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A POLITICAL AUCTION.

WHEN a large number of unclaimed packages have accumulated in an express office, it is customary to auction them off to the highest bidder. The only peculiarity of this kind of auction is that purchasers must "buy their pigs in a poke," as it were, as the packages are disposed of unopened, and no-one knows exactly what he is getting for his money.

Some good bargains are reported to have been had this way, but the majority of unclaimed packages in an express company's auctions seem to have remained unclaimed for the good and sufficient reason that they were not worth claiming.

It seems to THE JUDGE that the Democratic canvass has much in common with the auctioning off old express packages. The public are asked to bid their votes for Cleveland, but they have little or no means of knowing what they are bidding for. The

size and shape of the parcel tells nothing. "Perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon." We have little apprehension of the latter eventuality, however. When we hear of Grover Cleveland turning out sermons, we may hear without surprise that Henry Ward Beecher is actively interested in politics. The real point of resemblance between the Democratic canvass and an express company's auction sale lies in the absence of any reliable data from which we may calculate how either Cleveland or the unclaimed package will pan out. We judge public men by their public lives, and Cleveland has no public life to speak of. His gubernatorial term only shows the rings and methods he was governed by in the past, and may be expected to be controlled by in the future. But he is labelled as a "great moral reformer." Surely it would complete our knowledge of the man if we could be told what he is going to reform, how he proposes to set about it, and what his claims are to the title. What has he reformed? We never heard that he bungled and gave one of those disgraceful sheriff matinees when he hanged a man, but, so far, he cannot be said to have introduced any wide-reaching reform in the matter of criminal executions. As Governor of New York he was the obedient servant of the monopoly ring, and certainly inaugurated no reform in that capacity. No; he is an enigma—a great moral reformer whose morals have been publicly attacked, and whose reforms no one can point out. Come up with your votes, dear Democrats. How much for this unopened package of political goods?

MORAL SENSE.

"THERE was a time," remarks an Independent journal which is outspoken in its admiration of Grover Cleveland, "when the Republican party addressed itself to the convictions and moral sense of the people." *Moral sense* is good in such a connection and coming from such a source. Since the devil quoted scripture for his purpose nothing more delicious than this streak of moral sense from a journal which has swallowed the Democratic ticket has been heard between the elements.

THE DEMOCRATIC ECLIPSE.

AS BUTLER looms larger and larger over the political horizon, the star of Cleveland sinks in denser shadow. Very soon there will be nothing to be seen of it, and Butler will have the Democratic quarter of the heavens to himself. For the less is contained in the greater, and Cleveland is very much less than Butler; for the Democratic party—always expecting its "chiv" element in the south—is largely made up of workingmen, and with Butler in the field there is scarcely a workingman in the United States who would vote for Cleveland. Even with Butler out of the field—which Butler does not mean to be—not for Ben —Blaine would

poll more votes from that class than Cleveland. Well, well, we can't have everything we want in this world, and Grover Cleveland must not cry because such a very big prize as the White House is beyond his reach. The campaign will have the effect of advertising him well. His law business will be found more profitable after he has relapsed into private life, and he will have a little notoriety and a good deal of local influence—if he can behave himself and let the widows alone. No doubt, in years to come, he will be ready to sing:

"'Tis better to have run and lost,
Than never to have run at all."

HOW TO MEET SCANDAL.

MR. BLAINE has met the scandal that has been breathed against his home in the most frank, manly, and complete manner possible. He has commenced a libel suit against his defamer and leaves the issue and his good name in the hands of a jury of his own countrymen. The shadow of an uglier, darker accusation rests over Mr. Cleveland's life, but he has not resorted to the same means to lift it. Others have been forced, in defense of the party which put him at its head, to investigate this accusation, and the result has not been satisfactory. It fully explains why Grover Cleveland has been so reticent, and why he has been so careful not to bring the matter into the publicity of the law courts.

Ah, Cleveland, if you have never read "Pickwick," you should read it now. If the value of the advice given by the elder Weller to his son has never been born in upon your mind, you are in a situation to appreciate it now. "Samivel, beware of the vidders." Grover, don't make so much talk about the "Mulligan letters" till we learn if Maria has not written some which you may find more damaging than ever Mr. Blaine found that much cussed and discussed correspondence.

OUR CONTEMPORARY, "THE TIMES."

If it has not yet been mentioned during the campaign that the *Times* is out of joint, it should have been mentioned. If somebody has said as much already, THE JUDGE may be excused for repeating the observation in virtue of its superabundant and self-evident truth. The *Times* is, and has been out of joint ever since an overwhelming majority of a certain convention, held at Chicago last June, decided not to stand under at the dictation of Mr. George Jones, but quietly ignored him and his paper, and nominated the candidate whom their own judgment told them was worthiest of the honor, and whom the great bulk of the intelligent voters of these United States imperatively demanded.

Since that day in June the *Times'* daily issue has been one prolonged squeal. As

the best sustained squeals are apt to grow monotonous unless varied, it has behooved the *Times* editors to introduce as much variety into the discord as possible. This they have sometimes been foolish enough to do by reviving memories of the past. Now the past is the thing that the *Times* should have most sedulously avoided and suppressed. Yet, in a recent editorial our esteemed contemporary remarks, that at the epoch of its greatest use and power, the Republican party was bound together by the closest ties. The members of the party felt, and justly (adds the *Times*) that they would take any risk rather than defeat their party: "Independence bore the aspect of a kind of treason."

For the benefit of the *Times* we will add that the movement of the Independents bears very much that aspect still. Nothing is changed save the *Times* and a few of its kindred. However, this is not what we started in to say. This is the remark of the *Times* which we are anxious to quote:

"The machinery of nomination and appointment was seized by selfish schemers who kept control of it pretty closely till they began to quarrel among themselves."

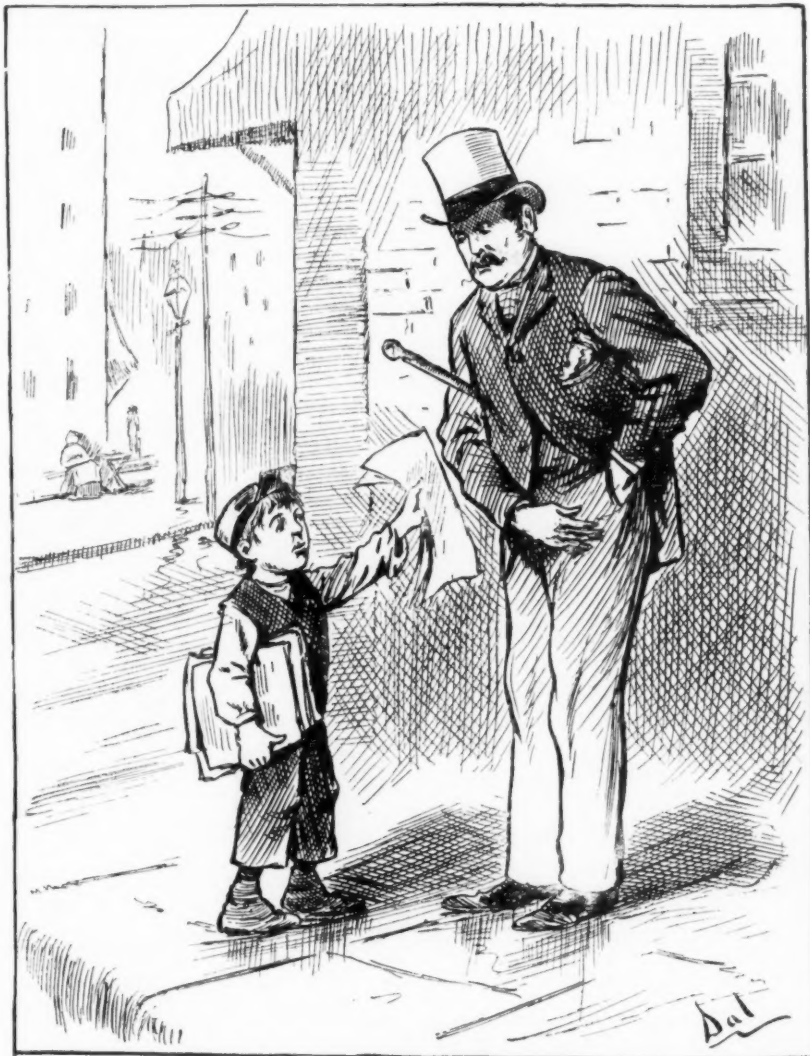
Precisely. Till the Republican party heads left that self-confessed "selfish schemer," the *N. Y. Times* out in the cold, and proceeded to demonstrate their ability to get along very well without it. Then they "began to quarrel among themselves"—*id est*, the *Times* went off and sulked by itself, and adopted the past tense instead of the present when it found occasion to publish such sentences as "Independence bore the aspect of a kind of treason."

Take THE JUDGE'S advice and let the past alone, dear *Times*. People are ready enough to institute comparisons without your hints, and you do not stand comparisons well.

OVERLOADED DEMOCRACY.

THERE is something positively heartrending, even to an opponent, in the persistent errors of the Democratic leaders. The way they are piling up burdens on the back of the poor old party would break the spine of a camel. Why, the very ticket they have imposed upon it would be enough to swamp a better party. When Mr. Hendricks ran with Mr. Tilden he had not much to do but pose. Now he runs with Cleveland he will have to do the biggest share of the work, and, after all, he is only big by contrast. Cleveland, politically speaking, is so very, very infinitesimal. He a President, save the mark! He was away out of his political depth when he was elected Mayor of Buffalo, and, it is pretty safe to affirm, he could not be elected to that office again.

OUR through-thick-and-thin-Democratic contemporaries, such as the *World*, have their hands full just now. They have to fight Butler and abuse Blaine, and invent Democratic campaign clubs, and, between times, find something to say in Cleveland's favor. And to do all this some seven times a week is no light task.



AN ENTERPRISING CLEVELAND ORGAN.

NEWSBOY—"Extra Telegram. Extra."
 CITIZEN—"Here, what's the Extra for?"
 NEWSBOY—"Why, de Telegram has discovered a colored man in Thompson street dat's goin' to bolt Blaine."

A Sail.

Now the yachtsman with his cutter
 Launches out into the utter
 Desolation of the ocean
 Where he ne'er has been before;
 But with compass and with tiller
 He can safely ride the biller,
 And by sticking to it long e—
 'Nough will reach the other shore.
 In the darkness of the night,
 He can see the shining light
 Which is flashing from the beacon
 On the rock.
 Then, by putting up his wheel,
 The good yacht will quickly feel
 That she's going home to tie up
 In the dock.

C. I. GARETT.

THERE was a young lady in Kent,
 Who sat on a pin that was bent;
 She gave such a yell,
 That the church steeple fell,
 Upon this young lady in Kent.

The Tribulations of Genius.

A QUICK, heavy stride along the passageway outside; the door was thrown violently open, and he burst into the sanctum.

There was a wild glare in his eye, and a general restlessness of manner about him which indicated a perturbed spirit and a mind ill at ease.

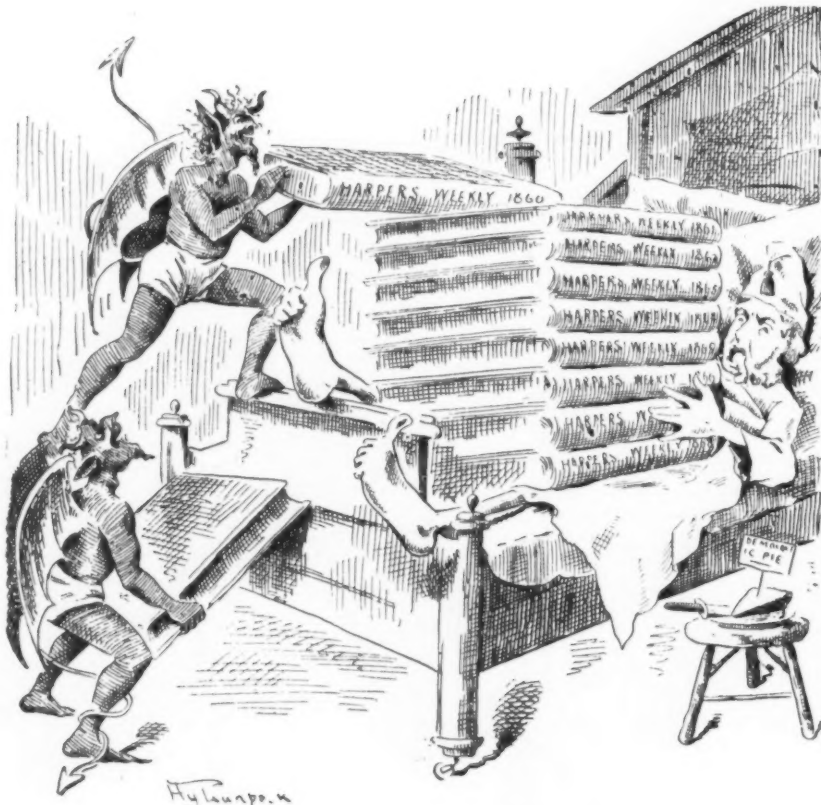
He flounced down into a chair, dashed his umbrella upon the floor, sent his hat skimming over on to a small table in one corner, and glared ominously at a person who was writing at a desk in the middle of the room. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Be you the editor of the *Bugle Call of Freedom*?"

"I be," was the prompt and good-natured response.

"Hey?" yelled the man.

"I have the honor, sir, to occupy that exalted position," replied the individual addressed, in bland and polite tones, who doubted not that he had a first class lunatic to deal with. But from the nature of his profession he was used to that class of people, and he wasn't scared a bit.



SOMETHING HEAVY ON HIS STOMACH.

UNCLE CURTIS EATS AN INDIGESTIBLE LATE LUNCH AND HAS A BAD DREAM.

"Kin you decipher chirography?" vociferated the man.

"Well, a little," answered the editor, modestly.

"Then decipher that." The stranger rose to his feet, strode across the room, and stuck a bit of crumpled paper under the editorial nose.

The editor adjusted his gold-rimmed spectacles, looked at the writing, which appeared to be a very clever caricature of that of the late Horace Greeley, and began to spell.

"T"

"That aint a T," thundered the man; "it's a P."

"Oh, I see," said the editor. "The words look like pork and beans for dinner."

"That's my full name, sir."

"What—pork and beans for—"

"No," yelled the man. "Peter Means Skinner. Pork and beans for dinner your grandmother! I thought you couldn't read writin'. But I called about that poem of mine I sent you, called 'The Heart Aches of Sorrow.'"

"Really, Mr. Skinner," remarked the editor, in an apologetic tone, "I hardly remember"

"Of course you don't, sir," interrupted the man, excitedly, "because it appeared in your rascally sheet under the infamous title of 'Hot Cakes To-morrow.'"

"Very sorry, sir. Most likely a stupid typographical error"

"But that's not the worst of it. That beautiful line, one of the most touchingly symbolic passages in the poem,

When I pulled it from the willow,
appeared

When I popped it to the widow.

Thunder and lightnin', sir; I had a dreadful time of it tryin' to convince my girl that it was only some rascally compositor's mistake. But here, sir, what comes next. The tenderly-expressive lines, indicative of my hearts' yearning desires,

Give me a lass who's always true,
A heart that's ever mine,

was converted into this nonsense,

Give me a glass of ale or two,
A quart of sherry wine.

Thunderin' Mars! Don't you know I'm a strict temperance man? If our old deacon, my gal's father, sees that, I'll be kicked out of meetin' sure. But listen to this darned stuff which follows. Instead of the lines which I wrote,

I'd banish thought of worldly gain,
Yea, all, for her sweet sake,

that fiend in human shape inserted this:

I languish through the world in pain,
And all for a beefsteak.

Great Scott! Our folks at home will think I'm a fool, or that I was drunk when I wrote it. But not satisfied with this, what does this fiend incarnate do but make me say, instead of the line I wrote, which is both touching and religious—

To worldly joy I ne'er will stoop,
this blamed nonsense,

My oldest boy is ill with croup.

Shades of my ancestors! Don't you know, sir, that I'm an unmarried man; that chastity is one of my characteristic virtues? Our

folks will be naturally askin' what the deuce does he mean by *his* oldest boy. This of course got me into another high old shindy with my girl. She burst into tears; called me a base deceiver, a trifler with her heart's young and pure affections, and lots of other sweet names."

"I regret that it does seem to place you in a somewhat equivocal light," remarked the editor in a deprecatory tone of voice.

"Seems to? Thunder, hail and lightnin'! Our folks will think I'm a wine bibber, and a glutton, a widow-hunter, and a gay deceiver. But even this is not all. Only listen to this crowning piece of infamy; to this vile and gross perversion of the tender and beautiful into the coarsest and most vulgar ribaldry, and then doubt, sir, if there can be anything human about that creature, who may wear the semblance of a man, but who, sir, has the nature and instincts of a fiend, of a—a vampire, sir. My chaste and touching peroration, breathing the very soul of poetry, and of love's sublimest exaltation, addressed to the object of my heart's adoration; the true inspiration of poetic genius; and which cost me an infinite amount of labor to properly express, and which I wrote,

My sweet, she is the sweetest sweet!
And sure I'll not repine,
Believe her false, nor cry alas!
Since she vows to be mine,

actually appeared in your infamous sheet thus—

My sweet, she has the biggest feet,
And sure I do opine,
Her teeth are false, one eye is glass,
She wears a No. nine.

Jupiter Olympus! No girl could submit to that and maintain her self-respect. Yes, sir, in that concluding verse the acme of infamy had been attained. Then it was that the iron of a grim resolve entered into my soul. You see I had been reading the poem aloud to her, and plumped these damned mistakes right out before I saw them. She got on her ear in the biggest kind of a way, ordered me out of the house never to return, and intimated that if I didn't go instantly her big brother should introduce his boot-maker to my tailor, or, in other words, to drop the chase and ornate language of metaphor, that I should be kicked out. There was a dreadful scene in that house before I could make it all right with her."

He glared wildly about him, mopped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, and then drew from under his coat a thickly-knotted and ugly-looking piece of timber, and laid it upon the floor.

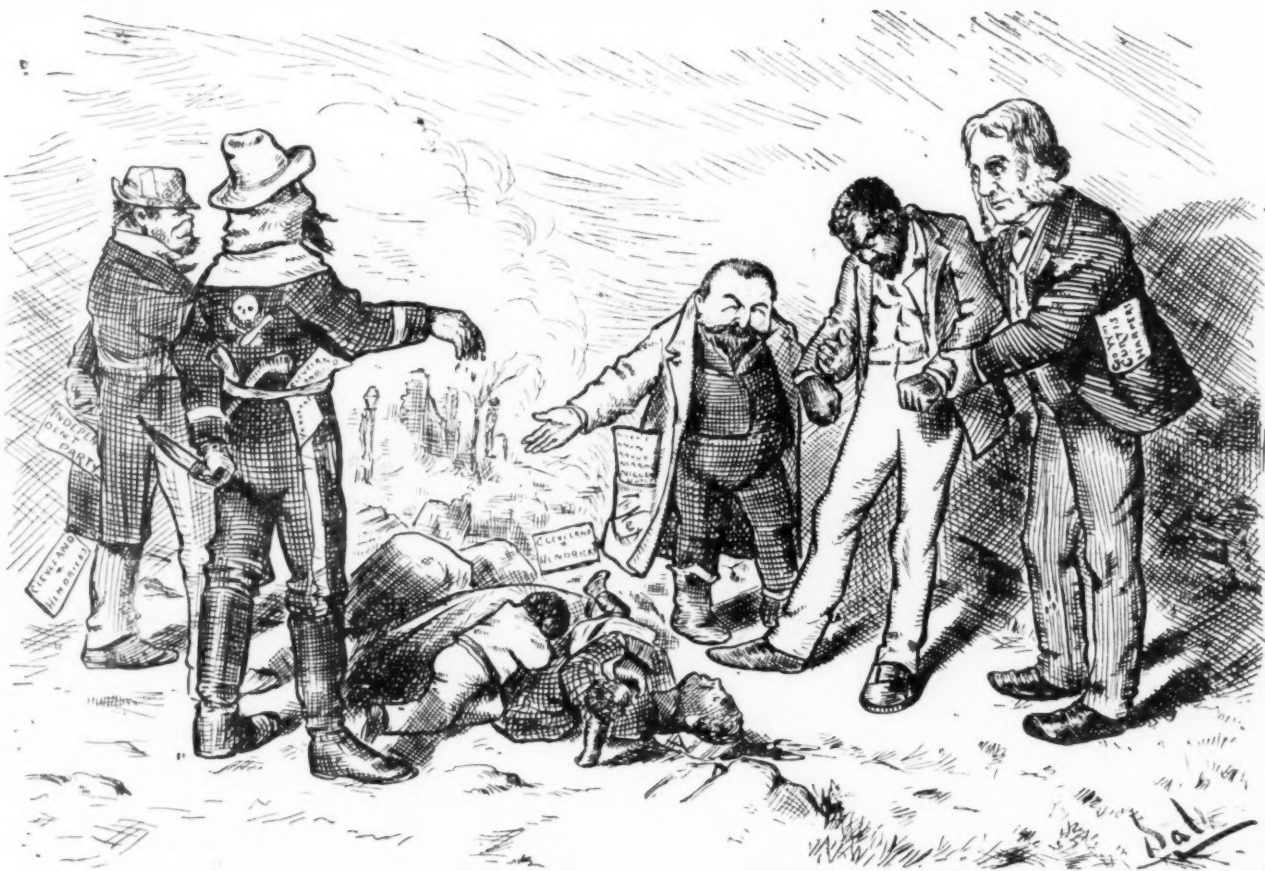
"Is that fiend in human shape about the premises at the present moment?" he asked, with an ominous glare of the eye.

The editor feelingly remarked that he was sorry to disappoint him, but that the "fiend" had gone off to attend a funeral, and wouldn't be back before to-morrow afternoon.

The irate and suffering child of genius picked up his club and umbrella, muttered something about another funeral that might come off before long, and, jamming his hat down upon his head, strode out of the room and down the stairs, invoking gentle benedictions upon the heads of compositors in general, and those of the *Bugle Call of Freedom* in particular.

T. H. F.

A GOOD solid dam, now; a dam strong enough to dam the people—how should it be built? Should be vander-bilt.



A NAST CARTOON. (Slightly changed.)

GEO. WM. CURTIS AND TH. NAST TO COLORED REPUBLICAN.—“Let us embrace the Democracy, 'twill purify the Republican Party.” (See *Harper's Weekly*, August 24, 1872.)

Monographs.

FOR THE NURSERY.

THERE was a little *Puck*, which made a little buck
At everything it couldn't understand,
But when it bucked at Blaine, it bucked, alas, in vain,
And spilled its little brains upon the sand.

To G. C.

A SONG FOR NOVEMBER NEXT.

WHEN other lips and other hearts
Shall seek to lead thee on
From calm obscurity to parts
Thou ne'er before hast known,
There may, perhaps, at such a time,
Some recollection be
Of days when thou didst fail to climb
The presidential tree.

Good for a hundred years—boarding-house
butter.

“That's a clearing out sale, sure enough,”
said the tramp when he was bounced out of
the auction room.

“We must get at the bottom of this mat-
ter,”—as the goat observed when he butted
the small boy out of the apple-orchard.

“I thought they were bad enough in New
York, but this is the worst crossing I ever
saw,” remarked a traveler in the far East as
he witnessed the crucifixion of a fellow.

A flea is a little thing, but its bite will
make a lazy man more earnestly busy than
a dozen gilded hopes of competency.

My boy, never delude yourself with the
belief that there is nothing more in this
world than your own weak eyes have dis-
covered. You might just as well believe,
when in mid-ocean, that there is no land
anywhere because you can see nothing but
water around you.

“Pretty gray straw hats are trimmed
with cabbages of gray velvet,” says an ex-
change. Nothing is said about the corned
beef, but, of course, that is there just as
appropriately and as true to life as the cab-
bages. The two are inseparable in the minds
of men, and should be on the hats of women.

HENRI, who is about debutting himself
into society, would like to know “how to
sit on a sofa with grace.” Sit on a sofa with
Grace just as you would with Madge, or Nell,
or any of the others, Henri. That is to say
with one or two arms around her, Henri.

A GAME of base-bawl—when Signor Bull-
froggoni tries to out-solo Herr Donner-
macher.

FRENCHMEN, though Republicans, are
French as ever. They seem to have lost
none of their characteristic deftness and
dexterity of touch. They know how to han-
dle China.

Republican National Hymn.

OUR country calls once more
For one to preside o'er
Our glorious land;
To rule with equity,
To foster liberty,
And rout iniquity,
At his command.

Maine's famous resident
Shall be our president,
He will command;
He'll rout iniquity,
He'll foster liberty,
He'll rule with equity,
This glorious land.

c. nec.

THE game reversed.—A case of *Noir et
Rouge*—when the colored brother devoured
the lobster.

How to pass for an English swell—as is
a swell—not a poor Oscarian dude gone
Wilde:—Bull pup; mutton-chops; god-dam;
short pipe; shooting jacket; don't you know
you know; old fellow. For a swell of the
softer school:—Er—aw—old chappie, I say.

MOCCASSINS are coming into fashion. Mr.
Maxall, the accomplished foot-artist (or
shoemaker so to speak) has shown us a
beautiful pair which he assures us are in the
true aboriginal style, as they were made over
the Last of the Mohicans.

Cleveland's White Slave.

Suggested by reading a letter from a horse-car man to the
"N. Y. Sun."

I AM a New York horse-car man,
My car runs near the famed Broadway,
And by the company's hard plan
I toil sixteen long hours a day;
The friends of labor passed a bill
This unjust tyranny to brave,
But, by the stroke of Cleveland's pen,
I still am kept a poor white slave.

What, tho' I toil these sixteen hours—
All day and far into the night—
O'ertaxing health and vital powers,
If Cleveland says it is all right?—
The legislature of the State
Wisely a reform measure gave,
But Cleveland's quill pen sealed its fate,
So I am still a poor white slave.

Some so called Independents hold
That Cleveland is almost divine,
But this I know, whate'er his mould,
He is an enemy of mine.
So when beside the polls I stand,
The sacred right I will not wave,
To vote 'gainst him whose heart and hand
Declared I still should be a slave.

THOMAS F. PORTER.

My Vacation.

IV.

I HAD scarcely re-attired myself when Juliana burst into my room and invited me to go "ter meetin" with her; "I'll meetjer in the pawlah," she said, as she disappeared without "bobbing up serenely." When I entered the "pawlah," I found her attired in her "goter meetin" garments, and singing "Tidings of Comfort and Joy," a la Billy Rice.

Talk about your Parisian fashions! Jethrew! she could double discount them all and throw in twenty points like fun.

Contrary to the usual custom of classic writers, I begin to describe her festive attire from the bottom instead of the top, for I hold that in describing any object the most prominent features should receive the first attention of the historian; now, seeing that her pedal extremities were decidedly predominating in length, breadth, calibre, and circumference—aye, emphatically Chicagoan—I begin there. Instead of *Mirage Francaise* she had evidently used stove polish, for her cowhide foot-gear had a peculiar metallic lustre, and reflected with mirror-like faithfulness the zig-zag business of her skirt and things. The material of her dress looked like the cloth Ohio cheese is wrapped in, and had more colors than Joseph's coat, and flounces as numerous as the scales on a Delaware shad. Around her waist she wore the celebrated sash which had produced the poetic effusion of "grandmam," while her bodice, crossed and recrossed by twisted red, white, and blue ribbons that looked like miniature barber-poles, set off her bust, as classic as Hebe's, to enrapturing advantage. She had produced some Michael Angelo strokes on her cheeks with Venetian red and chalk; on her head jauntily rested a coal-scuttle concern my mother used to call a "Shaker."

Oh! ye dudes, how you must envy me! Me, who was about to escort this gushing dudine "ter meetin'!"

Arrived at the church all eyes were turned upon me, and I fear for once the entire con-

gregation neglected the salvation of their souls to satisfy their open-mouthed curiosity. The parson, having espied me, approached; Juliana introduced me.

"Ah, Mr. Dear," he said with a sanctimonious smile, "how happy I am to see you amongst my flock! I am sure you will oblige me by taking a class?"

The acoustics of the edifice were not perfect. "A glass?" I said, "certainly, I never refuse that sort o' offer. A little sugar, please."

"I mean a class of boys."

I replied that I was very much of Bob Ingersoll's opinion, as far as religion was concerned, but all my excuses availed me naught, and I was forced to stand before a number of shock-headed youngsters and interpret "the word." I need not remark that this was a novel situation for me, and as I noticed that all ears were opened to hear me elucidate, and the parson's word fell upon sterile soil, my embarrassment became greater and greater. I read the lesson.

"And when they arrived at the *pine-apple*—"

"What!" cried the parson, "*pine-apple!* pinnacle, you mean."

"No, sir," I replied, my embarrassment being complete. "No; how do you know that Eve didn't gobble up a lot of juicy pine-apples when —"

"Oh, oh!" cried the parson; "what! a scoffer! a wolf in sheep's clothing! Put him out, put him out!"

But before this threat was put into execution, I had dashed over a lot of chairs, upset a bevy of ancient spinsters, and reached the door. On the other side of a cornfield I saw a freight train, and I made a rush for the caboose, followed by the entire congregation who shouted with indignation and their oesophagi. The train started and I was saved from the wrath of the outraged Smith Centerers.



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

MRS. INGOT (to prospective No. 5).—"I am rejoiced that you advocate cremation. Let me show you the urns containing the ashes of my former husbands, Professor. Why are you looking out there?"

PROFESSOR (much agitated).—"Oh, is there—is there no fire-escape on this building?"

Ah, Juliana, me lass! your "grandmam" as a prophetess was not a success. I'm worrying along without your eyes as beacon lights, without your form, producing partial paralysis and spinal meningitis, without our hearts beating as one, and without your hands to smoothe my pillow, spoil the hash, and spanking our babies with shingles and things. But you, me Juliana, no doubt art married and making slap-jacks and pap for a brood of your own, wiping their noses—ah, me emotions suffocate me!"

No more S'Missouri summer-resorts in mine, please.

GEORGE DEAR.

"'LIVE and let live' is my motto," was the muffled remark of the whole-souled Philadelphia gastronome—as the live oyster-crabs were wriggling in his mouth.

MR. HENDRICKS complains of having been unfairly beaten eight years ago. The worthy old gentleman will have no cause for that complaint this time. He will be the most fairly walloped individual who ever ran for an office.

SAID the eloquent orator for the encouragement of the young struggler: "he had nobody to give him a start, yet rose rapidly by his own unaided efforts." This must have been the famous engineer who was hoisted by his own petard.

INDUSTRIOUS base-ball men can earn ten thousand and upwards, a year. Hear that, young country idler? Forsake the enticing plow. Throw down the alluring shovel and the enchanting hoe. Give up the seductive cart, the attractive wheelbarrow, and the tempting hay-fork. Renounce all these lures and gawds, and go into the base-ball industry in earnest.

Irving Hall Wedding.

[The following poem was handed to us for publication by a genuine Irish day-laborer. We print it *verbatim et liberatim*, and we think it may fairly be regarded as one of the straws which shows how the laboring breeze will blow next November.]

You may talk of the "Cornwall scandal,"
The death-bed marriage and all,
But the wedding by old "Father Beecher,"
In the church of St. Irving Hall."

The groom is a crafty old codger,
His name you all understand,
And the bride is old "Madam Thompson,"
Who is "spliced" to Grover Cleveland.

The groom he is gone up the river
To review the 69th and them all,
While the bride is eating her cake in the chamber,
Below in the new City Hall.

Grover is going to run to the "White House,"
Let him run till his horses he'll kill;
I know he'll be last in the race sir,
When he vetoed the car drivers' bill.

Oh! What a nice wedding party those all seem to be,
With Manning, and Curtis, and Harpers', and
Jones of the times, do you see,
Also Bennett that came from the highlands
With his petticoat over his knee.

They forgot to have John Kelly at the wedding;
Of him they always complain,
They know he has the key to the "White House,"
And he is going to give it to Blaine.

If Hendricks wants to see his likeness,
He will find it in the weekly JUDGE,
And when he looks at the kangaroo's tails,
He will jump from the Brooklyn Bridge.

Sheriff Davidson was not at the wedding
Along with the rest of the "nibs,"
But had to show up his accounts
To Senators Roosevelt and Gibbs.

If Grover he goes to the "White House,"
Our rights with free trade he will blight;
So workmen look to your interest,
Vote for Logan and the plume knight.

Workingmen look to your interest
And keep monopoly down,
And do not vote for the man
That will have you a pauper in town.

I will tell you what is going to happen
If Grover he carries New York—
He will send you across the Atlantic
And dump you in the city of Cork."

So bundle up all you foreigners,
Go home to the Shannon or Klyne.
He is not fit for president,
No more than Jimmy O'Brien.

Says Grover to Hubert: in the White House you
will make a nice "hostess,"
You look so serene and so meek,
That on the fifth of November Bennett will give us
the Dauntless,
And we can sail up Salt Creek.

Now that the wedding is over,
And I wish the couple good luck,
And all the bones and the crumbs of the table,
Indeed they may give them to Puck.

F. FORD.

NOT to be sneezed at—an empty snuff-box.

A DEAD-SURE THING. That things political are at the present time decidedly mixed, does not admit of a doubt; but one sure political prophesy can be made, which is that somebody will be inaugurated president of the United States on the fourth of March next.



THE BOSTON PARENT'S PRECAUTION.

GEORGIE—"Why, Minnie, have you joined the female nine?"
MINNIE—"No, George, but papa says I must wear this as an osculation preventor 'till he gets asleep."

The old Hat's Complaint.

AN old Hat that had seen many seasons of useful Labor come and go, but at last had been retired from active life to the seclusion of a Peg in a dark closet, thus bewailed its fate:—

"How hard that I, who all my life have faithfully served my Master, should now in mine old age be thus ignominiously withdrawn from view. Instead of being the crowning Glory of my Master's career, I am forgotten and allowed to moulder away in this damp and dismal closet. Truly Men are monsters of ingratitude!"

At this juncture, the door of the closet opened, and the Hat's master thus addressed it:—

"I heard thy plaint, and to prove to thee that I am neither ungrateful or forgetful, I will wear thee in the torch-light Procession to-night. Thou shall hear me yell for Cleveland till thou imaginest thou art the cap-sheaf of a steam Fog-Horn of ten miles penetration, and afterwards, in the solemn morning hours, when we wend our devious homeward way together, thou shalt sleep with me and my Boots until the Goodwife finds us out and make a painful parting necessary.

MORAL.

In old age it is better to rejoice in memories of the righteous Past than, by crying aloud against fate, bring down the iniquitous Present upon us.

Honor est a Nilo—no more. G-l-a-d-s-t-o-n-e don't spell Horatio Nelson.

WEAL and woe.—The wheel stops when the who-a comes.

What He Said and What He Meant.

UPON her urgent entreaty, our newly married friend, Mr. A. Bamboozler promised his young wife that in the future he would eschew tobacco (minus the es), knock off on segars, (*i. e.* the ashes on them), and stop his bottle (*i. e.* with a glass stopper instead of a cork) and reform his bad habits generally (*i. e.* replace his old garments with new) and she, poor unsuspecting little soul, thought it was so good of him.

Seasonable Hints.

Certainly. Use acids during the heated term—acid fruits and acid drinks every day. (N. B. Use prussic acid only once.)

In handling hay use the fork—bad form to use either the spoon or the shovel.

Many deaths have occurred by using water in a boiled condition. Even ice-water should not be too freely used till it has had time to cool off.

It was a young teacher of school,
That asked the dull boy, like a fool,
For what was Eve prayin'?
Pease, sir, to raise Cain,"
"Not right," said the teacher's flat rule.

SOME warnings do warn, nevertheless: The reckless young Ward condemned to dine at Delmonico's, has made a profound impression on many young and tender minds. The incident is to be worked up in a tract by the Y. M. C. A., and used to fortify the consciences of Wall street clerks against the temptation that does most beset them. We suggest for a motto: "The way of the transgressor is hard to beat."



IT'S THE LAST STRAW THAT B



WHAT BREAKS THE CAMEL'S BACK.



If half of what the interviews tell us is true, the conceit of certain members of the profession who have passed a few weeks abroad is almost incredible.

We gave Clara Louise Kellogg the credit of better taste, at least, than the *Herald* would have us believe. After telling the reporter how charming it is to see how the American girls hold their own "over there," she goes on to relate how at the Bazaar of the South Kensington embroidery school, Lady Campbell said to her:

"Allow me to introduce you to Princess Christian. The Princess is so fond of Americans."

No wonder she was "so much impressed with the simplicity of royalty!"

On another occasion she was talking to a friend, and her conversation "was overheard by two Englishwomen, one of whom turned to the other and exclaimed, 'What a delicious American accent!'"

Really, Clara, a few more such paragraphs as these will lead us to suspect that you have been taking advertising lessons of John Rogers, and that you are an apt pupil.

The city has thrown off its mantle of summer dullness, and the spectacular performances at The Star and Niblo's are blazing away right merrily. There will doubtless be a war among the baldheads over the respective merits of "Sieba," and "The Seven Ravens," but that will only add more interest to the two shows.

Jarbeau has returned to us from Chicago, and has given us more than we bargained for in the character of *Puck* in "Sieba."

She has gained many pounds in flesh and several years in experience since she first burst upon our gaze as the dainty little *Hebe* in "Pinafore." Her stockings seem to be longer than they used to be and they really fit her quite well.

Pauline Hall is at Niblo's. We have seen her before, in fact we have seen a good deal of her in pieces like "Orpheus and Eurydice," and other burlesques, but she is a handsome woman and well worth looking at. Then there are other handsome women, loads of them, in both pieces, and the dancing, and the dazzling, and the glittering of the tinsels, to say nothing of bright eyes and shapely limbs are enough to turn the brains of all the bantling salesmen and grass widowers that happen to be in this and adjacent cities.

Speaking of grass widowers leads us to mention the kindness and thoughtfulness the Kiralfys show to suffering humanity by producing these spectacles early in the season, thereby giving the married men a chance to enjoy the same before the return of their wives from their summer flirtations in the country.

The Casino roof is not at all deserted on account of successes elsewhere. The nice little nooks and the ice cream are attractions that will not fail to draw as long as the warm weather lasts.

Charles H. Hoyt's musical comedy, bearing the euphonious title of "A Rag Baby," is making the audiences at the Fourteenth Street Theatre shake with laughter, and next Monday Harrigan's new play "Investigation" will be investigated at the Theatre Comique.

Minnie Maddern's "Caprice" seems to have been a most capricious drama.

Verily, it were better to have a mill-stone tied about one's neck, and to be drowned in the depths of the sea of oblivion, than to produce a new play at the New Park.

At the Bijou the English opera season has proved surprisingly successful.

Without any stars of great importance, the casts have been uniformly good, and the performances of Fra Diavolo, Maritana, etc, have been most enjoyable.

Laura Joyce, Digby Bell, Ida Mulle, and Vanoni have returned from the Californian shores, sadder and wiser than they were when they started.

Catharine Lewis has purchased the right to produce in English Mme. Theo's new French comic opera "Mme. Boniface."

Mr. Joseph Brooks has an engagement with Lilian Russell, and she is expected to return with her baby and her *quasi* husband in a few weeks, if she doesn't change her mind again during the interim.



A SIGN FOR THE BLIND.

A Distinction Without a Difference.

In 1880 it was "a tariff for revenue only." In 1884 it is a revenue "for public purposes exclusively."

'Tis strange there should such difference be
Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee,

Now, isn't it? That person *must* be dum-b who could be dee-ceived by such an idea.

What is the difference between Henry Clay Dean and a certain eminent German reformer? One never changed his *Shirts*, and the other is always changing his politics.

Could Mr. Hendricks in the cause of honest politics, ever consent to Carl Schurz being one of those liberal Republicans, whom Mr. Cleveland is going to put in to his cabinet? People do not generally present thieves with the property they have already stolen. This will doubtless be Mr. H.'s idea on the subject.



A RISE IN LEATHER.

Our Bob on Bears.

I CAN'T bear to think of a bear. He is a barbaric beast from the word go. He isn't a modest animal, but goes about in a bearskin always.

My big brother went out hunting bears one day with Sir John Astley, when he was over here, and barely escaped with his life from one bear.

But he finally shot the baronet it. He shot a second baron the day following, and would have shot a third barony it didn't show up.

The bear is fond of sucking honey and pigs, and such confectionery; but give the barracoon and the barracan of milk, and you'll win his everlasting gratitude (?) if you care about that.

When a bear prowls about a farm yard, there's trouble bruin in that locality for sucking pigs and things.

The voice of the bear is a heavy baritone, and not soothing when he's "bearing" your stock in the barnyard.

The bears of nature's stock are not gregarious, but the "stock" "bears" of Wall street are.

These bears of the *genus homo* herd with "bully," and are more dangerous than those of the *genus ursus*. Bear off from the "bear" and "bull" gang.

Zoologists say the grizzly and brown bears are the largest and smallest of the bear family; but astronomers can show you a greater Bear and Lesser Bear.

This is all I know about bears, and more, too.

ROBERT, THE DEVIL.

Poor Mr. Beecher, worthy man, we pity him. A few days ago he was made quite sick by the thought that Mr. Cleveland was not the good and pure man he had believed him to be. Several years ago a number of worthy people were made quite sick by the thought that Mr. Beecher himself was not exactly that kind of a man. But we should have supposed that he would have become much sicker at the thought of having to swallow Hendricks whole. That allopathic dose of pure and unadulterated copperheadism is enough to turn the stomach of any one but a hide-bound southern Bourbon or a dyed-in-the-wool Northern democrat, and — George William Curtis.

My Neighbors.

PART III.

MY ECCENTRIC NEIGHBOR.

There are yet missing some few odd lads,
That you remember not.—*Tempest.*

MR. POWDERLEY.—Peter Powderly is the name of my eccentric neighbor. I think it quite needless to begin by saying that I have an eccentric neighbor. However small and insignificant a neighborhood may be, it is incomplete if it is not furnished with an "oddy."

But does an *eccentric person* mean an oddity? It think it does, but I like to be sure of my ground, so I refer to my dictionary. I there find that eccentric is spelled with a trick—eccentric—and that it means "deviating from the centre," or, "not having the same centre with another circle." Well, I am all right still, for whoever or whatever is the centre of our circle, it is clear to me that Peter Powderley deviates, and takes a pride in deviating, too. I need not say he is a bachelor, for there is not a woman worth the name of one, that would not keep her husband in the fashion, and make him act as other folks do. Yes, he is a bachelor, and a confirmed one. I have heard him say that there are three operations that he could not submit to, no matter how powerful an anæsthetic might be administered. First, getting a tooth out; second, getting his photograph taken; third, getting a kiss from a woman. He keeps a housekeeper, but I have it, on her own authority, that during the thirty-four years she has lived with him, he has never once spoken to her. She was engaged by letter. She leaves the house-keeping bills on his desk, and finds money left beside them to discharge them. She receives her own wages in the same way, and if she speaks to him he bows but does not reply.

He is a general fancier; that is he fancies everything he sees. He has stores of old plate, old china, old iron, old wood, old clothes, old furniture, and old rubbish of all kinds. These he keeps stored in huge chests, and, from time to time, takes them out and inspects them, and sometimes makes offerings to particular friends out of his cherished hoard. I believe I am a special favorite, which, considering my sex, is very curious. He has given me, at different times, various little treasures, such as a moth-eaten fur cape, a stand for a flat iron, very rusty and very broken, a pair of blue spectacles, wanting one eye, and a brass candle-stick without a socket. I have always accepted them gratefully. After all, value is a comparative thing, and I think we should prize gifts from the giver's standpoint as well as from our own, and I know Mr. Powderley prizes the rubbish he buys at the city auctions as highly as we do our brand new goods from the fashionable stores, but other people don't think as I do, and he has had many of his good-will offerings indignantly returned.

There is a legend extant, that some thirty years ago he gave a dinner party, and when the guests had left the dining room he locked the door, fearing the hired waiters might make free with his wine, but he lost the key, and the door has never been opened since. He is said to be enormously rich, yet I have often heard him complain that he is overrun with rats, as he cannot afford to keep a cat, milk being so expensive. He has a perfect mania on the subject of the adultera-



WESTERN TORNADO.

Real Estate "Booming."

tion of milk. He came across an Irishman once, who had worked for some months in a dairy. After some questioning the man admitted that "in troth he wasn't right sure, but he often suspected that the milk was dulterated," and, on being further pressed, he explained the grounds of his suspicions as follows: "Ye see, yer honner, meself and the other lads were made to lash the milk into standin' vessels better than half-full of wather, but I'd take me oath that the wather was never put into the milk, only the milk into the wather. So if anythin' was dulterated it was the wather." Good simple-minded Pat. It is said Mr. Powderley was so pleased with the information that he actually gave the honest Hibernian 50 cents, but I can hardly credit that.

Mr. Powderley disliked children, he disliked them intensely. He said he never saw the good of them anyway, and that it was very foolish to permit such public nuisances to go at large amongst rational people. His theory was that they should all be sent to an Island or colony for themselves, and those adults who enjoyed their society should go there with them.

He got very strong on the subject, after a carriage, which he had hired to take him to a friend's funeral, drove over a small child at a crossing. "One of the finest," took charge of Mr. Powderley and the driver, and conveyed them to the police court under an accusation of "furious driving." Certainly it was hard, as one of the peculiarities of Mr. Powderley was that he had never allowed a horse to be put out of a walk when he was in the carriage, but he scorned to take any line of defense but one, namely, "that if the child had not been there, it would not have been run over, and that children were a nuisance anyway, and if they kept on increasing at the present rate, every thoroughfare in the city would soon be stopped by them, and all business suspended." I think

he richly deserved the heavy fine he was made to pay, for his words, to my mind, were little short of heresy.

Mr. Powderley was very bitter on the subject of woman's rights. "He couldn't see," he said, "what they meant by rights. They had a right to do anything they wanted to if they were able, and why didn't they go and do it right off if they were fit, and not talk so much about it? If the men were in their way, why didn't they kick them out of it if they felt equal to it?" He was sure if they could only agree among themselves, there were more women than men in the world anyday. And he wished to goodness that it could be so fixed that they'd have one half of the world all to themselves, and run it the way they wanted to have it, and let the men have peace in the other half." I could never resist arguing the point with my excited friend. I asked him once how long he supposed the men would stay contentedly on their half.

"As long as the women would stay on theirs," growled my adversary.

He was very rough, too, on the way we poor women dress ourselves. He came to me the other day, to tell me that he had got into a street-car with twenty-four crinolettes, and had been fairly or unfairly crinoletted out of it, and obliged to stand in front under a broiling sun. He added that if he ever rode in such a rabble again, he would mount a crinolette himself as his only protection. He says that this year the women have developed a sort of fungus growth on the outside of their bonnets, which, he presumes, is intended to supply the place of the brains that ought to be inside! This remark was produced by a nest of mushrooms which adorns Mrs. Bickering's new spring bonnet.

Mr. Powderley's own dress is as odd as himself. He wears a very broad-brimmed hat, very much curled up at the sides, and very high in the crown. It is of that kind



LIVING ON THE FAT OF THE LAND.

called "wide awake," because it has no "nap" on it. He wears very loose pants, and very long coats, and enormous shoes. It is said that he is in the habit of visiting the shoemaker's and asking for the largest pair they can give him for five dollars. He wears long neck-cloths or chokers which wind many times around his neck and tie in a large bow in front.

He never has his hair cut. He says he has as good a right to wear his long, as the women have to bang theirs short.

He and I have many wordy wars, but I am no match for him in an argument, and he never spares me or my feelings. He lost his temper so completely one day, that I was forced to advise him to control himself, adding my opinion that he had a very bad temper and a very short neck, so that he ought to beware of apoplexy. He got furious. Said, "I meant to insult him. That he would live far longer than I should, and that he would yet eat the goose that fattened on my grave." I was offended and let him see it, and to my intense astonishment I received a sort of gruff apology from him next day, in the course of which he most graciously accorded me his permission to live as long as I could. I think this is the only time on record that Peter was ever known to admit that he was wrong. I was willing enough to make friends. He likes to come to me of an evening and abuse the world, as he says himself, though I often tell him it is not so much the world itself that is at fault, as some odd people that are on it, but he maintains that we all spring from the soil, and are ruined by the abominable climate. He gets very scientific on this subject, but I am not clever enough to follow him, but I know that he has some theory about the quality of dust that was in the garden of Eden at the time our common Father was created, and he stoutly maintains that it was not at all suitable for the purpose to which it was applied, and that Adam and all his descendants would have been a better race of men, had they been made out of the clay which is now used for bricks.

I told him once that I knew a great many "bricks" among my acquaintances, but I would not say that he was one. He didn't like the remark. I fear he thought I was making fun of his pet theory, but I was not, I was only thinking of a chicken that was cooking for my dinner, and which, though it must be rapidly overdoing, I could not have served till his departure. I told him so, as delicately as I could, and he looked at me with scorn, and departed saying, "Eating and drinking and dressing, dressing, drinking and eating, that is all women live for." Perhaps he is right, at any rate I like to have my dinner at a regular hour, and as the question of the dust Adam was made of has remained in abeyance so long, there's no reason it might not wait over a few hours more, to satisfy the craving appetite of a hungry descendant of his called

TABITHA TOMPKINS.

The Dark Horse.

"Miss Smith has quite a number of followers, Jones." "Yes, she has plenty of beaux. She's handsome, rich, witty and amiable; quite a prize, I should say." "Why don't you make an effort in that direction? You used to be quite a favorite with her." "Hush, it's all right. I expect to cut them all out in time, but I'm laying low, as it were. I want to be considered the dark horse in this race. See?"—*Somerville Journal*.

A Most Amazing Paradox.

Do you know Miss Smithers?" remarked young Featherly, "that there's something very peculiar about your father?" "Something very peculiar about my papa?" repeated Miss Smithers, who loved Featherly passionately but purely. "Yes," that young man went on, "very peculiar." "And what is it, pray?" "It lies in the fact that though he is not a grandfather, he has a grand daughter."—*Drake's Traveller's Magazine*.

He Did The Best He Could.

AN Irish laborer was killed on the railroad, and one of his fellow workmen was deputed to break the news to his wife.

"Break it gently to her, Dennis, poor sowl," he was instructed. "Lead up to it by degrees, and not be to sudden like."

"Is this Mrs. McFadden?" asked Dennis, who was frightened at the task before him, of the woman who opened the door.

"It is. Phat de ye want?"

"Is Mister McFadden in?"

"He is not. He is beyant on the railroad, wurking fur ninety cints a day."

"It's a foine day, Mrs. McFadden. Would ye moind given' me a tashte of wather? Thank ye, bad cess to the stuff. It's a foine day, Mrs. McFadden."

"Yis, it's a foine day. Phat would ye be afther doing wid Misther McFadden?"

"I want to see him on private business. wull he be home this av'nin', de ye think?"

"He wull."

"Misther McFadden is a very dacent mon, and shure he has a foine lookin' woife. Yer of Oirish decent, ov coorse?"

"Yis; me grandfathur was an O'Rourke and me fathur was the best man that iver left ould Oireland."

"Think Oi'll wait for Misthir McFadden. I want to spake to him at wanst when he comes home."

"Poor crathur," commenced Dennis as he seated himself, "Oi'm the mon to break the news gently to her, but it's hard wurk. There they come now with all that is left of poor Misther McFadden. Oi say, Mrs. McFadden," exclaimed Dennis, "they're bringin' yer husband to yer. A train ran over him and killed him."

And with tears standing in his eyes, Dennis said: "Byes, I broke the news gently, poor sowl."—*Philadelphia Call*.

Why She Spreads Herself.

There is a stubby girl from Philadelphia, who rolls somewhat nautically in her gait at 18 in consequence of plumpness, and will inevitably waddle at 40. She has this season taken walking the hotel veranda with strides that immensely aggravate her shortness and thickness of physique.

"What makes you take such long steps?" she was asked.

"I do it quite unconsciously," she replied, lying with feminine neatness and despatch, "I've been a month at West Point, you know, and the military step has been lengthened to thirty inches. I got used to it, don't you see, and keep it up without thinking." Then she strode away, serenely conscious that the only inference to be drawn was that she had done a vast amount of walking arm-in-arm with a cadet.—*Boston Herald*.

The History of A Kiss.

"JOHNNIE," said a girl to her bashful companion, as they occupied remote ends of the sofa the other night, "I see that a lady in New Jersey, 104 years old, boasts of having been kissed by Washington."

"Yes," said Johnnie, "I saw it too."

"Suppose you were to become a great man like Washington?"

"Well?" said Johnnie.

"And I were to live to be 104 years old?"

"Well?" said Johnnie.

"I couldn't say of you what the old lady said of Washintgon, could I?"

Then he kissed her.—*Exchange*.

Vacation Vagaries.

IDLING in woodland nooks,
Dabbling in laughing brooks,
Angling where hill and sky
Mirrored in clear depths lie;
Climbing with sturdy stride
Up the steep mountain side;
Nature's enchanting face and ways
Noting as pass the halcyon days;
Innocent of care,
Nothing anywhere
Giving cause for any sort of worry,
Headache-getting thought of wearing burry,
As swift the glorious summer passes by,
Moments of pleasure measured as they fly.

—Boston Journal.

Cholera no Respector of Dudes.

Augustus Fitzclarence, a high-toned dude, was talking to a friend of his about the cholera prospects of the season.

"Aw, now, Frwank, weally, do you think it will come to Amerwica?"

"I haven't a bit of doubt about it," was the confident reply.

"And will it be genewal—epidemic, don't you know?"

"I think so."

"And all the shop people and labowing classes have it too?"

"Certainly."

"Hawwible, hawwible."

"Yes, it will be rather hard on them and on the rest of us, too."

"That's it, Frwank, that's it. I don't caiah faw them, don't you know, but it makes me weally fatigued to think of the cholewa being so common, and that I may die with the vewy same hawwible disease that cahwies off my tailaw and bahbaw, don't you know?"

—Merchant Traveller.

Qualified for a Nurse.

LADY (in an intelligence office)—"I am afraid that that little girl won't do for a nurse. She is too small. I should hesitate to trust her with the baby."

Clerk—"Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation."

Lady—"Indeed? But she is so very small."

Clerk—"I know that she is diminutive but you should remember that when she drops a baby it doesn't have very far to fall."—Evening Call.

A Silence Sent For.

A golden-haired Silence put its head in at a door.

"Did you send for me?"

"Of course I didn't," replied a man in a long apron.

"A messenger boy said somebody along here wanted to see me."

"Well, 'twa'n't me. I'm a barber. Maybe it was the merchant next door. I heard him say he was going to quit advertising."—Chicago News.

"MY dear, look below," said a Harlem man, just as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazed at a tug hauling a line of barges. "Such is life—the tug is like a man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women are"—"I know," interrupted Mrs. G., acridly, "the tug does the blowing and the barges bear all the burdens."—Harlem Times.

A Business Transaction.

BILL was a country boy, who was doing odd jobs for old man Feeling, a down-town wholesale merchant, and one day Bill died. It was necessary to send the remains back to the farm, and the undertaker came to see Mr. F. about it. The old gentleman was busy at his desk over a lot of bills and orders.

"I've got him all fixed, Mr. Feeling," said the cold-meat handler.

"That's right. Ship him."

"How must I mark the box?"

"Oh—ah—let me see"—still looking over his papers—"just mark it, 'Bill inside;' I guess that'll do."—Merchant Traveller.

A Drunken Celestial.

The other day a hackman, who has licked everybody in Bloomington who has had the temerity to fight him, met a Chinaman on the street and said to him:

"Git out o' my way, ye nasty yaller brute, or I'll mop the ground with yer."

"Me no blute, me Chinec man, heap dlunkee. Me dlinkee whisky all samee Melican man. Me no gettee outee way. Me walkee whellec dlam please allee samee."

"D'yer mean to insult me?"

"Me no insultee. Me tellee heap tluth. You no likee, whatee you do aboutee. Me say allee samee you dlam lie. Me dlunkee. Me dlinkee whisky, me dlinkee beer, me dlinkee heapee wine, me dlinkee gin. You no likee, whatee do?"

"Well, I'll jes lick ye till ye can't walk," and the hackman began striking out wildly, while the Chinaman kicked him in the stomach and then, when he went down, hit him in the eye and bit his ear, and then kicked him on the chin and made him bite his tongue, as he tried to get up, and twisted his nose and spat in his face and walked on him and danced on his body.

When a policeman pulled him off he cried waving his pig-tail about his ears:

"Me gettee dlunkee. Me dlamme. Me fightee. Me gettee in jail. Me go helle allee samee Melican man."—Through Mail.

Abijah's New Experience.

ABIJAH Jones lives not far from Salem. He is a horny-handed agriculturist, and hard cider is the only stimulating beverage with which he is at all familiar. He was recently visited by a young and somewhat dissolute city relative, and, in company with the latter, stopped the other evening at a well-known hostelry on the Salem turnpike. The evening was cool, and the city relative lost no time in conducting Abijah to the bar.

"What will you have?" he asked.

"Wal," replied Abijah, slowly. "I do not know much about such things; I guess I'll hev whatever you do."

"I'll have a whisky punch," said the city relative, and two glasses of the insidious mixture were soon placed before them.

Abijah swallowed his at a draught and a look of infinite satisfaction stole over his weather beaten features.

"What do you call them things?" he said, leaning over the bar and addressing the bar-keeper.

"Whisky punches," replied the bar-keeper.

"All right," said Abijah, nodding and smacking his lips; "keep a makin' 'em."

And the bar-keeper did as he was bid, until—well, Abijah had a new experience.—Boston Globe.

Why Brown Was Sad.

"HELLO, Brown! You are looking sad to day," said an up-town man to a friend, who seemed somewhat depressed.

"I am rather down in the jaw, that's a fact," replied the disconsolate Brown.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, I was just thinkin' what a mistake I made in not offering the services of my mother-in-law to the Greely party, you know. She might have got talking to the north pole or got into an argument with a polar bear and got left. That's all."—Williamsport Breakfast Table.

A Suitor Steady Enough to Suit Her.

"JANE, I hear your beau is a little wild, not very steady, they say."

"Oh, yes, he is; he is one of the most steady young men I ever saw."

"Steady? Oh, no, he can't be. I've heard he was anything else but steady."

"Well, he just is steady. He has always come to the house every evening since we were first engaged, drunk or sober."—Evansville Argus.

Kissing in Pittsburg.

IRATE Pittsburg Parent.—"This thing has got to stop."

Sweet Sixteen—"What, pa?"

"You have been allowing young Nice-fellow to kiss you."

"Oh, pa!"

"Yes, you have; you need not try to fool me."

"But, pa, why do you think—"

"I don't think; I know. He kissed you all over your mouth and on both cheeks."

"Why, pa, you were not there, and—"

"No, I was not there, but I am here. I see that there isn't a bit of soot left on your face below the forehead."—Philadelphia Call.

She Translated It.

JONES bought a new hat, on the inside was the motto, "Moveo et proficio." He took some pains to find out the meaning of the words, and at an evening party introduced the subject, but when he attempted to translate it he couldn't remember it and appealed to his wife.

"Maria," he said, "do you remember what was in my new hat when I brought it home Saturday?"

"Perfectly," said Mrs. Jones with her usual composure.

"And what was it?" he asked looking round on the company as much to say, "Now you will see what a scholar my wife is."

"A brick," was the crushing answer.—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Had No Foreign Accent.

"SPEAKING of the difficulty foreigners experience in giving the proper accent to English," said Captain Boslum, "reminds me of the fact that when I first came hither I could not speak English, yet you cannot detect in my conversation a foreign accent."

"To acquire such perfection must have taken much time," replied a lady.

"Oh yes, it required years."

"Must have been young when you came to this place?"

"Yes I was very young. In fact, I was born here."—Arkansas Traveler.

Human Nature.

"SEBSON has been arrested for stealing," said a gentleman, meeting an acquaintance. "Saw him just now going around with a constable, trying to get bonds."

"Well, I shall go on his bond."

"You don't mean it."

"Yes I do."

"He must have done you a great favor."

"No, I did him a favor several years ago and since then have had an interest in him. Had he done me a favor, it would now stand me in hand to keep out of his way."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

Say Whoa, and See.

"Is the horse gentle?" exclaimed the owner of the animal. "I should say so. Why, he is as kind and gentle as a kitten. A baby can drive him."

"Will he do what you tell him to?" asked the negotiator.

"Do what you tell him to? You just say 'whoa' to him sometime, and see how quick he will stop."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

Only a Crusty Bachelor's Opinion

"THERE is not going to be any more marrying in Indiana," said old Judge Daniels, a crusty old bachelor.

"How is that?" asked his nephew, who has just got married.

"See the Legislature has passed a law forbidding weak-minded persons to marry, and they are the only ones who ever think of doing such a thing."—*Texas Siftings*.

Might Go Further and Fare Worse.

Mr. and Mrs. Greatheart were walking out in the country the other day, when the wide-awake lady perceived an ancient mule nibbling away at some thistles in close propinquity to a field of growing corn, around which was no protecting fence.

"Why, what a ridiculous animal," said Mrs. Greatheart; "think of it eating those briars when the corn is right at hand."

"Perhaps, my dear," said the philosopher "the mule thinks that if it would go fodder it would fare worse."

Then the horrid man really grinned.—*Washington Hatchet*.

Swallowing One's Tongue

IN a certain salon the subject of conversation was the different methods of suicide. A learned member of the company recalled the fact that slaves in antiquity strangled themselves by swallowing the tongue.

"That is a convenient kind of death," said a lady, "and I would willingly adopt it in case of necessity."

"Ah! but that would not be death by strangulation," murmured one of her friends; "in your case it would be death by poisoning."—*Paris Morning News*.

Cheap Living.

"HELLO, Pat; I heard the company were going to turn you off?"

"Eh! What's that for?"

"They can hire an Italian for less money. He can live cheaper than you can."

"That's not so, sor; I can live be me wits, begorra; and no man can live cheaper nor that."—*New York Tribune*.

It Made Him Hot

AN absent minded St. Louis parson asked a disconsolate widower whose wife he had buried the week before: "Well, Mr. Brown, how does your wife stand the heat?" They do not speak now.—*Cincinnati Sun*.

A Whispher.

"AH, Mr. Hebbleton, I hear that you have been called to the ministry."

"Well, I can hardly term it a call. They only offer me five hundred a year. Sort of a whispher, you understand."—*Arkansaw Traveler*.

Grounds for Divorce.

CITIZEN Funnywag and his wife had discussed railroad accidents the other morning for some time when he looked meditatively at the ceiling and exclaimed:

"By Jove! I believe I know why accidents occur so frequently."

"Why is it, dear?" asked Mrs. F., encouragingly.

"Why, because the switch-tender often finds it hard to realize switch is switch."—*Washington Hatchet*.

Moral Philosophy.

"COME heah Gawge Washin'ton. Whaffur yo' gwine steal dem chickens?" screamed an old colored woman to her boy, who was slipping around the house with something under his coat.

"I nebbah stole no chickens. Who tole yo' I done it?" replied the boy, facing around and twisting his coat well toward his back.

"Nobody done tole me. Cain't I see dem yaller laigs hanginn down behind yo' clos?"

"Yes'um, yo' kin, but I nebbah stole um."

"Come heah. I'se talkin' to yo' now, and I wants to know how yo' got um ef yo' didn't steal um."

"W'y, mammy, I buyed um, sho's yo' live."

"Go'way, chile. Doan lie to yo' mammy, Dem chickens 'longs to Ma's Jones; I seed um in his coop yistiddy."

"Dey's mine; I buyed um frum Ma's Jones hisself."

"Wha'd yo' git de money?"

"W'y, mammy, I tuck hit outen his drawah wen he wuzn't lookin'."

"Yo' ain't lyin' now, is yo' Gawge Washin'ton."

"No I ain't, mammy, sho."

"Well, Gawge Washin'ton, I'se pow-ahful glad yo' did'nt steal dem chickens. I'se been mighty keerful to fotch yo' up right, an' when I see dem yaller laigs, I wuz sho' yo' wuz furetting my teachin', an' wuz follerin' in de footsteps of yo' po' ole foddah."—*Merchant Traveler*.

That was a very solemn though unconscious joke perpetrated by the Pottsville police on the Fourth, when they erected an arch over the entrance to the station house and painted "welcome" on it in very large letters.—*Philadelphia Times*.

THIS is, indeed, a world of change. If you don't believe it, count the number of dresses the women wear in one short day at the seaside.—*Boston Transcript*.

No less than 15,690 persons are locked up in the jails and prisons of New York. This will effect the Cleveland vote not a little.—*Hartford Post*.

No Appetite Wanted.

AN unshaven, wild-eyed stranger, who looked as if he had seen better days, walked into a Tremont-street bar-room the other morning, and throwing fifteen cents on the counter, said:

"Make me a gin cocktail, please, and have it stiff."

The bar-tender proceeded with his task, and was about to add a little wormwood to the mixture, when the stranger stayed his hand.

"What are you putting in that for?" he asked.

"To give an appetite, sir," replied the bar-tender.

"Don't, I beg of you," said the stranger hurriedly, nervously twitching his mustache, "that's my last fifteen cents!"

And a last-of-an-ill-spent-fortune look stole over his haggard face, and his wild eyes looked wilder than ever as he tossed down his eye-opener and took his departure.—*Boston Post*.

A little Austin boy saw his mother take off her switch the other day, and called out: "O, mamma! Let us take your scalp out in the yard, so that we can play Indians."—*Texas Siftings*.

A correspondent thinks because a gentleman and lady exactly resembled each other in the color of their eyebrows and hair that they were relatives. It would seem rather to indicate that they employed the same barber.—*Graphic*.

"WHERE did you find that dog?" asked Smith. "I didn't find him; he came here on his own accord," was the reply. "Oh, yes; how stupid I was. But then I had forgotten, you know." "Forgotten what?" "Why, that you were a detective."—*Boston Post*.

"Do you know, Uncle John, why you are like your horse?" asked Ella, who had been pestered by her avuncular relative in regard to her young man. Uncle John (who considers himself a great fellow amongst the fair sex)—"Because I'm a little fast, I suppose. Ha! ha! ha!" Ella—"No, Uncle John; it is because you interfere."—*Boston Transcript*.

TOURIST—"How far is it to Berkeley street?"

Policeman—"Do you want to ride or walk there?"

Tourist—"I am not partiular."

Policeman—"Nather am I," said the man from the land of agrarian troubles, as he moved away with an air of supreme indifference.—*Boston Globe*.

"FOR ten years past," said the new boarder, "my habits have been regular as clock-work. I rose on the stroke of six; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at seven I was at work; dined at twelve, ate supper at six, and was in bed at 9:30; ate only hearty food, and hadn't a sick day in all that time."

"Dear me," said the Deacon, in pathetic tones, "and what were you in for?" And in the awful silence that followed you could hear the hash grate its teeth.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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CIVIL service—The kind you don't get in the average restaurant.—*Boston Post.*

DAVID DAVIS is a large addition to the Blaine forces. Anybody will grant that.—*Hartford Post.*

NEWPORT has gone without fox hunts this year, without any perceptible increase of foxes in Rhode Island.—*Boston Transcript.*

EL Mahdi has posted up notices that he will give no quarter. Somebody seems to have been tackling him for a subscription to the Bartholdi pedestal.—*Boston Post.*

It is not until a young man has proposed and been rejected that he begins to look upon old bachelors with respect.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

It 'peers like er mean man ken make er better livin' on er po' place den er good man ken. De weed will grow whar de co'n won't hardly sprut.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

It is considered humiliating for a Mexican gentleman to be caught on the street with a bundle in his hand. It is liable to convey the impression that he is married.—*Kaleidoscope.*

THERE is a girl in Turner, Me., who smokes, chews, shaves, swears and wears a man's hat. What more could she do to entitle her to the right of voting.—*Boston Herald.*

A BOSTON lady advertises for a "kind careful man to be a companion for a pet dog during his mistress's temporary absence." Curious she didn't think of her husband.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"HAS George proposed yet, Emily?" "No ma, but he asked me the next thing to it last evening." "What did he do?" "He asked me if I thought paregoric injurious to teething children."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

IN Japan the smallest piece of money is called "cash," and it takes about 1,000 of them to make \$1. If a coin of corresponding diminutiveness existed in this country, perhaps more New Yorkers would contribute to the Bartholdi statue pedestal fund.—*Norristown Herald.*

He was describing his new girl at home and remarked enthusiastically that she "had a mobile face." "And has she a St. Louis foot?" inquired his younger brother mischievously.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A young woman in Kansas to spite her father has not spoken in several weeks. If she could see the old man out behind the barn chuckling to himself, she would probably let fly again.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"MY goodness! what extravagance!" exclaimed Mrs. Pinaphor, upon reading that "the wife of Minister Morton imports direct from Canton Chinese silk and satin dress materials that cannot be found in the shops of Paris." "It doesn't look well" she added, "for the wife of a minister to dress so expensively."—*Norristown Herald.*

PASSENGER—"Here, porter, take this thing away."

Sleeping-car Porter—"Why, sah, that's a pillow."

"A pillow! This little thing?"

"Why yes, sah. What did you 'spect it was?"

"I thought it was a poultice."—*Philadelphia Call.*



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