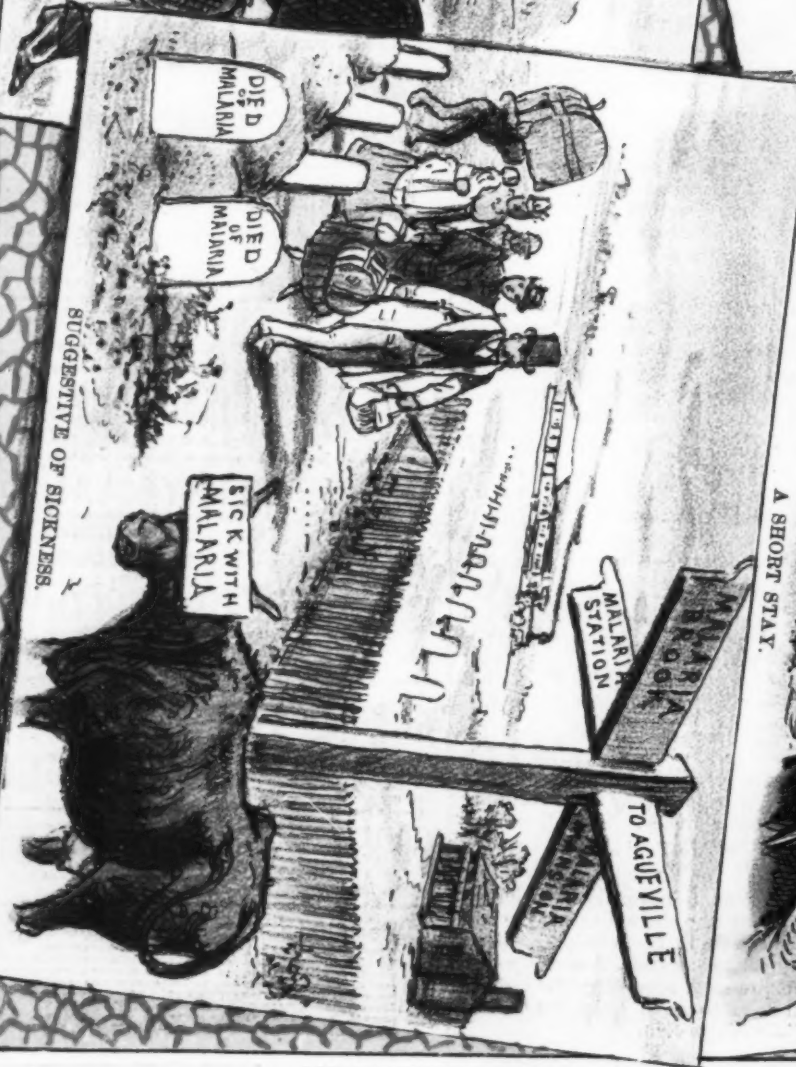
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