



ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1881 BY THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.

Price

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1884.

10 Cents.



FRANKLIN SQUARE LITH. CO. NEW YORK.

AND THIS IS A. D. 1884!  
Judge Lynch takes the sword of Justice in his own hands.



## THE JUDGE.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., (Franklin Square.)  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.  
(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

IN ADVANCE.  
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, . . . . . \$5.00  
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, . . . . . 2.50  
One copy, for 13 weeks, . . . . . 1.25

Address. **POSTAGE FREE.**  
THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
324, 326 and 328 Pearl St., New York.

EUROPEAN AGENTS:  
THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11 Boulevard St., (Fleet St.)  
LONDON, ENGLAND.

### NOTICE.

Contributors must put their valuation upon the articles they send to us (subject to a price we may ourselves fix), or otherwise they will be regarded as gratuitous. Stamps should be inclosed for return postage, with name and address, if writers wish to regain their declined articles.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRESPONDENTS WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT THEY SEND MSS. TO THIS OFFICE AT THEIR OWN RISK. WHERE STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED WE WILL RETURN REJECTED MATTER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BUT WE DISTINCTLY REPUDIATE ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SUCH IN EVERY CASE. WHERE A PRICE IS NOT AFFIXED BY THE WRITER, CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE REGARDED AS GRATUITOUS, AND NO SUBSEQUENT CLAIM FOR REMUNERATION WILL BE ENTERTAINED.

### EASTER.

THE penitential season of Lent is over, the time of the singing birds has come and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. A great many people will be married in the next week or two who never were married before, and not a few will enter on a second or third, or even more frequently repeated trial of connubial felicity. Eggs will be at a premium. Why should people celebrate Easter with eggs when the savory hen-fruit has not been a specially forbidden luxury during the lenten season? That is a mystery, though possibly it is not wholly unconnected with the ornithological fact that Easter generally occurs at a time when the hens are beginning to emerge from their winter torpor and lay themselves seriously down to the real business of life. There will be a burst of activity in our churches and a renewal of life at our theatres, and, on the whole, people generally are glad that Lent is over.

Lent is not regarded as a pleasant season. In communities where it is very strictly kept people usher it in by a little spree that they call the Carnival, which serves to blow off superfluous steam and keep them quiet during the forty days when the church enjoins quietude. And Easter, as marking the end of Lent and the entrance of spring, is a popular time. It is a time for the dawning of new clothes; spring bonnets put in their cheerful appearance, and, as the bills therefor do not commonly come around till a

little later, it is a season of universal rejoicing.

Wherefore THE JUDGE takes this opportunity of wishing all his friends and readers, and their friends and friend's friends—in short, all the many thousands whom this paper will reach, a very good time this Easter.

### TO THE DEATH.

HOMER sang of the fearful war and ten years' siege that blotted out Troy. Milton sang of the struggle that resulted in casting the fallen angels out of heaven, and Adam and Eve out of Paradise. Why should not THE JUDGE sing of the quarrel which may result in throwing Freddie Gebhard and Jimmy Livingstone out of the Union Club? It is a theme replete with fearful possibilities; illumined by the lurid light of Freddie's colossal intellect, or by the bibulous eloquence of Livingstone's commanding genius, it would make an epic. THE JUDGE can only do his poor best, and leave the brighter colors to imagination and his artist.

James Livingstone told Frederick Gebhard, that he (Gebhard) was a liar and a coward. Whether Mr. Livingstone spoke with the authority of an expert on such matters, or not, does not appear. Presumably he was right, as Mr. Gebhard did not contradict him. Whether that fair and frail exotic, professionally known as "Lillie Langtry" had anything to do with the matter is uncertain. A year ago it might fairly have been inferred that anything that concerned Freddie would concern the Lily equally, but times have changed. Those who profess to know say that Mrs. Langtry is not at the bottom of the latest *emette*; some insinuate that another woman is. Fickle Freddy! Left Lily! Who will decide between them.

Meanwhile, the interesting fact remains that Freddy has been informed that he is a liar and a coward. The New York dude is not, as a rule, remarkable for his pugnacity, but Freddy has been known to have his nose smashed with a good grace on a former occasion. Perhaps the experience was painful and he did not wish to repeat it. Perhaps Mr. Livingstone—but then, THE JUDGE is unacquainted with the *avoiirdupois* of the two men and does not desire to make invidious observations. The words passed, but not the blow. Let us see if the end is yet.

Dark and mysterious in the hazy background lies an almost forgotten law known as the code duello. Over the distant hills of New Jersey lie little quiet retreats, shady meadows, secluded fields which would have been described by an Irish gentleman two generations ago as "Swate places for the settlement of any little difference between two gentlemen." Dark and bloody hints have been dropped of a possible resort to these sequestered shades. The improved fire arms of the day have been referred to as even better calculated to adjust any little matter in dispute than the duelling pistol

of old. Freddy's courage has been called in question; likewise Livingstone's sobriety. The Jersey Lily, or some other unknown fair, is lurking in the background. Will an appeal to arms be in order? To be sure, it is just possible that such an appeal might result in one or the other of the appellants getting hurt; but even if they did, their removal would not effect a serious diminution in the producing classes of the State, and both would have the satisfaction of getting their names in the papers, even more frequently and emphatically than they have done already. To be sure, this may hardly prove an inducement to Freddy, who was swept into quasi notoriety in Mrs. Langtry's train, but to Mr. Livingstone it would prove a running stream of purest joy. And if, perchance, they met and did not hurt each other—which is quite possible, as neither of them would probably be very steady under fire—then they would have the notoriety and the rapture, without the bullets! They had better think it over, and if they decide to meet and will apprise THE JUDGE in season, he will have an artist upon the spot; though, in the amateur duel, the position of the looker-on is popularly considered far more dangerous than that of either of the principals.

### THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

THERE is nothing more unmanageable and unreasonable than a crowd, and a mob is nothing more than an ebullition of public hysterics. The mistake that has always been made in this country in dealing with a mob has lain in an exhibition of over lenity at the outset. In Cincinnati we have had a terrible example. The people were justly outraged and incensed at a palpable miscarriage of justice. Mass meetings were held, mob spirit prevailed, and an armed attack was made upon the jail. Here was the time to crush out the riot in its inception, but nothing was done, and the mischief spread. Many lives were sacrificed, millions of property destroyed; the original cause was forgotten and the riot became a battle between the organized and armed militia and the unorganized and half-armed mob. The ranks of the latter were swelled by loafers, thieves, and the rabble which always hangs upon the heels of any crowd or disturbance for the sake of what can be made out of it. The rioters became drunk with liquor and excitement; the streets of Cincinnati were converted into a battlefield and the gutters ran with blood. And all this in one of the greatest and wealthiest cities of the United States, which arrogates to itself the premier position in certain matters of art and culture.

How little a wrong, comparatively, was it that this mob undertook to redress. How terrible and grievous the wrong it perpetrated in the unsuccessful attempt to redress it. What matter whether Berner hanged or not? Vile murderer as he was, his life was not

worth a single drop of the blood that deluged the streets of Cincinnati last week. The entire proceeding shows how fearfully easy it is to inflame the popular mind; how fearfully difficult, how impossible it is to allay the inflammation. Cincinnati affords a sermon ready written to the hands of our preachers, under the text "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

#### The Patter of the "Ticker."

When the grizzly "bears" of Wall Street, try to lower the rates on stock,  
And the "bulls," to gain their margin all their jewelry do "hook,"

'Tis joy to see quotations go up higher with a bound,  
And to listen to the patter of the "ticker's" welcome sound.

Ev'ry patter of the "ticker," has an echo in my heart,

And a thousand burning fancies into active being start,

When I find that stocks are falling, and, lamb-like, I am shorn,

As I listen to the patter of the "ticker," most forlorn.

The "ticker" with its patter may tick on forever more,

But 'twill ne'er again allure me as it did in days of yore;

For I staked my all on "West Shore," and it took such downward pitches

That the patter of the "ticker" soon demolished all my riches.

EDWIN F. STERN.

#### "Sing Hey the Merry Maiden and the Tar."

NORTH CAROLINA appears to be a pleasant place for newly married couples, especially if there happens to be a marked difference in their complexions. A young white woman down there, who was ill advised enough to wed a full blooded negro, was recently tarred and feathered by the indignant ladies of her native village. The tar might reasonably be applied in the effort to equalize her in point of color with her dusky spouse, but where did the feathers come in? There are some trades which leave an ineffaceable mark upon their votaries; painters, varnishers, etc., are apt to be redolent of paint and varnish, but we did not imagine that chicken stealing was so clinging.

#### He Aspired.

THE old gent was president of a bank where the widows and orphans kept their hard-earned mites. The young man was cashier of the bank, and he was smitten by the banker's daughter. He aspired to her fair hand, but the old man said him nay upon three several occasions. Yet, the young cashier did not lose his grip but kept on asking for the fair hand. One day, the old gent said: "Do thou take all the ready cash, and here is one hundred thousand dollars. Elope with my daughter." The following day the bank went up the flume. Haughty cashier. The president was foxy. He had been in Wall street.

DR. VESSMAYER, an English vegetarian, tried to live on food costing no more than a penny a day, and he is now at the point of death. If he survives he may gain more sense.—*Morning Journal*.

Not at all. On the contrary, if he survives he will probably become cents-less!

#### ARTHUR TO THE RESCUE.



IF THE PRESIDENT REALLY IS GETTING UP A BOOM, LET HIM DO IT IN THIS STYLE, AND HIS NOMINATION IS ASSURED WITHOUT A DOUBT.

#### Intercepted Letters.

MISS JANET TURTLEDOVE TO MISS KATHERINE COX,  
NEW YORK.

MY SWEETEST AND DEAREST OF KATHERINES—Charlie spoke to me last night, so it is all settled; but such a fearful, fearful thing happened. I am sure I don't know how I lived through it. If I had had prussic acid or "rough on rats," or any of the horrid stuffs like that, which wives gives their husbands now a days, I must have taken it. You see I was so —; but I'll begin at the beginning and tell you all about it. I wanted to have a little party at our house, so I coaxed pa to let me give one; and in order that it might be a little way out of the common run of parties, I settled, fool and idiot that I was, that every one should come in some sort of fancy dress or disguise. My own dress was "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," and I had the greatest lot of little loves of silver bells and cockle-shells on it, and Charlie said I looked divine in it. He came dressed as a brigand, and very handsome he looked; he had great fierce-looking mustachios corked on his face, and such a sweet little jewelled dagger. That odious Augusta was there, too, and her disagreeable brother, and I felt in my bones all the evening that they were watching Charlie and me. However, Charlie would have me go out on the terrace with him, and then we were so happy, and we settled all about everything, and of course he kissed me; that was quite right and natural, wasn't it, dear? So after

a time I thought I had better go in; and when we came back to the room, every one looked at me and laughed. And then there was a great pause, and every one laughed again, and pa looked as black as a thundercloud; and that wretch Augusta called out as loud as ever she could, "Dear me, Janet, how did your lips get all so black like that?" And then I knew. Oh! why did Charlie cork his face. Oh! how horrid it was. I wanted to kill myself, and every one else. I'll kill you, too, if you dare to laugh. I have no time to write any more to-day, as Charlie is coming. So "night, night." Write soon, and send plenty of congratulations to your very happy little friend,

JANET.

Charlie makes great fun of my misfortune. He don't care, he don't. He swears he will be married in the brigand suit.

#### The Dude's Progress.

THE dude is born, not made, and an unusually favorable planetary conjunction must preside over his birth. He must be born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, and if, during life, the spoon changes to gold, so much the better. He must be raised above the necessity of daily toil—nay more, above the very possibility of it, for a dude with thews and sinews would be almost as anomalous as a dude with brains. His ability must be limited to spending money, without any possible faculty for making or keeping it. He must dress in the height of the most ex-

## THE JUDGE.

travagant fashion; he must carefully banish from his conversation every sentence that might convey an idea and from his actions everything that might, however faintly, suggest a motive; and then, having fought the good fight of life, he may be gathered to his fathers in the proud consciousness of having done his duty and fulfilled his mission.

Dudes are of no race or period. There is nothing new about them but the name and the latest agony of fashion. As Beau Brummel was, so is a dudine leader. As Sylla was in ancient Rome, so is the dude in New York, except that the brains that Sylla possessed have been boiled out of the contemporaneous dude.

THE JUDGE has in his mind one notable specimen. He has watched him grow from earliest childhood up to his present altitudinous position of full blown dudism. His history is instructive and typical. Let us relate it, and call him Chawley. We wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, or cause him to see himself as others see him; for, like all true dudes, Chawley does not know his own excellence. He would be mildly astonished, and perhaps pained if you were abruptly to tell him he were a dude. He would answer you something like this, (for there is one advantage traceable to the dude's brainless condition, namely, that you can always predicate what reply he will make to a given remark, with as much accuracy as if he were a talking machine). Chawley, then, would say (his name is not Chawley, by the bye): "Aw, damme now, you know that's too bad. A dude! Not a bit of it, my deah fellow. There's Gawge, now. He's a dude if you like, but me, Oh come, I say," from which somewhat involved sentence you would naturally gather that Chawley declined the honor thus thrust upon him.

Not that he intends to tell a lie. Oh, no. He has not brains enough to coin a falsehood, and consequently is phenomenally truthful. Simply, he has been a dude all his life and does not know it. When THE JUDGE first made his acquaintance Chawley was a very pretty little two year old, and, mentally, he has never developed since.



This is his portrait at the tender age of two. That boy was a dude from his cradle. Nothing made him so unhappy as an unfashionable frock. There was a style in the way he put on his cock-tailed petticoats which was a joy to all beholders. His first intelligible sentence was to call for his cane. His grandpa's slippers—an old pair of carpet-baggers, which were dear to the old gentleman's heart—positively made him ill. He liked eau de cologne, but has been known to faint at the smell of musk, a weakness which has never forsaken him since. As he grew older he played with dolls like a little girl; only his dolls were always masculine dolls as

to their habiliments, and were always dressed in the extreme of the prevailing mode. He had a picture book made up of clippings from tailor's fashion plates. And he shared the belief of his mother, that he was the most wonderful boy who had ever been sent to irradiate with his genius a rather dull and prosaic age.

After a time they sent him to school. What the school life of a dude may be is a problem for wiser heads than ours. We should fancy his pathway cannot be all roses; but perhaps the Providence that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, blunts the edge of boyish ridicule when directed against the helpless, harmless dude. Chawley used to go to school in a suit of the most beautiful



workmanship, and, on the whole, did not seem unhappy. The instincts of swelldom were even then bursting into life in his bosom; dude life was all before him, a something undiscerned "like the blind motions of the spring that show the year is turned." He felt a keen pleasure in the fact that his cap became him better than the caps of his schoolfellows became them. His trousers were a source of never-failing wonderment and delight. His very handkerchiefs expressed the dawning rapture of this period. He also learned to read. How this miracle was accomplished THE JUDGE does not know. Poor Chawley must have been caught during a lucid interval. His education did not progress any further. He never shared in any of the joys of his schoolfellows. He never tasted the bliss of the moment when the teacher hovered, about to sit, above the crooked and insidious pin. Baseball delighted not him, nor candy either. He had a sole and single desire to acquire new clothes and more of them.

Yet, as we remarked above, he seems to have managed to acquire some rudiments of education. We are apt to contemplate the educational advancement of a dude with the same kind of never-failing wonder with which we remark on the performance of a learned pig at a fair, or the tricks of a lot of trained horses at the circus. But there is no doubt but that Chawley's education transcended these.

He is now a full blown and very perfect dude, yet he can read, or appears to read, the paper at his club, and can make an undu-

lating line at the foot of a check which is recognized and honored as his signature by the paying teller at his bank. It goes without saying that these checks are almost all drawn in favor of his tailor, and certainly that artist deserves all he gets, for Chawley, as turned out by him, is a miracle of art.



We will not pause to describe the current and contemporaneous dude. He is too well known, and Chawley is typical of his class. Chawley always was a dude; he always will be one. When he falls into the sere and yellow leaf, his trousers will still fit immac-



ulately: he will continue to support his tottering footsteps with a cane of the latest pattern. His locks will never grow gray and thin, for perruquiers are skillful and venal, and Chawley is rich. May he live to a green old age! Could he be induced to take a little more exercise he probably would, for the strain on his mental faculties must be very slight. If he gives a dinner, he does not order it himself. He gives *carte blanche* to Delmonico. He buys his horses in the same way, and, as he is timid about horse-flesh, he only keeps them to look at. He changes his dress fifteen times a day, however, so his time is fully occupied, and there is no danger of his dying of ennui. And he goes

to the theatre every night and ogles the ballet festively. On the whole, if he does not take cold, there is no reason why Chawley should not keep abreast of the fashion for many a day to come.

#### How I Lost My Grip.

I WRITE this from the couch of pain and demoralized good nature. I have ever been noted as a man of patience and kindly propensities; but, I feel in my very bones, that, when I shall rise from this torn and battered state, I shall be forever after a hater of mankind, a second-class misanthropist, so to toot. I am a photographer.

Now, a man to be a successful photo artist must possess all the cardinal virtues, and others too numerous to mention. He must call every baby the prettiest and most interesting child he ever laid eyes upon. He must swell up with genial disposition, and only get upon his high heels and cry *culpa mea*, or some other German dialect, when the drunken man falls through a seventy-five dollar Leavy background. He must smile a sweet smile and say: "Oh, that is no matter," when the little girl pokes her finger through the negative film, to point out her phiz from among a group of nineteen Sunday-school innocents. I only speak of these things to prove to the public that the photographer is not the double-distilled fiend he's painted.

Bjinks came into my gallery the other day with his pet English bulldog. This brute—the dog, not Bjinks—has done more to raise hades in the surrounding neighborhood than any four-footed beast in the universe. He has chawed more human flesh, made more tramps tired, than seven mules in three counties. Not long since a posse of citizens drew up a document wherein were set forth the careworn virtues of mankind at variance with good nature. They presented this paper, signed by all good citizens in fair standing. Bjinks referred them to the dog. That settled it. Well, as I said before, Bjinks came into the gallery with the brute and asked me to take a negative of the animal. I smiled sickly, because I had just let my accidental policy run out. I knew it would be—either me or the dog. It was—the dog. I am here, struck down in all my prime, and the boy who is running my gallery plays pool and drinks bock. I had Bjinks lead the dog under the skylight. I got the camera and plate ready and—prepared to picture that dog. I couldn't hold his attention at all. He was bound to investigate a wandering flea near his tail. I have heard how a person could hold a brute spell-bound by the basilisk glance of the eye. I tried it. I fastened my eye upon the dog, and—I growled. He took an alert position and—just as I pulled the cap he—well, the cyclone struck me. Did the dog hurt me? Only three pounds of flesh gone, and other items too numerous to mention.

#### A Conversation.

Snug, close fitting and so nice,  
Praise be to him whose device  
Gave it to the world of old,  
In red, in blue, in black, in gold;  
In every shade, in texture fine  
To fit each human form divine.  
If slim or stout, if blonde or dark;  
If for the house or for the Park,  
Here comes Kate Jinks, I'll let her see  
I too can have a nice Jersey.

N. KAY.



Catching a Car.

LITTLETON COKE FIZZLEROY, Esq.,—or, as he writes his name, parted in the middle, L. Coke Fizzleroy, L. L. B.—is a "well known, and highly respected member of the bar, and one of the shining lights of his profession."

Quite recently, having been detained by a garrulous client beyond the time he had fixed for an engagement, he left his office in charge of his clerk, and hurriedly walked up the street to take a car. Midway between his office and the street along which the line of cars ran that he desired to take, he observed a car crossing the intersection of the streets. Thinking to catch it he started to run, unfortunately jostling a stout lady who was walking in front of him.

The stout lady was evidently well read in the ruses of pickpockets, and immediately felt for her portmonnaie. Not finding it in the accustomed place, and being, after the manner of stout ladies, very much flurried, she excitedly called out, "That man has my pocketbook!" The cry was taken up by several gamins near her, and the street began to resound to the cries of "stop thief" of those in pursuit of the fugitive lawyer.

Our legal friend was just passing a burly Irishman when the hubbub was raised in his wake, and the Hibernian, hearing the cry of "Stop thief!" caught the gentleman learned in the law by the collar, lifting him off his feet, and nearly choking the breath out of him.

"Howld on here, I've got ye, ye owld thafe," he yelled at Fizzleroy, "ye needn't kick around that a way, plague take yez," he added, as Fizzleroy, having somewhat recovered, began to kick at the Irishman's shins, to the latter's great discomfort.

"Leggo, I want to catch that car," he shouted at the son of Erin. "Leggo, I tell you, or I'll break your confounded ignorant head," and he wriggled around in the Irishman's grasp like an eel that a boy is trying to get off his hook. But his struggles availed him not, for several others, from the crowd that had collected around him now, caught hold of him, and, after tearing most of his clothes off in endeavoring to hold him, threw him to the pavement and sat down on different parts of his person. Fizzleroy

fumed, and swore and struggled to get on his feet.

In the struggle to hold him, his captors seemed to have forgotten why they had caught him, until one of the bystanders inquired what he had done.

"Bedad, I dunno," answered the Irishman. "Only a fat woman down the strate hollered fur me to stop the thafe, and the thavin' shpalpeen has kicked the skin all off me shins, so he has, bad cess to him."

"Where's the woman? What's become of her?" But the woman was nowhere to be seen. She had discovered her mistake and, recollecting that she had left her pocket-book at home, had hastened down a side street to avoid meeting the outraged lawyer.

Fortunately for Fizzleroy, at this period of his troubles a delivering angel appeared upon the scene, in the shape of a policeman to whom he was well known.

"What's the row here?" demanded the officer, making his way into the centre of the crowd. "Hello, what is the meaning of this?" he asked as his eyes fell on the prostrate form of the unlucky attorney and the half a dozen men sitting on him.

The men got off and the Irishman dragged Fizzleroy to his feet by the collar.

"——— the —— idiots!!!" stuttered the lawyer as soon as his lungs were filled with sufficient air to enable him to use his tongue, the breath having been crushed out of him by a fat man sitting on his abdomen.

Fizzleroy spilled the vials of his wrath, so to speak, all over the Irishman, and gave vent to his opinion of the native of the Emerald Isle, in good, vigorous American cuss-words.

The Irishman started to give an explanation to the officer, and accused Fizzleroy with having "grabbed a stout leddy's money-puss and was a runnin' away wid it whin I stopped the cowardly thafe, and the ugly varmint kicked me shins until there's not enough skin left on thim to kiver the hid uv a pin, at all, at all."

"Stole a money purse!" gasped the officer in astonishment. "Why you blamed fool, this gentleman is L. Coke Fizzleroy, the lawyer."

"Howly Moses!" ejaculated the Milesian, backing away into the crowd.



What's all this, eh? Oh, nothing, only the gentleman has just finished a round with Mr. Sullivan.

When those who had been using Fizzleroy's body as a seat heard the officer pronounce the dreaded name of Fizzleroy, they melted out of sight in the crowd and had Fizzleroy been a socialistic infernal machine they would not have left his immediate vicinity quicker.

The policeman assisted Fizzleroy back to his office, and his clerk was despatched to his residence to procure another suit for the attorney, in order that he might appear on the street decently clad.

A. H. RANDOLPH.

### The New Mythology.

In days lang syne, a boy at school,  
When Roman hist'ry was the theme,  
I was not reckoned quite a fool,  
Nor placed o'er all a dunce supreme.  
For well I loved the classic page;  
And o'er me now there comes a flood  
Of mem'ries of the noble rage,  
Which stirred my brain and warmed my blood.  
But when the mythologic book  
Was opened to my eager eye,  
O'er hist'ry's scroll no more I'd look;  
Her words were cold, her stories dry.  
I scaled in thought the Olympian Mount  
And felt the ecstasy divine,  
To taste the pure Castalian fount,  
And mingle with the tuneful nine.  
Apollo, Venus, Hercules,  
Were not to me as dreams of old;  
I saw the bright Hesperides,  
I grasped the fruit of ruddy gold,  
And day by day, through heart and brain,  
The lyric strains of Orpheus rang—  
Old Neptune coursed along the main—  
Diana's deer from coverts sprang.

Those days are gone, they'll ne'er return;  
A fact how strange, and yet how true!  
The public reads, of course, to learn:  
Dear Pub, I've told you something new.  
It almost makes me drop a tear  
To think how greatly all is changed;  
How, from the things my youth held dear,  
My manhood's likings are estranged.

My fancy flies no more in air,  
Her wings are clipped, her action slow:  
More like a capon fat and fair  
Than soaring lark of long ago.  
I think that e'en among the gods  
The times are sadly out of joint;—  
The late celestial star route frauds  
Are cases very much in point.

'Tis said that Venus bangs her hair,  
And frights away her troop of loves  
By poking arms, so white and fair,  
In ugly, wrinkled Bernhardt gloves.

And worst of all, O, sad mischance!  
By some sore slip-up of the fates  
She's soured upon the rhythmic dance,  
And donned those horrid roller skates.  
And Mars, that noble, warlike dear,  
You'll hardly know him now, I think:  
He guzzles gin, champagne and beer  
And of D. T's is on the brink.  
Queen Juno's turned a scolding wife,  
And lectures Jove in accents rude.  
Apollo's is a ruined life,  
He has, alas! become a dude.

Stout Hercules stands in the ring  
To knock all boastful fighters out,  
But Pluvius obit, Childs may sing  
"Gone up the everlasting spout."  
The cyclop's anvils, too, are still.—  
No more the nine their voices raise;  
And Mercury (he tapped a till)  
Has been sent up for ninety days.

Among the rest 'tis just as bad,  
There's nothing as it used to be,  
No wonder that I'm sour and sad,  
Yet hold! there's something left for me.  
Hebe still pours the foaming bock  
And mixes well my favorite budge,  
While wise Minerva eyes the dock,  
And smiles benignant on THE JUDGE.

M. J. MESSER.

### A Gordian Knot.

HE bought it at a place where spring chickens full of whalebones, and mystery stuffed into a skin, are sold. The man gave it to the black and tan who presides over the culinary department, and said: "Serve it up for breakfast." When it came upon the table it looked very nice and luscious; but looks are deceptive, especially when smothered in onions. The first attack turned the carving knife into a corkscrew, and the first bite jerked out four front teeth. The man in his rage flung the thing out of the window, and a tin peddler took it and used it for a trace hook. It has been in use four years. My dear reader, can you guess what the enigma was?

### Marriage a la Mode.

SHE approached the altar in a sort of stoop her, as it were, the Loathed Being, to wit, the bridegroom, old Coupons, the millionaire, by her side. Handsome, romantic, penniless Charlie came to the rescue. "Say but a word, darling, and I"——. She said: "Papa, save me from that poor young man who can't keep even a wheelbarrow, much less a carriage;" and as she saw Charlie handed over to the police she froze on to her old pard and—business was business.



Mrs. Pennyfeather in Paris.

I THINK Paris is just too lovely for anything, and the society is perfectly charming. New York would seem awfully slow to me now, I'm quite sure.

I should be perfectly happy if I had all the money I wanted. As it is, I haven't half enough, and Heraclitus grows meaner and meaner every day. To be sure I am continually getting in debt, but how can I help it?

For instance, I take Marie and go shopping and think I am getting things remarkably cheap; then when the bills come in there are always discrepancies in the prices. If I go to the shopkeeper and complain, the only satisfaction I can get out of him is a series of bows and grimaces, and the stereotyped expression, "I am varree sorree, madame must have misun-darestood ze price of ze goods!"

I declare I can shop much better in New York, but for all that I don't want to go back there, and I'm sure I shall never have another dress made on the other side of the Atlantic. My figure has improved most wonderfully. Heraclitus won't admit that I look any better than I used to, but he is horrid most of the time anyhow. He growls at all the bills, and finds as much fault with one as with another, so I don't see what difference it makes whether they be large or small.

We went to see the "Princess Ida" in London, and I tell him he is just like old King Gama in that opera. He'd find the day exceeding lank if he'd nothing whatever to grumble at.

One thing troubles me though—I never see my name among the list of distinguished Americans, and I think it is just too bad. I look quite as well as any of them, and I'm sure my costumes are exquisite.

It's just the same here as it is everywhere else. One has to be rich to get their names in the paper.

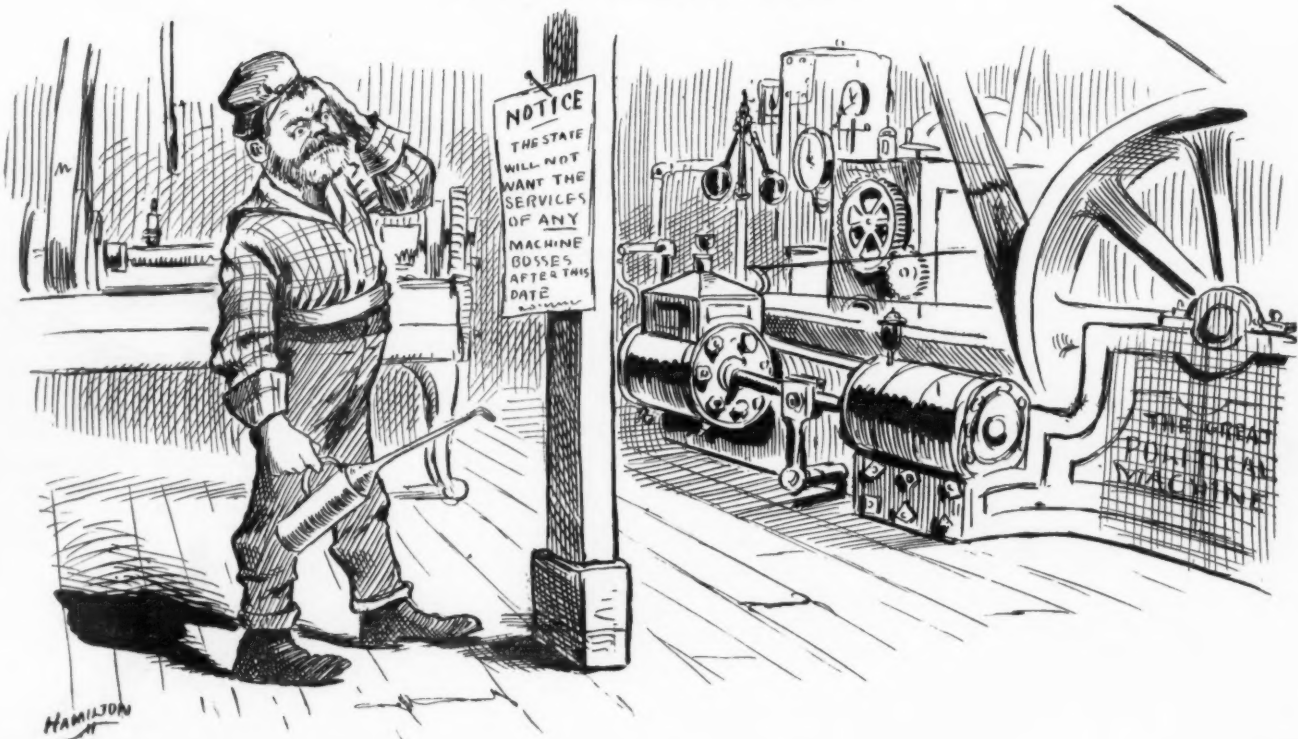
There would never have been any fuss at all about Mrs. Mackay and Meissonier if she'd been a woman in moderate circumstances.

Heraclitus says my remarks are most illogical, but *this* fact I can prove beyond the peradventure of a doubt, and thereby hangs a tale.

As soon as I first heard of Mrs. M's performance with the portrait, and before it had got into any of the papers, I sent for a young and struggling artist I had heard of, who was eking out an economical existence in the Quartier Latin.

Well, he came, he saw, and I conquered. He offered to paint my portrait for two

HIS OCCUPATION'S GONE.



hundred francs, and left after agreeing to do it for fifty.

I didn't propose to pay over ten dollars for a picture I intended to burn as soon as it was completed.

I gave the artist several sittings, and they were not a bit of a bore, for he was real nice looking and most entertaining, and I certainly never had as many compliments in all my life as he paid me while doing the portrait. I was awfully sorry when it was finished, for I missed his society wonderfully.

Well, all things must have an end, and at last the picture was done. It arrived in just the proper time for a scene—as I was giving a small reception that afternoon. The Marquis and Marquise de M—c, and Baron D—t and several Americans were all in the dancing room. As soon as I heard the painting had been sent home I ordered it to be brought up.

There was a sensation when it was produced, I can tell you. They all crowded around and admired it, and Baron D. said it was exquisite and almost as "charmante as ze lady herself." It was a lovely picture and a good portrait, but I was not to be deterred from my purpose. Of course they all wanted to know the name of the unknown artist, but I pretended I didn't hear them; I stormed around the room, declared the thing made me look a fright, and finally snatched it from the hands of the Marquis and threw it on the fire in the grate. In a moment it was in a blaze, though the Baron tried to save it.

Heraclitus didn't know I had had it painted till the day it arrived, and I saw he was very much pleased with it; but when I threw it in the fire, he, for a second, looked astonished, and after that disgusted. Fortunately, he knew enough to keep his mouth shut till the guests had departed.

Soon after the conflagration they took their leave—but I noticed a supercilious smile on the lips of the Marquise as she

passed out, and several of the other ladies' faces wore a disagreeable expression.

When the rooms were empty Heraclitus began his sermon, and said I'd made a fool of myself.

I thanked him for the delicate way he had of expressing himself, but he was angry, and stormed and blowed so, that I left the room and sought seclusion in my own dressing-room.

The Marquise has not been to call since, and yesterday when I met her driving in the Bois she pretended not to see me.

I wouldn't have her nasty French temper for all the titles she's got. The Marquis is ever so much nicer. He has called already two or three times, and says he doesn't blame me in the least, and that "Madame was never more piquante or charmante than when she threw the portrait in the flames."

This is all very well—but not a word has been said about it in any of the papers, and none of the New York correspondents have taken the slightest notice of the affair.

This only goes to prove what I said in the first place, that only the millionaires' wives get talked about in print.

I think I shall apply for the position of correspondent to some American paper, and then I can report myself, if no one else will.

Heraclitus has made a fool of himself too, for he has found out the name of the artist I employed, and engaged him to paint the portrait of our little Kathleen, and is going to pay him two hundred francs for it. I told him he need never grumble again at my extravagance.

He says the artist was imposed upon and then insulted, and that two hundred francs is small compensation for my treatment of him.

I never saw such an exasperating man in all my life. He will drive me mad with his old-fashioned notions of honesty and propriety, and all that.

It is to be hoped that I will preserve my

reason through all I have to endure, but I should not be at all surprised if a lunatic asylum was the last home of

PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.

"Lines by Oleomargarine."

O-h, yes, adulterate me,  
That is if you must do it;  
L-et butter be a compound mass  
Of oil, hog's lard and suet;  
E-at lots of me—you're doing it  
And have no cause to rue it;  
O-f course you're not aware of it,  
Or else you wouldn't do it.

M-y friends, I'm telling you the truth,  
You need not storm or splutter,  
A lot of little candle ends  
Are rescued from the gutter;  
R-escued and cooked, with skill and care,  
And make good, sound, sweet butter.

G-ive me my proper name, dear friends,  
I do not want to hide it  
A-nd have my fame, with common "buerre"  
Unequally divided.

R-est easy, I am just the stuff  
With which you're now provided.

I-n doing thus you'll save some cents  
In every bill you're paying,  
N-ow don't, in future, heed one word,  
Your grocer man keeps saying;  
E-at me, and your petitioner  
Will ever more be praying.

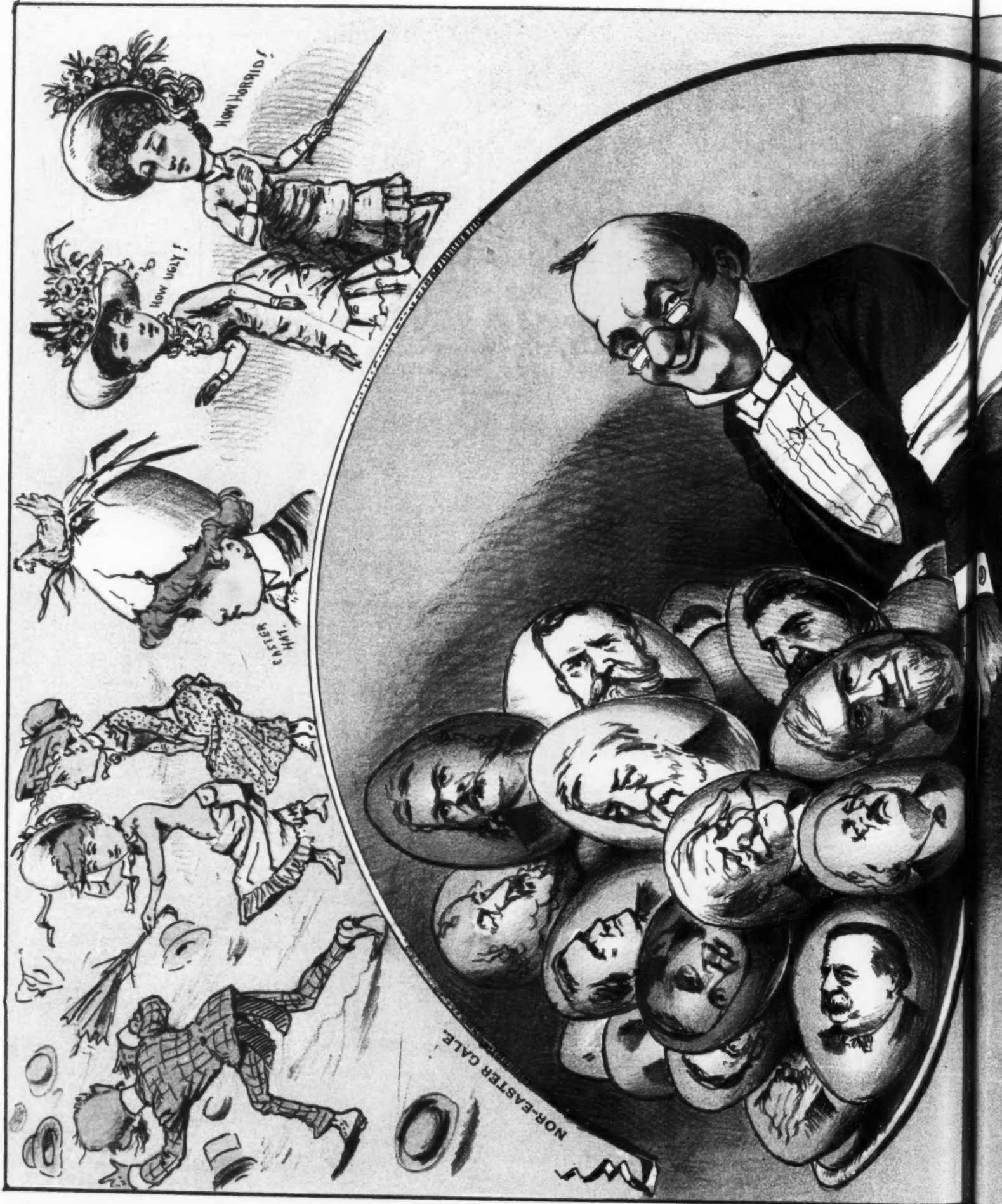
M. E. J.

TOUNG-TALONG has arrived from Siam  
With a skin like the rind of a ham;  
People laugh at the hoax,  
Barnum pockets the jokes  
And the money, and cares not a

A SIGN OF APPROACHING SPRING.—A bent pin upon a chair about to be occupied.

THE JUDGE

THE JUDGE





TAKE YOUR CHOICE.



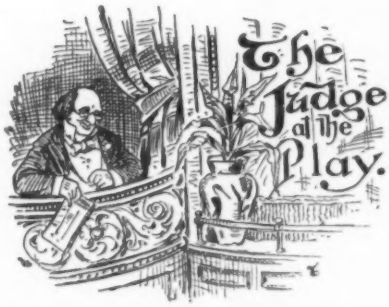
HAMILTON - Beard.

WILL BE HATCHED NEXT JULY.



SUCKING THE LAST EGG.

EASTER FANCIES.



HOLY week may be conducive to the welfare of churches, but it is decidedly bad for the theatres. A general sensation of dullness has settled down on all theatrical affairs, and Easter will not entirely dispel the cloud. Soon the hot days of summer will arrive, and then good-bye to all the regular companies and winter successes.

Cazauran has already taken possession of the Union Square, and Shook and Collier have started "Separation" on its travels on the road.

Cazauran's new play will show itself along with the new bonnets and suits at Easter, and Helen Barry will attempt to unravel the plot of "The Fatal Letter."

Irving and Miss Terry are back at the Star and have delighted large audiences at their performances in "Much Ado About Nothing."

"La Vie" at the Bijou has undergone so many changes that one scarcely knows whether it is the same play that was produced here a few weeks ago under the same name, or not.

Mansfield, as the Dutch *Baron*, has got so far beyond the pale of the Madison Square that it is doubtful if he ever again returns to its sacred precincts. We wonder how the Mallorys could ever consent to loan an actor to people that run such a naughty play as "La Vie" anyhow.

The Horticultural drama of the "Alpine Roses" continues, but will soon be followed by another floral exhibition, called "May Blossoms." After this they will probably make an exertion to capture Joe Emmet and his "Sweet Violets;" if this fails they can go for "The Lily," whose style of acting would just suit the patrons of the establishment, and they might be induced to overlook her little peccadillos of last season.

Things at Barnum's are swinging around the circle at rather a lively rate. The old hippodrome performances have been revived, and the races are about the best of the entire show.

Toung Taloung and his scared (we beg pardon for a slip of the pen, we mean sacred) keepers attract considerable attention. Barnum is besieged each day by scores of kalsominers who are anxious to whitewash the beast that has no particular color to speak of; but Phineas turns a deaf ear to all entreaties in this direction, and walks about the Madison Square in as dignified a manner as any man so afflicted with elephantiasis could be expected to do.

Jumbo is troubled with *big head*, like a few other leading people in the profession, but when he finds that Toung Taloung has taken his place in public esteem, he will probably be less arrogant and lofty in his bearing.

The new Musee Eden in Twenty-third street is open to the public, and though slightly incomplete, is beautiful in its incompleteness. As soon as THE JUDGE recovers from the nightmare he has had ever

since he visited the *cellar* of horrors he will attempt a description of the place.

Barrimore and Modjeska are having so much trouble over "Nadjezda" that we wonder the proprietors of the new Musee don't step in and buy the play as an addition to their terrifying exhibition in the basement. It would make a good companion piece to the picture of home life in Fiji.

"Red Letter Nights" at Daly's has proved a big success. The season will close and the play be withdrawn on the 19th, and after that there will be comic opera here.

At the Casino, the "Merry War" will be given till Easter, when "Falka" will be produced. Fred Leslie, Perugini and Lily Post will no longer be under Gen. McCaull's command; the former and the latter go to warble in London. In the meantime Lotta and Minnie Palmer will return to their native heath, and it is said that Lillian Russell will become one of the Emma Abbott troupe next season. Oh, Emma! and a few years ago you wouldn't play in "Traviata" because it was such a naughty opera!

Out of town, companies continue going to pieces with neatness and dispatch.

Rice's Surprise Party, or rather Rice's Pop Company, exploded in Pittsburg a short time ago, and Grau's Opera Company disbanded in Cincinnati, March 26th.

Members of busted companies may now be seen any fine day about the Square ready to accept engagements with any "snide" manager that manifests a desire for their services.

Strange how attractive barn-storming, at a purely imaginary salary, has become!

Anything is better than a minor part and fixed wages with a responsible manager. At least it would seem so.

#### Maple Sugar.

"Good morning, gentlemen. I am a poor man, and am looking out for myself in a manner extremely creditable to my ancestors. Gentlemen! I am peddling "Pure Vermont Maple Sugar," and the speaker proceeded to deposit on every desk in the office, a card bearing the following inscription:—

1801.  
HeziKiah HopKins,  
PURE  
Varmont Maypole  
SHUGAR.

"Gentlemen! the qualities inherent within my sugar cannot be imitated," said the representative from the Green Mountain State. "That cake," said he, holding up a piece of sugar that had the appearance of having been polished on the owner's sleeve, "I made myself. Gentlemen! I sat for three hours on a milking stool watching the sap drip! drip! drip! into a fourteen-quart milk pan, and I never moved from the spot until I had accumulated enough sap to make this piece of "sugar cake." Can I sell this piece? Oh, no! I use this as a sample where'er I go."

Previous to the incoming of the "Sugar Fiend," every one had been hard at work; but now the pens and writing materials reclined on the desks, and the "proof reader" allowed his sheets to blow all over the office, so interested was he in the "Sugar Peddler."

"I say, Mr. Hopkins!" "Hopkins," broke in the peddler. "I beg pardon," said the editor, referring to the card placed on his desk. "But, Mr. Hop skins," said

the editor slowly and distinctly, will you swear that the sugar you are now selling is strictly pure?" "I wi—." "Will you swear," continued the editor, "that no sugar in your possession ever came in contact with your sleeves for polishing purposes?" "Nev—." "Can you truthfully, in the presence of all these upright men, "swear" that no damp rag was ever employed to brighten up the exterior portion of any of these cakes, or a brush of any description to give a lustre to the dull spots on any piece of sugar?"

"No," answered the Vermonter. "Every piece of sugar as large as the point of a cambric needle is as pure as well water." "You're an honest man," broke in the editor, as he wiped away an imaginary tear. "But we were all looking for some "Maple Sugar" that was not strictly pure; it always seems to taste better after having been rubbed on one's sleeve or polished with a brush, you know."

"Gentlemen!" said the Green Mountain representative, "I seldom indulge in disrespectful appellatives, but when a lot of city chaps can't take a joke, I've got my —."

"Bounce him!" yelled the reportorial staff. "Bounce me?" he yelled. "Beeswax!" Victory! and Vermont Maple Sugar!" he yelled again, and tore out of the office, leaving his cards as a momentum of the occasion.



ASTONISHED FRIEND—"Look at the thermometer, old man; what are you doing with all those togs on?"

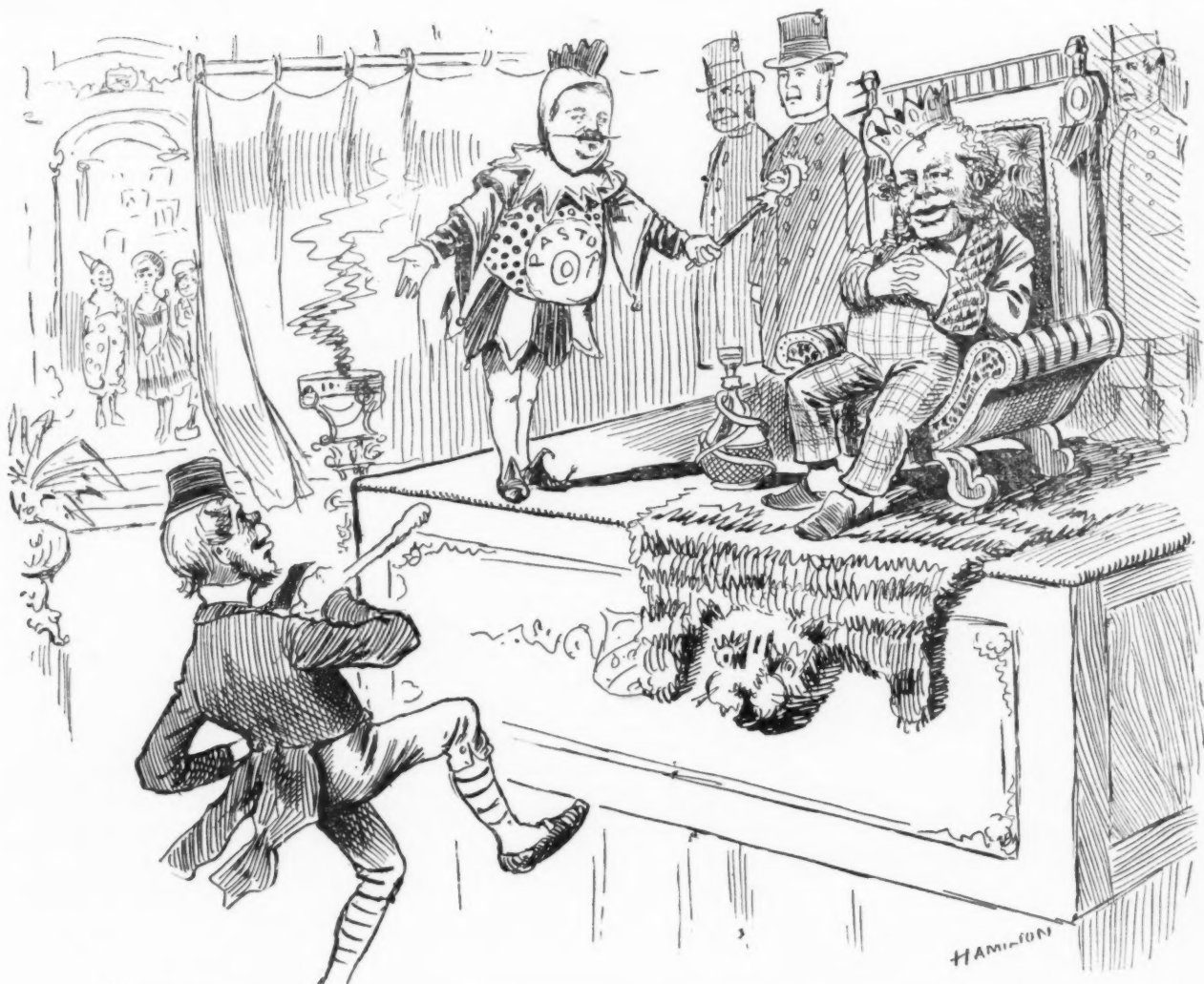
BUNDLED UP PARTY—"Keep it quiet, Charlie; I'm selling an asthma cure, and am showing myself as an example of a case 'before using'."

#### The Pedagogue.

HE was very poor, but the bumps upon his cranium were well developed. After a while he secured a school in the rural parts. Among his pupils was a fair-haired, dizzy blonde of gushing style. Her pa was the nabob of the district, and surveyed vast regions, all his. The poor pedagogue was willing to aspire, and he asked the dizzy blonde if she wouldn't like to study Latin. She said she would. The pedagogue soon got her deeply interested in *amo, amas, amat*, and—when the pair returned from their hurried tour, *one in soul*, etc., the old man opened his arms to shelter the lambs as a good shepherd ought.

THE man who "found his level" was a carpenter, of course.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"WHY is this," said a waiter, holding up a common utensil, "more remarkable than Napoleon Bonaparte? Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a grater." When the funny man reproduced it in his circle, he asked the question right, but answered it, "Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a nutmeg-grater."—*San Francisco News-Letter*.



### Le Roi S'Amuse.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, by the grace of his father's brains and his own inherited millions, King of some railroads and Wall street, Emperor of the transportation trade, and Defacer of Hudson street, finding his royal soul vexed within him, recently sought distraction. Our contemporaries, in relating the circumstance, failed to properly dwell upon the remarkable insight displayed by King Vanderbilt in finding his soul—whether vexed or otherwise—for a millionaire's soul is proverbially a very small thing, and among the sweep and turmoil of passing trains, and the hurly burly of Wall street, it might very readily be lost without anyone finding it but the devil, who is popularly credited with a sharp scent for such unconsidered trifles as millionaires' souls; though whether Satan would find himself much enriched by the acquisition, may well be doubted.

At any rate, King Vanderbilt, finding his royal soul vexed within him, searched the Scriptures and ancient history to find what anodyne was resorted to by the kings of old when in a similar predicament. Saul, he saw, used to have David play on the harp; but then Saul did not have a box at the Metropolitan Opera House, and had not a speaking acquaintance with Christine Nilsson. No, clearly music was played out; King Vanderbilt's soul was ill-attuned to music, and though he might have had an obligato performed by the steam whistles of

a thousand locomotives, yet no amount of music appeared capable of satisfactorily filling the bill. It is peculiarly appropriate to speak of Vanderbilt's mind as a bill—a very big bill—a colossal William—a two hundred million dollar bill. So the royal sufferer, being gone past praying for, sought the aid of his pastor—Tony Pastor. This, then, was the position:

The king was in the parlor counting out his money. The bride in the divorce court suing his sister's sonny;

The hoarded, countless millions had lost their charms that day.

Up stepped Tony Pastor and blew the blues away.

"We are weary," said King Vanderdilt, "amuse us."

"Your majesty shall be obliged," said Tony Pastor, and forthwith he sang his comicallest comic song.

The gloom on the monarch's brain only deepened.

"Will not your majesty deign to laugh?" said Tony, anxiously, and forthwith he summoned his whole company and enacted a side-splitting farce in the royal presence.

Gradually the kingly features relaxed. King Vanderbilt deigned to break into a fat and unctuous chuckle. Memories chased each other across his colossal mind. He was amused. He laughed. He delighted in the Irish brogue of some of the performers. The guttural accents of fatherland fell soothingly upon his ear. The charm was wrought.

"Approach!" he said, and Tony Pastor bounded on the dais and bowed low at the very steps of the throne.

"Claim what reward thou wilt, to the half of my kingdom," said the royal what-d'ye-call him.

"A boon, a bone, your gracious maiesty," said the happy Pastor.

"A boon," said royalty; "what the deuce is a boon? I know what a boom is well enough; but a boon—"

"A tip, then, your majesty."

"'Tis granted; whisper," and then from the royal lips gently fell into Tony's outstretched ear a few of those priceless, wealth-conferring words which can only be spoken by Wall street magnates.

Tony Pastor girded up his loins and ran before the chariot of the smiling millionaire. He paused a moment at the office of a distinguished architect to give orders for the erection of a new and sumptuous theatre, and then, hurrying on to Wall street, sold many shares of C. C. and I. C. (coffee, cakes and ice cream) short.

C. C. and I. C. has been steadily rising ever since. But the end is not yet.

Anyhow, Vanderbilt smiled, and Tony's future is assured—with a copper.

"WHY," asked Professor Miller, "is a good name of more value than riches?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he reckoned it was because it was much rarer. He was marked ten plus. —Hawkeye.



"GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT IS THIS COUNTRY COMING TO, WHEN THE SHERIFF IS INDICTED!"

#### My Sunday Class.

I WAS persuaded a short time ago to take charge of a number of dear little boys and girls of our church who had newly formed themselves into a class known in the Sabbath-school as the "Dewdrops of Love." I consider my church work to be above all worldly things, and I am sure there is no one more eager and willing than myself to serve the Master; but I must confess to a reluctance to assume charge of this particular branch of His work, owing to the extreme backwardness of the cause among the members of my new class, and it was on the urgent solicitation only of my dear pastor that I consented to take the little ones in hand.

There were ten children in the class—five boys and five girls—and they had been culled from the entire Sabbath-school for convenience in handling their various eccentricities, which were all on the side of evil. Our pastor assured me that he had every confidence in my ability to control the children and lead them up in the way of the Lord, and would see to it that I was supported in all I undertook. I was rather doubtful of my powers and future success, however, particularly when many worthy ladies of the church, of whose ability I had abundant proof, were very decided in their refusals to assume control; but, as I said, I consider church duty first and foremost, and so I took the class.

The first Sabbath, Mr. Shaver, the superintendent, escorted me to the corner where my charge were congregated, for the purpose of introducing me.

There was quite a hubbub among the children, which ceased as if by magic on our approach, while they gazed with various degrees of interest at their new teacher.

"My dear boys and girls," began Mr. Shaver, "I take pleasure in introducing to you Miss Brown, your future instructor, and I trust you will give her all your attention. I know you will be good and try to please her."

There was a chorus of promises of splendid behavior and supernatural goodness, and I felt quite relieved.

"Now, children," said I, as I took my

place in the midst of them, "you must not be afraid to ask me any questions about things I shall talk about in connection with your lessons. I want you all to try hard and learn all you can, and you will please me very much. What is your name, little girl?"

"Please, mum," replied the one I addressed, a peculiar looking child, with hair of a decided auburn tint, short, stubby nose, and face dreadfully freckled, "my name is Sophy Grimes; this is Susie Stubbs; this is Tommy Dinklemeyer, Hunky —"

"Mercy! hush, child," I interrupted, "you take my breath quite away. You must not speak so for others. What is your name, sir?"

"She tole yer my name, Hunky Smith."

"Hunky? Surely that is not your name?" I gasped.

"Hunky Smith, I tell yer. That's a good enuff name, ain't it? What more do you want?"

"His name ain't Hunky, it's Henry. My name is Tilda Amarynthi Smith. I'm his sister," suddenly interrupted a little tot in a faded gingham. "Ain't you ashamed of yerself, Hunky. I'll tell mother when I git yer home."

"Hush, children; you must not quarrel. Henry, you must never say Hunky any more. You all must learn to be polite and refined with one another. Now we will see what the lesson is for to-day. David —"

"What's *your* name, missus?" said a very gruff-spoken lad in striped shorts, who had not spoken hitherto.

"Bless me; sure enough. I forgot to tell you my name," said I, rather flustered, as I adjusted my spectacles. "My name is Penelope Brown, and I hope you will love me very much."

"Hugh, what a name," snickered little Tilda Smith, with a grin and a nudge to the girl next her; "Pinalup Brown. The other teacher's name was Torgeanny. I named my doll after her."

"Now, children, pay attention. King David, as you all know, was a great and good man, who lived ever so long ago."

"How long, Pinalup?" said Tilda, peering eagerly over my shoulder.

"You must not speak so disrespectfully, Matilda. Say Miss Brown, when you wish

to speak to me. King David lived and died a great many years ago—long before your papa was born, Tilda, and —"

"Before my old man was born?" echoed Henry, who had sat glowering at me ever since my reproof; "that's more'n I can swaller. Why, my old man was the fust one in this old church what said we was to have strubberries and cream last year, an' year before that, an' year before that, an'—say, Tommy Dinklemeyer—lieberwusticus, you goin' fishin' 'safternoon?"

"Henry Smith!" I cried, crimsoning with mortification, "you must never speak so again to me. I shall speak to Mr. Shaver if you do."

"Scuse me, missus," muttered Henry, with an eye on the superintendent; "I'll never do um again."

"Now, attention, Sophy Grimes," I said, as that girl was busily engaged flirting with a carrot-headed youth in another seat, "Can you tell me who was the favorite son of David?"

"Nicodemus," snickered Tommy Dinklemeyer; "please, missus, wasn't David the bloke what made the serpent steal all the apples out o' old Adam Heave's garding? Suse Grimes says so."

"I didn't say so. Shut yer big mouth, Tommy Dinklemeyer. I'll tell yer mother."

"Oh, look at Mr. Shaver's nose," said Tilda Smith. "Miss Pinalup, don't you think he drinks? It's gittin' awful red lately."

"Hush, hush, children," I cried in desperation, "you must really pay attention. Now I will tell you a story about the lesson."

"Can't do it, mum," yelled Henry; "there goes the bell. School's out—whuff," and away he flew helter-skelter through the crowd, followed by the whole class.

"Be sure and come early next Sunday, children," I called after them, but I am afraid they heard it not.

PENELOPE BROWN.

#### Mr. Irving Tells a Good Story.

THE queen, as he who wishes may read, has often made visits both of pleasure and policy to her estates in Scotland, being at such times more than heartily welcomed by canny Scots, who, almost without exception, highly reverence her and endorse all that she does.

On one occasion, shortly after a visit to her castle in the outskirts of Balmoral (blessed aptness) Mr. Irving, who was traveling through the country, met an old Scotch woman with whom he spoke of her majesty.

"The queen's a good woman," he said.

"I suppose she's gude enough, but there are things I canna bear."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Irving.

"Well, I think there are things that even the queen has no recht to do. For one thing, she goes rowing on the lak on Soonday—and it's not a Chreestian thing to do!"

"But you know the Bible tells us—"

"I know," she interrupted angrily. "I've read the Bible since I was so high, an' I knaw ev'ry word in't. I knaw about the Sunday fishing and a' the other things the other things the good Lord did, but I want ye to know, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of Him, for adoin' it."

WE have just been studying whether it is better to have something constantly on the mind, or have the mind constantly on something.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

## College Notes.

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

PROF. DAISYHEAD, while laboring under a temporary aberration of mind, caused by a rash attempt to scan a pile of Mr. Wilt Whatman's poetry (without the use of broad-axe) seized a razor and deliberately shaved himself from ear to ear. The cold which he caught in consequence having settled on his chest, he was obliged to raise the lid with a crow-bar.

As Dr. Grossgeist was descending from his bed to the floor yesterday morning, he met with a serious accident, but such is the genial wit and good humor of the doctor that the accident, so serious at the time of meeting, was soon laughing like a freshman at a circus.

PROF. WEISKOP will contribute an article to the next number of the *No-quarterly Review*, in which he will undertake to prove that the carboniferous era preceded the Elizabethian era. What he mainly relies on to establish this novel theory is (1) the well-known fact that the carboniferous critics and reviewers seem to have been ignorant of the divineness and even the existence of the Shakespeare-on-Avon; (2) that the influence of the harmonious coal measures can be traced in the smooth versification of Rare John Benson, and (3) that what all the scientists have hitherto taken for the remains of Queen Bess's golden tresses are nothing but the Old Red Sandstone cropping up here and there through the coal beds.

WE regret to have to state that Mr. B——, a member of the Sophomore class, made a most unprovoked and outrageous assault on our worthy President yesterday morning as he was passing out of the chapel. While there is, of course, much sympathy felt for Mr. B—— on account of this unfortunate affair, the general sentiment is that the President is not greatly to be blamed, as there is not a particle of evidence to show that he harbored any intention of being assaulted.

#### He Wanted a Room on the Religious Side of the House.

A TALL, fine-looking gentleman arrived at one of the leading hotels yesterday afternoon. He registered, and as the clerk was looking over the room board and the porters were looking after the gentleman's baggage, he addressed the clerk as follows:

"I wish, if you please, that in assigning me to a room you would use some discretion, and place me, if possible, on the religious side of the house."

The clerk stammered a little, looked at his diamond pin, rang two or three bells nervously, coughed, fumbled a blotter on the desk, and said he did not quite understand what the gentleman was driving at.

"Well, my dear sir, the last time I was here you gave me a room on the worldly side of the house. To be frank with you, I think I was put between two—well, two poker parties, and I heard nothing all night but the rattle of poker chips. If you have a religious side of the house, just give me a cot there. To some men poker will take the place of sleep, I am not one of that kind."—*Rochester Democrat*.

## Ducking a Bloodhound.

As the boat was loading cotton-meal at Natchez, we saw a big bloodhound come down the street, walk aboard the wharf-boat, and stretch out in the sun for a nap. The talk at once turned upon dogs, and then upon this one in particular.

"That dog," said one of the passengers, "would no doubt kill any man whom he attacked."

This was followed by various yarns in regard to the strength and ferocity of bloodhounds, and then another passenger put in:

"I'll give any man a dozen good cigars who will go out there and wake that dog up and pat him on the head."

"A dozen cigars!" echoed another, "why man, I wouldn't go out there and rouse him up for a ten-dollar bill."

"Humph," sneered a man who sat with his feet on the rail a little ways off, and who had come aboard as we landed.

"Maybe you want to wake up that dog!" hotly remarked the \$10 man.

"I think I could."

"You do, eh?"

"I'll bet you \$20 I dare fling him into the river."

"Done! Done quicker than greased lightning," shouted the other as he felt for his cash, and in a minute or two the money was up.

"Now, then, you are to walk down there, seize him by the collar, and fling him into the river?"

"Exactly."

And he walked. Without betraying the least hesitation, he went down the plank, marched up to the dog, and, taking him by the collar, drew him to the edge and dumped him off. The dog made no resistance, and speedily swam around to the bank, and trotted off up the street.

We all felt completely flattened out, and after the stakes had been given up and the winner had disappeared, I went over to the pilot, whose face wore a broad grin, and asked:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes."

"Didn't the dog have any grit?"

"Heaps of it. But if you had owned him for five years, and had played this same game fifty times on greenhorns, he wouldn't bite you, either."—*Detroit Free Press*.

## All Doubts Dispelled.

ONE of our inquiring students of ornithology asks: "When will the robins nest again?" In answer, we inform the young lady that two young robins are now nesting in the jail for house breaking.

To another who desires to know when the swallows homeward fly, our marine reporter, the canal being closed, says he was in the Towsley House barroom last Saturday evening and saw fifty swallows homeward fly inside of thirty minutes, at ten cents each.

To another who asks: Who seeth the sparrow's fall? we would say that on the four corners to-day one fell from a tree and a Thomas cat saw his fall at once and in two minutes it was stowed away in the place where fiddle strings abound.—*Waterloo Observer*.

THE Associated Press despatches announce the startling information that President Arthur still takes soup with a spoon. We must all wait until he attempts to take it with a fork before we decide upon the official career of this gentleman.—*Ark. Traveler*.

## An Amateur Joke.

"WHY is a—er—er," said an amateur humorist to several of his companions; "why is er—er Oh, pshaw, what is the word I want to—"

"Soak your head," exclaimed one friend.

"Hire a hall," cried another.

"Oh, hold on, now, fellows, it's a first-rate joke. What is the difference between er—er—er—Confound it, it's strange I can't think of that word—"

"Give us a rest, came from his friends in chorus.

"Oh, now I have it," exclaimed the amateur humorist, brightening up. "Why is a woolen thread like er—er— Oh, yes, like a fellow that's licked?"

"Because it feels soft," said one.

"No."

"Maybe it's because its been having a turn," said another.

"No."

"Perhaps it's because they are both ready to darn something," ventured a third.

"No."

"Give it up. Why is it?" cried all his friends at once.

"Because it's er—er—er—oh, bless that word. Because it's er—er— I have it; it's because it is worsted."

"Well, if that wasn't the sickest, worst 'pun yarn I ever heard," exclaimed one of the friends after a moment's pause of astonishment, and then they all fell to and wooled him.

## "Au Revoir."

"WHY are you so sad when speaking those words?" he asks.

No answer. The vesper chimes of the cathedral a league away came stealing over the hills that lie to the westward, and as their tones—sweet and solemn and faint—fall upon Caroline's port ear, Jasper feels a shudder pass over her little form. She is intensely religious, this girl, and with the sudden instinct of a man who has played third base he resolves to turn this reverence of hers for all things spiritual to account. "Listen," he says, in whispered tones; "it is the vesper hour. The chimes are calling the faithful to worship, and one who deliberately tells a falsehood at this time can never be saved. You know this Caroline, do you not?"

"Yes," murmurs the girl.

"And would you perjure yourself?"

The voice is faint and low.

"Then tell me," he says, "why you were sad when saying 'Au revoir' to me a little time ago."

"I cannot," she says.

"But you must," continues Jasper. "I demand an answer."

For one instant she looks up at him, her pure young face as white as if the hand of death were upon it, and then she whispered softly: "I cannot."

"But why can you not tell me the cause of your sadness when speaking those words?"

"Because," she says, looking at him tenderly, "I do not know what they mean."

No, Angie, the doors of the United States Treasury are not fastened by political bolts.—*Marathon Independent*.

THE Washington Monument is said to be only one sixty-fourth of an inch out of plumb. This is in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. Few persons got plums out of Washington's administration.—*Boston Star*.

## Use of Words.

Jones—"Here is a new expression. This sporting paper speaks of James C. Daly as the 'phystic' scientist of Ireland and New York city."

Smith—"A very bad expression, I should say."

Jones—"Do you mean that it is incorrect?"

Smith—"Yes."

Jones—"Well, I admit that the word 'phystic' might—"

Smith—"Oh, that word is allowable. It is simply a humorous spelling of the colloquial phrase 'fistic.' I was referring to the tautological portion of the title."

Jones—"Why, where is the tautology?"

Smith—"In the expression 'Ireland and New York city.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

## Couldn't Hurt Him.

"GREAT SCOTT, I've killed him!" yelled the baggage smasher as he hurled a Saratoga plump into the pit of the stomach of a stout old gentleman standing on the platform.

But the injured party rose with a gay air and laughed out:

"Not much, yer lop-eared idiout, I've just got outside of a beef-steak in that restaurant, an' I'm solidier 'n the sides of a iron-plated gun-boat. Sling along yer Saratogies; 's long as yer aims straight fur that thirty-five cent lunch yer can't hurt my feelin's!"—*Evansville Argus.*

BOGAN CASH is hiding beneath a burnt cork face. Think of it, a chivalrous southerner in the guise of a "nigger."—*Hartford Post.*

THE late Rev. Dr. Raphall was fond of a witty retort. Once a Gentile physician attended the funeral of an Israelite. "I don't like a Jewish funeral," said he, afterward, to Dr. R. "There is no long oration, and everything is too quiet. I prefer a Christian funeral." "So do I," replied Dr. Raphall. "I prefer a hundred Christian funerals to one Jewish."—*Jewish Messenger.*

THERE are some very timid people who are already dreadfully frightened at the mention of General Sherman's name as a Presidential candidate, because his son is a priest and his wife a Catholic. Calm yourselves, perturbed souls. Not a man of you had a word to say about General Sherman's relation to the Church of Rome when he was knocking the stuffing out of the rebellion. And he is just as good and loyal a citizen to-day as he was then, even though he wears a hair shirt and pray with beads.—*Hawkeye.*

## Where Papa Banked His Money.

"Mamma, what is that building?"

"A bank building, dearie."

"Is that where papa keeps his money?"

"Yes, dearie."

"Mr. Faro keeps it, don't he, mamma?"

"Why, no, dearie! What a question!"

"Well, I heard, papa say he'd left \$1,000 at Faro's bank Saturday night, anyway."

"He did, did he?" [Aside.] "Well, that's one safe deposit he's made anyway! I know now why he refused me a new dress, new gloves and hat yesterday. Oh, but I'll make him regret the day he was born!"

"What's the matter, mamma?"

"Nothing, dearie, only I'm going to say a few words to your papa concerning Mr. Faro's bank!"—*Ashmore Toothpick.*

WHEN a baby can't do anything else to waken its little self during the night it falls out of bed.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"DON'T forget the poor" urges a country editor, and further down the column we find "We need some wood on subscription."—*The Hoosier.*

A GUN that is charged with powder is likely to go off—so is a treasurer who is charged with embezzlement, if he can get a chance.—*Boston Star.*

SENATOR EDMUNDS "likes to tell or hear a good story." Now, what in the opinion of Mr. Edmunds is a good story? That must be specified if the Senator wants church members to vote for him when he runs for President.—*Progress.*

DR. FAYNER, an English medical authority, declares that fretful children should be put in a trough to which a constant stream of water should flow, falling on the vertex of the cranium. Has every family got to buy a trough for this purpose?—*Hartford Post.*

ABOUT the most punctilious workman we ever heard of was the carpenter, in one of our new houses, who had his hammer raised to strike a nail just as the whistle blew for noon, arrested it in its mid-course, quietly laid it down, and made a dash for his dinner pail.—*Burlington Free Press.*

FROM the numerous cable dispatches sent to this country, it would seem that the dynamite found in England is the most harmless explosive manufactured. Dynamite is found lying around loose in a very promiscuous and careless manner, and yet nobody gets hurt. The American toy pistol is a greater engine of destruction.—*Norr. Herald.*

THE boom which was started for Bob Lincoln some time ago seems to have somewhat subsided. There is an inconsistency about this Presidential business. The man who to-day is a favorite may to-morrow be a man of "long ago" and altogether forgotten. Mr. Lincoln is a very ordinary man and should not have been forgotten so soon.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"Oh, no; I'm not seeking the Presidential nomination," they all say, but they don't forget to add: "I'm in the hands of my friends, and don't think I would reject it if it was offered." And then they begin to write letters to Tom, Dick, and Harry, to find out how things are working in their little boom. This political business is a great institution.—*Peck's Sun.*

A FOREIGN correspondent says that "Bismarck drinks beer." These foreign correspondents do pick up startling news over there. An impression prevailed in this country that Bismarck was a member of the prohibition party, and went around making temperance addresses. Next thing we may expect to hear that he eats sauer-kraut and Schweitzer-cheese.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN Indian barber has opened a shop in Dakota. He will now have an opportunity to shave the Indian agents who have long been "shaving" him. His experience for removing hair may fit him for the "profession" he has adopted, but the fact that he has been in the habit of taking the scalp with the capillary adornment may deter some timid pale faces from patronizing him.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE way to produce a smile on the face of a man, suffering with a racking cough, is to make him a present of a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.—Just try it and you will be astonished at the result.

GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN speaks of her as "the divine Patti." The fair songstress in speaking of his excellency simply says "him."—*Bismarck Tribune.*

IN fashion intelligence the latest is that the rage for short hair is rapidly spreading among the fair sex. John L. Sullivan has not lived in vain.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

IT is generally the man who thinks he knows more than all the doctors in the world that you catch putting a mustard plaster on his stomach to cure the toothache.—*Philadelphia Call.*

IN Salt Lake City it is all right for a married man to go flirting with young girls; he's merely skimming for another wife. Who would live in a town where there can't be any scandals?—*Boston Post.*

CARPENTERING is to be taught in Boston's Latin High School. The successful man nowadays is not he who masters the conjugations, but he who learns to strike the nail on the head.—*Philadelphia Call.*

## FLANAGAN, NAY & Co.

### COLUMBIAN

## BREWERY and MALT HOUSE

450 W. 26th Street,

BETWEEN NINTH & TENTH AVE'S.

JAMES FLANAGAN,  
JOSEPH O. NAY,  
WM. L. FLANAGAN.

NEW YORK.



CRANDALL & CO., 569 THIRD AVE.—OLDEST Baby Carriage Factory in the world. Latest styles in Cane, Rattan, Reed and Wood. CARRIAGES AND SPRINGS, Indorsed by J. B. Brewster & Co., of 25th st., Dr. Shady and others, as perfect in construction, safe and healthful. Boys' and Girls' Velocipedes, Wagons, Doll Carriages, Bicycles, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Catalogues free. Open evenings. Sole Agent for Tally-ho Sulky.

559 THIRD AVENUE, near 37th st., NEW YORK.

324 FULTON STREET, cor. Pierrepont, BROOKLYN.

A PRIZE.

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

CANDY

Send \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5 for a retail box, by express, of the best candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago.

Address, GUNTHER, Confectioner.

78 Madison St., Chicago.

FITS

A Leading London Physician establishes an office in New York for the cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Mesorole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send his express, and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESOROLE, No. 35 John St., New York.

### SALOON-MEN, STUDY YOUR INTERESTS!



THIS machine is entirely automatic, requiring no attention when once started; it will force any number of barrels of beer or other liquids from the cellar and keep them pure and fresh, down to the last glass. Flat Beer is never known where it is used. No five saloon can afford to be without it. It will pay for its cost in a short time. For descriptive catalogue and price, to any address, apply to

"THE STANDARD PUMP MANUFACTG CO." 215 Centre Street, New York.

Agents wanted in every town and city. Address as above for full particulars. Mention THE JUDGE.



**Cuticura**  
A  
**POSITIVE CURE**  
for every form of  
**SKIN & BLOOD**  
**DISEASE.**  
FROM  
**PIMPLES to SCROFULA**

ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper Colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with loss of Hair, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

**GOSAMER GARMENTS FREE**

We wish to obtain Lady Agents in every city and town in the U. S. and Canada, for our New Gosamer - steppe of garments. In order to induce the goods we make the following offer. Any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods to their friends and to distribute the circulars we mail with good, we will send post-paid two full size Ladies Gosamer items, by express, free. Also send 25 cents P. O. stamps to help pay postage, expenses, etc. EMPEROR MFG CO. WILLIAMSBURG N. Y.

**BEHNING**

FIRST CLASS

Grand Square & Upright

PIANOS.

Warerooms: 3 W. 14th St. & 129 E. 125th St.

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

**PERFECTION MAGIC LANTERNS.**

Best Quality. Latest Improvements.  
Travel around the World in your

Chair.

Their compact form and accurate work particularly adapt them for Home Amusement.

With a FEW DOLLARS' outlay a comfortable living may be earned. SEND VIEWS in stock, and made to order. Send for Catalogue.

EMANUEL J. S. HART,  
155 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**AGENTS CAN NOW GRASP A FORTUNE.**

Outfit worth \$10 free. Address

E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.



**The Sensitive Mermaid**  
THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY EVER INVENTED. Place it on the Palm of Your Hand and it will roll and squirm around as natural as life. It will not stay on some people's hand at all, but will roll off as soon as placed thereon. Our illustration is a correct representation of this amusing and instructive novelty. The upper portion of the figure represents a beautiful woman. The lower part of the figure represents a fish. By mail, 15 cents; 2 for 25 cents. Address: SHERWOOD & CO., BOX 63 WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

**Print Your Own Cards Labels, Envelopes, etc., with our \$3 PRINTING PRESS.**

Larger sizes, for Circulars, etc., \$8 to \$75. For pleasure, money making, young or old. Everything easy. Printed instructions. Send two stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, etc., to the Factory.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

**RUPTURE**

RELIEVED AND CURED without the injury Trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases, before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

**LIFE LOANS AT 4 PER CENT.**

Principal need never be paid so long as interest is kept up. No security required except for interest, and then only personal. These loans are for poor men of moderate means, in amounts of \$100, \$500 FOR LIFE. Send four cents for particulars. W. Roberts, Manager, 135 W. 4th St. Cincinnati, O.

THE last legs of monarchy in Great Britain John Brown's.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

BORROWING for a living is certainly not a paying business.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"IF some men would treat their wives as well as they treat their servant girls there would be fewer divorces."—*Indianapolis Times*.

TRUE LOVE is like chocolate. Once cooled, no amount of warming will bring back the original flavor.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette*.

A MAN in Rochester fancies himself Rip Van Winkle. He must have been on the police force twenty years.—*Norristown Herald*.

SOME one is trying to prove that the Garden of Eden was at the North Pole. He will be saying next that the fruit Eve ate was an icicle.—*Boston Budget*.

It is a good plan to keep your own home looking shabby and untidy. Then you can better appreciate the neat and attractive homes of other people.—*Boston Transcript*.

PENNSYLVANIA has an editor ninety-one years old. He attributes his long life and excellent health to the fact that he never expected to please everybody and never tried to.—*Hotel Mail*.

WHEN a Boston girl desires to shake a lover, she says: "You will greatly oblige me by making your exit." In Montana, where language is scarce, the girl simply points to the door and says, "Git!"—*Bismarck Tribune*.

A MANUFACTURER of white wine vinegar claims that his compound is so much better than the old-fashioned cider concoction, that he has adopted the sign of "Who will care for mother now?"—*Boston Courier*.

SCHENECTADY, one of the oldest of American cities, has no sewers. The people are probably afraid that if they build a sewer, the name of the town may accidentally slip into it and clog it up.—*Phila. Call*.

A PHILADELPHIA man compels his daughters to eat onions every night for supper, and thus assures himself that he can shut the house at 10 o'clock without locking in a strange young man.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"YES," sighed Amelia, "before marriage George professed himself to be willing to die for me, and now he won't even get his life insured in my favor," and the poor girl burst into a fashionable flood of tears.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

WHEN the musical critics of Cincinnati are not writing, they are working in the lard factories. That accounts for the frequency of the statement that "the piece was well rendered," as found in concert notices.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THERE are twenty-four men in jail in Cincinnati awaiting trial for murder. So we may count upon two dozen Ohio men who are not in training for the presidential nomination. This narrows down the contestants considerably.—*Boston Transcript*.

A Practice Born of Necessity.

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer.

"Yes, sir, a great deal, I thank you."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?"

"Well, sir, particularly in economy."

**Franklin Square Lithographic Co.**

—STEAM LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTERS—

FINE COLOR WORK A SPECIALTY.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS.

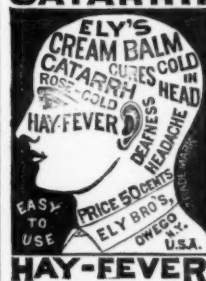
Estimates Carefully Prepared.

324, 326 and 328 Pearl St.,

—NEW YORK—

**CATARRH**

Tell the World.



I desire to tell the world my experience with Ely's Cream Balm—having suffered from a very offensive catarrh, I had tried powders and injections, but to no avail—but after applying Cream Balm a few times it removed everything, and the remedy is so simple. Very resp'y, Geo. Adams, 1,430 Juniata St., Phila., Pa.

CREAM BALM causes no pain. Gives relief at once. Cleanses the head. Causes healthy secretions. Abates inflammation. A thorough treatment will cure. Not a liquid or snuff. Applied with the finger.

Send for circular. Sold by druggists. Mailed for fifty cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

**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, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 121 Pearl St., N. Y.

**Beautiful Fibrene Handkerchiefs**

WANTED, AGENTS AND LADIES EVERYWHERE for our New Fibrene Handkerchiefs Size 15x25, made of Fibrene, an imported article LIGHT AS FINE SILK, and equal in appearance to the finest linen. I dozen Samples showing what they are with special terms) Mailed postpaid for ONLY 25 CTS. 5 BOTTLES FREE with an ELEGANT GOLD RIMMED GILT BAL-BOYNO RING FREE all postpaid. HARE CHEATS TO MAKE MONEY EASILY AND QUICK AT HOME. SHERWOOD & CO., WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

"WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED & STRENGTHENED," etc. is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly endorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars, by addressing ERIE MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—[Toledo Evening Bee,

**PENS**

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE. Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161. FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

**BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.**

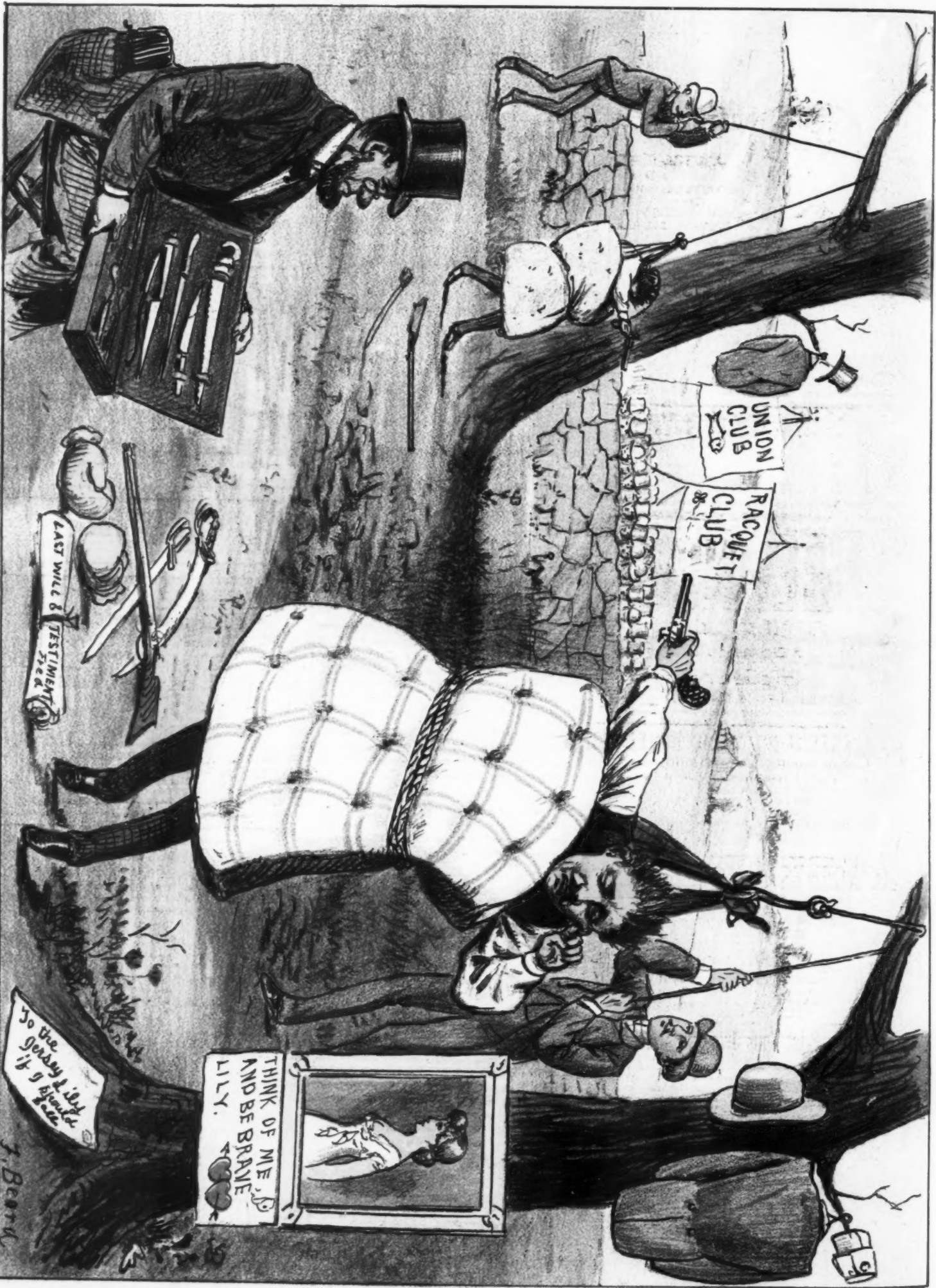
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which all excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



**Ladies Do your own stamping** for Embroidery, with our STAMPING PATTERNS for Kensington, Arasene, Outline, Braid Work, &c. Easily transferred to any fabric or material and can be used a hundred times over. Ten full sized working Patterns of Flowers, Corners, Borders, Scoops, Braid Strips, outline figures, &c., also your own initial letters for handkerchiefs, hat bands, &c. with Powder, Pad and directions for working, all for 60 cents, post-paid. Book of 100 Designs for Embroidery, Braiding, &c., 25 cts. Our Book, **Manual of Needlework**, is a complete instructor in Kensington, Arasene and all other branches of Embroidery, Knitting, Twists, Crocheting, Lace Making, &c., 35 cts.; Four for \$1. All the above for \$1. Pattern Book, Co., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.



DUEL OF THE DUDES.



