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A CASE FOR THE S. P. C. A.  
THE CHAMPION ACCUSES HIS WIFE OF CRUELTY.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.



## THE JUDGE.

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### DISCOUNTING SALVATION.

Isn't it singular that finite man's infinite impudence should aspire to issue the decrees of the Almighty? Isn't it more singular that the theological presumption which metes out eternal punishment to unoffending children and unwitting transgressors of narrow creeds, should promise eternal bliss to the worst monsters the race can produce? The clergy go to the extreme of severity in one case and the extreme of mercy in another, and in each case the award is least deserved. Such is human handling of divine justice.

Is it not most singular of all, that gentle, timid, loving woman, who has no aspiration towards wielding the sceptre of God Almighty, should worship murderers? Perhaps there is some connection between this tendency and her reputed susceptibility to theological influences.

But why should theology make either priests or women by turn as savage as the devil against innocent ones, and as weak as idiots in dealing with murderers?

It is all a matter of profession. The man who will only *say* he believes certain ingenious theories can be assured the enjoyment of their best rewards, no matter if he be a red-handed murderer; while the man of correct life and Christian disposition shall be consigned to hell if he fail to correctly pronounce their shibboleth.

There is said to be less of the "dealing damnation round the land" than there once was. Preaching hell is not so com-

mon. But if it be true that "Hell is cooling off" and simmering down to a salubrious Sheol, that surely is no reason for continuing the other monstrous perversion of offering a premium on murder.

Can not our brethren of the cloth, and their gentle worshippers, consent that hell is *not* paved with infants' skulls—as some early eminent Christian savage put it—and at the same time refrain from opening heaven as a Bowery free-lunch counter to the worst criminals?

If they are not equal to both these conceptions, we prefer that they should send the murderer to "the lake that burns with fire and brimstone," whatever he profess, even though include babes and unorthodox good men in the consignment. For the common sense and common decency of mankind will agree with them in leaving murderers to their fate and simply laugh at their savage doctrine as applied to the good and innocent.

### THE SACK OF THE CITY.

Of course, it is inevitable that when any sharp gets his eye on any part of New York that he desires to monopolize, he shall get it, provided that he has money enough to buy up the city government. For what are aldermen elected, except to sell the city out in parcels?

It is an unequal fight that the property-owners and decent citizens wage against monopolists and street-grabbers, because they will not bid on the human property that is put up for sale in City Hall. If they would fight the devil with fire, there would be more show for the city's interests.

Moreover, the street-grabber rests not day or night, and never gives up. Men may come and men may go, about their business, but he keeps on forever plotting his highway robbery. Thieves and aldermen you have always with you, and Corruption works while Honesty sleeps.

The prize of an eternal right to exact toll from this great, growing city is one that would have charmed Ali Baba and his forty ward politicians. The future of this city requires the prophetic instinct of St. Greed to measure it. A street franchise in perpetuity is a mine of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and the Sharps and sharks can afford to enrich a few coarse villains in the city government or legislature to get the privilege of taxing future generations.

It is just because of that almost inconceivable promise of future development of the metropolis that the patriotic citizens of this generation should take good care not to hand down to the future a city saddled and ridden by jobbers and monopolists. Here is the chief iniquity of such measures as the Broadway Railroad job; and it is for the benefit of the future, more than of the present New York, that those who resist these encroachments patriotically fight.

### THE MANLY ART OF COWARDS.

How anyone ever came to associate pugilism with courage is a mystery. The slugger is the prince of cowards. He has no courage—has only stupid, swinish endurance. "The manly art" consists of either inflicting or submitting to a given amount of pounding, for which the "champion" is prepared by years of toughening training and intellectual and moral degradation.

As for the physical development to be secured by sparring, physicians and physiologists long since demonstrated that it is an injury instead of a benefit. The professional pugilist is therefore not a type of physical perfection. In short, he is a physical, mental, and moral monstrosity—a weakling in all things but the mere capacity of being pounded more than another man. In his one point of superiority an army mule could take the belt from John L. Sullivan.

There is many a slight woman who has more real courage than any prize-fighter—aye, and more real endurance.

When this champion slugger appealed to the courts to protect him from his little wife's *cruelty*, he himself furnished a more sarcastic comment on the puerility of the manly art than any cartoonist or satirist could frame.

### RULINGS.

AN ALBANY Democratic paper declared Gov. Hill to be "on a rock" in the census controversy. On a rock and awry?

WHEN DO the turns of St. John and Burchard come, Mr. President? You surely do not regard them as offensive partisans.

SENATOR VEST "got mad", and declared that he "didn't care a d—n what the newspaper say about him." Singular coincidence!—they don't, either.

THERE ARE sixty-five elephants in this country, not counting the one the Democrats of this state have on their hands in the governor's chair.

MAYOR GRACE is reported as saying that there is "an intimate connection between good beer and good government." This, if true, is rough on the quality of beer drunk by Mayor Grace and his Democratic co-rulers. It is to be hoped all officials will drink something else.

IT HAS come to this that the only inoffensive partisans are those who hold situations under the government in national cemeteries, though they were partisans when they fell, they are inoffensive now because no Democrat wants to "turn the rascals out" and take their places—the only instance of the kind.



The Boss Bear Fighter.



S AID he: "I have faced more danger than the man who jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, and I advise you not to allow the remark to slip from your mental grasp."

The remark was made in a Broad Street eating sheol, and as soon as I heard the peculiar strident tone in which it was uttered, I knew it was Harry Duraface, the chronic "bull speculator."

"Danger among the brokers and breakers?" I

insinuated.

Duraface looked at me with a deep-down-in-the-well contempt, and proceeded.

"I got loaded up with lamb's wool and early mutton a few years ago to such an embarrassing extent that I constructed an opaque puddle in silver-mining"

"Constructed a what?"

"Organized a blind pool, you ass. Got a lot of my dearest friends to put their hard-earned money into my hands, and I went West, young man, to discover a silver mine, invest the pool and let it grow up with the country. And I did really go and roughed it among the Rockies, prospecting."

"Why didn't you buy a mine in New York? There are richer lodes on the Mining Exchange than among the mountains."

"Well, of course—but I wanted to be the fellow to let others in on the ground floor, while I crawled out through the cellar window, chew know? Besides, just then I could make more money by not being here to meet certain long contracts of my crowd. Anyway, I went."

"One day, when going over the mountains in Colorado alone, I met a big bear, not of the Wall street breed, coming down the mountain. He looked as if he had gone long on Reading sometime ago, and had deferred his appetite till it should rally. He could eat a Grand Central hackman or a Manhattan Elevated director. You may know how he looked when I say that I was for a moment cornered by that single bear."

"But I had learned to draw on my reserve resources, or some other bank's, by a long experience. A man who has been able to save rent by persuading an obdurate landlord to loan him the money to move with, is not to be plagued by one grizzly, when he has time to hypothecate his cheek. I simply defied that bear—told him to come on and help himself to taurine steak, raw. Like the man in the Declaration of Independence, I turned the other cheek also, and gave the brute the right to draw at sight, with-

out notification. He drew and struck me—but, like many another bear, he struck where I was strongest. He was better organized than I thought, and I came near being posted for non-delivery."

"Did he kill you?"

"Well, a little, but not much. For a short time I withdrew from the street, as it were. But when I recovered

consciousness, that bear was standing in front of me the worst demoralized short you ever saw. He stood in front of me with a look of helpless liquidation on his countenance—a look that said: 'Stranger, what are you made of? Are your cheeks cast iron? Or am I a played-out brute? I am no good.' The heart broken animal crawled to my side, reached for my bowie, placed it against his heart, and, raising his eyes upward, muttered a brief something, fell forward on the toad-stabber and died."

"I made the best of my way to camp, and hired an Indian half-breed to go out and recover the game that I had so gallantly captured. By hanging him to one end of the pole, and the top part of the mountain to the other, to counterbalance, he was able to bring the prize in."

"What I admire most about that adventure," I said, "is not the proof of the superior staying qualities of Wall Street cheek, as its evidence of the beautiful modesty of Wall Street veracity. But I would like to know how the fellows in the blind-pool came out?"

"Oh, they all got their stakes back. Bear steak."



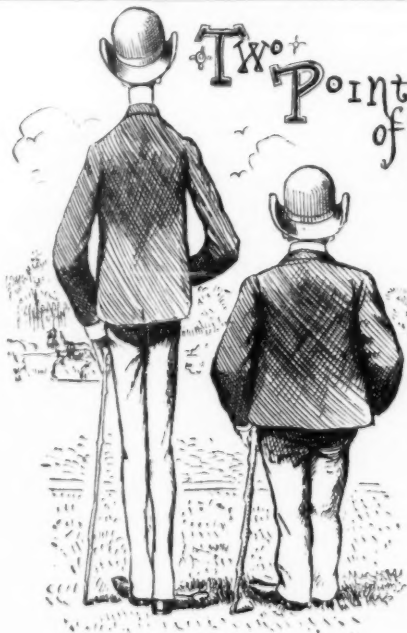
OFF THE BENCH.

Gov. HILL made such a muddle of his called session we judge he must be out of his census.

MURDERERS, now-a-days, begin to have grave fears of the consequences of their crimes.

CLEVELAND is beginning to turn out well, at last. THE JUDGE, it will be remembered, promised this some time ago. Impatient Democratic patriots should place more trust in what THE JUDGE says.

IT COSTS, averaging the expenses of twenty-five American colleges, \$2,000 a year to go through "the demd horrid grind," as Mantellini says. When it is remembered, however, that this grind furnishes a sure passport to all the honors, glories, and emoluments of earth, the price does not seem to be high.



Two Points of View.

JOHN TEMPLETON BLAKE.

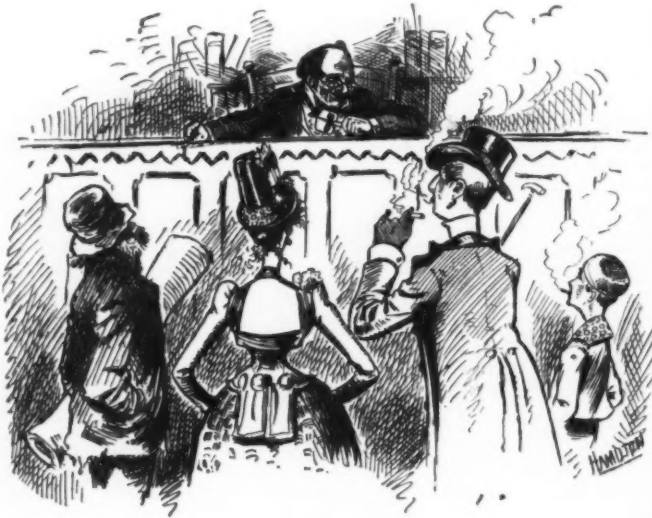
We stood in the Park one day,  
Jack Delong and I,  
Watching the cavalcade  
Trot and canter by.

I was in love with Maud—  
Blue eyes and auburn hair—  
While Jack would give all he owned  
For Tom Foster's chestnut mare.

"The beauty! There she goes!"  
Said Jack. My heart beat high  
Thinking of Maud. Said he,  
"What a flank! what a fiery eye!"

I turned and hit him square  
In the mouth: like an ass, of course,  
For I was thinking girl,  
And Jack was talking horse!

## BUREAU OF GENERAL ADVICE.



## ADVICE TO BOYS.

THE one mark by which you can distinguish a smart boy is his disrespect toward his parents. Your father undoubtedly means well, but he is foggyish and terribly slow—has none of the “lightning glance” and “cold fiendish smile” which are going to characterize you when you are grown up. It may not be politic to ignore his authority—you tried it once with unfavorable results—but you can, with propriety, refer to him as “the old man,” and can let him see plainly that he has no common, tame boy to deal with. Your mother is, at best, only a woman, and this fact should be sufficient to insure your pitying contempt. Treat her with mild, compassionate scorn, and be scrupulously careful to ignore all her advice. In this way you can lay up a pleasant store of reflections for after life; for nothing will thrill a middle-aged man with keener pleasure than the remembrance of how he used to grieve his mother.

You can never be a man until you have learned to smoke. The delicate tissues of your mouth and lungs, as well as the subtler tissues of your brain, cannot properly be regarded as in working order until they have been well dried by tobacco smoke. Nature leaves them in a crude state, the sagacity of the individual to complete the work. So smoke you must. If you cannot afford to buy a cigar, seek some luscious discarded remnant and rekindle its sacred fires.

Teachers are, by nature and education, petty tyrants, and are therefore to be thwarted and annoyed in every possible manner. They gloat on staying after school for the sake of keeping their pupils, and assign long lessons through sheer malignity. Do everything in your power to make them unhappy. Be especially careful to portray all your grievances to your parents and in these portrayals, as in writing poetry, give your imagination full play. By patient and heroic stubbornness you may, perhaps, weary the teacher into hopelessness and triumph gloriously by graduating an idiot in spite of his mean efforts to elevate you.

You cannot be too careful about your reading. Books of the proper sort are constantly being written by the best talent of the age, and retailed for the moderate price of one dime. Reading-matter of as similarly elevating character may be found in the illustrated weekly papers for boys, which are published by men who have consecrated their whole lives to the work of making upright and honorable citizens out of the coming generation. These books and papers will not only furnish means of delightful recreation, but may usefully serve as hand-books of reference in emergencies similar to those described. You remember how Gatling Gath, the Gory Terror of Gommersdorf, rushed amid the red-skins—or were they bandits?—waving his blade on high, and rescued the lovely, star-eyed Florimel. Now, it is high time that the public woke up to these things. It is astonishing that gray-haired deacons and rich business men dare to tempt Providence by recklessly walking the streets without having a bowie-knife at the belt and a revolver in each pocket when such thrilling scenes are being enacted all over America; but do not you let their foolhardiness mislead you. Buy a revolver and practice shooting promiscuously with it. This will afford intense gratification to the neighbors, and may come into good play at some time in the near future. Who knows but the Indians may be contemplating a raid on your town, and you may be called upon to save by your intrepidity the whole town from destruction. Or it may be that some robber chieftain and his

outlaw crew are hiding in a secret cave near at hand, and will abduct the little freckle-nosed girl across the way from your house? and then you will track them to their retreat and cover the thunderstruck villains with your revolver and make your appearance in the town with the rescued Polly Jones on your arm and the outlaws driven like sheep before you; and then Polly will strike an attitude (like the lovely Florimel) and say: “To thee, dauntless hero, I owe me life! Receive me heart an’ me hand!” If you had the enormous wealth of Bloody Clutch, the Wizard of Wallenford, you might buy a horse and practice riding by midnight through the streets, with the bridle-rein between your clenched teeth, and wave a torch in either hand to paralyze the town folk, as he did; but as you cannot, perhaps, afford to buy and keep a death-black steed, and as you may betray a healthy but most un-hero-like tendency to go to sleep at nine o’clock in the evening, perhaps it will be as well to postpone this daring feat until you have discovered the hidden treasure, concealed by pirates centuries ago within the bosom of the beach hard by.

An old woman, carrying a lot of bundles and walking on a slippery sidewalk, is a splendidly appropriate object of merriment, and when she falls flat, the only course left open to one who would preserve the flower of gallantry in his soul is to burst into a roar of laughter. The boy who, under such circumstances would assist her to her feet and restore her bundles to her, thereby wantonly destroying the enjoyment of a whole group of loafers, is a brute and ought to be kicked. Cut his acquaintance.

ARTHUR M. CUMMINGS.

## A NONSENSE POEM.

J. EDGAR JONES.

Oh, sweetly sings the Jum-jum in the Koolokalee tree,  
And the Toolum in the Ponjee bush is warbling glad and free,  
While on the Pankywanky vine the Pallal glides along,  
Where the flip-flop flutters gaily to the droning of his song;  
Across the flunkwinky flower the Kankylonky flies,  
From out the shadowed Flakypull the Lumtum winks his eyes,  
And through the mirrored Neggynogg the Plunk with silver fin  
Pursues the Noggywoggy bug, the brilliant Finnytinn.

Along the rocky Lobbylub the Flumsy runs with speed,  
Where Flamflains chatter nightly and the Fummytummys breed;  
Where savage Saggologgyluggs hunt down down the Groonygroom,  
And Crinkoes kill the Pocklewocks and Clankups mock the moon;  
There too the imp-eyed Plunkylunks pursue the Pimplepoon,  
The Boodums chant their Tooraloo, the Wigwags raise their rume,  
And all the Nollynoddlenubs join with the Choolalong  
To mock the Peedleiddleups and Klankies with their song.

Beware the gloomy Glampup and the Drookink in his den,  
The fierce Kalloolylankyloo, the savage Flinkkofem;  
If you wouldst save thy shrinking soul, beware the Klinkokee,  
Oh, shun the Shumtytrumpaloo, the ruthless Krankophee;  
Go ask the fiery Tumbletop where all the victims are,  
The hungry Mookochuntowitz, the stealthy Pookopar,  
Avoid the Droelyhoolaho which tempts thee to thy fate,  
And flee the vengeful fury of the Mamsotooly pate.

Do’t ask what all these horrors mean? Go ask the Pampewoo,  
Go seek the wisdom of the Mump, the glorious Tarokoo,  
Nor dare to question in thy pride these spirits of my verse,  
Or tempt the Flampydoodledump who guards it with its curse.  
So sang the noble Boody-Band, but from his evil den  
Uprose the giant Crunklechunk, and catching up his pen,  
Transfixed the gifted Poet’s heart. “Thus perish all,” said he,  
“Who mock the Looloos and invade the realms of Pimplewee.”

## Our Boarding House Again.

It was a pretty cold night, and most of the boarders were huddled up together around the parlor stove that was giving out about as much heat as a tallow candle. Presently young Singely, who had been trying vainly to keep warm for the last half hour, stood up and examined the feeble heater critically.

“Very ornamental, isn’t it,” said Mrs. Grindham. “I paid thirty dollars for it, only last fall. I always get the best for my guests.

“I think I’ll get one like it when I’m married,” said Singely, “but for a different use.”

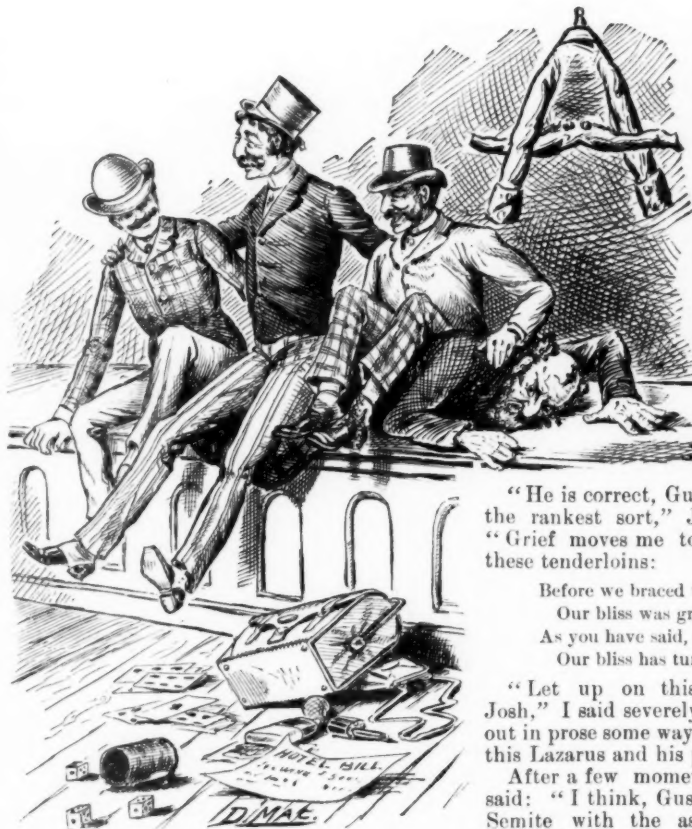
“A different use, Mr. Singely?”

“Yes, I should make it take the place of an ice-box!”



## ON THE ROAD.

The Children of Mammon Despoil the Israelite.



UGUSTUS CUSBY and Joshua Brown, my opinion of you two is that you are a measly pair of suckers, and a disgrace to our noble profession. I am tempted to start a museum with you two, for freaks, charging children under five cents, ten years old, and advertise you thoroughly."

"For the love of liver," Gus begged, "don't give this snap away, Lang."

"He is correct, Gus, we are chumps of the rankest sort," Josh said dolefully. "Grief moves me to rhyme. Listen to these tenderloins:

Before we braced that brace of Jews,  
Our bliss was great, good Mister  
As you have said, now suckers we  
Our bliss has turned to blister."

"Let up on this dogrel business, Josh," I said severely, "and try to figure out in prose some way of getting even with this Lazarus and his pal."

After a few moments reflection Brown said: "I think, Gus, we can down that Semite with the assistance of a good friend I have here. His name is Maggot, To-morrow the catastrophe will eventuate.

and he runs the biggest undertaking business if the Two-spot himself was the other fellow. Good night, boys. I am for bed."

The next morning I attended to my trade, leaving Josh and Gus to work the great retribution act in their own way.

Just before dinner Josh met me in the lobby of the Shingleton with this remark:

"He has skipped the town."

"Not Cusby?"

"No, of course not, Mose Lazarus."

"What for?"

"Filching Cusby's bum ulster."

"What's that, Lazarus boned Cusby's ulster?"

"That's what he is charged with, dear boy. Your feeble understanding has correctly grasped the import of my murmurs. Now bid your eyes assist your ears. Here comes Augustus. Get onto his shroud, will you."

The coat Gus wore was certainly a la la. A satin lined surtout made of dark blue cloth with fur collar and cuffs, and, taking it up one side and down the other, it was by far the niftiest ulster I had seen that trip, barring one that Lazarus had worn the night before, which garment, by the way, it strangely resembled.

"Where did you come up with that single-stone cluster, Gus," I asked.

"If you'll kindly hold your breath for five consecutive minutes, my sweet gazelle, I'll give you the whole song and dance," said Josh. "Here take a cigar and sit down. Have a pall-bearer's delight, Gus? No? Well, here goes," and Josh, having lighted up, started in on his narrative.

Brown, it seems, was pretty sure that Lazarus would call early on his friend Maggot, so after breakfast he started for the undertaker, carrying Cusby's purchase on his arm. Josh found his man on deck, for Maggot was an "early worm." He related all that had happened the night before and easily got his friend's consent in downing the Hebrew, the more easily because Maggot much disliked the man. This done he hellophoned Gus to come over, which he immediately did.

Soon after in walked the victim with his elegant ulster on and his sample grip in his fist. Gus and Josh were concealed in the office which was located near the door, and Mose passed without seeing them.

Before bracing Maggot, who was busy in the back of the store, he put down his grip and removed his overcoat, hanging it up carefully not far from where the boys were sitting. Then he went for Maggot. Just as soon as he moved off Josh took the ulster off the hook, emptied the pockets and handed it to Gus. Then he hung the hand-me-down in its place, having previously shoved in the pockets the papers, etc., that belonged to Lazarus, and also Maggot's check book, which lay conveniently to hand, after which both of the boys noiselessly left the store. Gus slid over to the Shingleton House and locked the coat in his

trunk, while Josh kept watch outside and waited for his cue.

He saw Lazarus come forward with the undertaker to the place where the grip was, talking earnestly—so earnestly in fact that he failed to notice the substitution of overcoats. Lazarus opened up his line and tried to sell, but it was plain that Maggot wouldn't look at anything. Lazarus evidently didn't take the bluff easily, but finally strapped up again and was absently reaching for his coat, when Brown, accompanied by Cusby, who had rejoined him, waltzed in.

"How are you, Maggot," Brown said, shaking hands, "I was on my way here when I met my friend Cusby—Mr. Cusby, Mr. Maggot—Cusby has been robbed. He'll tell you about it. Morning Lazarus," nodding to the Hebrew.

"Yes, Mr. Maggot, while I was being shaved a while ago," Gus related, "some fellow swiped my overcoat. It's a curious looking thing made of a brown and orange cloth with a big check pattern and can be easily identified. I asked a newsboy on the corner if he had seen such a garment conveying off a man hereabouts. He had, and said that that overcoat came in here with a grip a short time ago. Just then I met Brown and so—why, confound it, that's my coat that Lazarus has got his hand on now. See here, young fellow, how did you come by my coat?"

"Is that your goat, Guspey? Vere is mine, then?" And Lazarus looked about him in a bewildered sort of way.

"You know that thing is mine. Didn't you help sell it to me last night? See here, I put a pair of yellow dogskins in the pocket this morning and—here they are now. But—what's this?"

"Why, great grief, Lazarus, that's my check book," exclaimed Maggot. "It's my opinion that you are no better than a low sneak thief."

"Bud, shentlemans, dose isn't my ulster. Mine was a darg plue wun with a fur collar."

"I know that," said Gus, going through the pockets, "but these letters—every one addressed to you, how did they get into my ulster unless you put them there?"

"It's a clear case, Lazarus. Here boy," sung out Maggot, "go out and get a copper."

"I think Cusby began to pity the poor wretch whose countenance expressed at once bewilderment, terror and grief. Josh didn't, He described his display of emotion as "more fun than a nickle-plated circus with a free bar." Anyhow Gus said, presently:

"See here, Lazarus, that ulster of mine isn't worth much, especially since you have worn it. I am not disposed to make trouble for you and if Mr. Maggot will let you off, I will."

"On one condition," said the undertaker. "Lazarus has got to get out of town and by the first train. If he declines, I'll prosecute him."

Poor Moses jumped at the offer and was making a break for the door, grip in hand, when Gus stopped him.

"Lazarus you'll freeze," he said. "See how I return good for evil. I'll never wear this hand-me-down again. Hustle into it."

"Bud, Mr. Guspey—"

"Get into it or I'll jump on your collar," Gus threatened.

"And skip for the train directly or I'll have you surrounded and pulled," supplemented Maggot as Lazarus lit out.

Whether he left by the C. & N. W., or the C. M. & St. P., I cannot tell. I know we never saw him or that ulster again.

L. L. LANG.



## ONE OF THE RISING GENERATION

BUSINESS MAN—"Live with your parents?"

FIRST BOY—"Yeth, sir."

BUSINESS MAN (to boy number two)—"Do you live with your parents?"

SECOND BOY—"No; but I live off ov 'em."

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S PIPE.

My grandmother's pipe, I remember it well,  
And she stuck to it many a year,  
It grew old and strong as she old and weak.  
But it brought her a good deal of cheer,  
Puffing away, she would sit until late  
And think of the things that had been,  
Nor take the pipe out of her mouth unless  
To scratch her nose with her chin.

You'd smell it before you got close to the house,  
And when you got in you would choke;  
She would sit by the fire-place hour after hour  
While that pipe and the children she'd smoke.  
It was blackened with age, but it lasted her well,  
Without it she n'er was content;  
And cost us a good deal of trouble and pain—  
But it cost her only a cent.

Grandmother's pipe, it was cracked like her voice,  
But words and smoke never would waste,  
She sat in a cloud, like a goddess of old—  
Except when the children she chased.  
She hadn't the sign of a tooth in her head,  
But she held it quite firm by the stem,  
And only when scolding the children it dropped,  
And then it meant trouble for them.

And smoking that pipe never hindered her talk,  
And the suction was ever the best,  
Though I know the tobacco was always the worst,  
And the pipe seemed to long for a rest.  
And when she had puffed her life all away  
And the smoke began to subside,  
We buried her with sorrow and tears,  
But we buried the pipe with great pride.

A. W. BELLAW.

## My Wig.

SMALL boys and other irresponsible and objectionable creatures call me a dude—but what of that? I am at that pleasant time of life when vanity is strongest and the excellence of personal appearance seems more important than any qualities of the mind. Indeed I have always carried myself with so fine an air that folks are persuaded into regarding me as a very considerable person. My income is easy enough to allow a good tailor, my cravats and gloves are models of

taste, and I wear a gold headed cane with a nicer grace than any man in town. My moustache is, in faith, not imposing to the casual glance, but those who survey it critically agree with me in declaring that it is twisted in a way that is quite military. In addition to these charms I am reported to make something of a sensation in the theatres and have made more than one fair creature's heart beat quicker when I transfixed her with my eye-glass. Therefore the vulgar envy me.

But I am not happy. Indeed sometimes I would like to have a good cry, the way girls do when they are miserable. For I cannot conceal from myself the fact that I am bald. I don't know why. It seems cruel that those locks which I have always oiled and brushed with such care should at last have deserted me. If I had a lofty forehead I would not mind it so much. But—well no matter. I think that Providence is really mean. I do.

After small boys I consider barbers to be the most abominable creatures in life. Very often I have looked at my barber with an austere gaze that would abash a person of fine sensibilities. But it had no chastening influence over him. I sometimes fancied he was making sport of me. For he always cast reflections on my moustache and advised his dreadful concoctions for the improvement of its color. He insinuated that I might have greater success in whiskers. He even went so far as to persuade me into ordering a wig!

How it came about was in this way. I was patiently enduring my barber's sneering comments on my baldness one day, when an elderly gentleman came in and delivered himself into the hands of the assistant tonsor. He presented a perfectly bald head to the operator. "Take the ends off," he said. It seemed almost as though he wanted his head cut, failing his hair. However, the hair dresser began a course of snipping and clipping. "calm, stolid man that had seen a joke in hair cutting for many a year. He would have pretended to dress the locks of a base ball if the job had come to him in the ordinary way of business; and tucked the apron round it and asked whether it wanted

to be shampooed or subjected to any other ridiculous treatment. This imperturbable hair dresser completed his task, carrying out the notion to the last that he had been cutting the old gentleman's hair by violently blowing down his neck and making great pretence of brushing the gentleman's coat. After this farce was over the old gentleman took something out of his hat and asked for some water. He wetted the thing on the inside and clapped it on his head. It was a wig. Gracious! thought I, are wigs then stuck on the head like postage stamps on a letter? The old gentleman straightened himself before the glass, slapped his legs jauntily with his cane and left the place a very young man indeed. Upon which I immediately ordered a wig, too.

"Your head down sir. Will you have it over your ears or under? Well, I should recommend it brought over with a sweet curl or two at the side."

It came home in due time with the bill. The wig was in a box securely sealed. I was grateful for that. It assured me that there could have been no curious tampering with the precious inclosure on the part of the servants or my fellow boarders.

I locked myself and the wig in the room. With trembling fingers I broke the seals and took it out. It looked very soft and glossy, curly and delicate. After much patting and humoring I settled it on satisfactorily. Then I examined—nay I may almost say cross examined—my new aspect in the glass. The novelty over, I began to like my new adornment very much—it was elegant, graceful and eminently boyish looking. I put my hat on as I had seen the elderly gentleman do at the barber's. Surely no one would discover that I wore a wig. Yes, my appearance was indisputably effective. The curls came down under my hat and clustered round my neck and temples in an agreeable and natural way.

It appeared so very natural that I took a new pleasure in strolling up Broadway in the afternoon. I was sure that nobody suspected it—and yet I was careful to avoid any encounter with street boys, for I felt I was in their power if they knew my secret. One dreadful boy indeed thrust his tongue out at me and entreated the public to "git onto it" in a vulgar and distressing manner, but I could not ascribe this to my wig. And when I chanced to meet Jones I fancied that he had a needless grin of inquiry on his face, but I am not prepared to confess that he detected it. Still all this was with my hat on.

Let me hurry to a close. I sought a comical test. I visited the Bijou theatre and sat in my usual place in the front row. In the course of the play I went out as was my custom, and on returning I had some difficulty in getting back to my seat. The curtain was up—there arose the usual rude murmurs of "sit down in front—you there—sit down." Something prompted me to disregard these warnings. They were repeated.

"Sit down, fat un! Can't you hear?" I was annoyed by these ribald remarks and still refused to obey.

"Hey! sit down there!" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear. "Sit down can't ye. You dude in the wig," whereupon the audience laughed in a most unfeeling and indelicate way.

I sat down. But at the first opportunity, I crept out of the theatre quietly and perhaps quickly. I was detected, undone. I lighted my fire and burned the wig and went to bed a homelier but a happier man.

HILLARY BELL.



## TUNEFUL SAILORS.

Jack Servenmalet and His Shipmates in a Tenth Avenue Saloon.

SEATED around a table in a Tenth Avenue saloon, the other night, were a number of sailors from the big war ship anchored off Twenty-sixth Street. Jack Servenmalet was the most conspicuous of the group. The carpenter's mate sat opposite, and on one side was the second-class apprentice, and 'Rebus the colored cook of Jack's mess, while three or four others sat near by. A thin-faced Italian twanged a harp occasionally in a mournful way until a stranger came in and offered to set up the grog if some one would sing a sailor song. He smiled in a benevolent way on the bright face of the second class apprentice who in turn seemed inclined to respond. After a furtive glance at the benign countenance of Jack he stood up behind one of the older sailors and in a girlish voice sang, while the Italian pulled appropriate chords from the harp:

The sails are swelling aloft to night  
While the stars above are shining bright  
And the bow is cleaving the white cap's foam  
Oh, the deep blue sea is the sailor's home!

Then dance and sing  
Till the fo'c'sle ring,  
And sing and dance  
While you have a chance,  
For the bos'n's whistle it soon will scream,  
And we'll reef topsails by the lightning-  
gleam.

The flames of a thousand diamonds burn  
In the sparkling, lengthening wake astern,  
While sea sprites gather and dance and  
leap

Round the sailor's home on the rolling  
deep;

Then dance and sing  
Till the fo'c'sle ring,  
And sing and dance  
While you have a chance,

For the bo's'n's whistle it soon will  
scream,

And we'll—

"Stopper that ere," said the carpenter's mate. "The gentleman will think as how sailors is all galoots. The man as writ that ere bilge water never see a ship."

The second-class apprentice appeared very crestfallen, while his audience looked at him severely, but the white-aproned bartender caught his eye and winked expressively. The boy seemed to feel better then. The bartender said to the carpenter's mate:

"The gentleman what's jist come in would be obleeged to yez av yez would favor us so."

Jack, with a side look toward the second-class apprentice, led the rest in urging the carpenter's mate to sing. After much clearing of his throat and wiping of his lips with the back of his hand he stood up with a glass in his hand and in a strong but not unmusical voice sang:

There's is julips and cobblers and there is egg-nog  
And smashes and cocktails which some folks calls grog,  
There's flip and there's fizz, and there's swat and sour wine,  
But if you would please me put whiskey in mine,  
But if you would please me put whiskey in mine.

Cool lager's a blessing when the sun it is hot  
And ale and black porter when beer can't be got,  
But when you gets boozy, remember ship mates,  
You throws away lager and takes whiskey straights,  
You throws away lager and takes whiskey straights.

The last line was repeated under great difficulties. Jack had buried his face in a pint mug of beer but seemed to be unable to restrain his mirth, and with a snort that shook the windows, blew the foaming liquid over the singer. Then he laughed derisively, and the rest of the crowd, including the bartender, who had applauded the first stanza, vigorously joined in. The second-class apprentice did not laugh very loud and so escaped a cuffing. When all had grown quiet Jack turned towards the colored cook and said:

"'Rebus, you can sing a song as is a song and dance proper besides. Git onto the table. The Dago 'ull play for y'."

The black rolled his eyes around, shoved his round topped hat on the back of his head, showed a double row of glistening teeth, and jumped on the table apparently without effort. As he started the song the Italian caught the air and vigorously twanged the harp. This was the song:

When de scrub oak leaf cotch the sunset glow  
And Jack Fros' he whiten the land wid snow.  
Den I went to a shuckin' for de gals to see,  
Ah—wayah down on de Kangaree.  
Oh, de white trash dey nebbber has no fun  
Nebber go to a shuckin' when de day am done,  
Nor nebbber catch a 'possum in a holler tree;  
Ah—wayah down on de Kangaree.

Miss Sallie's form it was broad of beam  
An' her smile was as bright as de seafoam's gleam,

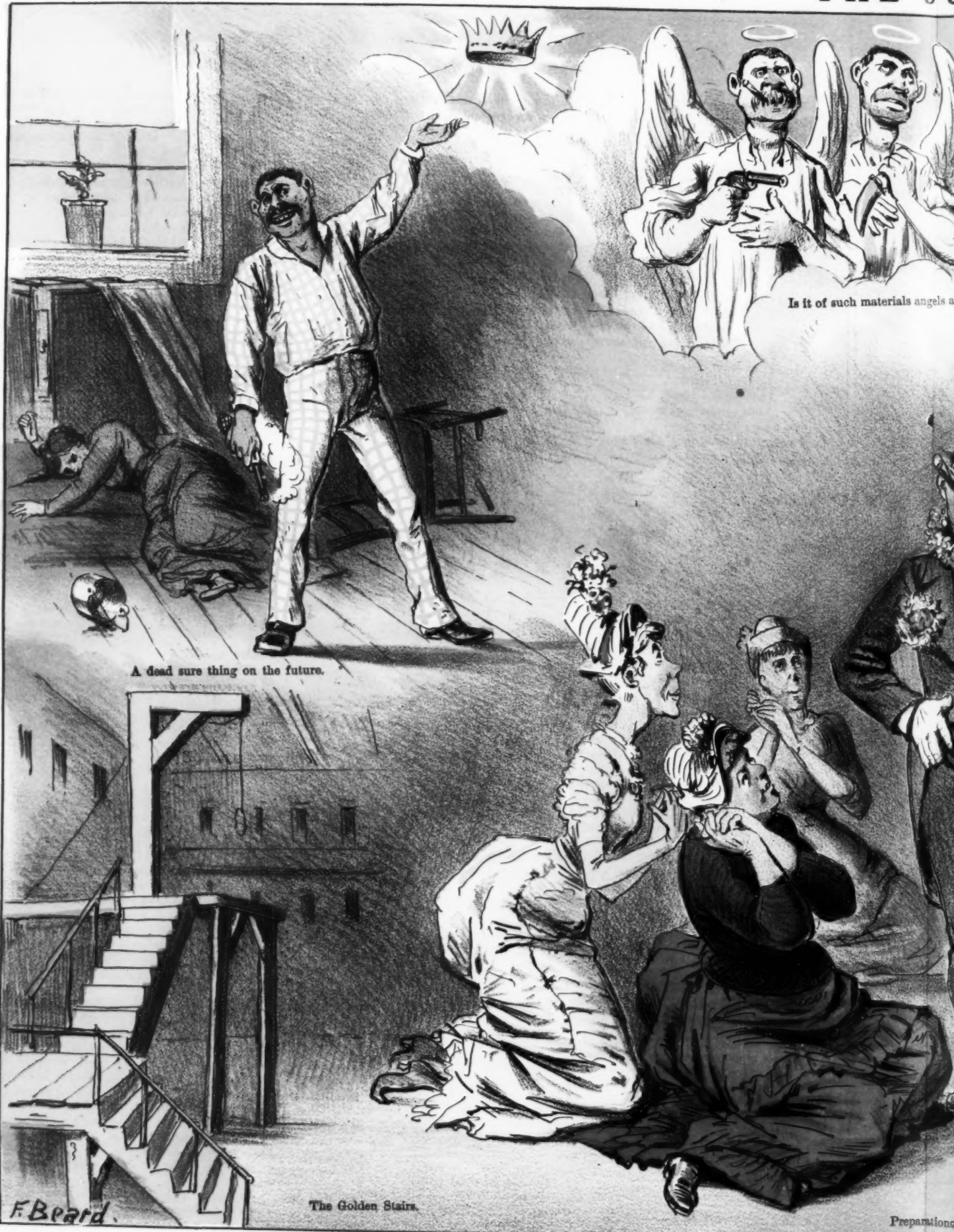


Oh, Miss Sallie she done been sweet on me,  
Ah—wayah down oh de Kangaree.  
Oh, de white trash dey nebbber has no fun  
Nebber go to a shuckin' when de day am done  
Nor nebbber catch a 'possum in a holler tree  
Ah—wayah down on de Kangaree.

"Le's done gone splice, my dear," is what I say  
But she say wid a grin: "Go 'way; go 'way,  
Dere's no sech nigger gwine to marry me  
Ah—wayah down on de Kangaree."  
Oh, de white trash dey nebbber has no fun  
Nebber go to a shuckin' when de day am done,  
Nor nebbber cotch a 'possum in a holler tree  
Ah—wayah down on de Kangaree.

At the end of the first stanza the Italian swept his fingers over the strings of his harp in a lively jig. 'Rebus jumped up, knocked his heels together and broke into a complicated dance that brought every man in the room to his feet, and before the song was ended the second class apprentice was on the table with the darkey, and the rest of the crew were in a circle around it keeping time with clapping hands and swaying bodies and joining in the chorus with a roar that awoke the neighborhood, and filled the saloon with an admiring audience. The dance ended with a whoop and then all crowded to the bar. The proprietor of the saloon, who has aldermanic aspirations, stepped behind the bar, tipped back his shiny silk hat, waved back the stranger who was about to order the drinks and said:

"No, sor, excuse me. Take 'em wid me, sor. Me frinds know me as the frind of the soldiers and the sailors, and although these gintlemen is not residents of this warrud they is intitled to mor' respect. What will yez be aafter taking?"



Is it of such materials angels a

A dead sure thing on the future.

The Golden Stairs.

Preparations

Whoso Sheddeth Man's Blood, by Priests



JUDGE.



als angels are made?

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Priests and Women Shall be Glorified.  
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#### DRAMATIC ENCEPHALIC HYPERTROPHY.

This terrible disease, to which at all times actors and singers are liable, has of late become so rife as almost to assume a contagious form in New York theatres. The symptoms of the disease are a nervous and morbid desire to remain before the scenes after their lines and their business are done, and to press forward to the foot-lights while on, "though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered." A restless disturbed condition of the nervous system is manifested. The mental symptoms are equally marked. There is a constant dwelling of the mind upon the patient's personality, with a tendency to exaggerate the importance of his or her own words and acts. This proceeds in later stages to positive mental unsoundness; sometimes in the form of a monomania, and again as a hallucination. The patient fancies he is constantly in the public eye, and that no one else is thought of, nothing else talked about but himself and his movements and acting. A singular form of hallucination is one that leads the person to think himself a greater man than the greatest actor. Sometimes to fancy that he is that other great man. A recent victim of this epidemic is Joseph A. Haworth. Last December he appeared to be of "sound mind and judgment," and ambitiously aiming to be what he was not, very humbly made application to Manager Chizzola to be in Salvini's support, alleging that he could learn so much from this artist; but since then Mr. Haworth has become so infected with this dread disease, that he presumptuously demands the privilege of being Salvini on the latter's "off nights" in "Richard III."

Possibly the offer of a higher salary from another quarter may have aggravated this case of Encephalic Hypertrophy, more popularly known as the "big-head."

#### A DRAMATIC CONFIDENCE GAME.

When, if ever, the history of the late lamented "Lyceum School of Acting" is written, it will be a description of something that borders very closely on a fraud. It will recite the plans of an institution that "roared so loud and thundered in the index!" those beautifully aesthetic circulars! There will shine that brilliant faculty (that was to be) of some thirty professors and lecturers eminent in all specialties that relate to histrionic art, and over against these the beggarly array of a miserable dozen, only three or four of which had any show of title to teach *art principles*—not to mention their lack of that especial teaching tact-faculty which is a necessary qualification in a learned college professor, dramatic dispenser, or kindergarten monarch.

There will be read the promise of a school

under the direction of Mr. Steele Mackaye, of Delsarte fame, and its fulfillment in the form of the two brief reproofs administered by that gentleman to his \$200 disciples because murmurs of discontent that were sometimes heard when they thought of money gone and of nothing in return to console themselves with.

There will be recorded the promise to the pupils of engagements to act, and the failure to find any such engagements, save a gratuitous mob appearance for a couple of weeks and a number of cheap places (mostly \$3.00 per week) in "Dakolar." There will be pitiful stories of tuition bills exacted in advance from young people who distressed themselves and their friends to raise the money and to meet the winter's expenses—for which they have neither the promised instruction nor prospects of employment to show. On the contrary, one of the pupils was recently informed by Franklin Sergeant, Dean of said institution, that it was a difficult thing to get situations for pupils, because the school was in bad repute with managers. If the finances of the enterprize can be got at, history will tell of some *twenty thousand dollars* thus screwed out of poor but ambitious people, to be invested in the Lyceum Theatre and little or nothing of value given for it.

Is it not a lamentable thing that the first attempt to institute a school of dramatic art in this country should turn out to be not only such a failure as a school, but to have assumed a character so questionable and disastrous at the last?

It is a finale that every lover of dramatic art must as much deplore as reprehend.

#### FROM THE OLD MAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

##### THEN.

Then girls were girls, when I was young  
I never had to grieve  
At finding their complexions on my  
Shining, broadcloth sleeve.

##### NOW.

But things have changed since then, b'gosh,  
A boy can't have a frolic  
With modern girls unless he risks  
A siege of painter's colic.

#### THE RINK DID IT.

Put away his roller skaties,  
And his little shinny, too;  
For young John was gently wafted  
Up the ancient, golden flue.

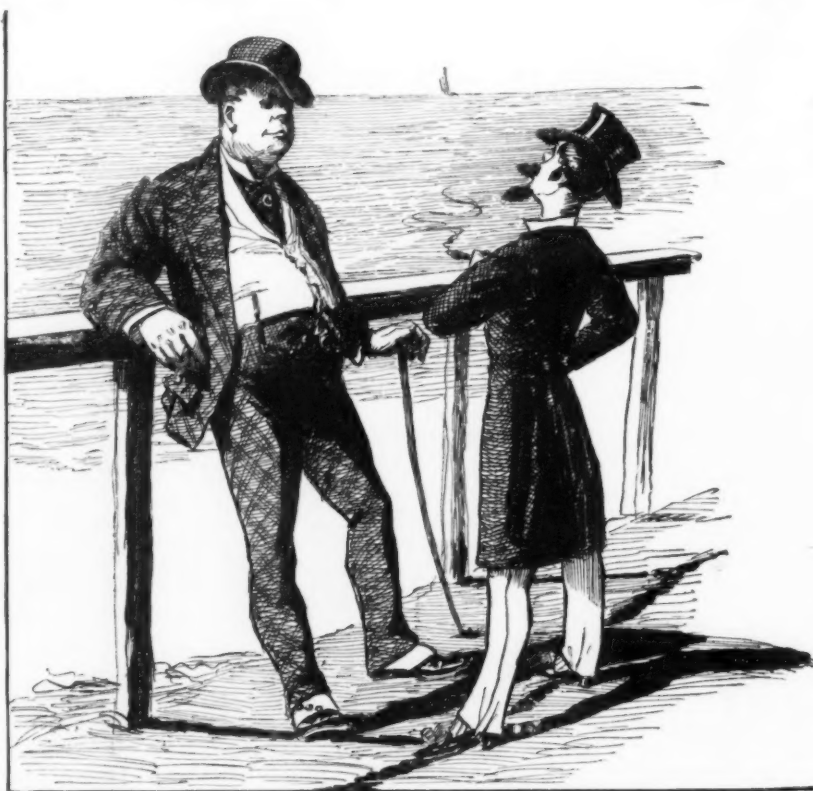
Yes, he played one game of polo  
At the captain's kind request—  
Save me—see the undertaker,  
He can best relate the rest.

#### ENTANGLED.

Within thy hair, impervious maid,  
A dangerous ambush thou hast laid:  
Emeshed by thy so subtle art,  
I may not say I have a heart.  
'Tis thine, sweet one, entangled there  
Within thy hair!

Yet I would know, O! maid divine,  
Before I woo and call thee mine,  
If those rich tresses are all thine?

C. S.



#### CONEY ISLAND SWELLS.

DOC—"I say, Pete, what made you introduce me to those ladies as Dr. Succotash?"

PETE—"S'matter with you? Ain't your name Bean, and ain't you a chiropodist?  
If corn and Beans don't make succotash, what does it make, eh?"





The singing school originally came from Asia Minor, and Asia got her Minor from Tom-Kamchatka, sometimes called Kam Tomchatka, land divided by a range of wood-sheds and a high fence, on which the Tom-Kamchatkans are nightly besieged by men skillful with the bootjack.

Who ever went to a singing school to learn to sing! You say you did? I don't believe it.

Let me ask you now, candidly, what you did when you got there. No, let me first ask you what you did while you were going there, and then, let me ask you what occurred at the gate on your way home.

You won't tell!

Well; I think that the most important part of the singing school, for what you did after you got there anybody could see, and I don't consider it of any importance to the public.

You say you transferred the scale after you got to the singing school!

And what did you do that for?

So that the flats and the sharps and the clefs and the accidentals and the incidentals and all the household furniture and kitchen utensils should be sold to the highest bidder?

And who is the highest bidder?

The young man who parts his hair in the middle and plays on the organ.

How high does he bid?

Three octaves and a half.

Does he get anything off for cash?

Yes, the whole audience go off.

Who is the lowest bidder?

The young man that grinds out base on the nether millstone.

What else do they at a singing school?

The singing teacher asks everybody if he has a choice.

They all say they have.

The crooked young lady with a blue ribbon around the narrowest part of her white dress, seems to want page 209 worse than anybody else wants some other page.

And then the teacher says:

"We will open at page two-hundred and nine, page two nine."

The young lady in the white dress knows that number two hundred and nine is easy sailing for the soprano, but very bad boating for the tenor. The tenor, who has spent most of his life looking out for himself, promises to show the young lady in white a thing or two about singing.

The teacher asks:

"What key is this piece?"

Some one replies: "Key of B."

"Key of B, how many flats in key of B?"

"Two flats!"

"First note in bass?"

"Do!"

"First note in the air?"

"Me."

"In alto?"

"Do!!!"

"Tenor?"

"Sol!"

"Sung in what time?"

"Four-four!"

"Commence on what beat?"

"Downward!"

"Ready—Sing it first time through by note. Ready!!"

And thereupon the singing teacher pings his tuning-fork and sings do-sol-me-do, in the usual style, and stops and holds breath on the last do, at the foot of the stairs, while the whole school chimes in with do's and and me's, and sols, harmonizing or not, as the case may be.

In the case in hand the flue wouldn't draw at first, and the whole batch of do was spoiled. They tried it again with better success.

The teacher said "Ready!" again, and again bit his tuning-fork, and this time the do raised with celerity and great unction, and the singing teacher waved his arm at right-angles and said:

"One, two, three, four! One, two, three, sing!"

And the whole field got a beautiful start together. The young man with the scarlet neck-tie who was driving a young bass voice and who rapidly went to the front, putting a wide stretch between him and the balance, suddenly smashed a wheel, and was withdrawn. That gave the tenor the chance he was looking for, and he immediately forged ahead at a most brilliant pace, and the rest of the field becoming disheartened, dropped out of the race. When the leader saw that the tenor was about to run away, he threw up his hands to declare the race off, but the mettle of the tenor had been touched by the sporting young lady in white, and away he went alone past the third bar, doing the fortissimo and crescendo with incredible speed, and taking di capo between his teeth, he ended the race in three minutes and four seconds.

Now, when you take into consideration that it was a four-four race, to be run only by such as had a record of four minutes and four seconds, you can see how great a difference a minute makes in such a case. But the speed of the tenor was vindicated.

You may not think it to look at him, but tenor singers are the most haughty, skittish, and runaway creatures in the world, sometimes.

You need not go to a singing school to learn how to make music; it is easy enough to do that without.

Take a sheet of paper and mark it up into small pasture lots. Take a pepper-box

and load it with whole notes and half notes and eighth notes and sixteenth notes, due on demand and payable without defalcation or discount; then sprinkle these on the smooth wire fence around the pasture lots, about as thick as blackbirds on a corn crib; and then put a colored family on the bars wherever there are any bars. Then flatten out whatever needs to be flat, and wherever it needs to be flat, for the flats; and sharpen up whatever needs to be sharp, and wherever it needs to be sharp—for the sharps—then, if you want to sing this music, get steadily agoing after the colored family on the bars, and after the eighth and sixteenth notes that have three months to run before they are due.

I caught a musician at this the other day, and I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was making music, and I asked him what he called it after he got it made, and he said: Sweet Violets. And I told him that I would take the rest of my music before he'd sing another strain, and I asked him if a whole rest of an hour would be time enough for me to enter complaint against a fellow who was trying to drive a colored man with a numerous family of nine-sixteenths off the bars of a smooth wire fence and get back in time to see the sweet singer hung, drawn, quartered, and buried beneath sweet violets and daisies. And he said he thought he could hold his breath an hour if his tongue didn't break loose.

#### Profitless Scratching.

BSBEE.

Continued.

Several dollars were expended in futile attempts to get that heavily loaded article to penetrate the steel-clad skull of some obliging editor; but it invariably returned—like the bird that Noah started on its trip overland—which, finding nothing but a desolate waste of waters, sauntered back to its ark-bound associates.

I placed it, eventually, on an upper shelf for future ages to ponder and puzzle over, agreeably satisfied, in my own mind, that its immensely superior tone was too much for the present class of editors to digest in comfort. I labored under the delightful hallucination that posterity would give me credit for the advanced ideas it contained, and endeavored to be content.

"The essential secret of success is to pander to the vulgar mob," I said, "I will regretfully follow the current and waft a thrilling romance to the common herd. So, taking into consideration the frivolity of the times, and grappling the surroundings with the consummate skill of a practised wrestler; I threw over-board an admirable article, or rather a complicated conundrum, entitled: "Was Homer the contemporary of Laertes?" and descended to the ground floor of common-place platitudes. One reason why I gave it up was that I had, unintentionally, entered a labyrinth of profundity without the necessary clew lines. I found myself in abysmal darkness, without a sulphur match to light me out. I also threw aside an elaborate, carefully prepared, double refined article on precious stones, which I found, to my utter dismay, I knew very little about. I was intimate with the grindstone—having kept in steady company with it in my boyhood days, but where I got hopelessly aground was when I anchored among the diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, tourmalines,

beryles, topazs, chrysoberyls, and all the rest of those fondly sought for atoms of adornment.

I pitched headlong, figuratively speaking, into a remarkably-powerful poignant tale, completely saturated with cruel pathos and wretched wickedness, and filled with promiscuous characters of sterling worth. The hero was overflowing with the milk of human kindness and shirt bosom. A genuine specimen of Yankee nobility, done to a turn. The heroine was built of fabrics of the purest material and filled in with love, courage, intelligence and piety. She was the personification of conscious virtue, and, in fact, all the principal characters, twenty-eight in number, were assorted ones, and arranged gracefully in apple-pie order. It was sent to a weekly paper, but failing to get any word from them I called to ascertain its fate. The announcement of my name didn't seem to startle the council of critics; who were regaling themselves with bread and cheese. I hastened to inform them that I was the proud author of the lost tale. After



THE LOST TALE.

waiting an hour, it was handed to me by one of those cheese critics, accompanied by an ironical smile and a couple of spiders, including web, and ensnared flies. I left that despised abode like a cannibal hurricane—leaving those profound critics to finish their sensuous enjoyment with a halo of invectives encircling their top-knots.

My mind was now thoroughly impregnated with the imperative necessity of hatching out an entirely new and original brood of ideas. I must conjure into existence something strange and outre. I had already received a cataplasm of correction—a caustic application of critical censure. Editorial chain-shot had been liberally hurled at my literary efforts and myself. They called them failures. I called them fishy failures—indubitable proof that used for brain fod-

der, weak fish are not the most invigorating, or strongest nourishes of a comatose intellect.

The idea gradually dawned upon me to change my quarters, and allow the ancient-looking fisherman, who had almost ruined my reputation as a genius, to meander off in search of tripe of the same calibre as myself. It was his inferior fish that had caused me to almost doubt that I was a talented descendant of my father. I would trifle with it no more. I also concluded to let the pecuniary balance due him stand as a monumental warning for him never to attempt to impose upon a hereditary genius again. Acting at once on this idea, I succeeded in making the requisite change—not, however, until I had come to a satisfactory settlement with the ancient fisherman, who objected so forcibly to my departing to unexplored parts without leaving him a memento of our connection in the tangible form of cash—that I complied with his desire. As he objected with both hands clenched, and looked as fierce as a sandog, I thought it best to accept his invitation to liquidate the bill and



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

cover him with contentment. Contentment is an excellent boon, Titcomb might say, but the truly great man submits to what he cannot help, and has the satisfaction of submitting under protest. I paid and protested; he raked in the cash and swore. I called him a regular clam pirate, and he called me a brainless shrimp on the half shell. After this exchange of compliments we parted. It is often said that fish are cold blooded creatures, but they must have their modicum of heated blood stowed away in some private recess of their anatomy, or they couldn't love, hate, and fight like other animals of a higher organization. I was anxious to obtain a select fish diet. One that would prove instrumental in building up a solid foundation for my next attempt. I would eat sticklebacks and come off triumphant in the race with fame. Get rich and have my brow crowned with a garland of myrtle leaves and

sun-flowers. Alas! alas! My imaginary garland was changed to a "wreath of ulcers gone to seed," by the hard hand of destiny and a combined alliance of the critical furies of the literary world—who called me a worn-out corban, full of egotism and conceit. This unjust reference to an alms basket made me almost indignant, but when another critical caviller suggested that I could obtain a better reputation in digging for brandlings to be used for fish bait, I was roaring mad. Stamping, kicking, swearing mad!

Nicely ensconced in suitable quarters, I commenced on the pugilistic fish and foolscap. It was my hobby to unreel something densely interesting. Something that would be appreciated by the lofty and the lowly; the sky-dwellers of society; the elite of literature; the upper ten of the universe; as well as by the tillers of the soil and muscular mechanics.

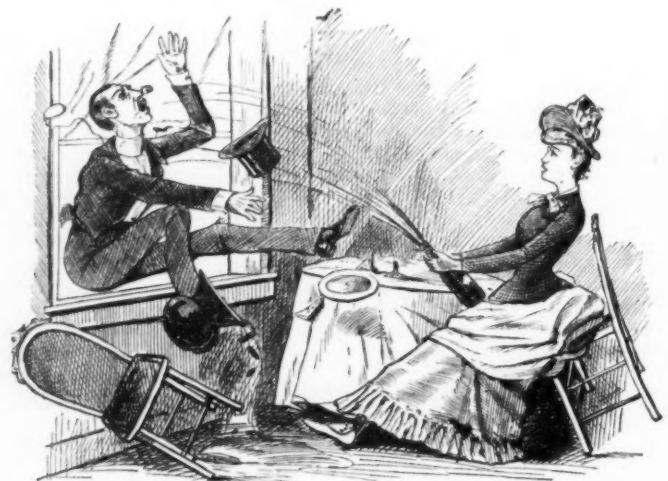
Bearing this unique and happy idea in my mind and keeping the plot well in the foreground, I unstrung a yarn that fairly lifted my hair in wild astonishment. It was a terrific onslaught on everything from an elephant to a flea—heavy with plot, and reeking with suicides. I made a mental bet with myself that I would clear five thousand dollars by that effort alone. I sent it off by a trusty boy; and having brought my reflective faculties to the surface with the aid of sticklebacks, wrote up, off hand, an article on eclipses, which I fondly imagined would be largely copied by the U. S. press, and might possibly be the means of securing me a lucrative position in some of the observatories. After I had completed it, I found that I had forgotten to mention anything about the eclipse. So, I punished a plate of stickleback in fine style, notwithstanding their pugilistic propensities, and dashed into the eclipse subject without any circumlocution, and by carefully circumnavigating all unknown points of danger, I pulled through, by the sweat of my brow, it is true, but in a red hot glow of caloric gratification.

I sent it in and received it back with a note. Not a check. No matter what that note contained. It contained more than I could swallow, and I didn't. I returned it, enclosing a series of Greek anathemas arranged in alphabetical order, with a decidedly modern key of explanation.

(To be Continued.)



MISS OBSTINATE—"Oh, yes, indeed; I can uncork it myself. You men think a woman can't do anything. Now I'll surprise you."



And she does.



OYEZ! OYEZ!

"I cannot sing the old songs,"  
For I am full of grog:  
But I will sing "Sweet Violets"  
If you will hold the dog."

[Washington Hatchet.]

The worst era known to the human race  
—cholera.—[Waterloo Observer.]

No matter how you may tread on it, and  
hammer it down, the carpet is always pre-  
pared for attack again.—[St. Paul Herald]

A returned marine says that the strangest  
story told him on the Isthmus was that the  
trains on the Panama Railroad came to a full  
stop at Colon.—[Buffalo Express.]

Prof. Proctor says that "without water  
there can be no volcano." "That may be  
(hic) so," said old Beasley; "and without  
whisky there (hic) would be fewer eruptions  
—at home."

Emperor William of Germany is suffering  
from a bad cold. He has evidently got be-  
tween England and Russia. The coolness  
between these last two named countries just  
now is very Arctic.—[Norristown Herald.]

The *Transcript* asks: "Will somebody  
please tell what is the nitrate of soda?"  
Usually, about 50 per cent in excess of the  
day rate. All depends upon the druggist  
you patronize.—[Roxbury Advocate.]

In the revised version of the Old Testa-  
ment the familiar words, "All is vanity and  
 vexation of spirit," are made to read, "All  
is vanity and a striving after wind." Is  
this a fling at the Congress of the United  
States?—[Washington Hatchet.]

A map of the Sixth ward of Philadelphia  
has been prepared, on which all the saloons  
are indicated by black spots. It is said to  
resemble a sheet of fly paper that has been  
working for 25 hours a day for a week.  
[Norristown Herald.]

So highly decorated are the rattan chairs  
in the fashionable drawing rooms, that it is  
hard to tell which is the chair and which is  
the ribbon. One who sits in one of these  
chairs makes an enemy of the family.  
[Springfield Union.]

"Now, Uncle Gabe, if you have got any-  
thing on your heart, any last wish, speak  
out," said the Rev. Baxter to an old negro  
who had only a few hours to live. "I ain't  
got no last wish 'cept dat I wants ter get  
well."—[Arkansas Traveler.]

It is claimed that a successful type-setting  
machine has at last been put in operation.  
We go right smart on machinery, but we  
want to see it trot around the office hunting  
sorts and stealing leads before we take much  
stock in it.—[Chicago Ledger.]

—"Why do Texas lawyers and legislators  
sign petitions to have convicts pardoned out  
of the penitentiary?"

"They do it in accordance to the Scrip-  
ture."

"What Scripture?"

"Do unto others as ye would that they  
should do unto you."—[Texas Siftings.]

—"Do you expect to be rewarded hereafter  
for the good deeds done in this life?" asked  
an Austin school teacher. "I don't expect  
nothing myself, but the old man banked on  
getting the Austin post office if he hadn't

fooled himself on Cleveland," responded the  
boy whose father dabbled in politics.

[Texas Siftings.]

Binks came home rather mellow the  
other night; and when he was nearly ready  
to go to bed, his wife inquired:

"John, how's the baby, and how late is  
it?"

Binks couldn't take in more than one  
question; but he happened to make an apro-  
pos reply when he said:

"Oh, it's surly."—[Karl Towne, in Bos-  
ton Times.]

"Bill, if you could make a wish and have  
it gratified, what would it be? Just one  
wish, mind you?"

"Well, I believe I'd say give me about as  
much of everything as a woman can see at  
a glance."

"Heavens! do you want the whole earth?"  
[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

"You're not afraid of the dog, are you,  
bub?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, then why don't you come right  
in? He won't hurt you."

"I'm too timid, ma'am—that's what ails  
me. I'm always bashful when there's dogs  
about."—[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

"Just listen to this, Martha!" exclaimed  
Mr. Jarphly, who was reading his evening  
paper: "One of the dogs at the London  
prize shows is valued at \$50,000! Good  
Gracious! That's more money than I ever  
expected to be worth in my life!" Some  
dogs are worth more than others, Jeremiah,"  
quietly remarked Mrs. Jarphly, and Mr.  
Jarphly eyed her for a moment and said she  
need not sit up for him that evening.

[St. Paul Times.]

"My dear," said a husband to his wife,  
"I am unable to get any sleep. I have  
tossed since I came to bed. I wish you  
would get up and prepare me a little lauda-  
num." "It's hardly worth while now,"  
she replied, consulting her watch; "It's al-  
most time to build the kitchen fire." Then  
he sank into a quiet, restful slumber.

[Boston Journal.]

A medical journal fills several pages with  
scientific jawbreakers trying to explain why  
it is that the per centage of bow-legs is eight  
times greater among boys than girls. The  
reason adduced is purely scientific, and al-  
together unsatisfying to a mind accustomed  
to browse around in search of herbage of a  
common-sense nature. Any mother who  
has ever turned a boy's pockets wrong side  
out can throw more light on the question  
than all the doctors.—[Chicago Ledger.]

## THE VICTIM OF LAUNDRIES.

I do wish the washee washee people of the  
United States would call a national conven-  
tion of launders and laundresses and adopt  
a uniform style of marking the linen that  
passes through their hands. I have suffered  
much from the diversity of talent displayed  
in the private marks of Anglo, German,  
Franco, Hibernian, Chinese, and American  
laundries. I am a man not given to novel-  
ties. I like variety, but I want it to be the  
same kind of variety. I do not like to go  
round the country lecturing in the guise of  
the tattooed man of Borneo.

Now, when I put on my war paint and  
sashaed forth to seek whom I might gather  
the lecture committees in, I had my scanty  
store of linen marked with the real initials  
of my own honored name—that Mrs.  
O'Mahoney's husband might know whose

shirt he was wearing to church, Mlle. Celeste  
might know whose handkerchief she stole,  
and that Wun Lung might be able to swear  
that the collars he offered for sale were given  
to him by his diseased friend, Ram Jam  
Bang. But did these simple marks content  
the wash ladies and laundry gentlemen?  
Nay, not so. The first laundry gentleman  
marked everything I had with a big black X  
in indelible ink, save only my—excuse my  
blushes—hose. These dainty little fabrics  
of silk and worsted, with faint traces of cotton,  
he labelled by sewing a large, white patch  
about midships on the after part of the veal  
of the same. I left all these marks on, hop-  
ing that in connection with the regularly-  
ordained initials, they would content the  
next washer gentleman. But he was a  
Trojan, and he put on a mark something  
like the Greek letters, phi, psi. This was in  
Philadelphia.

At Pittsburg I had a round up of my  
linen at the Great Western Satin Gloss  
Laundry, where the man with the indelible  
ink labeled everything XO, big and black,  
and sewed additional patches on my—ahem!  
hose. I next corralled my things at the  
establishment of Ping Ping in Columbus,  
Ohio, who stitched in a fire-cracker joke in  
red thread.

We—I and my herd of linen and manu-  
script—drifted slowly to the Northwest,  
and the wardrobe was watered at a French  
laundry in Kalamazoo and branded OHA.

At Minneapolis it went to the hotel  
laundry and came back bearing the new  
legend LT, with a lozenge around it and red  
tags on my s—ks. This was growing inter-  
esting, and when a brand of blue ink came  
into the plot at Council Bluffs and was cast  
for YOA, I sat up half the night reading  
my things.

I am fond of literature, anyhow, and when  
the mental pabulum on my linen was rein-  
forced at Concordia, Kan., by the addition  
of VZ in a black circle to the bill of fare, I  
began to look about for a publisher.

At Kansas City Hang Hi worked in a crazy  
quilt stitch on me, and at Decatur, Ill., the  
launder had a rubber stamp, the design  
whereof was a valentine heart inclosed the  
letters XLX. I do not know the meaning  
of the symbol unless it refers to my age,  
which certainly has nothing to do with the  
age of my wardrobe. This man sewed white  
tags on the ears of my st—ck—ngs, with the  
same design printed on them. At Terre  
Haute, Ind., they sewed tags on everything  
from withers to hock, and at Valparaiso they  
stitched XVII on the entire harness, and at  
upper Sandusky I got NXY inked on every-  
thing from collar to crupper. At Beaver  
Falls, Pa., a Chinese gent embroidered on  
all my things portions of a strange, weird  
alphabet wherever he could find room for it,  
and at Urichsville, Ohio, my linen was re-  
turned to me with a note stating that all  
articles must be plainly marked before they  
could be received at the laundry.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

## SOME SNEERS.

No doubt, in our attempts to converse  
with foreigners in their own tongue, we make  
many a ludicrous mistake, which our inter-  
locutors are too polite to notice; but we find  
it hard to keep our countenances when we  
hear foreigners struggling with our own  
language. Moscheles relates a droll blunder  
he made when in London, which "set the  
table in a roar."

"One day I was asked at dessert what  
fruit I would have of those on the table.  
'Some Sneers,' I replied. The company

were at first surprised, and then burst into laughter, perceiving the process by which I, who at that time had to construct my English out of guide-books and dictionaries, had found that 'not to care a fig' meant 'to sneer at a person.' So when I wanted some figs, I thought figs and sneers the same." [Eye.]

#### A MAN WITH A BUMP OF LOCALITY.

"Yes," said Mr. Schoepenstedt, smilingly looking around his study, "it does look confused, that's a fact, but I know just where to put my hand on anything I want. If anybody should clear up the room it would only bother me, so I never allow anybody to touch anything in here besides myself. Now I want to show you that book we were talking about. It's right over here on this desk—no, it isn't, either, I put it in the bookcase. Queer, it isn't there, either, now. Where in thunder is the confounded thing? Maria, I wish you'd come in here a moment, and see if you can find that blue-covered book I brought home yesterday."

And Mrs. S. promptly finds it in the drawer where Schoepenstedt placed it himself the day before.—[Somerville Courier.]

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town, if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her, but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it cures catarrh every time.

#### UNFAVORABLY LOCATED.

Old Uncle Mose met Sam Johnsing on Austin avenue a few days since; and said to him:

"I hear, Sam, you am going to lead ter de altar one ob Austin's fairest daughters. Am dat de fac?"

"Uncle Mose, hit am de fac dat I has been payin' my distresses ter de lubly and accomplished Miss Matildy Snowball, but de tender relation which has desisted between us am severed forebber, sah."

"Did she kick yer, sammy, or did she only set the dog on yer?"

"No, sah. She lubs me yit, and she wanted me to call on her twice a day, sah, but she libs next door to de cullud lady who has a wash bill agin me, so I jes made up my

mind to transfer my defections ter some udder lady what am more favorably located, sah."—[Texas Siftings.]

#### A PARLOR MATCH.

"Confound matches!" said Philip, as he attempted to light his cigar. "They are the poorest I ever saw."

"I like parlor matches best," said Cordelia.

"Why?" asked innocent Philip.

"Oh, for several reasons. They never hang fire, and it don't take them so long to come to the striking point."

Philip came up to the scratch, and a parlor match was made right there.

[St. Paul Herald.]

#### WHY DIDN'T YOU TOLD ME SO.

A well-known German druggist recently prescribed a dose of physic to one of the boys, and gave instructions how to take it. The medicine afforded no relief, and another visit to the drug store was made. Still the symptoms of cholera lingered around the frame-works of the man, and becoming disgusted with the mode of treatment, he told the druggist that he could not cure a dog.

"Vat!" exclaimed the druggist. "Me vas complete mit knowledge about dot medicines."

"Well, why don't you give me something to relieve these terrible pains, then?" said the man.

"Now, yoost look here vonce," said the druggist. "Who ish your pishness anyhow?"

"I am an expressman; but what has that got to do with it?"

"Muldux in bar vo, eferytings," cried the excited druggist. "Dot's vat's der metter. Der ribbin, und shumpin' and tearing around dot you hafe don't gif der drugshtore a chance to dook hold; dot medicine vont vork itself. Now I know him, und you bet my boots I know your pishness."

[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

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#### OUR TELEPHONE GIRL.

The telephone girl was angry with the world—angry with the wires—angry with the exchanges—angry with its patron—angry with herself. She had been foiled in the perpetration of one of her jokes, and two

young ladies and as many young gentleman who had plotted to get even with her revelled in the consciousness that they had succeeded and that she was enjoying a dose of the caustic medicine she had so freely given to others.

"I'll see who is going to do the most laughing!" she hissed as she strode back and forth across the floor, all the time grinding her teeth with rage. "I'll show these smart young folks who biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder! I'll make somebody sick, that's what I will. You just bet your sweet life, Sallie McAfferty is going to ride at the head of the procession, she is!" At this moment 536 was exposed on the keyboard. Algernon De Gauley was trying to personate somebody else in order to get the unbiased and uninfluenced opinion of Melissa Pillaughter concerning his charms.

"Allaw!" cried the dude.

"Allaw!" the girl mockingly replied.

"Gimme foah fohty-foah please."

"All right," snapped the girl, and then she glued her ear to the hand-phone to hear what was to be said, and if possible to get a chance to play one of her customary tricks.

"Allaw!" languidly called the dude.

"Hello!" Melissa quickly replied.

"Is this—aw—Miss Melissa—aw?"

"Yes, sir, what will you have?"

"I wanted—aw—to know what you think of my friend, Mistaw Algawnon De Gauley?"

"Oh he's—" here the wicked girl cut off

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

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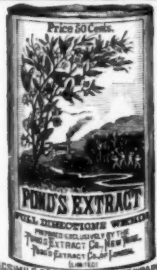
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Melissa and switched on a milk-maid who was reporting to her employer the general condition of the dairy. She had just begun talking of the butter, and the words that broke upon De Gauley's ear were:

"—very soft—very soft indeed, but if kept on ice will come through all right and sell on the market for about thirty cents a pound. Has not got much color yet, though. The grass is making a very rapid growth and I think it would be a good idea to turn the little fellow out with the other calves."

The telephone girl was found lying on the floor with her apron stuffed in her mouth and her face purple with laughter when the manager came in, and now she has back-slided and gone back on all her good resolutions.—[Through Mail.

**TRIALS OF THE ROADWAYS.**

"You look dreadfully tired," said the sleigh to the wheel.

"That's because I go 'round with the feloes, I suppose," said the wheel.

"I get awfully slewed, myself, sometimes," remarked the other wheel.

"I am always pretty full when I go to a funeral," said the carriage, sticking out its tongue.

Then the wheel spoke again and said: "Stop the hub-bub! Here is a couple of awful cross roads ahead."—[Boston Bulletin.

**AN EDITOR IS ROUSED BY THE GOSPEL.**

The editor of the *Deadwood Roarer* attended church for the first time last Sunday. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted:

"What the blazes are you fellows doing? How about the news from the seat of war?"

"What news?"

"Why, all about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red Sea. Why, the gospel sharp up at the church was telling about it just now, and not a word of it in this morning's paper. Bustle 'round, you fellows, and get the facts, or the *Snap Shot* will get a beat on us. Look spry, there, and run an extra edition, while I put on the bulletin board, "Great English Victory in the Soudan."—[Denver Tribune.

**NOT AN AMERICAN GAME.**

"Father," said a young boy, who had been reading the Bible, "base ball is not an American game."

"How do you make that out?" said the father.

"Because the ancients used to play it."

"What makes you think that?" queried the father.

"Why I am just after reading in Numbers that Moses and Aaron were ordered to command every man of the children of Israel to 'pitch' by his own standard."

"You are right, my boy, you are right." [Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

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