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JOHN BULL'S CHOICE.

GLADSTONE—"I offer you honor, but with the cost of its vindication; or peace with cheap beer. Take your choice."



THE JUDGE.

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PEACE WITH BEER.

Britons are warlike till their pockets are touched. The "Jingoes" had it all their own way in England until the war appropriation was demanded and a war-tax on beer and spirits was declared necessary.

Then Englishmen's war spirits suddenly went down, the war preparations became unpopular and the same mob that had been for weeks roaring around Parliament House for a more vigorous smashing of the Mahdi, and immediate hostilities against Russia, flocked to Trafalgar Square to protest against paying for all this honor by a tax on beer and whiskey.

They who lately denounced Gladstone for being too pacific now denounced him for the expense of even seeming belligerent.

They who denounced the ministry for betraying British honor, now reject the sword of honor loaded with taxes.

The Briton is a fierce fighter, so long as it costs nothing. He will defend British prestige up to the point of paying a half-penny more on a glass of beer—but he draws the line at beer.

England at last begins to fight. The first battle was at Trafalgar Square, between the British public protesting against a war tax on beer, and the police.

He is part hero and part beer, this modern Englishman—'alf-and-'alf.

Taxed beer is "heady," the Bear will find. When John Bull gets filled up with beer on which he has paid a war tax, then the nations may stand aside and see the hug. The fur will fly upon high-priced beer.

TWO PICTURES.

Men sometimes embody in their persons the cause they represent and the times they flourish in. There is a parallelism with a contrast between the two presidents—Lincoln and Cleveland.

Each was the representative of a political revolution—the termination of an old, the beginning of a new regime.

The one inaugurated "a new birth of Freedom"—the other a reaction and a retrogression.

In the man of '61 was embodied the deliverance of a race from bondage, the progress of his people, the perpetuity of his government—in the man of '85 distribution of the spoils of office and the reward of those who tried to destroy the Union.

Intellectually and physically the contrast between the two men was as sharp as between their moral characters, aims, following and times.

Some evil genius must have led Grover Cleveland to the spot consecrated to the Union cause and memorable as the scene of Abraham Lincoln's greatest forensic effort. Of all possible situations on the continent that Grover Cleveland should have shunned, Gettysburg was the most fatal.

But he went, and all unconsciously he emphasized the contrast between one of the littlest and the greatest of American Presidents.

On the journey there was the contrast between the evolution of an elegiac composition, which the *London Times* pronounced the finest of its kind in the language; and the involution of a prodigious quantity of victuals and drink.

At Gettysburg there was the contrast between the delivery of that sublime oration and—a silence as the silence of imbecility.

There they stand—the fit representatives of two parties, two eras, two causes.

THE DAY WE MAY NOT CELEBRATE.

It is kind o' confusing. We seem to remember that there was a big war when we were young, and that it involved the very existence of this nation. As we recollect about it, the cause was deemed so high and patriotic that those who fell were called "Union martyrs," and that the most solemn vows were registered before high Heaven that their memory as such martyrs should be forever kept green, and their widows and orphans cherished and protected—all as the most solemn and sacred trust that could be imposed on any people.

That was long ago, and our memory must be at fault in some of these respects. For lo! the ones who are remembered and honored are the men who fought on the other side. The chaplets and honors are distributed by the government, not to its defenders and their survivors, but to its assail-

ants and the killers of those Union dead.

It is all very confusing. Was there a civil war twenty-five years ago?

What was it all about?

Which side was victorious?

Which side is victorious now?

And what, or who, or what party, has turned triumph into defeat, honor into reproach, loyalty into outlawry?

Will some one tell us where we are, and what has happened?

RULINGS.

It is just about a two-cent reform party that now has the treasury.

THEY HAVE Reform in woman's dress in Boston. Here Reform is mainly dressed as a political dude.

TOM HENDRICKS and Tom Bayard now regard each other askance, and recall the prediction of Watterson that the nomination of Cleveland would prove "the height of Tom-foolery."

A PAPER called the *Truth-Seeker* is published weekly. It is not safe to seek truth oftener than that, in some lines. There is danger of finding it, and Truth once found is like a lost dog found, mighty adhesive and inconvenient.

THE "bench show" that the country most wants to see is a show of more vigorous and prompt justice. Columbia—heaven help her!—cannot resist the feeling that her bench show, lately, is not a thing at which she can "point with pride," and THE JUDGE cites its brethren this opinion.

A DEMOCRATIC daily exhorts the police of Washington to "keep an eye on the improper characters who occasionally apply at the White House for small offices." Why not make the order retro-active and have the police collar a good many "improper characters" who have got offices since March 4? Do that, and we'll agree not to say anything about the "improper character" in the White House.

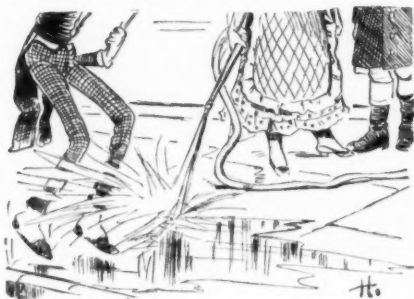
AN electrician, speaking of the experiments soon to be made on the elevated roads with electric motors, says that within three hundred feet from starting point you can get up a speed of twenty miles an hour, and can then stop the car so quickly as "to tear the structure to pieces and jerk every passenger's head off." We shall refuse to believe this until we see it successfully tried on a long train-load of L-directors and Democratic ward bosses. When we have checked off the count of heads, we'll give in.

THE BALLAD OF THE HOUSEMAID'S HOSE.



When early birds begin to cheep,
And early worms anon do bleat,
And early leaves a laughing peep
From all the trees that line the street,
First of the day's first sights to greet
The wretch who wakes for weal or woes
And broom, and pail, and Phyllis' feet,
And, last of all, the house-maid's hose!

Than soft Spring morning's latest sleep
What joy more wholly, solely sweet!
Sad eyes which watch at last must weep
And so their vigilance defeat;



When early rising is effete
And early morn puts by its prose,
'Twill to the end boast nothing neat
As, last of all, the housemaid's hose!

Curst be the current broad, not deep—
Though worse than rain, or snow, or sleet—
Where Phyllis floods the pave, to sweep
The wily germ or microbe fleet
Down to the curb. For his retreat
The passer-by no refuge knows,
All points in view he's forced to keep,
And, last of all, the housemaid's hose!

ENVOI.

Prince, arm thy subject well with cleats,
Or cleavers, when he walking goes,
Tell him to slash whate'er he meets,
And, first of all, the housemaid's hose!

JOHN PAUL BOGACK.

A PASSIONATE WOOING.

BY EDWARD A. FULLER.

O! say not no, I pray you not,
(I hope she owns the house and lot)
You are the honey of my earth,
(I really wonder what 'tis worth.)
Let me sing to you love's sonnet,
(I hope there's not a mortgage on it.)

Your mother is so kind and dear,
(I hope she's somewhere by to hear)
I like, indeed, your gentle sire,
(Well, I'm imposing as a liar.)
They'll live with us, I pray, my love
(Or better turn their toes above.)

My love is not like that in books
(I hope she's fatter than she looks)
But deeper than the deepest lakes,
(I pray she knows enough to bake,)
To me you are life's greatest loss.
(She won't chew gum when I'm the boss.)

This dainty hand, O! make it mine,
('Twill manage soon a stiff clothes-line)
These fingers sweet—my heart doth dance,
(They'll learn the art of patching pants.)
Here is the ring, say yes in haste.
(You would not think that diamond paste.)

Here at your feet again I knock,
(How nice the baby's crib they'll rock)
Accept me dear, turn not away,
(She'll settle for this time some day.)
You answer yes, O! life's sweet fount!
(I hope she's got a bank account.)

An Arch-Expounder.

A Massachusetts Sunday-school teacher, who had listened to the stupendous efforts of that amateur scientist, Rev. Jos. Cook, to illustrate the bible by the use of scientific

facts, conceived the idea of something original in that line. He thought the mechanical principle of the arch would make a beautiful, ingenious, and instructive illustration of the lesson on the goodness of Providence. So he sprung it on his school, with the following effect:

He first drew on his black board a picture which he fondly fancied looked like London bridge, and asked the children if they knew what that was. The answers were prompt and varied:

"A piece of pie, scoloped," a "storm at sea."

"Skirt-trimming," and "pinking," from two dressy little girls.

And finally, by an imaginative lad—"Bridge tumblin' down."

"Ah, Gerald has it very nearly. It does not mean quite tumbling down. What would it be, then?"

"Bridge gittin' ready to tumble."

"Say just, a bridge, shan't we?"

Unanimous and vociferous silence, which the teacher acknowledged.

"Right—I am always glad to see little children so correct and prompt in their answers. Now, why is *not* the bridge tumbling down? What holds it up?"

"Stones."

"Ropes."

"Mortar," from half a dozen.

"Man behind it holdin' of it."

"No, none of you has discerned the great truth yet. Is there anything about the shape of this bridge that holds it up. All the heavy things that pass over it, too—such things as—"

"Fat folkses."

"Sirkises."

"Elflunts"—from a primary.

"Torchlight becessuns."

"Yes, yes; that will do. Now what is there that can hold all this up in the shape

of a bridge?"

"A bridge."

"A *truly* bridge."

Teacher routed, but gracious—"No, I will tell you. It is the *arch* of the bridge that makes it strong. Did any of you ever see an arched bridge?"

"Fished under one—me and my Pa."

"I swum under one."

"I got bit by a crab in one of 'em." Spontaneous shouts of laughter.

"Yes; that'll do, boys. Now, dear children, I am going to let you try yourselves how strong an arch is, if you'll be ve-ry quiet and careful during the experiment."

The teacher now produced his object lesson with some empty egg-shells and half a dozen eggs—at which the boys on the back seats caught on with subdued cacklings, cluckings, and crowings. He showed the children how easily a piece of shell could be crushed by pressure from the inside of its arch, and how it resisted out side pressure. Then he passed the eggs around among the children, confidently challenging them to crush them between their clasped hands. The experiment was in the main successful. Only two of the eggs were dropped on the floor and smashed, and Tommy Fitzcomb came to grief in consequence of a big boy "tunking" the egg with a glass alley and causing it to collapse in Tommy's compressing hands.

"Now, dear children, you can perceive that the eggs are very strong."

"Smell 'em," interrupted several, with their freckled snub noses ostentatiously compressed.

Carefully ignoring this diversion, the teacher drew on the board his conception of a very young chicken. "Who can tell me what I have drawn?"

"Rooster, rooster."

"A eagle."

"Orstridge."

"Chicking," from the intuitive smallest boy.

The teacher's beaming congratulation of the s. b.'s perspicacity caused him to plume himself so much as to call down on him the enmity of his fellows. Whispered remarks "Shut up!" "Sed down!" "Feel big, don't ye?" "Oh, come off!" etc., emphasized by insidious kicks and pinches, brought him to earth and the level of society again. Teacher resumed.

"Did any of you ever see how a chicken breaks its way out of its shell?" A cyclone of gyrating digits attested that this, too, was an easy one.

"Is the little chicken as big and strong as one of you boys, or a big man like me?"

"No-o-o-o."

"Now, how can so weak a thing break one of these eggs when you stout boys and even a big man like myself cannot?"

School tacitly gives it up.

"Could the little chicken break the shell if it were outside?"

"No-o-o-o—an' he couldn't get—"

Teacher, adroitly cutting off incipient "skepticism"—"Now, dear children, you can all see what a blessing it is to the chicken that he is allowed to break through the arch from the inside. This shows you how good God is for placing the poor little chicken on the inside of the shell, instead of on the outside. So he cares for you by placing you inside of a good home, instead of in the streets. How you ought to love him and your parents and kind Sunday-School teachers for this. Never forget this. We will now sing."

ON THE ROAD.

One of the Boys plays "Loan of a Lover."

BROWN and the deponent took in an entertainment on the south side of Chicago to which Cusby had also been invited, but that worthy got himself into other business in the manner hereinafter set forth:

A friend of Brown's had invited us, you see, to an evening party at his fine house on Michigan Avenue, and in order that we might do the thing up in good style and as the Doctor ordered, we hired a hack to convey us thither.

As we were getting in, Cusby happening to remember that his shoes were very heavy, suggested that we should repair first to a certain shoe store that he might provide himself with a pair of pumps, for there was to be dancing. Accordingly we drove thither.

The shop faces on State street, and has an L on Madison, and it was at the entrance on the latter street that Gus alighted, Josh and I deciding to await him in the carriage.

In his hurry the boy got a bit twisted, for when he had made his selection, he left the store by the State street door, while we were waiting for him impatiently at the other. As luck would have it, an empty hack stood at the curb and into it Gus hurriedly waltzed, singing out to the driver:

"All right, you have the address, go ahead."

Nor did he stop the thing when he found that he was the only occupant, for he said to himself, as he afterwards related:

"The boys are working a rig on me or else why should they have vacated the Maria. Anyhow I have the bulge on them. It will cost them \$3 to follow me in another hearse. It isn't always healthy to monkey with Augustus."

So he didn't trouble himself further about the matter until the machine drew up before a house on the North-side some where.

Now Gus didn't know the people with whom we were to spend the evening nor their address, I believe, so when the driver pulled up he piled out and meandered confidently up the steps. As he was about to pull the bell a pretty little lady in evening dress opened the door, exclaiming as she did so:

"What detained you, Will? We shall miss the first figures and you know, dear, how I just adore the German."

"I am very sorry, but I couldn't help it," answered Gus, emerging into the glare of light thrown by the hall lamp and removing his hat.

"Why, you are not Will," exclaimed the lady, starting back.

"No, Miss, my name is Augustus Cusby."

"Did Mr. Helmer send you here with a message, sir? Explain, please."

I truly believe that any one who has carefully pursued the history of Messrs. Brown, Cusby and Lang on the road thus far, will have sized up our Gus with sufficient correctness to credit him with being a man of expedient, and equal, as a rule, to any situation into which circumstances might place him. He saw instantly that some mistake had occurred and that the girl was waiting for some other fellow who was to take her to a German, and being as gallant a man as they make 'em, of course determined instantly that she should not be deprived of her favorite pastime if he could help it.

"You are Miss —a—a—"

"Miss Hendershot; yes, of course, well."

"Well, Miss Hendershot, the explanation I have to offer is this: Mr. Helmer rushed into my office an hour or so ago and hurriedly stated that he had been telegraphed for from Dubuque and was at that moment on his way to the train. He simply told me further

that he had promised to take you to a party somewhere and begged of me in the name of friendship to fill his date. I'm sorry for your disappointment, but I'll do my best to properly substitute my friend, and, as time is passing, let me suggest that we had better be on our way."

Without more ado the lady picked up an opera cloak from a hall chair and graciously allowed Gus to hand her into the carriage. He obtained the address to which they were to drive from Miss Hendershot, and entering himself proceeded to entertain the young woman agreeably during a short drive, at the end of which they arrived at a large, brilliantly-lighted mansion.

Accordingly, to his own account, Cusby was most kindly treated from the start to the finish. He described the evening as being one of the most delightful experiences of his eventful life. The German "was more fun than a barrel of monkeys." About the supper he was equally enthusiastic, but when he began to speak of the merits of the lady he had escorted, language failed him. Yes, for the first time on record Gus Cusby lost the use of his organs of speech.

It seems that after supper Miss Hendershot and Gus had a delightful waltz and then went out into the hall to cool off.

"Yes, we *did* sit together on the stairs, Lang, if you must know, and she was talking to me about her dear Will, whom you better believe I was beginning to hate as a Polish Jew does water, when she started up, exclaiming:

"Why, here's Will, now."

"I suddenly desisted from my occupation, which at the moment was the gentle agitation of a swan's down fan, and turning, beheld a tall powerful fellow whose pale face conveyed the idea clearly to my understanding that he had something that seriously troubled him, either on his mind or on his stomach. The indications are the same, you know. Well, I wasn't a bit pleased, but put out my fist saying:

"How are you, William?"

"I don't know you, sir," he replied coldly, "but, I wonder"—flushing up a bit—"if you are the man who stole my carriage on Madison street to-night?"

"Will, dear, how can you act so," put in the little lady, much distressed, "Mr. Cusby has been awfully kind to me."

"Yes, from the situation I just surprised you in, I have no doubt of it," he replied sarcastically, and then turning to me, "Mr. Cusby, if that is your infernal name, will you oblige me with your address?"

"If you don't know my address, I know yours, and to-morrow I will take great pleasure in making you an early call," I answered grandly.

"But Will, dear," put in the girl, tearfully.

"Don't Will dear me," he said loftily. "I'll await you to-morrow morning, Mr. Cusby," and turning on his heel he left us and the house.

"He may be awaiting me now, boys, for all I know. I hope he isn't growing weary."

"Soon after this little incident I took Miss Hendershot home. As I opened her door for her she said, apologetically:

"Will acted very harshly to you, Mr. Cusby, and I am so sorry. He's such a jealous mortal that I fear he may actually shoot himself sometime."

"My dear young lady," I answered as consolingly as I could, "have no fear for William, worms have died, and men have eaten them, but not for love. Good night."

L. L. LANG.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The furniture dealer over the way
Has just driven in a nail,
And hung this notice over his door:



And the little Jew tailor has put up a sign
That all can read at a glance:



And now is the time to subscribe for THE JUDGE,
For this is the season of year,
When, according to all learned M. D.'s,
'Spring humors' are sure to appear.

Profitless Scratching.

BISBEE.

Having failed in business, and having failed to profit by the failure, I wrote to my uncle for advice and pecuniary assistance.

To my astonishment he answered my urgent appeal in person. I greeted him cordially, and was about asking after his health, when he interrupted me:

"You wanted my advice?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have brought it with me."

"Thanks."

"You also requested pecuniary aid?"

"I did."

"I have left my pocketbook behind me."

Before I could express my annoyance at such un-called-for forgetfulness, he continued:

"Do you know why you are a mercantile failure?"

"No."

"Because you must be a genius. The author of Hereditary Genius says, 'I believe that if the eminent men of the period had been changelings when babies, a very fair proportion of those who survived and retained their health to fifty years, would, notwithstanding their altered circumstances,

have equally risen to eminence. Thus—to take a strong case—it is incredible that any combination of circumstances could have repressed Lord Brougham to the level of undistinguished mediocrity. If a man is gifted with vast intellectual power, eagerness to work and power of working, I cannot comprehend how such a man should be repressed. The world is always tormented with difficulties waiting to be solved—struggling with ideas and feelings to which it can give no adequate expression. If, then, there exists a man capable of solving those difficulties, or of giving a voice to those pent-up feelings, he is sure to be welcomed with universal acclamation. We may almost say that he has only to put the pen to the paper, and the thing is done."

"This bit of condensed wisdom," continued my uncle, throwing himself into a seat, "is capital enough for any young man with brains to start with."

I had listened in speechless endurance. I then ventured to modestly remark that if the "bit of wisdom" was framed with certified checks, I thought the young man might start out with more confidence.

"Men of genius make their own money," was my uncle's prompt reply. "Fortune certainly favors young Dumas—the success of his 'Lady of Camelia' brought him in the snug little sum of 46,500 francs—which is about 9,000 of our money, you know."

"Yes," I grunted; "and the Prince of Wales brought himself to the verge of insanity writing a manual for young entomologists," I said with intellectual alacrity, "but it brought him no pounds."

"Hereditary talent," said my uncle, with a peculiar smile. "His father composed music and wrote songs. Your father was an unusually poor business man, but an excellent poet. Your mother insists that you are a genuine genius—a natural phenomenon. My advice is to study carefully the real literature of the day. Read Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Cowper, Pope, Hooker, Byron, Bacon, Taylor, Barrow, and Johnson, and make a name for yourself in the niche of fame."

"The many fail, the few succeed, is an aphorism old as Adam and as true as steel," was my reply.

"The first article I ever wrote brought me in fifty dollars," said my uncle in a voice of complacent superiority. "It is said of Voltaire, that if France could not have existed, he would have created it. You have no fortune, you must create one."

"With what?"

"With pen, ink, and paper; allies that never fail to conquer, if led by Genius."

"What shall I write about—Noah and his happy family?"

I asked with a covert sneer.

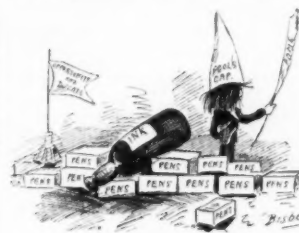
"My uncle repressed with difficulty a gesture of contempt at this antediluvian idea, but said calmly:

"Why not get out a book on Ophiology and have Eve for the heroine? You must be original in thought, perspicuous in style, felicitous in expression, and practical in result. I will send you pen and paper; also a little money. Look to the future as a paradise of hope."

Out went my uncle, and with him went

the great expectations that had been accumulating and growing in my breast ever since I had written him. His prophetic intimation, however, that I was a genius gave me insidious gratification—but the grin that lingered around my uncle's sardonic countenance as he left the room was neither assuring nor digestible.

However, as I had frequently been boarded with visionary presentiments of having rightfully inherited a post-mortem stock of talent, it was not much of a lash for me to work myself into quite a literary glow. I suddenly became a metamorphosed creature, and gazed upon the snow-white piles of paper that he had sent, with the burning of one whose untutored instinct unerringly detected the true road to fame and fortune. The working materials were at hand, and the ennobling influence of a glass of lager induced me to commence my labor at once. The golden realization was in the dim and shadowy future, but the foolscap was within



FORT FEARLESS.

of "blotters."

Without delay I burrowed into that ream of paper, and in an incredibly short space of time the floor was literary covered with outpourings of genius!

When I stopped to count the sheets and to take another drink of the exhilarating lager, I found to my utter amazement that I had written 48 sheets. I was now morally, mentally and intellectually convinced there was plenty of material lying dormant in the secret recesses of my brain laboratory, which only required the fish-hook of application to rake out for the benefit of the public. The raw material could be worked up and distributed in neatly arranged parcels of compressed eloquence, to the different publishers on the instalment plan.

I retired that night with such fascinating confidence in my ability to electrify the publishers in particular, and the reading public in general, that an earthquake would have failed to shake it.

The inhabitants of the civilized world were in blissful ignorance that a genius was rapidly developing with the rising sun. I left my bed at five o'clock and applied myself with wonderful assiduity to the stupendous undertaking of scooping in both fame and greenbacks with a pen. Perfectly satisfied that there was a vast and well-manured field before me. I was in a fever of excitement to scatter seeds of thought that had



A WELL-MANURED FIELD.

spouted during the night, and treat the public to an inundation of brand new ideas—to shower them with a modern flood of high-toned, high pressure, and scalp-lifting ideas, moulded into presentable shape by the attrahant hand of a living genius.

(To be Continued.)



LITERARY ALLIES.

A POE-ETICAL PARODY.



HEAR Manhattan's dinner bells,
Beck'ning bells!
What a course of mystery
Their melody foretells!
How they jangle, jingle, jangle,
Thro' the air to waiting ears,
With a bingle and a bangle
They are calling to their "cheers!"
Keeping time, time, time,
In a comfortable rhyme,
To the coming of the hungry from their palaces or
cells,
To the smells, smells, smells, smells, smells, smells,
smells,

To the savory and appetizing smells!
Hear the happy horse-car bells,
Bully bells!
What a scene of luxury
Their advent e'er foretells!
How they tingle, tingle, tingle,
From the morning till the night,
While the organ-grinders jingle
With a full and fierce delight!

How they chime, chime, chime, in a racking, rending rhyme,
With the rumbling and the rattling that symphoniously rain
From the train, train, train, train, train, train, train!
From the nimble, noisy, elevated train!

Hear the giddy Gotham belles,
Beaming belles!
What a sight of loveliness
Their coming e'er foretells!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
On the streets and avenue,
While the ribbons o'er them scatter
Hues of pink, and red, and blue;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of rainbow rhyme,
To the brilliant conversation that melodiously wells
From the swells, swells, swells, swells, swells,
swells, swells,
From the beatific, scientific swells!

DUVVA.

A Definition.

"What is the difference between an accident and a surprise?" asked Mrs. Spelter at breakfast.

"All accidents are surprises, but not all surprises are accidents," replied S. "If I were to tip over the lamp, it would be an accident. If you were to say nothing about it, it would be a surprise."

"I see," said Mrs. S., dangerously. "And if you were to come home from the club sober, would that be both an accident and a surprise?"

"No, my dear; that would not be an accident. It would only be an incident."

An Elevating Suggestion.

WHY does not Mr. Mackaye devise an elevator for raising the players and paraphernalia of faro—alliteration included—out of sight when the police raid the place? The machinery might get out of action by long disuse, but that could be obviated by an understanding that the police should raid oftener and keep up show of vigilance. By telephone communication with police headquarters, harmonious, vigorous and effective co-operation could be secured, the public be pleased and no one hurt.

Assassinated Again.

LONDON, April 25.—Advises from China say that the Chinese Viceroy of Yunnan and Kweichong had just issued a decree ordering the destruction of all Catholic convents and the killing of all Catholic converts and foreigners. Several of the condemned convents had been razed and several hundred Catholic converts and foreigners had already been assassinated.

The above short cablegram, published in the newspapers, for the last time, on April 26th, caused a shudder to run through the veins of everybody except those familiar with the methods of the foreign bureaus of newspaper offices. These experienced persons know that the Catholics in China are in their usual state of health, and are quite oblivious to the interesting fact that they had been again massacred, in the American newspapers.

If we are to believe these enterprising journals, the Chinese Catholics have been massacred again and again, until like the eel they rather relish being skinned.

The supply of Catholics in China is entirely inadequate to the demands for massacre made upon them by American journalists.

It was the custom to massacre them regularly every three months—in type—but of late the French war news from China has given them a respite.

With the signing of the articles of peace they come forward as gayly as a lamb to the slaughter.

It is quite safe to say that the news of this slaughter will first reach China in some American paper. Perhaps the slandered Viceroy of Yunnan and Kweichong will think it necessary to fulfil what was told of him, and then we shall have a real massacre to talk about.

No doubt the Viceroy is a respectable old person who only concerns himself about the cooking of his fried rats, and the compressing of his daughter's feet.

People expect news from China now and then or they might think that it had slipped under Thibet and become lost. It is then that the live journalist brings out the celluloid electrotype of this hideous massacre, adjusts the dates, and prints it in an obscure

corner of the paper. The news is never confirmed, but the public are satisfied, and that is the last of it. We hope that this exposure will consign the electrotype to well deserved oblivion, and that the pious Chinese Catholics may be allowed to pass their lives without the necessity of being massacred so frequently "to grace an American journal."

C. and M.

There seems to be a fatal conjunction in these initials. It is Crowley and Maggie now. It was Cleveland and Maria formerly. This is a coincidence.

But the White House for one "C" and the State Prison for the other, is *not* a coincidence. It is a contrast.

Briefs.

(SUBMITTED BY JEF. JOSLYN.)

HORSE-"CHESTNUTS"—Parodies on "Paul Revere's" and Sheridan's Rides," "The Taming of Bucephalus," etc., etc.

THE legislator who invariably votes in the negative, is "the man who 'No's' it all."

ONE can go to a ball for to waltz with his girl,
And there tread on her corns and her bunions—
And she'll love him the same; but she'll "shake"
him forthwith,
If his breath is perfumed with Spring onions.

ROLLS of Honor—Prize biscuits at the Cooking Club.

WHETHER the English will be Victoria-ous over the Russians, in either diplomacy or fighting, is a very un-Czar-tain question.

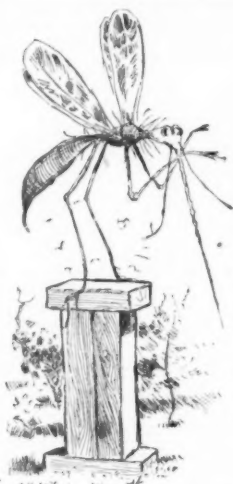
No sceptered king with jeweled crown,
No General victorious,
No statesman honored for his worth,
No orator vain-glorious,
Feels half so proud, conceited, or
E'er kicks up such a pother.
As he who swaggers forth some day
A happy new-made father.

[N. B.—This is autobiographical, probably.—Ed. JUDGE.]

A STUMP machine—The dentist's patent forceps.

"I CAN'T even sign my own name with a pen, but I'll now 'right a few lues', all the same," as the uneducated fisherman said when he proceeded to unsnarl a lot of tackle.

I know not
"Why the spirit of mortal should be proud,"
I know not
"Who struck Billy Patterson" in a crowd;
I know not
"Where the Hebrew children are" at this date,
Nor care not—
S'long's I can get my drinks 'put on the slate.'"



WILL hie me away
To the dreamy shore,
With my trusty spear,
For I thirst for gore.
And who is so haughty,
So proud, so high,
As to scorn my voice
As I pass him by.
While I gaily hum
"Ah-do-ry-dum!"
Nay, soothly—he will arise and fly.

In the dusky eve I will soar and wait,
With my ghostly hymn, like a wail of fate,
And many a noble wight I'll greet,
And taste of his blood so warm and sweet,
While I blithely hum
"Ah-do-ry-dum,
I am much obliged for my goodly treat."

He shall start and stare, as a fiend were near,
He shall turn, bewitched, with nameless fear,
He shall wildly clasp at the empty air,
And rave in his madness and despair,
But I'll lightly hum
"Ah-do-ry-dum,"
And I'll mock and jeer and deride him there.

And every victim shall bear away
The mark of my spear, and for many a day
He shall tear himself, and annoy him o'er,
And vow a revengeful hour in store.
And I'll loudly hum
"Ah-do-ry-dum,
I'll come again for a red drop more."

Fools that ye are! Go and wrap ye in
With gauzes and coverings cool and thin,
Mask ye with veils; ye are in my power,
I will haunt you out in your inmost bower.
With a gentle hum—
"Ah-do-ry-dum,"
Till ye long for the chill of a frosty hour.

D. O. T.

THE PITY OF IT.

By the author of "Within a Sixteenth of an Inch of His Life," "She Cometh Up as a Weed," "Red as a Beet is She," and a hundred others as bad as this.

Chime out your sweetest strains of harmony,
And on delicious music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's eyes,
That he may be enamoured of your tunes.

Old Song.

A sob fluttered among the trees and fled away through the sable night, only to meet an untimely death by coming in contact with Biddy's nose, protruding through the ferruginous grating in a lower casement of a palatial, brownstone mansion. Darkness had flung a sealskin shroud over all things. The clock, glued to the steeple of a distant church, boomed in solemn peals, eleven, twelve, then one. Yet, in a neighboring tenement, a hollow-eyed youth, with a care-worn face, sat before a common pine table upon which lay an open book. He heeded not the passing hours, but as one o'clock

struck he arose and moved towards the window.

All was still. No one wandered over the moist sidewalks, or withdrew their pedals from the deep mud of the gutters with a sound like an exploding champagne cork. The poet's—for such he was—vaccillating mind could not recall the amount of time that the last peal of the clock betokened. Therefore, he thought it strange that no one was abroad. He knew not that the majority were endeavoring to sleep.

Suddenly, wafted on the wings of the night, came the discordant blasts of a trumpet. An antediluvian cornet repeated some of the remarks made, and the twain went at in rattling Sullivan-Ryan style. A bass drum interrupted them, hoping to make peace. Then the cornet and trumpet met simultaneously on the drum's head. But the infantile triangle attempted to push them off, and the flute and the hoo-dah assisted, while the bronze knock-em-stiff lent its efforts. Meanwhile another cornet, assisted by a shrill locomotive's whistle and a Krupp gun, chimed in for all they were worth. But this was not all; not much. The drum persisted in talking back, and the other instruments fought, striving to knock out each other. This riled all of them, and each went on his own hook until it sounded as though the musicians themselves would be blown out of the building. And slowly, one by one, the nails forsook the roof, until, weakened by its long contest, at the grand finale, the roof soared into the blackness of the night.

"I thought the authorities didn't permit musicians to practice so late," muttered the poet to himself, as he prepared for the night by donning his linen duster.

Alas! the removal of the roof had been of no earthly avail. The lum-tuns sounded, and the brazen-throated instruments kept up the struggle manfully and noisily.

The poor, bewildered poet had long since fallen upon his knees. But his genuflexions were not bred of piety. Nay, his optics dilated, his head swam, his thoughts fled from him. What! no; but 'twas a trifling thought, was he going mad? What, and whither that pain? Ah! dim, blinding tears rolled down his wan cheeks and sought repose in a green, imitation silk handkerchief. No, he was not going mad; he was mad already! With one wild, seething gurgle he fell to the floor.

* * * * *

They planted him down by the muddy banks of the raging canal, under the vernal branches of a spreading horse-chestnut tree, that drops its adamantine doughnuts on his grave in the blithesome springtime. A plain, slab marks the final resting place of his stained mahogany ice-box; and upon the stone, to this day, the passing tramp may read: "Killed by a Brass Band." J. D. S.

"WHY do the wicked live?" is a conundrum that Brer. Talmage took an hour and a half of chin-chin and a mile and a half of flip-flap to answer. The short of it is, they live to furnish ministers a calling.

TEDDY O'FLYNN.

A Post Mortem Campaign Idyl.

Teddy O'Flynn was a Dimecrat bold,
He voted for Cleveland ten times, I am told,
And he swore that he laid
Twenty men in the shade,
And divil o' bit was his services paid—
Excepting a drink from the candidate's can,
To tone up his nerves when he went for his man.

He carried the banner thro' many a storm;
Its motto was "Cleveland and moral reform."
He marched in the rain,
Just a little bit vain,
And woe to the fellow who shouted for Blaine!
He shouted but once, and Teddy O'Flynn,
Came back to the ranks with a beautiful grin.

Now, when Mr. Cleveland had been "mustered in,"
"I'll take the post office," said Mr. O'Flynn;
"I'll handle the mail
That cometh by rail
Twice daily, bedad! to the City of Gale!"
And so his petition, full twenty yards long,
To Washington went, ably worded, and strong.

The answer that came raised a terrible storm:
"We've got to respect Civil Service Reform;
We must keep Mr. Brown
As P. M. of your town.
So, thanks for your labors and deeds of renown."
"Confound it!" cried Teddy, "I'm laid on the shelf.
I'll make a Republican outen meself.

"An' whin Mr. Cleveland is running agin,
He'll wish he had listened to Teddy O'Flynn;
I'll march without pay,
In a uniform gay,
An' woe to the Dimecrats found in my way!
I'll stand at the polls in me own fightin' flesh,
An' head the Republican torch-light process."

They tried to console him, but 'twas all in vain;
He yelled and he shouted for "Jimmy O'Blaine,"
And he gently knocked down
Several men of renown,
And frightened the others away from the town.
The marshal of Gale saw it all with a grin,
And never attempted to take Teddy in.

So, now this young Celt—this political scamp,
Is cock o' the walk in the enemy's camp,
And Democrats old,
With a sigh, I am told,
Are talking of buying the boy back with gold.
They fly when they see him, as if from a storm,
And bitterly curse "Civil Service Reform."

T. C. HARRAUGH.

How to Raise Old Glory To-day.

An "Old Soldier" writes to the *New York Journal*: "I desire to know if it's the correct thing to raise the National flag on Decoration Day to the top, or fly it at halfmast." THE JUDGE decides that it depends on what "Old Soldier" means to express. If sorrow over our Unreturning Brave, then at half-mast.

To express his natural feeling about the treatment of Union Soldiers by the Essentially Executive, then at half-mast, union down.

To express indorsement of the administration, do not raise it at all. Shove up the Stars-and-Bars to the peak.



DECORATION DAY IN THE



IN THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP.



"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

That explains it! Why our Rose turns from the sunlight of our admiration to the musty gloom of a lawyer's den.

Why wise Solomon chooses the Lily to adorn his life and home. It's all the work of that wayward little Cupid. They're not responsible. This winged fellow occasionally shoots an arrow through a timid victim's heart, when it is not "open season." Spring is evidently his harvest-time, and, lawless as he is, he fears the exposure of his "close season" depredations—as per the case of young Arthur Wallack. How shy the artful rascal was until he heard Papa Wallack's "Come right here, both of you!" Then with a laugh he was gone. Who next?

Historical gems are as interesting to our ladies as a battered sword or battle-field is to an old veteran. Whenever Florence Marryat traversed the rays—which was not infrequently—every gloved hand levelled a glass at her renowned jewels.

One of the largest Sunday collections for the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund was "gathered in" last Sunday, the 24th, at the Bijou Opera House. Mr. Rice passed the plate, but Dixey played the overture. The entire congregation joined in the chorus of applause.

After hugging our stars and stripes and having a gush-patriotic scene in each city she visited; singing "Home Sweet Home" to her own edification, if to no one's else; deliberately disappointing an audience about every other time—Miss Nevada sought the notoriety of a lawsuit and the honor of presenting emblematical floral tributes to Booth and Ristori. But her last play was the best—"Ticket o' Leave."

Miss Helene Dauvray, late of "Mona" notoriety, and her manager John A. Richaby, have become infected with the popular mania for an American starring tour. As Miss Dauvray possesses a large fortune, our American liberality cannot be the only cause of their decision. Perhaps this young lady is as patriotic in sentiment as she is American in temperament; bright, energetic and ambitious. She is to appear in an original comedy written for her by Mr. Bronson Howard. If he produces a comedy proper, Mrs. Dauvray will certainly be in her proper role.

Why is so much sympathy expended on

Miss Coghlan and "Our Joan?" Who can reasonably censure Mr. Wallack for being more interested in the wind-up of his New York season, than in one individual's future plans, even if she had been his leading lady for eight years.

If "Our Joan" has sufficient merit (which we doubt) and Miss Coghlan is suited to the character (which is more doubtful) her starring tour, if she shall have one (which many doubt) will be a success. Though it did not run the season out, here, New York no longer decides what Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco and other cities will or will not accept. Plays and actors must stand upon their own merits.

Our managers' apparent contempt for Irving's worthy innovations in stage environments, is equalled by the English's resentment at the introduction of our reserved seat system at Mr. Irving's theatre.

Minnie Palmer is to be congratulated upon the re-engagement of her model *Sweetheart Tony*, Mr. Chase. Arnold's graceful interpretation of the sentimental German youth adds much to the strength of the performance. Mr. Arnold, however, is sentimental to order only. Off the stage he is business.

This summer he spends his vacation in Denver, Col., looking after his 1000 acre cattle ranch. This tendency "to make hay while the sun shines" is commendable. If more of the profession exercised such practical qualities, a superannuated actor with a competency might cease to be such a curiosity.

OUR PROFESSOR.

Our Professor is a thorough man,
And, one day it came to pass,
He propounded this example
To the brightest of the class:

"A Mormon elder bought some bees
To keep them all their lives,
Now, in case of fire, would they be his?
Or would they be his wives?"

The puzzled senior scratched his head
And rolled his troubled eyes;
Then said, "I never had no bees,
But I have had the 'Hives'."

H. A. B.

A DILEMMA SOLVED.

"Now what do you think I had better do?"
Said the billy goat to the pup,
"Shall I go to work and eat the *swan's down*?
Or would you drink the *catsup*?"

"O, look here now," said the setter pup,
"Let us both try something new,
Supposing I drink the *sozodant*,
While you chew the *billet doux*."

H. A. B.

Mrs. Partington's Sorrow.

"Our preacher was sick last Sunday, and Young Pendergrast, a college student here, preached for us," said Mrs. Partington, as she laid down her newspaper and took off her "specs." "It was a splendid sermon. He turned up his eyes and lifted his hands, and got off the most beautiful catastrophes I ever heard, and his closing peroration was just grand. And now he's gone and forged his Pa's name after all he's done for him. I declare it makes me sick when I think of the decrepitude there is in this world!"

The Uneducated Clergy.

In a village in western Ohio lived Uncle C—, a devout Methodist. Uncle C— was an illiterate man, and like many others of his stamp, had a great admiration for a preacher of the "spread-eagle" sort, one who would select an obscure text from Hebrews or Romans, and preach a sermon (?) altogether beyond the comprehension of either himself or his hearers. Uncle C— had listened to such an one, to his entire satisfaction, for three years, but, according to Methodist rules, this man's time had expired. His successor was a preacher of an altogether different turn of mind—a good, plain man, who preached what are termed "gospel sermons." Uncle C. listened to him for a couple of Sabbaths, and finding that he could understand the most of the sermon, went over to see one of the "stewards" and make a complaint.

"I don't see what under the sun an' earth the Bishop wanted to send such a man as that here for," said he. "He hain't never been to collidge, and I don't b'lieve he's even got an *epidemical eddication*."



A COLD DAY FOR THE AFGHAN.



THE
GARDENER'S TALE.

One morning, glorious to see,
A sample of Dame Nature's best,
Some Bachelor Buttons I was sowing;
(They needed sewing on my vest.)

When, looking on the sand, I saw
Of Lady-Slipper's prints a pair;
I traced them to a rustic seat,
And found a young girl weeping there.

The maiden Prim rose to her feet,
An Ice-plant could not be more cold;
"Why come you to this Virgin-bower,
And who are you to be so bold?"

"Only an umbel gardener."
I, stammering, made haste to say,
Longing to be a-guardin' er,
And taking all her Caraway.

You'd ought to wear a Prince's Feather,
And not such ugly Dutchman's Breeches!

"Whole Phlox of lovers I've refused,
Who at my feet have come to kneel,
From that Old Man, the Dusty Miller,
To the young coxcomb, Marshal Neil.

"But I'm resolved to Marigold;
The man I promise to obey
Must rule me with a Golden Rod,
Or else I'll rue my wedding-day.

"Your green-house is too small for me,
The White House suits my fancy more,
Or, at the very least, I'd be
A lovely Belle of Baltimore."

I turned to leave her with a bough,
To stalk away with many a sigh;
My Love-Lies-Bleeding, but I hope
To grow more Sage as Thyme rolls by.

M. A. B.

"Begonia, wretch!" the maiden cried,
"Tis plain enough for one to see
You've grown quite old in laying plots,
Though still you're in the nursery!"

"Twas pity for your Bleeding-heart
That brought me here, so have no fears;
I'd offer Balsam for your grief,
And stem the Current of your tears."

"Alas! I have no Poppy now,
My mother's dressed in weeds," she said;
My brother, dear Sweet William's sick;
We fear he'll never leave his bed."

"Accept this Bridal Wreath," I cried,
Sweet Peas shall be your's all your life;
I'll hedge you in with every joy,
If you will only be my wife."

Her Tulips curled most scornfully,—
"You're good at making flowery speeches.

Flupgon Improving.

Flupgon is becoming quite proficient as a gardener. He planted some beans this spring, and in a short time noticed the seed pushing through the ground. He was amazed and exclaimed, as he pushed the beans back into the earth: "Them vegetables don't get away from me this time, b'gosh!"

"Bedux."

McIntosh was reading the news to a party of friends the other day, when he came across the word "Bedeaux." He was stuck, and pointed the word out to one of his companions, who said: "that's pronounced 'Bedough'." "Bedough?" yelled Mac., "Bedough be d—d, it's Be dux!"

OFF THE BENCH.

THE *World's* pedestal fund will probably reach a pretty figure.

A BROOKLYN pastor complains that there is a devil in his church. Well, that's the best place for him. What are churches for except to plague Satan?

DAUDET, the author of "L'Evangeliste," says: "Mark Twain to me is a sealed book." We feared this when Marcus Aurelius began to charge \$3.50 for a ten cent book.

A scientific paper discourses on the "waste of bullets in war." If that is a waste what would it have bullets used for? Nothing but skirt-weights and sinkers for fish lines?

So THEY are preventing cholera by "inoculating people with diluted cholera germ!" We know well where they got the idea. A fellow who takes diluted love early in life is inoculated and impervious.

THREE of those who were drawn to try Police Sergt. Conway were classified as "gentlemen." This is probably an effort to secure wakefulness and attention when the Court says, "gentlemen of the jury."

"THE DUCHESS of Buckingham," says a correspondent, "has her stockings marked in cross-stitch with the initials A. B. C. and a ducal coronet above." This is a bad "beat" on American reportorial enterprise.

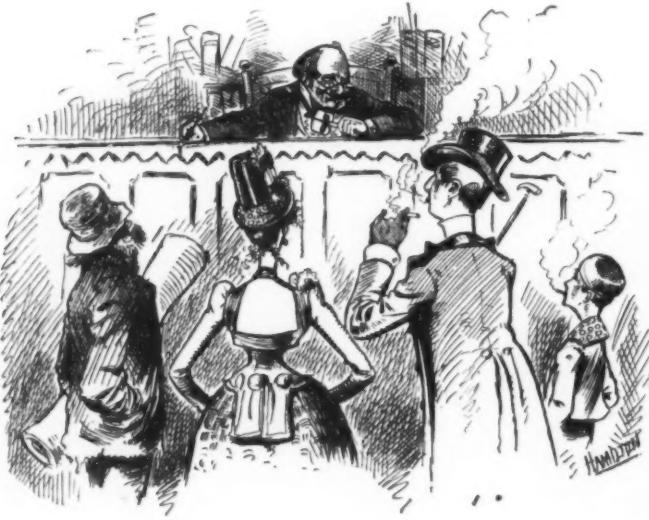
A REGULAR and exciting topic of discussion now in all clerical gatherings is the Press. We thought this retaliation would come. Even Time will turn when trod on and the whirligig Worm brings around his revenges.

No machine of travel that man ever invented can equal the speed of wild fowl. The canvas back duck flies two miles a minute. The rapidity with which the same bird wafts a man's money into the restaurant-man's drawer beats the flight of the living bird, though.

A CITY daily, to which John Roach is a red rag, attributed the failure of his "Dolphin" on the trial trip to a "heated journal." So does he—to several of 'em, possessed of the same Roach-ophobia as the daily in question. The bearings of journals are some times not sufficiently lubricated.

THE King of Bavaria has ordered the manager of the Royal Theatre at Munich to produce Sardou's "Theodora," at a cost of 200,000 francs. The King is to be the sole auditor of the performance, which is to be continued during his pleasure. Kings can attend opera cheaper than citizens of a republic can. It's no fairshake.

BUREAU OF GENERAL ADVICE.



ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

You are, young man, the culmination of all that is admirable. If you were to be snatched from your place, men would run to and fro in agony, the world would come to a dead stop in its revolution, the stars would quake in their high seats and the whole universe would be in danger of dissolution. You are the most capable, most fascinating, most indispensable young man now living. So are all young men. It is a common state of things. You are the miraculously smart young man who is to burst upon the world like a meteor and paralyze it by your splendor. Oh, yes! We have all been there—in our imagination.

At present you are probably working ten hours a day for a moderate remuneration; but this of course, is only a temporary condescension, and it is hardly worth your while to try to perfect yourself in your present occupation, because you will not need any such mental handicraft when you have become great. Therefore, do your work in a royally disdainful manner, letting your employer see you were designed for better things. Nothing pleases an employer more than this spirit, or more surely paves the way to advancement.

Although your income may not at present be princely it is best to dress in the height of style, because you will thus know how to wear good clothes naturally when you become rich and famous. I have seen some splendid two-legged specimens of tailor's work who would have compared favorably, sartorially speaking, with some millionaires, and this, too, although they were not receiving a salary of more than fifteen dollars a week. When we consider how closely such a young man must spend his income and how many sacrifices his parents must make to enable him to array himself thus gorgeously, we can see at a glance how heroic is his spirit and how divine is his ambition.

As you value your life, never be seen in public with anything about you which could lead folks to suspect that you were a tradesman or a mechanic. A good workman is always ashamed of his work. I have known a young man so lost to all sense of propriety as to walk down the street in a pair of overalls. Words are too weak! Such a degraded reptile ought to be exterminated. How can he be so blinded as not to feel the superiority of a black-coated, flabby-mused, oil-scented, cheap-jewelled young blood who smokes a five-cent cigar and twirls a natty little cane and says, "Aw."

You have another important function in life, which, for the most part, I am glad to say, you nobly fulfil. I refer to the vocation of loafing. Some loaf at the doors of churches and public halls, and spit tobacco juice where the ladies are going to walk, and when the ladies appear, pass them in critical review, making audible and pungent comments, such as cannot fail of pleasing the objects of them; some gather in clubs under various names to cooperate in loafing; some adorn street corners and the steps of stores. Of all noble sights in this fair world, the noblest is an able-bodied young man exalted upon a dry-goods box, his hat tipped back and his hands in his pockets, whiling away the sunny hours in ogling the women who pass, in spitting tobacco juice and in retailing smutty stories to a group of appreciative listeners. One feels intuitively that this young man is asserting his divine prerogatives above the brute; for no brute would relish the idleness, the tobacco or the story.

Of course, you will drain the social glass upon occasion, and I need only mention in passing that the more you drink the better it is for you.

There is one thing which you cannot too firmly impress upon your mind, and that is your attractiveness in the eyes of the opposite sex. How delightful it is to hear a young man boast that he can "mash" any girl in creation! It is like the sound of some great, deep-toned instrument, which speaks of grandeur and power and solemnity; and then, it gratifies a young lady beyond all power of expression to hear it. She feels that there is a young man who knows what is what, and she experiences an unspeakable longing to become the humblest object of his regard. (Suppose, my dear young friend, that you knew that clear-eyed, pure-minded, sensible girl's candid opinion of you!—But let that pass.) Cherish this belief fondly, young man. It is true. You are the central object of admiration to all women that see you. The nicest girls all yearn for your affection. You must treat them with a consciously-potent, benevolent, proprietary air, and everything will fall before you. Go on! Your success is assured.

If you can get a little smattering of cheap infidelity, it will be vastly profitable, for infidels have always been noted for their noble lives and lofty aims. Choose your career, therefore, rather than the Christian uprightness of your father or the trustful piety of your mother, and you may be sure that your future will contain many hours of delightful reflection. I have known persons who found vast pleasure in Zola and Paul de Kock who nevertheless thought that Bible was not pure enough to be profitable reading. It seems as if any being less than a demi-god would stagger under the weight of such a brain as that! I love to hear a young man ranting about the impurity of the Bible and the foibles of religious folk, because I know in a moment that such a young man is himself vastly purer than the book he derides and that he is living a life so noble and self-sacrificing that it would make a saint blush with self-reproach. Such young men are the grains of salt which keep this poor world sweet. If it had not been for their efforts, Christians would have ruined it long ago.

"Like the Rest of us."

THE delegation of Mormons who went to complain to President Cleveland got but cold comfort. They represented to Grover that the Edmonds Bill, a general U. S. statute, was a dead letter everywhere but in Utah; and they asked that people of all U. S. territory be treated alike when they break this law against unlawful cohabitation. They wanted 't put down everywhere if anywhere.

The President could not give them much hope for putting a stop to this thing anywhere but in Utah, and he closed the interview, we read, thus: "The President's face broke into a smile as he concluded: 'I wish you out there could be like the rest of us.'" The correspondent neglected to note the pleasant wink of the President.

In the name of Eastern Democracy and society we thank the President for thus checking the unprincipled efforts of the Mormon delegation to revive election scandals. The best thing the M's can do is to take to cultivating the code of morals of Brer Beecher, Mr. Curtis and the *Evening Post*, and learn that "unlawful cohabitation is not inconsistent with the highest public virtues." Do these impertinent Mormons suppose this administration will tolerate men who actually and shamelessly marry the various women they consort with and support their resultant offspring.

Let them cast forth their wives, send their children to asylums, turn civil service reformers and "be like the rest of us," in this Democratic administration, if they want justice; yea, want honors showered upon them.



A DANGEROUS CROSSING.

WIFE—"Do you think you can catch the train?"

OYEZ! OYEZ!

As the summer time advances,
From his lair the picnic joke
Of the ants and the new spring pants is
Got off on the country folk.

While the city paragrapher,
Who more dignified would seem,
Tries to please the urban laughter,
With a chestnut on ice-cream,

[Ex.]

Some youths shave against the beard,
while others shave down only.

[Waterloo Observer.]

—Women are not inventive as a rule.
They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

—Who wonders at the number of funny
writers on this continent. Wasn't it named
after a merry cuss.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—If a hansom man is driving with a sulky
girl, how will he pacify her? With a bus!

[St. Paul Herald.]

—“Hair you there,” said the star boarder,
as he fished the fragment of a sunny tress
from a dish of spring butter.

[St. Paul Times.]

—The disheartened Texan politician
thinks President Cleveland was more of a
success at hanging than decapitating.

[St. Paul Herald.]

—Sneer as you may at the preacher's op-
position to the rink, there can be no doubt
that it adds largely to the number of fallen
women.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—Jones who has a tendency to search for
the truth in parallel line, says he cannot tell
the naked truth because his tongue is always
coated.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—When a printer asks his best girl to give
him a proof of her love, she locks her form
up in his m-brace and he puts his imprint on
it.—[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

—The prevarications of this spring's circus
posters have been manufactured with so
much art as to make an ordinary epitaph feel
anxious for its laurels.—[Texas Siftings.]

“Don't kick a man when he's down,” folks say,
And the reason for this is plain:
He might make it hot for the kicker some day
When up on his feet again.

[Boston Courier.]

—William D. Howells believes that it is
easier for a man to seek the forgiveness of
God than it is to seek the forgiveness of his
wife. Certainly. His wife might talk
back.—[Philadelphia Call.]

—“The tendency to do wrong increases
toward night,” says a well-known clergyman.
I think this is very likely to be true, for
when Adam ate the forbidden fruit it was
near Eve.—[Boston Times.]

—Queen Victoria must have corns, for at
her reception nobody was allowed to come
nearer than eight feet. Perhaps we do her
an injustice, and it is only her breath that is
bad.—[Ex.]

—“Papa, what is Wall street?” “Wall
street is a place where they raise lambs in the
spring, shear them in the fall, and then turn
them loose to hustle for themselves in the
winter.”—[Evansville Argus.]

—Lightning struck a henhouse in Illinois
recently and killed twenty-five setting hens.

Those who have tried in vain to break a set-
ting hen might make a note of this.

[Philadelphia Call.]

—That was a conscientious humorist who
broke off an engagement because his girl had
chestnut hair.—[The Hatchet.]

—“Only one man in one thousand can
whistle,” says a writer. It is different with
boys. About one thousand boys in a hun-
dred can whistle. And the worst of it is,
they don't conceal the fact from the public.

[Norristown Herald.]

—According to the will of a Chicago man
his “dear wife” is to receive \$10,000 in case
she remains single two weeks after his death.
He objects to having his funeral baked meats
to coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

[Bloomington Eye.]

—In the European row everybody is first
shouting for a loan, and after that for glory
or “peace and honor.” England wants
glory and Russia a “peace with honor”—a
piece of ground with Afghans on'er is pre-
ferred.—[Pittsburgh Telegraph.]

—Professor Langley, the astronomer, is
said to be a most bashful man. And yet we
have no doubt he will sit for hours looking
at Venus through a telescope, long after
decent people are abed and asleep. That is
always the way with these bashful men.

[Lowell Citizen.]

—At Adrian, Mich., a lady saw an engine-
house with a steeple, and innocently asked a
gentleman attendant: “What church is
that?” The gentleman, after reading the
sign, “Deluge No. 3,” replied: “I guess it
must be the Third Baptist.”

[Chicago Times.]

—The New York *Tribune* says: “There
is probably no class of men engaged in any
industry who are subjected to such suffer-
ings, privations and perils as sailors.” This
having “a wife in every port” is attended
with great peril and suffering, no doubt,

[Norristown Herald.]

—One of Wolsey's soldiers was sentenced
to a month's imprisonment for firing a shot
at the Sphinx. The circumstance is all the
more puzzling from the fact that the Sphinx
made no charge against him. And besides,
Wolsey should give his soldiers an oppor-
tunity to shoot at something.

[Norristown Herald.]

—Jones—“What has become of Brown?”
Smith—“Why, don't you know? He's
dead.”

“Dead!”

“Yes; he died somewhere in Kentucky.
He was found dead in a bath-tub.”

“That's a likely story, now isn't it?”

“And why not?”

“How under the sun did a bath-tub ever
get into Kentucky?”—[Philadelphia Call.]

—“I'd like to know why it is,” said
Billkins, “that a woman wants to be on the
go all the time, and is never contented at
home.”

“That's not the way of it a all.”

“What's the reason it isn't?”

“Because I'm contented at home a good
share of the time.”

“Well, I'd like to know when it is.”

“When I'm asleep.”

[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

—The woodchuck commences digging
beneath stone fences or fallen trees. It is
his policy to hide his hole as well as himself.
His feelings are like those of a man who

went to Washington for an office and didn't
get it.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

—“You've traveled a good deal, Sikesby;
were you ever in a railroad collision?”

“No; but I was blown up on a steamboat
this winter.”

“On your trip to New Orleans?”

“Yes.”

“Well, that's singular. There wasn't a
word in the papers about it. How did it
happen?”

“My wife caught me flirting with another
woman.”—[Chicago Ledger.]

—Mabel is of a very emotional nature and
likes to read missives brim full of devotion,
while Charles is of a cool and methodical
temperament.

“Charley dear,” she asked one day, “why
don't you send your letters registered?”

“Registered,” echoed Charley. “Do you
have any difficulty in receiving them?”

“Oh, no,” replied Mabel.

“Then why should I register them?”

“Because they are so cold.”

[St. Paul Herald.]

—Dean Swift asserted that “There never
appear more than five or six men of genius
in an age.” That was when the population
of the civilized world was comparatively
small. Why, look at the present age! Dr.
Mary Walker, El Mahdi, O'Donovan Rossa,
Motor Keeley, Carter Harrison, Mark
Twain, Talmage, Reil, the unknowns who
started progressive euvre and the Roller
Skate and hundreds of others. The Dean
ought to visit the earth now.

[St. Paul Herald.]

HIS FATHER TAUGHT HIM.

Complaint was brought to Colonel Fiz-
zletope that his boy Johnny had attacked and
beaten, on Dallas Boulevard, a much smaller
boy than himself. The colonel took Johnny
aside, and had a private conversation with
him, in which joint discussion a strap played
an important part.

“I'll teach you to strike a smaller boy
than yourself.”

“That's so,” sobbed Johnny, “that's just
what you are doing.”

“What do you mean, you young scamp?”
shouted the enraged parent.

“I mean, pap, you taught me to whip little
boys. You're bigger than I am, and you
have been whipping me ever since I can re-
member, so I thought it was all right for
me to whip boys littler than myself.”

[Texas Siftings.]

EVIDENCE OF CULTIVATION.

To meet with an evidence of cultivation,
away off somewhere in the woods, is almost
as charming as the sudden discovery of a
flower, lifting its perfumed petals in a waste
place where only weeds were expected to
grow.

The day was dreary. Rain was falling.
The leafless trees, rattling their stiff fingers
together, shivered; while occasionally a
rheumatic old oak, suffering his joints to
shriek, would cry out in acute pain. A
house—lonely and humble, with a stark
chimney and clapboard roof, but a house.

“Come in,” said the whining, though not
unpleasant, voice of a woman. “Git outen
the way, will you,” she added, thrusting the
toe of a coarse shoe against the ribs of a dog.
“It do 'peer like the dogs will take the place.
Set down, sir.”

I sat down. The woman, while closely

eyeing me, proceeded to twist up her tangled black hair, which, in the semi-gloom of the ill-lighted house, looked like the net-work of an uncongenial night.

"I reckon you air a stranger in this here community?"

"Yes."

"Out huntin' hogs, I reckon."

"No, I am not hunting hogs."

"It kain't be that you air the new circuit rider, ken it?"

"No, madam, I am merely traveling through this part of the country with a view of writing it up for a newspaper."

"Wall, wall," she said in astonishment. "A man some time ergo put something in the paper about our place. The paper is up here now, I reckon."

She took down the county paper and pointed to a paragraph setting forth the fact that her husband's land was about to be "sold for taxes."

"Where is your husband?"

"Gone to whip the man that put that readin' in thar. Jim, he is a powerful smart man an' ken read anything at first sight. I ain't much uv a scholar myself. Iuster could figger a little, but when the war come on it so pestered me in my mind that I forgot how."

Dipping a cob pipe into the fire, and skillfully securing a coal, she settled herself down to solid enjoyment.

"The war was awful," she continued. "They tuck every chicken on the place, an' aigs, why, I couldn't keep one, no way I could fix it. Pap he got awful mad but he had to lay low. One time they tuck him outen bed, tied him across a log an' whipped him till you mout uv heard him holler a mile an' er half. I was powerful sorry for him, but it couldn't be helped. That wa'n't all. While they was stirrin' round with him they broke the finest settin' uv goose aigs I ever laid my eyes on. Oh, it was shameful the way they did carry on."

"What time will your husband return, madam?"

"Wall, it's jest owin' to how long it will take him to git through with the business in hand. He is usually putty peart. Laws a massy, how he ken slash round when he is at himself. Don't know Lit Kelly, do you?"

I confessed that I was not acquainted with Lit.

"Wall, I seed Pap whup Lit with one han' an' pay his respects to the Parker boys with the t'uther one. Pap, he was edycated whar

they turn out scholars."

On a little table, near which I sat, I noticed a leather-bound book. Taking it up I saw that it was an old copy of Byron.

"That's Pap's," she said. "He wouldn't take nothin' fur it."

The book was well worn. "Pap" was evidently a man of some cultivation. It was a surprise to see that book away out there in the woods, and to know that a humble, obscure man felt the fire of its burning pages.

"That's the arnly book he's got," she continued, "an' it's the arnly one he keers about."

"I suppose he spends a great deal of his time reading it?"

"Law bless you, no. It's his razor strap. He 'lows that there ain't none o' these here new fangled strops that'll sharpen a razor like that book. Don't be snatched," she added as I arose.

"Yes, I must go. The rain is about over."

"Stop in when you happen to come along. Wall, er good day"—[St. Paul Herald.

WANTED—FANCY, NOT FACT.

Editor (Sensational Literary Weekly)—"What I want is a first-class border romance filled with all sorts of adventures."

Applicant for Work—"I ought to be just the man for that. I lived for twenty years in the Far West and have been through no end of—"

"I am very sorry to hear that. I thought you belonged here."

"Oh, no! I came from the Far West. I was—"

"Yes, I see; too bad, too bad. Thought you might do, but it's no use. You've lived outside the city."—[Philadelphia Call.

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VERY CAREFUL.

"Well, you may come to work in the morning," said a white woman to a colored lady whom she had just employed.

"Yessum, but lady, dar am one p'int what we hain't settled yit."

"What is that?"

"W'y, lady, yer ain't gin me no stifferkit

o' character. I allus wants to know who I'se wuckin' fur. I got picked up de las' place I wucked. I didu' ax fur no character an' I hadu' been dar long tell I larned dat de lady's husban' wuz er Dimmercrat. It's bes' ter fix dese things up at fust, lady."—[Ex.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

Gilhooley went to an Austin doctor for advice.

"What is the matter with you?"

"I am as hungry as a wolf. I work like a horse, but I can't sleep."

"I guess you had better see a veterinary surgeon," said the doctor, sarcastically.

"What do I want to see him for? I am no veteran."—[Texas Siftings.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A SEANCE SPOILED.

A young man visited a German beer garden with the object of his affections. Being carried away by his emotions, and as they were sitting in a secluded part of the garden, the fond lover held up two fingers as if tak-

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ing an oath, and in a low voice which trembled with pathos, said:
"Dearest, I swear by all that is holy, to love thee with an undying—"
"I'll bring you them two schooners in a minute," said the waiter, who supposed the two uplifted fingers were intended for him.
[Texas Siftings.]

A NEW EMPLOYMENT.
There was a social gathering at the McSpillkins mansion the other night, and Mrs. McSpillkins asked Gus De Smith what he thought of the occupation of Pendjeh.
"What, is he getting a job?" asked Gus, who imagined Pendjeh was a friend of the family, and who had been out of employment.—[Texas Siftings.]

'SPENSIVE.
Colonel Hiram Eckleton declares that the negroes should be again enslaved. He fought for the freedom of the colored gentleman, yea—as sacred writers remark—he made abolition speeches previous to the war. His views as hinted just above, have undergone a striking revulsion. Several weeks ago, believing that chopping wood was the best exercise, he purchased several cords of oak, and every morning proceeded to swing an axe. The other day, while he was chopping, old John Carpenter, a colored gentleman, came along and asked:
"Boss, what yer gin me ter cut dat up?"
"I'd rather pay you not to cut it."
"Wall, now, dat's 'commerdatin', sho's bord it am."
The old negro went away. Two days afterward, the colonel received a summons to appear at court, having been sued by old John. In a rage, the colonel appeared before Flat Nose Phil, a prominent justice of peace.

"I don't understand this outrage," exclaimed the colonel.
"Keep quiet, sah; keep quiet," replied Phil. "Yer's in er cou't o' justice now, sah, an' it hoves yer ter ack jes' de same ez ef yer wuz in de president's house."
"Why was I summoned here?"
"'Cause yer's sued."
"What am I sued for?"
"Money, o' 'cose. Didn' think it wuz jes' fur fun, did yer?"
"Why am I sued for money? I don't owe that scoundrel a cent," he declared pointing to old John.
"Be er little mo' ch'ice wid yer 'sklamation p'int, colonel. Dis heah pusson asked yer 'bout choppin' some wood. Yesse'f said dat yer woul' ruther pay him not ter chop it. It wuz jes' de same wid him, so he charged yer up wid ten dollars fur not chopping' it. Jes' han' out de money, sah, an' de naixt time doan talk that way. In dis heah country, sah, er lie is gettin' ter be 'spensive."
[Ex.

"She tried her pretence hand on man, And then she formed the lassies, O!"
"What is woman's worth?" asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: W. O. man (double you O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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tuted a work that will endure until our language is buried in oblivion. Mr. Cleveland, on the contrary, looked after the physical man, and utilized the time in transit by laying in a supply of provender more than sufficient to see him through the day. It may not astonish Mr. Cleveland's contemporaries to know that

him. They consider his gorging himself on the train as an unkind reflection on their hospitality and on their ability to entertain him, and his obstinate refusal to answer or even acknowledge Gov. Pattison's graceful address as a display of downright churlishness."