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LOOKOUT FOR AN EXPLOSION.

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THE JUDGE.

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IS IT POLITICAL SUICIDE?

HE had no business on the Civil Service Reform bridge, anyway. The Mugwump police are discreetly reticent over their failure to prevent his jumping off, but they concur in the feeling that it is evident now that he came on the bridge for the purpose of signaling his plunge, diving the deeper into and coming up the nastier from the dirty pool of Democratic politics.

He was not a regular traveler on that bridge, and this fact was what attracted so much attention of the Mugwump cops to his presence there. At first they felt much elated to find so unexpected a visitor to their proud structure, and made a good deal of him.

He was somewhat "set-up" by this attention himself, and for a while seemed to think he not only ran the bridge, but was its projector and owner as well.

The whole scene was changed, however, when his old associates began to appear, and called him to return to his Democratic friends with many threats and imprecations, in view of his remaining on the bridge. The appearance of a strong delegation of the Rank and File in the river below, and a cabinet with life-savers, forced and induced him to return to those who chose him by the shortest cut—downward through the air.

He is off the bridge and has slipped through the hands of the Mugwumps. How he will survive the plunge remains to be seen. He went down "groggy" and it is doubtful if

his backers in the tug can resuscitate and put him in condition for another jump in 1888.

But it was rather a sorry ambition to try to distinguish one'sself as the National Champion Diver into the dirty Democratic stream.

CHARGE, CHESTER, CHARGE.

There is still the undecided contest between the keepers and the frequenters of seaside resorts—which shall lose its "sand" and desert the field to the other?

If the excursionist proves longer winded in purse and love of pleasure than the keeper does in cheek and charge, then the resorts will continue to be thronged. But as the daring and appetite of the coast-guard are practically without limit, and the resources of the visitor are limited, it is a safe gamble that the cast will at last remain in possession of the chaps who charge-bayonet with bills.

For, mark you, with one of these fellows you could get ahead of John the Baptist, and of Herodias, too, on a charger.

THE OLD WORLD INCENDIARY.

Afghanistan is something more serious than a bone of contention to the empires that bound her on the North and South respectively; and England's dilemma is not only the preservation of her Indian possessions; she must become responsible for Afghanistan. Afghanistan holds peace or war in her rude grasp.

Russia demands of England that if Afghanistan be the dividing line, that country shall preserve the peace as well as mark the boundaries. If England is to place Afghanistan between herself and Russia, she must undertake to keep Afghanistan in order. The power that uses the Afghans as a buffer must be responsible for the Afghans' conduct.

This is the real danger of an explosion in Asia and Europe. No one can keep the Afghans in order, and any rash act on their part involves some great powers.

Thus these semi-savages hold the peace of Europe, and can any day apply the torch to the explosives underneath all diplomacy and palaver.

A Name for Exportation.

If Mr. Bayliss W. Hanna will please accept one of the many foreign consulates alleged to have been urged upon him and take himself thither forthwith, he will oblige the long-suffering Average Reader. No objection to him personally. Undoubtedly he is qualified by "offensive" copperheadism, or some other atrocity, for office under this administration, and we hope he'll get it, provided it is foreign. What we object to is his torturous name. That's what's the matter of Hanna. We do not care to have him bay-less. Let him take his chaplet and "git" and then a chap can be let to rest. Poor lone Hanna, go.

RULINGS.

"Who is left to mourn for Logan? Not one."—[Democratic style, fall of '84. Out of style now.

A DEMOCRATIC paper, regarding the appointments thus far made, says it is difficult to find suitable Democrats to fill all the offices. The mortality among ex-confederates and Northern-secessh must have been much greater than was supposed.

We are likely to have as many and as encouraging a variety of hells as the ancients had. The new version of the Old Testament establishes a new one of moderate torridity and calls it, "Sheol." That is a hell of a name! Who can allay the pain of a tack in his foot o' nights by repeating "Sheol!" rapidly and in varying emphasis?

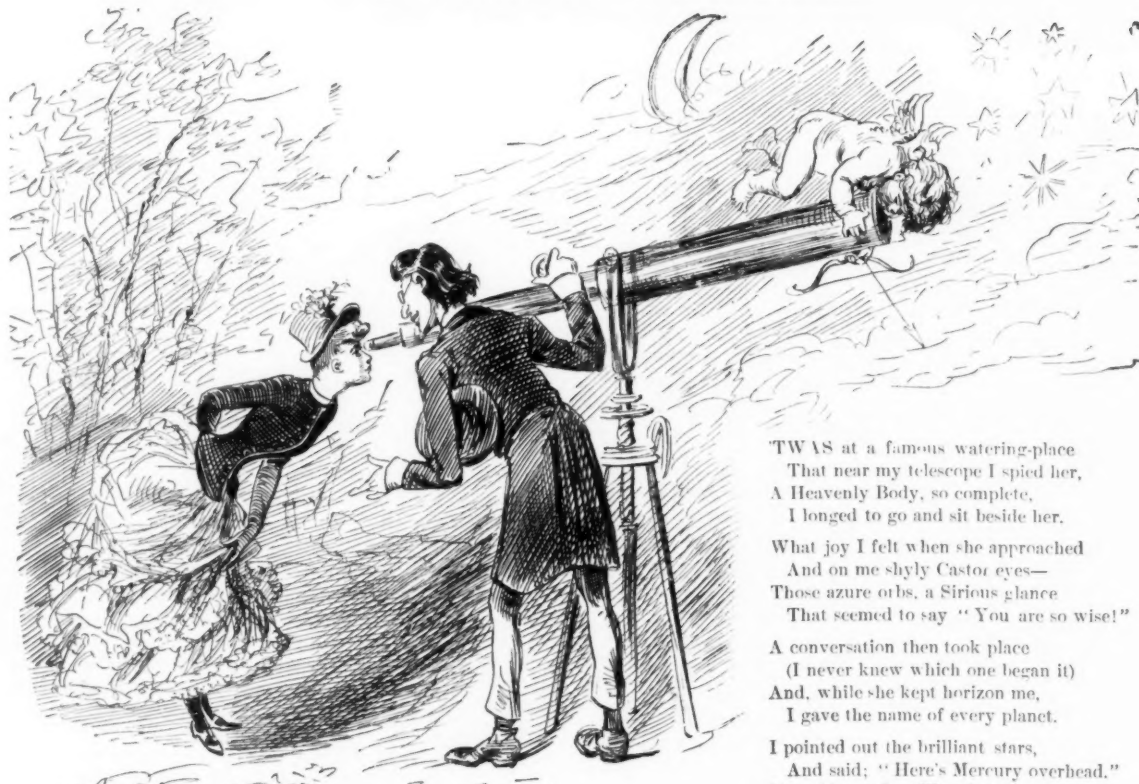
THE CONFEDERATE Secretary of State, R. M. T. Hunter, has received a federal appointment. President Davis and the rest of his cabinet are yet to be rewarded. Hunter was on earth before during Jackson's administration. He is a more archaeological find than old Jackson, Cleveland's Noachian Minister to Mexico. Why doesn't the administration dig up Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr and give them appointments?

WHEN THE delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic called on Secretary Manning to protest against the removal of Union soldiers to make way for civilians and confederates, the gallant secretary said his sympathies were all with the boys in blue, but if they were offensive partisans they must not expect to be retained in office. That settles it. What more offensive partisanship could any one be guilty of than to shoot at the Solid South?



"THE JUDGE'S" FASHION PLATE NO. 4. SOMETHING ORNITHOLOGICAL.

THE ASTRONOMER'S ROMANCE.



TWAS at a famous watering-place
That near my telescope I spied her,
A Heavenly Body, so complete,
I longed to go and sit beside her.
What joy I felt when she approached
And on me shyly Castor eyes—
Those azure orbs, a Sirious glance
That seemed to say "You are so wise!"
A conversation then took place
(I never knew which one began it)
And, while she kept horizon me,
I gave the name of every planet.
I pointed out the brilliant stars,
And said; "Here's Mercury overhead."
She whispered, "We mix that with egg
And put it round the hired girl's bed."

When we went up to tea that night,
The waiter had no sooner seen us
Then he came and took the Milky Way.
He said he "thought 'twas time to Wenus!"

We sat upon a mossy bank,
(Both dead in love, without a doubt)
We held each other by the hand
And satellites were all put out.

O, Jupiter! to sit beside
The object of your purest passion,
To be as silly as you please
And pleiades are out of fashion!

And when I asked her for her hand,
She answered, looking at the stars,
"I'm pretty sure of Mar's consent;
But you may have to tease for Par's."

What happy years have passed since then!
Across my sky no clouds arise;
My observations are so clear
I see The Twins with naked eyes.

The Meter Inspector as a Hero.

Had he no poet, like the braves before Agamemnon, the meter inspector might go down to posterity unwept and unstrung. As it is, he stands a good chance of hanging everytime a house-holder detects him dallying with the dog, the gas-meter and the servant-girl, all three highly incendiary and expensive articles of furniture.

But the inspector is in reality entitled to a place high in the roster of inventors. He it is who discovered that Babbage's Lightning Calculator is an infringement on the plain old-fashioned and old reliable gas-meter. 'Tis to his acumen that we owe the great and not-sufficiently-appreciated fact that two and two make four-and-a-half, and sometimes seven, when gaseous matters are concerned, thus demonstrating that they are measured by a subtle principle of philosophy, entirely differentiating them from other liquids and from solids. He first observed and practiced the expediency of letting sleeping dogs—and gas-meters—lie.

Dogs, indeed, are the ancient and inalienable enemies of the meter inspector. If the servant girl is his Seylla, the dog is Charybdis. For him dog days last all the year. When, in the course of human events, it occurs to a charitable "long suffering and full of mercy" corporation to inspect its meters,

renovate and refresh, and, if superannuated, retire them perhaps from active service, then it occurs to the meter-inspectors to be bitten by one dog at least in every other area-way. Nobody ever relieves, refreshes or retires the meter inspector but the dog. Yet the inspector seems unappreciative and prefers slower locomotion in an orbit of which Phyllis is the central sun.

When he has his arm about the servant girl's waist the meter inspector cares not if

The stars burn out
And the sun grows cold,
And the leaves of the judgment
Book unfold.

He is thinking only of pie, and the possibility of somebody's interrupting him before he can raid the pantry. For the inspector's hours are in the vicinity of three by the clock, an hour midway between the day's chief meals, when the lord of the manor is down town and the dame upstairs deep in a fluffy peignoir and a French novel. 'Tis then the watch-dog bays him deep-mouthed welcome, and the tice takes liberties with the calves of his legs. For he "would go mad mad" did not some friendly cur with fire in his eye and an eye-tooth like a pitch-fork set him the example.

Who but this unhonored and undecorated

hero ever first found out that gas-meters were kept in the cellar where it is dark because their deeds are evil? Who else discovered that the servant girl is the elephant of the American home because of the capacity of her trunk? Who but he knows that the real exemplar of modern mankind is no longer "the little busy bee," but the big meter which can sleep like the hare all summer and then leap to the front of all things in the procession of mundane life with a rapidity which distances the clack of a gossiping country mill-wheel or the tongue of a pious woman scandalizing her neighbors? The meter-inspector should be canonized; that is, fired from a cannon.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

Its English, Ye Know.

Mrs. Grindham—"I hear, Mr. Growler, you have been making complaints about my house. I wish you to understand, sir, that it is conducted on the best English style."

Growler—"That's the trouble. I can't sleep on a pillow that is the Prince of Wales' coat-of-arms."

Mrs. Grindham—"What do you mean, sir?"

Growler—"Why, they are made up of three feathers! Ha! ha! he, he, haw, haw!"

The Children of Israel are Wiser than the Children of Mammon.

Arriving in Milwaukee, we then put up at the Shingleton House, a tavern well and favorably known to the commercial missionary of the Northwest. Ye drummer knows a good inn when he strikes one, and always patronizes the same house, provided he has not on a previous trip injured his credit with mine host. It sometimes will happen that by reason of a man's holding a king full against four deuces, or some such little matter, he may run so short of dross as to render a surreptitious departure necessary, but this cause, or some other equally powerful, is required to drive him to "the other house." By the way, in every town, however small, there is always "the other house." Your hotel clerk never was known to speak of the competing tavern as the Chicken House or the Slaughter House, but always as "the other house."

But, to return to our spring lamb and green peas, we registered, were assigned our rooms, and had supper. On leaving the dining room, Josh Brown ran up against a rival of his, one Moses Lazarus, whom he was kind enough to introduce to Cusby and me.

This individual was as Irish in feature as in name. His brogue, also, was in perfect keeping.

Mr. Lazarus was disposed to be talkative. The tales with which he sought to entertain us were shady as to color, and chestnutty as to age, besides there was so much of the first person singular about them, that at the end of a half hour I was glad to make an excuse and escape.

"Gentlemen, I must leave you," I said, "after writing a letter, I shall take a bath and go to bed."

"Vat!" ejaculated Lazarus, "take a bath in winter!" and to tell the unvarnished truth, the coffin-man looked as though his annual ablutation was performed on the Fourth of July. This was in January.

Soon after I had departed, Cusby, likewise yearning for liberty, remarked:

"It's horribly cold, Josh. Really, it amounts to cruelty to animals to hang out a thermometer such weather as is this. I'm going to buy an ulster, my overcoat isn't heavy enough."

"I'll go with you," said Josh promptly, glad to dematerialize himself.

"And so vill I," chimed in the agreeable Lazarus, "I know a man that will fit you out sheep."

They made a vigorous attempt to shake the Hebrew, but it couldn't be done. He picked after and snaked onto them for keeps, and under his guidance they arrived, in a short time, at the clothing emporium of Pollack Bros., a dimly lighted dive on a side street.

"Dose shentlemans is vriends ob mine, Pollack," Lazarus said, by way of introduction, "I vant you to sell dem sheep."

"Abate thee, good Moses," quoth Gus, "I want neither ram, lamb, sheep, or mutton, I do but lack a gaberdine. I pray you, therefore," to Pollack, "trot me out a garment which doth my youth, my complexion and my calling well beseem, for I am one, forsooth, who drummeth, albeit not with a drum. Aye, and mark you well, I am a masher. I am one who goeth up and down the earth like a roaring lion, seeking whom I may devour, wherefore I pray, an it please thee, let the garment be toney, let it be warm, and it fit thy mood, let it be cheap."

"I have chust vat you vant, and—vat is your name, mine friendt?"

"My name is Cusby, an' it please thee, good Jew."

"Guspy, Guspy—tid you know my prudder Ape, Mr. Guspy? He is tead now."

"He was a Quaker, wasn't he?" interrupted Josh.

"No; he vasn't a Quavaker, he vas a Chew, like me," responded the son of Israel.

"Besheve me, but I recall him not," answered Gus.

"Mr. Guspy, the very last vorts my prudder sait before he tied vos dose: 'Ike, if Mr. Guspy comes by the shtore, sell him sheep,' and ven he sait dat he tied." The affectionate brother wiped an imaginary tear and went on, "Here, Mr. Guspy, is an ulster I vill sell you for tweny fife tollars. It gost me thirty, so hellup me Chacob. Dis goat is all vool bud the buddons ant the bud-den-holes."

"I'll give thee five and it's sound in wind and limb."

"Vat, five tollars," shrieked the Semite, "dat goat gost me twenty."

"Didst say but now it cost thee thirty. O, false Israelite, I'll give thee four."

Cusby and Pollack had it back and forth for fully fifteen minutes, when at last Pollack, taking Cusby by the elbow, whispered in his ear:

"I'll let you haf dat peautiful uldster for seven tollars, Mr. Guspy. My prudder sait to sell you sheep, but my wife is in the room back of the shtore, and she has heardt ttease. If she know I soldt that goat for seven tollars, she vould tie. Pay me te money ant take it away."

"He'll make five on it now, Gus, but I guess you had better take the hand-me-down. It's cheap enough," said Josh. So the money was paid and the ulster wrapped up.

Gus and Josh then returned to the Shingleton without Lazarus, however, that worthy lingering, no doubt, to collect his commission.

When the ulster was examined in the bright light of the hotel lobby, it was found to be a very job lot indeed in several respects, but the worst thing about it was the moth holes with which

it was perforated. Gus was red hot about it. "A regular Sheeny trick, Josh," he said, "let's go back and clean the Hebrew out."

"Pollack, you're a rank swindler," Gus said in plain modern English, when he and Josh again found themselves in the slop shop, "you're thief enough to rob a grave-yard, chase away the mourners and eat the corpse. Give me my money and take back your infernal specimen of tripe, Swiss cheese, or whatever the thing is."

The clothier's manner had undergone an alteration since the former interview, and he refused emphatically to accede to Cusby's demand, but condescended to ask what was the matter with the "goat."

"The matter is that the rotten thing is full of moths, you miserable—"

"Mots, do you say," indignantly interrupted the Jew, "Mots! Vat do you eggspect to vind in a seven tollar overgoat? Humming pirds?"

Pollack kept the money and Gus the ulster.

L. L. LANG.





1. Young Heldiver, as a child, showed his aquatic precocity by diving off the piano stool into the washtub.

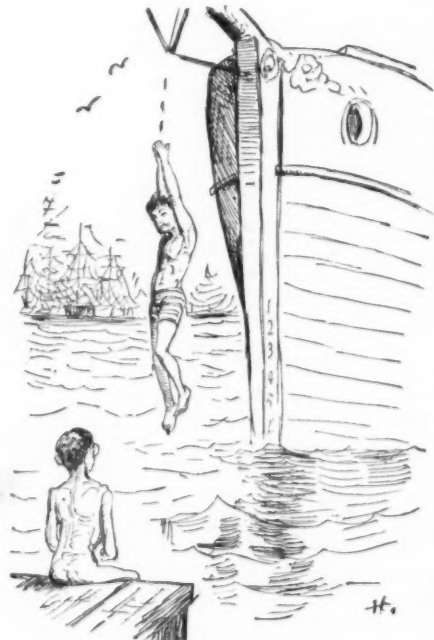
OFF THE BENCH.

THE AUTHOR of it has been Called Back.

IF RUSSIA is the Greater Bear, who is Lessar?

THE MORE that spring vegetables come up, the lower they get in price.

The man who jumped off the bridge felt



2. His boyhood and youth were spent in the water, like an ambitious young goose.

the gravity of the situation as soon as he set sail.

THE PARAGRAPHISTS are certainly carrying to extremes the jokes on Chicago girls' feet.

EHEU and alas! Hanlan is back from

Australia. Can the country not be quarantined against champions?

Mr. Cox will excuse the Court for saying so, but how can he accept the Turkish mission? Is it not already his mission to make fun?

IF NOT Counts, like their revolutionary musical compatriots, the Italian image-sellers certainly must belong to the plaster caste.

THE curfew law is enforced in Oregon, and young people are not allowed on the gate after nine o'clock. Jobbing carpenters protest, but it has improved the local kerosene trade a little.

A KANSAS man has got a divorce from



3. As a man he becomes a "Professor," and bears his dripping honors thick upon him—

his wife and married her daughter by a former husband, and they are all living together amicably. This shows that it is easier to shake a wife than a mother-in-law.

IT IS useless to try to check ostentatious



4. Sighing for other waters to conquer, he performs the greatest feat of his life.

funerals and mourning. This is one of the ways in which bereaved husbands and wives advertise their affectionate dispositions—a sort of obituary matrimonial bureau.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that the reason why the English revisers of the Old Testament gave us the name "Sheol" for the infernal regions is that "Hell" and "Hades were un-English. They have helped their fellow countrymen to blaspheme without mutilation of aspirates.

EGO.

In the earth, so they say,
Breathing just the same air,
There are poets *au fait*,
There are poets quite rare.
But I'm sure there are none
That are equal to me,
'Neath the warm-smiling sun,
On the land or the sea.
Tee-hee!

Because,
A rhyming incongruity,
A rhythmic superfluity,
With poet ingenuity
I fix.
Like rubber I a-turning them,
And all my soul a-burning them,
(Tho' editors are spurning them
Like six),
My genius to them I lend,
And 'neath my master-touch they bend
Like sticks.

P. S.—Tee-hee!

DUVVA.



5. Triumph! Fame! One fool less in the world.

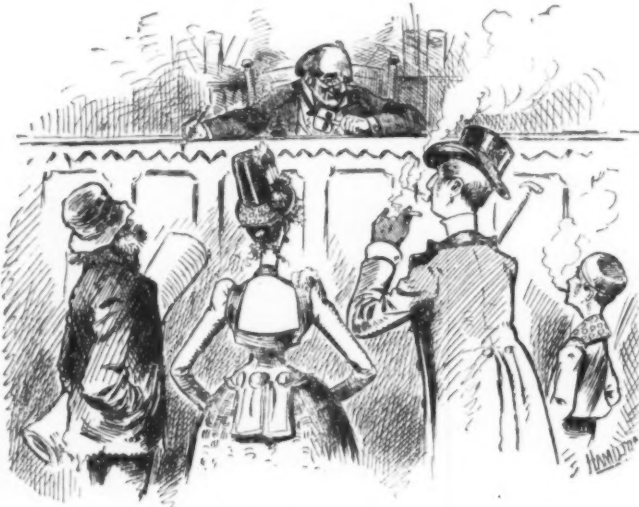
The Boarding House Again.

Mr. Pipkin, the new boarder at Mrs. Grindhous', tasted his tea and then used a clove.

"Anything the matter, Mr. Pipkin," said Mrs. G., eyeing him sternly from her pedestal at the head of the table. "Ah, I remember I didn't ask you if you took your tea with trimmin's; will you have something in it?"

"If you please."
"Milk and sugar?"
"No, tea."

BUREAU OF GENERAL ADVICE.



ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

You are, my dears, heart-rending examples of what nature can accomplish when she malevolently sets to work to create monstrosities. Women have, in all ages and nations, recognized the fact that their deadliest enemy is nature, and as you live in the most enlightened age and under the most liberal government of the world, it is fitting that you should lead the van in this war against the common foe. Take this, then, as your motto: "Anything that will thwart nature is commendable."

You need few instructions from my poor pen. I can only enumerate the victories which you have achieved and lend my voice to the chorus of applause. Nature ordained that you should walk upon the bottoms of your feet; you therefore walk upon the ends of your toes. Nature is thwarted, and a clean victory is scored for woman kind.

Nature intended that your vital organs should have plenty of room to work in and that you should thus always be grossly healthy; you squeeze the shamefully exorbitant outlines of the body into stout whale-bone-and-canvas jackets. Victory! The heart can hardly throb, and sends the hectic blood to the face with convulsive spasms; the lungs are gloriously crippled and can barely fulfill their functions. There are some noble maidens who have carried on this war so heroically that after death their livers have been found to be actually gridironed by the pressure of their ribs. No set phrases can do honor to such devotion. Let hushed voices and bared heads render the silent tribute due to the memories of such. Nature designed that your hair should flow down your backs in thick, glossy, absurdly-beautiful tresses. Away with such barbarous

simplicity! Twist, frizzle, pull, singe, oil, and—yes, supermost loveliness!—bang it. Pull it tight, until it loosens and falls out. Reinforce its luxuriance with Circassian trophies or graveyard spoils. Do anything to banish the hideous gracefulness of nature.

If you are poor but sentimental, I can hold out great hopes to you. This year will probably see the usual number of foreign noblemen stranded on our friendly shore, and by judicious efforts you may secure one, as other maidens in all parts of the country secure them from time to time. It has long been the custom of noblemen to visit this country and travel incognito from place to place, each seeking some interesting and attractive, but cruelly unappreciated young girl to carry across the waters as his bride, and to be the mistress of his ancestral mansion. To render their disguise more complete, these counts and dukes usually leave their jewels and likewise their good manners at home for safe keeping, and effect a lofty scorn of the fundamental rules of grammar. Now if you are stylish and interesting and especially—such are the eccentricities of greatness—if you have a small sum of money in the bank, you stand a fair chance of captivating one of the nomadic patricians and receiving an offer of his heart and hand. Then your friends will begin to realize how stupidly they have under-rated you.

Pay especial attention to your dress, as it should wholly engross your thoughts from the time when you begin to talk to the hour when you shall lay aside this earthly garment of mortality. To be sure, you were inadvertently furnished with an immortal soul, but this was a cruel imposition which, if tamely submitted to, might wreck all your love of frivolity.

Therefore, eschew all communication with your soul; let it sit in darkness and silence and there is reason to hope that in time you may wholly rid yourself of the encumbrance. Indeed, we have illustrious examples of women who have achieved this conquest and become, so far as we can judge by appearances, entirely soulless.

One of your strong points is music. In piano-playing the first requisite is to be vivacious. Let your aim be to strike as many notes as possible in a given time, without reference to melody or execution. I have seen the most astonishing energy displayed in these digital gymnastics by a slender and apparently delicate maiden, and to say that the hearers were enchanted, is to speak with culpable mildness. They were fairly stunned. In singing never use those simple, sweet tunes which most old men and some weak-headed ones prefer, but sing some nice operatic air, in a foreign language, if possible. Chase the jingle merrily up and down the gamut; show for what an astounding period of time you can prolong the shriek of a high note, and when the hair of your hearers is vibrating to thrill, drop suddenly to a low note, and then before they can catch their breath leap again to the high one, keeping up, meanwhile, a constant and impartial pawing of the keys. It will not take much of this to satisfy the audience—satisfy them completely.

But, after all, it seems presumptuous in me to make these suggestions, when even now you can do all these things so much better than I can describe them.

ARTHUR M. CUMMINGS.

There was a young fellow named Greer
Drank forty-five glasses of beer;
When he made the autopsy
The doctor said "Dropsy,"
And wiped off an envious tear.

There was an old lawyer named Stout
Went to have an aching tooth out.
The gas kept a working,
And the dentist kept jerking—
And now he must gum it about.

There was a young girl called Pen-el-o-pe,
More graceful than any an tel-o-pe,
Who gave a shrewd wink
To her beau at the rink,
Which meant:—I am ready to el-o-pe.

A Letter from Junny

New York April 21.

Dear Judge

I havant sent you enny letter lately coz things has ben pritty duk at our house. Nothing has ben going on til last week then too preechurs cum to sta at your house and me and my littul brother has had lots of fun and trubbel mixed. my pa and ma are Metherdis and evry yere the Metherdis hav a Confrunce i dont kno what that is but it is a church and a bishop and lots of spittines and lodes of preechurs cum to it but tha havant got no munny and so tha go and slepe and get thare meets at other fokes houses the bishop stude to our house he goes to a confrunce evry week or too and i gues he has hit sum pritty good placis to stop to

for he looks mity fat and healthy, but he was alvase complaining about bein sick an sayin sister i aint feling verry wel and if it woudent put you out to much I woud like a littul rost turkey for dinner and sum oysters on the haf shel, and he was alvase bringing sum of the other preechurs with him and me and my littul brother had to wate till the awl got thru eting and we was aw offul thin and pail awl last week. my littul brothers mannurs is verry bad enny wa and one da when dinner time cum he was ver Hungary and he lade down his littul pickure book and walked awl round the tabel and looked over onto the preechurs plates to see if tha was most throo and when briggit brot in the Cusslerd awl fist up with nutmeg on top and brownnd in the oven he jumped up and down and seremed ma gimme

the skab off that Cussterd, my littul bruther got a whippen for that and sum how it set him agens't the hale confrence. one mornin' the bishup was a preyin' about evrythin' he cou'd think of and my littul bruther he got tired and he cratted along on the flove and stuk his hed throo the slats in the back of the bishups chair and ^{sed} amen amen amen. me and my littul bruther has a blak bored nut in the back havul and the bishup says sister ime glad to see you hav got a blak bored for your littul boys it is a grate hellup to thare spirichooal life for tha can lern to print littul tex and hims which will linger in thare memry til tha gro up and then he looked at us and sed i shoud like to see a littul vers or tex on that blak bored evry mornin' when I cum down slaves and the next mornin' when the bishup cum down thare was such a nice littul tex my littul bruther made for him -

Preachers
is awl
hoggs

my littul bruther was a going to print sum in my letter but he dont feel very well he is verry lame and soar. next time i will tel you how long them preachers stode and what me and my littul bruther did when tha went away.

Quod by
Jannys

SAMBO'S SERMON.

J. EDGAR JONES.

Now am de time, when spring hab come, ter tu'n a new leaf ovah,
De young man fond ob rollin' 'round shed quit bein sech a rovah;
De young gals dat am all fo' beaux, a ravin' an' a pitchin',
Shed stop dar shines an help dar ma's a toilin' in de kitchen.
Put all yo' faults beneaf yo' feet, you'll lib a good while longah;
Yo' self respeck tuned up anew, yo' good intentions strongah.

Folks jabbah 'bout de change ob rule an' high an' mighty stashun,
An' how dis pa'ty or de nex am gwine ter spile de nashun;
I tells yo' dat am goosey-gab, dis kentry am de people,
An' not some lucky chap dey boosts way up upon de steeple.
Jess min' yo' bisness an' yo'selbes, be keerful what yo's doin',
An' yo'll be oldah dan de sphinx befo' yo'r kentry's ruin.

Dis land hab fifty millunn props, an' yo' am each a pillah;
Den keep yo' backbone straight an' stiff; don't fluttah like a millah
A fussin' roun de taller dips ontell yo's dizzy turnin',
To find yo' folly when yo's dead, a sizzlin' an' a burnin'.
Jess keep yo' distance f'om de blaze ob all sech fool ambishun,
Contended wiv yo' humble home an' wiv yo' own condition.

Yo' nebbah see'd a fledglin' crow a tryin' ter be a parrot;
Yo' keant make mountains out ob mice, a tombstone from a carrot;
Nor statesman out of ebery dunce dat stops his wuk ter holler,
An' fo' a quartah's wuf ob shout jess loses half a dollah:
De kentry am yit safe enuff, keep up yo' wuk an' haulin',
An' let some othah punkin'-heads go roun' an' do de hawlin'.

I knows a man what trots along, no mattah how dey rages,
He gits his dollah ebery night, an' mostly sabs his wages;
His home am sweet, his wife am sweet, his piccaninnies handy,
He nebbah teches a cigah, an' nebbah guzzles brandy;
Dat coon am not a statesman, shuah, but he am gittin' wealthy,
His pocket-book an' bank account am allus fat an' healthy.

I knows anuddah dat am full ob wind an' anxshus feelin's,
An' all his brains wid big idees ob statesmanship am reelin';
He argues dat de wo'ld am gone, de Christian nashuns busted,
Dat ebery idee 'cept his own can nebah moah be trusted.
I notis dat de nashuns lib despite his fretted gizza'd,
His wife an' brats an' pocket-book am leanah dan a liza'd.

Good many folks am patterned out fo' farmahs an' fo' drudges,
While berry few am fattened up for ginerals an' judges;
Fo' ebery president struck out, yo'll fin' a million diggahs,
An' many ob dem carved in black right heah among yo' niggahs;
Fo' ebery thousan dollah bill dar's scores ob single dollahs,
An' God fixed moah folks up fo' wuk dan gentlemen an' scollahs.

I knows dese am but common trufes, but common things am ready,
An' common sense am jess de thing ter keep yo' strong an' steady;
Jess let de kentry rest awhile; be by yo' party guided,
But doant flop ovah when dey say de wo'ld am all lop-sided.
De quiah please sing dat good ole hymn, as sweet an' true as honey:
"Neath drunkad's nose; am de holes dat swallers all deir money."
An' while dey's singin' watch de plates, 'twill help yo' 'ligious thinkin'
Ter heah de music ob de dimes within de plattahs clinkin'.

"THE JUDGE" ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

To People Who Want to Know, You Know.

EDITOR.—In directing a letter, should I write "Mr. John Smith," or John Smith Esq.; and "Mrs. John Smith" (her husband's name) or "Mrs. Althea Clarrissina Splurgins Smith (her maiden name).
CONSTANT READER.

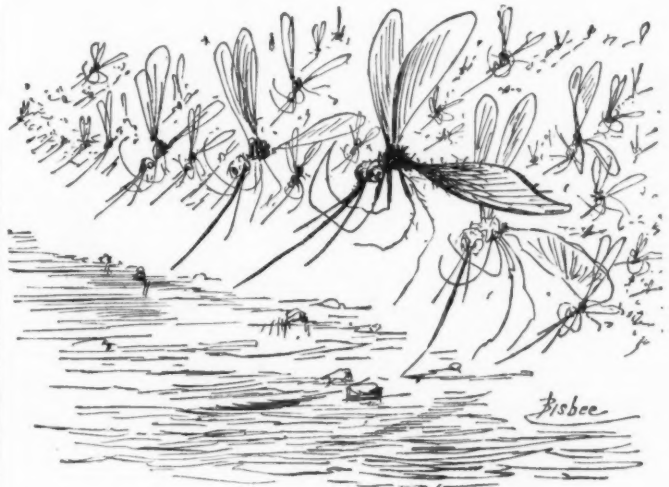
It depends on the effect you want to produce. If you want to strike the man for a loan write "Esq." If the woman is a society leader and you are fishing for an invitation, put in the whole maiden name, and add all the other taffy you can think of. If you have no mean motives in writing, and the parties are people of some brains and self-respect, don't put in any titles or taffy at all.

EDITOR.—My husband insists that I tell him all the secrets that other ladies confide to me, but he refuses to tell me what takes place at his lodge. What shall I do?
CONSTANT READER.

Try to arrange with him an exchange of garments and associates, and each of you satisfy your own curiosity. Probably, if he belongs to any lodge at all, you are as much of a man as he is and can get in.

JUDGE.—A young man comes to see me occasionally, and my parents object to the expense of gas, and also to our sitting in the dark. Can you tell me what I should do? He is a nice young man, but Papa talks awfully about him and the gas bills.
CONSTANT READER.

Get Cholly to put in a separate meter for the parlor and you pay for the gas out of your gum-drop money. The self-denial will sweeten love more than the gum-drops will.



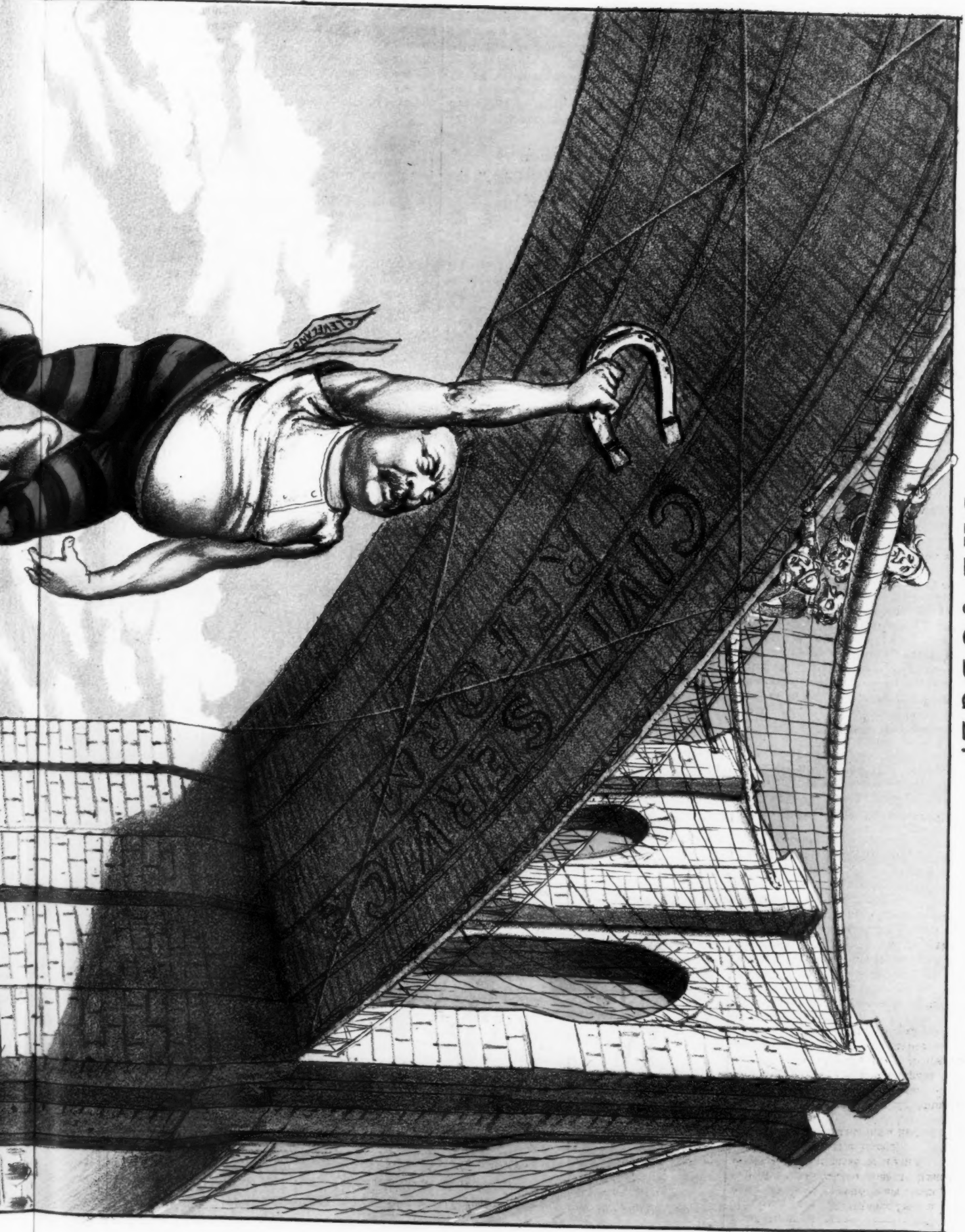
JERSEY HOME GUARD.

IT WILL BE A HOT DAY WHEN ANY FOREIGN FOE TACKLES OUR
COAST GUARD.



GONE OVER.

THE JUDGE.





NORDECK AT THE UNION SQUARE.

has been most favorably received. Three things have tendered to this reception—the play, the players and the season. Not that spring is the most auspicious season to make a play popular, but there is nothing else on the boards to compare it with, or to act as much of a counter-attraction—except, possibly, lyrics, comic and American—revived. Mr. Frank Mayo, in the title role, gave the best rounded performance he has ever done. His powerful voice, however, is at times almost too well rounded for the compact audience room of the Union Square. There are few actors, since Forrest and McCullough, favored with a voice of such volume and at the same time such sympathetic powers and flexible qualities as Mayo's. It seems to get away from him sometimes, though, on a certain pitch; as if that were his favorite tone and he meant to come out strong on it. It strikes one by contrast with the smoothness of the rest of its register, as if its possessor had a bad cold. Mr. Mayo's acting in "Waldemar Nordeck" is so well regulated that he creates the impression of reserved force which is perhaps more potent with the hearer than any expression of it by the actor. And he makes love as if he "had been there himself" and were a gentleman ingrain. "Boniface" is "so good" that we want to see him again—which is about as strong approval as any actor could desire of THE JUDGE AT THE PLAY. Mr. Varrey put himself into his lines to make a good character part of Wittold; he often commands the scene in this secondary part.

Miss Vades seems, like Anthony, to have "neither words nor utterance nor power of speech to stir men's hearts," nor much action. She has unimproved natural abilities; might look the part of Princess Zulieski, but she doesn't. She preserves the dramatic unities, however, by acting an unnatural mother in an unnatural manner. Miss Kathryn (*sic!*) Kidder was celebrated in advance as being very young, (16) as resembling Mary Anderson, and being the descendent of a long line of clergymen. She does resemble Miss Anderson, in length of limbs; the manner in which she recites—notably the "piece-speaking" at her entrance—gives color to the somewhat apocryphal though not in an actress unprecedented story of her youth and freshness; and as for the sacerdotal genealogy, that is not altogether improbable either. Some very poor stuff, we remember to have heard, has been turned out of ministers' families. But there is promise of excellence in Miss Kidder (Kathryn!) She is not ungraceful in her movements, and has what most women on or off the stage have not, a good walk; she is easy and buoyant; and her voice is resonant, pleasant and young. When she shall have outgrown her

self-consciousness; when the unmistakable amateurishness in action shall have worn off: and when she shall have learned to substitute dramatic action for the art of a studio model, she will begin to develop capacity as an actress, we make no doubt. And she had better ideas of costume than of make up; that is, probably, her dress-maker is better than her dresser.

OVERDONE CRITICISM.

Is not the criticism on "Dakolar," the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Steele Mackaye, and his inventions rather overdone? The New York papers have announced, any day the past two months, that the audiences at the Lyceum were small and growing smaller. They have summed up the merits of "Dakolar" as about n. g., and of Mr. Mackaye as those of a d. f., and have predicted the immediate collapse of the whole business, as always about to take place. Now, the play ran fifty nights, and, except the hysterical Miss Viola Allen's contradicted declarations, there is no evidence that the salaries have not been paid. How many other plays in these times, have run fifty nights; how many other managers have paid their liabilities to their people? It is nothing to the public that the owners of the theatre owe their contractors unsettled bills. The play, the play's the thing, and its author is the personality that the press has persistently disparaged. Is this anything more than

the customary provincialism of the metropolitan press, and a striking exhibition of its special unreliability and narrowness in theatrical criticism? In the interest of justice to a purely American enterprise THE JUDGE orders a suspension of judgment in the case of the Lyceum theatre.

A DOUBLE PART.

Trouble sometimes comes of trying to act two plays simultaneously on the same stage by the same cast, especially if the motives of one of the plays and of part of the actors is out of harmony with the movement of the rest of the contemporaneous business. "The Private Secretary" company found it so in New Orleans lately, when Mr. Micheal Morton involuntarily played the leading part "The Mistletoe Bough" and the "Secretary," at the same time. When he jumped in the chest to hide, and Mr. Wolcott, in his character as *Catermole*, sat on the lid and held him in for half an hour, the former found his hiding place lined with grease and perfumed with limburger cheese and half the ventilation closed up. This was the highly artistic and dramatic method which the rest of the company, afflicted with the green-eyed, took to persuade Mr. Morton to "come off" and "cheese it" on the big-head complaint. Their too-practical and earnest joke broke up the company. It ought to. Their offence was "rank and smelled to heaven."



CELTIC CULTURE.

MRS. O'TOOLE—"Och, its meself that had a chromo ov St. Patrick stole off ov me whin I moved a wake back. How much would yez charge to be after getting it back for me?"

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC FIEND.



YOUNG AMERICA, ever on the *qui vive* for crazes, is once again rattled from apex to foundation by the national enthuse, photography. I, an old experienced knight of the dark room, who have grown bald headed, sear and wrinkled with the art of picture-making, tell it to you, viz—some of you gay amateurs are laying up cart loads of trouble, distress, and disaster. You can buy your pretty little outfits, you can go out in all the blissful serenity of unruffled temper, you can snatch folly as it flies in pink slippers and clocked stockings, you can bask in the simplicity of pastoral delights, you can get all the fun you desire out of it—but, beware how you trifle with the ingenuousness of human nature while you depict your little pictures. Frinstance;

You come upon a pretty maid dressed in gauzy costume; she reclines upon the velvet sward reading a novel, as her lily fingers pensively caress the silken ears of a pet canine. From your retreat among the bushes

you aim your little camera; you focus your ground-glass; you slip in a plate-holder and fire away. Chuckling to yourself, you load your traps upon your back and hie yourself to some other scene.

During your joyous peregrinations in quest of nature's idyllic simplicity, you see through the interlaced bushes a pair of lovers cosily concealed in a rose arbor. The lovers wot not of your dangerous proximity. They are wholly, totally, conclusively wrapped up in the sweets of love's young dream. His arm is about her waist and she is gazing up at his manly features with soul-absorbing eyes. Is it not a picture worthy the limner's art? It is. You aim your little gun and you take that pretty picture, and you steal away with the idea that you've got something great. You have, you have! Just wait for the harvest and take a hand in the swing around the circle, before you congratulate yourself.

You wander about as free as the bird, only birds of the present day do not go forth with little cameras, seeking whom they may "take." You have many, many pictures as the result of your day's work. But, among all your

success, none are so utterly successful as the maiden reclining upon the velvet sward, and the lovers in the rose arbor. You show the picture of the former to the gay lover. He smiles in a vague sort of a manner and says it is a good picture of feet. He is right. The lady's feet loom up into undue prominence. Those feet are nearest the camera, hence they are about ten sizes too large for the sylph like form. As you took the lady from before, you have got a good view of her nostrils, and can see away back to her back hair through the orrifices of her sneezing arrangement.



The lady was mad.

By the way, you are a stranger to all parties. Better for you you'd gone and hung yourself than show the picture of the lovers to the lady whose feet you elongated. But you wot not of the sorrow, and blunder on in your mad career to show off your art-fool.

Does the lady get wroth? Would the confiding wife get upon her heels and jaw the air if shown a picture of her hubby hugging another woman? Human nature is the same the wide world over, and women more so. That lady of elongated feet now figures in the courts as the plaintiff in a divorce case. That husband is a doomed man and—the other lady is down several pegs in the estimation of her set.

How is it with you, oh, amateur aspirant for photographic fame? You are the central figure of the case, and your camera brought you into this most unpleasant prominence. If you *must* go forth with your camera, for Heaven's sake fire at barns, cows, rocks, placid streams, and inanimate scare-crows; but beware how you tackle humanity, for the camera is liable to kick, like the proverbial musket of your forefathers, and knock your conceit and enthuse into the middle of next leap year.

H. S. KELLER.

CZONG OF THE CZAR.

'Twill be a Czary time for me
If England's hand is shown,
But Boss-for-us the prize will be
When Turkestan's alone.

Modern Geographical Names.

In the South, if you do not know a man's name, you can always command a respectful hearing by calling him "Colonel." In New England you are safe to address any one as "Professor." In Chicago everybody's front name is "Say." In New York City "Boss!" will usually fetch a stranger to company front. But at Chautauqua, Ocean Grove and Island Park if you do not address a man as "Doctor," you are likely to get an ecclesiastical cold shake.

SPRING TIME.

The turtle gobbles the tempting bait,
And the little boy turns pale
As he pulls the line, then he curses fate,
For he thought he had a whale.

Don't Stop 'Em.

Mebbe, if the police had kept their Celtic retronse noses out of the affair, Odlum would not have jumped off the bridge. If this be a fact, it is a reason why the police should be equally vigilant in all such cases. Public interest demands that every crank who feels like it should be forced by opposition to what Charles Lamb called "a fishy consummation."



The Flower of the League:

— by —
"Jef. Joslyn" at the
Champion Score-getter
and all that: But he's
ignorant-as blazes of the
base games which once were
played: that his father
called "town ball" and
"old cat." He can solve the
tricky pitchers' curve
and twist, and then
knock the sphere
up skyward.
N.B.K. LEAGUE
missed. But though vic-
us are his blowzes,
Off the field he's meek
as Moses. And he wot
wuldn't hit a skeeter with
his fist. Now we'll
leave him thro' the Se-
ason's play to shine:
And if still he leads
the batting, I opine. Th-
at next year, our Str-
iker henny. Will
Strike hard for big
gor money Ere
he Sighs to a C-
tract with his

A CRAZY ROMANCE.

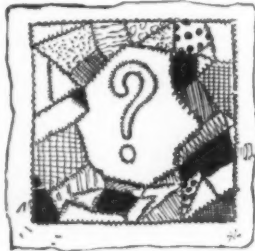
JOHN TEMPLETON BLAKE.

They sat on the hotel piazza,
In a shady, secluded nook;
She with her crazy patchwork,
He with his favorite book.

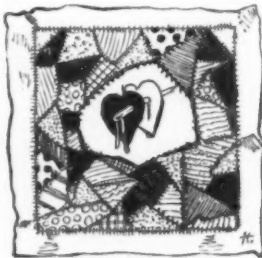
She was sweet as a Huylar bon-bon,
And dainty and fair to see,
He longed to turn and say to her,
"Ma belle, will you marry me?"

She suddenly raised her eyes to his,
He blushed a fashionable red;
"Do take this needle and work a block
For my crazy-quilt," she said:

Mutely he took the needle and silk,
Deeply a moment thought,
Then worked with a will on the azure patch,
And this is what he wrought.



Like peach-pink velvet grew her cheek,
As she sought for some tinsel braid,
Then seized a block and began to sew,
And this is what she made:



Profitless Scratching.

DISSEL.

An overweening timidity; an unwarranted fear of the final results; combined with a natural modesty, restrained me from heedlessly embarking upon the tumultuous sea of literature without due precautionary measures. I therefore made a cautious reconnaissance of a neighboring fishing town, and employed a sedate fish-monger to supply me regularly with small fish, crustaceans, waterfowl, and oysters, in order that I might invigorate and strengthen a brain that was soon to be converted into a mental treadmill. It was my earnest desire to absorb as great a quantity of brain-nourishing phosphorus as I could conveniently carry under a No. 7 hat, I wanted to build up a store-house of learning that was soon to be drawn upon to an alarming extent.

My next door neighbors wondered painfully in secret at the immense pyramid of fish bones that had so suddenly accumulated in the rear of the house; and being incapable of transporting around their burden any longer without congestion, they relieved their anxiety by uttering a stiff-backed protest through the friendly medium of a knot hole.

Deliberate thought convinced me that it would be unjust to a confiding public to let out this pent-up torrent of originality in wholesale quantities. It would overwhelm them. So with the moral intelligence and sympathetic consideration born of true genius, I sat up one night and let an affecting poem leak out. It was merely a simple out-

A SIMPLE
OUT-RUNNER.

runner; a sort of a skirmishing effort, but I was conscious that it fairly bristled with merit and fine points. A quart of kerosene, a quart of beer, two quires of paper, a pint of ink, two dozen pens and half a dozed segars were sacrificed, but the poem was completed by sun-rise and sent to one of the leading publishers.

That effort rather exhausted my mental powers; or rather, the excitement produced by my anxiety to know the result—unhinged in a measure, my stability. Pending the answer I hovered between a heaven of anticipation and a hell of doubt. But the hell of doubt didn't last long enough to consume me to a cinder!

The poem, entitled, "The Nymph of the Sea," was returned without thanks—rejected! To state that I was thunderstruck would be putting it mildly. I was like one charged with deoxygenated, nephtic air and inverted corns! My paralyzed brain fibres had received such an aggressive shock that I was compelled to wear a patent metallic band around my head, and drink copiously of morphine and catnip tea for two consecutive days. At the expiration of which time I had recovered my equilibrium of mind and usual tenacious standing in society.

"An isolated fragment of mental worth," I mournfully said, as I laid it carefully away. Then I made a reckless raid upon my fish-merchant, upraiding him in a tempestuous manner for sending me stale and unprofitable brain food. For I was confident that his fish were invalids and had deleterious effect upon the original brain pulp, causing a rejection of the poem and the mortification of the flesh.

All the satisfaction I could get out of the old herring-seller was that in his opinion I was a crazy sardine and ought, by good rights, to be chewing lunatic hash instead of jawing around like an imported Amazon.

The very man I had selected with care, as a sedate, reliable person, too! Such is life—and so does human judgment err, and the amateur student of physiognomy fail. With stolid determination I unearthed that rejected and unjustly-treated poem and sent it with my blessing to another, and I hoped a wiser publisher. Delusive hope! It was returned. I started it off to another. Returned! Off it went to another. Back it came. I was getting provoked. It wasn't square treatment. But I bottled my wrath, and mailed it to another. Declined with thanks. Then I was mad. The hateful idea of returning it with frothy thanks! The mean, contemptible crew! to thoughtlessly and deliberately send it back without even an airy compliment! They all seemed to be in a state of pupilage—in the first elements of mental childhood! I growled—and then I ripped thunder out of that unfortunately constructed, "Nymph of the Sea," and lightened the load of chagrin that had been slowly but surely accumulating in my system since the



NOT SQUARE TREATMENT.

first saucy rejection of my puerile effort in the line of poetry.

Upon reflection, I decided, unanimously, that the pull-back I had encountered was a dose actually required. It was a rebuff that would act upon my sensitive nerves as a mighty lever, and be the means of forcing me to apply myself with renewed vigor, and eventually hoist me high as Mount Blanc in the world of literature. It would act as a stimulating tonic to my jaded mind. It was what was needed—unsought for—and, unlooked for—absolutely uncalled for—still needed. Then I went out and buried my nose in a glass of lager foam!

"This is an age of high purpose, lofty ideas and mighty projects. The philanthropic philosopher cannot help but bewail the degradation that encompasses him," I said aloud. "Archimedes, on discovering the theory of the circumscribed cylinder, shouted "Eureka!" I will also shout with lager-scented breath "Eureka!" for I have discovered something of more value. I have discovered a way to reach the hearts of the people. I will write so that they will imbibe the germs of wisdom. I will write an article not for the exclusive literary few; but for the ignorant and unsophisticated million. I will manufacture an article that will not only sell, but will be hailed as a catholicon for the diseased and benighted minds of the gutterites.

I changed my fisherman—that was an imperative necessity. I contracted largely with an ancient looking sea-sider to supply me abundantly with modern fish. Then I changed my clothes and style of writing. Poetry had ceased to have any charms for me—it was no longer my ambition to excel either Byron or Moore in that particular line of literature. It was very fine amusement for mercurial men like Campbell and Burns to pour out sickly sentimentality by the foot or measure. I aspired to something heavier. I was forever done with poetry, it had become, (under the treatment) as extinct a troglodytes.

SOMETHING
HEAVIER.

It was my intention to turn out something elaborately massive—for the masses. So I put myself in mental training, studied hard, practiced with dumb-bells, drunk porter, ate roast beef and pondered with corrugated brow for two weeks—by the clock, and finally erected a substantial article particularly adapted to the unread million and their wants.

It was an indecribably eloquent and concise article of about fifty pages on the "Exposed Ashes of Herculaneum and Pompeii and the Despoiled Mounds of Tuscany." It was weighty in my individual opinion and as cram full of ponderosity and archæology as a sausage is of mysteriously complicated and ingenuously mixed meat.

I sent it by express to one of the magazines and laid up for repairs: for that ash-article had, at the least calculation, taken twenty pounds of standard weight from my sacrificial person, despite the abundance of fish I consumed daily. In fact, that heavily freighted MS., had left me almost a literary wreck at the very launch.

What was the result? Why, those magazine trofaiians had the unfeeling audacity to send it back C. O. D., with note stating it was "replete with nothing but idiotic, incomprehensible ideas, miserably defunct doctrines and terribly superannuated and fossil dogmas."

(To be Continued.)

GOING UP TOGETHER:

The Mercury rose from its little cell
And a tear shone its eye
As it saw the sun, for it knew full well
That the hour for work was nigh;
It had long been having an easy time,
But now must prepare for a lofty climb.

It sighed for the hours of leisure fled
As the Price of Ice went by,
And the latter paused on its way and said,
"My friend, what means that sigh?
I heard you were ill some time ago
Indeed, I believe you were very low."

"O! my health is good," said the Mercury,
As it wiped away a tear:
"It isn't my health that troubles me,
But my climbing time is near.
And I sigh to think, when I climb so high,
I shall be all alone, with no one nigh."

"O, pshaw!" said the Price of Ice, "don't fret,
But welcome your climbing weather;
I ne'er went back on an old friend yet,
So we'll both climb up together;
Climb as high as you like, I'll climb with you,
And stay by your side all the summer through."
[Boston Courier.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

—Be flirtuous and you will be sappy.
[Texas Siftings.]

—The seven wonders of the Democracy—
the cabinet.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—Are the siken tassels on corn, of the
gros grain quality?—[St. Paul Herald.]

—In the bright lexicon of business the
favorite word is fail.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—Ella Wheeler's new poem on malaria is
considered no great shakes.
[St. Paul Herald.]

—Suitable motto for plumbers and under-
takers—Down with the dust.—[Peck's Sun.]

—If wheat is not a blooming plant, where
does the flour come from?
[Merchant Traveler.]

—"Afghans will be covered with Russian
leather this season," is the latest fashion
item.—[St. Paul Herald.]

—If Winter and Spring are not doing the
Siamese twin act this year they should take
out their advertisement.
[Merchant Traveler.]

—Camel riding and tobogganing should be
taught to cadets being prepared for the
English army.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

—Henry Irving said the steamer that
carried him home from America "acted
admirably," and the Steamship Co. is think-
ing of changing the name of the vessel to
Henry Irving.—[Merchant Traveler.]

—A Boston man, who believes in elevated
railways, says the horse cars must go. We
are glad to hear it. If he can make them go
it is something their drivers can't do.
[Boston Courier.]

—A recent medical journal recommends
chloride of gold for certain cardiac diseases.
Why, that is old. Ever since the first
breach of promise case, gold has proved an
unfailing specific for a lacerated heart.
[St. Paul Herald.]

—Very little is said about Queen Victoria
worrying herself over the Afghanistan back-
down, Egyptian scoop, and Riel rebellion,

or the Irish difficulties, but she is now
suffering a severe nervous shock and is "ex-
ceedingly angry," because a few ladies ap-
peared at a recent "drawing-room" without
white gloves on.—[Merchant Traveler.]

—"A lover is next door to a fool," said
Simpkins. "Yes, that's so," said Brown,
who was engaged to Simpkins' sister. Then
Simpkins kicked the dog down stairs, and
went out and got drunk.—[Sam.]

—And now the poet hies him forth, to
ramble thro' the wood, and, if a dog's within
a mile, the poet's chance is good to travel
homeward bleeding, with his manly form
chewed up, and half of his spring trousers in
possession of the pup.—[Peck's Sun.]

—It is no longer called skating, it is
designated revolving, says an exchange. If
this be so then the skaters are revolvers.
Adopting this view of the subject it is easy
to understand why there are so many elope-
ments from the rinks; the revolvers go off as
it were.—[Boston Courier.]

—Queen Victoria, says a writer, has had to
bear a great deal during her life. She re-
venges herself then, for her rules of etiquette
are so rigid that ladies who wish to attend
drawing rooms must bare a great deal too.
[Boston Courier.]

—"Ma," said little Tommy, "do the In-
jins' own the railroads?"

"No, my son."
"Well, they've got somethin' to do with
them, 'cos pa says he bought his ticket off a
scalper."—[St. Paul Herald.]

—"Why don't you have the floor of your
rink flagged or tiled instead of wood?" asked
our dude reporter of the manager of the
Exposition rink.

"Couldn't afford it. Wouldn't last any
time at all."

"What makes you think that?"
"Because constant dropping wears away
stone."—[St. Paul Herald.]

—"Say, Bob, you're 'out' with Miss
Parsons, ain't you?" "Yes, Joe." "What
happened?" "She's experimenting too
lavishly." "Experimenting? What at?"
"Trying to cure freckles by eating ice-
cream." "Well, why ought you to care?"
"Oh, I don't, provided it's at some other
fellow's expense. It was costing me a dollar
and a half a freckle."—[Philadelphia Call.]

FUN FOR THE RAILROAD COMPANY.

"Balky horses, you say!" remarked a
talkative passenger; "yes, I've had a little
experience with them. They are not easy
things to handle. It is mighty hard work
for a man to drive a balky horse and to be a
Christian at the same time. I tried it years
ago, and gave both up as a bad job. But
say, did you ever hear of a man having a
horse balk on him in such a way as to make
him laugh—to please him all over and make
him right down happy? Well, sir, I did,
and I was the man. He was a horse that I
had traded for—got rid of a spavined, blind
stagger nag that swap—and he was an awful
balker. There wasn't no use of doing any-
thing with him—there was nothing to do
but just sit down and wait for him to come
around. It generally took two hours. One
day I was driving him along and just as we
got the railroad track he balked.
'Here's a go,' says I to myself; 'what if a
train would come, then after a while I didn't
care a cuss whether one came or not, and in
about 75 minutes I was afraid one wouldn't
come. I just ached to have a train come

along. I prayed for one. Sure enough,
pretty soon I saw one coming. It made me
smile. When the engineer whistled for me
to get off the track I laughed. And when
he got a little closer I climbed out the hind
end of the buggy, leaned up against the
fence and prepared to enjoy the picnic. Oh,
but it was sport! That balky horse had
sworn he wouldn't go but he went that time.
He distributed all along the track there for
20 rods. And the old buggy and harness—
it looked too comical. Never had such fun
since I was a boy."

"Rather expensive fun, wasn't it?"
"Yes, for the railroad company. I sued
'em for \$700, and the jury of farmers gave
me \$637.50. Oh, but it was fun!"—[Ex.]

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Down on the I. B. & W. Railroad, which
passes through the worst parts of eastern
Illinois and Indiana, where the people go
barefooted eight months out of the twelve
and live in well-built pig-stys, the names of
the stations are not remarkable for either
politeness or agreeableness of euphony. A
very excitable drummer from Bloomington
was on one of the trains of this road the
other day, and was not at all pleased with
the roughness of the track, and not being a
reserved young man, expressed himself quite
freely:

"Well," said he, "if I had to ride on
this road to get to heaven, I am afraid I
would backslide before I reached that
station."

"Never fear young man," said a sad,
billious-looking fellow. "If you don't go to
heaven on this road, it will be because you
have not made your peace with God. There
is no doubt but what we all will go over a
a bank and get a chance before long."

Just then, a brakeman poked his head in
the door and shouted:

"Betcherlie! Betcherly!"

"I'll bet you are another!" snorted the
hasty drummer. "If I'll lie, this road will
murder," but the brakeman did not seem to
want a fuss and went away. When the
whistle was sounded again, however, he came
to the door and looking straight at the
drummer roared:

"Damue! Dam-ue!" The drummer
could not stand it any longer. He rose right
up out of his leather covered seat and
howled:

"Damn you, and see how you like it! If
you come swearing around me any more, I
will thrash the eternal lights out of you. I
think this road is tough enough without a
lot of golblamed blasphemers to run its
trains," and just as he was cooling down a
little, the brakeman shouted from the rear
door:

"Holloway!" and the drummer replied:
"I will howl away as much as I blank
please," and looked mad enough to eat pie.
[Through Mail.]

A WORD OR TWO ON A POSTAL CARD.

She walked up and down the corridors of
the post office for ten or fifteen minutes be-
fore she asked of a citizen who was directing
an envelope:

"Please, sir, but would you write a word
or two on a postal card for me?"

"Certainly, ma'am; where is it to go to?"

"To John Sessions, at Cleveland. Put
Esq. after his name. I sometimes forget it,
and it makes him mad."

"Your husband?"

"Of course. When I want a postal card
written to a strange man it will be a cold

day. Now, then, begin with 'My dearest husband.'"

"I've got that."

"Say that I am all right, the baby is all right, and I haven't time to write any more."

"Yes."

"Then you'll want a P. S. that I have only \$2 left, and shall look for him to send me some next week."

"Yes'm."

"That'll be all, except to say from your true wife to my loving husband, and don't send less'n \$5, and baby weighs eighteen pounds, and the weather is still cold. Thanks, sir, I'll do as much for you some day."—[Detroit Free Press.

SHE WAS IGNORANT.

"So you say you were once chased by Indians?" said Ethelinda to her bashful lover George.

"Yes," replied George, "three of us were chased an entire day by a band of hostiles."

"And you received no injury?"

"No. We got away from them, but it was a pretty tight squeeze."

"A what?"

"A tight squeeze."

"What's that?"

"You don't know what a tight squeeze is? Well, er—that is to say—By Jove, you know—I, er—guess it's about time you did know. I—er—will give you an illustration."

And he did.—[Boston Courier.

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THE INTELLIGENT AGRICULTURIST.

"Got any cow bells?"

"Yes, step this way."

"Those are too small. Haven't you any larger?"

"No, sir, the largest ones are all sold."

Rusticus started off and got as far as the door when the clerk called after him:

"Look here, stranger, take one of these small bells for your cow, and you won't have half the trouble in finding her; for when you hear the bell you will always know she can't be far off."

The farmer bought the bell.

[Texas Siftings.

"Is there no balm in Gilead?"

Is there no physician there?"

Thanks to Dr. Pierce there is a balm in his "Golden Medical Discovery"—a "balm for every wound" to health, from colds, coughs, consumption, bronchitis and all chronic, blood, lung and liver affections. Of Druggists.

IN THE SPRING.

The country school teacher had been telling her scholars about the seasons and their peculiarities, and, to impress their youthful minds with the facts, she questions, and finally reached the bad boy in the corner.

"Well, Johnny," she said, "have you been paying attention?"

"Yessum," he answered promptly.

"I'm glad to hear it, Johnny. Now can you tell me what there is in Spring."

"Yessum, I kin, but I don't want to."

"Oh, yes, you do. Don't be afraid.

You have heard the the other scholars. Be a good boy now, and tell us what there is in the Spring?"

"Wy—wy—mum, there's a frog an' a lizard an' a dead cat in it, but I didn't put 'em there. It was Georgie Winters, fur I seen him do it."—[Merchant Traveler.

THE GENERAL'S ARTICLE.

A CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY LOST BY A WIFE'S CRITICAL ACUMEN.

Gen. Meckleham, in imitation of greater men, decided upon writing a series of war articles. "Why shouldn't I, Mary?" he asked of his wife, who belongs to a literary society, and who is considered an excellent critic. "I should just like to know why I ought not to give my experience? I went through the war, and served with distinction, if I do say it myself. Another thing in my favor is that I know how to write. I understand the construction of sentences. I understand the use of vigorous English. What do you say, Mary?"

"Why, by all means, write your experience. I do not see why you should keep back anything that might prove of interest to the public and result in profit to yourself."

"That's it, Mary; that's it. You have hit the nail squarely on the head. While I was at college the students used to laugh at me for continuing to devote so much attention to rhetoric. It will all come in handy now, you see. Well, I shall go to work at once."

The next evening, when the lamp had been lighted, the general said:

"Mary, are you ready to hear my war paper?"

He read it to her.

"What do you think of it?"

"It is good."

"Don't you think it's first class?"

"Yes, I do."

"I have never said much about it, Mary, but, I am a writer. Many a time while visiting newspaper offices, I have said to myself, 'Ah, well, you fellows think that you are great writers, but you haven't learned your first lesson.' So you think it's first class, eh? Now, I shall wad it up and send it to a magazine. I ought to get at least \$100 for it."

"You are going to copy it, are you not?"

"Oh, no, not necessary. It's as plain as print."

"I didn't know but you might want to make a few corrections. Let me see the manuscript a minute. Listen to this paragraph: 'Gen. Beauregard, seeing that the left wing was weakening, determined to reinforce them.' Don't you think that you should say 'it' instead of 'them.'"

"Why? Refers to the soldiers."

"No, it means wing, which should be 'it,'"

"Well, go on, go on."

"The general at one time,' continued the woman, finding another objectionable paragraph, 'was much moved to see a soldier dragging a gun with a broken leg.'

"What's wrong with that? It's a fact, for I saw it myself."

"Yes, but how did he drag a gun with a broken leg?"

"Confound it! don't you see? The fellow's leg was broken, but so determined was he that he still stuck to his gun."

"But he didn't drag it with his broken leg."

"Hang it! the fellow's leg was broken"

"I understand that."

"Well then. Leg was broken, but un-

willing to retire from the field, he crawled along dragging his gun."

"With his broken leg?"

"Mary, haven't you got any sense at all? The statement is as plain as daylight. When you strike a woman on military matters, dad blame it! she can't see two inches."

"I understand it well enough. The man was dragging his gun with his broken leg, which, I should think, would differ very little from dragging his broken gun with his leg."

The general wheeled around in his chair, shoved both hands into his pockets, and, in a calm voice, slightly trembling on the bosom of a struggle, said:

"When I married I thought that my wife was a sensible woman. I thought that she was a woman of literary taste. Ah, Lord! Mary, your blamed blindness has confused

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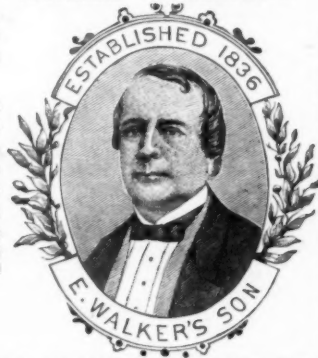
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me. Read that paragraph again." "The general at one time was much moved to see a soldier dragging a gun with a broken leg." Ah, I see," she exclaimed.

"I am glad you do, Mary." "The soldier was dragging a gun with a broken leg—the gun's leg was broken."

"Gimme that paper!" he exclaimed. "I'll be eternally burned if I allow any one to—Mary, I am ashamed of you. Go on away, and leave me alone. To suddenly discover such ignorance totally crushes me. Do you think that a gun has legs and arms like a man? Do you for a minute suppose—go on away, I tell you."

"You mean that a soldier with a broken leg was dragging his gun, don't you?"

"Hah?" She repeated the remark. The general took the manuscript, folded it with mock precision, and put it in the stove.

"Why do you burn it, dear?" "Oh, I was afraid that it might break one of its legs. I reckon it's safe enough now.

The next time you ask me to write anything, I'll do it. Oh, yes, I'll seize a broken legged pen and write the life out of it. A prophet is not without honor, and so on. You have beaten me out of \$100 in cash, and I hope you are satisfied.—[Arkansaw Traveler.

A LUDICROUS BLUNDER.

Readers of newspapers are sometimes amused at a ludicrous blunder which the proof-reader has failed to correct. But few, however, have ever laughed as heartily over an accidental muddling as did the Parisians one morning during the reign of Louis Philippe. The morning after the day on which a ministerial crisis had occurred and M. Thiers had been sent for, there appeared in the Constitutionnel the following startling paragraph:

"His Majesty, the King, received M. Thiers yesterday, at the Tuileries, and charged him with the formation of a new Cabinet. The distinguished statesman hastened to reply to the king, "I have only one regret, which is that I cannot wring your neck like a turkey's."

A few lines lower down there was another paragraph to the following effect:

"The efforts of justice are promptly crowned with success. The murderer of the Rue du Pot-de-fer has been arrested. Led at once before the Judge of Instruction the wretch had the hardihood to address that magistrate in terms of coarse insult, winding up with the following words:

"God and man are my witnesses that I have never had any other ambition than to serve your august person and my country loyally to the best of my ability."

The printer had interchanged the addresses. But the joke was that all Paris knew that there was a little love lost between the King and Thiers.—[Ex.

"FOOLS RUSH IN, WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD."

So impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follow, memory is impaired, self-confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In confidence, you can, and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients, and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at your home, and will tend you full particulars by mail.



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