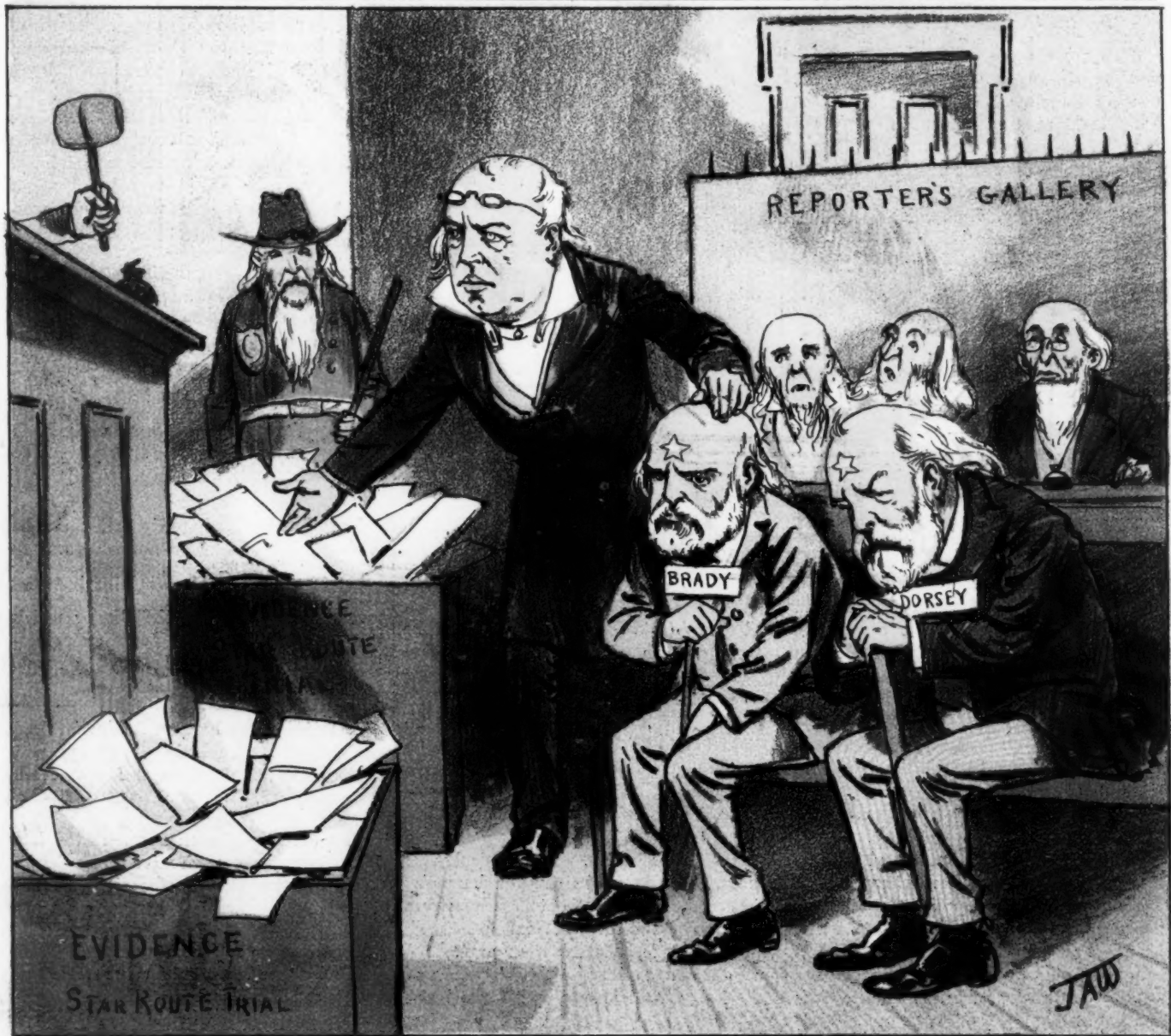


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THE STAR ROUTE TRIALS.

THE average reader no doubt wonders whether the Star Route trials will ever be closed, and we regret that we cannot satisfy his desire for information upon that point. It is barely possible that the Washington court room may resound with the eloquence of Ingersoll, Merrick, and Bliss in the prosecution of Dorsey, Brady, and others for many years to come. The defendants may be aged, infirm, and tottering, when the closing speeches are delivered, and we may never know whether they were guilty or not guilty. The general public has wearied of the seemingly interminable trials, and would hail a verdict of some kind with delight. But lawyers must live and their clients must pay the bills.

THE PRESIDENT ADVISED.

THE JUDGE this week presents to President Arthur, and to the people of this country, life-like representations of the Cabinet, as it is, and as it should be. The worthlessness of the Cabinet, as it is now composed, has been fully demonstrated, and we do not hesitate to advance the opinion that no one is more thoroughly satisfied than the President himself that a change of official advisers is necessary in order to make his administration worthy of the times in which we live. In common with all who desire that President Arthur's administration shall be an eminently successful one, we urge him to act at once in the matter of transforming an inactive, incompetent Cabinet into one in which brave and brilliant men may give him much-needed support.

We have no desire to curtail the pleasant hours of the President. We are aware that he enjoys a good dinner and the companionship of jolly fellows, and observe that he has recently displayed a fondness for the society of aristocrats. We shall enter no protests against this line of conduct, but feel called upon to suggest that the President of these

United States has great duties to perform. He should in fact, be a business man, and that "business is business" nobody will dispute. Let President Arthur, therefore, awake to the importance of the occasion, and turn his present advisers adrift. Let him look at the familiar faces which the artist has presented in the picture of the Cabinet as it should be. He will be reminded of men who were as true as steel to him in his political battles, men of brains, integrity, and fidelity to the principles which should govern mankind. He will also be reminded that such men should be in close communion with him, and that he should act accordingly. The American people like a bold, as well as an honest man, in the Presidential chair.

MR. SITTING BULL'S RETIREMENT.

THAT gentle savage, the charming, docile, and illustrious Mr. Sitting Bull, it is said, is to become an "honest farmer." It is reported that he has made public declaration of his intentions, and if this is so we are bound to believe him, upon his honor as an Indian and as a gentleman. Did any one ever hear of an Indian who could be guilty of falsehood? Did any one ever hear of an Indian who was not anxious to become an "honest farmer?" These are questions which the people of the wild West may answer. We do not intend to provoke a discussion with Mr. Sitting Bull. We trust that he has disposed of his warlike stock in trade to good advantage, but if he is to be an "honest farmer" of the pattern too frequently found in the neighborhood of New York we might cherish the hope that his intentions have been misrepresented and that he will remain in his wigwam.

DIX AND DIVORCE.

It is directly within the province of a widely-circulated paper, as well as incumbent on all spiritual and secular instructors to debate topics of national import. Agriculture, mechanics, art, science, commerce, politics, finance, general education and development, and the hygienic and moral condition of the people, each, in its turn, becomes a cogent theme of interest. During the past twenty years America's social fabric has been rudely shaken. It stands, to-day, riven and mutilated by the dynamic blasts of vanity, extravagance and lust. Man is shamelessly defiant; woman, brazen and degraded. Home is a satire, and the names of "sister," "wife," and "mother," are lip-phrases of contempt and ribaldry. At this deplorable juncture, an apostle of virtue and humanity arises on the most prominent church rostrum in the country's metropolis. He delivers plain truths in simple, convincing language. His special audiences listen to the eloquence of sincerity, and all classes, except the hopelessly wanton, acknowledge the vividness and justice of his presentments.

Fashion is an *ignis-fatuus*, Society a leper

and reproach. Is it not high time to cry halt, and to decry Mammon and all his train of venal masqueraders and soul-corruptors? Law hides its dimished crest, and polygamy flourishes in two territories of the United States. From one end of the land to the other, in every municipality, township and hamlet, the sacred ordinance of marriage is little more than a gauze of decency. Our divorce courts have long been recognized as the gate-ways to easy, open licentiousness. The statistics of these temples of intrigue, perjury and harlotry, are monstrous evidences of social wreck and disintegration. None too soon have leading pastors torn away the veil of hideous, bestial crime.

Go on, brother Dix! You are the true, blunt-speaking son of a brave father, an incorruptible patriot, a fearless magistrate. THE JUDGE is with you, heart, soul, and occasional editorials. His Honor upholds with all the grace and majesty of divine, moral and statutory law, the sacredness of marriage, the integrity of home, the crown of motherhood, and the rights of generations yet to be. He grants you an elastic order to show cause for all you have done and propose to do in this social crusade. You have manfully sounded the alarm, now speed the glorious battle against hydra-headed infamy.

How will Gen. Spinola weather the atmosphere outside of Tammany Hall?

FREDERICK A. SMYTHE is the best Recorder New York has had in many years.

It is very risky business for at least one of New York's State Senators to institute suits for libel.

PERHAPS on future occasions Senator Koch will pause and reflect before attempting to do dirty work for Senator Grady.

DOES Senator Grady really believe that he can compel Hubert O. Thompson's party to support him: for re-election this fall?

ANY amendments to the charter which will give the city of New York fewer office-holders should be welcomed by the people generally.

THAT politicians have an itching for dead men's shoes was made disgustingly apparent as soon as Postmaster-General Howe's death was announced.

THE devotion of such a man as the late John Brown, was worth more to England's Queen than the toadyism of royalty, and that this was so is creditable to her.

WHAT becomes of the money obtained by the Police Commissioners for the services of patrolmen at the great dry goods establishments on the east and west sides of this city? To whom do the Commissioners account for the money thus received?

WHAT THEY SAY OF US.

THE improved appearance of THE JUDGE has aroused the great men near at hand, and we are constantly receiving communications from them. There are many States and counties to be heard from. We give a few extracts from letters:

Frank B. Thurber.—"You now have an opportunity to save the country. Glorious JUDGE!"

Ex-Controller John Kelly.—"With the assistance of THE JUDGE, Tammany Hall can carry a Democratic President to the White House in 1884. Improved JUDGE, all hail! But beware of Hubert O. Thompson."

Commissioner Hubert O. Thompson.—"Magnificent JUDGE! don't be too hard upon my new aqueduct scheme. With your aid we can keep Tammany Hall out of the game. Keep your eyes open when Kelly is around."

John J. O'Brien. (Chairman Republican Central Committee).—"Be warned in time against both Thompson and Kelly; if, however, we are in close quarters, Kelly is the better man of the two for us to tie to. I know whereof I speak, and don't you forget it."

Gabe Case.—"Since THE JUDGE made his appearance in bright new raiment, my club-house has been crowded with men who freely spend their money."

Police Commissioner Joel W. Mason.—"The sorrow which was mine upon retiring from the Republican Central Committee, passed away when I received THE JUDGE in such splendid form."

G. K. Lansing.—"The demand for JUDGES at the Astor House is so great that we are compelled to furnish them to all of our guests."

Jerome Buck.—"Bright, handsome JUDGE! I stand as though dumb in thy presence. I shall speak to Bill Henry about it."

Colonel Michael C. Murphy. (Assemblyman from the First).—"Constitutional law has no charms for me now that the JUDGE is imbued with new life."

Sheriff Alexander V. Davidson.—"No sheriff can afford to be unacquainted with THE JUDGE."

Ex-County Clerk Butler.—"My great grief over my defeat last fall will soon be forgotten if THE JUDGE is regularly received by me."

Mayor Franklin Elson.—"I feel more kindly towards the aldermen since the arrival of the vastly improved JUDGE."

Postmaster Pearson.—"My distributors in the newspaper department seem to think that they have not lived in vain. They are made cheerful by THE JUDGE."

John Spencer.—"Sandy will admit only readers of THE JUDGE."

Ex-Senator Hugh Moore.—"If THE JUDGE would stir up Commissioner Ivins, the up-town politicians would be pleased."

Colonel William R. Roberts.—"If Perley, Ducker and the rest had seen THE JUDGE in its improved condition, the disgraceful scene in which they figured in the Washington Club would never have occurred."

Harry Hill.—"Yes, I think Sullivan is the boss of them all, but he can't get away with THE JUDGE."

Councillor James Oliver.—"Send it to all the police justices, so that they may treat my constituents better."

John L. Sullivan.—"I feel like retiring forever from the prize-ring after enjoying a laugh with THE JUDGE."

John Stetson.—"Whoop it up, JUDGE; you're getting better lookin'."

Dan Frohman.—"The Messrs. Mallory insist that THE JUDGE shall be given to every patron of the Madison Square Theatre."

Henry E. Abbey.—"With Patti, Nilsson, and THE JUDGE I shall indeed be happy."

Sunset Cox.—"If I can't secure the Speakership, I can have the dear old JUDGE. Eh, you rascal!"

William E. Dorshheimer.—"Cox can have the Speakership, but give me THE JUDGE."

Rev. Dr. Newman.—"When Grant doesn't come to church, I am consoled with THE JUDGE's society."

T. De Witt Talmage.—"My friends will look for my portrait in THE JUDGE, and I'm proud of you."



PROOF POSITIVE.

"I tell you, Mrs. McRyan, education's all very foine in its way; but it has its drawbacks as well. Look at my two boys, for example. One o' them had as foine a schoolin' as you could wish, an' he's servin' a term up the river for forgery; and Tim, the second one, who can nayther read nor write, bless him, is going to run for office next 'lection day."

P. McCabe.—"THE JUDGE saved Leon Oliver's life. Medicine would not cure him. THE JUDGE did."

O'Donovan Rossa.—"Away with dynamite bombs after reading THE JUDGE."

Sir Joseph Doyle.—"May THE JUDGE's shadow never grow less."

Randolph Guggenheimer.—"I must have THE JUDGE with beefsteaks at Miller's."

Clark Bell.—"THE JUDGE will enable me to get some new ideas for my after-dinner speeches."

Richard K. Fox.—"Not enough prize-fighting news in it."

George Francis Train.—"Would be pleased to write every week for THE JUDGE."

Captain William A. Fowler.—"No person can now become a member of the Thirteen Club unless he first subscribes for THE JUDGE."

Warren Leland, Jr.—"At last I am happy. Your paper has made me so."

Theodore A. Hamilton.—"I don't mind a slap now and then, but please spare Thompson. You can save us all now."

Patrick Burns.—"The most illigant paper in the wur-rudd."

Warden Finn (of the Tombs).—"As the circulation of your valuable paper increases, crime will surely decrease, and the time may come, perhaps, when this institution will be without boarders."

George Coffin, (Janitor of Tammany Hall).—"THE JUDGE will make things brighter for me in the cave."

Champion Vignaux.—"I can defeat all the American billiard players, but I shall never feel jolly without your valuable paper."

Chauncey M. Depew.—"On behalf of Messrs. Vanderbilt, Gould, Sage, and others, permit me to congratulate you upon the excellent appearance of your paper. The gentlemen for whom I have the honor to speak hope to meet you at the next Vanderbilt ball."

Charles Backus. (San Francisco Minstrels).—"Mr. Birch and myself hope to get your paper on the road. We must have some new jokes or we will never return to New York alive."

Judge Abram Fowler.—"The people of Westchester county salute you, and wish for your paper a long and prosperous career."

Tody Hamilton.—"Jumbo and your paper are old friends, and Jumbo desires me to invite you to the only greatest show on earth."

Dr. William L. Hardy.—"No family can be healthy without it."

A CRUSTY old bachelor at Shelburne, Vermont, does his own cooking, is general shoemaker, harness-maker, carpenter, makes his own clothes and expends his spare moments in piecing up bedquilts, his last quilt containing 15,376 pieces three-quarters of an inch square. The lightning calculator must have struck that house during a vacation, and turned his leisure hours to a count.

THE man who recently fired at the coat-of-arms on the front of the Austrian embassy at Rome has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

If the idiot had been content with pulling down his own vest, this highly important cable item would have perished in its birth.

THE poor fellow who dropped dead on Park Row, a few evenings back, carried on his person the most convincing evidence that he wasn't a newspaper reporter. Among his effects were several receipted board and laundry bills and over four hundred dollars in ready cash.

TELEPHONIC communication between New York and Cleveland. Hel-loa!

SPRING STYLE OF HUMOR.

At a considerable outlay of time and talent we have made a collection of the most mild and harmless varieties of the Spring style of funny stories, and below will be found a few coy and chastened samples, which we present to serve as pointers (so to speak) for humorous mothers. Some of them are a trifle frayed, and baggy at the knees, and were not quite as fresh as a senator from the West, appointed to fill an unexpired term. The first fluff and bloom of novelty was scraped off of them away back in the time of Ptolemy I., when the antiquated literary rounders of the day used to work them off yearly on to the Egyptian comic papers; but still we have no hesitation in offering them to the consideration of our Spring contributors. Age insures respect, always. When you have nothing else to do, write us long, nice sketches upon the subjects here attached. Just write on one side of the paper, and avoid holding the pen with both hands, as that is liable to injure the texture of the paper, and we want to use the other side on which to write advertisements. Or, if it is not up to our advertisement standard, we will let our artists have the paper, on which to photograph goats and fat men. We will now call your attention to the following:

TAKING DOWN THE PARLOR STOVE.

"Now, then, Maria," cheerily remarked Mr. Tulruffle, "we will just take down that stove and pack it away in the woodshed, after which you can bathe it in coal oil to prevent rust and moth."

"Do you suppose we can get it down all alone?" ventured Mrs. Tulruffle, somewhat distrustfully.

"Can we?" smiled Tulruffle, his bald head glistening and his eyebrows working up and down with enthusiasm. "Just you sit right down, Maria, and I'll take the whole business down myself. Watch me grapple it, now."

But as Mr. Tulruffle grappled the stove, the stove appeared to return the compliment by grappling Tulruffle, and a bitter personal conflict ensued, which resulted in Tulruffle's losing his grip and taking an abrupt seat upon the arm of a rocking-chair, thence rolling heavily to the floor, while the rocking-chair tipped gaily over upon him, and, by way of amusement, banged his bald head.

"Lam-jam it!" yelled Tulruffle, struggling to his feet, and glaring dazedly around. "Did you throw that rocking-chair at me, woman?"

"Oh no, my dear," sweetly replied his wife; "you started to take down the stove, you know, and you were going to do it all alone, you know—but I guess your fingers must have slipped."

Mr. Tulruffle said never a word, but, with a steely glare of determination, stalked forward, and again clutched the innocent stove. With clenched teeth he . . .

[NOTE.—This style of sketch can be drawn out indefinitely, to suit the purpose of the author. Have Tulruffle wind his arms about the stove, and murmur sweet nothings (from the revised version), and grunt and tug, and strain and lift, and have his eyes bulge out, and his suspender-buttons fly off and take Mr. Tulruffle in the ear, and then have the stove-pipe fall down and fill Tulruffle so full of soot that they had to burn him out as you would a chimney. Also vary the monotony of the affair by making as many allusions as possible to his bald head. It shows that you are on terms of easy familiarity with Tulruffle, and if the reader happens to be bald himself, it will strike him as being mighty funny.]

BEATING THE CARPET

"Orlando!"

Sweet and clear as the tinkling of silver

bells rings out the musical voice upon the violet-laden Spring-time air, and mingles in a tender symphony with the chirp of the robin and the far-off coo of the milkman.

"Orlando-o-o-h!"

Naught but the echo of her own sweet voice comes floating back to the fair creature who stands in an attitude of careless grace, leaning against the broom-handle, with both sleeves rolled up, and an old apron tied around her head. She makes such a pretty picture, standing there, that lovely woman, arrayed in all her glorious feminine beauty and a ragged calico over-skirt, older than the average ministerial joke; and the man who is slinking off behind the barn thinks she makes a pretty picture, too, and he is anxious to get off to a sufficient distance that he may survey it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"O-r-l-a-n-d-o!"

Again the musical voice rings out, but it has changed a little, this time, in tone. It is now pitched about as high as the recently-enacted tariff bill, and the man skulking around the corner of the barn pauses guiltily.

"Orlando Jones! come right back here this blessed minute, and pick up that broom and go to whipping this carpet, and if you try to slink away again during the next half-hour you'll find out what's what! Here I work and slave away from morning until night, while you lounge around and blow about your "pull in the ward," and when your poor, overworked wife asks you to do a little thing like beating the parlor carpet, you try to slink out of it! Ugh! you brute!"

With pale, haggard features the man walked back, and, pausing in front of the dangling carpet, he mechanically picked up the broom.

Thud—thud!

[NOTE.—Now you've got him. By working the man for all he is worth you can make the sketch as long as a Patent-office report. Have the man's wife

stand by and encourage him, and at the third whack, say that the broom glanced, and, flying around, lifted her in the jaw. Elaborate this item fully, for a wide, shoreless ocean of humor can be extracted from the information that the woman nearly gets her jaw knocked off, if you know how to work it. Also work in as many "thud-thuds" as you think the printer will stand, and say that dust surges up from the carpet and strolls down the man's neck, and saunters into his ears, and fills his nose and mouth so full that whenever that man coughs, for six months afterward, his breath seems as dusty as the tailboard of a threshing-machine.]

KARL KRULLERS.

"My dear," said a Boston mother to her daughter, a more or less beautiful girl of thirty-eight late springs, who was about starting out, "I wish you would stop at the butcher's and order a leg of mutton."

"Mother!" exclaimed the girl, blushing dreadfully, "I would rather die!"

"Well, get a loin of veal; I am not particular."

"Mother!" she yipped in the greatest dismay, "what would the butcher man think of me?"

"Oh, well," said the old lady, "I will go myself, but I think you are very foolish."

"WELL, my dear," said the wife of a heavy stock speculator, as they sat down to dinner, "has fortune favored you to-day?"

"Yes indeed," was the satisfactory reply, "I made a cool half million on the drop in Western Union alone."

"Well, I think, then, you ought to reduce the plumber's bill a little; he was here twice last week."

"THIS is the poetry of motion," said a girl who was roller-skating with her fellow. Just then she slipped and slid the whole length of the hall on her spinal termination, and, wicked man that he was, he ejaculated, "and don't you forget it."



HOUSE HUNTING.

LADY (on her rounds).—"Here is a room with a lovely closet; let me look into it."
(Jones, who was shaving, had just hopped into the closet to escape observation.)

The Latest Record of an Old-Time Riot.

"BRUTUS is a big-souled man!"

Said Tony in the Forum,
The day that Caesar's red blood ran,
And Rome's high cockalorum
Made women quake
And old men shake
'S if palsy had come o'er 'em.

"I'm here to speak what I do know!"
Howled Tony to the people—
"You all did like him once!" "That's so!"
His mem'ry who shall keep ill?"
The fierce mob cried—
And Mark replied,
His fame is Rome's great steeple!"

"But yesterday bold Caesar's word
Earth's echoes loud resounded;
Now lies he there, and none have stirred
To reverence the brave wounded.
His goose is cooked,
His spirit booked,
And I am quite dumb-founded!"

"O Romans, countrymen and friends,
Have patience while I claw it!
This is his will; his love he sends
To those who scorn to draw it.
In all my days
No such amaze
As mine, when first I saw it!"

"You are not wood; you are not stones,
But men that crowed for Caesar!
I feel your marrow in my bones;
And Rome! you best can please her
By giving heed
Unto her need:
Let's raise old Ebenezer!"

If Caius Cassius could have known,
Or Marcus Brutus smelt it,
Sly Tony's scheme might been o'erthrown
By counter blows quick dealt it.
At Philippi
They cast the die,
And Caesar's ghost helped melt it. H. C. L.

I THINK IT'S A JOKE.

I MAY be wrong, and so I have concluded to leave it to the readers of THE JUDGE.

This is how it is:

A month or so ago I bought a little place down on Long Island, consisting of a cottage and about a quarter of an acre of land. It didn't cost much, and almost anybody might have done the same thing, but my friends of the press undertook to make much of it, and have succeeded.

One of them published a statement to the effect that I, having amassed a fortune with my pen, had purchased a large farm on Long Island, and would devote my time to heavy farming. Another one had it that I had bought a place under a high state of cultivation, and would devote the remainder of my days to light comedy gardening, and one fellow had it that I was about to startle the world by raising grafted cucumbers for the market, to be used in making cocktails.

I suspect that this fellow intended to be funny. But the chap who wrote that my friends had resolved to stock my farm for me, and called upon those residing at a distance to forward seeds or implements to me, was, I think, a trifle forward.

I am now more thoroughly convinced than ever before of the power of the press, and that I have many friends who approve of my



THE TABLES TURNED.

FEMALE DOCTOR (who has been called out in the middle of the night, to husband): "Well, I'm going now; try and soothe the baby, and give him his medicine every half-hour. I'll be back within two or three hours."

HUSBAND (mentally): "Great Scott! This comes of marrying a female doctor!"

retirement from the field of literature to fields where they raise cabbages and things.

From Chicago I received a mowing machine and also a threshing machine from the manufacturers, with a request that I would give them a puff in some agricultural paper and pay the freight.

From Boston I received an assortment of plows on the same terms, and the inventor of a revolving steam harrow wrote to tell me that he would present me with one of them if I would only "talk it up in the papers."

Another friend sent me a cultivator, and still another forwarded me a potato-digger, with the following letter:

DEAR FRIEND BRICKTOP: I see by the papers that you are going to farming. Allow me, in the name of a long-suffering public, to congratulate you upon your determination. For fifteen years or more we have been forced to read your writings, and no doubt many have been led to laugh because they were advertised under the head of humorous books, just the same as people do who go to the San Francisco minstrels, simply because negro minstrels are supposed to be funny. Go in, old man, for all you are worth, and send me the first fruits produced by the aid of the machines I forwarded you. Send me a comic potato, accompanied by a laughing potato-bug; also a grinning cabbage-head and a tickled beet. Cultivate the hog-pen instead of the one you have been fooling with for so long, and a relieved public will rise up and cry "bully!"

LONG SUFFERER.

It is a question in my mind whether that letter was intended to be funny or ironical, satirical or complimentary. But I got the machine. Indeed, I received everything that

was ever used on a farm, and several implements that could never be used under any circumstances, and any quantity of congratulatory letters; but the different kinds of seeds that have been forwarded to me is something truly wonderful, and the freight bills I have been obliged to pay have nearly ruined me.

My neighbors think I am crazy—and no wonder, for my garden lot is covered with agricultural implements and packages of seeds, leaving me no room to plant anything if I wish to. My house is so full of fancy seeds and graftings that we find it impossible to settle down to housekeeping for the lack of room. But the climax was reached the other day when I received by express an old-fashioned Billy goat and five cages, each containing a different breed of Thomas cats—each warranted to hunt ground-moles; and one thoughtful cuss sent me by mail a little paper bag containing some potato-bugs for seed.

Now, if all this is intended as a joke, I wish to inform my friends that it has gone quite far enough. It has also gone far enough if these demonstrations were intended as marks of esteem. I shall be compelled to hire a store-house or move back to the city again. I am not greedy; I know when I have got enough—and if these manufacturers do not cease at once I will write another book and thrust it forth upon the world.

BRICKTOP.

A Pre-Adamite Sultan.

YEARS before our earliest history,
Centuries ere Adam's birth,
In those days whose unread mystery
Proves our learning little worth,
Lived a prehistoric ruler,
He it is whose fame I sing;—
Not an old and senile druder,
But a young and lively king;
Sooth to say he was a bad one,
(Agun was his barb'rous name),
And his record is a sad one,
Fewer worse the world can claim.

His appearance would you shock,
He would almost stop a clock
With the horrid "tout ensemble" of his ugly
"personnel;"
He was bandy-legged and short,
On his nose he wore a wart,
And his squint-eyes they were squinter than the
human tongue can tell.
His hair was fiery red,
And stood straight up on his head;
And his eyes were like a donkey's, and he hadn't
any chin,
And his fingers they were stumpy,
And his legs were short and dumpy,
And his feet were big as all out-doors and home-
lier than sin.

Thus his beauty you'll see was not great,
And his form not the acme of grace;
But alas! it is surer than fate
That his mind was far worse than his face.
He reveled in vice and in crime,
And committed more sins in a day
Than would last e'en in this wicked time
From Fourth of July till next May.

He cursed, and he ripped, and he swore,
And he robbed, and he larked, and he slew,
Which his subjects quite patiently bore
Till at length they began to get sore,
And I'm sure I don't blame them, do you?

They rose in their might on a fine summer's day,
And came down like a wolf on the fold,
With their cohorts and things (as Lord Byron
would say),

All gleaming in purple and gold,
They beat down the soldiers and cut down the
guards
With commendable promptness and vim,
They demolished the palace (so sing the old bards),
And King Agun they tore limb from limb!

Now, although this all happened a long time ago,
As I said in my opening rhyme,
His descendants remain and more numerous grow
Throughout every country and clime;
And wherever you meet one (as sometimes you
will),

Who for cussedness captures the bun,
What sublime satisfaction your bosom will fill
As you call him a SON OF AGUN.

M. J. MESSER.

A Blow at the Legitimate Drama.

BY ALDERMAN THOMAS CARROLL.

THE audience at the Hon. William McHallelujah's Aurora Theatre the other evening was considerably stirred, and it becomes my painful duty to record the facts of the case. A party of visiting statesmen accompanied me to that famous resort in Fifth Avenue, and while we were seated in a proscenium box the first signs of discontent in the audience were observed. The tragedy was a new one, by a famous local author, and was entitled "Hercules; or Thirteen Weeks with-



A Street Scene in New York, 1883.

out Food or Drink." The tragedian was none other than the illustrious O'Hara, otherwise known as "Forrest's Shadow." He was supported in more ways than one by Adele Adair, the pupil of the great Tom Keene. Concerning the merits of the tragedy I shall have nothing say. The miscreants employed by the proprietors of daily newspapers at the first glance consigned the play to perdition. The patrons of the Aurora Theatre had, however, opinions of their own, and they freely expressed them. Uproarious applause greeted O'Hara, who was almost constantly on the stage. The audience was in accord with him, and at the end of the fourth act the appearance of the author was demanded. It was at this stage of the game that the row was begun.

The author had wagered \$500 against \$200 with the Hon. William McHallelujah that the audience would bury him in bouquets when he stepped to the footlights to make his bow. Not so much as one bouquet was carried down the centre aisle and gracefully handed to him by the leader of the orchestra. The author glared at the audience, and the Hon. William McHallelujah roared with delight. This enraged the author, who quickly removed his claw-hammer coat and stood in the attitude of a pugilist. "I can whip any man in the house, barring Sullivan," he shrieked, "for from \$500 to \$5,000 a side, with bare knuckles, according to the new rules of the London prize ring." One of the visiting statesmen was Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Birmingham, England. He was with Mr. William Madden, once Mr. John L. Sullivan's confidential friend. Mr. Madden had persuaded Mr. Mitchell to come to America for the purpose of despoiling Mr. Sullivan's laurels. When Mr. Mitchell heard the author's challenge he at once stepped out of his ulster, saying, "Billy, 'ere's a go. Hi want ha little cigar money, you know, h'and h'll take h'it from this duffer, you know." Then he climbed out of our box. The money was put up, and Mr. Madden called "time." Suddenly the author seemed stricken with a desire to fly towards the dome of the theatre, then fell helplessly and unconscious into the family circle, crushing poke-bonnets and

other head gear. Instantly the audience was in an uproar, and shouts of "kill him, kill him," came from all parts of the house. He was picked up, and an ambulance was sent for.

The great O'Hara hurried from his dressing room to the stage. When he beheld Mr. Mitchell in fighting form, he quickly retired. The musicians fled, and the company of actors and actresses speeded from the building. The audience screamed with delight, and demanded that Mr. Mitchell should set to with some one else. The Hon. William McHallelujah was horrified. His elegant theatre had been captured, as it were, by a howling mob, and instead of the legitimate drama, prize-fighting was the attraction. The Hon. William McHallelujah was the most unhappy man in the State of New York. He would never again dare to look in the innocent faces of his wife and children. He wildly shrieked at Mr. Mitchell, imploring that elegant gentleman to depart, but Mr. Mitchell declared that he had made an engagement to meet Mr. Sullivan, and would remain. Then the Hon. William McHallelujah was put in a strait-jacket and carted away. The Aurora Theatre's patrons dimly departed. The legitimate drama had bidden farewell to the place, and boxing matches now nightly charm immense audiences.

A boy of an inventive turn of mind was seen enjoying himself hugely during a recent cold snap. He would coax a big dog up an icy alley, grab hold of the animal's tail, and then give a wild war-whoop. The dog would rush down the alley, and the boy would get what he called "a bully slide." In playing this game, always select a good-natured dog, one that doesn't take an overweening pride in his tail.

"If you want to get advertised," said the editor, "get a good libel suit on your hands; but be sure it isn't one of the kind where you get 'days' instead of vindication."

SCULPTORS themselves need not be "glasses of fashion" or "moulds of form," yet they should be able to cut a good figure.

THIRTY DAYS IN THE U. S. SENATE.

A Resume of the Noble Work accomplished by the Hon. A. W. TABOR, Bonanza Senator from Colorado, during his arduous Term of Service.

1st day: Sworn in by President *pro tem.* Davis. Ruined the portly Davis' eye-sight with a flash from his 10-karat head-light diamond scarf-pin. Found he would have no use for the Roman senatorial toga he had had manufactured in Denver and brought with him.

2d. Introduced a bill,—Colorado Bill, the Indian scout,—to his senatorial colleagues.

3rd. Had a monogram, in rubies, sapphire and emeralds inlaid on desk-top. Letters two feet long.

4th. Gave page \$20 to bring him a cigar; lighted it with a "fiver."

5th. Sunday; loaned Col. Pinchover, Tom Ochiltree and Rev. J. H.—t Brown a thousand each, and played poker all day. Won the \$3,000 back again as well as winning the Nevada property of Pinchover, the "withheld" salary of Ochiltree, and an order on the publishers for all royalties on the Reverend's new book, entitled "The Pulpit and the Bear-pit; or a Parson in Congress!"

6th. Bought a hammered gold cuspidor for private use, and had watch-charms (with cameo portrait of self thereon) distributed to each Senator.

7th. Was told by a blond female lobbyist that he was "just too sweet for anything." Promised to vote in favor of her scheme. Exchanged photos.

8th. Secured an appointment in the War Department for a constituent—to call again.

9th. Had parliamentary rules amended so as to permit Senators and Associated Press reporters to roll ten-pins down the aisles during the Chaplain's morning prayer.

10th. Rose to a question of personal privilege, and asked leave to place specimens of ore from "Little Pittsburg" mine on President Davis' table for general inspection, and that the sergeant-at-arms be authorized to open books for sale of stock.

11th. Presented the U. S. government with a statue of himself for the rotunda of the capitol. Base adorned with a coat-of-arms representing a miner's pick rampant and a shovel couchant; Latin motto, "Sing tiddy-i-rol, sing tiddy-i-dum," or "None honorable but grub-stakers."

12th. Sunday; went to church. Put a gold brick on the collection-plate. Told Deacon to "Never mind the change."

13th. Went to Mount Vernon. Wept at the ice-house, thinking it was General Washington's tomb. Asked privilege to place his own bust beside that of Lafayette in banquet hall of the mansion.

14th. Had painting of Lincoln removed from Senate chamber, and a chromo of the Tabor Grand Opera House in Denver substituted therefor.

15th. Called on President Arthur. Took him a topaz paper-weight which bore down the scales at 18 ounces; was surprised at His Excellency's dignified refusal of the gift.

16th. Tried to outdrink Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, at a wine-supper given by a well-known fellow-crank at John Chamberlain's. Failed!

17th. Sick.

18th. Head still swelled.

19th. Sunday; recuperated on soda and ammonia, apollinaris and bromide of potassium.

20th. Went to New York to purchase bri-

dal presents for Miss McCourt *nee* Doe. Items as follows:

1 Roman-gold Saratoga trunk,	\$1,800 00
1 spun-silver marriage veil, studded with cat's eyes, moonstones, etc.,	5,350 00
1 pug dog,	75 00
1 bolt flowered silk, (hand painted),	928 00
1 English landau,	450 00
1 copy Utah Divorce Laws,	1 00
1 platina dress belt, set with diamonds and pearls,	8,576 00
1 embroidered night-shirt (for self),	250 00
Total,	\$17,430 00

To the partially-paralyzed and overjoyed merchants filling his orders, he remarked: "Why, hav'nt you heard of me? I am the great I am, I am! I'm Senator Tabor, bonanza king from Colorado, and I do my court-ing, marrying and divorcing in a royal way. That's the kind of a pay-dirt panner-out I am, and don't you let it travel from your recollection!" (Total paralysis of merchants).

21st. Returned to Washington. Ordered wedding cards engraved on Tennessee marble with fluted edges, and the flags of all nations inlaid thereon in colored ivories. Expressed some away, and had others delivered to city friends by the Union Transfer Company.

22d. Occupied seat in Senate. Voted *No* on a resolution offered by Senator Edmunds, "That the alleged bribery and corruption in the recent Colorado senatorial election be investigated."

23rd. No quorum being present, he arose and moved that the Senate adjourn "*swine die*." Wondered greatly why his motion caused such uproarious laughter in the galleries.

24th. Showed conferees the announcement

of his approaching marriage in the *Oshkosh Bladder*, four columns in length.

25th. Met fiance at "day-po" with brass band. Drove in an open barouche, drawn by eight milk-white horses to hotel. Pavement, stairs, etc., strewn with flowers.

26th. Took in the Corcoran Art Gallery with betrothed. Considered Powers' statue of "The Greek Slave" too "*dee trope*" and "*ou tree*." Also criticised Gerome's painting of "Dead Caesar" as not altogether "*ong ruggle*."

27th. Delivered maiden speech in Senate. Subject, "The products of Colorado; or The Cactus, Pi-Ute, Sage-Brush and Road Agent collectively considered."

28th. Married.

29th. Still married!

30th. Bade each Senator a tearful "*A. dur*." To the courtly "*Au revoir*" of Gentleman George Pendleton he sobbed a heartfelt "*Oui Alapaca!*" Amid the solemn moments of the expiring Congress, when every eye was turned upon the great Tabor, (he who had rendered such long and eminent service to the country as the leader in the forum, the thrilling debater and the unsurpassed constitutional lawyer), and above the sound of the uncontrollable demonstrations of grief by those present over this agonizing parting with the "noblest Roman of them all," was now heard the simple leave-taking of our lofty western genius: "Boys! I'll have your autographs all framed and hung in my baronial hall! My wedding night-shirt cost me \$250. And there's my wife in the diplomatic gallery. Ain't she purty?" and—exit Tabor!

HANNIBAL HAMLIN JOHNSON.



Now that Lady Florence Dixey's life has been saved by a St. Bernard dog, all other pet dogs will be discarded. Wouldn't a St. Bernard make a nice companion in a village cart?

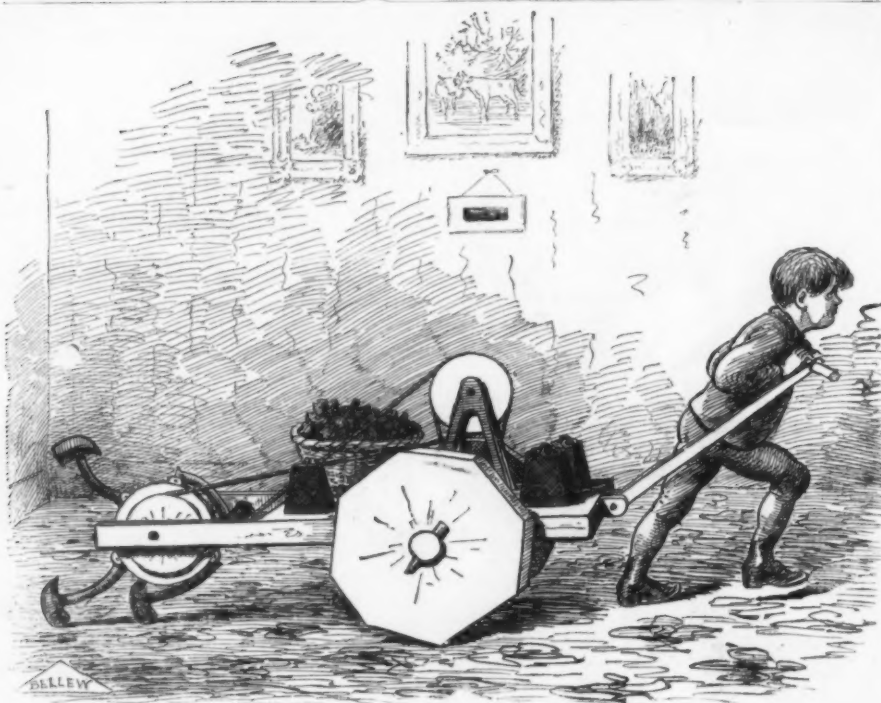


PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S CABINET.

As it is, and as it should be.

THE JUDGE.





A PATENTED RACKET.

This ingenious invention is bound to make things pleasant in apartment houses.

How?

How doth the gentle poetess
Improve each shining hour,
And scribble sonnets all the day
Within some leafy bower.

How doth the quiet bunco sharp
Put up his little game,
And gather ancient parties in
With trick exceeding lame.

How doth the wily Vanderbilt
Pull down his ample vest,
And say he's going southward
When he means to travel west.

How doth the modern gilded youth,
Like amiable sheep,
Follow the so-called actresses
From across the briny deep.

How doth the wicked broker man
Use other fellows' rocks,
And pay them back again with re-
Hypothecated stocks.

JOHN C. JACOBS.

HIS HARD LUCK.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

HE was a sad-eyed young fellow, with a weary expression of face—the hopeless look of one to whom the world has proved naught but an empty show. He entered the office of one of our daily papers in a listless, melancholy way.

“Heard about it?” he asked of the reporter on guard.

“Heard what?” asked the reporter.

“Awful accident.”

“Where?”

“Up town.”

“What was it?”

“Safe fell down and killed three men—crushed them all over the sidewalk. Just my hard luck.”

“How?”

“I didn't see the safe fall. Passed right

by where it was being hoisted only five minutes before the accident, and did not linger to look at it. First time in my life that I ever came across a safe-hoisting without loafing about for an hour or so in hopes that it would fall.”

“For Heaven's sake, man!” said the reporter, “you don't mean to say that it would give you any pleasure to see fellow-beings hurled into eternity?”

“Yes, sir, it would,” answered the other. “But the fault is that my fellow-beings positively refuse to hurl while I am around. I am of a morbid nature. I like the horrible. A murder trial is a perfect picnic to me, and if I could only get in to see a hanging I would feel perfectly happy. But I can't even get upon a coroner's jury. If I did, the corpse would come to life, or something. Tell you, my life has been full of hard luck. Went to Albany in January. Hesitated between taking the cars or the boat. Took the cars; boat blew up—ninety killed! Coming back from Albany, I thought I would take the boat. My usual luck! Cars ran off the track, fell down an embankment six hundred feet high, got on fire, fell through the ice; awfullest horror of the year—nobody saved.

“Soon after, I went to Chicago. Stopped at a hotel; a darned fool friend of mine asked me to come and spend a week at his house. I went. Hotel burned down that very night. I forget how many were cremated.

“In St. Louis I was passing along the street when I saw a couple quarreling; young feller and young girl. I went right ahead and didn't stop. Read it all in the papers next day. They were lovers; quarreled. Young girl cut young feller all to pieces with a razor—gashed him all up; and me but a few blocks away!

“I got detained in a little town in Arkansas. Accidentally met an old school-mate there. He wanted me to stay over a week; I declined. Could have stayed just as well as not. During that week there was a riot, three suicides, sixteen shooting affrays, and three lynchings. And my friend was into

them. Bet, though, if I had stayed, the liveliest thing that would have occurred would have been a Sunday-school picnic. I break up all the fun in every place I go to. Give you an example down in Texas. Fell in with a mob who were going to hang six horse-thieves. *Six*; think of it! I was ecstatic. At last I was to behold a scene of suffering. I whooped along with the mob. My luck! Mob got soft-hearted—let horse-thieves go. Only instance in the history of the State of Texas where they let a horse-thief go.

“Over in Brooklyn, but a few days ago, I entered a saloon; three men sat playing cards at a table; I knew the bar-keeper. ‘Wait a second, Tom,’ he requested, as I was about to go, ‘got something to tell you.’ Didn't wait. Left. General result! Bet that I had not got around the corner before the three men playing cards got into a fight, and cut each other.”

The speaker sighed and wiped away a tear. Just then a district telegraph boy came flying breathlessly in: “Steam-pipes blown up at corner of Fulton and Nassau; nine people an' a stage killed!” yelled he.

“When did it occur?” asked the young man.

“Three o'clock.”

The young man pressed his hand to his forehead; he reeled against a counter; “My God! my usual luck again!” he gasped; “I had an appointment with a man at the corner of Fulton and Nassau at three precisely. Had I not dropped in here I would have been there on time. What have I done, that Fate should pursue me so!”

And he staggered through the door, an epitome of despair, while the reporter sympathetically remarked to the district telegraph boy who was changing the “delayed five minutes” on the back of the slip, to “delayed fifty minutes,” “He *has* had bad luck!”

PELEG had given up peddling milk, and had found a “sit” with a city clothing store. The first day tested his capacity to the utmost, for the great mogul of the establishment having lost his tape while taking the measure of an 81-tonner son of fatherland, called to Peleg to take some money from the drawer and go out and get him a measure. Peleg went and returned in a few minutes with a quart measure. “You saphead,” said the boss, “did you think I wanted to measure milk?” “No,” Peleg softly replied, “but I thought you needed a measure to measure beer.”

WHEN you see a man piloting a homely woman around, and in an abstracted way showing her the sights, you can gamble your last copper that he owns her. But when, on the contrary, you see a male biped industriously showing the new and unique to an attractive woman, you can go your pile that she is owned by the other fellow, and that he is not in the immediate neighborhood.

“ENTRAPPED into marriage by an Heiress,” is a heart-rending headline in an exchange. As we have no fear of marriage or heiresses, hymenially inclined females with the necessary ducats can apply at the back door between 6 A. M. and 12 P. M.

“How much did he leave when he died?” asked Jackson of Williams; and Williams, who was something of a wag, made answer: “Leave! why, he left everything.”

THE best fire-escape. Live a virtuous and upright life.



EVIDENTLY, Mr. Stetson has spared no expense in placing the new version of Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend" on the stage of Booth's Theatre. The story made one of the most interesting of Reade's novels, but the drama, as it stands, is a very ordinary play. It is certainly beautifully mounted and the stage-pictures are remarkably fine, but it is impossible to view the acting with any degree of composure. Mr. George Clarke is too fresh from the milk-and-water plays of the Madison Square Theatre, to do justice to such a part as that of Tom Robinson, Ticket-of-Leave-Man. His thief, at times, is almost as elegant in manners as "Young Mrs. Winthrop." We suppose Weaver intends to personate a Jew, but we should never imagine it, unless we glanced at the bill. His costume is more like that of a Free Mason's than that of a Hebrew money-lender, and his curse would do credit to a burlesque performance. Hawes, played by C. T. Nichols, looks like the picture of the chief of the "Dynamite Invincibles," in a late number of THE JUDGE, and Mordaunt makes John Meadows entirely too harsh and brutal. James Hardie, as George Fielding, is stiff and unnatural, and if Susan Merton was at all like Helen Blythe, she wasn't worth half the trouble it took to marry her. The Boy Prisoner, played by Katie Gilbert, is really a fine bit of acting, but Henry Jackson, as Jackey, comes about up to our ideal of the missing link, neither man nor monkey, but something between the two. The prison set is admirable, and there is enough live stock in the farm scene to fill a good sized barn-yard. The waterfall, and the Australian landscape are worthy the applause they call forth, and we hope the play will find admirers enough to save it from the fate of its predecessors. At all events, it will keep the stage to the 16th, when Salvini and Clara Morris will give us a double dose of soul-stirring tragedy.

The last week of "Siberia" wound up with a pugilistic performance not down on the bills. Too much blood and thunder, Mr. Campbell, seems to have a bad effect on the actors, if not on the audiences.

At the Star Theatre crowded houses are delighted with Boucicault's performances as Captain O'Flattery. THE JUDGE has not seen a more mirth-provoking piece in a long time. The theatre has reopened under favorable circumstances, and we hope its Star will always be in the ascendant.

At the Casino the farewell performances of Grau's French Opera Troupe are taking place. This season ends Mr. Grau's connection with French opera, and whether another will rise up to take his place remains to be seen. He gives us variety enough at present, and on Monday we had Capoul and Theo in "La Fille de Mme. Angot." These operas are all cast in the same mould, but the music to "Mme. Angot" is the brightest and liveliest of any of Lecocq's, save, perhaps, that of "The Little Duke." It is needless

to say that Capoul and Theo enter into the spirit of the thing, and played their respective parts with great abandon, but the singing left much to be desired.

"The White Slave" followed close upon the heels of "Passion's Slave" at the Cosmopolitan. If the place is to be turned into a genuine slave market, let us know the worst at once.

There is "Vim" at the Bijou, "A Bunch of Keys" at the Frisco's Hall, and "Cinderella at School" at the Fifth Avenue. On Monday, "A Russian Honeymoon" will be played on the stage of the Madison Square Theatre, to be followed by Marsden's play "Elsie Deane."

Barnum's Circus is as crowded as it can be, and it is a matter for speculation as to where so many people come from.

This is the last week of "A Parisian Romance" at the Square, Mr. Wyndham opening there in "Brighton," next week. "A Congress of the Giants of Fun" is in session at Tony Pastor's, and "The Streets of New York" may be seen at the Windsor. "McSorley's Inflation" has at last exploded at Harrigan and Hart's, and Maud Granger is playing "The Planter's Daughter" at Haverty's. Of course, "The Silver King" is still in progress at Wallack's, "7-20-8" at Daly's, and last, but not least, "Patience" is having its perfect work at the Standard.

CORRESPONDENTS.

- K. T.—No.
- J. M.—Yes.
- B. C.—Accepted.
- N. R. O.—Declined.
- W. F.—Short sketches are preferred.
- C. A. J.—Your idea is too sulphuric.
- J. L. McC.—Sympathize with you in your misfortunes.
- M. L. J.—Will return "The Gipsy's Prophecy" and "Florence" if you will send your address.
- S. T. W.—We have two bales of Spring poetry; also two bales of stories concerning ex-prophet Wiggins.

A CONNECTICUT barber has a razor 200 years old. Guess it is the one Noah had to trim the monkey's toe-nail with; but New York barbers have some razors that were used by Abraham to chop kindlings with when he offered up Isaac.

NEW Spring costumes are as boufant as ever, says a fashion note. Smith says he don't know much about French, but he knows enough to understand that boufant means expensive.

IN Hartford, when the water gets bad, they call in Boston expts to find out what ails it. Hartford men don't know much about water for drinking purposes, anyway.

FOUR boys were arrested the other day for playing cards in a graveyard. They should be sentenced to stay there until the "last trump" is played by Gabriel.

"VIRTUE" may be "its own reward," but the virtuous cashier does not drive so fast a team as his fellow of the collapsed bank.



DREAMING ON THE SCRIPTURES.

The Matrimonial News.

A CONFESSION.

I'm a bald and beefy bachelor of eight and forty Winters,
(Same number also Summers, Falls and Spring's soft vernal
dews),
And I want to tell you how my heart was split and torn to
splinters
By a lady correspondent in the "Matrimonial News."
The "ad." was pert and pointed, and it read "I want to marry:
I am young and rich and handsome, and must love the man
I choose;
Now, gents, you may get left if a single day you tarry—
So write at once to EFFIE, care of "Matrimonial News."
Well, I wrote a modest answer, and described my own attrac-
tions;
I whooped it up so glowingly I thought she must enthuse;
I did not say my hair was gray and thinned by Time's exas-
tations
When I tried to mash the angel of the "Matrimonial News."
I did not say my boarding-house was down in Shinbone Alley,
Where the half-starved dogs and cats and boys each other
pelt and bruise;
Where side walk loafers, gin all bums and shabby cyprians
rally—
O, no! not to the hour of the "Matrimonial News."
I told her that my form and face were handsome as Apollo,
That my temper was as gentle as the turtle-dove that coos;
That I in gold and bank-stock could almost be said to wallow—
This guff I gave the fairy of the "Matrimonial Nooes."
Next morn I got an answer from my washerwoman's daughter!
She said, "I know your writing, for I've seen your L.O.U.S.—
And since you are so wealthy, pay your bills or there'll be slaugh-
ter—
So ta-ta my sweet Apollo of the "Matrimonial Noos."
M. J. MESSER.

WITH the advent of pleasant Spring days the merry notes of the gay and festive tooter will be heard throughout the land, and we shall again behold that gaudy butterfly of fashion, perched on the box-seat, with his four-in-hand, his load of merry "outsiders" and his long horn; and his horses proudly prancing to the music, or round the corners deftly like an arrow shooting, in a way that some call snobby, though all admit 'tis nobby—to say the least.

A TRAGEDY entitled "A Warning for Fair Women," printed anonymously in 1599, has been declared by the eminent Shakesperean scholar and critic, J. Payne Collier, to contain unmistakable evidences of having been written, wholly or in part, by that author. Were not one of the characters in it a Mr. Brown, and another a Mr. Sanders, we might perhaps admit the claim. But no; we feel sure that no such names as those ever emanated from the brain of Shakespeare.

COUNTRY girl to a city police officer: "Please show me the way to the pawin' office." "Pawin' office!" exclaimed the officer, glancing suspiciously at her, "what are you going to put in hock?" "Reckin ye're mistaken, constable. I've got the nooraligy in my head, bad, an' I be a-lookin fur a docter as advertis'd he cured it by pawin' his hands whar it ached; so it's his offis I want ter find out, sir." Police officer escorts her to an electro-manipulator's establishment.

A SCIENTIST says that "at a depth of 600 feet below the earth's surface we shall find a heat of 150 degrees." Very few persons care to find so much heat, and if they did it would be cheaper to pay seven dollars a ton for coal and twenty dollars for a stove than to dig 600 feet deep for it.

A FARMER'S journal recommends "blanketing the bees in Winter." A man should be very careful which end of the bee he grasps when he goes to put a blanket on it, or he may "blank it" considerably more than he bargained for.

THE best men for newspaper interviewers: Men-dacity.

The Seminole's Defiance.

"BLAZE, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee."
 (The rheumatiz had stiffened it—he couldn't, do you see?)
 "My arm you oft have dreaded, and the lightning of its blow;"
 (Which was before, at "knocking out, our Sully 'round did go."
 "I've scared you in the city, I've scalped you on the plain;"
 (He little knew that "Snook's Wash" would bring hair in again).
 "I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy."
 (So Buffalo Bill for stage Injuns some other tribe did try).
 "Some strike with feelings of revenge; I to defend my all."
 (In fact struck Bison William for more wages, with much gall).
 "I love to see you wounded, and to hear your dying moan."
 (To help him hear the better he had used an autophone).
 "You've trailed me through the forest, you've tracked me o'er
 the stream;"
 (His breath, so strong with whisky, made that an easy scheme).
 "But I stand, as should the warrior, with my rifle and my spear."
 (And kicks against an Agent who won't fill him up with beer).
 "Think you to find my homestead? I gave it to the fire;"
 (But got the shanty well insured before he lit the pyre).
 "I live on hate—'tis all my bread—a nourishment most good."
 (He would have changed his bill of fare on sampling "Brown's
 Canned Food").
 "I loathe you with my bosom, I scorn you with mine eye."
 (His bosom was unlaundried, his optic glass—oh, my!)
 "I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave!"
 (But hath made a good cigar sign, "altee samee," on the pave.)
 JEF. JOSLYN.

Mrs. Breakup Talks of Flowers.

"It's time to purchase flower seeds," said Mrs. Breakup the other evening, just as Breakup had extended himself on the sofa for a short nap. "We can raise them in a miniature hot-house."

"Hot-house!" exclaimed Breakup: "what in thunder do you want the house hot for this time of year?"

"I mean to say that we can propagate the flowers—"

"What sort of a gate?" murmured Breakup, just about dropping off into a gentle doze.

"Now don't go to sleep," yelled Mrs. B., with an energy that made her husband wide awake in an instant. "Ah! what precious times I've seen in the merry Spring-time, when I lived in the country."

"Yes, precious times they were. Mud a foot deep, and showers every ten minutes regularly."

"Ah, Breakup, all the poetry has died out of your soul. When I was a girl I used to seek trailing arbutus."

"Trailing what?" asked Breakup, from the sofa.

"Arbutus, like a pearly shell."

"Here, now, old woman, what are you giving us? Flowers don't come in the shell; it's oysters you're thinking of."

For the space of five minutes not a word was spoken. Then Mrs. Breakup broke the silence:

"How I love the flowers. But if I love one above another, it's a daisy."

"A dumpling; a darling," muttered B., half asleep. "Heard a girl sing it at Tony Pastor's last night."

"Oh, ho!" sneered Mrs. Breakup. "That's the lodge you attended, is it?"

Finding himself in a box, Breakup undertook to hedge.

"You were speaking of flowers, my love—"

"Tony Pastor's, eh?" interrupted Mrs. Breakup; "Oh yes, you know all about flowers. I presume you threw a bouquet to the young lady?"

"My dear, the point of order is not well taken. To-morrow I'll order seed, and I hope you'll succeed in raising a lot of flowers."

"Tony Pastors— Well, you needn't slam the door so, I'm not deaf," she yelled, as Breakup slammed the parlor door on his way out. "You bring any flower seeds here and I'll plant them over your grave. Tony Pastor's, indeed!" and the indignant wife went across the street to talk with Mrs. Blifkins about that naughty Jones girl who was mashing all the boys in the neighborhood.

Castoria.

Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
 In spite of doctors and the cradle;
 Thus it was that our pet Victoria
 Made home howl until sweet Castoria
 Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber,
 All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

PILES PERMANENTLY ERADICATED IN 1 TO 3
 weeks without knife, ligature, or caustic. Send for circular containing references. DR. HOYT, 36 West 27th st., New York.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

READ'S three-minute Headache and Neuralgia cure. NEVER FAILS. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

A CARD.

To all suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, N. Y.

50 All New Enameled Gold and Floral Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. W. H. Card Works, West Haven, Ct.

BEST CARDS SOLD! All new: 50 Large, Perfect Chromo, name on, 10c. Beautiful designs of Art. Satisfaction Sure. Elegant Album of Samples with Mammoth Illustrated Premium List, 25c. Good Work. Prompt Returns. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

GENUINE Transparent Cards. Each Card contains a RARE Scene, visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full deck of 52 cards by mail for 50c. prepaid. Stamps taken. F. CATON & CO., Box 9257, Boston, Mass.

STOP HERE! TWO PICTURES OF MALE and FEMALE BEAUTIES, only 15c. Four for 25c. With Model Love letter and Catalogue. W. FOX, Fultonville, N. Y. (name paper.)

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

When a lecturer has worked the ladies of his audience so near to the weeping point that they have gotten out their handkerchiefs, and then suddenly changes his tone and speaks of the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, he is bound to rouse a feeling of indignation.

Christine Nilsson,
 Etelka Gerster,
 Hope Glenn,
 Marie Marimon,
 Emma Thursby,
 Emile Ambre,
 Italo Campanani,
 Luigi Ravelli,
 Theodor Biorksten,
 Antonio F. Galassi,
 Guseppe Del Puente,

Adelina Patti,
 Clara Louise Kellogg,
 Alwina Valleria,
 Marie Roze,
 Emma Abbott,
 Zelta Seguin,
 Mme. La Blache,
 Signor Brignoli,
 Alfred H. Pease,
 Maurice Strakosch,
 Ole Bull,

HAVE USED AND INDORSED THE

"HAINES"

As being absolutely the Best Upright Pianoforte in the World.

Warerooms,

97 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
Beatty's Organs and Pianofortes.
 THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOUSE IN AMERICA.

At this time is approaching when many will buy something handsome for HOLIDAY, Birthday or Wedding Presents. I beg to announce that nothing can be more suitable than an ORGAN or PIANOFORTE. Before you make a purchase write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE showing elegant styles at lowest prices. DO NOT BUY ELSEWHERE until you SEND FOR HOLIDAY CIRCULARS, NOW READY. Valuable information to the retail buyer. If you have no time to write a letter send a postal anyway.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, BEATTY'S MANUFACTORY, Railroad Ave. & Beatty St., Beatty Building, Washington Ave, WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY, United States of America.
 "The Largest Organ and Piano Establishment in Existence."
 While as a rule over the doors of other manufacturers you read "Positively No Admittance, &c.," over Beatty's you read "VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME."



BEHNING

FIRST CLASS

Grand, Square & Upright
PIANOS.

Warerooms: 15 E. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.

Factory, N. E. corner 124th st. and 1st ave., New York.

WEBER

MANUFACTURER OF

Grand, Square and Upright
PIANO FORTES.

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION.

WAREROOMS,

5th Avenue and West 16th Street,
 NEW YORK CITY.

AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.
 Outfit worth \$10 free. Address
 E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay st., N. Y.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.

A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone. I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article known to the Sporting Fraternity, and used by them to WIN with in games of chance. Send for my mammoth circular. Address, or call in person, ALF. SUYDAM, 66 & 67 Nassau St., New York City.

UNITED STATES
**MUTUAL
ACCIDENT
ASSOCIATION.**

\$5,000 Accident Insurance. \$25 Weekly Indemnity.
Membership Fee, \$1. Annual Cost about \$10. Write
for Circular and Application blank. European Permits.
CHAS. B. PEET, President.
(Of Rogers, Peet & Co.)
JAS. B. PITCHER, Sec'y.
320 and 322 Broadway.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!



Dr. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT. A guaranteed
specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neu-
ralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol
or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the
Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and
death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either
sex, Involuntary Losses caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-
abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treat-
ment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on re-
ceipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With
each order received by us for six bottles, accompanied with \$5,
we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the
money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued
only to A. J. DEWAN, Chemist, Broadway and Barclay St., N. Y.

A Positive Cure is

ELY'S
CREAM BALM,

FOR
CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

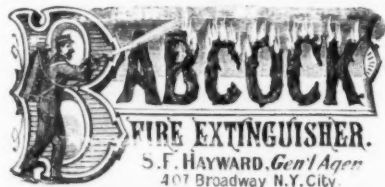
TWO CURES.
As one having used Ely's Cream Balm I
would say it is worth its weight in gold as a
cure for Catarrh. One bottle cured me.
S. A. LOVELL, Franklin, Pa.
Ely's Cream Balm cured me of Catarrh
of many years' standing—restored my sense
of smell. For colds in the head it works like
magic. E. H. SHERWOOD, National State
Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.
Apply by the little finger into the nostrils.
It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the
nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing
healthy secretions. It allays inflammation,
protects the membranous linings of the head
from additional colds, completely heals the
sores and restores the sense of taste and
smell. Beneficial results are realized by a
few applications. A thorough treatment
will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head.
Agreeable to use. Send for circular for in-
formation and reliable testimonials. Will
deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.



GEO. B. CLUETT, BRO. & CO.
LATEST

Crown Collar.
Height in front, 2 1/8 inches.
Height in back, 1 3/4 inches.
Sold by Leading Dealers.

BOOK FREE TELLS ALL DEVERECO Toronto, Ont.



BABCOCK
FIRE EXTINGUISHER.
S. F. HAYWARD, Gen'l Agent
407 Broadway N.Y. City.

OLIVE LOGAN writes from London that
Victoria Woodhull's daughter is engaged to
an English nobleman. It is more than two
years since this engagement was first an-
nounced, and it is about time that one of the
parties surrendered. It appears to be a very
slow match to which the spark has been ap-
plied. Perhaps the "nobleman" is defer-
ring the momentous event until he accumu-
lates enough money to pay the clergyman
who ties the knot.—*Norristown Herald.*

"So much sugar is unhealthy," said Mrs.
Flapjack, to one of her boarders, a member
of the Legislature from Northern Texas, as
he helped himself rather liberally.

"I know it," responded the member,
gloomily, putting still another lump in his
coffee, "I know it kills people, but I want
to die. Life is a burden to me. My bill
has been defeated in the Senate, and I am
afraid to go home."—*Texas Siftings.*

A LITTLE ROCK reporter said: "A respect-
able congregation met at the Christian
church yesterday evening." All religious
congregations are supposed to be respectable,
and why the reporter should have made this
instance a special order of business is a piece
of information which the members of the
specified congregation desire to know.—*Ar-
kansas Traveler.*

THERE are 3000 professional acrobats in
the northwest provinces of India, and as
there are lots of tigers and such in the jung-
les, the country ought to be a perpetual
paradise to the small boy who longs for cir-
cus time. If we were rich we would send
lots of little boys over to see the circus.
There are lots and lots of little boys we
would like to send there.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

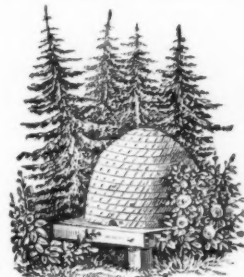
THE Pontiac *Bill Poster* advertises a
diamond stud which some gentleman dropped
on the floor of the office. It is well he did
not drop it in this office, for it would have
got so mixed up with the other diamonds
strewn around on the floor that the gentle-
man might never have heard from it again.
—*Detroit Chaff.*

A CLEVELAND paper relates a touching
story of a joyful reunion between a brother
and sister who had not met for sixty years.
As the sister was only two months old, and
the brother ten years of age at the time of
parting, the reminiscence of early life must
have been affecting indeed.—*Bill Nye's
Boomerang.*

MR. CORCORAN, the Washington philan-
thropist, is 85 years old, and it said that his
greatest desire is to live to be as old as Me-
thusalem. That is, he doesn't want to die
until a Democratic President is elected.—
Norristown Herald.

Ross's Royal Belfast Ginger Ale.
SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.

**HALE'S HONEY
OF**



"Nothing without Labor."

HOREHOUND & TAR

FOR THE CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Difficult Breathing,
AND
All Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs,
Leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant
Horehound, in chemical union with TAR BALM, extracted from
the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest trees ABIES BALSAMEA, or Balsam
of Gilead.
Those who have used it say that Hale's Honey of Horehound
and Tar is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs
of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid.
It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach, and has an
extremely agreeable flavor.
Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties
when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough.

Prices, 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle; largest, cheapest.

Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, &c.
NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1883.
I suffered greatly from hoarseness caused by preaching every
night. I was advised to try HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND
AND TAR, and can most cheerfully recommend the same as be-
ing a most excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds, &c.
Yours respectfully, &c., DAVID W. COUCH,
Pastor Eggleston Square Church, Boston, Mass.
In Bronchial Affection it is also specially useful.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, 50 Cents.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

The most effective external REMEDY extant for the cure of
SKIN DISEASES, and for BEAUTIFYING the COMPLEXION.
Beware of Imitations.
Sold by Druggists, 25c.; 3 cakes, 60c.
C. N. CRITTENTON, Proprietor, New York.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease: by its
use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long
standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith
in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, to-
gether with A VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to
any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
Dr. T. & SLOCUM, 141 Fourth St., New York.

CHAMPAGNE "DE MONTIGNY."
JUDGE: I pronounce this delicious wine
UN X L D.

All in court have glasses filled, and cheer,
"DE MONTIGNY"
Extra first quality d...
E. C. RAMSDEN, Sole Agent, 135 Front St., N. Y.



FREE! FREE! FREE!
In order to introduce other goods
and secure future trade, we will on
receipt of \$2.50, stamps, and the
names and addresses of 12 of your
friends, send you by return mail,
an Elegant Boiled Gold Ring. \$5
only will be sent to one address for
\$100.00, and 24 names. Address,
W. SIZER 7 & 9 Warren Street, New York.



OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.—ECL. 12:12. ESTABLISHED 1836.
**NEAT AND ELEGANT
BOOK BINDING**

From the Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles. Emblematic Designs for all the Leading Subscription
Books. Specimens on exhibition.
IF YOU WANT GOOD WORK, AT LOW FIGURES, AND SAVE AGENT'S COMMISSION, COME DIRECT TO
JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St., N. Y.

A FILE OF NEW YORK HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.
50 EDITION WORK AT SHORT NOTICE A SPECIALTY.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION
 All Perfumes are injurious to the skin; The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed, but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid, it never leaves any odor on the skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin;—a child will not dread having its face washed when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used, as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense stinging that even the Imported Castile Soap causes; it always leaves the skin soft and smooth. No tooth powder or tooth wash will compare with it. A little on the tooth brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean. It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth brush. This Soap is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE OR WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever a sponge has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag wet, and to keep it from becoming musty. The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (not washed out); it entirely does away with the removal of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandyline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff; the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp;—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY
 At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.
 Send the retail price to cents in Money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge."
 Only send for One Cake, and make the following TWO PROMISES:
Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.
Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.
 By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid, and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.
 All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell to the stores.
 Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.
 A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.
 Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES
 Eminent physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid such troubles. Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.
 It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in Schools of Design for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.
 The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, will not chap from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, but of course no home-made or other soap (not even Castile) must be used.
 Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—If you have a Pet Dog wash it with The Frank Siddalls Soap; be sure to leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed occasionally with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.
 Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets. Use it for wiping-off oil cloths, linoleum, etc.—it keeps the colors bright, and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will, of course, last much longer.
 MILK Pans, Churns, and all MILK Utensils when washed with the Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do not require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP NEVER FAILS WHEN IT FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF A PERSON OF REFINEMENT, INTELLIGENCE AND HONOR.
How to Tell a Person of Refinement.
 A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way.
How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.
 A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible Directions.
How to Tell a Person of Honor.
 A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow directions so strongly urged.
How to Tell Sensible Persons.
 Sensible Persons will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.
 If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises sent for more than one cake. You must NOT send for more than one cake, if a friend wants to try it, she MUST send in a separate letter.

THE JUDGE
 authorizes the statement that a thorough test of The Frank Siddalls Soap for Toilet and General Household Uses in the houses of gentlemen connected with its staff proves it to be everything claimed.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel, Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES
 There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age, who has common sense, will have no trouble in following them:—
FIRST—Dip one of the garments in the tub of water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places. Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.
NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T SCALD OR BOIL. A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DON'T wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold, add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.
NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, and IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRT OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board THROUGH THE RINSING-WATER (without using any more Soap) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSE-KEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.
Next, the Blue-water—which can be either lukewarm or cold; Use little or no Bluing, for this Soap takes the place of Bluing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING AND WITHOUT SCALDING OR BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.
 Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces, and Colored Fineline, let them stand 30 minutes in the blue-water to soak, and wash the same way as the White Pieces, being big enough to hold the soap.
 The most delicate colors will not fade when washed this way, but will be the brighter.

HOW A LADY CAN GET SOAP TO TRY
 At Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.
 Send the retail price to cents in Money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the Advertisement in "The Judge."
 Only send for One Cake, and make the following TWO PROMISES:
Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it, and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.
Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.
 By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, postage prepaid, and it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in POSTAGE STAMPS will be put on.
 All this is done for 10 cents, because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell to the stores.
 Only one cake must be sent for, but after trying it, the stores will then buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.
 A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer or the Wife of a Minister, if the above TWO promises are made.
 Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

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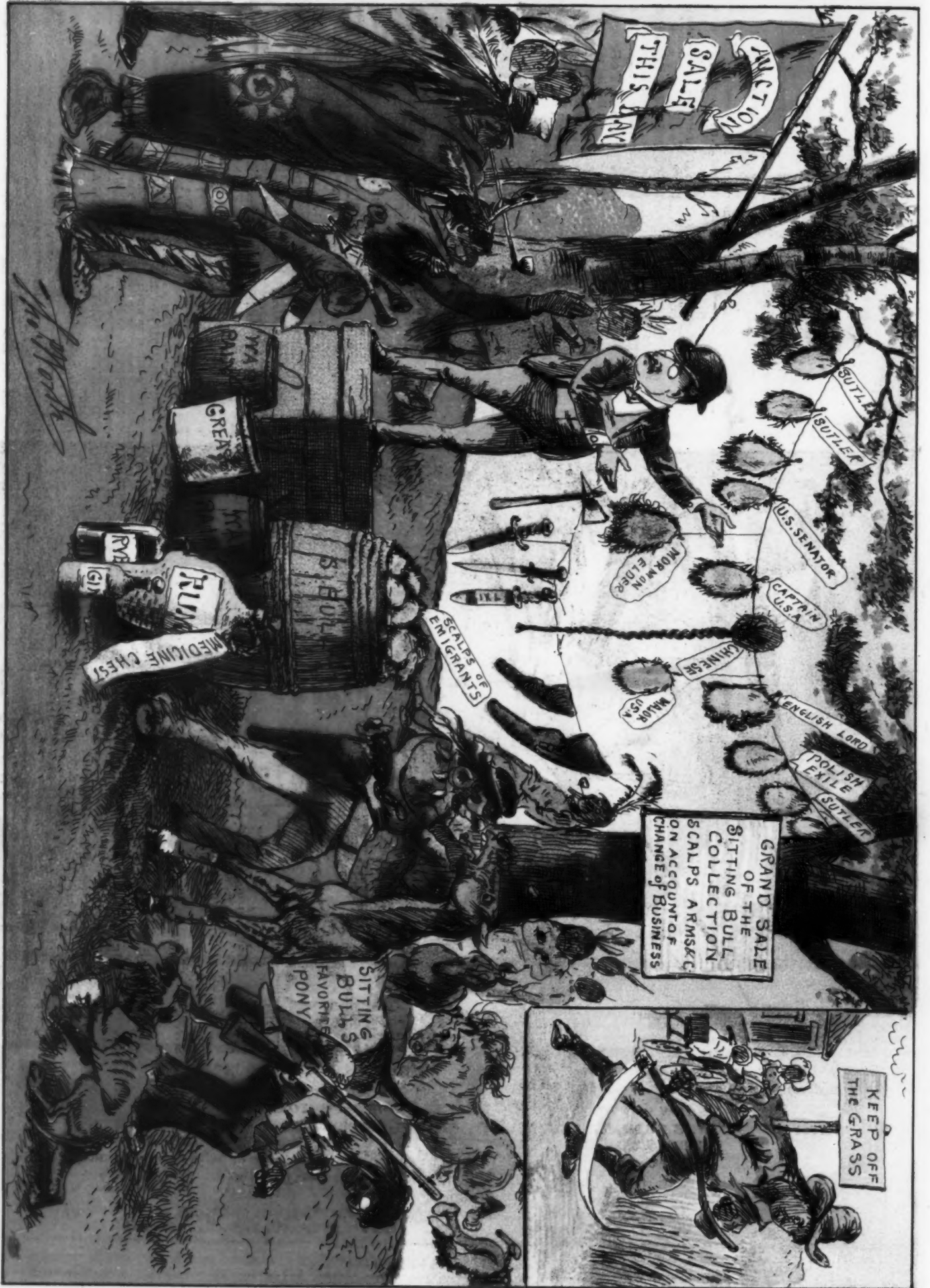
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 Make the promises very plain, or it will not be sent.

SPECIAL PREMIUM TO THE WIVES OF GROCERS.
 A most magnificent Premium can be had by the wife of every Grocer in the United States. The Premium is a very handsome velvet-lined case, containing 6 beautiful heavy Silver-plated Knives and 6 Forks manufactured specially for this purpose, and guaranteed to be the finest quality made.
 THE PREMIUM WILL BE GIVEN TO THE WIFE OF A GROCER EVEN IF HER HUSBAND DOES NOT SELL THE SOAP. IT WILL BE SENT AFTER SHE HAS MADE A THOROUGH TRIAL OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, AND ENOUGH SOAP TO MAKE THE TRIAL WILL BE SENT FREE OF CHARGE.
 The Wife of a Grocer who desires to get this valuable premium MUST try a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap on the whole of the regular family wash strictly by the very easy directions, and then send word by mail to the office in Philadelphia, together with business card or printed advertisement of some kind, to show that her husband is a Grocer:—or send a bill for groceries bought of some wholesale Grocer.
 IF YOU SELL THE SOAP YOU CAN GET A CAKE OUT OF THE STORE TO TRY.
 IF NOT, A CAKE WILL BE SENT BY MAIL, FREE OF CHARGE, IF THE 2 PROMISES ARE MADE.
 (The Premium is NOT sent until AFTER a thorough trial of the Soap has been made.)
 The offer is NOT a humbug:—letters get prompt attention. If you don't get any reply to your letter asking about the present, it will be because you have not sent word that you have tried the Soap, or because you have not sent proof that you are the wife of a Grocer.

Sold in New York by H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGITT & CO., AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., and many others.—Sold by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer in Philadelphia.—Sold in Chicago by W. M. HOYT & CO., HARMON, MERRIAM & CO., ROCKWOOD BROS., and many others.—Sold in Boston by BRIGGS & SHATTUCK, MARTIN L. HALL & CO., Howard W. Spurr & Co., and many others.—Sold in Pittsburg, Newark, New York, Trenton, New Jersey, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, New Orleans, Providence, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Washington, Utica, Troy, Albany, Hartford, New Haven, Rochester, Trenton, Newark, Wilmington, Louisville, St. Paul, Omaha, Victoria (B. C.), Halifax, Montreal, Birmingham, Paterson, Minneapolis, Bridgeport, Quincy, Erie, Cleveland, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Portland, Syracuse, Dayton, Peoria, Jersey City, Patz, Haverhill, Rome, Birmingham, Paterson, Minneapolis, Bridgeport, Quincy, Terre Haute, Davenport, Cedar Rapids, Kalamazoo, Atchison, Jackson, Jacksonville.—Sold in every State and Territory and in nearly every town and village in the United States.

Address all Letters:—Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 1019 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

THE JUDGE.



REFORMATION AND RETIREMENT OF SITTING BULL.

He disposes of his warlike stock, and becomes a Farmer.