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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

PURIFIES
the skin
Beautifies the skin
No other cosmetic
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 30 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

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REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIR WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN.

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Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH
HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA.

The most perfect combined Food and Medicine ever produced.

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IT IS TRULY MARVELOUS in the rapidity with which it restores the emaciated child or adult to health and strength—and as a REMEDY for CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA or want of Blood, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS and THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN, is unequalled by any remedy yet known.

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European Plan.

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Manager.



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(CONNECTING).

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DAM & DeREVERE, Proprietors.

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OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT,
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European Plan.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT,

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 GUESTS' BAGGAGE TO AND FROM GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT FREE.
 Rooms where ladies and gentlemen may check valises, coats, parcels, etc., without charge.
 Travelers arriving *via* Grand Central Depot save Carriage-hire and Baggage Express by stopping at the Grand Union.

W. D. GARRISON,
 Manager.

Chestnuts

—||from||—

Judge.



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KIMBALL'S SATIN STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES.

LOCKWOOD & GEERY,

SUCCESSORS TO

AVERY & LOCKWOOD,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

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J. & J. Colman's London Mustard.

COLMAN'S CONCENTRATED MUSTARD OIL,

The New and Best Preparation for all Rheumatic Affections.

ALSO

SHERRY WINES,

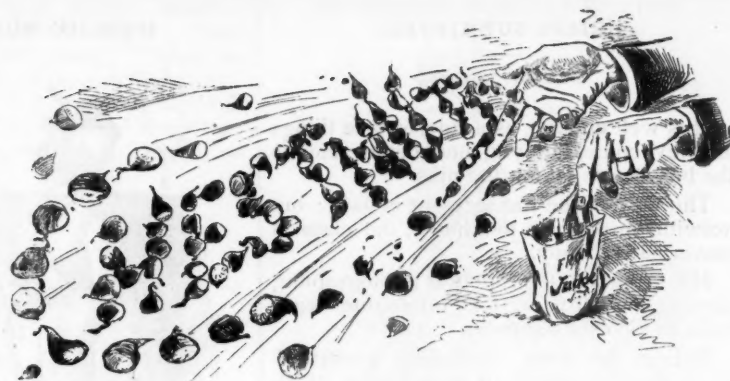
Champagne, Claret, Ginger Ale, Etc.

IMPORTED CIGARS.

165 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK.



THESE may be called old stories, but every one has the brand of the period on it. All are warranted the best of their kind. The world is pretty old, and during all the years of its existence, mirth, wit, and fun in every shape, have had their way, and nothing good has been lost. So both truth and modesty warrant the title.



NEVER SATISFIED.



SCENE, NEAR CHARLESTON.

"Well, we didn't get the earthquake after all."
 "No, an' it's too bad arter my givin' away my chickens an' sleepin' in the old hen-coop for mor'n a week.

If whooping would do it, Ireland would have been free long ago.

Now that the weather is getting cold, the Indian troubles will probably be blanketed for a few months.

A bed of petrified clams was recently found on the New Jersey coast. For eating purposes they are preferred to the other kind, as they are more easily digested.

The police seem to have a pull on triggers lately, and the coroners excuse them for it. Sometimes it is easier to kill a rascal than it is to arrest him in any other way.

We have all heard of the girl who was so particular that she wouldn't carry a watch in her bosom, but she is discounted by the one who will not permit the *Christian Observer* to be in her room when she undresses.

"There is an old woman named Boyle,
 Who's living on cod-liver oyle;
 Though she looks like a phantom,
 She's the pluck of a bantam,
 And vows she won't "shuffle the coyle."

Not the autumn leaf which lies in drifts; not the leaden clouds the gale now lifts, nor yet the falling flakes that eddy down, but an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company with trick mules and two Topsy's, has struck the town and we know the melancholy days have come.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.—Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers distinctly heard. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address, F. Hiscox, No. 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

TOO READY TO CONTRADICT.

"Look here, Pat," said a gentleman to his servant; "when I left the room a moment ago there were six dollars lying on the table. The money is gone, and you were the only person who could have taken it."

"O'i'm innercent, yer honor; an', beggin' yer honor's pardon' ye must have made a mistake. It wuz only foive dollars ye lift on the table."

Prof. Huxley asks: "If the sound of music doesn't cause a dog acute pain, why does the animal set up on its haunches and howl when a German band is doing its worst in the street?" We'll tell you, professor. The dog acts that way because it loves music, and is waiting for an opportunity to grab the leader of the band by the throat. It is not a sign that a dog doesn't love music because a street band makes him howl. Old Mendelssohn would sit up on his hind legs and howl, too, if he could hear some of the street music of our day.

"It is the rent question that demands better home rule," as Bagley remarked when he pinned up the back of his vest.

A LITTLE LEARNING.

"What size is this?" asked Mrs. Malaprop, picking up a music book.

"That's an octavo, ma'am," said the dealer.

"Well, then," she returned, "let me have a seven octavo. I want it to match the piano."

A young lady in Peru, Ill., dislocated her jaw while yawning, and this is said to be the third case of the kind in the same place. Evidently there is a belief in that town that a thing of beauty must be ajaw forever.

The *Detroit Free Press* says the baby cart must go. We don't see what is to prevent it if the nurse keeps sober.

Favorite theology of the riding school—The sermon on the mount.

AT THE FLOWER SHOW.

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

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

WHY SHE DIDN'T DO IT.

BOSTON GIRL—"And so you threw Harry over, eh?"

PHILADELPHIA GIRL—"Yes, dear old fellow."

BOSTON GIRL—"Ah! Jeannette, you should have married him."

PHILADELPHIA GIRL—"Yes; but I knew him so well, don't you know?"

A young man, to be successful in life, should never engage in business with a capital of five thousand dollars or more. All biographies of self-made men inform us that the richest and most successful persons in this country are those who started with "a hard-earned dollar or two." A dollar or two easily earned, it may be inferred, would bring only disaster.

Whenever you notice men gazing in a store window you may be sure they are looking at the newest thing in hosiery.

"A HOUSEHOLD CHESTNUT."



THE COSMOPOLITAN
 Agents Wanted. Big Inducements.

JUST OUT.
 PRICE 20 Cts.
 \$2.50 per Year.
 Premiums worth \$2.25 given every subscriber.

This beautiful, illustrated family Magazine has large table of contents; first-class short stories, travel, adventures, scientific and literary articles, by distinguished American and foreign writers; also entertaining Juvenile and invaluable Household departments.
 CALL FOR IT AT THE NEWS STAND OR WRITE PUBLISHERS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BRIEFS SUBMITTED.

BY ROBT. MORGAN.

It is well enough, as a rule, to take things as they come, but you had better remove the box before taking the pills.

The way of the transgressor is hard; but notwithstanding its toughness, the clam is proverbially happy.

Mr. Cameron, the itinerant photographer, says he "don't never take no double negatives in his establishment."

Deliver us from "grinding poverty!" We'd as soon grind an organ on a block with no saloon.

The Chinamen only are "celestials"; the rest of us are of baser clay—mere earthenware.

After courting a girl for two years, young Meigs concludes that she knows so little about the wash-tub he can't afford to wringer.

A bald head is usually considered indicative of brains; but it is worthy of note that bald-headed men are seldom hair-brained.

As Shakespeare was the only man of his time who didn't repeat, we are led to conclude that registration before election was unknown in his day.

HOW HE MUST SUFFER.



"Good marnin', Mrs. O'Toole! An' so they tell me yer husband is sick, an' what sames ter be the mather wid the poor man?"

"Ah! Mrs. Murphy, he has had a terrible attack of spine in his back; he's fil't it a comin' on this long while."

SISTER versus SWEETHEART.

BY EDWARD A. FULLER.

Her hands touch'd skillfully the keys,
Each note came forth most finely,
A stoic's heart it ought to please,
She played it so divinely,
But 'cross the room with listless ease,
He sat and yawned unkindly.

And he, when it had died away,
To rise did not assist her,
And when she turned to hear his say
Of praise, he laugh'd and kiss'd her;
But oh, you know that is the way,
She only was his sister.

Her hands upon the keys were laid,
Like sportive frogs they danced,
'Twas hard to tell what note she play'd,
So roamingly she pranced;
But there he stood and turned each page,
And seemed, in truth, entranced.

And when her hum-drum notes were done,
He said naught could resist her,
He swore the souls beyond the sun
Had listen'd—then he kiss'd her,
But ah, you know this pretty ore,
Was not the fellow's sister.

"MUCH IMPROVED."



FRIEND—"How d'you do, Mr. Schnooks?"
SCHNOOKS—"Goot' mornin'g."
FRIEND—"You vasn't so deaf as usual dis mornin'."



SCHNOOKS—"Youst schpeak a leedle louter."
FRIEND—"I say you don't vas so deaf dis—"
SCHNOOKS—"Oxkuse me; you vill schpeak louter, please."



FRIEND—"I sait you don't vas so deaf dis mornin' as usual."
SCHNOOKS—"Oh! schure not, I vas hear much petter as usual."

THE INTERMISSION.

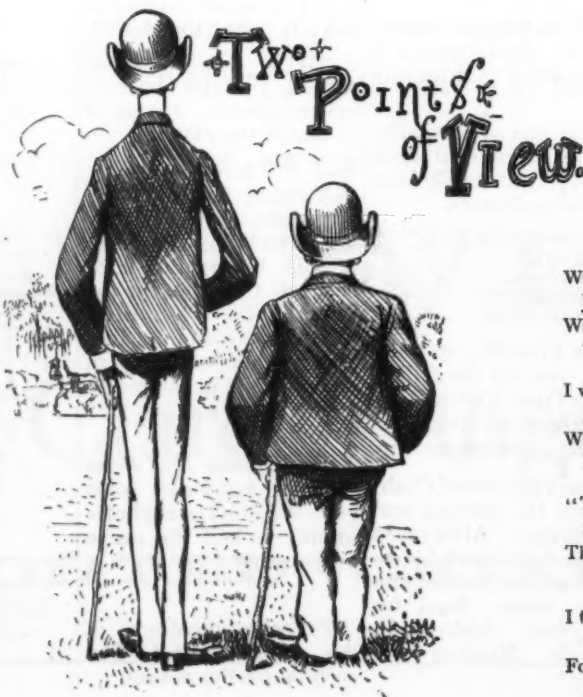
The mouldiest chestnut of all is the chestnut that speaks of chestnuts. By the way, perhaps this is it.

Nothing is more lovely than a beautiful woman—always excepting the picture in behalf of which she makes herself especially up.

Some day we shall fall upon a time when there will be no birthdays for Oliver Wendell Holmes; and then Gail Hamilton will be old enough to take note of hers.

The widow Custis had a will of her own. She told Mr. Washington, on the very day of the wedding, that she didn't come into the world to be one of Fox's Marthas.

Mrs. Fidget, who has spent the whole afternoon trying to match a piece of ribbon, has petitioned President Cleveland to introduce civil-service reform among the salesladies of the big dry goods establishments.



JOHN TEMPLETON BLAKE.

We stood in the Park one day,
Jack Delong and I,
Watching the calvalcade
Trot and canter by.

I was in love with Maud—
Blue eyes and auburn hair—
While Jack would give all he owned
For Tom Foster's chestnut mare.

"The beauty! There she goes!"
Said Jack. My heart beat high
Thinking of Maud. Said he,
"What a flank! what a fiery eye!"

I turned and hit him square
In the mouth; like an ass, of course,
For I was thinking girl,
And Jack was talking horse!

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY { FIRE Losses } \$37,500,000.
Paid in U. S. }

HIS SONG OF THE SHIRT.



OLD WAYBACK—"Waal, by ginger! that's the most outlandish shirt I ever seed in my life. I wouldn't wear the thing if he'd give it to me. No, sir; yer Uncle Silas takes the old fashioned kind, that you wears under yer coat, every time."

A DIABOLICAL SUGGESTION.

A fiendish photographer suggests that the amateurs may utilize their kits this Winter by taking, through a small auger hole, instantaneous views of the couple in the back parlor in the different stages of the yum-yum business. The use of these incontrovertible proofs in breach of promise suits is apparent. It is thought also that the young man who is "took" would give a liberal price to control the negatives. The utility of these views is varied and much more apparent than is that of the views of the profoundest philosopher.

SEEN AT THE SEANCE.

"What was the size of the figure that came out of the cabinet?" was asked of a man who had attended a spiritualistic seance.

"Oh, about medium size," was the reply.

UTILIZING HIS SON'S VACATION.



SON—"Fader, van vaster, the flies are getting dicker."

MOONSHINER—"Um! you must grow smart so as de flies on you not get."

"I pay my hired man sixteen dollars a month and found," said old Blodget. "And found," interrupted his niece. "What do you mean by that? How do you find him?" "Why," replied the old man, "if he don't know I'm comin' I generally find him either asleep or with his arms around the hired girl."



A CASE OF CATARRH (GUITAR)!

SERENADER—"Oh cub, oh cub, and fly wid be; de bood is shiding and—"

OLD MAN—"Oh, go hobe, you dar'd fool, a'd blow your dose!"

There seems to be a larger stock of dry humorists than of dry humor.

It isn't every girl who has talent enough to go on the stage; but she is a pretty poor stick who can't occasionally take a 'bus.

In Jewell, Me., there is said to be a black snake six feet long and as white as milk. The reader must judge for himself whether the man who says so is color blind as to his eyes or his whisky.

The onion stalk is a very pathetic stalk; it generally draws tears; but the corn stalk is so husky it seldom reaches other ears than its own

NO CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.



HE—"Yes, gentlemen, I am a reformed man"

LADY—"Great goodness! what could he have looked like before?"

A St. Louis man, who was captured by Italian brigands a year ago, has returned to this country minus an ear. The brigands took it to use as a door for the entrance of their cave.

UNGRAMMATICAL, BUT SEASONABLE.

The ice man hastes with his well-filled tongs,
To a kitchen door in the rear;
The servant-maid whom he tried to "mash,"
Meets him there with a roguish leer.
He begs a kiss—o'er the frigid lump,
But she says to him nay, thus-ly:
"How can you ask it, when well you know
There's a coolness 'twixt you and I?"

Chicago boasts of being the largest center for theological study in the country. Good field for object lessons in original sin.

SIDE WHISPERS.

Once Ædipus said to the Sphinx,
"I can solve your old riddle, methinx;"
And straightway he did
Unravel the hid,
And the citizens paid for the drinx.

After all it is the bad child who gets the palm.

There is to be a corner in white beans. It is to be called a literary syndicate.

If all flesh is grass, the fat woman at the dime museum must be a sort of hay-mow.

The Harvard student will attend prayer hereafter only when he gets good and ready, and as he will be ready only when he is good the Harvard chapel is likely to acquire as much dust as the chap'll acquire sinfulness.



A KNOWING TRAMP.

TRAMP (to dude)—"Say, Boss, gimme a nickel. I've been widout work for a long while, and you know how that is yourself."

PROF. WITHAUS, the celebrated Chemist, says: "The SEAL SKIN CIGAR is free from any unnatural flavor."—Absolutely Pure—See Analysis. The "SEAL SKIN" is smoked all over the world. S. F. HESS & Co., Sole Manufacturers, Premium Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.

CHESTNUTS FROM JUDGE.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.



(Struggling bathers making signals for aid.)

PROPRIETOR OF BEER SALOON—"Two Biers?"

THE JOY OF THE RETURNED.

Now sinks the golden sun below the bar,—
Roseate horizon glimm'ring in the west;
Now wends the weary boarder homeward far,
Beyond all tantalizing or molest.

No more the rural egg in pan of grease
Three times per day will tempt his appetite;
No more in friendly tree he'll seek release
From bovine gentleman in rapid flight.

The city lights afar they beckon him
Like some soft traces of delightful cheer,
While, faint upon his tym-pa-num's brim
Falls the sweet gurgle of the lager beer.

The meadow grass, it is delusion's snare—
Plenty of pesky ants and striped snakes;
"N. B.—No passage o'er this thoroughfare,"
Rudely at every hand your vision wakes.

The hired girl was very wroth indeed,
The hired man more wroth, alas! was he;
In fisticuffs he made your nostrils bleed,
Because, alack! you tried to flirt with she.

Surrounded now by comforts of sweet home
—Mine is the quiet of the bach'lor hall—
When once you're there you'll swear you'll never
roam
To rural landlord with effusive gall.

H. S. KELLER.

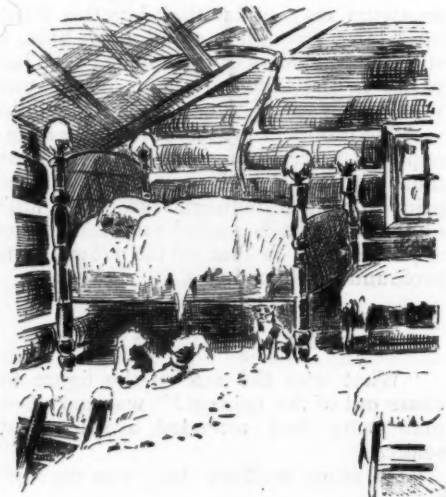
GOOD OLD TIMES.



NO COMPETITION IN TRADE.



NO DEADLY COAL GAS TO INHALE.



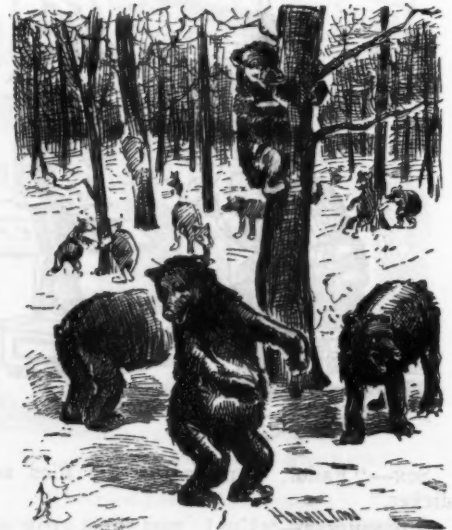
AIR-TIGHT AND ILL-VENTILATED HOUSES WERE UNKNOWN.



THE FAST MAIL CARRIER.



NON-EXPLOSIVE LIGHTS.



AS FOR FOOD, THE WOODS WERE FULL OF IT.

ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS.

The ONLY real beautifier of the complexion, skin and form. These Wafers are specially compounded by an experienced physician and chemist, perfectly SAFE if used as directed, and MAGICAL in effect: FRECKLES, MOTH, BLACK-HEADS, PIMPLES, VULGAR REDNESS, ROUGH, YELLOW or "MUDDY" SKINS, and other facial disfigurements are permanently removed and a deliciously CLEAR COMPLEXION and "rounding up" of angular forms insured. To be had ONLY of JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D., 146 West 16th Street, New York.

OUR POSTMAN.



THE LABORER AT REST.



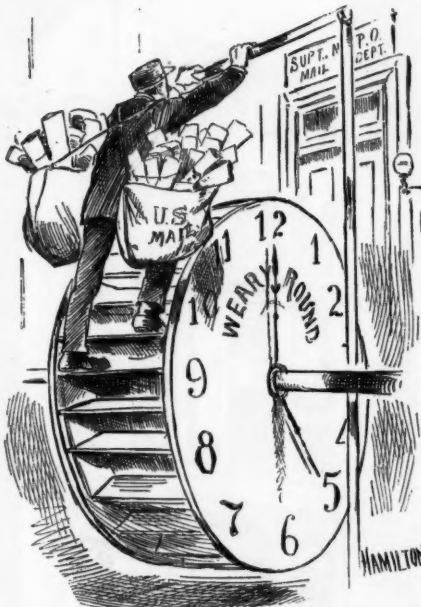
THE POSTMAN AT WORK.



BOTH OVERWORKED.—A FELLOW FEELING FOR EACH OTHER.



LETTERS MUST BE DELIVERED—HE'S PAID FOR IT.



TREADMILL OF DUTY.



POSTMEN OUGHT TO HAVE THE WINGS OF MERCURY, SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS, THE STRENGTH OF HERCULES, THE ENDURANCE OF A CAMEL, AND THE PATIENCE OF JOB.

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?"

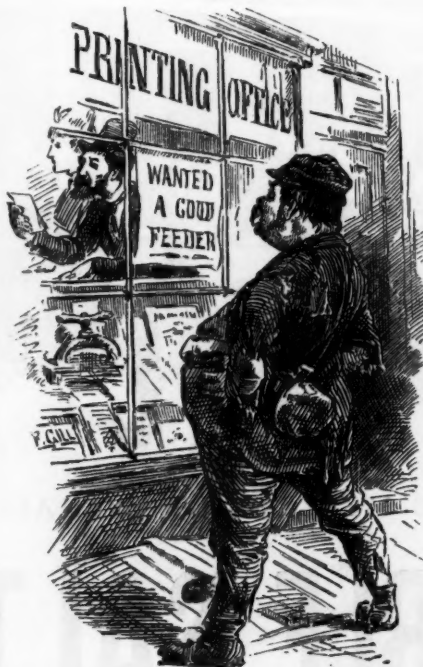
"Oh, no—yes! W-what he said was—ha, ha! that the boy came out of the stable thoroughly cowed."

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

SPRING TIME.

The turtle gobbles the tempting bait,
And the little boy turns pale
As he pulls the line, then he curses fate,
For he thought he had a whale.

A SOFT JOB.



ROBUST TRAMP—"That's just the position for me."

THE MIKADO.

'Twas a learned man, who'd traveled far,
From Maine to Colorado—
Who'd visited the Shah and Czar—
And he called it the "Mikado."

An ancient dame, a pious miss,
Who often said her credo;
And when I said, pronounce me this,
She straightway said "Mik-a-do."

A vain old beau, with mincing tread,
A man of much bravado;
He shrugged his shoulders, as he said,
"Mon Dieu! eet's zee Meekado."

A little tot, with flowing hair,
Who whistled "Peek-a-boo,"
Said, with a touch of debonair,
"Ma calls it Meekadoo."

This left the question still more in doubt, and as a last resort I determined to leave it to Mr. Patrick Byrne, a cobbler of great erudition.

"Say, Patrick, what do you call this play
That is making such a great ado?"
And I heaved a sigh as I heard him say,
"Oj giss ye mane the Mickydoo."

MILLER'S HOTEL, 39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.
Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.
Send for Circulars.



THE MERCANTILE EXCHANGE.

EUREKA TABLE SALT!

THERE ARE FEW FAMILIES WHO USE OVER ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH OF SALT IN A YEAR. It is the CHEAPEST article used in the Household, and the POOREST PEOPLE can afford to BUY THE BEST. EUREKA SALT IS PURE; it is Manufactured by a New Process, which is as great an improvement in Salt Manufacture as BESSEMER'S was in MAKING STEEL. IT ADDS TO THE FLAVOR OF YOUR FOOD. Ask your Grocer for a 14 lb. Bag. Price, only 25 Cents.

THE SUNDAY PAPERS.



OLD GOLDDUST (to his private secretary)—“Well, Charles, what’s in the *Brag* this morning?”

CHARLES—“Sir, there are ten sheets of ‘wants,’ fifteen sheets of ‘personals,’ and a ten-column editorial on the circulation of the *Brag*; also saying that there was no space for the railroad accident or the Grecian war, which would appear in Monday’s *Brag*.”

SHE WOULD NOT CAGE THE BIRDS.



She would not cage the birds,
 Too great her love for them;
 She loved the rose too well
 To pluck it from its stem.
 Flowers were not born to die
 Just as their joys begin,
 Nor birds to fold their wings,
 By prison bars shut in.
 She would not cage the birds;
 To her it seemed a sin.
 She would not cage the birds;
 Her deeds but prove her words,—
 Too tender heart for that!
 She would not cage the birds—
 She wore them on her hat!

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

A PRIORI.

Impressible? Perhaps I am.
 In love? Well, hardly that; and yet
 I would indite an epigram
 To one I never shall forget.

Handsome? I have not seen her face.
 Her voice? Its tones are strange to me.
 Still I believe that every grace
 Dwells in her in epitome.

I base my faith upon one thing,
 And argue from analogy.
 Her hat was small; and thus I sing.
 I sat behind her at the play.

J. A. WALDRON.

“That look doth pain me, dearest. Our parting is but for one brief day.”

“Yes, me heart would fain be content, but—”

“What then, fair one?”

“I fear me mother’s wrath.”

“The cause, angel of my existence? Me life is at your call!”

“Your paper collar’s busted, and mamma is so suspicious!”

MISTAKES WILL OCCUR.



FARMER—“By jiminy! How these yere boots do creak! I’ll have to grease ’em up a little, I guess.”

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CHESTNUTS FROM JUDGE.

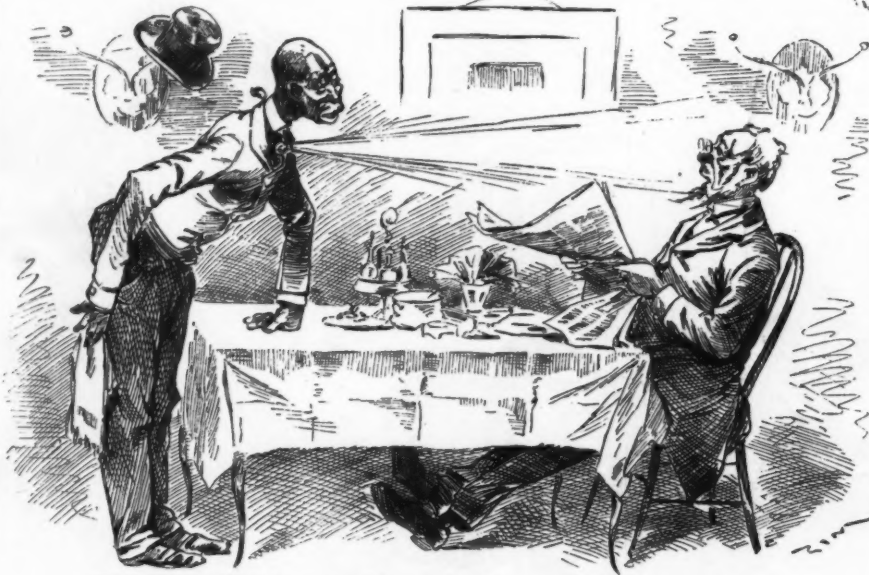
Glucose is made from linen rags. When a girl is clothed in purple and fine linen she should be "too sweet for anything."

Socrates drank hemlock and killed himself. In these days men drink no end of tan bark in beer and thrive on it. And yet some hygienic cranks insist that the race is deteriorating in physical endurance.

William D. Howells says that no woman can live in the same house with a genius. We have twenty-five years of experience to the contrary.

"Dere's watermillions in it," cried Blackberry Sellers, as he clomb over the garden wall.

FORCE OF HABIT.



CUSTOMER—"What have you this morning?"
WAITER—"Beefsteak and shad; shad all gone. What'll you have?"

MET THE REQUIREMENTS.

"I say, Gawge Washin'ton, did yez do what yer wife tole yer when she died, two weeks ago las' Wen'sday?"

"What's dat? You mean 'bout berryin' dat yer weddin' ring wid her in de coffin? In coorse, I did. Does yer tink I wouldn't? Eh?"

"Yer sho' dat yer did, Gawge?"

"Wha, I did jiss de same. I hoc de ring an' put de ticket in de coffin."

One of the foreign exchanges speaks of an exasperated crowd throwing a wife-beater into the river Mersey. This is the foreign idea of tempering justice with Mersey.

MRS. JONES'S PATENT REGISTER ATTACHMENT.



1. Her little device to find out how many drinks he takes.

A SEASONABLE PASSION.

"I adore you so," said a sentimental girl, putting her arm around her lover's neck, "that love in a cottage with you would be happier for me than in a palace with any one else."

"I guess it would be," was the unromantic reply. "But you must remember that love in a cottage comes pretty high this time of the year."

A concern in Brooklyn, detected in coloring pickles with arsenic, puts in a defence that they are coined exclusively for Southern circulation. Some people seem to think that a water-melon-subsisting community can stand anything. This wicked and adulterous firm should be prosecuted, unless it gives bonds not to sell to any one except Sunday barge excursionists.

One of our funny exchanges has a superfluously long name. *Saul* was the *St. Paul Herald*, as we remember him when we reported that big thunder-clap for the *Damascus Blade*. *Saul* is as good a name for a paper as is *Sun*.

Base-Ball Professi on als are seriously advised to spend the off season in Canada studying small-pox. It is evidently the champion catcher.

A poet asks, "To what star shall I direct the aerial bark of my fancy?" The dog star would not be bad—especially for a bark.

When a man remarks pathetically that he is undone, it is a declaration to the effect that he is too fresh.

MRS. JONES'S PATENT REGISTER ATTACHMENT.



2. He takes it by a rubber tube and thus avoids the register.



By his forgetfulness he drinks and registers three.



4. SHE—"What! in such a state, and it has only registered three?"
He—"I've not been drinking (hic); I only lit a cigar and bowed twice to Mrs. Smith across the way. Can't get drunk on that, can you?"

A Youthful Skin and Complexion.

Lady on 37th Street, writes: "Have just returned from the country FEELING SPLENDIDLY, and my friends say, LOOKING equally so. Let me whisper in your ear, 'Your wonderful Arsenic Wafers are the cause of all.' Send me two more boxes" Only depot, 146 West 16th Street, New York.

ILLUSTRATED "AD."



"WANTED—An experienced draughtsman."

IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.

A benevolent gentleman, who was always ready to help the deserving, had his attention called to an organ-grinder who bore a placard stating that he was blind and paralyzed.

Said the gentleman, "You have fallen on evil days, my poor man."

"How's that?" interrogated the disciple of Handel.

"You are pretty badly shot," interpreted the would-be philanthropist.

"Yes, rather."

"You seem to have been particularly unfortunate."

"So-so," returned the philosophic grinder; "but it might have been worse. If my arms had been paralyzed instead of my legs, I would have to learn to write visiting cards with my toes."

A couple was married with great *eclat* and abandon on the fair ground near Syracuse, N. Y. It is hoped that having been married on fair grounds, they may not be put out and divorced on foul.

ILLUSTRATED "AD."



"An old gentleman (tired of his present residence) will exchange for a smaller house and a fire escape."

ILLUSTRATED "AD."



"A colored gentleman will exchange a lot of poultry that he has on his hands for a good shot gun."

Lydia Thompson was born in February, 1836, and with the trifling addition of a smile or two has stuck to the same style of clothes ever since.

ILLUSTRATED PERSONAL.



"If the party who found the door-plate will return the plate he may keep the name."

IN THE BRINY.

The breaker rolls in with a wicked design,
And keels a girl-bather right o'er on her spine;
While she picks herself up from the water to run,
And remarks, "I've a surf-eit of this kind of fun."

ILLUSTRATED "AD."



"HELP WANTED—Able bodied men preferred."

ILLUSTRATED "AD."



"WANTED—Small boy to do work outside of real estate office."

"Mrs. Chief-Justice Waite writes from London to a friend in Washington that the Judge is growing younger daily." Mrs. C.-J. W. is quite right. It is not weekly, but daily that THE JUDGE is adolescenting, so to speak.

Dr. Sigmundy, of Vienna, who published a book of directions for climbing the Alps with safety, has tumbled off one of 'em—Alps, not books—and broken his neck. He ought to have instituted this test of his theories before publishing them.

It was a touching and daring act of affection, when those poor little boys in Omaha who hadn't any presents to take to a wedding of a dear friend, broke into a church and carried off the communion service. Chance for the poets and Sunday-school book makers.

BECKY SHARPER—"I suppose you have heard of my marriage?"

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—"Yes; and I congratulate you. You have a protector now—what every girl in your situation ought to have."

B. S.—"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that, I married for revenue only, though, of course, I don't object to incidental protection."

ILLUSTRATED "AD."



"A party confined to his room would like some light employment to occupy his mind."

RED NOSES CURED.

Lady writes: "For three years my friends ridiculed what they were pleased to call my 'champagne nose.' A few boxes of Arsenic Wafers wholly removed the unnatural redness."
ONLY DEPOT, 146 West 16th Street, New York.

ONLY A BROTHER.



7:20 P. M.

Ah! why is this? My bedroom never
Looked so neat before.
There's not a spot upon the wall
Or scrap upon the floor!
There's water in the pitcher, too!!
And soap within the dish!!!
And counterpane upon the bed!!!!
What more could mortal wish?
I never had two towels before—
Both clean, I do declare!
Three weeks have passed since last I saw
A single wiper there!
And why are these things thus and so?
I sleep to-night with sister's beau!

9:20 P. M.

I've just returned from church. Alas,
What ruin has been wrought!
Have all my hopes of better days
Been cherished but for naught?
No counterpane adorns the bed,
No towel upon the door!
No soap within the little dish,
While papers strew the floor!
The snowy pillow-case that shone
In all its beauty bright
Is folded on the closet shelf—
The old one's back to-night!
And why are these things thus and so?
He did not stay—my sister's beau!

E. FRANK LINTABER.



MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Lives of bank clerks all remind us
We can make our lives all crime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Not a solitary dime.

A SOLID HINT.



Mr. STAYER—"Alas, we make resolutions only to break them!"
Miss QUICK—"Yes, very true. Now I resolved to retire early nights and here it is nearly eleven o'clock!"

When ye poet indited a rhapsodic sonnet
To his auburn-haired fiance's "matchless gold
locks,"—
Oh, he used bigger cuss-words than simply "dogone
it,"
When ye newspaper printed it, "patched-up old
socks!"

IT NEVER SMILES.

"I never saw such a solemn baby as
Jones'. Why, it never smiles."
"It doesn't take after its father, then."
"No, but its mother does."

THE LONG LOOKED FOR INVENTION.



THE BARBER'S INDICATOR—"YOU'RE NEXT."

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BRIEFS SUBMITTED.

BY CLYDE.

THE OLD MAID.

You can always tell an old maid, do you say,
By her cork-screw curls and her winning way?
A surer test I'll name to thee.
It's her manly laugh—
Te! he! he! he!!

"Jones, did you ever lie?" "Yes, lots of times."
"Well, you ain't lying now!"

A kin-dred feeling—that of two unruly boys who expect to be larruped by their parents for some misdeed.

If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper. Persons who never eat supper are left out of this deal.

With what an air of calm superiority a hen will gobble a worm after the rooster has scratched it up! There are lots of hens in the world.

"Can a lawyer be honest?" asks a New Haven paper. He is hired for quite an opposite purpose very frequently, but we suppose he can, outside of business hours.

The man who buys a five-cent beer,
Then wants thrown in with it a mere
Two dollar's worth of nice free lunch,—
Should sit right down and take a "cheer,"
And ask to have the hemisphere
Fried, broiled and baked, for him to munch.

A dilapidated old express wagon, to which was attached a blind equine, recently drew up in front of a fashionable dry-goods store, and the driver, addressing the proprietor, inquired:

"Want any movin' done, boss?"
"Yes," replied the irate gentleman, "I want you to move that one-eyed wreck off this street!"
He moved it.

FARMERS' MARKET NOTES.



BEEF ON THE HOOF AND PURE MILK RAPIDLY RISING.



THE WORM TURNS.

PERSPIRING WORM—"Now look ere, Mungumeley, you jus say 's'is hottenuff f'you, an I'll nockerdow."

They say that Miln, the preacher-actor, is the only one on the boards who does not swear. He found in his clerical life, probably, that the senseless repetition of the name of the Deity makes no impression on those who hear, and confers no benefit on him who utters it.

Why should the canine flea be termed a great traveler? Because he sometimes becomes a "New foundland explorer."

MAUD—"Ma, what kind of a blossom is a gin-blossom? Is it like a daisy?"

MATER FAMILIAS—"What a silly question! But why do you ask, Maud?"

MAUD—"Cause I heard Mr. Mugs say to-day that pa had the largest gin-blossom in the Ward, and it was a daisy."

Sedgwick, special envoy to Mexico, is one of those enterprising lights of politics that burn themselves at both ends.

IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.



MISS SMITHERS—"Charlie, dear, what kind of a flower is that?"
MR. ROSEMAN (a young collegian)—"Love, that is not a flower; it is a tobacco plant."
MISS SMITHERS—"Oh, how nice it must look when the plugs are hanging on it."

ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS.

Lady writes: "In Paris my physician prescribed Arsenic in solution, but it nearly killed me, and I was weeks in recovering. I am, however, delighted with your Wafers. They have not only greatly improved my complexion, but have also induced a splendid appetite." 50 cts. and \$1 per box, sent by mail to any address; samples 25 cts., silver. To be had only of JAS. P. CAMPBELL M. D., 146 West 16th Street New York.

A SAFETY APPLIANCE.



O'BRIEN (from above)—"Are yez there, Dimpsey?"
 DIMPSEY—"Oi am."
 O'BRIEN—"Kape yure grip an the rope 'till Oi get me fut an the plank beyant!"

THE OFFICE SHE WANTED.

"Now that we are together wed,
 There's something, wife, that should be said,
 For certainly 'tis for our good
 That all at first be understood:
 Would you thro' life as President
 Or as Vice-President be content?"
 "Neither, my love, if I but be
 Comptroller of the Currency!"

GEO. BIRDSEYE.

BEHIND A FAN

Just for a moment in arch surmise,
 With brows uplifted in mock surprise,
 Comes one swift glance from saucy eyes
 Behind a fan.

Then sandal-wood and a bit of lace,
 Wielded with artless, airy grace,
 Securely guards a blushing face
 Behind a fan.

Ah, I love her! She knows how well!
 Does love for me in that bosom dwell?
 What fluttering thoughts now make it swell
 Behind the fan.

O longing heart, cease throbbing so!
 She speaks, my love, so sweet and low,
 That I am sure she won't say "No"
 Behind the fan.

THE BIG HEAD TROUBLE.

A man with a glass at one of his eyes, the same attached to a ribbon, remarked to a man with long hair who suddenly approached him, "I can see more through this little crystal than other men can with their two eyes, let the same be naked or otherwise." "Your self-appreciation is great," was the reply; "but bethink you not that I am wonderfully acute of optic myself? I understand that when the world had been successfully created the Ruler thereof looked at it a moment and sighed with disappointment. 'If I could bring up Jones from the Nineteenth Century so that he could criticize it,' he said, 'I should feel, after profiting from his advice, that it was well done.' My friend, I'm Jones." "I am happy to meet you, sir," was the response; "pray tell me your occupation." "Sir, I am a political philosopher of the mugwump species," was the gratifying reply. "Very well," said the man of the glass eye, replacing the crystal, which had fallen, and surveying his companion critically. "Come to my arms. You are my long lost brother. Have you seen our friend the Angel Gabriel lately?" At that moment a jackass in a neighboring thicket gave a loud bray. "There is his trumpet now!" they both exclaimed in a breath; and in their haste to get to the supposed Gabriel and tell him what time to set for the judgment each ran against the other and in the subsequent excitement they pounded each other to death.

Moral—It is well to have the self-esteem that generally attends a large ear for music, but one should never know too much.

THE RUPTURED PROVERB.

A youth of thoughtful mien was told by his father never to be combative. "What!" he exclaimed; "and when Joseph whacks me must I not whack him back again?" "No, my son," said the father gently; "you must turn to him the other cheek also. Remember that you can catch more flies with molasses than vinegar." "Umph!" ejaculated the youth after a little reflection, contemptuously shrugging his shoulders. "Who in thunder cares for flies?"

Moral—We sometimes find that the smallest mind furnishes a stumper for our largest wisdom.

QUITE PLAUSIBLE.

MRS. BROWN (in Broadway)—"Why do they call a man who carries an advertising board a sandwich?"

BROWN (philosophically)—"Because, my dear, on fifty cents a day he can't make both ends meat."

A writer complains that not one young man in a dozen knows how to leave a house gracefully; but this is a utilitarian age, and in making his exit the young man sometimes makes up in speed what he lacks in grace.

Pants are cut so large this season that a dude's legs look as lonesome as a Prohibitionist Convention in a skating rink.



A STUNNING EFFECT.

OLD MOIST COLOR has just finished a "darling" in oil, and was figuring on the price he would put upon it—
 When a sudden "whish" of his brush sent his pipe out of his mouth, and covered his beauty with "fine cut." It was a stunner.

ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS.
 ONLY DEPOT, 148 West 16th Street, New York.

A South William Street merchant writes: "Your Wafers are worth in reality ten times their cost. They have done me more good than all the doctor's advice and attendance that I have hitherto received." (Letter can be seen at office.) Free Consultations to 6 P.M. Daily.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.



COUNTRYMAN—"How much do you charge for a fortygraf?"
 PHOTOGRAPHER—"Fifty cents."
 COUNTRYMAN—"Here's a quarter; jes' picture me a side face."

A NECESSARY CHANGE.

SPORTSMAN (a former resident of Canada)—"I would like to have a little trout fishing before the season is over. Can you advise me as to the best place to go?"

MAN ABOUT TOWN (nonchalantly)—"There are some private ponds over on Long Island which you can lease. The owner used to charge the club dudes of New York a dollar a pound for all the fish they caught, but they were such poor anglers that he now rents the ponds by the hour."

The Egyptian injunction—mummies the word.

"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.

Japanese prisoners are dressed in pink. "The pink of perfection" is evidently unknown in Japan.

The Russian language contains but thirty-five letters, yet to look at some of the Russian words you'd think it contained a hundred.

It is reported that Sarah Bernhardt is raising a dimple in her chin. Gracious! how this must draw the flesh away from the rest of her face!

When Mary Anderson sneezed recently, while representing Galatea in the marble, Forbes Robertson cried out indignantly, "See here, you graven image! that isn't in your lines." Whereupon Mary came down from her pedestal and leaned against a fly and wept. It occurred before a Philadelphia audience, however, and the applause was vociferous.

DIDN'T NEED IT.

FURNITURE DEALER (to lady who is going into housekeeping)—"Can't I sell you a nice strong rocking-chair, ma'am?"

LADY (good-naturedly)—"Not just now, sir. My girls are not yet old enough to have company."

TOLD THE TRUTH.

MR. MERRITT (at end of the act)—"Excuse me a moment, my dear."

MRS. MERRITT (grabbing his coat-tails)—"Where are you going?"

MR. MERRITT (tearing himself away)—"Oh, I'm just going to get an opera-glass."

SHE WANTED HER MONEY'S WORTH.

MRS. MALAPROP (handing some homœopathic pills to the hired girl)—"Here. Mary, take these things back to the druggist and tell him they are for a full grown person. I don't see how you could be so stupid as to bring me these child's pills."

NEVER CHANGES.

BROWN (amused)—"What makes you carry such a bludgeon of a walking-cane—it looks like the limb of a tree?"

MERRITT (proudly)—"That's the style now. The latest thing out, don't you know?"

BROWN (patronizingly)—"You're young yet, my boy; when you get to keep house, like me, you'll soon see that the latest thing out is generally the hired girl."

HE TOOK THE SAME.

It rained New Year's day in X, and when Mr. Tooful was going home from his last call, the host held up several umbrellas and asked, "which one will you take?"

"Same!" gurgled the gilded youth.

OUR MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.



"The Reliable Indian Remedy," a speedy and permanent dandruff remover.



"Pond's Extract."



"Bull's Lightning Invigorator," for tired feeling, never fails



"Caw's Painless Corn Destroyer," quick and sure.



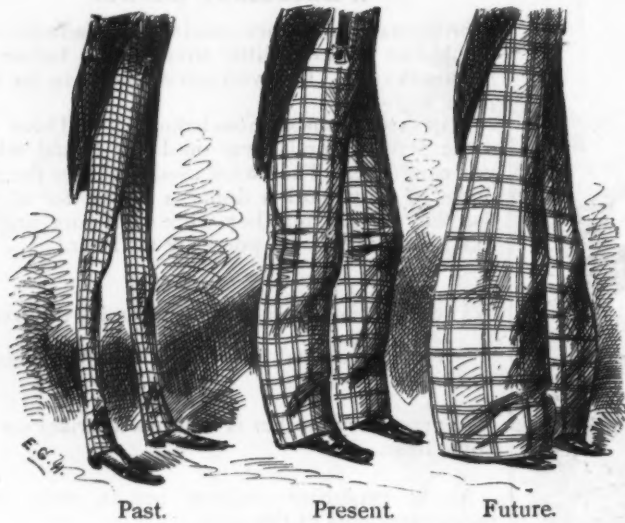
"Law's Positive Skin Cure."



Guzzel's World Renowned self-treatment for dryness of the throat, etc.

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THE STYLE.



AGAINST ANARCHY.

"Phwat is the worruld comin' to, Mrs. O'Flanigan?" inquired Mrs. Hooligan as the two ladies were seated in the kitchen of the castle on the rocks at Fifth avenue and Ninety-some street, overlooking the peaceful pig and admiring the antics of the billy-goat.

"To an ind, Oi'm thinkin'," answered the practical Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Not in our time, Nora darlint. But they's quare things that do be happenin' these days. Phwat div yez think should hav' come here yisterday afternoon but a dirty Dutchman, wan av thim bottlenosed Bohaymians?"

"Is that the Bohay that the tay comes from?"

"That the beer comes from, more like, judgin' by the shmell av the craytur. An' phwat div yez think the blaggard wanted here? He wanted to see Misther Hooligan, he said, to be taught the bist way av usin' dinnamoit, he did."

"An' phwat have yez to do wid dinnamoit?" says Oi to him. "It's niver the loikes av yez that's been throdden undher fut by the bloody Saxins, an' yez had better lave the dinnamoit to thim as nades it."

"He tould me that he wanted to bu'st up the gov'ment, he did, an' 'twas our own gov'ment he meant, which I made him own up to the same. Think av it, Mrs. O'Flanigan, an' my Dan like to be made an alderman if he can git a license to open a salune on the corner!"

"The thafe av the worruld!" ejaculated Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Jist phwat Oi tould him he was, Nora darlint. 'You poor black-faced furriner!' says Oi, 'Oi'll tell yez phwat to do. Jist wait here till Misther Hooligan gits home, an' he'll tache yez all yez wants to know about dinna-

moit in liss than no time."

"'Will he do that?' says the Bohaymian.

"'Sure an' he will,' says Oi. 'He'll ram about half a pound av it down yer gullet, an' thin he'll walk over yez till yez wouldn't know if it thundered. That's phwat my Dan 'll do, an' proud av the chance he'll be.'

"Then the blaggard flared up an' said that he hadn't come here to be jokin', an' that he was afraid Oi was on the side av' the inimy. He tould me that his section av the Internationals—phativer that may be—was dhrillin' wid arrums, an' soon they'd kill all the polace—God save us! —an' make all the aristuckerrats on Fift'

JOY AND SORROW COMBINED.



ACQUAINTANCE—"Why, Brown, why on earth are you wearing such a knot of crape—and I'll be hanged! all those flags, too—eh?"

HEART-BROKEN BROWN—"Painting the town, old boy; mother-in-law's dead."

avenoo shell out an' divide their property wid him an' sich as him."

"The saints be betune us an' harrum!"

"He moight as well have flung a ded cat in me face; for it's mesilf that lives on Fift' avenoo an' Oi flatter mesilf that Oi'm as gud as annybody, Nora darlint."

"It's yersilf that's better than most, Biddy dear."

"'You black-faced, beer-swillin' baboon,' says Oi to him, 'div yez think that Bridget Hooligan, as come av the O'Connors, would iver be afther dividin' as much as a dime av her property wid the likes av yez? Oi'll tache yez the kind av dividin' they'll be, an' don't yez forgit it? Wid that, Nora darlint, Oi wiped up the flure wid him till it shmelt like a brewery, an' then Oi sint him whirlin' down the path, an' billy the goat struck him undher the coat tails, buttin' him as he ran down the sthreet yellin' murder."

"It's right yez did, Biddy dear. We must look out for our own whin that sort's about. The likes av him 'ud be shtearlin' the pig if they dared."

EDWARD WILLET.



MISTRESS TO NEW SERVANT—"Bridget, where is the dessert?"

BRIDGET (glowing with pride)—'Ther dessert, mum? It's in Afriky or Agypt. The tacher alvus called me a foine lump ov a scholar."

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THE OLD-FASHIONED TROUSERS STRETCHER.

That is probably why a woman never scruples to lavish her husband's money... Judging by the kind of men who are dying every day, hell must be a bigger place than heaven. Man loves from impulse; woman from sympathy... A boy looks at the result; a man at the consequences... Man works to earn money; woman to spend it... We appear most foolish to our friends when we think ourselves most wise... Pride is stronger than modesty in woman. On a rainy day she would sooner show her hose than bedraggle her skirts... Man judges with his brain; woman with her eye... We are told it is better to be born lucky than rich. But, after all, if we are rich we can easily stand a little ill-luck... Man was made to mourn; woman to make him do so... "Go forth and gambol on the green" is a precept that was never written of the turf...

SAYINGS OF MRS. PUGWASH.

There are some men in this world so chivalrous that they love all women except their own wives... In shaking a carpet the wise man always gets to windward... To most of us the sands of life are quicksands... The lover who dives into a poke bonnet to kiss his girl may be said to be head and ears in love... The poor are always with us because we seldom give them anything... Experience is a teacher that never spares the rod... The difference between the miser and the spendthrift is as the shadow is to the substance. The one loves money; the other what money will buy... There are many men who make a living by seeking for the truth, but who never find it for fear of losing their job... The rolling stone gathers no moss. It is the rolling snow-ball that scoops up everything... Life is a race where we all like to go as we please... Charity begins at home.

It is the fly in the milk-bowl that gets along swimmingly... There is no saying truer than "as easy as kiss"—providing, of course, that the girl will let you... Joaquin Miller, with his long hair and eccentric ways, looks more poetical than he is... It isn't the millionaires who keep the money in circulation. The rich man hoards; the poor man spends... It is the terms of the midwife that are always c.o.d.

It is the artificial fly that takes the rise out of the trout... This would be a queer world if everyone had his own way... Wealth may not make one happy, but without it few are happy... Homeliness is a drawback to a man; in a woman it is a crime... The pinch of poverty is sharper than that of the pincers... It is easy for an ugly woman to sneer at the mistake of her pretty sister, for she knows nothing of temptation... It is easy for one to hide his ignorance and pass through life as a wise man, if he only holds his tongue... With our society woman it is neck or nothing.

WANTED,



F. Victor.

By a young man, who at present occupies a position somewhat difficult to sustain with dignity, a chance to rise in the world, or get on his feet again.

RESULTS OF CIVIL SERVICE.

FIRST STRANGER (to policeman)—"Can you tell me where the First Methodist Church is?"
 POLICEMAN (unconcernedly)—"No, sir; you had better consult the directory."
 SECOND STRANGER (in an off-hand way)—"Whereabouts is the Haymarket?"
 POLICEMAN (full of information)—"Second corner to the right."

WAS IT A FAITH CURE?



Little Gamin (in loud voice, to companion)—"Hi, Jimmy! Look out, here comes a mad dog!"



The Blind Cripple did not wish to make a visit to Paris, but he will have to ply his vocation in some other section of the country after this.

Youth! Youth! Youth!

THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH! WHERE ARE THEY? Experience answers: They are to be found in the Disease-Expelling, Blood-Disinfecting and Beauty-Restoring (Safe) ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. What "Society" says of them may be learned from the pages of this book.

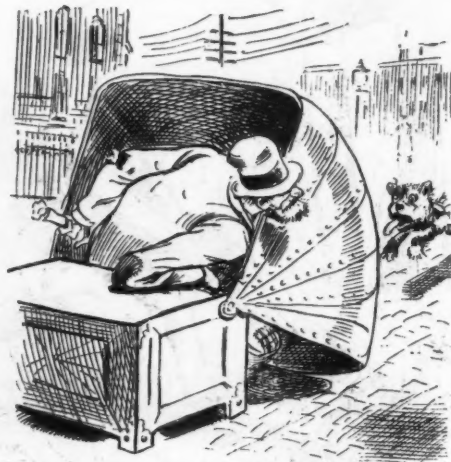
THE JUDGE'S PATENT PROTECTOR FOR ORGAN-GRINDERS. (SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.)



Business done here, rain or—



Shine.



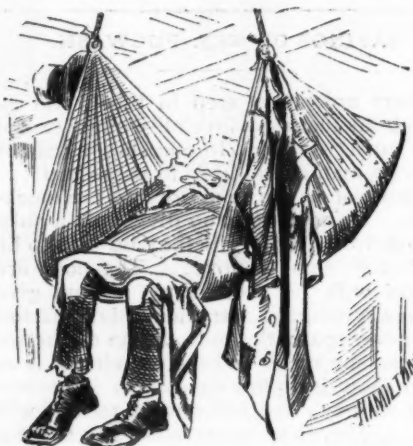
A good protection from the mad dog.



The poor man can grind out the "Mikado" until a shower of household articles fall, and then—



He can gather them in.



One more advantage—at rest.

JEALOUSY.

My wife? Dear boy, I love her still.

My jealousy? Unfounded quite.

The story? Oh, 'twas nothing. Yet

I'll tell it. Please give me a light.

Ah, me! We lived in paradise!

How long? Well, Jack, I cannot tell.

But, truly, 'twas a honeymoon

Refulgent—without parallel!

I loved no other. She—dear girl—

Was all devoted. . . . Well, one day

I missed a bright-hued scarf. The next,

Four handkerchiefs of color gay.

I questioned her. A neat housewife

She is, and never fails to keep

My shirts and hose repaired. But when

I queried, she began to weep!

If she had said she knew naught of

The missings things, as you can see,

I should have found no fault. But tears

Roused my suspicions—angered me.

I watched her closely, and one day

Saw her within a letter place

My newest scarf. Confusion! I

At last had found out my disgrace!

"You have a lover! Ah!" I cried.

"Confess! Confess at once your guilt!"

She laughed. "I'm sending this," she said,

"To mamma, for her crazy quilt."

J. A. WALDRON.

The Vassar Commencement was a beautiful success. The young ladies had their hair done up with unprecedented skill, and their essays were mostly of white lawn, cut on the bias, and properly adorned with flowers and leaves.

There is a new song. It is dedicated to Mr. Keely. It is entitled, "Let me kill him for his motor."

It is N. C. Goodwin's opinion that the first thing necessary to success in base ball is to kill the umpire; but the latter thinks that the opening proceeding should be the murder of N. C. Goodwin.

LATEST CROP REPORT.

Corn no longer in demand.

"There's still cause for thankfulness," as the lodger said when the cornet-player turned in.

If you cannot make up a handsome bed your husband will have a homely nose; but, then, don't be discouraged. If he's any kind of a man he'll get a new one.

He was going down town yesterday, with two dozen eggs in a paper sack, when the bottom fell out. However, with a little paste the sack can be made as good as ever.

The Dash Family of Swiss Bell ringers have tumbled unexpectedly upon a solution of the problem of how to raise the wind and a family at the same time. The services of a good-natured cyclone were called into play by a western town and the family were lifted into the next county without cost, clothes or any superfluous ceremony.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Intelligent Cowboy (to Northerner who has run down to Texas to make inquiry about the sudden disappearance of Wealthy Relative)—"Mean the Boston man? Always wore his hat shined? Well, the fact is, he couldn't stand our climate. Went into Hart's drug-store and saw a glass of El Paso whisky and a glass of carbolic acid standing together on the counter, and"

"Ah, yes, I see; drank the carbolic by mistake instead of the"

"No, drank the whisky by mistake, and dropped like a shot goat."

MILLER'S HOTEL,

39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.

— Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage. —

Send for Circulars.



Mr. Lew Dockstader

DOCKSTADER'S HOME

PURITY AND REFINEMENT

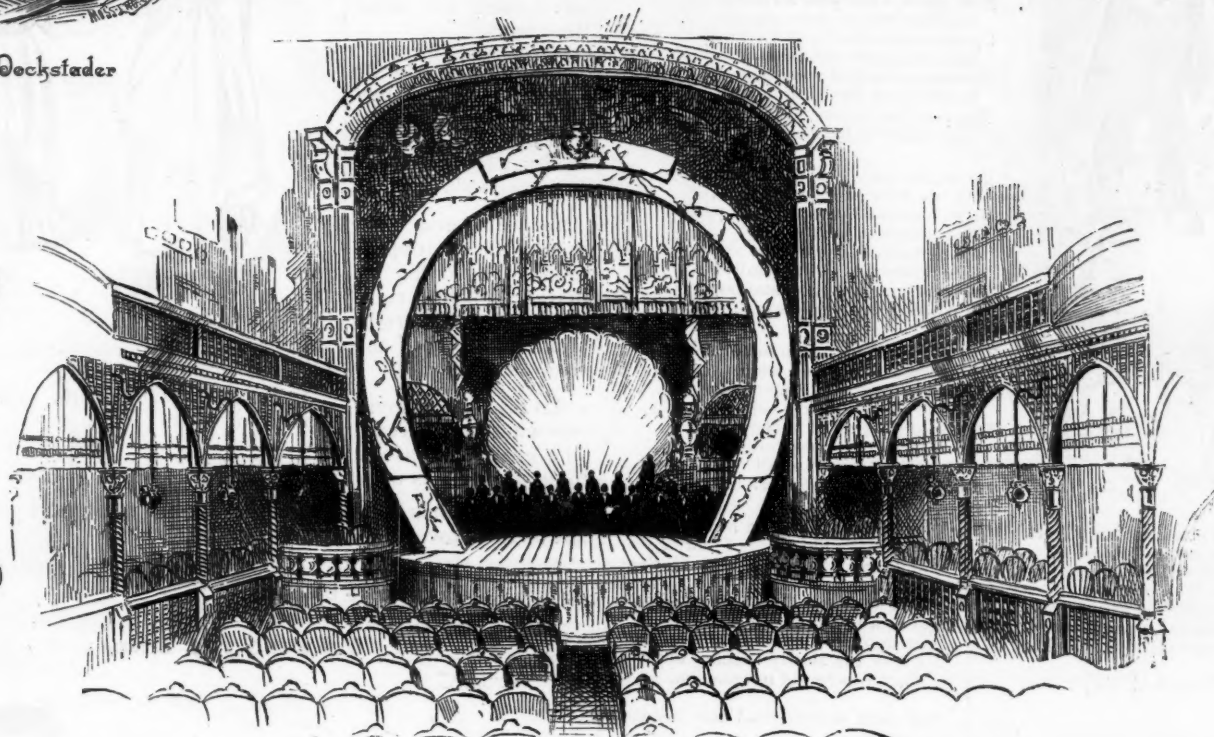
MODERN MINSTRELSY

PRICES

50c

75c

\$1.00



INTERIOR VIEW OF DOCKSTADER'S NEW YORK MINSTREL THEATRE

NIGHTS

8.30

SAT

MAT

2.30

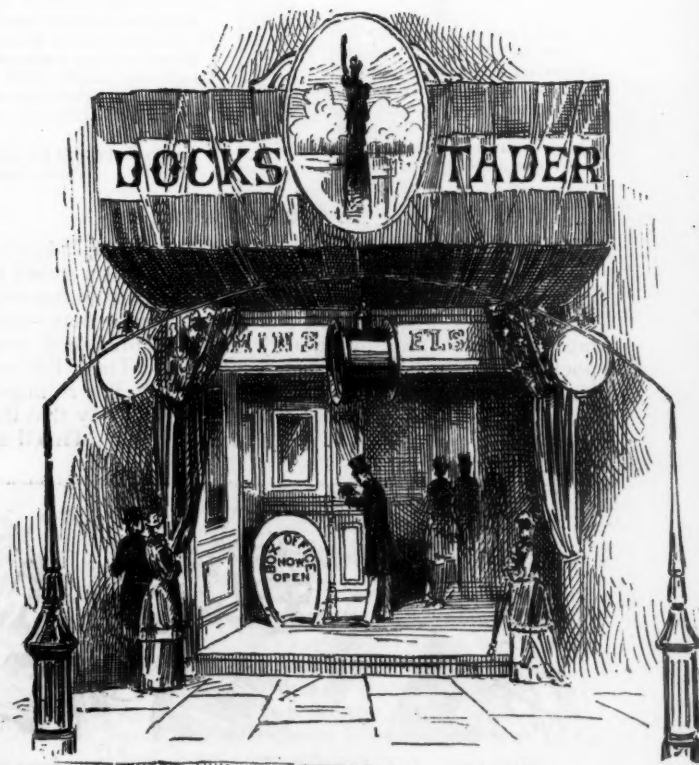
BROADWAY near 29th STREET

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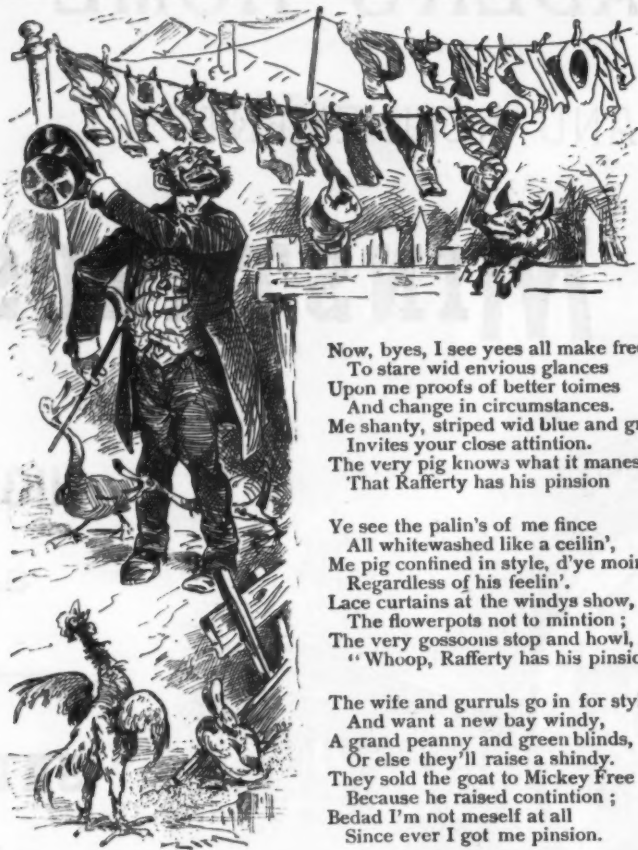
Selected Company of

Clever Comedians AND

Exquisite Vocalists



ENTRANCE TO DOCKSTADER'S



Now, byes, I see ye'es all make free
To stare wid envious glances
Upon me proofs of better toimes
And change in circumstances.
Me shanty, striped wid blue and grane,
Invites your close attintion.
The very pig knows what it manes,
That Rafferty has his pinsion

Ye see the palin's of me fine
All whitewashed like a ceilin',
Me pig confined in style, d'ye moind,
Regardless of his feelin'.
Lace curtains at the windys show,
The flowerpots not to mintion;
The very gossoons stop and howl,
"Whoop, Rafferty has his pinsion!"

The wife and gurruls go in for style
And want a new bay windy,
A grand peanny and green blinds,
Or else they'll raise a shindy.
They sold the goat to Mickey Free
Because he raised contintion;
Bedad I'm not meself at all
Since ever I got me pinsion.

Tight-legged pants, Prince Albert coat,
A bee-hive, swell-top castor;
Begob ye'd think I was a dude
Like Barry Wall or Astor.
And whin I strike the avenue
The gang comes to attintion
And whispers, "O, boys, mind the
style!
That's Rafferty wid his pinsion."

They want me at the City Hall,
And sint a delegation;
John Kelly asked me for my pull,
But that's all botheration;
But for the honor of the ward
I'd go to the convintion,
Bedad there's worse men run for
mayor
Than Rafferty wid his pinsion.

O, well I mind before the war
How in all kinds of sasons
I climbed to eminence and fame
Handling supplies for masons.
And when the Sixty-ninth went out
To quell the mad dissinsion,
I took a gun and dropped the hod
Widout a thought of pinsion.

Wid knap-sacks like a hod of bricks,
Wid roads like beds of mortar,
Wid bread would choke a Harlem
goat
And naught to drink but water,
Bad luck to any health I had
Or comfort worth the mintion,
Till now I'm slowly bracing up,
Since I have got me pinsion.

And next month read the fashion
notes
And cards of invitation,
Me oldest gurrul has made a mash
Of a young man in high station.
P. D. Magoongin is his name,
His style is what I'd mintion;
The widdin' will bang old Banniger
dead
If it takes the last of me pinsion.

So here's the health of Boys in Blue,
And shamrock of ould Erin,
To all that's left of tried and true
Who the army badge are wearin'.
To all who fought, to all who died,
To the land that gives attintion
To those who live with wounds and
scars,
To Rafferty and his pinsion.
PROF. GOUGE, LL D.

HOW THEY WORK IT.

There was a flag of distress flying at Mrs. Zidger's door, and Miss Neddy—short for Edwina—Zidger was on guard looking out for new boarders under these instructions from her ma: "Now, Neddy, when the bell rings—if it's a young man—you go right into the parlor, and play gently on the pianner as if you was of a poetical temper. Young men likes it. Then I'll go inter the kitchen, and send Jane to the door with the rolling-pin in her hand, and she'll apologize for her looks, and say that the other gal is out, and she was just busy making pies. That'll fetch him, I guess."



SARCASH.



JOY.



SORROW.

The knell of English
supremacy in Ireland
—Parnell.

A ship that often
sails under false colors
—Courtship. A ship
that does well enough
in fair weather—Kin-
ship.

Religion is far from
being a dead letter.
Church riots were
never so lively as they
have been for some
time back.

"This," said a bleary-
eyed tramp, who had
coaxed a free drink out
of a kind-hearted bar-
tender, "is what I call
a charity ball."

Better bend than
break, as the oppor-
tunist philosopher re-
marked to his right
arm when his right
hand got foul of the
schooner.

To preach economy
is to waste one's breath
The great increase in
funeral expenses doesn't seem to deter people from dying.

When one has dined on the ill-plucked restaurant goose, one is apt to feel down in the mouth.

If beauty is only skin deep, it needs but a scratch with a bare bodkin to attain to the beautiful.

FROM HER STAND-POINT OF VIEW.



LADY (seeking rooms)—"But the ceiling is not very high!"
LANDLADY—"Oh, Mum, consider from where you look!"

DRAWING THE LINE.



FARMER—"You say you are willing to do anything?"
JOLLY TRAMP—"In course—anything but work!"

There are instances where quail on toast has been followed in due time by three cents on the dollar.

Sam Jones's sermons condensed—Fellow citizens, provide yourselves with a fire escape before it is too late.

In a recent destruction of freight cars on a southern road several tramps were crushed to death. Whatever the monthly reports may show, that road has done a good business.

MILLER'S HOTEL, 39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.
Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.
Send for Circulars.

"As a general thing the vitality of woman compares favorably with that of man." As a particular thing, we have noticed that widows invariably survive their husbands.

A disgusted citizen indignantly wants to know, "After all, what is the difference between a Democratic administration and a Republican administration?" Twenty-four years.

French Traveler (inclined to be social)—"Without doubt, monsieur has great deal traveled, but can you tell in hearing a man swear of what nation he is?" And the surly Briton answered "Damnation."



A STANDING OFFER.

Two of the White Mountain hotels have decided not to have student waiters this Summer; so we suppose the meals to be had at them will be in one language and without italics.

An exchange tells how to select a melon. The information is of no good. Not a word is said in it as to the manners and customs of the dog.



"EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS."

DOSE MOTTO SONGS—NUMBER ONE.

BY WILHELM STRAUSS.



Wait for the Froth.

Ind der springtime of mine shildhood
I learn me somedings nice
Fon fadder's great experience
Unt boetical advice.
Says he, "Now, Jakey, lisdien,
Dere vas blendy time, my dear;
Yoost vait till der froth is settled
Else you blows away some peer."

Dose broverbs safes me drouples
In dose pizness vat I got;
Some under fellers speculate
Unt rush along red hot.
Ven shtocks is oop unt bonds is down
It makes no diff'rence here,
I vait till der froth is settled
Unt I blows away no peer.

Mit dem excitement bolitics,
Dem speeches, songs and dings,
"O, Jakey, come and join dot gang
Unt bust dem vicked rings;
O, Jakey, coom, an office got,"
I shslides oud on mine ear;
I vait till der froth is settled
Aber I blows away some peer.

I meets a nice young fraulein
Oop on der Powery street;
She vinks on me, I vinks on her,
I dell you she look shveet.
I dinks about dat broverb,
Unt I says, "Good night, my tear;
Yoost vait till der froth is settled
Else you blows away some peer."

I don'd got marriet lately
Aber I got a shance,
A frow must know some under dings:
Pesides to flirt unt dance.
Dose bustles unt goluptious forms
Vas all a fraud, I fear;
Petter I vait till der froth is gone
Else I blows away goot peer.

Coom, all you fast young fellers,
Dot geeeps it oop so late,
Petter you take dot broverb
Unt shtrike a shlower gait.
Else you shtumble a coffin ofer
Unt fall in a grave. I fear;
Go shlow till der froth is settled
Else you blows away goot peer.

WHY SHE CAN DO IT.

SHE (boastingly)—"I can dress in ten minutes."

HE (unfeelingly)—"Yes, my dear; but you must remember that you belong to a comic opera company."

"This way, Rev. Sam Jones!" exclaims the Kingston Freeman. We are glad to observe that the editor of the Freeman has finally come to a realizing sense of his condition.

"This is Depew?" said the colored usher of an uptown church inquiringly to Chauncey M., pausing in his march up the aisle. "That's what they call me," was the short response; "what of it, sir?" "Very snappish man dat," said the usher, moving briskly away; "nex' time I luff 'im take his Chaunceys."

A NEW DESIGN.



THE BUTTERFLY MASK.

Fliegende Blaetter.

"Stop talking nonsense and learn to cook," says Kate Field to the women of the period. A capital idea. When does Miss Field propose to commence?

A TIMELY EXCUSE.



WAITING WIFE—"Now you just thought you'd sneak up stairs with your shoes in your hand, so's I wouldn't know what time you got home, but"

SURPRISED HUSBAND (interrupting)—"No no, my dear; ye see the car men all struck and the walk home blistered my feet so I had to take 'em off."

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WRECKS OF THE YEARS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND FALSE HAIR.

I.

Six regiments are ordered from a fair northern city to the wild north-western frontier to check an Indian uprising. The day of departure is at hand and the men are waiting the taps to fall in. A young lieutenant stands beside a beautiful girl, bidding her adieu. Tears flow freely. But she must not cry, he says, for he will soon return and then he can claim her for his own. She will not forget? She tears a locket from her fair neck and puts it in his hand. And now he is away from her? She sees him mount and ride away in the bright sunlight, waving his hat behind him as he goes. Her eye becomes blinded with tears and she faints away.

II.

Two years have passed. The beautiful maiden is grown a half-year older. She is keeping her promise—she is waiting and watching—although nightly her father's front stoop is the company ground of many lovely young men. She doesn't despair, for he said he would come! He said so? Oh yes, but what did Fate say? And so two years more dragged by.

III.

Out on the scorching sands of the western prairies, where not even a friendly sage brush (*Americana stufus turkeyæ*) breaks the burning sunbeams, a grinning skull and a few bones bake and bleach from day to day. They are too dry even for a hungry wolf (*New Yorkus aldermanus*). A broken sword is lying near, in the relaxed grasp of a set of bones that look as if they might once have

been part of a human hand. The spectral fingers of the other hand are also near and in them something is clutched tighter than the sword. At night, when the moon comes up and the peaceful stars keep their watch on high, their soft light reveals the prisoner to be something that glitters. Is it a locket? Who can tell the dismal tale? Who knows the awful history of the scene? We give it up.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.



SHE—"Do you really love me, Henry dear?"
HE—"Thunder and lightning! Yes! How many times have I got to tell you!"

IV.

Up in the north a woman waits. She has waited all the long, weary winters of seven weary years. She has worn out her hair and teeth waiting, and now decks herself with shop-made pearls of teeth and sunny golden hair at \$40 per yard. She is at least one whole year older than in the long ago. What is she waiting for? We humbly pass.

V.

There came one sunny afternoon in June, to a house filled with riotous children, a wandering stranger. He was a tin peddler. As he was about to knock at the front door a woman's sharp voice rang out from the upper window, "Now you light out." He shed one pearly tear and lit. The wagon rumbled away and the stranger was gone.

VI.

And thus it was that they met again.

VII.

"See here, old boy, if they met again what about that sage bush, and the skull and scorching prairie business?"
"Nothing."
"Nothing?"
"Nothing."
"B-a-a-a-a-h!"

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

If the rooster crows on the fence the weather will be fair; if on the doorstep he will bring company. If he crows loudly you may know he's out of the woods and has a good pair of lungs.

THE APPLICATION OF HANDS TO HEADS.



A CLEAR COMPLEXION!

—Glasco, N. Y., gentleman writes: "Your Arsenic Wafers are clearing my complexion nicely; please send another large box." Over 1,000 others to same effect. 50 cts. and \$1 per box; sent by mail to any address: samples 25 cts. silver. To be had only of JAN. P. CAMPBELL, M.D., "English Chemist," 146 W. 16th St., New York. Free consultation daily to 6 P. M., for Diseases of Women.

SUPERIORITY OF NUMBERS.



FATHER—"Why is it you are always at the foot of your class?"

Boy—"Because there are seven or eight fellows who won't let me get up head."

The optimist, my dear boy, is one who sees all things with cheerful eye. For instance, he reads that Bernhardt accidentally fell from the top of the Vendome column; that Irving got caught between the bumpers; that Langtry collided with a coal barge on the Thames, and Judic broke her neck stone blind, and does he therefore go into the water-cart business? Not any. With a bright smile he murmurs, "Hah! another advertising dodge."

Cash in all your poker chips before you come home.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.



THE GIRL IN RESERVE.

TO A FLIRT.

When I said that I loved you so dearly,
I meant not my love was sincere;
'Tis true that I liked you quite fairly,
Because you were one of the fair!
But had Cora not acted so meanly,
In a way that I did not deserve,
And wounded me sorely and keenly,
You would still have been kept in reserve!

So you see now, my dear little vixen,
When you scornfully bid me farewell,
That the truth, which is stranger than fiction,
I now have the courage to tell:
It was not for your charms that I loved you,
But merely my purpose to serve;
So, what care I if destiny shoved you
To fill up the place in reserve!



I'll admit it is wrong to be roving,
To be wooing and still be untrue;
But, I could not live without loving—
Pray tell me, what else can I do?
As long as the passions pursue me
I fear that I never can swerve,
And as love seems but sent to undo me,
I must still keep a girl in reserve!

Now I think that you scarcely can blame me
('Tis the only true thing I have said),
But if you're inclined to defame me,
Then just put yourself in my stead!
You were fickle, while I was but jesting,
You scorned not my spirit to curve;
You were false—I was merely investing
In the girl whom I kept in reserve!

Yet, perhaps you'll be piqued at the sequel,
And your pleasure be varied to pain;
You may find it not easy to speak well
Of mankind in general again;
But as you're so awfully pious
(Such a trifle should never unnerve),
You can scarcely with candor deny us
The balm of the girl in reserve!

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

In the corridor of a theater a near-sighted and awkward spectator succeeded in poking a passer-by in the nose with his cane.

"You're an idiot!" cried the latter, rubbing his nostril.

The person addressed happened to be also a little deaf, and not understanding, stepped aside and in his blandest manner remarked, "After you, sir."

She who takes the last stitch at a quilting will be the first to marry. The only place where this fails is where no young man proposes. Young men would, therefore, do well to ascertain statistics concerning quilting bees before running their heads into the noose.

A PRECIOUS PRIZE.



BILL—"Mose, I hear you had a ticket in der lottery; did yer draw anything?"
MOSE—"Yes, I drew my bref."

A LITTLE AMBIGUOUS.

OLD CHESTNUT (philosophically)—"These patent medicine men are not such fakirs as most people would have us believe."

MERRITT (disgusted)—"That's arrant nonsense, you old fool. What are you trying to get through you, anyhow?"

OLD CHESTNUT (unconcerned)—"It is just as I say. Most of them are candid enough to inform the public that their nostrums are 'skin' cures."

Hans von Dam smiled all over his face yesterday. "I haf a poycott," he remarked; "mine vife she gif it to me." And now we suppose the picture papers will give portraits of Mr. and Mrs. von Dam, too.

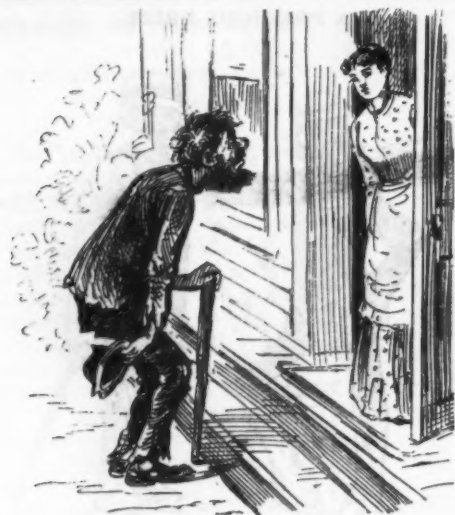
When Jaehne was asked how he felt when he stood up to be sentenced, he said he didn't feel at all—it was simply a case of grin and Barrett.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—No. 2.



What Parents say of ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS!

A mother says: "I was almost afraid to allow my daughter to use your Arsenic Wafers, but her complexion was so dreadful that something had to be done; certainly her complexion and general appearance have improved wonderfully." Only Depot, 146 West 16th Street.



1. HE—"Please, mum, can I see the gentleman of the house?"



2. SHE—"He is not at home."



3. HE—"All right then; I guess you can oblige a poor fellow with a bite."

THEY ALL DO IT.

MRS. BROWN (indignantly)—"All this talk about the inferiority of women is sheer fudge. Here's a writer who says that a woman isn't as good as a man just because she can't jump on a horse-car when it's in motion."

BROWN (disgusted)—"Well, isn't that so?"

MRS. BROWN (evasively)—"Yes; but that's only sophistry. You know very well it is because of the clothes she wears."

BROWN (sneeringly)—"Not a bit of it, my dear. It's because she always grabs the dash-board instead of the hand-rail."

POSTHUMOUS FECUNDITY.

MERRITT (solicitously)—"What makes you seem sad, my dear?"

CORA (mournfully)—"Why, Spriggins, my favorite poet, has just died, and I'll never again have the opportunity of reading any of his poems."

MERRITT (reassuringly)—"Never fear about that, my dear. All the magazines in the country will keep on publishing poems of his until some other poet dies and gets talked about."

DOING WELL.

MRS. GRADY (through the hole in the back fence)—"An' how's yer son, Moike, ez wint wist fur his health, gittin' along at-all at all?"

MRS. O'BRIEN (taking the clothes-pin out of her mouth)—"Splendid, me dear, splendid. He must be gittin' sthrong es an ox, fur he's jist sent me a litter in which he sez he's been after holding up a stage in the Rucky mountains, an' aul be hisselt too, moind ye."

Secretary Lamar wears his hair long—indeed, now we think of it, he must have worn it at least fifty-five years.

"What is home with-out a mother?" said a sorrowful little chicken who had been hatched by an incubator.



4. "Oh, certainly!"

ROBBED OF ITS POETRY.

LITTLE JOHNNIE (inquisitively)—"Say, pa, what did Mr. Merritt mean last night when he spoke to Cora about the 'fabric of a dream'?"

BROWN (impatiently)—"Mince pie, my boy—mince pie."

A REVISED VERSION.

"O where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a chesnutting, sir," she said.
And she spoke sober truth, in sooth, for lo!
She had a ticket for the minstrel show. J. A. W.

KNEW HIM BY HIS TRADE-MARK.

A New Yorker met a western friend who was on a visit to the metropolis, and said to him:

"How did you spend Sunday?"

"I humped myself an' got over ter Brooklyn, an' corralled up in one of the gospel shops.

"Beecher's?"

"I don't know, but I reckon it warn't Henry Ward's."

"Did the preacher work in about a proud ship and a mighty locomotive rushing and crushing to everlasting damnation?"

"Yer bet he did, stranger; rung 'em in four times."

"Oh, then it was Talmage."

Jefferson Davis, Esq.: Lie low. Shoot lecturing. Give agricultural shows the go-by. Don't say a loud word. If you keep still enough, somebody may think you are dead.
Yours truly.

TOO TRUE.

MRS. BROWN (deeply interested)—"I think I'll get a new suit for Johnny. What is the most fashionable habit for a little boy of his age?"

MRS. PUGWASH (characteristically)—"The cigarette habit."

The Catskill hotel-keeper now takes you on top of the barn, points out Vermont, the Maine election, Nova Scotia, Canada, Mary Anderson's hat, and the man who fell off the bridge last summer, but forgets to mention the bed or introduce you to the brass-lined rooster in the back yard.

It was said of the eloquent prosecuting attorney that people hang upon his words.

OUR ARTIST'S WEATHER REPORT, FOUNDED UPON BASEMENT-WINDOW OBSERVATIONS.



Wet and muddy weather for the Middle and Atlantic States.



We prophesy a cold snap or rain.



Shining, fair weather.



"Cold day."



Dark and cloudy weather.



High winds fair weather.

Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

Fifth Avenue, New York, lady writes: "Complexion much improved: send by bearer six large boxes for inclosed \$5." Murray Hill Hotel, lady writes: "Kindly send another large box of your Wafers." Glasco, N. Y., gentleman writes: "Your Wafers are clearing my complexion nicely; please send another large box." Over 1,000 others to same effect. ONLY DEPOT, 146 West 16th Street, New York. Free consultations to 6 P. M. daily. Diseases of Females a Specialty.

JUNE.

The spirit of the south wind calls
To tell us June is here;
His voice in whispered music falls
Upon our willing ear.
A promise fair of fruit and flowers
He bears upon his wings;
And golden, sunny summer hours
His coming to us brings.
And as each bud he stops to kiss
The iceman goes his rounds,
And leaves a bit of ice like this []
And charges for ten pounds.
FRED H. CURTISS.

Vigilance is the price of liberty
—with a liberal reduction for cash.

Board for cats can be obtained
in London for thirty-five cents a week. But cats in our neighborhood get bored for much less.

Philosophy asks, "Will the coming man drink?" Barkeeper (who knows him all over) answers, "Bet your head. The only question is, will he pay?"

A contemporary reports that a doctor recently found a case of measles on the street. We hope he took it beyond the corporation limits before he opened it.

PAYING-TELLER—"I don't know that you're the man whose name is on this check. You'll have to be identified before I can give you the money."

PAT—"Oidentifoyed is it? Sure thin cast ye oye on this bit av a fotygraf an' y'll see it's meself entoirely."

RIGHTLY SERVED.



SHE—"Think them nice? No! Indeed I do not; why that youngest Simpson girl paints, I know she does, because"—

VOICE FROM THE DOOR—"Say! Sis, the druggist says he is all out of that kind of rouge, but he says he has another kind just as good. Shall I get that?"

PROOF CONCLUSIVE.



MOTHER—"Sure that ain't yer father walking home so early?"

MIKE—"Och, devil a bit. Fadder always rolls down whin he gits to that hill."

THEY ALL HAVE IT.

I got a watch. It came with a new suit of clothes I bought. The salesman said that most people seemed to think these watches required a good deal of winding, but it was all a mistake about that. All I would have to do would be to wind her a little every time I thought of it.

I wound the watch off and on nearly all day. In the afternoon I began to grow weary. I wondered whether I was gaining on the watch or the watch was gaining on me. I decided in favor of the watch. Then I went home and brought out my fishing pole. Taking off my multiplication reel, I began to turn. At nine o'clock she was wound up. "Nothing but genius," said I, "could accomplish such a result." Then I went to bed. Tick, tick, tick, went the watch under my pillow. I moved it down to the foot of the bed. Tick, tick, tick, went the watch at the foot of the bed. Then I put it in my shoe and stuffed my socks down on top of it. No use; still I heard the tick. Once more I crept out of bed. This time I was mad. I picked up the shoe and put it in the closet. Then I piled up all my clothes on top of it, locked the door, and moving the bed into the farthest corner of the room lay down again. "This time," said I, "I conquer," and I chuckled to myself. But it wasn't any use; there was the tick again. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck me. I brought forth the watch from the closet. I tied it to a string and hung it out of the window and crept into bed exultant, and was soon fast asleep.

I was awakened by some one loudly knocking at the door. "Griggs," said the voice of the man who had the room under mine, "Griggs, if you don't get that accursed watch away from my window in three minutes, by heavens, Griggs, I'll kill you!"

I hauled the watch up. The day was breaking. After breakfast I took it over to the violinist across the way. I begged him with tears in my eyes to accept it from me as a gift. It would, I said, be a fit accompaniment to his instrument. He took it, and that day I moved.

T. M.

"What would you take for this cold?" inquired Hulsapple, addressing his wife through the medium of his nose. "If it were mine I think I'd let it go cheap," was the reply. "Well," suggested Hulsapple, clawing around on the medicine shelf, "perhaps you would, but I shan't let it go short of a little mint."

THEY LIVE ON POI.

FEMALE QUESTIONER—"Tell me, what is the principal article of food among the people where you have been Mr. Harwood?"

RETURNED AFRICAN MISSIONARY—"Poi, Miss Celeste."

FEMALE QUESTIONER—"Aren't they troubled with dyspepsia, Mr. Harwood?"

MILLER'S HOTEL, 39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.

Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.

Send for Circulars.

ANOTHER TELEPHONE DIFFICULTY.



"Hello!"



"Hello, Hell-o!"



"He-l-l-o!"



"Eh? Wassay?"



"W-h-a-t d-i-d y-o-u s-a-y?"



"O! Hell-o!"

MY UNCLE SULLIVAN.

ADVENTURES OF AN OLD MAN WHO HADN'T HEARD IT THUNDER FOR FORTY YEARS.

When Theophilus Skimper decided that his means would admit of his summering on Hoxawottamie Tarn, it had not entered into his calculations that his uncle Sullivan would care to accompany him. There were times when Skimper found it impracticable to converse with his spouse in a fashion pleasant to him and satisfactory to her. But to his uncle it was as easy to be affable at 4 A. M. lodge nights as any other time, for Sullivan Skimper had not heard it thunder for forty years.

Uncle Sullivan carried a duplex vibratory and highly-refractory car-trumpet, with a mouth as comprehensive as the bell of Gabriel's horn. When Skimper, Jr., yelled "the top of the morning" at the top of his voice, till the top of his head was ready to come off, four times over, with an encore, Uncle Sullivan would smile, and look expectant. The last mosquito the old gentleman had heard was at Cape May in the cold summer of '38, and every earthquake since had provoked him to comment unpleasantly on the "infernal little pests" and to tell an anecdote about the mosquitoes when he was consul at Honolulu. Indeed he often said he wouldn't mind how much they bit him if they'd only not buzz around and make such a noise about it.

Poor old man! Theophilus was his next of kin and only surviving relative, and he had nobody else to talk to about those halcyon times when he was consul at Honolulu. This is the way they chatted:

Uncle Sullivan—"Well, my boy, how are you to day? When I was consul at Honolulu"—
Theophilus—"Pretty well! pretty well!! pretty well!!! thank"—

Uncle S.—"What's that you say about wells? Why, when I was consul at Honolulu"—

Theophilus—"How are you, to-day, you blathering old mummy, you"—

Uncle S.—"Your wife not well? Too bad. She needs a change; take her to the mountains. Why, when I was consul at Honolulu I always"—

Theophilus—"I'm going to take her to Hoxawottamie Tarn, if you"—

Uncle S.—"I will, my boy, I'll go with you, with pleasure. When I was consul at Honolu"—

It would have taken all the summer for an explanation. So, early in July, Uncle Sullivan, poor old man, his nephew and

wife, were snugly quartered in adjoining apartments on the lake where they could talk for hours without fear of interruption from the roar of the "busy marts of trade," and where Mrs. Skimper could keep within call of her husband all the merry live-long day as long as she was within a quarter of a mile of Uncle Sullivan.

Towards August some of the boys came up from the city to open a branch lodge. They opened it so wide one night it was nearly daylight before they got it shut. And Uncle Sullivan, poor old man, went along to keep an eye on Theophilus.

The poor old man had gotten fuller than the goat he'd been riding, and tried to blow tantaras on his ear trumpet all the way home. This is what came of keeping an

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.



DUDE—"Aw, I say, what's good to make the moustache grow?"
BARBER—"Years!"

eye on Theophilus. The other sojourners in a strange lodge were similarly situated, save Theophilus, whose heart began to get heavy as he drew near home. It was dark as pitch and Theophilus began to moan his hard fate, and to explain his wife's cruel, nay, monstrous, hatred for the lodge. There was no telling what she would do to him, or what he would have said about it, if the poor old man hadn't suddenly broken in with the Policeman's Chorus from the "Pirates" to the following words:—

When I was consul at Honolulu, Honolulu,
When I was consul at Honolulu!

The effect was startling, but it was the old man's last audible effort that night. Theophilus rushed and pushed him upstairs, and by a brilliant inspiration, pushed him into the pitch-dark room where Mrs. Skimper

Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

Narraganset Pier, lady writes: "Your Wafers have already TOLD on my complexion, and it is improving rapidly every day. I feel every way better than in a long time, have a good appetite, and much more vitality." Sent by mail to any address, 5c. To be had only of JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D., 146 West 16th Street, New York

per sat, ready for the fray, and quietly went with the other fellows into the adjoining apartment where Uncle Sullivan hung out when at home. Here Theophilus proceeded to dress himself carefully.

The poor old man backed up against the bedstead, knocking sparks of fire from Mrs. Skimper's eyes, caromed on the easy-chair, and sat down with a tremendous concussion in the middle of the floor. Then he began to take off his shoes, not without sundry smothered and incoherent oaths, while Mrs. Skimper fairly humped herself in conversation with him. She begged to remind him that he had never come home quite that drunk before; that she would get a divorce from him the day they got back to the city; that he was a depraved and heartless wretch to so maltreat the wife of his bosom; that she'd a great mind to call the house and let every lady see what a spectacle he had made of himself. Theophilus and the boys were fairly snorting by this time, but Theophilus was afraid to laugh as he valued his life.

The unsuspecting old man in the meantime had never heard a word, of course, of the tirade of his nephew's wife, and never dreamed he wasn't in his own room. His silence enraged Mrs. Skimper, but not beyond utterance. She fairly hummed with rage, and the torrent of her eloquent denunciation echoed and re-echoed in the stilly night over the entire premises. It was the bottled wrath of three weeks. But Uncle Sullivan knew no more about it than a babe unborn. He was simply undressing as usual.

By this time he had gotten his second wind and his *robe de nuit* and night-cap on. Suddenly he tuned up, and in a clear, melodious voice, which rang out in the night, sang:—

When I was consul at
Honolulu, Honolulu,
When I was consul at
Honolulu!

Mrs. Skimper gave a shriek and a bound and gained the hallway. Then she shrieked some more, and gained the attention of the entire neighborhood.

This was Theophilus' time. He rushed out, dressed and spruced up, got ahead of his wife and met her on the stairway with his traveling bag in his hand and an air of perfect bewilderment on his face. With the entire household he proceeded to look for the intruder in his wife's apartments. "He had to go to the city on a little business, but if he had only been home he would have made the ruffian pay dearly for this outrage."

Not a trace of any interloper was found in Mrs. Skimper's room, thanks to the care of the boys, in the meantime. There was Uncle Sullivan in his own bed, snoring serenely.

Mrs. Skimper looked confused. Her husband mildly suggested that she had had the nightmare. She flew into a passion of tears, and became hysterical; the other guests tapped their foreheads and looked at her pityingly. She was wild with fury and suspicion, but she couldn't say a word.

And if Skimper has luck she'll never know any better.

JOHN PAUL BOOOCK.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.

BOSTON GIRL—"And did you visit Goat Island when you were at Niagara?"

SUMMER TOURIST—"Oh, yes; went all over it."

BOSTON GIRL—"Do tell me something about the goats."

THE "BUM" FROM BUMTOWN.
BY "FERGY."



This is the "bum" from Bumptown.

From which a dose of ipecac
Was put in the beer that foamed so gay,
By the cross bar-man, who knew no pay
He'd get from the "bum" from Bumptown.



This is the gutter in which was stretched
A form whose stomach heaved and retched,
On account of the bottle, tall and black,
From which a lot of ipecac
Was put in the beer that foamed so gay,
And down his throat was stored away
By the dead-beat "bum" from Bumptown.



This is the beer that foamed so gay
In that saloon one fateful day,
And was drank by the "bum" from Bumptown.



This is the Po-lice Ambulance,
Which to the station-house did prance
With the "bum" who was so prostrate stretched-
With "innards" all convulsed and retched,
By the terrible dose of ipecac,
Which came from the bottle tall and black,
And was put in the beer that foamed so gay,
By that bar-tender, who had got wear-ay
Of being "bilked" by the "bum" from Bumptown.



This is the bottle - tall and black,

MILLER'S HOTEL,

39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.

☞ Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage. ☞

Send for Circulars.

The Judge Publishing Co. have removed to the
Potter Building, Park Row and Beekman
Street, New York.



POTTER BUILDING

TECUMSEH'S WISDOM.

General Sherman's advice to a young letter-writer :

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND : I remember your father well. Cross your eyes—dot your t's—mind your facts—sift your dates—never write in a hurry. Yours in haste, W. T. S.

P. S.—On second thought, when you have written your letter, burn it.

"Where have the homely girls gone?" asks an exchange. To a man who is at all familiar with Philadelphia this is the most superfluous of all questions.

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.

BRASS MOUNTED.

ST. PETER (at the celestial gate)—"Don't think you can get in."

OHIO MAN—"All right. Not particular where I put up."

"Not afraid of sheol, eh?"

"Not much. I was born and raised in Hamilton county."

A contemporary tells of a theatrical manager who thinks pretty women in tights are not the only thing that will fill a theatre. No, indeed; we have seen pretty men in tights fill a large part of it—and deucedly ugly some of them were, too.

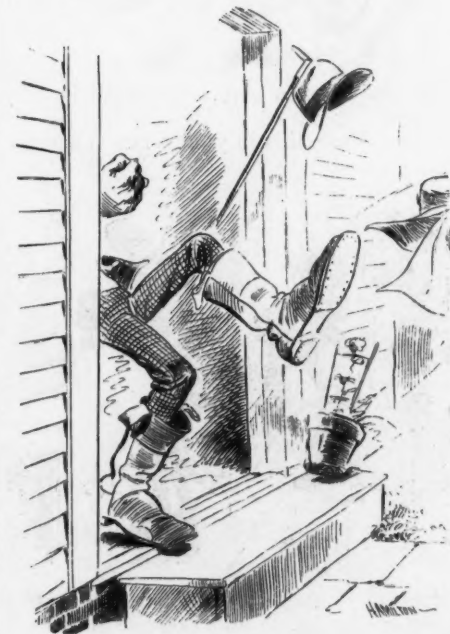
Is not Mrs. Schilling aware that she married her Ernest for wheel or whoa?

The greatest of newspaper achievements is the ability to lie about them.



Awake, I see its fairy shape. Asleep, It dances in my dreams with graceful sweep, Now unconfined, it charms; anon, amid A cloud of fleecy white 'tis almost hid. Some lovers prize a damsel's eyes or hair Above all else, while others will declare That beauty's dearest semblance is seen in A neck of snowy whiteness; or a chin Wherein love has a dimple set; an ear Lined with the faintest pink, blue-veined and clear; A cheek whose satin surface is imbued With rose and lily; or lips cherry-hued. These charms are powerful, I must confess; But one to me more potent I address: My Daphne's foot.

Awake, I see its fairy shape. Asleep, It dances in my dreams with graceful sweep! The love-sick prince whom Cinderella sought, And with a dainty shoe a princess caught, Saw such a shape in all its beauty and Its native witchery could not withstand. Were I a king, with undisputed sway, My crown and honors at this foot I'd lay And regnancy for regency resign. But what untoward fate, alas, is mine! I see another form that forebodes harm— A shape that conjures up a wild alarm— A something fitted with power measureless— A spectre whose foul aim you well can guess: Her father's boot!



JAMES A. WALDRON.



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, its 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.

IT'S ENGLISH, YE KNOW.

MRS. GRINDHAM—"I hear, Mr. Growler, you have been making complaints about my house. I wish you to understand, sir, that it is conducted on the best English style."

GROWLER—"That's the trouble. I can't sleep on a pillow that is the Prince of Wales' coat-of-arms."

MRS. GRINDHAM—"What do you mean, sir?"

GROWLER—"Why, they are made up of three feathers! Ha! ha! he, he, haw, haw!"

Stop up the hole in the back fence.

**Youth!
Beauty!**

ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS.
The disease expelling, blood disinfecting, beauty restoring, and youth recalling remedy of the age; safe; by mail \$1. To be had only of JAS. P. CAMPBELL, ENGLISH CHEMIST, 146 West 16th Street, New York.

**Love! and
Health!**

IT WAS GREAT SOAP.

Mrs. O'BRIEN (with an eye for a bargain)—“An' ye sez this is the bist shoap in the market?”

PEDDLER (figuring up his commission)—“Yes, ma'am.”

Mrs. O'BRIEN (critically)—“An' ye's shure it bates out the rist?”

PEDDLER (settling the matter)—“Oh, yes, ma'am. It knocks the spots out of every-thing.”

CONSOLING A WIDOW.

In a western mining camp a miner had met with an accidental death, and the boys elected one of his late mates to convey to the bereaved widow the condolence of the camp.

The delegate, a rough, brusque fellow, was any-thing but thoughtful, and he dived right into his subject as soon as he entered the widow's cabin.

“I reckon, mum,” said he, “es how Bill must a bin pow'ful glad to die, fur it seems to me as how death would be a great relief to a man who's been blowed up by blastin' powder.”

“Where are the temperance men?” asks a correspondent of the Rochester Democrat. “Sh! Just gone around the corner to sleep it off.”

AN OLD PROVERB.



“NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH”

ing to contract, with lots of mortar, all the modern conveniences, a French cook on the ground floor and a messenger call in the back yard, we'd rather go to Africa and dry up with the country than tack our young existence and that of our step-father to the tail-end of a man's life just because he had grown wise in being over-foolish.

SHE COULDN'T JUDGE.

They tell of a meeting between George Jones and Whitelaw Reid, and the conversation that thereupon ensued.

“Huh!” said Mr. Jones.

“Scat!” said Mr. Reid.

“Well,” said the apple-woman who witnessed

the collision, “if thim's what you call conservators of public opinion, I feel as if I was a good deal conserved myself.”

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.

Mary Anderson's brother, who is at present chasing Texas steers and his health round a western ranch for a living, says he doesn't think Mary will ever marry, but that she affects elderly men, men who have gone through the saw-mill of experience and come out bald-headed and cynical, men whose youthful passions for the gilded burlesques of life have given way to the soulful yearnings of intellect and the wisdom of advancing years. Mary may be right; but if we were a girl, a real nice, good looking girl, a girl built strictly accord-

HEALTH HINTS.



Gentle exercise before breakfast is very invigorating.

P. S.—Paste this in your wife's bonnet.



Persons musically inclined should never indulge in the shower-bath, as too sudden a shock of water is apt to impair their tenderness toward the adoration of the muses.



Poets should never bring poems to this office, as the atmosphere therein is generally very detrimental to that branch of the human family.



Artists, journalists, and persons of like sedentary habits, should exercise great caution as to the richness of their diet.



Members of the dramatic fraternity will find pedestrianism very beneficial both in their professional and domestic duties.

Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

A lady writes: “I find your Wafers most beneficial.” St. Louis lady writes: “My sister is very much pleased with your Wafers; now I want some.” Pawling, N. Y., lady writes: “I hear on every hand your Wafers spoken of in the highest terms; send me a large box.” Detroit lady writes: “Your Wafers are evidently a good thing; send me two more boxes.” To be had only of JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D., 146 West 16th Street, New York

THE JUDGE'S LETTER-BOX.

AIMEE—We don't know much about chapped lips, never having had any worth mentioning; but if you'll send yours around we shall be pleased to look them over.

DANIEL LAMONT—You say you object to appearing in the JUDGE as a small dog with a collar on. Well, dear boy, why don't you take the collar off and grow?

JAEHNE—In playing poker always deal from the bottom, and preserve an expression of countenance, when you have a bad hand, indicating the most placid of all satisfaction.

DAVID B. JUDD—The proverb, "Judd not lest ye be Judded" is entirely erroneous, not to mention the bad spelling. Go on, David; go on. Plant the contents of your sling in the foreheads of the Goliars and all will be well.

AMATEUR—You must make your selections according to the quality of your audiences. In Washington, for instance, "The Burial of Sir John Moore" might be ventured, but "Ostler Joe" should be read only in St. Louis.

W. S. GILBERT—You are partially right in supposing that this continent was created for your benefit; but, after all, it has made your fame and wealth, and you ought to remember that there are two or three persons besides you who deserve some favors.

OLGA BRANDON—We do not approve, as a general thing, of sawdust, for it is very rarely symmetrical, and is liable to bag at the shank; but perhaps the use of it would be excusable in your case. Why not content yourself, however, with the midnight eyes, leaving the lower combinations to take care of themselves? The world is generous, child, and expects entire perfection in no one person. It takes a number of individuals to carry that great responsibility, and frequently, numerous as they may be, it breaks them all up.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written, if the memory which we have borrowed for this occasion is correct, some thirty-five years ago. George Harris was drawn mostly from imagination; but Uncle Tom was an enlarged and improved version of an old colored man, quite remarkable in song, from the fact that he had no hair on the top of his head, where it has been repeatedly declared that hair ought to grow—though we have our doubts about that every time we join the assembled theatrical and congregational multitude. The book was dramatized, and we believe the play is occasionally presented to this day.

CHEEKY CHECKMATE.



BROWN—"Where are going?"
SMITH—"Going to get my check cashed."
BROWN—"Check suit, ain't it?"

FRIENDSHIP.



LADY—"Would you believe it, the doctor's wife is idle and slovenly with her house, and leaves her children to take care of themselves, and her husband spends most of his time at the club."
GENTLEMAN—"Ah! and how do you know all this?"
LADY—"Well, you see I am her best friend."

—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

WILLIAM M. EVARTS—Take your time, dear sir; take your time. Take ours, also, if that is necessary to the proper undevelopment of the silver question. Take anything. Take the rule of three and show that it is really the rule of six or two and a half. What is the use of being in a hurry about a little thing like this?

FRIENDLY ADVICE.



CHUM—"Say, Israel, for heaven's sake, go take a bath. You'll never get a square meal if you depend upon your personal appearance; go take a bath."
ISRAEL—"Youm don't know what youm a talking about. I took a bath long ago."

MILLER'S HOTEL, 39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.
Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.
Send for Circulars.

OLD CHOCOLATE.

HE CONVINCED THE COMPANY THAT LITTLENECK GREEN KNOWS NOTHING OF POLITICS.



'RAFFERTY keeps a corner grocery in the Third Ward, and it has recently become the nightly rendezvous of half the colored male population of the vicinity. Not that there is any particular sentimental affinity between O'Rafferty and its colored population, but because O'Rafferty keeps a rousing fire and loves company. The combined warmth of his stove and heart will probably "stand him in" next Spring, if he can carry the primaries and beat Muldowney in the race for the aldermanic nomination. This, no doubt, occurs to O'Rafferty as he gazes at the circle who sit around his fire night after night, and counterbalances the feeling induced by the fact that the sitters, as a rule, never buy anything that they can get along without, or pay for anything that they can procure on credit.

Old Chocolate, the ebon ashman, is an exceptional character in this coterie. He joins the circle only when the weather is extremely cold, and always pays for what he orders. He adds to the interest of the gathering by telling a story now and then, and in the disputes that frequently arise, acts as referee or "empire." His colored brethren have great faith in his judgment, because his head, though as long as a watermelon, is as level on top as a skating-rink floor. He can talk in polysyllables, on occasion, and knows not a little about every subject broached. Among the other colored frequenters of this comfortable vicinity are Littleneck Green, a slender mulatto who some time served as a waiter on a Summer steamboat, but who has done nothing but talk politics and carry the market-basket for his wife, a washerwoman, during the past five years; and Neverdie Calhoun, an aged African, who insists that his remote ancestors were kings and that his father was a body-servant to George Washington. As a rule, the others of the company are of a nondescript class who lounge beside a fire in that half-lethargic state characteristic of cats, and who awake to a joke on the climax of a story only after the laugh has died away.

One frigid night last week every soap-box and stool around the store was occupied. Littleneck had expressed dissatisfaction at the way things political were running, and coming in collision with the silver question remarked: "Tan't no use, gemmen, fo' yo' or me toe put a silvah dollah in de stockin' w'en we gits hit. 'Cose why? Tan't a dollah. Chemists dun gone an' an'lized de silvah dollah an' foun dat dar an't o'ny seventy-nine cents' wuff in hit. W'at er de result? Yo' save five silvah dollahs, an' bimby da ull on'y be wuff seventy-nine cents apiece, an' yo' lose mo' en a dollah by de transackshen. W'at er a po' man gwine toe do?"

"Yes, 'deed—w'at er a po' man gwine toe do!" echoed Neverdie, and every ear around the circle pricked up, while every eye was turned toward Old Chocolate for an answer.

The arbiter sniffed contemptuously, looked about him and replied: "Gemmen, ef all p'littel quesysuns war ez easy toe dissolve ez de one jis' perpoun'ed p'littel paa-

ties wudn't hab no 'scuse fo' libbin' an' p'litshens wudn't hab no mo' toe 'gage dar intellects dan de ole maids' tea-paaty er quilting' bee duz. Ez I look roun' me I doan' see a pusson, onless hit be ouah frien' Mistah Raffahty, dat ud be likely toe 'cumulate nuff money toe gib um a vital int'res' in de silvah quesyun."

Mr. O'Rafferty took this as a compliment, bowed his acknowledgments and slyly added a paper of "blue line" tobacco to Old Chocolate's order for groceries. The latter continued:

"Gemmen, de cullud man a'n't ontose pol'ticks secuah 'nuff fo' toe git much ob a ride. Pol'ticks toe yo' an' me, gemmen, am a pow'ful sight like de av'ridge mule. Jis' de minnit we t'inks we is in de saddle we find' dat we is on de groun'. We doan' know how toe ride de animul, an' dat er w'y I 'scourage p'litical discussen. A man might ez well staat out 'coon-huntin' wid 'is eyes shut ez toe talk on w'at he doan' know nuffin' 'bout. Hit er los' time. Littleneck, dar, kin tell a pokah chip f'om an ovahcoat button ez faa ez he kin see hit, but he doan' know nuffin' 'bout pol'ticks. I kin tell yo' wudder de riches' men in town am penur'us nuff toe sif' dair ashes er no', cose I tote de leavin's; but I doan' know wudder de Pres'dent an' Congress am gwine toe

fight widout gloves er no, an' doan' care. Nevahdie Calhoun, dar, kin tell a watah-mellon from a pumkin er a squash in de daakes' night, but he can't 'splain de Spanish treaty. We doan' want toe meddle wid p'littel discussen, gemmen. We might jis' ez well try fo' toe read de langwidge on a Chinese laundry check, ez to"—

"Huh! I stick Ole Chock dis time!" cried Littleneck, elated. "Gemmen, he am beatin' roun' de bush, an' can't ansah my quesyun."

"I t'ink yo' got um, sho'ly," put in Neverdie, who was a little nettled at the reference to the water-melon.

"Gemmen," replied Old Chocolate, undisturbed, "doan't try fo' toe jump 'cross de creek twall yo' git toe hit. No man kin talk an' whistle at de same time. I dun been whistlin' a bit, an' now I is gwine toe ansah dat quesyun. Littleneck dun say dat a man dat saves five dollahs in silvah am li'ble toe lose de difence 'tween de bony fidy value ob de silvah an' a dollah, an' axes w'at a po' man am toe do in dis case. I ansah, let de po' man save 'is five dollahs in bills."

And while the company were nodding approval Littleneck sneaked out without setting up the cider.

J. A. WALDRON.

THE RAGPICKER'S REVENGE.



MIXED ALL AROUND.

"Ma, can you get out of your skin?"
"Why, mercy, no, my child. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard Pa tell another man that when he comes home nearly every night, he finds you beside yourself. I don't understand it, do you?"

"No, my child, but I think your father will."

A western publisher presents the proposition that in the midst of *Life* we are in Holland Patent, N. Y.

"OH JOY!"

Mr. A. Bruce Joy, the sculptor, has completed a bust of Mary Anderson in a new medium, the composition of which is being patented in England. The work is at present being exhibited at the Free Library and Museum, Liverpool.

It is claimed for the material in which the bust is executed, that it possesses in a large degree the beauty and durability of marble, while much easier to work. When our beauties hear of this we suppose they will all be busted by Joy.

Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

A young gentleman says: "My face was like a plum pudding for years; I offered a Sixth Avenue druggist and physician \$250 if he would cure me, but he was honest enough to say he 'could not do it.' I commenced taking Arsenic Wafers and in three months my face was free from spot or blemish. ONLY DEPOT, 146 West 16th Street, N. Y.

AN OBLIGING SPIRIT.



Mrs. WELLS (about to hire a new servant)—“Now in regard to going out visiting, I—”
 SERVANT (interrupting)—“Och, go out whiniver yez loikes; you'll not find Bridget O'Murphy harrud, mum, or dictatorial loike.”

ART NOTE.



“Our gifted young townsman, Mr. M. Angelo Daubit, has just returned from a sketching trip to New Mexico. The connoisseurs of the locality insisted on his allowing some of his best work to remain there, although he has retained one example, entitled ‘The Scalp,’ which he considers as valuable as anything his brush has been over.”

POETICAL BRIEFS ADMITTED.

How He Loves Her.

“Oh, Henry, dost thou love me still?”
 She asks, while doubts beset her.
 “Yes, wife, I love thee very still,—
 The stiller, still the better.”

Autumn Leaves.

“Pray, help those Autumn leaves to press,
 For you can do it best!”
 “Yes, darling, if you first will please
 Place them upon your breast.”

The Distinction.

Mankind to two divisions tend;
 Those who borrow—those who lend.
 Some rare exceptions are displayed,—
 There Nature has an error made;
 They're man's distinguishable feature
 From every other living creature.

Complimentary.

Said she: “Gaze on this charming view!”
 And waved her hand with airy grace:
 “The hills—the river,—ah! don't you
 Admire the beauty of the place?”

He gazed upon the charming view,
 But more intently on her face
 So wondrous fair; then said: “I do
 Admire the Beauty of the place.”

GEO. BIRDSEYE.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

“I thought you hated Jones,” remarked an acquaintance to an editor.

“I do.”
 “And yet you have written to him for his latest poem.”

“I know it. Now I shall have my revenge.”

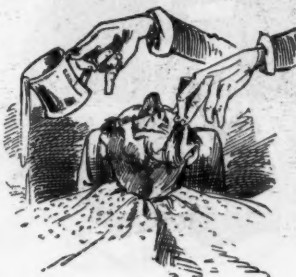
“How?”
 “I'm going to publish it.”—*Ex.*

There is a new machine that makes two thousand pins a minute. If new-born babes could but grasp this dark intelligence, what an apprehensive howl they would set up!

“THE BARBER'S REEL.”



Forward and back.



Swing your lather.



Sachez.



Cross over.



BAY RUM
5¢ EXTRA

All hands round.



NO TIOKI

Salute.

MILLER'S HOTEL,

39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.

Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.

Send for Circulars.

A DUDE EX-BANK CASHIER'S DILEMMA.



"Ah, weally, you know, Mr. Jailor, I cannot wear these, they are so, ah—too big, you know; and the stwipse is so beastly vulgah, you know. Haven't you one with smaller stwipes?"

"What are the wild waves saying?" Well, if they happen to be the wild waves of a closed umbrella, they are saying: "That's my car."

FATHERLY ADVICE TO A COACHMAN.

My dear Wopsey, since you have rather startled us with the good news of your getting to be a coachman there in the city, it behooves your old daddy to give you a little advice. We are very glad that at last you have succeeded in reaching the very highest seat in society, for I assure you there is none above it. I remember you used to talk about being president, but we had no idea you would ever get to be a coachman. But we can't always tell what is in store for us, and we are all very proud of you, and hope that you will not be so stuck up as to neglect or forget us, and in return we will do nothing to disgrace you. But are you fully aware of the great dangers surrounding your position, and the many allurements which will be offered, on which to throw yourself away? You have the character of your noble calling to maintain, and we hope you will not forget it. Why, only last week a coachman in this city ran off and married a very beautiful and refined young lady of sentiment, who has only an income of ten thousand a year, and they'll eventually bring up in the poor house, of course. We hope you will be very careful and not let yourself go so cheaply as that. You move in the best society, being a necessary member of it, and don't you get foolish and be led or influenced to marry outside of it. You have every chance in the world, and remember that the Count and foreign nobleman business is now played out in this country, and the coachman at last steps to the front, and occupies the place which properly belongs to him. I believe there is to be a bill passed for knighting the whole order, and making them the first aristocracy of the land. There will be a general scramble to marry you, but do not take the first one that comes along. Inquire into the old man's financial standing, and learn well

what kind of a disposition he owns, and see how much money the charming young lady possesses in her own right, if enough to purchase a mansion, and put a door-plate on it. How would you look marrying and settling down in a cottage! Drive slow whatever route you are on, and be discreet; drive to your destination with your eyes out ahead of you. You hold the lines to success, and you can rise to prominence by easy carriage steps. Do not allow the team to run off, or save the young lady's life unless she is the one you want. While you are driving and have one eye for your girl keep another on the old man. Be well versed in poetry, for sentiment and horses

FOR OLD ACQUAINTANCE SAKE.



JOHNSON—"Have you any objection to lending one you know so well five dollars?"

JONES—"That's the only objection, my boy. I know you too well."

CONDENSED ROMANCE.

"Duck? Dove!"
Young love.
Die cast;
Clings fast.
"Nuff sed,"
Must wed.

Parents kick,
Lovers stick.
"Cannot be!"
"We shall see!"
Bright Night;
Sleek flight.

Church found;
Grist ground.
Folks come;
Struck dumb.
"Too late!"
Fixed fate.

First year,
Skies clear.
Years two,
Rather blue.
Years three,
Jamboree.

Spats; Sport;
Divorce court.
Groom, bride,
Untied.
Hearts crack,
Jill, Jack
Trot back.

I. E. JONES.

A POOR PLACE.



MISTRESS (to New Help)—"I hope that you are satisfied with your place?"

"NEW HELP—"Satisfied, is it, mum, yez axes? Och, thin, divil a bit, is me answer. I can't afford to sthaye in a place who has no credit wid the grocer, an' me ould mother and four sisters dependin' on me for food."

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

If the first Sunday in the month is unpleasant there will be but one pleasant Sunday during the month; on the rest of them you will have to go to church with your wife.

MILLER'S HOTEL,

39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.

Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.

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OH, FOR A MAN.

BY M. C. HUNGERFORD.

H, for a man! the clear voice sang,
And thro' the church the echo rang.
Oh, for a man! she sang again—
How could such sweetness plead in vain?

The bad boys grinned across the aisles,
The deacons' frowns were changed to smiles,
The singer's cheek turned deepest pink,
At base and tenor's wicked wink.

The girls that bore the alto part
Then took the strain with all their heart:
Oh, for a man, a man, a man—
And then the full voiced choir began

To sing with all their might and main
The finis to the girl's refrain:
Oh, for a mansion in the skies,
A man—a mansion in the skies.

The Language of Flowers, Poor Charlie sighed and said, "My favorite flower, my dear, is the forget-me-not."

"And mine," she said, "is mari-gold," and then poor Charlie knew the game was up, and got.

A talk by Professor Sumner to the New Haven Socialists resulted, at the ensuing election, in a challenge of the Professor for being a repeater.

Bismarck's doctors say that his digestive machinery is shamefully out of order; but we dare say he can get away with a Rosebery all the same as with a Salisbury.

The Pope sent Bismarck the Order of Christ. Ten to one that the masterful German won't obey it.

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR.

"I have a very fine engraving of 'The Greek Slave,'" said a subscriber to the editor of a religious paper, "which I think would make a splendid illustration for your front page."

"But," interposed the editor, dubiously shaking his head, "ours is a religious paper, and this picture is the nude figure of a female."

"What of that!" exclaimed the gentleman, with evident signs of anger. "This statue is one of the finest works of art ever produced by the genius of man."

"I don't know anything about that," replied the godly man; "but these works of art are generally indecent. However," he added, in a milder tone, "if you are so anxious to have it published, we can, of course, insert it for you in the shape of a corset or soap advertisement."

If you cut your nails or sneeze on Saturday you do it for evil. This ought to be an awful warning for people not to cut their sneeze on this day.

Stub your right toe, you are going where you are wanted; your left, where you are not wanted; both, and you will go where you don't want to—on the ground. This seldom fails.

Boat races are coming into market early this Summer. Several will be offered for sale this month.

NATURAL PROTECTION.



OLD PARTY—"Here, are you trying to get at my watch?"

STREET ARAB—"Get out! I'd die of fatigue before I reached it."

BRIEFS SUBMITTED.

BY JAMES J. O'CONNELL.

It is the pugilist who knuckles down to his work.

A conductor is like an auctioneer—they both knock down for a living.

A young man in Detroit calls his girl "Opportunity," because she is so nice to embrace.

Much of Walt Whitman's early poetry seems to have been ground out through a smut machine.

The reason musicians are generally in such poor circumstances is because they are always blowing it in.

Courtney has at last rowed a square race. It is a wonder that the seams in his boat didn't give him a stitch in the side.

Jinks, who left his girl somewhat hurriedly, the other night, says that the daughter's little foot doesn't compensate for the old man's big one.

AUCTIONEER (to Sheriff)—"The best bid I can get for the property is one thousand dollars. What shall I do?" SHERIFF—"That will hardly cover my fees; but sooner than have any trouble about such a small matter you had better knock it down at that."

"What are all the people looking at?" asked a pious old lady as she sat on the deck of an ocean steamer coming up the bay. "They say there's a whistling buoy in the water," remarked her little son; "can't I take sister over to see?" "Wait a moment, my dear, till your mother finds out whether he has a bathing suit on."

Who Cain's wife was is a question that has caused a great deal of argument in theological circles. Probably Cain remembered that it was not till Adam had awakened from a deep sleep that he found a wife awaiting him, so it is very likely that the son followed in the footsteps of his father, for does not even the Bible say that Cain went into the land of Nod for a wife?



TEMPERANCE REVIVALIST (to the reformed one)—"Brother, do you know what the nature of this pledge is?"

REFORMED ONE—"Well, boss, I ought to. I have been signing these pledges for you fellows for the last thirty years."

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SETTLING A POLITICAL ARGUMENT IN SHANTYTOWN.

(WHISKERS vs. GOATEE.)



Agitation.



Irritation.



Application.



Aggravation.



Gratification.

A QUESTION OF ERRONEOUS ESTIMATE.



PARTY IN BUGGY (to stout friend on sidewalk who is not supposed to underrate his own importance)—“Come in and let us take a spin in the park.”

STOUT FRIEND—“No, I thank you; a light buggy is hardly a suitable vehicle for one of my dimensions.”

P. I. B.—“Nonsense! Climb in! Perhaps you aren't as big a man as you think you are.”

THE LITTLE STARTER.

BY M. M. CASS, JR.

The matrimonial outlook was depressing. My merits were unrecognized, and Blossom was in debt for the sign—“Dr. B. Schwartz”—which creaked and chirped in front of her mother's boarding-house. Still she was sanguine and waited for the cholera, while I was schooling myself to hear with fortitude news of my Uncle Shadrack's demise.

“What rugged health you enjoy, Uncle,” said I, thoughtfully, one evening when he called.

“Excellent; perfect, Samson,” he replied, somewhat confidently, I fancied. Just then the voice of my affianced floated up with some far-reaching kitchen odors—

“I love my love and he loves me.”

“Yes,” said Uncle, with a sniff, “cranks go in pairs.”

Now, Blossom's voice was somewhat wire-like, still the remark hurt me, following his flippancy about his health, so I replied with dignity:

“Uncle Shadrack, that is Blossom, my future wife.”

“What,” said he, “that blowsy, hard-breathing woman? Blossom, indeed—Blizzard, I should say. Your father was a green enough Saunders, but Blossom; nine dollars a month—faugh!”

I was grieved, but still he was my father's brother, so I sought to turn the conversation.

“Speaking of that, Uncle, makes me think of your lot on Tenth street. I see you sold it.”

“Who spoke of lots?” said he, with a cold look in his little eyes. “You were speaking of”—

“Green things,” said I, kindly.

ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.



“Yes, Bobby, the gentleman knows it is raining, but that is his walking umbrella, and he wouldn't use that, 'yer know, dear boy.”

“Umph! You fetched that from a distance,” said he; “but Samson,” he added, in a gentle voice, “you are my nephew, and when you and Bliz—Blossom fix the day, you can—can come and tell me.”

My heart warmed to him. I felt I was his nephew and bade him good-night with heartfelt fervor; then Blossom and I fixed the day before he should change his mind or she should outgrow her red silk dress, and I started for Uncle's, Blossom and her mother promising to sit up until my return.

Do You Desire a Clear Complexion?

If so, use the wonderful Arsenic Complexion Wafers a reasonable time and you will not be disappointed. 50 cents and \$1 per box. Sent by mail to any address. ONLY DEPOT, 146 West 16th Street, New York.

Uncle Shadrack's little stove held about a pint of coal, but as he never opened the drafts for fear of blistering the walls, he sat with a quilt gracefully thrown over his shoulders.

"Uncle," said I, shivering, "this is a terrible night, shan't I throw in a little more coal for you?"

"More coal! More coal! Why, I'm all in a sweat now. You had much better open a window. Take off your coat, Samson, or you'll suffer when you go out."

Against my judgment I removed my coat and began as cheerfully as possible.

"Well, Uncle, Blossom and I have fixed the happy day."

"Rushing things, eh?" said he, pleasantly, "and I suppose you have come for that little starter I promised."

"Little starter!" the dear old man; my eyes were misty as I answered: "Oh, Uncle, you will make this the happiest day of my life."

"Tut! tut! Samson," said he, "I was a poor boy once." He then gave me the benefit of his ripe experience, enjoining me to caution in business, never to endorse paper, and even to avoid partnerships; then going to his little safe he hobbled back with a large sealed envelope.

RESOLUTION ADOPTED BY THE "BUNG-HOLE" PROTECTIVE UNION.



"Brethren, let us establish ourselves. Now or never! This morning I ordered the bar keeper of an east side saloon to put out his kegs, an' d' yez think he did it? No, brethren, he refused. We must strike."



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

"Take this home with you, Samson," said he. "No, no, I want no thanks; and now, good-night."

As I could not speak I wrung his hand with respectful tenderness and took my leave. I ran all the way home, my hand on the bulky envelope, and all out of breath, burst in on Blossom and her mother.

"I told you so," said Blossom, jumping with joy. "Didn't I tell you, ma, that Samson would get it?" And even the mother forgot her incredulity at the sight of the envelope.

"And now," said I, "let us see the little starter."

"The little starter; the kind old man, I could kiss him a thousand times," said Blossom, enthusiastically.

"You shall," said I, "as many times as you like."

I opened the envelope very carefully, drawing forth, at last, a package of heavy manilla paper.

"What is it?" said Blossom, excitedly.

"Unroll it," said her mother, eagerly.

I reeled off nearly three yards before I reached the inner packet, sealed with wax, and marked in Uncle's careful handwriting: "For my Nephew, Samson Saunders." My hand now trembled visibly, but I broke the seal and disclosed—five, old fashioned, copper pennies. While I was speechless, Blossom folded up in a swoon, and, unnerved by the steely glitter in her mother's eye, I dropped the coins and rushed into the street.

Through swirls of cutting snow, I plodded back to Uncle's, but the house was dark and no one answered my repeated thumps on the door. At last I stood on the curb and shook my clenched fist at his window, and shouted at the top of my voice: "Hi, there, you old shark! You come down here and I'll give you a little starter, you old reprobate!" but the wind whistled derisively, and, thoroughly chilled, I turned homeward.

In the morning I thought to leave the house unseen, when Blossom threw her arms around my neck.

"Poor, dear Samson," she sobbed, "I will love you just as much, and ma says we can get married without any little starter,

and always board with her. Just throw these pennies in his face, they are the oldest ones he could find, too, the wretch."

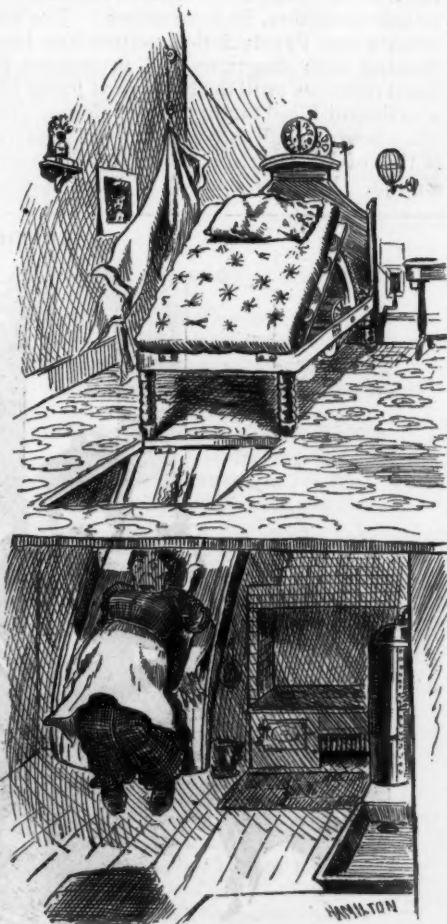
"Old pennies," thought I, vaguely, allowing her to kiss me as much as she liked; I then took them to a coin-dealer, who, finding them unusually rare specimens, bought the five for nearly three hundred dollars. Thanking Uncle in a sarcastic note, Blossom and I went on our delightful bridal tour, returning from which a letter awaited me.

"DEAR NEPHEW SAMSON:—I expected you to throw those pennies in my face, when I should have shown you their value and kept them. I now believe you are shrewd enough to manage some interests of mine, and trust you will favor me with an early call. My regards to Blizzard. UNCLE SHADRACK."

PERFECTLY CORRECT.

"I went up to see the plan of Mrs. Bartholomew Jones' house the other day," said Brown to his friend on the street car. "She was very enthusiastic about her new improvements and so on, and told me the gem of the whole house would be a beautiful *spinal* staircase. Ha, ha, ha!"

SIMPKINS—"Well, I don't see anything remarkably funny about that. She probably meant her *back* stairs."



THE JUDGE'S double back action, reversible, labor-saving, self adjusting, patent bedstead, for getting Biddy up in the morning.

MILLER'S HOTEL, 39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.
 Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.
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OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Some Curious Speculations by our Chief Inventive Genius—What to do with the Surplus.



WHILE our country is torn with the throes of labor and capital, and o'er the tumult of surface railways and underground telegraphs, we hear the resonant voice of Tilden coming from a body thin enough, when seen edgewise, for the official board of a cemetery company, raised in warning in regard to our coast defences, we awake from a dream of security to discover that the most of our coast-line is right along by the sea, where it is liable to be washed away or bombarded by a foreign foe. Our ports, which ought to be where they could be carried in nights, are right close to the water, exposed to malarious influences. With land as cheap as it is with us, we ought to move our forts further inland or defend them at the point of the muzzle. Suppose, for instance, England should take up what I said last Spring about the Prince of Wales, and come over, as she did only a hundred years ago, and commence to reel up our coast line. How easily she could come up the Hudson and burn our ice-houses, and sack Schenectady, and throw the street cars off the track and smash things generally. O, so much easier than she did *then!* But if anybody thinks we have been ill since Mr. Tilden exposed our unsafe condition, he is mistaken. The Veterinary and Pyrotechnic Institute has been flooded with diagrams and inventions for coast defences until the back yard looks like a sash-and-blind factory in a cyclone. The blackboard is all broken out with curves and angles and bastions and parapets till you cannot rest. The most stupendous idea is that of W. Harrison Smith, of Spooner's Corners. It is known as the *siphon defence*. You, of course, understand the action of a siphon. Put one end of it in a basin of water, place the other end lower than the water in the basin, then exhaust the air and the water will run through the siphon until it empties the dish. The name of Smith will be immortal through this invention being applied to harbor defence. For instance, take New York Bay. Arrange a system of gates at the Narrows, East River, Coney Island and New Jersey. Then let the arrogant foe come up the bay all so bold and gay, and then when the tide goes out start your immense siphon. In the morning that fleet would be lying on bare ground, and the sailors would walk ashore and climb up on the Battery to sell their ships for old junk. Expensive, I grant it; but look at the surplus in the treasury, and if there is anything that will make a Democrat sick it is a surplus. Besides, this invention could be built as soon as the De Lesseps canal, and that is soon enough. Rough on the fish, of course; but they would get used to it, and when they heard the gates close they would start for blue water.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.



When sitting by two fascinating young ladies, your opera hat between your knees, holding your coffee cup in your left hand and in your right the toast, you all at once, oh horror! feel that you *must* sneeze.—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

A BARGAIN.



"I say, boss, they is a-tellin' me ye're collectin' odd things and relics. Now here's a hat my uncle wore, and he committed suicide into it—so did me only brother. Now ef you'd like to add it to yer collec-shun, you may have it for a square meal and an old hat of a later fashion. Is it a go?"

Then quite a feasible project was started by Agamemnon Jones, of Ohio. He has distinguished himself in the periodicals of late by essays showing how the battle of Bull Run was lost. It was because he was not there. He showed me a *bas relief* and projection of what he called the Military and Naval Belt Railway. The system was to comprise a complete railway from Astoria down the Pacific coast, around the Gulf of Mexico, and up the Atlantic coast to

Youthful Complexion, Youthful Appearance, Almost Youth Itself

are insured by a faithful use of **Arsenic Complexion Wafers**. Over 1,000 testimonials as to their efficiency and perfect safety. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of \$1. Address JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D., "English Chemist," 146 West 16th Street, N. Y. Diseases of Women a Specialty.

Bangor, Maine. On this tremendous railway there should be hundreds of iron-clad cars armed with Krupp guns. If an attack should be made on any part of the coast, rush a few cars down and blow the ships out of the water, and then disperse again in an orderly manner. I confess this belt railway looks reasonable. It would do away with forts; in fact, the forts would do patrol duty. Yes, expensive, of course; but look at that horrible surplus, and beer only five cents.

I am giving a great deal of thought to Judson Hennessy's repeating shell. He says he has annihilated distance with his shell. Just show him the direction of a ship and he will hit it. Distance makes no difference. He fires a shell, say five miles; then it explodes and fires a smaller shell five miles further; then that explodes and fires a smaller shell five miles further, and so on until the last shot away over near Queens-town will be a pistol ball. Take that idea in its immensity, and figure out the distance in time between New York and Queens-town, and an enemy will be dead twelve hours before he knows hostilities have commenced.

I hope Tilden will think of this. The rotary fort, something like the naval invention of Ericsson, is not new. It is to present only a flanged surface to the enemy, like a water-wheel, and the cannon balls of the enemy will only whirl it in a pleasant manner and the troops will ride around and kill time until the foe uses up his ammunition. Discipline must be maintained in the army, and this is too luxurious an invention for soldiers on thirteen dollars a month. Prof. Maginnis, of our institute, has a V-shaped armor for forts, which will carry them to a common center, where they drop into a spout, are carried away in a trough to the mortar, and are fired back at the enemy.

"Ha!" said he, "Professor! this defence of our whole coast will be an awful job."

"Yes," said I; "I have heard it called a job before."

"But," said he, with a child-like smile, "there is iron enough in this country, and brass enough in Congress, to do most anything."

Anyone having original ideas for sale on fortifications or coast lines, send them on. If these inventions do not use up an enemy they will use up the surplus. Millions for coast defence; not one cent for tribute.

PROF. GOUGE, LL.D.

TIM'S OPINION.



TIM O'FLYNN—"It's a noice day, ain't it, sur?" (No answer.) "Oi say, sur; it's a foine day, ain't it?"

MEMBER OF THE BAR—"I'm a lawyer and never give my opinion unless paid for it."

TIM—"Well, yez may be a lawyer, but yez be no gntleman. That's me opinion, an' divil a cent do Oi charge for it aither."

HARD TIMES.



FIRST DUTCHMAN—"Jake, vat you going to gif your son for a birt-day bresent?"

SECOND DO.—"I don'd know; it's putty hard times. I guess I haf some buddons sewed on his clothes."

FIRST DO.—"Yes, dat's so. I guess I haf my boy's hair cut."

THE WAY OF THE MAID.

*Deserted is the bird engaged,
Loving though be the hands that bound her;
Shunned is the maiden when "engaged"
Has thrown its sacred glamour 'round her.*

We played at tennis, climbed the hills,
And drifted on the bay together;
She tutored me in sighs and thrills,
I taught her how to steer and feather.

The boating bored her, she forgot
The management of oar and rudder,
And took to riding—but my lot
Was still to sigh and still to shudder.

While she, unruffled and sedate,
Rode, boated, read devoid of passion,
Most naturally filled her plate,
And voted Byron out of fashion.

And yet, she seemed to favor me,
And so, when autumn, ruddy-fingered,
Had bidden fifty lovers flee,
Mindless of fate I fondly lingered.

Lingered to find her tender-eyed.—

"Happy my path ere you had cross'd it;"—

"Have you no heart?" I reckless cried,—

She only blushed, and said, "I've lost it."

W. J. L.

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To retain, regain or acquire it, use **ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS**. Freckles, Moth, Pimples, and other disfigurements disappear like dew before the sun, from their use. 1,000 testimonials as to their efficiency and perfect safety. Price 50 cents and \$1 per box. **ONLY DEPOT, 146 West 16th Street, New York.**



COLLEGE RE-VISITED.

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth;
And sometimes at his musty room
His sister called, to chase the gloom.
One afternoon, when she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,
There came a knock upon the door.
Our student, sensitive to fears
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
Had only time to make deposit
Of his dear sister in a closet;
Then haste the door to open wide,
His guest unbidden stepped inside.
He was a cheery-faced old man,
And with apologies began

For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room;
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view—
Ha, ha! the same old pictures, too!"
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.
"The same old sofa, I declare!
Dear me! It must be worse for wear,
The same old shelves!" And then he came
And spied the closet door. "The same—
Oh, my!" A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah! ah! the same
Old game, young man; the same old game!"
"Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped: "That's my sister, sir!"
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,
"The same old lie—the same old lie!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

A LAWYER'S SON.



FATHER—"Tommy, if you confess that you broke that window I will not punish you this time."

TOMMY—"If I confess that I broke it I'll tell a lie, and if I don't say that I did it I'll get licked. I guess I'd better say I did it and throw myself on the mercy of the court."

NATURAL CONCLUSION.



"Say, I wonder what dat man died wid?"
"Why, small-pox, of course."
"How d'yer know?"
"Why, 'cause! can't yer see they have all got their arms tied up?
They've been vaccinated so dey would'nt ketch the disease."

AT THE BALL.



She sighed "Ah, me!" with old-time grace.
She sat bedecked in silk and lace,
And coyly trifled with her fan,
As thought and conversation ran
To simpler times passed on apace.

She sighed, "Ah, me!"
And, gazing archly in my face,
She blushed, recalled that trysting place
Where in the dell a brooklet ran—
She sighed, "Ah, me!"

But, ah, what in a decade's space
The changes wrought in man and place!
And since that early phase began
And ended I'm another man.
So, when I said, "I'm married, Grace!"
She sighed, "AH, ME!"

R. C. LEWIS.

ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS.

Another says: "I paid \$100 cash to a 'Professor' who 'guaranteed' to remove moth and freckles from skin, but who made me worse than ever. I am using your WAFERS with the most pleasing and satisfactory results. By-the-by, the last I heard of the 'Professor' he was in the Tombs." To be had only of JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D., 146 West 16th Street, New York.

AN UNCIVIL STRANGER.



MR. SHAUGHNESSY (returning from a wake)—“Did Oi do it? Av coorse Oi did it. Oi axed the putty faced baboon th’ way to Bhrooklyn bridge tree toimes, an’ divil the wurrud he’d anshwer me. Faith Oi’ll lave it to his two frinds there, so Oi will.

OLD PARKER’S TROUT.

Old Parker, deep in the leading editorial of the *Bungstarter*. Young Hopeful, ready to interview him, as usual.

“Pop, what d’you say that trout weighed you ketched yesterday?”

“Four pounds, three ounces and three-quarters, Bob. It’s a whacker, isn’t it? That was the exact weight when taken out of the water.”

“Do trouts go back on themselves, Pop, when they’re ketched?”

“Go back on themselves! What do you mean by that, Bob?”

“Do they tumble a pound or two apiece over night?”

“Lose that much in weight, I s’pose you mean? Bless you, no. They shrink some in weight, I s’pose, of course.”

“How much had a four-pound-three-ounces-and-three-quarters trout oughter lose, Pop, ’tween last night and now?”

“Oh, the odd ounces, perhaps.”

“No more’n that? Then some one’s been here and played roots on us, Pop, and took our trout and left a snide.”

“Nonsense, Bob.”

“Nonsense nothing, Pop. The trout that’s out there now don’t weigh only two pounds and seven ounces. Why don’t you come out and look at him, an’ see ’f he’s your’n. Would you know the one you ketched, Pop, by sight?”

“Know him? of course—know him anywhere.”

“Come and look at this one, then, ’cause some one’s played a snide on us, Pop.”

“Nonsense, I tell you again. Your

“WAKE AND CALL ME EARLY, BRIDGET.”



MASTER OF THE HOUSE—“I wish you would call me early to-morrow morning, Bridget.”

BRIDGET—“So I will, sur, if ye’s ’ll wake me up.”

mother’s probably cleaned it, Bob, which accounts for the shrinkage.”

“No, she hasn’t, Pop; the trout’s got all the baggage with him he ever had, and I had the butcher weigh him.”

“Oh, he hain’t got no scales to weigh trout with. He ain’t no fisherman, the butcher ain’t.”

“But our own scales only made him weigh two pounds and a half, Pop.”

“Eh?—what? Gracious! I hadn’t any idea trout’s shrunk like that, Bob. You must have made a mistake, and the butcher, too.”

“No, we didn’t, Pop. Come and weigh him yourself.”

The thing was getting tiresome to old Parker, now, and he blurted out:

“Oh, I don’t care what he weighs now. I only know what he did weigh yesterday. Now clear out, and let me read in peace.”

Hopeful, from his point of retreat, the doorway, switched suddenly from mundane ground to celestial.

“There won’t no fishermen go to heaven, Pop—”

“Clear out!” roared his dad, “or I’ll—”

“’Cause Ma says the Bible says no li—”

Old Parker bounced to a perpendicular, but Bob bounded away like a black-tail buck of the Bad Lands, the sire settling down to the pabulum offered by his favorite paper, the *Bungstarter*.

SI SLOKUM.



SWELL—“Do you dance this evening, Miss Caroline?”

OLD MAID—“Oh, with pleasure.”

SWELL—“With whom?”

—Fliegende Blaetter.

AN HONEST MURDER.

“Divine Lucretia,” said the Slimmest of all Slims, kneeling to the cold and satirical Belle of Newport. “I love you to distraction, to madness. Will not my life’s devotion touch your heart?”

The music of the Belle’s tongue was silent.

“Woe is me!” said S. “Have I come to the river of beauty, and must I die of thirst upon its bank? Lovely murderess!”

“Nay, nay,” a shadow of a smile passed over the Belle’s face. “I cannot murder you.”

“Heaven reward you for that word of pity,” cried S., pressing the Belle’s hand in his too closely.

“Nay,” said the Belle, frowning. “I said I cannot murder you. For you are so thin that I should have to kill five such men as you to make one honest murder.”

WILLIAM WASHBURN.

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THE TRAMP.

In a stump by a river a rusty old tramp
 Sat still, oh, sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 And the ground was all sedgy, and muddy, and damp,
 But still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 That he once had been rich you would never suppose,
 For he hadn't been. Red was the end of his nose,
 And of rents there were plenty within his old clothes,
 But still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 Though he brushed his soiled arm o'er his grimy old face,
 Yet still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 And fixed his sad gaze on some far-away place,
 Yet still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 "Is it weakness of legs, you old fellow?" I cried,
 "Or a lack of hot rum in your dry old inside?"
 But not the least sign of a word he replied,
 But still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 "Old tramp, you must die!" then I urgently said,
 While still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 "Come, now, take a grave in the river's moist bed!"
 Yet still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 Then he said to me, giving his head a slow shake,
 That to straight and pure water he never could take—
 Not to mention the matter again for his sake,
 And still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 I felt disappointed, but, nevertheless,
 While still he sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 I wanted to know why he there, I confess,
 Sat still, oh, sat still, oh, sat still, oh!
 So I said, "Walking bad?" and he trembled and sighed,
 Then a pause, and with cheerfullest hope I replied,
 "I will give you some work!" He just laid down and died,
 Quite still, oh, real still, oh, real still, oh!
 Now the moral we find to this tragical tale

TO THE LAST STREET CAR AT MIDNIGHT.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.



ROLL on, thou Car, roll on!
 O'er leagues of iron track
 Roll on!
 What though I cannot hire a hack?
 What though I'm "broke"—except five cents?
 What though to suburb resi-dence—
 Nine miles—I'll have to walk me hence?
 Never you mind!
 Roll on!
 Roll on, thou Car, roll on!
 At swift 2.40 gait
 Roll on!
 It matters not if I am late;
 If I bawl "stop!" 'till I am hoarse,
 It matters not to you, of course;
 So keep right on—thou last resource!
 Never mind me!
 Roll on!
 Roll on, thou Car, roll on!
 Through Winter's freezing air
 Roll on!
 It's true I've no top-coat to wear;
 It's true the "L" don't run my way;
 It's true to trudge home won't be gay—
 But don't let that disturb you, pray!
 Never you mind!
 Roll on!

[The bobtail rolled on.]

J. E. FERGUSON.

Is, do not sit still, oh, sit still, oh!
 You may worry or anger, may weep or may wail,
 But do not sit still, oh, sit still, oh!
 Go walk if you must, or go ride if you pay,
 Or if you're a bird, fly along, don't delay—
 And this you will find the American way,
 To never sit still, oh, sit still, oh!
 "DUVVY" MORGAN SMITH.

FERTILE IN EXPEDIENTS.

OFFICE-HOLDER (to old henchman)—"And how do you like Washington?"
 POLITICIAN (equivocally)—"Oh, very well. The only trouble is that since I came here I have lost my wife's society altogether. She spends all her time at the balls and receptions."

OFFICE-HOLDER (reminiscently)—"That's the way I used to feel. But why don't you do as I did?"

POLITICIAN (anxiously)—"And how is that?"

OFFICE-HOLDER (confidentially)—"Easiest thing in the world, my boy. If you want to keep her out of society, just have your family physician order her to wear a porous plaster on the small of her back."

THE WRONG PREPOSITION.

BROKER (to friend whose face is covered with plaster)—"What's the matter, my boy; you look all 'broke up'?"

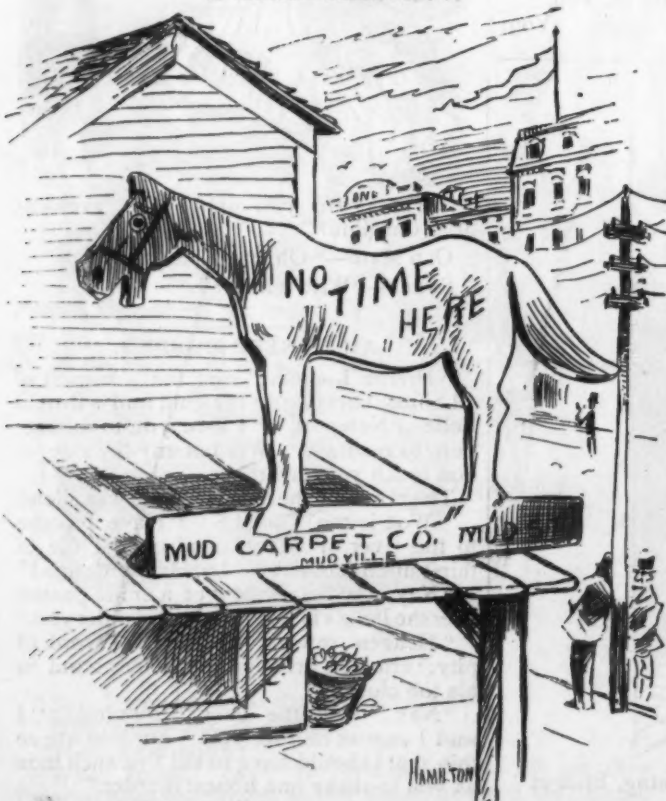
FRIEND (troubled with boils)—"Oh, no; I'm all broke out."

PAT'S CORNUCOPIA.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN (setting them up)—"My poor man, you seem to enjoy the good things of this world."

TRAMP (pouring out eight fingers)—"Yis, sorr; Oi belave in the hor-rn of plinty."

A HORSE-CHESTNUT.



How could

Lawrence Barrett?



What did

Whitelaw Reid?



Where did

Cleveland?



Where did

J. Fennimore Cooper?



What did

Geoffrey Chaucer?



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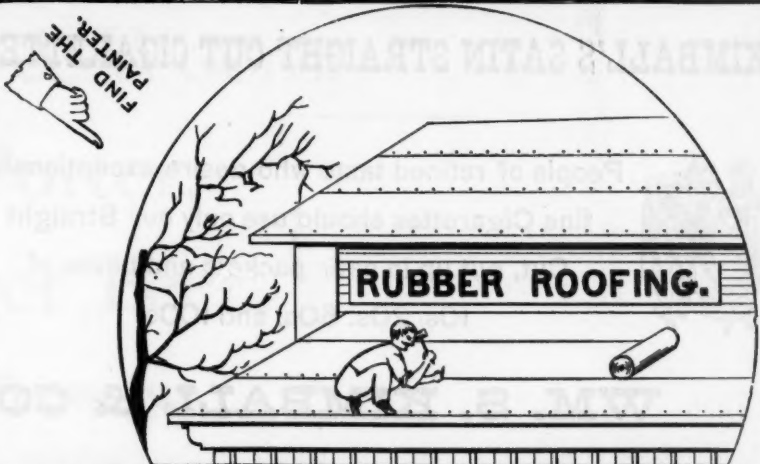
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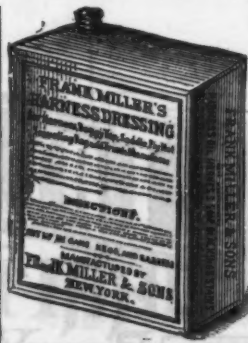
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for changing any color hair to the new fashionable auburn, \$2.00 a bottle. Catalogues now ready, free of charge.

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DEAN'S

PATENT

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Mustard.



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THE WORLD.

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PURE CALABRIA, equal to the Imported. Try our SICILY (brand select)

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Chas. P. Rogers & Co.,

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FINE BEDDING, SPRING BEDS, ETC.

Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Down Quilts, Cushions, Etc.

Branch, 89 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Syr Guy De Funct, it once befell,
Went forth to woo hys deare—
The bonnye ladye Dowsabel,
Who lived in Somwhayreshire.

As in her arboure knelt ye knighte,
Hee sayd, with gentill ayre:
"If but I winne thee, ladye brighte,
If you'll be mine, I'll swaere—"

Then uppe rose comelye Dowsabel,
And flushing scarlette redde,
Shee sayd: "Syr knighte, you speak not well,
I lyke notht whatt you sayd.

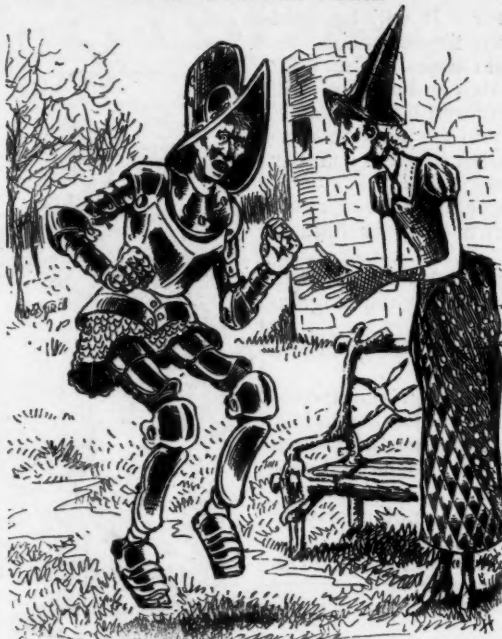
"You'll swaere? You'll swaere? Nay, saye
not sue,
Else you and I are twain.
A cursing husband causeth woe,
Hee bringes hys ladye payne."

"Love's oaths, I onlie meant, my fayre.
Mistake not, I beseeche;
For other swearinge—trust me—ne'er
Hath soyled my partes of speeche.

"I shunne men's oathes—I never swaere,
No friar's lips more chaste!"
(Oh, hypocryte! Take care, take care,
Avenging Truthe may haste.

You swore last e'en, you swore thys morn,
You'll swaere to morrow, too;
And yett you say you've never sworn!
Thatt lye you'll some daye rewe.)

YE MEDIÆVAL FLEA.



Heigho! Has Truth, e'en now, begunne,
To scourge the false Syr Guy?
Hee squirms and twists, like onne undone—
Hys features all awry.

Hee shakes hys cote of mail—poor man!
Hee grits hys teethe—ah, mee!
Hee curvets, prances, wheels—do scanne
Hys physiognomee!

Whatt Mediæval ache is hys?
Whatt knightlee maladie?
I blushe to own hys ailment is—
A vicious, byting flea.

A flea beneath a cote of mail!
St. Andrew! don't you see,
There is no waye you can assail—
Dislodge that self-same flea!

Syr Guy forgotte hys ladye fayr
(To penne ye reste I'm loth),
And fairly raised her goldenne hayr
By roaring out—an oathe.

'Tis thus hys lye was soon exposed
By Truthe—and eke the flea—
Who showed the mayd he'd falsely posed
A foe to blasphemy.

Fayr Dowsabel hath ta'en ye vail,
Yea—left a worlde of wrong;
And nowe beneath ye cloisters pale
She'll ne'er heare language strong.
WALLACE PECK.

THE DARWINIAN ALPHABET.

FROM A TO M—APE TO MAN.

A is an ape, the forerunner of man,
According to Darwin's magnificent plan.

B his next brother's got up in the scale
Of creation, since he has discarded his tail.

C is a creature, a live one, I think,
But Darwin don't know he's the one missing link.

D is for Darwin, I wish, I must own,
He would trace his own line, and let our line alone.

E is an Exquisite pinched into shape,
The most perfect of monkeys, the best style of ape.

F is his fur, which good Dame Nature gave,
But he scrapes it all off when he learns how to shave.

G is gorilla, a monkey, you know,
But you'll see men just like him wherever you go.

H is the head, and it ought to contain,
Both in monkey and man, some proportion of brain.

I is just I—you may guess, if you can,
If I'm nearest akin to the monkey or man.

J is THE JUDGE, who is wondrously blest,
For both species in him are displayed at their best.

K's for our kindred. It's rather a bother,
I confess, that an ape is "a man and a brother."

L's for the ladies, but they must escape,
Even Darwin daren't call Mrs. Darwin an ape.

M is a man, that's the best I can say,
But he winds up the matter, at least for to-day.

EGGS IS EGGS.

Our benevolent contemporary, the *Wor'd*,
scooped what is called the deck in its report
of the yacht contest. Afterward, Mr. Pu-
litzer was introduced to Lieutenant Henn,
and the latter said, "I didn't quite catch
the name."

"Pulitzer!" said Joseph, with
emphasis.

"Well, sir," said the lieutenant,
blushing with embarrassment, "you
needn't be so pronounced in your
explanation. I suppose you are
just as nice as if you were full-
grown. Come in and take
an egg."

A war-map of this joke will
be given on the front page
of the *World* next week.

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

"Say, pa," said little John-
ny, "why is a gambler al-
ways thinking of the day of
judgment?"

"You get right up to
bed!" cried old Brown, hunt-
ing around for his chestnut
bell.

"Because," yelled Johnny,
dodging his sister's new doll,
"he is always waiting for
the last trump."

It will be remembered that
the JUDGE predicted both the
earthquake and the sea-
serpent. It did so as much
as ten years ago. The only
mistake it made was in locat-
ing the one in Harlem and
the other on Staten Island;
but its figures as to the conse-
quent destruction were right
to a dollar and a dime.

The violinist is always up
to his chin in business.

THE INTERMISSION.

With a shoemaker, the last is the first
resort.

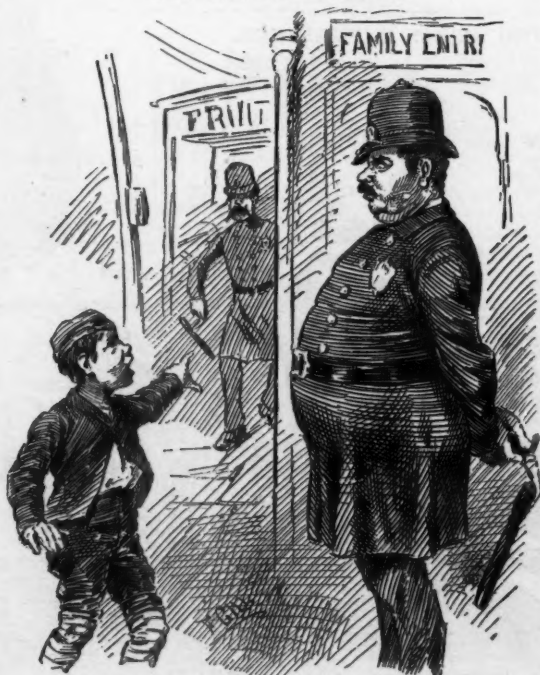
This world is a good world and weighs
5,856,000,000,000,000 tons.

Dishonest bank cashiers are not exactly
insane, but they are flighty at times.

A coachman can be distinguished from a
gentleman by the rosette on his hat.

Emerson says: "What can be so elegant
as to have few wants and serve them one's
self?" We have no desire to get the better
of a dead man, but it is much more elegant
to have a good many wants with some one
else to serve them.

REVENGE IS SWEET.



SMALL BOY (to policeman in front of saloon)
—"Hey! hold yer breath; here comes der
roundsman."

A LUCKY NUMBER.



"Ef we'd had one moah chil'en, Maria Jane, we'd
a loosed it."

Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

Asbury Park lady says: "Since using your WAFERS my complexion speaks for itself." A lady says: "My
sister's complexion has become exquisitely transparent and beautiful." Another on 34th Street writes: "I know
the WAFERS will accomplish all I desire; they agree with me, and I never had anything I liked so well." Sent by
mail to any address on receipt of One Dollar. Address JAS. P. CAMPBELL, M. D., 146 West 18th Street, New York.

IMPENDING FASHIONS.

Common Sense is to be worn as little as ever. It will be used only by those who are considered "behind the times."

Economy promises to be in demand by all classes. The poor must use it, and those who wish to appear rich and are not, will bring it into requisition where its employment will be hidden.

Faith and Trust have not so strong a hold upon the public as formerly. A spurious article put upon the market in great quantity last year tended to destroy confidence in these goods.

Veracity, or a close imitation, will be popular as ever, made up in very loose garments, which can be thrown aside or hidden, at the convenience of the wearer.

Honesty is now woven of a most elastic material, which will stretch and twist into so many forms as to be totally unrecognizable as associated with the old style fabric so named.

Brain holds as favorite in certain circles, but the "English you know" set have "cut it" entirely.

Honor is no favorite among that wealthy class which is composed of monopolists, shoddyites, politicians and certain bank officials. It is considered quite antiquated in style, and some parties who at one time gave it countenance now pretend never to have heard of it.

Orthodoxy retains its hold, but not firmly. It is not nearly so straight-laced as it was a few years since.

Heresy is very popular, especially when worn with white neck-

A DETERMINED STAND.



"Gess dis one doan' b'long tah us. Jest tickul his feet a little, Zekel, 'n see 's he won' go foh yo."

ties and garments of clerical cut. The favor it meets with has been shown in most of our late ministerial meetings.

Creeds are of all designs, textures and shades. Every taste can be suited from the great variety in the market.

Fraud will not, it is to be hoped, be so universally common as last year. There are many who would willingly wear it, but their doctors (of law) inform them that the law suits were hurtful to the health of the users, in many cases compelling their close confinement to the house for an extended period. The sentiment of the people generally is in favor of its total suppression.

E. REED.

TWO BEATS THAT THROB AS ONE.

SHE (in soliloquy at sea-shore)—"Well, I suppose I've got to give up flirting and go home and marry poor, stupid old Teddy, as that is the suitable and proper and altogether hateful thing to do."

HE (in soliloquy in town)—"Well, I suppose Carrie will be happening along before long, and then good-bye to all the nice little loafs with my former girl. Pity all the nice girls are ineligible and all the eligible girls are such flats."

EACH (in next letter to the other)—"All my happiness, my darling, is in the thought that we shall soon meet to part no more."

There is a scheme "to purify tobacco;" but the popular impression is that when you purify tobacco you don't have any tobacco.

EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF.



FIRST TRAMP—"Will that dog bite?"

SECOND TRAMP—"You must find out for yourself. He may not be hungry since he had half of my leg."

AFTER THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

A friend of the family takes the father of the bride aside and says: "Do you know that your son-in-law is a ruined man—perfectly overwhelmed with debts?"

"No, you don't say so."

"I am sure of it. In fact he's only married your daughter so as to be able to pay his debts with her fortune."

"Then why the deuce didn't you tell me so before?"

"What do you take me for? I'm one of his heaviest creditors."

THE CAUSE OF IT.

"I knew that George's short-comings would be the ruin of him," said the widow when informed that her husband had been made away with in the far west. "It was on account of his short-comings, wasn't it?"

"Ye-es," responded the cowboy, who was deputed to explain all very gently to her; "yes, he come three feet short of touching the ground."

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.



I shay, Misthur Druggist, what's good to sober up on?"

DRUGGIST—"I don't know of anything better than to stand on your own door step and hear your wife's footsteps."

Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

Lady on West 54th Street, writes: "The red and scaly eczema spots on my forehead have disappeared, and my skin has become clear and fresh-looking since using your WAFERS." Another says: "I do so enjoy food since taking your WAFERS." 50 cents and \$1 per box; sent by mail to any address; samples 25 cents silver. To be had only of "English Chemist," 146 West 16th Street, New York.

The Improved
Genuine
**ALASKA DOWN
BUSTLES**



IMITATION BUSTLES ARE WEAK AND WORTHLESS.

- | | | | | |
|--------|---|---|---|-------------------|
| No. 1, | - | - | - | 8 Pipes or Rolls. |
| " 1x, | - | - | - | 10 " " |
| " 2, | - | - | - | 12 " " |

LADIES!

Buy only those bearing
TRADE-MARK. All others
are **IMITATIONS**, filled with
cotton (which is heating),
are weak and disappointing.

The **GENUINE** are for sale
at all first-class houses in
the country.



"THE IDEAL."
Reversible, making three sizes.



ALASKA DOWN CO.,
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OUR BOSOM FORMS WEIGH ONLY ONE OUNCE.



EDISON LIGHT.

THE ONLY PERFECT SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

MORE THAN 300,000 LAMPS IN USE.

Estimates for Central Station or Isolated Plants furnished on application.

Edison Company for Isolated Lighting,
65 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The Incandescent Electric Lamp is the universally acknowledged invention of Thomas Alva Edison, and is covered by fundamental patents granted to him January 27, 1880, No. 223,898; May 4, 1880, No. 227,229, and July 20, 1880, No. 230,255.

These patents, as well as some 300 additional detail and system patents, are all owned by this Company.

All forms of incandescent lamps as well as a great majority of the "Detail" and "System" devices offered by others than this Company and its licensees, infringe the above-mentioned patents, and all persons using them render themselves individually responsible for such unlawful use, and all the consequences thereof, and liable to suit therefor.

T. ASPINWALL & SON,

TILES of all descriptions. **MOSAICS** For Floors, Walls, Hearths, Fireplaces,
and Decorations Generally.

WOOD MANTELS,

OPEN FIREPLACES, * * * **CRATES,**

Brass Andirons, Fenders, Frames, Etc., Etc.

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A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Smokers' Articles and Tobacco.

**A FULL STOCK OF IMPORTED CIGARS
Constantly on hand.**

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A REVOLUTION IN THE ART OF MAKING SCALES.

A SCALE WITHOUT KNIFE EDGES.

THE SCALE OF THE FUTURE.



TRADE-MARK.

SEE-SAWING ON A TORSION BALANCE.

Caught by the Photographer in the act. The boy weighs 47 pounds and the girl 45 pounds. The Balance was not injured, and a test made shortly afterwards showed that when balanced with 50 pounds on each pan an addition of 2 grains to either pan would cause a perceptible movement and 10 grains would give down weight. SEE the BALANCES on exhibition at the American Institute Fair, New York.

NO KNIFE EDGES, NO FRICTION, NO WEAR.
MORE DURABLE, MORE SENSITIVE, MORE ACCURATE THAN ANY
KNIFE EDGE BALANCE CAN BE MADE.

Write for Circular

**THE U. S. TORSION BALANCE & SCALE CO.
99 READE STREET, NEW YORK.**



3 YARD PIECE FOR 6 CENTS.

IS easily sewed on to the Skirt, requiring but one stitch; while in use it does not wear the bottom of the skirt. When worn out is easily ripped off, saving considerable labor

FOR SALE AT ALL THE LEADING STORES.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

Schloss & Sons,

NEW YORK, U. S. A.

OUR SUNDAY PAPERS.



WIFE TO HUSBAND—"My dear, what are you looking through the 'wants' for?"
 HUSBAND—"Wants!" Confound it! I want the sheet with the news in it."

HOW ELMER ELLSWORTH DIED.
 The Latest of Our Unrivalled War Papers.



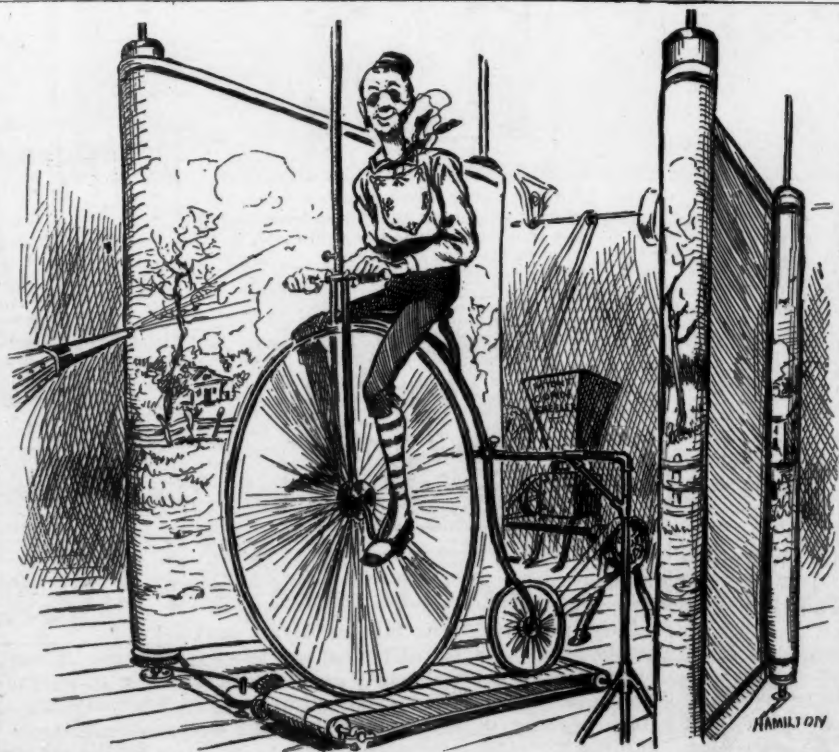
HE engagement began at 5 o'clock in the morning, said the little man reflectively, resting his chin on his hands, the hands folded over the head of his cane. "I have good reason to

frequently called it. When I enlisted I had a wife to whom I had been wedded only a few months. I ought rather to say that I had had her. She was born south of Mason and Dixon's line, and to tell the truth she must have enlisted about the same time that I did. She declared that the South never could be conquered, and when, having put my name down and got ready to go, I went home to say good-bye to her, I found she had saved me the trouble. She explained all in a brief note to the effect that inasmuch as I was going to fight she proposed to fight too. She was pretty, sir, very pretty—excuse these tears—and after all I suppose she had a right to her own way. But to resume. The Bloody Blank was in Heintzleman's brigade. As far as I could see the soldiers stood, line upon line, like so many statues, momentarily expecting

remember it. I hadn't seen the sun rise in many years, and you don't have such sun-rises here as we had in those days in the Old Dominion."

He sighed, and the wind toyed idly but with the most perfect respect with his silver hair.

"You know all about the mining of Petersburg and the subsequent events," he added. "I don't suppose I can tell you anything new, but perhaps an incident or two of my personal experiences may not be out of place. It began, as I said, about five o'clock. The sky off to the east was like an exaggerated rainbow, only the hues were brighter. To be perfectly accurate, the rainbow was considerably splintered; and in contrast with the gray sky and the white clouds it made a picture which I shall remember as long as I live. Suddenly the—However, to make my story complete, I must diverge a little. I belonged to the Blank Wisconsin regiment—the Bloody Blank, as the General



UTILIZING THE CRANK.

Edson outdone. Power furnished, exercise secured, scenery enjoyed, health-giving breeze created, and a public nuisance abated.

orders and wondering that they did not come. It was so still that I could hear the birds singing, and I distinctly remember a bobolink whose liquid notes reminded me somehow of a little singing brook out in the woods in far Wisconsin. The rebel fortifications stared us in the face, and at intervals on our side of them I could see where the boys had dug great gaps underneath with their spades and filled the same with powder. You could hear the leaves rustle while the boys waited for orders, and the expectation was so great that every man thought every other man could hear his heart thump against his breast. Suddenly the—Excuse me, sir; oblige me with a light. Thank you. Really, however, I have left my cigar case at home. Ah! Thank you again."

The eyes of the little old man brightened as he resumed. Apparently he smelled the old battle through all the intervening years. "I had been thinking of Nancy—that was my wife's name—all through the previous night," he resumed, "and for that or some other reason I dreaded to go into the battle more than I had ever dreaded it before. Afar off to the left I could see fully a regiment of scattered skulkers hiding behind such rocks and trees and camp wagons as answered that purpose, and though I loathed them I had a curious yearning to be with them. I don't think I was afraid, but I was tired. I observe that General Grant says there were no skulkers there, but that shows all he knows about it. Suddenly, however, there was a roar and a crash, as if all the thunder that had ever boomed had come back to boom over again, and altogether. The earth opened before us. The world shook. The sun went out of sight. The sky was as dark as a pocket. Immense clouds of dirt and dust went up into the air, and I don't believe some of it has got down to this day. The roar was hardly over when every band in the army struck up "Garry Owen," and the order "Forward" ran along the lines. I never was so confused in my life. I wanted to go and see those skulkers and find out what they

thought about it. But forward it was, man and man, regiment and regiment, brigade and brigade, and as soon as I could see I discovered that we were within the rebel lines and likely to get into difficulty. The Johnnies were confused, but so were we. I think I was more worried than any of them, and the sequel showed that I had good reason to be. Have you a—However, I will not interrupt myself. Suddenly I saw in front of me a Zouave. How well I remember his red trousers, his brief moustache, his handsome face! He had his arms raised, and, merciful heavens! he was apparently about to embrace a woman attired as a rebel vivandiere. I looked in that woman's face, and what was my horror, sir, to find that she was my long lost wife! You can imagine the rest, sir. I struck that Zouave down. I shot him with my gun. I can yet see him writhing in the

Arsenic Complexion Wafers.

For the removal of skin and complexion imperfections the WAFERS were specially and exclusively intended; but marvelous to relate, hundreds of persons so using them have most unexpectedly found them to be also an absolute specific in Dyspepsia, Habitual Constipation, Malaria, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Nervousness, Failing Sight, Impaired Digestion, Lack-lustre Eyes, Low Spirits, Want of Vitality, Mal-assimilation of Food, Headache, Hay Fever, etc., etc., thereby conclusively demonstrating the extraordinary virtues of Arsenic as a remedial agent when understandingly and appropriately administered.

dust. His name was Ellsworth; and that, my friend, was the way Colonel Elmer W. Ellsworth died. I subsequently learned that at the moment of the stroke he was trying to haul down a rebel flag and didn't propose to embrace my Nancy at all, but no matter."

"But, sir, Colonel Ellsworth—"

"Enough! I am aware of the remarks of history in this connection, but history is the greatest liar that ever lived. Let me finish my story. I looked Nancy in the face and she looked me in my face. 'So that's the way you try to bring about a reunion is it?' she said, in one of her old tones of voice. I knew what the words meant. Have you a—But let me finish. I fled. I subsequently learned that the army followed me. How far I fled I can hardly tell; but when I came to, I found myself in a comparatively well-sheltered ditch, looking up at the silent stars. I doubt if any of that broken and shattered army got as far as I did. Have you a—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you, dear sir, but what is your name?"

"Robert E. Lee."

"Oh!"

"General Robert E. Lee, at your service, sir. The boys call me Bob, however. I extend the privilege to you. Have you a quarter about you?"

"A quarter, indeed! Dear General, if you would give your experiences to the *Century Magazine* you'd make a fortune out of them."

AT THE ENGLISH OPERA.



FARMER—"Well, I swear! if they hain't smart—all singin' t' once so's ter git through quicker."

IN COURT.

"You saw the prisoner when he fired the shots?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"How far were you from him?"

"When he fired the first shot, I was about five paces off."

"And when he fired the second?"

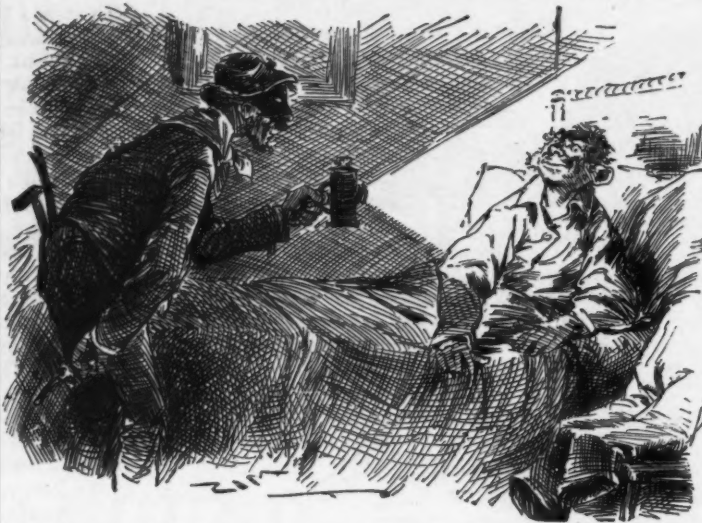
"About five hundred yards."

Where did

T. B. Macaulay?



LOVE'S LABOR LOST.



BURGLAR—"Tell me at once where all your valuables are!"
OLD SPORT—"At the pawnbroker's."

A CRAZY ROMANCE.

JOHN TEMPLETON BLAKE.

They sat on the hotel piazza,
In a shady, secluded nook;
She, with her crazy patchwork,
He, with his favorite book.

She was sweet as a Huyler bon-bon,
And dainty and fair to see.
He longed to turn and say to her,
"Ma belle, will you marry me?"

She suddenly raised her eyes to his,
He blushed a fashionable red;
"Do take this needle and work a block
For my crazy quilt," she said.

Mutely he took the needle and silk,
Deeply a moment thought,
Then worked with a will on the azure patch,
And this is what he wrought:



Like peach-pink velvet grew her cheek,
As she sought for some tinsel braid.
Then seized a block and began to sew,
And this is what she made:



THE PRICE OF FAME.

Two painters were talking of art and artists.

"Have they not," asked one of them, "been talking a good deal about X lately? He's become quite famous the last six months."

"Nothing strange about that, as it happens to be just that length of time since he died."

MY WIFE'S COAXING.

I saw it down at Denning's, dear,
Oh, such a lovely shade!
And to go with it—for trimming—
Just the sweetest plush brocade!
And then it was so very cheap,
And—as the salesman said—
It was just my style exactly,
That peculiar shade of red.

Well, yes, my love; of course you
I'll have to get it made; [know,
The latest freaks of fashion
I always have obeyed.
I never made a dress. Mamma
Would never let me try.
You wouldn't let your little wife
Go looking like a guy.

Oh, yes, there'll be the lining. And,
To make the seams much stronger,
They line the waist and sleeves with
It lasts a great deal longer. [silk,
And buttons now are quite the rage,
Aunt bought some for my cousin,
That were really little works of art—
Only five fifty a dozen.

And then, let's see: I'll have to get
Some ribbon, lace and gimp,
Some canvas for the bottom
(Else it would be too limp)
Elastic bands to strap it back

And make me look quite tall,
Some whalebones tape and crocheted balls—
And now, I think, that's all."

Oh, no! Of course I couldn't wear
A different colored bonnet,
I'll have to buy a stylish hat
With a dozen bird's wings on it.
And then a pair of dainty gloves—
Delicate fawn or gray—
Then you shall take me for a walk
The very first bright day.

H. A. B.

Poetry of the come-rest-in-this-bosom kind is invariably declined here, unless, indeed, its author is a gentleman. In that case, it may be accepted if the mode of expression is extremely decorous.

TWO OF A KIND.



"GOOSE REDUCED, AND SO AM I."

Who sold

Sir Walter Scott?



MILLER'S HOTEL, 39 & 41 West 26th Street, New York. \$2.50 per Day.
Turkish, Electric and Roman Baths, and Massage.
Send for Circulars.

GOLD MEDAL
Health Exhibition,
LONDON, 1884.

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THE MOST PERFECT AND BEAUTIFUL
DECORATION

FOR

Walls and Ceilings and Ornamentation for Wood Work.

WATERPROOF, DURABLE, SANITARY.

OVER 150 NEW DESIGNS,

INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING STYLES: Japanese, Greek, Renaissance, Modern Renaissance, Venetian, Mo-
resque, Egyptian, Louis XVI., Byzantine, Eastlake, Celtic, Florentine,
Mediæval, Modern, besides a vast number of conventional designs of great beauty and utility.

THE USE OF

LINCRUSTA-WALTON

is a great economy in all interior decorations, as a room, in simple hard finish, with plain pine moldings, can, with moderate outlay, be made a beautiful example of decorative art.

Sold by the Yard in Rolls.

CAN BE USED ON NEW WALLS.

Excludes all External Damp.



CEILING CENTRE IN LINCRUSTA-WALTON. No. 3038.

THE PRICE IS MODERATE.

Plain Pine Moldings and Panels decorated with Lincrusta have the appearance of fine Carved Wood-work, and equally durable.

ADAPTED FOR A

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HARD ON THE PUG DOGS.

THE GERMAN POLICEMAN SPEAKS HIS MIND ABOUT THE MORMONS ALSO.

BY JULIAN RALPH,

Author of the Sun's "German Barber."

The German Policeman sauntered along on his post (it was after ten o'clock at night) and when he reached Second Avenue, he saw a pretty servant maid rush out of the area-way of a brown-stone house.

"Look here; vot's der row?" he asked; "der kitchen poiler busted?"

"Wurrse than that, sir," said the maid.

"Olt vooman got a doot-ache?"

"Wurrse than that, sir."

"Der olt man goin' ter die?"

"Wurrse than that, sir; the pug dog is havin' a terrible fit, sir, an' we don't know what to do at-all at-all—the poor little thing—and the missis is almost crazy."

"Ah, ha! Der puck dog is zick, eh; and you got to vent for der doctdor, alretty. Vell, vell, dot vas too pad. But, see here, mine goot vooman, ven you shall get marrit und zedde down, do you know vot you must do to please me, eh?"

"No, sir; but I'm willin' to larn."

"Vell, tond you haf a puck dog, uf you please, choost got a baby, to oplige me. Uf you haf to adwerdize for von, or borrow von uf an orphan asylum, or marry a widower vots got von py his first wife, please got a baby und pe a goot, natural, healthy, honest voomans. Tond shower out your maderal affegshuns on a leedle puck dog."

"Sure, sir; pug dogs is fer the fashionable ladies and not fer the loikes av me."

"Now, your dalking righd away owd from your mout. You peen choost righd. Uf you aind a vooman at all, but choost a

pundle uf aches und airs, und nonsense und fine clothes, go righd avay und get a puck dog und dress it up like a monkey—und hug und kiss it, und got der doctdor for it und make a leedle fool uf der dog und a pig fool py yourself, but if you are a goot, flesh-und-plood vooman, dake my atwice, und uf you can'd haf a baby to be a mother to, tond make pelief peen a mother to a puck dog."

THE MORMONS MUST REFORM.

Mr. Oppenheim, the butcher, and Mr. Reilly, the blacksmith, were discussing the Mormon question on the corner of Avenue A, when the German Policeman strolled up to them, that same night. Just as he came up, Mr. Reilly, the blacksmith, said:

"The Mormons are a rich and prosperous payple, sorr, and they foind that Mormonism pays."

"Oh, it bays, does it?" said the German Policeman, almost screaming; "py Chiminy Hooky! my frent, uf you effer go in a sbecculation und it

ton'd bay any bedder as der Mormon pee-zness, I bitty you. Those Mormon fellers got goot farms und blendy money, but dem are bucking againsd Brovidence, und dot ain'd going to bay in der long run. Brovidence is shlow, and der Mormons haf hat a good ding so long vot dem dink she is asleeb, but von day she vill oben von eye at 'em und den it would peen bedder uf they neffer vas porn.

"Der slafholders used to dink Brovidence vos asleeb down South dwenty-five year ago, but von day she voke up und for effer slafe dem hat dem losd a dozen white men und ten dousand dollars. Yoost der same it vill peen mit der Mormons.

"Der Mormon relitchion is pilt on der ruin und disgrace uv voomans und der wreck uv decency. Uf dem tond reform und vipe owd Mormonism, Ungle Sam vill dake der agency for Brovidence und vipe it owd—und vipe a few dousand Mormons owd along mit it.

"It may pe negst year, or, like slafery, der ding may grawl along a hundert year, but Brovidence has got to vin der game. A hundert year aind more as a gupple uf seconds on der glock uf Brovidence. Der hands moof shlow on dat glock, Mr. Reilly, but dem neffer shtop moofin."

MARTIN WILL TAKE HIS TIME.

"I see by the paper that the repairing on Luther's house is just finished," remarked Mr. Hobbs.

"Well," interposed Mrs. H., "this is such a bad time to move, perhaps he won't take possession before Spring."

GRATEFUL RECIPROCITY.



BILKINS (slightly overtaken, picked out of the gutter, brought home and handed over to the tender care of his own butler by a highly respectable elderly gentleman—an entire stranger)—to elderly Samaritan—"Thanks, old flier—d'lighted to rechip-rocate favor—first op-popportunity I get." Elderly stranger walks off indignant—Bilkins wonders why.

TIME, 3 A. M.



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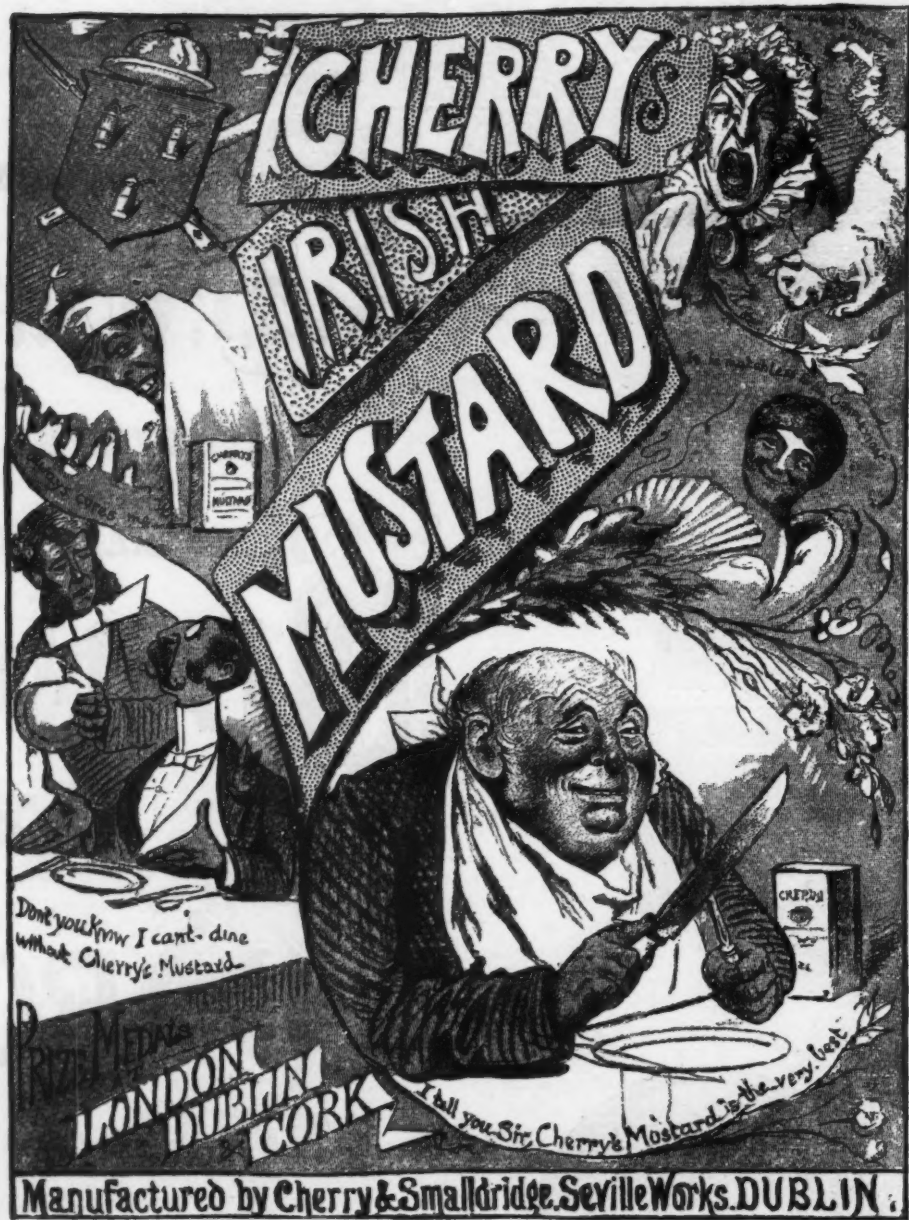
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HAVE LARGEST
CIRCULATION. LARGEST
RESULTS.
BUT FAR FROM LARGEST RATES

The Circulation
AND
Advertising Record
SINCE JAN. 1, 1883.

Aggregate Each Month	Average Per Day.
1883.	1883.
January..... 774,000	January..... 24,967
February..... 681,084	February..... 24,324
March..... 731,750	March..... 23,605
April..... 685,110	April..... 22,537
May..... 917,043	May..... 25,033
June..... 922,132	June..... 30,738
July..... 1,091,840	July..... 35,221
August..... 1,277,090	August..... 41,196
September... 1,186,209	September... 39,540
October..... 1,362,960	October..... 43,937
November... 1,361,670	November... 45,389
December... 1,386,270	December... 44,718
1884.	1884.
January..... 1,486,050	January..... 47,937
February... 1,402,920	February... 52,246
March..... 1,646,250	March..... 53,104
April..... 1,708,253	April..... 56,940
May..... 1,895,712	May..... 61,152
June..... 2,129,250	June..... 70,975
July..... 2,314,113	July..... 74,648
August..... 2,560,049	August..... 82,582
September.. 2,878,800	September.. 95,960
October.... 3,506,201	October..... 113,103
November.. 3,845,834	November... 128,194
December... 3,086,403	December... 99,561
1885.	1885.
January..... 3,064,859	January..... 98,866
February... 3,051,339	February... 108,976
March..... 3,658,803	March..... 118,026
April..... 3,698,857	April..... 123,295
May..... 4,148,770	May..... 133,831
June..... 4,228,400	June..... 140,947
July..... 4,618,053	July..... 148,969
August..... 4,960,917	August..... 156,903
September.. 4,873,032	September.. 162,434
October.... 4,907,476	October..... 158,306
November.. 4,948,453	November... 164,948
December... 5,182,308	December... 167,171
1886.	1886.
January..... 5,338,281	January..... 172,202
February... 4,945,300	February... 176,617
March..... 5,713,869	March..... 184,318
April..... 5,498,094	April..... 183,269
May..... 5,853,610	May..... 188,826
June..... 5,776,939	June..... 192,564
July..... 5,870,328	July..... 189,365
August..... 6,237,590	August..... 201,212
September.. 6,194,270	September.. 206,475

The Total Regular Circulation of THE WORLD for the month of September was

6,194,270 Copies,

AN AVERAGE OF

206,475 COPIES

For Each Day of the Past Month.

The average circulation of the SUNDAY WORLD during the Month of September was

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LITTLE JOHNNY HEARD FROM.

MR. EDITOR: I want to ask the JUDGE a few questions, as I guess he knows more than any one else. But these are posers, these are; as I have already asked a number of people who wouldn't, or couldn't, give me an answer.

(1). The other evening Sister Cora and Mr. Merritt (that's her beau) were sitting on the front stoop, when there came a sudden

gust of wind which played the deuce with Cora's dress. The consequence was that Mr. Merritt saw a little bit of sister's new tan-colored stocking. Cora came running down stairs with tears in her eyes, and told ma how she would never dare to face Mr. Merritt again. Within a week they were as thick as ever, and yesterday they went down to Coney Island. I went, too. Of course, Cora wanted to go into the water, and I tell you her bathing suit was a stunner—something like those the *Sun* publishes. Now, Mr. Editor, this is what I want to know. Of course girls are queer things, but why was Cora so shocked at Mr. Merritt seeing a couple of inches of her stocking when together on the stoop, while a few days afterward she showed her whole leg to any one who wanted to see it? This is the best conundrum you ever published.

(2). There is a sheeny on our block who keeps a second-hand clothing store. You know what I mean by that? He doesn't keep the clothes in his store until they become second-hand, but he buys old duds and fixes them over to sell. Now, when he sells anything he swears by Abraham that he gives it away for nothing; and when he buys anything he again swears by Abraham that he gives a hundred per cent. more for it than you could get anywhere else. Mr. Editor, how can he do this and still make money?

If you can answer these questions, Mr. JUDGE, I have a couple of harder ones to give you next time.
LITTLE JOHNNY.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

De man wat kin borry in one naborhood fo' long mus' do a heap ob lyn'.

Honesty or no, hit am pleasantest toe pass a po' coin dan toe find one in yo' change.



Cholly wasn't particularly warm on that early Spring day, after leaving his overcoat at his aunt's husband's, but he was a great deal warmer than he looked.

Use am ob mo' 'count dan value sometimes. Yo' might bettah be a o'nary cobble in a po' piece ob pavement dan a undiskivered di'mon in de bowels ob de 'ath.

Education am ob use toe de mos' 'umble. Wat ud a han' organ man do wid a monkey dat cudn' 'stinguish 'tween a cent and a button.

Hit doan' satisfy me dat de pusson w'at steals my chickens goes toe de penetenchery 'less I git de fowls back.

Cackle, chickens, wha yo' please ez long ez yo' lay at home.

Dar er some men dat ud grum'le ef da cud pick ready-made shirts offen cotton-wood trees.

J. A. WALDRON.

SPRING PLOWING.

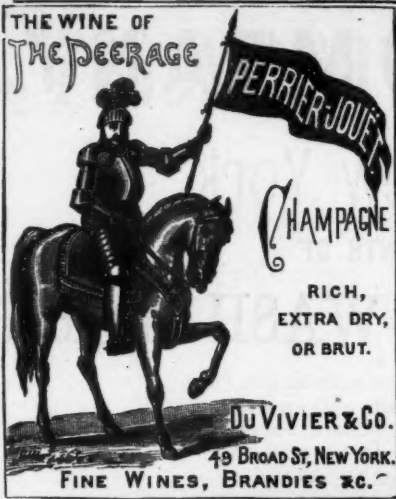


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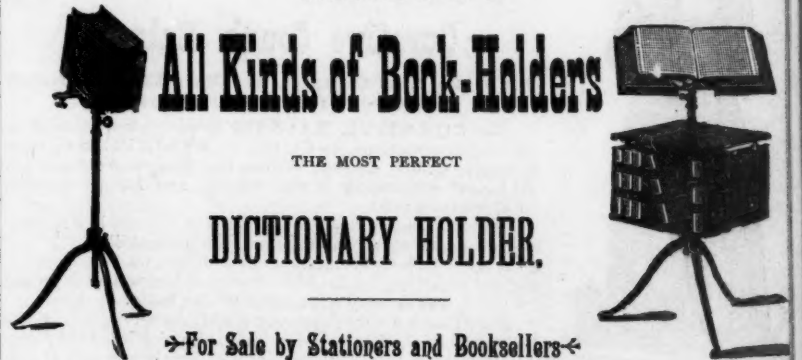
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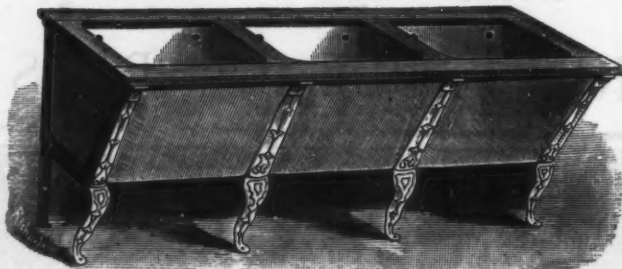
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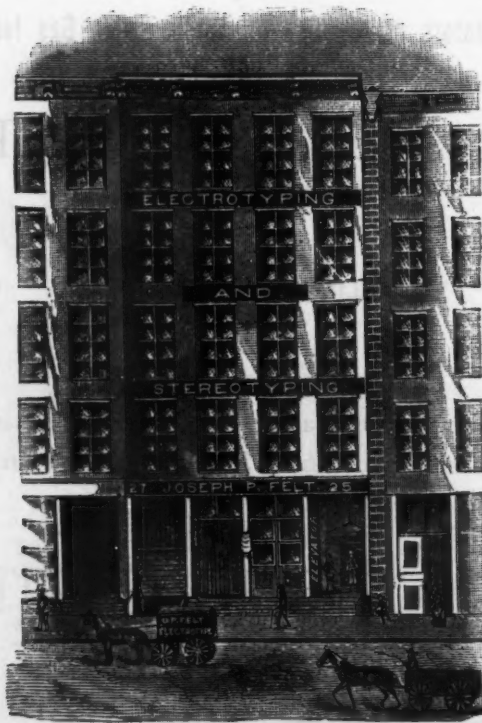
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Yours respectfully,

MRS. H. H. VINCENT.

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 BIG GERMAN—"It vos me, dot's who it vos."
 LITTLE IRISHMAN—"Och, some little chap ought to be very thankful it wasn't him."

OUR MAG.



We have several children at our house, and some of these infants are more or less alive. Among them is a sandy-haired, blue-eyed three-year-old—quick, bright, wiry and tough, a cyclone of sound with arms and legs attached. She was evidently made when material was a little scarce, but when the quality thereof was way up. She has the lungs of an auctioneer and the voice of a calliope. She was christened Mag, but is more generally known as "The Hornet." When she came she brought her voice with her. It's in C, ten sharps, though she can sail right up to X, Y, Z without calling on the engineer for more steam. When the neighbors first heard it they naturally supposed the doctor to be performing a surgical operation on somebody in our yard.

She sleeps all day, and at night very kindly supplies the music for the walking matches in costume. Sleeping at night is rather unfashionable in our street now. From sheer force of habit the neighbors go to bed, of course; but instead of sweetly slumbering they pound the pillows all night and vainly wish themselves dead. Mag's father once thought to gently insert a pillow into each of her lungs. His plan was to stuff 'em in early in the evening and take 'em out late the next afternoon—at no particular hour. But there was some trifling objection interposed by the Hornet's mother. I don't understand just what it was—anyhow he generously yielded.

Our landlord, much against his will, one day informed the Hornet's parents that he really feared she would eventually depopulate the neighborhood. He had been compelled to reduce the rent down stairs and some tenants next door had moved out altogether. He was very sorry, but it was a serious matter. Yet Mag's father bravely defended her by saying she was the best child he ever knew—when asleep.

In nature, everything that emits sound, I believe, is regulated. It thunders when there is milk to be soured; the clock strikes so the blind may know when to get out their appetites, and the bass drummer pounds his instrument, not that he is needlessly cruel, but because he's paid for it. If you can imagine continuous thunder, and a clock that like a ward-heeler never quits striking, and a bass drum run by steam all rolled into one, then you may

have some notion of what the Hornet is. If, as alleged, a special sound indicates a special want, it's plausible to suppose she simply wants to be killed. To her father's credit he yearns to be her executioner. But certain trivial objections have been interposed, which I doubt not ought to be overruled.

Mag is always in trouble, like a base-ball umpire. If, perchance, she stops blowing on her harmonica, it's a sure sign that she ain't well. We all exclaim, in chorus, "What ain't the matter now?" Yet Mag has as much brain as if brought up on a fish diet, and the nerve of a female book agent, with a breast as tender as a boarding-house chicken—and besides she's so very high-toned, especially at night, when even low tones are anything but popular. She's a whole orchestra, a kind of house-organ (one without stops), or a country dinner-horn when blown by the hired girl. Her mother says she's a trump, but her father thinks she's more inclined to be a trumpet. For a midnight prima donna, whose regular programme is a solo two hours long, it is certainly very generous of her to throw in so many encores.

EDWARD DUFFY.

Dress makes no dude, the want of it no fellow.
 Whether the head be sound, or if 'tis mellow,
 Is shown by acts, or airs, or affectation—
 These tell the oats or quality of the ration.
 Dress a fool youth for theater or ball
 Who acts the thought that he must know it all,
 Bet your sweet life he knows it not at all.

HAD HEARD 'EM AT THE TABLE.

"Henry," said a millionaire father, "you are now about to start out into the world. Which would you rather have me give you—a blessing or a cool hundred thousand?"

"One, father, one. I couldn't stand a hundred thousand blessings such as you ask."

A CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.



POLICEMAN—"Hi! what are you up there for?"
 COLORED BURGLAR (who has been somewhat retarded in his endeavors to depart from the scene of his labors)—"Cause I can't come down, boss."

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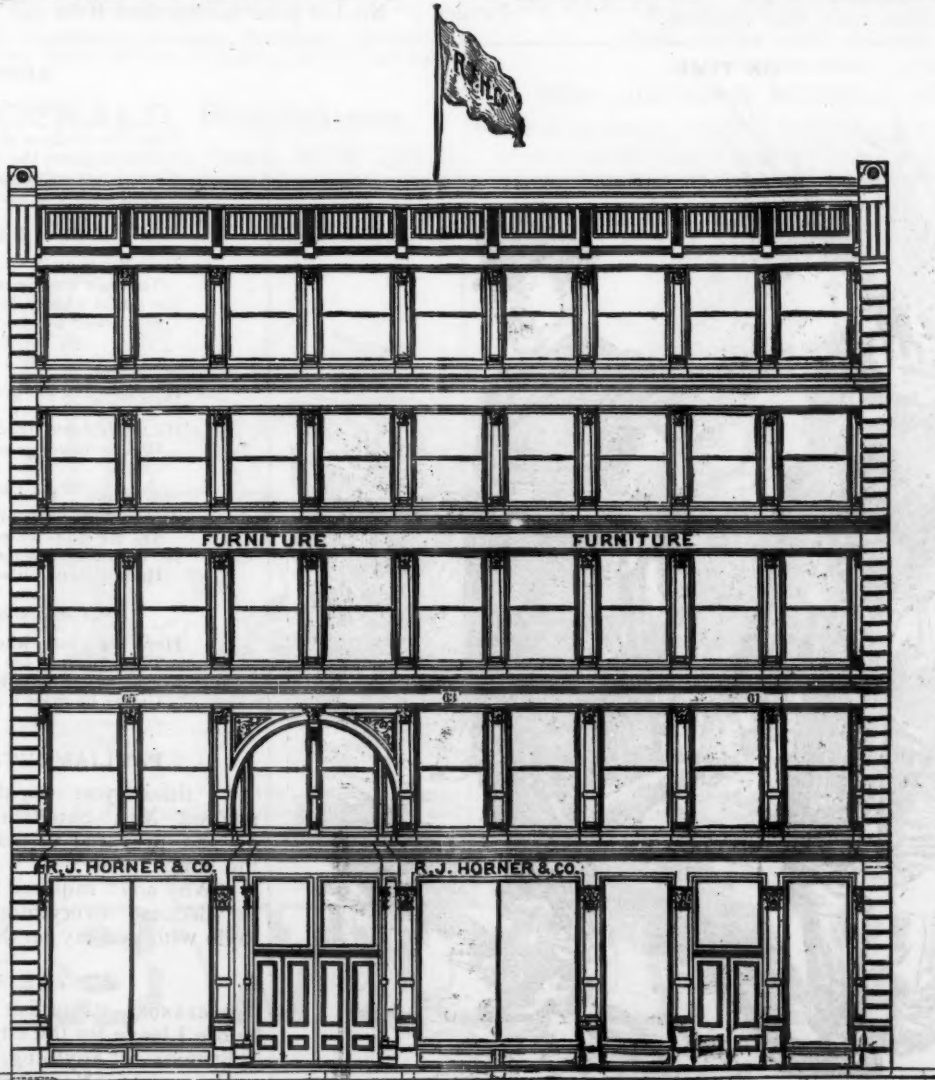
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Who never could think what indorster
To blush and look shy
When her lover was nigh,
As if his mere presence conforcester.

A noodle who never can laugh
When his friends give him innocent chaugh,
Should be sent out to grass,
That all who may pass
Can see he's no more than a caugh.

There was an old man with a queue,
Whose relatives made a to-dueue
B: cause of his hair,
But he bade them beware
For in future he meant to wear tueue.

There was a young man with a cheque,
He made it by scooping the deque.
When asked if he cared
How the poor Irish fared,
He promptly replied, "Not a speque."

THE WORST KIND.

The creature came in on a pair of flat-boats and other rig to match. He stared with a stare that conveyed a sense of boredom and haughtiness—something like that which the fisherman sees in the eyes of the departed shad. His speech was "aw—er—er—aw."

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FATHER—"No, but your mother does it for me."

ON TIME.

TRAMP—"I say, boss! what time is it by your watch?"
STRANGER—"About time to look out for it."

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Here reposes the friend of the schemer;
He was not orthodox—he believed
That cash was the only redeemer.

On a Whistling Girl.

Here lies a maid who could ne'er regret
That her tongue was her only missile;
She could whistle all day like a man, and yet
She never wet her whistle.

On a Doctor.

He who gave the quietus to so many men
Is now laid away on the shelf;
He might have lived on until three score and ten,
Had he never prescribed for himself.

On an Unhappy Lover.

As his heart had not known a pain
Till the unlucky moment he met her,
He might have been happy again,
Had he lived on and learned to forget her.

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ALGERNON—"Now that we are engaged you will recognize me when you call at my counter in the store, won't you?"

EUGENIA—"Anything but that, Algernon; any thing, but that."

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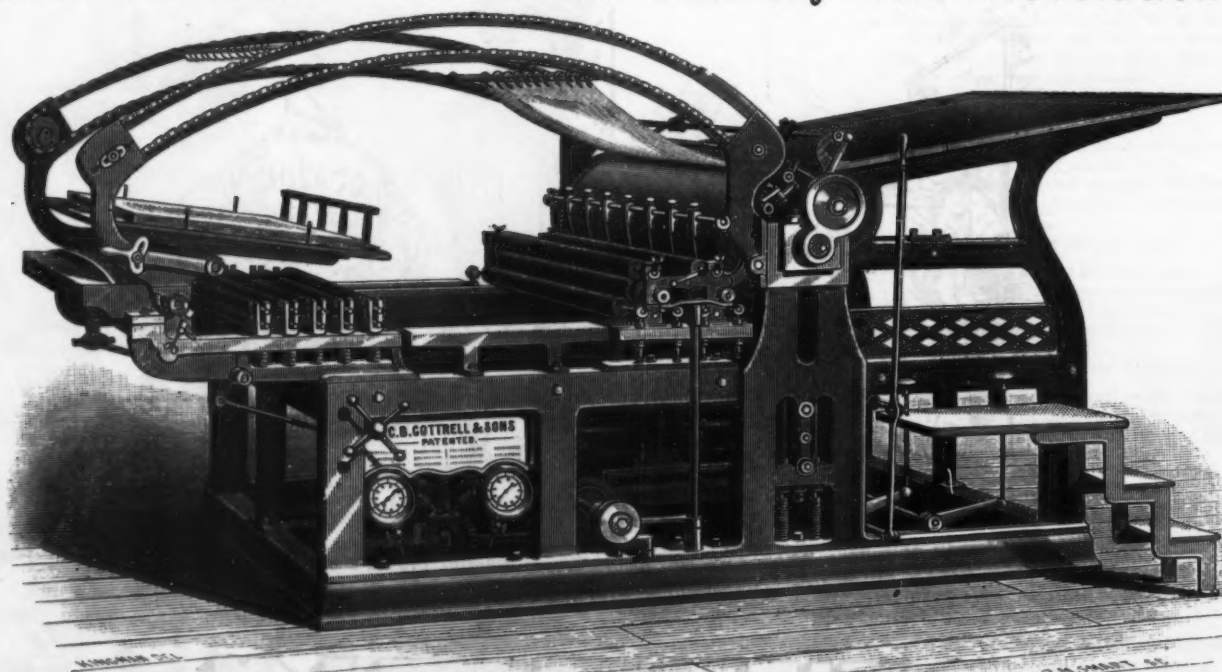
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He may now appear athletic,
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And the agony she had exhibited concerning a
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EASY CHAIRS, INVALID PROPELLING WHEEL CHAIRS, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND GYNECOLOGICAL CHAIRS.

Have Gained for Merit a World-wide and En-
viable Reputation.

Our Chairs have an *unexcelled* record for 17 years, and have received 13 Gold and Silver Medals at Exhibitions in both Hemispheres.—Illustrated Circulars and Price Lists free.

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NEW YORK.

Importers and Jobbers of Brass and Iron Bedsteads.

FINE HAIR MATTRESSES A SPECIALTY.



WAITING FOR THE SPIRIT TO MOVE HIM.



MOODS AND TENSES.

A new-fashioned girl with an old-fashioned ma
Resolved to improve her in manners and speech,
Not knowing how fruitless a task it might prove
So ancient a pupil to teach.
But after explaining the ways of the verb
With marvelous clearness, her patience was spent
At having the question propounded one night,
When Edgar had gone, "Is he went?"

The new-fashioned girl with the old-fashioned ma,
In anguish of soul and with sauciness, too,
Made answer, "What grammar! Dear Edward is
gone—
Is gone! and he bade me adieu!"
The old-fashioned ma of the new-fashioned girl,
Perceiving her proper young daughter was rude,
Asked angrily, "Well, shall I say I am glad
He is gone, or I'm glad he's a dieded?"
MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

She's just come out, come out, come out.
Her mother stands behind the door
To watch her darling rule the floor
And win of hearts and hands galore.
What! her first season; 's that in reason?
That cold survey with eyes cold gray?
Oh, no! she's just come out, come out
For this occasion. Many nights
And moons have waxed and taken flight
Since first the girl came out, came out—
She thoroughly knows what's she's about.

MERELY AN ADVERTISEMENT.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL (getting acquainted in the neighborhood)—"So your Pa is being boycotted. Well, that's nothing—my Ma has been divorced three times."
SECOND LITTLE GIRL (naively)—"And hasn't that ruined her social position?"
FIRST LITTLE GIRL (pertly)—"Indeed, no; quite the contrary. My Ma is an actress."

ABORICULTURE.

CORA (rapturously)—"What a magnificent tree that is over there."
MERRITT (putting on)—"Yes, my dear! that's what Tennyson would call an immemorial monarch of the forest."
CORA (inquisitively)—"But how do you know it's so old?"
MERRITT (looking very funny)—"Because I see it's a chestnut."

CHILDISH PHILOSOPHY.

LITTLE LIL (pouting)—"I 'ish I was as big as Cora."
MERRITT (amused)—"You should not have such a wish as that, baby; you want to keep young as long as you can."
LITTLE LIL (not so sure)—"I don't know about that. If I was big as sister Cora I'd wear a bustle, and then ma touldn't spank me any more."

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

MRS. BROWN (with her dander up)—"Didn't I caution you not to make a noise with that horrid tin whistle?"
LITTLE JOHNNY (quite crestfallen)—"Why, Pa told me to."
MRS. BROWN (getting angry)—"You naughty boy! you know very well he didn't."
LITTLE JOHNNY (pertinaciously)—"Oh, yes, he did, Ma. I asked him to buy me a bicycle and he said I would have to whistle for it."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The furniture dealer over the way
Has just driven in a nail,
And hung this notice over his door:



And the little Jew tailor has put up a sign
That all can read at a glance:



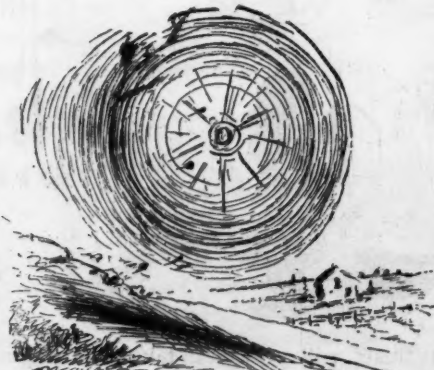
And now is the time to subscribe for THE JUDGE,
For this is the season of year,
When, according to all learned M.D.'s,
"Spring humors" are sure to appear.

"Salisbury, though of the bluest blood of England, puts on no style." This must be the famous Salisbury plain.

A correspondent asks: "If you were going to be killed for murder, would you prefer the halter or the guillotine?" The proposition is so painfully suggestive that we shall never be guilty of murder; but if that misfortune ever should happen to us, we should split the difference by going sleigh-riding and freezing to death.



Go!



GOING!!



GONE!!!

A Clear and Fresh Complexion.

To retain, regain or induce it, use ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS; over 1,000 testimonials as to efficiency and perfect safety. To be had only of "ENGLISH CHEMIST," 146 West 16th Street, New York. By mail, \$1.00.

BASE-BALL SLANG.

A few days ago an enthusiastic player of what is called the "national game" favored me with a few sarcastic remarks because I asked for a definition of some expressions he used in explaining about a game he was greatly interested in, and he quietly sat down upon me by saying that if a woman of average intelligence couldn't understand what he was talking about, he could only suggest that she should consult the columns of some daily paper in quest of the knowledge she evidently was deficient in. I did so, and this is what I found in one brief paragraph only. And I respectfully submit this question to any one who reads this clipping: Does it follow that if a woman cannot comprehend the mysteries contained in this description of a game she is devoid of even average intelligence:

"Burns planted his number nines firmly beside the plate and, after two strikes had been called on him, caught the ball squarely on the nose and reached third base before the Westbury fielders could recover the leather. Coogan's single brought Burns home, and the first of the two runs was earned for the Little Giants. Coogan was cleverly thrown out while trying to steal second, and Tucker fell an easy victim at first. Wheeler and McLaughlin died at Tucker's hands, and Mansell struck out. Annis went out at first, Trott's fly to Battin stopped his base-running for a time, and Smith followed Annis's example at first. Knowlton found out how it was himself, and fanned the air three times with his bat. Greenwood put one in McLaughlin's pocket; Burns hit safely, but Coogan's fly to Mansell left him on base. Smith captured Higgins's high one and Battin and Hughes struck out."

Now what I want to know is this: Why do they use a plate when playing ball and what do they do with it? Do they use china or tin? Did Burns catch the ball on the ball's nose, or did the ball catch Burns on Burns's nose? What kind of leather did the Westbury fielders recover, and what were



ADOWN THE STREAM.

Adown the stream we idly glide,
But not alone, for at my side,
Peeps laughing Love, the rosy elf,
She has a Cæsus store of pelf.
No cause to hate her for a bride,
In fact, I feel quite satisfied;
Her gildings seal not orioide,
That she is Sevres 'stead of Delf,
Adown the stream.

I pop on this poetic side,
She looks at me all wonder-eyed;
I swear I love her for herself,
And yet I'm placed upon the shelf.
She answers no—my suit's denied,
Adown the stream. E. D. P

RURAL BEAUTIES.



Y. Ochre has walked four miles to finish up the group of rocks he began on yesterday. He has but to-day to finish it in, and is trying to figure out some plan by which he can get that confounded Sunday-school picnic away, so as to have a "shot at them" — the rocks, we mean.

the Westbury fielders, anyway? What sort of thing was the "single" that Coogan used to bring Burns home with, and couldn't

Burns have gone home without it? If Wheeler and McLaughlin died at Tucker's hands, could not the latter have been arrested for murder? How did Knowlton find out how it was himself, and why did he fan the air with his bat? How could a fly stop a man from running, and what did Greenwood put one of in McLaughlin's pocket? What did Tucker fall an easy victim to, and was it not absurd for Coogan to try to steal when there were so many people around? What was Higgins's "high one," and when Battin and Hughes struck out who did they hit? These are some of the questions I asked my friend, and to me they do not seem so very absurd.

MARIE FLAACKÉ.

THE GRIP OF THE PRIEST.

BROKER (casually)—"It is the women who keep religion alive in this world, and what a wonderfully strong hold the clergy seem to have on them."

FRIEND (agnostically)—"Yes, my boy; and when there's nobody near, the hold is always around the waist."

To get the full effect of Maggie Mitchell's youthful freshness and beauty, please look through the small end of your opera glass.

Princess Isabeau recently inherited \$1,000,000. The Princess Isabeau ideal of a girl.

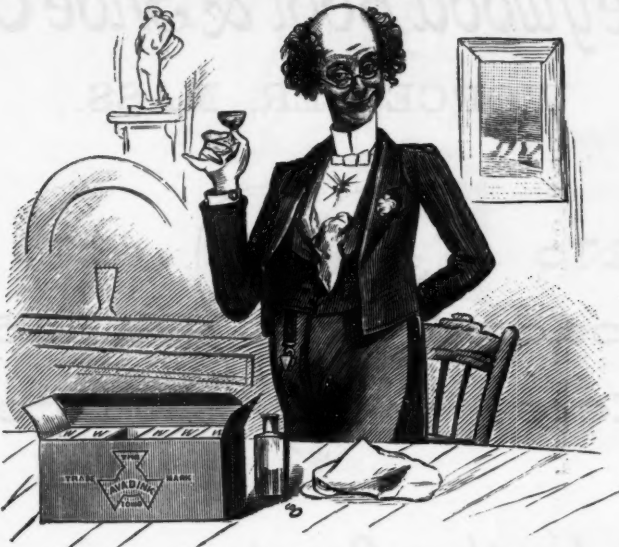


"I s'hay, Mister; let'sh have a dollar on thish, will yer? I'll take it out agin at the end of the month."

A Clear and Fresh Complexion.

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"CHESTNUTS"



A LITTLE SPEECH NOT BY LORD LONSDALE, BUT A COCKTAIL-DRINKER.

GENTLEMEN:—"How little we know of each other." Excuse me, gentlemen, I was about to say how little some people seem to know what an AVADINK TONIC is. Beg pardon, try one. Unsurpassed in quality, wonderful in its effect, at the same time pure and simple, and the only suitable cocktail as a reviver after a hard night—most conveniently packed in a neat paper Carton containing six bottles, each bottle containing a single drink. On a recent trip to California, I found these elegant goods of the more important drinks in all the principal Druggists, Grocers and Hotels. Gentlemen, I now take pleasure in introducing to you not a *Chestnut*—but a real genuine AVADINK of the N. Brand, made only by

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- "The Aldine," Sutton & Co.
- "World of Art," " "
- "Ancient Mariner," Harper Bros.
- "Pastoral Days," " "
- "American Model Printer," Wm. J. Kelly.
- "Illustrated Christian Weekly," American Tract Society.
- "Scientific American," Munn & Co.
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Manufactured under Gregory's Patents Granted and Applied for.

Superior to Electric Light.

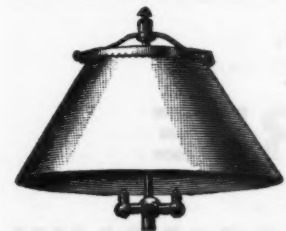
The above Lamps can be attached to any Fixture or Bracket.

Any lamps made similar to the above designs are a direct infringement, and the trade and public are hereby warned not to deal in or purchase infringements. All Lamps are finished in Nickel-Plate, and can be attached to any fixture by removing the old burner. All Lamps are constructed so that the gas is superheated, which results in perfect combustion and an increase of light fully 40 per cent. greater than by the old method of burning gas.

Over 20,000 of the Lamps are in use in New York and Brooklyn.

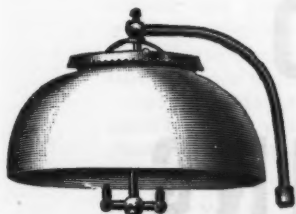
Over 10,000 gas consumers saved from the Electric Light Companies. Gas consumers using the above lamps will never adopt the Electric Light. The consumption of gas with this style of Lamp is no greater than with the plain 5-foot burner or the Argand Burner. No. 2 has a central tube which carries the gas above the burner into a heating chamber, it then passes to the burners in its superheated condition.

Any of the above Lamps will be shipped on receipt of price. Send for Catalogue.



No. 2.

Price each, - \$1.50.



No. 4.

Price each, - \$1.75.



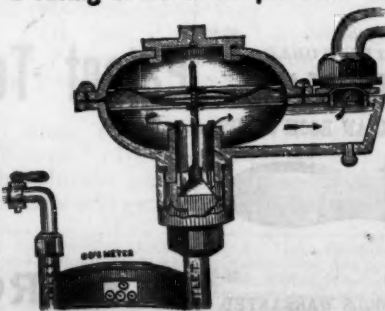
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It Equalizes the Pressure and will make a saving of 25 to 50 per cent. on Gas Bills. Prices sent upon application.

Special Notice to Gas Consumers.

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Every Gas Consumer should obtain a copy. This is the only Hand-book on Gas ever published. It is full of useful information for the protection of gas consumers. It instructs you fully in regard to Gas Meters—How to test your meter for accuracy—How to make it register slower "honestly"—How to adjust the high pressure—How to make a perfect combustion of gas—How to read your meter—The causes for meters registering slow and fast—How to prevent high gas bills. With a guarantee that if the instructions are followed out, every gas consumer can reduce his gas bills from 10 to 40 per cent., without reducing the light.
 Price 25 cents; mailed on receipt of price.



Gregory's Retort High Pressure Burners.

These Burners are made to consume from one to ten cubic feet of gas per hour, and are constructed so that the gas passes into a heating chamber before passing out of the tip, which increases the illuminating power of the gas fully 40 per cent. They are used on any gas fixture the same as any ordinary burner. The cost of the burners can be saved in 30 days wherever used. Price \$2.00 per dozen. All burners are made with Steel Tips, which will last a life time. Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are recommended for house and store use.

Agents Wanted. Send for Catalogue.
 Address all orders,

GEO. H. GREGORY, Manufacturer, - - 337 Broadway, N. Y.

GIVING WAY TO TEMPTATION.



"It's the same old game—brick under the hat—but I cannot overpower my youthful recollections. I must raise it."

SPOONS.

"Oh, Emeline! Oh, Emeline!"
I heard a lover say—
"The hours are short, I've staid too long;
Sweet, sweet, I must away!"

"Ah, Gussie dear, why hasten thus?"
The maiden questioned shy—
"You are the son-light of my heart;
It's boy-ed up when you're nigh."

"I fondly pledge to you my love—
[Now don't my collar muss!]
How strange it is that you seem true,
And yet are all beau-Gus."

"To-morrow week," she whispered soft,
"You must come here to dine."
He said he would, but ere that day
He dropped his Em-a-line!

There was an old maid of Oneida,
Who screamed at the sight of a speida;
She would kick at a lamb,
And run wild from a ramb,
But fearlessly tackle hard ceida!

When heavy snows once again block Broadway there will be a sound of shovelry by night.

Nine women out of ten wear the posterior appendage called a bustle either on the port side or the star-board side, instead of directly astern.



IRISH COAL-HEAVER—"Howly jabers! Have Oi been shtruck wid a Charleston earthquake?"

"The western goose-bone predicts a hard winter." The western goose-bone invariably predicts a hard winter. As a weather prophet we have a much higher respect for the goose-bone than we have for the Canadian weatherologist. The former doesn't part its hair in the middle and publish an almanac full of ridiculous weather which has to be revised five times a month.

To ascertain the number of children in a street—beat a drum.

ONE OF WIGGINS' QUAKES.

YOUNG MAN—"Hark, darling! Wasn't that a shock of earthquake?"
YOUNG WOMAN (listening)—"No goosey, that's only pa snoring in the third story."
YOUNG MAN—"But I say, look there; that picture has just been shaken from the wall."
YOUNG WOMAN—"Hm! I guess ma must be snoring, too."

"Clara Belle" tells of a very old man who kissed two young girls and immediately remarked, "Jennie, you wear thick underclothes and Marie doesn't." The girls were indignant until the old man explained. "I know," he said, "because Marie has a cold nose and Jennie hasn't. And yet they say it is possible for a man to get so old as to be in his dotage."



WHERE IT IS LOCATED.

A man philosophic remarked
As he on the ocean embarked,
"All illness is mental impression.
If sea-sick I know
No embtion I'll show—
My mind shall restrain its expression."
By sea-sickness driven quite frantic
Soon hung o'er the raging Atlantic
Professor Theophilus Cummock.
He gasped, "Now I'm sure,
By the pangs I endure,
That the seat of the mind is the stomach!"

ADVANTAGE OF A BUSTLE.

"Don't be fidgiting around on the seat like that," said a lady in church to her little daughter.
"Oh, ma, the bench is so hard I can't help it," pleaded the little sinner.
"It's no harder for you than it is for me," angrily retorted the lady.
"Oh, yes, it is, ma," insisted the little girl, "for you have a cushion in your dress an' I ain't."

Rhea struck oil at Halifax in "The Widow." In spite of the reflections of a hide-bound press, it would seem that the widow still gets there with both feet.

STUDYING UP.

"I hope we will become better acquainted," said a Boston lady who was entertaining a well-known English writer. "I presume you will remain with us during the season?"
"I regret very much to say I am not prepared to do so," was the conventional reply. "You know I've just run over here to gather materials for an exhaustive work on American society, so I will remain only about a week."

THE PROPER FIT.

STOUT OLD LADY (in restaurant)—"Some of the roast beef, waiter."
WAITER—"Yes, mum. Large plate, I s'pose."

A Clear Complexion Insured.

Lady residing on 74th St. writes: "I have faithfully persevered in the use of your Arsenic Complexion Wafers and AT LAST my complexion conclusively demonstrates that they do indeed possess the 'Wizard's Touch.' But the most wonderful improvement is in my eyes. It is very marked. Through malaria and the quantities of quinine I have taken, all brightness, sparkle and animation in my eyes seemed lost, and they looked dull, dim and faded. Since taking the Wafers they have entirely regained their old time brilliancy, are darker, the 'whites' are clearer and whiter; altogether I feel really 'made over and born anew.'"

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FIFTH AVENUE,

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\$2.25 each. Patent Bottom Fire Proof Trunks, 318 Pieces in Case, \$25.00;
another assortment, 500 Pieces in Case, \$30.00. "Grainlet," the Great "Wheat"
Health Food, \$4.50 per Case of 30 2 lb. pkgs. Best Fire Extinguisher in the
Market, \$12.00 per doz. U. S. Insole Co. Magnetic Appliances, the best ever
made. Send for Catalogue. "Paterson Impenetrable Furment Paper," 30c.
per lb. in rolls or flat, used by Hospitals, Drugmen, Bakers, Dairies, Soap
Makers, and pronounced invaluable.

Large Discounts to the Trade. Representatives Wanted.



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Hears perfectly through the Teeth with the aid of a unique and scientific
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ORDINARY CONVERSATIONAL DENTAPHONE, \$10.00
LECTURE AND CONCERT INSTRUMENT, Extra Power, 15.00
Patented in principal countries of the world. Endorsed by Medical
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Restores Health, Strength and Vigor

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The RESULTS ATTAINED BY THIS APPLIANCE ARE UNPRECEDENTED IN ELECTRICAL OR MEDICAL SCIENCE. We furnish in our Illustrated Pamphlet, which is sent free, sworn proof of the most marvelous cures. This appliance fits any part of the body. When applied over the stomach it overcomes DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BELCHING, SOURSTOMACH, LANGUOR, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, FLUSHES OF HEAT, LUMBAGO, and other distressing feelings.

CONSULT US before buying any Galvanic, Magnetic or Electric Belt Band or other Device. You will save TIME, HEALTH, MONEY. ADVICE FREE. ALL LETTERS CONFIDENTIAL. Goods by mail or express.



As worn on back, covering neurological centers. Pat. February 29, 1879.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE A TIRED, WEARY FEELING, not sick, not well, muscles becoming flabby and wasted, step less firm and elastic, the mind losing its grasp and vigor, and virile strength stealing away; sleep less refreshing, weak, languid, irritable, fretful, nervous, forgetful, unsocial, without any apparent cause; energies can no longer be concentrated, thoughts are clouded and disconnected, that life is fast becoming a burden to you, or

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver and Bladder Diseases, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weak Back, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, General Debility, Constipation, Piles, Malaria,

MALE OR FEMALE WEAKNESS, OR A WANT OF NERVE, LIFE AND VIGOR, the Shield will cure you.

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I can speak from my own experience and that of many others who have been cured by the Howard Appliances of Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Nervousness and other ailments. You can refer any one to me as to their efficacy.

GEO. H. HELFRICH,
Cashier Citizen's National Bank,
Ashland, Penn.

January, 1886.

Weak Back, Indigestion and Constipation, etc., etc.

Colonel Foster, Hotel Madison, 14th Street, New York; Theo. M. Roche, Real Estate, corner 8th St. and Broadway; Frank Welch, Iron Pier, Coney Island, and hundreds whose testimony we can give vouch for these wonderful appliances for the cure of INDIGESTION, KIDNEY DISEASE and other ailments.

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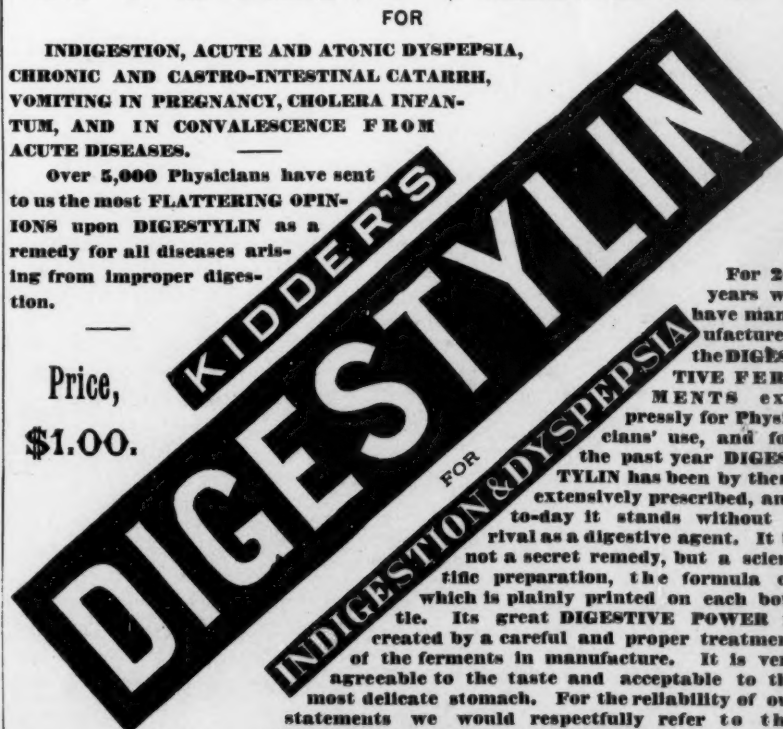
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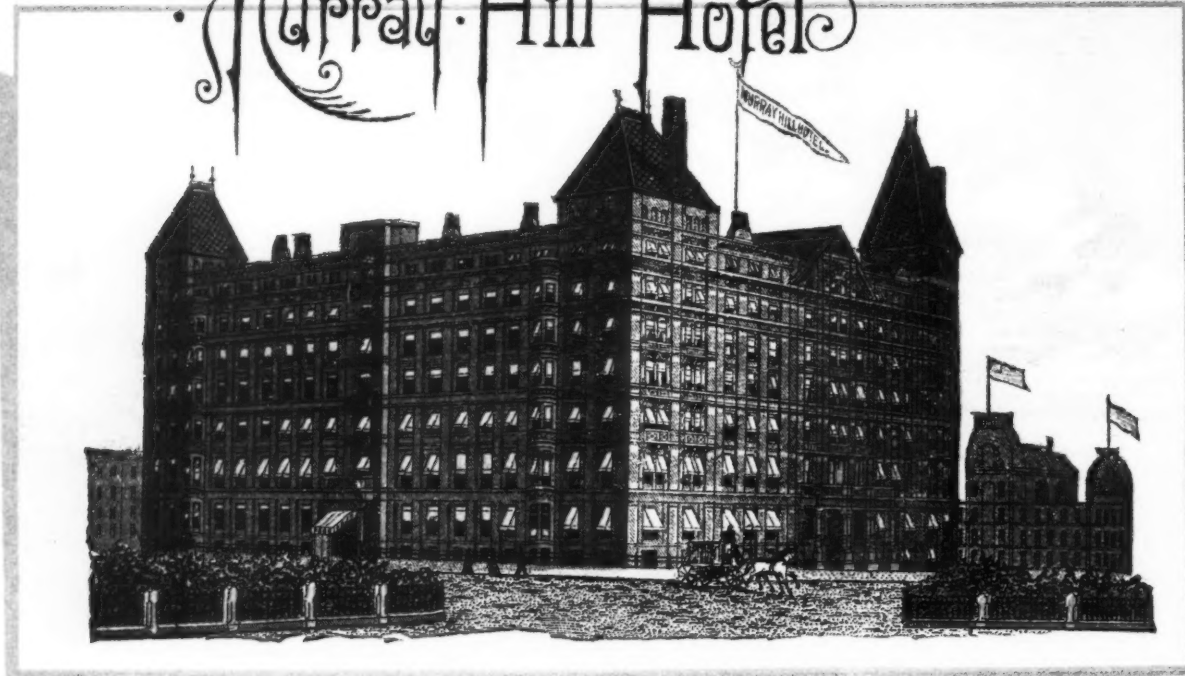


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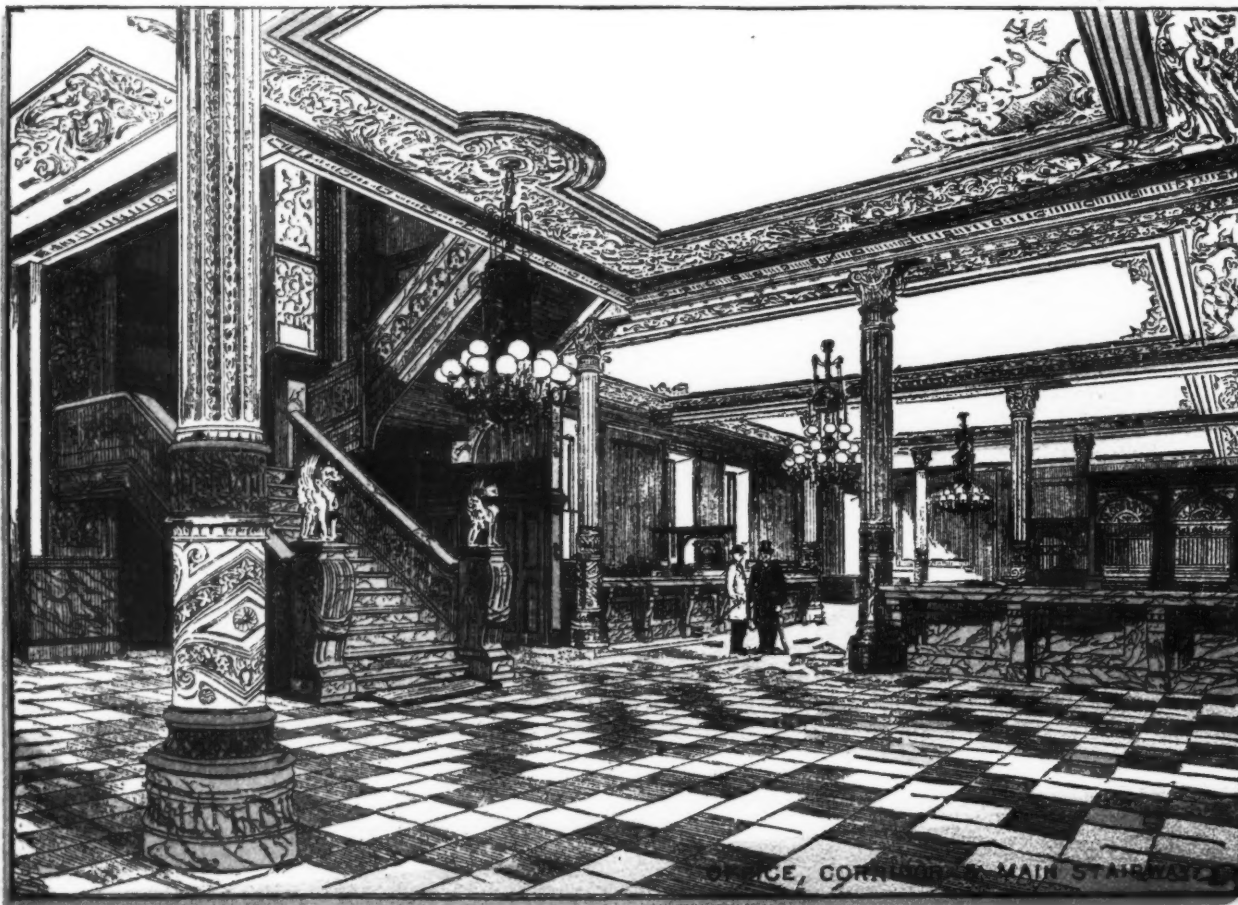
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