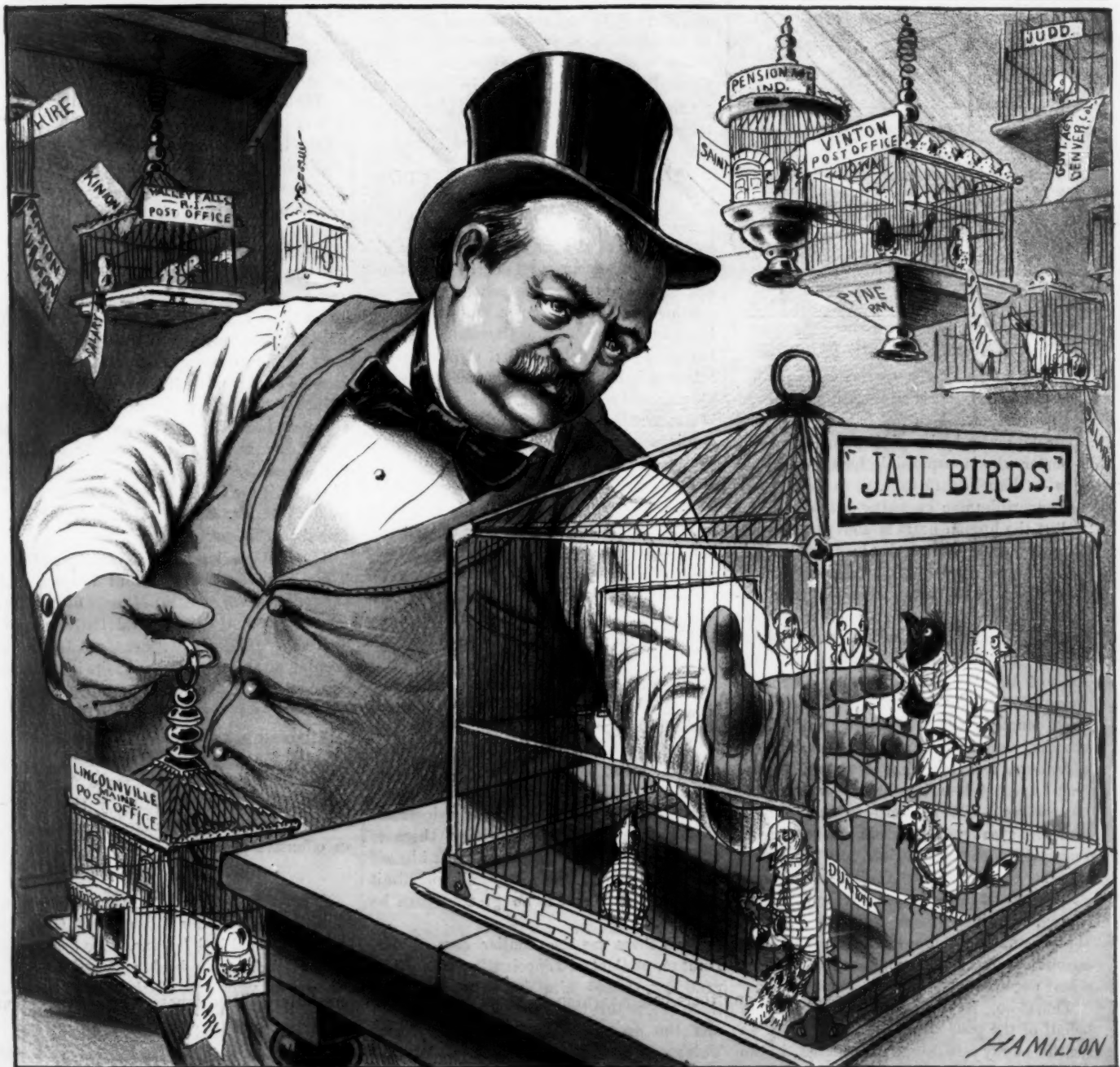


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**CLEVELAND'S PETS.**  
General Jail Delivery by Democratic Civil Service Reform.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

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### ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH.

A personal Devil is an encouraging, cheerful institution. Men rather need to flatter their depravity by imagining that there is a monster who is responsible for most of their sins—a diabolical slugger, so to speak—who has superhuman knocking-out powers.

But the human heart is above all things fearfully and desperately lazy, as well as wicked—and so men hire some one to do devil-fighting for them. Though they profess to believe “resist the Devil he will flee from you,” they would a little rather someone else should do the resisting and take the dust of the “wicked flee whom no man pursueth.”

Of course, while the champions of righteousness are off for an outing, men have no defenders, and Satan has his way, because they have not been taught to resist him for themselves. The system breeds moral cowards and sneaks; makes churches spiritual hospitals and infirmaries, and ministers moral dry-nurses to their parishioners. And if one of these keepers of the fold goes wrong, his whole system collapses. But in the present undeveloped state of man's religious nature this babe-and-suckling system seems necessary.

Therefore, it is with a sense of relief on behalf of the poor victims of Satan that we see the clergy returning, invigorated, to the fray. Of course, we know that they can't

whip; that about the time they get Satan “in chancery” the Almighty will come to his deliverance and set him on his divinely-appointed roving mission again. But, just the same, we admire pluck—in others—and clap for the clerical party. May they punch more of him than he does of them!

But there are plenty of people who do not fear his Satanic Majesty, if they believe in his existence. One of the most unterrifiable of this class are those who make a profession of religion “for revenue only.”

The metamorphosis of the camp meeting from a genuine, if crude, religious service to a speculation, is evidence that this class of offensive sectarians has greatly increased.

Take such a sanctified real-estate speculation as Ocean Grove, or Asbury Park, and compare it with the simple, unselfish camp-meeting of the past generation, if you want to realize the necessity of some one to again make a scourge of small cords and go through the temples of worship to drive out “those who sell doves and the changers of money sitting.”

### TURNING RASCALS OUT AND IN.

Nothing so plainly marks the zeal and honesty of the present administration's civil service reform as its energy in turning out rascals. Other executives have done considerable in turning 'em out, it is true; but no president before Cleveland has followed up such delivery by vigorously and relentlessly shutting up the rascals in suitable places of confinement. It is this last that is the peculiar feature of the new Democratic *regime*; it is, indeed, distinctively the Cleveland Civil Service Reform.

There was C. P. Judd, of Denver, Col.,—a five-times horse-thief, upon his own confession. He has been seized by the administration and securely jailed in the office of agent of the government Labor Bureau for Colorado, Montana and adjoining territories. In addition to stealing horses, for which he has served several terms in jail, he is one of the large number of Democrats who were “first to nominate Grover Cleveland for president.” The latter is quite justified in shunting the rascal into the office.

Then there is J. F. Pyne, of Vinton, Benton Co., Iowa, who was in jail for defrauding the U. S. Pension Bureau. This rascal has been turned out and securely incarcerated in the Vinton Post Office, there to Pyne for four years. As he signs himself “a Before-Christ Democrat,” all will admit that his punishment is no greater than he deserves.

Then there was the peculiar case of Mr. Dunton, of Central Lincolnville, Me. The president turned him *into* the post-office there before turning him *out* of jail, such was the executive's holy zeal for reform. This rascal was turned into the jail for robbing the same post-office while its deputy;

what he was turned into office for is the greater sin of being a Democrat. Served him right!

It must have been to make up for this turning a rascal in before he was turned out that the administration turned another Democratic rascal in who had been out of jail all the time. Mr. Saint, of Newcastle, Ind., paid his fine upon conviction of violating the pension laws, and so escaped jail; but the eye of the ex-sheriff was on him, and he was haled to the office of Special Pension Examiner. After this executive recognition we can easily believe that “the devil a Saint would be.”

Mr. Kinion, recently sentenced to the post office at Valley Falls, R. I., is now out of harm's way. He has been in the clutches of Rhode Island law nine times within the last three months. A man with this record and who, besides, persists in being a Democrat in Rhode Island, is undoubtedly a rascal richly deserving of the essentially-executive severity of a Post-office.

Then there is Dr. Hire, of Louisiana, recently bundled neck-and-crop into the office of the U. S. Examining Surgeon. This rascal is under indictment for frauds upon the government. Our energetic executive, fearing he might escape on the trial, has turned him in as stated. Democracy is worthy of its Hire.

Richard Board, of Kentucky, was a bad rascal—under three indictments for forgery, three times arrested in Cincinnati for fraud, once for robbery in Texas and twice for larceny in Kentucky. His rich father had become bankrupt by trying to keep him out of prison. The administration came to the rescue and sent Richard aboard United States postal cars, and as he immediately began to rob the mails, the administration now has him in jail for Civil Service Reform. It is said that Mr. Cleveland is a good deal Bored by this case.

The list is long of rascals turned in. There were the four gin-mill keepers and the indicted slugger, in Massachusetts, incontinently shut up in Postal Railway cars, etc., etc. If the Department of Justice is keeping all these rascals' portraits it will soon have an extensive executive rogues' gallery.

A PENSION AGENT in Louisiana has been arrested for malfeasance of office. The reform administration was saved from promoting him to a better office by the timely discovery that he is a “nigger,” and hence, an offensive partisan.

THE CASE OF Rev. Dr. Leonard, the prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio, is one of unusual bad fortune. He drank old stock ale behind the bushes at camp meeting, several years ago, continuously and successfully. He did not even get caught at it. We submit that his tact and taste entitle him, like the jolly Rip, to the privilege of “not counting dis one.”

NO END OF CRANKS THIS YEAR.

The German Policeman Tells Them What to do in Politics.

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

"I could jump der Prooklyn Pridge off py der mittle uf der Easd River," said the German policeman yesterday, "but vot's der use? It would be like voding der Greenbag dicket, or converting a Jew to make pelieve he vos a Gristian. All dem dings are choost der same; blenty fun but not der slightest use."

"You shpoke av the Grane-back ticket, sorr," said Mr. Reilly, the blacksmith—the German Policeman was lounging in front of Reilly's shop. "Now, can you tell me why does people belong to thim lift-handed, on-lucky organizations, loike the Granebackers, the Probationists, the Payple's Pa-arty and the loike? Shure, they get no offices, they never win at an election; there's divil a wan payin' thim for their votes. Thin, why do they bother wid the loikes av sich pa-arties?"

"My frend Reilly," said the German Policeman, "looking at der dings from your standpoint, mighty few Irishmen make such a misdake like dot. Of course, you know very well dot in bolitics der whole obchect is to get fat offices und for a lifing nodings to do. Such a patriot like you don't haf to peen told dot. Men not gwide so patriotic like you go choost a leedle farder und say dot you shall not only der offices get, but you shall sead like leedle-Pill-Tweed-on-vheels, so long vot you don't got your-selluf found owid. Of course, you don't agree to dot."

"But, vould you pelieve it, dousands uf men dink such fellows as you und all der resd uf der Demograts und Rebutlicans are steering der coundry to der Teffil—making uf der crand olt Shib uf State a floating bon-fire, und all such dings. Der Greenbag growd, der Dotal-Absence-uf-any-dings-ox-cept-water growd, der Eight-hour-a-day-vorking-hours growt, dem each pelieves he has got a batent for safing der coundry. You call von uf dem fellers a grank—Chiminy Hooky! he dinks himselluf he is a grank; he dinks der whole vorld durns arount mit choost such granks like dot."

"Dot's der secret uf der whole pee-zness. Each grank dinks he is a dousand dimes smarder as der rest der vorld, sent here—py Chimany—to get der beople ready, like himselluf, for setting a similar oxamble in Heaven. Der whole fun uf der pee-zness is in not succeeding. Dot makes a mardyr uf you. It has always peen

considered a fine dings to be a martyr, in sbite uf its being der easiest ding in der vorld.

"This year is der vorst on record for granks. All der cheap halls are rented till negst Nofember. Bresident Cleveland brobably dinks it vos all right to squeeze into der garret viuder uf der White House mit a poor leedle dousand majority in Nye Yorick Sdate, but I can tell him it vos a sad dings for der coundry. Efery day I meet some sord uf a long-haired feller und he says:

"Here, you haf mate fun uf my crand barty, lasd year. Now, see vot a dremendous barty it is."

"Vich bardiekler bardy is exciting you, my frent?" I say; und he says, 'der Greenbag, or der Vorkingmen's, or der Brohibeer-tionists—it makes no defference vich—all are equally excited, choost der same togedder.'

"I say 'vot has habbened to make your bardy so dremendous, alretty?' Und all der granks showd, 'Vy, didn't Cleveland got elected by abowd a dousand majority? Can'd you see vot dot shows?'"

"It shows,' I say, 'vot a beaudiful ding it is to haf dumb-luck—bedder as goot looks, smardness or fife hundred dollars in der bank.'

"No,' say dem granks; 'It shows dot der Demograts und Rebutlicans are abowd egzactly divided, und ve granks hold der balance uf power; ha! ha! at lasd ve got der balance uf power!'"

"Vell," I say, 'vot you are going to do to mit dot balance uf power?' Von grank says he is going to drife all der lager peer back again py Chermany; der next is going to have larj vages und short hours, und der next is going to have half der bopulation brinting green bags for der resd der bopulation to spend."

"And thin fwat do you say, sorr?" Mr. Reilly inquired.

"I say to der granks: 'I told you vot to do mit der balance uf power. Pump vind into it und let it float away; stuff it und ereed a monument ofer it, or sell it to a museum py der Bowery. Uf you are in der bolitics pee-zness, or uf you vould like to helb along der coundry vich you dink is gidning der consumption, choin von uf der two regular bardies. (Der Rebutlican is my idea vich is der besd.) You can steer der Ship of State if you have got holt uf der rudder, but you can'd sdeer it by staying on shore and com-blaining abowd der pilot."



The Finish.

"What's the matter, Johnnie?" asked the kind-hearted uncle.

"Nawthin," sniffled Johnnie. "Come here and sit on my knee and tell me about it."

"Don't want to set nowhere. Don't want any more knee in mine."

"Ah, I see, you've been to the races and got beaten on the home stretch. Poor boy."

THERE was an old woman named Guelph,  
Exceedingly fond of the puelph;  
She ruled a great people,  
Was stiff as a steeple,  
And kept, all the time, to hersuelph.

THERE was a young woman in Butte,  
Whose mouth was outrageously cutte,  
Two-edged was her tongue,  
In the middle 'twas hongue,  
Which made it red hot there in Butte.

Corroborating a Fish Story.

Those sceptics who have scoffed at the bible incident of Jonah's lying pervu in the fore-castle of the whale singing "Come Rest in this Bosom," for three days, meridian time, are now informed that a medium has had a communication from Jonah, and it has been seen and read by a number of reputable citizens. If any hard-hearted infidel is still unconvinced, the medium offers to hear from the whale, for ten dollars in advance.

"So much for Migg," said Josh Brown, continuing the narrative of his experience as employe of the firm of Migg & Miggles. "Now I want to give you a pointer or two about the other partner. Miggles was a rank chump. He was possessed of about as much brains as a Little Neck clam and the amount of the man's pretension to intellect was inversely proportioned to the square of what he actually possessed in the line of wits. You see I have it down fine. Listen to this:

"The foreman of the factory—Miggles took general charge of the manufacturing—the foreman came to his desk one morning and reported that the trimming department was in need of some black satin to finish an order that I had taken a day or two before. I remember the order perfectly. It was for a great gross of coffins of a style we called the "Patti," a very French pattern originated by myself. The material was black camel's hair satin cut decollete and fluted and piccolled in the suburbs. About amidships was arranged a symphonie largo of patent medicine ad. insertion, a superb material which fell in rhythmic tones over the scherzo in a beautiful decresendo. A lining of galvanized Wamsutta corderoy, brocaded richly and finished at the seams with a piping of Lone Jack of the finest texture, made the dandy little box look as pretty as a chromo. But all this is neither here or there. Mr. Miggles wrote an order for the goods and called the messenger boy. As he was handing the order to the lad the foreman re-entered hurriedly and stated that he had found in stock enough of gros-grained satinet to finish the lot, and the goods being, as you fellows know, very similar, he advised that the order should not be sent. Mr. Miggles displayed a little temper, for he didn't like advice, and remarked crabbedly:

"Why didn't you find that out before? The order is made out and it goes. I don't need your advice."

"The man vanished. Miggles added a line or two to the order and sent the boy off, cautioning him earnestly to avoid if possible being run over by the elevated railroad. I met the kid as he left the office and took the memorandum out of his hand. You see, I was specially interested in the matter, the sale being mine, and I wanted to make sure that the old man had sent for the right material. Now, what do you suppose I found the old fool had written? It read like this:

"Please deliver at our factory 12 pcs. Black camel's hair satin same as bill of April 25th.  
MIGG & MIGGLES.

P. S. Since writing the above I learn that we have enough of these goods in stock, therefore please consider the above order cancelled.

A. S. S. MIGGLES."

"Well, he was a blooming idiot," Cusby remarked. "Let us have a little more Miggles, Josh."

"I had a letter from him once while I was on the road," Josh continued, "the postscript of which amused me somewhat. You see the old rooster always dressed with the greatest care in underlined black and looked on all occasions like the front section of the day of judgment. He was so scrupulous about his appearance that no living man ever saw him without his coat. Now, this was what I found at the end of his letter:

"P. S. I hope you will excuse me for writing you in my shirt sleeves. The weather is unbearably warm."

"I remember, too, the N. B., to my answer:

"Were it not a pressing matter, Mr. Miggles, I would postpone answering your letter for a few hours, my breath being somewhat odorous, attributable to the fact that I have been partaking freely of boiled onions. I offer apologies."

"Didn't the old ham get onto the fact that you were guying him, Josh?" I asked.

"Not much he didn't, Lang. When I saw him next he graciously accepted my apology, merely cautioning me to be more careful in the future.

"But I must tell you about one bad break he made that struck me as being particularly rich. The old chap rarely went to the theatre and only to the best performances, but one night he took in a minstrel show. You see, he had two nieces visiting him from out of town, and a lively pair they were, too. I knew the girls, and when calling one night, was informed that they had persuaded their uncle to take them to a burnt-cork entertainment.

They kindly asked me to join the party, and having at the time as it happened, a sufficient quantity of self denial about my clothes, I accepted. I could not, however, refrain from expressing surprise that Mr. Miggles should have so far deviated from the habits of his life as to consent to go to such a performance. Then it transpired that the old man had consented only after he had received an assurance from the manager, that nothing which could possibly offend the sensibilities of the most fastidious person, should occur on the night Mr. Miggles and his friends should honor the theatre. This assurance was a part of the answer to a letter written by Miggles, wherein he stated

that he proposed, in company with some ladies, to attend the performance on a certain evening, and he requested that the manager would guarantee that nothing calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty should occur.

Well, we went to that show and occupied a box. The curtain rang up and discovered the usual semi-circle of performers, and that part of the programme which is devoted to jokes, ballads and choruses commenced. Everything went along smoothly until Bones, starting to his feet, addressed the middleman thus:

"Mr. Johnsing, did I ever tell you how my yaller dog—"

"Hus-s-s-sh, Billy Bones. You musn't tell that story to-night."

"And why not, Mr. Johnsing?" asked the end man in surprise.

"Why, in a loud whisper, 'don't you know Mr. Miggles is here?'—nodding in the direction of our party. 'There's a flea in that story and fleas are barred.'

"Bones visage assumed an I'm-going-to-get-licked-after-school expression and he sat down while the crowd tittered and gazed intelligently at Mr. M., who sat in the front of the box, dignified and stately.

"The middle man then announced the pathetic ballad 'Father's Pants will soon be Brothers's, and the baritone started in with a song, the words of which ran something like this:

"My trowsers weaken at each fold  
And can no longer be half-soled,  
And as the times were very bad,  
They are not paid for, groaned poor Dad,  
They cost two dollars (gold at par),  
Not bill but pants re-seated are;  
I've used in patches many yards,  
To re-enforce the afterwards,  
But there's a gap, I must assert,  
Through which peeps my red flannel—"

"Bang, went the bass-drum and the other instruments set up a fearful discord.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" exclaimed the soloist angrily, when the din had subsided. "I sang that all right. I've given you the same racket every night this week."

"Yes," explained the middle man in a loud undertone, "but you forget Mr. Miggles is here, and no word calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty must be used to-night."

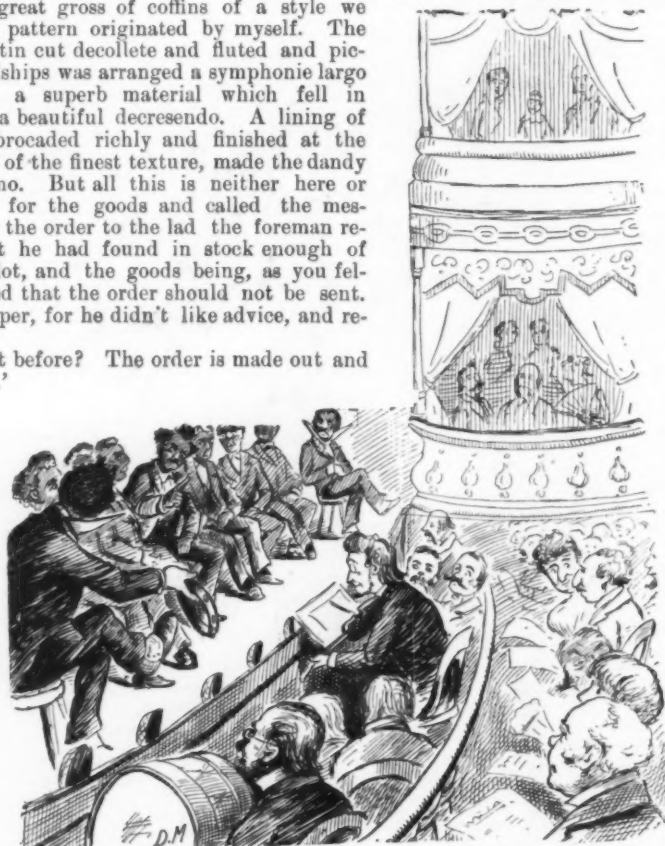
"The audience caught on again and roared while the singer sat down with an apology to Mr. Johnsing, but with his eyes on M.

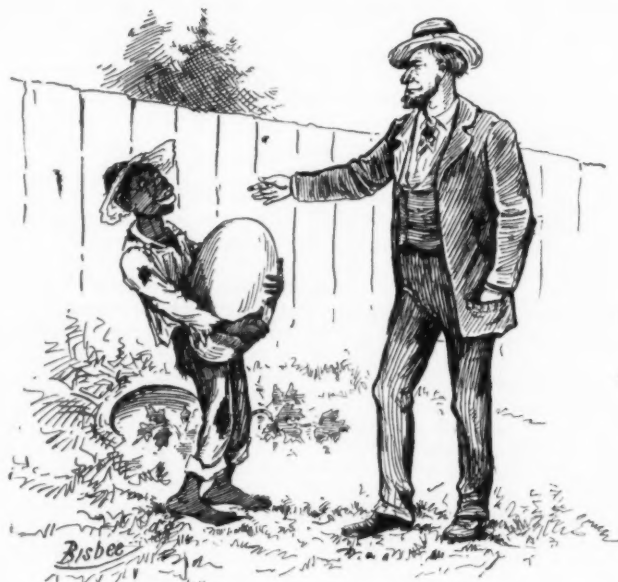
"The latter didn't even then appreciate that he was being guyed, evidently taking the changes made in the programme as a tribute to his greatness, and would have undoubtedly sat through the whole evening had not the young ladies, by persistent and pathetic urging, succeeded in getting him to leave.

"As we passed out of the auditorium, we heard Johnsing say:

"Now, Bones, you can tell that dog story, Miggles has gone."

"A pleasant man that Johnsing," said Miggles as we drove homewards. "I really must ask him to dinner." L. L. LANG.





"Boy, take that melon up to the house. Can you carry it?"  
 Boy—"Yes, boss; I kin car' it some way or nudder, easy enough."



He carries it "nudder way," but not easily.

#### M. Freschemilque's Views of American Politics.

That simplicity and economy which at present so rage the American minds, illustrate herself much when one understood that some Bigguns at Washington dispense herself with a fork; that is to say, "hauls in the grub on the blade of its knife." Feat truly astonishment! of which I have fear that our Parisians, all sceptical, will not but only shrug them the shoulders in smiling without credit. But yet it is pretty true for the Col. Wagonhorse, when I him inquired of it, respond of sudden: "Why, of course, Freshy. Don't suppose that all our statesmen are a set of condemned finics—but holdez vous on! when it comes to the soup, of course, every man puts his knife into his trouser pocket and goes for le fork."

But yet, further attend. Yesterday, while that the Government was at work in the cabinet shop, he which keeps the door (that the small boy may fail to rob the shavings) he shout up the stair: "Hello, Dan"—it is so the brief idiom of the English permit one to make quick work of M. Danmanning, the minister of Finance—"Hello, Dan, the bone peddler is arrive!"

"It is very well. Demand him what pay he for the bones, this morning."

"One and half cents the pound—two cents for the bones of shin."

Then M. Dan, in rubbing the fore head and throwing the eyes on the floor, said to himself with a calmness, "two from two and a half lets nothing." At which, holding up the eyes, he, with a loud distinction of voice and the face all in red, cried: "He shall get up more early before he shall steal me the treasury with my open eyes! That he git prettydamquick!"

Last Sunday, M. The Secretary of the Marines, enter the Cabinet shop, which no sooner M. Grover perceives that he had dressed himself with a new over-alls while he remembered well that he had the Sunday before advised the Secretary a good patch on the back of the hinesides to make, that the old over alls might endure all summer.

Seeing which the good Chief Magistrate, in sighing, with gentleness, demanded whether that Tomjefferson might not turn round his grave to behold a such extravagance!

It was, if I deceive not, but the next morning when the Chevalier Bayard, being in the habit to walk out of bed very late, entered not the Cabinet shop till 5 o'clock in the A. M., and when he found that which carries the grub (dinnerkettle) of Honorable Garland to hang at the peg of him, the Chevalier, he gently kicked thereof, and in spilling the same revealed one roast possum and one bottle whiskey of Arkansaw, whereof at which M. Bayard bended up the nose with a great despise. Beholding which, M. Honorable Garland mounted to the legs and cried in raging the teeth:

"See here, old Peach Orchard! none of your very first family airs onto Arkansaw if you don't want to wake snakes and alligators."

But in this place M. Lamar, Secretary of the Insides, interpose himself and laying hold their necks of both in rear, peacefully pressed them the heads together and reconcile them one to the other.

But, with a unintention very sad, he, in making the reconcile, made likewise to tear in great extent the shirt of the back of the Chevalier, and now Honorable Garland being General of the Attorneys, they of Delaware have fear that he may forbid (veto) M. Danmanning to appropriate the Chevalier a new shirt from the Treasury. But of the other hand, a news paper of Washington informs that the Supreme Judges of the Court have decided that M. the Chevalier's shirt shall be amended by the Constitution.

When I inquired the Col. Wagonhorse that the before accounts shall in all parts be true, he, after that he had laughed with great roar, respond:

"All right Freshy. Swallow tout that. It will do you plus good than un dose of salts."

It is in hearing so encourageous words that one flatters one to go head next time.

FRESCHEMILQUE.

#### OFF THE BENCH

A PUTATIVE PHILOSOPHER remarks that "mystery is another name for our ignorance." Then "mystery" and "philosophy" are exact synonyms.

A FRENCH PAPER denies that this country has invented one single thing of national benefit. It evidently has never heard of roller-skates and gin-cocktails.

IN APPOINTING a professional slugger as palæontologist to the U. S. geological survey the authorities recognised the value of an expert student of a "bunch of bones."

THE CLAIM that Maud S. has scored the fastest quarter is disputed by the dissolute youth who "blowed in" his three month's allowance within an hour after its receipt from the Guv'ner.

"THAT THE INFLUENCE of the women of one generation is apparent in the men and women of the next is a rule universally recognised." The survival of the slipper through the ages is evidence.

A MORE-OR-LESS courted young lady declares that she is n't so much interested in the "Rise of Silas Lapham" as in the lap of some Silas Ris'em, who will come up to the pressure of a locomotive pop-valve.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
 How I wonder what you are,  
 To wink twelve hours in a boiling night  
 And seem to treat the thing so light-

ly!  
 CLYDE.

### The Legitimate Emotional Star Chooses Her Role.

"I'm so glad to see you," said a Legitimate Emotional Star to her friend the Journalist. "I want to ask your advice about a very important matter. Sit down on that trunk—you can throw those things anywhere—and tell me what role I shall assume next season. If you write anything about me in your paper you'd better say you visited me at Newport or Long Branch."

"Long Branch will do," said the Journalist, "but why not play your old repertoire of *Juliet*, *Parthenia*, *Camille*, and the rest of them?"

"No, no, you don't understand. I don't mean my repertoire; that's all settled long ago and I've been hard at work making over my dresses—I mean they've been ordered from Worth and you might make an item of it, too—but I am anxious about the role I'm to play in the newspapers. The first season I starred I carried an iron box full of diamonds with me. The next season I was followed from town to town by an Italian Count who wanted to marry me. Then I bounced the Count and had a wealthy and aristocratic young Bostonian—

he was a Virginian on the Southern circuit—who joined the company as a super simply that he might be near me. Last year I blended the two together and my agent worked up a lot of stories about their jealousy and the prospect of a duel. Now here it is July with the fall season staring me in the face, and I absolutely don't know which way to turn. Now do tell me what to do?"

"Have you thought of anything?" enquired the visitor.

"Yes; quite a number of things. I might save some one from drowning at Coney Island—I look very well in my new bathing suit—but you know when Mrs. Greenroom tried that last year, the man who had been engaged to fall into the river got frightened and clawed all her back hair down, and they were both nearly dead when the boat came along to pick them up. I don't want to run any such risk as that. Then I may have the consumption and play anything but *Camille*—play it with a real cough, you know—and that will give you a chance to write something pretty about the hectic flush on my cheek. You'd better say that I got sick because I threw so much soul and intensity into the part. How does the idea strike you?"

"There are immense capabilities in it and this is a realistic age," said the Journalist

thoughtfully.

"I'm sure I don't see why it won't do just as well as playing *Juliet* with a real lover or *Pauline* with a real mother-in-law, as Kitty Skyborder has done ever since she got married last fall. Heaven knows, I played *Parthenia* once with that detestable Footlight, who was even worse than a real barbarian, and I never got a line about it in the papers either. I think, as you say, that this is a realistic age, so perhaps I'd better do the *Camille* act. Thank heaven, my time for farewell engagements hasn't come yet. It was ever so good of you to call. If you write anything about me you might say that I am the idol of a refined and exclusive circle of society people."

Two days later the Journalist opened the campaign with the following paragraph:

"The friends and admirers of Miss Blank, the Legitimate Emotional Star, will learn, with keen regret, that her physicians have positively forbidden her to appear on the stage next season. Last winter's severe professional work and excitement have proved too much for her delicate constitution, and leading specialists who have been consulted declare that unless she spends the coming winter in the South of France she will run very grave risks. Miss Blank, who has made

elaborate preparations for the production of her new version of *Camille*, obstinately refuses to listen to medical advice, and declares her intention of assuming the part at every hazard."

### A Penny Saved.

"Well, George, are you waiting for the commission trains?"

"Yes."

"Well, well," I returned, "what virtuous fellows we are! Our wives wouldn't put themselves to so much trouble to save five cents."

"That they wouldn't; it's the extravagance of our wives that makes us pinch ourselves so."

"Won't you have a cigar, old boy; come into the Astor Rotunda, there's time enough for a whiff."

My friend followed me. "Come," he said, "is there nothing we can take to neutralize this heat. It is really dangerous. What do you say to a golden or silver phiz? They are favorites with the Mining Board, and their use is greatly approved by the Faculty."

"The ancients used to 'fight fire with fire,' like our own prairie boys, George. I think a devilled crab placed at the centre of our works would be potent to keep off the cholera."

There were still some five minutes before the five-cent trains ran, and that time was also utilized through the kind and combined assistance of the cigar-stand and bar.

I got home, however, in time to give my wife a lecture before dinner on woman's extravagance in dress. To dry her tears I gave her the five cents I had saved, as a starter towards a new seal-skin sacque.

VISCOUNT T. DE MALION.

### BY THE SEA.



HEY sat upon the beach,  
By the sea,—  
He and she—  
And the waves within their reach  
Laughed "Tee! hee!"  
In their glee,  
And he thought she was enraptured  
With his dudish frail beautee,  
That her maiden heart he'd captured  
We shall see!

Her hair was just as red  
As a rose,  
When it grows:  
And the beauty him had led,  
I suppose,  
Was her nose!  
For 'twas very elevated,  
And as cute as it could be,  
As they sat, (he, agitated),  
By the sea.

His shoes were plain in sight,  
Toothpick—tape—  
(Horrid ape!)  
And he saw her with delight  
View their shape,  
Size and shape,

And he thought that she admired  
Them—the pride of cobbler's art—  
Which was what he most desired  
In his heart!

With pretended modestee,  
(Just to call  
Attention all  
To his lovely feet), said he,  
With his drawl—  
Whiney bawl—  
I will weally have to covah  
Both my—feet—ah—with my hat,  
If you look them—aw—all ovah,  
Aw—like that!"

Then the maiden's nose rose slow,  
Tossed her head,  
As she said—  
"Do you think your feet could go  
'Neath a hat  
Small as that?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
And the waves with giggling started,  
With a gurgling, grinning glee,  
As a dude and maiden parted,  
By the sea.

DUVVA.

A PROTEST FROM ST. LOUIS.

A Doubting Thomases wants Proof of Guilt Before Worshipping a Murderer.

[From the Press Specials.]

"St. Louis, Aug. 17.—Maxwell spent the whole day receiving distinguished visitors and chatted gayly with all. Maxwell received two anonymous letters to-day, one signed "An Englishman" and enclosing an aggregate of \$22. He was again photographed, there being a great demand for his pictures. Nearly every visitor brings him cigarettes and tobacco and the result is his cell is filled with offerings. A local dealer is making a brand called the "Maxwell cigarette." The prisoner is admitting little circumstances surrounding the tragedy which woven together make a bad case against him. He will be put in cell No. 144 in the jail to-morrow, which is the number of the room in which he killed Preller. He was called on to-day by the Mayor, members of the Council, Secretary of State, three pastors, one priest and twenty-two women. Society ladies are sending in requests for his picture."

In the first place, O JUDGE, in order to clear my skirts or conscience (or whatever you call it) of any foul suspicion of cold-bloodedness, I hasten to avow myself as devoted a worshiper of the fine art of murder as any Maxwellite in St. Louis, but—

I am touched in the tenderest part of my heart by the courtesy with which our officials received and "gaily chatted" with murderer Maxwell, but—

It is with tears of municipal pride and joy that I hear one of our local dealers intends to boom a murderer "Maxwell brand of cigarettes," but—

It with a thrill truly untellable that I see our society women mobbing murderer Maxwell for his photograph, but—

It is with a (if you will permit me), with a stomach-felt sympathy that I behold the precious Havanas showered down by a bounteous public on the head of murderer Maxwell, but—but O, there are dread moments when the vast turkey-buzzard wings of suspicion throw a shadow of doubt on the blooming carrion; and I say to myself, "alas for a tender-hearted public if she should get up some awful morning and find that she had been barking up the wrong tree; in other words, that all this magnificent tribute of courtesies and cigars and enthusiasms and society smiles had been thrown away on an innocent man!"

Yet, why not face the cold unwelcome truth that Maxwell's guilt is as yet only a pleasing dream, a fond illusion; not an established fact. This is why I adore Maxwell as yet with a string of butts. Wager your big shirt collar, JUDGE, there's no lady of the lake or land that admires this sort of thing more than this lady; but I have been suffering from a spell of sceptics lately, and I must have the murder proved before I can worship the murderer with a proper abandon. I should feel in a most ridiculous position if, after lavishing a lot of slippers, kisses, etc., on murderer Maxwell, the evidence came in and proved that he was no murderer at all, but only an uninteresting, unromantic, commonplace innocent just like the ordinary dull herd of men that one is always meeting.

Therefore, I protest with a but.

Yours,

ST. LOUISA.

Briefs Submitted.

A Vermont farmer has counted over four thousand grains of wheat on one stalk. He must have fallen in with some well-bred party. One's talk is so apt to contain nothing but chaff.

"Step right into the parlor and make yourself at home," said the nine-year-old son of the editor to his sister's best young man, "Take the rocking-chair and help yourself to the album. Helen Louise is up-stairs, and won't be down for some time yet—has to make up her form, you know, before going to press."

Hamlet still remains an unsolved riddle. But the latest theory concerning him is that he was no Dane at all, but a vinegar-visaged Englishman, who migrated to Denmark to escape the fog, and carried just enough of it along with him to conceal his identity. It is certain that he made a voyage to England, probably to visit the graves of his ancestors; for the "rude fore-fathers of the Hamlet sleep" there, don't-cherknow?

"I speak four different languages," said the tramp, as the lady of the house returned to the door with his collation. "Not knowing your proficiency in that line," she replied, "I have brought you a slice of the fifth tongue." "But really, you know, madam, the gift of tongues is of small value unless it is inbred."

R. MORGAN.



INDEPENDENCE.

FARMER—"If you want any apples just ask for them and I will give you some."



THE EVENING EDITION OF THE N. Y. HERALD'S IDEA OF THE NEWS OF THE DAY. THIS SAMPLE COPY FREE.

LAMB AND MINT SAUCE.

I. E. JONES.

Gaily the South-Down singeth his sings,  
Bleateth the lambkin gay, mounted on springs  
Laugheth our soul as we sample the chops  
Cut from this innocent hopper of hops.  
Nothing so good in the eatable host  
As the roast jumper, the epicure's toast—  
Lamb and mint sauce.

Rich man and poor man alike is impresst,  
Yankies at Plymouth or Hoosiers out West;  
Even in Wall street man loveth the lamb,  
Often his presence there causing a jam;  
How they admire with a welcoming squint  
Lamb dressed with sauce from the government mint,  
Lamb and mint sauce.

Spirited, too! when the summer is dull  
Wanders the tourist with mint juleps full;  
Cometh the ram like a catapult hurled,  
Wilteth the man like a dish-towel furled;  
Lamb disagrees when its glories are felt  
Under the ribs and outside of the belt,  
Lamb and mint sauce.

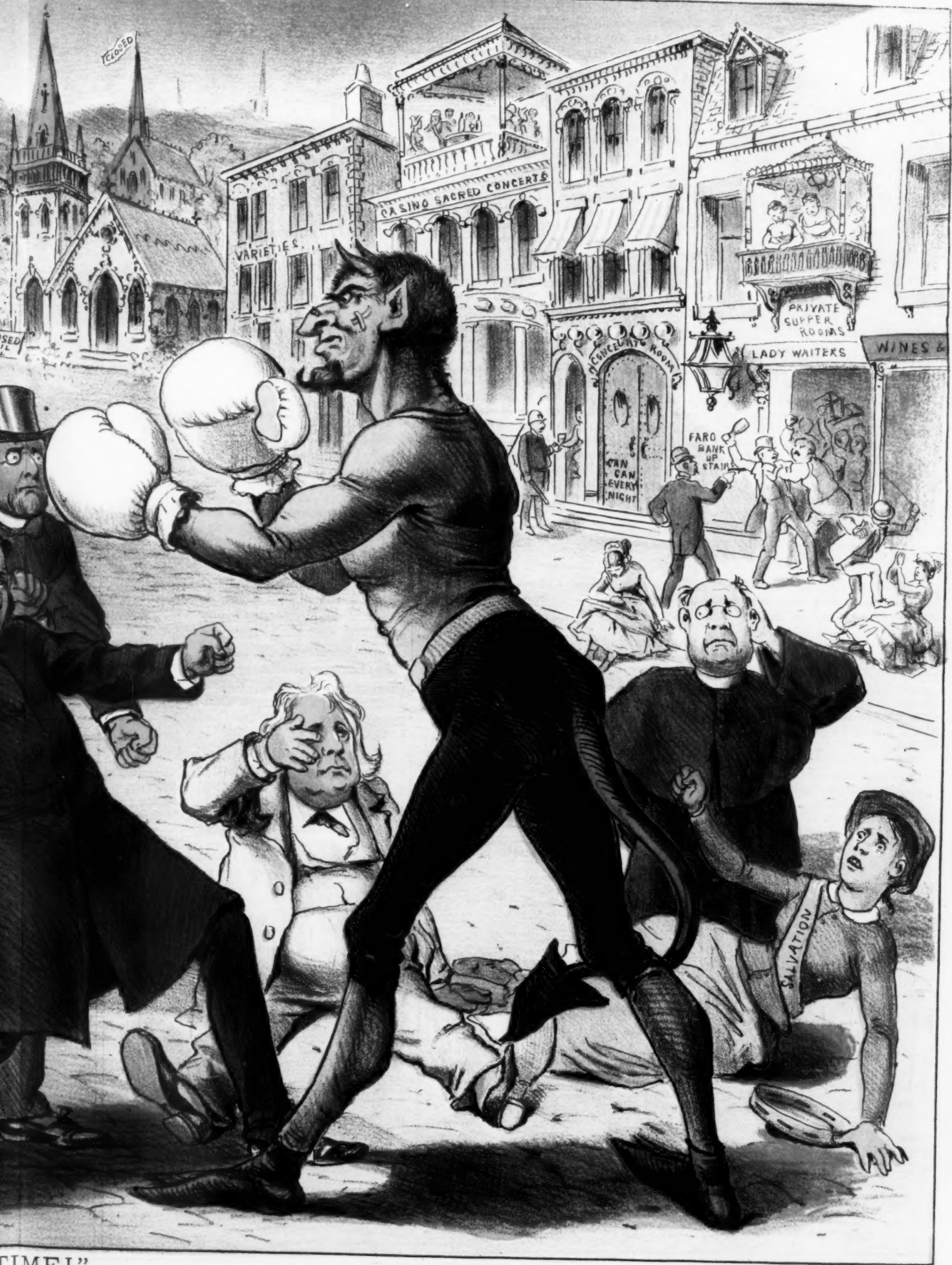
Bird of the summer, we sing to thy charms,  
Take we thy form to our stomachs and arms,  
Shrine we thy goodness our bosoms within,  
Pay thee fond tribute of grace and of grin.  
Coin of the epicure, fresh from the "mint,"  
Creature bu-colic, supplier of lint,  
Look we upon thee with worshipful squint.  
Ever shall wise men extend thee a fin,  
Poets extol with their musical din  
Lamb and mint sauce.

PROF. XERPHENONEXES, a German chemist, discovered a fluid which will gradually shrivel a corps into nothingness. It ought to have a great sale among college students, if it will work so on dead languages. And why, by the way, does not the inventor try it on his own name.



"TIME  
The Preachers' Vacation Ended."





"TIME!"  
Ended.—The Old Fight Renewed.



"NAUGHTY BUT NICE."

It is claimed for Mme. Judic, in advance of her coming hither, that she is of the French, Frenchy—"naughty but so nice!" Waiving the suspicion that this may be only an advertising dodge (and a very good one), we accept tentatively the assertion that she is one of the firsts artistes in her line, and that that line is of an order which in Paris no unmarried woman is ever allowed to see. Mr. Smalley, in saying this in his *Tribune* letter, adds that the better opinion of Frenchmen is that no young girl should be taken to any theatre whatever, so that the point to this warning against Mme. Judic's performance is somewhat blunted.

American girls do not receive, do not, in fact, need to receive the doll-treatment that is considered necessary for French or even English damsels. We think our American girls will, in large numbers, go to see Mme. Judic; will enjoy and appreciate her art and will not be corrupted by her Parisian plays. It will take much more than an evening at the theatre to make them French dolls or English dunces, ready for the wiles of the first *roue*, dude or snob that comes along.

THE MIKADO'S SHOW.

The Mikado company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is eminently "so English" in two respects—accent and looks. English features, however, work over into remarkably

acceptable Japanese faces. There is no violation of traditional unities in the make up, no burlesque on Japanese costumes or personalities. The required satire and ridicule are allowed to come through the medium of the libretto only.

Costumes, setting and tableaux are gorgeous. The unusual costumes modify the usual stage gesture and action. It is not French, English, American nor æsthetic, and in its remoteness from any touch of the ordinary style of acting, it indicates thorough training from authentic models.

Except for the occasional funny action, the movements are slow, smooth and dignified. Fans, appropriately Japanese, are used as a medium of expression and of rythmical accentuation. This visible emphasis of the time of the music has a peculiar effect. It might oppress and tire some persons; with others, it might serve to draw the attention to the music.

It is true that in a performance of such spectacular interest, the music is apt to be "borous" unless it is of the kind that is frequently interrupted to make room for solos. The Mikado music is not broken with "songs," and for that reason is not catchy. But the songs are there if you can separate them from the mass of harmony in which they are smothered. The complicated harmony destroys the "catchiness;" as in the costumes one cannot be selected and analyzed because of the subduing relation and effect of the others; so any distinctiveness in the melody is subjected to the whole.

There is no situation in the action, no climax in the music. The whole is a moving panorama and variation of chords and colors.

The voices of the singers are ordinary. Mr. Federici, *The Mikado*, is the only one whose voice has sufficient volume for its part.

Mr. Pounds, *Nanki-Poo*, has a sweet, though rather "stuffy" voice. He fails to reach certain high notes, but he is so gentle and careful in his attempts that we mentally congratulate him for his discretion in not "tearing his voice to tatters." His graceful acting makes the loss of a few high notes "a matter of no consequence," as *Mr. Toots* says.

The frailties and absurdities of Mr. Geo.

Thorne, are accessory to his business in the role of *Ko-Ko*.

Mr. Billington and Mr. Browne as *Pooh-Bah* and *Pish-Tush*, are personifications of affected solemnity and dignity of official distinction.

Of the "Three little maids from school," Miss Ulmer as *Yum-Yum*, has the sweetest voice and the most spontaniety. She is natural or silly, as the part requires.

SUMMER AND FALL.

To thoughts of love in the gentle spring the guileless youthlet turns,

With a beautiful mate

He seals his fate,

And his heart in rapture burns.

\* \* \* \* \*

To thoughts of grub in the sombre fall the wiser youthlet turns,

And the wife's best silk

Is pawned for milk,

And the agony she had exhibited concerning a fly-speck on his white vest resolves itself into an avaricious inquiry as to the number of American dollars he earns.

CLYDE.

OFF THE BENCH.

PAY AS YOU go is said to be a good rule, but in a Union Square cab we've sometimes paid as we didn't go.

IN THE BASE-ball game, though played on diamonds, the nine of clubs always win—when the umpire does n't play the game alone.

ST. LOUIS seems to have the bulge on Chicago this time. Dr. Maxwell, the murderer, is evidently a bigger man than Carter Harrison.

"WAITING FOR JACK," is the title of a touching love-song. When Jack turns up a condemned queen after all the waiting, the case is most touching.

FARMER'S PROTECTION POLICY.



MORNING.



NOON.



NIGHT.



**THE JUDGE'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY**

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

No question could be urged upon the attention of your Jury by this court that has more imperative demands upon you than the one just now freshly pertinent—the condition of public education. This is so, because all the defects of schools are due to the lack of attention of your Jury of Public Opinion to the workings of the system.

The education of the people will be as you direct, always, and any slacking of your vigilance will surely be followed by slovenly teaching, loss of interest on the part of the pupils, neglect or jobbery on the part of officials and complete defeat of the objects of schooling. It is thus that education fails to educate.

Your Jury will find every department of the system badly in need of your energies. Officials, from the heads of State departments down to boards of education in cities, and trustees or directors in country districts; instructors, from superintendants to primaries; school buildings and sanitary surroundings—all these need your eternal vigilance.

If any phaze of the business needs your attention most, it is that inversion of the proper order of public instruction by which the few get the cream of the system and the many minds starve on its skimmed milk. It will be in evidence before you that 95 in 100 of the pupils leave school before the age of 14; that of the remaining five, four drop out before the completion of the high school course. You will also be shown that more money is spent on the education of this one favored graduate than on the whole of the other 99 children. You will thus learn that the people's education is cheapened and diluted to enable a few to get a complete education.

Still further, it will be shown to your Jury, that notwithstanding the fact is well-known to teachers and officials that 95 in 100 of their pupils can never enter the high school at all, the whole time that they can spend in school is devoted to preparing them for the high school, to the neglect of a useful, practical education. Thus you will find that a true education is denied the 95 in order to have a symmetrical, extensive, complete system for one pupil, or at most, five pupils.

Thus, the children of the masses are not only starvingly educated, but are mal-educated for the benefit of a few high-school attendants. The system is an inverted cone.

It is clearly because of the neglect of your Jury, that this monstrous injustice continues. It is one that threatens the life of

our institutions because it is only universal education that can make universal suffrage safe, and universal education we do not now have. It is because it is undemocratic; because it has established an educational aristocracy; because a few enjoy a monopoly of the benefits of a tax-supported system, that the continuance of it threatens its own overthrow and the lapse of popular education.

That the schools do now fail of accomplishing their objects, there will be sufficient evidence before you in the fact that popular interest in the vital subject of education has declined to zero; as well as in the direct results of schooling shown by statistics of illiteracy, average attendance at schools, the low standard of scholarship as shown in any test examination of picked pupils at West Point or by the Civil Service Commission, etc., etc., and by the increasing defects of government and business, confessedly due to lack of popular intelligence.

Your Grand Jury will find as you pursue your inquest, on every hand cause for alarm at the condition of schools. You are the only tribunal that can work reform. Statutes are of no avail. The fault is in the administration and in your Jury's neglect.

C. E. B.

**RULINGS.**

IT HAS LEAKED OUT that President Cleveland fled to the North Woods because he heard that Keily was coming home.

THE STOCK-IN-TRADE of the Ohio prohibitionists this year seems to be stock ale. That's what ails their candidate for Governor.

"BUSINESS MAN"—No, President Cleve-



PICANINNIES—"Daddy, did ye get cotched, cu'h'n off de million?"  
DISGUISED DADDY—"What fo' ye s'pose I s'guise myself in hyah, ter get cotched?"

land is not wealthy. It is not known as yet that he will have even a competency for his four years' work.

A MAN IN NEBRASKA has invented a microscope with which a human soul becomes visible. He needn't apply for a patent unless he has tested it on the souls of some of New York's millionaires.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM was just a whooping it up that day when four tested employees in the Surveyor's Office, N. Y. Custom House, were discharged to make room for those rising young statesmen, Patrick McKenna, Michael McGuire, Patrick O'Meara and Dennis Hoolihan. Their inoffensive partisanship were vouched for by Mr. Hubert O. Thompson, who is in the reform business heavily himself.



"ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES."



POOR EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

CITY BEAU—"Goodness, what's that! let's go 'round."  
 COUNTRY LASS—"Why, it's only a cow; you wouldn't turn out of the way for a cow, would you?"  
 CITY BEAU—"Oh, no, certainly not—only out of courtesy, you know."

THE ADVERTISING POET.

I'm an advertising poet,  
 And I want the world to know it.  
 I can very quickly show it,  
 If you'll read this ditty through.  
 I can rouse up your attention,  
 And then, by intervention  
 Of my verse, I can make mention  
 Of each nostrum old or new.

I can take up any topic,  
 Jolly, sad, or philanthropic,  
 Arctic, temperate or tropic,  
 As the burden of my song;  
 And then while you're perusing,  
 And think me quite amusing,  
 You will find I've been abusing  
 Your patience all along.

Some small samples let me measure,  
 Which are written for your pleasure,  
 And which, doubtless, you will treasure  
 As tokens of my skill.  
 I must show my versatility,  
 Exhibit my facility,  
 Display my great ability  
 The poet's role to fill.

[FOREIGN POLITICS.]

Why did the Gladstone government collapse?  
 It more than once had passed through worse mis-  
 haps  
 Than when Sir Peter Lumsden (zealous man!)  
 Marked out the limits of Afghanistan.

The Gladstone cabinet has lost its place,  
 And Gladstone's self was beaten in the race,  
 Because (in health and spirits insecure)  
 They failed to take Don Horner's kidney cure.

[DOMESTIC POLITICS.]

What care I whether Congress makes a large appro-  
 priation  
 For our rivers and our harbors and our inland nav-  
 igation,  
 Or calls the bill a jobbing scheme, deserving repro-  
 bation.  
 Which quickly should be killed to save the mem-  
 bers from temptation,  
 Trout-streams deepened or left shallow, it is all  
 the same to me,

If I have Lane's Expectorant, or Smith's Ham-  
 burger tea.

Some ask for a low tariff and some clamor for pro-  
 tection;  
 Some talk free-trade in private and then, just be-  
 fore election,  
 They muffle up their sentiments, for fear of quick  
 detection,  
 Because advanced opinions are not pleasing in their  
 section.

High or low or medium tariff, it is all the same  
 to me,

If I have Lane's Expectorant, or Smith's Ham-  
 burger Tea.

Some loved the grand old party for its work of aboli-  
 tion;  
 Some thought the nation's very life demanded pro-  
 hibition;  
 Some thought a change of government would bet-  
 ter the condition  
 Of many laid upon the shelf because in opposition.

Republican or Democrat, 'tis all the same to me  
 If I have Lane's Expectorant, or Smith's Ham-  
 burger Tea.

[SENTIMENTAL.]

He comes not, and I, weary, sit alone  
 Hoping to hear his footsteps on the path,  
 Though when he last was with me, in his tone,  
 I saw that something had aroused his wrath,  
 And when I sought to learn what hurt his pride,  
 My oft-preferred petition was denied.

Ah! here's a messenger who comes with speed,  
 And in his hand a missive he doth bear.  
 Be still, poor, throbbing heart, now is there need  
 Of all thy courage. Soon, perchance, dull care  
 May banished be by Love's impassioned song,  
 Pleading for pardon, while confessing wrong.

THE NOTE.

"Though beautiful of form and fair of face,  
 Not Araby's sweet odors on your breath  
 Are borne! Your teeth's condition 's a disgrace!  
 Last time I kissed you it was worse than death!  
 I ne'er again will see you. No, I won't,  
 Unless you brush your teeth with Do-zo-son!

LINKIE LONGWIND.

Briefs Submitted.

The name of a Mexican War veteran is  
 Ernot Redbug. If we err not, Redbug is a  
 name to fill the trump of fame.

Sam Jones "believes in a topless heaven  
 and a bottomless hell." But Sam doesn't  
 say wich would be the safer place in a rainy  
 spell.

As the Rise of Silas Lapham has put a  
 pretty sum of money in the pocket of Mr.  
 Howells, it can hardly be said of Silas that  
 he has risen in vain.

"He is a strong man who can hold down  
 his opinion," says Emerson. This is one of  
 those oracular utterances that only the in-  
 spired freshman can get away with. If Mr.  
 E. had cheesed "opinion," and called him a  
 full-grown Cotswold ram, every sheep-shear-  
 er in the Western Reserve would cheerfully  
 answer, "you bet."



A SUBSTANTIAL SUGGESTION.

LANDLADY—"Goodness, what are you there for?"  
 BOARDER—"Well, I want the rest of the boarders to see some-  
 thing on the table besides hash and castors."

A FEW SEASONABLE RHYMES.

*The Fat Man Rejoices.*  
The months roll on, the torrid heat  
Of summer's almost ever;  
The nights are growing cool again,  
The fat man feels in clover.

*Put 'em Away.*  
Though Sol still glows, his tropic strength  
No longer he can muster;  
We'll soon put by the palm-leaf fan,  
Likewise the linen duster.

*He Knocks the Dust Out of the Bible Again.*  
The parson, back to work, refreshed,  
Now stirring sermons preaches.  
The girls are coming home again  
In bevvies from the beaches.

*Misspent and Well-spent Time*  
Some sighing over precious time  
They've wasted in flirtations,  
And some who've hooked their fish to make  
Their wedding preparations.

*They've Got Home.*  
Now people who've been living "back,"  
Avoiding observation,  
Throw open wide their blinds in front,  
Which means "Home from vacation."

*No More High Life Below Stairs.*  
From beach and mountains, families  
Are coming home in dozens,  
And from the kitchen servant maids  
Are clearing out their cousins.

*The Mistake She Made.*  
The damsel who's been bathing at the beaches, at  
the beaches,  
And bathing, too, in very scanty clothes, scanty  
clothes,  
Has found the wisdom that experience teaches, 'pe-  
rience teaches,  
Since she couldn't find a lover who'd propose,  
who'd propose.  
And she murmurs while her tears are fast descend-  
ing, fast descending,  
And, impatiently, she stamps her little foot, little  
foot,  
That her summer might have had a different end-  
ing, different ending,  
If she'd but worn a padded bathing suit, bathing  
suit.

[Boston Courier.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

"Go find me a sub," did the foreman cry.  
"I, your sub," said the dude, "will be;"  
And the compos laughed as though fit to die  
And the devil howled loud with glee.  
For, who ever heard, in the printing room,  
Of a creature they call a "sub dude?"  
So of frolic and fun there was quite a big boom  
Though their actions were somewhat rude.  
But after the dude had 'pied' the form,  
And of blunders made quite a brood,  
He fell in the blast of the editor's storm,  
And they saw he was quite *subdued*.

[Chicago Sun.

No the President is not sick, but his  
party is.—[Elmira Advertiser.

Men have their little sanctities. It is a  
brave fellow who sharpens a lead-pencil at  
the glittered end.—[The Current.

The chap who said a beautiful woman was  
a poem, would probably call a Boston girl a  
spectacular drama.—[Richmond Baton.

The "Reverend" Sam Jones is exceed-  
ingly witty. The question is—is wit com-

patible with godliness? Imagine Sam sit-  
ting on a store box in the New Jerusalem  
cracking jokes about the boys that got left.  
[Indiana Herald.

Gen. Grant always wore an inconspicuous  
uniform. He did not wish to be mistaken  
for a Second Lieutenant.—[Courier-Journal.

The only men in the United States who  
can adequately and understandingly sympa-  
thize with the President are the base-ball  
umpires.—[Chicago Herald.

"I am not responsible," says Mr. Hen-  
dricks, "for errors which may be committed  
by the President." "But he would like to  
be!" remarks the *Milwaukee Sentinel*.

Oscar Wilde's first baby is a boy. This is  
encouraging. It looks now as though there  
might be a man in the family some day.  
[Somerville Journal.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it  
plaze the court, if I am wrong in this I have  
another point that is equally conclusive."  
[Burlington Hawkeye.

A Pittsburg preacher lays claim to Har-  
lem Commons, New York city, which is  
worth over \$600,000,000. What can a  
minister want of that much money? If he  
had it he would go to work and take up a  
collection to build a church, and mortgage  
it for the balance.—[Milwaukee Sun.

"I have drank poor whisky," said a Ken-  
tuckian with a shiver as he returned his  
glass to the counter, "but that's the poor-  
est stuff I ever did see." "Yes," replied  
the bartender, "we got badly stuck on that  
lot of goods, but it's about all gone. Take  
one with me, Colonel." "Thanks, don't  
care if I do."—[Columbus Dispatch.

The plagiarism of the Texas judge who  
delivered Washington's farewell address as  
his own is only equalled by that of the min-  
ister who delivered the sermon on the  
mount to his congregation as an original  
production. Neither of them would have  
been found out if it hadn't been for a news-  
paper man!—[Somerville Journal.

There were 252,506,400 glasses of beer  
drank last year in Cincinnati and suburbs,  
or about 670 each for every man, woman  
and child in town. We call for an investi-  
gation of those prohibitionists who got away  
wit 670 glasses of beer apiece last year. No  
wonder brother Halstead is hot.  
[Merchant Traveller.

They were going out on the new cable  
road, and he was telling her now the gear-  
ing was fixed under the track. "It is all  
done in masonry, my, dear," he said confi-  
dentially. "How do you know, Charley?"  
she inquired doubtfully. "Because, dear,  
I understood the grip." She looked at him  
scornfully and the temperature of her smile  
fell to thirty-two degrees.—[Mer. Traveler.

The discoveries of gold in Northern Wis-  
consin and Michigan are being made right  
along, and it will not be long before there  
will be a boom up that way. A year or two  
ago the editor of the *Sun* bought a little  
land on the Peninsula, on which iron ore was  
promised. Not only was the iron ore found,  
but gold has been found in paying quanti-  
ties on some of the land. Almost any news-  
paper man can appreciate the feelings of  
*The Sun* man on having the news broke to  
him that his land, which was only war-  
ranted to contain iron, is lousy with gold.  
It is such things that cause people to lose  
faith in the land-dealers.

[Milwaukee Sun.

EPITAPHS.

*On a Temperance Man.*

A noted temperance man lies here,  
The green turf o'er his head,  
No man e'er saw him on his bier  
Till after he was dead.

*On an Amateur Angler.*

He angled many a purling brook,  
But lacked the angler's skill;  
He lied about the fish he took,  
And here he's lying still.

*On an Actor.*

Ambition's parts he oft essayed,  
But never won renown;  
And in the last great act he played  
Death rung the curtain down;  
For fame he longed; it kept afar,  
And life was full of jars;  
But if he failed to be a star,  
He's now above the stars.

*On a Policeman.*

Pause, stranger, pause, and drop a tear,  
To pass would be a poor way  
To show respect—a cop sleeps here  
Instead of in a doorway.

*On an Honest Baker.*

No bread he needs, he kneads no dough.  
He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,  
He did much baking here below,  
But now he's gone where there's no baking.

*On a Hod Carrier.*

Here lies a hod carrier under the sod,  
He's happy, there's no doubt of that:  
He carried in life many bricks in his hod  
But never a brick in his hat.

*On a Dude.*

Go, stranger, go to yonder mound  
And grief's sad tribute pay there:  
Ah! there," he to the girls would say  
When living, in a giggling way,  
So when we placed him 'neath the ground,  
We murmured softly, "stay there!"

[Boston Courier.

Henrietta's gone to Vassar, gum, gum, gum!  
Louise is at the Singing School, hum, hum, hum!  
Tom is in the melon patch, mum, mum, mum!  
Bill is in the bar room, rum, rum, rum!  
Father's at the counting room, sum, sum, sum!  
Kate and Ned are all alone, yum, yum, yum!

[Chicago Sun.

Mild, soothing and healing, is Dr. Sage's  
Catarrh Remedy.

A TRANSFORMATION.

"So this is the vessel you have been brag-  
ging so much about?"  
"Yes, sir; there she is. Beauty aint  
she?"  
"Beauty? You don't call that unwiedly-  
look tub a yacht, do you?"  
"Certainly, she's a yacht. She wa'ant a  
yacht yesterday, I admit, but she's a yacht  
now."  
"How can she be a yacht to-day if she

was not a yacht yesterday?"

"Well, you see I had her washed out, and I've filled up her cabin with liquors and cigars, put seven cases of lager and a barrel of beer in the fo'ks'l, and if that don't make her a yacht then I don't know what a yacht is. It ain't the build of the vessel that makes her a yacht, it's the liquors and cigars and the beer and the ham sandwiches and the folks that's on board on her that makes her a yacht. Put a crowd on board on her that can get tight and play Billy an' all afore they get out of the harbor an' she'll be such a yacht as no true gentleman need be ashamed on."—[Boston Courier.

#### A LOVELY COMPLEXION.

"What a lovely complexion," we often hear people say. "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and real loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. Those who have sallow, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

#### BILL NYE ON BEN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin, formerly of Boston, came very near being an only child. If seventeen children had not come to bless the home of Benjamin's parents, they would have been childless. Think of getting up in the morning and picking out your shoes and stockings from among seventeen pairs of them. Imagine yourself a child, gentle reader, in a family where you would be called upon every morning to select your own cud of spruce gum from a collection of seventeen similar cuds stuck on the window sill. And yet, B. Franklin never murmured or repined. He desired to go to sea, and to avoid this he was apprenticed to his brother James, who was a printer. It is said that

Franklin at once took hold of the great Archimedean lever, and jerked it early and late in the interest of freedom. It is claimed that Franklin at this time invented the deadly weapon known as the printer's towel. He found that a common crash towel could be saturated with glue, molasses, antimony, concentrated lye and roller composition, and after a few years of time and perspiration it could harden so that the "Constant Reader" or "Veritas" could be stabbed with it and die soon.

Many believe that Franklin's other scientific experiments were productive of more lasting benefit to mankind than this, but I do not agree with them.

This paper was called the *New England Courant*. It was edited jointly by James and Benjamin Franklin, and was started to supply a long-felt want. Benjamin edited the paper a part of the time and James a part of the time. The idea of having two editors was not for the purpose of giving variety or volume to the editorial page, but it was necessary for one to run the paper while the other was in jail. In those days you couldn't sass the king; and then when the king came in the office next day and stopped his paper and took out his ad., you couldn't put it off on "our informant" and go right along with the paper. You had to go to jail, while your subscribers wondered why their paper did not come, and the paste soured in the tin dipper in the sanctum and the circus passed by on the other side.

How many of us to-day, fellow journalists, would be willing to stay in jail while the lawn festival and the kangaroo came and went? Who of all our company would go to a prison cell for the cause of freedom while a double column ad. of sixteen aggregated circuses and eleven congresses of ferocious beasts, fierce and fragrant from their native lair, went by us?

At the age of seventeen Ben got disgusted

with his brother and went to Philadelphia and New York, where he got a chance to "sub" for a few weeks and then got a regular "sit." Franklin was a good printer, and finally got to be a foreman. He made an excellent foreman—sitting by the hour in the composing room and spitting on the stone, while he cursed the make up and press work of the other papers. Then he would go into the editorial rooms and give a wild shriek for more copy. He knew just how to conduct himself as a foreman, so

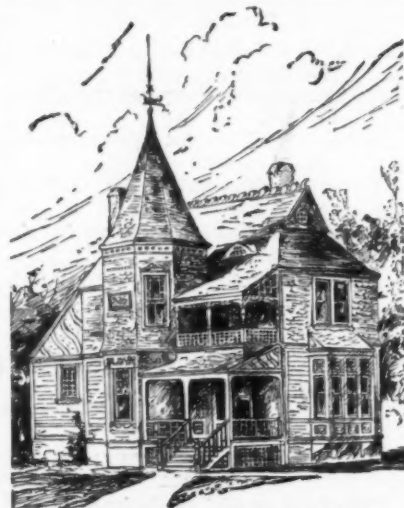
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"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Nervous Headache. I had no appetite, was restless at night, and very much debilitated. After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my headache ceased, my strength and appetite returned, and my health was completely restored."—Daniel M. Fisher, Oswego, N. Y.

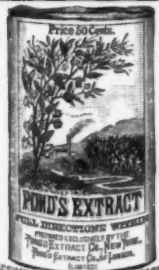
"I have been a great sufferer from Nervous Headache, and, until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla never found anything to help me. I used three bottles of this medicine, and was completely cured."—Arnold F. Upham, Lewiston, Me.

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that strangers would think he owned the paper.

In 1730, at the age of twenty-four, Benjamin married and established the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. He was then regarded as a great man and most every one took his paper. Franklin grew to be a great journalist, and spelled hard words with great fluency. He never tried to be a humorist in any of his newspaper work, and everybody respected him.

Along about 1746 he began to study the construction and habits of lightning, and inserted a local in his paper in which he said he would be obliged to any of his readers who might notice any new or old specimens of lightning if they would send them to the *Gazette* office by express for examination. Every time there was a thunderstorm Franklin would tell the foreman to edit the paper, and, armed with a string and an old fruit jar, he would go out to the hills and get enough lightning for a mess.

In 1753 Franklin was made postmaster-general of the colonies. He made a good postmaster-general, and people say there were less mistakes in distributing their mail than there has been since. If a man mailed a letter in those days, old Ben Franklin saw that it went where it was addressed.

Franklin frequently went over to England in those days—partly on business and partly to shock the king. He used to delight in going to the castle with his breeches tucked in his boots, figuratively speaking, and attract a good deal of attention. It looked odd to the English, of course, to see him come in to the royal presence and, leaning his wet umbrella against the throne, ask the king, "How's trade?" Franklin never put on any frills, but he was not afraid of a crowned head. He used to say frequently that to him a king was no more than a seven spot.

He did his best to prevent the Revolutionary war, but he couldn't do it. Patrick Henry had said the war was inevitable and given it permission to come, and it came. He also went to Paris and got acquainted with a few crowned heads there. They thought a good deal of him in Paris, and offered him a corner lot if he would build there and start a paper. They also promised him the county printing, but he said no; he would have to go back to America, or his wife might get uneasy about him.

Franklin wrote "Poor Richard's Almanac" in 1732-57, and it was republished in England. Benjamin Franklin had but one son, and his name was William. William was an illegitimate son, and though he lived to be quite an old man he never got over it entirely. Everybody urged him to do it differently, but he steadily refused to do so.

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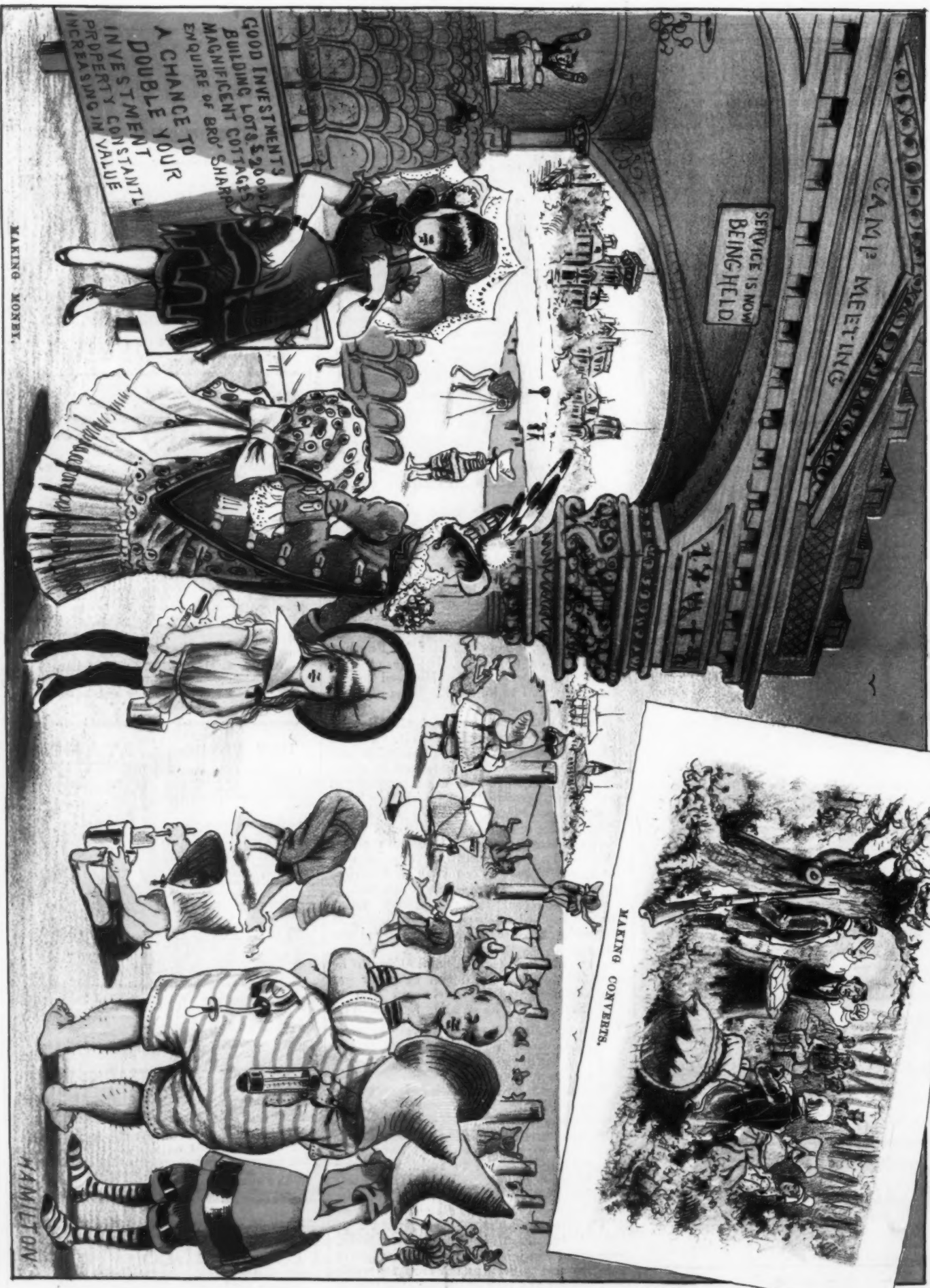
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