

Judge

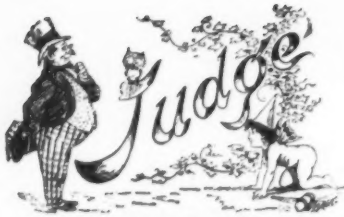
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EASTER BONNETS.

MADAME CLEVELAND—"That woman makes a perfect fright of herself!"

MISS HILL—"That fat old lady needn't put on such airs. My style will take better with the men!"



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lic knew—and it is very little of the vast amount—was given to the public press purely by accident or through the unavoidable publicity of its results. He was an ardent lover, and a judge as well, of art in painting, music and literature; and there was no fund in behalf of progress of any good kind to which he did not liberally contribute. A frank, an honest, a great-souled, but modest and quiet gentleman, it will be long before the man appears who is worthy to take his place.

A PARTY OF GIANTS.

The Republican party is like the pine forests of the Yosemite valley, crowded with giants. The falling out of one or another still leaves full ranks of sturdy and heroic growth. The stuff of which it is made, the forces of nature and circumstance that created it, the hereditary results of free-soil Democracy and the protective-tariff Whig, a compound of liberality, audacity and justice, kin in its construction and sustenance, have made it what it is.

This was a shabby nation when James Buchanan stepped out of the presidential chair, regarded with contempt abroad and commanding no respect at home. It was a Republican policy that re-made us a nation, extorted the world's regard for its heroic sacrifices for a principle, and made it respected for its affluence and financial honor. Is this the party all at once to dwarf itself, and to slow and stagnate the pulses of its growth? Is it its nature to be changed in the twinkling of a mugwump eye? Call the roll! Where will you find such names as follow in this Loyal Old Guard?—"Conkling" (away on leave of absence), "Blaine" (out on furlough), "Evarts" (here and on duty), "Allison" (all Iowa behind him responds "aye"), "Hiscoek," "Ingalls" (here), "Depew" (here and at the front). Indiana responds for Harrison, Ohio for Sherman and Foraker. Illinois rolls out Lincoln and Farwell. Minnesota, with a voice like a blizzard, shouts "Washburne." All down the front come the responsive "ayes" from the long, long line of tried and veteran grenadiers.

The Republican party has in fact a regiment of major-generals, either one fit to wear the stars on the epaulets he has so worthily won. Not one of these is a novice. Experience has imbued each with foresighted American ideas. No people here or elsewhere, now or heretofore, no party present or past, has or has had such affluent material of statesmanship for the selection of a leader. Any selection it may make will be a competent one. Any choice will be a wise choice. J. A.

ELLIOTT F. is my Shepard—I shall not want.—Mail and Express.

IT HAS LONG been our impression that Adam Badeau brought about the fall of Richmond.

I AM NOT combative, but whenever I see a head I love to hit it.—J. J. Ingalls

"A GOOD MEAL," says Vanderbilt's \$10,000 cook, "is like a song." Not as to price, we think; it certainly cannot be had for one.

SO LITTLE is said lately of Mrs. Langtry that we fear she must have forgotten to repair her fences.

DAN VOORHEES, who is presented in the picture papers as a possible presidential quantity, has an eager and expectant look; but he is the last Daniel to come merely to the judgment.

TO G. C.—Hi, hello, see here, old fellow! What do you think of that letter against a second term?

GENERAL BADEAU is a lover of mankind, and he must not be chided for considering that it consists of only one individual.

A COUPLE in Norwich, Conn., made their wedding tour on an ox sled; so it certainly cannot be said that they objected to the yoke.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY of this state takes the initiative in the fall campaign, and its opponents must necessarily come in an exceedingly bad second.

IT MUST MAKE the spirit of Mr. Tilden laugh to see how his friends the lawyers are getting the lion's share of his great property. Why! each of them seems to be almost as great and good a wrecker as he was in his prime.

A BROOKLYN SHOP obliges all its salesladies to dress in black, because that is a becoming color and it "dresses the shop." That is the idea of the uniform, and it is proper; but all the same it has heretofore been the business of the shop to dress the girls.

JOSEPH W. DREXEL.

The gift of fortune-making is given to few men. In many cases it means that extraordinary shrewdness and thrift which sharpens the countenance, makes the eyes small and mean, takes avarice to the heart, and stifles every generous impulse. Not so in the case of Joseph W. Drexel, who died last week. He had the gift beyond most others; but his success broadened his views, and his extra dollars were so many for the worthy of the majority who had not his faculty of success. He was a great financier, but he took comparatively little of his fortune to himself. Next to Peter Cooper he was the greatest philanthropist this city has had. Probably some will wonder at this statement, but there are thousands who know it to be true. He gave so that his gifts might not be known. His left hand in his great charity knew nothing of the workings of its companion. That of his philanthropy which the pub-



GIVEN AWAY.

FIRST USHER—"S'prisin' small foot d' bride am got, Charles."
SECOND USHER—"Umph! but dat yain't hern, Gustus."
FIRST USHER—"W-wha-a-d's dat?"
SECOND USHER—"No; 't yain't hern. I done see her liddle sistah crawl undah dat train fer t' hold it up."

JOHN T. HOFFMAN, who has just died, lost all chance for the presidency because, like poor Tray, he was caught in bad company, the same being Mr. Tweed and the Democratic party.

BEN HARRISON of Indiana is so much talked of lately that we begin to suspect him of being the very old Harrison.

THE OTHER DAY sixteen Mormons were sent to the penitentiary for violating the Edmunds law, and naturally the people of Chicago are alarmed on account of that sort of thing themselves.

THE GREATEST of all law-breakers is the criminal lawyer; but he is happy because he not only gets great money but thinks he is doing his solemn duty.

IN ORDER to save litigation and your good name, make your will so that it will go direct to the bench and the bar. That is the shortest and easiest way to the inevitable end.

IT IS A fickle world. With his first doubtful battle the worship of John L. Sullivan suddenly ceased, and last Sunday there was even talk in some of the newspapers with respect to the cross and the resurrection.

MISS CLEVELAND need not argue the equality question. Every man, for instance, thinks his wife the superior person because she submits patiently and quietly to his magnificent law and judgment.

A LUCKY MAN.

Grafton — "Lucky fellow, that Robinson. Went out west two years ago, you know."

Bobby — "And prospered, I suppose?"

Grafton — "I should say so! He's actually been able to come back here without borrowing any money."

HE SHOULD CONSULT WORCESTER.

They were speaking of some brave man who boasted that he didn't know the meaning of the word "coward," when Miss Percy of Boston said:

"What a perfect ignoramus! Why, he could find out the definition from any dictionary."

QUEER, ANY WAY.

The end of a story:

"In consequence of experiencing such powerful emotions, his hair turned white in a single night."

"Nonsense! he was as bald as a billiard ball."

"Never mind; it came in again white, which was still more extraordinary."

LAW GLOSSARY.

The code of civil procedure—*Don't.*

Summary proceedings—Begin on or about June 1st.

Attachment of real property—Home, sweet home.

Attachment of personal property—Tying tin can to a dog's tail.

Report of receiver—When it explodes.

Release of civil prisoner—Kiss me quick and let me go.

Extension of time to answer—Speak quick or I'll shoot.

Preferred causes—Those which produce desirable effects.

Action to compel determination—Spanking a lazy boy.

Disposition of real property—To depreciate on your hands.

Action to recover real property—Digging to find the sidewalk.

Money paid in to court—Preliminary fee to matrimonial agency.

Judgment creditors' actions—Usually evasive, sometimes fugitive.

Provisional remedies—Glass of brandy—wet towel—make comfortable till doctor comes.

DR. FOX.

Dr. Fox was celebrated

In the town;

No physician higher rated

In renown

For a month poor Brown confined was

To his bed,

And, to everybody's mind, was

Nearly dead.

Fox attended, care providing,

And a nurse;

In a week Brown went out riding—

In a hearse.



NOT A FANCIER.

GOLDSBY (who has been to infinite trouble and expense in finding a well-bred present for his fiancée)—"What do you suppose I've brought you this time?"

MISS SEMPLAR (coolly)—"Oh, something awfully jolly, I'm sure. How nice it is to be correct in one's tastes. Why, Mr. Carroll, who is engaged to Cousin Bell, had the effrontery to bring her a miserable dog the other day."

course—it was—why you know—bother!—I can't remember. It was too aggravating; little Mrs. Crocus had on a spring bonnet, and do you know, I was not quite near enough to be sure, but I could almost swear it was the same one her cousin from Philadelphia wore here once last season just before her husband died.

"I'll hunt you up Professor Muhlbach's prospectus."

CLARA IS IMPROVING HER MIND.

Clara—"Oh, Marie! you don't know what you've missed by not joining Professor Muhlbach's French history class. It's intensely interesting. I had to coax and coax before I could join, the lectures are so awfully expensive; but at last poor dear pa could not help seeing how instructive they would be and what an advantage to me."

Marie—"What was the subject of the first?"

Clara—"The first—why—let me think—oh, I could not listen to a word of it. That horrid Green girl, the one Charlie has become so infatuated about, sat just in front of me. I studied her for a whole hour and I can't see that she has the least attraction."

Marie—"What was the last lecture about?"

Clara—"Why, yes, of

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

Distinguished burglar—"What do yer think o' this mean plan o' workin' gentlemen off by 'lectricity? Hangin' 's good 'nuff fer me, everytime."

Touts (unlucky horse-jockey)—"Well, I dunno. The thing has its good points. If there's anything exasperates a man after his race is run it's the thought that he lost it by a neck."

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Brown was engaged in dyeing black his hair, whitened by the lapse of many winters.

His youngest olive branch had stolen into the room unobserved.

"Oh, see!" she exclaimed, as she watched her father rubbing away like a good fellow; "papa is melting his snow."

OH, WHO CAN TELL?

RONDEAU.

Oh, who can tell? He writes, "I sue For but one gentle glance from you;"

And I, through all his pretty verse, This is the wicked thought I nurse:

One glance and one small bank-book too!

He asks, for better, or for worse,

Me?—or my father's heavy purse?

My heart, or diamonds, does he woo?

Oh, who can tell?

He "loves the ground I tread;" that's true;

We live on the Fifth avenue.

Daughter, or ducats?—to be terse,

Is gold a blessing, or a curse?

Oh, who can tell? RUTH HALL.



IN AN OLD BOSTON HOUSE.

MR. PHLATTERLY (trying to make himself solid)—"What a remarkably strong, manly face your grandfather had, Miss Phillips."

MISS PHILLIPS—"Pardon me, Mr. Phlatterly, but that's grandma."

HUM OF THE COURT.

We are deeply grieved to find in a Christian newspaper the heading "Visions of the Angelic Hose."

The strikes indicate that the laborer is a very angry man, and we suppose he is worthy of his ire.

We cannot advise John Ingalls to pull in his quills, because they are apparently sharpened at both ends.

It may be remarked, notwithstanding the rejuvenating effects of Easter, that the surplus is still buried out of sight.

When Father Alcott met the angels up there there were mutual congratulations, a great burst of music, and a profuse clapping of wings.

If anybody doubts that Grant wrote his own book and his own messages, he had better read that letter to Adam Badeau in which he accidentally proves that he did.

We have inadvertently mentioned the man Ritchie of the *Saratogian* as the possible murderer of Millionaire Snell of Chicago. That was a mistake, and these lines we hope will be the requisite apology. What we meant to say was that the man Ritchie was for many years a Russian spy, and there is almost positive evidence that he assassinated Madame Schlanatski and her six children in a railway carriage in one of the rural districts of France some six weeks ago.

It was a great mistake of the creation not to give Adam Badeau the proprietorship and management of this planet.

The blizzard, now that it has come east, must be subdaed—it must have its rough edges clipped and its protruding quills shorn of their sharpness.

The exaggerations of Morgan Dix are not to be accepted in bulk; yet in Dix's land we must take our stand, and live and die in Dix's land.

We have never believed that Jay Gould owned the United States supreme court, because, don't you know, none of its stock could be put in the open market.

"In autumn and winter," says a writer for the *World*, "the working days touch darkness at both ends." That is the brevity which is the soul of fact.

The detectives being after young Mr. Tascott, the truly successful Chicago murderer, it is not extremely astonishing that nobody should be able to find him.

We forgot to weep over the dead kaiser, but the truth is that a friendly letter sent him some three years ago hasn't been answered yet. He was a very exclusive man, he was.

Mr. Hewitt believes that America was created for Americans. It was so; but who of us Americans didn't originate somewhere else, and why don't the aborigines drive us out?

Mrs. Cleveland's face belongs to the public, and no legislation is going to remove it to the seclusion of a nunnery. Did she marry the president merely to put her head in a peck measure?

The foolishness of the 1st of April is to be deprecated—it doesn't rise to the level of wit, or sense, or humor; and yet that April-



UNKIND.

MISS RECKLESS (to Signor Smith, who has just made the grandest effort of his life)—"What was the name of that song, Signor?"

SIGNOR SMITH—"Let Me Dream Again," by Sullivan, Miss."

MISS R.—"Oh, yes, I thought I recognized it. I think it's a beautiful song when sung well, don't you?"

corner in New York and found himself right there.

During the blizzard Senator Conkling said indignantly, "You go right away from here and let me alone or I'll make a new sun and melt you to atoms!" and immediately the ice was wiped from his eyes and the wind lifted him gently and apologetically into the Hoffman house.

Philip Sheridan must run, whether he is nominated or not, or the *Buffalo Express* will have him cashiered, impeached, and hanged at the yard-arm for mutiny.

Dr. J. M. Chaplin of Hancock county, O., at last accounts had nine living wives, and returns yet to come in from some of the back counties.

If Morgan Dix's lenten sermon is true it should be suppressed, and if it is not true there should be added to its retirement the most ample apology.

Mayor Hewitt is so industriously making enemies of the ordinary voter that it is evident he wants the support, for something or other, of the delicate and unique one.

The *JUDGE*, the *Pioneer* says, can afford to treat the prohibitionists justly. No, it can't. It has too tender a heart. This country has a sufficiency of scaffolds already.

The story of Henry Ward Beecher as told in his biography does not consign the conspirators against him to everlasting infamy, for the reason that they have already gone there.

"Anything for peace," said Mr. Bayard with a sweet smile to the footpad. "Unhappily I have only a few dollars with me, but if you'll step up to my house I'll give you my bank-book."

The dead kaiser had a magnificent funeral. Almost anybody would be willing to die to have his remains honored that way. But the worms are no respecters of persons, and a dead man is merely that and nothing more.

"All great men have a conscience," says Professor Swing. We have frequently noticed this, though in some cases the thing so called has more the appearance of a Waterbury watch.

A paper says of another, "It is getting to be a regular free-trade journal." The gross abuse visited by our editorial writers upon each other is one of the crying evils of the time.



WAS SHE, THOUGH?

PRETTY NURSE GIRL—"Oh, Mr. Smith! don't put your arm around me; Mrs. Smith will catch you."

MR. SMITH—"Oh, no, she won't. She is up stairs in sweet oblivion."

JUDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.



PHOTOGRAPHER.
38. Park Row, New York.

THE FASHIONABLE AU-THORESS.

Restless dimples toss and tumble in her rosy rounded chin as she pens her fragile rhymes and dainty quibbles; and a meditative wrinkle furrows cruelly within her snowy brow when she her pencil nibbles. With a reminiscent flavor she indites the pretty sighs which are throbbing in her memorizing casket; and if editors could only see her fascinating eyes, they wouldn't toss her verses in the basket. She affects a style of penmanship akin to the Chinese, she criticises Thackeray's productions, and if you would ask her civilly, and emphasize the *please*, she'd prove the truth of Spencer's odd deductions.

If it be Byronic stanzas, Tennysonian refrains or fancies culled from Keats or Mr. Tupper, her inspiration all her nervous system overstrains till she bathes her face and combs her hair for supper. She loves to read her musings to her literary set or on missionary visits into hovels; for she spends her pocket money helping laborers in debt and supplies them with a set of Dickens novels. Her volume, "Heart Convictions," underwent a crushing blow at the quills of those averse to songs æsthetic; but her clergyman avows he thinks her "Legend of the Snow" would make even Hindoo idols grow pathetic.

It's beyond the ken of mortal to divine if she will live in a state of single blessedness symbolic; or whether, in the future, she her wealth and hand will give to a poet with a love for life bucolic. Should a common sense reaction overthrow her muse's reign, if she don't let morbid fancies overcome her, she yet may lead a string of social lions in her train and wed the wealthy, level-headed drummer.

DEWITT STERRY.

FOURTH WARD PHILOSOPHY.

Crooks ain't got no right to have any frien's. De sporty-boy wot has er frien' will do time.

Er man wot wears long hair ain't allus er gospel sharp. "De Parson" is one of de fly men, 'n he wears his hair long.

Bible-bangin' is pretty slick fer er feller wot's goin' ter dance



A MARITAL REBUKE.

COUNT SPIGHATTI—"Aha-a-a! Beatricci, why you letta ze leetle Roma walka—hurta feet. Eet ees ze lazee you getta."

erbout four feet in de air, but er poor bloke wot's starvin' wants er life-preserver. Er life-preserver is er beef-stew.

De duffer wot's allus tellin' de gang how fly he is, is mostly de fust duck ter be turned up 'n sent ter Sing twict.

Yer musn' tink case er woman's got er pretty mug dat she's got er white heart.

Don't size er feller up fer bein' er crook jest case he eats in er ten-cent hash factory 'n don't shave reg'lar. He mebbe is er fly cop on er lay.

Er woman is de same all over de town. J'ever see hayseeds hustlin' hogs? 'F dey goes de way de hogs goes dey're all right, but if dey goes de wrong way dere's er big squeal. It's de same wid er woman. Pull her crooked 'n she'll squeal on yer, 'n ye'll go up de flume wid er rush.



THAT MARK-DOWN COAT.

MRS. DOLEY—"Don't you think you'd better leave the cape off, dear? It's so very warm to-day, you know."



But she forgot that the coat had faded in the part exposed to the sun!

A RARE ITEM.

Editor (opening dispatch)—"Well, here is some news!"

Assistant—"German republic proclaimed?"

Editor—"No; prize-fight that wasn't a draw"

IN CLASS-MEETING.

Brother Load-lead—"Sister McSnoozleberry, can you tell us that you love the Lord?"

Sister McSnoozleberry (reflectively)—"We-ll, I-I've nothin' agin Him."

THE REVENGE OF SMILING FIRE-WATER; OR, THE INDIAN, THE SQUAW AND THE MARMOT.



OFF-HIS-KERBASIS (who has come home hungry)—"No get Injun dinner, squaw get big bounce!"

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Run fas', tire soon.
Ef yo' wantah be called a meddler,
offah advice.
Dar er mighty little pantomime
in true 'ligion.
De fun ob an argument ends w'en
fists ah doubled.
De groc'yman praises 'is codfish
an' sugah fo' profit.
Dar's hahd wuck 'tween layin' de
foundashen stone an' puttin' on de
chimbley top.
Hit offen happens dat money
won't make de man 'less de man his-
se'f makes de money.

Pleasant wuds tickle de eahs, but de true frien' am de one dat
'dorses yo' note w'en yo' wantah buy a mule.

De man in powah acts se'fishly in 'sistin' de man in need; an' de
man in need acts jis' ez se'fishly in axin' 'sistance.

Dar's no 'musement dat a'n't spiced wid disappointment, an' I
nebbah knew a holiday dat didn' hab some bittah minutes.

Winnin' success in any fiel' am laik
hoein' cawn; yo' gotter keep toe wuck
twell yo' git toe de ean' ob de las' row.

Yo' can't lay up vittles in yo' stum-
mick ez yo' wud hay in a mow. Wud-
der yo' eat twice ez much to-day ez yo'
want er no, yo' ull be jis' ez hungry
nex' week.

De o'ny difence 'tween de man
dat stahs out toe refawm de wol' an'
de man dat mistakes a railroad track
fo' a foot-path am dis—de coronah
doan' hab toe hunt fo' de fo'mah's
remains.

J. A. WALDRON.

TOO OBVIOUS SARCASM.

Miss Frrippens (lying becomingly
on a mossy bank at rural picnic, *sotto*



SMILING FIRE-WATER—"The daughter of big chief Seldony Afraid-of-the-Keg knows no flies on her!"



THE MARMOT—"A prairie-dog in a hole is worth two in a kettle."



OFF-HIS-KERBASIS—"Heap good medicine bullet."

voice, to Miss Snifkins)—"I wonder
why in the world my skirts keep slip-
ping up so dreadfully and showing my
stockings?"

Miss Snifkins (who is an old maid
and wears number sevens)—"Why?
Why, because you have small feet, of
course."

ONE WAY OF DOING IT

In a cooked-meat shop.
"How much is that roast beef?"
"Forty cents a pound."
"Whew! and the gravy?"
"Oh! we throw that in."
"Well! give me a dish of gravy,
and I'll provide my own bread."

IT CHEERS BUT NOT INEBRIATES.

Cheerful friend—"Hello, old man! You're looking frightfully
solemn. Come over with me to Madison-square garden, I've got a box."

Doleful friend (encumbered with the remains of a heavy jag)—
"What's the good of going over there? You can't get anything to drink."

Cheerful friend—"You can al-
ways get a smile out of the acrobatic
clowns, my boy. Every one of them
is a tumbler full of spirits."

CONSTANCY.

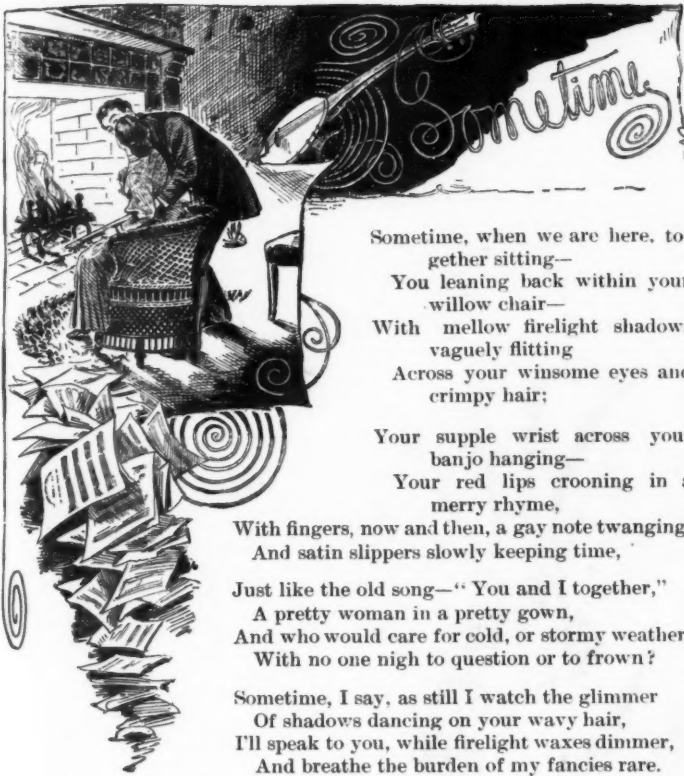
Inconstant? No, dear; nought I've done—
Such crime would not become one.
Constant is not to love but one,
But always to love some one.
At least admit, dear, I am true—
Constant to love, if not to you.

DEATH TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS.

Sardou will have to look to his lau-
rels as a prolific producer of plays.
There is a Park-row barber who every
time he shaves you brings out a new
piece.



OFF-HIS-KERBASIS—"Heap great hot rain! Waug-g-g-gh!"



Sometime, when we are here, together sitting—
You leaning back within your willow chair—
With mellow firelight shadows vaguely flitting
Across your winsome eyes and crimped hair;

Your supple wrist across your banjo hanging—
Your red lips crooning in a merry rhyme,
With fingers, now and then, a gay note twanging,
And satin slippers slowly keeping time,

Just like the old song—"You and I together,"
A pretty woman in a pretty gown,
And who would care for cold, or stormy weather,
With no one nigh to question or to frown?

Sometime, I say, as still I watch the glimmer
Of shadows dancing on your wavy hair,
I'll speak to you, while firelight waxes dimmer,
And breathe the burden of my fancies rare.

Will you be angry if I bend above you
And whisper something softly in your ear,
Something—I long to tell you—for I love you:
Something 'tis surely right that you should hear.
Will you look up and laugh, or call me "horrid,"
Will soft smiles break among your blushes hot,
Sweet, when I say, "The curls upon your forehead
Are three shades lighter than your Clytie knot?"

KITTIE K.

LUMPING IT.

Brown is too thoroughly an American man of business to give in to the French fashion of serving meals in courses.

"What shall I bring Monsieur?" asked the polite waiter during Brown's last visit to Paris.

"You may hustle on three boiled eggs, a beefsteak, some cheese, a bottle of claret, coffee and the bill," replied Brown in a single breath.

She's like an epigram complete,
Keen-cutting, witty, short and sweet,
An epic in a quatrain bound,
A thorn-rose with a perfumed wound.



A SUGGESTION.

If those corsage bouquets keep on increasing in size the accompanying means of identification will become positively necessary.

DESERVED AN ENCORE.

He was a bronzed, heavy-built man, with iron-gray hair, face close-shaven in to the fringe of scraggly beard around his chin; his linen-duster closely buttoned, and a bulging bag of black enameled cloth on the car-seat beside him. He was snoring fearfully, and all were looking at him when a particularly deep "n-gaw!" awoke him. He straightened up, opened his checked bandana and blew a tremendous metallic blast out of that same snoring nose. By that time people were smiling on him. He then let off three prodigious sneezes, each ending with a prolonged "hoo" on a high key and followed by a deep-chested belch, delivered with the regular rural gusto. Then it seemed to come over him that he was taking the principal part in a performance, and having nothing further to offer in the line of his previous efforts made himself master of the situation by remarking, "and so forth!" The applause that followed caused the brakeman to jump off and flag the next train.



HOW LUCKY!

A clumsy servant had just let fall an almost priceless porcelain tea-set. Frightened at his mishap, he asked anxiously whether it was very valuable.

"I should say it was," replied his mistress, "it was old Sevres, you awkward lout."

"Oh! I'm so relieved; I was afraid it was new."



HIS INVENTION.

SPIEGELMEYER (with great complacency)—"Pesides peing goot fer der near sight oht eyes, it leeds all der vind go my glarionet through, ain'd id?"

WAS IT MIND-READING?

Bagley—"Bailey, do you know that Gigley is a mind reader?"

Bailey—"No. Is he?"

Bagley—"Yes, indeed. He quite surprised me this morning. I wanted a loan of five dollars and so I stepped up to him and said, 'Gigley, my dear boy, it's a long time since I have seen you. How is your health?' I hadn't said a word about the five dollars, but all Gigley said was that he was sorry, but he hadn't got it, and he left me with a bow."

Bailey—"Wonderful!"

GIVING HIM SOME LEEWAY.

Snaggs—"When will the divorce be ready, Jane?"

Mrs. Bragg—"At half-past three this afternoon the lawyer promised to have it at the house."

Snaggs—"Well, then, if I bring the minister here at 3:35 o'clock do you think everything will be all right?"

Mrs. Bragg—"I guess so. Mr. Quill has always been very punctual in these matters before. Still, perhaps you'd better make the time 3:40; I don't want to be accused of doing this in indecent haste."



THE OLD LEADERS I
REPUBLICAN CHIEFS—"That is the armor one of us wears,

July 21



GILLIAM

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

LEADER'S LEGACY.

... of us wear, or our old leader *must* be called back."

BLACK HIBERNIA.



I've been thinkin' mighty hardly, En I've done med up mah mind Dat de colored poppellation 's got t' squeal. Dey 's ser many Irish comin' Frum dere 'victions 'crost d' sea Dat dey yaint no chance fer coons ter git a deal.

I've disgusted wiv de status Ob sassity in dis town, An' I've done a'most a settled on de fac' Dat a man may be a schollard, En a preacher, en a sage,

But he don't amount t' nuffin' ef he's brack.

So, I've 'lowed some kinky sluggers Fer t' veg'tate on mah chin, En I've swapp'd mah ole red coon-dog fer a pig; En 'r'm runnin' on de ticket Fer d' commisher of deeds; Be th' powers! Oi am growin' purty big!

SHE WAS A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST, AND YET—

Enter Mrs. Adipose (puffing)—“I declare, I believe I get heavier every day. I shall soon be unable to come up those stairs at all.

“The lecture was lovely, John; I do wish you would take the course. You would soon be rid of those rheumatically fancies of yours. We count the flesh as nothing. Every sensation is only the reflection of a thought.

“How cold it is in here! What made you let the fire all get down? Hand me my felt slippers, and then tell Jane to bring me some hot tea and toast. I am really quite worn out from combining so much mental and physical effort.”

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

Mr. Oldtimes had been talking with a rather ancient college chum about the days when they “rode the circuit” in the pursuit of their pastoral duties.

The next day was Sunday, and the lesson was upon that enlivening topic, “The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.”



COVERED INQUIRY.

REV. MR. SURPLICE—“Excuse me for calling at your lunch time, Deacon Robbins, but I want to commune with you as an acknowledged temperance man on the question of teetotalism, etc., etc.”—(and so on for half an hour).



“I must go now. Pressing engagement, you know. This my hat, I believe—!!!”

etc. What was the teacher's horrified amazement when the minister's little son said, “I just wish one of pa's sins would descend on me. I don't care if it is wicked. I'd like to be a jolly circus-rider just like him and Doctor Primley were. I heard 'em telling all about it yesterday, and they just had some fast trotters and daisy fun, I tell you now.”

WELL-EARNED REST.

Bobby (to the wit of the club)—“Don't you feel well, Gagley? I never saw you so dull in my life.”

Gagley—“Fact is, my boy, this is Saturday, and I'm just taking my half-holiday.”



EVADING OPPRESSION.

BAMBERGER (just landed)—“Mine brudder he gif me von tip about Jer Sunday-trinken laws; but, py Chin! dey vos find no budderflies on me ven I vos thirsty somedimes already!”

A PECULIAR KIND.

Smith, who was of a compassionate turn of mind, felt disposed one day to sympathize with Simpson, who had married a red-headed termagant. He had begun a string of condolences when the latter interrupted him:

“Why, my dear boy, there's nothing the matter with my better half; she's an angel.”

“An angel?” repeated poor Smith, dumbfounded.

“Yes, of course; an angel—of wrath.”

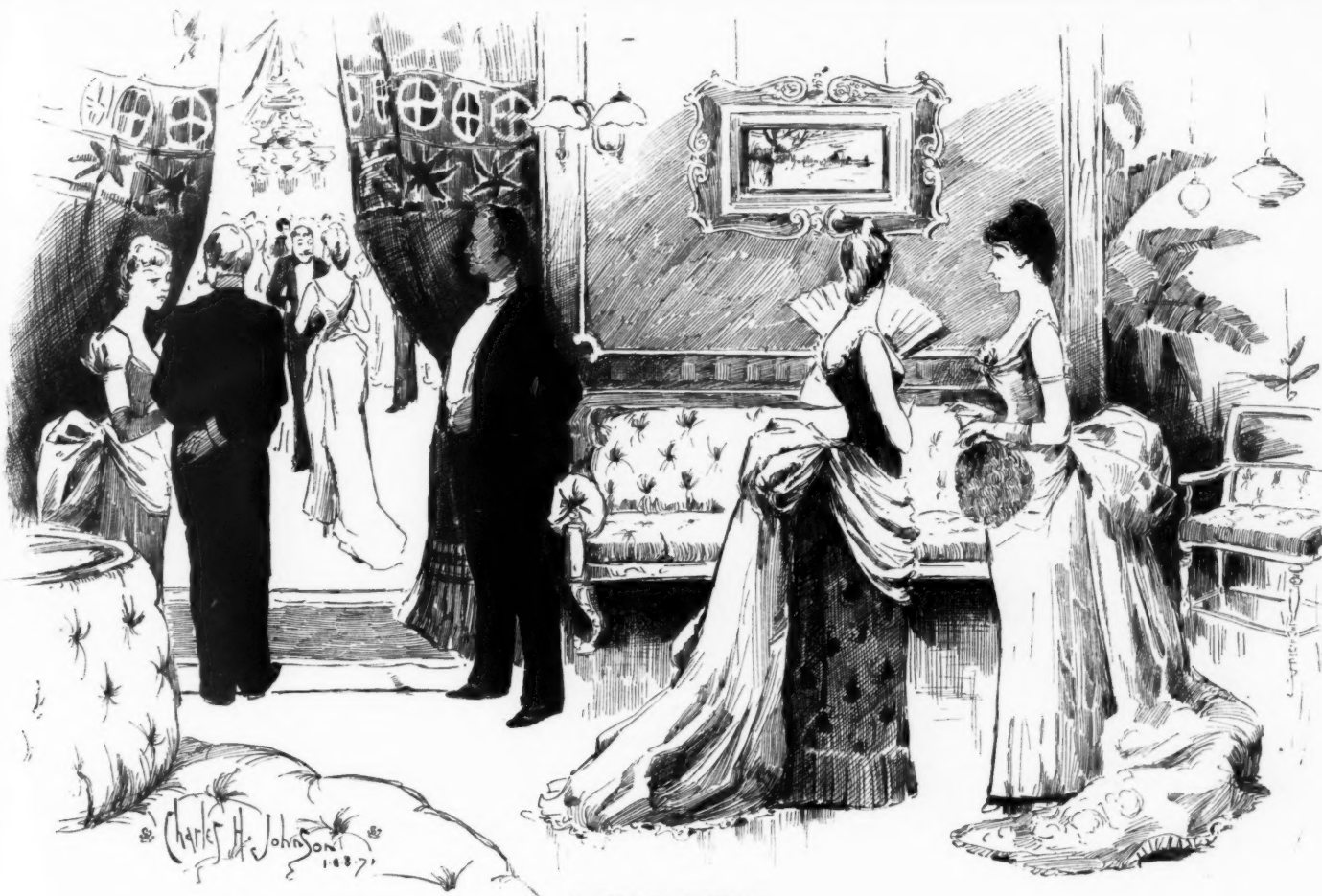
THE LESSER EVIL.

She (dabbing his forehead with a bit of lace soaked in cologne)—“Do you feel any better, darling?”

He (groaning)—“Thanks, no. Would you mind leaving me a little while?”

She—“No, indeed, dear. I'll go down to the kitchen and ask cook to show me how to make you some nice little dish.”

He (anxiously)—“Oh, no! Please stay. I had rather you would. I don't mind it very much, really.”



AN EFFECTIVE COMBINATION

GRACE—"Isn't that your fiance, Kate?"
 KATE—"Yes. Why?"
 GRACE—"Isn't he awfully dark, dear?"
 KATE—"Quite; but old gold, with the accent on the gold, being the contrasting color, the combination is an agreeable one, and quite harmonious—see?"

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Dont be a Clam

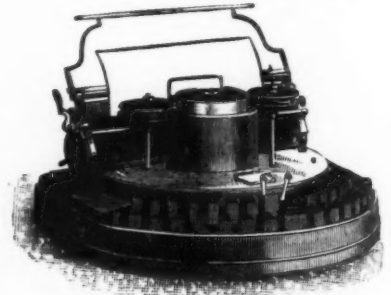
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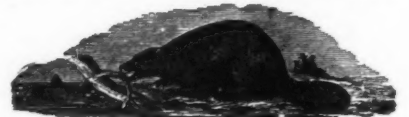
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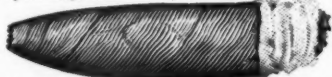
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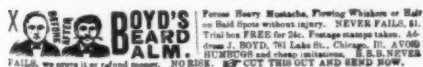
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Boyd's Beard Balm

Bandmann certainly gives an intelligent interpretation of Stephenson's story of "Jekyll and Hyde," if, perhaps, he fails to wholly connect with the author's true idea of the dual character. The comedy element which has been infused into the Bandmann version is an immense relief to the otherwise funereal coloring of the tale. It takes the edge, as it were, off the business end of the nightmare. Good houses were the rule at the Academy during the "Jekyll and Hyde" run.

THE LESSONS OF "UNSER FRITZ" CASE.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Unser Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revulsion. Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing,—the only reliances known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliances are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulæ possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you'r yellor and pale and weak like lookin', you'r needin' a good 'bakin' up with some sas'paril'."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter. Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

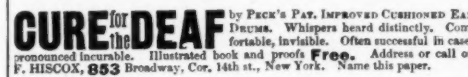
"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "The sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

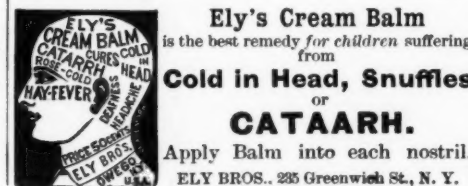
While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

Margaret Mather has the nicest little squeal to be had for love or money, and as *Juliet* she uses it with a liberality worthy of all praise.

No weather interferes with the houses at Niblo's. Like a well-regulated trunk, that house is always packed.



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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

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GUNPOWDER, AMMUNITION, &c

OPTICIANS.

GALL & LEMBKE.

21 Union Square.

The *Cosmopolitan* is certainly a wide-awake monthly, and with the recent typographical improvement is one of the handsomest in the country. A more interesting and valuable magazine than the number for March has never been given to the public.

WHAT A PRETTY BABY!

Is it a boy or girl? How often do we hear this remark and question. Yes, it is a pretty baby, but how bad its mother looks. She looks as if she were going right down. She is so thin and yellow, and her face is covered with wrinkles and blotches. She seems so nervous and irritable, too; but it is easy to account for her condition. Sickness has left her with prolapsus or other displacements, poisoned blood, and a disordered state of the stomach and bowels. The best thing she can do is to use at once Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which has been prepared for the express need of women in this condition. All druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels and system generally. 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

The Paris firemen are to be dressed in asbestos clothing. They will then be able to appreciate the feelings of a woman in full dress when she wants to sit down.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

A well-known lady, who died recently near Utica, in her 93d year, never had a tooth out, a tooth filled, or a tooth ache. All of her teeth were perfectly sound, because, as she said, she had never used a bristle tooth brush, carefully applying, instead, a fine woolen cloth.—*Attica Press, March 15th*.

The above principle is neatly, elegantly and more thoroughly applied in the



Its delicately compact serrated surface removes the essence of decay, and preserves the natural polish of the enamel.

Dr. C. M. Richmond of New York, inventor of Richmond Tooth Crown, writes: "You have given us the most perfect tooth cleanser extant; as a polisher it has no equal."

New York's famous wit, Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, writes: "I find the Felt Tooth Polisher to be all you advertise, a most excellent article."

Jags (slightly confused)—"Lesh go to th' dog-show."

Sraggs—"Where?"

Jags—"Wallack'sh. Got Irish setter up there."

RUSHING SUCCESS

rewards those who take hold of our new line of work; you can live at home and attend to it. All ages, both sexes. You are started free. No special ability or training required. All is easy and anyone can properly do the work. \$1 per hour and upwards easily earned. A royal opportunity for rapid and honorable money-making. Write and see. All will be put before you free, and should you then conclude not to go to work, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

"The Pearl of Pekin" is a high-stepping chorus girl at the Bijou, who can look sideways with more coquettishness and less attention to business than anyone else in the cast.

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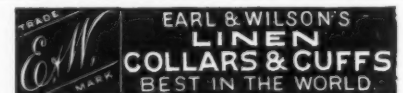


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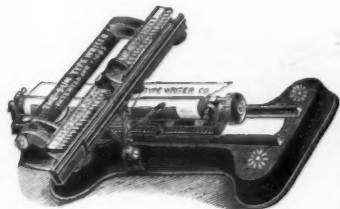
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The dim light shining down from a newel-post lamp in a North street mansion faintly illuminated the prominent features of a young man and a girl while their eyes and her dimples were in deep shadow. He had just an hour ago, fearfully, yet hopefully, stammered forth the words that told her his love. And she in that same hour had accepted it and they were happy. As they stood there in the hallway they were sure there had never been such a Tuesday night before. They looked forward to many in the future. He drew her to him and kissed her. He pulled on his coat and gloves, thrust his feet into his overshoes, and drew something from his pocket. The girl looked, and started; a pallor like that of snow at midnight flighted over her fair face. "Edgar," she cried huskily, "Edgar! what have you there? Can it be? Is it true? Can I believe my eyes? It is. They are. They are ear-muffs. Oh, Edgar, Edgar! I would willingly have died for you, Edgar, but marry a man that will wear ear-muffs—and that, too, in the month of March! I never never can! Edgar, farewell. We may never see each other again. But remember that once I could have loved you." The wretched young man, dazed and overcome, went out into the pitiless cold. "All else, all else would I sacrifice for Evelina's love," he muttered hoarsely, "but let my ears freeze for the fourth time this winter! Never!" and he plodded moodily homeward. — *Buffalo Courier*

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