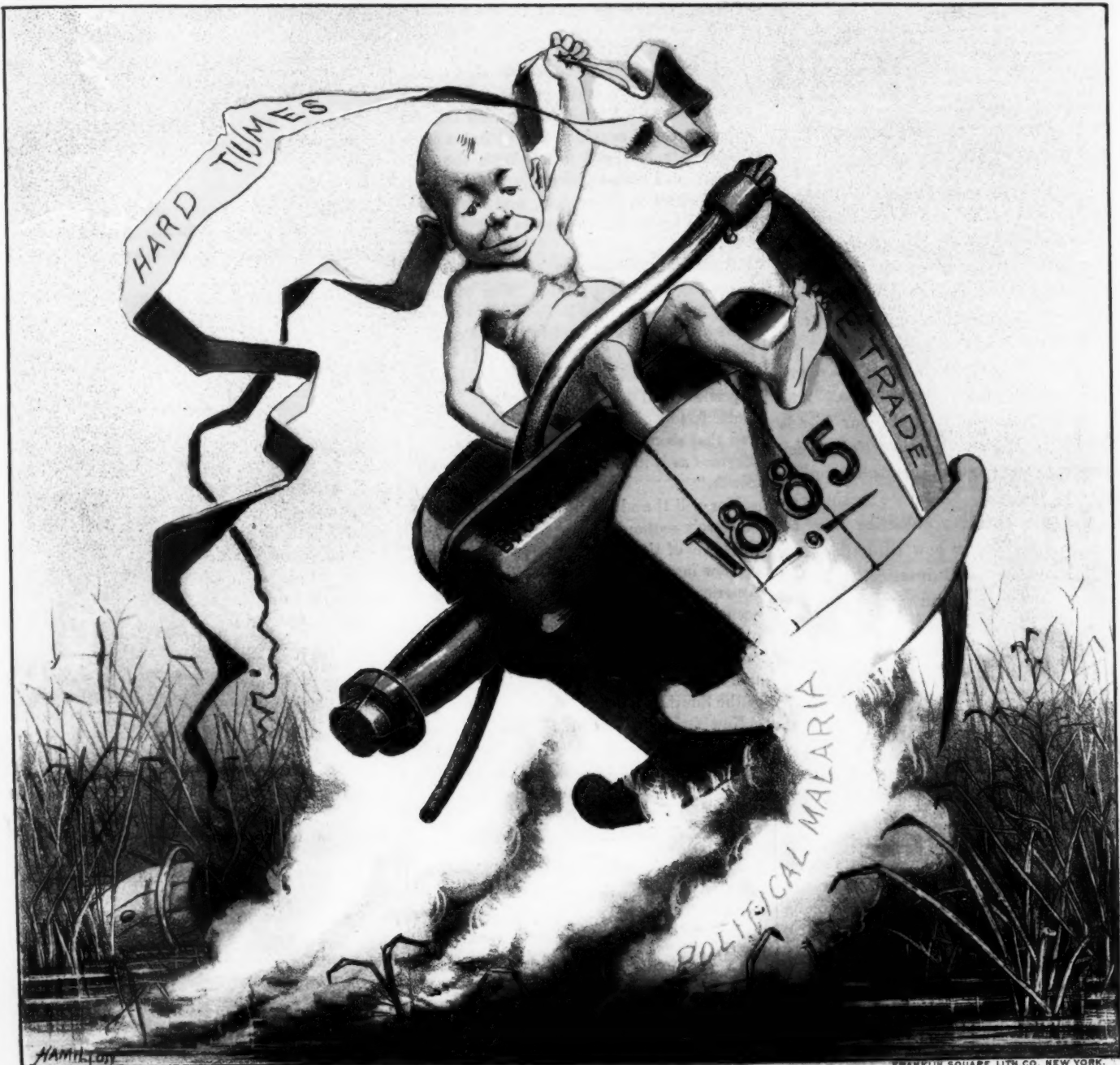


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A MALARIAL PRODUCTION.
BIRTH OF A DEMOCRATIC YEAR.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



THE JUDGE.

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WITH THE NEW YEAR,

WE beg to call our readers' attention to the rapid and marked improvement exhibited in *THE JUDGE*, both in cartoons and in letter press, during the past year. This improvement, we intend, shall continue until no room for improvement is left; for we are determined to make *THE JUDGE* the BEST COMIC ILLUSTRATED PAPER ever published in America, and to keep it so. With the close of the year many of our friends' subscriptions expire. We respectfully solicit a renewal from our old friends, and orders from our new ones—for we are making new friends every week. Subscribe now for 1885, and no matter how hard times are, it will be money well invested. A good laugh is often better than money, and that (the laugh, not the money) we can promise you fifty-two times a year.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

LOUISIANA in particular, and the South in general, are to be congratulated on the auspicious and successful opening of the great exhibition at New Orleans.

Louisiana will receive many callers this year, and nearly all of them will leave something behind more substantial than the flimsy paste-board of the average New Year's caller. The exposition will give a mighty impetus to the trade and manufactures of the South.

Visitors, on the other hand, will take away with them much that will give them food for reflection. The South, torn by

faction and racked by politics and race-conflicts, has not seemed a very desirable place to the outside world for many years past. The New Orleans exposition will give a gigantic advertisement to the fact that of late there has been a more healthy feeling springing up south of Mason and Dixon's line; it will show the world that the southern states have done much to develop their immense resources of late years, and are willing to do more. It will convince the world of the tangibility and reality and value of these resources, and it will set the world a thinking. The South has needed just such an advertisement as this for many years, and now it is just in the position to profit by it.

For what the South especially needs is emigration and capital—capital especially. The exhibition of her products and the fruits of her enterprise, as exemplified at this world's fair, will do much to attract both. Many representatives of capital will visit New Orleans during the next few months. They will see and judge for themselves. Capital is always seeking new avenues for employment. A visit to the New Orleans exposition will convince many that a good field exists in the South. With the conviction will come investors, speculators, manufacturers and traders, and with their advent a new era of prosperity will dawn for the South.

And with this prosperity will come enlightenment and education. Men of enterprise are never hide-bound. They bring their own ideas, and modify them according to the demands of the situation in which they find themselves. We believe that this exposition will do much to knock the Democratic fetters off the limbs of thinking men, and that soon we shall have no such political disgrace as is implied in the words "a Solid South."

Nor will the advantage of this exhibition be merely sectional. It will help to extend the trade of the whole country. It will open up new markets—especially with the South American republics, which have hitherto been practically closed to American enterprise; and it will give a fair showing, alongside of foreign nations, to American products and manufactures, more especially to those of the South.

New Orleans deserves all possible credit for the energy with which she has pushed the enterprise to a conclusion that so fairly promises such eminent success.

THE SPANISH TREATY.

MUCH has been said and written about the new treaty with Spain, and so far the project seems to have met with unqualified disapprobation from all parties most concerned. However, we must expect to be confronted with much treaty-making and legislation of a similar nature during the next four years, so we may as well make up our minds to it first as last.

It is the entering of the free-trade wedge, and how far that wedge will be able to split up our national prosperity, is a question time alone can answer. At present, the principal opposition to the treaty comes from the tobacco interest, which is menaced with a competition, on almost equal terms, with the servile labor of Cuba. At the price which labor commands in this country, competition with Cuba in the manufacture of cigars would become, under removed or seriously reduced duties, practically impossible. An enormous industry, which employs hundreds of thousands of laborers, both men, women, and children, and in which millions of capital are embarked, is thus, at a stroke, threatened with annihilation.

The sugar trade is menaced also, though the result in that case would not be so sweeping, as a much smaller percentage of the total cost of sugar production is paid for labor. Nor is the same amount of public interest, for that very reason, felt in the sugar market. As the old toper remarks—"What's the good of cheapening sugar. The saloons throw that in free."

Decidedly, the cigar factories and the tobacco interests generally are most directly threatened by this adroit attempt, on the part of the Spaniard, to pull the wool over Uncle Sam's eyes. But apart from tobacco, and sugar also, there is another great commercial interest, paramount in some sections, concerning which little has been said during this discussion, and which is now threatened very seriously. This is the production of crude iron. At no time has this industry been very well protected from Cuban competition, and any lessening of the duty would be most disastrous. Even now, protected by a duty of from fifty to seventy-five cents a ton, many mines cannot be worked at a profit, and in New Jersey the railroads are daily carrying quantities of imported iron ore past once productive but now disused mines. As long as labor can be obtained in Cuba at from thirty-five cents a day down, so long will it be impossible to meet Cuban competition on equal terms here.

This Spanish treaty, even in the prospect of it, will be likely to give the Democrats all the free trade they will want for some time; and were it not for the suffering entailed on innocent workingmen, *THE JUDGE* would be inclined to say, "go ahead, and find out how you like it."

There are some people who never can be taught anything, except by experience.

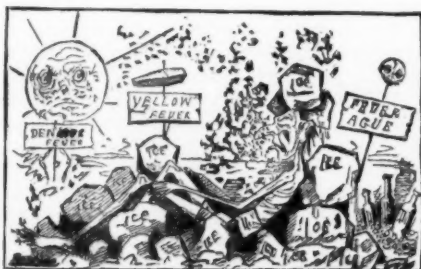
THE DEMOCRATIC NEW YEAR.

THIS year of grace, eighteen-hundred and eighty-five, which is just about to dawn upon us, promises to be remarkable for many things; but in no way will it be more memorable than for the sweeping change it will inaugurate in the government of this country. *THE JUDGE* is free to confess that he contemplates this change with misgiving—he does not like the political outlook which

the new year presents. It will be an experiment to start with, and the prosperity and well-being of a great nation is too serious a matter for a 'prentice hand. The 'prentice hand *may* turn out to be good workman, but then, on the other hand, he may not, and assuredly the weight of probability is in favor of the latter assumption. Cleveland may make a good enough President, but we must remember that he has had little experience, that he never served a term in a deliberative or legislative body in his life, and that he has reached his present position without undergoing any of the previous training through which other Presidents have passed. Still, he may make a good President, though we have no more right to expect that he will, than we have to assume that a man who has never been in the water is a good swimmer. Indeed, with regard to Federal politics, Cleveland is much in the position of the gentleman who was asked if he could play on the violin, and ingenuously answered, "I don't know, I never tried."

But worse even than Cleveland is the party which has carried him in, and which comes in with him; the party which went out of power fighting for the continuance of slavery, and which comes back fighting for pauper labor. Already we see the various moves looking to free trade; already we feel the pressure of hard times which the prospect of Democratic rule has invited. Timid capital withdraws from many enterprises; mines are closed, mills are shut down, thousands of workmen are thrown out of employment all over the country. All this is the price we are paying for Bourbonism, Demagoguery and the rule of rings. In sooth, Democracy should feel flattered at the price some of the voters of this country have been willing to pay for the privilege of electing Grover Cleveland.

It is useless now for workingmen to grumble over half time and reduced wages, or no wages at all. It is useless for manufacturers to cast longing eyes backward to the comparatively good times of a few months ago. They have made their bed, and must lie on it. We can only take consolation from the fact that, however long they may seem in passing, four years are but as a moment in the history of a nation, and unless all signs fail, the disastrous experiment of 1884 will not soon be repeated.



GETTING ACCLIMATED.



BEAUTIES OF THE OCLAWAHA.
No northern dudes admitted.

The Republican's Litany.

From the evil and mischief, vain glory, and sin,
That surely must follow when Democrats win,
Good Lord, deliver us!

From Free Trade, conspiracy, whiskey, and gin,
And all the dread horrors to which they are kin,
Good Lord, deliver us!

From fraud, and from Ku Klux, from murder and
crime,
Which we hear of so oft from the South's sunny
clime,
Good Lord, deliver us!

From the copperhead party, who don't care a pin
For the good of the country, but only for "tin,"
Good Lord, deliver us!

From the hands of this party, the Solid South's tool,
And another four years of Democracy's rule,
Good Lord, deliver us!

For the twenty-four years of Republican weal,
When we stood by the nation as steadfast as steel,
We thank thee, good Lord.

For the country's prosperity under our sway,
For protecting Home Industries up to this day,
We thank thee, good Lord.

When the battle is fought again in eighty-eight,
Oh help us to win, for the good of the state,
We beseech thee, good Lord.

HELEN THORNE.



FOR OMAHA BY MULE POWER.

"I LOVE the ground she treads upon." Sounds fresh, doesn't it? But perhaps there is more of frankness than folly in the western young man's confession when it is remembered that she lives (and presumably treads) on a six-hundred and forty acre farm and owns every acre of it.

No doubt the child who hunts a slipper, and the man who drives a bargain, may be harmless people enough, but should not the Humane Society take notice of the epicure who smacks his lips, the cook who beats an egg, and the invalid who kicks the bucket? And what does an honest man think of the fashionable lady who bones her corsets, steals her petticoats, and cribs her children?

"Jef. Joslyn" on Abstraction.

I ONCE knew of a man (a common fellow, with no social standing, however), who was subject to pensive fits of abstraction. Some times, when he became unusually pensive, he would abstract everything he could get his hands on,—i. e. that wasn't red-hot, or nailed.

One day, while in a very bad fit, he abstracted another person's watch and chain from his fob-pocket. The wearer (or abstractee) happened to realize the situation, and "his pensive nibs," (the abstractor), now has a very bad fit of zebra striped clothing up in Sing Sing.

MORAL:—"Pensive fits of abstraction" are only permissible in those leading members of society, bank cashiers,—when the money-vaults are full of negotiable securities, and the Canada line is conveniently near!



A PERSONAL OVERHAULING.

The Dash of Lemon in the Matrimonial Cocktail.

MR. ADOLPHUS McILVAINE, and Miss Imogene Brown loved each other very dearly—or thought they did, and were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. For one brief year they were happy and their bliss was unalloyed.

Their flat was rather diminutive, but their wants were correspondingly small, and they got on well enough until there arrived on the scene, one snowy diabolical night, a specimen of infantile humanity that in popular parlance is called a baby.

After this their apartment commenced to shrink, and their wants to grow more and more numerous.

They soon found that they hadn't enough of anything, excepting "baby." Of that they had a sufficient quantity.

It (the baby) pervaded the entire place. Go where you would, you could not escape it. The bric-a-brac table was usually adorned with a cup of catnip tea, and there was always a bottle or two on the piano. Baby clothes were scattered over the best plush sofa, and chairs, and colic, and safety pins and yells were everywhere. As for Adolphus, he found no rest for the sole of his foot, day or night. He went to business early, and came home late, and thereby escaped a few tortures.

As for Imogene, she showed him no mercy.

In the silent watches of the night she would call out, in a shrill staccato, for soothing syrup or paregoric, and then Adolphus would spring out of bed, barefooted and disconsolate, and with his spine well curved, he would drop the stuff into a teaspoon, and administer it to the "remorseless little brute." That was what he called it once—only once though.

Imogene went for him to such an extent, that now he does his cussing inwardly, as he

THE JUDGE.



BEFORE THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

BUM ARTIST (to his uncle)—“Oh! Mr. Isaacs; you know you are the first committee who has ever consented to hang up my pictures.”

distractedly rocks the howling infant to and fro, or walks the floor with it, as occasion and his wife demand.

“He certainly will kill himself, if he doesn't stop crying,” ejaculates Imogene from beneath the warm bed-clothes, as Adolphus trots him frantically up and down.

Adolphus wonders if anything *would* kill him, but wisely keeps his thoughts to himself. The little wretch is tougher than a giant.

What Adolphus cannot understand is, how so small a thing can make so much noise and take up so much room.

Of course the baby had to have a nurse, and then, of course, the one servant girl couldn't do all the work, and wait upon the nurse and baby, so a second girl has been added to the *menage*, and cot-beds are distributed about the rooms at night, to accommodate the sleeping beauties, and the place looks like a hospital.

This more than trebles the former house-keeping expenses, and as the baby subsides under the influence of the paregoric, Adolphus muses on things in general, and on getting married in particular.

Of course, in the spring they will have to move into a larger flat and pay more rent.

The family has increased, expenses have increased, in short, Adolphus finds that the only thing that has not increased is his salary, and just as he begins to wonder how all this is going to end, another colic seizes the baby. There is a snort and a yell, and a striking out of little arms and legs in all directions, and as he again begins to pace the floor, Imogene calls out, “sing to him Adolphus, sing to him, perhaps that'll quiet him,” and then Adolphus brings his double bass baritone into use and there rolls out into the inky hours of night, that all consoling hymn, “Wait till the Clouds roll by, Darling.” Oh, if he only would wait, or give out entirely, but he does neither.

No, Adolphus, it's a hopeless case, and you might as well make up your mind to the worst.

That infant will never die. His lungs are too strong for that, and there'll be more paregoric, and more colic, and more trot him and walk the floor, until, in the course of events, another comes to take his place.

And another *will* come, and another and

another, and don't you forget it. Your Imogene will cease to crimp her hair, and your mother-in-law will come to live with you. If you are virtuous you'll grin and bear it and be miserable, but, if you are not virtuous, you'll take to stopping out late at night, and you'll play draw-poker, and pool, and your wife will think you a brute.

And if the baby will stop yelling long enough, you'll read this article and you'll make a New Year's resolution to stick to Imogene and be virtuous, and, in the end, you'll do neither. This is a prognostication by an experienced astrologer, and in five years time you'll say he was right.

Thanks to the Prohibition Party.

TUNE—Marching Through Georgia.

THE Democrats have beaten us, they've laid us on the shelves,
But, if we give them rope enough, they're sure to hang themselves,
They've sent us up Salt River, but we haven't gone to stay,
Thanks to the Prohibition party.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! it seems we'll have to wait,
Hurrah! Hurrah! till Eighteen Eighty-Eight;
Then we're coming back again, we're coming back to stay,
There'll be no Prohibition party.

The Democrats have beaten us, they've strengthened up their ranks
By the initiation of the Prohibition cranks.
We're going to have free whiskey, and now we'll take it straight,
Thanks to the Prohibition party.

The Democrats have beaten us, we mean them no offense,
But we'd like to leave the Treasury with only fifteen cents;
And now they've got the offices, they'll make the money fly,
Thanks to the Prohibition party.

The Democrats have beaten us, St. John is satisfied,
He can buy plenty of whiskey with his Democratic bribe,
He'd better go to England to save his precious hide,
Thanks to the Prohibition party.

The Solid South has beaten us, my comrades what a shame,
Our fighting and our suffering have all been given in vain,
We'll see the stars and bars, and hear the rebel yell again,
Thanks to the Prohibition party.

D. G. BURSSIDE, Co. I, 114 Ohio Vols.

THE last rows of summer—the corn rows.

THE new ring—ring out the Ins; ring in the Outs.

THE escaped convict is a very popular man; he always has a very large following.

THOUGH a man may be abstemious at the dinner table, when it comes to the card-table he wants a good deal.

BEN BUTLER has engaged rooms in the Ice-palace in Montreal. He has been keeping so quiet lately, that it is currently reported that he has been practicing the “soft and repeat” of the touching song, “Fishing after Clams.”



(LAND) LADIES' DAY.
AN UNCALLED FOR CALL.

How to Shoe a Mule.

FIRST catch your mule. This is not always easy, but may be accomplished by putting a little salt on his tail. The salt will serve a double purpose. If you survive, the mule is caught, and at the worst it will preserve your remains, and save the expense of ice till the coroners of the adjoining counties have got through with you. Having caught your mule—a good specimen of the army or Kentucky variety is best—lead him gently but firmly to some secluded spot where nothing will be liable to distract your attention. You will need it all.

Then grasp the shoe firmly in your right hand, and the mule's dexter hind foot in your left. At this point, previous training in a circus will stand the operator in good stead, but it is not essential; the mule will give you all the circus you want. Then, having gathered yourself up, recovered your wind, and ascertained that no bones have been broken, you may resume operations. If any bones have been broken you had better defer the conclusion of the ceremonies till some other day, or hire someone else to attend to them for you, unless you are very particular as to the fit of that particular mule's shoes. If you conclude to finish your job, you must once more approach the animal, and seize him firmly by the dexter hind ankle—hock, we believe the initiated call it.

If you are in a condition to proceed, you had better try the effect of a few soothing words on the mule, after you have regained his vicinity. Oaths and curses do no good; they have been tried. We are not prepared to state authoritatively that kind words are any more efficacious, but you may as well give them a trial. If the shoe has been lost in the straw, don't waste any time looking for it. Have a second ready. Try the left leg this time. All mules are not ambidexterous. If he does not kick, you may conclude that this particular mule is that kind. If he does, you may go through the per-

formance indicated above *ad infinitum*. It is simply a question of endurance between you and the mule, and natural history tells us that mules are among the most enduring of animals.

When the mule is shod, you will probably both feel like laying off for a week or two.

But we would not recommend anyone to attempt to fit on a mule's *bottines*, unless his credit is good at the undertaker's.



TWO PATHS TO THE GRAVE.

A Green Christmas.

'Twas Christmas day, and yet no snow
Upon the ground was seen,
And every heart was sick with woe,
For 'twas a Christmas green.

"O," cried my wife, with groan and sigh,
And then she gave a scream,
"Our only child will surely die,
For 'tis a Christmas green."

"O! yes; I know our little Pat
Must leave this earthly scene,
And go to make the grave-yard fat,
For 'tis a Christmas green."

I dropped a tear, and watched my son
As time flew like a dream,
And much I wondered what would come
From Christmas that was green."

O! must I tell the sad, sad tale!—
Look at the family scene,
And there you'll see what woe befell
From Christmas that was green.

O! well, my head, it reels and spins—
They're very hard to wean—
For we are cursed with yelping twins,
For Christmas, that was green.

E. A. FULLER.



RATCHING FOR A LIVING.

My name's Mr. John P. St. John;
My high aspirations are gone;
But the fact is quite plain,
That I beat Mr. Blaine,
And he'ed the good whiskey cause on.

THE Prohibitionists see their future "as through a glass, darkly." So do the liquor men, but things begin to lighten up as the "old stuff" gets down to "one finger."

Trials of The Telephone Girl.

TALK about the trial of a telephone office, said the "mesmeric" looking girl, as she viciously closed the connection with a man who had just "got the ear" of a valuable customer, they're just awful. 'Twas only last week one of those selfish things they call men, woke me from a sound nap (no pun intended), pounding on his transmitter, and when I kindly answered his call, yelled; "Confound you folks, can't you keep awake long enough to hear four words? Gimme the Boston Depot."

I asked him if he didn't want the world, and he got mad—so I shut him off and went to sleep again.

That made twice I had been disturbed in one evening; O, yes, 'tis true, indeed, our lot "is not a happy one," and she sighed and resumed her work on a piece of Kensington.

C. S. WADY.



A CROOKED CONSTRUCTION.

MR. HOTSPUR (angrily)—"Well, sir, what is it?"

INTOXICATED CALLER—"What ish it? why, (hic) give me the same."

Some Incompatibility.

A FEW weeks previous to the late national election Mr. Gil Primrose, and Mr. Odderhonk, of Portland, Cement County, Nebraska, purchased two equal and only shares in the official newspaper of said county.

Mr. Gil Primrose and Mr. Odderhonk had long cast envious eyes in the direction of the blushing goddess of journalism. They had both concluded to take a hand in shaping the affairs of this suffering county. Both of these ingenious gentlemen had noted with alarm the large and increasing amount of superfluous public opinion which was suffering to be molded, and they had both decided that they were the predestined and particular huckleberries to mold it.

The *Portland Prodder*, the organ in which Mr. Gil Primrose and Mr. Odderhonk had embarked a share of their personal wealth, was a weekly organ of patent persuasion and some circulation. It was sold by the sheriff and bought in by the gentlemen mentioned. Mr. Gil Primrose was a Green Mountain Yankee. Mr. Odderhonk was a natural born German. Neither of them had ever been in-



A HEAVY WAISTED HINT.

BOY—"I guess I'll go now."

MRS. ECONOMICAL—"Why, what are you in such a hurry for?"

BOY—"For to get something to eat, I get tired when I ain't fed up."

side of a printing office but once in their lives, the occasion of Mr. Gil Primrose's visit being to give testimony in a law-suit held in the editor's office, and the inducement which beguiled Mr. Odderhonk was the insertion of an estray notice for a couple of Berkshire hogs.

On receiving the bill of sale of the right, title, interest, dower, easement, quit claim and good will of the *Portland Prodder*, Mr. Gil Primrose and Mr. Odderhonk held a consultation regarding the policy and conduct of the newly acquired organ.

"I presume you will expect me to do the editorial work," observed Mr. Gil Primrose.

"Vell, I dond know apout dot," replied Mr. Odderhonk, "I have expected you could de dypes oop end, und do de, vat you gall it, bress vork."

"But I am not a-a-that-is-ah-a practical printer, myself."

Mr. Gil Primrose spoke this with an air which implied that not being a practical printer himself, in no way impaired his ability to become a practical printer by proxy.

"Vell, I dond know much apout it myself. But I dinks mine son Wilhelm will do de editorial vork, and I vill attent to de financial end."

"But what do you expect me to do?" anxiously inquired Mr. Gil Primrose.

"Vell, der ish de offis to sweeb oudt, und de coal to garry oop sthairs."

"Hm, I made arrangements this morning with an advertising solicitor," continued Mr. Primrose. "He will work for eighteen dollars a week and sixty per cent commission."

"On dis newsbaber?"

"Yes."

"On de Bortlandt Brodder?"

"Yes."

"You mean some odder baber, Mr. Brimrose."

"No, on the *Prodder*."

"Hum, not much he dond."

"We shall have to get advertising."

"Yaw, dot ish drue."

"We can't expect any assistance from Mr. Blaine, financially, until after his election is assured."

"From Mr. Plaine?"

"Yes."

"I expect I can fix dings mit Mr. Clevelandt so as to get de subsidies."

"But we are to conduct the paper on a purely Republican basis."

"Vell, not dis season; some odder season. Dis am to pe an off year mit de Republicans, dond it?"

"I cannot write editorials for Mr. Clevelandt."

"No? Vell, der ish Wilhelm."

"D—n William!" ejaculated Mr. Gil Primrose.

"Dut, dut, Mr. Brimrose. Wilhelm ish mine own son und better you go a leedle slow."

"This 'is to be a Republican paper."

"Not py a shug full, I can doid you dot, Brimrose," and Mr. Odderhonk rose in all his majesty and two hundred and fifty pounds of avordupois. Mr. Gil Primrose picked up a column rule and glared at Mr. Odderhonk. Mr. Odderhonk abstractedly lifted a handful of news ink, and proceeding to shampoo Mr. Primrose, received a wipe across the face which will disfigure him for life. Then the printers interfered and separated the journalists. At the last accounts a law-firm had about eaten up the *Portland Prodder*.

DICK STEELE.

A Murray Hill Man.

"You say he was a man of good address?"

"Certainly. He lives in the very toniest quarter of the city."

Seen at the Seance.

"What was the size of the figure that came out of the cabinet?" was asked of a man who had attended a spiritualistic seance.

"Oh, about medium size," was the reply.

Tempora Mutanter.

"Yes, times are changed," the old man said, And trembled as he spoke, And wiped his glittering palsied eye, And shook his faded cloak.

And politics ain't what they were, Oh, no sir; not a jot, And offices ain't worth a cent, I would not take the lot.

I well remember, long ago When Jackson held the reins— I tell you, man, you ought to know What energy, what pains He took in beating everyone, At home and on the street. I tell you, sir, you ought to see Him do up rivals neat."

"My aged friend," I calmly said, "What do you mean by that? I know he was quick-tempered, But d'ye think I am a flat?"

Do you suppose, that I suppose That tough old 'Andy J.' Would punch a man, because he tho't That he was in his way.

A stately man, 'Old Hickory,' With hair as white as snow, And, when he died, his party lost A soldier and hero."

"Well, when he drove old 'Forty-Four' His hair was black as jet; He never could have voted, for He ain't got papers yet."

"See!—there he is—he's swellin' now, He runs that big saloon, And, if he ain't an alderman, You bet he'll get there soon."

BELLARY CULVER.

Theodwinkle Brown Wants to be Post Master.

Gusebery, Dec. 5th, 1884.

MR. EDITOR:—I am a candidate for the post office in this village, and believe I am more entitled to it than any other man, for nobody wants it half as badly as I do. I incurred some debts during the canvass and the salary would help me out. I have done much for the party, having been a Democrat all my life; in fact, we always keep it in the house. During the campaign I was always on the street, talking for the cause, to the neglect of my business, and often staid so late at night in the interest of the party that I had to be taken home. I have suffered, and my family also. I have been licked seven times by the rascally Republicans, and what headaches have I not endured! I would be glad if they could find a better post-master, but that is impossible. Since the election I have put up some pigeon-holes in the stable, and have spent much of my time throwing old letters into them, and have become quite perfect, and nobody could ever beat me at shuffling anything, so that my fingers are exceedingly nimble, and I have got by heart the names of offices in this county; those outside are immaterial, though I know almost what state lies east, and what west, and *all* that lie south. I think I could tell the difference between a registered, and one with money in it that wasn't registered, and can make out any ordinary writing on the front of envelopes, or the back of postal cards. I think I would look well in a coat of mail, and would like to be a gentleman of letters. I would try to make it agreeable to my custo-

mers, and thereby merit an extension of their patronage and hold their custom, while I would sell letters cheaper than any predecessor, and if they do not receive the letters they want, I will tell them the reason. Persons desiring to have their boxes changed to a section where letters are more numerous, can always do so; or if they want to stand more chances of getting letters they can select two or more boxes whenever they may desire. No one need be put to the trouble of licking stamps, as I have a good tongue, and have shown it with considerable effect during the campaign, and it is never dry. Reduction of tariff is our motto, and I will apply it also to the reduction of postage at this office. I am in for reform, and expect to do so myself as soon as I get the necessary assistance and encouragement. I shall hang out my aunt's old sign, "stamping done to order," and shall have an illuminated sign of "Post Office" in the largest and most attractive letters, for the benefit of our citizens, and country produce will be taken in exchange for stamps. In my preparatory office I have trained my eight children to step up and inquire for letters, or I can recognize their tap—being familiar with almost anything that is tapped, and you cannot imagine how proficient I am becoming in the practice, and have got so I can almost remember the name of each child on sight. The harmony of the office was somewhat broken yesterday by my wife coming and asking me if there was a letter there for her with money in it to get a new dress with, but I begged her to only give the President, the Senate and me plenty of time, and not to crowd us.

If any one thinks I would not be utterly capable of discharging my duties, and the Republican clerks in this post-office, that man is certainly office base. I have no doubt of my success, for, while the town is highly Democratic, there is not a man here who wants the office. I have heard that nearly every one was after it, but have taken pains to inquire, and all say it is no such a thing, so I will have no opposition, and am the only man out—who would like to get in. It is the glorious Democratic privilege to vote and hold offices, and I want to exercise it. I could endure it for four years, with the privilege of another term or two; the \$2,000 salary I feel myself competent to draw without overstraining myself, and rather than have them send abroad for a postmaster for this place, I am willing to sacrifice my business, which is everybody's, and greet my friends through the General Delivery, which I could well manage, having run a delivery wagon for some time.

BROWN. ^{his}
X
mark.

Lines for an Album.

For the benefit of those who have suffered from "autograph album fiends," let me suggest a few appropriate lines:

I've been so much lately for poetry teased
That really I'm growing insane;
O when from this torment am I to be eased,
And life be a pleasure again?
They ask me for verses, and poke a great book
Of autographs under my nose,
But, what makes it worse is, the woe-begone look
The face of each applicant shows.
I can not refuse them; I dare not refuse,
But settle right down to the task,
And pray from the depths of my innermost heart
That none else for verses will ask.

MURAGATES.



A QUESTION OF TEMPERATURE.

HUBBY—"Who are you writing to, dear?"

WIFE—"Oh! I am just inviting Ma down to spend the winter."

HUBBY—"Oh, you need not dear, for I've just bought ten tons of coal, and the house will be warm enough."

Monographs.

ISN'T IT SO?

'Tis now the gilded youth prepare
To make their conquests of the fair.
With glass in eye, and cane in hand,
On New Year's day this worthy band,
Beginning with the early morn,
Will wander 'till night's shades are drawn,
Bowing, gibbering, capering,
Scraping, snickering, vaporing;
Outraging humor, making wit
Only for fools and fakirs fit;
Yet, all the time, with thick conceit,
Imagining their chaff is wheat,
'Till fortunate relief is found
From their insensate show and sound,
Through subtle wine's entralling chains
Cast firmly 'round their empty brains,
And thus disposed of, *comme des moutons*,
They're put to bed with coat and boot on.

Ringling the changes—testing small coin
by sound.

The flower of the family doesn't often
make good bread.

Funny how things go by contraries. For
instance, now that the days are shorter, the
gas-bills are longer.

Wild Irish potatoes have been discovered
in Arizona. This seems to disprove the
assertion that the Indians are the aboriginal
race of this country.

A policeman is a curious creature. He
knows a rogue when he sees him, but very
often he doesn't seize a rogue when he knows
him.

Sara Bernhardt wants her body embalmed
when she vacates it. This may be accom-

plished, but it will be difficult to keep her
elbows from sawing through her cements.

Two Boston houses send 600,000 gallons
of rum to the Congo district every year. Bos-
ton can't seem to rest unless its civilizing
influences are penetrating to the remotest
wilds.

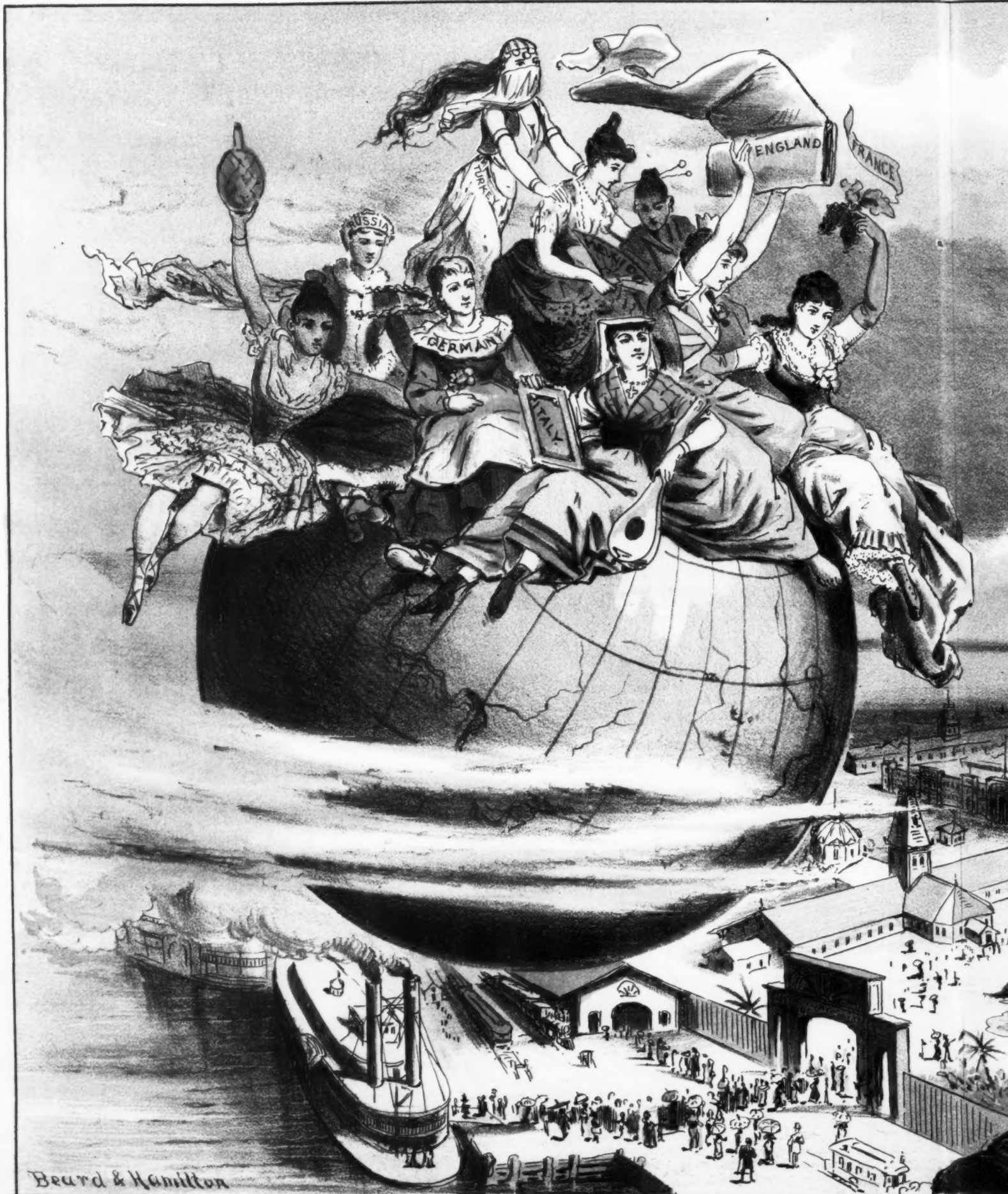
Jewelers are growing rich rapidly. People
never heard of until that "sudden strike in
oil," or "that recent rise in pork," are giving
heavy orders for "old family silver," which,
with an innocence worthy of Annanias, they
will swear came over in the Mayflower, and
was handed down from generation to genera-
tion to the present truthful epoch.

A blind beggar in Troy, N. Y., was recent-
ly robbed of over \$600 by street thieves.
This shows how unwise it is for beggars to
carry their wealth about with them. They
should deposit it in a bank and be robbed in
the latest and most approved fashion. Blind
beggars, particularly, should see the con-
venience of this arrangement.

There is something almost human about
the summer hotel. Just see how kind and
thoughtful it is! It always chooses some
cold and sighing little winter night to warm
with its cheery blaze, instead of selecting
the pampered summer night, bloated with
soft breezes, and loved and worshipped by
ten thousand salaaming bonifaces. Ah, my
boy, the summer hotel is very dear to most
of us, and particularly so if we happen to be
in the insurance business.

A TONGUELESS wag—on the hill
Said; "A Chimney-flue!"—
"Saw a saw-buck standing still—"
Not lying—this is true.

WILL GRANGER.



Beard & Hamilton

THE WHOLE WORLD PAYS RESPECTS TO MISS

JUDGE



TO MISS NEW ORLEANS, JAN. 1ST, 1885.



THE end of the holidays commonly marks an improvement in business at the city theatres, and this year forms no exception to the rule. During the reign of Santa Claus, which may be said to commence about a fortnight before Christmas, little business is done. The stores offer a counter attraction (no pun intended) more potent than any the managers can provide, and besides using up all the spare change to be found in moderately circumstanced households, also demand all the spare time of the ladies—ordinarily the theatre's best patrons. Consequently managers are among the many who rejoice that "Christmas comes but once a year."

The production and instant success of Mr. Henry Guy Carleton's new play at Wallack's is about the most important recent event to be chronicled in the theatrical world. The production of an American play of any kind at Wallack's is an event from its very novelty, and since that play bids fair to run into the success of the season, American authors in general, and Mr. Carleton in particular, are to be congratulated. THE JUDGE would like nothing better than to see "Victor Durand" (not much of a title, by the way) established as a precedent whereby not only Wallack's, but several of our other city theatres might be guided in the future.

The Madison Square, though it meets with abundant success, seems to have plenty of trouble as well. Its alumni do not stick to their *Alma Mater*, but sooner or later strike out into the wicked world of theatricals for themselves, and either ignore or have a downright quarrel with the sanctuary in Twenty-fourth Street. Steele Mackaye, whose Hazel Kirke, as Hazel Kirke, first saw the light under the fostering care of the Mallory's, seceded long ago, and for several years has had anything but pretty things to say of the reverend managers. The Frohmans have deserted, and are now more or less *attaches* of Wallack's; while Gillette, forgetting that the Madison Square made of his "Professor" what probably no other management could have done—a *quasi* success, has been playing that "Secretary" which Mallory and Palmer have labelled "Private," and set aside for the delectation of their own especial patrons. On the merits of the "Secretary" controversy the courts will have to decide, but meanwhile the opinion of the profession is that Mr. Palmer paid a long price for a translation of a farce which he could have had for little or nothing, and that he will have hard work to preserve exclusive rights in any part of it, except as to such introductions as the English translator made, which, by all accounts, are unimportant enough.

Business in the country has never been worse than it has been this season. Managers are fond of imputing this to the presidential election, but the effects of that have been discounted long ago, and the real grievance seems more likely to remain. The ten cent skating rink is one of the most formidable

rivals traveling theatrical companies have ever encountered, and managers are beginning to recognize the fact that nothing will pay but cheap prices in the rural districts. The experiment has been tried, we are told, with satisfactory results, and we may expect, next season, to see many combinations playing to houses whose prices will range between ten cents and half a dollar. To effect this change will cost something in the way of loss of possible receipts, and companies will have to be run on a cheaper basis. Something will have to go, and as it will not be railroad fares, and as little or nothing can profitably be saved on advertising bills, we are afraid the cut will have to be made on actors' salaries. There will be room for quite a sweeping reduction in that direction without paying a great many ornaments of "the profession" any less than they are worth, and, indeed, we know of not a few budding histrionics who would be dear at any price. The really capable actors and actresses need not be greatly disturbed. They will always command their price, and they are not so numerous as to seriously affect the volume of a season's theatrical expenses.

Last week there were more oratorios and concerts than usual, and the ball season has set in. On the eighth the *Bal Masque de L'Opera* will take place at the Madison Square Garden, and on the nineteenth the *Cercle Francais de L'Harmonie* will trip the light fantastic at Irving and Nilsson Hall.

Down at Niblo's Fanny Davenport is giving "Fedora" at popular prices, and up at the *Star Ristori* is playing *Marie Antoinette* at unpopular prices.

Aimee has departed from the Fifth Avenue, and Mestayer's Co. in "We, Us, and Co," have taken her place.

"Brought to Justice" has vanished from the Third Avenue Theatre, and in its place is Herne's "Hearts of Oak." "Called Back" was last week at The People's Theatre. Following its peripatetic course it is now over at The Grand Opera House, and Raymond, with his three plays, "Col. Sellers," "In-Paradise," and "For Congress," has vanished from our gaze.

Barney McAuley has taken possession of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and is doing "The Jersey Man."

THE JUDGE is sincerely sorry for Messrs. Harrigan and Hart's misfortune, and offers them his sympathy on the loss of their theatre, and the public his sympathy on the loss, for a time at least, of one of the brightest places of amusement in the city. A new play was in active rehearsal when the Theatre Comique succumbed to the fire-fiend.

"Adonis" keeps on the even tenor of his way at The Bijou.

Daly's, and The Union, and Madison Squares, are crowded every night, and The Standard has opened with considerable eclat.

Opera at the Academy has subsided, but at the Metropolitan, business and the big drum are still booming.

"Prince Methusalem" continues at The Casino, and the American Institute Hall, and the Old Cosmopolitan, are given over to roller skates.

THE Fall that comes after Summer has left us, but the fall that follows a slip on the icy sidewalk is just coming into fashion.

"NOTHING" clings more persistently to the female form than the garment known as the "Jersey."—*Ex.* How absurd. Every enterprising young man is a living example of its untruthfulness.

In Foreign Lands.

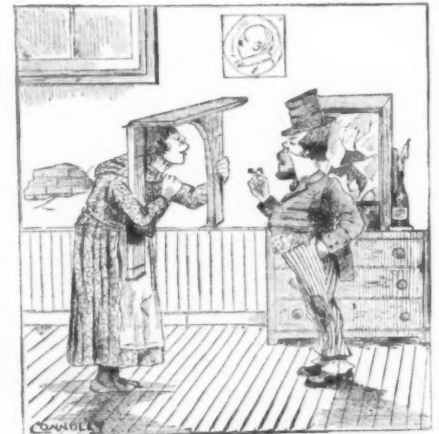
In foreign lands are many sad
Americans to-day!
Their hearts are sore, their eyes in tears
With grief that holds full sway.

The reason's not that they long for
Their native counter-ec,
And homesick feel, so far away,
Across the deep blue sea.—

Oh, no, you bet! but 'cause they've been
Our Consuls in the past,
And since the Dems have licked the Reps,
They'll lose their "snaps" at last.

"JEF JOSLYN."

THE seventh reception of the Palestine Commandery will be held at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening, January 13th. The receptions of this commandery are among the most fashionable and enjoyable social events of the season.



THE WOULD BE A DUDINE.

MOIKE—"Ah! Kate; what's that your got on now, Kate?"

KATE—"Oh, shure, that's me new mantle. I see by them fashionable papers that they's the stoile now."

Johnnie's Compositions.

IV.

WIND.

WIND is very funny stuff and looks like air, the principle diffrens bein' that its quicker and has more "kerslap" to the square yard.

It is divided inter 2 exponent parts; one ov which is called "atmosfere" and the other "gass."

Jim says this is so, and when he says "honist" I don't dast ter dout him, coz he iz bigger as I am, and ways mos' a hundrid poun's.

The estimated voracity of a lot of wind that okupiz 3 minits in passin' a given point, iz that of 25 milz.

Wind is the mos' important ingredient enterin inter Cyclonz. Hurrykanes and severe Gales. Out west it flies low and bumps inter houses an' trees, an' everything which tumbles down immejately.

A man can't dodge it, coz he don't see it comin', and if he iz careless an' leaves his mouth open he gits hisself so full ov air that sometimes he sores aloft and lands so far away from home that he dize before he can get anything more substantial inter him.

Wind is sometimes used to fill rubber pin-cushions what ladies employ to make there

dresses fit 'em more, and to inflate foot balz that boys uze as a exkuse fer kickin' each other 's shinz. I never see any fun in nokin a lot 'er air round a medder anyhow. It "winds" the fellers more quicker as it doz the borl.

Guess wind sometimes takes onter itself "vibile form," whitch can be seen by the naked I, coz I remember farther's sayin' a while ago that Ben. Butler "blowed" a good deal, and nothin' but wind blows—'cept whistles, an' he'd make a funny lookin' whistle! Specially if the campain picturz flatter him as I understan' they do.

This reminds me, as our minister wood say, of a konundrum:—what iz the difrence between the lower part of a winder, and the atmosfere?

Answer; One iz a winder seat an' the other is the wind—yer see it?

Jim says that's so ezy a hoss could gess it, and then he got enstruktive an expland that wind waz "air in motion," kordin to ther dictionary.

I no that ain't alwaz so, coz I was notisin' Freddie Fuller's hed, (whot sets in front ov me to school), an' orl ov a suddin I sor his "(h)air in motion" an' twazn't the wind either.

So Webster waz mistook or else he didn't no 'bout Freddie's hed.

Teacher said that pun waz worse as any ov his, but he'd let it go this time, if I wouldn't do it agin.

I nu he'd forgit in a hour, so I promist. I fine it a good way to git along with everybody; to agree with 'em all the time, 'an then go do as yer want ter.

"CLYDE."



NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

The Hat That Washington Wore.

WASHINGTON'S HAT! At the very word our own hat doffs itself in the most patriotic reverence and politeness. We have gazed with considerable envy upon the latest styles in crowns now worn by the restless heads of the old world, and wis'ed we had two-thirds of their appraisement in money, but what are they all, when we consider it with calmness, to the hat that Washington wore? They are uncomfortable on a hot day; a crown is a bad thing to leave on a hotel hat rack; they are not likely to endure always; the pawnbroker has got many a one of them; the hotel clerk may one day wear on his hard-hearted shirt-bosom their choicest gems; they are often prone to get upon the wrong heads, and they often fall off; but there is ungemmed simplicity in the true Republican crown, honored by all, respected by kings, the hat that

Washington wore; and, unlike many a kingly crown, that hat was never knocked off of the heroic head that inhabited it by any foreign hand.

What a flood of fancies spring from that unassuming hat as we ardently gaze upon it! Emperors and kings order crowns made after their own costly and elaborate designs to fit their dignity, but when Washington's wife told him that he sadly needed a new hat—he never bet on an election—he went to the store and selected this one, ready-made, and he was not particular about the style. It was the largest one in the house, but too small for his great head. The hatter stretched it, and after paying more than it was worth, Washington pulled it as far down as he could over his head, left the old one, and wore this home. You know how a man walks down street with a new hat. He was only human. Everybody, of course, looked at it, and he wished he had allowed some man to wear it awhile, till he got better used to it. His head felt like it was out of place, he felt a little that way himself, though he tried to walk unconscious of the fact. At the corner of the street the stretch which the rascally hatter gave it, went back; it crawled higher on his head, and a Tory gust of wind took it off his head just as both hands got there where it wasn't. Washington was always great on a capture, he was also the same on a hat-sure; he started after it—but far be it from us to give him away in this race, or to intimate how he would put his hand down on it when it wasn't just there, or set his foot upon the place where it had just been previously. We will not even allude to these to make the picture stand forever in reliable history, and bring on litigation.

When he got home, accompanying the hat, his wife—you know how it is yourselves, put up her hands and said— But notwithstanding all this he kept the hat, whether it didn't fit him or he didn't fit the hat, and the hat was adopted into the family, and on the lining was written "G. W. His Hat," thus becoming a relic and a thing of history.

Of course, at the close of the next public dinner he remembered exactly the place where he had forgotten to put it to be safe, and it was gone. It was only a hat, but then it was a hat, and the honor of the dinner began to fade away when he looked on the only off hat left. But the man returned with it in time. He never stood in a crowd and had them to ask him to set it up on it, and nobody ever took it off his head to try it on, even if they did ask the price of it, and to have it mashed over his eyes in election times he was not the man. But after he had worn it up-town hindsid before, and found it out, he had about the same kind of feelings that we usually have; and when his friend, Thomas Jefferson, sat down on it at a public meeting—well, it was soon over and didn't last long, and they were just as good friends as ever; and we cannot blame him if he did get mad every time he hung it up in his hall and found it on the floor, and say it would fall down if it was nailed; and it seldom blew off his head unless it had state papers in it.

This hat kept the weather off of the greatest head that America had ever produced; Washington was at the head of the nation, and the hat was at the head of Washington, who never was guilty of wearing it, like most of you wear a new hat, poised jauntily on your left ear, and at church when it was sitting quietly on the floor, and a stranger entered th pew and stepped—but

let us say nothing of it; though he valued this hat highly, and never liked to see it crushed lowly.

This hat has been lifted to the highest ladies in the land in that civility which he only knew, and he has not hesitated to put it under his arm to dance a minuet with the courtliest dames. Even to put it on we seem covered with greatness. Would we knew all that went on inside this hat in that busy brain at work for the welfare of his country. There is no man left to wear it. Time may take the fur off, but it will never be able to remove the glory which clusters around it. It was very dusty when we saw it.

A. W. BELLAW.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.



AN AFTER-DINNER.

My Mary.

"Ha, ha! Hah, hah, hah, ha-a!" laughed I. My particular friend, whose name is Mary, asked me what on earth I was laughing at. My particular friend never sees a joke, and is, besides, rather cross sometimes. She asked the above question with the evident intention of snubbing me, but I was not to be put down so, therefore I replied with increased hilarity:

"At THE JUDGE; such a good joke, just listen. Ain't this funny?"

And I read her out one of the most excruciatingly side-splitting pieces of wit that it was ever my good fortune to come across. But it would not do, Mary never moved a muscle.

"But the joke," she said. "I want to hear the joke."

At first I felt annoyed, but after a moment's reflection my better nature conquered. All that was best and tenderest in me boiled right up to the surface. I was all heart, all sympathy. I felt nothing but deep sorrow for my poor friend's infirmity. I sighed. I took her hand in mine and said, in a voice that quivered with ill-suppressed emotion:

"My poor dear, has it always been so with you? Could you never, at any time, however far distant, could you never see a joke?"

"No!" she answered in a sad and solemn voice. "No, never! Even in my childish days, when they tried riddles and conundrums on me, they were of no use. I remember, on more than one occasion, sitting apart, with a strange, desolate feeling, while the rest of my family were convulsed with merriment over, "Why does a miller wear a white hat?" and other conundrums that I am sure were equally clever and amusing. I own I never could be amused by the miller's very natural desire to have his head covered."

She paused at last, and I tried to explain to her the good old joke of the miller and his hat, but she scarcely seemed to hear, much less to heed me—it was too evident she could not take it in.

"Is there no remedy?" she asked. "No

THE JUDGE.

chance of altering this state of things? Tell me, would there be any use in my consulting the editor of a first-class comic weekly?"

I only shook my head.
"No use," I said. "An editor can but make the jokes. He cannot find us wit to comprehend them. An editor is only mortal, after all."

"Then," said Mary, "it must be ever thus! I am forever cut off from the pleasures natural to my youth, my sex, and my country. There is no hope for me."

"No hope!" I echoed sadly. "No hope; you will never see a joke. Never enjoy one, unless—unless," I almost shouted "unless you make it yourself. Try that. Every one understands their own jokes, even if no one else does. Try! you will find your own wit a thousand times more amusing to you than anyone else's; everyone does."

What a bright look she gave me. With what rapturous gratitude she seized my hand and pressed it in her own. I felt overpowered—knocked flat, in fact—but such a moment is worth living for. To do good to my fellow men and women has long been my sole object in life.

Mary is a happy woman now. She is constantly making jokes and laughing at them. She does not care whether other people see them or not. The remembrance of her own infirmity makes her unusually reasonable on that score, but if I hear her rap out a good one, preceded and followed by a "He, he!" that labels it, I laugh till my sides ache again.

MORAL.—If you want a thing well done, do it yourself.



PHILOSOPHICAL PAT.

IRISHMAN—"Its better ter sit still loike an' contemplate ther wather thin ter venture in an' git drowned!"

Affecting Scene at the Capitol.

Dan. M.—g. — "Here, Grove—here's your Thanksgiving Proclamation. I guess it will do. I'm busy with your Inaugural Address, and I couldn't spend much time on this. You'd better read it over, once or twice, in case anyone should speak to you about it."

"All right. Say, Dan, I wish you'd shut Tom Hendricks up. He's making too much of himself down in New Jersey."

Dan nodded, and threading his way through a mile or two of patriotic Democrats desiring to serve their country, disappeared in the direction of the *Argus* office.—*Memoirs of "A Great Administration."* Introduction.

A. H.

THE exact age of a cow can be told by the wrinkles, or rings, on her horns; but the age of a society belle cannot be determined by the wrinkles on her brow, or the rings on her fingers.

Three Letters.

I.

A FATHER'S ANGUISH.

MY DEAR SON:—It is with heavy heart that I communicate to you the within sorrowful tidings. I had hoped that your future would be bright, and unsullied by any dark deed of the past. But alas! my hopes are cast down; and unless that of which you are accused shall prove false, never again shall they rise.

Your accounts as Cashier in the H—National Bank have been examined, and it is discovered that you embezzled five hundred dollars.

Oh! my son. Imagine the anguish of your afflicted father! Write to me at once, tell me this is not so. I cannot believe that you, my son, could have embezzled five hundred dollars. There *must* be some mistake. Answer me quickly, and by your answer you will either cast down forever or relieve

Your Anxious Father.

II.

AN INDIGNANT SON.

My Father:—Yours received with pain—pain that you should have allowed yourself to believe for a moment that I had embezzled five hundred dollars.

Father, it is a lie! A downright calumny. The idea of embezzling five hundred dollars! My anxious father, I have always been a truthful boy, and you have never doubted my word. I know you will believe me in this hour of dark slander.

I solemnly assert that I never embezzled *five hundred dollars*. The true amount of my embezzlement is five thousand dollars, and I can prove it.

Hoping that you will be relieved, and that your hopes may again be risen, I am

Your Loving Son.

III.

A FATHER'S JOY.

My Beloved Offspring:—I can now carry my head as high as a peacock. But so mortified was I, when the vile report reached me that you had stolen five hundred dollars like a common thief, that I hung my head in shame. I began to think that the blood of the De Montvells, which flows in your veins, was changing into water. Now my heart is gay; you have sustained the reputation of our good old family. I think that you will succeed in your new capacity as a government official.

Enclosed you will find ten dollars (\$10) for champagne wherewith to take the drinks on

Your Happy Father.

George Jones De Montvell.

Where Did the Baby Come From.

"MAMA," said four-years-old, as she stood on tip-toe by the bedside and peered at her new little brother, "where did that baby come from?" "The angels brought him, darling," said Mama. "Oh, I wish I hadn't gone out to play this morning. But how did the angels know you wanted him? Oh, I guess you must have written them a letter, and the wind must have taken it and blowed it right up to heaven, and then the angels got the letter. I wonder how they got in when they brought him. Did you open the window for them?" Enter eight year-old-boy—"Where'd that baby come from?" "The angels brought him," said Mama. "Oh, come off! What are you giving us?"—*Boston Globe*.

A Terrible Revenge.

"I THOUGHT you hated Jones," remarked an acquaintance to an editor.

"I do."

"And yet you have written to him for his latest poem."

"I know it. Now I shall have my revenge."

"How?"

"I'm going to publish it."—*Ex.*

Heard From Again.

"MA, is it wicked to play marbles for keeps?"

"Yes, my son; it is very wicked."

"Willie Grim wanted me to play, but I wouldn't."

"That's right, I am proud you had courage to refuse."

"I told him it was wicked, and led to gambling, and he called me a booby."

"Well, never mind."

"Oh, I don't. I matched pennies with him and came out seven cents ahead."—*Free Press*.

The Boss Marine Liar.

THURSDAY'S sleet and snow, and the prospect of cold weather, had the effect of utterly squelching the snake and sea-serpent story-teller, but brought the Arctic explorer and marine liar boldly to the front.

"When I was in Siberia," said Captain Furskins, "it was so durned cold that your breath would freeze and drop in lumps to the ground. But we had lots of fun. There were plenty of jack-rabbits and other game, but it was most too cold to handle a gun. So on a clear moonlight night we would set a couple of big headlight lanterns on the glistening snow, way out on the steppes, and just wait for developments. The rabbits would be attracted by the intense light, which was reflected for a great distance over the snow crust, and would all gather in a circle around the lamps in mute astonishment at the free picnic they were having. By and by their eyes would begin to water from the intensity of the light, and as drop after drop rolled down, it formed an icicle from the ground up, which finally froze solid to the eye-balls, and there we had 'em. Next morning all you had to do was to take 'em by the tail and break 'em off the icicles."

We all thought Furskins had done pretty well, when up spake Hans Brenneck, who had served in the German marine. Said he: "Boys, the coldest and hardest time I ever had was in '69 in the Baltic sea. I was an ordinary seaman on the 205-gun frigate *Donnerandblitzen*, when one day during just such weather like now, only colder, and when the whole rigging and masts were covered with ice, slick as glass, the pennon flew off the main mast, and I was ordered up to fix it. Holy blazes, how I suffered! I got up within four feet of the top when my strength gave out, and down I had to come. The officer ordered me up again, and again I failed."

"'Himmelpotzblitzmillionendonnerwetter,' said Captain Sayhund, 'verfluchter Hans, you must get up.' And then what does he do? He cuts a big cross in the palm of my hands so that the blood ran out, and then made me try it again. And this time I made it all right. The warm blood from my hands froze to the mast right away and gave me a tight grip clear to the top. I was made midshipman."

The general opinion was that although Furskins took the cake, Brenneck was entitled to the "Wiener wurst."—*Ex.*

Sonnet to a Pumpkin Pie.

O, LUSCIOUS, toothsome Pumpkin Pie!
To thee a humble knee we bend,
And pray that Providence to us may lend
A mouth and stomach equal to our eye,
Which could devour infinitudes of thee,
As there thou liest in such matchless state
Upon the ancient browned and blackened plate,
A work of art most rapturous to see.
Thy dimpling surface, round as Luna's orb,
Is flecked with changing shades of mottled brown
Which could defy e'en Titian's glowing brush
And make of Tintoretto's work a daub.
Thou art of pies the king, with fitting crown
Of pearly pastry lined with softest plush.

—Boston Globe.

Nights Out.

MARGY—"An' where have yez been, Mary, I've not set eyes on ye for a week?"
Mary—"Well, Monday night I was at Mrs. Mickey's party, and Tuesday at a hop, and Wednesday at a concert, and Thursday at Mrs. O'Ghee's ball, and last night I was just out callin'. And where have yez been yourself?"
"I've been kept busy with visitin' and callin'. Can't yez come over and see me to-night?"
"No, Margy, but I can come to-morrow."
"But why not to-night, sure?"
"This is the missus' night out."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Civil Service Law Set at Defiance.

Two coal-putters-in, a Democrat and a Republican, met. Said the Democrat:
"I thought you said times would be hard if Cleveland would be elected."
"To be sure I did, and they are. I haven't had a load of coal to put in fur two days."
"Well, I have. I had two yesterday and one this mornin' already."
"You have! Oh, I see. It's just as I said it would be if Cleveland would git elected; every Republican would be turned out of office and the Democrats would git all the jobs. If I don't git a job soon I'll steal some-thing from some Democrat, and don't you furgit it."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A Girl With a Business Turn.

"Pa has always been very successful in his operations in stock," she said, as they sat together in the parlor, "and I have given so much attention to his methods that, I think, I could go into the market and operate successfully myself."
"Indeed," he said with much interest, for he had just drawn a week's salary ahead to pay an election bet, and was wondering how he could make up the deficiency that would make itself felt when his board bill became due; "indeed; then if I wanted to speculate you could, perhaps, give me a few points?"
"I have no doubt I could give you some good advice," she said.
"Then suppose coal was going down and oil was rising, what would be the proper course to pursue?"
"Well, I should say," she replied, as she glanced into the stove and at the lamp, "the proper course to pursue would be to put a little more coal on the fire and turn down the lamp the least bit."—*Boston Courier.*

Stage Illusion.

UPON the stage she danced,
An airy sylphide light
A flashing, dashing not entranced
Among the golden rain so bright.
So dainty, debonaire,
Her eyes like jewels gleam,
She tosses kisses everywhere,
She is a poet's rarest dream.
A masher in a stall,
Is mashed so flat complete—
He'd spend his last and fain would fall
Upon his knees low at her feet.
He waited at the door,
From whence the faries pour.
"Wilt champagne with me, dear?"
He asked in transport wild.
"Yes, after I have taken home,
Sweet Cupid, my grandchild!"

—Yonkers Gazette.

"I DON'T believe in nude statuary," remarked a bucolic spinster at the art gallery. "The bare idea makes me shudder."—*Hatchet.*

A SPORTING man always keeps his mouth shut when there's deer stalking, as otherwise it might frighten away the game.—*Chicago Sun.*

AN Ohio man was accidentally locked up in a bath room for two hours. There are some punishments an Ohio man fears worse than death.—*Boston Post.*

"PA," said a precocious Stock Yards youth, in referring to his stern parent's unshaven visage, "your cheek looks like the wheel in ma's music box."—*Chicago Sun.*

THE Western Union Telegraph company has got the bulge on the messenger boys in Washington. It obliges them to ride bicycles, and they can't go slow without falling off.—*Burlington Free Press.*

NEARLY one hundred corpses have been fished out of the Regent's Canal, London, during the past two years. As soon as a corpse bites they haul him in, and take him up to the House of Lords, to deliver a speech on the Egyptian question.—*Brooklyn Times.*

SAID a good sister in her testimony at a late camp meeting: "My husband opposed my coming to this sacred spot, but I can truthfully say that in coming here I have received a blessing, and I know that when I reach home my husband will get a blessing." No one seemed to doubt her.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A Sharp Retort

It is not the man who holds correct opinions who always gets the best of an argument. An avowed communist and a supporter of the rights of capital were each presenting their views to a crowd in the street the other day when the communist said:
"Yes, sir, what is wanted to make the world better and mankind happier is an equal distribution of wealth."
"No, sir," replied the other, "what is wanted is an equal distribution of the qualities by which wealth is obtained, if such a thing were possible."
"O, sir, that wouldn't do," retorted the communist, "we don't all want to be d—d rascals, you know."—*Boston Courier.*

Young Jarphley's Inquisitiveness.

"PAH," remarked young Johnnie Jarphley, "was Jonah a great man?"
"I do not know that he was a great man, my son," cautiously remarked My. Jarphley, "but he certainly was a very remarkable one."
"He lived in a whale's belly for forty days, didn't he pah?"
"Something of the sort is recorded, I believe."
"Could you do it?"
"I do not know. I am reading. Don't bother me."
"But say, pah, I believe you could. I heard mah say you was a regular Jonah at everything you undertook, and—Ouch! Oh! Oh! Oh! I won't do so no more."—*Boston Herald.*

An Outrage.

NEW YORK CASHIRE—"It's an actual fact—I could hardly believe my own ears. The directors have decided to examine the bank books and funds."
Mrs. N. Y. Cashire—"The idea! I never heard of such an insult."
"Insult? It is worse. It is insolence—a perfect outrage?"
"I wouldn't stand it. Why don't you resign at once?"
"Resign?"
"Yes; shake the dust from your feet. Tell them you won't associate with such vulgar, low-bred persons. Why don't you resign this very day?"
"Well, you see, my dear, I've got to borrow \$500,000 for ten days to tide over the examination, and if I should resign, how could I pay back the money?"—*Ex.*

Disappointment.

"HERE'S a good piece of advice," said Captain Quibley, putting aside a newspaper and turning to his wife. "A paragraph here says that a man should never smoke a pipe while going down stairs. In case he should fall, he would be likely to drive the stem through the roof of his mouth and out at the top of his head."
"I never heard of such a thing," replied Mrs. Quibley.
"It's not by any means improbable," rejoined the captain. "There's our friend George Gaines. He is a great smoker, you know."
"Yes," with interest.
"Well, the other day—I forgot to mention it, by the—he was coming down stairs and his foot slipped and away he went. He always smoked a long stem pipe you know—"
"Great Goodness, captain!"
"Yes, he had a passion for long stem pipes. One day, while we were out hunting, he found a cane root about five feet long. He took it home with him and had it bored out. Beats any—"
"But when he fell did he drive it through his head?"
"Oh, no. You see he had to stop smoking on account of his health, but I was going to say for example—"
"Quibley, you are the biggest fool I ever saw. Go on now and split up some wood. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to disappoint any one that way."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The Postmaster's Song.

OVER the hills and up from the vales comes the following wail from the lips of the disconsolate postmaster hummed to the tune of "Yankee Doodle:"

My time has come and I must take
The first job that comes handy,
My cushioned chair will soon be filled
By a Democratic dandy.
It breaks my heart to leave this snap
Of leisure hours and candy,
And let the cake be scooped in by
That Democratic dandy.

St. Paul Herald.

A Husband's Heartless Suggestion.

"WHY don't you bang your hair, love?" he asked the other evening as they sat in the parlor after tea.

"Why, dear, do you think it would be becoming?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so; but I wasn't thinking about that."

"Well, then, why do you want me to bang it?"

"Well, I was thinking that if you banged your hair the piano would not feel so lonely."

He had to get his own breakfast the next morning.—*Boston Post.*

The State He Represented.

A WILD-EYED Southern member was upholding one of Willard's columns last night, and expatiating in an alcoholic manner on the prospective glory and prosperity of Mr. Cleveland's administration. A guest noticed that the inebriate was evidently a congressman, and inquired of a bystander:

"What State does that gentleman represent?"

"I believe," was the quiet reply, "that he represents the state of intoxication."—*Hatchet.*

Her Intentions Were Good.

"OF course I have no objection to your having a beau, Jennie," said a fond father to his marriageable daughter, "but you must not keep him so late. Keeping a fire running all night lengthens the coal bill, you know."

"That is true, pa," gurgled the fair girl, "but I had thought of that, and consequently have been very economical with the gas. The saving in gas will offset the additional expenditure in coal, and I must do George the justice to say that his views entirely coincide with mine in practicing economy in the matter of light."

"You foolish girl," said the father, "how little you know. Let me inform you, my child, that the gas bill never diminishes, no matter how little we burn."

"Still you must admit, pa, that my intentions were good."

"Certainly, my child. Kiss me and we'll say no more about it."—*Boston Courier.*

"Nip't in the Bud!"

SAD to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most wide-spread and fatal of diseases—consumption—have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.

A "STRAIGHT" glass of whiskey is apt to make a man's course crooked.—*Detroit Journal.*

WHY is George W. Peck like a Jew? Now, then, all together; because Saturday is Peck's Sun day.—*Chicago Telegram.*

THE office-holder warbles: "I would not live always; I ask not to stay, but I'll miss, oh, I'll miss that magnificent pay."—*Hatchet.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there were fifty cats where there is only one to-day. The world does improve, after all.—*Hartford Post.*

THE poor, fatally infatuated Chinaman who eloped with a Chicago girl is dead. She accidentally stepped on him.—*Philadelphia Call.*

INQUIRER asks: "Why is it that so many dogs have fleas?" To be perfectly honest we think it is because there are so many fleas. This, however, is merely conjecture.—*Boston Post.*

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE has been prostrated for some weeks by a severe attack of gastritis. As soon as he recovers he will prove that no such work as "gastritis" exists.—*Hartford Post.*

A ST. LOUIS editor, who started without a cent forty years ago, is now worth \$40,000. His fortune is all owing to his own energy, industry and frugality, and the fact that an uncle recently left him \$39,999.99.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A FASHIONABLE Galveston lady read in a newspaper that President-elect Cleveland was well off and a bachelor.

"Of course, he is well off if he is not married," was the brutal reply of her husband.—*Siftings.*

WHEN a visitor at the Carlisle Indian school asked a young Cheyenne girl if she was a member of a church, she answered, "Not much; just a little." There are hundreds of other church members similarly situated.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"THE most unkindest cut."—"How's business?" "I'm losing money very fast now." "How?" "Oh, this cutting of railroad rates." "How does that affect you?" "Why, you see, I travel on passes over all these roads, and where I used to save \$20 on every trip from New York to Chicago, I save only \$1 now. Dead loss of \$19."—*Chicago News.*

A SWARTHY-LOOKING American stood on a West End sidewalk. A colored man approached, and glancing around, said: "'Pears to be lot of our people round here. Now, where I come from, in Maine, I was about the only colored chap in town. I feel at home here, 'deed I do; don't you?" The gentleman addressed gave a gasp and swooned.—*Boston Globe.*

A Printer's Error.

SWEET are the uses of adversity, the printer's copy said, but he set it up, sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remedy, which upon trial has brought them from death's door. "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery'" is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease, bronchial affections, tumors, ulcers, liver complaints and the ills to which flesh is heir.

"SMITH, how is it that you always get such good bargains," queried Jones. "Because I was taught from my infancy habits of thrift, patience and economy," replied Smith. "My father was always drumming it into me to 'wait a little while and you'll purchase cheaper.' Why, even my mother used to sing 'bye-low, baby,' before I could walk." Jones was perfectly satisfied with the explanation.—*Boston Courier.*

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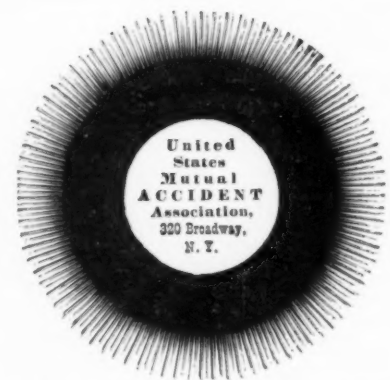
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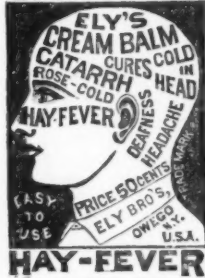
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"If you don't keep out of this yard you'll catch it," said a woman to a boy in West Lynn. "All right," answered the gamin, "I wouldn't have come in if I'd known your folks had it."—*Lynn Item.*

"Clocks which keep excellent time may be bought for \$1." And that's just where the trouble lies. They keep it altogether too close, and nothing can induce them to tell it to anybody.—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Lowell Milk Association is now well under way, having been duly organized under the general law of this commonwealth.—*Lowell Courier.* We can get plenty of low well milk without going to Massachusetts for it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Is your son a close student?" inquired a gentleman, visiting Quarle.

"Yes, too darned much so. I have paid for more clothes for him ever since he went away to school than I ever had in my life," snarled Quarle.—*Brooklyn Times.*

"Professor, what do you think about the dark spots on the moon?" asked a student at the University of Texas, of one of the teachers

"I am sure that spots on the moon are the result of earthquakes," was the reply.—*Siftings.*

In spite of all the inventive genius of this country, no one has ever succeeded in making a sleeve-button that will permit a young man to hug his best girl without tearing a hole in her dress at the point where her backbone saws into his arm.—*Newman Independent.*

THE crop of stove pipe jokes is not very large this season, and there is very little rhyme attempted on the subject. It is not an easy matter to pipe a lay on the stove pipe. Perhaps the topic does not suit the muse. It may be, however, that the funnel begin when the weather grows colder.—*Boston Courier.*

"An apple tree in Massachusetts is now producing its second crop of peanuts this season." We will guarantee the above item has not been exceeded in strangeness by any of the agricultural papers, which always tell wonderful stories about what their subscribers' trees are doing. The above item is a fact, as the peanut shells can still be seen.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Do you know Mr. Knockdown, Ella?" inquired a Lee avenue sweet thing of a visitor.

"Oh! Yes, I have met him, but I consider him fast," replied the visiting sweet thing.

"Fast, of course he is. He's a conductor on the limited express."—*Brooklyn Times.*

"The world is full of deceit," said old Mr. Squaggs; "and wimmin is mostly at the bottom of it."

"I know it," said old Mrs. Squaggs; it is after a man gets a wife that he begins to practice deceit. If he hadn't a wife he wouldn't need to lie so much about where he spends his evenings. You are perfectly right. It's the women that cause the deceit."

Old Mr. Squaggs became very thoughtful.—*Boston Courier.*

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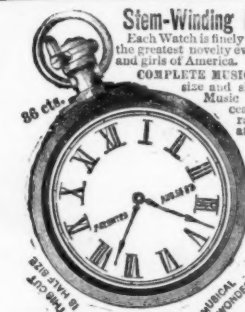
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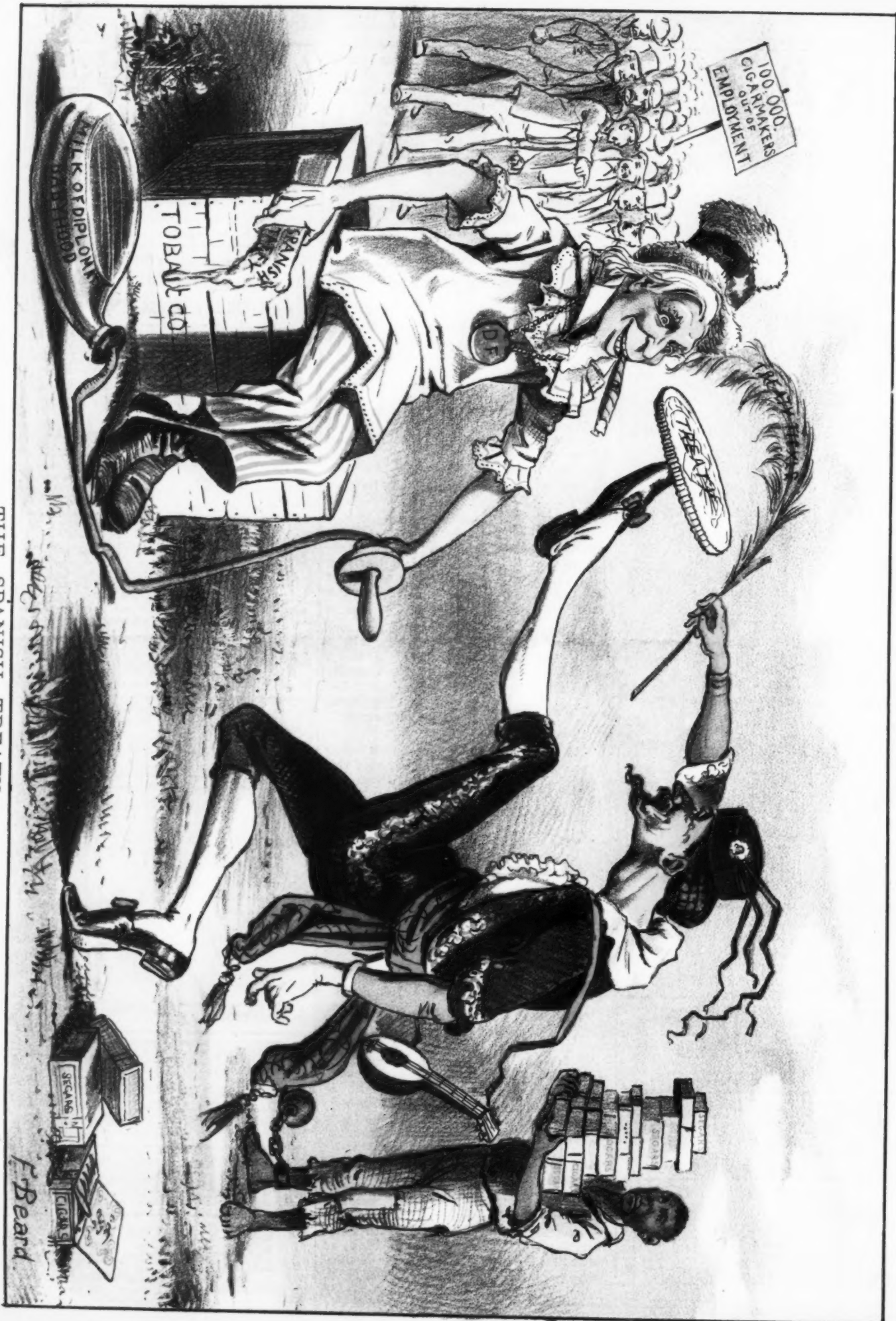
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