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ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY, IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.



THE JUDGE.

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DEMOCRACY'S PROMISE, AND HOW IT HAS BEEN FULFILLED.

ALL complaints of the hard times were met, until recently, by the consoling statement that everything would be all right as soon as Cleveland was inaugurated. Then money was to be easy and plenty, industries were to revive, trade was to be phenomenally brisk, and, in short, a new era—the era of the millenium—was to date from March 4th, 1885. This statement was made by the Democrats, and though that thrifty race, according to their wonted custom, scorned argument and were above advancing proof, still constant reiteration made some people believe them, and consequently made some people happy.

Well, we are some weeks older than we were on the fourth of March, and we have not seen any signs of the welcome change. On the contrary, times are harder than ever; for every new enterprise that has been inaugurated, two or three have shut down. Business is dull—duller than it has been in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and merchants are in despair.

THE JUDGE never took much stock in the promised revival. He is consequently the less disappointed. In common with most reasoning beings, he held the belief that a Democratic or reconstructed rebel administration was not the form of government under which the country would be likely to attain or sustain prosperity. As a matter of fact, the hard times have dated from the hour in which Mr. Cleveland's election could be reckoned among the possibilities. Under these circumstances, the revival will be slow and not sudden; will come in spite of Cleveland and not because

of him. Fortunately the United States are too rich in natural resources and in the enterprise which develops them, to be depressed for any lengthened period even by a Democratic President who numbers at least three more or less reconstructed rebels in his cabinet.

ST. PATRICK.

ONCE more the rolling months have brought round to us the natal day of Ireland's patron saint—in other words we have had another St. Patrick's Day. It did not differ materially from similar celebrations of its kind in other years; there were processions in various places, and a large consumption of green ribbon; there were sprigs of clover displayed by the many, and of shamrock by the few. There was a good deal of promiscuous drinking, speechifying, hand-shaking and defiance of Perfidious Albion. There were the usual number of vows to free Ireland on the evening of the seventeenth, and the usual number of headaches on the morning of the eighteenth. And that is about all there was to it. Long life to St. Patrick, more power to his elbow; down with the Sassanach; hurroo for dynamite, and God save Ireland—but from whom and from what we cannot at present writing determine.

THE SILVER SPECTRE.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has encountered his first grand difficulty; he has discovered that even the White House is not a bed of roses, and that all is not gold that glitters. Perhaps, in this case, it would be more appropriate to say that all is not silver that shines.

The silver question has long been a burning one in this country, and has puzzled wiser heads than Mr. Cleveland's, and set by the ears less pugnacious elements than the constituent parts of America's Democracy. On the one side we are told that unlimited silver coinage will have the effect of driving gold out of circulation by forcing it up to a high premium; that there will inevitably come a violent contraction in the currency. This is the language of the opponents of the silver dollar, in whose ranks we find Grover Cleveland.

Now, there is probably a good deal of exaggeration in the fears of the President and his fellow alarmists. The hoarding of gold cannot cause a contraction of the currency, because gold is not now in circulation to any considerable extent. Those who want it would have to draw it from the banks or the United States Treasury, and neither would pay out gold when they are under no sort of obligation to do so, and when demands could be met with silver dollars. And, in a word, the great argument of the enemies of silver is no argument at all. They say that the silver dollar is not worth a dollar. The friends of silver say that the gold dollar is worth more than a dollar—that it is not silver which is at a discount, but gold which is

at a premium; and this view is born out by the fact that the silver dollar to-day—all depreciated as its enemies say that it is—has as great a purchasing power as the gold dollar had ten years ago.

However, all this, being an *ex parte* statement of the question, only touches the very skirts of Mr. Cleveland's difficulty. He has got among the kickers—and the Democratic stable is full of them; full of opponents of his views on many questions, and full of promised difficulties for his infant administration. There is no rock that an unseaworthy policy will find harder to weather than this very silver rock, and the dash and confidence and blind audacity with which Cleveland tackles a question which has given pause to some of the greatest minds in the world of statesmanship and finance, is scarcely reassuring. The old simile of the bull and the gate is irresistibly suggested. The bull will doubtless get through all right—his hide is tough and his brows are of iron; but if, perchance, the gate is a valuable and important one it would be better for all concerned that some friendly hand should set it open.

"ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY, IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY."

FOR a great many years the above has been the *mot d'ordre* of the Irish patriots, and very suggestive and sensible it appears to be. Unfortunately either England's difficulties have not been difficult enough, or Ireland's opportunities have come about inopportunistly, or the difficulties and opportunities have not coalesced as easily in reality as they do in axiom—for the fact remains that Ireland continues to send members of Parliament to Westminster, to accept, ungraciously enough, the various gifts of said Parliament, and to repudiate all obligations as to the payment of rent with as much punctuality as if it were an integral portion of the British Empire.

"The wild justice of revenge"—which is Irish for shooting a landlord if he asks for his rent, continues to be impartially administered on dark nights from behind convenient hedge rows in various parts of the Green Isle, and subscriptions are regularly received by Mr. Jeremiah O'Donovan, for the purpose of circulating dynamite throughout Great Britain and her Canadian dependencies.

Just at present, however, with so much to trouble her in the Soudan, and with such an ominous complication with Russia threatening her at any moment on the Afghan frontier, England's difficulty may be embarrassing enough to gratify the most exacting Irish taste for opportunity. Consequently, we have several Irish gentlemen, who have become peculiarly adapted for desert campaigning by a long course of total abstinence from water, extremely anxious to join El Mahdi in the Soudan; and we have others, whose

tastes disincline them to forego the luxuries of civilization, extremely willing to make a raid on Canada.

While disposed to encourage a very extensive emigration of the former kind to the Soudan, and while fully confident of the ability of our friends, the Canadians, to deal with those of the other way of thinking, yet we must not forget that these turbulent idiots are in our asylum—that many of them have assumed the rights and duties of American citizens—a fact which they are ever ready to urge when they are laid by the heels for treasonable practices abroad. And having become American citizens, they have no more right to levy war on England than Henry Ward Beecher has to bombard Plymouth Church, or Carl Schurz to blow up Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck. And having accepted American nationality merely for the sake of the immunity it confers, these people should be made to toe the mark and respect American law and that international law of which our own is a part. Sympathy for Ireland is sadly out of date now, and has been used as a scare-crow to warn off scrutiny from the truth long enough. Ireland has had many favors in the last few years in the way of loans, remission of rents, and special legislation and tribunals, and the landlords there have now more reason to complain than ever the tenants had. It is well that this should be understood once for all, and that a sentimental grievance, handed down from the last generation, but which has no longer any force, should be definitely exploded.

A NUMBER of colored oystermen have been drowned in Chesapeake Bay lately. The cry of the oyster now is "Give us another half dozen raw."

"BLIMS, did I understand you to say that your girl's family are high kickers?"

"Well, the old man is, and I have been informed that the boys want to be."

STRANGER—"Is that the great tunnel I have heard so much about?"

Chicago man—"O no, what you see before you is only a young lady gaping."

Mrs. Navvery—"He do get drunk, sir, and beat and abuse me awful."

Good Clergyman—"But you must be patient. Remember he is your husband, and the Bible says if we love our enemies and do good to them, we will heap coals of fire on their head."

Mrs. Navvery—"Well, sir, I never went as far as that, but I have tried boiling water."

"WORTH makes the man," said Pope, and maybe he did in Pope's time, but the Worth of the present day has gone into better business and makes up nothing but women, and some of his "creations" are topping ones, and don't you forget it. Now there's Mrs. Langtry. Some-one says that anything she lacks in merit, she makes up in Worth. But trade is dull this season, and many a loving husband and father must suffer a keen pang when he sees his comely wife and his fair young daughter absolutely Worth-less.



A FINANCIAL CONUNDRUM.
Will it be a Total Eclipse?

Time and Beauty.

TIME met Beauty one day in her garden
Where roses were blooming fair;
Time and Beauty were never good friends,
So she wondered what brought him there.
Poor Beauty exclaimed, with her prettiest air,
I request, Father Time, my sweet roses you'll spare,
For Time was going to mow them all down;
While Beauty exclaimed, with her killingest frown,
"Oh fie, Father Time!

"Well," said Time, "at least let me gather
A few of your roses here:
It is part my pride to be always supplied
With such roses the whole of the year."
Poor Beauty consented, tho' half in despair,
And Time, as he passed, begged a lock of her hair;
And, and as he stole the soft ringlet so bright,
He vowed 'twas for love, but she knew 'twas for spite—

Oh fie, Father Time!

Time went on and left Beauty in tears—
He's a tell-tale the world well knows;
So he boasted to all of the fair lady's fall,
And showed the lost ringlet and rose.
So vexed was poor Beauty to find her fair fame
Was ruined, though she was in no-wise to blame,
That she drooped like some flower that's plucked
from its clime,
And her friends all mysteriously said, "It is time;"
Oh fie! Father Time!

Mama—"Johnny, where are those ugly green candies, they will make you sick and die if you eat them. I hope you minded mama and did not touch them."

Johnny—"No, Mama, I did not eat them, but I gave Baby Brother heaps of them. If he don't die soon, I guess I can stand them."
Mama in hysterics when we went to press.

A Tale of Irish Life.

It was a large, well fenced field, and sloped gently down to the banks of a beautiful river.

Many fields in Ireland are *not* well fenced, so it is important to mention this one was; but there was nothing else especially remarkable about it, save its *sole inhabitant*, whose unsociable tastes, eccentric habits, and ferocious temper made *him* an object of terror and hatred to the whole neighborhood.

Children returning from school, women going to and from the market, even stout, hardy men, pursuing their daily avocations, shunned the place, and our *hero* was left in that perpetual solitude which seemed to constitute *his* ideal of earthly happiness.

Of course, there were endless tales and legends about *him*. Some said in *his* youth *he* had been gentle and tractable enough, until all that was worst in *his* nature had been aroused by a mysterious and malevolent spirit, which, under the guide of an echo from the river, irritated *him* perpetually by derisively repeating every exclamation *he* gave vent to. Be this as it may, *he* was shunned by all *his* neighbors, and given a wide berth by every passing traveler. Judge, therefore, the horror that was felt by all when poor, "simple," Paddy Horan was seen leisurely crossing by the long disused pathway. Of course he was perceived by the savage *inmate*, and hotly pursued with angry shouts and wild gesticulations.

Simple though he was, Paddy had sense enough to know that his best and only chance of safety lay in rapid flight.

He took it.

But, though he was a swift runner, his pursuer rapidly gained on him, until he could feel his warm breath at his very back. At last he reached the gateway that lead to the

public road, and, as Paddy fondly hoped, to safety.

It was a high gate—a strong gate—a five barred gate. But at that moment it scarcely seemed to present an obstacle to the terrified Paddy Horan.

He flung himself against it, and burst it open, to the astonishment of all the bystanders, calling loudly as he did so, "Last out shuts the gate." The men standing around forgot their surprise in abject terror, when Paddy Horan's pursuer forgot the first object of his wrath, and turned his attention to them. They were soon the leaders in a spirited race for life, from which they happily came out scathless, and in their deep thankfulness they freely forgave simple Paddy Horan the innocent cause of their danger, but it is still an oft told tale in Ireland, and "Last out shuts the gate," as Paddy Horan said to the bull, is still a favorite and familiar expression in Ireland.

"Why! was he a bull?"

"Why, certainly he was, Stupid. Didn't you know that all the time?"



MONOGRAPHS

TRIOLET—FANCY SKATING.

SHE's doing some fancy skating,
Scornfully curling her lips up,
Speed is accelerating—
She's doing some fancy skating;—
And calmly annihilating
The poor little dudelet she trips up;
She's doing some fancy skating,
Scornfully curling her lips up.

It is always a shiny day with the boot-black.

"Linked sweetness long drawn out" can always be found at a candy pull.

It is easier to pound tenderness into a boarding-house beef-steak, than common sense into a bifurcated bully.

No, Clarence, the eider duck is not named after Ida Lewis. She is of another species, the "duckey dear" kind.

A COFFEE pot exploded in Charleston, S. C., the other day, and seriously injured seven children. Their parents have good grounds for bewailing the accident.

BELTS of tortoise shell are very fashionable. As they are also very fragile, the courting young man looks upon them with extreme disfavor.

THERE are over sixty thousand dogs in Paris. Now we know why anxious parents are afraid their sons will "go to the dogs," when they go abroad.

A NEW HAVEN, CT., young man has amassed a collection of seven thousand eggs. It is not known what particular actor he has a spite against, but interesting developments are daily attended.



A FULL NIGGER AND A FULL MOON.

COLORED PARTY—"Golly, dis be dah fust time I ever discovered dat dah man in de Moon be a cat."

A means of putting down carpets without the use of tacks, has been invented, and an opening at last presents itself for missionaries to step in and save the souls of married men.

"YOUR stomach is your wine cellar," says an ancient worthy. All we can say then, is, that judging by some men's breath, they must keep an awful poor assortment of wine on hand.

THERE is a man in New Jersey who is so mean that he will not let his children go out in muddy weather for fear they will carry off some of his land on their shoes.

A LITTLE girl at Wind Gap, Pa., is said to have ears that are bent forward, and grown fast to her face. She probably attempted to walk backwards through the Gap, against the wind, with the remarkable result stated.

THE scripture-quoting young man at our boarding house, who has just returned from Rhode Island, must have got lost in the

capital city of that state, for he remarked the other night that "the ways of Providence are past finding out."

NEW JERSEY dogs will get to heaven long before New Jersey men. The other day it was discovered that for some time past, a Wanaqua dog had been carrying his breakfast to a starving hound in a covert near by, while a tramp the benevolent dog's master had kicked off his place a few nights before, was found dead from hunger in an adjoining wood!

Another Immortal Ode Squelched.

Come, favoring Muse, my pen illume
To write of the man in the next room—
but he's got back; it's no use now.

It takes good generalship to hold a large family in check while keeping dinner back until your visitor leaves.

To the Last Street Car at Midnight.

(BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.)



ROLL on, thou Car, roll on!
O'er leagues of iron track
Roll on!
What though I cannot hire a hack?
What though I'm "broke"—except five cents?
What though to suburb resi-dence—
Nine miles—I'll have to walk me hence?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou car, roll on!
At swift 2:40 gait
Roll on!
It matters not if I am late;
If I bawl "stop!" 'till I am hoarse,
It matters not to you, of course,—
So keep right on—thou last resource!
Never mind me!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou car, roll on!
Through winter's freezing air
Roll on!
It's true I've no top-coat to wear;
It's true the "L" don't run my way;
It's true to trudge home won't be gay—
But don't let that disturb you, pray!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

[The "bobtail" rolled on.]

J. E. FERGUSON.

**Wrecked off Weehawken;
OR
PIRATE PHIL, THE DUKE OF THE DEEP.**

A Story of a Blue-eyed Lass, A Squint-eyed sailor, and a Green-eyed Jealousy.



BY "JEF JOSLYN."

"ALL hands on deck! Tie a double bow-knot in the main-mast; take a reef in them belayin' pins; furl that compass, and swab off the anchor with some 'Rust Eradicator'! Splice yer shoulder-braces, and skin around 'p. d. q.', ye measly lubbers, fer I want things slicked up here fer yer captain's weddin' ter-night!"

Such were the thrilling words shouted by Pirate Phil down the hatchway of his saucy craft, the "Belle of East River," to its sleeping crew, and which roused them out to speedy obedience of his clarion orders.

'Twas about 10:45 in the evening!

The "Belle" was scudding along in even latitude and longitude of thirty-three degrees (Masonic degrees), fifty-seven minutes (Recording Secretary's minutes), and 2 seconds (duel seconds), when suddenly a small row-boat drew alongside of the vessel, and an (indigo) blue-eyed, lop-eared female chromo—whose age could be gauged by her appearance of having weathered some thirty-nine rainy springtimes, and as many chilly autumns, climbed aboard, and in a shrill "loaded for b'ar" voice, thus accosted Philly, the bold buccaneer with the squint-optic:

"Phil-lip-po! where hast thou concealed the long-haired niece of the Alderman's wife's cousin's sister? and how many other 'gals' hast thou as inmates of thy gal-lay, which I understand is the nautical name for a piratical harem? Oh Phillippo! is this right, to desert thy own Cuticura Jane, and put off the old love for one or more new ones?"

"Go to—go to—Cutey! Come off the roof! Get thee gone girl, back to Weehawken in thy tub of a skiff. Thou hast reached the 'sere and yellow leaf' period of life, and I hereby declare all arrangements off for our contemplated marriage, and this night I shall be wedded instead to the Alderman's remote, but young and fair relative!" was Pirate Phil's cruel reply.



"Then, be-ware! be tin-ware, glass-ware, china-ware, whichever thou pleasest, but Cuticura Jane Jinckyson will be revenged!" and with a weird, rectangular 8x12 laugh of threatening scorn, she leaped over the ship's taffrail into her boat below.

Two hours later, a merry scene is being enacted in the "Belle's" cabin. Pirate Phil has secured a license, and a New York Justice of the Peace is proceeding to splice our Black Flag rover to the "l. h. n. o. t. A's. W's. c's sister," as his craft idly floats on the water betwixt Weehawken and Forty-second Street.

Philly (surnamed Maginnis) had acquired his title of the "Duke of the Deep" by his brilliant and successful preying raids at night upon the cargoes of poorly guarded ships lying at anchor in the river, while their Captains and crews were off in the city "painting the town red," preparatory to long cruises to "Cathay" and other different climes. He had been engaged to Miss Jinckynson, but now he had perfidiously discarded her, and was about to wed the aforesaid "long-haired, etc., etc.," smitten damozel, who had run away from home to share the squint-eyed freebooter's lot. ("Lot No. 4, block 12, Washington St., Hoboken; unencumbered, and taxes paid up in full.")

The Judge has just finished reading the marriage ceremony from a volume of Police Court Records, (which he had inadvertently brought along instead of the proper book)—pocketed his ten dollars fee, and two jolly Jack Tars had each appended their ^{his} _{mark.} as witnesses to the blushing bride, who, by the way, was minus bridesmaids.



But, merciful heavens! as the wassail is at its highest festive pitch, the "Belle" gives a sudden lurch forward, quivers from stem to stern for a few seconds, and then sinks like a plummet beneath the waves "one hundred fathoms deep," with all on board!

A frantic rush is made by the doomed souls in the cabin to the hatchway, but it is found mysteriously but securely fastened on the outside, and in spite of their Herculean efforts to break it open and escape, those caged victims die like rats in a trap!

Who, and what was the cause of that horrible but just fate meted out to Pirate Phil, the heartless deceiver, and his innocent wedding party?

Cuticura Jane, aided and abetted by her strong three dollar set of false teeth!!

The cast-off fiance of the "Duke of the

Deep," had stolen on the ship when all hands were below, barred their only means of egress, and then, with the fierce pangs of jealousy and unrequited love gnawing at her bosom, she had jumped into the river, and with her two rows of patent molars had fiercely gnawed a huge hole in the vessel's hull—below the water-line—which had scuttled the rakish "Belle" in less than a minute by Cuticura's oroid watch!



"*Sic semper Maginnis!*" exultingly exclaimed Miss Jinckynson, after she had clambered into her row-boat and watched the eddies circling around the spot where the craft went down; "Phil-lip-po will never trifle with another female's fond affections, methinks, methanks, methunks!!!"



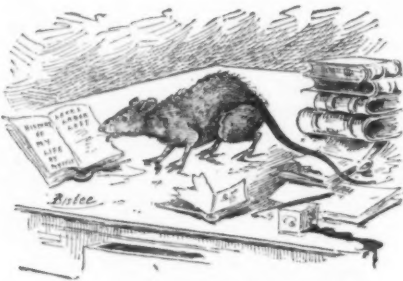
"Oh Joy!"

MR. A. BRUCE JOY, the sculptor, has completed a bust of Mary Anderson in a new medium, the composition of which is being patented in England. The work is at present being exhibited at the Free Library and Museum, Liverpool.

It is claimed for the material in which the bust is executed, that it possesses in a large degree the beauty and durability of marble, while much easier to work. When our beauties hear of this we suppose they will all be busted by Joy.

Disconsolate Widower—"What! go to my wife's funeral in the same carriage with my mother-in-law? How can you suggest such a thing? It would spoil all my pleasure in the day.

POGGUN is subject to cataleptic trances, and has been three times turned home from the cemetery as not eligible for admission. When his friends are invited to his funeral now, they say it is only a rehearsal.



A LITERARY TASTE.

The Dying Flora.

WITHIN the open grate I saw
A cheerful fire burn,
And on the breakfast table stood
A nickel-plated urn;
The china shown with many hues,
Blue reeds and golden storks,
The table was with damask spread,
And silver spoons and forks.

With all this luxury around,
Oh! why does Flora sigh?
And what has brought the pearly drop
That sparkles in her eye?
It's not the price of butcher's meat,
It's not the rise in bread,
It's not Free Trade or politics
That trouble Flora's head.

For she has a seal-skin mantle,
And a Paris bonnet, too,
And her perfect fitting costume
Is stylish, rich, and new;
How many poor who walk the street
Would sit in Flora's place,
Without the heavy shade of care
That rests upon her face.

For she has everything on earth
That can be bought by wealth,
And has, as far as we can judge,
Beauty, and youth, and health;
And a young man from the city,
A comely youth and tall,
Has placed himself, without reserve,
At Flora's beck and call.

Her Papa always stands to her
In tickets and in trips,
And never says she's flippan't,
No matter how she flips,
And never says she'll ruin him,
No matter what she spends,
And never wants to close the door
On any of her friends.

And yet, now turns she to Papa
With horror in her eye,
And, hanging on to his cravat,
Sobs, 'Papa, I must die.'
He clears his throat and pats her back,
And says, "No, no, my pet,
You're looking pretty, young, and well,
You need not die just yet."

But comfort could not reach her heart,
And all that she could say,
Was, "Papa, do not grieve for me,
I'll die this very day;
Whisper, dear Papa, never tell
My grief and my despair,
I found three grey hairs in my bang—
I'll have to dye my hair."

M. E. J.

WHEN a gallant captain asks his girl for a kiss, what does she say?
Only one word—"Officer!" (Oh! fie, Sir.)

Cause of His Depression.

"WHAT a solemn looking man over there!" said a Murray Hill lady to her husband, at the theatre, the other night, "what ails him?"

"Oh, that's Peters; he's engaged on one of the papers here. He says business in his department has been very dull lately. That's probably the reason he's cast down."

"What department has he?"
"He's the obituary reporter."

A KETTLE can never be said to burn with affection—its warmest feeling is "a steam."

MR. FREEMAN informs us that English lawyers who have read Stubbs and Maine don't count much on Blackstone's Commentaries. English lawyers are finding out, no doubt, that Bill Blackstone was never anything more than a common 'tater—which the same Englishmen who are not lawyers seem to be finding out about Bill Gladstone.

LORD TENNYSON'S last drama, according to some of the London critics, is a very able production, but is not suited for the modern stage. What they mean probably is, that the modern stage is too flimsy a structure to bear the weight of so heavy a piece. Perhaps one of our enterprising managers could get over the difficulty by mounting it on the Brooklyn Bridge.

Medical Consultation.

First Little Girl—"Where has the doctor gone?"

Second Little Girl—"Into the parlor to write a description of Mama."

Third Little Girl—"Oh, no; he is only writing an inscription on her."

They could not make out what a prescription was, not one of them, and it was no wonder."

WHEN a man finds that oysters don't agree with him, he should drop them. There are plenty of other things to eat—for instance, oyster soup.

WE see in an exchange an article two inches long, entitled "Human Character." Why, it would take an article a column long to commence to describe the north-east corner, section four, range one, of the character of the man who these cold times will go through the door and forget to pull the hole after him.

"WELL, Parson, I am sorry to see that you have a cold set of hearers to-day," said the deacon to the parson as he just entered church last Sabbath.

Parson—"You astonish me. How so?"
Deacon—"Why, I see your ears are cold; they are your hearers." The Parson went to the pulpit with a warm smile.

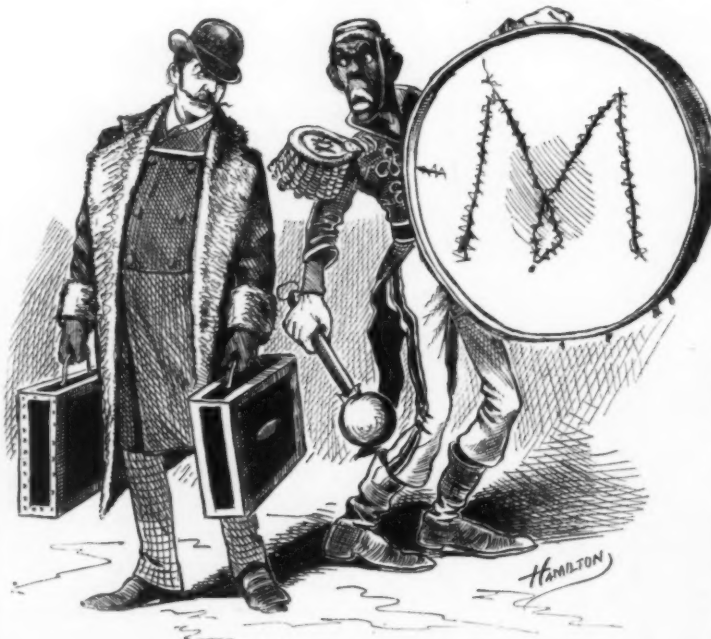
SAM SNAPP;

OR

The Merchant Traveller.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH OUR HERO WILL BE INTRODUCED TO OUR READERS.



ANY strange occurrences greeted our hero's entry on the road of life; and the oldest inhabitant, who was a trifle dented on the subject of omens, was heard to declare that Cornelius Snapp's new son would play an important part in the history of his country. Whether Captain Hiram Bower (the said oldest inhabitant) was right in his prognostication or an

utter old ass, the reader shall decide.

Fort Sumpter was fired upon the very hour that our hero was born. Whether the firing was responsible for Sam, or Sam responsible for the firing, will always remain one of the mooted points of history. During the twenty-four hours that preceded his birth, the following out-of-the-way things occurred: 1. The cashier of a New York bank did not fly to Canada; 2. Beecher did not stump for

the Democrats; 3. Several *now* prominent generals invested in substitutes; 4. Several *now* prominent society ladies were busy at the wash tub; 5. William Winter delivered a poem; 6. A western Pennsylvania farmer voted for Andrew Jackson; 7. Mary Anderson was born in several states; 8. Patti took a farewell benefit; 9. Twenty-four new railroads were projected. This last incident, perhaps, had much to do with shaping our

hero's destiny—perhaps hadn't; who can tell? Metaphysics and mortality are so mixed up that it is sometimes as difficult to find out what one does of his own volition, as it is to discover what volition has to do with it, anyway.

Of Sam's early life we will say nothing. Early lives of all great men are not to be advised as a steady diet. They are divided into two great classes; falsehoods and lies; and as we purpose furnishing our readers with a history that shall serve as a companion souvenir to G. W's, Little Hatchet, we will allow Sam Snapps to fall down the back stairs of the past, and brace ourselves up for the greatest effort of our life.

Sam Snapp was a good looking young fellow of some twenty-two summers. He has a comfortable height; that is to say he was not tall enough to warrant a dime museum manager offering him a fabulous salary to exhibit before all the crowned heads of Europe in a group, (on the bills) nor short enough to act as a *Morning Journal* editorial. His figure was comely, verging on to that state when a fresh layer of adipose tissue may confidently be reckoned on. His features, although not built upon any recognized style of beauty, were pleasing to the eye, and what he lacked in Grecian or Roman contour was made up for by the glossy sleekness of his well-cared for moustache. His teeth were sound, likewise his digestion; his eyes were brown, laughing, yet shrewd; his hair was cropped short to his shapely cranium upon which the bump of veneration found no resting place for the sole of its foot. Altogether Sam was pleasing to look upon; and while not boasting the oratorical powers of Demos-

thenes, or Roscoe Conkling, he could, to use the language of a customer whom he had once left for dead—"talk the kink out of a hog's tail!"

Although Sam had never received a college education, his knowledge of poker was phenomenal, which proves that a man may be happy, and yet know nothing about Greek roots, and baseball. He was a good judge of horses and ancles; liked a first-class dinner and a high-flavored "Perfecta;" played billiards like a professional, made love like a he angel, and never cheated a man out of a cent—after business hours.

There is Sam Snapp, let us hope you like him!

At the time we commence the recital of of Mr. Snapp's adventures he was on the eve of starting on his first trip for the wholesale ready-made clothing house of Marks, Rubenstein & Moses, of Green Street, N. Y. City. He had superintended the removal of his sample trunks to the Grand Central Depot, bought his ticket for his first stopping place, paid for his extra baggage, the checks of which he deposited in a well-filled wallet; and, after an excellent dinner at Delmonico's—when flush, Delmonico's, when otherwise a cheese sandwich and a glass of lager in the humble German saloon of the period; no one knew better than Sam Snapp how to adapt himself to circumstances—lit a cigar, and not having to start on his journey until the 8:30 next morning, he sallied forth, at peace with all mankind, to a meeting of a secret society to which he belonged, named the "Brotherhood of Infinite Gall," where a neophyte was that evening to be initiated into the mysteries of the order.



(To be Continued.)



DROPPING TO THE SITUATION.

BOY AT THE BOTTOM—"I can't get up while you are there."

TOP BOY—"And I can't get down while you are there."

BOY ON THE GROUND—"Well, don't fight about it, for the ladder is tumbling and you will both be on an equal footing in a minute."

A Word for Poor Nick.

Do you know, Tom, I like the devil?
 Yes, I think he's quite as nice
 As half the idols men level
 To suit their moral price.

Were your name forever pitted
 And beaten black and blue,
 Don't you guess, Tom, if things permitted,
 You'd play a prank or two?

And then if he never had a mother,
 What can wise folks expect?
 Some, having mother and brother,
 Dear knows! make one reflect.

Just tell him, Tom, he's not so ugly,
 As quite to make you wail,
 And, like Darwin's ape, he may snugly—
 Who knows?—fling off his tail!

Gaze kindly upon his hard features,
 And you may melt his horns,
 When he'll look just like other creatures,
 Whose only flaw is corns!

I'm convinced that he needs the training
 Got in neat business suits,
 And the curb so mildly restraining
 Of brand-new, shiny boots.

Yes, I think, Tom, with better manners,
 That poor, unruly Nick
 Might, in time, wave temperance banners
 As high as proper Dick!

WM. STRUTHERS.

GUEST—"Waiter, did you say this was genuine turtle soup?"

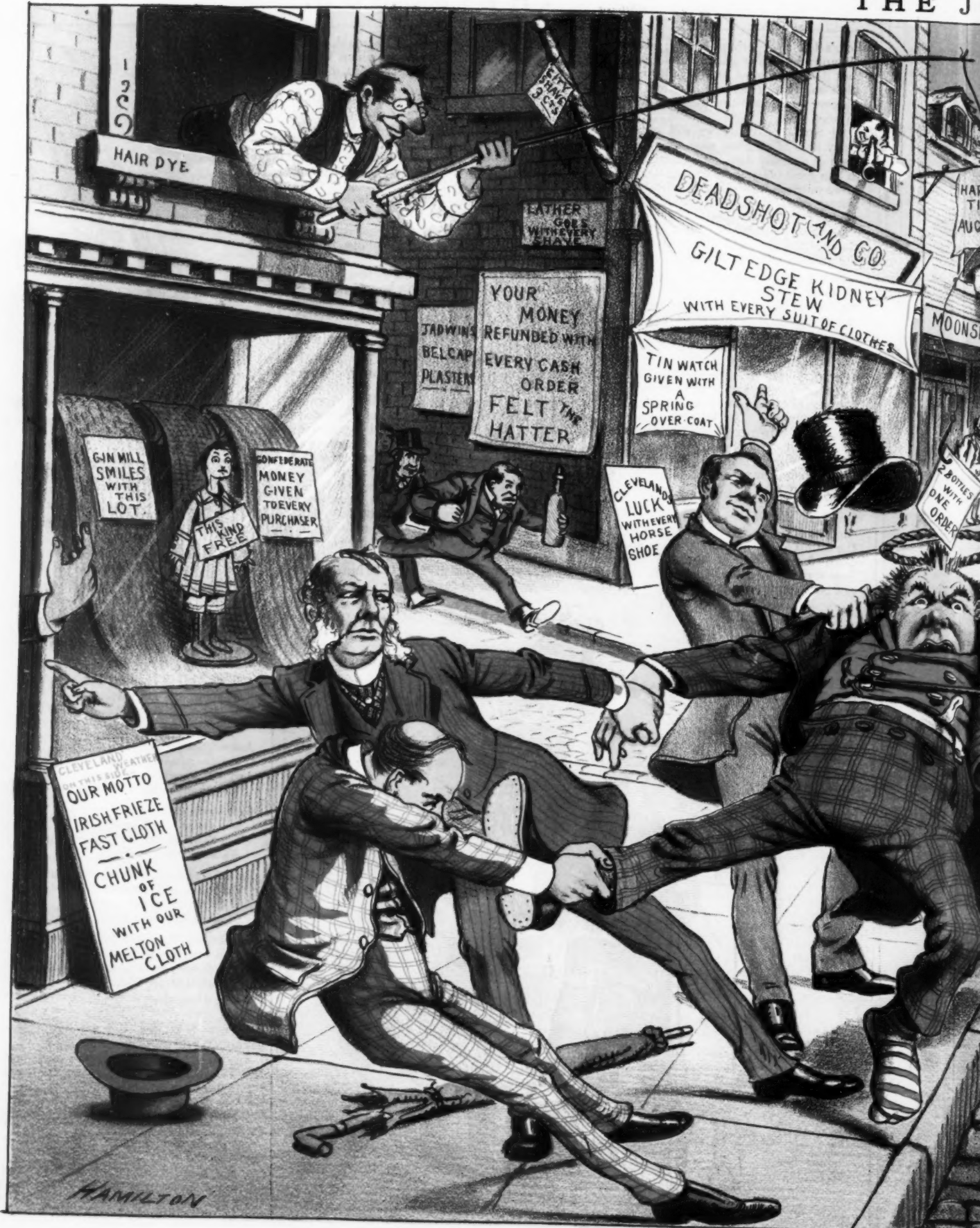
Waiter—"Yes, sir. It was made out of the water of a pond near here in which a turtle was seen last summer."

"How does it come, Jones, that you made an assignment?"

Jones—"Well, I made it for the relief of creditors."

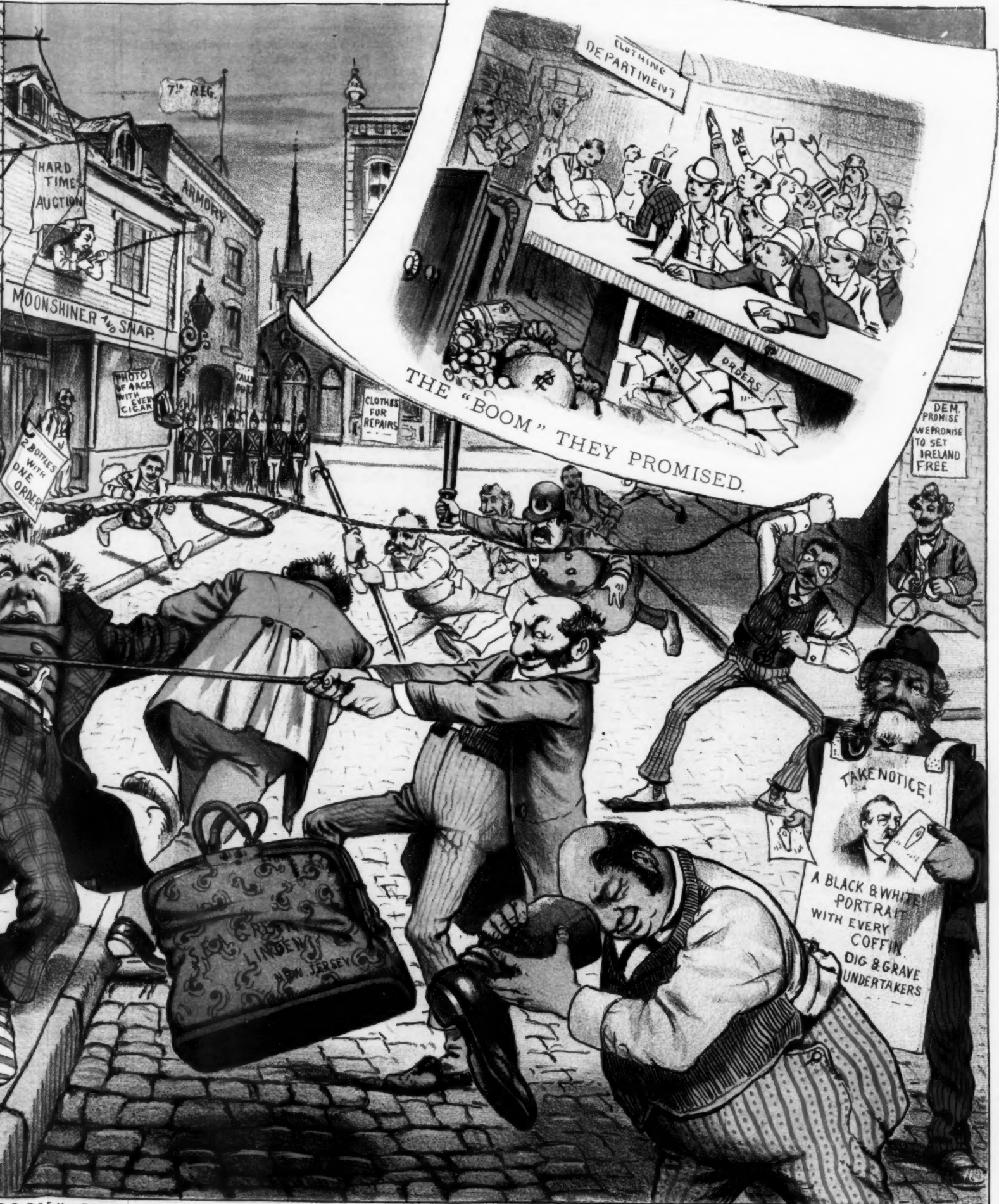
"Why, how were your creditors relieved?"

Jones—"O, you see, I relieved them from the trouble of constantly expecting something, and being disappointed."



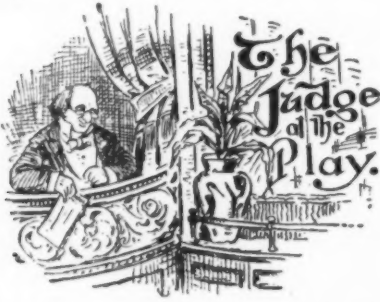
THE "BOOM" RESULT OF DEMOCRATIC S

E JUDGE.



"BOOM" WE GOT.
TIC SUCCESS, ON BUSINESS.

THE JUDGE.



MR. HENRY GUY CARLETON'S wonderful play has been produced at the Baldwin, San Francisco, and now San Francisco people are wondering "what made 'Victor Durand' such a success," in New York.

Well, dear San Francisco people, the facts may astonish you, but truth is mighty and must prevail. Moreover, THE JUDGE cannot tell a lie, and candor compels him to whisper in your private ear, that "Victor Durand" wasn't such a success in New York as the daily newspapers tried to made you believe.

Mr. Carleton was a "society" man, and "society" went to see the play at first. After society had satisfied its curiosity, there was a falling off in the Wallack audiences, and the play was given to thin houses for several weeks. Mr. Carleton was decidedly fortunate in having his play brought out at Wallack's. Had it been cast here, as it was in San Francisco, it would scarcely have survived a fortnight.

Fancy Lewis Morrison taking Mr. Tearle's place, and playing *Henri Favart*, the leading part!

Mr. Morrison was here when the play was first produced, and made a hit in it as the villain *Baron de Mersac*, but *Henri Favart* is entirely out of his line. Rose Wood (Mrs. Morrison) was *Ruth Favart* in San Francisco, and Rosa Bell (a daughter of the Morrises, is we mistake not) was *Violet*. We have not heard if any of the Morrison family got away. They seem to have been pretty well represented in "Victor Durand."

Mr. Gerald Eyre was selected to play the villain, a part (judging from recent developments,) he ought to be able to play remarkably well, and the young person, whom one of the California correspondents designates as "Mrs. Mollie-Fuller-Eyre," was elected as an understudy for Miss Rosa Bell.

With a few exceptions, theatrical business in New York is decidedly dull. Daly manages to make money. His new play, though not as good as 7-20-8, provokes much laughter, and is drawing good houses. It is too early to tell how the new piece at the Casino will draw. "Patience," and "The Pirates" were evidently regarded as chestnuts by the Casino patrons, and "Spot Cash" was a big failure at the Fifth Avenue.

Hazel Kirke is not dead yet, neither is Dion Boucicault. The latter follows the former, this week, at the People's Theatre.

On Thursday the two hundredth performance of "Adonis" will take place at the Bijou. It is said that after his Boston engagement, Mr. Dixey will take himself and his burlesque over to London.

We have become so accustomed to having our leading actors, actresses, and plays imported from the other side, that, when a ripple sets in, in the opposite direction, it seems worthy of special comment. Willie Edonin and his wife Alice Atherton have been in London for some time playing in "Babes in the Wood," Minnie Palmer, as we all know, made a fortune there in "My Sweetheart," and

there is nothing new to be said of Mary Anderson.

Next season, the Londoners will have Dixey, but before that they will be treated to a new farce comedy by Jessop and Gill.

The piece alluded to is called "Muddles," it is now in active rehearsal, and will soon be produced at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster.

This is indeed a new departure and a reversal of old traditions.

Melodrama is resplendent in New York this week, but its glories are eclipsed by the Great London Circus. Even the skating rinks are depleted for the nonce by the numerous attractions that the famous P. T. offers at the usual prices.

"The Shadows of a Great City," with its famous scenes, Catharine Market, Blackwell's Island etc., is "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances" at Niblo's, and one can see "The Pavements of Paris" for fifteen or twenty-five cents, as the case may be, at Leavitt and Pastor's Third Avenue Theatre.

Harrigan and Hart are giving a revised edition of Harrigan's first success, called "The Major."

"A Prisoner for Life" will be at the Union Square till the advent of Minnie Palmer.

Just as theatrical people are discussing the advisability of a reduction in prices all around, we hear that Mr. James Steele Mackey intends opening his new theatre (when it is completed) at prices that we fear will prove decidedly unpopular.

The play and the actors will have to be very good to induce people to pay Irving and Terry prices for anything but Irving and Terry. These two artists will be succeeded at

the Star by Theo, who has been bewitching the money from the people's pockets in Mexico, and has thereby made glad the heart of her manager Mr. Maurice Grau.

Clara Morris has returned from a most successful southern tour, and will play an engagement at Daly's theatre in April.

The Boston Ideals are well worth hearing, this is their last week at the Fifth Avenue.

Vanoni continues to warble at Koster and Bial's, and "Gasparonne" is doing only fairly at the Standard.

Henry Bergh Should be Seen.

"It is terrible to see what revenge these plumbers show," he said, as he laid down the paper he had been reading.

"Yes, it is," she replied. What special circumstance do you refer to now?"

"A Philadelphia knight of the solder has just poisoned a Dodo at the Zoological Garden, because the bird had a larger bill than he did."

To make hens lay—tie 'em down.

OLD Mr. Gill and wife have fourteen children, and when they go to the summer resorts, the old man always registers the whole lot under the one name "Gallon."

PROBABLY not more than twenty-five hundred Democratic newspapers have said that Grover Cleveland's letter of resignation was brief, and to the point. The brevity is there, certainly, but it's a mistake to say that it is "to the point." The letter says it is "to the Legislature."



AN ANCIENT ORDER.

DRAWING TEACHER—"Why, Ivy, what disorder! How careless you are. Don't you know that order is the first law of heaven?"

IVY—"The first law, hey? Well, it was so long ago I had forgotten it!"



"GIRLS."

Retrospectively and progressively considered "as it were."

A MAN may live in a palace and drink of sparkling wines,
 May roll in gold and silver, and yet some day he finds
 That life is dull and tasteless; a bubble, and a giddy whirl,
 But he changes his mind completely when he
 "mashes" a pretty girl!

A feller must Noah lot to give names ter all the things in this world, I remark to Jim the other da.

To what particular thing do you refer, said he.

"Tain't a thing at all, its a girl I was thinkin' about.

Ah, yes, replied mi conceited brother, queer name, of course, but girls are not what tha used to be, and we may add, their present appearance and prospects are improvements on the past. When the proprietor of the first menagery assumed the management of the Ark he came across a peculiar creature in the hay-loft that wore long curls. It seemed to like to gurl up in the corner and talk.

The conversations were so light that they assisted in floating the ark. For want of a better name the creature was christened "Gurl," and since corrupted to "girl."

But that's only Jim's version. Some folks call em angells, and this suits the feller havin' one ov those romantic dispositions with gold trimmings and solid silver-plated sleeve-buttons. (If the gurl happens to possess gold trimmings so much the better, its even more essential sometimes.)

To yours truly there isn't anything patented that looks half so bewitchingly sweet (a little ways off,) than this moden miracle, yer can't even bar out honey, an all bears is supposed to like that. "Kiss a gurl and di" iz one ov the (new) proverbs, and bashful man iz more likely ter cave under such circumstances than the female. Bright eyed, wavy-haired collection of pink and white are manufactured for caresses and it comes as nachral to receive 'em as falling off the roof of a 8 tenement block. A man may be smart an able to get up "jobs" what are taller and broader in a dishonestly financial vu, than eny ov his nabers, but if he enters into a engagement with a flirt, (a word synonymous with gurl,) he's sure ter get licked in the battle, for if he don't ring her finger she'll probably wring his neck, and if he does he regrets the act.

He thus becomes a regular Kartoum an' gets cornered both ways.

The poplar varieties ov the genus gurl are the Good and Bad. Among the former is always classed the "Mary" what had a little lam. How she had it (roast or otherwise,) isn't material. Like the Wandering Jew

she seems doomed to live on forever and turn up in grotesque attire each time a newspaper paragrafer runs short ov working material. Good gurls may be subdivided into 2 heds; the "fair to-middling" and "just-to-nice-for-enything" The first mentioned works on her position in society and is "good" for advertising purposes. She attends divine worship evry time she has a new dress, and gets off 2 editions of prayer ter make up for lost time. This variety thinks more ov appearances than she does her feller, and show is the biggest word in her dictionary.

Gurls whitich are "just to nice for enything" are good for nothing else. They go to church reglar from a sense of duty like the feller in the "Pirates of Penzants," and like him tha are about as consistant. Tha measure their steps on the streets and wear I glasses and read Sunda school trax for exercise. Tha are never married and seldom afflicted with beaux, tho' I did hear ov a very wealthy one what was engaged 2 weeks, but circumstances alter cases. When the feller went courtin' she opened the conversation by enquiring "if he had perused 'Bunyon's Pilgrim's Progress,'" and he tole her he never was troubled with 'em! She sent him home at half past nine and—he staid there.

From among the Bad gurls (so called,) comes the crowd what are allotted to boss mankind and do the hard work at sewing circles. 'Course I don't mene the low class, but those what are just sufficiently bad to be human and interestin'—not so good as to interfere with the revolution ov the earth, so ter speak.

Its my opinion that the heaviest end of woman's work, is lifted by this variety ov feminine architecture after it grows up. (The fem. arch., not the work.)

Gurls are very jolly, at least the "right kind" are, and I love 'em fearful. If a man

with a wooden leg and one arm can become deeply attached to a woman, what a lot of affection a young man can get away with what has 2 whole arms (*a lar Sullivan*.) and whose underpinning iz A 1, warranted for 5 years,

Mi luv iz as deep as the ocean blue,
 As long as a telegraf wire;
 And this heart of mine shall ever be true—
 It burns like a house afire!

"CLYDE."

It Comes Natural.

HAVE you ever been up in a balloon?"

"No, I never thought it would be a pleasant sensation."

"Well, it isn't. I went up the other day."

"Did it make you dizzy?"

"Of course it did, I'm a blonde."

It is an extremely cold day when the right gets left.

It is considered a great merit, nowadays, for a lady to "show off" a costume well. For our part, we prefer our lady friends to "show it on."

MRS. DEBILITY wanted to give a party, but when her city cousin wrote to her that she must have a "great gun" and "a lion" to make it go off, she didn't.

Two eminent pugilists were engaged in an out and out prize fight one day, but they were attacked by a passing swarm of bees. A jocose bystander remarked that there was a desperate battle between the "Hittites" and the "Hiveites."

"Git," said one of the bees, "You're too fresh."

So he gitted.



DULL TIMES WITH MOONSHINER.

MRS. JAYHAWK—"Come right along Owen Jayhawk, see what a horrid nose he's got."
 MOONSHINER—"Vell, I'll sell you de nose; anyding to help de pessness."



TWO TOO MANY.

HE—"As I am the only son, I shall expect to have my mother live with us when we get married. We will be very happy."

SHE (sarcastically)—"Well, as I am the only daughter, I shall expect my mother to live with us, too. No doubt we will be very, very, happy!"

The Leech and the Lady.

DOCTOR NATOMY'S office table is invariably adorned with a multitude of bottles and pill boxes of all kinds and descriptions.

These the little Natomy's are forbidden to touch under penalty of summary punishment, but little Johnnie has an itching for examining these forbidden mysteries, and he pursues his researches whenever he can find an opportunity to do so.

A few days ago he escaped the vigilance of his nurse, and made his way to his Papa's office unnoticed and unobserved. The first bottle he seized upon contained a solution of sulphuric acid, which he immediately proceeded to spill upon his newest kilt suit. Then, seeing another bottle on the table that contained what he called "a lot of worms," he dropped the sulphuric acid onto a fine Turkish rug, and started in on a research in Natural History.

The "worms" were nothing more nor less than hungry leeches, and as Johnnie expressed it, "they did squirm and wriggle beautifully." Just then, hearing the click of his father's latch-key in the front door, this bad little boy seized the bottle, "worms" and all, and made his escape to the nursery without being seen.

Here he crawled under the baby's crib and proceeded to examine his living curiosities

at his leisure. He let the animals out, one by one, onto the floor, and was enjoying their manoeuvres, when his mama entered the room, dressed to go out to an afternoon tea.

She called Johnnie to come and kiss her good-bye, and while our young hero was obeying her commands the baby crept under the crib and was immediately seized by two hungry leeches. Baby set up a series of yells that would not have disgraced a Comanche Indian on the war path. Consternation seized Mama and the nurse, and when Baby was at last pulled from under the crib, a general panic took place in the nursery at sight of her.

She was red in the face, emitting the most blood curdling shrieks imaginable, while a huge, black worm was clinging to each chubby little fist.

Mrs. Natomy promptly fainted on the spot. Doctor, hearing the yells, supposed that at least the house must be on fire, and reached the nursery with a water bucket in each hand, just as the nurse, with a pair of tongs, was trying to pull the reptiles from the baby's hands.

He was about to empty his water pails on his fainting wife when she opened her eyes and cried "don't," whereupon he turned his attention to nurse and Baby.

"Why these things are leeches," he exclaimed, and then he called for salt. As all

the servants in the house were by this time in the nursery, he was soon supplied with half a dozen salt-sellers.

Johnnie had often been told he could catch a bird by putting salt on its tail, but he was somewhat surprised to see his Papa perform the salt act on the leeches' tails to make them let go.

When quiet was restored, Mrs. Natomy reconstructed herself, and proceeded to Mrs. Fitzwilliam's tea.

Now, while our lady was fainting on the floor of the nursery, a stray leech must have escaped and fastened itself to her bonnet or head gear, for while she was partaking of an ice and chatting pleasantly with young Fitzwilliam, she suddenly became aware that something cold and slimy touched her neck. There was a mirror directly in front of her, and, as she glanced upwards, she caught a reflection of herself, and discovered a worm bigger than all the others dangling from the lobe of her left ear, just below her diamond ear drop. This time she did not faint, but dropped her ice, Dresden plate and all, upon the floor, and called for salt.

Young Fitzwilliams, when he saw Mrs. Natomy's ear, gazed at her for a moment in speechless horror, then concluding he'd "got 'em again," he precipitately fled from her presence.

The first waiter she approached dropped his tray of dishes, and likewise fled, and the other guests got away as fast as they conveniently could. In a short time Mrs. Natomy had the room to herself, and on the side board she discovered a dish of salt. The leech was finally detached, and holding her handkerchief to her bleeding auricle, she made her escape to the street as best she could, without saying adieu to anybody.

Once safe in the bosom of her family, she fell into a fit of hysterics, but soon recovered herself to administer another castigation to Johnnie.

When she had finished whipping, there were more hysterics, then another spanking. In fact there were so many spankings and so many hysterics, that nothing short of a leech will be able to draw the inflammation from Johnnie, and enable him to assume a sitting posture.

Dr. Natomy is not a homeopath, but he takes enough stock in the old adage *similia similibus curantur* to apply leeches to Mrs. Natomy's temples.

F. CUTLER.

Matrimonial Item.

"I BELIEVE I'll get married and settle down. I wish you would look around and pick me out a wife," said John Bingham, a Dallas dude, to Mrs. Morris.

"What sort of a wife do you want?" asked Mrs. Morris, who is a very sensible woman.

"In the first place she must be beautiful."

"What else?"

"She must be modest."

"What else?"

"She must be musical and well educated."

"Anything else?"

"She must be worth \$250,000 in her own right."

"If that sort of a lady marries a fellow like you, she will have one other qualification," said Mrs. Morris.

"What's that?"

"She will have to be crazy."—*Texas Siftings*.

THE man who swears is not a good talker. —*Merchant Traveler*.

"WHAT a lovely little dog!" exclaimed a Boston girl at the dog show; "is it an Expectoration?" "No ma'am its a Spitz." She hurried to the Grand Central station and took the first train for home.—*Ex.*

"CHARLEY, why can't you be good like the nice little boys you read about in your Sunday school books," asked Mrs. Bushman, one day, when Charley had been quite unruly.

"Hump! 'spose I want to die. Every one of them fellows died 'fore they was ten years old. I want to have some fun, I do," retorted Charley.—*Brooklyn Times.*

BALTIMORE, Md., May 5, 1884.
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Gentlemen—In December last I was suddenly stricken at my hotel with a severe hemorrhage, losing about one gallon of blood at the first attack, and large quantities frequently thereafter. My case was considered hopeless from the start, and so certain were my friends that I would die that they actually arranged for my funeral. On the 30th day of December I was removed to the Hebrew Hospital, and was there ordered by my physician to use Cod Liver Oil and Whiskey. On advice, the whiskey I used was your famous sure Malt. In a short time I discarded the oil using only your whiskey. I feel that I owe my life to the saving qualities and purity of your whiskey, and earnestly recommend it to any person suffering from pulmonary complaints or hemorrhage.

Yours, very sincerely, SOL. WEIL.
Late Excelsior Clothing House.

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Cured without Knife. Powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for reference. DR. CORKINS, 11 E. 29th Street, N. Y.

A BROOKLYN magazine has offered Lord Tennyson \$1,000 for an Easter poem of four stanzas. The wisdom of the Brooklyn editor is brilliantly shown in the fact that he limits him to four stanzas.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE journalists of Lowell have organized a rifle team. A saloon keeper in the city, wishing to preserve his \$500 mirror from harm, has loaned it to the club for a target. During a saloon fight it might get broken.—*Norristown Herald.*

A SURE TEST. Mr. Consumer—"The price of gas must have been put down again." Mrs. Consumer—"I had not heard of it. Why do you think so?" Mr. Consumer—"I see the bills are higher."—*Philadelphia Call.*

LEE AVENUE LANK—"Aw, I say James, of what er poet does ah fire remind you?"

Bedford Avenue ditto—"Haw, I say now, Gussie, don't cher know I'm not clevah at conundwuns; why is it?" L. A. L.—"Why, Burns, of course, haw, haw, stoopid."—*Brooklyn Times.*

"SOLD again!" Robinson (at the window)—"Hullo! There goes that woman Brown's so dead sweet on!" Mrs. R. (rushing up, with excitement)—"Where?—who?—where? What, that—in the gray—why, George, how ridiculous you are! That's his wife!" Robinson—"Exactly, my dear!" (Tableau.)—*London Punch.*

EMPLOYER—"John, my watch has stopped. What time is it?" John (new man)—"Half-past 37 o'clock."

EMPLOYER—"Goodness me! what do you mean? What did you work at before you came here, anyhow?" "I was an inspector of gas meters."

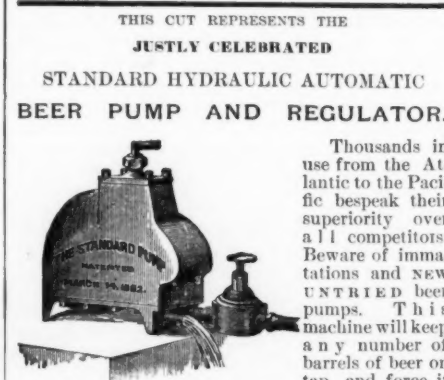
"Oh!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

THERE is plenty of room at the top. This old saw has been so often repeated that it is now received as axiomatic, and every young man and young woman in the country is, very naturally, averse to wasting time seeking entrance into the less exalted places, when the topmost positions, with their big salaries, are so poorly peopled.—*Boston Transcript.*

A happy combination of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as found in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, cures cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, and breaks up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

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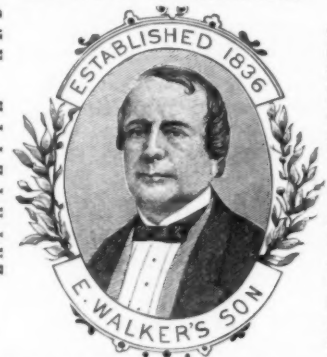
DEAR friend Clara (looking at Belle's photograph)—"what a lovely picture?" Belle—"Do you really think it looks like me?" Dear friend Clara—"Oh no, dear; not a particle."—*Boston Transcript.*

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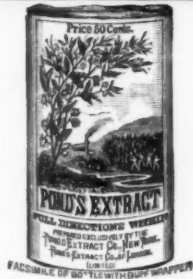
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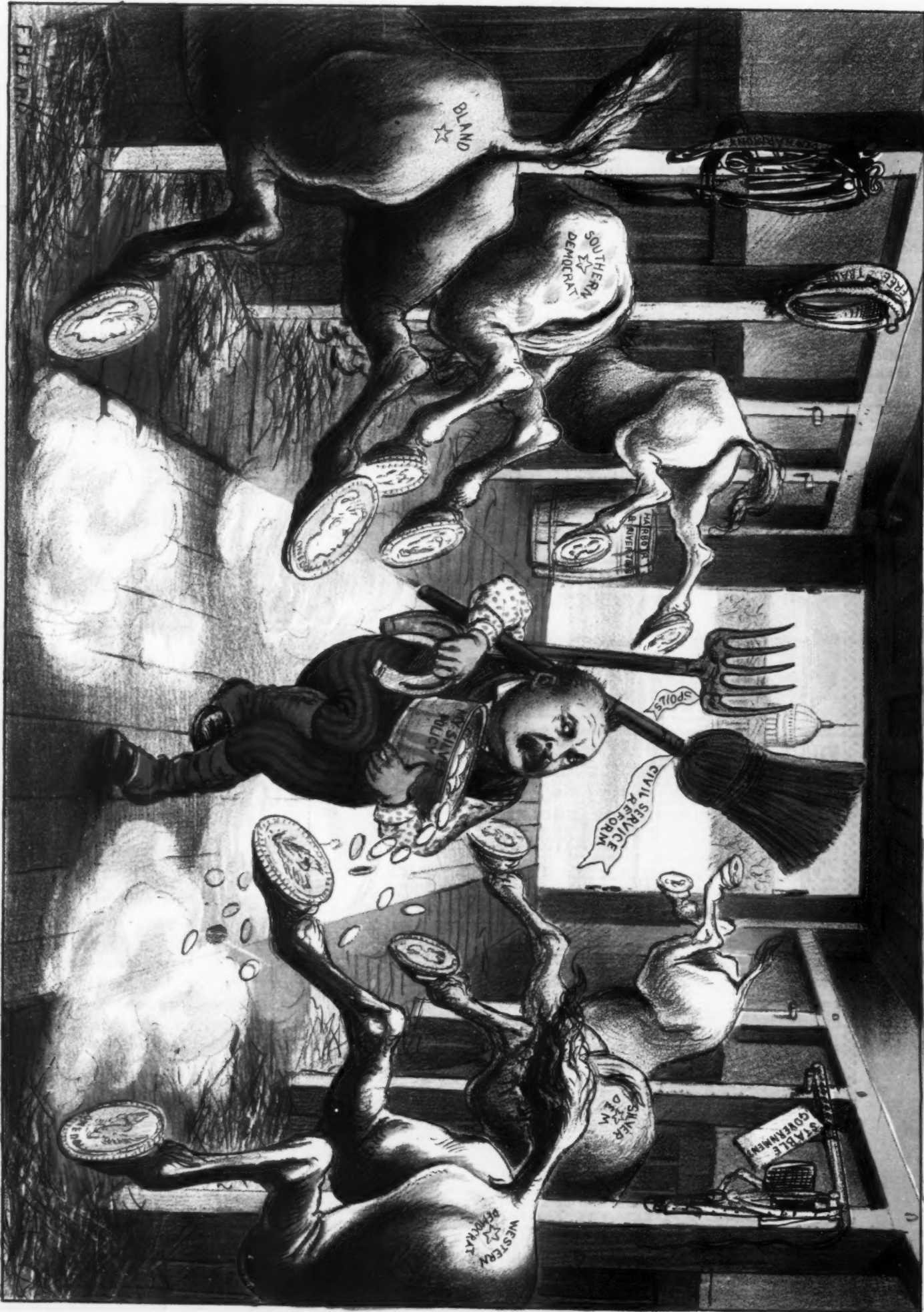
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