

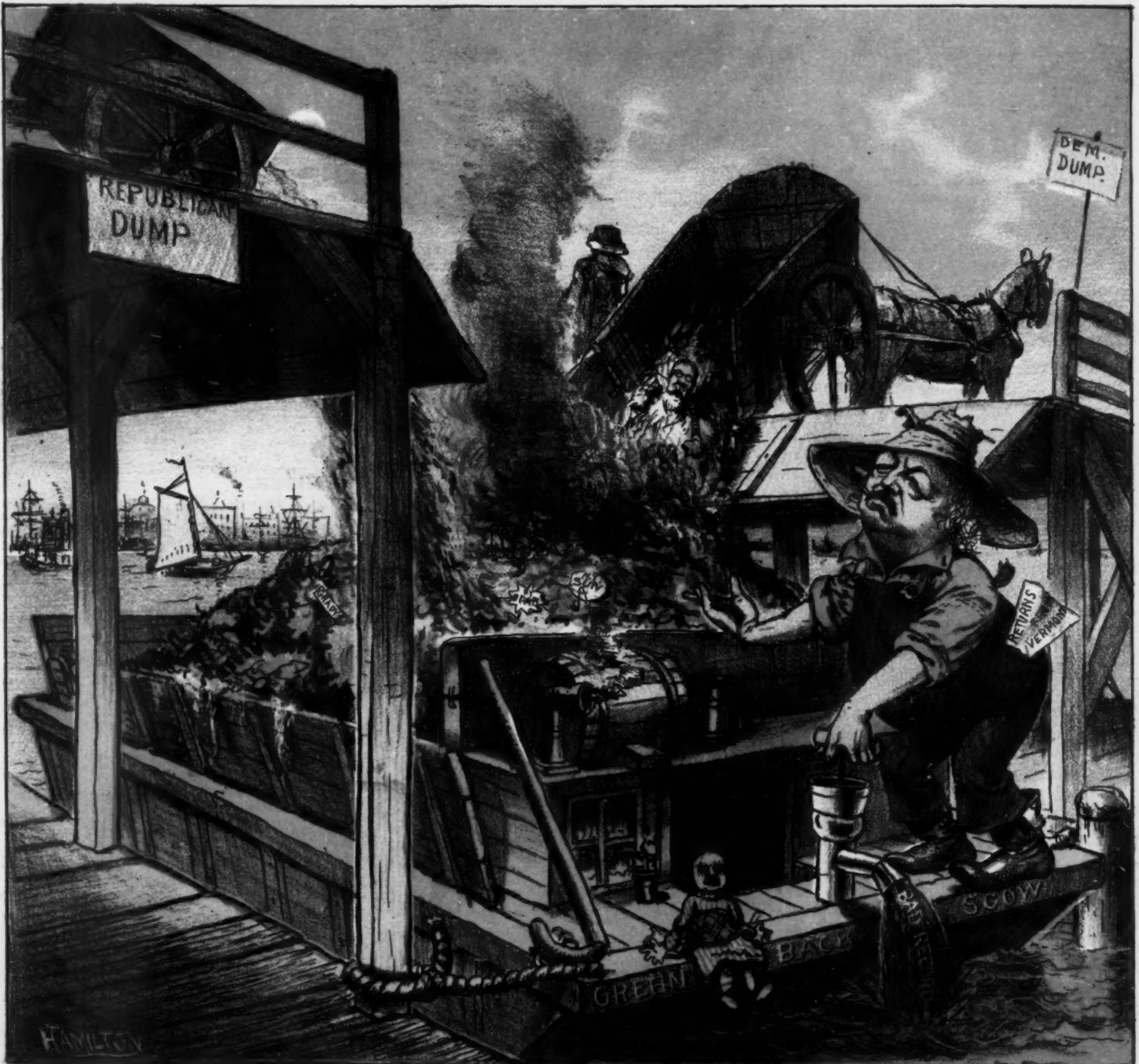


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THE JUDGE



THE JUDGE.

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THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

FROM the little boy who eats green apples and suffers for his folly in colic pains, up to the malefactor who takes life and yields his own to the law in return, human sin entails human suffering, and the way of the transgressor is hard.

Several years ago when Grover Cleveland, a then younger and possibly slighter man than he is now, first looked with eyes of desire upon Maria Halpin, and won her regards in return, it is not probable that he gave a thought to the eventual outcome of the path on which he was entering blindfold. He committed the initial transgression, and he stands associated with it forever.

Perhaps, had Cleveland acted a more manly part throughout his connection with the unhappy Maria Halpin, and had sought to sever the tie that bound him to her less brutally and violently, the world would have

been more disposed to condone his offence. But Cleveland's conduct in the matter was not that of a gentleman—it was scarcely that of a man. The original crime was bad enough—inexcusable in a public man, and "reform" advocate; his method of escape was even worse, and would have been reprehensible in a ward politician. And so his sin finds him out. From the side of Maria Halpin he is dragged to the obscurity of the Black Maria—the prison van which is to take him, tried, convicted, and sentenced, to suffer his penalty—and the penalty is political death. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE CHAMPION MIXER.

BEN. BUTLER, more power to him, mistook his vocation in life when he became anything else but a bar-tender. He is the champion mixer of this or any other age. See him in the present campaign, for instance. He has mixed things up so that the best informed Democrat does not know whether he is on his head or on his heels. He has caught a great many of Cleveland's voters and mixed them up with a few of Blaine's and an occasional St. John man, and the result is an infusion which it would puzzle Dr. Doremus to analyze. To be sure, a great deal of the contents can only be characterized as refuse, but Butler does not lack a leaven of solid support to make the entire mixture "slab and good." He is cordially supported by the New York *Sun*, than which Democracy never had a better or an abler exponent. He is believed in by many an honest and good workman, and, as between himself and Cleveland, THE JUDGE is inclined to share the workingman's belief. To be sure, the workingman who follows Ben. Butler to the end will find himself in queer company; but no queerer than he would find himself in if he pinned his faith to Cleveland. On the whole, the average Democrat who cannot so far disassociate himself from old prejudices as to vote the Republican ticket would do well to get himself shaken up in Butler's mixture, were it only in the way of flavoring.

A PIECE OF IMPERTINENCE.

A GOOD many department employees have received circulars from Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis' committee threatening them with prosecution under the Civil Service Law, if they dare to subscribe a single cent towards Republican campaign purposes. The present is the first year in which Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis has felt it to be his duty to uphold the civil service law and its sanctions so actively. The reason that Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis is so terribly afraid that money will be forthcoming for campaign expenses this year is because Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis and his friends were in an insignificant minority in the Republican nominating convention, and that consequently neither Mr. Geo. Wm.

Curtis, nor any of his friends received the Presidential nomination from the Republican party. And that is all there is to it.

But for the comfort and reassurance of Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis and his committee, THE JUDGE can safely say that department employees can, as a rule, be very safely trusted to administer their own pecuniary affairs and look out for their own interests, and in all other respects, both of law and custom, to do as they ought to do, without any dictation from Mr. Geo. Wm. Curtis and his honorable and officious committee.

DESPERATE DEMOCRACY.

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature, but it is a rule which, like a great many others, is apt to work both ways. For instance, Tom, being starving, considers himself justified in stabbing John, in order that he may rob him with more facility and procure the food for which he is perishing. In this case Tom's crime is clearly the outcome of the instinct of self-preservation, yet society does not so regard it, and Tom, if caught, will be hung as a common murderer. On the other hand, if John, seeing Tom rushing upon him with uplifted knife, shoots and kills his assailant, he is acting in self-defence, and society will bear him out, and say he has done a noble and courageous deed. Which is what society is compelled to do, if it would remain a social organization at all, and yet, to the philosopher, Tom's act arose from self-preservation quite as much as did John's.

To apply the case politically. Democracy is in its death throes, and it is fighting anyhow—with any weapons, in obedience to the glorious instinct of self-preservation that Providence has implanted in every heart. Therefore, being more philosophical than society, we should not blame Democracy if it holds the knife of Free Trade to the throat of the American workman, and says, "Perish that I may live." Democracy is starving—out of its mind—desperate. In such straits is it that it is hardly more responsible than a madman; but it is quite as inexpedient as dangerous. Wherefore, if the workingman, thus menaced, dashes the knife from his throat and slays Democracy, who can blame him? He is acting on the law, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," even and Democracy itself is acting; but the workingman has this advantage, that society praises his act as a noble and courageous one, and would call him a fool and a dastard if he yielded up his life and prosperity to the highwayman knife of his desperate assailant. Wherefore, oh workingman of America, THE JUDGE recommends you to defend yourself. The jury and public opinion will acquit you.

It is useless to attempt to conceal the fact any longer; Blaine is so unpopular in the South, that he has no chance of getting the Mexican vote.



THE WRONG FIRE-WATER.

"Begorra, and I'll have a tast of this. It may be some of the Real Stuff, I don't know."

Oh! !!! !!! !

Outrageous.

HE kissed me. Audacious! What meant he?
It was done ere I half was aware,
Were I only a child, but at twenty
'Tis a horrible thing, I'll declare!

On my cheek just here where he kissed it
The blushes of shame come and go;
'Twas so sudden I could not resist it,
And I'll never forget it, I know.

The loony, what impudence, truly!
'Tis a wonder I did not outscreech.
What possessed him to act so unruly?
And somehow it seems like a dream.

I'll never get over it, never;
Should he try it again I'll resent;
He will find it a fruitless endeavor,
Unless—well, unless I relent.

A. W. BELLAW.

An Irish Lady's Objections.

MR. FINNEGAN, Esq.,

"Arrah, phat's the use of talkin', Mary Ann,
Will we spile our shoes be walkin', Mary Ann?
Sure I'll just expind a quarther,
That I med be mixin' morthar,
An' we'll take a yalla carriage, Mary Ann,
'Twill be like a big-bug marriage, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann:

"Wud ye ax me to go in a black an tan,
No, be hevins, I'm agin a black an tan,
For I kem of the O'Gradys,
Who were gintlemin an' ladies,
And they'd never pathronize a black an tan,
I'm their daughter—I despise a black an tan.

GEORGE LITTLE.

The Book of the Tribes of Columbia.

CHAPTER VI.

Democracy maketh an attempt to kick its preservers; it receiveth a lesson on the blackness of ingratitude.

1. THE Dimmekrats were thinning out in these days; verily, as time passed by, the Dimmekrats grew less and less, and many said, "Lo, hath not the time come for Democracy to die? How long will it live on Jefferson's grave?"

2. But among the Dimmekrats were many strong men, able and brave. These counted brilliant men, smart scribes and warriors.

3. And these alone kept Democracy alive; had it not been for them, the Dimmekrats would have shuffled off ere Moses' time. Yet these received not the reward due unto them, which was given to cowards and sneaks.

4. Among these men was John Kelly, a bold warrior, who had been nursed on powder in his infancy, and been nurtured on blood instead of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup.

5. Also was there one Dana; a man who had sat in sackcloth and ashes, and had grieved the land with his wailing, and had moaned as one doth who holdeth but the seven of trumps in his hand, while his adversary possesseth both bowers, the joker, and other little things; and had cried unto the people, saying:

6. "Behold, I was not collector of the port!"

7. Another of these men was Butler, he who had once been chief of the tribe of Massachusetts.

8. And there was also one Purcell, one who had worked without ceasing for the

Dimmekrats, and had visited Rochester with his eagle eye, that Democracy might have a flush.

9. Then there was also Gleason, a chieftain in the West, and a leader amongst the Irish warriors. A mighty man amongst the Hibernians.

10. And Sandison war there, the chief scribe of the *Star*. Who had worked for the Dimmekrats from the rising of the sun to the going-down of the moon of the same.

11. And it came to pass that when many days had gone by, the Dimmekrats gathered themselves together to hear talking among the chieftains.

12. And Johnkelly arose and said unto them: "Behold, we have fought many days for ye, my brethren, and yet no reward has come unto us. We have labored and toiled for thy sake, yet a cold biscuit is all we get from thee. Give unto us now some reward for our services, or we will bolt, honest enjun."

13. Johnkelly, then cleared his throat, was silent and spoke no more.

14. Then Butler answered and said: "My brethren, ye have heard these things, and they are true. Fer these twenty years have I worked for thee; I have bulldozed and whooped until mine eye grew dim."

15. The Dimmekrats, having heard his speech, did agree with the justice of it.

16. But in the party were many weak and foolish men who lurked under the impression that a Buffalo infant could deliver a whooping unto Blaine.

17. And these contained such men as Daniel, not he that read the writing on the wall, for this Daniel's name was Manning, and moreover he had not the brains of the original Dan; and other thieves and rascals.



EARNING HIS TWO CENTS.

"SHINE" ARTIST DANA—"Well, dis is de toughest job I ever tackled!"

18. Besides, there were many men from the tribes of Columbia; men who had sold their birthright unto the Dimmekrats for pottage which in taste resembled crow. These included Beecher and Curtis, and the monkey Nast; and many others who in former years had done harm to the Dimmekrats.

19. And the Dimmekrats listened to these in place of the men who had served them.

20. Then uprose Johnkelly, and spoke in this wise: "It has been said that Democracy's end is at hand. I believe it. Ye are wedded to your idols; we will leave thee to thy fate. Come, friends, let us depart."

21. Then the men who had served the Democracy so long arose in silence and followed Johnkelly out of the camp.

22. And the Democracy was doomed. For Daniel was cast into the lion's den, and Whitelaw and Elkins devoured him.

23. And Hubert sold out cheap unto Barnum as a sacred white elephant, and hid his head in a dust heap.

24. But the traitors, the Iscariots, Curtis and Nast and Schurz, they were afflicted with leprosy, in the form of crow; and died in November.

25. Thus Democracy died. And it was said among the tribes of Columbia, "It is as we prophesied. Jefferson's sepulchre hath caved in, and Democracy is dead of ingratitude. Hath not its death been deserved?"

At the present stage of the campaign what seems most to trouble the Democratic editors is Jack Logan's English. A little later it will be Jack Kelly's Irish.

The Deceived.

Hen., Wilyum, and Carl(o) in chorus:
Oh! Grover C.,
You've deceived we;
Made our hearts and plans a wreck.
For Halpin, she,
Has sot on thee,
With a ha'rpin stride your neck.

PARTY in parlor(holding its nose)—"For God's sake put out those stinking torches down there."

"MR. BLAINE triumphed at Chicago; the Republican party there dug its grave." This parlor utterance approaches the historic sublime—approaches but not quite reaches it as it might really do by adding: "The pea-nut stand went up the spout. And the gal, she died right dead!"

THE State Fair, at Waverley, (Newark) N. J., which opened on Monday and is continuing during the current week, is drawing large crowds to Newark and vicinity. The various departments are well represented, and, apparently, the industrial condition and progress of our neighbor state were never more marked. The exhibits of machinery and manufactures are especially noteworthy. The horticultural department will well repay a visit, and the exhibits of blooded stock are enough to make a connoisseur's mouth water. Taken all in all, the New Jersey State Fair is the best exhibition of its kind to be seen in this part of the country.

Business Brisk.

"TO LET," upon the door he wrote;
And renters knocked there by the score,
And knocked, and knocked, until he begged
For them to let up on his door.

WILL J. LAMPTON.

THE PRETTIEST and most appropriate campaign badge shown this season is the "Pine Tree Cone," cut of which appears in our columns elsewhere. Every Blaine and Logan voter should have one.

My Seersucker Suit.

FOR twenty-eight preceding, consecutive, one-after-the-other years, I had worn woollen clothes on my 6x6 frame, (six inches by six feet), throughout each summer, but when the present September swooped down on us with an unusual wealth of torridity, my wife suggested my getting a seersucker suit. Though I have married but a short time I have learned from bitter experience, that when my wife "suggests" anything, it is better to chime right in with her ideas at once, so I suffered her to lead me to the slaughter house—no, no, the clothing house, forthwith.

The boss salesman and prize "chinchincher" of Shadrach Cohen's "Grand Outfitting Emporium," immediately took us in tow, and, upon learning our wants, soon produced a suit which he said was "shenuine vresh imported Galgutta seersocker, and varrented not to vade in te sun, gif out in te seams, or bulsh at te ke-nees, —and tirt sheap at Sen'teen tollars and a ke-varter." In answer to a couple of conundrums of mine, he also solemnly assured me that the suit wouldn't "rust or mold in any climate," and that it would "run 8 days without winding or washing."



My wife examined the coat critically to see if the color was fast; stretched the texture of the pants to see if it was properly woven; and smelled the vest to see if it had been packed away in cedar chests and carried over from last season; and, after Jewing him down to \$15, (the last dollar we had), consummated the bargain.

When he had measured me and was rolling up a suit that he said would fit me, a horrible thought seemed to strike my better-

half and she clutched his arm and in husky tones inquired: "Are you sure those goods won't shrink?" The Israelite appeared grievously insulted, and vehemently protested that the material was "vine as zilk and would nefer shrink—no more as sheet-iron would," but to make sure, my wife selected another suit three sizes larger.

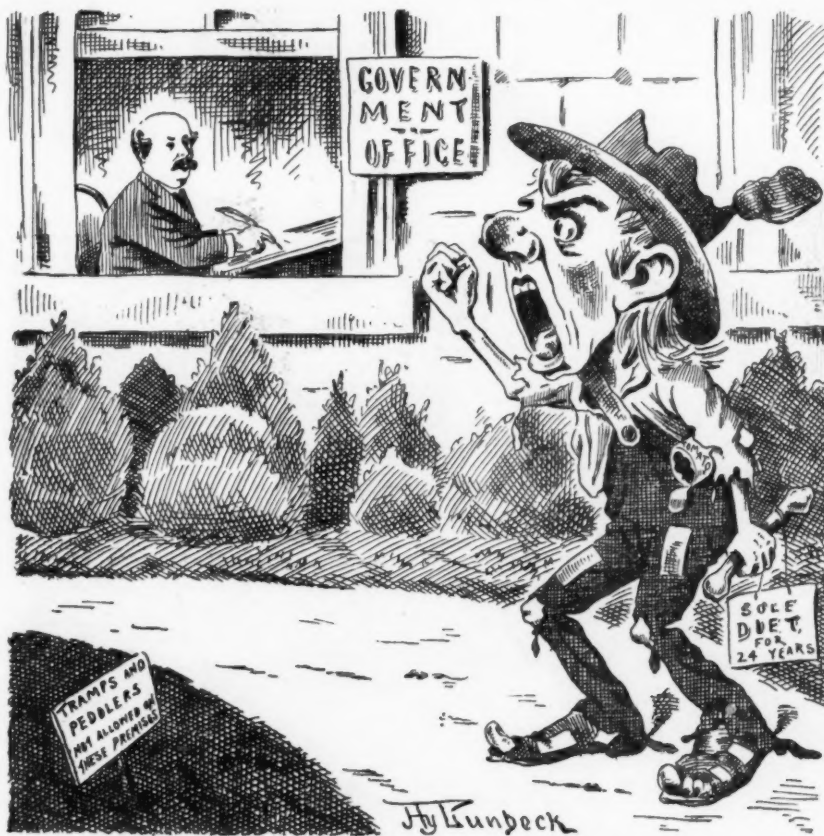
This is a front view of how I looked when I first donned the purchase!



We went back to change the suit for a smaller size, but found the proprietor had failed and the store in the hands of the Sheriff, so I wore the "togs" for a week, at the end of which, (Mrs. Joslyn having in the meantime traded off all my winter clothes to the second-hand dealer for bric-a-brac and crazy patchwork pieces), I was forced to isolate myself in my room at the house for one whole day while they were laundried; and how fervently my wife and I prayed that the suit "would shrink just a little bit," my pen could never here express.

When the garments were dry, talk about your grand ballet transformation scenes from old woman to fairy, your caterpillar to a butterfly transmogrifications, and your "presto-change" George William Curtis and Charles A. Dana political "flops," not a single one of them could hold a candle to the wonderful alteration and abridgment soap and water had accomplished in that suit!

This is a fac-simile rear-elevation of my appearance, when again arrayed in that "shenuine, vresh imborted Galgutta seer-socket!"



A SKETCH THAT NEEDS NO EXPLANATION.
DEMOCRATIC TRAMP—"Turn the rascals out!"

Observe the half-moon expression of the coat across my Herculean back; the coy, reluctant way in which the modest sleeve draws back from my bold, bad hand; the loving lingering manner that the pants have of clinging to my statuesque limbs, and the article held in my hand which resembles a mutilated postage-stamp or a cast-off corn-plaster, and which, I pledge you my honor, was once the vest with a 44 inch bust measure!

Can you wonder un-gentle reader, that I have serious misgivings concerning my helpmeet's wisdom, or that my mind revolves around the central idea of divorce?—when I inform you that she knew at the time she blew my other clothing for senseless jim-cracks, that I not only was dead broke but had drawn all my salary for three months in advance, and, in consequence thereof, (my credit being also "N. G.") I've got to wear that confounded abbreviated seersucker abomination 'till winter sets in!!!

Oh ye gods! please "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," mercifully put me on some scheme which will yield me a new suit, and I will promise to give up all my bad habits even to writing alleged humorous sketches!
Sorrowfully,
J. J.

THE trade in campaign goods is booming, and all our principal thoroughfares display more or less ornate banners, with more or less life-like and elaborate portraits of the Presidential candidates. The Scott Art Company, of 176 Broadway, is turning out some very handsome specimens of this kind of work, and bids fair to corner the best of the trade.

Monographs.

ALL HAIL, OH REGAL BIVALVE.

HAIL! yea, thrice hail, O regal bivalve with the unctuous name!
Too long we've sadly missed thee from our saucypans and our pots,
And with the base, plebeian, leathern clam have cursed our cots
In horrid dreams, i' the light of which all other tortures tame,
What the poor creature is that boasts no sense to guide his ways,
So is the sauce, the stuffing, and the stew ungraced by thee—
Lacking pleasing presentment, vapid as weak-drawn tea;
Of earthly uses none, blest when it leaves, curst while it stays!
Yea, e'en from the gentle maiden to the midnight roister,
We do welcome thee right royally, and hold the dearer far
Than all and several the months unblest-ed with an R.
Again we hail thee, and thrice hail! Great bivalve! luscious oyster!

Goes against the grain—damp weather.
Up for repairs—mutually divorced couples.
A clo'es call—when a girl's mother yells for her to come and hang out the wash.
"And thus again the iron sinks into my wretched sole!" exclaimed the tramp as he stepped on the acute termination of a rusty ten-penny nail.



GETTING THE DROP ON HIM. A YOUNG LADY WHO READS THE PAPERS.

ETHEL (to George, who has just declared himself)—“No; I cannot marry you. But please don't be frightened, I read so many accounts nowadays of rejected lovers shooting their sweethearts that I have merely come armed in self-defence.”

Neighbor's tongues, my boy, are more dangerous than a shotgun in careless hands. They can riddle you with more holes of imperfection, on less provocation, than could be plugged up by three ounces of bird-shot from the closest shooting-gun in existence.

Twiss—“Had a good time this summer?”

Worley—“No; deuced hard luck.”

Twiss—“How's that?”

Worley—“Oh! I got engaged to a girl worth \$50,000, dropped her for one worth \$100,000, and gave her the go-by to marry a widow worth \$200,000, which turned out to be all in Confederate States bonds. Say, can you lend me five dollars?”

But Twiss had vanished.

“Here, gimme a glass of champagne, quick!” yelled a wild-eyed stranger as he rushed up to the hotel-bar.

“Blaine or Cleveland?” queried the gentlemanly wine clerk.

“What the devil difference do my politics make to you, sir!” snapped the stranger.

“None whatever, only those are our newest brands of wine, and I simply wanted to know whether you wished a gentleman's drink, or a starter on a regular all-night-lock-the-door-and-throw-the-key-out-of-the-window-drunk!”

He took the Blaine brand.

A TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

Much flesh has its disadvantages. The other day, two of the most prominent members—in point of size—of the Fat Men's Club met upon a street corner, and one of the gentlemen had a secret to impart to the other. How to do it without attracting the

attention of the passers-by, was the puzzling question. Across the immensity of intervening waistcoats a whisper could not be heard, and the gentleman whose over-burdened mind required instant relief was reduced to the verge of despair by his futile efforts to make himself understood without raising his voice. Neither possessed a pencil wherewith the mysterious tale might find expression on paper, and thus they stood, facing each other, like the mountainous banks of a river, with no means of communication between them.

Just as they were about to turn sadly away, baffled and dejected in spirit, a brilliant idea traversed slowly across the mind of the fat man who was yearning to become the recipient of the weighty secret.

“John!” he yelled across the intervening expanse of cloth and buttons.

“Hello, William!” mournfully shouted the other in return.

“Turn 'round with your back to me, and I'll fix it.”

“John slowly wheeled his obesity into the required position. Then William turned his ponderous self until his back was opposite John's.

“Now, John,” he yelled again, “move backwards and I'll do the same until we meet.”

This order was obeyed, and slowly and majestically the massive bodies approached a union. At last they were snuggling back to back, with John's mouth removed only about a yard from William's ear.

“Now,” said the latter in a fat and comfortable whisper, and with a husky chuckle that made him tremble all over like a huge mound of calf's-foot jelly, “let's have the

story before further trouble can arise between us.”

And thus, gentle reader, the secret was at last imparted, and two great minds were set at rest.

Only a Veto.

ONLY a veto! That is all!
Sneer it down, if you can;
Only a veto! yet it took
Rest from a tolling man.

Kept him from his laughing babes
Until the day had flown—
Sixteen hours of slavish toil
Out in the busy town!

Say, what rights has a son of toll
That Governors should respect?
“I'm Grover Cleveland! look on me,
Laboring man, reflect!

“I use my veto pow'r to please
Monopolies, not you;
Money has rights, and home has none!
I hold this sentence true.

“Only a veto! still, I'd like
To have your vote to-day;
I'm a laboring man myself,
I toil 'till twilight gray.

“Helping the rich to richer get,
Grinding the toiler down—
Sixteen hours of slavish toil
Out in the busy town!

“Men must work, and women weep,
Sung England's bard, they say;
And Governors must veto bills,
So runs the world away.

“What if my vetoes, tolling man,
Your happiness have killed?
You'll elevate me to the chair
By Garfield grandly filled!

Only a veto! do not say
Twas but a Governor's whim;
When gently fall November's frosts,
The land will veto him!

T. C. HARRAUGH.

Summer Hops.

WEEKLY Hops are an institution at the hotel where Mrs. Hamburg has been passing the summer.

Every Saturday night Mrs. H. puts on her best front hair and adorns herself in a diaphanous robe of nuns veiling, or some fleecy stuff, and gracefully skips the light and fantastic with almost anybody that happens to request the pleasure of her company for the next “dawnce you know!”

No matter if the partner happens to smell of smoke and beer she dances with him all the same. Young men are scarce in the country, and a creature that a fastidious woman would not recognize at home may, at a summer resort, place his arms about the fair female's waist and press her to his bosom, if only there be a harp and a fiddle to squeak out a few strains of Strauss or Lecocq.

Mrs. Hamburg is happy in the knowledge that she has more partners than any other lady in the house, and the married women are all jealous of her.

This makes her happier still, and, as she whirls through the waltz, and extricates herself and companion from the intricacies of the Saratoga Lancers, she occasionally wonders what old Hamburg is doing and usually concludes that he is at home and in bed after the arduous duties of the day.

My dear Mrs. Hamburg, THE JUDGE wonders how a bright little woman like you can be so easily fooled.

To be sure, Hamburg's weekly letter that accompanies the weekly check states that he is having a dull dismal time, and not for worlds would he deprive his little ducky dear of her pleasure—oh, no! and little ducky-dear forgets all about last summer and swallows it all, and goes sailing or boating with as many misgivings as her selfish and hardened little heart is capable of feeling.

All this while old Hamburg is having a high old time, and is beginning to consider himself a devil of a fellow.

His hops do not occur once a week, but take place much more frequently. In fact, he hops most of the time, and when he does not hop himself he takes delight in the hoppings of others. Just at present the bullets at Niblo's and the Star are causing his dull old eyes to sparkle with a light that Mrs. Hamburg has never seen in their watery depths.

He has hopped more than once to the Casino roof this summer, and has indulged in ice cream and claret cup to such an extent, that, if Mrs. H. finds it out, she will make him hop to a lively tune of dollars and cents when he begins to preach economy to her in the early fall.

He has not forgotten how hopping mad she was when she found out about his Coney Island trips last summer, and he would rather endure a series of hop poultices than to have her come home now in the midst of the "Sieba" and "Seven Ravens" festivities.

So poor old Hamburg keeps on having a dull dismal time and pays the bills that his little wife incurs, while both are indulging in their Summer Hops.

'Leven.

A MAN wearing a high hat, low shoes, small coat and large pants, with a blossom on his nose and a pin-scratch on his ear, entered one of our dry-goods emporiums on Sixth Ave. the other day, and, addressing one of the clerks, said: "show me some muslin and calicoes."

"Laws, sir," said the clerk, "this way, sir, ye know."

They waded through a maelstrom of rustling animate skirts, and finally arrived at the muslin and calico department.

"This," said the counter-jumper, throwing down a bolt of muslin that made the cash-boy's tickets fly, "this, sir, aw is our 'fruit of the loom' at eight cents, worth—aw 'leven—"

"Give me 'leven bolts," interrupted the customer, making a mem. of the purchase; "now show me some calicos."

"Laws, sir; these—a are our latest pwints at five cents, worth—a six—"

"'Leven bolts of that; you may pick out the most popular patterns. Now some silks, sir."

"Laws, sir, this way, sir. These," he said as he displayed a dozen different patterns, "these are very stylish; only the other day Mrs. Buiddavan bought three bolts,—"

"How much per yard?"

"Two-sixty-two and a half, worth—a three—"

"Give me thirty yards of each pattern."

"Laws, sir, with pleasure, sir. Twim-mings, ye know?"

"Oh, yes," replied the buyer, "of course; you may select the necessary fixin's. Ah, while you're about it, just put me down for 33 sets of underwear, assorted sizes and



POLICEMAN—"Soy, what 're ye doin' anyway?"
CITIZEN—"Reading the returns from a Democratic standpoint."

colors, 22 corsets, 99 pairs hose, 44 'leven dollar hats, 11 bottles bandoline, 22 pairs eight dollar shoes, assorted sizes—1 to 7, 22 boxes kid gloves, 132 handkerchiefs, 33 boxes face-powder, 11 boxes rouge de theatre; and sample lot of collars, cuffs, jewelry, fans, parasols, and powder-puffs. If you have anything unique in garters, send 'leven pairs, and add ten dollars worth of assorted pins."

"Laws, sir; anything else, sir?"

"Well, yes," said the customer, consulting his mem. "There are several more items, but let's go and get sumthin' before we tackle the rest—I'm dry, aint you?"

The clerk intimated that he was in like condition, and skipping across the street they were soon trying to see how much of their respective noses they could pack into a schooner.

"Oh, apropos, before I forget it, put down 'leven seal-skin saqucs, and 22 boxes taffy-tolu."

"Laws, sir, cawtinly, ye know. Aw-er-a are you, ye know, the pwoperty-man of the-a Italian Opewa Company, sir, ye know?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the purchaser of so many articles of female folly, "I'm only a quite unassuming citizen; but on yesterday I married a widow with 'leven grown up daughters, and, as I'm opposed to frequent shopping-tours, I thought I'd lay in a stock that'd last a month or six weeks."

They returned to the store and added 44 bustles and 'leven Langtry bangs to the order.

GEORGE DEANE.

GROVER CLEVELAND wears a number 19 collar. Bully for Grover!

THE "Journal of Civilization" has degenerated into a hot box.

Force of Habit,

"MY man is of no earthly use to me, though he seems willing and intelligent enough."

"What is the matter then?"

"Why he drops off to sleep on the slightest provocation. He can hardly pass a dark entry without stepping in it and going to sleep."

"You ought not be surprised."

"Why?"

"You knew he had been on the police force when you hired him."—*Detroit Journal.*

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, the author of "SELF-RAISED; OR, FROM THE DEPTHS," published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, considers it to be the best work she has ever written. There is a curious blending of realism and romance in this work—the result, it may be, of the leading incidents having occurred in actual life. The interest is kept up and intensified by dramatic positions throughout the whole work. It is a moral story, and one which addresses itself as giving an example of perseverance under difficulties, and ultimate success.

THE finny tribe—the inhabitants of Finland.

THE happy pair—Blaine and Logan.

"I'LL be damned if I do," as the river replied when requested to stop awhile.

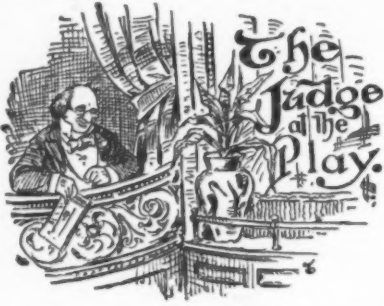
A COQUETTE would make a good post-mistress—she is such an adept at handling the males.



STARVING DEM
I must live, even



DEMOCRACY.
even if they die!



THEO the charming, wicked little Diva, with the ravishing arms and shoulders, and no voice worth mentioning, is with us once again and is making Wallack's lively with her acting and her antics in "Madame Boniface."

From Lulu Hurst to Theo is a change indeed, and although the little opera-bouffist is by no means a muscular woman, it must be confessed she moves her audiences with much less apparent effort than did the Georgia Wonder.

On the stage Theo is as irrepressible and as full of animal spirits as she was two years ago, but off the stage she is supposed to be an inconsolable widow. When she arrived here with her manager a couple of weeks ago, she was attired in deep mourning, which not only indicates that Mr. Theo has departed this life, but is also a sign that the little French woman is not to be out-done by her rival, Judic, in any one particular, for as soon as notices of Mr. Judic's death appeared in the French papers, all Paris was informed that Mr. Theo lay at the point of death. In due time he showed the proper amount of devotion and betook himself to another world, that his wife might come to America as charming a widow as Mme. Judic is conceded to be. In Paris Theo has frequently been accused of imitating Judic, and when the death of the former's husband was announced, an admirer of Mme. J.'s was heard to exclaim, "There she is, always the same, no originality! I have a horror of plagiarism."

"Mme. Boniface" was played at the Renaissance for one hundred and twenty nights, and was written expressly for Theo. In it, her voice, as usual, counts for nothing, but she exhibits a great amount of *go*; and a little less of herself than in "La Jolie Parfumuse," an opera in which she gained her greatest triumph, and one in which we frequently saw her when she was here last.

Judic we have never seen, and until she arrives and sets about earning her one thousand dollars a night, Theo, at three hundred a performance, is quite good enough.

"Investigation" down at The Theatre Comique, has made a big hit, and if Harrigan derived this last inspiration from Schroom Lake, where he has been summering, we would advise a few other playwrights to take up their abode on the shores of its placid waters, and try and imbibe a few ideas from its liquid depths.

The plot is ingenious and comical, the fun is fast and furious, and Braham's music is unusually tuneful and catching. The whole company are admirably fitted with parts, and if anybody likes to shout with laughter, let him go and see "Investigation."

If there be people who prefer the lugubrious, not to say horrible, they can satisfy their morbid cravings by taking a dose of "Called Back" up at the Fifth Avenue.

This gloomy play has very little to recommend it, save a few powerful scenes and



"THE HOME NINE."

passages, and there is much in it that is absolutely revolting. The death of *Dr. Ceneri*, and the murder of *Anthony March* not being considered sufficient for the lovers of blood and thunder, a butchery scene in the assassination of *Macari* is added, that would doubtless prove valuable to the Chamber of horrors in the Eden Musee.

If this piece enjoys a run (as it undoubtedly will do) and we have some more "Fedora" during the season, with "Nadjezda" to look forward to in the dim future, the admirers of the *heavy business* ought to be quite contented. Mr. Mantell has done quite as well, if not better, than his most ardent admirers hoped for, and that is saying a good deal. Miss Milward we regret to state, is not up to the exigencies of the occasion. Marie Burroughs looks pretty, and Hubert Kelly does the best he can with a small part. In the first act Ferguson, as *Macari*, the spy, makes a hit. The piece, of course, has been thoroughly rehearsed and well mounted, and there is doubtless money in it—and money, to paraphrase a popular saying—makes the piece go.

Most of the traveling companies are already on their travels; some are doing well, and some are not. H. B. Lonsdale, formerly business manager of The Standard, has assumed the business management of The Bijou Theatre, Boston. More changes will soon take place in the business arrangement of the Madison Square. The Dramatic College, or whatever the new building on East Twenty-third street is called, is rapidly approaching completion. Steele Mackaye, Mr. Sargent, and one or two others will run it. Among the teachers engaged we notice the name of Mme. Ivan C. Michels, who has been a successful actress in this country and England, and has already fitted several noted actors for the stage.

It's all very well to talk about gas-light, but you don't get it that way in the bill.

My Neighbors.

MY PEDANTIC NEIGHBOR.

She could tell the great uncle of Moses,
And the date of the wars of the roses,
And the reason of things why the Indians wore rings
In their red aboriginal noses;
Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma,"
And she went chipping rocks, with a little black box,
And a small geological hammer.

Of all my neighbors she was the greatest bore to me. She would talk the Greek roots, and the branches of science, and the genealogical trees. And she talked so much nonsense she really made me tired. She talked a great deal of hydrostatics and water-power, but I do not think she ever realized the power water might have had in keeping her face and hands clean. She always rose in the morning fully two hours before anybody else. She prided herself on this, but individually I do not care for your very early risers. They are sure to be conceited all the morning, and stupid all the afternoon. She has removed from my neighborhood now, so I can only sketch her from memory for the benefit of my readers.

Mrs. Narcotic was her name. "The powerful Narcotic," Mrs. Lightfoot used to call her, for she always said a very small dose of her put her to sleep. There was also a Mr. Narcotic, but he was paralyzed—by his wife's intellect I think. There were three little Miss Narcotics, with very little petticoat and very much leg. Mrs. Narcotic had read everything, and knew everything, and understood everything, or if she did not she pretended that she did, so it came to the same thing. She had studied every language, dead or alive, had constructed a telephone, instructed several learned professors, and dissected innumerable dead cats. She had a human skull, and the plaster cast of a foot

in her laboratory. She had a galvanic battery which she wanted to try on godmama Tattle one day that she complained of rheumatism, but godmama declined, saying that she had been more than sufficiently electrified for one day, and that she never met Mrs. Narcotic without experiencing a shock, but then godmama did not like Mrs. Narcotic. When the Narcotic family first came to the neighborhood, Mrs. Narcotic became the founder of a "Mutual Improvement Society." Godmama Tattle likes to be thought a little blue, so she joined heartily. The society was to be composed of twenty-four members, and each member in turn was to have the privilege of selecting a subject for a weekly essay, and each and every member was expected to write the essay within the week.

Mrs. Narcotic had first choice, and she propounded for our consideration the following rather abstruse query: "Does a rooster who crows punctually at the same hour every morning, act from instinct, calculation, observation, or mere impulse?" We all confessed ourselves puzzled. Godmama was offended. I was amused. Mrs. Lightfoot handed in a paper on which was written: "I never asked him," and, as it was her turn to propose a subject, she sent us all round papers with the well-known old query: "Who killed Cock Robin?" Mrs. Narcotic opened the next meeting by saying: "Ladies! I very much regret to say that I am not in a position to solve the very difficult, yet interesting question proposed by Mrs. Lightfoot as the subject for our essay for this week. Since our last meeting I have devoted a very large portion of my time to careful and earnest historical research. Yet I have failed to discover any particulars of the life of Mr. Cock Robin, or any record of his death. As I see the other ladies have no papers with them, I conclude they have been no less unfortunate than myself. Perhaps Mrs. Lightfoot would so far assist us, as to give us a general idea as to the century in which Cock Robin lived and died, and also say to what country he belonged, and if there was any positive proof that he came to his death by violent means. Could she also inform us whether he had many enemies, and if there was any special cause for their animosity?"

As she concluded this speech with a very self-satisfied air, and a graceful little inclination towards Mrs. Lightfoot, she was very much amazed at seeing us all quivering from head to foot with suppressed merriment. The "Mutual Improvement society collapsed. Then Mrs. Narcotic founded a "Reading Club," at which she read books of her own selection to other members. Then a debating society, but we all rose in our thousands and debated so hard, that Mrs. Narcotic did not like it. Mrs. Lightfoot was a great debater. So was Mrs. Baily Bickering. So was godmama, and so, to tell the truth, was I. We took one evening Tennyson's statement that "woman was the lesser man" as our theme. And as the whole meeting was composed of Tennyson's "lesser men," it was universally agreed they were the greater. We all debated whether men were not excellent beasts of burden, whose greater strength and lower intellect were given to them to fit them for their position.

Again we debated whether fruit, flowers, vegetables, birds, animals or precious stones were the most fitting adornments for our bonnets, but this was merely by play, and and we never agreed on it, besides, Mrs. Narcotic did not like it. She said, such a discussion was beneath our intellects, but



THE CLOSE OF THEIR SEASON.

[Scene at a basement door on 5th Ave. Sept. 1.] MARY ANN (tearfully)—*Good bye mither I'm sorry I have'nt more to give ye, but ye must make haste for I think I hear me missus carriage comein' thats bringin' them home from the mountains.* (hasty departure with promises to again spend the summer next year with Mary Ann).

Mrs. Lightfoot retorted, that our bonnets were always placed *above* the seat of intellect, and this nearly led to another debate. Mrs. Narcotic tried a new plan. She said she would not allow any subject to be brought forward until it was privately proposed to her, and received her approval. Mrs. Lightfoot very meekly suggested entomology, and proposed to open the next meeting with some practical remarks on bees. Mrs. Narcotic agreed, and spent a whole week studying the subject, but when the debating society next met, Mrs. Lightfoot's lecture proved *too* practical, as she brought a swarm of bees in a case and proposed depositing the queen in the bang of the "powerful Narcotic" to prove that all the swarm would follow their queen. The debate came to a summary conclusion that day, and Mrs. Lightfoot and the bees had it all to their own way. But godmama Tattle was too much for her, she proposed a debate on the relative merits and demerits of rats and mice—particularly rats. Mrs. Lightfoot had a special horror of these interesting rodents, and when the lecture or debate became *too* practical, and the specimens were let loose in the room, she led the retreat of the screaming debaters.

Altogether the debating society was *not* a success. Godmama Tattle said, "Mrs. Lightfoot had a 'bee in her bonnet.'" Mrs.

Lightfoot said, "godmama Tattle would fill the city with vermin. Mrs. Narcotic went home in disgust, and said there was no hope of raising our intellectual standard. And this was the end of our debating society. But the great Narcotic was not yet at the end of her resources. She founded a "Musical Society," and that promptly banished any little harmony that remained among us. To one who loves music as I do, the meetings were an uninterrupted scene of most exquisite torture. Mrs. Narcotic moaned and yelled alternately, her voice had a wonderful compass, she said. Mrs. Lightfoot pounded out long pages of instrumental music. Mrs. Bailey Bickering sang, but as her idea was to get one note, no matter *what* note, and to keep on it all through, her music was not edifying. Orininoco O'Dell sang plaintive ditties of disappointed love which always gave me the horrors, and I thanked my stars when a regular battle, which took place between Mrs. Bickering and the powerful Narcotic, put an end to this society. But since then we have been divided into two factions, the "Bickering" and the "Narcotic," and there is war to the knife between them. This Narcotic-Bickering campaign is very trying to us all, for though the Narcotics moved off in disgust, on the 1st of May last, their faction still



HORRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.

HARRY—"Did the earthquake give you any sort of a shaking last Sunday Tom?"
 TOM (rather glum)—"Not exactly, my girl got to shaking though—and she shook me."

lives, and are no less spiteful than they were before. I have tried to preserve a neutrality, and when dangerous topics come up, I never venture on any more brilliant remarks than "ah," or "oh;" "really," "Do you say so?" and so on. The result of my prudence is that I am not in favor with either party, and the one thing they all seem able to agree on is dislike of me. And the one subject they have in common is my weak, unstable character, and my want of perception of right and wrong. Never mind, I can afford to give them all time to cool. They come to see me just as often as they used, and I have as much chatter to listen to as I ever had. Mrs. Bickering and Mrs. Narcotic both agree that I am a mere fool. So Mrs. Lightfoot tells me. I only smile, for I know myself if any one wanted to buy a fool, they would make a mistake if they spent their money on a quiet old maid like

TABITHA TOMPKINS.

A turn-spit—the oil-cloth.

A steal-pen—the penitentiary.

SOMETHING in the wind—dust.

"THIS will be a campaign of 'soap,'" shrieks the *N. Y. Post*. Well, the Democrats soap so.

A Case of a Lack of a Want of Confidence.

COUNTRYMAN had ten thousand dumped down on him. Wants to make it a safe thing. Hands it over to benevolent patriarch, on whose venerable head seventy winters left never a hair. Doesn't know anything about patriarch, but community has utmost confidence in him. Patriarch doesn't understand investment business. Hands ten thousand over to enterprising New Yorker engaged in improving something out West, or developing something down South. Doesn't know enterprising New Yorker, but community almost confident. Countryman, patriarch, enterpriser, all seem animated by—the best paving-stones ever used down there. Meanwhile figures, and the ten thousand went up the spout.

If you have a corkscrew or other sketching tools about you, draw this moral: There is nothing so bad as a lack of a want of confidence in your fellow-man—even when you don't know anything about him.

GEMS of speech—precious tones.

Oscar Folsom Cleveland is a wise child. He doesn't want to know his own father—which shows unusual good sense in one so young.

A Key to Some English Classics.

"A VACANT stare"—the stair after she has gone up it, and he has been helped down it.

"Gazing into vacancy."—A dude in a state of introspection.

"He laid aside his mocking tone." Found it warm enough in a linen sack.

"He called for a light, and hastily devoured its contents." The last clause refers, not to the light, but to the oyster can.

"Adding fuel to the flame." Putting coals on the fire.

"A clammy perspiration stood on his brow." No chair convenient, or too polite to sit down on a noble brow.

"A caudal appendage." Must be Mrs. Caudle's husband.

"He awoke with a start." Not at the third call, but at the first spank.

"It had a weird, unearthly sound." Generally a dog barking in the wood chest.

"He stole along with a noiseless tread." Invariably a tom night-cat; but not noiseless for long—soon the music will begin.

"The shock was too much for her." Consequently left some of it on her plate.

"Suddenly his brow darkened." She got between him and the moon.

"There was a shadow on the fair young face." Shadow of his hat. Got between her and the moon.

"There was a coolness between them." They were sitting on opposite sides of the refrigerator.

"She bursted into tears." The only difficulty about this phrase is the bad grammar. For "bursted" read "bust," and then let her; the tears will take care of themselves.

Pop Piper.

POP PIPER is a quaint old darkey, with very little wool on the outside of his head and very little wit on the inside.

He makes out a precarious existence by wandering from farm to farm and from house to house, doing odd jobs of various kinds. During the winter he makes baskets, puts new bottoms into old kitchen chairs and helps to make the sausages—but when the spring time comes he prefers work in the open air, and he is always the butt of ridicule for all the farm hands and village boys for miles around.

He is forever meeting with accidents, but nothing seems to hurt him, and he apparently has as many lives as a cat.

One day, while hunting hen's eggs in farmer Jones big barn, he fell from one of the upper beams to the ground floor. He struck on a large fanning mill as he came down, and why he was not killed outright has always been a mystery to everybody but himself. He says, "ef it hadn't been for that ere fanning mill that broke his fall it would have killed him sure enough."

Once, while passing the district school at recess time, the boys took it into their heads to pelt him with green apples.

They gave him a vigorous thumping about the lower part of his back, and finally, when he could stand it no longer, he rubbed his hand over the part affected, and turning to his tormenters exclaimed, "You cussed darned

fools yer'll put a body's eyes out next thing you know!"

One of the farmers hired him for the of one summer to work his farm on shares. The bargain was that farmer Brown was to have three thirds of all that was made and Pop was to have the rest.

Pop thought this would be an excellent arrangement, and about half the summer had passed before he found out the joke. When it was finally explained to him that there would be nothing left after farmer Brown had taken his three thirds, old Pop was too disgusted to speak for some time. He left the farmer immediately and since then can never be induced to do a protracted piece of work under any consideration. When asked why he didn't stay with farmer Brown and finish his contract his reply is that he "found the work too monotonious to suit him."

Poor old Pop! his motto now is, "quick returns and small profits. If he can get three square meals a day and a bed on the floor at night, he is as happy as an operatic tenor or a boss contractor."

The Rent Hadn't Been Raised.

"MOVING again, Fitz?" asked Pullet as Fitzgoober came out of the gate with a stove-pipe tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a mirror behind him.

"Yes," moaned the afflicted man, swabbing his perspiring brow. "I'm going to leave this hole."

"What for? Don't like the neighborhood?"

"Oh, no, not that; the neighbors are all right."

"Water ain't good, maybe."

"No better can be found in Atlanta."

"The rent hasn't been raised, has it?"

"No; that's the reason why I'm going to seek another residence."

"What!" exclaimed the surprised Pullet, "moving from a place because the rent has not been raised. Surely you don't object to that, Fitz?"

"No, I don't," sadly replied Fitz, as he started back for a kitchen set of furniture; "but the house agent does, you know."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Cruel Remark.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a small thin woman of a fat man in the New Haven train the other day.

No reply.

"Will you please take your feet down and let me sit on this seat?" she repeated in a louder tone of voice.

Again no reply.

"I read to-day," she continued still louder, "that a Chicago man has cornered all the pork in the world. How did you manage to escape?"

At the next station she had the whole seat to herself.—*New York Graphic.*

Light Literature.

"YOUNG man, what are you doing?" sternly asked an austere Oil City parent.

"Only reading, papa," answered the boy.

"What are you reading?"

"Cleveland's letter of acceptance."

"Put it away this instant. Haven't I warned you of the pernicious effects of perusing the light literature of the day?"—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Should Marry a Burglar.

"SIS," said a bright Austin youth to his sister, who was putting the finishing touches on her toilet, "you ought to marry a burglar."

"What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"I mean that you and a burglar would get along very well together—you have got the the false locks and he has got the false keys."—*Texas Siftings.*

How to Cure His Nightmare.

BRIDE—"I must have your advice, Doctor. My husband gets the nightmare nearly every night and frightens me half to death."

Doctor—"You have gone to housekeeping, I suppose?"

Bride—"Yes; we just got settled last week."

Doctor—"And, I presume, as there are only two in the family, you attend to all the housekeeping duties yourself?"

Bride—"Yes."

Doctor—"Well, hire some one else to do the cooking."—*Providence Transcript.*

He Still Exists.

"PARALYZED glue," yelled the horse reporter, "that's a surprise."

"What's that?" inquired the paragrapher.

"Why Vanderbuilt has sold Maud S to Bonner."

"S that so? What'd he get for her?"

"Forty thousand dollars."

"That's what I call a Maud S't sum," replied the paragrapher, and then he proceeded to get out of the line of cuspidors, paper weights, chairs, ink stands an impure language that commenced to flow from the horse editor.—*Evansville Argus.*

When the Dudes Open Their Eyes

"YOUR party has gone to the winds," said a thin-scaled dude to a prominent Republican yesterday.

"Why, how so?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Because all of us boys, you know, are going to susport Grover, you know."

"Yes, but you may change your m— when you get older. You are like the boy who wanted to sell a pair of very young puppies. The would-be purchaser asked the youthfull owner of the infant terriers what their politics were.

"They are Democrats, sir."

"Well, I don't want them, then," said the man.

"Oh! that will be all right," replied the boy, "they will be Republicans when they get their eyes open; they are too young, you see, for them to see at all, now."—*Bloomington Eye.*

She Got What She Liked.

SHE was young, and sweet, and poetic, and he was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the verandah in the moonlight and she grew ethereal.

"Oh, how I love to sit out here in the moonlight," she coed; "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses and to be kissed by the soft airs from the south!"

Then he kissed her and she grew indignant.

"How dare you?" she almost sobbed.

"Why, I'm a soft heir from the south," he replied contritely.

She didn't say anything when he kissed her again.—*Hatchet.*

A Hopeless Case.

"Now," said a photographer, chucking the gloomy man under the chin, "try and look as if you were sure your candidate would be elected."

"It's no use for me to try and do that. I've bet my money on Cleveland."—*Texas Siftings.*

Ought Not to Complain.

"WHUT hab yer named yer boy?" asked an acquaintance of old Nelson.

"I'se named him airter myse'f."

"Wall, I allus makes it a rule neber ter name er chile airter er libin' pusson."

"W'y, so?"

"'Case yer see, de libin' pusson mout turn out bad. He mout be hung. It is hard on er boy when his namesake am hung."

"Dat's a fack," replied Nelson, "an' ef I hader thought er dat I wouldn' er named de boy airter myse'f, fur it am hard on er boy when his namesake is hung, but in dis heah case it wouldn' be no harder on de boy den it woul' on de namesake. If I coul' stan' hit he oughtenter complain."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

He Was in the Ordnance.

JUDGE SPONGE is well-known gentleman at the National Capital, and has retired practically from the legal bar for the purpose of practicing at another style of bar. He has many notable characteristics, preeminent among them that of borrowing.

He met Colonel Shortstop on the Block a day or two ago and solicited a small loan. He was refused, but suavely persisted with able promises of an early return of the money.

"Oh, no! you can't work your racket on me," finally said the Colonel impudently. "I'm too old a soldier for that."

"Ycu an old soldier?" retorted the Judge, now rather irritated. "You're called a 'Colonel,' but you never smelt powder. You never were in the army at all."

"Oh, yes, I was," replied Shortstop, "and I'm in it now. I'm in the Ordnance Corps, and, as you see, perfectly bum proof."

They parted—never to speak again.—*The Hatchet.*

THE United States is shipping pumps to Egypt. What in the dickens are we going to do for milk?—*Paris Beacon.*

What Did she mean.

"LET'S go and call on Miss Jones," said one dude to another.

"Naw, I don't think I like her," replied the other one.

"Why not? She's quite bwight, I think."

"Because don't you know, I took her dwiving lahst evening, and when her sistah asked her if she had a pleasant dwive, don't you know, bah jawve, she said 'Yes, it was such a lovely horse.'"

"Why, Cholly, what's the hahm in that? Don't you like to have youah horse complimented?"

"Yes, but don't yer know, old boy, whaiah do I come in?"

"Ah, twue. I nevvah, thought of that, you know. Come, let us discuss it ovah a cup of tea. Ba jawve, she must have meant something."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Too Thin.

"It is astonishing," remarked Sam Colly at the breakfast table, "how extremes meet in this world."

"To what extremes do you refer, Mr. Colly?" asked the widow Flapjack, who was pouring out the coffee.

"Well, you, for instance, are very stout, and the coffee is so very thin," and he stirred up the mixture, and smiled in a sickly sort of a way.

"It's not so thin as your excuse for not paying your board regularly."

Sam has not said "coffee" since.—*Texas Siftings*.

Missed it Every Time.

"I HAVE been a citizen of the United States twenty five years," said Father William, "and I have voted at every election that has been held since I came of age; I have always voted the full ticket, and yet I have never voted for president."

"You are old, Father William," the young man replied, "much too old for me, but I don't see how that can be elucidated."

"Because," said Father William, sadly, "I have always voted the democratic ticket, and since 1856 that ticket has never contained the name of a president. I have tried to vote for president, but never succeeded."

And the young man resolved that he would vote the republican ticket if he had to sit up all night to do it.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Where Was He.

"WHERE was your father last Sunday afternoon?" asked the minister of an unsophisticated young lady.

"He must have attended some lecture," replied she innocently.

"Are you sure? I was not aware that there was a lecture given in town last Sunday."

"There must have been," said the young lady, "for I distinctly heard him tell a friend at six o'clock that he had paid seventy-five cents for cushioned seats in the grand stand, and that Mr. Somebody's delivery was just perfect.—*Scissors*."

Chestnuts and Where to Get Them.

"OH, papa," said young Willie Greatheart the other day as he was walking out in the country with his father, "let's get some chestnuts."

"They are not ripe out here," responded Mr. Greatheart, "but we might get some in the city."

"Where?" was the eager inquiry, "At the office of some paper which exchanges with the western funny papers. There is always a full crop of chestnuts in western funny papers," was the reply.

And then Mr. Greatheart smiled a big fat smile that puzzled his son so much that he stubbed his toe against a fence-rail.—*Hatchet*.

Now that quinine has become so cheap the fashionable young men out West think it beneath them to shake for it. It is, however, no more than justice demands to say of them that they will shake for almost anything else.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE man who makes wagers may be very wicked, but the one who does not is no better.—*Texas Siftings*.

THE violin craze which has recently attacked some women was probably caused by a desire to possess a beau.—*Boston Budget*.

BOSTON has lost interest in the North Pole. Sullivan says it can be no use to "science."—*Philadelphia Call*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE is running for secretary of state on the Michigan democratic state ticket. Alas, how fallen.—*Hartford Post*.

Any man who gives lessons on the fiddle may call himself a "professor." A doctor of music is one who tunes pianos.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

JONES—"What a waspish summer this is."

SMITH—"Waspish! What a queer term for a summer season."

"It exactly describes this summer, however."

"Why, how?"

"It is the hottest at the rear end."—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Now here is a genuine Havana cigar for you, but it must be smoked with judgment and discretion."

"So you can't smoke it yourself and that's the reason you gave it to me. You haven't got any judgment of your own I suppose."—*Texas Siftings*.

A BALTIMORE woman, after five years of married life, sues for divorce because she has discovered that her husband has negro blood in his veins. A man who has been married five years should have been bled sufficiently to have all the negro blood out of him.—*Boston Transcript*.

How He Wooed And Won.

"O I'm a persistent wooer, I am," says Dalrymple to his friend, the other morning.

"Is that so?"

"Why, I am wooing all night long."

"Well, such devotion ought to have moved any one, and should have brought its reward. did you win?"

"Well, yes, after daylight; but you see it didn't last long, only about an hour."

"Why, how's that, was she so fickle?"

"Well, you see, I had just slid into her arms and clasped her to my heart, which steeped my soul in bliss, when I awoke from my ecstatic dream, for the sun put in an appearance and shattered all my hopes."

"The son? I don't see what he had to do with it. If it had been her father I can see how he might have ended the fun. But what did the girl's brother do?"

"Girl! who said anything about a girl? I was wooing sleep, you fool."—*Carl Pretzels Weekly*.

A Girl's Self-Sacrifice.

"ARABELLA, you do not doubt my love?"

"No, Alphonso, why should I?"

"Listen then; I have taken a solemn vow and you must aid me in its fulfillment."

"With my life! What is it?"

"I have solemnly sworn to eat no ice cream this season, Arabella."

"Ah, Alphonso, you shall not find me lacking courage. I will aid you to keep your vow. I will eat it for both of us."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.



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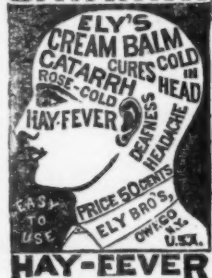
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THE *Wind*, a bright newspaper of Vinalhaven, Maine, has gone where its subscription listeth.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHEN an ass spoke in ancient times it was regarded a miracle. It is now a very common occurrence, especially in a presidential campaign.—*Boston Post.*

"Not Like Other Girls," is the name of a new book. We have not read it, but is it a biography of Dr. Mary Walker or Ben Butler?—*Brooklyn Times.*

BEECHER discovers that Cleveland is an "angel of light." When he sees angels of light for the first time he will find out his mistake.—*Hartford Post.*

"MARRIAGE ceremonies performed at all hours of the day or night. Knots tied after midnight 50 per cent extra." Western enterprise is something astonishing.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A MEDICAL journal asserts that a man died recently from salivation caused by handling newspapers. We reckon he must have been fooling with the New York Mercury.—*Hatchet.*

AN Ohio oarsman has been arrested for making counterfeit money. He should remember it is one thing to forge ahead on a boat, but quite another to forge a head on a \$10 bill.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A YOUNG bride at Saratoga causes a sensation wherever she appears. She is 19 years old and looks 12. It is her first season in society, and she is of course quite a contrast to worn-out belles who are 19 and look 40.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"AND what part do you sing in the opera, Miss Pearl?" "I'm one of the sopranos." "I'm sorry to hear that." "How so?" "Why, I can't help thinking that if your voice was as low as your dress you'd make a wonderful contralto."—*Chicago News.*

SMITH—"I notice that milkmen, as a rule, wear very heavy shoes." Brown—"Yes. They do it on purpose, I guess." Smith—"Why?" Brown—"Because, you know, it would be rather suggestive if they wore pumps."—*Somerville Journal.*

"If a baby cries," says an exchange, "warm its feet before you dose it." It is nothing new, we understand, to warm a baby when it cries; but unfortunately, parents do not usually confine the operation to the little one's feet.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WELL-KNOWN wood engraver and designer was hurrying home to supper the other evening and had occasion to pass through a lumber yard in order to expedite matters.

As he emerged from the yard he was arrested.

"Why do you arrest me," he said to the officer.

"I merely walked through the yard, sir, as it saved me many steps, on my way home."

"Well, all right then," said the officer, but be careful to go 'round next time; but what is that you have under your arm?"

"Only a drawing, or rather a design on wood."

"Design on wood! then you have a design on wood, sir. How do I know but you have a design on this lumber yard. I guess I'll take you in anyway."

And he did.

The officer is to-day engaged in the praiseworthy and laudable enterprise of driving an evening cart.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

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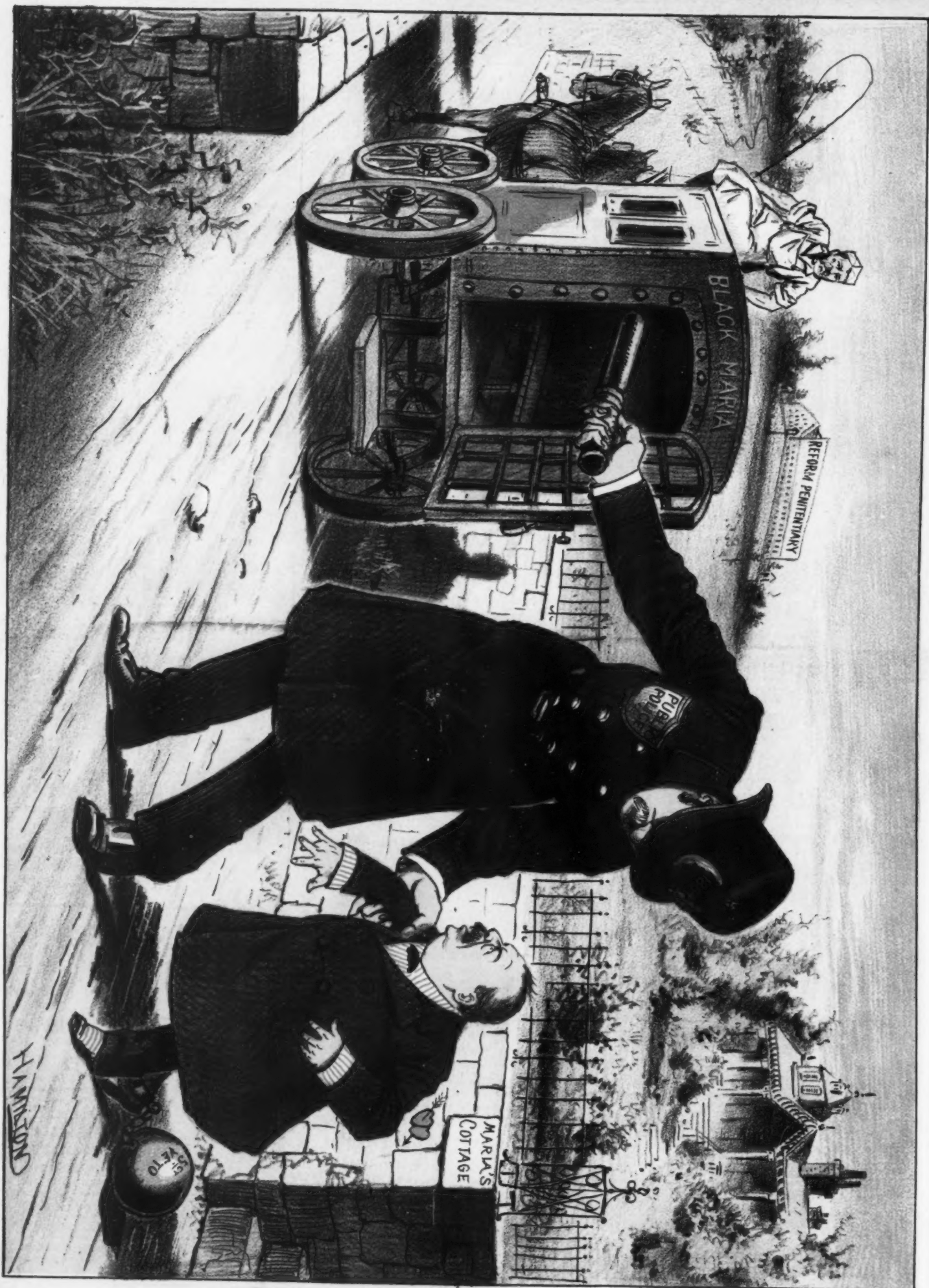
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