

Herring

Judge

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THE OLD BOSTON BOAT WILL RACE AGAIN.

"The political circles of the Hub have been more or less disturbed of late over the report that General Benjamin F. Butler is about to enter the fight for governor at the coming state election."—N. Y. Herald, June 15, 1886.

JUDGE



JUDGE.

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MR. BLAINE is inclined to think that all's well that elects Bodwell.

IT IS ALLEGED that the president will turn the rascals out. So sorry for you, Mr Garland.

THIS IS Mr. Maloney's day for being in Canada, but he will be in Europe to-morrow just the same.

MR. CONKLING got at the rate of \$1,000 a day for investigating the Broadway railroad business. Set a lawyer to catch a thief.

WHEN AN ULSTER YOUTH is put in training for the pulpit his first duty is to learn how to destroy property and punch heads, and the better he succeeds the more he is thought to be competent to preach the gospel.

MEN LIKE MOST AND ROSSA, who come here to war upon this and other governments, must be made to crack stone without the aid of dynamite, and in their behalf the prison-labor question ought to be settled without delay.

JUDGE FULLERTON will argue for the redemption of confederate bonds, and as there is no case that a lawyer ought to refuse he will doubtless be employed directly in the suits for damages to be brought by the fallen angels.

WHEN H. W. BEECHER heard that he was dead he didn't shed the first tear. All he did was to remark "I'll bet five dollars of it," and as nobody covered the proposition to return to his sermon as calmly as if nothing had happened.

GEORGE W. CHILDS says he wouldn't run for president if he were sure to be elected. Mr. Childs couldn't be more honored than he is at this moment, and the wise conclusion reached shows that the Childs is father to the politician.

D. B. HILL proposes that the confirming power be taken away from the United States senate and the various state senates. Excellent; but why not give the president and the

governors the sole right to make the general and the state laws?

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER has no doubt that in due season it can buy of the prevailing literary bureau the productions of the best authors at the rate of five cents a column with a chromo thrown in, and certainly the chromo will be worth the money.

HUNDREDS OF MORMONS reach this city every month from abroad and none of them ever return. Well, there is this comfort—some day the Mormon question will be a political issue and then some party will be whipped. Perhaps not the party in Utah, however.

IT WAS VERY WRONG in the colored girl of Vincennes, Ind., to be sufficiently intelligent to graduate from the local high school with her white competitors; but the latter, before refusing to share the honor with her, ought to have carried their case to the Almighty to see what he thought about it.

THE ORANGEMEN of Ireland are so loyal to the government that they do murder, burn houses and keep continually drunk on stolen liquor. Loyalty is not as respectable as it was once. In fact the only decent people in Ireland at this moment are the ones who believe in home rule and occasionally shoot landlords.

LUDWIG THE LAST inherited his insanity as well as his throne. Ludwig the first, his grandfather, was the frisky old gentleman who became insane over Lola Montez. The last

went to the opposite extreme, being a hater of women, and on the whole his insanity was worse than that of the other lunatic.

THE FIGHT FOR IRISH LIBERTY.

The chains of the modern Andromeda do not cut as closely as they did. There is hope that they will presently be removed, and that makes them easier to bear. The modern Perseus fights with the strength of youth, and his presence and determination are inspiring. If he fails in his purpose he will at least have accomplished so much that the hope of final liberty will be strong in the heart of the subject of his devotion.

Whether Mr. Gladstone wins or loses in the contest now at hand, he has inaugurated a new era in English politics, and his purpose will be merely postponed. He has taught the English government to respect the people it formerly trod upon. He has brought about an agitation which shows that the people opposed to progress in Ireland are as dangerous when they are crossed in their designs as the progressive Irishman ever thought of being. Indeed, the latter has been a model of good behavior in the struggle which has discovered such dangerous disloyalty on the other side, and has certainly shown that he is as capable of governing himself as his opponents are of taking charge of him. Civilization the world over is on his side, and if in the impending fight the public sentiment on which he most relies proves treacherous enough to secure his defeat he will at least have gained strength

ALL IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS.



MR. DE QUIZZER—"Pardon me, Mrs. Rosenstein, but I cannot help expressing my admiration of your beautiful diamonds."

MRS. ROSENSTEIN (Rosenstein is a pawnbroker)—"You dink them fine, eh? Ach, but dese are noding to dem diamonds Mr. Rosenstein is going to gif me when der dicket runs out!"

enough to go on with the struggle and win at a later day.

BEN BUTLER AT THE FRONT.

A Boston letter in the *Herald* says Ben Butler can fill a Boston hall quicker than any other man except John L. Sullivan, and that Butler is "the Mecca to which every crank in the land flocks." The Boston English which makes a single crank flock is pretty cranky itself; but it does not interfere with the interesting information in the letter that Butler is the only man with whom the Democrats can succeed in the coming state contest, and that there are many Democratic mugwumps in Massachusetts who would be glad to snub Cleveland by forgetting Butler's treachery in the last national contest and putting him on the track for governor.

Our artist grasps the proposition with his usual alertness and turns his prophetic eye to the great contest of 1888. It is not habitual with the Democratic party to run by water; but the prevailing yacht contest properly typifies both the Massachusetts and the national unpleasantnesses, and if Ben should succeed in the one he would be a formidable competitor for the greater honor. His yacht *Impuritan* has certainly weathered a good many storms, and if it is considerably the worse for wear it must be remembered that that is the case with all the rest of the Democratic craft as well.

In a recent interview Butler said he was out of politics; but it must be remembered that he is not dead, so the statement is obviously false. It is also alleged that his sword-girth is by far too small for him, but certainly it is possible to make a splice in all these cases. Again it is declared that the Democracy will never forgive him for his treachery in 1884; but then what is his treachery in comparison with that of Cleveland? All these stories are pre-convention foolishness, and will be so accepted by the Democracy just as soon as it becomes obvious that the Massachusetts man is the only leader who has a chance to win.

ART IN THE MODERN HOUSEHOLD.

The youthful parties who shrink from marriage because of the cost of housekeeping had better reconsider. The art of advertising has reached such a state of completeness that the advertiser feels able to stock the new establishment at his own expense, merely asking that the recipients of his bounty shall allow him to display his modest card by way of securing further patronage; and in due season the youthful parties may find it easy to let out the various eligible situations of their establishment for purposes of advertising display at highly remunerative rates. Thus a centre-table, so far from subjecting them to expense, may draw for them a sufficient income to pay for their coal—if the coal man doesn't choose to pay them an income too; a stove may bring them in more than the funds necessary to fill the pot as well as to keep it boiling; a rocking-chair may display a beautiful ornamental announcement of a certain furniture store at a cost to the advertiser sufficiently large to pay the bills of the non-advertising doctor; and the windows, filled with artistic placards, may draw enough theatre tickets to keep the family and their country cousins in amusement the whole year round.

Here is a combination of household economy and orthographical amusement, the same united to effusiveness as to color and general

POOR EXCUSE, & C.



NERVOUS BARBER—"My hand trembles, eh? That vot you say? Yes, but your head shakes, and I find it convenient to follow the motion."

adornment, which cannot be approved too much; and if it necessarily includes a few incongruities what are they in comparison with the wealth and variety secured? The dead walls frequently show such combative sentences as "Jones's Nerve Tonic," "Brings Delirium Tremens," "Green's Spectacles," "For the Blind," &c., but they are calmly perused and more or less profited from. It certainly would look odd to see the baby labeled "From Smith's Cabinet Warehouse," the wife bearing the placard on the back of her silk

dress "Warranted Pure," the husband adorned with the words "Ferguson's All-Wool Gentleman," the conclusion of the sentence accidentally detached; the daughter carrying the legend, similarly mutilated, "Smith's Young Lady;" the walls decorated with such mottoes as "Jackson's Blasting Powder," "Use Blank's All-Searching Pills," and "Brown's Coffins are the Best," instead of the familiar "God Bless Our Home," "Peace be With You," and "Health and Happiness to All;" but what an infinite variety of suggestion would be afforded by the change, and how wonderfully fast the growing prattler would familiarize himself with the business of the world of which he is one day to become a part.

There is a branch of art, however, which ought to be encouraged only slightly, or at least which ought to command the very highest prices. The truly moral newspaper cannot be induced to sell its columns for the display of certain objectionable announcements—except at thrice the rate charged the unobjectionable advertiser. The family man will find a valuable hint here. We merely beg to suggest to him that inasmuch as the typical nakedness peculiar to the tobacco establishments is obviously displayed to create lasciviousness rather than admiration of the beautiful, he had better charge the tobacco man enough to enable him to stock his winter cellar and permit the family to go to Saratoga on the following summer.

THE MAN ROSSA threatens at a very critical period in Irish politics to resume operations with dynamite against the women and children of England, evidently being in need of funds. Why should Most be in prison and Rossa at liberty?—can anybody tell?

A SOLID REASON.



BOY—"What yer standing there for? Help!"
 PHILOSOPHER—"Didn't you never learn how to swim?"
 BOY—"N-o! I—never—did. Help! Quick!"
 PHILOSOPHER—"Well, I never did either. That is the reason I stick to the land."

NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.



MIKE—"Bridget, me dear, where's me spring pants?"
BRIDGET—"Och, nivir moind thim; wear yer ould wons—it's an illigant curtain we have now, the envy of ther nayburs."

Hum of the Court.

The land that the first lady most loves is believed to be Cleveland.

A new southern evangelist is named Porter. We beg to suggest to him that he draw it mild.

Ben Butler says it is foolish to think he will ever run for president again. It is worse than that. It is idiocy. It is villainy.

The Jersey potato is afflicted with what is called black rot, the name coming evidently from the New York Sunday newspapers.

England is said to have 347 female blacksmiths. So far, accordingly, from a woman not being able to shoo a hen she can even shoe a horse.

Every time the government threatens the Mormons the male individuals of that persuasion get so mad that they go right off and take a new wife.

Sam Cox had better stop sending his old mummies to this country. If we can't have fresh, decent mummies we prefer to have no mummies at all.

Mrs. Nellie Drummond, a Virginia colored woman, recently gave birth to a child that spoke as soon as it was born. Oddly enough, the child is a boy.

A Philadelphia paper has the headline "Fair Play is a Jewel." If that is the case in Philadelphia fair play had better be handed for safe keeping to one of the safe deposit companies.

Governor Pattison is talked of for president, too. The state he belongs to will have much to do with the Democratic national convention, doubtless. By the way which state is it?

Minister Phelps has been ordered by his physician to live more quietly. He could do that most effectively by returning to Vermont

—did Mr. Cleveland and he ever think of that?

"Let me get you a parachute," said the generous young husband to his wife. "No," she replied with a look of domestic responsibility, "we must be economical, dear. One will be sufficient."

Caroline Herschell, the woman astronomer, admitted, at the age of ninety-nine, that she had never had an offer of marriage. She resembled the turtle, perhaps—she lived too much in Herschell.

The probabilities are that Murderer Maxwell will be hanged. We beg to congratulate him. He will thereby get rid of an existence that must have been a perpetual shock to his moral nature from the time

he left the cradle.

A good deal of quiet fun is made of Mr. Evarts's old hat; but Mr. Evarts is afraid that if he were to get a new one he would be charged with fleckleness, and peradventure a change of the opinions which he is going to have.

The Vassar commencement was a beautiful success. The young ladies had their hair done up with unprecedented skill and their essays were mostly of white lawn cut on the

bias and properly adorned with flowers and leaves.

Grover and Daniel preserved their temper during the recent fishing excursion, but the question as to which caught the most fish will have to be referred to a senatorial investigating committee. The trouble seems to have been that Grover insisted on counting those which got away.

George W. Childs's gardener says the great humanitarian is a fine judge of roses, and is especially fond of the Cleveland Rose. This is the first time that Mr. Childs has been accused of impropriety, and we shouldn't believe the story if he were caught in the very heart of Holland Patent.

"This is Depew?" said the colored usher of an uptown church inquiringly to Chauncey M., pausing in his march up the aisle. "That's what they call me," was the short response; "what of it, sir?" "Very snappish man dat," said the usher, moving briskly away; "nex' time I luff 'im take his Chaunceys."

A lady writing for the Atlanta Constitution says we should be more generous in judgment of Tennyson's "tottering lyre," bearing in mind the fact that Alfred is in his second childhood. The lady is real kind, but we should think the defence would make Alfred totter almost as much as his lyre does.

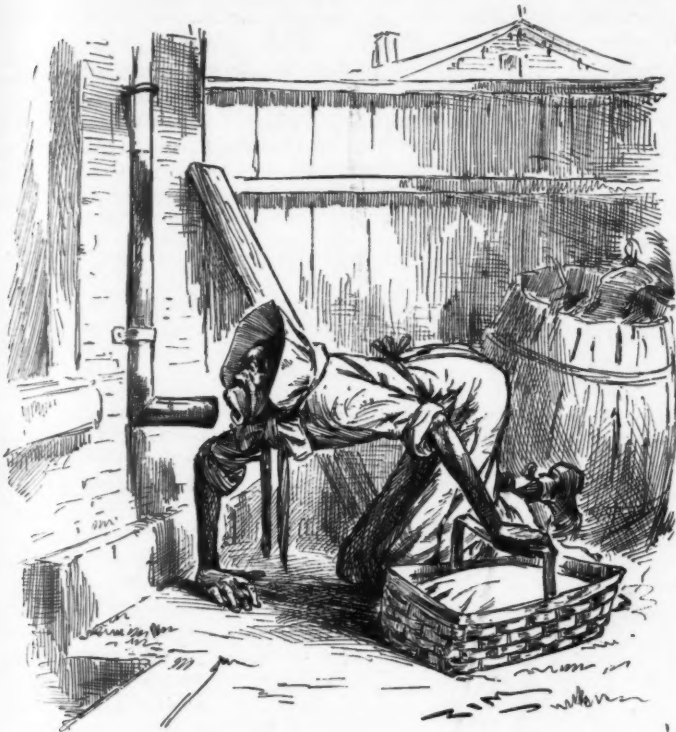
The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser declared positively that Miss Folsom wouldn't have Mr. Cleveland. It also declared that Grover wouldn't be elected. If Mr. Warren's paper doesn't assume the part of the prophet who omits to predict it will lose its reputation for veracity just as soon as ever it can get it.

The Pittsburg Leader tells of a senator who was intoxicated when he paid a eulogy to a dead predecessor. One should never indulge in the bowl when his turn comes to be melancholy. It gets all the tears in the wrong places and mixes the rhetorical flow up with the statistical facts with hopeless confusion. When one weeps he should do so decently and in order; otherwise his water privilege is embarrassing to the corpse.

"MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET" OR FISH.



PICKANINNY—"Hi yar, fadder! yose got the hook ketched in yo"
FISHERMAN—"Hush yer noise, chile! yo 'spect de suckahs 'gwine ter bite wiv all dat screech-in?" To himself—"Seems kind'r strange I kaint git up in de bow fer ter see what I got on dat yar hook!"



CHLOE (who has been told to go around to the back door)—“Mith’s Portier! thsay you, Mith’s Portier! I’s kem wid de washin’ en de doah am done gone locked!”

THEIR DAY WITH THE TROUT.

OUR VERACIOUS REPORTER RELATES THE PISCATORIAL EXPERIENCES OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS SECRETARY.

In his first throw for trout the president caught his ear and could not suppress a sudden movement and an exclamation signifying pain.

“You mistake, your excellency,” said Mr. Lamont—“we are fishing for trout,” the last word being in italics.

“Umph!” replied the president gruffly. “Don’t I know it? Didn’t you see me rise to the fly?”

“I think you will find this better,” said Mr. Lamont, rising gravely and producing a package from his pocket. Removing the wrapper, a small vessel glistened in the sunlight, and soon the cork by its disappearance indicated that the sport had begun.

“I arranged with the commissary of subsistence for the necessary supplies,” explained Mr. Lamont, returning to his seat on a log, “and I flatter myself that, acting under my special instructions he has forgotten nothing. In time of peace prepare for war—I mean that a stitch in time saves nine. You don’t catch me walking four miles to recover a forgotten box of hooks. Like the poor relative, they are always with me. Ouch!”

As Mr. Lamont uttered the last word he arose with more rapidity than that of the president on the previous occasion and said with compressed lips, “Well, of all the sharp-toothed bugs that I ever heard of that was the worst, and he won’t let loose either. I repeat it, sir—ouch!”

Turning frantically to run into the bushes and away from his unseen enemy, Mr. Lamont inadvertently took with him, though his hands were empty, first the line and then the pole attached to the same. “Wait, sir!” thundered the president imperatively, hastily putting on his spectacles. “Let us not be impatient. Why, sir! you appear to be attached to the hook. You must have sat down on it. You are carrying off the entire tackle. Let me re-

mind you that we are fishing for trout, sir—trout!”

“Your excellency,” replied Mr. Lamont, “I accept your amendment and crave the privilege of a leave of absence for a few moments. I will retire into those bushes and revise the record,” adding thoughtfully as he disappeared, “I guess I’ll have to take ’em off and use a pen-knife.”

For a moment there was the patient silence the fisherman loves. From his seat in the shade the nation’s ruler watched the sunlight play among the leaves and dance on the water. Occasionally a bird sang in the branches above, and now and then a trout jumped to the surface further down the stream. “This,” said the president musingly to himself, “is after all the great aim of

human greatness. The aspiring mind is never so happy with its success as it is with the hour’s leisure that hard work earns. Men come down from high stations with a feeling of rest far more satisfactory than is the feeling of triumph when they have reached the top, and there must be a satisfaction in the retirement of old age that active life never brings. As the poet remarks—Hang that mosquito! He gets more bites than I do. On the whole, I forget what the poet did remark, but anyhow there is a similarity between this quiet enjoyment and that of advanced years which is quite striking. I wonder if this log retains moisture. I used to have rheumatism and it seems damp. How beautifully the shadows chase each other over yonder hills! There is that, too, in fishing which sharpens the appetite. I wonder if it isn’t time for lunch. How the mooing of that cow so far off brings back the years so far away! They remind me of a summer night which had a smell of new milk to it, the same mingled with odors of honeysuckle and new-mown grass. Hah! I’ve got a bite.”

At this moment Mr. Lamont was astonished to hear a sharp, rasping voice utter a series of ejaculations indicating excessive annoyance, and directly the voice called sharply to him, “I say, you Dan! can you climb?”

“Not at present, sir,” was the reply in as amiable a tone as possible under the circumstances. “I’ve got it out, your excellency, but I haven’t got ’em on yet!”

The president, surprised at the sudden bite, had thrown his pole up with exceeding energy, but the hook attached to the line thereof was fast in the upper bark of the tree whose branches made the delightful shade. Shading his spectacled eyes, the nation’s ruler looked critically above and presently remarked, “Huh! It appears that the trout got away, too.” Then he put his hands to his sides and surveyed with a look of calm vexation the surrounding landscape. Then he renewed his musings. “It’s warm,” he said softly. “The

buzzing of these insects is intolerably annoying. Seems to take my secretary a deuced long time to get his trousers on. Ought to’ve put on two pairs by this time. Those trout seem to know my tackle’s disabled. What do they want to tantalize me by jumping up that way for? It *must* be time for lunch. Never so hungry in my life. The air of that breeze is seven times heated, and my throat feels as if I were up in the barn mowing away hay. Hohum! Who cares for trout?”

But the delights of the day were as numerous as the annoyances. There, for instance, was the solid comfort of riding home in the twilight against a spanking breeze and in anticipation of welcoming words and a country supper; and there was the surreptitious purchase of a basket of fish, the placing of them in leaves and ice, and the gentle chaffing of the two congenial faisifiers previous to telling the story of their various conquests to the unsuspecting women at the cottage board.

“Pretty good sport after all, Dan,” said the president as the carriage rolled into the cottage yard.

“Ye-yes,” replied the secretary with some hesitation, “bu-but I’ll have to wear a patch or get a new pair of ’em.”



TURN OF THE TIDE.

AT CONEY ISLAND, JULY 1, 1885.

The moaning of the tide I hear,
As of old ocean sobs;
Its heart seems beating loud and clear
With ceaseless, mighty throbs.

Upon the beach a loving pair
Are sitting side by side;
Her hands are toying with his hair,
For she is still a bride.

AT HOME, APRIL 20, 1886.

She welcomes him with outstretched arms—
He tries in vain to dodge;
His breath is stronger than her charms,
For he has been to lodge.

Her hands toy with his hair. I fear
’Tis more in wrath than pride;
Though far from ocean’s shore, I hear
The moaning of the “tied.”

KRYS.



AGAINST ANARCHY.

"Phwat is this worruld comin' to, Mrs. O'Flanigan?" inquired Mrs. Hooligan as the two ladies were seated in the kitchen of the castle on the rocks at Fifth avenue and Ninety-some street, overlooking the peaceful pig and admiring the antics of the billygoat.

"To an ind, Oi'm thinkin'," answered the practical Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Not in our time, Nora darlint. But they's quare things that do be happenin' these days. Phwat div yez think should hav' come here yisterday afternoon but a dirthy Dutchman, wan av thim bottlenosed Bohaymians?"

"Is that the Bohay that the tay comes from?"

"That the beer comes from more like, judgin' by the shmell av the craytur. An' phwat div yez think the blaggard wanted here? He wanted to see Misther Hooligan, he said, to be taught the bist way av usin' dinnamoit, he did.

"An' phwat have yez to do wid dinnamoit?" says Oi to him. 'It's niver the likes av yez that's been throdden undher fut by the bloody Saxins, an yez had betther lave the dinnamoit to thim as nades it.'

"He tould me that he wanted to bu'st up the gov'ment, he did, an' 'twas our own gov'ment he meant, which I made him own up to the same. Think av it, Mrs. O'Flanigan, an' my Dan like to be made an alderman if he can git a license to open a salune on the corner!"

"The thafe av the worruld!" ejaculated Mrs. O'Flanigan.

"Jist phwat Oi tould him he was, Nora darlint. 'You poor black-faced furriener!' says Oi, 'Oi'll tell yez phwat to do. Jist wait here till Misther Hooligan gits home, an' he'll tache yez all yez wants to know about dinnamoit in liss than no time.'

"Will he do that?" says the Bohaymian.

"Sure an' he will," says Oi. 'He'll ram about half a pound av it down yer gullet, an' thin he'll walk over yez till yez wouldn't know if it thundered. That's phwat my Dan 'll do, an proud av the chance he'll be.'

"Then the blaggard flared up an' said that he hadn't come here to be jokin', an' that he was afraid Oi was on the side av' the inimy. He tould me that his section av the Internationals—phativer that may be—was dhrilin'

wid arrums, an' soon they'd kill all the polace—God save us!—an' make all the artistucker-rats on Fift' avenoo shell out an' divide their property wid him an sich as him."

"The saints be betune us an' harrum!"

"He moight as well have flung a ded cat in me face; for it's meself that lives on Fift' avenoo, an Oi flatther meself that Oi'm as gud as annybody, Nora darlint."

"It's yersif that's betther than most, Biddy dear."

"'You black-faced, beer-swillin' baboon,' says Oi to him, 'div yez think that Bridget Hooligan, as come av the O'Connors, would ivver be afther dividin' as much as a dime av

A YOUNG ANARCH ON THE OTHER ARKS.

The long-suffering youth came in from the Sunday-school hungry and savage and too late for dinner, and while he dug into the cold remains of the mince pie he poured out his sentiments on the ark question: "There was Noah's ark, and they wanted you to tell them how old he was, and when he died and where he was buried, and how many children begot him, and what was their first name. An then come the old patriarchs, and a fellow had to tell how many cubits was in them long and broad, and when you was through with that they fetched out the ark of the covenant, the hardest ark of the whole lot, and the more you got it explained the more you didn't know anything about it, which if they don't soon let up on their arks a fellow would a blank siff better go with Bill Buffalo and see some fun out!"

Here his learned sister, just from Vassar, soothed Georgie and gently warned him that with such antarctic views he could never hope to become one of the world's great architects.

FASHIONS VARY.

MRS. BROWN (laying down the paper)—"I see the loveliest women in Kansas are found in Cherryvale; and, strange to say, they never wear corsets. How different they must look from our northern women."

BROWN (disgusted)—"Yes, indeed. Up here our society ladies scarcely wear anything else."

A WISE DECISION.

JONES (at breakfast)—"I will be home early to-day, my dear, and we will go to the theatre."

MRS. JONES (elated)—"What's the play, love?"

JONES (undecidedly)—"I can't just make up my mind, so I'll

leave it to you to decide. There's a fine realistic drama of seven acts down town and a comic opera of two acts up town."

MRS. JONES (anxious to keep him sober)—"Oh, let's go to the two-act one, my dear."

ODE TO THE WIND.

BY A WOMAN.

Providence sends the wicked wind
That blows our skirts knee-high;
But God is good, and he sends the dust
That blows in the bad man's eye.



MY PALETTE LOVE.

With sienna I painted your hair,
Your tresses so silky and soft;
My heart was enrapt by the perfumed air
That floated so sweetly aloft.

Your lips they were dainty and sweet;
I brushed in their crimson the wiles;
My heart bowed down to your pretty feet
As I basked in your siren smiles.

Rare eyes that were melting and sad,
Blue, blue as the summer skies,
Ah, me! the poor artist never had
A color for such paradise.

I painted your graces so rare;
I loved you—but women forget.
To-night, to-night my loved one fair
Is here—on my poor palette.

H. S. KELLER.

her property wid the likes av yez? Oi'll tache yez the kind av dividin' they'll le, an don't yez forgit it." "Wid that Nora darlint, Oi wiped up the flure wid him till it shmelt like a brewery, an' then Oi sint him whirlin' down the path, an' billy the goat shtruck him under the coat tails an' kept buttin' him as he ran down the shstreet yellin' murder."

"It's right yez did, Biddy dear. We must look out for our own whin the sort's about. The likes av him 'ud beshtealin' the pig if they dared."

EDWARD WILLETT.

THE QUEER LODGER.

I am a lone woman as lets lodgings and takes in boarders on Chambers street, leastways the saucy young chaps says they are taken in, but however that can be I can't understand when we has codfish



balls and hash for breakfast alternate, as you may say. But this queer lodger he was the handsomest man as ever you saw. He was the very image of Napoleon on St. Helena in the picture as hangs in my front room, and when he put his hand inside his coat and made a bow it struck me all of a heap. He had no baggage, but paid a week in advance, and I took an interest in him and waited on him myself. The trou-

ble commenced that first day, when I took

3 o'clock. In a suit of yellow tights and spangles, and a standin' on his blessed head on a water pitcher in the middle of the room, I found him. Habit is everything, and if a gentleman chooses to take naps in that ere attitude it is a free country, but when he opens his eyes and smiles and reaches over with his toes and takes a lunch out of a lady's hands it is carrying things too far—with his toes—and I got outside the door and leaned up against the bannisters and nearly fainted. When I went up to call him to tea and rapped at the door, he told me in a pleasant voice to come in, and there



was my gentleman on his back on a cushion, reading the paper and smoking and balancing the bureau on his toe. He was a very polite man, and he tossed the bureau up in the air and caught it on his other toe and invited me to sit down. I never saw such a polite man, but I told him I wished he would act more natural, and he only smiled and threw one leg out sideways and threw me a kiss on his fingers—me, a widow and keepin' lodgers. The next mornin' was even wus. I went up to call him to breakfast and he politely asked me to come in. I never saw such a polite man, but he was nowhere in sight, and I went peerin' around, and there he was tied up in a knot and smilin' as polite as you please out of one of the bureau drawers. I felt indignant and told him



such goings on would not be endured in a respectable house, but he only put his hand on his breast and threw me more kisses, the brazen wretch! Endurance ceased to be the mother of necessity the next morning when I found him training Esmeralda, my little dog, on two chairs. The poor creature was ready to split in two when I heard her cries and came in. I in-

vited Mr. Brown, the tailor next door, to come in and throw my new lodger out. I am a respectable woman and I must sustain what little reputation I have got. He only smiled at me and assumed an attitude which would touch the heart of any one but a landlady of large experience. I told Brown to do his worst, and it was the worst I ever saw. The polite lodger ran forward to meet Brown, throwing kisses as he went, and then stooped down, took Brown by the waist with one hand and said one-two-three, and commenced dumb-bell practice with him. The little episode which followed is what gave the house the reputation of being haunted. I went out and got



Mr. Jones, the butcher, to help us eject

this strange lodger. The excitement nearly emptied my house and I had to have it boycotted to fill it again. Mr. Jones is a man of large experience and very sudden ways, and politeness would not affect him as it did me. The stranger was such a polite man! Jones bursted the door in and we rushed in. The stranger threw me a kiss, made a bow and turned a back somersault out of the open window. We rushed to the window to view the remains, but the stranger had alighted in a passing carriage and was trying to pull



ribbons out of the driver's ears.

The next week when Barnum's show went up Broadway I saw that identical man standing on a golden chariot dressed as a Roman gladiator, and he was smiling and throwing kisses to the crowd. He was the politest man I ever saw.

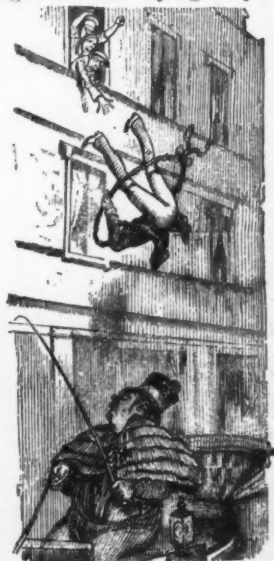
MRS. ANDERSON.

NO DANGER.

Mrs. PUGWASH (sneeringly)—“What's the matter with you—you look like a duck in a thunder storm?”

MERRITT (wiping his eyes)—“Oh, I've just lost my poor poodle. The doctor says he died of brain fever.”

Mrs. PUGWASH (witheringly)—“Well, you needn't be afraid that you will catch it.”



JUDGE.





GLADSTONE, THE LIBERATOR.



Judge's Charge.

The court honors to some extent the Hon. Samuel J. Randall and other leading Democrats for their surreptitious opposition to the civil service humbug; but wouldn't they act the manly part more effectively if they declared open war against it and induced their conventions and candidates to call it the abominable fraud which a vast majority of the people know it to be? Diplomacy is well enough in certain cases; but in the practical politics with which the masses have to do the no-diplomacy policy is the best diplomacy of all.

The people of Bavaria tolerated a crazy king a good many years, at very large expense both as to money and self-respect, rather than break over the divinity with which he was supposed to be surrounded, and his unseemly and now departed majesty had such contempt for them that he would not admit the greatest of them to his royal presence. There are a good many bad things in the people's management of the affairs of this republic, but when they contemplate such foolishness as that they have at least reason to felicitate themselves on the possession of a little common sense.

"Blank your flag!" exclaimed a Canadian to a Yankee the other day. "Even Bayard is ashamed of it. We have both a government and a flag and we're ready to fight for them." The Yankee reached for the Canadian, but was held back by his friends. Every American is inclined to exert the same kind of muscle against the little scrub government that is making itself so offensive, but the administration at Washington forbids. The Yankee fishing vessel acts the part of a pirate and scuds away from the Canadian cruiser, and if Mr. Bayard doesn't imitate its example it is because he hasn't the requisite sailing facilities. Have they such a thing as a government in Washington?

It is declared on the authority of the Rochester *Post-Express* that E. K. Apgar was selected by Cleveland and Manning to prevent the nomination of D. B. Hill for governor last fall. Apgar died, and the administration was in consequence very slightly represented at Saratoga. And this reminds the court that a very wealthy and prominent politician of the southern tier, who would have opposed the governor's ambition to the extent of his ability, died with equal suddenness about the same time. If there are any who are supposed to look upon Hill as the man of destiny now is the time to bring their proofs to the front; and meanwhile there are numerous indications that the president is more anxious to remain

in Washington than he has heretofore assumed to be.

The omission of the word "obey" in a recent marriage ceremony has created a good deal of discussion. It is of no consequence, however. The obeying regulates itself after a time. There is as much of it on one side of the house as on the other, to begin with; and in due season, if the parties are at all sensible, the side which has the right to demand the most of it will be gratified, whichever side that side may be. Happy the pair that never discuss the matter at all, but accommodate themselves easily to circumstances as they come round, obeying here and being obeyed there, as the one brain or the other shows itself best adapted to the situation. Matrimony is among other things a means to the abolishment of vanity and false assumption, and only actual experience can show where the obeying ought to be, whatever premature wisdom may be assumed by the marriage ceremony.

The marriage of Patti to Nicolini ought really to have occurred before. Long courtships are rarely advisable, and in the present instance the parties have been getting acquainted, if the court mistakes not, some twenty years. Meanwhile their hair has grown gray and the suppleness of youth has given way to some little stiffness of joint; the gentleman has lost something of his sweetness of voice and is much given to the listless idleness peculiar to Sunday afternoon, and there is altogether more of the twilight than the morning happiness in the new relations. But the law rather than Patti is responsible for the long delay. It is not so easy a matter to secure a divorce in France, however much the party making application for it may deserve it. And after all Patti herself is as young as she used to be. There is nothing lost in the sweetness of her voice or temper. The bouncing good humor and the wholly natural smile of gratification with which she responds to public appreciation are as enjoyable as they ever were. She can never grow old, whatever may be said of Nicolini. But there is but one of her, to say nothing of the sad experience she underwent before she met Nicolini; and

the rule holds that the short courtship is best, and the wise parties who contemplate marriage will never permit themselves to get too excessively acquainted.

MOODS AND TENSES.

A new-fashioned girl with an old-fashioned ma
Resolved to improve her in manners and speech,
Not knowing how fruitless a task it might prove
So ancient a pupil to teach.

But after explaining the ways of the verb
With marvelous clearness, her patience was
spent

At having the question propounded one night,
When Edgar had gone, "Is he went?"

The new-fashioned girl with the old-fashioned ma,
In anguish of soul and with sauciness too,
Made answer, "What grammar! Dear Edward
is gone—

Is gone! and he bade me adieu!"

The old-fashioned ma of the new-fashioned girl,
Perceiving her proper young daughter was rude,
Asked angrily, "Well, shall I say I am glad
He is gone, or I'm glad he's a dieud?"

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

BETWEEN CASES.

The latest imitator of Artemus Ward is so exactly like the dead humorist that he differs from him only in the date of his matter.

James Whitcomb Riley writes better poetry than any other of the modern poets. No versifier of to-day approaches him in humor, poetry or pathos.

Macmillan & Co. have issued in paper covers Marion Crawford's stories, "Mr. Isaacs" and "Doctor Claudius," and thereby conferred upon a grateful public some first-rate literature at a third-rate price.

J. S. Ogilvie & Co. of this city send out in paper cover "Perdita," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. "Perdita" is a dreadful story of a woman who was betrayed, a man whose hair turned white in one night, a youth who shot himself, and another youth in an insane asylum. There are other stories in the book, however. Possibly they will afford the reader the necessary relief.

THE GREAT CENTRE.



CITY GUESTS—"These eggs don't seem to be as fresh as they ought to be."
FARMER—"Great gosh! what kin yer expect? Jest see the distance they cum. New York's 50 mile from here."

IN COLORADO.



"Good morning, stranger."
Aw—aw—morning."



"Sa-a-ay! Will you take a drink with me?"
"No, thanks."



"Will you take a drink with me?"
"O—aw—with pleasure!"

THE TAILOR'S LOCKOUT.

Arouse, each noble son of toil
Who pants for fame and riches;
We'll batter down the walls of wealth
And go in through the breaches.
Shall we sit down beneath abuse
Cross-legged at our labor?
Ah no; we draw the tape-line at
The wrongs which rouse our neighbor.
In union there is strength, so we,
Each nine of us united,
May form trade-unions as one man,
And have our wrongs all righted.
And if the coat fits put it on,
Ye wealthy who oppress us;
In vain you clothe your thoughts so fine
Whenever you address us.
We've pocketed your insults long
And cottoned to oppression,
But now our fate hangs on a thread—
We strike for our profession.
But O, we are not what we seem—
We would not shrink for trifles;
And though we may be Schneiders all
We want not Snyder rifles.
We only want our vested rights
And hence we are combining,
But trust this little labor cloud
May have a silver lining.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.



"Here's your health!"
"Same to you!"

—Fliegende Blätter.

caped from this country with her striped stockings. We prefer to look upon this not as a reflection upon American appreciation. It is, rather, a pleasing allusion to the amplitude of the receptacles in which she carries her money.

The Catskill hotel keeper now takes you on top of the barn, points out Vermont, the Maine election, Novia Scotia, Canada, Mary Anderson's hat and the man who fell off the bridge last summer, but forgets to mention the bed or introduce you to the brass-lined rooster in the back yard.

Mary Anderson has hastened back to England. If we had known she was so particular to get into that part of the world again we should have brought it here and saved her the inevitable sea-sickness. After all, however, England might not be England if it were a part of the United States.

The Iron Steamboat company announce unusual attractions for New York pleasure-seekers this season, and the connection of Mr. Charles Chamberlain, Jr., the well-known newspaper man, with the company is evidence that they will be presented with more than previous expensiveness and success.

The London *Telegraph* says James Lewis is not only an actor but an artist. In fact, all the London papers pay him the very highest compliments. The *Standard* says his *Professor Babbit* is "a wonderfully finished piece of sound comedy," and that Mr. Lewis's face is an epitome of humor. All of which New Yorkers know, and all of which adds to the reputation of the London critics as judges of good acting.



QUITE UP TO THE TIMES.

NEW APPLICANT.—"Do I know how to use Sapollo? Well, that's fresh! Do I look like a girl who don't know about Sapollo? Am I blind, d'ye think, or can't read? Why, 'the babies on the block' know all about Sapollo. What ar' ye givin me?"

What is Sapollo? It is a solid, handsome cake of scouring soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapollo do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floor-tiles and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use Sapollo. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever little housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one Sapollo. Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., N. Y.

On and off the Stage

The season of popular prices and ruined hopes is upon us.

The initials R. s. v. p. d. q. are now attached to transactions of a financial character.

The yellow dog under the dramatic wagon and the super-sensitive brick are about renewing old acquaintances.

John Rogers's latest advertisement is a letter to the effect that his publication regarding Actor Arnold was not an advertisement.

Secretary Bayard—"War with Canada? Well, I guess not. Not while base ball, cucumbers and the cheap opera company are on deck."

"Have a good season, old boy?"

"Yes, excellent; got through with my trunk this time."

"What did the hotel man do?"

"He? O, he kept the clothes and lost his temper."

Madame Judie thanks heaven that she es-

PROF. BOREMUS ON

TOILET SOAPS:

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



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

Cholera Morbus

is about as sure to come as Summer is. It comes suddenly and without warning — is Dangerous and often Fatal.

ARE YOU PREPARED for its coming?

If any of your family are attacked **PROMPT** action only may save life. For **46 YEARS** ONE medicine has ALWAYS cured **CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY** and all **SUMMER COMPLAINTS**. **CHILDREN** can take it with perfect safety.

This medicine is **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

To be on the safe side get some **NOW** and have it on hand. For sale by all **Druggists.**

PERRY DAVIS & SON, PHA. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

HATCH CHICKS BY STEAM

The **CRAIG** Folding Incubator and Brooder (combined) will hatch 1,200 to 1,500 chicks a year worth as brooders \$1 to \$12 a dz. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price \$12.00. Any one can raise a few chickens. An absolute success. Perfect imitation of the hen. No lamps to explode. Ten hens will pay \$30 profit a year. Send 4 cents for 36 pp. book on poultry, incubators, diseases, etc.

F. D. CRAIG, North Evanston, Ill.

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The **Coming Wagon.** Light, strong, convenient and low priced. **Handy** to get into and out of. **Handy** for single horse or pair. **Handy** for one person or more. **Handy** to load or unload. Send for Free Circular, "How to purchase direct from the manufacturer."

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Mention this Paper

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FOR YOUNG OR DELICATE CHILDREN.
A Sure Preventive of
CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is **SUGAR OF MILK**, the most important element of mothers milk.

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There is no waiting a long time for results. Electro-magnetism acts quickly, generally the first week more frequently the first day, and often even during the first hour they are worn their wonderful curative powers are felt. The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated and all the old-time health

The following are representative Testimonials of the thousands we are receiving.
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Dr. Scott: Your belt has cured me of rheumatism of and around the kidneys, which medicine has failed to help. **W. H. UPJOHN.**

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, FINE SILK, for lost vigor and debility, the genuine article, \$5.

Baltimore, Md.
Intense nervous debility has been my trouble for years. Physicians and their medicines did not help me. I finally derived great relief from **Dr. Scott's Electric Belt.**
H. MILLER,
East Berlin, Pa.

Your Belt has cured me of Insomnia and Nervousness, and has also had wonderful effects on Neuralgic affection of the chest.
B. SELL.

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and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system.

The celebrated **Dr. W. A. HAMMOND,** of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made even in cases which would seem hopeless.

Price \$3.00 on Trial

We will send either Gent's or Lady's Belt on trial, post-paid, on receipt of \$3, guaranteeing safe delivery. State size waist when ordering Lady's Belt. Remit by money order or draft at our risk, or currency in registered letter. Address **GEO. A. SCOTT,** 842 Broadway, corner 13th st., New York. For sale at all drug stores. Take none but **Dr. Scott's Genuine.** See name is on the box and belt. Mention this paper.

Call and examine our goods, corner Broadway and 13th st., over Star Theatre.
Robinson Bk., Rob'son, Ill.
The sixth Belt received, and is satisfactory. Their quick cures of rheumatism, liver and kidney troubles and debility are wonderful. It gives me pleasure to recommend them to suffering friends.
A. P. WOODWORTH, Cash.

ing. Your goods are thoroughly reliable. **ALBERT KRUG.**

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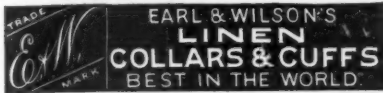
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DECISIONS HANDED UP.

"He lives above his station" Was what the people said, And true—he was the depot man, And lived up over head.

—[*Yonkers Gazette.*]

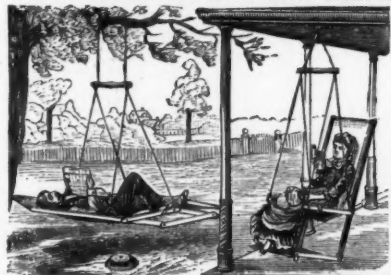
General-Master Powderly announces definitely that he will not resign. He caught the Ohio idea during his recent work in Cleveland.—*Philadelphia Press.*

When an employer of labor shows himself a friend to his hands he can feel that his business interests are in the hands of his friends.—*Somerville Journal.*

Few men like flattery when they know it is flattery. But fewer still recognize flattery when they themselves are flattered. They regard it simply as just recognition of merit.—*Somerville Journal.*

(Continued on 15th page.)

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For sale by all druggists, or mail, \$1. F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, N. Y.



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

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

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

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This food contains no drug, medicine or stimulant. Highly recommended by all physicians.

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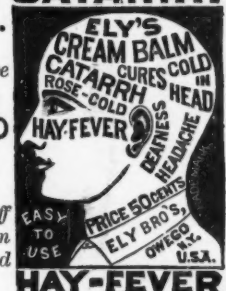
Gives Relief at once and cures

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Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free.

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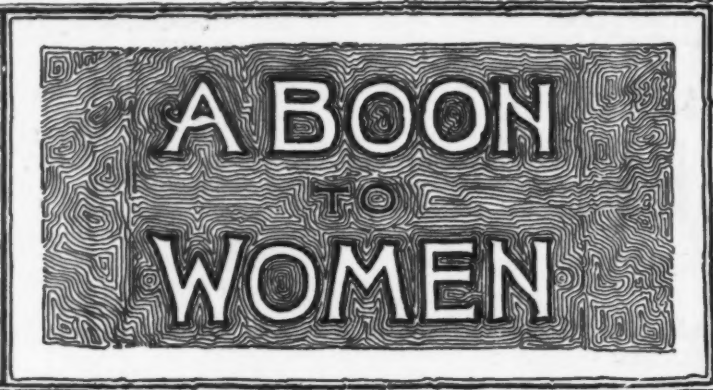


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GORMULLY & JEFFERY, CHICAGO, ILLS.

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



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

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

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

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

MARVELOUS BENEFITS.

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

TERRIBLE PAIN.

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

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

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

DOCTORS FAIL.

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

"ALL RUN DOWN."

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

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

"DO LIKEWISE."

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

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

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

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

DOCTORS' MISTAKE.

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

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

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

NOT A "CURE-ALL."

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

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address for \$1.50. A large pamphlet, treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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An enterprising reporter, writing up a wreck at sea, stated that no less than four of the crew and passengers bit the dust.—*Texas Siftings.*

A woman isn't fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it, and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

When Mr. Powderly sees saloon keepers refusing to sell drinks to workingmen he can put on his white robes and watch for the coming dawn of the New Jerusalem.—*Springfield Union.*

A bright little boy in Brooklyn, at the beginning of Lent, when asked by his Sunday school teacher "who had fasted forty days and forty nights," replied, "Dr. Tanner."—*The Independent.*

Sam Jones, in speaking of converting hard-hearted newspaper men, says he couldn't touch a Chicago reporter with a ten-foot pole. He ought to have tried a ten-cent cigar.—*Washington Critic.*

Some day Uncle Sam will take a United States hook, bait it with good government, and catch Canada and land her in such a way that there will be no dispute with England on the fish question.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Robinson, at a ball, had just taken his partner to her seat. Instead of retiring, however, after the interchange of the usual polite nothings, he remained standing in front of her and seemed embarrassed. "Do you wish anything?" asked the lady. "My opera-hat, if you please—it has the honor of occupying the same seat as yourself."—*French joke.*

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