

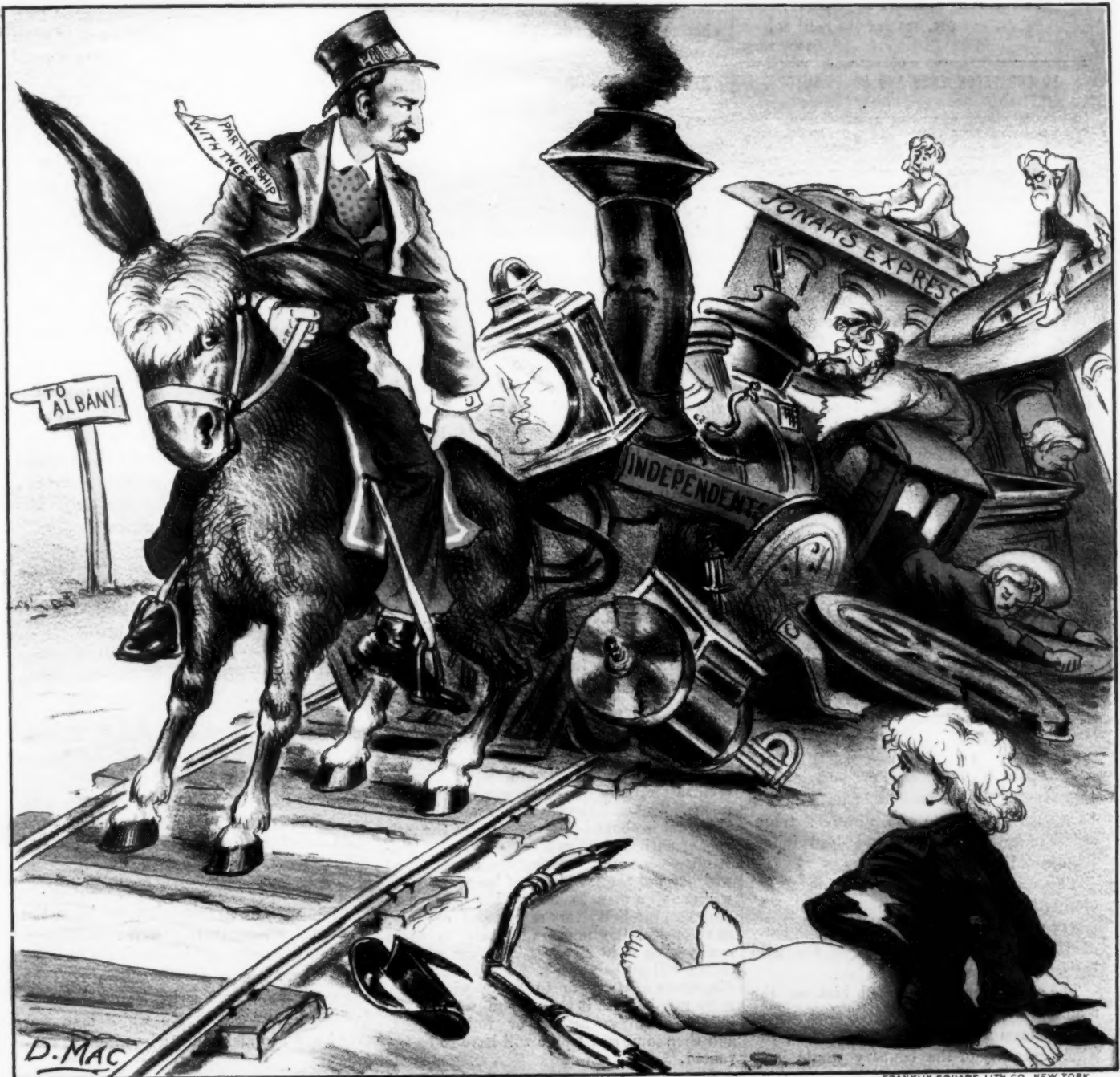


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WELL!



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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE TO TAMMANY.

Every year there is an open contest between savages for the possession of one fair maiden. This year it has resulted in her rape by the Tammany Tribe, and for a twelve month those lustful, cruel sachems will have their will of her sweet body.

It is her misfortune that she has the gift of perpetual rejuvenation; that though thus foully abducted and brutally rifled of her charms, she remains fair and sweet. If she could grow haggard, repulsive and unenjoyable as the result of her continual defilement by these savages, there might be some hope of her ultimate release from their foul embrace. But, yearly growing more attractive to their concupiscent gaze, she is the chief martyr of history."

"The Niobe of Cities, there she stands!"

WHAT IF THE MOON WERE BECLOUDED?

It is a long, weary and perilous journey that Uncle Sam has made, and his path has been strewn with ruin and disaster; tombstones of buried fortunes and dead industries were his mileposts.

This was the result of contraction of the circulating medium and the steady shrinkage of values of all property in consequence of the reduction of business to the gold basis.

The only thing that guided him on the road and kept him from utter destruction in the chasm was silver. But for that, the whole currency of the country would have

gotten into the grasp of that powerful syndicate, the bankers of the Clearing Houses.

The government's collusion with the banks to conform national finances to the gold standard has wrought great distress by shrinkage, it is true; but this is as nothing to the ruin that would have been wrought by putting the whole currency and specie of the country in the control of these men. We should have had a gold corner any time they chose to order it, and a perpetual Black Friday—or deliverance by popular disturbances and political revolution.

Silver, a bi-metallic standard of value, a free coinage for the people and trade, a double and elastic basis for business have saved us from the crowning evils.

And now it is said that a cloud resembling the face of Cleveland threatens to bury silver and darken the perilous path of the country! It will be a cold day for some one when that eclipse takes place.

PICTORIAL PROPHETS GONE WRONG.

"Young man," said Josh Billings, "Don't never tri to go into the profesyin bizness until after the thing happens." That is worldly wisdom.

"Josh" meant, of course, that you should postpone your prophesy in order to make it conform to the facts; not to oppose them. A worse mistake than prophesying *before* the event, is to withhold publication of your prediction until after the event and then have it contradict the result. This is distressing.

And a prediction-gone-wrong afterwards, when done in pictorial form, is worst of all. It is one of the disadvantages of pictorial arguments that they are so inflexible—you can't deny them. Words are more manageable. An editor can swallow his own words, but the operation of deglutition on a full-page cartoon is necessarily difficult and painful. The souls of the prophets protect us from perpetrating a cartoon that was made before election, has met its defeat at the polls, and can't retire up Salt River with the rest of the minority! There is no place for it to hide save in the freak department of the dime museum.

In the Beer Stage of Development.

California, in her onward march towards civilization, is in the beer stage of development. The whiskey era has passed. The third act is about being opened by the selling of native wines at 5 cents a glass. Native-wine booze has neither the dementia of whiskey nor the fat idiocy of beer, and as it will enable a man to forget his debts and domestic infelicity very safely and cheaply, at the price, the new era is likely to come a-whooping right along. The new dispensation will probably be a success until the dispensers of it begin to make wine with more rats-bane in it than there was poison in the mining-whiskey or railroad-beer, and then some new tippie will have to be invented.

RULINGS.

WOULD NOT a certain mugwump cartoon paper like to restore the *status quo ante*?

THE MUGWUMPS seem to be like small-pox—no party has 'em for the second time, and for the first he is to be pitied.

SOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S later appointees are commended as "Democrats simon-pure-thorough party men." Look out for more stealing, then.

SOME PERSON says it would take 9,512 years to count a billion. We don't know of any one who has time to test this except the stool-holders in the N. Y. city departments.

THINGS SEEM TO BE all going the way of the Democratic party. The largest corn crop known in years is one of them. Corn makes whiskey, and whiskey makes Democrats.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER defines Mugwumps euphemistically as "men who had become dissatisfied with the Republican party." The whole South, then, was Mugwump from '61-'65.

THE MOST GRATIFYING RESULT of the election is the reassurance that both sides cannot win. We had become thoroughly convinced of the contrary from reading campaign papers and the figures of the canvassing committees on both sides.

NEW YORK STATE PRISONS are becoming over populous with rich men and it is only a question of time that the state must erect another prison. Wall or Broad street would be a convenient and appropriate location. It is a remarkable fact that this great metropolis is without a state prison.

THE GREATEST DEFECT thus far found in the civil service examinations is that the smart rascals pass and the stupid honest men are plucked. The system needs an annex for either converting the eligibles into honest men, or giving the honest contestants brains; or both.

MR. ATKINSON, THE BOSTON figure-pres-tidigitateur, makes out that railroad building is an unfailling index of the condition of trade and industry. We had supposed it to be an unfailling index of a willingness to bond the towns for twice the cost of the road and take "N. G. stock preferred" for it.

NEGROES ARE VERY slow to learn the science of government. Hercules Wilson, colored, has resigned his seat in the Georgia Legislature, giving as his reason that he can make more money by laying brick at from \$4 to \$5 a day. No white man was ever known to make such a humiliating confession.

A PRETTY 'HOW-YOU-VOS!'

The German Policeman takes the Downes-Taber Case as a Text for a Sermon.

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

"I haf abowd dot Barson Downes und Taber case peen reating," the German Policeman said to his friend, Reilly, the blacksmith, the other day. "Dot's a pretty how-you-vos;—eh; vot? Uf I should effer make a pun (vich I neffer shall) I would say dot vos der *low-Down-es*' case ever I haf heard apowd. It seemed, at first, as if der newsbabers had daken natural hisdory up und gone to oxbosing a scandal uf der animal kingdom. I bet you von tollar uf you shall der social arrangements und moral ideas uf a family uf rats inwesdigade, it vill remind you uf dot Postonscandal. Having, when a poy, some white mice kebt, I know vot I am sbeaking.

"It's too pad? Vell, der too padness uf it is dot it gifs beeples a shance to find fault mit der breachers und churches. But such beoples vich vould on Gristianity go pack, on account uf a Downes-Taber case, are yoost on a level mit a man vich I know who eads always blenty calf's prains 'begause,' he says, 'you ead a member to sdrenthen a member.' Pefore ve shall go on Gristianity pack, let us dink vot der World vos under der old shtyle relitchions und vot has pegome mit Gristianity.

"Ve got to haf some relitchion; der only beoples, greated in imidashun of our Maker, vich don't some relitchion got are monkeys und vellers like Bob Ingersoll. Bote kinds look yoost alike, but der monkeys are suberior pegause dem got no bower uf sbeech mit vich to dell dor world vot pig vools dem peen. Pesites, der monkeys haf long dails got, vich are missing from der Ingersoll vellers, und vich are gwite useful as vell as ornamental.

"Sinz ve musd some relitchion haf, I brefer to sdick py Gristianity. It's a leedle new combarod mit der resd der relitchions, und it vorks a leedle stiff, but I bed you it shall come owd all

rightd. As for such minisders vich keeb a sort of harems, vy, dot makes nodings owd againsd Christianity. Such fellers aind Gristions. Dem are like stow-aways py a shib. You might as vell comblain uf my house pegause uf der brifate bracticee uf der cat py my kitchen. Chiminy Hooky! dot infidelity makes me tired.

"A goot many kind-hearted chack tonkeys dink Gristianity vill all to bieeces vent uf dem tell all vot dem know apowd some rodden breacher. Dot's a pig misdake. Sail into dot rodden veller der same vot you vent for a poil py der ent uf your nose. Your nose vill shtay afder der poil vend, und it vill peen a pedder nose. But I got me not any uses for dem vellers vich shtiek to Gristianity as a sord uf a favor, choost to keeb der old ding grawling along. More bedder dem choin der Freedinkers—und shtay rightd there along mit der resd der Ingersolls, vich neffer moofe to China or Chicago aletty to get away from Gristianity—but all shtay rightd along in a Gristian land und dake der penefids uf Gristian Civilization in der shabe uf hospitals, schools, goot laws, goot guffermend und decent, sensible, orderly beople all arount."

The Policeman stopped because his friend, the blacksmith, was convulsed with laughter.

"Sure," said Reilly; "I think you are practicing fer to get Parson Dawnes's job whin he gets bounced from the church. Av coorse, I mane his place *in the pulpit*, d'ye undherstand. Begorra! to hear you definding Christianity remionds me av the little whiffet dog that used fer to shtand besode Ould Jumbo in the circus and barked as if she was taking care av the elephant."

"Vell," said the German Policeman, madder than a hornet, "Uf you are drying to dake Chumbo's blace you needn't bractice your elephantine chokes on me, aletty."



POETICAL BRIEFS ADMITTED.

How He Loves Her.

"Oh, Henry, dost thou love me still?"
She asks, while doubts beset her.
"Yes, wife, I love thee very still,—
The stiller, still the better."

Autumn Leaves.

"Pray, help those Autumn leaves to press,
For you can do it best!"
"Yes, darling, if you first will please
Place them upon your breast."

The Distinction.

Mankind to two divisions tend;
Those who borrow—those who lend.
Some rare exceptions are displayed,—
There Nature has an error made;
They're man's distinguishable feature
From every other living creature.

Complimentary.

Said she: "Gaze on this charming view!"
And waved her hand with airy grace:
"The hills—the river,—ah! don't you
Admire the beauty of the place?"

He gazed upon the charming view,
But more intently on her face
So wondrous fair; then said: "I do
Admire the Beauty of the place."

GEO. BIRDSEYE.

OFF THE BENCH.

"CONSUMPTION CURED," would be a good sign for a boarding-house.

THERE SEEMS TO BE a larger stock of dry humorists than of dry humor.

"The cause is aparent," as the boy said when asked why he did not wish to sit.

"IN A SOCIAL WAY"—the small boy in the parlor when "two is company," etc.

SALVINI HAS PLENTY of rivals—not at Wallack's, either. Every dude plays leer.

HER VISITOR WAS suddenly seized with a colic and bowed himself out, leaving no one to beau her out that evening.

THERE ARE SO MANY old fellows—Mossbacks and else—in a spectacular-show audience that the kids are always roundly beaten.

THE POLITICAL PROPHETS were all disappointed. Those who play for political profits are likely to realize their expectations better.

OUT WEST they now rank educational institutions—they are all "universities"—according to number of square feet of black-board that they have.

THERE ARE VARIOUS recipes for testing butter going around, but what is wanted is a method that can be applied to the butter at the end of a ten-foot pole.

THE SECRET OF HAPPY married life lies in playing that you are *not* married and acting the part with startling realism. Marriage, like ice-cream, requires a good deal of spooning to be happy.

FATAL RESULTS FROM College athletics continue to justify the beneficial effects of this department of higher education. Those who perish on the campus do not survive to starve after graduation.

"THE DAIRY PRODUCTS of this country," yelled an orator at a fair, "amount to a hundred millions, and the industry is still in its infancy." "Wrong," cried a cute bystander, "it is infancy that is still in the dairy business."



A ROUGH RETORT.

LITTLE FELLOW—"Why do big-headed men generally wear little hats?"

BIG FELLOW—"Oh, I suppose to prevent people from taking them for small-headed men with big hats."

Briefs Submitted.

BY R. MORGAN.

A barking dog never bites; but our faith in the proverb varies directly as the strength of the chain.

"I can't get that book through me," said the dull pupil. "Then it is safe to say you'll never get through the book!" replied the teacher.

One hundred journeymen tailors are on a strike in Kansas. Not a very formidable affair; eleven and one-ninth strong. Hardly enough to say boo to a goose.

The Georgia legislature comes forward with a bill to tax old bachelors; and every one who can't raise the required \$2.50 will have no alternative but marriage.

Jumbo's dermal covering, is hailed as a great acquisition at Tuft's College. It is the biggest "skin" that ever entered that institution, though by no means the only one.

Even impecuniosity has its advantages. A man with only one pair of unmentionables never boards a car only to find that he's left his pocket-book in his other pants.

The Tammany men complain that they have no show in the Navy Yard under the present administration. No; there is no chance for a side-show in the Navy Yard, now. All the performers must be in the ring.

Not To Be Wondered At.

Howard—"I was much interested in the billiard playing of your friend, Robinson, the other evening."

Strong—"Yes, he is a good player."

Howard—"He makes the most wonderful masse shots I ever saw."

Strong—"He ought to; he's a perfect master of massage."

Stuffing the Partridge.

He was a young sportsman from the city, spending his vacation in the mountains. During one of his matutinal sallies among the feathered tribe in search of a breakfast, he happened to wing a plump partridge. Following in the wake of the fluttering bird through the brush, he suddenly came upon a clearing, and there met the most charming creature he had ever seen. He became rooted to the spot by the beauty of the vision, and gazed in admiration at the graceful, sylph-like form, the sparkling blue eyes, the flowing wealth of golden hair, the delicately chiselled nose, the laughing mouth, the cherry lips, and the tiny feet and neatly-turned ankles, which the short dress failed to hide from his love-inflamed eyes.

When he recovered from his trance he saw that the charmer had the wounded bird in her bosom. He was about to apologize for his seeming cruelty to Mr. Partridge, when she anticipated him with:

"Please, sir, may I keep this?"

He hesitated a moment at the prospect of thus losing so tempting a breakfast, but as he took another survey of her charms he sacrificed appetite to love.

"But," said he, "the bird is too badly hurt to live."

"Oh, never mind that; I don't want to keep it alive."

"Well," continued he, charmed by her tender feeling, "at least let me have it sent to the city to be stuffed."

"Thank you very much, but mother stuffs partridges splendidly"—and as she spoke she held the bird horizontally in one hand, while with the other she calmly wrung its neck.

Had he not felt himself entirely outwitted by the artful little nymph, he would have roared out laughing. But checking his feelings, he lifted his hat and stalked off in the direction of his ranche.

J. J. O'CONNELL.

Miscarriage of a Compliment.

"The autopsy of Bulgaria must be preserved, this paper says. What does that mean, Doctor?"

"Autopsy," Mrs. Golddust, "is a post-mortem examination."

"Well, why does Bulgaria want to preserve that?"

"She doesn't." The stupid newspaper, Mrs. Golddust, has blundered. It should have said the autonomy of Bulgaria!

"Why, sure enough, here it is. How stupid."

"Yes, indeed."

To Read Your Title Clear.

PENITENT:—"What are the conditions of admission to church membership?" Various. In a meeting house in the back districts, a profession of religion and a godly walk and conversation. In a brown-stone church a profession of wealth and prompt payment of pew-rent. In some places a conversion of heart is necessary—in others, conversion of funds. Spirituality is a test, sometimes—really, or personal property, at others.

As for creed: Anywhere, you can subscribe to what is offered you and believe privately anything or nothing that you prefer.

Briefs Submitted.

Woman's one notable invention—perpetual emotion.

The paragrapher has allowed the father-in-law to escape.

When the American Werther gets tired of life he goes and shoots his girl.

Advice to the Hamlets: Learn to bear the ills you have, and bull the good.

Prohibition, they say, works so smoothly in Kansas now that there is only a wink between the cup and the lip.

The Rev. Buckwasher observes that de wise pusson doan always count on de top, an' likewise he doan always discount onto hit: de cream raise to de surfis an' likewise de scum.

Dirty Alarmist (to faithful friend)—"If this thing don't get better, I'll have to do something. What do you say to a change of climate?"

"Well, I dunno; better try a change of shirts first."

According to the *Medical World*, the American farmer "wears out, on an average, a wife and a half in a lifetime"—and other farming implements, we believe, in proportion. The *World's* compliment may seem extravagant, but it is well deserved. A more industrious lot than the American farmer never tugged at the string beans of real life.

In a current batch of "Hints for Housekeepers" we read that the "successful cook is she who puts her whole mind into her dishes. This is a terrible revelation! A very foul suspicion tells us that we have occasionally eaten the dishes of some eminently successful cooks. We thought it at the time nothing worse than a soupçon of hair-pin flavored with a pinch of ringlet.

Jack Sprat and His Wife.

BOSTON VERSION.

John Sprattle found it utterly impossible to consume anything of an adipose nature and his wife experienced an equal difficulty in masticating food of nitrogenous constitution. They thus presented a dietetic combination and a division of family labors and gustatory delights that enabled them as well to prevent waste of unconsumed provisions as to secure the pleasant, easy and prompt polishing of the china-ware by the use of the vibratory lingual muscle in the novel function of removing adherent particles of food from the large central meat-dish, thus obviating the necessity for the disagreeable operation of dish-washing.

In The Hospital.

They were walking through the hospital and came to a stand before the cot of a young man who had lost one eye, six teeth, had half his scalp torn off, both legs broken and three ribs fractured.

"Poor fellow, I suppose you were run over by a freight train?" said a sympathetic old lady.

"Or was attacked by a panther?" suggested a spinster of uncertain age.

"Or fell into a macerator?" queried another.

"No, ladies," replied the sufferer. "I wasn't in any of those things. I was in a cane rush at Yale College."

In Demand.

Howard—"Awfully slow girl, that Miss Brewster; but deucedly pretty, isn't she?"

Baker—"Why, she's charming, boy. Ever take her to the theatre?"

Howard—"Naw."

Baker—"Try it, do. She's from the country, you know; believes in kissing her escort good-night."

Howard—"Thanks, dear boy; I wonder if the sweet creature has seen 'The Magistrate.' I'm going to-morrow night. By Jove, what lips!"

Baker (two hours later)—"Well, how about Miss Brewster?"

Howard—"Hasn't an open date all winter."



A NEW SPHERE FOR THE SALVATION ARMY.

Let them propel a few of the advertising banners so common on our streets, and thus, while spreading tidings of salvation to suffering humanity, earn an honest living.

"AN IOWA WOMAN has named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene." When in future years a spark comes in contact with these girls the result will be some other kind of a 'sene. Because, the sparks can't put out Gasoline nor turn down Kerosene.

THE TENDENCY TOWARD localization and specialization is illustrated in the building of a crematory at Hunter's point beside the refineries, breweries and fat-rendering hells. The offense of this place is like that of the King in "Hamlet."

THE ESTEEMED ST. PAUL *Herald* calls *Siftings* Knox, and "Carl Pretzel" Harris, who are hunting Y. M. C. A.'s—and poker-clubs—in a pair this winter, "a pair of Merrycusses." It is to be hoped that either of them may discover more of this country than the original Americus did.

Mind Against Matter.

"What is the reason, my dear?" I asked my wife, "why women are so crazy to get married?"

"Humph, Master Flatterer," she replied, "I am afraid that you will give it away."

"On the head and on the pocket, I will not"—a journalist's most solemn oath.

"In what paper will you publish it?"

"In the *Evening Post*," I replied.

"Oh, my secret will be safer in that paper than when locked up in my own breast."

"But you do not tell me the reason," I urged testily. "Do women hanker after the jewels and sweatmeats of marriage?"

"Glass diamonds and farmer's raisins!" she replied slightly.

"But why, then, are they all so eager for husbands?"

"Listen, then. Before marriage girls have to cope with their own sex, with mothers or aunts. After marriage they are matched against men, over whom victory is easy and final. You know how it is yourself."

WILLIAM WASHBURN.

"HENRY SLATER, of Morristown, N. J., has a pig with a human arm and hand in place of the left fore leg." Poh! we know a dozen hogs with bodies and all members and faces so much like a human being that you can't tell the difference till you come to associate or do business with them. Occasionally one is such a good imitation that you never suspect that he belongs to the *Sus Scrofa* species until you ask his wife.

IT HAS BEEN SAID AS being to the credit of Ex-Napoleon Ward that he wins good opinions from Sing Sing inmates "because he is not stuck up and is one of us." As for being "one of them" we believe he didn't play for the position, and so there is no merit in it; and as for being stuck up—what has he to be proud of, anyway? A man needn't swell his head very much over being the first thief of his generation and accomplishing a successful trip to Sing Sing.

THE JUDGE.

ON THE ROAD.



WE left Chicago by the Kan-kakee Route for Indianapolis, Brown, Cusby and myself, in a heavy snow storm. The people at the Potter House expressed some doubt as to the probability of our getting through and the railroad officials, for their part, held an entirely different view, so we decided according to our own inclinations—giving, however, in our deliberations, due weight to the disinterested advice of both parties.

The hotel prediction proved to be correct, for about ten o'clock at night we found ourselves snow bound at a small town in Northern Indiana with the pleasing prospect of having to be there until the blizzard had subsided and a way could be cleared through the immense drifts that

lay all along the line to the South of us. The state of things being convincingly announced by the conductor, we wasted no time in vain and profane bemoanings, but like sensible men and experienced travellers, set about making enquiries for hotel accommodations, and before our fellow passengers had really made up their minds what to do, we had registered at and been assigned to the best rooms in the Full House, the only tavern of Monkeymonk, which was the name of the borough upon which we had been thrown.

"Fires, gentlemen?" asked the night clerk, who was at one and the same time proprietor, day and night clerk, steward, barkeeper, porter and bell boy.

The mercury was way down, so we answered: "Of course," very emphatically.

"All right. Here, Frank!" addressing an imaginary bell boy. "Have a porter make good fires in rooms 501, 502, and 503. They will be ready presently, gentlemen," he said without a smile, turning to us. Then coming from behind the counter he went to the wood box, loaded himself up with nearly a cord of hickory and staggered up-stairs.

"Well, I'll be—yes, I will, boys, if ever I saw the beat of this," Cusby exclaimed, when he had managed to catch his breath after blowing in all his wind in a mighty guffaw in which he didn't play a lone hand by any means.

"I believe the man's as crazy as a— as the pestilence that walketh in darkness," was Brown's comment.

"No, Josh, if he's off at all," I remarked, "he is simply a mild crank. It's a dead open and shut and I'll prove it. You fellows go to bed when you get ready and I'll stay up a little longer and talk to the fellow."

"I'll agree," said Josh, "that as soon as the night clerk announces that the bell boy has reported on the authority of the porter that my room is well warmed, I'll turn in, for I'm a bit done up."

"Same here," Gus agreed.

Within a quarter of an hour, the numerous individual alluded to descended the stairs, and having returned to his enclosure, declared with a straight face:

"The boy says your rooms are ready, gentlemen."

Thereupon Gus and Josh intimated that it was their fixed purpose and intention to go to bed that very moment. Upon which the night clerk struck the gong sharply.

"Front, show these gentlemen to 502 and 503," he said sternly. Then coming around he grabbed the grips and overcoats and ascended the stairs followed by my two friends.

I thought to start in on my man as soon as he returned to the office, but as I heard his foot on the stairs, the door opened and several other belated passengers entered. I could readily appreciate the call on the time and efforts of a man who filled as many offices as Pooh Bah, Lord High Everythingelse, and was content to sit before the big wood stove and smoke my cigar while the hotel man waltzed actively about in the performance of his many duties.

About twelve o'clock, everybody having been put properly to bed, he pulled a chair up alongside of mine, drew a corn-cob pipe from his pocket, and having filled and lighted it, tilted back on two legs of his chair and blew an enormous puff of smoke towards

the ceiling with a sigh of content.

"Tired?" I asked briefly.

"A little—not used to it, you know."

"You have more in the house than usual?"

"Yes. I rarely have more than three or four—sometimes none."

"Been here long?"

"Twelve years."

"Where before that?"

"Ran a hotel in Philadelphia—a big one."

"Why didn't you stay there?"

"See here!" he exclaimed sharply, and turning to look me over; "what's your business?"

"I'm a drummer."

"I knew it. You're a button-hole drummer, I take it."

"A what?"

"A button-hole drummer. You must be a button-hole man. It sticks out on you. You wouldn't snake onto a fellow and ask so many questions if you weren't a button-hole man."



"I beg pardon, old chap. Have a good cigar and drop that pipe. I didn't mean to be impertinent, but I was made unduly curious by the odd way you have of ordering yourself about as if you were a half a dozen different men and yourself were boss. I'm sorry if—"

"Don't mention it," he returned, somewhat appeased by my apology and cigar. "You're not the first man who has been struck by this peculiarity. I know it's unusual, but it has become a matter of habit. You see I've been in the hotel business, man and boy, for forty years. I've never lost money by it either."

"Still, I understood you to say you once ran a house in Philadelphia, a big one and—"

"Yes, that's so; and if I'd stuck to my business, I wouldn't be my own bell boy to-day. I don't mind telling you that I came to grief through monkeying with a Colorado silver mine."

"That's how it was?"

"Yes; you see it was this way. A man, in whom I had the utmost confidence, came to me and made a clear statement of the value of this mine he had got hold of. He showed me maps with red lines running this way and blue ones that. He produced chunks of ore full of silver, you know, and talked about so many ounces to the ton and that sort of thing. Then he said: 'Bob Flush' (that's me), 'I'll let you in on the ground floor of this deal for \$25,000.' That looked a low figure, Mr. Lang, when there was \$50,000 worth of ore in plain sight. Don't you think so?"

"Very cheap, I should say."

"Right on the ground floor, Flush," he said, "and in a few months you can close out your stock at an advance of several hundred per cent. if you don't want to hold it."

"I was convinced from the start. I got together all the money

I had or could raise, mortgaged my furniture and all that, and put it into that mine."

"And when you got it all in, you found there was no mine there."

"You're wrong there, Mr. Lang, there was a mine, and I was right in on the ground floor."

"Then the trouble was that there was no silver in the mine?"

"Oh, but there was. It's one of the best paying pieces of property in Colorado today."

"I don't understand then, if the mine was all right and you were in on the ground floor, as you say, how—"

"Yes, my friend, I was on the ground floor and the silver was there as claimed, but the trouble was here: there was another fellow in the cellar."

It was very hard for me to refrain from laughing at the old man, but I did, and after a bit said: "And that's how you came to lose the Philadelphia property?"

"Yes, that's how it happened. I saved enough from the wreck to buy out this house and here I am. I had very hard luck when I first came to Monkeymonk, did poorer business even than I am doing now. I used to sit behind that counter hour after hour alone, listening to the roar of the wind in the chimney and the falling of the embers in the grate. It was dull and melancholy enough. It was then I acquired the habit of talking aloud for company's sake, you know; and from that, being, as I have said, an old hotel man, I got into the way of ordering myself about in the fashion which strikes you as so singular. I would sing out: 'Front, 406 wants a pitcher of ice-water,' or 'Porter' get down the baggage from 78. He goes out by the 6:42.' Then it was: 'Here, boy, the gentleman in 112 wants a whisky cocktail and take this laundry to 87.' I used to talk this way when lonely and alone and in time acquired the habit of speaking the speech and acting out the parts of all the employes of a first-class house. Now it has become second nature and I do it whether I am alone or not. You understand the old man, my young friend?"

"Indeed, I do, and thank you for your explanation, Mr. Flush. My cigar is out and I think I'll turn in now, sir."

My friend got up briskly and went behind the counter.

"Like to go to your room, sir? Here, Front, show the gentleman to 501. Will you leave a call, sir?"

"Yes, 8:30."

"All right. Good night, sir."

Then poor old Flush came around from behind the counter, picked up my ulster and umbrella and preceded me to my room.

L. L. LANG.

Searching for Paradise.

"What are you reading so intently," asked one dead-broke of another.

"Temperance paper—don't bother me—'mlooking for the place."

"What place, say?"

"The article is headed 'Too much Beer,' and I want to find out where it is."

"A RICH MAIDEN LADY," sounds like a contradiction of adjectives or a paradox, but such cases exist, probably, to show the limitation of man's fascination, and rebuke the pride of the sex.

M. Freshmilque on the Reform Administration.

It may please you well, my friend, when I sling you the fact that M., the Administration, has like that humble Christopher, Admiral Columbus, made a voyage to discover! In the newspapers one reads that some Congress members "have not dealt fairly with the Administration, recommending unfit persons for office," whereby of which M. the Administration was deceived to make "some unsavory appointments;" that is to say in best English, appointments of which it is 'smell too loud,' or in yet other words, appointments of which the polecatness was too numerous!

M. Mackhowlay instructs me with very solemn assure that when the Administration achieved to found out that the Congress members tell not every times that of which the trueness is incredible, but at the contrary, express the occasional lies, he has made a discovery that afflicts one with the utter astoundishment! "I have known," says Mack, "well on to a million of these members, and you may take my word for it, every one of them rather than tell a lie, especially rather than tell a lie to get a simple-minded Administration to grind one of his private axes, would rather—rather—yes, my dear Freshmilque, bust me up with dynamite, if he wouldn't rather—rather! I know that your Chamber of Deputies isn't made up of such stern timber, but, of course, I don't blame you for it."

It is of no doubt that Mack is able to view into Americans' politic with a great profundure, for the Col. Wagonhorse permits himself to remark, "Oh, yes; Mack has all them things at his finger end of his toes." In effect, my friend Mack is distinguished for that which the newspapers call "broadness of view," a phrase to me a little obscure, but which, if I deceive not, means

"thickness of the head."

But another discovery? Well on an early morn one of these days, some little minutes in front of breakfast while that the Administration was shaving the side of his countenance in the cabinet shop, one of the marines steamed in through the door with a very new mule, and demanded: "Will we buy her?"

"Not already; dispatch for the mule doctor first, and let him investigate with some boards of Inquiry, or it may be better with a white oak slab."

Pretty fast the mule doctor arrived back with the head in a sling.

"Some good?" demanded the Administration.

"No good; screw loose in the heel—infernal loose in the heels."

Whereby the Administration stopped in the centre of the shave and kicked up with so great hallelujah that he went pretty close to cut the neck.

Then what passed, it was this: All the America is enroused in hearing of the screw loose! The Fellowcitizens held on their breath! The journals lash them with their tails each other in grand fury of excitement! The political men of Washington, Mack tells me, had such interest therein that they exhausted the legs of M. Willards in bringing to them the great deal liquor-drinks!

Republic also pure as it is also grand! Own we my friend that it has only but too much of true in that which the Colonel interrogated me with the sarcasm pretty little concealed: "Comez vous now, mon Frenchy, Confessez vous, would tout your mush-headed old despots out there, from Kaiser Bismarck down to Salisbury's Queen, or your dish of French Grevy, ever have the gumption to discover a screw loose?" Here the Colonel winked me with an eye and then go head again and remark: "By the way, Freshy, avez vous un loose quarter about you?"

FRESHMILQUE.



FIRST. COME, FIRST SERVED.

"Gosh blame it! Sum dishonest old nigger has been and completely skinned the chicken coop I was going to patronize myself! Now ise got to tote around and get acquainted with some other."



CAPTURED.

THE JUDGE.





Evans' and Hoey's "Parlor Match," which never fails to go off with a flash of applause, was struck in the Theatre Comique last week. Mr. Evans was the same irrepressible, limber-jointed, rubber-coated book agent as ever; while Mr. Hoey's solos on the clarinet and fagotto again convulsed the laughter-exhausted audiences. Miss Minnie French delighted everybody with her spoiled-child mannerisms. The success of "Parlor Match" is never "a scratch." Cora Tanner in "Alone in London," is on the board at 125th street this week.

The Salvini season recently ended was the most successful one, financially and popularly speaking, that the great tragedian has made in this city. The Metropolitan Opera House, which on account of its roominess is generally condemned for theatrical performances, afforded a suitable place for this great man and his great voice. In fact, the greatness of the house emphasized the greatness of the man. The possibilities of the vocal human machinery seem almost infinite when, without exertion, a man can fill every nook and cranny of such an immense room. As Salvini's voice thundered for more room, so his presence seemed almost crowded on the stage where men of greater stature than he were like pigmies. That the late company at the Metropolitan Opera House were little more than Lilliputians beside this histrionic Gulliver, is a matter of small moment. Actresses with Miss Viola Allen's virginal simplicity can be seen at half a dozen theatres for fifty cents.

There was another detail that Salvini was as indifferent about as about the quality of his support, viz: the appropriateness of his costumes. Fancy a victorious Moor, in the days of Oriental gorgeousness, wearing an ugly red and white mantle!

From Japanese legal absurdities to American fol-de-rol! So goes the mimic world upon our stage, which but exaggerates the fashion and prejudice of the real world, in which we are the actors. Manager Duff takes his "Mikado" to Chicago next week with the consent of the Doyle Carte forces. Mr. Nat. C. Goodwin opens at the Standard November 23, with the most profitable concern of its kind in the country—viz: a "Skating Rink."

Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Wallack's late English importation, is as *Mrs. Malaprop* says, "the very pineapple of politeness." Politeness is a good thing and a good deal of it is a better

thing, but it is not all that is necessary to make a successful leading man in a theatre that has ranked among the first in the Metropolis. That qualification, with its necessary complement, a graceful manner, is about the only recommendation which we discern in this favored young man. We should add, however, that he has negative attractions that are remarkable for their absence and presage future possibilities. He never rants, never rushes to the front of the stage and recites his little speech, but relates himself to the scene he is in. He has but few facial gymnastics and they are not grimaces. His mannerisms are limited, the most noticeable one being a certain hollow chuckle, which is a fair imitation of Irving when the latter attempted the jocular. In short, Mr. Bellew has not as yet shown any very strong points nor any obnoxiously bad ones.

There are but few intellectual chinks in the strongly-passionate structure of "Romeo and Juliet," but wherever there is one, Mary Anderson's cold light shines through. She cajoles her gruffy, old nurse with a keen intensity that is never present in the love scenes with *Romeo*. There is a purpose behind those pats, caresses and sobs which she uses to satisfy the approbateness of the nurse and obtain *Romeo's* message from her. Miss Anderson can think as well as many a greater artist, and she can pretend to feel, when the situation does not require that pretence shall approximate the real article.

This womanish wheedling of the garrulous nurse is the best thing in Mary Anderson's long-heralded *Juliet*. She is up to the latest requirements in grace, beauty and dress in the ball-room display; in fact, as we follow her slow, rhythmic undulations through the swaying, soothing, posing minuet, we feel that the minuet was made for Miss Anderson—or Miss Anderson was made for the minuet. But she does not thrill with love's ecstatic thrill when the electric message of *Romeo's* eyes is supposed to stir her very soul with its shock. She opens her

eyes, arches her penciled brows and displays her pretty teeth—this is all the effect that the new-born love for which she is willing to all but die, yea, to die rejoicingly, has upon this static maiden.

If a *Romeo* could be found who saw with an artist's eye and grew madly rapturous over white arms, long lines and clinging drapery, he might play *Romeo* to Miss Anderson's *Juliet* with more vitality than Mr. Forbes-Robertson's does. But if the *Romeos* are only men, as we believe Shakespeare intended them to be—for he makes his *Romeo* talk much like a man with a heart as well as a mind—either *Juliet's* warmth must kindle a responsive glow of erotic heat in them or their own genius supply their deficiency, otherwise all will be as tame and savorless as Mr. Robertson's *Romeo* is. He gathers no inspiration from his *Juliet*; and his genius—but this English commodity is too heavy for our American appreciation.

The balcony scene is picturesque and cool; while the interview in *Juliet's* chamber really made us shiver. In the portion scene there is a promise of something better—it is a transition from the passion to the mental realm and Miss Anderson is once more in her domain proper. She questions, doubts, fears, on to a frenzied climax of distorted vision. Here she is head and shoulders above the little lady around the corner who, in playing the same role, makes *Juliet* really see and feel the things that only feverish imagination suggests. Miss Anderson would be great in this test scene if it were not for her immobile features. She has to express a host of contending thoughts. Every thought casts its shadow on our features before it breathes upon our lips. Bed-chamber soliloquies are usually unguarded. Yet Miss Anderson wears the same inexpressive masque that we see when she tries to portray anything but the serene or wondering.

No, ETHELBERTA, you are mistaken in supposing that the Knights of Labor never work by day. Some of their best work against bosses, however, is night-work.

A HOME THRUST.



OLD BORE (late staver)—"You sit up pretty late here, don't you?"
YOUNG LADY—"Oh, when we are obliged to!"



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The destruction of the Andre monument, erected by Mr. Field on the site where that British spy was hung, is an event that Your Jury should take cognizance of. Not to punish the act of destruction, for that is the business of criminal courts, but to take action on the larger question of which the erection and destruction of this monument are evidences *pro* and *con*.

Your Jury will probably be put in possession of evidence sufficient to convince you that the Andre monument was taken by some ardent Americans as an expression of Anglo-mania carried to the point of disloyalty to America; that glorification of a British spy who justly lost his life for conspiring with the traitor, Benedict Arnold, for the overthrow of our independence by treachery, is the thing protested against by the three attempts on the monument.

Your Jury will thus have before you (1) a monument as a graven evidence of disloyalty to American nationality and (2) dynamite as a violent explosion of patriotic indignation. The whole chain of events should be used by Your Jury as a basis for a finding on the influence of British ideas in this country.

Your Jury will doubtless consult historical evidences in this inquest. Reading these, you will find that it was fifty years after the Declaration of Independence before this country was rid of the peril of British machinations and of the influence of English ideas and traditions among our own citizens. That thirty years after the Declaration the observance of that event as a national holiday had fallen into disuse with our leading citizens, and that bells which were rung in certain of our chief cities on the birth-day of the King of England were silent on the Fourth of July. That over half a century of national life had elapsed before all of our public men had given up hopes of our ultimate return to British allegiance. That our idiom, literature, manners, legislation, society, commercial relations and ideas were colonial, not national; more English than American, down to the election of Jackson. That in the war of 1812, there was a considerable faction in the states in treasonable correspondence with the enemy for a disruption of the Union and a return of a part of the states to British allegiance. That, in fine, it took fifty years after our national independence was acknowledged by foreign powers, to gain the same acknowledgment from our own wealthy and educated citizens, Americanize our institutions and policy,

and make the Declaration of Independence a fact.

Your Jury need not fail to find at this day legitimate successors of those American statesmen—of whom Randolph of Roanoke was an example—who believed that the British monarchy is a better form of government than the American Republic, and that everything American is inferior and to be despised. Randolph's sending his magazines to England to be bound is a spectacle that is repeated thousands of times to-day.

The influence of Anglo-mania as exhibited in the follies of the rich, is a matter that Your Jury will hardly take cognizance of, as it affects but few and they the least influential of our people. But if Your Jury should find that subservience to England infects our business affairs and even influences our national finances against the welfare and the peace and harmony of the whole country, that, Your Jury will agree, is a subject that demands the most energetic action of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion.

This Court is clearly of opinion that the effort on the part of Eastern capitalists and the national administration to reduce all financial transactions and all values of property to a gold basis is such an exhibition of financial Anglo-mania; fairly classifiable with the erection of a monument to a British spy and the historical un-American acts referred to. England is the great monometallic power and the effort to make our finances and business monometallic is an English, not an American policy. It is against the interests and wishes of the majority of our people and it threatens as serious results as has all former conduct of our affairs upon an English basis. If our English-connected capitalists through their influence with the administration succeed in erecting the national banking system into a golden monument to British influence, Your Jury may well anticipate the possibility of an explosive response from a people incited alike by depressed prosperity and insulted patriotism. This court does not undertake to predict events, but it is a part of the peculiar province of the Jury of Public Opinion to try to anticipate and prevent impending evils as well as to correct those actually present.

The evils of the gold standard Anglo-mania, Your Jury will find, are actually present. The effect of that policy is seen in the constant shrinkage of values in nearly all commodities, property and wages. As previously pointed out in our charge to Your Jury, the peculiar danger is that this may become a sectional issue and array the East against the West and South in a peace-disturbing controversy, by the side of which the explosion under the Andre monument shall have been but as a signal shot is to an earthquake.

While there can be no doubt as to the result of such a disturbance—the nation being guided by the patriotic and courageous counsels of Your Jury—the use of national financial dynamite had better be avoided, if possible. To that end, this Court suggests, as one measure of prevention, a finding by Your Jury in favor of *continuing silver coinage and the adoption of bimetalism* as a permanent American policy.

C. E. B.

THE JEWS OF THE world numbered 6,377,602 last June, according to statistics gathered by the Geographical Society of Marseilles. We estimate their numbers at over ten millions by the time this reaches the alarmed reader's eye.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM BOARDING SCHOOL.

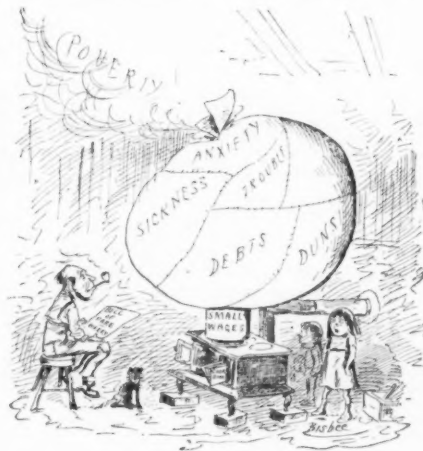
Three little maids from boarding school;
Mashing, mashing as a rule.
Those little maids as sweet 's can be,
Understand the rule of three.
One little maid has caught on. Two
Little maids skip along the tra la lo.

Two little maids from boarding school;
Mashing, mashing as a rule.
Those little maids know how 'tis done;
They're divided; now there's one
Left alone upon the street,
Anxious some rare dude to meet.

One little maid from boarding school;
Mashing, mashing as a rule.
She's hooked on; the city pave
Now is quiet, silent, save
Echoing laughter, *chic* and gay.
From oyster parlor 'cross the way.

KEL.

POOR OUTLOOK FOR THANKSGIVING.



A POOR MAN'S PUDDING.

Led Astray.

"Yes, I know I've been a hard man all my life," owned up the convict as he sat in the prison office. "but I was brought up in the way I should go."

"What has brought you to this, then?"
"I didn't go that way."



UNBOUNDED FAITH.

JOHNSON LOOSECLOTHES—"Why, why in thunder have you got an umbrella and rubbers and all that business. It ain't raining, man."

SMITHSONIAN—"Ain't raining? That's humbug! Why, the "Herald" said that it would rain to-day."



WHY THEY DEMORALIZE (IRISH) LABOR.

Mrs. McGOONIGAL (Celtic washerwoman)—“ An' sure-it's the Choinaise as have entoirely demoralized me business.”
 GREAT LOCAL STATESMAN (gathering points)—“ But the Haythens do foine wurruk, Mrs. McGoonigal.”
 Mrs. McG.—“ Och, begorra! It's foine wurruk, is it? An' don't yez think that's plinty enough to demoralize any dacent Irish washerlady?”

How to Build Character.

We've had plenty of “ plain talks to young men ” from pulpit, press and stump. Let's hear the plane talk to them at the work bench, and hammer in some things such as their regular mentors never saw. It would be a deal better if boys tried to compass a square day's work up to a chalk line, rather than up to “ high ideals ” that don't make a joint with the duties of life.

YOUNG WOMEN are investing in Florida orange-lands, it is said. Possessing a bearing orange-orchard any girl, be she ever so homely, ought to be able soon to bear orange blossoms herself.

The Ideal and the Real.

This is what ran through the audience when Nanki-Poo kissed Yum-Yum :
 “ Oh, what a beautiful scene; and how they are enjoying their Heaven of bliss.”
 This is what Yum-Yum said to Nanki-Poo :
 “ Onions and beer again; kiss me on the ear or I'll have you fined, you brute.”

IT IS REPORTED that Lily Langtry will invade this unhappy country again. Solomon in all his glory was not a raid like Lily, who toils not and spins webs for rich elderly fools.

THE STARVING DEMOCRACY.

AFTER THE 23D PSALM. (CENTURIES AFTER.)

If Grover'd only let the bars of Civil Service down,
 So that his sheep outside the fold—where al is sere
 and brown,
 Might enter Office Pasture green—so wondrous fair
 to see,
 And revel in its verdant sweets,—how happy they
 would be.

But Cleveland shows his glad desire to “ feed his
 lambs ” with “ pap,”
 And when they bleat for sustenance, don't seem to
 care a rap;
 But watches o'er the mutton of the Radicals who
 lie
 Beside the clear, “ still waters,” with a fond, pro-
 tecting eye.

So now the Bourbon sheeplets think their Presi-
 dent's N. G.,
 Because at his election they assured themselves in
 glee,
 That soon the fat Republicans from office would
 avault,—
 But he's proved a faithless “ shepherd,” for he
 lets his lambkins want!

EBENEZER FRESHQUILL.

An Honest Murder.

“ Divine Lucretia,” said the Slimmest of
 all Slims, kneeling to the cold and satirical
 Belle of Newport. “ I love you to distrac-
 tion, to madness. Will not my life's devo-
 tion touch your heart?”
 The music of the Belle's tongue was silent.
 “ Woe is me!” said S. “ Have I come to
 the river of beauty, and must I die of thirst
 upon its bank? Lovely murderer!”
 “ Nay, nay,” a shadow of a smile passed
 over the Belle's face. “ I cannot murder
 you.”
 “ Heaven reward you for that word of
 pity,” cried S., pressing the Belle's hand in
 his too closely.
 “ Nay,” said the Belle, frowning. “ I
 said I cannot murder you. For you are so
 thin that I should have to kill five such men
 as you to make one honest murder.”

WILLIAM WASHBURN.

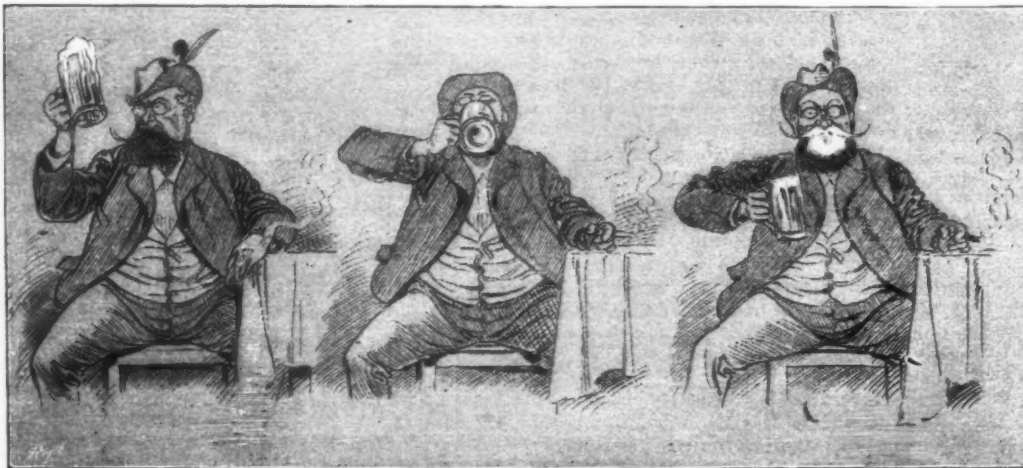
At the Art Exhibition.

Rev. Mr Sniggins (looking
 at picture)—“ Ruins always
 speak of desolation. What
 calls up sadder thoughts, Bro.
 Sloper, than the contempla-
 tion of ruins where once all
 was life and gayety. But how
 much more sadd'ning is the
 contemplation of a ruined
 life, where the manhood has
 all been eliminated and only
 the beast remains.”

Mr. Sloper—“ Very true,
 Bro. Sniggins, very true. I
 saw any number of them old,
 ruined *Chapeaux* when I was
 in Europe, and they made
 me sick.” H. A. B.

—:0:—

THE STEAD-FATEST jour-
 nal of the day is undoubt-
 edly the *Pall Mall Gazette*.



THE PROOF OF THE BEER IS IN THE BEARD.

[Fliegende Blaetter.

T'WAS EVER THUS.

The winter days are near at hand
When silently through all the land
The snow will fall;
Its dazzling whiteness all around
Will drift above the frozen ground,
Deep over all.

Then the young lover haste will make,
And in a narrow cutter take
His girl to ride:
And she will laugh, blithe and jocose,
Beneath the buffalo snuggled close
Up to his side.

Meanwhile at home his aged fath-
Er will, to shovel out a path
The drifts attack;
And while Love holds the youth in thrall
The poor old man at home will al-
Most break his back.
[Somerville Journal.]

PUBLICATIONS.

"Conspiracy." A Cuban Romance. By Gen. Adam Badeau. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, extra, \$1.25. "Conspiracy" is a novel whose scenes are laid partly in Cuba, and partly in Washington. It treats of Cuban society, of the last great Insurrection, of the brigandage and plots of to-day, of the details of Spanish Diplomacy on one side; and on the other of the highest officials in America, the social life of Washington, the machinations of clerks and subordinates, the wheels within wheels of American politics at the Capital. Gen. Badeau is known as a literary man and this work is his latest effort. It is certain to attract attention and criticism. It will be published simultaneously in England and America by R. Worthington.

N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual for 1885 contains a carefully prepared list of all periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by states in geographical sections, and by towns in alphabetical order. Also complete lists of all the religious and agricultural periodicals, of medical, commercial, scientific, educational, or any other of the class publications as well as all publications printed in foreign languages can be obtained from it. It is unequalled for fullness, correctness, compactness of statement, variety and value of contents and freedom from favoritism or prejudice. Price, \$3.00, carriage paid. Philadelphia, Pa.

OYES! OYES!

It is not this playing at billiards
That tires a man most to death;
But it's bringing up coal from the cellar
That takes away his last breath.
And it is not the base-ball's fierce pitching
That will knock him all of a heap;
But it's sawing a few sticks of green wood
That will give him a grave long and deep.
And it's not through the midnight's carousal
That so many give up the strife,
But it's walking the floor with baby
Deprives a poor fellow of life.

[Goodall's Sun.]

"Ballet girls are seldom met in society," says a society correspondent. This is doubtless true. We see less of them off the stage than on.—[Boston Courier.]

Commissioner Squire notifies the Mayor of New York that he will need in his department this year at least \$2,000,000 more than

he has been allowed by the Board of Estimate. Great Scot! He intends to charge for his poetry on Grant.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

President Cleveland is the babies' best friend. He declines to kiss them

[Boston Evening Record.]

"The triple Alliance," in which Emperor Francis Joseph is interested, is not a circus, although the title has been used for big shows.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Jay Gould hasn't tasted whiskey for over twenty-five years, but when it comes to the use of water St. John isn't a circumstance.

[Newman Independent.]

Wisconsin has a preacher with a foot twenty inches long, says an exchange. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings."

[Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

The Egyptian obelisk in New York Central Park is being treated to "a coat of paraffine" to protect it from the rigors of our Arctic winters. We should think it would also need a paraffine trowsers.

[Norristown Herald.]

First Farmer—"These incendiary fires are getting to be altogether too numerous around here for comfort. Farmer Hanford's barn narrowly escaped destruction last night." Second Farmer—"You don't say?" First Farmer—"Yes, when I passed there this morning I saw the incendiaries had been at work." Second Farmer—"Did they burn anything valuable?" First Farmer—"Only the house."—[Tid Bits.]

"Sullivan is a daisy, I tell you," ejaculated the sporting editor. "Well, I don't know about his being a daisy," was the snake editor's reply, "but I have noticed his flowery abilities, lately." "How?" "You know he is making statuesque 'poses' now." And the snake editor dodged the chair which was making for his cranium at a dizzy velocity.—[Pittsburgh Chronicle.]

Stranger—"Don't you want to hire a man?" Coal Dealer—"Well, I want a weigher. Have you any references?" S.—"Sorry to say I haven't; but it is not easy for a man who has been in my business to obtain references." C. D.—"What business have you been in?" S.—"I'll be honest with you; I've been a pugilist, but I've retired from the business. I was champion of the light weights." C. D.—"Champion of the light weights? You're the very man I want. Come in."—[Boston Courier.]

"I prefer a charge of burglary and arson against this man," said the prosecuting attorney.

"Well," sighed the unlucky prisoner, soto voce, "I suppose it is all a matter of taste, but for my part I should prefer a much less serious charge than that."

And the judge gave him thirty years.

[Somerville Journal.]

Maud and her George were in the parlor, and Maud's father—who, by the way, is down on the Muwumps—was laying down his political tenets to Maud's George:

"I tell you," he exclaimed, "the Democratic and Republican parties embody all there is of wisdom in party management. We don't want any third party here."

"That is it precisely, papa," replied Maud; "a third party is a nuisance anywhere."

Maud's father counted noses, concluded he was the Mugwump and withdrew from the field.—[Binghamton Republican.]

SEASONABLE RHYMES.

Let Winter Come.

Let gloomy winter when it will begin,
And biting Boreas blow his bitter blast;
The plants are safely housed, the coal is in,
The stove is up, the ulster's out at last.

The Fault is in the Gun, of Course.

'Tis now the modern Winkle seeks for game
Where piping quail and frisky rabbits run,
And at each shot in wonder doth exclaim;
"What! missed again? What ails the pesky gun?"

So Far so Good.

Gay Corydon no longer Phyllis courts,
In scented lane or foliaceous wood;
He to the pleasant parlor now resorts,
And there arriving says, "Sofa so good,"

[Boston Courier.]

CHURCH TALK.

The man who pays the highest pew-rent doesn't always get the finest crown.

The steeple of the church points toward heaven, but it never gets there.

It isn't the loudest amen that is heard the plainest in Heaven.

Fine clothes cannot cover up the heart.

The Lord never inquires how much money the lady in the middle row paid for her bonnet.

The choir is not beyond the hope of salvation.

The penny of the poor man doesn't take up as much space on the plate as the dollar of the rich man, but it counts for as much.

St. Peter at the gate never asks an applicant for admission, what church he belongs to.

The preacher must preach with something more than his mouth.

They take up a collection of money every Sunday, but they seldom think of taking up a collection of religion.

The devil is the architect of a fashionable church.

Sunday religion is cut bias.

Religion of the heart is a beautiful thing, but if it does not extend to the pocket book, and out to the ends of the fingers, it is a useless adjunct.

A great many prayers are too weak to force their way through the roof of the church.

Carpeted floors and cushioned pews are not necessary to salvation.

[Merchant Traveler.]

THE MODERN SHAKSPERE.

"Hoopla, Henrico, but I've found me niche!"

"To find an itch is omen of a scratch."

"Which tooth and nail I'll give thee Scaramouche, an' thou dost cross me speech with levity. I say again, I've certes found me niche!"

"Then I do fitly quote thee, 'there's the rub.'"

"Not cute thy hint tho' quite cutaneous. Me phrase is kin to other meaning, boy. I've found the groove that booms me on to fame and chimes me future with the chink of gold. Two lessons at the water color school have proved me adept in the school of art, and I will make the bald spots o' the earth reek with me pigments."

"Shout 'Eureka,' then."

"I do, Henrico, an' I tell thee, boy, when once me brush sets chronic i' me grip, the ghost of Zeuxis will with envy creep, and fame of these old masters will go down

beneath the blazing madders I'll lay on."

"There ne'er rose madder crank in folly's realm, and I do pity now thy household, girl. Thy flush conceit thou'lt dip in prismatic tints, and, loading up thy mania with the same, thou'lt spatter all the chattels with the flood. Walls, window-curtains, bedsteads, panels, trunks, pans, kettles, bread-boards, wash-tubs, and the like, thou wilt dedizen with thy palette's gore and florid poppys, jaundiced marigolds, and such will ooze their ochre and brick-red from every cranny i' thy bailiwick. Oh, I have waded through this deluge, child! I have two sisters that have schooled a week at Count Daubins's i' the market place, and they have frescoed all our firmament, and flecked the walls with erysipelas, nor stayed their pigment-reeking camel's hair till bald pate of me grandsire they'd veneered with sunflower featured like a mustard-draft. Go to, Andromeda, thou'rt not too to! Affix thy genius i' some other groove, for Xerxes-host of mushroom Angelos will so complexion earth with piebald scars that grim Nemesis will attend their trail and sweep them headlong i' the broiling Styx."

[Yonkers Gazette.]

THE DIFFERENCE.

Behold, two friends go forth to-day;

Both are on pleasure bent;

One to the beach to take his way,

To watch the waves toss high their spray,

The other through the town to stray

To "see the elephant."

Now, what's the difference twixt the two?

The answer comes with ease.

'Tis simply this: One sees the sights,

The other sights the seas.

[Boston Courier.]

BILL NYE ON THE EARTH.

The earth is that body in the solar system which most of my readers now reside upon, and which some of them, I regret to say, modestly desire to own and control, forgetting that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. Some men do not care who owns the earth so long as they get the fullness.

The earth is 500,000,000 years of age, ac-

ording to Prof. Proctor, but she doesn't look it to me. The duke of Argyll maintains that she is 10,000,000 years old last August, but what does an ordinary duke know about these things? So far as I am concerned I will put Proctor's memory against that of any low-priced duke that I have ever seen.

Newton claimed that the earth would gradually dry up and become porous, and that water would at last become a curiosity. Many believe this and are rapidly preparing their systems by a rigid course of treatment, so that they can live for years without the use of water internally or externally.

Other scientists who have set up nights to monkey with the solar system, and thereby shattered their nervous systems, claim that the earth is getting top heavy at the North pole, and that one of these days while we are thinking of something else, the great weight of accumulated ice, snow, and the vast accumulation of second-hand arctic relief expeditions, will jerk the earth out of its present position with so much spontaneity, and in such an extremely forthwith manner, that many people will be permanently strabismussed and much bric-a-brac will be for sale at a great sacrifice. This may or may not be true. I have not been up in the arctic regions to investigate its truth or falsity, though there seems to be a growing sentiment throughout the country in favor of my going. A great many people during the past year have written me and given me their consent.

If I could take about twenty good, picked men and go up there for the summer instead of bringing back twenty picked men I wouldn't mind the trip, and I feel that we really ought to have a larger colony on ice in that region than we have now.

The earth is composed of land and water. Some of the water has large chunks of ice in it. The earth revolves around its own axle once in twenty-four hours, though it seems to revolve faster than that and to wobble a good deal during the holidays. Nothing tickles the earth more than to confuse a man when he is coming home late at night, and then to rise up suddenly and hit him in the back with a town lot. People who think there is no fun or relaxation among the heavenly bodies certainly have not studied their habits. Even the moon is a humorist.

A friend of mine who was returning late at night from a regular meeting of the Society for the Amelioration of the Hot Scotch said that the earth rose up suddenly in front of him and hit him with a right of way, and as he was about to rise up again he was stunned by a terrific blow between the shoulder blades with an old land grant that he thought had lapsed years ago. When he staggered to his feet he found that the moon, in order to add to his confusion, had gone down in front of him and risen again behind him, with her thumb on her nose.

So I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that if you do not think that

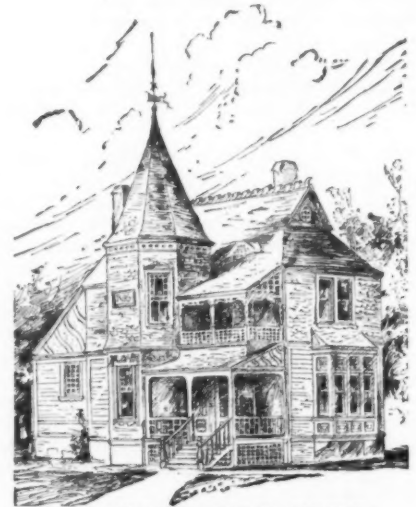
planets and orbs and one thing and another have fun on the quiet, you are grossly ignorant of their habits.

The earth is about half way between Mercury and Saturn in the matter of density. Mercury is about the specific gravity of iron, while that of Saturn corresponds with that of cork in the matter of density and specific gravity. The earth, of course, does not compare with Mercury in the matter of solidity, yet it is amply firm for all practical purposes. A negro who fell out of the tower of a twelve-story building while trying to clean the upper window by drinking a quart of alcohol and then breathing hard on the glass, says that he regards the earth as perfectly solid and safe to do business on for years to come. He claims that those who maintain that the earth's crust is only 2,500 miles in thickness have not thoroughly tested the matter by a system of practical experiments.

The poles of the earth are merely imaginary. I hate to print this statement in a large paper in such a way as to injure the reputation of great writers on this subject who still cling to the theory that the earth revolves upon large poles and that the aurora

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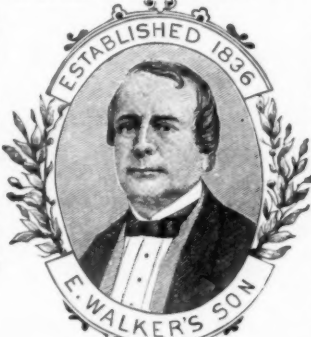
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borealis is but the reflection from a hot box at the north pole, but I am here to tell the truth, and if my readers think it disagreeable to read the truth, what must my anguish be to have to tell it? The mean diameter of the earth is 7,916 English statute miles, but the actual diameter from pole to pole is a still meaner diameter, being 7,899 miles, while the Equatorial diameter is 7,925 1-2 miles.

The long and patient struggle of our earnest and tireless geographers and savants in past years in order to obtain these figures and have them exact, few can fully realize. The long and thankless job of measuring the diameter of the earth, no matter what the weather might be, away from home and friends, foot-sore and weary, still plodding on, fatigued but determined to know the mean diameter of the earth, even if it took a leg, measuring on for thousands of weary miles and getting farther and farther away from home and then forgetting, perhaps, how many thousand miles they had gone, and being compelled to go back and measure it over again while their noses got red and their fingers were benumbed. These, fellow citizens, are a few of the sacrifices that science has made on our behalf in order that we may not grow up in ignorance. These are a few of the blessed privileges, which, along with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are ours—ours to anticipate, ours to participate, ours to precipitate.

HIS HONOR AND BIJAH.

As his Honor was signing the warrants and making ready to open court, a voice from the corridor was heard singing:

"I'm called Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup—I—ah."

"That's a remarkably sweet voice," he observed to Bijah.

"Too sweet for anything," replied the old man.

"Must be some light-hearted but unfortunate female."

"Yes, she is."
"Poor girl! Perhaps it is not her fault. You may bring her out and I'll speak kindly to her. Who can tell how much one kind word may encourage her?"

Bijah had a grin on his face as he disappeared, and the reason for it was plain as he returned with Mrs. Danforth. She was a woman of 50. She weighed nearly 200 pounds. Her hair was down, her dress badly torn, and the smell of strong drink was there in several different fall and winter styles.

His Honor looked at her in amazement, and he flushed like a rose as Bijah remarked:

"Here is the poor girl who was singing, sir!"

"You bet it is!" added the prisoner.

"Say, Judge, you've got me again."

"I see."
"I was drunk last night, and you needn't waste any time trying to prove it."

"You were here a few weeks ago!"

"I was that, and you said if I came again I'd get sixty days. Here I am!"

"Well, I'll make it four months. Perhaps you'll have less talk in you when you when you come out."

"All right, Judge—a-l-l right! Good-bye, everybody."

"And I'm called Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup—"

[Detroit Free Press.]

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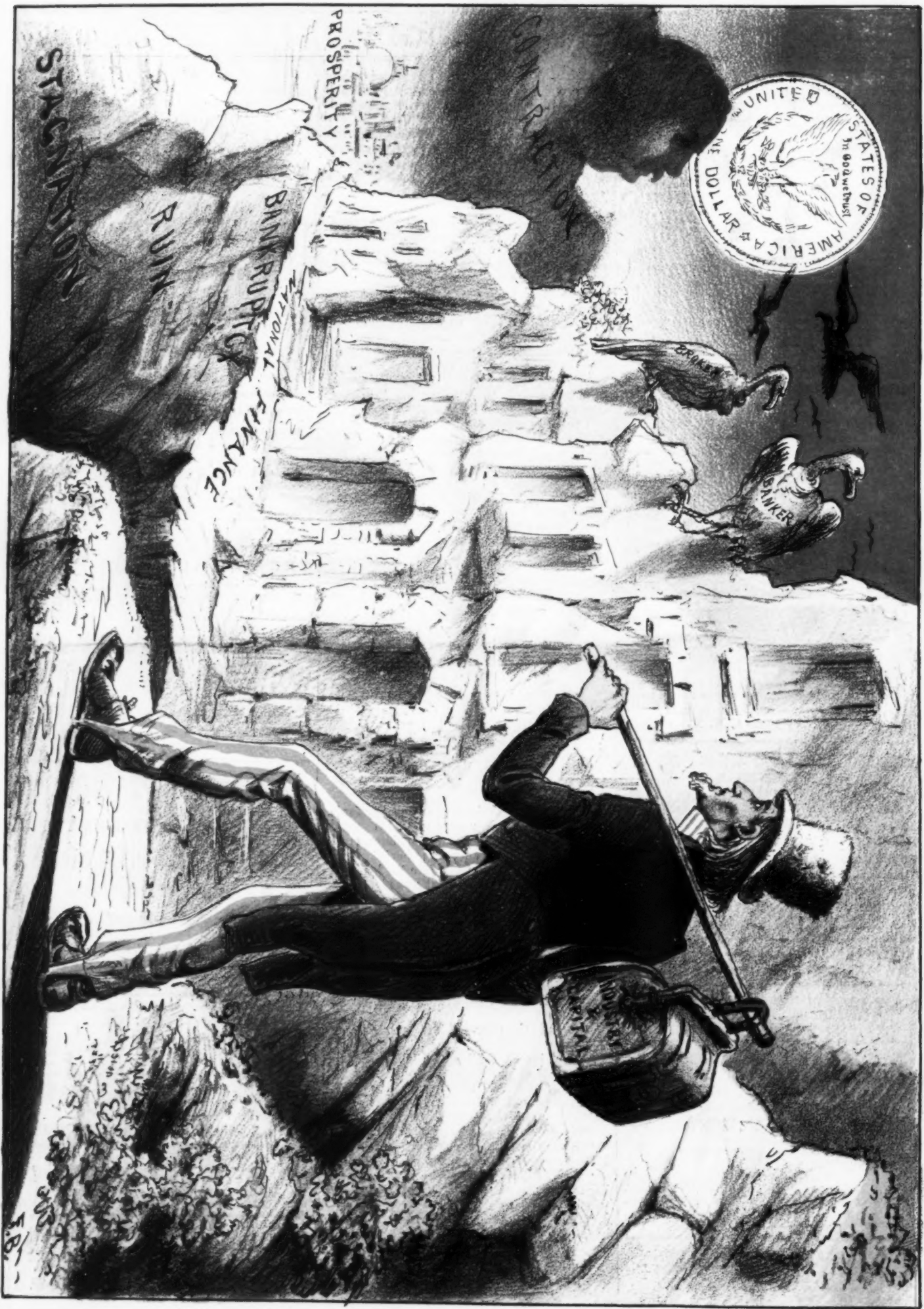
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