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A Caricature, Indeed!

No one excepting a Brooklynite can, we believe, appreciate the sensitive feelings of the people of that sainted community. What New Yorkers may laugh at is sure to be wept over in the city of Brooklyn. Here John Howson's caricature make-up of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, in the "Sorcerer," made thousands merry. In Brooklyn the posters representing Mr. Howson mimicking the renowned gymnast of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have aroused deep indignation, and the elegant works produced by a lithographer have been trampled in the dust by an outraged people. That eminent Christian statesman, Ex-Judge Samuel G. Morris, whose whole life has been devoted to deeds of kindness towards his fellow man, was highly incensed at Mr. Howson's effrontery in daring to caricature Mr. Talmage on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Ex-Judge Morris begged Mr. Talmage to prosecute Manager McCaull for libel, and in his usual generous way offered to appear for Mr. Talmage without a retainer. Another eminent Christian statesman, District Attorney Catlin, notified the manager that the caricature would not be permitted in Brooklyn. Mr. Howson was, therefore, forced to forsake his caricature of the great gymnast, and a rare treat was denied Brooklyn audiences.

We believe that our readers will bear us out in the statement that we have as much respect for the clergy as the average Brooklyn church-goer can display. But we hesitate to believe that Mr. Howson's caricature is really a caricature after all. Let Mr. Talmage behold Mr. Howson as that gentleman represents him, and he will doubtless agree with us that Mr. Howson makes Mr. Talmage appear as a much handsomer man than Mr. Talmage really is. If we mistake not, thousands who have witnessed Mr. Howson's make-up and have then observed Mr. Talmage on his stage in the Tabernacle, have declared that in the latter place they saw what was clearly a caricature of the figure which enlivened the boards of the Bijou Opera House.

Why He Didn't Go West.

REPORTS that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and his interesting family were to start this week upon a trip across the continent to San Francisco have been published in newspapers everywhere. It was understood that this trip was to be made in a style such as the crowned heads of Europe affect when hob-nobbing with each other. A train of cars of magnificent workmanship was made up, and the conveniences were to be such as the landlord of a Fifth avenue palace only might suggest or afford. Every precaution was to be taken to prevent accidents on the different roads over which the cars were to pass. Small boys doing the work of telegraph operators or switchmen were to be placed in temporary retirement, and grown men were to be employed to attend to such duties. Competent in-

spectors of bridge or trestle-work were to accompany the Vanderbilt party, in order that everything in their line of service should be properly examined.

The common herd at railway stations was to be kept at a respectful distance by special officers of the day, and the country through which the train would be drawn was to be ransacked for its choicest products for the culinary department. Under the wise and energetic management of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who sticks to Mr. Vanderbilt like a brother, through thick and thin, the Vanderbilt party was to have rare opportunities of viewing the country. Just as the newspapers began to glow with charming descriptions of Mr. Depew's preliminary arrangements, the public was startled by the announcement, made by no less a personage than Mr. Vanderbilt himself, that the trip had been postponed for several months in consequence of the weather.

Politicians at once jumped to the conclusion that the proposed trip was "off," because of the necessity for Mr. Depew's presence at this time in Albany. A rather stubborn and surprising Legislature is at work, and unless Mr. Depew is at the scene of action, it was argued, terrible blows might be struck at Mr. Vanderbilt's railroad interests. But the politicians were astray. Every member of the Legislature is on terms of intimacy with Mr. Depew, we are informed, and Mr. Depew had no fear that telegraphic communication between these great statesmen and himself would be shut off at any point on the route to San Francisco. The awful word "Kidnappers" was breathed into Mr. Vanderbilt's ears, and we are told that his curly locks stood as erect as the quills upon the fretted porcupine. Terrible rumors reached the innermost recesses of the Vanderbilt palace. It was said that a band of would-be kidnappers had gathered in the Western wilds, and that the great Railroad King was to be seized and held for a ransom of prodigious dimensions.

Away back in his mud-pie days on Staten Island, William H. had read of kidnapping, and he was indeed terror stricken at the very mention of such desperate people. He imagined himself at the mercy of men even more to be dreaded than members of the New York Legislature, or the City's Board of Aldermen. He pictured himself held by ruffians demanding his enormous wealth, and threatening that he should live the life of a hermit in the mountains, unless he turned over to them, their heirs and assigns, forever, all that portion of his property which might be quickly transformed into lawful money of the United States. "Shades of Communism!" gasped the railroad monarch, "save me from the kidnappers." Then he turned over in bed and shivered. At dawn he summoned Mr. Depew, and ordered that preparations for the trip should be discontinued. Then he breathed like a free man.

Now that he is free he denies the truth of the story that he was frightened out of his trip by kidnappers; and in justice to Mr. Vanderbilt we give him the benefit of his denial. He says that the trip was postponed in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. Shivering kidnappers! where are you?

A New Voting Scheme.

A MEMBER of the Connecticut General Assembly has introduced a bill requiring every man to remove his hat from his head while depositing his ballot at any election. This seems about the respectful thing to the "voice of the people," i. e., the ballot box, but the gentleman hasn't carried the bill quite far enough. The mere removal of a man's hat from his head is hardly the acme of politeness, and we would suggest, that when the voter comes up, with his ballot in his hand, his three dollars for voting the same in his pocket, his drink in his stomach, his cigar in his mouth and the anticipation of voting again in every ward in his mind, that he should be more respectful to the box. He should have on his head a silk hat, on his body a "biled" shirt, on his feet a pair of patent leather pumps, and the rest of his anatomy incased in a dress-suit, and carry a spring overcoat on his arm, and have his hands incased in white kids. He should neither smoke, chew or swear before the "voice of the people." He should comport himself like a minister in his pulpit, a nigger in his best clothes when he is with his

best girl, or a drum major at the head of a band of music.

This slouching up to the box, with an old bunged hat, a second-hand pair of shoes, a dirty roustabout shirt, an unwashed carcass, and dilapidated, horribly-fitting, ready-made clothes, a mouthful of plug-tobacco juice, a part of which 'drolls out of the corner of his mouth as he holds a swelling five-center in the other corner of his capacious maw, and I'll-slug-them-stuffin'-out-of-ye-if-ye-say-a-word look on his classic features, and a don't-ye-dare-challenge-me-vote air about him, does not conduce to the toneness of the ballot. The gentleman from Connecticut has got the right idea. Let the ballot be respected and purified. Let the voter be taught manners of easy grace and politeness. Let him take his hat off to the box, and appear as he would in a drawing-room, and then,—well then, the ladies won't offer any objection to having the claim on the ballot urged, because they would feel perfectly at home when voting.

Let Them Spar in Alaska.

MAYOR EDSON, it seems, is not a shining light in sporting society. He has evidently never revelled in the companionship of pugilistic gentlemen. It is said that during his eventful career he has never witnessed a sparring exhibition—"Wot," Mr. Jem Mace, the illustrious pugilist, assures us, "every gentleman likes." In his innocent and child-like faith in the veracity of *Herald* reporters, his Honor was led to believe that the exhibition announced to take place last Monday evening in the Madison Square Garden was to be a genuine prize-fight. The Hon. Henry Bergh, who is almost as guileless as the Mayor, created havoc with the feelings of law-abiding citizens, by addressing a piteous appeal to his Honor, begging him to prohibit the proposed so-called exhibition. With the information gained from *Herald* reporters and from Mr. Bergh, the Mayor felt justified in alarming the police department of this city. The heads of this department in vain protested that a prize-fight had not been arranged for Monday evening. They fairly wept when his Honor begged to disagree with them. It should be here recorded that no citizen of this proud metropolis is more fond of beholding a sparring exhibition than a member of the police department, whether he be a high and mighty commissioner or an humble patrolman. The Mayor insisted that the performance should be nipped in the bud, and long before the doors of the Madison Square Garden were opened on Monday evening, Captain Williams had nipped Mr. Mace and his New Zealand giant. The rest of the sad story is well known in an agorized community of bankers, brokers, merchants, police officers, students at law, theology, and medicine, peanut vendors, bootblacks, newsboys, pickpockets, house-robbers, and bank burglars.

Ever ready to offer suggestions which might, if acted upon, serve to make all humankind more happy, THE JUDGE gently intimates that the ice-fields of Alaska should be selected as the neighborhood for further exhibitions of the "manly art." Sparring on ice might be made easy by the adjustment of skates upon various portions of the pugilist's handsome form. Mr. Slade and Mr. Sullivan might thus be equipped with skates, and Mr. Jem Mace might add to the harmony of the occasion by playing favorite airs upon his much-loved violin. Then Mr. Bergh, with his protests and his warrants for the arrest of the pugilists, would appeal in vain for a cessation of hostilities, and sporting society throughout the habitable globe would rejoice.

SUPERANNUATED jokes: A well-known "humorist" trying to convince the Chicagoians that Mark Twain and Trade Mark are one and the same thing.

HATON to the country postmaster: Hat off and a subscription inside it.

"The battle is not always to the strong," as the slayer of the *Mephitis Americana* remarked, holding his nose meanwhile.

A young lawyer at Washington became partially insane by the too frequent use of quinine, which he carried in his pocket. Should have thought it would have effected his pocket.

## THE TRIALS OF A SUPERNUMERARY.

## I.—SITUATION.

"WANTED:—An active young 'Supe'  
(Apply to Snifkins and Brown).  
To start out at once with a Troupe of artists  
who are acknowledged by all the 'Prof-  
fesh' to be able to take the cake—like-  
wise the trade dollars,  
In every country town."

## II.—RUMINATION.

This was the "ad" that caught my eye,  
In the *Clipper* of New York;  
"A tip-top chance faw Gawge," thought I,  
To climb the ladder of Thespian fame,  
and before the honest granger as a  
heavy tragedian o-me-ji-ately  
Proceed to get in my work.

## III.—COMPENSATION.

The agents engaged me forthwith,  
My name went down on their books,—  
On a four dollar "sal" to live per week; but I  
remarked, "they could just bet their  
sweet life that George Alexander Smythe  
would soon demonstrate his dramatic  
ability, and  
Emerge from the list of supes!"

## IV.—OCCUPATION.

Our season opened in Podunk,  
With auditorium packed;  
I little thought that I should flunk, when cast  
for table, chair, and carpet juggler  
between the scenes, and blue-fire pro-  
ducer, or throw up the sponge  
In the third and final act.

## V.—AGGRAVATION.

A dizzy play by Bartley C.,  
We gave those Hoosier blokes;  
When I appeared,—a jubilee took place in  
the gallery, and as I turned on the gas  
in the footlights, the gamins pestered  
me with cat-calls, slang,  
And other fiendish jokes.

## VI.—INEBRIATION.

Our star,—a snide soap-chewing cad,—  
Had smoled a "smile" too much;  
Though of *Irish* descent, he had submerged his  
abdominal regions to such an extent  
with brandy smashes, that when he  
articulated his lines, his chin music  
Was taken for *Low Dutch*.

## VII.—DEFALCATION.

The balance of the company,  
All proved themselves "N. G.,"  
In front they rose in mutiny against our "snap  
outfit," but upon ascertaining that the  
treasurer had jumped the town with the  
evening's receipts, they decided  
To vent their spleen on ME!

## VIII.—EXTIRPATION.

Our tableau scene had just been set;  
'Twas right before the close—  
While waiting at the side, to get my cue for  
touching off the colored lights, some  
duffer grabbed the Fire Extinguisher,  
and upon poor unfortunate Me—  
He turned the hose!

## IX.—RECANTATION.

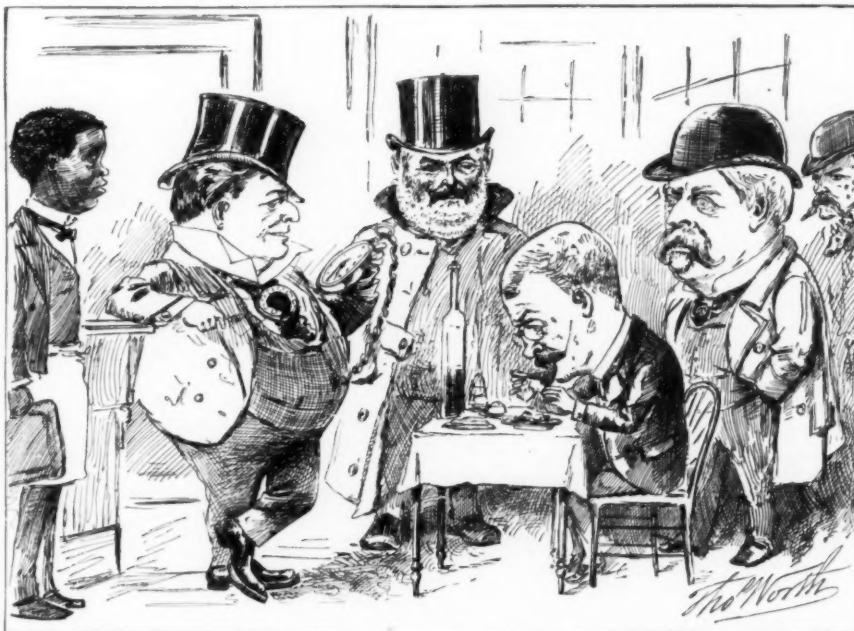
This was the last and heavy hair  
That broke the camel's back;  
So for the exit I did tear, and all night long I  
walked towards home, cursing the stage  
and renouncing the sock and buskin,  
as I counted the ties  
Upon that railroad track.

## X.—TERMINATION.

My "old man" jumped around with rage,  
And called me "nincompoop."  
But mamma dear did soon assuage his anger  
with "taffy," till he promised to take  
me back in the store and give me my  
board and clothes for the winter, which  
position suits me much better  
Than when I was a "supe!"

—JEFF JOSLYN.

## QUAIL ON TOAST FOR THIRTY DAYS.



FIRST BRACE.



LAST BRACE—CONDITION OF THE WINNER.

## A Charity Fable.

ONCE there was a poor man, with a large family of small children. This perhaps appears contradictory, but it was the case nevertheless. He was like most poor men with a large family, very poor. The bare necessities of life were to him luxuries, and when men with smaller families had chicken salad every Sunday, he never had chicken from one year to another. In fact it was hard work for him to even get pie, consequently he had to eat custard. But the poor man took sick. The neighbors all felt very sorry for him and sent him lots of medicine. One man gave him a half empty bottle of medicine his boy took when he had the measles. Another who was manufacturing a new kind of cure-all sent him a whole bottle to see how the stuff would work on a mortal. A kind-hearted old lady sent him her second-hand porous plaster, and another gave him a liver pad that had been in the family since the pads were first invented, and was prized very highly as a keepsake. But with all these kind attentions the poor man became worse and worse each day. Whenever he saw his little children crying because they had not eaten anything all day, it made him feel very badly, and gave him quite a "set back." In fact, it took

away his appetite for patent medicines. Finally the poor man grew very low, because he and his family could not live on pills and nostrums. At this juncture a man who laid no claim to being charitable, came along and gave the sick man a bushel of potatoes, a quarter of beef, and lent him \$10. In about four days the sick man was able to attend to his regular work.

If you read this fable carefully you will discover that the idea is thusly: Almost any one will give away old shoes, and rubbish lying around in the garret, but when they come down to helping a poor man in a way that will do him some good, they suddenly have business elsewhere.

It transpires that a fellow of the poetic name of Bromley, said to be connected with the New York *Tribune*, is the real author of Mark Twain's "Funch, Brothers, Punch," poem. But who let the cat out of the bag, we wonder? Charley, some enemy (of Bromley) must have done this.

SINGULAR thing: Anything that isn't plural.

The latest American enterprise is to go over to England and bring Shakespeare's grave over here.

To Jem Mace and Herbert A. Slade,

GREETING:

Oh, Jemmy Mace,  
With muscled grace,  
From foreign shores so bonny,  
And Herbert Slade,  
So mighty made,  
Both here to fight for money!  
Now stop and think;  
You're on the brink  
Of grief and dire disaster,—  
Those fists of Sul's  
Will break the skulls  
Of pupil and of master!

Don't have in mind  
The "Half Breed" kind,  
Who knocked out Charley Folger,  
And think that you  
Will conquer too,  
The pugilistic soldier  
From Bosting town;  
For he will down  
You both in the "squared circle,"  
And use your stakes  
To live on cakes,  
Shampagnay, and green turtle.

So by-bye, now,  
Go make your bow  
To Elliott bold, and Sully,—  
Tom Allen true,  
P. Ryan, too,—  
B. Edwards, "light-weight" cully;  
And when you're done,  
No fights have won,  
Leave Fox and other losers  
To mourn and smart,  
And then depart,\*  
A brace of busted bruisers!

—JEFF. J. SLYN.

\* I shall positively not be "at home," in case they call my way in leaving the country. —J. J.

The Felix Finnegan Coterie.

THE BALL.

The roll of the Felix Finnegan Coterie includes that portion of Muttonville residents whose daily avocations are wagon-driving, fish and vegetable costermonging, youths who pressed onward the tintinnabulating rag-cart, and many others whose avocations, judging from superficial observation, consisted of posing on the street corner which has for a background a "wine and liquor saloon." How the latter class subsisted is a matter of conjecture. Occasionally a well-known face would disappear from the corner group, and simultaneously with its disappearance a paragraph in the daily papers would inform the public that one of the perpetrators of a recent midnight robbery would, according to the opinion of the court, sojourn for a period of ten years at Sing Sing; but the vacancy occasioned by this involuntary departure did not remain long unfilled, for a new member of the Felix Finnegan Coterie would fill the vacancy.

This class of individuals comprised the F. F. Coterie. If the F. F. Coterie had an end or aim it was not discoverable by an outsider. Utterly their aim was "rackets," of which they participated frequently, as the hospitals and police records testify.

About election times the F. F. Coterie controlled no mean number of votes, and candidates being fully aware of this fact, made extravagant overtures to the leaders of the F. F. Coterie, but more will be said on this head at some future date.

The ball is the consideration of the present, as the ball of the F. F. Coterie was one of the episodic occurrences of Muttonville; to the female heart this was an occasion fraught with momentous joy; at least it was to the heart of that class of females who indulge in straight soapy bangs, and who greet you with such refined ejaculations as, "Ah, my size!" and whose every sentence is interloped with, "Oh, gaud!"

By flaming posters Muttonville was informed that the

Felix Finnegan Coterie, would, on the 22d day of January, give a "grand ball" at Sluggers' Hall.

As advertised, the ball came off. It would be impossible to accurately describe the people who attended the ball.

To describe the costumes is comparatively easy.

The scale of Muttonville society, to which the F. F. Coterie belonged, seem to have an unwritten law in regard to their mode of dressing, which was uniformity itself, as a short description will suffice to prove. The "Grand March" was led by Felix Finnegan, the Muttonville politician. He was accompanied by the fragile two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Iolanthe McGinnis, who wore, to begin at the bottom, a pair of low slippers, red stockings, and a three-inch-from-the-ground flamingo-colored dress. She wore bangs, and where her eyebrows began and the bangs terminated was a question the wearer alone could answer. It might be well to state here that in the matter of bangs each female had the same bright ideas on the subject, the only difference being in the color of the hair, which ranged from an oily raven-black to a soapy gingerbread-red. This graceful couple were followed by Alcibiades Kerrigan, a pair of loud pants, louder necktie, and the stub of a rank cigar in his mouth. He escorted the graceful, freckled-faced Desdemona Devine, who wore low slippers, red stockings, and scarlet dress; after them came Thrasylbulus O'Connor, who is a shining light in the F. F. Coterie, having rendered the State valuable services on several different occasions—breaking rock at Sing Sing; his costume was all that Muttonville etiquette required. A walk on the Bowery any day will show you a dozen *fac similes*. He escorted the fair red-haired Venus McFudd, who wore the regulation pedal adornments and cardinal red dress. They were followed by Herodocus McCann, who wore a blue flannel shirt and a necessary suspender. He balanced the petite Aphrodite Duffy, the geranium of Muttonville. Next came Aionzo McGahey, in a blue checked jumper, with a butt in his mouth and the club-footed Latona Flannigan on his arm.

Of course there were many more present, but the above-quoted give an average sample of the *genus* F. F. Coterie. They continued the "Grand March" until the proprietor of the hall came to notify them to desist before they wore out the floor-planks and leave nothing but the beams to dance on.

Then the dancing commenced. Every other waltz was another waltz. Like everything else the F. F. C. aimed at being *unique*. Such dancing! Oh, ye god of Terpsichore, could ye but behold it! At the call of the floor manager, the males rushed around the room, grabbed their female partners, yanked them out in the middle of the room and—waltzed; on one side their arms were rigidly extended at an angle of sixty degrees, with the other hand they gripped the female around the waist, whilst she, with the clutch of a drowning woman, had her other hand filled with the back of her partner's coat. Several males attempted to dance without any coats on, but after a few pugilistic remarks, they were gently thrown over the banisters into the entry below.

That there would be a slight misunderstanding, or, in plain words, a fight, before the conclusion of the ball, was a foregone conclusion. Before midnight there were several fights, but *the* fight had not yet occurred.

When Lysander Dugan squirted a quid of tobacco in Lurline McNally's eyes, it was but natural she should reply with a beer-glass, and when Clara De Vere O'Brien, who was Dugan's best girl, flew at the timid Lurline's hair, things were lively for a time, but the best of friends will occasionally differ; and with the exception of a few bruised heads, and a few pounds of loose female hair without claim-



A TIMELY WARNING.

Box.—Soy, look out there where yer goin'! Der yer want him ter fly at yer an' tear yer all ter pieces?

ants, little damage was done. The bar had been assiduously patronized during the night by both male and female: after a time the males assumed an expression of "if yer want ter fight say so," and the females gave themselves up to an abandon that was more reckless than strict decorum required. It will never be known conclusively how the fight commenced; it might have begun over a disagreement relative to the distribution of the money collected at the door, or it may have begun over Iolanthe McGinnis calling Venus McFudd—Adam Lyer, or some name that sounded similar to it; however, it is not now of any vital importance how the fight did begin, we have simply to chronicle how it ended. Nobody ever knew before that Thrasylbulus O'Connor carried a razor in his boot, but many were forcibly and painfully made aware of the fact before a bullet from Alcibiades Kerrigan's pistol disabled him; and speaking of this last gent, it may appear a remarkable statement, that whilst his pistol contained but seven chambers, yet no less than thirteen individuals received as many pieces of lead in their system. In the police court next morning a quorum of the Felix Finnegan Coterie pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct and drunkenness, and those who were not sent to the hospital for repairs were conveyed to that insulated habitation in the East River. D. D.

A young sport on the eve of marriage sought an interview with his doctor. "My prospects are not worth a cent," he remarked; "but she has a millionaire uncle who is suffering from heart-disease." "Take care," responded the doctor; "people sometimes live a long time with that disease." "Oh, he has arrived at a very grave crisis, indeed, I assure you. No later than this morning, your *confere*, Dr. Brown, was seen leaving his house." "So?—then marry at once—you have not a moment to lose!"

Motto for the truly conservative: Saw wood and say nothing.

The Troy Press wants the whipping-post re-established. We don't see why it shouldn't be accommodated.

An era of good feeling: After dinner.

PERE HYACINTHE isn't quite so much of a daisy as once upon a time—more's the pity for Mere Hyacinthe.



COLONEL F. K. HAIN, how do you feel now that the people have forced you to run all-night trains on the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road?

MR. GABRIEL CASE, after Mr. Walcott has finished his task of eating sixty quail, will you prepare a quail dinner for the poverty-stricken politicians who desire to frequent your establishment on Central avenue?

SIR EDWARD M. ARCHIBALD, K. C. M. G., C. B., the retiring British Consul-General at this port, you have faithfully performed your duties while in this city, and THE JUDGE hopes that you will enjoy many years of health, happiness and honors.

EX-SENATOR O'DONNELL, when your name was sent to the Senate as a Railroad Commissioner, great was the hue and cry raised against you by a certain class of politicians, who, it was said, represented railroad corporations. In common with many upright citizens, we insisted that this opposition showed that you were a fit man for the Commissionership, but our faith in you was badly shaken when your cause was championed in the Senate the other day by Senator Grady, of this city.

EX-ALDERMAN WILLIAM RICHARDSON, of Brooklyn, you are a deacon in a church, president of a street railway company, and otherwise well known in Brooklyn. According to our esteemed and brilliant contemporary, the *Sun*, your son was a juror in the Kenny murder case in Brooklyn. Your son voted to convict Kenny of murder in the second degree, and thus saved the prisoner from the gallows. Perhaps your son was right. We do not question the verdict, but did you do right, as the *Sun* sets forth, by congratulating Kenny after the verdict was rendered? We think not. Kenny for years bore a very bad reputation. He was frequently a prisoner, but through the influence of knavish politicians he was often liberated. Alderman, we think your church should again discipline you.

MR. HENRY BERGH, why do all the police magistrates in this city amuse themselves by crowing, as it were, over you? Whenever you undertake the prosecution of a small army of cock-fighters, the wheels of justice become clogged, and you discover that your discomfiture creates much fun in court. Do you attempt to browbeat the distinguished jurists on the police court bench, and declare that there is no longer any justice shown the S. P. C. A.? If that is the manner in which you seek fair treatment in the courts, we advise you to curb your temper and conduct yourself after the style of an ordinary, sensible man.

## THE SPELLING MATCH.

A TAILLET.

BY BOB BRAIN.

### PROLOGUE.

WERE you ever in Paint Creek, dear reader? Paint Creek is in Missouri. Missouri will be remembered as the State of the late Jesse James, who recently left for the tropics, after a long career of professional uselessness. The most celebrated objects in Missouri are the graves of the James Bros., the late wholesale and retail outlaws, and the wart on Gov. Crittenden's nose. The former is considered the richest in poetical associations, but the latter the most striking and awe-inspiring of the objects of natural scenery in Missouri.

Samuel J. Tilden does not live in Missouri. (Of course this has nothing to do with the story, but as it is an interesting bit of information, we have concluded to put it in.)

Paint Creek is a thriving village of two hitching-posts and a barber-shop. In spite of this, however, a traveling journalist once wrote it up as an "incipient mart of the mercurial Goddess of Commerce, whose sails whiten every sea." The journalist received \$5



AFTER THE PLAY.

FIRST SWELL.—"Ain't!"  
SECOND SWELL.—"A-Ain't!"  
FIRST SWELL.—"A-A-A-ain't!"  
SECOND SWELL.—"A-ain't-ain't-ain't!"

(Which being translated for the benefit of our readers means they were pleased with the performance.)

from the owner of the barber-shop. Journalists usually get there when well paid. This last item deserves to be included in the Ten Commandments.

### CHAPTER I.

FARMER GRUBBS, of Paint Creek, had two daughters, Hannah, the eldest, a frisky maiden of thirty-seven, who strongly resembled an Alderney cow; and Sary, the younger daughter, who is a first-class daisy. Indeed, Sary was the belle of the country for miles around. Look at her now, as she returns from some rural duty. See how her pure young face is lighted with rustic joy. Get on to the grace with which she belabors that picturesque mule she is driving with a barrel-stave.

She is tall and divinely proportioned, with all the innate majesty of a telephone pole. Soft, dreamy, yellow eyes; a nose with a pontoon bridge to it; and a red flannel skirt complete the rest of the charming picture.

Deftly and gracefully she puts the mule in the stable, and gives him the parting kick for the night. Slowly she saunters up the path to the kitchen, only pausing playfully to hit a Brahma hen in the head with a dornuck. She enters the kitchen as one in a dreamy dream. Within all is scrupulously neat and dirty. An old man is seated by the fire, devouring a boiled cabbage with intense eagerness. He looked up quickly as his daughter entered.

"Pap," she exclaimed, "he has proposed."

"Which he?" exclaimed her father, swallowing the remainder of the cabbage at a gulp.

"Why, Arthur Brown, the school-master of course," murmured the girl; "who else could it be?"

The old man mused awhile. "Jim Smuck and Bill Jaggs will break his back if they hear of it," he muttered, as he put another cabbage in the pot.

"But they must not hear of it," said the girl impetuously; "you know my Arthur is not strong enough for such bullies unless I am with him."

"True, daughter," exclaimed the old man, com-

mencing on the other cabbage; "we must head 'em off on a stratagem. How would it do to raffle you off at \$5 a chance, and give the lucky number to the school-master on the sly?"

"Spoken like a true father and member of the Y. M. C. A.," said his daughter approvingly. "But methinks your plan smells of danger. What if the mercenary Jim Smuck or the skunk-hunting Bill Jaggs should get onto it, and compel you to conduct the raffle by drawing lots out of a hat, as it is usually done? In that case I were indeed lost. Listen to my plan."

The old man finished the second round of cabbage, and bent forward, while the girl continued:

"You know that there is to be a spelling-match at the school-house to-morrow evening. On that occasion every one for miles around will be present. How would it do for me to announce that I will accept the victor of the Spelling-match for a husband? This would give Arthur a soft snap, because he can out-spell anything this side of Chicago. How say you? Is it a go?"

"Well, I should remark," said her father, admiringly. "you have a better head on you for tricks than Ben Butler. I will immediately make it known all over the country. I will tell Eliza Snifkins."

The latter lady was the Associated Press of the neighborhood. Anything she heard in the morning found its way to every house within a radius of forty miles before night.

### CHAPTER II.

So novel a proposal set the country on fire, and the following evening found Paint Creek school-house crowded to suffocation. The Brownses, the Joneses, the Muggses, the Gubbses, and the Perkinsons were all present. There never was such a collection of big feet under one roof in America before. There were by actual count thirty-seven persons present, whose feet were competent to furnish a life-size model for the feet of Barthold's statue of the Goddess of Liberty. The bride soon to be sat in a corner looking very demure



FANCY HOW IT WOULD LOOK.

HERE MOST SAYS:—"All the rich men should be given brooms and set to work in the streets."

and pretty. The school-master was radiant and exultant. Messrs. Smuck and Jaggs wore scowls on their respective faces.

A hush fell on the assembly when old Judge Crackins advanced to the desk, book in hand. The fifty contestants rose in their place and the audience leaned forward to catch every word. At first all went smoothly with the one syllables, such as "cat," "goat," "scowl," "prowl," "bust," etc. The two syllables went harder. "Sailor" took down one, "stagger" staggered another, "phthisic" brought down a third, "rosicid" floored a fourth, "sophist" stumped a fifth, "coupler" paralyzed Jim Smuck, who spelled it "kupleer," and "tithe" brought down Bill Jaggs, who swore by all the Gods there was no such word.

The catch words were now introduced and mowed down the applicants right and left. "Caricaturist" took one, "idiosyncrasy" another, "trilobite" a third, "eneronite" a fourth, "vehicular" a fifth, "traga-canth" a sixth, "subterranean" a seventh. On they went, harder and harder every minute, until they got up into the "theophilanthropisms" and "caducibranchiata."

At last only two persons remained, the school-master and a Chicago drummer who happened to be in the neighborhood. "Periphrastically" took down the latter, and left the school-master in his glory with a happy smile and a Star Route blush on his young face.

"I award the prize to Arthur Brown, the school-master," said the judge slowly, "provided no one wishes to dispute his claim."

"Yes, but there is," said a little man with a blonde mustache and a Yankee drawl, who had been unnoticed in the crowd heretofore, and who now elbowed his way to the front. Expectation was at its highest point as the two took their places in front of the judge. "Perianthium," "mesentery," "helminthogogue" and "procatartetic" were correctly spelled, when finally the judge gave out "supralapsarianism" to the school-master. He tried twice, faltered and went down, with a groan from the crowd and a shriek from Sary. The stranger spelled it correctly, and sat down the victor.

The audience was amazed.

"Before I award the prize," said the judge slowly, "I would like to ask this gentleman who in thunder he is."

"I AM A BOSTON STREET CAR DRIVER," said the stranger slowly; "and before I take my bride to my bosom, I would like to ask her one question—how she pronounces 'C-H-O-P-I-N.'"

"Why 'choppin' of course," murmured Sary, looking coyly at the handsome stranger.

"That settles it," said the latter; "I give her freely to the school-master. It would be worse than death to have to live with a woman who does not know that the proper pronunciation of that word is 'Shopang.'"

### Should Have Sworn In It.

SUMMERBREEZE and his wife were riding on the elevated behind a couple of young men who had just returned from the winter carnival at Montreal. They had stood waiting for a train and were chilled through, and not very pleasant, as can be imagined. The young men were recounting the pleasures of the trip, and were swearing rather too much. In fact, their conversation seemed a series of wonderful yarns dressed up with profanity.

The old lady stood it as long as she could, and then punched up the old man to give them a blast.

Just then one of the youths remarked to the other, "Blank, blank, blankety, blank, I tell you, old fellow, I got onto the blank, blank, French Canadian language immensely. Why, old fellow, it's the blank, blank, blank, hardest stuff to pick up yer ever saw."

Summerbreeze tapped one of the men on the shoulder and remarked, "Beg pardon, sir, but did I hear you remark that you'd been to Montreal, and that you could converse fluently in 'Canuck?'"

"Well, old man, you've just about hit it," was the reply.

"Well, then, why in the blank, blank, blank, name of goodness don't you swear in 'Canuck,' you blank, blank, idiot;" yelled the old man, forgetting his wife's aversion to profanity as he thought of what a turn he'd got on the boys.

THE *Outline* is the name of a new weekly paper. It is intended for the outlying country, and will soon be out-lying all its contemporaries regarding its circulation.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Yuma, Arizona Territory, describes that place as very dull at present, but predicts that it will become a popular resort for invalids. Very likely, but the only trouble about these Western health resorts is, that when a man is taken sick with any of the Western lead disorders, that he isn't an invalid long enough to properly test the efficacy of the climate.

"HOLLOA, there, old fellow! where have you been keeping yourself all this while?" "Have been ill—confined to my room for a whole month." "Don't say so; your illness was a very grave one then." "No, the illness was a little one—only I have been attended by a very great doctor, you understand."

### VERY SOFT.

Soft is the freshly-fallen snow,  
Soft is the cheek of "sweet sixteen,"  
Soft are the lovely buds that glow  
When summer fills the world with sheen.

But softer is that youth, for whom  
Folly doth act as mentor,  
Who sucks at the knob of his five-cent cane  
And parts his hair in the center.

"DRINK," exclaimed an Irish orator, "not only makes you beat your wives, neglect your families, and shoot your landlords—but makes you miss the landlords, as well! For the latter reason, especially, you ought to avoid it."

JOHNNY McPHERSON has been re-elected United States Senator for New Jersey—and yet, somehow or another, we do not despair of the Republic.

No more "Spoons," "Old Cockeye," "Beast," etc., if you please! The only proper thing in Massachusetts now is—"Benjamin F. Butler, LL.D." Good-morning, Dr. Butler!

A BOXER that lays way over either Sullivan or Mace.—The undertaker.

WHEN it comes to adulterating chuckory, isn't it about time to call in the policeman?

## AH, MISERIE!

George's costume was just splendid.

He intended  
To call  
And fall

At her feet and tell her all.

And those pantaloons of George's!

Simply gorgeous!  
His hide  
Inside

Wasn't closer 'Chim allied.

After Stella had admired,

They retired  
To the  
Settee

More convivial to be.

Finally the moment proper

Came to pop her.  
And he  
His knee

Bended quite romantically.

Everything was nice adjusted.

When they busted;  
By chance,  
Those pants

Of such wondrous elegance!

Terror on her visage painted—

Stella fainted!  
And he  
Did flee

Into kind obscurity.

And they found him in the morning

(Youth take war-ning)  
Abe!  
Quite dead (drunk),

With a bottle by his head.

Stella lived and died unmarried;

And she carried  
Above  
The love

That those pantaloons had clove.

—H. H.

## A Crushed Editor.

"Do I address the proprietor of the Caseytown *Courier*?" demanded a long, gaunt-visaged individual, attired in a suit of seedy black and an ancient white plug hat, with a black hat-band, as he stood in the door-way of the office of that prominent "molder of public opinion," and gazed blandly at the solitary occupant—an inky, trampish-looking man, who was writing at a desk.

"What d'yer say?" asked the inky one, scratching his head with his pen, and looking up at the speaker.

"Am I speaking to the intelligent owner of that excellent newspaper, the Caseytown *Courier*?" repeated the other, as he entered the room and sat down on an old soap-box as gracefully as if it had been a twenty-dollar reclining-chair.

"Yes," answered the writer, as a six-by-nine smile lit up his grimy countenance, "what can I do for you, sir? The subscription price is \$2.50 a year, invariably in advance, and our advertising rates are the lowest in the State."

"Excellent prices—excellent," said the stranger approvingly, "but I did not come to see about a subscription, sir, or an advertisement."

"What do you want, then?" inquired the *Courier's* guardian-angel, as the light died out of his visage.

"I heard that you are in need of an editor for your paper, sir, and I came to apply for the position," replied the tall man, as he surreptitiously removed a used-up chew of tobacco from his mouth and deposited it in the waste-basket.

"Hem! Do you understand editing a first-class news and family paper?"

"Do I?" exclaimed the visitor, enthusiastically; "do I? Well, my dear sir, in the peculiar but significant vernacular of the *gamin*, you are just a-hootin'! Why, sir, I don't understand anything else—that is, half as well as how to edit a first-class news and family paper.

Why, I'm brimming over with knowledge of that description! Just actually slopping over with it! And I figure, sir, that I ought to be so, for I spent all of three years out of my fifty at the business. Why, sir, I am an old journalist. Even my childhood was passed among the types, I being office-boy for two or three papers, and at the tender age of fifteen I was for a whole year reporter of the *Beauville Trumpet* for my native village of Squashblow, in Tennessee. Then I was for two years associate-editor of the *Mushtown Mercury*. You've heard of that paper, I suppose?"

But the *Courier* man said he hadn't.

"No? Well, that's surprising. It was a nice paper—before it suspended. It had an editor and eleven associate-editors; the editor was its chief owner, and the associate editors were his partners. It was a beautiful journal, but it died young."

His companion softly murmured that he couldn't see how a paper with so many editors could live anyway.

"So you see, sir," continued the gaunt man, "that I have had a good deal of experience in journalism. Why, I'm right to home in it; the mere mention of the word sends a thrill of rapture and zeal clear through to my liver-pad. The smell of printers'-ink acts on me as the odor of powder does on an old war-horse. I sigh for it, I yearn for it, I actually hunger for it! Do I understand editing? Ha! ha! sir, I should agitate my risible organ if I didn't."

And he gazed complacently at his companion, who was beginning to wish the old journalist in Oshkosh, or some other outlandish place. He was about to inform him that he would hardly suit, when the would-be editor resumed:

"You cannot do better than to engage me, sir, at once. With the editorship of your paper in my hands a boom will set in for the *Courier* that will never cease until the circulation goes up to a million copies a week. I will bring all my energy and genius to bear upon it, and it will just go howling and screeching along to prosperity like a shell over a battle-field. I will make a name for it, sir, the dazzling luster of which will reflect on the world for ages—when Caseytown is a gigantic metropolis and you and I are slumbering in yon little cemetery beneath the old tomato-cans and broken patent-medicine bottles. I will make it known everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the civilized globe. My editorials and stray comments on the events and questions of the hour will be an especial feature of the paper and will be widely copied. Oh! you had better secure me at once."

He paused, and his thin countenance glowed and his eyes sparkled with enthusiasm at the brilliant prospectus that he foresaw. The *Courier* man, however, didn't seem to enthuse worth a cent.

"I don't know," he said; "I'm afraid you ain't—"

"Posted enough for the job. I suppose you mean," interrupted the would-be editor. "Bless your simple soul! Why, I'm chock full of history and reading of all kinds; regular chock-a-block full up to the top, and dripping over at the sides! Posted! ha! ha! why I'm posted on everything. When did the Crusades take place? In the year 276, 570 years before Christ. What was their character? They were in the cause of temperance, and were originated by Peter the Hermit, an ancestor of Neal Dow, of Maine. Where and by whom was the battle of Bannockburn fought? In Ireland, by the Irish under Robert Emmet, and the English under Edward the Sixth. How did it result? In victory for the former. When and where was the field of Agincourt fought, and whom were the contending parties? In 1792, in Scotland, by Robert Bruce and his troops, and the King of Spain with an army of a million men. When was the battle of Clontarf, and by whom fought? In 1665, by the French, under Napoleon I., and the Chinese, under the emperor Hop Sing. What was the result? A crushing defeat for the French, who were all killed or captured, Napoleon only escaping with his life, disguised as a woman. When and by whom was Napoleon III. overthrown? In 1818, at the battle of Austerlitz, by the allied armies of Spain, Mexico and the United States, under the command of Ben Butler. Oh! yes, I'm well posted, I am. But you look sick, sir."

The *Courier* man did look sick—as sick as the youth who has smoked his first cigar—as sick as a man who has just drank a dose of Dr. Somebody's Sulphur Cathartic in mistake for a snifter of rock and rye. With about as cheerful an expression on his face as that of

a man on his way to the gallows, he was gazing imploringly up at the ceiling and uttering now and then a suppressed groan, while his hand glided involuntarily towards a heavy composing-stick that was lying on the desk.

After looking at him for a moment, the gaunt individual resumed:

"Oh! yes, my dear sir, I'm well posted, as you've seen; well qualified to edit your excellent newspaper. You had better give it into my charge, sir. In my hands its future is assured."

"Yes," sneered the *Courier* man, "I don't doubt about its future being assured, but I do doubt the future it would be assured of."

But this cruel remark was ignored by the applicant for editorial honors, who continued:

"I'm also posted up well on geography and politics. Where is the——" He said no more, for at that instant the *Courier* man's fingers fastened around the composing-stick with a vise-like grip and it was raised in the air. Biff! with a sickening thud the ponderous utensil fell on the thin man's high hat, right kerplunk on the crown thereof, jamming the chapeau down tight over his head, where it stuck fast, almost smothering the luckless owner and blinding him for the time being. While he was plunging about and trying to remove the hat, invisible hands seized him, ran him at a 2.10 gait out of the room, and fired him on top of an ash-heap, while a groan of deep relief echoed from the musty precincts of the office of the Caseytown *Courier*.

J. L. M'C.

## An Improvement in Safes.

It isn't safe nowadays to have a safe, as half the safes are not half-safes. A business man locks up his wealth, papers, and valuables after a day's work, and comes back the next day to find that the safe door is blown off, or the combination has combined with a burglar, or that the safe has been pounded into mince-meat with a sledge-hammer, and that his property has been seized by a man who has no title to it. This makes him comparatively suspicious of all offers of safe investments for some time to come. A German who has evidently been the victim of an improved burglar-proof, fire-proof, time-lock, never-to-get-into-my-safe kind of safes, has invented one which seems to be a little nearer the "long-felt want." This safe, in addition to the ordinary walls of steel, has an attachment, which, on being touched, immediately flares the glare of an electric light on the scene, and at the same time uncovers a prepared plate on which the burglar's likeness is photographed, and at the same time rings an alarm for the police.

This contrivance seems to be a pretty good one, but it could be greatly improved on. The safe having, as we have described, got a glimpse of the burglar, taken his photograph, caught him in the act, and summoned the police, should proceed to handcuff him, and on the arrival of the officer, to preserve order in the court, resolve itself into a legal tribunal, put the burglar on the stand, hear his story, give its own testimony for the prosecution, take the officer's statement of how he arrived and saw the burglar in his compromising position, and how he (the officer) knew him to be one of a gang, and that he had been spotting him for months, should then proceed to sum up the case, convict the burglar, and sentence him to ten years in Sing Sing. Such a safe as this would be worth having and make the owner feel secure.

The German empress instituted as a reward for long and faithful service as a domestic a special distinction known as the "golden cross," to be given only to women who have served in one family for forty years and more. Modern Biddies wouldn't so much as get a sight at the cross.

THERE is a colored girl in Holmes County, Miss., who is half white and half black. Nothing wonderful about that, though it used to be more common in anti-bellum days. However, the color on this colored girl is not evenly mixed to an amber shade, but stands out in individual chunks.

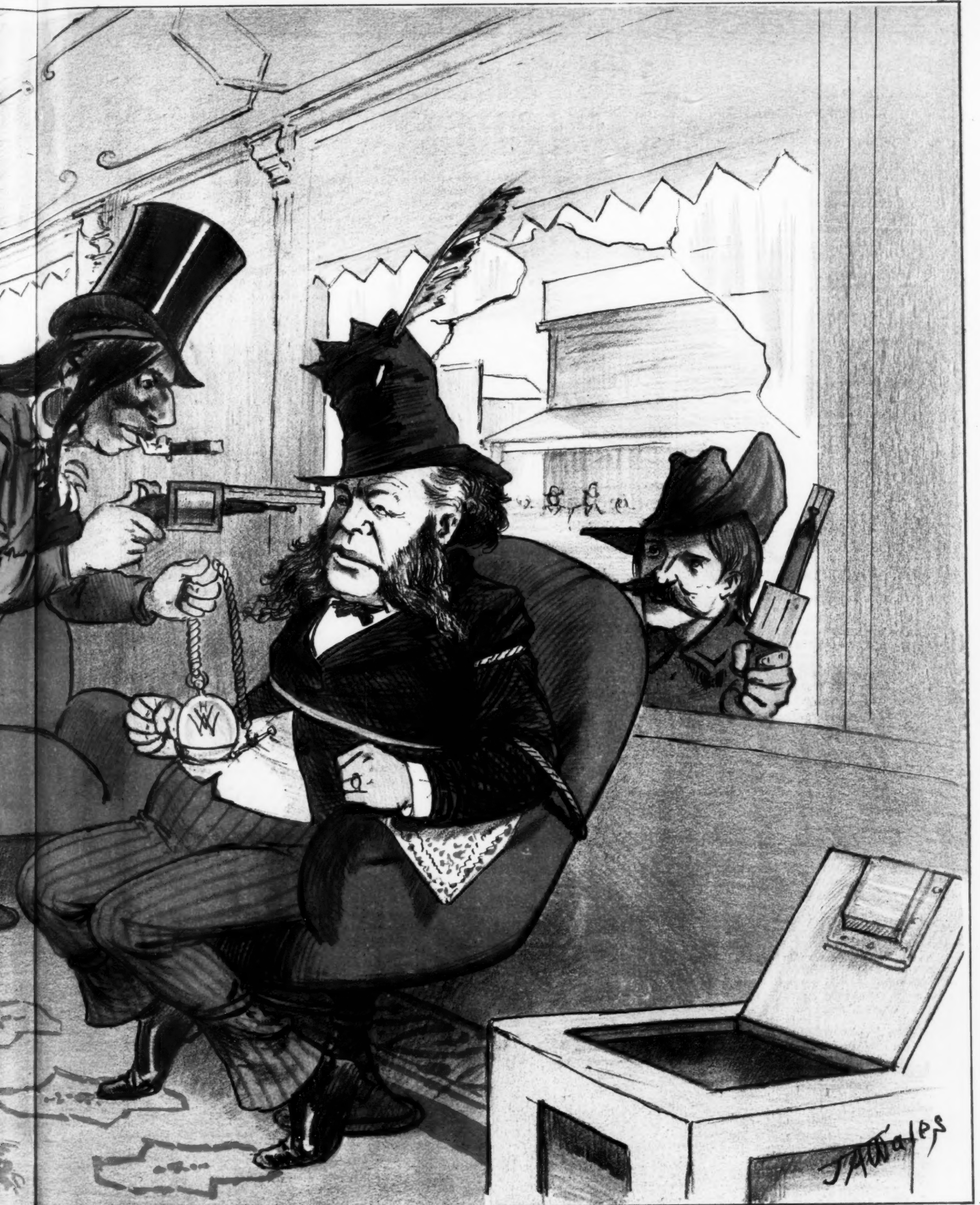
The dead of winter is usually a pretty live time in the city.



THE CURSE C  
WHY THE MONOPOLIST



JUDGE.



SE OF WEALTH.  
OLIST WILL NOT GO WEST.

## A REMINISCENCE.

"THIM ATE PUDDIN' CANT HAVE POY."

YEARS ago, one sultry summer,  
On the beach at Rockaway;  
In a small hotel I boarded  
Where the host announced each day,  
Ere dessert was round his table,  
Served at dinner by a boy:  
"Wan an' all, me gueshts, now mind ye."  
"Thim ates puddin' cant have poy!"

Then, although the *menu* was not  
Made by chef Delmonico,—  
Martinelli or Solari,  
Still, I thought 'twas *comme il faut*,  
And each noon when after being,  
For the surf a human toy,  
Oft my palate sank on hearing,  
"Thim ates puddin' cant have poy!"

But since then, alas! how many  
Old-time guests of Rockaway  
Have been lain aside forever  
In their narrow beds of clay;  
Others have become too proud to  
Seek again that beach's joy,  
Where we used to hear the mandate,  
"Thim ates puddin' cant have poy!"

—ADELE.

## OUR POPULAR FARCES.

REPORTED BY "ED."

OUR CONVICT REFORM SYSTEM  
IN FIVE SCENES.

CHARACTERS:

JACKSON (*Convict*). WARDEN. MANAGER CONVICTS' REFORM SOCIETY. DETECTIVE ALERT. MR. REDDY. MR. BROWN. MR. SMITH.

SCENE FIRST.—Office of Sing-Sing Prison. Enter WARDEN, accompanied by JACKSON.

WARDEN.—Jackson, your term expires to-day, and I am sincerely glad to see you a free man once more. During the three years you have been here you have warranted the prison officials' highest encomium. Why, we have not found it necessary to paddle you once.

JACKSON.—Thanks, sir.

WARDEN.—Now, Jackson, I want you to lead an honest life. Don't be a crook again. You will find it better to live upon the square.

JACKSON.—But, sir, how will I, just out of prison, obtain a situation? Who will employ a jail-bird?

WARDEN.—There is an association formed especially for the reform of ex-convicts. Here is their card; I believe it is in the Bible House, New York City. Go there; they surely will assist you. Here are the wages you have earned by extra work. Good-day.

JACKSON.—Good-day. (Steps out into the fresh morning air a free man, repentant, willing to try to lead an honest life.)

SCENE SECOND.—Office of the Convicts' Reform Association. MANAGER discovered in front of a five-hundred dollar desk, seated in a two-hundred dollar chair, puffing away at a fifty-cent cigar. Enter JACKSON. MANAGER glares at him.

JACKSON.—Is this the office of the Convicts' Reform Association?

MANAGER.—Yaas.

JACKSON.—I have just been released from prison, and I desire to obtain a position through you.

MANAGER.—Who sent you here?

JACKSON.—The warden.

MANAGER.—Seems to me he's blamed fresh. You're the sixth man that he has sent to us for aid within two years. What does he suppose, that we get situations for the whole world? Sorry, my man, but I can't help you.

JACKSON.—Not at all?

MANAGER.—No, sir. Except if you want it you can have an almanac—or, let me see, we have got some Bibles, revised edition—take one along.

JACKSON.—And that is all you can do?

MANAGER.—Yes. What else do you want? Suppose

that we can furnish you with a steam-yacht and a piano? Great heavens! the nerve of you fellers is awful. If it was not that I got three thousand a year for running this Association, darned if I'd stay here at all.

JACKSON.—Excuse me; but I labored under the mistake that this Association was especially supported by charitable personages—under this idea that their money would be instrumental in leading ex-convicts to a better life.

MANAGER.—Tain't none of your business, any way. I'm running this society, not you. See that door? It's open. When you go out, shut it.

[Exit JACKSON.]

MANAGER (*rings a bell*).—Alert!

[Enter DETECTIVE ALERT.]

ALERT.—Well, sir?

MANAGER.—See that party that just left?

ALERT.—Yes.

MANAGER.—Keep your eye upon him. He is a very dangerous character. Ex-convict. Gave me guff! I'll fix him for his insolence.

ALERT.—I'll 'tend to his case. Wants to reform, does he? Nice idea. Suppose all of the ex-convicts reformed, what would become of us detectives?

SCENE THIRD.—Office of MR. REDDY. Enter DETECTIVE ALERT. Time, one month later.

ALERT.—Mr. Reddy?

MR. R.—Yes.

ALERT.—Have you a few minutes to spare?

MR. R.—Your business, please?

ALERT.—I am a detective. (Exhibits shield.)

MR. R.—What can you have to do with me?

ALERT.—You have in your employ a man named Jackson?

MR. R.—Yes, sir. And a very earnest, capable man he is. I took him upon trial for a week at six dollars, and he did so well that I advanced him to ten, then to twelve. I consider him a promising clerk.

ALERT.—Do you know who this Jackson is, Mr. Reddy?

MR. R.—I know that he attends my church.

ALERT.—That is but a blind.

MR. R.—What mean you?

ALERT.—He is an ex-convict. See, here are the documents which prove it.

[MR. REDDY starts back aghast.]

MR. R.—Can it be possible. Well, well, who would have thought of it! Here (*raises voice and calls to clerk outside*), Binks, tell Mr. Jackson that I no longer require his services. Gracious! what a viper I have nourished in my bosom—an ex-convict! He might have stolen all of my goods. I thank you for your kindness, Mr. Alert.

ALERT.—Not at all, sir, I have only performed my duty.

SCENE FOURTH.—Office of MR. BROWN. Enter DETECTIVE ALERT.

ALERT.—Is this the office of Mr. Brown, head of this firm?

MR. BROWN.—It is.

ALERT.—Here is my card, sir. You will see that I am upon the police.

MR. B.—What is your errand here?

ALERT.—In your employ is a clerk called Jackson?

MR. B.—Yes; a good worker he is, too. The head of the department reported him very favorably Saturday night.

ALERT.—How long has he been there?

MR. B.—But recently.

ALERT.—Did he come recommended?

MR. B.—No—no. His manners impressed me very much, though so I gave him a place.

ALERT.—Mr. Brown, you did unwisely.

MR. B.—I did?

ALERT.—Yes.

MR. B.—How?

ALERT.—This man Jackson has but recently been released from State Prison.

MR. B.—What?

ALERT.—It is so.

MR. B.—You don't say so? Can you prove it?

ALERT.—I can.

MR. B.—Then, of course, I will not harbor him a minute more. I will write a note at once to him telling him that his services are no longer necessary to me. Much obliged for your notice to me.

SCENE FIFTH.—Office of MR. SMITH. Enter DETECTIVE ALERT.

ALERT.—Mr. Smith?

MR. S.—Yes, sir. Whom have I the honor of addressing?

ALERT.—Detective Alert, at your service.

MR. S.—What calls you here? It cannot be duty.

ALERT.—Yes, sir. Is there not working for you at the present time a man called Jackson?

MR. S.—There is.

ALERT.—Does he suit?

MR. S.—Perfectly.

ALERT.—Are you aware of his former career?

MR. S.—I am not.

ALERT.—I did not suppose that you were. He is a released jail-bird.

MR. S.—An ex-convict?

ALERT.—Precisely.

MR. S.—An ex-convict in my employ! Gad, it fairly makes me shiver. I'll send him away at once.

Extract from a morning paper:

"The body of ——— Jackson, an ex-convict, was found off the Battery this morning. Deceased had evidently committed suicide, a paper in his pocket stating that, on account of police persecution, he was unable to lead an honest life, and preferred death to returning to the paths of crime."

[CURTAIN.]

A PHILADELPHIAN musician while on his way home in the early morning hours with his bass viol over his back in a bag, was arrested by an over-zealous policeman, who thought he'd captured a resurrectionist.

DEADWOOD society is in a fever heat over the great social question, which hand a man should use to blow his nose with?

SOMETHING new in the way of scarf-pins, is a little gold rat with diamond eyes. Quite new to us, just the same as the new Garfield series of five dollar notes.

NOWADAYS when we see a successful variety theater actress there is but one thought that detracts from the pleasure, and that is that there are no rings manufactured that can be worn on these ladies' thumbs.

AN "UNDER-THY-LATTICE" SERENADE.

Your Troubadour's toes are beginning to freeze,  
Your Troubadour's nose is beginning to sneeze,  
A violent cold does his singing mar,  
As he chants to the tune of his light catarrh.

THERE are nearly a million tons of powder used for blasting purposes in the anthracite coal region annually. Yes, and many tons of powder are used to blast young men's future happiness in the social regions annually!

REPORTERS in the House of Commons complain of the rustling of women's dresses just over their heads. American reporters wouldn't complain, they'd look up.

THE Bartholdi Puzzle: What shall we do with it?

It doesn't follow because one lets well enough alone that he or she should go to the bad on account of it.

LIGHT literature: Any kind that will start your morning fire.

THE old-fashion "shin-plaster" never was of much use to the man who hadn't a leg to stand on.

THE Box Poduli: Mr. John L. Sullivan.

CLEARING house statement: John, turn out the dog.

If the reader has a strong constitution he might grapple with the following—if not, he had better pass it by: What sort of medicine does a man take for a scolding wife? He takes an elixir. [No cards—nor flowers.]



THAT BANANA SKIN.

Guardian of the peace and morals of the community, who has been fooling around on his knees for ten minutes:—"I'll give fifty cents ter know who -hic!—from that banana skin on er sidewalk."

## A NOCTURNAL DUET.

BY DEMOCRITUS DINWIDDY.

THE moon sails through the fleecy sky,  
The roundsman's club is heard beating!  
The twinkling stars shine bright on high,  
The "cop" on his beat is sleeping!

A misty cloud obscures the moon,  
"The boys" from the club are reeling!  
The wind is whistling out of tune,  
The Bowery girls are "speeling"!

Cold and chill is the wintry air,  
For shelter the tramp is prowling!  
The stilly night reigns everywhere,  
In the yard the new dog's howling!

The river rolls on to the sea,  
A cry through the air goes ringing!  
The moon from the cloud struggles free,  
Bootjacks and washbowls go winging!

One by one the stars sink to rest,  
Steady the missiles are falling!  
The moon pales away in the west,  
The cats still keep caterwauling!

Far in the east breaks the gray dawn,  
With booty the thief's retreating!  
A carpet of snow's on the lawn,  
The "cop" on his beat is sleeping!

## ANCIENT WORTHIES.

IV.—CICERO.

CICERO owned two other names, but he seldom wore them—not even on festive or full-dress occasions, nor when he went to church. His name is variously pronounced Kikero, Sicker, and Sissyro, the latter style prevailing generally in the United States; but the second seems to be more in consonance with the latter days of his life, for he was a pretty sick-hero for some years before he was butchered to make a Roman holiday.

Some of Cicero's well-meaning friends endeavored to induce him to discard his ungarnished name and adopt

one more numerous, with a mansard roof and piazza front and back—something like Fitzcarrone Gustavus Fergusonus, or Georgius Washingtonus Thompsonus, or something that way; but he met such suggestions with a negative shake of the head, and said that he would make the name of Cicero more glorious in the ages to come than that of either Roscoe Conkling or John Kelly.

When Cicero was an infant, fortune-tellers predicted that he would become a great benefit to the Roman States, but the Romans had been so frequently disappointed in the prognostications of Vennor and Wiggins that they invested very little faith in the prophecy.

Cicero was an apt pupil at school. Base-ball and boat-racing not being included in his studies, he acquired a vast amount of useful knowledge, and became so thoroughly saturated with education that the fathers of other pupils visited the school to see and hear the prodigy—and then went home and called their own sons numskulls because they couldn't as much as name the shortest river in Central Africa, or tell who was President of the United States. Despite the fact that Cicero wrote poetry when young, he was endowed with more than average common sense. His poetry was evidently constructed on the plan of Walt Whitman's, for he won the doubtful reputation of being the best poet in Rome. It is strongly suspected that the worst were put to death.

Cicero served in the Massian war. Failing to receive the appointment of Quartermaster of the regiment, he didn't accumulate much wealth. He won his first case in court, but was constrained to light out to another state to avoid being converted into a target by the defendant, who bore a name of two Sylla-bles. While traveling *incog*, Cicero grew so weak for want of food that his voice became as harsh and discordant as a saw-filing machine, and it put his teeth on edge to listen to himself talk. Some of our Congressmen, it would seem, don't get enough to eat—judging from their voices. Upon the death of Sylla, who was gunning for the subject of our sketch, Cicero returned to Rome and took lessons in rhetoric and oratory from the old masters. He soon scintillated as an orator. He could orate with as much oratorical orateness as any other orator in Rome, and surpassed all other advocates at the Bar. He became famous for his wit, and repartee, which in our day would attract no atten-

tion, and subject their author to the charge of plagiarizing from the patent medicine almanacs of the vintage of 649 B. C. It is said that he took neither fees nor gifts from his clients; but as this surprising statement is not handed down to us as one of the famous Seven Wonders of the World, we may reasonably doubt it. It is a species of exaggeration that doesn't look at home outside of a dime novel or a circus advertisement. If there is a lawyer in our time who takes neither fees nor gifts from his clients, Uncle Sam should have employed him to conduct the Star Route cases. It would have been thousands of dollars in his pockets.

A political rooster named Catiline once nominated himself for the office of Consul, on an Independent ticket, and employed a lot of rounders and repeaters to run the election machine in his behalf. He resolved to get up a row at the polls, kill Cicero, and then plead that he didn't know it was loaded. Cicero, upon learning of the plot, summoned Catiline into the Senate and, deferring the usual daily speeches on the Tariff bill, questioned him in regard to the alleged conspiracy. "What harm," said Catiline, "when I see two bodies, the one lean and consumptive with a head, the other great and strong without one, if I put a head on that body which wants one?" This was the origin of the slang phrase "I'll put a head on him." Cicero sniffed danger in Catiline's remark, and donning a suit of armor, he imitated the example of Howgate—went out in the country to see his dear old Uncle Phineas.

The election came off, and the papers of each party, next morning, claimed the election of their respective candidates by a majority of from 10,000 to 30,000, but when the returns from the back districts came in, the figures showed the defeat of Catiline—when he immediately began to shout "Fraud!" and advocated the forming of a new Reform party. He summoned his fellow-conspirators and concerted a plot to "remove" Cicero. They seceded from the Union—left the city—and groaned the old flag. One of the boss conspirators, however, named Lentellus, remained in the city, professing to be a warm friend of the existing government, and to love the old constitution with a holy and patriotic affection; but his real design was to kill the whole Senate, fire the city, and spare nobody, except Pompey's children, whom he intended to hold as a guarantee of good faith, and pledges of his reconciliation. That was the kind of Herr Most Lentellus



The style in which W. H. Vanderbilt is supposed to travel.

was. His sanguinary scheme failed, however. A woman named Fulvia apprising Cicero of the plot. Lentellus and a number of his fellow-conspirators were arrested and found guilty, the foreman being unable to influence the jury in their behalf. Cicero debated long as to the manner of punishment he should inflict upon them. They richly deserved death, but was it wise policy at this juncture to resort to the full extent of the law? One ridiculous person suggested that they be organized into a dramatic company and go on the road with a play entitled "The Conspirators' Plot," after the style of the Jesse James Troupe. A Mr. Caius Caesar proposed that their estates be simply confiscated. Another thought hanging was too mild a punishment, and urged that they be sent to America and confined in the fifth story of a hotel unprovided with fire-escapes; while a fourth, the most blood-thirsty of all, proposed that they be compelled to read the editorials in the London *Daily Times* for one week. Cicero, after patiently listening to the various modes proposed, said he would do nothing savoring of the cruelties of the dark ages. He therefore simply ordered that the heads of the conspirators be amputated.

When Cicero's consulate expired, his enemies would not permit him to make a speech upon leaving his office—and if they had reason to suppose that it would be as long as the one fired off by Senator Logan on the Fitz-John Porter case, they displayed remarkably level heads.

Numerous plots against Cicero were frustrated, and he was publicly declared the Father of his Country. As there is no little hatchet story connected with his life, it may be inferred that he could tell a lie when he felt like it. Toward the close of his life the number of his enemies increased, and they charged that Lentellus and his followers were illegally put to death, and Cicero was indicted and summoned to answer the charge. Many persons thought that he should have made treason odious by removing the political disabilities of Lentellus and his band and sending them to Congress. Cicero now changed his dress and went about with his hair untrimmed, to beg the people's grace, and was alternately mistaken for an Indian herb doctor, a spiritualist medium, and the advance agent of a Buffalo Bill combination. About twenty thousand young men, probably mistaking Cicero for Oscar Wilde, came from England to introduce aestheticism and a new style of male garmenture in Rome, adopted his style of dress, let their hair grow long, and accompanied him on his travels. This gave rise to a rumor that Bedlam had broken loose.

Cicero's boss enemy, one Clodius, whose character is best described by chopping off the first two letters of his name, began to make it unpleasantly warm for Cicero, and the latter fled the city, ultimately reaching Dyrrachium. Clodius destroyed Cicero's farm, villas

and city house in a very Socialistic spirit, and erected on the site of the latter a temple of liberty—liberty for himself to rob, burn and murder at will. He finally made himself so odious to the people, that there was a revulsion of feeling in favor of Cicero. Clodius was driven out of the Forum, and was afterwards killed by Milo. Cicero returned to Rome, and enjoyed another era of honor and prosperity. When the commonwealth changed into a monarchy, he retired from public life and devoted much of his time to instructing young men in Philosophy. For recreation he composed poetry, and when he was a little more weary than usual he would evolve five hundred verses in one night. That he reached the age of sixty-four years is due to the fact that he never offered any of this poetry to newspaper editors. Some men have a funny idea of recitation. Cicero might just as well have wrote two or three comic operas nightly, brought them out in this country and made more money than a plumber.

When Cicero returned from the field of battle and found that his wife had left him, he took the matter very philosophically. He said he was tired of war anyhow—and married a rich and beautiful young maiden. Obeying the directions of a dream, Cicero secured

the elevation of a young man named Caesar to the head of the Government, and this youth afterwards showed his gratitude by conspiring with Antony and others to kill Cicero. The latter fled to a distant country. But the assassin selected to dispatch him, not being a New York detective, discovered his hiding-place, and cut off his head and both his hands. Cicero's constitution was not robust enough to rally after such rough treatment, and his injuries proved fatal on the spot. He died.

AND now General Sherman comes to the front with the truly astonishing assertion "that no earthly consideration will induce him to embitter the remainder of his life by holding out the least prospect that any possible combination of circumstances or events will make him a Presidential candidate." Which is all very magnanimous to be sure—but who has invited General Sherman to be a Presidential candidate? We pause for a reply.

#### A TERRIBLE RAZOR.

HE sat him down in the barber's chair,  
And to the man did say;  
"Have you the razor, my German friend,  
That you used on me yesterday?"

"Yaw!" fat Bismarck did reply,  
In accents rich and warm;  
"Then," the patient sufferer said:  
"Give me chloroform."

If you want to find a logician, go to your tailor. The other day one of these fractions of the human family was overheard to remark: "I never ask a gentleman for money." "But suppose he doesn't pay you, what then?" "Well, if he doesn't pay me within a reasonable time, I conclude he is *not* a gentleman—and then I ask him."

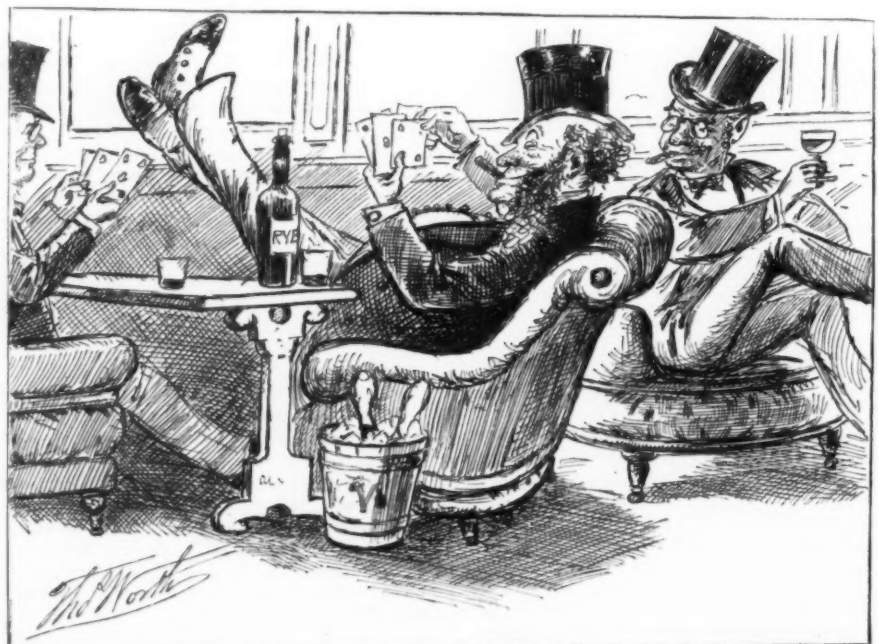
VICTIM (to Dentist): "Good heavens! man, that is the second sound tooth you have pulled."

DENTIST (to Victim): "I beg your pardon, sir, but as you had only three when I commenced, I think I shall make no mistake this time."

AN advertisement reads: "Wanted: A man to be partly out-of-doors and partly behind the counter." This must be the man *long* sought for.

PROPER thing to do to a man that is loaded: Fire him—out.

A FACT to be remembered: The sins of the stock broker are of commission—not omission.



The way he probably does travel.



ALL kinds of bad weather and numerous balls served to deplete most of the theaters during the past week. The only theatrical event was the production of "The Silver King," and the reappearance of Osmond Tearle at Wallack's, Saturday night. An immense audience gave Mr. Tearle a hearty welcome, and no hostile demonstrations were made. His performance was dignified, manly and earnest throughout. Miss Coghlan played the part of the heroine with cleverness and tact, and received loud applause. Mr. Gilbert as Jaikes was duly appreciated, and was recalled. A servant handing over his wages to his ruined mistress, and then working and begging for her, would be an interesting spectacle in private life; but, unfortunately, the people one sees in melodrama are never to be found anywhere else. The incidents of the play are skillfully managed, the characters are sharply-drawn and well-contrasted, and the scenery is magnificent. We see no reason why "The Silver King" should not bring a good amount of money into Wallack's treasury, and be as successful here as at the Princess Theater, London.

Mary Anderson is still at the Fifth Avenue, and Miss Bancroft has terminated a brief but not brilliant engagement at the Turf Club Theater. During the latter part of the week both ladies were engaged playing Julia in "The Hunchback;" which performance was the worst, it would be difficult to say. Miss Bancroft has gone, but Miss Anderson remains—indeed, we begin to fear, she will never leave us or forsake us. At the Bijou, Madeline Lucette is playing in "Virginia," but the work has so little merit, that even good acting and good singing fail to arouse any interest in it. Lecoq's new comic opera "Heart and Hand" is to follow "Virginia," we are told. Owing to the fact that the American right to the new opera has been sold, both to Mr. Duff, who has made a contract with Mr. Henderson to produce it at the Standard, and to Mr. McCaull, who has made arrangements to play it at the Bijou, we shall probably have it running at both theaters at the same time. The managers' quarrels will serve to advertise it, and a generous public can pay their money, and take their choice, if choice there be. Carleton has declined to sing, and the Standard company without him must be about as bad as the Bijou company without Lillian Russell, who has had her usual regulation relapse. The benefit of Messrs. Lonsdale and Harris was a pecuniary success. The audience got their money's worth, and a little more, as Miss Jarbeau put in an unexpected appearance at the eleventh hour.

The one hundredth performance of the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" will take place at the Casino during the week. To commemorate this important event, every lady in the audience will be presented with a "souvenir lace handkerchief." At the Union Square, "A Parisian Romance" will probably hold the stage for the rest of the season. "The Corsican Brothers" is doing a moderate business at Booth's, and at Daly's the question of whether she would or she would not, having been decided in the negative, "Serge Panine" is to be produced immediately. Annie Pixley is playing in "M'liss" at the Grand Opera House. Emmet is as popular as ever at Haverly's; and Nat Goodwin and Eliza Weathersby continue to hoist "The Black Flag" at Niblo's. "The Black Venus" is to be at this theater next week, however. Dan McAuley in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section," is at the Windsor. Tony Pastor gives a diversified programme, and announces that he has a new opera by Louis Varnay in preparation. Billy Birch has resumed his place as end man at the San Francisco Minstrels; and "McSorley's Inflation" fills the Theatre Comique every night.

The Australian Circus is flourishing at what was once the Aquarium; and a "Convention of Corpulency" is in session at Bunnell's Museum. Herr Barnay will play at the Thalia all the week. Willie Edouin and handsome Alice Atherton are at the Mount Morris Theater; and Kate Claxton and Clara Morris are both in Brooklyn.

Buffalo Bill Didn't Buy.

A RISING young dramatist, whose head is the alleged repository of certain wild and vague ideas, which he has the hardihood to call a "Western Drama," interviewed Buffalo Bill the other day on the subject of selling his drama to the renderer of hair-raising dramatics. He explained to Mr. Cody that the play was one that would be very taking; in fact, was just suited to his (Bill's) special capacities. He described the plot as follows: Bill is discovered in the opening scene, brim-full of "bug juice," asleep in a frontier bar-room. An Indian enters stealthily, glances about him, and spits in Bill's ear, and Bill awakes. Indian flees; Bill fires at him with his revolver, and misses him. The dramatist had gotten thus far, when William jumped to his feet and yelled: "What! ho, yer miserable scribbler, what's that? An Injun spits in me ear? What do I hear, an' I miss ther varmint? What, yer imbecile, der yer want to make a fool of me?"

The playwright explained that, although the opening scene was rather in the Indian's favor, still that he had to make it that way to allow Bill to shine more refulgently in subsequent scenes. He finally appeased the great scout, and proceeded: "The Indian runs for dear life, and you pursue him; but as you are about to blow his head from his body, you stumble over a yellow dog and fall in the mud."

"Mud! mud!! Howling coyotes, are yer crazy, man? Buffalo Bill fall in the mud, you monk, and the Injun escape!" yelled Bill. "I orter shot him the first clip; that's no drama."

"But I run the mud scene in for a little mirth, fun, comedy, as it were," said the author. "Now don't get excited, and see how well the rest comes out. In the next scene you vow vengeance for the insult."

"That's more like it," murmured B. B.

"You jump on your fiery steed and call your band of trusty followers, and seek the craven savage who spit in your ear."

"Couldn't yer have the Injun spit on me boots?" asked Bill. "I don't like ther ear business; it's too darn insultin', yer know."

"Don't see how I can," remarked the dramatist. "You follow the Indian six weeks over the broad prairies and finally overtake him in his camp, where he has a captive white maiden; you attack the camp, put them to rout, and rescue the maiden."

"That's more like it; now yer gettin' down to me specialties."

The defeated Indians rally a band of chiefs, follow you, and another battle ensues. The fight is terrific, not a soul survives except yourself, the maiden, and one Indian; you are terribly wounded, faint and sore, but the girl sticks to you and dresses your wounds. You drag yourself away, but find by your unerring woodcraft that you are pursued by the Indian, who has gathered a band of twenty chiefs. Death seems to stare you in the face, when you luckily discover a Gatling gun which was left behind by a troop of U. S. soldiers. You seek a rocky fastness, mount the gun and prepare for the attack. On rush the wild, yelling, blood thirsty horde of red devils—

"Put it thar, put it thar, pard, that's the play for me," yelled B. B. as he extended his hand. "Go on, me genius, give us the finale."

"On rush the Indians, the girl clings to the skirts of your shooting-jacket; you stand behind the Gatling, turning the crank in time to slow music and curtain."

"Turning ther crank, yer crank! turning ther c-r-r-ank, yer blasted idiot! What'er givin' us, yer monk? Der yer suppose Buffalo Bill is a goin' ter stand before an audience of intelligent and cultivated people and turn a crank, er c-r-r-ank, like a blasted Italian organ-grinder? Git out, yer wooden-head! yer play ain't suited ter me genius."

BEST admission to the theater: Admission free.

A ST. LOUIS correspondent who interviewed Mr. Frederick Gebhard, reports progress as follows: "Mr. Gebhard, in reply to the question whether he intended quitting St. Louis, replied, 'No; not till I get good and ready.'" If this assertion should prove literally true, we fear the amiable Gebhard is lost to New York forevermore.

A MAN of many parts: The actor.

PROVERB for drinkers: Sherry cobblers mend no shoes.

HOME office: To make everybody in it as happy as possible.

"ENTERTAINING 'angels unaware,'" said the hotel-keeper, "is poor business. They get away without paying."

THERE are flaws in diamonds, flies in amber, and whisky in most men.

Q. E. D.: The biggest liar of the two—"Gath" or "Eli Perkins."

IF Mr. Paul Tuhne, of Princeton, N. J., has a few more hundred thousands to spare, he might hear of something to his advantage by addressing THE JUDGE.

A MAN calls his wife "Evil Ways," because she always finds him out.

THE biggest sinner shakes the white robes of innocence the most violently, and yells the loudest at a revival.

"A POET," as the writer of certain verses signs himself, has sent us some "lines" on the city government. He says: "Swear 'em in; swear 'em in, and at the business let 'em begin." We would suggest to him that he take some gin; sling it in, commence to spin, get yanked in, pay out some tin, and stop his din.

Politicians and umbrellas are very much alike.—They turn whichever way the wind blows.

WHIFFS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. W.—All right.

C. P. C.—Declined.

"JACK."—You are a trump.

A. M. T.—A portion accepted.

"HOT IRISH."—You are always welcome.

WILEY.—Your matter has been attended to.

X. Y. Z.—& it doesn't amount to anything after all.

JOHN MORRISON.—The verdict is, murder in the first degree.

J. E. FERGUSON.—You will find a few of your things in type.

"GLEAD."—We have no balm for you. Go to spelling-school.

R. D. B.—You will probably catch on to THE JUDGE financially for your last effort.

BARTLY.—We may not meet again, but probably the world will move right on all the same.

HENRY LLOYD.—Not worth using at any price. Your name is evidently greater than your brain.

J. L. M.—The matter you call attention to will receive attention right away. Sketches not available.

JAMES C. SMITH.—This correspondent in seeming dead earnest (for he hails from Long Island) asks, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" Well, we thought that everybody knew that Shake was written by Watts Hyams. But don't go around posturing now, and saying that you know as much as an editor.

Castoria.

Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle

In spite of doctors and the cradle;

Thus it was that our pet Victoria

Made home howl until sweet Castoria

Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber,

All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

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

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A CARD.

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Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It always inflammation, protects the membranous linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores, and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Send for circular for information and reliable testimonials. Will deliver by mail 50c. a package—stamps. ELY'S CREAM BALM Co., Oswego, N. Y.



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We want 200,000 new readers for our paper immediately, and in order to obtain them and introduce it into every home in the Union, we are now making extraordinary offers. We will send our new paper, entitled "Youth" for the next three months to all who will send us thirty-three cents in one-cent postage stamps, to help pay postage and cost of this advertisement; and to each person we will send absolutely free one of the Little Wonder Time-keepers. Any one sending \$1.00 for three subscriptions will receive paper and Time-Keeper free.

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"The Largest Organ and Piano Establishment in Existence."  
While as a rule over the doors of other manufacturers you read "Positively No Admittance, A. C.," over Beatty's you read "VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME."

"Why did you shoot your son?" was asked by a judge of an Arkansaw negro. "It were dis way, judge," replied the colored gentleman. "I had enough ob dat chile an' parted from him, and knowin' dat under de law dar wan't no divorce from de relationship, an' knowin' all de time dat we oughter be factually siperated, I jes' concluded ter kill de young feller ter keep down any discussion. I hopes, sah, dat my splenation is satisfactory, case I wouldn'ter shot him ef dar had been any sich thing as a divorce."—Arkansaw Traveler.

"It isn't that I fear any dangerous turn of the disease," said the man who had the mumps, "or am troubled about my personal appearances. I only regret that I sold that mining stock before I had so much cheek."—Somerville Journal.

A HARTFORD girl pursued by a ferocious dog, turned and faced the animal courageously, and the brute turned tail and fled. And yet she wonders why the young men seem shy about offering to marry her.—Somerville Journal.

A LOWELL (MASS.) mill girl has taken the first prize offered by the Boston Musical Society for the best criticism of vocal and instrumental music. The mill girl is sufficiently educated to teach school, but she wants to lay up something for a rainy day. By the way, it is reported that a Boston hotel-carrier has won the first prize for the best essay on "Pro-Socratic Philosophy," but the report lacks confirmation.—Norristown Herald.

A PAPER in a new Western town of 500 inhabitants, heads an editorial on the Milwaukee hotel fire, "Let Our Authorities take Warning." There is only one hotel in the town, and as that is only one story, the authorities should see that it is provided with fire escapes immediately.—Norristown Herald.

It is said that the fish caught by the American fishermen in Canadian waters cost the Government \$1,400 a barrel. When this great Government gets to buying fish at such a price and comes back late at night and swears it caught every mother's son of them, it is time that both Republicans and Democrats should stand aside and give the untried Greenbackers a show.—Rochester Post-Express.

THE name of the chief of police of a Pennsylvania town is William Ache. And the punsters will be getting off little gags about William giving the roughs of the town the Billy Ache.—Peck's Sun.

THEY are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and the horse under treatment, and large numbers of men are searching the ruins for the groom.—Detroit Chaff.

An effort existing without a cause is an impossibility; hickling in the throat, huskiness of the voice, violent coughing, etc., are the effects of a severe cold. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures the cold at once and removes its serious effects.

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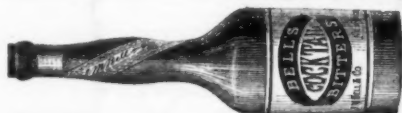
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dull face, heaviness.  
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tite, sour belching, weight  
and tenderness at pit of stomach, despondency.  
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Fever, causing soreness in back and side  
also bottom of ribs; weariness, irritability,  
tongue coated, skin yellow, hot and cold sen-  
sations, eyes dull, dry cough, stifled and obstruct-  
ed feeling, irregular pulse, bad colored stools.  
**APOPLEXY**, Epilepsy, Paralysis, dim  
sight, sound in ears, giddiness,  
confusion in head, numbness, flashes of light  
before eyes, loss of memory. Diseases of Bladder and  
**KIDNEYS**, urine dark or light, red deposit;  
burning, stinging, bearing down  
sensations, frequent desire to urinate, uneasiness,  
inflamed eyes, dark circles, thirst. Diseases of  
**HEART**, severe pains, fluttering or weight near  
heart, more so on moving quickly and  
when lying on left side; out of breath on exertion.  
**HEADACHE**, dull or sharp pains in temples,  
eyes or head; faintness, nausea.  
**Dropsy** is caused by watery fluid. **Rheuma-  
tism, &c.**, by uric acid in blood. **Bowel Dis-  
orders** by corrupt matter. **Worms** by the pests  
within. **Colds**, by choking of the secretions.  
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A TEXAN poet of the masculine persuasion thus un-  
loads his mind on the public in a manner which, if not  
grammatical, is at least expressive:

"How sweet it is,  
When almost friz,  
As at the fire you gazes,  
To think of Sal,  
Your gal, or pal,  
And dream of Helen Blazes.

—Detroit Chaff.

A VERMONT man keeps thirty-three cats, and every  
time his wife sees them visions of a fur-lined circular  
dance through her brain.—Exchange.

BROTHER TALMAGE was attacked with the toothache  
recently, and visited the "studio" of a Brooklyn den-  
tist. The dentist went into his mouth, made a thorough  
survey, marked the seat of the pain with a red flag,  
came out, returned with a couple of jack-screws, and  
soon had the bi-cuspid out on the sidewalk, where it  
remained all day the center of attraction to a large and  
admiring throng.—Chicago Cheek.

WHILE the guards are being doubled around the  
palace of the Sultan, and the most experienced safe-  
builders are employed in constructing a bed chamber  
of chilled iron for the Czar that cannot be opened with-  
out a knowledge of the combination, the gratifying  
news comes that the Governor's Guard of Ohio is to  
be disbanded. How tranquil and secure is the life of  
an American potentate beside that of foreign rulers!  
—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

WHEN a Philadelphian goes home now in a highly  
demoralized condition, he answers the painful inquiry  
on the face of his wife by saying, "It's er wasser, my  
(hie) dear; been drinkin' nasty stuff all day." Then  
she knows that the water is so bad that he hasn't  
touched a drop for two days.—Norristown Herald.

A MAN named Schwear recently died in St. Louis.  
There is nothing mean about us, and when we have  
placed the news before the public we consider our duty  
accomplished. But, at this season of the year, par-  
ticularly, it would be a pleasure to expectorate on our  
digits and tackle that name just once.—Rochester Post-  
Express.

A WOMAN living near Rockton, Pennsylvania, was,  
last week, returning to her home through a small  
woods, carrying a broom which she had just purchased,  
when a wild cat sprang upon her from a tree. Her  
head and face were badly torn before she could free  
herself from the clutches of the animal, but when she  
did—enough! a wild cat is a fool to tackle a woman  
with a broom.—Rochester Post-Express.

The first almanac was published in 1460. Yet, as  
far as the alleged jokes therein contained are concerned,  
anybody would swear that the almanac of the current  
year and that of 1460 were twins.—Exchange.

The Prince of Wales will visit this country in March.  
And what will poor Gebby do then, poor thing?—*City  
Blizzard.*

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SOLE MANUFACTORY: BELFAST, IRELAND.

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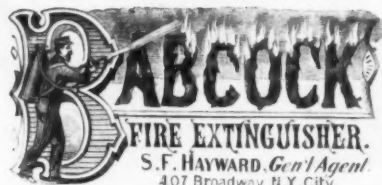
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stantly relieved.

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Coughs, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the  
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Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a  
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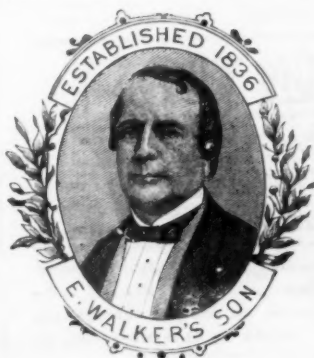
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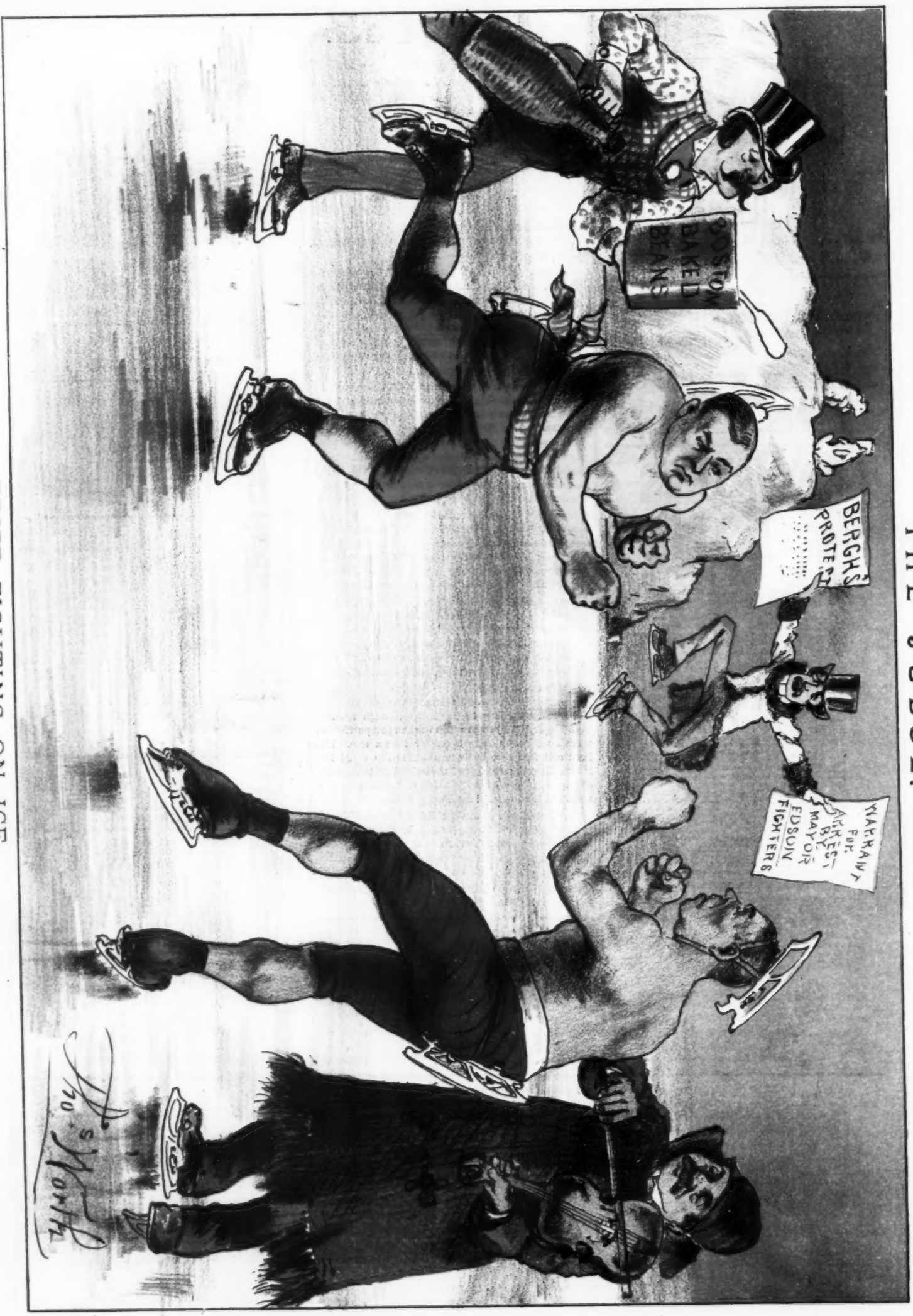
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