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THE WANDERING JEW OF DEMOCRACY.



## THE JUDGE.

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### ONLY FANCY.

A scientist has demonstrated that no man can by any possibility cool himself any with a fan. The internal heat produced by the muscular exertion required to work the fan exactly counterbalances the cooling effects of the artificial breeze projected, so that after a vigorous fanning a man remains as hot as when he began.

No one can dispute science, and we are left to explain the survival of the fan upon other grounds than its utility as a cooler. "Why do we fan?" or, "Does fanning fan?" is the next problem for the physiologists, psychologists, pneumatists and paragrphists.

Science has not taken into account the effect on imagination of this exercise. Fancy has to do with fan. If "as a man thinketh so is he" be true, then we may believe that as woman fancies she is fanned so is she fanned. As an aid to fancy it is important that those who propel the fansee objects upon it calculated to aid the imagination. To reduce this cooling problem to a mathematical statement we may say, the temperature of the fanner—and fannee—will be as the power required to move the fan plus the moral effect of the pictures on the fan.

As in matters of fancy our impressions are all comparative, we shall be most likely to imagine ourselves cool by contrast with those in hotter situations than we are. It was probably this contrasting effect that

made Lazarus so cool about it when he saw the ex-railroad man begging for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue.

The inference is plain that a fan should always be pictorially torrid. To contribute to the comfort of his readers, such a fan is now given away with every copy of THE JUDGE.

### WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

When President Cleveland began to galvanize into official life the political corpses of Andrew Jackson's bad old times, the country began to be permeated with the idea that this was not statesmanship, but archæology—as Vice-President Hendricks, we think, feelingly termed it.

But when Cleveland put the ancient Keiley on his feet and started him on the tour of the world, the business began to get ghastly and spook-like. For this perturbed spirit not only rose from the dead past to sere our eyeballs, but he couldn't be gotten rid of.

No one would have Keiley. The administration didn't want him, but it dared not restore him to the tomb whence it took him.

It is in the situation of the medical student in the tale who, having galvanized an executed murderer back to life, didn't know what to do with him. The authorities wouldn't take him and execute him over again, better; the corpse wouldn't leave and the student didn't dare murder him. For the rest of his life that restored criminal was on the medical man's back.

We fear this Wandering Jew of Democracy will haunt the administration and the foreign courts of the world—until 1888. Then will begin one of the periods during which Democratic office-seekers shall retire from sight. It was only at long intervals that the Wandering Jew re-appeared, and those were always troublous times.

### SATAN'S VACATION.

It is, perhaps, only reciprocity that the Great Adversary should suspend operations when the clergy are off on vacation leave, but unfortunately his work does not stop, while that of the clergy often does.

Usually, it is a true metaphor which represents your great enemy as a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour, but sometimes he doesn't need to go about. His victims come to be devoured.

The common comparison for industry, "As busy as the devil in a gale of wind," might have for its antithetical metaphor: "As idle as the devil at a summer resort." A watering place is to the kingdom of evil what a protracted meeting is to the kingdom of heaven—a harvest of souls.

Of course, a New Yorker does not need to go to Brighton Beach to find wickedness. There always will be samples of the article lying around loose here. But if he wants to see Satan taking it easy and in his *dolce far*

niente mood, the Isle of Coney is the place to interview him. He never takes his *otium cum dignitate*; no *dignitate* about him. He is strictly business, and though he seems rather an elegant satanic loafer, he is really getting in his best work at this outing place.

If any of our Democratic readers feel disposed to go down by the sad sea and help relieve their party's patron of a portion of his cares, they can feel the assurance that he will reciprocate by extra attentions when the busy season in politics and society shall have returned this autumn.

### RULINGS.

THE CAUSE of reform—unprofitableness or unpopularity of existing sins and abuses.

P. M. GEN. VILAS refuses to appoint editors to office. How "we" apples do not swim!

THE MORMON problem seems to have been worked by addition and multiplication only, thus far. Why not apply the rules of subtraction and division?

BRER. CLEVELAND, when you find an inoffensive partisan in office the whole country will help you kick him out, until he can't tell a gum boil from a bunion.

MR. JAY GOULD disburses his benefactions in the same princely way in which he gobbles up railroads and principalities. He has made the fortunes of Editor Keep by a large-hearted, open-handed libel suit.

A SCIENTIST has discovered that water-melons contain alcohol. This overturns the good old democratic doctrine that water and whiskey are incompatible. Nature, like religion, seems to have declared hostility to the Democratic party.

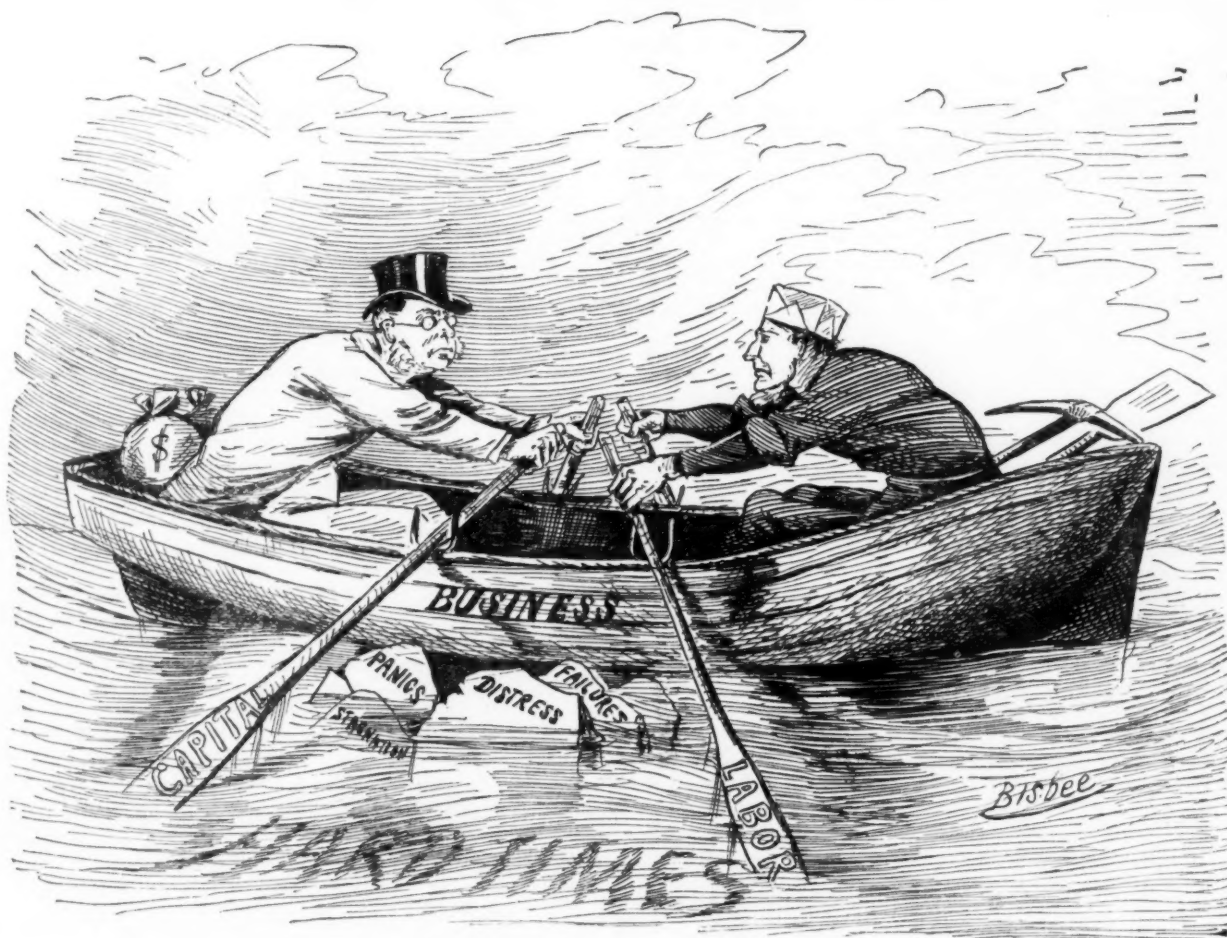
SOUTHERN white editors who never ate a yam raised by a white man or cooked by a white woman, are discussing anxiously the problem, "How shall we help the negro?" For a change, the white man might try turning in and doing one square day's work.

### A Presidential Conundrum.

President Cleveland is evidently discontented with the glories of chief magistracy and longs to wear the chaplet (and bells) of a conundrumist. He put this "sticker" to a deputation of New York importers lately: "Is not Buffalo money as good as New York City money?" They all gave it up, politely, and the President gave the correct answer: "Yes, by the Great Jehovah!"

The administration evidently has come down from Jeffersonian simplicity to Jacksonian piety. If Brer. Cleveland will furnish as pat answers to all his conundrums, THE JUDGE will pay him space rates for them, and promote him from President to Humorist.





## THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

CAPITAL—"We must pull together to get ahead."

## DE LEGEN' 'BOUT WIDDERS.

DADDY CATO.

Long time ago w'en dis yere worl'  
Wuz in hits younger days,  
An' Satan jess begin to larn  
De folks his 'dacious ways,  
Dey tells how 'twas dat widders came  
To git so good a' stan',  
An' wy hit is dat all dese years  
Dey's kep' de upper han'.

Dey sey w'en Abel, Adam's chile,  
Had los his sweet, young life,  
His blood f'wom off the groun' did cry,  
"Venge me an' bless my wife."  
An' den dat cry went up to heben,  
Wuz wrote in de great book,  
An' all de angels gadder roun'  
To tek a wonderin' look.

"A dead man's pra'r," dey w'isper low,  
"De fust one eber said,  
De livin' kin dere 'titions change  
But 'taint so wid de dead.  
On ebery murderer's bloody soul  
Dat curse will allus rest,  
An' ebery widder, young er ole  
Will be foreber blest."

Dey wuz so innocent an' kin',  
Not usened to dis life,  
Dey clean forgot dat Abel meant  
No udder pusson's wife,  
But eber sence, f'wom den twel now,

Wedder dey's w'ite er black,  
De widders hez de angels' he'p  
To keep de inside track.

Hit ain't wuth w'ile to say "Tek care  
Uv widders an' dere ways."  
Dey'll hev de cha'm uv winnin' hah'ts  
W'ile on dis yearth dey stays.  
No matter ef dey's ole er young,  
Ef dey is high er low,  
Dey'll keep de whip-han' all de time  
An' neber let hit go.

Beware.

## A Door Suddenly Opened.

A retired clergyman (on the usual pay) advertises that he will unteach pet parrots to swear, and thus save their converted owners the painful necessity of either parting with their favorites or with their hope of salvation.

The consideration asked is trifling. This is a matter of interest to one of our well-known journalists on the staff of the *Police Gazette*, who has long been kept from joining the church through love of his parrot.

This bird, besides a profane tongue, has a habit of screeching out in the most sarcastic tone "I've got religion! I've got religion," which has hitherto served as a barrier to its owner's profession of faith.

F. DEM.

A MAN may smile and smile and be willin' still.

## Misdirected Enthusiasm.

If all those who paid for the champagne, feed and feting of the French officers who brought the statue over had chipped in for Liberty herself, it would have finished her pedestal. It is ever thus. Men will swim through seas of self-indulgence to attest their unselfish devotion to a great cause. Liberty was never established in this country on a foundation of pate de foie gras, pommeroy sec and mock-turtle soup. If there had been as much tug on shore at the subscription list as there was in the harbor at the reception pageant of Liberty, the young lady would have found a place to rest the sole of her foot when she arrived.

## OFF THE BENCH.

WIDELY read—The Atlas of the World.

HARVARD maintains her supremacy as the intellectual and classical center of the country, by her defeat of Yale, in the recent regatta.

A NATURALIST is advocating insects as food. What's the matter with flies in the restaurant and roaches everywhere?

## THE JUDGE. ON THE ROAD.

Tales of Travellers, Gulliver not Being One of Them.

Cusby, Brown, and Lang journeyed the greater part of the way from St. Paul to Omaha in the smoking compartment of a Pullman. At the end of a couple of hours Cusby, having exhausted his cigar case, went down into his pistol pocket for his pipe and pulled out instead a new nickle-plated revolver which he had bought in St. Paul and this dangerous plaything he proceeded to examine in a reckless fashion.

"Say, Gus, don't handle that thing so carelessly," protested Brown.

"It isn't loaded, Josh, so don't fash yourself," putting it in his pocket again, nevertheless.

"Boys, I'll tell you what, more people are accidentally killed by unloaded than loaded weapons," Josh went on. "We read of cases daily in which folks are killed by guns that have not been loaded in years."

"That reminds me of the old chap who had an umbrella whose performances surprised him a good deal," said I, "Have you fellows heard the story?"

"If we have, Lang, the cigars on you, as laid down by statute in such cases made and provided," said Gus.

"Very well," I assented. "There was, once upon a time, an old gent who by purchase, inheritance, or some legitimate means came into possession of a green cotton umbrella, and when abroad, whatever the weather, he was never seen apart from this article, which, by the way, he very highly valued. One day, as he was walking in the fields wearing the umbrella as usual, he came to the foot of a ridge, the top of which was somewhat higher than his head. Just as he was about to ascend he heard footprints approaching on horse-back—Don't, Gus, I beg pardon; put the pistol away—I mean to say, he heard a slight noise, and glancing up, saw a plump rabbit skipping along on top. 'Thunder,' exclaimed the old gent, 'if this umbrella was only a gun, I'd have rabbit-stew for supper,' and so saying he levelled the parasol at puss. At that moment a fellow on the other side of the ridge, who was provided with a sure enough gun, banged away, and the little beast dropped with the usual dull, sickening thud. The old man lowered his umbrella and examined it with mixed astonishment and curiosity. 'Wonderful,' he exclaimed, 'here I've carried this darned thing for eighteen years and never knew it was loaded.'"

"That's a very fair illustration of my meaning, Lang," said Brown. "Did I ever tell you of the painful death of my old friend and customer, Slab, of Oshkosh? He came to his end by monkeying with an empty rifle, and in a very uncomfortable way.—But, never mind that incident, I want to relate a yarn of his early business life. Slab succeeded in business a fellow well known in his part of the country as the rankest practical joker of the day. He tried his didos on Slab, but that joke was the last he was ever known to attempt. You see, Slab came from the back country a very raw lad and engaged with Memoriam—that was the other fellow's name, I. N. Memoriam—to do the old gentleman's chores about his house, and to sweep out the shop. One day the old man told Slab that he wanted him to sit up and watch the body of a man who had been dead two days and who was laid out in an empty room above the store. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, which was somewhere near midnight, the old man's assistant took Slab up to the

room, which was dimly lighted by a single candle, and, after charging him on no account to drop asleep, left him alone with the body, which was decently covered with a white sheet. Now, this body was no other than that appertaining to I. N. Memoriam, Esq., himself, and was as thoroughly alive as mine is now. Understand? Well, the boy took a chair, pulled a book out of his pocket, lit a clay pipe, and settled down comfortably for the night. Just before twelve a tremendous thunder storm came on with all the trimmings of lightning and wind. The candle flickered and threw fantastic shadows about the room. A tree just outside creaked in the wind, and a projecting branch tapped the window from time to time uncannily. Just as the town-clock struck twelve, the supposed corpse groaned heavily and raised his right arm stiffly above his head. The boy didn't faint or make a break for the door, as Memoriam expected. No, sir, he simply crossed over and replaced the arm, just as if dead people were in the habit of going through such calisthenics regularly. Then the body reposed quietly until a flash of lightning threw a vivid blue glare in the room, when he groaned more heavily than before and raised both arms above his head. The lad, not a bit funked, remarking only that this was the darndest corpse he ever heard of, crossed

over again and replaced the arms. Old Memoriam was considerably puzzled by all this, but concluded to try it again. Waiting until a sudden gust of wind had blown out the candle, he let loose an unearthly howl at the moment when a tremendous clap of thunder knocked all the milk in the neighborhood sour, and sat upright with both arms extended wide. Slab was equal to the occasion. He laid his pipe carefully on the table, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went over to the body. Shaking his fist in the old man's face, he said: 'See here, stiff, so long as you act like a stiff I'll use you like a stiff, but I'm not bound to respect a dead man that monkeys as you have.' So saying, he fetched him a clip under the right ear that made him yell, then taking him by the crop, he bounced him about the room vigorously.

"Mercy," wailed the corpse.

"No mercy here," replied Slab. "I'll sweep the floor and calcimine the walls with you. When I get through there won't be a green spot left for Old Memoriam to take up in the morning, if he has all the benzine in town," lamming his head against the wall by way of emphasis.

"Don't, O, don't. I am Memoriam. I'm not dead."

"You lie, you miserable stiff. Your name is Jack Saucub and you've been dead two days." And he took him around the waist and hove him into a far corner.

"Just then the assistant made his appearance, a lamp in his hand and a blank look in his pale face.

"For heaven's sake, Slab, what have you been doing with the corpse," he said as he threw the light on the face of the undertaker who had fainted under rough treatment.

"Why, the goll darned old cuss fooled with me until I got tired, so I turned to and gave him a rattling good licking," explained Slab. "I guess he'll stay dead now till he's planted."

"Gentlemen," sung out the porter, putting his head into the doorway at this point, "Gentlemen, dinner is ready in the dining car."

L. L. LANG.



The maiden bright, when comes the night,  
Her person tastily adorning,  
With pleasant talk suggests a walk,  
Of cold ice-cream thus gives you warning.  
But, ah! the "sponge" at once will lunge,  
And strike you for a "quarter;"  
Takes half-a-dime with grace sublime—  
Takes anything but water!

### More Journalistic Enterprise Wanted.

What great New York journal now will start a free roller skating rink for indigent children and set up fresh taffy and fresh roasted pea-nut funds? Journalistic enterprise will never stop until every babe has free and wholesome pap—whatever its mam may be or have been.

"Heave us a line;" ye captain cried,  
Of ye vessel laden low  
With corn unto ye tugboat man  
Going near ye harbor, oh.  
"Nay, skipper, nay," ye answer was;  
"No chiropodist I know;  
Sail in yerself, for this chap wants  
Nary corn upon his toe."



YE MODERN MARINER.



**Y**E Barmanne hath ynough to do,  
Ye inne is full of guests;  
He, with a sweet seraphic smile,  
Obeyeth their behests.

And many a manne hath lost his witte,  
Yea, foameth at the mouthe;  
For, of ye drink, 'cept lager biere,  
There is not any drouthe.

Full suddenlie there rolleth in  
A Schippeman, eld and brown;  
Good even then, my merrie menne—  
He straightway sitteth down;

Ye salt sea windde is in his voice,  
He quaffeth a cup of biere;  
He telleth us a wondrous tale,  
We cannot chuse but hear:

Of dreadful trips in certain schippes  
That on ye rockes were caste;  
Of sorry plights, and woeful sightes,  
Of treasures rich and vaste;

Of grievous weeks upon ye brine  
Without nor food nor drinke \* \* \*  
"Take this, thou hapless mariner,  
'Twill do thee good, I thinke!

He taketh in ye canne of ginne  
An it were but a drop—  
Go on, go on, thou mariner,  
We do not bidde thee stop!

He telleth us of bloody crimes,  
Of deeds of mysterie;  
Of savage lands, of golden strands,  
Of myrmaids faire to see.

Quoth he—"I've spliced ye cro' jack jibbe  
When winds were howling high;

When none dare climbe ye foksle shrouds  
But ye seconde cooke and I!

"I've walked ye after sky sail boomme  
On many a murkie night,  
And reefed ye flowing nightingale  
With both endes of ye bighte."

Then up there sprang a lusty chiel,  
Had been lying on ye floor;  
He gripeth ye Schippeman by ye throat,  
And smiteth him full sore;

"What ho!" he crieth, "gentlemenne,  
Your pardon I do crave!  
But this same cringing varlet here  
Is but a lying knave!"

"I am a mariner myselfe,  
And much it grieveth me  
To see such imposition!—speak!  
Hast ever been to sea?"

Ye Schippeman gaspeth as a fishe;  
"No, no!" he loud doth bawle,  
"But I've driven mules for fifty yeare  
On ye raging Erie canawl."

T. W. TRESSIDER.

ADVICE TO THE CHOIR.



You have acted wisely, my dear young friends, in consulting THE JUDGE on this subject; for we flatter ourselves that we know as much about the regulation of a choir as the next man. As your question comprises several heads, we will answer them in turn.

To begin with, then, it is not necessary to know how to sing in order to join a choir. Indeed, the most successful members we have ever known could not sing at all. Choirs should be formed to please the eye as well as the ear; and if there be one or two tolerable voices, that is sufficient, as far as the noise is concerned. The bulk of the choir is for appearance only; and such persons should be chosen as can give grace and dignity to the organization.

Of course, no choir can be complete without the slim young man who parts his hair in the middle. He is generally called a "tenor"; but the nomenclature is arbitrary, and you may call him anything you like.

Then there must be a young lady with

slim waist and big hands. She need not be a singer, but she can never fill the bill unless she has a large mouth and can manœuvre it to its utmost capacity. If she is mashed on the tenor, her performances during the sermon may, perhaps, keep some of the congregation awake.

There must also be a stout, elderly party to carry the bass. He need not sing, however, provided the organist bears on heavily

with the left hand.

The next prerequisite will be one or two middle-aged or elderly ladies. These are the most substantial timber in the choir. They carry the tunes for the most part, the others running alongside and catching on when they can. On account of their advance of years these ladies are, of course, "far behind the times;" but they serve as pegs on which to hang all shortcomings, and to do the singing on rainy Sundays when the others can't get out. To these any desired number of nondescripts may be added.

As regards the number of tunes to be known, they needn't exceed three—a long metre, a common, and a short. Few ministers will impose upon a choir by announcing a peculiar metre; and should one do so he can easily and speedily be convinced of the error of his ways.

You should procure new note-books as often as every six months; but the change needn't discommode you at all. The publishers have kindly arranged that a certain number of old tunes shall be inserted in all books; and so the choir is saved the trouble of learning new ones.

As soon as you have finished one hymn you had better begin preparations for the next. If you haven't pencil or paper handy you can communicate by word of mouth or in pantomime. Care should be taken to rustle the leaves of your books during the sermon, as it encourages the preacher to know that the choir is ready to catch on when the time comes. The bass may go to sleep, provided he doesn't snore louder than he sings; the rest should be kept awake by peppermint drops, peanuts, etc.

Discourage all attempts at congregational singing, as unprofessional voices must cause inevitable discord. A visitor known to be a singer, should never be invited to participate, he might think you couldn't get along without him.

The dull monotony of this round may be relieved in many ways, the principal diversion being found in bickerings. If each assumes that he or she is the mainstay of the organization, and makes disparaging remarks about the others behind their backs, there need be no lack of agreeable pastime, which, interlarded with hard work, will keep you in good spirits, and make you indispensable to the spirituality of the church and the holy inspiration of the services. ROBT. MORGAN.



MISS FASHIONBUB (evidently shocked)—"Oh, Major! let's go in; that boy has nothing on his shoulder—positively nothing."

## MY FIRST HALF-HOLIDAY.



**A**ND so your firm has decided to give the clerks a half holiday on Saturdays during the summer," remarked my Belle, as we turned over the leaves of the "Governor of O."

"A what!" exclaimed Belle's ma.

"A half-day off on Saturdays," I explained.

"And what are you going to do with yourself next Saturday?" asked ma.

"I thought of going to Coney Island," I said, "but"—

"Just the thing!" exclaimed ma.

"But"—said I.

"I have been wanting to go all summer, to see Gilmore and his band in their splendid new uniform," said ma, with decision.

"And the new Amphitheatre," said Belle with a smile.

"Well," said I, "let us go on Saturday."

"Yes," said ma; "fortunately I have no engagement for that day, and we can take our time about returning."

"How che-ar-ming!" exclaimed my Belle. (I am engaged on trial for three months, the permanent engagement to be dependent on good behavior and proved fitness. Ma is a civil-service reformer.)

It was arranged that we should meet at the pavilion, near South-ferry, at two o'clock, and I gave up, with a secret sigh, my visit to a base-ball match.

The day proved very hot, and ma suffered from the heat.

"I never did go anywhere that the weather was not hot enough to roast a saint," said she.

"Fortunately, you are not a saint," said I, wishing to be jocular.

She gave me a look that said plainly, "Look out, young man!"

But Belle smiled sweetly, and said, "I love warm weather, it reminds me so of summer!" and the look she gave me made my cheeks tingle.

"If I only had a glass of iced champagne!" exclaimed ma. But fortunately the shout of "All aboard for Manhattan Beach!" turned the current of her thoughts and took a load off my mind, for where would I find that rare beverage in that vicinity.

"How everybody pushes," said ma, as she placed her foot upon the toes of a dude by her side.

"O Ma'm! beg pardon, don't you know—but my toes."

"Why did you put them under my foot?" she said indignantly; "If you can't take care of your toes, I'm sure I cant."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," said the sufferer.

"You had better," said ma.

"Then, Mr. Dunfordude, don't you see all the low people are rushing for the seats, why don't you?"

"O certainly," I answered, "excuse me," and I hastened to secure three camp stools, and placed them where the shade would be, when the steamboat turned for her course.

"Well," said ma, "if he hasn't gone and put them right in the sun!"

"But," explained Belle, "as soon as we start they will be in the shade."

"Don't talk to me, don't you think I know! Put them in the shade," to me.

I did so, and when the boat headed down stream, we were in the broiling sun.

"There," said ma, "I told you so."

"But"—

"You should have put them in the shade. There's a man smoking," said she; "and another; well, if they ain't all smoking. Are there no rules to protect females! Can't this nuisance be prevented! I shall complain to the police, and write a complaint to THE JUDGE. Horrid creatures men are!" Ma spoke very loud when she was excited, and on this occasion she was unusually so. I raised my umbrella, and held it with both hands, but in spite of

all my vigilance, it occasionally touched ma's bonnet.

"Mr. D. do you want to knock off my bonnet!" and then she whispered to Belle, "did he disturb my Thompson wave? There goes that Italian band, 'Sweet Violets'! I can't stand this! anywhere to get rid of that eternal tune—come!" So she led the way to the stern, and we settled down on a pile of ropes.

When we approached the wharf at Bay Ridge, a sailor came near us and requested us to move, as he wanted to handle the ropes. Ma became indignant. "Move!" said she; "why don't you take the ropes from the other side?"

"That wont do; I am sorry to disturb you, Miss."

"O, it's no matter, no matter at all," said ma; "a very nice young man, above his situation!"

"This way to the parlor car, this way, Ma'm," and the man with the voice led ma to this car. She went in, and we followed, of course; a little matter I did not calculate upon.

On arriving at Manhattan Beach the full glory of the new Amphitheatre, erected at a cost of \$25,000!! burst upon our view, but the beauty of the lawn was much injured by its intrusion. Signs for conformity to rules met the visitor on approaching this enclosure: "No chairs allowed here; no standing." Well, few privileges are allowed for those who do not pay for admission to this open-air theatre. To be sure, the music will fly around the corners, but what is that if you can't see the graceful Gilmore's back as he beats time!

I would have been contented with the ten cent seats, but a look from ma forbade me to indulge in such a small economy. I therefore bought three reserved seats at twenty-five cents each, and was received with marked courtesy, and I thought, some surprise, by the usher who guarded the entrance. On looking around, after we were seated, I was not a little embarrassed to find that we three were the only persons in this aristocratic reservation. We were much looked at, and ma enjoyed it. She looked at the programme, and ma exclaimed with heat: "Beethoven! Beethoven! Why don't Gilmore select music that people like! Why so much of dead Beethoven!"

"Why ma, you made a pun," exclaimed Belle.

"Did I?" said she; "why I hav'nt made a pun since the funeral of my late Uriah. O! it's too much," and she held her handkerchief to her eyes. Fortunately it passed for emotion caused by the music, as at that time it was quite melancholy.

Well, the concert came to an end, and as ma felt a marvelous appetite, we took a table and she made a selection of viands that exceeded my cash on hand. Fortunately, I saw Harris, a friend, and borrowed fifteen dollars from him, so I was enabled to save my credit. But my heartless friend remarked:

"Mother-in-law?"

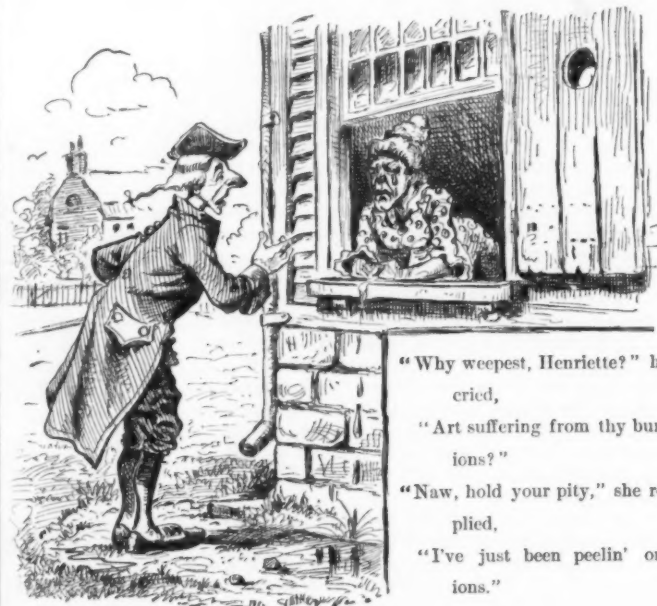
"Not yet," I replied.

"She's too heavy for you, take a frien'l's advice and escape if possible."

Well, it did set me to thinking.

Yours,

A. DUNFORDUDE.



"Why weepest, Henriette?" he cried,

"Art suffering from thy bunions?"

"Naw, hold your pity," she replied,

"I've just been peelin' on-ions."



## SHAKEY HANSEMANN VISITS NIAGARA FALLS.

My shtore in Harlem vas baying pooty goot, und effery ting vas loafly, exceb dot I got de shills und never.

Vell, de dogter, he say "Shakey, it vas petter you got a little drip away for avhile. You got blenty mooney, vy dunt you go py dot Niagara Valls?"

Vell, I vent py dot Niagara Valls. It vas long vay. Ni York Shtate vas as pig as Chairmany.

Pifore I got de Valls py I vant to ged some shange for a den tollar pill off de con-duct-tur. He haf sait:

"You can ged blenty schmall 'nough shange for pills oop dose Valls py."

Py Hookey! de shange vas schmall I got for pills up py dose Valls. You pet.

I naver hat zo eggspensive a drip in my live. It was twainty-vive cends to valk oafar dot leetle Soospender pridge (Prooklyn Pridge vas a cend). Py dot pridge dere vas peautiful view. Mine gott, de vater vas veerful! De Harlem River vas novere. De vater vas all de dime boom! boom! boom!

I asged von man vat vas de name of dot pig vall, und he sait "Dot vos de Shoo-Fly Valls," und dot island vos Coat Island "Picause dere you ged de rubber-coats vot efferypoty vair to go under de Valls town."

Vot you tink? Dot plame gustom-house officer he say, "Vot you got in dot pundle dere?"

I sait, "I got my lunch vot I prings from Ni York."

"Oh, dot's too tin," he sait; und he opened dot pundle und said:

"You vas daking American poulognies indo Canada. Dot vill gost you den cends apiece."

"You are a liah," I sait. "To show dot is not zo, I will ead dem poulognies ride here already."

"Dot makes no tifference," he sait, "You vill be daking dem into Canada shust de same."

Now dot vas Free Drade!

Vell! I got me oafar on dot odder side und zit town on de grass to rest, for I sleep me leetle dot nide pefore dot zleeping car on.

"Twainty-vive cends to sid down dere," someone yelt.

I vas valking along de road, ven a man came running ub und sait: "Schtand ride shdill!"

"Vot for?" I sait.

"Orters of de Goafernment," he sait; und I vas oplied to pay von tollar for a nashty leetle bicture of myself. Und de oxpression of Shakey Hansemann's vace in dot bicture vas veerful.

All so for de sbace of von hour I vas schvindled out of den, dwenty, feefty cends zo ofden dot I was homezick. I pick feety cends out of mine bocket-pook effery fife minutes mit out sheep. Und I sait to myself "Shakey, vere vas dot den tollar pill you vas haf py de morning hours?"

It vas den dot I vas handed a card (de first free ting already).

It vas mooch like dese:

"Do Dravellers py dot Niagara Valls! Awoid Oxposition py going py do Glympton House. De Brobrietor vas a wertuous chentleman vot schpend hees live in looking oud dot dose dravelers got no schvindle. Go py him und He vil brotect you. Of you dunt, you vil vander arount all de dime undil you vas proken ub und schvindled efferywhere."

"Now dot's zo," I sait to myselluf.

Vell, I vent py dot Glympton House und sait, "Meester you vas a goot man do brotect de beebles. Vat zights are dere?"

"Oh, you moost zee de vorlpool, vere Captain Vebb vas trowned, und de vorlpool rabbits, und de purning spring, und many blaces vitch vas sheaper in a carriage. Maype you neffer coom agen. Yor moost zee dem."

"All ride, geef me a horse und vagon for a zhort schpace of dime."

A leetle poy coom und crabbed my pundle und blaced it py de zeat und said: "Ain't you going to geef me nottings?"

Und I tinked de poy vas hoongry und geef him piece sheese und cracker. And dem loafers vot vas arount laughed und laughed und tolt to de poy: "De Dutchman vas ub onto you."

"De first blace ve go vas de vorlpool. (Noddings to go in, feefty cends to coom oud.) De man vas dalking vast."

"Views of de Valls in seven tifferent languages, collar-buttons made oud of de rocks, poxs made oud of de vood."

Vell, ve trife long vays apove dose Valls, und ve coom py two, tree house. I vas oxperience now, und I dunt go inside because dot gost me sometings. I tolt de triver "go home," und a man sait:

"Feefty cends."

"But I dunt vant to zee dot spring," I sait.

"Oh, it aint for dot; it's for coming oafar de road."

Den py chimmny hookey I schware like crazy man. De trifer say: "You have to bay."

Den de man say: "You are now cordially invited to zee de spring."

"Und you are cortially invited to chump oafar de Valls, you tam loafer."

Pack by dot hodel, vot you tink? Dey sharge me four tollar. "Dot brobrietor vas—vell, neffer mint."

"Of you vas a newly-married gouble it vould gost you touble. Be tankful it vas no more."

"I vill naver coom agen," I sait.

"Ve knew you neffer vould, und dot's de reason," sait dot cuss.

Tank Gott! I vas apoard dot drain for Ni York. I found my mooney, I vind I haf my teeket und view cends lefd of dot dirty tollar.

Py chimmny! Captain Vebb vas not vorse daken in by dose plame Valls dan Shakey Hansemann. CORNICULA.



## FANCY VS. FACT.

Come out, come out, dear Mrs. Flinn  
Ignore the pots and pans within,  
Still sleeps your fond adorer;  
Think not of crackling fires and fumes  
Of breakfast; leave thy smoky rooms  
And gaze upon Aurora.

Bedad, ye'd have me lave me work,  
And all me household duties shirk  
While swately sleeps me snorer;  
I can't come out—but Hannah Quinn—  
If breakfast's late, you just come in  
And gaze upon a roarer.

J. E. JONES.

## The Willing Hendricks.

Vice-president Hendricks does not believe in proscription and is willing that Republicans should have some of the official honors. This is prophetic, involuntary liberality.

"Was your wife willing to go?" asked a sympathizing friend of a bereaved Tenton.  
"Villing! Yah, she hat to be. Mein cott, she couldn't hellup herself."

"Fly" men of the period—fielders in the national game.

## It is all Right.

The other day I had seated myself in a cheap cab.

"Stranger!" cried a legitimate hackman, thrusting his head in the window, "Do you know that those are the cabs that carry contagious hospital patients?"

"I am one of them," I replied softly. "Typhus Fever."

"What!" he cried, jumping back three yards.

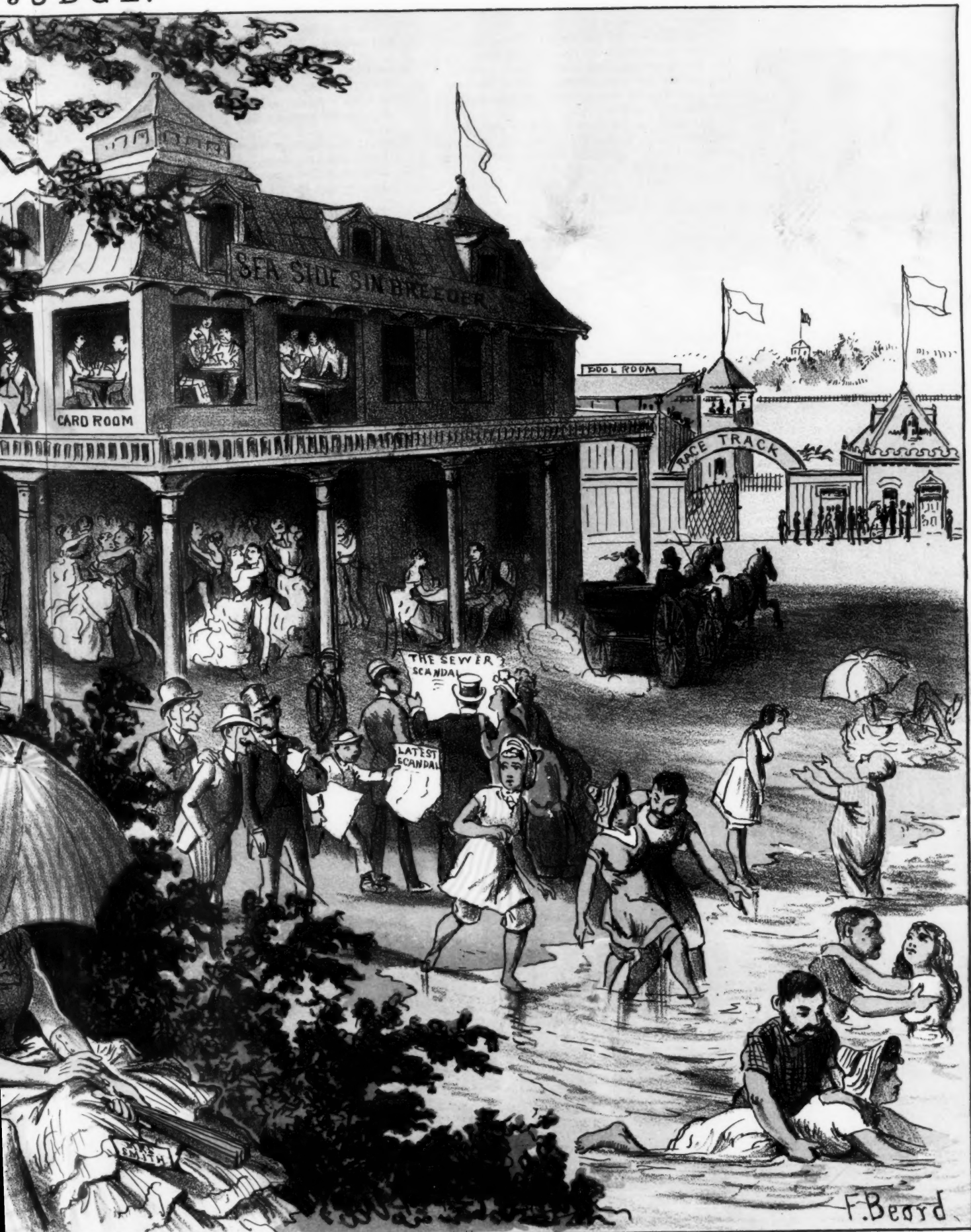
"Whip up, driver," I exclaimed, and off we crept, VISCOUNT DE M.



THE DEVIL'S  
"The seed is sown--what sh



JUDGE.



VIL'S VACATION.  
-what shall the harvest be?"



MEXICAN TROPICAL MUSIC.

The artistic sense of eye and ear and the desires of the most poetic nature are fully satisfied by the concerts given by the Mexican Typical Orchestra. It is typical in every sense.

The artists themselves are types of another race. Their costumes we associate with brilliant, daring exploits, and dazzling golden cities in some far-off, strange country. And the music—

The violin is the greatest of instruments, capable of expressing, when pressed against the breast and trembling in the hands of an artist, every wave of feeling that surges through the most sensitive frame. The Mexican Orchestra has this versatile instrument for its foundation and the open-stringed instruments—the violoncello, the harp, the guitar, the bandolin and the salterio—composing the orchestra, share more or less the character of the violin.

The secret of creating perfect music, either instrumental or vocal, lies in the art of combining qualities. Voices blend or not, according to the relations of qualities. The same is true of instruments.

The greater distinction of quality lies between the two classes of instruments, string and wind. The string comes in direct contact with the touch and transmits its feeling into sound waves. This is expression.

The expression coming through the medium of wind instruments is much more indirect and mechanical.

In combining these two classes of instruments it requires great judgment and artistic skill to produce harmony. Beethoven did a bold thing when he introduced voices into his ninth symphony, combining qualities of tone that it was impossible to blend. But he was a master. Wagner was another.

A combination of all qualities to make a harmonious whole, is the highest possibility of orchestration. It requires a genius to compose and a master to interpret it. But it subjects the individuality of persons and instruments. One thinks of the composer and the conductor in such a performance, never of the performers.

The other kinds of instrumental choruses are two, exclusively wind and exclusively string. The former we call a band which is never emotional; the latter is called chamber music.

To the latter class belong the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the Mexican Orchestra and others. Unlike either the full orchestra or the band, chamber music necessitates individual perfection. As the violin is lifeless when played by a cold, unfeeling nature, so this kind of orchestra must be composed of

artists in expression as well as in technique.

That this is the case with the Mexican Orchestra, is shown by the delicate shading, the quick crescendoes, the hidden melody, the perfect and comprehensive use of staccato and legato, and the apportionment among the different instruments.

The violin is the speech of this speaking orchestra, and the bandolin, salterio, guitar, harp and cellos, give the fitting expression and feeling that play around this mobile orchestra, like the glance of the eye, the curl of the lip that bespeak unspeakable things.

Sometimes the whole is submerged in one whirl of sensation, but always resolving into some different feeling, coming from a low breathed melody, from violin, or some peculiar sensation of time.

Rhythm is the foundation of their effect. It is peculiarly noticable in interpretation of waltz music which requires strict rhythm. They do not give the three distinct beats, but only the first accent of each measure, giving one the sense of pulsation.

Unlike the usual run of orchestras, one feels that each musician is giving full sway to his feeling and that the perfect unity of expression is not mechanic but sympathetic. Each of these musicians has a habit of softly running his hand over the vibrating strings to quiet them, and the conductor seemed to exert the same hushing power over the whole body.

One of the chief charms of the Mexican Orchestra is the absence of sheets of music. It was a relief to the eye and gave the imagination greater play. The picturesque stage effect produced by the decorated uniform, the oriental scarfs, the white sombreros, the surroundings of tall tropical plants, would have been greatly marred by iron racks and white paper.

## THE MODERN CALENDAR.

When bill-collector's come in fast,  
And dun unhappy man  
For debts incurred for twelve months past,  
Why then we know it's Jan.

When comic valentines are mailed  
To us, without an ebb,

We wish the unknown sender jailed,  
And realize it's Feb.

When thaws begin, and o'er the street  
The slush is deep afar,  
(Which fills our gums and wets our feet),  
Why then we know it's Mar.

When'er we see strange bonnets worn  
Of some new ugly shape,  
By ladies on an Easter morn,  
Were very sure it's Ap.

When wives transplant their potted flowers  
Unto the front-yard gay,  
And husbands white-wash walls for hours,  
Why, then we know it's May.

When love-sick youth doth serenade  
His girl with nightly tune,  
(Upon a flute so vilely played),  
It dawns on us it's Jun.

When collars perspiration wilts—  
Flies and mosquitoes rule,  
And preachers take vacation tilts,  
Why then we know it's Jul.

When e'er the farmer "sics" at tramps  
His big bloodthirsty dog,  
When apples green give small boys cramps,  
We're positive it's Aug.

When back from sea-shore come the "crooks,"  
Who skipped while land-lord slept,  
And paid no scores charged in his book,  
Why then we know it's Sept.

When hunter's stealing near some game,  
And drags his gun half-cocked  
'Till it goes off and bores his frame,  
We tumble that it's Oct.

When loafers for the bar-room steer,  
To gather 'round the stove,  
And take hot rum instead of beer,  
Why then we see it's Nov.

When e'er for holiday pot-pies,  
The chickens, "turks," and geese  
And ruffled off by "throwing dies,"  
We're certain it is Dec."

"JEF. JOSLYN."



A CONNECTICUT IDEA.  
WILL IT MAKE ICE CHEAPER?



## Objectionable People.

## THE DENTIST.

I am of a benevolent nature. Indeed, my wife, who is of a malicious and mother-in-lawish disposition, often upbraids me for meekness. For I do not worry over the little trials of life, such as grocers and landlords. No; I bottle my wrath for the great evils that afflict humanity, and one of these is the dentist.

I had been warned that it must happen. The thing was predestination under its most dreadful form. "My dear sir," cheerfully remarked Dentatus when I told him that it felt queer every time I bit down hard on it, "that tooth must come out." This was a year before the catastrophe took place. A year! The twelvemonth, I dare say, seemed short enough to folks in easy circumstances. But to me who was living, so to speak, from hand to mouth (for I was constantly putting my finger on it) it was three years and every one of them leap year.

I began to take a morbid interest in cases of lock-jaw induced by unskillful dentistry. On many occasions I found myself watching the horrible, grinning things that open and close their mouths in the Bowery dentist's windows. I was told it would not hurt if the nerve were frozen. Frozen! Once a spoonful of ice-cream encircled that tooth. It was at a party given by an aunt from whom I had reasonable expectations, but in such a moment of agony I could not choose my form of ejaculations. The affronted lady died soon afterwards and did not mention me in her will. Frozen! No thank you.

I nursed my tooth and deferred the evil day as long as possible. But matters at last came to a crisis. When "I could eat but little meat," and that had to be of the tenderest character; when I examined every article of food with the suspicious care of a health officer; when sleep came to me only in fitful snatches, and those invariably brought dreams in which a red-hot skewer took an active part, then I wrote to Dentatus and set a day.

It was an early hour, but I found a crowd there before me. For Dentatus was popular, that is, as an epidemic is popular. A dismal, haggard lot of folks who kept poring over *Life* and *THE JUDGE*, and only cast fearful glances up when the inner door was opened. I wonder why dentists have funny papers for us to study. Some consolation might be gained from Baxter's "Saint's Rest," or Fox's "Book of Martyrs," or Burton's "Melancholy," but who would read a jest-book in a grave-yard or give comic stories to a condemned man on the eve of his fate! Here we sat and waited dolefully. Why do dentists keep us waiting? The agony of anticipation is almost as bad as the act itself.

The door opened and a servant said: "Master Squadles will please step this way." Master Squadles didn't please. He objected strenuously, he howled, he tore the menial's hair when that lusty person carried him off by main force. If we hesitated when our turn came, should we be carried off to the torture also? Are such outrages permitted in the nineteenth century and a fashionable street? A shriek!—a long wail of agony! Our faces grow paler. The young man in the corner began reading his paper upside down. I moved nearer the door and broke into a cold perspiration.

"They have broken his jaw" whispered a

## "GOD PITY THE RICH!"



fat person beside me, as he furtively looked out of the window and calculated the distance to the street.

My tooth did not seem so bad after all and I concluded to go home when the door again opened and my name was called. I staggered into the dentist's torture room. It was hideously neat. Dentatus was wiping some instrument on a towel. He shook hands with me after the manner of Mr. Sullivan when he means to make short work of an opponent. He smiled amiably—what beautiful teeth he had. I remember wondering whether they were real; whether he ever pulled them to keep his hand in practice when business was dull. He said something about the weather. What did I care for the weather! He hoped the chair was comfortable, and was my head easy? Inhuman creature! He put a little mirror into my mouth. "Oh" he smiled cheerfully. "I told you it would have to come out"—Then—

It was the custom of the Grecian theatres to do their murders and mutilations behind the scenes while chorus explained the matter by singing "Ay, ay" to the audience. Shall I then in a high state of civilization be more explicit? The anguish of that moment is sacred to my memory. But my face was so distorted as I left that the fat person fled with me, and confessed that he could not muster up courage enough to await his turn with the Dentist.

HILLARY BELL.

PHILADELPHIA got her liberty bell back. Considering the general spirit of New Orleans in her exposition, Philadelphia may feel as thankful as the circuit-preacher did when he got his hat back maugre the collection. By the way, a Liberty Belle arrived in New York about the same hour as that one reached Philadelphia.

THE end has come at last, Margaret, we're cornered!" cried a Wall street operator as he staggered into an elegant up-town mansion. Mr. Jay Hawk was reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in the country.

Let him tell his own story: "Margaret, it is useless to struggle longer to keep up the market. I have stood up under a steady shrinkage for three years now. All the money I could rake and scrape has gone for margins. Everything I own is up the spout for collateral. I have gone without lunch many a day because I hadn't the price of one, and I dared not squeal by borrowing. On the contrary, I have had to keep lending to men less hard up, to keep up the appearance of success, against the revelations of our quarterly reports.

"And I," said his wife, ruefully, "have had to wear darned stockings under satin and seal-skin, and do my own chamber-work in this gilded palace, to keep up public confidence. Oh, Jay! can't we fly from it all to Canada and be happy once more?"

"It's too late—too late! Eno and Fish have worked that racket out. The boodle is all locked up out of reach, this house is shingled with mortgages and the furniture is not ours. I haven't a cent in my pocket."

"Did you bring anything home for dinner?" asked she, starting up excitedly. "Nothing but an empty stomach and a collapsed conscience, and we must starve."

It was now that the woman-in-our-hours-of-ease, Ministering Angel business came in, and Mrs. Hawk was fly to her cue:

"Never mind, dear," she said in a Lyons-velvet tone, such as he had not heard in forty years. "We need not starve; I can give you a dinner to-day and to-morrow you may be able to strike a lamb."

"What have you to eat?" asked the hungry millionaire, brightening.

"I will fry the gold-fish for our supper," she cried, striking a Lyceum-school-tragedy attitude.

He turned away with a dull sickening th—er, expression on his face.

"I've lived on Wall street suckers so long that, hungry as I am, I'd rather dine at an Ocean Grove hotel than attempt a fish diet."

The luxurious tastes of the pampered son of wealth were still strong upon him. His stomach was still proud as in the days when its owner capitalized the "L" roads.

"Well, then, dear, what do you say to a fricassee of canary birds, or to parrot stuffed with chestnuts and seasoned with attic salt?"

"Well," said the unfortunate monopolist, hesitatingly, "that will do at a pinch. [He didn't mean the joke, poor fellow?] But can't you leave out all suggestion of an attic. We may have to come to that; but tonight, darling, let no gloomy forebodings mar the perfect symphony of our banquet."

And it was so. But the joyous and enthusiastic profanity of the parrot no longer alleviates the cares and unburdens the feelings of the dejected operator as night after night he returns from the dreary desert of 'Change without change.



No. 1. The poetical idea of sketching from nature.

No. 2. THE REALITY. SHE—"What, you expect me to sit on that dirty stone wall, and lean in this new dress against that musty old tree. I'm not going to get covered with ants and spiders for all the paintings in the world. Not much!"

### My Inventions.

To fill a long-felt want, viz: me purse, Rudolpho, me lean purse! I've polished up my dome of inventive gray matter, and propose from henceforth and forevermore to pose as a public benefactor. The following articles are now ready for the glutted marts where divers races of overburdened people and Jerseyites do congregate. I will merely add for digression, that the articles are for sale to the highest bidders, spot cash, no mortgages or installment plan.

"A Gate Hinge."—Warranted to kick an impecunious dude into the next county, or fasten a plumber's son down to biz until the "clouds roll by, Jeremiah."

"A New Spring Joke."—There is nothing mentioned in this little affair between ourselves, concerning the Pompeian ulster, the proverbial robin, the beautiful snow, the first violet, or the hand-organ. This joke can be purchased in the lump or divided up by the press syndicate a la Thorndyke North Ann Review style.

"A Revolving Musket."—This weapon of modern innocent slaughter will only work when the smart Aleck who don't know that it is loaded prepares to frighten his sweetheart or his little sister. Upon aiming the musket and ere the fool beau can pull the trigger, the barrel will flop over and knock him down. While his prostrate form is yet reclining in a comatose state, the ramrod—a healthy ramrod—will leap from its socket and beat brains and sense into the young man, while it raises blisters upon the elbow of his pants.

"An Annex to the Revolving Musket."—This will be handy when your chickens roost low and melons are ready to mow.

"The Editorial Creditor."—A sure, soft and handy article which should find a haven in the sanctum of the moulders of public opinion. It is a small bomb attached to the editorial mower-and-reaper-shears. When a pun or and other item is clipped from an exchange, it will call the clipper's mind to the fact of giving due credit, or blow his head into utter chaos and scatter his brains to adjacent localities.

"A Lady's Watch Warranted to Keep Correct Time."—My wife has got the model of this handy time-piece. She is the envied of her set. 'Nuff sed.

"The Changeable School Book."—This is

the long-felt-for boon. It will answer the requirements of every new teacher, and not permit him and the Board of Learning to rope in the regulation bonus when the new year dawns, Jehosam.

"A Poet Who Can Write Worse Poetry than Baron Tennyson."—The editor of this paper has his address. He didn't dare apply in person. Terms liberal. Write for specimens of metre murder.

"The Occasional Contributor Disseminator."—Where most disseminators kill, this only mutilates for life. Many fine samples of the fine work of my disseminator are now thrown by the magic lantern upon the rural town-hall screens and passed off as bird's-eye views of Egyptian battle grounds.

I am completing several more inventions which I will foist upon the rostrums of publicity as soon as finished.

H. S. KELLER.

### Court Chronicles.

SPECIAL PLEADING DAY.

#### Most learned JUDGE:

May it please your Honor, I desire to file exceptions to the following public nuisances, on behalf of my clients, an afflicted American people, and to make application for the granting of an injunction restraining said p.n.'s from exercising their functions, for 999 years from this date:

1st.—To the "rising young humorist" who gets off horrible puns like this: "The grub-worm must be the 'beet-gnawer' (*bete noir*) of the country gardener's existence."

2nd.—To the maiden who tells her temperance parents that she'll "never have anything to do with a man who drinks,"—and then, under "going to the theatre" pretence slides out with her beau and steers him into those summer-garden free concerts three nights in a week where he is stuck for the price of fifteen or twenty bottles of beer which they get away with at each visit.

3d.—To the friend that borrows a dress-coat, ostensibly for his own wear at a wedding, but who hires it out (for complimentary tickets) to the interlocutor of an Amateur Minstrel Co., instead, and it is returned all wrinkled up and covered with burnt cork.

4th.—To the barber who savagely scrapes

one's beard against the grain, and two days under the skin, until the physiognomy is mottled with pimples as large as a cherry, and then cheekily cries out, when his customer leaves the chair: "Who's the next gentleman for a nice, smooth, easy shave?"

5th.—To the woman who is so delicate that she has to have a nurse to take care of her baby, but is strong enough to play lawn tennis in the hot sun for hours at a stretch.

6th.—To the reverend divine who preaches a sermon against wasting time and spending money for worldly pleasures, and then strikes his congregation for a leave of absence and contribution of funds with which to pay expenses of a trip to the mountains, "jamboree" at Saratoga, etc.

7th.—To the tiresome newspapers which print a lot of idiotic items under heads of "What *The Bladder* wants to know," or "What *The Eyesore* would like to see."

8th.—To the liar of well-known impecuniosity, who boasts of winning \$500 at the races, and when he is asked to show the "stuff" in evidence thereof, claims he hasn't had the pool-tickets cashed yet; and, after an embarrassing fumble thro' his pockets, sheep-facedly says he must have lost 'em.

9th.—To the sweet girl graduate, who rhymes "books" with "thoughts," "college" with "village," and "oratory" with "valedictory" in the festive commencement poem, and wonders what makes her hearers look so distressed during its rendition.

Respectfully soliciting an early and favorable decision by your Honorable Court, I am

Very shyster-ly,

"JEF. JOSLYN,"

Plaintiffs' Attorney.

### A RIDDLE SOLVED.

What makes the doctor chuckle  
As he chinks his extra tin,  
And nod his head and wink, and wear  
So satisfied a grin?

What makes the small boy spurn his play,  
And feast on broth and pills;  
Nor even quit his lounge to read  
The brand new circus bills?

As I pass the curb-stone fruiterer's  
The cause at once is clear—  
The melon-cholic days are come,  
The saddest of the year.

R. MORGAN.



## OYEZ! OYEZ!

There was an old fellow in Bostin,  
Found out what his livin' was costin',  
So he took to his bed  
And refused to be fed,  
This stingy old fellow from Bostin.

[Detroit Free Press.]

There was an old chap in Detroit,  
Whose liver never was right,  
Because he gorged on dead issues  
And animal tissues,  
This disgusting old plug of Detroit.

[Boston Post.]

A small boy sits on an old oak stump,  
And into a rotten hole  
He pokes with the force of a suction pump  
The end of a hickory pole.  
But anon the small boy madly flees  
With a wail as loud as a gong.  
Alas! he had tackled a nest of bees  
And was hit by the queen-bee's prong.

[Washington Hatchet.]

Can a place to teach swimming be called  
dive-in-ity school?—[Attleboro Advocates.]

Carried to excess—The traveller who falls  
asleep and goes by his station.

[Lowell Citizen.]

A nod is as good as a wink to a clergyman  
when his sermon is too long.

[Boston Budget.]

Several democrats, with their eyes turned  
foreignward, are now very disconsolate.

[Merchant Traveller.]

The editor of a sensational paper says  
that divorce cases, elopements, murders, and  
so on are the sin-news of war.

[Washington Hatchet.]

If the paw-paw tree isn't the emblem of  
poverty, then it must be related to the dog-  
wood. One would suppose too, that it didn't  
grow more than two feet.

[Yonkers Gazette.]

There is said to be an almanac in the  
British Museum 3,000 years old. At last  
we are able to trace the source of the  
modern humorists' jokes.

[Indianapolis Herald.]

"What kind of pills do you want, little  
boy?" asked the druggist. "Plain or sugar-  
coated?"

"Mister, I want the kind that's white-  
washed."—[Phil. Call.]

Courtney, the oarsman, still has great  
confidence in his ability to defeat Hanlan.  
He is so confident that he thinks there is no  
need of a trial of speed.—[Lowell Citizen.]

G. K. Weeks of the Salvation army in  
Dover became so tired of waiting for his  
golden slippers Monday, that he stole a pair  
of common cowhide boots.—[Boston Globe.]

"Don't I wish I was a member of the  
Legislature, ma!" "Why, Johnny?"  
"Because when they want a recess all they  
have to do is to vote for it."—[Phila. Call.]

Succotash was a new dish at Charlie's  
house, but one that pleased him immensely.  
He passed his plate to his mamma earnestly  
asking for "a little more of the sacred  
hash."—[Phila. Call.]

A Washington correspondent says that  
George Bancroft "wears a soft felt hat

which shades his eyes and a pair of well-  
fitting pantaloons." It must be a regular  
sombbrero.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Miss Braddon has just written a novel  
titled "Cut by the Country." It seems  
evident to us from this that the hero must  
be a league umpire. If so, the work is  
timely and destined to be widely read.

[Lowell Citizen.]

While medical students are being harshly  
condemned for robbing graves, it is forgot-  
ten that the students intend to fill them up  
again when they go into practice.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

A Baptist preacher in North Carolina  
says the frying pan has prevented the con-  
version of the world. It is quite as true,  
however, that fear of a frying-pan future  
has induced thousands to seek the insurance  
of the Baptist Church.—[Picayune.]

Teacher to little girl—"Where are you  
going Nellie?" "Papa's going to take us  
to Florida again." "Can you tell what the  
capitol of Florida is?" "Yes'm. It's the  
money they get from the boarders."

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"I like that Dr. Smithers," said old  
Crimsonbeak to young Brandwine, as they  
sipped the balmy, over the bar. "He is  
one of the best fellows I ever met."

"In what way?"

"He never gets a patient but what he  
'treats' him.—[St. Paul Herald.]

Col. John A. Joyce, of Washington,  
writes poetry of his "inner life." The  
Colonel is not compelled to draw entirely  
upon his imagination, as he had several  
years of "inner life" as a result of his con-  
nection with the great whisky ring.

[Indianapolis Herald.]

The St. Louis *Republican* has an article  
on snake fishing. The editor probably sat  
on the edge of his bed and cast the line of  
his vision down into the depths of his  
boots. The ophidian howl must have been  
simply immense in this case.

[Indianapolis Herald.]

First Lady.—"Why do you keep that  
small boy about here?"

Second Lady.—"Why he's my page."

First Lady.—"Well, he's very pert. You  
ought to get your husband to turn down  
that page occasionally so that he can keep  
his place."—[Boston Budget.]

\* \* \* \* Delicate diseases radically  
cured. Consultation free. Address, World's  
Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo,  
N. Y.

The funny sixth column editorial man of  
the New York Times has become a Roman  
convert. That is, he will go as Consul-  
General to Rome. There is a general fitness  
about that, for Rome is the only place  
where he could see any antiquities to equal  
some he introduces in the sixth column of  
the Times.—[Ex.]

Some men never know when they are  
well off. A man recently got a \$25,000 ver-  
dict for damages from a railroad company,  
and thought it was too little. He got a  
new trial and a verdict of six cents. Another  
man, having been acquitted of murder,  
went away and got married the same day.

[Arlington (Tex.) World.]

"Don't you think," said Mrs. Keeper,  
"that when Adam realized the vastness of  
the world into which he had been ushered,  
he must have had a great deal on his  
mind?" "Well," responded Mrs. Blunt,

"from the photographs I have seen of him  
I should say that whatever he did have on  
must have been on his mind.—[Troy Press.]

A mysterious shower of white dust caused  
a sensation at Bellaire, Ohio, the other day.  
It doubtless sifted down from the celestial  
blackboards, as the recording angel was  
chalking down the sins of Cincinnati people.

[Lowell Daily Journal.]

Margaret Eyttinge hits off a drunken man's  
dilemma very aptly in the following from  
Harper's Bazar:

Sober passenger (angrily)—"Look where  
you step, man!"

Tipsey passenger (apologetically)—"Y-yes,  
I do; the tr-ouble is to—hic—step where I  
look."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Sam Jones the revivalist, remarks: "God  
won't keep a young lady pious who has her  
waist encircled seven times a week by the  
arms of a spider-legged dude." When a  
girl is in that blissful predicament, Mr.  
Jones, she doesn't sigh for any other  
heaven. This earth is paradise enough for  
her.—[Norristown Herald.]

"There is only one thing that makes me  
doubt the truth of the gospel," said Cross  
when Ross, who is an earnest devotee, was  
trying to persuade his friend to turn from  
the error of his ways.

"What is that?" asked Ross.

"The apostles were nearly all fishermen."

[St. Paul Herald.]

Miss Miggs.—"I hope, my dear, that you  
don't go to the theatre alone?"

Estelle.—"No, indeed. I never think of  
going unless I am chaperoned."

Miss Miggs.—"Unless you are what?"

Estelle.—"Chaperoned."

Miss Miggs.—"That's the way with me.  
I always like to have a chap around."

[Drake's Traveller's Magazine.]

"Blessed are the peace-makers." Bis-  
mark gets three hundred dollars a day for  
keeping all Europe in a state of fighting  
suspense about what he is going to do next.  
General Komaroff gets one hundred thou-  
sand roubles for killing a few Afghans, and  
standing all India up on end, a good cannon  
costs eleven thousand dollars, and a city  
missionary wears out his life for six hundred  
dollars a year, and you can get a bible of the  
Tract Society for nothing.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

## "LAUGH AND GROW FAT,"

is a precept easily preached, but not so easy  
to practice. If a person has no appetite,  
but a distressing nausea, sick headache, dys-  
pepsia, boils, or any other ill resulting from  
inaction of the bowels, it is impossible to get  
up such a laugh as will produce aldermanic  
corpulence. In order to laugh satisfactorily  
you must be well, and to be well you must  
have your bowels in good order. You can  
do this and laugh heartily with Dr. Pierce's  
"Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the little  
regulators of the liver and bowels and best  
promoters of jollity.

## WANTS TO BE LIKE FRED DOUGLASS.

Pious mother to young hopeful.—"Now,  
my child, your hair is combed and your face  
is washed. Go along to Sabbath School  
like a good little boy and you'll grow up to  
be a great man like President Cleveland."

Young hopeful (lugubriously).—"But I  
don't want to be like no President when I  
grow up."

P. M.—"Sakes, alive, child, who dom you

want to be like?"

Y. H.—"I want to be like Fred Douglas, cause then they won't let me go to church, and I'll have lots of fun on Sundays."

[Washington Hatchet.]

#### A CLOSE DEFINITION.

One of the witnesses in the case of the State vs. Rhodes Danforth, said yesterday, in giving his testimony, that Danforth thought all the girls were "mashed" on him.

"He's a sort of dude, then?" queried the examining lawyer.

"No, sir," was the reply; "a dude is a fellow who is mashed on himself."

The aptness of the definition caused a smile that was almost audible.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

LANDLADY (handing bill to boarder)—"This is the forty-seventh time, Mr. Jones, I have presented this bill."

BOARDER (taking it from her hands and examining it critically)—"Is that so, Mrs. Sweet? Well, it doesn't show the wear and tear at all. Have you any idea who manufactures this paper?"—[Merchant Traveller.]

#### LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

When Patrick Henry put his old cast-iron spectacles back on the top of his head and whooped for liberty, he did not know that some day we would have more of it than we knew what to do with. It seems to me that we have too much liberty in this country in some ways. We have more liberty than we have money. We guarantee that every man in America shall fill himself up full of liberty at our expense, and the less of an American he is the more liberty he can have. If he desires to enjoy himself, all he needs is a slight foreign accent and a willingness to mix up with politics as soon as he can get his luggage off the steamer. The more I study American institutions, the more I regret I was not born a foreigner, so that I could have something to say about the management of our great land. If I could not be a foreigner, I believe I would prefer to be a Mormon or an Indian not taxed.

I am often led to ask, in the language of the poet, "Is the Caucasian played out?" Most everybody can have a good deal of fun in the country except the American. He seems to be so busy paying taxes all the time that he has very little time to mingle in the giddy whirl with the alien. That is the reason that the alien who rides across the United States on the "Limited Mail," and writes a book about us before breakfast, wonders why we are always in a hurry. That is the reason we have to throw our meals into ourselves with a dull thud, and hardly have time to maintain a warm per-

sonal friendship with our families.

I am in favor of a statute of Liberty Enlightening the World.

The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there in New York harbor, night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It will be first-rate. It may also be productive of good in a direction that many have not thought of. As she stands there, day after day, bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss-growing Mormon moving toward the far West, a confirmed victim of the matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture in his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival at New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity, he may be led in after years to try it on himself.

[St. Paul Herald.]

#### BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

##### HE VISITS HIS OLD MAINE HOME

Last week I visited my birthplace in the State of Maine. I waited thirty years for the public to visit it, and as there didn't seem to be much of a rush this spring, I thought I would go and visit it myself. I was telling a friend the other day that the public did not seem to manifest the interest in my birthplace that I thought it ought to, and he said I ought not to mind that. "Just wait," said he, "till the people of the United States have an opportunity to visit your tomb, and you will be surprised to see how they will run excursion trains up to Moosehead Lake, or wherever you plant yourself. It will be a perfect picnic. Your hold on the American people, William, is wonderful, but your death would seem to assure it, and kind of crystalize the affection now existing, but still in a nebulous and gummy state."

A man ought not to criticize his birthplace, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. Sometimes I think I would not. And yet, what memories cluster about that house! There was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that an acquaintance sprang up which has ripened in later years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that what might be termed a casual meeting took place, that has, under the alchemy of resistless years, turned to golden links, forming a pleasant but powerful bond of union between my parents and myself. For that reason I hope that I may be spared to my parents for many years to come.

Many old memories now cluster about that old home, as I have said. There is, also, other old bric-a-brac which has accumulated since I was born there. I took a small stone from the front yard as a kind of memento of the occasion and the place. I do not think it has been detected yet. There was another stone in the yard, so it may be weeks before any one finds out that I took one of them.

How humble the home, and yet what a lesson it should teach the boys of America! Here, amid the barren and inhospitable waste of rocks and cold, the last place in the world that a great man would naturally select to be born in, began the life of one who, by his own unaided effort, in after years rose to the proud height of postmaster at Laramie City, W. T., and, with an estimate of the future that seemed almost prophetic, resigned before he could be characterized as an offensive partisan.

Here, on the banks of the raging Piscata-

quis, where winter lingers in the lap of spring till it occasions a good deal of talk, there began a career which has been the wonder and admiration of every vigilance committee west of the turbulent Missouri.

There, on that spot, with no inheritance but a predisposition to premature baldness and a bitter hatred of rum; with no personal property but a misfit suspender and a stone bruise, began a life-history which has never ceased to be a warning to people who sell groceries on credit.

It should teach the young of this young land what glorious possibilities may lie concealed in the rough and tough blossom of the reluctant present. It shows how a steady perseverance and a good appetite will always win in the end. And teaches us that wealth is not indispensable, and that if we live as we should, draw out of politics at the proper time, and die a few days before the public absolutely demand it, the matter of birthplace will not be considered.

Still, my birthplace is all right as a birthplace. It was a good, quiet place in which to be born. All the old neighbors said that Shirley was a very quiet place up to the time I was born there, and when I took my parents by the hand and gently led them away in the spring of '53, saying: "Parents,

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this is no place for us," it again became quiet.

It is the only birthplace I have, however, and I hope that all my readers will feel perfectly free to go there any time and visit it, and carry their dinner as I did. Extravagant cordiality and over-flowing hospitality have always kept my birthplace back.

[Boston Globe.

OH, NO.

"Jack," said Tom the other night, "did you hear about the revelation from the Lord, the fellow had down in Bridgeport?"

"No, Tom, what was that?"

"Why, a fellow down there had a revelation from the Lord the other night that he was getting fifty cents a week too much from his employer."

"Humph, that's nothing. I had a man in my employ who had a dream precisely the same."

"Did you lower the wages for him?"

"Yes. But within less than a week afterwards he had another revelation to the effect that he was entitled to an advance of a dollar."

"Of course, you made the required advance?"

"Oh, no."

"How was that?"

"Well, I thought it just possible that he might have had one revelation, but I did not believe that the Lord could very well spare time to visit a man in my establishment twice in the same week."

[Pretzel.

**A KILLING FELLOW.**

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of frequent occurrence. The Governor of the colony had no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner:

"Did you not marry in France?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any documents to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must refuse to marry you. You must bring proof of the death of your wife."

There was a pause, during which the prospective bride looked anxiously at the would-be bride-groom. Finally he said:

"I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How can you prove it?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

[Buffalo Express.

**"SHOOT POLLY AS SHE FLIES."**—*Pop.*

was the way it appeared in the proof-slip. The argus-eyed proof-reader, however, knew the quotation intended and changed it to read: "Shoot Folly as she flies."—*Pope.* Of course, it was an error, yet how many are daily committing much graver errors by allowing the first symptoms of consumption to go unheeded. If afflicted with loss of appetite, chilly sensations, or hacking cough, it is suicidal to delay a single moment the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery"—the great and only reliable remedy yet known for this terribly fatal malady. Send two letter stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on this disease. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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