

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1881 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Price

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

10 Cents.



"OUT IN THE COLD WORLD."

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



THE JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)
IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, 2.50
One copy, for 13 weeks, 1.25

Single copies 10 cents each.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,
NEW YORK

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

IF CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE FURNISHED WE WILL RETURN UNSELECTED MATTER, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REBUKATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED. WHERE A PART ONLY OF CONTRIBUTIONS IS USED, THAT PART WILL BE PAID FOR PRO RATA ON THE PRICE AGREED UPON FOR THE WHOLE CONTRIBUTION.

COLD COMFORT.

Whether a man is thankful or repining depends on what he expects. The man who wants the earth will never celebrate a Thanksgiving Day devoutly. It takes so much to make some men thankful; that the law of economies is justified in making them chronic kickers.

When the "very hungry and very thirsty" thought they had a chance at the federal leaves and fishes, they immediately began to "want the earth." They are wanting it yet. Sixteen federal governments with sixteen Democratic presidents working the guillotine night and day "on reform principles" could not have made them thankful.

There was only one president and only one federal civil list to fill—hence these tears. When that one president suspended operations on his "essentially executive" chopping knife and shut the White House door on office-seekers to gain time to attend to public business, the crowning tribulation was added to the life of the besieging hosts.

And he added insult to the injury—rubbed in the pepper, as it were, upon feet and back-galled by travel from distant "deestricks"—when he proclaimed that they all might be thankful. The only recourse of men in such straits of disappointment should be trust in Providence, but unfortunately Democratic Senators and Representatives and men of influence can not discount that sort of paper; it is out of their line.

ISHMAEL IN POLITICS.

It is ever the fate of pioneers in a Great Cause to be misunderstood and persecuted. Reform is a hard road to travel, in most cases.

But there is a difference in degrees of the hardship. Some reformers get off much easier than others, owing chiefly to their having more tact than the others. There is a great deal in knowing where and when to grind the organ that plays reform turns and the right time to stop.

The trouble with the Mugwump performers this year seems to be that they keep on breaking the back of harmony and docking the tail of time, long after the performance is over, the returns read, the curtain rung down, the lights put out and the performers trying to rest and recuperate. In fact, they are more discordant, loud and doleful than before the election they were.

What can they expect but boot-jack accompaniments to "The Heart Bowed Down?" Can they wonder if they have a hasty dish of old egg with their "Old Dog Tray," or that their "Sweet Violets" suggests something other than floral offerings?

The election is over; the harvest is past; the winter is come. Let the Mugwump Minstrels retire to winter quarters—

"And silence, like a poultice,
Come to heal the blows of sound."

THE DOG ON TOP.

The world cheers the uppermost dog in the fight—when it is merely a fight of dogs. The crowd shouts for the Democratic dog that wins—when it is a fight of city Democrats.

In a struggle between men for a noble prize with principles involved, defeat is not failure, and the calm verdict of mankind is oftentimes with the minority.

The rival Halls of New York Democracy profess the same principles, so there is no honorable issue between them. They fight only for the privilege to rob and steal with impunity. Hence, defeat is disgrace. It is a fight of dogs, not of men—and very dirty, low-bred curs at that.

Every dog has his day. Rynders had his. Tweed had his. Hubert O. Thompson has had his. Mayor Grace has had his. Hugh J. Grant is on top. His time for defeat, ruin, disgrace and universal contempt will come. They all ought to learn that the end of a career in New York politics is living death and disgrace. There is no escape, no honorable outcome possible for those who enter that dog-pit.

When the hoodle is gone,
'Tis the same old song—
Get up, Jack! Sit down John.

WHEN HIS WIFE'S dry-goods bill comes in he is pretty sure to open out and preach a sermon on the 'mount.

RULINGS.

WHERE AND WHEN DO "the poor have the gospel preached to them!"

THE ONLY CHARACTERS in the South that the newspapers mention without a military title are editors, actors, preachers and Northern men. These are the distinguished classes.

IT BEGINS to dawn on some Mugwump intelligences that for active effective hostilities, the undisciplined bummer is not the almighty arm of military power that he supposed himself to be.

IT IS SUGGESTED that it would be a kindness to New York Democracy to elect Republican sheriffs hereafter to relieve Democrats of the unpleasant task of hanging so many of their fellow Democrats.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN the earth and man is clear: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Man and his "fullness" seem to belong to the party of the other part to whom we never speak as we pass by.

THE DIGNITY OF British law is vindicated. They have punished the editor who abducted a child for moral purposes, and left unpunished the hundreds of wealthy and titled ravishers who abduct children for immoral purposes.

THE FAT IS all in the fire with the Massachusetts Democracy because the President declined to give preference to the worst Democrat that was urged for the Boston collectorship and preferred the decentest. This is no way to build up the Democratic party, Mr. President.

"THE INDIAN PROBLEM"—How the pious aborigines consume the ten bibles apiece which the government has bought for them every year! They don't shave, they can't read, and bibles are legal tender for rum and powder only to a small amount.

IT IS USUALLY said as a joke (very chestnutish), "I am living on the interest of what I owe." But is not that literally what national bankers do by use of their depositors' money and circulation! If this be a joke it is on the borrowers, and they do not seem inclined to laugh over it, either.

A BLOOMINGTON PAPER admires Ferdinand Ward; says he "has both genius and nerve." Now tell at exactly what amount grand larceny becomes genius? And does it take more nerve to steal a trust fund than to knock a man down in the street and snatch his purse? Isn't Ward's greatness all in the e. c's Eye?

WHY HE WANTS TO LECTURE.

The German Policeman Explains Why He Proposes to Hire a Hall.

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

The German Policemen asked the proprietor of the Limburger Assembly Rooms yesterday, what he wanted for the for one night. The proprietor said he must first know to what use it was to be put. Officer Schneiderkase said he wanted to lecture in it. He said the lecture would be orderly, but he could not promise as much for the audience.

"For Heaven's sake," said the landlord, "what do you want to lecture for?"

"Greenbacks," said the policeman, "but choking von side, I am a marrit man. Dot oxblains it all. Oh, vot a heab uf serious dings dot leetle vord 'marrit' oxblains. Uf you are marrit you know how it vos your own selluf. All marrit men got oxberience in der lecture peezness, und dem are lucky vich gif der lekturing instet uf gatch-ing it from der vifes. I am so long marrit I feel like a professional und haf got der obinion der public vill like to share mit me der bleasure uf hearing myselluf shpeak.

"Effer sinz der first uv our luf foolishness vore away from between my vife und me, vhenever I haf come home full uf information und goot advice—how she should a goot vife pecome, alretty—dot vooman has peen advising me to go mit der lekture platform along. Kneeling on von el-pow in der bed she vould say: 'Ach! why ton'd you rend a church?' or, heaving a

grade sigh, she has exclaimed: 'Oh, my husband! Vot a Wanderpild uf a millionaire you vould pe uf you vould only shtop lekturing in brifate, und exberiment mit der public.'

"Vell, dot sets me a-dinking, und I sayt to myself: 'Now dot's gwite effident vot my conversation is pright und vitty, filled mit visdoms und vit compined. Why should I longer condinue to vaste such sweedness on der desert ear uf my vife'—(ah, dot ear, dot bearly ear!) Do you know von nighd when I vos dot voomans filling up mit goot

atwice, I nodiced dot she got her ear stuffed mit cotton full. Yah, dot's so. She sayt it vos put dere to safe her life.

"Vot did I sayt? Noding. Dot is von uf der highest arts uf our ciffilization dot a marrit man shall know choost vot dime he shall keeb shut his mout und not say somedings at all, alretty. I did not say anydings, but I could not heb dinking dot cotton vos put dere to keeb dot vooman's common senses from escabing.

"Now, vot you tink mine vife says? Now she has sayt she did not mean at all vot I should lekture. Who can someding find owd abowd a vooman? She says beople may dink pegause dem haf heard me dalk for five minutes und got away mitout a gase uf prain fever dem can shtand a Dutch boleeceman in der ear anydime, but she can dell 'em dot a lekture uf an hour und a halluf vos a mighty deerferend dings from five minutes chin py der sdreet."

"Well, man," said the proprietor of the hall; "I'm sorry to interrupt you. The history of your married life is very interesting, but I am busy. I only wanted to know what you wanted the hall for. If it's for a lecture you can have it for the usual price."

"My goot frend," the Policeman replied, with perfect good nature; "I vould not haf kebt you longer as dree-quarters uf an hour. Uf you had kebt shtill dot leetle vwhile you vould der whole lekture haf for nodings got und I vould haf been able to congradulate you on baffing enchoyed yourselluf immensely. But if you vont to rop yourselluf, dot's nodings to me. I vill go to my frent, Reilly, der pleckshmit, und bractise on him my lekture. I haf got on him der bulge, alretty. He has got to listen or run from his shop away."



THE TRAMP'S APPEAL.

He was a forwzy, blear-eyed tramp,
Who smelt like the catarrh;
'Twas strange he had so sad a look
While standing at the bar!
And when the justice mildly said,
"A month"—he dropped his mug—
For though he was a drinking man,
He never liked the jug!

"Sa-ay, jedge, axcuse me whin I ax
Yer honor, draw it mild.
I'm troubled with a thirst which I
Contracted whin a child."
"Ah," asked the jedge, "what's this complaint—
Some affection of the throottle?"
"Nix, jedge, my mother died, so I
Was brought up on the bottle!"

J. J. O'CONNELL.

OFF THE BENCH.

GAS MEN ARE ARTISTS—in high lights.

A CASE OF suspended animation—a dude.

IS A COOKING CLUB any like a rod in pickle?

VICTOR HUGO once said: "Only imagine Jesus Christ with Rothschild's money."

That would have made him King of the Jews in very fact.

A DETECTIVE STORY—"We've caught the culprit."

PRIME DONNE'S demands imply that they all sing bank notes.

BOAT-RACING in these times is "full of wise saws and modern instances."

THE BEST TIME to cut wood—in the sweet by-and-by, if it is to be a syndicate wood-cut.

MANY A FELINE discussion fails of an issue because the contestants do not come to the scratch.

POSTAL CARDS are not so much used. The two-cent postage did it—a modern "revival of letters."

AMERICANS ABROAD should always appear as Americans. Even in Rome, do as the roam 'uns do.

GIRLS, DON'T indulge in tattle and slander. There is no end of the trouble it

brings. It is as interminable as were the troubles of the ancient Sissyfuss, who rolled rocks up hill eternally.

WHAT DRINKERS need most is a horizontal bar—one that will stay so no matter how much they perform on it.

THE MANAGERS of the Mt. Olivet crematory, to the asseveration that "Death does not end all," offer an effective retort.

IT IS CLAIMED that all female physicians are crazy; it is not stated what method there is in their madness—the allopathic, perhaps.

IT'S A WASTE of time, brethren, this making sarcastic jokes on detectives. They'll never find the point, whoever else may.

GEN. BADEAU has taken to writing novels, but we do not learn that they are to be published as war histories along with those of the other generals.

THANKSGIVING ODES should be bound in turkey, but thanksgiving celebrants had better be bound over to keep the peace. The tramp may keep the pieces.

THE JUDGE. ON THE ROAD.



IT was in a day coach on the "Three C's & I. R. R.," that the following incident occurred.

Cusby, Brown and I had caused the brakeman to turn over the back of a seat and we three sat together comfortably occupied with our papers, etc., and blissfully unconscious of the trouble that was about to alight upon us.

We had left Indianapolis perhaps twenty miles behind when the train pulled up at a little way station, a stop the name of which I have forgotten, and the existence of which would not have lingered in my memory were it not that it was at this cross-roads place that we took aboard a very curious and nearly indescribable object, the duplicate of which, I fervently hope, does not exist in the whole length and breadth of our beloved country, outside of the dime museums.

Gus and Josh sat together facing the engine and I opposite, next to the window. In the seat beside me was a small satchel containing my tooth brush, a deck of cards a small pocket pistol loaded to the cork and a few other similar necessities of travel.

"Move that bag, young man, and let me sit down."

The voice was sharply imperative. Or, was it a voice? Has a parrot a voice, a bullfrog, a crow, a jackass, an auctioneer or any other of the lower animals? I don't know, for a fact, how the notes of these creatures may be designated, but whatever name may fit properly their utterance, will correctly describe the accent of the woman who commanded my obedience. Yes, on reflection, I think the term "woman" describes more nearly the—well, the thing I made room for, than any other noun that now occurs to me, though for the vile use of this sacred word I humbly crave the pardon of the better half of the human race.

I didn't hesitate to obey. It didn't occur to me that I might suggest politely that the car was nearly empty and there was really no good reason for four people crowding themselves together when so many double seats were vacant. No, I said nothing, but in a badly rattled condition, put my satchel overhead. The What-is-it sat down beside me.

Conceive a concentrated chamber of horrors. Imagine the rear rank and file-closers of the Salvation Army boiled down, and your fancy, however horrible, would be far from the fact. An attempt to describe the ludicrously horrible female who took possession of not only me, but Josh and Gus as well, must of necessity be very weak. However, I will say briefly that her hair was short, thin and red; her nose bony and prominent. It was one of those noses which, like bad children, can be heard quite as much as seen. Her mouth, which was by the way, unprovided with lips, opened and shut like a fly-trap. When closed, it resembled a slit in a watermelon and when open a clam afflicted with hysteria. Her chin was of the independent kind; a feature of the mugwump sort. It seemed to be making an effort to get away from the grand old party and strike out for itself. For a fact, it protruded beyond her nose with which, although it seemed to be on nodding terms, it had not as yet arrived at the stage of calling acquaintanceship. The indications were, it seemed to me, that in time, however, the connection would be of the closest intimacy.

I will admit that my main reason for holding that this creature was a woman, was that it wore a gown. This garment was made in such manner as to proclaim that there existed there-

under a system of angles, on almost any one of which a man could securely hang his hat. There didn't seem to be a single solitary curve appertaining to the woman's carcass, and even now I feel thankful that she wore a gown, for although the garment did not serve to work the racket as well as some I have seen, still it veiled the naked truth.

Well, as I have said, this woman bent her middle hinge (not, however, without emitting a rusty creak which suggested the need of a little lubricating oil) and croaked out:

"Young man, my name is Psyche Hogpen. I am, as you doubtless know, a leader in the great cause of Woman's Rights."

"Mrs., or Miss?" asked Gus Cusby, boldly. Gus sat next the window and was a little further away. Nevertheless his bravery greatly excited my admiration.

"I am a married woman, sir, but I don't scruple to tell you that the man I married, unappreciative of my guiding strength; my wise, though sometimes necessarily severe chastenings; the merits of my superior mind; and lastly, my many and great physical charms, has basely left me."

"And still he fled?" Josh quoted.

"Yes, young man, notwithstanding all these attractions and advantages, he fled and where he now hides himself, I cannot learn. I do not regret him, I assure you."

"But, consider," Gus said, "how the poor fellow must now regret you, Mrs. Hogpen."

"Don't call me Mrs. Hogpen," she snapped out. "This is one of the examples of the miserable laws and customs made and established by feeble-minded man. A man on being married by a woman should take the name of his wife. My husband should properly be called Benjamin Wishbone according to the laws of common sense. But, if I must be known in this benighted age as a Hogpen, I insist on the Mrs. being dropped and my name Psyche used."

"Very well," Gus went on, "I want to ask, Psyche, my dear—"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Hogpen, *nee* Wishbone, indignantly jumping to her feet.

"Pray sit down, madam," Gus begged. "I was about to say that my dearest wish was to be instructed in the creed of your grand party." Gus agitated his right eyelid at this point.

"Oh! I misunderstood you," the female said, resuming her seat quite mollified. "I shall be pleased to expound:

"Firstly, we start out with the indisputable claim that woman is mentally, morally and physically man's superior. If we consider the best qualities of the human animal in detail we find that the female possesses them to a very much greater extent than the male, while the latter is remarkable only as possessing the opposite—the objectionable traits. Contrast, for example, timidity and courage. Man is the most timid of all creatures. Woman the bravest. Man fears all things. He imagines dangers that do not exist. He trembles often of, and from fear he weakly flees (where humanly possible) the most favorable and delightful conditions, things and situations (Benjamin Hogpen is an example), while woman not only braves real dangers, but, because she is not cursed with an apprehensive imagination, is never (I state it positively), is never terrified by imaginary dangers. She—"

"Pardon me, Psyche," I interrupted, "but, what is that on the floor at your feet? By Jove, it's a mouse."

"Whoop!"

You ought to have heard that woman yell. With one skip she jumped into Brown's lap (Josh sat directly opposite) and twining her long arms about his neck continued to shriek wildly.

"Take the woman off, boys," Josh gasped. "She's choking me to death."

Gus grasped her wrists.

"No! No! Drive the horrid mouse away. Kill it. Pray do. If you are men, save me! Save me!"

"It's only your glove, madam," I remarked, holding the kid before her face, "only your glove," and then quoting as correctly as I could, for I was laughing like "sin on a rock-bound shore," "Woman, let me remind you, Woman is never (I state it positively), is never terrified by imaginary dangers."

The fair Psyche allowed Josh to shove and Gus to yank her off and then, grabbing the "mouse" out of my hand, she exclaimed in a great passion:

"Like all men, you are heartlessly rude. I shall take another seat. I won't stay here, I tell you, and you needn't try to persuade me."

We didn't.

L. L. LANG.

"ABSENCE CONQUERS LOVE."

First, when I went away,
She wept each long, long day.
As time went slowly by
She took a weekly cry.
My absence longer grew;
Then once a month would do.
And now, just once a year
For me she drops a tear.
A year—that pearl may be
Dissolved. So let it be.
Then joy my heart receives—
That she no longer grieves.

G. BIRDSEYE.

Corrected.

"You ignoramus, why do you say, 'I seen him?'"
"What should I say?"
"Why, say 'I have saw him,' and have some style about you."

At Breakfast.

"Dear, what is the American Turf Congress?"
"Emily, that's slang. Never say 'turf' for 'tough!' Congress is called tough because—"
"George, I didn't use slang. It's here in the paper just that way—t-u-r-f?"
"Le'see! Oh! Why, that's nothing but a meeting of racing men. They're not the tough ones I thought you meant."

Bottom Facts in Botony.

Johnny—"Teacher, what is an orchid?"
T.—"An orchid is a queer little plant with a funny flower that does not look like a flower."
J.—"Oh, I'd like to see one. I never did."
T.—"Why, yes, Johnny, you've seen one. A lady's slipper, you know."
J. (Instinctively slipping his hand behind him)—"Oh! Yes!"

Hen-Peked.

"Pshaw," said Elder Berry to his faithful but somewhat suspicious spouse, "I see by the paper that this Canon Farrar's nothing but an Arch-Deacon."
"Wal," replied Lavinia, "if he's as arch as some other deacons I know, he's enough."

HELEN IS GREEK, and means "light." Helen Blazes, therefore, means "more light." This is really what Goethe said for his dying speech, but they thought the translation would sound more poetical, albeit not quite so vigorous or so characteristic of a sick man.

IT IS THE BOAST of Atty. Gen. Garland that he never had a dress-coat on in his life, and he never goes to a reception or sore-eye in Washington. But you ought to see him at an Arkansas frolic with a "wamus" on, dancing a breakdown with a roast yam in one hand and a girl in the other.



BOTH ACCOMODATED.

Walking home from the matinee,
"Tis very cold and raw," said he.
"I like them raw," the maid replied,

"But don't you think they're better fried?"
What was the poor young man to do?
She had her fry, he had his stew.

GEO. BIRDSEYE.

Briefs Submitted.

A free lance—the dispensary surgeon.

It is the professional flute-player who has to whistle for his money.

An unprincipled man is one whose only principle consists in looking after his own interest.

Frank Curtis, a negro, who was recently arrested while working the sawdust game, is one of the most notorious bunco-steerers in New York—a black crook, as it were.

An incorrigible young girl, who had run away from school, terrified her mother by saying she had gone to a female reformatory. It turned out that she had taken a position in a corset manufactory.

Although Mrs. Ellen E. K. Peck, the notorious confidence operator, always made it a rule through life to keep her mouth shut, yet the ruling passion was so strong that she has at last been sentenced for uttering a forged bond.

"Well, Smith, how did your first lecture succeed?" "So, so."
"Indeed? Why I thought all your friends would egg you on to doing your best." "So they did, and I might have succeeded if the rest of the house hadn't egged me off."

McCaffrey's tactics in his late fight with Sullivan should be carefully studied by henpecked husbands. When the wife makes a sally with the broom, if the husband, instead of trying to beat a retreat, would only throw himself around her neck, he would not only escape the blows, but at the same time impress her with his spirit of forbearance and affection.

J. J. O'CONNELL.

THE BRONCHO.



MR. GEORGE PEABODY and his charming bride had just returned from their wedding tour and gone to housekeeping in the loveliest cottage imaginable. Every morning his adorable Clara, in the sweetest of morning wrappers, poured out the "amber of the Gods" for her adoring George. Every day the devoted husband tried to devise some new pleasure for his darling, and often when his Clara's hands were busy with her needle—embroidering little works of art upon her crazy quilt—her mind was occupied with her dearest George. So self-contained! So sweet-tempered. Had she not seen him ride a half dozen times in succession around the roller coaster without a touch of vertigo? And often she had known him to watch a game of base-ball to its close without getting mad and swearing!

Such was the love and admiration that existed between this devoted pair!

One sunny afternoon George came into his wife's dainty little sitting-room where she was engaged in painting one of Raphael's cherubs on a dust-pan—and kissing her affectionately, said:

"Come, hurry up, Clara, and get your bonnet. We're going for a ride into the country. The horse and carriage 'll be around in a few minutes. We're going to have a broncho. I don't know what a broncho is, exactly, but I suppose it is a tame mustang, and they say those mustangs are *splendid travellers*."

In a few minutes Clara came tripping down stairs arrayed in a most fascinating Parisian street costume, and while she was drawing on her dainty gloves, up the road, in a cloud of dust, came the livery-stable man with the broncho. To the disappointment and surprise of George and Clara, that animal was not at all attractive; on the contrary, he had a vicious, out-all-night expression, and seemed to be in a great hurry, as if he had forgotten something and must go after it right away.

"Oh, George!" said Clara, disappointedly. "Is that a broncho? I thought a broncho was a dear, little shaggy horse with a bushy tail."

"Well, this is a broncho, anyway," answered George. "Perhaps he knew he was going out with a lady and got shaved."

The livery-stable man looked at the dainty little lady and then at the white, slender hands and general dude appearance of the gentleman and, for a moment, seemed to be considering the advisability of making some remarks, but evidently deciding the matter in the negative, he held the bridle until they were seated in the carriage and ready for a start, then touched his hat and disappeared around the corner.

George had occasionally driven horses before, although he was no horseman; but they had been refined, gentlemanly animals who understood what was expected of them and acted accordingly. The broncho was not an ordinary steed. His style of moving off was to make a bound into the air and spring off down the road at a rate of speed calculated to strike a pang of envy to even the hard heart of the limited express—a style made perfect by constant practice and which he proceeded to elucidate at once.

When he had accomplished the distance of about half a mile—

probably his usual trip—the broncho stopped as suddenly as he had started, and George and Clara, feeling as though they had been caught up in the air by a terrific tornado and thrown to the earth with great violence, had time to collect their thoughts and look about.

The broncho, evidently thinking it would be best to indulge in a little refreshment before proceeding to renewed efforts, quietly walked over to the side of the road and proceed to eat grass.

"Oh, George!" cried Clara. "Your hat's gone and your coat's covered with dust. Oh, you just look *like everything*."

"Oh, well, you never mind me. Just look at yourself, won't you? Your hat's all over your eyes and your hair all hanging down your back. Folks 'll think I'm on the way to the asylum with an escaped lunatic."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak to me in that way, George Peabody! I'm not to blame. It's all that vicious horse."

"Don't call that thing 'a horse!' Talk about 'mustang liniments!' I never want to see *his* features again. You'd better jam that bonnet on your head and get out while you *can*."

The broncho, having finished his first course, stopped eating at this instant and proceeded to go through some gymnastic exercises on a imaginary horizontal bar, looking back into the buggy out of the corner of his eye to see how much admiration this performance was exciting in the breasts of the beholders.

"Oh, George! don't saw on his mouth so hard. You're tearing your coat. The sleeve is all ripping out of the arm-hole."

"Oh shut up! can't you? Don't you suppose I know it? Do you suppose a fellow can lose his coat sleeves without knowing it?"

"Oh, George, I want to go home! I want to go home!"

"Well, then, *go* home! Why don't you? Good night! bye, bye! ta, ta! Goodness knows I've got my hands full with this broncho. Do you suppose I need anyone else around to amuse me?"

"Oh George, let me out! He's acting worse and worse!"

"Well, stop your

crying then—that's what makes him worse. Great heavens! if a *man* can't stand a woman's crying what can you expect of a horse?"

"Oh, you unfeeling man. There! he is going to stand on his hind legs. Oh, let me out! let me out!"

"Will you let go of my arm? If he's sworn off going on all fours he don't want to spend all his time on his fore-legs, does he? You keep still and watch him and perhaps he'll end up by sitting down on the tip of his tail."

"Oh I'll *never* go out riding again—never, never again! Oh, dear! Oh dear!"

"Well, the prospect now is that we'll both of us go out riding again—before long, too. Black carriage with plumes. Double team. Mourners behind."

"Oh you hard-hearted man! Oh look at him now, George! Look at his eye. I've heard of a horse having the devil in his eye."

"Not this horse—some other horse. He isn't looking at *you*. He's only making up his mind what he'll do next."

"Oh, if mother was only here—if *my mother* was only here!"

"Well, I don't wish she was here. If there's ever a time when I don't want any mother-in-law in mine it's when I'm busy sawing on a broncho."

"Oh, George! I never thought you would speak to me like that. I—Oh, what is he going to do now? Oh, he's going to tip us over and lie down! I'm going to jump out. Don't hold me back."

"Well, *jump*. If you feel called upon to break your neck,



Frank Beard

don't stop to consult me. I never interfere with other people's business. You ain't on my premises. This ain't my buggy and this ain't my road."

At this juncture, the broncho, who had now finished this part of his programme, or exhausted his repertoire, made one of his prize leaps heavenward and started on another flying trip. Away they all went. George closed his eyes to keep out the dust and tried to hold up the half-fainting Clara who lay shrieking in his arms. And still the exponent of rapid transit proceeded to accomplish his "stint" and stick to the motto of "Work first; play afterwards!"

At last, after what seemed to George hours, he came to another and unexpected standstill, and fortunately, this event took place directly in front of a farm-house. The family, who had been sitting on the piazza enjoying the cool of the afternoon, had seen what they had supposed was a "run-away" coming up the road and rushed down the yard just as the broncho drew up at the front gate. That steed, panting and covered with lather and dust, instead of hanging his head in shame when the astonished farmer seized him quickly by the bridle, lest he should start off again, looked that honest man straight in the eye and tossed his head in the air, as much as to say: "Don't trouble yourself. I am through for the present. How is that for travelling? But that isn't anything to what I can do when I feel like it."

Clara—who was lifted from the carriage in a dead faint—was taken into the house and placed on a sofa, where the farmer's "wimmen folks" took her in charge. When at last, after a liberal sprinkling of water and several applications of a bottle of hartshorn to her nostrils, she opened her eyes, her distracted George was bending over her and imploring her, in heart-broken tones, to forgive him and not to die. Clara gave a scream.

"Oh, George, darling, your front teeth are gone! Oh, that wretched broncho has kicked them out. I knew when he threw his hind heels up in the air that last time he was going to do something awful."

"Yeth, Clara, but I'll have thome new oneth put in to-morrow. We ought to be thankful that our liveth are thpared," said George, in soothing tones.

When Clara was assisted out to the light spring-wagon, in which, through the kindness of their new friends, she and her George were to be conveyed back to the city, she noticed the carriage—standing by the fence—apparently in as good condition, save for its covering of dust, as when they first started out on their perilous ride, and she was seized with wonderment as to how that broncho could have kicked out George's teeth without breaking the dash-board. Perhaps, if she had known that those same teeth were attached to what the dentist averred was a "solid gold plate" and that already scouts (in the person of several small boys) were out on their trail, with the promise of a large reward in case they were captured, she would have rubbed out one of the black marks put down against the broncho.

N. B.—Clara and George now take the air and enjoy the scenery in a Smith street open car.

H. A. B.

WE THOUGHT THE Downes-Taber divorce-suit was about as notorious as anything the Hub could furnish, but the divorce case that followed it was very, very Loud.

OFF THE BENCH.

ARTISTS REPORT THAT they have difficulty in obtaining nude models. No one else has experienced this difficulty. There must be something wrong in the artists.

FIVE THOUSAND five hundred and seventy-five news editors, out of a possible six thousand, yielded to the alliteration tempter and used the head line "Manton Marble's Mission" to the same item.

ROLLER SKATING RINKS are not played out, contrary to predictions. They go on by virtue of their function of match-factories. "Roll on! Roll on!" as Byron said to "thou deep, blue ocean."

A "HEALTH" PAPER spends much brevity to tell "how to use hot water." There are many good ways, as tramps, canvassers, the minister (when the "men folks" are absent), the kitchen's cousin, etc.

A PATENT MEDICINE man heads his advertisement, "delay is dangerous." And as you read along you are surprised to learn that he calls his cure-all, not "Delay," but by some mongrel Greek-Choctaw name.

A BOSTON PAPER says if Rev. Mr. Downs desires to serve the cause of religion he will leave the pulpit. The B. p. seems not to have grasped Rev. D's aspiration—to have failed to throw itself to his solo, as it were.

THE SNOREOPHONE

BY HAMILTON, AUTHOR OF "THE BUN'S MAKERS' HARBOR," ETC., ETC.

This new invention is dedicated to my snoring friend who occupies the next room—the man who can snore more to the square inch than Maud S. could trot.



In the Snorephone I think I have completed an invention that will relieve a long-felt want. With the accent on the "want." The end of the Snorephone, marked "A," magnifies the sound of a common, every day snore ten thousand times. While the ear piece or injector, magnifies it ten thousand times more. Therefore, let one of the "seven sleepers" tackle the Snorephone; give one little snore, which, through the invention is ten million times a little snore. Well—we claim if he were dead he would at least burst an ear drum. No doubt, humanity will bless us.

To illustrate the grandeur of this machine: We have a dog at our house. I have tried to drown him, but the string broke from the stone and the dog ran home. I tried to poison him, but Jones's dog next door paid the penalty. Big, tall Tom Johnston next door suggested that we try the Snorephone. We held the receiver to his nose, put the injector to his ear and pinched his tail to make him howl. He not only burst his ear-drum but a piece of the magnified howl stuck in his left lung and we gave the ash-man two dollars to carry him away in the ashes last Thursday.

I am in hopes that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or some other humane society, may take the matter up and distribute the Snorephones gratis, as I am sure no well regulated family or sleeping-car should be without one.





According to the law of acoustics, sound rises. What a pity there isn't a cupola on the Madison Square Theatre for the alleged orchestra to perform its overtures in.

Our veneration for age is great; hence we refrain from criticising the Grand Opera House's attraction of last week—Maggie Mitchell.

"Miss Anderson of London, Eng." (*nee* Kentucky, U. S. A.) arrived in New York City per Str. "Gallia;" played at the Star Theatre for the short season of three weeks, and then departed. A profound sense of disappointment is felt by those friends who, three years ago, anticipated great achievements by her when experience should have polished the rough surface of her art. The truth is that Mary Anderson's natural gifts—a fair face, magnificent figure and rich voice—were deceptive. People believed that the inner powers equalled the outward promise. They excused self-consciousness, stage ignorance and weak conception because of her youth. Time has failed to develop anything beyond these early symptoms of histrionic capabilities.



Davidge as *Greenacre*.

Madison Square Theatre's latest production is not open to the stock criticism of the pulpit on the stage, that it inculcates loose, or at best, confused morals. "Saints and Sinners" is distinctively a Sunday-school play and ought to be put on the road for church benefits exclusively, with a prologue prayer, an epilogue benediction and hymns by the choir between the acts. So performed, it is capable of doing great good, morally and financially, by teaching that virtue is its own reward and by filling the church coffers.

It is a singular thing that Mr. Jones should have written and Mr. Palmer should have so well put on a drama that is open to those shafts of ridicule that the paragraphists have for years levelled at the impossible

morality of the Sunday-school books. In this play, the Saints, though often smitten on one cheek, invariably turn the other also; and the Sinners, though flourishing for a season, finally repent and die. There are no combination characters—part Saint and part Sinner—as life has them; they are all carefully sorted out at the start, the sheep from the goats, and all finally corralled in the same sheep-fold, in a manner that we find nowhere but in Sunday-schools and theatres. Here is the common bond of sympathy between them—an unnatural and goody-goody teaching that the wicked editor and the godly minister join in condemning, though not respectively in the same sort of show. But there is one respect in which "Saints and Sinners" is a vast improvement on the Sunday-school book, viz: It shows up and holds up to hearty execration the self-seeking and tyranny of the hypocrites, who run church matters, to the injury of the clergy and the ruin of church influence. This is the best, indeed the only honest lesson of the play; and it makes the point effectively under the consummate acting of Mr. Le Moyne (*Deacon Hoggard*) and, in less degree, of Mr. Flockton (*Deacon Prabble*). This is the proper motive of the play and *Deacon Hoggard* ought to be made the title role. The rest of the Sinners and all of the Saints act as foils to the play of church tyranny, cant and pious rascality. This is healthy and invigorating in the play and that it is true to life the experience of nearly every minister of the gospel in this country could attest.

Jacob Fletcher, the saintly minister of Bethel Chapel, is the only thoroughbred saint we discover in the cast; the impetuous lover, *Ralph Kingsmill*, is good enough for a saint, but he is not quite

up to the regulation order. He wants to kill his rival. Saints should never feel that way. Well, our worthy minister who is made the principle character of the play awakens the same luke-warm enthusiasm that we feel when reading the life of his venerable prototype, the Vicar of Wakefield. Morally considered such men are great. It is a good thing to have them, on the stage and off. You and I are better for their influence. But such characters, however well-lived or acted, lack that physical magnetic quality which attracts and holds crowds to an individual, making the composite body integral. Mr. Stoddard does unusually fine acting in this role, but, much as we regret to say it,—for such virtues as he presents ought to be popular—we fear that he cannot give to the character lasting popularity. Mr. Herbert Kelcey makes but a mediocre villain; he is not much to blame, for everything in the play is so perfectly adjusted to his intriguing, that we shouldn't even know that he was a scoundrel if he didn't repeatedly tell us so. Mr. L. F. Massen has a good part and he plays it well; notwithstanding the crudeness of inexperience, he shows power and versatility. Mr. William Davidge, as *Greenacre*, gives an excellent travesty of the class of spiritual paupers who are such valuable accessories to all well-regulated religious societies. Miss Marie Burrough's acting, like the character she presents, is neither very bad nor very good—both rather favor the bad, though. Some of the bits of business are surprisingly out of propriety; as the housekeeper kneading a fowl for fifteen minutes on the table in the minister's study. This was the only thing in the whole piece that we did not participate at the close of the first act.

"BUSINESS ENERGY AND PUSH."



LE MOYNE AND FLOCKTON AS THE TWO WICKED DEACONS IN "SAINTS AND SINNERS."



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The recent state canvas in Virginia calls Your Jury's attention to the use of Confederate reminiscences in politics. If these survivals of the associations of the war carry with them a re-affirmation of the principles that were supposed to have been negated and buried by the war, it is an augury unfavorable to future union and peace. If after a quarter of a century the animosities of that strife do survive, there may seem little hope of their final extinguishment. Before deciding upon a finding so discouraging to patriotism, Your Jury should carefully consider all the evidences bearing upon the motives of such war campaign politics.

You will probably learn that the majority of those who hurrahed over Gen. Lee's old saddle and the grey uniforms of the campaign clubs, were voters too young to have taken part in or had any realizing sense of the strife; and that a large number more who do recollect its incidents recall it chiefly as an exhibition of extraordinary suffering, devotion and courage. In fine, the evidences will show you that, while Southerners do not concede that they were wrong in rebelling against national authority, the chief sentiment actuating the mass of those who campaign to-day is one of respect for the courage and devotion of those who fought.

Your Jury should consider whether it is reasonable to expect Southerners to forget the war and its participants; whether the unparalleled sacrifices that the whole people made could be forgotten now or ever can; whether, indeed, they are not entitled to praise for cherishing those memories.

You should further enquire into the reasonableness of Southern persistence in the belief that the Confederate cause was right; whether it is fair to ask that they plead guilty. Millions of people are not moved to such sacrifices and deaths without a religious conviction of the justice of the movement. Defeat cannot change this conviction: Lee's army believed to a man that they were fighting for right the day before Appomattax; they probably had not changed their conviction the day after the surrender. Long years of education build up such causes, and the eradication of the growth will take corresponding time.

In case Your Jury should find from the evidence that the war sentiment of the South is one that threatens future discord to the nation, you will be forced to consider the means to avert future trouble from it.

In case it is only one founded in affection for those who fought, and in local pride, you may still deem it best to countervail the effects of the sentiment when made a factor in politics.

It will not escape the attention of Your Jury that war memories are assiduously kept alive in the North by the G. A. R. organization, Decoration Days, monuments and other devices; and are regarded as laudable—*provided*, they are not carried beyond the spirit of a proper and enlightened magnanimity towards our lately—"erring sister states." It is suggested by the court that Your Jury enquire whether the North has not allowed a spirit of conciliation to overshadow a proper insistence on the principles established by the civil war; Whether the North is as true to its principles in victory as the South is faithful to its cause in defeat; Whether the constant anxiety to avoid "irritating reminiscences" and "sectional animosities" has not placed the North in the attitude of semi-apology for its Union principles? You should consider the educational effect upon the future citizens of this suppression of the issues of the war. While the youth of the South are carefully taught the principles for which their fathers fought, and war associations are made a powerful influence in its politics and society; in the North the young are growing up in ignorance of the principles fought for, except to learn that they are to be carefully avoided in politics. The presence of three ex-confederate

soldiers to one ex-union soldier in Congress is a fact as creditable to the South as it is discreditable to the North, and one of immense educational force on the wrong side. You should consider if the real danger of the future does not lie in this one-sided and sectional education upon war-issues.

Your Jury, therefore, may conclude that the best finding upon the problem is to encourage Union war sentiments as an antidote to Confederate war sentiments; not to discourage or oppose these, but to more encourage and upbuild those. To frankly acknowledge that these war memories and this survival of ideas on both sides are natural and unavoidable, and indeed creditable to common American character; but to persistently and ceaselessly declare and teach that the Union cause was the wiser and more rightful, and should be carried into political canvasses and national policy.

From all the evidences Your Jury may find that you may safely depend upon the logic of events to vindicate and establish everywhere the superiority of Union over secession principles. This conclusion Your Jury will find enforced by the general admission of the South, already, that their defeat was a blessing in disguise; that the Union triumph was best for the South and the North. Time will strengthen this conviction and vindicate Union principles, if the North cease to apologize for and repress the utterance of them.

C. E. B.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.



THIN, HARD-UP GENT—"Say, Mister, will you give a fellow a lift towards buying an overcoat; I'm afraid I'll catch cold on me lungs."

STOUT GENT—"Why don't you do without an overcoat? I don't wear on overcoat, and am not afraid of catching cold on my lungs."

THIN, HARD-UP GENT—"But, Mister, your lungs are not as easily reached as mine."

AT CHURCH.

Reverberating through the nave,
To every corner stealing,
The mighty organ, deep and grave,
Sends forth its sombre pealing.

And slowly up the long soft aisle,
The varied throng comes streaming,
Old people nod, and maidens smile
On lover's faces beaming.

But why this stir amongst the crowd,
This sudden, strange commotion?
And who is that with step so proud,
And haughty regal motion?

With sparkling jewels that would start
A diamond merchant's passion;
Rich purple robe of priceless art,
And that of latest fashion.

The stranger turned unto his friend,
With eager intonation:
"Who is this nymph with queen-like bend,
Creating such sensation?"

"Is she not daughter to a sire
Of most exalted station?
A senator or something higher,
Who towers above the nation?"

"Is she not of an ancient line,
With many a great ancestor?
Or is her father in a mine
Of silver an investor?"

The friend repressed an infant smile;
Said he—"This noble lady,
Who moves in such stupendous style,
Her name is Miss O'Grady!"

"Her parent made his awful wealth,
Or most of it in water;
For she, this girl of gold and health—
Is a lager-brewer's daughter!"

THOS. W. TRESIDDER.

Two Kisses.

"The sweetest kiss I ever had in my life," observed the Colonel, as he gazed reflectively at the end of his cigar, "was received at a picnic. It was thirty long years ago, when I was standing just upon the verge of manhood, and life was at its brightest and best with me. A fair young girl with great brown eyes and slender, lissome form had wandered away with me far from the ceaseless noise and chatter of the laughing crowd, and we were strolling beside a little woodland brook that bubbled in its way past cool, moss-covered rocks and besides clusters of dainty wild flowers. Playfully, the young girl sprang across the brook at some loving jest of mine, and then, leaning towards me, rested her little white hands upon my shoulder, and with all her soul looking out through the beautiful eyes, let her velvet lips just brush my own."

"The kiss I remember most distinctly," sighed the Judge sadly, "also occurred at a picnic and caused the entire party to look at me with all their souls in their eyes. I do not recollect the exact date, but it was many years ago, because on that day I had on the first pair of light pants I had ever owned. I had climbed up into a tree under which the provisions were being unpacked, and was fastening a rope for a swing at the request of a young lady Sunday-school teacher, when a large, irascible hornet stepped hurriedly out of a nest as large as a Cincinnati ham that hung over my head and

kissed me just under the right ear. I had never received a kiss before that went through my entire being so simultaneously and immediately at once, as it were, besides raising a large, irregular blonde blotch in the center of my countenance, and it surprised me considerably and made me feel depressed and lonesome.

"I emitted a yell that seemed to contain more intensified melancholy in its cadences than anything of the sort that had ever been opened on the grounds before, and plunged wildly down into that stock of picnic provisions amid the speechless, clammy awe of the bystanders. The scene beggared description. I know it did, because that is what the gentleman informed me who led me to the farther end of the reservation and thoughtfully scraped the cranberry sauce out of my left ear. Last week my wife found an old pair of light pants that I had tucked away under the closet shelf in the midst of a great wave of grief and sorrow long years ago, and as she held them up to the light and invited my attention to the singular shaped spot that marred a portion of their old-time splendor, it brought back the painful memory of that golden summer day when a kiss caused me to forget my usual timid reserve and I came down out of that tree and took a seat in the lap of the picnic custard pie with as much nonchalance and perfect abandon as though I had been on terms of intimate familiarity with it for years." H. B. STITT.

IT IS SAID that ladies of quality in England are going into the millinery business for the double object of making money and promoting more becoming dress for their countrywomen than the continental styles. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the cause of the hideous dress may be the lack of style in English women instead of in French millinery. What bonnet could make a beefy British dowager look well dressed?

Political Philosophy.

There is not more consolation to a beaten party in saying that the majority against it is small, than to a girl under certain circumstance to plead "it is such a little one." In fact, New York Republicans took more comfort in Cleveland's 200,000 majority for governor than in his thousand majority for president. The greater the shock the easier to bear, sometimes.

OFF THE BENCH.

WE CAN'T PERSUADE OURSELVES, but that a good many who are using hot water internally as a medicine had better use it externally instead, with soap embrocation.

THAT A SHEEP WAS successfully cremated in the new Hunter's Point crematory, was an item of news, but the papers take no note of the lambs that are regularly roasted in Wall street.

FASHION PAPERS need not waste so much space telling ladies "How to cut a dress." They know how to cut a dress and the wearer of it too, if the latter are too costly and pretty.

A Page From History.

"Who was Benjamin Franklin?" continued the teacher.

"The man who invented lightning," replied the prompt student.

"Well, not lightning exactly, but lightning-rods, you mean; don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And so he is directly responsible for the lightning-rod agent; is he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly. Well, what else do you know about him?"

"He was a printer."

"Just so—one of the first in the country; and so he paved the way for the ubiquitous book-agent, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what else did he do?"

"He invented almanacs."

"No, he didn't invent them, but he established them on this continent, and so opened up that great avenue for the sale of patent medicines. Can you think of anything else he did?"

"I dunno."

"Why he discovered positive and negative electricity, and so may be called the fore-runner of the liver-pad—eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just so; and in the light of all this should we not reverence his memory?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he do anything else?"

"That's as far as we took."

"Oh, well, take the next three pages for to-morrow." R. MORGAN.



A START IN BUSINESS.

GRAVESTONES—"You lead, and we will follow."

OYES! OYES!

It's very sweet, you know, to kiss
A winsome, fair and modest miss;
But when the lady is a Mrs.,
Most folks would rather save their krs.
[Merchant Traveler]

The actor who drinks from a pasteboard cup
To-morrow may not have even air to sup,
And he, from whose castle the banners stream,
To-morrow may by the roadside dream
And he who is counting his victim's sighs,
To-morrow may count all the railway ties.
And he for a horse his kingdom would give,
To-morrow may pledge his old shoes to live.
And she who is dressed in her queenly silk,
To-morrow may beg for a cup of milk.
This "world is a stage," and man is but dust,
And life is a show which is likely to bust.
[Goodall's Sun.]

There are people who never get out of a rut and who are so narrow that they could not straddle one if they did.
[Kansas City Journal.]

A late book is called "Half Hour with insects." The author probably undertook to spend the night at a Minneapolis Hotel.
[St. Paul Herald.]

Now we have it that our own Mary Anderson has adopted the English trick of turning her toes in. This is abominable. Turn the rascals out.—[Albany Times.]

A Boston man was taken ill out West. When asked if he wanted anything, he said: "Oh, give me anything made of beans." So the doctor gave him some castor oil.
[Goodall's Sun.]

De Guy—"Ah, Toggle, old boy, how do? What are you doing now?" Toggle—"I'm living on my father just at present." "You are? I thought your father died long ago?" "So he did, but I have a new one—Government pap."—[Philadelphia Call.]

"Eh, Doctor," said a baillie of a small Scotch town to a friend, "he maun hae been an extraordinary man, that Shakespeare. There are things hae come into his head that never would hae come into mine at a'."—[Exchange.]

"Well, that's a new idea. I never heard o' puttin' spittoons on the side o' the house before!" remarked an old countryman, as he walked up to our telephone transmitter and made a bull's-eye the first shot.
[Palmer Journal.]

It is well to be exact, although the belief may be carried too far for the death of a young friend. A more or less poetical Hudson River Railroad conductor remarked, when asked the usual question: "Her wearied spirit sank to rest at 3:45, railroad time."
[Shoe and Leather Reporter.]

Mary Anderson brought over a lot of turnips right from Anne Hathaway's garden at Stratford-on-Avon, to introduce into her performance of "As You Like It." She also brought a lot of cabbage heads from the London theatres, to support her. Truly, Mary's show can well be called a theatrical boiled dinner.—[Peck's Sun.]

"A Dog meeting a Fox with a Hen in its mouth accused Reynard of Burglary. The Fox, having his mouth full, did not deign to reply; but, after having eaten his Supper, went around amongst the Friends of the Dog and reported that the latter was a Pes-

tilential Nuisance and a Sneak Thief. Moral—Never try to defend yourself by explanation or apology. The safest course is to give as good as is sent. When two persons begin to quarrel the world will wag its head and remark, "Six in one, half a dozen in the other."—[Boston Transcript.]

Man (who has just called on Dr. Dio Lewis)—"Doctor I am not well." Doctor—"Stop smoking." Man—"I have pains in my boot heels." Doctor—"Stop drinking." Man—"My clothes don't fit me." Doctor—"Stop eating." Man—"Well, what would you advise?" Doctor—"Stop everything."
[Arkansaw Traveler.]

A negro in Texarkana eats glass for a living. A writer to one of the medical papers says he will masticate glass for pay "in any quantity from a small piece to a lamp-chimney, and keep it up all day." This will suggest a pane in the stomach to some transparant idiot.—[N. O. Picayune.]

A disciple of Blackstone, at Albany, Ga., was met carrying home a 'possum. He was asked, "Hello, J., what is that?" "Possum!" "What are you going to do with him?" "I'm going to have a big 'possum supper." "How many will be there?" "Two—me and the 'possum."
[Goodall's Sun.]

"Can the temperature of the United States be changed?" asks the *Scientific American*. We can't answer for the whole country, but we take pleasure in replying that it can as far as New England is concerned. In fact, we have known it to wobble seventy degrees both ways here inside of twenty-four hours.—[Somerville Journal.]

Prof. Brown received \$25 for reading Miss Guiney's poem at the Boston Grant eulogy. A pretty steep price, but probably none too much. Editors often discover that it is worth more than \$25 to read another person's poem—and perhaps the author would want \$100 to read a poem written by the editor.—[Norristown Herald.]

Fond Papa—"I'm sorely puzzled what profession to select for my boy. He doesn't seem to indicate any preference." Visiting Friend—"Have you consulted him about it? Here, Freddie, what trade would you like to learn?" Master Fred—"Paper-hanging, sir." "Why so, my boy?" "Cause when I grew up I'd get to be Sheriff of the city."—[Philadelphia Call.]

Not long since a school committeeman was examining an infant school class. "Can any little boy or girl give the definition of the word 'average?'" he asked. For some time no one answered, but finally a little girl hesitatingly replied: "It's a thing a hen lays eggs on, sir." "No, that's not right." "Yes, sir, my book says so;" and she trotted up to her questioner and pointed to this sentence in her reading book: "A hen lays an egg every day on an average."

Smith—"Funny idea, this, of having pockets in night shirts." Jones—"I don't know about that. A pocket in a nightshirt might be handy at times." S.—"In what way?" J.—"Well, you see, if you kept a little change in the pocket and dreamed that you went into a barroom to get a drink, you would have the money to pay for it." S. (musingly)—"That's so."—[Boston Courier.]

"How will that do?" said the new reporter to the city editor, as he handed in a little jokelet on the falling leaves. "It is timely," replied the unfeeling editor, as he threw the manuscript into the grate.

"Wh-what?" exclaimed the reporter, in astonishment. "Timely, I said—quite timely," added the city editor, cruelly. "roasted chestnuts are just in season."
[Peck's Sun.]

One mother in Wilkes-Barre, who discovered that her daughter was being taught physiology and hygiene, day before yesterday addressed the following note to her teacher:

"Dear Miss — : I don't want my daughter to be taught about her insides. It isn't right, and I don't like it.
Yours truly,
Mrs. —."
[Scranton Republican.]

Wife—"I must get the children some linsey-woolsey for winter wear."

Husband—"What, that blue-looking stuff?"

Wife—"Yes."

Husband—"Say, if you call the blue-looking stuff linsey-woolsey, you'd call the red-looking stuff Cardinal Woolsey, wouldn't you?"

Wife—"You've got less sense than any man I ever saw."

Husband—"That may be a fact. I never come in contact with any one who can stimulate an intellectual effort."
[Arkansaw Traveler.]

WOULDN'T BE RASH.

"Lady," said a negro woman, stopping at the gate of a prominent citizen and addressing the mistress of the household, "I wants ter tell yer dat I hab mubed inter de house jes' ercross de street, an' dat if I fin's yer's de right sorter pusson I'll neighbor wid yer."

"What do you mean?"

"Nuthin' outen de way, lady. Jes' wants ter fine out ef yer's de right sort o' pusson, an' if yer is, I'll neighbor wid yer. Lady, I wants ter borry er dress ter wa'r ter de funnul."

"Go on away from here, you good-for-nothing thing."

"Lady, I'll gin yer one mo' chance. I likes ter hab good neighbors whar eber I libs, an' I ain' gwineter be rash erbout nuthin'. Len' me dat dress ter wa'r ter de funnul."

"Go on away, I tell you. I won't lend a dress. Do you think I'd wear a dress after you had worn it?"

"I'll gin you one mo' chance, fur ez I tells yer I neber is rash. Len' me er dress, 'case I wants ter be er neighbor wid yer. Is yer gwineter let me hab dat dress?"

"Go away, or I'll send for a policeman."

"I'll go. Yer kain' be no neighbor o' mine, fur I kain' git no satisfackshun outen yer. I'se mighty pertic'ler erbout my neighbors. One pint wid me is ter git good neighbors an' den go erhead. Now, I won't be rash—"

The lady slammed the door.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

JOHN HENRY IN DISGRACE.

"You, John Henry," said a Halsted street woman to her belated spouse, "where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Been havin' time."

"Been having a time! Didn't you know that I was here alone? What's to prevent burglars from breaking into the house and carrying off everything we've got, and not a man on the premises? Been having a time, eh? You'll have another time right here if you don't take to getting home ear-

lier. Now you go round and see if the house is properly looked up, and don't be all night—where are you going, John Henry?"

"Goin' to lock up housh up, m' dear.

"Don't you leave this room, John Henry. How do I know but there's a burglar under this bed right now? If you wouldn't be carousing around at all hours of the night and coming home drunk you might have these matters attended to before now. What are you standing there for? Why don't you go and see if the house is locked up?"

"I can't be in two plaishes at onch, m' dear. If theresh burglar under bed no ushe to lock housh. If housh locked no ushe for burglar under bed. Shee?"

"That's just like a drunken idiot. Look under the bed first, and then attend to the rest of the house."

John Henry crawled under the bed and found a cat, which he caught by the posterior elongation, or words to that effect. To this the cat sat up a demurrer and proceeded to show cause why the same should be sustained, which so frightened Mrs. John Henry that she sprang out of bed just as John Henry backed out from under it, and in his effort to rise he threw her against the wash stand, upsetting it and smashing the pitcher. She screamed, he swore, and the cat squalled, and now the neighbors say that John Henry ought to be put in jail for the manner in which he abuses his wife, and her a timid little thing, too.

—[Goodall's Sun.

THE BOY KNEW.

A small boy sat on the remnant of the broken-down door-step, listening to a well-developed domestic infelicity occurring inside the house. A policeman came along, and attracted by the sounds within, inquired of the boy what the row was about.

"That ain't no row," he answered indignantly, "that's mam and dad having a matinee concert."

"Concert, the mischief," responded the cop; "what kind of singing do you call that?"

"The singin' 's all right. They're doin' 'Home, Sweet Home,' now."

"Here, bub, you're lyin' to me; there ain't no 'Home, Sweet Home,' about that," the officer growled, as he unbent his neck from listening.

"That's all you know about it. I've heerd that thousan's of times, an' I tells year it's 'Home, Sweet Home,' with variations. Yer hain't got no ear for music a tall."

The cop tumbled to the variations and went his way.—[Merchant Traveler.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

A box containing samples of all the above five articles pre-paid to your nearest Railroad Express Office (which should be named) for Fifty Cents—Money Order, Stamps or Currency.
Address: YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 34 Barclay St., New York.

BILL NYE ON THE DRAMA.

The following letter was written recently by Bill Nye, in reply to Mr. Scott Marble, author of "State's Attorney," "Black Diamond," "Over the Garden Wall," etc., etc., who proposed the matter of writing a play jointly:

Hudson, Wis., Oct. 13, 1885.

Scott Marble, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I have just received your favor of yesterday, in which you ask me to unite with you in the construction of a new play.

This idea has been suggested to me before, but not in such a way as to inaugurate the serious thought which your letter has stirred up in my seething mass of mind.

I would like very much to unite with you in the erection of such a dramatic structure that people would cheerfully come to this country from Europe and board with us for months in order to see this play every night.

You will surely agree with me that somebody ought to write a play. Why it has not been done long ago I cannot understand. A well known comedian told me a year ago that he hadn't been able to look into a paper for sixteen months. He could not even read over the proof of his own press notices and criticisms to ascertain whether the printer had set them up as he wrote them, or not, simply because it took all his spare time off the stage to examine the manuscript of plays that had been submitted to him.

But I think we could arrange it so that we might together construct something in that line which would at least attract the attention of our families. Would you mind telling me, for instance, how you write a play? You have been in the business before, and you could tell me, of course, some of the salient points about it. Do you write it with a type-writer, or do you dictate your thoughts to some one who does not resent being dictated to?

Do you write a play and then dramatize it, or do you write the drama and then play on it? Would it not be a good idea to secure a plot that would cost very little and then put the kibosh on it, or would you put up the lines first and then hang the plot or drama, or whatever it is, on the lines? Is it absolutely necessary to have a prologue? Is it like a catalogue?

I have a great many crude ideas, but you see I'm not practical. One of my crude ideas is to introduce into the play an artist's studio. This would not cost much for we could borrow the studio evenings and allow the artist to use it daytimes. Then we would introduce into the studio scene the artist's living model. Everybody would be horrified, but they would go. They would walk over each other to attend the drama, and we would do well. Our living model in the studio act would be made of common wax, and if it worked well, we would discharge other members of the company and substitute wax. Gradually we could get it down to where the company would be wax, with the exception of a janitor with a feather duster. Think that over. But seriously, a

play, it seems to me, should embody an idea. Am I correct in that theory or not? It ought to convey some great thought, some maxim or aphorism, or some such thing as that. How would it do to arrange a play with the idea of impressing upon the audience that "the fool and his money are soon parted?" Are you using a hero or heroine in your plays now? If so, would you mind writing their lives, while I arrange the details and remarks for the young man who is discovered asleep on a divan when the curtain rises, and who sleeps on through the play with his mouth slightly ajar, till the close—the close of the play, not the close of his mouth—when it is discovered that he is dead. He then plays the cold remains in the closing tableau, and fills a new-made grave at \$9 per week.

I could also write the lines, I think, for the young man who comes in wearing a light cane and a seersucker coat so tight that you can count his vertebrae. I could write what he would say without great mental strain or my intellect might split down the back, and I would be a mental wreck, good for nothing but to strew the shores of time with myself. Various other crude ideas present themselves to my mind, but they need not be clothed. You will say that this unnecessary. I know you will at once reply that for the stage, the less you clothe an idea, the more popular it will be, but I could not consent to have even a bare thought of mine make an appearance night after night before a cultivated audience.

What do you think of introducing a gen-

FREDERICK KAPPLER,
FINE
ORNAMENTAL GOLD FRAMES
FOR
CRAYONS AND OIL PORTRAITS.
445 PEARL ST.,
N. Y.

MARVIN'S
FIRE & BURGLAR
SAFES

HAVE MANY
PATENTED
IMPROVEMENTS
NOT FOUND IN
OTHER MAKES

THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN
INVESTIGATION
BY THOSE WHO
DESIRE TO SECURE
THE BEST SAFE
MARVIN SAFE CO.

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE.
Wonderful secrets, revelations and
discoveries for married or single,
securing health, wealth and happi-
ness to all. This handsome book of 160 pages mailed
for 10 cts. by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N.J.

Artistic Home Furnishings

JAMES B. McNAB,

747 BROADWAY AND 306 MERCER ST.,

Fine Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, &c.,

Furnishing of Flats and Apartments a Specialty.


* * * Liberal Terms to Parties Wishing Accommodation. * * *

THE UNITED SERVICE

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the interests of the Military, Naval, and Civil Service, is the only magazine of its kind published in the United States. All persons interested in the Army and Navy, National Guard, or Civil Service will find much interesting and instructive reading in its pages. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic and other veterans of the War of the Rebellion and previous wars will find many old and distinguished comrades among its contributors. The series of articles on the War of the Rebellion now being published in the United Service, should be read in connection with the war articles now being issued in the Century Magazine, and by every soldier of the late war. The Civil Service matters treated in the United Service are of interest to all citizens, and reform in the Civil Service has its heartiest support. Its novels, short stories, and reminiscences of army and navy life, in war and in peace, at home and abroad, make it interesting to all members of the family circle. In typographical excellence the Magazine cannot be excelled. Specimen copies sent on receipt of 25 cents. Subscription, \$4.00 a year.

T. H. S. HAMERSLY, Publisher,
835 Broadway, New York.
* * * For Advertising Rates apply to the Publisher. * * *

NEAT AND ELEGANT
BOOK BINDING.
SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

BRANCH:
LAFAYETTE AND
ESTABLISHED 1836

E. WALKER'S SON
PORTLAND AVENUES,
BROOKLYN.

IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK AT LOW FIGURES, SAVE
CANVASSER'S COMMISSION, AND COME DIRECT TO
JAMES E. WALKER,
14 Dey Street, N. Y.

GEORGE MATHER'S SONS,
60 JOHN STREET, N. Y.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Black and Colored Type and Lithographic
PRINTING INKS.
ESTABLISHED 1816.

This Paper is Printed With Our Inks.

MEN ONLY. A quick, Permanent Cure for Lost
Manhood, Debility, Nervousness, Weakness.
No quackery. Indisputable Proofs. Book by
mail, sealed, 10 cents, unsealed, FREE.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WORK FOR ALL! \$5 to \$8 per day easily
made. Costly outfit free. Address,
P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

LADIES A RARE BOOK, just out. How to De-
velop the Bust and Form. Full ex-
planation. The only method. Mailed
sealed for 20c. Address P. O. Drawer 179, Buffalo, N. Y.

APRIZE Send six cents for postage, and re-
ceive free a costly box of goods which
will help all, of either sex, to more
money right away than anything else
in this world. Fortunes await the wor-
kers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

AULT & WIBORG,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FINE BLACK AND COLORED
LITHOGRAPHIC INKS,
PRINTING INKS,
AND VARNISHES.

Factory—Cincinnati, Ohio. 26 ROSE ST., N. Y.
The Inks used by the Strobridge Lithographic Establish-
ments are supplied by us.

WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED
portions or organs of the body enlarged and restored to
proper size and vigor. Particulars, Medical Testimony,
&c. sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

nine case of small-pox on the stage? You say in your letter that what the American people clamor for is something "catchy." That would be catchy, and it would also introduce itself.

I wish you would also tell me what kind of diet you confine yourself to while writing a play, and how you go to work to procure it. Do you live on a mixed diet or on your relatives? Would you soak your head while writing a play, or would you soak your overcoat? I desire to know all these things, because, Mr. Marble, to tell you the truth, I am as ignorant about this matter as the babe unborn. In fact, posterity would have to get up early in the morning to know less about play-writing than I have succeeded in knowing.

If we are to make a kind of comedy, my idea would be to introduce something facetious into the middle of the comedy. No one will expect it, you see, and it will tickle the audience almost to death.

A friend of mine suggests that it would be a great hit to introduce, or rather to reproduce, the Hell Gate explosion. Many were not able to be there at the time, and would be willing to go a long distance to witness its reproduction.

I wish that you would reply to this letter at an early date, telling me what you think of the scheme suggested. Feel perfectly free to express yourself fully. I am not too proud to receive your suggestions. Yours truly,
BILL NYE.

THEIR OBJECT.

A couple stood before a Court-street-jeweler's the other evening, when the young lady remarked—

"Gawgie, don't you think there is something perfectly lovely about those clocks?"

"What do you admire so much about them?" he asked.

"Why, don't you see they—they name the day?"

The future will tell if Gawgie tumbled.
[Binghamton Republican.]

HIS THEORY.

"She won't do, Marie; she won't do," said the man of the house, just in time to upset the negotiations between the mistress and a new nursery-maid.

"Why, dear, don't you like her?"

"She's not young enough."

"That's why I was engaging her. She's not young."

"That's why I object."

"Henry, what do you mean?"

"I want a young, pretty, bright girl, with a clean white apron and a pretty nose."

"Oh, yes; I suppose you do."

"You are wrong, my dear. I do not mean that."

"What?"

"Your tone was significant. No. I have a theory. I think that children grow up a good deal like the people who take care of them."

"Oh," and she began to cry, "I suppose you don't like to have your children grow up like their mother."

"My dear, don't be ridiculous. I mean that they get to speak and act like their nurses, and I wish my children to have no mannerisms that will be offensive."

"What kind of a nurse did you have, Henry?"

"Madam," he said, rather confusedly, "I had a colored nurse, but it doesn't work with boys."—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Franklin Square Lithographic Co.

—STEAM LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTERS:—

FINE COLOR WORK A SPECIALTY.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS.

Estimates Carefully Prepared

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,

—NEW YORK.—

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head.

Allays Inflammation

Heals the Sores. Re-

stores the Senses of

Taste, Smell, Hear-

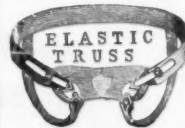
ing. A quick Relief.

A Positive Cure.

CATARRH



A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cents, by mail at Druggists'. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.



BEST TRUSS EVER USED!

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture, sent by mail every where. Write for full descriptive circulars to the
**NEW YORK ELAS-
TIC TRUSS CO.,**
744 Broadway, New York.



PIANOS

TORRENT

Per \$4 Month

And Kept in Tune Free of Charge.

Horace Waters & Co.

124 Fifth Ave.,

Near 18th St., NEW YORK.

CANDY

Send \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5 for a retail box by express, of the best candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago.

Address, **GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

PERFECTION MAGIC LANTERNS.

BEST QUALITY. LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD IN YOUR CHAIR.

Their Compact Form and Accurate Work particularly adapt them for Home Amusement.

With a FEW DOLLAR'S outlay a comfortable living may be earned. SEND VIEWS in stock and made to order. Send for Catalogue.

EMANUEL I. S. HART, Mfr. and Dealer,
185 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

PILES! PILES! PILES!!

Cured without Knife, Powder or Salve. No charge until cured. Write for reference.

Dr. Corkins, TAYLOR'S HOTEL, JERSEY CITY.

THE JUDGE.



"When the Booodle is gone 'tis the same old song---
Get up, Jack! Sit down, John."

[Adapted from Old Lavender's song.]