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**THE POLITICAL CHAMELEON.**  
Many coats, but the same old Schurtz.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



## THE JUDGE.

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### Early to Rise, Early to Fall.

A SMALL leader of small men will be extolled for the littlest of his acts. Necessarily so—for a small man cannot rise to great executive acts, and eyes that were created to discern trifles cannot take in a battlefield. The ignoble sluggard is the one that was selected to consider the ant. Many a Gulliver who is a stripling among men is a giant to Liliputians. This necessary tendency to toadyism is illustrated by the snappers-up of the unconsidered trifles of the White House. Every movement of President Cleveland is taken in by the gaping Democracy with a worship as implicit as any petty prince ever received from his simple subjects.

One of the cheapest of the feathers that have been stuck in the head of this Democratic idol by his projectors is labeled, Early Rising. The order of the President that his breakfast be on the table at 8 o'clock A. M., sharp, has nearly paralyzed the Democracy with its grandeur and originality. All the praise wherewithal they have in times past extolled the achievements of their earlier statesmen sinks into tameness when read with the panegyric piled up on "the early-rising administration."

It is a cheap use of a pseudo virtue, like a pean to a Democratic President who should grandly and fearlessly practice in the White House eating custard pie with a knife. All virtues are comparative—even the sublime one of early-rising—and we can tell President Cleveland and his admirers that

they cannot insure his re-election and the permanent supremacy of the party on the expansive principle of eight o'clock breakfasts. If they think, for instance, that this is to make him solid with the bucolic voter, they are self-deceived. This is not early rising in most parts of the country. There are communities in which a person found in bed until cock-crowing would be persecuted; where there are plenty of deluded souls who dream of heaven because they have always risen before the sun and buck-wheat batter; where people go to bed preposterously early to avoid "burning out daylight," and rise to burn cord-wood and candles for three hours before daylight for the sake of "getting an early start" to do nothing all the winter day. A family guilty of this lofty morality also usually keeps half a dozen big dogs, and lets its cattle and sheep shiver and starve in half-enclosed sheds—fit representatives of "an early-rising administration!"

THE JUDGE is of opinion that the whole early-rising crankiness, on which the administration is trying to play, is a humbug, and the President's appearance of unprecedented industry a pretense. He has, since the first announcement, changed his breakfast hour to nine o'clock, a scandalous falling off about which the press is silent—Aha! Of all Poor Richard's poor sayings, there is no greater humbug than:—

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
 "Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Our new aspirant for the championship in early-rising, indeed, looks to be "healthy," and is reputed to be "wealthy"—a claim that we shall not dispute, in view of his thrift in the shrievalty of Erie Co. and since. But the total failure in him of the last blessing guaranteed to the early riser by Poor Richard, but adds another to the thousand-and-one living contradictions of the efficacy of this prescription for all of the virtues and beatitudes.

However, it may be excepted to this ruling of this Court that Cleveland in *luck* makes up for the failure to be made wise, proving the saying to be reason, though without rhyme. It is conceded that a man who has climbed to the height of the Presidency at the young age of 48 may, in one sense, be called an early riser. But the rising was so little due to any volition, much less to any merit of his own, that the future historian will hesitate to ascribe it to the practice of even so trivial a virtue as day-break contemplation. This doubt will be deepened by the accounts which contemporaneous history will furnish of his convivial mode of life—doubts, in fact, of the truth of the early-rising legend itself.

No. If the Democracy can, in the next four years, find no more distinguished administrative acts to which to "point with pride," the national career of their first and last President in 25 years will end, as it began, by an early turning out.

### Fall of an "Ohio Idea."

It is all a question of a "fair divide." How to make a hundred thousand offices satisfy a million "hungry and thirsty" Democrats, is the problem that confronts an executive whose miracle-working powers have heretofore been confined to the prestidigitation of transforming a country Sheriff into a chief magistrate.

Ohio Democrats are counted out. There is a sort of justice—albeit, unintended by the President—in "giving them the cold shake." Their sins are many. Back in war times they had the unparalleled "gall" to run for governor the "big copperhead with the long ugly name," Vallandigham. Later they evolved Uncle Bill Allen and the Rag Baby. Always, in this Kilkenny fair of Democrats, if a decent man has stuck his head up, it has been multitudinously mashed. Thurman distinguished himself by resisting monopoly influences in the Senate, and he was incontinently bounced. Pendleton espoused Civil Service Reform of a very mild type, and he was "relieved and retired" worse than poor Gordon was—a man without honor in his own country. And they finally crowned the edifice of their own infamy by the election of Standard Oil Payne to the Senate. If that specific form of a particular national calamity, Ohio Democracy, be entitled to honorable recognition, we cannot conceive of the thing in its record upon which any Ohio Democrat could base his claim.

Cleveland's subserviency to the new Albany regency is not creditable to a man in the first executive position, but he might do worse. His partiality for Southern men, and especially for Ex-Confederates, is as impolitic as it is unpatriotic, but he might do worse. Of his selections already made, many have been discreditable on account of character—but he might have done worse. He might have appointed some Ohio Democrats. It is probable that for very shame he may be driven to import into the state outsiders for post-office and local positions, or to appoint Ohio Republicans—providing any Ohio Republican *could* be found willing to accept a federal appointment.

N. B.—Since the above was in type, President Cleveland has made two selections of Ohio Democrats. He has selected Mr. Pendleton for banishment to Germany, where his Civil Service Reform notions will not embarrass the new concern trading in the same line; and he has selected Mr. McConville, late of the Ohio State Prison, to handle the funds of the Post Office in the U. S. Treasury. This removes Gentleman George from the contamination of Ohio Democrats, and transplants to Washington an Ohio man who, in the safe seclusion of prison walls may have escaped some of the demoralization. Of course, prison inmates are, like Weller's "vidders," "an exception to everything."

**The Political Chameleon.**

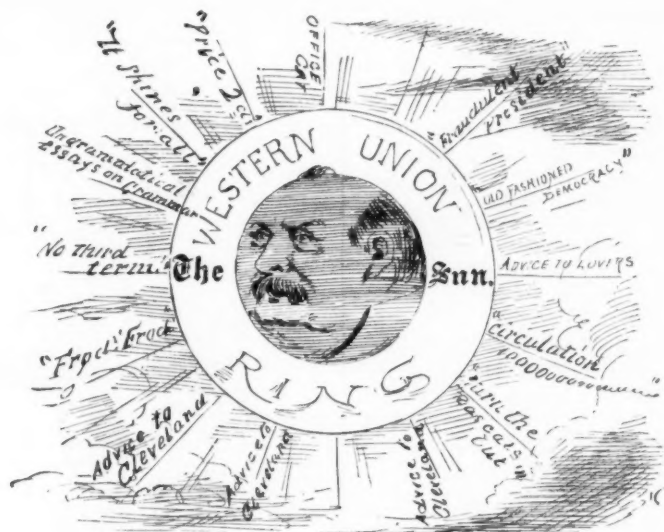
AMERICANS do not take kindly to adventurers. There is too much earnestness and intensity in Anglo-Saxon civilization to tolerate the man who openly makes merchandise of his convictions. That character whom Gen. Kilpatrick described as "a soldier who plunders the corpses of both sides with judicial impartiality," was an excrement of the excrement, war; and he was more hated than the foe by the fighters of either side; more abhorred than a draft commissioner by the stay-at-homes. Even the substitute-broker and Knight of the Golden Circle despised him, and there is no record of Mr. Hendricks' having ever said anything in apology for him. Everybody kicked him. But, all the same he came safe and well off out of the strife.

Americans laugh at everything; our English cousins say we have no reverence—make fun of everybody. But we do not laugh at the turn-coat. There are some things too mean to be made fun of by the most reckless paragraphist. The man like Mr. Carl Schurz, with brilliant talents, high culture and an æsthetic conscience for sale to the highest bidder is not a spectacle to make human nature feel very comfortable; somehow, a well dressed, refined-looking, lovely woman intoxicated is a sight that few men are so abandoned as to smile over. The sense of the fitness of things is too much violated and one sighs, "The pity of it, Iago! the pity of it!"

The instinct of political-preservation is back of the repugnance. Civilized society is held together by confidence. Trade, law, peace, property, finance, government, the family, safety to life, are possibilities only because men believe in and trust each other. Hence, exhibitions of self-abandonment for gain, in men or women, laying the axe at the root of confidence in human nature, strike at all security.

It is a source of national gratulation that the chief of our political tramps is an exotic, an importation. And it is among the compensations for defeat that the Republican party is for a time rid of adventurers. Tramps do not infest the poor man's back-yard. The Outs are at heart happy in having no favors to bestow and no assistant Democrats on their hands. With humble hearts and chastened thankfulness we can raise our eyes to heaven and say, "Thank God, that in this hour of affliction we are free of that long-legged bum!"

THERE seem to be a good many greedy Democrats, and their hunger is out of all proportion to their size. Several places, including Buffalo, are accused of "wanting the earth." It is noted, "in this connection" that a good many of them don't seem to want *The World*.



THE ANNULAR, AND ANNUAL, ECLIPSE OF "THE SUN."

"As the close of the struggle draws near, the prospect for a victory for the Democracy grows dimmer. The fate that awaits them is due to their folly in allowing an ignorant and deluded candidate to be forced on them by a small band of grumbling Republicans."—*N. Y. Sun*, Oct. 28, 1884

"One thing is pretty certain. If Mr. Cleveland makes as good a President as Mr. Hendricks may be relied on to make a Vice-President, he will be re-elected. And why not both?"—*N. Y. Sun*, March 5, 1885.

**Rulings.**

THE staff of the New York *Sun* seems to devote its time principally to producing catsup.

THE opinion of the Court is that the illustrated press is not putting the best face on the new administration.

BRER BEECHER approves of the cabinet. He "believes Secy. Vilas will turn out well." So will all the secretaries. That's what they are there for.

THIS was to be a "working administration," and its organs are already demanding fair play for it, and the vacation season five months away.

MISS CLEVELAND is said to be opposed to dancing. The waiting Democratic office seekers are said to be opposed to dancing—attendance on Grover.

SOME of the bad appointments of our new President call for the plea of absent mindedness. Mr. Cleveland's absence of mind seems to date back about forty-eight years.

THE potato peelings at the White House, it is said, are saved religiously, under direction of President Cleveland. The Democratic papers ought to ring with the glory of this economy.

BRER INGERSOLL is not the personal friend of the Father of the Democratic Party that he is orthodoxically credited with being, when he only proposes to give the devil his due. A true friend would offer a shower, or a plunge bath.

**The Easter Bonnet.**

Now the bonny, blithesome bonnet,  
With the fairy flowers upon it,  
She'll wear unto the quiet church on sunny Easter-day;  
And she'll mark the envious glances  
From the wives her hat entrances,  
Of those whose husbands' bonnet-bills have not the cash to pay.



Oh! she'll pretend she's praying,  
While unto herself she's saying,  
"I know that Mrs. J. would like to have a hat like mine!  
And I know that Mrs. Denvy  
Is just dying with her envy,  
And wishes that her bonnet was just similarly fine!  
"But I'm really not attending  
To the service, and 'tis ending;  
I'll hie me homeward now unto dear Charlie, and we'll dine.  
And I'll send to Mrs. Denvy,  
For she's poor, and green with envy!  
A charming Easter bonnet costing just as much as mine!"  
[She really sent it.]

DUVVY.

THE telephone and telegraph companies are very much alarmed lest they precipitate cholera, if they tear up the streets to lay their wires, as required by law. If they will bury the wires the people are perfectly willing to bury their resultant dead.

## Antony's last Ante.

BY F. S. RYMAN.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
 And our holy Roman circus  
 All is busted up at last;  
 All our quiet evening rambles,  
 All our champagne sups are done,  
 But, by gosh, old Cleopatra,  
 You're the gal that takes the bunn.

By old Isis and Osiris  
 Kiss Octavia back in Rome,  
 Let not Caesar even seize her  
 Or she'll make him sick of home;  
 Think of me, oh! Cleopatra,  
 Though the thought should give you pain,  
 Don't forget the tony Tony  
 When the hornets nest again.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus laid low,  
 I can lick him with one finger  
 If he'll give me me half a show;  
 I know well that he's the Roman,  
 With the greatest stock of Gaul,  
 But he could not scare or run me  
 If he even owned it all.

Should the base plebian rabble  
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
 Throw 'em in among the tigers  
 Who their cursed pates will comb;  
 'Twas a cold day, there at Actium,  
 That I will not soon forget,  
 But there ain't no Roman rummies  
 Can punch me around, you bet.

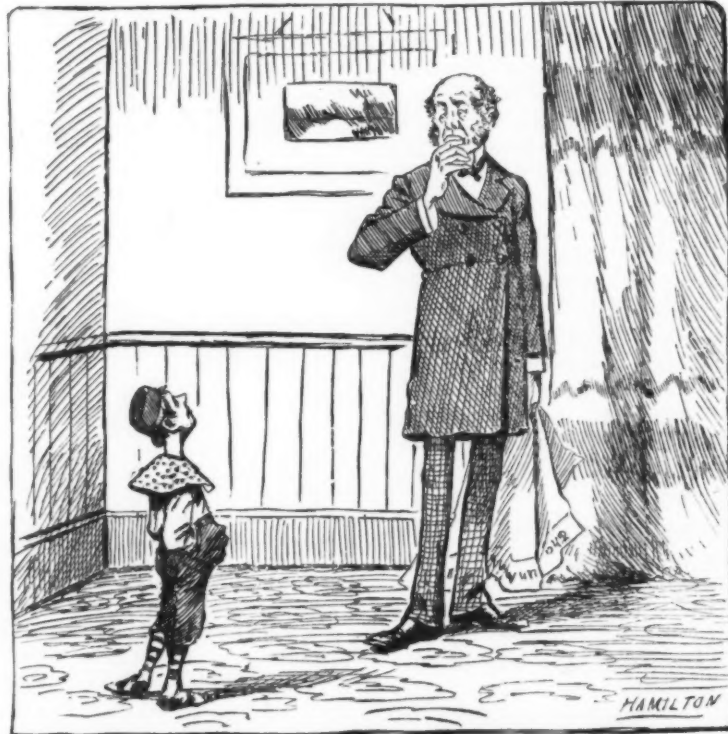
Let this knapsack be my pillow,  
 Get my army musket down,  
 Shoot her fifty times, my darling,  
 When my spirit skips the town;  
 Tell the boys to all drink hearty,  
 When they gather at my wake,  
 And this is my final order,  
 Tell it to 'em for my sake:

Seek, my men, our native city,  
 Paint her red from City Hall  
 To the finest shrines and temples,  
 Kalsomine 'em, one and all;  
 Tell to those who kick against it  
 In the old eternal cit.,  
 That of all—the noblest Roman  
 Has passed in his checks and quit.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,  
 Merriest masher on the Nile,  
 Wear a dress as black as Hades  
 And a weed upon your tile;  
 Don't you smile on any fellow,  
 Give 'em all the dirty shake,  
 Swear that I, your only 'Tony,  
 Was the kid that took the cake.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
 But don't you begin to dye,  
 Let the pallid hue of sorrow  
 On your cheek henceforward lie;  
 Think of all the "Jersey Lightning"  
 And Mumm's Extra Dry we've quaffed.—  
 But I'm getting very tired—  
 Cleopatra!—Rome!—Good aft!

MR. RANDALL, it is said, is annoyed at the omission from the appropriation bill of a half million item for steel cruisers, but the country could endure to have had the Democratic House omit other steal items from the bill.



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CONUNDRUM.

JOHNNY—"Say, Pa, the Plumber is down stairs with his bill."

POOR PAPA—"Well, tell him I'm not in."

JOHNNY—"But you would be lying, Pa."

POOR PAPA—"No, my child, you run and tell him."

## Simplicity not Jeffersonian.

THE short-haired spoils-seekers have been straggling back to New York daily during the four weeks since the inauguration. As they marched down Broadway in the morning by the bright-light of the first days of March, with the light of coming triumph on their faces; as also in the manner of their home-coming we are remembered of our army at the First Bull Run, before and after. They marched well, did those "boys" in white hats and light overcoats, the renaissance of the *candidus* garments of the old Roman office seekers. They marched well, but alas, how different were their ideas of march from their Ides of March.

One of these for a long time Unreturning Braves discoursed to his fellows of one of the Halls—without a "u"—in good Gotham theologic phrase:

"I don't care a blank about not getting my work in with Grover. What galls me is the coldness of the cuss. Talk about Jacksonian Democracy coming back! D'ye s'pose Old Hickory would let us representative Democrats from Wayback hang around his door six weeks and never even offer us a two-for-a-quarter cigar? Notbydamsite!

"Cleveland blows about economy and Jeffersonian simplicity, d'ye mind. He don't know the kindergarten of simplicity. Why, fellers, I see in a Mugwump paper that old Jeff. give out eight thousand dollars' worth of rum alone every year at the White House. Has this Buffalo galoot set up the beer for any one since he went to Washington? (Chorus of "No's.") He may call it old-fashioned simplicity, but its a new style stinginess, the way I size it up. Heluva Democrat, he is."

## His Situation.

"WHAT are you doing now-a-days, Mr. Johnson?"

"Oh, I accepted a position at the Seestars Skating Rink, last week."

"What sort of a position?"

"A sort of sedentary vocation. I'm solid at the rink, I can tell you. My base of supplies is all right, and the 'knock-down' thrown in."

"Oh, I remember, I was there when you accepted the situation—gracefully."

A CERTAIN young lady named Mary  
 To her lovers was always contrary,  
 I thought her so mean,  
 For she made them shave clean  
 Whenever they wished to be hairy.



## A PERSONAL WASH.

MISTRESS (angrily)—"Won't wash! Why, you said you washed, when I hired you."  
 HELP—"I meant me face an' me hands, mum."

**HARD PAN ONCE MORE.**

The Reign of Extravagance in Washington Receives a Check.

[SPECIAL TO THE N. Y. "EARTH."]

THE reign of economy inaugurated by President Cleveland continues with unabated zeal. The craze to cut down expenses has extended to every department, and the heads of the different bureaus vie with each other as to which can strike the lowest notch.

This was well exemplified by an incident that occurred to-day. The President, while passing through the kitchen on a tour of inspection, at 3 o'clock this morning, observed that the fifth assistant cook was greasing the griddle with *butter*, previous to frying some slap jacks. The President was thunderstruck. He scowled at the Parisian refugee so hard that the second dishwasher, who happened to be looking on, became nervous and let an egg drop upon the floor.



"What do you mean?" shouted the President to the fifth assistant cook, "by wasting good butter in this manner! Do you want to ruin the country and destroy my chances for 1888?"

"But the Diplomatic Corps are coming to breakfast!" expostulated the cook.

"Then let 'em eat lard," said the President, "we must reduce expenses."

Then he told the supervisor of the kitchen to be sure and save all the potato peelings.

"I hear that a Philadelphia man has got out a patent for converting Murphy skins into dynamite," said Grover, "and he will pay a good price for White House peelings."

The Secretary of the Navy can be seen any morning in his little hall bedroom laboriously shining his shoes upon the top of his paper covered trunk.

The Secretary of the Treasury will soon issue an order forbidding the clerks in his Department locking up the vaults, as it is liable to wear out the keys. This will be good news to many visiting Democrats, and a rush to the Treasury is looked for.



The handsome Secretary of War is up at daylight each morning chopping wood in the back yard. It is rumored that he intends

making the hours of his clerks from 4 A. M. to early candle-lightin'. They will have their Sundays off, however.



The Postmaster General gets around at 5 o'clock each morning and sweeps out his Department. Yesterday he discharged a clerk who happened to drop a blot of ink upon a postage stamp, thus spoiling it.

It is said that the Secretary of the Interior is negotiating with Sitting Bull to bring on a couple of hundred Indians to take the places of the employes in the Interior Department.

The aborigines will work cheaper than the present clerks, and the Secretary wishes to add an air of naturalness to his Department.

**Off the Bench.**

There was a young lady called Ruth  
Whose beau was a penniless youth,  
When the sly little fox  
Craved an opera box,  
They say 'twas like drawing a tooth.

STUNNING—some of the performances at the rinks.

Texas Siftings should mend its riddles. Its conundrums are O. K.

JOB'S patience was wonderful. Though his body contained many square achers, he did not boil over.

THE difference between the paragraphist and the caricaturist is, that one draws on his imagination and the other on something else.

"MAN never wins a greater victory than when he conquers his own besetting sin."—*Whitehall Times*. When he puts down whiskey, for instance?

MICAWBER'S I. O. U.'s were early English



**MIDNIGHT MODESTY.**

MR. O'RAFFERTY—"Quick out of that, Widdy Murphy! Yer house is burning on yez."  
WIDOW MURPHY—"Och, Mr. O'Rafferty, all right; but I'm that modest that I'll not lave ther house 'till ye sit down on yersilf!"

**Reform in Kansas.**

"EX-GOV. GLICK, of Kansas," a Washington dispatch to a Democratic daily says, "desires a change in postmasters of Kansas from the top to the bottom. He says that hardly without exception every postmaster is the editor of some newspaper. The income of the postmaster in many cases is absolutely necessary to sustain the newspaper itself." It is understood that the Kansas Democracy will insist that the income of new postmasters shall not be used to sustain newspapers, every office to have a "Bascom's liker store" in connection with it.

"amusement notes." They had the same value as most of those uttered by late American dramatic reporters—that of the paper they are on.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in Rome to Bruno, who was burned two hundred and eighty-five years ago for heresy. The inscription will, of course, be "Well done, good and faithful servant," and this is no "chestnut" either, for Bruno was more than roasted.

### The Bald-Heads' Picnic.

How gracefully she pirouettes upon the roller skates,  
How each heart is palpitating, for her movement  
captivates;

She falls! ho bald-heads to the front! nor hide  
your unfeigned glee.

While her pretty little feet are where her pretty  
head should be.

HARRY CHESTER.

### The Melancholy Mumps.

BY "JEF JOSLYN."

OBNOXIOUS events of late, have made me  
conclude that

"Life is real—life is earnest,"

And it brings us many thumps;

Of which—to grown up men—the saddest,

Are the unpoetic mumps!

It's all very well for those fortunate individuals who went through the mumpish period in their youth—and have outlived and forgotten their experience—to scoff at its miseries now; but when a fellow, for whom fate has delayed that dread visitation, wakes up some fine morning in the hey-day of his manhood, and finds a strange tonsillar knot as big as a fine-cut tobacco bucket under his left ear, the parotid gland on the other side of his neck puffed out like an inflated rubber mattress, and his throat swollen together so tight that it has to be opened with a glove-stretcher (or mallet and wedge) before the slightest sustenance can be crowded there-down—why, he thinks that A-F-F-L-I-C-T-I-O-N, with the largest kind of nine colored, theatrical poster letters, has swooped down upon him with one solemn, sockdolager of a swipe!

The Scriptures tell us that "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." Well then, judging from the colossal "chastening" I have recently received, I am looked upon with favor up Above, and there is doubtless a beautifully located, nicely-terraced corner lot awaiting me in Paradise, when I do finally leave this Vale of Tears.



Mumps, is a Scandinavian word, derived from "mum" (speechless) and "p's" (poultices); signifying that when you catch 'em, your bronchial tubes, etc., become so inflamed that you cannot articulate, and that you will be obliged to use hot poultices of arnica blossoms, hops, bread and milk, *et. cetera*, to cure the same.

Why I should have been favored with the

mumps (unless for the "love" reason herein-before referred to) I wot not. I never prayed to the Omnipotent, or even petitioned the Legislature for them; but nevertheless they came my way in all their pristine bloom and truculent vigor, and anchored abaft my angular jaws with a rapturous, "Dear-Jeffie—we've-caught-on-to-stay-all-winter!" air, in spite of my protests.

My neck didn't like the proceeding at all, but it had to "lump" it. My ears also disappeared in swollen layers of unnatural fat; my Adam's apple became as round and expansive as a prize pumpkin; and my usually hollow cheeks were so enlarged and twisted out of shape that my finely-chisled nose looked like one little wee shrivelled raisin, sunk in the broad, plump surface of a distended mammoth baked pudding.

"Twa' e then that

"I sought the seclusion that the bed-room grants,"  
"And was nursed by my sisters and my cousins and my aunts,"



who annointed me with goose-grease and liniment, covered my sore jowls with steamed herbs, and swathed my bloated head in red flannel bandages nine hundred and fifty times per day. For three weeks I lingered between life and death. A steel engraving representing Man's Seven Ages of "Life" hung on one side of my couch, and a statuette of "Death" stood on a bracket, on the other. I tried five different medicine men during the period of my disease:

"The first physicked, the second bled me;

The third starved, and the fourth one fed me,"

while the fifth disciple of Esculapius nearly massacred me by packing my face and throat in ice till the flesh was frozen solid, and then thawing it out over the heat and fumes of a pan of live coals sprinkled with Asafoetida—which he confidently claimed would drive the bulging mumps away. Well, to give that quack a due amount of credit, his barbaric treatment certainly *did* dispel the vexatious *hypertrophy*, but I'll be gosh-darned if it didn't not only nearly choke me into the Unknown Hereafter, and singe off my precious Prince of Wales full beard, but also left me with the first case on record of maddening, itching enail-blains around the countenance, windpipe and thoracic ducts.

For this new complication coal-oil rubbings and tincture of iodine applications were resorted to, until such portions of the epidermis on my neck and facial features as

were not blistered entirely off, were stained an almost indelible tint of deep mud-brown with that butternut-hued liquid—thereby rendering my appearance akin to that of the famous Dime Museum darkey who is turning white in spots.



Everything must come to an end, of course, and after much suffering and repining over my hard luck, I am, at the present time of writing, rapidly convalescing, and in tolerable good physical order, aside from my variegated phiz.

"A leopard cannot change his spots," but I know by experience that a human being can; for I have obtained a jug of "Bunkum's Rough on Moles and Freckles," which is now slowly but surely eradicating the iodine checker-marks from my cuticle. All hail to Samaritanic Bunkum! May his shadow never grow less than the Washington monument's!

In a few days I will be able to leave my sick quarters, and joyously go forth to mix in with the giddy outer world as of yore; where I Hope, with a Supreme-Her-Royal-Highness "H," never to run foul of the melancholy, murderous mumps again.

For I cannot, (like Longfellow.)

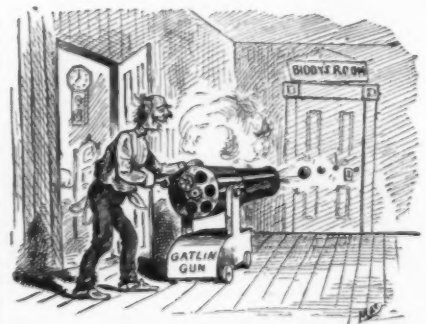
Have "a heart for *any* fate;"

"Ere I'd have one more such spell, oh,

I would suicide right straight!"

### A Bull.

"I MOVE," said a young parliamentarian of Milesian extraction at a secret session of the Hibernians the night before Patrick's Day, "that we wear white gloves to-morrow."  
"Shure," objected a member, "It'll be too cold." "Well," answered the first speaker with a deprecatory look at the "kicker," "can't we wear mittens over them?"



MC'SWILLEM'S INVENTION FOR WAKING BIDDY.

## A Handy Receipt.

HER eyes shone as an azure sea;  
Pale, lily-white her skin;  
Her mouth, as folded violets,  
Heid scented sweets within.

When flitted by a buzzing bee  
That to those lips did cling,  
I kissed them, nectar as they were,  
To heal the cruel sting.

J. D. S.



I AM SNAPP:

OR

The Merchant Traveller.

## CHAPTER III.

THE next afternoon our young and fascinating hero set off on his travels well loaded with seductive smiles, swell clothes, poker chips, and sundry bottles of the ardent. His samples and his vocation in life he kept, for the time being, concealed in the private recesses of the baggage car.

Now Mr. Samuel Snapp had never studied the Delsarte system, as expounded at the new school for acting under Mr. Mackaye's management. Nevertheless, he could out-Mackaye Mackaye, and out-Delsart Delsart himself in the variety of facial expressions he was able to assume at a moment's notice. His perceptive faculties, too, were most astonishingly acute. I have seen him enter a comparatively well-filled passenger car, and without looking around or taking the slightest apparent notice of its occupants, he would instinctively gravitate to a vacant seat by some pretty female. No matter if the fair creature happened to be a widow behind an impenetrable crape veil, Snapp, without looking at her, could tell whether she was old or young, pretty or ugly; in fact, he could beat any known scientist on the subject of Natural Selection, and if beauty couldn't draw him by a single hair, a well arranged back coiffeur had a decidedly magnetic influence over him.

This time, as he entered the "sleeper," he discovered that the car was tolerably well filled with a travelling theatrical company. Snapp rather affected the "profession," and more than one actress had made a mash of him, so he tackled the porter for a section in this same "sleeper," and secured it without much difficulty.

Our fastidious young man always had a section to himself when he traveled on sleeping cars, and the company he represented paid for the luxury.

It was about five o'clock P. M. when they started out of the Grand Central Depot, and Snapp was able to size up the respective beauties of the troupe by daylight. The leading lady was neither young nor pretty, and evidently belonged to the manager, but a pretty little woman, dressed in black, occupied a seat that would form part of Snapp's section when the berths came to be made up. She was very young, very pretty, and evidently unhappy, for every now and then she cast an uneasy glance around the car, and her eyes would grow moist with unshed tears.

Snapp took a seat near her, and watched her, while he pretended to read the newspaper, he was puzzled to know what part she played in the company. She might be a

soubrette, but she was certainly not a jolly one, and no one seemed to pay her any particular attention. Once the manager stopped and spoke to her for a few moments, so that Snapp was quite sure she belonged to the troupe.

Finally, as it grew dark, Snapp grew sentimental, and just as two big tears were rolling down the little lady's cheeks, Snapp, assuming an expression of deep sympathy and comiseration, leaned toward her and kindly asked if he could be of service to her.

"Oh, thank you," she said, looking up into his face, "you are very kind, but I fear you can do nothing for me."

"The tears that suffuse those lovely orbs reveal some secret sorrow," replied Snapp. "I, too, have suffered—will you not confide in me?"

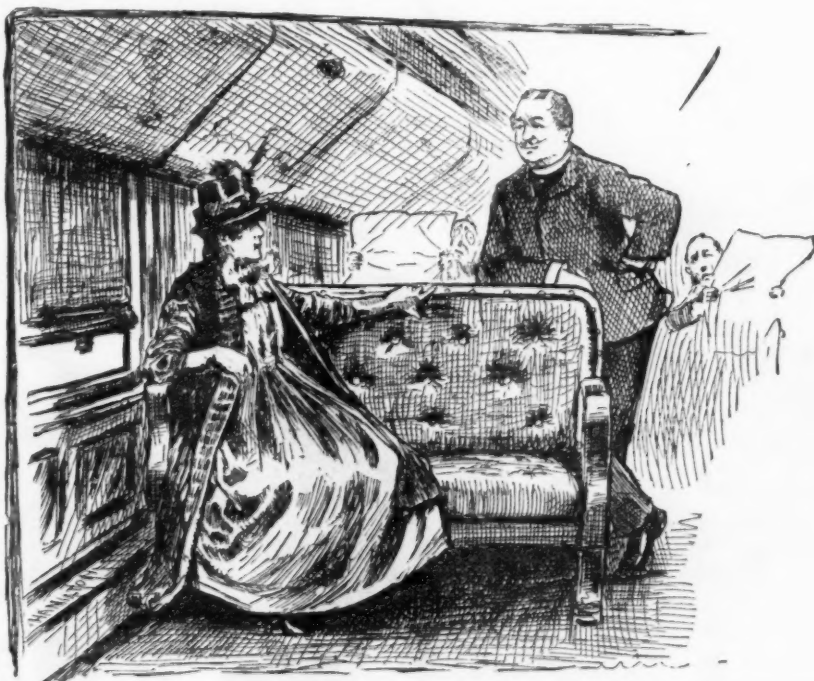
"Well then, Mr.—oh dear, I don't even know your name, but if you could only take

is she going to get at his brow?" thought Snapp, "and if darling is a dog and she kisses it, I'm done with her forever, for I hate dogs."

His suspense was soon over, for they quickly reached the baggage car, and Snapp, to his horror and astonishment, saw her rush into the arms of the biggest baggage smasher on the road, exclaiming "Oh, Jack! I was so lonely I couldn't stand it; give me just one kiss and I'll go back."

Snapp waited to hear no more; he left Mr. Jack to return his sweetheart to the sleeping car as best he could, and our hero solaced himself with whiskey and draw poker in the smoking car till most of the passengers on train were sound asleep.

It was between one and two A. M. when Samuel sought his couch and started forth on his night mare ride.



me to Jack, just for one brief moment, you would earn my undying gratitude."

"Well," replied Snapp, "if Jack is what you want, Jack is what you must have, but remember, my dear young lady, that I have not the pleasure of Jack's acquaintance, and I can't very well take you to him till I know his exact whereabouts. My name is Snapp, and now you may command me at your pleasure."

This was fast work for even so rapid a drummer as our friend, but matters came to a standstill for a moment, when she answered:

"Why, Jack is my only treasure, and he's in the baggage car, and I must go to him."

"Well," thought Snapp, "Jack is evidently a dog or the corpse of a deceased husband; those two commodities are usually consigned to the baggage car, and the women all weep because they can't remain with them. This young female is in mourning, so, likely as not, it's a 'dear departed,'" then he added aloud:

"I'll take you to the baggage car with pleasure, but you know you can't remain there."

"Oh, I know that, but I shall be satisfied if I can press one kiss upon my darling's brow."

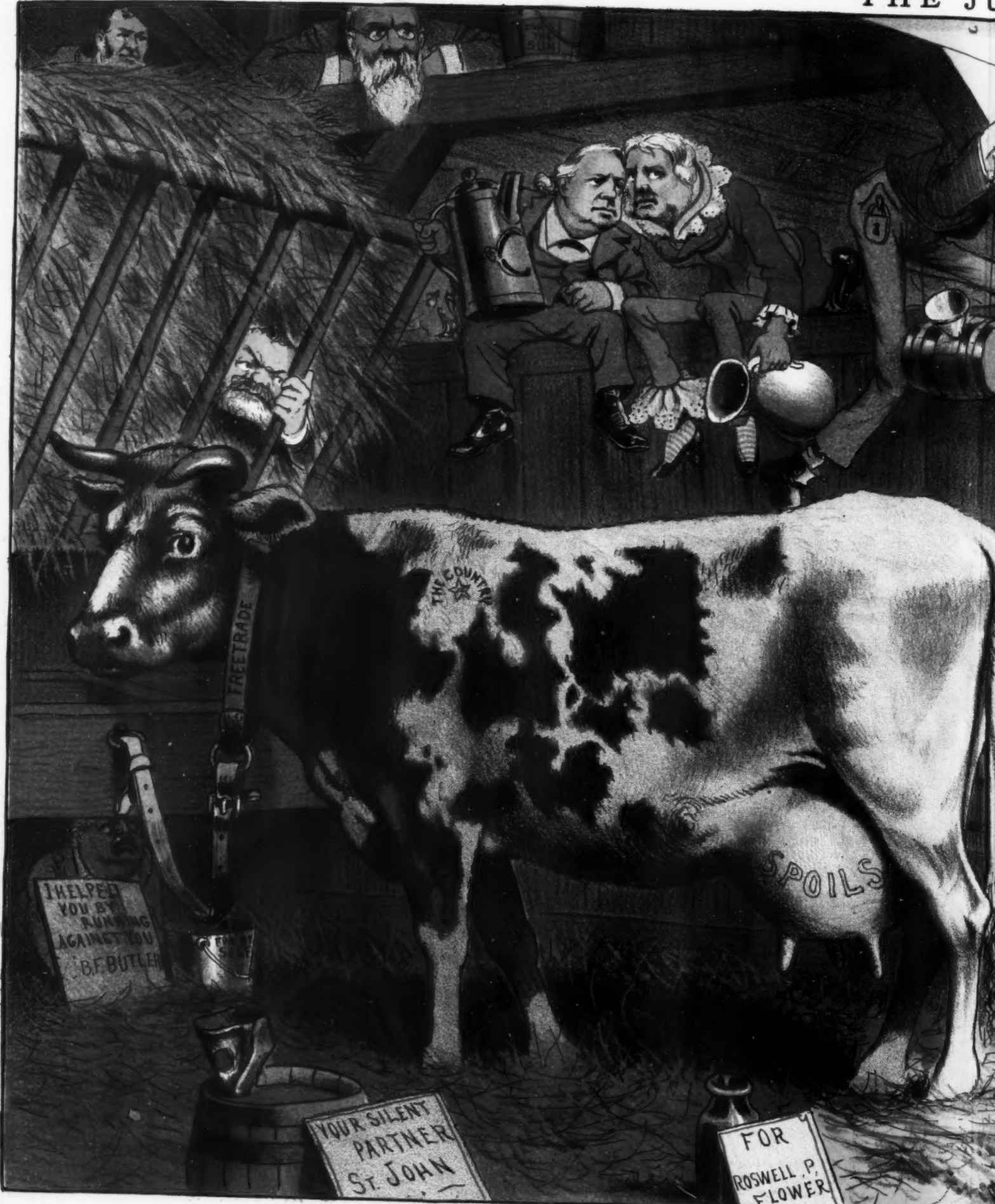
"If darling is nailed up in a pine box, how

## To the Victors Belong the Spoils.

THE Lion, believing himself to be the champion of the world, published a challenge in the *Police Gazette*, offering to fight the field for \$500,000 a side, Marquis of Blackberry rules. The Rhinoceros accepted the challenge. The money was put up in Brer. Fox's hands, in checks on the Marine Bank. The combatants went into training in Harry Hill's saloon. The Garden was rented, two million dollars were taken in at the door—all the tribes of owls, sheep, gulls and other foolish and timid animals paying ten dollars apiece to come in. The Lion got drunk and the Rhinoceros engaged Capt. Williams to serve a warrant, and the prize fighters divided the boodle.

MORAL—Brains are better than capital or muscle. No beast is fool enough to practice a manly art.

HELEN MATHER'S last story is called "Found Out." When the inwardness of the work is "found out" by the reader, it is supposed he will invoke the name of the authoress, first reverently changing her last name to "Blazes."



AN EARLY RISING AD  
MILKMAID CLEVELAND— "Only 1461

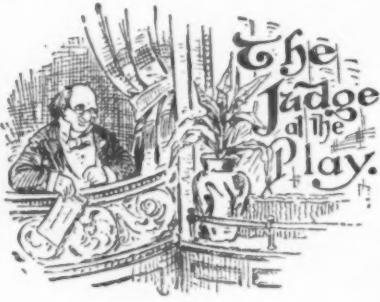


E JUDGE.



NG ADMINISTRATION.  
ly 1461 days before she goes dry!"

HAMILTON



"I AM I."

Irving is Irving, and he uses certain hinge joints of his body as only Irving—and Dixey—can; they have a monopoly of this manner of stage perambulation—"it's English, you know!" It is also undeniable that he clutches at an unseen weapon, or an unfelt pain in his heart pocket, alike in moments of *Benedict* raillery, Jewish hatred for "the Christian dogs" and Eugene Aram's idealized devotion for charming *Ruth Meadows*. For Miss Terry is charming, even though she amuses us with her little comedy accents and slides which occasionally peep out of her otherwise semi-veiled emotional voice, when she repeats her pathetic lines. But were we inclined to criticise this harmonic English duet, our possible criticism on certain conspicuous details would be overbalanced by our genuine admiration for the exquisite pictures these artists always present, pictures of three-fold beauty—color, form and motion—well deserving the study of amateur and artist. These poetic object lessons alone would entitle the Irving-Terry company to a distinguished position in artistic dramatic work. "The critics award it, and THE JUDGE doth give it."

BARRENNESS ROTCHKOFF.

The obnoxious gullery of ticket speculators is outrivalled by the persistency of all fain-would-be "stars" to portray the rise and fall, the life and death, of poor *Camille*. Nadia de Rotchkoff (Baroness) recently aired her ambition—which we understand was of the superlative-*positive* degree—in this direction. At the close of the second act we heard a little French woman sigh, "*Je suis fatigued!*" She expressed the feelings of the whole audience; the American version would have been "She makes me tired."

WALLACK ET. AL.

"Diplomacy," which has occupied the boards at Wallack's for the past few weeks, is one of the most gratifying productions that has been at that theatre during the season. Compared with the non-victorious "Victor Durand," and "Impulse," which failed to awaken any great degree of impulsive applause, "Diplomacy" was as refreshing as an old familiar song is, after a protracted run—followed by a more serious relapse—of Italian Opera. Many habitues have felt bound, for Consistency's jeweled sake, to be pleased; for they have lauded, these many years, the merits of Wallack's incomparable production of "Diplomacy." And it is quite easy to be loyal to past impressions when present convictions verify them. The cast is an unusually strong one; each person seems related to the part he plays—as, in truth, some of them have been for years. Mr. Wallack is the only man in New York who has the honor of being the star in his own stock company. Tearle's off-hand manner and easy grace are well adapted for the character

of *Captain Beauclerc*. Rose Coghlan played the tender, loving, despairing, revengeful *Countess Zicka* admirably. We do not endorse Miss Coghlan's acting in general, but in this particular part a high sense of justice compels us to do so. Her natural "make up"—face and physique—is excellent for such characters. Her elongated eyes with their half-closed shivering lids; her perfectly-trained, quivering nostrils; a certain characteristic slow movement of the muscles around the mouth, resulting in a display of white teeth, which suggest subtlety of purpose; her peculiar voice, most remarkable for its *running down* quality; all these combine to show that she is a woman capable of portraying the tender emotion, and its green-eyed sister. *Lady Henry Fairfax* was well represented by Flora Livingston. This lady always plays the role of the heartless, shallow-minded, society woman, and always makes a success of it. Miss Livingston's fashion-plate-proportioned head and neck, and her ringing, society-kettle-drum voice eminently fit her for such parts.

"Our Joan" follows "Diplomacy." It will have an introductory run of two weeks, at Wallack's, after which Miss Coghlan will try for success in a starring tour. May she find it.

THE WAUL.

Frank Paul, advance agent from "Over the Garden Wall" succeeded in acquainting himself with every street, alley, park, and place in the city, leaving his card on every available board to apprise the public of the approaching Fifth Avenue attraction. Manager Stetson telegraphed his approval of "Over the Garden Wall" from Boston. By some mercenary mistake this telegram fell into the hands of a reporter and was published. Thanks to the reporter. Glad to know there is one man in New York who approves of Boston's latest craze.

"WHAT SHADOWS WE PURSUE."

The Shadows of our Great City have been cast in the Grand Opera House during

the past week. This makes the fifth reflection during the season. Wears well.

"THE HARMONIC POISE."

What an "immense" man Mr. Steele Mackaye is! Who else has founded theatres and dramatic schools governed by "The Marquis of Delsarte Rules;" invented elevators to fire the orchestra to unknown regions above when it is not required for actual service; made alluring promises, which often collapse like his patent chairs, and successfully dispose of two men for one leading part. All these facts show the normal development of this harmonically-poised man. (He sells that graceful "Harmonic Poise" at the rate of \$20 per hour). But even Mr. Mackaye sometimes fails to achieve all that he conceives. During the past months he has been soothing an impatient public with the assurance that they should surely have an inner view of his Fourth Avenue curiosity sometime during February, '85. If he had discreetly omitted mentioning the year in which February would be marked by so important an event, Mr. Mackaye would have probably "got there." The public would have regarded him as a member of the new administration, getting his advertisements up early. By the way, is there any merit in the play—Dakolar, or is this show to be an accessory display only?

QUERY:—Should the sinking fund be appropriated to the account of water supply, or should the latter be covered by the floating debt. Also, are the disbursements of the Aqueduct Commission current expenses.

If you haven't much money but sigh for the truly aesthetic flavor in your joys, you can easily impart a bric-a-brackish taste to your house. Use attic salt, down stairs as well as aloft. THE JUDGE costs only \$5 a year.

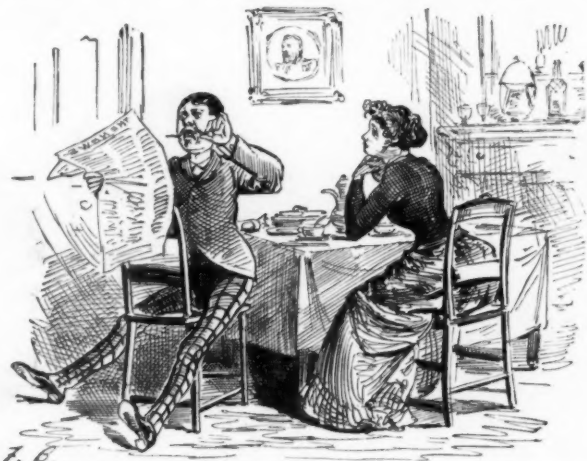
ROLLER-SKATING does not become popular in England. Can a loyal people indulge in a sport from which their sovereign is cut off by two hundred and fifty pounds of adipose, a sprung knee, and memories of John Brown?



A SPIRITED SONG.

MISS EFFIE—"Come, Mr. Thirsty, and sing 'Coming Through the Eye,' you always sing it with so much spirit."

YOUNG GENT (evidently jealous)—"Should think he might, he is always full of it."



MR. BUNKUM—"Another passenger train robbed by a couple of desperados! Where is our boasted American courage, when two men can intimidate a car load? Oh, if I had only been there! I'd —"



"Say, Mister; got anything to spare to-day?"

**American Mother Goose.**

Two ends and a middle, the cat's in the fiddle,  
The com's got a fit of the blues;  
The little dog grins when you step on his shins,  
And light the cat's tail for a fuse!

Half-cooked dumplings, my son John  
Went to bed with his over-shoes on;  
Guess after this he can sleep in the barn,—  
Hey-diddle dumplings, my son John!

"Whither, Oh Whither, you office-boy fly?  
What is it now you are going to try?"  
"To sweep up the office, and pick up the pi,  
And I will be back again—bye-and-bye!"

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"  
"Going to the fountain, sir," she said,  
"May I go too, when the cows are fed?"  
"We always milk at the pump," she said.

Oleomargarine? I should stutter!  
I'll take my chance at home-made butter,—  
Lard and hair oil, half and half,  
Oleomargarine? I should laugh!

Little Miss Muffle, she sat on a ruffle,  
Eating a piece of mince-pie;  
She swallowed a plum,  
And her folks took her hum—  
They will meet in the sweet bye and bye.

"Mud pies, mud pies!" the youngster cries,  
And I just ache to duck him!  
Lo! the gentleman lies  
In the midst of those pies,  
And never will know what struck him!

A man with a shout crawled up a sink spout  
To enquire the way to knowledge,  
"He is drunk," they said, as they put him to bed,  
And sent for his friends at the college.

**On Rings and Ringing.**

I AM going to write an essay on rings and ringing. Sometimes they are spelt wring and wringing. There are a great many kinds of rings, but the girls like wedding rings and diamond rings the best. Give her one wedding ring and lots of diamond rings, and the chances are you'll get on with her.

When a fellow marries a girl he puts a wedding ring on her, that is only ringing the finger, and is a perfectly legal process. Sometimes he wrings her heart afterwards, and that can be legally done, too, but wring-

ing her neck is forbidden by law. This little distinction is important, and all who are about to marry should observe it carefully. A girl need not ring her fellow's finger if she don't want to, she will find it easier to wring his heart before marriage than after. When a girl is a belle she is often said to have a ringing laugh, that is quite correct because bells do ring. That is their business. Some people—such as bell boys and maids of all work—dislike the sound of a ringing bell. A laundress might very properly be called a wringing belle, that is if she was at all good looking, for she has a great deal of wringing to do. A ringlet is a lock of hair all fixed

A ring-leader is one who leads a ring. The value of the position greatly depends on the ring he leads. There is nothing square about a ring, that is why I do not like it, but everything that is round don't mean a ring, either. Since my daughters grew up there have been lots of fellows round, but I don't see that any of them mean a ring. Then my daughters go to balls and dance round dances, but that don't seem to mean rings, either. Then they get good round sums from me for their dresses and tickets and trips, but that does not lead to a ring a bit more. The only ring in the whole business is the door bell, and it never stops. I kicked



A SPEAKING SIGN.

WIFE—"Oh, Samuel, I have just seen a ghost!"  
SAMUEL—"Oh, your Granny! I don't believe in spirits!"  
WIFE (indignantly)—"You don't, hey; well, you had better wear a false nose, then."

into little rings—its name implies that, don't it? You can buy lots of them at any hair dresser's if you want them, and they don't come very high, either. Some people make their girls give them one for nothing, but that is not easy. In some cases the ringlets are a part of the girl, and no girl likes to give herself away, whether the ringlet is her own or not.

out one of the ringers the other day, telling him he had come too often on a bootless errand. I guess he won't be round so spry again. If that works well, I mean to try it on another, for my ringing time is come now, and what I want to ring in this house is a few changes.

PATER FAMILIAS.

## STOREKEEPING WITHOUT RESERVATION.



1. CHASING UP CUSTOMERS.



2. ON THE TRAIL OF A CREDITOR.



3. DELIVERING GOODS.



4. SAVAGE WAY OF KEEPING BOOKS.



5. SAMPLING HIS GOODS.



6. STORE BURN! SAME WHITE MAN'S. HEEP MONEY!

## Briefs Submitted Without Argument.

A GIRL who was rather a prude  
Fell deeply in love with a dude,  
But he called in one day  
When mamma was away,  
So she blushed and said: "Sir, you intrude."

How many feet in a grave-yard?  
Did you ever see a blacksmith shoo a hen?  
A grave mistake—burying the wrong man.  
BOARD of Trade—the off man in a horse-  
swap.

The most popular young men are the ones  
who pop.

Can you make a candle(-)stick out of a  
whiskey-bottle?

By-words are not polite unless they are  
good-by words.

May a colored man posting a letter be called  
a case of black-mailing?

An Englishman should not marry a  
negress. Dinah might blow him up.

In purchasing wools for fancy-work one is  
certain to get worsted. It may seem crewel,  
but 'twaz zephyr thus.

The difference between the annals of a  
nation and the literary production of a lady  
writer of fiction—one is history; the other,  
her story.

"I'll be off on a whaling expedition, come  
and see the blubber," said the old man as he  
pulled the pin out of his pants and started  
after his young son.

Little Maud sent this note to the cook in  
the kitchen: "Mary, I wish you would be  
good enough to bake ake ake." When she  
had eaten it, Maud found it was a regular  
stom-ake ake ake.

## Facts With the Shells Off.

"Mamma, may I go down to skate?"  
"Yes, my festive darter,  
But don't fall down with all your weight  
And act as you hadn't orter."

We like to go to sea with a wreckless  
captain.

"Boy what is the reason you are not up?"  
"Well, father, it is so dark yet I can't see  
to wake up."

"Patrick, my dear, are you coming home  
directly, or are you going to stay there?"  
"Biddy, yes, my darlint."

"That girl once adored me." "She  
did?" "Yes, she said 'young man, there's  
a door with the knob to it.'"

There is a fellow close here is so cross-eyed  
that the skin on his nose is all worn off by  
his eyes looking across it so much.

Agent—"Can't I sell you a Bible to-day?"  
"No, no; I read that book when I was a  
boy. Have you got anything late?"

The pen may be mightier than the sword,  
but when two swords are fastened together  
and made into a pair of scissors, it isn't.

"Is Jones waiting on that Miss Wiggs?"  
"Well, he has been going with her for  
several years, and it rather looks to me as if  
she was waiting on Jones."

Tramp—"Could you make me welcome to  
a small piece of nothing, with bread and but-  
ter spread on it?" Sniggs—"Do you under-  
stand anything about a woodshed?" Tramp

"O, you allude to the wood racket; not  
any in mine. When I am requested to go  
and saw I do the next thing to it—I split and  
git. Good morn."

We read "He started with his pockets full  
of smoked herring and cigars." We infer,  
of course, that the cigars were smoked, too.  
A cigar is not of any use until it is smoked,  
and yet when it is smoked it is of no account.

Ancient Greek—"Hello, old Di, what are  
you running around in the day time with  
that lantern for?" Diogines—"I am hunt-  
ing for a *non est* man." Ancient Greek—  
"Well then you had better get two lanterns."

Servant—"Bless my soul, the brandy's  
nearly all leaked out of this bottle I brought  
you, and I put the cork in good." Master—  
"Yes, John, but you didn't put the cork in  
the right place; you should have put it in  
your mouth."

"True, gentleman," began Grimsby,  
"speaking of intemperance, I admit whiskey  
—whiskey—" Blubberson—"Yes, we know  
the trouble of it is that you admit too much  
whiskey. We all know that." Grimsby—  
"Well, let's admit some more."

"Where is the boa-strictor you advertise  
on your bills?" "Ladies and gentlemen, it  
is my painful duty to state that the big snake  
carelessly picked up the end of his tail with  
his mouth, and no doubt being under the  
impression that it was another snake, began  
to swallow itself, and kept on till he com-  
pleted the job, and of course there is nothing  
left of him this morning, while I am out two  
thousand dollars. It's a great boa to me."

A. W. BEELAW.

**The Staymaker's Strain.**

I WILL not wail my time in sighs  
If from my side he longer stays,  
On him my anger I'll unlace  
And bust him with a withering gaze.

Of corset's wrong to utter this;  
I'll fit me to some other strain,  
Ah, let me pull a stronger cord,  
Come back, come back, to bony Jean!

And she will clasp thee to her heart,  
And squeeze thee to her aching chest,  
Until her form more wasp-like grows  
And broken eyelets give her rest.

—Boston Budget.

A CHICAGO man while shoveling snow from his sidewalk fell dead. It is supposed that he discovered that he cleared off three inches on his neighbor's side and the shock killed him.—Philadelphia Call.

A NEW book is entitled, "How I made Money at Home." We advise our readers to have nothing to do with it. Three men were arrested a few days ago for making money at home.—Norristown Herald.

THE Southern editor who recently disappeared has not been found, but it is reported that a Florida alligator, recently killed, had in its stomach seventeen \$20 gold pieces.—Philadelphia Call.

**Perplexed by a Physician.**

"How'd you find your patient, doctor?"  
"Went to his room."  
"Yes; but I mean how'd you find him when you got there?"  
"Found him in bed."  
"Well, but is he better?"  
"If he's well, he must be."  
"Does he improve any?"  
"Hasn't any to improve. He sold his farm and lives in a boarding-house."  
"Is he worse?"  
"Worse than what?"  
"Is he better, then?"  
"Better than who?"  
"Oh, doctor, what is there about him?"  
"A double sheet and two blankets."  
"But what ails him?"  
"Nobody ails him; he's a St. John man."  
"But is he dangerous?"  
"Naw; gentle as a lamb."  
"See here, doctor! Don't you want to tell what's the matter with him?"  
"No matter at all; it's a fresh cut."  
"Well, you seem to be pretty smart. Do you know how to tell what ails your patient?"  
"Oh, yes, I know how to tell, but you don't know how to ask."  
Some physicians never want the neighbors to know anything.—Burdette.

**The Donkey That Wouldn't Bray.**

ONCE upon a time a donkey fell into a deep hole and, after nearly starving, caught sight of a passing fox, and implored the stranger to help him out.

"I am too small to aid you," said the fox, "but I will give you some good advice. Only a few rods away is a big, strong elephant. Call to him and he will get you out in a jiffy."

After the fox had gone the donkey thus reasoned:

"I am very weak for want of nourishment. Every move I make is just so much additional loss of strength. If I raise my voice

to call the elephant I shall be weaker yet. No, I will not waste my substance that way. It is the duty of the elephant to come without calling."

So the donkey settled himself back and eventually starved to death.

Long afterwards the fox on passing the hole saw within a whitened skeleton, and remarked: "If it be that the souls of animals are transmigrated into men, that donkey will become one of those merchants who can never afford to advertise."—Philadelphia Call.

THERE was a caucus in one of the suburbs the other night, and the burden of all the speeches was that the best man should be voted for. After the ballot it was discovered that every man had voted for himself. It is always pleasant to find men who are true to their principles.—Boston Transcript.

"BILL, how is your law practice?"  
"Law practice! Do you take me for a fool?"

"Certainly not. I had expected you were almost erudite enough by this time to get a Judge's commission."

"Well, you see, my dear boy, I starved along at law until I got tired. It was too slow work. Then I got a situation as coachman when coachmen were elevated to the aristocracy, but I failed to reach an heiress, and so now I'm giving private roller skating lessons. I have lots of pluck, and I will strike it rich some day."—Detroit Times.

\* \* \* \* \* Premature decline of power of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book for three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

**A New Plan.**

"DUNK" TIMBERLAKE, of Louisville, has recently made a remarkable record for himself—he hadn't been drunk until a few days ago, for a whole month, and his method of getting whiskey should be patented. It is as follows, according to a Louisville paper: "He forced a sponge into a jug, and tak-

ing the receptacle to a grocery, asked for a quart of whiskey. The jug was filled and Dunk turned to leave, whereupon the grocer demanded his money. Dunk wanted time, which the grocer of course refused to grant. The only thing left for him to do was to pour the whiskey back into the barrel, but enough was retained by the sponge to make a good drink. He repeated the racket until he got his skin full."—Kentucky State Journal.

"O, that I was endowed with more auricular wealth," sighed John. "I should think you had plenty and to spare, now," sighed Susan. "Ah-ah-ah-auriferous wealth, I meant," and he skipped.

A young man, while escorting a lady during a violent storm, came to a turbulent stream rushing down a gutter, which barred their progress. With great presence of mind and in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, he took off one of his rubber over-shoes and ferried her safely across. Water-proof of devotion!

At a fashionable reception. He—"Do tell me who that handsome man is over there, he seems to be a general favorite with the

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

PHYSICIANS and Druggists recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as the Best Tonic. Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures

**BROWN'S** Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. Invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. Enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, and strengthens the muscles & nerves. Does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation; all other iron medicines do. Genuine has



**IRON** strengthens the muscles & nerves. Does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation; all other iron medicines do. Genuine has

**BITTERS**

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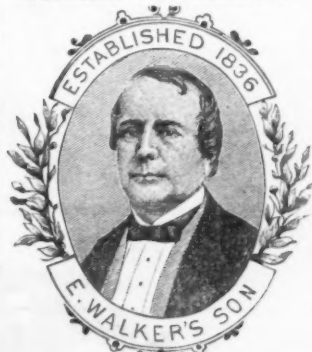
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