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"SHOEMAKER, STICK TO YOUR LAST."
Mother Columbia again comes to the rescue.



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Grant in the Pool.

Who is this little boy? He is Ulysses S. Grant. What is the matter with him? He seems to have met with an accident; he went out to play and he got into company with some naughty bad boys, and they led him astray. He went down to the pool to gather water lilies and he fell in, and got his nice clothes all dirty. He did not get drowned, though, did he? No, he did not get drowned; his kind mother, Madame Columbia, ran down and picked him out just in time, and now she will wash him and give him a suit of pretty clothes. Is she not angry with him? Well, more grieved than angry, for Ulysses S. is her favorite child, and she thinks it is too bad that he will not behave himself. Is he a very bad boy then? No, not a very bad boy, but a very imprudent one. Is the pool a very muddy one? Oh yes; it is the muddiest pool in the whole country. Did Ulysses get any water lilies? Oh no; he did not get any water lilies, and he even lost the pretty flowers his mother had given him. Who takes care of him? His mother takes care of him, and she will always continue to do so. Is he any the worse for his accident? Oh yes; for there is mud in that pool which sticks so that you cannot wash it all out. Will he ever go and try to pick water lilies in that pool again? Well, we hope not; he did not have a very nice time in that pool, and a burnt child dreads the fire. What has the fire got to do with the pool? We don't know. Ask Ulysses S. Grant.

ON THE STREET.

THE history of the last few weeks should have taught a terrible and enduring lesson to that speculative contingent which is responsible for the existence of Wall street. It is doubtful, however, if the recent panic will possess any interest whatever, save as a matter of financial history, six months hence, while the lesson taught will be almost wholly forgotten except by those whom it ruined. "Man, being a reasoning animal, must get drunk," remarks a certain poet-philosopher, and it may safely be added that man, being at once a greedy and a spendthrift animal, must speculate. Take Ward for instance—nor is he as unfair a sample of the Wall street speculator as he might appear at first glance. He rose from nothing, shone for a brief period with extraordinary brilliancy, and now is a little less than nothing. His career has followed the typical course of the rocket and its stick. While he had money—and he did not care how he acquired it—he spent it lavishly; *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, he absorbed everything he could lay his hands on, and spent it selfishly and magnificently as such men usually do.

Wall street is full of just such men; given the opportunity, there is nothing that would please them better than to emulate the career of Ward. The unhealthy whirl of speculation breeds them as spontaneously and rapidly as a putrid carcass breeds maggots. They never did an honest day's work in their lives, and are probably not capable of doing one; there is not a single producer, not one man who adds a dollar to the real wealth of the community among a thousand of such who throng the sidewalks of the street and the corridors of the Windsor. They are gamblers, one and all of them, only the law has hitherto taken no cognizance of their games, and they are spared the expense of keeping up a police fund.

Wall street has been called the pulse of New York, and surely it is a feverish and unhealthy one. Yet the name is not without justification. If Asmodeus could escort a modern New Yorker in a flight over his native city, and unroof Gotham to his gaze, many a sight of misery and vice would be seen for which Wall street is responsible, and many a plan disclosed in its inception whose effects would be palpable in Wall street next day. Yet, in spite of all, the outside public will flock in, neglecting and jeopardizing their legitimate business, for a flyer "on the street." They are fleeced, of course, and return to their business sadder, poorer, but rarely wiser men. They return when they have accumulated a few picaunish hundreds to lay another lance in rest against the money kings, and to taste anew the sweets of defeat and ruin—for there must be sweets of some kind in Wall street, else why should men, apparently sane enough to be at large, spend their time, their means and their health there?

Finance down there may be likened to a

mighty pendulum, whose ponderous movements are to some extent controlled by the force of a few mighty capitalists; but once in a while it slips from their grip, and then its rebound is marked by devastation and ruin, by wrecked homes and ruined lives; by broken banks, by chicanery, by manipulation, by poverty, insanity, crime and death. The further the capitalists force this pendulum in a given direction—in the direction of aggregated capital, of consolidation, of huge and far reaching pools—the greater and more disastrous will be its rebound in the other direction. It rebounded with crushing force the other day. Have those who narrowly escaped with their lives learned enough to stand aside before its next deadly sweep renews the peril? THE JUDGE doubts it. There are some things that the public never learns.

JOHN KELLY, CHAMPION.

THE heading of this article may impel inquiring minds to ask the question: "John Kelly, champion of what?" No one claims that Mr. Kelly could stand up for four rounds before John L. Sullivan, and it is not at all probable he intends to try. Neither would he compare favorably with Myers in a hundred-yards dash, nor with Rowell or Fitzgerald in a six days go-as-you-please pedestrian contest; but he is a champion for all that. He is the champion row-raiser in the Democratic ranks, and his fellow laborers in that enlightened party regard his every movement with interest and disquietude, their lips perpetually made up to frame the question, "What next?" Just now the party is particularly uneasy. Kelly has been unusually quiet for some time, and the quiet is regarded as the calm that precedes the storm. As the mother of a usually rowdy child is alarmed by the unwonted unobtrusiveness of her offspring, wisely considering that it is only kept quiet by the incubation of some extravagantly fiendish performance, so the Democratic party to-day is of the opinion that Kelly is in mischief, because he has been quiet too long.

What form the mischief will take no one can surmise. Perhaps Mr. Kelly has not yet made up his own alleged mind. It will strike though, and come like lightning from a clear sky, whether it takes the form of a "bolt" or an independent presidential ticket.

This is Mr. Kelly's field year, and we may rely on it that he will be heard from, and will occupy his full share of public attention. When the playwright of the future comes to dramatize the political history of the United States during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the low-comedy role will assuredly be known as John Kelly, and the comedian to whom it is entrusted will have a fat part.

"THE wife of Speaker Carlisle has already called 800 times this season," says a society journal. Isn't it about time for Mrs. C. to raise 'em a little?

The Only Girl Ever I Loved.

SHE'S had hair of most exquisite yellow,
 She's had hair of black, flaxen and brown,
 She has flirted with every fellow,
 The least bit flirtatious in town;
 She has tendered me fingers uncovered,
 Shaken hands with me perfectly gloved,
 She has gone a whole season unlabeled,
 The only girl ever I loved.

Her name has been Lucy and Lily,
 Maud, Mabel, and Mary as well,
 Ida, Dora, Fan, Emily, Tillie,
 Louisa, Nell, Alice, Sal, Belle;
 I have called her by names most endearing,
 Have "darlinged" her, "petted" and "doved,"
 I have scolded, when safe out of hearing,
 The only girl ever I loved.

She's been pert and been smart and been simple,
 Dressed in every manner of taste;
 She has had—only once though—a dimple,
 And all possible sizes of waist.
 She has seemed to me simply perfection,
 I have thought that she might be improved;
 She has failed to stand nearer inspection,
 The only girl ever I loved.

She has dwelt in a Murray Hill mansion,
 She has lived in a hash house 'cross town.
 Her figure has needed expansion,
 Her charms have required fining down.
 But no matter the place of our meeting,
 In whatever circle she moved,
 She took kindly to restaurant eating,
 The only girl ever I loved.

She's been stiff and unbending as iron,
 She's been pliant and soft as the next,
 She has dosed me with Swinburne and Byron,
 She has worked me a Scriptural text.
 At her bidding I've gone to church Sunday,
 My ulster in Simpson's I've shoved
 To buy seats for the new play on Monday—
 The only girl ever I loved.

She's accepted when I popped the question;
 She's refused, and has wondered I dared;
 But in neither case was her digestion
 (In my observation) impaired.
 She's always liked sleigh-rides in winter,
 And summer excursions approved,
 And how could I stay her or stint her—
 The only girl ever I loved.

I married this spring—young man's fancy
 Turns lightly—you know the old line,
 And my daisy, my sunflower, my pansy,
 Is now irretrievably mine.
 But there's not such a surfeit of bliss in't;
 On acquaintance she has not improved,
 And I'm sadly afraid my wife isn't
 The only girl ever I loved.

G. H. JESSOP.

"As soon as the Chancellor reaches his place, attendants place before him half a dozen well-sharpened pencils and a large glass of Moselle wine." This may seem an intolerable deal of sack to a pennyworth of—but think of a pennyworth of sich! It is clear that the present foremost man is none of your bloated aristocrats. The Moselle apart, even such purely republican and democratic institutions as the American Ochiltree and hog, would be likely to think a dinner of only half a dozen lead-pencils the flimsiest kind of grub.

"A FELLOW feeling" in your pocket for your purse does not make you feel "wondrous kind" towards the feeler.

THERE is nothing original about an egg. It simply follows in the beaten track.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.



FIRST LADY.—"Isn't Mr. Stout light on his feet?"
 SECOND LADY.—"Yes, very; but not very light on mine."

Twins.

How to obtain a few dollars has been a matter of consideration for me for the last few days. I am not in want of a bottle of beer. It's a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup that I'm after. It's not for the want of fine clothes to sparkle around the streets in that I'm waiting to see which way to turn to obtain a few dollars. But it's to buy some clothes for my two little twins that are laying here without a father to provide for them. Their father left us in about an hour after the twins were born. About a year ago I got married to Thomas Jefferson Sniffles. I must confess that his name had about as much influence over me as did his looks (for I always like big names) in marrying of him. We had a most delightful time through our married life, until five weeks ago when my two little twins were born. They are two of the prettiest children the world ever produced. As soon as Thomas Jefferson heard that he was the father of two girls all in a minute, it must have confused him, for he walked into my room and never even looked at me, but commenced to pick up all his clothes and to tie them up in a yellow handkerchief, saying that if I was going to bring two children at a time for him to work for, that he'd leave before it got any worse, and that I might take the two little twins and work for them, for he was going to the gold diggings. I've had an awful time of it all to myself, for Thomas Jefferson is gone. It like to kill me to do the naming, for these two twins are just the prettiest children in this world, and as much alike as two black-eyed peas. The only way to tell them apart is to put a blue cotton string on one's arm and a red cotton string on the other's. I come nigh going into a fever trying to hunt up their names, for I wanted their names to jingle together like poetry, and last night I succeeded in finding a name apiece for the

dear little creatures. I named one "Sally Amandy," and the other one is named "Cally Marandy; I think these names chime mighty nice together. Now the trouble is, Cally Marandy can out-ery any child of her size and age in the United States, and I want to get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup for her, and unless I can get it Cally Marandy will just have to keep on a squalling for three months. Old Miss Jilton says the child has got the three months colic.

Doc. Hughes's wife has got two boys and a gall all born together, but their father stood by them like a man should do. The young ones are six months old and are still without any names. She wants to name them all three so that their names will rhyme, and Jinsey Hughes has nearly studied herself to death over the names of her three young ones, so she told me to ask you, MR. JUDGE, to rhyme them three names off for her. Remember there are two girls and one boy to rhyme off.

Truly yours,
 MARGARET SNIFFLES.

How to Spend a Really Enjoyable Evening.

PROCURE a room moderately large, and furnished with an ancient, haircloth set of as uncomfortable build as possible. See that the set contains two small, slippery sofas, back very low, seat about three quarters of a yard wide. The usual complement of stuffed armchairs, that is two. Also a full line of little uprights with open backs carved in garlands, in bold relief; which, if occupied for any length of time, will superinduce great spinal debility.

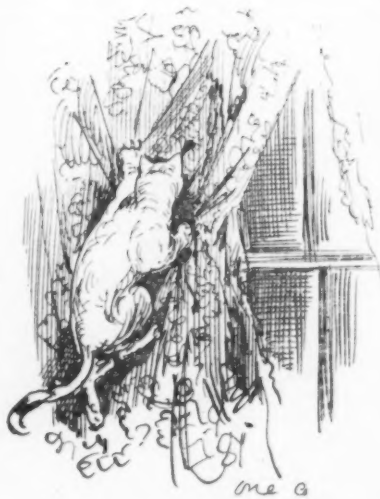
Flood the apartment with light, heat it thoroughly, crowd it with people, females preponderating; overcharge it with hilarity, and call the reunion a "sociable." Let the entertainment open with a classical piano solo, very long and landscapy. If the piano be out of tune so much the better. Always



MR. SNODGRASS, who belongs to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, comes home, after his wife has gone to bed, with a homeless cat he has picked up in the street.

select a performer who perfectly understands how to muffle the tones of the instrument, otherwise conversation will be impossible, and your chief design frustrated.

Have one recitation a la "The Maniac;" declaimer to stand in the corner of the room, the guests crowded around so that they can, as it were, catch the words when they fall from his mouth, and prevent them from going any farther. Be careful to choose your speakers from among the persons of stunted growth, so that people in the rear of the room cannot tell whether he be sitting or standing. Let it be known some time before the festivity comes off that it would be desirable for all ladies taking part in the exercises, to adorn their hair with flowers, wax preferred, principal performers entirely covering their head, so as to appear as if every hair had budded. Enliven the company with a comic recitation, rendered by a nervous young person having such a short memory that the most laughable climax



I SEE A FLY.



Mr. Snodgrass has fixed pussy in a nice basket in the parlor, behind the door. "Now, little pussy, you can sleep in this little bed all night, and I will leave the gas burning, so you won't be afraid! In the morning we will find a nice place for you in the stable, and Mrs. S. will never know anything about it."

will have to be omitted. Have at least two vocal solos, the gentleman gifted with a fine, rich falsetto; he might wrestle with the "Cnjus Aminam," "Stabat Mater." To ensure success the prima donna of the evening must have a thin, wavering voice on which no dependance can be placed, so that in singing it will be impossible to tell whether she is going to astonish you by taking the high E or breaking on low G. She might delight the company with "Una Voce poca fa."

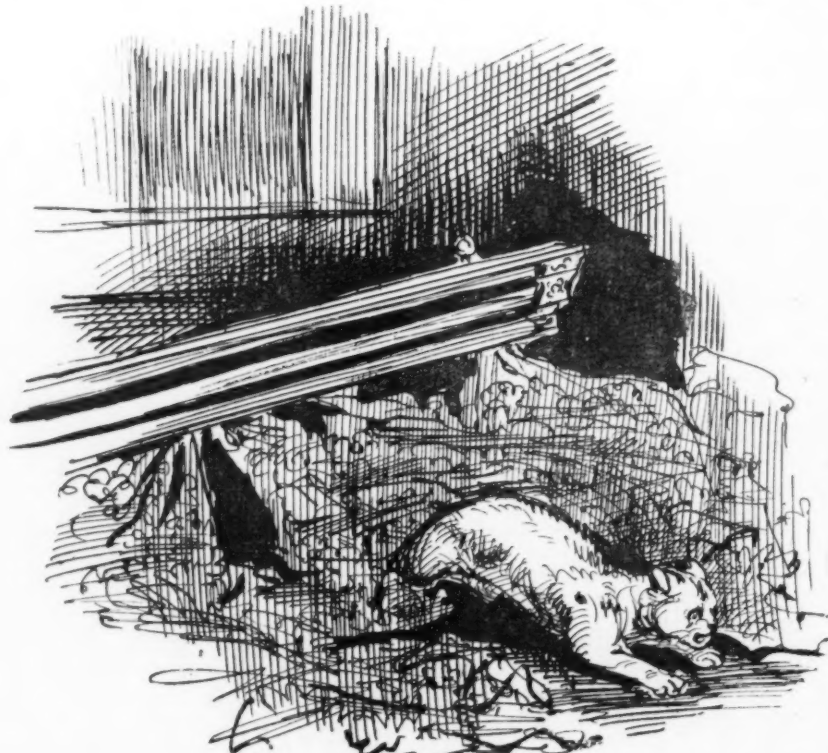
Don't omit the young lady who plays on every instrument, from a jews-harp to a trombone; she can pick a little on the banjo.



HAS HE GONE?

About nine o'clock, the heat being intense, lassitude among the guests will ensue; now open all windows, letting in a thorough draft of damp, penetrating air. When warned by the sneezing of several parties that ventilation has done its perfect work, close again all openings. Make a point of introducing only the bashful young men; allow all who are self-possessed to congregate behind the doors, and amuse themselves together.

When the programme is exhausted, announce that the company can continue to amuse themselves by laughing and talking. This announcement will cause the young ladies, who regard these social reunions as one of the happy hunting grounds of their sex, to assume their most winning smiles, call up their sweetest phrases, and prepare for the subjugation of the enemy. These demonstrations on the part of the fair sex will strike such terror into the souls of the unfortunate youths who are still disporting themselves uneasily on the slippery haircloth, that their hearts will melt, "they will flee when no man pursueth," and plunge into the safe obscurity of the hall and back galleries.



MEOW!



WHAT'S THIS?

Naturally this retreat of their intended victims, will cause discomfiture among the ladies; professional laughers, and jokers must now circulate freely in the parlor. Their efforts to amuse should be met heartily with yawns and sickly smiles. Parties should remain as late as possible, in anticipation of some unforeseen enlivenment. When weariness, disappointment, and vexations have added their last drops to the cup of enjoyment, it will be time to leave. Assure your hostess that you have spent a most delightful evening.

A Blast From the Country.

A RUSTIC MAKES A FEW REMARKS ON GIRLS AND LANGUAGE.

I VISIT New York two or three times a year for the purpose of stirring my pulse and accelerating my liver by the roar and racket of the city.

The mass of squirming, wriggling, and fighting insects and reptiles struggling for existence here is a repulsive subject for contemplation, and from year to year it grows worse. Why rational human beings should deliberately choose to spend their days jumping on one another in the row of down town business in a boiler factory noise, and to spend their nights at the sky end of a ten story fire-escape into which they are shot by a greasy smelling catapult, is more than I can imagine, coming as I do, fresh as a bob-o-link from cowslip banks and daisy pied meadows.

But any muck bed grows some sweet flowers and so does New York, and these same are the few thorough-bred girls that a discriminating eye can pick out from the mass of pudgy, moon-faced, sucker-mouthed things one meets in a promenade up the avenue.



NOTHING BUT PLASTER.

The change of styles in walk, dress, facial expression and canine attendance is an entertaining subject of philosophic contemplation.

The present conventionalism seems to be English, and on the whole it is the best yet. It consists of a tall, slender, much becorseted figure, nose in air, and elbows well trussed behind.

At each step the chin goes up slightly and

the eyelids slide down ditto. The Langtry has set this style, and it isn't bad.

It is better than the "kangaroo," or the "Grecian bend," now obsolete in the best circles.

The favorite "purp," which a perverted maternal instinct craves, has changed from black-and-tan to poodle, from poodle to skye, from skye to Gordon setter, and lastly, as an attendant to severe and noble virtue, a big



WONDER IF I CAN DO IT?



MRS. SNODGRASS.—*Mr. Snodgrass! Wake up, there's burglars in the house.*

mastiff, or a St. Bernard is judged to be the most appropriate and particularly correct thing.

The shoe is improving with the broadening and elevating of the boulevard taste. Now a foot covering is sometimes worn that discloses to some extent the foundations of loveliness, and the movements of the complicated machinery of sweet little toes gripping the pavements cause a fluttering in the dude's entrails.

I understand that it is not essential in communications to THE JUDGE to be conservative. I therefore desire to make a few remarks on language.

New Yorkers have turned from the dialect of their immediate ancestors to a yawp which is a feeble revival of the chatter and howl of the more remote chimpanzee and hyæna.

Why cannot corporations that pay dividends, like the elevated railway companies, afford to employ conductors that can speak the English tongue?

I defy any American, that has been brought up simply to speak the uncorrupted mother tongue, to understand the announcement of any station in New York by an Elevated Railway employee. This incoherency is inconvenient and disgusting.

A traveler in Italy not knowing a word of the language of the country can understand the name of every railway station as called out by the guard: the purpose of language in that benighted country being to convey information.

Why, in the name of common sense, too, should the boys who have librettos to sell, announce the same at the houses of amusement as "bookseeawp! bookeeawp!"

The English *r* is an unpleasant sounding letter, and we countrymen are willing enough that it should be exchanged for a metropolitan "awp."

But incoherency all along the line of the alphabet is to be deprecated. And for one, I object to our national walk and conversation being based on the models of variety show soubrettes and itinerant fish vendors who begin words with a squeal and end them with a yawp.

VERDANT.

MRS. ABSOLOM WRIGHT, of Peoria, has just presented her husband with triplets; and now the poor man would like to know what crank "would rather be Wright than be president."

It is a wonder that Job was not steeped in crime—he was forever coming to a boil.

Thoughts on Old Maidenhood.

I.

HEIGH HO! no man will marry me,
I'm an old maid, gainst my will;
My one excitement from Easter to Xmas
A dun or an unpaid bill.

II.

Oh dear, as I take out my finery
Drabbed and trail'd, tattered and torn;
Tulle, tarletan, once glitt'ring and spangled,
I scarce can realize ever 'twas worn.

III.

Shall I advertise? Oh gay inspiration,
Wanted, a husband, young, handsome and fair,
Wealthy, generous, who'll take me to parties,
Ignorant quite of my rouge and dyed hair.

IV.

Men I have ogled, sighed for and angled,
Now are encumbered with children and wives;
I've paid my quantum of cheap wedding presents,
Teapots and jardinières, inkstands and knives.

V.

I've even tasted a piece of the bride-cake,
Shared with the best man a *pate fois gras*;
Perhaps, if I knew, I came just too far forward,
That I am sure was my only *faux pas*.

VI.

Heigh ho! if but some one would marry me,
I'd be the most engaging of dears;
And on the day that I gave up my freedom
I'd weep the most orthodox crocodile tears.

G. M. MOUTRAY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—"The coal is out, John, and I guess you'd better order some more flour at the same time."



GOOD GRACIOUS!



“AU REVOIR.”

Mrs. Scribner at Home.

I INDUCED Mr. Scribner, my husband, to take a very handsome mansion in Fifth avenue. His speculations and investments of late have been so successful that it seemed to me my duty as his wife to advance him and myself in the social scale, and mingle with that society we were both so eminently fitted to adorn. I say that *we* were, though of course any one who knows us is perfectly aware how much Mr. Scribner owes to me. All his success in life is due to my unwearied exertions. I assure my readers that with my knowledge and consent he has never been idle one moment for the last twenty-five years, in fact since our marriage. Often has he pleaded with me for one week's holiday, but I always had the firmness to say “No.” Hence his splendid success and our present position. Then his social graces, his manners, appearance, deportment, in fact all that tended to make his success in society, was due to me. I never admit this to any one. I hold him up to the world as a model of excellence; but *he* knows and *I* know, and when he opposes my wishes in any way, I always say with my own peculiarly graceful manner and sweet smile: “My dear Mr. Scribner, pray remember what you were when I first married you, and what you are now. Pray remember who *you* are, and who *I* am.” And that always silences him. You will, my readers, doubtless be anxious to hear a description of myself, so as to be able to form a picture in your mind's eye of the remarkable woman in whom you are ere this doubtless being deeply interested. I am tall, 5 feet 8 inches, but perfectly proportioned, and there is a faultless symmetry in my figure, and a nameless grace and dignity in my every movement that I fear I can never do justice to, although descriptive articles are my great forte. My hair is as black as ink, glossy and abundant, and I wear it simply banded back from my lofty brow. My eyes are very large and dark, with a peculiar fire of their own, which my husband says, when I am roused or excited, makes the air about me blue. This must

present a peculiar appearance, but on the whole I should think not unbecoming, as I am blessed with one of those exquisitely clear brunette complexions that look well with every color. My nose is Roman, most perfectly chiseled, and my mouth small and beautiful. My chin conveys an idea of firmness and strength; my nasal organ, of pride; my brow, of intellect. So much for my outward appearance. As to my mental gifts, I will only say that the beauteous noble form without is a fair index to the soul within. I always feel it a duty to dress myself to the greatest advantage. My jewels are gorgeous. It is always a gratification to Mr. Scribner to purchase me the handsomest diamonds and other jewels which can be had for money, and I allow him to do so, as I make it a rule never to restrict him in any innocent pleasure. I, of course, have to direct his taste in this matter, which is sometimes at fault.

Having given this little sketch of myself and my husband, I proceed to the real narrative which I intend to present to you, viz: an account of one of my “At-Homes.” I shall not of course mention names, but only give a little summary of the select few that I am willing to receive, since our removal. Imagine me seated on a gilded couch, with satin pale-blue cushions. My reception room is all pale-blue and gold. I am richly dressed and sparkling with diamonds. The apartment is slightly darkened, but, as Mr. B. remarks, “My eyes and my diamonds light the room.” On my right and left are millionaires; standing in front of me is another; leaning over my couch there is another; in fact I have seven in the apartment. Then I have a few samples of genius of all kinds. Some celebrated men, with or without their wives, and some celebrated women, with and without their husbands. A few society beauties. Mr. B. whispers in my ear that they only act as foils to me, to which I smile assent. Mr. B. is a man of great taste and culture, and my greatest friend. He is in reduced circumstances at present, but I intend he shall be appreciated as he deserves, and in the mean time he stays with us and is useful as my escort, etc., as Mr. Scribner

is always engaged. I am in my element. My “At Home” is a decided success. I will give a dinner. I will give a ball, which shall be greater than Vanderbilt's. I will give a series of entertainments which will make my name great in history. I will publish a description of the Scribner diamonds. Oh! what a happy woman I am, how great, how good, how noble, how universally beloved, admired and respected. Wearied with my exertions, I lay down my pen. To-morrow I issue invitations for my dinner-party next week, and my ball the following one. You shall hear from me again dear readers. Adieu.

Awful news. Scribner rushed in tearing his hair to tell me he has failed for two millions! And he dares to say it is *my* fault, *mine*, that I led him into extravagance. That I forced him into speculation. I! I! I! Oh! what a thing for a woman when she is married to a fool. Scribner never had a head for business, and all I could do to elevate him is of no use. “Dust he is, to dust returneth,” as Longfellow says. Stop the press. This article written in the hour of my pride and prosperity must never see the light, but publish this and let it never be forgotten, however low I may fall in the future, whatever adversities, humiliations and privations may await me, nothing can rob me of this—I had seven millionaires at my “At Home.” If Mr. Scribner were half a man he would blow out his brains, cut his throat, and take rat paste, or something of the kind, and let me escape with the family diamonds; but he will only shake his idiotic head and say; “No, no. All we have belongs to our creditors. We must begin the world just as we did twenty-five years ago, and we may be happy enough still, if we stick to one another.” Happy, as if I did not know better. I'll never be happy again.

CICERO JEFFERSON has helped to hang his father out in Iowa. This is rough news both for the Romans and the Democrats. The other parties may well hope that the worst is over, for it is not likely that the newspapers will have occasion to mention during the next thousand years at least, that Demosthenes Hamilton took a hand in any such low-toned game as that.

Closed Out Business.

“HAD you heard that Blinker's shoe business was to be closed out?” asked Smallman of Pillscoat the other day.

“No. You astonish me. What is up? I thought Blinker was one of the most solid and capable business men in Bloomington.”

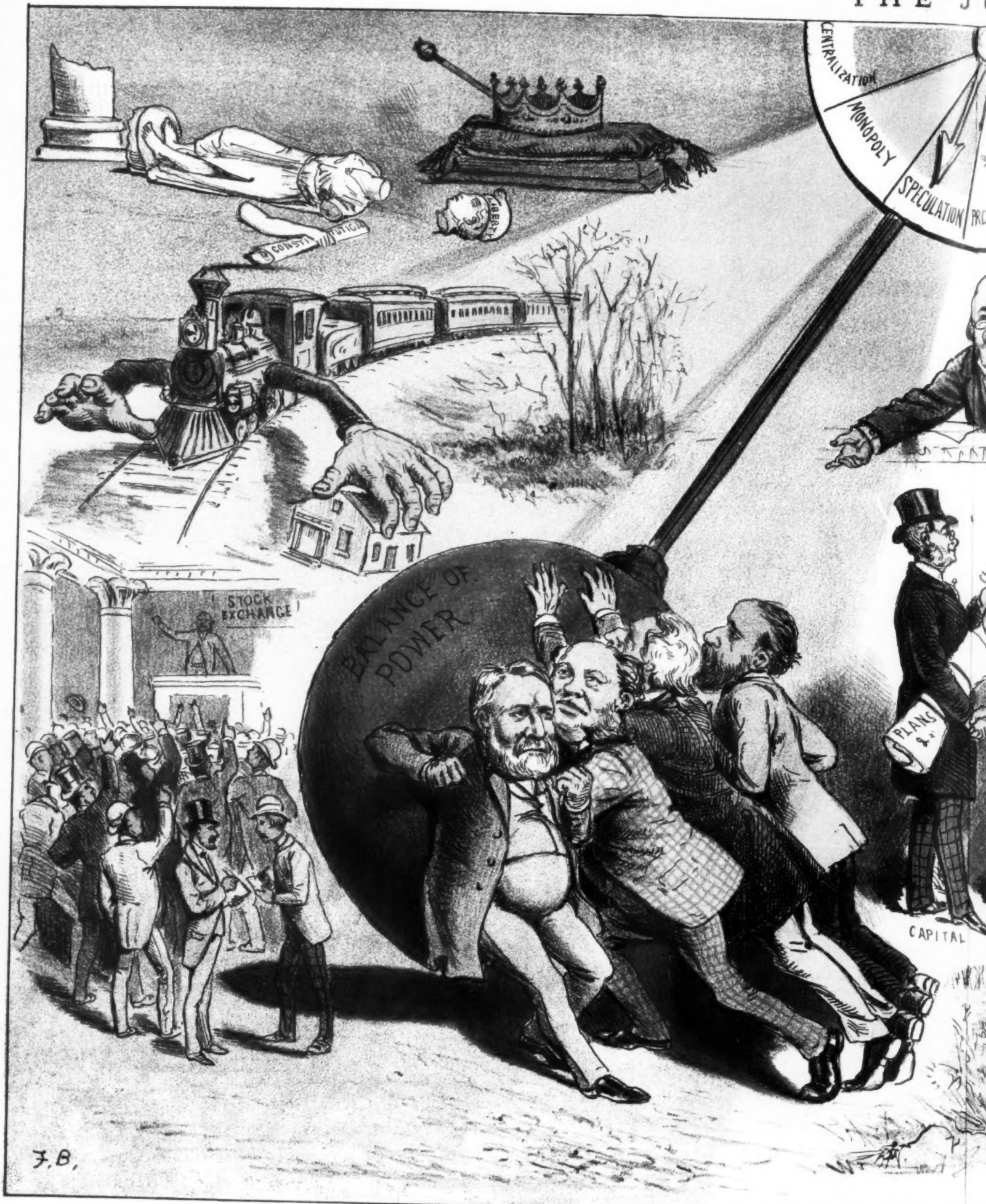
“That is what everybody thought; but a sort of medical council was held at his store this morning, and he was pronounced absolutely incapable of continuing his trade. Why, he cannot even sign his name any more.”

“Is it possible? I always suspected that he was a little weak.”

“Yes, he is totally incompetent. He cannot tell a twenty dollar gold-piece from a copper cent.”

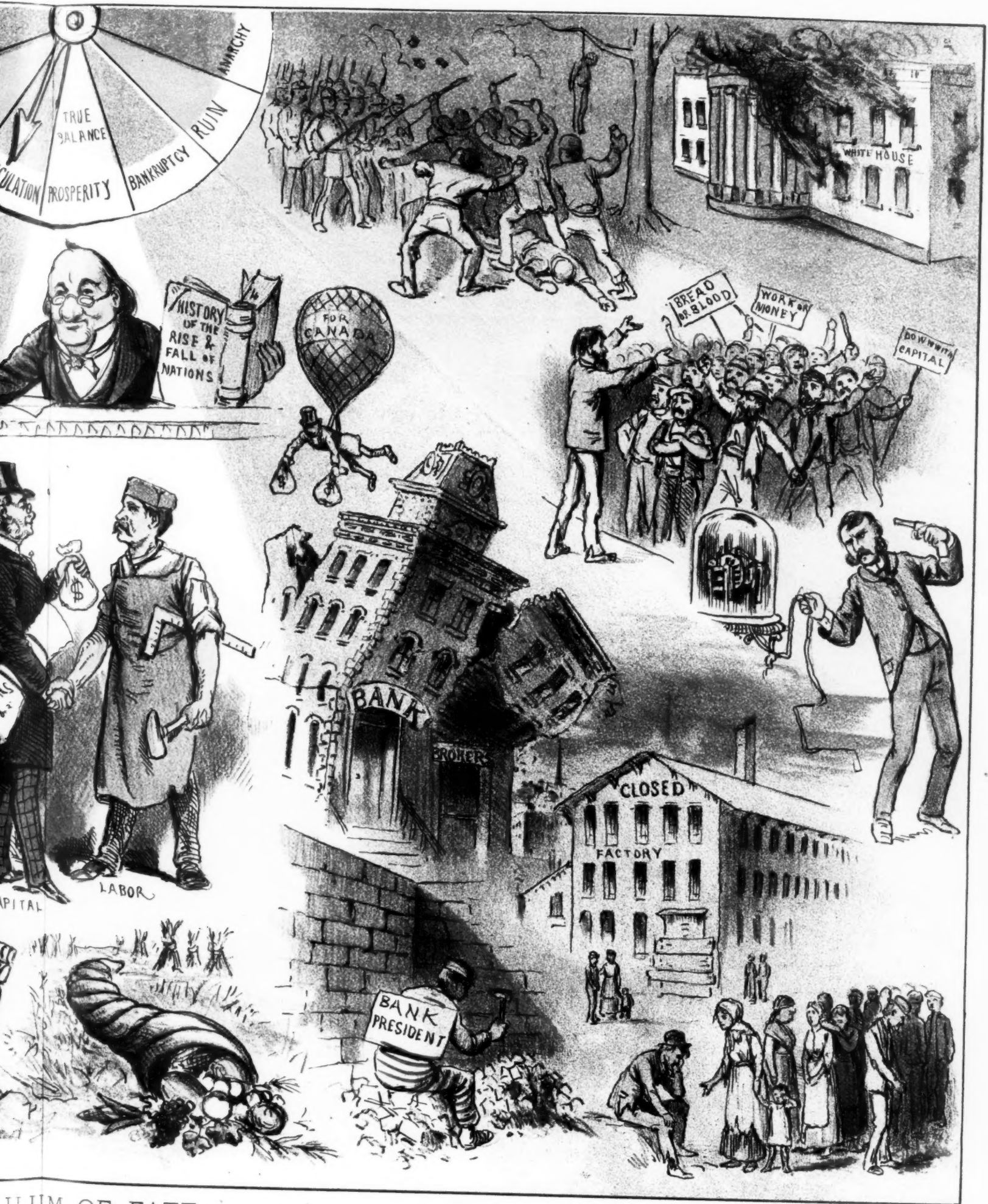
“Gracious! What is the matter with the man? I have half expected his mind was deranged for some time; but tell me what ails him?”

“He is dead,” Smallman solemnly replied, and then Pillscoat began to realize that he had been led into making an ass of himself. —*Bloomington Mail.*



F.B.

THE PENDULUM
The more you push it one way the further it swings the other way



WHEEL OF FATE.
 The further it will swing back the other



FATE is kind to Mrs. Langtry! Just as her engagement at Niblo's was drawing to a close, she was called upon to pose before the public as the fair defendant in a couple of law suits. It goes without saying that she won her cases, but better than the winning was the amount of cheap advertising she so easily acquired.

The notices of the law suits paled before the description of the suits she wore, and her fascinating smiles upon the jury and her general personal appearance were duly commented upon.

According to the *Morning Journal* of the 18th she, by this time, should be in England or France, and the same reliable paper informs us that she has gone over for the express purpose of doing a little shopping in Paris.

The probabilities are, however, that she will keep her California engagements and will open at The Baldwin, San Francisco, June 16th, as previously announced.

Her "late appearance at court" will stand her in good stead when she passes beyond the golden gate of 'Frisco, and she will doubtless pocket a large supply of whatever money Patti and Mapleson condescended to leave in the city of the golden nuggets.

At Wallack's "Mme. Piper" continues to delight a small number of goslings that have not outgrown the days of "Mother Goose."

There seems to be an impression among managers that the gentle spring time and the first warm days of summer produce a softening effect upon the brains of the New York public.

Acting upon this theory they provide entertainments calculated to delight an imbecile, an infant, or an idiot, only.

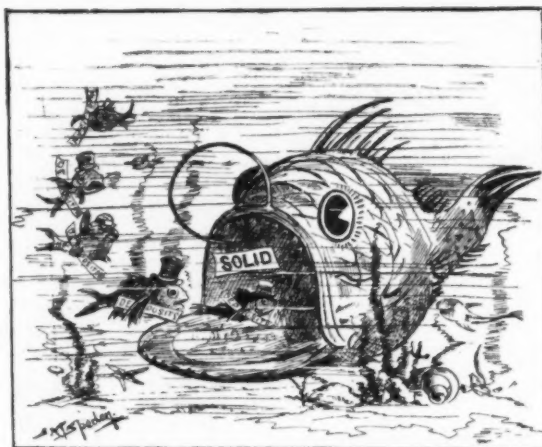
A jumble of nursery rhymes like "Mme. Piper" would do very well for a child's amateur performance in somebody's garret, with a few pins for an admission fee; but why Wallack's Theatre should be given up to a penny peep show is more than the mind of mortal man (always excepting the astute manager, of course) can conceive.

"The Pigeons" have flown from Daly's, but before they left they came near meeting the sad fate of the four and twenty black-birds.

They escaped the baking, and were only a little soiled (by the smoke), poor doves!

They will next swoop down upon Chicago. At the Fifth Avenue, "Well-Fed Dora" has been placed upon the stage in order to meet, what Mr. Stetson considers, a long felt want on the part of the community. This is the time of year when people are supposed to hunger for burlesque, and there is enough of it going on at present to satisfy the most voracious appetite.

Judging from Mr. Rosenfeld's past experiences, it would take a pretty hot sun and a decidedly soft brain to appreciate his dramatic efforts, and we argue from this that the box office receipts of "Well-Fed Dora" will doubtless increase as the ther-



THE "AQUATIC BANK."

BIG "FISH" EAT LITTLE FISH.

mometer goes up—that is, if Fortesque doesn't find his herculean efforts too much for him, and grows thin from hard work, and thus spoil the whole snap.

"Lady Clare" continues her wanderings and last week did a good business at The Peoples Theatre, and "Falka" is still popular at The Casino.

"Blue Beard" is doing well at the Bijou, and "May Blossoms" is attractive at the Madison Square.

"The Wages of Sin" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre is, however, the most successful play in the city, and Agnes Booth, as the heroine, has gained much praise for her very clever acting.

Three plays with the following remarkable titles, were played in three different cities last week. In New York "Fogg's Ferry," in Williamsburgh, "Mugg's Landing," and in Philadelphia, "Dad's Girl."

Shades of Shakespeare. What's in a name. While Lizzie Evans was at Tony Pastor's playing *Chip* in the first mentioned piece. Tony and the St. Felix sisters were disporting themselves over at the Grand Opera House.

At the Theatre Comique, Harrigan and Hart attend strictly to business and play their own plays in their own theatre. "Dan's Tribulations" will probably enjoy a long run.

Marie Jansen and Rose Leighton have both skipped for Europe, the latter for the purpose of looking after an inheritance left her by a deceased relative, it is said.

Aimee also has departed. She has been taking banjo lessons along with her English, and has grown proficient in both accomplishments.

She says she is charmed with her part in her new English comedy, and is confident of success when she shall appear at Wallack's in "Mam'zelle" next October.

Mantell and his wife have gone to England, and the giddy girls that wrote him gushing letters have had their ardor dampened by learning that he has gone on to see a wee baby that he and his wife left there in the fall.

At Augusta, Ga., the other day, lightning struck a hen that was sitting on a nest of eggs. When that thunderbolt got out of the hen-house it looked as though it had been drawn through a sausage machine, and the way it scooted for the cloud was a caution. Bet you it'll never strike a setting hen again. *Burlington Free Press.*

A Categorical Nocturne.

I..

WHEN all the good people of Gotham are sleeping,
And the vigilant "copper" the liquor store seeks;
Late husbands are up-stairs in stocking feet creeping;
Henpecked ones hushing their darling babe's squeaks.

II.

When the lamp of the student burns low in its socket,
And the poor weary scholar is murdering Greek;
When the pool-player wanders with naught in his pocket,
To beat his landlady of still one more week—

III.

This was the time when a new prima donna
Was billed for her debut upon our back fence;
Grimalkins were gathered to do her just honor,
And join in the chorus with wailings intense.

IV.

Tabbies and mousers of every known nation;
The pet and the prowler there mingled as one;
Thomas, the tough one who'd seen dissipation,
Made hideous the night with his resonant lung.

V.

The moon sank to rest as I gazed in wrapt wonder,
And formed a bright background for nine chorus girls,
All grouped round Tabitha, who just then from under
Her arm takes her music and slowly unfurls.

VI.

All murmurings cease, leader seizes his baton;
He raises his arm and the nine muses sing;
I now fling my bootjack, hit the old Thomas cat on
His head—as he quivers, the muses take wing.

TIMOTHY TAFFYCUS.

Points of Dissension.

"DID ye git de piece I writ fur the *Journal*?" asked the aspiring young man of the editor. "I didn't see it in print."

"Yes, I got it. But I didn't publish it, because there was no point in it."

"No pint! Why, good thunder, man, you must be blind! I stuck a pint at every place I could—either a commy or simmycolon or period; sometimes three of 'em in one line."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

"SWEET are the uses of adversity"—but the victims are generally mighty sour.

My Introduction to U. C. College.

ONCE upon a time, and that means a good many years ago, there might have been seen a gentle youth, who had known ten summers, smartly wending his way in a westerly direction along Adelaide street towards the back entrance of U. C. College. He was accompanied by an elder brother, with whom he strove in vain to keep up, so rapidly did that elder brother hurry along, for it was past the hour of nine.

This gentle youth was I, myself,
And the month it was September.

My brother, whose name was George John James, but who was always called "Pug," wherefore I know not, had been for three years at college, and was looked up to by me with no little veneration and respect, on the strength of the wondrous tales he told of the proceedings at that ancient seat of learning, *et quorum pars magna fuit*, according to his own story, only he never said so in so many words, for he despised the use of Latin as a dead language, only fit for fags. What were the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, or of the twaddling goody-goody Swiss Family Robinson, in comparison to *his* moving tales? Had he not nobly contended in fisticuffs over the bar with "Peg" Boyle, and thereby acquired unlimited fame for the prowess he displayed? Had he not fought "Towser" Marvel, the minute and exact details of which glorious combat he had often recounted to me, an eager listener? (N. B. In after days I discovered that my brother's relation of these transactions was somewhat apocryphal, for, in point of fact, he had been on both these occasions badly and not undeservedly, utterly and ignominiously "licked." But no matter, I accepted him as an impartial and conscientious chronicler of passing events.) Had not my brother "Pug" been foot of his form for a whole year steadily? This persistence in adhering to a stand once made showed, to my mind, the stern solidity of his character, and accounted for the unyielding severity with which he tried to govern me at home.

He had been caned times without number by all the college masters, from the Principal downwards; he had been "stood out" on the floor of the old "Prayer Room" to endure the jibes and jeers of his more lucky fellow sinners who had escaped detection in their evil doings; he had regularly every fortnight been "disqualified," though it would be hard to tell from what; nay, he had more than once been "benched," and it was even whispered that he would very likely be expelled before long. Is it any wonder, then, that I looked up to my brother and eagerly longed to become a boy of consequence—such as I believed him to be?

On leaving home that eventful morning I had congratulated myself on my decidedly neat appearance, in point of raiment and apparel. My outer garments were new, of a dullish grey color, so as not to show dust, and several sizes too large, to allow me to grow; high low shoes, polished to the brilliancy of a crow's back; wide linen collar, with a beautiful blue bow; a peaked cap of bright green cloth, trimmed with a yellow cord and tassel—the latter playing cherry-bob with my nose. In a word, I presented, in my own eyes at least, such a gay and *debonnaire* aspect that I doubted not but that I would at once take rank among my new comrades, as the very pink of fashion and the mould of form, and that, for the honor of our family, I would furnish an agreeable contrast to the slovenly appearance which



The comic newspaper Police Justice—as he appears to one who has never seen him as he deals out Justice to poor wretches who are brought before him.

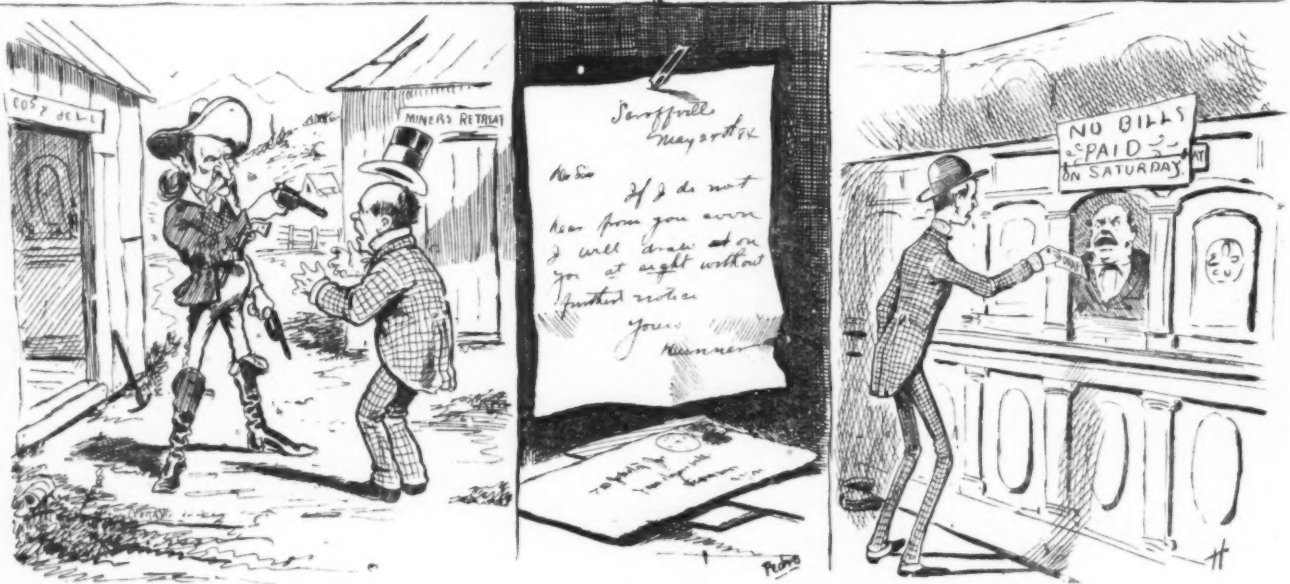
my elder brother invariably presented. Furthermore, in order to be able to make the acquaintance of the "taffy shop," the fame whereof had long ago come into my ears, I put into the left hand pocket of my new vest all the worldly wealth I could command, namely, two "Yorkers," a three-cent silver piece, and two coppers borrowed (?) from my little sister in order to increase my pecuniary resources. I had, moreover, my well-preserved double-bladed knife, given to me on my last birthday by my kind Uncle George, who, when he gave it to me, expressed an earnest hope that I would lose no time in cutting my fingers off with it. I amply satisfied his desire, but I had clung to the knife, and valued it as the apple of mine eye. Alas! the first day I was at college I was enticed to play the perilous game of "bullying" Knives, and my precious possession was soon reduced to utter and unutterable dilapidation. I was also armed with a new slate, "twelve by fourteen," with a sponge tied to the frame, whereon my name—Gilbert Nogo Denney—was neatly engraved in full; my brother's old books had naturally descended to me, and though they were, as other old things so often are, weak in the back and not so nice looking as they once had been, they were proudly carried by me loose under my arm, for I had my own private and prudent reasons for declining my worthy progenitor's offer of a stout new strap to bind my books together: for I had my doubts as to whether, in the retired seclusion of our domestic bliss, it would not be otherwise employed. I was likewise supplied with the half of a lemon, a "chunk" of rosin, and some horsehair; these articles were, as I had been informed, of sovereign virtue, and most indispensable utility in cer-

tain contingencies which were likely to recur frequently, and which occupied the attentions of the younger college boys more in the olden time than they do to-day.

But I must get on with my story, or I shall never come to the end of it. Of course my brother and I were late for prayers, but this made no difference to "Pug," as he was crafty enough to be always furnished with a goodly supply of written "excuses," which stood him in good stead when he was late for college, which was not seldom, and also when he "played hokey," which was almost as often, especially on warm summer afternoons when bathing and swimming were in vogue.

On the very threshold, at the back door of the college, did this heartless brother of mine abandon me to the fates, after a few words of explanation to "Davy," the janitor, who forthwith conducted me up-stairs Principal's room, and after a short interview—to me it seemed an interminable age of suspense and anxiety—I was furnished with a slip of paper and sent to the first form. As I entered, all eyes were directed towards me, and I heard a whisper run round the room of "new boy," not unmingled with an ominous sound, which, to my unaccustomed ears, seemed to be "roast, roast."

After presenting my credentials, as it were, to the master, I took my place boldly, yet with a becoming degree of modesty, at the foot of the form, and in so doing was greeted with considerable applause, which, however, was promptly suppressed, and three urchins who had been somewhat vehement in their demonstrations, were called up to the desk, well caned, and sent to the foot of the form. When matters had some-



THEY MANAGE THINGS BETTER OUT WEST.

what calmed down again, and the master's attention was once more occupied with the lesson. I noticed two or three of my neighbors casting threatening glances towards me, and all of a sudden one of them, named "Hub" Cummings, rudely enough, and with most unwarrantable violence—the circumstances calmly considered—snatched my cherished cap out of my hand, and at the same time his next neighbor knocked my slate and books into the middle of the floor, and simultaneously administered a sharp dig with his heel against the shin bone of my left leg. This last proceeding caused me to "holler out," and at the same time to swing around my right hand, which (unluckily happening to be firmly clenched) struck him full on the nose. The master, whose experienced eye had taken in the situation at a glance, forthwith proceeded to execute justice, and would in no wise listen to the ample explanation which I was only too ready and anxious to lay before him, but proceeded in cold blood to "lick" all three of us. Ah! then I felt keen and bitter anguish and regret that I had not fortified myself in advance, by the aid of the prophylactics aforementioned, which I had provided myself with in view of just such a contingency as had actually happened.

The "hour" came to an end at length, and the old bell, mounted in the funny little cupola at the end of the building, rang out for ten o'clock. All the boys started to their feet, and in the wild and tumultuous rush which followed I found myself being jostled and elbowed along the hall into another class room.

In the days to which I refer, there was an interval known as "the five minutes," between each of the so-called "hours," and this first "five minutes" of mine at College will ever be memorable to me, for in them I first learned the true inwardness of "roasting." Dozens of eager hands laid hold of me, and soon I was down on the floor at the mercy of my prosecutors. My initiatory "roasting" simply consisted in lifting me up by my hands and feet, and bumping me on the floor, with no little violence, six or eight times. When I was at last released, I found myself much out of breath, very dusty, and feeling sore all over, with my hair, which

had been so carefully oiled and brushed in the morning, all tangled and rumped; but on looking around, I noticed that nearly all the boys had their hair—to put it mildly—somewhat unkempt, and evidently despised, as could be already seen by their array, all sacrifices to the graces. In good sooth, they were a very untidy lot of boys, for the day of *young gentlemen*, spick and span as if just out of a hat box, had not in my time, thank goodness, dawned on the old college.

With great exertion I managed to break away from my tormentors, who, indeed, were already tired of me, and no sooner had I freed myself from them than in came the master, and instantly the chaos which had reigned for the past five minutes came to an end, and once more cosmos prevailed; I had put in my *first hour* as a college boy.

JOEZ.

A Political Funeral.

A FUNERAL WHICH DID NOT TAKE PLACE.

SKIMP was an ambitious young man of Gotham, who had unsuccessfully attacked various modes of making a living. So, finally deciding to try the undertaking business, he hired a small shop and the necessary paraphernalia for making dead customers comfortable. Convenient to his coffin emporium was a corner liquor store, presided over by an amiable couple named Dinny O'Fudge and "herself," as his wife was usually called.

Dinny, by reason, perhaps, of his customary black eye was a "recognized" authority on politics, and, according to his own telling, so great was the pressure of popularity on him in his ward, that he had numerous annual escapes from being created "Aldhurman," but, to his immortal credit be it universally known, he had never degraded himself by verbal subterfuges to deny the fact that he is "throyin to bring Chusther B. Arthur an' Rashcoe Conklin together afore the nixst prishidintvil ick-shin," nor that "ould Sammy Tilden an' Puff Watherson haws minnys the proyvint intherview at his counter noights." Yes, Dinny is a "true green" of veracity, and

sticks to his political friends—if they trade with him—with the same adhesive tenacity, that the flies do on his tumbler. He is a staunch Tammanyite, so much so, that last winter when Senator Grady was Demosthenizing in John Kelly's favor, before the Albany Legislature, why "herself" had to hide all the bar decanters, lest Dinny would smash them into smithereens, in his enthusiastic joy over "Tom Grady, the little gossoon who had wind enuff in him to raise the divil above at Albany."

On one occasion after hearing of a "Boss" speech by Grady in the legislative chambers, he became so obstreperously elated over it as to kick open a cask of stale mackerel, and the odor of that speech—I mean the ancient fish still remains in the O'Fudge domicile.

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Fudge," said Skimp to "herself."

"Och, an' the same to yersilf," replied she, assuming a dolorous countenance, "an' how is bishness wid ye?"

"Oh, splendid," answered Skimp, who had not buried a single "stiff" since he opened shop, "and I hope you will help me to increase it by advertising me among your neighbors.—Is this a healthy locality, Mrs. O'Fudge?"

"Faix thin, it ishint," said she with a heavy sigh, "Fur shure, 'tis the maizils in wan block, an' the fayvur in to' ethur, so bechewn thim both, there's no livin' at all, at all, but fur docturs and the loikes iv yersilf."

Then she gave Dinny a sly wink, after which he sneaked out and whispered to a quartette of corner loungers who came into the store and were introduced to Skimp who treated them to O'Fudge's best brandy, a decoction so lavishly watered as to justify its being called a temperance beverage.

"Ah, thin," put in Dinny, with a tear in his eye, "'tis our own door that will hov crape on it soon, too, Oi'm thinkin', fur baint me third cooshin, Larry, thot lives wid us, up shtairs now, doyin' be inches wid the agee; an'," he added, slapping Skimp patronizingly on the shoulder, "'tis yersilf will box an' plant Larry, iv ye charged a thousand dollars for the job."

"Ah, an' 'tis the big funeral thot same Larry will have," chimed in one of the

loungers, drinking again, with the rest, at Skimp's expense.

The novice undertaker's bill for treats had already amounted to near five dollars, so interested became he in the prospect of Larry's obsequies, the management of which would advertise him so extensively, owing to the reputed political prestige of the as yet "living corpse," in fact, on Dinny's authority, he was lead to anticipate the possibility of President Arthur and Bob Lincoln acting as initial pall-bearers, not to mention Blaine's delivery of a panegyric on the deceased at this imminent distinguished funeral.

However, some days after when Skimp stood at his shop door, brooding over his unpaid liquor bill at O'Fudge's, and the tardiness of Larry's departure from life, Dinny beckoned to him and shouted out, "Larry is gone at last!" With maniac-like rapidity Skimp hitched up his horse and wagon, drove over to O'Fudge's door and flung in a freezer full of ice in on the bar-room floor, at the sight of which article "herself" fell over the beer pump in a swoon.

"Phot the divil ails ye—ye cracked loon iv an undertaker?" yelled Dinny kicking the freezer out into the street. "Didn't oi tell ye Larry was gone?"

"But—but," stammered the pallid undertaker, "I—I understood you to mean he was dead."

"No—ugh, I mint he was gone down to Rockaway. So, afthurr yez settles up yer bill at-bar now, we'll dhrink together, wishin' he'll nivir coom back aloive agin till he's dhrowned!"

Last seen of the poor undertaker he was trying in vain to bribe a small boy to sit on the freezer so nobody would steal it, while he went to hunt up his runaway horse.

"I SAY, boss," remarked an old darkey, "could yer loan an ole man a quarter ob a dollar?"

"Why, uncle, you owe me fifty cents now."

"No I don't, boss."

"Have you forgotton that you borrowed fifty cents of me several years ago, and have never returned it?"

"I habn't forgot it, boss, but I don' owe yer nothin'. Dat debt hab transpired by de statur ob limitations."—*Philadelphia Call.*

It Was the First Step.

HUSBAND (airily, they having just returned from their wedding trip): "If I'm not home from the club by—ah—10, love, you won't wait."

Wife (quietly): "No, dear," (but with appealing firmness), "I'll come for you!"

He was back at 9:45 sharp.—*London Punch.*

What Did She Mean,

MR. AND MRS. BUNTIN were going out to walk.

"Wait," said Mrs. B., "until I go back and get my umbrella."

"It isn't going to rain, is it?" asked Mr. B.

"Not that I know of."

"Then what do you want with an umbrella?"

"Oh, I always like to have something with me when I'm walking."

Mr. B. looked bothered but didn't seek any explanations.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Her Favorite Instrument.

"Is your wife a musician?" said Mr. Grimes to Mr. Greatheart last week.

"I am proud to say she is a musician of great power," was the reply.

"What is her favorite instrument?"

"The organ."

"Indeed, what make does she prefer, Mason & Hamlin's, or Estey's?"

"Her preference is the nasal organ."

"The nasal organ? Why, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You can satisfy yourself of the truth of my statement any night after 11 o'clock by placing yourself within reasonable distance of our sleeping room.—*Washington Hatchet.*

Makes a Difference.

"MY SON," remarked a father, "what do you pay for those cigars?"

"Twelve dollars a box," the young man replied, and they are cheap at that. Take one."

"No," said the old man, "I can't afford to smoke such expensive cigars. I am compelled to get along on two-for-fivers."

"I am sorry, father," the young hopeful responded with some compassion, "but you see you have mother and me to support."—*Philadelphia Call.*

HE was a Chinaman, and he came forward to vote.

"Me name, One Lung!" he said.

"No good!" replied the challenger. "You can't vote here."

"Velly good. Me name Two Lung."

"Ah, now you're talking. If it's two lungs you must be an American citizen. Pass it in!"

And he was voted.

HE was another Chinaman and his name was Hong Kee. He was on a tear.

"Me bustee town wide open, allee samee Melican man!" he cried.

There was silence, and they allowed him the right of way of the streets.

"Me make pleesman tiled. Me laise hellee. Allee samee Melican man."

There was silence.

"Balkeepe, setemup dlinks. Allee samee Melican man."

It was done.

"Balkeepee, charge up. Allee samee Melican man."

And he was bounced. The Chinese must go!

No More Advertising for Him.

"MR. JONES," said the reporter, I saw an advertisement in a morning paper for the owner of an umbrella left in your saloon to call and—"

"That'll do. It's gone, and you'd better go, too," he suggestively added, glaring savagely at the reporter across the bar.

"Great Jumping Joseph, will they never stop coming?" he asked, turning to the end of the bar.

"You are the fortieth man who has called here to-day about that miserable old cotton umbrella," he added, addressing the reporter. "There have been men here to-day for that umbrella who were never in my place before—lawyers, doctors, politicians, and divinity students. I'll never advertise another umbrella as long as I live," he said to the bartender.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Effective Taffy.

HE was late, and he was not altogether as he ought to have been. He saw by the light in the window that she was waiting for him and he trembled, knowing that he merited severe rebuke.

As he entered the room she began.

"My dear," he interrupted, "you can't tell me what I was—hic—thinking of just now. Rather what you reminded me of as I came in. The lamp on the table and you sitting close to it. You and the lamp reminded me of the philosophy of which Matthew Arnold is the apostle—you and the lamp—see!"

"No, I don't see. This is a nice—"

"Well—hic—I'll show you. Matthew Arnold is the 'pistle of sweetness and light. Well, you and the lamp fill the bill—sweetness and light. The lamp is the light and you are the sweetness."

"You foolish fellow," said she, with a smile; "what are you standing there for? Let me help you off with your coat."—*Somerville Journal.*

With an Eye to Economy.

"MY DEAR," he said, as she greeted him with the usual where's-the-chocolate-caramels sort of expression, "do you know that all kinds of candy are now adulterated with fusel oil and people are dying every day from eating the poisonous stuff?"

"Gracious, no!" she said with a startled look. "I'll never eat another piece of the vile compound."

And as his salary had been reduced to \$20 a month and he visited her seven nights a week her answer made his bosom heave with unadulterated happiness.—*Norristown Herald.*

Wanted to Know What the Fashion Was.

MR. MUGG, of Mugg, Pitcher & Co., tells the story of being called to a debtor in the country who had been in honest business for forty years and at last given out. "Well, Mr. Creambowl," said Mugg, "what can we do for you? Very bad fix?" "So, so, Mr. Mugg." "What can you pay—75?" "No, not so much." "Well, how's 50?" "I think not." "Thirty-three, then? We want to be fair, you know, with a customer of so long standing." "Well, I don't know exactly," said the debtor. "By the way, Mr. Mugg, about how much are they paying on a dollar now in Boston?"—*Hartford Post.*

No Mutuality.

A COUPLE of darkies were traveling together on horseback, in hot weather over a sparsely settled country, where nothing eatable or drinkable could be obtained. About dinner time colored citizen No. 1 complains of hunger, and makes a proposition to go into executive session of whatever provisions they might have.

"What has yer got ter bite?"

"Ise got a flask ob 'O be joyful!' what's wuff four dollars a gallon. What kind of perwishuns has you got?"

"I hain't got nuffin but a dried tongue."

"What does yer say to swappin' off haf and haf? I gibs you haf de whisky, and you gibs me haf de dried tongue."

"Nuff sed. Hand ober de flask."

The flask was handed over, and without drawing breath the party of the second part

lowered the line of the horizon several inches below the equator. Then he handed it back, smacked his lips, and remarked ecstatically:

"Dat's sich good whisky I feels like whislin'."

The owner of the flask expected his travelling companion to shell out that tongue, but the latter made no effort to do so, although No. 1 rolled his eyes around in an almost reproachful manner. Finally he ejaculated:

"When's yer gwine to divide dat ar dried tongue you has got?"

"Hain't got none."

"Yer said yer had."

"I did hab a dried tongue, but it haint dry no moah sense I wet hid wid de contents ob dat ar flask."

"Look heah; you is a deceitful niggah. I lowed dar was some mutuality about you, but I see I has fooled myself."—*Texas Siftings*.

"Love Me, Love My Dog."

"HELLO, old man!" said a gentleman to a friend; "what's that you've got under your coat?"

"That," was the sad reply, as he brought it forth, "is my wife's little pug dog."

"What are you going to do with him? Take him somewhere and drown him?"

"I wish I might," earnestly responded the gentleman, fetching a sigh. "No, I am not going to drown him. My wife is having a new spring suit made to harmonize with Beauty, as she is pleased to call the disgusting little brute, and I am on my way to the dry goods store to match him for a half yard more of material."

Nipped in the Bud.

A PRETTY good story is told of Sam Harley, who was quite prominent in the late State convention. He at one time attended some Catholic convention, meeting or something of the kind, and, as usual, seemed to think the fate of the whole thing devolved upon him. Rising in his seat, he eloquently commenced:

"Mr. Chairman—My father and mother were both Irishmen—"

"Well, well," said the chairman "if that is the case we've heard quite enough from you."

The young man subsided.—*Oil City Blizzard*.

GLASS SHINGLES are soon to supercede the old wooden kind, and parents can see just when to leave off spanking, without having to let up three or four times during operation.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A THOUSAND women were present at a recent Kentucky hanging. There being very few churches in Kentucky, it was about the only opportunity they had to show their new spring bonnets.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A CONVENTION of maple sugar manufacturers has just been held in Chicago. To the chairman's desk was tacked a wreath made of maple leaves. The leaves were examined with a great deal of curiosity.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Now there abideth these things which every man can do better than any one else. Poke a fire, put on his own hat, edit a newspaper, tell a story—after another man has commenced it—and examine a railway time table.—*Chicago Sun*.

WHEN two poets read their rhapsodies to each other it is "measure for measure."—*Washington Hatchet*.

DARWIN says there is a living principle in fruit. We suppose he refers to the worms.—*Indianapolis Scissors*.

IN the social circles of the chicken-yard the lines are very distinctly drawn, for each hen has her own set.—*Merchant Traveler*.

THERE is one thing about a house which seldom falls but never hurts the occupant when it does—that is the rent.—*Texas Siftings*.

A TITUSVILLIAN says before he was married he thought his wife was "a thing of beauty" and now he knows she is a "jaw forever."—*Oil City Derrick*.

GIRLS in Montreal wear nearly forty pounds of clothing. When a Montreal girl gets on a dude's lap it is the dude that is mashed.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"I WOULD die for you," she exclaimed, pillowing her head upon his shoulder. "Oh, you needn't darling," was the quick reply, "I like red hair."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A NEW style of telephone has been invented by a Burlington man. It is said that its peculiarity consists in the fact that you can talk through it. This, however, is doubted.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

IT is thought that Cain was a base-ball umpire. Remember his words, "I shall be a fugitive and vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me."—*Boston Transcript*.

"JOHNNY, have you shooed the chickens out of the garden, as I told you?" asked a mother of her hopeful.

"Yes'm, and I shooed have done so if you hadn't told me."—*Merchant Traveler*.

DAVID DAVIS says that if he should ever do anything wrong he would not try to get out of it, but would throw himself on the mercy of the court. If such a thing should happen the court would have our sympathy.—*Boston Post*.

BARNUM's greatest curiosity is said to be—not the white elephant—but a base-ball umpire whose decisions last year gave satisfaction to both nines. He is claimed to be the only one in the country, and is not whitewashed.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE choir of a church in New Hampshire couldn't make out why the treble notes of the organ all of a sudden kept getting so much stronger than the bass, until they opened the thing and found a half starved cat in there.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"WHAT sort of water do you have in Austin?" asked a stranger of Huddle.

"First rate. If you put in whisky enough, it will make as good a toddy as any water I ever drank," was Huddle's candid reply.—*Texas Siftings*.

KAISER heard a man grumbling about a bad shave, and remarked, "Mine frent, of dot shave was nix goot, shust go mit Wall street. You get shaved so dam close you don't remember your mudder-in-law." Kaiser is about right.—*Brooklyn Times*.

AFTER both parties have nominated their candidates for president we'll soon be able to tell which one made the treasonable utterance that the American Eagle was a pretty good bird, but not near as good eating as roast turkey.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

IT is the custom in a certain Hindoo caste for a woman about to marry to have her third and fourth fingers cut off at the joint. This accounts for the peculiar scratch marks observable upon the face of the Hindoo husband.—*Merchant Traveler*.

"IT is ground hog day again, I see," remarked the red-headed boarder, casting his eye over the breakfast table. "Why, no, it isn't," contradicted a fly telegraph operator. "Then what is that sausage doing there?" rejoined the red-headed boarder.—*Oil City Derrick*.

ABOUT one million bricks will be required for the new buildings at Frank Jones's brewery in Portsmouth. There should be no difficulty in procuring them, if a thorough canvass of the headgear of the consumers of Mr. Jones's beverage is made.—*Boston Transcript*.

"SAY POP," inquired a youthful democrat of an old man, "why do they call it the 'horizontal bill?'"

"Well, my son, it is because it put Bill Morrison in a horizontal position across the knee of the public opinion and gave him a sound spanking. That's why."—*Hartford Post*.

THE season is coming on when the nice young man on the train will try to open a car window for a pretty girl, and after bulging his eyes out and getting a lurid red in the face without making it budge, will go forward to the smoking car and smoke cigarette after cigarette between his clenched teeth.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"FATHER," remarked a promising youth to an Ohio wool raiser, "I guess you're going to have opposition pretty soon." "Eh," returned the old gentleman with a look of alarm. "Farmer Hays is going into the sheep business." "Who told you so?" "Nobody. I heard him talking to a friend this morning about introducing hydraulic rams on the farm."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"DID you notice what a boor that man was who sat next to you?" asked one lady of another as the pair stepped off a Woodward avenue car the other day. "How?" "Why, he refused to pass up the fare for the lady in lavender silk." "Oh, well, you see they were divorced only two weeks ago, and it couldn't be expected he would recover his composure this soon. It is a mean trick in any divorced woman to expect her ex-husband to pass alimony money up to the fare-box."—*Detroit Free Press*.



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dence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers
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so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE,**
together with a **VALUABLE TREATISE** on this disease, to any sufferer,
give Express and P. O. address **DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.**

FAILURES which will be good for the
country are predicted to occur in Chicago
next month.—*Boston Globe.*

It was perpendicular reduction when Mr.
Morrison threw that trunk full of tariff
bills out of the window.—*Lowell Courier.*

NEW YORK girls now use an invisible lip
ointment, flavored with honey. Kisses come
high but they must have 'em.—*Texas Sift-*
ings.

CONSIDERING the amount of gold used
by dentists, the cemeteries will be the gold
fields of some future day.—*Boston Tran-*
script.

MUST I give way and room to your rash
collar?" as the young gentleman's ears re-
marked to his expansive linen.—*Boston*
Transcript.

AN advertisement in a contemporary
reads: "Wanted—A girl to cook." We
suppose the advertiser wants a girl who lights
the fire with kerosene.—*Oil City Blizard.*

THE young man who skates with ease and
grace at the roller rink imagines himself the
the centre of attraction, and so does the young
man who falls over the floor.—*Oil City*
Blizard.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is just beginning to
find fault with the dinners he ate while in
America. He must have encountered a
Massachusetts fried pie on his route.—*Hart-*
ford Post.

LITTLE GIRL—"Mamma, let me carry
the baby?" Mamma—"No, darling; you're
too little; you might let it fall." Little
girl—"Well, may I have it when it's worn
out?"—*London Judy.*

AN article in an exchange is headed,
"Costly Misuse of the Mails." About the
most costly miss use of the mails that we
know of are indigent young men marrying
heiresses.—*Boston Post.*

"Boy," he asked, as he stood at the foot
of Woodward avenue and looked across to
the Canadian shore, "what is the depth of
water off the dock here?" The boy looked
him all over with careful eye, and then
slowly answered: "That's the way it's allus
been! If a fellow wants to commit suicide,
it's allus some one so big that his clothes
won't begin to fit me! I won't tell you
nothin' about it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LITERARY conversation at a fashionable
reception.—Mr. Spidloe, having been intro-
duced to Miss Zagwell, says:
"Very fine assemblage."
"Very, and quite literary, too."
"Very. You are fond of literature, I
presume?"

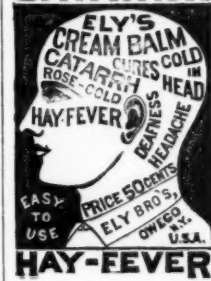
"Ah, very. I dote on it."
"You like Shakespeare, I dare say?"
"Ah, very much, do you?"
"Very fond of him; I like Burns, too."
"So do I, very much, indeed."
"Do you like Goldsmith?"
"Very, very much. Do you like Byron?"
"Think he's grand. Do you like Pope?"
"Oh, very much. Do you like Shelly?"
"Oh, yes; he's good. Tell you a good
writer."
"Who?"
"Milton."
"Yes, he's very good, indeed."

Afterward Mr. Spidloe, in speaking of
the young lady, says that she is wonderfully
well read, and she, in speaking of him, says,
"Oh, he's just read everything."—*Arkan-*
saw Traveler.

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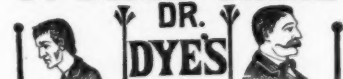


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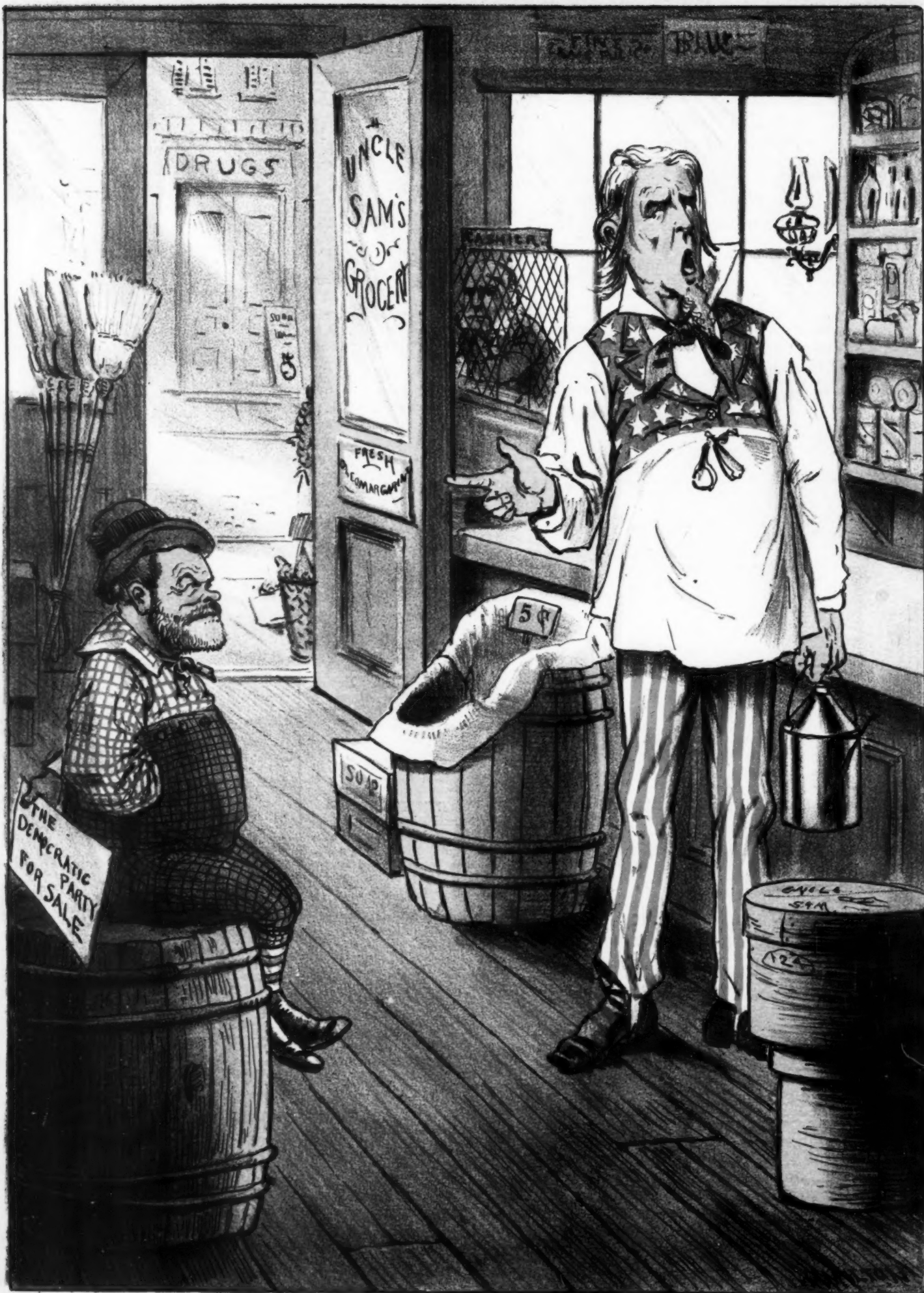
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