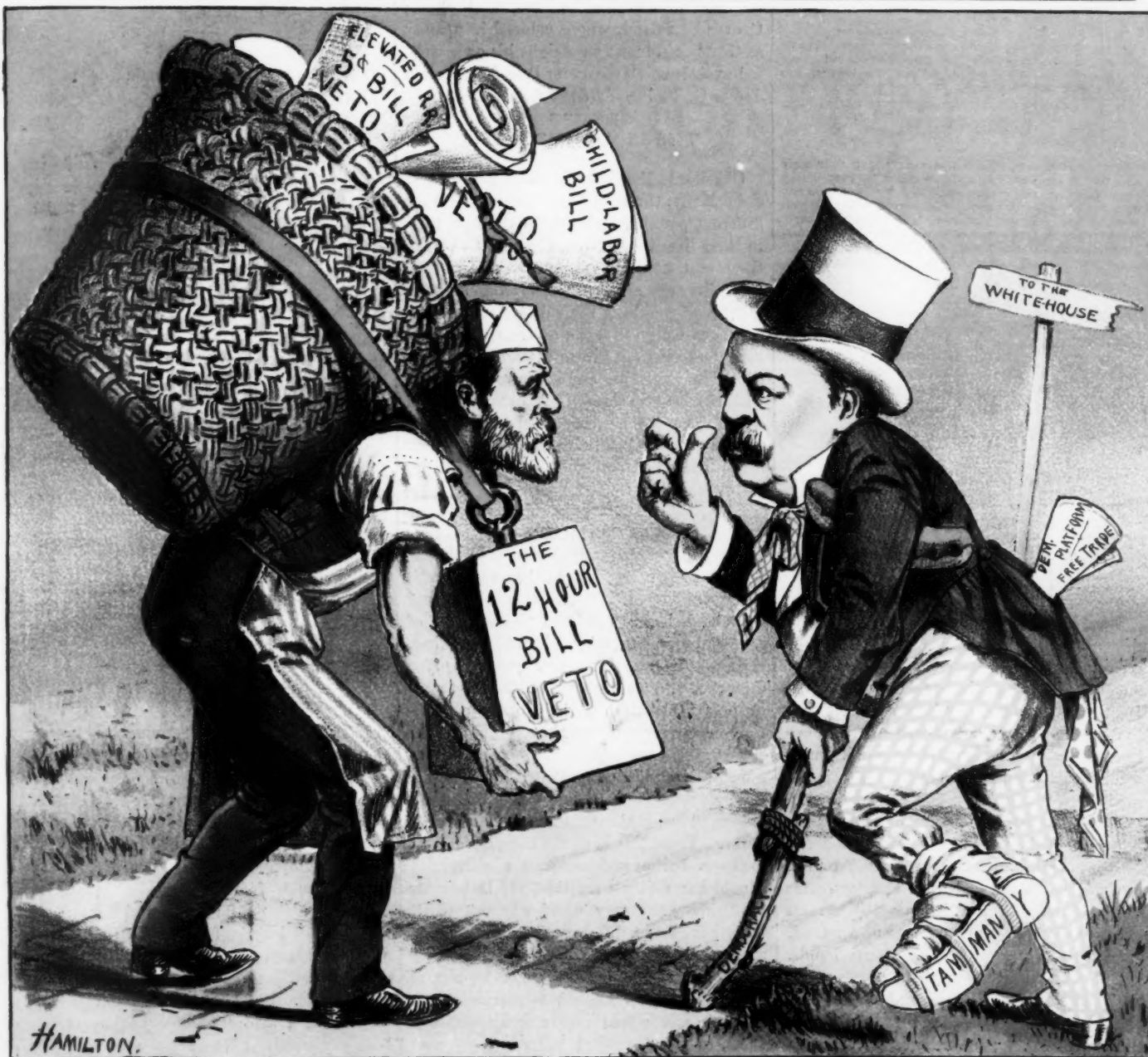


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Do you suppose the workingman will carry you?

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THE DEMOCRATIC CHOICE.

THE Democratic convention had a very difficult task imposed upon it. It was called on to nominate a man for President who would find favor in the eyes of a majority of Democrats. This they have signally failed to do. After some beating about the bush they pitched upon Grover Cleveland, a man who, for good and sufficient reasons, is obnoxious to the rank and file of the party, and who has no record as a statesman to qualify him to hold the proud position which a few fanatics think he may yet be elected to fill. His official life has had three chapters. He has been sheriff of Erie County—a most effective sheriff, we are given to understand, as he hanged a man with his own hands, which is essentially a duty of the office. He has been Mayor of Buffalo, and in that capacity we have never heard that he did anything remarkable; and he is governor of

New York. In this last position he has contrived to put himself upon record as the enemy of the laboring classes, the tool of designing politicians, and the most rapid dissipator of a large majority that history affords us. He has displayed a colossal incompetence, a surprising degree of inaptitude for public life, and a negativeness of character which must endear him to every one who opposes Mr. Blaine on the ground that the latter "knows too much." THE JUDGE wishes the Democrats joy of their standard-bearer, and congratulates the Republican party on the Democratic choice.

SPECIMEN CHEEK.

GROVER CLEVELAND, who has loaded the American workingmen with burdens too heavy to be borne, while he himself will not move them with one of his fingers; Grover Cleveland who has wasted in a year the largest majority ever secured in New York State; Grover Cleveland, whose colossal incapacity as Governor almost outweighs his own well-fed avoidupois is to run for President against James G. Blaine. *Risum teneatis?*

THREE DEMOCRATS.

Charles A. Dana, Benjamin F. Butler, and John Kelly, three leading Democrats of very different pattern, all unite for the first time in their lives in strong condemnation of the the recent nominations. And why? Because they are all men of brains, all men capable of weighing the value of various elements which go to make up their party; all men far-seeing enough to discern the impossibility of achieving any measure of success with Grover Cleveland. A drowning man will catch at a straw, but surely all Democracy ought to have furnished a straw more substantial politically, if not physically, than Grover Cleveland.

POOR DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY has signed her own death warrant. By the nomination of Grover Cleveland she has rendered the election of Mr. Blaine in November, humanly speaking, certain. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*, and certainly, it is difficult to account for the action of the Chicago convention on any ground save that of lunacy. In the hope of gaining the votes of an insignificant handful of discontented Republicans, the convention machine has deliberately estranged a majority of the Democratic party. From this hour the campaign ceases to be a battle and becomes a slaughter. Placed in a difficult position, the Democrats have chosen the very worst way out of it. They have selected Grover Cleveland, a man without record of any kind, a man who never served a term in a deliberative or legislative body in his life, a man whose past is almost a blank and whose future is altogether a guess, to stand against the strongest man

that the great Republican party ever nominated. And indeed it is a misfortune for Democracy that Grover Cleveland's past has not been altogether as blank as his future promises to be. His public life has been short, it is true, but he has contrived to press into its brief space more mistakes than any man that even Democracy, the mother of errors, has ever heard of. He has estranged the workingmen by his cruel and ill-judged vetoes, he has offended Kelly and the working politicians, and he has been, during his incumbency of New York's gubernatorial chair, the slave of as corrupt and unscrupulous a ring as Albany ever saw. Poor Democracy! She epitomized the whole of her long series of blunders when she took her stand under the ticket—For President, Grover Cleveland, for Vice President, Thomas A. Hendricks.

A CHANCE FOR THE INDEPENDENTS.

AN argument much used by the Democrats in favor of Grover Cleveland is that he is acceptable to that branch of the Republican party which is opposed to Mr. Blaine. They are welcome to the argument and to all the comfort they can extract from it. The branch—or perhaps we had better say the twig—of the Republican party which objects to Mr. Blaine is neither very powerful nor very influential. Its following is almost exclusively confined to the cities of New York and Boston, and the great Republican party regards its disaffection with a little surprise, some disgust, and a good deal of pity, but does not consider its real interests as in any way involved in the matter. How Mr. Curtis, Mr. Jones, and the other immaculate kickers who gagged at Mr. Blaine, expect to swallow the Democratic candidate and the fearful and complicated platform he stands upon, THE JUDGE neither knows nor cares. One point, however, should not be lost sight of by Democrats who exult at the prospect of drawing Curtis etc., into their fold. The very qualifications that could serve to secure the votes of the Independents, will alienate the votes of the great mass of the Democracy.

ABOUT KICKERS.

KICKING seems to be popular in conventions this year. There was quite a venomous little kick—though limited in force and effect—against the nomination of Blaine. There was a far more powerful and far-reaching kick against the nomination of Cleveland. The kick against Blaine was confined to a few dissatisfied Utopians of New York City and Boston. The kick against Cleveland is of such magnitude, that, although his name heads the regular Democratic ticket, his real supporters are probably in a minority in the party. The reason for the kick against Blaine has never yet been explained. We have sought it faith-

fully and patiently, but, beyond a few long-refuted charges and exploded calumnies, we have not found it. Even the immaculate purity of Mr. Curtis has not thrown the iniquities of that bold, bad Blaine into sufficiently strong relief to enable us to see them. The objection to Mr. Cleveland is far more definite—as Governor of New York he expressed, through his veto of the car-drivers' bill, his opinion that American citizens ought to labor sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for a remuneration of a fraction over a dollar a day. This may have been sound Democracy a quarter of a century ago, when Democrats were slave owners, but at this epoch of the nineteenth century, when the majority of Democrats are workingmen themselves, Grover Cleveland will find that he has not made much by his veto. The vote of the working classes, which has always hitherto been the stronghold of the Democracy, will swamp that ill-fated party this year. American laborers are intelligent enough to know which is their friend—Blaine, who has always had the interest of the people at heart, or Cleveland, who considers that they should work sixteen hours for a dollar odd, each day.

Oh! What a Picture 's That, My Countrymen.

I'm a Democrat from way back on my fatherly side, my mother bein' a she wig, because her father was—of course, he was a wig you know—and lots of men is what they is because their father was, which should be extenuatin' circumstance, if a man should be fined guilty of bein' a Democrat.

The Democrats is a grand old party, and is noted principally for their age; and as age makes wine and old masters valuable, the Democrats must be a valuable old party, which is strong enough for one day.

The Democrats is the party of purity and progresst—they hain't got hold of much national prog of late, but they have taken a long rest and is going to extend it a long ways ahead—and, in their A. I., brass-mounted, shinin' panorphy of purity, they's a sight to behold. They's nuthin' if not honesty itself, the Demercrats is, and don't know no such word as crookedness.

To be sure, there was the Tweed gang; but they was Tam'ny Democrats, which is different, you know. Black sheep will crawl into the best regerlated ant's nests, is a proverb we all know. But the true-blue, red-breasted Democracy is a thing of beauty and joy forever!

The Democrats is a numerous and pushin' pershwasion, and you can't keep 'em out of any share except the national government, which is vanity and vexashun of spirit to carry on. No, sir, you can't keep 'em out of any share else, owin' to their pushin' porpensities. The woods is full of 'em—in summer, when the roads is hot an dusty, and not bein' stuck up, they invade and take possession of the alms-houses, jails and State prisons, and is at home there and happy.

The Demercrats didn't do much for the country in the war, but we didn't believe in the war you see, and did all we could conscientiously to help our southern brothers. We got left, but have the approval of our



THEY ARE PROBABLY MISTAKEN.
HOW MANY PATIENT READERS OF THE "TIMES" IMAGINE THE "FUNNY" EDITOR OF THAT JOURNAL LOOKS.

conscience, you know. A clear conscience makes feather beds of pine boards, and we can lie 'round loose and be happy.

The Democrats has but one boss, which it is John Kelly, and Tam'ny Hall is his profit; and great is the profit thereof—three cheers for John Kelly! Sam Tilden has passed into sainthood and is our patron saint—Saint Tilden! We could put him in President, but he won't have it 'cause he'd rather be a Saint than President any day, and we don't want to bawk him. He's an A. I., bang up Saint, and the hallo 'round his head shines like it does 'round the moon sometimes. St. Tilden—p'raps it will be St. Samuel—will always occupy a large sized nitch in the temple of fame, and all the true-blue, brass-mounted Demercrats will always bow at the shrine, and shout, "Glory to Saint Sammy!" It will be a most affectin' sight, and shows that republics is not ungrateful.

If we Demercrats should get the government, we'd make hay while the sun shines, you bet, 'cause it wouldn't shine forever; and makin' hay is understood without me goin' any deeper inter the mysteries and miseries of politics and government; but I guess we shan't git it this heat, and if not I don't know when!

The Demercrats has got so many men of fair to middlin', and A. I. caliber, as wants to serve their country and the party, not to mention servin' themselves, that they's embarrassed awfully. Such a richness is worse 'n havin' on'y Hobson's choice, don't you know?

Now, if they'd on'y rallied unanimous on John Kelly, they'd had a man who'd lead 'em onto victory, or death, as shure as preachin'. See how he holds the Tam'ny Warriors together; and they's the most obstroperlus galoots that ever run whiskey mills or bossed the policy shops.

If all the Demercrats in the country had joined Tam'ny Hall t other week, John Kelly would have been nominated for President as easy as fallin' off a log, and be elected next November on the tidal wave plan. Yes, sir; the great wave of Democracy would roll up and on, and sweep all before it on the political beach, and no bulkheads or breakwaters could stop it.

It would be a movin' sight for the nations of the world to look onto; and what a government we should have with John Kelly as President, the fust gentleman of the land!

The picture in my mind's eye, of J. K. as F. G. L. is so overpowerin' that I can't—well, I'm too full of admiration for utterance for the present, and am givin' myself up to the all-absorbin' contemplation of that grand picture!

AL. PACKER.

P. S.—Oh! what a picture 's that, my countrymen!

SINCE Mr. McAdoo of Jersey immortalized himself by circulating a cock-and-bull story about Senator Logan and the Zuni Indian lands, he has been known as "McAdoo about nothing."

THE JUDGE.



SHE has hair of flaxen yellow, she has eyes of sapphire blue,
 She has cheeks the softest, daintiest, like velvet to the touch;
 She knows more than I or twenty others like me, ever knew—
 The trouble is, she knows a lot too much.
 She has graduated cleverly, has taken her degree;
 She can talk in seven languages and read a dozen more;
 But how would she comport herself if taken on my knee—
 How act, if she were kissed behind the door?!

Can botany, zoology, astronomy and such
 Add grace to what dame Nature took such pains to make so well?
 I wish I knew a little more, or she not quite so much—
 My favorite flower was never a Blue-Bell.

I've only got a single hope to pin my faith unto—
 One hope, as faint and visionary as a morning dream—
 Perhaps she'll drop her classics for a good, old-fashioned woo,
 And be won from mathematics by ice cream.

Perhaps the day I kiss her, she may coyly kiss me back,
 Like a girl whose only language is her graceful mother-tongue;
 Perhaps—but only fancy, if I haven't got the knack
 Of wooing, as they wooed the Greeks among.
 No matter; sink conchology (except her sea-shell ear)
 Sink botany (except the flaxen glories of her hair)

Sink languages (except enough to tell her she is dear)
 I'll study for the ordeal and dare.

* * * * *

I've written my proposal, and I have her sweet reply,
 I've won her and I'll wear her, for indeed I love her well;
 But how vain were all my doubtings; she's as ignorant as I—
 She accepts me, and she cannot even spell.

G. H. JESSOP.

Tales of My Grandmother.

TALE NO. VI.

It was not a good scheme for grandma to start by the Night Mail, but she stoutly maintained that it suited her best to travel by night, for she could then sleep and forget some of her discomfort.

But she little knew what the Night Mail from Cork to Dublin was. No sleepers! no Pullman cars! no restful spot where a weary head might seek repose. The little car we were packed into was constructed to hold twenty people, and it held them. What did it signify that we were pressed together as tight as sardines? that we were all growling at our nearest neighbors? That grandma's special reticule and Aunt Prissy's box and lap dog were hid from our sight? That the lamp, which was hung in the centre of the car, only served to make the darkness visible and to shed an odor through the air that was not—not exactly eau-de-cologne?

Grandma was savage. A slight cold caught on Dennis' car made her deafness more apparent than usual, and she was determined to hear and see everything that was going on. In this mood grandma was always hard to manage, and she put us in a really awkward position before we left Cork. There was some trifling delay in the starting of the train, during which time an irritable old lady opposite us remarked that the "station master was the greatest fool, and the most uncivil, obstinate, and useless man in Ireland."

"Who?" shrieked grandma.
 "The station master," shouted the lady.
 Grandma. "What station master?"

Lady. "This one here."
 Grandma. "Conductor—Guard, what do you call yourself? Fetch him here—the station master, quick! I want to see him."
 Guard. "No time, ma'am, train starting."
 Grandma. "I must see him, I'm just from New York. Here's five shillings. Fetch him quick."
 The silver key opened the man's heart. the station master was summoned, and in answer to his astonished enquiry, grandma replied "she had heard of him, and only wanted to see him," and, as he stepped back rather indignantly and the train moved on, grandma whispered to me:

"Always see all the celebrities, my dear; that man is the greatest something, and most something else in Ireland. I could not catch what, but you can make a note of it."

I did so, and my note is here this day.
 "Portarlington. Change here," was the next sound that greeted my ears.

"For Dublin?" we asked.
 "Yis, ma'am," said an official who was passing at that moment.

We sprang out and had scarcely alighted on the platform when the train was again in motion.

"Want a car, ma'am?" said a ragged urchin at our side, "Going up to the hotel?" said another.

"No, no," said Aunt Prissy desperately, "we are going to Dublin."
 "Bedad then, ma'am, you were mighty foolish for lavin the train." "Why didn't yees stop where you war?" "You'd no call to git out here."

This chorus sounded in our ears from all sides, but we drew grandma on, and again accosted our friend the porter, who told us that he only thought we wished to know if



BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF THE WIT(NESS).

we were right for Dublin, and he said further, the "mail thrain niver changed at all at all, and if we had only had the luck to stick to it, it wud take us anywhere we wanted to go, and back agin, but as we war here, maybe it was all for good luck—for there was the grandest meetin' of the Land League in the town, that night, and we'd be in for all the sport.

"But my mother's maid! Our luggage! where are they gone?" said Aunt Prissy, wildly.

"War they labelled for Dublin, ma'am?" asked the porter.

"Yes, yes!" said my Aunt.
 "Thin, ma'am," said the porter solemnly, "to Dublin they'll go. The Mail thrain niver changes. The bist thing ye's can do, is to make yer way up to the hotel. There's a dacent boy here, with a nate car and good horse, and he'll take ye up for a thrifle, and if ye spake for a front room, ye'll have a grand view of the procission."

The "dacent boy" proved to be an elderly man in a very long coat. He took us on his car, looking, I observed, very hard at Aunt Prissy. Before starting Aunt Prissy asked him his fare, as she had strongly objected to Dennis' scale of charges.

"Fare, ma'am!" said he. "Not a farding, ma'am. Isn't the glory of dhrivin' you enough for me! Shure we've been expictin' you the whole day, and ivry wan breakin' their hearts when you didn't come." And he tossed his cap in the air, and gave vent to a whoop of exultation, and then started off full pace. Grandma fortunately did not hear a word. Aunt Prissy, seriously alarmed, thought he was mad. I thought he was inebriated, but we had no time for remonstrance.

In a moment we were in the centre of a shouting, excited mob. "Here she is, boys," yelled our Jehu. "Kem by the Night Mail from Cork. Here she is," pointing to Aunt Prissy. "There she is boys, and an auld lady, and a fine young jintleman with her. She's going straight to the hotel boys."

How "the boys" cheered and shouted.
 "Parnell for ever." "God save Ireland."
 "Take out the baste. Draw her home boys, what are ye's about, draw her home."

In a moment the horse was taken from our car, and twenty or thirty men, pulling and pushing, supplied his place. Grandma and Aunt Prissy looked ready to expire with terror, and I confess my own heart beat faster than usual.

"Do they want to murder us?" I whispered to our driver, who had descended from his seat and was running at our side.

LONELY WITHOUT THEM.



1. COUNTRY GILT—"I suppose you find it rather dull here."
CITY LADY—"Yes, indeed. You see we left a large circle 'of acquaintances behind us.

2. THE CIRCLE OF ACQUAINTANCES.

"Murder ye," said he, staring at me, "not at all, it's welcoming the lady, they are. They're so proud to see her. It's with the pure dint of rejoicement that they shout like that."

We reached the hotel, but the crowd would not be appeased. Aunt Prissy quickly ordered the obsequious host to conduct us to a private sitting room, to which we had almost to carry the half-fainting form of grandma. But we were not left long in peace. Mine host came to the door imploring Aunt Prissy to come and "Spake one word to the boys, or they'd tear down the house." Certainly the noise was appalling.

"But what can I say to them?" asked Aunt Prissy. "I must attend to my mother who is seriously frightened."

"Ah! spake wan word," implored the man, "do, Miss Parnell! Say you'll see them to-morrow, or somethin'."

"Miss Parnell?" said Aunt Prissy, a light seeming to break in on her. "I'm not Miss Parnell. Do the people think I am?"

"Not Miss Parnell!" said the poor landlord, turning pale. "And whatever timpted you to let on you war. It was a quare trick so it was, and whatever damage is done in this house, I'll hold you accountable. Not Miss Parnell! then you'll be taken for a spy and informer, and you'll niver lave this town with your life. It's not meself, though, that will tell it to the boys while you are in this house. Oh! you foolish, misfortunate woman, what made you let on you were Miss Parnell?"

"I never said I was Miss Parnell," said my Aunt much distressed. "We only landed in Queenstown yesterday, we are just come from America. By a most unfortunate

mistake we left our train here, and the driver or the people, made a mistake. Our baggage is all gone to Dublin."

"But what undher Hivin will I do?" said the landlord. "You must slip off the bist way ye's can in the mornin'. Come and spake to the boys now, anyway. Say you'll see thim to-morrow, that you were delayed by pressin' business, or ye'd have been here airlier, and don't for charity's sake, lit on that ye're not Miss Parnell, or they'll smash my windows and have your life. Come, quick."

So Aunt Prissy had to go, leaving a chambermaid in charge of grandma, and I went with her. We stood at an upper window, and Aunt Prissy made a short speech dictated to her by the land lord. It was a nervous little effort enough, for she hated dissimulation, and was most hideously afraid of the mob, but they received the words with loud applause, and soon afterwards dispersed quietly.

It was very hard to explain the situation to grandma. She persisted that our difficulties were all owing to Aunt Prissy's love of masquerading, though I must say I never thought that was one of my Aunt's besetting tins. We partook of a sort of tea-supper that night, a dreary festival enough, but our landlord was now in excellent spirits. He undertook to slip us off "quite and aisey," by the first train in the morning, and to account for our absence by saying, "Miss Parnell was called by telegraph to attend to important business, but she'd visit the town agin in short." "Alas! the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." At day-break next morning a handsome open carriage, with four white horses, and green ribbons and banners flying was in waiting to

conduct the supposed Miss Parnell to the field of meeting. What was to be done? Poor Aunt Prissy had to drive down, escorted only by poor me, and to come forward and tell the assembled multitude the first falsehood that I believe the good soul ever told in her life. She said that business important to Ireland called her away, but that she hoped to be among them very soon again. They cheered her loudly, escorted her in their thousands back to the hotel and down to the station, and we were soon once more on our route to Dublin. We had the carriage to ourselves, and grandma scolded Aunt Prissy all the way, and to her further annoyance there were police or military at every station whose sole occupation seemed to be keeping an "eye on her;" and a great many eyes were kept on her, and on our arrival so firmly were all the officials imbued with the idea that our name was "Parnell," that we had much difficulty in identifying our baggage, which was there before us. Martin was waiting for us on the platform. She had wisely engaged rooms for us at the "Shelbourne Hotel," as she concluded naturally we would appear by the next train. She also came in for a share of grandma's caustic remarks, and I do not think Aunt Prissy will ever wish to personate Miss Parnell again. I drove from the station with the cabby on the box, and he was a most loquacious individual. He made a bargain to call for me next day, and "dhrive me down to see the statues in Sackville street, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Phoenix Park, where the hawthornes were beautiful, the place where Lord Frederick and Mr. Burke were killed, and all the other interestin' places in the city from Kilmainham Gaol to



HIS "SOFT SNAP."

ANCIENT ETHIOP.—"Well, Persimmons, what's yer doin' nowadays?"
 PERSIMMONS—"Oh! I'se a carperter and joiner."
 A. ETHIOP.—"What department does you perform."
 PERSIMMONS (testily)—"What department? Why, I does de circular work."
 A. ETHIOP.—"What's dat?"
 PERSIMMONS—"Why, I turns de grind-stone. G'way."

the auld houses of Parliament in College Green." He also told me that his brother's wife's cousin was one of the grandest men in America and owned half the country, and that if he died without a will, he was his nearest frind and nixt heir, that the poor craythur was in a decline now, so the instant minute he heard of his death he was going to America to claim the property. And he further added we might all go back in the wau ship together, and asked me if there was a good way for scholars in America, for his boy bate anyone of his age in Dublin. I never saw the faithful John since. He amused me hugely, so I trust ere this he has come into his property.

Lines.

WHEN lovely woman takes a notion
 With a brick to hit a cat,
 A burning house, a raging ocean
 Were a far safer spot than that!

Seize her quick, secure and bind her,
 E'er the missile dire she throws;
 Or, 'tis like, some one behind her
 Gets it full upon the nose.

DAN DE LYON.

Starin's Transportation Co.

THE accomodations offered by Starin's Company, and their exclusive right to land at Glen Island, is an important consideration. The strict discipline maintained upon all their boats prevents any annoyance to ladies and children, with no inconvenience from crowds. The advantage of stopping at Thirty-third Street, E. R., and Pier No. 18 N. R., is fully appreciated, and the frequent arrivals and departure of their boats avoids tedious delay at either end of the route. We also call attention to the pleasantest way of reaching Staten Island by taking one of the Company's boats at Pier 1, E. R. The early and frequent trips of the boats enable commuters to reach New York at almost any hour.

The Bloody English of It.

THERE was a bloody sparrow
 Went up a bloody spout,
 There came a bloody thunder shower
 And washed the sparrow out.
 There came a bloody calm
 After the bloody rain,
 And then the bloody sparrow
 Went up the spout again.

Monographs.

A WAIL FROM THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

It is ninety-and-one in the shade,
 And the flies are out on parade;
 They sit and they flit,
 Like imps of the devil,
 O'er the polished and sensitive level
 Of heads that are hairless—in other words bald.
 And the torture can simply by no name be called
 That these imps of the devil,
 In their sittings and flittings,
 Inflict on the polished and sensitive level
 Of heads that are hairless—in other words bald.

You set my teeth on edge—as the saw
 remarked to the file.

It seems to be a historical fact that the
 Kilkenny cats played at cross purr—pusses.

A LOUISVILLE young man has been fined
 \$2 for kissing a girl. We think this too
 light a penalty altogether, for the poor girl
 hasn't been able to walk straight since.

THE *Denver Republican* says, "the 'old
 ticket' might go pretty well on crutches."
 You can gamble on it, respected sir, that it
 can get along faster on crutches than the
 bolters can on stilts.

A BASE-BALL umpire was killed by light-
 ning, a few days ago, and it took half a day
 to convince the kicking nine that it wasn't
 one of his own decisions that caused his
 death.

WHEN you return from an adventurous
 fishing excursion, my son, don't undertake
 to tell more than has happened to you. You
 may get a ten pound fish on a six pound
 rod and then how are you going to land
 him?

Thumper (moralizing to friend while out
 for a stroll)—Yes, sir, the horde of wild
 Irishmen that are overrunning this country
 are ignorant beyond belief, and I venture to
 assert that ninety-nine out of every hundred
 of them cannot intelligently answer the sim-
 plest question.

Frizzell—There is one digging by that
 fence yonder. Suppose you put him to the
 test?

Thumper (confidently)—I will, and now
 mark his reply.—I say, my man, what
 are you digging for?

Wild Irishman—Phar a doller a day, sur.
Thumper concludes he has struck the
 hundreth man, and changes the conver-
 sation.

In the Astor House Rotunda.

ANGLICISED AMERICAN (to ordinary citi-
 zen friend)—Aw, hawdoo, ol' fellah! Going
 yawht'ng this summah?

O. C. F.—No; I find I cant spare the
 time. I've just bought a schooner, but
 think I can dispose of it right away at a
 profit.

A. A.—Ye don't say! That's—aw—deuced
 rough, ye know. I should like to see the
 schooner befoh ye part with it.

O. C. F.—You can see it, but I fear you
 misunderstand me. I'm not going to part
 with it. Here it comes now, over the bar.
 Will you join me? No? Well, here goes
 then.

An unctuous pause.

A. A.—Ah, profitably disposed of, I see?
 I hope you're not hurt. Good-day!

Epigrammic Spice.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Oh, for womanly suffrage what man wouldn't go,
That the wrongs of the darlings might all be
redressed?—
And what are these wrongs? When you're married
you'll know;
They relate to one Worth, the man I detest.

FRIENDSHIP.

Chink warns his heir his friends to choose discreet,
And not to mingle with the loose and light ones;
His money gone, they'll shake him on the street;
While tighter than a brother stick upright ones;
The young blood vows that such shall guide his
feet,
And keeps his word—his friends are only tight
ones.

WALL STREET PHILANTHROPIST.

Poor Gould has such a tender soul,
He keeps it hid to keep it whole;
Alas! he takes things so to heart,
The owner and the things must part;
He loveth men for their wise thought,
And for the other goods they've got;
Such interest he takes in all,
That ten per cent seems very small.

JUDGE, LOQUITER.

That lawyers have brains that cause them to speak—
The remnants, no doubt, of original sin—
Could never been known in spite of their cheek,
Before their hind legs got into their chin.

HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

If all the women were in heaven,
And all the men in hell,
'Twould make the women happy, then,
And make the men—ah! well!
But if the angels had all flown
From face of this creation,
I rather think we'd be alone
In a state of dull stag-nation.

WARD ERNEST SMITH.

Dialogue.

He. My adored Sylvia, you know I love you, but I can not, dare not, seek your pa, and ask him for his priceless treasure.

She. Yet, Augustus, without my pa's consent I can never be yours.

He. I can, I will dare all for you. I will seek him. I hear his step. My courage fails, Sylvia, I dare not.

She. Then, Augustus, farewell. Yet stay, why should we part? Authorize me, and I will tell pa myself. You are rich. I have no fear.

He. Bless you, Sylvia. (Exit she.)

Oh! the alternations of hope and despair. He will. He won't. He will. He won't. Oh! Here she comes.

Enter She, blushing and smiling. My Augustus, I know not what my pa's answer is. It is pinned to my right shoulder, behind, and is for your eye only. Read, dearest.

He. Hah! let me see! 'With the Author's compliments.' My Sylvia. Oh joy—They embrace with rapture. Curtain.

"WAIST makes want," said the young husband, when his wife asked him to buy her a \$15 pair of corsets."



A POETICAL SUGGESTION.

LADY—"That doesn't look like fifty pounds in my eyes."

ICE MAN—"Ha! Ha! You must learn to use your imagination and not your eyes."

Notable Members of Congress.

Best for making platforms—Wood.
Best man to carry an appropriation through the House—Porter.

Best man to cut down an appropriation (with a broad axe.)—Hewitt.
Most dangerous to meddle with when loaded—Cannon.

Comes nearest being a horror—Horr.
Comes nearest being a lord—Laird.
Comes nearest being a Solomon—Davidson.

Highest authority on telegraphs—Morse.
Highest authorities on the grain question—Oates, Cobb.

Makes fritters of English—Evans.
Is made fritters of by Evans—English.
Is what members seldom are in debate—Hurd.

The most undesirable as a boarder—Eat-on.
Who, if he keeps at it will be a plumeless knight—Moulton.

Whom Morris has most trouble with—Morrison.
Whom no gentleman's library should be without—Shelley.

Whom the windows of no gentleman's library should be without—Curtin.
Whom members are most apt to quarrel over—Petti-bone.

Always addresses the House in vain—Warner.
Most frequently found in a minority—Wise.

The only man that helps the House resemble Job—Boyle.
Whom Ochiltree raised—Storm.

The deafest member but safest to tie to Post.
The only member who thinks Macbeth the worst of all Shakespeare's creations—Duncan.

The member to go to if you want tables—Carlisle.
Would feel most at home in Old Kentucky—Covington.

Who could dismiss McDonald from the presidential race with the best grace—McAdoo.
Best man to stir up slumbering presidential aspirant from the pacific slope—Wakefield.

Whom they can go on with dogs and guns when he is up—Hunt.

The favorite of Micawber—Wilkins.
Associates most with Maud—Muller.

More intimate with Crusoe than his man Friday—Robinson.
Whom the South caught during the war and has had ever since—Le-fevre.

Whom no member can get beyond without finding it a hard road to travel—Jordan.
Most hated by Finnerty and Robinson—Foran.

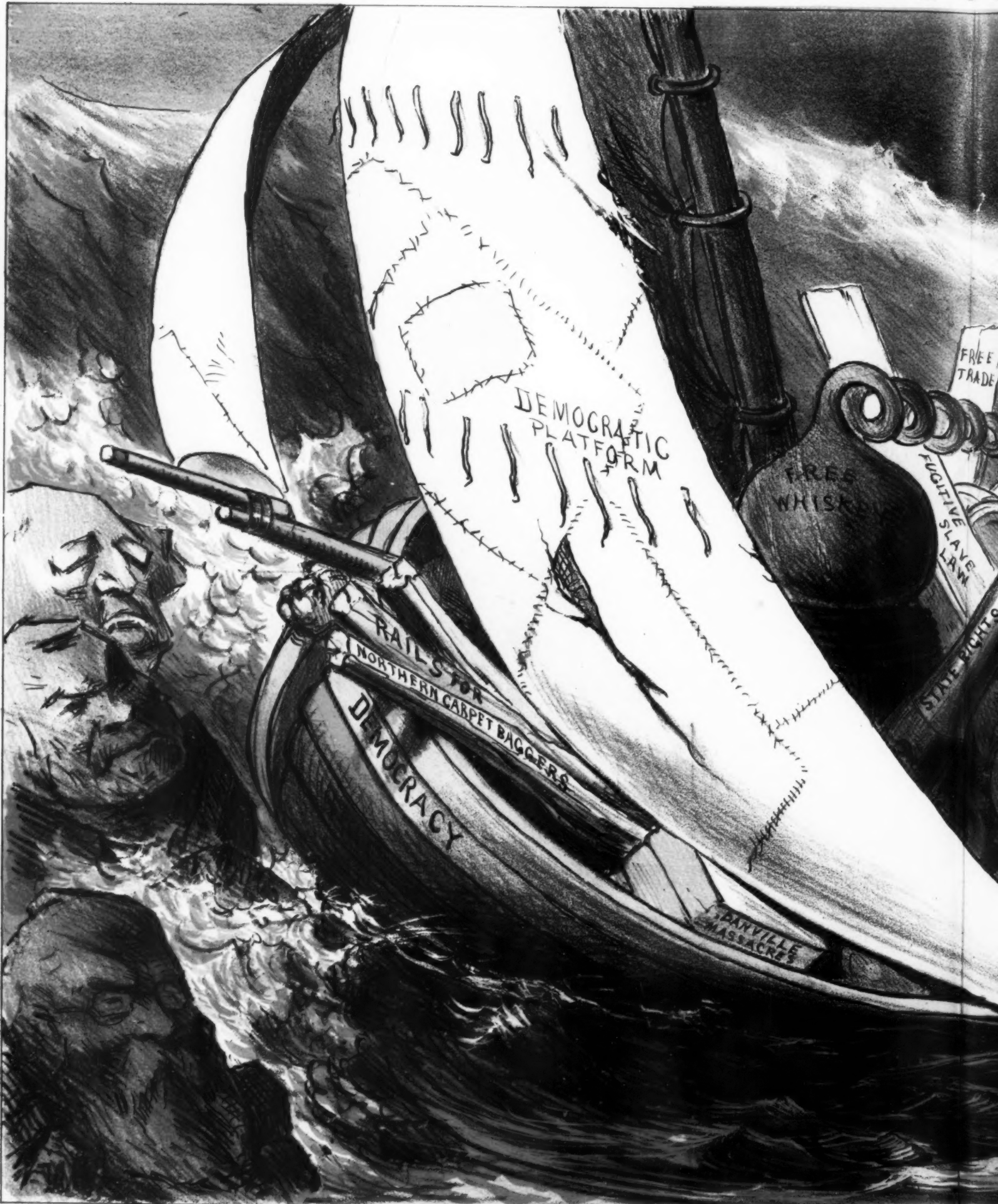
Who, more than any other members, remind the Democrats of by-gones—Seymour, Hancock.

More necessary than any other member for the House to have in the right place—Hart.

Most unwelcome at the Russian legation—Poland.
Worst man in the House to lean on—Reed.

Whom true lovers love best, but has had his day—Valentine.
Dearest to Albert's sweetheart—Herbert.

Has the poorest show as a dark horse—White.
Most apt to raise a row in church—Pusey.



THE TIDAL WAVE CANDIDAT
A very small pilot wit



DIDATE. BREAKERS AHEAD!!
t with a very big load.



THE work of importing actors, actresses, and plays from England, goes bravely on.

Wallack has secured a play called "Twins," by Derrick, the author of "Confusion."

This piece did not at first pass muster with the Lord Chamberlain, the great Mogul who presides over theatrical matters in London. It seems there was a naughty Bishop in the play, and it was thought his scape-grace performances might cast a reflection upon the established church.

Now that Wallack has purchased it, we hear that the objectionable Bishop has been removed, and so has the Lord Chamberlain's veto.

Miss Milward, the lady who played *Hero* in "Much Ado," *Jessica* in "The Merchant of Venice," and various other parts most acceptably with the Irving Company is coming over to be leading lady for the Madison Square next season.

She is expected to appear here towards the last of October.

Mr. Mantell, as every one knows, also belongs to the Madison Square, and if the latest reports are true, Mr. Barnes, who has been playing with Mary Anderson, is coming over to the Union Square, where he will play to the tune of \$250 per week.

The leading men at three of the principal New York theatres will consequently be Englishman. Tearle at Wallack's, Mantell at the Madison Square, and Barnes at the Union Square.

Nearly all the lady principals of Wallack's company are English women. Notably Sophie Eyre *vice* Rose Coghlan gone abroad, Adela Measor, and Caroline Hill. In fact, an American, male or female, is now seldom seen on Wallack's stage, but time was, when things were different years ago down at the old theatre.

Mrs. John Hoey (who we believe is not English) Madeline Henriques, Mark Smith, and hosts of others were quite as acceptable in the old days, as their English consins are in these.

"Rosedale," with all its popularity, has never been as well played as it was at its initial performance, when Mrs. John Hoey, Mary Gannon and Mark Smith were in the cast.

In those days too, it would have astonished the town to have Wallack's Theatre given over to "side shows" even during the dull season.

The "slugging" matches of the electro magnetic girl, to say nothing of the riotous manifestations of her audiences have removed whatever glamour remained connected with the once most aristocratic theatre in town, and the prestige of Wallack's is rapidly fading.

Work is progressing at the several new theatres that are fast approaching completion.

The management of the New Lyceum wish it to be distinctly understood that their the-



A NATURAL SELECTION.

atre is not a preparatory school for the Madison Square.

Rumor has it that A. M. Palmer will control the Standard when it is finished and we believe that Boucicault will show his hand, when the new Twenty-eighth Street house is done.

"Lynwood," which, according to the San Francisco papers was a failure in that city, will shortly be produced at the Union Square.

Shook and Collier no longer control "Separation." It is almost an unheard of thing for an author to purchase his own play, but Bartley Campbell has achieved distinction in this respect as well as in several others, and has bought "Separation" from its former managers.

Mr. Campbell sends the play "on the road" with a well-selected company. Ellie Wilton, we believe, is to be his leading lady.

"Storm Beaten" will again go forth, this time with young Salvini as *Christian Christianson*, and Belle Jackson, of "The Professor" and "Hazel Kirke" fame, as *Priscilla*.

The New Park Theatre, they tell us, is under new management. We should hope so. Minnie Maddern exhibits a good deal of courage to attempt a new play, or for that matter, any play, there.

She is to open there in August in a piece called "Caprice."

Miss Maddern did not achieve success last year, neither did the New Park.

We hope for the best, as Miss Maddern is a bright and pleasing young actress, who would have arrived at distinction before this, if she had stuck to her manager Mr. Havlin, who, since Minnie left him and "Foggs Ferry," has been making money out of the play and his new star, Miss Evans.

YOUNG man, have you ever attempted to take an eel by the tail? No? Well, then, try to take a woman at her word, and you'll soon find out how easy the former undertaking would prove.

My Vacation.

I.

GLANCING over a number of summer-resort advertisements, I came across the following:

"The Modern Garden of Eden.

"Elegant accommodations for a limited number of respectable city gentlemen at an exquisitely situated rural mansion. Being situated on the flosculus bank of a sparkling, purling, translucent brook, midst odoriferous umbrageous shrubbery, embracing innumerable rare exotics, with background of a majestic arboretum, while the park is most artistically divided into a lawn of exquisite viridity, and a luxuriant arbutum, interspersed (with geometrical precision) with the sanative and vivific *eucalyptus globulus*. The piscatorial appurtenances are adequate to satisfy the most fastidious sportsman, while the facilities for the stabulation of equine and asinine solipods are both unique and excellent, aye, unprecedented in history! The refectory is a marvel of modern times! in proof of which assertion refer to Josephus, (c. 1. 61 c.) where, in alluding to this marvelous institution, he makes no mention of *hash*. The dormitories are provided with patent mosquito annihilations, although that species of musicians is not indigenous to this section; while the entomological, zoological, and ornithological specimens perambulating the premises have been collected with the utmost care, and almost fabulous expense, from all parts of the globe. They are at once the study and admiration of our guests, for whose comfort, entertainment, and well-fare we have, with paternal solicitude, provided all modern improvements and appliances, including a French cook of color, and a hammock. Terms reasonable. Address or call personally at John Smith's, Smith's Corner, Smith's Centre, Smith Township, Smith County, S'Missouri."

I concluded to call personally, and the next morning found myself standing all

alone on the railway platform at Smith's Centre, watching the train disappear behind a corn field. A boy with a brimless hat and a celibate suspender directed me to Smith's Corner, and, following the lane indicated, I soon found myself at the "rural mansion" or rather, the zig-zag rail fence surrounding that alleged magnificent, rustic edifice. I found, after a diligent search, that there was no gate by which to enter the "luxuriant arbustum," and was about to roll a large stone against the fence, to enable me to climb over into the "lawn of the most exquisite vividity," when a voice that sounded like a cross between a cracked cow-bell and a flail in active motion, produced such formidable atmospheric vibrations that threatened total destruction to my *lympana*.

"Say-ee," it cried again, "didjer wanter get in heah?"

"Yes," I replied, speculating on the sex of the person to whom the wonderful voice belonged. "Yes, if you will please show me to the gate."

"Gate!" the voice roared with such vehemence that five distinct echoes repeaten "ate, ate, ate, ate, ate." "Geewee! Jehosaphat! can'tjer get in wi' out er gate? try this." And as I recovered from the firm conviction that a cyclone, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, had struck the vicinity, a bouncing, buxom lass stood before my gaze! It then dawned upon my bewildered senses that what I had taken for a cyclone was only the atmospheric commotion produced by her summersault over the eight-bar fence, and the lightning I saw, only a momentary display of white goods which rivalled that of Macy's *Fait!* She smiled broadly at my amazement.

"Why dont'jer foller suit, eh?" she asked, but before I could articulate my excuses, she anticipated my reasons, and said, "oh, yes, I ketch on, it's yer pants!"

I wear new-fashioned "dude" garments. I expressed my admiration of her tact and lightning conception.

"Gimme your paw, an' I'll help to boost yer over."

My tailor is a shrewd business man and endowed with almost supernatural prognostication. In his shop, in a very conspicuous place, hangs a sign; it reads thusly:—

"There'll be trouble in store for him, I say,
Who, upon delivery, does not pay."

I had promised to pay "next time," and his prognostication was swiftly fulfilled, for, after reaching the other side of the fence, I found it necessary, in order to retain my respectability, to wear my coat in an abnormal region! I waived an introduction to the household, who occupied every door and window to catch a glimpse of the "city-chap," and took immediate possession of the apartment assigned to me by my first acquaintance. But, on proceeding up stairs, I heard some one whisper: "that! why that 'ere's the latest style er coat, neow I tell year!"

Fortunately Zack soon brought my trunk and shortly thereafter I appeared in the dining-room—"the marvel of modern times." I wore—but never mind what I wore, for I was sadly embarrassed by their undisguised wonder and argus-eyed scrutiny; every individual article of my fashionable attire was admired with the question as to its probable cost—will it wear—will it wash—is it all wool—is it a yard wide, unmistakably depicted on their unsophisticated and unscoured countenances.

There happened a remarkable coincidence—my scarf and the eldest daughter's sash



INJURED INNOCENTS.

PARENT (angrily)—"You have been in the water! You were fishing!"
SON—"Yes, ma'am; I was in the water, but I got a boy out who might have been drowned."
PARENT—"Indeed, who was it?"
SON—"Myself."

were of the same pattern of material! This remained the standing joke of the week.

Grandmother, with a frilled cap, remarked that this coincidence was but another proof of the inalterability and irresistibility of fate; and to prove that kindred spirits invariably drift toward each other, she quoted:—

"There never live a goose so gray,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gander came the way,
And claimed her for his mate.

All assembled regarded her with silent awe—an awe that the Olympian oracles might envy—and Juliana blushed. (*To be continued.*)

GEORGE DEAR.

The Electric Light.

BEFORE the introduction of the pine-knot and tallow-candle, by the daring civil-service reformers of the dark ages, this must have been a cold and dreary world of a long winter's night, and if the patriarchs were half as scared of the dark as are some of the modern belles, which are not dumb, it is no longer any wonder that they slept with their forefathers.

When the electric light made its debut at O'Flanigan's ball, many high and honorable members of the human race were fearful that, in accordance with the loud predictions of its enthusiastic champions, who wanted to hang their wives upon our outer walls and chimnies and cut up Jack generally, there would be such an overwhelming blaze of light, that darkness would no longer be visible except in Africa and in the back counties of civilization, and that the poor gas companies would all be forced to hang their harps upon the pump handle, and sell their pipes for old iron. Some were also

afraid, that sleeping would become one of the lost arts, except perhaps to those adventurous spirits, who can sleep in church and anywhere else, and that we would be obliged to sit up all night and "go home with the girls in the morning." Some were also fearful that the everlasting spring chicken would not know when to go to roost, and like the setting hen, never grow fat. It was also prophesied that it would put moon-light in the shade, and that it would knock the spots out of daylight, after giving it a few points.

But notwithstanding the marvelous fact that the electric light has burst upon us like a comet of a hundred horse-power, and although the "electrum light," as the colored citizens call it, has come to stay and brought its knitting, so to speak, most of us still burn the midnight kerosene and "sleep like a top" is supposed to sleep, while the same dogs still howl at the same moon, and also at the electric light between times, and the respected citizen, as he wraps the drapery of the mosquito net around him, would give his kingdom and his small change for a boot-jack or shot gun. But before the electric light can become a brilliant success and not a burning shame, and occupy a reserved seat on the esteem of all law abiding people, there must, in its bright lexicon, be no such word as fizzle. After the "Robins nest again" a few times, we suppose that the electric light will be put up in cans like the sweet sugar house corn, and the grocer will keep it on draught, and the hucksters will hawk it about the streets, and if the tariff reformers do not put too much protection upon it, it will become one of the necessities of life; and the babies will cry for it every night and everybody will wonder how under the sun the world got along without it.



HARD TO GO.

DEMOCRACY—"I am almost starved, and still I have a notion not to eat it; still I can't starve for four more years. I could eat anything with relish but independent hash. Oh! that I should!"

Whenever the electric light is adopted because it is cheaper than gas, then there will come such a weeping and a wailing by the grown up daughters who have beaux to conquer that the moanings of the gas companies will hardly be heard. For what mortal man could feel at all sentimental, or could hand in a proposition without blushing like a beet; or what purblind bachelor would venture to suggest a housekeeping arrangement for two in a "cottage by the sea," in the presence of one of these buzzing, blazing, glaring, flaring, sputtering, fluttering electric lights? The most bashful lover can make out to see the light of her eyes even by the tallow candle's fitful glare and can manage to express his feelings in broken English with the aid of the deaf and dumb alphabet, by the brighter and more odorous coal oil flame, and can quote poetry by the square yard, when the gas is poor and its shade is made shadier by means of a pink paper overskirt of bewildering pattern; but when it comes to the electric light, there is no turn down, but it blazes away as if it did not care one cent for a fellow's feelings and as if it wanted to crow over him, and say "propose if you dare."

But whatever shall be the final fate of the electric light, whether it shall wax brighter and brighter, or shall go out in total darkness, moonlight will be still popular with the "lovers of the true, the beautiful and the good" looking girls of the period, and no kind of a new fangled light, whatever shall be its name, or claim, or fame can, will or shall ever take the place of moonlight, the silvery moonlight about which the poets have gone lony and the lovers have become spooney. Although moonshine is spoken of in a slighting manner, yet the moon shines right on regardless of even the electric light and she cannot be coughed down. She fills all of her engagements, and plays only with a star company, and all the other contestants for the prize will have to occupy the off nights.

Shine on, oh light electric, whether evolutionized by machinery rattley-bang-dynamo, or by the gnawing of a file with acid sulphuric-chemical, and make the gas to hide itself and crawl into its metre—short metre. Do thy level best. Hump thyself like the boy on a bicycle, and sail on ahead of the pale moon if you can. At anyrate, shine and spread thyself on the dark, rainy and Egyptian nights, when a blind man cannot see his hand before him, and make it so light, that we will not get our house mixed up with the one or the next street, after we have just been down to a ratification meeting and find that we have forgotten our latch-key.

GEORGE ADAMS.

Mossboyne.

BY THE ARCH-DUCHESS. (Author of several others.)

CHAP. I.

In which one young 'un meets two old 'uns.

MISS PERSILLA BROWN is eating prunes! Not that she feels it her stern and only duty to eat prunes on this particular day, but—her sister Fenelope hates prunes, so she eats them herself, because it is so inelegant to see Fenelope with a colic, and she is sure to have one.

At this juncture Miss Fenelope comes in, and seeing at a glance the true state of affairs, or rather of prunes, says prettily in her little, fine lady voice: "My dear, can I not assist you?"

"Never!" sternly answers Miss Persilla, at the same instant ejecting, with delicate touch, the last prune-stone from her mouth.

Then a heavy silence falls with the usual thud on the sweet spring day, a red June rose nods at the door, and a white lilac sheds all his soul in vain on the unresponsive air, etc., etc.

Suddenly on that iron silence falls a girlish voice, belonging to a thin shape, all Irish

eyes, and nut-brown hands, and that voice mutely murmurs:

"I am Gladys!"

CHAP. II.

In which one young 'un meets another 'un.

"Gladys," mutters Miss Persilla, "you must keep up this family feud. All stylish families have them! So beware the young man yonder in the fair fool woods!"

As Gladys face grows sharpened thin with horror, Miss Persilla continues relentlessly, "Remember that this boy's own father actually jilted your sainted mother!" Here Gladys is heard to ejaculate: "Good for the old man," but at the same time looks so like a stainless lissome lily in her youth, that Miss Persilla disbelieves her ears, and continues: "This son is therefore a hereditary villain, and will bring upon us woe and shame. Girl! You will avoid him; promise, child!"

A low, strained silence is Gladys' only answer, until at last from those exquisite lips comes a whitening whisper: "Yes." A little word and an easy one in sooth, yet to gain which from that red young mouth many a frenzied youth would fall down upon his best trouser's knees and grovel there, while now it dies away on the chilly winter air. Alas! for Gladys. On her way to Bonne from Africa, her birth place, she had amused the long hours turning handspindles, and in one of these unguarded moments, Redmont, of the fool woods, has seen, and fallen wildly, desperately in love with—her ankles. This cruel secret henceforth clouds all her pure soul's life, and brings a chronic carnation to the cheek of the young person.

The day following her rash promise they meet. It is Redmont who speaks first, incidentally letting his fond, listless eyes rest on her perfectly-fitting blue gown:

"Gladys, you are my dearest dear little heart, ain't you now?"

Gladys starts, shivers from him an instant, her vestal purity all aglow, and then with a coy smile melting round her perfect mouth, whispers: "You horrid thing!" Then, as she sees an agony of remorse creep over his beautiful boyish face, and up to the border of his blonde bang, she relents, and firmly grasping in one dimpled brown hand a lock of his hair, she lays her bare warm arms for one instant around his neck, and is gone, leaving him alone in the darkening wood, haunted by the thrilling memory of that fierce embrace until he dies.

CHAP. III.

In which several talk together.

A garden party at Aghychillbey, with love and lunch for all. Gladys sings to her heart, for is not Redmont coming, and has he not promised her a big bunch of carrots from his own grounds, to wear in her hair? And Galatea Gallatin, the statuesque mother of two, is she too happy? Yes! even she, for as one golden haired infant plucks at his satin gown with sticky fingers, and murmurs: "More lasseshummer," a cold, still light comes into her face, and the child disappears forever from the story. Under the trees Princess Olga holds high carnival. Mossboyne (who owns the title of this tale if anybody does) and Mulie, her two lovers are there. Mossboyne is slowly crawling on his stomach across the grass, to reach, in his senile adoration, the folds of her gown, while Mulie, with the rapturous look of an angel, is brushing the surplus rouge from her face. "Ah! there!" cries Olga coquettishly, "am I not a masher to-night?" As he replies, Mulie rests his passionate asking eyes

on her's, and says brokenly: "Like a roving angel." At which Mossboyne looks up scowling, from her feet, and mutters blackly, "roving devil," this being intended for his rival. Olga laughs merrily and kisses them both, while white-winged Peace comes down on things in general.

CHAP. IV.

In which more meet and some marry.

"Olga, which are you going to take, Mossboyne or 'the Baby,'—Olga's pet name for Mulie. It is Galatea G. that speaks. Olga shrugs her round shoulders, and says, softly blushing, "Gal, dear, maybe you won't believe it, but I *always* wanted a baby. I shall take Mulie."

As she waits for the words of reproof to come, she spies G. G. wiping her lustrous eyes on her child's pinafore.

"You too," she cries and Galatea answers gently but firmly, "I am going to marry Mon. Kelly. I adore him, and then he looks so like O. Wilde!"

* * * * *

Night in the fool woods! Redmont holds Gladys strained tightly to his evening vest, while she presses her satin cheek to his with coy vigor. They have mutually agreed to remain thus until the moon rises, and just as their mutual muscle is about to give out, she appears. Gladys, unwrapping herself, says shyly. "You are *sure* you won't shake me, nice boy?" As she waits in tremulous silence for his reply, a beautiful light dawns on his blonde beauty, and as his ardent eyes embrace her, he replies with the delicate wording of his only love, "Gal, I just love you right down to the ground, and don't you forget it."

The girl gives one long sigh of perfect bliss, and as their warm lips meet she breathes out,

I am satis-fied.

THE END.

W. D. LUMMIS.

Becoming Known.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT—"Here is a list of names which I think suitable for honorary degrees this year."

College Director—"My gracious! Looks like a Congressional petition. Why, you must have a couple of thousand of names on that list."

"Perhaps, sir; I did not count them."

"Where did you get the names, anyhow?"

"Found them in the Directory."

"So I thought. You've taken every Tom, Dick and Harry just as they come along, but what under the sun is your object?"

"To advertise the institution."

"You think it will do any good?"

"Oh, yes; the college will become known—by degrees.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Hard to Get a Start.

"It requires quite a long time for a man to get a start in the world," said an old fellow, "but some of the most colossal fortunes have been built on loans advanced by friends. When I married I had to borrow money with which to pay for my license. That was shortly before I came to this town."

"I suppose you are well situated now," remarked a bystander.

"Hardly as well as I might be. Still, if business should be prosperous this year, I think that by close economy I can refund the money which I borrowed to pay for my license."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Breaking a Balky Horse.

"SUSAN, I've bought Jim Flick's horse; paid \$200 for it. It's a regular daisy," said Smith, proudly.

"Not that bay, John? He's an awful balker. Mrs. Flick's little girl, Mary, told our Frank that that was the reason why they were so late to church last Sabbath. He offered that horse to Jerry Brown for his organ, one of Blank's, with twenty-six stops, and—"

"Will you stop the chatter, Mrs. Smith? Don't ye s'pose I ever traded horses? That horse balk!" and there was a pause. Smith was thinking how Flick had sold him and was trying to call up some plan of vengeance and general destruction of the Flick race. "Balk! balk! S'pose I didn't know it? Who can't break a balkin' horse? Easiest thing in the word," and Smith looked very wise. "I'll hitch him up right away to show you. Like to know what a preacher's daughter knows 'bout a balkin' horse."

Soon Smith and his wife were in the farm wagon.

"G'lang now!" and the horse went off like an ox team. "Told you so, Susan. Three hundred dollars of our pappies' wouldn't touch him. Want Brown's organ with 126 Blanks in it fer a trade, eh? Ho, ho!"

"No, John. Stops, stops not Blanks."

"Who said Blanks? I said one hundred and twenty-six stops," he replied, with great precision and emphasis. "For an organ? Organ factory, you mean. If a woman could tell, could possibly tell, the difference between a horse, why—a—g'lang, there. What are ye stoppin' fer?" The horse had stopped.

"Is he hungry, John? Poor thing!"

"Hungry? Very. Hungriest horse ever produced in the Western hemisphere. Just dyin' for food."

The horse was tapped with the lines, but he continued to stand still.

"Goldang that white-livered Flick. Get ep, I tell you. I'll maul your eternal daylight out. Oh, won't yer get ep?" he asked with withering scorn, and he got up by the dashboard and made a terrible lunge with the lines.

The horse made a jump forward, and then stopped again. Smith fell out on the double trees.

"Are you hurt, dear?" asked his wife.

"Hurt?" he echoed, as he climbed in, displaying a nose denuded of a large slice of skin. He sat down beside his wife, panting, but looked in a very piercing way at her. "Hurt? That's only one of them 126 stops; only 125 more. Hurt, Mrs. Susan J. Smith? Delightful! Delightful! Solid enjoyment! Never had anything to feel so good in my born days. Gosh a'mighty, that'll be the dogdest lookin' carcass on my face to-morrow mornin' if I live. But a few more stops like that, my dear, dear Susie, an'—an', by the holy eternal, you'll be a widow, an' yer children fatherless. Just you take a turn on them goldarned farmin' implements out on the wagon tongue. Besides you lookin' like two twin zebras, ye'll feel pert and spry; very pert far a minister's daughter, an'—"

"But, John, why don't you put dirt in his ear? Pa used to when he lived in Boston, an'—"

"Your pa did, did he?" he exclaimed in bitter irony. "Did he pour in Bosting dirt? So your pa was in the horse and real estate business, eh? Fed dirt in the ear, eh! Of course, of course. When I'm confounded idiot

enough to shovel dirt a hull forenoon in my horse's ears, you'll be a gay widowed daughter of a bean-eating clergyman of Bosting. You hold these lines. Something's got to die; die, d'ye hear, d-i," he yelled with awful impressiveness.

He came back from the roadside with a rail.

"Mrs. Smith, say your prayers. Something's got to come. You perceive this rail; you also perceive, as a golden dream, that \$200 bay fraud of Mr. Flick's. There's going to be a gory conflict. The time is at hand, the bridegroom waiteth. Soon, my dear Susan, there'll be a sound of revelry by night."

At this juncture the rail performed the office of a battering ram.

One bump, and the bay kicked the rail over into an adjoining county. Then the bay commenced to back. He backed, and backed, and there seemed to be imminent danger of the harness coming off over his head.

"Why, John, dear," said his scared wife, "what is the matter? Do you suppose you've got the wrong end of the wagon? Oh, dear!"

"Mrs. S. there is a point in every one's disposition, where endurance ceases to be a virtue," he said, in awful calmness. "I've killed things in my time. That horse or me has got to die. If I come out on top, then—Flick. Nothing but the silence of death will do this time. Amen."

The horse had stopped backing. Smith got out and looked at the horse attentively for a long time.

"Mrs. Smith, do you wish to attend the obsequies of this, this measly an' eternal crawfish of a horse? If not, you will take up your bed an' walk. You will go over this evenin' and break the news to Mrs. Flick. To-night in the gloaming Mr. Flick will pony over \$200, or he and his sweet, sweet horse will be requiescating in pieces."—*Texas Siftings.*

Have Patients.

"I KNOW, my dear," said the young doctor to his wife, "that we are not rich; but after a while our luck will change, and we will have everything we want. You must learn to have patience."

"Don't preach what you don't practice. If you'd learn to have patients, we would soon be out of trouble," and she whisked out of the room, so full of feeling that she slumped over at the eyes.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Easy Enough When Explained.

"Is this hot enough for you?" remarked a man to another last Tuesday on the sunny side of the street.

"Hot? You ain't complaining about warm weather, I hope?"

"Well, it isn't so darn freezing cold as it might be, is it?"

"No, nor is it so boiling hot. Why, man, I've got a stove, a great big anthracite base burner, in my room."

"Thunder and Sahara! How do you stand it?"

"Oh, easy enough."

"Well, I'd like to know how."

"By not putting any fire in it. You see, we haven't any other place to store it, so we must leave it there all the time."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

For Somebody.

PARAGRAPHING friends remind us
We can make our own sublime
And departing leave behind us
Monuments in prose and rhyme—
By giving credit every time.

—Gouverneur Herald.

Best to Have a Sure Thing on Gin.

"Ezra," said a colored woman to her better half one day last week, "you got two dollahs las' week foh cleanin' up 'bout Master Winfield's house an' yahd. Where is dat two dollahs?"

"Heah, Phœby."

"You jis' go an' put dat ah' two dollahs in one ob dem banks up on Pine Street."

"An'—an'—de bottle's empty, Phœby." And he held an empty black bottle, from the neck of which there was a suspicious emanation of gin. Phœby squinted her eyes at the bottle longingly, but pretended not to see.

"Foh de lawd, Ezra, we's got to be sabin' ob de money now. Hard times is comin', shuah."

"You's right, Phœby. But dem banks is all got to bust, an' den no money, no gin, no nothin'." And he held the bottle up again.

"Well," she sighed sadly, "pears you's allers right 'bout de financial 'fairs, Ezra. But jis' go an' put dat ar' money in de bank, and don't spend a cent for rum."

He went out sorrowfully, and she raised the window and called after him:

"Ezra!"

"Hey?"

"Is dem banks bound to bust?"

"Dem banks'll bust shuah, woman."

"Dat's too bad; but I don't want you to got any rum, mind. Has you got de bottle?"

"Yes, Phœby."

"Well, it's heap waste o' bottle to bring it back empty, and I guess de banks will bust, Ezra. Hey?"

"Yas, Phœby."

"Whar you goin' te get dat gin?"

"Some place, Phœby."

"Well, git it den, ef you's bound to conderdict me ebery time. Nevah saw such a obstinate niggah. Git a quaht, Ezra. You heah me?"—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

Made No Difference.

A TRAVELER just from the South reports the following: On one of the southern railroads there is a station called "Sawyer." Lately a newly married couple boarded the train, and were very loving indeed. The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about two hundred times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally, the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lip, and the brakeman opened the door and shouted:

"Sawyer! Sawyer!"

"What's that?" responded the groom, looking over his shoulder at the brakeman.

"Sawyer," replied the brakeman.

"Well, I don't care a d—n if you did; she's my wife."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"How old are you, my little man?" asked a gentleman of the young idea yesterday. "Well, sir," replied the youthful financier, "I shall be nine years old as soon as the circus leaves."—*Boston Post.*

Breaking it Gently.

YOUNG WIFE—"My deor, you were the stroke oar at college, weren't you?"

Young husband—"Yes, love."

"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic class?"

"I was the leader."

"And quite a hand at all the athletic contests?"

"Quite a hand? My gracious! I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying! why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and—"

"Well, love, just please carry the baby a couple of hours; I'm tired."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Something He Couldn't Do.

NAT GOODWIN tells a funny story of a conversation with a German about circus riding.

"You can't talk nothin' to me 'bout circus ridin, 'cos you know, there ain't no circus riders outside of Yermany."

"Well, I don't know; there's Robinson."

"Pshaw! Amateur! He ain't nothin' to Wallner."

"He can turn a double somersault riding round the ring."

"Dot vos notin'; so can Wallner."

"Robinson can do a spring through a hoop and land on the horse's neck."

"Dot's notin'; so can Wallner."

"Robinson can throw a somersault clear across the ring and land standing on the horse's back."

"Dot's notin'; so can Wallner."

"Yes, but Robinson can jump off a horse into the air, turn over three times and come down on the horse's breath."

"So can Wall—no, Nat; dot was a — lie you was givin' me."—*Boston Globe.*

Not a Connoisseur.

"PERHAPS you would like to walk into the library and examine my paintings," suggested an art enthusiast to his guest, an ex-governor of a neighboring State, now deceased.

"I thank you; I am extremely fond of fine paintings," said the governor.

"This, over the mantel," said the host, after several gems had been examined and admired, "is the work which I value most. I purchased it in Florence during my stay abroad, and I am almost ashamed to tell what I paid for it. You, of course, recognize the subject—a beautiful copy of the Sistine Madonna."

"Oh! ah! yes," said the governor. "It is certainly very beautiful—very fine. Does it—ah—does it represent a Boston lady?"—*Boston Globe.*

Reversal of an Ancient Adage.

"When I was young," said Mrs. Yeast, "the principle used to be to spend as you go."

"Well, isn't it just the same now?" inquired Mr. Crimsonbeak.

"Bless you, no," replied the old lady, throwing down the paper of a recent bank defalcation; "the principle of bank people seems to be to spend before you go!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Verdict of Experts.

"FETCH in your corpse," demanded the foreman of a Texas coroner's jury.

The body was laid before them.

The jury made a careful examination and questioned the attending surgeon.

"Whar was he shot?"

"Square through the heart."

"Dead in the center o' the heart?"

"Right in the center."

"Who shot him?"

"Jake Daniels."

A dozen witnesses declared Jake fired the shot and Jake himself admitted it.

The jury consulted softly for some time.

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," said the coroner, "what is your verdict?"

"Waal, Jedge, we've come to the conclusion that Jake Daniels is the dandiest shot in these parts, and don't you forgit it."—*Chicago News.*

THERE is a law prevailing among the Osage Indians by which the man who first marries a daughter in any family acquires the right to take all the daughters home with him. Among civilized people he only has to take the young lady's mother.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THERE was a heated discussion in a Third Ward hotel the other night. "I tell you, sir," said one of the disputants. "I tell you, sir, there is no law made but what the people can change." "Yes, there is," said a newcomer. "There is one law that no man, no people can change." "What is that?" "Mother-in-law."—*Breakfast Table.*

"I hear Johnson is now editing the Humber," said Clipper to Paste yesterday. "Editing it?" ejaculated Paste. "Yes," responded Clipper. "Great Heavens," said Paste, "to what uses do we come at last!" Silence reigned.—*Washington Hatchet.*

"I've just sold Thompson two buildings on Wabash avenue," said a Chicago real estate dealer to a Brooklyn *Eagle* man. "He must have plastered them with a pretty heavy mortgage," was the reply. "No; he paid cash to the full amount." "Paid cash. Why, he's a poor man." "He was until last week; but he tended a hotel bar during the convention.

THE following smart remark was made by a seven-year-old boy of our acquaintance. The doctor had come to prescribe for his sister, and suggested that the little boy might also take some of the medicine, as it would do him no harm. "No," said the little fellow manfully, "there's nothing the matter with me, and you ain't going to run up a big bill against papa on my account."—*Oil City Derrick.*

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ALWAYS marry a blue-eyed or black-eyed woman, as they only require another color put on.—*Pittsburgh Herald.*

A LITTLE oil on the hinges of the front gate has a tendency to relieve insomnia.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A HORNET is not as large as a trunk, but a man will carry the latter a greater distance than the former.—*Boston Post.*

A MICHIGAN man who is next neighbor to a church wants to have it repainted, because it doesn't match his dog kennel.—*Boston Globe.*

WHAT a folly it is for one to complain that his stomach troubles him, when, as everybody knows it is he who troubles his stomach.—*Boston Transcript.*

LIGHTNING struck a whiskey distillery in Kentucky last week, and then ran along a telegraph wire. The result was that all the telegraph Operators on that line are still howling drunk.—*Paris Beacon.*

JUDGING by the advance shipments, this is to be a great year for good watermelons. With a bottle of Jamaica ginger in a convenient place, and a fat and juicy Georgia melon in front of him, a bold fruit lover ought to be reasonably happy.—*Boston Herald.*

A CONSIDERATE tramp was encountered a few days ago. He promised to cut some wood in return for a meal, but after eating, he looked at the wood and said, "Lady, I don't believe I could cut that satisfactory to you, and I would not like to make a bad job of it. Good day."—*Boston Post.*

AN Ohio man has just remarried the wife from whom he was divorced eight years ago. He proved to her that he had quit snoring, and she had demonstrated that she had learned to make good bread. Of course, when the points of their mutual disagreement had vanished it was natural that they should try to live together again.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A LITTLE ROCK UNIVERSITY sophomore has been fined two dollars for kissing a girl. Sophomores of osculatory tendencies should attend colleges where kissing is put down among the electives. Some of our Harvard young men have become so proficient in the art that, instead of being fined two dollars, they are often paid twice that amount by ladies who wish to have their kissing performed scientifically.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Sit down in front," cried some members of an audience at a Decoration Day matinee, as a professor of grammar stood up to take a survey of the house. "Cannot be done. It's a physical impossibility, constituted as I am," replied the professor. "Sit down, sir," said the policeman. "Ah, now you talk, sir. But when these gentlemen asked me to sit down in front and leave my back standing up, you—" "Sit down," yelled the audience; and he squatted.

"A STUDENT who was recently graduated at Harvard," says *Harper's Weekly*, "has been stricken with a strange disease. Whatever he begins to do he continues doing until stopped by some exterior influence." Why, bless your innocent little editorial cranium, that isn't a new bit of news. We have known plenty of students who have started in to break every street lamp from Cambridge Bridge to the college ground, and kept right on doing so until brought up by a policeman.—*Boston Courier.*

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