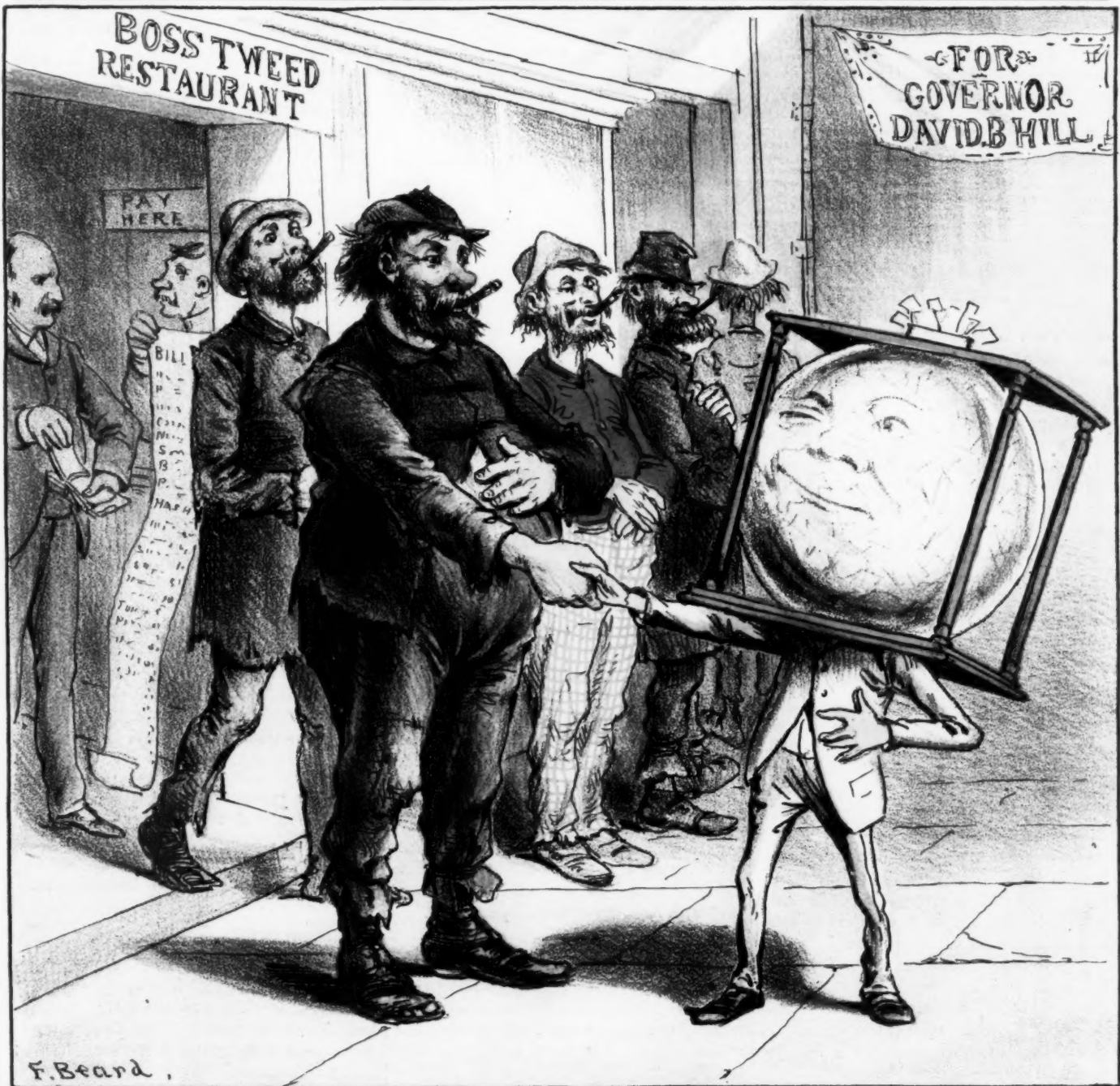


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Price

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

10 Cents.



F. Beard.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

HOW THE ELECTIONS WERE CARRIED.

BALLOT BOX—"Well, old feller, how'd you like the election?"

COLONIZED TRAMP—"First rate; been living like a lord. I'm jest stuffed."



## THE JUDGE.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)  
IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, . . . . . \$5.00  
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, . . . . . 2.50  
One copy, for 13 weeks, . . . . . 1.25  
Single copies 10 cents each;

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,  
NEW YORK

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### THE UNDETECTED KNAVES.

Fish and Ward are tried and in their cells; after their fevered grab for other people's money they are still. Small favors thankfully received, Mme. Justicia, and larger ones in proportion.

The source of all this evil condition of business that produced Ward is in the exchanges and bankers' offices. The seething sea that cast up this helpless Fish is full of horrid creatures, treasures in dead men's skulls, and creatures feasting on men, like those that *Clarence* saw in his dream of drowning. The villainy that Ward executed he learned in Wall street and it is daily practised there still, unpunished. Other great hearts are broken there, other fortunes stolen, other lives blasted, and still it goes on in the name of business. "These Yankees go round sheating each oder und steeling each oder all day, und dey call dot pe-e-e-zness! pe-e-e-zness!" said the Frenchman.

Justitia needs to order hundreds, thousands of striped suits and fit them to the "pe-e-e-zness" men of the exchanges. For the instances of knavery that come to the surface and float within reach of the law's gaff are few and not the most injurious ones. The whole system of speculation in stocks and gambling in products is an injury to the trade and industry of the country. Every farmer, operative, manufacturer and merchant has a case against the exchanges. Speculation is only another name for systematized robbery of a nation.

### WARFARE.

Things are changed since Napoleon declared that Providence always favored the heaviest battalions; that was a great advance in tactical philosophy, albeit pious people on either side have not even yet ceased praying to the God of battles to favor both armies.

We have made other advance in the science of war since Napoleon. True, the art of killing has much improved, so that we do wholesale murder on a scale ten times as grand, when we do it at all; but the science of diplomacy has advanced in much greater ratio. Christian civilization has taught men to lie much better than they can fight, so that now we have Mars bound hand and foot with red tape, and the big diplomatists settle all.

Instead of spilling blood they spill ink. General Prevarication commands. Fusillades of words do better execution than fusillades of musketry. Instead of rifled cannon they rifle dictionaries, and Krupp gives way to Mephistopheles.

All this "for common." On extraordinary occasions nations must fight. When population gets to crowding and there is over-production of merchandise, and nations have more money and men than their borders will accommodate, then they must have blood-letting and squandering to restore the equilibrium. Then for a space men will stop lying and fall to killing. Diplomacy fails sometimes, and the only trust is in God and gunpower.

### HOW POLITICAL FIELDS ARE WON.

It's a pretty poor stick of a partisan who, when beaten, cannot account for the result by reasons discreditable to the victors, reasons which ought to make the insolent foe bow his head in shame and remorse. But they never bow. Men and roosters will crow, and the more they are whipped the more vigorously they crow, usually.

So the Republicans said after the November elections, as the Democrats did after those of October, "if you can find anything to exult over in a triumph won by corruption, debauchery and ballot-box stuffing, you are welcome to your racket."

One thing is certain: If the people are gloriously humbugged and made most egregiously asses with the idea that they govern themselves, the result is ever that there is some one to fill the offices, abuse the trusts and draw the salaries and stealings with religious punctuality and zeal.

ON ELECTION NIGHT Tammany had fewer members in good and regular standing than at any time in a year. But their case was as nothing to the lay-out of the boys who, like "Mrs. McSorly," "don't belong to anny soc-si-e-ty."

### RULINGS.

MANY ARE called [scoundrels] but few are chosen [delegates to Sing Sing.]

"THE FLOATING VOTE" of New York was gotten to the polls by the bosses on floods of beer.

"MEN ARE BUT CHILDREN of a larger growth," and some of them are not made a prodigious sight larger, either.

ATTORNEY GENERAL GARLAND, of the telephone ring, will not resign. It is the nation that must feel resigned. Mr. G. is a true Democrat.

THERE ARE NINETY-FIVE alms-giving societies in Washington, it is announced, and their resources are sorely taxed by visiting statesmen of Democratic profession and boodle pretensions.

IT IS NOT probable that the election hard-line "the democrats are in line" will be true until the last of them has been—like Ole Bull's famous violin obligato—executed on one string.

ALL THE DEAD WALLS of New York during the campaign were covered with the Democratic war cry—"No Civil Service." It's an old issue. Even Irish servants long since adopted that policy.

CANON FARRAR thinks President Cleveland is well informed. That's what the Democracy complain about. He's so well informed that he will not trust many of them with the official responsibility.

PROF. SUMNER, of Yale College, has got 'em again. With a whoop he bounds into the arena flourishing a shillalah of a pamphlet labelled "Protectionism." He is aching to have some protectionist "thread on the tail av me coat."

A MAN TRIED to get a nomination for a city office by Tammany last month who wasn't born in Ireland. He barely escaped with his life. He has emigrated to Ireland, where an American has a better chance for recognition than in New York.

THERE IS A CLUB in this city called, by itself, the "Society to Promote Justice." As it has arrayed against it a Society to Promote Injustice, which seems to include pretty nearly all the rest of society, we do not look to see Justice even brevetted this year.

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS AND MANAGERS are now of opinion that the Mugwumps are "not to be trusted." Singularly enough, the Mugwumps think so, too. More singularly, Democratic voters think their managers are not to be trusted and demand spot cash before voting.



## TROUBLE BOYS GIVE THE POLICE.

The German Policeman and his Friend Reilly  
Tell of the Pranks of their Sons.

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

"Reilly," said the German Policeman; "der poys peen der vorst citizens uf Nye York und tond you forgot it. Efferypoddy else has some sord of peezeess got. Der tieves can be relied on to shdeal, der trunkards to got trunk, but you neffer can a brophecy make vot a poy shall peen doing. Votching der poys is uf a boliceman's dudy der brinckal bart."

"Shure," said the blacksmith; "you should be the lasht to complain whin ye have the worrst wan among the b'yes for your own son."

"Oh, ish dot so?" the Policeman exclaimed, sarcastically; "vell, your leedle tarling, Mike, is not much dime vasting sinz he began to dry und build up for himselluf a griminal rebudashion. Now I yoost dolt you somedings: Officer Pillings from der negst bost from mine sbend yoost a leedle too much enerchy in trinking mit a gandidate from der Senate lasht veek, und ven dot gandidate vent avay der officer sat on a shtoop down, alretty, und fell ashleeb exhausted. Near py, also ashleep in a gutter, vos a common bum. I vos my eye keebing on der boliceman ven I seen your poy, Mike, dook off der bum's hat und put it on der boliceman, und dook avay der boliceman's



glub, pelt und hat und put dem on der bum. An Irishman would dink dot vos a goot choke, eh?"

"Yis, sorr," said Reilly; "I wud give a dollar to have been in your place."

"Vell, dot's not funny py me to see monkey peezeess blayed mit a bolicemans, und so I gollared dot luffy poy uf yours, indenting to vrighten owd uf him der tickens. Vot you dink negst? Vell, sir, mit der cheek uf a stage-horse your poy vispered to me dot if I would not lock up der feller vich done dot peezeess he would dell me yoost who he vos. 'Officer,' he sayt; 'it vos your son, Chaky.' Pedder you look owd, Reilly, or dot poy vill your red hair pring down in sorrow mit der grafeyard."

"Now, alretty, I know who it vos vich mate mit der Knights of Bittyus all dot drubbles der oder day. You didn't hear apowd dot? Vell, von nighd a gubble veeks beck uf Fort uf Chuly, I seen der Grant High Gockalorum from der society glimbering der gutter bipe down py der sitevalk. He hat der whole peezeess uf white abron, golt collar und such dings on und he vos

white like a sheet uf baper. He dolt me der resd uf der High Gockalorums und brifates had chumped der back vindowd owd or glimbed der roof on dop. Some poys hat der key found uf der lodge room door, had der Knights all locked in, had durned off der gas owd, und negst vent py der beck yard und sgreamed 'fire.' I didn't catch some uf dem poys, but der negst day comes from your son, Mike, a leedder giffing me der brivate informations dot der whole peezeess vos der vork uf my son, Chaky, ven, py Chimany Hooky, Chaky vos dot dime in ped vaiting while his mutter should halluf sole und heel der only bair drouzers vot he got."

"Shall I take the shkin off av that b'ye?" Reilly asked, in evident anger.

"Yoost dake avay a leedle off, in von blace where it von't show," said the Policeman; "I will dot regard as a grade broof uf friendship."

"Oi'll do that," said Mr. Reilly; "but I'd loike ye fer to know that fwwhatever may be the case wid my b'ye, your b'ye, Jake, is surely in laque wid the Divil. F'what shtory d' ye think he shtarted on me woife in the neighborhood d'other day? Sure, he



tould all me frinds that the Dootch grocer on the carner was bating me woife, and that she tould him so an' said she was afraid to complain av the same to me lesht I wud do murder. Well, sorr, I had tin min an' wimmin in the shop to make it known to me. Mad wid rage, I shtarted for me home wid the whole troop follying me, and there sat me woife, lolling in the windy loike a fashionable lady, wid a pillow undher her elbows, as sound and free from blows as iver she was since the Lord took her father away, an' she a child."

"Sure," said she, "the b'ye is only joking wid yez. I tould him if the Dootchman thried to sell his mother anny tay wid the promise av getting a proize in crockery, for her not to buy av him, as he had bate me out av tin pounds av good tay wid givin' me poor stuff and ixchanging me tin tickets for a butther dish in place av the dinner set he hinted to me I would be afther getting. Sure, that's the only bating I was afeard fer you to hear av."

"Bad cess to your brat, officer; me friends are all laughing at me and axing me ivery day did I murder the Dootchman yit for bating me woife."

"So," said the Policeman; "vell, I am sorry you can'd dake a choke, but I tond yoost see how I shall bead my poy for dot. It shows a fine sense uf humor und crade indelligence. Der only dings vot I got to dell him is how he shall keeb avay mit his

monkey peezeess from such a bardickler frent like your selluf."

"Sure," said Reilly; "I'll lick me own b'ye, officer; let you do as ye please wid yours. But this I'll tell yez: yez'll bate yer b'ye or he'll be afther bating you. Take that joke and think it over."

## OFF THE BENCH.

THE PLAY OF "Galatea," at the Star, expired by the statue of limitation.

IS THE PLAY, "Alone in London," founded on the efforts of American promoters to secure English capital?

"THAT MAN makes me tired," as the vehicle said to the blacksmith. It said it with its waggin' tongue, poor fellow.

CLARA MORRIS is sweeping like a cyclone through the West, leaving a wide swath of masculine cordiac desolation behind her.

Texas Siftings is so called because it is not published in Texas and is not made up of siftings—in fact, like mercy, is not even strained, in its wit.

JOSH BILLINGS earned a hundred thousand dollars by his wits and bad spelling, but some men have made a million without the wit and they were worse spellers, too.

A CONFECTIONERY STORE on 27th St. was found to be a disorderly house and the police raided it. They disguised their intention by giving out that they had been invited out to a candy pull.

A "FRUITFUL VINE" was boasting of her twins, "they looked so exactly alike that you couldn't tell 'em apart." "Well," said her antique maiden neighbor, "I don't see anything suspicious in that."

THE EVIDENCE in the Taber divorce suit in Boston ought to increase the list of membership of the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church. Sinners evidently know little of the joys of the regenerate.

THEY BROUGHT FISH from his ward in Auburn to bait Ward in New York. The general opinion seems to be that Fish has "done the state some service" in both places and ought to be let go.

SOME ONE having accused Rev. Sam Jones, the funny man of the revival circuit, of bad grammar, he repels the charge by proving that his gra'mar is dead and was as good as the ancestors of humorists average.

A MEMPHIS PAPER has a solemn account of an alligator with a natural screw-propeller attached to it. The paper does not imperil its reputation by trying to account for the freak, so THE JUDGE (which doesn't care) offers the suggestion that this alligator's parent was probably frightened by a steamboat at a critical period.

## A Long-Felt Want.

What is needed in this land of the free and home of the knave is a special criminal system for watching guilty officials, from President down to game-constables; a code of laws and procedure, with courts, jails, sheriffs, turnkeys and executioners—yes, executioners; that's right!—to dispose of guilty public functionaries with neatness and despatch.

But—hold on! Who shall appoint or elect the new ministers of justice and execute it, in turn, on them if they neglect their duties or sell out? Who? Why, the people, of course—the many headed ass!

## A Difference.

Western rural communities, of bovine tendency, are stirred up about a great sale of short-horns. City people do not "enthuse" so rapidly. Great sales of short horns have been going on for months without causing excitement save in isolated individual instances, and these the police are apt to discourage. The sale of short-schooners attracts more attention, as would be expected where the population is more nautical than agricultural; there has, indeed, been a good deal of frothing in this matter.

## Their Pockets Also Touched.

"I am glad to hear you have stopped drinking, Arthur."

"Yes, that's what all my friends tell me."

"It'll save us all lots of—worry and anxiety about you, you know,"

—o:—

## Things 'Round Cambridge.

Last Thursday night a big, Ward Four policeman stood scowlingly facing a small, thin-faced boy, whose evil aspect showed how rapidly he was mellowing for the gibbet; and pressed upon him the following loud and relentless catechism: "Now, thin, who was the other bye that helped ye put the shot inter Ragan's goat's ears, whin the poor baste wint crazy and jumped atop the stove an' died? Come, now, give it away, or harrum will come to yez. Tell a straight shtory now about yer diviltry in shtearlin' mortar down ter the new Wibster School an' puttin' it on Hackett's front steps, an' be the means av that his carpets was spoiled. Owen up, will yes?"

"Hope to drop dead if I put any mortar on Hackett's door steps. Ruffy's little brother an' me started down Magazine street, that night, and met two other fellers, an' they says, 'what's the matter wid firin' this revolver at some crows down on the marsh,' an' when we went into Kinnard street we heered a dence of a noise in your house, an' we looked through the winder an' we seed you beatin' your old woman wid a beer can; and that's all I know about it, an' I don't know about gittin mortar nor nuthin else."

Then the policeman looked silly and quietly cursed the street scourge as he crammed his mouth full of dirty lettuce stump and hurried away to report to the station.

BANGS.



## MY DORA!

ET others rave of beauteous maids,  
Of rose-bud mouth and teeth like pearls  
Of dimpled cheeks and flashing eyes—  
"Such stunning girls!"  
My Dora, in her simple dress,  
My Dora (whom may heaven bless!)  
Is good enough for me.

My Dora has no seal-skin sacque,  
No forty dollar Paris bonnet;  
She wears a little turned up hat—  
A feather on it.  
The Jersey jacket, soft and warm,  
That hugs so tight her pretty form,  
Is good enough for me.

Let other girls sew crazy quilts  
And cover rolling pins with plush,  
Embroider unknown breeds of dogs—  
And—let 'em "gush!"

The home-made bread my Dora makes,  
The cod-fish balls, the buck-wheat cakes,  
Are good enough for me.

She does not know the latest craze  
In songs, or fancy work, or "Germans,"  
But she can work "God bless our home."

And preach me se .mons!  
She does not bang her hair or fuzz it;  
And yet the simple way she "does" it  
Is good enough for me.

"Aesthetic yearnings" in her breast  
I know have never found a place;  
Contentment sits upon her brow—  
And she says *ease*.

And though her love she will not speak  
The peach-bloom blush that stains her cheek  
Is good enough for me.

And when she leaves this world below  
And journeys to the unknown land,  
I only ask that I may go  
And hold her hand,  
I shall not fear, for this I know,  
That any place where Dora'll go  
Is good enough for me.

H. A. B.

## Eccentricity's Extreme.

Damon—"That Robbins is certainly a queer genius. You remember how he hated women; well, he's gone and married and seems to enjoy it. He thinks everything of his wife."

Pythias—"How eccentric."

## The Milk i' the Cocoanut

Brown—"Halloo, Jones, my wife told me not to speak to you, but I sha'n't mind her."

"No more shall I mine, who threatened all sorts of dire vengeance if I was as much as seen on the street with you."

Brown—"I say, Jones, do you know what they have been quarreling about?"

Jones—"About a new receipt for preserves, I believe."

Brown—"Oh, yes, due to jell, I see."

## Military Tactics.

"Do you know anything about Victor Emanuel?" was asked of a Grand Army man, in the examination for a position in the civil service.

"Let me see—Victory Manual—no," he replied. "I was always drilled according to Upson's manual."

## Sweet Remembrance.

They were enjoying their parting yum-yum at the door. She stood folded in his arms stroking his parted-in-the-middle-English, you-know beard, while he looked into her orbs of blue with a smile on his countenance that would have caused a blush on the cheeks of the Statue of Liberty. For a time no sound was heard save the gentle smack of their colliding lips. At length she said:

"Georgie, dearest, do you know why I love you so well?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Because when you kiss me you remind me so much of my dear little poodle that died last summer."

She now wonders why he broke off their engagement and went West.



## A DIFFERENCE WITHOUT A DISTINCTION.

MRS. BROWN—"What horrid boys are those making such a noise?"

MRS. SMITH—"Two of them are your sons."

MRS. BROWN—"Oh, I don't mean them, I mean the others."

## A Good Word for the Woman.

Wife—"Henry, you know there is to be a tub-race on the river this afternoon."

Husband—"Yes, my dear. What of it?"

"Our washerwoman thinks of entering and wants you to back her. You know what good work she has done for us."

THE STREET-RAILWAYS of New Orleans are notoriously poor and slow, but they will not entertain a proposal to introduce the cable system. They don't like anything of Cable's since he wrote up the Creoles with a photographic recklessness.



## CONJUGAL ENDEARMENTS.



F. B.

I saw it down at Dennings, dear,  
Oh, such a lovely shade!  
And to go with it—for trimming—  
Just the sweetest plush brocade!  
And then it was so very cheap,  
And—as the salesman said—  
It was just my style exactly,  
That peculiar shade of red.

Well, yes, my love. Of course, you know,  
I'll have to get it made,  
The latest freaks of fashion  
I always have obeyed.  
I never made a dress. Mamma  
Would never let me try.  
You wouldn't let your little wife  
Go looking like a guy.

Oh, yes, there'll be the lining. And,  
To make the seems much stronger,  
They line the waist and sleeves with silk,  
It lasts a great deal longer.  
And buttons now are quite the rage,  
Aunt bought some for my cousin,  
That were really little works of art—  
Only five fifty a dozen.

And then, let's see: I'll have to get  
Some ribbon, lace and gimp,  
Some canvas for the bottom  
(Else it would be too limp)  
Elastic bands to strap it back  
And make me look quite tall,  
Some whalebones, tape and crocheted balls—  
And now, I think, that's all.

Oh, no! Of, course, I couldn't wear  
A different colored bonnet,  
I'll have to buy a stylish hat  
With a dozen bird's wings on it.  
And then a pair of dainty gloves—  
Delicate fawn or gray—  
Then you shall take me for a walk  
The very first bright day.

H. A. B.

## Discerning as to Fruit.

A man stood on the walk near City Hall with his hat in one hand and a bundle of pencils in the other. A cartoon over his breast read: "Please help the blind." A gentleman who passed dropped a half-pound bunch of fine Isabel grapes into the hat. The blind man felt of them and said: "Thank'ee, sir; thank'ee. But—'er—would you mind changing them for Catawba. I eat that many Isabels, the last week, I'm almost sick of grapes, but I could manage a pound or so of Catawbas if they was choice, sir."

## OFF THE BENCH.

THE NEW ORLEANS *Picayune* is fifty years old, but it's circulation does not show any signs of torpidity.

NINE MEN OUT OF TEN think that riches are a burden and pity the wealthy so much that they are willing to take part of the load. There is more of this good Samaritanism afloat unredeemed than cynics are willing to allow.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH'S raids on beer adulterations and copperas-coated brass faucets will give legitimate beer a longer time in which to use a man up and so largely increase the consumption, in time. Fatty degeneration is slower than jim-jams.

A CASE IN THE Detroit courts that everybody was talking about was headlined: "Suspicious Death of a Babe." And probably there are a dozen cases a day there of suspicious births of babes that attract little or no attention. "Thus usage stales our taste."

FUTTON MARKET STALLS make one think of "Romeo and Juliet"—so many fryer's cells. Eat an alleged saddle-rock dish and you will be again reminded of fryers' sells. (We leave references to "austere," "cove," "shell out," etc., etc., to the rabble of paragraphists.)

THE SUCCESS of the Chicago *Rambler* has tempted a syndicate of anhydrous reporters to start a paper to be called the Chicago *Gambler*. They "allow" that Chicago's chief industry ought to be organized, and that it will fill a long felt want of her business and political circles.

THE USEFUL AUTHORITY about hotels and beer-gardens that we call a "bouncer" in this country, is known as a "chucker-out" in England. When a dude puts his hand familiarly under the pretty bar-maid's chin she immediately calls on the bouncer to put the chuckerout. Hence the title.

THE GRANT MONUMENT COMMISSION has been imposed upon so often by bogus-check jokers that it will not receive any more checks. This is good news, if late. We fear that when the fund committee was made up it received a check it can never recover from. It is poverty-stricken with superfluous wealth.

IT WAS PROVED in the *scan. mag.* case, Boston, that Brer. Taber went to a Baptist convention with a bathing-suit in his bag. The precaution was so appropriate in a good Baptist that the comment excited by the disclosure is rather strange. Would it not subserve the cause of good morals and religion if members of the Bowdoin Square church wore bathing suits all the time, hermetically sealed?

## GOING TO THE MOUNT.

"The wind-flower and the violet  
Have perished long ago;"  
And lately all my peace of mind  
Has vanished even so,

For fashion wills that pantaloons  
Shall be so full and wide  
As to dangle 'round the wearer's legs  
Like a rhinocer-i-ous hide.

But mine are of the meagre sort,  
Such as they used to wear;  
And tho' out of date, I can't afford  
To buy another pair.

But Mohammed to the Mountain went  
When it wouldn't come to him;  
So I'll put myself on restaurant fare,  
And make my legs more slim.

And then I'll blossom forth once more,  
In latest fashion dressed;  
And pose my legs before the crowd  
As boldly as the best.

R. MORGAN.

## Domestic Discipline Insured.

Hungary has an insurance company which pays married men from 100 to 500 florins in the event of the elopement of their spouses! And the wife who wants to keep her lord in a delightfully warm bath has only to remark now and then, "Really, now, Rudolph, don't you think you had better insure?"

## The Prattling Innocents.

A little three-year-old was trundling his cart around the room when his mother told him to put it up, as he was making too much noise. In a short time there came up a severe thunderstorm. On hearing the thunder the little fellow went up to his mother and said: "Mamma, Dod's dot his tart out, tan't I dit mine?"

He was seated in the parlor holding and chatting with little four-year-old Willie waiting for Miss Lucy.

Says Willie, "Mr. Delmar, is your name Jo-Jo?"

"No, Willie, what made you think it was?"

"'Cause I heard sister Lucy tell mamma this morning that you looked exactly like the dog-faced man in Barnum's circus."

Exit Delmar.

## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"You seem to be remarkably chipper this morning," observed a Darrowsville man to his neighbor, who is the father of four grown-up daughters. "What's in the wind?"

"Well, in the first place, business is improving; that is to say, I guess it is. The boom hasn't struck us yet, but they say its coming, and kerosene is cheap."

"Well, what of it?"

"And the Good Templars have started a lodge here; and the onion crop is short."

"What are you driving at, anyhow?"

"Why, don't you see? This ought not to be an off winter in matrimony."

R. MORGAN.

IT'S A LONG TIME between rows, in Ireland, and an election on, too. Irish love of liberty is degenerating and her whiskey is diluted, we very much fear.



HEATRICAL lithographing and printing was a specialty of my house. We got out beautiful work, though I say it myself. But, to be sure, Messrs. Bottom & Quince paid me to say it, and paid liberally. Perhaps that is the reason I gave the pointer to Mr. Board, the manager of the spectacular show exhibiting at the time in Chicago.

"Now, look at this example, Mr. Board," I said, as I tacked up against the wall of my room a highly colored print of a premiere danseuse. "Here is a picture of undoubted merit, a work of art of the highest order. The color is perfection and the drawing most life-like. The man who designed this picture is really a great artist. Everything that he attempts he draws well, from a double tooth to his salary. It is sometimes difficult, the cashier of the house tells me, to prevent his drawing some other fellow's salary as well, such is his

diligence and skill. Now, please compare the work of this gentlemen with the miserable caricature of a ballet girl you have been pasting up all over the country. You have it in your mind, no doubt. Compare the two and say, isn't yours a libel on the adorable creatures who charm us by their beautiful faces, lovely forms and graceful movements? Why, man, your picture looks for all the world like the last end of Heaven's indignation poured out on a bob-tailed monkey. Am I not right, Mr. Board?"

The manager looked at me with some surprise, reflected a moment and then said: "I wonder if you know what you are talking about, young man. Did you never hear of rouge and grease-paint? I think not. Do you know what woman's bosom friend is? You may think so, but I don't think you do. It's cotton batting, Mr. Lang. See here, how close did you ever come to a high-kicker? Now, honest."

I had to admit that the bald-headed row was the nearest I ever had the luck to approach.

"I thought so. I'll tell you what, dear boy; it's against our rules, but if you'll come to the stage door to-night, at quarter of eight, I'll give you a chance to see the adorable creatures of whose beautiful faces, lovely forms and graceful movements you have so correct a knowledge, at short range. Ask for me at the door, will you?"

I joyously promised to be on time.

"Now, I'll do this for you, Lang. That picture is a good one. It's a lie, of course, but that's about what we want the public to believe our girls are really like. That it is better than the bob-tailed monkey picture, I cheerfully admit. You can put me down for two thousand, and—"

"I'm greatly obliged, Mr. Board, I'm—"

"Hold up, my boy. Postpone your thanks until after the show. Then, when you figure on the fact that I have destroyed some of your choicest illusions, you will consider the obligation more than cancelled. Take my word for it, when you are through with me you'll value yourself at a very low figure. You will feel like admitting that it takes about two gross of Langs to make one decent idiot. Bye-bye."

I wasn't good for much for the rest of that day. Time dragged very heavily. As the hour approached I consulted my watch every few minutes. It seemed to be a slow race between the big black hand and the little one, but at last the favorite passed his old competitor, and just as he reached the third-quarter post I rang up the stage door keeper and asked for Mr. Board.

"Name, please."

I gave it.

"Right. Mr. Board is over on the prompt side in the wings. He said I was to send you over, when you came."

It looked green to ask questions and I didn't care to give my ignorance away, but, how I was to get to the "prompt side" or

what kind of a thing the "prompt side" was, anyhow, I hadn't the dimmest idea. So I took my foot in my hand and started in. The place was very dimly lighted, and I suffered many mishaps before I gave myself up for lost. Somewhat winded, as might be expected of a man who had knocked over a castle or two, to say nothing of nearly upsetting a forest, I sat down to rest on an ocean that was lying rolled up on one side already to be spread, later on.

In a few moments an object appeared that proved to be the hind legs of an elephant on their way to keep an appointment with the front pair and the parts thereunto appertaining. The legs questioned me as to what I was doing and inquired as to how I happened to be where I was. I explained the situation and then Jumbo's obliging afterwards very civilly pointed out the direction which I was to take in order to reach the mysterious "prompt side" which by this time I had concluded had taken unto itself the "wings" the doorkeeper had spoken of and flown to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Considerably encouraged, I started off again, but hadn't gone far when I suddenly felt the floor give way under my feet and I was precipitated into a sort of cellar, brilliantly lighted.

For a moment I could see but little except stars, both small and great, but I heard at the moment of falling a chorus of shrieks. After a bit things began to clear and there hazily shaped themselves before my wondering eyes what seemed to me countless numbers of flesh-colored legs. An instant later I perceived that appertaining to each pair and some little distance above the knee hung a huge cloud, varying as to color: pink, white, blue or yellow.

The shrieking subsided directly but other and hardly more agreeable sounds assailed my ears.

"Girls, I really think it has life. Try it just once, Maud, for luck."

One pair of limbs, a very fat pair, approached me and bestowed a thundering kick, to be compared only with the well-known gesture of an Arkansas mule on my—that is a foot or so due south of the small of my back.

"Ouch!" I ejaculated. "Let up."

"Why, so it has. Stand up, you, whatever you are, and explain by what right you are in the ballet's dressing room," commanded the fatted calves.



"Excuse me, ladies," I said pleadingly, perceiving that the understandings about me were the belongings of women. "Excuse me, I don't feel quite well. Pray, leave me."

"What's the matter, beauty," asked a brace of knock knees, "Have you got the measles? If so, how many?"

"Don't you like it here, birdie?" inquired two English ankles, "No? Well, why did you come? You weren't invited."

"Ladies, I again ask your pardon," I said, humbly. "I feel very sore, but if you will allow me to get up, I will try to find my way out. Really, I didn't come of my own accord, I fell through the coal hole, I think."

"Came through the trap, you fool," corrected two of a kind un-



der an umbrella of salmon-colored mosquito-netting.

With another attempt at an apology I made an attempt to get on my feet, but, quick as lightning, a pair of parentheses jumped nimbly on my chest-protector with a "Hoop-la," bearing me quickly to the floor. There they lingered, one hundred and forty pounds of them, while all the other extremities in the room, my own excepted, formed a ring and circled wildly about, guying me the while unmercifully, and laughing over my misfortune as if it was the best joke of a long and particularly good season for almanacs. In vain I begged for my liberty, no one but myself heeding my pathetic pleadings. A man's power of lung, let me tell you, is severely handicapped when he has a hundred and forty pounds of coryphee perched on his wish-bone, and I began to fear that only death would relieve me from my painful position when a rough voice—a man's—was heard above the din of my tormenters:

"Ready for the first act, ladies."

"Good-bye, darling," said she whose charms had made such an impression on my tender bosom, jumping to the floor and running out.

"Bong swore, mong amy," a bony pair of shanks exclaimed, fetching me a royal good kick in the short ribs and following their leader.

"Olive oil, dear boy," said the next, a brace of guarled shanks whose perfectly apparent age would have commanded the respect of any man and whose kick, delivered in the neighborhood of my second joint, would have brought tears of envy to eyes of a mugwump.

And so on each pair, before skipping out, paid me the attention of bidding me some sort of farewell and bestowing on me a love tap more forcible than gentle.

Farewells always are and always have been most painful to me, but, for a fact, I never was so painfully affected by any parting in my life as by those with the ladies of Bill Board's ballet.

How I got out of the place I never could tell, but I did finally gain the exit, my limbs paining like a tooth-ache and every breath a pitiful groan. Thoroughly dazed, I limped out of the stage door and ran up against my friends Cusby and Brown.

"Hullo, Lang," Brown said "where the deuce have you been since dinner. We've been looking for you everywhere. We're going in to see the show. You'd better come along. The ballet is better than ordinary, I believe, and you're badly stuck on the ballet, you know."

"Stuck on the ballet!" I ejaculated. "Great Scott! Boys, if you love me, never utter that word in my hearing again. Put me in a cab, my friends, and send me to the hotel."

I'm sick, I say,  
Of the ball-a.

A wreck, you see,  
Made by ball-ee.

I may not die  
Of the ball-i,

But you can bet  
You'll never get  
Me more to set  
These eyes of mine  
On the ballet.

And no one ever did.

S. L. LANG.

Briefs Submitted.

A Hubbub—A Boston boy.  
As a general thing, what a man sews he rips.

A Mr. Cain has been arrested in New York for burglary. Blood will tell.

"The man who fights and runs away," in prose, is the man who gets the licking.

Look at your Uncle Sam's navy if you think the old man can't endure hard ships.

Moral philosophers seem to differ widely in their doctrines; but give 'em time. They will all tumble to the Ethics of the Dust, at last.

"Robert Toombs lived in the best company all his life." For all that, Robert seems to have failed to improve his profane language.

A correspondent asks who wrote: "The pen is mightier than the sword." The pen wrote it, of course. The sword can't write, and that's where the pen has the bulge on the sword.

At the Denver hotels "guests are requested not to fee the waiters." But the hungry traveler will do it all the same. The guest who has not feed the waiter, learns that the waiter may not feed the guest.

"Bigamists are the best behaved class of convicts in the Georgia penitentiary." Probably they fear being discharged. Two Georgia women biding their time can make outdoor life a terror.

Philadelphia girls are learning to play the violin. Probably they will tire of it when they thoroughly realize that it is an art which permits the performer to handle the bow with but one arm.

He received the trust funds; gave no security; paid the interest punctually; and, when the trust expired handed over everything clean and square. And now in financial circles he is alluded to as "that eccentric chap, Brown." The leading enterprisers call him a crank.

EPITAPHS.

On a Pawnbroker.

From the pledges of life now relieved,  
Here reposes the friend of the schemer;  
He was not orthodox—he believed  
That cash was the only redeemer.

On a Whistling Girl.

Here lies a maid who could ne'er regret  
That her tongue was her only missile;  
She could whistle all day like a man, and yet  
She never wet her whistle.

On a Doctor.

He who gave the quietus to so many men  
Is now laid away on the shelf;  
He might have lived on until three score and ten,  
Had he never prescribed for himself.

On an Unhappy Lover.

As his heart had not known a pain  
Till the unlucky moment he met her,  
He might have been happy again,  
Had he lived on and learned to forget her.

On a Theatrical Manager.

Here lies a man who put to the blush  
The whims of his fanciful spouse;  
For he never thought that he was flush,  
Unless he drew a full house.

J. J. O'CONNELL.

Wealth Makes Wisdom.

"No, it's nossings like virtuous. My gousin one time he keep a lunch house not pigger as a pan-box, where he sell pad whiskey and damaged hairings on a schmall scale, but at liberal brices, and by hones' indregity get him so a pig name and a pile like that Wandergoolds, as now the reporters want to know what his obinions on our next president, and dose St. Louis strike, and ole Creeley at de artic rechion."



A GRACELESS YOUNGSTER.

REV. MR. PEGWELL (about to say grace)—"Wait, my dear nephew; I generally say something before I eat."

NEPHEW (exultantly)—"O, I know! You are going to say just what father does—'D—such cooking'."



MODERN WA  
FORT ARBITRA



JUDGE.



WARFARE.  
ARBITRATION.



Miss Mather was but little known in New York before her opening at the Union Square Theatre, but Mr. Hill has not always and everywhere been reticent about his star. Two years ago one of the leading Chicago papers spoke of Miss Mather as "the best advertised woman in America." This, however, was before sensational advertising had become such a mania with managers who had imported goods to dispose of.

Mr. R. B. Mantell, now playing his old role of *Loris Ipanoff* in Miss Davenport's "Fedora," is not meeting the former popular approval. Too much commendation has produced self-consciousness. The spontaneity and ingenuousness which marked his earlier work in this role are replaced by fastidious precision, repression, suppression, all of which fail to make an impression.

An artist friend once said to me that it was impossible to find a woman whose form would answer for a model; that all were misshapen, drawn in at the waist and bulged at other places. "We are compelled," said he, "to conceal the form line at the waist with drapery of some description." Could he see Miss Anderson statueized, his delight would be unbounded. Such symmetry of form and graceful outline as hers approach the physical perfection worshipped by the Greeks.

As *Rosalind*, *Ganymede*, *Galatea*, and as Miss Anderson herself, we have the same beauty, the same unrestricted grace. Gracefulness is the rythmical movement of all members of the body. Therefore the actress who imprisons her body in tight steel-ribbed jackets, loses the possibility of one of the greatest charms—gracefulness.

Miss Alice Harrison at the Madison Square Theatre would make a very acceptable appearance upon the stage, if it were not for her hands. There is nothing remarkable about them, either, excepting their persistent conspicuousness.

Last week Mme. Janisch drew a crowded house to the People's Theatre. This, it is stated, was her last appearance in New York for this season. She should swing around the circle and play to the Harlemites for a week.

The Bowery audiences gave "Anselma" a noisy and hearty approval. *Stella* and her abbreviated costume did not offend their nice sense of propriety while the unrewarded

devotion of the wife, *Anselma* met with moist-eyed sympathy from them.

"In Spite of All" which has just abdicated a two months' reign at the Lyceum, was a symmetrical piece of play-writing symmetrically acted. It was another illustration of the perfection of ensemble in plays of which recent American performances have boasted—the opposite extreme from the ill-sorted, out-of-tune star system. When Mr. Mackay Americanized this plot he did the stage and morality a service, and laid the foundation for Miss Minnie Maddern's fortune. With the enviable prestige which she has gained in the Metropolis and such an attractive play as "In Spite of All," Miss Maddern is sure of crowded houses wherever she appears. Miss Dauvray and her play, "One of Our Girls" is the new attraction at the Lyceum.

Perhaps no vice works such continual and pitiable abasement in man as egotistic self-love. For the gratification of this passion men barter their manhood, mothers neglect their sacred trusts, wives lose their honor, girls their souls, and kings their kingliness.

If Shakespeare divined this inherent weakness of human nature and sought to give a moral lesson in "King Lear" by picturing the overwhelming mastery which self-love, unchecked, can obtain over the greatest of natures—if this was Shakespeare's idea, then Salvini's conception and interpretation of the role are un-Shakespearean. But, if the poet conceived this character simply as the personification of strength and grandeur in every phase of passion, then Salvini's portrayal is Shakespearean. He is great at all times. What would be petulance in a lesser nature, in him becomes a proud impatience. He is magnanimous in manner as in word when he gives his whole kingdom to his daughters; when he flings his mantle to the shivering fool, his manner bespeaks his noble nature as plainly as the act denotes his pity for his devoted jester. He has a great, unrestrained, transparent nature. He knows no petty pride and royally scorns concealment, even of his woes. When *Goneril* arrogantly upbraids him in her red-carpeted court-yard, his conflicting feelings are mirrored in the changing lines of his mobile face. He is terrifically sublime when, crazed by grief and injustice, he wanders, uncapped, uncrowned, alone in the tempest and addresses the wind, rain, thunder. This war of the elements is but noisy companion to the warfare in his breast.

Outlined against the massive rocks he stands, with arms outspread as if to encompass all the furies that are howling around him, a picture of unnatural grandeur.

Even in this scene when reason is dethroned, he impresses us as "every inch a king." This climax other actors have made the grotesque extravagance of madness. Salvini acts it with a frenzied regality that is the ghost of his former imperial majesty.

"Nanon" is fast approaching its one hundred and fiftieth birthday when it will retire from active life and take a vacation.

Mr. Aronson withdraws this popular piece while it is still in much favor. "Amorita," which has been in diligent rehearsal for weeks, will replace it.

#### Fiendish Professional Jealousy.

"I don't see," said the new paragraphist on the *Herald* (the kind they hired that week) "why our exchanges copy only the stupidest paragraphs that happen to run the guard and get into the *Herald*. They never use my best things."

"Why, that's easy enough," said the Old Hand.

"Well, what's the reason? Have they no appreciation of delicate humor?"

"Same principle on which the star always fills the cast with sticks. They want to shine by contrast. Tell you how I'd fix 'em if I was a funny man."

"Cut off the exchange?"

"No-o—leave out all the stupid items and let the danged exchanges perish in their own darkness. But—hold on! How'd you ever fill up the department?"

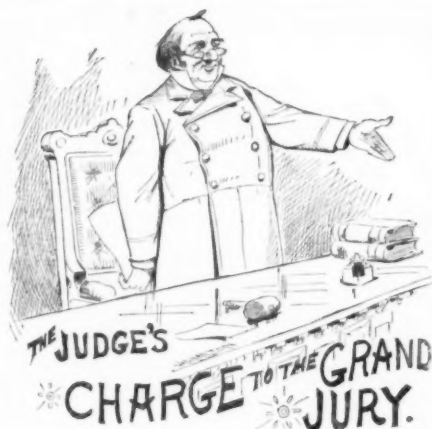


"Ay, every inch a king!"

#### A Recourse.

Disgruntled Democrats continue to write highly indignant letters to their favorite papers, asking what they had better do about Cleveland's numerous failures to turn out Republicans. There is open to them a like alternative to that which Judge Martin Grover offered defeated counsel: "They can either appeal or go down to the tavern and swear at the court."





Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

This Court of Last Resort desires to impress upon Your Jury the striking effects of your power as shown in the conviction and sentence of Jas. D. Fish and Ferdinand Ward by the courts of New York. We also congratulate Your Jury on the speedy justice thus secured in obedience to your tribunal of Public Opinion. It has recorded a contradiction of the cynical and despondent feeling sometimes entertained by you, that the criminal courts would not convict a rich man. Your Jury, while taking heart of hope from these convictions, should not abate your determined attention to the lawless and injurious course of rich men, for eternal vigilance is the price of your authority.

The convictions already secured in the special cases mentioned have reached but two of the conspirators interested in the Grant and Ward frauds. There must be many more implicated, and equally guilty with Fish and Ward. Fifteen or sixteen millions of dollars have been swallowed up, and the most of it is yet in hiding. Your Jury should not abate your inquest until every dollar of the sequestered wealth is accounted for, and so far as any dollar has been unjustly taken, restitution to the rightful owners, and the punishment of all the guilty secured. Such a pushing of Justice to the last end can be secured if Your Jury do not let the matter drop.

You will find as you investigate that there was no legitimate business done by the Ward concern. No property was bought, no enterprise undertaken, no contracts entered upon, no investments of any kind that could pay a just profit are discernable.

Men merely deposited money with Ward and he paid them back illegal gains out of the funds of other depositors. It was one man robbing another through Ward.

But the most of those who put their money in there drew out, or expected to draw out, interest that they knew was illegal, or profits that they knew were dishonest. There is no blinking or evading the criminality of most of the banks, corporations and rich men that furnished money to Ward. They were law-breakers, every one of them, in intent, and most of them were such in fact.

Your Jury should not abate your indictments until the statute laws against usury have been enforced against every man who drew unjust gains from the Ward operations; and when that has been done you should indict and arraign every one of them at this bar for further punishment by the Court of Public Opinion. Many of these men now stand high in honor and public confidence—

a monstrous perversion of justice. Your Jury should strip off their marks of respectability and present them at this court in the prisoner's dock—even as Fish and Ward have stood in the docks of New York courts. It is not fair that two or three of the parties to this great fraud should be arrayed in striped suits and eat the hard bread of disgrace, while the rest of them flourish in fine raiment and live in luxury and respect.

The major crime that is set down in the code of Public Opinion they have been guilty of—seeking to get rich by unlawful means. The whole fabric of fraud rested on that sin and it is Your Jury's special duty to strike at the root of the evil. While established courts of law, at your unceasing, irresistible demand, vigorously enforce the statutory penalties in cases within the cognizance of those courts, be it your duty to visit the full penalties of the High Court of Public Opinion on all who, in making haste to be rich, have not been innocent. C. E. B.

#### An Awful Example of Temperance.

Jay Gould never tasted whiskey but once and that was thirty-four years ago. He decided that if a man means to succeed in life he must let whiskey alone; he then and there registered a solemn vow to drink only the driest champagne, and he has religiously kept it, and now see where he is! *Hoc fabula docet*, that it's lucky that this class of temperance men is not more numerous.

#### A Mixed Definition.

The Mugwump is the only go-as-you-please contestant in the political arena. He is never handicapped by records or weight (moral). He cannot lose a race. Whichever of the favorites wins, he claims a victory.

He is the umpire of the national game. Batted by all, he yet decides the contest irrespective of the efforts and merits of the contestants.

He is the monkey that decides the contest between the cat and dog for possession of the cheese.

He plays *Iago* to the Democratic *Cassio* and the Republican *Roderigo*, saying: "Whether *Roderigo* kill *Cassio*, or *Cassio* kill him, every way makes my gain."

He does not object to the application of the principle "to the victor belongs the spoils," provided he be allowed to designate the victor.

The Mugwump is the tramp of American politics—fat, happy, ragged and independent. Wants nothing and gets everything.

NEW YORK DEMOCRACY makes a business of politics the whole year around. The campaign of '85 was not over before the municipal departments sent in their demands for several millions increased appropriations. What are Republicans doing to meet these provisions and provisions?



LABOR LOST.

*Ignorance is bliss on both sides.*



GOOD-BYE!



GOOD EVENING!



GOOD TIME!

## Briefs Submitted.

BY R. MORGAN.

Longfellow incidentally remarks that art is long; and he might have added with equal truth that the artist is generally short.

The old saying that there is nothing like leather is probably true; but the material of which sale shoes are made comes pretty near to it.

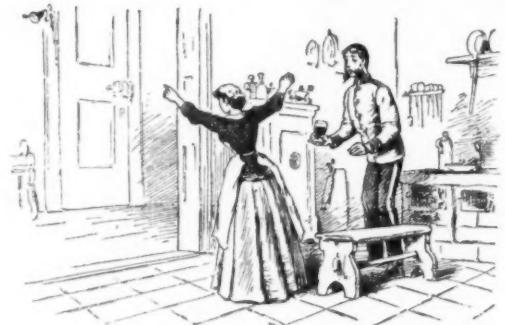
Making wagons is far from being a poetical or romantic business, yet the wheelwright more than any man is apt to "find tongues in trees."

At a commencement in Milwaukee the sweet girl graduates gave an exhibition of bread-baking on the stage. Where will this commencement flour craze end?

Great oaks from little acorns grow. Our early historians make mention of but one small hatchet; and to-day we lead the world in the manufacture of axes.

Speaking of the generally wretched condition of teeth, a dentist prophesies that in a few more generations our posterity will be born without these useful members.

A New Jersey clergyman declares that henceforth he will not marry a man whom he knows to be intemperate. Now if all the other girls follow his example it will go hard with inebriates.



GOOD GRACIOUS!



GOOD IDEA!



GOOD HEAVEN!

[Fliegende Blaetter]

## THE FEATHER BUSTLE.

A LEADVILLE LYRIC.

She wore a feather bustle.  
Now by the sex renounced,  
But her rich silk's loud rustle  
Was of the vogue pronounced.  
And, my! her shining seal-skin  
Told how the ducats rolled  
Into her lengthening "eelskin,"  
From "ground" her lord controlled.  
The weather, rather polar,  
Had made the streets a glare  
Of ice—but something solar  
Was somewhere in the air.  
So she from her high portal,  
To see and to be seen,  
Swept forth a stately mortal—  
A modern Sheba queen.  
On—on she tripped the pavement  
Until she lost her feet,  
Upon which bereavement  
She sat down in the street!  
Ah, yes; and what was sadder  
And made the matter worse,

Like a collapsing bladder  
The pillow burst, of course!

And in a trice up jumping—  
Pity she was not blind!—  
She saw her bustle dumping  
A feathery trail behind!

It chanced a wretched sinner,  
Seeing the lady's plight,  
Forthwith became a grinner  
At all the wondrous sight.

And so with scathing candor  
Thus her vehemence ran:  
"You're grinning like a gander,  
You vile, ungentle man!"

The man, so sore berated,  
His ready tongue let loose—  
"Madame, well are we mated,  
You're molting like a goose!"

ASH. SPALDING.

THE DRUGGIST'S *Journal* reports a case of poisoning from postage stamps. We've often known postage stamps to convey something that made people sick. Sometimes it moved a man with an insane desire to lick the man that licked the stamp.

## Curiosities of the Canvas.

A few of many:

The president refusing to say a word for Hill; and traveling a thousand miles to vote for him.

New Yorkers in Washington departments afraid to go home to vote for fear of being railroaded out as offensive partisans; the president and his staff from this state called patriots for going.

The *Tribune* berating Mugwump journals and "cottoning to" Mugwump voters.

The Prohibitionists getting violent attacks of nausea because of Davenport's Pleasant Valley Wine and bracing up on Jones's punch and Democratic free whiskey. (They are now carefully nursing celebrated cases of political cerebral expansion, in consequence.)

The *World* calling on the faithful to vote the Democratic ticket in order to encourage Cleveland; knifing Democratic candidates right and left and slurring the President every day.

The *Sun* sticking to Hill to the end.



## IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Ask the lad  
Bare-footed, homeless, starved, ill-clad,  
And hear the answer you will get,  
"My dorg an' me has fun—you bet."

Is life worth living? Ask the wretch  
Upon the gallows doomed to stretch  
The hangman's rope, and heed his cry,  
"It is! it is! Don't let me die!"

Is life worth living? Ask the tramp  
Who's home's the gutter cold and damp,  
And hear him tell you with a jerk,  
"It is, old pard, for I don't work."

Is life worth living? Ask the dude  
Whom old Dame Nature somewhat spewed  
And see him suck his cane and say,  
"Aw—weally—life is—aw—quite gay."

Is life worth living? Ask the fool,  
The giggling maiden fresh from school,  
The toiler, invalid, the slave:  
O! life, sweet life, they ever crave,

Is life worth living? Ask the wise  
Philosopher who vainly tries  
To solve the mystery about  
The matter and—remains in doubt.

Is life worth living? Ask the great,  
The millionaires, the kings in state,  
And note their looks of utter woe  
As in despair they shriek, "No! no!"  
[Henry C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.]

## OYES! OYES!

## A CONTRADICTION.

The lover of consistency it grieves  
When in his favorite paper doth appear  
An item with the heading "Autumn Leaves,"  
And one beneath it headed "Autumn Sere."

## TWO WAYS OF VIEWING IT.

Of a man that is wealthy 'tis common to say  
When he's drunk—"He's a little bit over the bay."  
Of the man man 'tis remarked, who's in poverty  
sunk:  
"Where are the policemen? That fellow is drunk!"

## AWFUL,

Fair Anna to her lover said:  
"I've heard that you're a socialist"  
"Tis true," he said, and kissed the maid,  
"And you are now an Anna kissed."

## THE FASHIONABLE GIRL.

Her hair is short—that's all the go;  
A natty cane the maid doth carry,  
She has a "mower" for a beau,  
And uses scarlet stationery.

[Boston Courier.]

After a fashionable reception, to which  
invitations are limited, party feeling always  
runs high.—[Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.]

Whiskey is corn-juiceive to much crime  
in a community. The official count is the  
slowest of all political nobility. The engi-  
neers have locomotives for coming here to  
hold their meeting. Natural gas is doing

the clean thing by Pittsburg.  
[N. O. Picayune.]

Sympathizing friend—"I am always sorry  
when I hear of their being discord in a fami-  
ly. What caused the quarrel between you  
and your husband?" Wife (gloomily)—  
"A mere matter of a pinion." S. F.—  
"Absurd! I should think you would have  
more sense. A mere matter of opinion!"  
W.—"A pinion, I said, a bird's wing for  
my hat. It cost twenty dollars, and he was  
mad." S. F.—"I guess, my dear, it wasn't  
the pinion you quarreled about, but the bill."  
[Boston Courier.]

Sarah Curry, aged 19 years, of Dover, N.  
H., has been informed by cable that she has  
inherited \$1,000,000 by the death of an  
uncle in Scotland. If Sarah was afflicted  
with a hair-lip, or a wart on the chin, or  
any other little hindrances to beauty they  
will now disappear as if by magic.  
[Norristown Herald.]

Lovers of lawn tennis will be pleased to  
learn that the November number of *Outing*  
contains an admirable article on English  
lawn-tennis players, with superb portraits of  
W. Renshaw, the English champion; R. D.  
Sears, the American champion; Ernest Ren-  
shaw, and H. F. Lawford, the Irish cham-  
pion and winner of the gold prize.

Washing-day in the Yellowstone brings  
no terrors, for it is only necessary to place  
the soiled clothing in a bag with a proper  
amount of soap, and suspending the whole  
upon a pole in a pool of boiling water, leave  
the clothing to literally wash itself. In an  
article by Miss Margaret Allen in *Outing*  
for November, there is also a description of  
the manner of cooking a dinner by the same  
means, though not in the same pool, it  
should be remarked.

## WHERE THEY WERE.

Several weeks ago, Prof. A. Kahn a musi-  
cal Hebrew and a man whose keen sense of  
humor is almost without parallel, started out  
on a canvassing tour for the *Arkansaw*  
*Traveler*. The following is a bit of his Ar-  
kansaw City experience, rendered without  
his musical accent:

"You gave me a list of subscriptions that  
had expired, you know," he said to the busi-  
ness manager.

"Yes; did you call and see—"

"Hold on, I tell you. I took the list,  
went into a hotel where the clerk knew  
every one, and thought I'd call off the  
names, so he could tell me where the men  
lived. I began at the first. 'Where does  
he live?'"

"Oh, he was hung by a mob."

"Ah?"

"Yes, ah."

"Well, where is this one?"

"Him? he was run out."

"Is this one here?" I asked, calling off  
another name.

"Yes."

"How can I find him?"

"By taking a spade and digging out  
yonder under that big tree. One of the  
Littleford boys laid him out."

"Well, I suppose Colonel Boxwirth is  
here?"

"No, he set a man's house on fire and  
had to go over into Mississippi."

"Where is this man?"

"He married a negro woman an' we

run him out."

"And this one?"

"Dead."

"Ah?"

"Yes, ah."

"Do you know where this one is?"

"He hasn't been cut down yet. The  
mob pinned a card on him, warning all  
good citizens to leave him alone."

"Where is this man?"

"In the Mississippi river, somewhere."

"And this one?"

"He has gone out as an evangelist."

"When do you suppose he will be  
back?"

"He won't come back here any more."

"Why?"

"Well, he sold a lot of mortgaged  
cotton."

"Hello, what means that crowd?"

"By the ephemeral deuce!" exclaimed  
the clerk, "they are coming after me.  
Good bye," and his coat tails flapped against  
the facing of the back door."

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

## THE EMPTY HAMMOCK.

Quaint and empty the hammock swings;  
Tattered and torn and gone to strings;  
No more its meshes are crowded with girls,  
With bustles and bangs and pinned on curls;  
No more the air is full of feet,  
Of blushes crimson and ankles neat,  
As over the side the coy maid goes—  
(A sly manoeuvre for catching beaux).  
The hammock is now a thing forlorn,  
With none to pity and none to mourn;  
Yet the maiden still her task pursues—  
At the opera now the boys she woos.  
And the only question she asks her mash  
Is the simple one, "Have you got the cash?"  
[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

## COMPLETE VINDICATION.

A fire occurred in an Arkansaw town the  
other night, but the chief of the fire de-  
partment paid no attention to the alarm.  
The next night he was summoned to appear  
before the council.

"Mr. Chief," said the mayor, "did you  
hear the fire alarm last night?"

"Yes."

"Were you in good health at the time of  
the alarm?"

"Yes, believe I was."

"Then you acknowledge a willful neglect  
of duty?"

"No, sir."

"Why, then, did you not respond if you  
were not determined to neglect your  
duty?"

"Couldn't get away."

"Illness in your family?"

"No."

"Then, sir, I demand the reason."

"Well, you see a passel of us fellows were  
in Anderson's back room when the bell  
rang. I had four aces at the time,  
and—"

"What?"

"Yes, held four aces. John Buckner be-  
gan to bluff, and—"

"How did it result?" the mayor asked  
with heightened interest.

"Oh, I lifted him for about two hun-  
dred."

"You don't say so! Gentlemen, that  
was doubtless a very interesting game. As  
there is no business of any importance we'll

adjourn and go down to Anderson's back room."

Next morning, the daily paper contained the following notice:

"The enemies of our chief of the fire department having circulated reports to the effect that he had willfully neglected his duty, that gentleman was last night summoned before the city council to answer the charges brought against him. The investigation resulted in a complete vindication of our worthy chief, and friends on every side pressed forward to congratulate him. The idler's tongue is ever flippant, and, to our shame be it said, we are ever willing to harken to the words of the traducer. Our worthy chief will be a candidate for re-election, and, as the matter now stands, it will be impossible to defeat him."

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

#### HIS HONOR AND BIJAH.

"Now, madam," Bijah was saying, with his nose against the bars of cell No. 2, as court opened, "won't you please keep still? This is thirteen drinks of water I have given you this morning, and as for quail on toast for breakfast, you can't have it. We gave out the last yesterday and quails are going to be awfully skeerce for the next few days."

"Don't you sass me!" she hissed at him. "I'm a poor, lone woman, and I'm locked up in the jug, but I won't take no sass from any living man."

"Who's sassing you?"

"You are!"

"I haint!"

"Don't you call me a liar, you old bald-head!"

"And don't you go for to call me names or I'll tell the Judge on you."

"If you do I'll haunt you till your dying day!"

The conversation was plainly heard in the court room, and his Honor being ready for business ordered Bijah to bring the woman out. The first look at her showed that she was a bad one to deal with and his Honor forced a smile and asked:

"Is this Mrs. Parker?"

"What if it is?" she impudently demanded.

"If it is then I was going to remark that you are charged with being drunk and cre-

ating a disturbance."

"It's a lie!"

The officer in the case was called up and sworn, but he had scarcely begun his story when she called him a liar and a horse-thief.

"Mrs. Parker, will you be silent?" asked the court.

"No, I won't!"

"Then it will be the worse for you."

"I don't care."

"I shall send you up for sixty days."

"You are a mean old villain!"

"I shall make it ninety days."

"You are mean as pizen!"

"Four months, Mrs. Parker."

"I'll never go—never, never!"

She raised the biggest kind of a row, and Bijah came out of it with the loss of a diamond pin which cost thirty cents at wholesale, and which covered half his shirt front, but she went up, all the same. The law is a bigger man than any women.

#### IN CONTRAST.

How strange the contrast between her case and that of James Madison Smith! He came out with a bland smile covering his face, and he stood on the chalk-mark and rubbed his hands together and gently observed:

"Beg pardon, but do I intrude?"

"Oh, no, no!" replied the court. "I was rather expecting you, and you must feel right at home."

"Rather gloomy morning?"

"Yes."

"Have you plenty of room in the Work House?"

"Oh, yes. The Superintendent telephoned me this morning that he had about forty vacant cells."

"I'm glad of that. I shouldn't want to go and push myself in, and crowd some poor fellow out, you know."

"I see. That's an excellent trait of character, Mr. Smith. Let's see? Oh, yes—there's a charge against you."

"Exactly, your Honor. Drunk, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Very well! Will it be too much trouble for you to send me up for thirty days?"

"Why, our business here is to try and accommodate the public. It's hard times, you know, but I will try and fix it for you."

"Thanks—very kind of you. Can I consider myself sent up for thirty?"

"You can, and good-bye to you. Any time you should want anything in our line—"

"Oh, of course—of course. I am a great hand to patronize the firm which treats me the best."—[Detroit Free Press.]

#### AN UNTUTURED SAVAGE.

Strolling through the Public Garden and the famous Boston Common, the untutored savage from the raw and unpolished West is awed and his wild spirit tamed by the magnificent harmony of nature and art. Everywhere the eye rests upon all that is beautiful in nature, while art has heightened the pleasing effect without having introduced the artistic jim-jams of a lost and

undone world.

It is a delightful place through which to stroll in the gray morning while the early worm is getting his just deserts. There, in the midst of a great city, with the hum of industry and the low rumble of the throbbing of the Boston brain dimly heard in the distance, nature asserts herself and the weary, sad-eyed stranger may ramble for hours and keep off the grass to his heart's content.

Nearly every foot of Boston Common is hallowed by some historical incident. It is filled with reminiscences of a time when liberty was not overdone in this new world, and the tyrant's heel was resting calmly on the neck of our forefather.

In the winter of 1775-6—110 years ago next winter, as the ready mathematician will perceive, 1,700 redcoats swarmed over Boston Common. Later on the local antipathy of the tourists became so great that they went away. They are still fled. A few of their descendants were there when I visited the Common, but they seemed amicable and did not wear red coats. Their coats this season are made of a large check, with sleeves in it. Their wardrobe generally stands a larger check than their bank account.

The fountain in the Common and the Public Garden attract the eye of the stranger, some of them being very beautiful. The Brewer fountain on Flagstaff hill, presented to the city by the late Gardner Brewer is very handsome. It was cast in Paris, and is a bronze copy of a fountain designed by Lienard of that city. At the base are figures representing Neptune with his fabled pickrel stabber, life size; also, Amphitrite, Acts and Galatea. Surviving friends and relatives of these parties may well feel pleased and gratified over the life-like expression which the sculptor has so faithfully reproduced.

But the Cogswell fountain is probably the most eccentric squint, and one which at once rivets the eye of the beholder. I do not know who designed it, but I am told that it was modelled by a young man who attended the codfish autopsy at the Market daytimes and gave his nights to art.

The fountain proper consists of two metallic bullheads rampant. They stand on their bosoms with their tails tied together at the top. Their mouths are abnormally distended, and the water gushes forth from their tonsils in a beautiful stream.

The pose of these classical codfish or bullheads is sublime. In the spirited Græco-Roman tussle which they seem to be having, with their tails abnormally elevated in their

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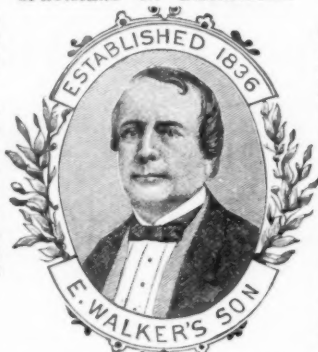
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artistic catch-as-catch-can or can-can scuffle, the designer has certainly hit upon a unique and beautiful impossibility.

Each bullhead also has a tin dipper chained to his gills, and through the live-long day, till far into the night, he invites the cosmopolitan tramp to come and quench his never-dying thirst.

The Frog pond is another celebrated watering place. I saw it in the early part of May, and if there had been any water in it, it would have been a fine sight. Nothing contributes to the success of a pond like water.

I ventured to say to a Boston man that I was a little surprised to find a frog pond pond containing neither frogs nor pond, but he said I would find it all right if I called around during office hours.

While sitting on one of the many seats which may be found on the Common, one morning, I formed the acquaintance of a pale young man who asked me if I resided in Boston. I told him that while I felt flattered to think that I could possibly fool any one, I must admit that I was only a pilgrim and a stranger.

He said he was an old resident and he had noticed that the people of the Hub always spoke to a fellow till he was tired. I afterwards learned that he was not an actual resident of Boston, but had just completed his junior year at the State Asylum for the insane. He was sent there, it seems, as a confirmed case of unjustifiable Punist. Therefore the governor had Punist him accordingly. This is a specimen of our patent capitalized joke with Queen Anne dofunny on the corners. We are shipping a great many of them to England this season, where they are greedily snapped up and devoured by the crowned heads. It is a good hot weather joke, devoid of all mental strain, perfectly simple and may be laughed at or not, without giving the slightest offence.

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THE MODERN SHAKESPERE.

"Andromeda!"

"Thou hast mine ear, me lord!"

"For which sweet bounty I do thank thee, dame. But list to this confession from me lips; another one doth share me love for thee."

"The deities of damning bane forfend! Another, gotha, battens on thy heart? Then is the earth of toothsome pasture shorn and joy's sweet ju-ju doth evaporate."

"Withhold thy lamentations yet awhile! Thy mother 'tis that's crept into the chinks that intervenes thy love's monopoly, an' I do hold her at affection's trough as worthy sharer of thy privilege."

"Me mother! Now thou twang'st the harp again. Once more love's nectar trickles i' me soul, for she is germ of all that's bred in me, and love of her approves Andromeda."

"And this much more it doth approve, thou wench—that I've an eye for home's tranquility. Thy mother hath embargo on her speech; that's diamond essence in a mother-in-law. Thy mother knows no warp of the soul; here's commendation to her coming sphere. She's lame; a trait of sometime merit, too, and that she doth good pastry formulate doth brand her mother-in-law excelsior. And I do tell thee this, confiding one, that whosoever woeth him a wife, and studyeth not the mother of the same, leaveth the door of trouble open wide, nor reck's what woe or weal may happen him from her descent upon home's atmosphere."—[Yonkers Gazette.

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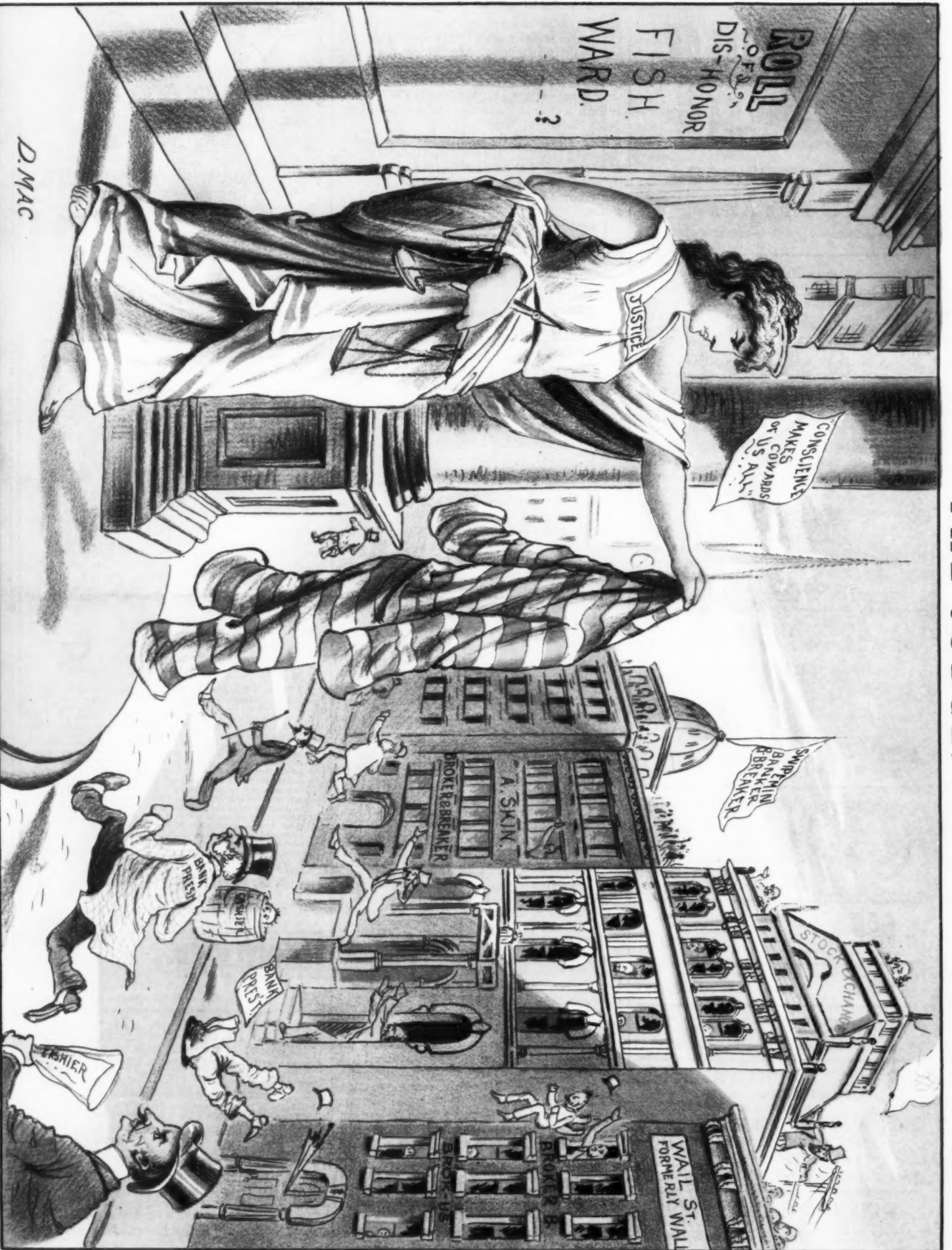
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