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THE NATIONAL IRISH-AMERICAN REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Irish-American National Republican League, and other prominent Irish-American citizens representing the various states was held at Long Branch, N. J., July 14th. Its purpose was to discuss the advisability of holding a convention of Irish-American citizens who favor the election of Blaine and Logan and are dissatisfied with the nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks. The widespread feeling in favor of Blaine among all classes of Irish-American citizens was so abundantly demonstrated at that meeting, that it was unanimously resolved to hold such a convention at Cincinnati on Sept. 30th.

This is one of the forces which is stirring under the tidal wave which will carry James G. Blaine triumphantly into the White

House next November. Hitherto Irish-American citizens have been reckoned in with the "Solid South" as an unchangeable factor in the Democratic sum total. Now all is changed. There are indications this year that the solidity of the South will be seriously encroached upon, while there is a perfect stampede of Irish-American voters to the Republican ranks, and the reasons of these changes are not far to seek.

As stated in the address of the National Irish-American Republican League, the reason, are, briefly, that the Democrats, during their long tenure of power, preceding the civil war, never bestowed upon the Irish the full dignity of citizenship. The insolent claim of England, that no man born under her flag could ever renounce allegiance to her government was an acknowledged principle of international law under all the Democratic presidents. Further, the fact that the Democratic party has a past from which it can never disassociate itself—that it was the slavery party—must render it odious to Irishmen—notoriously the most liberty-loving people in the world; and, finally, by its Free Trade principles, it declares itself in sympathy with England, and consequently in antagonism with Ireland and the Irish. Furthermore, and as if the Democratic party had not sins enough to answer for, it deliberately insulted the Irish and workingmen by nominating Grover Cleveland, a man whose every sympathy is opposed to the demands of honest labor and in favor of the overgrown monopolies of the country.

And so the Irish and working vote will be taken from Cleveland, and the greatest part of it will be cast for Blaine and Logan.

And this is only one of many factors which are operating all over the country, and which will result in electing the Republican ticket by one of the grandest majorities that ever returned a President of the United States to office.

TAMMANY.

It is a favorite saying among Cleveland's supporters "we can carry New York without Tammany, but we will have Tammany, too."

This is an agreeable view for a sanguine Democrat, but perhaps not quite true. Can Cleveland carry New York State without Tammany? THE JUDGE is perfectly well convinced that he can not. Can he carry it with the aid of Tammany? It is very doubtful. Although Tammany is so well organized, and is generally supposed to be so completely under John Kelly's control, it is very doubtful if even John Kelly could induce the workingmen who give him so large a proportion of his vote to swallow such a mouthful as Cleveland. Even with Butler out of the field it is more than doubtful if Cleveland would poll a respectable vote among the New York workingmen. With Butler in the field he will be nowhere. Such votes as do not go to the Widow will be gath-

ered into the fold by Blaine and Logan and will go to swell the Republican majority.

In the second place it is more than questionable if Cleveland "will have Tammany too." Kelly has not shown his hand yet. He hates Cleveland with a lively hatred for good and sufficient reasons, and Kelly is a good hater. Nor will the affiliation of Curtis, Nast, and the other uncompromising foes of New York Democracy tend to mollify Tammany. With the choice before them of two boats, both carrying Republicans, it is more likely that they will embark in the regular republican craft, than in that of Curtis, Nast, and Jones.

THE HOPE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

IN a very dreary and hopeless campaign the Democrats have one crumb of comfort. They have gathered Curtis, Nast, Jones, Puck, and a few others into the fold of Democracy. Verily, there is more joy among the unterrified over one sinner who repenteth than there is sorrow over the secession of ninety and nine honest workingmen who have washed their hands of the party and its new independent dependencies. Democracy is hungry, and the Independent rally, though a very little thing in itself, is accepted by them as an evidence of better things to come—a little appetizer before the feast. "It is ill arguing between a full man and a fasting," says the proverb, so we will even let it pass and hope that poor, half-starved Democracy will find George William more nourishing than he looks.

PROTECTION.

EVERY fourth year there is an organized attack made upon the staple prosperity of the United States, as represented by its capital, its prosperous manufactures, and its army of workingmen, who, if not very extravagantly remunerated, are at least a hundred fold better off than is the pauper labor of Europe. This attack is made by the Democratic party under the banner of Free Trade, and the good sense of the American people has always been sufficient to repel it.

The hour for this recurring invasion has again struck, but the people are not alarmed or disquieted. The hum of labor goes up from the busy factories:

"The city gates are open, the forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, is humming like
a hive.
Blithely o'er brass and timber the craftsman's
stroke is ringing,
And blithely o'er the panniers the market girl is
singing."

For the people have full confidence in the leader they have chosen. They know that under the protecting aegis of the next President, full abundance of protection will be extended to them in the future as it has been in the past. They recognize in James G. Blaine a man strong enough and firm enough to guard their interests, which are his own. They borrow little disquiet from

the flaunting of the Free Trade banners and the shouts of Grover Cleveland and his adherents. They feel that the country is prosperous to an unexampled degree, and they are in no humor to risk change where all is well at present and where change might invite destruction. They are firm in the support of vested interests, and they have every confidence in their leader. A towering figure, James G. Blaine, stands between Free Trade and the threatened industries of the country. The people are persuaded that the bulwark is sufficient, and they are content.

BEECHER AND THE WORKINGMAN.

THE REV. HENRY WARD, chaplain in ordinary to the Dependent party, and very faithful follower of Mr. Curtis, will find himself almost as much disliked in the Democratic party as the illustrious Grover Cleveland himself. Mr. Beecher, who has never been able to make the ends meet on his \$25,000 salary, but is forced each year to supplement the profits of his pulpit with those of the lecture platform, is a foe to any form of extravagance among the working classes. Some two years ago he stated, as his deliberate opinion, that "a laborer ought to be fully able to subsist on one dollar a day." This estimate presumably includes a laborer's family also.

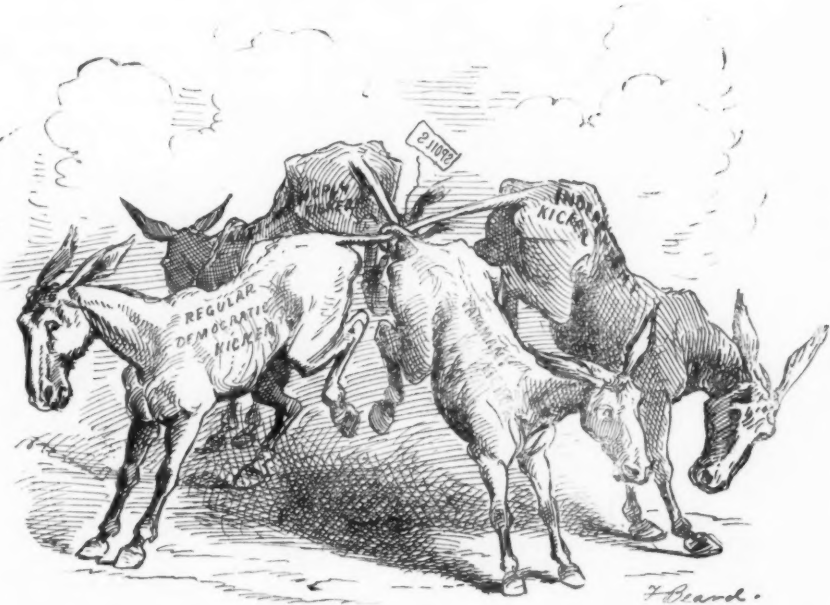
We would like to see Mr. Beecher, who is also, in the cant phrase of the day, a laborer "in the vineyard," try to subsist for a few days on this sufficiency. Some laborers, who have natural aspirations after cleanliness, decency, morality and some degree of comfort, have been obliged to try the experiment so glibly outlined by Mr. Beecher, and have found that such a subsistence was altogether incompatible with the higher aspirations we outlined above. Mr. Beecher has not tried the experiment, and therefore can not be counted as an expert. However, when election day comes, the laborers will know how to rebuke, indirectly, Mr. Beecher, who thinks that they ought to subsist on a dollar a day, and more directly Mr. Cleveland, who has been the means of compelling some of them to work sixteen hours a day for a trifle more.

THOSE that claim that Grover Cleveland does not amount to a hill of beans had better take a back seat. The *Sun's* antiquarian has unearthed the fact that his ancestors used to live at Bean Hill, Connecticut.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the Dependent journals writes that he saw a drunken man in Portland, Maine. From this fact he argues, somewhat obscurely, that prohibition is a failure in Maine, and that consequently James G. Blaine ought not to be the next President of the United States.

"WHERE shall the lover rest?" sang he. "Right here on my shoulder, Dudey," answered she, "and mind you don't muss my white muslin."

DEMOCRATIC UNITY.



A Blaine Refrain.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Of the state of Maine
Will sweep the land like a hurricane,
For men of brain
Will never abstain
From casting their ballots for James G. Blaine.

He does not deign
To object or complain
When demagogues strive his name to stain;
For he knows 'tis vain,
In this campaign,
Maligning the stalwart knight from Maine.

The name of Blaine,
From the state of Maine
The power (?) Democratic will split in twain,
'Twill be slaughtered and slain,
In its greed for gain,
As though struck down with the curse of Cain.

Language profane
Will meet disdain
From the stout adherents of James G. Blaine,
But with might and main
They will still sustain
The White Plumed knight from the state of Maine.

Bound with a chain
And racked with pain,
The galvanized party will strive and strain;
Rings will wane,
And rogues complain,
And Sammy's historical "bar'l" drain.

From the state of Maine
To each western plain
Will be heard, like the moan of a hurricane,
This cry profane,
At the lost campaign;
——— this popular James G. Blaine.

J. C. H.

THE Eden Musee, as everyone knows, is a French institution, and many of the employees are Frenchmen. Among others the door-keeper, who recently called off the entrance of two grown persons and three children as "Deux hommes; trois hommes-lets."

Col. John A. Joyce's Open Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1884.

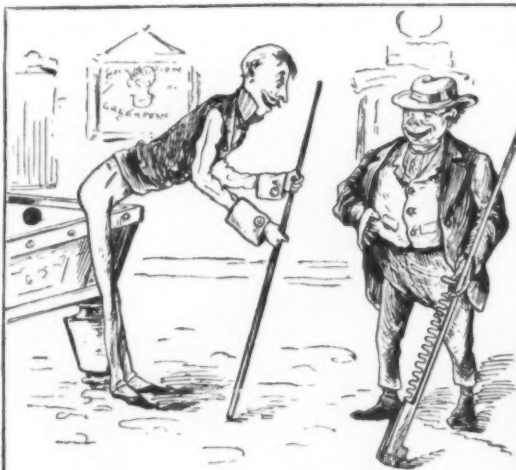
My PRETTY LITTLE Puck:

I knew you would be delighted with the lunatic chapter of my "checkered life," and palpitate with pride at my poetry. I thought you had lost sight of the fifty dollars I gave you one night in the long ago at Tony Faust's, the St. Louis oyster and wine man's. But the beer of Beshell you drank at my expense may have muddled your memory; yet the receipt for fifty, cartoned in the *Washington Hatchet*, may fumigate your forgetfulness.

As a charred coal and soap saloon painter you were the jest of the boys, and while obscurity and poverty taught you truth and humility, prosperity has dimmed your remaining decency, and power on horse-back drives you to the devil. But it's the old, old story. Put a beggar on horse-back, &c., &c.

Your double cartoon of Cleveland, Butler and Kelly is pretty good. Butler, and Kelly, the Tammany Chieftain, are drawn in the lines of perfect beauty, while the Democratic party in convention assembled points to Cleveland, and the *white flag* it always exhibited when freedom and union needed advocates. The red shirt "Independent" sneaks behind the white flag and assassinates where he dares not fight openly. Brutus, Booth and Guiteau had, at least, the courage of their convictions, and staked their lives on the murders they committed, but these bastard reformers pretend patriotism in public and practice speculation in private. They belong to the Pharisee gang who sacrificed our Lord and Master at Jerusalem, and while they glorified the Republican party yesterday they attempt to crucify it to-day. But the American people will not play the Pontius Pilate of cowardly Democracy.

In "a big job" of boot and shoe cleaning by Whitelaw Reid with his *Tribune* polish, the glorious Gillam forgot to put in his cartoon a few Democratic brogans. President Jackson's rip-rap contractor stuck a million of public money in his boots and walked off

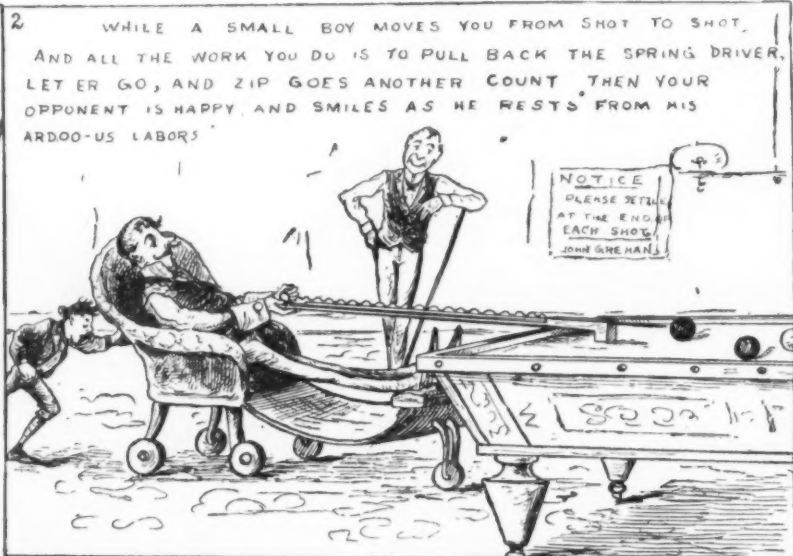


YES SIR, BILLIARD'S INVOLVES TOO MUCH HARD WORK WHAT YOU WANT IS MY 'EASY BILLIARD PLAYER' YOU JUST PUT IT ACROSS THE TABLE FROM YOUR EASY CHAIR AND —

LOOK IT OVER, CHOLLY I SHALL KNOCK YOU OUT DEAR BOY, AND THE APPELLATIVE 'DENNIS' SHALL BE YOUR COGNOMEN CHOLLY, MY OLD CHUMMY (EXIT \$5.00)

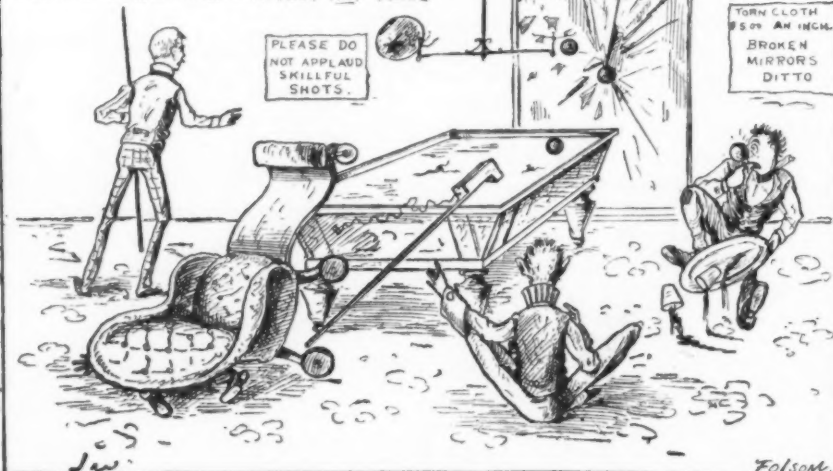


3.



2 WHILE A SMALL BOY MOVES YOU FROM SHOT TO SHOT, AND ALL THE WORK YOU DO IS TO PULL BACK THE SPRING DRIVER, LET ER GO, AND ZIP GOES ANOTHER COUNT THEN YOUR OPPONENT IS HAPPY AND SMILES AS HE RESTS FROM HIS ARDOO-US LABORS

BUT SOMEHOW OR OTHER THE SPRING OVERDID ITSELF, AND INSTEAD OF CHOLLY BEING KNOCKED OUT THE MIRROR WAS AFFORDED THAT COMPLIMENT WE ARE OFFERING AN 'EASY BILLIARD PLAYER' SLIGHTLY USED, FOR SALE AT HALF — IN FACT ANY PRICE



4.

TORN CLOTH \$5.00 AN INCH. BROKEN MIRRORS DITTO

Folsom.

under Democratic protection. Postmaster Fowler, of New York, went to the tropics for his health, and the Democratic party have never polished his boots. Cornelius Wendell, of blessed Buchanan memory, manipulated a million dollars out of the Government printing office, and his Democratic shoes are not in Gillam's list. Your old and pious friend, the illustrious Tweed, and his Democratic patriots, robbed the people of New York out of twenty millions of dollars, and my pretty *Puck*, you fail to set his "schooners" in the hall for the artistic finish that is given daily by the *Tribune* to the daisies of the independent press.

While you are boot cleaning and manipulating mud in the Democratic boots of Beauregard who shot at Sumter, Cholmers and Forrest who murdered unarmed men at Fort Pillow, Wirz and Turner who starved and killed Union soldiers at Libbie Prison and Andersonville, and Raphael Semmes who plundered and killed on the high seas in the name of Democracy—copperheads and cowards, who hung innocent black men on the lampposts in New York city, and introduced poison, disease and fire to destroy northern cities, should have a

dark hall to themselves, where their souls and boots would be blackened to eternity by Gillam and his slush scandal mongers. You can see, therefore, that, on the little matter of public robbery by party patriots, honors are easy, and the darling Democracy say "Whist!" and make up the books while the other boys are playing the deuce.

The array of Republican boots and shoes in your cartoon is very good. The gentlemen who have the honor of your censure were friends of the Government or fighters for the flag when manhood marched to battle. What delight the old soldiers will take in voting for Cleveland and Hendricks, the heroes of the home-guards! I can see the veterans of Shiloh, Chancellorville, Vicksburg and Gettysburg march up to the polls in solid phalanx, with the wounded substitutes of the Democratic candidates, and vote for the heroic warriors who fought, at long range, in the terrible battles of Buffalo and Indianapolis! Those were times that tried men's souls, and what a record Cleveland and Hendricks made for their beloved country, when treason, with brazen front, battled against its life!

You give my shoes a place of too much

prominence in your picture. The ball and chain is very witty, indeed, and appeals to the best elements of Baxter street, but you should have placed beside them a pair of handcuffs, a policeman's club, and the old lash that Democracy laid over the bare back of liberty! I am a little put out about the stub style of the shoes, for you should know, my precious *Puck*, that I wear patent-leather pumps, the dudiest of the dudes. Yet, as a kicker, I shall amuse your nakedness with my political points, and, by the close of the campaign, you will stand out to the world without hat, coat or spear, as an arant little fraud, without patriotism or principle to place a picture upon.

President Blaine will adorn the White House, with the wisdom of Washington, the firmness of Jackson, and the loyalty of Lincoln; and then the independent mugwumps will have a chance to lie forever in the back shed of Democracy and oblivion. The Pharisees must be kicked so far out of the loyal synagogue that the trump of Gabriel or Gillam will not arouse them from slumber, so that honesty and patriotism shall never again be troubled with horn-blowers and Hessian hypocrites.

The protection of American manufacturers, the coin of the world for currency, the assertion and maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, and the trampling out of the "divine right" of kings, are the four live oak planks in our platform, that shall bear up for a thousand years the millions of free men who make this great Republic their home.

Give us the tattoo business every week, and spread it on thick; and, if you can possibly put in a penitentiary, a jail, a scaffold, and the other delicate appurtenances pertaining to political patriotism, you will serve the free trade robbers of old Albion, delight the Democracy, elect Blaine by your malice, and thus prove a blessing where you intended to be a curse!

Fondly thine own,
JOHN A. JOYCE.

Bob Up Serenely.

THE TRUE VERSION.

When in a state of high indignation
The rebels withdrew and appealed to war,
Swearing at once they would sever the nation,
And pluck from our banner its brightest star,
'Twas then was the time of his first appearing,
When slavery trampled the right of man;
With heart ever strong and voice ever cheering,
While others to crush the rebellion were fearing.

He bobbed up serenely—

Bobbed up serenely,

Bobbed up serenely, and said "Yes we can."

And when with shouts of great exultation,
And joyous voices the people proclaim,
Their choice of a leader to manage the nation,
And place in his keeping their country's fame;
'Twill be the time of his second appearing,
Plumed, tattooed, and elected fair;
With capital safe and with labor cheering,
'Mid shouts of joy, and nobody fearing,

He'll bob up serenely—

Bob up serenely,

Bob up serenely in the President's chair.

DENNY DOUGHERTY.

From the Bar to the Bench.

HAD been drinking, drinking, drinking all day, became not steady on his legs. Grip grew worthless. Couldn't support himself any longer against the bar; then the saloonist and his friends helped him to a seat on the bench.

"No prize moral to be drawn from this story—all blanks?"

Certainly—we don't expect to; but what is it? Is it a wild Western scene, or a scene from city life, or a scene from real life? Or is it, peradventure, what the colored brother calleth a parabory?

Dis-cur-tesey.

WHEN the pitiable spectacle is presented of a set of small and ignoble souls engaged in the mean and contemptible work of assailing with their envenomed shafts of malice and slander the character of some one who is morally and intellectually far their superior, one is forcibly reminded of a lot of whelps and mongrels and curs of low degree, snarling and snapping around the feet of some large and noble dog, who treats them with a lofty indifference and unruffled mien. In this dirty business, least of all did we expect to find Mr. George W. Curtis; but the discourteous way in which he allows Mr. Blaine to be treated, shows, after all, that Mr. George W. is only like the rest of them.



JOHNNY BULL—"Hi naided your party once before and it cost me \$15,000,000. (Alabama claims.) But hi'll haide you again, hiff you'll beat that blasted, bloody Blaine."

Tales of My Grandmother.

TALE NO. VIII.

AFTER our return to New York, things went on much in the old way. The only great difference was Mr. Haughton. He became quite an institution in grandma's house, and certainly assumed a very important position in it—directing grandma's tastes and occupations, persecuting Aunt Prissy and tormenting me. It was extraordinary the influence he exercised over grandma. Was he musical? So was she. Was he asthetic? So was she. Did he wish to dine at seven instead of six? So did she. Did he find our old-fashioned chairs uncomfortable and desire new ones? So did she. Did he wish for society? So did she. In fact, he made an entire revolution in the household—and, greatest feat of all, he induced grandma, who hated music, to become the founder of a musical society, which met weekly at her house. Poor grandma, she really imagined she liked it! True, she generally slept peacefully all through the entertainment, but it always gave her pleasure to read the newspaper notice of it, which Mr. Haughton carefully inserted each week, always highly lauding grandma's musical talent and his own. I remember one evening he was singing Longfellow's words, "I stood on the bridge at mid-night," when I caught sight of a large spider on the bridge of my unconscious grandma's nose. Just then the clock struck twelve. I pointed out the coincidence to Aunt Prissy, who, like myself, was nearly bored to death. We both fell into uncontrollable fits of laughter, just as Mr. Haughton reached "the moon and its broken reflection." He slapped down the lid of the

piano in a fury, the party broke up, and he and grandma went for us. We dared not explain, and I don't think we were ever forgiven.

Another evening we got into sad disgrace, or rather I did, which grieved Aunt Prissy just as much. Mr. Haughton and two other geniuses were pounding away at a wonderful piece of concerted music, and making an inconceivable din. When they were finished I walked up to them very politely and observed, "Do you believe the old proverb, 'Many hands make light work?' I don't." Mr. Haughton looked at me with withering scorn and complained to grandma next morning. But such means were the only ones I dared resort to to hinder myself being quite bored to death those musical evenings.

I think Mr. Haughton really imagined he was in love with Aunt Prissy, an impertinent fancy which I most bitterly resented. Aunt Prissy would never admit, even to me—but I often saw him trying to press her hand, and I knew that was the reason Aunt Prissy avoided shaking hands with him. He was very proud of all his grand acquaintances in England, and used to tell grandma many things that happened when he was shooting with the prince, or hunting with the empress, or driving with the duchess. He knew every one in England worth knowing, from John Brown to Oscar Wilde and Mrs. Langtry. He knew Miss Parnell, and thought it very natural that Aunt Prissy should have been mistaken for her. "For," as he remarked, "she certainly has the Parnell nose." I think Aunt Prissy will discard that obnoxious feature before she visits Europe again. He lived quite two years with us before his engagement to grandma and two years more afterwards, during which time



AN ARTIST GOES TO STATEN ISLAND FOR THE SUMMER AND THE FLATTERED NATIVES GIVE HIM A HOUSE-WARMING.

grandma was busy tearing her old wills, getting settlements drawn up, and waiting for an amendment in the marriage and divorce laws, but at last he persuaded her to name a day for the ceremony; but poor grandma did not live to fulfil her promise, and Mr. Haughton never became my grandpapa. During her engagement my grandma was most particular that all should be *en regle* and done with proper ceremony. I remember one day, shortly after their solemn betrothal, grandma gave orders that we should be denied to all visitors. After lunch she rang for John and desired that the folding-doors, which divided the two sitting-rooms, should be closed. As this was very unusual, Aunt Prissy ventured to ask an explanation. "Taisez votre langue," said

grandma, angrily; "prenez garde le domestique—has ears." Grandma always tried a little French to mystify the servants. When John was gone she said solemnly: "My dear Priscilla, I do not mind telling you that I have promised to embrace my future husband at 2.40 P. M. to-day—as it will be pleasanter for us both to do so in privacy, I have arranged to have the door shut." "Don't do so, but he do-soed," I muttered, in a voice that my laughter fortunately made inarticulate. Grandma was very angry, and retired at once to wait for 2.40. The ceremony did not occupy more than twenty minutes, for we were out driving at 3 P. M. Mr. Haughton began to call my grandma "Annabel," and she called him "Victor." She ordered her wedding-dress from Paris,

and he gave her a betrothal ring and sang, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" for her every evening. And she bought him a fast trotter, and a grand piano, and got a full length portrait of "herself and himself" painted. So the course of true love ran smooth. Grandma went in for a class of tracts, such as "Matrimony made easy," "Wise wives and happy husbands," "A blessing for a Bride," and "Cautions for young couples. There was one sting only in grandmas lot—one alloy in her full cup of bliss. She could not remember her maiden name, and no one would tell her, when she married him. But her memory had slightly failed, and Aunt Prissy only made her angry when she tried to explain away the trouble. Poor perplexed grandma every hour

would exclaim, "Dear me, how very odd; I cannot remember my maiden name, and no one can or will tell it to me. My dear Victor must think it so strange that I do not know my own name. I do think, Priscilla, if you had ever taken any interest in your poor mother, or in any one but yourself, you would know my maiden name—but you could never forget yourself as I do."

Grandma was persuaded that her Victor was a most attentive and devoted lover—but it always seemed to me that, under the circumstances, he devoted a great deal too much time to playing billiards and exercising his trotter, and that grandma was even more than ever dependent on Aunt Prissy for companionship.

When the end came Mr. Haughton was not at hand; but Aunt Prissy and I were with her. We both felt her loss very keenly. But I think neither of us could help rejoicing when her Victor gathered up her many gifts, sold his trotter, bought a black band for his hat, and returned to England to shoot with the prince, to hunt with the empress, and to drive with the duchess. Grandma, at her own desire, was interred beside the almost irreparable husband, and I hear the *Hon.* Victor Haughton is now engaged to the wealthy widow of a wealthy brewer in Bristol, and has presented her with the same betrothal ring that grandma wore. She gives musical evenings too, but she remembers her maiden name and has no grandchildren, so I have no doubt will suit him far better than grandma. Jenkins and Martin now openly rejoice in each other's love, and rule the Fifth Avenue mansion, now my own. Aunt Prissy is high-church and aesthetic, but very dear to me still. So I help her to strew sun-flowers on grandma's grave, which is very high art, indeed, the memorial tower being eighty feet high.

"Rest quiet cat in peace,"

My translation of the Latin inscription.

THE END.

Monographs.

NOVEMBER NEXT WILL TELL.

"CLEVELAND! Cleveland!" the old inhabitant mused;

And prithee tell me who is he, my lad?
Methought I knew the country's statesmen all,
Men who have grandly towered in the nation's hall,

And whose names are still synonymously used
With learning and ability. But that name had
A dull, unmeaning sound upon my ears.

What say you, boy? He the "coming man!"
Away with idle prating! Talk sterling sense,
Or, if purblind with folly's teachings, get thee hence,

And run with the unseeing mole who rears
Its sightless progeny as best it can
To rear still others, who in turn rear more,

Until the husbandman exterminates the pests,
Removes their ugly traces from the lawn,
And then, with eased mind and smiles reborn,
Resumes the labor he enjoyed before.

Thus, with upstart statesmen as with pests,
This land will deal—and here, I beg you, mark me well—

November next will tell your unknown, untried
Cleveland's knell.

Marcus Aurelius, never tell your girl it is too cool for ice-cream. A lie has short legs and she may catch you with the perspiration oozing out from under your hat before you have safely passed the cream dispenser's door.



A WOMAN'S REASON,

LITTLE WIFE.—"Why don't you gather me in your manly arms and carry me into the surf as other men do their darlings, but you never did have any manners, no-how."

[Husband wishes in vain for a derrick, or Lulu Hurst's magnetic powers.]

The march to the see—going to the circus.

No, my boy, the size of a man's foot does not always indicate the generosity of his soul.

"This is a stern chace, but I'm bound to beat!" exclaimed the irate parent as he pursued his unruly boy, shingle in hand.

"Anger is often more hurtful than the injury that caused it." The man who gave birth to that sentiment never could have owned a corn and have had two-hundred pounds of human avoirdupois carelessly alight upon it. There are times, gentle reader, when only anger expresses the *de profundis* of the soul.

A young woman in an Ohio town has married her brother's wife's father, and, at last accounts, had nearly gone crazy trying to figure out whether she was her brother's mother-in-law, or her husband's daughter-in-law, or her own mother-in-law, or her sister-in-law's mother-in-law, or all four, and if so, what relation her children will be to her husband.

"Where were you all day yesterday?" asked one friend of another.

"Out fishing."

"What did you catch?" continued the first, his lips at the same time shaping themselves for an incredulous sneer at the answer.

"Absolutely not a thing," replied the second candidly.

And then he was obliged to call a cab and take his friend home, the sudden shock of a truthful answer to the venerable question having proved too much for him.

A woman at Erie, Pa., fell dead from over-exertion while whipping her daughter on Sunday evening. As all works of necessity are countenanced on Sunday, we hope no hungry moralist will get up in meeting and attempt to draw an awful lesson from that woman's death.

AT MOUNT DESERT.

Nervous Old Lady (to addle-pated nephew)—"Now don't, Clarence, don't go out in that boat. You know you can't swim, and if you're upset you'll surely drown."

Ironical Bystander—"Do let the young man enjoy himself, madam. He wasn't born to be drowned. He's so light-headed that a thirty pound shot to each foot couldn't sink him."

[Clarence suddenly concludes there isn't wind enough to go sailing, and takes a walk instead.]

NEWSPAPER NOTES.

The Post wants posting.

The Times is still out of joint.

The Sun is losing his heat.

Truth—what is truth?

The Press is flightier than the sword.

The Record is "pure," as records go.

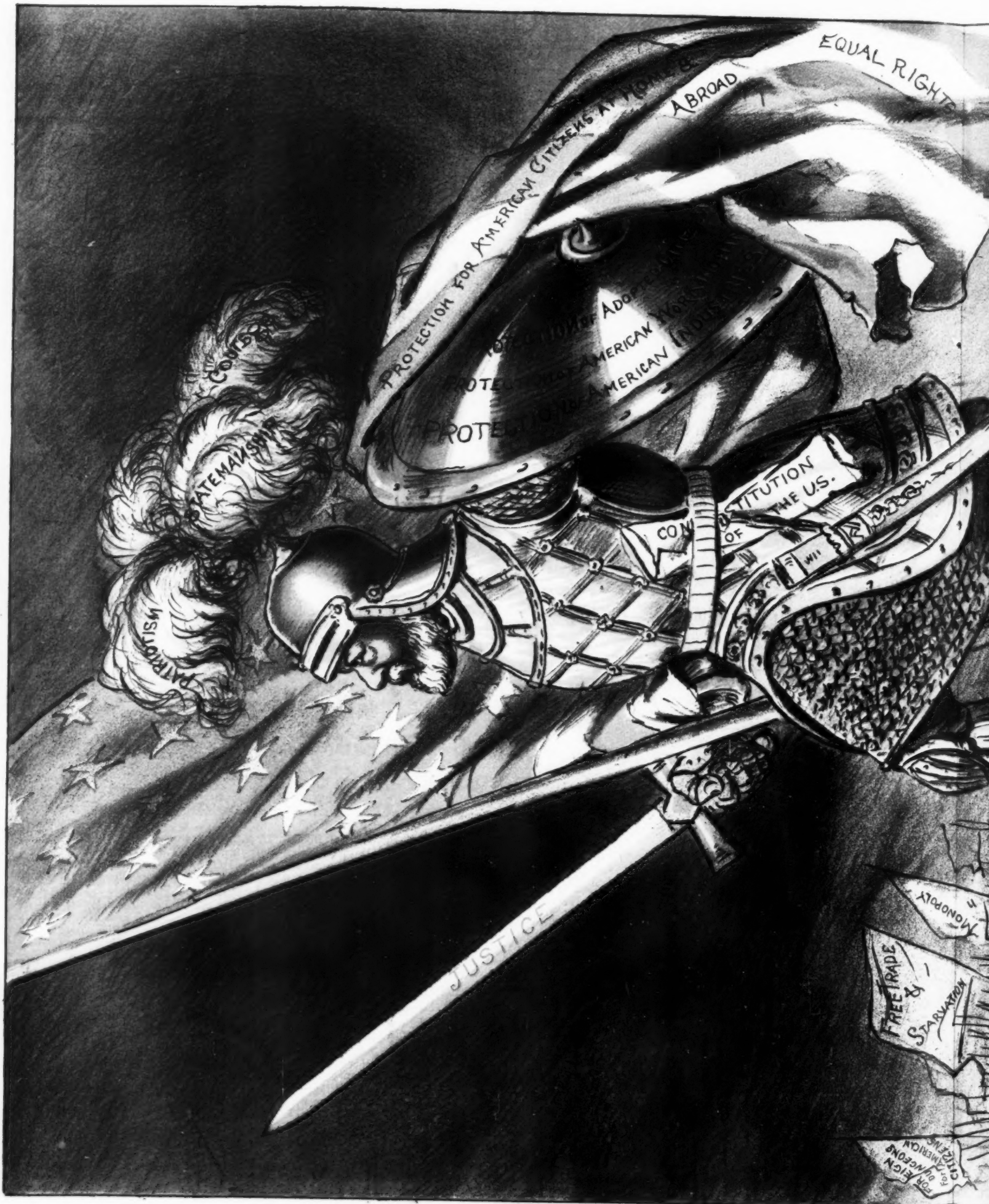
Harper's still weakly.

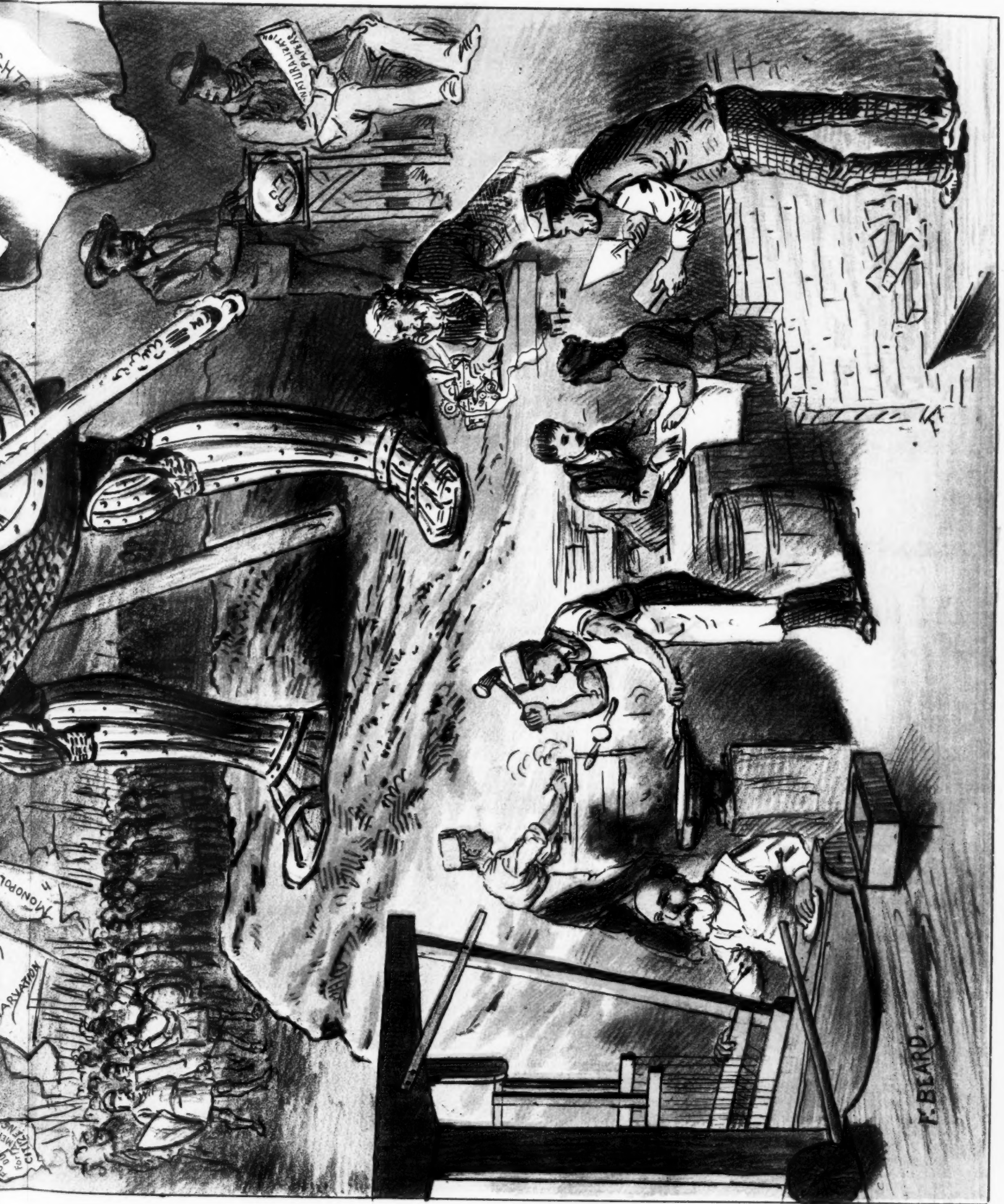
The Mercury is in the nineties.

The World, the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, we believe, are still doing business at the old place.

WHEN do extremes meet—When they go to extremes.

THE JUDGE





PROTECTION!!



"MAY BLOSSOM," is doing so well at the Madison Square that the management have decided not to remove it from the stage for some time to come.

"Called Back" will therefore be given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Mr. Mantell, Miss Milward, Miss Burroughs, Mr. Flockton, and Mr. William Ferguson will probably be in the cast.

Great preparations are being made for its production and Mr. Stetson and the Frohmans have great expectations concerning it.

Mr. Boucicault saw this drama in London and sets it down as a gloomy, uncomfortable play. Nevertheless it has been successful enough to be burlesqued, and "Crawled Back," and the "Scalded Back," are dividing the honors (?) between them.

Speaking of burlesque reminds us that Rice and Dixey's Burlesque Co. have made a big hit in Chicago in Mr. William Gill's "Adonis."

Harry Dixey, Vernona Jarbeau, and others too numerous to mention are in the cast, and Jarbeau always gets an encore for a jolly little French song, and Jennie Reifarth has also made a big success out of her part in the piece.

Chicago has also been treated to a new sensational melodrama called "Shadows of a Great City," which drama will shortly be produced here at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Joe Jefferson is said to be backing the enterprise. The play, written by L. R. Shewell, seems to have been more successful in Chicago than it was in Boston. It is of the "Lights O' London" order and has a fairly good cast. This is the synopsis as furnished by the programme:

Act I.—Scene 1. Pawnbroker's shop, near Catherine Market, New York.

The shadows begin to fall.

Act II.—Scene 1. Blackwell's Island. The conspiracy. The compact. A benevolent Biddy. Scene 2. The pauper ward. The dying mother.

The shadows are lifting.

Act III.—Boat house on Harlem River. The recognition. Impending evil. The shadows are gathering again.

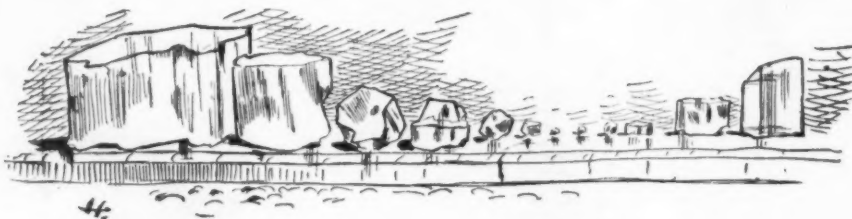
Act IV.—The boat house. The shadows are deepening into gloom.

Act V.—The banker's mansion. The clouds drift by and the shadows are dispersed.

Between the first and second acts a supposed lapse of two months. Between the second and third acts, fifteen years. Fourth act, the next morning. Between the fourth and fifth acts, one month.

The principal characters are represented by Fred Paulding, George Edeson, O. H. Barr, Adele Belgarde (who says she is not going to marry Salvini), Helen Tracy, and Annie Yeamans (who also says she isn't going to be married).

In "Moths," which has been doing a good business at the Grand Opera House in the same city, the characters seem to have changed hands all around. Osmond Tearle and Charles Glenny seem to have swapped the parts of *Lord Jura* and *Raphael de Coreze*. Enid Leslie is now *Fuschia Leach*, and Sophie Eyre is *Vere*. Even Caroline Hill is no longer *Lady Dolly* and that fond



HOW TO TELL THE MONTH OF THE YEAR BY THE SIZE OF THE ICE.

and anxious mother is enacted by Miss Flora Livingston.

"An Adamless Eden," and "Fantine" are occupying the attention of the Hubites. If a full cast of popular favorites can make any play a success, then "Fantine" ought to make a big hit. John Howson, Ellis Ryse, W. H. Fitzgerald, Madeleine Lucette, Louise Paullin, and Elma Dolaro have plenty to do, and do it well, but for all that there seems to be a difference of opinion as to the merits of Mr. Wolf's adaptation.

A few of our own theatres are already beginning to present a somewhat animated appearance.

Niblo's is to open the 18th with a spectacular piece called "The Seven Ravens." There is a sort of story connected with "The Seven Ravens," and Emma Carson, Pauline Hall, James Piggott, and Gus Levick will endeavor to elucidate the subject.

On the same date the Grand Opera House will produce "The White Slave," and Harry Miner will open the People's Theatre with "The Silver King."

Minnie Madern will begin a season at the New Park on the 11th of August, and Derrick's comedy will be ready for Wallack's as previously announced, if anybody can be found to play the principal part. It is said that Nat Goodwin was offered a part in this piece, as he was passing through New York a while ago, but declined to accept.

The fact is, Nat was in a hurry to get home to his wife Eliza Weathersby. His bad luck over his little games with Morris in the far west made him tired and homesick.

Kate Forsyth has signed with Tillotson for four years, and will soon appear at the Union Square in Tillotson's play of "Lynwood," which, notwithstanding Mr. T.'s assertions to the contrary, was not a success in San Francisco.

A YOUNG man who was peripatetic
Went to see Lulu Hurst "the magnetic,"
But she whacked his patella
With her vicious umbrella,
And his case now is truly pathetic.

Colloquy at a Ward-Meeting.

ARTEMUS his ghost—"Fair coz, where be the funds; and why is this thus?"
Ferdinand—"Damfino."

WHY General Grant should have staid in the country,—Because he found glory on many a field; in the street, nothing but mud.

LOGIC AS IS LOGIC. One of Blaine's ancestors was a Catholic, therefore no Catholic ought to be President of the United States. But one of Cleveland's grandmothers (it has lately been discovered) was a woman, therefore no woman can be President of the United States.

Mixed Language for Pious Tom.

Not by BRET HARTE.

WHICH I wish to assert—
And my language is clear—
That for ways that are pert,
And for tricks that are queer,
The Christian mud-man is peculiar—
Which the proof I would furnish right here.

Tom, Nast is his name,
And I cannot deny
In regard to the same
What the name might imply.
'Twould sound "off" in rhymes, but we get it,
By adding a small letter, y.

It was June '84,
And befogged were the skies;
And the bad people swore
That poor Tom was likewise;
For he passed a lone hand to George William
In a way men are wont to despise.

Which we had a big game,
And they both took a hand:
It was bluff; which the same
Pious men understand;
And they grinned as they looked at each other
With a grin at once comic and grand.

For their issues were pooled,
So their risks were the fewer;
That they could not be fooled
They were more than cock sure.
They'd an organ at home, and a contract
To keep its tone lofty and pure.

Well, the dealer had "sand,"
And things went smooth as oil;
Tommy got a full hand
And was sure of the spoil;
But George William missed a straight flush,
And he said "'tain't accordin' to Hoyle."

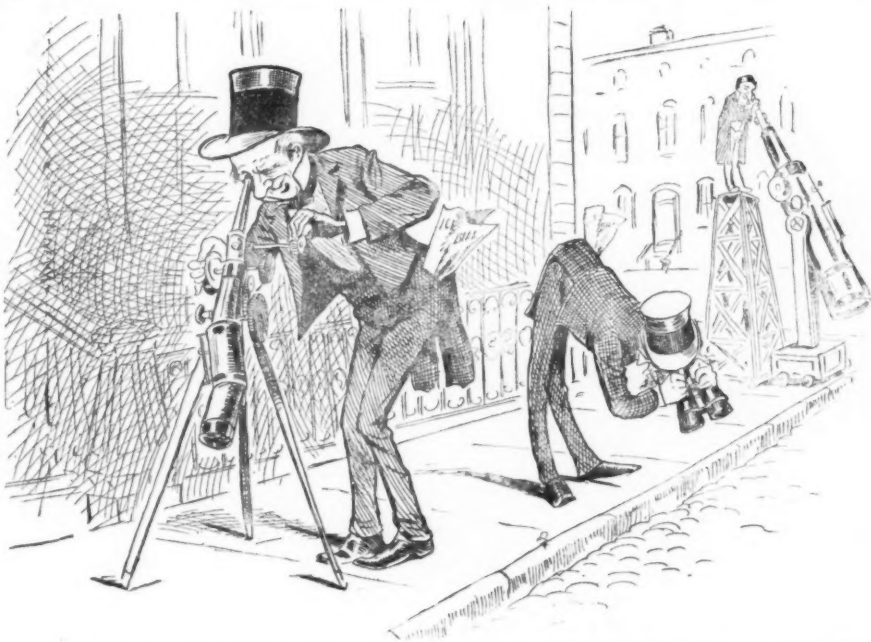
Then he got on his ear
And bade Tom make a face;
And he said with a leer
Of immaculate grace,
"This game is most grossly immoral
When culture holds not the fourth ace."

So the game can't be played!
Who will dare take a hand?
Won't we all be dismayed
As we meet through the land,
With the faces Tom Nast will be making
At the cultured George William's command?

Which is why I assert—
And my language is clear—
That for ways that are pert
And for tricks that are queer,
The Christian mud-man is peculiar
Which the same I stand up to right here.

L'ENVOY.

COMIC art is not dead, it but slumbers
At the back of a "mutual friend;"
The crayon which lit up back numbers
Is piously turned end for end.
For Tommy has met with a change ill;
And parted with most of his "sand";
He's anxious to be an archangel,
And with the archangels to stand. G. M. W.



These are not scientists investigating protoplasm, nor chemists analysing the refuse of the streets in search of cholera germs, but they are citizens looking for their ice. They want their ice.



"Eureka! here's my ice afreer all!"

Mr. Spilkins on Politics.

Our old friend, Mr. Spilkins—who is possessed with a consuming desire to become a shining light in politics, and the height of whose ambition is to be some day known as the Hon. Jerimiah Spilkins, M. C.—was a Tammany delegate to Chicago. Upon the eve of his return home, he was interviewed by several of his political friends.

"Will Tammany support Cleveland, Mr. Spilkins?" he was asked.

"Oh, certainly! Tammany will support Cleveland," he replied, with the faintest suggestion of irony in his tone, and a wink of his eye. "Did you ever see a tipsy fellow trying to hold a lamp-post up? Now, to un-

prejudiced observers, it might appear that from the apparently strong exertions he was making, the lamp-post did receive some support. But does the lamp-post share in that opinion? Not by a good deal—it knows too much. Out-siders might be fooled, but not the lamp-post itself. Well, Cleveland will get just as much support from Tammany," continued Mr. S., with a humorous and meaning look, "as the lamp-post gets from its supporter. And Grover Cleveland knows, just as well as that lamp-post does, how much that will be."

This political metaphor (of a decidedly humorous, if somewhat self-uncomplimentary character) raised a laugh; and, after indulging in a number of sly and meaning

winks with one another, his Tammany friends expressed a desire to know his views upon the platform.

"I haven't had time to read it yet," said Mr. S., dubiously. "But, I notice, in regard to the tariff plank, that this time it is for public uses exclusively, with incidental protection of course—an incident, however, which will very seldom occur."

Mr. Spilkins here again winked knowingly at his company, and laughed in a peculiar way. Then he acted in the following strange and curious manner. He put his fingers to his lips, stepped softly to the door, listened intently for a few moments, then very quietly closed the door, locked it carefully, and immediately after drew from one of his coat-tail pockets a bottle of whiskey.

"Please excuse the glasses, gentlemen," he said. "Unfortunately, Mrs. S., my wife, has a weakness—it is her strong abhorrence of whiskey, and if I ventured to the kitchen to get glasses, why—you can appreciate the delicacy of my situation, I know, gentlemen."

Again the gentlemen winked at each other. They could appreciate it. They knew all about it.

"To resume, gentlemen," pursued Mr. Spilkins, after he had taken his turn at the bottle, "in the words of one of our delegates—I forget which one—it was the noblest body of men I ever saw. The loftiest patriotism sat enthroned upon their brows. The proud determination to go for the spoils of office—no; I mean to serve their country, from pure, unselfish motives, to reform all the Republicans out of—no, I should say to put all the Democrats in, rather, I should remark—to inaugurate a genuine reform in all the branches of the Government, to sweep out the Augean stables of official corruption, was manifested by all present. But as a member of Tammany, gentlemen, it is needless to say that Grover Cleveland was not my first choice—nor my last one, either. No man, gentlemen, who compels me, or the toiling millions of this city, to pay ten cents for the privilege of riding on the elevated railroads, will receive my vote. Set 'em up again, gentlemen," said Mr. S., passing the bottle. (Mr. S. had already "set 'em up" several times again himself.) "No, gentlemen, the honest, horny-handed sons of toil must take the horse-cars, while the luxurious and pampered minions of wealth ride over their heads on softly-cushioned seats, and look contemptuously down upon them. How typical of the truth, gentlemen, that wealth always does look down on poverty—that the capitalist always rides over the laboring man. No, gentlemen, the man who would needlessly take five cents more out of the poor man's pocket, or compel him to ride in a dirty, bad-smelling, rattle-trap of a horse-car, to be frozen in winter and roasted in summer, and crushed and squeezed at all times, is not my candidate. No (hic), genclum, it—it won't do; in words of our noble chief, 'Won't raise (hic) hand for him.' Let others vote for 'im—but before (hic) I vote for—Clever Groveland, gen'lum, I'll, I'll—yes, I will be—hanged by him first."

Three rounds of vociferous applause greeted Mr. Spilkin's sentiments, thus unmistakably expressed.

As Mr. Spilkins now began to show evident symptoms of having "set 'em up" rather too frequently, his friends discreetly bid him good-bye, and withdrew quietly from the house, the fear of Mrs. S.'s well-known termagant qualities serving to keep

them pretty sober, and constraining them to preserve a prudent and decorous behavior until they were out of the house; Mr. S. shouting after them that never would he—"In the words of their noble leader (hic), raise a hand for (hic) Clever Groveland."

T. H. F.

Found in the Streets.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1884.

MY ONCE DEAR JULIA:

'Tis Sunday morn. The matin chimes are sending their sweet-throated sounds through the immensity of space, and echoing their reverberations through my sad auricular appendages, telling me of joys which I've tasted but now are no longer mine.

I am disappointed, sad, weary of life—disconsolate. A yearning for the grave, where hoyden voice and vulgar laugh can never again jar upon my proud but exceedingly sensitive spirit, possesses me. In the words of the immortal poet, whose name is so familiar to all—but which I have now forgotten—"no greater grief than to remember days of joy when misery is at hand."

Do you ask the cause of my repining? "I will do as one who weeps and tells his tale."

A maiden fair, of sylph-like fairy form, ruby lips and teeth of pearl, the fragrance of whose breath is like unto the sigh of the crushed rose or bruised heliotrope upon the altar of hallowed love—has passed me by. Deceiver! You noted not the sands of time had almost run their course last eve—the hour spake eight—the low descending sun had almost crossed the line where twilight deepens into dark—when, with sweeping grace all your own, you majestically carried your dear person by our trusting-place. The delicacy of your movements enthralled me, your voice ringing out its mockeries, your once sweet silvery laugh—now no longer dulcet—echoing in my ears! Then my whole being became possessed of a diabolical hatred and a firm intention ne'er again to recognize in your angelic person "those attributes which lend ideal charms to love."

These are not idle words—I swear it upon Jove's altar—on bended knee I poise my 180 pounds of honest manhood—and before high Olympus I take the vow to spurn forever and for aye my once sweet Julia, now no longer mine!

Adieu! False, fair one!

Yours no longer (but just long enough).

ALBERT.

Little Tommy.

LITTLE TOMMY goes to a certain school where the tongues of the young ideas are taught to shoot off the multiplication-table in a glib chorus, and where probably not one pupil in ten knows what it's all about, after he's committed to memory the entire twelve tables.

Now Tommy has learned a certain amount of French from his *bonne*, and being of an enquiring turn of mind, he wishes to know the French for every new English word he happens to hear.

A few evenings ago he startled his mamma, who was lying on the sofa deep in the mysteries of a new "Seaside," by asking her the French for *tums*.

"I don't know what you mean," replied mamma—"there is no such word."

"But you do know," insists Tommy; "and there is such a word, and I want to know what it is in French."

"Do you mean thumbs?" inquired mamma.

Tommy (indignantly): "No; I don't mean thumbs—I mean tums. Two *tums* two are four, three tums two are six, four tums two are eight—now do you know what I mean?"

Mamma concluded she does know, but up to last accounts she has not been able to give the French for the word.

Tommy, on another occasion, was so late in returning from school that the household became alarmed at his absence.

"What was the matter?" asks mamma, as the boy appears, tired and hungry.

"Kep' in," Tommy replies.

"What were you kept in for?" inquired mamma, handing him a huge piece of bread and butter.

Tommy takes a huge bite, and answers with his mouth full, "'Cause I couldn't spole my spellin' right, I s'pose."

Little Tommy is a wonderful prodigy, at least Aunt Fanny thinks so, and requests her ardent admirer, Mr. Fitzmorris, to hear how nicely the little man can read.

A primer is produced, and all goes well till Tommy comes to the word "slippers." This staggers him, and he gazes at it helplessly.

Aunt Fanny: "Well, Tommy, surely you know what that spells?"

Tommy: "No, I don't, Aunt Fanny.

Aunt F.: "Try and think, Tommy—'what has Aunty on her feet?'"

Tommy (exultingly): "Cornè!"

Summer Board.

"Summer Board. What's that?" asks little Jimmy Jenkins, spelling out the letters of an advertisement in a morning paper.

"Come here my son and look at me," replied his papa, "I am summer bored, very much bored."

"You, Papa?"

"Yes, my child. If a man, obliged to sit all day long on the piazza of a summer hotel and to listen to a lot of women talking gossip as they swap pieces of silk for crazy quilts, isn't summer bored, I should like to know who is, that's all."

"But you're not a *board*, Papa."

"No, my child, literally speaking I'm not, but please God, I shall be to-morrow morning—aboard the first train for New York, and business will detain me there for several days. Now run and hand your mother that piece of crushed pineapple ribbon that the wind has blown from her lap, and tell her what I say, while I finish reading my newspaper."

Thomas Shows Grover the Field.

HERE you be, Grover, my boy, this is the field. Havn't seen it for eight years. How familiar 't looks, though I don't feel at home in it. See yonder break in the fence—there's where your uncle and I drove Hayes and Wheeler against it. Thought we had 'em sure, but Hayes saved himself by holding on to that mountainous old man, Davis, whom none of us could budge. This is a piece torn from the skirts of Seymour's broad-cloth; and this is a fragment of poor Horace's old white hat. Here lies one of Hancock's spurs and the broken hilt of his sword—a gallant fighter—but went down under Garfield's lance. Wrecks! wrecks!—nothing but wrecks! But, bless my prophetic soul! if here aren't the familiar thirteen-

inch foot-prints of my old friend Bill English, twelve feet apart, and heading for the bars! That's when he turned tail and skinned the gravel at the sight of Arthur's big whiskers. O, my Indiana! but what's at the other end of the field? Point your glass there—your eyes are younger than mine. What do you see? Blaine in his tent, writing; cool as November—don't seem to know you're in the field. He's your man; watch his moves. And there is *my* man—that terrible Black Jack, with his awful mustache. How he shakes his long mane! Rather twenty Wheelers than one Logan! And outside there is your Tammany John, grinning encouragement through the fence—I mislike the shape of his grin. And such backing!—where be all the commissaries and sutlers? Such dry work this and never a barrel in sight—wire your uncle. Now, Grover, you are stout; fight, if fight we must, and I'll take care of the rear—and, if run we must, I'll show you the way, I've been there before; but your feet are swift and your back is strong. Remember the story of the mule—was it of Troy—or Buffalo, that did the old Anichises bear, and abandon not your uncle's ancient, trusty cronym.

On a Tombstone.

A WOMAN in a certain town in Vermont buried five husbands and their tomb-stones formed a neat little semi-circle in the village cemetery.

After number five had departed, the widow, thinking she had had enough of matrimony, concluded it would be well to have a monument, sacred to her own memory, erected in the midst of the group of defunct consorts. She chose for the inscription thereon the following words: "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

Soon after this last piece of marble had been duly engraved, the fair and fickle female received and accepted another offer of marriage, and took unto herself a sixth spouse, whereupon a wag added another line to the scripture text.

One day, by way of entertainment, the bride took her newly wedded husband to visit the graves of his five predecessors; calling his attention to her own monument, she was not only horrified but indignant to read thereon:

"She is not dead, but sleepeth—with another man."

The last three words were immediately erased, but the shock was too much for the feeble mind of number six, who soon after departed this life, leaving behind him a very much widowed female, who is now looking about for a possible Number Seven.

Bouncing a Book Agent.

A RURAL young man came into Chicago last week to canvass the city for a new book recently issued in Detroit. The agent called upon a well-known resident of the west side and proceeded to explain to him the contents of the book entitled, "What a Woman Can Do." The west sider listened attentively for half an hour, and when the young man had concluded and began to grow confident of securing a new subscriber, the west side man eyed him curiously and remarked:

"Well, young man, you have been so kind to tell me 'What a Woman Can Do.' I will now show you what a man can do."

Then he kicked the book agent into the street.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Effectually Rebuked.

THERE is a young man in Oakland who has a sister Jessie, who was sent to a fashionable school for young ladies. When she left home he wondered if she would acquire the affectation other young ladies that he knew had by attending the fashionable seminary. After being there a year, he began to flatter himself that his sister was proof against such nonsense, when he received a letter signed "Jessica," instead of Jessie, as heretofore. In answering, he wrote something like this: "Dear sister Jessica—Your welcome letter received. Mamaica and Papaica are well. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgeica started for the Santa Cruz mountains yesterday. Have bought a new horse; it is a beauty; it is named Maudica, etc. Your affectionate brother, Samica." The next letter was signed Jessie.—*San Francisco Call.*

Financial Points.

CANADA hotels now advertise: "Special rates to Bank Presidents and Cashiers from the United States."

SHAKESPEARE must have monkied with stocks too. You remember that he speaks of the "short and the long of it."

"Never speculate, my boy," said a successful merchant to his youngest clerk, as he tied up four pounds of coffee for a customer and charged him with six pounds. "Stick to a safe, legitimate, honest business, and in the end success will be yours."

"No," said the wife of a Bank President in reply to the inquiry of a near friend, "no, my husband will not go to Europe this summer. At one time he thought of going, but he has changed his mind. The Cashier is spending the summer in Canada, and my husband thinks it is only justice to the directors and depositors to postpone his trip until next season."—*St. Louis Magazine.*

Why Tennis is Unpopular.

Edith—"Why, my darling Maud, where have you been so long? You have not been here for several seasons. I often think how fond you used to be of croquet."

Maud—"Yes, I was, and am yet for that matter, though I seldom play now. You did not care for it, I remember."

Edith—"No, I doted on lawn tennis, and have played it right along every summer; in fact, I am just on my way to a game now. But whose child is that Maud?"

Maud—"Mine. I was married four years ago to the gentleman, who, as you will remember, was my partner at croquet the last season I was here."

Edith (sadly)—"Ah! yes. Married; and here I am still in the market."

Maud (whispering)—"Drop tennis and go back to croquet."—*Es.*

YOUNG Taffybrick is ambitious to become a paragrapher. Last evening, while walking with his girl, he suddenly perpetrated the following idiosyncrasy:

"My love, why are you like the man who dealt the cards to the heathen Chinees?"

"Ah, Chawley dear, I cannot even approach to the outskirts of that awfully horrid conundrum. Why is it, love?"

"It is because you are the ideal I follow, my precious little sweet, and that racket followed an Nye deal also."

Ice cream restored the young lady.—*Whitehall Times.*

Wasn't Popular.

As a justice of the peace, old Nicholas is undoubtedly prejudiced. Several days ago he was summoned before the Grand Jury as an indictment, charging him with malfeasance in office, having been found against him.

"Like ter know whut's yer charges," said he, addressing the foreman.

"We have proof here, showing that one Andy Tobman was arraigned before you, and, that regardless of the fact that his innocence was clearly shown, you sent him to jail. Now explain why you did this?"

"Dat's mighty easy 'splained, cap'n."

"The evidence showed that he was innocent."

"Yes, sah, couldn' find no fault wid de everdence."

"Well, why did you send him to jail?"

"Cap'n, de fack am dis. Dat man Andy ain't popular wid me, an' wen er man ain't popular wid me, I sen's him ter jail de fust chance I gits. Dat's de sort o' jedge I is, but lemme tell yer, I neber sen's none o' my frien's dar. Look out how yer handles me. I doan know how long yer's gwine ter be popular."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Proven to be True

HE was a bashful wooer, but there was a certain manliness about him which indicated that he only needed a little encouragement to let himself out. She saw this, and she resolved on a policy of encouragement.

"Do you believe these stories in the funny papers," she asked, "about the willingness of young ladies to be kissed?"

"I—I really can't say," he replied. "They may be true." Then, gathering courage, he added: "I hope they are true," and he drew closer to her.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or not."

"And what way is that," he asked.

There was a brief pause. Then, with a far-away look in her eyes, she answered:

"By experimenting when he has the opportunity."

He experimented.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Some Tall Fishing.

FIVE Newarkers who returned last night from a fishing excursion to Barnegat report wonderful catches.

"We hauled 'em in so fast that the lines scorched our fingers," said one of the fishermen, "and we had to take a bucket of water with us to keep them damp."

"You needn't look so surprised," remarked another of the party, "we were out less than an hour and filled the boat twice during that time. We sent the captain back with the yacht, while we kept on fishing. We caught 682 weak fish in half an hour."

—*Newark News.*

"AH, my deah Miss Annie, how do you like the cut of my haiah?" drawled a sandpapered young blood to a bright, Walnut Hills girl.

Well, Mr. Witless, really, now, since you ask me, I'll tell you, that, while I don't always like such short hair, in your case I do like it, for it is so nicely cut to match."

"I don't quite compwehend, Miss Annie. Match what?"

"Your brains, of course."—*Merchant Traveler.*

New Nervous Disease.

HE hung his hat on the floor and attempted to go to bed with the bootjack, remarking that "Boozeback ole fren fam'ly. Good ole Boozeback."

"You are intoxicated!" indignantly exclaimed his disgusted spouse.

"Toxified! S'no such thing. Don't drink m'self. Whoop! Horse on you! Yawhoop! Once again for the beer!"

"Ugh! you brute! If you are not intoxicated, what ails you, sir?"

"S'new disease of nervous sis—sister—system. S'quite common for medical students to s'perience syms—syms—symptoms of disease they're studying. Been called to see a man wiz tremens. Bad case. That's all. Never drank drop in my life. Whoop!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

They Were in Doubt.

A LONG striped snake crawled into a basement saloon yesterday, and was in the middle of the room before anybody saw it. The inmates stood aghast and speechless for several seconds, when one of them, pointing his finger at the object, managed to articulate: "Do any of the rest of you see that?" They responded in a chorus, "Yes, we all do." "It's a great relief to me to know it," said the first, "for I thought I was going to have another attack of malaria." "Me, too!" responded the chorus, and then they fell on the snake with billiard cues and killed it.—*Yonkton Press.*

An Editor Insulted.

EDITORS have to put up with all manner of taunts and insults. Not so long ago at a social gathering an Austin lady said to a young man who is connected with a local paper:

"You ought to belong to a church choir."

"But I can't sing. What put the idea of my belonging to a choir into your head?"

"O, nothing, except that I was reading the other day that a San Francisco church proposes to introduce harp music into the choir, and there is not much difference, you know, between a harp and a lyre, so I thought I'd make the suggestion."—*Texas Siftings.*

Too Well Educated.

"WELL, Colonel B.," said a friend of education in Kentucky to a member of the Legislature, "I suppose we can have your support this winter?"

"What fur?"

"In our educational interests, of course. We are agitating the question, you know, all over the State."

"Dog on your educational interests. I don't want no more of it in my tea."

"My dear Colonel, you surprise me! What makes you talk that way? Are you not in favor of education?"

"No, sirree, I hain't."

"Why not?"

"Well, because I hain't. It makes more work for me. You see, before I was eddicated all I had to do was to make a cross-mark fur my name, but now I've got to wrassel with a pen-pint half an hour, and run my tongue out like a slice of liver, jest because I'm eddicated and can sign my name. Go and try some of them ignorant members. I'm too well eddicated myself to be fooled any furdur."—*Merchant Traveler.*

JUMBO's skeleton will go to Tuft's college, whenever Jumbo gets through with it.—*Hartford Post.*

THE woman of the period don't mind getting too late to an express train, but it is when the mail train leaves her that she wails.—*Wash. Hatchet.*

A BOOK Agent was struck by lightning, last Tuesday night, and on the spot where he stood it looked as if a brass cannon had been melted.—*Paris Beacon.*

THE death of Reilly, bitten by a poisonous snake, even after a copious dosing with whiskey, simply proves that the snake poison is sometimes stronger than Bourbon. That's all.—*Hartford Post.*

ANOTHER woman that George Washington kissed has just died. The more we hear about George the more we are inclined to think that he rather pulled the wool over his companion's eyes.—*Boston Post.*

FUSSY OLD MAID (entering base ball ground)—“Why, what did they all begin to yell ‘Fowl’ for when I came in? Do they mean me?”

Polite Gatekeeper—“Oh, no, mum. You ain't no chicken.”—*Phila. Call.*

THE editor of a northern Texas paper complains that dogs follow their masters to church, and howl while the singing is going on. Possibly the intelligent animals see the propriety of their co-operation when the dogsology is being sung.—*Texas Siftings.*

POEMS written of little things, said an ancient writer, are the best. An almost universal belief in this idea is, no doubt, the reason why the recent poems written in commemoration of the white elephant are not regarded as creditable productions.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

“Yes,” said the old politician, with a mournful shake of his head; “yes, these high schools and colleges are raising the very mischief with the party. Once was the time when the rank and file would do just as they were told; but now, confound 'em! they know more than the leaders, and you can't do nothing with 'em anyhow. I tell you, sir, education is knocking politics all to pieces.”—*Boston Transcript.*

JINKS—“Why, Finks, old boy, how are you? My gracious, how you have changed.”

FINKS—“In what way?”

JINKS—“You seem to have grown rather careless. You used to be quite a dude.”

FINKS—“Oh, that's it, is it? Well, I'm married.”

“Jinks—“Not a dude any more, then?”

FINKS—“No; I'm a sub-dude.”—*Phila. Call.*

SCENE, a camp. Time in the evening, late.

Guard—“Halt! who goes there?”

Figure—“I am a Hingham girl. See?”

Militiaman—“I am an independent Cadet. The band concert is all over. May I see you home?”

Beauty—Yes; thanks. I am afraid to alone.”

“The soldier throws his musket away and disappears in the darkness with the daughter of the regiment.”—*Boston Globe.*

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IN A HURRY.

HE ran to catch the evening train

And rushed with all his might and main,

Intent on reaching home to tea,

His little family to see.

Alas! he had not in his mind

A thought of the banana-rind

Which right before his pathway lay

At close of that eventful day,

Upon the rind he slipped, of course,

And tumbled down with mighty force;—

Shattered his back and broke his shin

Because of this banana-skin!

At home his wife and children cry

“Oh! Poor papa will surely die!”

But no! Papa will surely live!

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CAN a young man be the flame of a young lady after the old gent has put him out?—*Brooklyn Times.*

A MAN may purchase a lot in a cemetery, but he can not occupy it except as a dead-head.—*Somerville Journal.*

A CHICAGO lawyer has written a poem entitled, "My Conscience." He must have a powerful imagination.—*Boston Post.*

LOOKING for a rhyme for Cleveland and Hendricks is a pleasing occupation for democratic campaign poets.—*Hartford Post.*

Chosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you don't understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.—*Phila. Call.*

GEORGE W. CURTIS only spends two days of the week in his editorial room in the office of *Harper's Weekly.* He probably puts in the rest of the time searching for a flaw in Blaine's record.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

"I COULD not trust you," she said in quivering tones. This is not quoted from a novel, but overheard in a cigar store during the negotiation for tick by a newspaper reporter for a box of cigars.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"LET me see," thoughtfully said a man who was looking at an old well, "the windlass needs repairs, the bucket leaks, the rope is rotten and the curbing is defective, but considered as a hole, I think it will do."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A MERCIFUL man is merciful to his beast. A Quincy man refused to vacate his premises at the command of his unfeeling landlord on the ground that he had several setting hens and he hadn't the heart to disturb them.—*Boston Transcript.*

CREDITOR—"Look here, now, do you know that I've called no less than ten times to collect this bill? Don't you suppose I've got anything else to do than to be running around after my money from such fellows as you?" Debtor—"It does seem hard, but I don't know what you can do unless you charge it to the running expenses."—*Boston Transcript.*

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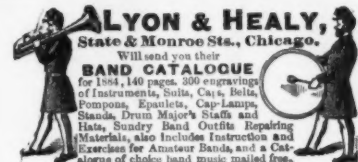
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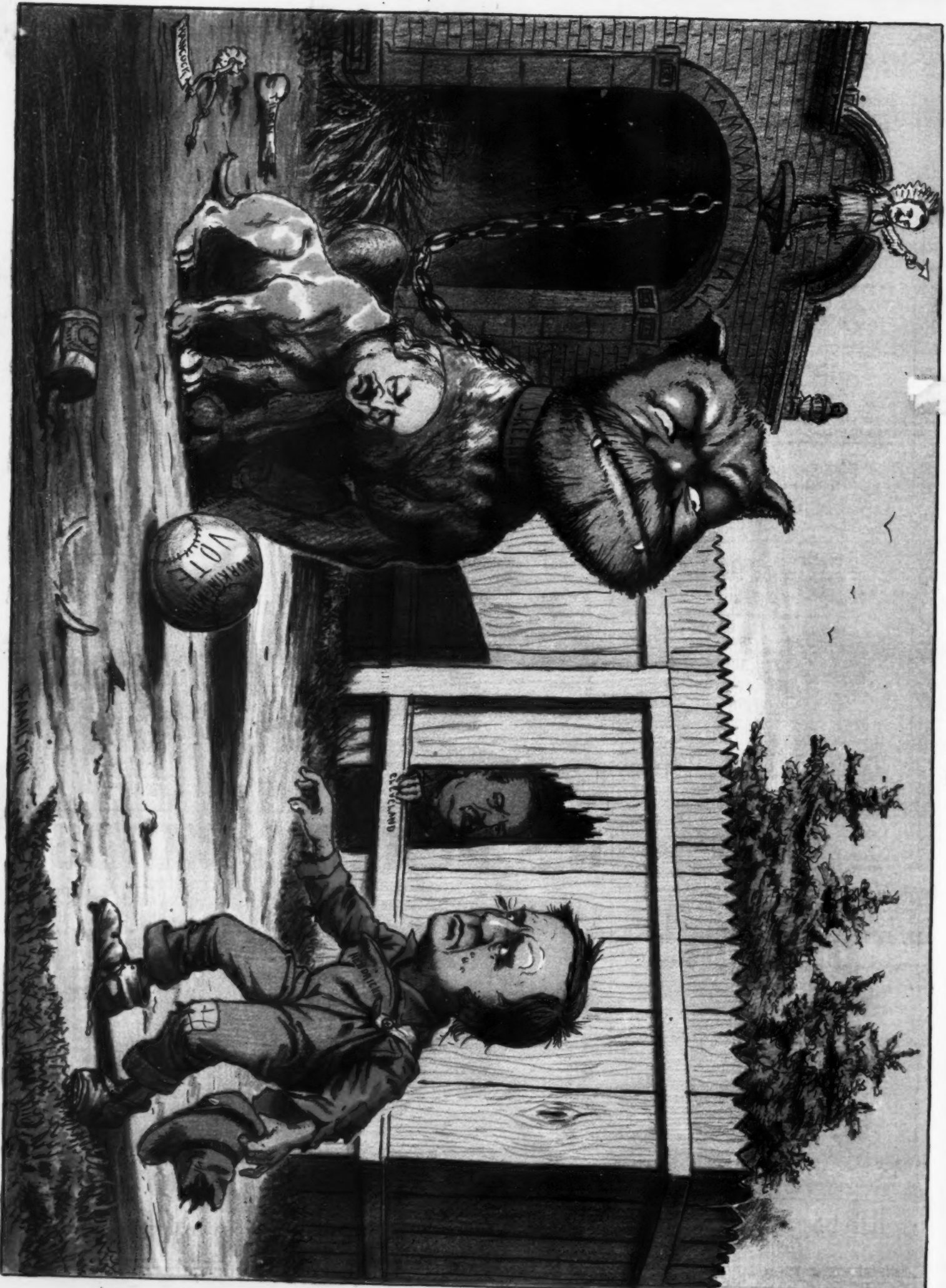
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