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HAMILTON

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**THE FRANCO-CHINESE DIFFICULTY.**

JOHN—You wantee too muchee. Alle same try to rob me. We fightee first.

THE JUDGE



## THE JUDGE.

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### POLITICAL CHEAP JOHNS.

DEAR readers, did any of you ever walk up Eighth avenue of a Saturday night? And if you did, did you realize the utter impossibility of hearing yourselves think? And did you not, before you had gone many blocks, abandon all idea of attempting to think, and suffer yourselves to drift along with the crowd, aimless, idiotic, and deafened and confused by the turmoil around you? It is all very enlivening and inspiring, no doubt, this view of Eighth avenue of a Saturday night, and a good many people make money by it—but for the purchaser, the consumer for whose benefit all the show is got up, it is somewhat confusing. It is a Babel of discordant cries—a bazaar of glittering generalities.

We have an Eighth avenue in politics, and a busy thoroughfare it always is; but its Saturday night comes when the State is getting ready for a contest. Then come the rush and the turmoil and the clatter; then the Cheap John politicians cry their wares and push their trays of notions under the very noses of the passers-by. Then the varying cries ascend to high heaven, with nothing intelligible about them but their reiteration; nothing to recommend them but their persistency; crossing and mingling with and drowning one another until the poor passers-by are bewildered and stupefied, and no more know what is going on around them than does the stranger who chances to wander into Eighth avenue on a Saturday night.

There are too many party cries in politics now-a-days; too much noise and confusion, and mutual recrimination and cheap huckstering, and even blasphemy. The purchaser, the consumer who supports all this—in other words, the voter and taxpayer—does not get a fair chance to know what is going on. The best is not offered to him, or, if it be, there is no means of determining that it is the best. The political Cheap Johns shove their wares down the throats of the people—they vilify and abuse each other, these Cheap Johns—but that does not mend matters; that explains nothing to the public. And so they are inclined to respect and believe in the man who swings quietly in his hammock in the door of his place of business and makes no particular professions, but lets everybody know exactly what he wants and what he intends to do. And a man who so comports himself generally commands the attention and attendance—however unwillingly rendered—of the common scolds of politics, and he is certainly less of a nuisance to the people at large than the intrusive and obviously self-seeking Cheap Johns. The waiting game may be the winning game after all, and John Kelly knows it.

### JAY GOULD PRAYS.

MR. JAY GOULD's testimony before the Senate Committee is very interesting—any money of Mr. Gould's, even testimony, is apt to be interesting, and when the telegraphic Colossus tells us that he knelt down by the wayside and prayed in the darkness and disquietude of his spirit, we cannot help feeling touched. Of course, this occurred in the days when Jay Gould was poor. There is no authentic record of his having prayed since he became a millionaire. Probably, should he have occasion to communicate with Heaven now, he would do so by telegraph. Praying is the poor man's pastime. Men whose time is worth \$2 a second cannot afford to waste much of it in that way. However, the interesting fact remains, Jay Gould prayed once. We have his word for it. It would be interesting to know the subject of that prayer. For what did the millionaire *in posse* petition Heaven? If it were for riches, certainly no prayer was ever more effectually answered, and the experience of Jay Gould will be calculated to give a boom to religion which it sadly needs in these backsliding and degenerate days. But if it were for popularity, for good esteem among his fellow men, Mr. Gould would do well to remember the lesson taught by that procession of workmen who were parading the city at the very time when he was entertaining the Senate Committee with a narrative of his early trials; he would do well to recognize the position in which he figured on the banners of that procession, and, realizing that his petition remains unanswered, get down on his knees and fall to praying again.

### FRANCE AND CHINA.

BISMARCK is reported to have said, "I want to see one more European war before I die." He probably said this in German, if he ever said it at all, but, language apart, his meaning is pretty obvious. And now he has a chance of seeing France—the country at which this remark was leveled—embroiled in an Asiatic war, if not in a European one. And given the Asiatic war, with endless complications in the China seas, with the inevitable trampling which the horns of England and other maritime powers will get in the scrimmage, may not the European war follow in due course? Nothing is more probable. France is bellicose and aggressive; there is a strong war party in China, and the absolute sovereign of over four hundred millions of people can scarcely need soldiers. There may be pulling of Chinese pigtailed and twirling of French mustaches before the world is very much older, and a Franco-Chinese war would certainly make the morning papers more interesting for a while.

### ABOUT POLICEMEN.

Two Brooklyn policemen, recently convicted of having used their clubs "not wisely, but too well," have been, as a punishment, deprived of those weapons for a certain period. While we cannot help pausing and pondering over the anomaly of a clubless policeman, we are inclined to think that, for the particular offence indicated, the punishment is a wisely chosen and salutary one. Certainly, men who have been in the habit of using their clubs recklessly and on small provocation, will acutely feel the deprivation of these weapons; it will be a real inconvenience to them, almost as great as the loss of his arms would be to the ordinary citizen. Then, again, in the absence of the club from the hands of the more excitable members of the force, there will be a considerable feeling of relief and a great additional sense of security to the general public. Had Officer MacNamara's club been taken from him on the first occasion when it appeared he used it indiscreetly, poor Smith would be alive now. As long as it is not in the power of the Commissioners to order a sound clubbing administered to members of the force who are too free with the locust, decidedly the best plan would appear to be to take their clubs away from them.

### Explain, Please!

WHAT would be pleasant—To see every newspaper give full credit for all articles not original.

What is unpleasant—To see the *Omaha Bee* credit to the *Boston Globe* the little illustrated poem, "Our Summer Girl," written in our own office, and published in THE JUDGE of August 18, 1883.

What would be just—for the *Boston Globe* to explain why this is thus.



OLD PLOWJOGGER, after reading in the morning papers about mad dogs, goes out for a walk, and is horrified to find one right in his path.

#### A Picture.

A PICTURE of a laughing girl  
 With glad blue eyes and waving tresses,  
 The sunlight kissing every curl  
 To burnished gold with its caresses;  
 Ripe red lips, parted as to speak—  
 You seem to hear the painted question—  
 The soft tint lives upon her cheek,  
 Snow, tinged with sunset's faint suggestion.

She holds a helmet in her hand—  
 Relic of war in shrine of beauty—  
 Deep-hacked by battle-axe and brand;  
 A casque that must have done its duty.  
 One gap, cut sheer down through the steel—  
 Where late her glance had ceased to linger  
 Ere raised in questioning appeal—  
 Is indexed by one taper finger;

And an old man, with long white hair  
 And a deep scar across the forehead—  
 A fierce blow that brow had to bear,  
 Which shattered the strong casque before it;  
 His eyes light up to answer hers,  
 He lives through bygone fields of glory;  
 Upon his face the pleasure stirs,  
 An old man's pleasure in a story.

Grandsire and grandchild; you can't fail  
 To see they stand in that relation;  
 The old man looks as if his tale  
 Might be a ten-times-told narration.  
 You almost hear the words he speaks;  
 Old memories in his eyes are glistening;  
 The color deepens on her cheeks—  
 She loves the tale, and she is listening.

He tells the story of the strife,  
 Of brave men dying, stout hearts fainting;  
 And both the figures glow with life—  
 He speaks; it *cannot* be a painting!  
 He tells of hard but happy days,  
 Ere Charles had sunk 'neath adverse fortune,  
 And every dent that casque displays  
 Bears in the tale of war its portion.

How that great gap that looms so large  
 Was earned when "boot and saddle" sounded,  
 And fiery Rupert led the charge  
 Against the traitor-brewer, Roundhead.  
 "A shrewd, hard blow," he seems to say;  
 "The steel plate cracked; the sword bit deeper,  
 And I was left for dead that day  
 Among the dead—as sound a sleeper.

"Ah, girl, I lived; but you may pray  
 And thank the heaven that heals and blesses  
 That you are in these halls to-day  
 To fit my helmet on your tresses."  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The light grows dim, the colors fade,  
 As fainting with the daylight's fainting;  
 The girl's bright tresses fall in shade—  
 The little group is but a painting.

G. H. JESSOP.

#### Lawn Tennis.

It's a daisy. A lazy man can play it, and at the same time watch the group of girls posturing upon the greensward over in the next yard. There is nothing in common between lawn tennis and base ball. The latter is a wildly-delirious game, played with hands, feet and mouth. Some b. b. players are heelers, and are called kickers. Every well-regulated b. b. club carries a first-class kicker along, to furnish news for the reporter who gets in on a pass. Some b. b. players do not play for fame, but for money. A great many of them make money by not playing at all. They put on the cherished regalia, talk big, run after the ball, and—don't get it until the batter has made a home run. This class of players are called dark horses. It takes the social run of the association all winter to knock 'em out from next season's play. Lawn tennis is vastly different. Ladies can play fully as well as gentlemen. A soft ball is used; a few yards of old mosquito netting are stretched across the lawn; the player thumps the ball with an affair like a saucepan, strung with pure cat-gut made of raw hide. There is very little excitement in the game, and the players can settle their difficulties without the assistance of an umpire.

If a man has any trouble as to the color of his girl's stockings, just invite her to play a game of lawn tennis. The vigorous manifestations of agility required to thump the ball back over the mosquito-bar, and at the same time keep the centre of gravity, causes a cunning, backward kick of the pretty foot, and a dainty flop of the skirts, and—the lover need be no longer in doubt.

A young fellow has just been beaten out of one hundred thousand dollars by the game, and the sad result happened as follows:

He was playing lawn tennis with Mandie, while the latter's mamma—a widow lady—was seated under the greenwood tree, conversing with one of her admirers—one she hoped to bring to the front in the near future. He was telling her that she looked as young as her daughter. She acknowledged the soft impeachment by a terra cotta blush. Just then Mandie's lover raised his high-strung saucepan to thump the ball over into the adjoining county. The infernal implement slipped from his hand, made a tangent on the tree, and whacked the old lady over the head, knocking off her beautiful wig; it then managed to make a carom on her jaw, sending a shower of upper and lower teeth upon her lap. She is now fully revealed to her admirer, who saw a poor, bald-headed, slippery-lipped, wagging-jawed old woman, with furious eyes. He bid her a hasty good eve, and departed.

The young man who was the innocent cause of this fateful calamity poured forth profuse grief. But to no avail. The old lady would not let a man marry Mandie who could so easily lose his grip, thereby spoiling her (mamma's) fond hopes for a second turn at domestic henpecking.

The other evening the disconsolate lover saw Mandie playing tawn tennis with a dude. Mamma watched the game from behind barred windows.

H. S. KELLER.

OLD man Watterson way way-way-off: I was in Gramercy Park a few days ago, when I heard a blade of grass partially give way, and looking around, there was Sammy leaning on his own shadow for support.

A TENOR singer can always secure a hall easier than a basso, because he can go higher.



#### A HAPPY FAMILY.

NEIGHBOR—Your family looks contented and happy.  
 MOTHER—Yes; the boys are happy because they're through with their whipping—and the girls are happy because they didn't get any.

#### Wanted to be a Pitcher.

"WHO is this gentleman that papa calls a daisy?"  
 "He is a ball-player, my dear."  
 "But papa said he had a 'phenomenal curve,' and that they 'couldn't hit him.'"  
 "Yes, my dear."  
 "But, mamma, he stood up straight, and I didn't see anyone try to hit him."  
 "Papa meant the ball, my dear."  
 "Yes, mamma, but I didn't see the ball."  
 "Neither could the batters, my dear."  
 "But what makes everyone talk about him and call him a 'daisy?'"  
 "Because he's the new pitcher from Chicago, whom the manager of the club has just secured at \$3,000 a season."  
 "But is he so very smart, mamma?"  
 "Only as a pitcher."  
 "But can't he really write his own name, mamma?"  
 "So they say, my dear."  
 "And yet they give him \$3,000?"  
 "Yes, my dear."  
 "When I grow up, can't I be a pitcher, mamma?"  
 "Perhaps, my dear; but why?"  
 "Could I get \$3,000?"  
 "Perhaps."  
 "And not have to learn to read or write?"

"AFTER ALL," remarked a young lady who had been reading the various indictments which have of late been published against the sparrow, "after all, these sparrows seem to be a great nuisance. I think we had better get rid of them, and make up our minds to endure the worms. Sparrows are worse, don't you think so?" "I don't know," said her beau, thoughtfully, "I never had sparrows."

THE FRENCH occupation of Tonquin must Ha-noi the natives of that province, and it will require considerable Gaul for them to annex the whole country. The French, however, won't have a "walk over" in achieving their ambition, for these Celestials evidently will defend their rights, Ann-a-mite good fight they can make if they try.

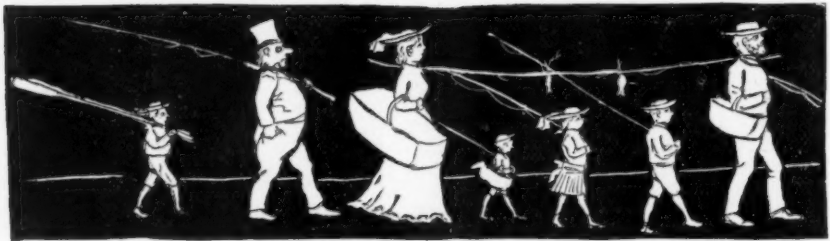
WE have every reason to doubt the existence of the Giant's Causeway and the wonderful cliffs which are said to line the northern and western coasts of Ireland, as the island is well known to abound in sham-rocks.

IN view of so much discussion on the subject, the question arises whether Secor Roberson, while in office, was not a fair representative of the American knave, eh!

## FISHING AND SWEARING.



BUT the converse of the saw  
Seemeth worthier, by far.  
Folks will break the moral law  
When they sorely tempted are.  
You will have but little wish  
To blaspheme unless you fish.



"SWEAR, and you will catch no fish"—  
So the ancient adage goes;  
Oaths as good as soul could wish  
Have been strangled, I suppose,  
By this legendary threat  
Poised above the rod and net.

## "Nothing to Me."

"I'm nothing to you!" said my brown-eyed beauty,  
As up I lifted her baby sister—  
Filling a parent's pleasantest duty—  
Parted her golden tresses and kissed her;  
"I'm nothing to you!" and the red lips pouted,  
And the eyes were brimming with crystal waters;  
Heavens! what a pain that my love was doubted—  
The love so wed to my baby daughters.

"Nothing to me?" Could the little treasure  
Have known how deeply my heart was throbbing  
With a love that was nearer a pain than a pleasure,  
I never had heard that tender sobbing.  
I drew her home to my yearning bosom,  
I kissed her lips and her cheeks and tresses,  
And I wren she learned—my little blossom—  
She was something to me, ere I ceased my caresses.

"Nothing to you!" Oh, days of anguish  
That we bear when our darlings' faces are clouded!  
Oh, hopes and fears when the weak heads languish!  
Oh, grief when one for the grave is shrouded!  
Oh, sleepless nights when the brain is carving  
Some plan the paths of their feet to brighten!  
Oh, sharpest pang of the poor and starving [en]  
When love in death makes the heart-strings tight.

Bear witness, all! that howe'er we've broken  
Bonds that were sacred, in shame and folly,  
We have held *one* promise, dear but unspoken—  
We have kept the love of our children holy.  
They are part of us; and nor time nor distance  
Can memory cheat of their tears or laughter—  
Not even when closes the day of existence  
In the night or the morn of the long hereafter.

HENRY MORFORD.

AN old darkey, down in Southland, who  
was going to be baptized, as she was going  
down into the stream, clapped her hands and  
shouted that "De Lord Jesus was a good  
man; he dun tuk my ole sinful heart out ob  
me; he cut it open; he wash it clean in de  
blood ob de Lamb. He fold it up; put it  
back all right. He tell me if I go in de wa-  
ter a debbil, I come out debbil; if I go in  
saint, I come out saint. Bress de Lawd, I  
don't need no soap suds here—I'se all right  
for de blessed kingdom!"

"TURN the rascals out," says Mr. Dana.  
Certainly. Mr. Dana has been turning them  
inside out for the last few months, and one  
good turn deserves another.

## Washington Gossip.

FROM OUR OWN LIAR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPT. 6th.

What is the matter with the office of President of the United States? Time was when honorable men of brains struggled fiercely and persistently to obtain the position, and failure, in many cases, led to despondency, illness and premature death. It has been said that Horace Greely's defeat in his battle for the White House broke his heart, and to break a newspaper man's heart is no light job. But now, the moment any prominent man's name is mentioned in connection with the high office, either he or his friends, rush into print with the assertion that Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ never has had, and never will have, any desire to be nominated by his party for the situation. This is very extraordinary, and leads one to believe that to be President of the United States is no great honor after all, and not to be compared, in point of social comfort and eminence, with the Governorship of a Bank, or the Directorship of a Railway. Your correspondent has yet to be introduced to the man who has refused either of those positions when offered him. The following list of prominent citizens who firmly, yet respectfully decline a nomination for President—which your correspondent has obtained after great labor and expense, which he trusts you will appreciate and stand your share of—shows how low, in the estimation of all worthy men, the office has fallen:

Ulysses S. Grant, Schuyler Colfax, J. G. Blaine, John Kelly, Chester A. Arthur, Roscoe Conkling, W. W. Belknap, General Schenck, Henry A. Tabor, George A. McClellan, W. English, Samuel J. Tilden, S. S. Cox, Jay Gould, John J. O'Brien, Thomas Hendricks, R. B. Hayes, G. F. Train, Red Leary, Fiddler Neary, Secor Robeson, Sheeny Mike, S. W. Dorsey, Mark Twain, John T. Raymond, Tom Lee, W. E. Chandler, John L. Sullivan, William Sprague, Captain Howgate, Harry Hill, and numbers of others to hear from.

In making up their platform, the Republican party would do well to insert a plank that will bring them in thousands of voters all along the coast lines of the States of New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, viz., the recommendation of

an act for the better preservation of hot weather in the months of June, July, August and September. A heavy prohibitory tariff on the importation of cold waves would do much to foster the growing industries of summer hotels and seaside resorts, which, during the past season, have been seriously interfered with by the free importation of Arctic goods.

The true inwardness of Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker's dismissal from the Pension Bureau has come to light. That bifurcated lady used up so much official paper through the feminine habit of adding postscripts to her communications, that the cost of extra stationery was continually overrunning the appropriation for that article.

One by one, good officials and their families, who have been passing the heated term in Europe, Saratoga, Newport, Cape May, Harlem and Hunter's Point, are returning home. Visits to the poor stay-at-homes have been numerous, and the dear gentle female birds of passage have done their best to turn their domestic sisters green with envy. Bless their sweet little hearts, it's their way and they can't help it. Of course, as usual, the husband gets the worst of it. "Mrs. Flubertoosh Mandeville called this morning, William Henry, and she was telling me of the delightful time she had in Baden Baden and the rest of Yurrupe. It's very strange that her husband, who only gets a third of your salary, can afford to give his wife a trip like that, while I must stay at home and stew in this terrible weather; but if I don't go next year," etc., etc., and there is no more peace for William Henry until winter sets in and he raises a mortgage on his property to buy his wife a Russian sable cloak that will take the shine out of Mrs. F. M.'s three-season sealskin sacque.

Social festivities are, in the absence of the great leaders of white fashion, indulged in only by our colored first families. Third Assistant Janitor General Sylvanus Primrose and his charming lady gave a grand watermelon soiree at their elegant weatherboard and shingle mansion, on Third street, last Wednesday evening. Among the company your correspondent noted were Col. and Mrs. Rainbow Philkins and daughters, Rev. Dr. Jawback Sluggs, General Whyso Luddscar, Mrs. Truman Sturkiss and the Misses Sturkiss, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Foot and the two Miss Feet, Overblue Sontag, the

celebrated kalsomine artist, just returned from Rome—Georgia; Fourteenth Deputy Letter Carrier Cadaver, Miss Luciana Appleby, the poetess of Slush Hollow, Virginia, and Wantmore Snoggs, Esq., Chief of the Cuspidor Department of the Siberian Hall of Congress. Some of the ladies' dresses were marvels of beauty, and being made in the prevailing tight fashion, very clearly defined the most prominent points of the lovely forms they covered. Miss Phyra Blathers, a stately mahogany blonde, wore a charming crushed-mush colored *robe du nuit*, ornamented with grease spots around the corsage and tied in the middle with a shoe string. Mrs. General Toby Froot, a petite middle-aged molasses-candy brunette was attired in a dress cut *decollette* on the bottom of the skirt, three finger rings and a *panier*. Mrs. Rainbow Phillkins wore her dress—a lovely sky-blue, with green-dots calico—looped up on one side (a classical fashion which is becoming all the rage), which afforded a view of a pair of piece ribbon garters, tied in true lover's knots. She was the observed of all observers. After partaking of eighty-two watermelons, seventeen kegs of beer and two plates of ice cream, thanks were rendered by the Rev. Dr. Jawback Sluggs, a truly good man who weighs ninety-eight pounds, and the party was broken up by a policeman and the owner of the melons.

#### To the Editor of The Judge.

DEAR SIR: There is no paper published that is so much thought of as yours through America and Ireland, which every one knows are the two finest countries in the world. And I being a school master and a native of Ireland, a man, though I say it, as should not, of cultivated tastes and high class education, it occurs to me why shouldn't I send a letter to you to tell you something of "my native land, good night," as Lord Byron calls it. It appears to me that you hear nothing of Ireland over there except what relates to outrage and bloodshed, and know nothing of the many happy days we spend, in school and out of school, though my hand shakes a trifle to-day, through a bit of a mistake me mother made, which led the whole of the neighborhood and all the scholars to spend a long hour searching for me at the bottom of the well, and myself taking the most active part in the business, as I was always an active man, and self seeking, as all the country could tell you. Maybe you'd like to hear the story, as it's a curious one enough, and is as follows: I was sitting in school, just after demonstrating to the scholars the noble acts of Christopher Columbus and Julius Cayser, and birching little Johnny Casey for not behaving with veneration, when who should run in but me mother, with her apron pitched over her head, and the rain and storm blowing furious, which often happens now (since the Americans took the climate in charge). "Thomas," says she (that's me), "run out, or our little cockeen of hay will be blown into the well." You see, we had our cockeen built in our own street, close by the well, and though not polished and well instructed like meself, me mother was a good mother to me, and the hay the whole little shore we had for the winther: but I ran at once, bidding the boys to have behaviour till I'd come back.

I ran away to get a bit of a stick for a prop, and when I came back with it the hay was all tossed in the well, me mother roaring and the whole street full up of men, tear-

ing the hay out of it and shouting, "There is a man below in the well." Of course I pulled away with the rest of them, and got ropes and forks and grabes, and was in a shocking way, near as bad as I could have been if I had known it was meself they were seeking for, which I had no thoughts of, till little Johnny, as before mentioned, shouted out: "There's Mr. O'Hanlon himself," and they all riz a shout, and it was only then I larnt that the man we sarched for was meself. Of course it left me spacheless, and all I said was they worked well for me, and that while I remained among them I'd never dread fire or water again. Me mother said I made an iligant speech, and brought tears to all their eyes, and we spent a pleasant evening all together, as I couldn't well tache the scholars any more. So I only put them through their dead languages and the use of the globes, as bein' all morning in the well, it's little more the school board could expect from me, and I gave them a whole holiday the next day, it being the holiday market, and a pleasant day we all had together, though me poor mother got another fright through coming home late with a neighbour in her donkey cart and meeting the carriage from the big house, which had gone to dine at the Hall, with lighted lamps, and she, poor crayture, being under the railway bridge and not knowin' the differ, had thought 'twas the steam ingin', which had jumped down owin' to the darkness of the night, and knowin' that it would surpass the speed of the donkey, she and her friend could do nothing but pray, and the sight left their eyes, and the men shouted at them till one of them got down off of the carriage and pulled the cart out of the way, and after that they went home quite pleasant.

So I write you all this to show you how content and happy we all live—good neighbors all—paying no rent and saving our crops in all weathers. The children well educated

in all the branches at a thrifling cost, and, when needful, chastised into the bargain. If you know of a likely situation, let me know by return, and I'd go out on the assisted emigration and impart learning to the youths of America, as my testimonials do certify, and I'd bring my sister Winny, too, who lost her good place through a fault of Widow Mullins' cow, that the masther ordered into the screen where the sheets do be dhried, and Winnie not knowing her conthrariness, she having come from the next parish, or she would not have left themselves and herself together while she went in to ate her dinner, without sending her little sister to mind the both, and on comin' out the last rag of the sheet was hanging out of her mouth.

Having sent you a full account of the country and willin' to write again if desired, I am, dear and honored sir,

Your obedient servant,

MR. THOMAS O'HANLON,  
Schoolmaster,  
Killshemamore, near the Canal,  
Ireland.

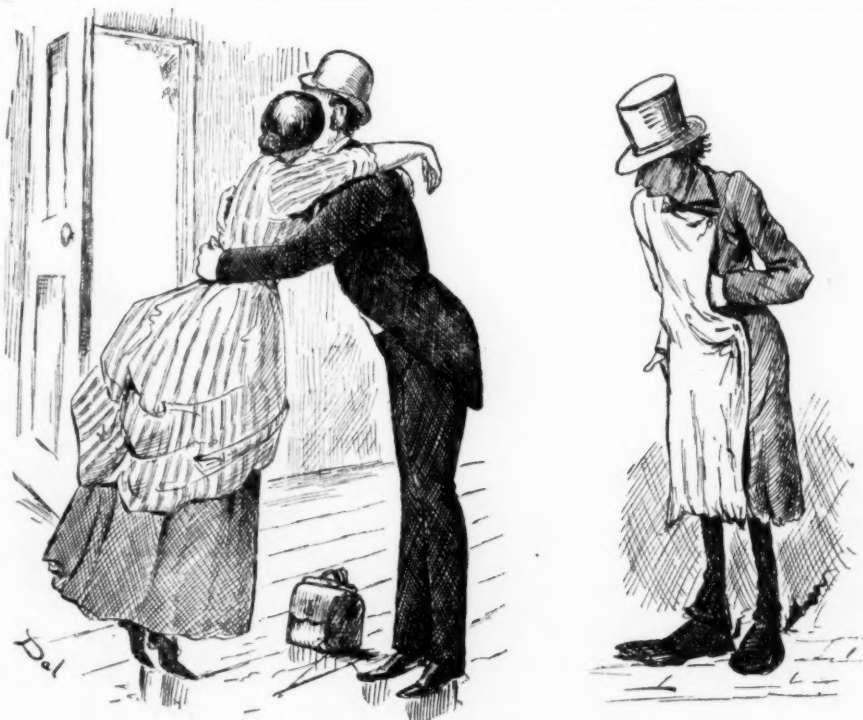
LITTLE JIMMY goes a-milking,  
Takes his stool,  
In the dark can't see bossie,  
Tries a mule.

Mother comes to see what makes  
Jimmy stay—  
Funeral takes place next  
Saturday.

WILL GRANGER.

AN ex-baseball player is practising dentistry in Scranton. It is to be presumed that he makes a short stop of the tooth-ache, and never gets left on a base. He takes the teeth out on a fly, and all his patients try to get home as soon as possible.

AN Irish debating club—the shilleagh.



OH, THOSE RACES.

The first picture shows Smithers starting for the races. The second shows him as he looked when he got home. The old story—backed the wrong horse, and drowned his sorrows.



If Heraclitus has not had enough of Berkeley for once in his life, he has at least had a chance to learn what it is to be "penny wise and pound foolish." All I wonder at is, that after what I've been through, I am alive to tell the tale. I knew all along that the reason he was so anxious to get me away from Long Branch was on account of the expense, although his sister Lucinda's illness was the pretext—and I guess when he comes to figure up his cash account, he'll wish he'd left us in peace at the sea-shore.

As might have been expected, when we arrived at the home of his ancestors, we found Lucinda up and able to go about the house. I was so mad when I saw how well she was, and knew that we'd been dragged up there for nothing, that I had hard work not to say some pretty sharp things; but I was cold and chilly, had a splitting headache, and was glad to go immediately to bed. The next morning, instead of being better, I had a high fever, and suffered excruciating pain in my right side. Fortunately there was a good doctor in the place, though what an educated man wants to settle in such a miserable little hole for, I can't conceive. He said I had an attack of pleurisy; and as I grew worse instead of better, Heraclitus became frightened, and telegraphed to New York for our own doctor, and to Saratoga for my mother. Owing to the strike, the telegrams were delayed, and it was two or three days before either arrived. In the meantime the family had got pretty well tired out taking care of me. Heraclitus scoured the town for a professional nurse, but neither love nor money could procure what didn't exist. He was so disgusted at his want of success that in an unguarded moment he said he didn't see what anybody wanted to live in such a God-forsaken village for, anyhow. Marie, who was in the room at the time, exclaimed, "This is no village, this is a wildness, with nothing but a few snakes and squirrels, where not so much as a bottle of Vichy or seltzers can be found."

When evening arrived, two of the neighbors came in, country fashion, to sit up with me. I was so miserable that I didn't much care whether I lived or died, and I was scarcely aware of what was transpiring. Towards midnight I fell asleep, and when I awoke the room was filled with a disgusting smoke from the kerosene lamp, and I became painfully conscious that the two old crones were whispering, and about me. From their remarks they had evidently been examining part of my wardrobe, and finally one of them said, "She'll never be any better than she is now." "No," replied the other; "I suppose if she dies here she'll be buried here. They'd probably use the new hearse, and I guess there'd be a pretty big funeral." Du-

ring the pause that followed, I lay thinking of the tawdry gilt-and-black hearse I had seen drive empty past my window the day before, as if waiting for a passenger; but these cheerful reflections were interrupted by one of the women wondering "What she'd be laid out in." This was a little too much, and if it had killed me the next minute I couldn't have kept still. I couldn't raise my head from the pillow, but fortunately the power of speech had not entirely left me, and I told them to call my husband. As soon as he came in I said, These two persons have already made elaborate preparations for my funeral. If I die here, never let me be buried here; and don't have my body carried to the depot in that horrid hearse; I'd rather go on a buckboard. Heraclitus was scared half to death, but he was also very mad. He requested the old women to depart, and I heard him muttering curses under his breath. The next day our own doctor and mother arrived, and things began to assume a more cheerful aspect. The doctor insisted that I should be taken home as soon as I could possibly be moved, and mother quite agreed with him, and they commenced to make preparations for my departure. Lucinda declared it would kill me to move me in the low state I was in, and I finally told her I didn't care if it did; that I'd rather die in a drawing-room car than in a place where people were in such a hurry to bury you that they couldn't wait till the breath had left your body before they commenced making preparations for your funeral. After this speech she subsided, but went around with a terribly injured expression on her face.

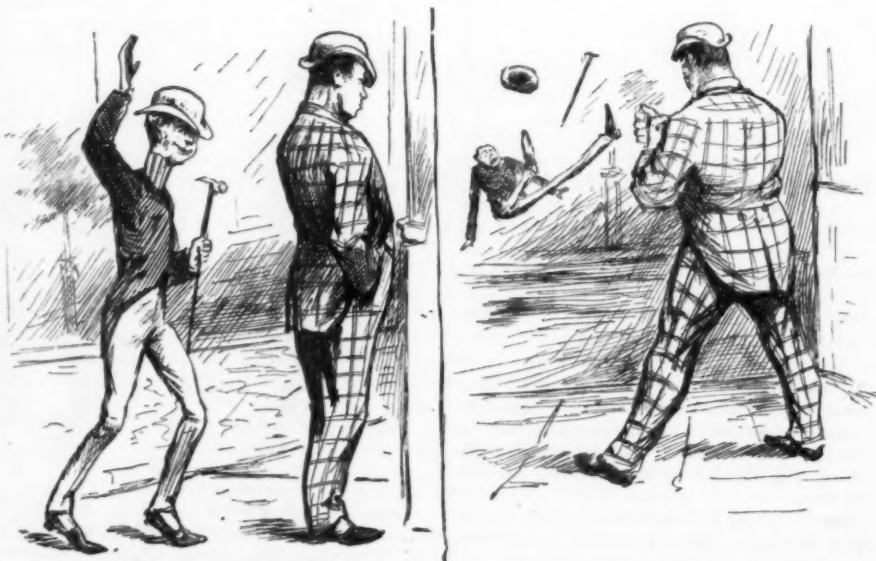
Mother and Marie packed up my belongings, which were pretty numerous, and Heraclitus couldn't resist making some remarks on the folly of having so many clothes, and said there was great sense in bringing all those things up there when all I required was a few night-dresses. I told him if I ever came again I could dispense with even those; a coffin and a shroud would probably be all I should need, and would save the neighbors trouble. Then mother told us both to be quiet, and he came over and kissed me, and promised me all sorts of things if I'd only get well. I told him I guessed the expenses of my illness would be about all he could afford, and he said "D—n the expense! Don't bother your little head about that." This

was comforting, and I must say he behaved very well all along, and was as devoted as I could expect anyone to be.

Such a time as they had getting me home! Of course the doctor had to go with us, for no one knew what might happen. Heraclitus took me out of bed as if I were a baby, and carried me down stairs in his arms. They got me to the station somehow or other, and into a compartment in a parlor car. I was about gone when we reached the house, but as Heraclitus laid me on my own bed in my own room, I managed to ejaculate "There's no place like home!" and fainted dead away.

This was over two weeks ago, and I am now gaining quite rapidly. As soon as I am able I am going with mamma up to Lenox to visit her sister, aunt Penelope, for whom I was named. She is very rich, and has no daughters, and wants me to have Toodledums christened up there at her country place. She rightly says it's time the dear child had a Christian name. Heraclitus is such a heathen that he has never seemed to care whether she was christened or not, and if I'd have died, as I came near doing, I suppose he would never have had it done. As soon as I'm well enough, I'll have this sin of omission off my conscience, at any rate. Besides happening at the height of the Lenox season, it will be quite an event, and aunt Pen. will be sure to have everything very swell. I suppose I shall look very pale and delicate, but that will make me all the more interesting. I shall amuse myself during my convalescence inventing appropriate costumes for Baby, myself and Marie; and we'll see if Heraclitus will "D—n the expense!" again. He probably will, with a different inflection from the one he used a short time ago; and we shall never agree on a suitable name for the child, I am sure.

By-the-way, he was out very late last night, and hasn't appeared in my room to-day at all. I dare say his long fit of total abstinence has ended in poker and champagne, as usual. The doctor has warned him that I must not be worried or excited. Dear mother is still my devoted nurse, and I guess she will see that he is not instrumental in putting an end to the career of his unfortunate wife,  
 PENELOPE PENNYFEATHER.



HALLO, OLD BOY!

GOT THE WRONG MAN.

**Alliterative Acrostic.**

DEDICATED TO GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, BY RED RAIN.

**G**IANT genius! sadly stranded on r de rocks of imbecility,  
**E**stranged, as erewhile Crusoe, on ideal isle of old;  
**O**mnipotent in *Ego*—here *omni* means nihility—  
**R**eluctantly 'tis written, thy mind is fossiled mold.  
**G**reat in thy own opinion—no woful wight is greater;  
**E**nraptured with nonentity—queer "quantity unknown,"  
**F**rom Eld erst evolved by the hand of thy Creator;  
**R**ecluse 'mid mocking multitudes, mendaciously alone.  
**A**nchored to thy penny peanuts and thy own ordained opinions,  
**N**o dog dare bark, no cat can mew while thou dost solemn speak;  
**C**oncentrated in thy subtle self, not one 'mong Mammon's minions  
**I**n ardent admiration cowers, or "cottons" to thy cheek.  
**S**olemn as old storied sages, far famed for falsehood's fallacies,  
**T**hrough all the apish ages of the world, waned before—  
**R**emembrance still remaining—thy myriad-peopled palaces  
**A**re frail as fabled fabrics formed by Genii of yore.  
**I**nsatiate iconoclast! sad slave of dire delusion!  
**N**ew notions wayward fitting athwart thy fancy wild;

**M**okanna, of much prophecy and proud pretense the fusion,  
**A**ntithesis of self thou art, and still by self beguiled.  
**D**ungeoned deep in mundane mystery, a Sphinx-like silence binds thee  
**I**n bonds of rigid reticence—thy loose logistic lore  
**S**o safely thou secretest, till some paragrapher finds thee  
**O**n that balmy bench still sitting, like Poe's raven, evermore:  
 (Now here we drop the curtain from N to P, inclusively.)

**S** \* \* \* \* \*  
**Q** \* \* \* \* \*  
**U** \* \* \* \* \*  
**A** \* \* \* \* \*  
**R** \* \* \* \* \*  
**E** \* \* \* \* \*

**P**resuming that "Quill" quizzical has done his part obtrusively.)  
**H**ow George the Silent bites at bait thus glittering before him  
**I**n gaudy guise, may well be guessed by all who run and read;  
**L**et here suffice—this sylvan sage, who'd stout and sternly swore him  
**O**n peanuts still in silence philosophical to feed,  
**S**oon opens his mouth mysterious, and in phrase epigrammatic,  
**O**n that bench reclining pensive, pours his pent-up medley out;  
**P**atient stands the paragrapher, while the "silent" sage pragmatic  
**H**is maudlin mediocrity in the world's face would flout.  
**E**nough! egad, enough! good friend, Geo. Francis the Erratic!  
**R**etire behind thy bulwarks, and in solemn silence shout!

**T**HE proprietors of the *Farm, Field and Fireside*, Chicago, are meeting with great success in securing subscribers to their publication. In addition to furnishing an excellent paper at the low price of fifty cents for six months, they propose to distribute forty thousand dollars in presents to their subscribers. See their announcement in advertising columns.



MARRIED BLISS.

**HUSBAND** (fondly)—*Are you as happy as you were before we were married?*  
**WIFE** (tenderly)—*Much happier, for I know so many more gentlemen now.*

**Borrowmore Blower's Letter to The Judge.**

**R**ATHER late hours for a benedict, I'll admit, but I don't see why a man should be expected to give up every amusement just because he's gone and got married.

Mrs. Blower milily insinuates that "a husband's enjoyment should be beneath his own roof. If I preferred 'stag' parties, where revelry was kept up to all hours, why did I marry?"

Had I told Mrs. Blower that I married her for the little annuity she settled on me, there would have been more remonstrance and more tears.

I sought in every way, without compromising myself as the head of the house, to reconcile her to my little derelictions, but she remained immovable as a rock.

Therefore, when Jamborino gave one of his inimitable evenings at home last week, I prepared to go, and affected not to hear the sighs or see the tears.

"The third night in one week that I have been left alone," she murmured.

I pretended not to hear her, for I was unyielding in my determination to go, though my conscience told me I was spreading it on, to say the least, rather thick. I am naturally kind-hearted and forgiving. I would show her that I didn't take offence at her remarks regarding my neglect.

While thus ruminating on my way to Jamborino's, I passed a millinery store. The show-window was full of those little calamities that women always want. Chief of them was a pink bonnet—a mite of an affair. I rushed in, for they were putting up the shutters, and purchased it. Pink was Mrs. Blower's favorite color. I would send it as a "peace-offering" to her at once. But the shopkeeper informed me that the errand-boy had gone home; he would send it off the first thing in the morning.

That wouldn't answer. I would take it to

my beloved, myself. I demurred at his putting it in the regulation band-box. I had a capacious pocket in the tail of my coat, where it might be stowed away without damage either to the feathers or flowers, so he wrapped it nicely in tissue paper and placed it therein, and I went on my way to Jamborino's, soothed in mind as to the result.

It was late when I entered. A shout greeted my arrival. "I had broken away from the apron strings!" "Three cheers and a tiger for the hero!" The fun grew fast and furious. Thrice I started for home, but was prevented by mine host from making my adieux.

"If I left thus early," he said, "all would follow suit." At last I got away.

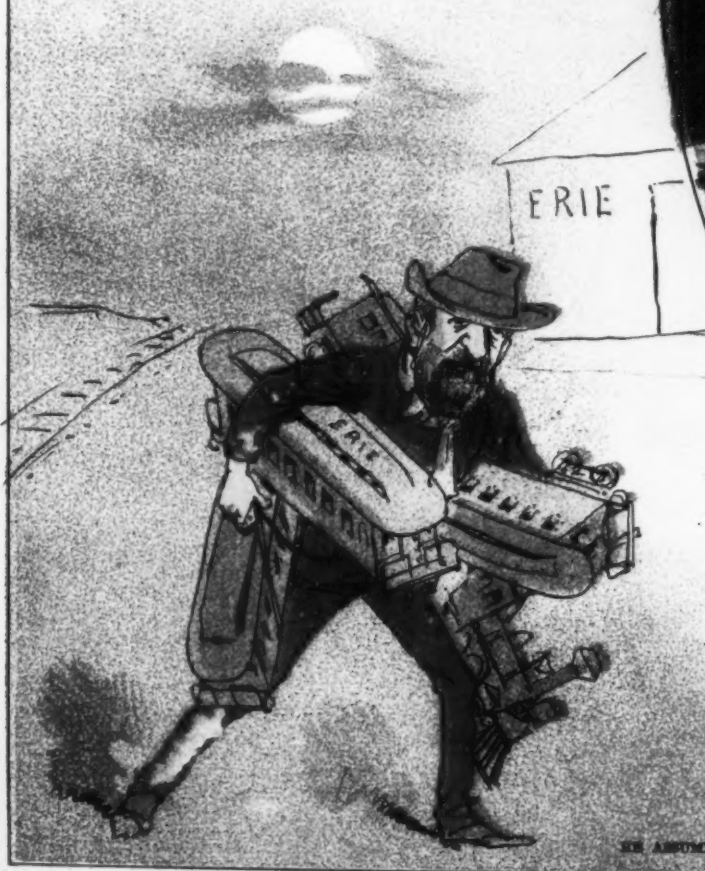
As I was ascending my own steps the neighboring clock chimed three. I fumbled in my pockets for my latch key, but it was not forthcoming. Alas! I was compelled to ring—once—twice—thrice—then I heard a light step. I drew the pink hat from my pocket. In sundry falls from Jamborino's to my own door, I had flattened it like a pancake; but I had no time to remedy it. Mrs. Blower stood in the open doorway confronting me. I handed the bonnet to her and stammered: "Take it, my dear; it's a love of a dove of a duck of a bonnet—a real, live bonnet—" If you could have seen the look she gave me, JUDGE, you wouldn't be Blower; no, not for my little annuity, minus the incumbrances. Speak of "calamities" that befall a man. Mine is that pink bonnet.

Will you believe me, sir, Mrs. Blower—who has never attempted to restore it to its pristine beauty, or put it on her head—has hung it in the flattened shape she received it from me on one of the stag horns that adorn the buffet in our dining room. On the tissue paper is written: "A trophy of Blower's last stag party." Last indeed!

We shall see what we shall see, O JUDGE!

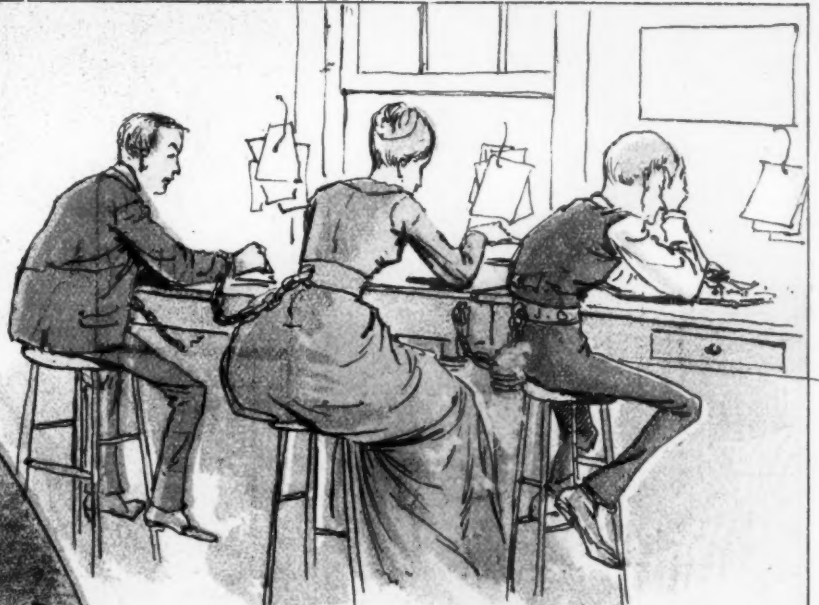


HIS PARTNER GETS THE EXPERIENCE, AND HE GETS THE TANNERY.



HE ASSUMES CONTROL OF THE





HE IS ALWAYS CONSIDERATE TO HIS EMPLOYEES.



HE ENJOYS A LITTLE RECREATION.



HE IS CANONIZED BY A GRATEFUL PUBLIC.

JAWales

TRULY GOOD MAN.



A STUNNING EFFECT.

OLD MOIST COLOR has just finished a "darling" in oil, and was figuring on the price he would put upon it—

When a sudden "whish" of his brush sent his pipe out of his mouth, and covered his beauty with "fine cut." It was a stunner!

### Alonzo Busbee: His Life and Impressions.

BY WILLIAM GILL.

CHAP. V.

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God!"  
—Confessions of S. W. Dorsey.

Many changes has the old mansion seen since the days when large-hearted, hospitable Sir Roderick O'Finnigan, the burly alderman from the Third Ward, held high revel within its walls. By my halidame! those were high old times—for in those days King Tweed had his own—and all the other fellows—and many a fat old contract did he bestow upon his faithful henchman, Sir Roderick. When Wm. M. was forced to abdicate, he was followed into involuntary exile by Sir R., and deserted were the erst while halls of dazzling light; the pop of the champagne cork ceased to echo through the corridors, and the click of the chips was heard no more. Then it was rented by a professor of elocution, and all went well until he ran off with his most promising pupil, Miss Gracie Turban, daughter of the well-known oyster merchant, leaving his wife and four children without a cent, and a month's rent due. They went to the poor house; and then the house was taken by a Jersey City cattle dealer, but his family couldn't get on with the neighbors, who didn't like foreigners nor foreign ways, and they departed—and then it was purchased right out by the present owner, Josiah O. Bullenbear, the eminent and widely respected Wall street broker and banker.

Josiah O. Bullenbear was a distinguished leader of the "Street;" he had a seat in the Stock Exchange, a big balance at his banks, piles of government bonds, a good appetite, a digestion that never went back on him, and a profound reverence for, and untrifled belief in—Josiah O. Bullenbear.

If Josiah O. Bullenbear were commissioned to draw up a new set of commandments, they would, probably, run as follows:

1. There is but one Josiah O. Bullenbear, and every one is his profit.
2. Thou shalt not deal in any stocks except those controlled by Josiah O. Bullenbear.
3. Thou shalt not forge the name of Josiah O. Bullenbear, for the Courts will not hold

him guiltless who forgeth the name of Josiah O. Bullenbear.

4. Remember the settling day of Josiah O. Bullenbear to keep it strictly.

5. Honor Josiah O. Bullenbear's drafts upon thee that thy balance may be long in the Bank which the laws of the State have given thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill Josiah O. Bullenbear.

7. Thou shalt not adulterate the food thou selleth to Josiah O. Bullenbear.

8. Thou shalt not steal from Josiah O. Bullenbear.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against Josiah O. Bullenbear.

10. Thou shalt not covet Josiah O. Bullenbear's house; thou shalt not covet Josiah O. Bullenbear's yacht, nor his trotters, nor his wine, nor his railroads, nor his horse cars, nor his mule cars, nor anything that is Josiah O. Bullenbear's.

Josiah's father had been an honest, hard-working bricklayer, but shrewd withal; a boom in building struck the city, and Josiah's father struck the boom. He took contracts, got the price of sound bricks and adhesive mortar and saved quite a lot of unnecessary expense by substituting second-rate half-baked clay cubes, and mixed his sand with inferior lime. Then he got city contracts, and made streets and laid sewers; then he got railroad contracts, made beds and laid rails; for the latter took shares in part payment; then a railroad boom struck the country, and again Josiah's father struck the boom. He bought when low, and sold when high, and in the course of years Josiah's father was president of three big roads and carried half a dozen little ones in his pockets. At last a boom struck Josiah's father that he couldn't strike back—Death—and the old gentleman was gathered to his forebears and Josiah became the boss. He kept the ball that his father had started rolling, and the more it rolled the bigger it became. From the loins of Josiah, with a public school education, sprang sons and daughters who received college polishing, and they grew up cultured, even to the verge of high-tonedness did they become, and from the summit of their mountain of refinement and wealth, they looked down with scorn upon working and trades-people; and toaded British Dooks and Hearls, and were laughed

at for their pains; for British Lords are damphools by right of descent, and the would-be damphool of plebian parentage, is such a very poor travestie of the legitimate damphool that he only excites ridicule when he fondly hopes for affinity.

Oh! Josiah the First, had you, when climbing the builder's ladder with a hodful of bricks on your hardened shoulder, been vouchsafed a look into futurity, and there beheld your almost immediate descendants scorning the class to which you belonged, and contemptuously regarding the work which laid the foundation of their fortunes, I am inclined to think, Oh! Josiah, premier, that you would have stuck to hod-carrying, spent your earnings as quickly as you made them, and let your offspring rely upon their own hands and brains for their income. And oh—not alone you, Josiah, but all the other Josiah's; the ferry-Josiah's, the farmer-Josiah's, the tinker, the tailor and the candlestick-maker Josiah's—if you had, what a lot of empty cottages Newport would behold to-day!

But Josiah O. Bullenbear wasn't a bad fellow for a rich man. And that is more than can be said of every millionaire.

It is easier for Jumbo to get into a box car than for a rich man to avoid being N. G.

Josiah O. would do a good turn for any man, provided it gave him no trouble and didn't cost him a cent. In all his stock transactions he was never known to rob anyone who was too smart for him, and he never put false information in the path of a man who wasn't worth plucking. He was particularly kind, too, to the employees on his roads. He never expected any of them to work more than eighteen hours a day, for he held that the poorest and humblest should have time for rest and recreation; and if the wages he paid them were barely sufficient to provide them and their families with the commonest and cheapest necessities of life, it was not because he grudged them a living salary—no, he did it to prevent them buying fruit, and candies, and jam pies for their children, and so averted mild stomach-ache and serious attacks of cholera morbus.

The manner in which Josiah O. became possessed of the mansion on Washington Heights was characteristic of the man. The owner, old Tom Wade, had been a partner of Josiah's father, and, at one critical period in the latter's career, had at great monetary risk saved him from ruin. Old Tom took a great fancy to Josiah O., and many a happy day did the latter, when a boy, spend in old Tom's mansion, and many a five-dollar bill did old Tom bestow upon him when he grew older and longed for the seductive pleasures of theatre, ball and pool for drinks—pleasures he would have had to forego but for his old friend, for in those days Josiah the first grew miserly in his habits and allowed his son and heir barely enough to keep him in collars and cuffs. Naturally, Josiah O. became very much attached to old Tom, and felt a love for the old mansion, a love so strong that when his father died, and he married, he longed to rear up his children within its walls. He made up his mind to possess it, and when Josiah O. made up his mind to possess anything he generally succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. Now old Tom had a son who was the apple—aye, the very California pear—of his eye, and the son was worthy of the deep love his father bore him; he was honest, manly, generous, in short, a white man, from the very middle of White Man County, and was actively engaged in the cotton business, and rapidly on the way to fortune. Old Tom gloried in his

son's success, and the closing hours of the life of Josiah Bullenbear's old-time partner were brightened by the sweet ministering care of his daughter-in-law—for young Frank Wade lived with the old man—and the shouts and pranks of Frank's children, which echoed through the wide corridors of the ancient mansion on the Heights. Josiah O. saw his chance and grabbed it. He got Frank interested in stocks and—but why go over the old, old story, as old as that of love, but not quite so pleasant. To save his son, old Tom sacrificed the remnants of his fortune—those went—into Josiah O. Bullenbear's pocket; his mansion—that went—into Josiah O. Bullenbear's possession. Then, old Tom, having nothing more to sacrifice, died, a homeless, broken-hearted old man; Frank got deeper and deeper into the mire, the awful, clinging, sinking mire of the "Street," took to drink, and, in order to get out of all the fuss and bother into which gambling—I beg the "Street's" pardon—speculation had led him, and to make things nice and pleasant for his wife and children, Frank put a pistol muzzle to his forehead and blew himself into the shining land where "puts and calls" are unknown, and the knowledge of harp playing is necessary before one can take out one's naturalization papers. His wife took to plain sewing and starvation as gracefully as she knew how, and his children dwindled "peak and pine," and finally dropt into their little graves, quietly, modestly, and without the smallest particle of ostentation, as befitted the gentlemanly instincts they had inherited from their father.

But Josiah O. Bullenbear had the mansion on the Heights, and that fact was of more importance to him than the wiping out of an old friend's family.

[To be continued in our next—unless the author joins George Edgar in another Shakesperian syndicate.]—Ed.

Chronicles of Gotham.

CHAPTER XIV.

1. And it came to pass, that during the journeying of Chezter to the land of the setting sun,
2. That divers and certain men of the kingdom of Unkulpsalm did say among themselves:
3. Let us make a secret among ourselves with oaths and obligations to the keeping of this secret.
4. And when we are many and are strong, will we go to the West, even to the place where Chezter and Robert, the son of Abraham, and the men called Rollins and Vest are;
5. And we will place ourselves round about the borders of the place, even to his sleeping place will we draw near.
6. And in fulness of the time will we take and bind Chezter, and Robert, and the men Rollins and Vest. Yea, even the leader of the fighting men will we take also.
7. And we will convey them to the land that no man knoweth the place whereof save those of our band, and those who by reason of obligations are with us. Yet in no wise will we harm these men.
8. And when we have got them fast, and they are in our power, then we will say unto the dwellers of the camps and of the tribes,
9. Even those of the tribes of Dimmikrats, and of the tribes of the Republicans, and of the tribes of Stalwarts, will we say:
10. Call ye your tribes together, and of



C. O. D.

PATIENT—When do I take this, Doctor!

DOCTOR—Just as soon as it is paid for.

your lawmakers and the chiefs of the tribes called Senate, and say unto them:

11. Verily, of truth, this, our chief ruler, Chezter, is taken, and with him are men who, by reason of the places they hold, are valuable, and we know not the place.
12. Now, this kingdom of Unkulpsalm is without a head, which is in no way right; so we must make terms with these men who by trickery have taken him.
13. For they have sent men to us, saying, Give to us thus and so, even to a large amount of shekels, so we will then give this man Chezter and his following up to you, and he may go free.
14. And when the people did learn of these things they did at first feel a great fear, by reason of the kingdom being without a head.
15. And they did say: Give to them who hold the chief ruler this money. Those men called Senate did say:
16. Nay, not so fast; we must do this thing in our way, which is to send a committee to the holders of our ruler, and let them be in no way hurried.
17. And when the committee return, which peradventure will be in a few months, then we will talk to them, and we will send more men to the holders, and they will say them nay.
18. For is it not plain to be seen that by the keeping of him, our ruler, whose name is Chezter, and his following, that we can do as we please, and no one to say we are wrong?
19. And moreover the time is drawing near when we will choose a new man to rule over us, and then this man Chezter will be of no value.
20. And the people did say amongst them-

selves, Lo, these men do say a wise thing, and we will wait.

21. Now, while the men of the tribes were making vain talk, and eating many feedings to help them talk, the ruler, whose name is Chezter, was having pleasure by reason of the fish which he did catch.
22. And he did say, I am content; let me, thy servant, oh people, rest in peace, for do I not have food and shelter, and do I not escape the buzzing of those insects whose name is legion, who go by the name of office-seekers?
23. Verily, I say unto ye, I am happy; pay no ransom for me, and in the fullness of time will I see you again.
24. Now, while all these things were going on in the West, lo and behold, in the East, the men of the tribe of Politicians were busy about the next ruler, and did not worry about Chezter and Robert, and Rollins and Vest.
25. And the men who had made this secret and had held the chief ruler, were disgusted, and did say: Get ye gone; there is no money in the holding of ye.
26. And Chezter did go, and was free.—Selah.

JONES, who is at present sporting a pair of number elevens, to make room for a painfully large corn crop, when addressed by a friend the other day, in regard to the noticeable area of his feet, replied, beginning to weep as he did so: "Yes, they are large; there are two full achres of them." Jones has been sent for by the managers of the Louisville Exposition.

THE most prominent man in the city is the street sweeper. He fills the public eye.

## THE JUDGE.



THE Kiralfy Brothers are doing a rushing business at Niblo's. Money is refused each night at the doors, and seats are being sold several weeks in advance, for the pantomime-ballet "Excelsior" is a most brilliant spectacle, and has proved to be an enormous success. Notwithstanding its purity, and the fact that there is nothing in it to "cause a blush of shame to rise to the cheek of maidenly innocence," it is quite as extensively patronized by the irrepresible bald-heads as was the Black Crook in its palmy days, and *pater familias*, bent upon making hay while the sun shines, is taking in all he can of it before the late arrival of the *mater* and the olive branches from their summer sojourn. He will assure you that there is nothing in it to offend the most fastidious, but when his wife arrives and asks "What's going on at the theatres?" he'll tell her about Barrett in "Francesca da Rimini," or how Jefferson opened McKee Rankin's new Third Avenue Theatre. Then he'll promise to take her to see Irving, but ten to one he'll never mention "Excelsior," or say a word about Miss Flindt and her twinkling feet, although they've been dancing before his eyes every night for three weeks. But the female head of the family reads the papers, and some fine day she'll discover that "Excelsior" is "instructively scientific," and so she'll take the children and go to a matinee, and the boys will be astonished at the transformations and the Brooklyn Bridge scene and the Suez canal, and when they get home they'll tell papa all about it. He, poor man, will preserve a dignified silence, while his thoughts revert to the dance of Alneh, and the undulating movements of the legs and white arms of the ballet, and the next night he'll tell his wife that he's going down to Niblo's to see "what kind of a play that is, anyhow."

There has been a great deal said of late about the importation of English actors, but are we not having our revenge? Are not Mary Anderson, Willie Edouin, Lillian Russell and Minnie Palmer all playing in England. Later on, if we cannot give them a Roland for an Oliver, we shall at least have the pleasure of sending them a Barrett for an Irving.

Speaking of Minnie Palmer, one naturally identifies her with the play of "My Sweetheart," written for her by William Gill. Mr. Gill, we are informed, has lately made arrangements with R. E. Graham, who formerly played the part of Tony in this play, to send it on the road. As the new organization will be backed by abundant capital, and will have the benefit of the lavish advertising wherewith John Rogers has flooded the country for the last three seasons, it ought to do well.

Nearly all the theatres are now in full blast. The Fifth Avenue, gorgeous in silk plush and a Broadway entrance, is filled with the music of Aimee's warblings in "La Princesse des Canaries." Later on we are to have Mr. Stetson's stock company in "Ruy Blas,"

with Charles Coghlan in the title role and Miss Gerard as the Queen.

At the Union Square the Charles Wyndham Company are playing "The Great Divorce Case," and "The Merry Duchess" is on at the Standard.

The San Francisco Minstrel are drawing crowded houses. The "Only Leon," as the papers say, having made an unprecedented hit.

Edwin Thorne has unfurled "The Black Flag" at the new Third Avenue Theatre, and "The Rajah," as usual, drags its slow length along at the Madison Square.

"Heart and Hand" holds the boards at Daly's, and Harrigan and Hart delight the audiences that nightly fill the Theatre Comique with their performances of "Mulligan Guard Ball."

## P. P. C.

(PARTING PRAYER OF A CYNIC.)

WOULD you take a tonic to-night, *ma chere*?

Would you brisk your blood with a little cry?  
Then tell your lord, with your prettiest air,  
Some sweet and simple traditional lie;

And just for this once—only once—forego

The joys you have (which with me you'd have missed.)

Put on the old dress of an age ago,

With the little frills of lace at the wrist.

Who'd know you so, *ma lionne*? You may come,

Without fear, by the old familiar way—  
Veiled, if you like—to my empty home;  
Not even a dun will be there to-day—

And enter my room. With face all white

And helpless head dropping down on the chest,  
With teeth set firm and fingers clenched tight,  
And a new expression of perfect rest,

You will see from the door in the gaslight's glare

Your first season's lover and lord, my sweet,  
Stretched out, as good as a French *premiere*,  
And pinned by a dagger unto the sheet.

A bullet's not sure; besides, it would soil

The perfect white I would wear at the last—  
And then—well, I haven't the heart to spoil  
A feature wherever your kiss has passed.

Nay, never start! You will not be hurt.

Perfumed and bedecked for this gala day,  
I have just now fastened upon my shirt  
One small rotted rose from your last bouquet.

I will choose a *debonnair* pose, to lie,

Asleep, like a child, with half-open eyes.  
Few men now know even how to die—  
I'll try to die as a gentleman dies.

One last request, now, love—it is this:

(Never mind the lover who outbid me),  
One kiss on my senseless forehead—a kiss  
As long as our kisses were wont to be.

I have nothing left—but still, if you should

Take a hand at draw to-night when you go,  
You may dip your handkerchief in my blood—  
It is said that brings one luck, you know:

And if, to-morrow, the friends you are with

In the greenroom there, with its gas ablaze,  
Should rustle their silks and fling in your teeth  
Their diamond hoops and their teams of bays,

Just answer back, with a flirt of your fan,

"I like some different triumphs, you see;  
Yesterday, at this moment, a man  
Killed himself, *comarades*, for love of me!"

ONE may have a more disagreeable habit than tobacco-chewing, but that's snuff.



## A WARM RECEPTION.

HUSBAND—Home again (hic), home again from a foreign shore!

WIFE—Yes, and I am waiting to receive you.

## The Shoshone Reception.

CALMLY the August sun shone down  
When Arthur rode to the Shoshone town,  
And every warrior left his tent  
To join in greeting the President.

Old chief Sharp Nose, with costume rare,  
Six big feathers stuck in his hair;  
And chief Black Coal wore his summer clothes—  
Two massive ear-rings in his nose.

Hole-in-the-Fence, attired in taste,  
With a buckskin belt about his waist;  
And the other braves as gaily dressed,  
Came to welcome their famous guest.

But His Excellency smole a smile  
To see the squaws waltz forth in style;  
Moccasins some of the *bon ton* wore,  
And beads on their dark necks—nothing more.

Hosts and guests squatted on the ground,  
While the rank old pipe of peace went round;  
The President took a powerful puff,  
But he took no more—one was enough.

With that one whiff his lips grew blue,  
His face assumed an ashen hue;  
His whole frame quivered like a leaf,  
And thus he murmured to the chief:

"Here, take this calumet, blamed quick!  
The blasted thing has made me sick.  
To horse! to horse! for the Yellowstonel  
I've had enough of the gay Shoshone!"

## Didn't Get a Chance to See the City.

"EVER been in Providence, R. I.?" asked one friend of another.

"Oh, yes."

"Quite a metropolitan looking city from the depot, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so; but the fact is, I've never seen much of the city."

"Thought you said you'd spent a night there?"

"Yes, I did; I arrived at 6.30 p. m.; got full; was locked up at 7. Came up in the police court at 9 a. m., and the judge gave me twenty minutes to get of town in—and I got! The fact is, I didn't get a chance to see much of the city."

MEN, like books, have at each end of life a blank leaf—the adolescence of childhood and the senility of old age.

**AGENTS WANTED** EVERYWHERE to sell the best FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE ever invented. Will knit a pair of Stockings with HEEL and TOE COMPLETE in TWENTY minutes. It will also knit a great variety of Fancy-Work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the TOWMBLY KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY, 163 Tremont street, Boston.

# \$40,000 IN PRESENTS GIVEN AWAY!

This Offer Good Till Thanksgiving Day Only.

The proprietors of the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE**, being desirous of having their already well-known and popular Agricultural and Family paper more widely circulated and introduced into houses where it is not already known, have determined to throw off all profits this year, and in addition use a portion of their capital for the sole purpose of increasing their circulation to 100,000 copies. Its circulation is now 65,000. Only 35,000 more needed before the distribution takes place. After deciding to more extensively advertise than ever before, the following plan has been adopted by us:

## FOR 50 CENTS

We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** regularly to you for Six Months and immediately send a printed numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following Presents to be given away at our **THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL**.

### Partial List of Presents to Be Given Away.

4 U. S. Government Bonds at \$1000.....	\$5000 00	1000 Pocket Silver Fruit Knives.....	\$1000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of \$500.....	5000 00	1000 Gents' Pocket Knives.....	1000 00
10 U. S. Greenbacks of \$100.....	1000 00	1000 U. S. Greenbacks of \$1 each.....	1000 00
1 Matched pair of Trotting Horses.....	1000 00	1000 Gents' Gold Watches, English Movement.....	500 00
1 Grand Square Piano.....	800 00	10 Ladies' Gold Watches, English Movement.....	600 00
1 Grand Cabinet Organ.....	300 00	20 Boys' Silver Watches, American Movement.....	300 00
1 Three-seat Rockaway.....	300 00	8 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings.....	400 00
1 Silver Dinner Service.....	100 00	3 Patent Harvesters.....	1000 00
6 Top Buggies.....	1800 00	1 Normandy Work Horse.....	500 00
20 U. S. Greenbacks of \$50 each.....	1000 00	2500 Elegant Photographs.....	25 00
1000 Photograph albums \$2 each.....	2000 00	5 Rare Silk Parlor Suit Furniture.....	1000 00
2 Village Cats.....	200 00	1000 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chains.....	1000 00
1 Pony Phaeton.....	100 00		

And 82,395 other presents valued from 25 cents to \$1.00, which makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 Cts., as directed. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by committee chosen at the Festival by the Subscribers; this festival will take place without fail. It will not be necessary for Subscribers to attend the Festival, as presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. Yet it is to be hoped as many will be present as possible. **THE 50 CENTS** which you send us is the regular price for Six Months' Subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the presents. **OUR PROFIT** will be in your future patronage, as we believe you will like our paper so well that you will always remain a subscriber. **YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE.** Get five of your friends to join you by cutting this out and showing it to them. Send us \$2.50 and we will send you the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** for six months, and a numbered receipt for each of your subscribers and one extra for your trouble. **SEND FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** with \$5 and we will send 12 subscriptions and twelve numbered receipts. We shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions early.

## THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

is one of the oldest and ablest edited Family and Agricultural papers. It contains twenty large pages (Eighty Columns), including elegant cover, bound, stitched and cut. And now has a circulation of 65,000 copies, and we are sure to reach the 100,000 at the time set, and the distribution of presents will take place on that date. It contains **Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Farm, Garden, Household and Agricultural Departments by the best Contributors of the day**, as well as an **Illustrated Fashion Department, Needle and Embroidery Work**. Illustrations of different parts of the **UNITED STATES and Biographical Sketches of Eminent Men and Women**. In short, it contains that which will interest, instruct and amuse the whole family. **THE PROPRIETORS** are men of means, who always have done as they agree, and our paper is long established and reliable, with sufficient capital to carry out and fulfill to the letter any offer we may make. **TO THOSE WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE FESTIVAL** we will send a printed List of the Awards, and all presents will be forwarded to holders of Receipts as they may direct. If you have not seen this elegant and beautiful paper, send for a Sample Copy which will be sent Free. **ONLY 50 CENTS** secures the **FARM, FIELD & FIRESIDE** for Six Months, and a numbered receipt. This paper is worth double the subscription price. As to our reliability we refer those who do not know us to any reputable Publisher in Chicago. Money in sums of \$1.00 or less may be sent in ordinary letter at our risk, larger sums should be sent by Registered Letter, P. O. money order or Express. **REMEMBER THESE are Presents to our Subscribers given to them absolutely Free.** Cut this out and show to friends, acquaintances and neighbors, as it will not appear again, and is the last opportunity you will have to take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Two-cent Postage Stamps taken in sums less than \$1.00.

The **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE**, 89 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

### Read These Testimonials.

**CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1883.**  
We have furnished the paper for the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** for several months, and have always found its Proprietors honorable in their dealings, and prompt in their payments.

**CHICAGO PAPER CO.**

**CHICAGO, Aug. 21, 1887.**  
The Proprietors of the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE** have paid me several thousand dollars for press-work on their paper. I have always found them prompt in all transactions.

**A. G. NEWELL.**

**August 15, 1882.**  
I am highly pleased with your paper. The information concerning Poultry management alone is worth five times the price of your paper, saying nothing about the valuable Farm Information. Interesting stories, etc.

**W. R. SIMPSON,**  
SLIPUP, Morgan Co., Ala.

**BRAIDWOOD, Ill., Aug. 11, 1883.**  
I am very much pleased with your paper. Every number seems to me to become more attractive and profitable. I have shown it to several of my friends, who were at once delighted with it.

**Mrs. J. F. EHLE.**

**WAUSEON, O., Aug. 11, 1883.**  
I received a copy of the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE**, some days ago and must say that I was well pleased with it. I find it a first-class journal for the farmers, of whom I am one. With such an agricultural journal every farmer can receive much benefit.

**M. H. HAYES.**

**MEXICO, Junata Co., Pa., July 24, 1883.**  
I herewith send you the names of fifteen subscribers to the **FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE**, which I secured in less than an hour.

**B. L. SHUMAN.**

**SOUTH UNION, Ky., July 18, 1883.**  
It is certainly the best paper I ever saw, neat, plain, instructive and beautifully illustrated.

**E. L. HOTE.**

**ILDERTON, ONT., Aug. 3, 1883.**  
I have lately been a subscriber to your tasty and profitable paper, and must say I am more than pleased with it. I gave my subscription, in the first place, more to have a chance for one of the many presents than for anything contained in the paper; but I find the paper is worth three or four times the money beside all presents.

**S. W. PAISLEY.**

**PORTSMOUTH, VA., July 9, 1883.**  
I received the papers all right and am delighted. My friends and subscribers say they are surprised at its size and beauty. Every person that has seen the paper acknowledges it to be the best paper printed, and say it is worth \$3 per year.

**TIMOTHY MOSELEY.**

**The Summer Vacation.**  
THE minister went to the mountains  
His summer vacation to pass,  
Where health's inexhaustible fountains  
E'er flow for the well-to-do class.  
  
Where Nature, in all her moods, pleases,  
Fair scenes ever greeting the gaze;  
Where laden with health are the breezes,  
And joy gilds the bright summer days.  
  
The season he passed there with pleasure,  
New vigor he felt in his frame;  
While joyously spending his leisure  
In fishing and gunning for game.  
  
One night he had eaten cucumbers,  
And long to woo Morpheus he tried;  
At length, when he sank to his slumbers,  
The minister dreamed that he died.  
  
And that he went straight up to Heaven,  
Where angels the gates ever guard—  
The mansion for which he had striven  
At last was to be his reward;  
  
But fancy his sad situation,  
The portals this placard did show:  
"Heaven's closed for the summer vacation,  
All callers must go down below."  
—Somerville Journal.  
  
**A Hotel Clerk for Once Comes to Grief.**  
SOME of the boys put up a job on a Cincinnati hotel clerk not long ago. A lady had registered during the day and was assigned a room. One of the boys knew her

and also knew that her husband would come in on a late train; so he told the others and they met the husband at the station, took him to the hotel and sent him to his wife's room without letting the clerk see him. About half-past eleven o'clock, while the crowd was in the office, a watchman came down, and, after a whispered conference with the clerk, in which could be heard something about a man in 214, the clerk and watchman slipped upstairs. The boys followed and got within hearing distance. Just as they reached the door, "Listen," said the watchman, "hear his voice." "That's so; a man as sure as the world; wonder who he is; she looked like a lady, too," said the clerk. "You can't always tell," said the watchman; "I look mighty close at them kind." "Well, we can't have it, and I'll throw her out." And he knocked at the door. All was still. Then another knock. "Who's there?" said a woman's voice. "It's me, the clerk," was the ungrammatical reply. "What do you want?" "Open the door, there's something important." "I can't; I'm not dressed." "But you must." "I tell you I won't." "Will you tell me if there is a man in there?" "Yes, there is." "Well, that's what the row's about, and he's got to come out or I'll kick the door down. This is a respectable hotel and we won't stand any such performances." Then the door opened and a man appeared. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "What are you doing in there this time of night?" asked the clerk. "I'm getting ready to go to bed." "But you won't do it in this hotel. Both of you get up p. d. q., or I'll

call the police." "All right, call your police; if a man and wife can't stop peaceably at a hotel, it's time the police were cleaning the place out." "What's that? Are you her husband?" "Why, you blamed fool, did you think I wasn't?" Then there was a guffaw at the other end of the hall, and the clerk looked up in time to see six coat tails disappearing around the corner, and when he got down to the office the boys were waiting for him to "set 'em up," and he did.—Hotel Reporter.

**Abdicated.**  
BY NORA PERRY.  
So I step down and you step up;  
Why not—why not?  
I drained the draught, flung down the cup;  
And you have got  
The little place I once called mine,  
And you will quaff  
The wine I quaffed and call it fine—  
It makes me laugh.  
You'll get so weary of the thing  
Before you're through,  
The shows, the lies, the pattering  
Of all the crew.  
I wonder if somewhere beyond  
This earthly track,  
When we have slipped the fleshy bond,  
We shan't look back  
With just this kind of glad relief,  
And laugh to find  
That we have left the grind and grief  
So far behind?—Exchange.

### A Rocky Mountain Eagle.

"Do you want an item?" were the words uttered by a homely son of Adam, or some other foreigner, as he dropped down on a Brussels divan in my office the other day.

"Yes, indeed," I remarked, "I am always glad to get news."

"All right, sir," said the stranger, "Give me a pencil and some paper, and I'll write it up. I was on the spot, and I'll write it as I saw it."

Here is his item:

"There was a dance at the South Town Hall the other night. It was not a swell affair by any means, but it was on the whole a very happy and really pleasant affair. About the time when the 'iron was at fever heat,' to use a classic expression, in careered a hungry and cadaverous specimen of humanity. He was long, brutal and ugly, and considerably under the influence of the ardent. He was loud and boisterous, and was fairly withering and decaying for a fight. He was 'spiling' for a hand-to-hand. He thirsted for gore, and wanted to eat some one's blood raw, just for the fun of the thing. Jumping up, dancing about, and flopping his long arms wildly in the air, he yelled out:

"I'm a rocky mountain eagle just from Texas; I'm the king of birds. I'm a howler, a screecher, a back-acting-tornado, wild, wooly, a yard wide, and warranted not to rip, tear, or run down at the heel, or take water. Whoop, la! I want to fight some homely son of a star-spangled banner. Come! one two, three, or half a dozen of you. Just tread on my tail. Don't be so selfish. Give me a chance to amuse myself, and whet up my appetite for a good breakfast. Whoop, la!"

During this Fourth of July display of eloquence timid women rushed to the other end of the room, brave men went to keep them company, and the police heard a peculiar noise four or five blocks away, and started to see what it was.

All of a sudden the rocky mountain eagle sprang up, and came down like several brick-kilns, and flinging his arms, yelled out: "Whoop, la! won't somebody accommodate me? Can it be possible that I have stumbled in on a sewing bee or a woman's rights' convention? Great Caesar! I—

But he had scarcely pronounced the "I" when a little locomotive engineer with a blue shirt and thick neck, walked up to him and said:

"Look a-here, Mr. Rocky Mountain Eagle, mountain howitzer, or Texas ranger, or whatever you are, we have had enough, and too much of your flapping wings and screaming about here. You want to pull out the throttle and move out, the track is clear!"

The little fellow didn't quiver. He looked as cold as a wedge, and as tranquil as one of Raphael's 800-years old cherubs.

The Eagle sneeringly and scornfully looked down on the little fellow, and surveying him from head to foot, sneeringly remarked:

"Young man, does your ma have any idea you are out? Get up here and ride yourself to sleep." At the same time snapping his thumb and fingers together.

The engineer deliberately began laying off his coat. The Eagle prepared to swallow him whole.

\* \* \* \* \*

The stars represent the story.

The next morning the fellow rolled over in his bed and moaned: "Yes, yes; I'm a Rocky Mountain Eagle, I am; but my wings

are clipped, and my tail feathers have been pulled out."

The attending physician says he thinks he can save his eyes, but his nose will never look natural again.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

### Surprised at His Ignorance.

In the elegant drawing-room of a Cincinnati pork merchant's mansion a large company was assembled. All the luxury that wealth could command contributed to the gratification of the guests. Upon a blue satin divan the pork merchant's daughter, gorgeous in silks, and pearls, and diamonds, was conversing with a friend. Presently her father approached and said:

"Pauline, I wish to say a word to you."

The girl arose and accompanied her parent to the seclusion of a bay window.

"Pauline," began the old man, "there's a couple of Cleveland dudes in the dining room having a hot talk about Copernicus. I was afraid they were going to ask me to decide the point, so I made some excuse to get out and come to you. Now, tell me, who was Copernicus?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Pauline, "how could you be so ignorant? Why, any school boy knows who Copernicus was. He sailed from Palos, Spain, on the 3d of August, 1492, and discovered America the following October."

The venerable purveyor of swine gazed exultingly at his daughter a moment and then said, with a suggestion of sadness in his tone:

"Pauline, my child, if I had your brains I might have been a United States Senator from Ohio."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Two things in life are absolutely certain,—death and sorrow; and these two, about which there is nothing contingent, alone possesses the power to surprise us. All that is problematical we are ready for, and accept without lifting our eyebrows; but this figure of sorrow, whose shadow falls athwart our path a few days' journey ahead, and death, who waits at its end without clamor, since he is sure of us—to these we say, "It cannot be! it is impossible!" We count upon the uncertain; the inevitable surprises us.—*Hardy's "But Yet a Woman."*

It might be a good idea to let the \$10-a-day legislators take the first trip through the Niagara rapids on the new Maid of the Mist with Oscar Wilde as pilot and Ben Butler as ballast.—*Phila. News.*

"A SNAKE twelve feet long wrapped itself around the fore and hind wheels of a Nevada stage the other day, blocking progress until killed." The cork was then put in the bottle and the party proceeded.—*Hartford Post.*

EVE must have had a good deal more time in which to do her housework than the modern woman. She had no looking-glass to be running to every half hour.—*Somerville Journal.*

In France, women live an average thirteen years longer than men. This is as it should be. It is only a woman who looks well in mourning costume.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Pittsburg man tried to pawn his wife's wig, false teeth, artificial limb and glass eye; but then a man who marries a woman like that will do anything.—*Phila. News.*

WOODCOCKS are plenty in beer kegs.—*Marathon Herald.*



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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

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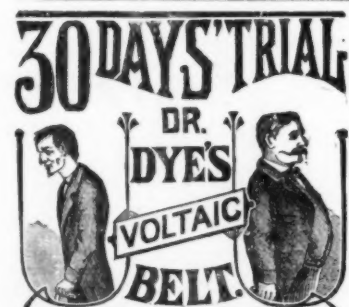
CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sun-Burn and Greasy Skin.

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. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass.

### Take Notice.

FOR 50c. (in stamps) 300 Elegant Scrap Pictures, no two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.



(BEFORE — AND — AFTER)

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND FLUID, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

### A BOON TO MEN

All those who from indiscretions, excesses or other causes are weak, nervous, low spirited, physically drained, and unable to perform life's duties properly, can be certainly and permanently cured, without stomach medicines. Endorsed by doctors, ministers and the press. *The Medical Weekly says:* "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, &c. is wholly succeeded by THE MARSTON BOLT'S." Even hopeless cases assured of certain restoration to full and perfect manhood. Simple, effective, cleanly, pleasant. Send for treatise. Consultation with physician free. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th St., New York.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

### BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the 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.

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE. Leading Nos.: C48, 14, 133, 333, 161. FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

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

**WITH FIVE DOLLARS**

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE  
**Imperial Austrian Vienna City GOVERNMENT BOND.**  
Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY. Until each and every Bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every Bond must draw a prize, as THERE ARE NO BLANKS.

THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO  
**200,000 FLORINS,  
50,000 FLORINS,  
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WHEN John helped Nan take in the clothes,  
And put them in the basket,  
She thought he'd kiss her, but poor John  
Was waiting for Nantasket,  
So when they went up to the well,  
And John had filled the bucket,  
She slyly came behind him—and—  
Well, then, of course, Nantucket.

—Somerville Journal.

GIRL in hammock,  
Reading book,  
Catches man  
By hook or crook.  
Girl in kitchen,  
Scrubbing pan,  
Can not gobble  
Any man.  
Ten years later,  
Head in whirl,  
Man wishes he'd taken  
Kitchen girl.—Ex.

"JABEZ," said his wife sharply, "that man you hired last week is down with the lockjaw. Now, I want to know if that's anything ketchin'?" And Jabez looked at her with tears in his eyes and said, in mournful tones: "Oh, no. No. No. Alas! no, taint ketchin'." And he says, although she won't believe it, that he doesn't know what made her so outrageously mad about it.—Ex.

"Yes," says Mrs. Snaggs, "I left my husband at home to take care of the baby while I went to the theatre. He didn't say anything much when I came home except that I never looked so handsome to him, but I found the next day that our parrot had learned some horrible, horrible words."—Boston Post.

A JOHNSVILLE young man concluded to sprinkle red pepper on the floor of a dance hall, "just for a joke." The joke was carried out—and so was the young man. The latter, however, was not carried out so quietly as the former.—Norr. Herald.

SOME people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income, and they will want you to furnish the income.—N. O. Picayune.

ARAB proverb: Three things the sun shines on which will not go when bidden. A mule, the Keely motor and the Republican party.—Boston Advertiser.

In Germany they like "Evangeline." A German comic opera is a very serious thing, something not to be laughed at or made fun of.—Boston Transcript.

ABOUT the most amusing thing we know of is to watch a bald-headed man with a wig try to scratch his head in church on a Sunday morning.—Saturday American.

WHEN Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.—Boston Transcript.

CONGRESSIONAL bills are used by the Washington butter merchants for wrapping paper. This better than passing them.—N. Y. Journal.

FRENCH medical journals state that decay of the teeth is caused by excessive mental labor. Eating candy is not an excessive mental labor.—Lowell Courier.

"THERE is nothing like leather." Perhaps not; but a Coney Island fried clam is an imitation that is well calculated to deceive.—Norristown Herald.

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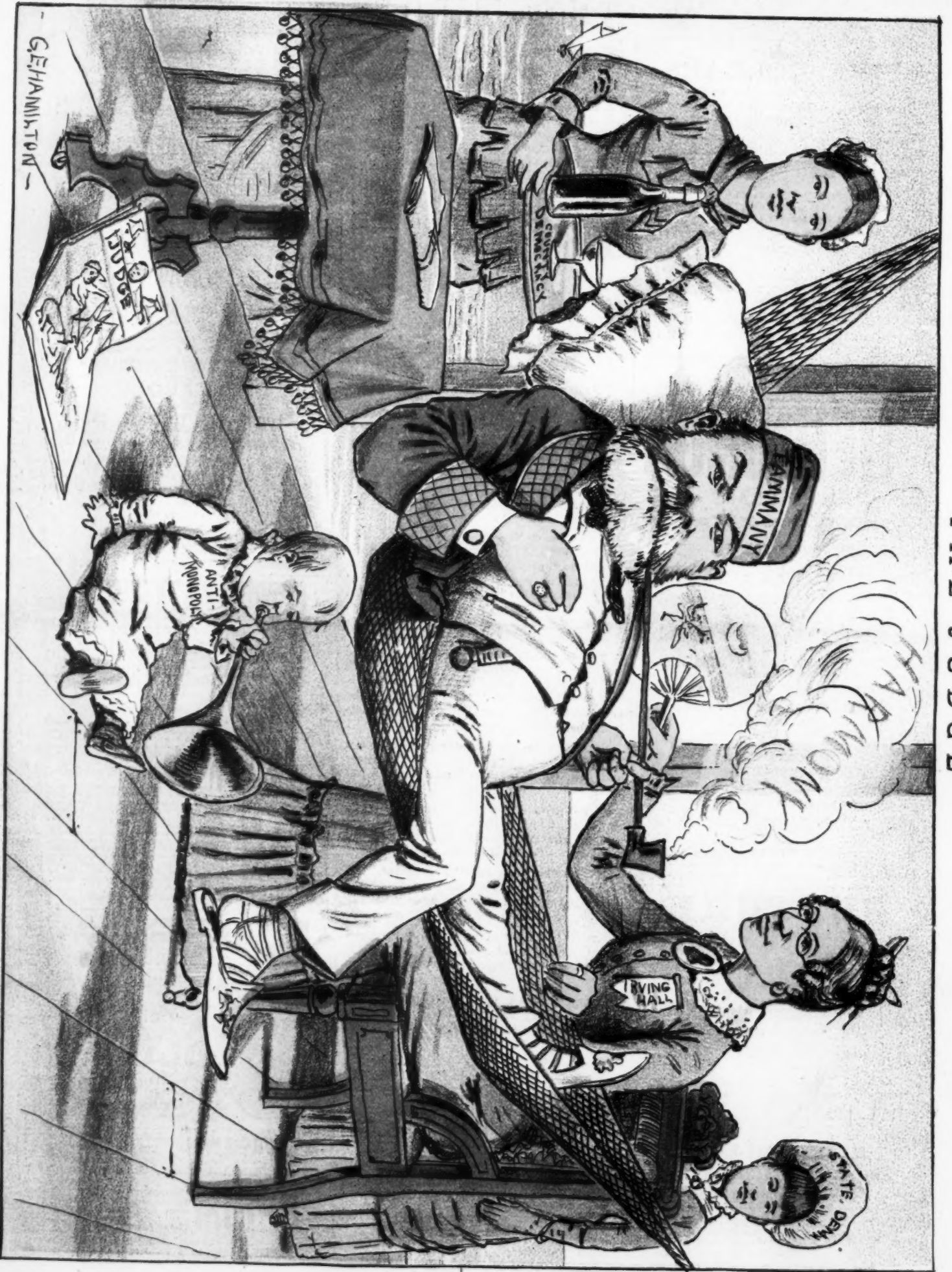
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