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HAMILTON

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

AS OHIO GOES SO GOES NEW YORK.

DEMOCRACY—"Howld on, ye divil, I ain't dead yet!"

REPUBLICAN VOTER—"Well, you will be by the time we reach New York."



THE JUDGE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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MONOPOLY IN THE SADDLE.

When the United States government endowed the Union Pacific Railroad with a pre-eminence from the public lands, built the road and handed it over to the projectors and made them presents of millions of dollars from the public treasury besides, it was thought by some people that Uncle Sam had been tolerably generous to this corporation and that they ought to be satisfied. Some unreasonable citizens went so far as to say that the enterprise, with its "Credit Mobilier" insides and its outward disregard of the terms of the subsidy, was a disgrace and a fraud on the nation; but these crises were probably "communists" and must be put down.

Of course, the argument in favor of this great gift was that the Pacific road would open up the country and band the continent together—in short, prove a public benefit. And it undeniably proved, and may continue to be such, if it confine itself to its legal and legitimate business of common carrier. There were millions in the business, at that, aside from the wealth conferred upon the road by the government. Was that not enough?

Is anything enough for a hog? Did any man ever use a monopoly moderately? The Union Pacific road, by the obstructive use of its monopoly as the only carrier, squeezed out of life and into its own hands every profitable coal mine, factory, hotel and business on the line of the road.

The United States is a partner of the

road and the U. S. army stands ready at the call of the monopoly to suppress all forcible resistance against this tyranny—and no other resistance is left to the robbed and oppressed people of Nebraska and Wyoming. Absolute power, law and the authority of the government of the United States all are against the people.

By-and-by, some one out there may be reviving phrases that were once the rallying-cries of rebels:

"Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

"When a government becomes subversive of rights it is the duty of the people to alter or abolish it."

For over a hundred years these have been the sentiments of patriotism and loyalty to the United States.

In which character shall they continue to be used in Nebraska and Wyoming?

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Prophecy is the noble infirmity of great campaign papers, and may not THE JUDGE prophesy? Do not giant intellects of partisan warfare brag while they may? Go to.

Do they eat their words, either side, after election?

Does the failure of his prophesy ever phaze a prophet in religion, politics, spiritualism or finance?

Have not the great financial authorities continued for, lo! these seven years to predict that silver will, must, shall "drive out gold!" And it driveth not. Nevertheless, do they cease to stand on the walls, and in tall towers and the Treasury top and eke the White House steps and prophesy the same unto this day, undismayed?

Go to, then, shall THE JUDGE be abashed as a prophet? No, i' faith. So long as it can distinguish a stock-speculator from a hand-saw, it will picture and predict as reality that which it most devoutly wishes to have come true.

THE JUDGE did nothing in the prophesying business before the Ohio election, so it brings up arrearages on New York, with two cartoons and this blast:

New York is ours. Or, if it be not, THE JUDGE will simply "take the papers and reserve its decision" until next year.

RULINGS.

THE WORLD doesn't owe anybody a living, but it owes a good many chaps a killing. High time it began to pay up, too.

A LOUISVILLE LAWYER has written an explanatory card to the *Times* of that city as a "tribute to truth." This is the toughest tax ever imposed on any man.

A NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC paper, after the Ohio election, yelled for the faithful to

"brace up." They have been splicing the main brace ever since.

THE MOST STARTLING testimony we have seen to the bitterness of Democratic disgust in Ohio, is the allegation that thousands of them, to spite Cleveland, voted the Prohibition ticket.

SINCE THE New York dailies fell to writing articles about candidates the "personal" columns of the *Herald* and *World* have risen to comparative respectability in the scale of journalism.

A CERTAIN DEMOCRATIC editor's idea of civil service reform seems to be to put the C. S. R. Commission into the hands of such reformers as Chas. A. Dana, Hubert O. Thompson and Thos. A. Hendricks.

THE DISCLOSURE of the fact that Boss Tweed came down with \$10,000 to the *Elmira Gazette* when D. B. Hill was running it, has turned all the other Democratic papers in the state green with regret and envy.

ON THE EVE of the Ohio election a Democratic paper exhorted the faithful not to borrow trouble about the result. They didn't have to. Their friends, the enemy—neighborly fellows!—fairly forced it on them—lots of it.

THE BROADEST FUN in the western humorous papers now is from Sam. Jones's "sermons." They're funny, rather, but the prevailing tone of irreverence in them must offend the religious sensibilities of most people. Those western editors are a godless set, we fear.

WE HAVE NO SYMPATHY with the effort to undervalue Col. Jones's service in leading the Sixth Massachusetts through Baltimore in '61. Any man who went half way through that snakes' den at that time deserves the gratitude of his country.

"THE NEW SOUTH," politically, seems to mean the South ruled by bogus ballots instead of bulldozing; by cooking returns instead of darkies. The intelligence of the South has superseded its muscle. There is no objection to Republicans' voting so long as Democrats monopolize the counting.

IT IS FLATTERING to us, who shall continue to hold that post of honor, the private station, to know that however the election goes next week, this state is sure to have for governor a man who is a hypocrite, drunkard, imbecile and knave. We know it from reading all the party papers. It is the only point they agree upon. We know that the thought of it comforts the editors from their unctious dwelling on it.

TRUTH ABOUT POLITICS.

The German Policeman's son, Jake, thinks he can stand a great deal of abuse if he gets a fat office in exchange.

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

"Where have you been?" Reilly, the blacksmith, inquired of the German Policeman yesterday after missing that rotund official's company for a full week.

"Peen South py der detective peezness," said the German Policeman, "and I haf seen some bolitics for der frisd dine in my life."

"What do you mane by that?" Reilly inquired in surprise. "Sure, we have politics here so much av the toime that it sames to me as though I no sooner git troo saving the nation from ruin by voting wan ticket, than I have to pitch in and save it agin by voting wanst more."

"My simble frent," said the Policeman; "you know nodings at all apowd bolitics. Here py Nye Yorick State ve got dwo gandidates for Governor, and one is denounced pegause he has peen guildy uf der grime uf peing porn rich und a chendleman, while

drel Chorge Voshingtons must haf peen considered vhen he ran for Bresident. He, too, vos also rich like Ira Davenport und der obosite boliticians must have rebrésented him as an aridoerat und a foe py der gommon beople as vell as a goward soldier, und a chenerally vicked sord uf an immoral character. Blenty beople probably thought ve vould all to der teffil vent uf Chorge Voshington vos effer elegted py der Bresidency."

"Yis," said Reilly. "I see your point. The fraydom av the priss is a n-yuisance and ought fer to be put a shtop to. It's a shame for the *Toimes* and *Tribune* fer to be givin' the Governor av the Shtate sich a lay-in' out ivery day."

"Oho!" said the Policeman, "you dink dot's a shame, eh? But I subbose you congradulade yourselluf on der fact vot der Demmygrad bapers make owd dot Misder Davenbort peen a 'ristograt uf der mosd

chechts; he has der boliticians' idea uf it got. He says he ton'd like to peen called all der vwhile a limburger Dutchman, but if he should hat to put up mit dot choost for von month und then should peen sheriff py Nye Yorick at a recklar Chay Gould salary und not somedings at all to do, he could shtand it like a Major. He says he could efen shtand a false sharge uf bigamy und horse sdealing if at der end uf der excitement he should find himselluf Governor from Nye Yorick at \$15,000 a year for dree year, alretty. He says vot is goot enough for De Vitt Ginton und such a growt uf fellers, is goot enough for him."

THE PLAINT OF THE UNDERPAID CLERK.

I confess I am fond of a good glass of wine,
I dote on a first-class cigar;
I like yachting and driving—at billiards I shine,
And in music I'm 'way above par.

My tastes are gregarious—party or ball
Without me would be incomplete;
For my family dates back to the Saxon fall—
I am one of the city's elite.

My penchant for women I know is unwise
(I adore the whole sex, to be frank);
But to love them *en masse*, not particularize,
Is my platform's most prominent plank.

I only drink wine when I'm asked, so you may
Understand I am frequently dry,
And I take off the band from any friend's Henry
Clay
To engird the next "stoga" I buy.

I yacht and I drive with my friends when they
choose—
I've no will at all in this case;
A good invitation I never refuse,
And neither would you in my place.

For in spite of my talents—my long pedigree,
I am forced to exist upon check;
I cannot keep my position, you see,
On my income, five dollars a week!

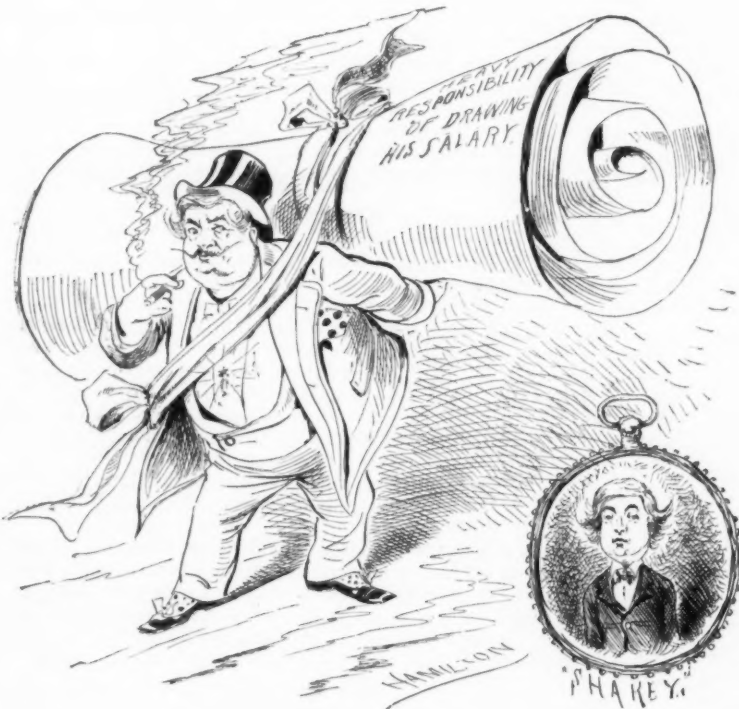
S. D. S., JR.

THERE WAS A good deal of doubt about the complexion of the Ohio Legislature until the official count showed that the only negro candidate up had been defeated in Hamilton County.

BEFORE THIS REACHES the reader's eye, poor, decrepit old Bob Toombs will be dead. His picture has got into the syndicate papers. But for that he might have lived to call around and roll down Bunker Hill.

THE BANK IN Ohio that employed a county cashier thinking him green but honest, made a mistake. He lit out with his divvy for Canada in just three weeks—like autumn which drops its verdancy and leaves.

SIX DIFFERENT would-be Polar explorers are busy now hatching up plans for North-pole expeditions. Several of them have found imbecile capitalists to start them and it only remains to carefully prepare the arrangements for failure, starvation and rescue. The rescuing parties hereafter are to start early enough to insure the picnic against danger.



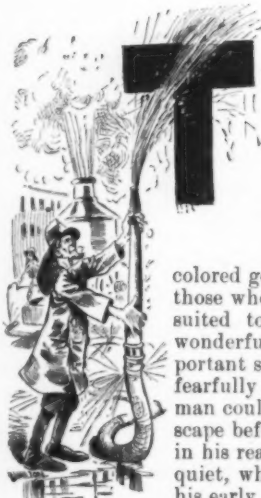
der oder feller is to scorn helt up pegause he is not a bardicle above der leffel uf a bolitician. Dot is der extent uf our knowledge uf der science, but in der Sout' where I choost vos, dem got it to perfection.

"Von gandidate for governor is an ignoramus und der leader uf a bardy composed of assassins, murderers und roppers. Dot obbosition candidate is a coward und a cur-dog at der head uf niggers, vite trash und such dings. Dot's so. I got dot py bote sites, und from der brincibal vellers. I vould not doubt such sdatements if I could. Von chendleman, who did doubt somedings vot vos sayt in bolitics, vos so riddled mit bullets dot his remains are to peen melted down into bars of lead, conseqwently, I did not fail to pelieve all vat I could find owd.

"Dem got more earnestness und enthusiasm py der South vat ve got. I dremble, efen at this late date, to dink vot a sgoun-

owdrageous dimensions. Vell, my frent, I am inclined to dink it vos all righd. It is as fair for von as for der oder, und if der beople tond vont to vode for a gandidate on ackound of vot dem see broyed againsd him dot must pe his lookoud. Der beople must dot vot dem dink pesd. Der beople are der King here. Vot dem say is law, und each gandidate has got to show his hands und dake his chances. If a man feels dot his pehavior toward his olt mutter or his vife vill not inweshigation bear, or dinks a sdate-ment uf der amound of liquor he drinks vould shock der public, more bedder he shall keeb from bolidies away. It's unbleasant peezness, dot running for office, but in a crade rich goundry like this vich got all der dime beace und brosberity, office holting is easy und der salaries are high.

"My poy, Chake, vich makes all der dime chokes owd from der mosd serious sub-



THE Potter House of Chicago is very popular with travelling men no doubt, but when Gus Cusby made the statement that at least three-fourths of our fellow guests were drummers, I challenged him to prove it. Gus said he would and did.

First, he privately secured the services of Mr. Cato Washington, the colored gentleman who ministered to the needs of those who sat at our table, a person admirably suited to his purpose. Mr. Washington was wonderfully equipped as to lungs, and more important still, was provided with a pair of eyes so fearfully and wonderfully crossed that no living man could tell whether he was viewing the landscape before him or scanning the country directly in his rear. Indeed, as he confided to Gus on the quiet, when he was a small boy struggling with his early education he frequently found it most difficult because of his peculiar vision, to determine satisfactorily whether he was going to school or coming away from school.

The deal being properly fixed, Cusby's dusky agent rushed into the dining room at an hour when it was well filled, and announced in a voice that would make the fortune of pool sellers:

"A gemman is in de rotundah, sah. His name is Smif, and he wants to look at your line, sah. He says he is going to buy a big bill and can't wait."

The words were hardly out of Cato's mouth when every man at our table, including Josh and me and four-fifths of the other occupants of the room as well, dropped their knives and forks and made a break for the door, not a man of us doubting for a moment that the waiter was looking at him and that he was the man Mr. Smith had called for. Together we crowded down the stairs, each man undoubtedly wondering what the deuce the other fellows meant by interfering with his trade. Swarming into the rotunda, all hands began yelling "Smith! Smith!" at the top of their lungs, rushing about wildly the while in search of the imaginary buyer, much to the astonishment of the clerks, porters and loungers.

Josh Brown and I were quickly separated. When I saw him next he had lost one of his coat sleeves and his necktie had shifted around under his left ear. Nevertheless, he was on deck and in working order. In company with a hundred other enthusiastic drummers, he was howling quantities, qualities and prices for all he was worth in the direction of the terrified looking old gentleman who was perched on a table in the centre of the mob. This poor creature had, it seems, unwisely admitted that his name was Smith, that he had been born a Smith, and wasn't the least bit ashamed of it, either. A half a dozen drummers hearing the statement and each fakir feeling confident that here was the man who had sent for him, started in to sell that "big bill." Much dismayed and badly scared by the onset his unwise acknowledgment had brought on him, Mr. Smith, to get away from his nearest tormentors, climbed onto a chair and from thence mounted a table around which the crowd of excited drummers surged and shouted. The men on the outside exerted themselves manfully to penetrate to the inner circle, even going so far, in some instances, as to attempt clambering over the heads of those immediately in front of them.

When the picture that was then spread before me, comes back, as it often does, my heart glows with honest pride. Where is to be found a profession whereof the members show an equal "dilligence in business;" a more determined "Git there, Eli," sentiment than in mine?

With the rest, I struggled to get at Mr. Smith, with all my strength and only backed out after a four hundred pound shoe-

blacking drummer had danced on my feet until they felt as if they were flattened over a couple of square yards of the marble flooring.

From a convenient window sill, to which I had painfully dragged myself, I looked down on a mass of struggling, shouting drummers.

Josh Brown had a choice position in the bald-headed row, so to speak, and stood his ground, although one man with his arm around his neck was trying to choke him, while several others were yanking at his coat-tails vigorously.

"I'll close you out a line of satin-lined caskets at \$17.00 per cwt., Smith. I'll make it ten and five off trade, regular," he bawled.

"Mine is the choicest line of chewing gum in the country. Let me put you down for a few cases on memorandum," interrupted a small man in muffled tones, his silk hat having been previously smashed down over his face.

"You can't do better than lay in a stock of our concert-grand jews-harps, Mr. Smith. I hold the certificates of Patti, Campanini and Wenny Hard Beecher, I——"

"What does Smith want of jews-harps? He came here to look at my Patent Burglar Alarm Carpet Tacks. I say, Mr. Smith, I'll sell you the territory for——"

"Only 62 1-2 cents per yard, freight to Chicago prepaid——"

"Made of the finest quality of strained rubber, Smith, my boy, and——"

"Fits any size——"

"Corns and bunions——"

"Smith! O, Smith! Hullo, Smith!"

And so on. Every fakir yelled the merits of his wares, hustled the man at each elbow, and tried his prettiest to climb over the man immediately in front of him or else shouting "Smith! Smith!" waving his arms in the air in earnest attempts to attract the attention of the poor devil on the table.

After Bedlam had lasted some twenty minutes, the clerks summoned by telephone a squad of police and a fire engine. A heavy stream of water properly directed scattered the crowd and then the officers with uplifted clubs made a rush for the man on the table. After having comfortably thumped him, the cuffs were judiciously clapped on, and he was triumphantly escorted by his captives to the nearest station.

I afterwards learned that the next day Mr. Smith was brought before a police justice and charged by the captain in command of the squad that had effected his arrest, with arson, larceny from the person, and contempt of court.

"Committed for trial," decided the judge, promptly.

In due time, an intelligent jury of Mr. Smith's fellow citizens, endorsed the opinions of the police judge and the Grand jury, who had found a true bill, and the poor man, who gave his occupation as canal boat captain and his residence as Salt Lake City, was sentenced to twenty-five years imprisonment on each of the three charges and thereafter to be hung by the neck until he might see fit to die, etc., etc.

Of course, Gus Cusby was slightly to blame for Smith's sad end—Gus and Mr. Cato Washington. Still, as Cusby said in palliation:

"No offense against mankind can be blacker, human nature cannot descend to lower depths, nothing more villainously vile can be charged against a man than that he should deliberately choose to be born a Smith, unless perhaps the still more shameful sin, that, having so terribly criminated himself, he should allow any body to find it out."

L. L. LANG.

Briefs Submitted.

BY ROBT. MORGAN.

The auctioners have such a more-bid desire for a raise that they are always striking—with their hammers.

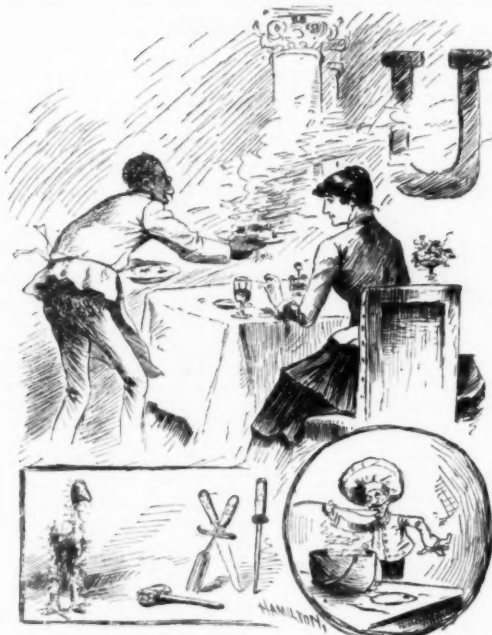
The Chinese still believe in the philosopher's stone. Such an effete notion will do for the slow-going Orientals; but Western philosophers have long since discarded the stone and substituted a flock in its place. They generally wear the block on their shoulders.

"Selkirk," cried a West-shore brakeman, as the train halted before a solitary building.

"Eh, what did he say?" inquired the fussy old gentleman with the parrot nose.

"Selkirk," growled the billious-looking party on the opposite seat.

"Oh, I see," mused the old man, eying the lonely station from end to end, "I see, monarch of all it surveys."



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

BY JOHN H. WELLINGTON.

P on the wall and down on the floor,
Then with a bang 'gainst the greasy door,
The poultry flew as the French cooks swore
In their anger at one another;
The hotel kitchen was stuffy and hot
Where they blazed away; but anon in the pot
The fowls were tossed, minus washing, why not?
Where they soon commenced to smother.

Dinner was served—and my lady fair,
Accepted a leg of the poultry rare,
“How delicious it is!” she exclaimed with an air,
“Oh, I dote on the Frenchman’s cooking;
Little deeming the morsel she daintily scanned
Had served as a missile when anger fanned
The breasts of the little French cooks so bland
In the kitchen when no one was looking.

IN HIS NATIVE STATE the noble
red man encases his foot in a moccas-
sin; but when on exhibition in a
museum he contents himself with a
brogue.

—:0:—

Boring a Hole.

Old Bromly is a “very obstinate man.” When his mind is once made up argument is useless. The other day he attempted to bore a hole through a board, when his son Ike, who happened to be passing remarked: “Why, Father, you are turning the auger the wrong way.”

“Mind your own business,” snapped the old man, “I guess I know what I’m about.”

“But,” persisted Ike, “everybody knows an auger should be turned from left to right; and you are turning it from—”

“Attend to your own affairs, I say,” interrupted his father. “I knew how to use an auger long before you ever had a shirt on.”

Finding it useless to talk, Ike moved on. Half an hour later he passed the place as if on business; the old man was still at it. At the end of another half hour he returned again.

“There now,” cried the old man triumphantly, pointing to the hole, “who knows most about this business? I tell you, you can’t tell me anything about boring holes. But,” he added ruefully, holding the tool up for closer inspection, “I honestly believe, Ike, that this is the dullest auger in the United States.”

Limited Philanthropy.

The new emancipation act in Brazil gives freedom to every slave upon his reaching the age of sixty. One might be surprised that they did not put the limit of servitude at a hundred years if he did not know that a Brazil negro at sixty is as helpless and useless for work, as those forty years older in this country. The philanthropy of the white man towards all other shades of humanity always *was* impressive.

THE FELLOWS who board at state expense at Sing Sing and various other resorts of the right stripe come the nearest of anybody to being total abstinence men on conviction. Though connected with reformatories, they are not at all reformers, though.

THE STARTLING RUMOR is out that Peck’s bad son is to be put on the turf again. Let an extra session of Congress be called, to take preventive measures. If it can’t be stopped any other way, transplant small-pox from Montreal to Milwaukee.

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE’S new story is entitled “The Puritan Period.” We expected a crop of such things when the yacht-race came to a termination. We insist, though, that it was the “Puritan’s” stays that made her come to a full stop.

A “MUM SOCIABLE” is a diversion where a fine of five cents is imposed on a person for each word he or she may utter within a given period. It is most mum when the “given period” comes before the remarks—a full stop before starting, as Pat would say.

Lucid.

“I say, Professor,” said the diligent student in the anatomy class. “I wish you would explain more fully than the text-book does how the sensation of smell is produced.”

“Why, I think the book is sufficiently explicit on the subject. ‘The odoriferous emanations are borne on the air to the nasal passages, and thence ramify through the olfactory chambers.’ Isn’t that plain to all?”

—:0:—

With a Twist in it.

“I’ve got a good thing to tell you, Smithers. You know Mrs. Calkins, widow of that rich old Calkins who died a year or two ago. Well, she asked me to go over with her and look at a gorgeous new house she is putting up on Sixty-ninth St. She took me all around and got out the plans for me to examine, and when she came away she said she ‘was glad I liked it, but she wished I could see the spinal staircase she was going to have put in.’”

“Well, I don’t see anything funny about that. She probably meant her back stairs.”



ANXIOUS WIFE—“Why, George, what are you doing with those illustrated papers?”
GEORGE (gone crazy on account of reading too many alleged comic papers)—“Roasting chestnuts.”

CAUGHT ON THE STRING PIECE.

Jack Servenmalet has an Adventure with a Pretty Girl, a Widow and a Bloodhound.

When Jack Servenmalet returned on board the big man-of-war lying at the foot of West Twenty-eighth street, late one night not long ago, with the water dripping from every thread of his clothing, the few sailors who happened to be on deck paid little attention to it at first. That a sailor with a full cargo of grog on board should roll his scuppers under when trying to board a small boat from a bulkhead was nothing unusual, and Jack had gone ashore with the second-class apprentice simply to pass the evening. But when they noticed that Jack was making strenuous efforts to conceal a very conspicuous rent in his dripping trousers and was entirely too gruff for a drunken Jack, their curiosity was greatly excited. Next day, during the second dog watch, as Jack deftly drew the torn parts of the trousers together with thread and needle, while the smoke from a fragrant pipe curled around his head, his mess-mates noticed that the corners of his mouth were relaxed, and they prepared to listen to what he had to tell them. After a preparatory whiff or two, he said, pointing to the second-rate apprentice:

"The boy, there, is a larnin' to be a sailorman, and its into him to make as good a one as ever passed a weather carring. He's that takin' with the pretty girls, which there's no end of 'em hereabouts, that if he was a little older there aint none of the good lookin' chaps aboard as 'ud have any show without he said so.

"It's nigh on to a month ago that we was a headin' down this way past the big lumber yard, when I see him give a sort of a start just as we was a passing the uncommon trim brick house into the corner of the yard, which it is used for the office down-stairs and the foreman lives over it.

"Soon as ever he'd sorter stopped, he gits redder'n a biled lobster and then doffs his cap and bows as graceful as midshipmite. With that I folers his eyes and sees at a winder up above the werry pretty features of the prettiest of them three girls what he helped to make the boquets for at the church fandango, where he spilt the snuff, as I was tellin' you of. Well, seein' the boy had stopped twern't for me to desert a shipmate, and I hove to, and the lass she came down to the door step. She bowed verry respectful and proper to me as had gray hairs onto my head, and then she held out her hand to the boy, which I see it made him shiver like the weather cock o' the main royal. Hows'ever, he weren't slow in bringin' to along side of her, and I sits down on a mahogany stump jist far enough away that I couldn't hear nothin' as they was talkin' about. I reckon he'd overstayed his time, so we'd a been quarantined aboard ship for a month, only after a hour or two I signaled him to veer off on his course again. With that the girl she looks at me reproachful like and whispers to the boy and then we comes away.

"Taint no use tellin' you how it's been since then. The youngsters was that sweet on each other, I shouldn't a had no peace goin' ashore with the boy 'ceptin' the girl had a friend as was old enough to be her mother and was a widder. The widder she said as how it wouldn't look proper for a young girl and a young sailor to be a gali-

vantin' around the streets at night alone and so she, as was older and sedater, would foller 'em at a respectful distance; and bein' as I was more sedater nor any of 'em, it was agreed that I should go along with the widder so as to keep her from gettin' lonesome-like, 'cause widders is verry easy to get lonesome.

"It might have been verry pleasant for all on us, and no tellin' how much religion the boy might a got, for the little girl she was strong on piety and was a coaxing him powerful to join that 'ere dominie's meetin' house what I told you of, only just as he was a gettin' ready to promise to try it agin, and we was a bringin' to along side the door step, one evenin', we finds the girl's father, which he's the foreman of that 'ere lumber yard, a waitin' for us. A more obstinater nor onreasonable man I never hearn tell on. He talked awful to the girl, and told her we was a lot of low-lived sail-ors as was beneath the notice of any lady.



With that, I asked his pardon and was agoin' to tell who we was, when he told us to be off or he'd make us suffer for it. I e'en almost forgot that there was ladies present and one of 'em a widder as had seen trouble enough as she had been tellin' me of, and was goin' to crack his nut for 'im to oncet only he got verry suddint inside of the door, and with that the widder told us to come to her place next time, which it was just around the next block, and with that we made the best of our way on board ship.

"The next time we got shore leave, which it was last night and we went soon forget it, we fetched a long tack to windward and then bore down on the widder's home where we rounded to and found the girl there all rigged out verry pretty and shipa-shape a waitin' for the boy, and the widder herself, as I had often remarked, verry plump and sizeable for one as had had so much grief. When we'd rightly got our

bearin's we took a turn over to the avenue where we had a bit of suthin' to refresh us, which the girl and the boy took lemonade, and the widder and me, bein' older and more abler to stand it, took beer; and then we sauntered back again. It seemed to me to be uncommon pleasant weather, and when we gets back alongside the lumber yard and sits down on a stick of sawed hemlock in the shadder of a big pile of Georgia pine, the widder, she was mournfuller nor ever before. As I was a sayin' it was a verry pleasant evenin', and was remarkin' as how the young folks was a enjoyin' of it, and was a gettin' verry sentimental, which was excusable in youngsters like them and not at all to be thought of in folks as had gray hairs in their heads, when I see a man's head a peerin' around the corner of the pile of Georgia pine. It riled me considerable, I'll admit. If there's anything I detest it's them as can't help pryin' into others folk's business. So I remarked to the widder that

I should have to round to and punch the feller's head. With that she said I shouldn't do it, as it was most likely one of the lumber district gang and the whole lot of 'em would pitch on to me and she never could abide the thought of that.

"I didn't see no more of that 'ere head after I'd made the remark about punchin' of it, and the widder she says we must all go round to her parlor where we'd be more comfortabler. We was just a gettin' up and a preparin' to make sail when I hears a sort of a half growl and a half cry, as sounded most like a human in distress, away towards the house where the foreman of the yard lived. Then the little girl she jumped up suddint and screamed and plumped herself down on to the boy's lap and threw her arms around him.

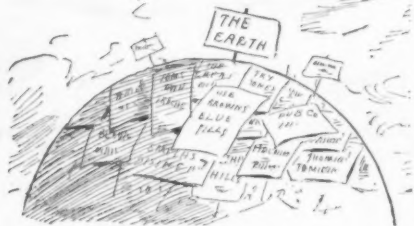
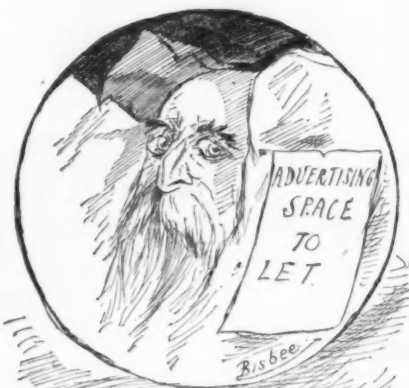
"It's the hound, Jack," she says; 'it's pa's blood hound and he's turned him loose. Run for a cop, or he'll kill you.'

"As I was a hesitatin', the widder she tells me to run, 'cause the dog knowed them and they could cover the boy so's to hide him, but they wasn't big enough to cover me. I could hear the infernal brute a cryin' through the yard and a makin' our way, and reached for my knife, but it wasn't

there. The widder was a askin' me what would become of her if I got killed, and a implorin' me to run and there weren't no way for to help matters and so I set my stunsils and pintoed for the landin'. I rounded the corner and was a makin' down towards the bulkhead at about fourteen knots by the log and was a thinkin' I had left the chase out o' sight to leeward, when all to oncet, I hears him break out in full cry, and I knowed he was on to the trail and was overhaulin' me like I was anchored.

"There be'n't no doorways thereabouts for a feller to pop into, and so as it wasn't no use to strike my colors whilst it was a starn chase, I determined to give 'im the best legs I had. I reckon I'd got mostly three fourths of the way to the river when the brute sighted me and shut his yawp. Then pretty soon I could hear him clawin' the cinders as lines the pavin' stone along there. I was choked for breath, the blood was a bustin' the veins of my head and I

was a gettin' blind and staggerin' when I reached that 'ere string-piece along the bulkhead. But it was too late. As I put my foot on the timber he put his teeth into the slack of my trousers, and with that the two of us tumbled overboard. I wouldn't a minded the wettin', but just as I had comfortably drowned the dog and was a skakin' myself, the widder comes down on to the pier and sees how the dog had chawed the trousers. Then she fainted."



THE MAN IN THE MOON HAS AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A Rum Question.

An observant and esteemed correspondent asks: "Why is it that the once famous rum of Jamaica is out of market?"

We had noticed the fact during the fireman's annual parade there. The explanation is that Jamaica now prefers to fill up on bi-carbonate of beer and cheap whiskey, the same as the rest of Long Island does.

In the days when the good deacons and Christian business men across the Sound swapped bibles and negroes with the Jamaicans for rum, the trade was lively and the rum good. Jamaica now has all the Africans she wants, and more bibles, so the trade has died out and the production of rum and bibles on both sides has about ceased.

We are indebted to our Veteran Observer for calling our attention to this fact and giving us an opportunity to air our knowledge of the currents of trade.

IN JAPAN one month's notice must be given by an author when he intends to publish a book. This is to give his "boarding boss" a chance to hedge. In this country a man can start a newspaper and leave his unsuspecting landlady to fill a long-felt want as she best can.

OFF THE BENCH.

JUMBO WENT into training one time too many.

"THE MAGAZINE OF IRISH HISTORY" must contain chiefly dynamite.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE needs an ulster. Quite in character. Cleopatra herself lacked the entire costume, save a fan.

A REWARD HAS been offered for the campaign orator who has made no reference to "white-wilged peace," this fall.

IT WAS THE Grand Trunk R. R. that killed the great-trunk Jumbo. It is getting so that even locomotives are baggage-smashers.

"PINK TEA PARTIES" are the social novelty. If they take the place of the blue grand-parties that have made society so dreary, 'twill be well.

DR. MARY WALKER claims to have had twelve offers of marriage. She probably got them by "letting on" that she'd fallen heir to a hundred millions.

TIME WAS when all jokes were fresh and ungathered. It was long ago. Not a chestnut could be found before the Fall. And now they are always in season, over-ripe.

METEOROLOGISTS CALCULATE the strength of gales to a mathematical nicety, but they can't estimate the strength of Gail Hamilton when she gets after a humbug or a weak opponent.

A DRUNKEN MAN in Harlem put his hat on his horse's head, mounted and rode up

Second Avenue whooping. "He's on the war path!" said a solemn man, "Hear him whoop! See his hoss tile!"

ARTICLES ON "A Snifter of Brandy," and "A Flask of Old Rye" are looked for with much interest by the readers of *Harper* who revelled in its "Glass of Beer." They like a good article of this kind.

WHEN A COMMUNICATION begins: "I want to say just word," you'd better before reading it go out and take a good lunch with all the appurtenances, improvements and hereditaments thereunto appertaining or belonging.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE'S ode has been accepted by the Boston Committee on the Grant Memorial Exercises. The New York committee on the Grant Monument would accept most anything that Julia Ward Howe owed them, if anything.

No, "VETERAN MERCHANT," you are wrong in calling the *Merchant Traveler* the "origin of the travelling men." It's only their organ. Don't repeat the slander. Our E. C. has enough to account for that really belongs to it.

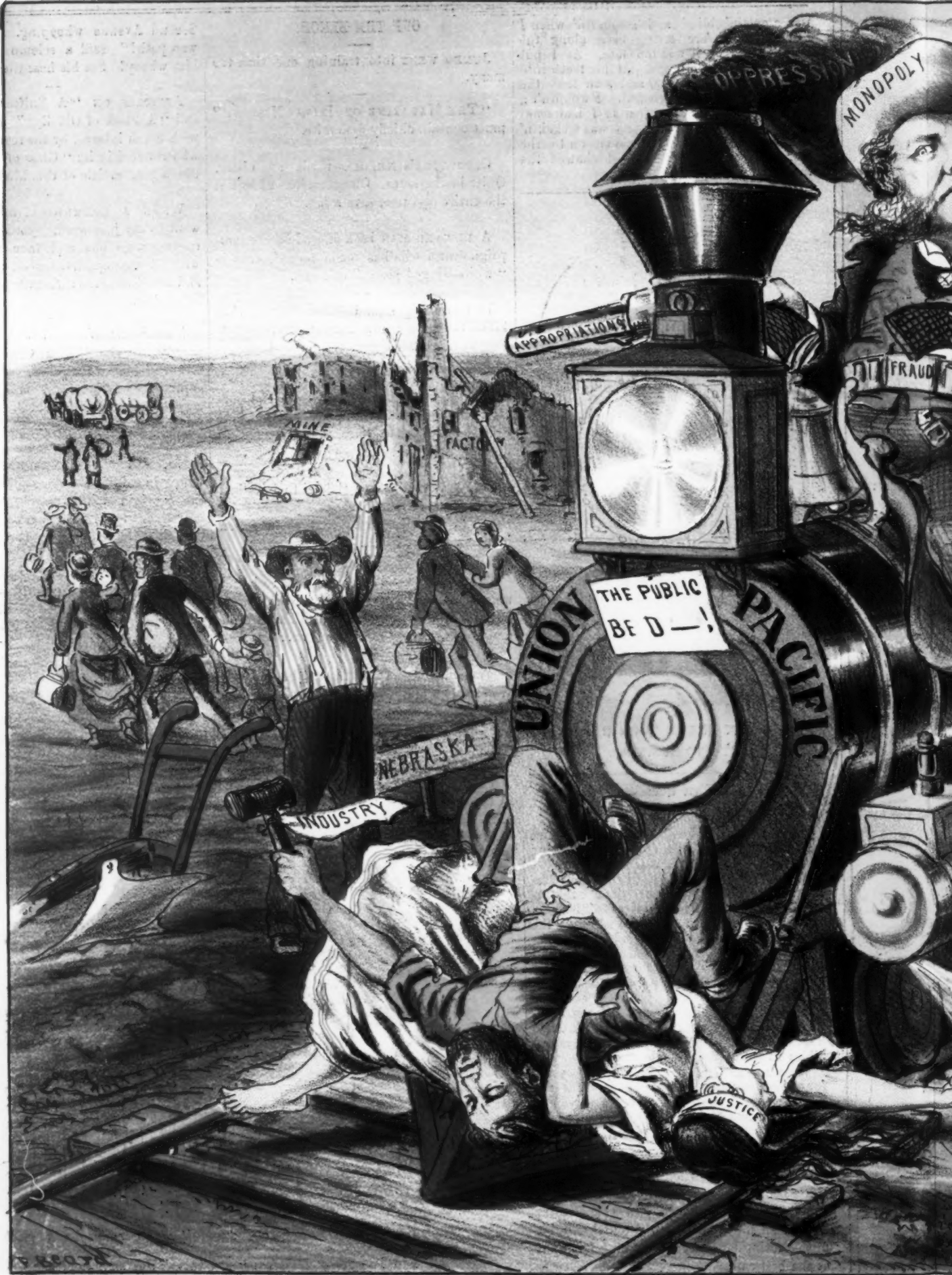
SAM SMALL, the humorist—"Old Si."—of Atlanta, has taken to preaching at the cost of many new sighs on the part of his late readers and present hearers. Talmage and other sacred bouffe performers must look to their laurels.

A FRENCH INVENTOR proposes to copper-plate corpses in an electro-metallic bath to preserve them. It will not work in this climate. We have double-plated hundreds of book-agents, lightning-rod men and drummers with brass and they all spoiled.



LITTLE OLD PARTY—"I wouldn't give a snap for a meek wife."

BIG PARTY—"Ugh, 'cause you haven't any snap to give."



THE SCOURGE

"Hold up y

THE JUDGE.



GE OF THE WEST.
"Hold up your hands."

"THE JUDGE" AT THE PLAY.



MR. J. M. HILL has achieved a notable triumph in his production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Union Square Theatre. Compared with the much-praised scenic and accessory displays that Mr. Irving gave us, Mr. Hill's production is of the superlative degree while Mr. Irving's was of the comparative. In none of Mr. Irving's production were even the supers, courtiers, pages and walking-men dressed, regardless of cost, in such nice keeping with the characters as is seen in every one of the mass that crowds on the stage at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. Irving gave us some fine illustrations of possible effects in scenic painting; Mr. Hill gives us more and finer illustrations of the same possibilities. The general difference between these master stage-directors is much the same as the difference between the actor who works for climaxes and sacrifices everything to them, and the actor who works for the general effect; the one performance is "spotty," the other blended. Mr. Irving gave us good scenes and poor ones; Mr. Hill gives us a series of unprecedented effects. No scene is heightened by contrast with another scene but the effective splendor of each is heightened by its relation to the others.

Whether as a result of emulation of Mr. Irving's example or of the natural evolution of dramatic art in our country, certain it is that this presentation marks a point not heretofore reached in the development of the drama.

Every American should be proud of Mr. Hill's enterprise, for by it and its influence we all move forward a jot; American art will hold a higher and more recognized position on account of it. Americanism itself advances a little by the achievement of so worthy a work. This brilliant panorama, these impressive pictures, these *tableaux vivants*, so take hold of even the blase theatre-goer that he once again falls under the spell of the old stage illusion.

Like pictures of the great masters, Mr. Hill's "Romeo and Juliet" needs to be seen often and studied carefully to receive appreciation according to its merits. Like them, it grows upon us. For this reason we believe that the production is destined to a long run and a financial, as well as an art, success. Those who see the magnificent display once, will see it a second, a third time.

"Romeo and Juliet" was a happy selection for the exhibition of this *chef d'œuvre* of American histrionic effects. The natural and architectural beauties, the archaeological and artistic interest of the scenes amidst which the play is laid furnish the scene painter, costumer and designer rare scope for their joint skill; so truly have Mr. Hill and his assistants seized and materialized the inspiration of these rich and varied

scenes that the presentation takes first rank, not only for its beauty and realistic effect, but for its harmony, good taste and appropriateness to the pathetic love tragedy of which it forms the environment.

—:—:—:—

The tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" itself is one of the most picturesquely harmonious, most passionate of Shakespeare's creations. "Romeo and Juliet" is an ideal picture containing all the lights and shades that Love, the life-sun of human existence, can cast upon the pathway of mortals.

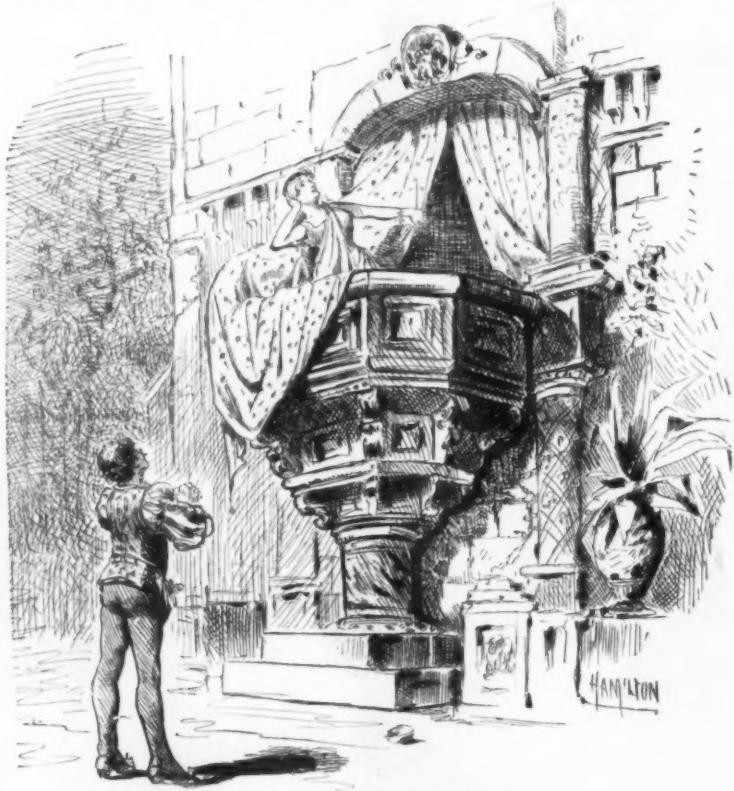
Scenes that, as Schlegel says, "elevate the senses themselves into soul," are the most delicate and difficult to portray; hence, Miss Mather comes to us under trying as well as favorable circumstances. Miss Mather is young, talented, prepossessing and—*American*. A conscientious student of her art, she labors earnestly in her profession from love of it. Her reward is in a steady advancement which has been crowned by her brilliant success in this city. Miss Mather is not a clever imitator, a copyist. She has received the role of *Juliet*, conceived the

part and created a character differing essentially from the traditional stage *Juliet*. This achievement, in a part that so many have essayed and failed in, evidences that Miss Mather is endowed with the actor's gift of gifts—Dramatic Instinct. Her refined, sensitive organism, responds sympathetically to this inner genius with effects that are sometimes electrical.

This is not saying that Miss Mather is our ideal *Juliet*, or that her performance approximates that ideal. But we recognize the worthy features in her work, believe in her capacity, and predict a laural-crowned future for her. At present we say that she looks the part she has conceived, dresses it exquisitely, acts it feelingly and pronounces affectedly. Her prolonged vowels and slow, tiresome enunciations, which are evidently intended to be the acme of naturalness, really are as unnatural as the abhorred ranting style which Miss Mather so scrupulously avoids.

More specific comment on this memorable presentation must wait until time and space better serve.

MARGARET MATHER AS "JULIET" IN THE FIRST BALCONY SCENE.



See, where she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek."

ONE OF THE great events of the theatrical season is Miss Anderson's return to us fresh from her foreign conquests. Theodore Tilton once fervently exclaimed of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "God bless the woman who can stir the heart of two continents with one song." Miss Anderson's popularity in her native land has been made numerous and noisily manifest each evening of her appearance at the Star Theatre. Admiration for the woman runs high enough to please her most enthusiastic, gushing devotee. Even Mr. William Winter seems satisfied. It is hardly just to estimate Miss Anderson's artistic growth during her English schooling by her portrayal of one char-

acter (*Rosalind*) and that, one in which she is comparatively new. Miss Anderson's repertoire during her New York season consists of "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Comedy and Tragedy," "The Hunchback," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Lady of Lyons," "As You Like it," and "Ingomar."

—:—:—:—

A magnificent life-size statue of Miss Anderson as *Galatea*, by the sculptor, Vanderwedge, is on exhibition in the city. It is accurately faultless and reveals the Grecian line of the face to the best advantage. This statue has been in London for the past ten months and accompanied Miss Anderson on her return.

THE JUDGE.



A TEST CASE.

SPRUCE SLICK,
 Respondent,
 vs.
AMINADAB GRANGER,
 Appellant.

Supreme Court of
 Public Opinion.

Case on Appeal (sc.)

May it please the Court, this is a case in which the facts are not in dispute and the question to be decided is simply one of law and justice, which, as administered by your Honor, are interchangeable terms.

Spruce Slick was a merchant in the village of Grangerville, which took its name from the Appellant, a wealthy farmer, well-known for his integrity. In the year 1869, to wit, on the first day of January, Mr. Granger found himself somewhat financially embarrassed owing to a long quarrel between his children which he had with difficulty and much expense settled. As the easiest way out of his troubles and to place his indebtedness where it was the least annoyance, he prevailed upon his friend Mr. Slick to take up all his accounts. A contract was then made between the said Granger and the said Slick by which the said Granger agreed to deliver to the said Slick 1000 bushels of oats or 1000 bushels of potatoes on a certain date, to wit, the first day of January, 1870. At the date of the contract the value of bushel of oats was exactly equal to the value of a bushel of potatoes; that is to say, a bushel of each would be taken in exchange for two pounds of Rio coffee, or one pound of Japan tea, or ten yards of calico, and so for other goods which the said Slick had for sale in his store in the said village of Grangerville. Now it happened in the course of the year 1869 aforesaid, after the making of the contract hereinbefore mentioned and before the said 1st day of January, 1870, that the harvest of oats was good and plentiful throughout the region roundabout Grangerville, while the inroads of a new and unlooked-for insect greatly damaged the potato vines before the potatoes had reached maturity. When, therefore, the crop of oats was harvested and threshed and measured it was found that a full crop had been obtained but there was no great surplus, so that the price in the open market remained much as it had been before, to wit; one bushel of oats for two pounds of Rio coffee, or one pound of Japan tea. But calico and some other things, for reasons not necessary to state to your Honor, were more abundant than at the date of this contract as aforesaid, and the said Slick was willing to give 12 yards of calico for one bushel of oats. But owing to the scarcity of potatoes the market value of a bushel of these tubers had greatly increased, to wit: one bushel of potatoes was exchanged for

2 1-2 pounds of Rio coffee, 1 1-4 pounds of Japan tea, and 15 yards of calico. Being a wise and prudent farmer the said Granger had a sufficient quantity of both oats and potatoes, over and above his own absolute needs and the needs of those dependent upon him, to discharge his indebtedness, that is to say he had more than 1000 bushels of each crop. But, whereas if he should discharge his indebtedness to the said Slick by giving 1000 bushels of oats he would not feel the loss thereof having many more than were necessary to feed to his horses and his cattle, while he could deliver 1000 bushels of potatoes only at a sacrifice of comfort to his children. That is to say, if had delivered to the said Slick the said 1000 bushels of potatoes, his, the said Granger's, children would have been obliged to omit potatoes from their daily meals, and could only have them on the table at one meal, to wit: dinner. Now, Granger, having always been a liberal man to his children, had fed them three times a day on potatoes, and they, the said children, liked potatoes very much and waxed fat on potato diet.

In consequence of this condition of affairs the said Granger appeared at the store and warehouse of the said Slick on the 1st day of January aforesaid, bringing with him 1000 bushels of oats, according to the contract and offered them to the said Slick and asked that the contract aforesaid be discharged.

But when the said Slick saw that oats were brought instead of potatoes he refused to accept them, saying that the contract called for potatoes. While it was admitted that the contract contained the option of oats, and that to pay potatoes would be a hardship for the aforesaid children, neverthe-

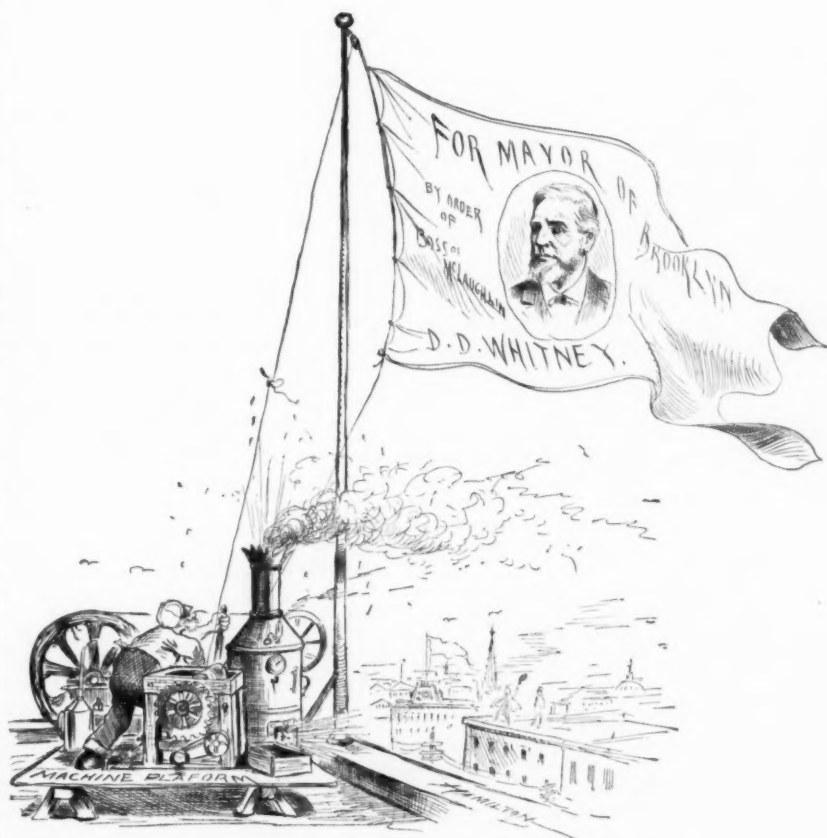
less the said Slick insisted on having potatoes only. The clerks and employes of the said Slick and the editor of the village paper in which the said Slick advertised his goods, also set upon the said Granger as a repudiator, and called him a cheat, an 80 cent man, and a man who would scale his debts; and this, notwithstanding the fact as heretofore stated that a bushel of oats would buy as much coffee or tea and any other article and more calico and more of the other goods than it would on the day of the contract, to wit: the 1st of January, 1869.

Being greatly encouraged by the clamor of his employes and the writings of the editor of the paper aforesaid, the said Slick brought suit against the said Granger for 1000 bushels of potatoes in the court below, presided over by Judge Middleman, and obtained judgment against the said Granger with costs.

Thereupon this appeal was taken.

If the Court is not already wearied by this recital it will be interesting to say that on the decision of this case hangs the issue of one other very important suit now about to be brought in the court below, to wit, the suit of Sequinz D'Oro, vs B. R. O. Jonathan, in which D'Oro is a banker who seeks to compel Jonathan, an extensive merchant, manufacturer and producer, to discharge an indebtedness in gold only, whereas the contract reads that the debt should be paid in gold or silver, silver being now exchangeable for greater quantities of all kinds of produce than it was at the date of the contract aforesaid, but gold having increased still more rapidly in value than silver has.

JOHN R. SPEARS,
For Appellant.



THE BROOKLYN DEMOCRATIC MACHINE WORKS WELL.

THE REASON WHY.

We stood together, when bereft,
With a faith that was sublime;
And while we had a dollar left,
We never wrote a line.
And when, with some kind editor's aid,
Within this garden here
We'd sit and flirt with the pretty barmaid
As we drank our lager beer.

Farewell to those Bohemian days—
Old boy, it's hard to part—
But, after all, it never pays
To trifle with the heart.
And now that I can get a wife,
Why do you chide me so?
That I should give up such a life
For a bit of calico!

I do not love this girl, my boy,
However she loves me;
And while it gives me little joy,
I would not yet be free.
And though she make no model spouse,
I'll have no cause to sigh,
For her mother keeps a boarding-house—
And that's the reason why!

J. J. O'CONNELL.

Saranac; or, Leaves from a Fisherman's Diary.

AUGUST 24TH.—Went fishing in the forenoon and caught several salt mackerel. In the afternoon I received several communications about post-offices and foreign missions; and used the MSS. in chinking cracks in the skiff.

AUGUST 25TH.—Caught a fish that looked like an over-grown tad-pole. It was equipped with sharp, offensive weapons on its head that ought to make it very formidable in a fierce, side-long charge. The boy that carried the worm-gourd for us called it a "cat-fish."

AUGUST 26TH.—Went fishing at day-break. Tore section out of trousers against a nail in the stern of the skiff. Lost a suspender-button and substituted a ten-penny nail. In the evening I climbed a tree after a bird's nest. Tree broke down and owner of the ground insisted on remuneration.

AUGUST 27TH.—Spent a busy night suspending offensive ticks. Woke up with lurid eyes and unstrung nerves. Worms hard to find. Lost another button in swinging the grubbing-hoe. Utilized a rake tooth. One member of our party imagined that he had been bitten by a snake during the night. He applied a spirituous remedy and remained in bed all day.

AUGUST 28TH.—Took holiday. Read "Jack the Giant-Killer," and "Puss-in-Boots" all day. Received a letter from a cattle king offering a birth-day present of a fat calf. Declined offer. Opened a watermelon at sun-set. Found that dogs in the neighborhood had stolen all the bread from the camp. Took supper on fried fish and weak toddy.

AUGUST 29TH.—Woke up and found several frogs in bed. Drank a cup of coffee. Found a lot of dead flies in the sugar at the bottom of the cup. Had good luck. Caught nine-hundred fish before dinner. Average weight five pounds.

AUGUST 30TH.—Caught five hundred fish before breakfast. Caught a shark in the afternoon. Took a walk at night and killed a deer with a rock.

AUGUST 31ST.—Got up and weighed before breakfast. Weighed again after breakfast. Fattened four pounds while eating. Friends attributed it to the bracing atmosphere.

G. C.



JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.

Briefs Submitted.

BY JEF. JOSLYN.

"Man wants but little here below,"
Because he knows, you bet,
He'll waste his time in wanting much
When little's all he'll get!

"That's a terrible case of mal-aria," as the music-loving physician said on listening to Signor Tenori-Robusto's shaky singing of an opera selection.

Ere this, o'er all our wide domain so glorious and so free,
From mountain high to vally low—from inland lake to sea,—
From broad and open prairie to the swamps with tangled brake,
Has changed the base-ball toecin,* "Chicago takes the cake!"

Young Smitherkins calls the entrance to his Dulcinea's front yard "Hell Gate," because he met her old man there the other night and experienced a wrathful explosion.

The parents were discussing the relative merits of their church's old and new pastor at the Sunday dinner-table, after listening to the latter's first sermon.

He—"I believe I like Whitney the best, after all. The new man pitches in to the people too much."

She—"Well, husband, you must admit Mr. Clarkson's delivery is very fine."

Sudden interruption by youthful Son (enthusiast on base-ball)—"Oh, pshaw! Whitney and Clarkson's n. g., both of 'em. You ought to see Micky Welch's delivery! My, but can't he pitch in the lally-coolers with the curves on 'em, though, and didn't the New Yorks win their series with both the Bostons and Chicagos, with him in the box?"

Alexander Fitzgerald McGregor DeMash,
Wedded Rosamond Genevieve Maud Cut-a-dash;
Both married for cash,
But ye gods what a crash,

When they learned that neither'd a cent to buy hash!

Words, Words.

What is the use of a dictionary, anyway? The meaning of a word depends altogether on where you are. For instance: the word "Good." A good man in New York means one whose bank-account is never over-drawn; who stands in with the mercantile reporters on his rating. In St. Louis a good man is one who always holds a flush in an emergency. In Louisville, a good man is one who goes under the table last. In Cincinnati a good man means simply a large pork-packer. In Washington, one who is always in, whichever party is out. In Boston, one who has either had an article accepted in the *Atlantic Monthly*, or been on a drunk with John L. Sullivan. In Texas a good man is one on whom no other fellow gets the drop. In Harvard and Yale, a good man's a successful rusher. In Chicago a good man—well, there are n't any. They don't use the word.

A telegraphic item states that a man named Gunn, who was once a millionaire, recently died in a poor house down south. This particular gun, it seems, had lost its barrel.



GOING ONE BETTER.

"Children should be seen, not heard," but sometimes they are *too* retiring and undemonstrative.

Two of a Kind.

The conductor was a big, burly Scotchman with a dialect broader than himself; and the passengers smiled audibly as he cried out:

"Tuckets, gentlemen, tuckets!"

As the train drew up at a small way-station, he opened the door as he stepped out onto the platform. The train had been flagged by an anglicized dude. He had been shooting and carried a pair of wild rabbits slung over his gun.

"W-whut luck, my mon?" accosted the good-natured conductor.

"Aw, only a couple of 'ares, you know," condescendingly replied the dude.

"W-whut?"

"Only a couple of 'ares."

"'Ares? Why, down this way we call them rub-bots!"

J. J. O'CONNELL.

THE JUDGE.

A STREET CAR EPISODE.

He starts before you get your seat—
It is a cunning trap
To send you flying off your feet
In some old lady's lap.
I got on board the car to-day,
Had just stepped through the door,
When, in his customary way,
He sent me to the floor.
The driver grinned, but I did not.
"I'll make complaint," said I;
"I'll make your old position hot."
A grin was his reply.
He stopped again, and up the aisle
A lovely maiden came;
Her lips, half parted in a smile,
Cheeks tinged with rosy flame.
Now will that fiend turn on the crank
To cause this maid mishap?
Coincidence! he gave a yank
And popped her in my lap.
I caught her else she would have gone
Clean through the window glass.
A space of paradise, I own,
But it was brief, alas!
She found a more congenial seat,
Sweet maid was mortified;
She looked a moment at her feet
Embarrassment to hide.
When finally I made retreat
The driver grinned, for he
Supposed he'd eased my angry heat
And made amends to me.
[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

"Oh tell me where is fancy bred?"
She asked, and getting bolder
She laid her darling little head
Right down upon my shoulder.
And I, with no more poetry in
My soul than in a Quaker's,
Replied, with idiotic grin,
"You'll find it at the baker's."
[Hartford Times.]

The new 10-cent delivery postage stamps are gradually becoming known as the p. d. q.'s.—[Peck's Sun.]

The *Boston Commercial Bulletin* reminds Biblical students that "Peter was the first man who 'went out on a foul.'"

A Missouri girl has married a Pittsburg man. Is Missouri drifting into miscegenation.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The *Galveston News* shrieks in black type: "Does Democracy mean anything?" It does. It means to get the offices if it can.
[Chicago News.]

The man who went to the country for "rest and change," says the waiters got most of his change and the landlord the rest.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

Emma Nevada kissed three hundred girls in San Francisco lately. What the average young man of the Pacific Coast needs is a little more gall.—[St. Louis Magazine.]

"There are seven thousand more females than males in New Jersey." It is not surprising. Males can get out of New Jersey more quickly than females.
[Norristown Herald.]

A little girl of two and a half years burnt her finger for the first time the other day. She placed her finger on a hot potato and suddenly drew it back exclaiming: "Oh! der's a pin in it."—[Boston Courier.]

The new students have arrived at Harvard. Early attempts at hazing have been quelled, and a new committee on athletics has been appointed. Studies will begin later.
[Boston Globe.]

First Female—"What business are you engaged in now?" Second Female—"I am a book agent." F. F.—"What have you to do?" S. F.—"Nothing but talk." F. F.—"How delightful!"
[Boston Courier.]

"You are bound to read, I see, said Mrs. S. to her husband, who, with novel in hand, was busy among its pages. "So is this book," he replied without looking up, and his talkative wife collapsed.
[Merchant Traveler.]

When the body of Jumbo was dissected, a collection of English, American and Canadian coins were found in his stomach. This may in part account for the disappearance of so many cashiers from this country, whose whereabouts have never been traced.
[Peck's Sun.]

Cleopatra's Needle is in such a state that unless it has a coat of something it will fall to pieces. This is quite the reverse of ordinary affairs. It is generally the coat that wants the needle. Married men will understand this without the aid of a map.
[Philadelphia Call.]

The conversation passed from yachting to sculling and one of the gentlemen asked an oarsman:

"Did Courtney ever race for a cup?"
"No," was the reply; "but I have heard of him in connection with a saw, sir."
[Boston Courier.]

"Little hands should always be on the watch for doing good," is the beautiful sentiment posted in a Binghamton juvenile school room. It probably explains why a man always turns the little hands of his watch back an hour or two before he faces his wife after coming home lodge nights.—
[Binghamton Republican.]

"I've a dreadful headache Bromeley. It was that crescendo outburst of Miss Fenton's. I'll never offer to turn the music for her again."

"Why didn't you beat a retreat, Mr. Darringer?"
"O, that wouldn't have been polite, you know."

"Well, but you are here in the cloak room, while she is still at the piano in the parlor?"

"Yes; I watched my opportunity and slipped out between the bars."
[Philadelphia Call.]

"My friend," said the Rev. Mr. Edmunson to the Dakota delegate, "you should turn your thoughts at times to a future state."

"Why, dang it," replied the honorable but voteless member of congress, "haven't I been trying to get this territory admitted for two sessions. "I've a slate of officers made up, from governor down—you bet my thoughts are on the future state."
[Stockton Maverick.]

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Old Harkney, when he announced himself as a candidate for justice of the peace, made this strong point: "Feller citizens, I is in faber o' p'litical 'conomy. Widout dat great fack de country will go to rack."

Shortly after the election, Andrew Banks, a political "striker," called on the magis-

trate and said:

"Mawnin, sah; mawnin'"
"Fust rate, I is erbleeged ter yer, how is it with yess'f?"

"Oh, toler'ble. Say, jedge, 'fore yer wuz 'lected yer promised ter gin me two dollars. Does yer recolleck de fack?"

"Mighty well, I neber forgits nothin'"
"Glad ter heah yer say it. Gin me my money, please, an' let me go."

"Does yer recolleck de ticket I wuz 'lected on?"
"Yas."

"What wuz it?"
"P'litical 'conomy, I b'lebes."

"Dat's de ticket. Here," handing him twenty-five cents.
"What's dis fur?"

"What's it fur. W'y it pays yer off, dats whut it's fur."
"I won't hab it."

"All right," putting it into his pocket.
"I neber begs er pusson. P'litical 'conomy means twelve an' er ha'f cents on de dollar, an' dat's de ticket I run on. Shet de do' when yer goes out. Good day."
[Peck's Sun.]

PENCILLINGS.

A Little Bit of Human Nature.

That's Thompson approaching; it is I could swear; And poverty-stricken he looks, I declare; A picture, indeed, of the shabby gentee, With clothing threadbare and shoes down at the heel.

He's met with financial reverses, they say; I'll turn up this street and keep out of his way.

A Year Later.

Ha, who is this coming along? Let me see: That face I am certain's familiar to me. By Jove, it is Thompson! How well he is dressed; Ah, now he can hold up his head with the best. They say he's struck oil and is rich as a Jew— Why, Thompson, my dear fellow, how do you do?

A Social Call.

There goes the bell! A visitor, I guess, And I'm a fright and haven't time to dress. Hm! Mrs. Gossip from across the way; Who put it in her head to call to-day? To see what she can see—that's all, no doubt; That woman's nothing but a gad-about. I hate her, with her supercilious airs—

* * * *

That horrid girl is bringing her up-stairs— 'Tis Mrs. Gossip, I declare, why this is quite a pleasure, I am sure. (A Kiss.) So kind of you to call—'tis quite a treat; Let me remove your shawl—pray, take a seat. We're all upset this morning, it is true, But we can always find a seat for you. Pray, don't apologize—there is no need, I'm very glad you've called—I am, indeed.

At the Gate.

She (frigidly):
Allow you to kiss me good-night ere you go? I could not permit such a freedom, Oh, no.

He (respectfully).

Excuse me. Of course you know best what is right, But I mean't no offense, I assure you. Good night.

She (disappointedly):

The fool! He must certainly have a thick head, To think for a moment I meant what I said.
[Boston Courier.]

SHOCKING.

"There were some shocking things in a select circle the other night," said Nifty.
"How dreadful," replied Malinda, and

then inquiringly she asked, "Why didn't you set yourself against it?"

"I did set myself against it, and the rest joined hands; it was a small electric battery, and we were all shocked at once."

"You shocking thing," said Malinda.

[Stockton Maverick.]

HOGGISH AS USUAL.

A Nipandtuck man was arrested for stealing a hog, and at the opening of the trial the justice of the peace before whom he was tried asked:

"Mr. Short, have you secured an attorney?"

"Waal, squire," replied the accused, "I didn't know any on 'em wuz tryin' to git away."

The justice frowned on the laugh that followed, then said:

"The court will tolerate no levity, gentlemen. Mr. Short, you had better employ a lawyer to attend to your case for you."

"I thought, squire, as how the ole woman hyar would do instid of a lawyer. She's right smart on the talk."

"She cannot plead your case in this court. You had better engage an attorney."

"But the danged lawyers want more'n the case is wuth to 'tend to it."

"There is Mr. Longwind; he's a very good attorney. He'll attend to your case for a very reasonable fee."

"I tried him, squire; he axed too much to tend to ther case."

"How much did he want?"

"Why, durn his skin, he wanted the hog!"—[Newman Independent.]

SHE CALLED IT CREAM.

"Will you pass the cream, sir?"

"Would be delighted, but can't find any on the table."

"Why, that pitcher, right there."

"Why didn't you say so? If you'd only said the milk modified by water, I'd have understood you."

[Stockton Maverick.]

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AS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

What says the Englishman,
When speaking of the yacht so fleet;
'The d—l take the Puritan,
For Puritans are hard to beat."

[Goodall's Sun.]

COMBINATION PORTRAITS.

HUDSON, Wis., August, 25, 1885.

Hon. William F. Vilas, Postmaster-General,
Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR—For some time I have been thinking of writing to you and asking you how you were getting along with your department since I left it. I did not wish to write you for the purpose of currying favor with an administration against which I squandered a ballot last fall. Neither do I desire to convey the impression that I would like to open a correspondence with you for the purpose of killing time. If you ever feel like sitting down and answering this letter in an off-hand way, it would please me very much, but do not put yourself out to do so.

I wanted to ask you, however, how you like the pictures of yourself recently published in the patent insides. That was my principal object in writing. Having seen you before this great calamity befell you, I wanted to inquire whether you had really changed so much. As I remember your face, it was rather unusually intellectual and attractive for a great man. Great men are very rarely pretty. I guess that, aside from yourself, myself, and Mr. Evarts, there is hardly an eminent man in the country who would be considered handsome. But the engraver has done you a great injustice, or else you have sadly changed since I saw you. It hardly seems possible that your nose has drifted around to leeward and swelled up at the end, as the engraver would have us believe. I do not believe that in a few short months the look of firmness and conscious rectitude that I noticed could have changed to that of indecision and vacuity which we see in some of your late portraits as printed.

I saw one yesterday, with your name attached to it, and it made my heart ache for your family. As a resident in your state I felt humiliated. Two of Wisconsin's ablest men have been thus slaughtered by the rude broad-axe of the engraver. Last fall, Senator Spooner, who also is a man with a first-class head and face, was libelled in this same reckless way. It makes me mad, and in that way impairs my usefulness. I am not a good citizen, husband or a father when I am mad. I am a perfect simoon of wrath at such times, and am not responsible for what I do.

Nothing can arouse the indignation of your friends regardless of party, so much as the thought that while you are working so hard in the post-office at Washington with your coat off, collecting box rent and making up the Western mail, the remorseless engraver and electrotyper are seeking to down you by making pictures of you in which you appear either as a dude or a

tough.

While I have not the pleasure of being a member of your party, having belonged to what has been sneeringly alluded to as the g. o. p., I cannot refrain from expressing my sympathy at this time. Though we may have differed heretofore upon important questions of political economy, I cannot exult over these portraits. Others may gloat over these efforts to injure you, but I do not. I am not much of a gloater anyhow.

I leave those to gloat who are in the gloat business.

Still, it is one of the drawbacks incident to greatness. We struggle hard, through life, that we may win the confidence of our fellow-men, only at last to have pictures of ourselves printed and distributed where they will injure us.

I desire to add before closing this letter, Mr. Vilas, that with those who are acquainted with you and know your sterling worth, these portraits will make no difference. We will not allow them to influence us socially or politically. What the effect may be on offensive partisans who are total strangers to you, I do not know.

My theory in relation to these cuts is, that they are combined and interchange, able, so that, with slight modifications, they are used for all great men. The cut, with the extras that go with it, consists of one head with hair (front view), one bald-head (front view), one head with hair (side view), one bald-head (side view,) one pair eyes (with glasses) and one pair (plain), one Roman nose, one Grecian nose, one turn-up nose, one set of whiskers (full), one moustache, one pair side-whiskers, one chin, one set large ears, one set medium ears, one set small ears, one set shoulders, with collar and necktie for above, one monkey-wrench, one set quoins, one galley, one oil-can, one screw-driver.

These different features are then arranged so that a great variety of clergymen, murderers, senators, embezzlers, artists, dynamiters, humorists, arsonists, larcenists, poets, statesmen, base-ball players, rinkists, pianists, capitalists, bigamists and sluggists are easily represented. No newspaper office should be without them. They are very



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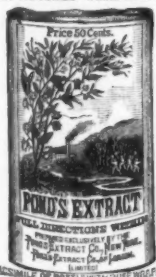
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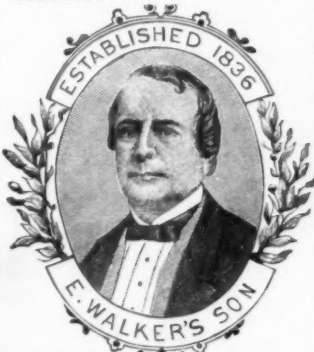


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Hoping that you are well, and that you will at once proceed to let no guilty man escape, I remain, yours truly, **Bill Nye.**
 [St. Paul Herald.]

WHERE HE WAS RAISED.

Johnson has failed to see his landlady when she called, and it had not improved her temper or her financial status.

"Well," she said angrily, "all I've got to say is you are no gentleman."

"But, my dear madam," he expostulated, "it is not lady-like for you to talk that way."

"Lady-like, nothing. You are a nice specimen to teach me manners. I'd just like to know where you were born and raised."

"I can tell that very easily, madam," he said soothingly. "I was born in Kentucky and I was raised at a poker room on Vine street last night."

She accepted the amendment, and he paid his bill with interest the following week—[Merchant Traveler.]

THE MODERN SHAKSPERE.

"Avast, Andromeda! Close haul your sails and take a tow out to the forward porch."

"Hear him, ye mermaids. Is the fellow daft? Me take a toe? More like that thou wilt take me father's toe an' thus thou further prat'st."

"Avast, I say! Steady your martingale and make a reach along the hallway, you."

"So help me Neptune, but he's half seas o'er! I'll make a reach for mother's pudding-stick an' he should further drip with lunacy."

"Ahoy! ahoy! thou wingless galleon. Heave to, or I will take thee for a smack."

"Smack, said'st thou? Didst thou hint a smack? There's method in thy madness, after all. I'll round the boy at promise of a smack, and list' his reason for these drivellings."

"A goodly craft to come to anchor thus; but stay, sweet shallop, did'st thou hear the news?"

"None that were reason for thy malady."
 "Nay? An' thou heard'st not that we won the cup?"

"The cup? O crocker! but a single cup! And what is that toward our housekeeping?"

"Avast! thou'rt sailing wide the mark again. I mean the cup that is our yachtmen's pride. And O, Andromeda! had'st thou but seen our gallant craft with binnacle close hauled, with hatchway furled and spanker swung abeam; had'st thou but noted how we luffed the boom and made a leg along the mizzen peak, then jibbed the bob-stay to the spinnaker till we were fetching through our rival's wake like some well expedited hurricane, thou would'st have said the trophy were well won."

"An' I had seen such things, thou heedless boy, I would have uttered something worse than that."—[Yonkers Gazette.]

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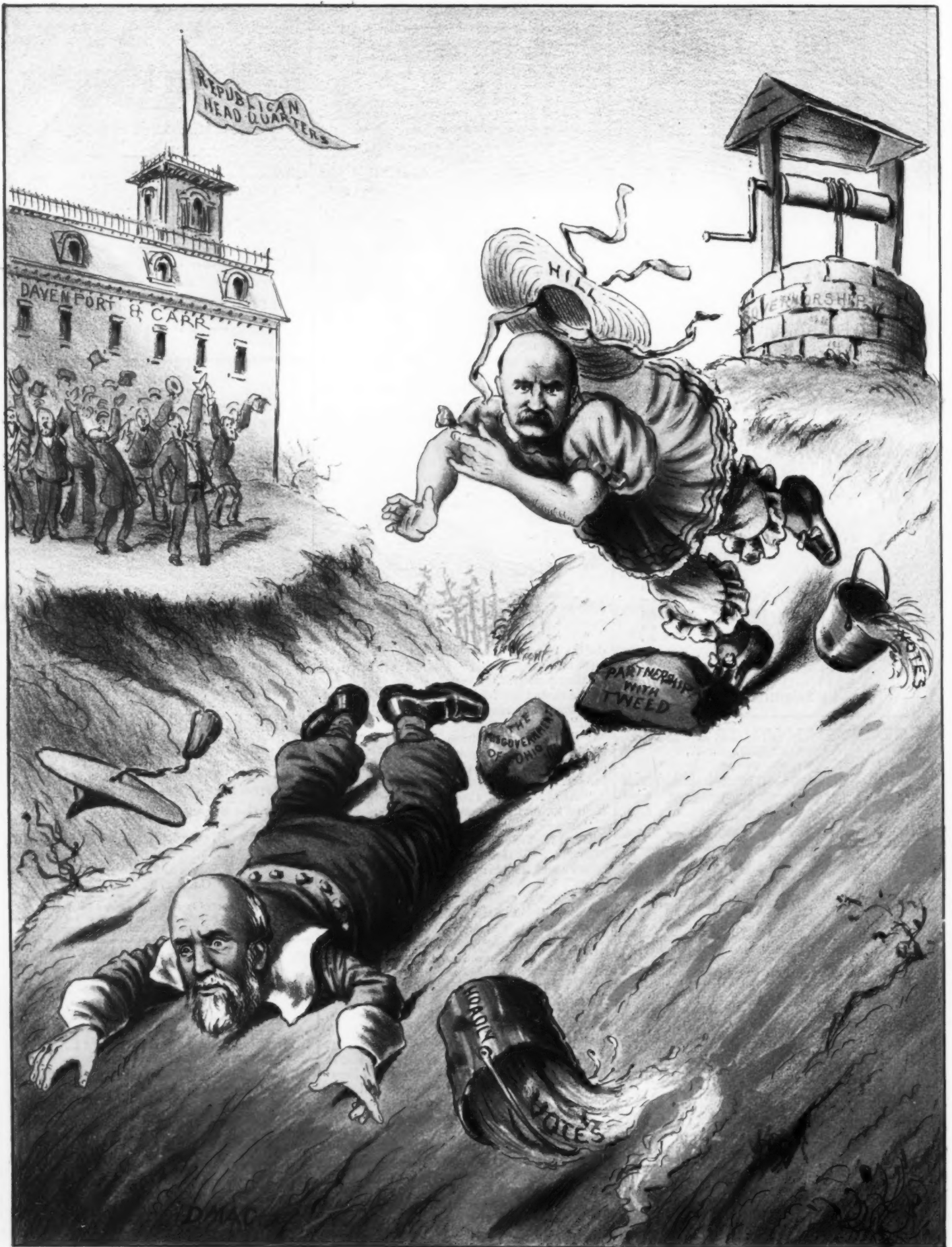
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THE JUDGE.



Jack and Jill went up the Hill,
To get a pail of water;

Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Hill will tumble after.