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THE WORKINGMAN MUST BLOW OFF THE FROTH.

The mass of workingmen are very level-headed and very practical. They don't sympathize with the agitators who preach blood and thunder.—N. Y. Sun, May 3d.

JUDGE

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JUDGE.

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TO LABOR—No flag of red must win your bread.

THE DUTY of the hour—To keep a pretty good watch of District Attorney Martine and his assistants.

THE Rochester *Herald* says Riddleberger lacks discretion. It seems to most people that the trouble is an absence of brain and a preponderance of idiocy.

THE STRIKERS say they are striking for their altars and their fires; but some of them do it in such a queer way that it looks as if they were striking to demolish them.

BLOOD AND CULTURE will tell. We observe that the Hon. Patrick Ryan has gone to the home of the Hon. J. Lawrence Sullivan to live. He will keep a classic bar-room.

AN IOWA JUDGE decides that a man must tell his wife where he spends his evenings. It is evidently the purpose of this person to make the wives of Iowa just as unhappy as he can.

THE GREEKS are so anxious to get whipped that it seems a pity not to allow them the luxury. Still, it is more pleasant to tell what one would have done if he hadn't been held than what he didn't do when his friends let him go.

THE COMMUNISTS of Chicago seek to unite themselves with the labor of that city, and there was a red flag in the great labor procession here the other night. Down with the red flag! It is in league with the devil and all his workers.

ROLLIN M. SQUIRE yearned for the disposal of city patronage to the extent of \$50,000,000. His is a poetic mind; but it is very strange that he had the bulging fullness of countenance necessary to ask the legislature to put that amount in his poetic hands.

THE GOOD PEOPLE of the south who screamed for a week over Jeff Davis and the lost cause have been making history for the Republican

party hand over hand. Nothing could be more generous, and the dear souls have enjoyed it quite as if it were not a sacrifice but the most extravagant of all good-heartedness.

It is not sufficient answer to say that the price of labor has advanced, unless it can be shown that the profits of labor have moved *pari passu* with the profits of capital; for in this, as in other things of comparative welfare, we must consider the relative improvement.

So says Jefferson Davis. It is a little volume at this stage of labor agitation in a very small nutshell.

IT IS SAID that the president hopes to see Mr. Manning "around the cabinet table" next fall. Mr. Manning will have to enlarge himself very much in order to accomplish that difficult feat; and on the other hand if his health is not restored the days of Mr. Cleveland "around the cabinet table" can be calculated with perfect accuracy.

MRS. THOMPSON, the Louisville postmistress, says she has collected campaign money for both parties. It is possible for a woman to serve two masters conscientiously, but the masters are apt to be unreasonable and to insist on the propriety of a divorce each from the other gentleman. Did Mrs. Thompson ever think of that?

ONE who signs himself "A Laborer" chides the JUDGE for saying in one breath that labor gets starvation wages and in the next that the Chinese and others of their kind come here to get rich and take their money to where they come from that they may live the rest of their lives in laziness. Well, it does look odd until one pauses to reflect that these foreigners live like cattle, which no American workman is expected to do, and that a few hundred dollars is a fortune to them in their old homes. The facts are too well known to be repeated, and we suspect that "A Laborer" is aware of them, innocent and ignorant as he assumes to be.

NO RED FLAG HERE!

The American workman will not tolerate the red flag or any of the communism which it typifies. Laziness and viciousness are rejoicing over the dilemma in which the workman finds himself, and would fain drag him to their level; but, though he occasionally gets excited and acts foolishly, he is on the whole a sedate, thoughtful, honest man and a good citizen and he proposes to wait a long time before he severs the nose from his own countenance. There have been slight displays of red flag within his circle on two or three occasions, but he is prompt to disavow all responsibility for them and in due season will give the men who carry them the rebuke they deserve. The beverage offered him by the foreign vicious element will not be drank hastily. He has taken the advice of a JUDGE poet:

Yooest wait till der froth is settled
 Else you plows away some peer.

IS IT A SQUARE GAME?

In the great base-ball game between law and honesty and our common council and corruption the chances rather favor the latter, and the only safe way to bet will be to put up your money at the close of the game. Judge Barrett is a fair umpire and understands the game, and Pitcher Conkling can describe a curve with perfect accuracy and at the same time take the ear off the man in the middle of the diamond if he so chooses; but Catcher Martine has lost many games and has yet to win his first success, and it is notorious that men of politics and money have much faith in the ability of Batter Jaehne and are willing to risk large sums on him. It is to be noted, moreover, that while Pitcher Conkling threw the ball which is at present parting the expectant air he is practically out of the contest, and appears to be indignant about it. He thinks there is small chance for law and honesty, and that in assuming the management

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.



RIGHTLY SERVED.



SHE—"Think them nice? No! Indeed I do not; why that youngest Simpson girl paints, I know she does because"

VOICE FROM THE DOOR—"Say! Sis, the druggist says he is all out of that kind of rouge, but he says he has another kind just as good. Shall I get that?"

APPROACHING THE MILLENIUM.

When the eight-hour rule shall have been pretty generally adopted we shall be on the high road to complete happiness, but it must not be supposed that we shall have got there. It will take some time for the public to accommodate itself to the new prices which the adoption of the rule will make necessary, for of course the purchasers of labor are not going to give ten hours' pay for eight hours' labor out of their own pockets altogether; the extra amount must be paid by the patrons of the employers, or in other words by the general and always generous public, of whom the workman is one. If a man lets a house and there are extra taxes on it the occupant of the house—generally a workman—must pay those extra taxes; and on the other hand the wholesale manufacturer must put a higher price on his goods if the cost of their manufacture is increased from higher wages or less hours of labor for a certain sum. The proposed change is a very serious one, and startles the person who looks at it with both eyes at once, instead of taking it in by sections after the manner of the shooting man who runs half an eye over his gun-barrel; but before entering judgment against it let us consider the monopolist who regulates the price of beef shipped off the hoof, which at one time cost about half the price of beef shipped in the old

of the game the catcher did a very bold, not to say a very impudent, thing. There is a prevailing impression that Jaehne will win, and as there is a better chance to beat him than the other indicted parties the latter, with his escape, had better be permitted to go without any further pretence of agitation or amusement.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

The question as to whether life is worth living is unavoidably answered in the affirmative, no man in his right senses having given up his life in order to get the philosophical and conclusive answer which death alone can furnish; but the question as to how to live well and at the same time economically, speaking for the mass rather than the individual, will not begin to be solved until trade between the various sections is reduced to very much more than the science that it is now.

Between the consumer and the producer of the necessities of life there is a long stretch of thoroughly occupied territory; or if the stretch be brief it is thrice occupied, so that the money which ought to pay for bushels suffices only for pecks or the smaller measures. New York is pretty near to the coal territory; but the monopolist, and after him the speculator, and after him the wholesale dealer, and after him the man who furnishes the poor by the pailful, must have their profits before the New Yorker can have his fire. The railroad system between the great west and the great east is tolerably complete, and is every year becoming more and more so; but the price of western grains is not lessened to an appreciable extent, for if there be no corners in grain the rate for transportation is put up so that the railroads

monopolize the profits. The western farmer burns his corn for fuel, and the eastern consumer, who needs it, suffers in consequence. There is a great deal of talk in behalf of reciprocity with Canada; but the more needful thing is reciprocity between the various sections of this union, or in other words such protection for home industries through the commercial interchange that ought to be afforded by the railroads as shall enable western grains and eastern goods and money to be as plentiful in one section as in another.

A great enemy of general progress here is the establishment and encouragement of monopoly. Another great enemy is the grain gambling which frequently brings thousands of business men to want in order to enrich one man or one company. Railroad freights ought to be arranged by national enactment or a national railway commission, the state railway commissions being of no good in their attempted management of the great trunk lines. The middle man who acts as a medium of exchange between dealers widely apart has a right to his place and to reasonable profits; but he has been driven out by such institutions as the Standard oil company—which indeed permits of no competition, buying out where it can and driving out where the competitor will not sell—and sent down to the ground of the ordinary laborer, which is already overcrowded.

DID Jeff's hoop-skirt go down with the confederate coffin?

way and was quite as good; who lifts his finger to put up the price of coal, who lowers his eyeglass to work the same result in wheat, who corners lard to make everybody pay twice the price for that article that it is worth and so makes himself rich in a week, and indeed who goes into Wall street to create and destroy values accord-

REVENGE IS SWEET.



SMALL BOY (to policeman in front of saloon)—"Hey! hold yer breath; here comes der roundsman."

DOT LEEDLE CHERMAN PANDS.



LEADER (in a rage)—“Ach, Himmel! Hans Spiegelman, dis ain't no poiler shop. Doand you tink some ohf dem oder fellers vants to make dhose rebudadiions? Pecause you are pig, dat is no reason you shoul't maigk a fokhorn ohf yourself!”

ing as his interests demand and to the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of interests which have a right to exist according to all legitimate laws of trade. If monopoly is right as to the value which labor produces, why is not something of a monopoly in order with respect to labor itself? It really is shocking that these workers in Chicago and New York and elsewhere should spring upon the country so great a monopoly at one tremendous swoop; but sauce that is meet for the capitalist ought to commend itself to the stomach of the laborer without which capital would be out at the elbows to some extent itself.

One of the things to be considered in this connection is the work that the eight-hour system would confer upon such as are at present unemployed. Two hours off the day's work of the ordinary worker would mean two hours' work for the more unfortunate class, or a fifth man in addition to every four regular workers. We are not aware that the later strikers have contemplated this humanitarianism, but it would be inevitable and would alleviate the sufferings of a great many who at present have no work to do. And after a time the idea will doubtless be still further developed. The worker may insist that, in order to properly educate himself and hold the acquaintance of his family, he shall be required to work only five hours for the pay belonging to eight hours of labor, and this will enable the whole army of the unemployed to get all the work they can do, and some of them a great deal more than they want to do. The reader will have no difficulty, with this starting point, in running labor down to the two-and-a-half hour system, by way of balancing the increase in the supply of foreign contract labor and making of some benefit to labor as well as capital the labor-saving machinery which is driving men to idleness and suffering year in and year out.

And what when everybody will flourish and nobody will have to do any work at all? Why

then, dear sir, the millenium—and in our opinion it's been a deuced long time coming already.

THE FEROCITY OF DEFEAT.

The confederate blow-out in Montgomery, Ala., the other day was participated in by the entire southern press and people. Everybody yelled for the days of '61, Jeff Davis was eloquent in behalf of the lost cause and hinted at a resurrection, the processions were large and hilarious, the cheering was tumultuous, and occasionally, when the purpose of the celebrating was brought to mind, the tears were briny and copious. The southern editor was especially eloquent. He wore a scowl as if he anticipated some disgusting opposition on the part of the north, used adjectives in praise of the lost cause with alarming recklessness, and cried out in parliamentary but nevertheless fiery language that there was another chip on his cold shoulder and he just wanted somebody to knock it off.

Perhaps there is nothing very alarming in all this. It may not be a result of Democratic control at Washington. It would undoubtedly have occurred if Grant had been the head of the government. It is not to be expected that men will forget their own or their comrades' heroism, and a war of the proportions of the last one naturally enlists the passion and sentiment of good men on the wrong as well as on the right side. It is at least consoling to know that the federal flag floated unharmed over the proceedings at Montgomery, and that if there were whispers with respect to a new rebellion they were so subdued as to be unheard beyond the especial ear for which they were intended. The truth is that the south has had all the fighting it wants, and if there is to be anything further of that nature a generation of a hundred years hence will have to attend to it—the existing one has a great deal of better business on hand.

But the florid southern editor—the blooming,

effervescing, fiery-eyed southern editor—how he exulted and exalted himself on this occasion! No man should stop him from celebrating. The heroes of the south during the rebellion were the most daring, the most chivalrous, the noblest of their noble kind, and he didn't care who knew it. The bones within those southern graves were honored bones, and who should say him nay for saying it? He worked himself into a great passion, and looking out from his den he saw regiments of blue-coats marching to his destruction. He kicked and swore, and fanned himself with his ears. He lifted up his brow to let the cool wind play upon it, and having so rested himself he tore his hair and clinched his hands again. He was in a dreadful state of mind for at least three days, so that he foamed at the mouth and sent out the sweat of anger and agony.

And all the while the northern business man toiled at his desk and the northern farmer held the handles of his plow and guided with voice and goad his patient oxen, forgetting that such a ferocious man as the southern editor had or ever had had the slightest existence.

PORCINE PECULIARITIES.

Some dozens of men went off on the train,
On the high rolling train at the evening hour;
Each man with a newspaper solaced his brain,
And each was uncommonly solid and sour:
For men must sit and women must stand,
And politeness is scarce in this beautiful land,
When the cars are homeward rolling.

Some dozens of women went off on the train
As the shadows fell at the close of the day;
To enter it sooner they tried in vain,
Elbowed and pushed and kicked out of the way:
For men must sit and women must stand,
And the prowess of man is brutally grand
When the cars are homeward rolling.

The men in their chivalry captured each seat
On the high rolling train with the sun in the west;
The women stood up on their poor, tired feet,
And vainly they longed for a chance to rest:
For men must sit and women must stand,
And hogs are cheap in this part of the land
When the cars are homeward rolling.

EDWARD WILLETT.

Richard Proctor says signaling at whist is dishonest. We fear Richard is too fastidious. Presently he will tell us it is wrong to steal chickens.

LATEST CROP REPORT.



Corn no longer in demand.

DOUBTFUL TIMES IN NEW YORK.



NEW OFFICER (who has been told to look out for suspicious persons, to Rev. Dr. —, Grand Worthy Secretary of the Amalgamated Crime and Riot Squashing Society)—“Shure ut ain't the shtyle av yure clothes, naither is ut them goggles that gives yez away; its th' decaiftul luk yez has in your eye! Move on out'r that now, or Oi'll run yez in!”

Hum of the Court.

Grecian war-cry—Wait till Oi sphit on me hands.

Miss Fortescue may not be a great actress, but she never misses the last syllable of her name.

The man on the top floor who plays the trombone really seems to think his music upper-attic.

It seems to us that the senate should call for the documents leading up to the appointment of Miss Folsom.

There has heretofore been no question as to Emma Abbott's morals, but they say she is going to pass the summer in Chicago.

Talmage says there is more hard work in heaven than there is here. It seems to us, accordingly, that life is worth living after all.

Sunflowers are grown for fuel in Wyoming. There was a proposition to utilize Chinamen for the purpose, but the sunflowers are best.

The Buffalo Express kindly admits that New York is not as bad as was Rome in the age of Nero, and we haven't been so happy in three months.

Mrs. Hayes must be enjoying good health. We observe, for instance, that Rutherford is to write an article on education for one of the magazines.

Captain Boycott has boycotted Ireland, having moved to England, where he belonged. This is the most legitimate of all the boycotts ever known.

“Stop talking nonsense and learn to cook,” says Kate Field to the women of the period. A capital idea. When does Miss Field propose to commence?

“The tenor,” says a musical authority, “is invariably an idiot.” Not invariably, we think. He has his rational periods—when he has a bad cold for instance.

Theodore Tilton, who else had perished from the earth, is revived for a moment. It seems

that he has had a narrow escape from death by a Colorado snowslide.

There are 124 button factories in this country, and yet the married man requires at least four safety-pins for the proper completion of his toilet every morning.

Somebody acquainted with the subject says he never knew an Indian man to kiss an Indian woman. No wonder it is impossible to civilize the miserable barbarians.

Epaulettes will soon be dismissed from the French army, and we dare say the time will come when the French soldier will go into battle in a plug hat and dress coat.

Two of the White mountain hotels have decided not to have student waiters this summer; so we suppose the meals to be had at them will be in one language and without italics.

The Star intimates that the World puffs

Roscoe Conkling in return for professional services. If we couldn't tell a better lie than that we should struggle hard to tell the truth.

George Washington is postmaster at Bay City, Mich., and when the young women of the place fail to get the letters they are looking for they remark emphatically that what they want is a chip from his tomb.

Garland says his chief occupations have been law and poker, but that he has lost money at the latter. If the poker was of the pan-electric kind he has lost character by it too; anyhow he doesn't appear to have anything of that kind about him now.

A Methodist Episcopal conference in this state has adopted a resolution requesting its bishop to make no man who chews tobacco a presiding elder. Whether the bishop is bigoted too is not known, but if he is there are going to be some pretty bad presiding elders.

In Kansas, the other day, they hanged a man to the pommel of a saddle on a fractious horse and then frightened the horse and let him go. The animal ran five miles, and the man was probably the worst pommelled man that ever died. And he wasn't guilty of horse-stealing either—he had merely murdered a woman.

Pastor Hawthorne of Richmond, Va., has been threatened by the editor of the State with personal violence because he favors prohibition. He says he is not a fighting man and does not want to hurt anybody; but he adds, “There is not salt enough in the Atlantic ocean to save the man who puts his hands on me. It would take a magnifying glass that would magnify a hundred thousand times to see what is left of him.” Oh, come now, Pastor Hawthorne! Fight fair and none of your miracles.

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

For medicines and visits
The doctor sent his bill;
Month after month went over
But found it owing still.
At last a note was sent him,
Whose sense you may discern:
“I'll pay you for your medicines,
Your visits I'll return.” BIRDSEYE.

A DETERMINED STAND.



“Guess dis one doan' b'long tah us. Jest tickul his feet a little, Zekel, 'n see 's he won' go foh tah leggo.”

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

THE WOMAN WHO TALKS—HER AMBITION AND HER BABY.

There was a lull in business at the new photographer's. The head of the concern had gone home to lunch. The broken-spirited young woman who received callers and answered questions was pensively gnawing a winter apple and wishing the masculine assistant worked within social proximity. A thin spinster in a spic and span new camel's-hair gown was roaming around the room, examining the specimens and vainly trying to decide if she would be taken later, coquettishly peeping over her left shoulder blade in the pose of certain dimpled lassies or with upturned eyes considering whether she should be taken in a cloud.

A gigantic rustic in rubber boots came sideling in to ask if he "should want to set tomorrow" he could and what did it "cost to have six cabinets." It was perfectly evident that she had asked him to "exchange," and he meant to do it if it took the price of three barrels of apples. He walked sheepishly about after the spinster until he was struck by the brilliant idea of having the Roman colosseum for a background to his three-quarter view taken in his new shaggy overcoat. Yes, every thing in the place was peaceful until the door opened and in bounced a very robust woman with her arms full of baby and wraps—a very small baby of the weak-eyed, scared-looking sort peculiar to big, explosive mothers. She dumped her burden on the old haircloth sofa and began:

"I want him took! He is young, to be sure, but I believe in beginning early and watching the progress. It is interesting to see 'em on the way up and if they don't never come up it is a satisfaction; you can see what they might have looked like if they had ever looked like anything. Where is the head of your concern? Gone to dinner! And I thought noon 'd be the very time to ketch him for a neat sort of job. Well, you can be gittin' things together I s'pose. His assistant takes 'em jest as good? I don't know about that. I like the first cut. However, he may do the planning. Now I want this baby of mine took exactly as I want him. I mean to have him a settin' on a big drum head, enveloped in the stars and stripes, with two swords crossed under his footsie-tootsies, and I'd give

ten cents to have a bald eagle perched just over his head, but I'd venter to bet you hain't got no bald eagle and wouldn't take the trouble to get one, even for a soldier's baby."

Pleased at the effect produced by her address, for the young woman was speechless, the marion gasped for breath, and went on:

"I admire pictures that hain't jest namby-pamby likenesses. I mean to have some character about my baby's picture. I heerd of General somebody who had his dog took this way, and if he done it I can with my young one, and every soul I've talked to said it would be too awful cunnin' for anything. If he wriggles and hurts the likeness, why we can pass it off for a fancy picture. You can put one in yer winder and have one to send to the county fair, but not out of the dozen I pay for."

As she talked she peeled white

woolen comforters off the baby like coats off an onion, and when she had him where she could grip him fast she looked after the young person who had been to interview the assistant.

"Is he goin' to do it immediately?" she demanded.

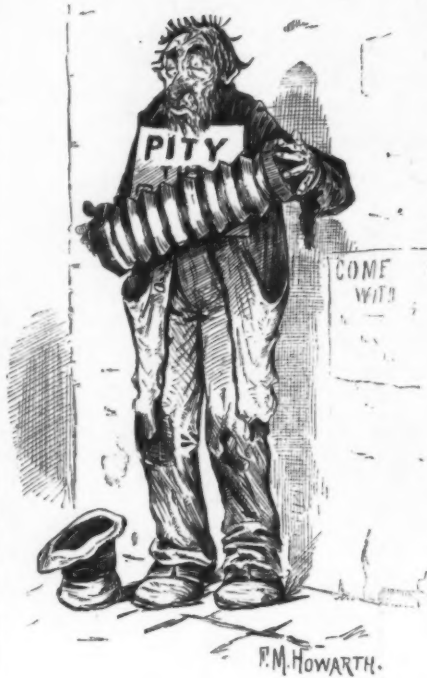
"He says he will if you have the accessories."

"The what?"

"Why, the American flag and the"

"You don't pretend to say that he expects me to furnish drapery for him! What is a photographer for, I should like to inquire—got all the usual ar-

PITY US!



The blind vagrant pleads for pity; and yet he has no pity for us, but persists in playing "Sweet Violets," "See-Saw," "Home, Sweet Home," and such old chestnuts.

rangements, have you? Stars and stripes are very uncommon then! Goodness gracious me! Well, I s'pose I can pacify the young one if he worries, and wait while you send out and get it all if it hain't handy."

"Mr. Toucher says you might know where you could borrow a flag."

"I borrow a flag! Well, I see myself. It wouldn't pay him to buy one to-day? Of all the impudence I ever met! I guess he won't wait for me to go and borrow one, the idea!" and she swelled up so visibly that the young woman retreated behind a show-case. "I can tell him my money is as good as anybody else's money, and he hain't no gentleman. I knew Ben Toucher and his folks before him. As if my baby's photograph wasn't as desirable to take as any baby's in this mean little mud-hole of a town—yes, and better we are, though I'd bet a good deal there is snobs you'd go right straight off for and buy no end of flags. I'll go to the city and have this picture took. Santley's ain't no little one-horse concern. They take better pictures there for less money 'n you ask, with railroad ticket thrown in. Him taken without any flag and not settin' on a drum head either! Yes, I'd like to see you do it, and his father a soldier killed at Bull Run."

The shocked look of the young person caused her hastily to add "almost killed," while the baby, who was being kneaded like an unshaped biscuit, screeched in a truly martial manner considering his size. The coal stove seemed to throw out a powerful heat, and the mother's ire was increased by a titter from the room where the acids and the assistants dwelt together. She lifted up her voice mightily at this and talked crossed swords, drum heads, her baby and stars and stripes, waxing madder and madder until she vowed that no photograph should be taken there; no, not if they begged her on bended knees. Then she went out, closing the door in italics.

When the loose plastering had ceased falling the assistant remarked to the broken-spirited young woman that they would not mention it to the absent photographer. Faithless creatures! They well knew that he would have set that soldier's baby on an oyster keg, lovingly enwrapped it in a spotted window curtain, artistically crossed two carving knives under its woolen socks, and if the happy mother approved could even have improvised a bald eagle out of the feather duster and a teacup.

ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

THE STYLE.



Past.

Present.

Future.

HUNT THE HAIR.



Down on the beach in the fresh sea air
I played that season at hunt the hair.
Before me my lady lightly sped,
Her splendid hair keeping just ahead.
It floated up and it floated down,
Rippling and waving, a golden brown.
The sun-rays came like a comb of gold
And tried the tresses in vain to hold.
At last she stopt on the white sea sands
And caught them as captives in her hands.
I laughed for joy as she called me there
And smiled a welcome behind her hair.
"Lady," I cried, "my love's best endeavor
I bequeath to you and your heirs forever."
With tender sigh she looked fondly down
And pinned me close in her tresses brown.
* * * * *
My lady lies in her little bed;
On the white pillow reclines her head.
But sport is over for hunt the hair—
The search is fruitless; the hills are bare.
While lies before me upon her chair
That hair I once hunted—cold, dead hair,
I think with wonder how I could dare
Give life for a trifle light as hair. JOHN STILLWELL.

A RURAL SCENE.

"Dear, adored one! what weather; what delicious odors; how I delight in the smell of new-mown hay."
"Oh, quite so; it really gives one an appetite."

MRS. PUGWASH'S SAYINGS.

It's a wise father who knows his own son.
A woman is never as old as she looks.
Keep your wife out of the auction-room.
A divorce is a poor way out of a bargain.
A woman's hair grows gray before a man's.
It is easier to win a wife than to keep one.
It is easy for a man to be a hero to his wife.
A woman can never hit the nail on the head.

HEARD ON THE BOULEVARD IN PARIS.

"What's become of Chalumuk?"
"Poor fellow! he ruined himself and has since taken to absinthe."
"Absinthe! Ah, yes—the alcohol of adversity."

APPRECIATION.

An insignificant subordinate in a public office was bewailing the removal of his superior officer.
"You surprise me," said one of his fellow-employees. "What has he ever done for you?"
"What has he ever done for me? Why he never did me any harm, and I call that a great deal."

AN EXCELLENT DIFFERENCE.

A Parisian father is questioning his son, a young sub-lieutenant who has joined General Boulanger's new military club in Paris.
"What do they do at your club?"
"Oh, they read the newspapers, play, drink, smoke."
"Good! And how much better that is than spending one's time at the cafes."

THE JUDGE'S LUNCH.

Ernest Schilling—"Let her go, Gallagher."
En passant it might be remarked that a bad Schilling sometimes returns.
Lotta is mad. Some admirer presented her with a Brazilian ape, and she has a suspicion that the gift is a reflection upon her monkeyish proclivities.

There have been a great many sad things connected with the Charleston earthquake, but the saddest of all is that the New York baseball club was not within reaching distance.

Eddy's Squib wants to know "why the corners of an actor's mouth when in repose always turn down?" This is a contemptible reflection upon a noble profession. Who ever saw an actor's mouth in repose?

Lord Lonsdale states that the man who says so is more or less of a liar, and that his visit to this country is for no other purpose than to hunt the American buffalo. He proceeds to

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.



OLD MAN—"Fifty cents? Great Scott! isn't that a great deal for blacking a pair of boots?"
BOOTBLACK—"Oh, no; dat's my regular charge when I blacks by de hour."

Staten Island at once upon his arrival, and hopes that his impressions of American sport will be as agreeable as the graphic descriptions of Nat. Goodwin and John R. Rogers have led him to anticipate.

THE FOX AND THE CRANE.

A Fox who had a Bone stuck in his Throat begged a passing crane to push it Down, promising as Compensation the immediate Liquidation of a Little Bill which had long been Owning. The Credulous Bird consented, but when she had Fulfilled her Part of the Contract the Perfidious Animal bit off her Head and Proceeded to Lunch on the Remains.

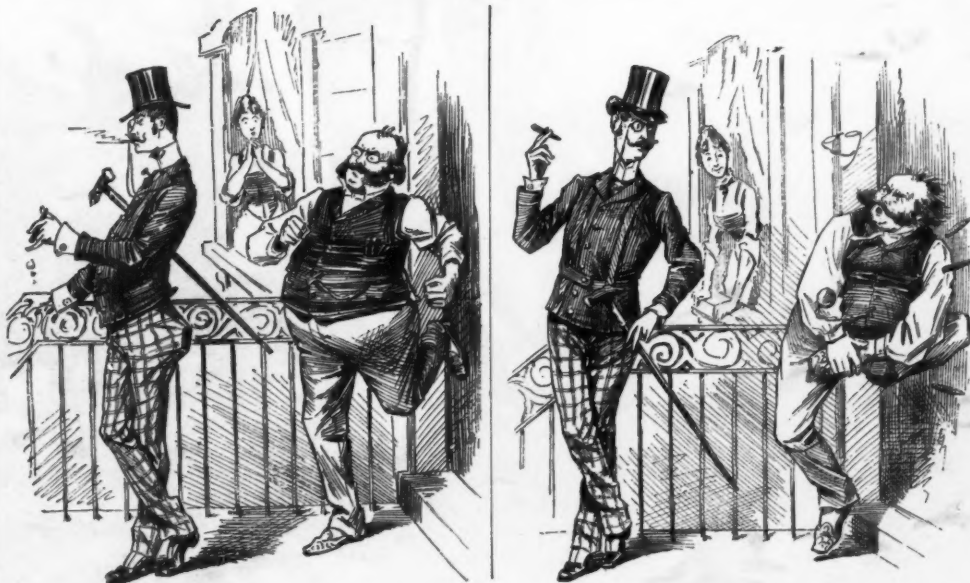
Moral—This affecting incident shows us that creditors should never be forward in presenting their bills.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

They say that Horace Greeley once drank a milk punch without suspecting the whisky in it. Horace was so absent-minded he frequently ignored the presence of his best friends. He once remarked to Mrs. Greeley, "My dear madame, have we not met before? Surely I recognize the face of your little girl." Whereupon Mrs. Greeley made a sharp remark which restored his mental equilibrium. But the story of the milk punch? Ask us not to believe such an absurdity as that.

Some one has said that women cannot jump. Perhaps he never saw an old maid jump—at an offer of marriage.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT IDEA.



Mr. Jones, who has been kicked off the stoop before by his intended father-in-law, is looking for revenge by placing a brick in his bustle for the benefit of the old gentleman.

OLD GENT—"Oh, oh! murder! I have broken my leg."
JONES—"Did you speak, sir?"



THE END OF THEIR



THEIR HONEYMOON.

WITH APOLOGIES TO G. H. BOUGHTON.

THE WAY THEY TALK.

THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING WHATEVER.



ERILY we should live to learn. Alcibiades wishes it made known that he is ready to furnish an endowment for an institution to be devoted to the "instruction of youths and adults in the art of ordinary conversation." He met Jones, Brown and Smith in one afternoon last week. Jones said, "I am going out of town next Monday. I think I'll go Monday—either Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday—I have not entirely made up my mind yet which, but I think Monday; but if not Monday, Tuesday—probably Monday, however. I want to see a man down at the Branch on business, and I think I'll be more apt to find him on Monday. That's why I'm particularly anxious to go down on Monday; though if I can't get off Monday I shall go Tuesday, because it is

a matter of business for me to see the man, and I know that he is there over Sunday, and, being there over Sunday, I think I am more apt to catch him on Monday. No; I shall"— But this way madness lies. Suffice it to say that after a half hour of this sort of amplified house that Jack built Alcibiades managed to stagger away from the frying-pan into the fire it proved, for on the next corner he fell in with Brown, who began:

"Don't you think that last article in the *Moon* hit the administration a pretty severe blow? Not but it may have been deserved, but then the *Moon* might leave the other side to fight him as he is their man; though perhaps you can't exactly say that he is their man, but then you could not say under the circumstances that he isn't their man. Whether he is their man or not he ought to be, and that comes to the same thing. However, I don't know that it does come to the same thing; things don't always look much like the things—er—that is—er—things are not always the same that they ought to be. Well, you may say that things come to the same thing; they ought to, but they don't; though to be sure"—

Alcibiades tore himself away, a wildness in his eye and Reason hitching up her skirts preparatory to climbing down from her throne, when he saw Smith across the street. He wanted to know Smith's brother-in-law's address, so he paused in his mad pursuit of a Coney Island boat and hailed Smith. "Why yes," said Smith; "I've just sent Martin down south to see about those plantation mortgages of mine. Martin is no good doing business on his own responsibility, but with me to back him and since the training I gave him last year Martin makes some very good strokes. I was intending to go down to see about those mortgages myself, but my wife—don't know my wife, do you? Well, she's a delicate little woman, daughter of old Judge Martin, you know, and she did not want me to leave her, and we felt it would be pretty risky to take her down there this time of year. She's up in the mountains now—not so convenient for me as to have her at the sea-shore; but the doctor—her doctor—we don't have the same doc— Oh, Martin? Well, as I was saying, I am doing all I can to get Martin on his feet; he hasn't the right sort of snap about him exactly. When I was Martin's age I was in partnership with old Perkins. Singular character. He thought I was the best business man of— Martin's address? Well, we don't know it yet. My wife says— Sorry you are in such a hurry. We"—

But the collapsed Alcibiades was already being slowly whirled away in the yellow cab which in the desperation of the moment he had rashly hired.

CARROLL CHRISTIE.

HE FEARED TROUBLE.

Sheriff—"I'm afraid there is going to be trouble on account of that little affair last night."
Texas regulator—"Why so?"
Sheriff—"I learned to-day that the man you rode on a rail was an insurance agent."

A MOMENT OF MISERY.



SHIPWRECKED PASSENGER—"Dere's de sun agoin' down, unt gootness only knows if I shall effer see it rise again. (After a pause, musingly) I vonder vedder Aaron has passed dot bad twenty-shillin' gold piece yet?"

Texas regulator—"The deuce you say! Oh, well, never mind. I guess after all we rode him far enough."

If your wife wears tight shoes, lock up your razor.

If you are of a jealous disposition and dislike to see your wife kissed by another man, go out of the house every time her handsome cousin calls.

MIXED CANDY.



A tar drop.



HOWARD

Mint drops.

WITH A MORAL.

Two cats stood on a back-yard fence
Just as the day had fled,
And with a growing turgescence—
Without a show of dread—
Gazed on each missile as it flew
Through the adjacent air.
"Zip!" "slap!" "zing!" "bang!" The man still threw.
The cats still tarried there.
At last the man picked up a brick.
He pined for fur and gore.
"Me—yow—yow—yows" came fast and thick.
He cast the brick and swore.
A yell was heard from a strange throat.
The missile, thrown too hard,
Missed both the cats and killed a goat
In an adjoining yard.
There is a moral to this tale—
Heat spoils the straightest aim,
And he will always loss entail
Who shoots at worthless game.

J. A. WALDRON.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.

Boston girl—"And did you visit Goat Island when you were at Niagara?"
Summer tourist—"Oh, yes; went all over it."
Boston girl—"Do tell me something about the goats."

HAD HEARD 'EM AT THE TABLE.

"Henry," said a millionaire father, "you are now about to start out into the world. Which would you rather have me give you—a blessing or a cool hundred thousand?"
"One father, one. I couldn't stand a hundred thousand blessings such as you ask."

THEY LIVE ON POI.

Female questioner—"Tell me, what is the principle article of food among the people where you have been, Mr. Harwood."
Returned African missionary—"Poi, Miss Celeste."
Female questioner—"Aren't they troubled with dyspepsia, Mr. Harwood?"



Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

This Court of Last Resort desires to impress upon Your Jury the striking effects of your power as shown in the conviction and sentence of Jas. D. Fish and Ferdinand Ward by the courts of New York. We also congratulate Your Jury on the speedy justice thus secured in obedience to your tribunal of Public Opinion. It has recorded a contradiction of the cynical and despondent feeling sometimes entertained by you, that the criminal courts would not convict a rich man. Your Jury, while taking heart of hope from these convictions, should not abate your determined attention to the lawless and injurious course of rich men, for eternal vigilance is the price of your authority.

The convictions already secured in the special cases mentioned have reached but two of the conspirators interested in the Grant and Ward frauds. There must be many more implicated, and equally guilty with Fish and Ward. Fifteen or sixteen millions of dollars have been swallowed up, and the most of it is yet in hiding. Your Jury should not abate your inquest until every dollar of the sequestered wealth is accounted for, and so far as any dollar has been unjustly taken, restitution to the rightful owners, and the punishment of all the guilty secured. Such a pushing of Justice to the last end can be secured if Your Jury do not let the matter drop.

You will find as you investigate that there was no legitimate business done by the Ward concern. No property was bought, no enterprise undertaken, no contracts entered upon, no investments of any kind that could pay a just profit are discernable.

Men merely deposited money with Ward and he paid them back illegal gains out of the funds of other depositors. It was one man robbing another through Ward.

But the most of those who put their money in there drew out, or expected to draw out, interest that they knew was illegal, or profits that they knew were dishonest. There is no blinking or evading the criminality of most of the banks, corporations and rich men that furnished money to Ward. They were law-breakers, every one of them, in intent, and most of them were such in fact.

Your Jury should not abate your indictments until the statute laws against usury have been enforced against every man who drew unjust gains from the Ward operations; and when that has been done you should indict and arraign every one of them at this bar for further punishment by the Court of Public Opinion. Many of these men now stand high in honor and public confidence—

a monstrous perversion of justice. Your Jury should strip off their marks of respectability and present them at this court in the prisoner's dock—even as Fish and Ward have stood in the docks of New York courts. It is not fair that two or three of the parties to this great fraud should be arrayed in striped suits and eat the hard bread of disgrace, while the rest of them flourish in fine raiment and live in luxury and respect.

The major crime that is set down in the code of Public Opinion they have been guilty of—seeking to get rich by unlawful means. The whole fabric of fraud rested on that sin and it is Your Jury's special duty to strike at the root of the evil. While established courts of law, at your increasing, irresistible demand, vigorously enforce the statutory penalties in cases within the cognizance of those courts, be it your duty to visit the full penalties of the High Court of Public Opinion on all who, in making haste to be rich, have not been innocent. C. E. B.

An Awful Example of Temperance.

Jay Gould never tasted whiskey but once and that was thirty-four years ago. He decided that if a man means to succeed in life he must let whiskey alone; he then and there registered a solemn vow to drink only the driest champagne, and he has religiously kept it, and now see where he is! *Hoc fabula docet*, that it's lucky that this class of temperance men is not more numerous.

A Mixed Definition.

The Mugwump is the only go-as-you-please contestant in the political arena. He is never handicapped by records or weight (moral). He cannot lose a race. Whichever of the favorites wins, he claims a victory.

He is the umpire of the national game. Batted by all, he yet decides the contest irrespective of the efforts and merits of the contestants.

He is the monkey that decides the contest between the cat and dog for possession of the cheese.

He plays *Iago* to the Democratic *Cassio* and the Republican *Roderigo*, saying: "Whether *Roderigo* kill *Cassio*, or *Cassio* kill him, every way makes my gain."

He does not object to the application of the principle "to the victor belongs the spoils," provided he be allowed to designate the victor.

The Mugwump is the tramp of American politics—fat, happy, ragged and independent. Wants nothing and gets everything.

NEW YORK DEMOCRACY makes a business of politics the whole year around. The campaign of '85 was not over before the municipal departments sent in their demands for several millions increased appropriations. What are Republicans doing to meet these provisions and provisions?



LABOR LOST.

Ignorance is bliss on both sides.



GOOD-BYE!



GOOD EVENING!



GOOD TIME!

Briefs Submitted.

BY R. MORGAN.

Longfellow incidentally remarks that art is long; and he might have added with equal truth that the artist is generally short.

The old saying that there is nothing like leather is probably true; but the material of which sale shoes are made comes pretty near to it.

Making wagons is far from being a poetical or romantic business, yet the wheelwright more than any man is apt to "find tongues in trees."

At a commencement in Milwaukee the sweet girl graduates gave an exhibition of bread-baking on the stage. Where will this commencement flour craze end?

Great oaks from little acorns grow. Our early historians make mention of but one small hatchet; and to-day we lead the world in the manufacture of axes.

Speaking of the generally wretched condition of teeth, a dentist prophesies that in a few more generations our posterity will be born without these useful members.

A New Jersey clergyman declares that henceforth he will not marry a man whom he knows to be intemperate. Now if all the other girls follow his example it will go hard with inebriates.



GOOD GRACIOUS!



GOOD IDEA!



GOOD HEAVEN!

[Fliegende Blaetter]

THE FEATHER BUSTLE.

A LEADVILLE LYRIC.

She wore a feather bustle.
 Now by the sex renounced,
 But her rich silk's loud rustle
 Was of the vogue pronounced.
 And, my! her shining seal-skin
 Told how the ducats rolled
 Into her lengthening "eelskin,"
 From "ground" her lord controlled
 The weather, rather polar,
 Had made the streets a glare
 Of ice—but something solar
 Was somewhere in the air.
 So she from her high portal,
 To see and to be seen,
 Swept forth a stately mortal—
 A modern Sheba queen.
 On—on she tripped the pavement
 Until she lost her feet,
 Upon which bereavement
 She sat down in the street!
 Ah, yes; and what was sadder
 And made the matter worse,

Like a collapsing bladder
 The pillow burst, of course!

And in a trice up jumping—
 Pity she was not blind!—
 She saw her bustle dumping
 A feathery trail behind!

It chanced a wretched sinner,
 Seeing the lady's plight,
 Forthwith became a grinner
 At all the wondrous sight.

And so with scathing candor
 Thus her vehemence ran:
 "You're grinning like a gander,
 You vile, ungentle man!"

The man, so sore berated,
 His ready tongue let loose—
 "Madame, well are we mated,
 You're molting like a goose!"

ASH. SPALDING.

THE DRUGGIST'S *Journal* reports a case of poisoning from postage stamps. We've often known postage stamps to convey something that made people sick. Sometimes it moved a man with an insane desire to lick the man that licked the stamp.

Curiosities of the Canvas.

A few of many:

The president refusing to say a word for Hill; and traveling a thousand miles to vote for him.

New Yorkers in Washington departments afraid to go home to vote for fear of being railroaded out as offensive partisans; the president and his staff from this state called patriots for going.

The *Tribune* berating Mugwump journals and "cottoning to" Mugwump voters.

The Prohibitionists getting violent attacks of nausea because of Davenport's Pleasant Valley Wine and bracing up on Jones's punch and Democratic free whiskey. (They are now carefully nursing celebrated cases of political cerebral expansion, in consequence.)

The *World* calling on the faithful to vote the Democratic ticket in order to encourage Cleveland; knifing Democratic candidates right and left and slurring the President every day.

The *Sun* sticking to Hill to the end.

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Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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WATERTOWN, N. Y.

its defeat. He is always insisting upon being heard and wept over, and always at the wrong time. He drops his tears at every Democratic banquet and wets all the fun. He rains his grief upon his friends and refuses to be comforted. He oozes sorrow from every pore, and when he takes his walks abroad his boots have the sougning sound peculiar to the woman in rubbers who spends her days and nights within the suds and on wet floors. Are there no corks wherewith to stop his eyes? Is there no gag with which to end the blubbering of his loose, wet mouth? Must the Democratic party continually feel that cold, clammy hand on its shoulder and perpetually hear the tears from that cadaverous countenance splashing upon its neck and shirt-bosom? Is it the moaning sea that it can never be turned off? Is the Atlantic ocean in need of water that he must continually pine and gush? Is there no ark of safety for the party against this everlasting flood?

"And how did you like your old friend's speech at Montgomery?" inquired the Court cheerfully of a leading Democrat the other day.

"Sir," was the hasty and somewhat energetic reply, "I hate you blank Republicans more every day I live. Why in thunder didn't you hang the old reprobate when you had the chance? I believe you saved him on purpose."

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If you have any or all of these symptoms, send 36 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1226 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and I will tell you what ails you, and send you, post-paid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still, at my age (48) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

The Cincinnati *Christian Standard* says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers, and they all verify the good results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for eighteen years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

The *Christian at Work*, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful consideration."



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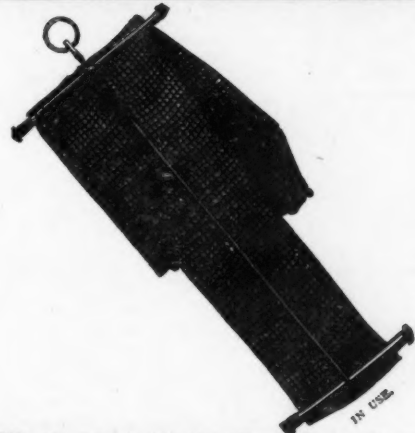
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Organic Disease.—**BESSIE E. GOODWIN, Springfield, Me.,** writes: "After being sick and confined to my bed for three years, I consider myself in duty bound to you and suffering humanity, to acknowledge the benefits received from Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription.' I was bedridden and troubled terribly with organic disease, but after the use of this valuable medicine, I find I can walk around and ride a distance of ten miles. I have improved most wonderfully since I commenced taking it."



A BOON TO WOMEN

Weakness.—**Mrs. E. D. POWERS, Valley, Clarion Co., Pa.,** writes: "I was a great sufferer from weakness, being unable to walk across the floor. I used two bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured me of all my trouble, restoring me to perfect health."
A Chronic Sufferer.—**Mrs. L. B. HOGAN, Stearnsville, N. J.,** writes: "I had long been a great sufferer and used a great number of remedies without relief. I finally used your 'Favorite Prescription,' and cannot find words to express my gratitude. I am now perfectly free from all pain, and I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude which I never can repay."

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Mrs. F. OATS, of *Shumway, Ill.*, writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, and I could get into a wagon and ride two miles to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk out in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and going about and helping to do my housework, after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get—and the last one told my husband that I never would be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Organic Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN.

Mrs. F. E. WILCOX, *Friendship, N. Y.*, writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with organic weakness and terrible pains across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

MARVELOUS BENEFITS.

Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, *Galien, Michigan*, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two or three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

Mrs. V. H. PETERSON, of *Lockport, N. Y.*, had suffered for three years from "organic weakness," was greatly emaciated and "all run down," as she expressed it, and Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" and "Golden Medical Discovery" promptly cured her, as they have thousands of similar cases.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with backache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, not understanding that in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder. While the physician is ignorant of the cause of suffering, he encourages his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, treatment and other complications made. A proper medicine directed to the cause would perhaps have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

DOCTORS FAIL.

"Organic Weakness" Cured.—**Mrs. SARAH A. LOVELY, Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa,** writes: R. V. PIERCE, M. D. Dear Sir—"Having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit, I was finally induced to consult you. You advised me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Adviser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' When I first began using these I could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; and in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines wherever I go, and loan your 'Adviser' to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

"ALL RUN DOWN."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians I was greatly discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to anyone writing me for them, and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

"DO LIKEWISE."

Profuse Hemorrhages.—**MARY JANE SIMS, Jamestown, Ark.,** writes: "I have been taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have received more benefit from its use than from any physician I have tried in seven years. When I first used it, I was not able to be out of bed, from profuse hemorrhages; in three days after I commenced to improve, and have continued on ever since, until I am now in better health than I have been in years."

Organic Weakness Cured.—**Mrs. W. H. PALMER, Luther, Mich.,** writes: "I have taken one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' the medicines you recommended to me. They have perfectly cured me of flatulency and belching, and the most terrible sick headaches. Everybody tells me how much better I look. My sickness was of six years' standing. For the past year I had failed very rapidly, until I weighed but ninety pounds. My health is most wonderfully improved since the use of your medicines. I am now able to walk to church. You have done for me what two doctors had faithfully tried to do for the past year, but failed, although they treated me earnestly and patiently for the same failure in health."

A THOUSAND THANKS.

Mrs. CAROLINE BYERS, *corner Duke and Argyle Streets, Halifax, N. S.,* writes: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, I thank God, and thank you a thousand times, for the relief that your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have given me. I am perfectly cured of a chronic sickness that had troubled me for years. How my heart is overflowed with joy and gratitude towards you, my tongue can never express."

DOCTORS' MISTAKE.

Mrs. HENRY PATTERSON, of *New York City,* writes: "I had been under an eminent physician's care for eight months for what he called 'spinal disease.' I became worse during all this time, when, chancing to see a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser at the residence of a friend, I read that part devoted to 'Woman and her Diseases.' I soon became convinced that my disease was a uterine affection, which, as you say, caused sympathetic backache, inward fever, nervousness and general debility. I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' applying also the local treatment which he recommends in the Adviser, and in three months I was well and strong."

Neuralgia.—**Mrs. VIOLA LONG, Johnstown, Pa.,** writes: "Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' have cured me of a most troublesome and long-standing neuralgia, for which our family physician treated me in vain for some time. Immediately on commencing your medicine I could sleep well, which was a thing I had not done for months. I have since felt like a new person, and am desirous that others should know of the great merits of your remedies."

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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfils one great purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures nausea and weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, eructations of gas, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, in either sex. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. For conditions, see wrappers around bottle. Price Reduced to \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, post-paid, to any address for \$1.50. A large pamphlet, treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

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 done?"

The daughter of a Tennessee clergyman has
 bade adieu to her friends and gone to join the
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Well, if she can't talk better English than
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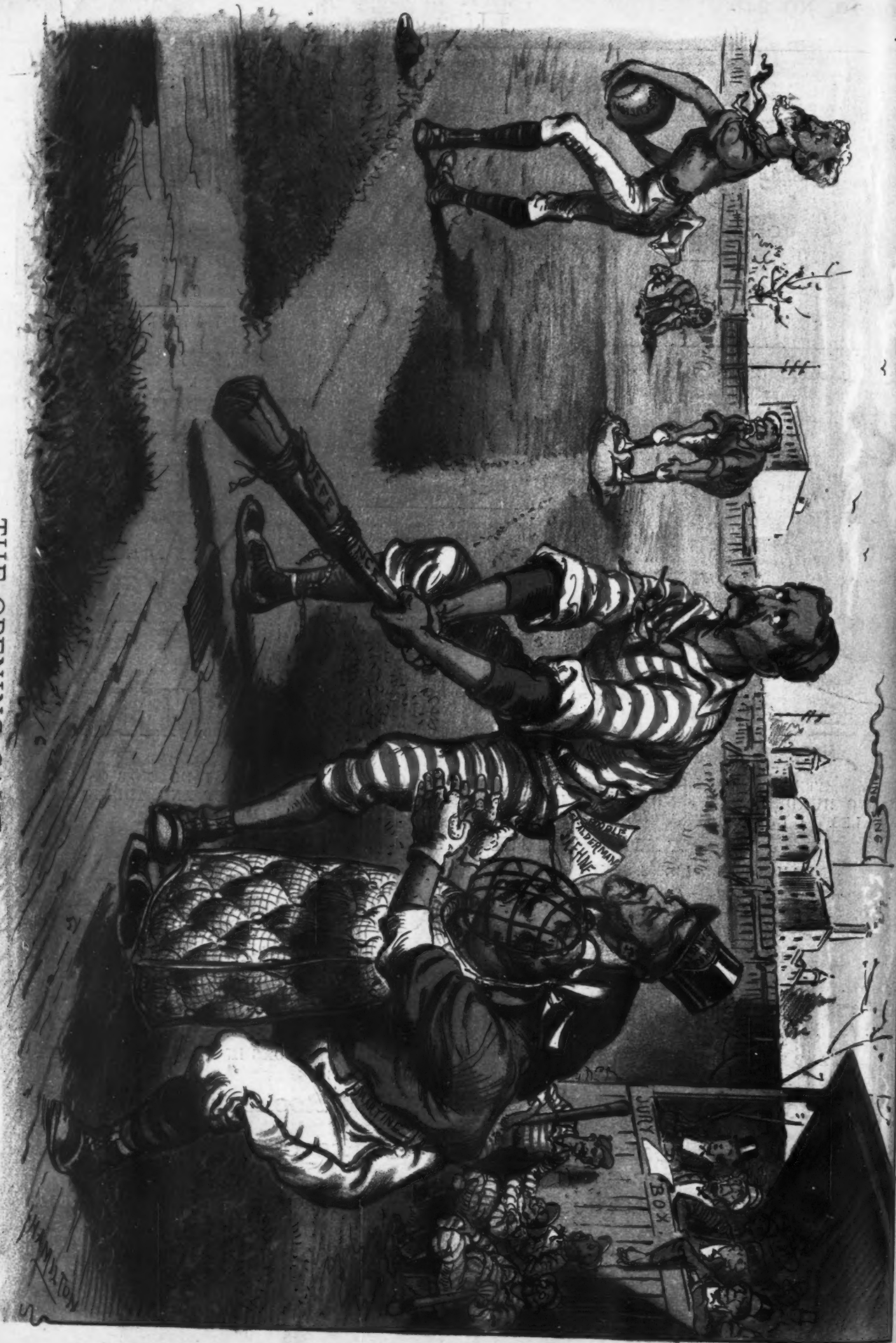
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