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THE TRIANGULAR FIGHT OF THE DEMOCRATIC CHAMPIONS FOR THE GUBERNATORIAL NOMINATION.

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## THE JUDGE.

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### THE INNOCENTS AT HOME.

For good money a dealer in "the queer" offers the callow countryman ten times as much equally good, but when the exchange is made, the guileless purchaser gets a bag of sawdust substituted by a confederate behind the panels.

The mistake of the mugwumps was in thinking that honest civil service reform could come from and through the Democratic party. They found out their mistake at the very outset of the administration. The selection of Higgins, the notorious ballot-box stuffer and corruptionist of Baltimore, to distribute treasury appointments, was notice in advance of an intention to change real reform for saw-dust. The mugwumps declared it a test case and demanded Higgins's removal. He is there yet, giving out the public plunder on good old Democratic principles. And the mugwumps continue to support the system as reform.

Postmaster-General Vilas, in an official circular, months ago announced the end of the pretence of civil service reform by asking congressmen to file their application for a "divvy" on the good old spoils plan; thus the administration again substituted "saw-dust." And the innocent mugwumps continue to take it all in as genuine reform, and support the administration.

In all the departments, in the custom-

house, the navy yards, the confidence game is openly carried on. And everybody sees it and laughs, but the mugwumps.

"No one is so blind as he who will not see." They had a good case against the administration the first time it deceived them. For every time that they have been taken in and done for, since the first, they alone are to blame. The gudgeon that swallows the same bait a hundred times deserves the pain of being impaled a hundred times.

### NOT A WALK-AWAY.

It is more like a walk-around that the three candidates for Governor of New York are performing. Each thinks himself a "sleuth hound," if we may be allowed the expression, on the tracks of the other two, and that he is rapidly "getting away with" them. And all the time they are traveling in a circle, none of them getting ahead a foot, nor getting any the better of the others.

The trouble is that all of them are depending on the president to decide the race, and each thinks himself the administration favorite. So the contest is reduced to a simple personal antagonism—a scrimmage to beat the other fellow.

Once the Democratic party of the Empire state fought for principles; interested itself in state policy and the character of its candidates for honesty and fitness; had too much state rights pride to have its choice dictated from Washington. Now it seems to have but "one politic"—what does Grover want?

And that means for whom will the federal patronage go?

### THE DRUG-EATING ANIMAL.

The list of functions that distinguish man from the rest of the unintelligent animals grows with the advance of civilization; the difficulty of framing a definition of the human brute has much increased since the cynic shied a plucked rooster in the Athenian ring as answering the description "a featherless biped." Among the peculiarities of uncivilized man the ethnologist must not omit the habit of swallowing, inhaling, snuffing up, injecting into all the natural orifices of his body and eke into orifices made by himself under the skin, and of steaming and saturating himself with—drugs.

The account of the poisons that man thus pickles himself withal fills a book as large as an unabridged dictionary. The sale of the same is the most profitable trade going. Man is prone to poison himself as sparks are to fly upward.

Macaulay's New Zealander, as he sits on the ruins of London or East River Bridge will probably soliloquize: "Strange that these extinct Anglo-Saxon peoples should

have hastened their own extermination by poisons! Stranger still that they should have taken these deadly drugs under the ignorant hallucination that they would improve health! Strangest of all that they were most anxious to so injure themselves when their physical systems were weakened by disease; that they should undertake to cure a sick man by poisoning him, and call that science! These numerous ruins of drug-stores, still grand in their desolation, attest at once the extent of the infatuation and the cause of the melancholy disappearance of a great people. Why didn't they try their remedies on their dogs, instead?"

### RULINGS.

CLEVELAND'S EULOGISTS regard his relation to the b. o. p. as a bad case of tail wagging the dog.

THE DEMOCRATS seem to think that the executive is the disappointing power in our political system.

THERE IS GREAT rejoicing in Boston cultured circles when Mr. Sullivan can be got sober enough to stand alone before some other bull-necked biped to swap clarat and swindle the spectators at \$3 a head.

"WILL THE administration have a candidate in New York?" anxiously asks a Pennsylvania paper. We can't say until we read the jail-lists whether there are any inoffensive partisans coming out in time.

MANY SUPERFLUOUS QUESTIONS are asked by newspapers in head lines. A Democratic organ asks: "What constitutes cause for removal?" Easy! A cornet-player, bed-bugs, a fire, your landlord's importunity, and a dozen other offensive causes.

A WOMAN'S JOURNAL wants the government to pension for life every woman who has ever been a mother. No one as yet proposes to recognize the father. He seems to be regarded as of no more account than a bounty-jumper. Yet, he has his uses in the scale of life.

SINCE REV. SAM. JONES came North and saw a regulation base-ball game he has announced that "pool selling on base-ball furnishes the reason why I know that the world is all wrong." Rev. Samuel evidently didn't stand in with the umpire when he bought his pool tickets.

IT IS EASY enough to see the cause of very hard times. We last year imported head-gear for the ladies to the amount of four million dollars. It would be better if women would give up such vanities and imitate the good sense and economy of men, who pay only nine millions for imported tobacco and cigars.

THE GERMAN POLICEMAN ANGRY.

The Mischievous Son of His Old Friend Reilly Cruelly Deceives Him

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

"Mr. Reilly," said the German Policeman, "a grade boet has sayt, 'a vell behafed poy is der noplest vork uf God.' Also, 'more sharber as a serbent's dooth it vos to haf a child vot you got to spank all der vhide, alretty.'"

"Yes, officer," said the blacksmith, "Yez have a sad scape-grace in that boy Jake,—a sad scape-grace, indeed."

"Oh, ish dot so? Uf you please, vill you dell me who vos apowd my poy Chake saying somedings at all? I am sbeaking uf your poy, sir. My Chaky is an angel mit golt vings alongsite dot poy uf yours vich peen growing up to pring your grey hairs in sorrow to der chail."

"Well, sorr," said the blacksmith with great dignity, "since you go fer to mention my son, sorr, in the same breath wid yours, this is what your b'ye done: He kem to me this toime last night an' he up an' he says, 'Mr. Reilly, me father says he can't listen to your yarns any longer.' Yis, sorr, that's jist the words he says to me. And that's not all, sorr. I says, says I, 'what does your big sassidge aiting ould man mane be using sich insultin' language, says I. (Not maning any disrespect to you, sorr, but being that mad I could bite off me own nose, d'ye see?) 'Oh, sorr, says your harum scarum divvil of a b'ye, 'he did not mane to be insulting. He says he can't listen to your yarns any longer because he wouldn't have time, sorr; they're plinty long enough as it is.'"

"Did Chaky say dot? Veil, he vos a smard—I mean he vos a grazzy sord uf a monkey. I gif him a bresent—I mean I vill gif him a bresent uf a goot licking for dot."

It was evidently difficult for the jolly policeman to keep from laughing in his friend's presence, so thoroughly did he appreciate the point of his son's impudence. But, instantly, his face wore a grave and sober expression.

"But, Mr. Reilly," said he; "dot poy Mike uf yours vill fetch himselluf up on der insite uf a chail, yet alretty, der frisd ding vot he finds owd. Vot do you dink py a poy vich makes monkey tricks mit der dignity uf a boliceman? Dot young fellar he comes py me mit der two uf his eyes shticking der front uf his head owd-site and he says, 'Misdar! Misdar, in dot house is a tickens uf a pig Irishmans vich vend owd. Der laties are frightened choost like a house afire und der more dem sgreem der more dot pig Irishmans vont vent owd!'"

"Py Chiminy Hooky! I rushed on der insite uf dot denement house vich he bointed owd und I seen dot Irishmans und I gommenced to glub der Fourt' uf Chuly owd uf his head. 'Get owd! I shoulded; 'Get rightd avay owd!' Dot pig Irishmans he can bunch a man in der nose so vot a man dinks he has got on his face nodings else oxcet his

nose. Efery dime he bunched me he sayt I should peen der feller to get owd, und effery dime I glubbed him der two vimmen kept tearing avay from my back my coat off—und sgreeming bloody murder. Negst ding vot I know, I am on der bottom uf my back mit der whole family chumping on my stomach. Dank Heifen, my stomach is der strongest bart uf my poddy. Effery dime der family chumped dem sing out, 'how dare I come und glub a man der insite uf his own house?' Yah, dot so! It vos der Irishman's own house.

"I vos dankful I got avay mit my life und my drouzers. Dot poy uf yours he vos der street

agross, laughing so you would dink his prains would roll owd uf his mout avay. 'Didn't I dell you he wouldn't vent out?' he shouted at me, 'Didn't I dell you he wouldn't vent owd?' Oh, Mr. Reilly, only dot you peen so goot a friend mit me vot ve drink peer tergedder, I would lock up dot poy und shvear he vas von uf der vorst gangs mit der city."

Mr. Reilly was laughing by fits and starts—now trying to look solemn and now unable to keep a straight face.

"Tond you laugh, Mr. Reilly," said the German Policeman, "Dot is not somedings to laugh at ven your frent is in such a drubbles. Der day

pehind yesterday comes up to me two young vimmins, dressed in der hight uf fashion, und von uf 'em says, 'Boliceman, I am in such a pig drubbles.' I know dem young vimmins—dem lif on my beat und peen all der dime choking mit me alretty. I vos mad, like sixty. 'Maype your shoes peen four sizes too much uf a fit,' I sayt, 'or maype you got on der corsets of your leedle sister vot you can'd breathe oxcet ven you vent to bed.' 'No,' she hat sayt, 'I am in drubble drying to dink vot you would do if you hat to catch a bick-bocket vot vos running avay. Would you run afder him or would you choost lie down on your side und roll afder him?' I dook dot young vimmins mit der shoulder and I shouted, 'who dolt you to soy dot py me? Who dolt you, or I dook you in?' She vos scared like a man in a Herring's safe mit der door shut. 'Mikey Reilly dolt me you wouldn't pe mat if I asked you dot,' she sayt."

Mr. Reilly almost exploded with laughter. The German Policeman, utterly disgusted, moved on down the street, swinging his club angrily. In half an hour he was back again in front of the blacksmith's.

"Reilly," said he, "I vill lick my poy like ter tickens uf you vill choost lick your poy a liddle. Dot's no more as von friend ought to done mit anoder friend. Dake off der hide from your poy's back, Mr. Reilly, und I shall know you are a drue friend."



HAMILTON

A BASE-BALLIST could stand a knock-out better than he could a cut—such as the portraits that the syndicate papers are publishing.

IT IS LEARNED that Maxwell, the accused St. Louis murderer and idol, once taught singing school in Maine. This settles his guilt.

THE MODERN WITCH.

Around about the chaldron stout, a withered witch there stood,  
Her hair was "done" in a little grey bob and her face was as red as blood.  
And as the mystic stuff is stirred she chants the wild refrain;  
"I'm shot if anyone catches me a-doin' preserves again!"

MEM. FOR THE BOYS:—Put your love-letters through the type-writer, signature and all. They can't be used in breach-of-promise suits.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that Rev. Sam Jones, the revivalist, is making a great reputation for wit. We shall hear of his starting a comic paper next.

## The Origin of Corsets.

In a recent article you have the audacity to assume that the corset was invented by a man whose arms had been taken off by a threshing machine. Now I am not surprised that all Chicago people wish at this day to disclaim the invention of these damsel-deformers, but for the sacred sake of science, of history, and of the rising generation I propose to prove by the inductive, deductive, seductive and productive methods that corsets were invented by a Chicago drummer, and I also propose to prove that he not only had the full use of both of his arms, but I propose by *a priori* and *a fortiori* reasoning to show that he also had the full use of both his legs and that he would have to make full use of them were he alive to-day and in any community where good taste exists or where deformity, and especially female deformity is abominated.

You ask how do I know all this? Well, that is just what I wanted you to say; Cook County is first in war, first in cheek, and last in modesty, isn't it? Yes! Well, then, so many heathens are converted before we ship a bible. Chicago is the head centre of Cook Co., ain't it? Yes! Well, then, Chicago is first in all things where cheek is needed. You don't see how I know that corsets

are the direct and correct complement of cheek? Why, bless your immaculate and innocent ignorance, how do we know that Shakespeare wrote the plays of Bacon? How did Socrates know that he knew nothing, and how does Joseph Cook know that he knows everything? I never saw anybody so particular about a little point of reasoning. How do I know that it was a cannibal and not a man that passed my tent last night—by his track? No! but because he tried to steal me instead of my chickens. How does Joke Hook in his lectures on "Eshchatology" manage to work in all that is revealed by the spectroscope, telescope, "hello" scope (I mean the telephone) and microscope, and how, I ask, was he enabled to prove beyond doubt or dispute that death ends all? How do we know that the nebular hypothesis is not mere guess-work? Wasn't Mark Twain's "Hucklebery Finn" called coarse by men who take in Aristophanes, Rabelais, and Solomon's song without a whisper? Yes! Well, then, so much is proven in spite of you. I shall now knock my syllogism silly in short order.

We know that a man, and especially a Chicago man, will put up his pile on four queens and a king, don't we? Yes! Well, then, we also know that no man who possesses the divine afflatus, unless he is a divinely flat ass, will see any woman suffer for the want of squeezing, and the more women he has on his hands to embrace the harder he will try to "stay in" and squeeze them all "to the queen's taste," from Barnum's Midget up to Bartholdi's "baby"—there is no respect of persons from persons in this matter.

Now how do I know that it was a drum-

mer? Nothing can be clearer. Edison and Necessity are the father and mother of invention, ain't they? No other man is away from home so much as a drummer is, and so, of course, no other man has or can have so much woman-squeezing to do, and very naturally the drummer desired to spend a few of his spare moments in pretending to sell some goods for his house, didn't he? Well, what was to prevent some one from jumping his claims and re-locating his leads while he was absent? Could he trust a fellow man to keep them for him? No! Could he trust a fellow drummer? No! a thousand



## N A HAMMOCK.

Swinging in a hammock on a summer afternoon,  
With a pretty girl beside me young and fair;  
I crave no other pleasure and I ask no other boon  
Then to sit content and worship, swinging there.

O, I put my arm around her, and she doesn't say me nay,  
Then I sit a little closer just for fun;  
And I think she is a darling because she lets it stay  
Around this dainty waist, this charming one.

And then—but can I tell it,—O, her lips are rosy red!  
And her kisses must be very, very sweet;  
Yes, I really must confess it—as she tuned her lovely head,  
I bent and kissed her quickly, and complete.

When lo! down came the hammock, and us to  
ground it bore,  
Out flew the charming set of teeth my little darling wore;  
And fastened on my scarf-pin, lay a trophy blond and fair,  
'Twas her frizzled bang and tresses,—in fact, it was her hair.

I didn't stop to pick her up, the gay deceiving thing,  
But I grabbed my hat and madly ran away;  
When again I board her hammock for a confidential swing,  
I think 'twill be a very chilly day.

J. H. WELLINGTON.

ber to the second power. This will be a square statement.

A good way to test the virtue of a new lightning-rod is to climb up it during every thunder storm and see if you can detect any thunderbolts passing down.

J. A. M.

## Another Washington.

President Cleveland may not succeed in reforming the civil service and elevating the Democratic party, but he certainly has set an illustrious example regarding fish stories. He will probably go into history a neck ahead of the boy who could not tell a lie about a cherry-tree.

times, No. Well, then, what was to be done—invent a woman-squeezer? Well, yes; what could be more natural and what could do the business more diabolically perfect than the thing he invented—the corset? I will say this in his defense, however, as he was no artist or physiologist he probably did not foresee the deformity and general damp-hoolishness his discovery would develop in the gentler gender. I will not further seek his merits to *disclothes* or draw his frailties from their dread abode where they alike in trembling hope repose, etc., etc., but it stands to reason that it was the cranium of a Chicago drummer that first conceived the corset—Q. E. D.

FRED S. RYMAN.

## Useful Hints.

A good way to prevent a dog from sucking eggs, is to keep the animal muzzled with an old boot-leg. Another plan is to keep the hen-nest up in a tree.

The artistic instinct can be fostered in a child by giving him a jar of blackberry jam and turning him loose in a room with whitewashed walls. This will keenly stimulate the pictorial impulse in the infantine bosom.

A door can be prevented from slamming of its own accord at inconvenient times by chaining an anvil to it to act as a sort of anchor. When it is desired to open or shut the door, a workman may be secured, at a trifling outlay, to lift the anvil.

A portable domestic telephone can be constructed at a slight cost in the following way: Get two empty molasses barrels, knock a head out of each, and connect the other ends with a short plow-line, then place the

THE DEATH OF CICERO;  
on  
THE TWO HEROINES.

BY H. ELLIOT MCBRIDE.

Jacobina Higgins was as beautiful as the dream of a newsboy in the shade of a board pile at the close of a hazy autumn day. She played on the piano, the guitar and the jewsharp. She lived in the parlor, and it was but seldom that she lowered herself in her own estimation by entering the kitchen or the woodshed.

She didn't care for mother now; she didn't care for father now; she cared only for herself.

She loved to read novels and romances, and one night, feeling somewhat fatigued, she laid herself down upon her downy couch and proceeded to read the terrifying and hair-raising tale of "The Bloody Butcher Knife."

In one hand she held the book, in the other hand she held a tallow dip. It might be said in explanation that this was before the days of kerosine oil.

Jacobina arrived at a dull place in the "Bloody Butcher knife"—for it hadn't been ground for a few days—and as she had been sitting up the two previous nights with her bean, she grew drowsy.

She gently slipped off into the land of dreams and the candle gently tumbled o'er and set fire to the downy pillow.

A lively scene ensued. Jacobina dropped the "Bloody Butcher Knife" and then she jumped and screamed. After which she seized a crazy quilt, swooped down upon the roaring flames and flattened them out.

The hullalaboo brought into the room her mother, her little brother, Tom, and the black dog with the white ear.

Then the mother asked the following question and placed an interrogation point

at the end. Which, you know, was strictly correct and in accordance with the rules of grammar.

"What caused the fire?" Jacobina answered, "I think it was caused by the *E pluribus unum* of the candle. I was reading the thrilling tale of the "Bloody Butcher Knife," and I became drowsy and wandered off into the land of the free and the home of the brave, so to speak. The candle toppled and fell and this caused the combustible phantasmagora to unite with the diagonal hexameter of the periphery and together they caused the jim-jamification."

"What a smart girl she is!" said the mother, and she and Tom and the white ear with the black dog filed out of the room.

\* \* \* \* \*  
This story has two heroines. I know it is something unusual for a story to have two heroines, but I want this story to be entirely different from any lie I have ever told.

And to accomplish this I would be willing to let the story have half a dozen heroines. The other heroines name was Susannah Hopplecopper.

She had a rosy disposition, a fine form, a Roman eye and a soft brown nose.

She slept with her little sister in an upstairs room over the kitchen.

She had never had the measles nor the mumps.

Her father went to church in a buck wagon.

He also kept a dog.

It was at the close of a glorious summer day. The sun was sinking behind a mullein stalk, which stood on the top of McGoozler's hill. All nature seemed to be sinking into a sweet and soft repose.

And everybody seemed willing to let her sink.

The grasshoppers were murmuring gently and the katy-dids were keeping up an ever-

lasting racket debating the question as to whether Katy did or Katy didn't break the bottle.

Susannah Hopplecopper was a noble girl.

And she was a first-class housekeeper. As an apple-dumplingist and doughnutter she couldn't be excelled.

She had made the preparation of apple-dumplings and doughnuts a lifelong study. "Excelsior" was her motto.

It might also be stated that "Excelsior" is the motto of New York State.

It's a good thing to have a motto. Susannah's father was proud of her talents.

And her brother Bob was proud of her dumplings.

She was loved by a young man named Cicero Gosling.

Cicero was a wavering man. One day he loved Jacobina to destruction and the next day he loved Susannah to desperation.

He was torn with conflicting emotions.

At last he decided that he would propose to Jacobina.

Cicero believed that Jacobina would at no distant day become a dictator and a leader in the woman movement.

And he thought it would be immense to be united to a dictator and a woman mover.

He therefore decided that if it lay in his power he would win her hand and heart.

A week passed around and another week had commenced to pass around when he visited her and asked her to be his'n, or words to that effect.

A soft blush o'erspread her head, her eyelids drooped, the long lashes veiled the pearly orbs, her face sank into her handkerchief and her nose went along. There was a pause—a breathless pause.

All was still. If a rooster had crowed you could have heard him.

Cicero didn't understand these proceed-

A TIP TO COUNTRYMEN.



MR. BUNCO—"Why, Jayhawk, how are you? How is all the folks?"  
COUNTRYMAN—"My name isn't Jayhawk, it's Smithers, and I'm from Texas."



MR. BUNCO—"Texas! Great Scott, that settles it."  
COUNTRYMAN—"Well, I'll be durned."

ings; he didn't know that they meant *yes*.

He informed Jacobina that he wanted her to say just what she was going to do about it. He would have an answer—he would by Jehosophat!

Jacobina would have preferred to have Cicero fall upon one knee and propose to her in elegant language. Then she would have sighed and the long eyelashes would have drooped over the melting orbs. She would have bent gently forward and Cicero would have clasped her to the breast of his coat and held her there in a long, lingering, ecstatic embrace.

And a blissful silence would have ensued. Jacobina endeavored to perform her part in the proper way.

But Cicero was a blockhead. He had never studied the highfalutics.

He drew himself up proudly and pulled down his vest. Said he:

"I ain't agoin' to hev no foolin'. If you'll hev me, say so, and if you won't hev me, say so."

"I am thine," murmured Jacobina softly. And then they fell into each other's arms with a terrific crash.

Come away, reader, come away.

Time—10:30 P. M. Scene—a parlor. Characters discovered—Cicero Gosling and Susannah Hopplecopper. They are seated on a sofa.

"Susannah," said Cicero, as he heaved a sigh. "I love you. I have loved you ever since you and I were little boys and went to school together down the shady lane which led to the little brown school house under the hill. Will you be mine?"

Then there was a dull thud.

And Cicero was a gone Gosling.

Jacobina was hid in a closet and she heard it all.

"Propose to another when you're engaged to me!" she screamed. "Death to traitors! *E pluribus unum!* *Sie semper tyrannis!* *Erin go braugh*, and so forth! Villain, you die!"

And Cicero died.

Alas! Alas! Alas!

A CAN OF TOMATOES from France was recently analyzed and found to contain ground carrots, pumpkins, beets and aniline dye. It was evidently put up of the refuse of a factory where "pure French wines" are made. "A French family will live on what one American throws away."

#### A POOR OUTLOOK.



MRS. O'TOOLE—"An' how is Mr. Mulchay getting a'ong?"

"Och, it's miserable he is. Consumption's a consumin' him entirely. It's that thin he's getting that when he dies devil a body there'll be to wake, or all, at all."

#### OFF THE BENCH

"THE BUSINESS SITUATION"—Broadway.

PEOPLE OF TYRE AND SIDON—Wagon-makers.

ANGLING IS A fine art and the most finished of all f. a's.

HOW TO MAKE A SLIPPER-CASE.—First catch your boy and then—

A GOOD MANY of the regattas this season have been like a pretty wild rows.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Call* also keeps a cat. It emits "mid-day mewings" every afternoon.

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN married Miss Coats. He didn't win his entire suit, it seems.

A CHICAGO E. C. says, "The Nation holds its breath." Our e. c. evidently isn't *Posted*.

SOUDAN IS NOWHERE. These are more false profits in Wall street than in the whole of Africa.

GREAT CRIMINALS do not lecture any more. They can do better as correspondents of St. Louis papers.

IT IS REFRESHING to witness the vigor of the authorities in suppressing Coney Island dives—at the close of the season.

THERE IS A man in Indiana who has been twice laid out for burial. Undertakers must work cheaper there than they do East, or the man is a millionaire.

SAYS THE LOUISVILLE *Courier Journal*, "An editor who married an actress has had ten children." We recommend this editorial freak to the dime museums.

A METHODIST MINISTER is in trouble for having imbibed toast with ale. That's just like a minister. He'll learn to drink his toast with champagne after this.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at THE JUDGE office for materials for the paragraphists, to take the place of roller-skating the coming winter. The rinks are to be abandoned.

A GALLINACEOUS STATISTICIAN says that the average number of eggs laid by an ordinary flock of hens is 8 1-2 to the fowl. We'd like to know where the eight whole eggs are marketed.

IT MUST GALL Oscar Wilde fearfully to discover that he is father of a conventional



#### BEHIND THE AGE.

COUNTRYMAN—"E'gol, here comes one of them gaul derved icicles!"

babe, that imbibes sustenance from a conventionalized lacteal reservoir and yells like an unæsthetic beggar's brat.

ONE OF OUR FUNNY exchanges has a superfluously long name. Saul was the St. Paul Herald, as we remember him when we reported that big thunder-clap for the Damascus *Blade*. Saul is as good a name for a paper as is *Sun*.

NEBRASKA'S NEW STATE census shows a gain of fifty per cent in population in five years and all the editors out there crow as if each was the paternal instigator of the whole stock. "De rooster make mo' rocket dan de hen wot lay de aig."

OUR ITEMS ARE OFTEN copied in exchanges under the complimentary head-piece "wit and humor." These recognitions of unsuspected qualities surprise us as much as it would if a bank were to honor our check for twenty-five dollars.

REVIVALIST SAM JONES says: "Hell is full of women who spend their time in shopping." And their husbands look over the celestial balcony with their lorgnettes and listen to the agonizing cries of "cash'ere!" from the infernal sales-ladies and the impecunious shoppers as they drop red-hot nickles on the iron counters. They do not call "cashier" in vain, down there.

Briefs Submitted.

BY ROBT. MORGAN.

Young Popham thinks his girl doesn't know much about grammar, because when he asked her to conjugate she declined.

"I'm the head of the ticket after all," chuckled the successful aspirant, at the close of the caucus. "Hush," whispered his friend in great alarm, "Don't you see there's a ticket-scalper in the next seat."

Every child is "little lamb" according to its mother's talk. And the ease with which the average man is wooled over, goes far to establish the theory that the "child is father of the man."

Since Oscar Wild has become a father his spare moments are occupied in devising a way to make a child appear æsthetic who is making mud-pies with one hand eating a two-inch slice of bread and molasses out of the other.

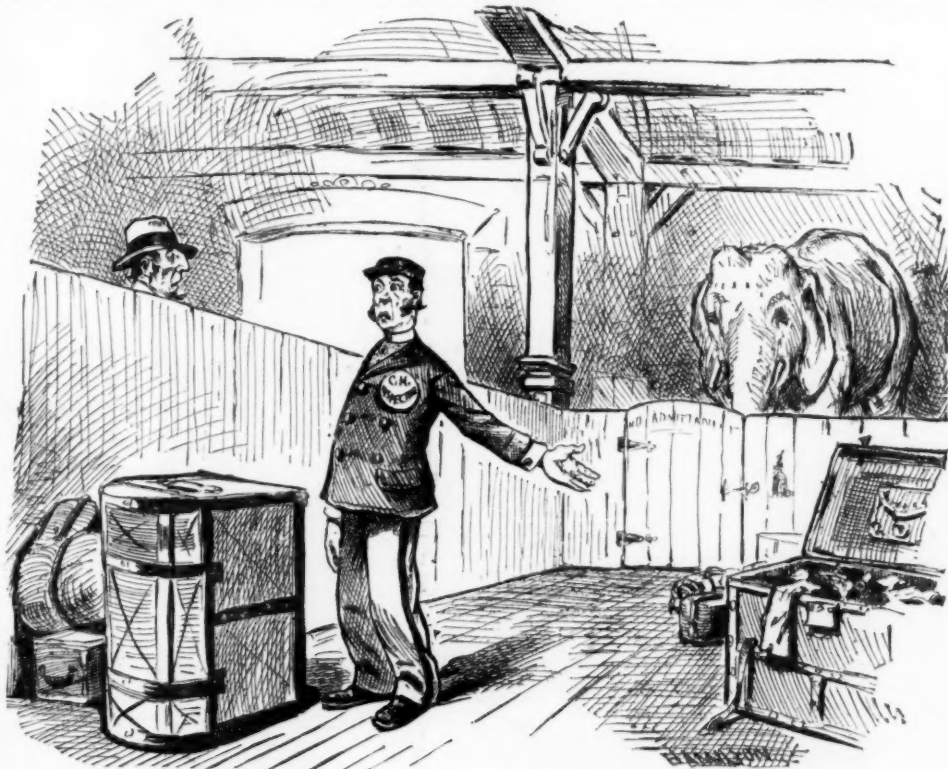
If well used, Gas will be found a good and faithful servant for light work. To be sure she has a great passion for matches; but her fellow comes to meet her only about once a month. Her only objectionable relative is her brother, big Bill; but if he is promptly checked every time he shows up he wont bother you much. She seldom flares up, being peaceable enough in the main; but she wont stand it to be blowed; and if turned off she will naturally feel put out about it.

It is generally some time after a bank is wound up before it's cashier's run down.

ON DECK AGAIN.

From my damp and oozy cloister  
Here I come again— your oyster.  
To soothe your jaded palate through the dismal  
winter time;  
I've employed my long vacation  
In the wholesome recreation  
Of fatt'ning my anatomy, and I hope you'll think  
me prime.  
I am plump as any pudding—  
Though I've got much more of good in,  
As you'll find when you endeavor me into your  
mouth to cram;  
And you'll roll your eyes with pleasure  
Greater far than you can measure  
As I nestle close and comforting below your dia-  
phram.  
Oh, there's nothing meretricious,  
But only what's delicious,  
About the charming bivalves of the deep and briny  
sea;  
And those who love me strongest  
Are those who love me longest,  
And would never, could they help it, give up my  
company.  
I'm on deck again till April,  
So let your mouths all gape well,  
And down your throats like nectar so refreshingly  
I'll glide,  
That the pleasure you'll remember  
Even unto next Septemper,  
When again you'll find me ready—raw or scolloped,  
stewed or fried.

PHILLISTINE.



TRAVELER, TO INSPECTOR—"Please hurry up and examine my friend's trunk."

Briefs Submitted.

BY JAMES J. O'CONNELL.

It is the pugilist who knuckles down to his work.

A conductor is like an auctioneer—they both knock down for a living.

A young man in Detroit calls his girl "Opportunity," because she is so nice to embrace.

Much of Walt Whitman's early poetry seems to have been ground out through a smut machine.

The reason musicians are generally in such poor circumstances is because they are always blowing it in.

Courtney has at last rowed a square race. It is a wonder that the seams in his boat didn't give him a stitch in the side.

Jinks, who left his girl somewhat hurriedly, the other night, says that the daughter's little foot doesn't compensate for the old man's big one.

Auctioneer (to sheriff)—"The best bid I can get for the property is one thousand dollars. What shall I do?" Sheriff—"That will hardly cover my fees; but sooner than have any trouble about such a small matter you had better knock it down at that."

"What are all the people looking at?" asked a pious old lady as she sat on the deck of an ocean steamer coming up the bay. "They say there's a whistling buoy in the water," remarked her little son; "can't I take sister over to see?" "Wait a moment, my dear, till your mother finds out whether he has a bathing suit on."

Who Cain's wife was is a question that has caused a great deal of argument in theological circles. Probably Cain remembered that it was not till Adam had awakened from a deep sleep that he found a wife awaiting him, so it is very likely that the son followed in the footsteps of his father, for does not even the bible say that Cain went into the land of Nod for a wife?

From the Queen's Speech.

(The following extract was in the rough draught of the Queen's speech, but was suppressed on reconsideration.)

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to announce that my dutiful subject, His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Battenberg, has renounced his allegiance to the Prussian government, surrendering a munificent salary of ten dollars a week in the Prussian army, and has been thoroughly anglicized. I congratulate the Empire on this annexation.

"My swell subjects of New York City continue to advance in the noble art of "apery" and have succeeded so well in throwing off their American provincialism that they might be mistaken for London cab-drivers or waiters.

"My dutiful subject, Mr. James Henry, who writes fairy tales for the American magazines, continues his laudable adoration of everything English, and his contempt for provincialism, especially such as exists among the Bostonians. I think of honoring Mr. James Henry by giving him in marriage to one of my fairest chambermaids and making him Lord High Gum-Chewer and Keeper of the Cuspidor."

"What does this mean?" a Tammany politician asked me yesterday, as he was studying out a paragraph in the *Commercial Advertiser*. "Henry Clay had rather be right than be president." That is he had rather be right than be left; no, he had rather be left, than not be right, naturally. Rather than not be right he would be left; he would rather be right and be left than not be right and not be left. Well, well, pull it and haul it, which ever way you please, I can't make head or tail out of your Henry Clay. How can a man be right and left at the same time? If you're not 'left,' you're right, that's all there is about it.



"QUEER" REFORM—THE ADMINIST  
GETTING THE BEST OF AN O



JUDGE.



ADMINISTRATION "SAW-DUST GAME."  
OF AN OFFENSIVE INNOCENT.



A. W. Pinero, recently from London, will direct the rehearsals of "The Magistrate" at Daly's. This comedy has been the rage with Londoners and the best summer attraction that our American tourists found while abroad. Mr. Daly's endorsement of the piece is another evidence of its worth.

To us who are most familiar with Osmond Tearle as the self-denying lover, the honeymoon husband or the melo-dramatic villain, it seems a little incongruous to think of him as playing—for the edification of Englishmen and Scotchmen—*Virginius*, the favorite role of such masters as Forrest, McCullough and Salvini. Mr. Tearle also has in his trans Atlantic repertoire the roles of *Richard III.* and *Hamlet*.

#### A REHABILITATION.

Mr. J. M. Hill is one of those enterprising men that, while profiting themselves, benefit the community by improvements. The Third Avenue Theatre, which has been in the shadow since the Rankins left it, again claims recognition among the amusement resorts. Mr. Hill's purchase of this theatre doubtless saves us from another variety-stage infliction. There is no reason why it should not become and remain a first-class theatre. The house is still young—has no bad record to outlive—and is located well up-town, near Lexington, Madison and Fourth Avenues.

Mr. Hill showed his usual foresight in placing a good piece on the boards for the opening. Frank Mayo's "Nordeck" was a success last winter and it is a greater one now. The piece is handsomely set, artistically costumed, well manned and piloted. Miss Kathryn Kidder, the young actress who made her debut in the part of *Wanda* last season, shows great improvement. Much of the school-girl recitation style has worn off and she acts more. Miss Kidder has enviable prospects, and we believe she has the dramatic instinct which ever has been and ever shall remain the corner-stone of an actor's success.

Later in the fall a new play recently purchased by Mr. Hill, entitled, "For a Brother's Life," will be produced at this theatre with J. N. Gotthold in the leading character.

#### CASINO ALOFT AND ALOW.

That the summer season is over thermometrically as well as dramatically, is clearly evinced by the approaching close of the delightful open-air concerts on the Casino roof. These concerts have made pleasure endurable on hot nights. We may expect none

of the less enjoyable indoor entertainments at the Casino during the winter season which commences Sept. 20, next Sunday evening being the last roof concert. The one hundredth representation of "Nanon" will be given on Thursday, Oct. 6. Miss Sadie Martinot still remains the attraction in this opera.

Already there are extensive preparations being made for the production of "Pfungsten in Florenz," which will follow "Nanon."

The costumes in "Pfungsten in Florenz," will be especially attractive, being of the Neapolitan style, hence of bright and varied colors. The innovations in stage setting will be a flower garden, fountain and glass conservatory.

#### "UNSIGHT AND UNSEEN."

The custom of reviewing theatrical performances as boys trade jack-knives, "unsight and unseen," has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. While the method gives unlimited scope to the imagination of verbose scribes, it sometimes leads to the violation of the unities of fact; such as transposition of sex. A San Francisco paragonist, speaking of New Yorkers as "our eastern cousins," commiserates us upon the lack of acquaintance with the heathen Chinese; which ignorance leads us to accept Alice Harrison's personification in "Mikado" as Japanese, when it is really Chinese, her ideas for the "make-up" having—he avers—been gathered during her California experience from some of the inhabitants there. He then proceeds to enlarge upon Miss Harrison's *Ko-ko*, the heroine of "Mikado." Evidently California does not yet boast of even a piano score of the opera which is among New York's antiquities, and the intimacy of this "western cousin" with the Chinese does not aid him in speculative Japanese names.

#### IS HE A TRAGEDIAN?

Last Saturday night Thos. W. Keene finished his New York and Brooklyn season of Shakespearian plays. Considerable has been said in praise of this gentleman's acting. Much commendation is due him for his hard, persistent work. There is probably no actor in our country who is more indefatigable in his efforts than Mr. Keene. But we cannot agree with some of our contemporaries in giving him a high place as a tragedian; in truth, it is a question with us, whether he is properly a tragedian of any rank—if he is not in fact, another illustration of the round ball trying to fit into a square hole. Certainly, Mr. Keene excites more comedy applause in "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III." than any actor we have ever seen. In the parts where we feel that the situations alone must make him great, he always disappoints. The power of conscious reserve force is lacking, and he does not assume that dignified bearing which is often mistaken for it.

If dramatic genius can be developed, as our most advanced psychologists and physiologists claim, to such a degree that it shall be a substitute for dramatic instinct, which is as much an inherent gift of man as the instinct or sagacity of animals is inherent with them, then it is evident that this development must be according to scientific laws; hard work not so directed cannot produce it.

The skeeter sings ere yet he stings,  
The rattle-snake exalts his rattle;  
The dog will growl, the feline yowl,  
Ere either one will give you battle.  
But ah, the mule on this fair rule his back is ever turning,  
Out fly his heels, the victim feels the frescoes hotly burning!

#### RIDING ON THE RAIL.

In the starry midnight  
Handled by a crowd;  
Hearing, like a tumult,  
Shoutings very loud;  
Red and savage faces  
Make a fellow quail;—  
Bless me this is awful,  
Riding on a rail.  
Angry threats of lynching  
Agitate the mind,  
While the fierce attendents  
Utter words unkind,  
And the situation  
Makes a man turn pale;—  
This is truly dreadful,  
Riding on the rail.  
Splinters in profusion  
Savagely abound,  
While the legs that hang down  
Cannot reach the ground;  
And the undergarments  
Flutter in the gale;—  
Till it seems unpleasant,  
Riding on the rail.  
Hints of tar and feathers  
Still the voice of hope,  
While a whiskered ruffian  
Hollers for a rope,  
And terrific clamours  
Make the night grow pale;—  
This is quite terrific,  
Riding on a rail.



THE HORSE SHOE FALLS.



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

Your Jury may properly take cognizance of the unfriendly attitude of this country at large towards the Metropolis, as specifically exhibited in its refusal to contribute to the Grant Monument Fund and the Bartholdi statue pedestal fund. These monuments are of purely national and patriotic nature, and the objects of them are warmly approved by the country at large; but they refuse to contribute to them because they are located in New York. The country thus denies its best impulses to show hatred of the Metropolis.

Your Jury will find among the evidences laid before you, utterances from all parts of the country still farther illustrating this unfriendliness. You will find that the feeling is of long continuance, is deep-seated and quite general; and that it is based upon commercial, financial and patriotic considerations.

Legitimate business competition, the great accumulated wealth of the Metropolis, and all the commercial advantages of location and size enjoyed by the chief port of the country, will not be found by you sufficient reason for such bitter hostility as exists. You will find that it is an unfair use of these natural resources that works, or seems to work, to the injury of the whole country, which inspires enmity.

One of these prejudicial uses is speculation in the products and food of the people.

You will see that as the head-quarters of speculation and all trade gambling, New York has acquired the reputation of preying upon the true commercial and industrial interests of the country.

You will further learn that as the financial center of the country, New York has placed herself in the position of antagonism to the rest of the country; that her banks have pursued a selfish and depleting policy against the rest of the nation, greedily piling up useless millions while trade everywhere is pinched for the bare means to do business with; that the financial institutions of this city have had, or seemed to have, the confidence of federal administrations for many years past and have seemed to direct the financial policy of this great government for their own benefit and to the injury of all the rest; that this appearance of monopoly and tyranny reached its height when the President, Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of the Treasury, were chosen from this State, the whole government sectionalism and favoritism culminating in the choosing of a Treasurer of the United States from Wall street.

The concern at first caused by this sectionalizing of the administration speedily deep-

ened into alarm at the prostitution of the government financial policy to the unholy aims of New York, ending in an open invitation by the U. S. Treasurer to the New York Associated Banks to join in subversion of the constitution and laws of the United States for the benefit of the banks.

You will find in this financial administration of government for the benefit of one class and one locality, a chief cause of the distrust of New York. To add to her already supreme position in trade the illegitimate and illegal favoritism of the government, raises her to the position of a dangerous element in politics as well as trade. The use that her financial princes threaten to make of their illegitimate power, gives the whole country alarm as well for the integrity of federal government as for the prosperity and security of business. The action and attitude of New York on the currency question alone, are sufficient to constitute her an enemy in the estimation of the rest of the country.

You will detect the existence of a divergence of feelings so deep and wide that it is sufficient to condemn any measure, however good in appearance, to have it originate with or be endorsed by New York and the East. The repeated failures of the Lowell Bankruptcy bill will be submitted to you as a case in point; a good measure damned by New York's endorsement. The country was afraid to touch it.

Among the minor causes of irritation, your Jury will find the anti-American attitude of New York society; the unpatriotic spirit of many of the wealthy, representative men here; the narrow view and lack of principle of the Metropolitan press in general. The press of a nation's metropolis should be national; should reflect the views and espouse the interests of the whole country. Your Jury will readily determine from the specimens before you, how far the

press of New York fails to be popular in sympathies, national in view and independent in policy; and you will not fail to note the honorable exceptions to this rule.

You will find in these antagonisms contributing causes of the most serious evils, such as the uncertainty of finances, depression of trade, decay of industry. In time of peace the country is torn by a financial civil war more wasteful than the destruction of 1861-5. At each session of Congress there is a sectional conflict on matters of needed legislation—the East, or New York, against the United States. Prejudice and passion are arrayed against selfishness and oppression, between which statesmanship and patriotism fall to the ground and the whole country languishes.

Your Grand Jury of Public Opinion is the only power that can correct these evils, nationalize New York and the federal administration and restore peace, confidence and prosperity.

C. E. B.

A GIRL OF MINE.

She has hands both soft and white,  
Eyes of blue so very bright  
That they sparkle in the night.

When she laughs the music swells  
Like a symphony of bells,  
On the brooklets in the dells.

But a sweeter charm than this—  
You are lushed with holy bliss  
When she deigns to give a kiss.

And the pretty little fay  
Says she loves me, every day,  
In the most delightful way.

Though my darling's very bold,  
Prudes, I'm sure, could never scold:  
She's my baby—two years old.

LEW VAN DER POEL.

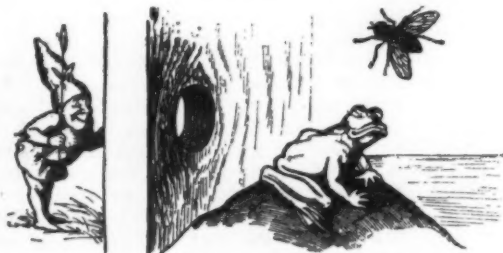


HER LOVE.

VERY CAREFUL DRUGGIST—"You had better try this prescription on your dog first."

LADY (to her husband)—"You try it, George, it may be poison."

## PUCK



1



2



3

## THE JOY OF THE RETURNED.

Now sinks the golden sun below the bar,—  
Roseate horizon glimm'ring in the west;  
Now wends the weary boarder homeward far,  
Beyond all tantalizing or molest.

No more the rural egg in pan of grease  
Three times per day will tempt his appetite;  
No more in friendly tree he'll seek release  
From bovine gentleman in rapid flight.

The city lights afar they beckon him  
Like some soft traces of delightful cheer,  
While, faint upon his tym-pa-num's brim  
Falls the sweet gurgle of the lager beer

The meadow grass, it is delusion's snare—  
Plenty of pesky ants and striped snakes:  
"N. B.—No passage o'er this thoroughfare,"  
Rudely at every hand your vision wakes.

The hired girl was very wroth indeed,  
The hired man more wroth, alas! was he;  
In fisticuffs he made your nostrils bleed,  
Because, alack! you tried to flirt with she.

Surrounded now by comforts of sweet home  
—Mine is the quiet of the bach lor hall—  
When once you're there you'll swear you'll never  
roam  
To rural landlord with effusive gall.

H. S. KELLER.

## AND THE

## FROG.

## Briefs Submitted.

BY WILLIAM WASHBURN.

A correspondent of one of our papers, writing of the terrible poverty of a Russian village, adds as climax: "Last month eleven persons actually died without the assistance of a physician." One can judge from this of the dogged persistence and obstinacy of the Russian character.

"I tell you," said Hanly, "that a man who can support his family in these days, is a genius." "A man, my dear fellow, who can make his family support him is a much greater genius."

"Can't you do something for me?" asked a stalwart beggar, thrusting his head into a doctor's window. "Not while you are alive," answered the doctor, taking up a long knife with a pleasant smile. "But I think I can dispose of you to advantage, if you will first let me put you into marketable shape. (Exit tramp.)

"I say, Jack, don't you think our landlady has a fine figure?" "It's a little too large for me." "Too large? nonsense! why, she's petite; she's a fairy." "Fairy be blowed. She figures me out fifty dollars in her debt; there's nothing petite about that in these times."

"My dear shur," said a gentleman, stopping me this morning on Broadway. "Can you direct me to the nigger-bunker building?" "I have heard of Mossbunkers, my good friend," I replied, "but I never heard of niggerbunkers." "Tisn't mossbunker. It is Nigger-bunker, Niggerbunker Ice Company." "Oh! Knickerbocker Ice Company: it's office lies in that direction."

OFFICERS OF the Chili navy talk a great deal about the anticipated time when they may sack San Francisco. They'd better be about it if they expect much loot; Claus Spreckels and the Pacific R. R. ring are already in there.

A drummer writing to a Western paper wants to know whether "hotel keepers cannot be induced to raise the standard of beefsteak." Hardly induced; but they may be frightened into it if the army of drummers will raise the standard of rebellion.



4



5



6

[Fliegende Blaetter.]

## A Growing Town.

Last night I was on the deck of the Hartford boat in the Sound. A large, well-lighted steamer at some distance was running parallel to us and looked as though it were stationary.

A passenger near me was talking to his bride, and asking questions of the watchman. "What is that?" he said, pointing to the steamer.

"That's the City of Boston," answered the watchman.

"Well, I vum, Sal," said the man, turning to his wife. "I went through Boston twenty years ago, when I left Bangor to go West, and I'd no idee that it would ever grow to be so big a place."

WILLIAM WASHBURN.

A certain writer writes that "the way to write what will not go out of fashion is to write sincerely," which also, we believe, is the way to write what has not yet come into fashion.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, has a brother, Prof. Francis W. Newman, who is a pronounced agnostic. Parson Newman, of the United States, is no relation of the other two, but he combines the peculiarities of both. Like the professor, he knows nothing, and like the Cardinal he believes he knows it all.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

*Hope.*

It's hope that cheers us with its rays  
And makes life's pathway bright,  
It's soap, the washerwoman says  
That makes her labor light.

*Another Happy Man.*

Blessed is the impecunious man  
Who has a kind protector;  
Namely, a servant girl who can  
Stand off a bill collector.

*Advice to Husbands.*

Discretion's valor's better part  
And 'tis the wisest plan,  
Whene'er your wife is mad, to start  
Down town to see a man.

*Never Content.*

A month or so ago  
We wished for frost and snow,  
And in swearing at the heat our time was spent;  
When the Mercury takes a tumble  
We will then begin to grumble  
That the radiator don't heat worth a cent.

*Seasonable Rhymes.*

There's a banging of pianos,  
And the lofty pitched sopranos  
Once more awake the echoes with their screeches.  
What an awful din they're making!  
'Tis a sign there's no mistaking  
That the darlings are returning from the beaches.

*Ha! ha! Ho! ho!*

The sweltering days have fled,  
The heat no more we dread,  
With comfort in our easy chairs we rock us;  
Cool weather's coming fast,  
The cholera scare is past,  
And the juicy watermelon is innocuous.

*They Soon Forget Their Native Tongue.*

The maiden's coming from Patee—  
She's been there seven weeks—  
And with a foreign accent she  
Her native language speaks.  
And when she comes across the foam  
She'll answer in this way  
To your effusive welcome home:  
"Aw! Parlez vous Francais?"

*The Small Boy.*

He puts away his lines and hooks,  
For closed to him are pond and pool;  
With heavy heart he takes his books  
And snail-like creeps to school.

The captain of the "Champions" club  
Has fallen from his high estate,  
And—just like any other bub—  
Is whipped when he is late.

[Boston Courier.]

HE GOT OUT.

"I don't want any of your miserable vermin powder," growled the lady of the house to a peddler, "it's no earthly good."

"Why, madam," he expostulated in surprise, "it's the very best in the market, and you are the first I ever heard complain of it."

"I know better."

"Did you ever try it?"

"Of course."

"Well, it wasn't this 'Don't-die-in-the-house' brand, was it?"

"That's the very kind it was. I gave a dose of it to a drunken, ornery husband I had, and he not only died in the house, but it cost me half his life insurance to save my neck from the gallows. Get out with your stuff, or I'll turn the hot water on you."

[Merchant Traveler.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

I am seeking a home far away,  
And a land that is better than this,  
Yes, I sigh for that home every day,  
That abode of perpetual bliss.  
Where, at weather, the people don't growl  
And old jokes to rest all are laid—  
With fashions at which the folks howl,  
And where "Uncle Tom's Cabin's" not played.  
[Chicago Sun.]

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD.

Blushing maid with manner shy,  
"Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,"  
Dips her toes in with a sigh—  
With a sigh and with a shiver,  
Then with one-last lingering look  
Turns her back upon the brook,  
And is swimming in the river.

[Boston Courier.]

The character of the Chinaman is apt to be wish-he-washy.—[Picayune.]

There is too much American Bar Association at Saratoga.—[Picayune.]

When the Governor of Kansas heard that Phil Sheridan had called him an ass he could scarcely believe his ears.

[Courier Journal.]

Distance from the ocean is no safeguard from its dangers. Two horse thieves in Montana recently fell victims to a high tied.

[St. Paul Herald.]

"I've got a right bow-wow-er" said an old card player as he poisoned a dog who had been disturbing his slumbers for several nights.—[St. Paul Herald.]

A man who died in Cincinnati the other day owned up to have six living wives. He didn't want the afflicted widows to go to the expense of putting on mourning and they probably won't.—[Free Press.]

A prominent mathematician's wife has presented him with a pair of twins. He has now attained the full sum of human happiness, with two to carry.

[Burlington Free Press.]

A sneak thief, who recently robbed the collection box in a down-town church and found it to be filled with plugged dimes and counterfeit nickles, says he hates counterfeit Christianity, anyway.

[St. Paul Herald.]

"Can't you give us some war reminiscences?" asked a citizen of an old fellow in a party of ex-soldiers telling stories. "No, I believe not," he answered promptly, "you see I've only been married six months."

[Merchant Traveler.]

"Never run, make other quick motions or fight the bees," says an agricultural paper. Certainly. The next time a bee lights on our nose and sinks a shaft toward the back of our head we will just be so still that the mountains will tremble. We take great delight in being still under such circumstances.—[Stockton Maverick.]

It is fearful to think what an enormous expense it would be for Patti to bring up a child. She would have to sing it asleep every night for about three years, and at the regular rates this would amount to \$5,000,000. Then, if she should have to sing one or two extra verses to it each night, the amount would rise to \$7,500,000, providing that the child was in good health. Allowing the usual third for sickness, she would have to sing to it all night for 365 days, say

five hours at a time. Four thousand dollars for a few minutes singing is her usual price. One night of sickness would, therefore, cost \$240,000.—[Tronto Mail.]

Some men will sit down at a table and drink enough beer to surcharge a sewer. And still it is the hardest thing in the world to convince them that they are under the influence of liquor. A man at Livingston, N. Y., recently used up a whole box of matches in the vain attempt to fire off a bunch of red bananas, thinking that they were cannon firecrackers, and when a friend told him that he was drunk, and offered to take him home, he got mad and wanted to fight.—[Milwaukee Sun.]

Stockton dude (speaking to a lady who is playing on the piano)—Can you explain why it is that sentimental music always makes me think of you?

Stockton young lady—No, I am sure I cannot. But it seems to affect me in the same way with respect to yourself, for I never hear a sentimental air but it always reminds me of you.

Dude (throwing out one of his killing smiles)—Indeed? And what can there possibly be in sentimental music to cause you to think of me?

Young lady—I don't know, unless it is because it's always soft.—[Maverick.]

BLOWING UP HELL GATE

has been a laborious and costly work, but the end justifies the effort. Obstruction in any important channel means disaster. Obstructions in the organs of the human body bring inevitable disease. They must be cleared away or physical wreck will follow. Keep the liver in order, and the pure blood courses through the body, conveying health, strength and life; let it become disordered and the channels are clogged with impurities which result in disease and death. No other medicine equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for acting upon the liver and purifying the blood.

A CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

What is a well-deserved holiday?

"Our administration enjoys a month in the mountains fishing."

Correct. Next boy. What is junketing?

"Any member of the opposite administration attending the funeral of his old father."

That's right. Now what is a statesman?

"The gentleman who runs our caucus in ward Four."

Yes. And what is a pothouse politician?

"The heeler nominated for President by the other party."

Right you are. What is a pean of victory?

"Three cheers for our candidate."

And what is a hideous howl from a score of drunken throats?

"Three cheers for the other candidate."

What is meant by the million of free hearts and honest hands upon which rest the hopes and destinies of the republic?

"Us."

And to whom does "the grovelling horde of blatant demagogues that wallow in a fetid cesspool of festering corruption" refer?

"Them."

Correct all around. To-morrow bring your blue book to school with you and we'll pick out what is good for you. Remember, on the way home, the opposition members

all live on the shady side of the street. The pupils will find a basketful of stones in the front area as they pass out. Now, be good boys, and don't create any disturbance. The class is dismissed.

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

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#### THE NEW AND THE OLD.

The subject of meals, lunch-counters, dining-cars and buffet-cars came up the other day incidentally. I had ordered a little breakfast in the buffet car, not so much because I expected to get anything, but because I like to eat in a car and have all the other passengers glaring at me. I do not know which affords me the most pleasure—to sit for a photograph and be stabbed in the cerebellum with a cast-iron prong, to be fed in the presence of a mixed company of strangers or to be called on without any preparation to make a farewell speech on the gallows.

However, I got my breakfast after a while. The waiter was certainly the most worthless, trifling, half-asleep combination of Senegambian stupidity and poor white trash

and when I complained to him about the way my bunk felt, he said he was sorry, and wanted to know which cell I was in.

I rode years ago over a new stage line for several days. It was through an almost trackless wilderness, and the service hadn't been "expedited" then. It was not a star route, anyhow. The government seemed to think that the man who managed the thing ought not to expect help so long as he had been such a fool asterisk it.

(Five minutes intermission for those who wish to be chloroformed.)

The stage consisted of a buckboard. It was one of the first buckboards ever made, and the horse was among the first turned out also. The driver and myself were the passengers. I will try to draw a picture of the driver from memory. I am not much of an artist, but I am passionately fond of trying. Many who have seen my art exhibit in an old barn that I have reserved for that purpose, say that it has a depth and irrelevancy rarely seen inside of a barn.

In this picture I do not show the buckboard and horse for two reasons. First, I do not know how to draw a horse, and secondly, I do not know how to draw a buckboard. A friend of mine who is living with his second wife under an assumed name, says it would be a good idea to get a man who knew how to draw the horse, and then let the horse draw the buckboard.

In the illustration, the gentleman with the whip is the driver. The young man sitting beside the driver, who looks as though he wanted the earth, is the author of these lines drawn from memory. As I didn't know how to draw any of the things mentioned above, I finally decided to leave them to the reader's imagination.

I leave the gentle reader to study and compare the two faces, and then say which of them shows the most character, force, intelligence and spirituelle. When it got

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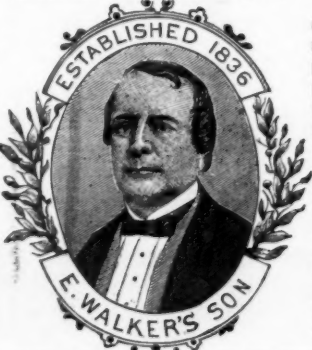
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to be about dinner time, I asked the driver if we were not pretty near the dinner station. He grunted. He hadn't said a word since we started. Look carefully at his face and you will see at once that he is a surly, morose and taciturn man. I was told that he had been disappointed in love. A half-breed woman named No-Wayno had led him to believe that she loved him, and that if it had not been for her husband she would have gladly been the driver's bride. So the driver assassinated the disagreeable husband of No-Wayno, besides doing his other work. Then he went to the ranch to claim his bride, but she was not there. She had changed her mind and married a cattle man, who had just moved on to the ranche with a government mule and a branding-iron, intending to slowly work himself into the stock business.

So this driver was a melancholy man. He only made one remark to me during that long forty-mile drive through the wilderness. About dinner time he drove the horse under a quaking asp tree, tied a nose-bag of oats over its head and took a wad of bread and greasy bacon from his greasy pocket. The bacon and bread had little cakes of smoking tobacco all over it, because he carried his grub and tobacco in the same pocket. For a moment he introduced one corner of the bacon and bread in among his whiskers. Then he made the only remark that he uttered while we were together. He said:

"Pardner, dinner is now ready in the dining-car.—[Bill Nye.

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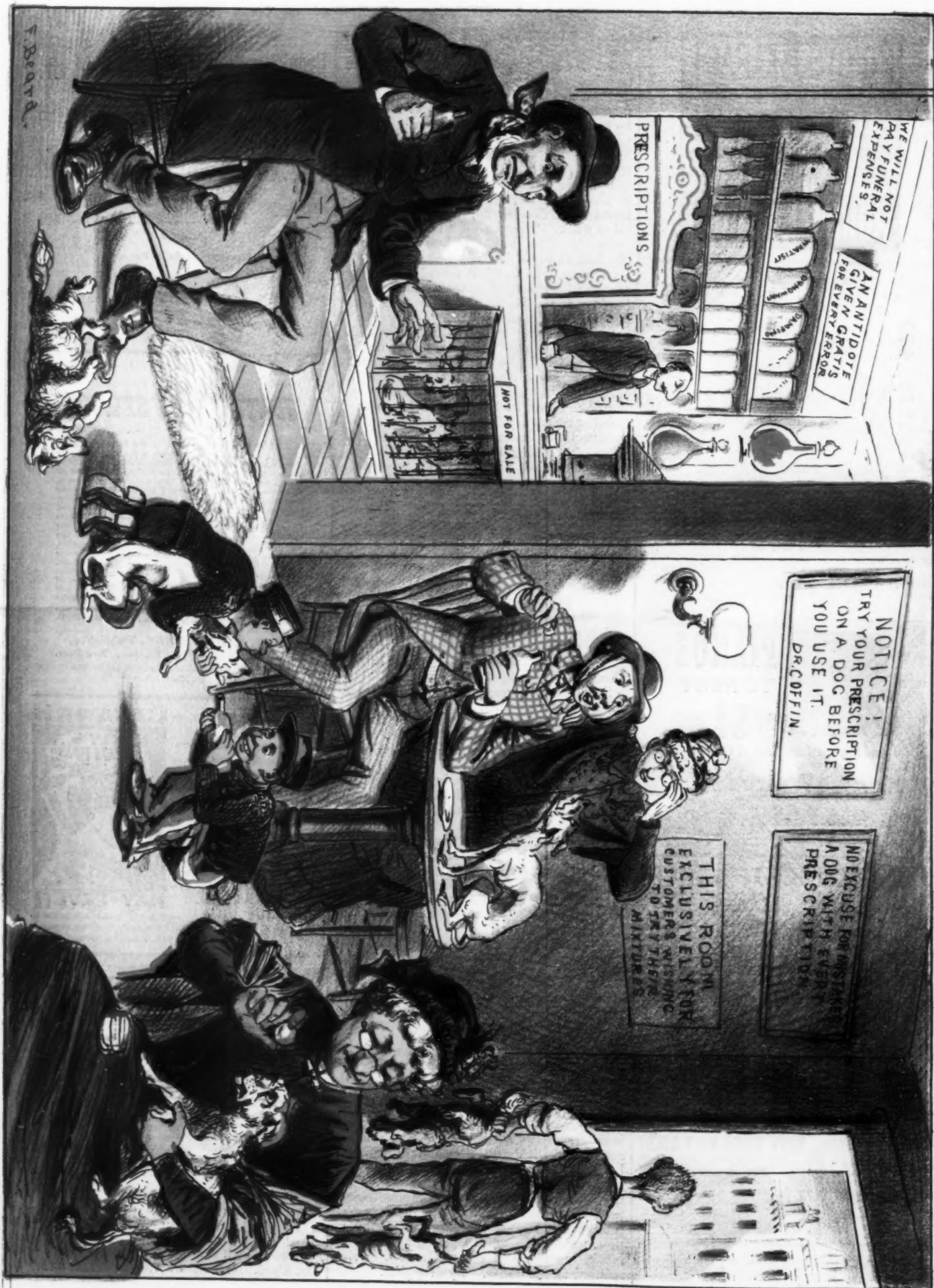
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