

# Tudor

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CUTTING UP THE BROOKLYN CHEESE.

H. W. BEECHER.—Well, who'd have thought it?



## Judge

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - W. J. ARKELL  
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 New York.

**MR. BISMARCK IS RIGHT.** The way to have peace is to prepare for war.

**WHAT THIS COUNTRY** needs most to think of is the noble art of coast defence.

**IT APPEARS TO US** that A. T. Rice has made up his mind to defeat the honorable Michael Cregan.

**IT IS TRUE THAT WE** haven't much of an army, but what is the use of an army as long as we have Senator Ingalls?

**THE CHARGE THAT SPIES'S BROTHER** is a bigamist will not hold. He is a bigamist only by proxy, and he must be punished in the same way.

**IT IS SUPERFLUOUS** for the surface cars of several railroads to carry the legend "This car is heated." That, indeed, is likely to be the thing that is the matter with them.

**"GIVE US FEWER BABIES!"** exclaims the editor of the Boston *Herald* in an article on the hard times. The mugwump wretch! We have had our eye on him for some time.

**LUCY STONE SAYS** this country will have a woman president in the year 2000; and we do bethink us that in that year several of the dear old girls will reach the eligible age.

**THE MAINE LEGISLATURE** has passed an act declaring the dog a domestic animal, the same to take effect immediately. The great trouble is, we suspect, that it took effect a long time ago.

**FRENCHMEN IN A CROWD** save their hats by lifting them on their canes. Judging from the average size of the Frenchman's hat, the canes over there must have mighty small heads.

**NATIONAL LAWS PROVIDING** for bankruptcy and divorce are urgently necessary. It is a species of coast defence, with Canada near us, that cannot be provided for too soon or too elaborately.

**IT IS ESTIMATED** by Sir William Thompson that the sun's heat will last 10,000,000 years

yet; but the man who worries will borrow trouble about it just as if it would be exhausted to-morrow.

**A RECENT STRUGGLE** in a newspaper office of this city covered half the country with most sanguinary advertising gore; and this is the more curious because the only thing wounded was a pair of spectacles.

**WILLIAM T. COLEMAN** of California having been nominated by the *Sun* for president, that effectually disposes of William. You might look for him with a search-warrant and he would never appear again.

**SAM JONES SAYS** the devil has a mortgage on the girls of Troy. We beg to congratulate his majesty; and at the same time he is likely to find himself in due season in the condition of the man who caught a starcher.

**A HAIR-RESTORATIVE MAN** is going about remarking, "This is the stuff that cured Governor Hill." We do not know that Grover Cleveland has any need of hair-restorative, but it wouldn't hurt him to try a couple of bottles of it.

**SYRACUSE IS CREDITED** by a contemporary with a federal senator and a revival. This really means a boom; and we understand the *Herald* of that place has a new subscriber, and a new brick house is going up on one of the outskirts.

**THE CHIEF PURPOSE** of STRIKES appears to be to starve half to death, then to quarrel with the striking leaders, and then to go back to the old business on terms dictated by the employer. But, after all, that is not striking. That is foolishness.

**THERE IS AN INVENTION** which enables two persons to converse in whispers by telephone. Would it not be well to put Messrs. Blaine and Edmunds in immediate personal communication? Though perhaps they needn't whisper—some hard thinking will do.

**"WALT WHITMAN MUST WRITE** no more poetry," says the *Utica Observer*. That paper might as well remark that a man must commit no more suicide. Mr. Whitman is guiltless, and so anybody will say who takes the pains to dissect his rhetorical cadavers.

**THE SENATE DECLARED** with an air of extreme helplessness that it had no official information regarding the color of Mr. Jim Matthews of Albany. Perhaps Mr. Matthews had better make a few inquiries. Peradventure he may be white, after all.

**"THE PRESIDENT SITS** with his back to the scene," says Henry Watterson. If this means that the gentleman is facing the audience, it is an unavoidable inference that he assumes to be of the show, and in that case every blessed one of us is going to demand his money back.

**MR. CONKLING SAYS** the press has accused him of everything but piracy on the high seas. This is grossly unjust. It is true that it charges him with the election of Grover Cleveland; but it frankly admits that, except as to his influence in Oneida county, he proved an exceptionally able alibi.

**A BACHELOR OF NEBRASKA CITY** says the girls of his locality are so anxious to marry that a man with a face homely enough to dent a milkpan can get a dozen offers a day without asking. We judge from his condition that his countenance not only dents the pan but plows a hole right through it.

**IN CASE OF A WAR** with Canada, asks the

Albany *Times*, where shall a man go in order to escape a draft? That is a leading question, certainly; but there is the precedent furnished by Mr. Clement Vallandigham, who was in open sympathy with the rebels in the late outbreak. H'm! he died.

**MR. PULITZER WAS** so agitated recently that he shrieked madly for two new presses and ordered his affidavit-slinger to put out two additional oaths per day. "The coast defences must and shall be preserved!" exclaimed Mr. Pulitzer, with some irrationality but great firmness of purpose and demeanor.

**"THAT BUGBEAR SURPLUS!"** exclaims the editor of the *Buffalo Express*. We know how to sympathize with him. Not a night do we sleep but our dreams are troubled lest some thoughtless burglar steal our surplus and go off and hang himself with the five feet of rope that it will buy as the wherewith to ease his disappointment.

**THERE IS A UNITED STATES FORT** at Oswego, and the *Times-Express* of that city says it "could not resist an attack from a flock of billy-goats." Very well; this country doesn't propose any serious opposition to billy-goats, or nanny-goats either. Let them come, and they shall be welcomed, as another distinguished fire-eater once remarked, with bloody hands to hospitable graves.

**MRS. HOWELLS SAYS** her husband writes "as a man who saws wood." The process is conscientiously laborious for the writer; but how his hard work helps the reader, who peruses as a man whose amusement is finished and complete, and who need not lift his eyes in behalf of any trivial criticism. They say that genius has contempt for labor; but that is an unfrequent family disturbance, for labor gives genius all it has or can ever hope to win.

### MR. CLEVELAND'S OWN.

Mr. Blaine, the *Atlanta Constitution* believes, will in 1888 be relegated to a state of lingering obscurity. The *Constitution* is too kind. That state is hereby accredited to Mr. Cleveland by a very large majority.

### IT NEVER FAILS.

It was the plan of the *Sun*, according to that journal, that won in 1884. It was likewise the *Sun's* plan that won in 1880, when, it may be remembered, Hancock was defeated. Nobody can question the originality of the *Sun's* plans, and it is so odd that it should always win whether it manages to get there or not.

### AN OMINOUS OUTLOOK.

A reporter wanted to interview General Sherman on the prospect of war the other day. "You go right away from here!" exclaimed Uncle Tecumseh in substance, and with the flush of wrath all over his countenance, "or I'll hit you with a club." It is thought from this that offensive operations cannot be much longer delayed.

### HONOR TO GROVER!

The president's veto of the dependent pensions bill is so good and so ably worded that the *JUDGE* is half inclined to lay it to the inspiration of the lady of his distinguished house. It is characteristic of the gentleman, however—rather painfully so in the last paragraph, which the *Evening Post* quotes approvingly, but which the civil-service commissioners, if they knew anything, would condemn as the most horrible grammar and the most wretched

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.



(Time 6 a. m.)

"Hullo, Mr. Brown! What are you doing up at this time o' morning?"  
 "Oh, I'm trying to scare up an appetite for my breakfast. Why are you up so early?"  
 "I'm trying to scare up a breakfast for my appetite."

rhetoric that ever disfigured a public document. But the intention of the paper is just; the patriotism is there. The president has put his awkward foot down on the most stupendous and inexcusable of all national robbery. The soldier of the past is thoroughly provided for. Let us consider for a brief moment the soldier and the civilian of the present and the future.

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

It may be remarked, judging from the recent dinner of the Republican club, that the grand old party is in a pretty good condition. Something has been said as to conspicuous absences and letters of regret; but there was at least no call for the ghost of Andrew Jackson as the only truly good representative of the principle honored, and the letter of one very live man pretty nearly raised the Delmonico roof, and gave evidence of life and health that are greatly to be respected.

THAT WICKED TOWN.

There was a time when Brooklyn was somewhat known as the city of churches. Latterly Mr. Beecher has pronounced it pure and of excellent repute; but Assemblyman Bacon says, on the other hand, that it is all that is villainous in politics and much that is hopelessly bad in morals. The investigating knife is to be put to work, and we can hope only for the best, meanwhile regretting exceedingly that such unsavory reputation should be separated from us merely by the narrow stream that runs beneath the bridge.

It has been proposed to reform Brooklyn by annexing her to New York. Perhaps there is no other way.

NOT SAMUEL, BUT ROSCOE.

Several papers insist that Samuel Jackson Randall shall be the Democratic candidate for president, partly because he is for protection and partly because of the significance of his middle name. The Democratic party is for free trade, but we suppose a little difference of that kind makes no great difference in the premises. There, however, is Roscoe Con-

ling, who is not known for his tariff views as much as Samuel Jackson is, and who is quite as able a man and a far better Republican. For months the leading Democratic papers have been running him for every vacancy, and of course they will be delighted to have him for their chief standard-bearer. He must not be deserted. He must run.

THERE MUST BE PROXIES.

There is much in the proxy business begun by August Spies and Miss Van Zandt. Why, for instance, if one is about to have sickness should he not confer that responsibility upon some accommodating friend or hired mendicant who is of no particular use? If his debtor is not wholly responsible would it not be well to select Mr. C. Vanderbilt as his debtor's proxy? If one is himself impecunious why not confer upon Mr. Roswell P. Flower the credentials necessary to satisfy his creditors? And then there are the little matters of birth and death. There are cases wherein it would be far better to furnish a substitute for the birth; but, having got here and been acclimated, it is annoying to have to give up the experiment at the very moment when you most want to stay.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE.

If Uncle Sam talks fight it is because he dreams. When he awakes he will find that he has nothing to fight with. With coasts undefended, and without a navy, he is as totally at the mercy of a foreign enemy as if he had already surrendered. In a few weeks he could have a vast and tolerably disciplined army for land purposes; but we are to have no civil war hereafter, and the proper ar-

ticle of defence lies in keeping the enemy at sea. Meanwhile, however, it is a cheap nation that will submit patiently to insult, and it must be borne in mind that, with the money which congress is at last disposed to grant, it will not take long to create a defence which might last several sieges to scorn.

Mr. Blaine proposed a congress of the nations of North, Central and South America for purposes of harmony and mutual protection. That is a pretty good topic to discuss in connection with the existing agitation.

A BROWNING BROWNING.

Woe purpled, weal pranked,  
 If it speed, if it linger;  
 Life's substance and show are determined by me  
 Who, meting out, mixing,  
 With sure thumb and finger,  
 Lead lock the due length in all smoothness and glee,  
 All tangle and grief takes the lot—my decree.

This is by Robert Browning. With all due respect for Robert, for whose opinion we have usually the largest deference, it must be firmly remarked that in this instance he is totally mistaken. The JUDGE personally attended the trial of Mr. O'Neil; and, while Judge Barrett certainly assumed more of the woe purple than was strictly allowable, and grievously pranked in behalf of the general weal, he did not put himself on any such conspicuous pedestal. The lead lock may be admitted to a trifling extent, and the smoothness was obvious; but the glee was not there. Granted that the tangle and grief were on exhibition; but they are usually unavoidable, and why make a poem about such ordinary things?

Robert, what is your age? Is this the senility of childhood, or merely the excessively ripe obscurity of a too flush maturity?

AT THE PATRIARCHS' BALL.



YOUNG SCHUYLER VAN DERK (who has been assigned to a fair partner from the west)—"Shan't we look into the supper-room, Miss Beefe?"  
 MISS BEEFE (from Omaha)—"No, thanks; I'd rather round up than pasture any time. Let her go now, for the home ranch under the fiddlers. Whoop la!"

## Hum of the Court.

Indians are said to be fond of cigarettes. It is difficult to account for this; but perhaps they hoard them to sell for fire-water.

A contemporary sagely remarks that Blaine wasn't born yesterday; but we must bear in mind that that was several days ago.

Mr. Lie of the Kentucky legislature ought to be ashamed to carry around the next national Democratic platform in that premature and laborious manner.

More patent rights are issued to Massachusetts than to any other state in the union, not mentioning her patent right to attend to every other state's right as well as her own.

But one state has a law against stealing coffins from tombs; but we dare say the occupants of the boxes thus situated are as safe a provision against theft as the fire in the historically hot stove.

Women use profanity with no dexterity whatever. There, for instance, was the lady of Beloit, Wis., who swore in public, and was immediately advertised as the possessor of a melodious bass.

Oregon has a newspaper called *The World's Advance Thought*. We never welcome the advent of a publication of that kind without unconsciously beginning to calculate the cost of its funeral.

The duchess of Galliera, who recently visited the crown princess of Germany, is the possessor of 500,000,000 lire; and inasmuch as she is a widow we look upon it as a consummate outrage.

A scientist says Charleston will not be visited with another earthquake in a hundred years. We have the utmost confidence in his judgment, but what an extraordinarily comfortable place New York is!

The Detroit *Free Press* says the California bull-fight is a weary bore. We have long protested against bull-fights as the most reprehensible of immorality; but if they are a bore,

and, heaven save us! a weary bore at that, they must be at once abolished by national enactment.

A lady writer is at work on a book relating to old scandals of the periods of Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson. We beg to present the public men of the existing period with our sincerest congratulations.

Mr. Preserved Smith of Dayton, O., who is dead, left a will giving \$68,000 to the Presbyterian church. What a pity it is that a man of that kind, so far from being continued, should not be enabled to die every day.

"Wanted—A Deaf-Mute Murderer" is a heading in the *Graphic*. We don't believe a deaf-mute murderer would be better than any other murderer; and this country has had all the experiments in violence of this kind that are necessary.

It is believed that the legislature of 2000 will be even more agitated over the question of appropriations for the "new" capitol than the

## AT THE BEGINNING.



"Go slower, Theodore; I'm so frightened!"

present one is; and when Adam projected the enterprise he builded a thousand times worse than he suspected.

The mother of Nina Van Zandt says that young lady has had a thousand offers of marriage. There are a good many cranks, but hasn't the good lady been running her thoughtful finger through the last report of the secretary of the treasury?

Mrs. Boulanger of Branch county, Mich., has given birth to nine children in two years. We suspect her of a strong relationship to General Boulanger of France, who is possessed of a powerful desire to make the French army the largest in the world.

An exchange complains that a condemned murderer exhibits a sour and selfish disposition. We must not, however, expect too much of such people. Their situation embarrasses them, and the best condemned murderer in the world cannot always be himself.

"There is nothing so persistent as freckles," says JUDGE; which leads us to believe that JUDGE has forgotten his experiences with her father's bull-dog in the days before he went on the bench.—*Somerville Journal*.

Have you there, child. It was the ensanguined bull that 'tended to us.

Hereafter if you live in Chicago and want to marry you must go to a seven-by-nine clerk to find out whether he approves of it. If he has any objections he thinks he is authorized to forbid the banns. It doesn't seem right, but the unbiased press will approve his judgment in every instance.

Mr. William Jones, who feasted on lamp-chimneys and chewed ordinary windows as if he had been brought up on them, recently experimented with some Chicago whisky. Long before this paragraph meets the eyes of the public the daily press will have recorded that William Jones is no more.

The Philadelphia *Herald* tells of the Rev. Hugh Cull, who in a moment of aberration telegraphed his children to come and see him die and then, happening to think that there was no wood cut, thought they might be cold during the exercises and set vigorously to work to supply the deficiency. Very few men go off with the thoughtfulness for others' comfort that this indicated. When a man dies he is a thoroughly selfish wretch. Though, to be sure, there is some excuse for it. He is quite liable to get pretty cold himself.

## AT THE FINISH.



"Quicker, Theodore; quicker! Oh, I could die skating!"

THE DOUBLE BASS.



Behold him there in the orchestra—  
That chap with the jumbo fiddle—  
Tho' placid now is his vertebra  
As a cake on an ice-cold griddle,  
There will come a time when his spinal chord  
Will break at the temperate zone,  
And you'll wonder how the man can afford  
Such a liberal slack of bone.  
Just take him in! What a frigid thing  
He seems in a quiet pose!  
Like the centre-pole of a circus ring  
Or a scarecrow waiting for crows;  
Like a marble bust, or a tyla crust  
Stuck up in a solemn place,  
Is the chap that soon will his jugular thrust  
O'er the wing of the double-bass.

Ha, ha! The maestro's baton taps,  
There's a stir in the broadcloth seam;  
The hinge of the spinal column snaps  
And crooketh the elbow beam;  
Anon there glides a giant bow  
O'er the fiddle's big abdomen,  
And the overture, in its easy flow,  
Seems only a pleasant omen.

But mark! There's an obligato called  
With an accelerando spurt,  
And the way that bridge of size is mauled  
Imperils the old man's shirt;  
For he dives down over the bulging breast  
Of his ten-foot violin,  
And saws, and saws at the tough old chest  
Till you'd think he'd cave it in.

Then he wags his bow with a jerk and a squeak  
Thro' a rising agitato,  
And the off-hand scats up the wire-bound peak  
Like a bee-stung Thomas-cat O!  
The ague tackles his every limb,  
The seams give way in his jacket,  
And—well, if you'd live to note his vim  
At the grand finale's racket.

You'd say, as you saw his brisk coat-tails  
In a meteoric spatter,  
And his whole anatomy whiz like flails  
In an old-time threshing patter,  
"There isn't a man in the world, I vow,  
Or in t'other orbs of space,  
That earns his bread by the sweat of his brow  
Like the chap of the double-bass." WADE WHIPPLE.

WHY LAW COMES HIGH.

"How long do you think the case will last?" asked a gentleman of a lawyer who had charge of a very profitable suit.

"Well," was the reply, "it will take about a week to select a competent jury, and about one day to try the case."

HOW IT FELT.

"Does your mother ever spank you with a wooden snow-shovel?" proudly asked one little boy of another.

"No, she never did," was the reply. "But what does it feel like?"

"It feels," returned the young philosopher, "like you had a mustard plaster on."

MAKING SURE.

"I'm lost!" exclaimed a man in the street.

"Spiritually or corporeally?" asked the passer-by.

A Letter to Peleg on the Utility of the Sand Bag.

Some time ago, my dear Peleg, you asked me whether self-instruction, now so possible in almost every field of knowledge and activity, could be gained by an able-bodied young man in the art of self-defence. If I remember exactly, your literal query was whether one could in the privacy of his chamber, by strict attention to business and a sand-bag, endow himself with sufficient science to bestow something akin to a surprise party upon the occasional slugger who might before proper introduction mistake him for a duffer. I remember, too, the earnestness with which you spread out this proposition, and how you mellowed in imagination in the pleasure that would follow the look of mistaken identity on the face of some merely muscular jayhawk who, on occasion, had knocked loudly at your door supposing the house to be empty, and found you in.

Since you honored me with this query I have scoured the surface of my memory and found beneath the dust and rust of age a picture which comes out the clearer the longer I scrub it.

I once was moved by a desire to surreptitiously educate my hands for the sole purpose of astonishing some pugilist who might feel like poking me through the bars of a natural reserve to discover if I was alive.

I had in me nothing of that kindly regard for humanity which leads the manager of the menagerie to paint "Beware!" in red letters in divers places on the cages of the hyena and the tiger.

"Nay," said I. "I will become handy with my fists, and let him who desireth to have fun with me not grumble if the show be worth more than the price of admission."

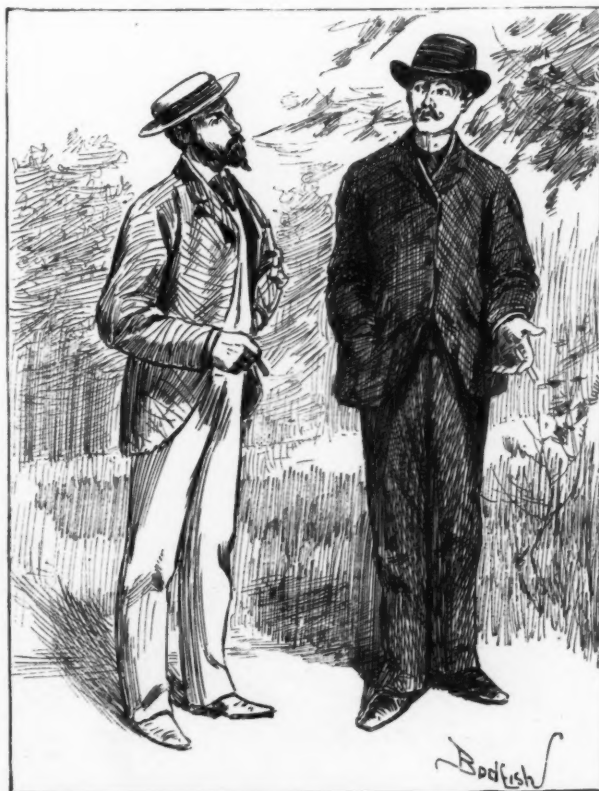
I bought gloves and a sand-bag, and while my companions were spending their time and money on minstrels, draw poker and beer, I burned the midnight kerosene and thumped and danced around an imaginary antagonist. I mauled the pendulous sand-bag until the stuffing began to percolate through its threadbare covering.

I became so clever that I could knock it bang up against the ceiling and get in dexter and sinister blows before it had time to return to the conflict.

Then I threw the sand-bag in the ash-barrel, hid the gloves in the sub-cellar, and went out seeking whom I might play with.

Events sometimes accommodate themselves to our most ardent desires. The very day I graduated myself from the school of the sand-bag I met a rival youth who had long traveled on his reputation as a sparrer. I thought he had traveled far enough to have his ticket

ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS FOR SUCCESS.



GRIGSBY—"You go on the stage? Why, you've no talent."

WIFFINS—"Talent! Why, I've been the defendant in the spiciest kind of a divorce suit. What more do you want?"

punched. I do not remember, my dear Peleg, what led to an engagement. The picture on the tablet above mentioned does not deal with preliminaries. It is a sort of instantaneous photograph. In it I figure in nineteen several positions—counting variations—one erect, one at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the other seventeen recumbent, oc-cu-m-bent, horizontal, al-luvial, prone, supine, jacent, prostrate, etc. etc.

In other words, I was prone to be on a dead level from the inception of the picnic.

The other fellow? Oh, he was perpendicular all the time. At least the picture thus represents him, and figures, my dear Peleg, never lie.

You may not be able to draw correct conclusions from this allegory.

But you may mortgage your valuables on my protestation that a sand-bag doesn't get around to business often enough during business hours.

I can whip John L. Sullivan if you hang him up by the neck to a hook in the ceiling, provided he hangs long enough before they unbar the door.

So can you. Therefore in your practice of the art of self-defence seek some substitute for the sand-bag that is lively on its legs, and when it dusts your pate with its right take care that it doesn't tap your proboscis with its left.

To put it in epitome, Peleg, don't monkey around innocuous desuetude if you encounter pernicious activity.

J. A. WALDRON.

#### NO DANGER.

"I'm so afraid of a runaway," said Cora, taking care to enter the sleigh in such a way as to display her hose.

"There's not the least danger," reassured Merritt.

"What makes you so sure of that, my dear?"

"Because I got the horse at a livery stable."

The man with the most advice has always the least small change.

#### SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.

"What is the most dangerous kind of lightning, pa?" asked little Johnny inquisitively; "streaked or forked?"

"Neither, my boy," gravely replied old Brown, nursing his head; "the worst I know of is the Jersey."

#### BEYOND REDEMPTION.

"Drinking intoxicating liquor is a very poor thing, my good man," sermonized a pious old lady. "Even as a stimulant the effect lasts only for a moment."

"Just so, mum," replied the old toper. "That's the reason I have to drink so often, you know."

#### TOO FRANK.

"Don't you find it monotonous sitting here all the time?" asked a benevolent old lady of the cannibal in a dime museum.

"Yes, mum," was the reply; "but I will have a change as soon as our scenic artist has my tattooed skin painted."

#### TICKLING THE PUBLIC PALATE.

"Do you think favorably of publishing a new edition of 'The Lives of the Saints'?" said a religious book-maker to a publisher.

"No," was the emphatic reply; "but if you have any lives of condemned murderers written by themselves I will pay a good price."

#### WILL IT COME TO THIS?

PERSONAL—A gentleman (30) with large hand, knotted fingers, with a beautiful square phalange, wishes to form the acquaintance of a young lady not over 22. She must have a small, conical hand, with the finger tips decidedly pointed. Photographs of hands returned if desired. Address Chiromancy, Bloomingdale.

#### NEVER WAS CAUGHT.

"We need another good hare," said the captain of a hare-and-hounds club, addressing the members,

"and we want a likely fellow, who is not apt to get caught."

"I guess I would fill those requirements," said a new member.

"Have you ever run in a chase before?" asked the captain.

"No," was the reply; "but I used to be cashier of a bank."

#### THOSE CITY IMPROVEMENTS.



UNCLE JOSH (going into extravagance on his visit to the city)—"Guess while I'm peelin' off I might jest as well ring up a leetle rum 'n gum ter kind'r take the chill off."



"I HELD HER HAND."



I held her hand in mine the while she sat  
And looked intently in my earnest face;  
Her soft, warm breath my cheek did gently pat,  
As, with a gallant, unassuming grace,  
I held her hand.

She gave consent—that made it still more dear—  
Not as if I in some ill-mannered way  
Advantage took of "mamma" being near  
To grasp a goodly chance, so I could say  
I held her hand.

Not that I loved her fondly; but 'twas gold,  
And diamonds, too, to watch her girlish glee,  
As she maintained an innocence untold,  
While others there, as well as "ma," could see  
I held her hand.

Alas, poor me! At last the  
sad day came  
When she refused; and oh,  
the joy I've missed!  
An expert now, she plays a  
winning game.  
But, when a novice at the  
game of whist,  
I held her hand.  
A. W. MUNKITRICK.

INCOMPETENT.

New York barber—"Fine day."  
Customer—"Is it?"  
New York barber—"Yes.  
Can't you tell whether it is  
a fine day or not?"  
Customer—"No; I be-  
long to the signal service  
bureau."

A GRAMMATICAL TRAMP.

Tramp—"This is pretty  
tough bread, ma'am."  
Housekeeper—"It's  
tougher where there ain't  
none."  
Tramp—"That's just what  
I observed, ma'am."

DIDN'T STOP THERE.

Miss Angelina—"Ah,  
yes, Mr. De Garno; there is  
balm in Gilead, is there  
not?"  
Mr. De Garno (just re-  
turned from a foreign tour)  
—"Well, er—really, Miss  
Angelina, I didn't stop in  
Gilead when abroad."

PAT MAKES A QUARTER.

Merchant—"Well, Pat,  
are you working?"  
Pat—"Faith an' I am,  
sor."

Merchant—"Well, come down into my cel-  
lar. I've got two barrels of ashes I want taken  
out into the street."

Pat (looking at barrels)—"That job'll be  
worth a dollar."

Merchant—"All right; go ahead."

Pat (tries to lift one barrel and fails)—  
"Faith, sor, that job'll be worth a dollar an' a  
half."

Merchant—"Put on your coat. I can find  
a nigger to do that for a dollar."

Pat—I say, sor; I'll go an' get a frind of  
mine, and you pay me a dollar fer th' two on  
us."

Merchant—"All right."

Pat (returning, brings a little sawed-off  
Irishman)—"Hurry up there, ncw, and help  
me lift thim barrels, or you'll lose yer quar-  
ther."

MEAN ECONOMY.

Pat (at toboggan slide)—"I say, Gallagher,  
phwat is that bit of a bint-up boord they be's  
shlidin' down the hill wid'?"

Gallagher—"Thim is phwat they call ther-  
boggins."

Pat—"Therboggins, is it? Faith, an' I  
think it's a poor country, afther all, where  
they can't afoord to put roonners on the  
sleighs."

HIS EDUCATION NEGLECTED.

She—"Of course, Mr. De Peyster, you saw  
'Christ before Pilate'?"

He—"Well, really—er—I don't remember  
ever to have seen either of the gentlemen."

A REASONABLE CONCLUSION.

St. Louis cousin—"Mabel, have you heard  
'Papa's Footsteps,' the latest sentimental suc-  
cess?"

Chicago cousin—"Oh, yes; it was composed  
by a Chicago gentleman."

St. Louis cousin—"Oh my, no! You are  
mistaken. It was not composed by a Chica-  
goan."

Chicago cousin—"Why not?"

St. Louis cousin—"Because, if it had been  
written in Chicago, it would have been called  
'Mamma's Footsteps.'"

TOOK IT TO HEART.

"How is it, my dear," said Cora, "that your  
maiden aunt will never take any one's advice,  
no matter how much better it may be?"

"I suppose," returned Miss Cobwigger, "it  
is because she knows she is getting old, and  
doesn't like anybody to point out a new  
wrinkle."

THE GHOST NEVER WALKED.

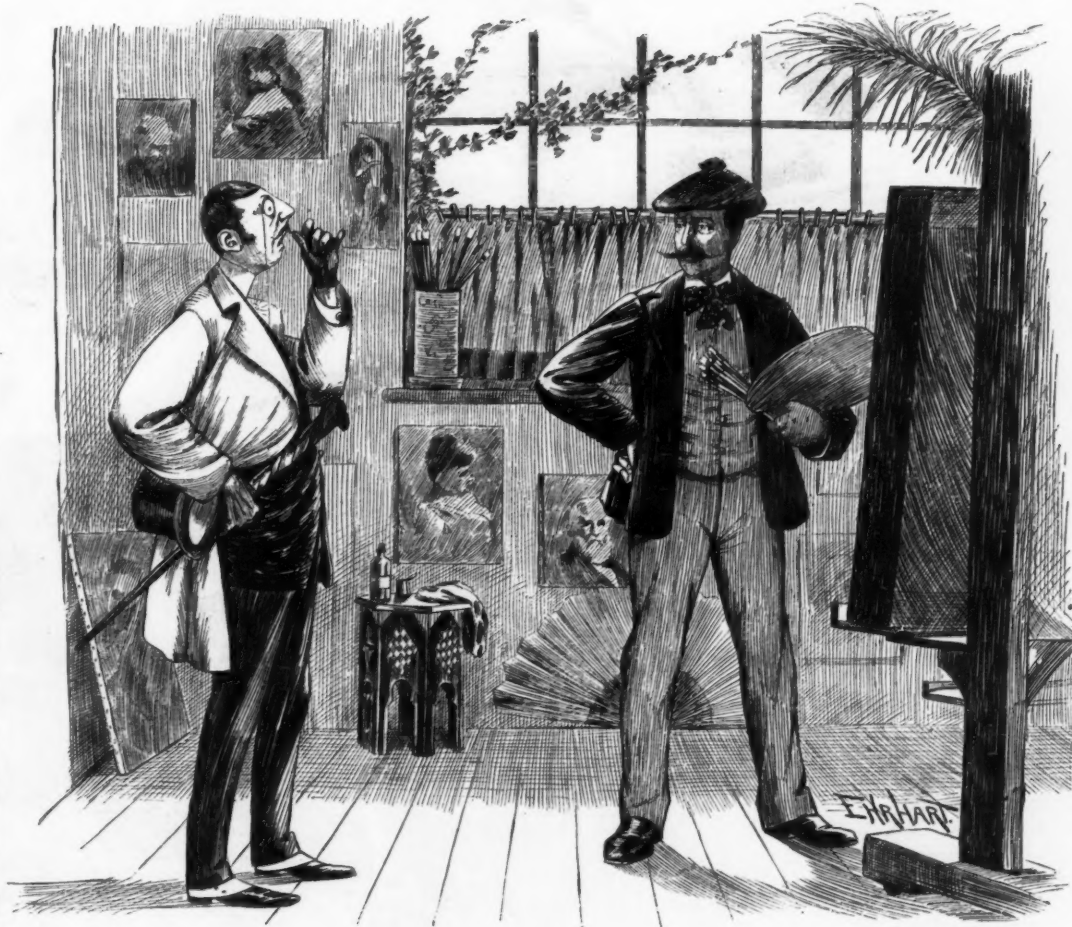
"I've become greatly interested in spiritual-  
ism," remarked Cora. "Do you believe that  
a dead person's ghost comes back and walks  
the earth?"

"I used to believe it, my dear," returned  
Merritt, "until I spent that season on the road  
in a comic opera company."

As soon as a woman gets of a certain age she  
looks upon the sending of valentines as a piece  
of folly.

Dead sea fruit—Last year's valentines.

ANIMAL PAINTING.



VISITOR (patronizingly)—"Heard that you're a pretty fair artist—aw—thought I'd give you—aw—a chance—aw—to earn a few dollars—aw—by painting my—aw—portwait—aw."  
ARTIST—"Must have made a mistake; the animal painter's studio is on the next floor."

*Judge:*







RIP VAN WINKLE AWAKES AT LAST!

USCIZ SAM.—Why, I'm Twenty Years behind the Age!

## FORCE OF HABIT.



BOOT-BLACK—"Shine, boss?"

## Judge's Charge.

## THE WRONG EXPLOSIVENESS.

The man who proposes to blow up Patti doesn't belong to the right sex; otherwise he wouldn't have to borrow a bomb.

## A FINE EXAMPLE.

They speak frequently of judges who lay down the law. There are about ten million lawyers in the country who ought to be prevailed upon to do the same thing.

## LET HIM PUBLISH HIS INNOCENCE.

One W. T. Coleman of California has the JUDGE's sympathies; but perhaps if he were to come out in a card to the effect that he is as guiltless as Uncle Holman was, all might yet be well.

## ROBERT'S POSSIBLE BOON.

Robert Browning says he feels forty and not a day older. If Robert might confer that pleasure upon his admirers how happy we should all be—and really it would take not more than twenty foot-notes to the page of him.

## IT OVERPOWERS THEM.

Colonel Higginson says men are more nervous than women. That may be, but unhappily they have not yet learned how to escape the penalty; and that is twice queer because some of them have reached the years of discretion.

## ACCEPTED WITH THANKS.

A writer proposes that a prima donna whom society wants to pet shall give society the cold shoulder. If the court were society he would accept it with pleasure, merely insisting that he should have the whole of it and no temporizing.

## THE LAW OF THE GOSPEL.

A contemporary says the Christian rioters of Belfast have one thing wherewith to congratulate themselves—there are no detectives there to shoot the children. The contemporary forgets that every truly religious person in Belfast feels himself empowered by the Lord to

act as a detective and kill all the women and children that come within the circle of his inspired club.

## HE WAS NO MUGWUMP.

A clerk who had been employed in a Providence store for seventeen years owned up the other day that he had been stealing for sixteen years and ten months. His conscience got to troubling him at last.—*Detroit Free Press.*

But he must be retained. He has been a good and faithful clerk according to that ab-

sence of investigation which the civil-service law demands, and in all general law his confession amounts to nothing without absolute proof as to its correctness. How foolish he is, however, to confess! He might have kept his office all his life and handed it down to his presumptive heir.

## SHE FIGURES HERSELF.

It is established in Chicago that a wax figure of Miss Van Zandt cannot be legally put on exhibition; and really, as long as the modest lady, who objects to it, is willing to exhibit the original, the wax would seem to be wholly superfluous.

## LET US GO SLOW.

A Somerville (N. J.) dispatch tells of an old gentleman who started across-lots for a funeral and died before he got there. That's what comes of being in too much haste. The original funeral would have answered the old gentleman's purpose far better, and if he had started for it by the regular route he wouldn't have created any false impressions.

## EXPERIMENTING WITH THE MIND.

Mr. Bishop read the mind of the landlord of a country inn to most excellent purpose recently. "Ah!" he exclaimed, wringing the hand of the old gentleman; "I see you have been expecting me. You are saying to yourself at this moment, 'He wants the best in the house, and is willing to pay a fair price for it.' You are considering fresh eggs, young chicken, real milk, genuine coffee, spring lamb and all that sort of thing. Well, go ahead, old fellow; only give us the best and plenty of it." The good host remarked to himself, "Wonderful, wonderful!" and in a brief space of time W. Irving dined like a king and paid for it as reasonably as if he had been a pauper. And yet they say there is nothing to speak of in this amusing pastime.

## MR. PLUG HAS BEEN STARTING A GALLERY TOO.



"Ah, they can talk about their Geromes and their Monkeycheese as much as they like, but that's my idea of what is what!"

## Judge and the Play.

The chief art of criticism is either puffery or silence, and it is difficult to say which predominates hereabouts.

As between "Harbor Lights" and "Lights o' London," the public is likely to get an affliction of its theatrical liver.

When a theatrical journal devotes an entire page to such slush as that presented by the Salisbury Troubadours, it is tolerably apparent that the license of criticism is pauperously cheap.

In Minneapolis recently a large man went safely through a variety performance, only to fall out of his box and break his neck. Perhaps this was not retributive justice, but the man stays dead.

Mr. Tony Hart washed his face with carbolic acid instead of his habitual glycerine and rose-water, and in consequence was made temporarily blind. Mr. Hart must get above that small business. If he officiates as a mere drug-clerk he will presently take one of his own prescriptions.

Mr. Richard Mantell is getting a large amount of gratuitous advertising on the strength of his connections with society. It is not known that he ever met the prince of Wales, but possibly he has had the honor of receiving a smile by telephone at the hands—or perhaps the mouth—of the distinguished lady who represents the feminine of that prerogative.

Rose Coghlan's *Woffington* is studiously intelligent, and that of Miss Dauvray is spontaneously thoughtless and apparently effusively careless as to laughter and tears. Nobody can afford to miss the third act of Miss Dauvray's *Woffington*, any more than he can afford to overlook the union of John Howson's pathos and humor as *Triplet*.

When a play has had a run of 250 nights in London it has come to be pretty safe to say that it will have no run to speak of here. We are very English, you know; but the thing that is possible in London isn't probable in this locality. And by that token "Ruddygore" is likely to be a prime success with us, it was such a lamentable failure in the city we are erroneously supposed to get our theatrical fashions from.

If the excellent Cody gets for nothing the amount of advertising in England that he gets here on those terms, he may felicitate himself on an accumulation of the scalps of critics that would have made Sitting Bull riotously happy for three months. He makes his successes without turning a hair, and that is a good deal to say of a man whose distinguishing success has to do with life beyond instead of this side of the border.

The prince of Wales says he never told Mrs. Langtry that Mrs. J. B. Potter was no beauty. It must be remembered, however, that the statement to the opposite effect came from Miss Fortescue, though accredited to Mrs. Langtry, and it may be that the lily can indorse the denial without either impugning his royal highness's or her own veracity. That is to say, there is a lie somewhere. At first glance it should

### Prof. Doremus on Toilet Soaps:

"You have demonstrated that a PERFECTLY pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

CHAS. S. HIGGINS'S "LA BELLE" BOUQUET TOILET SOAP. Being made from choicest stock, with a large percentage of GLYCERINE, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.



## Infantile Loveliness.

No mother who loves her children, who takes pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance, a skin without blemish, and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a speedy, wholesome, and infallible cure for every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Have just used your CUTICURA REMEDIES on one of my girls, and found it to be just what it was recommended to be. My daughter was all broken out on her head and body, and the hair commenced to come out. Now she is as smooth as she ever was, and she only used one box of CUTICURA, one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I doctored with quite a number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

GEORGE EAST, Macon, Mich.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

**BABY'S** Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

be accredited to the prince, in whom lying of that kind is a virtue; but on second thought he had no serious motive for lying, while the lily might have had, and the thistle certainly did have a motive. Of course, neither of these distinguished ladies would lie—if they should be guilty of that kind of advertising it wouldn't be right to publish them for it;—and accordingly there remains of the dreadful scandal merely the necessity that all three of the ladies shall go on their knees before the prince and

My little son, aged eight years, has been afflicted with Eczema of the scalp, and at times a great portion of the body, ever since he was two years old. It began in his ears, and extended to his scalp, which became covered with scabs and sores, and from which a sticky fluid poured out, causing intense itching and distress, and leaving his hair matted and lifeless. Underneath these scabs the skin was raw, like a piece of beefsteak. Gradually the hair came out and was destroyed, until but a small patch was left at the back of the head. My friends in Peabody know how my little boy has suffered. At night he would scratch his head until his pillow was covered with blood. I used to tie his hands behind him, and in many ways tried to prevent his scratching; but it was no use, he would scratch. I took him to the hospital and to the best physicians in Peabody without success. About this time some friends, who had been cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, prevailed upon me to try them. I began to use them on the 15th of January last. In seven months every particle of the disease was removed. Not a spot or scab remains on his scalp to tell the story of his suffering. His hair has returned, and is thick and strong, and his scalp as sweet and clean as any child's in the world. I wish all similarly afflicted to know that my statement is true and without exaggeration.

CHARLES MCKAY,  
Peabody, Mass.

**PIMPLES**, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ask him to kindly publish them as the most deserving, from a theatrical point of view, of all his favorites.

## PACKER'S ALL HEALING TAR SOAP.

PURE AND NON-IRRITATING.

**Cleanses** delightfully, leaving the skin smooth and soft.  
**Prevents** chapping, chafing and other skin diseases.  
**Cures** Dandruff, Itching on any part of the Body, Eruptions, Skin Diseases, etc.  
**Maintains** the skin sweet and healthy by effectually removing morbid secretions and destroying all offensive odors from the body.

25 Cents per Cake. Druggists or

THE PACKER M'FG CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

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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.

## ELY'S CREAM BALM

when applied into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

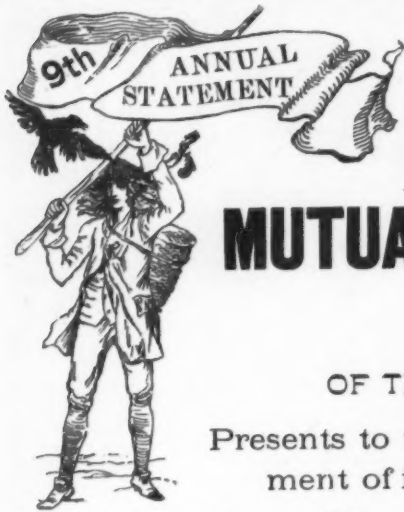
NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.  
A Quick Relief and Positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Drug-sts; by mail, registered, 60cts. Circulars free. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

## CATARRH



ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.



SUMMARY OF BUSINESS.  
THE  
UNITED STATES  
MUTUAL ACCIDENT  
ASSOCIATION

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

Presents to the Public the following Statement of its affairs. December 31, '86:

Loses paid since Jan. 1, 1886	-	-	-	\$224,789.37
Losses paid since Incorporation, nearly	-	-	-	1,000,000.00
Number of losses paid since Jan. 1, 1886	-	-	-	1,926
Number of losses paid since Incorporation	-	-	-	6,894
Assets over	-	-	-	\$100,000.00
Death losses due and unpaid	-	-	-	NONE
Weekly indemnity due and unpaid	-	-	-	NONE
Membership	-	-	-	32,407
Insurance in force	-	-	-	\$158,785,000.00

**\$5,000 Accident Insurance,**  
**\$25 Weekly Indemnity,**  
**at an annual cost of about \$13**  
**in Preferred Occupations,**  
**or, \$10,000 Accident Insurance,**  
**\$50 Weekly Indemnity,**  
**at about \$26 per annum.**

Membership Fee in each Division \$5.

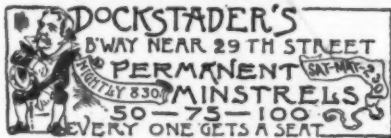
This Association has saved to its members this year alone over \$400,000 in premiums, as compared with the cost of similar insurance elsewhere.

320 & 322 Broadway, New York.  
CHARLES B. PEET, President. JAMES R. PITCHER, Secretary.  
Write for Circular and Application Blank.

AMUSEMENTS.

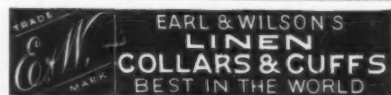
**HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.**  
EDWARD HARRIGAN - - - - - Proprietor.  
M. W. HANLEY - - - - - Sole Manager.  
An Artistic Triumph and a Popular Success.  
EDWARD HARRIGAN'S NEW PLAY  
MCNOONEY'S VISIT.

Mr. DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra. Every evening at 8. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2.



**MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.**  
Mr. A. PALMER - - - - - Sole Manager.  
Sir Charles Young's remarkable play,  
JIM, THE PENMAN.  
Matinee Saturday at 2 p. m.

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Sole Prop. and Man'r Mr. LESTER WALLACK.  
**Harbor Lights.**  
7.45 P. M.



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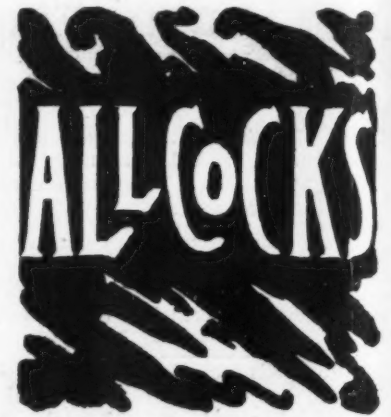
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Better than any Medicine.

Send for reports of interesting cases by eminent physicians.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS GENERALLY.  
EMERSON MAN'FG CO., 43 Park Place, New York.



The proof of the merits of a plaster is the cures it effects, and the voluntary testimonials of those who have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS during the past thirty years is unimpeachable evidence of their superiority, and should convince the most skeptical. Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Don't Read This

If you have a sufficiency of this world's goods but if you have not, write to Hallet & Co., Portland, Me., and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, at a profit from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All new. Capital not required; Hallet & Co., will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once and grand success will attend you.

About this time of year a cry goes up for almanacs, and a generous class respond with four or five million pieces, which crowds in drug stores are waiting to grab. The almanac for 1887 is up to the mark except that the chronological facts and variegated weather are so badly mixed that we can hardly tell whether Washington was born in 1492 with "occasional squalls" or Columbus discovered America in 1776 with "heavy thunder." The scene of a clinic on a South Sea island where he asked in August, "Is this not hot enough for you?" is still portrayed on the first page, surrounded with bric-a-brac off the five cent counter. The moon has her usual allowance of four quarters every month to get full on.

The longest day will be January 2—after you have sworn off—and the shortest one the last day of March with a note due April 1. There is a very useful calendar on the cover and if you have time to walk two blocks to find a man to tell you how it works you will find it handy in commencing a letter. "High days" are all noted, but there are not enough of them for a single county and there will be several high ones not in the book. These almanacs are usually prepared for the longitude of Spooner's Corners, but can be kept sweet in any climate. If all the weather predicted in these almanacs does not come there will be enough of some other kind to go around, and if any person gets more than he is entitled to he can give it to those who have no almanacs. We notice that art keeps pace with science in these brochures, and is in fact several laps ahead. We think we see decided improvements in the appearance of the man in the almanac who has the rheumatism. He is not so bald and haggard as he was last year and his legs look as though they came from the same shop as his body. This year the dyspeptic picture in the almanac looks as if he had only swallowed the grindstone, but had left the frame and legs to his mourning family. The difference between the man who has taken "Bilyus's Boneset Pills" and the man who had not is not so marked as he was last year. The man

**CURE FOR THE DEAF**

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 863 Broadway, N. Y.

Mention this Paper



**PRINT YOUR OWN CARDS**

PRESS, \$3; Circular size press, \$8; Newspaper size, \$4. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, &c., to the factory.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR  
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS  
WAREROOMS:

149 151, 153 155 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.,**

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**BLACK BALL BRAND**  
Judson's "Indestructible"  
A **Stretcher**  
For holding the  
clothing while mark-  
ing given each pur-  
chaser free.  
Price 25 Cts., complete.  
**DANIEL JUDSON & SON, ILL.**  
LONDON and NEW YORK.  
For sale by the trade, or sent postpaid on re-  
ceipt of price. Am. H'quarters, 46 Murray St., N.Y.  
A. F. FREEMAN, Manager.

**AGENTS WANTED** (Samples FREE) for DR.  
SCOTT'S beautiful **ELECTRIC CORSETS,**  
**BRUSHES, BELTS** Etc. No risk, quick  
sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed.  
**Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.**

ESTABLISHED 1801.

## Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.



This excellent article is admitted to be the standard preparation for all purposes connected with the hair. It prevents its falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, &c., and keeps it in the most beautiful condition. Its habitual use renders the use of oil, pomatum or any other preparation quite superfluous. It is richly perfumed with the most delicious floral fragrance, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

## TO THE LADIES.

Call and examine our improved **ADJUSTABLE DRESS** and **SKIRT FORMS**. Indispensable in every home. Saves all fatigue of standing to have dresses tried on, draped or trimmed.

Also our **FOLDING SKIRT FORM**, adjustable to any size and can be done up almost as small as an umbrella when not in use. Price, \$3.00. **SEND FOR CIRCULAR.**

**DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,**  
Broadway and 14th-st., New York.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**  
**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.**  
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas and Coffees**, and secure a beautiful **Gold Band** or **Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary.** For full particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,** P. O. Box 228, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

# EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. COCOA

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for



Demand unprecedented. **R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.**

who had 400 feet of tapeworm taken out of his stomach does not look so much as if he had paid his tax and wanted somebody to lean on, as everybody had a lien on his property. We love these gift-books of the holiday season and we let our children play with them when they need chastisement. It soothes them and gives them realistic views of what evils there are in the world without remedy, except in pint bottles at \$1 per bottle. These gems of literature serve also to the thoughtless and giddy as a work on letter-writing. Here we have correspondence with eminent men and women from all over the world telling how any bottles or boxes they took before they got around, instead of angular and bony. And the literary part of the medical almanac is alone worth the price of the book almost—they give them away—jokes that Ham got off on Noah while they were in the ark without a pack of cards and time hung heavy on their hands; conundrums that Antiochus got off in the long siege of Jerusalem; inspiring little *mots* that Homer put off on the Greeks at Troy before the collar factories were built. Gentle leaflet, we greet thee! Companion of our studious hours and old dodge to circumvent newspaper advertising, all hail! Thou shalt be the wrapper of the pennyworth o' snuff and the protector of the bologna sausage on the fishing trip. *Adios.*—*Albany Journal.*

It is said that when a New York alderman goes to a funeral it costs the city eight dollars for a pair of gloves. The city should handle

such extravagance without gloves—unless the funeral the alderman goes to is his own. In the latter event, eight dollars wouldn't be too much. A New York alderman may be depended upon to make it expensive for the city when he once gets his hand in.—*Norristown Herald.*

**PEARS' SOAP**  
THE COMPLEXION CLEAR, AND THE HANDS AND SKIN SOFT. A VERY DURABLE SOAP.  
IT PERFECTLY PURE SOAP. IT KEEPS THE PORES OPEN.  
SPECIALY APPOINTED  
**ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP.**  
ESTABLISHED IN LONDON 100 YEARS. FIFTEEN INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.  
A BRIGHT HEALTHFUL SKIN AND COMPLEXION ENSURED BY USING  
**PEARS' SOAP.**  
AS RECOMMENDED BY THE GREATEST ENGLISH AUTHORITY ON THE SKIN,  
PROF. SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., PRES. OF THE ROYAL COL. OF SURGEONS,  
ENGLAND, AND ALL OTHER LEADING AUTHORITIES ON THE SKIN.  
Countless Beauteous Ladies, including Mrs. Lillie Langtry, recommend its virtues  
AND PREFER PEAR'S SOAP TO ANY OTHER.  
The following from the world-renowned Songstress is a sample of thousands of Testimonials.  
Testimonial from Madama ADELINA PATTI.  
"I HAVE FOUND IT MATCHLESS FOR  
THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION"  
Pears' Soap is for Sale through-  
out the Civilized World.

PRICE \$8. CARRIAGE PAID. WILL LAST A LIFE TIME. SEND FOR COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS.

# DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S AMMONIAPHONE

**FREE** on receipt of post card, "HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE," showing how thousands have been immediately relieved and promptly and permanently cured of

**CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,** | **HAY FEVER, CONSUMPTION,** and affections of | **The Nose, Throat, Chest, and Bronchial Tubes,**

By Inhalation of Artificial Italian Air, produced by Dr. CARTER MOFFAT'S unique invention. Over 250,000 instruments sold. Recommended by 4,800 doctors. The originals of 21,000 unsolicited reports received may be seen at the Company's Rooms, where the extraordinary utility of the Ammoniaphone is daily demonstrated by the Company's Medical Adviser, who will answer any inquiries, either personal or by letter, without charge.

**AMERICAN AMMONIAPHONE CO., LIMITED, 30 E. 14TH ST., NEW YORK.**

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For 15 years has been a standard remedy with Physicians treating mental or nervous disorders Not a secret. It aids in the bodily and wonderfully in the mental growth of children. Young men with impaired mental faculties can regain their strength by its use. It restores the energy lost by nervousness, debility, over-exertion; refreshes weakened vital powers in old or young. A Vital Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate or soda water absurdity. It is used by the Emperor Dom Pedro, Bismarck, Gladstone and other great brain workers.

For sale by druggists, or mail, \$1. **F. CROSBY CO., 56 West 25th Street, N. Y.**

Lavin Geo, Ohio	50	Dewey, Maggie, Ill	50	Gillespie, J. M., Ill	50
Lynch E. M., N. Y.	50	Ward, Mrs. Sara, N. Y.	50	Sherman, T. N. Y.	50
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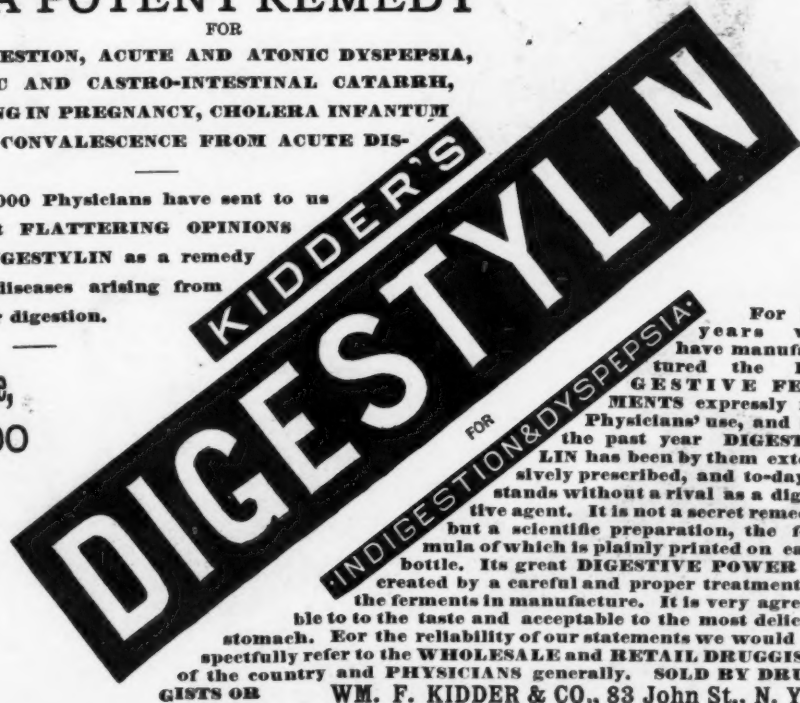
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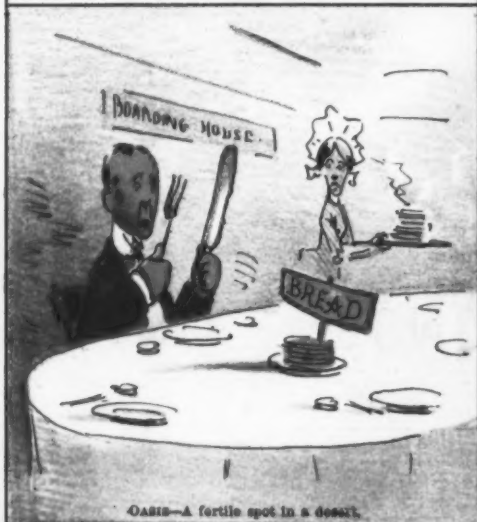
INDIVIDUALITY—A single person.



DUTY—That which should be done.



ENCUMBRANCE—The act of taking.



OASIS—A fertile spot in a desert.



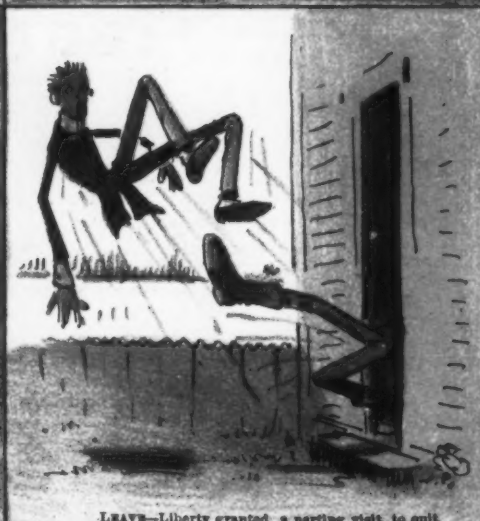
SPECTATOR—One who looks on.



VICTORY—Getting the mastery of anything.



VICTUALS—Food prepared for eating.



LEAVE—Liberty granted, a parting visit, to quit.



LOOKS LIKE—Feeling out because alone.



MOTION—The act of changing place, movement, etc.



WEAK—Feeble of body or mind, without authority, soft.



ABSENT—Not present, away from.

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