

VOL. 10 NO. 296.

APRIL 24 1886.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

OFFICE
FRANKLIN SQUARE
NEW YORK

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE
BY THE
JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.
OF NEW YORK.

AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, COPYRIGHT 1886.



A CRITICAL MOMENT—CAN HE REACH IT?

The Grand Old Man Comes to the Rescue.



JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - W. J. ARKELL
 Vice-President - HARRY R. HART
 Art Department - BERNHARD GILLAM
 Editor - I. M. GREGORY
 Manager - G. W. HOLMES, JR.
 Advertising Manager - FREDERICK W. NOSTRAND

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

IN ADVANCE.
 One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, \$5.00
 One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, 2.50
 One copy, for 12 weeks, 1.25
 Single copies 10 cents each.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

JUDGE'S IMMENSE CIRCULATION — A CHALLENGE TO OUR
 ILLUSTRATED CONTEMPORARIES.

The remarkable success that JUDGE has achieved since its change of management in January last has emboldened the publishers to announce a series of offers to their illustrated contemporaries based upon a comparison of circulations and general business.

They offer \$1,000 that they issue more papers every week than either *Puck* or *Life*;

One Thousand Dollars that they have on their subscription books a greater number of State Governors, United States Senators, Congressmen and public men generally than *Puck* and *Life* combined;

One Thousand Dollars that they have on their subscription books a greater number of Clergymen than *Puck*, *Life* and *Harper's Weekly* combined.

These offers are to be entertained in their entirety, and the paper accepting the same to appoint one arbitrator, JUDGE to appoint another and the two to select a third. The paper proving the largest circulation to publish the account, and to forward the first \$1,000 won to the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund; the second \$1,000 to the Farnell Fund and the third to the Bartholdi Statue Fund.

WE are pained to say that Mr. Cleveland's cabinet is no better.

WHAT Ireland most wants to do is to trust in Gladstone and keep its powder and its incendiaries dry.

IT is an Irish bull, but not a very bad one, that Mr. Gladstone's laurel will be composed mostly of shamrock.

IT is proposed that Chaplain Milburn pray for Garland. Not yet—not yet. Wait till Augustus gives up that stock.

THE Albany *Journal* speaks of a common council with a conscience. Now let us look for horses with wings and birds without them.

LOGAN's bill to increase the army has been defeated in the senate. It was feared, apparently, that the general's main purpose was to increase the Logan vote.

THE *Graphic* presents Mr. Gladstone as the modern Moses; but the smaller Moses would be more appropriate to the occasion, since he

OUR SUNDAY PAPERS.



WIFE TO HUSBAND—"My dear, what are you looking through the 'wants' for?"
 HUSBAND—" 'Wants!' Confound it! I want the sheet with the news in it."

is not so much out of the woods as in the bulrushes.

IT is noticed that Sam Small's preaching has greatly deteriorated since he gave up tobacco. However, if he is a better man the miserable sinner can very well afford to be a poorer preacher.

THE writers who get up proclamations for the Knights of Labor had better gives us a little less poetry and a little more fact. Nothing could be more absurd than the slush they have bucketed to the public on two occasions.

THE Hon. Joseph Pulitzer has done what is called the square thing in resigning his congressional seat; but he would have done far better if, knowing that he could not fill it satisfactorily, he had resigned the opportunity to be elected to it.

MR. GLADSTONE, THE LIFE-SAVER.

MR. Gladstone must save Ireland or go to the bottom. He has gone so far in his generosity in behalf of the misguided ship of Erin that he cannot retreat. The vessel's salvation is his own, and its loss will be his death. The waves threaten him and the storm beats heavily upon his head; but, with the generous courage of the class to which he is represented to belong in the sketch on our first page, he has volunteered for life or death. THE JUDGE believes he will succeed, but the struggle will be for a time as doubtful as it is heroic. Every Irishman ought to pray for a long continuance of the life of the old hero, and to have the sincerest of all regret that he is not ten years younger than he is. He is by all odds the most just and the most advanced of English statesmen, and his life just at this time is precious beyond that of any other man of his continent or his period.

THE CLEVELAND SYSTEM—THE NEXT STRIKE.

THE strike against the Cleveland system which is illuminated elsewhere in these pages will be the great event of 1888. The leading tyrant of the system has been false to every expectation of the laborers in the Democratic vineyard, so that they have gone from hunger to the verge of starvation at the very time when they had most reason to anticipate the rotund

stomach and the contented mind. To add to their discomfiture and indignation, the luxury which belonged to them has been absorbed not so much by the man of their choice as by the enemy whom it is their duty, hope and business to destroy. They complain not only of injury but insult, and remark with the grieved individual of the poet:

It may have been right to dissemble your love,
 But why did you kick me down stairs?

MR. Hoxie Cleveland proposes to take the engine of the picture over the rails which run to the white house, but the striking Democracy will probably have more to say in the premises than he will. They have been cheated once, and they will have the terms of the new arrangement fixed to suit themselves or they won't have any terms with Mr. Hoxie Cleveland at all. Prominent among the strikers is a bald-headed little man who is continually remarking "I am a Democrat," with great emphasis on the personal pronoun, and it is his carefully concealed purpose to either "kill" the engine or manage her himself. It behooves the director of the Cleveland system to listen to these men. Their cause is just and their determination is equal to any emergency they may encounter. The truth is that Mr. Hoxie Cleveland doesn't understand railroading very well, and his purpose to make two engines going in opposite directions pass each other on the same track can never be realized in this world.

OUR BOTANY BAY.

A fair exchange is no robbery; but the party that takes everything and gives nothing in return is guilty of thievery quite as much as if he had usurped a horse and left nothing to the horse's owner but the stall the animal occupied.

MR. John Bull is very jealous of his Canadian fisheries. They belong really to Uncle Sam, as does the entire continent. They are conceded to John Bull merely to avoid trouble—and after all the fish are, to use the metaphor of the blundering agriculturist of old, "very small and few in a hill." Who cares for fish? There is but one Friday in the week, and lent runs through only about forty of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Fish are—ah well, they are fish, and they are to be

used, like horse-flesh, merely as a means to keep from starving to death.

When, however, Mr. John Bull not only keeps our fish but insists that it is his right to use the Canadian portion of his dominion for the purpose of affording shelter to our criminals, he goes very much too far. It ought to be the privilege of Uncle Sam to utilize Canada as a Botany bay, but to do it in his own way. It is too much to say that the best society of the larger Canadian cities is made up to a large extent of defaulting American bank presidents and escaped thieves, male and female; but what a reflection upon modern ideas of justice it is that a scoundrel who, remaining here, would wear stripes and sleep on an iron bedstead, has the run of the best clubs and some of the good society of Montreal and Quebec. It is to say that the man who is a thief in New York or Michigan is a gentleman as soon as he crosses the border; and it is a disgrace to Canada and an injustice to us which ought to have been remedied by our congress and the dominion parliament long ago.

But there are a few more years before us. Time is not to be snubbed by the passion for haste. Perhaps, some time during the next century, it will be possible to so remedy international law, or rather to so create it, that a thief will be a thief in one country as well as another and a gentleman need not be ashamed to acknowledge that he lives in Canada.

A LITTLE MATTER OF MORALITY.

We find in several intelligent papers very excellent articles on the drink evil as it exists among workmen. We have noticed the evil ourselves. It is dreadful. Did it ever happen to occur to the intelligent papers, however, that there is a drink evil of considerable proportions among the class that hires labor? The main difference appears to be that the one class gives nickels for beer and the other dollars for champagne. The one is satisfied with mild intoxication and the other gives up nights and days to riotous conduct. There are wives for the one and women for the other. We recall the case of James D. Fish. That of Ferdinand Ward is another. That of Alderman Waite is quite significant. Of the defaulting bank officers who have gone to Canada who shall give the number? To the cases like that of Jim Fisk there is no limit. These men assumed to provide the means to enterprise and the bread that belongs to labor, and their wines have done more damage to public interests than any indulgence to which workmen have been addicted. The lesson read by the excellent newspapers is worthy of all acceptance; but somehow when there is a plain question of right and wrong they always come down to this cheap morality with regard to the one class and forget the large morality which ought to have something to do with the other.

Come up into the higher atmosphere, gentlemen moralists! Come up even if, being unused to that superiority, you peradventure step on your own toes and, losing your intellectual poise, go back to the original standpoint with such velocity as to break your moral necks.

GENERAL LOGAN said the other day in the senate that if he had the power to prevent it no American citizen should be permitted to rot in any English or Spanish dungeon pending a trial for his rights and his life. But then, as he added that he never expected to have the power, perhaps Mr. Blaine needn't be alarmed.

THE *Utica Herald* uses the expression "honest Democrats." The *Utica Herald* is a very polite paper.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

As an original proposition everything which Mr. Gladstone demands for Ireland would be granted without a moment of argument. There is nothing to which any reasonable man can object. It is simply a matter of right, and there would be a greater demand for right but for the fact that what is called civilization—which is to a large extent prejudice and bad education—objects to being startled. People talk of fundamental principles in matters of this kind. The fundamental principle is in nine cases out of ten the might of strength over right. It is a circumstance of ignorance and brutality. There is no good reason why England should control Ireland, any more than there is good reason why Ireland should control England. To concede to men the property and political independence and the right to life and progress which are their birth-right is not to be generous so much as it is to be just.

Nevertheless Mr. Gladstone is making the great fight of his life. Every thick-headed Englishman bellows at him like a calf. Every

places when he thinks of it. It is a very simple question of right and wrong, of course; but English civilization has been educated to think that only Irish wrong is right and all Irish right must necessarily be wrong.

Whether Mr. Gladstone will win is not to be predicted with perfect accuracy. If he doesn't he will at least have the most comfortable and honored grave of any modern English statesman. It will be a grave that every man whose opinion is worth having will honor, and as long as the world stands it will mark the spot where civilization and fair play had a fair beginning. Of course, no man expects anything sudden that has to do with reform. It takes minutes to consummate sin and centuries to bring about redemption. Any thief can blacken with small effort a principle whose building was the work of infinite pain and labor. But, slowly as grind the mills of the gods, they grind exceeding sure.

THE PEACH-BLOW VASE.

The *World* asks whether "the ancient editor of the *Sun*" is "losing his mind as well as

FORCE OF HABIT.



CUSTOMER—"What have you this morning?"
WAITER—"Beefsteak and shad; shad all gone. What'll you have?"

ignorant Irishman in England under fair pay thinks he is going too fast. Every be-jove personage of the upper house, who has lived on the proceeds of his progenitors' thievery, and possibly their prostitution, either of these sins being sublime virtues according as they are entered on the royal books, cries out that it is wrong to give an Irishman his own house, his own vote and his own parliament, or any Irish woman her own virtue. It is a startling proposition that an Irishman in Ireland should have the rights that belong without question to the American in America, the Canadian in Canada or the Scotchman in Scotland. It is amazing that an Irishman should have the right to acquire his own land. It is destructive to every English fundamental principle that foreign capital should not get all the benefits of all the industry that Ireland has. It is astounding that one section of the world should not make laws for all the other sections and tax them to the extent of starvation by way of securing payment for the inestimable privilege so conferred. Her majesty is grieved at it. The English shopkeeper drops all his h's and picks them up to use them in the wrong

his circulation." Now the *Sun* has no ancient editor. We don't know about the circulation, but the longer Mr. Dana lives the younger and the more beautiful he is. There is that in age which is value as well as perpetual youth. It exists in pottery. It is a part of bric-a-brac. It is the old wine the cobwebs surrounding which are evidence of bibulous wealth. It is the old painting that is younger the older it is. The late Mr. Pharaoh talked with contempt of the ancient sea; and lo! after it had swallowed him and his host it rolled on as anciently and beautifully as if nothing had happened, and it lives to smack its chops—or rather to chop its smacks—even to this day.

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

HUSBAND (looking up from the paper)—"I see that Smith and Brown collapsed yesterday. It is sad to see a fine house like that fall."

WIFE (who is scared of the Fenians, catching the last words)—"Fell—gracious! Was it dynamite?"

HUSBAND (contemptuously)—"No, it was the cashier."

Hum of the Court.

On May 12th Buffalo will have another hanging, and Grover Cleveland hundreds of miles away.

There are several Richmonds in the field and not a few who are destined to be in the penitentiary.

Chicago cries out for Dwight L. Moody. Is there not such a thing as being too infernally converted?

Secretary Lamar wears his hair long—in-
deed, now we think of it, he must have worn it at least fifty-five years.

Mr. Garland doesn't hold on to that stock because he wants it, but because he doesn't know how to let it drop.

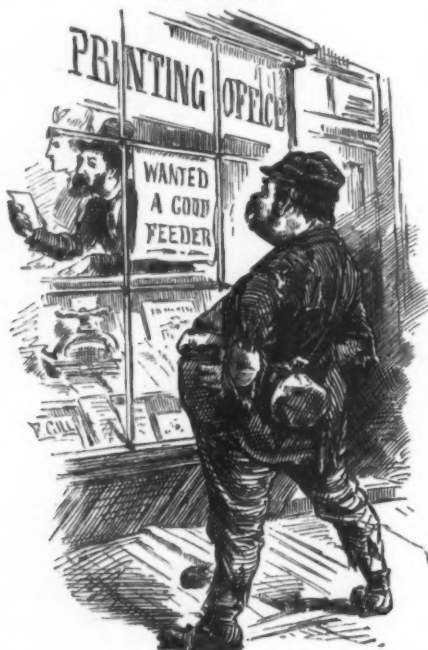
There is a report to the effect that some of the girls of Vassar steal. It is the meanest libel of the period, even if it is true.

According to Edward Atkinson, a man can live in Boston for \$200 a year, whereas the regular price ought to be \$200,000 at least.

Barnum need not weep over the absence of his treasurer. If he can get the law to capture the gentleman he will have a greater curiosity than any other in his collection.

Ex-Senator Tabor of Colorado wants to lead the labor men in 1888, and as he is pretty thor-

A SOFT JOB.



ROBUST TRAMP—"That's just the position for me."

oughly covered with diamonds there is no doubt that he has the requisite capital.

"Now that I am getting old and can climb the hills no longer," says Mr. Ruskin, "my chief pleasure is to go to the theatre." It is not strange. It is merely a change of scenery.

A Georgia lady says she paid twenty dollars during the war for a spool of thread; and her husband thinks, owing to the continued absence of several of his buttons, that the war prices still rule.

The Albany Argus announces in large letters that Postmaster-general Vilas has been vindicated. We don't remember all the charges against the gentleman, but there must have been some extraordinary evidence.

A Connecticut paper expresses great con-

tempt for items about the painting of fences. There does seem to have been remarkable progress. Most of the items of that nature now-a-days are devoted to the town.

The Keely motor is done. So are the gentlemen who furnished the money to complete it. P. S.—A dispatch just received says that it is not done, but there remains nothing to complete but the motor.

Will S. Hayes of Louisville, who used to write songs, says in a recent note, "Tell Cleveland for the Lord's sake not to appoint me postmaster;" and at last accounts Cleveland was heeding the suggestion with all his might and main.

Senator Ingalls's speech on the mugwumps is mentioned by the latter as indecent; and indeed it has always seemed to us that such slaughter as is necessary to life and good health should be performed at the regular butcheries and outside of the public view.

Chaplain Milburn of the house of representatives prayed the other day that the country might be rid of all small and large gamblers, including those of the green cloth and those of the bucket-shops. Mr. Milburn means well, but would he like to depopulate the beloved country?

On one of the days, a week or so ago, when it didn't rain, a bewildered man arose early, and as his eyes struck sunshine he involuntarily put out his hand and said cordially, "Why, how do you do? It is some time since we met. I think the last time was just before the destruction of Pompeii."

Speaking of our aldermen, the post of dishonor is the public station. We know of a man in the blank ward who, having tried in vain for twelve years to get into the common council, is the tickledest man in the state; but we expect he thinks he has had a narrow escape in more respects than one.

If Mrs. Logan shows in the faintest way that she has sympathy with the Chinese the labor of the country says it will boycott her husband and so drive him out of politics. Naturally this makes Mr. Blaine weep; but what a river of tears he would shed if boycotting were to follow sympathy for the Japanese.

Among the relics on sale at a place in this city are exactly eight hairs, well authenticated, from the head of Washington. How this teaches us the fearful want of foresight on the part of Martha! Why did she allow the father of his country to be buried with his hair on when for eight of them five dollars is demanded? Why the whole of them would have brought more than Mount Vernon.

The Rev. Philip Krohn of Kansas, a prominent prohibitionist, clergyman and editor, was recently found in a room with a young lady, the two having retired together, but he says that upon his honor he was guilty of no wrongful act. Doubtless it was a mere case of absent-mindedness or geographical inexactitude; and yet, as the pair have previously been found together under similar circumstances, the complications are of too Krohnic a nature to be altogether pardonable.

THE WRONG PREPOSITION.

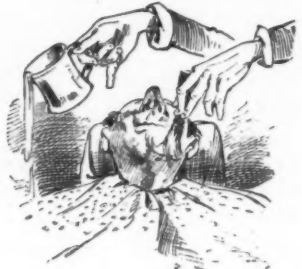
BROKER (to friend whose face is covered with plaster)—"What's the matter, my boy—you look all 'broke up'?"

FRIEND (troubled with boils)—"Oh, no; I'm all broke out."

"THE BARBER'S REEL."



Forward and back.



Swing your lather.



Sachez.



Cross over.



All hands round.



Salute.



COLLEGE RE-VISITED.

E was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth;
And sometimes at his musty room
His sister called, to chase the gloom.
One afternoon, when she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,
There came a knock upon the door.
Our student, sensitive to fears
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
Had only time to make deposit
Of his dear sister in a closet;
Then haste the door to open wide:
His guest unbidden stept inside.

He was a cheery-faced old man,
And with apologies began
For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years ago,
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room;
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view—
Ha, ha! the same old pictures, too!"
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.
"The same old sofa, I declare!
Dear me! It must be worse for wear.
The same old shelves!" And then he came
And spied the closet door. "The same—
Oh, my!" A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah! ah! the same
Old game, young man, the same old game!"
"Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped: "That's my sister, sir!"
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,
"The same old lie—the same old lie!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

OLD CHOCOLATE.

HE DEPLORES THE FACT THAT A JOB OF WHITEWASHING GOES BEGGING, AND DELIVERS A LECTURE ON LAZINESS, TO LITTLE PURPOSE.



A frolicsome goat paused between gambols actuated by the resuscitating sun to eat daintily of the things which had been disclosed in the gutter by the departed snow. The scene was in the street adjacent to O'Rafferty's grocery, the rendezvous of the colored coterie of which Old Chocolate is the shining light.

The front of this grocery challenges attention because of a protruding platform which is out of all proportion to the main structure. It resembles one of those forepieces occasionally seen on the cap of an emigrant. The grocery proper stops seventeen feet short of the street line, but the platform covers all the intervening space between the doorway and the highway. O'Rafferty originally designed to have a front dooryard; but with one of those idiosyncracies characteristic of men who are the architects of their own houses as well as their own fortunes, he at last determined to erect a platform in place of a plat. The roomy stretch of this structure may account for the popularity of the grocery as a lounging place in sum-

mer, as the stove within does for its attractiveness in winter.

The sun was so warm that steam curled upward from the humid corners of the platform, on which, picturesquely intermixed with a business-like display of codfish, soap, pork barrels, early vegetable seeds suggestive of the coming season of renewed life and growth, and new hoes, rakes and other implements of industry, were Old Chocolate, Neverdie Calhoun, Littleneck Green, and other gentlemen of more or less color. Old Chocolate alone showed evidences of recent toil. He was covered with the remnants of ashes he had "toted" to the dump. Neverdie was eating a sliver of codfish surreptitiously torn from a part of the grocery display. Littleneck was watching the goat, and was so moved by the atmospheric charm that he began to hum this seasonable lay:

O de sun er gittin' up 'arly in de mawnin'!
'Arly in de mawnin'! O watch de bush an' vine!
O de sun er gittin' up 'arly in de mawnin'!
Niggah, w'at yo' whin'in' 'bout? O git in de shine!
O de sun er gittin' up 'arly in de mawnin'!
'Arly in de mawnin'! Wintah's got de wa'nin'!
O de sun er gittin' up 'arly in de mawnin'!
Niggah, don't yo' pine no mo'—O, git in de shine!

Littleneck's vocalism had set the feet of his companions in a shuffle, when a white citizen,

evidently in haste, drove up to the platform and confused the company by firing this query at random: "Anybody here want a job of whitewashing?" Old Chocolate explained his occupation, adding: "I is got mo' ashes toe tote dan ull las' me twell de fus' ob May; but ef I hadn't, sah, I'd be yo' huckleberry."

Neverdie swallowed the codfish he had been chewing, groaned, handled his head as though his neck had suddenly stiffened, and remarked, "Fo' de Lawd, sah, I is so ole dat hit make me dizzy toe look up at a ceilin'."

Littleneck resented the stranger's interrogation, when applied to him, and with "I nebbah whitewash, sah!" joined the nondescripts of the party, who had retired to the seclusion of the grocery as soon as they learned the stranger's want. At this point "Littlenosed Pete," a burly African whose organ of smell had been curtailed of its fair proportions by a bulldog as he was once seeking entrance to a hen-yard through a hole in the fence, walked up with a fish-pole on his shoulder. Old Chocolate, on behalf of the stranger, asked Pete if he would not embrace the proffered job. "I'se gwine fishin' toe-day," was the response, and the fisherman added, "I dun got my bait all dug. Mo'en dat, I s'pec' toe git wuck w'en de steamboats git toe runnin'."

As the stranger drove away, the colored gen-

tlemen returned to the platform to bask in the sun. Old Chocolate emerged from the grocery, where he had made a purchase, and looking around on the disciples of leisure said:

"Gem'n, I doan' desiah toe haam de feelin's ob any ob my frien's, but I t'ink dat ef business 'pended on sich mopin' people ez some widin de soun' ob my voice, we nebber ud heah ob factories runnin' ovah-time, an' dar wudn' be no need fo' steam-car speed in nuffin'."

"Yo' doan' 'spec' dat a pusson wants toe wuck de fus' pleasant day dat comes in de spring, do yo'?" asked one of the company who had fled at the whitewashing proposition.

"Ez fo' dat," replied Old Chocolate, "de man w'at a'nt angshus toe wuck de fus' pleasant day ob spring awtah be cotched widout coal in 'is store de fus' col' day ob wintah. I is afraid dat dis is a lazy company, an' I a'nt gwine toe be back'ard about sayin' w'at I t'ink. Lazy folk is laik chillen. Da ull do mo' fo' fun, er in play, dan er necessumsa'y toe make a squa' day's wuck in dead 'a'nest. Dar er Littlenosed Pete, w'o went by heah wid a fish-pole. He got up dis mawnin' befo' daylight, an' dug ovah groun' nuff a-lookin' fo' fish-wums toe plant a half-acre ob p'tatahs. He ull walk fo' mile down toe de crick, wade roun' in de mud all day, an' ull cotch ez many fish ez he cud buy wid one hour's squa' wuck wid de witewash brush, besides spilin' his boots an' gittin' a col' in de head dat he'll hab toe dotah twell de Fofe ob July. Heah er oddah folks hangin' roun' dis yer groc'ry—I won't mention no names—dat flee w'en da see a job comin' toe'ad de mez fas' ez dough de debbil hisse'f wah aftah um. An' yit da ull go home an' eat col' vittles, borry tobacco, spar dair neighbors fo' gaaden seeds, an' ez laik ez no' assist in de disappearance ob a settin' ob hen's eggs er a pullet, an' deny knowlidge ob de mat-tah nex' day wid de stain ob egg yolk on dair shirt-fronts er a feathah f'om de pullet a-stick in toe dair clo'."

There was a concerted rustling around that made Old Chocolate spring backward, as though fearful of violence. But as he looked around and saw each of the company brush his shirt front and inspect his clothing as though suspicious that his sin had found him out, the old gentleman concluded his phillipic:

"Gem'n, de lazy man flees w'en wuck am aroun', but w'en business am dull he'm allus wishin' fo' suffin toe do. A man wid health an' a appetite a'nt got no mo' right fo' toe loaf roun' dan a stove wid a good draft hab toe refuse toe bu'n fuel, er a window toe gib light. Toe be sho', yo' can't 'spec' a souah apple tree toe grow sweet apples, but ef hit er a good yah fo' fruit hit awtah hole suffin' on hits branches fo' toe show. A man w'at doan' laik toe wuck toe-day 'case de sun shines an' he feels laik loafin', won't want toe wuck termorrer 'case de win' am right fo' fishin', an' can't wuck de day aftah termorrer 'case hit rains. A bird in de han' am wuff a flock in de wildahness. De job dat knocks on yo' do' toe-day ull ovahtake

VERY STRANGE.



MISS CAROLINE—"Isn't it strange, the young men seem to be getting more bashful every year?"

some oddah man befo' yo' kin eotch up wid hit ter-morrow; an' befo' yo' know w'at yo' er abo't, loafin' roun' doin' nuffin', de win'ergot roun' intoe de nawth an' de leaves begin toe drap offen de trees an' yo' a'nt got nuffin toe 'joy Christmas wid. Dis yer puttin' off de be-ginnin' ob a job er laik de woman peelin' a onion. Ef yo' keep puttin' off, de season er gone fust t'ing yo' know; an' ef she keeps peelin', de onion er gone de fust t'ing she re'lizes. De debbil, gem'n, am de o'ny one dat kin make a good libbin' outen idleness, an' luck won't take a man across a ditch unless he jumps. Yo' awtah be shamed toe—"

The thread of the old gentleman's discourse was broken by the blare of a brass band on the next block, and the company, with the exception of Neverdie, who is a little deaf and some-

A RIGHTEOUS REVENGE.

BY THE LATER HUGH CONWAY.



HENRY DESMOND was my best friend, and yet I killed him.

It is a terrible story and it all comes back to me as vividly as if the tragedy had occurred yesterday eve instead of ten long years ago. Henry and I were playmates in childhood. We were companions in youth and friends in after life. From the

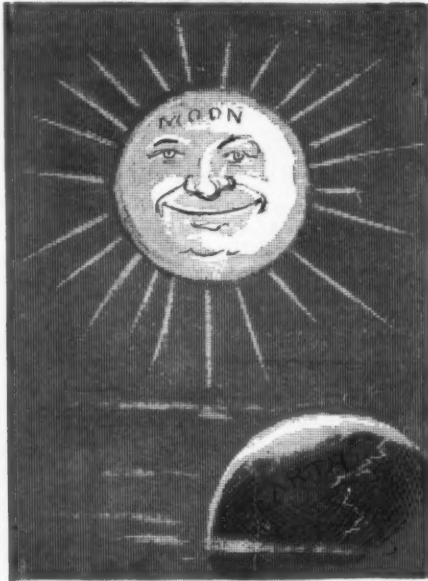
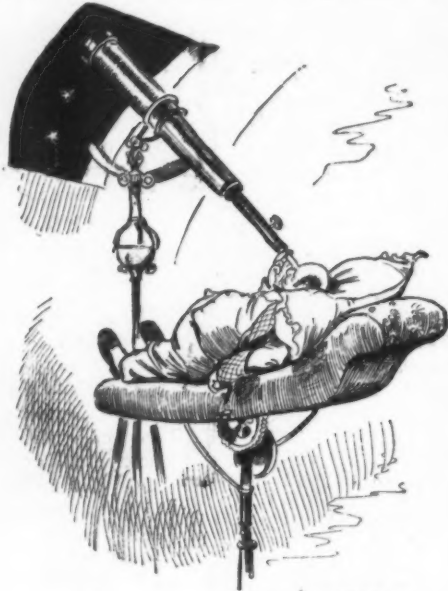
constant communion of our congenial spirits

But listen.

On the morning of the 23d of January the body of Henry Desmond was found in a snow bank near a restaurant famous for its midnight parties. There was money in his pockets and none of his valuables had been touched. Investigation showed that death had resulted from a sudden blow dealt by a person unknown. The affair created the greatest excitement. Desmond's popularity and the absence of any motive for the crime intensified public interest indescribably.

Who was the guilty man?

The question was asked and repeated. Feeling ran high. The detectives went to work. They found many clues and no results. At last they discovered that Desmond and myself had been paying attention to the same young



THE TRUE NIGHTS OF LABOR.



what rheumatic, hastened to join the procession, while Old Chocolate remarked, "So goes de wol'. Yo' offah a frog a suit of clo' an' plenty ob 'musement on dry lan' an' he ull jump back intoe de pon'."

J. A. WALDRON.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

BROWN (reading the paper)—"I see Stonewall Jackson's old war charger has just died."

MRS. BROWN (inquisitively)—"What did he die of—old age?"

BROWN (radiantly)—"It doesn't state, but I guess one of the magazines must have sent a hack-writer down to interview him on the late war."

had been born a feeling of dearest affection. And yet I killed him.

Am I sorry? Yes. Do I really regret it? No. True I mourned the loss of a friend cut off in the bloom of his young life, but he merited his fate and I have no regret.

For mark this! There are times when deliberation is out of the question, when a man must act without regard to the consequences. This was such a time.

Henry Desmond mortally insulted me. For this insult I killed him.

The story shall tell itself. Heaven knows that I do not want to live over again those days.

lady.

Miss Marguerite Winston.

Ah! She was a beautiful creature with a figure of perfect symmetry and grace, with eyes of unutterable light and loveliness and with a character as pure and refreshing as the early morn of a summer day.

What did I do? I kept closely to my office. I was as dumb as an oyster. I said nothing. But this could not last.

One day a stranger came in. I felt my blood leave my face and my hand trembled.

"Is this Mr. Wentmore?" he asked.

"It is."

"Did you lunch with Mr. Henry Desmond

FROM HER STANDPOINT OF VIEW.



LADY (seeking rooms)—“But the ceiling is not very high!”
LANDLADY—“Oh, Mum, consider from where you look!”

on the night of the 23d?”

“Y-e-s,” I replied, forgetting myself in the suddenness of his question.

“Then you must accompany me.”

“I did so without protest. We proceeded to the police court. The judge questioned me. My answers were not satisfactory. I was committed.

In prison I retired into myself. I determined that if the dread secret came out it should come from other lips than mine. My lawyer was importunate. I was unconcerned. He should make any defence he wished. I would be satisfied.

One thing troubled me. Would Winston appear at the trial? He had dined with Desmond and myself, and was the only witness to the fatal assault.

The day set for the trial arrived.

We entered the court room. It was crowded. For a time I saw nothing—heard nothing.

Presently the words rang out, “Guilty or not guilty?”

I was silent. My lawyer entered a plea of not guilty.

The testimony began. The prosecution proved conclusively that I had killed Desmond from jealousy. The defence proved just as conclusively that I was insane and irresponsible.

“If the court please,” exclaimed a voice from the audience, “I know something of this case.”

Great heavens! It was Winston.

He was put on the stand. I sat like one benumbed. My guilt, already established, would be only the more clearly proven.

He began.

“Late on the night of the 22d Mr. Desmond, Mr. Wentmore and myself were at supper. To while away the time it was agreed that each should tell a story. I told mine first. I was followed by Desmond. The prisoner’s turn came last. He told a capital story—one of the best I ever heard; but just as he concluded Desmond cried ‘Chestnut.’ Mr. Wentmore sprang to his feet, dealt Desmond a heavy blow, and”—

“Stop a minute,” said the judge. “You say the story was a good one?”

“Unusually good.”

“And yet he cried ‘Chestnut.’ Was it original?”

“Thoroughly.”

“And yet the villain cried ‘Chestnut’? Was it well told?”

“Never was a story told better.”

“And yet the double-dyed scoundrel cried ‘Chestnut.’ Gentlemen of the jury, there is no need of argument in this case. The prisoner has had provocation enough to warrant him in killing a whole family. Retire and find a verdict of ‘Not guilty.’ Teach these ‘chestnut’ ruffians a lesson.”

The vast audience sent up an exultant shout of applause. When the jury returned with their verdict, coupled with a recommendation of a monument in my honor, the demonstration was repeated with intensified zeal. I became the hero of the whole city.

In conclusion, I married the beautiful Miss Winston and I want it distinctly understood that I always go loaded for the “chestnut” fiend.

A WORD TO PUNCH.

Thy scoff and jest Columbia has heard

(Not understood, perhaps, in braggart youth),

Thy voice of satire knew but scanty truth,

And woke again its echo, word for word.

But now, when e'er the pencil or the pen

Would hurl like missiles from the Occident,

One thought—and all the force of wroth is spent:

Our choler hides, and peace returns again.

Who “laid the wreath on murdered Lincoln’s bier?”

’Twas hand of thine, and thine the heartfelt tear.

Who said “Columbia’s sorrow is our own!”

When our loved Garfield gave his parting moan?

Who stood with forehead bared, and moistened eye,

When our lost Grant, in pictured state, passed by?

Disarmed we stood! Such hand-clasp in our pain

Has sheathed the sword, and all the rancor slain!

Johnstown, N. Y. J. OLIVER SMITH.

SURMOUNTING THE OBSTACLE.

MISS GUSHY (at a literary reunion)—“I often wonder, Mr. Hack, how you succeed so well with your stories. You must be a regular genius.”

MR. HACK (blushing slightly)—“That’s what my friends say, but I attribute my success to patience and hard work.”

MISS GUSHY (unconvinced)—“But hard work alone won’t surmount the difficulties of authorship. My greatest trouble is in introducing dramatic scenes and describing those thrilling incidents upon which the plot of the story hinges. What do you do in such cases, may I ask?”

MR. HACK (confidentially)—“Oh, I just run in a line of star marks. You must allow the reader to draw on his imagination a little, you know.”

NO MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MERRIT (in ball-room)—“I suppose you speak both German and English quite fluently?”

MISS SNYDER (twirling her fan)—“Oh, yes; but I always write my letters in English.”

MERRIT (unsophistically)—“And may I ask why?”

MISS SNYDER (unconsciously)—“Oh, you see there are no italics in the German language.”

THE SPHINX.

The JUDGE is resolved not to be behind those enterprising papers which propound literary and historical conundrums. There is no exercise more stimulating to the youthful intellect than the effort to straighten out such matters. We will send a copy of the JUDGE for one consecutive week to all who will send us correct answers to the following questions by May 10, 1886:

1. Who first thought of grinding an axe?
2. What eminent citizen of Europe first combed his hair with an auger?
3. Where did the phrase “set ‘em up ag’in” originate?
4. Is kerosene one of the iles of Grease?—and if not why not?
5. Did the habit of moistening the skin with water originate with the Phœnecians?
6. Who first made a stand? Was it a soldier or a carpenter?
7. What is the name of the distinguished athlete who first drove a nail into a tub?
8. How many times does the word “the” occur in the works of Jacob Abbott?
9. Who invented crutches?—and was he a layman?
10. During what terrestrial era was the handkerchief or its equivalent first employed?
11. Who first discovered that beans would not come up if planted in the old of the moon? Also the prophetic qualities of the ground-hog?
12. Does not foul play indicate that animals have some sense of humor?—or does it?
13. What great philosopher first said “Heaven lies about us in our infancy, and we lie about heaven when we get older”?
14. When did the Chinese invent photography, telegraphy and oleomargarine?
15. What is the motto of the Dangelan clan?
16. What is a hen and why?

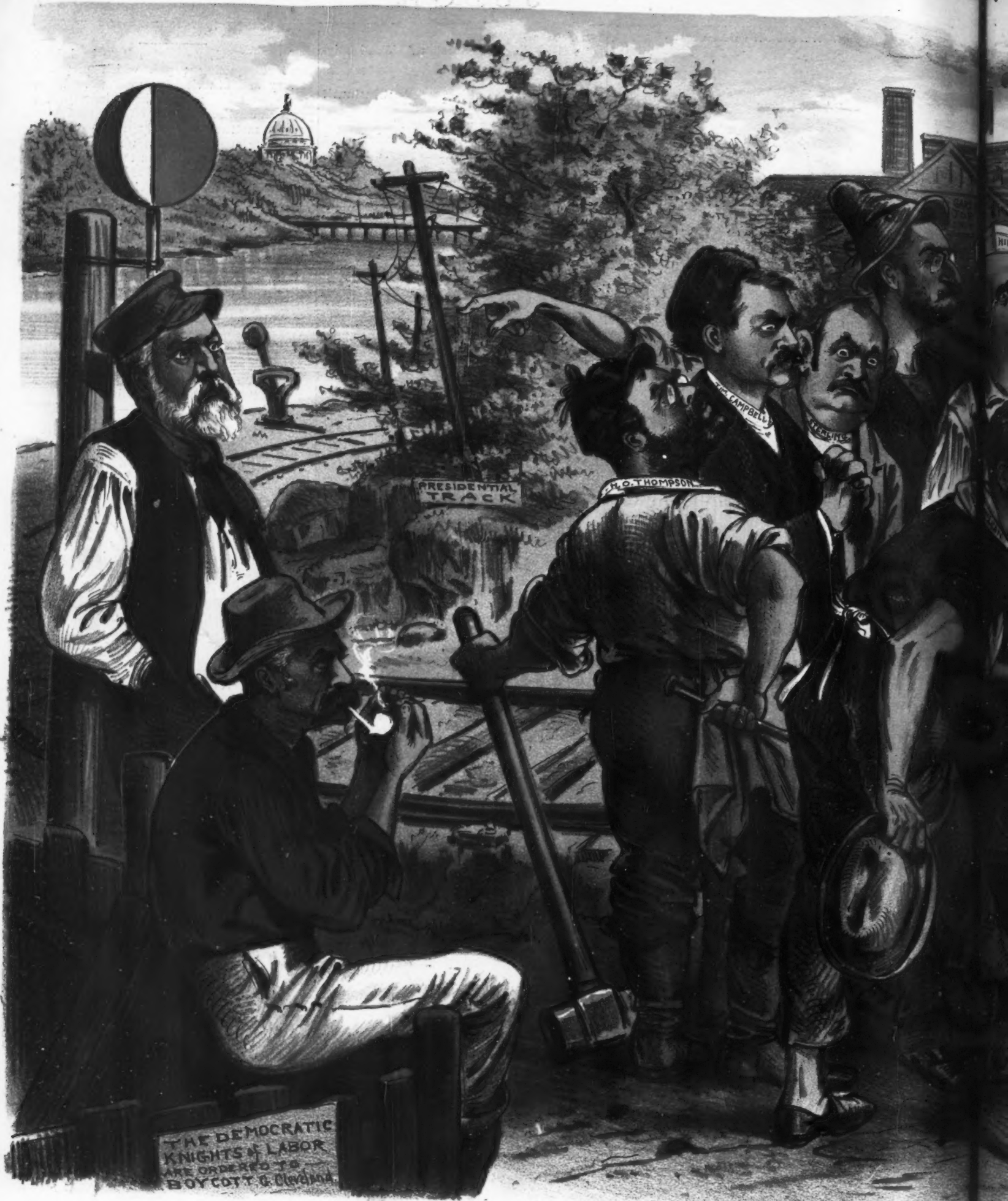
W. A. C.

An Oshkosh lady has a habit of sleeping in her coffin. We suppose she is dead.

SUDDEN SPRING SHOWER.



1ST DUDE—“It’s waining again.”
2D Do.—“It’s wet wain, too, werry wet.”



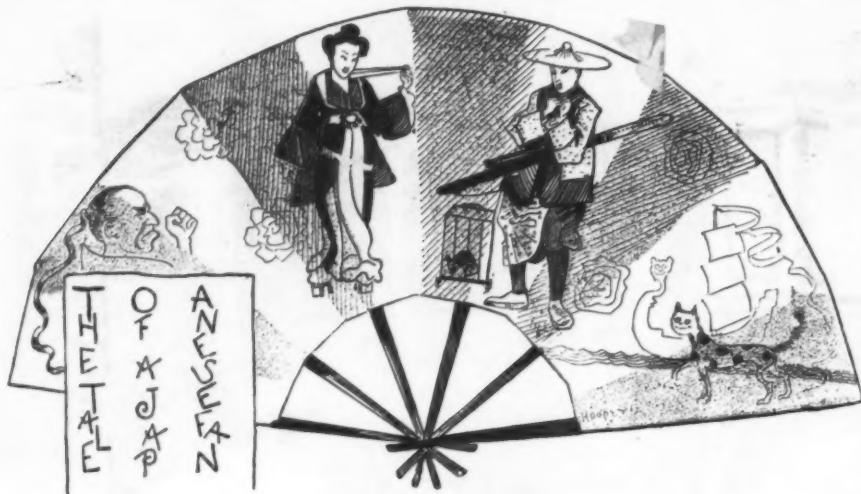
GREAT STRIKE OF THE DEMOCRATIC

DEMOCRATIC WORKERS—"See here, Mr. Hoxie Cleveland! you can't run that engine without... An



WE
AS THE
WORKERS
DEMAND
RECOGNITION
AND A
SHARE
OF THE
PROFITS.

DEMOCRATIC KNIGHTS OF LABOR.
And if you don't accede to our demands we'll take the pins out and kill her!"



In famed Pekin a mandarin,
A horrid creature, old as sin,
Lived with his daughter fair:
A maiden with a banjo face,
Whose eyes were black, whose step was grace,
Whose surname was Ah There.

A proud old chap, this noble Jap,
Who wore a blue ball on his cap,
The mark of rank and birth;
And when he walked about Pekin
He always wore a gracious grin,
As if he owned the earth.

Of young Ah There, his daughter fair,
He took the most uncommon care,
And never let her look
Upon a man, or go at all
Beyond the lofty bamboo wall
That marked her garden nook.

So there she sighed and sobbed and cried
For sweet companionship denied,
And wasted quite away:
Until a puppy peddling chap,
Who long had loved her, chanced to rap
Upon the gate one day.

You can divine how very fine
This gay young pedler seemed to shine
Before her eager glance.
What if he traded most in cat?
She never smelt a single rat—
It was her first romance.

To make it short, he paid his court;
To lag in love was not his sort,
And on that very day
Ah There resolved at once to slip
And with her lover seek his ship,
That lay a mile away.

Ah, sad to tell what then befell!
Just when about to say farewell
And seek another shore,
The mandarin hove into sight;
And what a look of grim delight
His saffron features wore!

"Ah There! Ah There! My daughter fair!
He cried to the unhappy pair;
"I bid you stay your ship:
The mandarin, your noble pap,
Would give you something, gentle Jap,
Before your wedding trip!"

He led them where his factories glare,
Turned smoky all the sunny air,
And where his huge machines
Turned out all kinds of fans, and hue
In colors gold and green and blue
And violets and greens.

He bade them choose—could they refuse
To take one? Ah, the fearful ruse
That villain put in plan!
For ere they knew he pushed them in
The vast machine, and in the bin
Soon lay a monstrous fan!

This is the sad, sad tale I had
To tell of Ah There and her dad,
The mandarin in blue.
Here, on my fan, these figures see!
Enough to prove to you and me
That all this story's true!

ERNEST DE LANCY PIERSON.

The Intermission.

Congressman Pulitzer favors night sessions. He is 2 A. M. bitious.

The Chicago *Tribune* says "the great-unthought-of is the coming man." Here is egotism for you.

Miss Braddon is a most facile and fertile writer. She has already written thirty novels—one every three years.

A squaw named Deth is telling fortunes with tea-leaves in Montreal. Probably she got her name from the circumstance that she is happy hunting grounds.

The unlucky captain of a New Bedford mackerel smack says he doesn't want any more geometry in his. He went out for a try-angle and brought back a wreck-tangle.

They talk of giving a gold medal to Judge Low of the senate commission. If it hadn't been for his

would meddle, Jake Sharp's trouble might have ended before it began.

The Boston *Globe* paragrapher stands up and remarks, "Genius is the capacity for making an ass of yourself at the unexpectedly right moment." Had his salary cut down, probably.

Jefferson Davis, esq.: Lie low. Shoot lecturing. Give agricultural shows the go-by. Don't say a loud word. If you keep still enough, somebody may think you are dead. Yours truly.

There never were any smarter women in the world than there are now. The talent and prowess of Hypatia, Aspasia, Zenobia, Zantippe, Jezebel, Moll Pitcher, Semiramis, Sapphira, Bessie Turner, Susan B. Anthony and Joan of Arc are equaled during the present century, and must pale the ineffectual glories in the effulgence of an old maid in Milwaukee who has just invented a four-story animated automatic adjustable bustle that needs winding up only once in eight days and is intelligent enough to wheel right around out of the way when she sits down.



THE HUMAN "SANDWICH."

I once was gay and happy,
Though sad and mournful now;
For oh, a poet's garland
Has decked this classic brow!
But since the *Thymester* Monthly,
(Co-operative sheet)
Suspended—as a "sandwich"
I'm forced to walk the street.

For fifty paltry coppers
I daily—rain or shine,
Between two boards ever travel,
And advertise a line
Of wholesale druggists' nostrums,
Which you can plainly see—
To one who'd court the Muses,
Must most distasteful be.

Imagine me—a writer
Of gems like "Ostler Joe",
Compelled to be prosaic,
And wear these placards, oh:
"TRY JAGGER'S BUG DESTROYER";
"GET SNORKEY'S TOUGH ON BOILS";
"TAKE O. K. CURE FOR JIM-JAMS";
"USE BILK'S ACHE-WRECKING OILS!"

Ah yes, I'm sore disheartened!—
I'll die ere many moons,
Unless some magazinelet
Should buy the metred tunes
I've got stored 'way in barrels,
And order further stock;
If so, ye Gods!—a "sandwich,"
No more I'll pace each block.

"JEF. JOSLYN."

Judge at the Play.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.



"Pepita" is doing splendidly. Taglieri is not afflicted with Chauncey Olcott's fatal bashfulness. He responds to Miss Russell's "Come and kiss me" with an earnestness that is so infernally natural as to cause an emerald-hued wave of disapprobation to rise over the orchestra and startle the delicate oboe effects of the bassoon out of all time and harmony. It was this song that—figuratively speaking—broke Olcott all up. *Pepita's* entrancing beauty and her delightful soprano voice, tempered with the pathos of domestic misery, urged him on, and with all the impetuosity of his minstrel soul he went—but not quite far enough. Mr. Solomon effectually served a nightly injunction from the leader's box, and Mr. Olcott embraced *Pepita* in imagination and a cold sweat. His innate modesty, augmented by six years' sojourn on the minstrel stage, was too much for him.

Affecting, as they do, a certain horror for all things not thoroughly English, it is truly refreshing to witness the celerity with which some of our foreign actors have jumped into the slough and dragged out the American benefit.

W. S. Gilbert's "Palace of Truth" and "The Captain of the Watch" will probably wind up the season at Wallack's. On May 3d the company open a four weeks' tour in the vicinity of New York.

A cold wave has struck California. Mary Anderson is playing a three weeks' engagement in San Francisco.

"The Widow Bedott's" eccentric fun served to fill the Third Avenue theatre last week with delighted and hilarious audiences. There is a coolness between Neil Burgess and indigestion that is freezing in its intensity. His rollicking humor is infectious and thoroughly anti-dyspeptic. Even the calcium light loses some of its pallor when brought in contact with it.

"The Baron" is still "going it" at a lively rate at the Casino. The production of "Erminie" continues to be a thing of the future. Rehearsals are in progress, however, and we shall probably see it early in May. A new opera entitled "Serment d'Armour," from the French of Edmond Audran, will follow "Erminie."

Sprinkled all over, as it is, with traces of the "late unpleasantness," "Pepita" has become what might be aptly termed a serio-comic opera.

"The Little Tycoon" takes up its quarters at the Fifth Avenue—"The Mikado" decamping for greener fields and pastures new, *i. e.*, the country—where delighted and interested audiences applaud its bright features, laugh at its whimsicalities, and admire the originality of its stage settings.

Lydia Thompson was born in February, 1836, and with the trifling addition of a smile or two has stuck to the same style of clothes ever since.

The D'Oyly Carte Mikado company conclude their American campaign in Baltimore next week. At the end of their engagement there they return to New York and immediately leave for England on the steamer Umbria, opening in London for the summer season. The *bon voyage* of many warm friends on this side of the ocean will go with them. The JUDGE will accompany them in the steam tug of imagination, sympathize and rejoice with them as occasion demands, and by all the force of moral suasion impress upon them the advisability of throwing up the voyage before anything else.

Judic is going to sing in English next season. She thinks she can master the tongue in six month's time. Naughtiness expressed in six months English will be astonishingly popular about the holidays.

"One of Our Girls" is in its sixth month, and is as bright and as attractive as ever. With the exception of Louis James, the Lyceum company will remain intact for the fall season and Miss Dauvray's new comedy.

Young Irving proposes to follow in the footsteps of his father. With Dixey and Goodwin in the same line of business that gait is becoming rather monotonous.

Mr. Palmer made a most felicitous distribution of the characters in "Broken Hearts." Miss Maud Harrison hardly ever presented a more pleasing picture or acted more acceptably than in the role of *Lady Hilda*, while Miss Anne Russell's *Lady Vivir* was almost perfect in its conception. Mr. Lemoyne's delineation of the part of *Mousta* and Mr. Massen's *Prince Florian* were both exceedingly effective and interesting.



MAUD HARRISON.

A REVISED VERSION.

"O where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going a-chestnuting, sir," she said.
 And she spoke sober truth, in sooth, for lo!
 She had a ticket for the minstrel show.

J. A. W.

Judge's Charge.



In Pottstown, Pa., the other day, an irate father suddenly appeared on the streets and publicly flogged his son. The Court regrets to say that the young man peacefully submitted, and afterward followed the father like a whipped dog. Now if a man has no more respect for his own flesh than to subject it to such an indignity as that he ought to be flogged himself; and as for the son, grown to manhood and possessed of some sense of his own dignity, however bad he might have been, he—well, on the whole, he ought to be flogged over again, and several times a day.

The Court learns of two cases of elopement in as many southern localities which are very peculiar. In one case a somewhat venerable widower went off with a young lady of the age of his two buxom daughters, the daughters assisting him to delude the father of the young lady, who was extremely indignant that any widower, well-preserved or not, should assume to have a right to privileges belonging solely to young men; and in the other case a father assisted his son to win the young woman of the latter's choice, furnishing the carriage and doing the requisite guard duty with all the willingness and ardor of dear old Pickwick. It is a little difficult to fix the moral of these cases—and on the whole there is no moral. It is sad that age should have connubial affection for youth or youth for age, for there must inevitably follow the penalty of that mistake; but, as the colored gentleman remarked years ago, water will run its way, and give it the chance and the requisite time and it will wear out all obstructions to its gentle will. But as for the modern Pickwick—well, the Court wipes his glasses and confesses that he would like to clap that genial old rascal on the shoulder and tell him how sweetly human and desperately lawless he is.

The Court notices with peculiar pain the death of a direct heir of the late Mrs. Anneke Jans. Her name was Roof, and as she had none to cover her she went off in a home for indigent women. It is the first direct heir of Mrs. Jans that is known to have perished. There as an aptitude for living, a yearning for it, a desire to remain on the part of the heirs of Mrs. Jans, which belong to no other persons—if there are any others. The Court has that affliction himself. His interest in the estate of Mrs. Jans is so pronounced that he would like to live a thousand years in order to realize it. Mrs. Jans was one of the loveliest of her sex, and when the Court heard of her death, the same having occurred some unnumbered years previous to his birth, he shed uncounted tears. It was the first great sorrow of his life, and to-day he never goes into Trinity church-yard without feeling that Alexander

LETTER FROM C. F. KLUNDER, THE WELL KNOWN FLORIST.

907 Broadway, New York, March 31, 1886.

I cordially recommend Alcock's Porous Plasters. I have found them, after 10 years' constant use, wonderfully efficacious in coughs, colds, pains in side, back and chest. As chest protectors and shields against changes in the weather they are invaluable. My hothouse men use a great many, and I and family are never without this fragrant, never-failing external remedy. C. F. KLUNDER.

PLEASURE BOATS AND CANOES.

Send Stamp for 60 Page Illustrated Catalogue.

Address J. H. RUSHTON, CANTON, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

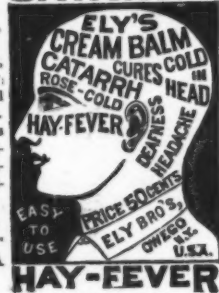
when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. A Quick Relief. A Positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use Price 50 cents by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

CATARRH



GOING IT SINGLE HANDED.



BUM—"Please help a poor man what has lost his hand?" CHARITABLE LADY—"How did you lose your hand, my good man?" BUM—"Why—why—playing poker, marm."

Hamilton, and Charlotte Temple, and Treasurer Gallatin, and the gentleman who wouldn't give up the ship, and all the other men and women who are there buried are trespassing on his property. Happily, however, the Court is patient. He is forbearing. He begs respectfully to be permitted to confer his portion of the necessary tears upon the grave of the first direct heir of dear old Mrs. Jans who ever died, and to assure himself and the rest of mankind that there will be justice in another world if there never can be such a thing in this.

There are two sides to the labor question—let us not forget that. It is urged that it ought to be impossible for a section of the Knights of Labor in Missouri to say what the section in New York or at some other point must do. There is force in the proposition, and yet this may be a necessary part of the general system of organization. What would be thought of the military system that permitted certain men of a certain regiment to fight in their own way, and without order or discipline? But suppose the certain men refuse to join the military system, holding that they have private rights that the system must respect? That does not answer the purpose in war, and it may not always answer it in peace.

Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS'S "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP, Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants. * *

FREE To Miners Only; Our Illustrated Prospectus, etc., of the most Approved Mining Machinery. Address, HARTSFELD FURNACE CO., Newport, Ky.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 553 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this Paper

AMUSEMENTS.

5th AVENUE THEATRE, BROADWAY and 28th St., NEW YORK. THE LITTLE TYCOON,

The only AMERICAN COMIC OPERA EVER ACCEPTED BY THE PUBLIC. The Fourth Week of Great Success in New York, and is now approaching its 200th Performance at the TEMPLE THEATRE, Philadelphia, all under the direction of GEORGE C. BROTHERTON. Box Sheet now open. Seats can be secured TWO weeks in advance.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4TH AVENUE AND 23RD STREET. Evenings at 8:15. Matinee Saturday at 2. SIXTH MONTH OF MISS HELEN DAUVWAY IN BROADWAY'S GREAT COMEDY "ONE OF OUR GIRLS."

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH STREET. Johann Strauss's sparkling opera comique, the SECOND GYPSY BARON. MONTH. Great cast, chorus of 50, increased orchestra, full military band, new and beautiful costumes, scenery etc.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S 14th STREET THEATRE. Seventh Month. RICE'S BEAUTIFUL EVANGELINE with its marvellous attractions and company of 60 ARTISTS. Every evening at 8. Wed. and Sat. Matinee at 2. 250th Performance April 30.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Sole Manager. Mr. A. M. Palmer. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2. EVENINGS AT 8:30. BROKEN HEARTS AND OLD LOVE LETTERS. A New Comedy in Preparation.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF J. M. HILL. PEPITA; OR, THE GIRL WITH THE GLASS EYES. A Comic Opera by ALFRED THOMPSON and EDWARD SOLOMON. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

PEACH BLOW VASES.

FLOWER HOLDERS AND ORNAMENTS, JAPANESE FANS AND NOVELTIES, MEXICAN CURIOS AND STATIONERY, FRENCH TAPESTRIES, AND IMPORTED HAND EMBROIDERIES, at the PARLORS OF THE DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., Broadway and Fourteenth st., New York.

VICTORIA HOTEL,

5TH AVE., BROADWAY, 26TH AND 27TH STS. One of the largest and most complete hotels in the city. Thoroughly renovated and almost entirely refurnished. Rooms en suite and single. Cuisine unexcelled. Conducted on both the American and European plan. Practically fireproof. H. L. HOYT & CO., Proprietors.

M. H. GREEN,

FINE PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, 324, 326, 328 & 330 PEARL ST., N. Y.

GEORGE WEST,

MANUFACTURER OF GROCERS' BAGS, BALLSTON SPA, - - New York.

DEAFNESS, ITS CAUSES AND CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St. New York City.

ADAMS, JEWETT & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF COTTON AND PAPER FLOUR SACKS, CLEVELAND OHIO.

Dr. SHEFFIELD'S TEETH Without Plates NEW PROCESS SEND FOR PAMPHLET 28 WEST 32ND STR. NEW YORK.

Use Dr. Sheffield's CREME DENTIFICE. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

TELEPHONES SOLD. Don't pay exorbitant rental fees to the Bell Telephone Monopoly to use their Telephones on lines less than two miles in length. A few months' rental buys a first-class Telephone that is no infringement, and works splendidly on lines for private use on any kind of wire, and works good in stormy weather. It makes homes pleasant; annihilates time; prevents burglaries; saves many steps, and is just what every business man and farmer should have to connect stores, houses, depots, factories, colleges, etc. The only practicable and reliable Telephone that is sold outright and warranted to work. Chance for agents. No previous experience required. Circulars free. W. M. L. NORTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOSLER SAFE & LOCK CO'S CELEBRATED BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. EXCLUSIVE PATENTS.

Round Corners, Solid Continuous Plate, Heavy Welded Angle Frame, Eight Flanges, Bolts and Locks on Inside Flange instead of Outside, Four Tumbler Combination Lock capable of 100,000 changes. The Mosler Safe and Lock Co's Safes have taken the lead in every exposition in which they have been shown, so incontestable is their superiority over all others, and bankers and merchants all over the world testify to the elegant finish, and fire and burglar proof qualities of these safes.

MOSLER, BOWEN & CO., 768 BROADWAY, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED, AND PHOTOGRAPHS, SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

A box containing samples of all the above five articles prepaid to your nearest Railroad Express Office (which should be named) for Fifty Cents—Money Order, Stamps or Currency.
Address: YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay St., New York.



TEACH

Any one can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examinations for teachers' certificates. By its aid thousands of young people earn an honorable and lucrative livelihood. 25,000 sold last year. Full descriptive circulars and specimen pages sent for stamp.

Agents Wanted.

A. H. CRAIG,
PUBLISHER,
Caldwell, Racine Co.,
Wisconsin.

SCHOOL

JUVET & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

TIME & RELATIVE TIME GLOBES.

CANAJOHARIE, NEW YORK.

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULARS.

THE BEST EDITION PUBLISHED.
ALSO
PLAYS! Wigs, Beards, Face Preparations, and all articles needed for Amateur and Parlor Theatricals. Catalogues sent free on application to
DE WITT,
Publisher, 33 Rose Street, New York.

ARKELL & SMITHS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FLOUR SACKS,
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

APRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

These men have their rights, but they are not of more importance than the rights of the majority of the organization to which they should belong. If they do not choose to belong to it they must either be drafted or the principle must be adopted that they have no rights whatever.

—The main question, however, relates to the right of the section of labor in Missouri or elsewhere to regulate the affairs of the section in New York or at some other distant point. Why! that is the very first principle of the organization of capital. Large capital means organization, and there is a quality of organization that is justly called monopoly. Mr. Jay Gould's little finger, put to a wire of the Western Union company, has more power than a hundred thousand ordinary men. The slightest movement of that small member runs from New York to Missouri, and all around the continent and all over the world. The turning of Mr. Gould's hand is felt in Wall street and runs from Wall street everywhere. He controls fortunes. He makes poverty. He produces despair. This is not to say that he does not benefit; but he operates with water as well as iron, and if he were to die to-morrow the world in a little time would be healthier for the panic that would inevitably ensue. Why should not the Knights of Labor have a little of the power which avarice, and to some extent legitimate ambition, but generally avarice, has brought to this one man? Monopoly regulates the cost of everything—meat, coal, light, fuel—that the workingman must have. It fixes the wages of labor to suit itself. It imports labor when the home article does not come to its terms, however unjust the terms may be. Is it just to say that labor shall not have the reasonable means of defence which capital has had, almost without dispute, all these years?

MORE OR LESS LITERARY.

E. P. Dutton & Co. of this city announce the Elite monthly menu cards, in Russia leather frames, uniform with their engagement cards. They are put up in a box with cards for one year, price \$1.50 by mail, postpaid, and while they are especially intended to answer the question "What shall we eat?" are warranted to contain no recipes. We cannot imagine a happier combination of utility and absence of undesired information.

We haven't read Commissioner Charles F. Peck's third annual report in behalf of the bureau of statistics of labor; but it has a vast array of figures and general information, and as Mr. Peck recently returned from Europe it must be Peckularly valuable as a record of foreign as well as home fact. It is a little disappointing to find Mr. Peck ignoring the expression "When I was in Yewrup;" but we are pleased to say he wears his hat more at the

[Continued on Page 15.]



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood poison. Especially has it proved its efficacy in curing Salt Rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by Druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.
25c. a vial, by druggists.

DYSPEPSIA CANNOT BE CURED BY DRUGS OR MEDICINES.

It is NOT a disease, but a failure of the stomach to properly assimilate and digest food. If it is not overtaxed there will be no dyspepsia. ALBUNOID FOOD gives the digestive organs the least possible work, and is very nutritious. It will relieve the worst cases of dyspepsia. If your druggist hasn't it, send 15 cts. for sample box. Samples free to physicians.
EMERSON MANFG COMPANY
43 Park Place, New York.

**THE
SECURITY
MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY
OF NEW YORK,
NO. 233 BROADWAY
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.**

ONLY TWELVE ASSESSMENTS

Have been levied from 1881 to 1886, averaging three a year, and making the cost for assessments to a man of 40 years but \$4.40 a year for each \$1,000 of insurance.

Send for Circulars: Agents Wanted!

Remunerative employment offered energetic and reliable men.

IF YOU WANT

To know all about California and the Pacific Coast, at the same time obtain one of the Best Papers in the United States, Subscribe for the

WEEKLY ALTA CALIFORNIA.

It contains 64 Columns of Choice Reading matter every week. Send Postal Card Request for Free Sample Copy. Address,

ALTA CALIFORNIA PUB. CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:

The Weekly Alta California, One Year, (Postage Free) \$1 50
Daily Alta, California, One Year \$6 00

TAGGART BROS.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

News & Paper Flour Sacks

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER.

50c.

By its aid the hair, beard or moustache can be curled any desired style in from one to two minutes. For ladies it produces the "Langtry Style," the "Patti Bang," the "Montague Curl," and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable "loose and fluffy" mode. Gentlemen's moustaches and beards curled for the day in a few seconds. A beautiful article; handle of rosewood, other part nickel-plated.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH. 50c.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH. The finest Tooth Brush ever made, constructed by a new patented process which renders it impossible for bristles to come out in use. Each of above articles guaranteed and sent on trial, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cts., or both for \$1. They may be returned if not satisfactory. **CANYASSING AGENTS WANTED** for Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. **GEO. A. SCOTT, 242 Broadway, New York.** Sold at Drug and Fancy Stores. Mention this publication.

Organic Disease.—**BESSIE E. GOODWIN, Springfield, Me.,** writes: "After being sick and confined to my bed for three years, I consider myself in duty bound to you and suffering humanity, to acknowledge the benefits received from Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription.' I was bedridden and troubled terribly with organic disease, but after the use of this valuable medicine, I find I can walk around and ride a distance of ten miles. I have improved most wonderfully since I commenced taking it."



A BOON TO WOMEN

Weakness.—**Mrs. E. D. POWERS, Valley, Clarion Co., Pa.,** writes: "I was a great sufferer from weakness, being unable to walk across the floor. I used two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured me of all my trouble, restoring me to perfect health."

A Chronic Sufferer.—**Mrs. L. B. HOGAN, New-Artville, N. J.,** writes: "I had long been a great sufferer and used a great number of remedies without relief; I finally used your 'Favorite Prescription,' and cannot find words to express my gratitude. I am now perfectly free from all pain, and I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude which I never can repay."

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Mrs. F. OATS, of *Shumway, Ill.*, writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, and I could get into a wagon and ride two miles to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk out in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and going about and helping to do my housework, after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get—and the last one told my husband that I never would be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Organic Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

MARVELOUS BENEFITS.

Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, *Galien, Michigan*, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two or three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

TERRIBLE PAIN.

Mrs. F. E. WILCOX, *Friendship, N. Y.*, writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with organic weakness and terrible pains across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

Dr. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, *Galien, Michigan*, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two or three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, not understanding that in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, treatment and other complications made. A proper medicine directed to the cause would perhaps have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

DOCTORS FAIL.

"Organic Weakness" Cured.—**Mrs. SARAH A. LOVELY, Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa,** writes: R. V. PIERCE, M. D. *Dear Sir*—"Having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit, I was finally induced to consult you. You advised me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Adviser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your Favorite Prescription, and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' When I first began using these I could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; and in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines wherever I go, and loan your 'Adviser' to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

"ALL RUN DOWN."

Mrs. V. H. PETERSON, of *Lockport, N. Y.*, had suffered for three years from "organic weakness," was greatly emaciated and "all run down," as she expressed it, and Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" promptly cured her, as they have thousands of similar cases.

"DO LIKEWISE."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians I was greatly discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to anyone writing me for them, and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A THOUSAND THANKS.

Organic Weakness Cured.—**Mrs. W. H. PALMER, Luther, Mich.,** writes: "I have taken one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' the medicines you recommended to me. They have perfectly cured me of flatulency and belching, and the most terrible sick headaches. Everybody tells me how much better I look. My sickness was of six years' standing. For the past year I had failed very rapidly, until I weighed but ninety pounds. My health is most wonderfully improved since the use of your medicines. I am now able to walk to church. You have done for me what two doctors had faithfully tried to do for the past year, but failed, although they treated me earnestly and patiently for the same failure in health."

DOCTORS' MISTAKE.

Profuse Hemorrhages.—**MARY JANE SIMS, Jamestown, Ark.,** writes: "I have been taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have received more benefit from its use than from any physician I have tried in seven years. When I first used it, I was not able to be out of bed, from profuse hemorrhages; in three days after I commenced to improve, and have continued on ever since, until I am now in better health than I have been in years."

A THOUSAND THANKS.

Mrs. CAROLINE BYERS, *corner Duke and Argyle Streets, Halifax, N. S.*, writes: "DR. R. V. PIERCE, I thank God, and thank you a thousand times, for the relief that your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have given me. I am perfectly cured of a chronic sickness that had troubled me for years. How my heart is overflowed with joy and gratitude towards you, my tongue can never express."

DOCTORS' MISTAKE.

Mrs. HENRY PATTERSON, of *New York City*, writes: "I had been under an eminent physician's care for eight months for what he called 'spinal disease.' I became worse during all this time, when, chancing to see a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser at the residence of a friend, I read that part devoted to 'Woman and her Diseases.' I soon became convinced that my disease was a uterine affection, which, as you say, caused sympathetic backache, inward fever, nervousness and general debility. I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' applying also the local treatment which he recommends in the Adviser, and in three months I was well and strong."

NEURALGIA.—**Mrs. VIOLA LONG, Johnstown, Pa.,** writes: "Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' have cured me of a most troublesome and long-standing neuralgia, for which our family physician treated me in vain for some time. Immediately on commencing your medicine I could sleep well, which was a thing I had not done for months. I have since felt like a new person, and am desirous that others should know of the great merits of your remedies."

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfils one great purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures nausea and weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, eructations of gas, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, in either sex. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. For conditions, see wrappers around bottle. Price Reduced to \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address for \$1.50. A large pamphlet, treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address,

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

For Persons of All Ages.



A wonderful Cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption.

IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and **BREAKS UP COLDS** like magic; **IT CURES**, in fact, where other remedies have failed; its great efficacy **HAS BEEN PROVED** and its superiority extensively **ACKNOWLEDGED**.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough. Every family should keep it in readiness. Price 2c., 5c., and \$1.00 per bottle—largest, cheapest. Sold by all Druggists.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS CURE IN ONE MINUTE.
German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

GEO. H. MORRILL & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

FINEST BLACK & COLORED

LITHOGRAPHIC & LETTER-PRESS INKS.

All Our Inks Guaranteed to be the Best in the Market.

SPECIAL PRICES TO LARGE CONSUMERS.

SPECIMEN BOOKS UPON APPLICATION.

OFFICES:

25 & 27 ROSE ST., New York;

ALSO AT

BOSTON, CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO.

The "Judge" uses our inks exclusively.

S. J. SMITH,

MANUFACTURER OF

EXPRESS PAPER & FLOUR SACKS,

CONNEAUT, OHIO.



WARNER, D'FORREST & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

LADIES', GENTS' & YOUTHS' KNIT UNDERWEAR.

Established 1871.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

W. J. BENJAMIN & CO., Exclusive Selling Agents,
NEW YORK OFFICE 29 WHITE ST.

CHATFIELD & WOODS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grocery Bags and Paper Flour Sacks,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KELLOGGS & MILLER

PROPRIETORS

AMSTERDAM LINSEED OIL WORKS,

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

side than formerly and in other respects shows indications of more culture than he did when he lived in Hornellsville and wrote dynamite editorials for a paper of medium size.

F. Marion Crawford's "Tale of a Lonely Parish," from the press of Mac Millan & Co., is considerably English, you know, and its conversations have to do for the most part with the things which Americans, being eminently practical, think rather than utter, and are for that reason very large with thought. This doesn't hurt the book any, however, surprising as the statement may seem, and as a whole it is a charming story. Still, it wouldn't be a bad idea for Mr. Crawford to come to America and get acquainted. He might in that case be able to write the great American novel.

"Salamambo," Flaubert's great novel, translated by M. French Sheldon, comes to us from the press of Samson & Co. of this city, through the American News Company. The translation is very strongly commended by leading London papers; and as Flaubert is conspicuously mentioned along with Zola, the statement being also made that his works have inspired more pictures in the French salon during the past few years than any book except the bible, the work ought to have a large sale. Besides, London *Society* says its descriptions "are flamboyant as if written by a pen dipped in rainbow dyes," and further than that there is nothing to be desired.

The literary ability of Richard K. Fox's "Sporting Man's Companion" is not large, but for men who like that kind of undiluted fact it is a record that we feel sure it will be pretty safe to place your money on.

HAD AN EYE ON THE FUTURE.

Mrs. BROWN (rapturously)—"Oh, my dear! one of the handsomest young colored men I've ever seen has applied for the position of coachman. I would have employed him on the spot only I thought I'd better speak to you about it first."

BROWN (raving)—"Good thing you did! Either get a white coachman or I'll drive myself. Just think of Cora! I might be able to stand the shock of a mesalliance, but a case of miscegenation would drive me crazy."

CATARRH AND BRONCHITIS CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East 15th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CALVIN WITTY

Carriage Commission Warehouse.

ALL STYLES OF MINIATURE CARRIAGES, DONKEY AND PONY CARTS MADE TO ORDER.

1557 BROADWAY, between 46th and 47th streets, New York. Repair Shop, 53 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn.

DAVIDSON & CO.,

TAILORS.

Cor. Beekman & William Sts.,

NEW YORK.

AULT & WIBORG.

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE BLACK AND COLORED

LITHOGRAPHIC INKS, PRINTING INKS AND

VARNISHES,

Factory—Cincinnati, Ohio.

26 ROSE ST., N. Y.

The inks used by the Strobridge Lithographic Establishments are supplied by us.



BABY CARRIAGES.

200

Different styles to select from.

\$5 TO \$50.

Visit our new

Factory and Salesrooms,

245 Broome St., cor. Mulberry.

The largest in this line in New York.

Catalogues free.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

NEW YORK CARRIAGE CO.



A Well-Dressed Gentleman

SHOULD HAVE AS A TOILET ADJUNCT THE

HARVARD TROUSER STRETCHER.

Three minutes' time will apply the stretcher and give the garment an appearance of perfect freshness and newness. It takes out all wrinkles, all bagging from the knees, and puts a pair of Trousers in perfect shape. Lasts a lifetime. Sent post-paid to any P. O. in U. S. on receipt of \$1.00.

RICHMOND SPRING CO.,
132 Richmond St., Boston, Mass.

THE LATEST LONDON SUCCESS

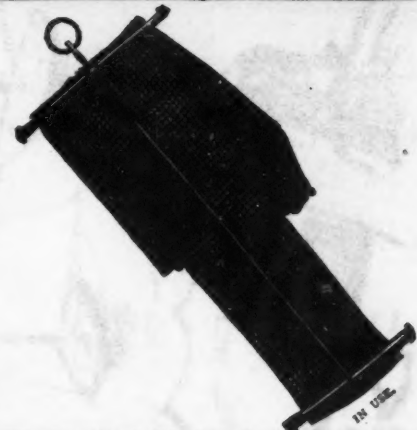
JOHN HAMILTON & Co.'s

PATENT PORTABLE

TROUSERS STRETCHER.

Awarded SILVER MEDAL,

London International Exhibition, 1884.



BY the use of this Invention Trousers are soon restored to their original length and shape, and the objectionable "bagging at the knee" is dispensed with.

The TENSION is obtained by a SCREWED ROD. The Rod is jointed and the whole can be packed in a Case 17-in. by 6-in.

RETAIL PRICE - - - - - \$2.50.

NICKEL PLATED - - - - - \$5.00.

None Genuine Unless Stamped JOHN HAMILTON & Co., Patent.

NOTE—Manufacturers, sellers and buyers of Stretchers having screw-rod in combination with clamps, are hereby cautioned that we shall defend our rights and prosecute all infringers. OUR SOLE AGENTS in the UNITED STATES (to whom all correspondence should be addressed) are:

G. W. SIMMONS & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

"ENGLISH TROUSERS STRETCHER."

Easily and Quickly Fixed.

Restores Shape, Saves Trouble and Expense of Pressing.

Price \$1.75. Forw'd by Exp. to any part of U. S.

FOR SALE BY

E. O. THOMPSON,
IMPORTER AND TAILOR.

298 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia,

245 BROADWAY, New York.

Sole United States Agent, Wholesale and Retail. Representatives wanted everywhere. Liberal Trade Discount. Correspondence solicited.

HENRY LINDENMEYR,
Paper Ware House

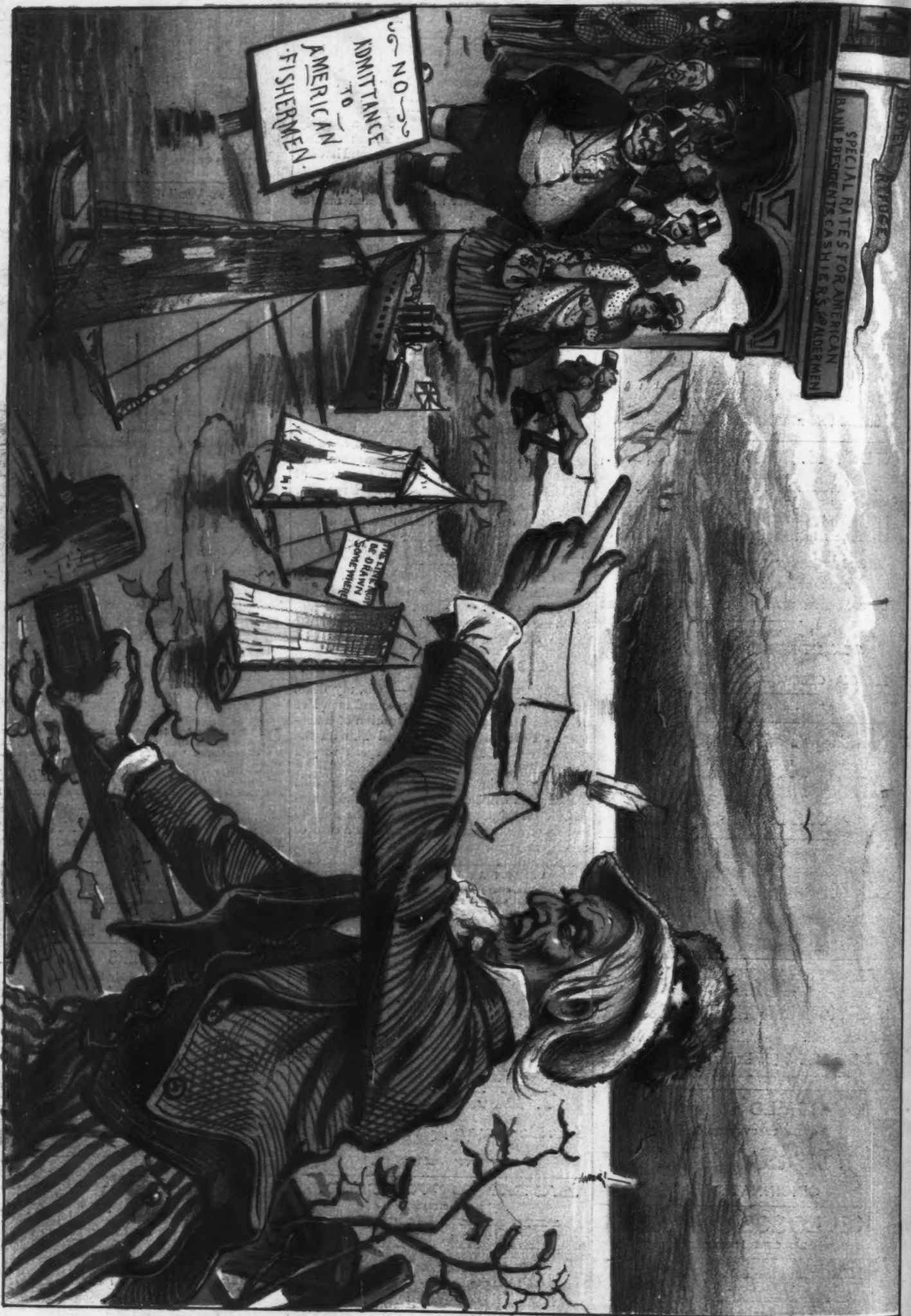
15 & 17 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

GODFREY & CLARK,

MANUFACTURERS OF

EXPRESS PAPER & FLOUR SACKS

PITTSBURGH, PA.



THREATENED RETALIATION.

UNCLE SAM—"Let us understand each other, Mr. J. Bull. If we can't have any of your fish you can't have any more of our criminals."