

Judge

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THE PIOUS UNCLE TOM AND THE WICKED TOPSY.

Topsy—" I 'spect he can't do nuffin' wif me—Ise growed dat way. Golly, Ise so wicked ! ! "



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President W. J. ARKELL
Art Department BERNHARD GULLAH
Editor I. M. GREGORY

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers, \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers, 2.00
One copy for 13 weeks, 1.00
Single copies 10 cents each.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, \$5 a year.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (POTTER BUILDING),
Park Row, New York.

We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any American satirical paper published.
The JUDGE is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.

WHO IS THERE to cast a stone at Roscoe Conkling? Not one.

MITCHELL "SPIKED Sullivan in the shins," and if that isn't hitting below the belt what is?

CONGRESS—The mountain labors and brings forth not so much as the slightest insect.

MR. SHEPARD was not one of the twelve apostles. He is merely the postscript; or, in other words, the thirteenth.

BISMARCK WOULD like to control the deaths as well as the marriages of the Hohenzollerns, and it makes him sick to think he can't do it.

MR. CLEVELAND is issuing no orders to subordinates to stop meddling with politics, but we must remember that this is a backward season.

AN EXCHANGE has the heading "Dead with a Broken Neck." We have frequently observed the fatality of that affliction.

IT IS Mrs. C. who wants a second term, and shall I not respect her wishes in a little thing like that?—*G. Cleveland.*

THE GOVERNOR has no desire for the presidency, but if Grover knows what he is about he won't let it go out of his hands for so little a time as half a minute.

A RECENT DISTURBANCE among colored men in South Carolina, which resulted in several razoring, would seem to be a case of too excessively free wool.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD will miss Lilian Olcott; but it won't regret her, from an artistic point of view, with the solemnity of grief that calls for real tears.

MANY NEWSPAPERS are insisting that the art of S. J. Randall is true to the Democratic Poll. Very well; it is the coy maiden; then, that isn't true to S. J. Randall.

"YOU LOOK LONESOME," said somebody to the proprietor of an evening newspaper whom he found at a late hour at a banquet table at Delmonico's. "Well, I have reason to look so," said the man, wiping a tear from his eye with a corner of his napkin, "because it appears I am the last supper."

THE JUDGE has pictures of John Sherman, W. M. Evarts, John J. Ingalls and even Frank Hiscock in gorgeous military uniforms, of which they are evidently very proud. May we ask, what war was it, and on which side?—*Albany Times.*

Well, as they were Republicans it may be safely assumed that they didn't fight on the confederate side anyhow.

SELAH!

The JUDGE last week commenced its fourteenth volume. Same thing in connection with the new birthday as with the several that have preceded it under the present management, only more so. The JUDGE's friends have grown in number by many thousands; its advertising pages have been more than packed by appreciative business men;

its serials have found their way to every part of the country, and it is difficult to print enough to supply the demand. This year, with the national election to take care of, the JUDGE will reach a larger circulation than any publication of its kind ever had. It will probably elect the president and carry the state; but, anyhow, its own calling and election are amply provided for. Catch on, catch on!

The JUDGE will take you right straight through,
And you can't get there before we do.

THE MUGWUMP'S ADDRESS.

When this all-powerful disorganization, with a prescience almost divine, selected a political leader for the salvation of the country, and by the incidental assistance of an unappreciative and stupid Democracy elected him—elected him by the glorious majority of one thousandth of one per cent.—this nation was saved. No triumph of a great principle could equal it. The struggles of the revolution, the wealth of blood and drain of treasure that re-bought us one flag for one country, "pale their ineffectual fires" compared with this victory of moral ideas—our copyrighted, exclusive, proprietary, patented moral ideas.

Standing on this intellectual Pisgah, handing down the law, we can proudly point to a promised land, where grapes can be had for the gathering and every filibuster who strikes a Republican hip and thigh may expect the deed of a political farm.

We have been accused of faith in a fetish. It has been asserted that our skill is simply a heathenish art; that we have carved a block of wood, and with gouging of tool and touch of paint have made it a

god; that a thumbled lump of clay after baking is our Deity; that we dream as did Nebuchadnezzar, and on the broad Shinar of our imagination create a graven image, then fall down and worship the work of our own brains, and that our insanity, like that of the Assyrian king, can only be cured by sending us to grass. What a libel! We are the political cardinals, whose votes are an inspiration. We are the hierarchy, whose hands drip with anointing oil, and our benediction blesses with infallibility. When we bind the brow with the phylactery of imitative civil-service gold, when we wrap the mantle of sweet praise around the pan-electric bust, and swath the shoddy clothing of the fishery fiasco, braided with the humbug of "pernicious partisanship" and girt with the canting ambition of the second term, the environment will change a dolt to an oracle.

Did you note the impertinent criticism of President Cleveland by Senator Ingalls? What a sacrilege! Is there no defense against audacity? Is free speech to be permitted forever? Is such a man as Ingalls, with nothing in his veins but such blood as extorted the Magna Charta from King John; that in a puritan parliament condemned Charles the first for treason; that stood on Bunker Hill and fought against English tyranny and an idiot monarch, such blood as breasted and won the battle against

the southern oligarchy—are such a critic and such criticism to be borne without end?

We and our friends had a right to call Lincoln a buffoon, Grant a butcher, Hayes a fraud, Garfield a bandit, and Arthur a gourmand. Times have changed. The dignity of the office now gives the temporary occupant of the executive chair a position beyond reproach. Against that sacred target no criticism or truth must be hurled. The jester must shield his sting, and before the awful presence of the ex-sheriff of Buffalo the nation must be dumb. I will conclude by offering for your unanimous adoption an old resolution passed by a Calvinistic congregation, one that is politically applicable to us:

Resolved, That only the elect can enter heaven.

Resolved, That we are the elect.

J. A.

THE PAGES of the JUDGE will be numbered continuously from the beginning to the end of volumes hereafter, that the numbers when bound may be more conveniently referred to.



AT COENTIES SLIP.

SHIPPING AGENT—"Is the captain of that barge aboard?"
MRS. WEST TRO—"who has had an argument with her husband"—"No; 'taint got no capp'n. 'f you want see th' lord high adm'r'l, you're gazin' right at him!"

BUZZ SAWS.

The careless man escapes many dangers.

Some men don't eat much when they dine at home.

Some of us starve on what others grow rich on.

It is hard to help the man who won't help himself.

The man who never does anything often gets into trouble.

The rogue sometimes finds it to his advantage to be honest.

Luck often makes a success of what perseverance made a failure.

New clothes look the best, but they are the most uncomfortable.

A sin always seems the most enormous when someone else commits it.

It is easy to convince one's self there is no sin in doing what profits us.

You soon learn to doubt the friend whom you are obliged to ask for help.

WOULDN'T DO IN THE DAY-TIME.

Anderson goes home in the middle of the afternoon and finds the house locked up.

"I declare," he exclaims to Richards, who accompanies him, "if my wife hasn't gone away, without leaving me any way to get in."

"Haven't you a key to the door?" asks his companion.

"Yes, but confound it! it's a night-key."

TOO MUCH EDUCATIONAL ACUMEN.

Stranger (in Wyoming town)—"Can you tell me where the village schoolmaster lives?"

Native—Nary, pard. Th' nighest I kin come to it is ter tell yer whar he did live.

"He undertuk t' tell Hank Hammond's darter, Becky, thet 'f-e-l-l-s' spelt 'cat,' an'—well, th' snow-drops is jest sproutin' over whar we set him out."

TO A FAIR ACADEMIC.

Believe me, I've many a friendship seen.

But, lady, only to discover That when 'tis maid and youth between

The "friend" is very like the lover. Plato and his disciples teach

That friendship can o'er love hold sway;

An easy doctrine 'tis to preach; Act on it—there's the deuce to pay.

Nay, if there men exist who crave Friendship, and nothing more, from thee,

Old Adam turning in his grave May mourn his sons' degeneracy.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

THOUGHTS FOR THE FAMILY.

First convict—"It's all fixed, Jim, and to-night we can make our escape."

Second convict—"I've been thinking the matter over, Erastus, and I have changed my mind. I shall not go."

First convict—"What's wrong?"

Second convict—"I cannot consent to compromise my family by any such step."



AN UNPLEASANT COINCIDENCE.

MISS CAUSTIC—"How persistent Mr. Speck is in his attentions to you, my dear."
MISS SOPHT—"Isn't he, though? I really think he is not just right in his mind."
MISS C.—"How discerning you are, my dear. Exactly the same idea occurred to me."

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

Mrs. Phelim—"I understand your father is writing an autobiography, Jane."

Mrs. Lashin—"Yes; it's going to be a very interesting book. You mustn't make it public, though."

Mrs. Phelim—"Certainly not, Jane; but do you know I'm perfectly crazy to know whose autobiography it is."

NO HOPE FOR PROGNOSTICS.

Bagley—"Here's the story of how the Dakota people killed the weather prophet who said the spring would be very early this year."

Bailey—"Humph! He ought to have been killed."

Bagley—"And here is the prediction of a New Jersey man for four feet of snow on the first of May."

Bailey—"Well, he will get killed."

GRINDER'S LITTLE SCHEME.

Head clerk—"I presume, sir, that as you have ordered us all to sign the half-holiday petition you intend to shorten the working-hours on Saturday."

Grinder—"Indeed, sir, I intend nothing of the sort. Don't you see the holiday brings a much greater rush of custom?"

A FEW PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

"One wouldn't care always to carry his head as St. Denis carried his—under his arm."

"How exasperating it must be to a hot-tempered wife to have a bald-headed husband!"

"When a singer complains that his voice is broken you may be sure that it isn't worth your while to hunt for the pieces."

VISITS OF CEREMONY.

Conversation between a mistress and her servant.

"Did you tell the ladies I was not at home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And what did they say?"

"They said, ma'am, as how it was terrible lucky."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

Bobby—"I think that Stufum ought to get some more noon waiters."

Grafton—"Why, man alive, the house is full of 'em! I've been waiting here myself half-an-hour."

EVENING JOURNALISM.

Spriggs (in newspaper office)—"Please give me a copy of today's regular issue."

Clerk—"Can't, sir; we didn't get out anything but extras today."

AN OBJECTIONABLE MAN.

"Why should you object to marry an auctioneer, my dear? He's wealthy and respectable—what else do you want?"

Cecile (who is secretly engaged to Gamboge, the artist)—"I don't like his appearance, ma mere! An auctioneer is alway for-bidding."



A LACK OF TRADE INSTINCT.

FELDSTEIN (strolling into the Caledonian club picnic grounds)—"Sushbenders, c'ntlemen? I sells dem sheap."

HUM OF THE COURT.

What Senator Ingalls needs to do is to apologize for his several apologies.

Lawyer Marsh may be said with peculiar truth to be a member of Debar.

What will John R. McLean do when he can't buy the *New York Star* as a daily amusement?

Ex-queen Isabella is afflicted with poverty. Her old trouble was wickedness and she never got it cured.

Jake Sharp faced the music here, and it was a hard task. May the poor old fellow find it easier to do it over there.

If Dr. Dix had sent out that sermon a little earlier he would have been a good-enough Morgan till after the lenten season.

Dr. Hammond's idea that men need not die is very gratifying; but men are stubborn and will insist on the privilege to the end of time.

Historical—When Richard III. called for a horse he added parenthetically, "Not a mule, mind you! This is business and I must have speed."

A bald-headed Sioux City man is raising, much to his surprise, a tuft of red hair about the circumference of a dollar, and feels so bad about it that he wants to be scalped.

"Nothing is ever really lost," as Walt Whitman says; but the question is ever present, why doesn't the man who found it return it to its original owner and get the reward offered in the daily newspapers?

The *World* says E. C. Stanton and S. B. Anthony have been wound up to go on forever; so there is your perpetual motion as to conversation at least.

If Jay Gould is a skunklet as well as a pirate king, as the *Herald* says, he is the kind of remarkable combination the dime museums have long been looking for.

The empress and crown princess of Germany will make the matches of the Hohenzollerns hereafter, with the aid of Victoria of England, and if Prince Bismarck doesn't like it he can go out and strike his own.

Mr. Ward McAllister in saying that New York has only 400 really fashionable persons shows a large amount of discretion to the total disruption of his mathematics. There are 412, with a few fractions that will presently make the number still larger.

There is to be a new daily evening paper. It will give every day the latest reports regarding matters just previous to the deluge. A special feature in a number shortly to be issued will be a fine account



A NARROW ESCAPE.

HOSTESS (to family doctor)—"That was taken, doctor, when I was about sixteen years old."

DOCTOR (with an eye to business)—"Ah, Mrs. Phluff, it's very lucky I did not meet you at that time."

HOSTESS (flattered)—"Ah doctor, I'm afraid you are a flatterer. Do you mean lucky for me?"

DR.—"Ahem, no, not exactly. Lucky for me."

of Mr. Pharaoh's unsuccessful effort to cross the Red sea.

Oration is making progress. They even tell of a silver-throated Georgia mule.

We must not forget when we praise Buffalo that Mr. Howells prides himself on his fiction.

There is talk of having J. L. Sullivan fight an antelope, and the animal, getting ready to run, says it is anxious for the encounter.

All the leading Democrats are not dead or dying. Jeff Davis, for instance, is sufficiently well to be hard at work on another book.

Miss May Sharpless, who is worth \$9,000,000, though only nine years old, is an edgellent evidence of the possibilities of youth here in New York.

A spirit artist has presented through a medium a picture of "Yorick laughing at his last joke." Ah, well; we suppose the poor skull will presently develop sufficiently to start a comic newspaper.

We suppose that when John Ingalls dies he will go right up to St. Peter and pull his whiskers, turn him around to look at something that can't be seen, and walk into paradise with the unconscious assurance of one who owns the whole establishment.

Though a light, frivolous, dizzy girl, S. B. Anthony presided over the suffragists at Washington with much dignity and impressiveness; but occasionally she had to turn her back to the audiences and take out her teeth for a small giggle.

The Miss Singer who has bought a duke and paid \$60,000 to consummate the purchase is quite pleased with her prize, because it wears side-whiskers and can talk like a real man.

Margaret Mather is very much out with J. M. Hill, and therefore we wouldn't be that man for anything; but at the same time J. M. is one of the Hills that the general public is glad to be heir to.

Statesmanship of the woman's congress—"How do you like my new dress?" "Admirable. What do you think of Mrs. Thompson's bonnet?" "Made over; and isn't she a bold, forward, brazen thing?"

Every one of Chauncey's denials increases the desire to have him run for president; so that if he wants to save himself that ordeal he had better say he wants it. But then he would say that with such great good sense that perhaps the peril would be increased.

The Rev. Mr. Pogson says that "marriage should never be thought of until the question is put." If that rule prevails, good man, there will never be any question or any marriage. We have sometimes thought it a good idea to dress a proverb in a little common sense.



WITH EVERY BOTTLE.

DRUG CLERK (to youth who wants something to aid the growth of his whiskers)—"After the elixir makes your beard come out, then you can get the wind started through them with this little pair of bellows."



AT THE CATERERS' CLUB DINNER.

(Sectional view.)

MR. PAULSIN—"You'll 'xcuse me, Mistah Breck'ridge—da's my grape-jocce!"

JUDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE FAIR BOHEMIENNE.

She wears the oddest dresses made of coarse and shaggy stuffs, and with repugnance bitter shuns a trace of frills or fluffs. She walks the muddy thoroughfares with hypocrites and prudes in an aimless kind of manner, and in contemplative moods, with a sheaf of crumpled pamphlets or a musty, heavy book at her rigid elbow, fastened in an agonizing crook. She has mastered half the languages and uses them with ease in a manner that would make a kangaroo or parrot sneeze. She lives in faded parlors and she dines at *table d'hote* where a shoddy waiter helps her with her heavy walking coat; but the way she pats the butter with a silver-plated knife is enough to make the waiter seek a

more congenial life. Her gentle face endears her to her neighbors' playful tots while she's always knitting mufflers for the sable Hottentots. In the dusk of summer evenings, from my den across the way, I can see her trim her bonnet or can hear her should she play on a battered, wheezy mandolin, the fascinating air of "The Stretching Night of Larry," or "The Widow Pott's Affair." She makes a living painting miniatures of infant girls with delicious rosy faces and with witching golden curls. But the druggist at the corner told me, years and years ago, he had seen her as a fairy in a pantomimic show.

Will she wed? With queer persistence the imaginative mind declines to furnish any information of this kind. So much depends on "notions," where a woman is concerned, that nothing very accurate is ever really learned; and the man whom now she wishes in the neighborhood of France may to-morrow gleam and glitter with the tinsel of romance. But when at last she fastens on an object with her love no doubt the object's guarded by the legions up above.

DEWITT STERRY.

THE INFIRMITIES OF AGE.

Petulant wife—"That horrid old English clock you paid so much for last week, Mr. Chippendale, is always hours ahead of the correct time. I told you not to buy it, and you'd better return it at once."

Good-humored husband—"That's because you would not let me stand it where I wanted to, my dear. Cocked up there at the very head of the stair, the poor old thing is probably unable to resist the continual temptation to run down."



NEAR-SIGHTED.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY (to man repairing show model)—"If you drive another nail into that poor, dear, patient horse, I'll have Mr. Bergh after you!"

NO CHANGE FOR HIM.

Bobley—"Isn't it about time for you to begin fleshing up, old man? The lenten days are over."

Wiggins—"Yes, I know it—but I'm still living in the same old boarding-house."

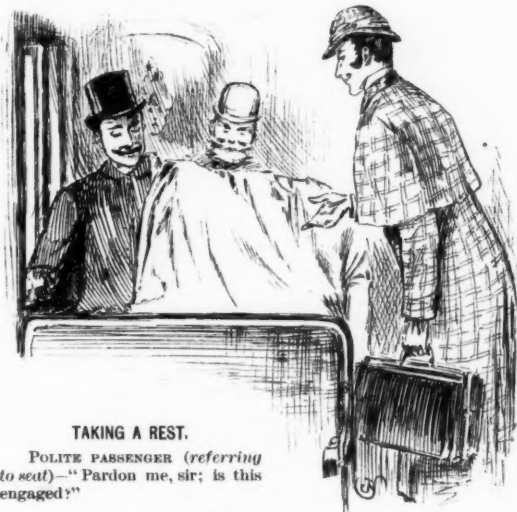
SHE KNEW HIM.

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau.

"Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?"

"Yes, but why do you ask?"

"Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."



TAKING A REST.

POLITE PASSENGER (referring to seat)—"Pardon me, sir; is this engaged?"

NOT ENOUGH OF IT.

Fliggins (who has been entertaining Griggs at his newly discovered jewel of a fifty cent table d'hote)—"Well, old boy, how have you liked the dinner?"

Griggs (who is a brute)—"Very good, very good indeed; so good that I invite you to join me in another one at once."



COMPLACENT PASSENGER—"No,—married."

LAW AND CHIVALRY.

Col. Firemouth—"Judge, I want you to put Howler of the *Weekly Scorpion* under bonds to keep the peace."

Judge—"What's he done?"

Col. Firemouth—"I just gave the infernal coward a horse-whipping, and I don't want to let him have a chance to get the drop on me."

DECEPTIVE DATES.

Found in an album.

"Never tell a woman that she must be such, or such, an age. When it comes to figures the weaker sex always crave the liberty of choice."



GOODY TWO SHOES.

CARRIED home two tiny pairs of shoes—
A pair of "ones," the other number "twos:"
The pretty smaller ones for pretty Kate,
The scarcely larger for her sister Mate.

A gush of thank-yous filled my willing ear—
Some fraction of the same no doubt sincere;
Then came swift terrors of the home-made pun,
The more they tortured me the more the fun!

Here follow samples of their style of thing:—
"Both girls and shoes you've got upon a string."
"My aces beat your bigger deuces," and
"Let's hold them, thus, to keep new shoes on hand."

Then, turning me-ward, "It is shoe I love."
"So-leather's not all other things above."
"Our understanding's by a-dress revealed."
"Keep tak-in-steps that prove how well you're heeled."

More wretched puns on "sole" succeeded fast:
I had to stand a dose of "awl" and "last."
The aggravation was that, they believed
Such drivel worthy to be well received.

Nay, more! they really thought it "awful smart,"
And lack of *encore* sorely took to heart.
At last, by strategy, I spiked their gun
And charged the enemy upon the run.

I seized Kate's shoes, and with a feigned surprise
Exclaimed, "Why! these are not of equal size!"
Said Kate, "There! Just my luck! Oh, cruel fates!
"Explain." "They're odd because they are not Mate's."

JOHN ALBRO.



A SOLILOQUY.

UNCLE BETHUEL (on his first city visit)—"What a tarnation fool I wuz ter lay aout five cents fer a ticket. Might jest as well a gone daown inter th' street 'n waited ter ketch one when it come through."

A CONTRADICTION OF TERMS.

Read in an article in a Paris paper on the relations of France with foreign powers.

"For more than fifty years the burning of Moscow has caused a coolness in our intercourse with Russia."

THE FERRY-BOAT NUISANCE.

Mother—"Are you sure, my dear, that the ladies' cabin is on this side of the boat?"

Daughter—"Why, of course, mamma. Don't you see that it's crowded with men?"

GOT IT DOWN FINE.

Read in an album.

"It is only falling in love that is really ecstatic. The most beautiful romances are those that have no end."

"Love never grows old; he dies in childhood."

"THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD."

Husband—"Great heavens, Mary! there's a man shot across the street."

Wife—"Sh! Don't speak so loud, John, or you'll wake the baby."



HE THOUGHT NOT.

MISS KNIGHT (to new acquaintance whose name she did not catch)—"Etymology of names is my favorite study. My theory is that all names indicate what the persons' ancestors were: for instance, my ancestors were knights, the Smith family were blacksmiths and so forth. I think it's the best way to tell what a person is, don't you, sir?"

Well, no, he didn't, because his name was Hogg.

IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW.

Read in a shop window near one of the principal Paris cemeteries.
"We make a Specialty of Onion Soup, which we furnish where Refreshments are provided at funerals!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Brown has had his picture published in a daily paper, and he says the wood-cut is the unkindest cut of all. He says that if it had been a striking likeness it would have knocked the artist down.

SWEET CHARITY.

Vagrant—"Beg parding, mum, but could ye have the kindness to lend me a box of sardines to open with this can-opener?"

Mrs. Outcake—"Sorry I can't, poor fellow; but here's a dipper of water and a tract. I kinder hate to send the poor away empty-handed."



WESTERN ENTERTAINMENT.

Mrs. ELLICOTT (of Boston, who has dropped off the excursion train at Bad Egg, Arizona, to drop in on her son)—"Don't you miss the affairs of society, William—theatres, parties, five o'clock teas, and so forth?"

WILLIAM—"Not much, mother. Why, Hooker Bill gives a three o'clock whisky over on the divide this very afternoon."

HIS OBJECTIONS TO LIFE IN THE WEST.



He was standing in the sunshine, clothed, or rather covered, with a variety of patches. I had just given him a quarter, the first impetus, he assured me, in the direction of dinner that he had received for weeks.

Meantime, while getting up energy enough to proceed in the above-named direction, he favored me with his views on life in the west.

"I was there—let me see—wal, fer three years 'n a half, but—I couldn't stand it. No man could thet's bin used to the comforts we hev here. Oh, it's well enough; it's a growin' place, an' it 'll be somethin', by-'n-bye. But now, fer instenz, now here—sech a thing as close, fer instenz! A man can't get a decent suit of close, not to fit him 'n look as they'd ought to look, out there. They ain't got the style nor they ain't got the material. I tell you, you put on a suit of close—the best they kin

give you, an'—well—you'll just want to walk away from yourself around the corner; it's amazin' to see the stuff they'll wear. Oh, it ain't a bad place in some respects—but close? They don't know what close means out west."

And then he turned the least ragged part of his hat-brim to the front, tore off a dependent tatter or two from his sleeve, re-tied the piece of twine that held his coat together, and moved thoughtfully on his way.

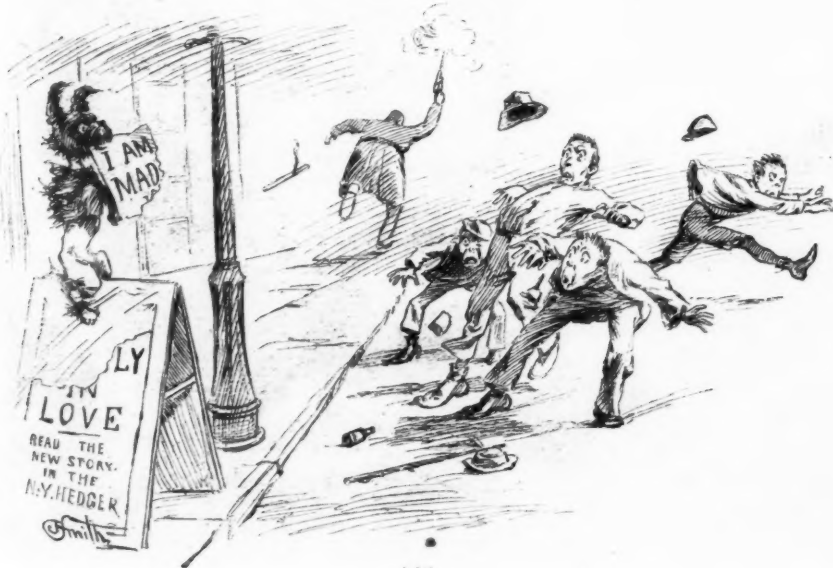
MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Wife of real-estate agent (weary of patching the children's clothes)—"I tell you, Arthur, I have a soul above this drudgery. Be-



THE SAGACIOUS DOG.



A DARK NIGHT.

Mr. WASHINGTON, No. 3001 (on a mission of love)—"I pertend t' say dat a man dat 'll keep a dawg whad doan' gib yer no warnin' orter be pros'cuted. G'way dar!"

fore we were married you used to tell me I'd be your little partner in the business."

Exasperating husband—"So you are, my dear; so you are! While I'm out collecting rents you're here mending tears. Same thing, you know."

SHAKESPEAREAN EVOLUTION.

"Why are witches always pictured with beards on?" she asked.

"Always, my dear? They are not," he replied, to gain time.

"Well, why are they ever? Why are they in Shakespeare?"

"My love (this time confidentially), you must know that in Shakespeare's time the human race was in a state of prehistoric undevelopment. The beard was not entirely dropped by the fair sex until they had developed sufficient chin to supply the necessary warmth caused by its absence."

Then he lightly blew her a kiss, and softly closed the door between them.

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Some men want mo' en a gun toe make um brave. Yo' mus' stay in de mahkit all de time toe git bahgains.

De easies' man toe cheat am de one dat t'inks yo' can't do hit.

Hit mus' rain mighty hahd toe scare a woman wid a new gown.

Many a man dat am hones' w'en he 'm alone ud be a knave wid knaves.

Yo' may laik toe darnse, but yo' doan' wantoe neah a fiddle all de time.

De lucky huntah ud hab yo' beleeb dot he dun kill de las' possum in de woods.

Yo' may cry dis mawnin' obah anoddah's troubles, but yo' ull sleep to-night.

Ef acks, an' not wuds, am w'at people want, w'y doan' de auctioneah an' de pol'tician go into some oddah business?

De fluctuation ob de mem'ry am 'stonishin'. Ef yo' owe a dollah, anoddah man mus' put yo' in min' ob hit; wh'reas ef a dollah am comin' toe yo', yo' nin' nebbah needs joggin'.

W'en Sambo gits caught de wrong side ob de fence, hit am a good abgument dat a man awt not toe t'ink mo' ob chicken en he do ob hisse'f. De man dat allus takes chances am laikly toe be took by chance.

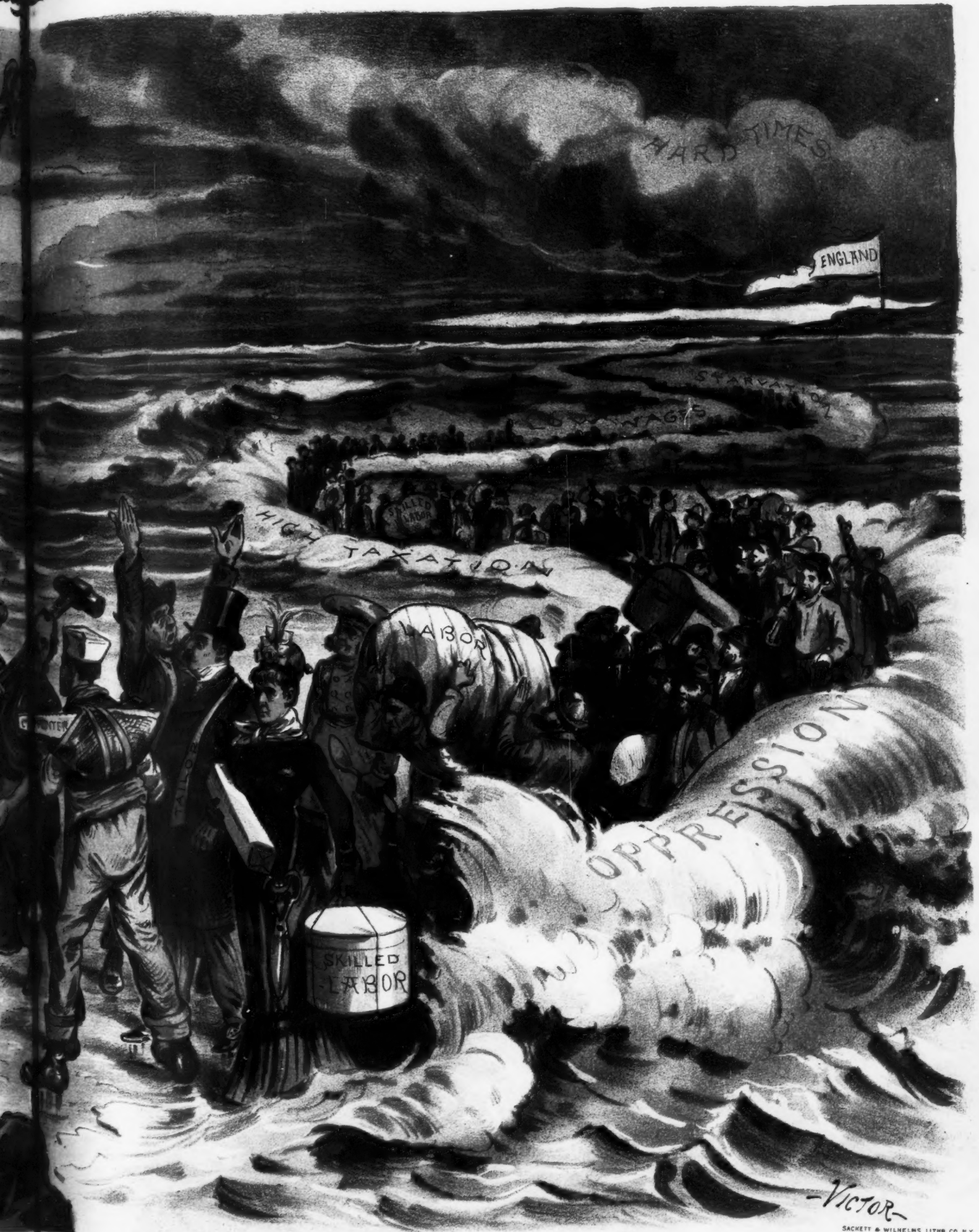
J. A. WALDRON.

The man who has worked himself up in this world is always the hardest on those beneath him.



THE MODERN EXODUS FROM THE LAND OF FREE TRADE BO
"Last year the arrivals of Immigrants reached the enormous aggregate of 450,000, a
MOSES (Uncle Sam)—"Why, O Pharaoh, are your hosts migrating to my Protection

Lucy



-Victor-

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO NY

TRADE BONDAGE TO THE LAND OF PROTECTION AND PLENTY.

of 45,000, and this year's immigration will be over **Half a Million.**"—N. Y. Sun.

o my Protection land if the Free Trade which your Country enjoys is such a blessing?"



THE BENDER'S RETREAT TOPOGRAPHY.

ASPAR W. FEEDPIPE of Kensico, N. Y., waked up one morning recently and found that by a close, brutal and avaricious career of twenty years as a hardware, dry-goods and meat dealer he had saved five hundred and eighteen dollars in cash and a protested note in his favor for \$17.20, including protest fee and interest.

Casting about for an investment, his hook caught on to an announcement which set forth the advantages to be gained by the acquirement of some town lots in Bender's Retreat, Arizona, and with a caution born of life in Kensico, and an inability to beat the late Horace Greeley in chirography, he asked his son William to write for a descriptive circular of the property, with a view toward careful investigation and possible purchase.

William was varying his duties as stamping clerk in the post-office by an ephemeral and home-made course in medicine, and current events having greatly aroused his interest in a special section of anatomical study he sent, in

the same mail with his father's letter, a request to a Philadelphia publishing house for a chart showing the details of the works involved.

How those two requests, which read simply and similarly, "please send a picturshewin' latest discov'ries of the plaice," got mixed in the mail, nobody but a man who has had intimate dealings with a country post-office can tell, but that it was so was proven in the course of due time.

William never heard from his venture, and shortly after the event of its mailing received an appointment as night-watchman in a White Plains coal-yard, left home for keeps, and concerns this narrative no more.

Two or three weeks after a long, yellow envelope, marked "Private," with post-mark so blurred as to be illegible, came directed to Mr. Feedpipe, who found, after taking it to the hay-mow so as to avoid the prevalent Westchester county curiosity, that it contained a map of which the adjoined is a copy.

He smoothed it out on the barn floor, laid down over it with his chin on his hands, studied it long and earnestly, and then, with an anxious and unsatisfied look on his face, got pen, ink and paper and carved out the following letter.

As Mr. Feedpipe could not read it himself after it was written, it were better, perhaps, to divest it of the sprays of original and unique spelling, construction, penmanship and blots and offer only a free translation, which approached this:

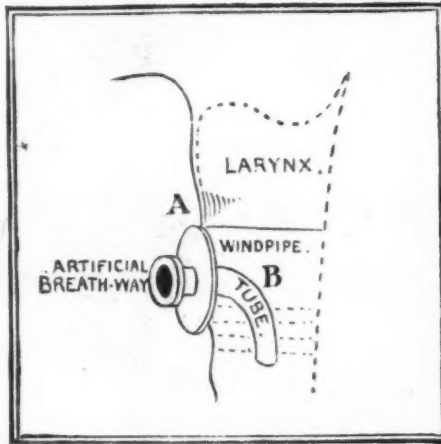
"MANAGER OF THE ULTIMATUM LAND AND CATTLE CO.
"BENDER'S RETREAT, ARIZONA.

"Dear sir:—The map of your property which you kindly inclosed to me is one of the finest examples of color-work I ever saw, but in some particulars is not quite clear.

"To begin with, in this part of the country we call a sewer a sewer and not a tube; and further than this, with my experience of drainage, I fail to see why you carry the pipe across instead of into the river. Another thing in this connection puzzles, and I may say discourages me. If the citizens of that flat town on the east side of the river get up artificial breaths of a power which makes it incumbent to build a sewer to flush them, don't you think it would be better to let them attend to the matter themselves, and not run their canal through your town of Windpipe? By the way, the people east here are not stuck up, nor proud, but I want to give you a tip on naming any future townships you may stake out. Instead of calling them by such names as Windpipe and Larynx, which may be all right for cowboys, if you will map them down as Hawthorne Park, Windsor Terrace, or Tuxedo Grange you will find that you will get more inquiries from the jays of culture in this vicinity.

"Of course you can't make any change now, but look out for the future, my boy.

"Please let me know whether the dotted line at the top of the map is a fence or a creek, and if the latter, how the fishing is. I like to fish, and last week caught a pickrel

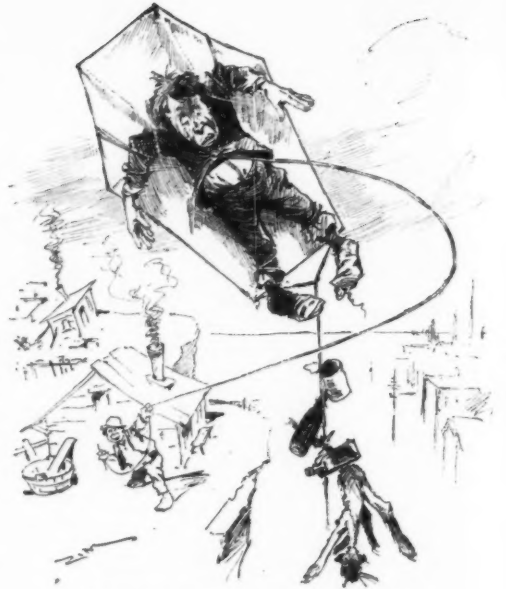


IRASCIBLE PASSENGER—"That man's taking up considerable room. Guess I'll give him a reminder!" (Lets go a tremendous punch with his elbow.)



CHURLISHNESS REBUKED.

"W-what in blazes have you got in that b-bundle?"
OUR MESSENGER—"Oi doan' know as it's anny av yure business, but it do be a for-ty-pound littigraphic shtone fer th' paper, sor."



A FLYING EXPERIMENT IN SHANTYTOWN.

GAMIN (attached to kite)—"Say, Spudsey, If yer don't let me outer dis right away I'll knock de duff outen yer when I git down; ya hear!"

weighing two feet ten ounces from his head to his dressed diameter.

"I suppose the spot marked 'B' on the map is a bar-room, as I understand they are getting prevalent in the west; but please tell me whether the 'A' means 'Abattoir' or 'Arsenal,' as I have had some experience in the meat business and would prefer to have my claim staked in a congenial locality.

"Am glad to note that you have laid out a race-track between the breath-way and the tube opening, and will say now that I own a brown mare that can trot the stuffing out of anything of her length in these parts.

"Let me hear from you again, and perhaps we can make a dicker.

Yours invariably,
"C. W. FEEDPIPE."

The fact that Mr. Feedpipe's supposed map was a chart description of the operation of tracheotomy, and had been mailed from Philadelphia in the interest of his son's education, has never enlightened the old man, and he has been haunting the post-office ever since for renewed information regarding Bender's Retreat.

JAMES S. GOODWIN.

The man who drinks to drown his sorrows is apt to think he is more unfortunate than he is.



IN THE BOILER SHOP.

KELSO (from inside)—"Are yez on a shtrike, Grady? Wez 'll not finish th' job th' day!"
 GRADY (his helper)—"Hould yure wind, Kelso. Oi 'm warnin' rivets! (aside) an' Oi doan't ink Oi 'm beholden t' James Kelso t' be tellin' nim phere thim rivets do be situwated!"

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

NIBLO'S.

Mr. E. G. GILMORE, Lessee and Manager.
 Reserved seats Orchestra circle and Balcony, 50 cents.
 "EVANGELINE."
 Evenings at 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.

WALLACKS.

Under direction of Mr. Henry Abbey.
 "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."
 Evenings at 8:15. Matinee Saturday 2:15.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Rice's Burlesque Company in the Gorgeous Production of
 "PEARL OF PEKIN."
 Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.
 Dixey, Rice & Barton, Proprietors

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

Edward Harrigan, Proprietor
 M. H. Hanley, Manager
 Phenomenal Success of Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN
 in his artistic and natural character of
PETE.
 Dave Braham and his Popular Orchestra.
 Wednesday—Matinees—Saturday.

The Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
 PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
 AND PREFERRED by LEADING ARTISTS

WAREROOMS :

149, 151, 153, 155 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
 PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1119 Chestnut St.
 CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building.
 BALTIMORE, MD., 7 N. Charles Street.

What
Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.
 Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
 SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
 SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEW YORK TO THE FRONT.

A Matter Which Concerns You.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should longer be ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others, do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength.

NEW YORK (143 Third Avenue). February 19, 1888.—After using "Warner's Safe Cure," I take pleasure in stating that I have found it the greatest remedy for the kidneys in the world. I would inform you that I followed the profession of a "Pedestrian" for upwards of twenty years and am proud to state that I retired as Champion Endurance Pedestrian of the World. I then became manager of Walking and Bicycle Matches. The severe strain told upon my kidneys. I suffered untold misery. I was induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after taking six (6) bottles I am enabled to say I am better than I have been in ten years. I will with pleasure answer any parties who may desire information.

Harry Browns.

BROOKLYN (458 Henry Street). January 31, 1888.—Last summer I suffered much from malaria and was recommended by a friend to try "Warner's Safe Cure" and am pleased to say it worked a most successful cure.

James J. Clunney

NEW YORK CITY (157 West Twenty-third Street). January 25, 1888.—For about ten years, up to three years ago, I was suffering the most excruciating and unbearable pains in the left side, continually belching up wind, with a tired and languid feeling. I am a conductor on the Elevated Railway, and was when I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure." I used to lose on an average four days every month with these horrible pains. I tried lots of doctors and lots of medicine but of no avail, until a friend came along and told me about "Warner's Safe Cure." I think I took about 18 or 20 bottles, entirely driving the pain away, relieving me of that languid feeling, giving me a better color and good appetite.

Abraham B. Johnson

NEW YORK (No. 30 East Twenty-second Street). February 3, 1888.—My son has been taking "Warner's Safe Cure" for two years and he seems to be entirely cured of his trouble, which the doctors pronounced at that time Bright's disease.

H. N. Libbi.

BROOKLYN (141 Myrtle Avenue). February 19, 1888.—I have been employed on the Union Ferry Co. since 1848, and enjoyed good health until I was ruptured 23 years ago. Five years ago I was cured of the rupture, and then taken with Hydrocele and was operated on by Dr. Burnham, of New York City, the last operation being performed in 1886 at 222 Pearl Street, Brooklyn. Since that time I have had a gathering of water in the stomach and weakness of the kidney. Last fall I was recommended to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have found great relief in my kidneys and stomach.

Capt. John Cole

Ely's Cream Balm
 IS SURE TO CURE
COLD IN HEAD
 QUICKLY.

Apply Balm into each nostril.
 ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.



GREENWAY'S SALE
INDIA PALE ALE
 IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED.
 RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.
 FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.
AMERICAN
 TRADE MARK.
 THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.
 SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

POSSIBLE—POSSIBLE?

A Muskegon liar's tale: "At the ice-boat regatta on the lake last week an unparalleled phenomenon was presented. There is a place on the north side of the lake that never freezes over, owing to a thermal spring that bubbles up from the bottom. It is usually avoided, but Captain Coaster forgot all about it until his boat, the 'Flying Dutchman,' was too close to avoid it. Clapping on all sail, the captain took a valiant header, going at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The 'Dutchman' made the leap over the hole, which is about twenty-five feet in diameter, quite easily; but the warm, damp surface of the hole, striking the intensely cold steel runners, froze fast and was drawn out by the momentum of the boat, lying across the surface of the ice a long, elastic hole of great beauty. Tacking the boat sharply as it neared the head of the lake, the captain was surprised to see the hole, which had grown cold and brittle at the outer end, snap short off and spring erect like a bent sapling with the top cut off. Thousands are visiting the curiosity, as it towers two rods through and a half mile high; but it is to be blown down with dynamite, as such a hole is not needed here."

THE RESULT OF MERIT.

When anything stands a test of fifty years among a discriminating people, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the progress of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effectual blood purifier, tonic and alterative ever introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit, and that BRANDRETH'S PILLS perform all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

VIOLIN OUTFITS.

No. 1—Violin, fine wooden box, lined; bow, book, set strings, rosin, only \$3.75.
No. 2—Old Bull Violin, fine box, bow, book, best set strings, rosin, and guaranteed cannot be duplicated anywhere for less than \$12. Our price only \$5.25.
Outfits at still higher prices.
Satisfaction guaranteed or the money refunded after three days' trial. We pay all express charges should our goods not prove satisfactory.
Cash must accompany every order. Price-list free by sending stamps for postage. All kinds of musical goods, lowest prices in the market.
As we ship goods every day to all parts of the United States, we can furnish any one doubting our reliability references to parties living nearest your homes.

CHAS. F. HANSON & CO.,
317 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

PARSONS, SCARLETT & CO.,

TAILORS,
398 FIFTH AVENUE,

Murray Hill. NEW YORK.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Dont be a Clam

Magistrate (to witness)—"Do you know the nature of an oath, Uncle Rastus?"
Uncle Rastus—"I reckon I does, yo' honah. I see owned a mule for foahteen ya."—*New York Sun.*

Mothers think that there is no more precious boon in nature than to be the object of a baby's first sweet smile, but bachelors would rather have a dollar bill.—*Journal of Education.*

A Gorham man has eaten so much pop corn the past winter that his wife now has to feed him on glue and molasses and wet him down with the garden sprinkler every morning to keep him from blowing away.—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

If there is any time when a woman realizes her helplessness and dependence upon the opposite sex, it is when she is running for dear life after a street-car with a sleepy conductor and there is no man near by to whistle.—*Brookline Chronicle.*

Miss Gushington (enjoying a sleigh ride)—"I think you have a lovely horse, Mr. De Lyle. About what does such a fine horse cost?"

Mr. De Lyle—"Two dollars an hour—oh—er—yes, that horse is worth about eight hundred dollars, Miss Gushington."—*Epoch.*

"MY WIFE IS A TERROR!"

said a mild-tempered man in our hearing. "She snaps and snarls, spans her children, and finds fault continually. I can't bear it any longer." Don't be too severe on her, my friend; you little realize her sufferings. She has lost her former sweet disposition, and ill health is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will make her well. For female diseases, functional derangements, bearing-down pains, and the long list of ills that render women miserable, no medicine can compare with this. It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

For all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-bilious Granules.

In answer to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's inquiry, "Heigh-ho, Babyhood! Tell me where you linger?" we will state that by going to the mat. some aft. he will find out.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

DEAD PEOPLE

are walking around in our midst all the time; dead to ambition, enterprise and progress, they never get on, and live and go down in obscurity and poverty. Live people should write Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn how to make \$1 and upwards per hour. All is free, and after learning all should you conclude not to engage no harm is done. You can live at home and do the work. Either sex, all ages. A great reward awaits every worker. Write and see. Capital not needed; you are started free. All can do the work. No special ability required.

Cod-liver oil is now adulterated with petroleum, according to a Washington paper. That's all right, though. Any scheme to disguise the taste of cod-liver oil is permissible.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The success of some of the agents employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., is truly marvellous. It is not an unusual thing for their agents to make as high as \$20 and \$30 a day, and sometimes the profits run up as high as \$40 and \$50—even more. But we hesitate to tell you the whole truth, or you will scarcely believe we are in earnest. Write them and see for yourself what they will do for you.

A popular poet begins a verse with "Softer than silence, stetter than still air;" and yet, as might be supposed, this does not describe a man whose wife has talked at him for four hours steady.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

CURE FOR THE DEAF by PECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Often successful in cases pronounced incurable. Illustrated book and proofs FREE. Address or call on F. HIBCOX, 353 Broadway, Cor. 14th St., New York. Name this paper.

The "Best" Tonic

A Concentrated Liquid Extract of MALT and HOPS.

MANUFACTURED BY SPECIALTY DEPT., PHIL. BEST BREWING CO.

Aids Digestion.

Cures Dyspepsia.

Strengthens the System.

Restores Sound, Refreshing Sleep.

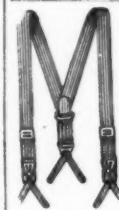
Priceless to Nursing Mothers.

Recommended by Eminent Physicians.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ARMSTRONG BRACE!

ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER.



COMBINING COMFORT AND DURABILITY.

No rubber used in these goods. Nickel Plated Brass Springs furnish the Elasticity. Ask Your Dealer for Them.

Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, at the following list:

- A Quality, plain or fancy web.....\$ 50
- B " " " web.....75
- C " " " web.....1 00
- D " " " web.....1 25
- E " plain silk web.....1 50
- F " fancy silk web.....2 00

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.,
242 Canal St., N.Y., 267 Franklin St. Chicago.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE BRADLEY HANDY WAGON

The Best on Wheels. Light, strong, convenient and low priced. Handy to get into and out of. Handy for single horse or pair. Handy for one person or more. Handy to load or unload. Send for Free Circular. How to purchase direct from the manufacturer.

BRADLEY & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.
65 Murray St., New York.
133 S. Market St., Boston.

\$1.00 FOR AN ENGRAVED SCRIPT PLATE AND 50 CARDS, PER MAIL.
Robert Sneider, Engraver, 96-98 Fulton Street New York.

L. S. DAVIDSON,
Tailor.
21 BEEKMAN STREET,
NEW YORK.

RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA and GOUT are blood diseases, positively cured by COREY'S MEXICAN REMEDY. Purely vegetable. Not a case of failure known. Indeed, so strong is our faith we will send a trial bottle to any sufferer FREE. Address THE IDEAL MEDICINE CO., 19 Park Place, and 16 Murray Street, New York City.

EXTRACT OF MALT

is one of the most nutritious substances known to the medical profession, and Homeopathic and Allopathic physicians alike prescribe it as a food of great merit. The manufacturers of

Magee's Emulsion

have made use of this knowledge in the substitution of it for soap barks, tragacanth, and other non-medical substances used by nearly all other manufacturers of emulsions, as a base with which to combine the pure Cod-Liver Oil and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites which they use in

Magee's Emulsion

and hence we have here an article far superior in merit to the many so-called emulsions now on the market. For the relief and cure of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, scrofula and general debility, as is testified by thousands of physicians all over the land.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

JACOT'S MUSIC BOXES

Make the most appropriate of presents and should be in every parlor and nursery. They are a constant source of entertainment to invalids and the delight and wonder of old and young. They play to perfection selections of Operas, Dances, Ballads, Hymns, etc. They are self-acting and being provided with our patent safety check are absolutely safe from serious accidents. We have over 150 different styles from 75 cents to \$1400. Send stamp for fine illustrated Catalogue. Can be ordered through any responsible Jeweler.

JACOT & SON, 37 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

"Star" Gold Fountain Pen.



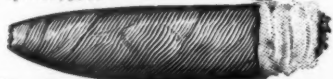
Best writing pen ever offered to the public. Price \$1.50 and upward. Holds ink for a week's use. Unequaled for business and general writing. Every pen warranted and satisfaction guaranteed. The "STAR" Pen consists of a highly finished hard rubber holder, fitted with a superior Gold Pen, to suit any writer. In ordering specify style of pen wanted. Sent by mail or express on receipt of price. Repairs to pens of all kinds a specialty. Agents wanted. Send for circulars. J. ULLRICH & CO., 106 Liberty Street, New York. Manufacturers of the "Star" and "Independent" Fountain and Stylographic Pens.

FASHION AND PRICE

Out of the question.

S. S. Sleeper & Co.'s N. & S. 10c. Cigar

is the best cigar possible for any gentleman to smoke. The best quality of Tobacco, without artificial flavoring, made by the best American workmen in a clean factory. What can be better for comfort, health and home industry than to smoke them. Sample box by mail, \$1.00.



S. S. SLEEPER & CO., Boston.
Franklin Macaveagh & Co., Chicago.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10 or \$3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

The Washington saloon-keepers complain that the women's international council in that city last week didn't increase the demand for cloves a cent's worth. There was no going out between the acts, evidently.—*Norristown Herald.*

SPECIAL LAND EXCURSIONS.

On April 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., will run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the U. P. R. y, at greatly reduced rates. This will afford home-seekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity for the inspection of the fertile county or central, northwestern and southwestern Nebraska and northwestern Kansas, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota and Minnesota reached by the Burlington Route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on April 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines or address PAUL MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

The happy young husband begins to realize that the honeymoon may possibly end sometime when his Angelina wakes him out of a sound sleep at 2 A.M., and insists that he shall get up and light the gas because she thought she heard a mouse scratching in the wall.—*Somerville Journal.*

"TOOTH BRUSH REFORM."

(From the Scientific American.)

"The bristles of tooth brushes are extremely harsh and unpleasant, producing unnecessary friction and wear upon the enamel, and inducing diseases of the gums. The bristles tooth brush has been used for so many years as to render it difficult to realize that anything better could be provided for the same purpose, still we here present a cut of a brush which, although of recent invention, has come into extensive use, and is favorably known where introduced. It is a tooth brush, or polisher, formed of felt.



"This brush conforms to all surfaces of the teeth, thoroughly cleansing and polishing them without undue friction, and without in any way injuring the gums. When one of the serrated felt tablets becomes worn it may be instantly replaced by a new one at slight expense."

An economy in expenditure! A luxury in results! The Holder, Imperishable, costs 35 cents. Felt Polishers only need be renewed. 18, Boxed, 25 cents. Each good for ten days' beneficial use. Sold everywhere, or mailed by Horsey Manufacturing Company, Utica, N. Y.

Oh, sprigg! biled sprigg!
To thee we sigg,
Add scedd the obedigg roses;
Faidt padies fligg
O'er everthigg—
Gread Scodd! Whad ails our doses?
—*Washington Hatchet.*

A NEW IVORY POLISH.

The preparation which has recently been discovered by M. Doctus Fernanzo, M.D., will prove of great benefit to all piano and organ dealers, as well as to the thousands of people who have pianos in use in their homes. The preparation has a most important feature, as it will restore the original appearance of the ivory keyboards of pianos and organs that have become discolored from use, and remove any slight imperfections which spoil their appearance. The contact of the preparation with the ebony keys does not effect them any more than water does.

ALFRED DOLGE, 122 East Thirteenth Street, with his usual enterprise, has secured the agency for this most valuable preparation, and has already sent samples to dealers and manufacturers for them to test, and has received already a large number of testimonials testifying to the excellence of the Polish and its great usefulness.

Messrs. Sohmer & Co., the eminent piano manufacturers, fully endorse it, and have, after a practical test, written a letter highly praising its merits.

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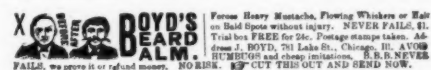
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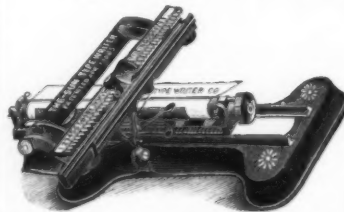
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