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A NEW STAGE LINE IN WALL STREET.
ALWAYS ROOM FOR SEVERAL MORE.

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THE JUDGE.

THE JUDGE.



THE JUDGE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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FIGHT, RUN OR SURRENDER.

The man who pioneers a cause—especially if it disturbs “vested interests” in corrupt organizations—is sure to have hard fare and little appreciation; not to put too fine a point on it, more kicks than coppers.

President Cleveland is learning some of the pains and penalties of eccentricity. He has taken his party's platform on reform as it reads, not as being the arrant humbug that the convention intended. He has thus antagonized the spoils grabbers—against the genius and traditions of his party. Mr. Cleveland herein is entirely “fresh”—as much so that the honest countryman that falls among the snow-balls of the town.

We've all seen the fight between one rustic man and a score of mischievous town boys, and we know how it always results. The man may show fight but he can not hurl missiles as well as his antagonists; he can, at best, cope with only one or two out the many; and he can't run as fast as they.

The only things for the president to do, are: (1). To stand and take the Democratic abuse; (2) to run; or (3) to surrender and “stand treat.”

Which will he do?

GO IT!

That French *mot* which always meets every tale of man's ruin, disgrace or depravity with the question “Who is the woman?” was the invention of a “most profane and liberal censorer,” no doubt. The philoso-

phy that attributes all man's misfortunes, follies and vices to woman's influence is not very complimentary to man's asserted superiority. Why does he let her lead him to ruin if he be the stronger?

Ever since Adam tried to hide under Eve's fig-leaf petticoats, with the sneaking plea, “the woman whom Thou gavest me, tempted me,” men have plead the baby act in their own defence. In all those thousands of years men have had women under their tutelage and absolute power; have made laws, called in the aid of governments, courts, police, armies to prevent the weaker sex from turning the stronger, to destruction. The thing is a failure to this day.

THE JUDGE calls for a reconstruction of society and government in consonance with this experience. It is evident that woman is the controlling sex. Let her take the control, then. And let man formally and meekly take the back seat which he in fact already occupies and always has. Let the *de facto* boss become the *de jure* ruler. The male of the *genus homo* is a failure, on his own showing. Let him subside.

WORSE AND MORE OF IT.

The more the Wall street sink is stirred with the Ferdinand Ward pole, the ranker it smells to heaven. The ramifications of this stream of corruption are extensive and mysterious—how extensive the almost daily revelations of new branches and slimy pools not before dreamed of attest. That the foul stream fetches its sources from high, and previously-untainted heads, is evident. One of the most prolific and foulest of these is found in the Mayor's office of New York city; the city treasury leaked into this spring and there is recorded over a million dollars lost to the city with a profit to the Mayor of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on an investment of sixty thousand.

It is evident that the big rascals—big in profits, respectability and consequent criminality—are not yet caught. If JUSTICE has a vigilance vigorous enough, and a drag-net strong enough, and a “Black Maria” capacious enough, it is possible no guilty man may escape. If so, the cause of commercial honesty will receive a bigger lift than has been given it by any act in a generation.

But if a 'Bus line between Wall street and Sing Sing is not adequate, the public will gladly provide an underground rapid transit to accomodate all the exchanges.

FOREIGN DIPLOMATS are scandalized at the re-appearance in Constantinople of Ex-American-Minister-to-Turkey Wallace, as agent for an American manufacturer of torpedoes. Our manufacturers have not yet learned the peculiar European dignity of promoting trade with inferior powers by diplomacy backed by iron-clads and bayonets. If Lew Wallace were still minister to Turkey his present business would be strictly European and diplomatic.

RULINGS.

DEMOCRATIC PAPERS rave no more about Davenport's being “an ice-berg.” The election returns made him hot.

WHEN MEPHISTOPHELES resigns his pitchfork took out for a rising thermometer. Jay Gould has left Wall street. Wall street does not often “get left.”

INSOMNIA IS A disease from which regular church-goers seem exempt. Piety is not altogether without its compensations for abstinence from opera-bouffe.

EX-CIVIL SERVICE COM'R THOMAN is managing a non-explosive boiler company. Why cannot the principle of the invention be applied to the Mugwump party and its organs?

NEW YORK, unlike many of her wicked sister cities, does not open her libraries and museums on Sunday. And this is not the only observance, we are proud to state, upon which the Metropolis rests her claim to true piety.

THE MAN WHO goes about painting pious texts on the country to make men repent is called a crank; the man who goes about painting the town red with oaths and obscene texts to make men wicked is called a good fellow.

JONES OF BINGHAMTON is the only genuine civil-service man elected on the New York ticket. He refuses to pay political assessments. He stands up so straight that he is in danger of a frontal curvature of the spine.

A DOCTOR IN CHICAGO became crazy by dosing himself with cocoaine. The case is a rare one. It is to the credit of the intelligence of the medical profession that they do not often make the mistake of taking their own medicines.

BRER TALMAGE closed his Thanksgiving sermon with three “huzzas”—Thanksgiving cheer, in fact. This opens new possibilities in gospel evangelism. It leads up to three times-three and a tiger, followed by a salute—a sacred anvil chorus.

WHEN A PROMINENT politician dies it affords an excellent opportunity to test the sincerity of editors on the other side, reading either their partisan or their obituary writing. There have been surprising exhibitions of editorial agility lately.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER puts on airs over the announcement, “a Philadelphia lady has gone to New York city to engage in the work of converting sinners.” She is proselyting in the *role* of the awful example, however.

THE JUDGE.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HILDA.

The German Policeman Ventures on New Ground—a Little Pathos now and then is relished, etc.

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

An admirer of the German Policeman took a singular liberty with him the other day. Knowing that the light-hearted philosopher in dislocated Dutch was to attend a certain social gathering, this friend made a wager that the Policeman could make the ladies both laugh and cry inside of two minutes. The wager was accepted, though, of course, the Policeman knew nothing of it, and at the party the young man won the money by getting the officer to tell a story which that worthy usually reserves for his friends.

"Vot," said the Policeman; "you vont to know apowd vot habbened to my daughter Hilda? Oh, dot's a sad story—vy should ve gry when ve can choost as vell laugh?"

"Oh, vhat heabs uf fun I got mit Hilda. Ve vere like a gubble uf blaymates togedder. I rememper von dime I vos in der sdreet und she vos riting bic-a-back on my shoulders. Some beeples shtared at me as much to say: 'dot's a bretty sdate uf dings.' I only laughed. 'You peen lucky fellers,' I sayt, 'to get a beep at my Hilda—dot's bedder as a gromo.'

"I used to dake dot leetle gal my knees bedween und try to shcare her py delling her uf some young man vich surely would carry her off und marry her—maype a glumsy Dutchman or a shmard Yankee feller. 'Aind you 'shamed,' I used to say to her; 'to peen going to shake your boor olt farder choost for some young chackanapes vich stuffs your ear mit luffer's taffy und your mout mit chenuine candy till you dink yourself so shveet all you got to done is choost to meld in dot fellers arms.'

"Papa," Hilda used to say; 'if dot feller comes I vill pounce him, sure.'

"Oh, no!" I say; 'it's der olt farder vot vill get der pounce—und dot's all righd. Dot's der same vot your mutter done py her olt farder und I did not vos mat at her.'

"Vell, von day I am in der house und I hear her sgream, und dere comes rushing in a neighper man und says: 'A minnit ago, Hilda vos blaying der top uf a heab uf lumber und now der bile

uf lumber is on dop uf her.' Crate Moses! I chumped der shdairs down und vos choost in dime to see two men carrying dot shild—limp und lifeless—into a toy shtore. Dem lait her on der connder, her head py a pox uf dolls vich she vos choost safing her bennies-to buy von uf, her feet on a crate pig chumping chack vich she hat bromised me I should for her cousin's Ghristmas buy.—

"In sdreamed der beeples—vorkingmen, loafers, laties und shildren—bressing me der shild against.

"Hilda! Hilda!" I sgreamed. 'vhy ton'd you look? Vhy ton'd you shbeak to me? Aind you 'shamed, shearing your boor olt farder?' But she never shtirred. She vos vwhite und shtill. Choost apowd dot dime comes bressing in a fat vwoman mit a red bandage her hat arabout—von uf dem Salvation Army vimmen.

"I neffer did haf some uses for dot Salvation Army.

"Ish dot yours?" she squeaked, bointing to Hilda, vich effery-poddy dought vos dead, alretty.

"She used to peen," I sayt; 'but she ton'd seem to pelong to anypoddy in bartickler choost now.'

"I guess she vos dead," dot vwoman squeaked, gwite gon-tented: 'vell, dot's pedder so—pedder so.'

"Den vos I madder as a house afire. 'Pedder so!' I sgreamed. 'Pedder so you got some decency from dot Biple deachings vich you disgrace mit your nicker minsdrel religion. Pedder so you got righd avay owd pefore I drow you der vinder owd—but no; you are dressed in imidation uf a vwoman und I cannot sdrike you.'

"I dell you vot," I sayt, 'blease send arabout der Cheneral uf dot army und half a dozen Colonels und Captains till I knock into dem choost a leetle uf dot decency und Ghristianity vchich der Salvation Army shtands so much in neet uf.'

"Vell, Hilda didn't die—she's gwite a pig gal now. Und as she goes to school, svinging her leedle skirts, I see her beeping der sites of her eyes out to get der first glimbse uf dot young feller vich is to run mit her avay."



A CELEBRATED FLIRT who has wounded many male hearts calls her art "studies in bit-you-men."

THE WORST "leaks in the kitchen" are those through which the family secrets get out. But it is sometimes difficult to husband such matters.

THE WATER-BURY watch is popular in Kentucky. They think it means the wake of that beverage.

CANON FARRAR pronounced Boston "the Athens of America." If he didn't pronounce it better than his usual delivery is, it is a questionable compliment.

OWNERS OF PAPERS with patent insides do not seem to be any better liverers than newspaper men are.

THE CUSTOM of ringing the church bells whenever a villager dies passes away as soon as the place gets large and free enough to abolish the tolls.



"Josie, my dear, this is Mr. Lang, Mr. Lang, my old friend, Miss Dimpleton."

The thought occurred to me that the young lady from the nature of things could not be the old friend of anybody, but I didn't say so. I simply bowed, simpered and uttered the conventional chestnut about being happy, etc.

And then Miss Rose Madder, the young lady to whom I was indebted for the honor of being permitted to know Miss Dimpleton, went on to say:

"I have given Miss Dimpleton your invitation, Mr. Lang. We are both so glad to accept, and ma says we may. Josie has never seen a ball match and is dying to go. Ain't you dear?"

"If Miss Dimpleton is going to die—beg pardon—if she is dying to go," I interrupted, "let us start at once, Miss Rose. It is half-past two now and the game begins at 3.15 promptly."

"Good gracious, Mr. Lang, is it so late as that? We'll put on our things and be down in just one minute. Come Josie," and the young ladies flitted out of the room.

One minute, five minutes, a quarter of an hour, thirty minutes passed before they returned.

"I hear their footsteps scuffling
I feel their presence snear."

I hummed.

"You are very prompt, ladies. We shall see at least the last four innings," I said, as we left the house.

Miss Dimpleton looked up and asked with interest:

"What does an inning look like, Mr. Lang?"

"Why, Josie, you ignorant old dear," Miss Rose interrupted; "an innings is a funny looking bag. There are several of them and one is placed in each corner. The players run from one inning to another, don't they Mr. Lang?"

"Miss Rose, you have called the—that is you describe it perfectly. How did you manage to acquire so perfect a knowledge of base ball?"

"Oh, I saw a game once and I understand it all, Mr. Lang. Now, Josie, darling, I'll tell you all about it. You see there are a lot of players divided into two sides and these sides try awfully hard to beat each other, and an umpire—"

"Quite right, Miss Rose," I put in "particularly the umpire. Go on, please."

"Yes, and an umpire whose duty it is to—to—what is an umpire's duty, Mr. Lang?"

"I think, Miss Rose, if to-day's game is like most I have seen, we can show Miss Dimpleton what an umpire is for much better than we can tell her."

"Yes, I think we can. And then you

know, Josie, one man tosses a ball in red stockings at a man who has an owl in his hands in blue stockings and——"

"Excuse me, Miss Rose, but I think you mean to say bat—not owl."

"Oh, yes; I made a mistake. I knew it was some creature that flew at night. Only Josie, darling, it isn't a real live bat; it's only a stick. And then the man with the bat hits the ball, doesn't he, Mr. Lang?"

"Yes, sometimes," I answered.

"And then, dear, the man throws the stick at the umpire and runs as fast as he can towards an innings. Generally he falls flat on it. But meanwhile another man with a bird cage on his head—he wears it to save his complexion, doesn't he, Mr. Lang?"

"Certainly, Miss Rose. You see it is really more becoming than a veil."

"Yes, I really think so. And then, dear, the man in the bird cage, tosses the ball to still another player who catches it and then jumps on the back of the poor fellow who has fallen down."

"Now, I think that's real mean," commented Miss Dimpleton, compassionately.

"But, listen, dear. The umpire says after that 'in' or 'not in,' but whatever he says nobody seems to be quite pleased, for the audience calls him horrid names and throw things at him. And Josie, the players act awfully; they tear his clothes and strike him sometimes awfully hard."

"Oh, but I shouldn't think that would be nice, Rosie, dear," Miss Dimpleton said. "I don't think I shall like base ball, Mr. Lang. It can't be nearly as nice as tennis. Don't you think tennis is just splendid?"

"But, Josie, darling, the umpire don't seem to mind it at all. And really it doesn't appear as horrid as it sounds to tell. But why doesn't the umpire mind being abused, Mr. Lang?"

"Well, Miss Rose, I must explain that an umpire isn't really a man at all, any more than an elevated railroad gate man is. He belongs to the animal kingdom and on rare occasions acts like a man, and from this arises a popular error. The abuse he receives he doesn't mind one particle because he is properly trained to it. He really likes it, you know. An umpire goes through a long course of preparation, each stage being more severe than the previous one. And really, until he is able to act on the plan of a freight car bumper without inconvenience, or sit complacently on the large end of a hemlock stick while it is being hammered by an ordinary pile driver, his education is not considered complete and he is not permitted to umpire any really first-class game."

"Now, that's just lovely," commented Miss Dimpleton. "But, go on, Rosie, and tell me some more."

"You haven't time now, Miss Rose, for

here we are at the grounds."

Although we arrived late we secured good seats. I had a girl on each side of me; one asking questions, the other returning marvellous answers, and both exclaiming at each play made, much to my amusement and I doubt not to that of those sitting in our neighborhood. The girls certainly enjoyed the game immensely and both went into ecstasies of delight when I announced at the close that the side they had declared for had come out ahead.

Said Miss Josephine: "I knew the men with the striped caps would win."

"And I was as certain as I could be they would, and——"

"But why, Miss Rose," I asked, "why were you so positive the Kalamazoos would beat?"

Miss Rose—"Oh, Mr. Lang, their pitcher is such a handsome fellow."

Miss Josie—"And has such a lovely blonde mustache."

Both—"He was just too sweet for anything."

L. L. LANG.



"Hallo!" said old Rednose, as he saw his meek friend, Milkwater, standing up at the bar. "I thought you were a Prohibitionist?"

"So I am," he replied under his breath. "Our lodge just sent me here to obtain evidence against this fellow for violating the excise law."

"Ah, I see," said old Rednose; "this is what you may call a spy glass," and he ordered another round.

A REVOLUTIONARY BILL.

The beauties of cycling all poets enhance,
Now let's give the opposite side a chance.
Here comes an old beggar all covered with dust,
His nickel coat-buttons are spattered with rust,
His wrist is entombed in a red flannel rag,
While his left foot's inclined very strongly to drag.
The bridge of his nose has had recent repair,
While samples of loam are concealed in his hair.
His knee, to be sure, has escaped being broke,
But you know by his gait 'tis as stiff as a spoke!
An eye in deep mourning, an arm in a sling,
One leg quite disabled, we still hear him sing
Through his broken front teeth, like the wind thro'
a tree;

"O give me the life of a Cyclor so free!"

He'll cross out the "free" and you'll see him turn pale

When this is received thro' the following mail:

"To fixing a man and setting his chin;
"To reducing a joint and nailing on skin;
"To taking ten stitches with platinum wire;
"To rubbing in oil; (the Lord only knows where);
"To ten yards of flannel (and string if you will),
"And two hours of labor in making this bill.
"The discount to wheelmen leaves ninety you see—
"Which amount, please, remit to Q. Plaster, M. D."

C. S. WADY.

MARY M'GEE.

It was not a great many years ago,
 In a city by the sea,
 That a maiden lived, whom you did not know,
 By the name of Mary McGee.
 And this maiden loved, and was loved in return
 By a man named Terrence O'Shea.

Now her lover was Irish, and she was a Celt,
 As by their names you can see—
 And they loved each other intense y and strong—
 Terrence, and Mary McGee.
 With a love that was simple and sweet to behold,
 But with proper propri-e-tee.

But her parents frowned on her lover O'Shea,
 For he lacked gentil-i-tee.
 And he worked on the dump at the foot of the
 street,
 Where lived his Mary McGee.
 For papa McGee was an Alderman,
 And a "boss" in his ward was he,
 And a son-in-law who worked on the dump,
 Was beneath his dig-ni-tee.

But their love was as strong as the smells on the
 dump,
 In this city by the sea,
 And the day was fixed when wedded they'd be,
 Unbeknown to the parents McGee.

But, alas! for the frailty of human hopes,
 In this world of uncertain-tee,
 Terry fell off the dump and was drowned, one day,
 The effect of too much whis-kee—
 And the dump and the dumpers shall never again
 Hear the voice of Terry O'Shea.

In the sixth floor back she sits and pines,
 In this city by the sea
 And the dainty odors from Hunter's Point,
 So sweet and savo-rie,
 Are wafted through the auburn hair,
 Of disconsolate Mary McGee.

At night from her window, she looks at the moon,
 From a room in the sixth sto-ree.
 And fancies she sees in his shining face,
 (Of course it is mere fan-see)
 The pale, pale features of her beloved,
 Her darling Terry O'Shea.
 Her beloved Terry. Ah, me!
 Who lies unheeding, with his toes turned up,
 Far off in the ceme-te-ree.

The original of this was by Edgar A. Poe,
 Who called it "Anabel Lee."
 It's been parodied oft, there are so many words
 That rhyme with "Lee" and "Sea."
 So I took the license of making it fit
 To the story of Mary McGee.

Briefs Submitted.

A novel inquiry—"What will he do with
 it?"

Only a question of time—"What o'clock
 is it?"

"A man over-bored"—the newspaper
 editor.

She lost her heart, but she said, "Never
 mind, it was only the deuce."

Lord John Manners has been robbed at
 Leicestershire. An English mob wants no
 manners.

The powers seem to think that the Bal-
 kan difficulty will not be made smoother by
 the intervention of Greece.

Riel has been hanged; and thereby hangs
 a moral: Don't monkey with rebellion un-

less you happen to be a citizen of the United
 States.

Mr. James Danna, in a late gunning ex-
 pedition, mistook his friend for a deer, and
 peppered him accordingly. Perhaps he only
 mistook him for a deer friend.

Gonzales, ex-president of Mexico, has
 been impeached. Our ex-presidents can
 never hope to attain to such honor. They
 indulge too much in obscurity and oblivion.

A dry-goods firm informs the public that
 "stylish wedding suits can be furnished for
 fifty dollars." Whereas stylish divorce suits,
 like Sharon's, for instance, are considered
 cheap at fifty thousand.

The latest revolution in Central America
 was finished in a day. The Central Ameri-
 can Republics, with a little more practice,
 may hope to discount the buzz saw in the
 rapidity of their revolutions.

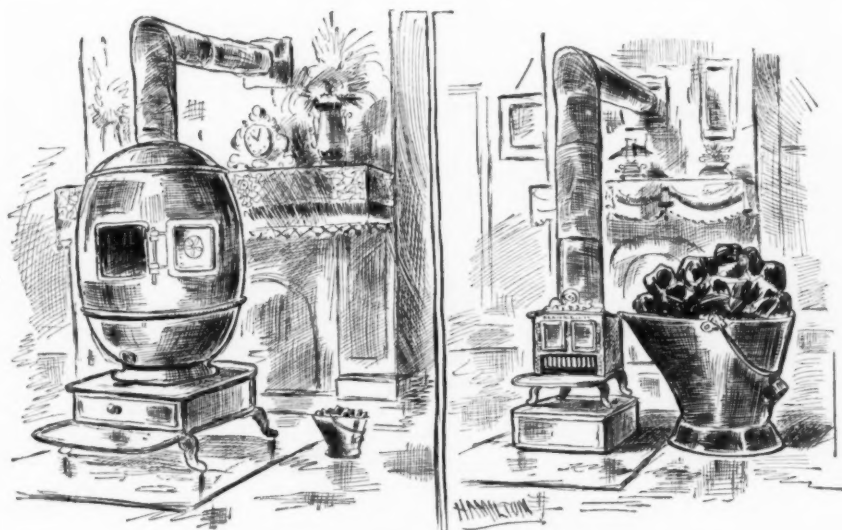
A Washington news item informs us that
 "the President is growing so stout that he

buttons his coat with difficulty." Perhaps
 the button hole is being too much seized on
 by the urgent Democrat. But seriously the
 rush of office-seekers is fattening Mr. Cleve-
 land to death.

"Ferdinand Ward is developing physical-
 ly," according to a late state prison report.
 Sing Sing promises, in fact, to discount
 Canada as a desirable residence for gentle-
 men who have injured their health by devel-
 oping financially.

That night he dreamed of a curious mon-
 ster compounded of a barber's sign and the
 legs of a circus clown. Previous to retiring
 he had a vision of his beloved's newest pair
 of stockings dangling from the clothes-line.

Some good Democrats are complaining
 that Mr. Cleveland has a habit while listen-
 ing to the tales of office-seekers, of standing
 with his arms behind his back. The Presi-
 dent is evidently making a powerful effort
 to keep his hands clean.



OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

No. 1, advertised as "a large, good
 stove, ample to warm the room nicely."

No. 2, advertised as "all the coal you
 want for the stove, and no questions asked."

A Story at Our Depot.

BY HAMILTON.

"Horrible, horrible! sir; I say horrible. I never want to witness such a sight again." He was a fat little fellow buttoned up in a neat suit of clothes, that proclaimed him a drummer at first sight; his little round nose peeped over his curled lawn-tennis mustache as if to see what his mouth was saying.

"What has happened?" chimed in the usual old woman in mourning and specta-who is always around every depot.

"Why," said the fat man after getting his breath; "I walked down the track to get a little fresh air, when standing watching a freight train pass, I saw a brakeman fall down between the cars and with my own eyes saw forty-seven cars pass over him. Oh, it was horrible! horrible!" Here the fat man closed his eyes as though to shut out the sight.

"And did it kill him?" broke in the old woman.

The fat man opened his eyes, and in an easy way said: "Oh, no; it didn't kill him. How could it? Only forty-seven cars and they only loaded with pig iron, coal, etc. Kill him, my dear madame? No indeed; he only ditched the engine and four box-cars, nine flat cars; after the forty-seventh car had passed over him he jumped up—as is always the case after forty-seven cars has run over a man—and commenced to examine the track to see what damage had been done. He said to me he was glad he hadn't broken any of the rails or fractured any of the car wheels, as the company would take it out of his January pay."

"Oh! I am so glad he wasn't killed," exclaimed the usual old woman.

"And so am I," said the fat man.

The train had just come in, the old woman and her band-boxes got aboard, the fat man went forward to the smoker to smoke and think what idiots some people are.

Umbrella Verbosity.

A great point is made of the fact that Norwegians are so honest that you can leave an umbrella around loose and find it there again. There is a popular superstition in Norway that an umbrella brings bad luck—that's the explanation. It is getting so here that to be seen with an umbrella is a bad sign, unless your own name is on the handle. But all such signs fail in dry weather.

There is, by the way, a language of umbrellas as well as of flowers and pocket-handkerchiefs.

To carry an umbrella close-reefed and in-

side your overcoat means, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

To use an umbrella as a cane, flourishing, stamping and thrusting it defiantly, means, "I am on deck; possession is nine points of law."

To wave an umbrella frantically means, "Stop your durned old car."

If two infuriated persons approach each other flourishing umbrellas it means a pair-o'-shoots.

To set your umbrella in the hall and turn your back means that you are a man with unbounded trust in human nature; but to carry a wet umbrella into church and hang to it during the whole sermon means that you are a Baptist and are afraid of sprink-

ling.

A cane held above the head in a drowning rain is a sign of absent-mindedness; but to hurry out of a gathering on a rainy day so as to be the first to go, indicates providence and worldly wisdom.

To accuse another of taking your umbrella shows ignorance of the ways of the world; to demand its return indicates imbecility.

A man in a rain without an umbrella seems to say:

"Ah, ever thus since childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.
I never owned a silk umbrel'
But it was spirited away."



WALL STREET IN 1885.



WALL STREET IN 1885.

"Forty Rod."

In a new mining camp it is so pressingly necessary that there should be a "doggery" in running order as soon as possible, that almost any contrivance resembling a shelter answers the purpose.

One day in '78, passing along West Chestnut street, then Leadville's chief thoroughfare, I chanced to encounter a tent upon whose flapping walls was daubed in letters a foot high, the word, "Saloon." Suddenly the singular spectacle of a man with his arms extended helplessly above his head, as if shot to death, falling through the flap-door of the improvised gin-mill to the ground outside attracted my attention. Seeing that something should be done, I seized a pail of water, which fortunately happened to be resting on the rough board bar of the concern—though for what probable purpose no one seemed to be the wiser—and dashed it in the face of the prostrate form lying without; whereupon he almost immediately revived and in a dazed manner looked piteously about, staggered to his feet, remarking, as he reeled away: "So help me God! I never took but two drinks of it!"

ASH. SPALDING.

Hints for Emergencies.

When you meet with a serious accident, meet him with your most fascinating smile. Joke him; slap him on the back. Some of these serious accidents are really jolly fellows at heart. But if he really is what he looks, there is nothing for it but to go for him and see which of the two will come out uppermost. Remember, though, there is nothing wrong, *per se*, in an accident being as serious as a dancing bear, or a circus clown.

When the devouring element breaks loose, how to stay its ravages? That depends on which of the devouring elements slips the collar. If it be the healthy schoolboy come home on his first vacation, half measures won't answer. Make him sick the very first day on the worst the market affords. If the devouring element comes in the form of a long-fasted mule, satiate with pub. docs. and the platforms of '84. If grasshoppers, hand over to the Bureau of Agriculture. Last time the hopper broke out in Kansas he liked the entertainment well enough till the learned Commissioner threatened him with a treatise on entomology.

Is it an Epidemic to Greatness?

FIRST TRAMP—"By gosh! how the great men are dying off! Grant, McClellan, King Alphonso, Senator Sharon, Hendricks."

SECOND TRAMP—"Yes. It makes a fellow feel a little skeery, don't you think so?"

FIRST T.—"S so. No telling when our time 'll come. Le's see 't this old chap hasn't sympathy enough with us to lend us a quarter."

Second-hand Swearing.

By the law of equation of forces the more brute force a man has the less he is able to argue his way to results. Give a man muscle, money or the arm of the law, and he will generally swear at opposition. One of the Pinkertons employed by corporations to "spot" strikers has summed up the whole rationale of his position in the words: "The Labor Union be d—d!" Some swearers have at least intellect enough to be original, but Pinkerton has stolen his cursing from Vanderbilt's "The public be d—d."

OFF THE BENCH.

NATURAL GAS has been piped from the Pennsylvania Oil Regions to Jamestown, N. Y., and from the way the citizens carry on about it you'd think it was laughing gas and that every man, woman and child had a section of suction hose on the service pipe.

RHODA WHITE has written upon the question, "What will the world say?" We can't tell, Rhoda, till we know what you've been doing. Maybe it will not be as bad as you fear. We'll send a reporter around to interview you and then answer.

THERE WAS a tantalizing article in the *Christian Union* on "How to select a boy." The girls don't need the recipe. If the *Union* could tell how to select a boy so that it wouldn't disappoint its parents by turning it out to be a girl there would be some value to its directions.

MARIA TABER, OF NEW YORK, had patented a talking machine by exhibiting which she was making money, when her husband broke up the show by pawning the machine for money to get drunk withal. Here is a forcible hint for impecunious husbands whose wives own talking machines.

BRER BEECHER thinks the position of the Polygamists is impregnable, if the Old Testament is to be accepted as inspired. Several Eastern clergymen seem to have the same veneration for the Old Testament, only their orthodox polygamy is more sporadic and *seriatim*, as it were.

A REPORTER OF A recent whipping-post scene in Delaware says that he gathered from a large number of interviews with citizens that the people of Delaware regard the whipping of petty criminals as "an antiquated nuisance." There is a remarkable unanimity between the p. of D. and the p. c.'s.

"A WOMAN RARELY learns a trade or studies a profession with the idea that it is to be her life work." It was a fool paper, the esteemed c. that made that remark. Every woman learns the trade of house-keeping or studies humbugging with the idea that she is to practice one or both all her life for the benefit of some man.

A SPIRITUALISTIC CABINET medium in Iowa, after being sewed to his chair, produced a "spirit" when a skeptical young man being allowed to shake hands with it jerked him out on the stage and wiped the floor with him. Lights and tablean. Medium *au naturel* and his shed wardrobe still stitched to the chair. The spiritualists called this an indecent exposure. For once they are literally correct on a test manifestation.

Making Proverbs.

The paragraphist has quite a fancy for uttering apothegms, in place of witticisms. He likes to get a metaphor into one of these chunks of wisdom. The overcoats of Solomon, Franklin and Josh Billings do not seem to have fallen on the shoulders of all and several of these prophets. For instance, this boulder has been sent ringing down the grooves of time:

"Memory is a mosquito that comes in the holy night time, and folding its wings, sits down beside us and purs into our ears all our faults or virtues, and either disturbs or soothes our spirit's repose."

The idea here is sufficiently sublime, but it is not clothed in a phraseology and swaddled in a poetic imagery that will make it eternal, we fear. If the philosopher had put it thus 'twould have been more forcible:

"Conscience, like a bed-bug, is a holy terror at any time; but in the stilly sacred hours of night when it circles around the head and sits on the pit of the stomach with a self-accusing load that we cannot cast off, it brings more genuine repentance than lobster salad, Welsh rarebit and old stock ale combined; pyrethrum and corrosive sublimate are powerless to stay the onward march of this accusing mentor and tormentor."

Or, something like this:

"Opportunity is a flea, hard to catch; but when seized the possession brings exceeding great joy."

Or this:

"Our joys are like pollywogs; they soon lose their locomotion and steering apparatus and keep out of our reach."

Wasted Moralizing.

Eleven o'clock breakfast in consequence of his not being able to find his night key; "and the same old story was told at 3 o'clock in the morning" She had expressed from the embrasures of the coffee urn opinions in a low but firm tone that were peculiarly hard to reply to in his shattered nervous condition, and he had recourse to precept:

"You shouldn't make mountains out of mole hills. Compared with some husbands, yours is a model of propriety and devotion."

"Do you call it propriety and devotion to come home with a policeman on each arm singing 'the tra-la-loo,' and creeping into bed with the children, in your coat and boots and——"

"Oh, I admit I was a little off——"

"Better if you'd been further off."

"I say, I know it was not right, but what does the proverb say, Lucy? Remember the saying: 'With a true wife a husband's faults should be sacred—if not, she pollutes her marriage vow.'"

All the answer she made was to cast a look of ineffable scorn at his expanded cranium, demoralized locks and bedraggled clothes and utter a muffled monotone:

"Sacred!"

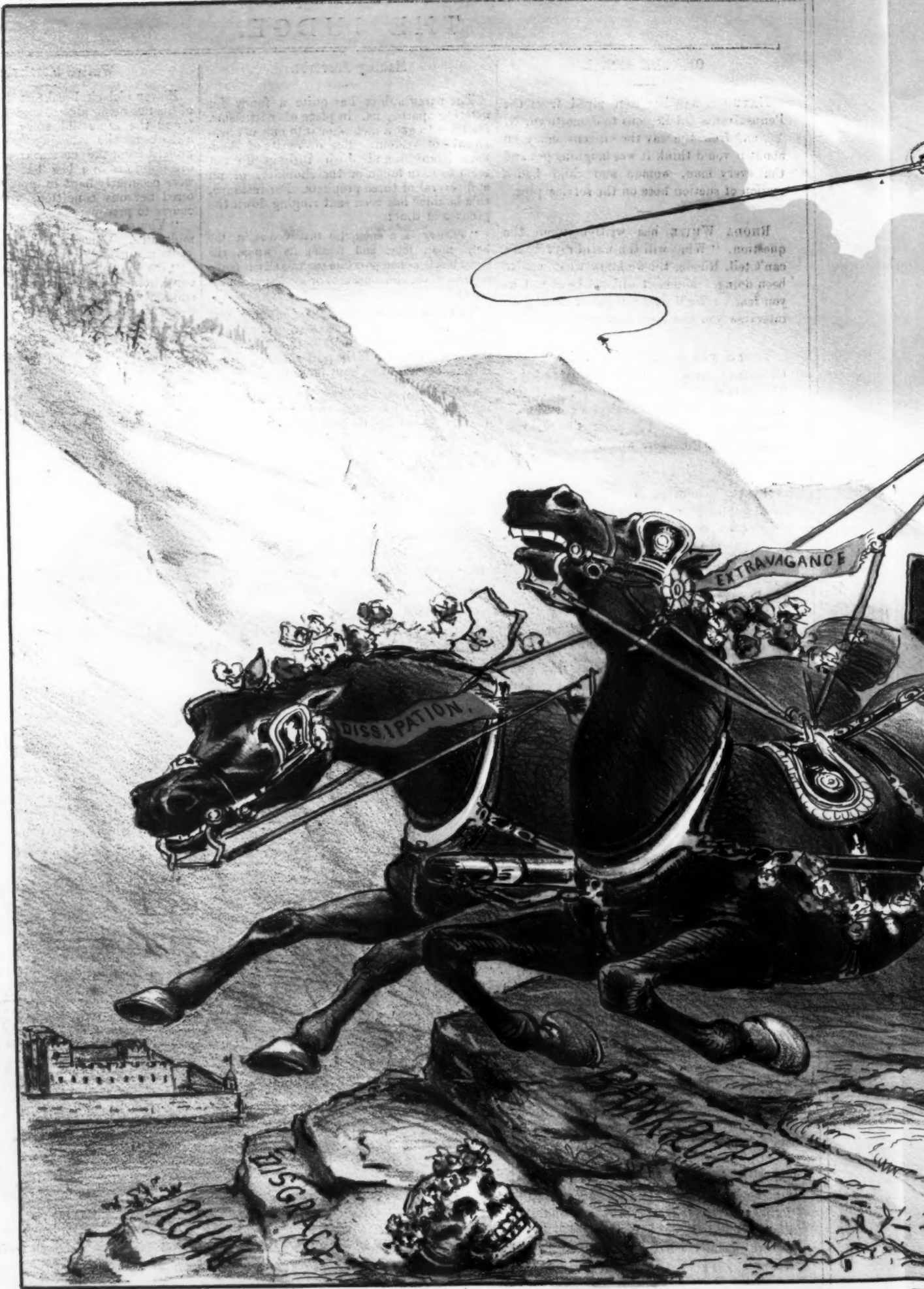
Scaly Transactions.

Officers at the Navy Yard report much trouble from enlisted men's scaling the walls and going on sprees. They call 'em "scalers." Some of the accounts of the feats of scaling sound like fish stories. We'd like to hear, on the other hand, of some of the feats of the officers while scaling their debts.



NOT UNUSUAL FOR NEW YORK.

LEADER OF THE GANG—"Say, young feller, jest you give us seven cents ter fill de growler; an' no squealin' fur we don't want to treat you rough. See?"



"BROAD IS T

E JUDGE.



S THE ROAD—”



Italian Opera, they say, shows signs of early dissolution here. It has already collapsed in England. The wonder is that it was ever transplanted to our cold atmosphere; the greater wonder that, having been transplanted, it so long survived. Its feeling and genius are tropical, not Northern. The consummate Italian technique gave it this unnatural lease of life here. Therefore, its claims to American support were its technique, not its music; and its clientele has been made up of such musical people as admired the gymnastics rather than worshipped the soul of music, but more largely made up of society people who don't care a copper for either music or muscle. It was mechanics on the stage and vanity and vacuity in the boxes that sustained Italian Opera. The end was sure to come as soon as *ton* found a more frivolous diversion, and the really musical found better music. German opera, at first, and now the coming American opera are furnishing the music, of which Italian opera was for Americans only the pale shadow, and the end is at hand. Othello's occupation's going, Mr. Mapleson.

Mr. John Stetson is a typical representative of what American enterprise can accomplish, without any special gift or genius save an abundant stock of that quality which is commonly known as "Yankee gumption." He has pushed on and upward, until to-day he is the Jay Gould of the American theatrical world. If other managers are not watchful and workful, Mr. Stetson may become the Lord High Executioner of the stage realm—with the difference between his position and that of *Ko-Ko* that he will not be obliged to cut off his own head before he performs a like service for any other man.

Cottrelly and the "Black Hussar," are drawing large audiences to the Star Theatre. Wine-like, the play seems to have improved with age. It is smoother and more sparkling now than when it was kept "on draught" at Wallack's during the hot summer nights. As for Mme. Cottrelly she always sparkles. Her deliciously flavored and daintily served comedy is a treat summer or winter. Judie may be the French premiere of opera bouffe—Cottrelly is our queen of musical fancy, first and last. We should not neglect to mention that the horse of "Black Hussar" fame is as realistic as ever.

The rationale of dramatic criticism is probably one of *Dundreary's* things no fellow can find out. There is, doubtless, a

"long-felt want" to be filled by the man who shall set up a training school for critics. It should teach the principles of acting, elocution, gesture, the technique of stage business, the canons of costuming—including art in color, drapery and histrionic and historic fitness—the same laws regulating scene-painting and stage-setting. These elementary principles should be taught in the kindergarten department of our new school. In another grade should be given instruction in the now unknown science of play-writing, with a knowledge of the endless intricacies of plot, the metaphysics of passion and emotion, the relations of morals, not forgetting the all-comprehending, undefinable, unknowable essence that everybody mysteriously refers to as "dramatic unities," which holds the same relation to the drama that "The Ego" does to life. Another department, the dramatic business college, must teach all the laws and tricks of the managerial arcanum. I have not time now to lay out a complete plan for this University of Dramatic Criticism, but if any rich philanthropist desires to sink millions and earn eternal execration by founding a school for critics, he can get the precise information of what is wanted and doubtless at the same time enlist his entire faculty from the twelve-dollars-a-week young men who now "do" the theatricals for the daily press, Metropolitan and Provincial. What they don't know about it needn't be sought or taught.

It is an aggravation to again find Stella Boniface in the cast of Mr. Harrigan's new play, "The Grip." She exhausted all claims to our indulgence with her mechanical tricks in "Old Lavander." Most of Mr. Harrigan's scenes and actors deserve praise for their naturalness. Miss Boniface is an unpleasant exception; she is stagey, artificial, unnatural. When this uninteresting young woman would talk, she whines; when she attempts a sigh, a grating gasp harshly strikes our tympanum; and from her facial contortions in what is supposed to be the pathetic business one is inclined to believe that she is suffering from colic spasms. All this melo-dramatic what-is-it is the more ridiculous in contrast with Mrs. Yeaman's unaffected strength and naturalness.

The critics have gone curiously wrong regarding the new play at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Bronson Howard is not to blame for their misunderstanding the character that Miss Dauvray takes; for he advertised in the title, "One of Our Girls," that he did not offer the character as a representative of American young womanhood; and the working out of the play clearly shows that the *motif* of it is not to portray the results of American training of girls, but to satirize the suspicious and vicious French training. To make this contrast of the two systems the more sharp, the writer has travestied the American woman's innate sense of propriety. He made his American girl mischievously and impossibly improper in order to at once heighten the impression of her own real virtue and courage and of the danger and impropriety that are hidden under cultivated ignorance in France. It is, perhaps, to Miss Dauvray's praise that she has so emphasized the idiosyncracies of her part as to draw attention away from the real lesson of the play. Her American girl if really "one of our girls," is one rarely to be met with in real life. The character was drawn not as a portrait, but as a foil to the

morale of the piece. Instead of concentrating their attention on the likeness of *Kate Shipley* to any American girl, the critics should study the high lights in this picture of vicious French education.

Lotta, at The Standard this week, seems to have followed so close upon the success of Nat Goodwin that she caught the laugh that he left in the air and keeps it up. Doubtless, success at The Standard will be the usual thing now, as Mr. John Stetson is at the helm of that craft.

Fanny Davenport was doing her rather striking style of dying for the delectation of the Boweryites last week, at the People's Theatre. New York City is like a great gaming table with various dealers scattered around it. "Fedora" is a card which, though constantly turning up in different hands, never fails to take a trick.

BROTHER STUBBS.



THE Reverend Mr. Stubbs, he stands
Quite high among the preachers,
A man abounding in good works,
The best of bible teachers.
The good folks all turn out to church
To hear their pious preacher.
And think he is a greater man
Than Talmage, Storrs, or Beecher.

He tells his hearers they must shun
"The world, the flesh, the devil,"
The theatre, the opera,
And every form of evil.

Each spring and fall dear Bro. Stubbs'
Has "business" in the city,
His pulpit has to be supplied,
He feels it is a pity.



But no one else can take his place,
And he'll be back, no doubt,
For prayer-meeting on Wednesday nig
He hopes they'll all be out.

And when another Sunday comes
The bells ring from the steeple,
Dear Bro. Stubbs is back again
Among his trusting people.

And strangers dropping into church,
All say, "His head is level!"
For he is on his favorite theme—
"The world, the flesh, the devil."

WE'RE ELEVEN

I met a little actress

She was 'steen years old, she said,
Albeit her hair was thick with curls
That might have once been red.

"Your husbands, little maid," I said,
"How many may they be?"
She paused awhile, then 'gan to count
Her fingers, thoughtfully.

And one was here, and one was there,
Until I counted seven;
But still the maid would have her way
And say, "they were eleven."

"How is it, little maid," I said,
"We differ in amount?"
"Because," she said, "I always throw
A few in for good count."

G. S. P.

OFF THE BENCH.

THE SNEAK THIEF who carries off the garments takes fits and starts.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? It depends upon what your living expenses are.

FURNITURE-MAKERS ought to be the best boy-cotters.

A VEXED QUESTION—"Whose foot are you stepping on?"

"THE CANADA PACIFIC" evidently does not refer to her politics nor to Montreal matters.

IT SEEMS QUITE PROPER as cold weather comes to have nights cool for educational purposes.

TROY IS TROUBLED with fire-bugs, New York with water-bugs, Washington with humbugs.

A SAUCY PAPER says Col. Bobus Ingersoll's head is like an egg. A boiled one—hard to beat?

THE MAN WAS disgusted when he went to see "The Lady of Lyons," and there was no lioness in the show.

ITALIAN IMAGE-VENDERS sell their wares the cheapest of any peddler. They invariably offer low figures.

FRANKLIN PROBABLY called his writings "Poor Richard's Sayings" from some conviction of the quality of them.

MUSICAL NOTATION DOES not go above the letter G., yet a grocery paper is constantly uttering "Notes on Tea."

SOME MEN'S IDEAS of the laboring man is evidently taken from the stalwart cut of a blacksmith unceasingly on the strike.

THE THANKSGIVING NUMBERS of some

of our funny (and esteemed) contemporaries were stuffed with chestnuts. 'S all right!

A CITY E.C. DENOUNCES "street car loafers." How can anything better be expected when the street cars themselves are so lazy.

A CITY E.C. talks about "our local gas monopoly." From reading its editorial work we had not inferred that the monopoly of gas was in the local department.

IF FLORIDA WANTS a boom of tourists, let her abrogate extradition to the rest of the States. What our leading financiers need now is a resort warmer than Canada and as safe.

A BIG LITHOGRAPHIC group of the leading patent medicine men has been issued, succeeding those of the millionaires and the base-ballists. A batch of undertaker-princes should be next in order.

IN FRENCH POLITICS there are a "party of the extreme left," and a "party of the extreme right." In this country we have the latter—it is my party. Yours is the party of the extreme wrong.

THE SPRINGFIELD *Union* calls loudly upon President Cleveland to "put a high-board fence around New York City and keep editors Pulitzer and Dorsheimer from falling out." Too late! They're already at it, tooth and nail.

IT IS PLEADED by the friends of Mr. Cable, as against his unpopularity in the South, that he "has given New Orleans a place in American fiction." New Orleans held a commanding position in that regard before Cable was born.

LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA desires to make another attempt to reach the North Pole. Well, for heaven's sake let him go, if he'll go alone, in a leaky dory, with short provisions and pledge himself not to stop till he finds the pole.

THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT is about to send a "pa'sel" of young ladies to this country to be educated and fitted to introduce Western culture among Japanese women. If they learn it all there are troublous days ahead for Japanese fathers and beaux.

BRER TALMAGE says it is better to have one great idea than a hundred little ones. Yef, but suppose that when your one idea chips the shell the world decides it to be a little gosling instead of a young eagle—then isn't it better to have had a nest full of ideas, assorted.

WALL STREET SHARPS are to a man all broke up over the "national disgrace of the dishonest silver dollar." They have not as yet been heard from regarding the honesty of forcing into circulation at 100 cents a piece of paper that is not "intrinsically worth" half a cent.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

MRS. DE SMITH—"Doctor, I want you to look at Florie, she has an awful fever and is so weak. I haven't had her out of my arms all day."
DOCTOR (who won't admit that he is near-sighted)—"Poor little thing; that is hereditary. Don't you remember her father had a similar attack soon after you were married."

No Marsupials.

What is needed to boost the cause of reform is a new style of legislator—men who can neither see, hear nor feel a lobbyist, and who are not marsupial. We have too many Kangaroos in the legislatures.

An Actor's Pull.

MANAGER—"No. I don't want to try any more experiments with unknown actors."

ACTOR—"I can fill the seats. Try me."

M.—"Of course, they all claim popularity, clientele, etc. What can you show?"

A.—"I can draw, I tell you. I've been practising all summer on Coney Island pure Havanas. Try one of these Brighton Begonias and see if you are up to that sort of pull."

Both offers were declined. The manager subsequently learned that the fellow's dramatic training was limited to playing the role of "shouts within," and "dead bodies on the field of battle."

Hide, and Seek It.

"See here, Jake," said a facetious Albany County farmer to his simple-minded hired man who had driven into the city with him, and whose tender wit offered a good field for practical joking, "just run in here and deliver this beef-hide, will you? And be as quick about it as you can."

The place designated was an ultra-fashionable milliner shop; but the unsuspecting Jake flung the hide over his shoulder and marched boldly in. Shortly afterward he returned; and the joker, gleefully rubbing his hands in anticipation of the laugh to follow, demanded the result.

"Well, you see," replied Jake, "there want nobody to home but the wimmen folks, and they was so busy a gobberin all to once about some new jocky hat's they'd got that they didn't pay no attention to me; so I jes thrown the hide down on the floor and told 'em you'd come in for the pay some time when the men folks was around."

Our Relations.

Every man should visit some of his relations about once a year. This gives a fine chance to recall old times when perhaps you stole Mr. Bob Shorty's melons and apples and ended by courting his gal who married another feller, of course. It also gives a big opportunity to mention in brief the cussedness of some of our relations and friends, who, if they had their due would not be considered with as much favor by people generally as they now are. By the way, our relations are not such a bad sort as might be supposed. They generally have most of our faults with few of our virtues, which is to be regretted but cannot be helped.

Your wife's relations you will naturally take kindly to and think them just too sweet for anything, especially her good-looking sister. Her mother you will adore, of course, and dutifully follow her advice, and in everything give thanks as in duty bound. A relative is one who expects a great deal of you who is a better friend than anyone else, and who is a real nice person.

Briefs Submitted.

BY R. MORGAN.

The one-legged orator should be great on the stump.

The more checks an author receives the better he gets along.

A good punch in the bowl is better than two anywhere else.

"Always room for improvement," as the small boy said when he dived into the second jar of preserves with a larger spoon.

Roller skating has now set in for the season, and the spread-eagle flourish is all the rage. In this the bow-legged man gets ahead of the knook-kneed one.

Vindication.

MAYOR (to his counsel)—"See here, these newspapers are publishing more revelations. I want you to begin libel proceedings against all of them with half a million dollars damages."

COUNSEL—"Yes, and make 'em prove it all? Have they got on to the—you know?"

M.—"No, but they are mighty 'warm.' What shall I do to head them or coax them off?"

C.—"Arrest some more clerks and indict two or three more heads of departments. Start the cry of 'stop thief!'"

M.—"What ones?"

C.—"Any of 'em. You can't go amiss of hitting a thief. This will give you eclat as a reformer and furnish the hounds of the press another scent to open upon. As long as you can keep them after little thieves you are safe."

Fooling with Edged Tools.

"I hear that little affair between you and Miss Montrose is on, old boy?"

"Yes; she turned out to be a coquette, and I thought it was better to saw the thing off before it went any farther."

"Oh, that's it? However, you'd better look out for her, because now she's slighted she's more dangerous than ever."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, don't you see, she is now a cutlass?"

Step-Mother English.

As I was travelling toward Cheyenne, two strangers got into my car and took seats just in front of me. One of them was evidently a clergyman, the other a miner.

"Are you going to town on business?" asked the clergyman of the miner, presently.

"Well, not exactly on business," replied the miner. "I'm going to blow in a little dust."

"Alas!" said the clergyman. "Our missions are the same."

"Well, well!" said the miner, poking the clergyman in the ribs. "You're a sly boots, you're a rum un."

"Sir," said the clergyman severely. "I cannot understand your levity. I am going to bury my only child. Have you so many children or relatives that the loss of one seems to you a jest?"

"Bury your child!" cried the miner blushing. "Rustle my grinders, I thought you meant that you were going to gamble, to blow dust into a faro-bank."

"Gamble! faro-bank!" cried the clergyman, gasping for breath. "Is that what you mean by blowing in dust. I thought the figure was striking, but I had no idea it was criminal." And he rose and took a seat beside me. WILLIAM WASHBURN.



FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

CITIZEN—"There, Tom, that makes the voting business square and you're a five dollar bill ahead. Now, go along."

TOM—"Look, a yere, Mister Alexandah, de William is kairreck; but dis fellah citizen doesn't want to be 'dressed in dat familious like mannah. Kullahd wotahs must preserb deir self-respeck."

THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT ANENT A CRAZY QUILT.

I live in what they call the sweetest village in our county;
Being once a boy in blue, who lived on Uncle Samuel's bounty;
But to-day I'm all forlorn to think what blood will yet be spilt
By the ladies of our Post, about a darned old Crazy Quilt.

They say when first these ladies did resolve to organize,
They made a lot of by-laws, fit for Solomon the Wise;
The scorn with which they took advice, made all us fellows wilt;
But, alas! they made no by-law that would suit that Crazy Quilt.

They've a President and Vices three; and Secretaries too;
They keep the minutes bang-up style, they are a bang up crew;
Their harmony was perfect, till a cuss who should be kilt,
Suggested they should have a fair and make a Crazy Quilt.

We boys knew what was coming when we heard the awful news;
How every patch would cause some charming woman to enthuse
For her own, "the very cutest made since Noah's ark was built,"
And dead sure to be the center of our famous Crazy Quilt.

And we knew they would be sure to go and have a committee,
Who were bound to get their patches in where all the folks could see;
And each would have her one dear friend, resolved, with hand on hilt,
To keep some other woman from appearing on that Quilt.

And they went and did it as we feared; and ever since we've squirmed,
And wriggled to avoid expressed opinions that were wormed
From every member of the Post, afraid he might get kilt,
Before he'd done disputing on that darned old Crazy Quilt.

For all the women who were not on that high committee,
And whose patches could not get a place where all the folks could see,
Got their dander up, like knights of old, resolved to run a tilt,
And to make the heavens tremble, but they'd have a second Quilt.

Then the high committee rose in wrath and called the others names;
("Frauds" and "rebels" were the mildest), and they swore they'd stop such games;
So they passed a resolution that they also would not wilt,
And would break up the society about that second Quilt.

And that's why the Post's in mourning; our fighting day's gone by;
We like to take life easy; we no longer thirst to die,
We are not pining for a row to spoil the Post we built;

And we sometimes wish Old Nick had both the first and second Quilt.

Our stout commander loses flesh; our senior vice looks pale;
Each member is expected to take sides and not to fail;
And yet the most of us can hardly see the awful guilt,
Of having in the fair, to sell, both first and second Quilt.

We are proud of Post and Village; both the best in all our county;
We are all good standing members, and we never jumped a bounty;
But to-day we're all forlorn to think of blood that's being spilt,
By the fairest of creation, all about a Crazy Quilt.

G. A. R.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

Among the last sad writes for the rich man is that of writing his will.

[N. O. Picayune.

No man who eats onions can keep the habit a secret. It will leak out in some way.—[Lynn Union.

Johnnie Mahler says that a man can get a square drink out of a round bottle just as easy as he could before the war.—[Pretzel.

The next Ohio legislature will contain over fifty colored men; that is, there will be two black Republicans and about fifty blue Democrats.—[Newman Independent.

The Czar of Russia is so terrorized by the Nihilists that he won't take a hint without having it analyzed to ascertain whether it contains poison.—[Newman Independent.

A drummer who has been in South Florida for the past week says the beef in that section is so tough as to render it almost impossible to even stick a fork in the gravy. [Savannah News.

The alumni of Yale are to build a gymnasium valued at \$100,000, and it is to be hoped with this expenditure to develop a slugger able to lick Mr. Sullivan, the special protege of Harvard.—[Syracuse Standard.

They are poking fun at the cumbersome name of the new California Institution. "The Leland Stanford, Jr., University." It won't be handy when the boys try to shout, "Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, for old Leland Stanford, Jr."—[Waterbury American.

Litterary man (laughingly)—"Yes, I took to literature naturally. I was vaccinated from a quill, you know." Friend (grimly)—"The world would have been the gainer if you had been vaccinated from a pick or shovel."—[Boston Courier.

A cat got into a church organ in a western city, and when the congregation assembled on Sunday morning and heard the frightful and plaintive complainings of the animal issuing from the assistant worshipper, they thought a new and better organist had been engaged since the preceding Sabbath. [Norristown Herald.

A Chicago paper says: "Ella Wheeler's religion is the Christ-like feeling that is alive to the eternal soul which breathes in all the airs of heaven; which is taught by the life of every living thing, and which throbs in the palpitating stars above." Persons who have read her "Poems of Passion" didn't suppose she was so blame pious. [Norristown Herald.

The Indian children at the Carlisle, Pa., school recently shipped to different agencies in the West no less than three carloads of stove pipe. If it is the intention of the Government to put the braves to fitting the pipe together we may as well prepare for an outbreak. There are limits even to an Indian's patience.—[Philadelphia Call.

"Have you any occupation? Do you do any work?" the magistrate asked the prisoner, who was charged with vagrancy. "Yes, your Honor, I am an actor." "Ah, well then you don't work, you play." "Ah, yes your Honor; you only see me on the stage. You should see me when I'm trying to collect my salary." The magistrate entered "day laborer" against the prisoner's name and gave him an honorable discharge. [Burdette.

"Did you hear that Goldbug, president of the Lambskin Mining Company, died last week?" asked one broker of another during a brief lull in the howling at the exchange. "Ah, well, 'death loves a shining mark'," quoted the other. "Yes," said No. 1, "but he hit a mining shark that time. What's offered for 200 Atch?" [Boston Bulletin.

An Italian doctor has discovered a method of petrifying human bodies, and claims that the idea is a new one. There is nothing new about it. Before the war a San Antonio doctor turned a negro woman into stone. The stone he turned her into was a diamond, worth a thousand dollars, that being the price she brought at auction. [Texas Siftings.

A little boy in Warrenton visited his aunt in the country not long since. One day, at the dinner table, the lady complained that a jar of favorite preserves had mysteriously disappeared from the pantry. Each one present disclaimed any knowledge of the fact, except the little boy, who remained studiously silent. At length he was asked if he knew what had become of the missing fruit, when he replied: "My pa don't allow me to talk at table." [Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper.

"Mr. Widemouf! Am you de 'pinion dat brains is co'tajus?" "Ker-which, Mr. Colechisel?" "Co'tajus! Yo' knows de idee, Mr. Widemouf. I wants yo' 'pinion ef brain is ketchin'?" "Some fokes hol's dey is, Mr. Colechisel, but den dar's facts dat sorter miljews de idee. Now dars yo' case, yo'm been jan'tor up ter de college dis 'leben 'yer, an' contaminatin' wid der perfessors all de while, yit der haint oner dem perfessors dat's had deir intellec's swelled any on dat 'count."—Yonkers Gazette.

"Battersby, my wife is almost worrying me to death. There isn't a day that she doesn't ask me for money."

"I sympathize with you, Mr. Roberts. My wife hasn't asked me for money since we're married."

"Oh, she hasn't, eh? Maybe she's dumb?"

"No."

"Or goes through your pockets while you're asleep?"

"No."

"Why doesn't she ask you for money?"

"Her father keeps her. He keeps me, too."—[Philadelphia Call.

A Janesville young lady, wishing to write some poetry on tobacco, thought it would be a good idea to go to a warehouse and learn all she could about the culture and

cure of the weed. She did so, and the proprietor, a young man, answered all her queer questions pleasantly and showed her about the building. After looking through the shed and putting several leaves of "choice Havana" in her satchel for future reference, they came to the basement. "Down here," said the proprietor "is the stripping-room, where—"

"The what!" said the visitor.
 "The stripping-room."
 "Well, excuse me," uttered the young lady, and she left the premises so suddenly that the young man couldn't explain.
 [Milwaukee Sun.]

DUST FROM THE BULL-RING.

The home stretch: The lie you tell your wife when you show up in the wee, sma' hours.

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in Pennsylvania last week. A rural congressman attempted to help the hired girl start a fire in the kitchen stove while his wife was looking.

A UNION OF CAPITAL.

The general superintendent of an Arkansas railroad was sitting in his office, looking over a list of cows his train had lately killed, when he became aware that some one had entered the room. The visitor was what the negroes call a "lank pusson." His clothes were old and the cuffs of his shirt were fringed by much wear. He took off an old plug hat—the kind which we often find on the sidewalk, and which, after kicking it, we learn conceals a stone—placed the hat on the superintendent's desk, drew up a chair, sat down and said:

"Well, how's business?"
 The superintendent was almost stupefied by the stranger's audacious actions, but he managed to reply to the effect that business was improving.

"I am glad to hear it," the visitor said. "I predicted a revival of trade some time ago; not a boom, you understand, not an excessive rush, mind you, but a push which we shall all feel. I wish to say a few confidential words to you, and then it will behoove me to take my timely departure. Labor is organizing all over the country. What for? To down capital. What are we capitalists doing? Nothing. Now, don't you think that for self-protection there should be some understanding among capitalists? Don't you think that in this their hour of trial they ought to forget business rivalry and stand together upon a broad platform of defense, be gud, sir?"

UNANSWERABLE WISDOM.

He brought his hands together with a loud slap, and, tilting himself back in his chair, he placed the his thumbs in the armholes of his faded vest and with a melancholy look surveyed the general superintendent, who, half amused and half annoyed, replied:

"There is no doubt much sense in what you say."
 "Sense! why, it's that unanswerable wisdom which events shove to the astonished lips of utterance. That argument, sir, which has for its foundation a plain and simple truth needs no preparation, and that is the kind of argument which I have just presented, be gud. Don't you think so?"

"It seems that way."
 "Seems that way?" Why, my dear man, it is that way."

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but will you please state your business?"

"Yes, without a moment's delay. I have come to ask you if you are willing to join us and oppose the unreasonable demands of labor?"

"Whom do you represent?"
 "I represent no particular individual, but I am speaking in the interest of our great class, the capitalists of the United States. Will you join us?"

The superintendent, scarcely able to sup-

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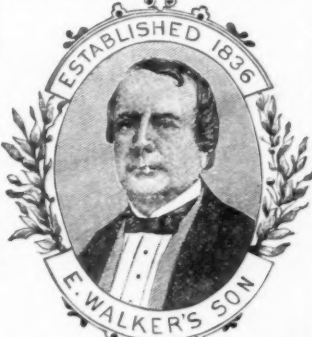
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press a smile, replied that he was willing to be identified with a cause so laudable.

"Thank you, sir, thank you. I knew that when the matter was lucidly stated you would not hesitate."

"What business are you in?" the superintendent asked.

EX-EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"I am not in any business at present, but until recently I was the editor and proprietor of the Rockville *Chronicle and Weekly Observer*. You have doubtless read the paper."

"Don't think that I ever saw it."

"Then you certainly have seen extracts from it, for as one of the New York papers remarked in giving it a deserved notice, its articles traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

"I believe I did see an extract from it," the superintendent replied with an excusable departure from truth.

"Do you remember what paper it was in?" the visitor eagerly asked.

"No, I don't remember."

"Haven't got the paper lying around anywhere, eh?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, it makes no difference. Why, sir, the English press copied widely from me, and the London *Times*—blast it—took an article of mine, written on affairs in India, and ran it on the editorial page as original."

"That was hardly fair."

"Fair! It was downright robbery. Since then I have been in favor of an international copyright law."

"Did you sell your paper?" the superintendent asked.

"Well, no. You see, the people around Rockville are very ignorant; so much so, that, confidentially, you understand, I am ashamed of them. They suffered that bright sheet to go down. Having lived liberally, and having been much interested in charitable institutions, I very naturally contracted a few debts; and, sir, would you believe it, some people of that town, regardless of a religious man's sensibilities, crowded in upon me in the hour of my disaster, and demanded money? By the way, is your road in good condition?"

MADE MERE MENTION.

"Very fair."

"I am glad to hear it. By the way, before I forget about it, I wish you would write me out a pass to—well, as far into Texas as your road reaches. Needn't be in a hurry, for I mentioned it to keep it from slipping me."

"I'll not be in a hurry," the superintendent replied. "We are not giving any passes this year."

"Is it possible that you are going to refuse me?"

"I am inclined to think it is."

"After I have given you my views about capital, views that required days and nights of profound thought?"

"Yes, that's about it."

"Will you please give me your name?"

The superintendent gave him a card.

"Thank you," said the visitor as he rose and placed the card in an old pocketbook. "If you are removed from this road, I hope you will not think that I acted from prejudice."

"I won't."

"Thank you. I shall start another paper pretty soon and then—but no matter. Good morning."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

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