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OPENING OF THE SKATING SEASON AT ALBANY.
"BETTER LOOK AHEAD, BOSS."



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John Kelly on Skates.

AND now the gentle John Kelly skateth around after a fashion peculiarly his own. The ice is very slippery, John, and the wind is blowing a gale. The danger signs may not be up, but there is black water ahead, and the briny deep may claim you. Your feathers are so elegant and so new, John, that it would be a pity to get them wet. There may be, you think, a bright little cherub up aloft looking out for poor Jack, but what a terrible thing it would be for you, John, if that sweet little creature were to be taken away in the bloom of his youth! With your Grady's, Boyds, Treanors, Brownings, Bogans, Murphys, and the rest of your boys in the Legislature, and with your "Billy" Sauer as president of the Board of Aldermen, and acting Mayor in the absence of Mr. Grace, the whole world may look like a smooth sheet of ice to you. Skate on, happy John, there are those who wish you well, but there are regiments of men on shore who are expecting to see you plunge into the black water.

Very Uncivil to the Service.

God bless us! but can this be the same God love Orth, of Ohio, who, on account of certain official matters better not mentioned, found it both advisable and judicious to resign the Austrian Mission a few years ago, and retire temporarily into political dry dock? Can this be the same Orth, we inquire, who has just been made Chairman of the Civil Service Reform Committee of the House? One can hardly credit the report, but it is so set down by the newspapers in plain black and white. *Figurer-vous* the expression facial of Messrs. Curtis, Eaton, Schurz and other members of the Old Ladies' Reform Tea Party when they come to hear the news! Setting up Orth as a reformer, forsooth! Well, if this isn't altogether too utterly utter for uttermost *ultima thule*.

Wicked West.

THE duly accredited Right Honorable Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of Her Most Parsimonious Majesty, Victoria I., to these highly moral United States of North America, has created a pungent

breeze in Washington society. By his own ingenuous confession, Mr. Lionel Sackville-West is a very naughty diplomat. This intellectual bachelor (with the billiard-ball scone) has in his career and travels loved rather unwisely but to considerable purpose, and he is frank enough to extend a father's recognition and sympathy to children born out of wedlock. Now that Mr. West has let an unsavory Spanish feline out of the bag of discretion, there is much cackle and twittering among the grand dames at the Capital, and their virtuous indignation has quickened the pulse of Knickerbocker propriety. Murray Hill actually flutters in expectancy. The question is asked, with bated breath, "Will this bold, unblushing Britisher be received into the best circles, and our sons and daughters insulted by the presence of his illegitimate offspring?" THE JUDGE is tempted to anticipate and respond, "More than likely." All this pother cropped out after the offender had manfully told the truth. Now, if Mr. West had not been the "Right Honorable" individual he is bulletined in England's blue book, he might have deliberately lied, and introduced his children as his nephews or nieces. Society would have been nicely bamboozled, but at least not compromised or stultified.

The fact is, that in this affair American society tries to walk a tight rope of decorum without the balance-pole of common sense. It may decide to ostracize diplomat West and make faces at his innocent progeny, but all the same, our money-padded aristocracy will go on honoring the most hypocritical rouses and infamous seducers that ever disgraced the semblance of manhood. Forewarned by the transgressor, Society may in this case draw hard on the line, and, in ninety-nine other cases most egregiously slacken it. Is it not probable that Mr. West may, with commendable tact, put the question and its solution to one side, and his personal feelings in his vest pocket? Let him leave Society to its blunders and gossip, and console himself by hobnobbing with Secretary Frelinghuysen and other statesmen of accident.

Guiteau's "Lady" Admirers.

WE are informed by the genial gentlemen who write the Associated Press accounts of the Guiteau trial and the romantic episodes of the assassin's career in jail that the "ladies" are just now taking a deep interest in him. It is not a new thing for "ladies" to fawn upon a deep-dyed murderer when he is in danger of paying the penalty of his life for a terrible crime. We can recall many instances where men whose hands were stained with the blood of a fellow creature have had flowers strewn in their paths from the jail to the court-room from the fair hands of "ladies" who have ruined their complexions by weeping when the wretches were sentenced to be hanged, and who have been bowed down with grief when the saintly monsters were swung at the end of a rope in a prison yard. All this is a part of the history of this free land, but for the honor of American women whose hearts throbbled for poor Garfield when he was shot in the Washington depot, who watched with

tender eagerness for the physicians' reports of his condition through those many terrible days when his life hung by a thread, and who mourned his death as though he had been their father, husband, or brother, we would have denounced the stories of the visits of "ladies" to his murderer as infamous libels on their sex had we not read and re-read, time and again, that the stories were but too true.

What kind of "ladies" are those who smiled at his blasphemy in court, or who shake hands with him in jail? Can a woman who hopes to maintain her respectability sit in a court of justice and enjoy the coarse speeches of an assassin? Can a woman who believes that there is a God in heaven clasp hands with a murderer, and wish him a happy New Year? A "lady" shaking the bony fingers of the murderer of a President! Such an act as this in America may well cause the eyes of the rest of the world to start from their sockets. That any "lady" could sink so low almost passes belief. The most brazen outcast in the world would probably shrink from such a man as Guiteau, but that there are "ladies" who flock around him, to smile upon him, and to look lovingly upon him, is so positive a fact that we almost wonder why the lightning does not strike in the right place just for a change.

Wall Street Fishermen.

THE fishermen of Wall street must be an exceedingly interesting party to all mankind, and Mr. Worth presents a sketch of them engaged in their favorite pastime. Queer poles and bait they use, but then it is all true. They find in the stream plenty of weak-minded fish (suckers) that greedily snap at the tempting bait, and when the catch has been strung up and sold the fishermen build for themselves lordly mansions and have much purple and fine linen about the house. Surrounded by all the luxuries that money can command, it may be wondered whether they ever pause in their stock-jobbing thoughts to ponder over the wrecks they have made among the men and women who have been drawn into their nets. But Vanderbilt, Gould, Sage, Field, and those who come after them in Wall street, will, however, continue to fish and succeed in catching nearly all there is in the stream to the end of time. The fishermen will now and then tumble into deep water and get drowned, but men will take their places and fish will bite forever.

How about those "new leaves" which were turned over last week? Do they stay "turned," or are they continually flopping over back again?

GUITEAU has no need of being afraid of assassination. The devil takes care of his own.

OCTOBER, 1881—"John Kelly is politically dead." January, 1882—"John Kelly is kicking here in Albany like a live mule."

THE Congressional geyser is in full operation again, but, as usual, it is of the mud variety.

Our Original Norristown Budget.

A READER of a scientific journal asks "How to clean out boilers." It is the easiest thing in the world. Simply let the water get too low, or the steam too high, and the boiler will not only be "cleaned out" with remarkable impetuosity, but pretty much everything else in its immediate vicinity will be cleaned out with it. It never fails.

A WESTERN judge has decided that "a married man must support his mother-in-law." This is a strange decision, but not as wonderful as if the judge had decided that an unmarried man must support his mother-in-law. This ruling will be apt to make a young man select a wife who never had a mother.

THE editor of the Fishtown *Clarion* says: "The nomination and confirmation of B. H. Brewster, Esq., as U. S. Attorney General was not in accordance with the expressed wish of this paper. The appointment should not have been made." And yet we boast of the "power of the press!" The claim is a hollow mockery. But perhaps the editor of the *Clarion* neglected to send marked copies of his papers to the President. That may account for it.

WE learn from an advertisement that prices for masked ball costumes are various. You can be a kind old gentleman with a long white beard for ten dollars; but if you want to be a monk you must pay forty dollars, and to represent a first-class devil with hoofs and a plentitude of tail, costs seventy dollars. Some men, however, can personate the latter individual without expending a cent. They can't help it.

THERE is nothing more beautiful in a married man than a sweet, even-tempered disposition. It is a jewel of priceless value. The other night Mr. Worthington got out of bed at two, to close the window to shut out the rain, and while groping about in the dark with both arms extended, as if he were playing blind-man's-buff, his wife heard something go kind o' thud, and felt the house vibrate slightly, as if an infantile earthquake had struck it. The noise was caused by her husband's nose and forehead coming in violent contact with a half-open door. Now some men would have thrown themselves on the bed and made their wives' store hair stand on end by exhausting all the profanity in the book and inventing a long list of new cuss words for the occasion. But Mr. Worthington did nothing of the kind. He simply lifted his right foot, on the spur of the moment, and gave the door such a kick that it had to have new hinges before it could be locked, and he had to have a pair of crutches before he could walk. How true the words of the poet: "A little previousness is better than a violent temper, which giveth a man away like unto a marriage ceremony." Or words to that effect.

IF, as the Rev. Mr. Talmage declares, "hell is strewn with tobacco leaves," it must be a very unpleasant place for ladies who "can't bear the smell of cigar smoke." And their name is legion.

IF some genius were to invent an opera glass whereby a man at the theater could see through the monster feminine hats which shut off his view of the stage, it is our firm belief that he could make more money than by writing poetry for country newspapers.

THE sisters of Louis XVI., it is said, burned candles costing 215,068 livres in one year. It may be inferred that courtship, in the days of Louis XVI., had not progressed to that enlightened stage where it is fashionable for a young lady to turn down the gas very, very low, when her young man calls around on Sunday night to discuss one thing and another until two A. M. Monday. Louis' sisters were queer girls. Instinct should have taught them how to economize in light.

A LITTLE girl, aged seven, was found shivering and starving in the streets of New York, the other day, her cruel step-mother having beaten her, and turned her out in the cold. Eh? what's that? Oh, yes; there is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in the city, but where there is so much destitution some cases must necessarily be overlooked. The members of the S. P. C. C. are obliged to be constantly on the lookout for bright and happy and well-fed and well-clothed little girls, who are cruelly permitted to dance and sing on the stage twenty-five or thirty minutes each evening, for ten or twenty dollars a week, and whose salary is inhumanly devoted to the purchase of the necessaries of life for a sick mother and a couple of helpless children. Let us be charitable, and not ask too much of the S. P. C. C.

IT is said that the course of a cannon ball may be turned by contact with a shingle. Any one who doubts this statement is at liberty to stand in front of a cannon with 'a shingle and try the interesting experiment. When he gets back he will please report at this office.

THE editor of the Hopeville *Times* is urging the town council to widen certain streets. The wants of editors, of course, should be gratified, when their demands are reasonable; but perhaps if the Hopeville editor were to call at fewer saloons on his way home at night, he would find the streets plenty wide enough.

THE item about the "warmth of newspapers"—how they make good substitutes for blankets—is going the rounds of the press again. That there is a great deal of warmth in newspapers is an undeniable fact. Indeed, they make it altogether too hot for corrupt politicians pretty often.

THE thought that one of Meissonier's paintings costs as much as twenty thousand dollars and seal-skin saques as high as seven hundred dollars, must be very discouraging to an æsthetic man of moderate means; but how sweet the reflection that a good-sized mackerel can be bought for twenty-five cents, and bologna sausage is only fourteen cents a pound. This bustling world of ours is full of compensations.

IF the suspension of all the American magazines would cause deep regret in two million homes, how many people in this country would mourn and refuse to be comforted if the United States government was to discontinue the printing of public documents and the *Congressional Record*? Answer: Not one—save the old paper dealers and a few Congressmen who want to see in print their speeches they never delivered.

WHEN a bashful young man finds himself in company where there is a creamy infant of ten months, the expression of his face, when the proud mother thrusts her tender offspring at him with the remark, "Baby, kiss the nice gentleman," may be imagined, but it cannot be counterfeited.

A FAMILY journal says "it is an outrage to call a child John Smith." Then what must it be to call a full-grown man John Smith? And yet people frequently do it, we regret to say—especially when John Smith happens to be the man's name. w.

About the Autophone.

GENTS: We are in receipt of your Autophone circulars, which we have perused with more than ordinary pleasure; indeed, we may say, with feelings of excessive joy.

Please forward us at once three gross (men's sizes).

If there is anything in this vale of tears that we have been suffering for the want of it is some Autophones. We always knew we *Autophone*, if not more. We have a mother-in-law who has been deaf from birth. We wish to prepare her for the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and we think she will be a fit subject for the hereafter after graduating on an Autophone. We think an Autophone must be too utterly toot-too.

Can your Autophone be used for a washing-machine? Is there any danger of them going off half-cocked? Have you got any with breech-loading attachments? Do you send a policeman with each machine? Are they weather-proof, and could we stack them in the woods if the authorities should object to their being introduced within the city limits? Can a man have 'em if he has been vaccinated? Is it true that an Autophone is a cross between a liver pad and a conundrum? If you have a second-hand one for sale cheap, forward it to Charles Guiteau, Washington, D. C. If found in his possession it will establish his insanity.

We have an idea, a bad cold, a mule, a second-hand divorce case, and several other articles of bric-a-brac, which we will trade you for a share in an Autophone, if you will throw in a national bank and a trip to Europe. Yours, musically,

KEYS & GORHAM.

P. S.—If you conclude to trade, please pick your Autophone half ripe, and pack it carefully in a glass case. We suppose it should be peeled before cooking. K. & G.

"CAN any good thing come out of Nazareth?" We don't know; but the remains of the sea-serpent have come out of New Jersey, and Nazareth should not despair.

THE BOOJUM SNARK.

ACCORDING to New Jersey newspapers, a mysterious and dreadful creature has lately been discovered in the cranberry bogs of that far off but interesting country to which the name of "Snark" has been given; and, with the view, no doubt, of increasing the terror inspired by its rumored appearance, the prefix of "Boojum" has been added, bestowing on it the more awe-inspiring full name of "Boojum Snark." It is suspected, however, to be nothing more than a Jersey Lorelei, invented by its editors to bring delinquent subscribers to terms or used by mothers and nurses to act upon the superstitious fears of refractory children. Below we give a specimen of the style of ballad adapted for this latter purpose:

Oh baby! where the bulrush grows—
When daylight turns to dark;
Where cat-tail blooms and tide o'erflows,
There roams the Boojum Snark!
Snark! Snark! Snark!
The dreadful Boojum Snark!

He thrives not in the valley green,
Nor gambols he in park;
In Jersey's bogs his home has been,
The awful Boojum Snark!
Mark! mark! mark!
The monster Boojum Snark!

Then go not near, oh baby mine,
Where lies the stranded bark;*
For lives he close to ocean's brine,
The frightful Boojum Snark!
Hark! hark! hark!
Dost hear the Boojum Snark!

* Probably a "dug-out," or oyster "pungy."

Graveyard Insurance.

BY "BRICKTOP."

MUCH has been said lately about this new branch of American industry, and I see no reason why I should not put my oar in to encourage the thing along.

Encouraging new enterprises is one of my good points.

I don't know much, if anything, about the business, but that don't prevent me from having considerable to say about it all the same.

But let me state right here, so as not to be misunderstood, that this is not a puff. I am not in the pay of any insurance company or any graveyard. This is a story.

It is not so pathetic as some I have told, and may not claim the tribute of a single tear or even a sigh, but it is a true story, and to a certain extent advertises the enterprise known as graveyard insurance, for which no charge is made.

The hero of my story is a tramp, or, rather, he was one. He lives on fatted calf now.

It matters not what his name is, but to show that he is not a French nobleman, I will dub him Smith.

Smith, as before stated, was a bumming old tramp. Philadelphia seemed the most like home to him, and he managed to connect with it once in a while or oftener, generally wintering on its hospitality and coming out in the spring as fresh as a daisy and as sleek as a mole.

A year ago last fall he got in late. He had had rather a poor season on the road, but after being thrown from five or six trains simply because he boarded them without a ticket, he finally reached the dear old town.

But he was not looking his best after this bad season. Indeed, he was about the roughest, seediest sucker to be found in his moving profession.

He didn't look as though he could live a week, and of course the graveyard insurers spotted him almost instantly. He applied to everybody in his professional way for assistance, and it so chanced that he appealed to two of these insurers.

They at once became interested in his case, and after helping him a little, they got right down to business, and offered to pay his board and fix him up if he would get his life insured. Smith was on it; indeed, he would have been in the business himself had he possessed the requisite capital.

Five or six of them got in on him, each one evidently believing that a change of life would soon break him up, and in less than a month there was one hundred thousand dollars insurance on his life in their favor.

Yes, that was their little game. They believed that he would soon break up if they gave him all he wanted to eat and drink. So Smith was kept on the finest in the land.

But he didn't break up. On the contrary, he grew fat and good-looking on his feed, and what was more, he knew that these enterprising and kind-hearted gentlemen had laid themselves liable by their fraudulent transactions.

They tried this change business for about three months, and then got discouraged. Every day made him look less and less like dying so as to put cash in their pockets, and they finally concluded to drop him and let him go out upon the cold world again, in the hope that another change would fix him, or that the kicks and cuffs incident to a tramp's life would knock him out.

But Smith would not have it. He insisted upon it that he had an interest in the business, and was going to be well taken care of.

Those graveyard fellows suddenly concluded that they had caught a Tartar. But they couldn't drop him. He refused to be dropped. The enterprise didn't appear to have the first element of a graveyard in it, and the tramp that was appeared to grow younger and more healthy every day.

And he insisted upon boarding at a first-class hotel. He said that boarding-house grub never did agree with him, and when they protested against his proposition, he suggested that it would be much cheaper in the end to support him in this style than it would be to have their frauds exposed, and lose all they had paid out besides.

They saw it in the same light as he did, but they failed to get enthusiastic about it.

Yet there was a hundred thousand dollars at stake, and so, as long as he lived, they saw that they were obliged to humor and take care of him. So Smith lived on the fat of Philadelphia, and sometimes indulged in reed birds and things.

Yes, he had a soft snap, and, unlike his partners in the enterprise, he seemed perfectly satisfied.

Finally they got sick, and wanted to drop the whole thing, but Smith refused to have it. Indeed, he refused to be dropped under any consideration, or to pass in his chips, when he saw that his doing so would only benefit them and not him.

No, not if he was on familiar terms with

himself. He wouldn't even take a share in his own insurance policy when they urged him to do so, in hopes the combination could in some way be broken.

"Gentlemen, let us hold together like men of energy and brains. I should dreadfully hate to see our firm broken up. Why, I'd sooner furnish you with more capital," said he, encouragingly.

"You furnish capital. How?"

"Why, I'll submit to having another hundred thousand put on my life.

Those insurers looked grave. They evidently thought him too generous altogether. They declined.

But he had the dead wood on them, and refused to retire. In his early manhood he had dreamed of such a life as he was now able to lead, but luck had been against him, and now that his hopes had been realized, he was not soft enough to give it up for a prospect of the old life again.

It is now nearly a year since those graveyard fellows took him up, and few business men in the Quaker City dress better or live higher than does Smith.

But those graveyard fellows are not happy. That syndicate has the blues. Smith grows younger and stronger every day, and the prospect is that they will have to get square by insuring themselves and dying.

Now, this isn't much of a story, I will admit, but there are heaps of merit in it. It shows our poor tramps what may be done. It is a bright and shining example of what may be done without money. Smith was simply a tramp. He is now one of the gayest old sports to be found anywhere, and this shows that the Graveyard Insurance business has its good features in spite of all that has been said against it.

Of course those who got him to insure his life in the belief that he could not live long, are not feeling so well as Smith is, but it is not to be expected that everybody in such an arrangement can see things in the same light.

WALL STREET music consists chiefly of sharps and flats.

PRETTY pickle for the London aesthetes—Pickle Lily.

NEW version for an after Christmas song—"Empty is the wallet, dollars gone."

TIMOTHY, O Howe is it with thee as P. M. G.?

THE wind-raising gentleman who drew an inference was more angered than surprised to find his draft dishonored.

A BIGGER man than old Grant—Bunnell's giant.

How to be "up with the lark:" Keep the lark up all night.

"DRAMATICUS," critic accredited, says he considers Fanny Davenport's "Leer" her best character.

PAT'S SYMPATHY.

PAT LEARY was a genial soul,
Kind-hearted and forgiving,
Uninfluenced by the flowing bowl
Would try to earn a living.

But the neighbors saw that Mrs. L.,
When Pat would work or loiter,
Had to travel to a distant well
Quite often and bring water.

They said to him, "How is this, Pat,
Your good wife should not do it,
She seems so weak and feeble, that
We fear, ere long, you'll rue it?"

"And sure," said Pat, "and 'tis too bad,
Her bourdin I must soifthen;
I'll git anoother pail, bedad,
Then she'll not go so oifthen!"

—W. V. T.

OUR POPULAR FARCES.

Our Employment Bureaus.

REPORTED BY "ED."

In Five Scenes.

Characters.—MR. SPOIDER (*Head of Employment Bureau*), MR. FLOI (*who desires employment*).

Scene.—MR. SPOIDER'S *Employment Bureau, anywhere upon Broadway or Sixth Avenue. Curtain rises, disclosing MR. SPOIDER seated at desk.*

Mr. Spoider (reading from paper).—This advertisement reads very well: "Wanted, at Spoider's Employment Bureau, all sorts of gentlemen to fill all sorts of positions—car-drivers, bank cashiers, errand boys, business managers, private detectives, book-keepers, floor-walkers, conductors, butcher-boys, police justices, faro dealers, clergymen, etc. Situations for all." Yes, that sounds very nicely. It ought to catch on; really I can see no reason why it won't. I—

[*Knock heard at door. Enter MR. FLOI.*]

Mr. Floi.—Is this Spoider's Employment Bureau?

Mr. Spoider.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Floi.—Can I see Mr. Spoider?

Mr. Spoider.—That is my name. What can I do for you, sir?

Mr. Floi.—I would like a place.

Mr. Spoider.—Ah, certainly, you wish to secure employment. Well, my dear sir, you could not have come to a better place. What sort of a situation do you desire?

Mr. Floi.—Any place, sir, where I can gain an honest livelihood.

Mr. Spoider.—All right, I can suit you in a second; but stay. You know I require two dollars.

Mr. Floi.—What for?

Mr. Spoider.—A registration fee, of course. I cannot find places for folks free of cost.

[*MR. FLOI produces two dollars. His name is elaborately placed in a big book by the affable MR. SPOIDER.*]

Mr. Spoider.—You can read?

Mr. Floi.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Spoider.—And write?

Mr. Floi.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Spoider.—That will do. How would you like a place as president of a fire insurance company.

Mr. Floi (hesitatingly).—I am afraid that I am not capable.

Mr. Spoider.—Pshaw. That makes no odds. Who ever saw a president of a fire insurance company who was capable? Take this card and go down to the office of the Royal Bengal and Oshkosh Fire Insurance Company. They want a president. Their last one is in Canada, building a cathedral with about fifty thousand dollars that he slipped out with, and I guess you will fill the bill. Good-day.

Scene Second.—*Same place. Time, next day.*

Mr. Spoider.—So you are back again, Mr. Floi. Didn't you secure the place to which I sent you?

Mr. Floi.—No, sir.

Mr. Spoider.—Why not?

Mr. Floi.—They had already elected a president.

Mr. Spoider.—Who?

Mr. Floi.—Big-knuckled Mike McGill.

Mr. Spoider.—Why, he's a convict. He's up in Sing Sing; got five more years to serve.

Mr. Floi.—That is just what they said, sir. The stock-holders feel perfectly safe now that their president is behind the bars for five years, and can't bother with the affairs of the company. They've also elected a man who hasn't been heard of since 1858 as cashier, and resultantly you can't buy a share in that company except at double the face value.

Mr. Spoider.—Indeed. Well, let me see what other situation I have for you. Of course your coming here a second time requires an extra dollar. Thanks; seeing it is you I won't object to the cut upon the rim. Here is exactly the job for you. Paying-teller in a Poughkeepsie bank. Salary, five hundred a year, but of course you can get away with half a million in a year. Here is the address.

Scene Third.—*Same place. Time, two days later.*

Mr. Spoider.—You back again, Mr. Floi?

Mr. Floi.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Spoider.—Didn't you get the place at Poughkeepsie?

Mr. Floi.—No, sir.

Mr. Spoider.—Why not?

Mr. Floi.—There was a gentleman ahead of me.

Mr. Spoider.—Who?

Mr. Floi.—A pool-seller, I believe. The board of directors found out that he had four wives, gambled, owned six fast trotters, and had not been sober for eighteen months. Consequently they unanimously elected him paying teller, stating that they had the utmost confidence in his integrity and business capacity.

Mr. Spoider.—Well, you are in hard luck. But I will see you through, but you will be obliged to give me another dollar. I have to pay gas bills, you see. Much obliged—and just you go down to this dry goods house; they want a book-keeper. The salary isn't so much, six dollars a month, but they will put implicit faith in you, and—and I can give you the address of a reliable fence, or receiver of stolen goods. You ought to wear diamonds in a week.

Scene Fourth.—*Same place. Time.—one week later.*

Mr. Floi.—Glad to see you, Mr. Spoider, I've been in here a dozen times, but you have been out.

Mr. Spoider.—Sorry. How are you getting along?

Mr. Floi.—Where?

Mr. Spoider.—You got that place as book-keeper, didn't you?

Mr. Floi.—I did not.

Mr. Spoider.—And why?

Mr. Floi.—There wasn't any firm, sir. It had failed for half a million, and all of the partners had gone to Europe. All of their assets were six bundles of calico and the errand boy.

Mr. Spoider.—Bad luck seems to pursue you, Mr. Floi. Funny, too. Why, just fifteen months ago I got a confirmed idiot from Ireland, who can't speak a word of English, a situation as Park Commissioner. Yet I will have to aid you again for another dollar. My time, you know, is money.

Mr. Floi.—Here it is. It is my last.

Mr. Spoider.—Oh, you will have plenty more soon. There is a stone-yard near here which wants a bar-keeper.

Mr. Floi.—What possible use can a stone-yard have for a bar-keeper.

Mr. Spoider.—Go ask them. I am sure I don't know. This is their card—hurry up!

Scene last.—*Same place. Two weeks later.*

Mr. Spoider.—Floi, eh? I supposed it was you. What do you want?

Mr. Floi.—I didn't—

Mr. Spoider.—Get the place. Of course you didn't. You're no good.

Mr. Floi.—It wasn't.

Mr. Spoider.—Wasn't what?

Mr. Floi.—They said they didn't want a bar-keeper.

Mr. Spoider.—They said that to you. I don't blame them. You're ragged and thin and dirty-faced. But still if you've got another dollar I will see what I can do.

Mr. Floi.—Another dollar! I haven't a penny to buy bread. I have given you five dollars already and I haven't a place. I will—

Mr. Spoider.—Blackmail me, will you, you miserable wretch. Well, I guess you won't. There is the door—get right out of it or I will send for the police!

(*Curtain.*)

Found—a Star.

A NEW variable star of the Argol variety has just been discovered, we are told, by a Mr. Sawyer, of the Boston Scientific School. We are not very far up in astronomy ourselves, but if "Argol" should happen to be a misprint for "Alcohol," and Mr. J. K. Emmet was starrng around in that vicinity just at present, the discovery would appear somewhat clearer to the average scientific mind.

WISE beyond his peers—Russell the sage-man.

UP TO SNUFF.—The tobacconist. And no matter how high up snuff gets, either.



VPONA MAID LIVING ON
YE SWEETNESS OF HER
OWN NAME BREATHED
INTO YE BOTTLE.

Frail woody fern
Who dost not feel
Ye large greene worm
That on thy back doth
But presently he'll
reach thy collar
O willow one how
thou wilt holle
And feining faintness
(fall.

REVISED ARABIAN NIGHTS.

SINDBADS FIRST VOYAGE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR:

The inclosed is a little lengthy, but you might omit Mr. Wales' inside cartoon, and put my article on one page, and an explanatory diagram facing it. It may be, however, that THE JUDGE'S readers would prefer the cartoon. I feel that way myself. The sub-head "Sindbad's First Voyage," does not imply that there are six more voyages to follow. If you want more of his "voyages" *revised*, you must engage a more accomplished liar than the undersigned to perform the task.

Very truly yours,

J. H. WILLIAMS.

HINDBAD was a country editor, who worked fourteen hours a day molding public opinion and urging his subscribers to "pay up." One day he journeyed to the great city of Bagdad, and after traversing the streets many hours he became weary and footsore, and took a seat beside an imposing residence to rest himself and drink in the enchanting strains of an organ manipulated by an un-

laundried Italian on a contiguous street corner. Hindbad had never seen a more costly edifice, and accosting a policeman, who was paid ninety dollars a month for being *non est* when wanted, he asked to whom the building belonged. "Is it the illegant house forninst ye?" said the guardian of the peace, in excellent Greek. "Shure an' it belongs to wan Sindbad, the pollytishin."

"The politician!" echoed Hindbad, in a tone of surprise. He supposed the owner was a railroad king or a plumber prince, or some other powerful potentate; and when he learned that he was merely a politician envy took possession of his breast, and he murmured against Providence, who had showered upon Sindbad affluence and plenty, while to him was given only poverty and dyspepsia.

While absorbed in these reflections, a servant came to the door and bade him enter the elegant mansion. Sindbad recognized the

stranger's profession by his paper collar and last year's ulster. Millionaire politicians in Bagdad were not above associating with editors, for the latter not unfrequently made and unmade the former. Politicians encouraged and assisted the editor by subscribing for his paper, and, after getting three years in arrears, returning a copy marked "refused." Sindbad called Hindbad brother, and was as familiar and friendly as if he had been running for a political office, and election day was only a week hence. Servants placed choice wines and tempting viands before Hindbad, and urged him to eat, an invitation with which he cheerfully complied, for he had eaten nothing since the night before, and then the mackerel was "rusty" and not very palatable.

After a bounteous repast, Sindbad told his guest that he had overheard him murmuring at his lot, and coveting the possessions of his host; but rather than undergo the dangers and hardships he (Sindbad) had experienced, he would willingly continue in respectable poverty. Then Sindbad "set up" the wine once more, and told Hindbad the story of his

FIRST VOYAGE.

I was born of rich and tolerably honest parents, and when my father died he left me a handsome fortune. I was happy and contented for a time, but, like many a ten-dollar-a-week young man, I engaged in the seductive and expensive game of pool, joined a boat club, and paid ten dollars a ticket to hear Patti sing. This style of living soon diminished my income, and being unable to obtain a position in a Newark bank with imbecile directors, I was obliged to resort to some legitimate means to replenish my purse. A wealthy citizen of Bagdad, who owned the greatest show on earth, had offered a reward of two million sequins for the North Pole, delivered in good condition. Being fond of adventure, I set about organizing an expedition to go in search of the Arctic curiosity, first persuading the Government to make an appropriation to defray the necessary expenses.

The vessel equipped for the undertaking was of my own designing. The forward half of the ship was simply a huge iron furnace, which was heated red-hot as soon as we entered the Arctic Ocean, and the immense icebergs and ice floes dissolved as rapidly at our approach as the ten-cent lumps of ice placed at your door on a July morning, if left basking fifteen minutes in the sunshine.

After a voyage of eighteen months we came in sight of the North Pole, and immediately fell upon our knees and gave thanks for our success and preservation thus far. Then we made a strong cable fast to the Pole, and, spreading sail, pulled it up by the roots, and towed it out to sea on our return voyage home.

We met with no mishap until the forty-seventh day on our homeward journey, when our supply of coal became exhausted, and the furnace portion of our vessel chilled. On the evening of this day a huge iceberg, many miles in height, toppled over upon the vessel, killing all my crew, smashing the ship, and

THE JUDGE.

breaking the North Pole in half near the middle. When I saw the iceberg about to fall upon us I made a dive into the sea, and swam two miles before coming to the surface. Seeing something resembling a colossal log, four times as thick as a molasses hogshead, idly floating by, I hastened to climb upon it, and once more returned thanks for my wonderful escape, while all my companions had met such a terrible fate. My appetite craving food, I took out of my pocket a sandwich, which, as may be readily believed, was not much more savory than if it had just been purchased at a railroad restaurant. After cutting a piece off my sandwich, I jabbed my knife into the log upon which I was sitting, when—

* * * * *

What I had taken for a log was a gigantic sea serpent, and when I stuck my knife into it, it gave its tail a sudden flirt, and in the twinkling of an eye I was hurled through space and landed upon an island two hundred miles distant. Alighting in a tree, the rear of my corduroy pantaloons caught upon a stout limb, thus breaking my fall and saving my life. But, as you may well imagine, it was pretty hard on my suspenders.

However, my fate still hung in the balance—or perhaps I should say hung by my pantaloons, for I could not release myself from my perilous and awkward predicament. But for a very fortuitous circumstance I might have remained suspended until death came to my relief—or the material in my trousers became weakened by the elements. Fortunately, a young man who had accompanied a Sunday-school picnic to the island, wandered away from the rest of the party to escape being called upon to climb a tree to put up a swing, and spying me, mistook me for a monster ornithological specimen. He drew a pistol from his hip-pocket and, despite my cries, took deliberate aim at me and fired. By a wonderful interposition of Providence, the bullet passed through the limb from which I was suspended, and thus weakened, it gradually bent and finally broke, letting me touch terra firma once more. Imparting my story to the young man, he made some mysterious remark about "official bulletin," and conducted me to where the picnickers were making merry. I was received with great kindness, and invited to partake freely of the good things in the lunch baskets. All of a sudden the feminine portion of the party uttered loud screams, and the sterner sex started up in alarm. Supposing a cricket had alighted on a girl's neck, I paid no attention to the commotion; but the picnickers, both male and female, becoming panic-stricken, I made inquiry concerning the clamor, and was informed that the notorious James Brothers had landed upon the island and were "going through" the assemblage. Thirteen hundred persons, including myself, were urged, at the point of the pistol, to give up all their possessions. They complied with the request, and the outlaws left the grounds in a small boat heavily laden with money and dollar store jewelry.

The raid of the James Brothers demoralized the picnickers, and they incontinently made preparations to return home. I was kindly in-

vised to accompany them. The vessel chartered to convey the Sunday-school was very old, and had a carrying capacity of four hundred persons. Having thirteen hundred souls on board, it naturally parted in the middle, when half a mile from land, and I, being an expert swimmer and inured to hardships, was the only one saved. Seeing a large object floating a mile distant, I quickly swam to it, and what was my surprise and gratification to find it the lower half of the North Pole, which had been broken in two by the iceberg. After floating on this thirty-six hours I perceived a white speck on the horizon which I rightly surmised to be a ship. Hastily taking a waterproof rocket from a pouch strapped on my back, I applied a match to it and it shot into the air in the direction of the strange vessel. To my inexpressible joy the ship changed her course, and in less than four hours I was taken on board. My delight was further enhanced when I found the vessel had in tow the other half of my North Pole. As I had carved my name and that of my vessel upon it, I had no difficulty in proving property.

The vessel proved to be the *Sallie Jennie*, of Bagdad, and when the captain heard my story he gratefully deferred his trip to Salambang and carried me home. I immediately apprised the proprietor of the "greatest show" of my success in securing the North Pole, but upon learning that it was badly fractured he refused to pay the reward. Thereupon I waxed wroth, made a few unrevised remarks, split the pole into fragments, and realized quite a handsome sum by selling it for firewood. My wonderful adventures made me very popular in Bagdad, and I was nominated for a political office and elected. The salary was only 2000 sequins per annum, but by close economy I managed to save enough in three years to build this comfortable home, costing 300,000 sequins, and resolved to forget the hardships I had endured, and enjoy life.

Sindbad stopped here, and opened another bottle of wine. After a drink all around, he bade Hindbad good-night, and invited him to come next day to hear more of his wonderful adventures.

"Well!" ejaculated Hindbad, as he left the luxurious abode, "that Sindbad is the most colossal liar I ever encountered. He hasn't the slightest regard for what Dr. Agnew calls the 'technical exactitudes.' He beats the trout exaggerator two to one. I wouldn't Ananias that way for all the wealth in Bagdad. It will be 'late' when I call round to-morrow to hear more of his gas-metering—and don't you fail to memorize it!"

And Hindbad returned home thanking Providence that he was a poor but honest country editor who could not tell a lie—unless he saw it in an esteemed cotemporary.

J. H. W.

QUERY in social ethics: If there never had been a du Maurier, would there have been an Oscar Wilde?

PARDON the expression, but is the new evening paper, *The Press*, an outcome of the *Express*?

The Creation of Eve.

[REVISED EDITION.]

AND Adam, even he of the tribe of Noman, sought his couch to slumber.

Behold he counteth his ribs to know if all are there; yea to make sure that none have strayed from his side.

And he slumbereth.

Now it came to pass that when the sun arose Adam did likewise.

And again he counted his ribs, yea the framework of his body, and lo and behold! one is missing.

Adam cast up his eyes and cried aloud, saying:

"Who is he that hath stolen my rib? Let him return it or I catch a cold."

And again he cried "Who is he?"

Then lo and behold! Eve came forth, and she said:

"Lo, Adam! It is not a *he* that hath purloined thy rib. It is a *she*; even I, Eve. I am your lost rib, somewhat improved upon. While you slept your rib was taken from you; yea, and served as the foundation on which I was built."

And Adam said: "It is well. If one rib can bring me so much joy I hope to lose them all. Verily, I will again to slumber, and while in that condition may every bone in my body leave me, to return a blessing when I awake."

Behold Adam again slumbereth; but, verily, to this day the number of his bones remains the same; yea, no more ribs have been taken.

And Eve rejoiceth greatly in her heart.

W. P.

Unanswerable.

THEY were seated around the red-hot stove of a tavern in a little village in Kentucky, oblivious of the snow storm that was raging fiercely without. The subjects of discussion were toddy and the Guiteau trial.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the blacksmith, who was noted near and far for the power of his argument, "the trial at Washington is a mere farce, and the sooner that scoundrel Guiteau is strung up the better. He is no more crazy than you or I."

"I dun' know, I dun' know," dubiously remarked the man who kept store at the cross-roads.

"You don't know!" echoed the blacksmith, gazing warmly at him. "Why, when I read in the county papers some months ago that the poor President died from blood-poisoning, I says to myself, says I—'The cowardly varmint is only playing the insanity dodge!' For, if he had the cunning forethought to poison each of the bullets before he loaded his pistol, thinking thereby to make a sure job of it, why, it only goes to prove that he is too devilish sane for the common good. Them's my sentiments!"

He paused, inverted his glass, and looked around with an air of conviction. All were silent for some time. Then the cross-roads man, in a scarcely audible voice, ordered toddy for the crowd.

MALCOLM DOUGLAS.



SUCKERS NEAR THE MAELSTROM.

AN ÆSTHETIC GREETING.

(From *Shortfellow to Wilde Fellow—Well Met.*)

WELCOME hither, callow youth!
First born of "Æsthetic truth!"
Prophet of the age, forsooth!

Bear the lily in thy hand;
Walls of brass could not withstand
Thee, oh marvel of England!

Let thy gushlike mud-slush steal
Into hearts that cannot feel
Thine own utter common veal!

Let thy words, if not so smart,
Pervade every anxious heart;
For a jack of donks thou art!

THEATRICAL BRIEFS.

May it Please Your Honor:

In compliance with the instructions I received to frame a schedule of the number and character of visits made and received on the 1st of January by the several ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession, I have to report as follows:

Mr. Theodore Moss called several times upon his Creator to inflict the direst and most atrocious suffering upon the dilatory contractor, whose tardiness threatens to postpone the opening of the new Wal-lack's.

Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., called upon Miss Sara Jewett, Miss Rose Eytunge, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and other intimate friends. He also called for two whisky cocktails when nobody was looking on.

Miss Minnie Cummings, the "actress," so called, received, among other visitors, several distinguished members of the Tombs squad, the celebrated "millionaire," her guardian, Mr. John J. Hoyt, Mr. Isaac Reid, a few eminent deputy sheriffs, and a friendly hint to ornament some other profession than that to which she clings by the coat-tails, so to speak.

The beautiful Mr. Tillotson, of the Park Theater, received calls all day at his palatial residence (a brownstone wing of Mr. Abbey's treasury). Mr. Tillotson was exquisitely attired in a ravishing costume, full-dress coat, *de collette* shirt, diamonds, and crimped whiskers. He was admired by all who had the good fortune to see him, and was the life and soul of a most distinguished gathering.

Mr. Osmond Tearle intended to call all day upon the twenty thousand love-sick maidens who are glad to overlook his stiff neck in consideration of the manly grace with which he throws himself into statuesque attitudes. Unfortunately Mr. Tearle was prevented from carrying out his benevolent intentions by the sudden illness of Mr. Gerald Eyre, who, it seems, had grown faint from contemplating the charms of his friend.

Mr. William Elton called early upon a doctor to ascertain, if possible, why somebody, on the night before, had actually laughed at one of Mr. Elton's comic touches.

Miss Fanny Morant received calls—and fees—all day long on New Year's from ambitious shop-girls, attracted by her guarantees to put them all upon the stage within three weeks, at salaries of \$125 apiece.

Mr. Charles E. Collins received calls from morning till night. A large portion of his receipts took a strictly cash form.

Mr. Joseph Tooker called upon every free spread in every hotel in New York. He was removed to his residence at nightfall in a happy condition.

Mr. Charles Backus spent the day in Greenwood Cemetery, calling upon the tenants of its various graves for new jokes and original humor.

Mrs. Joaquin Miller, the poetess of the Sierras, was "at home" to a large and diversified collection of other old ladies.

Miss Selina Dolaro had a tremendous reception somewhere, from which M. Desfossez was unaccountably missing.

Mr. Charles A. Byrne received Mr. Joseph Hart, Mr. Louis Post, Mr. William F. Howe and other sincere friends, at the Tremont House, Boston, Mr. Hart generously paying all expenses.

Mr. Andrew Dam assisted Mr. Henry E. Abbey to

receive, among others, Mr. Townsend Percy, Mr. J. H. Rowe, Mr. Samuel Colville and Mr. James W. Morrissey. Mr. Dam also called for the \$250 which Mr. Abbey forfeited to him as the penalty for drinking a glass of champagne.

Mr. James Morrissey, exquisitely costumed, received ten thousand of "the only friends I've got in the world," from 10 to 4, in the Gilsey House. His *coiffure* was *a la princesse*; his pantaloons were cut *a la Persienne*, his rings were numerous and beautiful, and his smile was fascination itself. His *bouquet de corsage* was a marvel of the florist's art. As an original idea, Mr. Morrissey's callers were exclusively regaled on inexpensive but toothsome confectionery.

Mr. Joseph Brooks called several times, and invariably raked the pot.

Mr. Eben Plympton intended to devote the day to calling, but had the misfortune to see his own reflection in a mirror. He has remained ever since lost in speechless contemplation of that all but divine spectacle.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

THE REFEREE.

Mr. Fresh.

OF all objectionable people probably the most obnoxious is the fresh individual who insists upon interpolating his drivel into every conversation. You have heard him, on the street car, at the theater, on the elevators in our large buildings; in all public places where there is an opportunity of chipping in, Mr. Fresh may be found.

A man of this type always makes a disagreeable impression upon one at sight, and woe betide you if you are so unfortunate as to make his acquaintance; he will hound you to the death; you cannot shake him off, for he is impervious to insult. Should you see him a half square off, you dart into the first door; whether it leads into a Chinese laundry or a blacksmith shop it makes no difference, you have urgent business calling you there at once.

Such a fellow one learns to shun instinctively; if you had been a sojourner in distant lands and had not seen a familiar face or heard a known voice for years, and should catch a glimpse of Mr. Fresh on a oasis that you had been seeking in the desert of Sahara for a week, you would voluntarily go out a little farther in the desert, cover yourself up with sand and think for a couple of days, rather than encounter him.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. BARTON.—Accepted with thanks.

"MELLON."—We have used a portion, for which we return thanks.

E. WILDER.—Will you be good enough to favor us with your address?

"BARNEY."—Haven't you dropped an "l" or something out of your name?

R. H. CRAFT.—Very good, but you have not yet struck it so as to be in tune. Study and practice will do you good.

GEORGE SAW.—THE JUDGE never saw a worse poem than yours. But the office boy said it was good, and put it in his bag. He says if the Spring poets only pan out well he will have good prospects for the coming Fourth of July.

"SORE."—We are sorry that you feel sore over a little thing like that. We had no intention to wound your feelings in our answer in this department, but you may not be the person spoken of at all, for if we mistake not there are several "John Smiths" in the country.

F. S. SALTUS.—When you sent in your article you neither put a price upon it nor mentioned remuneration in any way, therefore we took it for granted that it was a gratuitous transaction on your part. This will not only apply to you, but to others to whom these presents may come. State your price, or forever after hold your peace.

"ERRATICS."

BE careful, my children, in making pertinent remarks that they do not smack of impertinence.

HUMAN nature is like a thermometer; but you must never expect a high resolve from a mean man.

THE longitude of a romping girl's laugh is counted East or West from Grim-witch.

YOU can afford to turn over a new leaf without jerking the tablets of memory off their hinges.

BANK-NOTE paper will stand a strain of from three to four pounds a square inch, providing it is not in the hands of a spendthrift or a miser.

OSCAR WILDE hath crossed the sea,
Cabined snug in Guion steamer;
His "mamma" came not with he—
Coddled æsthete, dawdling dreamer.
Let this spoony view the town,
Holland grit and thrift created,
And while he's in study brown,
Oscar should be vaccinated.

When his scab hath fairly bloomed,
How the too-too tutelary
Saintly Oscar will be groomed
By each light-brained ordinary.
Nobby noodles on the "Av."
Christened "Fifth," in highway lingo,
Will his affectations have
Down demfoine; they will, by jingo!

"PEARLS of thought" come from deep see oysters.

AMONG the good things of this life is the bliss of ignorance. Few wise men are happy.

AND Chester said unto Timothy: "Howe will the Post-Office Department suit a man of your stamp?" And he was solid on the suit.

LITERARY cobblers peg away at abstruse theories and wax the threads of argument.

HE was a thin-soled, battered hulk of the *genus* tramp, and opened his vocal fusilade, thus: "I am, dear sir, the offspring of thrifty parents, who early familiarized me with hard work. Hence my contempt for it. Have you a quarter to spare a candid man?" We gave him our address, and told him to call when the dog was tied loose.

MAY there never be a total eclipse of the *Sun* recorded in the annals of metropolitan journalism.

"The Judge" Calendar.

WE published a beautiful calendar for the year 1882 with our last issue, and if any of our readers failed to get it with their paper, we will cheerfully send them one, if they will forward us their address.

THE FANCY-DRESS CHARACTERS WHICH SOME OF OUR FRIENDS THINK PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THEM.



Our friend Manson as "Cupid."



Mr. Ten Eyck as "Hercules."



Mr. Starkweather as "a jolly Jack Tar."



Our friend Hogan as "Brother Jonathan."



Mr. Lunk as "Cinderella."



Mr. Thockmorton in a character that suits him exactly.

"HELLO, Bang, what are you doing down there?" asked one man of another, who had slipped and fallen upon a coal-hole cover.

"I am getting up," cheerfully replied Bang, and then he added: "Yes, by thunder, I am getting up on my ear, and I'll sue the man who owns this man-bouncer if I have to do the same fall again to show a jury how it happened," and he limped away towards a lawyer shop.

THE introduction of electric lights has already done one good thing for the public. It has somehow convinced the gas companies that they can furnish gas for less than one-half of the price heretofore charged, and then make money. Talk about the light of reason, it isn't anywhere beside the electric light. That never convinced these gassy monopolists that they were swindling the public, but the near approach of the electric reign really does.

"MR. JOBSON, I am ashamed of you."

"So be I," meekly replied the husband, who did not return until the morning of the third.

"Do you pretend to tell me that you have been 'calling' all night, and that you have just got through?"

"Yes, my dear. That last call was the worst I ever made. They insisted upon it that I should stay all night."

"And a pretty place it must have been."

"No, not very pretty. The rooms were whitewashed."

"Indeed! Where was it, I'd like to know?"

"The station-house, my dear."

GENTLEMEN who "kick" at the "cart wheel" hats worn to the theater by ladies had ought to be consistent enough to take their "cloves" with them when they attend places of amusement.

FOR pure lazzaroni cussedness commend us to the average Italian.

A YOUNG man living in Leadville shipped to his little brother in St. Louis, as a Christmas present, a choice donkey of the diminutive species known as the Mexican burro. The agent, in making out his manifest, concluded that "burro" meant "bureau," and reported accordingly to his superior, "one bureau missing and one jackass over."

THANK goodness the holidays are over and are a memory. Not pleasant in many instances either, THE JUDGE fancies, but by this time the swelling has gone out of sundry heads, and their owners have got down to business again.

THERE was a large delegation of the fair sex out calling last Tuesday. The most of them wore hosiery, but they were not so loud as those of the male callers of the day before.



"Go 'long! Guess you can't tell me nuffin 'bout readin."

"JAY CHARLTON."

A FISHING authority, in a recent book, says that the shad, when ascending a stream, will take the fly. As Erratic would say, this is not the first time we knew the shad roes—just for a fly.

WHEN Judge Porter can stand no more of Guiteau's abuse, he is described as "rising to his feet, and having all the garb of anger." A very good description; but why shouldn't the judge have a little standing choler?

DID you give your boy a drum for the holidays? Well, after all, it is the best present you could have given him. Like the man who gave it, that drum was not likely to have a head on it for more than one day.

SARCASM is found in the actions of the best-intending men. Nothing, perhaps, teaches a better lesson than the pump handle, which, when a drunken man tries to hang on to it, droops, and then drops him gently to the ground.

THE *Boston Post* should have a lesson in flirting. The man who chucks a baby under the chin is actually flirting with the mother, and not infrequently wins the father's vote.

Do not calculate that because we have had a soft winter we are going to have a quick spring. Frost, they say, sometimes causes spring halt.

ST. LOUIS widows who are offended at the impudence of presumptuous gallants box their ears; and one of these young men who receives the widow's smite thinks that she can put more in the box than any other single woman.

THE Democrats at Albany in selecting a president *pro tem.* returned to the original Jacobs.

THERE is a plaster head of Oscar Wilde which seems to be a pale cast of thought.

MINSTRELS are not always modest. Did you ever hear an end man stop in the middle of a joke, and ask, "Is this old?"

RHODA BROUGHTON writes sensational novels, but her style is Rhoda-montade.

It is easy to foil a gilded youth.

BEECHER is fond of saying of anything weak that it resembles "ropes of sand," which probably bear some likeness to "India's coral strand."

Cows are freezing out West—which speaks well for the ice-cream crop.

AFTER all, fact is funnier than fancy. Nothing could be funnier than the story of J. B. Polk, the actor, who on the cold night of January 2 was on the Sound steamer *Newport*, which collided with a schooner. There were many actors and showmen on board, and among them the funny variety quartette called the "Big Four." One who sees them on the stage would think that no combination of circumstances could confuse this combination. Yet when the shock to the steamer was felt one of the Big Four rushed out of his state-room with a pair of socks in one hand and a life-preserver in the other, jumped into a life-boat with another of the Four, and stood ready with knives to cut the ropes that would have dropped them into the salt, salt sound. Polk pokes them very hard.

THE Board of Aldermen in electing a president took him Sauer.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR wears a lilac necktie. The politicians will now make everthing lilac. They will, as usual, lilac all creation.

THE newest kind of molasses cake is called Joan of Arc, because it is made of Orleans.

THE aesthetes say that in poetry only the outer surface of material things should be gently touched. They would in their winged flights even skim milk.

A COLORADO mine has been named after Emma Abbott, notwithstanding that there has been one Emma Mine.

THE man who slipped and fell on New Year's Day while walking on the pathways of Central Park, sings "Thy bright ice haunts me still."

THE honeymoon sometimes reduces a man to his last quarter, and after that he may get his hair honeycombed.

A SOCIETY journal says that the presence of such a man as Oscar Wilde in America cannot in the end fail to have a refining and poetizing influence on even the "remotest" and lowest classes of people. No doubt, and instead of having a highwayman come up to you and say, "Cully, what time is it?" before he snatches your watch, he will politely approach, pose in the most elegant manner, and, in smooth tones, say: "Watchman, tell us of the night," while afterwards adding: "I will appropriate this sunflower, because tradition says it is a stem-winder."

THE SAME DEAR HAND.

THE bells ring out a happy sound,
The earth is mantled o'er with white
It is the merry Christmas night,
And love and mirth and joy abound.
And here sit you and here sit I—
I should be happiest in the land,
For oh! I hold the same dear hand
I've held for many a year gone by!

It is not withered up with care—
It is as fresh and fair to see—
As sweet to hold and dear to me
As when with chimes upon the air,
On Christmas nights of years ago
I held the same dear, little thing
And felt its soft caresses bring
The flushes to my throbbing brow.

Ah, we were born to never part—
This little hand I hold to-night
And I—so, with a strange delight
I press it to my beating heart.
And in the midnight's solemn hush
I bless the little hand I hold—
In broken whispers be it told—
It is the old-time bob-tail flush!

—Eugene Field.

The Vestibule Abomination.

Of all my friends, I honestly regard Percival Petticarp as least an iconoclast. He believes in himself in an infinitesimal degree which shames the most modest appreciation of his not notoriously modest sex. Hence he has plenty of heart and brain for faith in everything tangible, whether animate or inanimate. And he believes in the good old times, and honors their customs and traditions. He has an unquenchable passion for bric-a-brac. He dotes on earthenware ugliness, and revels in monstrosities of carved furniture. His andirons are more uncouth than brassy, like a country lawyer when he's first admitted to practice in Uncle Sam's Supreme Court. But of all the length, breadth and thickness of heirloom with which Percival Petticarp has surrounded himself, his favorite joint-combination of umbrella-stand and hat-rack is decidedly the loomiest. Even as that ready-made superlative (just written) towers above the common dictionary adjectives, so does this vestibule abomination tower above the describable. In the course of inhuman events, its multitudinous projections have several times been mixed with my susceptible legs. The beastly hat-rack has invariably come out of the muddle unscathed and unruffled. I've tumbled across it, clean over it, and slap into it, and pledge my solid comfort that I had rather fall into a reverie, an error, or an inheritance.

Yet, that unwieldy piece of furniture has quite a history. When Petticarp used to cling to the eyelids of Hope, and exist on a salary of ten dollars a week, he boarded with a corkscrew-curl'd landlady in Clinton Place. He was not a bit proud of either his abode or his poverty, but he became infatuated with this identical hat-rack. He followed its May removals for twenty years, from one house to another, and in all that time he never used but one peg for his five or six hats. A regular built "Knox" plug usually lasted my friend over the third winter. Now, this might possibly have been the fault of the hat, for Petticarp

was not a bit economical on head-gear when he had any spare change.

As the song goeth:

"Time, though old, is swift in flight,
And years went fleetly by—"

and just as Petticarp came into a snug fortune his landlady went out of a queerish



"Empty is the cradle, baby's gone."

world. Her effects, in due course, were knocked down to very indifferent bidders, with one exception. Percival was there, and secured the hat-rack. And, because he wanted it, the outsiders made him pay all that it ever cost, originally, and in varnish or repairs. But what has it not since cost me and other visitors at Petticarp's house? The day can never come round when my own bill of damages against it will be squared. Patience,

"Gone to join the angels,
Peaceful evermore."

good humor, and unclassical anathemas have all been exhausted, but that hat-rack continues wildly offensive to a big majority of Percival's invited guests and poor relations. Yet I verily believe the latter callers will bear with most anything.

"Tell me, ye bark-ed shins,
That feel so lame and sore,
Is there no quiet hall
That's clear from stair to door?
Is there no vestibule
Where hat-racks do not stand,
With outstretched arms and tripping base,
To try one's temper bland?"
The bark-ed shins deign no reply,
And Petticarp, may, by-and-by—

as likely as not, make me sole legatee of that hated absurdity.

MAX SIMS.

To Whom? Pray.

OUR ever "able, accurate and alert" contemporary, the *Evening Post*, contains this standing advertisement:

NEW YORK CITY
For Sale.

Disappointed politicians have long told us that New York could be bought, but this is the first public offer to purchasers we have yet seen. It is related that Artemus Ward once told an inquisitive fellow railroad passenger, in reply to a query respecting the object of his visit to the Metropolis, that "he was going to look about the place, and, if he liked it, he would buy it." This assertion was regarded at the time somewhat in the light of a joke. If Artemus had lived twenty years longer, apparently, his little joke would have lost its point, as per advertisement above quoted. The chief thing that puzzles us about this most gigantic business operation is, who the purchaser or purchasers is or are to be. Credulity might suggest the names of Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field; but current report, not without some show of reliability, already credits these twin worthies with owning New York already. Perhaps they are going to sell—hence the advertisement. At all events we submit it is not fair for the *Evening Post* and its advertisers to be quite so reticent on a subject of more or less personal interest to a few, if not more, of our unsuspecting citizens. When it comes to so high-handed a proposition as the sale of a city, it is higher time for hands to be shown. Let us know who sells and buys.

Disaster Most Extraordinary!

THE following startling news item appears in the daily press:

"The *General Sheridan*, lying in the North river, sprung a leak on Friday morning and sunk."

Well, if this isn't a "news item" for the country in general, and War Department in particular! "Sprung a leak!" and "sunk" withal! Shocking mishap! and most disastrous misfortune, if true! That General Sheridan may have been "sprung" will surprise nobody acquainted with his habits. Other men have been the same way before, and may be again, if they live long enough. But why should General Sheridan spring a leak, or an onion, even, for that matter? And "sink" under it, in the bargain! There is some mystery, deep, dark and designing, in this announcement—for the solution of which an aroused public feeling awaits with impatience.

NOAH CONTENT that was, is Noah discontent that is, since the adverse decision of Judge Lawrence in his suit against the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad Company. It is evident, from the *Daily Indicator*, that Noah no longer regards the M. E. R. as the true and only financial Ark of Safety. And it is just possible that Noah Content or otherwise, is not alone in the regard aforesaid.

THERE is one place that Guiteau will not be able to laugh himself off of.

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Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
No. 212 BROADWAY,
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GUS DE SMITH is seriously considering the propriety of changing his boarding-house on Austin avenue. There were some nice looking eggs on the table for the first time in a good while, and Mrs. Flapjack said they were fresh. Gus opened one, and it popped in his hands. "Didn't you know those eggs were stale?" said Gus, holding his handkerchief to his nose. "Certainly I did," replied Mrs. Flapjack. "Then what did you tell me they were fresh for?" "Because I did not want to spoil your appetite for them."—*Texas Siftings.*

"After the clouds, the sunshine"—after the row, the policeman.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

"WELL, my little fellow," said a philanthropic old gentleman as he patted a gamin on the head. "What do you expect to be when you grow up?" "I'm er goin' to be a songandance man, I am. I've just got nineteen different steps down fine. I say, mister, hain't you got a kid what'll go in with a feller an' make up a double clog?" The philanthropic old gentleman passed on in a hurry.—*New Haven Register.*

"VERY odd," said the compositor as he stood mournfully gazing on a mass of pi; "very odd, indeed. Stewed tripe for breakfast and strewed type for dinner."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

He said: "May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" She said: "Yes, next week come through the alley and peep through the cracks in the high board fence."—*Boz.*

An honest man is the noblest pursuit of woman.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

At Georgetown, Delaware, a colored man stole a wheelbarrow, and pushed it eighteen miles over a muddy road. This is generally accepted as indicating a short peach crop.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

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Look not upon the Tom-and-Jerry when it is yellow, for it is a pestilence unto the stomach, it vexeth the liver and it maketh the head to whirl about even as the buzz-saw of Lebanon.—*Denver Tribune.*

It has been suggested that Captain Eads should secure the control of the Keely motor. It is claimed that this powerful machine could consume a jug of cold water, and then climb a mountain with a big loaded ship on its back.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

It is a curious world, this, in which the fool alone thinks himself wise, while the wise man knows only that he knows nothing.—*Boston Star.*

"WHEN another yule tide comes round," she said, resting her damaak cheek against his manly coat collar and leaving a mark on it like the print of the head of a newly-opened flour-barrel, "when the earth is again covered with a fleecy mantle and the cedar boughs bend beneath the ermine plumage of the storm, you will feel as happy as you do to-night, will you not, Reginald?" "Yes, darling, I fear I shall," he answered, fiercely grasping the coal shovel and cracking the mud flakes on the bottom of his trousers over the Persian rug that lay luxuriously before the fire, "I fear I shall unless there is a change in the street-cleaning department.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WHAT is sauce for the turkey is cranberry for the dinner guests.—*Erratic Enriquet.*

JAMES, take my book and draw that \$5 out of the savings bank this morning. I know that bank is going to burst. The cashier has given \$100 to the Hottentot Young Men's Anti-Eating Missionary Society, and I know he cannot afford it.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A FAMOUS scientist says there is often a marked personal resemblance between husband and wife after they have been married awhile. We have noticed that fact. Some time ago a gallant Philadelphia man, whose eyes were blue, married a jealous black-eyed woman, and in less than a year he had black eyes himself.—*Philadelphia News.*

It costs \$340,000,000 a year to run the American government. As the demagogues are always howling that the country is continually going to the dogs, perhaps it would be a great saving of money to bring the dogs to the country, even if a first-class setter is worth about a thousand dollars.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

SUNDAY School Superintendent — "When you are talking about forbearance, don't forget to mention the Washington barber who shaved Guiteau without a cut.—*Lowell Citizen.*

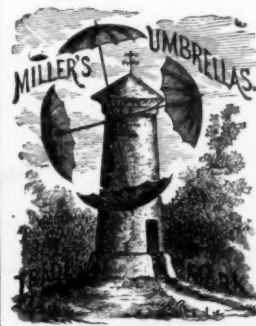
The office of postmaster at Norwalk Depot, O., pays a salary of four dollars per year, and yet no one will have it. There is once in a while an office that an American won't touch for either dignity or money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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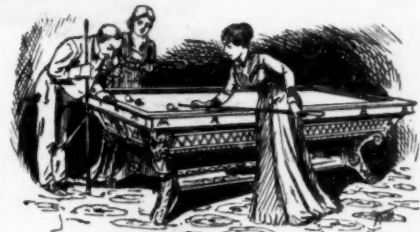
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